

Poetry Series

lucky brown
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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The Storm Of Fears

Heavy tornadoes came whirling, mere in my backyard, Where my old
cooking faggots lies, clouds swelling like that rotten coffins content, below
the sky the moon did hide. In the dead of my night dreams, heavy
trumpets sounds wings flapping Angels goldsteps on my old rusted roofs. A
gust of winds flapped my wooden ironed wrinkling door and my roof banging its
structure, I hide in prayer where my conscience plagued, for my impure sake
i judge. A host came no near in fear of rapture, the morrows are the sabbaths
to the church, i will battle in prayer for my impurity, but may the sermon
beckon me not back to my sinful stare.

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When It Wars

When it wars no one run to old gnarled sagging oak or erect trees alike a thing that made one a man no one runs to no ancestral shrine to seek a refuge behind wooden corpes reincarnated to faggots that lies at the sights of lies the truth of the lies that lies under the root of the skies when it wars no one runs to those impotent river bank that its legs sank the blood of the bloody brothers of ours when it wars no one runs to kings or priests our ancestral living deities and gods that became ancestors to feed from them lies but eat spices but when it wars do we run to our homes there ones heart lies its a sign of civilisation

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