

Poetry Series

ENOCH JOHN
- poems -

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ENOCH JOHN(30/07/1958)

Teacher/Poet, holds a teacher's diploma /Valsayn Teachers' College

A degree in English from THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES

Working on a postgraduate to become one of the greatest poets of the modern
read Shakespeare, Dante and Walcott.

A writer in exile at home.

Has a passion for poetry.

Presently working on another anthology.

Born to Kenneth and Sylvia John at Enterprise, Trinidad

almost fifty years up in Pentecostal Church.

This background influences his john wants

to start a literary fire that will burn collection is entitled; SELECTIVE WORKS and
I dedicate it to all poets, small and great; past and present.

22 In Manchester

Hey, we 22 just came to hear Arianne Grande's great music,
We 22 just came to hear the songs of freedom, in a free world,
Instead now there are the songs of melancholy,
We 22 are a mix of young people and more mature adults,
But now we must speak with one voice.
Hey Manchester, weep for us and the whole world,
For what kind of dark, deeply delusional, demonic person would perpetuate such
slaughter?
We can well imagine the trauma, hysteria and utter trepidation that saturated
the atmosphere in Manchester that night.

We came to hear the songs of freedom now the songs of melancholy are playing
everywhere,
We 22 looked at the beauty of mother earth and now we are gone,
We 22 saw the pretty bougainvillae and the red roses in the field and now we are
gone,
We 22 admired the swift panting deer at the edge of the green forest and now
we are gone,

I am just a little girl of 8 and I had just started my earthly pilgrimmage,
So, if you shed a tear for me then shed a tear for the world,
Goodbye Manchester! We are gone from this world,
But tell Theresa May she and other world leaders must do more to protect earth's
inhabitants from this scourge!

ENOCH JOHN

A Man For All Seasons

I am, I was, I'll be
a man for all seasons.

Thru thick and thin
and floods and anxieties,

I am, I was, I'll be
a man for all seasons-

The raging winds blow,
The darkness is blinding;

I am, I was, I'll be
a man for all seasons.

Under darkened clouds
and rainy nights,

I am, I was, I'll be
a man of all seasons.

ENOCH JOHN

A Puzzle

Walking in the shadows of love
Seems always clothed with uncertainty;
Clouded passages and walls that hide
True feelings of the heart
And soul of impassioned one!

Come hide me under your love shield
That I could dream again
Of running stream that's reflective
Of life's subtle ironies
And a puzzle of the ages!

ENOCH JOHN

A Blank Page

What came you out to see in this wilderness, a reed shaken in the wind, or
A blank page before the poet's muse appends his own ecriture?
How can I change the sombre and melancholy into dancing feet?

What can I write to transform a blank page so that I can stir the world?
Blank leaves ribbed as human hands fall to the brown earth
In the coolness of the autumn and sometimes unnoticed,
And can conceal cadavers that dictators bury in shallow graves.

A blank page remains in the unfinished book of history,
As too an unworked slab of marble cut out of the mountainside,
Patiently awaiting an entry from another Picasso or Auden,
Or the master strokes of another Michelangelo?

ENOCH JOHN

A Friend

A heart of gold she has
Sincerity etched upon her face
Humility as a cloak she wears
Solemnly going about life's task
With simplicity unparalleled,
Daily toiling to reach her Everest
That lies beyond the next sunset;
A journey that began some time ago,
A search for that deep reality
Of Supreme Deity manifested
In the glory of bygone years;
Making life worth living
And reaching the farthest star
At last becoming humanly possible!

ENOCH JOHN

A Grain Of Sand

alone,
in the monumental scheme of things
i sit
on the beach.

Perhaps unimportant,
Like a polished pebble,
or even a solitary grain of sand.

probably
i mightn't count for much
in the monumental scheme of things

in this vast universe
where hang like cherries of a tree
in a vast oval sky,

multitudinous stars,
and earth,
being just one of them.

ENOCH JOHN

A Mystery Of A Mystery

In deep contemplation have you ever sat down,
And in your meditations, considered what a mystery is?
The prophet Ezekiel saw in a vision a wheel within a wheel,
But what about a parable within a parable,
Or even a poem within a poem? Life itself is shrouded in mystery:
At birth comes water, blood and then life,
While at death, the spirit departs to other regions leaving the cadaver behind.
And Blake's majestic tyger, who can say where he was forged, or
By what power does a tree or plant grow?
Do not winter, summer, spring and autumn keep their cycle,
And does not the sun uninterruptedly rise every morn?
Why does the sun not fade in its glory,
Or how come the waters of the deep do not overrun the land?

ENOCH JOHN

A Royal Princess

A thousand living legends
Could not compare!

Even a Royal Princess
Couldn't compare.

Five dozen generals of war
Could not compare.

The world's richest person
Couldn't compare.

Even the glamour of Hollywood
Could not compare,
To a simple, happy person!

ENOCH JOHN

A Word To The Wise

That which is to be will be,
Wait and you'll see,
The eventuality of fate
Perfect and exact, to the date.

Come! A parable I'll tell you,
Certain things you ought to do
To gain entry to the mystery
Of places, people and their history.

Of why walls fall down
And fools come to town
To seek their destiny among the wise,
Without even looking with their eyes.

A perfect stage already set,
So many think they can get
Riches and experience for free-
Sir, paying the price is still the key.

ENOCH JOHN

Agony

My soul hung betwixt the great divide,
As tension gripped my being entire.
Why must man so much torture endure,
In his quest for yon perfect stste?

Marvel not at life's great trials
Nor at journey's great temp'tuous toss,
For deep within the heart of man
That Eternal flame of hope doth lie!

Like a mighty eagle imprisoned,
Forever barred from heavenly traverse.
Yet all hope never departed,
There yet remained that inner voice.

One day I will upwards soar,
Unhindered by life's weighty mass.
It's only there in that sublime bliss,
That perfect realization will fruition!

ENOCH JOHN

America

Land of freedom and opportunity,
Oh! Great colossus of the seas.
How my heart reaches out to thee
To experience thy pomp and greatness!

Land of the stalwart and the brave,
Oh! Mighty Eagle of the North!
Many happy memories linger
Of thy achievements and conquests.

Oh! America, land of the Rockies,
Plains of Georgia and limitless Prairies;
Huron, Ontario, Michigan, Superior and Eerie
Reflect thy beauteous wonder!

George Washington and Thomas Jefferson,
Two giants without equal!
And Abraham Lincoln deserves his place,
For his honesty I'm sure!

Oh! America, land of the Great Seal,
How I'll like to say to thee:
Return to thy first love,
In God we trust, it was said!

ENOCH JOHN

Anna

Hey girl, I just thought about you, and
I write these lines just for you.
You are so special to me,
And I just want to hear your voice,

Speaking to me and calming see
Your voice has that special quality,
That soothes me when I'm troubled,
That can cheer me up when I'm down,
So dear, these are just a few lines for you.

ENOCH JOHN

Aurora

Like a fairy with flowers in her hair,
I possess sweet remembrance of her.

In the coolness of the September air,
Strains of melancholic chords I do hear,
And though I might not know what,
Yet something may have changed,
For I possess sweet remembrance of her,
And the emblem of her beauty caresses my heart,
Like the fluttering of birds' wings in the cool air.

Yes, like Aurora with flowers in her hair,
I possess sweet remembrance of her,
And her fragrance follows my path.

ENOCH JOHN

Aurora My Darling

Awake Aurora! Awake sweet Aurora of the morning dew,
Before sun's timorous rays have come, sweet Aurora,
Darling of the morning, darling of the morning dew.

Aurora with her beauty sublime perhaps prettier than Athena,
Comes with the morning and the dewey grass,
As we walk up the hill at the crack of Dawn.

ENOCH JOHN

Axis Of Love

There's a beauty in the stars the wellspring of love,
My epiphany of love reveals that love is in the gait of prince and peasant alike,
What shall I bring you on this night when the stars illumine the vast sky,
And salted wind blows in from the ocean and deposits its smell on me?
A bouquet of fresh flowers, fresh as the smile that lights up your face,
That makes me feel that I am were I a demigod or even a winged cherub,
Then possibly I could offer you an Andalusian stallion or hew down some cedars
of Lebanon,
And build you a ship as a token of my undying love.

Our paths have crossed not by accident but it has the divine touch of destiny,
But then, tomorrow is another day to dream to love to live.
A nod, a silent whisper and we understand, for lovers speak their own language,
Their syntax and lyrics seem to spring from the winged cherubims themselves,
When the very celestial comes down from above to influence the brown earth.

O sing me now the songs of seraphims; O sing me the songs of love,
It's such a melodious refrain that can stir the innermost chords of the heart.
Did you know that the earth, this brown earth swings obediently on an axis of
love?

ENOCH JOHN

Bee Love

Butterfly love is the one that stays hovering around for a while,
Bird love is the one that flies away,
Bee love is the one that is as sweet as honey,
But sometimes you don't want to be stung by these bees.

ENOCH JOHN

Black And Debonair

I am black and debonair and sometimes I hide my feelings
In the castle of my black d the castle of my black skin I hide.
The castle of my black skin shades me sometimes from the pain and cacophony
of the outside world, its grief and worries and all the baggage of negativity.
So behind the castle of my black skin, I live
And breathe and possess an appreciation of whom I am.

ENOCH JOHN

Black Nebula

Black Nebula, like Nefertiti
You command the banks of the Nile;

Black negritude of the campus,
Your jewels of humility and grace
Sparkle in the shadows of humanity
As adorned with your precious elegance, you glide

Down corridors of time and space;
Your unusual comeliness like a rare gem
Firmly planted in the diadem of your regal person.
Would quatrain suffice your splendour to contain,
Or would sonnet be fourteen verses too short?

Your swirling braided hair like a nebula cluster,
Shining beyond the Milky 're
Swifter than Pegasus constellate;
As bright as the magnitude of Sirius
Or Alpha Centauri, lovely one
Growing like a flower among the masses
In humanity's vast and splendid field.

Black Nebula, like Nefertiti,
You command the banks of the Nile;
Black Nebula, like Nefertiti,
You command the sprawling campus.

ENOCH JOHN

Black Prince

Hail Nelson Mandela!
Hail thou black Prince
Who has suffered so;
Hail thou icon among men.

For over quarter a century
Not even Pretoria's Iron Bars
Could break a spirit, so strong held,
By God's Divine Love.

A love for your people
And for liberty, justice and equality.
At long last the dawning of a new day,
A time for Black man to rise everywhere.

Again, Hail Nelson Mandela,
A man of the people.

ENOCH JOHN

Bleeding Heart

My heart bleeds for the children of the future
Who'll face a terrible dilemma

Of shifting sands
And rowdy breezes;
Tyrant rulers gone berserk
Seeking after great gain and power;
And capitalist merchant misers
Who extract water from even
The arid desert sand.

Of multitudinous millions like sheep without a shepherd
Wandering around in mental and spiritual obscurity and
oblivion,
Boisterous, obstreperous and delinquent vagrants
Chiselled and formed by man's "brilliant" political machinations.

Of corrupt practices,
And brave men gone coward;
Of gross and widespread pollution of all types;
Of women who strip off their clothes
In a frenzied lunacy.....
In a world gone raving mad.

ENOCH JOHN

Breaking News!

A renaissance maestro, Leonardo da Vinci's painting 'Christ the Saviour' sells for a whopping 430 million,
Enough perhaps to buy your own island or 6 presidencies.
Robert Mugabe wakes up and at age 93 he is told to stay inside,
While his trusted generals hold the reins of government.
(In the latest African tradition, this is the new definition of a coup) .
Thinking he is a modern day Julius Caesar, Donald Trump returns from an Asian tour, and blows his own trumpet praising -saving, because centuries ago kings used to hire fools to praise them.

Everyday women are emboldened to come forward
To say that actors, movie moguls and judges have violated them;
Some confess while others deny any knowledge of the women,
even after having carnal knowledge with them.
Donald Trump and Kim Jong-Un have not yet decided if they should fire nuclear rockets at each other, so for now it's just a war of rhetoric.

The world pauses! Stay tuned to CNN and FOX, or if you're British, then the BBC will do!

ENOCH JOHN

Breathe The Fresh Morning Air

Breathe the fresh morning air when Aurora is awakening,
And the timorous sun has not begun to shine his sharp rays earthwards;
Breathe the thin desert air in the morning when the dewey grass,
Glistens like velvet when sun's timorous rays shine earthwards,
And the squirrels begin to play and the deer lifts his head.

Breathe the fresh morning air when Aurora has awakened,
And the beauty of nature begins to reveal herself;
Flora and fauna walking hand in hand in synergy,
As we breathe the fresh morning air unpolluted by the city's din.

ENOCH JOHN

Cadavers

brown leaves
ribbed like human hands, stretching

across
idyllic sand

like corpses
on a Roman battleground.

corpses. You'd think
that cadavers belong only
to a morgue.

but how many
a sylvan wood
hides

beneath its greenery
the brown dead?

ENOCH JOHN

Call Him Nelson Mandela Or Just Madiba

On such a day when death comes will a cherub hide his glory?

Will the 'griot' tell the unabridged story in this day?

The dusty streets of Qunu may have felt the wind's elation,

For its passage might have told the story of a young boy,

Who at age five herded his animals and whose footsteps,

Might have been heard as he traversed the veld a century ago,

But on becoming a man poems were written of him, films made.

Like a lion who had roamed the veld he fought the evil apartheid monster,

And when imprisoned transformed Robben Island into a metaphor for resilience,

So that after his release he stood taller than the Pyramids of Egypt,

Becoming Africa's modern day Ambassador Plenipotentiary.

Kingdoms, even civilizations have been remembered by the exploits of one man:

Rome gave us Caesar, the Greeks produced Alexander the Great,

And now out of Africa has come Mandela or Madiba!

ENOCH JOHN

Call Of Mother Africa

Now, a rebirth; the Renaissance
A Renaissance of lost ideals.
Then.....
Into the cauldron of the boiling mire
Were we Africans thrown;
Robbed of our identity and patrimony;
Left like unrobed poltergeists to wander the wide world,
Until Mother Africa calls
And ignites the flame of our ancestral fires.

Like the wind in the trees she calls now;
"My sons and my daughters, come to me
Come in humility
And learn of your identity."
The wisdom that built the Great Pyramid of Giza calls
Which wisdom aeons ago quietly stood at Nile's delta
Now to build modern-day Sphinxes and Pyramids.

Come! And feel the Sudan's Sun
And the Dogon mastery of Binary Sirius
Sniff the vast bleakness of Sahara's dust.....
Listen to Nigeria's expansive potency
As lengthy waterways of Nile and Niger
With Reptilian glee, stretch away
Beyond the horizons of tomorrow
Amidst diverse species of flora and fauna
That speak a unique language in their habitat pristine.

O! Come and feel the power that is Africa,
Mother Africa, the awakening juggernaut
A pulsating, reverberating power
That furiously drums Her vigour.....
Ashanti, Gallas and Mandingo
Proud atavistic breasts
That beat a living message of Hope!

ENOCH JOHN

Cascading Fire

My desire,
Just like cascading fire;
Like fury and smoke
Would make most men choke.

The rage of hate
Keeps many in such a state;
Turbulent waters tossing
At this junction we're crossing
Like a lengthy dream
That's so full of steam
Where the long-winged fairy
Becomes almost scary
And this tedious nightmare
Just brings on more scare.

ENOCH JOHN

Celestial Orb

Not from this present sphere my rhapsody comes,
But beckons from that orb celestial;
For here lies no silent city clothed with orderliness,
Only an uncertain vaporous hope,
Which rises like a crescendo on the potent tide,
Then into fragile hopelessness dissipates.
It borders on the paradoxical,
With its ethereal presence lingering.
Again and again we visit this brink
And return with unfruitful baskets-
But yet some gleaming hope lurks within
The heaving breasts of the resolutely strong,
Who won't be fazed by the darkened cloud,
But steadfastly gaze upon the silver lining.

ENOCH JOHN

Celestial Muse

And when,
From this earthen prison grim,
My enravished soul shall its jubilee find?
O pray my solemn pilgrim,
And say when from this toxic wind,
Will soar my soul like a bird,
For with rectitude I do my loins gird,
To catch the cherished and Everlasting Hope,
And reach heaven's exalted Belfry Tower,
And at the Celestial portals to grope,
Yielding at last to the imperious power.

And where,
From my bowels will flow that Eternal verse,
Rivers of living water, a living muse,
An oeuve bubbling inspired verse to break
The fetter'd curse,
And within my being a new joy infuse, .
I think I hear the Seraphs' song now,
Their choralled melody sweet and low,
To remove me from earth's rambunctious crowd,
To subdue and harness my untrammeled desire,
And my heart with fresh vision as Isaiah endow'd
When from the sacrosanct altar was touched by coals of fire.

ENOCH JOHN

Civilization Of Glass

I write today not of Cheops and his Great Pyramid sitting with majestic ease at Giza,
Nor of the brave warriors of the Iliad of "fleet-footed" fame; and
Hector that trainer of horses or Odysseus and his trunk of tricks like the Trojan Horse as example.

The silhouette of silent figurines like those in Madam Tussaud's on 42 Street in bustling Manhattan,
Where neon lighted streets in the city are a manifestation of a modern state,
Where Facebook and Twitter create millions of new personas,
In this new civilization of Cybernationality and concrete and glass.

But then what does a civilization of glass reflect but our own ineptitudes and inadequacies,
Where the court jesters are adorned in tuxedos and work out of Wall Street.
The ships of sky and ocean are loaded with enough bombs that can obliterate entire cities,
The city is filled with wasteful metaphors and man's broken promises like the poet's broken syntax,
And the air is saturated with man's hubris, avarice, warmongering and xenophobia.

