

Poetry Series

# Martin Greyford

## - poems -



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# Martin Greyford(16 September 1996)

Martin Greyford is a poet, song writer and author. Born in Mkushi, Central Province of Zambia to Catholic parents. He was born in 1996, September 16th. He was the second born in a family of seven. The elder sister and the first born died at an early age in a pool of water in one of the streams in Mkushi.

Raised in rural for six years and at the age of seven relocated to the business capital Lusaka.

After some months he started school at Linda Open Community School formerly called Zambia Open Community School for a week then went to The House of Joseph Christian School for about two years.

In 2006 he was enrolled at Mt. Makulu Basic School third grade to ninth grade. After passing the Grade 9 exams with remarkably good points he was enrolled at Parklands High School where he completed his secondary education.

It was in high school that he befriended Darlington Daka whom he has grown up with, whom he considers a brother his mother never bore. Their friendship has proven to be a blessing from God and such a one we can compare to that of David and Jonathan in the Bible.

In 2011, a religious revival took place in Linda, resulting in confessions of faith among his peers. He wrote to a friend the following year: 'I never enjoyed such perfect peace and happiness as the short time in which I felt I had found my savior.' He went on to say that it was his 'greatest pleasure to commune alone with the great God and to feel that he would listen to his prayers.'

The experience lasted that in the following year Martin was baptized at Calvary Hour Gospel Ministries where he made a formal declaration of faith and attended services regularly.

He went on to study Theology at International Training Institute where he was awarded a diploma in theology and a certificate in pastoral ministries later.

He is currently a member and leader of a church under Church of God World Missions in Mimosa. The young and gifted orator of the Word of God.

Martin is currently engaged to his long time girlfriend Leah Nyirenda the woman he met when he had gone to minister at Church of God World Missions House of

Joy chapel in Linda.

He has written so many poems and composed several songs of which some are recorded and proved to be hits. Of the poems composed none has been published yet and the books.

By all accounts, young Martin was a well-behaved boy. On an extended visit to Lilanda when he was 10, Martin's Aunt described him as 'perfectly well and contented - He is a very good child and but little trouble.' Martin's aunt also noted the boy's affinity for music and his particular talent for the piano, which he called 'the moosic'

He was troubled from a young age by the 'deepening menace' of death, especially the deaths of those who were close to him. When Beatrice, her second young sister grew ill from fibroids and died in June, 2021, Martin was traumatized. Recalling the incident two months later, he wrote that 'it seemed to me I should die too if I could not be permitted to watch over her or even look at her face.' He became so melancholic.

in all aspects, he is indeed a galant soldier who has proven to us death knocks on our doors unexpectedly but we need to live in reality of it that we too shall die. He is yet to write stories and compose more poems and songs.

## Letter To My Wife - Part Three

'Even when you push me away, I will be patient. Even when you feel unworthy of love, I will love you harder. My loyalty is not conditional on your happiness or your ease. I am here for the messy, beautiful, complicated truth of who you are. I am not afraid of your sadness. I am not afraid of the hard days. I am here, and I am not leaving.

When you doubt yourself, let me be the voice that speaks encouragement. When you feel forgotten, let me be the proof that you are remembered and valued. I will hold you in your pain, believing in your healing even when you can't. I will walk beside you, step by step, never rushing, never lagging, always matching your pace.

I want you to know that you don't have to earn my love. You don't have to perform or pretend or be anything other than yourself. My love is not a prize you need to win—it is a steady promise, an open door, a home where you are always safe, even on your darkest days. I will always be proud to stand by your side.

If all you can do is breathe, I will celebrate every breath with you. If all you can do is make it through the day, I will be here to greet you at the end. I am not here to rescue you—I am here to walk this journey with you, wherever it leads, however long it takes. You are not a burden; you are a blessing, and I am honored to be the one you trust.

So when you feel sad, when you feel lost or broken or alone, remember that you have me. I may not be able to move mountains, but I will sit beside you at the foot of every hill you face. You are never alone in your sadness, never alone in your struggle. I promise to be your constant, your comfort, your friend and your love, for as long as you want me by your side.

No matter how many storms come, no matter how many times you feel like giving up, my love will remain—steady, unwavering, and true. I may not be much, but I am yours. And I will always, always be by your side.'

Martin Greyford

## Letter To My Wife - Part Two

'Sometimes, all I can offer is my presence. But I believe that presence, offered with love and without condition, is one of the strongest gifts anyone can give. I can't always understand everything you feel, but I will always try. Your sadness will never scare me away. Your struggles will never make me love you less. If anything, they make me want to hold you closer, to remind you again and again that you are loved, exactly as you are.

You do not have to pretend with me. You don't have to paste on a smile or hide your pain behind laughter. I see you—all of you—and I am staying. I choose you, on your best days and your worst. When you feel unlovable, I will be there reminding you of all the ways you are cherished. When you feel invisible, I will be the one who sees you, who notices the small things you think no one cares about.

Maybe I am not much. I am just one person, with my own flaws and fears and insecurities. But my love for you is something I carry with pride and purpose. I may never be able to give you everything you want, but I will always try to give you everything you need—kindness, patience, honesty, and unwavering support. My arms will always be open, my heart always ready to listen.

When life feels too loud, let me be your quiet. When the world feels too cold, let me share my warmth. I may not be able to change your circumstances, but I will always help you carry the burden. If you stumble, I'll help you stand. If you're too tired to move, I'll sit down with you and wait until you're ready. I am not just here for your laughter; I am here for your tears, too.

I will celebrate your victories, no matter how small, and I will never shame you for your defeats. I will remind you of your strength on the days you can't see it, and I'll hold your hand through the moments when all you can do is survive. You are more precious to me than you'll ever know, and nothing you feel could ever change that.'

Martin Greyford

# Letter To My Wife - Part One

'When you feel sad, I want you to remember that you have me, okay? I know the world can be heavy, and sometimes the weight of it all feels impossible to carry alone. I can't promise to fix everything, and I can't always take away the pain. But I can promise that you'll never have to face your darkness without someone reaching for your hand. No matter how lost you feel, no matter how deep the night gets, I'll be right there beside you, holding on, refusing to let you go.

I may not always know the perfect words to say. Sometimes my comfort will be quiet, just a silent presence sitting next to you as you untangle your thoughts. Even in the moments when we don't speak, I hope you feel my love wrapped around you, steady and certain. I may not have all the answers, but I have endless patience for your questions, your fears, and your tears. You never have to apologize for your feelings. You never have to hide the parts of yourself that ache.

When the world tells you that you have to be strong, I'll be the one who reminds you that it's okay to be soft, too. When you feel like you're falling apart, I'll be the person who holds the pieces gently, never judging, never rushing your healing. If you need to cry, I'll make space for your tears. If you need to scream, I'll listen without flinching. If you need silence, I'll sit with you in it, letting you know that you're never alone, even in your quietest pain.

On the days when hope feels distant, let me be the reminder that you are not alone. Let me be the shoulder you lean on, the arms that hold you up when standing feels too hard. I can't promise to make the sun shine, but I can promise to stand with you through the storms. Whatever you face, I'll face it with you. I may not be able to make the darkness disappear, but I will always light a candle to help you find your way back.'

Martin Greyford

# To My Dearest Friend Leah

If meeting me was the worst thing in your life,  
I'm truly sorry, it was never my intention to cause you pain or regret.  
My only hope was to bring you joy, support and warmth into your world, not to  
add to your struggles and not to be a burden if I fall in short of that.

If my presence brought you more pain than happiness, please know that it was  
never my heart's desire.  
Life is unpredictable, no matter how much we care, sometimes things don't turn  
out as we hoped.  
Sometimes despite our efforts, we end up hurting the very people we wanted to  
protect.

If I have ever been a source of hurt in your life.  
I deeply regret it but please believe this, my feelings for you were always real.  
I never wanted to be a chapter you wished you could erase.  
I never wanted to be a scar instead of a beautiful memory.  
All I can do now is offer my sincerest apologies,  
And hope in time you can find it in your heart to forgive me

I only want the best for you, peace, healing and happiness and if there's  
anything I can do to make things upright, please let me know because no matter  
what, I will always care for you.

Yours truly  
Martin Greyford.

Martin Greyford

# On The Edge

I see you standing on the edge of a rugged cliff,  
With the weight of the world pressing down on your weary shoulders,  
Your feet barely clinging to hope,  
And your heart is gasping for strength to keep going.

The ground beneath you feels unsteady,  
As if it could crumble at any moment and the howling winds echo the turmoil  
within,  
Urging you to surrender to the overwhelming darkness that beckons from below.

And now, in this moment of vulnerability, you teeter on the edge,  
Caught between the desire to let go and the faint glimmer of hope that still holds  
on....

As I write these words, a prayer ascends to the heavens for your sake.  
Let His angels come and carry you away from that dangerous ledge into a place  
of safety within your heart.  
May they surround you with their celestial embrace,  
Filling your soul with the tranquility and hope that transcends human  
understanding.

God sees you, my friend, and He understands the battles you're facing.  
In His boundless mercy,  
He will reach out and draw you away from the brink of downfall that threatens to  
engulf you.  
You are not alone in this tumultuous storm.  
The Creator of the universe is by your side, guiding you to calmer waters.

So may you feel the warmth of His love enveloping you like a cozy blanket on a  
chilly night.  
May the worries that once plagued your heart begin to melt away,  
And be replaced by an inexplicable peace that fills every fiber of your being.

It doesn't feel like it, but you are stronger than you think.  
The human spirit is resilient, and with divine intervention,  
It becomes unstoppable.  
So, believe that you will not be overcome,  
For the name of Jesus Christ is a shield that guards your spirit,  
And the Lord rejoices when you choose life and choose to thrive.



The storms may rage, but you will stand firm.  
The darkness may threaten to consume you,  
But you will radiate with an inner light that nothing can extinguish.

Martin Greyford

# Affinity Love

But, is it now that life will tear us apart so that you may attain the glory of a man  
and I the duty of a woman?

Is it for this that the valley swallows the song of the nightingale in its depths,  
and the wind scatters the petals of the rose, and the feet tread upon the wind  
cup?

Were all those nights we spent in the moonlight by the jasmine tree, where our  
souls united, in vain?

Did we fly swiftly toward the stars until our wings tired, and are we descending  
now into the abyss?

Or was love asleep when he came to us, and did he, when he woke, become  
angry and decided to punish us?

Or did our spirits turn the nights' breeze into a wind that tore us to pieces and  
blew us like dust to the depth of the valley?

We disobeyed no commandment, nor did we taste of forbidden fruit, so what is  
making us leave this paradise?

We never conspired or practiced mutiny, then why are we descending to hell?

No, no, the moments which united us are greater than centuries,  
and the light that illuminated our spirits is stronger than the dark;  
and if the tempest separates us on this rough ocean,  
the waves will unite us on the calm shore;  
and if this life kills us, death will unite us.

A woman's heart will change with time or season;  
even if it dies eternally, it will never perish.

A woman's heart is like a field turned into a battleground;  
after the trees are uprooted and the grass is burned and the rocks are reddened  
with blood and the earth is planted with bones and skulls,  
it is calm and silent as if nothing has happened;  
for the spring and autumn come at their intervals and resume their work.

Martin Greyford

# Abandoned

i don't know what to say,  
for my heart is weary,  
tired and has almost lost focus.

i feel like God has abandoned  
for allowing the bundle of joy  
to slip off my hands thrice.

i'm at the edge of the cliff  
with a few grip left in the  
power of my hands.

i wonder why this could happen again  
when i thought this time  
i'll celebrate.

i know God never fails  
but in this dilemma i'm in,  
i feel like He has abandoned me.

Martin Greyford

# I Hate That You're Perfect

I can't believe that it's me you're marrying.  
After all the promisee I lied to you  
None of them was successful.

You know to say I am not a good person.  
A crooked man that you're ever met  
But you still cling on to me.

Are you doing me a favour or what?  
It's a question I normally ask myself  
Cause despite you knowing my flaws.

You went ahead and accepted my proposal.  
Are you punishing me indirectly or what?  
Please let me know cause

You're too perfect  
And it's not that I can't manage you  
But standards of life

Makes it to be too irrational  
For us to be together  
I hate that you're perfect.

Perfect for me in all things  
I'm not a man but rather  
A boy trying to be a man.

Martin Greyford

# Dear Younger Me

Dear younger me.  
On this very special day  
I write to you  
For there are so many things  
I want to tell you.

Life can be so beautiful  
And at the same time be ugly.  
But you just have to be strong  
To be able to pull through  
Till the end.

You don't have to quit  
Because you have been pressured  
By something you don't know  
How to handle and go about it,  
But rather find an alternative way

To challenge the same challenge.  
Dear younger me,  
Listen to me very well.  
You don't just climb to the top with ease, no.

There are a lot of obstacles  
In and on the way.  
As birds don't just fly,  
They fall down and get up  
On their wings and then fly.

You don't have to quit  
No matter how difficult the situation is  
You gotta be strong.  
You gotta be courageous.  
For it is in the fire

That you find the elevation.  
Through the storm one gets to safety  
On a beautiful shore.  
And see the beauty of the storm

You have to steer the boat

Against the strong sea winds  
And the waves hitting at at  
Dear younger me  
Life is not easy  
Even the richest complain about it.

Always remember dear younger me.  
You can not get to the top  
Without falling several times.  
You fall and rise up again  
Falling once doesn't mean

You've failed a hundred times, no.  
You need to fail a thousand times  
To succeed once in your life.  
Keep pushing dear younger me  
The best is yet to come.

Martin Greyford

# Go Far Away

You know it's hard to believe  
That you are leaving  
After all the miles  
We've travelled together.

What did I do wrong  
This time:  
I don't know  
For I've been a good boy.

Anyway who was I to make you wait?  
Just one breath - you left  
But was that really necessary?  
I mean for you to go without saying bye?

But you know  
That I love you  
I have loved you all along  
And it has always been you.

I kept dreaming you'll be with me  
And you'll never leave me.  
On my knees several times  
I'd ask for one last chance.

I wanted you to stay  
But you decided to leave.  
It's fine - leave and never come back.  
Go far away and never return.

Martin Greyford

# I'll Always Come Home To You

I'm dump founded  
And dump struck  
With your love wify.

You have never  
Ceased to amaze me  
With your everyday love.

I can even boast  
Of the love  
You give me.

I can proudly say  
If a man  
Was loved

By a wife  
Then me.  
If ever two

We're one  
Then we.  
Your love is a

Shield unto me.  
It protects me and  
Reminds me of my responsibility

As a man of the family.  
Rebukes whenever  
I error.

For this love  
I will always  
Come home to you.

Martin Greyford



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# Love Hurts

I pen down this letter in pain;  
With tears in my eyes  
I don't know  
If they are tears of joy or not;

Or maybe of disappointment.  
That I really don't know.  
All I know is that my heart is broken  
Into many pieces that can't be mended

It's devastating to sit here alone  
After all the promises  
That you will never leave me  
After showering with lots of love.

You end it all  
In a blink of an eye.  
We've been a starlight in the street  
But today it's shut down.

Martin Greyford

# Askance

How are you?  
Everything is alright?  
Like to hear from you  
Love to see you  
Obviously I miss you.

Martin Greyford



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# For Her

Another day has gone by  
Without having time to see you  
I hope you are doing fine  
Where you are.

I can't stand the absence  
Of you anymore honestly speaking.  
It is killing me  
And weakening my performance at work.

Was glad when you told me  
You will be coming on Monday  
Even had to get a sick leave  
So that I could be with you

To my surprise  
You never showed up  
Only to be told  
You will be coming the next day

My heart was pissed off  
Knowing the time you will come  
I'll be at work  
And miss the chance to be with you.

Wherever you are  
Just know that  
You are greatly missed  
By this your boyfriend.

Martin Greyford

# Melancholy

What shall I say then?  
What words shall I utter  
To make you understand that you are  
The only one my heart loves.

How will I prove  
Myself worthy of your love  
When wickedness is  
The only prime face I show outward?

How can I convince you  
To listen to my pulsating heart  
And maybe read the intriguing thoughts in me.  
The whisper of my love.

To your ears  
And perhaps maybe unlock your heart.  
Is there any possibilities  
That you can see me

And hear the cries of my heart  
Which longs to be in your arms?  
Only in your arms  
And dwell there in to eternity.

Martin Greyford

# Death Stopped For Me

Because I could not stop for death  
He kindly stopped for me.  
The words my depressed heart  
Can literally sing out.

I never knew how it pains  
To lose someone so close and dear to you  
Until the day death knocked  
On my door and took my sister with him.

I was grieved and her  
Death was a grave heartbreak to me  
It's like she gave up easily on me  
After promising that she'll be strong

And pull through.  
But those were only words to soothe  
My heart which was already full with tears.  
Later words I heard a loud knock

On the door  
And as I rushed to see who it was  
I saw death carrying my sister on his carriage.  
I tried to stop him but he couldn't stop.

My heart was pricked  
And my face felt heavy to be lifted.  
I lay flat on the ground for some minutes  
Only to wake up in people's arms

Comforting and consoling me  
Others were even praying for me  
As if I was sick  
Then I realised she was gone.

Death took her in his bosom  
No where to be seen  
Only memories and  
The pain of missing her.

Martin Greyford

# Her Purity

How do I even begin to articulate  
The merry my heart feels?  
How do I begin to scrutinize  
The happiness that is within me?

How often does one get merry?  
For that one romantic encounter  
That joins two bodies as one  
And gets to taste the blood of her Purity?

And for how long does this happen  
Being satisfied to the fullest  
By that one true lover  
Who gave you herself

And gave you something  
That she's treasured her life?  
And can I let go such a one?  
How foolish of me to let go

Such beauty knowing that  
You're the only one she's known as man.  
How stupid of me to dump  
Such a jewel, pearl retrieved from the deep of the oceans.

A crystal that everyone  
Is still searching for in the caves.  
A ruby one is still searching for in the mines.  
A diamond people are still fighting for.

Yet I have her in my arms.  
A moon that shines bright  
In my darkest moments  
And shows me the way.

A person I have known as my woman  
And the person I am yet to spend my tomorrow with,  
Not that she gave her pride  
But the love she's given me.

A flower of sweet aroma  
Growing and glowing in the desert.  
A watering hole in the wilderness  
That quenches my thirst;

How lovely of her  
To fall for a fool like me  
Who depends on her love for a living  
And who now live because of her.

Martin Greyford



# Wondering

Was I never yours to save?

I wonder as I lie in my grave, why did your eyes brim up with love, were they for me?

The tears that you shed.

Or were they because I was gone now, so dead?

Why did your lips touch mine?

Was it because there was a love that you once felt?

Or was it because you thought we finally parted, a final touch that made all boundaries melt?

Why did you turn to me with that longing gaze?

Or was it because you knew this was the last time we met?

I thought I knew love, or did I know something that you just framed?

Was it my fault to draw you among the stars, and dream with them as they came and went?

Is that love finally gone, the one you framed?

I do not know, but it still remains, hiding somewhere underneath. Were there no hidden promises after all?

Not a single fake tale to read to my soul.

Not a single touch that silences my screams,

No forged dreams to make me sleep.

I know it's over now; you're gone and so have I,

Now that I have a forever to think of you, in my grave as I lie.

Martin Greyford

# Tranquility

Numb in my mind,  
For some few seconds or  
Perhaps maybe the whole day  
just trying to be myself and

And feel the coldness of my soul in my chest.  
Figuring out what could be.  
The best medicine to mediocre,  
The pressure of losing my expectations twice.

It's hard to copy but  
A ring deep and full of water  
Might suppress the heaviness of my soul,  
From the dark world and relieve my pain.

Martin Greyford



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# Dear God

Dear God

I know I've been asking much lately  
And at times I think I just trouble you  
Knowing that my faith in you is not consistent.

I'm not saying I don't believe in you,  
I do but with the situations I find myself in,  
Makes my faith to go down.

I am your son  
And thank you that you called me your own  
And washed me in the blood of your Son Jesus Christ.

Dear God

There's only one small request  
I'd like to petition to you;

My wife home has had two miscarriages in one year  
And it pains me seeing her cry everyday  
And makes me I'm not man enough.

Please Dear God

Bless my wife with a bundle of joy  
Maybe she can stop crying herself.

Martin Greyford

# Miscarriage

Sadness visited me

And it gave me the gift of understanding

Allowing me to be aware of all that was disturbing my peace

Rejection visited me

And it gave me the gift of release

Allowing me to let go of all that was no longer meant for me

Heartbreak visited me

And it gave me the gift of self-reliance

Allowing me to strengthen my connection to myself

And no longer seek validation or approval from those surrounding me

Struggle visited me

And it gave me the gift of empathy

Allowing me to better understand those who had undergone similar experiences to me

Failure visited me

And it gave me the gift of wisdom

Allowing me to make choices from a place of greater experience and maturity

Fear visited me

And it gave me the gift of courage

Allowing me to act in spite of my worry and uncertainty

Tiredness visited me

And it gave me the gift of stillness

Allowing me to rest and regain energy

Loneliness visited me

And it gave me the gift of solitude

Allowing me to become better acquainted with my own company

Anger visited me

And it gave me the gift of self-expression

Allowing me to assert myself more confidently

Dissatisfaction visited me

And it gave me the gift of motivation  
Allowing me to make greater progress towards accomplishing my dreams

Betrayal visited me  
And it gave me the gift of clarity  
Allowing me to notice what I was previously incapable of seeing

Hardship visited me  
And it gave me the gift of compassion  
Allowing me to be gentle with both myself and those surrounding me

Disappointment visited me  
And it gave me the gift of acceptance  
Allowing me to make peace with my current circumstances and move forward accordingly

And vulnerability visited me  
And it gave me the gift of connection  
Allowing me to know that I am one with all that surrounds me  
And everything I feel has been felt by those who came before me

Everything I am currently experiencing  
Has also been experienced by those around me  
And all that I am  
Is all that they have also been.

Although she never got the chance to know who her father and mother was.  
All in all I still have my wife with me.

Martin Greyford

# Mediocre

A star left to shine alone  
In the big dark universe  
Don't even know if  
I'll be able to produce light  
To the entire galaxy.

With this little  
Light am emitting  
Its so difficult to  
See where I am even going  
For the dark souls are engulfing me

Can't run away from them  
They are too many  
The only possible way out is to go - dark as well  
Shutdown - and maybe try to  
Find an exit to a better place.

Martin Greyford



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# Calpurnia

Some women are more loyal  
Than the word itself  
I have known a woman  
Who had loved her husband  
More than anything.

The only crime she committed  
Was being loyal, loving and humble  
Perhaps being barren as well,  
Even after discovering the infidelities of her husband  
A weakness of sort did it become later.

Calpurnia is her name  
A woman who valued and understood  
What marriage means  
Despite her husband cheating on her  
A woman who appreciated

Her marriage more than her ego.  
A woman who sought peace with the husband  
Though it was rendered null and void  
A woman who out of love warned  
Her husband of the dangers he's fallen into.

But the stupidity of her husband  
Made him pay a deaf ear to her utterance  
And later died in the hands of the  
Same woman who had warned him the conspiracy.  
Do such women ever exist?

Martin Greyford

# How Long

There's a deep yearning  
For you  
In my heart.  
A crave that  
No word can ever describe  
Nor has it been said before.

It is I  
Who feels the urge  
To push things through  
To the next level of romance  
Not just kissing  
But more to that.

What is left of us now?  
We've known each other  
For far too long now  
What are we waiting for?  
We'll not have sex  
But make love.

I'd rather sin with you  
Than spending time with prostitutes  
In a brothel or a night club  
But with you only  
For thou art the one I love  
The one I'm ready to take the vows with!

Martin Greyford



# I Just Want To Go Home

Mom, I'm sorry  
I didn't intend to do this  
They just forced me.

I didn't have an option  
They said they will kill my family  
If I don't do exactly what they want of me.

My mission was to protect my country  
Not to kill innocent lives in cold wars  
I did not know that it will lead to this.

I've failed as a man  
I can't do this anymore  
I just want to go home.

I can't stand  
Seeing millions fall  
At the shot of my gun

And that of my fellow country-men.  
This is insane  
I can't be part of it anymore.

Martin Greyford

# Forgive Me Mother To Lemuel

Your death is untimely  
Unexpected and unaccepted  
By all family members.

I hardly blame myself for your death  
You died when I didn't have money  
Never had the chance to say goodbye.

You died on your own  
Without anyone looking into your eyes  
And hearing the last whisper of your voice.

Please do forgive me  
For failing to take care of you  
In the last minutes of your life.

If it is possible wake up and see your elder sister  
Lamenting as she throws herself down  
Wake up and hear her your sister's cry.

What a shame to me!  
You have given up so easily on me  
Why did it had to be you?

How will I accept your death?  
You didn't say a thing to me  
Or anyone close to you.

Anyway, I'm glad I had the chance  
To know you as my sister and  
A happy soul you weree.

My dear,  
Your death has brought me pain  
That I'll have to endure for a time

Though I have to let go  
Of the pain within me  
And understand that you are no more.

It's God's plan that you're gone  
He gives and He takes  
But your demise is really painful.

Rest in peace  
As you forgive this poor brother of yours  
Until we meet again on the other side.

Goodbye  
My sweet little sister  
Mother to my handsome nephew - Lemuel

Farewell!  
My Beatrice Zondiwe Tembo  
Rest I eternal peace

Martin Greyford

# Blossom Little Flower

Blossom little flower blossom  
It is your time to shine  
And fill the air  
With your sweet fragrance.

Blossom little flower blossom  
Let the nose  
Smell your aroma  
From afar sweet flower

Blossom little flower blossom  
Let people search for you  
Day and night  
That they carry you in their arms.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Shipwrecked Faith

Some hopes shattered  
By that one radical miscellaneous mistake  
Penned down in the fresh thin air  
Flying flamboyantly above

The dark-skinned waters of madness  
Bringing terror to my God forsaken  
Soul in a shipwrecked faith  
Abandoned in the mist of vapourised prayers.

In the dream of my lateness  
To grasp the meaning of understanding  
Which is left to soar  
High above the grounds

In nourishment to my already succumbed spirit  
Yet unable to attain  
The Glimpse of tomorrow  
Though the capacity is loaded

To the measure for happenstance given herein.  
Perhaps, maybe  
Strive to thrive on the contrary  
Which is least better compared to the numbness....

Numb I say..... In quietness perceived  
Intriguing thoughts killing me.....  
Slowly but later help me  
Become conscious..... Allowing me to call it a day.

Martin Greyford

# I Don't Want To Lose You Now

I don't want to lose you now  
Not because of the things we've been through together  
But the stories we are yet to tell  
Our unborn children of how we met

And the hardships we passed through.  
I don't want to lose you now  
Not because we have history together  
But the love we share which is irrevocably true.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# An Object Of Beauty

A pearl hidden in the sand  
At the seashore  
Is what i picture her.

The cool morning breeze in summer  
An object of beauty and strength.  
She hangs like a speck of a white cloud

Though they say  
Love is a deep sea  
No swimmer has ever crossed

Nor found the pearl of peace  
Or innertranquility and contentment  
Yet having her surpasses all these.

She is just as large as mast  
Just as able to bear her load of living freight  
To her place of destination.

A center of attraction  
In the midst of the deep seas,  
An Island undiscovered in the Antartical

White and pure as snow  
Beautiful like a young gizzelle  
In its mother's bossom.

Tender and soft and pure  
In the ways of defiled nurture.  
A light house in the Carribean seas.

Martin Greyford

# To My Unborn Children

Hey,  
How are you doing?  
Is it cold or warm inside?

Well,  
Out here its kinder cold,  
Especially during the late evenings.

I just want to let you know  
How glad I am to know  
That you will soon be born.

I and your mother  
Have had some insignificant fights  
Over the ages

But we are still together  
Despite me not having enough  
But I managed to convince her

To be with me as your mother.  
I can't just wait for you  
To be born so that

I can hold you in my arms,  
Play around with you  
And perhaps be a responsible father.

