

Poetry Series

Berry Israel
- poems -

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Berry Israel(31-12-1992)

Angels

Angels of the east angle of the
west
do your very best
and guide
me all night as i rest.
Send down your ladder
and decend up and down quicker
forgive my ignorace
even my unknown ones for instance.
In the still of my night
prevent the kiss of death.
For your my angels
my very own angels.
Take me on the smooth road on my pillow,
shot every disturbance from my little window
make me feel loved
and squeeze me so my cold night will be solved.

Berry Israel

Gods Must Be Crazy.

Oh gods must be crazy
playing with the affairs of man how funny.
They need to learn from the master,
he has perfect plans of wonder.
The gods think they are wise,
but all they ever say are lies.
They make plans of contradictions,
they do'nt know the conclusion.
They claim to be wise men,
always found in the company of foolishmen.
They always disappoint havent u been told,
ask the egyptians of old.
The gods are crazy that for sure,
not worthy of praise i assure.
Jesus is the one to straigth things out,
follow him and you don't have to shout.
Never worry of what the world may say,
they are blind what can they lay.
Look forward what christ gives, eternity.
Not what satan offers fraternity.

Berry Israel

How Can I Survive

On this large stage called earth,
i have seen a play yet without wealth.
Without the source how will life be felt,
like candle we all will surely melt.
It still feels like a mystery,
how babies could grow no forgery.
Always wanting to be on mummies lap
ridding on the smooth road enjoying their nap.
How can i survive without my source
can a dish be sweet without the sauce?
I need to walk with shoulders high
no matter what may come by.
Help me! I don't want to go down,
cos i can see my victories crown.
Hold me just a little bit
now is the time we shouldn't quit.
Only death can stop my ear,
from hearing sounds as they cheer.
Now am happy cos have outran
and the name cant die before the man.
I recieved the answer to lifes puzzle
showers of praise like rain not drizzles.
Wisdom like wind my failure it blew
now in the crow i stand out like black frow blue.
HOW COULD I HAVE SURVIVED WITHOUT HIM?

Berry Israel

Mr Death.

Oh! There it goes fast like sun ray,
so swift never looks back, no mercy for his prey.
Eyes red like thickest of scarlet,
he is so cruel no feelings left.
He has the wings of an angelic being
but appearance like a beast never seen.
On his hand double-edged blade with blood,
oh death he claims to be the lord.
Everywhere he goes i hear doors slam
he takes both those at office and at farm.
i too have recieved his mails
when it came we all wail.
Mr death so illmannered he never knocks
he bumpoff someones life like the hawks.
Why was he created in the first instance
who gave him the right for existance.
One day he will lose his potency
he will be weak like sister lucy,
all those he collected will attack him.
like a helpless baby he will watch like a film.

Berry Israel

My Feelings

Love bade me welcome: but my
soul drew back, guilty of dust and
sin. An hundred years should go
to praise
thine eyes and on thy forehead i
gaze.

I was made to be GOLD
but i lack to be bold
like as the wave make towards
the pebbled shore
So does my minutes hasten to its
end.

Why did i loose my liver
before my very silver.
My feelings left me like an eagle
my thoughts brought me nowhere
just an angel.

Oh what a day
oh earth how was my stay.
How come my feels bought a flight
at the point i needed it for a fight.
I must love for it, yes that which was lost
because i need it return it must.

Berry Israel

My Husband

He created the world and set it on
a stage of architectural barbados
of scintilating beauty. Only a fully
loaded God of sturning ability
can do such. I saw him in a day
vision sitted on a crystal white
thrown with a staff of blazing fire
at his right hand and a blue ball
on his left. His eyes were dazzling,
his hair like a virgin wool. His feet
of fine brass in the hottest of
furnace. Out of his mouth come a
word like a living being. Wow i
love this man, i feel like am his last
born. His my husband and am is wife.
Don't get jealous his by your
side too.

Berry Israel

Someone Is Knocking.

Someone's calling out your name
he's been standing all year at the door frame.
Calling out time and time again
can you hear him calling out in pain.
Years ago i heard him knocking my door
i opened he healed my heart of sore
he took my heart for his own
now beautiful life is all i have known.
Jesus jesus the one at the door my assurance
he's so patient but don't take the chance
you are off the devils trace
cos hes here to take his place.
So make that important choice today,
just little time before mid-day.
Be the one to decide your fate,
before its night time, oh it's too late.

Berry Israel

Who Is Berry Israel

Who is israel berry
he is a guy who is always merry.
He loves all works of art.
So cute he isn't fat.
He has a touch of white
always smiling with his open teeth so white.
He has an absolute heart of gentility,
A kind of patient soul of abnormality.
A total edifice
who hates to be notice.
He loves to study medicine
and even the earth helps him.
He is a friend of nature
who's gifts he loves to nurture.
A born nigerian
who loves his country of origin.
Will love to study in cambridge
and nothing can be a bridge.
This is Berry israel natures son
what do u say about his person.

Berry Israel