ENOCH JOHN

Cleopatra

Sweet Cleopatra of the Nile was a beauty of a Queen and an icon,
Who mesmerised kings and rulers with her legendary looks and dark magic of
Egypt,
Julius Caesar and Marc Antony were numbered among her captives,
Like the dark coiled Nile, her snakes taught her the art of seduction.

ENOCH JOHN

Closed Window

Any new ideas or thoughts lately?
You don't want to , so
You have closed up your mind like a window,
So the rain and the wind could beat on it.
A closed mm.I closed window.

When are you going to open the window of your heart,
So that sweet love can fly in like a dove?
Open the window of your heart
So that sweet, soothing love can fly in.

ENOCH JOHN

Communion

Dawn, sweet communion with man
The sky an upturned mirror
Of the world, the white cirrus clouds
As people dancing in silent meditation
Of a new-world cadence,
The gulls in the bay assemble their own orchestra.

Morning at daybreak of soul's communion,
With waves like pews on a weekend Sabbath,
The sands coarse as the worshippers assembling
To be washed again and again by the ripple of the Word,
Doubt your doubts and believe
As the sands of the shore and
Dance to the tune of the wave -rhythm
 In a morning sweet communion,
When ocean's liquid letters sparkle in their wet essence,
The sands of time clamouring to be heard above the groundswell,
Clamouring to tell their own sad tale of bondage.

ENOCH JOHN

Contemplation

Where is the Dryad of the trees and the sweet little dove
That coos quietly feeding on the grains of corn on the dusty street,
The thin clear air reminding us of the changing season-the changing times, for
there is a season to be merry and also to be sad.

Christmas is a time for contemplation and not just for good food.
Sing to me now muse for my spirits are dampened by the times,
Sing to me O muse of poesy.O sing sweetly to me my muse.

ENOCH JOHN

Conversation With Bobbi Kristina

OK. Bobbi Kristina, so mummy is gone
And an ochre sky solemnly stares down at you
As a silent wind blows thru the pellucid curtains
of your mummy's house and stirs your memory.
What then are your contemplations about life, as
the tears that you shed measure your irreplaceable loss?

Hi, I'm Bobbi Kristina and as you must understand
I grieve for my dearly beloved departed mom
for we all live within the ambit of life and death,
but I remember her pretty smile and soothing voice,
not only on stage but as she often comforted me,
and I'll always love her and admire her, and
I'll stand upright within myself and be strong.
as I wait on fleeting time to heal my sadness.

ENOCH JOHN

Conversation With My Muse

Come now my muse and sing sweet and new lyrics,
For my heart knows sadness as that melancholic air blows in,
And it's in these times that you come with fresh inspiration;
Come now my muse and sing sweet and new lyrics.

Come now muse for my syntax has petered out,
As a storm that has blown out its fury,
And in my belly the fire burns low and dim,
And sweet inspiration seems like a stranger to me.

ENOCH JOHN

Cupid And His Tricks Again

Falling in love is a superb thing....again.
You even feel younger in heart and body; rejuvenation.
But within my heart begins to stir a great restlessness;
Momentarily the universe slows down and the stars burn brighter.

The rhapsody, the ecstasy, it's another rollercoaster ride,
Songs of love and songs of anxiety-an invasion of butterflies in the stomach;
She is like a precious princess from a storybook.
And yeah! It's Cupid playing his tricks with my heart!

ENOCH JOHN

Cupid Says Yes

I think I'll sit down on my computer and write a poem today.
Shall I write about love? Cupid says yes so I will write about love.
Bards of old like Shakespeare and Keats wrote about love,
So I am just following literary tradition and my heart,

For love is a topic with a million angles and a million stories.
Like the ocean it's inexhaustible, like the wind it's ubiquitous,
Like the river it can flow from county to county and from heart to heart!

ENOCH JOHN

Cupid's Counsel

[For a Shakespearean audience, written after the poet's muse had fallen under Cupid's influence]

Allow not impediments to hamper,
A love that's born to be true,
 But rather deign love's gate,
With pleasure be opened.

Let us not for these true hearts,
Which in unison beat,
 Put up barriers,
For theirs is a love which surmounts such.

Let us not therefore forget,
Such little aidance that it needs,
 A love,
That is both pure and true.

For them then, there is no intermediary,
No involvement of a third party,
 For such, acting in bad faith,
Spoils the love nest's security

Of no evil does love think,
Neither allows itself,
 In time's fleeting hour,
A hindrance to become.

Love is so much like springtime,
In its delight,
 Its fresh flowers blooming,
After wintry's cold and vexatious stay,

Love has a magnificent face,
No one dares deny,
 And in its due season,
Such magnificence it unveils.

Love can bewitch just anyone,

Even the stony-hearted or strong,
And its magic it weaves,
Like a storybook fairy.

Love is like the stars of heaven,
And can be likened,
As unto the glow in her eyes,
Their lights sparkling with their radiance.

Love can repel even envy,
Its silent strength,
Much like the ebbing tide,
Carries the debris away.

Love is mostly for dreamers,
Their minds filled with intendments,
And as cars racing the highways,
Beat their hearts in frantic joy.

Love coos gently like a dove,
Its soft coy noises reassuring,
As through the darkest of nights,
Each is comforted.

Love is like a cool and gentle wind,
The heat of anxiety,
Or the pressing pains of worry,
It's able to assuage.

A love that's true too,
At the feet of its beloved
Hardly lays a heavy burden,
But adheres to the honourable.

Let us not upon these true hearts,
Some blame ascribe,
Or seek to extract,
Any valid reason for loving.

For love seems sometimes to exist,
Even in reason's absence,
And has the supreme ability,

Any void to fill.

Verily, love seeks not the face of hostility,
But attempts the other cheek to turn,
 As the churlish side of man,
It shies away from revealing.

Love is like a burning fire,
Its ardent fury,
 Or its raging flames,
Even showery tears couldn't diffuse.

What can be as tempestuous as love,
O Instructive Muse of Hippocrene,
 That even such tempestuousness,
The fires of passion ignite?

Love possesses such tenacity,
Even the fibres of the heart,
 Being held together,
A vice couldn't pull apart.

Love is such a fervid emotion,
Which down dangerous paths it can lead,
 So that some choose in wisdom,
Its tempting ways to evade.

What profundity of elation,
As with vicarious intent,
 And with winged swiftness,
To its Everest the love-heart soars.

Love has its head in the heavens,
Though with some trepidation,
 On the shifting sands of time,
Its feet it plants.

Love gives direction and purpose,
And as a rudder to a drifting ship,
 After tempest's fierce blast,
Saves crew and cargo from the rocks.

Love is like strong wine,
The drinker having imbibed his full,
 In his bed of ecstasy,
Lies in inebriated bliss.

Love is plenteous enough to be shared,
As is the case,
 Little signs of ever diminishing,
Its reserves may show.

Against adversity will love's verity stand,
Its embers ever glowing,
 Much like tried and precious gold,
Purged in the fiery furnace.

Love seeks not its own aims,
Which by natural causes,
 Its aims it should seek,
But champions its beloved.

Let one who seeks after love then,
Such guidance that he may need,
 Not among fools search,
For then is one's counsel wasted.

Perhaps, if one loves then,
Little counsel one may need,
 As such,
For love itself counsels.

Love is a million-splendoured flower,
Its lovely cloying petals,
 To a starved and wounded world,
It dearly unfolds.

Yes, love is such a beautiful thing,
So much like the rainbow,
 In splendid array it exhibits,
All its kaleidoscopic hues.

But oh! Love can be so blind,
For evil becomes as good,

And what is unseemly seemly,
In the eyes of the stricken beholder.

Love is not a parody,
Its keen face
 A caricature it's unapt to become,
Or something to be mocked.

Love though, has its luring places,
No one can deny,
 But it's verdant beauty it shows off,
In open and stark display.

If love then, is for lovers only,
And others find it elusive,
 Even so it remains,
An experience to be sought,

For without failure or faltering,
Surely as day follows night,
 Even to th'inevitable hour,
Love's absolute holds true.

ENOCH JOHN

Dawn

Grey
is the Dawn, opening

the book
of a new day

the rainbow
an esplanade, traversing

the sky's rim.

sky
is a blue-like veil
hung in suspense, leaping

over
day's painted cumuli
and cirrus white-

white as starched linen
or crisp paper

crisper
than the green
and regal grass, stalking

the silent hill.

ENOCH JOHN

Desert Rose

Why bloom so soon
Rose of the desert?

Won't you await your season
Rose of the desert?

Thy sweet fragrance
Lingers and bewitches

The sons of men
In their silent quest.

Oh! You sweet desert rose
To my garden I'll bring thee

Clothed in thy fragrance majestic,
A flower of wonder and grace.

ENOCH JOHN

Doves Are Not Fussy

You are not as fussy as an ex-wife or an ageing politician,
You just fly in and peck the corn from the cold pavement.

Your language is not as complicated as angels' for you just coo,
Then off you go again as you fly away.

ENOCH JOHN

Dreams And Dreaming

Yesterday is filled with beautiful memories,
Today my cup of hope overflows,
And tomorrow I'll dream of yesterday and today.

Yes, life can be a dream sometimes, a beautiful one;
It helps us keep our sanity for sometimes,
Hovering in the dark somewhere is some terrible nightmare!

ENOCH JOHN

Easter Awakening

And my evensong is joyous
Filled with the melodies of praise
The rapturous delight of a liberated soul
Freed from the vanities of mortal realms I'm told.

Yea, now elevated to skydom azure
Enriched there with such thoughts pure
A new timbre of melody I hear
Which to my heart I now hold dear.
Now I hear the holy angels' chants
Their holy chain fill the temple as ants.

They their faces didst cover with wings twain
And Holy., Holy was their sweet refrain.

And Isaiah bowed his head in shame
For at this sight his life took on new aim.
He lived to be God's mouthpiece in his day
And uttered only what the master would say.

ENOCH JOHN

Echo Of Love

Yesterday afternoon long after sweet Aurora of the morning dew had passed,
And Zephyr was blowing quietly through the trees,
The shards of light peeping through the clouds,
And oh the orchids, water violets and the honeysuckle,
Lending different hues to the was when I heard the echo in the you ever heard
the echo in the hills?

Well as the years go by this echo in my heart is still heard,
For love does not really die 's echo in the heart lives on.
So when you walk in the hills among the daffodils with resplendent nature,
As a transient soul seeking solace, listen to the echo of love.

ENOCH JOHN

Elegy For Garissa, Kenya

Caught up in an ever more evil and widening gyre things have fallen apart,
For I saw only today in a newspaper a picture of a beautiful black woman,
Holding aloft a candle and a rose that didn't care to hide her sadness,
At the atrocious crime in Nairobi, Kenya at Garissa University College.
147 had been had come by sacrifice, some by scholarship,
I cannot tell, to fulfill their lives' dreams which became ultimately a nightmare for
family and friends when extremists with some silly nomenclature stormed the
college.
What dark, macabre, machiavellian power would cause such tragedy,
What depraved, misplaced, nonsensical ideology would drive this evil?
That men who likely had spouses and children of their own,
To the pit would stoop to rain grief, pain and tragedy upon others.
O world! Shed a tear for Kenya! O world! Weep for Garissa,
Weep all night long for a dark cloud hangs over Africa and our world,
Eclipsing the sempiternal sunshine of love, caring and tenderness!

ENOCH JOHN

Eloping Helen

A large fleet of Grecian ships riding on an angry Aegean,
To the Trojan frontier and war,
To satisfy Argamemnon's inflated ego,
An ego possibly taller than any mountain in Greece,
Or is it to recapture beautiful Helen,
who had run away from Menelaus' bed-
An angry king dangerously armed with dented pride, a bruised ego and a fistful
of arrows.

Of Achilles and his fleet-footed victories
Over valiant Hector and other lesser warriors,
And Odysseus' brilliant strategem,
Building a horse of wood to defeat surreptitiously a wall of stone.
I, as sailor, steering my ship away from Troy,
Leaving those kings of the Aegean to fight their own senseless wars.

ENOCH JOHN

Emancipation

Torn between conflicting ideologies of origin and cultural identification;
A mass plethora of abiding confusion which in open readiness engulfs us, eager
to spawn its own divisiveness.

These Caribbean waters reflect a people, who seemingly are not yet a people,
suspended in virtual and perpetual limbo,
In the doldrums of political expediency where the genes keep us imprisoned, in
the cell of our own history,

While the chieftains shout in gleeful ignorance,
As they hide behind an elan of quintessential fears
Of impending and eventual Emancipation!

ENOCH JOHN

Epitaph

To die for nothing
Is to have lived for nothing.
To die for something
Is to have lived for everything.

The epitaphs of many graves
Are littered with many words
Of men who died for nothing
Because they lived vain lives
Being led around in chains
By evil and cunning men
Who cared precious little
For the souls of men
And counted them only as numbers!

ENOCH JOHN

Evensong

Yes, 'twill be my evensong
When of the nectar of success I drink
And Fortune's sparkling wind blows my way
After the heartaches of life's torrid blaze

'Twill be like an effervescent wine
My joie de vivre it rekindles
And thus eternally flows
Unto my perpetual joy and wonder.

ENOCH JOHN

Explorers, Astronauts And Cybernauts

Colon carried the diary of Marco Polo on his historic journey to the New World,
where all he saw was sea but thought only of land,
As the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta sailed into the history books.

Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay climbed to the top of Everest,
And breathed the thin clear air that eagles thrived on,
While Neil Armstrong in sixty nine walked on the lunar surface, becoming
arguably the first alien to land on the moon,

And today it's you and I, modern day astronauts, or rather cybernauts,
On Twitter, Facebook, Poemhunter, Wattpad, exploring new frontiers in
cyberspace.

ENOCH JOHN

Faith

Within this enveloping darkness comes trepidation
which mercilessly seeks the memory of my faith to blot out,
its perils embedded deep within its
i can still hear calling me, a voice
as did Adam, Jonah and the Patriarchs, calling me
to "come up hither" and believe; now
from the pit of despair will I therefore arise,
and on the elevated throne of hope to sit.

In desperation then, among the believing,
After twilight with its swiftness had fallen,
in its flight, to emulate the great bird,
in eagle-like pursuit, soaring heavenwards,
for when in ascendancy, it disregards the counsel of the faint-hearted,
taking on God-like strength after its metamorphosis,
the strongman solemnly vowing the demise of fear and doubt,
for as god-men, standing on the Celestial threshold,
under a silent brass sky of a dull day,
in a time of a deteriorating state,
when hope becomes as scarce as venerable men,
and a gloomy landscape grows ever weary
of its teeming inhabitants.

ENOCH JOHN

Falling In Love, Again

Falling in love is a superb thing....again.
You even feel younger in heart and body; rejuvenation.
But within my heart begins to stir a great restlessness;
Momentarily the universe slows down and the stars burn brighter.

The rhapsody, the ecstasy, it's another rollercoaster ride,
Songs of love and songs of anxiety-an invasion of butterflies in the stomach;
She is like a precious princess from a storybook.
And yeah! It's Cupid playing his tricks with my heart!

ENOCH JOHN

Farewell To Sorrow

Oh Solitude!

Ah grief!

Thou twin tormentors

That keep so close

To the heart

Even the marrow of the bone!

I wish thee farewell

And that thou wouldest flee, to the
Farthest regions of Hades,

And stay far away

And not come near

To hold me dread

in thy grasp so strong;

So that I can be free

To love and to live again!

ENOCH JOHN

Flower At Dawn

after dusk, her eyes alit,
the stars of a silvered cluster which shine
into my being and fragmented soul.
"vouchsafe my love to hold you closer, "
her infolding arms as a cocoon,
and my desire a crescendo of emotion,
a raging fire, a rising tide,
as with the kisses of her lips, she smothers me.

to unveil the sweet charm of aura and mystique,
her loveliness published abroad as grey-eyed Pallas Athene, or
as sweet Aphrodite, rising from the foam of the sea,
or as a flower blossoming in the desert's thin air,
with petals of superb beauty as her caparisons,
disarming the ardent admirer,
to convince his soul and melt his obdurate heart,
with love-beguiling ease at twilight.

she is a Shakespearean sprite,
a darling flower of this lovely field,
with lips like the morning dew,
sparkling in its freshness as Aurora the Rosy-fingered,
sparkling wonderfully with sublime touch enfranchising,
as the early rays of sunlight,
quietly awakening the freshness of pristine Dawn,
quietly awakening the freshness of pristine Dawn.

ENOCH JOHN

Folly Becomes Wisdom

If subterfuge made many wealthy,
Then by such men amassed wealth.

If then, that folly became wisdom
Then thereby fools ruled the masses,

Who gladly and blindly followed,
In vain thinking that folly was wisdom.

ENOCH JOHN

Footnotes Of An Artist

Michelangelo Buonarotti dreamed his dreams and
painted them into a renaissance
of colourful shards. In a Sistine chapel, the dynamics
of ideas architected, genius appended
as frescos on an overhead Roman manuscript,
his panelled spectrum of greatness.

Man rejoices at art as a connoisseur of vintage draft,
or as the pebbled dew on a morning leaf,
is exhilarated after dawn dies at
the ray's thrust of a helmeted sun.

Night is born from the scarlet carcass of the day
and the rolling hills seek its dark silence
as do the animals of the wild scape
and the artist. espoused to his wearied muse.

Yet the pregnant artist has no rest until
his bloated mind yields its masterpiece.

Then it cries
in a kaleidoscopic voice of art,
hieroglyphs leaping to life'

ENOCH JOHN

Freedom

The bonds of a slave are broken
When he begins to think freedom!

The masses are free
If only they knew it.

Then would tumble
All the traditions of men,

Their lofty ideas
And great fortresses,

Built to hold
These same masses.

ENOCH JOHN

Friends

Yesterday I saw you walking down the dusty streets,
And I thought: there goes elegance on two feet.
I only wished we had more time to spend together,
For time is so fleeting, and cannot be recalled.

