

Poetry Series

K. Jared Hosein
- poems -

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K. Jared Hosein(1986)

K. Jared Hosein (1986 -...) was born and raised in the Caribbean island state Trinidad and Tobago. He is a writer and poet who has worked on his craft since his teenage years. In 2009, he penned a poem entitled 'The Wait is So, So Long' that would go on to be adapted as a short film that would be featured and win a Gold Key Award at the NY-based Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. He frequently writes to the local newspapers but those pieces are only of political and sociological nature. Although he is currently employed as a Biology and Physics secondary school teacher, he writes everyday to have a significant body of work, to build discipline and to create his own voice and style in the world of West Indian literature.

! (New) The Dark Road

The highway is now dark
For a bandit has stolen the argon coins
From the glass of its lamp poles.
The concrete isthmus is now paved
With nightfall's shaded arc,
The lanes ballasted with damp souls.
Nothing but the radio on,
Duran, Tears, Mode, Floyd,
The road stretches,
Tapers into a void.
Where anything can happen,
A place where nightmares and dreams
Can be similarly destroyed.

K. Jared Hosein

! (New) Unheard

Behind the meridian moon
There shoots a star no one can see
That sings a song no one can tune
Except for the one unheard bird
Atop the highest tree,
Just too lofty, too proud, too wild, too free.

K. Jared Hosein

(haiku) Seven Sins - Envy

I'm looking at you
And that bicycle you own
And that bike I don't.

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(haiku) Seven Sins - Gluttony

My three best friends are
Named breakfast, lunch and dinner.
They are so giving.

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(haiku) Seven Sins - Pride

I hold my head high
Because I like looking at
My gorgeous halo.

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(haiku) Seven Sins - Sloth

I cannot get up,
My body fused with the bed.
I will sleep it off.

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(haiku) Seven Sins - Wrath

I vomit sadness
And light myself on fire
And it feels so good!

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(haiku) An Awakening

The sea springs open
In a waterspout flurry,
The whale is awake.

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(haiku) Seven Sins - Lust

Just think about greed,
But with a person's body
And more personal.

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(longing) This Last Hour Of Waiting

Near this quieting shore,
You left me sore,
Sitting in this restless tomb,
Now I lie on the floor,
For just an hour more,
Looking through a window in my room.

See, you left me here
And still I stare
Up at these hot-air balloons,
Floating near,
But way up there,
Rising to those high blue moons.

See, you told me straight,
For me to wait,
And I do
Through a dozen types of sky,
I watch spring nymphs mate,
Closing winter's gate
And this may be my summer goodbye.

I give you one last chance
For one small dance,
And I really do implore,
I've waited too long an hour
In this ball gone sour
To wait one hour more.

And if you come,
My sugar-plum,
I will sweep you into the blue,
A delirious wonder,
Sweetened by thunder,
And every Neverland hue.

But if you don't reach,
I'll flee this beach
And wave from my ship adieu,

I'll no longer wait,
For it is getting late
And I'll have some catching up to do.

K. Jared Hosein

(loss) Roses

After your goodbye,
I am bare,
Naked,
Exposed to the air,
But
I do not despair
For I know
Each tear
I cry for me and you
Falls here,
Swivels the soil and dew
And sprouts a rose,
Down from my toes
To my lips
And gives me a kiss
Adieu.

And for what this night is worth,
After the sunset dozes,
I shall walk my barren earth
And cry this cry of roses.

K. Jared Hosein

(loss) The Grave Of My Child

It had been a long passing away.
A death that crackles the hardest stone,
He sank into the bed of this bay,
A death silent and alone.

He once frolicked through the sleepy field
Waking the insects on the grass.
Bare-foot, to the seashore yield
To dance with a moonlit lass.

He was my child, my dear,
Who never let it pass him by,
Always sat at the edge of that pier,
Watching the Samurai sunset sky.

Now I stand here over his grave,
Now realising he is dead.
And there are fireflies over the wave,
Spelling a poem left unsaid.

They wait for him,
Forever,
Thinking he's just asleep,
Waiting, waiting,
Thinking,
Soon,
He'll rise
From the ocean deep.

