

Poetry Series

Micha Memory Asime
- poems -

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Micha Memory Asime(07/01/1994)

I'm the last of four boys, born to a great mum Theresa ng and writing keeps me in check and balanced.

All I've written, I will share with the world.

...And She Lived.

Silent at night
Sieved with fear...
The pain was too much
Her virginity lost.
She bleed a tonne;
and cried the sea
... and she lived.

Never expected it
but it was so...
Her body shook
like a tree
hit by lightning
...and she lived.

The days after were hard
filled with hell
abused same and same
...and she lived.

The day came
Labour was early
she was frail
and was almost gone
but she thought back on the days
...and I lived
she said and fought on.

Heavy blood loss
and she hurt in between her thigh
now it is, all is lost
she thought for she was weak.
Then she heard the little cry
and gave a weak, sweet smile.

Up she looked
and saw her little struggle
felt her passionate wailing
through all that...?

she asked...
...and she lived
they responded.

Micha Memory Asime

A Kind Of Loving

A kind of pain
That puts a maddening smile of satisfaction
On the face
Not lost in a dream
But searched in reality
I found.

A kind of tear
That flows sickently free
And silently on
I've cherished many a day
No liquid nor trace of air
I've whipped.

A kind of pride
Yearned not for thyself but for thee
Surging in the wind
On the faces of the hour
And wilfully objected
I've seen.

A kind of smile
That's implausible to unveil
For with it
Through all
Is the hardest
Though not impossible
I've felt.

But in all
The transition lost and coming
The tears dilated and drowning
The hopes squashed and souring
I sought but one

A kind of loving
When the morning comes
That's distinctively unreal
And far fetchedly in tune

With the seconds of life
That places the mind at rest
For the heart never forgets
To uphold and replete
My vanities at large

To be kissed in the rain
By a rose on the wind
I seek.

Micha Memory Asime

An Amen.

And all these time
all I said was an amen.
An amen to all the wishes my heart has made in veil and hidden under my eyes.
An amen...to let it be.
If need be and heaven isn't jealous of my love.
An amen...to have the one thing
An amen...for that smile.
Fairy Tales I'm wishing on tonight...
For an amen...

Micha Memory Asime

Angels And Demons.

Cast away;
We plunged into the abyss below...
Our wings clipped.
Woe to earth.
Underneath, watching the skies above.

Angels and demons;
Heaven bade us farewell.
The way we live,
That's what we are...
I am.

Micha Memory Asime

Anything Means Nothing

Anything?

Anything you say?

What do you mean by Anything...?

Anything can't be the answer...

Nay...

What we need is Something,

Something that will make Anything, Everything.

In Everything;

There is the assurance of Nothing, Anything and Something.

So don't tell me Anything

But tell me Something

So that in the end...

I will have Everything.

Micha Memory Asime

Bad Hair Days

There were days when nothing went right
The sun shone less, the moon ebbed blackness
The seasons drew blood
And the tears won't stop

There were days I heard mum cry
And it tore my heart
To know she was doing all
But success turned a blind eye

There were days I couldn't feel the bloodline
The atmosphere was taut and the nights cold
I kept afar from everyone
'cos that was what I did best

They were bad hair days
Like a dance with death
And a patch with the devil
Like the one I had yesterday.

Micha Memory Asime

Bittersweet Yesterdays

I savour life at it's best.
Whilst my friends on the other side of town,
drown on duck ponds and coke syrups.

I'm happy as it is...
and dead like Ulm.

My days are whitikled,
and my friends are forced to be selfishly unquiet.
Ambition accompanies me,
like a love affair.
Good days and bad days it has it.

I hide in the depths;
of the bosom of the one that loves me...
just as my spirit ventures out full and fool.

I see yesterdays like today;
but it's not to be...
for as my friends see it-
we in low places,
cherish the feminist ghoul of the ancient gods.

Bittersweet yesterdays,
it will always be for me.
To hell with what my friends see;
Or maybe not?

