

Poetry Series

Bironga Chadwick
- poems -

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Bironga Chadwick(30/09/1992)

A Date With The Heaven Guard

I was shocked, confused, bewildered
As I entered Heaven's door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights or its decor.
But it was the folks in Heaven
Who made me sputter and gasp.

The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.
There stood the kid from seventh grade
Who swiped my lunch money twice.
Next to him was my old neighbor
Who never said anything nice.

Bob, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.
I nudged Jesus, 'What's the deal? '
I would love to hear Your take.

How would all these sinners get up here?
God must have made a mistake.
'And why is everyone so quiet,
So somber - give me a clue.'

'Hush, child, ' He said,
'They are all in shock.
No one thought they would be seeing you.'
JUDGE NOT! !
Remember...
Just going to church doesn't make you a
Christian any more than standing in your garage makes you a car.
Every saint has a PAST...
Every sinner has a FUTURE!

Bironga Chadwick

A World Of Double Standards

It goes that for there to be appreciation of peace, there must be war.
For there to be appreciation of justice, there must be injustice.
For there to be appreciation of happiness, there must be suffering.
For there to be appreciation of hope, there must be despair and hopelessness.

However, must we subscribe to such a skewed school of thought?
That the good is defined better by the bad?
Knowledge is best defined by ignorance?
Plenty is defined better by lack of?
Self control is defined by recklessness?
Day is best defined by darkness?
And righteousness is best defined by being evil?

This is, sadly, what makes life what it is.
If you are experiencing one aspect of life continually,
Then you are resisting the natural flow of movement towards the other.
That's life!

For some, they are experiencing unchanging inconsistencies...
It's the flavor for life...

Bironga Chadwick

Black Sheep

Baa baa black sheep
black sheep of the world
Different from all
Doesn't really know

Baa baa black sheep
Sheep very black
Sad coz all he knows
Is that he doesn't belong

Poor sheep doesn't know he
Is admired by the world
Because different is beauty
And this is known by all poor black sheep don't know

Bironga Chadwick

Cycle Of Love

A kiss is just a kiss until you find the one you love,
A hug is just a hug until you find the one you're always thinking of,
A dream is a dream until it comes true,
Love was just a word until the day I met you,
But when I lost it I became the subject of burning glares,
And when I blew away my dreams I am living nightmares,
And any hug my way became gnawing bugs,
With kissing losing its bliss,
Damn this round world!

Bironga Chadwick

El Nino

Nekesa,
I want to know something,
About our field of play,
Whenever I want us to play,
Whenever I want to score goals,
You always tell me that it's raining in the field,
And you always have an umbrella to make me believe it's raining.

Nekesa,
How many times does it rain in a month?
Even during the El Nino?
I want to know,
Am tired of this rain in our playground,
Let me touch the umbrella,
And see if it's wet.

Bironga Chadwick

For Old Times Sake

For old times sake, lets walk down memory lane,
Recalling sweetest memories of the past,
Lets feel the love that came before the pain,
When we believed our love was meant to last,

For old times sake,
Let's set right an old mistake,
Let's invite our hearts to break,
Lets try to touch the stars just out of reach,
And find contentment just by holding hands,
But just for old time's sake.

Lets silently behold the majesty.
Of finding magic rainbows in the sky,
Lets speak of love and life in honesty,
And watch the stormy clouds go passing by,
A myriad of broken dreams and pain.

You were my Venus,
And I was Mars,
And I used to think we would wind up together,
Our destinies always entwined,
Before in set a stormy weather,
And the rest is history left behind.

For old times sake, lets walk down memory lane.

Bironga Chadwick

For The Ladies

You're beautiful,

Pleasing to the eye and the heart,
Everything about you suits the part.
Your radiant smile lights up the hollow dark,
With a innocence that is naked and stark.
You exemplify and personify a fatal attraction,
To men from many a diverse faction.
Many admirers will seek you all along,
Using endearing sweet words or song.
But thank God you are aware,
That you are a ravishing lady without compare.
Beauty is what you make it to be,
Being your true self not a wannabe.

