

Poetry Series

williams
'poeticallyImpaired' ella
- poems -

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Ashes Of Rose

Ashes of rose
a sickly sweet scent wafts up into my nostrils
i'm feeling cold
wrapped in a cloak of loneliness
despair and i play a game of chess
He just check-mated.
My mind is faded.
Emotions weathered
and my heart is rusted
overtaxed, so unloved
my words are callous
my eyes are blind
they see only pain
Ashes of rose
broken gold
with spilled silver
sprinkled emeralds
and a dash of gray
each day
the sun darkens my feelings
while the night sky becomes bright with
sparks from my scarred heart.
My soul bleeds.
Ashes of Rose.
Beauty undefined.
Chastity undefiled.
Personality uncharacterized.
But my love was put into the filing cabinet.
For reference.
Locked.
Distress.
My dead spirit
painfully drifting over the ruins of my
plundered heart.
Ashes.
Of a rose.
Thorns.
But the nectar
me, the bee, could not resist

desist from such a terrible habit
now i'm being punished.
Petals red: from my drawn blood
petals white: from my shed diamonds.
Tears.
She died.
She killed me.
When she died.
Leaving behind nothing.
Nothing.
But her ashes.
Memories.
Of a rose.
My soulmate.
Ashes of a Rose.
The cruel wind bansheed.
While they sung hymns.
'nearer my God to thee'
indeed, nearer.
The ground moaned and became cold
as they laid her in its arms
the earth accepted her with its earthly
embrace.
i.
The sky wore black
dark clouds gathered, to mourn and cry
tears of the heavens on me.
Deep baritone of thunder, trying to comfort
me
saying 'guy, be a man'
lightening..com forting me, trying to flash
light on my pitch blackened life.
Knowing all i had left
all i had to savour
all i had to remiscize on
all i had for keeps
was nothing
but the ashes of my beloved rose.
Ashes of rose...

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I Am.

What his heart hides
his hands declare
what he cannot whisper
his pen screams
what his eyes see, but his lips
cannot describe his pages sermonizes
i am the legend-maker
i am the myth-breaker
i am the word-keeper
i am the eulogizer
i am a poet

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Miss Tweety

Miss tweety
looking killingly pretty
oh! What a pity!
To think we were colleagues!
Smarter!
But now she says i inspire her!
Miss tweety..
Of course i'm nervous!
like a pimply teenager getting his first kiss
though i'm a second kisser.
Miss tweety!
You and i
share this gift-curse
oh! You say i'm your inspirer?
Well, my dear missy...
I say you are my immortalizer!
So please make history with my name for the
sake of our lust!
Lust?
Of course lust!
Lust for floating butterflies
lust for sweet smelling flowers
lust for the buzz-buzz of bees
and croak-croak of the frogs
lust for the words
lust for life! ! !
Miss tweety!
Yes!
You!
With two 350watts halogen bulbs sitting a-
top your button nose..
Oh! how tall are you now?
Supercatwalking the streets of america
showing them how the yorubas of naija do it!
Miss tweety! Miss tweety!
Don't say i inspire you!
Because, my love
you inspire me!
Miss tweety...

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My Crazy Odd World

sitting with a pen in my hand
having a conversation with me and myself
in that odd crazy world of mine
where the birds fly backwards
and the waterfalls don't actually fall...
...they really move upwards
where the oceans are made up of rum
and the seas consist of brandy
rivers of vodka
streams of scotch
lakes of beer
lagoons of french red wine
where the cows drive the fulani
where the hausa man speaks yoruba
the igbo man speaks hausa
the yoruba man speaks igbo
where the cat 'woof woofs'
and the dog 'meows'
goats 'moooo's'...
and cows 'meeeh's'
cockroaches chirp
and birds squeak
where the rat politely asks before he takes...
'jolly good day to you old chap, i say, are still
interested in the leftovers on your plates? ...'
where flies sneeze and ask to be excused
My crazy little world
where the wealthy mans walks on the hot
street, sweating
while the poverty stricken man drives a multi
milllion jeep, slowly pulls over close to the
sweating rich guy and says...
'Allah kiyaye, Allah kiyaye'...with his begging
bowl sticking out the air conditioned car
letters are used to calculate
and numbers are used to spell
where the fruit grows and its trees are
harvested
where the music composes its artist

