

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# And The Dream Became Flesh

For a second as i looked up, the sun hid itself behind eagle's wings.

the heaviness of humanity fell on my shivering heart and i felt on my skin

the mind of summer defying layers and bonds as life at any moment forbid me to love this way...as a dead branch cracked under my foot, my soul bounced in my throat

as i considered a future without you, by God i swear, there will never be enough blood to sacrifice for your love. I have loved you dearest, my heart can testify, and at night, when i come out of myself

and walk in what they call dreams and visions, all my senses scream to my soul to rise up

as i sense against my chest the cream of you beauty, my dearest!

your sweetness is now shut up in my bones, i cannot heal 4rm you

yet i know what dey say, i could at anytime fail but i love you.

not being the first i have known yet the first i will always love and by this i arise with my hand on your cheek, dearest you knew when the dream became flesh....

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# Isolation

How was then that the tired and lazy sun on a daily day brought prejudice in my whole existence? And made my head lean on a mountain gazing at magic colours fast enough to condemn my hand for grasping so many planets and galaxies, like a infant playing on a white and crystal sand.

And my eye lazy to behold, lazy to explore matches with my heart lazy to beat and slowly bending as i go without hope for days. I am not breathing. I blew my feelings off the palm of my hand, beyond the valley to a future waiting on a far mountain and the land in between had to test my love- Although she slay me yet i will love her. My God! I had to fight but i do not know how to use my arms.

I therefore take ink to write my crying words and the sun in the sky yelps between clouds digging down into my face sorrow an empty memories-my eye is lazy to be impressed and slowly my head is bent, i write and i write again.

Darkness falls at last and with sharp nails chase birds to their nests to allow crafty spirits to hover freely. Outside, lightning strikes on high hills as homeless animals knock at the door begging for help. Butterflies are slaughtered at will yet i am not moved by beauty and dread anymore. My only cure is my beloved. The one i love so much, the one i lost so soon.

Should i stumble again to prove my daily decay? I have lost words and my light body hides in the womb of boredom and foolishness. I am alone. I rub my face against the wall and get ready to vomit, bite my fingers until they bleed. O how i hate loving her! But i cant stop though the world is fleeing away, she is more than the air i breathe. I find myself in her and cry out loud bumping my head against my mirror though i wrote, wrote her poems.

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# Lifeless

The sun is shy, the grass is cold. The rain is heavy and i think of you. I see men seated on a porch, straw in mouth, and useless hunger in their stomachs besides the shadow of the tree that let hot rays pass through its leaves. Glamorous crows beat their chests in a solemn oath that the land is cursed by love and loneliness.

Men of hard labour will at last go home to their wives and share misery and the scent of a skin burnt by a furious and ripened sun, but love they will find as the master's wife will pamper them gently.

But i am lifeless and love i sought, love i lost.

There is no gain in lust and passion is a myth, when life will approach Man with her amber skin that let the sun dive in heat as she hides behind her back His future, all the fears and tears. But I will stand and take a strong grip on her lips until she tells me the reason for my pain.

The truth is tied and the moon is lost, i will stay alive when i will think of you. Paint me grey, do not paint me pink for all i have is bitter words and corny feelings that i wish to dump into the aisles of hell. But never without your help, never without your love.

Cant you see it? I have become a better man-bound to honesty and love.

Because of you. But the sun is shy, the grass is cold, the rain is heavy but i swear, i will think of you.

And love is sought, love is lost.

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## My Lady In Green 2

Rushing winds come together at the call of purity and truth. Birds step lower on the earth to behold what by the creator is the beam of gentleness. A colour she wears like the silk of her skin, she is indeed the heart of the simplest of poet. Who out of of awe and passion writes this lines....

For her charm, i wish her good health. For her eyes so beautiful and pure which are pain to my soul when the doors are shut, i endure the fact and cannot stop beholding. Her pain is torture to my soul.

How can one describe her. So soft, so divine. The voice that calls shadows being and gathers nature in one submissive sheaf. A secret character like the depth of life has clothed her words, her walk and the music she bites between her lips like an apparel of distinction. I have fallen in love.

Hallowed be the creator of all flesh for making her of the finest dust of the earth. And besides death i do not consider life, i consider my lady in green. For in valleys where fields clap hands and hornets swiftly build castles, i am born from ashes as she, in green, approaches. Just with a smile as shallow waters, i fondly submit....

At midnight, i tell the abyss the strenght in her arms, my heart i've given to her. And sometimes the abyss like the brown in her eyes never believed me. Eyes. Eyes that fill themselves of me when the night is cold, when i see less of myself. I love this lady in green.

I cannot stop now. I have no heart left to feel and understand, she has stolen my reasoning. She is preferred by her creator, clothed with stars and beauty-to simple i am for her. But in dreams we dance until the sun falls off the sky and hornets let birds ride on horses to the valley of her mind.

O let wise men try to undestand what they beheld when purity and truth called and define love. For i may not be wise but i know what love is....

...Love is my lady in green.

Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth has spoken.

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# Ode To My 'Without You'

In the quiet, pain speaks louder...

Painted by time and patience, my heart has turned to the other side and let feelings shred by the sharp grips of passion knock me to the ground waiting for lazy leaves to-one after another- fall on my empty body and let me rest in peace.

The stallion that beauty brought from the land where men are strong and handsome enough to make me cry out for you, looked at me with it's murky eyes until my soul slipped out of my body as i held my heart to feel the last beat of my love for you fading away-i am terrified!

