

Poetry Series

Matur Achuil
- poems -

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Matur Achuil(10/04/1991)

A Poet And His Friends

Do not fall in love with a poet
For a poet's heart is not in his ribcage
A poet's heart is in his cranium
A poet will never tell you he loves you
A poet will only tell his friends,
Pen and paper, that he loves you
So unless you are friends with the paper
You will never know a poet's intimate secrets

A poet is like a robot;
No physical expression of emotions
So a poet never cries of a broken heart
A poet has his friends pen and paper
Who express his emotions on his behalf
A poet believes in nobody else
More than he believes in his friends, pen and paper

A poet will never be a good friend
A poet will never be trusted to keep secrets
A poet will always share your secrets
With his friends; pen and paper
And the whole world will get to know your secrets

A poet behaves weird even if he is not weird
When a poet stares at you speechless like a fool
It is not that he has no words to say
It is because he feels he is repeating what he said before
Because he had the same conversation
With his friends; pen and paper.

Matur Achuil

An Inerasable Pain

On my face, however much I smile,
The intrigues of pain will be printed.
On my voice, even though jubilating
The cry of lived sorrow will be heard.
I sleep and wake to find stress gone
But the memories of those them days!
I saw corpse at four years and I was torn
The hyenas hovered over them gunned
And I felt hearts they've lost and shunned
As I scrolled to their sight, my cheek got hit.
With strength of heart guided by humane mind
I tried to scrawl the humiliation but hard
At five pen I couldn't hold on paper firmly.

I cry-called on them by their names mixed
But who the deaf of beasts dare heard me.
If I was just a kid on blood of world
What of minds would I hold after such!
Mysteries, shadows, and blooded spirits
In the midst of grinding teeth of the nyigat
All laid low and cold with thin form of line
And their atmospheres thin and thick dusted
But then who of monsters stood up to sight it!

Ever since I was a teenager what haven't I saw,
All the red and yellow of hurdles with the garmented harries
That took all the forms that killed my short lasted seniors
Leaving less to hold on control to whisper a word of wisdom
But here I talk of one-two that could have changed the eagles
With their piercing head outgrown telescopic clogged eyes
Men in the hindrance of freedom pin- paralysed the little hope
And left the land so bare and dry - cold with warm so fast dying.

Then life, I called the life as it was leaving me behind,
To land yonder in the far west horizons so thin and lessening,
In dreams, hope, I thought would last awhile in the essence
But there they are with their hoodies glowing red on the eye
Furious for no intended purpose just to slay any seed of growing hope
Has killing so become a game played by those who hold little meaning to life

Progress so cripplingly laid low weak of zeal to rejuvenate just a height
Then what has the sky to say to the dying little plantations! - the laughter of
victory

Matur Achuil

Goodbye Till We Meet Again

Travel happily sister
We call it promotion to glory
With shaky voices we say goodbye sister
And remember this is not the end of a love story
You have taken the route we will all take
And your early departure is not a mistake
All the same, we can't pretend that we willn't miss you
But we have to finish our pilgrimage before we join you

It is like the earth is breaking to pieces faster than before
Even gravity seems not to pull on me anymore
It is like I am falling into the abyss of emotional drought
But with the ego of a moran the tears back I fought
Lost and unsure of what to do
My hands searching for something to hold unto
And they get hold of my faithful friends, pen and paper
I trust my friends because we always work together
And even when I have the universe to carry on my shoulders
On me they make it weigh less than a sack of feathers

Millions of times I have been tempted to look at the sky
And with a curious voice ask heavens 'why? '
Though millions have but never got the answers
Because life is ONE BIG QUESTION with no answers
So unto your sweet memories I cling
And the beautiful songs we sang together
I sing Believing from heaven you are watching me
And singing along with me From heaven staring at me
I feel your soul Laughing at me when I fall
But knowing I am going to get up

Please say hello to our comrades we lost on the way
And assure them that we will join you any day
It is not going to be long before we meet again
Because I am slowly but surely dying from the emotional pain
Tell them one day the whole crew will be united like before
And will stick together forever more

I Am Not A Thief Of Love

I met my Y's X last night,
And I could tell he was ready for a fight,
Judging from his protruding jaw-bones
My Y's X is the type who thinks that
If they lose everything to live for
They can always find something to die for
He accuses me of stealing his Helen of Troy
But I am not a thief of love
I would rather rob a bank then steal love.

As we bypassed each other he gave me a look
The kind of look you would give a puppy who left a poo poo
On your neatly made bed
I could hear him mumbling as his face melts into a mechanical smile
That kind of a smile a jackal gives his companion over a carcass
He was consoling himself with his own words and thoughts:
"...after all he just picked up what I threw away; my waste...! ", he
told himself
My Y's X is the type who can see an eagle soaring higher and higher
And be like: "It is flying because it is unable to walk";
He does not want to admit that I am holding what he could not hold;
Something too good for his arms and fingers to hold and caress
I never stole from him his love
I would rather rob a bank than steal love.

