

Poetry Series

Vincent Somto
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

Vincent Somto()

Igwilo Vincent Somto, Is a youth born in Anambra state, Nigeria. He believes that in every youth lies a potential that is waiting for actualization and is using his abilities in the poetry and article writing to change the world, He is a Christain and is the second child and first son of his family, He started writing at the age of 15 yrs and was inspired by two friends of his; Ibekwe chisom and Akupue chibuike, He mostly writes on feeling and abstract ideas.

A Race To Win

I woke up one beautiful morning
Taking a look at the mysterious island that lay wait affront
I saw a great mountain and suddenly lightening came crashing down
So great it was that a patch of rock split out from the mountain

Then the race started as it slipped down the mountains slope
It kept moving with great speed until it broke into tiny pieces as it met with
another cliff
Losing interest I layed back to sleep
But a great whoosh awoke me once more

I looked on to see the pieces of that same rock moving;
With great velocity like never before
It raced past oceans and battle and hurricanes
Till they came scattered into bit pieces that I can read what they came to be

It read thus 'Life makes way for a man that know where he is going'
They can bend you but cannot break your spirit

Vincent Somto

Another Chance

As the day goes by
I cannot help but to reflect on my past mistakes
Having no guardian
I continually erred

Even as I grew up
I was not left alone
But was continually stricken sore by my conscience
I had no place to run to, for all I had was myself

I saw evil in everything
And my feet rushed to do so
Being entangled on the very net I constructed myself
I didn't seek help but drown the more

Soon I cared less
For I became too familiar with my evil deeds
I was not rebuked
For my outer countenance suggested no evil
But within me I knew I was a volcanic mountain
On the verge of exploding

My life was nothing to pen home about
Although I had gained independence
I was still dependent on sin
I didn't have to go to the cross
'Cause my sin was all gross

I lived in a sphere with no atmosphere
And dwelt in solitude with no sense of magnitude for an altitude
I swam in depth where sins were my fins
I kept tumbling till I reached what I thought was going to be my tomb

But as history who always have a story of encouragement
My life seem to catch a glimpse of light
It was no longer a fight to live right
'cause my vacuum was filled with a precious being

Infatuation rose from me as my situation turned around

He brought love again to my soul
Just as the dove brought hope to Noah
Alas that chance which I seek was my bread

My lads and pals
This scroll can be your roll
If you take life not just as a fight
But as a race to be won
With the grace of God.

Vincent Somto

Autumn

The shackles of bitterness
I can sense its stench
It fills my lungs to disgust
I wish to have autumn.

The snares and trap
All around the place
Seems to be set for me
Then i need autumn.

The side talks and comment
It seems to consume me
I wish to soar and feel the wind
Like its autumn.

Friends are few and lovely
They are few and golden
But foes who lurk around
Are not part of this paradise, Autumn.

I looked and I saw
It amused me and I laughed
The shade of huge trees
And the scent of autumn, I felt.

Trees or friend, For support
The wind points my hair due east
And throws kiss and caress on my bosom
And I know, It can` t be better than autumn.

It soars and sways
Lining the wind`s movement
Aiding me see its sense of direction
leading me closer to autumn.

Vincent Somto

Can I Soar

How does it feel to have the winds beat your aim
What gracious joy, is to felt when the freedom to ponder i came to taste
Oh to be pushed by the winds and not hurt to fly with ease and sorrows out of
sight

I see why the parrot and parakeet make a fuss when trapped in a cage and leaps
to freedom when chance appear
The thoughts of soaring a meal it is for me

Cage me not and take my wings for i will not stop soaring
My longing of the heavenly bliss, the early morning beam and the songs of the
nightingale
Stop me not when i choose to fly and leave not an open cage for me when
return.

Vincent Somto

Consistency

Yeah I know
We got notes and pen
We got brains and will
We got napkins and marker

Yeah I know
We read those books
We hear those talks
We speak to ourselves sometimes

Yeah I also know
We write resolutions
We make decisions
We take our stand

And I know
Why we don't follow it;
To the latter
Why we slack back sometimes

Now I think
We need consistency
We need to remind ourselves
Each and everyday

But I know
We still can't keep feet - why?
We are but human
So we need a greater force - God.

Vincent Somto

Crude Gold

Sunken, I lay
As the time ticked by
I savoured the solitude
As I tried to forget the past

It would have been better
If I had no gift
Or was not highly held
Because, it all made the regrets heavier

Times that has been wasted
I had lots of time
But what I did with them
I am not sure

Some things cannot be changed
Can they?
Especially those things you had the chance to change but neglected
I feel sorry for myself

Is it my destiny
Or is it just fate
That decided, I will be second place
All my life

It all seems easy for others
To climb this ladder
Or it appears to be
But I guess, mine must be work.

Vincent Somto

Cupid's Letter To Athena's Daughter

Having spent almost all my life
I now feel fulfilled
Always in the midst of my admirer called Aphrodite by earth dwellers
She makes my head a spinning wheel by singing praises of how handsome
I have come to be

But lo that great memory from the war of gods in Olympus
Kept lingering on my now earthly mind
Am shocked on how feeble I have become,
Who made the ladies flinch at my godly gaze

Oh! That memory that dearly hunts my soul
Of how I came to your rescue,
As a princess in distress
And how the chills spread through me when your arm was locked on mine

Why did the earth came to an halt
And why did the rivers lose their gift of flux
Wonder I, why my heart race faster when you look at me

I know this effect does not come from your wisdom neither does it come from
your looks
But through my godly knowledge
I perceive thee a damsel, at whose sight I turn human.

Vincent Somto

Daughters Of Eve

Here comes the stop sign
Obeyed by men who love their life
And ignored by those who secretly crave for destruction.

She comes with smiles and treats
And takes the in watchful knights off guard
I do not discriminate
But reveals the harm lurking within the skirt of mischievous creatures.

