

Poetry Series

princess irene Namajja
- poems -

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princess irene Namajja(3rd dec)

I thought i would do anything like sing, laugh, scream, dance because everyone was trying to speak the world into doing everything. Now I know, I will not do anything I will write till I dropp out of everything else but write, i will speak and just let other people do the other things around us and of course I will smile till i lay my whole to a smiley rest.

Color Surrender

I threw them in
Their run and their shine
To host my win
I lost my adoration
I threw in my holding

I threw in the yellow
When she fell for the political yellow
She lost her bright and her dawn glow
She tarnished her shiny blow
Wasted her meaning when she believed in the ruling and powerful
She then learnt to emulate the guns and bullets

I threw away the blue of rhythm and royalty
And the green, all succulent with life
I threw them all in strife
When they fell for political define;
They fell for the never ruling
The fought and defeated
They fell for the never will rule

And now I surrender my red, mine own of zeal and courage
I throw you in
For you have been initiated into the political faith
Now you believe in the frail
The ones whose hope to rule is vain
You trust in the beaten and trampled
So I throw you in
And the deity of red will never be mine

So I surrender all
The yellows, blues and greens and reds
Because within that political devastation and scatter
I find no place to lay my certainty
So I throw you all in.
The canon of color will never be mine.

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Hope

I saw hope
The one of tender age
Yet on her own
Seeking a soul,
A soul to harbor her grooming
And only flickering trust turned her way

With timid eyes she bowed her head
Afraid to face the world
Frightened of the heart break of worldly blunder
Full of shaky beliefs
Yet knowing not where to go
I knew
Something better is always looking out for us
We just never take it on
we forsake the hope
So we leave her to vulnerable act of mildness
She is never groomed

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I Do

Space sparks with rest assurance of splendor
While breeze gushes a tender drizzle into the wind
Into a soothing swirl
Echoing the whisper of an ever-more now found
Then I hear you calling out my name
And I am saying yes with the heart
And yes again with the strength;
The strength of the spirit
Sent on a wing of nuptials
Swiftly and lightly
Ts falling out for you,
That we'll in one say echo out the "I do";
In rest assured answer to every alter call that comes to us
That call from best and worst

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Inclination To Exist

Being cascades our way deprived of petition
Named there in only once
Shorn of chance for stepping back
Of course we live,
Starved of initiation and direction
We select just how to animate in the wilds of this existence
And reveries like soul fireflies crisscross our reminiscence lanes
Every so often striking authenticity
And in other epochs just going through
In magnificent and abortive meander
On a godsend convention, we passage to where vocation chosens
While on harm's lanes,
We travel en route for providence's prime courses
'Til we bid time to fare well with her subsequent sojourners

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Letter To A Solidier

I stand where we once stood on those lucky dusking nights
Looking for the silhouette of you with hope you'll soon return from the far away
land of combat
I hear the echo of your voice resounding through gun shots and bomb blasts
To carry me the words you spoke in pledge to battle a world to keep our child
and love safe
And emptiness grips me where your embrace once filled
But the heart is warm with promise that you are fighting for state calm and right
The only reason our child and love strays on the sacrificial altars of war;
Now I write, with spirit to your valor and supremacy
To call you home in decorum, to love and family; to safety
Every time we sit without you under this starry sky
I almost see you straying across frontlines in sheer devotion to state calm and
right
And with love I am calling you home; I am calling you to safety
Calling you to fight for our child and our love as you have for the State
We love you.

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Life Grace Us

O! Life grace these eyes
For I have seen the sun's profound blinding radiance
And almost lost my prospect
I cannot gaze any more

So life! Grace my life
I have stared at the glimmer of a thousand moons
I have seen them escape through dense dark and lone
And stream over the earth
To a place right where I stood

Grace how I feel,
In my soul, heart and spirit
For my eyes have seen the golden splatter and scatter of millions of family stars
In the skies of night
And I have longed to belong away from this world
Into a world of stars far away

Please grace us all
Because we have found the junction where dream, fantasy and reality part
We have also bumped onto grounds where hearts and pearls and roses of love
meet
Now we ask of thee,
Grace our path through life

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Love As I Know It

Love as I know it

It's a trembling sacrifice of heart; a devotion; a whole lot of actions; actions that don't only wear us physically but twist and tear at our internal muscle, scrapping off the old self we were so used to, to something new and hard to explain to anyone else.

It is a breaking of our long grown bones of selfishness and bitterness; a strip of our firmed vessels of un-forgiveness, which gives us away to a tender new baby-vein of kindness, understanding and patience

It's a process of learning and unlearning; learning of trust in a world not our own. It's a pain of letting out your heart to arms you ain't even certain will hold it anyway.

