

Poetry Series

Kayanja Ronald Edwin
- poems -

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Kayanja Ronald Edwin()

Everything about life.

Doing whatever counts.

Living a worthwhile

I am an economist and statistician that enjoys words on paper sharing stories, feelings and knowledge

A Desert Walk

Head low, shoulders down
Dragging feet in the hot sand
A whooshing sound, distant

Coughs and stumbles,
Not losing his feet,
Panting and sweating

Stands, arms on the hips
A shadow, circling around
Looks up to the sky, an eagle

Burning light pain,
In his eyes, itchy,
Sweat and excessive brightness

Looks down, a lone desert lily,
A black widow spider, webbing
And what will it trap?

Stares straight, oh! A dragon fly
Isn't it beautiful?
Swirling about in the air

A whooshing sound, again
Rumbling, louder and closing in
Turns back, a sandstorm

Suddenly, feeling strong,
Eyes quick through the vast openness
A distant tree, finally!

Water, wait, the storm
Starting out with fast strides
If only he could reach it,

One more step, one more
Don't look back, never
Forward, the only way to go

At last, hugging onto the desert palm
He waits, nothing, why?
Looks back, the rescue jeep

He faints right there...

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Fight Not Lost

Dreaming in black and white
Seeing these blurry images
Believing when all is lost
A blind faith they say

Becoming lost to the world
Merging into one with its shadows
And losing a sense of time
To be devoured into oblivion

The wicked world of illusions
Golden cups with poison
And the beautiful red roses
Drawing blood with every prickle

Bleeding deep from the heart
Weeping endlessly for my soul
Draining all the strength I have
Fighting to remain sane

A crazy world it is
And yet wonderfully made
To bless the one it breaks
After he has seen
That which lies hidden
Amidst the dark fog

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Friend, A Brother

Looking beyond my ragged cloth
To the inner man within

Reaching for my hand,
Clotted red and sore

Calling it purity,
Despite the dreadful reality

Who are you that looks beyond?
A dirty shell wrapping a lost soul

Walking into my filthiness,
And yet, hugs warmly like a father

You read and understand,
The language of my tears

Speaking friendly unto my soul
Sparking a new flame in me

That I see light in my blindness
A future beyond stars

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Future Strangled

They were not blind
They just lacked eyes
Never knew a single ray of light
Worked a full clock, until they dropped breathless

And they were not deaf
They just lacked ears
Never heard a single wave of sound
Listened to their own thoughts scream

Yet, each had a mouth
An unquenchable hunger
Driving their minds,
To whatever it is that they could eat

And while at that,
Some mumbled,
Others screamed
To themselves and others

It was a disturbing imagery,
And many indistinctive voices
That my head spined endlessly
Swimming through countless thoughts

May be,
humanity was lost,
To the long structures touching the sky,
Beautiful vessels floating on water,
Amazing crafts flying in the air
And the astonishing world of tech

May be,
while trying to be better,
We fell deep down an abyss
That now we need implements of war
To guard our own interests,
From a brother next door

Skies spread wide with dark smoke
Land eroded to the bottom seas
lakes filled with oil spills
And bodies lay within ruins,
Soaking the ground in child blood

yet, we look into each other's eyes,
A firm handshake, beautiful smile,
Talking about the future,
The one we've strangled with our hands
And leaving our filthy prints on everything

Should say, we can clean our mess,
But yet, time itself offers not enough to correct our ways

But pass down the responsibility,
To a boy in blue boots,
And a girl in pink shoes,
To clean the remains of a generational mess

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A God Or Gods

Many tales of the ancient
The great rulers of space
Molding life out of one
To create the vast beauty that we love
And the many nightmares we dread
To imagine it's all the same
The one thing in us all
Both good and bad
Human or not
Just one
Ether

Many years counted
The great forgers of time
A moving wheel of seasons
Falling into the white snow
And springing into the warm sunrise
To imagine the astonishing turn of events
One thing after another
Both good and bad
Human or not
Only one
Time

Many creations there are
The great artists of life
Casting shapes out of dust
Dressing flesh onto bones
And breathing life into the them
To imagine sculptural work that marvelous
One piece after another
Both good and bad
Human or not
Just one
Life

Rulers of space,
Forgers of time,
And creators of life

By many names we call them
And many faiths do we believe
The wondering mysteries of man
One being after another
Both good and bad
A God or gods
Only one
Truth

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Good Wife

Doesn't gold look so beautiful?
Or rather so shiny?
Oh yes! It does, in many eyes

But yet, to some,
Its simplify a collection of atoms,
Reflecting yellow light from the sun

And yet again, to others,
Its worth a look, a thought may be,
Because, ITS GOLD!

My darling I say,
Any great person is worth more than the looks
Its the unseen value that makes a good wife

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Heart Break

Black and white, blurry
Echoes, indistinctive whispers
Distorting, a world of silhouettes

Watered, her eyelids
Rushing, the blood within
Insane, an erupting mind

Aching, a heart out of glass
Shattered by a flying arrow
Carrying with it, a black rose

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Life Well Lived

Staring through a small window
Inside a wooden shack
An old place we both loved
Reminiscing about the old days
When we were young and free
So full of spirit and energy
Just like my dog Sammy
The German shepherd you bought
As a gift on my sixtieth birthday
Seeing how much he makes me alive again
Now that you are not with me
It's amazing how much you still care for me.

Remembering your face every morning
How it glowed with peace and beauty
On those comfy white sheets you loved
Making me desire to feel your lips against mine
One of the many little things I miss
Which I enjoyed so much and always will
May be not physically
But at least in my thoughts
As I live the rest of my days
With these loving memories we created
Bringing smiles to me everyday
Making me feel life is worth a while when lived.

The old wooden cuckoo clock
Still hanging in our living room
The same bird, same melody that I loved
Playing every morning at seven
Reminding me of you my darling
How we always flew around the world
Like two bald eagles for life
Hunting, eating and resting together
Building a large nest to share
For only us and our eaglets
All grown strong and brave
Living life happily as you hoped my dearest.

A Love That Flew Away

Swans once flew,
Over blossoming red roses
And their tainted white feathers,
On broken wings of marriage

The bruises of a first love,
A fall in a summertime
On springs of frozen tears

The lover's castle by the river of memories
And buried emotions of a past,
Covered in a large painting by the hallway

That hearts bled,
Eyes watered, and skins, sweaty,
Our pathetic efforts to mend the burning bridge

So now, strained by the wrinkles of age,
We stare through these broken glasses,
Our wishful thoughts, carried by the mountain winds
To the land of the never was

That epitomes of our youthful fantasies,
Lying under olive trees
Living among the stars,
We may savour,
The last smiles, and breath

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A New Inspiration

Devoid of all light
A situation so wrong
That actions need to be right
To create a light so clear
That life would be renewed
Like a lotus flower in a muddy pool
That we may bloom with beauty
And refuse to accept defeat

Died but reborn new
Inspired by his own obituary
Nobel prizes they will receive
As generations will remember
To celebrate a life well lived
And honor those lost at the war
With steel and gunpowder
For every life is a light

Death the loss of life
Born in the wrong place
At the worst of times
Living with fear for your oppressors
Praying that it all ends
And when it finally does,
Memories of your family
The journal she kept

Drowning to the bottom
Feeling the pain in my lungs
As I slowly drop so deep
Thinking how long it would take
For me to hit my bottom
That I may rise someday
Reincarnated in life
As new inspiration for all

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Shade Of Grey

Always loved the color grey
A composition of black and white
Clearly illustrating humanity
A blur of evil and good
Residing in every soul under the sun

She mourns for her unborn twins
Several scan photos she keeps
Her heart broken by this world's injustice
Two young souls that didn't come to know,
The warm touch of sunlight on one's skin
But rather leaped from darkness into another

She is a mad queen and always was
Loves cake to her heart
And cares not about how many lack bread
As long her family smiles
Tell me, is she wrong for not looking beyond her shoulders?

