

Poetry Series

**Michael .k. Ruffy**  
**- poems -**

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## Michael .k. Ruffy(10-07-1990)

I am a university student still in the process of learning my world. Discovered i could write at my young age but made no impact out of now its overpowering me.i would want to be journalist by profession.

My writtings comes out of self motivation and sometimes motivation from other people.

Enjoy reading them and if you like them contact me and we will share more for i still have got alot to learn.

# Broken

It's driving nuts  
It seems its better  
Not to be loved  
Especially by them

Those that are around me  
Those that care about me  
Those that breathe down my neck  
Whenever I do wrong

But what is life without love  
Without those to hold near  
Love is something real  
Love is to be lived on  
Love is what I have got  
Love is what it is  
Just between me and you.

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# Crowded

Feeling of pain  
Feeling of hopelessness  
But for the reasons why  
I have none  
Not even one.

I thought that I had won  
Won the hearts of not only but one  
I was given nothing but warn  
By those who say they are guan  
I cared for those they said they cared  
I cherished for those they said they cherished  
I loved those that said they loved  
But none truly cared, cherished or loved.

Meeting is of providence  
Momentous is the time spent  
The things done is of remembrance  
Things done together are of the past

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# Everyday Birthday

&gt;Life as much as we know it  
&gt;Is like a wondrous walk in the street  
&gt;Long dark and empty indeed  
&gt;Where we live one life per day  
&gt;We sin each day but still we pray  
&gt;We hunters but to some we preys  
&gt;  
&gt;  
&gt;To be born is so to say mortal  
&gt;To grow up is optional  
&gt;But to get old, there is no option at all  
&gt;Yet beauty still remains in the heart  
&gt;No matter how much the skin gets hard  
&gt;  
&gt;  
&gt;Today my dear, for u its all about love  
&gt;A day to be wid people who make u smile and laugh  
&gt;To be around people who care for you  
&gt;Doesnt matter how many for they are true  
&gt;  
&gt;  
&gt;Have fun and much enjoy  
&gt;For it is your special day  
&gt;Yours is true birthday  
&gt;May you be surrounded with love all day today.

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# Friend Or Fiend

The pain burns my heart  
Pretense truly does hurt  
They say they are my friends  
But they are just my fiends.

Pretenders are worse than murderers  
So no need of lying to me  
As the lightning cuts through the clouds  
So will my heart be.

I thought friends are like brochure  
To the most wonderful places for sure  
Boy! I was wrong  
Because money does not buy friendship  
And even the beggars on those streets  
Get friends for who they are  
Not for what they do or do not have.

I thought I could call them my friends  
But they are just passers-by  
Like the wind they go by  
Not even dare look at me in the eye  
Were they my friends or fiends.

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# Gone Forever

A very hardworking girl.  
Everybody sang of her goodness.  
On everybody's lips were her praises.  
The wise men once said.  
Good people never live long, they die young.  
Why is it so?

I really can't help control.  
A hot bitter tear down my cheek.  
When I remember the little angle.  
So young and innocent a girl.  
She didn't even live, to see her boobs to grow.  
Just like other lucky babes.

The memories as fresh as shave.  
Are those i have had with her, before her demise.  
Holding her tiny hand, she just smiled.  
Those innocent smiles, those sweet smiles.  
Smiles not to be compared, cherishing smiles.  
Like that of my late aunt.

Out gone she is, with the word to be precise.  
Dear God, how can life be so sweet.  
Yet so quick and short.  
Pain of losing cherished one.  
I sent a prayer unto you God.  
To give her family, the serenity to overcome.  
The things they can't change.  
And those that they can.  
And wisdom to know their difference.

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# I Can See

I can see as I peep through the sky.  
Down to the people gathered.  
All in the name of paying last respects.  
To the life briefly lived.  
To the body of the long gone.

I can hear my dear mother crying.  
Shouting as she is held tightly.  
Shouting and cursing the person who did this to her.  
Attempting to throw her whole self.  
Into the six by six meant for me.

I can see the love of my life.  
Wailing her tears down the cheeks.  
Her soft brown cheeks.  
Which has now turned red.  
All because of mourning.  
For she loved one so much.

I can see many friends.  
Other people I have never seen before.  
Solemnly surrounding the wooden box.  
Waiting to throw me deep down.  
Cover me up with lumps of soil.  
Leaving me for the ants.

I can see my enemies too.  
They too wear sullen faces.  
For the sake of culture.  
Because they cant be happy.  
While others are mourning.  
But the have to see me off.

I peeping in the sky, see all these.



I try to comfort but no one listens.  
Everybody is engaged in their wailing.  
For they are weeping for themselves.  
For I am happy, happy indeed....  
Missing all the cruelties of the world.  
For the round thing I am.  
Happy where I am.

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# I Miss You

Hearts are hollow  
Like grass in the willow  
Thoughts fly through  
In remembrance of you.

They say,  
You never know how much you love something,  
Until you have lost it.  
I say,  
Friendship is like sound health,  
The value of it seldom known till it be lost.

