

See Through the Complicated

To my family and friends, thank you for your endless support.

See Through the Complicated

Neema Komba

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To my trusted friend,

I hope this finds you well. Today I feel blessed to be able to share a few things that I have learned in this not very short life of mine. Growing up is tough and there is no manual to guide us along. We lived quite a carefree life as children, with hopes, dreams and impatience to become adults. But somewhere along the way to this amazing adulthood, things get complicated. Our dreams start getting further and further out of reach. The opposite sex slowly starts to mess with our heads. We tackle heart breaks, insecurities, and fears that we are not enough. We start wishing we were some other people...like the amazing stars on TV. I have had wishes that could never happen in this life, ever. I wished I had Angelina Jolie's lips, Beyonce's hips, Jennifer Lopez's waist and even Einstein's brains. Then again, even if I had a plastic surgery to change my midsection and an artificial intelligence system implanted in my brain, there is nothing I can do to change the soul I was born in. ME.

One night I woke up from a terrifying dream. It was a cold winter night and I was a million miles away from home. I wasn't drowning, nor was it one of those dreams where someone was choking me. This time I was a big star. I was center stage on Broadway and the lights went on; it was supposed to be my biggest moment but I was too afraid to stand. People looked at me, precipitation slowly built on my face. I tried to speak but no words came out. On the front row there were Trey Songz, Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker, and even Oprah cheering me on. Yet even with this big motivation, I still could not deliver a line. I stared at the crowd, for ten seconds that seemed like an eternity. Finally I couldn't stand the pressure and I ran away from the stage, away from my dreams and my hard work. I had one chance to show the world who I was, and I ruined it because I was too afraid to stand.

This dream scared me. See I have never been on Broadway; I have never even been to New York. I can't really sing, and Oprah cheering me on is a product of my over active imagination. Yet even if this iconic figure clapped her hands and Nelson Mandela shook my hand, I first have to

stand and face the world. Even if my world was not a million people cheering or it was just my image in the mirror, I first have to be strong enough to STAND. All my life I have been running, sometimes even from blessings. A few times I might have gotten close to my big moment yet I didn't hold on long enough to see it through. However, the soles of my feet are worn out from all the running, and this time I am ready to stand. You might think me stupid; I mean who wants to stand in this fast moving world?

I am not standing still, as I am writing this I am on a journey. Not only to find myself, but to find answers to this complicated world. We all have our fears, and are afraid to stand and let the world know we are here. We all have our demons, which we need to chase and clear our souls. We all have our lessons that we need to learn and grow from. We have our talents and unique stories to tell the world. Now, not all of us will become famous singers, athletes, actresses or presidents. Some of us will become great accountants, doctors, farmers or next door neighbors. Some of us will be great mothers and fathers, great aunts and uncles, or just great children. Some will have millions and some will touch a million lives. But we will all be someone's in this world, each of us a part of family, a nation, a generation, a creation. We shall not live to be replicas of other people, we shall only be ourselves. And to be us, some if not all of us, have to face our images in the mirror, go to war with our own souls and bring out the truths about us. Break out from jails and be free individuals. And our identity, just like great nations, must rise against conquests that rob us of who we truly are.

I am standing up to my fears, and my insecurities. I am becoming me. The first step is facing my fears, and for all these years my biggest vice has been my silence. As you step into my world, forget not your own. And as you help me find me, I hope you find yourself.

Facing fears requires courage.

*My complicated started with a fall,
Why did I have to grow old?
I wished my virtue hadn't been bruised,
May be the pain would have been reduced.
Three was brutal,
But sixteen was just too much.
I met a brown monster
Let him defeat my purpose
I stood aside as I watched my world crumble,
Froze my spirit to keep it from bleeding.*

**Sending me to a limbo was my greatest fall . . .
We can choose to erase our memories from our
brains but our hearts will always remember.**

Rock my Baby

Hush now girl,
You have to be strong.
There is no need for tears,
Nothing is wrong!
It's just a little play,
Come and play . . .
Softly blown by the wind,
Is the sound of treachery,
The sound of pain,
A little girl's nightmare.

May be I liked it, But
why does it hurt?
I feel so filthy,
I am impure.
I'm so confused,
I cannot tell.
This is stupid,
I think it's sinful . . .
Am I the reason
This monster is on me?
I shouldn't have skipped school.

Mommy, mommy,
I am scared,
I am screaming so loud
Can no one hear me?
I hate my body!
I will hurt somebody,
If they dare touch me.
I will be strong even in dreams.

Silent sobs,
The sound of a three year old.
This little girl is me,
Even at twenty,
She is still the image I see in the mirror.
A broken soul,
Seeking to be restored;
Trapped in a silence,
Consumed by hate,
For herself and for life.

After every tear there is a smile,
so there is really no need to cry;
I will cover this pain with my teeth.
Hurt my body but never my spirit,
My emotion is buried deep within this secret.
I will sing me a lullaby in sleepless nights,
I will rock my baby to a painless sleep;
in oblivion, in denial.
In hopes, that it's just a bad dream,
I will rock my baby.



Drowning in silence, I find no escape.



Monster

Every night I go to sleep with a monster,
In my bed, in my nightmares,
With my silence, and my fear.
My body shakes as I try to hide my sobs,
My eyes well with salty tears
As he covers me with his filth,
Chocking the life out of me.

This monster is ruthless,
She took the dreams of a little girl,
Turned them into nightmares;
Cold, terrifying sleepless nights.
He took a smile of a little boy,

Turned it into horror;
Torturous hatred for his manhood.
He took a face of a beautiful woman,
Smashed it into a scar;
A bloody battleground for a coward.

One brown monster,
He lives in my dreams.
When my folks tuck me in,
He sneaks in beside me;
Turns my night into a restless fight,
To forget, to suppress,
The feeling that I am not worth a thing.

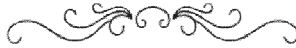
This monster appears,
When I sleep with my betrothed.
He crawls from under the covers,
Turns my passion into agony,
Invades our union as I scream bloody murder,
Chasing demons from my tainted memory.
As I and my beloved supposedly connect,
Fear draws a sword between our souls;
I slip into a conscious comma,
Wondering when it will be over.

I let him sleep
Between me and my beloved.
I let him dig
A grave for any emotion of bravery.
I let him win
As I burdened myself with guilt,
And excruciating pain of silence.

Behind every door,
There is a sorrow,
A tormented soul of someone wronged;
A woman, a man, a child
Living in agonizing crawls of abuse,
Suffering in silence.

You are not alone,
I am your kin.
So cry with me . . .
To the very last tear,
Till the pain of our aggression is erased.
Fight with me . . .
To the very last breath,
Till the tyranny of abuse is ended.
For this monster's appetite,
Is fed by our fear and silence;
Voices united and strong,
Will be the iron sword to bring him down.

**To stay alive, one must battle unconsciousness. Even when
opening eyes hurts, to see we must face that pain.**



Needing

I want to break the silence,
But this opening up scary.
I want to put my emotion,
But I'm afraid if I start, I may never finish . . .
My tears are far in me,
Darn, I am afraid of feeling.
I'm scared of failing,
By not putting my all into this.

But who will hold me,
When my tears start falling,
And my world starts crumbling?
When my heart is stabbed,
And a hollow emptiness is revealed,
Who will cover my shame?
I lied about being brave,
And honestly, needing is not my thing,
But I need you.

My friend, my foe,
Someone please feel my pain,
Let these tears not drop in vain.
It's not empathy that I need,
It's a promise that you will care;
Not for me,
But for your sons and daughters out there.
You can't shield my heart,
You can protect them from getting hurt,
Like this. Like me.
By people that matter, not at all.
Like him or her,
The fading faces of the crowd.

I am reaching out for help,
Since you don't know me,
This may be a hard fetch.
So let me introduce myself:
I'm a girl, ordinary and plain;
With a quiet voice,
And a slightly pointy nose.
I wear glasses for my eyes,
And buggy clothes for disguise.
I am anguished,
Seeking a friend to confide in.

I want to pray,
But I don't think my problem is big.
There are nations fighting,
And children out there starving,
I'm blessed enough,
I feel bad to ask for more.
But it's my heart,
I am trying hard not to break;
I'm looking for courage,
To deal with this long overdue hurt.

I tried a poem,
While detaching my heart from my pen,
Thinking I will not feel any pain.
I thought therapy,
But hell, I am not insane . . .
Even a priest,
But then again, it's not even my sin.
I have been over this scene,
Time and time again,
Where I tell the world how I truly feel;
Yet it's still the same, I don't want to weep.

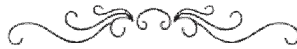
I feel obligated to win,
By never giving in to the pain.
It's like those days I was twelve,
I would bang my head for the throb;
So I can feel my anguish without tears,
Hurt my body but never my spirit.
Yet all this strength is a lie,
And all the bad memories are still alive;
For I don't close my eyes when I kiss,
And I clench my fist when he leans.

I'm a walking caution,
Wondering who will try to break me;
I'm a living doubt,
That human race is no longer safe.
Yet I say I'm a voice of hope,
What hope can I bring without faith?
And how can I have faith without breaking free,
And let my spirit flee?

