

Poetry Series

Sunny Adruza
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sunny Aduza()

I have always been interested in reading & writing...Becoming a painter has helped me a lot more in visualising what I express...

6pm

6pm

Please let her go

That he was watching

She was very thirsty

She was abducted

Her body ached

The darkness the damp

A few days

Whole ordeal could be finished

What was he expecting

From her

Flattening her palms on the wall

Camera, watched her all the time

This was all, she worked hard...

She was tired of fighting

Unanswered screams

No redemption or forgiveness

Once she answered she was unforgiving

You need to be sure

I cant take it anymore...

©Sunny Aduza

Sunny Aduza

A Novelty Of Perspectives

singing ballads of hunger games

The mosquito sits on the throne of crushed diamonds with fingers glazed dipped into the wine of sarcasm

Poisoning the drink & making it intolerable to adhere it onto the walls of gamma rays penetrating your inner organs

vital with every cell singing the ballad of life

Saga of the movement of genitals in unison

May ur gods mutilate your inner minds to the point of no return

It is then you will see everything in a novelty of perspectives

Hold still breathe now

The dawn is holding her hands with your mother promising to take care of you when your girl leaves you for another woman

Times are not written in the books of plums which you can pluck and squash and devour with much greed

Reserved and much preserved edible pies of sugar coated oil-dipped raspberry-mixed plums are more delicious to your sane imagination rather than the ones with tiny pricks and thorns which fixture themselves in your mucoid throat and the dentist digs his pliers into your throats to pull out those deadly thorns without much daintiness expected of him...

Sunny Aduza

A Poem For Every Soul.

Let me write a poem for fools
Let me write a poem for lovers
Let me write a poem for smugglers
Let me write a poem for those wretched people living underground with nothing
to cover their old skins & nothing to sleep on
Let me write a poem for travellers
Let me write a poem for new mothers
Let me write a poem for silly toddlers
Let me write a poem for those lovely wild animals before they become
endangered & extinct
Let me write a poem for fathers & brothers
Let me write a poem for maniacal artists
Let me write a poem for the proud ones
A poem to slap on their arrogant faces
Let me write a poem for my self so I know what it means to express what I feel
Let me write a poem for the wondrous nature whose nature is far too subtle to
please
Let me write a poem for those rivers & oceans housing millions of creatures big
and small
Let me write a poem for the skies that so often cries in torrents of rain & howls in
windy tunes
Let me write a poem for those birds that never learnt to fly
Let me write a poem for each & every day of the year so memories don't mind
My recording them on paper with a pen which soon will run dry.

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

A Poem For My Lil Brother Whom I Lost When He Got Big.

we live, we die...
we breathe, we sigh...
we sing, we cry....
My fading thoughts are all I have,
and the memories of those thoughts...

Ephemeral life...
I seize it & call it mine...
Its my life I say & with that I breathe again
As though im taking sorrow as my friend & enemy
As though im living a dead life...
God knows how many lives I have lived in all the moments of time's cycle

My mind is now going berzerk, its free from all the cliches
I am now free a free being
Not a man nor a woman
But something that is alive
Something that is not what it seems to look like..

I dont want to continue with this as I might end up killing a beautiful poem which
was born in my heart & ended up livin in my mind...
Elusive elusive oh so elusive
Dont stay, go ur way
Im not going to look which way u took
Coz in the end we all are stuck in a limbo
When the time has come to go, to say farewell...

Sunny Adruza

Acquired, Acquisition.

I have caught the full moon at last
she was sleeping beside the sun & all those little perfect stars
The blemished moon longs for the same perfection
Such a pity the moon is so pretty
As she is, she looks at the mirror from the forbidden castles.
the mirror reflects a thousand moons & she's caught in the puzzle of finding
herself among all the pretty moon like faces she seeks to be
Beyond her fears lie the merhorses playground
They dance to the tunes of the moon's alter egos which are many not
Not just one
Blessing herself with the powers of the beauty of the swaying flowers named
Miral
She launches herself onto one of those merhorses to ride into a world of new
moons
Where darkness pervades, eats her alive
And the sun seems dead to her pleas & calls for help
May the night eat up the dawn n puke out the eve
May darkness pervade so the moon becomes overjoyed to be the new sun which
shines upon the back of slaving men & women
& their precocious little bee-eating children lying paralysed on the banks of the
holy rivers
Begging to be fed the sweet honey
Which is now the moons extravagant beauty potion..
Acquired, Acquisition.