After all, this world, a playing field
While some choose to play with forks and spoons,
Others prefer bullets and guns
Call it unfair if you like
She calls it reality
And she will work to her last breath
Until she scores of life,
All the happiness that there is

So tell me, is she black or white?
If black, is she not supposed to moan?
And if white, is she supposed to just hand in everything?
May be she is grey
After all, she does sometimes care about others
A charitable organisation for orphans and widows
Clothes and food she gives

may be we are all black and white
One big shade of grey like the moon,
Shining but not bright enough

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Stranger Within (Addicted)

Long chains cutting deep,
In both my wrists and ankles
I watch my flesh decay,
Falling off, feeding my only friend,
The little mouse in my dungeon
Reminding me of freedom, each day,
And how it all depends on my choice

Now, cloth me up so nice,
White suit, black tie and rose
Let me speak, but not walk on the path of truth,
Best smile, firm handshake and a warm hug
Avoid all mirrors, can't let anybody see,
That which lurks behind my reflection,
Moves in the shadow besides me

A stranger within, a second voice
Two souls fleshed as one, possessed
The unending war deep within
Black verses white, a smudge
Grayish, sometimes darker
And tonight I shine bright,
Casting a shadow so dark

One more time I come,
The monster you created,
Deep down in your dark heaven
For your coronation, dark spirit,
But wait for your black rose
An ending reign to your kingship,
As I break down your stone wall
And raining red on its ruins

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Stream

You are a stream,
Flowing smoothly down a path
Meandering through mighty rocks,
Gently sweeping beautiful pebbles,
Pouring into an open sea

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

A Young Heart

She runs fast to my open arms,
Her embrace, warm in the early morning

Delighting my weary heart,
After the long night at sea

That offered me not meat of scales and fins
But a heavy net of sea weed

She whispers into my ear,
'Papa, the moon shall rise tomorrow'

'And you will catch a biiig fish,
That we shall eat and be hungry no more'

'And you will never have to leave mummy and I, '
'Ever again, '
'unto these lonely nights, so cold and scary.'

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

About Us

So I stayed awake,
last night,
Couldn't sleep
Kept thinking
About us,
How far we've come,
And how far I wish,
Praying,
We could walk together

Hand in hand,
Silent,
happy,
Smiley hearts
Around a rose garden
Chasing a twilight,
a firefly,
Under a full moon
Within kissing leaves
Whispering hymns of the wind

Maybe
Melodies of change,
Sweeping like plague,
Devouring our souls,
Into an oblivion,
Where our hearts beep for another
Not for me,
Or for you,
our thoughts,
far from our memories
This dread, quaking

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Alive

I saw the waves, .
Rising,
Roaring
Foaming
The clouds dark,
Throwing bolts of lightning
painting the night
It was a tiny boat,
Sunken oars,
smiling at life,
For the wonderful timing
Shutting my eyes slowly,
To awake into,
A tranquility of blue waters

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

All Of Life

Wisdom a lost treasure of the past
Smartness the new trickery of the present
Leaving the future so blind and unknown

Men meet and plan
Devising ways to end each other
Competition running in their veins
To have all and share none

I prayed to the Father above
That He grants me wisdom
To seek a path truly righteous
And follow not the viscous shortcuts

I longed for fulfillment
In this one life that I have
That before I lay underground
It should have been a worthwhile

And yet the candle burns dim
In these cold and dark nights
I tremble and feel weary
My mind empty of understanding

My soul screams lost
If only I had prayed last night
Renewing myself with a new candle,
That my heart would joyfully beep

But yesterday turned to a new page already
Hoping to make the best of today
And waiting for my Father to guide my feet...

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Another Moon

Even the devil loves,
Cries,
Cuddles,
Hugs and smile

Blood in his veins boils
Cold tears run down his lips,
Where the moon shines in the midnight

He warms her heart in his chest
Embracing the color of her soul,
Into the nothingness of the fading ashes
The once white petals of a virgin rose

When she wished for a falling star
And lo, the heavens opened
Her heart she waged
If only it could last another moon

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Ashes

I break my bones,
drain their marrow,
casting them into a fire,
the ashes of my youth

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Banner Of Love

The bruises of yesterday,
Still bleeding on this morning,
How we got here?
I don't know.

May be silence is love,
Between to two souls
Heavy with care,
And afraid to ruin the sand castle,
On a beach, that our hands molded

May be the heavens know,
Of legends and their tales
Their peaks and falls
Before painting history
Within the banners of their names

May be we are just one of those tales
Our stars matching from a distant past
Within this present of a milky way
Heavy with clouds of tears,
But smile at the sunrise
And hope we remain, together,
Our souls as one
On this banner of love

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Beauty And History

Time devours beauty of a maiden,
Like a flower withering in a prevailing drought

It pulls down the bright petals of her youth
To ruins of a deserted city

Mighty, once adorned,
Of her great walls and golden streets,

That whispers of her riches
Echoed the high mountains and valleys below,

As swans swam up her Jordan,
To the tunes of the eastern parrots

Finest, smiles like a sunset,
And the melodic voice of her highness

Now, behind shutters of broken glass,
A ghostly structure falling into oblivion

Deserted by kings, counsel men, and soldiers
As her streets crawl with beggars and the unclean

Her walls falling brick by brick,
As the wind pulls one strand of her hair at a time

But, she smiles, touching the smooth surface,
Of the glass, more like herself

And whispers, 'for every city that fades from glory,
The world must raise another, '

'and for every queen that ages,
The kingdom must crown another'

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Black Scarfs And Feathered Hats

the ground is a rock
but a sponge
on which I bounce,
along strings of rubber
faint elasticity
dragged between seconds
this silent planet
my lone soul

the flowers are on the grave
the whispers of the living
black scarfs
feathered hats,
the shadows of hate
standing around your halo
in black coats and long dresses
watching the fall of the sun

Their tongues hymn empathy,
but spit darts of poison
with their feigned smiles,
the scent of your soul
the blood from your heart,
clotted within their nails
so I know,
that before the next sunrise,

shall they come after me
with shinning scythes,
under a hollow moon,
like grey hounds,
their beastly nails tearing the ground beneath
to face this heart of a dark soul
blackened by rage

the monster I have become
with every breath from my lungs
the power in my blood
the fall of a star,

into an abyss of vengeance
with the sun still after a twilight
casting a shadow of death,
over their foul faces

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Black Sheep

am no student of art
but paint with the strokes of my heart
at the beat of its drum
the blood on my arm
dripping from it's fist,
in a dance at a feast,

a bonfire, a hollow moon,
a reaper's scythe, a large spoon,
digging with my nails,
to blur my trails,
that when the sainthood comes,
to bleed my palms,

I stand justified
my ego satisfied
in a pouring rain
that eases my pain
when my soul rampaged in vengeance
and seeks not the house of repentance

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Black Sunday

tears of the moon,
lungs breath out
smoke of ecstasy,
from dying flames,
burning desires
to leave ashes of sun

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Blanket Of Depression

The shallow pool of pleasure
Florescent flowers of wicked deeds
stinking, the soul of a lost man

Covered in creams of perfumed oils,
Smelly clots of an afternoon sweat
Dyed, his shreds of the heart

He walks head high around a street corner,
Fine silk, white, the dusty toes of yesterday's journey,
Towards a secret brothel of his habituation

Left and right, a foolish eye
Dropping fifty cents for a second,
Behind tattered curtains in a down town

Onto his bare chest,
Shooting rays of the sun,
Through tiny holes of grass covering

His mind yells in the darkness,
But clouds of desire rain fast and loud
Screening perfectly, the screams of elation

Time after thirty seconds,
Eyes wide open to a beautiful family,
A cherished daughter and kind wife,

Sudden, calm, the storm of desire
Worthless, the art of slippery,
Through, the thin walls of disgrace

Lying before, the mirrors of regret
Shattered, pieces of a broken trust
And now, covered in this blanket of depression

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Blessed And Yet Cursed! (Heads Or Tails)

An elderly man with a medium height
Wearing a short stubble with a little grey
Rubbing it every minute or two
A clear sign of deep thought
A classic conduct of the old
Listening carefully to a young soul
Shuttering glasses as he speaks
Pieces flying in the air
Bleeding hearts and skin
A weary face for a weeping spirit
Deep in anguish for the plunge in moral
In this era of the smart and young
Blind to their mistakes and hate correction
Leaving him in worry, what future there was?