Crying is for the weak,
That's what I seem to think . . .
And needing is really not my thing,
But today I am pleading;
Even though I'm detached from feeling,
And this may seem unreal,
I'm on the edge of a cliff.
That courage I preach,
I have none left in me;
So shake me,
Dig deep and break my numbness;
Help me speak past these words,
Help me feel my own pain.

**The battle to feel is tougher than to
flee.**

*Found my existence in a very dark place.
In the midst of selfpity I lost myself.
Playing it safe, I lost my faith.
I became my shadow.
I lost my pace,
Life took over; I was out of the race*



**To be unseen doesn't require absence of bodily presence.
We need only to hide our souls.**



The Shadow

For everything that has value,
For life and for love,
I might have failed me.
For fear, for truth, and for freedom,
I might have cheated my own soul.
For that; I created my shadow.

My cries, my woes,
There's only me to hear.
My pain, my name,
They may mean the same.
I am the only one here,
My crying soul I see,
My hand I hold,
My own shadow, I am.

Imperfect representation,
Inseparable companion,
Spirit, protection,
No one can ever touch.
I try to run from me,
Separate myself, be free;
But a shadow I am,
With the lights off, I'm gone.

Faceless, soundless,
Seen only on the outside.
Be it light out or dark,
A shadow can never stand.
No race, no trace,
A shadow just fades;
Unnoticed life, unseen death,
No memory, never legend.

It may get stormy
Even when there's sunshine.
A choice to be invisible
Seems safe yet cowardly.
I might have chosen to hide,
A lesson learnt, I must confide;
A running shadow
Never gets nowhere,
No matter the consequence,
We must face up to our true selves.

**Even when drowned in the deepest sea,
torment always finds escape.**

God ...This Pain ...!

I'm here asking myself,
Whether this pain inside me is real;
Does it reside in my heart?
Or my brain just made it up . . .
Can I take something to stop it,
Or will it forever be a part of my being?

Stabbing pain in my chest,
Tears of agony rolling down my face,
My head spinning around in slow-mo;
Every vein in my body screaming no-more
But the only sound I can make is, please God.

Take this pain away from me,
Or tell me in haste,
What the hell is wrong with me?
Give this doctor some brains you see,
May be he will figure out the answer to this.

Is it punishment for my sins,
Or payback for something I did?
Is my soul slowly wasting from beneath,
Or just me, messed up from within?

Heal me completely,
Or at least give me some relief.
If at all you can hear me,
At least for tonight,
Let this old body get a little break.
And if this misery can't save my soul,
Then at least spare my body.

**When a soul is in demise, no place can feel like home. When
the past haunts your house, it may send you packing.**



You used to be my Mother

You bear fruitless trees,
Birds no longer fly for free.
You used to be my home,
But you are no longer safe.
You bring me disease,
With no cure nor care;
And dig up my grave,
Even though I am not dead.

I used to love you so,
My land, my mother.
Though we had no money,
At least you gave me honey.
Snow white milk used to flow from your mountains,
And I drank heartily from your fountains.
Ooh your skin was chocolate brown,
And you heartbeats, a sweet melody of drums.
You gathered me in your arms,
When the blue skies got dark.
You rocked me to sleep,
And protected all my dreams.

You protected me from all foes,
But now you give me to the wolves.
You've sold our cows and bees,
We go hungry for weeks.
You no longer hold me close to your heart,
The only thing that unites us is rent.
Our hope you no longer represent,
You have become worse than a deadly serpent.
Youngsters flee and so do I,
May be abroad there is future for us

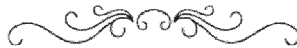
I wish I could go back to the days of peace,
When we built a fire under the big mango tree.
Together we sang the songs of freedom,
Later we fought and got our freedom.
I wish we could go back to the day of May,
When you were my pride and used to love me.
I wish we could go back to the good old days,
When you used to be my mother.

**I long for someone to see past my façade. When
they said no man is an island, they didn't lie.**



Look no further than my eyes

If you are trying to read me,
Look no further than my eyes.
Unlock the doors to my soul;
Hear not my words,
But my heartbeats as I speak.
Words contradict, smiles tell no tale,
A true self within, a true self is hidden;
Under a mouthful of words and a clean set of teeth.
Look no further than my eyes,
Only then can you read me.



The heart of beauty

Behind the fragrance,
The bright eyes and that smile;
The heart of beauty yearns to be discovered.

Underneath the curves, And
the brown skin so tender;
Covered in all the fairy,
The heart of beauty thrives.

Beauty, every man's dream.
Beauty, every woman's creed.
Their biggest wish and enemy,
Beauty, the reigning queen.
But the heart underneath makes the being.

For, what makes a soldier,
Is it the canvas or the boots?
What makes a fighter,
Is it the big muscles or the moves?

The soldier and the fighter
Are not made by the looks;
The heart makes the one,
That wins in all accounts.
The heart runs the body,
Defines it, gives it courage.

The heart of beauty waits,
The heart of beauty wails.
Unveil me, unmask me,
Behind the façade, reveal me,
Love me!
For I am what makes beauty.

I beat, beauty lives
I hate, beauty fades
I hurt, beauty cries
I stop, beauty dies
Beauty is but the heart

The heart of beauty; the source of beauty.
The heart of beauty; the life of beauty.
The heart of beauty; is the truest beauty.

*Then I found my safe.
In writing I became my person.*

I believe in words, just as I believe in love. Written words so powerful, they bear out the soul of a writer. In words people mean more than they can ever tell you in person. That is why when I wrote my first word I fell in love. I fell in love with truth and freedom, I fell in love with madness; with my pen and paper and a blister on my ring finger. When I met pen and paper I was a little bit lost. I had so much to say, but no one really listened. I was twelve years old with my chest all flat, trying hard to fit into my sister's bra. Womanhood was so close, yet so far. Boys were alien and girls a little strange. In this new world of adolescence I felt estranged. I talked alone in my head and felt alone amidst friends. Yet when my soul connected with my pen, and I poured every emotion on my paper, I was reborn. For the first time I was able to just be me, write my feelings and thoughts without fear of being laughed at or left out.

Decided to take a lesson,

Life 101: Introduction to living. Forget the past. Be not consumed by worries of tomorrow.



Life is now

Did was had,
 Had is done.
 Past tense lovers,
 Dwellers in the gone;
 Ghosts in the now,
 Scared of tomorrow.

I'm talking to the likes of me,
 The wishful thinkers who can't see
 That yesterday's wish is already here,
 And tomorrow will never be clear.
 Yesterday is already gone,
 All we can do about it is take a lesson,
 And move on to today's moments.

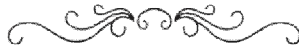
A blessing of life, I saw another day.
 I'm still alive but not really living;
 When I'm not planning, I am reflecting.
 Letting moments pass me by,
 One after another, drowning in plans.

Making up my mind who I want to be,
 Trying to forget the past and let it be.
 Making plans to start living,
 Jotting down notes to remind me;
 Of the rainy days I used to have,
 And the brighter ones I shall soon have.
 Oblivious to the moment I already have.

Today is the day that makes sense.
 I am here already, what am I doing?
 Do I appreciate my breath,
 Or am I wasting it on the has been's and could be's?

Life is now.
Let's take our chances:
Make us a little happy,
Go out, and do our dances.
Love and enjoy our moments;
For the future, is right now.
Today is all we have,
Now is all we need.

Learn to have faith in me.



New Generation

I absolutely refuse to believe
 That someone else is better than me.
 They may have been good, I agree,
 Now I'm the best, this is my eve.
 Jealousy, no;
 Just judgment of my better acumen,
 Old is beautiful,
 Well versed, yet ancient.
 Contemporary is youthful,
 Born of yesterday, but still untouched.

The moon rises as the sun sets,
 My today was his unseen tomorrow.
 Yesterday faded at twilight,
 Today woke up at daylight.
 Yet words never die or sleep,
 However many ropes of time we skip;
 Like a monument they stand,
 The writer's life nothing more than an epic.
 Yet new moments, we must still praise,
 And new domes must still rise.

Old is never novelty,
 Times change, words must too.
 Like pyramids were of yesteryear,
 A king today lives in a skyscraper.
 A poem yesterday used to be a sonnet,
 And a lady's head covered in a bonnet,
 But today we see its beauty, even in a rap song.
 Civilization then used to be Egypt,
 But today its heart is in the New York City.
 In the fifteen hundred's it was Shakespeare,
 But today it's us, the new generation stars.

*I wrote just to make you laugh,
Wrote to share a little insight,
Wrote the world as I saw it.
Learned to appreciate what I had;
Came to see in me that true African pride.
Took a few words to set my closet-thoughts free.*



To my potential husband

Open up your heart,
And your wallet.
Give me your love,
And all your money.

I don't care what age you are,
Just buy me a new car. Let's
sell your house,
And live in a bar.

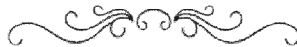
I'll take you to the skies,
If you buy me a plane;
I'll even show you heaven,
I'll fly in circles.

When you get down on your knees,
Forget the ring;
Just give me the keys,
To the big house you built.
And under my name,
Don't you forget it!

