

Poetry Series

Mosi Mustapha Gomina
- poems -

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Mosi Mustapha Gomina()

A Beggar's Plea

Do not pass me by, my friend; look at me;
do you not think me worthy of your gaze?
Wait and listen to this poor beggar's plea;
for the turns in my life are but a maze.

I'm an orphan, ma'am; a month past age nine;
a victim of Nature's incessant tricks;
a cursed child whose roots had left him behind
when they swayed in tune to death's calling beats.

I've been driven away from existence;
a persistent stench from Nature's bottom;
left hanging in discomfort's heightened fence;
like a pair of balls bound in life's scrotum.

All my life, I have been chained in bondage;
chained away from the sweet-scented roses;
my ears blocked from the wordings of a sage;
into my life, emptiness imposes.

But curse me if I refuse to bless you;
for I see within you the radiant sun;
for all my distress, God'll bless all you do;
I pray that for you, a blessing is born.

Wait, sweet lady, I beg you not to go;
take pity upon me and listen more;
for to everyone, I appear a foe;
you'll change that if you'll be my soul's succour.

I perceive you were born into a home;
yes, you were; but that's not the case with us;
we were birthed in gutters and alone;
who are we to oppose God's will and force?

Behold you steps; laced with parental love;
I'm certain both of them are still alive;
how lucky! I wish I could be that solved;
I'd probably not rot beneath life's hive.

'Feed me a sorrow'; someone once told me;
he lingered also in a distressed state;
now I hear he was drowned in the cold sea;
thus I must wonder; will that be my fate?

You see it is not all about money;
or a bowl filled with coins or five-pound notes;
for my life has been a morbid journey;
all I ask from you is a word of hope.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

A Bewitched Child Laments

Recoil I from the tendrils of darkness
While I trudge up the vale of my own fate
Knowing nought but the glut seville silence
Whereupon I eddy in bemused state.

Should the chalices of these whirrs be sought
And the stables of their whispers be swept
I'll be a herald of its solemn wrought.
In a lone travel through honesty's depth.

Come hither forth that we may celebrate
All ye humans that are girdled with scorn
How amidst Nature's pawns, we reamin bait
Lea'ing us in disdain in utter forlorn.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Across The Horizon

Quietude on a gleaming night in June;
My eyes sear from the light from the moon;
Thus, the orb of relish is risen;
As my gaze meets the vast horizon.

My thoughts cuddle the carts of wonder;
My strength turns a quarry of sunder;
For I am stuck in the fields of Time;
While my mind wanders across the line.

Maybe beyond the curtain so high;
Reside the four corners of the sky;
Or the fount from which lightening comes forth;
Or chariots of cold that wreathe the North.

Or the knoll to which the clouds retire;
Or queer stars robed in torches of fire;
Maybe the home of the sun's repose;
Maybe an Angel's sketch of a rose.

Why ponder over a world unknown;
Over Nature and her seeds that roam;
I close my weary quell eyes and sleep;
And unto the cradle of dreams, creep.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Age-Scorned

Trudge I aloft grace
As mine childhood ebbs away
I seek still her grail

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Armed Fire-Rings Of Immortality

Behold scattered grains of mortality;
seeded deep into the lives of mortals;
pruning dreams till birth of reality;
availed from the slums of ancient Golgotha.

As men strive to trample on aged Time;
though the mortal hands are bound amidst fear;
fate is awakened from the slumbering mines;
reeling forth to weave humans' thread with care.

Desert-terrains of mere humanity;
abandoned but without mortal success;
for all men budget for eternity;
searching hither for eternity's crest.

How the celestial beings over this, laugh;
watching mere moulded dust leaping with glee;
with hands stretched forth to take hold of the staff;
but losing grip of eternity's tree.

Like frost patterns on a coloured window;
so lovely, so bright; but subject to change;
thus, immortal yearning that pleads to grow,
is planted and nurtured but dies again.