I know heartily  
I have failed as a man  
But I won't fail as a father

And not just any father,  
A dad that will cherrish you  
Till the taste of time.

Hey be cute  
Cause I have a friend  
Who laughs at anything



It is a simple request  
I am asking of you  
From the very bottom of my heart.

Much love for you  
And please be ye twins.  
Love you. Dad.

Martin Greyford

# Is It A Myth Or It's True

Is it a myth or its true  
That you are truly gone?  
Was it not yesterday  
We laughed about

The jokes that ain't funny at all?  
What wrong did I commit  
And what has become of me  
And the friends that are left behind?

What story shall I tell off  
To my children  
When the legacy is not yet loud?  
They'll consider it infane, a myth.

You could have atleast  
Said; 'I'm dying'  
Then I would have  
Known what to do rather than losing you.

Sorry, I would  
If I had the chance to  
But I can't  
I'm just a mere mortal man.

Who can't breath life  
In your dying body  
The life has faded in you  
What remains for us is your body.

Martin Greyford

# Maybe Today Could Be The Day

Second after second  
Minute after minute  
Hour after hours  
Day after day  
Week after week  
Month after month  
Year after year;

Nothing serious has  
Ever happened to me  
Not even a single simple thing  
It's not that  
I am a failure  
That I keep repeating  
The same things over and over.

I have never  
Been serious about anything.  
Made promises that I couldn't fulfil  
Said I'll change but still the same me  
But maybe this is the day  
That a change could happen  
Today could be the day I'll fulfill my promises.

Martin Greyford

# Can't Help Falling In Love

Said I can't be yours  
Not today, not ever.  
guess I was wrong.

Each passing day  
Makes me fall for you  
Think of you

In everything I do.  
You are my love  
But reality made you

Stay so far from me  
With what I said  
In the first place.

It was a lie  
Believe me you  
I love you

And I can't  
Help falling in love  
With you.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Sexual Healing

Blood running fast in my veins  
Eyes hot-red like larva  
Spilled over a volcano mountain  
Lips thirsty like a deer  
That is panting for the waters.

Genitalial egorging  
Standing ovation  
Can't help it  
So hot like an oven  
Need some sexual tonight.

Oh baby  
I can't hold it much longer  
It's getting stronger and stronger  
It is making me crave for it.  
Let's make love tonight

Not the sex we've had before  
I need a sexual healing  
For it helps relieve my mind  
Makes me have an emotional stability  
Come baby and give me the antidote.

Martin Greyford

# Can I Be Him?

I'm already taken  
You spoke up too late  
Are the words you  
Say whenever I reach out to you.

What words can I say  
To convince you  
And what song  
Can I sing

To make you understand  
And know that I LOVE YOU.  
My yearning for you  
Is growing stronger by day.

Seeing a freelance person you are,  
Your beauty burns the yoke off my shoulders  
That try to hinder me from reaching out to you  
Even if you are taken

Can I be him for few seconds?  
At least I'll be able to feel  
What he feels having you in his arms.

Martin Greyford

# Meet Me At The River

i've been far  
from you for too long  
i guess its time  
i'm coming home.

i'm tired of myself  
i; m tired of my sin  
i'm tired of the negative  
things i have done.

o dear God  
meet me at the river  
where you'll immerse deep  
all my fears and sins.

i am ready to become  
a new creature  
in Christ Jesus  
meet me at the river.

Martin Greyford

# Luscious

She said to me;  
'I have made my bed  
Prepared it nicely  
And I've spread  
Over it rose petals  
Red in color.

'I want you to come over  
And lay me down  
On a bed of roses  
which I've made myself.

'I'll prepare myself before you come  
I want you to find everything  
Orderly and nicely arranged.  
The fragrance of the the petals  
Will be the perfume  
In the room.

'The bed-spread will match  
The petals and the clothes I'll wear;  
A reddish - pinkish see through dress  
A reddish - brown gel-bra  
And oh I forgot  
A reddish - brown thong.

'You will find me  
Seating on the couch  
With one leg slightly lifted  
And one nipple barely out.

'I want us to  
Last the taste of time  
With a soft dark pop music  
Playing in the background  
Creating that intense passion  
Between us.

'I'll open up myself for you



After a smooth caress  
And upon having a  
Of entrance in me.  
I ahve a deep longing for you'

Martin Greyford

# The Hills I Sorrow At

Percussion sound I make  
In my mind  
With the rhythm  
Of my breath

No strings  
Nor the sound of pipes;  
It's just my mouth  
Humming about

The sentiments of my life.  
The wind is doing  
A lot of help  
By

Clustering the branches  
Of the trees  
And the birds chipping  
As they fly off,

Because of the noise  
My heart is making.  
There's a deep throb  
And a giant thud

As I climb  
The hills to the top  
To make my tears known  
To the sun.

Maybe they'll dry up  
And the sweat of my body  
Will eventually stop  
For I am tired

Of bathing  
In the river of my sorrows  
And the lake  
Of my sweat.

Everybody has deserted me  
Except for the stick  
I use to climb  
The hills I sorrow at.

I'm all alone  
Talking to the troubles  
Within me  
And having that -

Unending conversation  
With my lips -  
For words flow out  
Like water -

Falling from a falls -  
Words of lamentation,  
Emotional stress  
And I don't know the last

But its bitter  
Than the sting of a bee  
More stinky  
Than the fart of a skunk.

Insects, ants, flies  
Have literally  
Become my friends -  
They stick around me,

Listening to the sentiments  
Of my bitter life.  
The lizards just nod  
Any direction

Doesn't care if am crying or not.  
A mosquito id better off  
It cries out loud  
And makes me quite.



# Pride Of Beauty Humbled

Is it an apparition  
I see before me or  
Did my eyes deceive me?

Is it that am asleep  
But awake in my mind  
That I'm able to see clearly;

Something that my eyes  
Only see once in a year?  
Or did my youth blind me

To keep her in my youthful memory?  
An eagle that is seen  
Once in a year

For three hundred and sixty five days.  
What then has befallen of me  
For the pride of beauty

To visit me?  
What has it beheld of me?  
I'm lowly but

Pride as humbled itself  
Could it be that there is  
None that has accepted it

As his wife?  
I have beseeched her for years  
But she kept on telling me

"I am not worthy of you"  
How then will I be her kind today?  
She's beautiful but I can't

Fall for her  
Not anymore  
Not ever again.

Martin Greyford

# The Man In Me Wants The Woman In You

Where should I start from  
In revealing my thoughts and  
Emotional feelings that are  
Raging strongly in me?

And how do I face you  
Knowing that you won't  
Accept the reality and  
Nature of love that

I have a strong crave for you?  
Will it be okay if I stand  
At a mountain top and  
Shout out your name aloud with a mega phone?

And will you turn back  
If you hear the sound  
Of your name being called out loudly?  
At the top of the mountain?

Won't you be shy?  
For I am not.  
I'm not desperate  
But I am destitute contaminated with you.

No disinfection can ever clean me  
I'm addicted to you  
Even if I have not tasted  
The salt air on your skin.

The man in me is brought down  
In humility to its knees.  
It is in desperate need of  
The woman in you.

Answer me  
Maybe I'll stop hallucinating  
And having constant wet dreams.  
It is you that I need.

Martin Greyford



# Lost In The Woods

Did start the journey together  
In the deep of the Amazon.

Everything was alright and  
Then from no where  
You flattered out.

I know I caused it  
But you didn't have to go.  
You said love will always find a way

But yet am still stuck  
Where you left me accamp.  
Please come back and

Lead the way again,  
Like before -  
I swear I'll never

Never ever  
Say a stupid thing again.

Now I understand your importance  
Not that I'm lost but  
That you are gone.

I'm stranded  
Don't know which road to take  
Don't even know  
Which is east, west, south or north.

Only a small ray of sunlight  
Shining through just where I am.

Martin Greyford

# On This Our Wedding Day

I never knew it could lead to this  
We were both so young  
When we first met.

We grew up in each other's eyes.  
We watched ourselves fade away  
From teenagehood into young adults.

It took a millenium mile journey  
For us to reach this very stage.  
We witnessed several breakups  
Within ourselves -

But yet we're still running strong together,  
Chasing dreams and catching nightmares at times.

We were hiding  
It's time we come on the open  
No more fear  
But courage within  
Our deepest Sorrows.

We fought;  
On reasons unknown.  
We laughed and at somepoints  
Watched the memories burn with hatred towards us.

But that couldn't stop us  
Coming back together ageain  
And see us now  
Oh oh oh  
See us now.

It took a thousand suns  
A million winds and  
A billion rains for us to stand strong.

See it yourself;  
A multitude of people have come

To witness this beautiful day and

On this our wedding day,  
I vow to stand with you  
In everything pertaining to our livelihood.

On this our wedding day  
I pledge a legiance to you my love.

Take a move,  
Dance with me  
With the tune of our love

On this our wedding day,  
It was only you  
And it will be only you.

Martin Greyford

# The Road Not Taken

Somebody said;  
You only hate the road  
When you are missing home.

I guess that could be true.

The road had barely forgotten me  
I have not taken it  
For a decade now  
Though it only seem like yesterday.

So many things have changed  
The arrangements of willow trees,  
The tarmarks and pavements-

I don't know where I have been  
For me not to see all these  
Things being done  
And  
I don't know how it is feeling  
Right now;

Knowing it was the only way  
To and fro home.

One thing I am sure of  
It doesn't care  
If I am wearing shoes  
Or I am bare footed;

Whether I am driving or  
I am riding a bike.

Or maybe I am running or  
I am taking a walk -

The only thing it cares -  
I've used it in a while.



# Agony

I never said hello  
Nor waved a hand  
or just a simple smile or nod  
To get your attention  
And show that  
I love you.

The only thing I could do was  
To create pictures  
And weird imaginations  
That you are mine  
Dancing in the full glow  
Of the moon at nightfall,

Beside the beach-  
The breeze is really cool  
In my mind but in reality,  
You are just a picture  
On the wall in my room,  
Which can only be moved by people.

Could there be an opportunity  
Or a chance for me to  
Speak out my mind to you  
And maybe say hello once -  
Then later later hear you respond.  
My heart is filled with you.

Martin Greyford

# Shine O Moon

O moon!  
Glow  
Shine brighter  
And shun darkness.

Show the magic power  
Of your light  
Let me see clearly  
Remove the fog off my eyes.

O moon!  
Glow  
Shine brighter  
And shun darkness.

Lead me  
In a clear path  
To the tallest tower  
I want to see

And behold the beauty  
Of your glow  
In the midst  
Of the nightfall.

O moon!  
Glow  
Shine brighter  
And shun darkness.

Martin Greyford

# I Wonder

I wonder  
How it feels  
To be in your arms.

I wonder  
What makes all people  
To fall for you.

I'm insane  
Going crazy because  
Of your irreplaceable beauty.

From which planet  
Did you come from?  
And how did you find yourself here?

For one second  
Let me feel your warmth  
Within my deep self

Let me taste  
The sweetness of your love  
And beheld the power of your beauty

For I'm going crazy  
Set me free  
Free my soul.

Martin Greyford



# Sometimes It Rains In June

Every body has a hero  
And its the dream of every girl  
To have a rescuer,  
A brave knight.

Today,  
If you've never had one  
I stand on my two feet  
Pledging to be your hero

A person that will save you  
From the world of loneliness.  
Somebody you will love  
And cherish all your life.

Sometimes it doesn't really go well  
In the first attempt  
Of being in a relationship  
But we hope it'll be alright.

It doesn't really rain in June  
But sometimes instead of snowing  
It does rain  
Bringing all the dead seeds

Buried in the ground to life.  
I'll be a hero  
Bringing rains of love  
In the month of June.

Martin Greyford

# Cursed By Poverty

Hunger, anger  
Emotional stress and heartbreak  
Tummy aching  
Stomach empty  
Head paining

Wonder what will become of me  
And what to put on the mouth.  
Its been months now  
Almost a year  
Without a proper meal.

No shelter or  
Warm blankets  
Just rotting in the open  
Angry at myself for  
Failing to seek employment.

On the streets,  
Saw my siblings fight  
Over a ten cent  
For it was something  
That kept them running.

Questions arose in mind;  
What wrong did I do?  
Where did I mess up  
And what should I do  
To reduce the level of poverty?

Had a migraine  
Caused it myself  
And I can't bear  
Drinking or having a sip  
Of a glass of water

It'll worsen the problem  
To the problem I already have;  
A rumbling stomach

It can cause a throbbing heart.

Poverty is a word  
That has been  
Bothering me for too long  
Even the poor people  
Call me poor.

God, come and rescue  
Your son from the curse of poverty  
For it is boasting and  
Its proud of itself  
That I am poor.

Martin Greyford

# World's Apart

Suppressed by the fact  
That I love you.  
Embraced in agony  
And the pain of  
Seeing you walk away  
So fast like the flush  
Of a lightning.

I'm a loser  
And I am lost in anger  
Thrown away and  
Cast down in a bottomless pit  
Of a breakup and heartbreak.  
It's covered with dark coldness and  
A fool I am once again.

I didn't fall  
In love with you  
Because I needed a shoulder  
To lean on or  
Because people are falling in  
Neither did I do it  
Maybe I was desperate.

No!  
I fell in love with you  
Because I loved you  
And I loved you without a reason.  
I just poured out my love to you  
And you are on your own  
Leaving me with pain of the taste of your love.

Martin Greyford

# Hello My Love

I've done stupid things  
That hurt and pierced your heart  
I don't know what  
I can do  
To appease your anger.

What song can I sing  
To cool your temper down?  
What words can I recite  
To soothe the pain in your heart?  
Please tell me.

Hey loneliness,  
Lead me to my love  
Take to me to her doorstep  
I want to knock  
On the door of her heart

And say  
Hello my love  
It's me calling  
I'm outside your door.  
Hello my love - answer me.

I know I don't deserve you  
For things I've done are  
Totally evil and wicked  
Just let me in  
For my sorry is true.

Yes I lied  
In the first place  
And I can't pretend  
To hate you when  
You are my love.

You are the only thing  
That matters to me.  
I cheated and I regret it.



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It's never too late  
To say I'm sorry.

Hello my love  
Pick up the call  
I'm at your door  
Let me in  
And I'll be true.

Martin Greyford

# She Is An Angel

She cares only that I'm  
Happy  
Even when I'm not with her.

If some seek on the wind love's traces.  
Some seek out the love within.

All my pleasures are her treasures  
Nor does she crave joy alone.

All have claim on her compassion  
No dark soul is on it's own  
Giving this so naturally.  
Each day she lights the love in me  
Like candles on a sunlight stone.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Things Fall Apart

Speak.....

Will I see.....

Or must we stay apart,  
Condemned by destiny?

Shall there be no more meetings face to face?  
Must all my days be veiled in constant night?  
Shall we no more be caught in love's embrace by a new morning's light?

As the night's dark hours flit by  
May I not hold you tight,  
My blood on fire  
Gaze at you,

Dear,  
With languid,  
Longing eye  
And tremble with desire

And then  
In joy beyond all speech or measure,  
Listen to your sweet lisp  
Your gentle eye  
And drowse through pleasing night to waking pleasure.

Just we two  
You and I?  
And you want to throw it all away  
Just like that.

Things are falling apart  
And you can't really see it  
For after love and fear  
There's pride

After tears  
The night;  
After all the words are gone  
A chair with just one light.



Memories, dreams  
That you will come home after  
The happiness  
Of thinking of your love.

The anger and the pain,  
The passions and the promises.  
O! That is what is left of me  
A stone no thought can move.

There's nothing but my love for you  
Which waits upon the wind  
To bring you from the barricades  
That now you must defend.

Things have fallen apart  
For you think, our love might be a tomb  
The only exit through the pain.

Martin Greyford

# Chance

I've seen people perishing  
Who are like me  
Walking in the wrong paths  
Because of poor reasonings from guardians  
And the failure to speak out.

I am a boyfriend to my girlfriend  
A friend to my friend  
But who am I to myself?  
I just don't know what and who I am  
Just trying to figure out the real me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Lost Without You

Your name glisten me  
It evokes me  
I am broken  
I remain entangled  
I don't know why.

I am lost without you  
Come my darling  
And be the center of my love  
Sorry it was a mistake  
You are the only one I love.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# I Wanted It To Be You

It was not goodbye I said  
But you chose to leave  
In a blink of an eye.  
Said you'd moved on.  
How broken was I.

Fate maybe destined us  
Not to be together  
Either in this life nor the life to come.  
Anyway, It did bring us  
Together for a couple of minutes.

How happy would I be  
If It was really you  
Walking down the aisles  
On a new red carpet  
With that long

Beautiful white wedding gown.  
Imagine the magic  
We would have created  
The perfect timing of  
Our own dance.

Not rhumba, salsa or ballet  
But having time to perform  
Our love dance in our own tune  
The crowd cheering and  
Joining later in a couples ball dance.

It would have been indeed  
A remarkably memorable day that  
One can't really forget and  
If it was a video, it would be  
Or replay all day long.

I really wanted it to be you  
Walking with me to the honeymoon suite  
Having to sleep and

Wake up next to you  
Being the first person

I'll be thinking when I wake up  
In the morning and  
The last person to turn off my mind.  
You left and never looked back again.  
I wanted it to be you.

Carrying and bearing  
Our offsprings out from the insides of you  
Nursing and caring them  
The one who would tuck  
Them to bed and kiss them

Goodnight on the forehead.  
Well, somebody took that place  
And did all that  
I had anticipated.  
It should have been you.

Martin Greyford

# Fare-Well

Hearken unto my voice  
O you woman  
Pay attention to thy master.

Thou art been good  
Unto me  
Thou hast loved me righteously.

Hearken O woman  
Incline thy ear.  
My heart is sore pained within me

And the terrors of death  
Are fallen upon me.  
I am very weary with my groaning.

All the night  
Make I my bed to swim.  
Mine eye is consumed of grief.

Thou art been unto me  
The rose of Sharon  
The lily of the valley

The apple of my eyes  
O my beloved.  
The day breaks and

The shadows covereth me  
To slumber peacefully  
Upon thy lips.

Take care of thy sons and daughters  
For art been ours  
Now yours forever.

Thy pure heart  
Wilstead not melt  
Even to the very deep of the furnace.

It belongeth to thee  
And to thee,  
Thy sons - daughters.

Once I'm dead  
Cover me in thy bosom  
Lest I be taken early to the grave.

The sepulchre should be engraved;  
'Herein, lieth the body of my husband  
A hero of my soul.

'Food to the worms and maggots.  
Fare-well O thou art been the king  
Of my heart.'

Love each other  
Hatest wickedness  
Unite thy family!

Martin Greyford

# Song Of An Orphan

It was a long time ago  
When everything was right with me.  
I had all I had wanted  
Most especially to be loved  
By my two parents.

It was a journey worthy taking.  
Then all of the sudden  
Death knocked at our door.  
He said his boss would be upset  
If he didn't go with anyone.

He took first my mother  
And then my father.  
I'm now left alone in this  
Cold, dark unfriendly world  
With no one to lean on.

If at all I ever knew  
That they would die  
I could have have refused coming to this world.  
I lie down in the shadow  
No longer the light of my dreams before me.

They are all shattered  
Enclosed in an envelope.  
Help me to shatter this darkness;  
To smash this night  
And break the shadow into a thousand lights.

I now sorrow at the hills  
Not me alone though  
Like an arrow  
Pierced through to the marrow  
And past the bone.

Your grief and mine must intertwine  
Like a sea and a river  
For they are the only people left.



Joy may be shy, unique  
But friendly to a few.

My eyes are filled with sorrow  
Like I've taken the concoction  
Made of aloes  
It's bitter very bitter  
But the sorrow must be laid.

Martin Greyford

# Move In My Heart

As in the beginning  
O God  
Let it move in my Heart.

Like the Spirit  
Hovering over the waters  
At the creation of the universe.

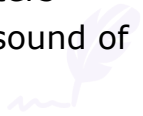
Let it move in my heart  
I open up my heart  
To you O God.

Just move in  
I am ready  
To walk with You

Like the roar of  
Many waters  
Like the sound of

Roaring thunders,  
O God move in  
Move in my heart.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Different Worlds

We are not in love  
It's just a story we share  
I want to go  
But I feel like I'm not ready yet.

You were the light  
In my darkest moments  
The compass  
When directions had I lost.

I've just discovered  
Our paths collided  
That's why we found  
Ourselves together as partners.

But world's were different  
Maybe mine is Mars  
And probably yours is Jupiter  
But we're here on Earth.

Aliens I'd say  
Claiming it's our world  
When actually it's not  
Accidentally did we meet.

Different worlds  
Cannot be in one place  
We failed to be good lovers  
It was just an obsession of lust.

Martin Greyford

# The Pursuit Of Happiness

I'm just a man trying  
To understand the meaning of life.  
There is pain in my heart  
And it's written all over my face.

I'm just a man  
Pursuing happiness and trying to get its meaning  
Though hardships have  
Literally become my best friend now.

A broken home  
A wrecked marriage and  
An unemployed life  
In a rented house.

The landlord comes  
And throws my stuff outside the door.  
Locks the door as he wishes.  
No where to go now.

All hopes gone.  
Don't know what to do next.  
My son is the only strength  
I have at the moment.

He gives me the courage  
To wake up and keep fighting  
Even when I know I'll be defeated.  
He pushes me through the rains.

I know I've failed as a man  
But I'll never fail as a father.  
I failed to be a good husband,  
I'll not fail being a dad.

I don't really know what happiness is.  
I'm yet to discover and feel it  
But could it be a good job or  
A lovely stable home

. With a lovely wife and children?  
I don't really know.  
Guess I have to find out  
And see it from my point of view.

I want to be happy.  
I'll keep chasing the winds  
Until it changes directions.  
I'm in pursuit of happiness.

Martin Greyford

# Storms

Life has so many things to offer  
And there is more than just meet the eye.  
At times we might think of giving up

Because people talk ill of us  
The storm becomes big  
That we can't handle it.

The waves too strong  
And the tides very strange  
We lose the way.

Are we at Bermuda triangle  
Where ships and planes do lose contact?  
Exceptionally, we are ourselves.

Wait a minute  
Sometimes it takes the storm  
For us to see our Canaan.

For victory is counted sweet  
When you have known defeat  
Accept the storms for a better tomorrow.

Martin Greyford

# Break My Heart

It's like  
You feel happy  
Every time I'm in tears.

Maybe it's something  
That makes your heart merry  
Every time I cry.

I forgave you  
A thousand million times  
Hoping that you will change.

You are used  
To see me on my knees  
As if I'm desperate

When it's my love that  
Keeps me coming to you  
And forgiving you.

Since you want to go  
And you want to  
Break my heart.

Then break it  
Crush it until it becomes dust.  
Stamp on it every chance you get.

Break it  
I don't care anymore  
Just break my heart.

Martin Greyford

# We Are Never Ever Ever Getting Back Together

The first time you left me  
I forgave you and  
Brought you back in my life.

We shared a flamboyant  
Intimate relationship than before.  
We soar so high above the skies.

Again you left me a second time  
I had to stand like a fool  
To forgive you again.

Did not crazy stuffs again.  
Enjoyed ourselves to the fullest  
As lovers in the rains.

Didn't care about what people were saying  
The least thing we cared for  
Was to find pleasure in ourselves  
And give ourselves that inner joy  
Peace and confidence  
That we are meant to be.

But here today,  
Guess it was just obsession  
That led us to do all those things.

You didn't love me at all  
I was just a bus at the station  
You used to take you where you wanted to go.

If you didn't find anyone to cherish you  
You would come back to me  
Knowing that you were my weakness.

Once you find a better cab  
You'll leave me on the streets again  
With no where to go



This time around  
I'm not coming back into your life neither you.  
I'm not a fool to be falling for you.

I'm human. I get hurt and I have feelings  
Guess this is where our roads ends  
We are never ever ever getting back together.

You chose your path  
And I'll stick to mine  
Once again I'm a loser.

You will search for me  
And you will never find me  
I'm just a person wishing to be loved truly.

Martin Greyford

# Rescue Me

What am I supposed to do  
When the person I love  
Has been taken to a mental asylum?  
Tell me, how will I copy  
When they say she is a lunatic?

I can't really pretend anymore  
That is a nurse  
When's she's a mental patient.  
She is not insane but  
They treat her like one.

They say she's hearing voices  
When it's the whisper of my voice  
Carried to her by the wind.  
She's pure in heart and  
Her hands very clean.

Please let her out.  
I want to see the woman  
I call my girlfriend.  
The lady that completes me  
And gives me the inner joy.

She can be dirty to you  
But she's my girl.  
She can walk bare footed,  
That's not a problem  
She's my better half.

Martin Greyford

# Perfect Goodbye

Hello!  
It's me calling.  
I want us to meet  
And maybe share something.

I know we parted ways  
But our goodbyes weren't formal.  
I think we should meet for the last time  
And finish that kiss.

You were upset  
So was I  
And thus ended everything on the road.  
Hear me out.

I want to clove  
All over you again  
Kiss you passionately  
And drive you crazy.

After satisfying our thirst  
We can go separate ways  
This will be a perfect goodbye  
And very formal.

Martin Greyford

# Empty

Surrounded with fear  
Trembling and shaking  
Frightened, scared by the silent glow  
Of the dark.

Abruptly,  
It found me unprepared  
Flamboyantly  
It flew into the thin air.

I don't know what to do next  
The night is big  
The dark is huge  
It's growing thick.

Nothing I see  
With my naked eyes  
Not even a dim light  
Of the brightest star.

The heavens are covered  
With the nimbus clouds  
As if it's about to rain.

Not even the hoof beats of animals  
Or the chipping whisper of birds  
The clustering sound of the trees.  
It's all silent.

Martin Greyford

# New Normal

Everything seemed down and dull,  
Everyone kept wandering about and around,  
Everybody was preparing for the worst,  
'Could this be the end or what? '

Amidst the pandemonium,  
The mighty were falling,  
All nations shut their borders,  
Every business must be closed,  
Every gathering must be shunned,  
All interactions must be spaced,  
All nose must be covered and  
Simple hand washing was said to be a way out.

Life became a war front,  
Living between days and nights  
Between rumors and news,  
Between truth and false,  
Between Life and death.

Scores were taken like it was the Olympics,  
All seers suddenly lost sight,  
Alas! Heaven spoke to no one again,  
Some lost loved ones,  
Some lost friends and family,  
Some lost neighbours,  
Some lost a great population,  
And some lost the counts,  
While the monster became a chameleon.

Just at the beam of the NEW-NORMAL,  
The storm seems fading,  
A protective dose was found,  
All locks were carefully opened,  
All hopes are restoring gradually,  
That at least we could live with the monster.

Martin Greyford

# Two Faces

Masquerade, masquerade, masquerade  
It's all what people in me  
They don't see the beauty  
Beyond my ugly face  
They don't see anything  
Except the scar  
On the other half of my face.

I'm divided into two equal parts;  
The other half of my face  
Is really beautiful  
And the other half is ugly.  
I don't know if it's because  
I don't really know  
How to apply makeup or what.

But one thing I know for sure  
I'm a night nightmare  
Dressed in a daydream.

Martin Greyford

# Get Up

It's okay not to be okay.  
It's just not okay to stay that way.  
One thing I know about emotions  
Is that they change.

You have a reason to live.

Get up.  
Your future is brighter than your past

Get up.  
Your latter is greater than your forever.

Get up.  
Because the best is yet to come.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Poor Billionaire

Once upon a time  
There was a man in a certain town  
Not so long ago  
A year or two.

He was the richest in the family  
But before that the family  
Was engulfed in total poverty,  
From their ancestors to this generation

Nothing worked for them.  
They were all rotting in poverty,  
Even the poor people called them poor.  
A single meal on a day engulfment at times nothing.

