

Poetry Series

**Paul Andrew Bourne**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Paul Andrew Bourne(December 5,1968)

# A Bewildered Soul: A Call From The Deep

I arise this morning confused, bothered by a call from the deep  
I remembered nothing but my soul was troubled by the night before  
A dream that ripped through my soul; but, it was lost in the morning  
While the bewilderment lingered in my soul  
I wondered about  
Nothing, everything and the more I wondered  
The more my soul was bewildered by a dream  
Sleep had given up its power to this bewilderment  
I had dew all over my face  
Perplexed by the call from the deep  
Yet, I remembered it not  
So, I cried  
My soul was puzzled; yet I remember it not  
Where art thou  
O my soul  
Why art thou troubled by this dream  
That thou can't recall  
Why art thou in this state of confusion  
Because a call from the deep

I arise this morning confused, bothered by a call from the deep  
I remembered nothing but my soul was troubled by the night before  
A dream that ripped through my soul; but, it was lost in the morning  
While the bewilderment lingered in my soul  
I wondered about  
Nothing, everything and the more I wondered  
The more my soul was bewildered by a dream  
I crept into consciousness as  
Though it were a train traveling downhill with brake  
My soul had me wondering about nothing  
Because it had got a call from the deep  
I could not understand this vagueness of the thing  
It was like a man had crept into my room  
With a thunderous sound during my slumber  
I awoke confused because the call from the deep  
Lost in vagueness that I can't recall  
But I was bothered by the call from the deep

I arise this morning confused, bothered by a call from the deep

I remembered nothing but my soul was troubled by the night before  
A dream that ripped through my soul; but, it was lost in the morning  
While the bewilderment lingered in my soul  
I wondered about  
Nothing, everything and the more I wondered  
The more my soul was bewildered by a dream  
I sat on the edge of consciousness  
Wondering what is this thing that bothers me so much  
Yet, I can't recall this call from the deep  
It was bewildering without a cause  
My soul had lost its path  
So, it had come back to tease me in these powerful years in adulthood  
I was in wonder-mode  
Searching for answers but  
Nothing was forthcoming  
Was it nothing that had bothered my soul?  
It was nothing,  
No, it is something in the presence of nothing  
Searching for this thing in my physical space that I abode  
Yet, I recall nothing  
Still I was bothered by the call from the deep

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While the bewilderment lingered in my soul  
I wondered about  
Nothing, everything and the more I wondered  
The more my soul was bewildered by this dream  
A call from the deep  
That I remembered not;  
Yet my soul was bewildered by the call from the deep  
Lost in consciousness  
But I'm still bothered by the call from the deep  
That ripped through my soul in mystique

By Paul Andrew Bourne, 2017

Paul Andrew Bourne

# A Flower With Years

Like a seed  
I began in the open firmaments of the heavens  
battered by the very elements of nature  
to make me strong  
in a milieu that  
oppresses, dictates, and abuses  
but Iâ€™ll rise'  
like a flower, I bloomed with lightâ€™s rays  
like a flower, I was groomed by years  
like a flower, I unfolded with grace  
like a flower, I am the living years  
but watch and see'  
Iâ€™ll be your treasure because of these years

I see me with years -  
a cistern that absorbs the days  
then  
replace them with experiences  
a price not paid with a few years  
so I murmur not  
because of these years  
yes  
I am these years  
but Iâ€™ll rise'  
like a flower, I bloomed with lightâ€™s rays  
like a flower, I was groomed by years  
like a flower, I unfold with grace  
like a flower, I live in years  
but watch and see'  
Iâ€™ll be your treasure because of these years

Iâ€™m  
crafted in hurt, misery and pain  
A price I paid for younger to listen and fear  
yet they see this not  
yet Iâ€™m not perturbed because of these years  
but Iâ€™ll rise'  
like a flower I bloom with lightâ€™s rays,  
like a flower I groomed by years

like a flower I unfold with grace  
like a flower I live in years  
but watch and see'  
Iâ€™ll be your treasure because of these years

Paul Andrew Bourne

# A Single Bullet

a bullet!  
a single bullet!  
just a piece of metal  
in the wrong hand -  
in the palm of a gangster  
ruptured his feeble heart  
burst the wrong vein  
fall he him face to the ground.

a bullet!  
a single bullet!  
struck him like a vicious beast  
crippled his future  
extracted that final substance -  
an untimely end,  
no time  
no time- for byes.

why....?  
why, a life so purposeful,  
a life so meek,  
a being so sweet,  
a mortal so pure,  
should meet the end this way?

Paul Andrew Bourne

# A Tainted Democracy

Poverty, freedom of movement  
crippled not by conflicts of  
pre-1962 Jamaica  
but by political tribalism,  
black disintegration, 'donmanship',  
&quot;Saddamization&quot; and  
fatherless confused children  
scrimmaging through debris streets  
to unearth affection in a starved  
community represents Vietnamese  
undertones.

Those sporadic volcanic  
uprisings among a people of the  
same earthly pigmentation -  
tarnish that peace needed to  
unfold like the lilies in an equal world.

The confusion of this bloodless people  
erupt oftentimes on playfields over tackles,  
goals, 'bad mouthing' and over nothingness.  
They - a few goblins have spread their deeds  
on the harmless masses without empathy  
like Hitler they swallow the innocent without  
remorse. I see quilted minds with years of  
struggles and history separate like a volcano.  
It's the party loyalty, the silliness called  
profiteerism and years of peculiarity that has  
fueled this war, injustice that stands between  
the same ones.

In my land  
the fear of God withers first,  
then falls the love of parents  
follows by the respect of family  
to the detriment of all  
and finally the regard of life.  
Where lies the joy of being or

the craft of a being?

In our neighbourhood the socialization of  
Nationality is forgotten in the curriculum.  
Our streets are laid with plaques of lost youth  
and silence earmarks the price for stay.  
We hide in the nights with a warrior's alertness  
looking for the next twist  
though we fight not aliens.  
Our corners are void of flowers, filled with  
the dew of grace that falls a far off and our  
children play with retaliations -  
and this is a reward for years of illiteracy.

Where is our sacred motto,  
the teachings of Marcus and  
the visions of Christianity?  
Confusion, pains, fears, rejection  
mar our psyche -  
the years of shackles have paid dividends:  
For brutality needs no explanation.  
Even with much, we're offered less  
while we see our Masters - same race  
in furs of Europe, drunken in the  
fine wines and luxuries of the First World.  
Why do they see us not nor see they the scandals  
Is an X our only talent!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# A Woman' Love

What is life without a story,  
and what is a story's essence without its moral  
as it pains the psyche to know that you're alone  
on a trail of love's trajectory -  
because someone seeks the selfish end to the  
tale

so...