Bironga Chadwick

Free Fall

Swimming dolls
Teeming shoals
Confusing me

On Monday
I'm in love with Daisy
Enamored by her hips
But I hate her lips
Too dry, I say!

On Tuesday
Head over heels with Stacy
Captivated by her eyes
Repulsed by her thighs
Too bony, me pipes!

On Wednesday
We're an item with Cathy
Fascinated by her hair
Her frame not so fair
Tom boy, me pouts!

On Thursday
Paint town red with Chevy
Mesmerized by her talk
Disgusted by her walk
Granny pace, me scoffs!

On Friday
On cloud nine with Dotty
Enchanted by her dimples
Revolted by her pimples
A sack face, me hoots!

On Saturday
In ocean bliss with Emmy
Enthralled by her wit
Nauseated by her weight
A jumbo, me mocks!

On Sunday
Me promises Mary
That her, I will marry

On Monday
I'm in a hurry
Running from holy Mary
Too religious, me frets!

Now I'm forty going fifty
Confused
Suffused
Bemused
By a blur of lips and hips and ribs and tits
And eyes and thighs and lies from hell
My life is shackled in a static shell

Bironga Chadwick

Get Well Soon, Pal

Is there anything that I can do?
To help you get rid of that awful flu,
I know you're feeling really sick,
It won't last; it will be gone real quick,
Chicken soup might be the cure,
Am kidding, but it tastes great for sure,
However, if you really want ice cream,
I'll get it for you coz we are a team,
I know it's hard but try to smile,
Be composed, maintain your style,
I pray that you get well soon,
Your friends miss you, in the morn and noon.

Your friend,
Chad.

Bironga Chadwick

Good Morning

Hey, it is morning, wake up to rise and shine
Since another day in life is here
And the hour has come to redefine
Your journey across the wild frontier
Beneath a sky, lit in blue hue
As you stroll along your daily route.

While I hope all the best for you
As you continue your life's goals pursuit
Good morning, as the moonlight fades
And you begin your daily chores
The dawn is bright; open the shades
Then, dream until each wish is yours
Throughout the day, you will move in stride
As I hold your heart in each prayer
Every time that you look outside
You will know that I am waiting there.

Good morning, as you greet the world
Once more, your life begins anew
A fresh beginning has unfurled
And brought your goals within your view
While you seek to embrace your dreams
I will wish you well, until the day is done
I will keep you safe, beneath my beams
Have a great day!

Bironga Chadwick

Her Day

A sea around my heart,
Part shelter, part enduring word,
Part mirror of my art,
Mirrored in a ragged writing pad,
Part life, part promises,
Of our priorities, no compromises,

You are the calm that drains my rages,
And the hinge on which my life wedges,
Bliss upon my shores,
The quick-fix that my life restores,
And the recipient of all my affection,
And the hidden innermost emotion,

Like a gift from up above,
You've doused me in a sea of pleasant love,
We've gone through a lot of pain,
And everyday together is a big gain,
Bigger mountains may lie ahead,
But together ahead we will tread,

As you celebrate your birthday,
May it also be a party day,
For all the endurance our love has gone through,
And to each other we remain true,

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH

Bironga Chadwick

Hold On Josephine

I hope the night was kind and sweet Josephine,
For you slept till nine my queen,
Yesterday you drowned your fears in wine,
Those fears that I am a cheating swine.
Yet today as nature welcomed the sun,
I saw them sneak in.
But this morning my queen,
I give you my solemn word, I your mighty Moran,
I will lay down my sword and gun,
To conquer your insecurities and fears by noon.

For what use is the whole world to a man,
When his queen languishes in anguish and pain?

Bironga Chadwick

Hum My Songbird

As roses bloom around
Their sweet scent pleasures bring,
The hummingbird's song is heard
I, too, a song will sing.

The hummingbird sings again,
It forgets no lay;
Expressing its love without strain,
And it sings its love all day.