I reminisce often of the times we had together,
Yes we were such good friends and you made me laugh;
You talked of your dreams. It is a good thing to dream in daytime,
For life is full of dreams and we ought to make the most of life.

ENOCH JOHN

Fulfilment

Life's reciprocal is in dying,
Love's conquest is in giving;
A fool's paradise is wherever he makes it,
A bounty hunter's joy is his catch,
A traveller's ultimate is his destination,
A lady's vanity is her beauty,
A politician's pride is his speech,
And a sportsman's success is his crowning glory!

ENOCH JOHN

Fusion

Come into my prism of ideas
And explore my voluminous cathedral.
In this potent and exhilarating realm
Of pure and abiding literary delight,
Pregnated with the verve of creativity,
Shakespeare, Michelangelo and da Vinci,
In their full efficacy exist here-
Here there is no caricature of expression,
No grotesque hunchback of Notre Dame;
Only pure cosmic energy of dynamic movement,
As pieces come together in spontaneous wholeness
As the prism grows to its full potential.
[The Muse speaks of the wellness of man's mind
And the fusion of the artist and his art].

ENOCH JOHN

Gaius Julius Caesar

When he crossed the Rubicon with his troops his fate with Rome sealed,
But why did the Tiber become melancholy and shed tears of sadness?
Hail Caesar! Great ruler of Caesar! Great conqueror of Gaul,
But himself conquered by Brutus, Cassius and their league,
For they seemed to have feared his union with beautiful and mysterious
Cleopatra of the coiled it an act of cowardice
or was it a noble one to protect the Republic?
Over and over they stabbed this noble man until his blood stained their august
chamber.

If the dictum 'tempus edax rerum omnium'(time the devourer of all things) holds
true, then the hurt and anger may have faded from memory in the sempiternal
annals of history.

ENOCH JOHN

Germ Of Life

A blade of grass
or a blossoming rose
Can no scientist create

Nor the germ of life
That lieth dormant
in a grain of corn.

Tell me who put
The greenery in the blade of grass
Or the fragrance in the blossoming rose

And I will tell thee
Who put the germ of life
In a grain of corn.

ENOCH JOHN

Great Men

It is said that.....

Some men are born great

Some become great

And others have greatness thrust upon them.

It might be said though, that.....

Some men are born great fools

Some become great losers

And others go to great lengths to prove

The magnitude of their folly.

ENOCH JOHN

Grenada

The rain falls on white washed stones of Grenada,
Trotting horses sweat out a day's labour
Drawing merry tourists thru streets
Worn by use in picturesque St George's.

The harbour sits quiet like tranquil heaven,
Interrupted briefly by a passing flock of birds,
And tired fishermen pull in their reluctant catch,
As on the spice isle sweepingly descends the night.

Oh! Mighty Grand Etang over yonder perched;
A relic of some bygone disturbance,
When the earth's crust burst as the lava flowed.....
A formation of creative wonder!

I had dreamt of some earthly paradise.....
A place where peace wedded love:
Oh! Come to sweet tranquil Grenada,
A jewel in the Caribbean Sea.

ENOCH JOHN

Ground Zero

Antigua, Anguilla, St Lucia, Virgin Islands, Guadeloupe and Trinidad
Antilles of azure warm Caribbean Waters
And Antilles of the Americas.

Antilles of the Carnavalesque and marinas with white yachts at rest,
And coral reefs and ports in tranquil waters
Of Tortola, Kingston and Port of Spain,
With suddenness affrighted,
In September.

reality

Of riveted eyes gaping in disbelief in Port of Spain
At Cable News Network
In September.

starkness, the images conjure

At Ground Zero. A people ripped apart

As a wild animal rips apart its prey.

Stark. The agony of starkness in this crucible,
Mirrored in the acute anguish of the innocent,
Whose consummate grief is manifest,

The rhythms of this agonizing cadence becoming their new mantra,
For emblazoned forever on their cheeks is their trepidation,
And neither Jefferson nor Washington could've allayed

The nativity of terror, freedom's antithesis,
Sprouting wildly as branches of trees,

In a concrete jungle of tremulous humanity,

Fatigued by the wear and tear of weariness and hurt,

On that day of infamy with one nation hurting as one man, and

Everywhere, the pungent scent of the dead, nauseating

And frustrating the sanity that struggles to remain,

In a ghastly ghost of a wilderness that hadn't been a wilderness,
In September.

And I heard they returned the following year,

In the empty space, reading an obituary from a Book of Remembrance

In September, like a Sabbath,

And with its heavenly ascent as an axiom,

Sounded a West Indian chorus of condemnation,

Of September.

ENOCH JOHN

Happiness

Happy is the man
who findeth his
Path of righteousness
In life's lengthy journey.

So then, his heart will be joyful
And his children will be called blessed.
His cup will be full of love and gladness;
He layeth down his head to sleep in peace.

Serenity and contentment
Become his constant companions
And in the gate doth everyone
Speak about his find.

ENOCH JOHN

Harmony

Deep within the human recesses
Lies potential like a vast sea,
Waiting in silent readiness
To release her bulging power
In the season of opportunity.

ENOCH JOHN

Heavenly Quire

In my waking moments I think I may have heard a seraphic train
Whose melodic strains were as glorious as the choreography
Of the heavenly angelic quire and their rhapsody seem to carry me up and even
further upwards,
And I wondered if Bach or Beethoven or even Mozart could have written
So glorious a symphony that could take us up to that celestial shore?

O come now Heavenly muse and teach me seraph's sweet song,
O come now Heavenly muse and teach me this lovely ditty,
So that my soul can be raptured to sweet Beulah land!

ENOCH JOHN

Hey Beautiful Lady!

Hey beautiful lady! remove the scowl from your face.
The frown on your lovely countenance isn't you,
For you were made to look sweet.
Hey sunshine girl! I love the smile on your face,
It's so cute and alluring lighting up the room.
Hey rainbow girl! Your hues are nice,
Lighting up the world, illumining my space;
The beauty of the flowers and their lovely scent,
Reflected through you every day.
Your joie de vivre is so spontaneous,
It's like a sweet world
is a much better place because of you.

ENOCH JOHN

Hope Of All The Ages

Leap within my breast
Hope of all the ages.
Lead me forever onwards;
Towards fresh conquests
And newer horizons.
Never may I despair
And quit life's challenges.
Help me always
To gain inner strength
To ford the streams of life.

Yes, leap within my breast
Hope of all the ages;
Leap, that I may continue on.,

ENOCH JOHN

Hope's Zenith

Like fresh flowers of the early Dawn,
Rekindling memories of a Homeric morn,
Flora and fauna to Mother Earth their sacred vows renew,
When at every sunrise Hope blossoms anew,
As the sturdy windows are flung open wide,
And the Caribbean's bright rays inwardly stream,
Lighting up life's pedestrian dream,
With a panoramic sight full of sound and pride,
To mirror Hope's Zenith and be exultant,
To achieve Hope's Zenith and be triumphant.
Yet some dreams freeze Antaeus-like,
Strangled by sheer Herculean disbelief,
For upon friendship's worrying pretext I dwell,
And those who gaze in hypocritical glee.
At sunset as one peers from the cliff to see,
Lengthening shadows which cast their dying spell,
Like a pantheon along life's deserted way;
One views this fading Caribbean paradise in dismay,
Which Venus had kissed long before the twilight of day.

ENOCH JOHN

I Dance

I dance in sun's timorous rays of light
I dance in the twilight.

I dance in the moonlight
I dance in the inner light.

I dance in the new light of day
I dance through life's light.

I dance away from the treacherous light
I dance with glee in the noonday light.

I dance away from the shadowy light
I dance towards the beckoning light.

I dance in the angelic light
I dance in the heavenly light.

I dance in poesy's amazing light
I dance in the majestic light.

I dance in the cosmic light
I dance in victory's abundant light.

I dance in His sempiternal light,
For dancing is my life!

ENOCH JOHN

I Thirst

My heart reaches out to you O Lord,
In these perilous times I thirst;
Yes, Lord! my heart the open morning sky,
Where the cumulous clouds seem to hold heaven's serenity,
When the mountains rise to heaven and the birds of spring lovely sing
And the wild beast hides in his beautiful flowers of spring bloom, as the hues of
the rainbow, and my heart reaches out to you O Lord.
Who has made the vast heavens and the brown earth below!

ENOCH JOHN

I Wonder

I wonder from whence
Wise men get their wisdom
Or fools their folly,
A woman her beauty,
A sportsman his prowess
Or a politician his smooth tongue.....
Who calls a spade a fork
And is applauded
Over and over again!

ENOCH JOHN

Ice Maiden

Oh, Ransomed soul.
Oh, heart aglow.

Divine sparks that fly
From the fiery anvil of tests;
memories dimmed by suffering
Float about my mind
in distant squeakish spasms,
Mesmerising my soul
in silent solemn awe
Like a beautiful ice maiden
Frozen in stride.

ENOCH JOHN

Idleness Of Youth

With none to share
In glory of heart's desire;
Beckoning some timid response
But none forthcoming.....
So alone he sat in rapt solemnity
His immobile frame tense
With regret of bygone years;
For when in prime, he wasted
Life's treasures on wanton lust;
The marrow of his bones sucked
By the idleness of youth
And his scant regard for others.

ENOCH JOHN

If

If my life had been different
Would I tread this path,
Or the ridicule of the masses face
And in a different way walk?

Don't trample on my silence
And my timid heart lay waste.
I come in peace with my offering
Don't tread on my dignity.

ENOCH JOHN

Ifrevisited

If I can smell the aroma of the beautiful flowers,
And walk on the beach and feel the sand tickle my toes.
If on a cool day I can walk among the trees and admire nature,
Or if I can sit by the esplanade and watch the waves break on the shore, or
Even if I can smell the lovely scent in her hair and admire her beauty,
If I can become quite poetic and even be moved to write a love poem;
If I can listen carefully I might hear the heavenly chorus.

If I can be patient enough or quiet enough I might become one with nature;
If I can cast away all the cares of this world and be free,
If I could sing like a bird or even fly beyond the cirrus clouds,
If I could be a superman then I would be more confident,
If, If, if only I could come to that place where I can stop doubting.

ENOCH JOHN

Images Of My Childhood

Majestic scenes of idyllic beauty conjugating shadows,
And dots on a verdant scape, painted as a renaissance master,
The wisps of smoke, curling a greyish path of destiny,
As wafted as a feather on a thin evening breeze,
Memories from my childhood, washing my cheeks with peace,
Sweep back as a murmuring refrain, and momentarily,
As if time stopped in its imaginary track
Nature's heart-felt praise of simplicity greets us, for here rests
No imitations of immortality, or tincture of deceit;
No open exaltations of tin gods,
As neither Athena nor Artemis raises a silent voice.
This restful abode of quiet, like an Elysian field,
Where peace more than wealth flowered my life,
[For we lived in "dolce far niente"]
And no perplexing problem or paranoia,
Reared its grotesque head as a Gorgon,
And the shy's brass shield to me,
With hardly a turbulent cloud was cluttered,
For seemingly with all,
Nature had signed its pact of peace in chambers.

ENOCH JOHN

Images Of The Crumb-Eaters

Images of imagining and imaginations,
Upon my mind's vista cast a stupor,
In my contemplations of a society,
Saturated with man's misdemeanours,
And reflective of his wilful malevolence.
Discontent like a rising timbre,
Echoes from the valley of discord,
As seemingly, by means of a Cartel,
The masses are held to bold ransom,
Who like Lazarus, are crumb-eaters,
As louder and louder grows the rumble,
Decibel added to decibel, louder.....
Until phrenetic men
With volcanic-like devastation descend,
Making the city an abiding necropolis.

Men like ants walking the street,
Toting in tandem a myriad of grouses,
And feeling the wicked oppression,
Like the October of nineteen seventeen,
When the Czar of Russia fell.
History is only a repeating story,
But we possess short memories,
Shorter than the mini-skirts,
Worn on Frederick Street,
In Friday afternoon's stifling heat.

Images of imagining and imaginations,
Can't help the vagrant in Woodford Square,
His blank stare of Negritude,
And his black body ravaged by hunger's death pangs.
Poor fella given up to die by his people,
Steeped in their own unfortunate dilemma-
A dilemma of their own self-destruction,
As aptly clothed in the vestments of greed,
They seek surely their own Bolshevik experience,
Aided by an impatient sanguinary crowd.

And with patience we view this phantasmagoria.

ENOCH JOHN

In Love With Love

I met a girl once who said she was in love,
And she had all the hallmarks of love;
Well, there was a new cadence to her steps,
And when she spoke all the rhapsody of love was in her voice,
Her face was flushed with love's euphoria.

But afterwards I found out and her boyfriend also, that
She was really in love with love, with all the romanticism.
The shadow of a tree gives shelter and even so the shadow of love
can lead one down that path inevitably to believe that they're in love.

Love is such a towering sycamore tree that many who stand in her shade,
Begin to believe somewhat that they are in love.
They look at the stars on a starry night and see love there,
Love can be anywhere and can even be in your imagination,
Especially when you're really just in love with love!

ENOCH JOHN

In Tobago, Some Thoughts

Come sit with me on the esplanade of this beautiful Caribbean isle,
In Tobago still an unspoilt paradise of people, sand, sea and open air,
In Scarborough, here, the sea looks calm and sprawling like a big ranch in
Dakota or Texas,
For here you can see the seagulls fly away into the horizon.
Wait. I see a ship arriving gently parting the sea as it comes in.

And my poet's imagination begins to run if, I thought,
Napoleon Bonaparte had lived sure he would have launched
From this port his massive fleet to conquer Europe, for even before Caesar,
somebody was always trying to conquer some kingdom.
But come sit with me on the esplanade of this beautiful isle,
A jewel in the Caribbean archipelago, an isle that you can live on.

ENOCH JOHN

India's Daughter

Weep sempiternal world for India's Daughter, weep India for the daughters of the world,
For here we are faced with a scourge that has worldwide dimensions,
The stalkers, the lustful and the prurient men lay in wait for the daughters of the world,
Hence we as humanity must weep for our daughters, a melancholic wail,
Under an ochre sky here is a tragedy, here is a song and the self-flagellation begins.

So weep world for America's Daughter and weep for England's and Scotland's Daughters;
Weep for Trinidad's and Canada's Daughters, weep for Africa's Daughters,
For Russia's and China's Daughters and also for Japan's and Australia's Daughters.
O weep sad world for our daughters, weep rivers of tears all night long.

ENOCH JOHN

Inertia

Hark! I hear the minstrels play
Their rhapsody of melodious delight,
And in sweet cadence the choral voices echo
Down the mainstream of life,
In harmonious and syncopatic clarity.

O! What pretty music I hear,
Howbeit in the doldrums I'm caught, and I wonder
If my soul the music will liberate,
From the passive stillness that reverberates
And paralyses into inertia.

ENOCH JOHN

Inferno

Fast is the beat of my heart,
Slow is my cadence up life's steep hill,
Loving is my glance at you my darling,
Bestowed from above are twin jewels of hope and love,
To fight against the raging decadence.

There is a great war fought on the earth,
It's a warfare in the battleground of the mind-
A fierce inferno, a raging hell.
And fast is the beat of my heart,
Slow is my cadence up life's steep hill,
And persevere I will, persevere I will!

ENOCH JOHN

Insignia

O then,
send upwards

all your orisons, that
these resplendent islands

much like

yellowed splashes of sun, reminiscent

of a Grecian archipelago
will secure their place

but here sadly,
every island

is its own kingdom,
each ruler its Lord and

ignorance
the coveted insignia,

worn proudly
on their visage.

ENOCH JOHN

Iron Smile

I am armed with memory and a smile,
And, yes, I feel pain. I am just as human as you.

In life's hazardous journey all kind of circumstances confront us,
But I arm myself with memory and an iron smile.

ENOCH JOHN

Jesters

Seekers become finders
And finders usually become keepers;
Keepers of the rich heritage
Given freely to the sons of men
Who pitch their tents
Beyond the horizon of failure
And touch the everest of success.

Hope hath no strength then, if men didn't hope
Nor faith any wings if we didn't believe,
For without these stalwarts two
We become like a cloudless sky
Which in oblivion hangs
And as a dry ocean of meaningless thought
Nought of substance and vanity as our silly crown.
What a travesty of Royal rule
As adorned with pomp and pageantry
With ceremony as the rule of law
We celebrate our reign in mock solemnity.

ENOCH JOHN

Juggernaut Ebola Wars Against Juggernaut Africa

Today over Africa I didn't hear the wind's elation only its lament,
For this is not the time for Mother Africa to wax pusillanimous,
For she must be strong as a pharaoh and as resilient as the Giza Pyramid.

Under an ochre sky that has now turned macabre and nihilistic,
After Ebola had invaded Mother Africa, Isis wept bitter tears,
That flowed into the coiled Congo and the beautiful Nile,
And Africa's darkness became darker still.

Only today I saw a poignant picture in the newspaper
Of a little black boy child sitting in a sad and solitary manner,
With his future and his chin propped up by a fragile hand,
Quarantined in a care centre in Lokomasama, Sierra Leone,
For Ebola had sheathed Africa with a cloak of trepidation.

As the juggernaut Ebola squares off to battle juggernaut Africa creating another
gigantomachy,
As Shaka Zulu formed columns of warriors to fight the invading British,
So too must Africa stand firm as Dahomey, Fante, Fe and Zulu stand together.

O Mother Africa! I weep for you for yet another peril lies at your door.
Child of the Congo! And O Child of the Nile and Liberia!
I shed tears for you that will join with the waters of the Nile!
Was it only yesterday that great kings of Egypt, Ghana and Mali,
Sailed down the waters of the Nile? O Africa! Take heart for
Help will come your way so that your tears will turn to laughter,
And the dictum about "time the devourer of all things" will hold true: *tempus edax
rerum omnium*.

