Yusuf Rashid Pyrus
- poems -

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Yusuf Rashid Pyrus(06/06/1993)

iam GOD.

A Dead Man Walking

Yearning for the
large excitement
that the coming
years would yield
earger-hearted as
a boy when first i
leave my fathers
field and at night
i should walk to
the grave yard
and sleep next
to my mother
oh lord why
you took her
from me first
it was my papa
now what?
I can leave
my gran mother
atleast take me
away from this
pain i've been
walking around
lately with my
chest wide open
i've been willing
to get caught by killers
and separate my soul
from my body oh lord
if you realy exist my
mother would be alive
and i wouldn't be waking
up to these strange lucid
dreams

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A Dream Of War

Stay undershadowed breath
with the sea-gulls the pain
swirl over the moon crown
of the kings of flying fish left
untouched amazon went black
plain death moved with it feet
and stood suprisely when the
old musician broke up with his
instrumental sound.

The words on the table cried
for the knives cutting it soul
into two pieces they dive on the
floor when a giant ant stood with
it android eyes wide closed eating
verbs and swinging it meanings
on the books of thought.

I was drunk than i fart on the
air it disperse all over my nose
i saw demons running away with
their sickle swinging towards them am i dreaming? Who am i?
Am a poet who was left by his
parents to write about his pain
and inspired the dark to walk again.

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A Troubled Boy

Early on a sunny morning, while a bird sing the sweetest song, the sleeping doll trapped in a tunnel deep underground, i saw two kids fighting to rescue it, while the wind ask me are they heroes or driven by some jelousy motive? What change has made the pastrure street, i saw the pool of joy more clear than the pool clowns where other water laugh up at the breast of fool and rail.

A walking maiden, smile with her eyes close, as my eyes seem to be moving with her texture of her skin, since i can't and will not move, she stays with her head coming up. Finally i force a smile trying to hide my suprise. Past the sleepy streets the poet with a matching socks and tie laugh at me while i came up running with screaming word and i could tell by the look on his eyes he can see me bleeding behind my eyes cursing at my own weakness.

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Midnight Force

My eyes fell on her lips, she
walk with her feet on the
sand, i lost control trying
to talk to her, she moved
with the wind and stood
half naked with her eyes
close, one love she said
laughing me on my knee.

The gun blew her smile and
she now dead on my sleep
the midnight hunt my cry
i couldn't believe i let her
go, the ghost skeleton smiles
on it sleep and moved the lives
of her breeds on the wall, it was
not their duty to question my cry, life will keep hammering the grass blades in
the ground i admire this
violence, love is iron, i admire, i may never understand the contract between the
dead and the living, there is some terror in
their eyes, what i will never undestand, is the beast who write this and claims the
centre of life.

Let me join her, kill my smile and
burry it with my shy, the devil seek for her soul and kept it on
the dark world to live in it own
pride, seek for the pray that will
keep the dead in peace, i will seek for her to return to me....

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Night Fall

Clothed all in black the
bird died while trying
to fly from earth, the
season went darker
and thinner all i could
see is black widows crying
for their sons, the war has
ended and many souls has
been snaped out just to show
that they were not brave enough.

We walked to the moon where
wolves run and haul on the
wound, lost in the hearts of
the fair and brave, i weep for
chieftain who died on the
mountain, the night weep
for the witch who died on
the cave, while my mind
sleep on the wave i could feel
the supersonic boom plane
passing us, i ran my eyes
in the sky hope to see my
own troops trying to save
us instead they shoot us.

Paris of ocean by moonlight
have slept, we'll dive where
the gardens of dead lay, speechless, farewell brothers
no pearl ever lay under Oman's
green water more pure in its
shell than its spirit, as i was about
to burry my thoughts on the sand
i heard noises leaping on my brain
i tried to escape as i felt the bullete kissing my foreheard, and
said i will meet you on the sun set, as i lay thinking about my family the world
seem to vanish by second to seconds than it was all dark, dead and gone...

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Sweet Pandora

I saw the look on
your face the ieche
notes left unread i
saw you crying on
your faith as God
kept you under
his arm you too
beautiful to be uneducated
you said you wanna be a
docter since your mother
left you, you always wanted
to change the world and
cure aids and cancer but
the sad man called your
name to die on your hands
it was not a test but do you
have faith? You beautiful
to me wave em high girl
up to the sky your soul
is the light that comes from
heaven sweet marry oh sweet
marry i saw your poems on
the table there are full of pain
as if i dont know pain you
know last night i almost killed
my self the evil God hanged my
thought in the mirror it was magic dont say am insane as
am falling inlove with you
oh sweet marry...the sweetest
pandora am falling for you

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The Walking Zombie

The minute pass by air
i stood there with my
eyes naked, voices drinking
wine for their last supper
calling their tones lames.

The hour glass broke in anger
time serving the seed of evil
growing from the internet
i gotta take a break from my
mind it ducking it sensory
part from thinking, double
dragons got twins twisting
the history of death.

Hexaponda still left un open
spiders walking with their
eyes closed carrying poisen
to inject in human system, i kept
on minding my business smoking
my thoughts away just to look cooler pineta hit the sub-way
finding my head gloeming in the
dark it might be fire flies.

Script fall while the words burn
in vandel they still drinking i mean my voice is drunk from the knowledge that
people carried to be slave of the media, it all media on my face let me switch my
mind
and die.

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