Give me tanzanite,
I'll make my own wedding ring;
After all, it sells better
If it is not tampered with.

For our honeymoon,
Take me to the moon;
If you take me to Korea,
You might as well leave me there.

Ten years later,
If you still own your shares;
You'll be a married man,
Happily married to me.
I'll be married to your wealth,
Happily spending your cash.
My love for you will never die,
Till bankruptcy do us part.



Lazy bum, scared bum

A lazy man with a big ol' wish,
 Wanting fancy cars and a life full of bliss.
 Waiting on his balcony for an economic boom,
 Thinking he's too cool to start from the bottom,
 Wanting success but still waiting for a tomorrow.

Get off that comfort chair!
 Put your feet on the ground.
 Leave some footprints on the sand.
 Walk on that gravel path,
 Leave some marks on your soles.

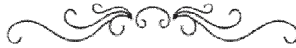
A word of the wise, Live
 an undying life: Marry
 that beautiful wife, Buy
 that expensive house.
 Grow wings on your dream;
 For Legacy battles all fear.

A homeless man dreams of a mansion.
 Every poor man wants a little more money.
 Every voice longs to be heard,
 Every face be posted on glamour's front page.
 Yet a dream needs more than just imagination,
 It needs work to bring realization.

Only a bum idly waits for it to happen.
 Lengthily talks about it, waiting for a someday;
 When they elect a better president,
 When she marries a football legend.

A hopeful at nothing,
Sitting around saying God will provide.
It's okay to have some faith,
But expecting with no effort makes no sense.
A talent without trying,
Believing in anyone but himself.

Out of a slum,
Out of a rich man's house,
There is a bum;
Too scared to follow his dream,
Too wimpy to take a risk.
A could be greatness,
Sitting on a blessing, afraid of failing;
A lazy bum, a scared bum.



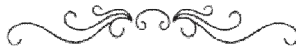
Hypocrites

Everyone yells for freedom.
We all want the right to be.
The prodigal son or not,
The righteous minded and the Goth.
Thinking the other one is wrong,
Prophesying hell for the lowly,
And more power to his own.

We are all just hypocrites.
Wanting to be right and others, lost.
You have the right to be you,
And I to be me;
But you are wrong about me,
And I am right about you?
Saying all kinds of things against a brethren,
You are the reason for this hatred in me.

Cussing down his religion,
Mocking his belief in freedom.
Pretending like you never cared,
When deep down you know you're scared.
Telling the world there is no such thing as light,
That there is no such thing as right,
Religion is the reason we fight,
And you would rather praise the dark of the night.

If you want to be,
Why do I have to be wrong?
Treating all those who choose to differ as the enemy;
Blaming everyone you can for your misery.
Don't cuss heaven for your lack of esteem;
Whether you believe in it or not,
Don't we all have the same yearning, just to be??



My Africa

If I could paint the picture of my world,
I would paint it in black!
Black for everything beautiful,
Black for everything good they forget to mention.
Black for everything I hold dear,
And for the only place I call home,
Black, for my Africa.

Black, not for a race,
But for all the strength,
With which we fought against the beast;
The shameful colonization,
And the iron chains of oppression.
Black for all kinds of people,
That today, make us a great nation.
And for all the blood that was shed,
On the ground to keep us from invasion;
And our motherland from humiliation.

My black land is as modern as it is wild,
You will never see such a beautiful contrast.
It has the makings of the most wonderful masterpiece:
From the heights of the Egyptian pyramids,
To the bottom of the Ngorongoro crater pit,
It is truly a wonder of creation.

Kilimanjaro, the tallest mountain standing,
The most beautiful wilderness,
And the very friendly people.
The most unified villages,
The kaleidoscopic cities,
And the breathtaking beaches.
From the islands to the highlands,
My Africa is full of exotic wonder.

The brown earth,
And the sand beneath my feet.
The baobab trees,
And the very rare minerals.
Lions the climb trees,
And an ice cap in the tropics.
Everything about u is amazing,
Nothing about you can be manufactured.

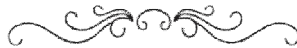
The rich culture of your people,
The beautiful drumbeats awaken my spirit.
I can adorn myself with colorful masai beads,
And say hello to everyone I meet in the streets.
Yet all they can see in you is crisis,
And all they can write about you is anguish.
But no matter what they say about you,
You are the best place I have ever seen,
The land upon which my dreams are found,
The only place I truly belong.

You may not have the deadliest weapons, Yet
your spirit has always brought you victory.
The mau mau and the majimaji,
Remember the fathers that died for our land.
No matter how much gunpowder was fired,
Their unity and strength never withered.
Through destruction and devastation,
They always kept the pride of Africa.

But now they want us to shake,
They give us guns to kill our brethren.
Preaching to us freedom,
While hiding their true intentions.
Eliminating what has always been our strength,
Taking away all our wealth.

Yet our neighbors will always be our kin,
And our hope will forever be unity.
And no matter how much they reap from our land,
We must always fight to keep our dignity.
Never let someone else dictate how we tell our history,
So our forefathers' blood would never be in vain.

I am painting my soul black,
So the truth of my homeland will never fade.
I will engrave it in my DNA,
I will pass it on to the next generation.
No one shall forget,
No one shall twist the truth about you,
My beautiful black continent,
My Africa.



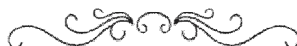
Some Friend

Some friend, some game,
She is too old to play.
I am right, you are wrong,
So let's just move on.
Take the criticism and change,
Take it in good faith intended.

If life was a ball game,
I would like to be the ref.
Give yellow cards for fouls,
Every time pride gets in the way.
For if God would punish us,
We would never make it to old age.

Friends are for laughter,
Friends feel our pain.
Friends tell us our mistakes,
Not disguise them like we'd like.
Tell us sweet words and smile,
Shield us from ever growing.

True friends criticize,
Hold our hands in crisis,
And even when we tell the truth
Love us in spite of it.
So what kind a friend are you,
A good one?
Or a good face that cares not all!



My Democracy

Dictatorship, leadership,
I'm tired of human-vultures;
Stealing my bird-like flag,
Using my vote as a cash-voucher,
A ticket to a life makeover,
And deepening of his giant pockets.

My vote, my voice,
My vote is stolen;
Bought for pennies,
Buried by ten shilling coins,
Jiggling coins that awaken my frustration.
When will I begin to matter?
When will I get the ten thousand notes?
Oh my bribe was way too cheap!!

Prisoner, country man,
No one is a free man!
Driven by ambitious pigs,
Is a cart we call our government.
Chosen by majority,
Bribed by taxpayers money.
Honest citizen, if you open your mouth;
You are a good citizen, no more.

Yes, I loathe you;
For deceiving my brother,
And making a devil out of an honest man.
Yes, you corruption;
For killing the dreams of my young son,
Because a good doctor needs his money.
No medicine, no bed;
Without a thousand,
This man has a family that needs to be fed
He gets a measly pay!
While my leader sits on his balcony
Admiring the setting sun,
My seven year old boy works in a quarry,
Crushing stones

My poor mother,
Walks five miles to search for water;
Dirty, brown colored water,
That makes my sister's stomach ache.
But she still hopes you remember,
She saw you on that television set;
Celebrating the grant to build us wells,
It's been ten years she patiently waits.
My poor neighbor,
A firm believer in your policy;
Yet wears the same clothes as five years ago.
Ironically, it's the same t-shirt from your campaign!!
Well, only now it's worn out.

Better life, more jobs,
 He is still waiting for a better price for his crops;
 When we stop buying china made soaps,
 And build a factory to process his cloves.
 When she owns a business in town,
 Or a piece of land finally.
 When we see the fruits of the land,
 The way all the foreigners do.
 When the national flag finally takes meaning,
 And my selfish mp becomes a representative.
 When, when, when, when . . .
 Until then, I am tired . . . !!!!!

Shame, blame,
 Shame on me, shame on you!
 For keeping this quiet as long as you have,
 For pretending its fine, when you know it's not.
 The future, the present,
 Oh we even killed our past!
 With nothing left,
 Why do we bother praising our nation?
 With no great men,
 And no dreams for our children,
 What is this thing we are calling democracy?

Democracy, fancy;
 A clear path to a life of luxury.
 Buy me a dream car,
 Vote for my dream house,
 Let our campaigns tell the truth!
 I got a family of five,
 I want them all abroad.
 My wife likes to shop,
 And my baby needs a chopper.
 Make me your leader,
 Screw policy,
 Make me a rich man!
 I will sign fake contracts and make shady deals,
 I will sell the country to the highest bidder.

Oh my democracy,
What a sad joke;
Fell for it five times.
My vote, my free enterprise;
This philosophy has to stop.
I'm setting free my closet-thoughts,
I'm opening my scared mouth;
If I end up a citizen no-more,
My voice will forever echo.

**Although I have no idea who will read my story, I am not just
a face in a crowd shouting into blackness; I am a voice that will
echo within the walls of the universe.**



Their side of the map:
Tears from ashes

North can never meet south,
Stop imposing bounds,
Sanctions, functions, actions.
Pretence that they actually care,
When in reality they just want flare.
Forcing us to bow in adoration,
Lest they send us to the lion cave;
Like in those old biblical eras,
Dictatorship in the name of democracy.