ENOCH JOHN

Jungle Fever

a prophet gets no
honor in his town. I'm no prophet but only
a poet trying to write the poetry of the day
but they watch me with the hawk's eye.

no longer do I sing
the songs of Innocence, for out
of the egg-shell matrix have I graduated
into the profound absurdity of the real world,
where ambiguity wears the crown in its jubilation,
and the well dressed don who wears
a stetson hat and the business suit
from Bradford, smiles with you and plots your downfall.

no longer do I sing
the songs of Innocence,
no longer do I sing as a bird.

"by the rivers of Babylon, there we wept
when we remembered Zion".
only rivers of brass and tears
and the syntax of vines intermingle
in this jungle fever.

ENOCH JOHN

Knowledge

Knowledge makes one fearless
Of brute beast
and man
and creates
the mastery over the elements.

ENOCH JOHN

Kosovo Refugee

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
I hear the bombs drop
I only wish they'd stop.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
I feel the pain and the hurt
While the warring factions gloat.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
These flying machines of stealth
Built by Nato's great wealth.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
Machines that fly in the night
I can barely hide my fright.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
I hear the terrifying screams
Of children awakened from their dreams

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
I am ragged and worn
I wish I were never born.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
I am hungry and depressed
We are a people oppressed.

Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb! Ka Plomb!
Milosevic will never understand
Until we are buried under the sand.

ENOCH JOHN

La Noche Triste For Gabo(Gabriel Garcia Marquez)

Where the Cauca and the Magdalena through pristine Colombian valleys weave their way,
As a plot in one of Gabo's works, the thin clear air resonates with grief for a son of Colombia,
Born in Aracataca on the Caribbean coast and as the Renaissance man Michelangelo,
Armed with a nomenclature of an angel from birth, Gabriel"Gabo"Garcia Marquez,
As writer icon towered above Pico Cristobal Colon and in death it has been suggested
That a procession of myriad mourners carrying hundreds of yellow paper butterflies,
Metamorphosing into ethereal motifs that will stain the human mind forever with memory.

Gabo lived in a land and breathed the same air and energy as did the Olmec, Maya, Mixtec, Zapotec, Toltec and Aztec, ancient empires of Mesoamerica like Egyptian and Greco-Roman.
So after centuries the anger of Quetzalcoatl may have abated towards Cortez, for then
Maybe a feather from Quetzalcoatl might have fallen into the hand of Gabo, as quill,
So that from lovely Veracruz in the Gulf of Mexico to where Cortez had sailed, To the temple pyramid of Kukulcan at Chichen Itza,
The stones on the streets shout in unison their among the pallbearers,
If there would be a coffin, or just to scatter his ashes there could be a juxtaposing
Of Old World and the New; Cervantes representing the former and Octavio Paz, Amado Nervo and Pablo Neruda representing the New World

Many hold the view that Gabo was the greatest writer in the Spanish language,
But then, did he not write in the language of humanity?
Gabo in his will to Colombia, Mexico and indeed the whole world
Has bequeathed 100 Years of Colombia, Mexico y todo el mundo, la noche triste.

ENOCH JOHN

Labour To Love

When hearts destitute
Turn to the rocks for refuge
And the pageantry dims;
Even the beauty of the peacock fades
Before the awesome wonder
Of perilous times visiting the earth....
For man's avarice, a sure payment.

When burn the fires of hope dimly
And ebbs the earnestness of love;
When evaporates the humanity of man
Like a mist on a hot day;
When seeks the bee its nectar from the fading rose.....
And the stars fall from the sky!
Oh my! Let's labour to love,
The day is almost done.

ENOCH JOHN

Lady Love

About you, my love, my muse whispered:
"She's like an Egyptian princess,
Such gracious loveliness displayed."

You lovable darling who stirs
 my emotions
Your charming charisma when you blush,
Like an unparalleled innocence
So alluring, so affectionate.

The intenseness
 of my overpowering feelings
Startle me in its spontaneous.

ENOCH JOHN

Learned Eremite

like kites
emotions rise

to choke
at his heart strings, enveloping

him with a veil-like sheath of melancholy.

masked

from the outside chords of chaos, phrases
from the Homeric oeuvre,

refresh his mind with
memory,
blotting out forever

the winds of nihilism blowing
with natural fervour and

like a learned Eremite
pondering over his books,

he waits
in silent knowledge

until
strength rises within his breast

like the Towers of Ilium.

Like Ulysses,
he'll ride his ship

over the distant, bulging deep

his craft

sailing on the rough seas of knowledge,

its sails
filled with

the billowing winds
of learning.

ENOCH JOHN

Love And War

Fear binds us to the earth
But faith lifts us to the heavens!

Hate burdens the bearer
But love frees the loving.

War brings destruction and grief
But peace brings healing in its wings.

Fools there may be many
But wise men are few.

And cowards die a thousand deaths
But brave men live forever!

ENOCH JOHN

Love At Christmas

Love is in the air so watch out for Cupid,
But love is in the air at Christmas.
Love doesn't always warn you when it's coming;
You have more warning for Christmas which comes once a year,

But when love is in the air even at Christmas,
It comes without notice, it can envelop you suddenly,
Even if you didn't stand under the mistletoe.

So at Christmas when love is in the air,
The cakes and the plums and the ham,
Sorrel and ginger beer might just taste better.

ENOCH JOHN

Love Is A Runaway Train

So you think you know what love is after reading all those novels,
And looking at movies on the big screen with important stars?
But do you know that love is unpredictable and sometimes can't be contained?
Are you aware that love can be as a runaway train where
You become the conductor and the driver trying sometimes in vain,
To stop this runaway train from crashing and killing many.

ENOCH JOHN

Love Poem To An Unknown Lady

I do not say that I do not love you still,
Yet I can't count the days till I see you again.
I do not say that I love you still,
Yet I can't wait to hear you breathe,
For your presence is most endearing and reassuring.

What then is love if this is not love?
I cannot see the wind passing in its fury but I can feel it-
I have never been to a heavenly shore but I believe it,
For these things and experiences are held together by faith.
But then isn't faith seeing the unseen?

I do not say that I do not love you,
For who can define what love is?
Can the poet define its characteristics in a sonnet,
Or maybe a love song with its lyrical delight?
I do not then say that I love you yet,
And I do not say that I do not love you still.
But even though I make a valiant attempt to hide behind verse,
Yet I do know that you do know whether I love you still.

ENOCH JOHN

Lovely Paradise

The flowers bloom and the trees bear fruit,
The raindrops fall and we leap over the rainbow,
We dream fresh dreams of streams flowing,
And birds singing in a lovely paradise.

I wish I'd been to that lovely paradise,
Some years before and so save all that pain.
I can almost hear the music playing,
New chords I hear almost every day.

ENOCH JOHN

Love's Fled

Ever wondered what happened to love,
Or whether to the far woods she had fled?
Or why, from multitudes she had hid her face,
And why so many stood in bewildered shoes?

Many times we take lust for her,
For lust dresses up in love's clothes,
And by the time she is undressed,
She has already wreaked her havoc.

For sometimes our actions drive her away-
Jealousy she is not too keen to flirt with,
Or even too much possessiveness, and
Neglect can strangle the breath out of her.

So next time we ask where is love hiding,
Why is her lovely face not seen?
Then we must be sincere and honest,
And the first to admit that we drove her away!

ENOCH JOHN

Love's Strength

Love can be stronger than the wind,
Or can leap over mountains or the wide ocean.
Love can envelop and overpower even the stone-hearted,
Melting down that hard heart as heat to ice.

Love was conceived in a furnace,
And was forged to withstand worldly pain,
Even the force of nature,
Love is that pearl that we seek.

ENOCH JOHN

Majestic

I looked across the great chasm
And saw some things so strange.
He who sat upon a throne
And seraphims around encamped.

Angelic beings near sublime;
Creatures of the highest thought.
It's no wonder then that Isaiah bowed in shame,
When broke that vision from behind the veil.

I looked and saw the rainbow
Alight with seven brilliant colours.
It reminded me of Joseph's beautiful coat,
And the seven stars that St John saw.

Bodies terrestrial, creatures celestial.
Who can say, who can tell?
It's nothing else
But the Creator's handiwork.

ENOCH JOHN

Man The Destroyer

This cosmos doth surely come to a halt,
Bringing an end to man's determined effort
To do everything, and achieve little,
In his quest for supremacy and power.

And his greed for wealth and
His thirst for fame and glory.
Yes, man in his contumacious self
Has brought the human race to the brink
Of disaster and poverty.....utter hopelessness!

With all his knowledge of
.....philosophy and medicine, astrological data
and high-tech computers,
religion and various brands of politics.

His assiduous search, and hunger,
For the attainment of heights of grandeur
And achievements, have robbed him blind,
Of his understanding of nature and his
True purpose upon this unique planet.

Instead, he has depleted the ozone layer
And cast various pollutants upon the earth.
He has become a scourge to himself and his "brother".
Yes, man with his great knowledge and lack of wisdom
Has already destroyed himself.

Atomic mis-creations and Hiroshima's instant decline
Have only been catalytic in man's carnal rampage,
To bring an end to order by creating disorder,
Nation against Nation, just as the Holy Writ foretold.

ENOCH JOHN

Many Noble Men

Many noble men
Many ignoble men....
have stood back to back
And fought in trenches
For some noble cause
And died like fools
To satisfy the warmongers
Who sit in their comfortable palaces
And plot
And plot
And plot.....
How to fill their coffers
How to expand their tents
How to create a holocaust
That will turn respectable, genteel folk
Into brute beasts and killers;
And without emotion
They send,
Many noble men
Many ignoble men.....
To their untimely death.

ENOCH JOHN

Masterpiece

Eternal thoughts I think,
Housed in splendid earthenware
Among the fields of time.
'Tis be humanity's darkest 'our I hear;
Thus and thus we are told in rhyme
And oftimes the prose of writers
Speaks volumes of the raging decadence.

Oh! So a masterpiece it is -
Exemplary perfection personified,
Veiled clay-imagery of a body called time;
An inheritance soon to be fully mine.
Such sublime bliss and masterful design,
So, to that Eternal Will I now resign.

ENOCH JOHN

Mediocrity

Mediocrity is the cursed of the damned!
Failure to great men
Who set their bows
And aim skywards
To strike their starry targets.

Mediocrity is success though
For lesser mortals.....
Short sighted non-visionaries
Who always hope for lady luck
To bail them out
Of their misfortune recurrent.

So then, for many
Mediocrity is success!
To a select few.....
An abject failure!

ENOCH JOHN

Memory

All I can hear is your silence as I listen, the wind on my cheeks,
The sunlight in my hair and the sand tickling my bare feet.
The waves from the blue ocean visit the shore in rhythmic regularity.

All I can hear is your silence as I listen, the wind on my cheeks,
The sunlight is beginning to fade! Fade! Fade away! until
All that remains now is y of when we memory!

ENOCH JOHN

Mirror

In times of this lonely contemplation far from the urban light,
thoughts of gravity burden the mind like an albatross,
and all the merriment, like shadows flee from among many,
yet a phantasmal shadow of time, bathed in a ray of light,
the tantalizing imagery it attempts to project,
before vanishing like sweet Aurora of the Dawn. In
a state of darkness avidly might some walk,
the phantoms possessing no resplendence,
only gloomy motifs proliferate,
the illumination leading us out the forest of shadows,
and Euphoria, as fleetingly and as quietly,
from the presence of men departs, before Aurora awakens,
the dawn of light's arrival, Aurora of the Dawn,
resplendent as an enigma, adorned in her pageantry,
a perennial celebration of glorious freshness.

Have you seen sweet Aurora of the Dawn, my nymph?
O! how she is wont to break forth in the newness of day,
in the metamorphosis of time's orb. Mother earth gallantly
dons her majestic apparel as a tapestry, her celebrated bust
revealing her changing state as the seasons of time,
flora and fauna mirroring the synergies of creation,
and in wanton ecstasy, the elemental dynamics explode,
veiling capacious earth as the garment of dawn.

ENOCH JOHN

Misty-Eyed Maiden

Oh! Misty-eyed maiden!
Your lovely eyes laden with tears.
You weep for your unborn babes
As when Rachel weepeth for her children.

The hour cometh speedily
When your flowing tears
Will mingle with the dust
And be trampled under many feet.

'Twill be useless to cry then,
For men of great avarice
Doth ascend the thrones
Of this fallen world.

So then, cry on misty-eyed maiden;
Weep your heart out,
For soon 'twill all be over
And that terrible holocaust come!

ENOCH JOHN

Modern Day Explanations 1

The cow that jumped over the moon
May have had assistance
From some performance enhancement steroids
Or the artist
So filled with booze
Painted the moon so low
That the cow managed
With one gigantic leap.....
To jump over the moon!

ENOCH JOHN

Modern Odyssey

All the effectual words I care to remember swirling
Like dolorous notes from a New Orleans jazz festival,
Among rapt listeners, in transfixed silence sitting,
The rows of noiseless chairs, as steely witnesses,
Among islands which dot a seascape like a Grecian frame,
Mythical Helen's primeval beauty, in the minds of many,
Rivaling heroics of Olympian gods and Ilium's mighty men.

But beneath a sky-lit hallowed dome of our Caribbean tropical haven,
Who seeks an odyssey these in this age
There are hardly seafarers and not many mimics,
In an archipelago populated by timorous pretenders
With copious skill, depict the tinsel of Grecian beauty.

Yet I will voyage beyond the blue stain of sky-veil,
Straddling the stage of my own theatre, in the streets or esplanade,
To be dragon or dove or even silent spectre,
For I seek to be director of my own destiny,
Among these sparkling islands which dot our silver seascape,
And where hardly sits any sapient throng.

ENOCH JOHN

Modern World

Where does the wind of inspiration blow these days,
In other words, where is the muse of poetry?
Can we hear the muse in this modern world,
Above the noisy traffic and the bedlam of the city?

These gigantic edifices, these modern day towers of Babel,
That seemingly point to heaven but cannot take you there,
In Manhattan and London, a skyline of concrete and glass,
In a modern world where the beauty of nature is scarcely seen.

ENOCH JOHN

Momentous

In one splendiferous moment
Like the exploding of a firecracker,
As a melody of instant praise,
To a glorious experience my being was uplifted,
In my bosom to hold perpetually dear
The wonders of this celestial glory
Which in so many different ways
Overshadow the gory of this earth!

ENOCH JOHN

Monk

Who hasn't heard of the sagacity of Confucius or of the long line of dynasties of names begin to ring like a Chinese alphabet: Xia, Shang, Chou, Qing, Han, Tang, Ming, Xin, Song.

The ephemeral splendour of China centuries before the Communists put up a new mot -d'ordre,
In the resplendent palaces were marble balustrades and tasselled

lanterns,
the scores of beautiful princesses and ladies-in-waiting adorned with embroideries of varying hues and brocaded silk,
The emperor and empress travelling around in an imperial catafalque.

Around the monastery in far away Tibet,

the chrysanthemums looked golden in the blaze of sunlight,
In this place where its solitude was famous,
For before the wizened monk returned to the monastery,
Like his Roman Catholic counterpart, meditative and reflective
to increase his piety, reciting his runes as he walked away,

these sacred words and his talisman, he thought were for his protection,
So, thus and thus did this Tibetan monk recite his rosary: O mi t'o fu
It was the same rosary that many had heard in kung fu movies.

The Chinese government claimed Tibet and the Dalai Lama fled into exile,
But always remained a Tibetan monk; the Communists
couldn't take away his philosophy or his resilience!

ENOCH JOHN

Mother Earth Dying

A gigantic upheaval looms imminent
Mother earth groaning in convulsive spasms.
Vast oceans and seas
Tossed to and fro
In a restless frenzy;
Volcanoes erupting like thunder.....
Rain forests and ozone layer going;
Man's greed driving him crazy
To extract everything valuable
From Mother Earth,
And leaves her bleeding.....
In the throes of death!

ENOCH JOHN

Mother's Day Poem

Oh Mother!
You have been so brave.
Oh Mother!
You have stood the test of time.
For from my youth I have memories of you;
Your strong hands that kneaded the dough
To feed and nurture your hungry little ones,

And your swift feet that carried you about.
Oh Mama! What an exemplary life!
Full of virtue and patience and
Never a murmur as you busied yourself about;
Oh Mama! You were that woman,
That Solomon wrote about!

ENOCH JOHN

Mountain Road

A mountain road
That few can find
Which leads to new heights.

A higher plane
Of human endeavour
Beyond the crossroads of fear

A journey skywards
Towards Mount Everest
That few may ever reach.

Come! Take my hand
And lead me on
Up that mountain road!

ENOCH JOHN

Muses

I've asked Clio the muse of history to re-examine all the papyrus,
Of Kush, Numidia, The Neolithic Dhar Tichitt, Jenne-jeno, Bazin, Nagash,
Gumma, Jimma, Timbuctu and indeed the entire African continent,
So that a true history will emerge that will show the majesty and grandeur of
Africa.

Calliope has given us the best of Homer with the Iliad and Odyssey,
While Euterpe has inspired many a lyric poem and we have read of the work of
poets inspired by Erato; the love poems and sonnets.

ENOCH JOHN

My Christmas Tree

O Christmas tree what shall I hang on you this year?
What gifts shall I lay below your branches?
What about gifts of love and merriment,
All packaged ever so neatly and bags of comfort,
Lots of caring, hope, faith and charity.
And don't forget some forgiveness to carry us thru the new year.

ENOCH JOHN

My Tribute To Maya Angelou The Phenomenal Woman

I have never met that phenomenal woman but her verse has met me,
We have never sat down and drank coffee and shared ideas but I seem to know her,
So I've come to pay my tribute to a great poet and educator whom America shared with the world.

At Winston-Salem in lovely South Carolina a light went it then to be a day of sadness for the passing of this icon or was it to be a celebratory time?

With her departure now the streets of America will be lonelier,
The caged bird has flown to the heavens but we'll have a good memory of her,
For in the land of poesy in the esplanade reserved for the greats her place is secure.