All nature is wrapped in peace and joy,
The clouds, the sun, the shade;
And sweet the breaths of forest rise,
Like incense, newly made.

Methinks this added peace and rest,
Sweetie, your shade has brought;
And you, my song, are the best,
The song my soul has sought.

Bironga Chadwick

I Love My Annirah

Honey,
If love comes in colours,
Then I'll go for whites,
If love comes in songs,
Then I will think of blues,
If love comes in dreams,
Then I join the sleepy heads,
But if love should come in humans,
Then I won't have to think twice,
Before I make you my choice,
Because it is you I choose,
To be my life's sweet juice,
And I love you my sweet Tanina,
Yeah, Chad loves his Annirah!

Bironga Chadwick

I Will Be Your Panda

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean
The winds of Heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion
Nothing in the world is single
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle
Why not I with mine baby, the only one
See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea
What is all this sweet work worth
If my baby kiss not me?
I want to be your giant Panda
And never from you be kept asunder

Bironga Chadwick

I Would Rather Write About You

I would rather write about you
Than write about love
For love doesn't have your smile
Or those eyes that stole my heart away
When you looked my way,
I would rather write about you
Than write about love
Since you are me plus you
So when I write about you
I get two in one
Like a single soul dwelling in two bodies,
I would rather write about you
Than write about love
Because then I save time
For I don't have to re-write
What has been written in my heart
By my eternal devotion unto you,
I would rather write about you
Than write about love
Since 'I love you'
Is all you need to say
To steal my lines
Or the words I have kept for you alone
With or without Love.

Bironga Chadwick

If Ndanu Comes Back Again

When Ndanu knelt down to pray before we slept,
I went to the toilet and flushed the condoms I had kept.
I was horny to the extent that half of my underwear was wet,
Then got hurt to the point that my eye balls started to sweat.

When Ndanu joined me to sleep in a T-shirt and a pant,
My armpits got wet and my heart started to pant.
I felt like touching her waist but was afraid of how she would rant.
Coz the kind of prayer she prayed made me feel like she just can't.

When Ndanu moved her buttocks closer to my balls,
My member stood like a flag post and hardened like a stone,
I wanted to tell her to face me but my words were totally gone.
Then the night just ended and the next thing I knew it was dawn!

Ndanu clicked her tongue.
She left!
She said that the only thing my thing can do - is erect.

If I get a chance to sleep with Ndanu again....!

Bironga Chadwick

I'M Sorry I Hurt You

I'm sorry I didn't accept your choice,
I'm sorry I didn't want to be at loss,
I'm sorry I didn't stand by you as I promised,
But now I realize my reaction was misled,
I'm sorry I acted so selfish,
And hurt you by being inconsiderately childish,
But now I realize it was a mistake,
I'll man up for whatever is at stake,
That which is good for your well being,
I'll support it in event of anything,
Please forgive me for the rant,
I promise not to pull another stunt.

Bironga Chadwick

In A Priest's Shoe

Do we put them on a pedestal and sift each word they say,
Forgetting they are sinners saved by grace with feet of clay?
Are we looking for perfection and when church day rolls around,
Do we dine on a roasted Priest, if a single flaw we have found?

Do we watch their children carefully, inspecting every deed?
Does the slightest imperfection make us have a family feed?
Do we leave no room for error in the stringent code we set,
But play by different rules ourselves, and all our sins forget?

If we could walk a single day with them, inside their shoes,
All our judging attitude we would surely lose.
We would know and understand the weighty burdens that they bear,
And we would try to help them and to show them that we care.
We would lift them up each day in earnest prayer before God's throne,
And ask the Lord's forgiveness when a lack of love we have shown.

Bironga Chadwick

It Hurts

What hurts the most,
Like being told you're the best,
But because you came late,
You found a closed gate,
And inspite of any given compliment,
She says that you never meant.

What hurts most like an empty consolation,
When all you get is but an empty narration,
That if at all you were meant to be,
Then when time is right you will be,
That all you ought to do is but,
Keep waiting and play your part.

