

Poetry Series

Martino Fortuin
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Martino Fortuin()

...and He Found Meaning To Life.

And he dabbled in love
And found there a treasure trove.

And he flirted with Chance
And with Desire, he would dance.

And he kept the company of Hope
And cherishing Freedom allowed him such scope.

And he conversed with Humility
And he wrote and kept notes on Sincerity.

And gave of himself to foster new Birth
And respect and honour he pledged to the Earth.

And he curried the favour of Grace,
Always aware of his place

And he squared up to Death.
And with the last of his breath,

Accepted the invitation to die,
Thus ending his life happily knowing why.

Martino Fortuin

A Call To Arms

A call to arms!
Tenacious and devious enemy, mirrored in deceit,
Pushes forward to meet...
My air space faces defeat

His intention not to strike me down just yet
But to weaken and confuse
To make me see the futility of my stand...
Deploying Light artillery as a strategic ruse

I intend to resist and repel the attack
The first wave floods my neural network with thoughts and images of euphoria
The second wave promises forgiveness and understanding
The third wave redefines my role as fallen warrior

Smoke filled scenes as the battle rages
Mind and body bear belligerent brunt
I am to be enslaved yet again
And led away in puff, yet free to believe that I do not want

Such is the scope of my prolonged war
Sadly, in this conflict I am both sides
The casualty count weighing heavily on my mind
Yet, the choice of victor with me ultimately resides

If I dont muster to stop
The victory song will be sung
I shall blow my own trumpet
heralding the collapse of my lung

Martino Fortuin

A Father's Wish For His Children

Dream then, as dream you will
Play too, as play is your art
Learn well and be great
No better time than now to start

Be all that you can
Live not only for yourself but other
Share the little you have
Remember though, to always honour your mother

Be sure to make time for yourself
Riches come not only from wealth
Choose right and wrong as religion
Live well and cherish your health

Hold onto your happiness
Live without hate
Heed the words of elders
Beware haste...when you choose a mate

Be as one with nature
Be sure to travel
Step out with confidence
And watch yourself unravel

Martino Fortuin

African Hope

Gather ye...Gather ye
Come...sit at the table of hope
Hear...hear...hear...

I am the hope for Africa's children.
When I can see light, Africa can see light
When I can hope, Africa can hope,
When I can learn, Africa can learn and
When I can smile, Africa can smile.
When I roar with the thunder of the mighty
Zambezi, Africa too...roars

Gather ye...Gather ye
I am the table of hope
Listen...listen...listen...

Within me lies ubuntu...yes ubuntu
Let me provide for you
Let me nourish you
Let me share with you
Let me shelter you
Let me inspire you to soar as the fish eagle does...yes soar

For I am Africa...Africa is me

Martino Fortuin

Brave Brenda Barefoot

It was really cold last night...
The wood had retired early...
The cold it seemed to relish a fight...
Her mom and dad she hugged dearly...

Brave Brenda Barefoot...off to school at first light...
Barefoot, her stomach coming to terms with those skins...
Softly cursing the rocks and icy stones with all her might...
Brave Brenda Barefoot...scarcely in her teens...

It was really tough at school she thought...
No warm soup or bread at all today...
Difficult to think or say...never mind that silly old nought...
Brave Brenda Barefoot...her mind far away...

It will be cold again tonight her friend had said...
She would need to find more wood...
To save her family, to hold up her head...
Brave Brenda Barefoot...sadly, doing more than she should.

Martino Fortuin

Canvas

Canvas

Such an intense feeling of grief
gnawing mercilessly, like starvation.
It appeareth not in the slightest at all brief
I am the canvas, and the genre is pain.

With somber stroke and abstract curve
Tears about to gravitate down
In each hue, the misery to relive
I am the canvas, and the colours are pain.

Caught in a square devoid of hope
Darkness shines while light fades
There is no way to cope...
I am the canvas, and the subject is pain.

Nothing but an empty shell
Seemingly alive yet expressionlessly dead
holding back severe emotional swell
I am the canvas, and the artist is pain.

Martino Fortuin

Changing Wind

I see the cool wind gently caress open spaces
It is a new wind, a kinder one
No longer feared, welcomed by appreciative faces
Long overdue, its time has come

At first it brought its crisp and windy chill
Then it rained despair
The voices of men and mice... quietly still
It lashed and tore at hope till there was nothing there

The weather's a-changing they say
Young and old have noticed a shift
And men and mice now challenge the day
no one's adrift

The wind still comes from the sea
The air still has that chill
It blows hope now for you and me
which makes it easier still.

Martino Fortuin

Death Dialed My Number

It was evening and life was fair
The wind rushed by my face.
A sudden interruption of melodious thought...
Death was calling, to end my race.

Not realizing the tone at first...
Resembling an inescapable and unbelievable squeeze
I was tempted to answer the call
Life slowed down, frame by frame...then a total freeze.