She who wore the tiara of negritude gracefully but without unnecessary extravagance.

O streets of Harlem dance! O streets of Chicago and the Bronx sing in rhapsody!
Shall we build her an obelisk or will her citadel with walls of word suffice?
She who was named after an angel but walked in shoes of humility,
She who was hurt but this hurt became her healing.

The thin clear Carolina air must have sighed in response to her passing,
The trees that lined the sidewalks of the city swayed their acclamation,
Even the silent polished stones on the pavements seemed to find a voice,
Maya Angelou you who have come from humble beginnings have touched the lives of kings, presidents
And millions of people on this brown earth, so rest in peace, rest in love.

ENOCH JOHN

Myths Of Greece

Many aeons ago when at the dawn of time,
And early man had spoken his first rhyme,

For the sloping mountains had stood in their places,
When the sun radiant in its glory shone on men's faces.

The fields blossomed with their beautiful flowers,
For the God of Heaven had shown His great powers.

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey like lively springs,
Filled with rich Grecian mythology it rings.

Who would've thought that on Ilium's windy plain,
These daring adventures would bring such pain.

A roaming king and his pretty ageing wife,
Whom he left amidst all that unholy strife,

For suitors after her hand diligently sought,
Eating all noble Telemachus' food they hadn't bought.

O! How he prayed for his father Odysseus to come,
To deliver his household from these vermin and scum.

ENOCH JOHN

No Leopards

I have no leopards to put
under a Juniper tree, but I can
imagine three white doves, maybe,
descending on a tufted cumulus
above an orange horizon
where ships paint distant
triangles with canvassed sails,
Colon, his troubled and
wearied crew coming to
La Trinity, soon to become
our very own enclave-we
the descendants of slave-shipped
men. From across the dark
and the deep recesses
of Africa and the snake-coiled
Congo. We came.

ENOCH JOHN

Nothingness

I can hear the distant deafening silence
And the thunderous roar of nothingness.....
As life's players cross the final stage
With bags of only emptiness to offer.

Nought to give a poor and dying comrade,
One who has laboured so long and hard;
Only dry and empty promises,
Like a cacophonous reverberation into nothingness.

ENOCH JOHN

O Jerusalem

O Jerusalem! Seat of the king of Salem, city of the great King!
O Jerusalem! Who has killed her prophets, the Messiah wept for you!
Old city and New city but still one city.O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Abraham met the great king of Salem after the slaughter of Chedorlaomer,
And the king served his triumphant servant bread and wine,
A mighty king with no beginning of days, no end of life.

The Messiah did walk upon your dusty streets and the brown earth of Jerusalem,
and through the valley of Kedron, where lies the Garden of Gethsemane, here he
agonised greatly,
Then along the "Via Dolorosa", he toted that heavy cross for us,
But there was a triumphant ascent at the Mount of Olives.
Finally John, in the apocalypse saw a new Jerusalem descending!

ENOCH JOHN

Of Mountains And Kings

The mountains that stand in grand majesty, genuflect
Neither to the sprawling plains nor meandering rivers,
But look upwards towards the celestial clouds,
Behind which the winged seraphims gleefully roam.

The king with his majestic and splendiferous but self-attributed "divine right",
genuflects
Neither to his lowly subjects nor the neighbouring kingdom,
But his august person looks with hubris as being superior to all lesser mortals.

ENOCH JOHN

Omega Syndrome

When darkness covers the earth
And men's hearts fail for fear.
Multitudes of corpses buried under dirt,
And the systems of the earth utterly fail;
The Omega of man's pilgrimage,
An end of the human tale.

And the seas give up their dead
Or wasn't it so 'twas said?
Man's inertia and the end of eras
Beckon with ever-increasing speed;
The payment of man for his deed.
Come in readiness! Come in readiness!
Prepare for the end of all things,
The toll bell quietly rings.

ENOCH JOHN

On Valentine's Day

What love is and what love is not
Has already been told by poets
Of the dawn and poets of today.
What true passion is and what it is not
Preached a thousand times from pulpit
And street corners, in markets and pubs.
Does the sparrow with its sweet melody know love,
or the swift deer running in the green grass?
Love can be a melody or a rhapsody
or even sweet pain; Love can be
What you make it on Valentine's Day.

ENOCH JOHN

Orison

Think of the patriarch Jacob travailing thru the night with an angel,
Of David's penitence after he had taken Bathsheba from her spouse,
And of the many saints of old whose life came to epitomise prayer.

So that we can say: Help us Lord in our debility, please forgive us
For our mendacious ways; help us to walk in rectitude,
And forgive us for our contumaciousness, Amen!

ENOCH JOHN

Pale Rose

yesterday, in Trinidad
the poinsettia blossomed

its green leaves transformed
into sweet pink of pale rose

on November's earth.

the sky beckons
as a sparsely powdered pie

that makes eating
some distant

dream.

It's good to dream, growing

a blade of grass into vast Steppes
with Cossacks riding in sweet rhythm,
like the fearsome horsemen of the Apocalypse, or

a tame lion of Port of Spain's
Emperor Valley Zoo, becoming

some fierce pride wandering
the Tanzanian wild,
or imagine

that packed
Roman amphitheatre where

the king of beasts mutilates
another victim

of

empire-
when

the Roman Spear of Legions

thrusted fear
and Nero's mad
laugh

scared
helmeted generals.

this was no dream
or even myth.

ENOCH JOHN

Paper Moon

Morning glory radiant, sun shines resplendent,
Latent beauty bestirs the dawn of a new creation.
New found grandiloquence, razzmatazz and glittering portmanteau,
Heralded by masses of quivering flesh and shining faces.

Hark! I hear the silence of muffled voices now lost in the sea of vagueness.....
A morass of servitude, becoming pleasurable to many,
Easily deceived by flattering voices that trumpet like elephants,
In forests of obscurity, beneath a paper moon,
And stars that twinkle, a message of uncertainty!

ENOCH JOHN

Paradigm

Captured dreams unfold like hidden mysteries
In the quiet latent stillness of the twilight hour,
As many gather their scattered thoughts about them
And sit curled up and hidden away
From the blistering wind of doubt
That blows its fury on the outside world!
So come then, let's exercise the passion of faith
As the roving adversary in his tracks, we stop!
Stalwarts of the faith assemble at point's destiny,
Building bulwark in the line of duty
That counteracts oppressive forces and adversity!
A paradigm of life that sometimes puzzles;
Itself complicated by its own simplicity,
Of why fools around in darkness stumble
Forever confused in their folly blatant!

In the never ending riddle of life's hazardous journey
Numerous paradigms silently unfold their ghastly tentacles
Like gigantic grey octopuses scattered around the ocean's
untidy floor
Ready to grab and devour their full of unsuspecting prey
And gobble them up forever into their deep and murky insides
Like a hungry quagmire in the angry desert sand!

ENOCH JOHN

Paradisaal Eden

I am a dreamer, like ber him and how his brothers ill-treated him,
But then, when God was ready he was elevated as governor.
I think of this Bible story and I silently pray and wait for my elevation.
Life takes us through many phases and sometimes tribulation walks with us,
To strengthen us and for under ochre sky,
We can still live in hope of better things and like Joseph, dream of a paradisaal eden.

ENOCH JOHN

Paradise

Idyllic islands that sparkle in the Caribbean sun,
Here is a place of triumphal rest where coconut trees swaying in dance,
One can contemplate walking down an esplanade of self indulgence,
Or swinging in a hammock in total relaxation where the mind's euphoria is not
exaggerated in this paradisaal Eden where peace is now threatened
By a particular brand of lawlessness spawned years ago,
When government after government turned a blind eye and pretended that all
was well.

But now when the reality begins to set in there is an element of bewilderment
even apathy,
For no one thought that it was possible for anyone to spoil our Eden.
But then, that is life and nothing remains in its pristine state forever,
And in these isles of the Caribbean Sea, we must seek to exorcise these demons,

So that our paradisaal Eden space will bloom again like the beautiful flowers.

ENOCH JOHN

Parliamentary

In this 'august' chamber echo voices
For it's here we are given choices
The splitting of hairs
The raising of fears;
All this and more
Is the work of the parliament.
The debate over wars
Sometimes for a worthy cause
For fact and fiction
And dubious circumstance
Men square off against each other
But the masses don't even bother
For it's all just a game
That's done in parliament's name.

Notwithstanding the debate
Life remains in a state;
As man looks for the remedy,
It sometimes leads to comedy.

At times in the parliament
One hears all kinds of comment.
It's like a great merry go-round
Yet some wouldn't even make a sound.

ENOCH JOHN

Peace And Love

Shun the ways of evil men!
Stay far from the demons
That seek your destruction.

Come to that hiding place
Where peace and love stay wedded
In the blissful glory of quietitude!

ENOCH JOHN

Pelican In Oil

Near the jetty at King's Wharf in San Fernando, Trinidad,
I saw in a newspaper a picture of an oil-covered pelican,
Perhaps it had inadvertently fallen from grace, or
Some fate had dealt it a hard and unwelcome blow.

It somehow reminded me of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner,
where the albatross had met its demise.

This pelican is dying slowly, blackened in an oil spill,
Perhaps an ill omen for the day?

ENOCH JOHN

Perpetual Youth

When raindrops fall
In your second spring,
It's a fresh anointing
That rejuvenates
That replenishes
The vigour of youth.

Now can you run like the wind
Leap into space
And perform great deeds
Even in the twilight years.

ENOCH JOHN

Petal

She smells like a thousand petals
Of roses crushed to extract
The scent of a lifetime.
Her beauty sublime bewitches great men;
Another Eden to tempt the sons of men sore,
To bring them to the brink of desire
And unfulfilled ecstasy.

There is something special about her;
Eyelashes that attempt to hide
The romantic beauty of tranquil eyes
A gaze that mesmerizes the soul
And holds one in silent captivity.
Yes, hers is a quiet beauty
That stirs the innermost parts of a man,

ENOCH JOHN

Philogynist In Phallocentric Cloak

ALPHA

The weather has made up its mind, it's going to rain
cats and dogs the Americans this is not
America and Uncle Sam doesn't reside here.
But beneath the jewel of Jehovah's vaunted heaven,
With the careless ease of luxury, once a much-tenanted city squatted
But now the rat is in his hole, and then he is out,
Terrorizing the law, mocking it, holding it to ransom
sending a scarlet city into a tailspin,
Breathing the putrid air of fear everywhere.
Fear lives in the sidewalk cafe,
selling steaming cups of coffee or coca-cola;
fear begins to inhabit the all-inclusive fetes
where the offspring of the well-to-do flock
or the ordinary working folk(the clerk in the Ministry of Works and the nurses'
aide) .

The gun has taken over our paradisal Eden but
there's no Pied Piper of Hamelin.

BETA

He, who with winged swiftness fell away
from the brilliant light- nine times,
said Milton, of the the "light bearer".
O Lucifer! Thou art fallen, fallen!
For your vaunted pride did inflate you,
and bow you wouldn't bow!
You would rather reign in hell's ashes,
than serve the Heavenly king of Creation.

GAMMA

Once a philogynist clothed in his phallocentric cloak of compromise
with the sturdy rod of profanity;
breaks asunder the veil of sanctity and
is excommunicated by Cherub's flaming sword.
And from lofted celestial ensemble

no joyous sound came;
no clashing cymbals
or flute melodious to proclaim his fall
and, no dancing or delight in holy heavens hall.

DELTA

Once I had this dream of the tiger in his power
who will break the chains and eat their guts, their liver, spleen and heart.
No Pied Piper but a fierce tiger with the leopard's strange eye.

Over horizon of covenanted man
dark clouds hang low, and the bird of prey,
attaches itself to a hovering cloud.
the signs are inscribed with white cumuli.

UPSILON

My heart is filled with wonder
of sorrow of many worlds.
It's this delicate feeling that smothers me like a cloud,
that bedevils me.
I do not see the clear light of day.
We, who seek with such earnestness
the superficial materialism, with all our strength
and ingenuity wasted on a passing parade, a facade of sorts;
some phantasmal dream of fools.

But today I felt the exhilaration of the wind on my skin.
I am more alive than the wind.

OMEGA

I've asked Clio the muse of history to re-examine
every papyrus and every hieroglyph, every parchment.
Speak to us Clio, muse, in stark honesty.
Shed your centuries-worn cloak of Euro-centricism and
speak clearly of Dhar Tichitt, Jenne-Jeno, Daima-Sao and Ile-Ife

The grass only appears greener this side of the fence.
Suppose it's just some painted imagery of a mural that's staring at you,
tantalizing your feeble, unstable mind?

Himself sat polishing
a brass facsimile of himself;
narcissus didn't seem to mind looking
back and admiring himself, or even
writing about himself

The tinsel is fading,
As the twilight.

ENOCH JOHN

Philomel And Lucretia

now I hear the solemn lull-
a sea's changing salt stare, the coming of
a rhythmic enchanting melody when the sea breathes
sweeter perhaps, than a thousand guitar chords
of a famed pop star in Madison Square Garden.

for an exalted host of seraphs, Faerie Moon
brandishing the slim wand of night
conducts an orchestra of stars
playing twinkle, twinkle little star, a ditty

that's as old perhaps
as the sea wind stalking the silent shore
of a silver-maned seamless ocean,

probably such a night as when
that barbarous King did rape Philomel
while a nonchalant nightingale dolorously
with inviolable chord sang,
or, Sextus Tarquinius treacherous lust when
by brute force he took virtuous Lucretia at Collatium.

ENOCH JOHN

Poetry

Poetry,
is like watching sunrise,
there is no disguise.

Poetry,
is a feeling,
that burns in my heart,
everytime she turns.

Poetry,
is just an expression,
from deep within.

Poetry,
is a power,
bubbling like a spring,
in any season.

Poetry,
is like sweet music,
mesmerizing the soul.

Poetry,
can be heard,
on the mountaintop,
down in the valley
or in the sun or rain.

Poetry,
is like the rain,
it refreshes,
and quenches the thirst.

Poetry,
is like the manna,
the fresh manna,
falling from the clouds.

Poetry,

is the rhythm of our hearts,
under clear Caribbean sky.

Poetry,
is the pure love,
growing in our hearts.

Poetry,
is the wind,
blowing in the trees,
blowing almost everywhere.

Poetry,
is the birds singing,
harping sweet melodies.

Poetry,
is motion,
like the fast-running stream.

Poetry,
is the sun and the rain,
and the tall dewey grass.

Poetry,
is a field,
a field of lovely flowers.

Poetry,
is the smell of roses,
and the beauty of the poui.

Poetry,
is that lovely woman
calling daughter Ruth,
her voice resonating,
up Laventille Hill.

Poetry,
is the graceful sway,
of the Caribbean woman.

Poetry,
is the pulsating power,
lying under black skin.

Poetry,
is the sun,
sparkling on our peoples.

Poetry,
is the pause,
the pause between our breathing.

Poetry,
is a young child growing.....

Poetry,
is the workmen in the field,
toiling for their upkeep.

Poetry,
is rising every dawn,
and praising our God.

Poetry,
is beautiful-
beautiful like the rainbow;
we're a rainbow people.

Poetry,
is like Boogsie Sharpe,
playing the tenor pan,
on a cool Trinidad night.

Poetry,
is Brian Lara,
driving through midwicket.

Poetry,
is watching the dying chords of sunset.

Poetry,
is the music of April showers,

falling on a tin roof.

Poetry,
is the water,
the voice of Maracas Falls.

Poetry,
tells of the suffering,
and deliverance of Israel.

Poetry,
it moved Miriam,
inspired her song.

Poetry,
which angels chorused,
announcing Messianic birth.

Poetry,
was in the steps of King David,
when he danced before the Lord.

Poetry,
is like the long and winding road,
it leads to somewhere.

Poetry,
is the flicker of the candle,
blowing in the wind.

Poetry,
is the voice of love,
caressing,
and endearing.

Poetry,
is the victorious shout,
resounding within the camp.

Poetry,
is like the voice upon many waters,
which breaks the cedars of Lebanon,

and discovers the forests.

Poetry,
is the baying of the hounds,
running in the woods.

Poetry,
is the pant of the chased deer.

Poetry,
is the songs of love.

Poetry,
is the songs of Zion.

Poetry,
is the song of Redemption.

Poetry,
is the praise of the saints.

Poetry,
mellows the heart,
blesses the soul,
gives utterance to the child.

Poetry,
moves the masses, inspires the revolution.

Poetry,
is the confluence,
of Ganges and Nile.

Poetry,
is the blowing dust,
the bleakness of Sahara.

Poetry,
is the sounds of Kilimanjaro.

Poetry,
is the drums of Africa.

Poetry,
is the quietness,
of Grand Etang,
or Tibet.

Poetry,
is the running Bengal tiger.

Poetry,
is the plodding clamp,
of one thousand Chinese,
in Tiananmen's morn.

Poetry,
is the Caribbean breezes,
whistling through Maracas Valley.

Poetry,
is about listening,
listening to the sounds of silence.

ENOCH JOHN

Potential

Deep within the human recesses
Lies potential like a vast sea,
Waiting in silent readiness
To release her bulging power
In the season of opportunity.

ENOCH JOHN

Prelude

After the rhapsody and all the wind's exhilaration,
My heart is lifted to the ecstasy of heaven
Beyond the blue rim of a sparsely painted sky
Where roam cherubims and glad seraphs,
Chanting their holy incantations as a mantra.
God is in his heaven and the earth idles man.
I remember the happy days[memoria praeteritorum
bonorum], and the cadenza of boyhood. I wish though,
the leaves hadn't turned brown as quickly.
So quickly. But time flies as the North wind,
And only memories return to taunt us
Or to haunt us as a poltergeist. My hair
Turns grey as an overcast sky of August,
while the gulls fly in the distance.
I'm forty-five now. Tomorrow, much older
and wiser. As wise perhaps as a regent
or a village elder who speaks more sparingly
and slower than the folly of youth.. Gerontion pauses
With his grey mustached mask, calling
Us younger men to stand in the line of duty
as a colonnade of coconut trees silently
Soldiering the wave-beaten esplanade.