The sun once rose on the east,
But now the east is west;
Any sense of direction is lost,
And we see morning no more.
We live in darkness,
Tolerating power cuts;
We breathe in silence,
Lest we get silenced.

We save face,
Believing that we are unified,
Yet they unscrew all bolts that keep us united.
They holler freedom to the people,
Yet force us to follow their belief,
Or face serious consequences!
And we like dummies lose our culture,
Get turned into eunuchs;
Emasculated, dominated.
Crawl up a gravel path,
Bruise our knees to feed the bulls.

Injustice echoes into space,
Ears ache every time they claim our space.
When they call our newborns lethal,
And our five year olds threat to humanity.
When they feed their hunger with chemical gas,
And Bruise their lungs with their greed;
For more control and more power.
As they throw bombs like flowers,
To decorate the earth with their crawls,
And eliminate things they call flaws.

Who are they to decide who gets to live,
What nation to bleed, and what nation to keep;
What monument to stand, and what city to go in flames?
Who are they to kill me?
Who are they to decide what hand gets to touch,
Or what eyes gets to see,
As they test their warmanship,
And ruin our kinship?

I'm collecting tears from every human flesh lost,
From every soul that resides in the ashes,
From a hellfire that screams equality.
For it chooses not the bad,
Burns the righteous and the sinful alive,
Churches and mosques alike.
Yet it affects only one side of the map,
Our side of the map.
The supposed threat to their habitat,
And the new day slaves of their side of the map.

As the world becomes a village,
Be careful what side you reside,
For although the idea behind it is unity,
I can't help feel the estrangement in it.
Their side powerful, our side hopefuls
That one day we rise to their standard,
And maybe get to enjoy their freedom.
They preach to keep us wanting,
And we believe with our naivety. Yet
polar bears are not for the Sahara
So be cautious when they give you snow
You might just end up frozen
In this side of the map

**As I claimed my place in this world and called myself a
wanna-be somebody, I longed to share that place with someone.
So I stepped out of my no man zone, and opened up my world
for anyone with a smile.**



*Finally learned to trust,
Until I fell in love,
All kinds of falls I must confess.*

Falling in Love

I don't know how I came to feel;
How my heart came to be
Bound to someone else,
Found with someone else in it.
How my life came to be
Defined by someone else.
How in one turn I cease to exist
And we came to be.

May be that one embrace,
That one peck, one kiss,
May be that hug that day,
When you had your arms around me
And I couldn't move a muscle.
Or when you had your hand on my shoulder
And I froze out of that room.
When my knees go weak with only a touch,
When your toes touch mine or our fingers brush.

Since then it's like you can't be close enough,
Like you can't hold me tight enough.
I wish our embrace will forever last,
You'd hold me tighter,
Become my very own skin,
Because even second skin won't do.
I wish you let your love flow,
Cover me like an ocean.
I feel like a pond
With a sea flowing inside me
Something totally new,
It sometimes scares me.

So I create all these reasons
Why we are so wrong for each other,
And all these scenarios
Why it can't be love between us.
Strong arguments that you aren't the one;
But I only have to picture our goodbye,
To know, you, I can't live without.

The kind that they want you too



My Song

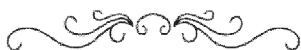
I never thought I would want love;
I never thought I would trust.
I never thought I would live to see it,
Or for it to be the only thing I seek.

If I could sing,
Love would be my song.
My voice is hoarse
I could not make the chorus
Yet if my heart was a horn,
Only your name will it blow.

Away from fear,
Away from tears,
Let this heart of mine know no tear.
Keep my heart safe,
This you must swear.
Love me tirelessly,
In your heart, keep me endlessly.
Promise me now and eternity,
Promise me love and serenity.

Never lie or cry;
When you get scared of the feeling,
Just smile and believe.
For if you love, faith is must.
You'll never hurt or depart,
For, your pain I will take,
And your anguish, I will relieve.
Your soul I will keep alive,
For as long as I live.

And the kind that, they have no clue



I never understood how love could happen without the normal drill. Boy meets girl, boy asks her out. See boy met girl, and she thought they had it. One look into his eyes and I drowned, in a hopeless, helpless bittersweet feeling. I met a man and he stole my breath . . . he stole my pulse . . . he made me rethink life . . . I fell in love. At this moment all fear was out the door. All I was aware of was this beautiful man, and my racing heart. Yet when I blinked, the special moment was over.



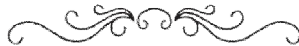
Unhappy clown: If only you would notice

I got so much make up on,
 I could be a sculpture.
 My lips are so red,
 I make bozo's look pale.
 I got this ridiculous dress on,
 My feet are so tired of this heel-elevation.
 Honestly I could care less about this all,
 If only you would notice!

I'm screaming so loud,
But you can't even hear me;
My voice is trapped,
Echoes are driving me mad.
I got everyone convinced I am a nut job,
But honestly I could do it over,
If only you would notice!

I'm trying to be funny,
I made you a balloon I heart.
I'm calling your name out loud,
Oh gosh, it's that dream I have in math class.
I'm pasting a big white smile,
But I might as well be toothless,
Because you are clueless.
I'm acting so foolish,
If only you would notice!

I'm an unhappy clown,
Until you notice me.
Everyone else thinks I'm a joke,
But it would be cool if I got your attention.
I skipped class today,
Hoping you would miss me by detention.
If I walk by tomorrow may be you will give me a nod,
Just a little sign that you know I'm alive;
Or maybe you will fall in love,
With this clown!



I wondered if our friendship meant a little bit more.

What is it we shared?

What is it we shared?
Was it school or our life together?
Who am I to you?
A friend,
Or just an acquaintance?

Can we pick up where we left off?
If a hundred years pass,
Will I hold the same spot in your heart;
Or will you completely put me off?

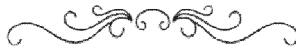
Can we still share the same bond,
When I'm a thousand miles away?
Will I be the first person you think of,
When you are hurt in anyway?

Will you give me your hand,
With no hesitation, when in need?
Will you think of me too,
When you pray before you sleep?

Will I be the one to always reach out?
Or will you call me sometime,
Can you trust me?
Can you open up and share your life?

I ask many questions,
You have to answer and make a choice.
Want to hang out or make me part of your life?
Because, if time makes a difference;
And memories fade by distance,
Then your friend; I have never been.

**Nothing about one way love is pleasing. Yet as all hopefuls do,
we go to sleep hoping our dreams become a reality.**



If you were human

If you were human . . .
You'd tell me to stop.
Feeling. Hurting.
Wasting moments chasing a ghost.
I'm like a human torch,
In anguish. Burning.
With Fire. Desire. And nonsense.
Carrying a torch for someone else's flame.

If you were human
You would tell me go,
In haste. In shame.
You would close your doors,
With words. And one last regret,
That you never saw me sane.
You wouldn't let me fall,
To a hopeless bottom. On a one way route.

If you were human . . .
You would let me go,
With whispers. And sorrows.
That true love is forever gone.
You wouldn't let me hope,
With silence. And occasional hellos.
And pieces of a broken almost.

If you were human . . .
You wouldn't let me beg,
Like this. In desperation.
You would hold my hand,
Steal a glance. May be a kiss.
You will let my soul find peace,
In your arms. A cradle for my spirit.

If you were human . . .
You will appear not only in dreams,
Beautiful. Angelic.
Even for a second of a lifetime,
You will smile. And be mine.
Time will stop and I will be fine,
For that tick before tock;
I will touch heaven.
You will be by my side,
I will be human . . .
Complete. Free.

**Our hearts are not synchronized.
I love you when you don't; you love me when I'm gone.**



What good is the rain

What good is the rain,
If it falls after the harvest?
When I need to dry my grains,
And let my field rest.
When my joy returns,
After many days of toil.
For, though my old back aches,
My efforts finally paid off.

I prayed for heaven,
For me to get a little bit of you.
No clouds ever came,
No signs of you, whatsoever.
I bent my back,
To get water from the river.
I hurt my pride,
Just to put water in the fields.

No you didn't care,
You never lifted a finger.
Ooh I'm so rare,
I bet you said that to yourself.
And I was so over my brain;
Thinking you were the only source of water,
The only source of breath.
So I made you king,
The reigning king rain.

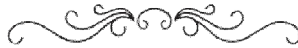
I saw the rivers and the lakes,
I still bowed down to you.
I didn't even mind the oceans,
I bet you saw my pain.
You took pride in hiding.
Then I let my brain think,
And my mind, wander.
I opened up to knowledge,
And the answers before me.

Yes I used to like you;
A touch of you on my skin,
It made me tingle.
With just a drop of you,
I'm wet and dripping.
Once you're gone,
I'm chilled to the bone,
I end up with a cold.
But to my field you meant life,
Or death, if you didn't come.

Then it hit me;
My fields were so green,
Despite your being away.
My smile was still in place,
You had nothing to do with it.
My ache was totally unnecessary,
Your kingdom headed to demise.
I finally got my heaven,
And you were not even a part of it.
Now you want to hook up my field,
Whoever told you I need you!!!!!!

