

Poetry Series

**Godfrey AnguaMante**  
**- poems -**

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# Godfrey AnguaMante()

I am a lone author and a poet, nothing much really to say

# Broken Heart

My hand is sweaty, my heart is cold  
My eyes are teary, I can't be bold  
My hopes have failed me, a thousand fold  
And now I'll worry, until I'm old  
My heart is broken so bad it seems  
My soul is fleeting just like perfumes  
My lover has left me for a guy with hymns  
But it all will pass just like in dreams

Godfrey AnguaMante

# Devil May Care

I do not remember since last I smiled,  
So genuinely to soothe my mind  
The lonely years that I have compiled  
Are filled with tears for the woes of mankind

I am a slave to my beliefs  
A feeling of tenderness, a feeling of care  
A drink too many always relieves  
Me from feeling hopeless and shedding a tear

I need to know now, I really do  
If you are capable of loving again  
I keep thinking, thinking of you  
And it's driving me quickly insane

Do you still remember the times we shared,  
Together you and I some time ago  
Reminiscing about them is much preferred  
But the past is past, that much I know

In keeping with faith I learnt to hope  
But learnt to trust in nothingness  
Oh see me hang with my own rope  
After several years of tears and mess

In dreary thoughts that give me pride  
I think of tomorrow with my hopes so weak  
The nothingness in which I confide  
Sometimes tells me tomorrow's bleak

And what am I to speak of love?  
And wish that someone could share my pain  
But thinking of that, which I cannot have  
I see that dying is my best gain

As much, I see the world so dull,  
And men trusting in faith as best they can  
But as I wait for nature's call  
I see the vanity in being a man

It's been hard enough to live to die  
With tears and grief, my only friends  
But I'll try to live or die to try  
And hope that you don't feel my pain

Godfrey AnguaMante

# Don't Go Away

Forever young is best my love  
The youthful love is sweet  
Our cozy love is all we have  
And yet it comes complete.

2

The angels love and the angels sing  
But yet still feel amiss  
The Calvary bell which ever dings  
Tells us to share a kiss

3

But what is life to me, my dear  
What is more to love?  
If you should die and leave a tear  
To vanquish what we have.

Godfrey AnguaMante

# Face Book Girls

I had a crush on this lovely lady  
She came from Ghana, I came from Haiti  
She was the first among so many;  
The loves of my life if there were any

2

It was such a crush on this lovely lady  
Her name was Hilda and I Fuseni  
I always tried to let her hear me  
I wanted to get her to also love me

3

We chat a lot, Hilda and Fuseni  
Over the phone on face book maybe  
I had never seen her, back in Haiti  
But I'd fallen for her, this lovely lady

4

I never cared if she had herpes  
Or mass cancer or even epilepsy  
All I knew was I had fallen from Haiti  
In love with this lovely pretty lady

5

But then a time came for me to leave Haiti  
To come to Ghana, the government would pay me  
I came with a thought from this land of Haiti  
To meet with her, this lovely lady

6

She lived in Accra, the phone calls did aid me  
I'm talking about this lovely lady  
I was head over heels to meet with her  
Whether poor or rich I didn't care

7

And so I came searching, if she could see me  
Searching and begging to meet this lady  
To whom I had wired a lot of cash  
But the search was hard the walk was harsh

8

And then a call came, it came from this lady  
I whispered in my mind, oh my dear baby  
She told me something that she didn't love me  
And never hoped to ever see me.

9

I couldn't believe what she had told me  
Was it real that she didn't love me?  
I still had to meet with her  
At least I thought that was fair.

10

So I arranged to have her traced  
Through her line, and I was amazed  
To find that this lovely lady  
Was never a girl, she wasn't a maiden.

Godfrey AnguaMante



# Happy Birthday My Dear

Happy birthday I say  
And hope it gives you joy  
Have a nice day I pray  
I hope it makes you coy.

2

May you live a thousand  
With nights and days of joy  
May you rejoice and dance and  
I hope to be your boy.