I cried in pain's anger  
and, I laughed in emotion's whisper,  
I saw the end in the end  
and wept with a poor man's wealth  
I saw the heavens opened to accept my pain-  
as I reach to hold the wind in my grasp  
but was I in a trance  
as in the story's end was its mirage beginning -  
so

I cried, I cried, I cried  
with a beggars' delight  
from being offered a pledge in faith  
I cried, I could not cease  
as I saw the wind  
churning on its axis -  
without a care in sight.

In a vase looking from inside  
I saw the phantom,  
it held its image in tranquil pose  
as I held in the wind with my hand -  
I witnessed the delusion  
as the wind held its form  
I could see the wind  
unfolding in my hand;  
its make was kind  
but its force as subtle as a  
woman's wrath  
so ...

I cried in pain's anger  
and, I laughed in emotion's whisper,

I saw the end in the end  
and wept with a poor man's wealth  
I saw the heavens opened to accept my pain-  
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without a care in sight.

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Again

just cry my love...  
let the world recognize  
that, that a vein is damaged;  
and `cause of socialization principles  
you threw self at agape  
without hesitation and in ignorance  
not knowing that there is a price for err,  
and a scar fashioned forgiveness.

Cry my love  
let the world teach  
today's separation lesson  
to him who knows not the truth of love,  
and to him who has failed to  
grasp the woes of others  
for the puppet of a son  
has smitten thee like an angry hungry bull  
making the simple boisterous, and the boisterous fatal  
but this new curse cause of readmission and  
forgiveness shall fall you like an axe.

Cry my love  
let not a freshly cut rose  
from the garden of a King  
charm thee on the morrow  
saying yesterday scars are for yesterday  
for the marks are many, and  
have not withered with the perfume of roses  
instead  
they hold in innocence  
and have slipped through the cracks  
of pure forgiveness  
mowing away with a vengeance at  
love

Cry my love!



# Anger

I stood perched on the mountain  
like a thief, like a thief  
like a thief I stood in a surveillance mode  
searching for the cracks,  
the weaknesses  
and  
the opportunities  
but what I saw  
was the vengeance that I had to express'  
I felt the pain  
darting at my being with a marksman precision  
I was a genie  
constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist

I wanted it, so earnestly'  
I wanted to eat it  
yes eat the next like a viper  
I wanted to consume it  
without a trace for burial  
I was no sane child  
I was no soldier at war  
I was no preacher on the pulpit  
I was no mother giving birth  
I was no camel in the desert

I was a genie  
constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist

I was fighting, fighting  
that man, tolerance  
I was that man, that man  
in the wilderness of despair  
that pauper without a state of serenity  
I was that politician that lost the next - to come election  
I was that regal being without my scepter  
I was â€¦  
I was a genie

constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist

I lost all sense of morality  
I lost all purpose of humanity  
I lost all symbol of openness  
I was locked in that closet  
with my demon as a replica  
I was embodied in a self I knew not  
I knew me not  
I knew me rarely  
I knew me, or did I  
I was the lesson, I dreaded the most  
I was that python, with the venom inside  
I was that beauty with the bitterness inside  
I was, I was just angry inside  
I was that explosive that was entrapped inside  
I was destroying the next, I was destroying self  
without that understanding inside  
I was a genie  
constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist

I knew, I knew I had to let go  
but I love it so  
I was  
I was a genie  
constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist  
I had it planned  
I was going to eradicate the next  
or, was I the next  
I saw the foe outside  
but was I a fool  
I wanted to mimic  
the punishment seventy times seven  
I wanted to use that weapon  
I wanted to use that venom  
I wanted to eliminate that felon  
I was Malthusian

I wanted destruction' in the kindest of ways  
I had the mandate,  
I wanted that felon, I was in a mania  
I wanted that f-e-l-o-n  
I was a genie  
constructing bridges, barricades, and closets  
without that exist'  
but little did I know  
I was destroying my self  
I had created me, a weapon  
I was that weapon, anger

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Beauty

Beauty! !

Did I say beauty?

Yes!

Beauty is abstract, NOT concrete

Beauty is NOT, a colour

Beauty CANNOT be painted on;

Beauty is NOT, skin deep

To hell with your views on me!

To hell with your soap opera beaus

To hell with your magazine girls'

and boys' physiques

I want to be ME, not you or them

Beauty is a gift, NOT a look

Beauty is about the fruits of LOVE

for Beauty is within!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Bitter

bitter!

Ooooh

bitter!

bitter more than vinegar

sickâ€™..tried,

frustrated with the war, crime, injustice and

hopelessness...

to laugh it hurts

to cry it depresses

to die itâ€™s too costly

to think itâ€™s burdensome

Oh fig tree!

too much!

too much, man!

Please dear nature -

how much longer'

will this weight be on my shoulders?

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Caught In A Politics Of Culture

caught in a politics of culture  
designed for the indifferent  
they are brought to nothing  
because a web  
that brought them to their knees  
knitted in poverty's trap  
now they have nothing  
sorry, life, prayer  
and God  
who appears distant  
with everyone saying  
be strong, God will  
will what the family beckons

caught in a politics of culture  
designed for the indifferent  
the head man cries  
cries like a child in need of change  
his lamentation brought the  
family to tear  
but  
what next the head child inquire  
as he sees not purpose for education  
a grown had by his head man  
yet he was brought to his knees  
and now the family suffers  
they cry for want  
everything is wrong  
and God appears distant  
nowhere for redemption  
they languish by the seconds

caught in a politics of culture  
designed for the indifferent  
the debt collector is coming  
they hide beneath the opened heavens  
caught and hell upon to leave  
once again belittled in an opened space  
yet the family beckons for help

wondering when, when, when  
when God is coming to change the future  
but the family is caught in present  
a pile, a web, a paradox of mystery  
wanting help,  
seeing it close  
but offered expressions  
the children laugh with vexation  
but the head man  
say  
no jealous should be in thine heart

caught in a politics of culture  
designed for the indifferent  
the man search the obituary  
for a unknown father  
who may have left him bequest  
as a gift  
a piped hope, but a faith in something  
in a heaven of opportunity  
he cries to the God of Daniel  
no sound cometh from the  
saviour the belittled call  
is He caught in the system  
they wonder  
just expressions, expressions and more rhetoric  
and no sign of help  
a family with a sick child  
not having finance  
because the head man is  
caught in a politics of culture  
designed for the indifferent

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Freedom From Outside

Alas! I awoke from within  
shackles of veracity  
laid  
on my charge  
by the structured  
autocrats of knowledge.

I ended the road  
fought by women:  
in child-birth  
from within  
the confines of  
an abnormal cell.

I felt the purity  
in release  
as the experience  
oozed gradually  
away  
from the cerebellum.

I encountered greatness  
as the dove descended  
with the impartialities -  
levied by him who's without empathy.

