

Poetry Series

Yehualashet Teshome

- poems -

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And Then I Grumbled

I woke up
Greeted by the new sunny day
The universe smiled
Happy to see me back
After the dark night
Stood before me
In the morning sun
Shining, sparkling with light
Holding a note and pencil
To take my orders
For the new day
Which path to go
What to do with my life
Me I ordered
What I had yesterday
Yesteryear
And then I grumbled
Of life and stuff
How boring it was

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Awakened And Lonely

I learned to meditate
To awaken myself
From the deep sleep
From the fake world
Maya
From the make believe
Stepped out of the matrix
Awakened at last
But everybody is gone
No one else around
This was my own world
I am here at last
Shocked and lonely

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Back To Eternity

Born from eternity
Die to eternity
The universe cares not
If I had lived a Christian
A Muslim or a Buddha
A saint or a sinner
A king or a beggar
There is Nirvana
Waiting for my soul
At death

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Black Iq

I herded goats and sheep
Back in Africa
Was an expert
Sharp as a razor
Knew what I needed
To survive in nature
A professional in my job
Graduated from Papa University
Learned the best
Nature taught me the rest
No degrees, no diplomas
And yet an expert, a scientist if you want
The wind whispered in my ears
Before the rains came
Kept the herd safe
From the wolves and floods
The sun danced around me
To the tunes of my songs
I was nearer to God
Cause God lives in Africa
Got along fine with nature
The wind lifted me up
Flew high
Along with the birds
Laughing and giggling
Oh! Had fun in Africa
Papa sent me to school in between
To learn stuff
To learn wisdom from the books
Written in the west
They taught me religion
The white man was god
My mother cried
Thought my soul was lost
In the books of the gods
They gave me scholarship
Sent me to Europe
To learn more stuff
They gave me tests

Asked me weird questions
To measure my IQ
Aristotle, Darwin, and Columbus
The queens and kings of Europe
No Idea such people existed
Never cared to know
Played no role in my life
When tending goats and sheep
Back in Africa
I flunked all tests
On Greek wisdom
On their version of African history
On their version of ancient Egypt
On their version of colonialism and slavery
On their version of who I am
On their version of god
So they concluded
My IQ was zero
It became hard statistics
It became science
It became wisdom
Part of their textbooks
A model for black IQ
I decided to measure their IQ
Asked the scientists about goats and sheep
About the sun, the wind and the rivers in Africa
Our version of history
Our version of religion
Our version of God
Our version of me
Our version of colonialism and slavery
our wisdom
They all flunked
I sent the results to Africa
To my fellow shepherds
To my mother, uncles and aunts
To the goats and the sheep
To the sun and the wind
My rivers and lakes
Even to the wolves
I almost killed them
Cause they couldn't stop laughing

If they are not dead by now
They are still laughing

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Can The Doctors Help?

I was at the doctor
Waiting for the miracle
Of being cured
People around me
Complaining about everything
The weather too hot or too cold
The water too wet
The sun too strong or too weak
The wind blowing too fast
Politicians too corrupt
They were all sick
Blaming the doctors
For not making them well
Competing against each other
Who is the sickest
Who feels more miserable
Holding dearly to their misery
Too ill to talk about happiness
Too weak to hope for the best
I wondered
If the doctors can help

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Dead Philosophers

I am naïve
Because I thought
Wise philosophers, poets
Bright scientists
Saints we revere and pray to
Powerful people
Would show me the way
A method
To slip alive out of life
Intact
Oh, how wrong I am
They die like me
Screaming in pain
Can't beat annihilation
Death proves them helpless
Powerless

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Delusion Of The Master Race

You tell me how it feels
The master race
To be the brightest
The most beautiful
The strongest of all
Civilized and cultured
Enlightened
To be the holiest
His imminence
The Holy grace
All from your race
Anointed, blessed by God
To rule this planet
Chosen to be the best
You tell me how it feels
I am invisible
An observer
Hiding in a rathole
Scared of your arrogance
Roaring to heaven
I am brown
Blessed with melanin
The curse and mark of Cain
You tell me what it is
To live in fantasy
Delusion of the master race

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Did We Offend You?

