

Poetry Series

Micheal Bello
- poems -



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We Are What We Are

Have you ever watch from a high Or a peak of a mountain
Watching the sea foam and swipe
Folds and sly
Current wiggle
Roars with forces

Have you ever realise how much you hold with you.
The landscape of the greens, shells Throngs of men giggling
Chattering and laughing.
The sea water flushing through the nape of their feet.
Those wearing bikinis—
Others in strapless apparel.
The mud fraying in the air—
A caramel, golden trickle eye fetching through the crowd.
'Mooma..' her feet stuckeded
Pushed in her embrace
'Am here, lad.' smile crept on her lips.
Memories awaken.

Now,
Imagine been attacked
In the middle of the night—
When the half moon
Hide behind the cloud cloak. Masked men feasting the darkness
Careful steps
Cautious movement for the preys. Whoever come for pranks shriek
With soft pant.
Hadn't been they puff it out
Shove their passion hard glaring. Would they felt suffocated
Otherwise, tormented.

At the light, every one have the episodes they are lashing through. You can
awake humanity sense of honor.
Goods stolen, life left
In the Cleavage of death.
Has it redeem you.
You are hunted by your own shadow—your past.

He made bricks
From the brim of last idea.
Veins haywired
like a useless wire knotted
Sweated waters washed
From stress swim —
it isn't easy to break off
Bonds of uncertainty and Confusion.
You can mar or blow.
Only you can give the right direction to your hallmark.

PS: It is important to consider every one as ourselves

By Bello Micheal

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Do you also have a story or a new interesting short story you want me to read for you.

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About the Author

Bello Micheal hail from Ondo State. He started his writing at a teenage age. He has written many works— most hadn't been published. Find him, within Music and art— an enthusiastic lover of both.

The Last Straw

It's unusual gray— fettered on her nails
Closure with the gait, of yesterday pains.
She bore the weakness; wrinkles flesh
...veins confess way above the skin.
Her face blurb again; tormenting a smirk
Array by the sound of pat-tap
Her gentle gait lessen.
A knock brush against the door.
Her eye ball, dark dull balls blinked. Eye brows twitched— a small lad dodged
weak on the pines.
Feet stucked to same spot; weight of the scarcity.
A tap again—'pat...'

The door jerked, causing the two to grimace in fear.
They marched together like comrades.
Weighting the iron; clung fitly into their fingers.
Letting darkness frame, with reservation.
Each steps loads with gait and agility.
'Remain. Fasten your butt up mama.' tough but gentle
A screech gallivant, the door fell with a dull thud.
Clasp with fear, her feeble hands braces over her lad.

Again, the morrow came
And fuels skyrocket bail
For hunger rain to gate the sunny bait.
Face flushes with red
'Not again-' would always appeal.
For pen and papers are hammer ?? to appeal peace to war.
The last episodes of the livings
Comes as gongs and beckerings.
Their prances, chatters,
cloacky; penetrating the eardrum.
Drum of war here; massacre there
Flute of death; tears abreast.

Where is it?

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