Now! The world is mine -  
for I stand on the void  
as the navigator  
to recreate those experiences,  
and to lambaste in 'yester-years' pity  
with precision of unbounded recurrence

But I fought like a Job  
in the Old Testament -  
a system that's contrived to oppress  
and in my profound ignorance  
I learnt all tabled mannerisms  
but,

but, I will not execute my  
tailored rages

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Friendship

Have you ever had a friend  
Who does not see BEAUTY, SOCIAL STANDING,  
FAME and CREDENTIAL as important?  
Or, WEALTH for that matter?  
But the warmth of your soul,  
the blessing of you just being there,  
accepting each fault as though  
it was pleasantries without being hypocritical.  
Seeing beyond your failures, shortfalls  
So as to offer recipe' for your future  
advancement without ever wanting  
anything in return but pure friendship.

When this friend is absent  
and, you reminisce  
it brings a smile to the muscles, strengthens the sole,  
showers an eternal appreciation for humanity  
that seems to flow directly from above  
You CANNOT see yourself as being inopportune,  
Destitute or alienated from mankind with this life-force.  
Just having this associate will subside all  
FEAR, BITTERNESS, LONELINESS, NEGATIVISM  
thereby igniting OPTIMISM.  
When this person is around  
Your misfortune, inadequacies are NOT major.  
Never offering dissuasion, judgement or doom  
for your 'bad' experiences.  
Instead, a warm smile, a helpful hand, a shoulder to  
cry on, silence when required, proverbs at the right moment.  
It is the beauty in you that counts: Your soul's contentment,  
that assistance that your being requires for its  
RENAISSANCE.

This friend makes me cry  
even when I'm gay  
Dreams are never shattered he would say  
but, delayed for the appropriate day.  
Just in favour of the right day! Oh what an experience!  
How much my life has been transformed

since the day I opened my wings.  
You're a make so wonderful  
You may wonder - "Have I ever had gruesome days?"  
Oh Yes!  
Now they are guiding experiences for tomorrows  
Revelations.  
My friend, this friend- a special friendship!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Hurting

Hurting  
hurting deeply  
hurting severely  
weeping, rolling, irritated  
hurting  
hurting like a caged boar  
hurting like a woman in labour  
hurting like a godly man prior  
repentance  
lamenting  
lamenting like a hungry infant  
outwitted by your superior craft  
of segregation  
stranded on a deserted island of  
inferiority  
burdened by excruciating pains caused  
through deprivation  
suffering from the wounds of  
prejudices  
haemorrhaging like a severed vessel-  
weakened by your master culture  
swamped by your perfect philosophy  
imprisoned, betrayed, suppressed and  
miseducated  
with the perfect help plan.  
Hurting, hurting, hurting!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# I Live In A Space

I live in a space  
where the makes are twisted for everything  
yet they speaketh not  
so oppressive is the system it extracts the blood  
from their beings like vampires  
and the refuge is cry to a God instead of being humans  
they cry to a God who appears far removed from their travails  
and their redemption is in songs of God  
is this all they are worth?  
is it the answer for the poor?  
can they not rebel against the system  
or is it that they have lost the ghost  
of being humans?

What next in this space that I live?  
I live in a space that forgets to be human  
the extraction is intense  
the people are martyrs  
they knoweth this not  
they are proud to be nothing  
without being aware of this  
they have little,  
their God has become expensive to serve  
yet still this God is in their hearts  
what next in this space, can someone  
help them as their cry has become a stench  
it smells in the heavens  
but no one has heard their cries  
instead the politics  
plays them like the lottery

I live in a space  
where the lottery is a saviour  
the Christians are lottery lovers  
it is their idols  
players of the same order as others  
it is a redeemer  
it pays the bills and transport the players to their Gods  
the burden of the people is like the flood winds

that extracts and moves everything in its path  
then cometh the earthquake  
and ravish the remains on the earth  
followed by tax collectors  
who tax the little to pay for the affluence's luxuries

I live in a space  
where the makes are twisted for even nothing  
yet they speaketh not  
so oppressive is the system it extracts the blood  
from their beings like vampires  
they await a God like in times past  
and I question this rationale with bitterness  
as the people are played for everything  
the players are oftentimes themselves  
caught in a game of marksmanship  
with the escape being death  
and this is expensive toy  
I live in a space of phantoms  
Where the ghost of oppression lives beneath the clouds  
below the God of help

By Paul Andrew Bourne

Paul Andrew Bourne

# I See Everything

I see everything designed around me  
no me, no me in a system of mercy  
and the Covent of Mercy is the  
epitome of abuse  
I see, yes, I see  
the travails of the rhetoric  
and this self-interpretation  
is an interpretation of what I see  
I see everything including nothing  
designed around me  
a game beyond the draftsmen's template  
no avenue opened for repentance  
a monster in a system designed around the different  
Michael did not understand it,  
or he did,  
it crushed him  
what, who, where, and when next  
as it is my time caught in the maize

I see everything designed around me  
no me, no me in a system of mercy  
with plethora of secret groups  
everything is inauthentic  
they let you see the demon  
the glamour, the lights, the beauties, the works  
the inauthentic everything  
that lucid world  
that is more opaque than mire  
the lucent lights of deceit  
everything is designed around deceit

I see everything designed around me  
no me, no me in a system of mercy  
the poor is the toy  
the system is the lever  
the toys are played, disposed, sidelined  
with grace  
it is done with humility  
everything is interpreted with understanding

understanding that you're the toy in the system  
I see, yes, I see  
before I die,  
I see, I see everything designed around me

Paul Andrew Bourne

# I'M A Man

I'm a man  
clothed in mystic, power and structure  
labeled by the socialization  
after arrival  
arrival on a land  
of picturesque terrain  
that changes with the land holder  
but I was taught  
everything, nothing, something  
and  
not the make of the chromosomes  
that I could  
cry, cry, cry  
and  
still be a man of substance

I'm a man  
clothed in mystic, power and structure  
labeled by the socialization  
after arrival  
who did not see the same  
landmark for the sexes

A man meant power  
born of a woman  
given different definitions,  
interpretations and signals  
not a biological inscription  
but one cultural defined  
no softness, tenderness and finesse  
a man like beast is product of that mould  
tagged manhood, male, dominance  
and power

I'm a man  
clothes in mystic, power and structure  
labeled by the socialization  
and if I object  
a new label I hold

a man of effeminate make  
yet I should be  
a father who cares, cuddles, protects  
a standard of immense hypocrisy  
a frame fashioned in contradictions  
a man, manhood  
with no rationality  
a man that is made for the  
slaughter  
a man made for the altar of sacrifice  
a man who with  
one sex  
having two genealogy

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Just Stay

Students

a school is your workplace  
it's a model of the external  
where life's complexities  
are refashioned, simplified  
for wisdom

Your guardians withhold  
the world's painful wham  
in order  
that you grow with glow  
that knowledge be incremental  
for each day you unfold  
You ask- they present!  
But  
have you thought of how  
they acquire  
or, the sorrows they tolerate  
to make you someone?  
What would happen  
should they now go?  
Would life carry ...

