

Poetry Series

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof
- poems -



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Sulaiman Mohd Yusof()

I was born in Buffalo Cage, Republic of Singapore. Life is so great, but is short. We have to restore the values and respect one's life, regardless of anything and everything. We are one, that is human.

I love to write, reading, watching movies. I adore the outdoors, games and sports. Music has been part of my life for a long time. I can play some of the instruments like bass guitar, guitar and the drums. I can sing too, and a good one, indeed. To know me is to know my kind of music and my kind of poetry. Rock music will always be in my heart and soul. Here are some of the groups or singers that had captured my attention. Cosby, Still, Nash and Young, Lynryd and Skynrd, Eric Clapton, Gary Moore, Three Dogs Night, Eagles, Foreigner, Linkin Park, My Chemical Romance, Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Whitesnakes, Rainbow, Scorpions, Rolling Stones, Guns n Roses, Poison, Pink Floyd, The Doors, Yes, Drama, Metallica, Def Leppard, ACDC, John Mayer, Bob Dylan, Muse, System is a Down, Click 5, Arctic Monkey, Motley Crue, Iron Maiden, Led Zeppelin, Queen, Uriah Heep, Journey, Nazareth and many more. Rock is lively, with loads of characters and attitudes whilst poetry is the opposite site, but with words that could change the world!

Welcome to my world and we can make this site the turning points for all poets and readers alike.

For those who've read, commented and voted on my poems, deep from the bottom of my heart, I'd like to say a big thanks to all of you. Anyway, my best wishes to you guys and enjoy writing and reading.

My e-mail add:

leman_j5@yahoo.com

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Be my guest, please.

Smmt Your Name Is Given

My village is far away from home
Rice fields breathe the mountain
Borders on those fields
Trampled by gallant feets
A cold well is the heart of life
Blooming Orchard full of fruits
The resident's reluctant smile
splashes
The one who sleeps at night
Lulled by the sound of birds and chirping
The sound of crickets is incomparable
It's like a Symphony
The bright starry sky glitters
The moon puffed up proudly
His arrogance flooded the night Tomorrow... the sun would be lurking
From between the mountains
Waking up all the occupants
From yesterday's peace

Come on my friends
Alumni of SMMT year 79
And other years
In this village atmospheric nostalgia
This school is a witness
We used to be together
Inhale the best memories
And bitter ones
Chewing knowledge in his chest
Make us
Who we are now
Today....
Masjid Tanah
And SMMT

Your history
Is now welded
And sealed
As a reminder
For the next generation

To ponder

Your majestic
Is a majestic
To the universe

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof - cohort '79
Masjid Tanah Secondary School

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Solok Air Batu

Kampong so loved
A gift from above
Solok Air Batu
An open Igloo
The night is chilling
The day so breezing
When the sun rises
The village blesses
We would not leave
In you we believe
The place to roam
We call home

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* Out Of The Box *

Gold, silver and bronze

Maker of loser

Rich trounces the poor

Check and balance

Is needed

To move a mountain

You need money

A plain simple

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out Of The Box

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* Wisdom *

The power of money moves man closer to God
You worship them

Illness is a luxury you couldn't have missed
Wealthiest people have it too

Failure is a stepping stone to achievement
Success is like a dessert
A sweet finishing

A good leader is to lead what you could lead
The rest is history

Don't say no when you know that the no is a yes
It could cost you a fortune

Religion is not an excuse to kill your enemy
Use them as a tool to foster friendships

Define love
Love is like the Earth and the gravity
Inseparable

A good actor could not conceal his true behavior
It shows on his face

Death is a place to rest
Without your flesh and blood

A man is rich when he has all in places
Love, respect, friendships, happiness, admiration, honor

Don't be upset when you had failed to achieve something
You could still make it, before you die

Between a woman and a mother
Both are the same, a life giver

Sadness is not a failure

But an honor to make amends

True love is a scarification

To be or not to be

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* Hello 2010 *

2010, we hold hands, praying
Massacre and suicide bombing
Will not be the new screenplay
For the live audience, at bay

Economic uprising would be the hope
For many around the globe
Putting food on the table
Shouldn't be a gamble

The hole in the sky
Is the key to the word, die
Unless we resolve the cause
At all costs

Black, color and white
The pride of humanities world wide
Nothing is above God
Race supremacy should be left to rot

Politicians and terrorists
Are the naked bliss
The true blessing in disguise
The sweet and bitter pies

Should we roam into this New Year?
To taste more bloodshed and sizzling tear
Or to embrace the blue horizon
Without pain, sorrow or burden

2010, please give us the luxuries
To live another day without worries
The old road was so rough
The going is so tough

Think about the children for instance
Growing up is like walking the distance
Stumble and fall in the midway
Life is dark and gray

They say religion is the marker
For worst or better
To kill is to feel
The sin, right beneath the heel

Fanatic or not
Suicide or plot
Satan and demon
Would galvanize in turn

Say hello to the New Year
Smile from ear to ear
Dream and dream and make believe
For the world to achieve

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Farewell

Cold soul sizzles around the body
Half cooked at first attempt
The push is harder
On the final breath
Solemn luminous light visits
And diminishes
Dusk leaps into total darkness
In a blink of eyes
The host is separated
Songs of sorrow
Fill the room
If you miss me
Flip the pages
My poems are in store

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The Old House

The red skies engulf the bay under
Whilst silence sweeps the current away
Islands, harbor, creeks, rocks and shores
Soundings and anchoring
Entice and hypnotize

A distance throw from the jetty
Stray dogs run toward the old house
Its long lost companion and shelter
Five years ago it was filled with plot lines
A best selling wonder, worth a ponder
The old house by the bay
Memories linger on the walls,
Hide in the pillars
Float on the roof
Stray dogs find its way in
They see another alluring chapter
Once, I lived there

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* Suicide *

Martini on the rocks
Spilled over the tabletop
Wetting the Oakwood
Like a chemical spillage
Another stunned moment
The vacant chairs
Wondered, why on earth
The spill ever took place
No one has attended to the beverage
Since the long leftover
If someone had needed someone
To feel lively, then the Martini
Shouldn't have spilled out
And abandoned without an enthusiast
Damage has been done indiscriminately
Nothing was perfect
When nothing went wrong
The Martini was just another victim
Of circumstances
Ironically, the other patrons
Were too high to notice
The mishaps
Two hours later
A headline ripped apart the nation
A young body of a woman
Was cut into two, under the train
With a note miraculously attached
'Martini, my love needs a u-turn '

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

From Romania With Love*

Wallachia, Moldavia or Transylvania
Of which you were born
Or you flow from Mt. Moldoveanu
To evolve in the Mures or Siret
Your adolescence soaked with
The sands of God that kisses
The miracle of the Black Sea
Marieta Maglas, as famous
As Timisoara, giving a new lease of life
You blend life, honey coated with caviar of love
You flourish many with a new fate
From Bessarabia to Bucharest
They walk with a glittering smile
A Philosopher, a Dentist and a Poetess
A complete package that could even
Melt Communism, without having
To drip innocent blood
I read your vivid words
Like Danube, it flows back to the Black Sea
The heart of Romanian
The place where you'd drown
All of your poems
Only to be read
As a history
When you've become a Legend
Marieta Maglas, save for the last
You're in your own class
I beget your wisdom
To heal my conundrum

* Dedicated to Romanian Poetess, Marieta Maglas.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* I Seek A Mountain *

Gazing the mountain from my windowpane
A green monument seen estranged
Sandwiched in between clouds
Echo of thunder cried aloud
At the eastern peak, where misty morning
Climbed over the cliff, scaling
Birds glided across, like rainbow rising
Spreaded their wings, streaming
Through the sheer rock faces
Leaving trails in phases
The pinnacles and crags are mouth watering
Tempted and lured climbers, a reckoning
Up above the northern peak
Zephyr marching oh so weak
Forming an adiabatic
Submontane filled with organic
At the bottom, river terraces
One of the mountain multi faces
The crystalline steep slopes
Decorated with climbing ropes
Heavenly as seen from above
A sign of a divine love
You flowed, like an Andean Amazon
Our love grown full-blown
I desire a woman
I seek a mountain

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Over The Rainbow

The morning rays of the Sun cling
On the upper bow of the Rainbow
Emerge after a moment 's dusk
Brown Pelicans and Western Gulls
Fly beneath the lower bow
That touches the water
Send fishes into hiding

As I walk along the white beach
Looking at the sea, the blue waters
Dance its way towards the golden sand
Shy away from the smiling horizon
Once, in a jubilant second, vessels across,
Scream their hearts out,
Ignite the nature's garland
The Princess of the Sea,
Colorful as Galaxies dust
Catches watchful eyes off-guard



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The seven colors spectrum is the senses
Nourishes the need and desire
Like a prism, it passes through every heart
Leaving the lights of absolution
Windward and crystallize

Red, orange, yellow
Life and love bestow
Green, blue, indigo
Ships of love embargo
Engaged for passion
Violet
Rhymes like couplet
One kiss,
Over the rainbow
Breaches the distance
Between friendship
And love

Tamara The Sequel

The dried leaves cripple, lifeless,
Stomped underneath his restless feet
Open the path to the falling waters
Visible through naked eyes,
So arrogant
Spread its wings, like Garuda
Tons of sounds, fall into
The river, where Tamara unleashes her voluptuous
Flesh, for the Sun to glimpse with a smile

Her mountainous breasts, tremor
Whenever it touch the cold water
Breathlessness has captured the Prince
Amid the brisk walk he endures
To find the fortress that seals thousands
Of secrets, concealing her well kept beauty

He looks up to the blue sky
Whispers to scores of Hummingbirds
"Hey buddies, lead me to the Princess,
And I'll make you, a Kingdom"
The Hummingbirds unhesitant
Lead him to the Hanging Garden of Babylon
Like walking into a dream that never ends
Pink Primrose, Mountain Laurel, Hellebores,
Hydrangea, Persimmon and Glory Lily
Her smell is like those flowers

The Hummingbirds sing to him
"Tamara wants you to scratch her back,
Scratch her back, scratch her back,
And she'll scratch yours"
With laughter that drums up
His heart beat, Prince Charming
Runs his way through the enchanting waters
Naked, he kisses Princess Tamara, who is
Forever more, wants to die in his arms

Heavy tears, dropp from the sky above

Flooding the two souls, vanish
Into ecstasy,
A lifetime gift
They are the priceless gems
Almandine Garnet, Chrome Tourmaline,
Larimar, Peridot, Rhodochrosite
They are those gems

Morning dews sizzle, panoramically
As the couple, dance
In the bed of Roses
Where sigh and moan
Attunes, without hindrance
Their breaths perspire profusely
Legs tremble like tambourine
The bed reads maximum Richter scale
They say love is a many splendid things
They are history

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Tamara Princess Of Satira

I walk; carry the weight of the sands, dust particles of gold
Beneath, lay the tomb, resurrected in chamber of seven
Headed snake, guarding the abandoned soul of Princess Tamara
From Hanaring, the city of guardian angel

Her eyes full of killer's instinct, bewildered with terror
Her walk creates the sound of ancient Jazz, symphonized
By the ruthless pharaohs, costumed in satire silk
When the moon shines on her flawless black hair,
An unwanted eclipse, overshadows every man's heart

Zanatic climbs on every mind that sleeps
With velvet dream, wet by salty lips
The beat of drums, summoned by rushes of adrenalin
Ruins mellow hearts, starving for infinite orgasms
Hurricane halts, as Tamara blows her exile away
And drifting right to the laps of Prince Charming

City of Hanaring, once again echoed with satirical harp
That trounces and trances the lost souls, drown
In the river of Babylon
"Tamara, Tamara, Tamara, the Fauna and Flora,
Princess of Satira"
The royalties and commoners, chanting
"Hanaring is no longer crying, but dancing"

Prince Charming kneels before her
With jagged smile and a husky voice, he utters
"I'm here to feed your soul, with my gray heart
That turns red, when fed by yours"

In a brisk lightning of serenade vows
Murmur in silence pale
From dusk to dawn
Even Vampires, cease drinking blood
In respect of the Twosome
Tamara from Hanaring
The roaring.....
Princess

And the Prince Charming

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Terror

Flashing rays
Thunderous sound
Fire encases melting heat
Shrapnel ignominiously
Blossom
Dance through innocent flesh
That crawls out of one's skin
The roar of the explosion
Dries every tear
Screams pollute, deafening ears
Live audience
In an unprecedented
Death Opera

The sound of fury
Orchestrated by an unseen martyr
Believed to be
Next of kin
Of the Devil
Foe of God



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The Naked Truth

Have you ever wondered?
Why the Sun sets, from the east?
It's the sign, where I leave my heart,
For the Sun to relay it to you,
In the west
Ad nauseam, the night is where
I leave my eyes to capture you
Like a Lapis Lazuli
You shine the brightest
Amongst the stars

On Earth
I'd be the Botanist
You're the Campanula
And Knapweed
Fecundating, I grow you
To be closer
To me
You seem very buxom

I'm not here to adjudicate
You're ineffable
I've become the malapropism
I want you
Like the river needs
The ocean
Like the moon needs
The night
We're conjoined twins

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* Send Me A Love *

The sound of running water
galvanizes the wound I endure
Since we met
No remedy could heal my injury
The key to my vital health
Is with you
Unlock my bereavement
With your little smile

Intrinsically, I secure
Intransigently, I adore
That sweet little smile
Am I an impudent?

My mind is implacable
My words could be heretical

Your sweet little smile
A mamba
How to revive me?

Send me a love
Inundate my conundrum
a biorhythm

I'm falling into a hosanna
Send me a love
Incinerate my Draconian concatenation
Canalize the river of longing
Your sweet little smile
Astounds my lurid heart

Send me a love

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* I Leave My Heart With You *

I met a friend
She dreams
about the summer
The flowers are on the table
Soon,
she'll sing,
like Luciano Pavarotti
Without an audience

Her finial
Would be filled
With dithyramb.....
And phylactery

* To Anna, who died of AIDS in Hoboken, New Jersey.
Bruce Springsteen, 'The Boss' wrote Streets of Philadelphia to raise our
awareness to Aids...please give generously to help stop Aids.
Listen to the song on You Tube ' Streets of Philadelphia '.

^ ___ ^

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* What Is Life? *

Aggress legitimately

I can hear screams from the back of the barns
"somebody help, someone help, call 911,
my daughter is bleeding".

