

Ayafa Tekena

Had I known?

Grazing goats

drowning in misery

at the sight of

bedridden grasses

Their nose

An alarm clock

A time bomb

constantly ticking

an error all it takes

for their skin to be charcoal

and to be blessed

with an everlasting smile

shepherd with staffs

long enough to part

the red sea

the rod a guardian angel

whose touch instil wisdom

into the charcoal hearts

of these horns

Eyes glowing in emerald
As they sense purity
bathed in wool
take a stroll
to dine in this banquet
innocent souls bow their head
in respect to their last supper
before being stripped
to be drenched
with the innocence
of a lamb

vibrant smiles sprinkled
around the room
eyelids drizzling
Drunk lips
running like a broken tap
sobriety strikes my soul
like a plague
Drowning in memories
that held me hostage to mockery
Hope is the life buoy
that boomerang me to reality
where the unbelievers roam like paparazzi
waiting to harvest like a leech
but like a chameleon I blend
confusion strikes their tent

Till they succumb
and flee to find another prey.

Revealing what lies within

Paint my heart in acrylic

speechless

The beauty endearing

toppled by Medusa's eyes

Breath on a pause

where is the tulip

that bloomed in your garden?

Crows found refuge

in beauty and dyed it

in their colour

sunlight to twilight

gold to crimson

why swings on their throats

unable to fall off

Fear brings their ego

to a stand still

Embers sprinkling its rage

in form of silence

Harp notes releases dopamine

heads bow

knees pay homage to the floor

hands clutch to the crucifix

tears drifting on eyelids

As they toil

to grant me redemption

I have become one

with the abyss

The robe speaks in tongues

olive oil sliding from my temple

like a landslide

confusion on a rampage

solar and lunar trading blows

both eclipse at its peak

only the wearer knows

where the shoe pinches

call an Ambulance

Ambulance is the fairy

whose eyes enchants my soul

whose lips takes me on a journey

on how immaculate God is

whose words are like

milk on a suckling mouth

whose hug is like

Being in Noah's Ark

whose tender palms

would open Pandora's box

when the little voice cries for help

call an Ambulance

for the time has come

to breathe into my oasis

and make our sweet love
give birth to a confluence.

Time will tell

I shut my eyes

and awake in hell

thoughts in form of lashes

rain injuries

leaving me scarred brutally

my mind dyed in

the coat of many colors

perplexed

Drowned by fear

Trust comes

in form of a vision

soaked in purity

light radiating

suspended in air

the beautiful wings

so overwhelming

Hands stretched

I flee to the cave

A lad terrified

to his knees whispers

is us against the world

the three words

feels like the biggest lie

I have been told

because If so

then why all of that

I guess I will never know
Afflicted by a plague
To see true love
but for it to always
slip from my grasp
To love but not to be loved
maybe solitude is my fate
who knows?
yours sincerely
the unloved.

The shot

Drowning in the fiery furnace

The ship has capsided

my emotions in a turmoil

Backstabbed by love

The sweet toxic taste of wine

dulls your senses

she throws you in comatose

love - a potion soaked in gall

my lips starved of laughter

happiness has become sour

I find joy in solace

Tears born from grief

keeps me sane

clutching to the last piece of humanity

Sending goodbye letters

cause I can't take it no more

all I need is one more shot

before I bid farewell.

Second chance

The most high placed a crown
on his servant
the bushes lit in flames
leaves glowing bright green unfazed
the echo of his anointing
blast through my eardrums

Holy land

Bare foot engraved on the earth
The mace clenched in my palms
in my slumber
the promised land waits
patiently and craving
souls of the ignorant
where is paradise?
Vision impaired
mindless

Doubting Thomas taunts

The pilgrimage
Tongue tied
mimicked
but
the heart is
a fire furnace
ravaging anything in sight

on their knees they plead
peace be still
mercy

And like Jon snow
second chance is
handed to them in cuffs
The scripture
their only treasure
till home calls
and peacefully
in his abode
it's a reunion.