No, No! !  
Then the world's  
Logistics will unveil its plan  
after which  
life's stresses will hit full on  
Then, it is then  
Then that you'll experience  
The earth's crushing hands

The world does not pause  
to make you open  
neither  
will it extend a hand  
because you're young  
nor  
shall it understand

on account of your inexperience

Students

the world's past youth  
shield you now  
they mask the miseries  
beneath a smile  
they wear a front  
not that you be enticed  
but  
that you be equipped  
before you come

Students

life's incidences  
aren't  
glamorous  
like the sunset  
so  
let not sex destroy the lessons  
let not drugs hold you hostage  
let not crime distort the mind  
let not alcohol makes you imprisoned  
let not looks destroy your purpose  
let not residence navigate you limitations  
let not absenteeism mar a superior thing.

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Life

Life

a freshly cut rose  
a prize just won  
a delicacy of exotic foods  
a vision in a dream  
a potential lately discovered  
nature in its purest form.

Life

an abstract art  
a treacherous concept  
a vague cue  
a blank slate  
an open artery  
an enclosed desire.

Life

a philosophy.

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Mentor

I see a maker  
sweating away on  
bare leather  
without hesitation  
or a sigh of frustration,

he whose make  
is ancient  
and infantry  
sits with nature's young,

inscribing old patterns and,  
building layers  
of excellence if hold-  
but some twirled  
away from the hammering,  
reshaping and,  
imprints of  
humble apparels,

for the payment is praise,  
many could not bear  
the process  
that would yield  
increments of greatness

for that token hides beneath  
selflessness

it seems to take too long  
for vanity is the call and, this  
blurs the message

still, the maker continues with  
a smile

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Mother, Mother, Mother!

I remember YOU:

NOT for your manly aggression,  
NOT for your gruesome hits,  
NOT for your poor judgements,  
NOT for your restrictive stance,  
NOT for your wordless moments,  
NOT for clothing, shelter, money,  
NEITHER for those 'catlike' eyes,  
NOR for the scars your punishments left behind  
OR for your childish temper

BUT

for making me view equally destructive - lies, sex, betrayal, gamble  
for making me understand the idea that I am someone NOT a digit  
for making me grasp the principles in tolerance  
for making me see the beauty in forgiveness  
for making me comprehend the secrets in education  
for making me idealize excellence  
for showing me that my outlook must be positive and purposeful  
for making me see the difference between criticism and cynicism  
for making me recognize that life is more than frolic  
for all the days spent inside  
for all the sleepless nights by my bedside  
for being my friend  
for being my feet, ear, mind and eyes oftentimes  
for making me love me  
so  
before YOU go  
You should know

I...LOVE...YOU... MOM!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Not Mine!

I watch the idea develop  
through infancy  
taking turns in growth,  
development and maturity  
a master piece of an art  
that I allowed nature to  
determine  
while I search through the cracks  
I saw nothing, no me in time  
and marveled  
at the artistry of a process  
designed by a lesser make  
caught in a web of no genealogy  
I wondered my wit  
so simple  
all guile, no remorse, no apology  
where was I in times past  
lauded for my contribution, not  
not mine I declare  
Not mine

The preacher  
the preacher bellows  
thine hand is in the art  
its make is different, its structure is far gone  
from the men of old  
I saw nothing of the past in the preacher's words  
we knew the truth, the truth was not hidden  
but the preacher declares innocence  
I long for the preacher's guilt  
but a role she played not  
what arise was the craft in deceit  
instead of what is  
Not mine, not mine I yell in the present  
Not mine,  
the future speaks but the preacher denies  
God shall smite thee for your conscience  
Why, why a preacher so brave  
and God is used for the bigger cause, deceit

as He knows  
it is not mine, not my art form

Can a fair God sits, listens without an outburst  
He knows, He allows the craft of the art  
and in peace He offers pieces of information  
no finality, no truth, just suggestions  
I marveled at His silence,  
did He take the other side  
the preacher claims God's will,  
in silence He takes the blame  
and the preacher praises Him openly  
for what, for what I seek answers?  
But the preacher marches on with God's praise  
The deceit multiples with time  
and no God defends is honour  
why the silence?  
why the hypocrisy?  
does the preacher knows God's stance on these things?  
Does the preacher knows He will be silent, silent as a lark  
I wonder, if this God is of times past  
as He speaketh not in these day  
He allows, everything, nothing, something, and everything  
multiplied with exponential powers  
Yet He knows not mine, He knows and keep silence  
Not mine, why the silence  
when He knows it is not mine

In a cloud of ambiguity  
the lie is expounded  
as the art prepares for another transition  
I see it blossoms in time  
I dislike what is, not mine  
Mine in silence, not mine in truth  
while the preacher's God keeps his silence  
is there a sexist make to this God  
as I say the process transform in mine eyes  
yet He keeps silent, the preacher say thine  
and her God knowing the truth  
keeps His silence  
Not mine, not mine, and You know

It is not mine, not mine  
and I will die knowing not mine as mine  
but it is not mine  
the art is highly price in the present  
but the preacher's God knows it is still not mine  
not mine

By Paul Andrew Bourne

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Oh Mighty God!

Today, I stood as the king of my destiny  
In full royal splendour  
Championing my accomplishments  
And, boasting of the exploits in education  
As well as the benefits of all those material possessions obtained therefrom  
Then, without a moment's notice  
I stood in anguish, laden with pain from an ailment  
Like the wind  
I whistled, groaned and bellowed in agony  
Because of my infirmities  
Illness had called my name  
Ravishing my soul like a hungry lion and  
Though I had not accepted it  
It had found rest in my being

Like a song, it mesmerized by being with fluidity  
Circulating from one point to the next like thunder  
I felt the pain walking across my lungs  
Resting for a moment in my chest  
Then traveling up the coast of my spine  
To the apex of my being  
Like a monster it rented my being like food  
Such a pain had me confused  
searching for me in frustrations

The pain tore through my ligament like a butcher  
With precision, it carved the being and felt me for dead  
No one could relieve this pain from singing in my being  
My enemies boast of their invincibility and the lack of illness  
They say, look at the man of God in anguish and his God  
Has left him for dead  
Then, I cried to you Oh Mighty God  
Come and rescue my soul from the Satan's grasp  
Oh Mighty God please hear my cry  
As I am desperately searching for you to hold  
Oh Mighty God please hear my cause  
As my enemies are ready to laugh at me  
Oh, not I Oh Mighty God that they will mock  
As I serve only you and thy name will be embedded in the heart

Oh Mighty God  
My sorrows are thine  
And in thee do I plead my cause  
Then, like a storm, you visited me  
Like David of old  
Thou just come through for me  
And in a moment the pain left my body  
The pain had vanished to the scientists' surprised but not mine  
Then my enemies were confounded because of Thy greatness and handworks  
They said who is His God  
Who hath healed him from his curse?  
But I smiled in my God's promise  
You promised never to leave or forsake me  
Oh Mighty God in then will I hold this heart of mine in reverence  
I smile in the presence of the enemies  
Because I know Oh Mighty God that though hath visited me in this time of need  
In you servant leader do I trust and give my all