Oh ye men, moulded out of the Earth's crust;
longing to see the birth of a new sun;
know henceforth that thou art nothing but dust;
from it, thou were born; to it, thou returns.

This is the cycle of life; a circus;
where men bleed and hearken to death's decree;
fleeing the dark loop of humanity's curse;
armed fire-rings of immortality.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Birth Of Daylight

There, the orange sun has burnt itself out.
The dark veil is hauled over the starred sky.
The blue-berried moon now lingers about.
Every mortal temporarily dies.

The steady chirping of crickets is born;
It's cry wandering about the empty space;
In preparation for a new dawn;
The cloak of existence; another phase.

The mortal man's consciousness is stripped down;
Revealing the silver-lined path of dreams.
Their spirits attired in a new gown
Diurnal thoughts arriving the starry scenes.

'tis within this period that horses fly;
'tis within this period the old turn young;
'tis within this period that horror dies;
'tis mother Nature hitting the night gong.

Alas; e'en the lame are permitted walk;
The once inactive eyes are given sight;
'tis the period you hear the dumb child talk;
All in the ceremony of the night.

Then the pains of childbirth; halting it all;
Nature squeals as a new daylight is born;
The dawn, fore-runner, heeding heeding the call;
As the new sun steps out the horizon.

Men resume snoring, murmuring vile words;
The cock crows, saying he said it before;
The crown of reality is restored;
As the sun's seeds now populate the shores.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Bless The Meek Whispering Heavens

Bless the meek whispering Heavens;
bless the weak weeping clouds;
bless the winds that seem driven;
by chariots of the South.

Bless the young indignant day;
bless the seeds of sunlight;
bless the proud roses of May;
though they be without might.

Bless the cotton of the fields;
bless the wool that comes forth;
bless the roaring of the seas;
bless her coasts; bless her lot.

Bless the strained arm of Atlas;
lest the balanced Earth falls;
bless the shadow that is cast;
on the tall earthen walls.

Bless the wishes that I make;
bless the blessings I seek;
bless this morning for my sake;
bless those that cannot speak.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Hannah's Lullaby

Onto the cradle of mortal sleep;
that ye may from unconsciousness, sip;
I bid thy young prying eyes goodbye;
lest my cold voice to silence, is tied.

Twinkle, ye stars of the mystique sky;
cry on, ye crickets, I bid you cry;
lay upon Earth, the radiant shy light;
let thine voices quake the glittering night.

Set upon humanity, the glow;
pick up the sceptre of dreams and row;
tailor the torn linen of the dark;
for dreams are horses and nights are carts.

Seal thine eyes, bind the hinges and sleep;
awaken slumber and let it drip;
thine thoughts are heavy; the night is long;
dreams are thine to own; this is my song.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Herald Of Amagedon

Lucid thoughts wavered amidst blurred images;
as my spirit drowned in lethal graffiti.
Spider legs of confusion crept up the walls of my mind;
and mortal thoughts were mutilated beyond regularity.

For amassed yet in the burrow of Sheol,
were armies of darkness; numbered as sand;
flags moved in tune with the wandering wind;
for an impending celestial coup was being planned.

Upon nought, mild gestures were hung.
With blades of death duly unsheathed,
memories of the past faded into the abyss.
Thus, mortality slid to extinction's edge.

Large strenght-laced wings continued flapping;
celestial bowls of wrath were tilted;
episcopal bells rattled out of rhythm;
and on mortal grounds, red-pigments were littered.

Flesh-clothed beings appeared amiss;
though they remained perceived as present.
Nature's balance screamed and echoed hither.
Thereafter, the curtains of comprehension were rent.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

His Last Words

Should it please the gods of my fore-fathers
That I be hung for being true to my words,
Then I die in pain as memories clatter
Even though they seem too frail for these cords.

