

Poetry Series

Augustine Evans
- poems -

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A Person Of Beauty

You are a person of beauty
A beautiful sight to behold
A magnet to my steel eyes
Just a glimpse of your beauty
Gets my eyes stuck on you
For eternity, your beauty
is all that I want to visualize.

You are a person of beauty
An interesting thought to ponder about
A pleasurable memory to withhold
Your beauty is all that my mind understands
Your beauty is the only knowledge I have.

You are a person of beauty
Faithfulness is your best characteristic
Selflessness is abound in you
Your care and love surpasses that of a mother.

You are a person of beauty
Your smile promises joy
Your laughter fulfills happiness
Gorgeousness is found in every part of your body
Your beauty resembles a godly perfection.

Verily Verily! You are a person of beauty.

Augustine Evans

Day Over Night.

Better is the sorrow faced during the day
For that which I face during the night is bitter.
Better are the noises of the day,
for during the night, my pain is louder.
Better are the dealings of the day,
that of the night, might leave me blind.
Better are my day dreams, even if I build castles in the air,
For my nightmares leave me with no hope about tomorrow.

□

As the day passes, happiness also vapours.
And as the night comes, my pain increases.
In the light of the day, I shine brighter than the stars.
But in the darkness of the night, my glimmer is dimmer.
In the warmth of the day, I always remember to make hay.
For in the cold of the night, all I do is fight.
Fight the demons that haunt me taking all my delight.

With the transparency of day, my visions are vivid,
my missions are easier and my work, lighter.
With the transparency of day, I can trust easily for I can see clearly, doubt is
eliminated.
But during the dark of night, I am never right,
That is right, I never accomplish a thing,
For the load on my shoulder is too much.
Too much because I bear it on my own,
For only enemies fill my nights, ooh and how good it makes them feel for me to
fail.

My energy is positive during the day.
My path is lighted and I walk in righteousness.
I feel good about myself in the light of day for my thoughts are pure as the finest
gold.
With the night, comes the negativity, ooh and who knew that I could be such a
monster.
A monster that even I want to run away from.
It is like the day makes me an angel and the night, makes me a devil.

My joy during the day is pure bliss.
My speech is fairly just, my dealings are purely straight

And my laughter is not from the pain of others.
Come night, my ululations are motivated by your failure.
I tell you, during the night, my happiness is from intoxications.
Intoxications which make my speech be filled with vulgar.

Augustine Evans

In Love Forever

We will be together forever oohh my love.
For you are the reason why I live.
Again and again you give me
the unfailing strength to breath.
With you my love, my soul will never grieve
For it is certain that you complete my life.

Come what may, we will never part ways.
We will never forsake our love for it is
the only way to our true happiness.
This undying love of ours will never
be overcome by jealousy, greed or selfishness.
For our love is full of trust and selflessness.

We will be in love forever the Queen of my heart.
For our love is abundant in unrestricted joy,
unlimited happiness and complete trust.
Against all odds we will fight.
In every battle we will emerge as conquerors.
Separation to us has become an abomination.

Never will our passion for each other
turn to hatred.
Never will our affection towards each other
turn to dissatisfaction.
Never will our addiction to each other
turn to affliction.

Augustine Evans

Just Like You, So Am I.

Unlike a machine, I do not move with commands.
Unlike a robot, I have feelings.
Unlike a rock, I am soft.
Unlike God, my ways are not all perfect.
Unlike the devil, my ways are not all evil.
But just like you, I am a human.

Just like you, so am I, a human
And by the same token, not all my ways are humane.
I get afraid, fright gets me nervous to an extent that I shiver
Proving that not in my ways am I clever.
I get infuriated easily,
With its might, fury captures me fully
And I lose control, completely.
Selfishness overwhelms me,
And I tend to think that no one exists, but me.

Just like you, so am I, a human being.
Just to stay above, I betray the ones I love.
I do things that I do not mean,
And because of my mouth, a lot of people I demean.
I make silly decisions and wrong choices make up my actions.
Just like any other human being, I might offend you
So please forgive me, for it is all up to you.