Micha Memory Asime

C'Est Bizarre

I've dined with the Christ and Satan,
At the same table.
Each on my either side.
I've got the blessings of each
To do as I deem fit.
I've bathe the devil with the blood of innocents,
Brought Christ the throbbing hearts of the most vilest men.
To live a life, like mine...
Cursed and blessed,
Prayed on and cursed with.
Is nothing ye can understand.
I'm naive and mediocre, wise and loyal, arrogant and ignorant...
To ye lot,
I'm all these and more, from your perspective.
From mine, ye are all lost and wandering
Waiting on me to put ye out your misery,
To bless with death's kiss.
I'm the smoke and mirrors
Your soul and worst nightmare,
Christ's right-hand and the devil's backbone.
I'm Mibacai,
Yours maniacal.

Micha Memory Asime

Colour Of Love?

What's the colour of love?
The colour that enriches my heart;
Too powerful-an eagle's flight.
Soaring high above my lover's eyes.
Kind but cruel;
Love is it's own curse...
The colour of love is seen but no one knows...
Pray you-please tell,
What's the colour of love?

Micha Memory Asime

Cravings

All I want
Without words,
While I'm alive...
Is for you to let me in.
Tell me once, tell me twice.
Oh kiss me tenderly;
For strawberries taste like your lips do.
Yet still, I can never have you.
I've been standing inline a long time,
A long way down.
You're my everything,
But never should I have called you, an angel.
They always leave.

Micha Memory Asime

Dream Girl.

A pet name, she asked from me,
None I could think of but Lips, I spake.
Strawberries taste like lips do...
If ever I should kiss her, verily strawberries it will be.
But if I do kiss her, will her mouth be this true.
She - a woman after my own heart.
If love should find me...
In her arms, I pray God it does.
Her beauty enchanting, her body enticing.
The angel that moulded her, a sculptor I deem.
Nothing she lacks, everything she has...
Curves in all the right places, she has already
No need for a perfect ten.
Carved on her face, a smile to light up my world.
But sad, so sad, she not mine...
To dream and fantasize at a distance, always.
Too cowardly a man to step forth.
If a man she has, Lucky his name would be.
A beaut like her, I'm sure she does.
My lose now...
From a distance I smile, my heart be aching.

Micha Memory Asime

Drunk In Love

As my eyes dawned
On the seconds of the rising sun;
My innocence and naivety yielded much.
In the fantasies,
Of fairy tales and their forever after's...
But as the morning came and the hours drew on
I learnt not to indulge on my stupidities
But to lust on as my emotions surged on
And I perceived myself to have found Eureka
Only to know it was a fool's dream.
An errand to the ashes.

The afternoon drew near
And I had learnt much of the secrets of the sun
Could even count the stars the day held uptop, so clear...
The skills, charisma and thr characters
Stolen from an afternoon from yesterday.
From thr scribes, the red motion and Hollywood
Had coated the linen of my mouth with sweet deceitful honey
And my whole with tge acts of Solomon's blues
And I thought myself Jack.

But the night caught me unaware
For it was still young....

And I, with me flowed with the current of the wind
Ended up to the parties and fun
Oh! !there was much red meat and wine
And jewels that shamed the sun
And fine linens that made the clouds inferior
I soo did have my fill
Like the glutton in me for all things good...
I was Drunk In Love
And as the night grew old, my imagination wild....
I had seen fire, I had seen rain.

Midnight found me in a fool's slumber
All jarred and scared and purple tearing with a smirk.

Another dawn my eyes saw
With a hangover so huge the blue sky
A regret so deep the sea
For I was a day older and a lil wiser to reality
A yearning so great for better much
A thrill so imbedded for what this day will bring
After all;
One is what one was for the rest of one's life
A Drunkard....

Micha Memory Asime

Dusk Of Passion

In this dusk
nothing is more worthwhile
than the urgent simple desire;

Here in this dusk, secret and still
I bend and kiss you now, my love
I vow to savour your most beauteous curves,

merge-
embrace-
cling-

for erotic excitement

In this dusk.