K. Jared Hosein

(love) A Kiss

A kiss down by the riverside,
When the waterspouts
Comes to life
And across the evergreen glide.
A kiss with your mouth open wide,
With noses nuzzling
And lying on a foliage mattress
With nothing to hide.

A kiss beneath the harvest moon,
In the wheat and the rye,
When pixies spiral to an eventide rune
'Til the morning Phoenix soars by.
A kiss during a fiery noon
In the fields of midday bloom
And so sings the loon
While petals rise from the gloom.

A kiss, for birds to sing,
For the winter to turn to spring
An exchange of bliss,
A kiss,
To melt a world of snow
In one breath of warm mist.

K. Jared Hosein

(love) Closer

My darling,
Did you ever wake up in the morning
To find the sun's eyes right on you,
So you could bury your face
Into my neck
And smile against my flesh?

My darling,
Do the sylphs rustle the boughs
Just to bathe us with flittering leaves,
When we run for shade?
Are there undines beneath those waves
Ruffling the waters
To tide us closer while we bathe?

My darling,
Are the sky people lighting up their beacons,
Those burning urns,
So the starlight can help us find our way
Through the meandering trails of love unsaid?
Are those moon ghosts howling
So we could snuggle closer, unafraid?

My love,
Where has this breeze travelled from
To make your hair billow like that,
To make you shiver
Like a leaf from a fallen tree?
Did those other gales move out of its way
Just so I can see you quiver
And hold you closer to me?

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(love) From A Snowy Balcony In My Mind

Whether it be a sun-sparkle shine
Or a blizzard bleak grey,
Upon my frozen roses
Springs this Christmas Day,
Whether or not snow babies
Ever come out to play,
Drifting, lifting over North Pole Bay.
Whether or not my lights are up
To bright the winter way,
This, for me,
Is still Christmas Day.

Whether or not Rudolph Reindeer is there
To help guide Santa's sleigh,
Or my jingle bell chimes
Cease and refuse to sway
Or my Christmas Tree angel
Decided to take fly away,
This, for me,
Is still Christmas Day.

How without these things
Can I have my Christmas, you say?
Without my bells and presents
And the usual merry and gay?
Because one day when I wake,
Here you will lay,
Even if I lost everything else
You make my Christmas Day.

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(love) Sonata Of Me And You

It is a shower of hot spectral rain outside
That is going to last
The whole night through
And it is a celestial star party
That merries across
Dark silky bedsheets of blue.

The love song of your breath
Sends the tide
To dance below the swaying shade,
And the wind follows and wails
A howling love song
That rustles each leaf blade.

It is a hurricane of kisses
That resemble babes suckling
On mothers' breasts,
It is a warm everflow
Of hearing you chuckling
From my teases of pining jests.

It is a raging fusillade of a firefight
From fast breaths
To moans that hurt our throats.
It is a vampiric fireball spiralling up
As we exchange bodies
And each other's leaking sweat coats.

It is a pair of burning embers
That spring from your eyes
As I stifle your moans.
It is our own little earthquake
As I inscribe my teeth
Against each of your bones.

It is a gale of our sexual sighs
Sweeping past the floor crevices,
Engraved on the wall,
Into those secret treasure chests

And out the window
From where long summer nights call.

It is a flood of our love
That stains the sunrise
As I nibble on a ghost of a blush,
And we nest,
Too quiet to hush
Too tired to rest.

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(love) Touch Me

When I hear you speak,
The world slows to a halt
Asleep from a sweet lullaby.
When you touch me,
I do a somersault
And flip to the sky
And I mount a star horse
That gallops the rainbow arc
While those heavenly bells begin to ring
And hark! - the herald angels sing!
But by the time I've returned,
You would have gone astray
For you do not know me
And would have gone your merry way.

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(melancholy) The Wait Is So, So Long

I've waited for a fish that did not bite
And for a little wind that couldn't fly my kite.
I've waited for mail that never arrived
And for fruit of a crop that never thrived.
I've waited for meetings always adjourned
And for telephone calls that were never returned.
I've waited to grow just one inch more
(But I am still just five foot four) .

I've waited for a train that was already gone
And I've waited for a baby that was never born.
I've waited for that raise that I never got,
I've waited for every have that I have not,
And I'll wait it over,
I'll wait it times ten
Rather than wait
For no one
To show for my party again.

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