Tell me
Were you offended?
When we as black people
Enjoyed life
Laughed and giggled
As if
We owed everything
Were you horrified?
When we reached climax
After making love
Out in the fields
Under the moon light
Were you outraged?
When you couldn't subdue us
With words of hatred
When we didn't notice
Your racism, bigotry and bias
With firm conviction
It is your sickness, your problem
And went on with our lives
Laughing and giggling
Were you upset?
When you failed
To collect the moons and stars
Lock them in your vault
To keep us in the dark.

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Does God Know I Exist?

Prayed for years
Begging for mercy
No matter what I did
And then I wondered
If God knows I exist
Does He believe in me?
Or is he an atheist?

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Eternal Return

Eternal return

Born in 1955,

When I die

And come back,

It will be 1955

Déjà vu

Eternal return

Eternal recurrence

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Foregive Me Africa

I Came to Europe
Uninvited guest
A Nomad
Nowhere to complain
Cause this is my own making
Forgive me, Africa,
I am not coming home
I am uprooted
Married to a white
Got mulatto kids
Born in Europe
But, nomads like me
Homeless
Neither African nor European
Busy protecting them
From harm, from racism
Don't teach them wisdom at school
How to fend off
Humiliation, depression, aggression
Segregation, glorification
I got a job to do
To keep my kids safe
Forgive me, Africa,
I am not coming home

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Get Wise Before Getting Old

Getting older is natural
Even a fool gets old
I wanted to get wise
Before getting old
Didn't happen
Learned what they taught me
Got a master's degree
In engineering
But not close to wisdom
The more I learned
The more I drifted
From the truth
Now I am old
Without getting wise
Learn from my mistakes
Get wise before you get old

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Godless Language

Mystery explained
In languages
Written and spoken
I got nowhere
Reading and listening
For years
Got old and more stupid
Never understood
Life and the mystery of God
Cause language is Godless
Chattering and noise
That blocked the essence
Of being

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God's Failed Experiment

The people prayed and prayed
For more space and wealth
Too many of them sandwiched in a small room
Called Europe
Pandemics, depression, extinction
God heard their prayers
He said
There is free land in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand,
If you promise you won't do any harm to the locals
If you promise you won't humiliate them
By imposing your cultures and religion
You will be relieved I promise
This is my experiment
The founding fathers agreed
Wrote a constitution
Stating all men are equal
And showed it to God
God saw the statement and said
OK, I hope you will leave by your words
Then God forgot this planet
Busy running the universe
The Europeans forgot their promises
Given to the divine God
They hoarded slaves from Africa
Enslaved and murdered the locals
Dehumanized and humiliated them
God has not noticed yet
That his experiment has failed

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Hallucination

There is someone else
Some asshole
On cocaine
Or on other stuff
Dreaming
Hallucinating my life
No wonder I feel
This is not real

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Hell In Alaska

I am an African living in Alaska
An immigrant in heaven
I miss the sun
Shivering with cold
Offended my pastor
Asked if Alaska was hell
He replied hell is in Africa
Sent me to hell
To Africa
For asking a rude question
No need to quarrel
That is what he preaches,
Living in the biting cold
Living in hell
My mind froze
Thinking about immigration, depression, and deportation
Hell is about cold
About freezing to death
Missed my sun from Africa
Thought it would follow me
Warm me up in hell
In Alaska

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His Holiness

I wondered
If his holiness
Represents God on earth
As he claims
Wars raging around him
The powerful killing the weak
The rich looting the poor
Explained it away
It is God's will
I am mesmerized
Who his holiness serves

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Holding Candle To The Champion

The champion in the Guinness
Book of world records
Reached the highest point
Of my mountain
They hailed him
I was there
Holding candles to him
Lighting his way
Carrying his load
Guiding him, walking in front of him
All the way to the peak
The cameras didn't see me
Became invisible
On the background
At the peak of my mountain
Cooking and holding candle
To the champion
I saw the champion on TV
He broke all the world records
Reached the peak
Of my mountain with me
But I was not there to be hailed
When the next champion comes
I will be there
Carrying his load
To the Peak
Sweating, shivering in the cold
That is my job
Be with the champions of the world
History will be made again
Without me
Not mentioned
Not seen
Simply invisible
I read about the champion
In the record books
And wondered
Why I was omitted
Edited out from the scene