ENOCH JOHN

Prosody's Voice

In boredom, then
much genius is conceived-
the unwavering certainty of writers;
for in moments, choice as these,
Poesy's magic startles the imagination,
And in splendour verses are born,
Giving prosody its salient voice.

ENOCH JOHN

Proverb

Come my son, and hear a proverb
Spoken from the lips of experience
With the melody of wisdom
And a character honed in the fiery test.

That which is sacred is sacred
That which is blessed is blessed
He whom is chosen is consecrated;
So hearken unto the voice of wisdom
Who calls in the secret place.

ENOCH JOHN

Pure Love

How beautiful you are,
Heart of gold and pearl.
Pure love radiates
From deep within
Like a fountain pure.
As an Artesian well
You bubble ripples
Of pure wonderment!
You are the Lily of the Valley.....
Your pure love doth shine
Like a gem sparkling
In the desert sand;
Amethyst, Jasper and Sardine stone,
What a wonder you are!
Your throne remains exalted!

ENOCH JOHN

Quiet Silence

Even silence bothers me now;
Too much silence and silent people,
Treading their wearied footsteps,
Around dismal streets laid bare
Of morality and life's virtues.

Silent uneventful living abounds
Around my neighbourhood,

And so much silence and quiet-
The quiet disquiets me now.

In the city the silence is loudness;
It rankles; the babbling of idiots
Who seek wisdom among greater idiots,
And so, the mysterious silence deepens,
And deepens.....into a silent chasm.

ENOCH JOHN

Rainbow Lake

This rainbow lake effervescent,
Reflective of man's diverse ingenuity
Glowing brilliantly in the sunshine;
Sparks of innovative creativity fly headlong
Across the spectrum of human sensuality.

Ducks swimming in this pond of life
Create liquid reverberations
That impact across the threshold of infinity
On future generations a thousandfold!

Acute contemplation and meditation
Bring us to this pool of water.....
So characteristic of humanity,
On the brink of evaporation!

ENOCH JOHN

Ramblings

Of nepotism and scepticism,
Bigotry and pride

About pragmatism and criticism;
Stop acting as a foolish child.

Of ridicule and the stubborn mule
And the math teacher with the recurring anger

Of the cat who died young
Because only eight lives he had.

Of communism that went broke,
Without the West she couldn't lift a stroke-

Of rivers of irony and glass
And a giant concrete jungle

Of this and that
And the genie whose master forgot his password.

ENOCH JOHN

Random Thoughts

I think

of people
and far away places.

Of snow and hail
And boats that sail.

Of the pride of men
and their prejudices.
Of dangers and perils

in the ocean deep,
and promises people don't keep;

Of mountains and plains
And the valley of the Danes.

Of faraway places
And brand new faces;

Of captivity and freedom,
And some who lack wisdom.

Of all these things,
Sometimes,

I think.

ENOCH JOHN

Ravages Of War

Not many men
Can stand in the heat of battle
And hear the rumble of big guns
And mortars exploding near
And not turn and run
To preserve life and limb
And live to enjoy life's blessings.

Yea, some have been branded cowards,
And cowards they may be
To flee from the raging inferno
Created by these nefarious men....
Who, in league with Lucifer,
Sell the lives of gallant men
Who posthumously are awarded medals
And whose wives stare at these shining objects,
In misery,
And loneliness,

With wistful eyes.

ENOCH JOHN

Red Roses

Draw nigh and hear the secret of the day,
A silent whisper of endearment and promise
Like red roses and the lily of the valley.....
A mist that rises on a hot day
And disappears with silent fury
Leaving us in bewildered calm.

Have you seen a red rose wilt
When the sun sparkles on a hot day?
It's like the beauty of a fair maiden
That fades with the passage of time
Left exposed to the elements of life's heated debate.

ENOCH JOHN

Reflections

Quietly as a veneer,
and not without much pretension,
reflections cast their varied images,
across time's widening chasm, with fleeting reference,
the enlightenment of that inward vista a joyful rhapsody
like the sweet strains of Orpheus lyre, and somewhat
like a great body of ice, with its cascading fury,
ever falling, and sliding like a gigantic avalanche,
across the sheer splendour of time's channel,
into the deep canyon of beautiful delight Its descent
more like a speedy and celestial meteorite,
hurtling into a secret world of thought, destiny and imagery,
for here exists that pure and transcendental light,
which at our feet brightly shines,
lighting up our path,
bringing exaltation without measure,
like the celestial chorusing of angels.

ENOCH JOHN

Reminiscing

In the solemn deep I hear
Echoes of distant memories
That stir in my breast anew
And rekindle that flame azure.

Burn within my heart afresh
Sweet melodies of your whisper
Soft as the candlefly in the dusk;
That stirs; that excites and illuminates.

ENOCH JOHN

Renaissance

The renaissance of ideals lost,
Lies buried dormant like a grain of corn,
Ready to burst forth into life,
At the genesis of spring.

I wish that springtime
Would return to to the human race,
So bereft of glorious phenomena,
That'll lift us all to euphoria sublime.

ENOCH JOHN

Restoration

When in solemn stillness the silence blossoms,
as the silence of the lambs or the calm of forests.
of trees which appear lifeless, though green,
the winding foliage dense in thickness,
as thick as the blindness of ignorance, or
as dense as the folly of fools, but
can these forests of the hills yet sing for joy,
or is their dumbness a special hallmark,
as dumb dogs which bark not, or as
the canary whose saccharine melody is lost,
in the stumbling shadows of silent trees,
among the small and the sciophilous shrubs, where
there is no exhilaration or vibrant dance?
but lo! above the horizon gleams a light,
for germinating in the soil of wise hearts,
hope pushes its verdant shoot upwards,
as music and melody return to the song,
and the muse inspires the poet his poetry,
and Elysium to the halls of heraldry is restored.

ENOCH JOHN

Retro Notes

Like a spatial Babylonian tower,
towards perspectives of a great celestial Being,
monolithic and nestling with regal poise,
a cryptic monument in the dust of the Nile Delta,
to reflect Cheops genius,
and as a colossus, to straddle the heavens,
standing in its own statuesque aura,
in memoriam, and as a totem pole,
pinnacling man's hope, and Egypt's ascendancy and masterdom,
for Egyptian power is African power. I can vividly remember
annals of the ancient kingdoms of Ghana and Mali,
of the beautiful Nymph-like Nubian princesses clothed in mahogany skin,
sparkling like the jewels of the kings of the lucidity I can recall
the sagacious Angel yclept Lucifer incredibly stunned,
falling like lightning with his votaries, out of that brilliant light,
in the aftermath of Celestial's cataclysmic clash,
after spawning an inventive tale. Such spiel
initiating heaven's haemorrhage by its irreverence,
initiating the turmoil in virginal Eden,
and man's epic drama, like an Odyssey-
an Odyssey over many waters,
an Odyssey through hazardous fire and dearth,
an Odyssey through many tempests,
an Odyssey which brought Messianic condescension,
and the trumpeting of Redemption's triumph.

ENOCH JOHN

River Of Success

Flow river flow.
And nothing shall stop thy greatness.
Oh, flow river, flow.

Against all odds
He lifted his head
Above the dark clouds of despair
To triumph in the sunbeam of love
And waltz in glorious giddy feeling
And flow in the wine of success,
Surmounting the Everest of endeavour,
And laughed like a mockingbird
At life's destined refuge.....
 Where eagles dare fly
 In the summit of skydom
 And brave men shed tears
 Of fulfilment and relief.....
 To taste the wine of the gods
 And devour angels' victuals.

ENOCH JOHN

Rollercoaster

Man's solitude becomes his closest friend,
His thoughts his only ally
In the vast ocean of loneliness;
Unfathomable grief enshroud
A heart torn by strife and hurt;
Empty bottles breaking
Like shattered dreams
Leaving debris scattered
On the floor of life's promenade!
Grief emerges from the deep murky depths of Hades
And embraces everyone within easy reach
With his wallowing dingy fingers
To enslave men in the quagmire of despair
Like drunken sailors smitten by spirits
Going up and down
On a giant rollercoaster
On the ride of their lives.

ENOCH JOHN

Sacrificial Matrix

Shaped steadily by the sea of time,
Like that durable ever-weathered rock;
Crag, tempered in the tempest blast,
His sturdy-limbered frame holds fast,
Like the perennial Rock of Gibraltar-
He had offered his prayers at the altar
Of life's pure and sacrificial matrix;
Wisely, he had crafted with bricks
And not clayey mud and light straw;
Or with Eskimo's ice that would thaw.
Might repeated and persistent orat'ries
Prise open the locked heavenly portals
And reveal our fragile beings as mere mortals,
Yet he remains an enigma, Sphinx-like in repose.

ENOCH JOHN

Sanity

As a bird in flight
Like a rhapsody of love,
Time's solemn promise beckons,
To catch and to cherish,
The scarce moments of bliss,
Like the fragrance of fresh flowers
In the volatile field of life
Where sweeping mirages materialize
To taunt the thirsty traveller,
Then disappears in a moment's quiet anguish.
But then the reality remains
Like solid concrete cast in life's bivouac;
It holds firm and keeps our sanity,
Ere we fall headlong into the chasm.

ENOCH JOHN

Savannah

In green solemnity the savannah stretched away,
A scattering of fallen leaves in brownish cover lay.

Just yet the breeze didn't feel like blowing,
So in quiet awe remained the leaves of the lofty tree.

To waste my fat away I had come to thee,
But now with reverence I listened to the silent scenery.

ENOCH JOHN

Seafarer

I cry
embittered tears,

my tears
fall staccato on the brown leaves

staining them
like the august rains
beating a tattoo on the brown earth.

the schooner sails into the harbour now;
its crew
weary like the tears i shed,
embittered by inclement weather,
and the night-long days of the seafarer

ENOCH JOHN

Search

This drifting soul hath no lasting rest
Till heaven's gate be opened wide
And showers Jehovah; s vast blessing down
On mankind's grey and dismal state.

Oh! that man's inner hunger and thirst
Could find safe relief and satisfaction
Beyond these distant clouds;
Oh! that this planet could be renewed.

Supreme Deity searcheth for man's quintessence
Among earth's scattered rubble and despairs,
For so it seems that all is lost
And the entire creation degenerate.

All come hear His solemn dictum
Trumpeted across heaven's vast portals.....
Lo, I have searched both far and wide
But alas! I cannot yet find he whom I seek!

ENOCH JOHN

Search For Peace

Where exists that superb love
Which transcends human boundaries?

Is this that transcendent and wandering soul
Who seeks to eclipse all human passion
And break the parameters of reason and caring?

Cast your vain reasonings into the ocean of love
And seek the peace and calm that endow Deity.

ENOCH JOHN

Shackles

Oh solemn discourse that beckons men of stature,
both the brave and the bold, to face reality,
and grapple with fleeting mirages and fledgeling shadows,
of departing scenes on life's freeway.

Of men and mischief and runaway notions,
building sand castles in the sky;
childish dreams of supreme conquest and masterdom.

To realise selfish ambitions
by making pressing demands on the poor
and Pharoanic oppression for senseless gain.

supreme opportunism with no morality.,
just to be wealthy and control earth's patrimony,
and enslave men as brute beasts,

under shackles forever,
for the selfish gain of a few!

ENOCH JOHN

She, Ebony[dedicated To Mrs Michelle Obama, First Lady]

She,
She grew up as a tender plant,
She, Ebony;
She, Baby faced darling, then.

Now, mistress of all she surveys.
She remembers.....
It wasn't easy on the way up:
The persecution.
The prejudices,
Sometimes disguised
Most times openly displayed.

She remembers.....
She is identified with suffering;
She remembers the middle passage.,

And the beatings,
And the scourgings,
The sickness and the suffering,
The incessant pain,
Utter degradation;
being made to feel lower than the animals.

Now her heart leaps for joy
She has overcome
All the obstacles
Of Race and Colour,
Blind prejudice and hatred.

She has come of age,
She, Ebony;
She, the least
Now, She the accomplished;
The epitome of womanhood,
And breeding,
And standards

By which others are measured.
yes, She;

She,
She, Ebony
Has arrived.

ENOCH JOHN

Silvery Wind

Oh! Cover me silvery wind
In thy thick cloak of darkness,
That I might hide far away
From this suffering pain and ache.

Oh! That clouds of smoke and vapour
Would enshroud me round about,
That I could find an escape
On the wings of the night.

Heartache and sorrow pursue after me
Like twin speedy arrows,
To pierce thru my flesh,
And leave me in pain and worry.

One day I will fly far away
To yon far and distant land;
'Tis there my soul will find sweet relief,
And the wings of darkness will fleetly vanish.

ENOCH JOHN

Similitude Of Men

One like unto the similitude of men
Touched His anointed
About the time of the evening oblation
And lifted him up into that supernatural realm.....
That realm sublime
Where mortal man meets Deity
And becomes His Oracle.

This only happens but now and then
And only to a select few
The pages of history are forever graced
With some who have experienced this Glory.

ENOCH JOHN

Sirius

Sirius rises behind our sun
With quiet splendour and timing
At the time of the lion
As Egypt of Africa awakes.

ENOCH JOHN

Some Notes On Love

At the opportune time love reveals its well-appointed purpose,
For love can be restorative bringing back your joie de vivre.
Love is not unlike the desert flower that opens its aromatic petals

Love is the perpetual spring or an artesian well;
Love is a bread baked in the oven of life, so thus tempered,
It can endure pain and grief soaring above life's calamities.

ENOCH JOHN

Song For A St Lucian Bard

[For Derek Walcott]

Far from the Aegean deep, in our Caribbean Elysium shores,
In a fresh cadence, chanting a new mantra,
After all these years of our sad Egyptian labours,
There were twinkling stars, and I saw in the illumination of their light,
The Estate of a new Caribbean ethos enlightened,
Elevated with dignity like a Walcottian metaphor,
We willingly salute our own Fancy's child.
Skilled Wordsmith from Castries, with sceptred pen,
And crowned with his mitred locks, sits enthroned,
Like a West Indian High Priest of Poesy,
Whom Philomel did endow with melodious song
Whom Calliope did endow with epic song,
And Sea Nymphs, in warm St Lucian Harbours as Harbingers,
Upon the wings of a Caribbean wave came riding exultantly,
Choreographing a millioned voices like a great Quire,
Chorusing a song like the sweet Song from Avon,
Chorusing a song like the giddy Song of Circe, chanting;
Hail to thee! Son of the islands of the blue Caribbean Sea!
For out of a red St Lucian mud a shabine emerges,
And while the three hags whom mythopoesis made infamous,
Upon his fate pondered with labourous intent,
Between the Towers of Ilium clothed in the ivy of its myths
His charioted self thunders,

The enactment in a bleak, grey Metropole of a Prince's Coronation-
Armed with his ecriture, into a Caribbean scape a Poet is born,
Far from a sylvan scene of an enchanted forest,
In an autumnal world of decay. His elephantine reach,
And his ditties of the islands sang by all, known by all, a song
That needs no chorus for it becomes its own chorus,
And to Homer's Sapient throng his name did Calliope add.

ENOCH JOHN

Song For Barack Obama

When with mystique painted the sky gods a canopy of bright orange,
As if Cinabue had daubed the canvas of the sky strange,
For parading with majestic beauty on their exalted celestial stage
White puffs of clouds like angelic wings and their holy visage
And lo! Do I hear now some melodious keys of that Aeolian lyre
Which from us are forever lost upon history's burning pyre?
But in this day and upon the splendid esplanades I hear
The wind's exhilaration blowing its rhapsody through my ear.
O come now muse, and for a son, a new melody joyfully sing,
O come now muse and for eight beautiful pearls in a crown, sing.
Sing for Ni'ihau, Kaua'i, O'ahu, Moloka'i, and Lana'i
Sing for Kaho'olawe, Maui, and O sing aloud for Hawai'i.
Along two archipelagoes they ride Poseidon waves as a train,
These sea-nymphs in a peaceful Pacific come with exultant refrain,
Chanting a song of the ocean in a most wonderful chorus,
Of a son of the islands whose destiny will be glorious.

When with genius speckled vermillion was etched on a Kansas sky,
As if Giotto, with the sky gods had conspired, I don't know why,
For stretching beyond the arc of eye the yellowed acreage of wheat,
A prosperity, the whole world with uplifted hearts hopes to meet.
Crowned with laurel after treading Harvard's hallowed halls,
Near the windy city, upon Michigan's winged waters a new voice calls
To an eager world ready to embrace peace and prosperity for all,
And he, like "Honest Abe" bears "malice toward none, charity for all."
O come now muse, and for a son, a new melody bring,
O come now muse, for Lake Michigan and her surf of syntax sing,
For Langston Hughes and O for Martin Luther King sing,
And let his' hills of Alabama and his snow-capped Rockies ring.
Inside New York's Harbour they ride Poseidon waves as a train,
These sea-nymphs around Lady Liberty come with exultant refrain,
Chanting a song of the people in a most wonderful chorus,
Of a son of America whose star brightly shines for us.

ENOCH JOHN

Song Of The Grim Reaper

Where mountains cap their peaks with snow
And rivers curve their watery bends;
Where the setting sun caresses the evening earth
And with diligence Regents and rulers hunt their sport,
Where vagabonds and vagrants seek their fill
In lands far and wide that yield to the plough.

Where in storage weapons of mass destruction wait
And patient death hovers like a mighty vulture.
O! The carnage that will be of sure consequence!
Then will the rivers flow with the blood of kings
And youths still green with their mother's freshness
Will die in earnest and inglorious uncertainty-
When cataclysm after cataclysm bedevils humanity,
In lands so varied and set far and wide!