For now love as I know it is not a fall: It's a consumption, a smoldering sensation that consumes you of self bit by bit until all that is left of you is either a glowing angel in love or a broken hearted monster racing and roaming, sipping from all glasses of merely assumed love.

It's not a glamour game or show off biz; It's a reality life part crammed with zeal, power and ultimate strength; it's a deep sensation of greatness, it's a small world of self made heroes who stood by each other; it's a journey of hills, falls and high class troubles, which in my own words I call the purification of a heart of love, which sets lovers apart from the many fakes and duplications of love.

When you find love let it be pure and it will definitely survive on its own without you copying from elsewhere and that's not to say have no brains in love.

And when what you thought was love fails, please be lovely enough to let go and utmost let life be and be open to even more and better love.

That love as I know it

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Love Is

It's in the promises of every whisper
In the eye of every hopeful glimpse
In the scent of all roses
In the blossoming gaze of every flower
In the budding lilies, violets and the wild roses
In the wild stray of rain drops across my window
In the smile on this face
In the gripping cold of breeze on another
In the momentary recite of memory
In everything
And everywhere
In us and in you

Love is.

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Poetry

It's a whisper from the chest
An utterance across my lips
It's a little caressing across my throat
Its life filled amazement into my eyes
A passionate sweep across the world
It's the tender and the calm
The charming like a whisper of the understood
Crossing a polite drizzle
To draw you out of the storms

Poetry

The fun, the hobby and companion
And when others go to bed
Its right there
Sometimes calling you out of slumber
Just so you write
So we write
Write, about the world
About love and hate
Because when you know poetry
You can own and rule the world

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Red Moon

Burning red hot
Towards calming dusk
Running beside me
Following my every gaze
Almost shy but solid in stand behind drying away briers
Racing between hills
In devoted chess of every eye

Straying rays splatter your paths' way
Like the fire-work of everlasting
Your royalty revealed by the spark on everything you touch

You stand in day of season
Round and plumb
Red lit by sip from the sun
Across night of dark you glow
Watching the whirls and swirls blow
Tales of splendor and peace you resound
Whispering with calm across the wild
Even when I'm gone, I will return tomorrow

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Red Moon's Day

Let's have a world red moon's day
Just to sense the wild of red
A feel of a trillion reds pressed together
The deep, the scarlet and the crimson reds
For us to fall into affection,
Adoration from hearts like these
To see lovers alone standing firm before the invisible
Let that invisible be the world and its whole

For us all to love and to crave
To be told while we hold
That in the better and worse
The hold of the devotees under the red moons ought to stay
So it is us who will stay

To sit and watch the moon
To let the dripping worship tenderly fall on us
To consecrate and to charm
To truss and to knot

Let the reds grow redder and till they gush out
To come running through us
Till we ascend into the embrace of forever
Into the love resilient
The compassion of everlasting

To look right into the gaze of love
A love graced by the stroke of red
To smile as to breathe
To learn the unforgettable
Just to love under the red moons
On a red moons' day

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State Of Charisma

T' resembled the calling of charisma
In the sound of a million winds;
That sound of rest assured convince
Sound of September dawn and august dusk
That empty of ability of power hungry tongues and chests
And the miserable resounding of promise after promise
Like old fallen leaves
Once green and hopeful
Now dead wasted and fallen

T's the zeal running every black land
The power of the few resounding state authority
Blowing empty air of word into every bare place
With the same swirl and whirl
For the lay man that stands and believes to be blown away;
For the loyal citizen that hopes and votes to be disapproved
Because his authority never after beholds
Not the authority to choose
And not the authority to live free
Never after has the state of charisma laid her anchors of change.

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Taking You In

Like an ignition in the clench of chill
And the smirk on an infant's sulky face
Like a sigh at a failing tempest
I'm resting out my best
So I take you in

Bracing as breeze, ripe from the deep of sea
I am letting you in
With every gasp I seize
I am taking you in

I am learning to smile out your smile
To echo thy laugh for whiles
And to believe in taking you in
Again and again

Like to thank,
To cherish,
And to exist in the breath of dream
I am taking you in
With hands gripped
Eyes closed
And heart chanting away
I am taking you in

Only you in

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The Contest Of Womanhood

She aches,
For the loss of womanhood
With an unadorned effort in trying to contest
She purposes to stroll away from the cluttered alters of altruism
Like a lunatic she searches the confidences of the tempest
For an answer to where;
Her beauty of youth,
And the tenderness of her yesterdays has vanished to?
With no courage of finding any she stares still
Expressive of an assassinating disparity
With a rhythm-less thud, she echoes the soreness and torment deep within
And in most of the life time,
She finds the intoxication of an outrageous battle for identity at the bottom of
her heart
She knows, her sentiment will never reconcile and this contest may not be for
her triumph.

