

Poetry Series

Boniface Mundu
- poems -

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Boniface Mundu()

A Saint Against A Sinner

Someone told me souls are like the lights
They always burn,
God has made the souls to keep burning,
Keep burning till they meet God again,
But another explained to me
To keep the lights burning
Is luxury of light,
And luxury is sin,
A sin against God;
Then I asked the another a question,
'Is your soul like a light, burning? '
Replied he holding a bulb to the holder,
'Yea, it was burning but now it's not.'
I told him, 'into the sin of luxury of light,
You shall never fall,
You are forever freed from
The sin of luxury of light.'
The another with great delight
Replied, 'I must free everyone
From this mortal sin,
Every soul keeping burning
Must be immediately put off,
Within the church and outside, '
Thus the another decreed in his kingdom,
And sent his men across the globe
To bring even those lights
That attempt to burn
And light the globe,
Bring them all to me,
On this Laputian chair
In this Laputian love nest sofa,
I will put them off,
I will free them from burning,
Never will they burn again, '
But I told him, 'let me live in the luxury
Of light,
Let me sin again and again,
Because I love this sin,
Let my soul keep burning

Till I meet Abba Father above.'
The another angrier grew and said,
'I the successor of the Scepter,
'I will never allow any to live in sin,
A mortal sin,
You must keep yourself away,
Away from my Church,
Away from the shores of the earth,
For they are mine,
No lights should be burning
On this earth Nowhere.'
I humbly replied,
I need neither your Church
Nor the Earth to keep burning
And sinning,
I need only the Grace, Light and Love
Of Abba our Elohim.'
But I continue to live on in sin
And the another continues to keep
My light from burning,
To become a saint,
A saint against a sinner.

Boniface Mundu

Some Control Sex

Some control sex,
And sex controls some,
So who is the master?
And who is the slave?
What do you want to be?
A slave or a master?
If you do not know,
I will tell you-
When you do not obey
The dictates of your own soul,
You are a slave.

How do you know the dictates of the soul
From the dictates of the corpus?
It is very simple,
As you know the brambly bush
From the Lily laurels,
As you know an apple
From a pear,
As you know a Stone
From a Clay,
As you know your head
From your feet,
You do not walk on your head,
You do not think in your feet,
Do you?

Isn't it simple to know
The dictates of the soul
From the dictates of the corpus?
If you still do not know
I will tell you
One more thing:
When you obey the dictates of the corpus,
You are like a drunkard,
Who sips the first peg,
He enjoys it,
He is not drunk,
He then fills his glass

For the second peg,
He sips the second peg,
He enjoys a little,
And he is a little drunk,
He then thinks of one more peg,
And he fills the third peg,
He enjoys less now,
And he sips the third peg,
And he thinks of more
And more pegs,
The more pegs he makes,
And the more pegs he sips,
The less he enjoys,
It lessens his joys and lies low,
It decreases his joys and dies slow,
From peg to peg his joy dies,
The more he sips,
The less he enjoys,
Isn't it deceptive?
The corpus deceives,
Do you want to be deceived?

But when you obey
The dictates of the soul,
You are like a farmer sowing seeds
In the soil,
He now enjoys but perhaps less;
When the seeds sprout,
And push their heads above the clay,
To smile at the sun and the moon and the stars,
He enjoys more;
If you know a farmer,
Or if you are a farmer,
Or been a farmer,
You know it better,
Don't you?

And he sees the seeds as seedlings
Swaying in the air,
Whispering to the wind,
Their joys and sorrows;
Then their youthful pranks,

To their playful pairings
In whisperings they spell,
And on this the farmer enjoys
More than ever before;

And when the seeds are seeds again
Through harvest, and husking,
Through winnowing, and wailing,
Through grinding and grumbling,
He is the happiest;

So when you obey
The dictates of the soul,
You know the happiness from your soul,
The happiness grows and grows
Never waning,
As farmer's from the seed to seed.

But when you obey
The dictates of Abba Father,
Every breath is peace,
Every breath is a bliss,
Every moment is peace,
Every moment is a bliss.

So whom do you want to obey?
You must choose your way
You must have your day,
You must have your way.

Boniface Mundu

The Piety Paces Down

The piety paces down from Pontifex
For Pope and does rest on him as Supreme
Head of the Catholic Church after the mix
Of Judaism and the Roman Pagan theme:

But there has been no Pontifex nor Popes
In Judaism and in Jewish Kohen world,
Nor Vicars of Christ on earth as the popes
Nor would e'er be save in Messianic world.

So where do Romans draw the piety of
Their Popes from if the Popes have their roots in
The Jewish world? Why the Jewishness of
Our Jesus they reject for no reasonin'?

So surely this Piety is from some source
Of Pagan roots and ancient Roman force.