Oh young man understandeth what thou heareth?
Or percieveth what thou seeth?
For the witch comes with the red juicy apple
Eat not and you will live

Fall not for the two ripe oranges dangling at your front
Neither think of the supple pomegranate dancing to the rhythm of destruction
Ask Joseph and he will explain better
For he knows a great deal of what I am saying

Take not her gift and eat not of her craft and devices
Go not nigh her house
For in there many great men have fallen and still thousands lay wait

She will always roll those eyes and dangle those pomegranate
But he that falleth not in the days of adversity
The same hath great strength

My young lads remember
Eyes are windows of the soul
And God is just and perfect
For he gave us the ability to shut them within seconds
And alas he says thou art inexcusable oh man

They are as poisonous as the venom of the viper
And are deadly like the jellyfish who sucks up its prey with just a sting of its
tentacles
Inquire of Delilah and she will make you understand for she is not a novice

Flee or you will fry

Turn or you will burn

Run or you will rust

For my dear friend Nnamdi Azikiwe would always say ' when the penis of a man stands up he loses control of the mind'

Vincent Somto

Deception

You trickster
Was I blind?
I could have seen you
Even though I did it was hazy
And I was too lazy
To care

Didn't I read zig zigs word
'The future depends on what we do today'
Wasn't it my wake up call
Yet still
Didn't I feel?
Yes I did, woefully

Almond shaped tears
Gliding down my cheeks
I saw and am still seeing the future
The glorious moment
My past mistakes
They are coloured in vivid color

I was struck
I stood numb, like the statue of the liberty
But hades flame was my torch
And cupid's script
My declaration of independence, bondage
Its now all clear, spring water, I see my reflection

I did see it
I felt it was coming
Like a tornado, it swept through
To my direction
Time I had to stop it
But did I? No

I knew I had it
The power to plunder
To break through illusions and feel the light
That's why I'm more bitter

'Cause I didn't use it
I gazed till I had no eyes

Am laughing, not on the outside
Ask me why?
I like to be challenged
To be thrown to the dirt
To be laughed at and ridiculed
'Cause it boots my fuel supply when I travel up

The question in life
Is not whether you fall down
'Cause you will, rather
The question is
Are you ready to get up
And fight for what you believe in.

Vincent Somto

Devil May Cry

This piece is for those
Who have an inner peace dwelling in them
For that possess great power
Beyond their widest imagination

The prince of this earth
Wouldn't want you to know this
'Cause your knowledge of this
Will lead to his downfall

Fight through good fight of faith
And stand firm when temptation arise
For you have an inner being
Stronger than devil himself

Never take out your view from the master
For that is exactly what the fallen angel want you to do
He knows that Christ in us is the hope of our glory
And he will stop at nothing to shift your focus

I you don't like my voice
I bet you will consider Christ's
He says 'the effectul fervent prayer of a righteous man market tremendous
power available'
Yes its all yours to use

What is man that you made him a little lower than God
That's how you're highly held
Don't let his agents intimidate you
For you're placed in the high places beyond principalities and powers
All they can see is your feet

Preserve your righteousness
Don't let him make a mockery of you
For if you steadfastly believe that him
Who dwells above dwells in you
And know how to deliver you from the snare of the fowler
Then devil will cry.

Didn't I Rise

I knew it would be a matter of time
I knew I would laugh again
I knew I will trick the trickster
And was I right?
Yes, I am

I feel happy, elated and hilarious 'Cause today I won
Yes I did
Months of hardwork
They paid off, pretty good

Didn't they say
The world makes way for a man for a man who-
Knows where he is going
Well I have found my way
And am not just on the sidewalk But on the centre lane

The grip of bad habits
Those thoughts of depression Thoughts of imperfections
Low self esteem and self worth They are all gone

I am riding the waves
I am soaring the winds
Am the captain of my ship
The sole proprietor of;
Myself, me and I

Today I broke the chain
Chain of failures
Chain of self hatred
Or self guilt
Now, am free.

Vincent Somto

Dynamism

Why do every thing become clear when its too late?
Some have the taste of bad fate
Time, Enough it is to change
But altogether it seems too strange,
Why you did not kick your butt to work,
And strolling and jamming was your rock
Focus that effort on worthwhile stuff
And let the crust go puff
Utilize, Devote, Ponder, Meditate and dwell in the present
Lament not over the past, Work for the future
Don` t love to live, But love to live right and well
Sow the seed when the soil is still wet,
Or eat your hair when it turns dry.
Spend time in front of the reading lamp and substitute it for the scorching sun.

Vincent Somto

Endless Journey

Journey that has no end
Miles and miles, I have to walk
My destination, a speck I see in the distance
The road sign, yet still point to each other

Once upon a time
The story began
The story of a thousand nights
Seems never to have an end

This prince set out
With a pointy, curly hair
A fine armour and lovely studded lips
In his white horse, He did set out

On a garland, a summer day
The golden ray lit up his armour
Courage written all over
But cowardice or rather shyness he wore

As he rode with grace
He came across a rose
A rose full of red
A rose you could die for

He saw such beauty
He smelled such fragrance
But all she could see
Was light from his armour

Tied by the cord of love
She sought to see
But he turned and flew
To the nearby wood he sought shelter

He cursed and moaned
In pain and anguish
Of how folly he acted
He blamed himself all through the night

He prayed and cried
To behold her once again
But fate was harsh this time
And his hate for himself grew deeper

He made the path
He saw her on before
His daily route
For two full moons and a half

One beautiful morning
When he was weary from his search
He decided to retire
So he turned to leave

So he saw her
His heartbeat came to a halt
The birds chirped melodiously
His emotions now a turmoil

The once gentleman
Felt light headed
Couldn't think straight
Nor could he utter a word

He moped till she passed
But saw nothing
But her sweet smelling fragrance
He cried till he could cry no more

He looked dead for days
Till he saw her once more
But this time in a huge banner
Hand in hand with her bridegroom

This story, my story
Of a journey that has no end
I now tell my children
So that they will ignore this route

Erotica

I wouldn't stare, If I were you
I wouldn't think on these,
I would rather look at the railway
Or think on my book

Eyes are gateways
To the soul
If you don't want it in
Close the gates

It reduces man;
To a piece of bread
Samson can testify;
To the fact that its true

Preserve your eyes
With all diligence
Because you can't think on,
What you don't see.