Just like you, so am I
I choose to be different
I chase supremeness and claim awesomeness.
I love and expect to be loved in return
Just like you, in everything I do, I expect to gain
Just like you, I trust in myself, I believe am the best.
Just like you, so am I.

Augustine Evans

Lies That You Are Excellent At.

What hurts me are your lies,
Lies that you are excellent at.
It kills me inside, how your inner beauty have diminished.
With time you changed, changed for the worst.
Beneath your chest, used to be a pure heart,
Now it is a factory of deception.
Deception that you use as defense for your shameful acts.

What hurts me are the memories.
Memories of how we used to be good together.
They are too good to be true, yet they are not easy to let go of.
If we were this happy, how come we had such a fate?
If it was that real, how come you decided to leave and never to come back?
From all the good memories, all I am left with are questions,
Questions I do not want you to answer, for you will utter only lies.
Lies that you are excellent at.

What hurts me are the plans.
Plans we had for a better future.
For a moment they made me believe
that we were meant to last, oh how it made me feel like we were everlasting.
After all the years of planning, everything felt so real, what could have gone
wrong.
Were all the plans lies?
Lies that you are excellent at.

What hurts me is the time.
The time I gave you, which you tossed away.
All the undivided attention was not enough for you.
All the years I spent by your side did not mean a thing to you.
For in the blinking of an eye, you were gone like a cloud of smoke.
I cannot believe that all the time I spent trying to please you was in vain.
During all these years you were telling me lies.
Lies that you are excellent at.

What hurts me are the battles.
The battles I thought we were fighting together.
The scars from the battles are the wounds I bear.
All the effort and hard work, was it in vanity?

All the celebrations over our victories,
Were they lies?
Lies that you are excellent at.

What hurts me the most is the truth.
The truth that I now know, that you will never be mine.
The truth that you keep on lying
The truth that all you say are lies,
Lies that you are excellent at.

Augustine Evans

My Love

You are one of a kind.
An angel that no god would bind.
A treasure that every man seeks to find.
A pleasurable thought to man's mind.

Your beauty is eye-catching.
Your impeccable curves are mind blowing.
Your lips are breath-taking.
Your smile is so refreshing.

Your personality is godly.
Like a goddess you do everything justly.
Your soul is as precious as gold.
Your uniqueness will never grow old.

Verily! You are indeed a work of perfection.
A being created with undivided attention.
To my soul, your sweetness is purification.
Your awesomeness my source of inspiration.

Augustine Evans

Self

Self, not a very self-explanatory term,
But it can be explained as the uniqueness of ones individuality.
With the existing lack of self-regard,
Self-knowledge has become a myth, yet identity crisis has been justified.
Filled with self-deceit, one only leads self in the path of self-destruction.
At the same time, self-discovery has been made too expensive,
Too expensive that we cannot afford it with our lack of self-interest.

It is without doubt that all the leaders of today are egocentric and self-centered.
In their veins, selfishness flows, like a river flows to the sea.
Their motives portray how they are after their own benefits, how self-important
are they?
Because of self-righteousness, they claim to be selfless,
But their self-worship ways crystalize how they are selfsame with the devil.

Self- denial, a quality which brings self-worth,
Now only fits the biblical Christ.
Self-mastery, a quality which brings self-control,
Has been now reduced to a trait of the past.
Self-sacrifice, a quality which brings forth self-awareness,
Has been made to come last.
Verily, this generation has lost itself.

As it was written, spare the rod, spoil the child.
Lack of self-flagellation has made us to lose grip of our self-command.
This makes it difficult for us to be self-sufficing.
Indeed, self-pity, that is self-imposed needs to be upheld.
That way, one can successfully have self-satisfaction,
So as to be enriched enough to self-establish oneself,
In the right path of self-reformation.

Augustine Evans

Son Of A Warrior

Bruised, wounded and beaten but you don't stand down you can't be defeated.
Stabbed, betrayed and deceived but you don't give up you won't be routed.
Every day is a war and you are always ready to fight, your zeal to conquer can't be restricted.

The battles you fight make you a warrior, that's the only title with which you are befitted.

