

Poetry Series

**robert otim**  
**- poems -**

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## robert otim(04/02/1985)

i am a college student with great hope to take over the world! i may sound like Dr Evil but isn't that the whole idea of being a dreamer?

it a funny thing how a simple person hope so big..

i always tried to relieve the day of forgiveness because there is no many understand why we forgive...

# Dear Dream

Dear Dream

Dear dream it always start like you

A simple dream to start my day, dear dream

This morning I dream of greatness, dear dream

I remember waking up in the world of glory, dear dream

It was a wishful world full of rich color even though it always start out in black and white

Dear dream, I have experience the most wonderful thing this morning

Dear dream, I have witness my eyes change color this morning

Dear dream, I have seem a colorful road with turn

A road that lead to a shinning castle, a castle that show its color through a shooting fire

Dear dream, the castle stood as the only beautiful picture in front of me

My eyes are shatter with firework shooting in and out of the picture

Dear dream I was in peace

My mind is in a field of glory, wondering in the light of greatness

Dear dream, good morning and yah I am awake

robert otim

# Hey I Am Black

I am black

I claim to be black according to my expression

I feel black when my morning moment welcomes me

I feel black while I am lifting my bare body off the sleeping bed

I feel the strange of blackness in me as I mentally stretch my muscle

I am a walking darkness as I fully open my eyes on my way to the morning  
bathroom

Look who is that in the mirror?

Hey I am black!

robert otim

# Home Sweet Home

Home sweet home is a beautiful name  
If it is a song, it would be a welcoming song of peacefulness  
A song that would be chanted by millions of the return  
It is a beautiful song and it would go like this  
Home sweet home is a beautiful dwelling; it was build and elevare by my mom  
and pap,  
Down by the street is where we stand and scream home sweet home.  
It would be the first of the morning when we might be at our best and form the  
stand of beauty  
We would public our idea to start our greeting on this day  
The secret speech that signal the welcoming sound of celebration in the nation of  
my family  
A mother and father would call son and daughter to hum the song and together  
everyone would go like this  
Home sweet home is a beautiful place, it was build and rise by my mom and pap,  
down by the street is where we stand and scream home sweet home.  
From the moment that begin with a smile in the eye and a thankful word that  
sounded like an end of war  
All from my mom and dad house to the front yard of every kids parent home, it  
would be the scream of home sweet home.  
Home sweet home is a beautiful name that bring peace in my neighborhood  
It bring my brothers and sisters to bond with relative we are meeting for the first  
time  
Home sweet home is a beautiful name that ends with a smile for mile down the  
neighborhood.  
Home sweet home is what it would sound like.

robert otim

# I Am A Soldier

I am a soldier

It started as a dream, a simple soldier from the street getting lost in a shacking world

I took a job as a street keeper but in my mind I am a mental child

From time to time I would battle in my dream trying to win a lost war

I open my eyes in the middle of the day saying goodbye to my boss as I walk away

I walk down street only to tried my limit, in my mind, my distant is unlimited

In the world I am the forgotten soldier lost in an open battle field

"I am the forgotten soldier, living as a legend on the street of nowhere, trying to take my place in this world"

I tried to understand my place in this world as I look side to side

I turn around to see who is targeting this lost soldier

Is my lost soul still a threat in the eye s of the world or am I the forgotten soldier that was blindly cast out

Away in a mental battle field

Please remember this young soldier and help me find my way in what remain of me

I am the forgotten soldier living as a mist in the eye of many

I am a living legend on the street of no where

"I am the forgotten soldier, living as a legend on the street of nowhere trying to take my place in this world"

Find this forgotten soldier and welcome me in a peaceful neighborhood where my mind would freely win the war

"I am the forgotten soldier, living as a legend on the street of nowhere trying to take my place in this world"

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# Life Is Okay

Life is okay  
Life is okay if I only live it out  
Some said it is too painful to be a life  
It's forever dark when the sun goes downhill  
My side always hurt when the night goes bottomless  
The day lights is never peaceful  
I had no motivation to perform  
My boss never like me for a global reason  
My neighborhood is lost with nothing to spend but that is ok  
Because life is okay if I only live it out  
The story never gets any better  
I knew a young lady who once said she had enough of living wage  
Soon it was noon and her voice began to shout as her story was being told  
through the tear of her emotion  
She was once a baby  
Her father was the best daddy in the whole global  
Her baby daddy is gone and she could never witness the best in him  
Her daughter voices was loud enough to make her tear drop  
I said life is okay if I live it out  
It can only get better by the passing of time and you should live it out too.  
Life is okay if you only live it  
Life is okay

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# Street Of Hell

Growing up on the street of hell is a painful story to tell mom, but if I ever had the time, I would tell her about the day I survive the bloody night. My only fear is I hope she would understand and forgive her son.