Vincent Somto

Fight On

If trouble comes knocking
Be not frightened
But keep on fighting
Till the medal is won

What is your gain
If you do not endure this pain
And hope for a better future
Without being tortured by your past

You cry and soak your pillow
Yet you have not left your willows
Take courage and boldness
For bondage and coldness
Will someday be a story for history

Tears my friend is despicable
For it wears your ability to hold on
Look not at the tower
For the power to plunder dwells in you

Foresee not that opposition
But let your disposition
Be a presentation
To this generation

Defer not from your stand
For it will give you a hand
In holding unto life strand of hope
Fight on and hold on
Cause trouble will not cease,

Vincent Somto

Finding Myself

Don't compare
Don't underestimate
Don't be inferior
Don't dwell in doubts
I am myself

They can run upfront
But pace is you
Don't wish to be him or her
Or you will end up like him or her

Hitches and stitches
Not a criteria for self pity
Your strenghts and system
None can ever comprehend

Nature falls in love
If you be yourself
Taking a look at your inner self
Makes you the best you can be

In the whole galaxy
A sunny desert
A rainforest
A temperate grassland
All you have is yourself
Be it

Vincent Somto

Flawless

I am me
I can't be you
I am unique
Just flawless

Vincent Somto

Gigantic Clouds

I feel the breeze as i gaze on thee
A perfect fit for wonderful picture of nature
Even though i feel stupid not from my point of reflection but through's men's
suggestion
I know am not hallucinating for the sights of birds in flight tells me so

Thy beam of whitish light that seem to be celestial as the evening clouds meet up
with the morning dew
Shades of stone blue or sky blue you present still an emotion awaits exploration
Moving with gigantic strides as never to appear again
Seems to me, you travel towards a course to fulfill

At your sight a troubled mind receives freedom
And the old man sits outside for he knows too soon a part of each other you will
become
Take not your feelings with you else the flock of birds which please my sight may
retire

I hope the rumbling of the thunder and lightening disturb you not as you prepare
to shed your skin
And if not for anything, i thank thee for keeping clean my rooftop

Vincent Somto

Girls Will Still Be Girls

She may act all hardy
And look all principled
But touch her soft spot
And she comes crumbling

She may look all serious
And act all strict
But push that button
And she comes bubbling with laughter

Girls are such a wonderful being
If you doubt me
Get close to one
Created to be a mystery, bet you can't crack tis one

They tell you
'Don't break my heart before I give it to you'
But they gave it to you on day one
She may act all strong, but she is still emotional

Girls are girls
Bet they won't change
Made to complement boys
Made to be loyal

I love girls, please don't call me a pervert
I do love girls
'Cause I don't understand them
She acts like she doesn't care, but she is all in for you

Please don't break thier heart
Try and be loyal
'Cause if you crack em open
You may see a boy

Vincent Somto

Godspeed

Why are you taking the back seat?
Why can't you be possessed with light?
Why can't you live out your potential?
Why do you feel inferior?

Embrace God
Stop running away
Stop building walls
I think its time for bridges

I wonder
How you can live without your creator
Its just like;
Driving without a steering

Every invention has an inventor
Every machine has a manual
Every man, a creator
Everybody, a purpose for being created

The more you run
The more you are ruined
The more you hate;
The more you have a bad fate

Seek your creator
Seek your manual
Or be prepared
To be thrown to the dirt.

Vincent Somto

Growing Up

The sound of a cry
It comes from a little voice
So little it does not think of tomorrow
A kiss and and a lovely pat,
He knows is a morning ritual
The toys and friends a handy tool
He makes the mother come running
Either with a laugh or cry
Face so tender and soft,
I like to steal a kiss
Body so warm and light,
I desire to carry and fondle.
Wish to see the parents sudden fright and joy?
Make him speak for the first time

He compares self with others
Stocks up knowledge, without regarding values
Sees the world in full
And looks the mother in the eye
Adopts the face of the famous,
And forgets to look within
Seeks for a hand and companion,
Not of the same kind this time,
But follows the advice of shakra
Haste to make decision,
Alas, meets up with karma
Bricks he bought
Either from the good or bad market,
He use to build himself and his world

A man he is called
Expected to live right and mature,
Sees his foolishness during early days
Admits his wrong
Takes up responsibilities
And reprove the lunatic
Is now with a companion
And flirting a story to be told
Sweats to put food on the table

And lovingly aids the young to keep feet,
Sets goals for himself,
And drives out from the land of fantasy
Breaks the walls of illusion and vain thought
To dwell in reality

On the border of the earth and spirit world
Sees the river of wisdom
Lives on fulfilled ambition
And laments on unfulfilled ones
Looks upon its filial generations
And remembers those days of full vigor and strenght
The cycle of life is repeated
As he reasons again so tender
Closer is he to nature,
Having met some goals
A symbol of honour, knowledge and wisdom
As his grand children look up to him
Spends most of his time thinking on,
How it feels to cross the border.

Vincent Somto

Guilty Pleasure

Stand right there
Dont say a thing
It`s wrong, but I know you will say
It`s your guilty pleasure

We make lame excuses
When we can`t get a grip
On ourselves
We push it to nature

Be whole and live healthy
Watch your diet so you don`t get too fat
Be busy and industrious
And leave that phrase 'guilty pleasure'

When its hard to say no
When we are supposed to stand strong
When the doctor says take a break
And we just can`t, we seek a way - guilty pleasure

Vincent Somto

Habit

It is done, the deed has been done
It hardly gets reversed
At first it was an act
But then it turned to everyday thing

Snap out of it
You will say
But its sure harder than that
It`s like being entangled

We do it
Without strenght or energy
It just gets done
Without proper affirmation

It is either good or bad
Right or wrong
Ying and yang, push and pull
It is still an act

And then it transcends
To become part of you
Am sorry
But you have been infected

Strive to make;
That first act right
So that it becomes right
To be a habit

Vincent Somto

Heartbeat

The dog is stroked
His paws gets caressed
His fur gets wobbled

The candle light gets lit
The kids are laughing
The moon smiles down to the earth

I walk out of my closet
I breathe in the fresh air -
The youthfulness of morning

And at that moment
I felt peace -
The slow thump of the heart.

Vincent Somto

I Am Young

I am prone to mistakes
I do try my best
But sometimes, it all goes wrong
It doesn't mean am negligent
I just can't help it
Don't misunderstand me
When you can't see concern on my face
It doesn't mean that I don't care
Such youthful exuberance
I express negatively
It's not my fault
Don't blame my heart or judge my actions
Blame my head
'Cause am young

Vincent Somto

I Have Been There

Don't procrastinate
Never leave for tomorrow
What you should do today
Don't get lazy
Don't ignore the second hand
It ticks to make years
It ticks to mould you -
From a boy to a man
If you don't do it now
You can't do it again
I have been there
I know and trust me when I tell you
Do it at that first impulse or
Wish endlessly for a change in tide

Vincent Somto

I Need Your Grace

Resolutions, I pen down
To keep, a solution I need
The wrong I know
The rights are familiar with me
But to dwell in right, your grace I need

Like a shooting star
Falling downward just as it rose
And its trail leaves a story to be told
To stand amidst foes and live to tell the tale
Your grace I need

This grace, wisdom cannot attain
Integrity cannot hide
Self will cannot impose
But myself, humble be
Your grace I need

I fight to live right
I reprimand myself always
I self criticize when I lose track
But then I remember
I need your grace

I have fallen
And swore never to fall again
But I keep falling
And kept cursing
I need your grace

I just see
I need to commune daily with thee
My thoughts of independence
And freedom from sin
Is short lived without your grace

With you
My ride is so smooth
No bumpy road or obstacles

It's just all easy
With your grace

I tried, I fought
I read and memorized your words
But, I just betray you
Before the cockcrows
Then I think of a way, your grace

Fill me, drench me with your grace
I will bound it on my bosom
'Cause evil have no rules
Or set time
A friend in need, your grace

I now see your light
From the crucifix affront
I walk stealthily towards it
Without turning back and it dawned on me
Your grace was my strenght.