Sunny Aduza

After 3327

We all are wondering what lies ahead
We need mobilization of people everywhere
The reason im here is Palm Oil
Three things
Thats how many things are working behind you right now
Valentine's day exists
Sweet messages like this
Tell the one you love
We are learning things Already, Newzealand & Australia
Hopefully we can figure out how to come back again one day
Brand new script
We are going to Boston
The city of brotherly love, Cleveland
I wont wait, Already in progress
To err is human but to err is also computer
AFTer 3327
This afternoon the museum of forbidden technologies
While tinkering around in his garage as usual
Nick will be covered with a burlap tarp
So that no danger ascends,
secret, Eternal scout
With wide unseeing eyes
Long unseeing hair
When your body no longer belongs to you.

Sunny Aduza

Baba Waka

Jig jila villa boo

Baba waka Niki shinji bizmi fiku

Sakarizmu mavi karane

Borinu kizaki shukit nasferu

Sunny Aduza

Comfortable Jasper

COMFORTABLE JASPER

It took 9 years for her
This is different
Its a love story
Shes doing something different
She writes sex extremely well
Where we lead they follow
Have different sort of tastes
People are more responsive to what shes doing
It has to do with aesthetics
Without getting too sensitive about it
More possibility of risk and adventure
By submission
Daring and risk taking
Regulate your temperature throughout the nights
Comfortable Jasper

©Sunny Aduza

Sunny Aduza

Cyberman

The future on earth
is going to be very different
When man claims to be
the master of everything
When we live more & more inside our minds
Dead to everything else on the outside
From man to superman
From superman to Cyberman
Bodies with artificial intelligence bred in the labs of science
I fear the death of naturalism
Birth of artificialism

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

Don't Wake Up To Another War.

Wake up or are your eyes still closed
To the events that occur or seem to occur
Many joggers became runners
What have you become?
You have turned into a veritable monster
That eats himself alive
With no cannibalistic desires
Its a shame you still eat
Those parrots that were walking on the ground din't even wanna fly away
when you approached them
Your memories of her lie in an old vacant building which will soon be demolished
Grey walls, grey living dead walls
Get some mothers to wail for their dead sons
Coz their sons are loitering around with guns
Killing, for wars were never an answer
Its a question remaining to be answered.

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

Faraway Windows

'Faraway Windows'

Dragging myself across the fields
Faraway windows
Entirely different angle
There's a lot written about her
It's a story about 2 lovers
Her emergence as his muse
Being in this house with her brother
A philosophical meditation
She was really smart, lived in a remote area
He was a famous painter had a physical disability
She lived very close to him
The push pull between 2 of them
My own impulse is to reconcile things
Who holds the key to rest of her life
She was unconventional
But she tried to help.

© Sunny Aduza

#writing #poetry #experimental #alteredpoetry

Sunny Aduza

Floating Ice Houses

Picture a government office in Bombay
Its May
The officers are sweating
The ice was a kind of miracle

On a frozen lake in the dead of winter
Harvesting ice, Frozen pond
Floating in the water, Ice houses
Frozen Lakes all over

But now its gone, Frozen water trade
The ice king, pretty eccentric
These people need ice

The ice king & the snow queen
The barbaric pack of wild wolves
Dancing, tearing up skin
Eating skin n bones
Alive, terrible
Moses would have died knowing she betrayed him

But the floating ice houses & the frozen lakes
Were all gone
Now she who knows no pain sings, the old melody, of the saga of his valour...

Sunny Aduza

Flowers I Planted In Your Navel.