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I Am Not From The Africa You Have In Mind

I am not from the Africa you have in mind
Filthy, dirty, infested with all kinds of disease
Poverty, wars, and starvation
That is your Africa, not mine
My Africa is exiting
Beautiful lakes, rivers, and mountains
Handsome and kind people
Rich with resources
Children laughing and giggling
Women making love to their man
Reaching climax, reaching the peak
Your Africa is a make-believe
You hold it, if it makes you feel better
I am from my Africa, not from yours

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I Met My Younger Self

I met my younger self
A ten-year-old kid
Ready to embark
On a journey
Towards the unknown
Excited, happy
Full of energy
Taking the direction, I had taken
I hugged him
Hard and long
No words uttered
No advises given
Then I left him
Diminished in the clouds
Waving my hands
With tears in my eyes

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I Thought God Was Perfect

Looked into the mirror
Saw God's creation
A real mess
Shaky, fragile and sick
And I wondered
If God was perfect

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I Wish You Were Colored

My Alice white as snow
Blue eyes
I am black as coal
We live in conformity
Unity in diversity
When our eyes met
The universe rejoiced
Manifesting blue-black energy
When we kissed in the park
The whole place lighted up
When we made love
The neighbourhood was on fire
They banned us
From the white neighbourhood
Jim Crow laws
One drop of blood
Oh Alice
I wish you were colored
Like me
Like the birds in the skies
The fish in the ocean
The animals in the bush

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Infected By Humans

Save the planet
Infected by humans
Amort with no spirits
Invoke evil, murder everywhere
Oh humans
Egregious liars
Arcane, obscure beliefs
Civilized or uncivilized
Jew or Christian
Muslim or Hindu
Humans
Not ascended an inch
Towards betterment
In thousands of years
A curse to this planet
A plague, a nuisance
Look at them
Murdering each other
Suffocating the earth
Chances are bleak, slim
Humans live together
In peace, in harmony
Save the planet
Get rid of the plague

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Is There Life Before Death?

There is no real life
Where eyes see
Far and wide
Into the universe □
Unlimited, un hindered
Where ears hear
The subtle whisper
Of the universe
Or Gods conspiring
Joking the life, I call real
Don't ask me
If there is life after death
Cause I am in doubt
If there is one before death.

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Just One Day, Please

I need just one day
One single day
Without any stress
With no news on TV
No rumors of death
A day without fear
A day without doubt
A holiday
To celebrate life
To celebrate love

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Life Ends In Disaster

Why I cherish life
When it ends in disaster
Disappears into thin air
No idea where
Why cling to it
Knowing that it won't last long
I will be murdered by nature
Sooner or later

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Make Peace, Starve The Beast

The people of the world
Grow up
Get wise at last
Make peace, starve the beast
With every bullet shot
With every drop of blood
Spilt in vain
The beast on the prowl
Wanting for more and more
Roaring in the sky
Making deafening noise
Here comes the predator
The cunning devil
To feast and devour
With every bomb dropped
Drops of tears shed
More and more corpulent
Egregious appetite
Share holders
Of the war industry
Rejoicing
When the war is declared
When millions are dead
Exulting
Over a pile of dead bodies
Destroyed cities
Oh people
Get smart, get wise
Make peace, starve the beast
Starve the predator

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Morning Prayer

So, we are told to believe
They depend on others to survive
Doomed otherwise
We know
That is a pack of lies
If you want to help
Here is my prayer
Tell them who they are
Rich and beautiful
Strong as the lion
The Usain bolts, the Mohammad Alis
The Jesse Owens, Abebe Bikilas
The Michael Jordans
The Kenyans and Ethiopians
Those fearless runners
They won every battle
Where they were allowed to
Tell them about their wealth
The gold and the diamond
Copper and silver
Littered in their backyard
Tell them their stories
Of Axum and Adwa
Ubuntu and jazz
Soul, funk and rap
Tell them who they are
The battles
They have won and lost
Their miseries and joys
So that they are aware
Let them wake up
From the fake world
From the Maya
Created by others
For them to dwell in
In eternal sorrow
Grief and humiliation