Tears linger in my eyes  
Because of a life full of lies  
Lies told to my dear ears  
Through and through all the years  
All this in remembrance of you

Now the tears cascade my cheeks  
Why did it have to happen  
Why did the blood have to leak  
Did they have to run dry  
Why didn't they try  
Fight for thy dear life  
All in remembrance of you.

Your touch is in my hand  
Your picture in my head  
Missing you is all I can  
Wishing for that second chance  
To be with you forever again  
All this in remembrance of you.

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# Inside

Inside is what it is in me  
Besides it is what it would be  
But it would not be anything  
If it were not for the tight string  
Yet it grows weak by every slice  
And inside i need justice.

To many it is a favour  
And others it is a saviour  
To me it is a torture  
Still I am holding on  
For the only place i call home  
My inside, inside my weak  
For the past and coming weeks  
Inside still, I do need justice.

My inside so painfull, but I try  
Always say am fine but I lie  
Get the insight an understand  
Feel me, then next by me stand  
Inside mine needs peace but with justice  
Give me true actions and stop the practice.

All has its own insides  
But they least have different sides  
I am hurt right, but i need not a guide  
Good person am I, don't need to abide  
Holding on, still strong for the ride  
Like the one to heaven, for the righteous  
Yet my inside feels the argue for justice.

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# Jacqueline

I can hear the phone.  
The same old ringtone.  
It beeps and vibrates and lots of things.  
I hear you weeping.  
You are trying not to cry.

And think not.  
But you think.  
And I make you realize.  
That I don't have.....I don't have.  
What you are looking for.

I can't sugar coat the truth.  
I could never lie to you.  
About things being hopeless.  
But I can lie to myself.  
And think you are okay.

And think, and think.  
Come up with nothing.  
Instead of being what you want.  
I'll tell you what you need.  
You need to know.  
You need to feel.  
You need to be, you need to breathe.

Be Jacqueline.  
Trash those insecurities.  
For they always seem.  
To reach you and me.  
You can't be afraid and expect to win.  
You can't play it out and try to hide.

The hardest thing is that extra push.

I'll push you off this cliff.  
Push you to infinite and wrap you in.  
Those velvet clouds.  
Clouds of suffering.  
Clouds of joy.  
Clouds of naivetè.  
Clouds of shame.

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# Quid Pro Quos

The wind blew through her hair  
The rain running through the air  
Then out of the blues  
"Here miss, have this"  
He flirted with her.

Making the promises  
The promises of the future  
Promise of the departure  
Departure to the land of love  
She never knew  
That it was quid pro quos.

A beautiful life  
Full of roses no strife  
Forever it gloomed  
No way would it wither  
She never knew  
That it was quid pro quos.  
One day he finds her  
Chatting away with a guy  
To her he was a friend  
To him he was a foe  
A wife taker no more  
She never knew  
That it was quid pro quos.

She goes home  
"honey am home! "  
No answer, only but some noises in the room  
Scared she goes, opens the door and "OH"  
She never knew  
That it was quid pro quos

She sees him with the other her  
Then she asks  
"If it was true love, then why show,

the quid pro quos? &quot;

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# The Fear

I have a message for you  
A message of wondrous love  
That brings joy to the heart  
A message of traitorous love  
That brings tears to the eyes.

Everyone has a fear  
A fear of true love  
Fear of the so marvel  
Fear of the sweet travel  
A journey to the Island of love.  
Of mistakes we are the makers  
But still we are the fixers.

We have to close them eyes  
Fold them eyelids and fly high  
To pray, to dream even to kiss  
Coz the wonderfull things in life  
Are unseen but felt by the heart.

I wish i knew you from your infancy  
Coz everyday you are in my fantasy  
The thought of your love so classy  
Your love so classy, though hidden  
Telling you this is not a flattery  
For you are a woman, phenomenally

Forgive me for my modesty  
Just practising my honesty  
Just wanna be next to you  
My phenomenal woman, the beautifull one.  
THAT's you.



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# Them Nice Things

They always say the nice things  
Them tell me to have nice dreams  
But all I wanna do is run  
Run from the dreams of the past  
The dreaded past.

I remember them days  
They say them gonna have fun  
But instead them gonna find guns  
Those of the gwans  
The gwans on their streets  
Them set rules are strict  
No passing by  
Otherwise you die.

Them mistaken brothers die  
Them left behind always cry  
Cry for those who lost their hearts  
Their hunted hearts hurt.

They say  
The hated hate the haters  
The played play the players  
The love for lust and leisure  
Leisure for the lust to be loved.

If all this  
Then why tell us all the nice things  
Tell us to have the endless dreams  
To put up with reminisce  
The reminisce of the dreaded past.

These are the questions I ask  
The unanswered dreaded task  
But for the reasons why  
They are incredible, why lie!  
We have to close them eyes  
To pray, to dream even to kiss

Because the wonderful things in life  
Are unseen, but felt by the heart.

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