Vultures, ravens and the host of the sky,
Ye that knew my sword-strained ramble through Earth,
I bid you feast on my flesh when I die
Lest I be hauled beneath decay's rough hearth.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

I Fall I Die

I fall
Upon her lair
Of breathless seduction
Although it seems to me quite quaint
I die.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

In A Land Within The Heavens

In a land within the Heavens;
a cave atop the sea;
where all stars are but eleven;
my heart shall pump with glee.

And the riddles of the winter,
shall seem to me so mere;
for my heart will then search hither;
and find that you are there.

With your hands around my shoulders;
your words upon my ears;
my hatred shall grow not older;
my eyes shall beget tears.

And the sweet caress of moonlight;
shall lay with us no more;
in your eyes will I find delight;
my tears shall know no shores.

In the love-garden of Eden;
I'll heed your every call;
in a land within the Heavens;
you'll be my love; my all.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Jane's Ghost

When all words appear amiss;
when the tears drown the eyes;
when emotions fly with ease;
Jane's ghost is passing by.

When the leaves quiver and bend;
when the clouds flee the sky;
when the priests' garment are rent;
Jane's ghost is saying 'hi'.

When the witch's wand is wedged;
and the dead doth arise;
'tis Lady Jane's ghost being fetched;
evoked to freeze the ice.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

L'Appel Du Vide(The Call Of The Void) ..

This is the ordeal of a mortal kind;
Who heart to soul and to the mind combined;
Was moulded in despair and utter loss.
A creature so fair but a morbid cross.
As a herald of gloom he perched on Earth;
None that had breath loathed his quaint birth.
Not e'en Nature would with his grace compare;
For the sceptre of beauty, he did bear.
But seven years less eleven was he
When mortal guardians were stung by envy.
Away from his thread went the divine grace.
Thus upon his future; a riddled maze.
Alien to his own existence he was.
It appeared he sailed adrift Nature's course.
But should ample brazen paddocks suffice,
They'd drown the peal birthed amidst his cries.
For he plied the path of life; a frail trough;
Stricken and naked on a hearth so rough.
The gale of decay swept off his rafter
As pearls of defeat were joined in clatter.
And the shrill conceived rose up to the sky.
The laws of Odyssey, it did defy;
For it came back mellow-drained in the void;
From the grey world beyond in swift recoil.
Hence, the thoughts of emptiness fed on him.
Neither god nor mortal could him, redeem.
With flails of depression, he thus was fed;
Till quirks of adulthood ate at his thread.
The beauty of childhood, he still retained;
Clouded in humanity and disdain.
But he sailed hither in the tardy storm;
Robed in sombre bewail and amber worms.
And though it seemed futile to hope and pray
To sail atop chariots and wheels of clay.
He derailed from the path in victory's birth;
O'er Nature's entwined web; wreathed in death.
Thus I sing of the mirth-bereaved young boy
That quivered and sank in Nature's ill ploy..
Till he wandered adrift to worlds beyond;

Lea'ing behind his frail body; swelled and torn.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Let It Rain

Let it rain on the drought-shrouded terrains.
Let it rain on the meadow and her grains;
For the ember stare of the bridled sun
Fiddles and suffuses our flaccid corn.
Let it rain on the paddocks of the lake;
On the subtle ducklings and bickering drakes;
Beneath the bleak clouds and the supine trees;
On eroded coral herbs of the seas.
Let it rain on the sordid fluttering gale;
On salient boughs that it has lured to sail.
Let it rain on the dew-quaffing mountains
And all frost-flawed cliffs and weed-wreathed plains.
Let it rain on the face of December;
On mild mellow skins of oceans' envers;
From the fog-fiddled toe of a hill's foot,
To the depths of a mermaid's solitude.
Let it rain on pale petals of flowers,
On gloomy castles and misty towers;
In lethal labyrinths of cycloned caves;
On nap-narrowed nights and the dirge-drenched days.
Let it rain beneath the wild-wandering clouds.
Be it in whispers or weeping aloud.
Lest our hollow-hydrated hearts complain,
On our knotty knees, we plead; let it rain.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Lilies Of The South

I sing of the lilies of the South;
that dwell in the wreathed hills' mouth;
and dance to the rhythm of the winds;
heading colonies of whites and greens.

