

Poetry Series

August W. Landing
- poems -

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August W. Landing(21/08/1923)

August William Landing is the pen-name of the poet and writer Augustus Mutebesi Buyela Billy. He was born in 1923 at a suburb hospital in Kakamega (Western province in Kenya) His fathers name was Wilhelm Mutebesi Paul and he worked for a certain sugar milling company in those days. The mother was called Dina Eglay Osimbo. When Landing was around age four years, the parents divorced and the mother died five years later.

A Second More

Kill me slow
Not as fast
Gun harm bleeding
Out my heart.
You will live a second more
When you end my life

You will live a day or more
Or another eon,
Waiting for what I have found
Right before your gun

I hate sometimes
And love sometimes
I cry and laugh again sometimes.
I hold sometimes
another soul
And promise it myself

I go to bed unsound sometimes
And fall behind sometimes.
I run to catch again sometimes
And face the deeper woes,
I envy what i was sometimes
And beg time to return.

So kill me slow
not as fast
gun harm bleeding
Out my heart
You will live a second more
when you end my life

August W. Landing

And Had To Choose

For peace and breeze,
I chose the peace.
And then chose kiss:
In kiss and tease.

I met a fairface by the
breeze,
of midday peace,
And had to choose:
bkn to kiss and to tease.

August W. Landing

And Sorrow To A Strafe

To love is to love back,
And so is it to hate.
I grasp you tighter than before
And know of no more fate.

To think is to be thought of,
How shall I think of you?
Shall it be by tears
Or by moments trust and true?

To trust is to be trusted,
Fragile as a china glass.
When our rafting log subside
Shall it swallow us?

To sing is to be sung of
All the birds and roses know
There you see them sing and dance
For you than before.

To joy is to be smiled at
And so the sunshine shines
And then you smile for me at heart
Beneath the river pines.

To be me is to be you.
So i keep me sound and safe
You die i die and die when you die
And sorrow to a strafe.

August W. Landing

And The Keeper

</>In the middle of my garden,

grows my wilting heart.

Stormed by hail;
shook by
wind;
cracked to debris by
the sun.

If it dies as it shall-

it will be for lack of YOU.

Silence echoes in my field,

gloom renders soil unsuit,

you were the nutrients of
my land,
and the keeper
too.

August W. Landing

Be With You In The Morning

I shall be with you in the morning.
Let me be with me today.
I shall up this way go homing,
And farewell to you say.

Then paste a kiss upon your think
To bid you wait my coming.
And sinkly drown up everything-
To be with you in the morning.

August W. Landing

Beautiful When Shy

Pretty and shy-
I know why.
Sunshine sigh,
At your sight.

I know why
The roses lie
Gazing at the night.

In my night,
Dull and gloom
You shine bright
To be my star.

I know why
The dew will cry
When enchanted
By thy feet.

I know why
The wolf will nag
Waging at the moon.

But I shall not know,
Will not tell
You are beautiful
When shy.

August W. Landing

Best Of Me In You

If I cannot wake,
I cannot sing;
If I cannot sing,
I cannot joy.

If I cannot joy,
I cannot make-
The best of me in you.

I shall arise with the birds,
And sing a tune for you.
It shall be my joy
As it shall be your joy-
To sing of you for me:
The best of me is you.

August W. Landing

Come As Same

Hear me sing my song to Earth,
And every them I know.
If I merried on my path,
Let your heavens know.

Them I met and called them close,
If I shed them cry,
Let that moment I enclose,
In my moments lie.

Them I hardly found a smile,
when my moments die.
Gather moments of a mile
Foster me fare-bye.

Hear me sing my song to Earth
Green as fresh as new.
It was blissful without us
It was peaceful too

Men and wowen were not gold,
Worthless items picked and sold.
What I vendored for a fold,
Was my only gold.

Much shall regret
And even shame,
But shall be late
To come the same.

August W. Landing

Death.

Birds if you don't hear her,
And morning falls.
Grass afraid to grow.
And sunshine dims.

It is not only you
But also me
Home but lost.
Missing her.

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Dejected

She smiled and pressed close.

Said she was happy

Yet she was crying.

My heart was not hers,

But at least I was trying.

August W. Landing

Falling Lighter

I can no more be your one.
So I friend the streets
And follow them.
To their ending,
Or their start.
And I shoot again my stem.

I can no more be the one,
Kindling ashes to our flame
When they flicker,
I relight
And they glow again the same.

I fall lighter and i walk.
And i learn to run again.
And i fly.
To my refuge yonder sky
And i touch a star beneath.
In my breath.

I am a falcon
friend of moon.