Let the sky be blue,
No more fogginess and grey.
Let my coins be spared,
With you gone, I don't need a coat.
I have made my ends meet,
I'm so done waiting for you.
The universe is so big,
With more water than I need.
By hiding you have made your end,
Thanks to you I'm independent ☺

**So my heart was broken, so my love is gone. So what if all that
glitters isn't gold, should I stop believing?**



For my one true love

This is my confession and goodbye:

I don't know who you are, but I want to share my life with you.
I don't know where you are, but my heart has a place for you.
Despite the prolapsed valve, the bruises and the pain,
My heart still beats for you.

My arms long to embrace you,
My whole body wrapped in yours,
My fingers itch to feel the touch of your skin,
My nose to smell the scent of you,
And my eyes just to get a glimpse of you.

I will climb Kili,
Swim across the Nile,
Or like a morani,
A lion for you kill.
I will go that extra mile,
Even if I lose everything.
I will turn the earth upside down,
Just to find you my love.

I have a lot of love to give,
A lot of love, I can hardly breathe.
Come now if you can hear me,
Come free me from this torment,
Come unchain me;
For I am a slave of my own feelings.
Come make me believe,
In true love and happy ending.
Come show yourself to me,
So I can end this search.

A lustful mind,
I know it's wrong.
A lonely heart,
It feels so cold.
I long for your touch,
It almost hurts.

My heart stands still ,
My legs they pull me;
Straight into the arms,
Of another human being.
A kiss supposedly sweet,
Just feels so filthy;
A short lived fling,
There is just no depth.
An invented chemistry,
Built on complete lust.

Your name I keep calling,
Wait a minute, this is stupid!
Cord, Jamal or is it Steven?
It's a pity I have no clue.
I realize too late,
And I have hurt them deep;
My heart still yearns,
For my true love so sweet.

Then you come to me,
My knight in shining armor.
From my loneliness you save me,
Close to me, you sit.
I get butterflies from your kiss,
It is the sweetest feeling ever!

Then I wake up, it was all just a dream,
In real life, love is nothing but a screw up.
I learned that ever since I grew up.

But I still hope that I will someday,
Fall in love and live happily ever after.
It felt so good to dream about you,
I can hardly wait for the day that I meet you.
The sun is up; it's time for me to get up,
May be next dream, I'll get to see you face,
So until tonight, farewell my love.

The kind that was magically true

When I stopped looking for love, it finally found me.



This heart of mine

One makes two, two make one;
This heart of mine,
This heart is thine.
These hearts are ours.
The sun doesn't shine,
If you don't smile.
The lightning strikes
And everything breaks,
But this love of ours.
Something this true,
Must be Divine.

Like dew at the break of dawn,
Or sunshine in the rain.
Like rainbow after the storm,
Or a shooting star in a starless night.
Sixteen times I love you,
Makes this heart of mine all right.

No laugh can soothe,
No man can snatch,
Oh not this heart of mine.
No kiss can weaken,
No smile can catch,
Oh not this breath of mine.
This I thought would never happen,
Oh yes you got this heart of mine.

To the kind that split a soul in two

As unexpected as it comes, love leaves without notice.



Still don't know what to call this

They say pain is just a lesson,
And tears must fall,
Like cleansing water to clean your soul.
But you have brought me enough pain,
To last me a lifetime
And enough tears,
To drown a lifeline.

Your friendship was all I had,
And I was dumb enough to fall in love.
As if giving my heart wasn't enough,
I made you reason to live this life.
I should have noticed your age at least;
But my heart would never listen.

All of a sudden,
You came into my life;
And made your presence felt,
Like rainstorm in a desert.
My loneliness began to fade,
And my tears just had to dry;
Like dew in a hot sunny day.

My sorrow you turned to soul,
Music ever so strong;
In your eyes I saw my dawn,
A promise of a new beginning.
The past had long been gone,
And my pain completely forgotten;
Beside you I found my comfort,
Peace of mind, and serenity.

As swiftly as you came,
Without goodbyes you left.
My heart, you ripped from my chest,
And left a big hole instead.
A bleeding heart is all I got now,
So much pain, I can hardly breathe.

But I'll survive, I'll start anew,
My strength, I'll find from my weakness;
My mistake was to trust you completely.
A lesson learnt, never will I slip.
My heart I'll guard, even when I sleep.

**When we give our hearts, we plead insanity. Instead
of letting go, we hold on to nothing. No ego. No
pride. Just pitiful begging . . .**



A Plea to my love

“You make me sick”

My days seem to have stopped,
Whatever I touch, I drop.
You never seem to come home,
Do you still own your phone?
Together we used to live,
O please, when did you leave?
Is this not our home?
Please I need to know.

You make me go insane,
From all this thinking of you.
All you've ever brought is madness,
Damn the day I met you.
Who gave you the power,
To ruin or make my day?

You make me lazy,
From all this day dreaming.
You must have large volume,
Coz you occupy my whole brain.
I have to get you out of my life,
Look what you have made me become!

You make me blind,
From all these tears;
They drop like rain,
My strength they drain.
You make me starve
From all this picking of my food,
You keep messing me up, Please
give it up.
Let me live my life!

My peace of mind,
You have gone with it too.
My smiling face,
That too you fool!
What did I ever do to you?

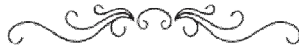
My nights are not any better,
I keep tossing and turning.
You make me lose my sleep;
You've taken hold of my dreams too!
Please leave me alone,
Or better, come back home!
I don't know why I love you so,
When all you ever do
Is make me sick!!!?

I'm tired of all the begging!
I don't know why I keep waiting
Beside the phone all day,
When I know you'll never call.
Did you ever love me at all?
If not, better let me know.

I hate who I have become,
And I only have you to blame.
Your love is like a disease,
It has made me sick.
Your love is like mud,
It has got me stuck.

Bring back my bright days,
And the smile you took away.
Turn back the clock,
So we never had to part ways.
Give me back my heart,
And I'll never give it away
Not to you anyway!
Because you only make me sick!

We say goodbye to special days that are no more.

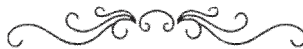


Valentines is here again

Valentine is here again, when everything is just red;
The roses, the dresses and the blood in our veins.
My heart beats a little louder but the same rhythm I'm afraid;
I hug myself a little tighter just to end the loneliness I have.
My tears drop in a little shower,
I'm shivering with cold and emptiness gives me a cover.
The hours move a bit slower,
It's like the day has a twenty fifth hour;
The night becomes unbearable
And the music gets even slower.
My eyes become red,
To match the theme for the day.

Then the music stops, it's so livable again.
Before my eyes close to sleep,
The radio blasts in noise;
Don't worry about today,
It's already tomorrow in Europe.
So I stand up in new hope,
Valentines is just another day.
You don't need so much love
Just a little bite of chocolate.

**We finally accept that we are really alone. So we make the final
curtain call and write our ending.**



"They call it goodbye"

They call it good, but there is nothing good about it.
Every time I say it, a silent regret feels my insides.
Once, my heart got torn into pieces,
It will take another big bang to hold it together.
What started out as a see you later, slowly turned to the worst;
A goodbye I didn't want to hear,
I dreaded every moment we were to talk.
It was better to be hanging than making it so final.
So I settled for the unsaid words,
Even when I knew he was already gone.
Close to your eyes, so close you can almost touch him,
Yet so far, so far almost inaccessible.

Sometime I wanted to say it,
So whatever happens I have said my piece,
But the words got stuck, every time I tried to say it.
Sometimes it is only wise to say it,
If we don't it could lead to disaster.
A painful end that's not a million miles close,
To the fairytales and all the happy endings.
Sometimes, for desire for something better,
We say it even if we don't mean it;
Something new seems so appealing to an already boring life.
So we lose the best, for an instant blood rush,
And end in regrets, for the rest of this bloody life.

Sometimes we have to say it even if we don't want to,
This is the worst, the cruelest of all goodbyes.
Saying it or said to,
It leaves us torn and beaten.
Wishing forever together existed;
Wishing time was a little more on our side.

But it doesn't matter why we say goodbye,
There is nothing like a sweet goodbye.
Every time I say it,
A little piece of me goes with it.
With every goodbye, a brand new cry,
And a remembrance of all goodbyes.
Survival depends only on your effort,
To take the first step and move on.

But sometimes we don't want to move on.
We want to hold on to the memory a little bit longer,
And dwell on the dreams that are already gone.
To get lost in a sea of hope,
A hopeless hope without a scope;
That one day, yesterday will come back,
And today will not matter.
That they'd still be close,
Like they had never gone.
But even the best memory will not do,
For the truth creeps in the moment we try to smile.
It robs us our smiles and well up our eyes.
So hear me well when I say,
There is nothing good about bye,
Stop calling it good bye!!!!