Like you are a made of steel, arrows of pain strike at you from every angle, but you stand and defend.

Never a tear that drops from your eyes, even your enemies know, you, they can't offend.

Your enemies know no victory because your power is always amended.

A woman of mightiness, your power is prayer that's why it never fades.

A woman of mightiness your prayer is power, that's why it never fails.

□

Another source of your strength is the love you possess that is unmatched.

Your kindness knows no boundaries, it can never be caged.

Your goodness is unparalleled, but it is not a weakness birthed.

Faithfulness you have made your trait, you are never two-faced.

A warrior with humility, you leave your enemies confused.

A warrior with spiritual wisdom, you can never be fooled.

You know patience and self-control leave your enemies muddled.

You know true joy comes from peace, that's why you cannot be swindled.

A Deborah of your generation, you go on the battle frontline,

With your knees on the ground, you fight and win.

Like Sarah you always stand taller than your obstacles.

You stand out and prove difference from other women like Rebecca.

A warrior like Esther, you are willing to lay down your life for your family.

Like Ruth, you work hard for your family.

In your time of need, you turn to God like Hannah.

A true warrior like Anna, you put aside your physical needs,

At that moment like Miriam your worship becomes real.

Like the woman of Zarephath your perception is divine,

That's why like Mary, you submit to the will of God.

A warrior with wise and sound advice,

To your counsel my ears are always inclined.

Your words, I follow and they are never misleading.

Your ways, I shadow and they are always righteous.

Your bravery, I admire and like you it gives me valiance.
My affection towards you is inordinate.
Verily, there is no better feeling than being a son of a warrior.

Augustine Evans

The World Is Blind!

With eyes wide open, the world keeps stumbling and bumbling because it lacks sight.

It keeps deteriorating, disintegrating and downgrading because it has no insight. It keeps ignoring its disasters and crisis yet they keep increasing, accumulating and amassing.

In its corrupt, rotten and lawlessness ways it keeps rolling, discounting the damage it's raising.

Like a drunk person, her vision is now impaired, her ways are all in disgrace, oh what a disgrace!

Your future is now bleak, gloomy and it threatens the life of everything you embrace.

With most of the life you birthed now extinct, your end is nigh, least you get sight and act!

The world is blind; it sees not the innocent blood shed.

Innocent blood shed on its surface as a result of conflicts, battles and wars.

Wars which are unfairly and unjustly induced by the super powers.

Just so they get whatever they want from other countries.

Wars prompted by leaders who are selfish and selfsame with the devil.

Leaders who keep advocating for civil wars, as all their motives are evil.

The world is blind, because it fails to see and resolve conflicts.

Conflicts that are started and raised because of territorial fights.

Look at how these conflicts have divided Asia because of the China Sea.

Look at the chaos and deaths caused by the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Get sight oh world, look at what the humans are doing, please wake up and see.

The world is blind, that's why it serves some of its life unfairly and some, wrongfully.

How can it be called fair when some regions die of poverty, hunger and malnutrition?

While some regions have it all and they keep getting more bountifully.

In Africa, poverty is unending; it keeps haunting and ending lives like there is no solution.

So much African potential and greatness is robbed by poverty unduly.

Hunger has found its rooting in Africa, yet in other continents people die of profusion.

Look at the education of the poverty stricken, it keeps dropping in standards drastically.

The shelter they live in is dehumanizing, can't you hear, all they yelp for is better

habitation.

As is known, a hungry man is an angry man, so how can you end violence entirely,

When poverty and hunger are a bad combination you propagate to fruition.

Again, I say the world is blind!

It fails to see that its extinction is nigh because of global warming and climate change.

Look at how global change is affecting the physical environment gradually.

Do not ignore how droughts and heat waves are being induced by climate change.

Yet the reduction of ice sheets by climate change will be a reduction of polar bears eventually.

Every race in every region is in danger, due to the drastic negative impacts of climate change.

It is clear in the way that veld fires destroy plantations and animal shelter, That the earth's existence is now on the edge.

The livelihood and health of your people is now compromised.

With the possibility of floods and hunger due to global warming.