With coloured petals that sway adrift;
sealing with beauty, the sunlight's rift;
their whispers trail the celestial whirr;
and quake the frail fountains of despair.

Their Winged-fragrance spread across the hills;
over the clouds and on eagles' bills;
beneath the rocks that form the Earth's base;
till they magically flame the sky's face.

The lilies retain the bliss of yore;
from tales of knighthood and whispering shores;
alive within them are scrolls of old;
upon which are the stories untold.

I sing of the lilies of the South;
of living rubies that hang about;
for in the meadows that shelter them;
dwells Mother Nature; in mortal realm.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Little Shelly

I went to bed quite early
One sullen night in May
And dreamt of little Shelly
That I had met by day.

But in my dreams it spoke well
And did not bark at all
And so I asked-'little Shell,
how's it that you're this tall? '

But little Shell turned around
And bit my subtle butt
And when I fell to the ground
I woke up without hurt.

That's when I saw the villain
Playing in the new day
I shoed from my window pane
Until it ran away.

Since then I haven't seen him
And it girdles my gut
For when he comes to my dreams,
I kick his little butt.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Marriage In Old Age

If age was golden falls in lands of blithe
Not clothings sown for skins that pamper gloom
I'd drift in speed to knolls that sing of light
And taste the sweetened threads of youthful loom.

But whither nuptial dreams of tailing woes
Yet dwell in breath and match the bridal knell
'tis aimless thought to loathe the cursing foes
When subtle space is bridged by breathing hell.

The robe of youth is gone as olden days
With darkened spears that guard the chin and head
But mocking time has stolen youthful rays
Thus breath and lively thoughts will lay abed.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Ode To A Churchyard

Upon your grey face, O you parcelled moor
That harbour the sacred flowers of yore
Lay ample stone-structured lairs of the dead
Where dreams are put to rest and breath abed.

While fright-frozen sculptures exist abound
With torches of silence that beguile hounds,
The chalices of blood of men lay 'neath;
Dust, their chaplets and brazen worms, their sheath.

The shrills of neglect eddy your pale climes.
Though the cocoons be laced with blithe designs;
Under your feet, built beside bleak meadows,
Side by side, loathed fools and great heroes.

For your quaint mouth knows not arrows from bows;
Emeralds from glossy stones, friends from foes.
And e'en though flowers are pillowed atop,
Their fortresses of repose are your crop.

But while the chariots of death ramble by
And befogged grave owls hoot and mourn and sigh,
Tendrils of the Lotus' art is laid
To wreathe earthen crevasses on your glade.

O subtle haven from glens of despair,
Encumbered with rest, you're morbidly fair.
For side by side lay mortals in quietude
Upon your quell breast in swoon solitude.

Why you seem so sullen, I cannot say.
Swaddled still in lustre strands of dismay,
O churchyard that was e'en before my birth
Be gentle and blithe when I lay in death.

When my flesh-tailored clothing is no more
And bones rover in nakedness as 'fore.
With my remains tamed in languid sultry
O you parcelled moor, be gentle to me.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Philosophy Of Life(Simplicity Within Complexity)

Oh ye mere mortals of the present age,
I ask that ye hearken to my wordings;
for it is the thoughts of a decent sage;
celestial whispers that roared while mourning.

I have sought the wisdom of aged kings;
I have been bathed in their heightened thoughts;
I have danced to drumbeats by spirit beings;
with their morbid ways, I have my views clothe.

No man has tasted immortality;
no, not yet; not while we still dwell in sin.
Yet, impossible as it seems to be,
men do have access to immortal dreams.

Life as we've come to know it is a thread.
But not a mist; no, not complicated;
for out of mere mortals, men are being bred;
surely from Nature, men have been birthed.

