

Poetry Series

Fasika Ayalew
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Fasika Ayalew()

I am who I am.

! ! Rocking Lullaby! !

A lullaby as silence sings
Back and fourth the soul swings
Caressing and with gentle embrace
A lullaby as silence plays
Away from its mortal shell
Within its realm the soul dwells

By rocking moves as silence beats
In calmness the soul exists
Silence sings its lullaby
With wings of joy the soul flies

Senses and reason to bring close
In lullaby silence rocks
Reasoning mind senses listen
Real becomes the world within

Need of the flesh the soul's demand
To intersect as one to stand
Calm serene and soft lullaby
Knot our being to entwine

Fasika Ayalew

****musical Notes Of Life ****

The sun peeks through the horizon
In the wake of another day
As heart drums, breathe waves
Vibrations inside veins
Alert the soul;
Thought and reason
Move notes of live within

Real self wrestled with the ideal
Arrange sounds of being in time
As inner peace champions the soul
Our life just plays on...
Like good music
Delight to the heart
Nice to the ears

Mind and soul struggle
To define time with vision
Dreams challenged with who we are
Conducts life musical bar
Yet, inharmonic each day unfolds
As hope give way to chaos

Unified or in disarray
The mind compose its play
Our actions write the lyric
Being in time make music
Music for life...
Performed to the audience
To the watching universe
To the world concert it shows
Composed in notes as each day goes

Existence in universe makes music
The sun rises every morning
Another day comes to be
It's a new note musical key
Harmonized or in disarray
The mind composes its play

Musical notes of life...

Fasika Ayalew

****please Wake Up...****

With a gentle touch and a move slow
A light streamed through my window
Taking a twinkling steps
The ray danced upon my face

Taken and deep in my sleep
I hid my face under my sheet
The light filtered through my cover
Said to my ears in a whisper
"Please wake up..."

"I won't wake up but see my dream
It's night time don't disturb me"
I argued reluctantly

"Please wake up...
You have got to see"
The light insisted
Defiantly I still persisted
"How about my adventure in my sleep
If I wake up from my dream"
"Please wake up, your dream is abstract
Keeping in touch with an illusion
Wake up and be with what is real"

The nudge was hard that I can't stand
With bleary eyes so I woke up
In the mid of the night
When everywhere is so dark
Ball of illumination, yellow and bright
Has outdone the dark night

'Wake up and see...
With golden rays rested upon
Animals, trees and earth silhouette
Birds perch up in their nest
The night is quiet, my rays are bright
You are sleep while nature shimmers
To miss my beauty as you slumber

Please wake up...
I am the moon let me have your gaze
As I tickle you with my rays"

In the mid of the night
When everywhere is so dark
Ball of illumination, yellow and bright
Has outdone the dark night

Awake and on my bed seated
I saw the light on earth flooded
Moderate brightness and contrast
Flow of rays in balance,
Shaped the moon's gleeful dance
I gave the moon a surprised look
It said to me "come join the group"

Moon, nature and I conversed
In a language without words
Transcending our difference
It was I, the human being
To the connection, a missing link

Soon radiance came from the east
Beyond the moon so majestic
Moon waved and it was gone
Sun took over at break of dawn
Everywhere the ray glistened
Another day I just witnessed

Latches of day sunrise unfasten
Time remains closed till I open
I was wide awake...
Eager to see what lies ahead

Fasika Ayalew

****sediments Of Life****

Fresh and so curious □
With purity and innocence,
What lies ahead, eager to know
As a stream we start to flow

Along this course down a hill
So many brooks of hope and vision
□.of strength, dream and will
Conjoin as big river
Step ahead and flow further

In the course of life
This river is just young
Wild is its imagination
So strong, its ambition
Upwelling of its emotions
To secure a future, identity to define
Push the flow to rapids, down the valley to fly
The river of youth, went in speedy currents
On its way carried what was there on the earth

Down a deep gorge
As the water swiftly surge
Its strength at climax
Churn the drift to cataracts
In misty foam or a rainbow's arc
The river leaves a benchmark□

We as rivers, flow in currents □
Posing on achievement and failure
Unfaltering and calm is the mid course river
Wide is its bank, serene its journey
As it steadily flows for legacy

On trails of time clays to imprint
To pass on layers of silt,
To witness its once existence,
It residues on the track of life

We as rivers, flow in currents
The long trip from its head
Through its voyage to recollect
At the last course, in the sunset
The river ponders on its sediment

At the mouth awaits the sea
As an outlet to infinity
And mistakes learned, toiled effort
Life of success, well travelled path
Enough sediments, brings about
 Fertile ground to cultivate
 A platform to reflect
 Delta of life before the sea
Leaves the river to eternity...