My Voice In The Garbage

I found my voice
Thrown in the garbage
By the almighty gods
Screaming in pain,
Shivering in the cold
in silence
Only I could hear and feel

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Nirvana

Don't get Buddha
Promised nirvana after death
I was there before birth
Dead and non-existent
For millions of years
I will return to nothingness
Without any effort
Without meditation
Without singing songs
Without scriptures
So, why even bother

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No, I Am Not The Poorest

You called me
The poorest of the poor
Statistics and false wisdom
So, I challenge you
To look at what you got
In your kitchen
Coffee, tea, bananas, orange, juicy staff
The healthiest food
Bio, bio, bio
Grown in my country
You are on my diet
And you owe me your life
So, I am the richest
Modest and blessed

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No, Your God Is Not Mine

Been a fool all along
Worshipping your god
Blue eyed, blond angels
Made in your image
My prayers not answered
Been wondering why
Now I found out
With tears in my eyes
Your god was not mine
Been a sinner all my life
Praying to your egregore
Wasting my time
My energy sucked dry
Crying in the wrong grave
What a fool I was
Thinking your god was mine
When God lives in my heart
That is why you hate me
That is why you kill me
Segregation, arrogance, hatred, and racism
Justified by your god
Engraved in your bible
In your Koran, Talmud
You are the chosen one
It is all right to hate me
Mortal sin to love me
An abomination to feel my pain
We have nothing in common
My God was jealous
When I worshipped yours
When I went to your church
We are so different
And yet I believed
Your god was mine
White, arrogant, punitive, and racist
Jealous filled with emotions
Told me to read the bible
Hundreds of pages
Written in parables

In a language, I don't understand
Every logic defied
Have faith and don't contemplate
Told me to stay poor
Pray for my daily bread
While looting the gold
From my backyard
Taught me to stay poor
With an empty stomach
So, I can get to heaven
Your almighty egregore
So cunning and cruel
No, Sir, your god is not mine
I am nowhere in your bible
Nowhere in your church
Full of white saints and gods
Paintings in gold
Do you see me there?
I don't
Cause your god is not mine
You hanged the black man
Shot him in the head
Raped his woman
And went to your church
To receive a blessing
What a fool I was
To think your god was mine

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Nothing Spiritual About Being Poor

When you are hungry
Destitute and helpless
The spirit has left you
You are a fool
When you equate
Being spiritual with being poor
The pastor told you
The poor inherit heaven
He is a chronic liar
Cause poverty is a curse
Get in touch with your spirit
Think rich, get rich,
Create abundance
Be wise

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Orgasm In Africa

Took Bruno, my dearest white friend, to Africa
Showed him around
Breathtaking scenery
Exciting lakes, rivers, and mountains
People smiling, children playing
Enjoying life in Africa
Beautiful sunny day
Took my friend for a walk at night
Cause the stars were shining
Bright as stadium light
Walked around huts
Made from straws and wood
Heard women screaming in joy
Making love to their men
Having orgasm
In Africa
My friend got offended
Said it doesn't exist
Became deaf and blind
His camera
Made in Japan
Programmed to record the misery of my people
Shattered into pieces
Couldn't stand the joy
Can't see life
Can't see the joy
Bruno flew home
To have his camera and his senses mended
Cause he went crazy
They treated him in Europe
Gave him the full dose of fake news
DBC, FNN, World Geographic
About my Africa
About my people
Shock therapy
Hypnotized and deleted his memory
Of the joy in Africa
Bruno is well now
Thanks God

Busy lecturing people and writing books
About the misery in Africa

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Parked In Hell

I fell asleep at the steering wheel
While driving my life
Towards heaven
They took over
When I wake up
Found myself
Parked in hell
And I cried

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Protests In Hell

Protests raging in hell
Against injustice, eternal fire
Torment and darkness
Souls holding hands
Chanting sermons
Singing sad songs
All in tears
Then I wondered
If the guardians of freedom
Angels of democracy
Will bomb the hell out of hell
To deliver relief

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Serving Time In The Prison Planet

Locked in the prison planet
Serving time
Sentenced to life in prison
No idea what I did to deserve this punishment
God knows
But says nothing
Everybody is a prisoner like me
Only few notice
Thrown here at birth
To be released at death
Nowhere to complain
Nowhere to appeal

