

Poetry Series

Robert Abok
- poems -

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Robert Abok(May 5th 1987)

Adero

From a distance I can hear her voice,
One that always puts a shaft of light on my face,
So sweet is the song
That not another voice triumphs when her song is sung
She's of great beauty, lovelier than the gorges of the Rift
She's the splendor of Africa as per God's intention
Always I've vocalized of a hero,
One who rates nothing adjacent to a zero,
I want you to call this woman, Adero.

Robert Abok

Call Me

I know they won't but you will,
I know they may forget but I won't,
When it rises I will be waiting,
Onto my bed as it sets I will retire hoping.
When they forget will you recall?
And when I dial will you receive?
I will be gone for long and so will you,
We will depart but not part at heart,
They may go and never see the light of my eyes again.
But when they never call me,
I hope you never not.

Robert Abok

Changing Faces

A thought of you creates confusion,
A memory of you records no vision,
And these pictures and images keep flashing,
And I know not which to accept as the right person.

With exactness I can never know the timing
But with hope I'm sure we shall have some meeting,
We may neither shake hands nor have some huggings,
But in this life or the next I see something exciting,
When from the changing faces I'll get to know you without missing.

Robert Abok

Daughter Of A Bandit

Early morning as I awaken to the sight of 'Chieng' the sun
He is seated next to 'dero' the granary smoking.
The soot of 'nyasore' the cigarette pollutes his mind.
All he sees are 'dhok' the cattle that he could own if he would sell me away to
'jaduong' the old man.

He says school is no place for witty women,
That's why he calls me 'Ariek' the wise one.
My place is in the 'kendo' the kitchen and 'kachiena' the bedroom.
His amateurish 'lep' the tongue has massacred 'lek' my dream,
Slashed in its tender age and aspiration I bid adieu.

'Sigu' my jealous brother,
Claims it's improper to empower 'nyako' the girl,
They go away with everything like 'Ogwang' the mongoose.
With grief and distress 'Minwa' my mother consoles me as I ask 'Why Mama? '
Why this robbery of 'chenro' my plans that I had in mind?
'It's the fault of Nyiseche the gods 'Nyara' my daughter.' Mama says

It will be over soon,
When the winds of 'lokruok, ' winds of change will hover in our favour, 'Minwa'
continues,
When they will realize how full of 'rieko' for wisdom we 'Mon' the women are.
But until then 'nyara' my daughter, you are and always will be the daughter of
'Jakuo' the bandit.

Robert Abok

Daughter Of My Womb

Daughter of my womb
You've stabbed my heart so bad
You've killed the bearer of your life
Daughter of my womb am dying

My smile is but a frown
I have no idea whom I will crown
As the daughter of your womb
For you've sent them all to the tomb

My wrinkled hands needed a tender one
My closing eye lids needed to see before they are gone
The seed of the seed of my womb are no more
Daughter of my womb, you've killed the daughters of your womb

The medicine man in his robes
Administered the wrong root for a drug
Your womb is empty I have nothing to wait for
Why didn't you tell me of your planned atrocities before?
Daughter of my womb

Daughter of my womb
You've stabbed my heart so bad
You've killed the bearer of your womb
You've sent your seed to the tomb
You've dragged the generation of your womb
Daughter of my womb, you've killed us.

Robert Abok

Fantasy

How do you tell someone you barely know that you love them?
That you are in love and with them you'd wish a future
How do you tell someone you've never greeted that you want to kiss them on the
lips?
Have it too deep till none of you could hold it back
How do you tell someone you're yet to meet that she is the one
That she stars in your dreams in the night
And as you visualize in the day you can hear her whisper your name.
How do you tell the one you've never met that you need to talk?
How do you ensure that they listen and laugh at your interesting jokes?
Tell me how to speak to her whom I've always imagined as the one.
I just want to know how best I can make my fantasy girl real.

Robert Abok

Hope

When I come as a thief in the night,
Not to kill, steal or even destroy as the good book says
But with me is a mission so different
And when they'll ask what I seek tell it all
Tell them I am the one who inspires you from the inside

I make you rethink when you've already made your decisions
I make you smile when all they've done is make you cry
I make you want to do all that others say you can never achieve
I am your inspiration from the inside

That's why I call myself a thief
Who announces not a thing of his coming.
But everyone knows when I've arrived
A good thief I call myself despite my stealing
I come for your sadness, sorrows, letdowns, heartbreaks
And with them replace happiness, joy, optimism, mend the broken hearts
And when they ask where I dwell,
Tell them I am within everyone and in the midst of pain I create relief
Of a better tomorrow, tell them I am hope and I keep you alive,

Robert Abok

I Am No Artist

If only I had the talent,
I would put everything in place and never relent,
I would not redesign nor would I recreate,
But I would put it today
As I would yesterday.
Even in the future
I would always be sure
To put up the result and with my tools not injure
The very smile that with my life I swore to care.
If only I had the talent,
The paper and brush I would frequent
But I am no artist, I am just a poet.