A promise is meant to bind,
But do I still wait when love I can't find?
And what if that time never comes?
Do I still worry my heart with all these qualms?
And continue hoping against hope,
That somehow I can cope?

Nothing hurts like a love rejected,
Because with me she had no future projected,
But because I had promised to be her pick-up friend,
She could fall back to me when at odds with her boyfriend,
Now I know love can make one stupid,
Or I'm still in the grasp of Cupid,
Poor Chad!

Bironga Chadwick

My Fantasy My Dream

What I want is

Waking up next to you every morning

While listening to the birds sing

Drinking coffee while Watching the sun rise

Watching a sappy movie with you

Pillow fighting together ending in a tickle fight!

Taking long bubble baths in the dark where only our hands and lips can lead the way.

Sweet kisses and tight embraces at every possible moment.

Cuddling under a cozy flannel blanket in cold nights

Whispering sweet nothings to each other

Walking in the rain, jumping and splashing through the puddles.

Dedicating love songs to each other on the phone

Sensual massages and love making

Watching the clouds float by while lying in an open field

Holding your hand, kissing your fingertips

Loving each other every single day

This is how i think of life with you

Bironga Chadwick

My Love, My Tanina

Some people believe, there is a one,
The one who points your way to the sun,
A person they believe makes them complete,
The one who will support when in defeat,
You are my angel, my one and only,
My forever love, so we'll never be lonely,
You've brought to me all your love, care,
It made me see when I realised how rare,
To meet one who will illuminate a soul,
And make life feel so whole,
You have opened and held my heart so dear,
My angel I wanna keep you near,
You entered my life thru a ray of sun above,
And together we'll stick in love,
Pray for a happy forever after,
With you my princess, me your mister,
I love you my lovely Tanina,
My one and only.

Bironga Chadwick

My Song

Being too one dimensional,
When all you have come to expect from me are words,
Sweet nothings,
But I can't help it,
For only them can pass the intended message,
Of writing about you,
Rather than write about love,

Could you shape these words into lillies
Metaphors into feelings
Could you write me a poem
With the colours of your heart in it
Sing me a love song,
With sweet and endearing ubiquitous words,

Can you see my soul through a hearty laugh,
And name my smile
Or sing of me in a sonnet
Shaped in masterpiece Shakespearen art

Of a beautiful night sky,
Painted by millions of twinkling stars,
Is what I see on that familiar face,
Punctuated by that smile,
The angelic child-like smile

Can you see the ocean in my eyes
Its waters lie deep
Anticipating your allusions
Oh let these words hatch!
My heart has been pregnant
The york has come to ripe

My lips may lack a tune to hum along to,
Or anticipating lips to warm up to,
But it will not miss one thing,
You,
..... MY SONG.

Of A Dead And Gone Love

In every moment of our time together
there is a pic,
Of memories we shared,
Now is the time to pack away,
With Sadness and with Care.
The first is a simple smile,
Whenever I thought of you,
Neatly folded into four,
It is the best that I could do.

Next are all the memories,
Of the times when we were two,
Wrapped with love one by one,
Sealed with tears as glue.

And then there are the butterflies,
I had when you were near,
Now in a cage of sadness,
And locked up with a tear.

Next are the times we hugged,
Each one wrapped with a sigh,
Placed next to a rolled up list,
Of all the times I have asked my self why.

Now to pack are the pieces of my heart,
Gathered in a pile,
Each one wrapped up tenderly,
And placed next to a distant smile.

Finally all the shattered wishes,
Placed softly so no more can break,
Covering them over trying not to cry,
So they would not all ache.

Lastly pacing round each moment,
Closing each and every curtain,
Shutting each and every door,
Leaving behind each and every pain.

Gathering up the memories we shared,
Making sure I have got them all,
Packing them softly because I cared,
Leaving them in the boxes in the hall.

I know it will never be the same,
But there will be life without you.
Goodbye my love,
And have the best of fun.