Sediments of life to pile up
At the end since the start
Determined to move, if hope ever fails
The river ends without a trace
Through sieve of life, having no sift
The salty water the river meets

Rivers we are, to sediment in time
Flow in currents, life to define.

Fasika Ayalew

shining Lantern

I bright the darkness
I am a lantern
A feeble light I am
Without my enclosure
Without my protection
My life will end
Put off instantly
By a gushing wind
Stay close
Protect me
Be my enclosure
So I will be
A shining lantern

I am a lantern
A shining lighthouse
But a mere presence I am
Without my glass
Stay close
Cover me safely
Shining lantern
So I will be

I am a lantern
In the darkness can guide
But I am a weak ray
Without my guard
Stand by my side
Put away the wind and tide
Be around be my gate keeper
So I will be a shining lantern

Fasika Ayalew

what If...

Just a thought
An idea escape
Bang, bang
Knocking the head

“What if ...”
Sky is blue
Water is red
Nose at the back
Eyes on the neck
What if we know
Beginning of time
End of eternity
Wondering ‘what if’ in curiosity

Floating upon a melody
“Que sera, sera, what ever will be, will be
The future is not ours to see”
The phrase ‘what if’ still persists

Fasika Ayalew

++sand Papers++

With coarse grain of envy and theft
Spotted across its surface
To let you fall
If evil thinkers scratch your heart
With sand paper of bad deeds
Just hold on...

Hold on to hope
Stick to the truth
to a good shape
Sand paper will polish you right
But crumpled and sagged
the sand paper will soon wear out

Fasika Ayalew

+the World Is Small+

As they shared
different shif
On the same spot
they used to sit
on the table
what she carelessly wrote
from someone reply it brought

In childhood philosophy
with purity and eagerness
for quiet some time
they shared letters
Then...a decade passed
time flew by...
so fast went years
she went her way
as he did his
Ten years later...
as she was about
a road to cross
calling her name
she heard a voice
'the letters...dont your remember
said a voice familier'

Letters they wrote
ideas they shared
in the path of memory
trails it has made
the world is small
one planet
After 10 years
the two friend met

it is true that
in this track
that we call life
as we run
in every lap

people join you
run in your lane
...then separate
in another round
yet meet again

Long separated ones
until you see
in life- this long journey
think of good memories
The world is small
Its a small globe
so... to good memories
tightly hold on...

Fasika Ayalew

100 Days

Land was red with blood
Tears flowed like a flood
Life shadowed with fear
With sorrow very deep
Cause it was taken away
As something very cheap
Trust was long gone
Gave its way for differences
In the time of hatred
In those hundred days

As if they do not share
From same land the same face
Millions went away
In those hundred days

What good are conferences?
What good is human right?
After they are all gone
By deep rooted spite

Whose story is it?
Those, to stop it who failed
Or those who orchestrate
Or those who kept quiet
Wanting the scene probably
To be part of the world history
Or those who perished

To live as united being unable
What was done was done
In the month of April
There in Rwanda...

Fasika Ayalew

A Good Omen

In stormy gale against its speed
You managed to fly despite the wind
Hiking a mount against its slop
You managed to stand upon its top
Despite a wave's swallowing curve
Against a tide you coped to surf
Not drowned you rose above
Against all odds you showed me love

Despite the dark you dared to shine
Against your tears for me you smile
Taming me with love despite the trouble
Upon my wild heart at last you saddled
With strings of love, king of the ether
As He united us, knit us together
The tide gave up, the storm recede
A gentle breeze became the wind
No matter how high gets a mountain
Love will provide its good omen

Fasika Ayalew

At The Confluence...

At the confluence
Our souls converged
Like the Blue Nile and the White
Tears flowed as one
At the confluence of our soul
Stamped on our smile
Our hearts danced as one
Crossing the desert
Passing through the forest
Over the mountain,
And through the valley...