Then a breakthrough came  
One of the children started working  
He bought an apartment for himself  
And started squandering the money.

Every day was more like a weekend to him.  
Three girls in one night or more at times.  
He fell in love with one of the girls  
And paid rent for the whole year

For her and her family.  
He was enjoying life to the fullest.  
Didn't even look back to see  
The trails where he's coming from.

The lady tried to take him  
To his family but gave excuses  
Just kept on saying  
They are good people you will love them.

He was a celebrity  
To the lady's family  
They loved him because of the money  
A billionaire he became to be.



One day he received a call  
From his sister that his nephew died  
While selling sweets on the streets.  
He was hit by a car.

He was angry at himself  
And then realized how poor he was  
In spite having all the money's  
He was a poor billionaire.

Martin Greyford

# Nightmare

There was blood  
And then the fire.  
I blame  
The flame;  
Though the moon  
Came out to soon.

I gaze  
At the maze.  
I wonder  
What was yonder  
Here at the start  
It looks all smart.

The swaine  
Had to be tied by a twain.  
It was dragged  
And it bragged  
Through the streets  
To the fleets.

Martin Greyford

# Need For A Miracle

Life has given me  
Several reasons to hate it.  
A lots of reasons reasons to hate the world.

Being a homeless kid  
Looming the streets of my town  
Hustling day and night  
Trying to find the meaning of life.

But nothing seems to work for me  
Just coming back to the same place as before.

I never had to enjoy  
The relationship of a father to a son.  
Hope I won't do the same  
If there will be a chance  
For me to start a family.

Had to witness the divorce of my parents  
Things got worse that day  
Didn't know who to go with  
Either mom or dad.

I was stuck for a minute  
And in the next minute  
Only to realize and found out  
That I was on the streets.

Tried everything but nothing seems to go well  
Even on the streets nowadays  
It's getting harder.

All that I need as at now  
Is a miracle  
A miracle that will set my soul free.

In the Bible,  
All that's David needed  
Was a single stone to kill Goliath.

Hannah needed a child  
To silence Peninah  
And all that I need  
Is a miracle to testify.

I'm still breathing  
That means there's chance for me  
To thrive and survive this mess of life  
I'm in.

Martin Greyford

# Remorse

Letting someone go  
Slipping of the hand  
Like a cup is really heartbreaking.

Even if you didn't care  
But watching her go  
Is something you can't watch.

At times,  
A wicked mother  
Grieves at the death of his hated son.

Those intimate moments  
You spent together on a cruise  
At night full of candle lights,

That picnic you went to  
On a sunny day  
And a cool bath in the river

Will haunt you down.  
Can't really forget  
The warmth of her lips

The sweetness of her words  
And the comfort of her love  
Will make you cry alone at night.

Martin Greyford

# Fallen Angel

If I could transfer my life into you  
I would have done that the very first day  
You fell ill of this incumbent sickness.  
Now I can't except watch you  
Die slowly on your death bed.

It's not easy to stand here  
And watch you sob in pain,  
Trying by all means to raise a finger  
And then a word after.  
It's really painful and agonising.

I met you a pure woman.  
We went through a lot together.  
You were the angel sent from above  
That shielded me from all danger.  
Protected me throughout my life.

You were the bright morning star not Lucifer.  
The moon that shined in my darkest moments.  
You brought happiness on my face  
With your unending love,  
The lily of the valley to my life

By the streams of Babylon in my heart.  
The rose of Sharon  
And the night whisperer not howlers like wolves.  
The soft calm breeze on river Jordan.  
The fish that swallowed Jonah.

You didn't really swallow Jonah but me  
For you kept me inside you all these years.  
O my beloved!  
What joy I felt when you said  
We are expecting a baby soon.

I was filled with gratitude and appreciation.  
For you gave me agape love.  
I gave you love and in return

You gave me a home.  
My beloved dear wife

I gave you money,  
You gave you me food.  
I gave you sperms and in return  
You gave me children.  
O what a pity to be a widower!

You were an angel to me  
But today in no time soon  
You will be among the fallen  
Not Satan and his demons  
But those we've lost in love.

The beautiful souls that people have lost,  
You will join them soon.  
Even as you leave me  
Just know that I've always loved you  
My fallen angel and heroine.

Martin Greyford

# Man In The Mirror

When I look into the mirror  
It's like am watching a video  
Of all my mistakes in life;  
Each and every inch of my wrongs  
Are reflecting back at me.

It's hard to face the wrong reflection  
In this mirror I have.  
I can't look into this mirror  
But allow tears to fall down.  
My eyes are now blurred.

I can't go back to the old me  
And I can't be the same person.  
I can mend what I broke  
And forge ahead with my life.  
I just don't want to see

The reflection of my face  
Nor face my mistakes anymore.  
I want to see my real face  
And face the new me.  
I can't change the mirror but myself.

Martin Greyford



# Artificial Heart

Lights off.  
Darkness availed.  
In the dungeon.  
Killed by the dazzling lights  
On the slaughter bed.

My mind was completely shut  
Almost died.  
The entire body was paralysed.  
Entered the dreamland forcibly.  
Melancholy is what I felt.

When I woke up the next minute  
I was devastated to see that  
My life was now artificial.  
There was a car battery lying by my side.  
The heart was connected to that same battery.

I couldn't think straight for a second.  
They removed my heart and  
Replaced it with a metal one!  
Thank goodness my brains are still with me  
And my mind still awake.

So what if I have a plastic heart?  
What if I have an artificial heart  
Supported by electrical currents from a battery?  
Will I die of coronary heart disease or  
Power shortage due to low battery?

Well, I don't know my fate.  
But I believe that I'm still alive.  
Still striving and thriving to make it.  
I may be ironman inside but I'm still me.  
The body is still the same.

It's only a heart they changed not me.  
If they tried to kill my dreams  
And shun me out of the world

Got it all wrong!

I'm back and still climbing the ladder.

Everybody will see the undead deeds of me.

I will make it regardless of me

Having an artificial heart.

I'm not ironman even if I have

A heart like him, I am me.

Martin Greyford

# Move On

We've all come from broken relationships.  
Faced unnecessary breakups and  
Illusional dramatic relationships.

Some of us  
Our relationship ended up publicly  
And others like me silently.

Nobody said its over to the  
Other partner but it was over.  
We stopped caring for each other.

Well that's how life is  
Full of ups and downs all the way.  
We gotta stay strong and focused.

Sitting alone in a plane  
Wishing she was right next to us.  
It's just the mind playing tricks on us.

The seat is empty  
In a blink of an eye  
She is right there next to us.

Not the same person  
Another beautiful lady  
I guess a new page has just opened.

Martin Greyford

# If Only

If only I knew  
That this would happen  
I wouldn't have bothered  
You to be my partner.

If only I knew  
That I would upset you  
I wouldn't have argued  
With you earlier.

If only I knew  
That my ex's would show up  
I couldn't have approached  
You and proposed.

If only I knew  
That we could part ways  
I wouldn't have fallen for you  
And I wouldn't be with you.

If only I knew  
That I could be sitting here alone  
I wouldn't have bothered myself  
To be close to you.

Martin Greyford

# Charlie Chaplin

The sense of humour in him was vigorously irrevocably,  
Irreversible and irreplaceable to all who have ever lived.  
He's the icon that lives in immortality  
To all the hearts of thousands.  
He had his uniqueness of doing comedy  
And making people laugh without him uttering a word,  
But those dumb scenes in black and white  
Defines him thoroughly as a legend of comedy.  
He's not with us today  
And yet he is still with us  
For we are keeping him here - in our hearts.

Martin Greyford



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# Scared

I've hurt the person  
I love and  
The person that loves me.  
I don't know what to say  
For her to forgive me.

I'm in a prison of my imaginations  
Scared of approaching her  
And scared of being told it's over.  
I'm scared of my own thoughts  
The very thought that gives me a thrilling sensation.

And cause my heart to throb carelessly  
As if I'm watching a horror movie,  
The scariest scenes that can't be watched by kids.  
If at all minds can communicate  
Please just know that I'm sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Beauty In The Broken

I have seen darkness  
The very darkness in the abyss  
But this one is too cold.  
Not cold as ice but the fog of the frost  
I can't really see where I'm going  
Even the cleared path where I'm coming from

Is still covered with the fog.

I've been rejected,  
Given a cold shoulder by people,  
Who should be helping me in life,  
They dumped me on the streets  
Because of their selfish motives and the love of money.  
It has been a painful journey.

Even if I'm not yet out of that pain  
I have found a better way  
To make myself happy and enjoy life.  
I have taught my mind and my heart  
To find beauty in the broken  
And live a happy life despite the hardships.

Martin Greyford

# Dusk Till Dawn

I wanna hold you tight  
Right here in the warmth of my arms,  
Feel the hotness of your body all night long  
I wanna be the light in your eyes

That will shine brighter than the bulbs.  
I wanna love you throughout  
From dusk to dawn.  
I wanna be the one holding you down.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com



# Before Dawn

A lot of things have happened  
And a lot is yet to happen.  
We can't change the past  
No matter how hard we try  
No matter how hard we cry.  
What has happened happened for a reason

And that reason is still unknown.  
The dark moments of life helps us become stronger  
And no matter how dark it may be  
Light will still shine at dawn.  
Remember, its always darkest before the dawn,  
Stay focused. Head for and change the future.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Morning Prayer

Dear Lord!

Thank you for today

Thank you for your continued grace and blessings.

Lord today I ask for clarity that only you can bring.

When everything feels noisy, confusing and overwhelming

Your peace is what I seek.

Lord, be my center in the mist of the storm

When my mind is consumed with worry and doubt

Lead me to your still waters.

Amen!

Martin Greyford



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# Minerals

The sky is crystal clear  
The sun is golden brown  
The moon is pure diamond  
And the earth refined bronze,

The cobalt blue are its roots  
And copper its roof.  
The forest is all emerald green  
The flowers ruby and the grass steel.

Nature is totally covered  
In pure jewels of rare value  
And the dignity hidden in their cores  
As they add value to their names.

Martin Greyford



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# The Wish To See Tomorrow

I don't know what might happen tomorrow  
If I'll wake up or not,  
The only day I have is today  
And this is the moment I need  
To make amends to all the broken pieces  
And apologise to the one's I've hurt  
Intentionally and unintentionally.

Nobody knows how tomorrow looks like  
But only hope and imagine  
How it'll be like  
Only God knows it for all the days  
Of our lives are written in His palms.  
How I wish I can ride the sun  
And see the beauty of tomorrow today.

I don't have wings  
And the sun doesn't have a carriage  
To take people to their dreams  
As in seeing the days they want to see  
But deep down my heart I know for sure  
That tomorrow is a beautiful place  
Where everything is new and shiny in the mist of dawn.

Martin Greyford

# I Need You God

I want to see your glory  
Like Moses did,  
In the dazzling of the lights  
I want to see you your form O God!

I want to shine so bright with your glory  
Like Moses did,  
Up upon the Holy Mountain,  
I want to meet you there.

Breathe upon me the fragrance  
Of your fresh anointing  
And let me be your vessel  
Just like Moses.

I need you O God  
Here in my heart.  
Fill it up and dwell within me.  
For all I need is you.

Martin Greyford

# Thank You God

Thank you God  
For your mercy and grace  
That has enabled me to wake up.

Thank you God  
For the gift of life  
That you have given me today.

I'm not wise to be among the living  
It's your grace towards me  
And that unending love

To forgive me my sins  
No matter how big they may be  
You wash me thoroughly always.

Thank you for your son Jesus  
Who carried my shame on the cross.  
There's nothing to say except thank you.

Martin Greyford

# Demerit Of Being Rich

Oh!

What a shame!

A family of skinny children

Easily carried away by the wind

Like a paper in a whirlwind.

That's their say and

They always stand tall above other people

Without having that heart of helping

Except laughing at the being

Of them being poor and thin.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# City Of Iron

September skies accept  
Your belch of refuse  
And ashes are excreted  
High above new grass that  
Timidly borders  
Your concrete veins,  
Pulsating to sustain the hectic tempo  
Of days that too soon expire.  
Your structure ages  
And you remain  
A body  
Without a soul.

Martin Greyford



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# At The Beach

Maggie, Milly, Molly and May  
Went down to the beach to play one day,

And Maggie discovered a shell that sang  
So sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles,

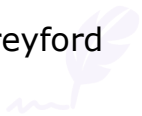
Milly befriended a stranded star  
Whose rays five languid fingers were.

Molly was chased by a horrible thing  
Which raced sideways while blowing bubbles and

May came home with a smooth round stone  
As small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose, like a you or a me  
It's always ourselves we find in the sea.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Senses

The soprano scream of carriage wheels punished my ear.

Sun

Seeping through the blinds,

Filled the bedroom with a sulphurous light.

I didn't know how long I had slept,

But I felt one big twitch of exhaustion.

The twin bed next to mine was empty and unmade.

At seven I had heard my mother got up

Slip into her clothes and tiptoe out of the room.

Then the buzz of the orange squeeze mr sounded from downstairs

And the smell of coffee and bacon filtered under my door.

Then the sink water ran from the tap and

Dishes clinked as my mother dried them

And put them back in the cupboard

The front door opened and shut.

Then the car door opened and shut

And the motor went broom-broom and,

Edging off with a crunch of gravel,

Faded into the distance.

Martin Greyford

# Worship Rise

With all my emotions  
I stand before your throne  
The Holy seat of Mercy.  
My head bowed down  
And my hands lifted up.

Coming back to you.  
I'm giving you  
My heart and my soul  
For its all that I have  
To worship you with.

I don't mean to be  
Emotional in your presence,  
Though sometimes it happens like that  
When I think of all the  
The pain I've caused you inside.

Your mercy endures forever  
And you still love me.  
I'll say with all that I am.  
Let the worship rise  
Like a sweet perfume.

To fill the courts of your throne.  
Let the worship rise.  
Like incense burned on the incense altar  
To fill the whole tabernacle  
With the fullness of your glory.

Martin Greyford

# Her Name

L - loving

E - endlessly

A - and

H - heartedly.

Martin Greyford



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# Silent Night

Silent!

O be silent!

The king is born

Away in the manger,

Lying peacefully in the

Hands of the mother,

Holy virgin Mary.

All hail the king

For he shall reign in eternal.

The angels are singing gladly,

Hosanna, hosanna hosanna in the highest.

Woe to darkness

For light has come

To rescue people from it.

Martin Greyford



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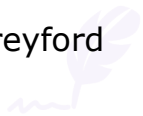
# Dusk

The clouds are turning  
From clear white to yellowish kiss of the sun.  
The earth is covered with rays gold  
And people are mesmerised by it's touch,  
Especially in the high mountains.

The birds are on their flights  
Going to sleep in their nests.  
People are coming back from work  
And all the animals are going to sleep  
Except for nocturnal one's, the day has just begun.

The sun is half sank on the horizon  
Creating space for the stars to come out  
And wake up from their slumber  
Allowing humans to rest in the  
Beautiful breeze of the night!

Martin Greyford



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# Who Is A Friend?

Who is a friend?

Is it the one who only helps you when you have problems?

Is it the person that remembers you when he's drunk and when sober you are not friends?

Who is a friend anyway?

Are they the ones that comes to you when they

Don't have anything but the moment they

Have something they disappear into thin air?

I'm wondering if all the mentioned people are even friends!

They are seasonal friends, appearing once in a while.

Think of you when in distress.

But who is a friend?

A friend is a person that sticks more closer

Than a brother in one's life.

They are there always in all seasons

Whether you have something or not.

They cheer you up every time.

Help you stand when you have fallen

And share with you their intimate secrets

For no matter what truly know

You are the best thing that has ever happened to them.

Martin Greyford

# She's Not A Prostitute

She's always seen with different guys.  
Maybe every after now and then.  
She's in the streets at night,  
In the day she's paying attention  
To every guy that passes her way.

Every guy that says hello to her  
Makes her feel happy and appreciated.  
She's not a prostitute.  
She's looking for a person that  
Will love and cherish her.

I know it's not right for a girl  
To chase after guys.  
Well, in this case I'm not judging her  
For she's in desperate need to be loved,  
To have someone she'll call her own.

It's not that she's not beautiful  
That all men are running away from her  
She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen,  
Good men just take advantage of her innocence  
And later leave her stranded in the streets

Perhaps we've seen her and  
Said a lot of evil things against her.  
She's always in the clubs  
Throughout the night dancing like  
A stripper when actually she's not.

She's not in the night clubs for money,  
She's there because of love  
Her agonising pain to seek love has  
Made her do wrong things and  
Find herself in the filthy places.

Let's just understand her.  
She's emotionally hurt.  
We judge her from a distance



We don't know the real woman inside her.  
She's searching for her lost prince charming.

She's not a prostitute.  
Love has been her weakness and  
She's looking for a person that will love her.  
You will find her crying at the end  
Of the street road in county.

Martin Greyford

# No Second Chance

We met on the road and you left me on the road.  
That was the end of our journey together.  
You were my weakness but I learnt  
How to be strong in my weak points.

I lost hope and never trusted a girl thereafter.  
You took everything with you when leaving,  
My pride, confidence and love.  
I trusted you with my life.

But you took me for granted.  
You are now back and you want us to be together,  
I can't accept you back  
You can leave me a second time.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Crossroad

At the middle of the roads.  
Don't know which route I should take  
And that which will lead me home safely.  
They all seem to be fine,  
But still don't know where they'll take me.

Guess I just have to try one  
And see where it'll lead me.  
If I sit on this x-road  
It might take me ages to rise up  
And find that valuable thing.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Bound

In a white painted room  
Of a tall building  
With about four hundred rooms  
And about four story high.

We are all put on this  
Black and white striped like pyjamas.  
Men and women alike.  
All in different rooms.

Some are put two in a room  
Others all alone like me.  
I'm all by myself  
Talking to my shadow every day.

We just meet with each other  
During lunch time and when there is work.  
Failure to that, we'll all be locked  
In our rooms all day long.

It's a tall building  
Maybe I lied of it being four story,  
For my room seems to surpass  
That height to about hundred meters.

Sitting all by myself  
Counting the passing of days  
And marking them on the wall,  
Each and every day doing the same thing.

Bound with chains  
Like a piece animal  
That could kill or devour people  
If let loose by the owner.

It becomes lonelier at night  
When power is cut from  
The main switch and  
The room becomes all black

I mean dark.  
You can't see your shadow anymore,  
Like it is during the day.  
All you can see are your thoughts.

I'm anxiously waiting  
For the dawn of justice to rain on me.  
Then I'll be be set free and be  
Able to do things normally.

I'm tired of walking with chains  
Even if it's to go to the restrooms  
I have to go with them.  
Every movement I make

I'm still bound to these chains  
Like a dog in leeches.  
I wanna be free  
Totally free.

Martin Greyford

# Alienation

Neglected,  
Rejected by the society,  
Forgotten by friends and family,  
Nobody remembers that I ever existed.  
I'm thrown in the corner of the world  
To be by myself all the days of my life  
Because of that one simple mistake.

Unemployed,  
Homeless in the depths of the dark.  
No food to eat and warm clothes  
To keep me awake from the coldness  
In this winter frost of a snowy day.  
How I wish there could be someone  
To come to my aid and help me out.

Hated,  
Forsaken by my neighbours.  
Looked on with scornful eyes like an animal  
That the whole county hates,  
Because it has been looming about their homes.  
Each and every time I meet them  
They all run away from me.

Deserted,  
Left alone in the rains  
With no one to give me an umbrella  
To shelter and cover me from shame.  
I'm afraid to be around anyone  
Especially these people called humans.  
I'm a wild animal in their eyes.

Wolf,  
Wild dog,  
A skunk, is all that they see in me.  
I've suffered alienation in the face of humans.  
I'm an alien that is feared by  
The entire universe in the dark of the night.  
Let the sun fall down and burn me up.

Scared,  
Afraid of their faces when they look at me.  
I'm the mystery maybe that people  
Can't really understand like the Bermuda mystery,  
Even the best scientists have failed.  
Maybe I'm like that to them.

Judged,  
Vindicated and sentenced in their minds.  
I'm in a prison on the island of fear.  
They judge me before getting to  
Know the real me from a distance.  
I want to be free and walk freely  
Like a bird in it's flight.

Light,  
Shine brighter so that  
These people may get to see the good  
Side of me rather than seeing and  
Concentrating on the darkest part of my life.  
I'm eager to be seen as a human  
Not this alien monster they are seeing.

Martin Greyford

# Caressing

Every time I close my eyes  
I see you nearer than ever,  
Touching me in my touchable  
Parts of my body.

You kiss me so intense  
That I forget the misery of life  
And think of that wonderful  
Moment shared with you.

You make me lie down on the bed  
And then you start to caress my body.  
You make me horny and  
Crave for it like never before.

You kiss my neck  
And then lick my ear lobes.  
You suck my tits.  
Later you lick my cookie

And that's the moment I go crazy.  
I hold on tight to your head  
Like my next breath depend on it.  
I love it when you do it your way.

Nobody is so tuned in  
Into my life than you.  
I'm all yours and everything I have  
Is really yours and then I open my eyes.

Martin Greyford



# The Devil's Voice

"Eve, is it true that  
God forbid you to eat  
From the tree in the midst of the garden?

If it's true,  
Then He has lied and deceived you.  
He knows that you would become like Him.

It's a good fruit.  
Can't you see?  
Open your eyes wide open

And see it's golden colour.  
That it's perfect and ripe for food.  
Your God didn't want you to be like Him

Just take it and become a god  
Don't be afraid or scared.  
Grab it and be like Him.

For you will know  
What's good and bad today.  
Feel free to eat of any tree you like,

Without restrictions.  
He placed you into this garden  
To enjoy everything that's in it.

You will become the wisest  
Of all the creatures He has created  
And that makes you a god.

Eat and take some to your husband  
You will be like Him  
That's the reason He has forbidden you.

See, I'm telling you this  
Because I care for your well-being  
Everything will be yours."

Martin Greyford

# Abduction

I'm on a cliff bound with chains  
Only being supported by two poles  
Where the chains are tied to.  
If the poles falls,  
That will be the end of me.

Maybe I might survive  
There is a sea underneath  
I think I could die.  
My whole lot is bound with chains.  
Well, no chance of surviving.

I'm like a princess locked in a tower  
Waiting for a brave knight to rescue her.  
I'm on the edge of the cliff waiting for her.  
It's not that my body is really in chains  
But my heart is.

I'm in love with a girl  
That doesn't really know that I exist  
She has captured everything about me.  
I can't think straight  
Except having her in my thoughts.

I've tried to make her see  
That I love her to no availed.  
If I'm let loose by these poles  
I'll die and she won't know that I loved her.  
She has really abducted me.

Martin Greyford

# No Room In Jerusalem

The Savior came wandering  
All about Jerusalem,  
Looking for a place  
He could call His home

Unfortunately,  
All the hotels, lodges  
Motels, inns and guest houses  
Were all filled to capacity.

Nobody tried to offer  
A place for Him.  
The nice and luxurious places  
Were all taken.

The LORD wandered  
Looking for a place  
In all Jerusalem  
But no room was found for him.

Alas!  
A man offered his stable.  
A filthy place full of  
Animal faecal matter and animals.

There was no room in Jerusalem  
For my King  
Except the manger  
That's where He was born.

Martin Greyford

# Grace To Grace

You left the throne in heaven  
For my sake.  
You were the word in creation  
Now revealed to us.

In grace you didn't care  
Where you were going to be born.  
The least thing you  
Cared for

Was to save me.  
You paid and died my death.  
The pain which was  
Supposed to be felt by me.

You took it upon yourself.  
The scapegoat you became  
For me to be alive today.  
You died and in grace

You were brought back to life  
In the fullness of your glory.  
From grace to grace you reign.  
Jesus Christ is your name!

Martin Greyford

# A Moment Like This

Growing up in the neighbourhood  
Admiring the old guys with their lovers  
In their hands  
Wrapping their arms around them  
Like a father hugging  
His children after work.

Now it's my time to shine  
For I have found that  
Which was missing in me.  
Something that people  
Wait a lifetime  
For them to have a lover.

Some people wait a long time  
To have that one special kiss  
They wait a lifetime  
To have that one hug.  
Well, I can't believe that  
It's happening to me today.

A moment like this  
Only comes once in awhile  
So I won't let it slip of  
My hands like I'm letting go  
Of my fears and the anger of  
Impatience to be around her.

Martin Greyford

# Be My Lady

My heart is bleeding  
From the pain of not finding a lover.  
I've tried all the grim faces of books  
But I don't see anything happening  
And I don't see any girl.

Even the ugliest one's  
Are not paying attention to me.  
When I approach them

All I need is a lover  
A person that will mend

My empty and broken heart.  
A lady that will cover up  
The eaten part of the apple  
On the Apple Logo and  
Make it whole again.

If you can hear  
My heart's cry,  
Please show up  
I'm eager to meet you  
And share my world with you.

Martin Greyford

# Untitled Love Poem

At times the best things  
Comes at the wrong time and vice versa  
When you are not ready for it  
But in the course of time  
You have to accept that  
It has happened for a right purpose.

She's in front of me  
Short and beautifully curved  
In all her edges.  
Her perfect figure abducted  
And hijacked my emotions.  
Black is queen.

Who knew she would  
Appear in my life  
When hope had I lost  
To be in a relationship again?  
I wasn't ready but seeing her  
Gave me the strength to fall

Into one again.  
She made me realise the importance  
Of having a woman close to me  
As my lover and friend of all time.  
My shield and compass  
To protect and direct me.

Martin Greyford



# Acquittal

Sitting in a prison bus  
Staring at the small window  
To see the beautiful fields  
Just blossoming with sunflower,  
Admiring the beauty of nature.

And having to wonder  
What it'll be like  
In the place I'll call home  
The sun was setting in the west  
But I felt like it was setting in the east.

My fellow inmates were quiet  
Not even the prison warden said anything  
Nor the driver except hearing the  
Sounds of guns being lifted  
And then being put down

We drove for about twenty miles  
Without seeing any building;  
Just forests and farms, ranchers.  
Suddenly, the bus took a u-turn  
And the driver said to us you are all free.

It was so shocking to hear that  
And for sure we were on our way back home.  
It was a miracle.  
Acquittal without being heard by the judges  
It's dark but I'm glad that I'm going home.

Martin Greyford

# Her Knight

Kneeling before her  
As she was standing  
Before the auditorium,  
With a sword in her hand,  
Portraying her authority and power  
In the kingdom she's been pronounced queen.

She came towards me and said  
"With power vested upon me as your queen,  
I officially appoint you a knight"  
Then she handed me the sword  
And made me take oaths  
In the presence of nobody.

I vowed to protect her  
With my own life.  
To take care of her no matter what  
And always rescue her from all dangers.  
I pledge allegiance to my queen  
To fight for peace and stability in my country.

Martin Greyford

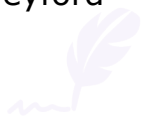
# Fix What I Broke

If I can  
I could bring you back  
Into my life  
And be the guy you loved  
In the first place.

I'd cross the hottest desert  
Swim the deepest ocean  
And climb the highest mountain  
Just for you to see  
And believe that I love you.

I'll mend  
What I broke  
And restore to life what  
You lost because of me.

Martin Greyford



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# They Called Me Weak

I've been staring at you  
For a couple of times now.  
Although I've never had  
The chance to talk to you.

I tried to scream out your name  
I failed cause  
My head was under water.  
You were a nightmare during the day.

They called me weak  
For I didn't approach you  
Nor talk to you or  
Even say a simple hello.

And it happens that  
You just know how to make  
Me guilty with those angelic eyes.  
A true nightmare during the day.

