

Poetry Series

# Slowknock Kache

- poems -

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# Slowknock Kache()

# Despair

What ails me I can't speak  
in body & soul am weak.  
In this state, a boy can defeat  
a gypsy can me, cheat.

Slowknock Kache

# Hope

Siteth gazen' at the pregnant cloud,  
lyf recallin' to analyze.  
What ill'd me past, present around,  
self pity ns fantacize.  
From misery plannin' to flee,  
heart sees more than eyes admit to agree.

Slowknock Kache

# Lost In The Pool Of Religions

A've heard of the great deeds of the gentile saviour,  
of his teachings & upright behaviour,  
Bt why, my spirit of him not devour?

Next came the wanderer of the Arabian desert,  
In Africa his knowledge he sort to impart,  
But from him, my spirit decided to depart.

Have I told u of my tribe's god, ngai?  
Heard he was in the desert with Haggai,  
Him my foe call 'mlagai'

what of the Asian god buddha,  
wonder if he know of the children of judah,  
my friends say he is the king of 'duba'

Once a've thought of doom's magic,  
his work I hear is fantastic,  
But of him, my spirit is allergic.

Am torn between this gods, with faith of a cord,  
Amongst them, who is my true lord?  
Tell me, so I know which bus to board.

All that I do is in vain,  
my spirit is in pain,  
searching for whom it throne to reign.  
(mlagai-conperson.  
Duba-witchcraft)

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# Sunset

Blue burnin' fiercely red,  
when the sun goeth to bed.  
Beauty for the eyes behold,  
captured in words other' told.  
A wild fire donteth burn,  
is a world brought forth by the sun.

Slowknock Kache

# To The Special One

This is a ditty to the little child,  
who made me smile.

This a poem to my parents,  
who brought me forth.

This is a dance to my relatives & friends,  
who make day joyful.

This is devotion to the freedom fighter,  
who make me walk with pride.

This is my thanks to everyone,  
who try to better humanity.

This is my gratitude to you, who tarry to read my prose.

This is praise to Allah,  
who guide my path.

(oct,20,2010)

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