Vision in slow motion, I recall
Wracked with unbearable pain squared
I battled to keep from slipping
To answer not, I dared.

Instead, I made my own
And put him on hold
Even though I was in his cold grip
This absolute refusal to speak, made him less bold

Had I done so
I'd have lost that race, relinquished my space
My number would've been up
But, life's still fair, and the wind still brushes my face.

Martino Fortuin

Delightful Dancer

Substance of essence, dancer delights
Igniting the night with tangible might
Incinerator of germ and historical foe
In ovens of grease our waists to increase

Force of nature, portable sun
Brother of air, and also of bear
Domesticated by man, solicited by time
To send meek and wild ever to run

In tales of the lost and also the found
Of ancient stakes and frozen lakes
Far flung places and many races
do many thrilling stories abound

in legend or culture or book
where men fear ghost and ultimate Host
humanity is still forged from destiny and iron
dancer delights, substance ignites.

Martino Fortuin

For South Africa

It is up to us to take it all back
To show those who of late have died
Call it what you may: my house, my home, my shack
It doesn't matter: we still have our pride

No more shall we retreat
This is our effort to take a stand
We breathe the same air in the same street
We can do this: hand in hand

Glorious will our victory be
Neither shame nor sorrow
Only unity will set us free
To prevail upon the morrow

We will drive away this terrible scourge
Of the past and its horrific deeds
Together we this land will purge
And plant new flowers to replace the weeds

Martino Fortuin

Honor Lost And Found

I Cast out the demon
For he hath brought dishonor to my soul
And eaten me alive
I live the loss and become the hole.

In silver box a prayer was present
Yet, sinfulness the box displaced
It raised an ugly pride above my head
And took away my grace

And I a demon doth become
With proper horns and fiery fork
Hiding behind my flashy suit
And my smooth and double edged talk

My attempt at salvation is but a crawl
And though I seek I cannot find
The door I firmly shut
on inner peace I left behind

And redemption would eventually find me
camouflaged amongst lies, deceit and clouded judgment
And cast away my demon, at a price
And save me from demonic descent

Martino Fortuin

I Take With Me A Memory

I take with me this memory

I take with me this memory
Of having loved a while.
Returning ruptured, restless, raw
An empty heart
To you,
Sadly

On a path we once cajoled
Side by side... Us...We.
For I felt free
My heart escaped
With thee,
joyously.

And there we lived but brief
Nay, a thousand pleasant lives.
Beauty bliss beyond belief
Knowing that we
Can be,
ultimately.

If love will find a way
Let us chance it soon.
Thence to table turn
Take your hand.
Love me,
again.

How I wish upon that star
To hold you ever tight.
Lovingly live our life
Every day, night
You, me
Eternally.

I take with me this memory
Of loving you a lot.

Martino Fortuin□

Martino Fortuin

I...Africa

I...Africa, cradle of life and of hope
decreed the dawn...of new birth.
No more bondage in rope.
Able to realise my destinies' worth

I...Africa, of countless births
Stepping from dark to light,
Mindful of the dangerous earth,
Will rise and once again delight.

I...Africa, severely trampled upon
Nesting my deeply divided flock.
My splendour! Gaze thereon,
Of time and creature, frozen in rock.

I...Africa, the pulse in your vein
The throb in your chest,
The tear in your eye, now and again,
even your choice for eternal rest.

I...Africa, am alive....

Martino Fortuin

In Awe

In awe do I wonder
At the beauty and magnificent splendour
Of Mother Nature, cruel yet tender
Spectacular light and awesome thunder

I wondered in awe
At the majesty that lay before me
Colour so deep in all that I saw
Many a creature I yet have to see

Again I wondered for there was more
At birth at death
A single cell at life's fragile core
The priceless gift of my breath.

Martino Fortuin

Invite The Vulture Not To Dine

Today I shed my final tear
Amidst that gentle voice I always hear
Though the text was soft and sweet
Life had pressed the key and hit DELETE!

Lo the news removed my gut
Like the scalpel, deeply cut
Time, the cure, improves my lot
Though some things in life, ne'er forgot

Tis rightful time to move along
Lest all wrapped up in woeful song
With the struggle more entwined
Eventually the vulture comes to dine

Set off then with sleight of foot
To fix myself upon green shoot
Quest to find a happy tear
And a gentle voice once more to hear

Martino Fortuin

Martino Fortuin

Love Squandered

Love was never my goal
Always finding an entertaining excuse to frivole.
I thus snickered when I side-stepped my soul
And so sought new avenues in which to cajole.

Soon I convincingly snagged myself in its cause
Rushing in blindly with charming oaths and covert marital flaws.
Constantly seeking its irresistible orbits and pleasurable awes
Henceforth I strayed with nary a pause.

Finally, it rightfully relinquished its grip.
I even rebuked love's call from a sinking ship!
And so clung on with all but fingertip
Love now departed, severed from my hip.