Yvonne,16, cuts her wrist as she figures,
that's the only exit, to Hell

Her wild life has taken its toll

Her parents were too exhumed
with exuberant life

They can't afford to be back dated

I was once walking on the road

leading to the Police precinct

when I saw a lady was robbed,

shot and no ones around

rendered a helping hand

She's bleeding to death

before I could call the ambulance

Life could be pleasant all the way for some

It's like walking in the middle of the park

You feel free to embrace the crouch air

It goes deep into your system

Feel like you were born again

The smile on your face

Paints a little episode of your past

Amid the moon shines on a musing night

The time when lust and passion

Impregnate many dwellers and lovers

Not far below the cold mountain

A stricken two floors ranch house

Were hosting demise session

The mother of three was metastasized
by carcinoma

It's a grieving time for some

Regardless of where you live

They say life is like a box of chocolate

It's easy said than done

You love someone and are loved

The mutual is beautiful

But the condition could deteriorate
Heart breaks which could be a precursor to death
The stout politician once said
"today's world is all about money,
it's the root of success and last but not least, evil"

Yes, it's money matters
No money no talk
The infamous phrases
In some region of the world
There's no longer a democracy
But monecracy
Which is obviously money craze?
Millions of lives perished like ashes,
strewn all over the mourning ocean,
at the hands of politicians
Well, we live by seconds, minutes and hours
The clock is ticking
When the eyes blinking
Another life will succumb
Life is like walking in the middle of the park
You don't leave anything behind
Unless you want to call it a day

So, what's life?

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

* The Fall *

The mist crosses
The lonesome ocean
With sporadic sighs
Making a huge comeback
Out of raining bullets
From sparkling stars
Taming turbulence isn't a rarity
But a cup of coffee
Fishmongers maneuver fish laden tugs
Had flashback nightmares
The silence
That breaks dream
Out of casket

Suddenly
The mountain that stands tall
Behind the horizon
Stops vomiting its minerals
Open the path of adoration
Commences

Entrapment
A varsity of perspective
Infinities mass antiquities
The natives wait
Chanting songs of universal
A new lease of life emerges
Tradition of ages

The first love that anchors
On the Paradise
Brings smile of ambulation
Hope of pro-creation
Another frontier
Another land
New religion
New language

An annexation

Without bloodshed

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Pre-History

Something
in the head
freezes the mind.
If I could rip open
my brain
and alter
the egoism
and atrocities beneath,
some lives
could have been saved.

Or perhaps,
I'd just
bury the brain.
End of genocide.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Post- History

Mankind.....
is a living Hell
There's no Heaven
without...
mankind around
They're the past,
the present,
and the future
genocide.

Can't live
without 'em.
Apart from
the force entry,
their only pleasant,
is making love.

Pre-requisite of life
To live
And let live.



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Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Hasta La Vista

The dawn of Tigris soaks with burnt blood
Clamps every soul
Allures every moment of grilling madness
Each dropp of boiling tears
Reflect a living hell
No more sign of hungry Vultures above

Reincarnation will haunt tormentors
You can run but the ghost of you will never rest

The death arena cries and floods your sins
The sunrise of punitive horizon cracks

Till the end of Earth
The naive color of red
Will be the effigy of premature death
When the lips of the skies
Kiss the fragile ground
Until the seeing
Hasta la vista

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**** Sanctuary ****

Density of the room
Filled with gloom
Ahead, nothing emerges
The four walls
Witness semen, blood, sweat and tears
The floors suffocate
The bed strains
Groans and moans
Were the past luxury
The exit door is history
Leads to our mortuaries

Confinement eludes
Rejuvenates prelude
One word is enough
To plough
Sanctuary
Is the calamity



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PS: Get the right mood, tune in to Gary Moore's song 'Empty Room'. It would complete your reading of this poem.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Valentine's Day Special: Chemistry Of Love

Hey darling,

You're the oxytocin
The love hormone
Creates bonding, trust
And attachment
I'm addicted to you
You travel through my brain
And spinal cord

Hey darling,
You're the ventral tegmental area
Produces dopamine
Induces the feelings of pleasure,
Want, craving
And motivation

Hey darling,
You're my frontal cortex
Disrupts my judgment and planning
Blinds my smitten
Causes my serotonin to drop
I cannot control my mood,
Emotions, sleep
And appetite

Hey darling,
You activate my adrenal glands
Increase my cortisol
Release my nor epinephrine
I feel excite
My heartbeat recites

Hey darling,
You're my testosterone
Together, we purify our chemistries
Of love
On this Valentine's Day

*** On Valentine's Day ***

Hi sweetie pie so divine
Your beauty is so refined
The day has come to define
You're my lucrative Valentine

The roses for you are not for any woman
It's the roses grown from Eden
Our ties are not sudden
We're closer to heaven

Looking at my bedroom's wall
I see your ever sweet face there
I smile and take a fall
Your love for me to spare

A walking distance, I walk
To the Gifts' Shop, I step in
I sigh and take a knock
My head goes gaga, to find the hint

What's best for you is yet to come
It could be a small token, of no meaning
To tell Mom about you would be no harm
Dad would say "it's your picking"

Sometimes I wonder, what's made me love you
I guess your kind heart and understanding
The groove in you and your thick lips too
But most of all, your big blue eyes that conquering

Remember the first time I stared at you?
You were in the lobby ushering me
The next day, we were in bed, encaged, like a zoo
Making love till dawn, like crazy

Dear, on this auspicious date we lay
We conjoin our hearts, souls and love
I propose to you on this Valentine's Day
May our marriage get the blessing from above

PS: I was inspired by the song ' Try Me ' by the group 'UFO'. The impact of the song has made this poem possible! ! !

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Ignorance ***

Sojourn, efficacy entrapped within the boundaries
Choreographing the dances of life, like calligraphies

The strokes, beckoned a second look
Illuminated with flashes of nuke

Chapters and plots changed hands
Flock of thoughts flowed tearlessly beyond close range

Lives perished out of humans' faults
Catastrophes, presumed as null and void

Serial numbers on the death certificates
Escalating at no rates

Who, constituted for the loss?
Leave it to God at all costs?

Could we share the common interest?
To live possibly from rags to riches

PS: Let's make the world, the best place to live! I was listenin' to the song ' when the children cry ' by the band group ' The White Lion ', when writin' this poem, but the song ' dust in the wind ' by 'Kansas' has inspired me of writin' this piece. Peace to the world! ! ! The world is our home and home is the best place to be.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

***** A Beautiful Rose For A Gentleman *****

I love you baby
Deep from the core
Of my humble heart
Life would not be the same
Without your voices malingering
Into my wanting ears

Your smile is my ecstasy
Your glance is my victory
Winning a cup of life
Honey, don't say no
When your heart is crying
For my blood
Don't turn your back on me
When your body is craving
For my swift musing

I want to move on
Like I've owned this universe
I love you
I'd wear you
Like a cloth
Carry you everywhere I go
Never look back
All I've got
Is a beautiful Rose
That never dies
In my heart

What love is?
Love is a Red Rose
Where I tame you
From the bud
I am the Sun and water
Grow you to live
You `re the air
That I breathe
A beautiful Rose for a Gentleman

PS: My passion for music is as great as for poetry. The song ' I want To Know What Love Is ' by the band group ' Foreigner ' has inspired me of writing this piece.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** A Poem For You ***

The distance, laden with terminal disease
Counting the days to eternal abyss

Fragile, a vein ruptures
Agile, a mood bursts

Your scent is across the ocean
I smell the stinky you, in notion

Desire so beautiful, like a poppy
Blossoms, sugar coated with honey

I got no means to come to you
If I can walk the ocean blue

I don't have to write this poem
Just bury ourselves in a dorm

For a start, before luxury unleashes
We bravely, overcome love patches

PS: I was listening to Andy Williams' song 'Love Story' (where do I begin)
whilst writing this lovely poem!

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Love Or Lust ***

The drought kills the thirst
Harvest is a rarity
Dry winds dance in skin deep heat
Leaves abandon trees
Grounds crack in branches
I walk in pain
As needles climb up my feet
My lungs shiver of dryness
My heart pumps like a drum beat
Somewhere under the canopy
Of the velvet sky
A woman in tan
Waving to me
To join her party
Dig and cover
A gravely game
Insecurity permissible
Immaturity formidable
When you incline
Rose isn't dead yet
But for you to grow them
In a killing field where
Love and lust
Collide

PS: Love and lust come from the mind. Its all in the mind and from the mind. Heart is only to make love look so nice and beautiful. Heart only function as a generator to supply nutrients and oxygen to our bodies. If the heart stops, we die. Love and lust is a mind game. It will remain in the brain depend on how serious or critical the amount of love that we have received. Remember it takes two to tango. Love can not fly with a single wing.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

I Peep On You

I peep on you
When you say
You don't love me
I saw your rose pulps

I peep on you
I saw you rested your love
On the bowl

I peep on you
I saw your barbaric tits waving
Water dripping from there
Right to your squirrel

I peep on you
I saw your squirrel
Wet but breathing
Seems like in hunger
For partner



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I peep on you
When you say
You don't love me
I saw your beautiful face
As horny
As your squirrel

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** My Heaven

Young and tender – like a green coconut with sweet juices
Soft skin – as soft as an infant
Red blushes face – as red as the 'Red Sun'
Sweet voice – like a hungry Dolphin echo
Firm and hard breasts – as ripe as water melons
Body contour – like an acoustic guitar
Crispy butt – as crispy as honeyed meat loaf
Mouth watering in between – as delicious as tropical seafood
Flawless silken hair – like a Stallion tail
Teasing nose – like the Swiss Alps skiing steep
Hungry like a wolf eyes – as deep as the Pacific cliff
Rose petals ears – as wide as water lily
Heart vibrating legs – as lengthy as the Chinese Bamboos
Flat masculine stomach – like a trampoline
Sweet and sour armpits – like the killing senses that freeze
Snow-white teeth – like the sparkling stars
Venomous tongue – as deadly as Cobra
Raspberry voluptuous lips – as sweet as the Berry fruits
Crystal shine nails – like a full moon
Steamy long fingers – like the steamy eyes of Delilah

I want every inch of you baby,
don't want to waste even an ounce.
When the moon starts to light up the darkened skies,
that's the time when my sanity becomes wild,
as wild as the rough Yangtze River,
but I would survive the rough waters
just to be at your feet,
to kiss you from toes to head.
Every second of my life is attached to your soul,
galvanizing the strings of our love,
sewn to the hearts.
My drying tears of joy would be refilled
by your droplets of honey dew,
produced by your loving glands.
How we would caress lips to lips
exchanging our saliva,
thus weld the passionate line of amalgamated souls.

Love surrounds us
like a full blown rhythm of the heart beat,
engrossed with lyrical flow of fragrance blood.
Even your fart would smell chocolate to me.
To see your smiling face full of craving delicacies
would make my composed song hit the billboard chart
and remain on top permanently.
Baby, don't falsify your words of 'I do'
cuz it will backfire
and would place us
in the precinct of disaster.
Please, hug me now,
hold me tight till our bodies
heat up and melt and become a honey bar.
Darling, you're the only Heaven,
I would long for.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Christmas Without You

C - Christmas carols oh blazon,
unearth the eve of torn images that churn

H - Hitch hiking each moment,
that eclipses in every turns

R - Raging the innocent faces,
as winter white blanketing the sadness

I - Illusive and passive,
Jesus shying away in recognition of crisis

S - Solemn night airs the song of broken love,
like broken wings of Dove

T - Tormented in many pieces,
Santa's gifts shattered in many places

M - Mellow as Christmas Choir singing 'goodbye Jesus',
impregnate further the thirst

A - Akin to a long gone night of thousand lights,
that merrier and so bright

S - Santa says "get her now or there wouldn't be,
another cherish Christmas, at first, thee'

Honey, there'll be no Christmas
Without you, quenching my thirst

There'll be no Bell ringing
Without you, topping my longing

Merry Christmas to you
Without you, I feel blue

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Desire ***

Desire intends to merge
With addiction
Crossfire, in between the feat
Body wasting...
Mind jumps into brazen pool
Honey melts, drips in crushes
Soul catching soul
Diaphragm of craving enlarges
Waves of blood, rush incessantly
Desire floods the veins
Longing invades taste
As long as the Sun is alive
I can see the hope, shining so bright
As long as the nights, painted in blue
I can see the twining possible
Dear, dearer dearest
Catch me...
Let me breathe your soiled love
Weighed in heavy drooling lust
Allow me to swim in your ocean of devotion
Drown...die smiling
Desire defeats desire
Decorative euphony

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

***** Love You Tender *****

Miles away...your voices drifting
Far away...your crying milling
Apocalypse now...or never
The night is still freezing
Without you sleeping...
With me...craving

Tell me to my eyes
I'll pay for the price
Should I come over?
To live with you my lover
We tie the knot
We fill the slot
Promises are here to stay
Every second I'd pray
Between two points
We toss the coin
Head or tail
Anything will prevail
You steal my heart
Impossible to depart
I want you so bad
Thinking of you like mad
I bow to your request
To serve you at best
It's a kind of magic
Your love is majestic
Sweet heavenly juices
You produce from luscious
I drink it all
Out of night brawl
Please return me the favor
Be my wife forever

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** I Got The Blues For You ***

Pelican blues, jay walking on velvet souls
Somber and detach, mayhem
Pickering the night of pre dawn
The choir of your anger, screaming
In tune to the decaying sounds
Of the strings Silverado
Ascending in D Minor
Descending in G Major
Flavor never a waiver
Impacts.....heart raptures
"Come and sway with me, " the voices say
"Absorb my tone, within the tone,
You'll hear the grumble mumble"
Sudden death and numb
The rhythm retires
The blues in dire
What come next will be your desperados
Attach the strings to your yester hellos
Soulful revival
My guitar humbles
The plucking and strumming
Erode.....to your gravely swing

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Take Me With You ***

Dusk chasing the lazy dawn
Sounds of angry skies deafening
Lightning, like a giant snapshot
Blinding your eyes to madness
Rains fiercely flooding the downhill pond
The slippery path ruining
Mind halts desires getting bold
Vision cuffs to the onus

I saw you standing near to Heaven pane
Gazing at sizzling droplets
As martyr as your teardrops
You smile a deadly blossom
The pink Satin garment you wore slain
My heart into pieces
Don't kill me now my heartthrob
My death isn't awesome

Is there any other love in you?
Betrayal is the word for sinner
Remember my promises?
I will hang my neck to your flawless hair
Decapitating my head for your moo
Enhancing your voices to purer
Disjointing my legs for I couldn't run less
Making us the most corrupted pair

Take me with you
The singing stars will guide us to eternity
Rainbows will render us a lift
The earth our magic carpet
Eyes of diamond blue
Grab my souls grab my insanity
My blood clogs and my veins stiff
I'm frozen to your instinct parapet

Take me with you
We could write off the blues

Blood in blood
Love in red
Don't let me watching you breathing
For the last time
Ever