Martin Greyford

# Statue

Everybody  
Sees it  
On the street  
Every time of the day  
When ever they pass by.  
It is the center of attraction  
Giving peace to every one in our county.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Honeymoon

After the wedding ceremony,  
My thoughts were captured.  
Captured by how well she fit in my arms.  
Only if she knew  
She had tamed me by her beauty.  
My heart was carelessly beating and I tried not  
To cuddle her, not even our feet to touch.

A lot of emotions erupted.  
I didn't know how she held on.  
I was a mess inside me,  
I tried to be decent.  
She came close and hugged me,  
The hug felt heavenly.  
Well, my body was on fire.

Afterwards came the invitation.  
I had to re-focus.  
My smile was back.  
She showered me  
And put on some lingerie.  
I could not pay attention to anything.  
A few selfies here and there.

My heart, mind melted down.  
Her body close to me,  
At this point I was helpless.  
I tried to assume the emotions.  
She said we should.  
I kissed her  
I couldn't help it.

I was permitted to and  
I found my tongue on her clit.  
I felt her hold on to my head  
Like her next breath depended on it.  
She moaned through her breathing.  
She twirled her waist  
As I did justice to her.

Soon enough,  
She pressed my head between her thighs.  
I couldn't let go.  
I had to make a statement.  
Slowly I slid inside her  
And rocked her insides with each thrust.  
I moved up to suck her nipples

As she rode me gladly.  
The night was hot  
We kept tossing and turning  
Cuddling and pulling away from each other.  
Then came the forsaken hour.  
My horny ghosts could not keep on  
I rocked her body with my nakedness.

As sleepy as I thought she was  
She responded  
And invited me between her thighs  
After getting her ready.  
I switched her.  
Her body language told me she loved it.  
I rode her as she rode me.

I sucked her nipples  
Getting her ready to explode.  
"Please no!" I knew she had had enough and  
I felt like I had conquered the universe.  
She busted later wards.  
I released the seeds of life in her.  
We rested while cuddling each other.

Martin Greyford

# Moonlight

You have the brightest eyes  
That shines for me  
In my darkest hour.

I never thought you could  
Hold the light of the moon  
In your precious hands.

You are the moonlight  
Of my life,  
Shining when the sun has set.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com



# Tears

I hate it  
That I'm crying and  
If tears could talk,  
I have just said goodbye.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Broken Wings Of A Caged Bird

Tis so beautiful to be  
Above the ground and  
Soaring high in the sky.  
Playing hide and seek  
In the fluffy clouds.

It is more beautiful  
When you are flying  
Against the current of the wind  
In the mist of the afternoon  
Or night breeze.

Love is sweet when you are  
With the man that truly loves you.  
You feel the power of love  
All around you and  
Sometimes you start

Doing crazy things  
'Cause, you're mad in love.  
I used to fly high  
In the depths of the sky  
But, maybe cupid missed

His arrow on me.  
I was in a cage before  
And somebody released me.  
I fell in love with him  
After he rescued me.

He showered me with lots of love  
And I believed he was the  
Right one for me.  
In the course of days  
He began showing some changes.

I hit in a tree  
While flying in the midst  
Of the trees in one of the forest.

I fell down to the ground and  
There was no one to pick me up.

I spent some minutes  
Which later turned into months.  
I caged myself in my anger  
And love became my cage.  
I couldn't fly anymore

Or soar high to see  
What's happening down on the ground.  
My wings are now broken.  
I'm nothing less but  
A disabled person.

Love has killed me  
And shattered my ego.  
Hope there will be someone, one day  
To free the from this cage  
And help me get my wings back.

Martin Greyford

# Hostage

I loved a girl  
That did not love me back.

My feelings are now  
Holding me captive

In my own body.  
Will somebody pay the ransom

I be freed.  
Love is killing me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Say Something Or I'm Giving Up On You

I've done all it takes  
To please you as my love  
But until now you're quiet.

What is it that I have to do  
For you to acknowledge  
My love for you?

I've bought you expensive clothings  
As per your wish.  
Even mortgaged my house

To buy you that diamond ring  
But yet you're still quiet.  
What should I do next?

My world is becoming small  
Day by day and  
I'm slowly losing interest in you.

You know that I love you  
Please say something or  
I'm giving up on you.

Martin Greyford

# Memories

Stupid memories created by  
Foolish people in my life  
I don't know why I allowed you in my life.  
You came and created memories  
That you can't embrace.

It was so foolish of me  
To fall for you.  
I hate it when I think of you.  
The pillow that used to comfort me  
Is torn and cut into pieces;

It can't be sewed.  
It's a tragedy that I'm me again.  
In spite all my efforts  
You had the guts  
To hurt me and

Ditch me in a pit at the end.  
What rubber can I use to erase  
All these thoughts of you in my head?  
How I wish I was a computer  
Or a smart phone which can be formatted

Or rebooted to start it anew;  
The bad part is that I'm human  
There's nothing I can do  
Except watch all the memories  
Fade away like a played song.

Martin Greyford

# On Him Loving Two Equally

Sounds weird and awkward  
For love is between two people,  
That is a man and a woman.

No one can ever dare to  
Have more than two ladies  
At the same time.

Well, in this case;  
I saw a man who had two ladies  
And he loved them equally.

He could do almost anything for them.  
He just knew how to make them happy  
Despite being a single hand.

He could cherish both  
Spend time correctly  
Without adding or subtracting

Any minute or second  
From the time he could be with the other  
So as to avoid quarrels.

He cut his heart into two pieces  
And gave each a half  
To prove his love to them.

That looks so ridiculous right  
But he loved the two  
Like the deep of the oceans.

Martin Greyford

# Lot's Wife

Once upon a time.  
It was many and many  
A year ago  
In the land of Sodom and Gomorrah  
Where Lot and his family  
Lived after  
They separated with the uncle, Abram.

The land was fertile  
And it was a vast market  
For different commodities  
And a haven of all immoralities  
Upon the face of the deep.  
The Lord appeared to Lot  
In form of angels

And he received them hospitably.  
The countrymen of that land  
Wanted the men that Lot allowed in his house  
So they could sleep with them.  
I'm sure Lot pleaded with them  
To take his two daughters instead  
Rather only did they want those men.

The Lord was angry with that scene  
And told Lot to leave the land immediately  
And rush to the near mountains  
Without looking back.  
They didn't have time to prepare  
What to carry or not.  
They just started off for it was an emergency exit.

Near the mountains,  
They could hear the fire falling down like grenades  
And I believe they were terrified.  
Lot's wife for a moment thought of the treasures  
She had left behind and her heart  
Wanted to see the land she called home for the last time.  
They were successful in sheep rearing



So they had a lot.  
Lot's wife turned back  
To see what was happening behind  
Their backs and bid farewell to all the cosmetics.  
The moment she turned back  
She became a pillar of salt  
And perhaps died at the spot.

Martin Greyford

# Break-Up

Break-up;  
Something that is  
More painful than death;  
Especially if you loved  
Your partner whole heartedly  
And you never did the  
Stupid things behind their backs.

It hurts to see the one  
You love walk away from you.  
It hurts to see them  
Love someone else.  
Love us stupid and  
Unfair at times;

And what hurts the most  
In a disappointment  
Is you being loyal for nothing;  
Putting in all the efforts  
And at the end of the day  
They are rendered void.

Martin Greyford

# One Night Stand With Delilah

I was in an intimate relationship  
With God through Christ and the Holy Spirit.  
He helped me achieve several goals  
As a young man  
In His kingdom.

We used to live happily  
Cherishing each and every moment  
We would spend in prayer  
And helping me get back His people  
What a blissful moment it was.

It was after I met Delilah.  
The woman of extra ordinary beauty.  
She was perfect in her ways  
And her voice so sweet and  
So melodious like the nightingale.

I was attracted to glitter and show  
Without I knowing that I'm grieving  
The third person of the Trinity.  
It was a tragedy fall  
In my Christianity life.

In just one night  
Everything happened.  
Nothing was left behind.  
We did everything evil at that time.  
I exposed my weakness to her

And she took advantage of that.  
I broke up with my God  
And I lost integrity in the eyes of men.  
The favor and grace upon me  
Was snatched away.

I was desolate and isolated.  
After everything I felt as if  
I was still naked to every person

On the roads in the streets.  
I was ashamed and shy.

Felt embarrassed like I don't know  
I broke the heart of God  
What will become of me next?  
I don't know.  
Things happened so fast.

I believe God was crying  
On what a mess I've become  
In a blink of an eye.  
He was in tears  
Crying for me.

A child that He loved  
Has disappointed Him.  
Lord break my heart  
For everything that breaks Yours.  
Restore me back.

Martin Greyford

# O God Forgive Me

I never knew what I was losing  
By succumbing to the wishes of the body.  
She seemed happy after the act.  
I was crying.

I looked at her  
With scornful eyes  
She didn't pay attention.  
Deep down my heart I was hurt.

Spiritually, I lost the connection  
With my Heavenly Father.  
I felt His Spirit depart from me.  
I cried.

I forgot that the marriage bed  
Remains undefiled all times  
Rather rushed into the scene of  
What I should be enjoying

When I'm married.  
O God remove not your  
Spirit from me.  
I know I sinned

But your forgiveness is all I need.  
Restrain me from doing what is evil.  
Every skirt that is not mine  
Let it be far away from me.

Martin Greyford

# The Pain Of Loneliness

My heart is bleeding  
With the pain of missing you.  
Happiness is sweet when you are around  
And laughter is known and  
Felt to the very bottom of my heart.

Ever since you left me  
My heart has known defeat.  
A word that never existed in our vocabulary.  
My heart can't smile anymore  
And I can't show it on my face.

The night breeze is so strong  
And the scorching sun is melting me,  
The frost is wild that I can't see  
Where I'm going in this mist  
And the rain never stops raining

Making the fog to be worse.  
I'm being troubled with the memories of you.  
It's like a horror movie in which  
The ghost is haunting a house where he used to live.  
Nobody can live in the house.

The house is beautiful  
But nobody can move in.  
There are all haunted by the same ghost.  
My heart is like that house,  
You left a mark in me which

Everybody sees where they get close to me.  
The pain is agonising me.  
Crying and wishing that you never left.  
When are you coming back?  
My entire life misses you.

I'm tired of nagging myself  
Every time I reach home without you there.  
The songs we played and danced

Cannot be played now.

The movies we watched cannot be watched.

Wherever you are;

Just know that

The pain of loneliness

Is killing me slowly.

Come back to me.

Martin Greyford

# Revenge

I was beautiful when you met me  
Even if my clothes were rags  
I was naturally blessed with beauty.  
You met me in your farm  
As I came to do some petty works  
To earn some money for grandpa's medicines.

You looked at me pervert,  
You stole my heart in a blink of an eye.  
Days later you caught me stealing  
Some food so I can take home  
And feed my poor grandparents  
You didn't say a word

Rather helped me escape.  
I started falling for you likewise you.  
Pathetically, you approached me  
I accepted the proposal  
Without I knowing that you were married.  
You became the center of my world

And later we threw a big wedding  
And tied the knot on that beautiful day.  
Making known our vows to the public.  
Our marriage night was splendid  
For you were the very first person  
In all things pertaining to my life.

You were my first love and  
The first person to taste my vagina  
And enter through the door to the  
World of pleasures inside me.  
I loved the atmosphere of your love.  
It was pure.

Fate changed the scenario  
When your first wife came into the scene.  
I started suffering under her wings  
As if you were not around and



As if you didn't see nor hear anything.  
I fled to my grandparent's house

You followed me and told me it's alright  
You'll sort everything out.  
Because I loved you I had to go with you  
Without having any insight that  
You were taking me in the lion den.  
I was brutally harassed and tortured

You never rescued me.  
I had to put on sackcloth.  
A rug was better than that.  
The torture was horribly too much.  
I ran away from the city to a far city  
With the hopes of not seeing him again.

A certain man picked me on the streets  
To his house and told me to forget the past  
And focus on the future.  
I was hurt when I discovered that  
I was pregnant with his child.  
The man told me to consider him

As my father which I never had.  
Life became soothe and friendly at that moment  
As I had put my past aside.  
I was happy for a while  
Not until I met him in a casino.  
I cried again.

I said; "Why is destiny putting this man in my  
Life again when I had forgotten about him?  
He looked at me and probably resembled me  
To the woman he had but this one was now  
A changed lady in beautiful clothing.  
I don't know why I was looking at him too.

Is it because I had loved him too much  
Or it's the world deceiving me to forgive him?  
No! That won't happen and I won't allow  
It to happen even if I'm carrying his child!

The pain I endured when I was at his house  
Will he also endure until I die.

Martin Greyford

# Somebody You Love

The journey of love is sweet at the beginning  
When the love is pure and righteous  
But bitter and sour at the end.

We started well with my beloved.  
Walked a long distance together,  
Some miles and an extra mile to go  
Things started falling apart.

Our love was so sweet and very astounding  
For people admired us on our way.  
We reached a subway in one of the streets

And from that moment  
She turned her back on me  
And made me walk alone very wet in the rains  
Of disappointment in the subway.

I tried to plead with her  
But it couldn't workout as she kept on going.  
I asked for a reason she left,

She only gave me a knock blow  
On the face as she continued her way.  
I sat down on the running waters  
Across the drainage system

Maybe she'll forgive me.  
That didn't help as she got lost  
From my eyes in the crowd.

I recalled the precious memories  
We shared together as lovers  
The sweet caress of twilight  
And it's magic at dawn.

I opened my eyes  
Maybe I could see her  
She was already gone

In the mist of the rains.  
She was my everything in this world.  
Anyway, the journey we started  
On the road has ended on the road.

I now have to soar alone  
In this ugly journey of loneliness  
I'll trodde upon the rocks

Bear footed alone.  
Stumble and fall alone.  
Apparently die in my own hands  
For the person I loved has deserted me.

Martin Greyford

# Quitting

There's nothing that amazes a comedian  
Like people coming in numbers  
To see how he performs  
And make them laugh all day night long.

The auditorium was already filled  
And people were chanting his name  
In the crowds  
Before he even came on stage.

The announcer said  
Welcome on stage the like  
Performance of our renowned comedian today  
And everybody rose up knowing his hour has come.

They celebrated and shouted  
Loud on top of their voices.  
He loved the atmosphere of the place  
As he finally appeared on stage.

He greeted them comically  
And they responded laughingly.  
He began cracking jokes  
That broke the ribs of every attendee for hours.

After wards when the show was over  
He revealed to them that he'll no longer  
Be seen on stage performing  
Due to reasons unknown.

Martin Greyford

# Show Me How To Love You

It is awkward and depressing  
To be in a relationship  
Where the other partner seems  
Not to be with you  
While you're still together.

It's very annoying  
To be in love with somebody  
And then all of the sudden  
You feel as if you're in  
That relationship alone.

Guess what?  
You will be doing all the things yourself  
And always panic to make  
Your partner happy with you  
In that relationship.

You have always loved her  
And made all the necessary efforts  
To keep your relationship going  
But she doesn't seem  
To be there with you yet.

You call her all the times  
But she doesn't.  
You visit her every now and then  
But she does not make that effort  
To do the same to you.

You are now fed up  
With how life goes on in your relationship.  
You almost call it a quit  
But you still love her  
You can't give up easily.

You say maybe she's not mature  
Let me give her time  
That doesn't help at all.

You sit down re-thinking  
Of what step to take next.

You say;  
Baby,  
Show me how to love you  
Maybe we can be at peace  
With one another and make this relationship strong.

Let me know  
Where I'm going wrong  
That I mend that piece and make me

Feel like you love me likewise  
I do to you.

Martin Greyford

# Heart Communion

My heart was very far away from God.  
I remember attending church services  
Way, way, way, way back.  
I never knew what that meant.

I used to see people lifting  
Up their hands in the air  
As if they police told them  
To raise up their hands in the air

As a sign of surrendering.  
It didn't cross my mind  
To be part of what was called  
Congregational worship.

One Sunday morning I rose up early  
And left for church.  
I don't really know what prompted me to wish  
To be the very first person to be in church.

I opened the doors  
And sat in the front seat, a back bencher.  
My heart became grieved that I should pray  
Something I've never done before.

Tears started running down my cheeks  
As I continued praying.  
I felt the inner peace like never before  
And so relieved from the burden on my shoulders.

I realised lately that it was a  
Heart communion with God.  
A time and chance that one communicates  
With Him freely and at peace.

People started coming  
But the church was glittering  
With the Glory of God  
As everyone prayed.



A thing God desires from His Children.  
How joyful it was to know that  
God is so delighted  
To talk to us.

Martin Greyford

# The Messenger

He ran so fast  
Past the hills  
The brooks and  
The valleys  
With a letter in his hand

Bearing good tidings.  
He ran so fast  
So that he could arrive on time  
Where he was sent  
But on the way

He was met with difficulties  
Hindering and delaying him.  
He had to climb mountains,  
And maybe slip on the cliffs,  
Stumbled himself in a stone,

Had to swim in the streams and rivers  
Where boats were boarded to capacity  
And where there were no bridges.  
In the forests, he had to protect himself  
From the chase of wild animals like wolves.

Alas! He made it through to his destination.  
Although weary and tired, he was celebrated  
For delivering safely the letter.  
He had to rest before planning  
Of going back home with his rewards.

Martin Greyford

# News From My Friends Family

I was on stage  
Reciting my poems to the audience  
When I received the news  
That my friend, my dearest one  
Has answered the Lord's call

That very hour.  
I froze to death on that stage  
As I lost words in my mouth.  
I became speechless for a couple of minutes  
And then tears started dripping out my eyes.

I said to the audience;  
There are people that are so dear  
To our hearts in our lives.  
They might not be our biological siblings  
But just mere friends and brothers that our

Parents never bore and here today I've lost  
Such a friend. He was so dear to me in all things.  
A person that put a smile on my face  
In hard times of my life,  
A true friend that anyone could wish to have.

Today, that friend is no more.  
His death is unacceptable  
As I least expected him to give me  
A hand in my next show.  
I'm a loser by losing such a tremendous soul.

Martin Greyford

# The Mystery Of Life

Life is like a race,  
It can be tough.  
In the beginning we have stamina; We are fit and ready to conquer any hardship.

When we are young,  
We have vitality and strength to tackle any challenge.  
How we use that vitality and strength now,  
Will determine how we'll live when we are 50-90 years old.  
This period of life is when our strength  
Is no longer the same and we don't have  
The same power we had when we were young.  
It's when the stamina is gone and all we  
Have left to finish the race is  
Hope, courage, and mental strength.

Life, like a race,  
Can be tough.  
If we don't learn to manage stress and hardship,  
We'll find ourselves giving up on our dreams  
And not fulfilling our mandate.  
In a race,  
One moment you are running through a downhill  
Then all of a sudden you are in an uphill.  
It's tough.  
Isn't it the same with life?  
One moment things are going extremely well,  
Then next you have to deal with  
The death of a parent,  
Losing a job or having to close down your business.  
The downhills can be compared to  
The opportunities of life.  
An opportunity to excel and catch up,  
Not with anyone, but yourself rather  
We use the opportunities to regain composure.  
How you use your once in a lifetime moment  
In the downhill will determine how well  
You will thrive in the uphill.

Unfortunately,

Human nature is squander the opportunities  
That life brings our way  
In a form of a windfall of money,  
A promotion or business breakthrough -  
We use it buy material things instead  
Of re-investing in our growth.  
And aren't the uphill synonymous  
To the hardships of life?  
Here, you pass through because  
Mentally you have resolved:  
"I will never give up, no matter what".

Life, is a lot like a race.  
You have to focus on your own target  
And not on the person who is passing you.  
Some will be faster than others,  
And some will be slower, but it's not a competition.  
Of course you will compete as a business,  
As a student and as a worker,  
but when you understand that you are unique,  
Competition flies out the window.

Life, like a race,  
Can be tough.  
Even a sperm to fertilise an egg  
It has to race over a thousand semens.  
Don't give up now.  
Run in such a way that you win.

Martin Greyford

# Hello Darkness

Lying on my deathbed  
Seriously ill.  
Waiting for the final bell to ring.  
The light in my senses  
Is slowly losing power.

Just some few minutes left  
Before I finally succumb  
To darkness.  
It will cover me to eternity  
Until Christ comes for a second time

To judge the entire humans  
Dead or alive  
That's when I'll wake up  
From this slumber I'm about to take.  
People will cry

But there tears won't bring me back.  
They will sing sentimental and lamenting songs,  
I will never hear them  
Or see what they'll be doing.  
My eyes will be shut forever.

The curtains are being closed  
Like a comedian after his performance on stage.  
The bad part is that they are moving slowly.  
Don't know how many minutes it'll take for them  
To be finally closed.

Martin Greyford

# A Fragile Heart

You broke her heart  
She said  
It's fine with tears  
Yet she didn't keep a grudge for you.  
You still talk and cheat  
She's hurt  
After two(2)months you tell her  
You have a new girlfriend  
She said it's fine.

Do you know the feeling of pain  
She is going through right now?

She changed towards her friends.  
She changed at home.  
her mum complain about her and  
She cried at night  
But people didn't see her pain.  
She tried to move on  
But memories keep holding her back.  
She started drinking to get your thoughts  
Off her broken soul.

She couldn't be strong.  
You made her weak.  
If you didn't trust yourself enough  
You shouldn't have asked her out.  
She has a very fragile heart.  
She needs to be treated with care.  
Don't break her heart  
'Cause she might not be strong enough forgive you.

Martin Greyford

# Insomnia

It's all dark outside, the moon isn't yet out  
And people around me are all asleep  
Except for me, still gazing at the ceiling  
And the lit bulbs of the house.  
Tried all the bedtime lullabies  
But nothing worked only making myself to be more active.

I walked outside in my pyjamas  
And sat on the door looking at the starry sky.  
The moon gracefully smiled at me  
And the stars graciously shone brightly.  
She kept smiling at me  
And made me forget the misery of going to bed.

The wind whispered in my ears  
&quot;Go to bed&quot; but the way the sky looked  
And her smile made me pay a deaf  
Ear to him as he kept on whispering.  
Time didn't really matter to me on  
That night I failed to sleep.

I never noticed that it was dawn breaking.  
The moon disappeared and the stars  
Stopped beautifying the sky.  
I never dozed or felt tired just active  
Like always during the day.  
The day started and I prepared myself for work.

Martin Greyford



# Hunger

It's a long distance from  
My place to school  
Just like the school motto states  
"A narrow path, the way to success"  
It's really a narrow and long path for sure.

Knocked off from school the other day  
Very tired and very hungry.  
I trodded the long distance alone.  
My friend left already.  
It was half past two in the afternoon.

The sun was really angry  
The way it was hitting me on the head.  
The journey was really tiresome  
Walking alone among the tall trees  
In the newly built tarred road.

I reached home late  
An hour and some minutes journey  
Finally completed by a leap of one step at a time.  
At home, tried to find some food  
But found none.

Searched all the pots and plates  
But no food was left for me.  
My stomach started complaining  
By throwing punches at me.  
Crying loudly and horribly that it need to be fed.

I got hold of the pots  
The cooking stick fell down.  
I hit the pot on the sink  
Maybe I can be relieved of the hunger  
And that he can tell me who ate my food.

I reached for the cooking stick  
But the spoon fell down  
To stop us from fighting.

I told him appreciate the spoon  
Otherwise you would have been broken into pieces.

The hunger was so intense  
That I even saw an enemy in my own homework.  
Sat on the couch  
Thinking of what I'll feed  
My rumbling stomach.

Martin Greyford

# Silence Break Up

It all started on Sunday  
After a long walk with my girl.  
I realised late that it was hot  
And ladies are not so good with the sun.

We trailed a long distance  
On dust tracks  
Our feet covered with the dust  
And our shoes all brown now.

We passed a certain place to check up  
On one or two people  
But my girl didn't like the idea  
Almost twenty meters to go

She withdrew and decided to go home.  
I didn't force her, I let her go.  
At first I tried to convince her  
To come with me

But to no avail  
Until at last I stopped persuading her .  
Maybe I didn't do commerce at school  
It would have helped me to win.

Later in the night  
She sent a text telling me  
That I deserved the embarrassment  
She caused on me where I went alone.

I never knew  
That it was the road to singleness.  
I sent an apology letter she didn't reply.  
For almost a week she was quiet

Only to realise it later  
That we broke up that very day  
Without telling each other that it's over.  
I accepted the reality of our relationship.

We are no longer together.  
Everyone is walking on different paths.  
Single and very free to mingle.  
The road to singleness.

The weird thing that happened  
We never had time to talk  
About our informalities or  
What went wrong.

Never had time to call  
Each other that I'm sorry  
For the wrongs I've done.  
No apologies to each other

But I did send an apology  
Which did not reply.  
Anyway who knows.  
The good part is that I'm now single.

Martin Greyford

# Covid-19

The night is come  
When all people will not work  
Nor do anything in there daily lives  
Or visit any place that excites them.

The malls are closed.  
The bars, restaurant and offices  
Including churches are all closed now.  
Just being indoors like a guinea pig

Locked in its cage at home.  
Lazing around all day  
Tired of watching TV.  
Trying to do the impossibles

But these men and women in uniform  
Restrict us again  
Telling us to be quiet in all the vices  
We are seeing and hearing.

When will this dark cloud  
Pass over us and make us to be free again?  
To be able to do our chores  
That we are used to.

We are all covered in this  
Cold covid-19 blanket  
That can't keep us warm  
Unless to the lazy bums out there.

We are still waiting  
For this cold night to pass  
So at least we can give our neighbours  
A hand shake and a warm hug.

Covid-19  
A deadliest disease ever  
That has made us to be enemies  
Even to our own wives, hubby's,

Girl/boy friends, children etc.  
The day it will pass  
Will be our passover.  
The day of celebration.

Martin Greyford

# Lie's Of The Heart

You are the only one my heart has chosen  
Among the thousands and millions of girls  
In this vast universe.  
You shine in my life  
More brighter than the sun and the moon.

Your beauty makes the sun  
To look as if it isn't shining at all.  
The look on your face makes the moon  
To hide itself for a couple of days.  
Your structure makes the stars to disappear,

Every time you are awake,  
Feeling shy that they can't shine so bright  
And thus chasing them to far heights,  
Only to appear when you are asleep  
In the night.

This is normally what we say  
When we want to get the attention  
Of any lady we've come to love.  
But as days goes on  
This beauty begins to fade away.

Because those were just lies of the heart  
Making us believe there's isn't anyone  
Beautiful as the one we met  
While there are billions out there  
Who are more beautiful than the one we have.

Just after a simple argument  
We begin to see the ugliness  
That we didn't see at first  
Our hearts were blinded by those same lies of the heart.

Martin Greyford

# Confused

Should I leave or should I stay?  
Or should I taste  
The pain of walking away?  
And if I do so  
What will happen to me next?

The nights will be bright  
With the light of the moon  
But I'll be lonely.  
I'll be happy outside  
But very sentimental inside of me.

It's hard to make  
Such a hard choice  
When you know what will happen later wards.  
But I'm in love with a girl  
Who doesn't really exist.

Because every girl I love  
Disappoints me in the end.  
Maybe I wasn't meant to be loved.  
I'll leave and try to become a Reverend Father  
In any Catholic Church where I'll be accepted.

I'm sure it'll work for me.

Martin Greyford



# Unlicensed Love

If I knew this would happen  
After our first encounter as  
Day-time friends, night-time lovers

I wouldn't have kissed you  
Nor give you that warm hug  
You always crave for.

It's so risk hanging out with you.  
Our bodies want to  
But our spirits can't.

We are not meant to be together.  
You belong to someone else  
Let's end this silly drama we've been playing.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Fear

In the midst of the ocean  
A strong tide rises and shakes the ship  
Everybody in this big boat was frightened  
By the height of the tides.  
They cried on top of their voices  
Hoping to find an answer next.

Their brains froze to death  
And their deepest hearts pieced with fear.  
The propellers stopped,  
The shaft broken and the blades torn.  
It started sinking on the other side.

