

Poetry Series

**Kobby King**  
**- poems -**

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# Kobby King()

# A Fool's Preference

She is the want I don't need  
The answer to my desires  
Pursued with a zeal that see's not the devil's wrong  
Till becomes an addiction that steals my sanity  
With substle ease

She is my need i didn't know to want  
Her countenance restoring balance to my wavering normality  
Appreciating her but for a moment  
For the strenght to pursue my want  
Destructive yet so addictive

Blinded to know the need i should have wanted  
Which no more be  
Desolate yet still hoping to fulfill my need for the strenght  
To pursue my want  
Tis the preference of a fool  
What I want I don't need  
What I need I don't want

Kobby King

# Am I Bothered?

Carried on the carefree bed to the seventh heaven  
With my arms and legs ajar  
Do I seem bothered by you?

Easing and breezing through the dream-land  
With multi-beats blasting from my nose and  
Waters that could sail a million boats  
Dripping from my mouth  
Do I look like I carry a thought of you to my bed?

As you burn the midnight candle  
Trying to deduce the perfect killer blow to destroy me  
My soul has already left on a trip to the heavens  
With the only sign of life, in my yet still body, being the impulsive cheeky grin a  
million bad luck wishes can't wipe off  
As I lay down on my comfy bed  
If you care to get closer  
Do I really look like I care about your war plans?

If you plan to snooze and sneak up on me at night  
You'll find me sleeping and snoring on my bed that same night  
As you fret and fumes with hatred  
I freely flirt and fraternize with no memory of you

You wish your plans would plague me with terror  
That your devious devices and snares would diminish and enslave me  
But as chilling as they may be  
Honey you must chill for I don't chill at night  
'cos i got my darling to warm me up and  
As my performance would prove  
Honey am not bothered by you!

Kobby King

# At The Midnight Hour

At the midnight hour  
when your mind is free to roam  
uninhibited by the shackles of the day past  
do you remember the smiles we shared?

At the midnight hour  
when you are all alone and free to reminisce  
unrestricted by nought to travel to time past  
do you jubilate our parting or mourn what we've lost?

At the midnight hour  
when the time has past and the pain faded  
uninfluenced by pain nor hate of the union past  
what do you wish the most of the past to change?  
to never have met or to have loved each other more?

At the midnight hour  
when the day has let go of its burdensome toil  
and the spec that triggers the past ignites  
what do you think of most about our union past?  
a wasted time or an opportunity regrettably lost?

Kobby King

# Choice Or Destiny?

Do you believe in destiny?  
Did destiny lead you here to read this at this precise time?  
Or would you rather call it some random decision  
Uncontrolled by any external force  
Poised on predestining your future?

Hmm!  
I'm Intrigued by the overwhelming desire to sit and do nothing  
To see the unchangeable handiwork of destiny unfold  
But then you wouldn't be here reading this  
For I very much doubt it can type without me

Oh! Wait  
Might it also be that I had no choice in the matter?  
That I was predestined to write this for you to read?  
Are my every deed justified by it therefore?  
Or should I be justly rewarded accordingly?

Am I right?  
To wail and scream vengeance  
loved one is unfairly taken from me?  
Or consider the guilty the Judas of my Christ  
Unfairly chosen by destiny to help bridge two chapters?

when my

So then  
if by destiny all will  
Would I be right in not frowning upon  
The evil wrought upon me and it instrument?  
or accept love and good deeds bestowed on me  
without being mindful of by whom it did come?

To say  
That destiny is a result of a choice or lack of it  
Be it your own or that of others which results  
Because we are only allowed one chance at any individual time  
Lest we would travel through time to right our wrongs  
Or would that also be the work of destiny?



# Destiny's Hope

At the cross-roads of your decision making  
Did you consider destiny before your decision?  
When destiny's hope clinged on your single move  
Did you care to ponder a little about the here-after?  
Living life at the peak of your social importance  
Did you care 'ahoot' about the destitute afoot?

Now you cry foul and curse for evil has befallen you  
Vengeance and retribution you scream understandably  
Have you considered how your selfless act of kindness  
Could have averted your eternal sorrow and pain?  
For when the devil dances in an empty pochet  
It usually ends in unfair costs for the well to do in society

"there's no point trying for what would be would be" you say  
As you just be, careless, with no ambitions nor drive  
If per chance opportunity should present itself for the taking  
How would you steer it home if you so wish?  
You may, by all means, moan for your unworthiness  
And soab understandably for your lack of luck

But you would do well to take steps to improve your odds  
For luck can be made and destiny can be helped  
Let it not be your handywork if a bad destiny should befall you  
Start therefore with what you have and seek for that you lack  
For good-luck is half preparation and half opportunity  
And even destiny needs a helping hand to succeed.

Kobby King



# Exceeding The Unreachable Heights

In the face of imminent failure and motivated by absolute nothing I strive

Lonely steps amidst a crowded path

Sharing your joy but absent in your pain they be

When no more bottom I can reach

and rising become the optionless choice

Drawing aspirations from the hopes of the downtrodden I rise

Dreaming to fulfil the dreams of others I Strive

As I pray to answer the prayers of others my zeal exceeds its maximum

In desiring to effect change my own pain I forget

Stubbornly dragging along the broken pieces of my inner being

by the even yet fragile outer self

I must pursue the said unreachable

Still motivated by the nothingness of the forgotten

My less than one baby steps I do take

on my way to exceed the unreachable heights

Kobby King

# Let's Talk About You!

Oh no! let's rather talk about you!

one thing comes to mind  
as I imagine you gracefully strolling through the serene refreshing breeze of a  
summer's pre-evening  
and the last remaining remnant of the sun cascading on your sculptured body  
with your hair seductively captivating the mere mortals that behold you

Then I think to myself  
only if I can myself behold thee, even thy face, to complete my imagination of  
your goddess appeal  
and wishfully wanting you with a zeal that see not the devils wrong  
with these thoughts of you in mind I fail to see anything more appealing

So like I said, let's talk about you :)

Kobby King

# My Eternal Love! ! !

FROM KOBBY KING

With love we met and with it we shared our lives till the very end

Our countenance lighted up at every union of our bodies and voices

Obstacles became insignificant and fear lost its potency against us

Your love propelled a zeal and faith of ability in me that knows no bounds

But now for my love for you and the un-quenching desire to see you happy

I am compelled to let you go whilst against every reason of heart and mind

Even contrary to our own very happiness, all for the happiness of others

Now I can only stand aside and wish that you would be happy as I made you

That even in the arms of another I can only wish you will be loved as I love you

As with love we met and lived even so now with love I let you go in peace

TO MARTHA BROWN (my eternal love)

Kobby King

# Oh Africa! ! !

OH AFRICA! ! !

Like a carefree leaf  
floating down the stream  
oblivious of the current beneath plotting its course  
will you wake up and change course from the bleak that awaits?

Like the mighty sea  
baited with worms and the like  
only to be plundered of its choice resources therein  
when will you rise and break the bounds of your captive walls?

(By Kobby King)

Kobby King

# Open-Prison

Young love unwillingly parted  
the harsh reality of a 'third world' economy  
the cruel reaper of many joys

as they sat face to face  
strengthening each other with their fading energy  
and the unpromisable assurance of a strange distance future's hope

they sat hand pleadingly holding on each other's hand  
multiple streams of tears flooding  
tis the last night till the future's re-union

faced with a choice of two yet soo cruel  
they must part with hope of survival  
or together be and die in each other's arms

now lovers parted for no crimes committed  
sitting each opposite ends of a milion mile line  
young lovers imprisoned distants apart by their home economy

Kobby King