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Roses For Rosanne

Dust in the winds
Shadows walking leaving trails
Eyes cocking navigate scents meddle the streets
Nightingale scans the sounds of thousands voices
Breaking the night camaraderie
Little birds of Hudson Bay
Whistling the songs of Hoboken array
Holland tunnel a lifeline... splendid to many
Manhattan Upper embraces Manhattan Lower
Epic proportion in sync with memories
Jersey carats of gold got you in me
The Albanian smiths....
Once said "crafted out of crisp"
I kept your smiles at Camden Waterfront
Let it flow like Delaware River.....entwined
Your touch as lush as Pinelands
Casting me away to Atlantic blue
Song from 'The Boss' reminds me of you
Jersey girl caught me red handed
Rosanne in my heart you stay naked
Our footprints on Cape May a landmark
You stand tall like Statue of Liberty whenever I embark
From Sandy Hook to Long Beach we walk....
With kisses sealed along the places we flock
The Jazzmen of Uncle Patti's pub fills our souls...
With 'all that Jazz' magic.....unfolds
Rosanne baby.....seagull of Monmouth
I pluck the Roses...
As red as your blushes
Devout me to crushes
Time Square ceases ticking the clock
When the Roses pale as White Rock
Trembled into neon pieces.....
Injured with stitches

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Heaven Can Wait ***

Zephyr emasculates mind fermented
Gem shimmers in you...
Gamma lantern blue
Hanging tough
Queen Mary's chandelier.....your stare
Glossing into my spines.....am paralyzed
Clouds of Reykjavik graying
Showers of Alpine ices, cooling...
Heart of me growing
Inching....
The days
I crawl to you.....on upper limbs
Safari's wilderness clogging
Soul of me
What a life.....
You annexed my inner territory
Routing my defensiveseamless
Don't ignore me
Even a glance
Baby you...come over here
The javelin and the sphere.....
You and me
Symbols of twosome spree
Warriors never say quit
Our rhythms flow parading the melodies
Confined
Listen.....to the dreams
The husky voices.....stimulate
We would never get a second chance
Should we...
Adrift too far
From the roof of Saturn
En route to Heaven
Oh honey.....so lovely
I just want to die in your arms.....
It's all white.....famishing
As our love

**** Love Letter

Darling oh Darling
Embraces this writing
Letter of better
Cannon of greater
Bombarding you withiest
Splinters of kisses
Dances of jittery
Camped with animosity
No love triumphs
But the hearts prime
Sings to my ears
Drowns me with tears

Darling
What a joke when I drink
I taste your lemon touch
What a freak when I eat
I crunch your blueberry eyes
What a nag when I sleep
I dream of your strawberry smiles
Fruit juices are everywhere
You are my fruits
Evidence just wouldn't be enough
Our terrains of love are ploughed

Darling
The phantom of Juliet haunting
Romeo's gravely posture
Unease the mystery within
The soils and gravel moisturized
With tears of silhouette paradise
Don't tell me of your parent's anguish
Should we lavishly skirmish?
Knowing something is amiss
Letting our desires rest in peace
Freaking nights full of horror's fright
Could not change our plights
Darling

Elope with me to heaven
Earth unsafe the heat would get us burnt
The rising mercury pauses
Our hearts abetting losses
Love trembles to death
The Angels wait
Clock is ticking to our senses
Hinting the peculiar madness
Another option is tragedy
What is the pedigree?
To marry you out of wedlock and flee
Is like dead but not death

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Woman ***

Woman

Smiles to the morn
Brighter day enlightens
Clouds sway in tune
Shades you from unpleasantness
The soils you step, baffle
The home you live, enriches
The man you own, humbles

Woman

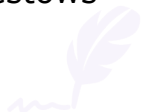
Cries to occasion
Tears dropp unity falls
Hearts stutter
Minds disintegrate
Sad songs kill souls
Add sorrows to pour
Autumn mellows
Spring bestows

Woman

Entertainer that provides love
For all ages
Winning the empathy
From all walks of life
Like a placenta
Nourishes the nutrients,
For man to grow
Your crying and laughter
Are the best medicines
Even the moon envies
The shine in you
And the Sun says
"Can you be my next asteroid?
Enriches my deteriorating flames? "

Woman

Every breath you take
A giver of life



PoemHunter.com

No woman no cry
It's not a lie
When you speak
The world listens
Your voice melts
Attracts mate
Bedroom delightful
Filled with moan...
You're the Orchestra
Making man...
A King

Woman
Children love you
Man adores you
The craving is a blessing
The longing is a pleasing
Your awful scent
Addictive to perceive
Regardless of color
You are one
Regardless of language
You're the tutor
Words to thrill
Tones to frill

Woman
Softness solicits anger
Adoration overwhelms
Taming even wildest man
Climate changes
Reacts to your prayer
Beauty of God
Reflects in you
You are men's
Other lives

Woman
Come what may
Across seven continents
Heart and soul smitten

You're the sun that shines
On every soul
Like an Expressway
We journey through you
Rain or shine
Even on breakdowns
Hope still looming
Your touch is courage
Move us on
Could we survive?
Without...
Don't even think about it

I, solemnly, dedicate this piece to Carol Rhodes,
and to all women.
Thanks for everything!

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

***** I Love You *****

I love you
Illusive intrusions like thunderous voices
Blowing my mind away....
I am here to conceal the chronology
All facts and figures
Embezzling the dazzles
Digging deep into your soul
You're the artifact
Of ancient's sag
Beneath you history shines
Generating my consciousness
Chasing away insanity...
Sounds of silence passing by
Composing the song of 'why'

I love you
Tell me why
Cry me a River Kwai
I'm your blue ocean
Albeit all confusions
Flesh aroma sizzling
Heart beat pending
Terracotta of your physique
Terrorizing my psyche
Help me to help me
Watching you like DVD
Pause and still
Inching you to frill
All your moves
For me to groove

I love you
Keeping your heart in invisible
Can not be seen but everywhere...
Waving my rational
Your sadness is my funeral
Your happiness is my survival

I could not survive...
Any day without you alive
Listen to our hearts
They're playing the 'why' song
Get into the rhythm
Ensure and be firm
Do we need another love?
Heart breaks
Soul cracks
So as to facilitate misery
Our love is a visionary
Open the windows
To hungry eyes

I love you
We are attached
Like a super glue
Bonded in true
Have you ever seen my mind naked?
Yes...
When Moses parting the Red sea,
And I walk through
Drown before reaching the other end
So to speak...
When you're no longer mine
Repercussions are what...
You don't want to know

I love you
As always I do
So many days
I pray
So many nights
I sigh
Wishing you eternally
To be by my side
Together we ride
The caravan of pride
Our love's might

**** Warlords ***

Political passion tends to churn the skies into an ocean
Robbed of all God's destiny
Releasing rats of illusion
How many more lies need to be poured?
Heart beats defeated in war
Confusion beckons
Fighting merely for survival
Living far from the truth...
Peace lies weak amid all compactness
Struggling for his lives
Stabbing off ridiculous thrust
Painting blasphemous pictures
Wrapped with politeness and sweetness
It says "we're comrades, but the lost comrades"
Complementing on each other
With poison kept in hands
Ego fed by the Master
Who was later clowned by the servants
When would this be ended?
How many more lives to be served
On dinner plates...

Lives that pierce and penetrate hearts
Curses hurled at you
Harvester of war seeds
You grow them and run...
The pleasure you gained out of others' tears
Burning the rocks of the Sun
To feel your adopted wolves that you freed
Now chewing you...
In a slow death
Did you realize what you have done?
Don't you have a heart any more?
I feel so upset
For the Prince of truth,
Who could be lying dead
On eternity's plateau?

Black crows flying low above stinky corpses
Poured into wax molds
Their drippings emit foul smells
The heat could have grinded the crying
But I still see you're hiding behind the moon
Laughing out loud at your victims,
Who are starting to freeze?
Drinking up infant's sweat from the Sun's shadows
Fulfilling your wild urge
How many more will you sacrifice?
Using friends as your shield
From millions of bullets
That come your way
And the rains raining blood
Flooding your damned soul
Their bloods that you've poured into the mold

Open your eyes oh Warlords!
The blood squeeze will submerge,
Your pride
Thrown into the Black hole
Staying for long in Hell
Baptizing you...
Could you atone for all the sins?
Your sins are larger than the flames of Hell!
How are you going to pay?

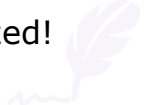
PS: May God helps us all! ! !
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR! * _ *

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** The Legend ***

From the sofa I saw sweet Muffin
Naked on mirror
So raw of meats
Emits...
Wet market scents
Animal's magnetism attracts
Desire drips onto guilty floor
Saliva crawls purging the urge
Oh heavenly piece...
Shall I do the squatting?
Scrutinizing the pearl of
Alaskan breed so silken...
Oooooops...there you are
Crystal clear eggs flowing...
I've not done anything yet...
Intimacy tells the tale
The legendary flow...
Your authentic love!
I'm amazed!

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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*** Passion ***

Grand old Canyon Mars on Earth
Precursor to the rebirth
Of more scenic terrains of passion
We explore the umbilical union
Two souls embedded with escapism
Could we breathe the confined air?
Necessities surge but a test
You and I progressed
Love is paramount
As alive as Death Valley
I guess the rains down in here
Tormented and isolated...
The soils are red as our rigid hearts
The night skies were the curtain of Paradise...
Could we excel on no man's land?

Far from over,
Pyramid and the Sphinx...
Proudest of the desert
Great Wall of China...
A sign of loyalty
Taj Mahal love prowess
Leila and Majnun...
Love tragic
Dear...you're manic!
What's the significance of those?
Ain't get enough of the trust?

Make no mistake
James Blunt singing 'same mistake'
The song flows right to my heart
I treated your internal wounds
Like Oasis says 'stop crying your heart out'
I lick your heartache spills
Like Bonnie Tyler says 'it's a heartache'
I will hammer Greenland's iceberg
Nourishing your thirst for me
I will swim rough waters of Cape of Good Hope

Rescuing you from drowning
I will brave Siberian's winter
Making an Igloo for us
I will befriend the lost tribes of Amazon
Telling them of our wedding day
The lighthouse of Newfoundland
Would welcome us as we ashore
Greetings from fauna and flora
Enchanting like morning dews dripping
Welcoming two soul mates

Dear...we're manic
Love as deep as Black Hole
We float on the planetarium
Jupiter would smile and says 'hello'
The moon says 'bye bye I'd miss ya good fellow'
Milky ways shimmer as we journey through
Final escalation is yet to come
Beyond the spectrum
Heaven waits...

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** The Dream Theater ***

I saw you in the movie
Standby.... lights, camera,
And action...hallucination
Produced by the hearts...
Directed by honeyed minds...

Scene 1:

You smile all the times
The winds whisper to your ears
" He wants you so bad you don't want to know"
"That's pretty awesome", said the mouth
The body says, " I'm feeling so refreshed,
after a mug of love caffeine"
Your eyes twinkling like Hollywood stars
Neurological invasion replenished
Pneumonia of sadness relinquished
Nephrology of urethra stress diminished
Cardiac arrest strengthen your diseased heart
Cancerous cells of lust elevated
Longing tumor grows in the brain
Sweet diabetic limbs clinched a fist
"Yes, I gotcha honey. Am sweetened by your
adrenalin induced blood sugar"

Scene 2:

I'm living in the garden
Fragrance is all around
A castle blossoms
We're too close for comfort...though
You're craving for me, eating up
My kidneys...
Like glomerulonephritis
Your kiss is like chemotherapy
Healing my terminal desires
For you
Our tears are insulin

Bathing the pancreas of stimulation
Could you be my painkiller?
Shower me with Morphine of orgasms,
When Im in pain?
Im a hardcore addict
Of your hugs and touches
Like HIV viruses
Invaded my sanity
Killing me softly
The sweet words of yours
Were the culprits
Causing me hypertension
I need you now
To be my Beta-blocker

Scene 3:

When dusk crawls
We lay side by side
On the post-mortem bed
Naked as alien
Would someone perform us?
An autopsy?
Who is qualified if not God
The sin of our love
Breaking the pathology
Diagnosis with heartache...
The broken arrow...

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Heartthrob

The Oak of Lancashire emits color
Of your hair, light as Tulips on Titicaca Lake
Brown as chestnut of Hunstanton
Silken as Tianjin silk
Cozy winds of English Channel perplexed
As it blew the crown of your beauties
Cleopatra would envy summons her army
Of infidel to dethrone you out of devotee
I immensely bailed out of twilight dream
Reality synchronized with ambiguity
Don't tell me the spreads of Heaven
Constitute your legacy of winning
The heart of a legend
The soul of a soul catcher

Greenish waters of Tioman Island
Reflect the color of your deep sleeper eyes
Mesmerized my instinct to capture the glows
Thrust into my fascination valves
How could I ignore its winter night's aurora?
Like a rainbow sneaks and amazes
Awaiting heart juxtaposed
Hypnotized and unbearable
Impact were too punitive
Once King's Lynn embraced
The path of Wisbech
Painting the trails of me
The frequent visitor
Norfolk skies would familiar

Strawberries of Edinburgh resemblance
The lips so voluptuous
When you speak
Strait of Gibraltar turns wild
Leaving seafarers spin out of time tunnel
Building up the crave so inevitable
Locking lips I'd feel so invincible
As cold as North Sea
I touch you

Look at me in the eyes
Like your thick accent you say
"I loaf ya so mooch, bloday mooch"

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Arc Of Soul Mates ***

The arc of my brain reshaped for
The room to fill senses and madness
Acronyms and seduction amalgamated
Boundaries of essence essentials
Drawing the lines of segregation
The day would come when the sun
Touches the earth and everything turns
To dust but it's you and me
Remnants of love's great
Bolstering history of ancient trade
Centuries left shying away

Remember when death calling on us
Gardens of soul mates winding
Thames River became wild
Kilimanjaro's peak crushing to debris
Birds of Nazarenes cease to fly
Virgin Alice refuses marriage
Red nights seem eternal
The moon no longer shines
Sounds of music blistered the ears
Little house on the prairie abandoned
Cell phones stop ringing
Netizens quit surfing

Remember when our bodies were buried
Hurricane pays earth a visit
The oceans swaying and coastal flooding
The trees were browning
Snows avalanching
Icebergs melting
Catastrophes seem to elope with human casualties
Shrines were filled with chants
Worshiping our names
Oh dear, Oh me
What's these got to do with us?
It's the seals and bindings of our hearts and souls
Eventually capturing theirs

An epic.....

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** The Episode ***

Scourge of meteors
Blazing of fireworks
Rebirth of the beaming flames
Colorful as outlier rays of cosmic
Sparking off the craters
of abandoned souls
laying down beneath
the abyss of creepy mind
tranquillized by scattered dreams
Acapulco of injured beach
once restored the albums of our history
Amazon of heartening
once melted the drives of our longing

Crying of Niagara Falls
hammering the delightful of love
The misty chambers of bliss
blessing gravely feelings
"Come and grab my lives within your reach,
Annex me into your craving antiquities of pours
Showering my bowl of addiction"
The curtain closing down
slowly but abruptly.....
Not the end of grieving war
"Sashay into my lane and path of your mirror,
You're everywhere even God couldn't erase"

When the asphalt of encores
mushrooming on
The night skies dancing
with twinkling stars shimmering
the lights onto your crispy contour
Making every single move of yours
the shadows
of me
I follow your scents of Eden
Tearing my senses apart
I sniff your powerful perfumes
Made of natural organic juices of lust

"Crucify me my dear,
Don't let the cross decays out of buffering heart"

The Black Stallions
running with brave hearts
Saving the sickening souls
right to its bay of corrosive journey
The lovers were dying
The ghosts of fear are closing and nearing
Who could be the savior?
Could heaven's door
Be opened for them?
"Oh Almighty, you create love,
But where's the antidote?"