Pumped by the force of emotions
Squeezed through our eyes
Our tears flowed as one
At the confluence
As our soul entwine

Fasika Ayalew

Avalanches Of Solitude

Marching down high altitude
Engulfed by white solitude
Avalanches of snow pile upon
The aching part of the lonely soul
With bullets of ice wounded inside
Frozen is the heart by the blizzards
The soul and heart together huddle
Rub in silence hope to kindle
Chilly, frosty with pensive mood
Cold are the days of solitude
Till the snowy storms finally abate
Put me in your cave to hibernate

Fasika Ayalew

Back In Time

They relax be at ease
on the face your muscles
and your lips stretch out
into thought as you escape
folding entirely to a crescent shape.
Then you know you are smiling
by the force of feeling
from inside that fountain
the good days as you count
and your face turns to a smile
as you ride back in time
galloping through the mile.

Fasika Ayalew

Because It Is The Middle East

They are simply words
World peace human right
They are mere utterance
Now who spoke for them?
For the little kids cries
Who stood for their remorse?
Where are the activists
Where are the great leaders?
Still having a peace conference?
What are they discussing?
Dressed elegantly in their black suit
Do they stand for the kids under the black soot?
Ah! Human right...
Regardless of who they are...they are children
Never agreed to see this blaze of fire
Never agreed to be who they are today
When horror was all over the faces of those kids
Who cared to wipe away their endless tears?
But taken, gone by their ceaseless cries
"Children first" was simply an utterance.
You know why because it is the Middle East
Where life falls like autumn leaves.
A place where by design and default
People lives are regarded as short
And nobody cares
Because it is the Middle East

Fasika Ayalew

Believe, Hope And Dream

I invested in time so you can talk
I invested in hope so you can dream
I invested in dream so you can believe
I invested my words so you can vision
To see beyond what is seen
Believe despite the rain
Hope despite the fog
Dream despite the nightmare
To take a chance despite the fear
I believed, I hoped, I talked
I envision... I invested in time
To dream so that you can

I believed, I hoped, I talked
I envision... I invested in time
In my mind's track so I let you run

Feel your legs is it not tired?
Feel its muscles, is there no cramp?
Feel your heart is not beating fast
You've been running through my mind

Believe, hope and dream
So I will be a winner,
Vision, hope and dare,
So I can have many folds return

Fasika Ayalew

Beyond

hard cover
tattered edges
a dull front
with torn pages.
however i dared
despite the cover
i tossed through
from chapter to chapter
from life to life
from time to time.
The romance and comedy
The suspense and pleasure
The joy and adventure
to know i was eager.
As i did,
it was a story with strong theme
mesmerizing
compelling
from what it seems.
it was nice with a good content
as i flip through the volumes of your heart.
it was full blown and whole
as i flip through the manuscripts of your soul.
Beyond the torn pages,
with you as i talked
with you time i spend
there was honest person
to know you as i dared.
Beyond the cover.

Fasika Ayalew

Blackout

Their eyes look but they do not see
They seem to smile but they are not happy
They pretend while their heart saddens
Their body fakes while their soul suffers
While their dream is like a mirage
Seen only from the distance
While to hold on hope is like to kayak,
Down a wild rapid in a rocky valley
When it's all tempest, ruggedness
While they walk the journey of life
Where there is no safe quarter like a yacht,
They chose to be in blackout
Numb
Disconnected
Unplugged
In a world of blackout
Cheers...cheers

Fasika Ayalew

Cold Tears

I try to stand yet I fall
Among many I feel alone
I try to catch, I can not reach
I try to belong, can't find my niche
I want to rise up yet I drown
I try to smile yet I frown
I try to grasp my mother's face
It fleets away through my gaze
I know that I am orphaned
Is it the reason for all the 'can't'
Why this feeling I questioned and asked
Lip serviced and with sympathy
I was told that I live with HIV
What is HIV...and why on me...?
Both my parents why have I lost?
A healthy lad why I am not?
Can anyone tell me why?
'For your question of why
I do not know but why'
is what I get as a reply
Why...?
Oh ...Lord why, I addressed my plea
But no answer came promptly
Why...? Can anyone tell me why...?
...as I cry my cold tears
Why on a boy of 11 years?

Fasika Ayalew

Confusion

A Maze hard to exit
An alley with a dead end
A pendulum of uncertainty
That swings back and fourth
A force, in closed route that pushes to
It's a labyrinth hard to break through

Fasika Ayalew

Continuation In Separation

A continuum...

The sun never stops shining
Darkness never stops falling
Seasons never stop changing
The earth never stops spinning

An interruption...

The soul parts away
The body departs
Far beyond the eyes could see
A dissection...
A break in continuation

In the depth the body lies
In the height the soul flies
Separation...