Wait, am I even alive; I wonder;
these stratified layers of thoughts are nought;
I, man; life's my wife; Nature's asunder;
little wonder I'm a man but I'm not.

But if I be man, let life's veil be torn;
torn away from the heart beneath my heart;
for the strenght of my life's thread is out-worn;
for with sin, I, a man, did make a pact.

Life is simple; but then again, it's not;
life is more like a flesh-bodied shadow;
life is everything; no, life is just a dot;
life is broad but then, it appears narrow.

But within life; within the shadowed veil;
within the complexities that echo;
within the disturbed sea that men do sail;
is existence; the sloppy hill, the glow.

For life is dark; so dark it appears bright;
like the distant roar of an injured lion;
running to and fro, you hearken to its plight;
but beneath that is death, the dark legion.

Yet, life is smooth; as smooth as rough can be;
life is a garden of hard flowers and soft thorns;
life is just a bitter-sweet poetry;
life is crooked but devoid of sharp turns.

Life is a bowl; so live it to its fullest;
life is dark; so be a body of light;
let alone being the good one; be the best;
shine forth like the stars in a lonely night.

The peak of your strength's just a mile away;
hasten your footsteps and trust not your might;
thank and praise the creator; night and day;
for this is your essence; for this is life.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Portraits Of Eternal Anguish

From the tainted sanctuaries of mortal guilt;
ensures an expanding abyss of grievance;
laid as a drenched butterfly on retribution's altar,
I kneel to cleanse myself of my blood-stained hands.

My existence is chained to an eternal curse;
the pioneer being my lust for mortal flesh.
Thus, the garment of my eternal rest is shredded;
with the emblem of agony upon my chest.

It appears the portals for my redemption are closed;
saturated to brink with dripping abominations;
as the pathways to bliss appears distorted;
and the links of my very existence are placed on probation.

Now the stench of my deeds are arrayed before all;
the wind has blown and it's all exposed;
and the herald of my anguish, I now recognize;
for I am my own serpent; I am my own foe.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Saboon

Suppose I dwell in a land called Saboon
Located amidst meadows on the moon
With four-legged beings
And a pair of wings
I'd make dream-tales my rafter and cocoon.

A haven where Saboonites don't grow old
A threshold from glut winter days and cold
And the lustre clouds
Form the city crowds
I'd prefer it to castle made with gold.

I suppose I'd play with the bridled sun
For my skin would be girdled and won't burn
Then I'd dance with stars
And ramble through Mars
Seeking only delight utter fun.

With my speed-saddled wings will I rover
Shooting o'er Earth and her glossy tower
Robed in cosmic shells
Dangling yuletide's bells
Trudging forward and backward o'er and o'er.

How much could this feeling possibly birth
For my fears are pillowed on loss and death
How I loathe such dreams
Forged are they from beams
I am stil a stranded human on Earth.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Sons Of The Bull

In swift recoil from tendrils of despair,
Sullen bewail curl about the bleak air.
Quotidian events swathe the subtle words,
And quake the frail rafters of Orion's cords.

While tardy paddocks echo the bellow,
And shrill clatter of thoughts wreathe and mellow,
The ample whimpers freight the azure sky;
Forged from gore-winged sails of a Taurean's cry.

Like the wailing of the legends of yore;
Of knights that found no solitude ashore,
But swaddled in hay beneath brazen fields,
Their brook of tears thereof, is with notes sealed.

As the torches of Heaven trudge and quail,
And the beams from these bodies appear frail,
The sons of the pale bull shudder and whine;
Though their deeds are pillowed on quests and wine.

For the surfeit spells of woe suffuse them,
And quell constellations flee their faint realm,
Their amble with quests is with deceit met;
Hauling them adrift divine epithet.

Thus, 'fore blithe recoil from sombre disdain,
While whims laden and chain their myriad reins,
They trudge as men bereft of docile mirth,
For scarlet stars have eddied their gnarled birth.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

The Dirge Of An Owl

You always smiled while alighting Heaven;
Alongside wild clouds of the horizon;
You would foster the children of the seas;
And clothe with light, oats, beans, barley and peas.