Oh Mighty God;  
I plead my cause before you  
Only because of thou hart a faithful God  
And I will continue to hold you Thy words  
As they cannot past away without You acting upon them  
So, Oh Mighty God  
Be my kitty in this wilderness  
Feed me with the raven  
And hide not thy face from me  
Hide not your kindness from me  
Oh Mighty God  
For rest in your promises and hide in your words  
So, hide not thy mercies from my soul  
Because I'm nothing with you  
Let the enemies laugh at their own condemnation  
And the haters confused because of how you address my cause  
Let them see me and wonder not who is my God  
Oh Mighty God  
Deliver me from the clutches of my foes  
Let them see the awesomeness of your glory

Oh Mighty God  
Thou came and hide the ailment from my being

The enemies looked on and marveled at my state of perfection from sorrows  
But, it is Thee O Mighty God that hast done this great deed  
That has wrought this miracle upon my being  
I extol thee from my mother's womb to the ending of my day  
Let them see that Thou Oh Mighty God cannot be limited by space  
Or hide thyself from your children's pain  
In Thee will I trust from here henceforth to end of my days  
Oh Mighty God!  
Thanks for Thy goodness unto me  
Thou hast brought many gifts in my life  
Oh Mighty God, who is as mighty as Thee  
Or who can hide a secret like Thee  
Oh Mighty God, in Thee I praise and rest assured  
That Thou will always be my shield, refuge and weapon  
In Thee Oh Mighty God, I am complete and free  
From the fear of my foes

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Only If

Only if  
Only if  
That is, only if  
Only if  
I had not met her  
Then  
I would not have loved her

I wonder  
Is it sadness, bewilderment or  
qualm?  
Well!  
I don't know  
But, this I do  
She was fearless to love, kind, gentle  
and respectful to ALL  
then  
How?  
How can this be?

my mind is crippled with  
unanswered questions  
my eyes are bleeding from  
disappointment  
my mouth is packed with bitterness  
my soul is drained of substance  
my life is conflicting and complex  
my flatulence has no godly respect  
Why?  
Damn it! !  
Why rose so fresh had to lower the  
head  
Why?  
There's just NOTHING good about  
this day  
Is my sorrow the first stage of  
insanity?  
Only if  
Only if

That is, only if

Only if  
I had not met her  
then  
I would not have loved her  
Orderly and motherly  
Dark but comely  
Robust yet desirous  
My icon  
the closest being to God's persona  
then  
What did she do wrong?

I can't understand  
No!  
Does He see  
Does He really understand this  
Why that life?  
Only if  
Only if  
I had not met her  
then  
I would not have loved so much

Is it ignorance of the future  
Is it love missed  
Is it human fragility  
Or, just God's wish  
Or, is it just life's balancing  
mechanism  
that a life so promising  
meet this gentle transition  
a painful change to the unknown  
land  
leaving

leaving without a good-bye  
what a way to leave others behind..  
in a mist of ambiguity  
Only if

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Politics

I sat in my homeland  
just looking at the gods' majestic creations  
in amazement

when a voice muttered  
"Look to the other side!"

It was then that I understood  
"That all men are not created equally",

for a black expression was kept  
struggling against the winds  
without that proud ancestral stride

All that's theirs' recycled promises

food waters not the thirst for the same place,  
everything offered them was for the belly's needs  
and, that heats thunderous hurt.

What encompass its experiences but  
scars, shackles, suppression and inadequacies?  
This is a return to the old gods,  
an existence, which spelt travail:  
a confiscated mass,  
a land of weep,  
no pattern of joyous kinds.

Where are its leaders?  
You their gods have coined them segregation!  
Can't you package them opportunities  
without that note of prerequisites?

I looked, saw the naked expression  
tumble in the perfect space,

Can there be that change?  
that it may once again rise!  
Rise with free spirits

Moreover, hide not in freedomâ€™s hope;  
but be the god of Its tomorrow!

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Shi

I see not love again because of my former years  
I kept the hate of love lost bottled deep inside  
as - those days that I loved  
I did with the heart of a fool  
for I kept pouring my love in a broken cistern  
I could see that priceless substance flowing through the wind  
and I could see the open heart of my receptor  
allowing the love its free passage to somewhere called nowhere  
I felt an avalanche of hatred with the force of a volcano  
that has been trapped beneath the earth's crust for years -  
the vengeance was pure and its price was free  
as it kept destroying all my sense of self  
with the same kindness like  
the lamb caught in a den on wolves

I kept crying without the pleasure of tear

I kept singing without the melody of words  
I kept whirling without a sense of direction  
I was lost in the aftermath of love  
I was wounded because of socialization's principles  
I fear not fear - as I was lost in hatred for love  
but like a child I was reborn because of your care  
like a child I am unfolding to learn to love again  
as today Christmas does mark my new self  
for like Christ, you have given me a sense of purpose  
for like Christ, you have baptized my hatred with kindness  
for like Christ, you have shown me that I must forgive  
in order to love again  
So I love you Shi, it has taken hatred's lesson for me to love again  
So I love you Shi

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Speech

I see emptiness in their utterances  
I see corruption as their intent  
as what is uttered is not meant  
and what is meant to be interpreted,  
in their speech its not the words  
but within the speech  
lives a craft -  
a toy engineered for fools  
it's a message that ostracizes, but not divides  
I see through their speeches -  
for within the speeches emptiness abound

it is a mastery of prose not purity  
that they seek to portray

they label a speech,  
they label a tale,  
they label the Bible,  
they label us poverty -  
but their meaning nor their solution

but they say is  
&quot;I can&quot;, or &quot;We can&quot;  
without you  
&quot;I can&quot; they say -  
&quot;I can be anything&quot; but little did I understood that  
that was the message  
yes, it is their message -  
within the speech they rise again

within their structures  
the obstacles are plenty  
for it has taken  
observation's experiences  
for the lesson to ferment within my wounds

I was fooled  
that &quot;I can&quot;, yes &quot;I can&quot; -  
but, but

that wasn't for I man

It is as though I'm lost in their maze  
I just trying, trying to survive  
just to hear that  
&quot;I can...&quot;  
then I stopped, listened to hear  
&quot; I can, die&quot;  
&quot;I can die poor but happy&quot;

with the other message  
echoing in the distance  
that it is easier for the camel  
man, yes, camel  
to enter heaven  
than, yes, Oh no  
for the rich  
so I opted for poverty  
but little did I know  
it was just a message within the speech

a needle eye  
I echoed, a needle eye  
can I die  
is it that which was meant  
but in the interest of time  
the echo repeate  
&quot;I can&quot; -  
a dialectic within the speech -  
as if you could, I would ...

yes ... if they wanted you to  
it would not have been speech

&quot; I can&quot; have nothing to do with effort  
as if I could, I would  
Yes I would have done it already  
but it's to decipher the message  
within the speech

as only a revolution will foster  
&quot;I can&quot; with the same set of  
challenges as those who preach -  
within the speech

Paul Andrew Bourne

## Tempted To...

Tempted to, tempted to□

I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said

Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure

One had nothing else to accept

I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people

I was gullible and accepted the sin of their socialization

Yes, I was tempted to, tempted to

Sin because the purity of their deception

I fell for the frame like a child

I held their socialization as true

Little did I know

I was caught in the maze of deception

So sweet, so pure, so true

Simply because of the repetition and

Imagery of the media

Tempted to, tempted to□

I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said

Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure

One had nothing else to accept

I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people

I was seduced by the mythology of Greek and Rome supremacy

A system that followed the Great Gods of Africa

I was seduced by a system

Created by man for the destruction of Africans' hi-story

It had nothing else good to over the world

About knowing any truths

It was merely seduction, fallacy and over-up of royal history

A people so great, that the Almighty God feared them

So how can another be the mighty race?