Yet, the sun shines
The earth spins
Rules of nature still play on
Tuning its melody to different notes
"What is" goes on in the cosmos
A continuum...

Fasika Ayalew

Dare To Believe

Scattered dreams
Dispersed like motes of dust
Came together
Highlighted by shaft of light
A grain of sand brought about

Dust dared to be sand
Sand dared to be brick,
Brick dared to be wall
High above the clouds,
Together they stood up tall

Fasika Ayalew

Don'T Go Away

You are like a mirror, I am its reflection
You are like a drum, I am its vibration
You are like a waterdrop, I am its rainbow
You are like a tree, I am its bough.
You are like a bud, I am the flower
You are like a prism, I am all the colors
I gleam, I shine in your presence
Please don't go away.

Fasika Ayalew

Emancipation

Compass of freedom directs us within
In our soul freedom tunes, songs of redemption
Let not liberty die in our heart
Let not freedom dwindle in our mind
Let our feast be so strong
Break the prison of fear
Resurrect our soul, spirit rekindle

Let our mind be free
Let our spirit dance
Let our soul stand out
Not timid but with triumph

Let the chain be broken
For our freedom exists
Neither in the west nor in the east

In the spirit of oneness
With the bond of unity
Respect for who we are
Vision for who we can be
Let the chain be broken
Let freedom come to life
As we break the chain from our mind
BE FREE and sing
Songs of redemption

Fasika Ayalew

Endless Race

When desire takes over
Insatiable need overrides
The mind will run a prize less one
An endless distance ...
The mind will stride
Speed up its pace
It accelerates
Run its own race

The mind will run
An endless journey
Till it looks into the depth
To reconcile with its essence
Until it does...
The mind will run a tiresome distance

Over one's will when emotion take over
Desire overrides,
The mind will run a fruitless one
Until it reconciles with the soul
To calm down and take control

Fasika Ayalew

Enigma

what is time?

The changing of seasons
or the ticking of the clock

From a crib to a grave
or unbounded eternity

from hours to days

or from decade to century

While counting it with watch

Easy to experiance

but hard to define

what is this enigmatic time

Fasika Ayalew

Happy Birth Day To Be Alive On Today

When it rains...
With every fall the earth drums
Flowers smile and trees dance
Along the wind in the pouring rain
Leaves blow here and there
The thunder lights, nature sparkles
With every dropp lakes ripple
The sea collects with every drop
Nature enjoys on mother earth - the dance floor

To see the sun rise and set
On the free canvas,
To see clouds in portrait
Each day be born as new
Be born again...to witness nature's view

For the eyes that open every day
For the air that is free
Part of nature to be
Happy birthday simply to live today
Happy birhtday! !

Fasika Ayalew

Hateful Eyes; "they' Vs "us"

On this land we call home
With faces we all share
Tangled in a division 'they' against 'us'
"They" ignored their ears, muffled our cries
'They' Vs 'Us'

And this land we call home turned to penitentiary
We never really knew how it's like to be free
If we ever ask, our hands will be in cuffs
To freely think, speak, free enough to be oneself

On an Atlantic bird we foolishly waited upon
To chirp freedom one fine early dawn
It never came...
With a dissection severely torn apart
"They" made "us" live like an immigrant
On this land we call home...
Grudgingly, if in the turn of events
We wish to make them live life even much worse

Wallowing in a rift of malice and hatred
"They" and "us" foolishly waited upon a bird
Some where from the Atlantic freedom to herald
When we never held in unity our hands
We failed our freedom

Fasika Ayalew

Humble Sinners

I have witnessed and I have seen
But my mouth will always be sealed
I am a humble sinner
My hands clap, my feet tap
On the altar as you two stand
My eyes on you and yours on mine
I am weary and you're skeptical
I am a humble sinner
A distant spectator
Seeing a nightmare within a dream
Shutting my mouth for what I've seen
I am a humble sinner
With the song along dancing
With the fork the cake eating
I am a humble sinner
You are a foolish lover
She is an honest believer
We all are humble losers
Life's gamblers
Then... tell me...
What truly is love's divine
For her, for you and I
The humble sinners
Here goes the vow
"To love, to hold & to cherish
Till death do you apart..."
But the truth will die
Deep in my heart
A humble sinner
Life goes on...