August W. Landing

For You My Queen And Us

By fate we meet and pass,
And meet to greet again;
And chat a while and dance,
And leave a marking stain.

I beg the star night to sing praise,
Tits to hum and bluebells bloom;
Trees to sway slow at their place-
For you my queen and us.

And when the way unwitting at us,
We sit at it in vain,
I set my heart into your hands-
And tarry in no loss:

There is where it eoded for
For you my queen and us.

August W. Landing

Funeral Song

Campfire and drum-beat morn,
Farewell, goodbye.
Those who own Earth,
Are owned by dust.

Singsongs are gently gone...
What begun can die.
Those who had worth
Are worth as less as rust.

And boasts alone the river-stone,
That it is I
That know no birth
Nor death, and ever last.

From whence we were born,
And soar off high,
We land again on earth,
To rest at last.

Campfire and drum-beat morn,
Farewell, goodbye.
Those who had worth,
Are worth as less as rust.

August W. Landing

Gain And Loose Again

Life was a red parade
Where ties and break offs bred
Some I loose and gain again
And some I never gain

Some I slave to by my chain
And some I bail and strain
Some are ache ful as a pain
And some I never gain

Marching on our red parade
He, your friends and me
The unisons of them are dead
And I stop to see

And i stop to fix my grade
To the way they prove
Deemly diging neat my bed
In the ground they move.

I shal sleep, I shall lie
When my ground is dry
Some I gain and loose again
On my red parade

August W. Landing

Grant Me Mine

Sun all I need today is light.
Not the heat,
Not the fight;
Not the blisters
Not the night.
Not bad eyesight
Shine less bright.

Moon from you I wish the shine,
Not dire phases
Just devine.
Plead your shadows
To confine-
All the rest
And grant me mine.

Man I wish peace,
With peace give time,
With time then wait-
And see me soar.

August W. Landing

Heal What You Kill

Heal what you kill,
Give it life.
Tuning harps to sing our songs;
Starlight spelling you.
Finding trees to settle nests;
Sunshine melting dew.

Heal what you kill,
Lend it life.
Beeing hives to honey sweet;
Moonlight oozing zeal.
Hasting bliss to please a heart
As a fleeting whirling wind;
As a rolling wheel.

You ache, distort and kill my heart,
Set it turned to you.
Break and cast it wide apart,
Teathered to thy tune.

I shall not flee my teathered part,
To wallow in distune.
As a drenching cat-
I heal what I kill
And lend it life.

August W. Landing

I Be Your Sweet

A time there was,
I pat and kissed you on the nose.
And waft the day and count no loss,
And said goodnight mine sweet.

A time there was,
I met again with you in morn'
And sighed how swift the night had gone
And said goodmorn' mine sweet.

Was there a time,
We stood across a crowded place,
And hardly saw each others face
Nor say hallo, goodbye mine sweet?

If love no longer swing up first,
And I delight no more your wit,
Soft your heart to be my friend,
And soft again I be thine sweet.

August W. Landing

I Can Miss

Bones are rotting as the flesh.
You were prettier when alived.
I shall not recall the smell
Nor the joy thy brow deprived.

I shall say and sing and tell,
Of the mid-noon you arrived.

August W. Landing

If You Be

It was not her eyes
Nor her nose
It was not the angel
Of her face

It was not her laugh,
That was well enough
To slave my heart
As is done a rat

If you be my wife
I shall give my life
To you my wife.

I said 'say yes'..
She said 'yes'
I said 'yes why? '
She said 'all'

I said 'love me'
She said 'yes! '
I said 'be my wife'
She just smiled.

If you be my wife
I shall give my life
To you, my wife.

August W. Landing

In My Fishing Net

And when I go dig deep the past,
I find the fair face I saw first.
And then another,
And another:
To now at last.

I fumble glows I lit and left,
And cast again my sieving net.

In my sieving net before,
I caught less the ones i wished,
And the ones I wished not more.

August W. Landing

Landing On Land

I shall land on land
when my fear to fly
Tie my wing to my hand.
I shall fall and cry.

I shall think of stars
I flew past fast
And never halt
To bid good-last.

Then I shall die,
Tightly close my eye,
And wonder why
I ever flew.

It is fair to die,
Than
To fly a lie.

August W. Landing

Maria Will Be Here

She shall be coming on this date.
First I pray, then i wait;
And beg the road afar my gate
To bring her quick to me.

Pretty angel, sweet and true,
Priceless calm as morning dew,
Fair as gold and much more worth-
Heavens whispered at her birth:

She is beautiful,
She is calm.

I met her before I knew her,
And knew her before I met her.
Cold at first, then warm as sun
All my earth in she undone.