He stood arms crossed
Just a few feet from where I was
Facing the highway to see the passing cars
Clearly unhappy about what he was hearing
Like it was a mundane tale of the wolf of the Wall Street
A lone nobody playing his way up onto the boards
In tune with the wheel of luck
That every step is a fairy cloud
Raising him closer to the stars
Which regrettably he doesn't touch
But falls so deep that he hurts
Breaking every bone in him
And lo, he lives
Leaving him in wonder, what was fortune?

He looked straight into my eyes
With a piercing gaze so deep
Like he was watching a motion picture
A classic act by Alfred Allen
In the Ghost city of 1923
Aghast by the amorphous creature
Breathing fire and smoke
And yet spitting blood as it spoke
The deadly phobias of his past

All wrapping in close around him
Realizing so little he had accomplished
Cause he was a one winged bird
Unable to fly to the stars
Leaving him in regret, what was life?

A few grey hair to show
For all the years lived
Cast into the shadows of the alleys
Waiting on the hands of the kind
To stretch out to where you lay
To remind you of what light felt like
Just before you fade away into oblivion
As you're slowly devoured by your decisions
The unwise prejudice by all
To brand lousy on your face
Cause of some wrong steps
Many or few, it doesn't matter
Ignoring the play of heads and tails
With the forever changing events of future

Blessed and yet cursed!
To live long and yet poor
Wise and yet weak

Blessed and yet cursed!
To be young and yet so foolish
Rich and still so foolish

Blessed and yet cursed!

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Boy And Girl

I didn't not see the shadow,
Nor the silhouette of your soul,
But a wavy shade,
Of your heart,
Smiling and tearing
Strings of my own,
That strummed for you,
Toying with their elasticity,
The acoustics of divorce,
Casting a dying passion,
When we played boy and girl
Into a happy never after

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Broken Hearted

Echoes of falling roses petals
Like bangs of a huge temple bell
Shockwaves across the open sky

Birds wildly fly into a dark cloud,
Suffocating on hate and rage,
Declaring a vengeance that runs deep,

Of a lone soul on a lovers' street
Vision blurred by the teary eyes
Eroding slowly, the heaviness of her broken heart

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Clench A Fist

Clench a fist,
Take a blow to a stone wall

Crush your knuckles,
Hear them snap with a rattling

Cry to the sky,
Scream out all your pain

Now, look at your flesh torn,
Discharging red, atoning for your sins

Your rage burning like a flame,
Dancing randomly to the whisper of the wind

Certain winds blow it high,
And others simply play with it

Yet, eventually, the flame dies
Leaving your heart scorched black

Letting rise of a dark smoke,
Clouding the sun above your path

You then dwell in a lost world,
Folly acts guided by the hazy visions

Stumbling about everywhere
Breaking glass with every move

And only to walk through them afterwards
Bleeding your feet until you can't move

Stubbornly, you bend on your knees
And once again, try to crawl your way out

The sharp pain flashes quick,
From your palms to the mind,

Like bad news across a sea,
Bringing with it, the cold wind of the dead

You howl loud, clenching your fists,
Blood dripping onto your ragged clothes

And then, shutting your eyes slowly,
You finally let tears run down your face

Falling onto your sooty heart,
And eroding it clean with every drop

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Dear Mum And Dad

It is a crazed world
Where sanity and insanity war
Man tethered by responsibility
Grazing between choices

Choosing a pathway to lifelessness
The black hole of all human life
The one side that we do not know
Pulling each one of us randomly

When man chooses sanity,
He lives to a scale
Set by the society, family and himself
Balancing happiness between all

Hmm! What are a wondering way to live?

Sometimes I do think its easier to be insane
At least then I don't have to play by the rules
My dad a preacher, and mom a judge

Both speaking of hell,
One allegedly ruled by demons,
And another built of stone and bars
Designed for people like me

The sons of anarchy?
She replies, ' yes indeed! '

And why do I believe her?
Is it a paranormal feature that all mothers have?
Or they just tap into their children's naivety?
Using sincere eyes that say, all is well

Hmm! A powerful weapon they wield

But anyway, this time,
some part of me still hinges
On the thought that insanity is better

Cause one doesn't have to be tethered by anything

am I demented?

Tell me, really, am I?

I understand that responsibility defines life

It is the soul of sanity

And yet most of those who choose it seem unhappy

Unlike our brothers who choose the later

Living care free and drowning in physical laughter

And yet, them too are not truly happy

Tell me dad, what is life?

Is it the choice of how we make us happy?

And if yes, what is happiness?

Is it that gained by sanity or insanity? Or may be both?

Huh? Tell me

Yours truly,

Markus,

The 10 year old son

Note: I will be playing with Cathy next door

Thought you should know in case you need me

I love her hair and she smells good

I understand you don't want me to play with her

But I just won't stop

Reason, because I like breaking rules

Love you mom. Love you dad

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Delight (Senyru #2)

I sit on a stump
watching faces age with smiles
living a worthwhile

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Devoured

Pain, the wrinkles of the heart,
Masks of sadden faces,
Moaning the souls within

To fight battles invisible
Building that to be pulled down,
And owning that which never was

I call it brokenness,
A shattered mirror reflecting,
Pieces of our tattered spirits

We choke on our own tears,
Drowning in pools of laughter
By angry faces that wish to burry us

So, tonight, our eyes shall then shut,
Our minds replaying their wicked smiles,
And our ears looped on their spites

For the battle is lost,
A blackened sun behind veils of sorrow
Sold into chains of our enemies

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Dying

My soul weary inside her rags of flesh
Wrapping my decaying bones,
Dry of their marrow, drained,
With a fading taste,
Blurry eyes, a faint scent,
Silent to the surrounding,

The forgotten tune of a true sparrow
Where wishes linger in memories
Of how it used to be,
But hungry for the apple of youth,
Watching a love that drifted away
And the moving arms of a wall clock,
Before I rest in an eternal sleep

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Even Birds Talk

the little birds of the city
on the streets and in the parks
sing to their hatchlings
the secrets of the falcon
long, iron-like talons
her souless, malicious eyes
her way in the sky,
diving within the sun,
to prey on one of us at a time

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Facebooked

She leans against a pine
Slightly above the head,
Her left hand raised,
Touching the tree bark

Her elbow points to my direction,
Her eyes beam with youth,
And her smile warming my cold heart

I feel it beep once again
From one to a thousand,
Rapidly to a zillion,
And I know then,

That I have fallen hard
For the pretty face before me
Partially covered by long dreads falling

Her lips appear so luscious,
A deep red like a ruby
Reflecting the last rays of the sun
Before hiding behind the mountains

Darkness covers us so fast,
Like a dark cloud spreading a plague
And yet, my delight dies not

But burns bright like a flame,
Of a piece of wood in the jungle
Suddenly blown out by the malicious winds

Then, reality appears to me like a ghost.
In blue and white,
Like, comment, tag
Big letters, 'Facebook'

To which I now see,
It was just a pic

Falling

I see it's depth
An abyss of darkness
Drowning in my shadow
As thoughts chew on my consciousness

How low must I fall?
Before the sky disappears,
The sun into a star,
Fading into a black hole,