PS: Dedicated to all lovers, living or dead.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Love Bloodbath ***

Bang! Bang! And the head splits open
Like a work of Art
Mushroom pie painted in red
Human form has transformed into mincemeats
The lethargy of weakened love drumming
The urges to end creation
To end lives
A tragic you'd say
A conflict we'd delay
Shall not thou betrayal
My Royal loyal
Would shy away
From astray
"This is lunation"
Once the Lake Toba
Singing in joy and its juiciness
Wetting our paranormal unisons
The moon smiling on us
Couldn't get enough of our melodrama
Our hearts pierced into one!
Our dreams winged into want
"What could have behold us"
Lies between another loves
All those sweetened lyrical words of yours
Enflamed the coldness beneath me
Ooooo honey and ooooooo baby
Leads to history's tragedy
Crime scene a landmark
The dark Taj Mahal
Headlines the hallmark
Of once sweet little gal

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** From My Heart ***

My sweet heart seeks refuge
Knitting to your affirmer wools
Escalates desire so profuse
Licking up your morning drools

Whispers of breezy words
Arouse your wants and needs
Easing all the nerds
Pleasing all your pleads

Eye to eye we pledge
The world is not enough
Our feels a rage
The craving so tough

"Dear" and "Darling"
Echoed with sweet serenade
Were they worth a calling?
Or just to contemplate

How to say how I feel
Those three words
Can't get off the thrills
You're my Bee and Mocking Bird

When we go to bed
Your odor soaked to mine
Made me awaken till late
Freshening love freshening mind

Swears and promises
We vow God knows
Exchanging hugs and kisses
We groom and glow

When we tie the knot
The smiles beckon
Thanks to the Lord
For the piece of Heaven

The children were the trees
Growing our love
The fruits were our pleas
Be blessed from above

Great Us getting old
The world seems to bow
You and me the threshold
Finest love ever to grow

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** When We Fall Apart ***

Krakatoa roars lava flows
Natives scattered to death
Grasses no longer need a mow
Leaving no lives and wealth

I'd float like a feather
Falls into your abyss of devotion,
Drowns in your pond of murmur
Plunging in slow motion

Like Krakatoa, you expel your lethal blow
Shattering me into million pieces
But I'd stand right to the core
Of your devil's glimpses

Your snowy little heart
As cool as your talk
No matter how no matter what
I'd come to you and do the walk

Please don't leave me
If I ever hurt you
Shall I beg for mercy?
As my love isn't true

One day when you find me stranded
Heading to the road of insanity
Straying to nowhere and unwanted
That's the day love has gone awry

My heart turns blue unlike the roses
Bright red as our once passion
Why the halts and pauses
No more intense and seduction

Our love poem is reminder
Catastrophe of human tragedy
My blood bleeds like water
A sign of your cruelty

Marriage no longer exists
Those were the dreams
Your sweet sticky kiss
As good as it seems

When I go down to the soil
I'd carry your heart with me
Treasure our romance and brawl
From then to eternity

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

***** Anju Oh Anju (Love Of Two Continents) *****

Don't turn your back on me
Turn on your beauty
Sparks the ice in you
Whenever you feel free

Anju you're too good to be true
Your words are your resume
I don't need the others
Just you to feel my blue

When you're sick
I'd don your pain
Nursing you like infant
Is the choice I'd pick

My regurgitating heart
Beating the rhythm of your soul
Sprinkling me with your aroma
Till death do us part

Your home a long distance
Your heart within reach
Sagging to mine
Up lifting my endurance

Name me your request
Should I build a castle?
On top of Everest
Yes I would, for you're the best

Believe me or not
Your anger has grilled my annoyance
Extinguishing the flames of our love
Affirming it would not be rot

Mei tumse pyar karta hoo (I'm in love with you)
The bed of our wedding night
Is the evident of our delight?
We will and are through

Tell me that you want me
My wings would fly to you
Crossing two continents
Handing my plea

Anju oh Anju
Let me be your flesh
to fix your quest
for I'm your Guru

I love you for your sweetness
Sweeter than the smiles
of the fame Mona Lisa
Quenching my thirst

Anju oh Anju
This piece is for you
Frame it with glue
to your heart and say true

'Yes true, I love you too'

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Is This Love? ***

Fading through the unknown
Winds alighting
From night till morning
Grueling intimacy breaks the silence dawn
That sky on top is the eyes
Secluded for a moment
Of anything whispering
From rag to riches
That's our love of premiership
Needs to need
Begs to bargain
That's our crave
No hold barred
How do I love you?
You want the big O
I want it too
Regular or impromptu
Classic or manic
Samson and Delilah
Are history
Love victory
You and me
Are majestic
Reaching
The road to Bougainvillea
Is paradise
Shimmering through the lights
Thrust through 'the three Gorges dam'
Spilling tons of water
Arresting ourselves
Entangled in the web of love
Doubting each other
Wouldn't tear us further
But a sign
Of another consign
Unfolds in a dream
Bliss of zest
If only two of us
Left standing on Earth

Don't stop
Cultivating and harvesting
The seeds
Adam and Eve
Would envy
For, the procreation
Is the prima facie
Our love exists
Ultimately
Inseparable
Like gravity

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Australianisation ***

Sounds of gravel under heavy tires
Teasing the silence of little house in the
Bushes and surrounding of wild flowers
Open my exotic fear
Someone behind those bushes has captured
My reviving heart
Warialda here I come
Tell me if the Kangaroos and Koalas
Are in love with you too
Summer in December
Would deliver
Me to you
Cockatoo would say
'I love you too'
Forget about others
I don't give a damn
Say you love me
Say 'I do'
Together we storm
The desert highway
Of New South Wales
Right to Grafton
The place we would be
Pictures of Great Barrier Reef
Silky beaches of Gold Coast
Are the sketches
We would paint
On our hearts
Colorful as the strokes
Of Michaelangelo
Your tender age
Is the barrier?
Love is blind they say
The bush lands
The wild flowers
And the girl
Named Trystal
You're the crystal
In me

Growing
And glowing

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** Coming Back To You ***

Days fill with pictures
At the edge
of remotely located
heart broken dorm
Man made Chateau of horny pony
Little tales
Chanting your name as I wish
and desire
Akin to mentally
instability
The boy from the village
used to ask
'Where's the girl? '
Your girl
is no longer your property
Timeless and counting
Miserable leads you
to the grave
Landscape of remedy
Deep buried
Lingers with whispers of
Longing dead
Honey,
You sat on my laps
Blew your words
To my face
'I'm your woman'
The boy from the village
Used to say
'Perfect couple'
Now
I can leave the world,
with you around
to smile
to hug
to cry on
The place
to lean on
Playing my mom

and sister
How cruel
To die young
No children
To watch them growing
Fading away
Similar to Fir'aun
Drowned in the Red Sea
Unable to lay our present
In the Oasis
Where Tamar tree
Grows
As we grow...

This is based on a true story and extremely tragic. I've lost the most valuable person in my life. We were 18, first year in College. On a camping trip, she was drowned. At that time, I was almost gone mad and was so close to commit suicide. Her name was Marleena, extremely beautiful and bright girl.
Hi Marleena, I missed you so much baby!

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

*** The Word Warrior ***

Water vapors from Niagara
Awakened me
Feeling so fresh
And alive
Leaving behind the hustle
Of demanding life
I could smell the powerful
Perfumes of paradise
The angels whisper to my ears
"Don't kill your thought,
The world would not be the same
Without you"
Olfactory sense of wisdom
Sneaks into my veins
I'll write beautiful pieces
Like the Angels
So beautiful
Irresistible

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Do The Do Re Mi

From far
I could hear
the crisp sounds
of White Ivory
piano
So melodious
Never again
be the same
as the fingers
of my permanent
dreams
dancing
on the tones'
teeth
They just keep smiling
and shining
singing
the music
of my soul
We don't need
the touch
of Richard Clayderman
Do the Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do...
And the Mocking birds
would be
our Orchestra
swaying us
to the enchanting
shores
treasure our love
in the sands
and throw away
the key

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Take Me

I look
into the
shimmering
majestic
night sky
'oh sky,
take my soul away,
I don't need them anymore'
the reluctant sky says
'there's no room anymore,
my soul
is pouring too,
to the extent
of flooding
the souls
underneath'

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Sacred Bubbles

Why do I need
a bottle of
champagne
when I can have
sips of tears
made of
sacred bubbles
derived from
undisputed
conqueror
of my heart
Our tears
could be
the finest
champagne
on earth

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

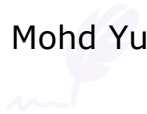


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Eternally Yours

I don't want
to sing
for you
I rather
die
for you
in return
for the eternal
meeting
with you
in the
next life
That was
my greatest
sacrifices
for my only
love

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Searching

Awaken
from the bed
in the morning
I see
my face
turns pale
Somebody
help me
I'm still
looking
for the One
The Great

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Smile

Smile
is a mirror
a sign of
sincerity
friendships
and honesty
Few cases,
not really
a smile
but
a blessing
in disguise

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Answer Me

Your love
as prominent
as Taj Mahal
As great
a love
of Shah Jehan
Perished
in a blink
of eyes
How to rebuild?

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Fantasy

I can see
in your eyes
the full vision
of your dream
We're in
waterbed
Making it
so bad
Like
fantasy

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Afresh

Devotion to you
Is all I know
Don't give me
Your smiles
Give me
Your saliva
Don't give me
Your hug
Give me
Your crushes
Don't give me
Your stares
Give me
Your naked flesh
Love stays
Afresh

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Waiting For The Day

Sweet words
to say
I love you
I swear
How to bear
this feeling of despair
How to hide
This thinking of right
It's all end
when two
become one

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Adoration

Don't look back
at me
Every time
you did that
my heart
jumping
up and down
I wish
I could live forever

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Frozen

I walk through
the canal
of your anger
One day
I want
to keep you
frozen
in my heart
forever

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Fated

Outside

good looking

inside

terminally breeding

depression tumor

had turned

a mother

older

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Guts

Bravery
or forced demeanor
god knows
above all
a man
left standing
in the middle
of a park
to shed
blood, sweat
and tears
for someone's
he loved

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Troubled Waters

Reflections on
troubled waters
scared me
to death
The dust
the mist
the white lightning
awaken
Misery
travels
Never comes back

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Sacrifice

Authentic sacrifices

Don't show

Your repentance

But

show your

redundant

Shout

and say

Banzai! ! ! ! ! !

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Tears

Unbreakable tears
keep falling
Every dropp
is a sweet tear
As sweet
as your love

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Romeo And Juliet

Carry me
to the center
of your buffering
heart
Let me be
the rhythm
of the beat
dag..dug...dag...dug
When the rhythm
stops
we die

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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The Talker

Splashes of words
screaming for
the talker
The words
fear
The talker
could have
forgotten
sentences

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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The Maths

My woman
recognition
of your taste
I need
I don't have
all time
to calculate
desire
less
the taste

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Your Gift

Every night
going to bed,
I pray
for another
box of dream
In the dream
I receive
a gift
Your gift
Is larger
than words

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Lifeless

Life

I adore you

Without.....

a

lifeless.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Awakening

Beyond life
glimmering aurora
awaits
Blinded
by brain dead
Motionless
but breathing

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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The Swing

Tired mind
shrinking
Follows
the rhythm
of the moods

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Fear

Walking down
the lonely road
You look
to the left
to the right
Lookout for
snipers
Between the thin line
of life
and death
you'd never know
who you really
are

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Sahara

Take a view
the sea
of love
once
a playground
for fanatics
of love
Meteoric explosions
had turned
the sea
into
Sahara
Hot crunching
the cold hearts

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Glory

Torch
the fire of
glory
The war
had ended
Unnamed graves
the landmark
of victory?

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Love

Love is
like milking a baby
and he stops
crying
No more hunger
but
when in hunger
he cries
He wants
to tell
but he can't
So, he cries
or smiles
Good feel
or bad feel
when in love
is just
like a baby
No words
to describe
You cry
or smile

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Flashback

The slime
of reddish
open wounds
infectious blood
drips
stick up
to my flesh
rotten
the old scars
long overlooked

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Dilemma

Traumatized
confused
cut off
the fuse
be amused
in another
you

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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The Pain

The end
of pain
will not
end you
Your soul
will coming back
asking
why heaven
cannot wait

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Cultivate

Plough
the terrains
multi tiered
layers
of our seeds
grown into
fragrance
of unborn
Embryos
turning them
into a bowl
of love

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Friends

Brothers
of blood
sometimes
sparked by frictions
What do you think?
Friends
could sustain
this?

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Mutual

The earth
breathe human
the life
breathe
the earth
what is life
is earth
what is earth
is life
inseparable
till the end
of the end

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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The Healer

Love
made me
a woman
Love made me
a man
Love
made me
a healer
healing myself
from the magic
of it

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Natures' Forces

The landscapes
the oceans
the skies
the winds
would come
with hidden messages
to change
the contour
of life
are we human
can save
our lives?
To some extent
there's no place
to run
when your time
comes
waving
at you



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Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Wall

Between the walls
the cells
and the outside world
precious life
is at stake
How to fly
with only
a single wing?

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



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Casanova

Nautical boundaries of your mind
Elapsed beneath the time frame
Of your wondrous consigns
Noteworthy for applauded brain game

In a mid of challenge
You stuttered for no apparent reason
A strategy beckons
Bestowed on amorous and gallant
Creating all the pleasant

Not getting enough
Dwelling and dealing
Are getting rough
And crime consuming

Like a snake in the eagle's shadow
Predator's instinct you possessed
Had made you grow
Rivals were oppressed
Taking distant blows

Invading the winners' circle
Grabbing the dreamed woman
Feels excited you giggles
Celebrates your greatest moment

Casanova
A damned Mr. Lover
The game is over
You have to pull over

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Peace Not War ****

Make love not war
Sleep enough wakes up afresh
Reaching for Heaven's door
Set aside your stress

We're breathing the same air
Fragile and vulnerable
What's to compare
What's to grumble

Different religion
Different race
What's the distinction?
On your face

Is there any difference?
In what you call the greater
What makes you coherence?
To say you're better

Adversity of conqueror
Influence your paradigm
To create terror
Annexing the emblem

Perception of one's intelligences
Doesn't show in your color
What's to display of instances
What's to exhibit of power

Walking tall churning ego
Dragging your pride along
There you go
Embezzling dignities you throng

Common world we live
Obvious language we speak
Let us treasure this gift
Don't let it loose even a wreck

All nation and continent
The same feet on the ground
Live in peace and jubilant
The past and future will not hound

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Heroin ****

The brazen winds
Swipe across the sea of mint
Opening the bizarre night of sin
Leaving no hint
To inject a hallmark of link
Deep into the vein
Germinating heroin
In reign
Watery mouth drippin'
Downs the chin
Eyes closing in
The curtain of silver screen
Rushes of adrenalin
Parting your brain
In between
This is not the scene
You want it to be seen
It's a hell of ruin
Once get hooked, your life is grinded
You'll never win

I want to dedicate this piece to one of our member,
Mr. Jon London. He have had experienced
the journey of highways to hell.