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# Imperfect Life

Crimson is for sunset  
Blue is for skies met  
As colorful as life may be,  
It will never be perfect.

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# Lost To The World

it's hard to be what everybody wants me to be  
when nobody understands me  
I try at times but no one understands me  
I'm lost to the world and to you

I'm lost and lonely, cold and weary  
Life is torturing and strangling me  
I try too hard but no one will see  
My life is worthless, sad and dreary

Oh goodness, why can't I die  
Die and put an end to my cry  
Nothing I hope for ever comes by  
I'm lost to a world where no one cares

I mind my language, a poet his sadness  
I try to manage my tears and loneliness  
I cry and wait with eagerness  
For death to come and take me away.

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# Love Talks

1

Now the day is almost over  
Children's voices echo nearer  
Nearer dearer like always ever  
Singing songs of draw me nearer  
To calm the pains of the dying summer

2

My heart aches with all those shimmer  
Driving crazy the love spelled seamer  
Seaming hope and our days dimmer  
Should I ask that dear be my  
Everlasting friend and hate me never

3.

Never ever in our days should I  
bade you goodbye in order to die  
Die or sigh I think I cry  
Cry to accept your magic so wry  
That in your love I think you tie

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# My Apology

Better see me with due disdain  
For all the misery and all the pain  
I've brought this world without a care  
A poet recites; my odd diseur  
Alone I came from my mother's womb  
Alone I go to my lover's tomb  
Of rose enchanted mystic dreams  
And dark, forbidding daylight gleams,  
abides with me in every step  
My favorite actor Jonny Depp  
Cannot but act a scene from this  
A life of torture without the bliss.  
A life so hopeless is better than this  
A life without happiness.

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# My Gift Of Poems To You

I do not have what riches give  
Or gold or beauty as you will all perceive  
What I have that'll make you believe  
Is my gift of poems to you

2

I cannot sing to offer relief  
When along comes your grief  
I cannot lie nor sound naïve  
With this gift of poems to you

3

It may not be, what shepherds give  
Or a gift of rib to eve  
It's forever pure and never deceive  
This gift of poems to you

4

I have it here in lines unread  
I wrote it all in red  
I give it all before I'm dead  
My gift of poems to you.

5

I know my words intact  
Can cheer the lonely heart  
A line or two will do  
From my gift of poems to you.

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# Nora And I

Nora and I were high school friends  
She said she liked how life's will blends  
She and I had a slight difference  
She lied to me and her tight, good friends

2

Nora and I used to stand on the beach  
And watch at length at the tide's good speech  
Nora and I had one problem  
She liked to sing songs, I liked anthem

3

But Nora again had a very good voice  
She sang to me some very good noise  
But Nora had a tiny little wish  
To go to England or turn Irish

4

Yet Nora and I were pretty much tight  
I fought for her and lost every fight  
Nora again had her way with men  
In all my misery I just knew ten

5

Then Nora told me she was with child  
I looked into her eyes and cried out loud  
She said she had drank some good health sap  
It was for abortion, in a poisoned cup

6

Then Nora said, she felt ill inside  
Her tummy was hurting, or so implied  
Then Nora collapsed before my very two eyes  
The Doctor said she died, to my surprise

7

For Nora and I, I always do cry  
I went to her funeral to ask her why  
With tears in my eyes, and a dark aura  
She broke both our hearts, I loved Nora

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# Oh My Love

Love is the four letter words  
I humbly feel for thee  
My heart is like tuneful bird's  
It belongs to you and me

2  
A laugh my dear is all I have  
It makes me feel supreme  
I laugh my dear, with lips of love  
I hope it makes a dream

3  
I will give you love, and a star  
And nights of joy and dreams  
I will go this mile, beyond and far  
To make you glad it seems.