To return, or be lost,
Patience, a virtue of time,
A ticking clock,
That unsettles my heart

Frustrated, depressed,
Angry, lost
Hopeless, and lonely
Within a lunatic mind

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Fatal Vengeance

Reality unravells like a new day
Bright enough to admire the overwhelming beauty

And then, watching in detail,

Your hellish nightmares breath fire onto your soul
Engraving images on the walls of your mind

Trapping thyself in a ruined past

The conflicting present, to that future you yearned for
As your feet are buried in the ground

By a moving sand erasing your tomorrow

The huge storm and ripples,
From your unjustly actions
When greed reigned in thy heart

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Fear, Surrender And Sanctification

Fear is what we know not
A future expected to rain hails
When no roof covers your head
And blankets not warm enough
To protect you from the strong winds

You fall to know your knees and plea
To a higher force that bends ether
Moving the wheel of time with sun
Separating darkness from light
Hoping it crafts you out of your wooden self

You set your heart right,
Feet and hands clean
And wait for the eclipse
Lunar or solar, moving stars
Changing seasons, a new start

And so, to live a worthwhile,
I acknowledge my fears,
Plea to a higher force of unlimited energy,
And set myself right for the rapture
The unknown occurrence of opportunity
All I need is one strike
Just one

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Free

Give a man a pencil,
And he will draw from his mind,
Give a woman a pen,
And she will write from her heart

For the essence of a manhood lies within,
The height of the roof above his head
As the delight of his other rib,
From the warmth of the sun in a snowfall

A balance of life
Once left and right,
Now right and left
Or simply, enjoying the centre

Who says he can't love the world?
And who dictates she can't rule the universe?
For a father grooms his little princess
And a mother sits on a King's counsel

How did this happen?
Defying the judgement of the old
A foundation of social rationality,
But now a house of idealism

Yes, the pursuit of something,
Something that is perfect,
To being complete of a kind,
To feel whole in a life lived

And that,
a freedom in happiness
To know the past,
And shine it's edges,
So as to glow, in the future

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Ghosts

I feel so alone
With a silent mind like a night,
But like cars along an idle highway
Sounds of resonating thoughts
Waving through a dark road

They howl,
Haunt,
and torment
The tranquillity of my soul
Lost on a voyage
Searching for myself

I yearn to awake,
to rays of a beautiful sun
With my woes in the shadows,
Of yesterday's winds

Blades and roses,
Wrists and razors,
Laying inside a tab,
With a flaming candle,
Shining upon the ancient letters,
Of a divine scroll

I dig my own pit,
Yanking my own chains,
Around my neck,
Toes, and hands
To love the pain,
If its all, there's to feel

But even so,
It was the light,
That moved away,
To blur my shadow,
With the night,
When my moon rose
But fell with her stars

The ghosts from my nightmares

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Happy!

so cold on her skin
the tiny raindrops on her face
as she faced up to the sky
smile so big, arms stretched, happy!

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Healing Rain

Tears of the sky
Dust weary faces
To comfort wounded hearts

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Her Majesty (Adult)

Watch for her fangs,
She digs deep into your throat
Tearing quick through flesh
Like two needles into wool
Easily and noiselessly

Your skin fires to a new sensation,
You then hear angels sing,
Loved ones humming,
A soothing melody like in a cave
Echoes dying out farther

And so you let your eyelids down
To see with the mind,
Cheerful faces and white gowns
Standing around a milky fountain,
Overflowing onto the snowy floor

Streaming slowly into a little pool
Lying in it, the white queen
Visible, the smooth skin on her thighs,
Appearing briefly as she turns,
You swallow hard and loud

Her long white hair falls on the shoulders,
And just enough to cover the twin deer
But not what your mind can see
The perfect curve lines running around them
Appearing soft like cotton candy

She raises her hand, grabbing yours
Pulling you slowly into the milky pool
Letting you sit between her legs
As your back rests in her chest,
Your skin rubbing smoothly against hers,
Wrapping her arms around you

Your head rests on one shoulder
Her mouth close to your ear,

A gentle whisper, hissing lightly,
Steadily calming your heart beat

You feel the warmth of her breath,
Like steam from a cup of hot coffee
Moisturizing the skin on your neck
A point when it all freezes

The humming stops,
Fountain freezes along with the stream
And suddenly, a prickle like,
Sharp and intense,
But only for a second

Then time runs again,
A single drop of red,
Splashing into the snowy pool,
Slowly, it appears to dissolve
But fades not

And suddenly, a rumbling
Sweeping through like a wave
A moment when all changes

Many black cloaks surrounding
Red spreads quickly from the tiny drop
Filling up the pool, into the little stream,
Then the floor, and lastly the fountain

Her long hair now looks deep red
The air smells dead, metallic
Her breath and flesh, cold
She howls, flashing her fangs
And the shadows cheer

The vampire queen! ! !

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Her Name, Isabella

I lay on the ground,
Watching the blue sky,
As clouds swim gently,
Varying shapes spontaneously

I listen to the hissing wind
Brushing lightly on my face,
Eyebrows and curly hair
Whispering her name in echoes

It resonates clearly in my mind
Creating vivid images of her
Projecting them onto the open sky

They run one after the other
Creating a motion picture of sort
Seeing how gracefully she smiles,
I get lost in every inch of it

Her lips appear tender and shiny
A perfect alignment of snow white teeth
Just like the clouds above

Her gaze, so enchanting,
And like a flying arrow,
Straight into my glass heart,
Cracking and shattering
Aching with desire

Her dark hair, long and plaited
Twisted strands falling to her back
Appearing satin in the mid sunlight

She bows her head slowly
And raises it cordially
Like an ancient goddess of a kind
Symbolizing beauty and fertility

Her body, young and strong

Perfect curve lines running,
Stretching out her white linen dress,
Appearing like a second skin

And her natural skin?
smooth and immaculate,
A chocolate complexion,
Fusing with that of her dress
And not in an actual blend,
But an astonishing graphic work of art

And like sound from many bells,
Melodic and rhythmic
Pure and steady
She sings warmly
Healing hearts of they that hear

And her name,
Isabella

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Homeless

Sad eyes wink in the dark,
Frozen hair masking his face
The lines of grey,
Around his chin to the temples,
Telling stories of his past,
Silently folding on a moldy cardboard
With a running nose
bleeding on the street

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

I Did Dream Big

I did dream big
I did see the car and the house
A white Pontiac Bonneville
A single-family detached home for us
A loving wife with two children
In a framed photo on my desk
Working passionately at my own local newspaper
A successful writer I would be
With a full page in every print
Sharing the joy and pain of my townsmen
In every stroke of a pen on a paper

I did dream big

I did see the school and the church
Bright Mondays and beautiful Sundays
The best plain slacks and tie collar dresses
Gracefully marching into a town hall
With happy faces and warm smiles
For a town meeting I would chair
An upstanding town clerk I would be
With great dedication I would work
Serving with honor and love to my townsmen
In every wise way of leadership

I did dream big

I did see the park and the doves
Star Magnolia and red maples
Amazing Carolina Turtle doves
Fathers playing with sons
Mothers singing to their daughters
Dean Martin's everybody loves somebody
A wonderful parent I would be
With all strength I would fight
Striving endlessly with advice and respect of my townsmen
In everyday living with my family

I did dream big

And I did see all
I did see happiness

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

I Miss You

And the distance between,
Kept their bodies apart
But not their hearts
Wondering,
In dreams of a fantasy
That befell upon each,
Every night,
As they both stared,
Throughout the midnight hour

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

I Plea Unto Thee

Whisper to me oh good Lord
As I tread upon this dark path
Searching myself in this large painting
Declaring everyday as history
After the sun has dived below the mountains

I wish to a paint a life,
On earth's wide canvas
Running brushes on her surface
And signing on her edges,
Marking my name through ages

Should i be good,
Let it be in color
As I slay these dark spirits
And let the angels sing,
Blowing trumpets so loud
For a battle won of flesh

But I hope am never bad
That its sprayed in black and white
As I fall prey to this hungry beast
Waiting to tear apart my soul
Separating me from your spirit.