Bironga Chadwick

Precious Life

Life is so precious
And each day a gift
Yet on a balance it hangs so precarious
So enjoy every minute
As if it were your last to live.

Cherish your loved ones
And hug them tight when you have the chance
Share with them your heart
And your time in part.

Nothing will forever last
And life goes so fast
Each minute that passes
Is one you can't get back
When troubles arrive
And knock you off your feet
Stand up and smile
And remember life is too sweet.

Every morning when you wake,
Decide right from the start,
That "Today will be a good day"
And let it all in with an open heart.

Bironga Chadwick

Red White

I got a lady in red,
At the back of my head,
But the girl in white,
Who my life she used to light,
And enable me, like a mirror,
See myself,
Is Tamira.

Was like my sweet morning sun,
Rays that pleasure burn,
And I'm still living the past,
Making it last.

Bironga Chadwick

Take Care

Do I shed tears now that you are gone?
Or do I smile because we are still friends?
Can I close my eyes and pray that you'll come back?
Or do I open my eyes and see all that you left?
Sweet memories and laughter,
Unfortunately trouble unravelled out faster.

My heart is empty cuz I can't have you,
Or maybe it's full of the good times I had with you,
All I want is turn my back on tomorrow,
And live my yesterday albeit in sorrow,
Or do I be happy of morrow coz of yesterday,
And remember you, only that you are gone?

Do I cherish my memory and let it live on?
Or cry and close my mind, be empty and turn my back?
Maybe I should smile, open my eyes, love and go on,
Because the few good times we did share,
Are strong a propulsion through the tough times,
And as forward into the future I stare,
Fair on in happiness with good old time's chimes

Bironga Chadwick

That Which Is Within

There are treasures in life,
But owners are few,
Of money and power,
To buy things brand new.
Yet you can be wealthy,
And feel regal, too,
If you will just look,
For the treasures in you.

These treasures in life,
Are not hard to find,
When you look in your heart,
Your soul, and your mind.
For when you're willing,
To share what's within,
Your fervent search,
For riches will end.

The joy and the laughter,
The smile that you bring,
The heart unafraid,
To love and to sing.
The hand always willing,
To help whomever in need,
When you are quick to reach out,
To labor for me, what a deed!

So thank you for sharing,
These great gifts inside,
The caring, the sharing,
The hug when I'm crying,
Thanks for the energy,
Encouragement too,
And thank you for sharing,
The treasures in you.

Bironga Chadwick

The Day Of Reckoning

I was always told when you die...
You will meet your maker eye to eye,
All your wrongs you better have an answer for,
If you want to enter heaven's door.

Today came way to soon,
My heart sang its last tune,
I stood waiting to be viewed,
Hoping he was in a good mood.

My hands uncontrollably shaking,
I didn't know this was going to be my waking.
I stood in this long line,
Staring at the 'Judgement Day' sign.

My turn came too quick,
I felt like I was going to be sick.
Walking before him...
Lights went dim...
His eyes pierced through me,
There was nothing he couldn't see.
Looking me up and down,
He shook his head, his face had a frown.
My mind went blank, nothing to think
Looking at me His eyes never did once blink.
Maybe he saw all my flaws
And then suddenly he came to a pause,
His voice so intimidatingly loud,
' There is a lot, young man, that you have endowed. '
He was right so far,
My body itself testament with many a scar.

'How would you judge your own soul? ' He spoke.
I looked at him almost confused as the silence I broke
Hoping His wrath I couldn't provoke
Mistakes I had made, plenty for sure...
Some of which I couldn't find no cure.

Then my life came in a flash-

I had always struggled with wrong and right,
And it was one hell of a fight.
I had to set my own belief
And to my burdens this was my biggest relief.
But here I was being damned to hell,
And be cast under the devil's spell,
To own and control my soul,
Which had failed in its supposed priestly role.

Tell me, Lord, you are the JUDGE...you decide...
Where do you think my soul should reside?