Micha Memory Asime

Fairy Tales

I've read many a book
And watched many a love story;
'And they lived happily ever after'
Only if I could find my own.

Micha Memory Asime

Heartbroke Fool

Love's suppose to be happy;
but it's brought me nothing but tears.
I lose the ones I love...
Time and time again
But I can't seem to stop loving...
Long as my tears flow;
I'll go on loving.

Micha Memory Asime

Hell To Keep

Into the depths...
Of hell I had being,
And with a bow of flames he receiveth I
On hells front porch
Getting to know the devil,101...
His side of the story.
But into hell's kitchen;
I pledge to skip...
He smiled a humourless grin
Knowingly still...

Micha Memory Asime

Hey Love

I said I'll never fall again.
Never jump down that abyss a second time...
I swore never again to write a sad poem
nor listen to a slow love song.
All these and more, a blood oath I made never to go down that road again.
But here I stand,
Staring into your big brown eyes.
A fool I've being...
Dumb struck and spellbound.
Somehow I think you understood
Cos you walked on by
as the crowd watched on
and wiped away my tears.
You took my hand and placed it on your heart
Saying it's ok.
A kiss you placed on my lips.
Now here I lie
with you by my side...
love songs playing,
as I write these sweet words.

Micha Memory Asime

I Am Me.

I am the heroes
streamed with pride and boasts
head high in the autumn's night
vigil and stubborn.

I am the crowd
with the passionate sweats and cries,
lurking in the valley curves...
in a silent upheaval night song.

I am the voice
unbent in the depths of the night...
that sings remorsefully,
the songs of the lone
and will not be consoled.

I am Me
shaped by facts, wits and whips...
hardened by eternity's beaus,
in this land of mine.

Micha Memory Asime

King Of Sorrow

I'm a man
A man of pain.
A heart torn in shreds.

I'm a man
A man with bloodshot eyes,
Eyes that flow like the stream.

I'm a man
A man betrayed,
Left in the dark.

I'm a man
A man burning in the depths of hell,
Sin-filled to the neck.

I'm a man
A love lost man,
Stoodup in the rain.
They're all gone;
And no one needs me.

I'm a man
A man of regret
If only I could turn back the hands of time.

I'm a man
A man of immense hurt
A King of Sorrow.

Micha Memory Asime

Let Him Be

Oh

And into the seas of love

He has fallen

Hard and deep.

He is drunk in love...

And drowning fast

Micha Memory Asime

Life's Way

We love to hate for a reason
Good to bad for virtue
Smile to cry for a change
Need to want for vanity
Hope to fail for a calling
Trust to betray for a favour
Win to lose for honour
Live to die for the sake of it.
All for a balance.

Micha Memory Asime

Love, Not Mine.

Love, not mine.
A life in it, never to be.
Love, not I,
I dive in too deep,
Or jump none at all.
Love, least few.
If ever a bad boy was to be
That's I.
Earliest at seven,
My first girlfriend I did but keep.
Sweet, sexy and calm.
God bless her heart.
Lasted only a year I think.
Love, dear love.
At thirteen, in love,
With one currently my best friend
Cos that's the best and closest she can be,
Her heart, never mine to hold.
Love, ye found me.
Oh m'cherry, thy love root'd in I.
Never to touch, too good for I
Distance a friendly foe.
She left me sitting under the maple tree.
Only knew I loved her, when I let her go...
And I let her go.
Round and round,
Back in her arms I fell.
But never to keep
She left me, yet still, lying calmly crying in bed.
Love, forced love.
When at thirteen, my heart be tripping for someone else,
A chubby girl, her heart she had sworn to I.
Oh I knew it so, but never desired to be.
Months after my beloved's departure,
A truth or dare game
Tied me a knot with dear chubby.
Many a year's loving in secret...
Her wish I granted,
To be with hers charming.

But a year down the line,
On my nerves she got...
A botched relationship from the start it seemed.
Passion was none, desire there was...
But desire's gone, so's everything.
To quit, be celibate,
All that's left for I.
Love, why me.
Love, to stay but out of reach.
If love should strike me again
Strike me mild, strike me sure.
Love, not mine.
Love, oh why.
Ye be friend or foe.

