

Poetry Series

Victor Charles
- poems -

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Victor Charles()

All I Did Was Laugh

When an ugly-looking past
Dressed in rags and shabby clothes
Clamoured for a bit space
Amid my beautiful present
All I did was laugh.

It came around looking famished
Smear'd by wrinkles of age
'I'm Past I need rebirth,
to pitch my tent amid your present'
I strived to save my breath
And wished to give no response
But the urge proved hard to resist
All I did was laugh.

I was having a talk with Present
Conversing about its fortunes
We jested and laughed like bosom friends
Reminiscing the good, old days
Then came the beggarly fellow
Thrusting it's hand to me
and saying:
'Come I'll take you on a blissful ride
down the obscure tracks of past
right through your already-trodden paths'
I wish you could ponder for a moment
The sort of response I gave
I didn't go too far
All I did was laugh.

Victor Charles

And This Came To Be A Story

And this came to be a story
Told many centuries after
To those who with every bit of pleasure
Gave their listening ears
And when all dust was settled
He, with soaked eyelids
Rained down his story:
It was a long time
And I wanted to speak to him
I loved Jesus so much that
I traced the way to his cross
It wasn't a rosy path to thread
It's route too, flourished with pain
My feeble feet got stuck in thorns
But gladly I took every slice of the hurt
I knew how far I had come
So I never thought to retrieve
And hastily I raced to the Sanhedrin
Just a stone-throw away
I had already been told
That he was taken there
I reached and searched everywhere
He was nowhere to be found
But while lingering around,
My eyes fell on Peter
He was seated wing-clipped in the corner
Few metres away
And now more sober than ever
I gunned my steps in his direction
'where is Jesus'? I asked
You can guess the answer I got!
Jesus? Who is Jesus?
I don't know what you're saying
Now you too can feel
How really shocked I was
It nearly got my eyes
Falling off it's sockets
Again I made-out to reach
The office of the governor

To plead with Pontius Pilate
Not to hit the gavel
But then I discovered
That I was far too late;
The sentence was long dispensed
And now he's billed for death.
Ah! Weeps me
Where then is Jesus?
He's been sent all the way
To the courtyard of the guards
They've castigated and rained mockery on him;
Slapped and ridiculed him
Oh! Cries my soul
Where now is Jesus?
He's in the company of the soldiers
They've put on him a purple robe;
And placed a crown of thorns on his head
Where is Jesus?
He's been taken to Golgotha
They've ripped his cloth off him
And rolled a dice over it.
Where is Jesus?
He's been crucified;
Dead;
Buried;
Back to life;
Lives at the moment
And forever too.
And this came to be a story
Told to me
Many centuries after.

Victor Charles

Death's Triumphant Hour

Coffins;
Undertakers;
Distress sounds of gongs
And of death bells too;
People clad in dark attires;
Tears dropping from swollen eyes
Hid in opaque shade glasses;
Nose dripping;
Pale faces
Lowered into weakened palms;
Melodies of song birds muted
By grating calls of ravens
Spotted at neighbouring distances.
Hooting of owls;
Crocking of vultures;
Spirits hovering,
This is no other moment but
Death's triumphant hour.

Victor Charles

Downcast

I'm stretched beyond limits
Projected beyond range
Bare lay I like animal skin
Spread to dry in the scorching sun
It's softness is sold to heat
And it's moisture drained away.

I feel nothing else but defeat
As I lie straight and bare
Like a lion with no claws
Like a scorpion with painless sting
Harmless it becomes
It's fright is buried in the sands of it's prey
No more a terror it remains.

I'm likened to a deserted territory
Open is its terrain,
Unguarded all round and forth
It's valuables are spoils for theft
And it's treasures up for hunt
What remains of this robbed estate?
That lies in ruin and plunder.

All is there to crawl for
And so much too, to stretch for grabs
The courage then comes like a crowd;
Pushing, pulling and pressing through;
Stepping on toes and gliding over
A little space remains then a dream
Waited upon to manifest
Aha! The space is imminent
At last it splits open and broad
I know I'm in for a dose
A dose of courage to sail ahead.

Victor Charles

Dream Within A Dream Within A Dream

The unpleasant and unsightly took place in it
I couldn't believe it happened
I saw the evidence that proved it real
But thank God it was fake;
Thank God it was false
Nothing more but a dream.
I slept my soul away and,
In it I had a dream
And in it another dream
Still in it one more dream
A triple slice of dreams
Dream within a dream within a dream.

Victor Charles

Good Morning

The morning breeze filters through
Battering upon my window pane
With slumbering eyes and heavy feet
I drag my sleepy self up
To greet the visiting rays.

It's another beautiful morning
And now I stand to compare
These scarce, golden rays
Beaming from the waking sun
That seems way too expensive
Than yesterday's silvery rays

If only you could listen
You would surely hear
The sigh of passing air
That leaves behind a breath
Which only I can perfectly describe
How it truly feels.
Good morning!

Victor Charles

I Met Sin

If you haven't met Sin in person before
I will say I have
The features I saw it possess
Matched all I've heard of it
It was tempting, easily accessible
Also cheap as well
My doubt was gone by now
I knew this was Sin.

Don't flog yourself with thoughts
I met Sin in physical realms
It was tangible enough for sight
Not abstract as you think.