Oh get sight and act or you will perish.

In the end, we should all know that, without humans, the world is just a planet.

It is a world because we live in it.

We are the world.

If we continue to live blindly, we are driving ourselves to extinction.

Lest we get sight and act, we shall surely perish.

Augustine Evans

Voice Within

With my ears closed, it is still loud and clear.
At times I am not an ample audience for the strong message it bears.
With its fierceness, it eliminates all my fears.
It gives me confidence and eradicates all my doubts.
I doubt it at times, but the assurance it gives, is what makes my guts.
The voice within is my strength, its advice gives me power.

The only truth I believe in comes from the voice within.
It is a voice that never gives deceptive utterances.
And it never gossips about the secrets I keep within.
It's a voice that stands out from within to defeat the negative energy inside.
It's a voice that gives me the voice to stand up for what I stand for.
It's the voice that narrates who I am; no one can define me better than it.

The greatest conversations are the ones I have with the voice within.□
It is never biased, stays in line with my principles.
It represents the real me, the original version that lies within.
The voice that never dies, it mourns not, yes, it never cries.
It represents and molds thine character from within.

Moments I suffer the most, are the ones I neglect it.
From the moments of neglecting it, comes hours of regret.
It feels utterly wrong not to do what the voice insights,
So if I do not hear from when its decision time, I would rather not decide.
As a man thinks, so is he, always remember that your thoughts are the voice
within.

Augustine Evans

You Brought Meaning

Life was there but meaningless.
Like a tree surviving without leaves it was fruitless
Like mere thoughts in mind, it was motionless.
All of the days were sheer darkness and light-less.
With no one to associate with, it was friendless.
Not even a person to show affection about it, everyone was careless.
Getting weary and tired on its own, it was powerless.
The very existence of this life had become pointless.
With no direction and purpose, life became vision-less.
The nights were sleepless, full of agony and dreamless.
The days were non the better, they were more brutal and ruthless.
With no one to hold unto for change and betterment, it was now hopeless.
But you came as a ray of light.
You brought meaning to this life.

Augustine Evans

Zimbabwe

Prior decades you were a star, too bright you shined.
The light of the Dark Continent, verily you were blessed.
Land locked, but still so precious, you were praised.
Mother Nature loved you, like a last born, you were favored.
Your beauty was exquisite, a touch of perfection, superbly created.
In your infancy, you were fabulous, to your beauty, everyone was attracted.
It is no bias, you were truly righteous, and your ways were faithfully crafted.

You were made for the blacks but whites wanted you.
They took you by force, but still you served them rightly.
Obviously you knew they would bring the best out of you.
You wanted you're your natives to copy what they were doing perfectly.
Patiently you waited knowing your natives will fight for you.
You witnessed how your people were being treated cruelly.
You gave them power, they revolted, and on your soils their blood was shed for you.

You were still a precious gem when you were given as Zimbabwe.
In your youth you were one of the greatest countries in Africa.
Even your currency was one of the strongest in the world.
You were made the bread basket of Africa.
You were friends with the whole world.

As you entered into adulthood, your glory faded.
Your beauty was tarnished, but who could be blamed?
Could it be your natives who failed to protect and take good care for you?
Was it the Westerns who could not stand seeing an
Independent African gem excel like them?
Was it the leaders of that time who led you into such a dishonor?

Soon you gave birth Zimbabwe, gave birth to monsters.
Monsters who would feed on each other to survive.
Greediness and selfishness were their characters.
Without care of their brothers and sisters,
they only wanted to benefit for themselves.
Illegally and in corrupt ways, they amassed wealth, at the expense of others.
Your daily running's became a game of power, where the politically powerful
only got the best out of each day.

Like the biblical man at Bethsaida, on your 38th independence year, everyone thought you were going to be freed and saved once more, but alas you are still sinking. Look at how you have become the darkest country of the Dark Continent. Do you see how your economy continues to deteriorate? Now you are one of the poorest countries in the world. You have already hit the ocean floor, but I am surprised you keep sinking.

Bring back your beauty ZIMBABWE! !
Bring back your glory and shine once more.

Augustine Evans