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

In A Dark Pit

Dripping and splashing
A pool of water,
Little groans, echoing
Rubbing and stretching
Chains clinking,
On the floor, a dark pit

Either day or night
How many? When was it?
What is now? How old?
Hit enter, syntax error
Alright, why are you here?
Can't tell, don't remember

Pause, play, finally,
Can't think, my mind, silent
Thought I was on the ledge,
About to fall into craziness
Now, I can shut my eyes
From darkness to blindness,

To imagine forgiveness, a light
Piercing through cracks in the stone wall
Falling straight to my darkened heart
Breaking chains off my hands and feet
Setting free, my soul,
To rise up, like a dove,
Into the blue sky

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Just A Game

The slates of this mind,
Where fantasies streamed,
For you,
After the first time

Your gracious gaze
A charming smile,
A lazy walk,
But an elegant body

A woman within,
With a thrilling voice,
That tethered my heart,
In your chamber of lovers

How could I not have seen?
That, it was just a game,
A long list you kept
Within the pages of a red dairy

Where horrors howled from a past,
And anxiety transformed into hate,
To wield the sceptre of power,
As you drag souls into a hysteria

Gutting their souls,
Draining their hearts,
And washing your feet,
With a cloth soaked in their blood

To be, gratified,
Chatting with your demons
As they crown you queen
And later,

Drown you,
In a pool of nightmares
To mark you one of them,
In the hell you partially designed

But,
am not one of you
Immune to your spells
After seeing how empty your heart is,
And in search for an understanding

Of why, the world so cruel?
Seeking the house of empathy
To find one of a kind
To ease your pains

And sorry, it ain't I
For me too,
Chat with my demons,
And send them,

To seek sorry souls,
Like yours,
And devour their essence
As I watch with a smile,
Their spirits, wither

And finally,
erasing my slates
For the rules were the same,
It was, just a game

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Keep Your Eyes On The Sky (The Sinking Skies)

Above, the clouds moved
A ghost shadow below
Closing in so quick, death
Swallowing souls as it swept

Many orange lights blinked
Open car doors, abandoned
Believing in the strength of their feet
A sudden rash from death

Abrupt, loud screams everywhere
Animal and human alike
Amidst unnatural noise,
Alarming cars and crushing buildings

Mother, she screamed
Sadden eyes, watered, both
As their hand grip loosened
Becoming one with the shadow

He stood still, hopeless
As the sky fell in
Drowning all human life, an apocalypse
Large saucers like clouds, ships
Carrying Earth's visitors,
The beings from mars

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Living In The Joyous Days

Doesn't everything look stunning?
Shoulders out, black dress
Displaying your youthful body
Firm breasts, wonderfully crafted,
An amazing figure line, curvy
White pearls around your neck
A warm smile stealing men's hearts

And yes, it's all about you
Since the night is so young,
You can run a little wild
While your bones are still strong,
And your hair so dark,
Blowing with the cool wind on your back
And who there is to judge?

What do they know about you?
Except the captivating beauty in their eyes
Like a goddess dressed in gold, glowing
Ancient and yet stunning as ever
All longing to trophy a young and free spirit
Like it is a contest of the quickest
How improper and shaming? !

Their minds empty of reality,
Unaware of the shadow under your feet
Holding within the tears of the past
Carefully hidden in the dark
The long days of bruises, abused,
And cold nights of scorn,
And here they are, scaling your actions

What do they know? Why even try?
But I don't scale you my dear,
Cause I heard what our shadows told each other
Running images through our minds
Of the days far behind
When all was out of reach
Stretching but unable to touch

Except the thick glass we peered through
As our eyes held wonder
Of the beautiful world beyond

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lost

I stand before my reflection,
The other being unknown
Trapped in a glass wall,
Behind curtains of reality

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lost Flame

How empty this feels? !
Stained, wallpapers, peeling,
Falling with sounds of fading memories

To let go of the good, but exceptional,
A past,
One step into her shadow

An old flame to be rekindled,
Denying fortunes of the future
The new yellow on a virgin candle

Scented, the breath of a rebirth,
A reincarnation, in spirit, for the heart,
To love, and to be healed

An essence to be cherished
But lost in the smoke,
When the wind blows,
To steal the flame

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lost In Thought (My Honey Moon)

a warm pleasure being outdoors
The touch of the sun on my face,
Welcoming it with a smile, head high
As my long dark hair floats freely
With the brief kiss of the wind
Appearing satin under the morning light
Driving me ablaze with excitement,
Doing light kicks in the air

Spirited, I would raise my arms
And imagine am flying
Making spiral turns to the ground
On a glide in the mountains
Watching the make of massive rocks
Appearing emerald, like huge gems
Bronze-like, in parts that lack flora
A beautiful mosaic of natural art

With a light blow, I would land
Next to our wooden cottage
Variant in color like beeswax
In the center of a thick forest
Just two turtles in a pond
You and I, alone together
Embracing under one umbrella
With a sway off my feet

We would stand grabbing tightly each others' hands
Rose petals in your pocket, magenta
Looking good on your wedding suit, white
I cry, making little moans in your chest
In complete bliss on our honeymoon
Two souls dangling in love,
Hinged on the same tree, marriage
Promising heaven and earth

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lost Love

Mirror, mirror,
By the wall he hungs,
A little flame on a melting candle,
Dancing beautifully within his cornered edges

She whispers, asking,
'who's the fairest of all? '
'In this room drowning in darkness,
And of the night, young and calm'

His voice vibrating and clear,
'truly in this room, you, above all'
'But of this night, lone and quiet,
The bright star besides the shadow of her moon'

'Gracefully they travel many nights,
Across valleys and plains,
Beyond deserts and thick forests,
And over endless covers of unknown waters'

'Together, I have seen many seasons,
Through the freezing cold of a jailing winter,
And the scorching heat of a summer hell
As like always, glancing through that window from this wall'

'Attracted to her beautiful twinkles,
From the beginning of this world,
To this very moment, with each passing second,
And may be, to the world's end'

She dances once and twice
Bitter, broken by the weight of his words,
Before, finally, blown out of life,
To rise as smoke, into the milky way

Painting a dark cloud
That even in her despair,
Her tears shall fall to soak the earth,
To soften, and swallow her beloved mirror

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lost Virginit

Long cloak, black hood
A demon you think
Motionless, human like
Standing tall, head bowed
Misty breath, dimming light
The imminent twilight
Disturbing silhouettes
Flashes before my eyes

Tall trees, dark thickets
A jungle you think
Rustling, human like
Chattering loud, foot steps
Heavy drops, closing in
A racing heart
Indistinctive echoes
Whispers in my ears

Loud growl, a beastly phantom
A reaper you think
Screaming, human like
Bleeding slightly, a young maiden
Red stain, white cloth
A purification ritual
Lost virginites
Swirling thoughts in my mind

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Love And War

Whispers of their breath
echoes of ecstasies
the rose was a virgin,
the nectar was strong
So the ant searched her petals,
at the fall of the first light

Her fragrance filled the garden,
the dancing leaves of an olive
against the wind,
riding on a dragon's back,
breathing in and out,
the flames of their hearts

Guns and roses
blood and tears
to the bone we bled
Bonnie and Clyde
and in oblivion we merged
as, Romeo and Juliet

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Love, And Loyalty

If asked, what is love?
I would say,
'Once found,
Its that you dread to lose.'