Vincent Somto

Idle Road

Silhouette tapping on the sidewalk
Kreys dangling as miss red fumbles
The engine reeves and swoosh
Leaving a trail of dust

R & B blasting from the stereo
Reminisce - her soul
She breaths in the dark chill air
And looks on hazily

And suddenly, a scream
A hush and thud
Miss red rushed out
And all she saw was red

She stood transfixed,
As it all went in
The realisation of what happened
Suddenly leaning in

She heard a smirk then a loud laugh
It echoed through the night air
And she heaved a sigh
Looking at the lunatic with a red wine.

Vincent Somto

In Between

Someone should come to my aid
I don't know if am sick or hallucinating
Am I going the right path
Or am I devising from that pure light

Is it just a face
Or is my mind playing mace with me
Each looks rips my heart into two
I know nobody will understand how I feel

Am not ready to fall for this
But it seems like am on chain
I do not feel pain
But what I feel, I fear

This is not about being disciplined
Or having self control, for these virtues are at meet with me
But yet I can't seem to stop this raging inferno
I am stuck like a glue to this wall of illusion

I fear to accept the truth
But it just appears am deceiving myself
For it is clearly written on my heart
Whenever I gaze on this face

I don't want to reflect on my feelings
But it's consuming me
They say lightning never strikes twice at the same spot
But to be sincere, am always struck numb whenever this face appears in view

I deceive myself by saying
Don't look, don't think
But all I see with my mind's eye
Is this face

Am I going nuts?
Is this the nature my tutor speaks of
Please somebody, anybody
Help me from this dilemma

I don't want to die young.

Vincent Somto

Irony

Why do we start loving something when we are about to lose them
Why do love sometimes infect us with sickness when those we love don't feel the same for us
Why do sunshine become essential when winter is around the corner
Why do i miss home when I prepare for school

All they 'whys' I think just got one simple answer
Lack of appreciation
I wonder why it is not regarded
Although it's among the three magic word
We don't cherish until they perish
Neither do we love until we lose

Who says that families should become familiar
Or that companions should be complacent
Or brothers snubbers
It doesn't hurt to say
'I love that, I appreciate your effort'
Those who keep a special confinement for you in their hearts need those words more than you think

We have to have a right value placement
Or boldness will be coldness
And firmness, slackness
Remember lads will always be pals
And lack of appreciation causes depreciation.

Vincent Somto

It's You I Dream About

How can I not dream about you
When you are all my soul longs for
Days and nights have passed
The sky seems empty
Without moon and stars
And now here I am
Looking at your angelic face
As you whisper my name
The sound of it on lips
Makes the world go away

My peace is gone
Replaced with ecstasy
Everywhere I go or look
I keep seeing your face
Your smile makes my heartbeat stop
And here and now
I heard you call my name
And the sound of it on your lips
Drove me away from myself
I am lost in you.

Vincent Somto

Legends

Their names were boldly written
On the wall of fame
Legends, others thought they were
But they were my friends
Friends I grew up with
Friends I played with
But secretly they toiled
They burnt midnight candles
Now they have gotten a name
The alpha class
They go to quizzes
They represent the school
While I sit back
And listen to their boasts and feats

Vincent Somto

Love Me

Take me for a flight little bird
Let's soar through times and clouds
And may it not be third
But, Together forever bound.

Make sure to drop me, Little bird
Or I will be lost in thoughts of you
And I will make sure to hold firm
If you promise, You feel the same.

Hold my hand, Little bird
Am sure it will be heaven on earth
I need not say it out,
Just look into the ocean of my eyes, And you`ll see the ripples.

If you reject me, Little bird
I won`t make a visible fuss
And I will try to forget
Although I know deep down I deceive myself.

Vincent Somto

Mama Can't Be Sick

She told me to feel her chest
I couldn't believe -
Someone's body, could be so hot
I sat beside her
I felt her pain
Or I thought I did
But mama was strong
She didn't act sick
She was strong for me,
For what I would
That's my mum
And she is my all in all

Vincent Somto

Misery

I laugh before when still at angels watch and keep
But swiftly turned I pale when black spots became visible on my white cloak
How I long for such moment when surety of mind was my bread
Looking so lost, like one spinned by the hands of time, mourning every minute
on the abandon of such great light

Pains and death ring at my heart, renewing afresh winter's chill
The hunger of life thin immortality, sweeps through me at the thought of what a
castaway I came to be
Oh! Thee which holds every man on ransom for a dinner once in a lifetime
Call I upon thee, to dine with me for a better hope across the veils

Throat turn sore and heart came bleeding from dawn to dusk
Tears tracking down, through my chin when I reflect on how lonely the years
seem to come by
When I search within me, to know what reason and cause for which I dearly pay
I see walls all around and no bridge to move out of my opaque
shell

But alas came through my window
So great a light that my shell came cracking
Yep! The sound of both victory and freedom
Victory from the wails of death and claws of bitterness

Then suddenly out of the bliss, heareth I a voice sounding like a thousand echoes
'Man is broken he lives by mending, the grace of God is the glue for if God were
not willing to forgive sin, heaven would be empty'.

Vincent Somto

My Friend

Happy is he whom you befriend
I have no pint of concern for you
Yet you are always by my side
Like my eyelids which shud at the sight of danger
You surface when all is lost

You make my journey turn honey
I ponder on this wonder
For I get aid
Without you getting paid

I call you friend 'cause you equal my definition of friendship
When I think of living, I think of you
'Cause challenges always come
But you also give me mastery over such mysteries

Even now that I reflect on how you've helped me through these years
I cannot think of a name to give you than hope
For you make me to cope
When others are shouting opps

Oh my lovely friend who doesnt withdraw
When trouble draws it uncomely sword
Teach me to be optimistic
Rather than being pessimistic.

