

Poetry Series

samuel moses okello
- poems -

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Dr okello samuel moses, lives in uganda and practices in northern uganda, in st. marys hospital lacor one the best in the country, poetry is my past time hobby on top of swimming, chess, scrabble and reading

A Flower From Rwanda

My day's are always unique, but...
this particular one was special
i woke up unprepared but steadfast
as usual, jolly as a peacock.....

Purposefully i left my house unaware
of the day's events, as the first rays of the sun hit me,
i warmed up, my eyes widened....and just as i was sizing
up the world, there she was-gracefully taking her stride
like the world starts and ends with her.....

Her broad marble eyes, tanned lips, flexible neck,
spoke pages and volumes of unpublished beauty
her voice sung songs of those unrelaxed albums
her skin reflected beauty at it's best or atleast in her brightest colour,
and when she said goog bye, i nodded in agreement, that truly
is a flower from Rwanda.....

samuel moses okello

Here I Come

Here i like the early morning dawn,
slowly i leave my shell, like a blossoming flower
my face like the petals beaming with pride, my smile
like the yellow morning sun-brightens by the day..
heralding my arrival.....

Hope i have, faith i crasp and God i seek
my heart, the engine of my toils, -i charge...
with my daily dose of 30 push ups, with ma coffee
cup- i warm my feet and wash away the nights curse with the glorious shower,
then i look at my mirror one last time, grab my coat and pop! -out of my door
like the summer sun..

My self assurance, is what i need, my indifferent face, is my killer weapon,
silently conquering my adversaries, charming the charmable, laying hold on my
earthly inheritence and taking hostage of the bold, as they cramble, i say-i have
arrived today, forever, to stay.....
here i come.....

samuel mores okello

I Will Miss You

Truly i say unto you, come back home
lets hug tonight, lets recite the pleasantries,
because with you the sun is bright, all the water is pure
and all the food is tasty, in one sentence,
I miss you.....

One wonders what i miss about you.....
everything i say, your dark hair falling over your shoulders
your good sized head hinging on that brisk acting neck,
even worse i miss the glow of your stare and the pouting
of your lips.....
I miss you.....

I miss your giggles, your canny jokes, your tact in dogging issues
i miss your chatter, your happy and sad face, for i miss you now,
tonight, tomorrow and forever.....
I miss you.....

samuel moses okello

Letting Go

So consuming was your love
That every day brought sunny
Blue skies
But seeing you in another mans arms
Just killed my mojo and yet the reality is
I must just let go of you.....

The days and nights are lonely without you
I miss your nagging, I miss your jokes
I miss your bragging and teasing, it looks like my
Evening has come and the night is falling on my social life
Yet the truth is letting go of you.....

My folks just can't stop singing your praises and to me it's a sign
That you, on top of charming me, you wowed them too
This is good for my ageing mum but my broken heart may never mend with you
Around and so I let go.....

Some times the tears of my tearing eyes scald my face, I know the cure
To this new disease yet I would rather die wishing I could forgive you
As I go to my resting place I know, I must let you go
You are missed but I must let you go
Adieu.....

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samuel moses okello

Smile On Me

As bright as the desert sun come the rays
Of your smile, and as weak as the winter flowers
I wither in it-yet again I wake up the next day yearning for it
Smile on me.....

Some times I stumble into the world like an ageing soldier
Spent by the many years of war and when I meet your glance
The joy of it sends me to my knees with a trance, tiring as it's to me
Smile on me.....

As I go about my daily work, all I need to take a break is your smile
My be today I don't deserve the days pay but that's the price for encountering
Your text book smile, I come back home my pockets empty but my heart full
Of immeasurable pleasures with my empty stomach
Smile no me.....

To other people, getting a grin from me is good enough; all I hear is my smile is
as
Hard to get as it's to squeeze juice from raw oranges but in your hot smile I die
in it
Direct to eternity smiling like a soaring eagle-yet again all I ask is.....
Smile on me.....

Today as I rest on this bed I know am confronted with the reality, that one
Of these days there will be a moment when you will smile to me for one last time
And we will depart to the unknown world-but if it came to that all I will ask is
Smile on me.....smile on me.....smile on me.....smile on me!

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The Makings Of Apoor Soul

What happens when the sun seems
to rise and set on you, you wake up yawning
and go to bed weary, its the vacuum in your inner
being.....

what happens when all that convention calls fair
happens to other people, except you, true, its the
deeper yearning to match the best, but again its
our inner void that keeps us pacing.....

what happens to life when all that is hopeless is your
daily dish, we mourn, and be mourn our fate, but thats what life is about,
we aportion blame in equal measure and refuse wise counsel in the
same weight....but thats our daily toll
without, believe, vision and God, that truly is what i call apoor soul and indeed
asoul in need.....

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The Wonder Of Gods Love

some call it afeeling
some call it the inner will
some call it their found joy
some feign butterflies in thier tummies
but truly-thats the wonder of Gods love

some times you wonder why i wake up
shouting aloud, singing to my self
my neighbors wonder why am all smiles
eyes glowing like amoth dropped in them
yet all they cant see is the wonder of Gods love

every morning i take that stroll to no where
whistling, posing occasionaly to ignite my inner spirit
basking all the way like the sun only shines on me
yet again thats....truly the wonder of Gods love

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