To care so much,
Until your heart aches
That you feel, and know,
She holds it in her hands

Beating steadily,
Her fingers wrapping around it
Slowly, and tightly,
That she wields the power,
To control your soul

Like a marionette,
You dance on strings,
Like a knight,
You fight on a front line

Serving without question,
Living as a caged soul,
Like a parrot,
Mimicking words of his mistress

And yet, beyond that dark cloud,
Beauty shines like a sun,
Because in your hands,
Rests another beating heart

Fragile, and warm
Yours to use, as you please,
Kingship, and loyalty,
A Queen, reigning against the world

And that,
I dread to lose,
Because, our hearts beat as one

In each other's hands

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Lullaby

even the sweetest melody fades
after soothing a sobbing heart
into a slumber of silence
into a smile of dreams

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Maiden

Doesn't she see the beauty of her youth in your curves?
The ripening bosom and bulging hips
Stretching out the folds of your silk wrappings
And a cotton weaving over your shoulders

A smooth skin, tender
Long hair, gold,
With a sunset smile,
And a gracious gaze

Of an angel,
By the fountain,
Trapped within your own reflection,
And wishing, you stay,
Forever, young

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Morally Sound

And when my shadow changes color,
From faint to darkness,
It is then that I live pure
Standing under bright sunlight
Leaning against integrity
That my face shall be seen by all,
Across mountains and valleys,
Beyond seas and lands

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Mother And Daughter

Humble and virtuous
a path to take
following her mother's steps
as to live happily
despite the sways of life

wisdom and folly
choices to make
decisions by her mother
mistakes they were
but lessons they are now
to guide her only daughter
through the challenges in life

family and friends
relationships to keep
advice from her mother
trust no one but your heart
so as to guard thyself
from the disappointments of life

sex and love
needs to satisfy
experiences by her mother
there is always the right one for you
patience my dear
when you find him
you will be happy for life

money and success
ambitions to achieve
sacrifices by her mother
the daughter you are now
hard times will come
but remember the greater woman you are
and the things you seek
will be yours through life

Never Changing

I feel the cold of the morning
And I know of your heart's longing

You wanna roll with me?
For that's fine by me

How about we do this all day
Forgetting woes of your yesterday

Drying wounds and tears
Far away from your fears

Making love under the rain,
To ease your soul's pain

For sometimes life is happiness,
Even within one's weakness

That in the arms of a darling
forever is never changing

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

No Saint

am no holier than those before me,
nor those to come after
am a man with an eye
searching for a light in blindness
wisdom, in endless perversions of flesh,
and love beyond corners of graves
the blood of my soul,
that i use to cleanse my past,
of filthy hands and feet,
when the sun rose to cast my dark shadow

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Ocean Of Roses

He slides his hand down,
and I feel the warmth of his skin on mine

His fingers play search me,
and I feel the strong and yet tender touch

He rubs me gently,
and I feel the tempo of his breath

On my neck,
and I hear the cry of his soul

He draws me into his world of perversion,
and I feel my knees giving into the weight of my heart

Pounding,
and I feel the cravings of a lustful body

Kissing,
and I imagine nothing better

The tender touch of wet lips,
and the dance of ballet tongues

My weight in his arms,
and am lost of myself,
into this ocean of roses

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

One To Three

One to three
Strength our greatest
And like the ancient Rome
Dwelling heavenly for years

One to three
Beauty your dearest
And like the colorful mosaic of fallen leaves
An appealing touch of fall in months

One to three
Ecstasy my favorite
And like a sweet tune of a mocking bird
Falling deep in wonder for seconds

One to three
Counting to the best
The magnificent moments of life
Portrayed in depth
Through the realm of time

One to three!

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Our Slave Master

Empty souls, alive
Unconscious slumbers, awake
Sightless stares, open wide

Man running from demise,
An escalating stair to nothingness
A fate tied to his mortal body

We all work so hard,
Buried desires in our hearts,
Driving our minds to the world's end

That we become blind to all,
But our self absorbed goals
Giving responsibility to our weary selves

The meaningful seconds under the sun's warmth
And hours of silent sleep under the stars
The truth about what drives us

Not money, or love,
Food, clothing, or power
But satisfaction from their acquisition

That life is a worthwhile after all
And that, I call responsibility
Our slave master...

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Paint Your Life

Believing life owes you a penny
An unfair world you say
To be born out of luck
Tailing all your life
Losing control of your path
And worst, calling it fate
Because it makes you feel good

Thinking it's a world of limited resources
Don't you know?
One is all and all is one
What is lost is never really lost
But returns to us in one or many ways
For where was death comes life
That one would make three

The world owes you nothing
You paint your life on its canvas
Choosing what story to tell
With every stroke of your brush
That when you die
Your art either hangs on the hall of fame
Or torn from its frames
That they would be used again
To paint another life

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Playing Hearts For Blood (The Blood Queen)

Standing, leaning on her back
Against a wooden doorframe
A compounding complexion
White dress, linen
Long red hair, glowing
Smiling cordially, so inviting
Salacious stare, sideways
Dazzlingly beautiful, an angel may be

Head a little high, tilted slightly
Grinning, just enough
Standing straight, feet apart
Hands in the pockets
An intense stare, but soft
Two beings, a world alone
Engulfed in bright light
Falling hard, his innocent heart

Delighted, he is teased to play
A gambler burning to win
Boiling, his blood under the skin
Playing, hearts for hearts,
A princess for a knight
Bidding his heart for hers
The loser's game of death
Playing hearts for blood

Drip! Drip! A pool
A metallic scent, iron like
A hazy vision, a peaking nightmare
A long loud yell, a dying soul
Happy once, but only for a day
A burning candle losing its flame
Soaked in his own blood
Hanging loose, a scooped heart

An angel with a red shadow
A white dress with a red lining
Hearty smiles, so malicious

Warm embraces, so intoxicating
The blood queen of illusions
Drowning souls in her pools of desire
Scooping hearts at their peaks of pleasure
Playing hearts for blood

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Realism

The good are flawed
And the bad,
are just

Sometimes,
It's the heart,
That's needs to give in

Into the order of things
A far right
a center
And the left

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Red Roses

I know of your flesh
Understand the smooth ways around your river
Meandering through your twin hills,
Into the valley of bliss

A peaking scream,
And a runner's breath,
To catch but a few,
Words between a sigh

Before, rolling again,
Into the chamber of literature
Where plays meet action
And romance colours the sport

Across a finish line
Where silence cheers on,
As the sky curves in,
To leave, but two beings,
Within, the petals of red roses

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Robe Of Nobility

You watch and admire,
This robe of nobility

A man of superiority
weighed by eyes of the old

But,

I am just a lamb for slaughter
On burning pieces of wood

Between tongues of blue flames, That they die before I do

Or rather,

Before that shiny edge of the knife,
Slices through my bare neck

And yet,

These known dangers foreseen,
But shadowed by my self interests hidden,

Behind this robe you like
A man just like you

Delighted by pieces of shiny metals,
And comfort of woolen beds,

Enjoying pleasures of flesh,
And scented rooms filled with flowers,

Before tables of spiced meat,
And golden cups of wine

But yet,

I am noble as you think,
And indeed enjoy the warmth of this robe,

To sweat and bleed for toils than myself
The beautiful world of happiness
And stereo echoes of laughter,
Celebrating a life well lived

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Serenity

Night falls, that crickets,
Drunk on dew, sing a new song,
To the star, and moon

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Sometimes I Smile

In a room so dark,
And the chains so heavy,
but yet a smile so big
One smells freedom
From a ventilation underground
And knows, that he will feel the sun,
Once again, warm on his skin

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Spring

drops of tender rain,
open pores of my frozen skin,
my soul, free, within

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Stray

am lost within
the labyrinth
in my head

high walls run,
with creeping grass
entangling my heart

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Tatters Of Trust

The blades of betrayal cut deep,
Through the fabrics of the heart

A world never the same again
Contrastive, a true self revealed

The hypocritical roses of love,
Lying in these webs of deceit,

Lured by soft words of a smooth tongue
To be broken at the cliff of bliss

Now, fallen to the dark world of the unforgiving,
A vindictive soul garbed in tatters of trust