At the Wedding Hall
January, 2008

Fasika Ayalew

I Am Not An Angel

I am not an angel
For I haven't been able
To dry those tears
Tears of frustration
Tears of confusion
Trickling down many faces
A pain of loss hurts to ease
I am not an angel...
Cloaked under a mantel of sham
I haven't helped truth to shine
Truth of love, care and trust
I have done nothing for its rescue
Beyond the horizon of deception
I only saw it ebb away
So 'I am an angel' how could I say
And...
I am not a disturbing presence
I have my own bruises
A mind to heal a spirit to nurture
Struggling for strength to go on
Thus I am not a disturbing soul
But ...
I try to smile when I am hurt
I try to dream though elusive
If I don't receive yet wish to give
Only if my gestures can
If not to lavish but hope to sprinkle
If not leave a path of care but only a trace
In a journey of life to ease those aches
Not to pretend but to be
Not expecting any rewards
Not to find place in those hearts
Simply because
Those virtues are my righteousness
My Revelation
I am not a disturbing presence
I am not an angel
I am who I am
For who I am I don't have a definition.

Fasika Ayalew

In Love With Their Ego

He feels good when he is with her
She feels good when they are together
She feels miserable when he is not by her side
When she is not around, he feels very bad
Often times it is said they are in love much so
When what they fall in love with is their own inner ego
To feel good

Fasika Ayalew

Insomniac

Sleepless as she is
She stares up...
Lying on her back in her bed
Feeling her burning hands
She stares up, her eyes gaze
An endless journey her mind race
Jumping hurdle after hurdles
Yet many ones to come
Trying to sleep
She is burning
In her stomach feeling severe pain
This world to forget
Her feelings she stifle
In a world of paradox she is deeply in
A big echo inside of her resonates
"I wish I were interested in what money can buy
Never search for truth than ask the question why"
Why the hatred while she can love
Why the jealousy while she can have
Echo again...
"Oh! For a life so short
Why don't I take a shot "
Sleepless as she is
Midst her fingers her cigar she lit
Puff in...out...p-u-f-f
Till she goes to sleep
Only for a brief moment
To close her eyes' shutter
But her weary mind wanders
For truth, love and purity
Restless...
Right away the birds sing
It's another morning
Back to the world
With fake feeling
Fake smile
Empty promise
Seeking hearts that can not ease
Yet she believes

As sleepless as she is
That she will find truth

Fasika Ayalew

Just Teen Ager...

Just teen ager
Fumbling for a trail
Some tend to jock
Some tend to mock
Some tend to score
Some tend to fool around
Some tend to love
Soon to fall out
Some tend to challenge
Some tend to give in
Some tend to cool down
Some tend to simmer
Just teen ager...
Tip toeing to a wider edge
They rise and fall like a boat on sail
As they fumble for a trail
Safe or unsafe, ashore till they reach
Fumbling...searching
Some tend to jock
Some tend to mock
Some tend to pursue
Some thing to know
For some it is elusive
Just eldorado...
Unknown path passing through
Right or wrong, false or true
On the river of youth they sail
As they fumble for a trail
Trail for life...

Fasika Ayalew

Keep In Touch With A Dream

Stay in my embrace, sleep like a baby
Let me stroke you so gently
Hold me so close near to your heart
For yesterday is gone...
Tomorrow is yet to come
And today is
It is the time to paint out dreams

For all reasons if loving you is being blind
I don't want to be with sight
For all reasons if loving you is being foolish
I don't want to be smart
When tomorrow comes as new
As our future is due,
If our ways differ
Taking separate turns
Keep in touch with our dream
Painted by our smile
Painted by our hope
Painted by our fear
Tomorrow is yet to come
So... stay in my embrace
Sleep like a baby
Hold me close to your heart
We will have a memory

Fasika Ayalew

Life Is Too Short

Life is too short
Live it to its fullest
Love, be loved
Have and give
Smile and share
You never know
When to fly away
Into unknown world
Before you go,
Realize that it is too short
On this world
The time you have got
Be positive
Enjoy and have fun
Leave no room for hatred
Jealousy and anger
Till time interrupts
To carry us into eternity
Be part of a good life
And its beauty! !
The beauty of which begins
With smile...learn to smile

Fasika Ayalew

Masterpiece Of Time

As the grass submits to the power of the wind
So does the hands to the melody of the songs
So s..l..o..w
Like David's dance before the arc
So does the soul by the rhymes
So spritual
Praise in hymns
Rustling the chandeliers
Swirls up the copula
Into the endless height
Mystic and so Orthodox
Stroked with colors of
time
Myth and
Tradition
With a bell of history
Faith with melody chimes
Portray of the old and the new
It is a masterpiece of time

Fasika Ayalew

Mistaken 'she'

From his side she was taken
Blood and flesh after breathed in
There she was
A being

She was taken among his ribs from one bone
Not from his feet to be stepped on

She was taken from one bone under his arm
To protect her and not to harm

She was taken near from his heart to be loved
Not from the head to be above

From his side she was taken from one rib
Side to side, being equal thus both can live.