Gross so gross
MerchandiZing it all
I know you
Have u not felt it?
The river cries n the birds float
The basic fever is running high
Must go, I can't wait to see it
Have u climbed the beanstalk?
Make it come
Think I will go after all
Blondes may rise to imperfections of the blissful erosions of the mind
God knows how u do it
Can you hold my hand without touching it?
Go to the powerhouse & suck it all up
You have an eternity to live you think
Come forward take your gift
Hatchets bows n arrows, struck through my raging heart
Bleeding eyes bleeding mouth
River of tragedy
Calm your self she will go nowhere
You have her locked inside your heart
& now its time to release her
U can't make love to her coz she's in love with those pretty dahlias
Don't betray the flowers I planted in
Ur navel

Sunny Aduza

Genderless

If I had the choice
I would be genderless
Neither a man nor a woman
No biological imposition of a certain
function on me
No need for the organs to procreate
something that just dominates most of everything,
bringing upon endless destruction
To the home we call earth.
I imagine everyday
what it would be
To be this way
This genderless way of living
In my mind I'm already without sex
I think why not the same with my body as well

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

Grasp

At the edge of my waking consciousness
He lives there even today
I saw him laying, face down
Darkness all around
He seemed exhausted & just wanted to rest
From the coiling snakes of his thoughts
His blue eyes darting like clouds parting
to reveal the exquisite sunlight
I had a glimpse of this vision last night
At the edge
Oh At the edge
Of my waking consciousness.

© Sunny Adruza 2016

Sunny Adruza

His Pant Like Thoughts

For eleven years from now
How she earned a coveted spot
Brutal reality of life
Competition is very stiff
Existentially awkward neurotics
Can we talk about something more pleasant
Ur family story begins then

Far younger than that
I have a lot of phobias
Getting up on the ladder
She lost the baby
U lose a baby
Traumatic
Pretty horrible for both of them

Considerably older
Yes she did, she did
Forest of bandits
Horrible ordeal
Stories were actually true?
Murdered by bandits, my lover was making this up

Peddlepushers
Without any irony, co-dependent
For eternity, nothing would ever change
This is just another great day
I'm convinced I come from gypsies
Good job, brain

Cool cats 173
Eloquently elucidating every enigma
I lose track its just a blur
Change the color
All you have to do is....

Polarising, surprise, unhappy
Ziggie stardust
Ramble through her career

I liked madness

Very dark time in 1992

I was at home

To be played at maximum volume.

So many mothers sighing

His face was wet,

No room to spare

No room to wear

His pant like thoughts.

Sunny Aduza

I'm Just Another Face In The Crowd

When I looked at the mirror expecting to see my face, I was rather perturbed to see HER face instead...

Her whom I have been silently watching

Like a stalker

Or a friendly follower

Seeing her in all the different moods

Watching and reflecting on her naked flesh

The colors she adorns

The men she meets & flirts with

The places she visits

It feels like I have been there too

With her

Silently holding her hand

Sometimes she makes faces that have been captured

By the camera of my mind

Her visual adventures are forever etched in the

Accounts of the media for all to see

I haven't spoken to her no not one word

Yet IT feels like I know her

Like I know the sun, like I know the...

She's a flower blossoming in a wild unknown town

I can see her dreaming I can feel it

No she doesn't know much about me

I'm just another face in the crowd...

Sunny Aduza

Lovers And Uninhibited Brides

He slides the hammer along the strings of
Compositions one more velvety than the other
Twangy notes, staccato peals, music ripples
Alluring intricacies of mesmerized lovers
What you see now is a more elaborate dramatic crescendo
Melodious poetic notes lose their allure
He is a photocopy of her
Picking up the nuances
Performing for 3 decades
I never had a godfather
I wont mind playing the pigeon in your film
Bold brides, uninhibited, risqué
Hangover style
Hear it from the brides themselves.

Sunny Aduza

Magnolia

oh beautiful soul come here to me
You wayfarer, u have no style, listening to the crudity of art, u have lasted only a
while
look back there are no possibilities
No responsibilities
endearing life
mortuary of dreams
Kiss me brutalize me with ur violent thoughts open like the mouth of a hungry
cow
Now seen now hidden
Plenty of time, To keep burning it
like the endless oceans u see n hear
Twilight n dawn have no meaning
when u r working like an ass everyday
Free yourself from this vain worldly desires bound by rules you dont get far
Anywhere is now
Now i am with you
Now im not
Go further n u will chance upon a lake so fake
U have dreamed of this before...
Havent you? n u know it that if its not now, its never
Chance a kill
Prodigious knowledge
Give me a sapphire & i will keep your heart & your soul
Lock away ur dreams in the abyss of time
For time waits for none has never waited for anyone..

