

Poetry Series

**Aseo Omollo**  
**- poems -**

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# Aseo Omollo()

Lawyer by profession and loves to write.

# A Night In Eden

Ink – black sky speckled with watching lights,

Twinkling in harmony as,

shafts of silver lights dance on the calm waters

The evening breeze whispers across the enchanted plains,

Yet, in perfect accord with the cricket orchestra,

That...is the beauty of the African Night,

Then... shooting star and a time to make a wish,

As you lull to sleep and dream of...

A night in Eden.

Aseso Omollo

# African Sunset

Yellow streaks from the Orient,

Towards...the blue

Fluffy white-grey moving,

Amidst... the blue

Orange, golden rays of setting fireball,

Licking...the blue

Dancing, twinkling lights as black,

Ushered by...the blue

And Beethoven's ninth, replayed by the cricketal orchestra

Aseso Omollo

# Beloved

Cupid's arrow did strike-

As soon as mine eyes did meet yours,

Truth is – I adore you

Heart pounds when I feel your touch-

Eyes, yours are truly angelic

Roses a dozen will give...

If that is what it takes, and-

Never give you up will I,

Eternally, you are my beloved

Aseso Omollo

# Dawn

Early morn- dewy lee,

Sparrow orchestra- cricketal opera,

Sweet music, Pavarotti's green!

Unadulterated hale- whistling wind,

Yellow shafts of welcome warm-

Orange-red licking the blue,

As the fireball rises –

From the orient to a new dawn

Aseso Omollo

# Dear Eve

Dear Eve,

Today reminds me of my best night in this Garden. Twas a fortnight into the second month and we laughed as we stared at the diamonds in the sky.

I could feel the warmth of your breath on my face

as I tasted the luscious lips of you,

I could feel the rhythm of your heart on my chest

as I tickled to your petal soft skin next to me,

I could smell the essence of you

as I stared into the mirrors of your soul,

Slowly, we timed our staccato to perfection –

Each step in time, each sway majestic, each breath matched.

And in perfect harmony did we dance, as the silver moon gave a smile at the sight –

Both of us drenched in labour's tears, both of us heaving, both of us lost...in song,

Then; the sweetest sound as you called out your Creator and I knocked on Heaven's door,

I miss you, and do wish you were here.

Yours forever,

Adam



# Gone Till December

That velvet touch – stroking April,

Warm caress of Friday night,

Glazed eyes; staring – not seeing,

Gazing beyond the cold July morn,

Quivering voice of uncertain May,

Beckoning...Calling,

Like Monday dawn – the lips moist,

A promise,

Given in sweet surrender,

And sealed by the lilac kiss,

Gone till December

Aseso Omollo

# Grand

Convoluted whispering,

Black – White

Italian – French

Muted talking,

Red – White

Grape-water

Hushed gathering,

Gold – White

Stiff cards

Forced smiling,

Then handshake

Isn't it grand?

Aseso Omollo

# I Hate Poetry

Poetry, I do hate-

Mushy it is,

Pages soaked in tears,

Reader Advisory- Imagery and Symbolism in plenty!

Flowers for love, or

Love for flowers? - usually, Roses

Eccentric names in plenty,

Robert Frost,

Did he catch a cold?

William Butler Yeats,

Did the butler forget some yeast?

And what's with the language?

Dost, Thy Toast, Thigh?

For rhyme, I listen to rap,

Tupac- My favourite,

But then, he was a poet!

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# Images

Images of you, cascading across my face-

as tear drops of passion

are traced along your beautiful face,

across your luscious lips

Images of you, cascading through my mind

As our entwined bodies fuse,

witnessed only by Orion and the silver moon,

As we sway into

musically enchanting rhythm

Images of you, cascading through my heart

As your soft body surrounds mine

pulling me deeper and yet deeper still,

into your heart...into your soul

into your warm soft place...

Images of you, cascading through my soul

as the warmth of you...

Wet with the moist of anticipation

of how my love feels inside...

welcomes me

Gliding deeper and deeper,

climaxing into images, into sounds

cascading over our minds, our hearts, our souls

bringing our essence that much closer

And through each tear, through each sound

Through each ripple-

I become you and you become me

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# Love Is Born

He saw her,

Hair, flowing black silk

Sway of grace –

Egyptian princess

Eyes calling,

Lips beckoning to taste,

He reached,

And felt the petal soft of her skin begging to touch,

She whispered as...

Tears welled and – she,

Gazed into his eyes and He to hers –

As love is born

Areso Omollo

# Memoirs Of A Martian Explorer

I took a trip; a trip to earth

I visited the Alps, watched the sun kiss the two peaks, I also explored the Amazon... (got lost in the virgin territory) ,

A fortnight later, in February, went to the Savannah...

Gold, Ivory and Mahogany complemented the sun-baked earth

In Kenya, I delved into the caves...cradle of man, as I took in the beauty of the Rift...Hills and vales- beautifully carved by Nature's hand.