Street of hell is a hill top to my fallen half, but after today only blood should remain.

Sorry to tell you this ma

It all started on the early Sunday morning when I easily wake up on the wrong side of the bed and choose to turn my back on the tradition.

It was a sick morning and I had to trick my mom to believe I was too ill to accompany her to the house of worship

The second my dear mom step out the door, I put on my street clothes with a matching hat leaning to the back of my neck

I walk down Hell Street to find the usual spot and kick it with my companion Assemble back around the corner and the beat of the usual conversations began to spit

I heard Buck and Duck going at it on how hard life is

Buck said he wish for fun day; Duck said thrown a rock at anything you see

One rock Buck, two rock Duck and a drive by car came to stop

A simple question was ask by the driver but Buck and Duck couldn't hear it

911 ring the driver cell phone, at the tick of a second I heard a familiar sound and

It was a black and white train

It was a long line of cop's buddies who were in the habit

Hell Street have been known for a blood dropp and a cops never marched in for a conversation

Buck and duck knew the routine; they took a one two steps and sprint for it

The meeting is over but I was too tied to run away

I stood my ground and listen to the driver converse in my face

The cops were too busy running after the fugitive

Buck and Duck have been wanted on the entire poster down hell Street and today is the day they ran for it.

I thought about pushing the driver off my face but I was too lazy to do it

The driver was mad but I had to go home

I slowly walk and sprint around the corner to my house

I set in front of my TV and I heard the reporter said "blood have been spilt on hell street today"

It was the worse news to hear on Sunday, Buck and Duck were long gone and never to be seen again.

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is I hope she would understand and forgive her son.

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# The Day I Became President

The day I became president was like the day I enter through the gate of dream  
Blindly my eyes was seeing colors in black and white  
It was an early morning and my alarm clock went off  
I was wide awake and half asleep in the face  
Easily I move my body off the squealing bed  
I took a blind step to relinquish the beeping sound but my left toe took a hit on  
my shouting garbage container  
I took a motion step to calm the room  
I roll my eyes down at the bottom door  
A sound of tick went off and the light beams shoot out of the main room  
I thought I heard my dad voice  
Boom! Boom! Came knocking on the door like a call from mister policemen  
It spoke like a morning sound of a woman and it was my mother  
Son! Go to school  
I swear in silence to a room full of thing  
I hated the stupid alarm  
The garbage was the poorer  
I dress up in my school clothes  
My shoe is well on my two feet  
My tie was bright enough to light the way  
I slowly step out into the front door and drag my left foot and the door crash the  
wind into me  
The wind escape like a sound as it was my mother telling me to dream big  
On my way to school, I dream of sleeping a bit longer only to walk the country of  
dream  
It was a day back when I had the best dream in all of the free world  
It was a long painful dream  
On my wall, I remember a simple month of Jan  
The month I always remember the day of my birth and today it became the day  
of my dream  
Today is the day I hear a sweet sound o freedom  
All will be well and my words will be Obey  
My father children will finally reach the sky for today is the day we come in the  
open and witness the dream of our father  
In the present day is the day I became president  
Today I rule  
Today I am a hero in my own dream.

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# What Is Music

What is music?

What is music?

Is music the languages that shoot out of my mouth and speak in silence?

Is music the moving of my lip according to my mind command?

What is music?

Music is the one two word that my mind put together in my mouth

Music is the airs that escape a snap of my violence teeth

Music is the wisdom sound my mind and mouth produce

Music is the combine sound that entertain my ear drum

What is music?

Music is a simple sound I verbalize to state my joyful soul

Music is the jingle that loosen my soul in time of desire

Music is the sounds that launch me to a free world

Music is the spirit that struggle in me

What is music?

Music is the sound I scream from my mouth to a free humanity

Music is a one two word I yell

Music is the lyric I cry to express my mental mind,

My beating heart

My jumping feet

My shouting soul

My sweating body

What is music?

Music is the rhythm of my voice, what is music? ?

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