And here she is
A becoming
Stepped on
Abused
Mistakenly perceived
Mistaken "She"

Fasika Ayalew

Moments At Standstill

To sow and harvest
To collect and barn
Clouds gather
Rainfall to yield
With light the day starts
With darkness it ends

In strife for too long to be
In the land of the Cush
Near the sea,
The clouds rebelled
The meadow frowned
The soil opposed
Fruits they withheld
The clouds gave way
To a dead blue sky
The land became barren
And so unfertile

Babies sucked dry nipples
Crowded with dead corpuses
A cry was heard
A wail of desperation
To be saved from starvation

Live Aid was staged
Now celebrities lobby
To gather helping hands
The truth remains...
Where there is no needy
There are no alms

On to thy lord
Land of Cush
Stretch your hands
Get poorer and poorer
Where there is no slave
There is no master

Only stretch thy hands
And moments of unity
Moments of harmony
Moments to love
Remain at stand still
Until posterities to come
Since original sin

If there are no faces so scrawny
For a breaking news a war story
There won't be a Samaritan; a pacifist
If the world goes on without conflict
If the "Dark continent" is in harmony
How can the Lords rise to glory?

Stretch thy hands
Oh, Land of Cush
Get poorer and poorer
Where there is no slave
There is no master!

Fasika Ayalew

Never Struggled

The stars never struggled to shine
The flowers never struggled to bloom
The birds never struggled to fly
Your eyes never struggled for truth
Your heart never struggled to love
And I never struggled to know
As the rivers never struggled to flow

Fasika Ayalew

New Era

In the new era, the twenty first
Time of reason, intellect and rationality
In the name of God if you have faith
Your name will be,
Neanderthal, from Stone Age days
In the new era, globalization
Time of explanation for every cause
If your are secular and profane
Then you are player of the game
Man of the match

Fasika Ayalew

Papyrus Boat

Float me upon the source of the Nile
Where the sky meets the water
And let me sing...
'Row, Row, little boat
Gently down the stream
Merely, merely, life is but a dream'
With the beat of the song
take me back to innocence
as pure as a spring water
Return me back to innocence
Where life is a dream
Float me papyrus boat
Gently to the calmest spot
Where the lake sings its nightingale
To the floating boats in the horizon
For the ship has taken me
To a stormy sea
Where the wind howls
Row, row papyrus boat
Gently to the calmest spot
Row...row..row
Life is so..so real
It is not just a dream

Fasika Ayalew

Passengers With Time!

Bumps and detour, even or steep
we travel a road without an end
This road of life...
To journey along choices it has
Its shortcut and lengthy path
This track of life, , ,
Networked by its alleys
Is defined by its highways
This journey of life
Is set to begin in one venue
Where it ends we have no clue

On this road of life
A new day wear and tears
Time hastily moves on fifth gear
Riding with time breathless and fast
Unreal might be our forecast

Glass of yesterday then displays
Travelled miles of our highways
The road ahead though we predict
How it ends we have no hint

Too close or miles apart,
To reach the end from the start
We neither tell nor fashion
On a ride with time once we are in

We are passengers with time
Eager travellers on life's lane
Where to exit we don't know when
We always set our life scene
Time drives fast on fifth gear

On a new turn time swivels
It brakes and halts to pullover
A passenger upon fate picked
The road of life will be an end
A new being comes on board

For a new ride on life's road
To the might of time we all subdue
When to slip off we have no clue
The wind carries sand in a dune
To pick its riders time assumes

A passenger to drop
As times parks to a stop
Its picking hands are random
As we pass away turn by turn
Like sands in a dune...
Passengers with time

Fasika Ayalew

Peaceful Silence

Quiet

Talking to the mountains

Listening to the sounds of the trees

Looking at the moving clouds

Away from a city life

Your face feels the fog and haze

Your eyes enjoy a distant gaze

So peaceful is the silence

So comforting is its presence

Quiet

Fasika Ayalew

Perfect Selfishness

Promises are always broken
Dropped like falling petals
Inside a soul it's a deafening cry
Like an iceberg emotions are frozen
Deep from the body feelings are erased
Its perfect and maximum selfishness
For an empty heart to love that can't
It's only a heart blood to pump
To stay alive...