Lastly, went to visit the land of Isis as the Nile gushed past

And, Cleopatra smiled

Aseso Omollo

# Mother Nature's Tears

'Twas 1730 hours,

I, tired and weary-

Wading through...painted in brown-grey sludge

Mother Nature's angry,

Or was she crying?

For I was drenched in her tears

My pointed cover, not good enough.

Aseso Omollo

# Mute Witness

Desperation in her voice,

“DON'T! STOP! NO...oo! ” she trailed,

As the palm reached her cheek;

...tears, blood; salty mixture of sadness...of helplessness,

Still, he tore....ripped...and unzipped,

Savage desire and beastly lust,

Show of power?

When he was done...

She lay, a horrid painting of salty red, as all went black and...

Daughter of Eve returned to dust,

Stolen by the only witness

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# My Garden Of Roses

The star-speckled black was inviting, enticing even;

Peaceful but for the gentle breeze amplifying the uneasy breath of me-  
and upon the reflection of the tranquil lake did the silver moon shimmer

I was trapped by desire, yet, free!

For, tonight I did go to the garden-

My Garden of Roses...

I felt the intoxicating scent of passion,

I heard the soft whispers of ecstasy

and as I tasted the sweet nectar beneath the pink rose petals...

I went to heaven

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# Quencher

Clouds gather..Grey,

Hurried motorists,

Cleared city streets...traffic jam,

As trickles started and,

Torrents, heavy quench the thirsty earth,

Flying papers...mighty gale,

A flash, Sky's camera...

Bang!

Aseso Omollo

# Rainbow

A RED, like the sweet rose of love,

ORANGE of the sun that brightens life,

YELLOW of the primrose and sunflower in the field,

And GREEN – the lush expanse of nature's carpet,

BLUE is the stretching sky; home of the sun,

INDIGO, the deep between the blue and the royalty...

Of VIOLET,

That is, the Beauty of The Seven

Aseso Omollo

# The Cat

'Twas a sight to behold,

As the cat nibbled,

She was starved –

She enjoyed every moment,

Dripping juices...

Savoring the taste – incredible –

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# Twenty Odd Minutes

Red button – steaming sheets rolled,

Blue button quickly (Clark Kent would be green!) ,

Oh...much better,

Sweet smelling cake – herbal, they say

But again...who cares?

As white engulfs the terrain –

Soaking every nook, every crevice,

Flooding Grand Canyon,

Whooshing past the dense Amazon,

Sweeping across the lush plains of the Savannah –

Into the Atlantic,

Amidst the tunes of Michael Jackson, R. Kelly and Bob Marley –

Horribly off...might I add,

For even Hades went silent –

For those twenty odd minutes

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# Two Face

Compassionate Mother Theresa,

Too good to be true?

This dream to last I pray,

Opened mine eyes,

And all seemed surreal –

## Face One

Why Mum...why?

Did you have to leave,

Without that last goodnight,

And I do miss,

That warm embrace, voice of home,

Hydra tentacles – choking,

Dark clouds gather – black ravens hover,

This nightmare to end I pray,

Opened mine eyes,

Wry smile of dark angel-

## Face Two

Called me `son,

What a pun!

She came after you left –

At least Dad did smile,

And I still wish you were here,

Now...more,

Woke up this morn

Warm yellow beaming o'er me,

And I said – Life Stinks!

Still, there is today

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## Two Over A Dozen

Two over a dozen-

Those digits that make a fortnight-in that second month,

But today, the sky was grey-

Mirror reflection of the discordant heart-

The angry gale hitting against the pane of my window-

As I looked thro' the hazy mist- deep in thought

Red everywhere, love petals; in bouquets,

Which I cannot smell- not today

Sweet product of cocoa melts on the sensuous tongue,

Which I cannot taste- not today

Black satin complementing red silk over seductive curves,

Which I cannot touch- not today

Hushed tones, whispered words-words from Venus,

Which I cannot speak- not today

For, Cupid missed...

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# Write On

What to write on this piece of paper?

Staring at the ceiling...wondering.

Words escaping my mind colliding with thoughts of what not to write,

Blank paper stares back at me,

I, am searching for the answers to why these questions never seem to fade,

Black ball-point in hand wishing to go on a journey-

Black on white – as the trail grow hot,

It's been a while – months of silence, weeks of solitude, days of well...blank!

Not all blank though; thoughts of love, fear, envy, hate – to an extent: feelings of joy, peace, turmoil mixed in the cocktail of emotion.

But that cup never did get full; it must have had a leak,

Today, I write – forgive my disjointed thoughts.

May be tis those Latin terms again: *prima facie res ipsa loquitor*, . On the face of it, the facts speak for themselves.

They do indeed, these facts you see – I cannot pen a poem yet.

Aseso Omollo

# You..

I find no greater joy,

Than when with you,

For you have brought happiness in my life,

You are the one with whom I – want to be with –

And truly cherish

Aseso Omollo