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The Grandeur Of Justice

Running on descending estates
Trudging on greasy silts
Contesting against the odds of persistence
Contrary to all doubts of enduring
We are probing for existent time in the bottomlessness of earsplitting and
enigmatic dungeons
We are seized in a contest to live on uprightly.
Athwart with a realm of forfeiture and clutter,
We are reaching for justice.
Amid a reeking and shattering anarchy,
We are beseeching integrity.
Like madcaps we are calling out to void prides and orchestras
Aggressive to be heard amidst waif clatters
Resounding from radical, societal and fiscal empires of stimulation
We believe that to the vanishing end, we can still race for justice
If we run on minus getaways
We can be protagonists of this glory of reverence and uprightness
Though we've been servants,
We believe we can conquer the valor of this challenge
To the grandeur of justice and honesty for all

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The Standard

Don't stare for flawlessness' trail to follow
Nor for faultiness' tail to cling on
Rather choose to be of your own form
And hang out with others of your stature
That is sufficient to retain your integrity
Don't look out extensively for exceptional virtues to occupy you
Rather be amazed by every moment you do right
Don't let your heart be bred by foolishness of life/sin
Nor let yourself fail to stay as you're by pretending to be
You may fail to please but don't fight nor anger over it for long
Remember to cheer the random goods and scoff doubt in others
Pray that no one's pride bar you from giving of thy heart's compassion
That as you labor by day of deeds and vocations
You'll uphold one standard of life
The standard of being human

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Wake Me

Wake me up when you come
O! You of the vast and the wild,
Of maddening beauty,
Of humbling humility

Wake me again
When you put a voice to these endless words I hear
And put a face to the resounding of your name in my heart
Put a touch to this body-less embrace in the lone and dark
When you become the tune, rhythm, and melody of passion to the silent lyrics
besides my spirit

O! Wake me up when you come
Soldier of true beauty
Wake me to life, wake me to love

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Wasted Alligance

In the battle of titans
All gets bruised if not creased,
Scattered and ruined.
Hearts in waste endure
Awaiting an alluring alien
To whisper courage and affection not the echo of guns
When the charismatic trash their State Pledge of Allegiance
And contrast the devote of their constituencies
They begin to chase after stray blood which races across sweeping and veiled
lanes
They snare at smudged and sinister jumbles of endless corpses of their
electorates yet still stroll by
And the toughies in partisan hostilities persist;
Deprived of every aptitude and anticipation for amendment
Vanished in that old cry on sacrificial supremacy daises
Devoid of control and bereft of existence itself

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Where

Where are they gone to
When they claim to still be
The laughter and smiles
The talks and whispers
How have they let emptiness take their place
Without haste
Who saw them go by
Who has seen them here?

Their promises are here, unfulfilled
Not tendered anymore
Without the shoulder for me to lean on

Their counsel has fallen dead to all my brokenness
They are all deteriorated into empty silence

I look across my window
And the straying lank watches me back
Like it swallowed them live
And I want to fill my chest in
With new laughter of a new sound
The smile of a new feel

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Who We Were

The voice that bound us echoed
Lurid as the echo o' forever
Missioning us away
Bidding us to run
Away from us
From the affection we'd initiated
'T hailed us to throw in
A renunciation of who we're
A trash of all we'd become...
I still don't know if we did.

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Without My World

In the silence of world
Right there in the heart of dark
I rose, picked paper and pen
In the confines of walls to this room
Where all voices of you arise
And begin to speak,
To whisper
Sometimes bringing you back
And sometime to meander upon the skin of my heart
And itch at the tip of it's soul
O yeah, reminding me of how I miss you
Then I get to the knees
Systematically unzip this heart
In the eloquence of loneliness
I pour out whispers to a god somewhere
Just to say;
I need the strength to live without my world
The old world;
The world of me and my love

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You

Didn't know you for long
Didn't know you'd come by
Yet you came
O yeah! You did

Didn't see thy smile
Soon I did, and I learnt to smile it too
I learnt to laugh thy laugh
To see not how you saw
But just look in thy direction to see what ran before us

Now that you threaten to go away
Teach,
And teach me O! Precious you
To unlearn the waste of knowing you
Teach me the relearn of self
The old self
The one without you

So when you're gone
You'll stray not in my mind
That you'll go and leave me free
In a freedom of being without you
Because I don't know how long the without you will last
Neither do I know how much it will cost
But please let me be free when you are gone

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