where sound is seen
and light is heard
where you switch off your bulb to get light
and you switch on your bulb not to get light
where daytime is night(sunny)
and nighttime is day(moonlit)
where you see with your ears
and smell with your mouth
hear with your eyes
and of course silly! ! ...taste with your nose
novels write authors
newspapers edit editors
columns write columnists
clothes design fashion designers
poems compose poets...
HA! ! !
i'm being composed! ! !
where you drink food
and you eat water
My odd, odd world
cold is hot
hot is warm
warm is cold
ALL IS BEAUTIFUL! ! !
the baboon and chimpanzee are the most
sexiest
paris hilton is sane
britney spears is stable
Mr O.A.M. Obasanjo is slim and curvey as a
runway model
where its a black man's world
black lies
black cows
milking black milk
black dogs
black chickens
black heavens
black Klu Klux Klan
...imagine that...
living in my world
where your wildest dreams come true
where we wear clothes indoors

and take 'em of when we go out
where crazy is sane
and sane is mad
where freedom is actually free and free of
charge
where love isn't really hate
and happy is definately happy
where everyone cries
and no one is sad
just me in my crazy world
wil liams

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My Poem

Its like music
Your heartbeat
Is like drums from a love song
Diamonds
They are like diamonds
Oval diamonds
Priceless are your eyes
A bottomless pit I would die to fall into
Gateway to other worlds
Are your lips
Other worlds were pain is non-existent and
pleasure is a
Il the yes-exist
And your love is like a supernova of passion
And your voice is like a tornado
But your touch is an anchor....
You are my poem....

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Rain

Rain...

Tears of heaven...

Thunder...

groans of the over-cast skies...

lightening...

Sparks from the gnashing teeth of the gods... And the wind banshees...

Singing and screaming of the pain and sorrow and

bloodshed the heavens witness on the earth...

rain..

sorrow-laden tears of the heavens... *sigh*... I love

the rain.. Makes me sober kind of.. Listening to the pitter-patter of the rain on my roof

makes the mind wander.. Wool-gathering they call it..

So i go a-wool-gathering...

The rhythmic fusion of the wind blowing through

the trees and its branches and the sound of rain

splattering on the roof, the walls and in puddles formed, is soothing..

Therapeutic.. Nerve-calming..

And for some reason brings tears to my eyes and a rueful smile to my lips... Rain.. I love the rain..

The lightening showing the cracks and chinks in my armour.. Showing glimpses of the ruin called my heart... rain... I LoVe the rAiN.

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The Burning Of Auchindoun

Our love is true
Our love is like scientific proof..a fact
Unbelievable, yet we live it
And the day you shall break my heart:
Love will curse
Hate shall bless
Fire will melt
And ice shall burn
And the moon, burn with fury
Jupiter and Mercury shall collide
And mars will disappear
Justice abandoned
For hell hath no fury in the face of a broken
heart seeking to quell its anguish
The heavens will shed rain tears and scream
in agony with thunder claps
The wind shall sing its pain
And the stars will twinkle no more
Even as I think of it happening
The earth trembles with fearful pain
And dark clouds overshadow the sun..
..And when all these pass, the soul of
auchindoun shall burn and his essence, dry up
for the substance that greased his soul and
spirit will be no more...
That substances is you....

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Tonight

Let's do it tonight
Let's change the definition of love tonight
Let's take love to a whole new dimension...
No..no..baibeey, take me to another galaxy
Kiss me and let your lips take me through a
wormhole...
Love me to other planets where they speak
only you
Where their culture is you
Where their religion you
Where their law is you
Where you rule
Caress me till I beg you stop but continue at
the same time
Whisper your name in my ears and I'll srcream
it to the night sky
...And the stars will echo your name over a
billion lightyears
Let's do it tonight
For you
For me
For us
For love
Let's do it tonight
And the sun would wait for us to end before
it rises
Let's do it tonight

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