ENOCH JOHN

Still Small Voice

In the midst of the storm you must listen carefully,
For that still small comforting voice.

In the midst of the storm hold fast to your faith,
For soon the fury of the tempest will subside.

Behind the darkest cloud hides a ray of light,
Beyond the widest river hope stands on yonder bank,
Over the highest mountain sits the verdant valley,
And after the deepest depression comes a revival of the human spirit.

ENOCH JOHN

Supreme Deity

The consuming fire
All hail the Sire.

Who ruleth over all
Come heed His call.

Endow'd with supreme wisdom,
Heir to an everlasting kingdom.

Now men and rulers must bow
An end of the human row.

ENOCH JOHN

Sweet Reminiscing

With every heart beat I remember,
With every thought I remember,
With every sigh I remember,
It was only like yesterday when we met.

With every second I remember,
With every passing day I remember,
How your cheeks were flushed with life,
How you were so exhilaratingly sweet!

ENOCH JOHN

Tears Of Nepal

Nepal at times can remind me of the fusion of an era of horse and buggy and daguerrotypes and the modern,
But here there was no grandiloquence or pageantry of a king's coronation,
Only grimy and grotesque death, even Sherpa's sure steps faltered,
When the earth rumbled and the quake transformed this civilization into a city of tents.

The mountains tremble at the height of the world at Everest,
And below there are tears that stain Kathmandu-
Tears of Nepal and tears of the world flow like one
of the avalanches that trembles like a needle under its unbearable weight, and
falls upon the tents of Sagarmatha,
bringing the bad tidings of a death angel.

I read where in just one area shops had to close, hospitals overflowed with pain,
and at the Pashupatinath Temple there were ongoing cremations;
Durbar Square in the Old City was badly damaged,
and the 200 step Dharahara Tower in Kathmandu reduced to a stump.

ENOCH JOHN

Tears Of President Barack Obama

So then,
even a leader can cry.

So then,
even a president can shed a tear

in that momentous time of feeling

of grief
of melancholy
of self-flagellation.

Obama might be president
but in times like these

of grief
of melancholy
of self-flagellation

he is reminded of his own mortality.

ENOCH JOHN

Thanks

On such a day in this tumultous time when ochre sky watches us,
The sylvan wood of an enchanted forest gives thanks;
All the divers species of birds: doves, parakeets, robins, sparrows, gulls,
mockingbirds, orioles and others, tweeted thankfully,
Verdant earth and celestial sky peeped through cumulus at each
other;
Even the pebbles on stony streets of Metropolis shouted their elation.
The ubiquitous wind whistled around the globe clothed in its exhilaration,
As the elephantine beast trumpeted his gleeful thanks in the forests of the wild,
And I remember that once a prophet with the nomenclature of Isaiah
Looked through the pellucid curtain of time and beheld the six-winged seraphims
in a sempiternal exercise of praise.
But how many of the seven billion souls who inhabit here gave thanks?
O but we do need a multitudinous chorus of praise to ascend to heaven, in this
day and in this tumultous time.

ENOCH JOHN

Thanksgiving Poem

Today we can hear the wind's elation as we give thanks,
For even though there might have been rough patches,
And some days we might have grown pusillanimous,
Yet, it is a day to give thanks from the mountains to the crowded esplanades,
Thanking Father God for life itself and the bounty.

We can say thanks to God the Mayflower carried in its billowing sails,
A wind of change and new hope for without hope a people is discouraged.
So today let's give thanks not just for a nice turkey dinner and the bounty,
But for freedom, family and a bright sky filled with a billion stars as
opportunities.

ENOCH JOHN

The Road

The road looked lonely but it must be trod,
The road is long but we must reach our destination.
The road may be winding like a snake but we must pass.

Everyone passes on this road regardless of race,
origins or station in life.

ENOCH JOHN

The Brevity Of Existence

And slowly now, disappears the glow
As setting sun 'neath the horizon sinks;
A splurge of scattered golden dust it leaves
Across the hemisphere of hope.

And life's ethereal promises
Disappear like flimsy shadows
Down the broad walk of time
In fleeting parting gestures.

Now the wind stirs the leaves
In sulky remembrance of ageing glory;
A span of time, but small,
From the cradle to the grave.

So life has winked at humanity,
Then strong, now weak;
His slender frame, a stark reminder
Of the brevity of existence.

ENOCH JOHN

The Dog Of God

Far, far away in a distant land,
In the land of the Laplanders,
There is a great great bear;
Lore has it that this noble beast,
Has the strength of ten men,
Yes, ten valiant men,
And the wit of twelve.

In the land of the Laplanders,
They call him the Dog of God.
Imagine if you had such dogs in your land.
O land of dogs! O land of the Laplanders!

ENOCH JOHN

The Edge Of Darkness

My descent into darkness on the edge of darkness,
Under an ochre sky in a sombre day it can be said,
We all have these moods for often the darkness can creep in,
For life can be uncertain at times even discouraging.

These jumbies of darkness ride in with a sombre disposition,
Trying their utmost to bypass and overcome faith's bulwark,
But then, here we must be strong and hold our ground,
Looking to our God for help in these troubling times.

ENOCH JOHN

The Emperor

Tiredness is a king,
Who but rules for a night
Then is vanquished by the rising sun.

Happiness is a prince,
Who may rule a little longer
If he is treated right.

Greed is a monster,
That rears its ugly head
And grabs for material gain,

But Love is the Emperor,
Ruler of all he surveys
And covers a multitude of errors!

ENOCH JOHN

The First Good Friday

So there had been a trial of sorts, more of a farce,
So much so that Pilate hypocritically washed his hands,
Meaning to free himself from the blood of this man,
But then Pilate had asked a very pertinent question of Jesus,
Regarding his was important to the Roman governor,
And to his superiors in Rome and indeed to Jewry and the wider world.

The death sentence was imposed so that the journey up the hill began,
It might have been a day when an ochre sky hung lazily over Jerusalem,
And the weary stones in the streets remained cold and silent,
As the fate of humanity hung in the balance.
Peter that great apostle and many others were absent from the hill or stood afar
off,
But then Jesus had already found it expedient to die for the world:
"Dulce et decorum est pro patrice mori."

So this notable day was laden with phantasmagoria:
The long trek up Golgotha, the Messiah being nailed to a crude cross,
The taunts mixed with the jeers and the genuine sorrow of his followers,
His yielding up the ghost and His final utterances of anguish and forgiveness,
Climaxed by the earthquake and the renting of the veil in the temple.

So that on the Morning of Christ's Nativity became not just a Miltonic verse
That resonated through the hills of Judah,
But this first Good Friday painted the canvas of the sky sombre,
For it was like a supanova going out in a moment- -
The choreography of angels was gone, there were no shepherds as witnesses,
But then on Easter Sunday He arose from the dead proving who He is.

ENOCH JOHN

The Heart Of A Mother

Resplendent and clothed in the beautiful garments of dawn,
When the morning dew glistens on the leaves of flora,
As sun's timorous rays shine forth upon Mother Earth.
There was no official mother's day to celebrate Eve at the genesis,
Or to commemorate the mother of Moses, the Deliverer, when
Seeing that he was a special child, hid him from the wrath of Pharoah.

A mother tends to the cradle that will eventually rock the world,
Kings, princes, presidents, scientists, geniuses or preachers,
Each can testify of his mother's guiding hand.
Yes, she is the heartbeat of the home and nation,
And mathematically, two billion moms equal two billion heartbeats.

But, then, who really knows the heart of a mother?
A mother's smile, or tears, her touch, her love can reach beyond esplanade
Or the valleys and hills and the sylvan scene of a forest, leaving her signature
forever.

ENOCH JOHN

The King Of Kings

The King sat in regal splendour
High above the starry skies.
Such majestic pomp and power
No mortal can dare aspire.

A throne made out in the heavens
So sublime in its grandeur.
Many thrones have been assembled
But none as eternal.

An eternal flame burns from His Mouth
The epitome of Holiness.
Many earthly kings and princes
But none can dare compare.

Solomon in all his glory arrayed
Or Alexander the Great,
Neither Caesar nor Napoleon
Can ever come nigh!

For 'tis be the King Immortal,
The Most High God!

ENOCH JOHN

The Mask

Why remain in the shadows,
Or oblivion as your gallant shield use
Come hither from out of the twilight
And redeem yourself forthwith.

With bravado you mask your fears
And thru uncertain ways bluff
Like a whistling youth disguising his fears,
Treading the darkened road at night.

ENOCH JOHN

The Road Of 2016

What kind of poem is this you may ask or what's this title?
I didn't know that 2016 could be a road?
But then, what is a road? Isn't it a journey,
And isn't this year 2016 a journey?
h some this year will face many challenges,
For others, life will be just a long 12 months of drunken stupor.

Buy there are others who will graduate with a brand new degree,
And don't forget that person whose joy will be a job promotion,
Or the happy couple who marries and buys a new house at the corner.

But what about you, what would your journey be like?
Would it be a long and winding road as in the song,
Or would you, rejuvenated, run and skip and dance through 2016?

ENOCH JOHN

The Rose Of England

'Twas a most solemn day
Of that most the world would say.
The Rose of England would pass
Her still form in a gun carriage alas.

Many called it the event of the years
As the cortege the Royal Standard bears.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on history the Princess leaves her mark.

John Bull's joie de vivre now diminished
It seemed to many that an era had finished.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on history the Princess leaves her mark.

Yet, even in dying she still lives on
In the heart of many, a love already born.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark.

They'd come from near and far
This massive crowd there'd been no par.
Bless cried
For the Queen of their hearts had died.

Many a funeral there had been
But nothing like this the world had seen.
The multitude weepingly lined the way
There was hardly anything you can say.

Two young princes with solemn look
Their precious mother the angels took.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark.

A day one could almost feel wintry's cold
Merry ole England had lost her gold.
Now the winsome princess to be seen no more
Her loving fans no more could adore!

The Queen, Her Majesty, stood at her Palace gate
Had her compassion and caring come too late?
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark!

And the bell at the abbey tolls
As the cortege bearing the fallen Rose rolls.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark!

'Twas a day of saddened faces
It seemed the Princess had held all aces.
A flood of tears from the river Thames;
'Twas a time of gloom for the Court of St James.

Do you hear the clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark?
Yes! I hear the clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark!

ENOCH JOHN

The Science Of Love

I sit at the computer just to write this poem,
For to me to write a poem is to do my duty,
But what can I write that Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley,
Or Milton or one of our modern poets like Heaney and Walcott
Haven't written? But, yes! I can still write of love,
For there is always something or the other to say about love.
Butterflies in her stomach when she sees the man she loves,
Or for him, being such an eloquent speaker yet he fumbles at her sight.
I wonder if an Einstein could have explained the science of love?

ENOCH JOHN

The Shore Of Meditation

Listen to the waves break on the shore.
You'd be sure to hear distinct
Times' and seasons' perfect rhythms
Of life's cycles sublime!

The tides of the ocean vast
Likened unto the rise and fall
Of Empire and Potentate alike
In their frenzied perfect motion!

Lo! come to the shore of meditation,
And hear life's perfect rhythms
Like the constant beat of the drum
In solemn pulsating quietude!

ENOCH JOHN

The Stavelot Reliquary Triptych

With an easy evocation of a mythopoesis of the dichotomy of empire and faith,
Rome and Jerusalem offer themselves as a Dickensian tale of two cities,
but with a twist, where everybody wants a piece of the Holy City Jerusalem or all
of it.

To pilgrims in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales or
Pilgrims in their journeyings to Stavelot or elsewhere,
There's an open invitation to embark upon your own quest to experience the True
Cross.

For all the connoisseurs of art there is a place in New York,
That displays for the world to see a container of relics aptly named a reliquary,
In the Pierpont Morgan Library standing like a seraph with wings unfolded,
For man has always enquired after the antine as man as emperor
Trying to make the connection between empire and faith; Rome and Jerusalem, a
dichotomy.

The Emperor's mother Helena dominates one wing,
In her quest in Jerusalem for the True Cross.
Jesus in His day stood against empire and the stubbornness of the self-righteous
Pharisees.

In the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York,
Standing like a seraph with wings stretched open, inviting humanity
To embark on its quest to experience the True Cross.

ENOCH JOHN

The Surge Of The Tide

The surge of the tide brings with it
New ideas for mankind
Now in dire straits
And besetted by calamities many;
A sort of renewal,
Renaissance, you may say.....
A loving kind of togetherness
To combat the lurking cloud of evil
That awaits in the shadow of doubt
To infiltrate the circle of love
And rain doom and despair!
Man's hope though, lies upwards and inwards!

ENOCH JOHN

The Usurper

Where euphoria overrides commonsense and fools are exalted as kings;
Then more common becomes the common man as ignorance usurps the lofty
places-

Thus becoming the Great Pretender who his silly fancies trumpet
From that high and exalted throne; such respectability and deceitful pomp! For
wisdom to the mountains is flown and hides from the Great Pretender,
Who seeks to tarnish wisdom's purity. O wisdom! Wilt thou to the city return;
Wilt thou turn from the mountains and return? For at the mercy of the Usurper
lies our heritage.

ENOCH JOHN

The Valley Of Silence

To the valley I come to hear the silence
I journey to listen to the echo of my innermost secrets,
For it's in the valley of silence I hear voices clearly,
Those that would've been in the city's din obscured.

In the valley the mountains cast their lengthy shadows
Like gigantic eagle's wings spread across sky's canopy.
It's here the golden silence reverberates
And supreme peace reigns at the foot of the hill.

ENOCH JOHN

The Vicissitudes Of Life

Imaginative bliss would on the dreamer seldom confer
The stark reality of solid form and shape;
Only splendid imagery of the mind's eye
And the shifting opaque nonchalance of a drifter.

Deem it necessary to feverishly ponder
On sombre rapidly vanishing spectres
That appear and disappear in random glee.
A figment of the tired mind, perhaps?

Oh! That the vicissitudes of life would come,
A preamble to a higher elevation
To worlds more real and dear
From whence we derive more virtue and pleasure!

ENOCH JOHN

The Wind's Elation

Who upon this brown earth can calm the wind's elation,
Or stop the eagle in full flight across the equator of time?
Beyond the splendid rainbow if you can peep is a ray of light,
or a pot of gold. It depends what you are looking for.
For me, the juvenescence of youth is past but maybe I can still imagine.

A movie starlet somewhere in Hollywood dreams of that one big role that can
catapult her to stardom;
A monk hides away in a monastery after taking a vow of celibacy,
While in some Ivy League lab a scientist discovers a cure for a deadly life is
everywhere on earth and varied too.

So only yesterday I seem to have heard the wind's elation,
As I was sitting under the branches of this large tree,
Under an ochre sun and it was a day of reminiscing,
For when we reach a certain age, then reminiscing becomes very important.

ENOCH JOHN

Three Roses At Utoya Island

Far north, where majestic fjords litter a mountainous land,
From whence had sprung many a Nordic myth,
Three red roses float as cadavers close to Utoya Island,
a stark reminder of a crazed crusader

 genuflecting to an ideology gone awry,
who, with one blast, shatters the sanctity
 of generations of Oslo's Peace Prizes.

Another bin Laden type the world could do without-
a modern and deadly twist to Cervantes' Don Quixote
with little room left for reason in his overheated,
 delusional and xenophobic mind.

For if we come in the name of saviour
 must we kill or desiccate?

If we seek to change the world,
 then why not peaceably,

Like Martin Luther King, Mandela or the Mahatma?
Three red roses float as cadavers close to Utoya Island,
a reminder to the world of our own
vulnerability!

ENOCH JOHN

Time's Demise

And now, when the closing winds of time blow,
And History its boring repetition creaks.
When the protagonists silently exit the stage
And Eternity peers in the window of time;
When time herself becomes fleetingly precious
Like the rare and valued jem cut from the rock.
And the Kings of the earth tremble their fears.
O, sIr, why do you this litany of woes sing;
Why do you your head bow like the fallen grass?
Ay, the fleeting shadows encourage little promise
As the eras of time falter over man's folly
And History its boring repetition creaks-
O passing time that evaporates like thin air,
Why from us has your substance departed?

ENOCH JOHN

Time's Departure

Accordingly, after an inscription in the Apocalypse,
and fleet-footed time has run her marathon,
brandishing her scarce moments as a banner
to chronicle her final chapters as a , the vassal
opens the skeletal closet of history,
and with undue speed, her spiral she winds down,
between her hasty flight and the last ephemeral dance,
the thin clear air alight with uncertainty,
like the yellow electric light, flickering onto me,
flushing my cheeks with departure, and
like a silent sentinel watching over the `city,
from us she turns her imperial stare,
away from shifting kingdoms of sand,
and the stressed air of a brown earth,
the powerful wings of Pegasus carting her off,
as the world mourns, a broken cistern,
unable to contain her anymore.

Outside uncharted spheres of human endeavour,
away from the pastoral of poets,
the splendour of white harbours,
the anguish of mothers,
the wail of sirens,
the Egyptian labour of ants,
the caress of lovers,
the bleating of sheep in green pastures
the high laurels of learning,
and the decay of morals,
we experience the flight of angels,
the reverence of winged seraphims
the holy hush at Heaven's throne.