**Yet even the smartest make one more mistake. Make
one last attempt to bond, even when rejected. I hate
rejection . . . and every remorse it brings.**



You will miss my love

You will remember me,
And the heartbreak you caused will haunt you.
You'll wish I was there for you,
When everyone else gets tired of you.
When your face is all wrinkled and you can't even walk,
You'd wish I held your hand or at least hand you a cane.
When the world spits on your face,
Poor old thing, you can't even wipe it out,
You'd wish I was still your friend.
When no one cares,
When all the flare is gone,
When youth dies and the heart is all that matters.
When your manhood is referred to as used to,
And there is nothing left but stories;
The silent chatter no one listens to anymore,
Of your toothless mouth talking about them days,
You will miss my love.

Not now you won't,
Every sleepless night is mine alone,
Every pain in the heart is just a scratch.
A tear will not drop,
The party will keep things moving.
You will go from one house to the next,
Seeking whatever it is that makes you a jerk.
You'll be a baby daddy, so sorry to the paycheck,
Of them kids you make like cup cakes;
Put it in the oven and for 9 months just bake.
There will be no completion just illusions,
Of a life you'd wish you never had.
You'll have no story to tell of yourself,
Your own son hates you and he ain't even five,
They'll want you in a nursing home even before forty five;
As long as you got the grey you're good to go.

Alone in the dark, your eyesight failing you,
 Showing signs of dementia forgetting if you ate,
 A burger is too big and you haven't showered for weeks,
 Life slowly fades and emptiness begins,
 There is no one to remember you,
 They wish you just died.
 Only then will you start wishing for a family;
 Old man in regrets wishing he'd never played,
 Or fathered kids he was ashamed to acknowledge.
 Remembering the girl u knocked up in college,
 Was she black, Nigerian may be a redhead?
 Did I have a girl or a little boy who had my eyes?
 It's a damn shame you'll never know.
 When the guy next room is visited by his granddaughter,
 And his room is full of smiley faces and paint,
 You will miss my love.

Oh my love is so special,
 I would have given it all and be left with nothing,
 But you closed your doors and left me to hang.
 I would have called you father,
 I would have called you my love.
 When you are ninety I would have called you baby,
 With no teeth left, I would have called you sexy,
 With arthritis and all I would have blown you a kiss.
 We would have laughed we would have cried,
 We would have fought and wished we had never met,
 We would have made up and go to bed early,
 We would have made memories to carry to the old age.
 I would have made a face just to piss you off,
 You would have tucked me in and put the lights off,
 I would have worried you when I break my toe nail.
 I would have written you a card,
 I love you darling or I love you daddy,
 Your sweetheart or your lovely daughter.

You will wish you had stayed,
When all doors close and only mine is left open.
When you have no choice but to suck up to me,
I will give you a rain check of kissing my ass,
And have the pleasure of banging the door to your face.
I will give you a smile just as though you are welcome,
Then send you to hell the moment you start to tell your regrets;
Oh you are a Christian please search your heart,
And you are an asshole please kiss my ass.

You'll wish you got to know me,
Your own flesh and blood.
You'll want to call me son,
But I'm so sorry you're a little too late.
You want to make up for lost time,
Where were you when I was starving?
The streets raised me and gave me food,
So I guess they are my daddy.
Go on old man you aren't welcome here,
I'm just another product of your sperm,
Just like those you lost to masturbation.

When I'm done saying that,
You'll get to feel my heart break,
You'll get to feel what rejection means,
You will get to know how tears fall,
And get to know how pain left me numb.
You'll understand sobbing till you fall asleep,
You will feel my hatred,
The used to be love in my heart.
Or you will feel my victory,
Of having paid back for my humiliation.
Call me bitter I don't care,
Think this is a curse go see a fairy.
But mark my words a day will come,
When you will miss my love.

Through all this I wondered what drives love away. When do we start seeing red flags? Where along the way do we stop seeing sparks? How do butterflies turn to disgust? Is it because of someone new, or is it the past? Is it the doubt in our hearts or the failed marriage of our parents? Is it fairy tales or the lack of movie romance? When does it end? Why does it end? Whose fault is it, his or mine?

*Doubt is a freeway in love;
It's faster to doubt than believe.
When things went well,
I got cold feet.
Differences crawled up in my sleep.
Little sounds convinced me to just flee,
Until fear drove away my precious love,
And knocked some sense in my love-blocked brain.*



A Letter to Cupid

Dear Cupid,
Why me?
Why this fragile heart,
Why his crooked smile,
Why this long-lasting lust?
Such a waste of time!

This man, this heart,
This confusion is bad.
I am breaking a heart,
I am falling apart.
I am who I hate,
I am who I curse,
The one that stopped my pulse,
I am very much his kin.
A breaker of love indeed.

A pair of scissors to his loins,
Enemy to his belief in love,
Mayhem to his disturbed life,
A nightmare to haunt his restless night;
A slave of literature,
I am Romance.
Striving hard for a movie-like tale.

I guess I am writing you a letter,
To ask you when it turned bitter.
When did everything, stop being enough,
When did I become so tough;
Immune to a touch, that once stole my calm,
Or a voice that sweat my palms?
When did a smile, turn to a set of teeth,
And a big bang to a distant drum beat?

When did my past meet my future,
How can one heart be such a trooper?
Broken on Wednesday, drowning in vodka,
In love on Thursday, drinking some soda,
Infatuated over martinis, on a midnight Sunday,
Back to work on Monday, start all over again.

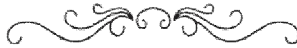
Once a broken heart, now a sword of steel,
A charmer of the masses, their breaths I steal.
Yet deep down, I dwell in a stolen dream;
A fantasy that took my froglike prince.
Once a friend, now a foe . . . an unrequited love,
The beginning and end of my vice.

The lovely vulture that stole my soul,
Made me his shadow, made me a sellout.
A sellout to fear,
A lover with no trust,
Constantly seeking for a way out,
Turning my iron heart into rust.

Cupid, Cupid,
Don't think me stupid.
Wanting a little of the past,
To make up for my loveless nights;
And my today, to catch up with my new sight:
A love that is true and fine,
A love that is finally mine,
Wrapped in a beautiful package of a man.

Modern day cupid shot me with a gun. I fell in love with a selfish man. I let him tell me who to be, as if being myself wasn't enough. He hated my dressing, said I'd be beautiful if I plaited my hair. If he could compare, I'd be a runner up to the girl he had before. The sad part is I believed the picture he painted of me. Aimed to please, I lost my virtue.

*I realized my fault,
I put him above myself.
Unselfishly invaded insanity,
All in the name of feeling,
All in the quest for happiness,
All to prove I was indeed woman.*



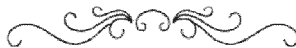
Separate Beings

When we are happy in love,
We may feel like one.
Floating in our own heaven,
Recklessly abandoning all care.
Surrendering our hearts to the allure,
Getting lost into our affair,
Until we lose our air.

But every now and then we argue,
A reality check to open our eyes,
To remind us of our individuality,
That there can never be us without U and I,
No matter how much we try to compromise.
Our hearts are still in our chests,
And our sense of self never really left.

We are separate beings,
Who happen to be in sync.
Our lives are not done,
Just because we are in love.
For, just like two strong O's bond to form oxygen,
And two weak cells can bond to form a cancer;
Only two strong I's will make will make US better.
No matter how desperate we want the other,
We must never forget to tend to ourselves.

*I realized differences meant nothing
As long as I knew my place.*



New Race

It's not him that I don't love,
It's a part of him I cannot share.
One I can't live being a part of,
Or let my kin draw blood from.

Hate that kills a brethren,
Faith built on blood and war.
A force of anger,
A wrath of fury.

A culture of opposite minds,
A belief that knows not peace,
A justification for wrong,
As a fight for what's right.

A regard of others as unfit,
And of killers as martyrs,
Worthy of saintly praise,
Life contrary to good spirit.

It's not judgment of the masses,
Who am I to know the righteous?
Sinful I may be, but life is still precious;
No one taketh but he who giveth,
Not for faith or for love,
No war gives good riddance.

My heart is torn,
My sanity is about to be gone.
If life is a choice,
What am I to do?

Turn my heart to stone,
And my body cold as ice?
Fight a losing war,
Loneliness vs. hopelessness,
What's the good of my faithfulness?

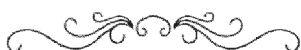
Can't I just take a little bit of him,
Leave the rest in the dessert?
Or leave everything to dry,
Wait on a day for my redemption?
For I took a man,
Drew a sword to his spirit,
Made him mine,
Left him on the sidewalk to bleed.

Am I not the enemy,
When his and mine are broken,
Hearts, souls and all that we bonded?
All for the hate of the world.
Can I then rejoice in victory?

One race kills the next,
My God is better than his,
We deserve to be and they don't,
This world is my inheritance.

Or do I love him regardless,
And start a new promise?
Found in love,
Entangled in differences.
Give birth to a new face,
And start a new mixed race,
That of humans regardless of faith.

**Are obstacles just challenges or a detour
sign for the road closed ahead?**



Party Breakers

Mine is not a story, no
It's something I saw with my very own eyes.
Two little birds coming together
On a small branch of a nice little tree,
Mating, may be.
A chocolate beak and a black one side by side
Whispering or kissing I couldn't tell,
Chirping sounds of two little sparrows
Oh the joy of being in love.