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# The Day Of Reckoning

For the day, for the day, just for the day  
For the day the prophets say  
We live terrified whilst waiting for the day  
For the day all men will pay

2

How prepared I am for the day that day  
I cannot proffer now  
But least to say concerning the day  
Is the way we pray for now

3

For the day for the day, just for the day  
I sit in silence and pray  
My fears are strong for the day, that day  
For the day of much dismay

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# The Proposal

As sweet as sweet could be  
I admire how you adore me  
For all the glitz in life you see  
Are made for me and you for free.  
In good in bad that joy in me  
Will pass to you for you to be  
a better lover than Annabel Lee.  
Of whom Edgar begged the saints to be.  
To make a perfect life decree;  
A christened lover's vote of thanks  
Will still your heart and choke your lungs  
I have my words distilled in lines  
I have my lines embossed in rhymes  
And love letters engrossed in signs  
I cross my heart and hope to die  
Should I but blunder and tell a lie  
Or leave your side or say goodbye.

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# Tireless Love

Not all are pretty, not all are great  
A night in Florence is all it takes  
Tonight my sweetie, I will side with fate  
For anguish and torment is all life makes

2

That's all my pretty, that's all my love  
I look to you with the love I have  
They all will see me from heavens above  
That all I have is you my love

3

Not all these diamonds, not all these gold  
Can bring you a knight so brave and bold  
But I live to tell a promise I hold  
That I will always love you a thousand fold.

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# To Charlotte

I knew a maiden who always smiled  
A thousand dimples and her voice was mild  
She spoke of roses with her sweetened lips  
And commanded graces with her curvy hips  
I called her something, I called her love  
And gave her something, all that I have.  
It was nothing but my fragile heart  
Of warm goodness, I thought was smart.  
She had nothing but my soul she bought  
This lovely lady was called charlotte.  
But then one day, I saw this guy  
6 feet maybe, two inches high  
He bought her roses and some lilies  
And took her along with my feelings.  
And now as I watch with teary eyes  
My soul is sobbing with weary sighs  
For this lovely lady who called me sir  
Has broken the heart I gave to her.

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# To Huut

To huut, to huut, to huut  
The dirges sound aflute  
My voice in a manner hoot  
To huut, to huut, to huut

2

And be that Lilliput  
Who cares to say to huut  
The owls all learn to hoot,  
This word to huut, to huut

3

The French do say la cout  
To mean to huut, to huut  
These words in fact are cute  
They make you never mute

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## To Mama

My mama's words were the first to say  
She taught me how to sing and pray  
And how to hope for a better day  
She gave me comfort in due dismay  
And bade me live the righteous way  
She gave me hope, night and day  
And red roses in March and May  
That I may love as I may  
She killed my temper away from fray  
And now as I look upon the clay  
In which my mama's body lay  
I look to heaven and try to pray  
For who and what I am today  
On this lovely mother's day.

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# To My Bosom Pal

Sweet dreams to all,  
Whoever wish they could have it  
And night gleams which fall  
Be made to charm all who despise it  
My hope still breathes in a funny way  
My heart grows fonder on a sunny day  
For the friend I never knew you to be  
Is what I see  
That night under the royal palm tree  
Where I stood where you couldn't see me,  
I vowed a solemn plea  
That if I ever get to speak to thee.  
I'll glorify in joy eternally  
And make you the angel you couldn't be  
For all I see and cannot see  
Lives as wild as a rippling sea  
surrounded by roses in harmony  
for he who speaks is really he;  
who cares and will ever be  
there for you eternally  
as the darling, the lover and sweetie  
who you have or will never have  
who you like and will never love  
for like stars on earth  
I see you dear, like pals from birth.

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# Why Can't I?

Why can't I be what I want to be?  
So the world won't be my enemy  
And my dreams won't be so dead to me  
Why can't I, why can't I?

Why can't I find that melody?  
That'll cheer my heart eternally  
A rhyme or so is good for me  
Why can't I, why can't I?

I make this short hot life decree  
That until I die I won't be free  
I write this though so the world will see  
Why I can't be what I want to be.

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