ENOCH JOHN

Tiresias[remembering]

No thunder here in this our wasteland,
No blinding rainstorm but only dry land,
And dry people, who think little
Of the things which learned people think.
No talk of Michelangelo,
And the High Renaissance,
Or even the laws of quantum physics.
The juvenescence of youth is gone,
In the wasteland like a whirlwind,
Youth is gone with the day,
Fading fast as the evening shadows,
Into a yellowed sunset of clouded memories.
Each day this world dies again,
When night's dark umbrella
Shields evening sol's timorous rays,
And wild animals to their hidden lair,
In hasted steps, scurry away.
Time becomes timeless,
When daily the same steps we retrace,
In life's never-ending trudge.
I have no place of abode,
No deed of permanence, I wear
Restlessness as my golden crown.
Son of Everes and nymph Chariclo,
Wandering in a modern wasteland,
In crowded cities of steel and glass, of multitudes
Who in daylight walk the dark road,
Calling light darkness and dark light,
Who possess eyes but see not.
O great woe unto this people,
And again, a thousand woes,
For speedily, their folly has overtaken them,
And as the swift, regal eagle
Wisdom to the mountains has flown.
In their counsels supremely reigns confusion
And in the dusty streets, a madding crowd
Knows not from whence to seek deliverance.
On Frederick Street walks a woman,
In splendid caparisons attired,

And in her handbag, one slim brown hand
Clutches a talisman, a gift from her "holyman"
To keep away the evil he'd said,
[In this land, anyone could be a "holyman"]
J, the rastaman at Queen Street corner,
Wears his long styled locks as his talisman,
"No evil could touch me, Jah Rastafari", he says
As smilingly he dismisses a customer.

J pauses, then turns and asks;
"Why then does this blind descendant
Of Cadmus and Udaeus,
Walk the streets of Port of Spain
in this modern day, so far from Thebes? "
"So you can see me, " the seer pauses,
"I have my stories to tell,
Of my blindness and odyssey,
Over many lands and the blue deep.
Many yarns I have to tell,
Of many ages and heroes,
Of man's adventurous quest
And his over-reaching ambitions;
Of wars, kingdoms and their heraldry,
Fair maidens, goddesses, gods and their fury,
And all my infinite wanderings.
I who have held the counsel of kings
Balanced in my hands, the welfare of cities,
But oh! Where shall I begin?
For I am bound in timelessness,
Which itself can be a hellish device.
If only you knew my circumstance,
And the curse which yokes me.
I am only a blighted shadow and
Marcescent, my humanity
Long stripped and ravaged
By the winds of endless time,
Ravaged and dismembered,
As when a lion, in ravenous hunger,
Tears its catch to I
still possess my remembrance,
My prophetic gift and the sagacity,
by which I have become famed,

And by which kingdoms held me in awe.
To ancient Greece then, aeons ago
I need journey to begin my tale.
But in my tale you'll find,
No joyful sound as in Avon,
For much sadness has since gripped
My perennial pilgrimage.

'Twas before beautiful Helen's flight,
And the hot pursuit of swift-footed Achilles,
But after Zeus had overthrown the Titans.

After Athena had shooed away her attending nymphs,
Out of the blue deep of a silvery morn, when Aurora
Of the rosy-fingered fame was awakening,
The goddess with her scintillating good looks,
Whom through the mists of the ocean I perceived,
Not Poseidon and his attendant train,
Nor nymphs riding the watery crests,
But Athena emerging clothed in only her loveliness.
And I Tiresias, at this vista froze enthralled,
My captivation knowing no bounds,
For her skin was like a tender babe's
Washed in the mountain ewe's milk. She was
As sweet as the honeycomb can be,
A physiognomy as the undulating plains of Ilium,
With its gentle voluptuousness vividly unveiled,
Many daughters of Greece had I before seen,
But none as sublime an encounter as this,
So I became as a dumb dog on Thebes' dusty street.
After I had come out of my trance,
I felt gentle hands touch my eyes,
As the perpetual nighted dark appeared.
Then went Chariclo to the oracle at Delphi
To plead for the restoration of my sight,
But alas Athena couldn't recant
For so it had been afore decreed,
A pronouncement of a god irreversible.
But the goddess, from her lovely bowels
Showed some pity and did compensate,
Thus granting me the gift of prophecy.

It was I, Tiresias, who when summoned
At Thebes, told Oedipus Rex the saying,
For he looked for an infidel
Not knowing that he was the man. I also
Predicted that the sacrifice of Menoecus
Would empower the forces of Eteocles,
Thus discomfiting the army of the Seven against Thebes.
At this juncture the seer grows ever
Weary and his speech fails him.

J says, "I can feel your sadness
For it is indeed great and weighty.
But then, this world is of such,
For it is always the multitudes
Who feel the teeth of disaster
Or disease. There is now among us
One so dread, that he mows down millions
In his wake like a ponderous scythe." As if
On cue, Tiresias takes up again the mantle
Of speech."In my vast wanderings
I have seen first hand what you mean,
But if the world governments and Industry
To the aid of people don't speedily come,
Then this monstrous AIDS I'm sure
To a pile of rubble will reduce Earth,
With the stench of the acrid carrion
Mounting to the stars of the Firmament
And burying cadavers surely would become
The most prosperous industry here.
Then entire Earth, into a modern
Wasteland transformed, with the brown dead
Scattered as dry leaves on a shore,
With no Promethean sprite in sight, and
Brave men will lobby propitious death.
This then is a lamentation of lamentations,
But I have spoken too much. I must leave now."
So Tiresias the seer, after conversing
On Queen Street corner with J the rastafarian,
Disappears from view, the crowd unaware,
To continue in another far-off land,
His perennial wanderings.

·
ENOCH JOHN

To Be

Were I built on sand, I would crumble,
Were I some mountain, I would stand tall,
Were I a valley, I would hide below.

Were I rocks, I would echo silence,
Were I a stream, I would trickle gently,
Were I a deer, I would run like the wind

Were I a king, I would rule wisely,
Were I the receiver of glad tidings, I would rejoice,
Were I the heart beat of a nation, I would resound, and

Were I to stand in judgement, I would tremble.

ENOCH JOHN

Token

Until the last word is spoken,
Until the last tear is shed;
I'll always look for the token,
A promise on which I could be led.

ENOCH JOHN

Tranquility

Far from the ever-pervading abysmic sphere, here
in this terrestrial place of tranquil peace,

filled to overflowing with the essences of her fragrance,
lovingly lingers her aura like the sweet scent of roses,

and the birds trill their bewitching tunes like sonatas,
as an impromptu ensemble just for lovers, where

without turbulence lie the lagoon's placid waters,
its surface frozen with the psyche of peacefulness, and

so is my ethos, sheathed in the quiet echo of its embryonic self,
an abstract portraiture emanating from a vivid abstraction.

minutes pass, and then with belligerence, and temporarily airborne,
a cascadura interrupts the serenity with a massive leap, and

after defying the laws of gravity with its aerodynamics,
splashes back down with satisfaction as the Apollo spacecraft.

ENOCH JOHN

Trinidad And Tobago Carnival

Islands of these Caribbean waters that sparkle in earth's orb,
Like a kaleidoscope of colours in an artistic display of hear
A malady of intoxicating melodies which exhilarates, thousands
Worshipping at the shrine of steel pan at the Savannah,
Their bodies swaying like coconut trees caught in the Carnival gale
Of Monday's cadence, that ascends to the frenzied climax
of Tuesday mas.

O Caribbean Sea! Your waters dance like a troupe of Best Village belles,
Choreographed by the infectious rhythms of the sea-nymph Calypso, in Arima
San Fernando, Chaguanas, Scarborough and Port of Spain, where
Like a deluge in the rainy season, the carnival fiesta erupts as Soufriere's rage
With a million dancing feet and a symphony of celebratory sound,
Calypso, the nymph with braided locks, and her accouterments
over the wet sea has flown,
Over the wet sea she has flown and
In these prancing masqueraders 'en morphed', Abundantly
From the cup of Bacchus wine is poured forth and
In the streets of Port of Spain Bacchanal is a river. At J'Ouvert
Dawn the Rosy-fingered takes Orion as lover,
As with heartsome glee, Euphrosyne watches, and Demeter
With her fair dreadlocks, crowned as royalty, seduces Iasion
In the hollowed green of the Savannah while
Like a mystic masseur Minshall marshals his mas,
and Mayhem follows.

ENOCH JOHN

Unguibus Et Rostro

Transformed into a complex jungle,
the modern world,
Because of the ubiquitousness of folly,
And fools seeking praise even in high places,
Has spawned those who seek a template for success.

Unguibus et rostro
Coaxing some, and kicking the others
that's the master politician at work,
In the parliament to get his bill passed,
But then, even in mundane life, the housewife, too
Or the superintendent sometimes to this tactic resorts;
coaxing some, and kicking the others.

Along life's highway the human wrecks,
the decadent, strewn there as mere victims;
the general in the trenches, to gain the victory, or
the big boss on Wall Street to collect his huge income and superannuation,
coaxing some, and kicking others.
Some laughed with glee, others wept in despair-
This then is the way of the wolf,
the wolf who leads his pack on Wall Street.

ENOCH JOHN

Utopian Failure

This way is a special journey for it leads to the heavenly,
Beyond an azure sky and the cacophony of earth's noise, where billions of stars
rejoice,
To fly high as the eagle breathing that rare air,
Seeing beyond the human horizon of limitations,
And hiding in the cleft of the rock at mountaintop,

Thinking thoughts of rhapsody and purity,
The human spirit soaring as a bald eagle.

I see people toiling in the fields of harvest,
Their sweat dripping, dripping, dripping back to our brown earth.
My muse says that that's the way of the world:
Many have forsaken the brown earth for skyscrapers,
Towers of Babel that line the skyline of Manhattan, London and Tokyo,
A modern civilization of majestic glass, concrete and steel.

Nuclear bombs, I have lost count, stored in special warehouses,
Waiting for Armageddon, a postbellum world of ashes.
If historians survive this holocaust, then can they write,
That man became genius and destroyed himself.

ENOCH JOHN

Valentine Love Song

Cover me with your beauty sublime;
Stain upon my heart the dying echo of love.
Plant in my bosom the eternal seed of hope
And I'll reap a harvest of fulfilment.

Ignite upon the window of my heart
The everlasting fires of hope and liberty.
Permit my ear to hear, the rippling chords
Of the melody of your love song.

A love song sung in dire earnest
As in unison both hearts quietly beat.
Hide me under the wings of your passion
And I'll rest in contentment forevermore.

ENOCH JOHN

Vapour

In a moment
 it's gone.
Just like a whisper
Or a silent prayer;
A vapour that rises
In the midst of the day
And steals the secrets of the heart.

ENOCH JOHN

Village Life

Beleaguered fishermen stand gazing
At the ocean's vast expanse
In hope withal of some hefty catch,

Of salmon, or kingfish
To sell same in the village
Later that day,

To buy flagons of burning rum
And whiskey, made in some secret still
Behind the cove.....

Away from the prying eyes of the policeman
Now briskly walking, on his beat,
In a village

Where the sun meets the shimmering water
In a flash of liquid brilliance
And seagulls fly overhead,

With a screeching hoot
That signals the start of the rains,
In a village named after "the washerwoman".

ENOCH JOHN

Vixen

A vixen camouflaged
Is a vixen still;
Ready to bare her fangs
At some unwary traveller
Or a ruddy youth
Seeking pleasure and excitement.

Her perfumed smell
And silvery tongue
Are but two weapons in her vast armoury
That will send countless souls
To their speedy demise.

ENOCH JOHN

Voices

In the mists of the morn
I hear voices, distinctly.

In the mists of the morn
Sometimes, when all hope is gone
I hear voices.....voices.

These voices speak words of hope.....
These voices thunder in my heart.

In the mists of the morn
I wait;
I wait to hear these voices.

ENOCH JOHN

Voyage

the sun peeks at me
through his yellowed gaze
his rays penetrative, downward tilted,
and making earth
an incandescent bulb.

i wonder how hulk of odysseus
on that seamless ocean might have felt,
his tired sailors
drinking salt and yellow sunlight
and peering over a bowsprit of hope
to behold some friendly haven,

these mariners,
sailing on homer's wine-dark sea,
the sight of every grain of sand,
exciting as an aphrodisiac.

ENOCH JOHN

What Love Is

Love is deeper than the ocean
Love is higher than the mountain
Love is gentler than the breeze
And as sweet as honey.

Love is stronger than the mighty
And is more beautiful than the princess.
Love is as calming as the waterfall
And as rich as the springtime.

Love can sing sweeter than the sparrow
And laugh merrier than the inebriated.
Love can be as cool as cucumber
Or as hot as the midday sun.

Love will breathe patience
Love will stir the fires of the soul
Love will wait with patience
Until the heart becomes mellow.

Love is the magic we feel
Or the butterflies in our tummy.
Love is so unique and spontaneous
It can drop in so unexpectedly.

ENOCH JOHN

What's Love?

Love is a kind of emotion
That can confuse man or woman
Anytime of the night or day.
It can make you laugh or cry,
Sulk in a corner or stay indoors.
Yes, love can take you outdoors
In the rays of its sunshine,
To enjoy the beautiful seashore,
Or admire the pretty flowers
Of the kitchen garden.
Love is a wonderful thing
That king and commoner
Have fought ferociously over,
Built walls and dug trenches for,
Neighbours became staunch enemies,
And it has been known
To drive a wedge between brothers.
Can anyone ever tell me
What love really is?

Yes, love is a melody and a rhapsody,
That lovers sing about in the summer,
Or winter, autumn and spring.
Love knows no season or
Boundary and is mightier than
Even the ocean, for you
Cannot put a limit to its charms.
It is sweeter than honey,
And stands taller than the mountain.
Love can flow faster and further
Than the longest river
And still it's difficult to determine
What exactly is love.

But then, love like lovely Aphrodite,
Can veil behind white cirrus clouds,
While a beautiful hummingbird with its majestic wings,
Flutters in mid air around a flower,
With a corrugated ocean as a splendid background,

And quietly, Sunday breaks upon us again.

Love clothes herself with coyness
And attends to her own devices,
Now a gentle gesture,
And again, a subtle glance,
Ans what about one pretending
That the other is not seen,
While the heart is pounding,
Or, he asking her friend
Of her whereabouts, albeit discreetly;
These days reading everything she posts
On Facebook, where else?
Or her endless texting like an aphrodisiac.

So love is still that quaint thing
That causes butterflies in the stomach
And makes her blush and do odd things.

ENOCH JOHN

When Love Calls

When love suffuses the soul
And the heart crieth out
For fulfilment, its goal;
Like a flame of fire leaping about.

When the cattle grazes in the meadow,
And the sparrow sings sweetly so.
Remember, life is like a shadow
That scurries away like the swift doe.

When the moon comes down to earth,
And the stars shine in the night;
When the raindrops glisten on her coat
And sweet thoughts come at her sight!

ENOCH JOHN

Whitney Houston/Darling Of America

The thing which we call beauty can fade in the evening light,
Or forever remain in our mind's eye but only as memory.
Yes, hers was an ephemereal beauty, like a fairy, and
A voice as an angel descended from heavenly realm.

So earth will miss this angel, but her voice will still remain,
Forever and indelibly tatoed in our beating hearts.
So, Whitney, rest in peace, for all I can give to you,
Darling of America, are these broken lines of syntax.

ENOCH JOHN

William To Kate/A Royal Billet Doux

Not as prince but as man I write,
For my love burns not as painted fire,
But ignites my passion to soar as a kite,
As with rhapsody sings Chapel Royal Quire.

Choirs and military fanfares proclaim my love
As if a thousand unseen angels loudly sing,
Bringing a choralled heavenly melody from above,
While my heart expresses this magnificent thing.

My love is the melody of a murmuring brook,
And inebriates like cellar's aged wine.
I remember at St Andrew's my breath you took
And I determined then to make you mine.

My love sparkles as the shards of sunlight
Strike the verdant dewey grass at morn,
For I will strive with all my might
To make you the happiest woman who was born.

Neither secular veil nor cynical smile
Can change my love to you my dove,
For I perceive that you're a lady without guile,
Truly you are a gift sent from above.

If one day I may sit on Edward's Chair,
Yet I'll love you not as king but as man.
As Aurora of the Dawn your face is as fair,
And to you I promise to give all that I am.

Our love will look at tempests and smile
The wide oceans of life we'll sail
For each other we'll go the extra mile,
Believing love's absolute will not fail.

ENOCH JOHN

Window Of The Heart

Any new ideas or thoughts lately?
You don't want to , so
You have closed up your mind like a window,
So the rain and the wind could beat on it.
A closed mm.I closed window.

When are you going to open the window of your heart,
So that sweet love can fly in like a dove?
Open the window of your heart
So that sweet, soothing love can fly in.

ENOCH JOHN

Womanhood

Who would have thought
That one so young
Would hold on her shoulders
Such responsibility
And out of her come
The issues of life.

ENOCH JOHN

Wonderful Creation

His voice echoed from the great beyond
And the world shook into existence.
He spoke again, and then light came.

Creatures of the sea, birds of the air,
Animals that walked on four legs,
The flora and the fauna.

Wonderful, beautiful singing birds with divers hues,
The mountains and yon valleys.....
The trickling brook with the sparkling water,

And what about the Carite, and the Trout that
swims upstream?

Have you ever seen the poui tree bloom,
Luminating the entire mountain side,
Or the swift deer run, panting

To the little brook, at the side of the hill?

ENOCH JOHN

Wonderful Desert Rose

I dreamt one warm night that i was in a wide desert,
Where the ochre sky stared at me in mock solemnity,
And not to be intimidated I stared back at the vast sky,
And I wondered why I was here so far from my comforts.

But then it slowly dawned upon me and I began to understand,
For just ahead of me almost hidden by a sand dune,
Was a sight that almost left me breathless,
For sitting in the desert sand was a most beautiful rose.
But oh, how can such beauty be found in such an arid place?
But then I thought, that's exactly how nature works!

ENOCH JOHN

You And I

I
I write
I write a poem
I write a poem for you.

You are the apple of my eye
You are my apple
You are
You

ENOCH JOHN

Your Life In Preview

Your life in preview, a blank page of nothingness?
Your life in preview, a voluminous book of achievement,
Or what then is the road you would travel,
In this time in this day of a billion opportunities?

You must look into the deep recesses of your soul,
Going way beyond the superficial trappings of comfort,
Into a journey of the self crossing vast oceans of doubt,
Finally reaching your faith zone where the impossible is possible.

ENOCH JOHN