I looked Sin in the face and,
It returned my gaze too
We thought of the pending pleasure
Imagined a moment of satisfaction
And had a vile discussion.

We held each other's hand
Like kids would always do
And there we were in the view
Jesting and laughing
Robbing and cuddling
But all the while I knew
That Sin was just skillfully
Messing around with me,
Aiming to sink my price

If you haven't met Sin in person before
I will say I have.

Victor Charles

Out At Evening

Here I go again
Wandering in the fall of sun
Out, single and all alone
In the sobbing evening
Seeking with thirst to buy a taste
Of nature's feel and comfort
And maybe a talk as well.

Noon was done it's stay
And pleaded to take it's leave
Throwing up all everything
To the care of the waiting evening.

Aha! Here comes the birds
Streaming in vast arrays
The sparrow;
The hawk and all of those
Flying their way enmasse
In a bit to get home.

Victor Charles

Seize The Tussle

Linger no further in your wait for a change
Change won't come until a move is risked
The fellow 'resistance' will surely emerge
His single desire to slay your quest
And when he proves a giant to conquer
Out goes the signal for a fierce contest
A call to challenge is left on your sleeves
The rolling ball now rests in your court.

Most situations dread a brave advance
Which tend to spill their weak contents
You'll never discover their vulnerable nature
When fear and frailty become the factor
But while they seem so raw and scary
Their masks of fright is what you see

Hard gets the nut when victory looms
Just when the fight leaps near an end
And if you show you're weak and frail
That serves your foe the strength it needs

So seize the tussle like never before
Set the pace and raise the tempo
You never can sense your closeness to change
And neither can see your nearness to breakthrough
Things always would stay the way they are
Until you learn to seize the tussle.

Victor Charles

Song Of The Would-Be Husband

Oh handsome, young man!
The would-be husband
of a would-be wife
Whom for the meantime,
Remains a big secret

.

There's nothing more to feel for you
Other than sorry
A huge, big SORRY
because
By the time you've finally found
That long-awaited, parcel
The one beaming with golden rays
And flashing with diamond sparkle
It probably must have gone
Through hands of wrong recipients
And passed bare
and unclad
Through a number of wrong refineries

.

What now remains of this precious parcel?
That God had skillfully sealed
Billing it to be unsealed
Strictly by you alone
That darling, would-be husband

.

Oh, would-be husband!
I think I have an idea
About what remains
Of your costly parcel

.

What now remains is
A parcel with broken seals
What now remains is
A present with loosed ribbon streaks

What now remains
is
A well that has been drawn from
By hands different from yours
And now you're left to mourn
An already exploited site

.

Oh, would-be husband!
I see you want to cry
But hold it brother!
Stiffen up that upper lip
I wish to save your tears
so,
I'll say no extra word
To heap upon your misery

.

I'll stop right now
To prevent the bitter hatred
Which you the would-be husband
May tend to harbour
In that loving heart
For your would-be wife.

Victor Charles

Splendour Morning

What a wondrous and brilliant morning
The kind I yearned in thirst to see
Where clouds bright and elegant
Disperse in graceful fashion
There comes a mild voice
Teeming from far clouds
It whispers to me amid the vacuum
'Sunset is here my dear.
Now is time to leave'.

Minutes of stare proves short a time
Likewise an hour or two
To stretch a gaze far and wide
On board the lengthy expanse

Lend me a piece this blissful view
Spill on me the tender feel
Your hairy, feathery and furry feel
My heart aches with breathless awe
At sight of the morning splendour

Victor Charles

The Fellow Called Time

There goes the quiet gentleman
The easy-going, wait-less fellow
I know you've heard of him
His name is Mr. Time
When you see him walk by
He neither waits nor halts
He doesn't stop to greet
You wail and shout 'he's arrogant'
But that's just his nature.

He wears a face so stern
Like that of Mr. Judge
He never says a word
You'd be right to say he's dumb
Up comes chanting of mockery
The jesting of idle lips
'Here comes the aging fellow
Make way for Mr. Time'.

I heard you call him 'fashion'
His looks would always change
He comes in various forms
You hardly know it's him
For a while you see him young
Next he turns so old
One time you see him short
Other times he's just too long.

In comes a music artiste
On course to man the stage
He sends out piles of waves
To greet his crazy fans
The crowd goes into raptures
All heads is held on high
He wiggles this way and that
But yet to make his show
The silent fellow stays watching
Waiting to seize the moment
You had better began your show

Before time calls it due.

Victor Charles

To All The Poets

Words would never escape your chase
Since they are prey for you
The bowl of your thoughtful mind
Never runs short of them
Sometimes you lie dead-still
Like a hunger-stricken lion
Waiting patiently for
An unexpected catch.
And those barren moments,
They never cease to come by
Where words in their multitudes
Stay far away from you

I know too well your plight
When your hunt yields no games;
When your gaze pierces the air;
You even can see the breeze.

I know about your trauma
When no sound struck at you,
Clutches your eardrums.
Here you're lost to oblivion
Bit after bit, you're traded away
What can buy you back now?
Maybe words can!

I can tell of your ecstasy!
Having creatively mixed
One or two tasty blends
Of finely brewed phrases.

Your joy clocks full scale too
Having blissfully laid
Tons of neatly-woven words and thoughts
To their poetic rest.

Spare me the chance to applaud
Your word-infested minds.

Victor Charles