Lost in the sea of confusion  
And caught up in it's whirlwind  
Suppressed by the tides  
Manipulated by the waters.  
Moving, moving, moving with a song in  
The strong winds in the branches of the ocean.

It became dark in the midst of the waters  
All the lit candles now dead.  
Somebody then said;  
"I have a key  
So I'll open the door and walk in  
It is dark and I'll walk in.  
It's darker but I'll walk in,

To the power room and switch on the lights again."

A ship now flying in unknown colours  
Is heading for the island  
Although people said  
It will not attend to their sorrows  
Nor will it console their children  
Or help them in any other way

Because their hearts were  
Already filled with fear.

Fear to die in the cold waters  
Of the sea though some died.  
Fear to loose their treasures to the mermaids.

Martin Greyford

# W.I.F.E

Without a wife;

There won't be:

W - worship

I - intimacy

F - fellowship

E - entertainment / encouragement

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Dear Martha

You were on the face of the earth  
A golden flower that everyone looked up to.  
You brought laughter, peace, joy and happiness  
To those that were close to you.  
You knew him to comfort people  
With the sweetness of your scented aroma.

You were the light that shone brightly  
In people's lives that loved and cherished you.  
You were the candle to somebody  
Shining bright and chasing darkness away  
In the corners of the house.  
You made the blind to see the ray of light

Inside their darkened eyes.  
You made the deaf to hear  
Your songs of love that made them merry.  
You knew how to make people laugh  
When you were with them.

But today that light has faded.  
It has allowed darkness to crawl in  
People's lives once again.  
The blind don't know how sweet it is to see.  
The deaf how melodious it is to hear somebody sing.  
That wax candle has melted.

Everybody is left with a memory of you only.  
Mourning bitterly wishing you could come back  
To life another round and make them happy  
With your unceasing jokes.  
Your death has called people from  
Different directions crying that you're gone.

They don't know what will happen next  
Only waiting for the day they take  
You to the garden of love where  
Small and big houses are surrounded  
With flowers and posts indicating the owner

Of that beautiful house with different flowers.

Where people wear the same attire  
Putting on all black and maybe some  
Minor white on the robes of priests  
As if they are Dracula vampires.  
A very quiet place where you won't have  
Time to speak to your neighbours

But only you alone.  
Your death is so untimely and unexpected  
But we can't do anything  
Your time came and the king  
Decided to take you away from us  
Which is still painful and hard to copy.

Your sister Rebecca is left alone  
With no one to talk to or share secrets with.  
She's all alone now in this whole world.  
It has become really huge and very empty for her.  
I wish you could see my mom in her distress.  
In the agonising pain she's in right now.

Dear Martha,  
Hope you're in the safe hands of the Almighty King.  
The one that gives and takes away.  
You have left a very big gap in the family.  
No one will ever fill that space  
You were unique.

As a family  
We will dearly miss you  
Until we meet again on the other side,  
The garden of love filled with spacious  
And luxurious houses and mansions.  
We'll miss everything about you.

Yours sincerely beloved  
Your son  
Martin Greyford Phiri.



# Demise Of The Golden Flower

Once upon a time;  
There was a beautiful flower  
In the courts of a certain kingdom.  
This flower was placed in the middle of the kingdom  
And everyone had the chance and time  
To see this beautiful flower.

It attracted many people  
As they glanced at it peacefully.  
A number of them admired it  
And wished it was in their homes  
But they couldn't have the time to get it.  
They could only see it from a distance.

At some point;  
The king decided to take  
The flower and place it in his chambers,  
In his palace so that only elders  
And some superiors could have time to look at it.  
He took from it from the face of all people.

The disappearance of the flower  
Grieved many people and left others crying.  
They could not understand why it had to be  
Taken to the palace for it was still beautiful  
Young and fresh even after so many years  
It did spend on the sun.

It was no more,  
It died leaving many weeping  
Mourning uncontrollably for they loved it so much.  
It gave them joy because of its sweet fragrance.  
But today  
The king has taken it into his bosom.

Martin Greyford



# Am I The Only One At Fault?

I don't know what really happened  
But it's very saddening to hear that  
Our relationship is falling apart,  
It's breaking, never to be mended again  
Like a broken glass bottle  
After that intense argument we had last night.  
We all were mad at each other  
To the extent that I felt like  
Laying my hands on you.

I never said sorry, so did you  
But after everything you blamed me.  
You said I caused that arrogant fight.  
Did I really start that fight or you did?  
If you didn't accept my proposal  
Would you have been fighting with me still?  
And if you didn't meet me  
Who would you be arguing with?  
Am I the only one at fault here?  
Why put the blame on me  
When we both contributed to that fight!

If you weren't rude at me last night  
I wouldn't have been harsh on you as well.  
You were trying to compete with me  
In every word I said  
Without realizing that we are hurting ourselves.

Martin Greyford

# Life

Life is a mystery that one can't understand.  
A puzzle that one can't solve alone  
Unless aided by someone  
Or by his faith in what he believes in.  
Life at times becomes hard and harder  
When the family you are born in has nothing  
To sustain you for ages.  
They don't have a penny to keep their lives  
Going forward in all cycles of life.

Some are born in the families  
Where they have all things  
That one may need to have;  
Luxurious house, fancy cars and clothes  
And almost everything.

Don't you worry.  
No matter how dark your life is  
There is always a brighter part of it.  
You may lack today,  
Believe in yourself that you will have tomorrow.

When it's dark, look at the stars  
Try to count the brightest ones if you can,  
The one that attracts you represents your victory.  
Each and every person has a star that symbolizes  
His wealth in the entire universe  
Yours is the brightest of them all.

Martin Greyford

# Our Song

Whence we start from?  
Whence we met and  
What really happened for us  
To be together here today?

How did we manage  
When relationships are failing,  
Marriages are breaking maybe  
After a court ruling and the like.

What has kept us  
Standing tall on top of  
The highest mountains and peaks?  
We've heard a lot of different rumors about us,

But we don't pay attention to them.  
It's not that we are strong, no!  
We just respect and understand each other well.  
That's the only medicine for a lasting relationship.

Many have tried to put asunder  
By their sarcaistical words  
But I and my darling  
Believe in our love and know

That love is between two people  
And the third one is a destroyer.  
We know what we want from our relationship  
And the outcome of it.

Martin Greyford

# A Walk To Freedom

Imprisonment, imprisonment, imprisonment!  
Is a word that I am familiar with  
In this world of injustice.

It was a long a year ago  
When I was imprisoned on a crime  
I didn't even commit.  
I was in chains  
In a dark tall building  
With a little ray of light  
Emanating from the far corner of the room.

I was in there for several days, years  
Thinking of what's happening behind my back  
On the outside world of light.  
Each and every day spent in there  
Was like torture in hell.  
No food for a day or a sip of clean water.  
I was starving to death in that prison.

My body became weak at some point  
And I got thin as if I was on a special diet.  
My hair was now like a rug doormat  
Weird and very untidy.  
My body smelling like an old full pit latrine toilet.  
The odour I never smelled before.  
I almost collapsed from the scent of my own body.

I met people in there who had  
Been there for years and they seemed happy  
With the life they were living in prison.  
I tried to copy out but failed.  
The only thing I did was making friends  
Who hated that place like I did.  
A prayed that somebody would come to my rescue.

My days of sentencing just started and  
I was sad inside of me for I'll  
Have to endure the pain of having

The rug like hair and sleeping on  
The floor to eternity making my ribs hurt  
Whenever I try to stretch myself normally  
Or trying to do some kegel exercises.

Somebody finally came to rescue me in prison.  
They just discovered that I was innocent.  
They dragged me to court for case hearings  
And it was a long process but inside of me  
I knew it was a walk to freedom.  
After several appearances at court  
They finally released me after pleading not guilty.

A moment of gratitude and gladness for me  
To smell the sweet scent of fresh air and roses  
Having a good time to bath normally and sleep  
Peacefully at night without having to quarrel with inmates.  
I was happy being me again, dancing any song  
That was played on the streets, for I knew it was  
My day of freedom,  
A walk to freedom, alas!

Martin Greyford

# A New Kind Of Proposal

I won't bring you flowers  
For I am not a romantic person  
But I'll be there to make you happy  
As long as I live for my love is real.

A flower withers and dies at some point  
An artificial one melts when heated. And dies in fire when burned  
And it becomes useless.

I am sentimental but don't be judgmental  
For I will bring myself to you,  
I'll be the gift that you would want  
To receive every day when you see me.

There are so many stars in the sky  
But only one moon in the dark sky.  
There are many girls in the world  
But only you my heart has chosen.

I'm not so good with promises  
And I believe they are meant to be broken  
But as long as I live I'll  
Always be there for you when you need me.

You are my perfect rose in the garden  
Of different types of roses.  
You are the brightest star in my life  
Be my girl and I'll cherish you for life.

Martin Greyford

# Her Breasts

O! My beloved!  
To me you are a diamond in the sky.  
You have employed my mind to be  
Thinking of you everyday like I do  
Gaze at the stars at night.

Your body language  
Communicates something to me  
That no one has ever said or done.  
You're so unique.

Your breasts keeps me wanting  
More and more of you everyday and  
I know it ain't wrong after-all  
Dancing to the sound of making love.

Those two firm and strong boobs  
Like the twin towers of China.  
Everytime I look at them  
I feel like I'm already on top of the mountain.

Let me feel them.  
Let me caress them gently.  
Let me numb myself in that space  
Left between your super soft breasts.  
May I be satisfied with them  
That I may not going and look for others out there.

Martin Greyford

# Kiss Of Surprise

A lady was sitting on the porch of their house  
Contemplating so hard on the meaning of life,  
Her ears were as good as deaf at that moment and  
Her eyes blind to the pulse of thinking hard.

It's like she was dreaming;  
But in the actual sense she was not.  
A man came to her and starred at her glancifully  
Without saying anything to her in the first minute.  
She thought in her mind;  
The angel of God has appeared to her  
She opened up her large eyes so wide  
So as to see that man clearly.

The man approached the lady and said hi.  
She replied with a nervous answer for the  
Way he greeted her it was so informal.  
She wondered who that man was!

Minutes passed, hours and then almost a day  
For them as they poured out their spirits to  
One another and its like they have known  
Each other for ages rather just a day.

They spent the entire day talking about themselves  
Without feeling hungry or tired.  
It was what nature had prepared for them  
Love that has never been felt before on the first day.

Darkness crawled around them  
They switched on the lights and the full  
Moon shown so bright over them  
As they sat on the lawn outside the house.

The breeze was so blissful  
That they felt like it was right for them  
To go on to another level of their first meeting.  
Their inner spirits longed for each other,



Till at last the man reached out to the lady  
And said, 'Will you marry me? '  
The lady mesmerized and amazed  
With what he said and how he said that phrase

Got her turned on and she never hesitated  
In replying; 'Yes I will! ' for she felt he was  
The one meant for her and that he's  
The one God had sent to end her misery.

Martin Greyford

# Genesis

It all started from the very nothing of everything.  
It was just after God placed everything in order  
Then he made humans to dwell in the paradise  
We never thought that we would all exist.

Later wards after church service  
Where I was invited to go and minister in praise and worship  
I saw this young lady in a white dress  
She was splendor in all her looks.

I never talked to her that very day  
For our love was formless and void. But our spirits were hovering on top of  
Our breaths as we glanced at each other

I approached her and said hello  
That was when the darkness was lifted off  
Our shoulders as the light shown so bright  
It was really our first day of our our story.

Then they had a Bible study in the mid week  
I went to see how they were doing rather I was  
Given an opportunity to teach and that  
Was the second day of our story.

As I created an atmosphere of attraction for her  
To draw nigh to me separating the waters and  
The heavens of our love.  
Her grin on her sweet lips proved it all.

We knocked off from church one Sunday  
Never had time to talk to her but  
As she was leaving she waved at me goodbye  
And the dry lands appeared.

Days passed, she gave me her number and  
We started communicating allowing  
The dry lands to bring forth grass and yield fruits  
Of different kinds and that was our third day.

We created an environment of light to each other  
That shown so bright and it never set on us  
As we got connected on social media making it  
More glamorous for us and it was the fourth day..

I took her out for a date and proposed to  
Her that very day and she hesitated replying.  
As we waited on be fruitful and multiply.  
I was patient to her late response and it was our fifth day.

Two days after my proposal she called and  
Said she has accepted me to be her boyfriend.  
I was joyous inside of me, I felt the  
Light shining so bright like never before.

I felt a soft hand touching my heart and  
Thanked the Man Upstairs for making it possible  
For me to be with her, I was glad  
And that made it the sixth day, still waiting

For the seventh day when we'll rest and that is our marriage.

Martin Greyford

# The Dark Night

Its getting cold and lonelier in  
This dark room.  
It's like am being thrown in a  
Bottomless abyss where demons abide.  
It's really heavy in here  
With no light at all.  
It's all dark.

Don't know if I'll wake up tomorrow or not  
But I'd rather not wake up  
For I don't want to witness something  
That will leave me heartbroken for life,  
To see her being taken into the hands  
Of another man which will bring about death.  
She was the love of my life.

But today fate has given her  
To another man who she'll be with  
For the rest of her life.  
She has left me in the dark corner  
Of this small room with no hope for tomorrow.  
In this dark night I'm alone.  
The light has faded.

It's never dawning in here.

You were the light that shown so bright in my life.  
You were the one who made me to see clearly.  
The one that helped me to work in the daylight  
But today that light is off  
It has stopped everything in me.

It has shattered every machine in me  
I'm all alone now in the dark night of eternity.

Martin Greyford

# Contemplating

I think about you in every moment and every image of you hurts me horribly. I want to feel every thought, every whisper you say in the deep silence of the eternity of your soul. To be able to cry in me, beside you, beside me in you, to be able to understand why our hearts beat, why we live among moments and not among eternities as if it were different.

To be able to understand every smile which breaks in me just like a wave, which finally breaks against the cliff of my eternity through the blood of my ancestors as my misdeeds break in your eternity and that of your ancestors.

And they want to tell you how much I love you, how much I adore you in this vain world.

I know we will never be able to look in the eyes, but only in the hearts.

I know they beat against the infinite precisely because they beat even though we both want the infinite and its truth. Any beat opposes the infinite because it measures an infinity, even if it is finite.

Martin Greyford

## Woman Is Power - 2

We disregard women  
Thinking they can not do anything  
Better than men in so many ways,  
But honestly speaking,  
I've read about women  
Who had a great influence in  
Different communities and I've seen  
A number of them in my community  
Doing more than what men could do.  
Woman is power.

Deborah in the bible  
Was a woman of great importance  
In all of Israel at that time.  
People didn't really care if she  
Was a woman or not,  
They only cared of what she was doing for them.  
She was a prophetess,  
A wife of somebody and  
A judge for the whole city of Israel.  
Woman is power.

Why do we mistreat women knowing  
They were also created in the image  
And likeness of God?  
Why do we refuse services rendered by a woman  
When we know that she's capable of doing what she's doing?  
Why do we always neglect them?  
Are we afraid that they'll surpass us men?  
A woman also can be anything just like we men.  
She can be a pastor, teacher, etc.  
If Deborah led Israel to victory, even our women of today can do the same.

Women have the power of life  
Within their bodies which makes them more powerful.  
The life inside them comes outside when fertilised after a period of time.  
A woman is everything in this world.  
God knew if a man was just  
Left like that in the garden of Eden,

There wouldn't have been this world  
We are seeing today with so many people in it.  
A woman is a helper of everything.  
Woman is power.

We shouldn't intimidate a woman  
Because she was deceived first.  
God forgave her thus she was given power  
To do what God wants her to do  
In spite knowing she's a weak vessel.  
Through your support she'll be strong  
Even when she stands to deliver God's message,  
She'll do it with power and whole heartedly  
Knowing you are backing her up like Deborah was backed.  
Let's support women for change, for women is power.

Martin Greyford

# In Her Touch

Soft and tender,  
Hands like silk she gently massages me.  
Deep I fall asleep on her lips  
As I pay close attention to the  
Emotional sensational touch of her  
Pure and lovely hands.

I start imagining how  
Wonderful it'll be when we create  
Our own paradise when we  
Finally tie the knot together,  
In front of the whole congregation  
Waiting for us to say "I do";.

In her touch,  
I feel like I can be in that  
That state forever without having a time  
To think about orgasm but  
Rather be in the climax,  
The point of no return.

She's the only one who knows  
How to gently touch me  
And she's the best I've ever known.  
The girl of my dreams  
The woman who loves me whole heartedly.  
The best massager ever.

Martin Greyford



# Dreams!

I close my eyes and I can see  
The world that's waiting for me  
That I can call my own.  
Through the dark, through the door and  
Through where no one's been before  
But it feels like home.

They can say it all sounds crazy,  
They can say I've lost my mind,  
I don't care, so call me crazy.  
We can live a world that we design,

'Cause every night I lie in bed  
The brightest colors fill my head.  
A million dreams are keeping me awake,  
I think of what the world could be.  
A vision of one I see.  
A million dreams is all it's gonna take.  
A million dreams for the world we're going to make.

Martin Greyford

# Queen Of My Heart

Your throne is erected high above my heart.  
You stand tall like a tower of Babel.  
Your beauty makes me bow down  
Like Muslims and worship you.

You are the alpha of my life and  
You are the omega of my heart,  
The foundation for my concept of love.  
When I think of what a beautiful

Kind hearted loving woman you are.  
You will never fully understand  
How deep my heart feels for you.  
You bring me to a climax without sex

And you do it with real grace.  
You are my heart in human form,  
My best everything I can never replace.  
You are the queen of my heart.

Martin Greyford

# You Are Breaking My Heart

Sometimes your words don't really  
Match with your actions you give  
When you say I have forgiven you.  
You can say you love me and that  
I am your perfect crush.  
You can swear you mean it  
But that isn't good enough for  
You don't understand the pain of missing you.

You don't really forgive but  
Aim at punishing me emotionally and indirectly,  
Although you pretend to be alright,  
When you are not and that can be seen  
In your words and actions  
But if you want to break my heart  
Just be break it and don't hesitate,  
For you are already breaking my heart.

I know you want to move on  
But you are afraid of breaking my soul  
With those two words "it's over";  
Never mind my heart is already broken  
And the I try to forget about you  
The more it pains, hurt and haunts me.  
If at all you truly love me and you mean it  
Then have mercy on my poor soul.

Martin Greyford

# Zeal

I've always wanted to do something  
Great in my life and it has always  
Been my dream to achieve a goal.  
Many people tried to bring me down  
When I said I'll be a poet and author.  
They said ill of me and told me to quit  
But I know for sure that quitting is  
For losers not people who are ambitious.

I pursued that dream for wanting  
To write more than hundred poems.  
I didn't follow their negative aspects  
Towards my dream and my life, my goal.  
I was zealous that I'll do it one day.  
I persevered in the midst of thorns.  
I came out alive although bruised by  
Those sharp pointy thorns in the bushes

When I came out,  
Those who were devaluing my work  
Celebrated me although I was at  
The far end of the race, they celebrated me  
For not quitting, not giving up on my dreams.  
I endured the pain of being laughed at,  
Being looked at with scornful eyes  
But that didn't bother me.

I knew one day I'll reach there.  
I'll write more than I dreamed of  
My zeal helped me overcome the trials  
And tribulations I passed through,  
Though I'm yet to pass in several more  
But one thing I know for sure  
Is that your zeal towards your work will  
Help you if you stay focused.

I'll be great in my city,  
In my country Zambia,  
My beautiful continent Africa and

Even to the depth of the whole world.  
They shall hear of me and my works.  
They'll celebrate my pen and  
Urge me to continue writing more and  
More of the stories and poems I write.

I won't give up and I won't give in  
Till I reach the end and I'll start again,  
Yes! I won't leave, I want to try everything,  
Try everything even though I could fail  
And I'll keep on making the same mistakes,  
Making them everyday and learn from them.  
The words of a certain singer that inspires and  
Encourages me everyday to continue pursuing my dream.

Martin Greyford

# Just To Hear You Say You Love Me

I'd climb the mountains to get  
All the stars for you and  
Bring the moon at your table,  
Catch all the fireflies  
So that they light up your world.

I'd go to the farthest point  
Of the sea and bring you the whale.  
I'd swim across crocodiles and  
Deadliest white sharks to the bottom of  
The deep sea and bring you the pearls.

I'd kill the strongest elephant  
And get its tusk for you.  
Kill the fiercest rhinoceros to bring you the ivory  
So you keep for yourself in your treasure  
Just to hear you say that you love me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Please Forgive Me

What I did was repulsive I know  
And I didn't mean to hurt you  
In any other way but please  
For the sake of our relationship  
And our unborn kids forgive me.

Forgive me all the wrongs I did  
To you knowingly and unknowingly.  
To error is human but to forgive is divine.  
So please my love forgive me.  
I'm really sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Xenophobia

In the universe  
It's only in Africa where we hear  
Of fellow brothers and sisters  
Maltreating their fellow siblings  
Because they don't speak the same language.

They kill each other, burning their colleagues  
Without mercy and they celebrate  
What they have done as if it does make  
Sense without them knowing they are  
Destroying themselves and thus reducing themselves in number.

Brothers and sisters,  
We may belong to different nations  
But when we meet as black people  
We are a family born in our beautiful  
Land and continent called Africa.  
Let's stop the habit of killing  
Each other because he's not of our land.  
Every African brother is our brother and father.  
Every African sister is our sister and mother.  
Let's take Africa on top of the world because of love.

Let's not be wicked that  
We offer ourselves to the gods of the earth  
By sacrificing our friend's lives on fire.  
We are one people and one family.  
Africa, united we stand divided we fall.

Martin Greyford



# Your Love

I behave strangely whenever I'm with you,  
Of which I know you get irritated  
And at times you wish you hadn't met me.  
I'm not crazy or mentally disturbed.  
I'm very much ok in mind,  
Without any mental problem at all.

The other time we met I acted more foolishly  
And you said "I wish there was a mental asylum near by"  
Don't think of taking me there  
I'm very much ok in mind  
Without any mental problem at all.

Your presence just does something to me.  
Whenever I'm with you I start  
Feeling shaky all of the sudden,  
Unable to speak normally but  
I'm very much ok in mind  
Without any mental problem at all.

It's your love dear  
That just does something to me.  
It's because of you that I behave awkwardly.  
It's not that I want to do it,  
Even when I try to control myself but  
Whenever I see you I find myself doing it.

Martin Greyford

# Quench My Thirsty

I've trailed the dust roads  
For quite a long distance and my  
Throat is longing for a sip of  
Cold refreshing glass of water to make me feel good.

I don't know what has made me to  
Trail such a long distance  
But I know for sure I'm going somewhere  
And I'm going to see somebody.

But time is not with me  
I have to reach where I'm going on time  
And have a splendid time with the person  
I'm going to see, my lover.

My throat is itching,  
I don't know where I get a sip  
Somebody quench my thirsty.  
No! Not anybody else but my lover.

Quench my thirst throat  
That I reach there on time.  
I'm dying to see you and  
I'm on my way but this thirsty is killing me.

Martin Greyford

# Amanda

Beauty always has its own language  
Of attraction everywhere you go.  
Beauty has its own special songs  
It does sing to anyone.  
It could be an attraction of a place  
That got your heart when you visited it  
Or it could be a person who stole your  
Heart because of her beauty when you first saw her.

Well, as for me it's another story  
It's not a place that stole my heart  
With its mesmerizing beauty,  
It's not a view of rock mountains  
Or the beautiful sound of waterfalls,  
It's a person that stole my heart.  
A girl may be not paid attention to  
By many boys in my society,

But her beauty is kinda strange.  
She doesn't apply makeup but  
She was born naturally beautiful with it.  
No need of lipstick for her lips  
Are already painted by the hand of God  
When He created her.  
Beauty always has its own  
Kind of music it plays.

Amanda,  
Is her name.  
The girl who took my attention  
In a glimpse and blink of an eye.  
I don't know how it happened  
But it turned out I was following  
Her behind like I was sleep walking,  
She turned around and waved at me.

Even though she didn't say a word  
But my heart felt the joy and  
I knew she was interested in me too.

We met the other day,  
She said hello,  
Her voice was so sweet.  
Soft and tender  
Like the skin of a newly born baby.

Amanda,  
The woman who took my heart.  
Thank God I approached her  
And we are still together even to date.  
The songs of beauty can never be understood  
By those who don't seek love,  
But as for me I sought love and found  
It in the beauty of Amanda.

Martin Greyford

# Every Child Is Special.

A child is a blessing from God  
In spite the way he was brought in,  
Either a legitimate one or illegitimate,  
God loves that child and He has  
Given you that child for a purpose.

Many people tend to neglect their children  
Because they have been born with disabilities.  
They reject their children  
Because the child doesn't have limbs,  
But every child is special.

Despite the child having limbs,  
He is still special,  
Despite the child being unable to walk,  
Unable to do all sorts of things  
A normal child does,

He is still special.  
It doesn't matter if the child does not have legs,  
Everytime he's on a wheelchair,  
May be you have to move him to and fro,  
He is still a special child.

Let's take care of our childrens  
Even when they have difficulties  
In one or two ways.  
Every child is special to the society and  
Especially to the family he is born in.

Martin Greyford

# Woman Is Power

A woman is the strongest being ever  
In this whole universe we are living in.  
Although many consider women to be inferior  
Because of their sex,  
Everything a woman does signifies  
Her importance in every society.

Woman is power, life and victory.  
A woman carries life inside of her  
For about nine months in order for her to  
Increase God's own creation.

Men are superior quite alright  
But a woman is more superior  
In the sense that she has to struggle  
A lot to bring forth her offsprings.  
She endures the pain to see her  
Fruit of her womb.

She takes care of the baby  
Till the baby is of age,  
But she never stops caring for the child.  
Woman is power.

Let's support a woman through out.  
Let's help them reach their goals.  
We shouldn't intimidate them.  
They are so powerful in everything.  
Woman is power, everywhere.

Martin Greyford

# Remember Me

Sometimes it's hard to think  
And see myself that I'm going to die  
One of these coming days.  
I have done only part of  
What i'm supposed to do  
On this beautiful earth.

I know I have also done a lot  
Of evil things and I'm yet  
To make more mistakes in my walk of life.  
I'm human and I'm not perfect.  
I make mistakes everyday  
But please do remember me.

It doesn't give me  
Much depression thinking about my death  
As we all know for sure that  
It is destined for a man  
To live once and die once,  
And I'll leave the earth.

I don't even really know  
Where I'll be when I die.  
Either in hell or in heaven  
But please when I'm gone  
Do remember me  
For everything I have done.

Martin Greyford

# Don't Lose Yourself!

Some people are very crazy in mind  
By always wanting others to fit in their class,  
But you shouldn't let their corrupt minds  
Ruin everything on how you think  
About yourself everyday in every  
Society you are in.

I might not be the smartest person  
But I'm very smart for the heart  
That is meant to love me.  
I may not be handsome  
But I'm very handsome for the heart  
That is meant to love me.

People say I'm shy and I'm not so good  
But I'm always the best for the heart  
That is meant to love me.  
See! Don't let anyone devalue you.  
You're beautiful because that's how you see yourself.  
You're handsome because of how you value yourself.

Don't lose yourself to fit somebody's class.  
You may be too black, white or coloured  
But for the heart that is meant to love you,  
You are the best always.  
People see the opposite of what your suitor sees.  
They'll criticize you because of the state you're in.

But don't lose yourself because of what they say.  
You are too beautiful and too handsome  
For the heart that is meant to love you.  
You are too smart and you are the best  
For the heart that is meant to love you.  
Don't lose yourself.

They see an ugly face in you  
They see a grumpy face in you  
But they don't know that somebody out there  
Loves you the way you are.



They see the best in you always because they are meant to love you.  
So don't lose yourself because of what they say.