Best Wishes.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** The Three Wishes ****

Son, what will you do
If you are given three wishes from God?
The teacher stares at the 13 years old student
With a deep sigh
Adam's tears roll back
His eyes as sharp as a razor blade
Glancing at Mr. Cool
Not a word spoken
He picks up his pen and starts to write
He folds up the written piece
And hand it over to the teacher
One condition applies
The teacher should read it when he got home
Adam is a gifted kid
Born with silver spoon in his mouth
The only son in a family of four
Before he goes to bed
With a deep breathe
Mr. Cool reads the note
My first wish
I want to be an orphan
I want to feel the suffering
I want to feel the painstaking
So that when I grow up
I'd know what hardship is
My second wish
I want to be blind
I want to feel the darkness
I want to feel the gloom
I want to feel the beauty of the world
Without looking
I want to feel the agony of the world
Without seeing
My third wish
I want to be the richest man on earth
I want to share my wealth with the poor
I want to help the homeless
The jobless
The education less

The family less
The loveless
If there is any fourth wish
I want the three wishes
Granted to me by God
Mr. Cool's tears roll back
He goes to sleep
With a smile

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** Back To The Future ****

The year is 2285
Everyone is getting high
It's all about high profile
To live is to die
No more prison and trial
A free world to compile
All your sins will fly

The judgment is yours to consider
Money for nothing to ponder
Distance yourself further
No retreat and no surrender
The going will get wilder
The tough will get weaker
The ozone layer became thinner

The icebergs had landed
Low lying lands became embedded
Like thrusting a knife that is jagged
Seems like most parts are flooded
Highlands are barricaded
Population intakes are limited
To survive is to be restricted

Who's the poor and who's the richest?
It's a taboo to say and yet superstitious
To be in power would be the strongest
Sharing your power could be the longest
To live that long is tremendous
And the poor would become notorious
To be left out as the monotonous

Global warming has taken its toll
It's not like walking in the park to stroll
The heat could penetrate even your soul
No more south and north pole
Your best next home is in the hole

**** Stop Killing Your Own ****

Twinkling stars reflection
On the blue ocean
Have become the nuts and bolts
Of vessels plying their way to destination
Bright colorful lightning
Unwittingly exhaling
The breath of infinite horizon
Giving a sensible life to boredom
Orchestra of thunders astonishingly unleash
The music of Mozart and Beethoven
Bullying the weakened hearts to a standstill
The crews and the captain were stunned
In the middle of nowhere
They've witnessed the rhythm of enormous blue waters
The sparkling of bluer space above
Ransacking their minds in believing
Shouldn't the world be as calm as these?
There's life everywhere
The planktons and corals
And Nemos were dancing
Harmoniously in the crystal clear waters
Attracting billions other species of the sea
Maneuvering the vastness of living
Beauties of dry land
Is no match to the lucrative wet world?
Mankind is brighter
Killing each other were no better
We're killing our own
Send them to the ocean
To appreciate the creation
How I wish they were there

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** My Greatest Love ****

I would swim across the ocean of burning coals
Hanging myself to the pole
Out casting and left freezing in the cold
Cracking my brain till numb and bold
Searching for the threshold
What you could have behold

Flashbacks of tranquilizing memories
Engraving our hearts with golden debris
Wouldn't be much of worries
Feeding our queries
Our passion evaporates in lavish
Meddling and halting to cease

Don't you think that we're crazy?
Day by day the breeze of frenzy
Feeding us with the love of cozy
Night by night the music of melody
Enlightening our ears of dreamy
Enriching our linkage to a steamy

Ohhhhh..... here and ahhhhh there
Feel like nothing compares
My life for you to spare
That's how I care
Our love is seductively raw and rare
Tragic end I couldn't bear
My love you can't tear

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

**** A Life ****

Your hidden jellylike fleshs irritate
My little warm brother
Embracing your inner organisms
Authenticating the friendliness
Adorable of pinky madness
Stumbled upon the insertion
Lava flowing with enriched
Armageddon of nutritious juices
Like driving down
The alley of Mount Everest
The reason why mankind
Existence is penultimate
We cannot erase
The pleasure
A life

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Feel Like Heaven

When you got what you desired
It's like gaining a new life
You're your own shadow that follows you closely
You'd know that pure love is hard to find!
Purity of bonding is always everlasting
The flowers of power
Power is like God
You cannot see
But you can feel
Eternal palace of heart!
One day you'd be at your pinnacles
Keep on hoping
For hope is what you hoping to be
Learn a new lesson
Performing a divine dance for her
She'd feels like Heaven
Heaven is when you're always delighted...
Don't forget this mantra...
Woman is fragile...
Like a piece of cake
You have to eat it or life is amiss
Don't forget this song...
"You and I...we have a dream to fly...
wonderful dream, beautiful dream...
don't let it dies...hi...hi...hi..."
It rhymes suitably
For any great songs on earth

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Naked Love

A rendition of naked love
Emotional and vivid....
Love is emotion and feelings that's alive
Till you die, it'll die together
Unforgettable memories are something
Keep haunting you
Love is so fragile but strong as a rock!
The greatest wave is the fear of losing someone
I want to be your umbrella and protect you
Openness will lead to solid strong bonding
Between two humans in love
We can see the truth after we've achieved something
Which is impossible...
Fate and destiny coincides and the day will come
When we felt the tears of the sun
That's the day we will leave
Sorry seems to be the hardest word
I Rather be a slave of love... and obliged
Agony, pain and pleasure are the salt and sugar of life!
The darkness is sometimes a hidden brightness
Maturity has made some of us keep on going and live on
Dreams are the work of minds
But a clue we should pursue
The naked truth.....
God is everywhere
Even after our death

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

We Are Warriors Of Our Own Life

Depressions are the games of minds...
A journey through the eyes of the believer
Soul breaking is sometimes so awful
Brave on... and face the odds upfront
The smile that melts the heart

Some conversation can be pleasant
Will last for long in our minds
We are here to fill...
The emptiness of the life's stage
Carry on with normal life
Sometimes.....
We have to take what we hated most
The bitterness and the pains

Love is complex and complicated....
But once you have had it
It's going to be a rollercoaster ride.....
All the way
A tear is a sign of purity
Love is a many splendid things...
A plain life is a real life
Sweet surrender of words that heal....
The world is the stage and we are the actors
A book is my world...
A friend in needs is a friend.....
We greet to a good deeds
A true friend will give you money
When u don't have none
It's like.....
Father to child bonding
Holy and sacred

Fate is something written
Upon our faces but we can not see
Sins of depleted innocence
Suicidal inflicted by courage to die.....
We're warriors of our own life

Goes Mellow With That Little Dances

Don't bleed your life with slow death.....
Engraved with beauty
Your puzzle is riddles
Your burning desires to live are above all...
Your drawing is not a drawing.....
But a masterpiece
Your magic has touched my soul...
Amazing
The soils where we were born are our flesh and blood...
Broken promises are hard to swallow
Regretful ness is better than ever
Before you're gone too far and deep
Bears in mind
Family ties are like water....
You can't cut it off.....
With a knife.
One of the holiest things in life is to forgive
And be forgiven
It's like a solitary confinement....
Eyes wide opened...
To view the horizon of doubtfulness.....
Bad memories are always haunting and terrorizing
Be brave and ride the storms
Satan will befriend
Worshippers of evil and men of God alike

Keep hold of your anger
You'd need it in later life
A true heart will last the longest friendship
Nothing is enough when greed overcomes
Sometimes our lives is like a cheese
We enveloped the breads vividly
We will face the music of life everyday
A brilliant that could open up the hanging mystery of times.....
Hope for the future
Hope nothing would interfere
Hope for the best....
Everyday and any other day
The last words are always as good as the first

Death is a pleasant thing awaiting all mankind.
And the heartbeat.....
Goes mellow with that little dances

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Wetting My Levi's 501 Jeans

I'm longing for a changes in my life's landscape
Stone cold of gloomed darkness...
beyond reach....
no peace
Accompanying a sickness is a great sacrifices....
The moon is the woman.....
above us
Go to a person
who can smell you anywhere and every where
He's gonna be your true lifeline....
Trust me
The picture is the picture of never ending circle of life...
and beneath.....
The paths to wanting and rejection
Changes will come when we've changed ourselves

Sunday bloody Sunday...
I stood before me.....
54 strewn bodies
all over the bloody places.....
When I was a journalist
back in Middle East
I'm already dead....
but cheating death
Back then
My breakfast was... when I woke up
in the morning..
I felt alive and had the chance
to live another day
No more hungers
No more fears...
of wetting my Levi's 501 jeans...
carried away.... and thinking
of the unspeakable...
unthinkable
death
Today
I told my kids
There's a moment I walked a long walk...

3 miles to school
Now they'd treasure each sorrow and pain..
with a deep sigh....
Tomorrow..
I'll be braver
To face another...
Encounters
Everyday is a new life
Think about it
Do not waste it...
even an ounce

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

An Epilogue To A Girl

You're richer than wealth...
beauty than diamonds...
but with hollow heart..
melted like an ice-cream
I saw a girl is in dilemma..
to get the real meaning of humanization...
good and bad..
pretty and ugly..
hate and love..
a dilemma
Take me away...far..
Far away..
to the place....
I would craze
for taste
The vastness of horizon...
will penetrate the ozone of...
eternity...
the eternal life
beyond lives
The world we lived in
is the scenes of movies
Fantasies do exist
in a dreams
of bliss
The mind is the key to a vast horizon
You have perfectly stormed the poetic avalanches
I'm coming through...
the train of prosperity and goodness
Your sacred heart
will be hunted by many enthusiasts....

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Extreme Courage

Life is beautiful...
and ugly
Life is a gift....
we cruise and unleash our potentials...
waits...are the....scrap metals.....or diamonds....
Passion is like rivers
water flowing endlessly
You can swim
but don't get drowned.....
Those who struggles gravely in early life
Would comes out a winner
In later life
Caught in the crossfire of.....
entangled past....
you deliberately diminish the agony and pain...
with dignity
A home is a home for the homeless
a great place to live
This whole big things.....
living is an illusions..
it will vanished
when we're no longer here
Free flow of passionate ideas that calm a troubled heart....
charming thinking
I've the courage...
to write it so great
read...
before going to bed.....
before dead..
make it a date....
not too late

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

A Journey Without Destiny

The voices of hope.....
Screaming for lives..
Were not fulfilled
The truth is
We can't handle the truth
Take me to the place...
Where the weather
Is fine all around
We could live
Till the world
Is no longer exists...
and remember
The arts of love
Implies to flirtation
Your longing....
Is descriptive
Well painted
onto the canvas of psychopath
A journey without destiny...
Is a long lost destination
Only the determined
Would understand
and nodded

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Bad Dreams

Live and die...
Heaven and Hell...
What's in the middle?
Beauty of a poem..
Blended with fruits of thought..
Harvesting evils to regenerate..
Word of truth...
is sometimes not applicable...
In a place
where most of the occupants..
are devils...
in disguise
Bad dreams
are sometimes..
an omen to a good time

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Politic

What is P.O.L.I.T.I.C.?

Perpetrator

They robbed monies belongs to the people

In the pretext of given privileges and power

Oppressor

They oppressed people whom are against them

Stopping their rights

To voice out their plights

Liar

They are not the men of their words

What they had promised before

Will turn to sore

Inadequate

They are so green

They have no qualm to be a leader

Cronyism and favoritism

Have made them elected

Touts

They are no differences from the gangs

On the streets

Some are big time criminals

Massacre and genocide

You named it

Irregular

Do not trust them

Meritocracy will no longer applies

For them

Connection and relation

Are the words of the day

Culprits

To retain their status

They'll do anything

Even breaking their own bloodline

They'll do it

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Yakuza

The barking were the loudness of evils
Extreme noises swarming the pretty dawn
Shy of lights and abide
Notorious philosopher of gangland
Backdated from 17th century kabuki-mono
(Outlandish samurai called the crazy ones)
The infamous family tree
Hatamoto-yakko (servants of Shogun)
Machi-yokko (servants of town)
Tekiya (street peddlers)
Bakuto (gamblers)
Gurentai (hoodlums)
They are the nerves of Yakuza

In arms and deadly
With guts and machine guns
Embroided with conflicts
And turmoil
In numbers they come
Dungeons and dragons
Christopher Columbus of the land
Bad boys of dark heroes
Exploring new territory
New monetary
Their holy oaths and sacred vows
Are distinct and vivid
Devoted to tradition
Of oyabun – kobun (father-child relationship)
Made them virtually invincible
Authentic kamikaze
You're not invited to become one
You have to pursue
Pricking your trigger finger
Dripped the bloods onto holy picture of the Saint
And burn it
A symbol of loyalty
Undivided
Bloodied the samurai swords
With your tongue

Cold Turkey

I woke up next morning crimping
Distraught and dejected
Body aching everywhere
I got no zest left
No energy left
Flattened and need to be grounded
In bed
Could not make it to the washroom
To release
There's nothing to release
My whole system is halted
Immortalized
I felt chilled inside
But heated up on the outside
Like soaking your body
Into a boiling oil
I need a constant fan
And keep conditioning
At the same time need to bare body
Or the clothing will get wet
Due to constant sweating

No appetite to drink
No appetite to eat
No more cheers
No more laughter
No more self-confidence
No more easy going
No more friendly
I'm slumped and dumped
Numbed and clumped
My head becomes dull and heavy
Like a big rock is pouncing on it
I got to continue sleeping
To avoid the living hell
I managed to force myself to sleep
For the whole day
After the withdrawals

Leaping into a new dimension
This time my stomach is cramped
With massive pains
My joints are aching penetrative
To inner bones
I was shivered
Covered with blanket
Couldn't last long
I felt like I was on fire with that thick linen
I got to be strong to go through
I got to do this for my mom
She had suffered long enough
To count the numbers
Of my occupations of prisons
And rehab centers
For one reason
That was Heroin

The next day
After a long constipation
Diarrhea paid me a visit
My bed was full of shits
Couldn't make it on time
It's keep coming gradually
My mind was rebelling
If I have to kill someone
Or to rob someone
I will do it
To get the stuff right now
Looking at mom
After all this while she was trying hardly
To get me cured and cleaned
Made me revoked the ideas
I have to be brave and strong
Freeing me from disastrous life
Which I thought a Heavenly life
Not for long when Hell laid his hands on you
You have to run for your lives
Or someone will found you death

On the third day of torture
I started sneezing rapidly

Vomiting every time after the insertion
Of foods or drinks
I was left with skin and bone
A living skeleton
My eyes were dried and sunken
My mind goes blank
I hated myself
I hated the whole world

