

Poetry Series

**Jack Lad**  
**- poems -**

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# Jack Lad(01/11/1990)

Born two decades ago from a lower class family

# Bird Song

Higher i'm flying  
with my two long wings  
sky i'm seeing  
with your two blessed eyes

my long wing are strong to fly  
i can see many heads of human under me  
my beautiful white feathers  
making my fellow 'nd human being love me  
i'm building my nest with my mouth  
my two tiny legs are strong to move on land  
and sometime use it to conveying letter

my voice is said to be sweet  
whenever i'm singing melodious songs on nostalgia tree  
i'm showing happiness with my feathery tail  
and moody with my head under my left pit  
i'm a bird of all seasons  
blessed with one of the most outstanding colour.

Jack Lad

# Chest

Chest, what power do thou have?  
That women place their heads on  
men's when they're showing love

Chest, what charm do thou have?  
That women take virtue of thee to pray  
for their siblings that sucked their breasts

Chest, what spirit do thee have?  
That women curse men with thee that  
otherwise, if man didn't meet them chest to chest

Chest, what glory do thou have?  
That people beat you with palm  
and swear

Chest, of what important is you?  
That women knock their heads on  
men's chest during the fighting

Jack Lad

# Hata Bildir

Give kudos to him  
the one who respect  
the human's talent  
the one who created  
an avenue for dieing talent  
to survive and being known  
and that is Hata Bildir  
give kudos to him

All family of poem hunter  
hail him and honour him  
for he deserve to be  
applauded

the messiah of dieing talent  
the chief poem hunter  
the speaker of poets  
the channel of incoming poets

Jack Lad

# Lonely Boy

i just woke up in one morning  
and i found myself lonely  
i then picked up my mobile phone  
to say good morning to my darling  
as usual to know her feeling  
she told me to stop calling  
b'cause she has got a new honey  
i cried a bitter cry

i felt dully and dully  
i started mourning from morning  
i cried from morning to evening  
for the improptu desertion  
for being innocent of accused allegatio  
who is going to wipe away my tears  
i belief it is only who kno' my feelings  
please find for me another good girl because of valentine

Jack Lad

# Opportunities Abusers

if the deaf can  
know the penalty of  
being hear  
he would prefer eternal deaf

if the blind can  
kno' the sin of seer  
he would prefer everlasting blindness  
but he cries to have a sight

if the lame can  
see the wrong of  
walkers  
he would prefer being a lame

if the follo'ers can  
witness the stress of  
being a leader  
they would prefer being lead

if the poors can  
see the BP of richs  
they would prefer being the same

if the hearer can  
know the bitter in being deaf  
they would use their ears  
for righteous words

if the seers can  
know the sin of their eyes  
they would prefer being blinds  
or use their sights for righteous

if the walkers can  
think of their foot wrongs  
they would pray to be lames  
or walk only to the righteous places

if the leaders can know the  
penalty of being leaders  
they would take their paths well  
and lead their followers rightly

if the richs can  
think deep of accountability  
they would fear God in  
accumulation of wealth

but everyone wanted  
to live a blossom life and  
ignore the day of accountability  
of all the resources given.

Jack Lad

# The Lunatic

Never call him a mad  
he is just a victim of disorder  
never take his condition for granter  
for no condition is permanent  
though his status is temptation  
he truely sick upstairs  
    but who knows whose  
    turn is at corner  
    shameless, aimless and sinless  
    crime free, he is a part of our        world

Jack Lad

# The Sad Of Motherhood

Everyone have theirs  
to call to  
send on an errand

everyone have theirs  
to play with  
when they are isolated

but there lays mine  
lonely in ditch  
while i'm also lonely

my breasts are shedding  
tears and  
calling for suckling

but their requests  
cannot be met  
though the pain is worthy

my dear breasts  
stop the silent crying  
you 'll soon have the suckers

Jack Lad

# Virgin

An age long pride  
the glory of women  
the proof of trust  
for a fiancée that her husband travel

a symbol of good single  
a dignity of then life  
your in our land  
cannot be underestimated

a full matches case  
is sent to the family  
of virgined lady as AROKO  
of meet her at home

though the pain is for the host  
on the first day of meeting  
but it is a bond of love  
for the new couple

alas, the pride has gone  
only a very few withhold it  
and the holders nowadays are  
counted as uncivilized

civilization of 21st century  
or call it new world revolution  
or call it new age  
or what is in vogue

if it means our culture is  
barbaric then what is that  
of new revolution

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