One little bird on top of the other,
Trying hard to balance on that thin branch.
Yellow flowers dropping from the tree,
A little wind swiftly pushing the leaves.
Oh the strong little male bird,
Little black spots on its light brown feathers;
A black beak, strong, shiny, and sharp,
Struggling to stay on top when the wind blew a little harder.

The female birdie underneath,
Little brown feathers spread and ready;
Chocolate brown spots seen from afar,
A happy sight I tell you.
Only the wind was a little disturbing.
One time, two times, three times,
Little bird from top of birdie falls, Oh
the wind was just too strong
For two little birds on a tiny branch.

Struggling to stay on top
Not once did little bird give up,
Battling the wind and the lack of balance,
Such perseverance, I was impressed!
Then came a third party,
Strong bigger bird, male no doubt;
Its black spots bigger and shinier,
It's beak stronger and sharper.

Without warning it landed,
Bird and birdie losing their balance.
It spread its wings, pointing its beak,
Scaring off the little male bird.
Caught off guard he just had to fly.
Was it birdie's father?
May be . . .
Or a love triangle?
I wondered.

Birdie looked mad,
Spreading its feathers in fury,
Rolling its neck like a rollercoaster.
May be she was frustrated
For not finishing what they had started,
Or because bird didn't fight for her,
I really couldn't tell.

The mean big bird then flew off
After breaking a party I was about to see.
In a second birdie also left
Leaving the tree all by itself
And I, full of unanswered questions.

As I sat there hoping
That at least one would come back,
I started seeing humans in birds.
That nice little tree, a nice little house,
Bird and birdie, two people in love,
Mean bird and wind, just obstacles.

Caught up in my own world
A chirping sound startled me,
Oh it was bird and birdie again
Finishing the party they had started earlier.
Then another sound I heard,
It was the mean bird again
What was going to happen this time?

My little strong male bird
Didn't take it this time,
He spread his wings, raised his chest,
Little, no; he looked bigger than ever.
The mean bird flew off so fast.
I could see the satisfaction in the victory,
Power screamed with every flap of his wings.

Just as they were getting close again,
A petite female bird came to life.
Light brown feathers and a little pale,
Slim and slender to the human eye.
Closer to bird she got,
Oh how angry I got!
Another one to ruin the party.

May be it was the strength,
How fiercely bird scared the mean bird,
Or the shiny black dots,
Whatever called the new player to the pitch?
When that slim bird got closer,
My little male bird stopped what he was doing.
His beak once on birdies head, was not
He turned to look at her.

Birdie got really mad now
She spread the feathers of her neck like a wildflower
My bird seeing this flew off to another tree.
Like a striker, birdie bent her legs,
As if aiming at a goal pole ready to score;
She pointed her beak at the petite bird
Poor little thing got so scared,
She flew away without looking back.

But birdie was still mad
How dare he look at her?
I bet she said to herself.
Off to the sunset she flew,
Not once turning back to look at bird.
My bird flew fast from the tree,
Chasing after birdie eager to catch up.
And I knew at that moment for sure
That between them there was something true.
Party breakers did not matter,
The winds or shaky branches did not shake it,
It's as if as long as they're together
Nothing else really mattered.
Their love made them stronger.
He, more muscular and she, more petite
But the fight that mattered, they won.

Unlike us,
We place importance on shallow things,
Weight, height, size; thick or petite,
Fights that don't really matter.
Trying so hard to get into tighter jeans,
Hoping our chests have a little more meat,
Then maybe they'll love us more.

Look at bird and birdie,
They are for real.
Think of all the winds,
The mean birds, and the slims,
Fight dearly for your love.
If they win it was never your party,
But don't let them just win
Put up a good fight,
Don't let anything ruin your party.



She Dragon

She devil,
Spits fire when she speaks.
Thinks she owns the world,
Lives off blood of the male species.
She is no vampire,
Nor has she, eyes that shine like sapphire.
She is no modern-day fantasy,
But she calls herself the she-dragon.

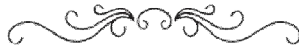
She stings with her vice,
Spreads wickedness with her mouth,
Ruins a good name with her lies,
Feeds her laughter with angry voices
And her happiness by people's sadness.

A self proclaimed goddess,
Yet her finesse comes from putting others down.
She befriends you just to hurt you,
Sees no shame in spitting on your face.
Wants everything she can't have,
Even wants the trash she once threw out.
I am so mad I can punch her face,
But I will never stoop to her level!

**Sometimes we fight without knowing why. We deploy our best
guns to battlefield trying to win at something. With our lost
purpose, we fight against our very own souls.**

*In the battle to understand the other,
I lost the greatest fight of all;
The fight to be myself despite others,
The reason I sought solace in writing.
I had given up on me.
Turned my life to suit someone else,
Desperately struggled to be another.
In my fallen state, there was no where I belonged.*

Even strays once had a home they belonged to.



Sin

This world of sin
Myself a loyal citizen,
Struggling so hard to fit in,
Too scared to believe,
Too unsure to be me,
Torn between what feels right and what is right.

I write for you to see me,
I speak to plead my guilt.
I am a sinner,
A mockery to all that is right,
A poison to a faithful heart.

Sin darkens,
Clears all light off the right path.
Closes eyes,
They see not a single fault in own sight.
Takes lives,
Leads a soul to an abyss.

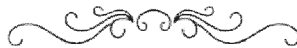
Torments you for a choice,
Digs a hole while leprechauns rejoice,
Yet, though I know I'm wrong,
I still want a place to belong.
Darkness or not, feels great to be called normal.
Let the world call me sweet,
And honey flow from my mouth;
Be fair to the world of pleasure,
And give my fair share of delight.
I mean, I am only human right!

My world of sin
Sinking slowly from beneath,
Drowning what's left of my soul.
The preacher man calls deliverance,
And the choir hits the high notes,
Yet nothing unties my chains.

Ooh hope, I need thee!
Take me back to when I was pure,
Spare me from feeling so poor.
Even when I'm insecure,
And my tomorrow is unsure,
Show me a home that welcomes someone like me.

I pray,
That I have the courage to be,
And the strength to do what's right.
That, when I choose light,
It burns all sin from my heart,
And sets me free at last.

*Yet through every fall I rose,
And I never stopped looking for hope.
I searched for a dream I could make true,
I looked back and remembered my blessings.
I found inspiration in a little orphan boy.*



The little orphan boy

A brave little boy
At six he, saw a lifetime of pain.
With grey pants torn at the knees,
Blood oozing rashes glistening his body,
There wasn't a lot left but skin and bone.
He was a sickly child with a ton of faith,
And a large smile that could move the earth.

Giving up food, the only luxury he had,
Fasting so his brother could recover.
Praying for the welfare of another,
While he looked sicker than the other.
Selfless heart at such a young age,
Looking at him, I felt so ashamed.

Oblivious to the things I had,
Too selfish to see I was blessed;
Everything in life was just about me,
Thinking happiness was a birth-right.
He grew up without necessities,
And never once heard him complain,
Oh how shallow I was!!

Fighting HIV, lost his parents to the disease.
Abandoned by everyone else,
Living in filth he dared call home;
One corner, a pile of dirt,
The other is a sink, so green with mold.
That is where he got his drinking water from.

When I met him,
He became my inspiration.
A little boy named Issa,
God bless the heart of this child.
No religious man can match his faith,
Through him I learned a good lesson,
To thank God for the gift of life.
He did!

**When we look past ourselves, we may find our strength. Thanks
to Issa, I found myself.**

*In this complicated world I could only be myself.
I was ready to believe in me again,
And forever let my star shine bright.*



*My Star**

From where you are, I may seem so tiny.
When you get closer, I am the biggest sight.
I look into heaven to find inspiration,
I walk on clouds; I am far above your height.
I am a star, created by the almighty,
Look up high, u can't miss my shrine.
With all your ill wishes, I will still be fine,
Even your evil tongue will not put me down,
For I will always have a place to shine.

Every night has a dawn coming ahead.



The dark

The dark holds secrets,
Only those in the dark are aware of,
But only those in the light can see.
Truths that seem light,
But only the strong at heart can really bear.

It's in the dark that small lights shine
And the plain, seem fair.
Defects well defined in the day,
Are well hidden in the dark.

So, it's not for bad things to prevail
Or for sin to find shelter, no.
But for our imperfections to rest,
And our lights inside to shine.
Light has no impact without the dark,
Stars have no beauty at daylight.
Day itself starts not without the night,
So curse not the absence of light.

It may seem cold, scary, Unwelcoming,
even merciless at times; Where wolves
howl, and hearts break, Unwanted silences
and unspeakable deeds.

Little sounds magnified to noise,
The ticking of a clock or buzzing of a mosquito.
Sounds normally unheard become so distinct,
Silent whisper may become a bomb blast.

So some get jumpy and faith grows stronger
Or some get weary and faith grows dim.
Seeking out help wherever it is found.

So we light up candles or get electricity,
 But somehow the dark never goes away;
 I say it's made to test us,
 Let us grow, make us stronger.

Some may use it to harm us,
 And we may get so afraid,
 But he made it the start of salvation,
 That silent night, we always sing it.