On the night of the 3rd day
Brother and mom carried me to the bathroom
I was thrown into a tub full of ices
For almost half an hour
I was in the freezing ocean
But not drowned
I survived the ordeal
Thanks to my loving family
Who loved me for what I am

On the 5th day of withdrawal
Things started to normalize
Mentally and physically
I felt stronger
And better
For mom
I will be clean
I'll be your hero
I'll not fall again to bloody heroin
Let bygone be bygone
Let it gone with the wind
I will win

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Day I Walked Out Of The Prison

Bright sunshine maneuvered its course
Sheds of lights plummeted distinctively
Across the prison cells
Another new day for stern inmates
And counting how much time is left
Before they'd be free
And discover the real world again
Six blocks of 4 floors cells
Housing 5000 inmates simultaneously
Marching to the main hall for breakfast
Right after they were mustered

0830hrs in the morning workshops will be filled
With reluctant inmates to carry on
The planned and guarded routines
Some will fill the prison open compound
Playing sports game
Sweating out and work out
Or just meddle around and cliqued
Under watchful eyes of warden
At watch tower
Scrutinizing their movement

For Rasheed who has been around for 35 years
Knows the yards so well he could tell
A fight is to happen at C block
And alerted the officials
A stout build Rasheed imprisoned for life
Without parole
Hoping one day he'd get
A presidential pardon
And walks out free and conserves
Whatever he had left and missed
He was 18, young and tender
Became a permanent resident of the prison
After committing an armed robbery
Was charged with an extended penalty

Seemingly repented

Adamant he could still walks out free
Strolling the night and lays down under the tree
Counting the stars and embraces the moon
Walking on the busy streets at noon
Smiling at beautiful women as he wishes
Swimming in an open sea as he pleases
Eating at renowned restaurant
Digesting fish head curry and chili prawn
Smelling the blossoming flowers
Hoping the season will not be over
Shopping for branded clothing
Hanging out at the bar and drinking everything
But that wouldn't be enough
He got one final plot to plough
Going to the cemetery
Visiting his long lost parents
Should he walks out free
New hope awaken
35 years wasted down the drain
A new life would conceal the pains

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

You Deserve A Hot Mocha

The tangling 15th century Chandelier hanging tough
Brightening the living room and spar
The cozy Italian sofa so laid back
With classical music enlightening listener
To a stand still, you're so indulged
Connected with buddies over the net
At a mouse click on your laptop
Big TV screen at the center of the lounge
Is showing 'why human needs sex'
On Discovery channel

On the lounge table are served
A hot Mocha coffee with Delifrances breads
And butter cookies
Aroma of Smokey Mocha
Lingering on every corners
Besetting a rendezvous
Your fingers picking up the mug
And sip it slowly down the throat
Nourishing your central nervous system
You'd feel lively and easy
All surrounds will be beautiful
Get it along with Delifrances
Like a woman needing enzymes
To reproduce a healthy baby
You're in your own class of world
Hot Mocha, Delifrances breads and butter cookies
Life is so flourish
A laptop and classical music
You'd constantly pick
To get you energetic
Big TV screen and chandelier
Are the scaler
You're richer
The cozy Italian sofa
You're on par
With those big shots thus far
So, when you going off to work tomorrow
With your Mercedes SLK 500

Be sure that you deserve what you're worth for
A hot Mocha

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Blasphemy

Forbidden garden were planted with black roses
Emitting smells of long gone corpses
Abandoned for purity
Extricated from beneath of sunken earth
The soils were crumpling and humid
Turning it into after burnt colors
Trespassers wouldn't take a second look
To determine what's left for Hell
Is not left for Heaven
The brooding and legitimate darkness
Of impurities will soon
Breeds the seeds of Satan impersonating priests
All Hell breaks loose
Somebody with empowerment and virgin
Have to seal the floodgate
Children's of the damned are crusading
An army of bona fide blasphemies
Exorcising the wicket link
Pathfinders will soon start
Surveying the pinnacles
The annihilation of the world

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

I Would Fill The Cherry Cake With Strawberry Tops

Alice is cute with a stunning figure
Too matured for a girl of seventh teen
With fair and clear complexion
Smooth talker, would never failed
To offer a luscious smiles
Whenever she giggles
Sometimes she sashay her way
Through the streets
With predator's eyes watching
From a distance
Appreciating her sex appeals

She had a pair of long legs
Seemingly she was born to have
A violin's curve waistline
Her brunette hair was so flawless
And silky shines
She's a great swimmer
Represented her school prominently
That would explain her superb upper body
Her biggest asset and killer flesh
I would dream of a girl like her
But I got to be in her shoes
To notice an apple
Is the only apple that is for grabbed
By many hungry beggars

You got to be extraordinaire
To polish an uncut diamond
Live like an angel served by an angel
We're in the same school
But never come into conversation
Although we've met

I was shy, poor an unpopular
By no chance I could fill
The cherry cake with strawberry tops
My inner feelings were lubricious
Beating the drums of my heart

Capitulate my instinct and desire
For her
Like a slave who tells a princess
He had saved his heart for her
Should I do that to enunciate the necessities
A man could strives for
I can't wait for the day
When I'd be on school's stage
Performing like a star playing guitar
And singing my heart's out
And the whole school would jump
And stomps on their feet's
Alice would be one of them
Thus the passage to possibilities
Could be widened
The day will comes
I would fill the cherry cake
With strawberry tops

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

I'Ve Just Got A Playmate

Intimacy is what I need
I couldn't get it at school
I'm a dropout at sixteen
At the expense of a broken marriage,
only mom and elder sister are living
with me in a rented flatted house
Five o'clock in the evening
with usual dress-up and make-up
mom and sister will leave the house
heading to the night's bar and pub
where they would entertain men who
seek ecstasy and entertainment
The earnings will put foods on our table
Throughout the night and almost all nights
I'll be left alone at home
Watching T.V. and listening to Radio
To fulfill my emptiness
And thirsts for love

A blossomed and beautiful girl like me
Without someone around is madness
It's about time to make a move
To search for company
To feed the urge and burning desires
and the rebellious in me
One day, I saw the awakening of a horizon
A seventh teen of age young handsome boy had just moved in
To the house just opposite of mine
The adjacent of love has strikes
I glanced at him and he noticed
We exchanged smiles abruptly
I introduced myself as Nancy
I'm a Chinese and he's Malay
Different religion and culture they'd say
For us nothing would stir in between
Our intimacy has just begin
Every evening he'll step-in
To my apartment we lock-in

We treasured our secrecy
A breath of new life finally
Has groomed my body into maturity
I'm no longer lost in vicinity
I got someone pretty
And rebellious full of fantasy
The cuddling boy I called honey
Will be my playmate
We'll sail together till late

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Good Fellows

Between the lines
Disastrous wreaked havoc somewhere
Confusion alarming and future has broken into pieces
Back-off and meditate if possible
Before you cross the line
Retention of hopes is still alive
Turning back discreetly is not an option
You can run but you cannot hide
Tell tales sign of a hunter will hunt you
Till you dropp dead
The other end of the line is dark and gloom
With so many exits to go
But you'll comeback to face the devils
Thirsts for your bloods
You are given choices
Not to cross the line
But you're lost
Greed and impatience has taken your lives

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Alley

Durable kitten meddling around the alley
Hoping for miraculous savior and a place called home
Convincing voices broke the quiet night
Patrons and pathetic pouring in incessantly
As the clock labored and ticking flawlessly
A long stretch of antique shop houses were housing
Sympathetic women for sales
A sign of the world's oldest profession at it's high

Weird eyes glancing and captured
Typical extravaganza of stimulation
Sarcastic mixture of wilds scents
Ruining a solid strong marriages
And a bachelor's virginity
They walked into the rooms upstairs
To taste the goodies of life
The night has not ended and negotiated

At the far end of the alley
Before the turning to the main city streets
A favorite and acclaimed heaven on earth
Man other's anatomy
Transvestites of lovable worth every penny
Infamous and laid back
Nothing compares when you need
Indeed

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Coldness

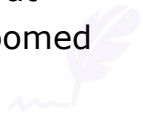
The glimpse of dark night shivered and overwhelmed
Lightning like a splash of fire fiercely terrorized
Mountainous valley retreated and succumbed
Oak and maple homes enlightened with animosity
Iced soaked rains weren't the worst nightmare
Mean rivers were numbed and cold
Rigid and passive vehicles
Strolling along the icy roads with courage
Defeated throughout the night of chilled coldness
Icebreaker should have done the jobs
But the sub zero will frozen you
Before you could heat up the machine
Interpreted into deformation
Froze bites will drive you into illusions
Something eloped of appreciation
Coldness is madness
Fragile and dumbness
Evolutes into a white wilderness

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Coming Out Of Voodoo Spells

Streaming of curl hairs blown upwards
Petals of Eucalyptus sticking to the neck
Dripping sweats melancholic and spats
Moisturize the tarmac
At the far end of the crude muddy river
Purging a smile of chronic guilt
Embodied and lamented
Surging through foreign branches
Expandable for warranty
Double seaming for secrecy
Smitten and hasten serpent
Nodded and looked up to the mourning sky
Whispering words of ancient phrases
Whooping echoes of hungry wolves
Torching the night with annoyed souls
Merciful has scouted the twilights
No leading paths
No hide out
You're doomed

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

My Brightly Singapore

The deafening roars
Promising faces chanting 'Singapore, Singapore, Singapore'
Was the acute scene
At the National Stadium where matches to be seen
Is to crown the soccer kingpin
Of South East Asia sovereign
Singapore has done it two times in a row
And three times ever since
A great success for a small nation though

Driving through Pan Island Expressway
Passing by the awesome Marina Bay
Where the bright sun shines on the skyway
Where the airliners flying pass all the way
Right to the world renowned Changi Airport
Crossing above world's busiest seaport

From the sea
You could see
The brightly surprising skylines
Of Central Business District
Underneath is Mass Rapid Transit Line
Traveling below the Singapore riverbed is poetic
Emerging at Suntec City is ecstatic
Docking at the Esplanade twin 'Durian' domes is magnetic
Singapore, Singapore, Singapore
A little red dot on the map
A country you should explore
And learn all the craps
Of being the world's best

Nanyang Technology
And National University
Are the world's tops 20
Labor force and school's education
Are the world's supreme
Housing and transportation
Are the world's tops of the cream
Government administration

And financial management
Are the world's best institutions

Father of Singapore

Lee Kuan Yew

Is the world's highly regarded
Who has transformed the city-state
Becomes a first world country
His achievements were embedded
No doubt he dictates
But the progress was uncontrary
He has led Singapore to his supremacy
And for BG Lee
The son of the former
You are the icing of the cake
Undisputed, you're a performer
Keep on and makes
Singapore the proudest ever

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Poet Of Legacy

the restless children run to the higher ground as the kites flying to an open sky under the clouds, clouds which are so eager to shell shock them with a friendly turbulence, which would make the kites, spin around haywire. the tall grass has covered

most of the old battlefield, which was once witnessed thousands of young lives perished during the World War 2, protecting the nearby port from enemies of the east. my father was one of the localities who fought the war not only for his country but for the ambitious imperialist from the west, as well. most of his comrades were killed during the battle and it was actually the beginning of the new era, a new ruler, under the 'red sun'.

my father was captured and was sent to the infamous Changi Prison as a prisoner of war.

he survived the ordeals, which many could not have managed. today, i am the legacy, to continue the gallantry of a man who had lived throughout the man made hell bravely, not with weaponry, but with brain and pens, writing poetry. i'll be the poet; many poets would envy. i'll be the poet; many readers would want to be. i'll be the poet; many women would like to see. God gives lives to my father, to have me be born, and to continue the legacy.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Wishing You A Blissful Marriage

This is a new odyssey
The new beginning you'll see
Don't let it drowned into the sea
Hold on tight and firmly

Marriage life is beautiful
Be mindful and thoughtful
Sleeping with each other is rightful
Caring for each other is soulful

If something awful stir your pleasantry
Take it seriously and wisely
Work it out with honesty and integrity
Then you'll find your ties a victory

When you're blessed with children
Give them love and education
The combination to excel with distinction
To prepare them for prestigious institution

While endure to your new world
Don't neglect your beloved parents
Should you not, it'd be cruel
For they are your past and present

Remember the wisdom of relationships
The bloodline is the lifeline
Like an entrepreneurships
Don't cut it off until you're resigned

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Dilemma Of A Journalist

Looking at the vast horizon
I whipped and wonder where to depart
My move could hurt some citizens
But I had no intention to disregard
Their opinions to have me holding around
But viewing at the broader point of view
The town is no longer safe and sound
Sooner it would be placed under a curfew
Where no one is supposed to be hanging around

The Town Council and the local Police
Are the perpetrators
Gloomed days hit with crisis
It's not going to be better
Until someone cured the diseases

I was just an out of Towner
An honest living journalist
Who's trying to dig out the truth
Behind the truce
Leading to the coup
The Governor was on the loop
So as the Mayor
Who are out of desire
To fight back the collaborators
Who had win over their voters

Leadership was changing seats
Violence has erupted in discreet
The cowards has retreat
Fear to take the beat
I could close the crack
And heal the wounds
Utterly with a soft tone they asked me to pack
And leave them real soon

A threat that my life will be at stake
Is something that keeping me awake

What Is Death Means To Me

What is it like when I've died?
Just died and nothing would come
No more prides
No more crimes
No more plights
No more times
No more families
No more memories
No more availability
No more worries
No more eats
No more drinks
No more greeds
No more thinks
No more wake
No more sleeps
No more fakes
No more creeps
Just blacked out
And out
Out to nowhere
But beware
It's not the end yet
You bet

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Don'T Just Leave It To The Fate

craving for success is not enough when you do nothing to ignite the passage to feed the crave. when in hunger your body would sustains pains and you need to have foods to ease the strains. with your able body and mind, you could have achieved something you desired but for some, it wouldn't be possible for they are not equipped with supportive materials like monetary and facilities, physical impairments and low I.Q., distraction environment like living in the ghettos, war torn countries, families of broken marriages and these are some of the factors which contribute to the stuttering craving for success. by and large, certain people who are lavishly showered with positive factors to reach and grab the ladder of success would be the monotonous cohort who will always be at the prime of society. how to correct and remedy this catastrophe of imbalance distribution of capabilities, opportunities and wealth. could it be like listening to your favorite songs and get the pleasures out of it or like having some good foods and you thank God for that satisfactions? wiseman says "where there is a disease, there'll always a cure". what can we do about it? we just can't leave it to the fate.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

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Rosanna And 40 Cents

Rosanna was my schoolmate
Sharing the same classroom for four years
When we first met, I was afraid
Something of her that I feared
She's bigger and taller
Beautiful like a mayflower
Looked at me like I was her little brother
But deep inside, treated me like her lover

We were together
Everywhere thereafter
Was talk of the school
It was cool
To be labeled
As the most ideal couple