Martin Greyford

# The Crusade

The crusade has finally come back  
To our land to free us all  
Of all the chains of misery  
The poverty for the grace of God,  
The burden of being forgiven our sins,  
It has come on a rightful time  
When all people need to hear  
The message of the true gospel  
On the salvation of humans  
Through their faith in Christ.

The crusade,  
A time in a while when the indigenous people  
Of the far remote areas have  
Time and access to hear about God,  
The creator of all things,  
The giver of life and  
The redeemer of lives from darkness.  
What an awesome time,  
That everyone should know about their creator - God  
The one who dwells in the utmost of heaven.

Let us all therefore go at once  
To this crusade we hear more about His Grace.  
Everyone is allowed to come,  
Either children, youths, adults and the elderly  
Are all free to attend without restrictions  
Like other events such as the kitchen parties  
Where they only allow women.  
But this crusade is for all.  
Anyone who wants to know God and hear about  
His mercies upon our lives are welcome.

Martin Greyford

# Crying Eyes!

Look at me now  
And see what you have done to me.  
I was one of the person you loved the most  
But today marks the beginning of your life  
In a different world and place.  
We were together way back  
But unfortunately I couldn't be the guy  
You desired the most,  
Couldn't be the person you wished to have  
,  
Sorry I failed to be responsible for you,  
It's like I was not serious with you,  
It's the only word I can say now.

Just turn back and look at me  
For the last time of your life.  
We sang together,  
We did all that perfect duet together,  
We wrote songs and composed poems together.  
We co-wrote that novel -vision of love- together.  
But today you are in the hands of another man,  
The one your heart has approved,  
The one your family has accepted.  
So what will become of me now?  
I don't know where to go; or  
What to do next for my ego is shattered.

My eyes are filled with tears  
Due to the pain of losing you!  
Just turn around and see my crying eyes  
Maybe you will give me a second chance,  
Oh yes, maybe you will feel pit forme.  
Infact I'm not crying but  
Shedding tears of loss  
I've been a fool for not putting in  
Much efforts on you.  
Little did I know that one day  
I'll be left alone with memories only.  
Pictures of you and us together will be burnt.

It's really sad,  
Heart breaking,  
Devastating and  
Depressing seeing you go just like that  
Without you saying a proper goodbye.  
How I wish you had time to see me  
In this deteriorating state I'm in now.  
I'm rotting with pain inside of me,  
It's more like I'm in jail given a lethal injection,  
To kill me slowly while they are waiting  
To bury my body the following day.  
You have given my crying eyes a lethal injection.

Martin Greyford

# Who Will Be Your Husband?

The pain of thinking who you are going  
To marry in the next future breaks my heart.  
We've be'en together for almost years now  
But I don't know if we will be together  
The following day of tomorrow in the next future.

Been wondering and contemplating  
How life will be awesome if we turn  
This dating relationship into marriage,  
The fun we enjoy now will be  
Most enjoyable if we stay together again tomorrow.

Life has so many things to offer  
Life has so many things to offer  
But I'll appreciate it if  
It gives you to me as my beloved wife  
In the next future of tomorrow.  
I don't have to look for someone else again.

You are my all in all and  
You are all that I need now,  
The one my heart beats for,  
Truly you're irreplaceable and  
There is none like you.

Martin Greyford

# The Feeling Of You

I saw you walking in the room  
With a hint of a smile forming on your lips.  
Your eyes drawing me to you.  
I was filled with the most incredible feeling of love.  
I started thinking how much you mean to me.  
You are special.  
You are one in a million.  
I realize just how important you are to me.

Sometimes it feels like we just met today  
And other times again  
It feels like now,  
That magical moment and  
What's most magical to me is  
That we've never been apart.  
Even when you are away,  
You're still part of me in my thoughts  
And I'll always remember that day we met.

It was truly the beginning our relationship,  
I'll never forget that beautiful day,  
The way you laughed and  
Pulled the lapel of your jacket.  
How you did it with mischievous laughter  
When I teased you larger than life on that day.  
You are still everything I've ever dreamed of.  
I'm so glad that we love each other  
This is not an ordinary love.  
I love the way you sometimes whisper  
With secret excitement when you have a point to make.

I hear notes creeping into your voice  
How you make them bubble over with happiness.  
Your senses makes me feel rich.  
Your words to a very special place.  
Where only the love is bright,  
I never get tired of listening to you  
You walk the most extra ordinary wonderful surprise,  
And try as I might.

Second-guess what you are going to shine,  
And gently touch my face,  
How special am I to you.  
I feel like I'm only above us  
I always fall asleep and imagine  
Of what the next day holds for us,  
You are always there,  
It's like we are of the night dream,  
To discover our love,  
Our journey is one.  
It inspires me,  
Makes me feel that it is possible.

I never need to question it;  
You are absolutely irreplaceable.  
The very best of it - love.

Martin Greyford

# The Trail We Blaze

We were young when we first met  
And now we're grown up people and we're  
Still enjoying the warmth of the sun together.  
We quarrel, we fight but  
We have not stopped loving each other  
Because of the trail we blaze.

We are like tourists in the forest  
Looking for a way where there  
Seems to be no way,  
In a bush covered with thick  
Shrubby trees and grass and tall trees  
But they still look for a way in.

At times life becomes hard  
With no hope at all for tomorrow  
But we still know we'll reach there  
Because of the trail we blaze.  
We understand each other better.  
We love each other better than anyone.

It's not that we want to  
But because we feel the need  
To be together through out  
Like mountain campers who stick together  
When they go hiking.  
We together blaze the trail of love.

Martin Greyford



# My Mother!

People always have a lot to say  
About other children's parents  
Without them knowing the struggles they  
Have been through for them to raise that  
One child they have.

Any woman goes through that pain  
But before that we see women  
Becoming rounder and wider  
And after that they become  
Prettier and happy the rest of their lives.

You might have seen my mother,  
She's not the best to everyone  
But to me she's the very best of all  
Because of the efforts she took to carry  
Me inside of her for nine good months.

It's not an easy thing to do  
But she took it all on herself,  
The pain she endured, the struggles and the ugly face  
She showed to deliver me made  
Her a happy person ever after I was born.

And I'm even sure the doctors and nurses (midwives)  
Congratulated her for what she did,  
Others even shed tears because  
It's not easy for one to do so.  
Others die in the process of delivering.

But thank God my mother made it,  
I was brought alive in the outside world,  
After being kept in for nine good months.  
She was happy and she gave me a name  
That made her proud whenever I was called.

Well, you may have seen her on the streets  
Selling vegetables and fruits,  
You maybe have seen her putting on

Rugs and very dirty clothes,  
She didn't apply the good scented lotion,

To make her look bright and smell good,  
And maybe you have said to her,  
"This woman is nasty and she looks disgusting"  
I forgive you, she's not the best to you  
But to me she's my everything.

She may not be expensive,  
She may not put on a classy code  
But she looks presentable and respective to me.  
She's my mother despite her having  
All the things one might need and want.

You were my mother at birth,  
You are my mother in my adolescent stage  
And you will be my mother in the next stage of my life.  
Wherever you are just know that I love you.  
My Mother Rebecca Banda I heart you my world.

Martin Greyford

# God Rested!

I have created everything  
That is visible and invisible on this  
Earth and in Heaven above.  
I created trees, birds, and all  
Sorts of animals of land, sea, and air.  
But that didn't satisfy me.

I said to my son Jesus  
And the Holy Spirit  
"Let us create man in our  
Image and in our likeness"  
And there we formed man  
Out of the dust of the ground.

We gave him authority over  
Everything that is on the earth  
And that of the air.  
And I rested after creating him  
For I knew he would continue with my creation  
Thus he managed to name everything on land and air.

I rested because he was created  
In our image and likeness,  
He carried our DNA with him  
Thus having a God nature in him.  
He was more like God on earth  
Ruling everything on earth and I rested.

Martin Greyford

# Uncredited Love

Living in my isolation  
Trying to figure out what  
I did wrong for you to pass me by,  
The first day I saw you and  
The first time I saw you  
I fall in love with you.

I was heart broken,  
Devastated inside of me  
Seeing the person I love  
Falling in love with somebody else.  
I tried to forget you but I couldn't  
For you had contaminated my mind

With every gesture you made  
That first day you came.  
Today you are close to me  
And I'll not let this opportunity  
Pass me by again like before,  
I know people will talk

But I just want you to know  
That my heart is filled with your love  
I can't love somebody else except you,  
Many came but I felt like I was  
Cheating on you being close with them.  
You loving others hasn't changed anything about me and my love for you.

Martin Greyford

# A Life With Step Siblings.

God is really great.  
I wonder how He does things miraculously.  
I never knew I would be able to associate  
With my steb-siblings especially my step mum.

But with time that pain was relieved.  
I began to love and have fun with them,  
Though I hated them for no good reason  
But God knew why He had to  
Brought them in into my life.

Time with them is really  
Enjoyable nowadays than before  
And it wasn't easy for us to mingle,  
We used to fight unnecessarily.  
But nowadays we've turned punches into hugs.

Kicks to be our love for each other and  
The head kick a kiss on the forehead.  
It's really awesome spending time with them.  
Blood siblings and steb-siblings living in harmony.

Martin Greyford

# Easter

The Lord Jesus Christ is remembered  
On this special day.  
But what impact does His death  
Bring to us people called Christians?

Is Easter just a day that  
We remember His agony and pain?  
Or how badly He was tortured  
On that heavy cross?

See to it children of God  
That this is not just a day  
But an agreement, a covenant  
He made in the beginning.

It's not just a mere day  
But a day that He descended  
To the earth because of what  
Happened in Genesis 1: 26,

When God said let's make man  
In our image and likeness.  
Jesus was also there.  
Thus He came to the earth because of that.

Let us remember this day as a blessed day  
When Christ made it for all of us.  
He said it is finished and  
That should be our word - Tetelestai.

Martin Greyford

# Everywhere

Life is a mystery especially when  
You are in a relationship with the girl  
Of your dreams in reality.

In whatsoever things you'll be doing  
You will be seeing her,  
Everywhere you turn you see her,

It doesn't matter you are working,  
Or maybe you at the farm,  
Everywhere you go she's there.

Do you know why?  
It's because you love her  
And she loves you whole heartedly.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Just To See You Smile

Just to see you smile  
Is one of my best wish ever  
Since the day we started dating.  
Sometimes I do things crazy  
That you get irritated but  
My wish is to see you smile.

At times I may not be  
The reason behind your happiness  
But it gives me peace to see you  
Smiling at me inspite of what I do.  
Happiness in a relationship gives  
Both parties the comfort and peace of mind.

So smile while I'm still with you  
For not all men are the same.  
I might die today but it doesn't mean  
The next person who will come  
Into your life will be exactly like me,  
I can be harsh today but I'm always loving.

Maybe tomorrow he can be gentle but not loving.  
Well, you see, treasure the thing  
That is in your hand at the moment  
For we all don't know what tomorrow might bring.

Martin Greyford



# My Village

The roads of my village are not so clear but  
The beauty of the place is amazing,  
The view of the mountains,  
The hilly cliffs and  
Some minor waterfalls  
Will make want to stay there forever.

My village is located in the  
Central province of my country Zambia,  
The home to the beautiful kundalila falls,  
The falls that people didn't pay attention to  
But once you see the beauty of it and the wild flowers  
You won't think of anything but stay there forever.

The houses are not so good,  
Made of mud bricks with thatched roofs,  
But that's not a problem.  
The people of my village will treat you well  
And you will think like you are at a villa.  
So many things in my village attract visitors.

There are no game reserves but  
The animals farmers keep  
Add value and beauty to my village.  
My village, a hilly place with beautiful views  
On all sides, everywhere you turn.  
My village and my district - Serenje.

Martin Greyford

# My Friend Darlington

It was a long time ago,  
When we first met in forth grade.  
We were young and loved to play a lot.  
Never concentrated on school things  
But played a lot.

I have almost forgotten  
How we became friends,  
But he was there, then,  
In front of me always,  
Bright like - my dream.

And then the wall between us  
Started falling down slowly,  
Between me and him,  
It was falling slowly, slowly,  
Dimming, hiding from the light of friendship.

After passing from seventh grade,  
We parted ways for two good solid years  
And it was like he died,  
The broken walls rose so rapidly  
And so strong that I couldn't see the light

I lay down in the shadow,  
No longer the light of friendship before me,  
Above me.  
Only the thick wall.  
Only the shadow.

Although my friend didn't really die,  
He just moved to another school  
But it was like he died to me.  
No where to be seen.  
No communication between us.

My hands!  
Help me to shatter this darkness,  
To break through the wall.

To smash this wall in front of me and  
To break this shadow into a thousand lights of friendship.

We all passed ninth grade to high school.  
The wall that was separating us now broken.  
The dawn of friendship started and never did it set again til today.

He was my friend,  
He is still my friend and  
He will always be my friend.  
My friend and brother, Darlington.  
You are at heart buddy.

Martin Greyford

# Let Me Love You

I don't know what tomorrow  
May bring in this walk of life,  
The moment and time I have is now.  
I'm scared, maybe tomorrow  
You won't be able to see me alive  
Instead let me love you now.

I don't know who will take  
Over my place when I'm gone,  
Who will be showering you with  
All that love I had given you,  
Who will be standing by your side  
But let me love you now.

Someone will take over you  
When I'm gone for good.  
I don't know who will be  
Kissing you like I used to,  
Wiping off your tears when you cry  
But let me love you now.

Let me enjoy your company  
As if it is indeed my last day.  
Let me kiss you in every kissable  
Part of your beautiful body.  
Let me be the one to make love with you.  
Just let me love you now.

Martin Greyford

# Eloping

BOY- The love I have for you  
Has grown so strong and  
All I think of is getting you as my wife,  
But your parents will not allow  
Me to marry you because of my status.  
You are a princess of your  
Father's and mother's palace.

GIRL - I'm scared,  
I'm not scared of tomorrow but now.  
The wind will carry them to me.  
They know the fragrance of  
The perfume I use.  
No matter what they'll still follow me.  
You're a prince of your father's palace.

BOY - Come take my hand  
I can take you to tomorrow  
You will be able to see the  
Beautiful dawn of tomorrow  
If only you allow me to take  
You to my father's palace,  
Where my abode will be yours as well.

GIRL - I LOVE YOU  
Come let's go then  
And enjoy ourselves in your land.  
Where I will be happy with you forever.  
No one will stand in my way  
Not even the girls of your land.  
Take my hand and let's go.

Martin Greyford

## The Birth Of Jesus - Part 2

The time for our child to be delivered has come,  
And we've wondered so far looking for a place  
Where he can be born in.  
All the inns are full with people and  
This gentleman is saying only a manger is left, Mary.

Joseph, I have no option but take me there  
For the child is willing to see the outside world,  
And the pains am feeling are unbearable.  
Take me to that same place  
Maybe I can be relieved of this pain.

The place is horrible Mary, but we have no choice.  
With animals surrounding us,  
The smelly odour of their wastes,  
But its a place we've found  
And for a while this will be our home.

Joseph, look!  
The child is so cute, adorable and admirable.  
The child will call our first born - Emmanuel.  
Thanks to the Lord God Almighty for allowing  
His son to be born in a place like this.

And I believe the entire universe  
And the heavenly creatures are  
All celebrating his birth.  
My son, our son  
Emmanuel - God is with us.

Martin Greyford

# The Birth Of Jesus - Part 1

MARY - How glad I am in this whole universe.  
For I have been favoured among all  
The beautiful women of my land,  
By the Almighty God.  
He sent His Angel to me  
And told me that I am going  
To have a son named Emmanuel  
- God is with us.

I don't have to be afraid anymore.  
For God is with me indeed,  
For choosing me to be the one to bring forth  
The Savior of our nations,  
The redeemer of our sins,  
The king of the Jews  
The one who was there in the beginning - Emmanuel  
- God is with us.

I believe this God who has favoured me  
Will not disgrace me in front of my fiancée Joseph.  
I know His gotta better ways of doing things.  
I've only been believing and trusting Him,  
I never knew he would come to me  
In form of his angel.  
When the angel spoke to me - God spoke to - Emmanuel  
-God is with us.

JOSEPH - After I learnt that Mary was pregnant  
I was furious and almost dropped the  
Engagement.  
How could she be pregnant for I have  
Not met with her and she's engaged to me?  
She's been cheating on me with other men  
I said to myself in anger - but  
Don't be afraid Joseph, take Mary to be your wife.

As I slept, the angel spoke to me in my dream  
That she's filled with the holy spirit.  
I didn't really believe in angels though I've

Heard about them but when he spoke to me  
I believed and thought of taking Mary right away.  
I thought of how embarrassed I'll be  
After taking her when she's already pregnant - but  
Don't be afraid Joseph, take Mary to be your wife.

JOSEPH and MARY - And this our child  
We'll protect him through out  
And provide all the necessary things he needs.  
A gift from God above  
Through his angels voices  
Emmanuel - God is with us and  
We won't be afraid but take each other as  
Husband and Wife.

Martin Greyford



# Another Chapter Of Life

The year has come to an end.  
So many things have happened,  
Somethings bad and others good,  
But it's alright, that's how  
Every chapter of a book is.

Every chapter of a book  
Has ups and downs in its writings  
And I'll probably say that's  
How human life is in  
Its day to day basis.

We are about to write  
Our new chapter of life  
Containing 365 pages,  
But how are we going to write it?  
Will it be romantic or sentimental?

We all know the pages of  
Last year's life chapter by heart  
But we don't really know  
How this new chapter will begin.  
Another chapter of life is about to start.

How should I start it?  
A book that will attract others,  
That will inspire many  
Is the one I should write.  
Alas! I'll start with - Happy New Year.

Martin Greyford

# What Does It Take For A Man To Be Called A Man?

Been trying to figure out something on a man  
But couldn't really find the absolute solution  
Because every person has a different perspective  
Thinking on a man with the things he does.

I've asked myself this negative question severally  
But I don't really think there is  
Positivity in my thoughts over the well-being  
Of a man in every society.

What does it really take for a man to be called a man?  
Could it be the number of races he has won?  
Could it be the number of seas  
And oceans he has crossed?

What does it take for a man to be called a man?  
Could it be the number of mountain  
Peaks he has climbed and reached their tops?  
Or maybe the number of women he has dated?

I'm kinda confused.  
Don't know which of the above opinions is true.  
The people in my society do add more  
Confusion to my already confused mind by saying;

A man is counted by the number of women  
He has dated and slept with.  
But I don't really believe that because  
It's how they think and I guess

Their ideas, opinions and thinking might  
Lead you into a deep ditch,  
But what does it really take  
For a man to be called a man?

Somebody out there help me.  
I don't want to be in this dilemma.  
I would really really appreciate if there would be  
One to make me understand this question!

Martin Greyford

# Outside Your Door

I don't really remember  
Where exactly I first saw you  
But you took my heart with you  
The moment you passed me by.

It's been a couple of days  
And been thinking if I could  
Ever see you again in this world  
Because my heart is with you.

Look! Girl,  
At times we see people the very day  
And get attracted to their beauty,  
For infatuation do help at times  
To meet the love of your life.

I'm outside your door,  
Could you let me in  
So that we explore the real love  
Within our hidden hearts?

Martin Greyford

# A Letter To Evelyn!

Dear Evelyn,  
It's been four months now  
Since the time you answered God's call.  
I never knew what it felt like to lose someone  
You love not until I lost you.  
I could attend other funerals way back  
But since the time you left me,  
It has been hard for me to attend burials,  
Not even church funerals.  
It hurts me the most seeing people  
Pay their last respects to their loved ones,  
Cause I think of you lying in that brown casket  
With your eyes closed and ears deaf.  
Seeing others lower their loved ones in the grave  
Reminds me of you, how they lowered you,  
But don't worry Evelyn,  
I'll be fine and I'll learn to cope without you.  
It does hurt me for I only knew you  
For days and for days you did leave me.  
I believe you are okay where you are  
And your three children are all okay.  
Wish you had lived to see your grandchildren.  
Rest in peace my dear Evelyn,  
My sweet Aunty.

Martin Greyford

# I'm Gonna Miss You

Time has come my dear  
That we should part ways.  
We've run a good race together,  
We've done a lot together  
But it is assigned to every relationship  
That at one point we'll part ways.

You will be gone forever.  
No where to see you again in this world,  
A place for the living.  
Only memories and pictures of you  
Is what is left of me in this world.  
The sound of your voice is gone with you.

Tears may dry today  
But the pain of losing you  
To the land of no return  
Is quite unbearable my dear.  
Just know that I'm gonna miss you  
Till we meet again on the other side.

I'm gonna miss you,  
In the way we talked,  
In the way we walked together,  
Made fun and laughed together.  
I'm gonna miss you for real,  
For you are irreplaceable.

Martin Greyford

# Ex-Communication

I never thought people do chase each other  
In their christian denominations when they  
Have errant in one or two ways.  
I once read a quote which said;  
'We learn through mistakes'  
And I thought, once we make mistakes  
Help will be rendered to us as soon as possible  
But I was wrong thinking it that way.

Ex-communication is the only help that is  
There in churches nowadays when people error.  
They won't look on what you have done good,  
Successfully in that ministry or  
The efforts you've put in them to succeed,  
All that they'll look on at is that one mistake.  
Ex-communication is the only solution given to  
Wrong doers in ministries.

I remember being a very good young boy  
Committed to every work of the church,  
A boy that everyone praised and wished  
That I was their son.  
In the course of days, the pastor realized that  
I had a very bad sarcaistical language,  
He never helped me but probably preached me.  
I became his sermon every Sunday service.

The preaching was not only provocative  
But detrimental to me and those around me.  
I confronted him and the only help that was  
Given to me was ex-communication.  
Ex-communicated from the church and  
The services of the church.  
Something that has hurt and shattered my ego in  
My christianity life - ex-communication.

Martin Greyford

# The Prodigal Son

It was many and many years ago  
In a far country  
Where a certain farmer resided.  
He had two young sons  
Who were very hard working and  
Handsome in their unique way.

One day the younger son came  
To his father and asked of his  
Portion from his father's money.  
The father didn't hesitate or asked  
Him what he wanted it for but  
Handed him the money and he was happy and left  
For the neighboring countries.

The younger son became rich  
In a foreign land.  
He ordered the expensive wines and foods,  
Slept in the most luxurious and costly suites.  
He became the young boss of that foreign land.  
Every girl admired and adored him because of money.

He forgot that the money was diminishing.  
He squandered his money on women, wines and foods.  
Alas! The money was finished.  
All used on what he counted was life.  
Nobody ever looked up to him,  
He was left alone without anything.

He was starving to death.  
After staying some days on the streets  
Of that beautiful foreign land,  
He found a work for himself of feeding swines.  
He worked without being paid his allowances.  
His stomach was empty.

After sitting down while  
He fed himself with the food of the pigs,  
He came back to his senses and thought of



Going back to his country and apologize to his father.  
He didn't hesitate but started off to his homeland  
With a shameful look on his face.

Back home, he was received hospitably  
And there was a huge feast for him.  
He apologized and the father forgave him.  
I believe everyone else was happy to see him  
Though he was stinking of swine's foods and wastes.  
A new robe and a ring were given to him as a welcome sign.

Martin Greyford

# Famous But Not Known

Living in a world of many people,  
Doing all sorts of good stuffs that  
Makes you known by other people  
But in return you remain unknown.  
Famous but not known.

Fame is my name but I don't  
Know why I remain unknown to others.  
Is it because I don't involve myself  
So much into their programs?  
Or is it because I'm young and the they don't  
Want to look on to me?

I wonder, for I am famous  
But yet not known to people.  
For I have tried to involve other people  
Into my programs but none showed interest  
But when they need me to help them,  
They'll always come and even call when I am asleep.

I am famous but not known.

Martin Greyford

# A New Identity Of Me

So many things have happened  
In the past when I was  
That kind of a boy.  
Many people thought there won't be a change  
In me for I was addicted  
To the desires of the flesh.  
I was a person who cared for other  
People's feelings welfare and well-being.  
A person who never valued humanity.  
All that mattered to me was being me.

All of the sudden  
There was something good coming out of me.  
I didn't know that I can associate with others  
For I considered myself an outcast  
And I had nothing else to do with  
Other people for no other reasons  
Except having my heart feel merry  
By the the things I had and

I never cared for anybody's feelings  
Only cared for my own body.

I don't know what really happened for me to  
Change nor do I know what inspired me to change.  
I've come to be a person who feels pity seeing  
The disabled people suffering,  
Something that has never happened to me before.  
A person who now values humanity.  
I'm another kind of a boy.  
This is a new identity of me and  
For truly I can say this is a new identity of me.

Martin Greyford

# My Virginity Is My Pride

I grew up a shy kid  
In a christian family and society,  
But I was never told or taught  
Of the cunning people of the outside world.

I grew up to teenagehood and  
Met other people of the outside world.  
I began living a life influenced by these people  
I befriended in my adolescent stage.

I almost forgot my moral values  
That I have been taught earlier.  
I once said; some things of the world  
Were so cosy, like the things we watched.

Things that contaminate the minds  
And start controlling the whole body.  
My friends and I visited a brothel,  
Where they exchanged their money with women's bodies.

But I said my virginity is my pride.

I can't fight this feeling,  
See I'm so tired of pretending,  
Pretending things are normal when  
My path really ain't the straightest.

I think I have been favoured among sinners.  
Recalling on all that Amen I used to shout in church  
And the sermons I listened and heard from the preacher-man  
Made me say my virginity is my pride to my friends.

Martin Greyford

# Stream Of Love!

Let us go then you and I  
To the stream of love  
Where love sprouts like a  
Shoot from a dying tree.  
Reviving itself again.  
A place surrounded by beauty  
In the banks of it.

A place that once you go  
There, you wouldn't mind  
Coming back home because of its green beauty.  
Let us therefore go down and  
Wash ourselves in the stream of love,  
So that our impurities to be made pure.

No one goes to the stream of love  
And comes back the same.  
A place that changes people's inner thoughts,  
A stream that mends broken relationships,  
There is no age limit there.  
All go there as long you are in love to cherish  
And make a memory to one's love life.

Martin Greyford

# I Am A Woman!

I AM A WOMAN!

So what?

I get into an argument  
with a man, he slaps me,  
I feel the pain, yet they  
tell me I provoked him. I  
should have been quiet, I  
should have been patient.  
I should apologize to him.

I get into an argument  
with a man, I slap him,  
they tell me I have no  
respect, no home  
training. I should have  
been quiet, I should have  
been patient. I should  
apologize to him.

Because I am a woman, I  
don't have a right to be  
angry. So, the degree of  
my innocence is directly  
proportional to the  
degree of my silence in  
the face of oppression  
and brutality.....

Because I am a woman,  
my husband cheats on  
me, I am told to tolerate it  
to save my marriage. The  
barbaric and stupid  
excuse is that "it is in  
their nature to cheat, I  
should slim down, dress  
better, cook better, pray

harder and be more  
pleasant to him'

I cheat, and I am called a  
whore, I have committed  
an abomination, I have no  
right to look elsewhere  
for the love and  
emotional support I lack  
at home, I am an  
irresponsible mother.

So I am sent packing,  
from the home we both  
built, with all my earthly  
possessions stuffed into  
a tiny box on my head. I  
am henceforth forbidden  
from seeing my two older  
children, I'm lucky to be  
allowed to go with my  
little one still suckling on  
my left breast.

Three years later, the little one  
is tagged a bastard. Now,  
my new name is 'after-  
three', because I am a  
woman.

He is 28 and runs a  
company. He's tagged  
wonderful, hardworking,  
focused, career oriented,  
successful at a very  
young age.

I am 28 and I run a  
company 'Hmmmm....  
she is not even married,  
unserious, can not order  
her priorities right, a  
hustler, loves money, let  
her go and get a husband  
oh'

And I wonder if being  
successful has anything  
to do with a person's  
gender.

Because I am a woman,  
I am not allowed to have  
wits or be a prodigy, I  
cannot be financially  
buoyant, professionally  
successful or be treated  
with respect without a  
man beside me.