Micha Memory Asime

Me Ladies

Life is a proverbial bi*ch,
buh I intend keeping her so;
she brings out the son of a gun in me.
And there's...
Fate-ma mistress,
makes ma living surprise worthy.
Destiny-ma Mia
makes ma life a living hell
buh whiles me sitting down sipping some pina coladas
And least not last...
Chance-ma boo
keeps the circle going on,
and makes sure I fall on ma as\$,
once in awhile...
Me ladies;
they complement and complete moi.

Micha Memory Asime

Mutual Feelings

She's ok and I'm alright.
She lies asleep while I watch her dream.
In my mind's eye I see her when I close my eyes.
Every time I see her...
I need not air cos I breathe her.
I know what it feels like
To be held by an angel.
I know how it feels like
To be loved by a goddess.
We fall in love, the way we fall asleep...
Slowly, then all at once.
He's ok and I'm alright.
He lies awake with my head over his chest,
Steady heartbeats telling me how much he loves me.
Nothing really matters when he's around.
I know what it feels like
To be stared down with passion.
I know how it feels like
To be filled with heat and desire.
And as our hearts soar
with our fingers intertwined,
and our screams high
in a silent upheaval night song...
the good Lord finds us this way
We pray.

Micha Memory Asime

My Lady, Lover Of My

My lady of the night, of the mirth of the autumn twilight; where there on her bosom lies, ebbs pure love she has for me.

My lady with skin like a Diana, mouth small yet full reddened with desire, I opt to rhythm of her waist quickens and promises to give way under the flourish of my fingers.

My lady with heart fragile but steady-full of gracious emotions she bestows to seek adoration for me, has led to the sealed fate of matrimony.

My lady fair and crimson, patient and hopeful at the crystal flowing fountain. A matter she cries oh stay! that my heart skips the third time.

Lover of my, like the poet in love, will come as a maiden...down the a darling my lady is.

Micha Memory Asime

Our Works, Like Us.

We're all but poets, and sculptors, and muses, and painters.
A perfect legion, the rest just lost.
Impassioned, brave and shrewd.

Words, brushes, chisels and imagination, our tools we've got.
Imperfect, pained, and not enough.
Thou arts in heaven, we give on earth.

We need not numbers to justify the world
Our works unique other and above all
Everything's got a meaning with us...
A child's cry, an ant's work, verily even with the devil's balls.

And least, I say more...
Our work's us.
We all not gifted with the four
But two or three, the most bestowed.

A sculptor, with hands and imagination, sculpts God's eye
With words he might not describe
But a poet sits 'round his piece and goes on and poems about.
Complementing the sculptor to a T.
A painter's pictures, a muses threshold
A muses's songs, a poet's inspiration.

Going on in circles, with these and more
Our works, like us...
We do well with our experiences and emotions
Our works filled with them, full of them.

Micha Memory Asime

Over You

Over, I'm so over you.
Over my broken heart and hurt pride.
Over, I'm so over you.
Over your lies and promises.
Over my tears and sorry words.
Over, I'm so over you.
Over the pain and your last goodbyes.
Over the chase and running after you, I'm tired.
I'm over you
with my poems and love songs.
I'm over you
and the change I keep spending on you.
Over, I'm so over you.
Over the nights I held you and the love we made.
I'm over you
with your iloveyou's.
Over, I'm so over you
but not my love for you.
I'm over you
and how your body felt next to mine
but not the way my heart yearns for you.
Over, I'm so over you.
Maybe if I tell myself enough...
I'll be over, so over my love for you.

Micha Memory Asime

Pure Lust.

Every other Saturday night;
I sat me down to watch...
some over dramatized romantic movie.
You know...
the ones with the electricity and sparks flying about,
when you kissed the perfect girl.
And every other summer night;
I made me a promise to go find me mine.
Stupid it was, I knew...
childish of fantasies.
But I vow to keep, I meant to claim,
Till tonight...
I never knew,
what pure lust actually was...
until I kissed that girl.