That familiar and comforting whiff irretrievably spent
That falsified place inside all twisted, open and bent
Now I just sit and deeply lament
And relive my idiocy with acidic ferment.

Martino Mario Fortuin

Martino Fortuin

Menacing Mushrooms

'Twas first the ground that invariably with horror shook.
A mushrooming menace was born...
And the many lives it with impunity then took
Unimaginable scenes of devastation...
Amid the savagery, a world forced to look.
Permanent dismissal...
of the friendly neighbourhood cook.
Lying in tatters...
the remains of a priceless book.
Debris and black ash...
in the once bubbling brook.
Unanswered cries for help...
Images mirrored in pools of puke.
A disturbing moment in the history of man...
The use of...that nuke.

One sad day...
When insanity a few overtook!

Martino Fortuin

No One Really Knew

No one really knew him
Nor did they care
They passed him by they did
When he was naked and bare

No one really knew him
It didn't matter much
He was there and they were not
Someone even stopped and cursed him such

No one really knew him
They had their own
Why didn't he realise that?
The world away from him had grown

No one really knew him
I wish they had
He was a wonderful and loving Father
To me he was good old dad

No one had taken the time to know him.
He had fallen prey to bandits
If only one had taken to his plight
He'd be with me this very night

Martino Fortuin

Solitude

Even they are coming down to bear
The only company I have left to share

I take no delight
in the colour of my plight

Even the corners are bare
And evidently aware

And thence am I drawn
Without liberty to yawn

Now I have cause to fear
that the lines will notice my tear

I will charge at them one more time
And attempt to make them round again

For I find comfort in a curve
Which I clearly deserve

They will then have to hide
While I determine the extent of my slide.

Martino Fortuin

Such Is A Woman's Worth

What is a Woman Worth?

What is woman worth in stature
If not a priceless entity of passion and beauty?
A Queen unrivalled in all of nature.
Such is a Woman's worth

Is she not the bearer of Man?
Then afford her the ultimate Honour
And cherish that notion oft as you can
Such is a Woman's worth

Above even man, she stands
In all that is life and love and far beyond
Loving heart and warm hands
Such is a Woman's worth

Man cannot be without her care
Nor find comfort in his kind
For there is no substitute out there
Such is a Woman's worth.

Such then is a woman's worth.
Born to captivate, man to salivate
Unequaled in rapture, worthy of capture

Martino Fortuin

Teacher's Prayer

To chance upon a willing mind
To chart a course and be its guide.
Through endless possibilities seek to find
The hidden treasure, side by side.

To wander down this road together
With you and your, and me and my.
Though it may lead us wherever
And any logic we may defy.

Opportunity courts and demands response
Ideas solicit an embrace.
Chance is there but surely once
We cannot simply our steps retrace.

Many things I will gladly teach
And watch you inch toward your goal
And plead, and silently beseech!
listen and learn and make it whole

Martino Fortuin

Thy Kingdom Undone

In Africa the lion is no more
The jungle not his home
For he now opens a door
The corridors of power he is seen to roam

In Africa the monkey has left his tree
The fur traded for a suit
He now likes to travel, this for free
Along the way of the gravy route

In Africa there once flew a merciless vulture
The vast fields his hunting ground
He now nests in a place devoid of his own culture
The city the place he is well reknowned

In Africa the snake no longer hides in the grass
The slippery tongue he uses to orate
To mislead the masses and impress top brass
And then accuse others of political farce

In Africa bird and beast are all but gone
Having taken on new and deceitful charm
In Africa the kingdom has come undone
The new bird and beast doing irreparable harm.

Martino Fortuin

Treasure By Measure

If ye counteth not ye
Who will opt for thee
If ye standeth not tall
In much shall ye be small

If ye speaketh not true
How then will it ring for you?
If you loveth of none
Thither shalt thee be undone

Of riches be not all torn
Lest ye find solace in scorn
'template in leaving behind
Something pleasurable to find

Hasten not a return to the soil
Savour the fruits of your laborious toil
Take heart from the measure
That life was your treasure

Martino Fortuin

With This Poem

Nothing can ever compare
With the love you and I share
Our hearts conversing in obvious delight
Our passion the flame ever so bright

This wondrous and fulfilling feeling
Has brought me to you kneeling
moments so intoxicatingly sweet
As to sweep us off our feet

This bond we vow not to break
Nor any careless action to take
Such is the extent of this newfound treasure
Our unity an expression of this pleasure

Take me without fear
just as I am
And forever hold me dear

Martino Fortuin

Woman

Woman...thou art strong
If only this we could all see
A better place our world would be

Woman...thou art fair
A beacon in times of need
A soul provider indeed

Woman...thou art lovely
Your beauty as striking as light
and comfort deep into the night

Woman thou art peace
Gracing life as stars do
Ever present, ever new

Woman...thou art equal
Stand tall stand proud
Fear not to say it aloud...

I am a woman

Martino Fortuin