For a very, very long time I had been following him,
Praying every step of the way that he falls
But I never wanted to push him down
I wanted to be in his shoes without stealing his shoes
I was waiting for that time he would drop the pot of honey he was carrying
So that I could pick it up and cling unto it the way a moth would to a source of
light
I was doing right all that he was doing wrong
While he was hurling insults at her I was composing melodious songs to sing to
her
While he was spiting on her beautiful body
I was buying perfumes to spray on her beautiful body
While he was stepping on her head as if her head were a piece of trash
I was making a crown to put on her head for she is a queen

I don't I deserve to be called a thief of love
For I would rather rob a bank than steal love.

Matur Achuil

My X And Her Y

MY X AND HER Y

My X and her Y have threatened and promised
To jointly squeeze my testicles out
And roast them to ashes in a furnace
Reasons?
My x wants to prove to her Y that she is over me
And she could drink my blood
To assure him that she never will leave him for me
While my X's Y is afraid that the ageless tree of love
Has not yet died in our hearts

My X's Y is being paranoid
Because I am not the type to re-swallow my puke
I do not take back what has refused my stomach
It is a punishable crime through ass-whipping
Under article 1 of my mother's constitution which says:
"Thou shall not crave what has refused thy stomach-
Because it was not meant for you...."
My x and her y have vilified me like the devil
Who takes the blame for every misfortune
Even when a man takes a rope and hung himself

But as mankind has always done,
I make a sign of cross, spit on my chest
And snap my fingers over my head
And say the devil is a liar
And may he burn to ashes in hell fire

By Akuei Kuol

Matur Achuil

One So Grave A Piece

I love not for gains nor to drain
I lost not for profits but benefits
I give not to take but to make
For last is perfect the first is defect
I default to honor even when lost
Same as I'm to strengthen than to weaken
My dream victory is in their happiness
And for that, I journeyed to love for destiny
In truth, I will be fated, disposed and care not the lost,
Even that make me a hero of my own just as I wanted.
For the world is my reason to living and life!
Hey the gods are quiet for their ears you have deafen
My voice they couldn't hear just as you made them.
And now you call me my-them and let it all do I,
What the lust lower as love and hate together United!
In the drainages all is lower as light not so dark and creamed
In the nearby factory stench of fresh and rotted all they bother
What god-them-hell is poison so sweet gives your hands?
Has not the eyes so wide and glassed not real and visioned?
Oh! Old slick and wool not then metals of grill and chains.
Soft to notice the hard it got to strangle the young and soul

Matur Achuil

The Shattered Bundle Of Joy

If it is an ocean it is not deeper
Than what we felt for each other
If it is a star it doesn't shine brighter
Than what we saw in the eyes of each other
If it is honey it doesn't taste sweeter
Than our last kiss

August 24th was the day
The day we physically said goodbye
But promised that our hearts and souls
Would always remain in an unbreakable tie
It sounds like a short while ago
But it feels like a lifetime ago
For I think I died from an emotional wound
Caused by the long distance between us

My lips still bear the pink colour of your lipstick
The one you had on during our last kiss
Are you surprised at how long the colour lasted?
I protected it from being wiped away
Even when that was tantamount to building walls around me
And burning down all the bridges
That connect me to the world around me
The memory of your soft lips against mine
Has remained a relic that I vowed to preserve
And protect with all my emotional and physical strength
For I priced it at my last breath

Darling it blows my mind like a grenade
To think that you have allowed mongrels and he-goats
To pee and poop on something that took us
The age of a pyramid to build
You have shattered my heart to pieces
That can take a Methuselah his entire lifetime to count

Even as I sit sipping a hot chocolate
In a hall that is full of smiling faces
I still feel like a bean seed in bowl full of rice grains
And I feel a mile-deep hole in heart

And I feel I have a poison to vomit off my chest
And that is when I remember my two faithful friends; pen and paper
Yes! Faithful because they can listen to me for eternity and never complain
And they never judge me when I tell them stories of my struggle
And they never twist my stories when they retell them to the world
They tell my stories the way I would like them to be told
As I write lines between teardrops and sobs
I tell myself the past has gone while the future is coming
So it is my duty to collect the pieces of my broken heart
And put them together
For as a man with a long way to go
I have to be in one piece to able to arrive at my destination at once

Matur Achuil

The Soft As Stone

A mistaken mystery messed up the ways into a maze
As the council's march up to the yard parted ways
And a number-hard fixed to scores- in circle betrays
Prejudice camped on the dealing as left in a gaze
The lunatics behaved to beehive, a title to appraise
None was left but all then was to sarcoma to preys.
The stone so soft with nerves little dead breathe sways
Like cold as winds of winter sways the willows as breeze
As it has every chill-numbed corps tarnished merely decayed.