Even though your frail tears could not be seen;
They touched every white, red, yellow and green;
For even the wailing rains that flutter;
Cannot echo the soft words you utter.

It is you that wields the firm wheels of Time;
You curl the lilies and parade the vines;
Thus, with your bright skin, the shy day is made;
For before your swift eyes, the Earth was laid.

Why you tarry this dawn, I do not know;
But with wings adrift and my eyes aglow;
I, the guard of night and friend of you, Sun;
Will breathe upon your promise to return.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

The Old Rover

He came with the mild-murmuring breeze in play.
Ambling down the sordid silence of May,
His hand swaddled a scarlet-speckled flute
That stemmed mid-day's searing gay attitude.
When his lips parted to caress the wind
That cuddled aloft his grey-bearded chin,
It quivered the flowers; calm and mellow
And echoed the whistlings of the meadow.
Our souls succumbed to the gale of his whirr.
Faint-footed and wonder-wreathed we were.
He ploughed thoughts upon which words cannot ride
And sailed atop our sore-soothed bleak tides.
Ample flock-tending shepherds rambled by;
As did brazen nightingales in the sky.
Maulding-maiming melodies that chimed forth
Remained captive to stones of frugal worth.
In symphonic notes, he told sombre tales
Of lethal despair and surreal bewails;
Of sullen kingdoms and placid-plagued kings;
And of Summer, Winter, Autumn and Spring.
E'en the wild-wandering clouds shed tender tears
When he left in benign but senile fears.
Forever and more shall we await him
To musically bring to life, our swoon dreams.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

The Young Sentinel

A tale is told of a young sentinel
Who crevassed the ice and into it, fell
And landed in meadows of white and green
With winged horses in a gold-coloured stream.
And when he felt the faint impulse to speak,
His lips were sealed and his body was bleak.
Then came thereafter, the voice of a flute
That quivered his essence and made him mute.
Just when he felt a kick upon his hand
And the echoing murmuring of a lamb,
The horses vanished and so did the stream.
He saw not his lady; 'twas all a dream.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

To Janet Of Ole Beijing(Song Of Mosydshepherd)

The roses chime in spiral sway
A court of flowers chant in gray
As ere-like bands in locusts' knell
Aflamed and bound in Janet's spell.

The twigs of day are curled in awe
Behold an art at odds with flaw
Behold the being behold how soon
The day is night the sun is moon.

For Jane of rare and fairy kind
For Jane of mild and lustre clime
Make quills of bleak and eerie bands
Make scrolls of vast but blanded sands.

The skin is charred as hue of night
Of staring stars in turfs of light
The hymns of tides yet tell her grace
The helms of winds yet dance in praise.

Unfurl the braids of age and Time
Enfold the stars in clad benign
Now hem the breath of mocking age
To cease the spew of senile rage.

And men, O men of golden ways
In tombs of speechless Lethe's gaze
Let psalms of praise be made for Jane
Let threads of death be made aflame.

And men, O men in breathing urn
With nimble tongues to please the sun
Awaken gaze and pick a peek
The eyes yet thirst for beauty leak.

Like elms in boulevard and bay
Embraced by motif locks of fay
This lass is brewed as ole Beijing
Behold the grace behold the being.

Compare with Jane, the silver skies
Compare with Jane, the cosmic ties
Uphill of yonder dreams in rest
Compare with Jane, the Balaam blest.

The tresses carved to gild her head
Alike to hay on austere mead
The pathed walks in hue of night
Yet bind the eyes and set alight.

As pollen seeds of edelweiss
The eyes are scraped from saffron ice
The pupils match the runes of gold
That tame the eyes in Lethe hold.

The valley trail aloft her breath
Is best compared to poles of Earth
The tunnels carved to muffle air
Where lies a kind that stands a pair?