I shall sing and jump and rejoice,
To feel again her voice.
Soft as passion, tender and wise,
Lost and found inside her eyes.

And I shall give her a hug.
Or shall I kiss?
A hole inside my heart she dug.
And tell of my eternal miss:

For it is you i miss-
It is you i miss.

August W. Landing

My Fear For Woods

I had a lone home by the meadow-
Deep and dusk and calm.
With woods afar my window,
I never wondered to.

The moon my lovely widow,
Deep sometimes and calm.
Cast her lightrays indoor
To bliss my window view.
And made me more recall-
My mountly fear for woods.

My fear for woods
Was to be lost,
And host a broken heart.
Or follow twisting winding roads,
To stray from home the most.
Let me tie my heart,
And tie my soul,
In where I only know:
Deep within my home.

I left my home in the meadow,
When sunshine softly shone;
Swept the dew outside my door
Goodbye and I was gone.

To wander again into the woods,
Lost sometimes and all alone.
Searching for you;
Lost for you-
I ever wander to.

Here within the dusking woods,
Was lost the world i knew.
Find or loose or break me-
All over again.

August W. Landing

New Is Found And Old Is Lost...

The new was sparkle
The old was Shine.
The new was wild,
The old was mine.

And why is it the wilding new:
that I know not and knows me not
Trembles and shackles my heart of you
Like a sweet piano knot?

I give my roses for my bluebells
Roses were prettier,
But Bluebells are new...

August W. Landing

Oposites

When I was ready
You were not.
When I was not
You became.
And you agreed,
I disagreed.

August W. Landing

Perhaps Until I Let

Perhaps untill I wet
Rain shall fall
And drown instead
My stainless soul

Or I shall weary
If you weary
I shall down and cry
If you let me die

Perhaps until I let
My morning call
Beget those I beget
I shall not fall

Or I shall merry
If you merry
I shall never cry
If you be me by

Red like crimson
Jingle asks the rose
Whom of treason
Ever labour cause?

Or I shall tarry
If you tarry
I shall float and fly
If you set me high

August W. Landing

Thank You Shelly

From here yonder,
Infinity.
A second passing,
Eternity.
Even in hell an angel do appear.
Then soon, certainly disappear.

My beauty, my strength,
My happiness and wealth,
All mingled in merry
In an angel called Shelly.

Wonders of sunset,
Fresh like gathering dew.
Fun like a cosmos test
Nothing of this earth.

Biking, riding and hiking;
Singing, playing and dancing.
Hugging pecking and kissing.
None of us will forget this.

Thank you Shelly-
Thank you very.

August W. Landing

The Prisoner

These times are hard,
Bitter and sour.
That is all to say I had
At that hour.
These times are hard,
Bitter and sour...

And they pad the locks
And go laughing-
Thinking I want free...

Earth was a throw of rocks,
Dust in form of nothing.
To free is to slave
For time and choice and chance.

Death pads the locks,
And go laughing.
Thinking i want free

August W. Landing

The Ways To There

To climb and reach there,
Two ways were there.
The other ways
And the way to there.

I come by this town
On my way to another,
And lost between a going down.
Many lanes to everywhere
Tend my pathing on their ground.
But I pick whe one to there.

One way merrier than the rest
One came steep with many tests.
Then the next was swift and haste.
But I took the one to there.

August W. Landing

To Reach My Ground

'Tis on this road that had no light,
With mist demisted from the ground,
At night-
That I lost my might to fight.

Shall I reach my promised ground?
Where no cricking crickets sound.
Here around
I must fight-
To reach my promised ground.

I might hit a foreign wall,
(Or fall in an abyss hole)
Just before my ground.
But I must fight the wall and fall
To reach my promised ground.

I know not what gold it hold,
(My far promised ground)
But I know this night, this cold,
Is what I must fight-
To reach my promised ground.

August W. Landing

What You Know I Know

What you know
I know
Is what I dont.
And know
you know not
what i know.

What you think i do
Is what I miss
And miss to say
The thing i do.

When I seem least sound
I wise the most
And I am found
when deep I lost.

When I sweet the most
I evil next
And soul my ghost
To beastly test.

I drum and harm
My ego wit
For yester's hum
Of grave yard beat

I shall soundly rest
As sleeping head
When yester' vest
My moment dead.

For yester' was today
The other day.
Tomorrow I shall pray
My yesterday.

August W. Landing

When I Am Earth's

When I am Earth's,
And tempests rise,
Cast at calmless sea,
Of restless spice.
I find my magic
and my peace
Simply singing
When I'm yours.

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