Robert Abok

I Love You

Never had it occurred to me
That I would feel this way about anyone
Till now, I had never thought that you would ruin me
Make me shameless in the midst of my people

Tell me what it is about you
That makes me do the unintended
That makes my day awesome in the awful
I want to know that thing about you

Tell me why I feel a yes for you
Though scared I always want to hold your hand
When we walk and even talk anywhere
Tomorrow will you hold my hand to take my fear away?

In my mind you're the best I've known
In my day you are the sun that shines so bright
In my night all you do is star in my dreams
I want you more in the life I have in the future.
I love you.

Robert Abok

I Shop In Another

Back then it was your shop,
That place you taught us to always shop
And seek all that our hearts seemed to bother,
Now I am fed up for your goods are no longer any cooler,
And I've purposed from within to turn and shop in another.

Of all I am not the best shopper,
But I know that a variety you provide no longer,
I seek refuge in the new and know the world a bit better
And by this I will weigh your service with the other,
And you will understand my actions to shop in another.

Robert Abok

In Death

When am gone and parked,
Before I am kept and stored,
I know not what good will be talked,
For then I will be silent with my heart hardened.

I beg for the truth and no gossips,
Though I will have no say from my tightened lips
But when you'll lie I hope that my heart leaps,
And I rise from my package before you rush to store.

Oh preacher, daughter of my mother land,
Talk to the most high and for my sins intercede,
Ask not of my soul's redemption,
But preacher, ask that I triumph when by luck He comes at the end.

Robert Abok

In Times Like This

When the society is growing,
Expanding its banks like never before.
You ought to let the people know.
Let them know of the skills you possess,
Of the program that you run
And the places whence you can be found.
Because in times like this,
It is not the money that matters,
But the people.
Because the people are the best investment ever,
Invest knowledge and skills in them,
And ignorance will be shown the door

In times like this when they need power,
Give that of brain
That which is in knowledge,
And when the program is done,
We will always be remembered.
For our ways of getting people out of trouble
And a legacy than that of a warrior lasts for generations.
Because when they needed us,
We came in handy with a program to empower
At that time when it was needed the most.

Robert Abok

It Keeps Him Moving

People walk in and out of our lives,
For a reason, a season or a lifetime at least that's what he believes
Some come to kill us, while others come to lie to us, some come to be with us.
Some be with us for a short time, we miss them when they're gone because they
made a great impact.
Others be with us forever and make no effect

But if we are lucky, as he hopes he is,
You meet that person knowingly or not
And you make a choice to be with them
You make a decision and live by the subsequent consequences
These are the people we want and hope to spend the rest of our lives with; well
at least that's what we think.

This person or people at times take your love for granted.
Assuming all you do and you hope they be held in contempt at heart
All they do is betray, annoy, lie, to make you go away but you just get hurt
You persist and take that as a challenge, an opportunity to prove your worth.
It's the belief that everything happens for a reason, a season or a lifetime that's
keep you moving
It's a fact that you've chosen her for a lifetime.

Robert Abok

I'Ve Loved A Song By A Woman

In the loneliness of her womb she sang,
A song of comfort and hope that kept me growing,
As I stuck to her back I could still hear her sing,
And her singing always put in my heart a song

As I added great days to my age,
Her singing's still sweet as it was in that age,
She has now introduced me to a singer like her,
A woman whose singing I'm sure to love.

This singer who's another sings of love,
As she lay in my arms she sings and I praise the one above,
For this woman who anyone can love if he's a man,
Truly I have loved the singing of this woman.

She promises to sing her last song some day
That day when my eyelids will cease to blink at a ray,
She swears to invite all women including my first singer,
And I will go to the afterlife with the songs of women whose singing I've loved.

Robert Abok

Just A Thought

Thinking through the theft that thinned thee,
Beyond belief, beaming betrayal in your eyes,
Yum yum were the sweet lies he told thee,
Smiling was all you did till now that you regret.

I heard of ceremony that you attended
Cursing the day she was born and raised,
It could have been you walking down the aisle,
But she took him away making your heart so bitter like bile.

From the celebrations the bride's flowers you received,
Go ahead and get married'
But the one you loved was in love with the one, who gave you flowers,
Learn to love again and marry me for I'm in love with you.

Robert Abok

Just Listen

Do I have to say it? I am hoping I might,
Saying it if not today, it's now with all the might,
Maybe the worst, but an open heart makes my head light,
I implore patience as I unveil all that I've hidden from light.

I have some thoughts that I consider so bright,
And I wish you too view them with an equal sight,
In my mind they interrelate in peace and not in any fight,
They're of you, of me and of us, not of any discords of plight.