Vincent Somto

My One And Only

Open the door to your heart
Let me be the one you deserve
The one who reads your silence
The one who understands
When you can't comprehend

Don't tear away from my gaze
Let me read your mind
Let me feel your need
And give you my warmth
So that it heats up and consumes us

Give me this one chance
To hold your hand
I promise to soften my grip
Just to put a smile on your face
Smile that enchants me

Don't tell me you're ashamed
To walk home with me
Can't you see;
I can't see nobody
But you

Trust me, I am not like them
I have a heart that beats for you
A heart that can't stay in my chest
A heart that wants to follow you
To make you his mistress

Let me play with your hair
And fondle your neck with care
Let me be your guardian angel
To protect, provide and profess
My love for you

Sweet, cute angel
I see you in the stars
Can you be my shooting star

And grant my wish
Wish to be yours forever

My treasure, I see us
Walk on the sandy shore
The breeze feels so good
But not as good as your scent
I can't tell but I know it's love

When we walk and talk
You amaze me
The wonder of your parted lips
As we take a stroll, I must confess
Makes me want to kiss you to bliss

My lover and friend
Let's be together
Be my Juliet
But this time
We will live happily ever after

Vincent Somto

Only If

Today was a hack of a day
There were many questions on my mind
They flashed like blinking light
They made me sit and think

I saw a woman, poor and wretched
Trying to make music, to make money
With her local, improvised instrument
She fiddled it endlessly

And all I heard was sounds
Notes and not melody
But they did got me thinking
Only if she was rich and healthy

An old man sat beside a dusty shelf
On a roadside close to the market square
As I passed by he tugged on my trouser
Turning around he said 'help an old man'

Though I had no money on me
I swear I cried and prayed when I got home
And I thought all the way
Only if he had money, clothes and shelter

And then there were the children
At the bus stop this morning
They wailed 'Uncle! Uncle! !'
And shook their plates in my front

I got into the bus
And looked out through the window
I saw the conductor driving the away
As they wandered like sheep's without a shepherd

At home I cried
'Cause I have no strenght
I can't help all
Only if God will consider.

Vincent Somto

Open Your Eyes

I weep
I weep for you child
I weep for myself

Can't you stop and think
Can't you pause and ponder
Where are you going?

For what cause do you work?
Do you work;
Just because it is called work

What do you think
When you hear the word
Future

What are your dreams
What are your plans
What is your foundation

People have come and gone
Legends came and stayed
Which are you?

Everybody is a legend
Everybody is a hero
Everybody is a genius

But one thing makes the difference
Petty decisions made
Each and everyday.

Vincent Somto

Petite

I sat on a kite
We flew just fine
I grabbed a cloud
It feels just cold

I dwelt on a ballot
I lived just fine
The world a ball of green and blue
Or so it feels up here

I lived in a shoe
The stench was much
The lace a ladder
With its aid, I climbed out

I flew to the amazon
On a butterfly
I ate some nectar
And burped all the way

I wore my coat
And waved my staff
Coat made with rat's fur
Staff - for an office pin

You can't blame me -
Giant of the upper world
You can't even see me
With those big balls of yours.

Vincent Somto

Regular Guy

I woke up this morning
Freshened up
Ironed my school uniform
And looked my best

I walked up to the school bus
Just parked outside our house
I looked at you as I passed
But you didn't notice

At class today
I smiled at you
But you didn't care
You gave me the cold shoulder

At the cafeteria
I offered to buy ice cream
But you and your friends
Made jest of me

At the passage of the school hall
We bumped into each other
Your books fell and I picked
But you made a sigh and showed me your back

I am trying to be romantic
In the coolest way possible
But you did that am not you type
You called me local and rough

And now am facing the bitter truth
Am just a regular guy
No class and no cents
I hope love treats me nice next time.

Vincent Somto

Round The Clock

A vast universe
Filled with drones
Making movement, not progress

Expressionless gaze
Filled the whole sight
Who are you? Oh what am I?

Mindless pursuit
Filled their 'to do list'
They see, but can't feel

Generations of chain reaction
Father lives and dies
Son follows suit

Memorandum, autobiographies
All but a part in a play
And leaves all with a tear in the face

Dilemma of the old
Drive of the young
Dream of the child, who will tell 'em

Modifications, civilization
Trying to fill this gap
To be busy and not worthless

Dad walked this way
Son - 'there is no other way'
I must do what has to be done.

Vincent Somto

Science Fiction

No doubt, I am a science student
And a student is another word for a believer
But to convey the truth
I don't believe all

They tell us of brownian motion
The chemical composition of substances
The diffusion of matter
Alas, they have no direct proof

All they do is estimate
No true data
All are false prediction
Done with uncertainty principle

Zero error
Parallax error
Error this, error that
What are we then to believe

Old grey haired men
Thought to be symbols of wisdom
Laws and theories they profound
Laws that will guide thier burial mass

I look out through the window
The sky is blue and the birds - chirping
But science will say, the sky is black
And the birds - making notes of different frequencies

Definitions, terms and hypothesis
God deliver me from `em all
They say, they sought answers to live questions
But I think they all complicated fools

Formulae, formulars and methods
My brain is crying for help
But these where so called discoveries
Made by men who have gone to sleep

Vincent Somto

Smooth Silk

His hands ruffled his hair
He adjusted his tie
And tightened his shoe lace

He went on an evening stroll
And toward every weird gaze
He chuckled knowingly

Muttered to a falling leaf
Smiled to a floating dandelion
As he walked on moon lit eve

He walked by a maiden
Arailed in smooth silk
He stopped and kissed her hand

And they burst out laughing
Having noticed people's attention
He carried her as they kept laughing.