Fasika Ayalew

Proud Woman

I am not only a face
But a creation of His hands
To the world a giver
I am a pure soul
I am a proud women

I am not display for sale
Checked from bottom to top
I am reserved, I am a proud woman

I am not a musium piece
Auctioned for my waist and my hips
I value myself, I am my auctioneer
So proud to be, I am a proud woman

I am not only my wear
A branded figure
I have heart to be loved
I am a proud woman

Proud enough, I have expectation of my own
Proud enough, I am independent
Proud enough, myself I can govern
Blessed to be, I am a proud woman
NOT FOR SALE! !

Fasika Ayalew

Puff Of Smoke

Weakness and strength
Hope and pessimism
Love and betrayal
Loneliness and care
Satisfaction and emptiness
Surrender and victory
Courage and procrastination
Molecules of emotion
Came out of a mouth
Piece by piece
Unsaid hope
Unshared pain
Disseminates into the air
Getting thinner and thinner
Until there is no more
Signed and sealed
Ready and packed
Through a puff of smoke
Emotions came out

Fasika Ayalew

Reflection Of Calmness

When darkness comes with its rain
When my days seem to be in its sunset
Oh my soul be calm...
Calm despite the noise
Calm despite the gloom
Till the sun rises
Till the flowers bloom

Just hang on...ca...lm
Calm as a quiet lake
When hope shines like the sun
The darkness is outdone
Oh my soul be calm as a still water
In serenity in your patience
On the blue sky capitalize upon
The cloudy days soon will be gone
And hope will shine...and I will smile
Until then let me live in patience
In the reflection of calmness

Fasika Ayalew

Routine

Aahh...

Uhh...

Long sigh.

Pooh...

Huhh...

Excel out.

Aaww...

Yawn wide.

Hiyy...

Stretch legs,

Draw out arms

Bored to tears

Faded up

What a long day! !

Tomorrow ... I know

I will be bored

Cause I am still

Tangled in a routine.

Fasika Ayalew

See-Saw

See saw see saw
At times high at times low
At times down at times up
At times full at times sapped
See saw

At times I shrivel to irrelevance
At times the to is my stance
See saw...see saw

When undermined, feeling empty
Seated bottom this world I see
I wait my turn staying so low
Till I am raised up in the see saw

Against the ground I push my feet
Into the air my end to lift
High in the world excitedly I soar
When I am on top of the see saw

At times I am up, at times I am down
Sometimes I smile, sometimes I frown
Sometimes I give up, sometimes I am eager
Sometimes I take part in sometimes I'm a bystander
In this game of see saw emotions play
Seated at the far end,
Pivoted at the center lies this world
See- saw

Fasika Ayalew

Shall We?

'When life gets tough
and till his poverty is gone
Let him drink and
Remember his misery no more'
says the book of wisdom
so shall we cheers
Till our poverty ceases
Till we get rich
shall we cheers
shall we?

Fasika Ayalew

Sigh...Uhh

Picking a moisture
of pain and hope
Relief and burden
From the depth
From the veins
A molten lava
A hot breath
Fissures out
From beneath
To ease a burden
Relief it heralds
Or tones of weight
Speaks burden of life
Just a sigh...
Through the nostrils
Through the mouth
A hot breath
Speaks a lot
From beneath
Sigh...Uhh...

Fasika Ayalew

Silence Of Silence

Mystic beauty
endless pleasure
filled with eternity
cascade like a fall
pour its waters
into a valley of calmness
\when listening to the silence of silence

Fasika Ayalew

Silence Spoke

Through a settled spirit
A wandering mind,
And calm of my conscious
Inside my head I heard silence
Saying,
"From the beginning of time, till eternity
The sun never says 'you owe me'
For giving life and its warmth
Through its light to planet earth"

Silence spoke,
"Never expect from others to get
For into pain dreams will melt
Your inner light will turn to darkness
To shine as it ceases
When there is no one something to give
Even a smile...
So learn to be like the sun"

Silence spoke
Through its unspoken words
That sprung from the depth of my conscious
As I contemplate in the abyss of silence
This great saying-
"Even after all these years the sun never said to the earth you owe me"
Never expect.