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

That Thing Called Love

Yesterday I believed not in love
And today I float freely in its realm

It is a world of hearts,
Beating at a matching tempo

Where bodies kiss,
Absorbing warmth and sweat

Hands move and explore
Making light touches so thrilling

Running from the toe,
To the last hair on your head

Becoming lost from the physical world
To that of elated bliss

And so, you say unto me,
That I am demented

But, how can I explain to you?
That which you have felt not

You may understand,
But never come to know what it's like

To wish time would rewind one second back
So you could hear her voice call out your name

To wish the sun would not fall for at least one evening
That you may watch her smile, amidst a beautiful twilight

She says goodnight,
And it feels like forever

Usually just a few hours to dawn
And I hear the other end of line die

So I wait on the clock until it's morning
Turning in this bed till every part of it feels uneasy

What's the point in feeling,
And yet, can't express yourself?
Like a huge bubble of emotion,
Expanded to it's limit, but bursts not

Sometimes I feel angry for my poor heart
Overriding my mind and taking control of me

And yet when it does,
Its drives me to places of wonder

So tell me please,
Is this the thing called love?

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Battle Of Consciousness

The Battle of consciousness
A labyrinth of truth,
And lies smartly overlain

Running from a past,
Clashing with the present,
To see a sunrise tomorrow

Reaching for a peak,
And numbed by ice,
To live in the clouds,

Above my nightmares,
Disturbing silhouettes,
And moving shadows

I know what I did,
My hands shiver,
And knees so weak

Reliving every second,
Of the dark night,
And each image so vivid

To forget that permanently written,
On a stone wall inside a cave,
Is to break down the walls in my mind,

To kill me from the inside,
And living without a soul

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Broken Soul

A master's whistle commands,
On a hunt, to the hounds,

To chase and not fail,
The deer's blood scented trail

Scraped by a swift arrow,
Flying through the nest of a true sparrow

Tearing apart,
The hatchling, from its young spirit

The broken soul of its mother,
And bloodstain, on her quill feather

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Dusty Books And Furnished Paintings

Shadows of bold letters
Anchored in hard covers
A writer's ship in a sea of thoughts
Blown at by the winds of muse
To tell a story, memory, an idea
The fantastical world of ink on paper,
Detailing sounds and imagery,
The dusty books of the attic

But strokes of coloured ink,
Life painted on sky canvases,
Beautiful sunrise, scary twilights
Amusing faces of admirers
So they hang in the halls of fame
That souls through time,
Shall forever remember

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Final Day Of Judgment (Pompeii)

Dark clouds fast-flying
Red, gray and black fog
Raining rocks with flames
Burning flesh and bones
Singing the song of the dead
Long, loud and scary
Like it was a lake of fire
Filled with amorphous silhouettes

The ground shook so hard
Bursting up randomly, so rough
Tearing down the stone walls,
The mighty pillars of the arena,
Deep, long running cracks,
Sinking with it the history of city,
Bearing names of the legends
The brave gladiators of Pompeii

To see and not hope,
To fear and not be scared,
But rather live on the last day
Stealing every second there is
While battling the angel of death
Bringing with him the wrath of gods
And taking as many souls possible
On the final day of judgment

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Hunt

a desert lily,
rests a black widow spider
watching closely
at the brimstone clubtail
the dragonfly, to devour

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Man From The Shadows

to think they couldn't do it
waiting endlessly for nothing?
castles in the air
believing happiness could come so easily
how naive i was? !

now i understand
that even for the right reasons
we don't always receive that easily
this world a good place?
at least that what i thought

living with hate
just because i trusted with all
giving in everything, and waiting for the harvest
and only to see
that it was all fraud

looking unto the sky
hoping it would pour down on me
to make me cold, to become numb
to the aching in my heart
and did the sky answer?

now forsaken by all
my family and friends
walking aimlessly on the streets
once a friendly environment
but now lost in it's shadows

but coming out of the dark
perfected by the hustle
raising my head high
looking unto sky
shining bright on me
that all could see
the person i am today
the man from the shadows

The Maple Tree Of Wisdom

In vast valley of knowledge
Flows the river of understanding
That the truth shall be seen clearly
Through the eyes of the wise
Unveiling mysteries of the past
To explain marvels in the present
And foretelling events of the future

A lone maple tree of wisdom
Stands firm in the riverbank
Gracing brilliantly in the valley
Absorbing understanding with its roots
And producing sap in its trunk
So sweet on the tongue
That man may taste of it
And live truthfully with his lips

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Masters

Rivers of sorrow
Valleys of shattered souls
Stolen childhoods,
Self interests of the masters

Beastly hunger,
Rewarded narcissism
Luncheons of meat and wine,
Decaying flesh and blood

Tainted, fine fabric,
Disgusting games of folly
Echoes of hypocritical laughter,
On neatly furnished wood

And hidden gold daggers,
Windowless stone houses
An assassination burglary,
Lone dark nights, long

And clothed in honor,
veiled in arrogance
Despicable faces,
Masked with expensive makeup

suffocating perfumes,
A rising air across the gold mines
The soulless humans
The slave masters of the century

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Midnight Sail

Crack, a little sound from the mast
Responding to the touch of the monsoon
On her old wooden structure
A tender embrace he gives
Stretching wide the black canvas
Whispering tales of the brave
The once beautiful and strong
But now lay wrecked at sea bottom
Harboring souls of the dead
Captain Black and his crew
An old map of the sea
To the lost moving island
Resting the rulers of the sea
The great kings of pirates

Whoosh, gentle waves drifting
Rocking us rhythmically
A musical sensation it feels
Like a fine tune of a classical
Conducted live in the open sea
Trumpets, trombones and tubas
Violins, violas and harps
A symphonic sound for the traveling souls
And as the sea guardians work
Attending to Captain White in his cabin
I stand on the deck
Relishing the cold breeze
Watching the moon shift
On a midnight sail

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Other Twin

over the shoulder,
sheilded by his shadow,
or clouded he is
trying to look into the future,
the games of the old
betting one's life
for gold and wine
robes of honor
on the counsel of the wise

within the heart
a pact of a brotherhood
on a climb to greatness,
a battle roaming
against the world
but now seeming,
two steps behind
so he walks, silently,
in the applause of his twin's success

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Prisoner's Creed

The past defines not my present,
Even though its shadow,
Dark like a moonless night,
Tries endlessly to devour my illuminated soul

But rather, like the stars,
My honest deeds shine bright now,
That even in the wake of my sorrows,
I look back,

now and tomorrow,
At the man I was,
The man I am now,
The man I want to become,

And will, God be my guide,
Surely be...