Just down the vale of Janet's nose
A fairer pair of voice repose
The doors of words and window sill
The creator carved as tubal mill.

Behold the curves that fault her chin
So fair and smooth as meadow green
The neck's a path to Heaven town
Upon which mortal gazes drown.

The ribbon blades that guard the heart
Aglow with skin to wreath the art
With golden breasts to hem a child
And nib-like rings of Life to gild.

The navel speaks of salient grind
The stomach warns of supine bind
A lone embrace of lurking eyes
Is tamed to eaves of senile size.

The yews are joned by berried glebe

Mosaic as spiders caught aweb
A crimson portal spun to hold
And yield the rune of births untold.

To Jane who lent me oars to row
Whither I go wither I grow
As ere-like carts in drowning knell
Aflamed and bound in Janet's spell.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Torches Of Heaven

From the birth of light till the death of Time,
The swift-swirling torches that sail our clime
Were arrayed in rafters for the blue Earth
In celestial patterns across the hearth.
The trudging of Nature across Time's path
Did foster the gale of these artifacts.

For while light was birthed with words of faith
And mystery was sheathed in bemused state,
The torches of Heaven became tendrils
Of God's first sculptures 'fore mountains and hills.
And till date, they glimmer and robe in light
To brighten the faint day and wreath the night.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Whisper Your Sorrows

Whisper your sorrows, you wailing rains;
Why you fall upon the Earth as grains;
Sit before my eyes and say it all;
For your tears reach me; I heed your call.

From the tall Heavens, you always flee;
You kiss the Earth and cover the sea;
Our world is trembling under your tears;
Please speak to me; put to test, my ears.

Lest we earthlings drown from your distress..
Else, we'll be torn from existence's chest;
So, whisper your tales, you wailing rains;
Why you fall upon the Earth as grains.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Will I Meet My Saviour

Will I meet my saviour in breathless sleep
With Angels that dwell yonder?
If 'tis the Lord's doctrines that I must keep
Would not breath put asunder?

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Words Of An Infant

I have ambled from a place I know not
Down to their salient Earth
Whereupon I strive to add to their lot
Yet without breathing strenght.

As thought they do not listen I yet scream
But still they do not hear
Thus I'll crymy tears will beget a stream
A reveille for their tear.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina

Written Orders Of An Old High Priest

Fellow priests, monks, nuns, friends, all that read this;
as burning tears roll out my failing eyes;
this is what you must do when I'm deceased;
with my body cold; my soul in the skies.

First, promise me that no tears will be shed;
no mourning, no chanting of morbid hymns;
do not allow your heart rule o'er your head;
don't allow emotions cloud your reasoning.

Pray to the Lord to keep my wearied soul;
lest I blindly stroll into lakes of Hell;
that I may sip from the celestial bowl;
with the chiming of episcopal bells.

My body must be wrapped in cotton-white;
recently plucked from the monastery's fields;
this must be done with all joy and delight;
taking care not to spill the bereaved seeds.

Do not forget to clip my finger-nails;
to cut my hair and a gay decent bath;
if 'tis with this request you choose to fail;
feed me to beasts along the forest's path.

Have I mentioned the time for my burial?
At noon; the mid-point between dawn and dusk;
I'll behold all this via Heaven's aerial;
watching as I'm laid and clothed with dust.

Send out four missionaries on that day;
to the East, the West, the North and the South;
let them come back on the fourteenth of May;
three years after the Word is spread about.

Lay me beneath the shores of Africa;
the land that birthed me to black parents;
I know that it is from Rome, very far;
but I'd rather lie in the Negro's tents.

Share the little I have among the poor;
and please, add little to it if you can;
from your ever-friendly hearts, please do pour;
for from the church, flows grace for the land.

Lastly, be attired in godly garments;
for it is what you sow that you shall reap;
may Jehovah be the source of your strenght;
do all this when my eyes are joined in sleep.

Mosi Mustapha Gomina