Boniface Mundu

The Slow Suicide Bombs

To buy a pack of cigarette I went
To a shop, and I, the shop keeper, asked:
'What is the price of a pack of Cigarette? '
Replied he 'Five rupees a stick; ' I cast
My eyes on the packs there placed on the racks,
And fingered to a rack with white packs 'hapse
Of ten or twenty but they're surely white
And white packs have lesser nicotine saps
But when he gave me and I turned the side
Of the pack, I found it was red heart with
A line 'Smoking kills' yet I bought and pride,
And I did pride and we do pride a fag
When we do buy a pack or a fag fill;
Why did I pride, perhaps being manly me,
Or some unconscious ancient flaw on the face,
But do you know that this Pride is a gag
To human soul, it kills by and by and day
And night; the soul darkens and the heart blackens
'It is a double suicide bomb on your way'

Boniface Mundu

The Writers And Poets

The writers and poets
Are like the Saints and sages
Of the old who lived
In isolation in their Cells,
They are like the shells
Of the sea,
Who when walk out of
their shells,
To see the glory
The world heaps upon,
They See their gradual end.

Boniface Mundu

Who Is In Prostitution?

Who is in prostitution?
Those who have given in to it
Willingly;
And even those that who are everyday selling
Their body unwillingly,
Out of compulsion,
Aren't prostitutes?
Because their life is a war against prostitution.
[Who are you?]

Boniface Mundu

Who Killed Jesus?

Who killed Jesus?
The Jewish or the gentiles?
When Jesus lived on earth
In Palestine the gentiles
Ruled our land;
When Jesus lived on earth
In Palestine the Romans
Ruled our land,
And we were waiting
For the Messiah to come:

They destroyed our Temple
The last Temple in Jerusalem,
Because they think we killed Jesus,
We intended to kill Jesus;

Did we really kill Jesus
Our Cohen,
Son of Mariam
The Descendant of Daud?

Did we really kill Jesus
Our Cohen
Son of Yusab
The Descendant of Daud?

Why should we kill Jesus?
Why should a Jew kill another Jew?
You may ask why did the Jews
Kill their prophets?

Because prophets weren't profits
For the Pharaohs among the Jews,
Because they would tell your tale
Of Talony and treachery to
The People of Elohim,
A loss of lavish life.

Which Jew will kill his kin

For Lavish life?
One who has forgotten Elohim
One who has replaced Elohim
For the Eel and the Eepil (Star) ,
Yet all those killers of the Prophets
Did soon come back to Elohim
For Peace and Love and Truth,
Our Doud did once Talonous grow
But he returned to the Lord
In remorse and repentance
And soon with Psalms in his hand -
A Peace Song to the Lord,
A Love Song to the Lord,
Elohim was again pleased with him,
Our Doud was again in Peace with Elohim.

Jesus was a Cohen
Like Aaron and Abraham,
A priestly nation did Elohim promise
Abraham - a priestly Nation,
And Sons of Abraham
Are Priests everywhere,
Through Genes of Abraham
And Gesture of Elohim,
So why should we kill a Cohen
Another Cohen?

A sympathy is born from gene and gesture for a man,
The gene comes from the Clay
And the Gesture from Elohim
And Jesus had both the Gene and Gesture;
Why should a Jew not sympathize
With his own Gene in Jesus?

If your answer is Jesus claimed to be God,
My answer for you is: -
Jesus was no God
Nor He claimed to be God,
He was made God
By the Polytheistic consciousness,
Polytheistic mind,
Who has replaced Elohim with Eel and Eepil

So much, so long that they have forgotten the way to Elohim;

[The Polytheistic consciousness of the Roman Mind,
Could not be monotheistic
For its roots are in the Clay,
The roots cleave to the Clay for Food,
The Clay is thick, so thick,
The roots pace around the thickness of the Clay;
For thousand and fourteen in years
The roots haven't pierced and paced
Beyond this thickness to Elohim.]

[But some roots not even cleave to the Clay,
Because these find their food elsewhere
Elsewhere on some unclean clays,
The roots haven't reached from Eepil to Elohim,
The Eepils from Roman Sky have disappeared,
A Jewish Eepil shines among the Roman Rimbils, (skies)
This Jewish Eepil been our Cohen,
This Jewish Eepil been our Pahan, (Indian Jewish Term for Cohen)
Through the Eepil you may reach Elohim,
But no Eepil will ever be Elohim.]

It is the habit of the Jewish soul
To pray to the Creator - Elohim,
A Jewish soul never cleaves to the Clay,
A Jewish soul never cleaves to any Eepil
For food and forage to find Elohim
But to the Torah and Talmud,
O! We cleave to Elohim for everything,
And that's what all ye need to do,
As long as ye live on this eret.

So who killed our Kohen?
The sons of Jupiter and Zeus,
The earthly gods, the early gods of Roman gene,
The Roman gene couldn't sympathize with Jewish Gene,
The Jupiter gene couldn't sympathize with Jesus' Joy
Lo! They couldn't sympathize with us,
They killed our Jesus
They killed our Cohen
And blamed on us, Jesus claiming to be God,

And Jesus is no God,
And Jesus was no God,
Jesus is one of us with Divine Authority,
Shown Jews and gentiles the way to Elohim.

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