What i fear the most is losing you. For there is no one else for me. Though my eyes sought beyond you that when my'without you' will become evident, my soul will bend in peace in the arms of another. Consolation, my love, will be foolishness.

In the secret of emptiness, pain never yields. Wading in the valley of death my heart ought to believe that you love me enough as i wait for lazy hopes to-one after another-fall on my empty heart.

And as i sit alone and write the ode to my'without you', my soul is bent waiting for the day you return to me. For

I thought you loved me just the way i am....

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# Once In August

I stay perhaps on your skin dreaming, squeezing between my fingers light and moving days.

I have no intention of stopping the clock yet alone, i am missing you with every heartbeat under the air that comes once a year to announce love to my bending soul.

I climb the tree i often hug in my confused mornings facing south, right at the top i watch far beyond the valley hoping that you will appear with beauty and grace painted on your skin but suddenly the tree dies fitted across my legs i do not blame drought and harsh winds. It was fed by memories. Believe me, i have not lost faith. I have to confess that even today it is hard for me to pray. You left my sight with no promise, only a smile and a shuddered hope.

Today, all i have is a wish in my stomach and a spinning mind. I have lost peace for i pretend that on your skin i stay perhaps dreaming until the night captures my fleeting heart and holds it against her chest begging me to stay calm.

For though ive lost my mind and drown in tears, you will only come by once in august.

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# The Lake House

Oceans will part and the coast will simmer under the horizon. As tears are blown out of my eyes. By the lake where we once lived, the song of awe is also sung in words.

As far as the eye can see, man believed that mountains were the dwelling places of gods. It was told that fantasy like arrows will impale your heart when you fall in love. And that new born babies are carried by birds into a woman's bosom....

But i looked at you for the last time, reason melted in me. I walked under the sun on the path where life is hope; hope is food and it felt like the earth has gone away, and it felt like your love has gone away. I saw, seldom, angels passing through rushing stars at night. And i, with my eyes recognized you. I fell in love with your soul, in the quiet of your heart where feelings lie in harmony, tapestry and soft melodies....

The lake house has never been so empty. O i dont want to be here alone as though you never existed! Place yourself and stay in me. To a place we can reason together, where i can pass my thumb on your light-pure skin... My secret place, O desired! Our lake house.

The lake is a sad and still place, i dont want to be here alone. But i am not amazed that the sky has today lifted up in its clouds an eyebrow-the song of awe is also sung in words in this sad lake. Still, I never deserved you anyway.

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# The Valley Of The Lover

Sometimes at night, in the quiet of the valley, gently he lies. He gazes at the stars and sends kisses to them as they respond in their lively beam. Until at the hour he presses his eyes against the grass, he remembers how her smile was the light of her face.

He believed that all the time he shared his heart in pieces, she took the biggest part of his feelings. Until the rain poured on the valley and was mixed in roses with dust, the recipe to kiss her lips became prejudice to his soul.

Sometimes at night came the end where he began. The early animals slept late and under the wet sand mounted a fragrance of loneliness and pain. He felt infinity in his bones as he stood in front of the mirror. The image of her standing behind him was virtual enough to make his back sweat as around his waist, only the scent of her arms hovered....

He therefore sits on his bed, holding his head and realizes that he let his heart control it, therefore his head is also broken as the sun slowly rises and breaks the horizon, he inhales one last time the heaviness of his loneliness  
For this will just be another sad day, a sad day in the valley of the lover.

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# Thicker Than Blood

It was cold this morning,  
And I woke up with a poem  
On my lips. I therefore  
Inscribed it on my window  
Until drops of water rained  
Down like tears.  
You make everything so beautiful....

Whether yea or nay two animals  
Make up a pack, we still run like  
Wolves to the top and howl our love song  
To the moon- I'm whole with you

You held my hand and led me  
To a quiet waterfall in the land  
Of your desires  
We sat at a place death could not reach  
-I sometimes fret when a shadow passes  
But you, with a smile give me a pat  
On the shoulder and hold me against  
Yourself.  
O Angel, its when you don't look  
that I fall in love even more.

Creation shouts of you, and in your  
Strength I cast my crown  
For death as no power over us anymore.

This cavatina is from the bottom of my  
Heart.  
And if blood is thicker than water  
Then what we share is thicker than blood.

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# Thunderstorm

I have also seen angels-once upon a time-descending the ladder of eternity, lightning bound my body and dragged me like a puppet into the firmament and the sky was torn apart like a useless cloth; lava clashed against my skin. O I stand on the highest mountain, above the clouds which from here look like a secret.

I am lonely. I poured the sea inside the cup of the Lord of all flesh, not because of thirst but because the lines of my face tell a story, the sound of a thunderstorm, my love you left. The rain left.

Strong animals live by air and prayers-i know you are out there-the grass is brass and again i rub my face against thorns, not because of pain- i no longer feel pain. I am looking for a tear, for plenty are the words in my heart but i can only take so much punishment.

Will i ever find love again? For the token of affection in me felt like a broken bottle under my foot, heavy stones fall over my heart as i roll in my bed in pain, why wont you stay? Stay for the sake of love and survival for i am tossed by every wind, my hedge is broken yet again.

My heart has run cold, but the worse is yet to happen at the whisper of you call. You sounded like a thunderstorm-for my poetry is not everything-when you spoke a word, my pain today....

But i roll in my bed in pain, for i love you beyond my life, all is set without you: dust, a pit and my body. Let the wind carry you with her wings so you can bring the shavel-bury me. I am dead without you anyway.

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