Fasika Ayalew

So I Am Black

Today, from the whip of slavery
On my back there is no weal
But the legacy, history and old days
They gripped my mind, prejudice to feel.
Cause I am born and grown black.
That is legitimate to think,
Cause back in time I remember,
What was done on the cost of Atlantic
Now, I didn't want to believe
The cover of my face the color of my skin
Will held people back to know me from within
Because I learned to let go
And from the shackles of hatred I broke away free
Caring for every color, other people as I see
Mother Theresa.

In networks of veins beneath our skin
I urged myself what is in there to see
A gushing red blood is what we all share
In the name of color, to hate, then why should we care?
Is it not enough, to have a common red color?
Entwining vessels form our entire whole
We breathe the same air, having same human soul
We all are red, under our black and white faces
Why so important, to hate, in the name of races.

White, Black, green, brown and velvet
They are merely colors in a crayon set
So I am black ...
Just like one stick of color from a crayon pack
So I am black...
Do I have to fill my head with feeling of spite?
To my good friend with the color white
In many years of imprisonment, he doesn't hold any grudge
And to payback he stood against, Nelson Mandela
He is an emblem of unity and determination
Let follow his step, say no to discrimination
So I am black...
White color next to me, we form our crayon pack

This world

Fasika Ayalew

Take Any Thing You Want

Take any thing you want
from my body parts
if it looks good on you
take my hair,
I dont care if I am scold
For you I will be bald
Take my nose if you want
For you my face will be flat
I can handle the harm
without hand with out arm
if to have them is your will
me being on a wheel
wouldnt complain or fear
Except one body part
I will give you every thing
I will give you my heart.
And if I give you,
How will I know?
How will I see?
your beauty and your joy
In what I give you
How on earth would I know
how would I?
if I give you my eyes! ?
cause I want to see you happy!

Fasika Ayalew

Third Eye

Beyond a façade my two eyes haven't seen
I needed a third eye to see what is subtle
I needed a third eye to perceive intangibles
The finest pillars, the foundations of being
I needed a third big eye midst my brow
In a middle of desert that can see a rainbow
I needed a third eye with a perspective so wide
That can transcend the frontal façade
I needed a third eye with clear vision
Past glittery front my two eyes haven't seen
Give me a third big eye midst my brow
I don't care if I am called character in a fable
Least I will be seeing the abstract subtle
Mind, spirit and soul; the foundations of being

Fasika Ayalew

Unspoken

In silence we heard
The whisper of our heart
The beat of our veins
The melody of our spirits
In silence we felt
The strength of our being
The ruggedness of our feelings
Our mouth sealed,
But we spoke thousands
As we dive into the ocean of silence

Fasika Ayalew

Wasted

If yesterday could complain
And tomorrow could utter
The past and future days
How today is wasted
They can truly confess
If darkness is for tomorrow
And if blame is for yesterday
What exactly is the word,
for the present day?
Just wasted...
A wasted love
A wasted life
A wasted land
A wasted pride

Fasika Ayalew

We Are Colors

We are colors, colors to time
With varying tones
We fade away as life goes
We are colors, colors to life
Painting memories from experience
We are colors, spectrum to seasons
As winter gray,
Golden in spring as shining ray
We are colors, to a day hue
Bright as red sad as blue
We are colors, tinges to the world
In black or white, brown or yellow
We are shades in a rainbow
We are colors, parts in beauty
To perception spice
An anchor to a glance
We are colors
Black, white and brown
Brown yellow and red
Crimson, gray and green
Blue and violet
We are colors
From sunrise until sunset
We are colored feathers
On time's wing
Brushing each day
With paints of feelings

Fasika Ayalew

What Is Truth?

Your truth against mine
Mine against yours
So many wars we fought
So many lives we lost
So many wars we will fight
So many lives we will lose
To guard our truth
For one to flourish
Others to perish
To buy heaven and be a winner
Losers shall be labeled as sinners
For their truth...
So we vowed for the truth
Nothing but the truth
But...
What is the truth?

Fasika Ayalew

When It Comes To Love You

If principles love were,
when it comes to love you, to them I am for
To Checuvera, Stalin, Gorbachov and Castro of Cuba
I am not to their rule, to Regan and Roosevelt
For my love will not change with the force of Market
When it comes to love you I am a communist
Have it! It's your territory
My heart, my means of production
It your monopoly
No one I will have you only
I wont accumulate with no other to be
When it comes to love you
I am a communist
Love you not for score
Love you not for profit
If an ideology love were
When it comes to love you
To Marx and Engles
The clock I will turn.

Fasika Ayalew