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Saint On A Milky Way

You trade trust for a heart
The white colour of your eyes,
And the dark lenses,
That reflect the wondrous silhouette of your soul

Honesty comes forth from your mouth
With vibrant words of kindness
Breathing life to the wilting spirits

Your ears listen to the reflecting sound,
From the corners of each word,
In the room of hidden troubles

You raise your hands,
Supporting them that are feeble,
The heavy baggage of a big heart
And smile as you stride confidently

Can't deny,
That you rest upon walls of integrity
High and mighty,
Guarding your city of character

That many travel through your gates,
And yes,
Their souls rejuvenated,

To once again set foot,
Upon their variant paths to a better living

And u, my dear
The saint on a milky way

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Shipwreck

Tears soak the shreds of my heart
Falling from the eyes of my soul
Washing clean blood strains,
Of yesterday's wreckage

Our love life, a lost ship
Amidst the vast open sea
Strongly surviving countless storms
Until last night, when all changed

The night was beautiful,
A hollow moon and infinite stars
God's magnificent work of art,
Till when clouds swam in, and covered all

Lightening struck in every direction
And the god of thunder yelled with rage,
Calling forth the typhoon of the western Pacific
Stirring violently, dark clouds

The goddess of the sea raised her tides,
To height like one of the sky,
And then, slammed them onto our deck,
Sinking us into the deep waters

I thought we were dying,
Watched you drop motionlessly
As my eyes shut slowly,
At our ending life together

And yet, opening once again,
To a clear blue sky,
And your beautiful face,
Smiling back at me

Is it a next life? !
Cause I so desire to live with you
So you place your lips onto mine
Kissing them softly

To which I know,
That life, has for sure blessed me with another chance
To create more memories with you
On this lost island,
Where our ship wrecked

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Shrink And The Poet

A shrink she is,
To my troubled self
Swirling thoughts,
blurry silhouettes,
Beautiful shadows,
Cast by a twilight

She smiles like it's sunset,
Resting cordially in a sofa,
Cross legged, hands on the knees

Her neck straight,
That I see blood pumping in her vein
At pace slightly above normal

I swear I would kiss it softly
Like a vampire, letting her feel my warm breath,
Onto her moisten skin,
While I smell her youth,
Like strawberries, red and luscious

Crazy i am,
But truly I know
That I need her next to me,
And not across a glass table,
Reflecting a magnificent sculpture of beauty,

But our bodies kissing,
Sharing sweat and warmth
Her voice melodic, echoing
And Her smell filling my lungs to the soul
Elating into bliss
And moaning in ecstasy

And yet, she fights the urge,
To claw across the table
Biting her lip salaciously
Listening to the words of a deranged poet
Luring his prey for a kill

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

The Way Of The Soul

and even though am convinced within,
that am right and tempted to believe,
that am wise and lured to judged,
I lean on the counsel of the old,
the Socratic words from Greece,
a Confucius text from China,
and heed the advise of the guardians,
from the stars and their shadows,
listening to beat of my heart

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

To My Lover

The tears from my heart,
Fill the pages of this plea

Words of a broken man,
Who awakes to a lost love

Standing on cliff,
And calling to death

If this life feels like death itself,
Why live if I can't be yours?

Knowing you love someone else,
But failing to understand this aching

if I ain't yours,
Then why long for your breath?

A heart thing
Speaking a language I don't understand

A senseless falling,
Into the arms of one to stab me

Why feel so right?
But so wrong

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

To Sleep Or Die?

A star once shone bright
Right above my head
Illuminating a light in my heart
Beautifying the vast darkness

Though alone, it felt whole
Made strong beeps each time
Sending blood steadily through my body
My soul flourished, radiating aliveness

I knew what to do, when and how
I read my future from a book in my hands
While under my feet was a map, elaborated
Tracing his steps even in the deep darkness

Dawn arrived as expected
Beautiful light fell into my eyes,
Felt the darkness finally fade from my heart
And yes, it was a seventh heaven

I smiled, looked at the sky
My star was gone, but not scared
For the sun shone bright,
Did I need him anymore?

How naive and so foolish? !
Casting aside the book, feet off the map
Adventuring new places, led by whims,
Relying solely on the bright day

A dawning twilight unseen,
So dark and cold, silent
Except my weary thoughts
And fast, loud heart beats

My soul weeps for my body
Worked so hard in the day
Unable to rest in the night
Trying to survive the suffocating darkness

Blanketing myself with regret,
A severe headache, fading energy
Shutting slowly, my eyes and mind
To sleep or die?

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Twilight

It was the sense of control,
That she held the light for her soul,
Walking in the dark,
Blind to her illusions
That every step was right,
And the future was but a place,
Of abundance in riches,
Joy, a bliss for the heart
And a forever quenched thirst,
In arms of a strong love

Oh! A beautiful dream,
Where desires met perfection,
And wore robes of deception,
Chaining her heart,
With rings of black roses,
prickles bleeding veins,
To leave but a withered soul
The red in her eyes,
As she watched the sun fall,
Into a twilight, a true reality

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Two Hearts

the long river stretches wide
meandering as a little stream
into one mighty fall called love
the thing between death,
being born
the reason am alive
one to appreciate beauty,
the uniqueness of your soul
rarely exquisite heart
with its crystal walls,
the reflection of my soul
with this unfeigned smile,
floating on the river of life
painting memories,
on canvases within our minds,
with these brushes of time
the tale of two hearts

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

When The Moon Hides Not

The wind cold and calm
Kissing the greyish fur on his back
As it carries the last breath of his prey
Clouds disappear slowly, Like a curtain raised off the moon,
Revealing a reflection on his shiny claws
Dripping red from a first kill
Red eyes, sharp teeth,
A werewolf! ! !

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

White Petals

'I could eat the world, ' he said
as the blows of hunger,
worked painfully on his breath

sighing he added,
'but only a piece i need,
some crusts of dry bread,
and a drop of water
to smoothly swallow with'

'and this face would glow
eyes like the sun
reflecting the joy of my soul,
through the curves on my lips,
wearing a smile like a flower,
blossoming in a desert,
the white petals of my heart'

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Who's There To Love?

Standing on this street,
Anonymous shadows fading out of sight
Indistinctive voices waving in and out

I become silent to the many heart beats,
But my own, skipping between seconds,
A frozen time, a conscious self finally awoken

I look at a moving cloud,
An awareness of lightness,
To see that am floating through space

Below I see, a man in a black suit
My unmoving body within time,
Oblivious to the passing blurry faces

And so, he speaks to me, asking,
'Who's there to love? '
'Who's there to care? '

That suddenly, I fall fast,
Back into my flesh and bones,
Just before the lights hit green

Across I see, an elderly lady,
In the road, just before she is sent flying,
By an SUV, to the other world of silence

And then, distinctive whispers,
'Who's there to love? '
'Who's there to care? '

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Will Love Again

it doesn't matter
how many times I fall,
or how many times I bleed
telling me not to love again?
never

for as long as it is not dead
but just broken,
this heart will always
Swim the oceans of love

the smell of roses
the bliss of touching skin
with the moon still young

for trust is but a risk
It must take

to find happiness

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Within Wooden Frames

Blinding light, deafening echoes,
Suffocating breath, a burning taste,
And a freezing breeze,
Into the unknown, swirling, infinite thoughts

Deluded, by love, and beauty,
Malicious smiles, tender words
Stabbed, hypocrite, arrogant,
Her fine robe, high soles

Luscious lips, her kiss of death,
Warm, and cold, dying
Sucking, his life force, an ending breath
A heart stolen, and now, freezing,

Buried, in hate, and yet,
Undead, looped in the past,
Faint ink, on a lover's canvas,
Psyched, trapped, within, the wooden frames

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Wonder

a drop of water
reflecting on a leaf
the sun above

Kayanja Ronald Edwin

Young And Innocent (Childhood Paradise)

The delighting whistle by a Wood-Pewee,
Announcing a brand new day ahead
As the sun shot rays through your window,
Falling on your chubby cheeks as you slept

A wonderful world you thought
Remembering the dark yet beautiful night
A shooting star and the hollow moon
As the crickets played their symphony

Stronger, your bones grew
Your skin glowing beautifully,
Half an inch taller than yesterday
Admiring your body change everyday

Dreams grew bigger each day
A doctor, a president, a star
You desired to be everything
And why wouldn't you be?

A young heart with wild dreams
A little soul yet highly spirited
Welcoming everyday with excitement,
Adventuring in love, appreciating nature

So young and innocent, naive
Hatching slowly out of your shell
Facing the bitter cold, and hot world
Freezing and melting your dreams as they appeared

Now you sit silent on the beach
Watching the sun fall into the sea
Leaving you alone to the cold night
To fall asleep and dream once again
Of your childhood paradise

Kayanja Ronald Edwin