I have this feeling of holding your hand tonight,
Watch the moon as across the heavens it takes a flight,
Watch the sun as it rises and sets with its immense rays of light,
Tell of tales, legends and myths as on the green grass we sit upright.

In the quietness and stillness of the night,
As the cold breezes passes I'd wish to hold you so tight,
However serene and cold the night is, you do have a right,
To tell and yell out how much of these thoughts in your eyes aint right.

Robert Abok

Let That Day Be Today

Let it be today when we purpose to decide
Make a decision on the path to ride
Let's make today the day when the rest by the bank ceases
And the fears of whatever may lie in the waters come into its closing stages
Let it be today that we conquer the fear of the nameless
Make the unexpected be the intended

Let it be today that we travel yonder to possess what is and has always been
ours
Care less the consequences of our decisions because we are a people of courage
A people that believe in second chances and even third
Let it be said that it was today that the fate of tomorrow was set
It was today when the unprepared foes learn't of our arrival pants down.
Let it be inscribed in scrolls and books of thought for the future generations
Let them know that it was today when we had words with our esteemed
enemies, broke bread to bury the hatchets
Let it be known that it was today when fathers who had taken leave retracted
back to their families and took up their responsibilities as parents and as loving
husbands
Let it be told that it was in our day the lady in the abortion premises made up
her mind to keep her baby

I would want it to be known that it was now when we became the government
and the government became us
Let it be whispered in gossips and in places of idling that it was today that those
with worthwhile intentions availed them and without fear they were well
embraced
Let it be said that it was in our day that we gave genuine smiles to those we've
always frowned at
Not one not even I is certain of breath tomorrow. But when we you live to see
tomorrow and they ask you how we did all this
I would want you to tell them without tears that it was because we chose and let
the day of resolutions be today.

Robert Abok

Life In A Shadow

Even with light I dwell in darkness,
And I can't focus for to me the future is night
I know not why life has to be this way
I don't know yet why I dwell in this shadow

Come on sun shine,
Shine stronger and I will be free,
Take from me darkness that covers my eyes
I want to be free to see the world as it is
I want no greater shadow but mine

Hey you brother, son of my mother
You're greater, richer, but also a bother
Release me of the chains that my arms seems to cover,
I want to taste the waters and see if I can go any deeper

I want to live my life and make my choices,
I want to make the mistake and pay the prices,
I want to go my way so let go of my hand
Let the hawks come and take me away
I need not your shadow to protect my personhood
Even the hen lets go of the chicks at some point in life
I need your shadow no more, I want to live by my shadow.

Robert Abok

Me Too

When I said I loved you,
And you said me too,
I thought we were on the same thing,
If not then may be on the same book
Reading the same page and line.

But I now know that we were
Reading from the same author,
And never from the same book,
Next time you say me too,
Always do so to answer my question.

□

With the eyes that you laid on me,
I felt different and you said me too,
What differences were talking of?
Did you feel how I felt or otherwise.

And when I held your hand and my heart raced,
You said me too as all feelings you erased,
I know not what me too means to you now,
And next time when I talk to you,
Would you please not speak of me too?

Robert Abok

My Prayer

I pray looking above,
Hoping for an answer of love
I pray that there lands a dove,
If not then be a butterfly,
I need a butterfly in Darfur
I need a butterfly in Somalia,
Oh the kingdom come,
In my heart send a dove
I need love,
I need peace from above.

Robert Abok

Poker

Once again as before,
We will sit on that very place,
I want to watch and play again,
I want it just as I did.

Come let's sit and distribute the cards,
Come; let's watch Hajji Play poker,
I'm worried for Alvin will issue the joker,
Come, let's play the game again.

Just one more time won't hurt,
For sure it won't set us apart,
It's been years, I know,
But when you forget I will remember,
Come, let's play one more time.

I want to be by the very tree,
This time let's play for free,
I want to see the furry in grandma's face,
I want to see Moses hide the dice from her,
Come let's play one more time.

Robert Abok

Put It On

This is a letter to some member
Someone listening and is a member of my gender,
We've received news of your atrocities
Not only in mine but in many other societies
I don't seek to reprimand you but to it's a request I am making

We are naked and need some clothing
Not that the attire is missing but we've been neglected
The women follow our lead and if we are naked, so are they
I am not ashamed but its just a wish from an endangered species
Put on the armor of responsibility and we will be clothed

My gender is perishing,
Perishing from the seed of their own initiative
Dying from the status they held in the society
My gender is perishing from the sin of their own making
Put on the armor of concern, mercy and above all love
Put it on and save a gender that is to be extinguished

Robert Abok

Rose Of Death

"Rest in peace" were the inscriptions I read,
Down beneath these writings lay thy body,
With no path to follow tears evaporated,
For even the sun saw it an understatement to weep.