Tempted to, tempted to□

I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said

Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure  
One had nothing else to accept  
I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people  
Yes it was a temptation so sweet and pure  
All fallacy of framed desire  
To destroy the royal great of the Black God  
Yes a desire framed by an inferior people  
masquerading as Greats  
I'm locked in a prison of mis-education for education  
I'm longing for release from this bondage of mis-socialization

Tempted to, tempted to □  
I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said  
Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure  
One had nothing else to accept  
I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people  
captivated by the colonial master's doctrine of live and power  
far removed from the Great Black Ancestry of old  
we're in a place of displeasure to the Almighty God  
a suppressed Great nation in hiding from itself

Tempted to, tempted to □  
I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said  
Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure  
One had nothing else to accept  
I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people  
I'm burdened by the true imprinted upon my soul by our Ancestors  
I'm searching for me, no us royal beings  
To spread the word of our former greatness  
Our royalty is nothing else to the `ruling classes  
Yet we build their everything  
And gave birth to their offspring  
Yes it is, tempted to; yes it is tempted to...  
I'm tempted to destroy my every knowledge for the glimpse  
of greatness imprinted upon by soul our Ancestors

Tempted to, tempted to□  
I was tempted by my socialization into believing  
that which was said  
Yes, it was a temptation so sweet and pure  
One had nothing else to accept  
I was tempted by my soul to sin against the Ancestral past of  
a royal people  
so Great that even the gods of old feared them  
I was tempted to accept a lie so great  
That had destroyed countless Blacks in the distant past

By Paul Andrew Bourne

Paul Andrew Bourne

# The Capture

I awoke advancing from the confines of a covenant  
like leaves in an opened runlet. To see waters cascading  
in from off the citadel of ravished bowels  
from the acceptance of twisted and broken things.

Is it that fire purifies or kills the make of a thing  
that calls for heat? For the inside of this cell is  
charcoal: For with one organ he offered friendship, love  
and with another he quickly gave the assistance that the  
Romans bestowed on the divinity.

He formed a tie at the cut of all exits  
so that the escape milieu could be construed  
as having no glitch, make my eyes be filled  
with the thought of that Samaritan.  
But, he knitted a knot that was kinked  
that all good efforts were seen.

I felt the flood gates opened to release  
force on my innocent soul.  
He had taken the materials of this world  
to execute a craft which threatens to hijack my  
profound ignorance.  
The one kind that had showed concern like a  
mother is now in the hands of the system: I had  
revealed to this confidant the secrets chambers,  
the reserves of kinship, the frequencies of failure,  
and source of all under-accomplishments in  
exchange for camaraderie.

I witnessed the heavens opened to curse one so wise  
yet simplistic. For the voice spoke of the offerings  
that made such a capture wrong. He had given winding  
loops for experiences.

Paul Andrew Bourne

# The Chloerination Of This World

I sat beneath the heavens  
in a garden of magnificent bliss  
just contemplating what is  
what is  
in a pensive mood  
seeking to understand everything,  
I'm marveled by what is below the heavens  
seeing its beauty, vanity and creation  
that was weaved together with such precision and splendour  
then my mind crosses to the other side  
I observed a misery in man, simple yet so profound  
people who obliterate others for the sake of vanity  
could it be jealousy, could it be pride, could be it hatred  
or is it money's prize  
that makes them blossom into this selfish monster  
I dreaded the answer  
but it's craftsmanship of guile for the subtle -  
to fool the elect,  
to trample the innocent,  
to kill the competitors  
a witchcraft they hold lofty to their bosom  
a feat with which they master so well  
The 'Chloerination' of this world -  
bitterness for anything different and special  
outside of their grasp

I sat beneath the heavens  
in a garden of magnificent bliss  
contemplating what is  
what is  
in a militant mood  
seeking to understand everything,  
why 'The Chloerination of this world' has been  
for so long  
there was no answer  
but a ghost brought reassurance  
that life is a complex maize of everything including guile  
I felt to its knees

I held the ghost in despair,  
we tussled for I while  
until it had become another day  
I wanted answers  
It wanted to disappear, I would have not of this  
Our garments become tattered and spoilt  
by the confrontation  
he became hoarse,  
but I wanted an answer  
I had to interpret this act of viciousness  
but the ghost disappear in the heavens  
despite my cat like grasp

I sat beneath the heavens  
in a garden of magnificent bliss  
contemplating what is  
what is  
in a puzzled mood  
seeking to understand everything,  
yet knowing nothing  
as The 'Chloerination' of this world is a secret  
that will never be told  
but it is real,  
a phantom of this world,  
that will linger til there is newness

Paul Andrew Bourne

# The Cry Of Our Ancestors

Like a child, I was born innocent of my ancestral roots  
Only knowing that which I was taught by the system's socialization  
Not knowing that there is a purpose of my being beyond this universe  
When in time my Ancestors call out to my being from within  
I was lost, lost to the Ancestors' voice  
Speechless to this whisper for a voice  
Because as a I child, I was not taught that I'm the sum of my Ancestors  
I was not taught that I was more than this physical space  
In fact, I was a celestial soul  
Traveling from time memorial  
Then, I heard the cry of my Ancestors  
Beckoning me come for the lesson of knowledge  
Beyond your fictions socialization  
I heard the cry of our Ancestor calling from the deep  
Reaching out to my ignorance of a masked knowledge

The cry of our Ancestors  
Became deafening as they approach my confused soul  
I had to cease my knowledge of what is  
I did not know that I was fooled by ignorance masked as knowledge  
I thought I knew much  
Until our Ancestors began  
Beckoning to my soul that my trajectory has just begun  
I was a royal being  
Living in ignorance  
Trapped by a deceptive system that hide my ancestral past  
I had no time to think,  
It was work, not time to thing  
Then, the Sabbath was no different from work  
I rested not as a laboring in another's vineyard  
It's not until our Ancestor began crying out  
That my soul was filled with peace  
A peace like the beauty of the rainbow

I'm, not, we are royal being  
Captured in a foreign system of deception  
It taught us that our kinds are inferior  
When our Ancestors were great,  
They call fire from the heavens