And the sun as high as silk woolen hairs towering the head
The toes with fingers united in an awaiting soldered dead
As if to land hard as hard could tell to crush the dead knead
Down with none but a piece of hope clinched to take lead
Whispers wise a mug to wheel a drive ready to take flight as led
But wait, the voice in the whispers took a sip of air overglad
And sighted a shrewd cloud of ice-cold graceful lend a hand
With that alone, the stone as soft as harden intended to break
And as sudden as death stopped giving life to hope little lost
Rejoice the old gold-mind of days that never took the time to fathom.

Soft as stone, their voices called-asked to conglomerate attention
And their labs with ill the diseases all of the sort busted like devil's wills
Working the wind to summon to commitment on their accomplishment
Who has no 'wheiy' literally life to stone with a space swollen in time,
That mercilessly make a remark so bad as destiny miniatures wills!
Certainties like calamities catastrophe none but all the old in cold alike
Then deafen to refrain on a statement less made of a mind in fear
With intention attention-ed to attend the tendered minced purposes
But the will stands a distance to sight a won battle of the last household.
Soft as stone, who has the time to mimic a lost gamble with few cards!

Defend with a fence yet a leak like air perforates the obstructions
Their might like soft as stone call the mysteriously messed maze,
And in doubt, their head bowed to questions the answers- the number,
Like a leaking cold, it has gone far as distance called the virtual heavens,
Soft as stone with stone who has the nerves to have scored the owner's
And the answers with their lips bite dissolved among the soft as stones.
Mystery!

Matur Achuil

There Is Justice In The Jungle

In Maasai Mara live the lion and the gazelle
And both have all the rights to life
The lion has the right to kill and eat the gazelle
So that he can continue to live
While the gazelle has the right to run away from the lion
So that he can continue to live
A cut-throat competition with a win-win result
What is subtracted on one end is added on the other
There is justice in the jungle!

Mankind's rule of law?
A hoax, a mongrel's poo poo
Because the winner is always pre-determined
A human gazelle loses before he even starts the race
'Cause he is arm-twisted, tied down and gagged
While the human lion is armed to the tooth
With a dagger, machete and any other weapon you can think of
And when human gazelle breaks the chains and save himself,
He is executed through the rule of law...justice?
Nah! Nah! Not here! True justice is only in the jungle!

Rule of law, probably the peak of mankind's civilization,
But the worse blow to justice and equality
Rule of law is mandated to uphold the dignity and life
Of every living being at all the time and places
But the same rule of law is used to vindicate cannibals
And justify cannibalism
Genocides have been committed with impunity
Because mankind's rule of law licenses the culprits
Nah! Nah! We have to go back to the drawing board
And find out where things went wrong
Or else we are on our way back to Maasai Mara
To lock horns with buffaloes and rhinos
There is justice in the lawlessness of the jungle!

Call me crazy if you don't see my point
But I pray that you may live long enough
On this god-forsaken planet
To develop a third eye on your forehead

An eye that will help you see a solute in a solution
When that time comes, I bet with my last breath that
You will join me in the streets with your middle finger in the air
And we will all denounce the rule of law
And we will all join the lion and the gazelle in the jungle
Because there is justice in the anarchy of the jungle!

By Akuei Nyol Kuol

Matur Achuil

What I Said Or Did

If I could unsay what I said
If I could undo what I did
I swear I would
For if what I said was hot enough
To evaporate that godly-smile I saw
On your angelic face
Then I guess I should have thrust it
Down my gullet
I know a word is like a bullet
Coz once out you won't get hold of it
Before it harms the target
Even if you chase it with a fighter jet

I am in downtown in a noisy crowd
But it is like I am on a lifeless planet
There is pin-drop silence in my tiny world of thoughts
It is like everyone and everything is avoiding me
Because everyone and everything is mad at me
Because I pushed too far the best friend I ever had
The person I can go to feeling emotionally weakened
And leave feeling emotionally strengthened
Can you imagine even that guy in the mirror
Wants to rip off my face with slap!
And everything in my room seconded him with a clap!

I am not a comedian
But if what I said or did
Masked the bright sunshine
That I saw on your cute face
Then I will be Tom or Jerry
And I will do anything to re-ignite that sunshine
For it is worth all the worldly gold and diamond combined

I am fully aware of one thing
I have no voice to sing
But if what I said or did
Drove away sleep from your eyes
Then like Auwaaau the bird
My heart out I will sing

A lullaby for you I will sing

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