Sunny Aduza

Moonlight Over Paris

Moonlight over Paris
It has been lovely
You hold your breath
At 3 in the morning
Make cups of tea
After the war
After the war is over
Her life has been pretty grey
High societies of London
She has to live and not die
She's a self taught artist
They ended up in Paris
Movers & shakers
A new way of looking at the world
It changes her in every way possible
I drew upon my inspiration from the old ghosts lingering in the recesses of my
mind.

© Sunny Aduza

Sunny Aduza

Murky Dreams

Experimental tendon serving car driving wild woman

I met at the bar she flung my heart into a bag of bones and discovered a possible way to hell

Oh what horror

She faced a creature with huge cruel jaws which tore her up alive

Now she walks like a tattered soul

Living in her murky dreams where the water breeds living dead and the souls of all the dead people are sold in small glass bottles and thrown away into a well that's never once seen water

Holy cows and cruel dogs can this day this date ever be changed

how can u go on living a lie

wake up and look at the upside down clock and you know yesterday is tomorrow and today is day after

Wat will u do between all the sacrifices of goddesses of magic.

Sunny Aduza

Run

She runs like the wind
With pink birds singing in her ears
Volume high
You can't believe she touched the sky
& brought back some of those shiny stars
& hid them in her eyes
When she smiles
You can see the whole sky with
Those shiny stars, burning bright
In her eyes.

© Sunny Adruza 2016

Sunny Adruza

The Magical Apple

Today we do something different
Short journey
 $E=mc^2$ space n time merged together
Why is this particular idea so highly admired?
The universe in equation
Very very compact, very precise
Fundamentally new language
A genuine eureka moment
The results are beautiful
Lot more complicated than it looks
Contains a lot of hidden treachery
General relativity
An acceleration within a higher dimensional space
Crimson, the most celebrated theory
How stubborn they are
Very little experimental demand
Special Relativity
This inconsistency
To his enormous credit
Which pulls them together
There is no magical force
Why is my apple falling?
The ground is accelerating to meet the apple.
I'm free falling...

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

The Painted Wall Outside My Window

Outside my room I can only see blue light
Outside my room I can only see an yellow spot
Old untouched withered & dead
Against the unnatural blue background
Like a movie with no reel and no set
Strange umbilical sensations stir within your navel
Are you dead to all those subtle movements inside you like an octopus swimming
in a commercial pool,
imagining he's in an ocean like some fool.
Deep deep down you know who you are
What you do to all your unborn children
When they grow up they are never yours
Forbidden trails of love
Incestuous pools of languorous desires
Merciless pleads & ignorant sways of hips
Beguile beauty
Wayward love comes hidden in a flower
much to my enchantment I have no idea where this is going to lead
Into the fists of a baby that won't open
Wherever you lead I follow
Willing to be shown all that I have unseen
Like a Dejavu
I'm hidden inside the lines of a palm of his mistress
who has more than one lovers all trying to please
Close your eyes, for now you can dream...

© Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza

Valentine's Day Surprise

On a valentines day
Boy meets devil in the closed room
Girl meets god in the open fields surrounded by red rivers
Ask me a question
Your answer has already been guessed
No manipulation
Its only surrender
To your own senses, what appetites,
Grow voraciously large hands
And the boy kisses the devils feet makes a deal that on every valentines he'll
sing a song of melody for his beautiful girl
The girl kisses the Gods lips & says she would love to be a smart cat lapping up
attention instead of milk in saucers wide
The girl then meets the boy he sings her his song of passion
The girl hardly mesmerised pushes him into the rivers red to be devoured up by
those ugly scaly crocodiles with rows of teeth moving continuously around the
mouth like bicycles chain
She then hops on the backs of crocodiles and crosses the river safe as the devil
To our surprise has a a date with the anti-God
On a valentines day.

©Sunny Aduza 2016

Sunny Aduza