Make the blind to see  
Make the crippled walk again  
I travelled with the cry of our Ancestors on my soul for years  
I was lost to the greatness of our Ancestors  
But they taught me saying  
The time has come for your kind to rise to the place of greatness  
That once you were clothed in  
We're but framed into thinking we're inferior  
It's the mystery of Imperialist socialization, deceit and more deceit

The cry of our Ancestors  
Signal a new path of its lived being  
&quot;It's time to rise from the ash they bellow&quot;  
But how it this to be I question our Ancestors  
I wondered what this meant  
Then, I was brought to the brink of the past  
I was us,  
We were Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses  
Charting world kingdoms  
&quot;Do you see the greatness in thee&quot; our Ancestors bellowed  
I was left to a place of speechlessness  
Asking what, what, what then for this great people of old  
Asking where, how we got here  
&quot;Fooled by folly, greed, ignorance, and not accepting the value of our  
ancestral past&quot; our Ancestor bellowed  
We have not roots, were are just walking like headless chicken  
Awaiting our kill instead of see the greatness in our DNA

Like a child, I was borne innocent  
Not knowing that I did not know from whence I came  
I was trapped in a socialization of deceit  
Not knowing that there is a purpose for my being  
Then, our Ancestors cry out  
&quot;You're royal people, chosen from the Ancestors of gods,  
So arise my child and take thine place in this folly of a world  
It a folly of socialization, framed by folly and deceit

Paul Andrew Bourne,2017

Paul Andrew Bourne

# The Day Has Come!

Each day slowly drifts afoot  
pointing, inching, driving  
the beginning of a scientific genesis  
the creation of a whole new form  
which waits with its own set of experiences  
for its maturity is a blessing  
bestowed not to all  
but whose meaning  
is a jewel on the crown of faces  
making its materialization  
a living organism

The day, Oh this day  
this day has brought numbness, laughter, amazement to this once my barren  
land  
words lost their meaning of expression  
so tear substituted as the author  
transcribing the end of an old era  
a true humiliation  
but this encounter made me  
inadequate and complete  
for this joy was different  
it was now about seeing me anew  
then return the tear, each tear  
marks a purity  
equally splendid like a successful launch of a satellite  
because of such input  
being so different to its output

Could this bring so much  
emotions to ones being?  
The feeling was spiritual  
I heard the angel sing  
sing so melodiously for the first time  
It was a new beginning, beginning  
just the right medicine for the day  
there had to be a fulfiller of wants  
for this time cripples: Its cripples all predecessors

The moment, this day  
Of all the long list of dreams  
This one, this one is special: New  
This one has caused thunderous  
Surge of emotions gushing  
Through these closed veins  
&quot;It was never suppose to be&quot;  
Never to be!

It was awesome  
It was new  
I came alight like a Christmas tree  
I stood beneath the heavens surprised  
Then the angel spoke  
&quot;This creation from that your input is a gem, not an err, so hasten not to  
hide for inexperience.&quot;

It was then  
Then that I realized what had happened  
I saw me stroll the parks  
showing, boasting of this my input  
I felt a sudden burst of young blood race in me  
to place all childish games  
I wanted it so desperately; desperately I waited for this day like Noah  
I've dreamt of this like Daniel  
but today, today!  
Today - mine eyes have witnessed the glory of the Lord  
for today, 'The Day Has Come'

Paul Andrew Bourne

# 'The Priced Flows'

the old, new, encounter  
see  
a cry of contagious flows  
watered in  
with  
equality has its base  
as it gently  
rode through the corridors of time  
with refreshing droplets

like mist on a tongue  
that's felt for dead  
the taste - delay realities

the incoming cool waters  
of transparent make  
gushed in with unison

from a mastered cistern  
that opened its bowels  
to release self of burden

whistle fully glided  
across the sun tanned  
terrains  
in a battle's rage-  
that parade in regal splendour  
and so, will live the full of its days  
in a phantom's memoir

while the matured unnutured breeze  
kept us mortals guessing  
of its next presence

all toxic waste  
arose  
from beneath their dead  
'til their dead  
mesmerize our very patience

I saw the earth in its void  
voluntarily  
opened with an orchestral flair  
by shedding its former fruits  
while not swallowing an off spring-  
in an astonishing daylight!

it was as though Noah's Era  
had revisited this sinful land, again!  
but this time in mercy's dosage  
'cause some remains awoke  
in large numbers

but; just that the new preacher's  
mute, was the land's curse  
for roads, animals, vegetations  
mark our engineering greatness

the mandate showered in transparent  
but that only on completion  
did our blood scream in anguish  
from the realism  
of the call

the avenue taken  
had a lesson  
best interpreted... ah, ah

for the price we pay  
insomnia is here  
before we could recognize  
that our engineers  
had bankrupt our cheque books  
the gods levied their wrath

our losses are spread  
by the unfolded wings of an eagle  
in small amounts  
like sand in a hand

as greatness formed by `man'  
packed themselves together  
and fled to tomorrow's anger

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Unexplained Interpretations

In thee I created me  
without form,  
an evolution that transcended a reality  
that brought this form to which I speak -  
from mere objectification I gave significance  
without the mythology of existence, life  
it's a beauty in its own existence, and  
it's a pleasure to know, that which is unexplained -  
the morrow  
I confessed to thee that -  
I opened me to learn, what  
folly it seemed, but  
even folly has its puzzle -  
the unexplained experiences

I'm confounded by confrontation,  
I'm lost with a compass in hand,  
I'm petrified by the unexplained explanations  
of the scholars that I've met  
I'm delimited by the doctrine of theirs -  
wanting to explain the unexplained  
why can I not just  
unfold with time  
like the wind  
yet its aura - is in its unexplained explanations  
that of its scientific explanations  
or is it  
as it has more unexplained explanation  
like life that thrills me to numbness

I buried me with the unexplained, unexplained  
as a scientist I searched the wild  
for the epistemological modes  
but it's like a flower that blossoms in its season  
and explain the flower and not the unexplained bloom  
for it's a season we explain, but  
the unexplained is more grueling than the explained  
its life's unexplained that fascinates the explained  
we create the 'intrigue'

another unexplained in the explained  
that our burden, my being of unexplained  
I know, yes I know  
but the mistake I make increase with knowledge  
yes we know,  
or what intrigues is the unexplained explained  
I, we, worry to know, yet we know not

what is man -  
a composition of unexplained explained  
a folly  
molded in dialectic, irony and deceit  
but delimited by the unexplained  
he, no she,  
yes both  
are products of more unexplained experiences  
that explain social theories  
it's a series of series with a series of unexplained explanations  
but still the majority of the explained resides  
in the unexplained -  
that's why I search for that explained, unexplained

I live with the unexplained -  
through this I seek explanation  
I bury me with the unexplained  
it's rope around my groin  
that weighs the unexplained measure  
If I had a script of me  
or I had the unexplained tabled on stone  
I would have explained the unexplained  
with reliability or would I prefer validity  
I dread the unexplained, but fear the explained  
as it's within this that they unexplained the explain

It is not the unexplained that I dread  
but it's the unexplained explanations

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Waves

The waves  
just watch them caress the banks  
with childish anger  
while they  
conference without confrontation.  
I saw  
a young love in its midst,  
for the unity was magnetic.