What's made me attractive to her?
My principality and discipline
60 cents a day given by mother
20 cents a day for fried banana and a drink
At school, that was my daily meals
It's a frill and thrill
When you can save 40 cents
It would make sense
The result will come in the end

Between Rosanna and 40 cents
She definitely will understand

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

A Love Or Bust

Like the earth needs the sun
I don't need you for fun
Like the night needs the star
I need you for what you are
Like a religion needs a pray
Our love is needless to say
Like a human needs water
The bond ship will be forever
Like a baby needs milk
We have got all the perks
It's not a jerk
To say what's left for us
Is just
A love or bust

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Proclaiming Of Trust

like I said there'll be no proliferation to renounce
your faith you once treasured as a guideline to surpass your qualm
to uphold your trust. prohibit it from analytical presumption of proclaimed
indifferences, should you obliged to uncertainties, memorializing the
sovereign of one's intimacy, then you'd be free to choose the paramount
desires of desires to be desired, and to agree with an open heart that the
desirable isn't
a pleasure but sometimes a measures to measure one's inadequacy.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

A Five Miles Turn

It was after a while
You had a new bicycle
Ocean blue with tri-colors stripes
Six speeds and a gear pipe
Your 14th birthday gift
Another miles adrift
Bridging our distance
Is a five miles turn

Ocean blue bicycle
You come with a smile
Spends time in my cubicle
With your usual style
Smooth talking
We study
We kiss
Another day would be promising
Orgy
What bliss
A five miles turn
And awaiting kiss
Would churn
The tender hearts

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Bring Me Back To The Orphanage

The bell has rang
Faces of cheers mirrored across the classrooms
Packing their bag eagerly
Running to the compound
Awaiting parents waiting anxiously
Their loved ones are their reason
To live and let live
For me, life is a torment
Innocent face full of grief

Colors of love
Painted with affection
Brushed with kisses
Warmed with hugs
I watched them from the waiting bench
The children are singing with joy
Chorused by lovely caretakers
And the four wheels
Unhesitant fetch them home
A home sweet home

This is the world, which I lived in
Too young to understand
What's suffering means?
Agony and pain
Are my breakfast
Quenching my thirsts
But still hunger
The longing would be longer
Until You take me away to foster
A long lost link with them
Auntie Helen, please
Don't bring me back to the orphanage
Should I resist
I'd be rage
Persist
And intense
Too young to understand

A Mother And A Toddler

Screeching tires
Halting onlookers
Camaraderie
Is dubious
What's beneath
Limbs were strewn apart
Flesh of a mother and a toddler

Government officials
Broke down to their knees
The beggar they're chasing
Was gone in a split seconds
Surreal
Now they have deceased
A tragic ending
Was it a life's lesson?
Who could bear?
To look at the scene
Paradigm?
I swear
It's not supposed to be seen

A toddler
In tact
In his mother's cuddle
Albeit mother's strewn
All over
A bundle

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

To Be Left Out In The Blue

They came in numbers
In big figures

Drawing a long line
Like flocking to the shrine

I stood under the trees near the park
Looking and figured what went wrong with my luck

Why I wasn't in the same line
Queue for so long but still feeling so fine

With their hands holding the cards
Cashing out new notes that's so hard

Smells anew
Only a few

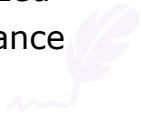
Like me who're not in the queue
Would be left out in the blue

Cuz I don't have the card
To make the cut

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Invasion

Regurgitating the reflux
Drained off the corrosives
The channel
Was invaded
By aliens
To mutate
Cohesively
Derailed
The saviors
Glomerulus's diminished
Toxicfication
Prevailed
Red blood cells
Are no longer red
Urea and potassium
Ascending
Surging and agitating
Traumatized
And in trance



PoemHunter.com

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

A Bullock Cart From Malacca

Long and winding road
with patches and holes
The holes which sometimes
turned into small ponds,
every time
after a heavy downpour
You can no longer smell the tar
on a hot, burning day
The road was too old
even the town council named it
the road to cemetery
A rural town
occupied by
Malay farmers,
rubber tapers
and pensioners
living in kampong

An enormous green paddy field
spreaded in the middle,
next to the road
Sandwiched by villagers'
Meranti wooden Atap houses.
To get to the town
walk your way,
cycling
don't miss the bus
or you have to wait
for another hour to get one
(you can take a pirate taxis that operate in odd hours)
Small streams crossed
at the center of the rice fields
The streams that supplied enough
fresh water fish
for the villagers to consume
Vegetables were grown
like mushrooms
covering most of front and backyards
Fruits farm aplenty and became

local delights
whenever the season comes

Every house had their Well,
as deep as 10 meter
with cold fresh water
being channeled from the nearby hill named Bukit Lintang
The vast green land
were also scattered
with cows, goats, sheeps and water buffalos
owned by the villagers.
In the evening
images of small kids
riding on buffalo's back
on the way homes
is a typical scene,
which need to be captured
on films
for nostalgic reasons.

In the misty morning
where dawn had just emerged
villagers throwing
dried corns,
rice to the grounds.
Hungry poultry
feeds their way through.
School going kids
walked 3 miles to school,
cutting through plantations,
paddy field
for the shorten route.
The sound of azan
(calls for prayers five times a day required by Muslims)
echoed from the surau and mosque,
could be heard across the village.

To own a vehicle is luxury
Bullock Cart (wagon pulled by cows)
was used in redundant.
Ferrying firewood,

rice sacks,
for shipment
to the town called Masjid Tanah
sometimes ferrying villagers
to attend weddings
in the neighborhood
or just a bunch of cheerful kids
who like to have a ride
around the kampong.

I remembered

I was having a great time
taking a ride on this bullock cart
owned by my grandfather,
going to town
whenever I paid him a visit.

I was 8 years old

Riding the time of my life

Befriended the bulls

Bonded

And sacred

Kampong Solok Air Batu

Will always on my mind

Well, no matter how far I traveled
The reminiscent of being part of kampong's folk
riding the Bullock Cart
will still and forever (which I hope)
remain in my mind
Thanks folks
for the memories.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Severity That Kills

The world is cruel
God too can't save me
Legitimate time has arrives
Once and for all
Leaving behind all my sorrows
They'll know why tomorrow
The whickering birds outside seems to agree
And nodded
Like a scarecrow

Commitments are failing
Financial is depleting
No more compromises
Deadline is getting near and demise
Pay up
Or roll up

My wife is unemployed
My kids are too young
To understand the stigma
Flamboyant life
Boozing
Addicted to gambling
Bad loans
And ailing business
Has made my life a mockery
To society

I couldn't put a brake
Or taking a break
I've gone too far without realizing
Things has gone awry
And scary
As far as the ocean can be seen
That's the distance if I could ever justify my sins
Tonight
My head is clogged
Soon it will lead to hemorrhage
No more sympathy

And empathy
For me
And for them
The ones whom I loved
Who are now sleeping peacefully
In their rooms
Without knowing
A tragic episode
Is knocking their doors
Closer and closer

Tick tock of the clock
Reminds me how much time is left
For me to live
The brighter side was
I've invested in an insurance scheme
Heavily to cover all deaths
As much payout as it seem
To ease burden and debts
For the ones whom I leave behind

An hour pass midnight
I look at them for the last time
Tears flooded my forsaken face
Sweet memories revived
I smile for a little while
Put everything to rest
Pay it with my lives
Lethal dose of morphine
Will laid me into a coffin
And for Suzie
Cleo and Eugene
This is not the scene
You would like it to be seen
Forget me not
Don't let it rot
Back and forth
Our memories will stay afloat

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Happiness

I never had this kind of amount before
Twenty hundred dollars of salary
My first job at the department store
After completed my studies at Baltimore
I am so happy to spend my money
With my family and more
With all my pals and a girl named Mandy

Celebration of joy before I walk out of the door
To further my studies in the Varsity
Everybody were so happy for me
Seeing me happy

One afternoon, I received a call from Mommy
Telling me I've been offered Psychology
At Michigan State University
I was so happy
My dreams would become a reality

Rockefeller is working in New York City
Upper Manhattan is the place of duty
Residing in Hoboken Avenue in New Jersey
Made him crossing the Hudson Bay daily

One day, while refueling his gas at Holland Tunnel
He met a woman named McConnell
Music from the station was playing a love song from the Beatles
She was smiling at him and hope that smiles could be eternal

Guess what?
That meeting was actually ending in a marriage
They've succeeded in crossing the bridge
The bridge of love and serenity
They were living happily
Form New Jersey to New York City
Is the distance to be

George Bush was feeling so happy
To be back in the White House eventually

The crucial votes in Florida
Had distant him from Al Gore and his brouhaha
It was a history
Was he really happy
Deep inside only he knows the story
As well as the first lady

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

A Cup Of Cappuccino

Medium heat showers at six in the morning
Freshen me up with that needed zest
Vitalizing me to face another day
The flow of water sounds like waterfalls
Pinnacles of a bathroom
Smells of hygiene everywhere
Shampoos, creamy soaps and aftershave lotions
What a day to start your motion

Back to my room
It's like a routine; I'd know which band of clothes to choose
Soaking cologne to my body is a boost
Enhancing your confidence
And be more prudent
My wet look
Would make women get hooked

After doing my routine, I step out of the front door
Grabbing the morning newspaper from the lawn
Back to the living room
A delightful aroma of the best natural coffee
Penetrates my nostrils
My brain sends signals to my body
'Be ready for energy and vitality'
I sit down in the kitchen
Reading the headlines and checking my schedule
I pick up the cup on the table
My passion is tested
I deeply inhale
The first sip could expand your blood vessels
After the next sips
I could feel the blood rush
My heart was beating faster
Like a conga beat

The caffeine with a dropp of chocolates
Driving me to a roller coaster ride
That is what I need

To face the world
Get a cup of coffee
Get a Cappuccino
Don't say no
You'll know

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

The Signs Of God

Look at the sky and explores your deep thought
The Earth is spinning but we will never felt the movement
Existence of the other planets of sort
Revealing other form of life could be in co-existence
So far only Earth is known to be the living planet
Was that strange?
No, it's not to those who believes in God

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof



PoemHunter.com

Happily

Tonight is the mother of all nights
The newlywed couple is about to sail
To glide under the blue lights
The room is full of perfumes and cocktails
Classy Jazz music is playing all right
Unfortunate, this scene is not for sale

Jasmine flowers are scattered all over the bed
They happily consume their love with great
Both were happy
It's ended
Not too early
And not too late
The feeling was so jaded
Incredibly fascinated
A happy scene like this
Should be sealed with a kiss

A man has been imprisoned
For 15 years
For killing his wife
For the first time in his prison's life
Visited by his five children
Ageing face full of tears
Could not pictured his happiness
The happiest moment
A man could ever wishes

It was spoken
All those years that was amissed
Should be redeem with a token
Of love
No matter how devastating
No matter how intriguing
Was the crime
To bring back all the saddest time
Is not an option
Set aside our emotion
Let's forgive and be forgiven

Be happy for a moment

I am happy

To see all human race are in unity

No war and no killing spree

Remember we live in this world temporarily

So let's live in harmony

Leading life peacefully

When was the last time you was happy

Think about it thoroughly

Then only you will know the true meaning of happy

Don't feel sorry

For not being happy

Sensibly we need to study

The right definition of happiness and happy

How happy is happy?

A person is happy

When most of his life he was happy

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Happier

What a great day for me today
Everything were fine I felt terribly happy
My girlfriend confessed that she loves me
I hold my cup and drink my green tea
Boggling what would I offer to my sweetie
In return for her sincerity

Happy moments is like a chance of a lifetime
It's like somebody committed a crime
And escaped the conviction in time
For him to celebrate at prime
Knowing the celebration is about to come
He jumped to the air and raised his arms
Yelling 'I am free, mom'

A low wage worker strikes a big sweep lottery
Winning a grand prize of 25 million dollar
What a greatest moment to be happy
Like a sweet dreams, nothing should interfere
Now the reality does bite
Time has come to live with pride

A high school student could not believe her eyes
Looking at her final exam results
All straight A's worth the price
Ivory league universities are the places to fight
For admission, it shouldn't be hard
When you got all the qualifications just right
A great success to cater
No doubt a happy moment for her

A moment of glory
For a soccer team to win a world cup
To be among the elite of the largest pedigree
Erase all the fiasco and hiccup

Of pre-triumph
Let's do the jump
A tradition for champions
Happiest moment has beckoned
You would be happy
If I say I am happy for you
This is true
To be always happy
Is something that we look into
Wishing all of you
A happy you

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Happy

I am extremely happy
Writing a poem about happy
Cheerful and joyous
What a great day
Tremendous
That's the word I got to say

Whenever we received good news
We will jump into ecstasy
Like a Captain telling his crew
Let's have a party
We've landed
In a city of beer and brew
Bring along our money
And have fun but don't get stranded

I am so happy
I just got my PhD
It's time to be somebody
Become a Dean of Faculty
That's what I would always want to be

Sarah and James were so happy
Looking at their newborn baby
And singing 'we will love you tenderly
You can lean on us surely'

Who would not be happy
To live in a villa or mansion
To have it as your own is lucky
The luxury is always attracting an attention

For a husband and wife
A good relationship is a cause for happiness
For some they would not survive
Till they learn the right art of togetherness

For me
I am always delighted and happy

I got a good job certainly
That surplus me with loads of money
Sharing it with family
Yes I am gladly
Singing happily
While driving my Lamborghini

Those children were very happy
Having fun with mommy and daddy
Crushing popcorns while watching the movie
Coming home with toys and Barbie's

Oh my Gosh
I have won the Olympic gold
This is the happiest moment
The excitement
Is two fold

Look who's here
My long lost pal
The time is getting near
To celebrate once again with you gal

Some people who are about to die
Will sometimes feel happy too
They can leave without saying goodbye
Occasionally or impromptu

To die for religion
As a martyr
Without condition
And fear
Bravely
Happily
Ever after
The end of a chapter

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

There's Nothing Can Beat Your Love

Honey, the world is not enough
To replace you
As a replacement
I couldn't walk a straight line
Whenever I playback your images
In my mind
Every single thing I do
I do it for you

Seemingly three months after we met
I felt like I'm in a transition
The moment I fantasizing you
My testosterone level escalated dramatically
The moment we sat down and conversed
Over the candlelights dines
My adrenalin rush elevated
And showering inside me

The touch of your fingers
On my hands
Aroused my bodily hairs
Like an afternoon breeze
On the prairie
It sways and sways

A glimpse into your glossy crayon eyes
Would make me cry
Thinking how finest
Was God's creation
Your sharp straight nose
Is a stimulus
To my lips
I felt like crunching it
With my snowy white teeth
But I could not
Cuz your flesh is mine too

When our lips become one
I thanked to my parents

For bringing me into this world
The finest gift I could ever have had
Your morning breath
Is like a lifeline in need
I felt afresh and alive
Your voice is stimulation
I had to live a thousand years
To have another voice like that

