

Poetry Series

# Raskome Gabriel Eyaefe

## - poems -



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# Life Still Has A Meaning

If there is a future there is time for mending-  
Time to see your troubles coming to an ending

Life is never hopeless however great your sorrow-  
If you're looking forward to a new tomorrow

If there is time for wishing then there is time for hoping-  
When through doubt and darkness you are blindly groping

Though the heart be heavy and hurt you may be feeling-  
If there is time for praying there is time for healing

So if through your window there is a new day breaking-  
Thank God for the promise, though mind and soul be aching,

If with harvest over there is grain enough for gleaning-  
There is a new tomorrow and life still has meaning.

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# A Walk In The Night

It was the time the day was dead  
The workers of the world have gone to their cell  
Often it is the moment to sleep well  
A relieve to the head of the stress

In my pocket my arm laid  
On the mobile the other mate  
Punching the keys to see the face  
Of the world as it ache

On the dust rampaged road I strolled  
Amidst other pedestrians to their home  
They make way none seeing what I hold  
Also I not minding what they hold

Silent empowered by the dead night  
Took over the whole world while  
The wind fainted abide awhile  
Patting my epidermis so see I no cry

Gabriel, heard I my name called  
So I stopped to view who called  
Alas! sent by the Church of all  
Bro Gabriel of all why fall-?

No moment to be fooled  
By the warring world of doom  
Come on lets continue the good  
work of faith As we make it to the hood

What happened to your faith?  
Interrogation added to my weight  
Already mounting on my face  
Two weeks you left the way

Dead smile stood still on my face  
As I looked to the still ground await-  
The dust and wind to tell I a tale  
A tale to relieve my brain about to ache

The sermon lasted not long  
He begone I turned to where I belong

My left leg raised to leave  
A black carton still on he dust sleeping  
The black carton jumped and cry as I hit  
With my leg coming in from cold the

Air.

A man's life is full of goals  
A man's life is full of holes  
A man's life is full of foes  
A man's life is full of sorrows

Sometimes one is always lively  
At times one is in jocund living  
A time of joy and happy-  
Not all time though we are happy

Sometimes we long to sleep eternally  
Sometimes we hate to live in the street  
Sometimes we hate the Church we read  
About all weeks from the black Bib-

If a man is happy he is half living  
If there by joy found in a man's teeth  
He is a living being  
Happiness and joy maketh a man's being

Food and clothes add no life to a man  
Houses and cars multiply no life in a man  
Money and women add none but sorrow to a man's  
Life. Quit the world and seek the man

All food ends up in the john  
All clothes end up in the dust  
All cars end up in the steel fur  
What of the woman? They go too to the dust

Anything which die before you brings evil

Anything you can't hold forever is the devil  
Go for the joy  
Joy is the only good to be enjoyed

Go to the wood and see the flowers  
As they dance and showers  
A shower of joy and hours  
Of bliss. They never die or bows out

Go to the sea and see the sea  
Dancing and flourishing  
In never-ending line of entertaining  
The on-lookers and eyes beholding

Take your pen and pen in the wood  
Take your note and go to the seahood  
To write and smile away the doom  
planted by the world outside the womb

Sit and stare at the breeze  
Walk and stroll in the winding breeze  
Amidst the singing wind  
And dancing plants and trees

Take REGGAE vibes and be calm  
The music that relieve stress from the man  
In the sunny day to the early farm  
In the evening when twilight smile and band.

So shall a man be alive  
So be it for anyone who abides  
By the lines of this rhyme

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# Lie

LIE

A lie is a sign of deception  
A lie reveals who you are and what you are not  
A lie is notorious evil that abide with men  
It is a cankerworm eating deeply into the life of men  
It killed men,  
It's killing men;  
It will kill men forever and evermore  
It is a virus that rampage the minds beyond repair,  
It hunts and hurt the heart of,  
Even the unborn, the young and old  
It stinks among us all  
Men, women and children  
The Pope, archbishop and bishop  
The president, governor and chairman  
Business tycoons, the entrepreneurs and the petty trader

It is a sign of witchcraft  
Lie is a mortal enemy, the best friend of the world  
Men create and hate lie  
Lie may endure in the moment but depression comes after

The whole world lies in the power of the wicked one  
Lie, you are the wicked one  
Walking and working everywhere

No truth in the world  
Lie creeps into the mind of saints during ordination  
The politicians with endless manifestos  
Husband and wife, you too!

O Lie, you are my mortal enemy!

You shall be defeated!  
You shall die!  
You shall be buried!



# My Sweet Heart

My skin bare, my sweetheart  
Dances and move randomly  
She kisses me all over me  
The cool kisses transmitted impulses  
Of a heavenly feelings  
Like a high-voltage molecules of current  
Walking through the line  
Each touch of kiss sends vibration to all my body  
Each kiss is like honey in the mouth  
Each kiss pacify my boiling brain  
As my vision wander randomly like the  
Dancing queen from the cardinals  
At once saw I a crowd of trees also  
In the ecstasy,  
Waving and dancing, they smile and dance  
They stood up at once, clap and mime to the  
Rhythmic motion of my sweetheart

I wish the villainous trees dead  
I long to be kiss alone  
I long to be kiss in solitude  
I only, need to be kissed

But oft the trees intrude and ransack my joy  
The trees are nefarious villain  
They are like Lucifer the arch enemy of God  
Who came to steal, kill and destroy

The trees are not good,  
For my treasure, my heart and my life  
They toil with  
Their children, beneath also  
In rehearsal, like their mothers  
They steal the show

From my warring world  
Up stood I, took a leaf of a plant  
Gaze and saw the reason to live

O sweet sun, you are a villain  
O sweet breeze, you are my love!

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# The Apple Girl

Just as I am, she loves apple  
Apple, very pleasant to adoration give  
She loves apple just as I am  
A student of mine, in the school of poetry  
Where we speak apple, and think apple  
First day, she asked me to buy her apple;  
Second day she reminded me of the apple  
Third day she frowns at me of the apple  
Fourth day she vowed not to speak of apple  
Her musical voice very sweet,  
Lovable and charming like the Juice of apple  
Slim, pretty and beautiful  
Lovely to look at  
Very romantic to touch  
Very tender to be with  
With straight slim hands and legs  
She possess eye-beholding cucumbers  
A lovely face with a kissable mouth  
Always smiling, only on beholding I  
Always seeing apple on seeing my eyes

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