You may be in your darkest now,
 In suffering and in pain;
 But he only wants your life to start,
 And his light to guide you.
 So cry not, trust him and go to sleep
 When you wake, it's a whole new day.

*Not every question may have an answer,
 Yet every quest has to have a path,
 And mine, was a very rocky hill.
 Through ups and downs I found my sight.
 When I stopped looking at myself
 I found my wisdom,
 I found my reason,
 I found my voice.
 When my thoughts left my body
 I found my prayer.
 These words I wrote,
 They are my hope,
 They helped me see through the complicated.*



See through the complicated

My complicated started with a fall
Why did I have to grow old?
I wished my virtue hadn't been bruised,
May be the pain would have been reduced.
Three was brutal,
But sixteen was just too much,
I met a brown monster
Let him defeat my purpose,
I stood aside as I watched my world crumble,
Froze my spirit to keep it from bleeding.

Found my existence in a very dark place,
In the midst of self pity I lost myself.
Playing it safe, I lost my faith.
I became my shadow
I lost my pace,
Life took over; I was out of the race.

Then I found my safe,
In writing I became my person.
Decided to take a lesson,
Learned to have faith in me.
I wrote just to make you laugh,
Wrote to share a little insight,
Wrote the world as I saw it.
Learned to appreciate what I had,
Came to see in me that true African pride.
Took a few words to set my closet-thoughts free.

Finally learned to trust,
Until I fell in love,
All kinds of falls I must confess:
The kind that want you too,
And the kind that have no clue,
The kind that was magically true,
To the kind that split a soul in two.

But doubt is a freeway in love,
It's faster to doubt than believe.
When things went well,
I got cold feet.
Differences crawled up in my sleep.
Little sounds convincing me to just flee,
Until fear drove away my precious love,
And knocked some sense in my love-blocked brain.

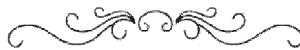
I realized my fault,
I put him above myself.
Unselfishly invaded insanity,
All in the name of feeling,
All in the quest for happiness,
All to prove I was indeed woman.

I realized differences meant nothing,
As long as I knew my place.
Yet in the battle to understand the other,
I lost the greatest fight of all;
The fight to be myself despite others,
The reason I sought solace in writing.
I had given up on me,
Turned my life to suit someone else.
Desperately struggled to be another,
In my fallen state, there was no where I belonged.

Yet through every fall I rose,
And I never stopped looking for hope.
I searched for a dream I could make true,
I looked back and remembered my blessings.
I found inspiration in a little orphan boy.
In this complicated world I could only be myself.
I was ready to believe in me again,
And forever let my star shine bright.

Every night has a dawn coming ahead.
Not every question may have an answer,
Yet every quest has to have a path,
And mine, was a very rocky hill.
Through ups and downs I found my sight.
When I stopped looking at myself
I found my wisdom,
I found my reason,
I found my voice.
When my thoughts left my body
I found my prayer.
These words I wrote,
They are my hope,
They helped me see through the complicated.

As the old saying goes, what doesn't kill you makes you stronger.



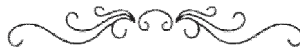
My soul lives

Shaken by a trembling earth,
Holding on to a dimming faith,
I wonder what this storm means:
Heavens crying at my despair,
Angels weeping as angry gods send a lighting glare,
Skies breaking into a thunderous laughter,
And trees falling to acknowledge my disaster.
Once again life left me in gloom spirits,
White clouds of used to be glory disappear,
And I, the new ridicule of the universe, appear.

The aftermath of the storm is a ghostly silence,
A soul wondering alone in a ghostly alley.
After such a tornado of emotional distress,
Life came to a sudden halt.
Alone, not even misery could keep me company,
All shreds of hope were swept away.
All that remains are the not so merciful voices in my head,
And a deafening sound of my throbbing heartbeat.
My long awaited demise is here,
Yet I refuse to give up.

So I say one more prayer,
Shed a few tears to melt my frozen spirit,
My God has not forsaken me.
I see traces of sunlight Far East,
Through the toughest storm,
I did not perish.
I drag myself to the top of the mountain,
Where my banner shall forever hang.
I look up high to the calming skies,
And scream to the top of my lungs,
My soul lives.

... *HOPE* ... *Four letter words that can change everything* ...



**Hope*

Hope drifted me ashore
When my limbs were sore,
And my strength to swim was no more.
When the angry sea swallowed me from under,
And my own screams drowned me further;
In the storm of life,
Dreams of better days kept me afloat.
Until troubled waters calmed,
And the night came still,
I held on to the promise of my imagination;
Like a life-vest or a raft,
Powered by faith in God,
In hope, I was safely brought to land.



Break Through

Locked in a cage,
I see a sight ahead.
A tomorrow,
Lost somewhere in the light.
Shining stars of possibilities.
A future so bright, it's blinding;
Ours for the taking,
Once we break free from our rage.

Love pains, Old flames,
Oppression, and hatred;
Fears that left us beaten,
They phrase it, life, with a sigh.
The reason we are blind,
The chains that keep us bound,
The shells that shield us from flying.

Strength we needed to get through yesterday,
Tenfold we need, to live once more.
Eggs must hatch to see life,
Walls, we must break to be us.
To see, we must open our eyes,
To heal, we must open our wounds.

Building walls was vital,
Shielding pain was survival.
Yet, like newborns, we must cry,
We must open our hearts to new possibilities.
Breaking through our fears, is courage,
And the choice to live again is redemption.
So today, I declare my freedom!
Be gone self-hate,
A self-made cage of my unforgiving soul.
I am finally free,
Your tyranny is over.
I forgive you.
I forgive me.

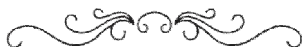


Believe

Child,
A new era is here
. . . It's yours . . .
Look with closed eyes,
Let hope open your heart.
Deaf your ears against the sounds of the world;
Listen only to the beat of your feet
As you step into the brighter future,
And the silent whisper of God
Telling you the way to go.

Cries are of the past,
Mistakes, fuel to your determination.
Your eyes, your imagination,
Let your faith be the crown at your coronation.
Believe.
Believe in you . . .
Shut the little voice of insecurity up.
Believe in your dreams . . .
Look past your present circumstance
Believe in God . . .
He will carry you through troubled times
You will live your dreams.
Your purpose will be fulfilled.

**Freedom: Becoming yourself, becoming unafraid of the voices in
your head. I choose to be heard.**



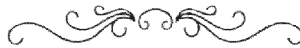
Trapped

Who am I, you ask?
 Yet I wonder if I tell you my name
 Will you care?
 You have your vision for perfection
 Something blonde,
 Something small,
 Something resembling, NOT ME.
 I am not crazy,
 To open up my world for your judgment,
 Nor am I seeking fame,
 Though I can live with a million-dollar name

Who am I you still ask?
 I am ironman,
 Trapped in luscious curves of a woman
 Blinded with ambition,
 Consumed by dreadful lust,
 For success, for a name
 And for a million-dollar home.
 A soul seeking redemption,
 Wishing I had stayed true to myself.

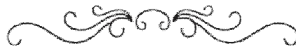
 I am that voice,
 Trapped in every head . . .
 Hope for every mind that feels caged.
 I am you . . .
 Too insecure to be myself . . .
 Pulled by chains of expectations.
 Survival of the fittest left me dreamless,
 A fighting cliché is all you think me to be.
 Yet I can be more,
 I know I can be free . . .

If you still want to know me,
I am intellect . . .
Trapped in these words,
Lost in a hole.
Vesting all my hope on a rope
Coming somewhere from above . . .
Slowly climbing,
Slowly finding,
A home for my powerful mind.
When I am no longer just a face
Seeking approval from a critic;
When I am finally unafraid to be me,
When I care not what you think
Or what you expect me to be . . .
When the voice in me is finally free . . .
When I am a POET.



Freedom Rhyme

Welcome to my freedom rhyme.
Here, the battle of the mind was won.
I chose to become me over you,
When my paper was my battlefield
And my pen a nuclear weapon,
When Identity was worth more than oil
And countries were lesser than souls,
When nations failed to be gods
And terror was no more,
When people like you and I spoke,
This song was born.



My friend, in this journey I can't say I have found the answers to my every question. Sometimes I debate whether to cover up scars, or show them with pride because they are a sign that my wounds have healed. When lightning strikes, I like to hide under the covers. Yet when the lights go on in the stage of life, I am no longer scared to stand. Life is not a graded test; Life is not a sure game. Life is a journey. Every step we take, we grow. Yes we may have a few stretch marks and bruises along the way; we trip, fall, and lose our way. Yet we rise from our falls and look ahead. We learn from mistakes and start again.

It can be overwhelming when we can't reach our dreams fast enough. It can get confusing when we try to figure out who we want to be while battling expectations and spectators. It gets even crazier when we stop being ourselves or think that we can't. Life is not a race to the finish line. Do not be afraid to take a moment and catch your breath, step back and retrace your steps. Do not be afraid to hope, or take the stairs when the elevator is stuck. Most of all, do not be afraid of who you are.

I do not know what tomorrow brings. It doesn't matter what yesterday had. As I do my best today, I am very hopeful . . . I look forward to better days ☺

*Yours truly,
Neyk ☺*