Bironga Chadwick

The Earth's Cry

What if the earth could talk
What would it say of us
Would it praise us for caring
Or demonize us for destroying it
Cutting down its trees
without replanting
To build the homes we live in
While destroying birds' nests
Clearing the forest for human habitation
For civilization to set in
modernization
But at what cost?

Nature cries for its children
For the animals, vegetation
But who listens
Who bothers to?
Human greed is the cause
Of the demise of a once green Eden
For their lustful souls
Are never satisfied

Who will pay attention
Who will rescue the earth
Who will fight for my children
For my habitation and yours?

Bironga Chadwick

The Goodnight Knight

The moon is shining bright,
The sun is now nowhere in sight.
The stars are twinkling with all their might,
While there's darkness outside, left & right.

Let us now turn off the light,
And wish each other a very good night.
After a long, dry and tiring day,
The good old night is finally on your way.

The moon glows and gleams,
Usherring in the hours of sweet dreams.
Reward yourself with deep sleep tonight,
And I as your knight.

Bironga Chadwick

The Greatest There Ever Was

To the one who gave me a life to live,
I can give nothing but all my love,
You are the rock and the wind beneath my wings,
To me you mean all the good things,
Warm gentle hands, a soft touch
Kind words, everlasting faith
Hopeful encouragement, a guiding love
Good humored advice, a pillar of strength
A deep well of wisdom
A heart that understands
The will to hold on
The courage to let go
Mum, you are one of a kind,
A special beauty and a rare find,
To me MOM means hero,
Without whom I would have been zero,
I love you MAMA,
My portrait of love.

Bironga Chadwick

The Irony In Life

The paradox of our time in history is
that:

We have taller buildings, but
shorter tempers;
Wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints.
We spend more, but have less;
We buy more, but enjoy it less.
We have bigger
houses and smaller families;
More conveniences, but less time.
We have more degrees but less sense;
More knowledge, but less judgement.
More experts, yet more problems;
More medicine, but more ailments.

We drink too much,
Smoke too much,
Spend too recklessly,
Laugh too little,
Drive too fast,
Get angry too quickly,
Stay up too late,
Wake up too tired,
Read too little,
Watch television too
much,
And pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but
reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom and hate too often.
We have learnt how to make a living,
but not a life.

We have added years to life, not life to years.

We have been all

the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the
new neighbour.

We have conquered outer space, but not
inner space.

We have done larger

things, but not better things.
We have cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul.
We have split the atom, but not
our prejudice.
We write more, but
learn less.
We plan more, but
accomplish less.
We have learnt to
rush, but not to wait.
We build more
computers to hold more information,
To produce more copies than ever,
But we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and
slow digestion;
Big men, and small
character;
Steep profits, and shallow relationships.

These are days of two incomes, but more divorce;
Fancier houses, but broken homes.

These are days of quick trips,
Disposable diapers,
Throwaway morality,
One night stands,
Overweight bodies,
And pills that do everything
From cheer, to quiet, to kill.

It is a time when
there is much in the show window,
And nothing in the stockroom.
A time when technology can bring this letter to you,
And a time when you
can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember,
Spend some time with
your loved ones,

Because they are
not going to be around forever.

Remember to say a kind word to
someone who looks up to you in awe,
Because that little person soon will
grow up and leave your side.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment
For someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love,
Give time to speak,
And give time to share the precious
thoughts in your mind.

And always remember that life is not measured by the number of breathes we
take,
But by the moments that take our breath away.

Bironga Chadwick

The Peaceful Moment

There is a moment in time
Filled with hope and wonder
Carved in mystery and shrouded in fear

There is a moment so precious
Some men beg, others plead,
And fools watch, choosing flight,
Rather than embrace and cry joy full of tears.

Are we mad with fright?
An illusion in plain site?
There is a moment like none other,
We hear from priests, monks.

Our fathers, their fathers and God,
Or whomever is music to your ears
When we drop to our knees, bow down or submit,
Clutch our chests or raise our hands toward the heavens,
A mock sense of fulfillment,
Yet these are the moments we hold so dear

There is a moment so worthy,
We spend our lives crying and laughing,
Singing and breathing and feeling
Longing, touching and wanting it to be real.