Vincent Somto

Spirit

Will is stronger than fear
Believe it and you won't break a tear
It is the driver
Of many a great man

Vincent Somto

Squat Before You Leap

Everything has a price
Ask the fisherman
And he may tell you why he hunts at dusk
So is greatness my friend
For not every man was a legend
Neither did every name survive through time

Stories have a way of showing people's glory
But neglects the tiresome journey to freedom
You slack whenever people attack
If chance permits you
Ask Galileo what Compton told him

You don't always have to worry when failure abreast you
For Edison told me it is the brother of success
Seek greatness my young lads
And wish not for freedom from work
Or else boredom will lie with you

Remember to burn midnight candles
In order to handle tomorrow with competence
For competence my friends is not
A pretence to live right
But the intensity to rule oneself

Do not be in a haste
So as not to be a waste
And make the best use of your time
For life has to be lived but once

Vincent Somto

Starry Night

Shades of blue
Carved around the palm tree
The cool night breeze
It makes one forget tomorrow

Oh? What a wonder to behold
Of the starry night
In clear sight
Both to see and feel

Peace, peace for a lifetime
When night takes over
The lovers lay head up
To count towards their love

I wander too far
Through the layers of the night
There aren't no strain
I, all but streamlined

It opens up, sheds its skin
Fills me with mysteries
Mysteries beyond time and people
That beats my imagination

Stars explode out of the night sky
A wish is granted
Oh! Hearts rejoice
The Knight in shining armour - appears

Bestows upon the earth - illumination
To fill the soul up to the brim
To create starlight
And take a flight

I see tomorrow
I talk with the future
I sleep with the present
'Cause I see the stars of the night

Vincent Somto

Sure Foundation

How great are they that fight me
So mighty have my adversary become
Many are they who trouble me
Look I to the east and to the west
Where comes my help

A bitter nut, sour soup and haughty eyes
Encompassed round me, like a chameleon, I have change from being pure to a
bad egg
Stars seem to have come crashing down
The earth at my sight came tilting to a halt
The twins far gone as my face turned pale

Oh! What sweet voice heareth I in the midst of my perilous times
I look afar off due east, setting my eyes on that great harp of Jerusalem
Singing out my name and calling unto my soul
Salvation is come, cling to the cross and taste the blood of the lamb

Which was shed on your behalf
To wipe away your fears and misery
Giving you the strength of the arch angel and the wings of the cherubim
That ye may shout at last

Oh! Death where is thy power
Oh! Pains and misery, how low have thou become
Oh! What sure foundation at thou lord Jesus.

Vincent Somto

Take Not This Path

An empty street
A lonely road
A stony path
Shrubs covering the sideways

It leads to hell
Its destination - depression
Its foundation - laziness
Its bedrock - procrastination

Now you see
Why every man is not a legend
Discipline is not sold in the market
It takes 'Hercules' strenght

Do you wish to be a poem
To be on the lips;
Of the 25th century
Take not this path.

Vincent Somto

Temptation

Like an octopus tied to different piles of rock
My tentacles felt the stretch at different angles
I tried to stand my ground but the tides were too great to avoid

Like a school of fish trapped between the fisherman's net and a great shark
Looking up from the depths of the ocean
I caught a glimpse of light ray retracted towards my direction
All I thought was hope coming to my aid, but I was mistaken as I saw myself in
the fisherman's net

I tried shouting but it was no use
Alas I stopped fighting and listened to my heart as it says
'Hope is not far but within you, you don't need to be out of this net to catch it,
it's in there with you and that's the only way out'

Searching within myself I found hope
I knew at that moment that I have no place to cling on but just on the lord
Even though many prey has fallen on my hands,
But the lord says 'that's just food chain'

Getting ecstatic I accepted what was coming be it death or life
I cared less, seeking refuge no more on others. I stood on that solid rock which
the lord present
And as he wanted it, the net tore open and I was face to face with peace and
freedom.

Vincent Somto

That Fear In Us

Look not at your background
For it cannot put your back to the ground
If you believe
Don't doubt yourself
You can be it

Greatness is not born with men
But achieved by those that diligently seek it
Leave it not for others
But dare to achieve it
For you can be it

Stay strong and be firm
For the storms come and go
Don't let that voice dampen your heart
For you can be it

Don't cry and don't sigh
For what will be will be
But friend, the choice to rise or stay down is yours to make
Be not dismayed for you can be it

They must laugh and talk
But that is a criteria for success
They must push and hate
But that's just a ladder to the apex
Don't withdraw when they come near
For you can be it

That fear in us
Must be overcome
For it obstructs our view of greatness
Decide to believe in yourself for there is nothing side to lean on
And you will be it

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure
That we often ask ourselves 'who am I to be beautiful and smart'
But actually who are you not to be.

Vincent Somto

The Earth Do Spin

The earth - A rolling mass of dirt
Yeah, it is what it is
Everything is just temporal
Perishable and vain

A youth today
An old man, tomorrow
Aged today
Forgotten tomorrow

Civilizations grow
Empires spreads
And then retract back
To nothing

Lets make wealth
Lets build kingdoms
And the winds come
And nothing stands

Emptiness, vanity
Nothing seems to matter
But divine and purpose
Yes! He alone matters

Find him and there is;
Peace of mind and rest of soul.
There is purpose and worth;
When you find the creator.

Vincent Somto

The Firelight

So as to avert nemesis
I had to deal with my genesis
And not be a part of the premises
But find a cure to this throwing duiresis

For I have my right
I must and will put up a fight
Even though my toils make me pant
I will but at last chant

To keep standing on this locus
I needn't all but focus
Faint, I will be tempted to follow
But faith I know is not shallow

Such voices
I remember belongs to the owl
Who speaks of nothing but fowl
Choice I have for such ripples affect me not

Can the sun, burn or
The rain, kill
Air, leaves the house haunted
I dare not say

Yes it may
But unlike the unshaken pursuit of fame
Needs perseverance
And sole concentration.

Vincent Somto

The Great Architecture

Arrayed in royal apparel
foresees over the nations
He doesn't seek counsel
For he knows the best

The master planner
Knows your end from the beginning
Guides your path
He is that unseen hand

Seek to exist alone-
Then be sure of emptiness

Vincent Somto

The More You Look

Search not the depth of full rivers
For in shallow waters lies understanding
The wise is simple
But the foolish, complicated

There are questions.
Not meant to be answered
Or the night owl will answer the call of duty

Made inquisitive by nature
But for a noble cause
Be merry and feast for the light
Search not its source.

The suckling, looks and percieve
Touches and feels
Hears and understand
But the mature goes in search of rocky path and then slips down to the river

Somethings are better left for the winds
And mysteries for the nature
Or the east winds will blow
And the trees shed all its leaves

Do not stare,
Or try to comprehend
What times has kept secret
Or you'll lose feet.