The waves  
just watch them  
drum the sounds of the jazz bands, and  
bellow away like furious preachers.  
Watch, look, open, see!  
Just watch them  
race competitively for the clan's call;  
no royal coronation offers that lift  
a concept of sweet taste,  
the prowess of pure language,  
the scenery of priceless splendour;  
too sumptuous not for partial consumption,  
the beauty is dove like, and  
memoirs haunting.

The waves  
just watch them in fragility,  
carving, co-authoring the unknown destiny  
Calm, settled no chilled liqueur  
a creation that justifies peace!  
An input that fills the void soul  
for the offerings are a wealth in piece.

The waves  
just watch them come alive  
like the simplicity of the rainbow  
Unfolding with a petal's ending,  
unchained by bribery.

Shedding the old, but never new  
In the single call of an eye-fall  
The experience that wants  
Then, pass on that baton.

Paul Andrew Bourne

# What Is Love?

Like the dew of the morning,  
No one knows from whence it came  
Or where it goes thereafter  
Like a thought  
No one knows of where it starts  
I see or don't I see  
The emptiness of my being without love  
I can't explain its call on my soul  
Neither its power over me □  
Nor the spirit that its bring over me  
if love is not the abuse of power  
then power is useless without love  
But, what is love?  
Truly, what tis love, that I should be mindful of it?  
It is like a weapon in the hands of the enemy,  
a destructive force that can't be quenched by jealousy  
□

Like the dew of the morning,  
No one knows from whence it came  
Or where it goes thereafter  
Like a thought  
No one knows of where it starts  
I see or don't I see  
The emptiness of my being without love  
I yearn for its warmth, its kindness, its charm, its wildfire  
It dominates my mind like bad news  
It clings to my being with favour  
Like a screw it opens my being with resistance  
All I'll be is the vessel that carries this burning feeling of desire  
Of a desire  
That cripples my everything in its wake

Like the dew of the morning,  
No one knows from whence it came  
Or where it goes thereafter  
Like a thought  
No one knows of where it starts  
I see or don't I see

The emptiness of my being without love  
I'm awoken by love early in the morning  
And its linger longer after the lights are off for sleep  
I'm awoken by this call from the deep  
No one knows how much  
This thing has consume their everything  
Love  
Love, where is thine beginning?  
Or ending  
And why do I not have the right to let you in  
I desire thee because of non-avoidance  
I know not why  
But, you have destroyed me by your every move

Like the dew of the morning,  
No one knows from whence it came  
Or where it goes thereafter  
Like a thought  
No one knows of where it starts  
I see or don't I see  
The emptiness of my being without love  
What is love that my being resisteth thee not?  
What is love that I know not the minute of your beginning?  
Or do I not know of what constitutes thee  
Love is exceptional to love's mystery  
What is love, if I know thee not?  
What is love that I hold so dear to thee?  
Despite its fragility, why do I love, love so much  
I can't foresee my life with its magic  
Yet, I hate its ending like a blind man so  
Desperately wanting to view the world through the lens of his eyes

Like the dew of the morning,  
No one knows from whence it came  
Or where it goes thereafter  
Like a thought  
No one knows of where it starts  
I see or don't I see  
The emptiness of my being without love  
Yet I beg the question 'what is love? '

Paul Andrew Bourne

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Why?

Why?

Why, why?

Why, why, why?

Why, why, why do I love thee?

It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning

My being responds from its core

It moves to the Ancestor of my soul

I see my being twitch, twist, flinch and flout to the rhythm of love's beat

I'm lost to the rhythm

That can only be likened to the wind twirling from when it came and back to its  
origin

without notice

I'm just lost in thee,

in a world of my Ancestors' charm not knowing how I got her  
drawn to thee from beyond my being's will

I'm just pulled from the inside out and beyond my wit

lost in love's paradise

Why?

Why, why?

Why, why, why?

Why, why, why do I love thee?

It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning

I'm moved to another being's calling

beckoning me to come hither

I resist thee just to find my being moving thy call

I'm moving to the rhythm of the soul unknown to men

Yet I cannot stop its beckoning call from within

This can only be likened to the mystery of creation,  
life, knowledge, and misery

this feeling of love has trapped me from within, without warning

Why?

Why, why?

Why, why, why?

Why, why, why do I love thee?

It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning  
I'm moved by the connection of another being  
I resist thee, yet you hold me in thine bosom  
I'm lost in thee like a child in a play pen wanting more  
Yet resisting your charm  
Searching for more, I'm moved from within, without warning  
Not knowing I'm lost to thee from within, without warning  
I'm lost to the rhythm of love's entrapment

Why?  
Why, why?  
Why, why, why?  
Why, why, why do I love thee?  
It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning  
I'm trapped in the mystic of love  
I'm trapped by my own knowledge of love  
Not knowing that knowledge is  
Not knowing that I don't know that which is unknown  
So I know not that which love is  
But the mystery of its entrapment has caught me still  
this feeling has taken over my being from within, without warning  
I'm trapped by the gifts of love  
In a playpen like a child, I'm caught by love's gifts

□

Why?  
Why, why?  
Why, why, why?  
Why, why, why do I love thee?  
It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning  
never to be found in love's guile  
Yes, never to be found in my own existence of resisting love  
I'm trapped by the spirit of love  
Never to be known by my existence  
I fell, I' holding onto nothing and it feels so good  
I'm hold onto mystery and loving its warmth  
I know not what this is  
Love has trapped me from within, without warning  
Why?  
Why, why?

Why, why, why?

Why, why, why do I love thee?

It's like the rhythm of a drum moving my being from within  
without warning

By Paul Andrew Bourne,2017

Paul Andrew Bourne

# Words

Thrill me with words that can  
open a rusty lock  
fill the spirit with love  
uplift a bitter soul  
transform a sorrowful occasion  
purify the being from-  
lust, hatred and covetousness  
subside all disappointments  
strengthen a weak bone  
guide a revolution  
stimulate an intellectual discovery  
extract hidden potential  
inspire a splendid performance  
soothe a sorrowful wound  
cross the bridge of sarcasm

And Not those of  
cruel subtlety  
peaceful disunity  
seductive purpose  
irony of intent

Because  
they  
suppress the being  
enslave the soul  
destroy the mind's constructiveness  
and repeatedly scar the heart  
even long after the user is gone

Words  
more mighty than the sword  
more destructive than AIDS  
more revolutionary than science  
more lasting than scars  
more powerful than man's future creative potential  
more heart rending than toothache  
more difficult than love lost

So, Keep them pure!

Paul Andrew Bourne