Micha Memory Asime

Purple Tearing

Sometimes; I cry without reason
It spills out silent and free
With no sobs or sounds at all.
It drains me...
Like a fountain going out.
Then I think about it
And I cry some more...

Micha Memory Asime

Secret Admirer

Without words;
I wove my thoughts and feelings,
Into oblivion.

Without passion;
My tears and blood,
I impact.

They say,
First love is instincts.
And I believe so now...
For my love for words
Has always been.

But yet now
Even as my heart reaches out,
Others glide in it.

Secret admirer in the shadows
Oh'in and ah'in
But pleasures so
I do not receive, never bestowed on me.

Without doubt;
My secret admirers,
Thinking of me
But thy heart with another.

Micha Memory Asime

Shoulda, Coulda, Woulda.

I should be gay, but I'm not.
A player, but I ain't.
The girls I want, I can't have...
The ones that like me, get on my nerves.
I could be a priest, but I won't.
A celibate for life, but I shan't.
None of the above suits me...
And the options left sickens me.
But I've got to be something, at least.
A romantic, but what's the use.
A dagger through my heart...
And let ye all mourn.
I would.

Micha Memory Asime

Skin Sin.

Gateway to sin,
the skin is...
sensitive to touch;
the wise yet still falls.
Emotions abound to explode, explored.
Due to it's lasting lust.
Exposure;
the sensual wicked genitalia,
causing the attraction of thoughts...
that hides away from the mind's eye;
to surface.

Micha Memory Asime

Slightly Tempted

There's only one passion,
more uncontrollable than love.
A passion that cannot be denied.
A betrayal that cannot be forgiven.
Obsession...
I killed a man I hated today,
but I swear I'm not guilty of the crime.
If we are made in God's image;
then I do not want to pray.
Cos that's what I am
Predestined...
I am the smoke and mirrors.
I know...
...know I'm gonna kill again.
Just don't know when.

Micha Memory Asime

The Way I've Lived

I've passed life
and passed pain.

I've passed hearts
and passed tears.

I've dreamt happiness
and heard wails.

I've seen smiles
and cried along.

And all to what
to pass reality
and live my fantasies.

Micha Memory Asime

Train Of Thought

Let ye the world be lost
For in it we've got none the lest to last
As the skies fold...
The sun and its lover moon fall.

Micha Memory Asime

Truthfull Lies

Truth hurts;
Promise is debt
Lies are an insurance.

Micha Memory Asime

Un(On) Conditional

Forever ends.
Never did need;
Ever to know...
Love's death wish.

Maybe,
Forever was a little bit too long.
A long way down...so up, Aphrodite's tears.
Trickling down my shrewd heart.

Cupid did miss...
My ass the price to pay.

Micha Memory Asime

Under Me

Under Me

on this long green earth
under the milkblue tender, moonlight midnight sky
I am out of love with you for now

Under Me

your face gleams up beneath me in a dusky light,
golden, rayon with sultry lips
like the rosy leonine heart stilled
as this you give, a gift to make us both your own

Under Me

it's the constant image of your face
incandescence with your soft curves I. the dark distend
that makes a man out of me
as this you give, a gift to make us both your own

Under Me

is all a simple lust.

Micha Memory Asime

Who Wants To Be Rich?

Who wants to be rich?
Such an absurd question
Everybody I guess;
Everybody.
Even the rich wants to get rich
How much more the poor?

The rich get richer
The poor poorer
So why ask
Who wants to be rich?
When the answer is in front of you.

Who wants to be rich?
The masses I know
Their quest for it is immeasurable
But they ask...
Who does rich want?
Where does rich wants to be?

Micha Memory Asime

Will Never Know

What came along
was what we passed by;
Stuck in the cleavage of the bosom,
the tear that forgot to dry.
Now that we know
We knew not also...
But about the round the 'bout.

Micha Memory Asime