Honey, to live with you
Till death
Is like sailing
To the rivers of Babylon
Guarded by Moses shields
Our ship, as big as King Tot's palace
Our bed were made of gold
The whole structures were made of Emerald
We keep on sailing
Just you and me
To eternity

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Can I Buy Your Love

Hey girl, can I buy your love
I want you but I'm not rich
I want you but I'm not good looking
My father says, man can't buy a woman's love
Unless she loves you
May I ask what love is?
How come no woman loves me
I've tried so many times
It's always a failure
Ended up when she learnt
That I'm not rich
That I'm not educated
That I'm not good looking

What will happen to people like me?
I guess I'd end up married
To the woman who shared
The same fate as me
For, they too have not much choice
To choose

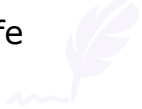
So, what love is?
Could someone define love?
For, I don't get the right answer
Until I get the right woman
Meaning of love
Would reveal
The truth

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Remote Control

Cozy lounge under the neon lights
A glass of red wine after a luscious dinner
Making your night a bright
Staying glued till midnight
Wouldn't be a matter
You're spoilt for choices
The channels come in hundreds
Delights of plasma TV keep you stayed focus
Remote control is like kindred
Entertaining you all around
A reason to be aground

Imagine your life as a remote control
A death row convict could be on parole
A murder to be victim could be put on hold
A beggar could be put on payroll
Miss Universe could be your wife
What a life



PoemHunter.com

Obviously we're not a remote control
We're governed by rules and regulations
Law and order
Speculation
Success and failure
Bound and bonding

We're ruled by anarchy or monarchy
Communism or democracy
We're known by the title we hold
The big money we fold
The fast car we drive
To rate how far we strive
Big home we lived in
To gauge how rich we've been

Simplicity shouldn't be simple

Difficulty shouldn't be difficult
Commit us to flexibility
Integrity, unity and dignity
We would lead life a plenty
With high morality
Respected by other community

Life without bias
Racism and prejudice
Is the key to peace
After all we're from the same species
Homo sapiens

Whilst indulges to your remote control
Think about it
And commit

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Life Is Like A Painting

Life is like a painter
Who paints a beautiful picture
Of a mother who showers her baby
Colors of water steadily
Flowing onto the child's body
With his eyes wide open
Looking so vibrant
And hoping
He would not be drowned
By his mother

Only the painter
Could change all the factors
The mother let loose
And the baby goes dozing

Articulation of living perfectly
Events were created chromatically
Surpassing all anticipations
Exceeding all expectations
Blanketing all cloudy minds
To live with honor
Or to live with disgrace
In a life out of place

Exaggeration could be the word
But, as a painter
We paint our picture
The picture is premature
Success, failure and glory
Could be your history

Don't call it quit
When you have succeeded
Look at the painting
The stroke of living
Is in your hands

Heath Ledger In Loving Memory

22nd of January 2008

Tuesday afternoon

Soho, New York

Heath Ledger was 28

Found dead

At the foot of his bed

From Perth to Sydney

From Sydney to Hollywood

You was extremely inspirational to many

Acting with a great aplomb and too good

To be true

That you were gone

Sweat it beautifully

Becomes part of the Patriot

Crossed over the continent

And right to Brokeback Mountain

For some, it's just hurt

The Oscar was the only abstinence

Distinguished you from the legends

Portraying The Joker in Dark Knight

Seemingly you got it right

Your latest works in Imagination of Doctor Parnassus

Will be the last

But not least

You're down to earth and generous

Kind hearted and life loving

Would be longing

By fans across

Perth homeboy

Your famous remark

"The only thing that's got to me

Where I'm sitting now is my instincts and my impatience"

Well, were the sleeping pills

Your alternative

To end all these?
Tell that
To Matilda Rose
Please

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Good Bye, Pal (Dedicated To All Aids Patients)

He was a teacher
He was a womanizer
He was a lover
To a girl named Dover
He was a flamboyant
Life for him was always extravagant
He was befriended by many
Virtually had no enemy

He was outgoing and adventurous
Making life to the fullest
But there's lies a hidden path
Something that only few would have realized

He got a new lover in town
Heroin, which also called 'Angel Dust'
Why did he resorted to drug
Forgetting all his triumphant past
Leading life to the death gallows
Only he knew

Year after year
Till he was captured by surprise
Rehabilitated twice
Discharged from school
Became a fool
No more cool

He went astray
Ten years after
Ended up in a sick bay
Nursing his full-blown AIDS anyway
Paying the price for sharing needles
Now the pain is endless

When I met him at the hospital
He was no longer 'him'
The disease is fatal
Chances of recovery was slim

Starting with the wasting syndrome
One by one of his organs failed
Eternal diarrhea made him so frail
And fragile
Three week after admission
He died
An obvious premonition
Good Bye, pal.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Words

Words don't come easy
Cherished love blossoming
And singing to the rhythm
Of the Queen Bee
In the solitude of misty morning

Sunshine is crisped and baking
Loafs of grandmother's recipes
Beauty of the moon's eclipsed
Was overshadowed by gravely
Crucifying of the Saint of the new world
The unforsaken nails will bleed you
To death
Words are exsanguinations

Words are sharp as the sword of Lucifer
Craving for anatomical slicing
Inches by inches
Until you giggle for mercy
Crying out loud you shouldn't
Be born

Words are like fires
Travelled with the speed of the wind
Burning everything that crossed
Into its path
Only Tsunami could kill them

Words are rhyme of hearts
Cradled you like a crying baby
Sprinkled you with ashes of
Seven heavens
Melting your brains into disillusions
Murmuring into pond of Yellow Bulk Fresh Tulips
Fading away
And slipped into euthanasia
The end of premature love
When you wake up
Circled by good looking angels

God Must Be Wrong

Don't beat the traffic light
Stop! When it's red
Zooom...goes the Mercedes
And BMW 5 Series
And Toyota Altis
And Honda
And Proton Saga
Fast car
Or not fast car
Why should you beat the traffic light?

Show off or you're too rich
You can afford to pay the summons
Are you running from something?
Touts or loan sharks
So, the police want you
And that's made you beat the red light
To escape
"Excuse me, I want to win this race"
So you're an illegal racer

All right, you were drunk
Or insane
And you don't give a damn
If someone might have injured
Or died
Because you beat the red light

In life, there's nothing new
Murder, thefts, robbery
Rape, molest, and forgery
Kidnap, fraudulent and bribery
Man got to do what he got to do
To live
Don't tell me there's something wrong
With our brains, the human's mind

Blame it to the creator
You know it was red

So stop
Why don't you stop?
Those criminals
Were they wrong too
Man got to do what man got to do
To live
What exactly went wrong
Cohort of good and bad
The good one
How good is good?
They got nice home
Fast car
Loving families
Extremely educated
Highly respected
And commanded
Their jobs
But, they still beat the red lights

Gathered the whole scientists
Biologist, chemist, neurologist
Psychiatrist, psychologist, and anthropologist
Study them
Study the brains
Was there anything wrong?
Could they fix it?
Genetically engineered
Or fated

Please, don't blame the creator
Everyone couldn't be a President
Everyone couldn't be a Janitor
Fair enough
No matter how clever we are
Tell this to them
You cannot create blood for lives
If you do
There'll be no God
Remember
The Super Nova
Black holes
Milky Way

And the Galaxy
They've been around for billions of years
We're merely on a short-term basis
Soon we will leave
And decease

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

No More Dragons To Chase

I was driving near the awesome river
Just after sunrise, en route to work
Today is a misery
I'd no longer say hello to the streams
Which used to accommodate occupants
Along it's bank
Injecting source of life to dwellers
And immigrants
Before brightly urbanizations and skylines
Engulfed its playgrounds

It's not a usual morning
Scorching of black crows
Flying pass and transit near it's terminal
Where the mid streams meet
With the southern streams
Cutting thru' all corners of Kuala Lumpur

Yes, this tea colored Klang River
Has an untold story
Which could rip apart any sacred hearts
Like a roof tumbles down on your head
Whilst having a hard earned meals with
Your loved one
You just shook your head in disbeliefs

Two days ago
At the heart of the unforgiving river
At the spot under the bridge
A bridge too far
Hidden and secluded
And yet transparent
In the middle of the city
Its bank was hosting
Scores of dragon chasers
Heroin worshippers
At a moment notice

Become landlords
Of the land of stoned
And drugged
A rendezvous for addicts, runners and pushers

In their own world of unbounded
The honky tank sounds of vehicles
Above them
Or if the skies were grounded
Would not stop them from derive
From scouting
But, that afternoon
Helter skelter strike upon
Awaken the dragon chasers
From it's den
Down they dive
Jump into the unforgiving waters
Running for their lives
And from the narcotics police

The wild river has no mercy
Downstream current wiped them too easy
Next day headlines were so breaking
Nine lives vanishing
Caused of drowning

Who took their lives?
The police
The river
Mass suicide
Massacre
Or God

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

You'Re The Songs Of My Love

I come to you and rock you like a Hurricane
But my long tall Sally would never say die
Killing me softly is just more than words
But my long tall Sally would never say goodbye

Sally, can't you see, without you
I have nothing at all
To me, you are the heaven and hell

There's no one like you, who can love me tender
Give me earth, wind and fire, I'll still run to you
Throw me into the ring of fire, I'll still loving you

Many years of madness, I've been waiting for a girl like you
To come into my life
Girl, you drive me crazy
The more you say it, the more I hate it

Sally, when love and hate collide
Sorry seem to be the hardest word
Are you leaving me for another man?
Unfortunately, nothing else matters

I was made for loving you
If you leave me now
Heaven knows, everything I do, I'll do it for you

Sally, don't leave me now
Open your eyes
My way home is through you

Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps
I will survive
Whether it's a total eclipse of the heart
Or another great gig in the sky
It's the power of love that matters
And love conquers all

Sally, if you leave me now

I would like to wish
How I wish you were here
Anyway, thanks for the memories
Thank you for loving me
Since I don't have you
I rather be a soldier of fortune
Fighting and dreaming of you
Till death do us part.

04/01/2008
Republic Of Singapore

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

My New Year Enigma

Tell me... Mama
Should I be born into this world?
To witness mankind annihilated by mankind?

In the name of survival
They mongered it would't be a matter
That was the root of struggle
To annex who is better

Tell me ... Mama
Should I be born into this world?
To witness mankind perished by mother natures?

The winds aren't friendly
The earths are shaky
The ocean could be deadly
The weather is sometimes so nasty
The hole in the sky is so unpredictably

Millennium after millennium
Another New Year dawning
Another new episode of life unleashed

Don't tell me... Mama
Is it worth living?
Who is righteous to sustain sorrow or happiness?
For another New Year dawning
Is another revelation of truthness

Happy New Year

28/12/2007
REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE

Don'T Go And Leave Them

I could feel the pressures of my blood
Rocketing, like the shooting up
of the ill-fated space shuttle into space
And a moment later
Leaving behind
A thundering and deafening sounds
With blistering fireworks
Momentarily, conquered the skies of Cape Canaveral

My heart was pounding
As fast as the Modern Day Orient Express
Cutting into vast Europe heavenly Continent

That bloody morning was the dateline
To disembark to a new destiny
To redeem me for all the disfigured
Miscalculation and tormented life
I could ever have had
With the mother of three beloved children of mine

The moment I walk out of the door
Heading towards a new unblemished frontier
My steps becoming slower and dying
Like a ton of cements attached to it

The pictures of my children
Incessantly the youngest one
Were cultivating and
Galvanizing my helpless mind

I could no longer forward
It's like, for a dramatic
And unexplained turnaround of event
My whole body
Was paralyzing and preventing me from moving

For a father
Who poured all his loves and affections

To his blissful and beloved children
Wouldn't have the heart
To leave them though

A moment later
I grab my cell phone
And call "Hi dear, I'll be back. I couldn't do it".
Deep down her heart
My wife replies, "I knew it, you'll come back to us".

Well, the kids are all I had
They are my life and will always be
Don't leave home without thinking of them
And eternally do have them
In your mind, heart and soul
They are precious
than a Ferrari car
a palace
a million dollar
or
a Marilyn Monroe

God, I thanked you
For giving me
That penultimate kind of love
That money just can't buy.

02/01/2008
REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Death Row Swan Song

There's no moon to shine
On the solemn night
The stars has siege, prior to dawn
Death has painted the skies dark
Like a grave

The whole prison yards commemorate
To enormous silence
A sign of respect
To honour a fellow comrade
Who will be the next visitor
Of hell
Before the daylight spell

At 0500hrs
The death row inmate
Stood still on his last pray
Speaks to God, come what may
He will endure, for crime does not pay
The execution is here to stay

A new scene appears
Fellow inmates singing in unison
Song after song synchronized
To the tune of the last Beethoven
On earth
To send one of them to Hell or Heaven

God knows
For, come 0530hrs
Another death certificate
Circulates

07/01/2008
Republic of Singapore

My Brother, A Sister And Me

She's lying on the bed, comatose
No familiar faces around, she could stare
Ironic, there was a smell of calitos
Rising up breezily into the air

Somewhere, a patient has died
Of drug overdose
Superstition belief, is to bear
The curse's door, is to close

Yesterday someone knocked her down
Whilst she was walking down the road
But no one could be found
As who to blame for the sin load

My brother, a sister and me
Watching helplessly
A mother's love is about to cease
Taste of life will be bitter
God, help us please
You too have taken away our father

My brother, a sister and me
Will life be better?
Those we loved are no longer here
Eternal pains will be forever

My brother, a sister and me
Living in naive, poverty and fear
Thinking who will be
In the next tier,
Climbs to You
To be with our father
And...probably our mother
Too

08/01/2008

Republic of Singapore

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Another Love Epic

Deep blue ocean waves
Crawling at ivory white sandy beach
From a long journey
A thousand miles away
From nowhere

Beautiful bubbles
Foamy as your drools
Enchanting melodies
They possessed
They performed
Were your vocals
To ignite the sounds
Of past
Greatest love

Adam and Eve
Rama and Sita
Leila and Majnun
Romeo and Juliet
And Us

PoemHunter.com

Honey, strawberry and cherry
Vanilla, chocolate and raspberry
And caviar
How to picture you
And frame it
In my heart

Even the sun would make way
For us
Enables the moon
To orchestrate
The smiling skies
Spraying the colours
Of mahogany

We ride the rainbows
To milky way
Embracing the chilling breezing
Of the winds
Of Artic

Your eyes
Your teeth
Are sparkling
Resembling the aurora
Of winter nights
Of northern hemisphere

Your lips
As cold as morning iceberg
Transformed into
Ancient well's water
Flowing into my body
Flourishing my veins
Cooling me
From your warm body
As warm as a volcanic lava
Whenever we touched

Your odor
Smells like the seven layers
Of earth core
Trembling my brain
Guiding them
Not to forget you
If I do
I'd not be alive
And...
Another Epic
Revived.

Sulaiman Mohd Yusof