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Swimming Upstream

Against the tide, I swam
Upstream
To the source
To meet my maker
The river pushed back
With all its might
Downstream
To the swamp
Where all souls are damped
To be recycled
For eternity

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Tear Gas And Water Cannons

Democracy
Tear gas and water cannons
Sweet sophisticated talks
Equality, liberty, fraternity
Police brutality, prosperity
Dictatorship
Tear gas and water cannons
Harsh talks
About traitors
Endless talks about his foresight
A few bullets sprinkled
To cool the protestors off
Socialism
Tear gas and water cannons
Bazooka
Lecture on Lenin's eternal wisdom
Theocracy
Tear gas and water cannons
Incessant sermons
The compassion of the almighty
Cursed the protestor
Blessed the executioner
Grow up humans
You deserve better

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The Background Music Of My Life

My life is a drama
Unfolding
Like in the movies
Music in the background
Composed by my life
Sometimes sweet, at times sad
Loud or silent
Depending on the act
I hear it everyday
The symphony of my life

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The Beggars Are On Diet

Silence, please
Don't disturb
The beggars of the whole world
The wretched of the earth
Are fasting
They are on diet
Contemplating, what went wrong
Dreaming a world of equality, abundance
Engrossed in thoughts
Of the vultures
Praying for a superior insight
When they wake up
A power uniquely strong
like an all-embracing ocean-tide
will emerge
To cleanse mankind
From eternal suffering

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The Bird's Nest

They worked in pairs
He and she
In harmony
The work of a genius
Water and windproof
Absolute perfection
A master piece of nature

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The Burden Of Ageing

What a dilemma
The burden of ageing
When eyes stop seeing
When ears hear no more
Walking on three legs
Painful to stay
Scared to leave
To a destination unknown

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The Homeless Bandit

They told the homeless beggar
To stay home
To protect him
From the virus
From the summer heat
Got nothing to eat
Has to beg for a living
In the empty streets
The homeless bandit
The law
Flawless, equal to all
Long live democracy

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The King And The Beggar Pay No Taxes

The powerful and the powerless pay no taxes
The king is busy keeping his people safe and warm
So, he pretends
The beggar thinking of his next meal
Both burdens to the society
The latter knows it, the former too blue-blooded to accept it

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The Luxury Of Forgiveness

So, you told me
To turn the other cheek
When slapped by evil
To love when hated
I am a simple man
Loaded with emotions
Like God
He loves and he hates
Burns for eternity
For sins committed
Made in the image of god
I can't afford
The luxury to forgive and forget
I don't hate you
But the evil that dwells in you
The devil that possessed you
The priest cast evil
Screaming the name of God
Because he hates it
And yet he preaches
To turn the other cheek
When evil strikes
Hatred
The ball of fire
You throw at me
Just for being around
Breathing the same air
I roll it back to you
A million times stronger
You harvest what you sow
I send you to hell
For your sins committed
For the hatred you spew out
No, I can't afford
The luxury to forgive and forget
Because, the wound hasn't healed
Sorry, I am a simple man
Loaded with emotions
In the image of God

My heart is human
It beats
To the tune of love and hate
Pure blasphemy
To say it doesn't
I reserve my love
To those who deserve it.

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The Race Without Any Friends

I set out
To explore
The cold dark world
Wearing a black skin
Armed with patience
Curious, how I would be treated
In Moscow, Berlin,
Casablanca, Athens and Vienna
Bucharest and Warsaw
Prague and Rio
Peking, Bombay and Tehran
New York and Baghdad
Chile and Paraguay
Everywhere I went
Treated bad
Because of my skin
So, I concluded
My race is a race
With no friends
And wondered
If I am the citizen
Of this planet

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The Rule Of The Jungle

In silence I watched
In Serengeti
When the lion devoured the deer
Blood spilt everywhere
They said
"It is natural";
The lion got away with murder
Left the scene
Roaring in pride
Survival of the fittest
The rule of the jungle
In the city
They choked the man to death
Couldn't breath
They let the murderer go
Whistling, singing his anthem
In pride
Survival of the fittest
The rule of the jungle