How do I narrate thy demise to her?
Oh no, why didn't you tell me to dismiss,
The very plans I knew not you could miss,
Now I stand stranded by a heaped ground,
With this rose dying in my hand.

Here I am,
Still waiting for that random sign,
Telling me that this but a dream,
I want to see you smile when I awake,
For the pastor awaits to officiate us to life.

God! I can see the undertaker,
Locking the gates, its time to go,
It's true then, that you're actually gone,
I burry this rose by thy grave.

Robert Abok

Someday

Someday when we're older than now,
One day when we are young no more,
When the ponds that we used to know are but estates,
And forests in which we hid are but highways
I'll love you as always.

I pray to he who dwells in the kingdom come
That I be your friend no more but your best friend,
One you've always known.
Seasons will change,
Maybe I'll be white haired and wrinkled
But the love that we've shared
That which we swore will always stand.

Someday when systems will have changed,
When not dictators but democrats will rule,
Our government will still be that of love, trust and honesty,
When divorce will be part of life,
It will be like the first day we met,
We'll recall of the strong affection back then and realize
it's just the same us then as now,
Time will have ticked; it may have reached someday,
Our day is today.

Robert Abok

Tears Of A Mother

Light shows as out darkness wears,
And she cannot bear it so she tears,
Weeping for a generation instilled with fears,
Trembles and uncertainties of what the day bears.

It's in her that she imagines them grow,
Ninth is the month that pain cometh that non can borrow,
Uncertain are the years that she is to show them the flying crow
For soon they dig her into graves like furrow

All these will one day go from existence,
So like a moth she sticks to prayers with persistence,
Seeking guidance of how to keep up the fight of resistance,
And have others like her raising and weeping for a race in-existence

Robert Abok

That Can'T Change

That can't change, it still won't change,
For it's the reason I've opted for this page,
Trusting may be hard, for we are humans who age,
And daily we grow to forget the war we vowed to wage.

Since I found you again,
I've got a reason to love even with no gain,
You are the reason I keep writing without pain,
How can that change, yet my writing is not in vain.

Robert Abok

The Community

Today I walked into a community,
Of a people so full of dignity,
Satisfied with their situation they lay silent,
Some white, others brown and others caged.

From a distance I could see their maids,
Men that spoke a language I understood,
Vultures in brown and crows in black and white,
Waiting for flesh as they fly high above like a kite.

I've arrived for the induction of a new member,
Done by tearful friends, photos taken to remember,
Prayers are said for him not to sleep for eternity,
But in the end be among those who rise from the community

I have to stop and focus for sometime
Not long ago they were a people like me,
They are now a place further, a step ahead
No one longs for the community but its fate to be there.

Robert Abok

True Story

There are so many things I can recall
The way she posed as softly my name she would call
Her sleepy looking eyes and oh her legs made her this tall
Her looks told me of a lot of hope in her eyeball
This must be love, I concluded. And that was not all

I am in love with this woman
A lady so passionate about this thing called love
She once told me she loved me
So much exists that I know and recall about her
If she can walk in now and talk,
I would know her voice and steps too.

But some people like you who have heard me talk about her, are worried for me.
For they say I am in love with a woman
whose name I cannot remember.
True story.

Robert Abok

We Do Not Understand

We do not understand that we are denying the truth
We do not understand that we are accepting the lie
We fail to notice how fast we erode ourselves
We do not understand that our local is exchanged for the foreign

We do know our origin
We do know of your dislike to our heritage
We do not understand that we hate our very source
How can we claim to love and at the same time hate our fathers?

We are denying the very aspect of communication
The syllables, the tones, the songs and stories that we very much understood,
We are drowning the generation to come with a culture they do not understand
but think it's superior
We are trading our origin for something we do not know yet claim to understand
This the only thing that you will pressure for but will not understand.

Robert Abok

Women

Have you ever wondered as I do?
What women are made of if not steel?
God made us of clay but theirs is different
Sometimes I wonder what we would do without them.

Always have I marveled at their wisdom?
How easy they go around their business remember Sodom,
They have built and brought down kingdoms as troy
Sometimes I wonder what we would do without them

And I am tongue-tied at fast they can drain a man,
To do as they please and that's the strength of a woman
With a single touch they can take those like to the moon
Their words so soothing that they can take those like me to the moon

I have nothing but respect to the women of the world
They have done nothing but make the world go round
Hats off to Eve who by the fruit ruined the whole race of man
To Delilah who by her beauty took from Samson all he called strength

I raise my glass to all the mothers of the world
Who brought us screaming and tamed it all for they whispered all was well
High five to the daughters of the soil,
Who by their dressing define what fashion ought to and should be?
Wiser than you can ever think, but not any wiser than they think they are
Hats off for that woman, that, girl who you always offers you a shoulder

Robert Abok