

Poetry Series

**Ezekiel Geoffrey**  
**- poems -**

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# Ezekiel Geoffrey()

# A Lost African

From africa my mama, my very old jelly hardened, when i wander beyond the borders caring if the sun burns my dark skin. When mother would roll rapper, flagging handkerchief like feathers of white peaches. And make several turns like a landing huwk and grasp the radial rythm of a coloqual music. To foreign hands my mama: breaths of the flutists of africa, vallies strolling beside mountains'africa until now where find your remains'. In vultures nests my mama; this precious beeds of africa'your egg have been scratched by foreign fingers and he fears to reveal you to these intruders' O! but i will not deny, the tender care of mama my.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# A Map To Reality

I walk on the streets of roses On holy lands with defiled hands. I walk without legs with dreams the journey ends where i start. When i come to face reality what will i see? A disappearance! if i should sow in that fertile land in my dream and make estates with high ranks when i come to face reality what will i see? just a cavity! Must reality be thus faraway, when great walls strong cities are built. In its absence the fertile land flowers where roses grow never ill never dying, but when i come to face reality.....not existing.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# A Song For The Birds By The Sea

Water lilies water lilies fresh on a dewy morning, with feathers white roaming the air marking the ends of the waters bare. Round turn gorgeous gentle creature, turn this way and about, spinning round the lanes unseen, mixture of anxiety burning inside me and out. If life is like your accordance, patching your selves as one though splited apart, making the works ruined for test to advance, having your prety colour painted on my heart. Shinning white feathers turn into wishes that would fly across times and barren lands, o if life is like your switches from left to right in according hands. The sun looks down from the east and where my rosy takes the care, for this widowed life is obsessed so feast if you advance wide in this little sphare. The sun searches with a dreamy eye and on your feathers it lay its tendency, pocking out from a hole in the sky only to admire your gorgeous wings, o if you would turn and wave 'hi' before you flap away good bye.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Adulthood

That boyish mind is still there. That nonchalant mind of childhood still sticking unto my hour like dust clinging to my hairs. And that rough edge I prey on is loosened upon my motives. So goes this world of adulthood where madness is fashioned and wisdom worn as a rag to linger with the waste of years! charity gains a man's heart. Loses are his arrows not his aim, peeping through darkness like the owl calling men to stray against the beat of their hearts.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Before Many Hills

I stand before many hills i look from afar but saw nothing prety will. I take a long walk towards the many hills and it(the hill) came closing down on me. I gaze at the hill and at the cloudless skies i greezed my look with hope and with thundurous thoughts i went beyond my limit.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

## By The Wind And The Fire

How have I began, now that the wind and the fire interface with the rage of war. To whom should I run to as master, the fire which shall burn me out or the wind that seizes and flings me about. Which shall I run to for shelter, the promise of this world or thoughts of my heart. Why has the ocean of satisfaction suddenly gone dry! what fountain have I began, which flowed down to my thirst? what mission have praised my imagination, giving me a cheap fake victory sold out even cheaper. Now by the wind and the fire. Life has loosened me death have bundled me. The fight is not the fight I thought it is only a sacrifice.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Fear

I hear whistling from silent graves. I give attention to it, I could hear my very heart beat. And the ground did itch my feet. I felt the winds with hands tugging in my flesh, I felt been dragged away to that hungry tomb. There was the eye in the dark I tried to escape or ignore, I ran so fast but was never away from my fears. The ghost came and worked machinery in my imagination. Sight was blurred and mute was my cries to tell or lament of things strange. And the hunt not meant to kill was to make my strength diminish. How often my hope is threatened and failure the monster knocks at the door. So I approach with trembling kneel and aching feet, daring the fierce barking dog before my future and I.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# I Found A Rose Of Gold

I found a rose of gold in the van yard with the wanderers. We wandered in the van yard searching for the key to the door of the beautiful. Key with the keeper watching at the rose of gold. Here with the beautiful still in want of the valued. Value for the wants beautiful for all.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Life

Life has the foot of a chameleon and the head of a lion with which it stitches so dull proving not to bow nor fall in making it self invisible for my catch. And desire like the prides maid for a languish love she played, the bride's a mockery before all before life whose reach of pleasure is tall and jesting at my poor little try. Should I cry? And wipe this tears with my wet garment still suffering under this drops unrestrained and the leaking thatch in my soul let's out portions promising my rain.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# My Son

Thou whom I knew when thy fate was like the dew, who was meek and small,  
thy fate was within these hands made wall. How large thy store have grown  
beyond the pillars of these hands, that guarded thee at night and dawn when  
innocence thy witness was fertile as the lands. Son how far art thou is, where are  
the magic or love thou hath seen, grown yea my spirit unto thy stirred heart,  
incline thy ear to my wanderings. What became of thee my son? thou hath part  
along with the seasons. Were love not undivided as the seas born? were thou not  
taught living by means? Dreams and wishes are but extra burdens, life is fair if  
love been nurtured strengthens weakness in thy elbow and distorted future, and  
unto the days when thou will be mature. Pity upon my forsaken world where  
there lay waste so much fantasy, if thou been hardened upon my blood still for  
mother's sake embrace mercy. If other and time forsakes my pains are sweet for  
me as cakes, when joy of labor heals my wounds and love which binds us bonds.  
If life opens its mouth wide as the seas sail in the sail of love along with me, if  
the world frightens you wild lay safe on my arms my child. My son my one and  
only, it is this mercy which accompany me. If thou hearken to my instruction  
holy, that which made thee what thou will be.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Poem Of Hope

O i can see! life's journy boy, Coming here to me, With a letter from the future.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Sailing In The Deep Of Life

Go on boat man with men Away the sail into the deep! in the ruins of air and flow  
Onward boat man than sleep. Onward a home sail call, the forewind coaches  
cruel, less than pity sits the idle shores, tempered horns this shallow cell. Home  
thoughts make desperate boat men, homeward sail is a call, it's a will against a  
must roars the wind, thrusting its hard hand upon my hard wall. Splash! Splash!  
groans the depth, against our defensless walls and spirits. Crash and dash upon  
its face We must sail through with time merit. What direction now humble boat  
men, the wind coaches the spirit lead by vision of home call trust but lo, the wind  
bends vision swift, swifling hands, walls, rigid minds forsaked bleeds

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# Song Of A Lowly Heart

Hold it up to me, dont let it touch the sea. O my home is falling down falling  
where it was the crown, i had layed it on this pole, blew the wind and down it  
roll, where will i live when my home is gone, when darkness now shall come  
upon.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# There Was I

There was i; there was i in the rain and the rain did not overflow me, there i was languished and anguish served as morning mass and tea. There was i; there was i in disdain and the feeling is true and holy, there where i perish and cherished nothing but promises hanging like baits. There, there when all else despised me and imagination was my heroe, and there i was the man in the hands of every nonchalant.

Ezekiel Geoffrey

# What Life And What?

When i look upon this life, yt seems only like i gaze upon my own ass. What life and what? Are there treasures in the grave? What life and what? Your splendors are hidden inside your shell of vanity. What life then do i crave? I am hurt i must not feel, my heart is sorrowful, i must not shed tears. And when i open my mouth to speak, sadness besige my thoughts.....

Ezekiel Geoffrey