Vincent Somto

The Twins

The birds at dawn
Looks like nightingale
And rains upon earth it's glorious joy
Greeting the prince which blossoms
Reminders of how pale the dusk can be

Oh! Thee which brings such great joy
How long will the morning glory
Mourn thy departure
Causing the innocent, rest so divine

The earth at its youthful age
Welcomes thee with shouts of little voices
Whether full or half you came to be
But at old age, neglects your nightful watch and innovations rising to compete
thee

Alas! You hears all, but thou wouldst not stop your knightly deeds
For being a creature so pure and celestial
Knows what woe, earth would be without thee

Thou mayest be rebelled amongst men
But i imagine thee an achieved goal
For when thee took watch
I tap at ease, earth's knowledge keep

Vincent Somto

This Secret Sin

I am not a preacher
Neither am I a teacher
But I think am worth listening to
For I know a part
Of this ungodly fart
Secret sin

It sounds too ordinary
But can last for a decade
For as we strive to conceal it
We forget to perceive its effort
In making us passive

Holy were you oh man
Till you were infected with this great folly
But still holy thou appear
For men cannot read the thought of the heart
But foolishly judge on the sight of man

Delicious but yet infectious
For you make men dwell in infatuation
Without a thought of perfection
Nor hope of salvation and resurrection
But to keep falling into guttation
Of your false foundation

Like a parasite
You search for a good site to devour
And like a pest
You put all mankind to a test
If I see you in person
I will charge you for treason

For all you make men do
Is ponder and wonder
On what a finer sinner
They came to be.

This Weird Feeling

As young as I am, I dared not imagine that this day will come true
I often ponder in derision, when I see learned men stammer as they speak to the
love of their life
Not knowing how to categorize this feeling that I learnt to be love
But still I try to picture the face that will also one day make me stammer

In young mind, I compared this feeling with other emotions, but still arrived at
false conclusions
Not being able to find a cure to this enchantment called love, I termed it a
mystery
As hard as it is, there is no device that can detect the one who will someday
serve men with this feeling

Alas! It has happened, my stomach suddenly filled with flying butterflies and my
head clouded like water lilies on the surface of the rivers
Spontaneously the stammering came as I tried to introduce myself
The chives swept through me, as we shook hands
Amidst the class catering, I knew this feeling has come to stay

Sleep took to his heels as I tried to rest
Fatigue and tiredness all vanished
Instead, series of images and video was projected to the walls of my room
Thinking of no other thing, I succumbed finally to the tides of this feeling

It took me like one going through time and world so endless
First her face was at sight, then the chill that accompanied the feeling of her
hand also took over
Then I was the captain of my ship as I rode the tides and wandered deep into
world and stories untold

I took part in a play, where I imagined of how lovely our next meeting will be
Oh! She who has stolen my heart
You have made me feel more special than the duke of wissletown

I promise never to forget thee, but to be intertwined forever with thee as the sword
in it's sheath
For you are so fair my princess
Fairer to me than she whom you picture in your mind, if you get to see this
piece.

Vincent Somto

Thought So Pure

Being so far from men
Still thy influence felt
A thought none can comprehend
Of it's beginning nor end
But knows how important it is,
as the young kangaroo in its mother's pouch

Oh! How you are remembered
When travail sails men
But happy are they when wishes are granted
Kings, too proud to observe thee,
Queens, too arrogant they know not how needful a samaritan you are

How saints long to dine with thee
Neglecting the counterfeit which thy creation present
Treasure so pure, that men in white cloak refuse to take companion in order to
think more on thee

Not being celestial nor earthly
But thought so pure,
That moves men to pure light,
Making men differ from one another
On the degree of their thoughts reflecting its beam on their life

Poets say thee a food of thought
Singers expressing their inflow
Of your thoughts so unending
But wish I to think on thee
After light of time diminishes.

Vincent Somto

Time

Even though you run so fast
Yet everything gets accomplished
We your children race up to you on appointment
But wish you keep running during boredom

Lovers want you to be a snail
While inmate wish you were flash
Nature loves your pace
'Cause you're so natural

The ticking which keeps reminding me of home
And thy world so unending
Please drag on the days of my emergency
And give me a clarion call during danger

Even though you are not within my reach
You've thought me diligence
Oh! Procrastination created alongside thee to teach the lazy thy value

I may not want to acknowledge thy power
But my surrounding reminds me of your presence
My heartbeat, footsteps and the one I love teach me of your existence

Woe to those who ignore thee
For they shall pay very soon
As I go to sleep
Tell the sun when to lit up my room.

Vincent Somto

Tomorrow

It's going to be better
Don't look at the present circumstances
Have faith, you can push through
Today is today
And whatever it brings
Goes with today
Tomorrow is a new day
It come with a new hope
Don't give up too soon
Before tomorrow comes
I may not understand
How you feel deep down
But i know just one thing -
A new dawn just begun

Vincent Somto

Treasure

Once I locked gaze with you
And I couldn't look away
I wanted to swim in the depths
Of what I saw in your eyes

Was it the feelings,
In the reflection of my own eyes
Or did it also shone in yours
Is my fantasy a reality?

Once I touched your soft cheeks
And I was contempt
I felt fulfilled, Just to have,
Touched my angel

My love is pure, Just like my heart
Clear like the blue sea
I wish you the best
For you are precious

I look at your face
And I want to brush back your hair
With the palms of my hand,
Your eye draws me in with its allure

Once I fell in love with you
Forever will I cherish you
Whether you reciprocate
Whether my love becomes requited
You'll forever be my treasure

For you were the first
To make me feel this way
The first to awaken my heart to love
You've secured a position forever in me.

Vincent Somto

Tugging And Stretching

This turmoil, I feel inside
This longing, my soul longs for
To be known
To make an impact

I google search
My name at times
Hoping to see something significant-
Pop up

I want to hear my name
Sung melodiously
On the lips of the 25th century
To leave a footprint

It grips my soul
It shakes my inner man
Tugging and stretching
This feeling consumes me

Vincent Somto

Turmoil

It swirl and swirl
Emotions, feelings and pleasures
In my excited state
The universe calls out to me
It shouts my name
I hear its echo
Resounding from miles - afore
Masters, world changers
Those who left their footprints
On the sands of time
They call out to me
They said they saw my stars
And it shines like theirs;
While on earth
Now I see why I feel excited
When I pursue a noble cause

Vincent Somto

Twisted

Sometimes, just sometimes
I feel confused
In times like this
I feel my world has come crashing down
Times when things go wrong
When I don't have answers
To questions that life present
People come and go
They leave footprints on the sand of my heart
Imprints that sometimes leave me confused
I think that they are all -
They know it all
But just because I have a bad day
Doesn't mean I have a bad life

Vincent Somto

Victim

I have fallen
From my reserved state
I fell in love
They say am seventeen
They say I should read my books
And prepare for my future
But how can I?
I can't stop thinking of her
She's my worst distraction
I can't concentrate
'Cause this feeling is so strong
So strong, I think am on chain
I can't fight this feeling
Am just a victim

Vincent Somto

Void

This empty hall
I find myself in
The reverberation of thoughts
seems to be everywhere
I think it out, and it`s all around me.