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The Scars Of My Life

Scars of faded dreams
Melted desires
From hopes hijacked
Engraved in my soul
A crown of thorns
From the unbearable past
The unknown future
Wounds wide open
By ugly memories

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To The Princess

Take me with you
In your thoughts
In your mind
When you hit the road
When you take a walk
Alone in the woods
Under the clouds
I will pave your way
Lighting your footpath
Let me be with you
In your mind
In your thoughts
When you drive the highway
I will be there
When you hit the sack
Under the sheets
Ready to disappear
Into the dream world
Allow me to be
Your guardian angel
Healing your soul
Cleansing your house
Where your spirit lives
Free of junk thoughts
Cause you are the princess

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We Lied

I love you

She lied

I love you´

I lied too

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When Ignorance Is A Bliss

I am enslaved
And yet live in the shadow of democracy
Poor as a church mouse
But live in abundance
The perfect illusion
Ignorant as hell
But highly educated
The delusion of knowledge
Walk like a king
While being a beggar
Believe in eternity
Carrying a time bomb
Ready to explode
My body
Into nothingness
Triggered by nature
The sheer murderer
Oh, sweet ignorance
What a bliss

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Where Is The Outrage Over Life?

Demonstrations everywhere
Protesters shouting in the streets
Angered by their leaders
I wonder why
There is no outrage over life
I hate the way life treats me
A child being born, only to die later
No consent asked
Have had no lasting fun
A few lovely moments
Lots of beating and whipping
At the end of the day
Will be murdered by nature
Without being asked
Without my consent
Without any warning
Find this unfair
Cause it is outrageous
Don't see people protesting
Resisting birth and death
We should protest against god
Or whoever designed this nonsense
Birth and destruction
Every time somebody dies
We should go out and protest
Because that is murder
Committed by nature

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While Waiting For Death

I don't know
Maybe amnesia
Found myself here
Born on this planet
A human
I lived
While waiting for death
So, I took many roles
A father, a son, a husband
An uncle and so on
Just to pass the time
To kill boredom
While waiting for death
Which would take me
Back to eternal life

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Why Blacks Don't Get Wealthy

Hats off

To the manipulator, the predator

Sharp as a whip

Smart as a fox

He taught the African to be modest

Because God doesn't want him to be rich and spoiled

He tells him wealth is evil

Heaven is for the wretched

Hungry and destitute

Teaches him a prayer

Give us our daily bread

He amasses gold and diamond

From the backyards of the African

While the African looks away

Hungry and busy praying

Give us our daily bread

Well, well

The predator returns his prayer

Gives him his daily bread

Or so he pretends

In return for a gold nugget

When the gold is gone and bread scarce

The African blames God

Blacks don't get wealthy

Too poor to ask for more

They get what they pray for

Daily bread or hamburger

Junk food

With Coca-Cola

Pepsi Cola

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Why God Won't Punish Me

Go to hell, pastor
I spoke with God
He told me that you were a chronic liar
Because you told me
God would punish me
If I defy his commandments
God has no commandments, you have
I am a creation of God
He knows me very well
God is amused by my little sins, not angry
The way a father would be
Hasn't made me perfect because he wants to be amused
Doesn't expect perfection
You lied
Telling me, he was a sadistic being
Burning me for eternity for my petty mistakes
For not doing the right thing
Doesn't make sense
I was created to amuse and entertain God with my missteps
Like a child who keeps falling down
God does not judge my deeds
You do
It is my mission to amuse God
When I am done with this life
I would be sitting with God creating people like you and me
Amusing and having fun
I am keeping God a company
I give him courtesy.
That is my divine mission

Yehualashet Teshome

Words Destroy Love

Mutual understanding
No need to say it
We showed love
Pure affection
No words said
Our eyes spoke millions
I know she loved me
When she touched me
Looked at me
Warm and caressing
She healed every pain in me
Without words
Say I love you
Bound to say I hate you
A question of time
Hate waits on the other side
Waiting to manifest
When love is unspoken
Hate stays buried
Say I love you
Sabotage before invasion
Once the war is won
There is nothing left
Hate will manifest
Words destroy love
Never said I love you

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