

Poetry Series

Jacob victoria
- poems -

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Jacob victoria(1988)

Born into the family of six, am the first of them,

Death

How i wish that sometime
life won't be so unfair
a bird at hand they say
is better than none
to know how much life
can take from those you
love even in the expence
of trust, the cloud is cryin!
The
winds are clappin, night
has come, when we lay
to sleep without air
how sad that we must pass
through the road of sadness
livin a life of too many lies
bitterness hides in the
perspective of mankind
passin on in weakness
tellin the same story to our
generation, making me breath
outside,
life a surface we just passing though.

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Fear

Am broken like yesterday
when i saw myself bleeding
through the mirrior, my
yesterday cries out for pity
for a tomorrow yet unseen
the sun set to sing the
awesome wounders of
nature, yet the rain drops on
the emptness of my soul
my heat beat in awerness
of foot steps, sorrows grips
my pain, tryin to pick my
today form yesterday.

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