The goals and visions
All creates happy in the inside
But for a short time
Before loneliness strikes
like a bombshell, It fumes around the place.

We look and think-
We see perfections
Take off your glasses
Glasses of vain and wishful thoughts
Let it fall and shatter, That you may see.

An endless search for freedom
A pointless need of salvation
You think you see it
Just because you feel it
Well, You deceive yourself-it`s air.

Since it all seems to be void
Seek yourself then
Look within and uncover-
This emptiness, You will discover
Is from the outside world.

Vincent Somto

What I Feel, I Fear

This feeling I bottle up
Fears I feel, it could explode if I let out
Will I be burned
If I hold on, moments longer

So much, do I care
I fear it may hurt you
If I invent this plan
This journey, I hesitate to embark on

First, I try to ignore
Then it grows worst
So I accepted,
But then it appreciates

I feel trapped
Even though I have the key
For I will not let it out
Or spend the days ahead in search for it.

Vincent Somto

When The Table Turns

Just like a little girl
Walking on a sandy beach
The winds playing with her hair
Looks like she has no care

But she is haunted
She looks back
And she sees a form on the sand
Mimicking every of her movement

She drops her doll
And takes to her heels
Wailing and shouting mama's name
Shrieking - finding out the form is now running

Mama gets hold of her
Tries to comfort her
She grips her tight
Wishing mum would fly away with her

Now she is all grown up
Having learnt of sun rays and shadows
She smiles whenever she sees hers
Even takes it as her dancing partner

Gone are the days
Nightmares all vanished
The table has turned
Now the hunter has become the haunted

Vincent Somto

Who Needs Rhyme

Friends always tell me of rhyme
But I think they are all chime
For they make me think long
Which I know also makes me stink

Rhymes are for children with butt
And not men with guts
For I am not Tinkerbell's fan
But Shakespeare's pal

The pirates are good with rhymes
But I now they are all piracy
For I came with an origin
And not to be carried away by an orange gin

Tease me if I displease you
But remember that peace will leave you
For everybody doesn't think alike
And uniqueness is what I like

If there is need for rhymes
My hymns do teach me that
But hymns are also sung by nymphs
Who seek for cattles to devour
And not castles to employ

I prefer to stop here
Before I refer to pots
For by taking too many shots
I may bore too spots.

Vincent Somto

Windows To My Soul

A tool with which I see the world
Whether good or bad
An impression is made
It triggers on and recalls itself during the unconscious state

A tool I need to guard
Like a knight sole duty
In the protection of a palace
I strive to see right
Or dwell in the shackles of sunken state

A tool in love with the uncertain
Training he needs to see right
Self control a friend
To lend him a helping hand or he drifts and becomes pal with hades

A tool who write my destiny
Who chooses my state of mind
And influences both I and my world
A guardian, he is
When I seek to understand the handwriting on the wall

A tool gravity cannot hold
He travels with the speed of light
And sees the world beyond
A mirror, he is
For he reflects whatever I feel on the inside

A tool I need to shut
At the sight of a daughter of eve
A pomegrate or juicy orange
Which doesn't seem to be mine.

Vincent Somto

Women Folks

Just like the positive and negative charge
Splitted and combined to give change
To produce what we know today - Big bang
Even though I wasn't there at the first bang

So two parallel sides were created
Good and bad
Male and female
Spiritual and physical

And then the supple tender being
We came to know as the female
Emerged and sprang forth
From the man's rib - I know

It is so bad
That like the two face of a coin
The women folk, whom I thought lovely
Followed suit,

And now
Dwelling in the different parts of the world
Are women folks
Both good and bad

Jacob knew Rebecca
Abraham Knew Sarah
Joseph knew Mary
And they testified

Good women folks
Are almost heavenly,
Angel like,
Golden, virtuous and true

But Clinton knew Monica lewinsky
Samson knew Delilah
Adam knew Eve
They also testified

Bad women folks
Are deadly and spiteful
Demon like,
Crafty, malicious and deceitful.

Vincent Somto

World's Apart

Two worlds, so different
But aligned in a way
Has different charge
But is drawn close to one another

One a complement to the other
In the presence of the other
Completeness is attained
Views the world in different ways but meets the same conclusions

This world, other world
A she,
Curved and lovely
sensual and beautiful
Emotional and caring

The other world, this world
A he,
Bulged and charming
mysteriously handsome
Rational and reasonable

Two different worlds
Tied to the same tree
With different rope
One slinky and silky
Other knotty and woolly

Two worlds
Same mission
Blissful vision
To be together and break the veil
Happily ever after.

Vincent Somto

Ye Are Gods

Hail, co-creators
Masters of the earth
Wielding the septon of majesty
Commanding even the angels-fallen

Lo! They stand, except-
Their frail, mortal body
Whose desires is counterfeit
Limiting those who can't see past these veil

Complex, powerful and infallible
But yet a vacuum
At their best and peak
Only when filled with an external light

The great war of the gods
The battle line is drawn
Choose your masters
Choose your sides

Co-ordinate your body
Complete the puzzle
Channel your chi, energy
Let it flow through your trilogy

Ye are gods
Settle not for the less
Uncover your purpose
And let the light be your guide

Vincent Somto

You Can Repaint It

Blurry, fiery painting
Life presents
Fate moves the brush
Up and sideways he swirl

Canvas of dull colours
Blue I know is among
But peace, I still don't feel
The child looks on with gloomy face

The artist wore a black coat
A grim look on his face
He laughs mysteriously
As he does his piece

His piece a dog
Whiskers sloping down
Paws hanging slightly
Eyes all misty

Situation feels hopeless
'Cause the victim
Couldn't reason
He didn't know that he is an artist

It went on and on
Till he decided to give it a shot
And at the first thought
He produced a master piece

Blurry, fiery painting
Life presents
Fate moves the brush
Up and sideways he swirl

Destiny is not a road
Made for us;
Rather it is the path
We choose for ourselves

Vincent Somto