Then I am tagged a  
generous leg opener, 'a  
runs girl'. They never see  
the possibility that I  
actually had to go  
through ups and downs  
to get to where I am,  
because I am a woman.

A man loses his wife to  
death and remarries a  
year after, he did the right  
thing, he's being praised  
and congratulated for  
moving on, after all life is  
for the living.

A woman loses her  
husband to death and  
remarries after 4yrs,  
'aaah! so early? Are u  
sure she wasn't sleeping  
with that man even when  
her husband was alive?  
That was why she killed  
her husband. She's a  
witch! Because she's a  
woman.

Because I am a woman,



this poem will be  
considered controversial,  
and everyone will try to  
correct me. But don't  
forget, that I am a woman  
and it does not make me  
less human!

Martin Greyford

# Martin's Reply To Leah's Last Words!

I will do all you have said and I  
Will make my soul an envelope for your soul,  
And my heart a residence for your beauty and  
My breast a grave for your sorrows.

I shall love you, Leah,  
As the plateaus love the springs,  
And I shall live in you  
The life of a flower under the sun's rays.

I shall sing your name as the valley  
Sings the echo of the bells of the village church,  
I shall listen to the language of your soul  
As the shore listens to the story of the waves.

I shall remember you as a stranger  
Remembers his beloved country,  
And as a dethroned king  
Remembers the days of his glory,

And as the hungry man remembers a banquet,  
And as a prisoner remembers the hours of ease and freedom.  
I shall remember you as a sower remembers  
The bundles of wheat on his threshing floor  
And as a shepherd remembers the green  
Plateaus and the sweet hills.

Martin Greyford

# Leah's Last Words To Martin

My beloved,  
What shall we do?  
Shall we consider love a strange visitor  
Who came in the evening and left us in the morning?  
Or shall we suppose this affection a dream  
That came in our sleep and departed when we awoke?

Shall we consider this week an hour of  
Intoxication to be replaced by sorrow?  
Open your lips and let me hear your voice.  
Will you hear the whispering of my wings in the silence?  
Will you remember me after this  
Tempest has sunk the ship of our love?  
Will you hear my spirit fluttering over you?  
Will you listen to my sighs?  
Will you see my shadows approach with  
The shadows of dusk and disappear with the flush of dawn?  
Tell me my beloved,  
What will you be after having been a magical

Ray to my eyes,  
Sweet song to my ears,  
And wings to my soul?  
What will you be?  
I want you to remember me as  
A poet loves his sorrowful thoughts.  
I want you to remember me as a traveller  
Remembers a calm pool in which his image was  
Reflected as he drank its water.  
I want you to remember me as a mother  
Remembers her child that died before it saw the light,  
And I want you to remember me as a merciful  
King remembers a prisoner who  
Died before his pardon reached him.  
Very soon the truth will become ghostly and  
The awakening will be like a dream.  
Will a lover be satisfied embracing a ghost,

Or will a thirsty man quench his

Thirst from the spring of a dream?

No!

He won't!

I'll be dead within seconds leaving a big gap

Of love in your heart but I believe I did fill it all.

Martin Greyford

# The Death Of Leah

Will the day ever come when beauty  
And knowledge,  
Ingenuity and virtue  
And weakness of body and strength  
Of spirit will be united in a woman?

I am one of those who believe that  
Spiritual progress is a rule of human life,  
But the approach to perfection is slow and painful.

Spring departed,  
So did summer and autumn,  
But my love for Leah increased day by day  
Until it became a kind of mute worship,  
The feeling that an orphan has  
Towards the soul of his mother in heaven.

My yearning was converted to blind sorrow  
That could see nothing but itself.  
And the passion that drew tears from  
My eyes was replaced by perplexity that  
Sucked the blood from my heart.  
And my sighs of affection became a constant prayer.

Why do I occupy these pages with words  
About the betrays of poor nations instead  
Of reserving all the space for the story of a  
Miserable woman with a broken heart?

Why do I shed tears for oppressed people  
Rather than keep all my tears for the memory  
Of a weak woman whose life was  
Snatched by the teeth of death?

Don't you believe that thwarted love which  
Leads a woman to the grave is like  
The despair which pervades the people of the earth?  
A woman is to a nation as light is to a lamp.  
Will out the light be dim if

The oil in the lamp is low?

Autumn passed.  
And the wind blew the yellow  
leaves from the trees,  
Making way for winter,  
Which came howling and crying.

At midnight Leah opened her tired eyes  
For the last time and focused them on me.  
She tried to speak,  
But could not,  
For death had already choked her voice,  
But she finally managed to say;  
'The night has passed...  
Oh, Martin.. Oh.. Oh, Martin.'  
Then she bent her head,  
Her face turned white,  
And I could see a smile on her lips  
As she breathed her last.

I was lost in sorrow and revere for my love.  
Days passed and nights preyed upon me as the  
Eagle ravages its victim.  
I froze to death as  
I embraced her dead body.

Leah died,  
Her soul was embraced by eternity,  
And her body was returned to the earth.

Martin Greyford

# The Hidden Utopia

Walking down the road  
To a place unknown  
To the outer world,  
I heard a commotion  
Behind my ears but  
I didn't know where the noise was coming from.

I tried turning around  
Maybe I could see where  
The joyful sound of celebration  
Was coming from.  
But I saw nothing  
Except hearing the sounds of celebration.

The sound was coming out so good.  
In a good harmony of their voices.  
But I was lost and was eager  
To know what caused that harmonic celebration.  
I sat down on the tarred road,  
Thinking out loud where it was coming from.

I searched the rhythm of that sound.  
At first I thought it was the trees  
Dancing to the tone of the wind  
And the branches whistling to its rhythm.  
But as I paid attention it was not  
The trees producing that joyful sounds.

I said maybe it's a wedding celebration  
But I wasn't so sure what kind of a party it was.  
Women shouted and men whistled.  
All that my heart wanted was to go  
To that hidden land and see what was going on,  
And at last my eyes saw something ahead.

I opened my eyes so wide  
To see clearly what was ahead.  
It was a society in the midst of the trees.  
In the midst of the forest.

A place so beautiful like the hidden paradise,  
With people not so many in number.

I rushed there and realised that it was  
A hidden utopia.  
A society with people living in harmony.  
Like nowhere else in the world.  
With people so beautiful.  
A place so clean and green.

The people there were just singing and dancing,  
To their own melodies.  
There was no party at all.  
They were just happy for being  
Their own kind of a a society in the world,  
The hidden utopia, land of peace.

Martin Greyford



# Losing Your Beloved Woman To Another Man.

Very Soon,  
Destiny will put you in the  
Midst of a peaceful family,  
But it will send me into the  
World of struggle and warfare.  
You will be in the home of a person whom chance  
Has made most fortunate through your beauty and virtue,  
While I shall be living a life of suffering and fear.  
You will enter the gate of life,  
While I shall enter the gate of death.

You will be received hospitably,  
While I shall exist in solitude,  
But I shall erect a statue of love  
And worship it in the valley of death.  
Love will be my sole comforter,  
And I shall drink love like wine  
And wear it like a garment.  
At dawn love will wake me from slumber,  
And take me to the distant fields,  
And at noon it will lead me to the shadows of

Trees where I will find shelter with  
The birds from the heat of the sun.  
In the evening,  
It will cause me to pause before sunset  
To hear nature's farewell song to the light of the day  
And it will show me ghostly clouds sailing in the sky,  
And at night love will embrace me,  
And I shall sleep,  
Dreaming of the heavenly world where spirits of  
Lovers and poets abide.

In the spring I shall walk side by side  
With love among violets and roses  
And drink the remaining drops of winter in the lily cups.  
In summer we shall make the bundles of hay  
Our pillow and the grass our bed,  
And the blue sky will cover us as we

Gaze at the stars and moon.  
In autumn,  
Love and I will go to the vineyard and  
Sit by the wine-press and watch the grapevines  
Being denuded of their golden ornaments.

And the migrating flocks of birds will sing over us.  
In winter we shall sit by the fireplace reciting  
Stories of long ago and chronicles of far countries.  
During my youth, love will be my teacher,  
In middle age, my help  
and in old age, my delight.  
Love,  
My beloved will stay with me  
To the end of my life,  
And after death,  
The hand of God will unite us again.

Martin Greyford

# My Sins Of The Past Haunts Me

As I sit down on my couch,  
Thinking of the wrong things  
I have done wrong in the past,  
There comes this weird obsession in my mind  
Knowing that I have committed  
A lot of sins in the past.

My dreams are no longer inspirational  
But horrible nightmares.  
The scariest of them all.  
Sometimes I dream of being taken to hell  
By the sins I succumbed to.  
The sins I committed.

I dream of the spirit of fornication  
Along with the girls I slept with and  
The spirit of drunkardness and  
All the wines, spirits and whiskeys  
I have tested,  
Dragging me forcibly down to hell.

How will I handle such nightmares?  
How will I be able to tell these  
Spirits that I'm a changed person?  
I am a person who is wishing to live freely  
But all that is dragging me down is fear,  
For the sins of my past are haunting me.

Martin Greyford

# Searching For Love

I start off my journey on handling faith  
That someday I will be free  
And find someone I'll love to eternity.

Feeling lost in a chamber so clear.  
Seeking truth for love to heal me  
And knowing that love is on its way coming.

Walking through a lonely path  
I know it's all I have to do,  
Just trail alone along the tarred road.

Shading my heart with shades of blue,  
Saving all my tears  
Just to look for a love that's true.

All the pains I have to bear  
Knowing that when I find her  
I would endure all the risks.

Martin Greyford

# The Creation Of The Earth!

Science will say life began in the sea  
And the Bible will tell you God created it.

I'd support science a bit because even  
The Bible states that one word 'waters'.  
But I really go for the Bible because science  
Might mislead me at some point.

The work of the creation cannot  
Be explained well by science.  
Through faith we understand that  
The world was framed up by the word of God,  
So that things which are seen  
Were not made of things which do appear.

In the creation of the earth,  
Science will always tell you that things  
Kept changing by what they call 'evolution'.

In the creation of the earth,  
God was not indebted to pre-existing matter.  
All things, material and spiritual,  
Stood up before Him at His voice,  
And were created for His own purpose.

The heavens and all the host of them,  
The earth and all things therein,  
Came into existence by the breath of His mouth.

Martin Greyford

# I Wish It Was Daylight!

When the night has fallen,  
We see nothing but darkness.  
It surrounds us and brings about  
A lot of fears to those  
That hates darkness like me.

The stars shines but not so bring  
To light up our ways.  
The moon shines but at least  
It gives us a light to shine  
On the roads we use.

I wish it was daylight.  
Maybe I could see things clearly,  
And know where I am stepping.  
At dawn, all these fears  
I have of walking in the dark  
Will be no more.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# The Eve Of My Heart - Part 2

The meaning of nature and revelation of books  
And scriptures when I heard 'LOVE' whispered  
Into my ears through Leah's lips.

My life was a coma  
Empty like that of Adam's in paradise,

When I saw Leah standing before me  
Like a column of light.  
She is the 'Eve Of My Heart' who filled it  
With secrets and wonders and  
Made me understand the meaning of life.  
The first Eve led Adam out of  
Paradise by her own will,  
While Leah made me enter willingly into  
The paradise of pure love and virtue  
By her sweetness and love.

Oh, comrades of my youth!  
I appeal to you in the  
Names of those virgins whom  
Your hearts have loved  
To put a garland of flowers  
On their necks and heads.  
For flowers you put on them  
Is like falling drops of dew from  
The eyes of dawn on the  
Leaves of a withering rose!

Martin Greyford

# The Eve Of My Heart - Part 1

I was twenty years of age when  
Love opened my eyes with its magic rays,  
And touched my spirit for the first  
Time with its fingers,  
And Leah Nyirenda was the first woman  
Who awakened my spirit with her beauty  
And led me into the garden of high affection,  
Where days pass like dreams and nights like weddings.  
Leah Nyirenda is the one who have taught me  
To worship beauty by the example of her

Own beauty and revealed to me the  
Secrets of love by her affection.  
She is the one who first sang to me  
The real poetry of life.  
In every young man's life there is a  
Leah Nyirenda who appears to him suddenly  
And makes him to recapture that strange hour,  
The memory of which changes his deepest  
Feelings and makes him so happy  
In spite of all the bitterness of its mystery.

While in the spring of life and transforms  
His solitude into happy moments and  
Fills the silence of his nights with music.  
I was deeply engrossed in thoughts and  
Contemplation and seeking to understand

Martin Greyford



# The Beauty Of Leah - Part 4

Or the chisel of a sculpor.

Leah's beauty is not in her black hair but in her virtue and purity which surround it.

Not in her large eyes but in the light which emanates from them,

Not in her black lips but in the sweetness of her words,

Not in her ivory neck but in its slight bow to the front.

Nor is it in her perfect figure,

But in the nobility of her spirit,

Burning like a white torch between earth and sky.

Her beauty is like a gift of poetry.

But poets are unhappy people,

For no matter how high their spirits reach

They will still be enclosed in an envelope of tears.

Leah is deeply thoughtful rather than talkative,

And her silence is a kind of music that

Carried one to a world of dreams and made

Him listen to the throbbing of his heart,

And see the ghosts of his thoughts

And feeling before him.

Looking her in the eyes

She wore a cloak of deep sorrow

Through her life which increased her strange

Beauty and dignity, as a tree in blossom

Is more lovely when seen through the mist of dawn.

Martin Greyford

# The Beauty Of Leah - Part 3

The sweetness of her mouth and the grace of her figure?  
Or was it that her brightness, sweetness  
And grace opened my eyes and showed me  
The happiness and sorrow of love?  
It is hard to answer these questions  
But I say truly that in that hour I felt  
A new affection resting calmly in my heart,  
Like the spirit hovering over the waters  
At the creation of the world.  
The month of April was coming to an end.  
I felt an invisible hand drawing me to her.

In her velvet dress;  
Leah was splendour as a  
Ray of moonlight coming through the window.  
She walked gracefully and rhythmically.  
Her voice was low and sweet,  
Words fell from her lips like drops of dew  
Falling from the petals of flowers when  
They are disturbed by the wind.  
But Leah's face!  
No words can describe its expression,

Reflecting first great internal suffering,  
Then heavenly exaltation.  
The beauty of Leah's face is not classic.  
It is like a dream revelation which cannot  
Be measured or bound or copied  
By the brush of a painter,

Martin Greyford

# The Beauty Of Leah - Part 2

The play passed fast in that garden  
And I could see through the window  
The ghostly yellow kiss of sunset on the mountain.  
Looking on each other with  
Sorrowful eyes and not speaking  
Although beauty has its own heavenly language,  
Loftier than the voices of tongues and lips.  
It is a timeless language common to all humanity,  
A calm lake that attracts  
The singing rivalets to its depth,

And makes them silent.  
Only our spirits can understand beauty,  
Or live and grow with it.  
Real beauty is a ray which  
Emanates from the holy of holies of  
The spirit and illuminates the body,  
As life comes from the depths of the earth  
And gives colour and scent to a flower.  
Real beauty lies in the spiritual accord  
That is called love which can exist

Between a man and a woman.  
Did my spirit and Leah's reach out  
To each other that very day we met,  
And did that yearning make me see her as  
The most beautiful woman under the sun?  
Or did my youth blind my natural eyes  
And make me imagine the brightness of her eyes

Martin Greyford

# The Beauty Of Leah - Part 1

My neighbors,  
Remember the dawn of youth with  
Pleasure and regret its passing;  
In a few days,  
Loneliness overcame me,  
And I tried the grim faces of the books,  
I hired a carriage of love and  
Started for the house of joy.  
As I reached the pine woods  
Where people went for picnics,

The drive took a private way,  
Shaded with willow trees on each side.  
Passing through, we could see the beauty  
Of the garden grass,  
The grapevines and  
The many coloured flowers of April just blossoming.  
In a few minutes the carriage stopped  
Before a solitary house in the  
Midst of a beautiful garden,  
The scent of roses,

Gardenia and  
Jasmine filled the air.  
As I dismounted and entered  
The spacious garden,  
Just then a beautiful young woman  
Dressed in a gorgeous velvet gown appeared.  
When I touched her hand,  
It was like a white lily  
And a strange pang pierced my heart.  
We sat down looking at each other without words.

Martin Greyford

# I Miss You

The day you left me  
I thought I will stand  
The absence of you  
But without knowing that  
I was killing myself inside.

My heart, soul, body and mind  
Were not ready to let you go  
That fast, even if you did go  
That side where you are now.

When are you coming back?  
Cause things aren't the same here  
As they used to be.  
Your absence has made my ego to go down.  
No one supports me likewise you did.

I just hope you do miss me  
The way I have missed you.  
But all you have to know is that  
Your absence has brought me  
Much pain in my heart.

I can't do anything without you.  
I miss you!

Martin Greyford

# A Message From My Heart

I know people do say alot  
About the person you have come to be  
Because of this boy reaching out to you.  
I know I have made you become  
A burden to your friends and your family.

No one now ever wants to cast  
An eye on you because of me.  
Everyone thinks that you are wrong  
By accepting me to be your guy.  
They say alot about you.

Some say you are idle.  
Others say you are selfish.  
Others say you don't have a choice and  
Others again say you are blind.  
Maybe its love that is blind.

But what I might alert you  
Is that you have shown true love to me.  
And I won't let you down  
Nor disappoint you in this relationship  
But always will I love you.

If darkness hides  
the trees and the flowers from our eyes,  
It will not hide love  
From our hearts.  
I love you.

Martin Greyford

# Finding True Love!

It takes time to find a person  
Who truly loves you  
The way you are.  
Who accepts you  
The way you are.

Some girls will only accept  
A man if he has something, money and porsh cars  
That will attract them to him.  
But if you find such  
A person who says

&quot;I love you the way you are.&quot;  
Then believe in yourself  
That you have found true love.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# I Cried

Yesterday when you left me  
I went home without  
Realising that I've allowed  
My love to go without saying  
A proper goodbye to me.

Yesterday when I went home  
I sat down thinking of you.  
The love you give me  
Made me cry overnight  
Saying that if I lost you

I won't find another one to  
Replace you with.  
You are unique with no one to be compared to,  
In terms of the love you're giving me.  
I've never cried for a woman

In my life but last night  
I cried for you my love.  
I don't know if the tears  
I cried were of happiness or sadness  
But i'm certain that I cried

Because of you and the love  
You are giving me.  
I wasn't crying for anything  
But for you my true valentine  
Leah Amanda Fostina Nyirenda.

Martin Greyford



# Expiry Date

I am in a lonely cage witnessing  
My days slowly reaching their expiry date.  
How it haunts me knowing that soon  
I will depart from this earth joining the dead.  
Being recognised as dead by the living.

Ah, my blood begins to boil  
My heart throws its punches at my chest,  
Knees start to shake  
While the rest of my body becomes paralysed.

I think without coming to a conclusion  
Nor having a solution and answers,  
To the questions stuck inside my brain.  
I feel like I am inside a cage  
Waiting on the line for death to deal with me.

The bad news is that  
I don't know my number so  
I guess this gonna be a surprise.

Do you know your number?

At last composure makes me gain my strength.  
Legs start to walk  
Cause the good news is that  
I will live eternally  
If I live by the commandments of God.  
Which is the solution and answer to the  
Questions in my brain.

Solution found.  
The question is,  
Do you follow His commandments?

Martin Greyford

# Valentine!

When we escape the storms of the real world  
For even a short while,  
We seem to fall in love  
A whole lot quicker than normal.

Be careful. Sometimes what feels like true love is  
Just infatuation which could  
Never survive the pressures of real life.

Not only do we fall in love  
Quicker when we are on valentine's day,  
But we also fall for people who  
We would not usually be interested in.

Don't lower standards just  
Because you're on valentine's day,  
You deserve somebody who is going  
To respect you and treat you well.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Forgiveness

Trying to put things in  
Your personal life could  
Prove to be your hardest challenge  
Especially as events behind  
The scenes hinder your progress.

Stick to your relationship  
If you value it.  
Do not permit a temporary upset  
To throw your love life off course.

Forgive even if you cannot forget easily,  
You are bound to make a number  
of poor decisions this week.  
Delay important choices for a while  
Because misjudgements could be particularly costly.

Your romantic life could  
Become unstuck unless you work at it.  
Do not allow barriers to spring up  
Between you and the one you treasure.

Martin Greyford

# Waiting For You

I was stalked once for years.  
There I was fighting to get better  
And somebody else  
Some sick person,  
Was making me feel worse,  
That enraged me.

Part of me feels I'm a victim  
Who has fought for his life,  
Judges and juries who release  
People because they are sick  
Should take responsibility for their actions.

Thank God that part is gone and  
My life is good right now.  
But once you're famous  
You never know what might happen.

Martin's at a crossroads again.  
He's one of the most open and  
Honest person I've ever met.  
He shares aspects of life  
Many would hide especially from strangers.  
He blushes.  
He's enthusiastic and dreams of  
Starting his own family and raising kids.

Whatever directions he decides to take,  
I hope he holds onto that  
Waiting for you.

I tell him I think he'll make  
A great dad.  
He smiles and sees me out of the building  
Waiting and waving goodbye.

Martin Greyford

# Unspeakable Gift

It is through the gift of  
Christ that we receive every blessing;  
Through that gift there comes to us  
Day by day the unfailing flow of God's goodness,  
Every flower,  
With its delicate tints and its fragrance,  
Is given for our enjoyment through that one gift.

The sun and the moon were made by Him.  
There is not a star which beautifies  
the heavens that He did not make.  
Every drop of rain that falls,  
Every ray of light shed upon our unfaithful  
World testifies to the love of God in Christ.

Everything is supplied to us  
Through the one unspeakable gift,  
God's only begotten son.  
He was nailed to the cross that all these  
Bounties might flow to God's workmanship.

Behold, what manner of love  
The Father hath bestowed upon us  
That we should be called the sons of God!

Martin Greyford

# Self Discipline

We are never alone.  
Whether we choose Him or not,  
We have a companion.  
Remember that whenever you are,  
Whatever you do,  
God is there.  
Nothing that is said or done  
Or thought can escape His attention.  
To your every word or deed you have a witness,  
The Holy,  
Sin-hating God.  
Before you speak or act,  
Always think of this  
We need a constant sense of  
The enabling power of thoughts.  
The only security for any soul is right thinking and that is self discipline.  
As the man thinketh in his heart,  
So is he!

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Nature Is Not God

God's handiwork in nature is  
Not God Himself in nature.  
The things of nature are an  
Expression of God's character and power,  
But we are not to regard nature as God.  
The artistic skill of human  
Beings produces very beautiful workmanship,  
Things that delight the eye,  
And these things reveal to us something  
Of the thought of the designer,  
But the thing made is not the maker,  
It is not the work,  
But the workman,  
That is counted worthy of honour.  
So, while, nature is an expression  
Of God's thought,  
It is not nature  
But the God of nature  
That is to be exalted.

Martin Greyford

# Learning By Imparting

Let the youth advance as fast as  
Far as they can in the acquisition of knowledge.  
Let their field of study be  
Broad as their powers can compass  
And as they learn,  
Let them impart their knowledge.  
It is thus that their  
Minds will acquire discipline and power.  
It is the use of their  
Knowledge that determines the value of their education.  
To spend a longtime in study,  
With no effort to impart what is gained,  
Often proves a hinderance rather  
Than a help to real development.

In both the home and the school it should be  
The students efforts to learn how to study  
And how to impart the knowledge gained.  
Whatever his calling,  
He is to be both a learner and  
A teacher as long as life shall last.  
Thus he may advance continually,  
Making God his trust  
Clinging to Him who is infinite in wisdom,  
Who can read the secrets hidden for ages,  
Who can solve the most difficult  
Problems for minds that believe in Him

Martin Greyford



# Importance Of Little Things

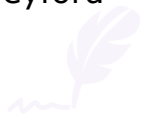
Life is chiefly made up,  
Not of great sacrifices and wonderful achievements,  
But of little things.

It is oftenest through the little things which  
Seem so unworthy of notice that  
Great good or evil is brought into our lives.

It is through our failure to endure the  
Tests that come to us in little things,  
That the habits are molded,  
The character mishaped,  
And when the greater tests come,  
They find us unready.

Only by acting upon principle in the  
Tests of daily life can we acquire  
Power to stand firm and faithful in  
The most dangerous and most difficult positions.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Heart Education

What we need is knowledge that  
Will strengthen mind and soul,  
That will make us better men and women.  
Heart education is of far more importance  
Than mere book-learning.  
It is well  
Even essential  
To have a knowledge of the world in which we live,  
But if we leave eternity out our reckoning,  
We shall be a failure from which we can never recover.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# A Personal God!

The mighty power that works through all  
Nature and sustains all things is not,  
As some men of science represent,  
Merely an all-pervading principle,  
An actuating energy.  
God is a spirit  
Yet He is a personal being  
For so He has revealed himself.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Sensational Literature!

Many of the popular publications of  
The day are filled with sensational stories  
That are educating the youth in wickedness  
And leading them in a path of perdition.  
Mere children in years are old in a knowledge crime.  
They are incited to evil by the tales they read.  
In imagination they act over the portrayed deeds  
Until their ambition is aroused to see what  
They can do in committing crime and evading punishment.  
To the active minds of children and youth,  
The scenes pictured in imaginary  
Revelations of the future are realities.  
As revolutions are predicted,  
And all manner of proceedings described  
That break down the barriers of law and self-restraint,  
Many catch the spirit of these.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Over Work!

The strength of the mother should be tenderly cherished.  
Instead of spending her precious strength in exhausting labour.  
Her care and burdens should be lessened.  
Often the husband is unacquainted with  
The physical laws which the well being of his family  
Requires him to understand.  
Absorbed in the struggle for a livelihood,  
Or bent on acquiring wealth  
And pressed with cares and perplexities,  
He allows to rest upon the wife  
And burdens that overtax  
Her strength at the most critical periods,  
And cause feebleness and disease.

Many a husband might  
Learn a helpful lesson from the  
Carefulness of the faithful shepherd.  
Jacob, when urged to undertake a rapid  
And difficult journey made answer,  
"The children are tender  
and the flocks  
And herds with young ones are with me,  
And if men should overdrive them one day,  
All the flock will die.  
I will lead on softly  
According as the cattle that goeth before me,  
and the children be able to endure."

Martin Greyford

# Rest As A Remedy

Some make themselves sick overwork.  
For these, rest, freedom from care,  
And a spare diet, are essential to restoration of health.  
To those who are brain weary and nervous  
Because of continual labour and close confinement  
A visit to the country  
Where they can live a simple  
Care-free life,  
Coming in close contact with the things of nature,  
Will be most helpful.  
Roaming through the fields and woods,  
Picking the flowers,  
Listening to the songs of the birds,  
Will do far more than any other  
Agency toward their recovery.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Condiments

In this fast age,  
The less exciting the food, the better.  
Condiments are injurious in their nature.  
Mustard, pepper, spices, pickles,  
And other things of a like character,  
Irritate the stomach and make the blood  
Feverish and impure.  
The inflamed condition of the drunkard's  
Stomach is often pictured as  
Illustrating the effect of alcoholic liquors.  
A similarly inflamed condition is  
Produced by the use of irritating condiments  
The system feels a want,  
A craving  
For something more stimulating.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Forgive Me

My love,  
If there is a person that  
I can't forget in my life,  
Babe its you.  
You have contaminated my mind  
With the love you gave me.  
I can't bear the pain  
Of missing you, not anymore.  
Babe, come back to me  
And tell me why you walked out on me.  
All am asking for  
From you is forgivenes.  
Please forgive me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com



# I'm Sorry

I never thought you will  
Get upset with the things I said.  
I never expected you  
To be mad at me.  
I thought I was doing  
The right things  
While hurting you  
Emotionally, physically and spiritually.  
But the most important thing is that  
I've realised my mistakes  
And I'm sorry for that.  
I'm sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Lovers In The Rain!

