

Poetry Series

**John N Mate**  
**- poems -**

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John N Mate()

# Brief Breath

Late Yesterday's met we/  
Today's gone he./  
Tho' seems yet morn/  
Many in queue long gone.

Tho' breath be most brief/  
Yet is full grief./  
Pain'd my heart/  
Of agony's borne on sore earth.

Dwindle the laws of the populace/  
While swells the ogre's menace./  
The faultless lambs falter/  
Ev'rywhere they stood is death's altar.

What reason have ye to be rowdy? /  
Or at least be haughty? /  
Forget not: This life's most brief/  
So give no man a grief.

John N Mate

# Gone Were The Years

Gone were the years/

When cheerful smiles/

And laughter rules the day.

Dreamers were we/

In a world of fancy/

Where nothing seems unimaginable.

Friends were much prized/

That our only fear/

Was of losing 'em.

Thus longeth I the years/

When cheerful smiles/

And laughter rules the day.

John N Mate

# Grant Me A Voice

Grant me a voice/  
That praise your name loud/  
Utters wisdom to the simple/  
Encouragement to failure/  
strength to the burden/  
Comfort to the forsaken

Speaks reconciliation to who sunder/  
Boldness to who quiver/  
Care to neglected and elderly/  
Respect to authority/  
To the gloomy-joys/  
But haughtiness to the proud.

John N Mate

# Life Is Short

Life is short  
Bear not others blot.  
Always remember-  
We're no fixed settler.

Life is short  
Treasure what you've got.  
Count not gold gains  
But your friends.

Life is short  
So never use rod.  
Be at peace with another  
Else life's gonna be shorter.

Life is short  
End with a happy note.  
That you may rejoice  
At what's meant to be enjoyed.

John N Mate

# Shelter From Icy Blade

Thy raiment's of golden hue/  
Mix'd with a slight hue/  
And with a skin so bright.

Thy presence dispels the gloom/  
That around me bloom/  
On such a moonless night.

Thy humble yet cheerful smile/  
Even for a while/  
Lighten my murky soul.

Shelters't me from icy blade/  
With thy flame that blaze/  
And warm my spir't that cold.

John N Mate

# The Death Bell

Ever heard the death bell rung? /  
Or the song she sung? /  
Which itself has got/  
Rhythm of woeful note.

Reminding a thinking creature/  
Of his mortal nature./  
How long could one hide? /  
Death soon finds and strangles tight.

Warning that tho' its someone else today/  
Tomorrow could you your debt pay./  
Forget not that any moment/  
Could be your last moment.

Asking to repent of wrongs afore/  
And guard of that ahead store./  
Ev'ry life should you dearly hold/  
Tho' to death some could yours sold.

Then when obtain'd leave/  
Those behind will sore grieve./  
And dewy eyes shall drips/  
As your memory murmur on lips.

John N Mate

# The Evils

All riches

By other's sorrows gain

Are always found in vain

In ditches.

All dwellings

Built by labours unpaid

Will e'er be reign'd by hate

And fightings.

All faces

That with proud gaze e'er fix'd

Shalt be made to be mix'd

with faeces.

All that hearts

Painted with dark colour

Apt to be in dolour

Ne'er with lights.

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John N Mate

# The Man I Envy

Envy I the man  
Who could go  
Anywhere on land  
Sans a foe.

Envy I the man  
Who lived well  
And never bring shame  
Upon self.

Envy I the man  
Who tho' much gain  
Ne'er search with own hand  
For mere fame.

Envy I the man  
Who tho' mocked  
Could still be firm stand  
As tho' rock.

John N Mate

# The Moon - I

Alone thou mooch around/  
As by sorrows hound./  
While friends twinkle in glee/  
Thine smile seems to flee/  
In the open welkin./  
Thou art weary lookin'/  
Without any solace/  
And with thy wan visage./  
What torments thee, my lover? /  
Why art thou in dolour? /  
Tell me, what ails thee? /  
For it hurts me/  
To see thou in ache/  
As at you e'er I gaze./  
Wilt no one console her? /  
This damsel that shone o'er/  
Thine head in the wide/  
Starry sky at night.

John N Mate

# The Moon-Ii: The Immortal

Warden of the creator's realm/  
When mortal's in deep dream./  
Wanderst the night/  
When blushing sun's no more sight./  
In God's very kingdom/  
Where reside many a finest diamond.

Tho' attired in golden robe/  
Never for power grope./  
Painted with grace/  
Is his plump face./  
Worshipped in awe by mortals/  
Yet remain God's loyal vassal.

Witnessed civilizations of ev'ry age/  
And of times passage./  
Of ev'ry drudge and crown/  
Ev'n of nations unknown./  
Immortal being as he/  
Is what I long to be.

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# To My Tongue

Lo! Ye haughty and mighty/  
When afford to criticize, /  
Remember: /  
Ne'er think about it if not sure/  
Tho' sure you got no right to cuss./  
Even given the right wield not/  
For another could anytime chide you.

Find not fault with others/  
For no man's born'd faultless./  
Remember: /  
There's a softer side in ev'ry heart/  
Which we often fail'd to perceive./  
The minute you curse a soul/  
You confess'd your self fault.

John N Mate