There is a moment so precious,
Few have known they were in it,
Even when all signs pointed toward solace
And the feel of cool drops from a waterfall so pure,
Our souls it did heal
Mine is a snapshot, of twenty years.
Times filled with joy, sadness and fear,
Questions of friends, family and self,
But never so boastful, to question God Almighty himself.

There is a moment when the sun does set,
While I watch the sky fade from blue to blackish gray,
A moment without gloom,

But a realization, as each day passes,
A set time to do all you are meant to do.

There is a value to life,
No matter what a person states they believe
If we meet as strangers,
We should depart fulfilled.
If each shares their known value,
We grow together,
And beat back the rise of mongers' cheers

Peace is the Moment
where time probably stands still
For some, peace comes quickly.
A first kiss, a first love
Or the first comprehension of mortality,
Allowing desire to rise deep from within.

Peace is the Moment that we let slip away.
A dream, a vision unexplained,
Yet undeniably it was Peace in the sky,
We saw on that day.
Closing our eyes,
Causing no affect.

But peace as a moment,
Shall find us in the end.
It shall bind us and rule us
And become our closest friend.
It will consume us, and bloom within us conquering demons that dare try to fool
us.

Peace is the moment, I pray,
The last to engulf us and uphold us,
And be the moment that keeps world war at bay.

Bironga Chadwick

The Poverty Blessing

To be born under dim stars is to sin
A sin greater than murder or rape,
As thieves and assassins live more free,
Takers of innocence hold less burden

In a world where law values salt greater
Paladins may throw copper in the streets
But they keep charity for their own ranks
Even at the cost of beauty lost

They chance not the anger of their gods,
To be poor is the greatest sin of all

Bironga Chadwick

The Woman From Kasipul

I will marry the woman from Kasipul,
The one with greasy lips,
And charming chubby cheeks.
The one whose beautiful buttocks,
Have carried a mountain of meat.
The one whose fertile breasts,
Have two dots that jewel her chest.
That is the woman I'll marry.
I'm in love with everything she has carried.

People say she's fatter than a pig,
But she's still the woman I will dig.
Even if her thighs are big,
I'll dive between them and sink.

I'll marry the elephant from Kasipul,
The one with oval arms.
You can rant about weight,
But at night I'll float on her waist.
You can rant about her armpits,
But with her by my side I'm happy.
You can talk about how she sweats,
But her sight makes my rod spit wet,
She is the woman I'll marry...
I'm in love with everything she's carried.

Bironga Chadwick

Those Bell Chimes

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of high school and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart, that then was gay.
And now in boring campus adult life it dwells,
And hears no more of those evening bells,
But of drunken stupor and irresponsible yells,
From young people cast on their own,
Green and their gullibility swells,
A world of responsibility and freedom they are torn,
Unable to know what is best for them.

Bironga Chadwick

White Red

I got a lady in red,
At the back of my head,
But the girl in white,
Who my life she used to light,
And enable me, like a mirror,
See myself,
Is Tamira.

Was like my sweet morning sun,
Rays that pleasure burn,
And I'm still living the past,
Making it last.

Bironga Chadwick

You'Re My Past

Once upon a time you were my fairy tale.
First came love then out popped a baby.
There should have been a marriage
But we turned each other on and lost "a good thing"
Because of our bossy tirades.
When the nightmare began,
I choose not to walk away
From the drama that unfolded
Right before my I'm-so-in-love eyes.
I should have listened to the voices of my heart
When it said that things were bad right from the start;
I should have gotten out when the time presented itself
For me to make my great escape.
Maybe I would have been happier now
Instead of wondering when life will spare me
an ounce of happiness.
I have stopped dreaming of spending
My days and time with you.
In fact, I don't even remember
All the reasons why I loved you
As much as I thought I did
...and to think that one day
I was looking forward
to being your sweeter, wiser half.

Bironga Chadwick