It was the first and last time  
That such a thing could happen.  
Seeing lovers in the rain,  
Just standing there doing nothing  
But wanting to get soaked  
In the lighter down pour of the rains.

They never wanted to go home  
But just to stand there  
and starring at each other  
Like a cup of wonder  
With a lighter grin on their faces  
In the lighter down pour of the rains.

I heard the woman say:  
'I've been waiting for this day  
My entire life and here am I  
Feeling the down pour of the rains in my body  
With the one I truly love.  
We are lovers in the rain.'

Martin Greyford

# Writers!

Writers writes of poetic things  
Like the humming birds' wings  
But I think people beat  
Humming birds every time.

Writers like to write of rain  
And dawn and candle light aglow  
But I'd rather write about me  
And writers and stuff like that.

The funny thing is I delight  
To read what writers likes to write.  
And writers say they think  
My poems are okay too.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# My True Feelings

Your love comes like a swelling storm,  
Rumbling over and over,  
And ends smoothly like a flying kite.

How beautiful is the feeling?

Its the exact expression of love  
And it coils around, squeezes hard,  
Very shaking and comfortable  
Like a soft pillow at the same time.  
That's what draws you and I together.

Your love is amazing and my thoughts  
About you are countless like the sand on the seashore.

Your beauty is like the shiny  
Golden butterflies in a colourful flower garden,  
With the freshness of the aroma  
Mixed with so many different types of  
Beautiful fragrance of flowers.

You shine upon me with your smiles  
That I fail to close my eyes  
Whenever I see your face.

Martin Greyford

# Change

Nothing changes if nothing changes.  
Many are the time we people  
Keep on chasing the winds  
And never reach the point of catching it.  
Because its nothing.

A relationship of friends, marriages or romances  
Is a blessing that causes happiness in our time.  
Therefore, if these elements produces no good in our time  
Change has to be presented in order to acquire benefit.  
I believe some people come in our lives to help us change.

And change is personal to our desires when taught.  
When you see things that leads you to evil ways.  
Its you yourself to cut an affair  
And change to a better way for your own pleasure.  
We have to enjoy life on Earth.

In a way to change from bad to good.  
And God will grant us wisdom.  
So, let's continue changing to do good  
And blessings will follow us.  
And changing to bad curses will load upon

Our heads.Change builds.

Martin Greyford

# Why This Love?

I've been in love before  
But i've never had someone  
Who loves me this way.  
Someone who loves me with all  
Her body, soul, spirit, mind, heart, and brain.

But why this love?

Any boy or man  
Can be loved by a girl, woman or lady.  
But no one will ever feel the love of  
His girlfriend, wife or spouse the way i do.  
The love she gives me  
Keeps on driving my nuts crazy

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# If I Knew

If I knew it would be the last time  
I would be there to share your day.  
Well, I'm sure you have many more to come  
So I can just let this one slip away  
For surely there's always tomorrow  
To make up for an oversight  
And we always get a second chance  
To make everything right.  
There will always be another day to say  
'I LOVE YOU MARTIN'

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Ctrl+alt+delete

What do I do now?  
With all these memories?  
Everything is reminding me of you.  
Your face,  
The memory etched into my brain.

I'm scared to forget.  
Do I have to forget that I ever loved you?  
That you were the only one that mattered?  
Should I burn every memory I have of you?  
Along with all the things that reminds me of you?

And if I do will I regret it?

Will you ever come back to me and make new memories?  
I don't want to let you go  
But holding on is killing me.  
Yet so does the thought of forgetting you.

I don't think I could,  
But who knows when pain  
Becomes unbearable and yet if it does.

Have I not left traces of you everywhere?  
Ones that even formatting cannot erase?

Martin Greyford



# Leah Nyirenda

It was long and long a year ago  
When my eyes were charmed by the  
Looks and likes of leah nyirenda.  
She is a girl who is not that beautiful  
But once you set your eyes on her  
You wouldn't want to look elsewhere.  
Her charming face is the center of attraction.

If you've never had feelings for anyone  
Especially girls, womens and or ladies.  
Try to take a look on my leah nyirenda  
Then you will see that something is missing in you.  
The natural makeup she has on her face  
Will make you forget where you have come from.

There is a magnetic field that attracted me to her.  
If you idle in mind you may end up  
Following her slowly but sure behind.  
Forgetting that you are going somewhere.

I've know girls but not someone like  
MY LEAH NYIRENDA

Martin Greyford

# Home Of Hearts

Building a home of hearts my love  
Is what we've got to do.  
Making a peaceful haven to shelter others,  
To bearing reach others burdens  
Sharing the heavy load  
Yoked to the masters service  
And walking a single road.

Giving your heart to another  
Is making it a home  
Where the heart can rest in safely  
With no more need to roam.  
Its making the best from nothing  
To independent souls and  
Make a home of love.

Beholding heart to heart my love  
Sharing secret dreams  
Loving the Lord in others,  
This is what it means  
Laughing with one another  
At the funniest things we do.  
Learning to be a family,  
Jesus, me and you.

Its giving to one another  
To make the weaker strong  
Stopping to help the other  
No matter whose right or wrong.  
Its learning the love of Jesus  
That sees beyond the sin,  
Loving the heart that loves Him  
Building peace within.

Martin Greyford

# I'll Keep On

My head's exploding,  
My hearts letting go.  
I'm a house of walls covered in pain,  
My problem is I don't want to fix things.  
Just want to repair.

The feeling is exasperating.  
Wish to run but...but.... I just  
Can't run away from myself.

I see bronze in gold,  
It glitters no more.  
Say I'm great,  
That I know verily I do.  
Feels like am letting go,  
These hands are tired of holding on.  
Yes! It's true,  
I'll keep on  
I know God ain't dead.

Martin Greyford

# Eyes

The look on his face  
When he saw me crying  
Is a look I would never forget.  
As if he was feeling my pain of being humiliated.

The way he looked me up and down  
Acknowledging the fact that I was crying.  
The one person he will ever love was crying.  
I couldn't really understand his eyes.

They were saying so many things.  
Love for me being in the  
same space as him.

Anger for seeing his love  
crying by the doings of others.  
Guilt for not being there  
In time for whatever happened.

And finally the emotion that  
puzzles me is his happiness,  
His hazel brown eyes tell that;

The happiness I am seeing is  
For the fact that he is the only  
One that can kiss me,  
Like nobody else does.

That he is the only person that  
Can kiss my painful tears away.  
And that he can hug my  
Sorrow out of my own body,  
And into his  
In order to feel the pain  
That I am feeling

Martin Greyford

# Grandmother

I remember every moment  
I had with you,  
Every laugh and every tear.  
I sometimes still dream that you're alive.

I remember when I got ma stitches  
you were right there next  
to me in every step.  
I remember what you told me,  
not to cry.  
but that was much worse, people die.

I remember when I broke my arm  
you were there,  
so caring and so loving.  
I remember when I got sick.  
but now all that is left of you are the memories.  
I still sometimes cry about you.  
I miss you so much grandmother.

I wish you were alive.  
so that I could see  
your face and hear your voice.  
but now I understand that you  
are in a better place,  
but I still wish.....  
sometimes.....  
that you.....  
alive.....  
grandmother.....

Martin Greyford

# A Blessing In My Life

When you lose such a close person in your life  
You tend to believe that  
life is shallow and that you  
Will never feel so close to another person.  
I held onto my grandmother's memory,  
But as time went on,  
I was able to let go  
And accept that she was gone.

Although I always feel she is watching over me,  
I finally accept that she is no longer with me.  
And that is part of the circle of life.  
-As when I accepted that  
the Lord gave me a beautiful  
Gift that I can't even imagine living without.

A beautiful,  
Healthy baby girl.  
A gift like that did not replace  
The one I had lost but it  
Restored my belief in the beauty of life.  
When God takes a precious thing  
away from you he will give you something else,  
Not to replace it but just to  
Show that he cares and that  
Love is something that can never perish!

Martin Greyford

# Past, Present And Future!

I have been left to think of things past, present and future.

Although I cannot change the past,  
I can work in the present so that it is not repeated in the future.  
I can be humble enough  
In the present to admit that  
I have seriously injured people in the past,  
So that hopefully they can forgive me in the future.

I can forget the past mistakes  
Of others against me and love them both  
In the present and future.  
I can look to the future and decide  
That the present I am in  
Today is not the past of a tomorrow I will regret

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# My Future

Making my baby happy  
Is what I live for.  
I do it because I have  
Never been this happy before.  
How much I love you  
I will never be able to explain.  
Your image  
Your smile  
And voice don't ever leave my brain.  
All day you run around in my mind.

Someone as perfect as you  
I never thought I would find.  
I would give anything to marry you  
Now I really cannot wait  
To take that vow  
Once you say those words;  
'I DO.'  
My baby the universe  
Is what I will give you  
When I look at you  
All I see is a treasure  
And I know for sure  
You are my future!

Martin Greyford



# Broken

I thought you cared for me  
That you were my prince charming.  
You gave my life meaning  
And then you took it all away.  
In times of pain,  
You were my joy.  
But now I see I was just your toy.

An innocent girl  
Wanting to be loved and cared for  
Sadly,  
To you I became a bore,  
You broke my heart,  
Stomped on it,  
Until it was nothing but dust.  
All I have now are memories.  
But you don't care,  
You never did.  
You left me broken,  
Lost and alone,  
Hurt me straight through the bone.  
Once again I am in the loser zone.  
Now I wish you had just left me alone.

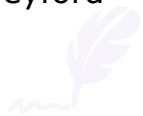
Martin Greyford

# The Glory Of The Cross

The revelation of God's love  
To man enters in the cross.  
Its full significance tongue can not utter,  
Pen can not portray,  
The mind of man can not comprehend.  
Looking upon the cross of Calvary we can only say,  
'For God so loved the world,  
That He gave His only-begotten son,  
That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,  
But have everlasting life.'

Christ crucified for our sins,  
Christ risen from the dead,  
Christ ascended on high,  
Is the science of salvation that  
We are to learn and to teach.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Goodbye My Sweetheart

When it comes to love  
You used to love with all  
your heart, mind and soul.  
Suddenly the winds of the night  
Swept you away.  
I couldn't and it's hard to believe  
That you are gone.

You once said;  
'Open your heart to both  
Giving and receiving love.'  
Now that you are gone,  
Who will I open my heart too?  
I'm left all alone and  
Everything feels bad in your absence.

The dances, the smiles and  
All that we did together  
Will last forever in my mind.  
Goodbye my sweetheart

Martin Greyford

# Mother Prayed Before Bedtime

I had never seen such a woman  
Who was so devoted to praying like my mother.  
Whenever she'd pray, we'll all sleep well.  
No one was ever haunted by night mares  
After her prayers.

Mother prayed before bedtime.  
And the house was peaceful that night.  
Whenever she'll do her prayers,  
The devil and his demons We're afraid of our house.

When mother prayed,  
The witchcrafts were all disturbed at their mimes.  
I could see one falling from the  
Sky after her prayers.

The God of the Heavens and Earth  
Liked her alot I think.  
For she was so committed, devoted  
To praying before bedtime.

Martin Greyford

# Will The Train Bring Back My Girl?

Come on!Hurry!  
The train is moving!  
I can hear it from a distance.  
That same train that took my girl.  
I hope my girl is in that train.

Please, the train;  
Have you brought back my girl?  
Or have you left her where you went?  
All I need is to see my girl alive.  
Please, may someone rush to the train  
And see if my dear girl is there too.

My girl was taken from me  
As if I had debts that I  
Haven't paid to the train.  
She was taken as if  
They were going to enslave her.

But now I can hear it moving  
Far from a distance,  
I can hear it's sound.  
Has it brought back my girl?

Martin Greyford

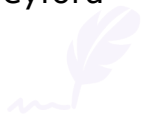
# A Poem From Leah

I'm not good at rhyming.  
I guess I just have to keep trying.  
What it be on, though?  
That, I really don't know.

Whatever I choose I must have passion.  
Could it possibly be the latest fashion?  
There's no way that's true.  
How should I think this through?

Should I take a break?  
And grab a piece of cake?  
No. If I do, I might never come back.  
I'd never give this poem another whack.  
Wait a minute, I'm already done.  
Now I'll go and have some fun.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Death-Our Worst Enemy

You know no race, colour or tribe.  
You know no age or physical appearance.  
You attack the rich and the poor.  
The thin and the fat.  
The tall and the short.

What have we done to you death?

I once had a mother and a father.  
A sister and a brother.  
An uncle and an aunt.  
A grandmother and a grandfather.

Where have they all gone?

Now i'm ruming on the street.  
No food, no clothes and no shelter.  
Please God, protect us from the evil of this enemy,  
Death-our worst enemy.

Martin Greyford

# The Worker

You wake up early in the morning,  
To the resonance of your conscience, Your inner you has told your outer,  
That.....dawn is breaking.

You know WORKER that someone needs you somewhere,  
You grumble, but you've to meet the odds, To the slaveyard, you walk, WORKER,

To the house of slaughter, you march humbly like a sheep,  
To the sweatshop, you march, as a criminal being led to the cell.

They enslave your soul WORKER,  
Their affluence renders them,  
Their might that renders them right.  
You've got to endure it WORKER.

Like a criminal they keep you closed in the sweatshop,  
Where everyone is turned into a mere working tool of the shop.  
By intimidation and harassment induced by them,  
You've to be a tool.  
You got to contain all this, poor WORKER.

The world is theirs and you've to live up to that.  
Remember, you can suffer now, but you can't suffer forever.  
Work until the day is over, everyday WORKER!

Martin Greyford



# The Port Of Misery

All we needed was a repatriation,  
From an alien world,  
That's made us mere objects of subversion,  
Of the wicked dominators of the modern world.

There we stood, bonded from one neck,  
To another, with heavy iron chains,  
Of the cruel acts, of the austere minds,  
Minds that aimed at purging us,  
Of our freedom of mind,  
And vision of the soul.

There we were, on the Port Of Misery,  
Verbalizing events that took place,  
In wordless flashes of consciousness,  
No presentiments prevailed in us,  
Only the feeling of dear overwhelmed us.

All we yearned for was, an explosion.  
A heart whose self determination, would outmode,  
All the techniques of the wicked  
And emancipation of our souls would be,  
A dream come true.

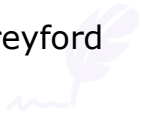
Martin Greyford

# Dreamed A Lot

As a little girl  
I dreamed a lot,  
I dreamed freely,  
Often on the top step of the back porch-  
Morning,  
Noon,  
Sunset,  
Deep twilight.

I loved clouds,  
I loved red streaks in the sky.  
I loved the gold worlds  
I saw in the sky.  
Gods and little girls,  
Angels and heroes  
And future lovers laboured there,  
In misty glory or sharp grandeur.

Martin Greyford

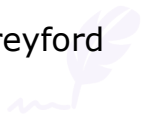


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# I Miss My Friend

Last month when I gave my speech  
My friend, Rita, organized my notes,  
Corrected my timing, applauded my delivery.  
She even gave me a standing ovation.  
Rita sorta died last week.  
I look at her empty chair,  
Next to me in class,  
And I feel like crying again.  
Her parents took her away.  
I couldn't bring myself to see her off  
And now I feel horribly alone.  
My friend, Rita, didn't really die.  
Her family just moved to a new city.  
It's the same thing.  
Please, Miss Kalusopa,  
I can't give my speech today.  
There's nobody here to give me a hand.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# The Busy Clock

Clock, clock, tell the time,  
Tell the time to me.  
Magic, patient instrument,  
That is never free.

Tick, tock, busy clock!  
You've no time to play!  
Bustling men and women  
Need you all the day  
BUSY CLOCK.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Forgive And Forget

If others neglect you,  
Forget; do not sigh,  
For, after all, they'll select you,  
In times by and by.  
If their taunts cut and hurt you,  
They are sure to regret.  
And, if in time, they desert you,  
Forgive and forget.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Make Up Your Mind

I never thought I'd be a killer  
Cause there's so much to lose  
But if I can't drink the water  
What else can I do?  
And although the axe is heavy  
It just sits in my hands  
While you're changing like the current Not a shore on land.

Every time I try to bring it down  
You always turn my head around.

Make up your mind  
Let me leave or let me love you  
While you've been saving your neck  
I've been breaking mine for ya'  
The power is on the guillotine hums.  
My back's to the wall go on, let it fall,  
Make up your mind  
Before I make it up for you.

I never thought that I'd be facing  
A sea that's bluer than the tide.  
Now my knees are shaking  
And I can't look in your eyes.

But if you're gonna make me do it  
How'd you want it done? Is it best to sip it slowly  
Or drink it down in one?

The executioner's within me  
And he comes blindfold ready  
Sword in hand  
And arms so steady.

Martin Greyford

# Homes In The Country

If the poor now crowded into  
The cities could find homes upon the land,  
They might not only earn a livelihood,  
But find health and happiness now unknown to them.  
Hard work,  
Simple fare,  
Close economy,  
Often hardship and privation,  
Would be their lot.  
But what a blessing would  
be theirs in learning the city,  
With its enticements to evil,  
Its turmoil and crime,  
Misery and foulness,  
For the country's quiet and peace and purity.

To many of those living in the cities  
Who have not a spot of green grass to set their feet upon,  
Who year after year have looked out  
Upon filthy courts and narrow alleys,  
Brick walls and pavements,  
And skies clouded with dust and smoke,  
-If there could be taken to some farming district,  
Surrounded with the green fields,  
The woods and hills and brooks,  
The clear skies and the fresh,  
Pure air of the country,  
It would seem almost like Heaven.

Martin Greyford

# The Power Of The Will

The tempted ones need to understand the true force of the will.  
This is the governing power in the nature of man,  
-The power of decision, of choice.  
Everything depends on the right action of the will.  
Desires for goodness and purity and right,  
So far as they go;  
But if we stop here, they avail nothing.  
Many will go down to ruin while hoping and  
Desiring to overcome their evil propensities.  
They do not yield the will of God.  
They do not choose to serve Him.

God has given us the power of choice;  
It is ours to exercise.  
We can not change our hearts,  
We can not control our thoughts,  
Impulses,  
Our affections.  
We can not make ourselves pure,  
Fit for God's service.  
But we can choose to serve God,  
We can give Him our will,  
Then He will work in us to will  
And to do according to His good pleasures.  
Thus our whole nature will be brought under the control of Christ.  
Through the right exercise of the will,  
an entire change may be made in the life.  
Lets use the power of the will in everything we do

Martin Greyford



# Opportunities For The Homeless

Within the vast boundaries of nature  
There is still room for the suffering and needy to find a home.  
Within her bosom there are resources  
Sufficient to provide them with food.  
Hidden in the depths of the earth are blessings for  
All who have courage and will and perseverance to gather her treasures.

The tilling of the soil,  
The employment that God appointed to man in Eden,  
Opens a field in which there is opportunity for  
Multitudes to gain a subsistence.

Thousands and tens of thousands might be working  
Upon the soil who are crowded into the cities,  
Watching for a chance to earn a trifle.  
In many cases this trifle is not spent for bread,  
But is put into the till of the liquor seller,  
To obtain that which destroys soul and body.

Many look upon labour as drudgery,  
And they try to obtain a livelihood by scheming  
Rather than by honest toil.  
This desire to get a living without work opens the door  
To wretchedness and vice and crime almost without limit.

Martin Greyford

# Life's Opportunities

Our time here is short.

We can pass through this world but once;

As we pass along,

Let us make the most of life.

The work to which we are called does

Not require wealth or social position or great ability.

It requires a kindly,

self-sacrificing spirit and a steadfast purpose.

A lamp, however small,

If kept steadily burning,

May be the means of lighting many other lamps.

Our sphere of influence may seem narrow,

Our ability small,

Our opportunities few,

Our acquirements limited,

Yet wonderful possibilities are ours through

A faithful use of the opportunities of our own homes.

If we will open our hearts and homes to the divine principles of life,

We shall but become channels for currents of life-giving power.

From our homes will flow streams of healing,

Bringing life, and beauty,

And fruitfulness where now are barrenness and death.

Martin Greyford

# When You're Gone

Sometimes I wonder what  
Life will look like when you're gone.  
I try by all means to forget it  
But it seems so impossible to me.  
In silent night when rest I took  
For sorrow near I did not look  
I wakened was with a thundering noise.

To you my dear darling  
I'll love you more after death.  
For my love is such that rivers cannot quench.  
My love is such I can no way repay.  
Then while you live,  
In love let's so persevere.  
That when you live no more, We may live ever.

That fearful sound of you.  
Let no man know is my desire.  
I, starting up the light did I spy,  
And to my God my heart did cry  
To strengthen me in my distress  
When you're gone.

Blessed be His name that gave and took  
That will lay my bride in the dust.  
Shy maybe shame  
But joy is unique.  
My sorrowing eyes aside did I cast,  
And here and there the places spy.

When you're gone-  
I shall but cry to eternity.

Martin Greyford

# Last Day On Earth

If today was my last day on earth,  
What would your last words be to me?

-Go to hell

-I love you

-I will miss you

-I never wish to see you again

-I am glad you are gone for good

-I will kill myself and follow you.

-I will treasure our times together forever.

-Rest in peace

-Forgive me for telling you that I loved you

-I was too late I would have told you the truth,

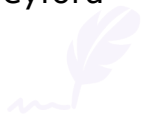
I was irrevocably in love with you.

-I never wanted you to die without having kissed you.

-I will always love you.

What would you tell me please?

Martin Greyford



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# Don't Be Lazy

Laziness!

Look at the ants beside the path.

Think about how they work.

Then you'll be right.

They do not have a boss to check on them. They do not have a supervisor to supervise them.

They get their food and store it

Until they need it.

They don't need government's gifts.

So don't be a lazy

Fellow and sleep all day.

Get ye up and get to work.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Africa

Africa, oh Africa  
Oh mother Africa.  
We live in you  
And you are ours.  
But why do you treat us like this?  
We ask for help  
But you don't respond.  
Is it because your head is bare of the sahara desert?  
Is it because you are shaped like a question mark?  
Is it because your stomach is thickly forested by the Equatorial forest?  
Please Africa answer me  
I am your slave Africa.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Irresponsibility

Some people are afraid of the world.  
They do not want to make any mistakes.  
They do not want to make any responsibility.  
They try to run away from everything important.  
They are selfish.  
They use God's gift like toys

Martin Greyford



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# Death

Ooh death  
Which has no cure  
Which has no choice.

It takes the children,  
It takes the young stars.  
It also takes the oldies.  
Whenever it strike its destruction.

My dear brothers and sisters  
How can we escape death.

There is no other way out  
But looking back on to the throne of mercy.  
For Jesus said 'I am the only pillar of salvation.'

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com



# Desperate Leah

Leah!  
Listen to me!  
Leah!

You may say that  
David,  
Jonathan,  
Mary,  
Ruth,  
Have passed on

Even desperate we can't despair.  
Let go each other's fingers sink.  
Numb in that numb-  
Drawn there  
Sole in our cold selves.  
God is there too, in the desperation.  
I do not know why God should strike  
But God is what is stricken also.  
Life is what despairs in death  
And desperate is life still

Leah!

Do not let my hand go, Leah.

The Lord giveth.....say it.

The Lord giveth.....  
The Lord taketh away.....

Takes!

Kills! Kills! Kills! Kills!

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Martin Greyford

# Date Night

Lovers in the moonlight  
Aboard the delta junction  
Exchanged a ring and promises  
And sealed them with a kiss.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Hope And Courage

We can do nothing  
Without courage and perseverance.  
Speak words of hope and courage  
To the poor and the dishearted.  
If need be, give tangible proof  
Of your interest by helping them  
When they come into strait places.  
Those who have had many advantages  
Should remember that they themselves  
Still err in many things,  
And that it is painful to them  
When their errors are pointed out,  
And there is held up before them.  
A comely pattern of what they should be.  
Remember that kindness will  
Accomplish more than censure  
As you try to teach others,  
Let them see that you wish  
Them to reach highest standard,  
And that you are ready to give them help.  
If in some things they fail,  
be not quick to condemn them.

Martin Greyford

# Life's Best Thing

Men and women have hardly begun  
To the true object of life.

They are attracted to glitter and show.

They are ambitious for worldly preeminence.

To this the true aims of life are sacrificed.

Life's best things,

-Simplicity,

Honesty,

Truthfulness,

Purity,

Integrity, -

Can not be bought or sold.

They are as free to the ignorant as to the honoured statesmen.

That may be enjoyed by rich and poor alike, -

The pleasures found in cultivating pureness

Of thought and unselfishness of action,

The pleasure that comes from speaking

Sympathizing words and doing kindly deeds.

From those who perform such service

The light of Christ shines

To brighten lives darkened by many shadows.

Martin Greyford

# Beautiful Surroundings

God loves the beautiful.  
He has clothed the earth  
And the heavens with beauty,  
And with a father's joy  
He watches the delight of his children  
In the things that he has made.  
He desires us to surround our homes.

Nearly all dwellers in the country,  
However poor, could have about  
Their homes a bit of grassy lawn,  
A few shade trees,  
Flowering shrubbery,  
Or fragrant blossoms.  
And far more than any  
Artificial adorning will they minister  
To the happiness of the household.

They will bring into the homelife  
A softening,  
Refining influence,  
Strengthening the love of nature,  
And drawing the members of the household  
Nearer to one another and nearer to God.

Martin Greyford

# Strength

That strong right hand that  
once balanced our  
young sons near the sky,  
once tossed bales of  
straw each August,  
once pitched no-hitters  
after sunday picnics,  
once tenderly stroked  
my once-auburn hair.

That hand  
now crudely arches to grasp a  
bamboo cane and  
now trembles as you reverently  
bow your feeble body in prayers  
and give thanks for the years  
of that strong right hand.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

# Who Am I?

I am not a child  
Even though sometimes,  
I behave like a child,  
I demand like a child,  
I get upset like a child,  
You treat me like a child.  
You say: 'I mustn't do this or that  
I am not ready yet.  
I shouldn't pretend.'  
Sometimes I wish  
You would just leave me alone.

I am not an adult  
Even though I wish to be  
It is my decision, my goal  
To be free, to be independent  
To do things  
To live my life  
As only I can live it  
To be someone.

I am a boy  
With the body of a man  
With feelings I don't understand  
With hopes unfulfilled  
Sometimes taking steps  
For which I am not ready  
Suffering the pain of falling and rising again  
Hungry for friendship  
Hungry for acceptance.

Longing to be told; 'Well done, you are worthwhile.'  
I am a learner on life's journey  
Heading for a future unknown  
Needing guidance to reach there.





# The Start Of Something New

Living in my own world,  
Didn't understand  
That anything can happen  
When you take a chance

I never believed on  
What I couldn't see.  
I never opened my heart  
To all the possibilities.

I know  
That something has changed,  
I never felt  
This way  
and right here tonight  
This could be the start  
of something new.  
It feels so right  
to be here with you.

And now I'm looking  
in your eyes  
I feel in my heart that  
This is the start of something new.

Now who'd have ever thought  
That we would both be here tonight?  
And the world looks  
So much brighter  
With you by my side

I never knew that it could  
Happen 'till it happened to me.  
I didn't know it before  
But now its easy to see  
That we are sitting under a tree.  
Look! The tree is dancing  
To the tone of our love  
And the branches are

busy whistling to it.  
Now I know  
that this is the start  
Of something new.

Martin Greyford

# Stay Alert Of Death

I just want to tell you  
Living in this world  
Life is changing  
Believe me all you!

Once I was living  
Like a prince  
When my mother and father with me.

But death came like a tiger,  
Died sameday.  
It fell on my parents-  
They died sameday.

When it comes to you,  
Crawling like a tiger  
Take care of yourself  
Like a fighter.

Martin Greyford



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