

Poetry Series

Konjit Berhane
- poems -

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Konjit Berhane(SePTeMber,18 1983 DEath i Believe i am ImMorTal)

Koni_bee@

I write for all the reasons in the planet...and

I know I suck

Lots of things I lack

But someday I hope to write the best

On that for trillions and Zillions u can bet

If you can have that much ...lol

? ? ? ? ? Answer All My Questions? ? ? ?

Answer all my questions?

What was I going to ask?

Have I asked it already?

Or

Was I thinking it?

Answer my questions

How many have I asked?

One? Two? Three...?

Are you gone answer them?

When? Why? Why not?

Answer me...! !

28 October,2006

Konjit Berhane

A Real April The Fool

Dedicated to our dog FoFi
Who died on long ago may his soul RIP

I cried and cried
When they told me that u died
I tried and tried
Not to believe them and think they lied
I ride and ride
And when I took a look
You were not on my side
I thought I was lost
With out a guide
Don't wanna go back home
And find no dog on the gate
It is meant that u be mine
It is your fate
But suddenly, men crossing the road
Laughing loud like a clown band
Waved and wished me, "Happy April fools! "
I laughed even more than theirs
And turn my bicycle
Headed home
just to find
A sad April the fool
Became so very real

June 8,2005

Konjit Berhane

A Second Head

One is always tough
Was never enough
Chances are usually twice
Having two ears and eyes
Wouldn't have we needed a second
Brilliant and conscious head?
For two heads are better
As for generation have been said.

June,10 2005

Konjit Berhane

A Song....!

After his death...
Whose death?
The cyclist's

Every one was arguing
Some say it was the cyclist's fault
Others added it was the truck driver's
But I was on neither side, lingering on my own sole argument
I blamed it on the song

What song?
Whose?

It all started because of the song
The song the cyclist was listening to
So loud through his big earphones

If the cyclist hadn't had his walk man
He would have heard the truck coming
Or at least he would have heard the horn
Blown by the truck driver that scared me to my bone

But he was nodding his head with the bit of the rhythm
Moving his lips with the song, which he studied well and to the extreme
His strong feet pushing the pedal
His hands holding tight the handlebars

At this crucial moment of his life
The ears seemed the queens of his senses
His eyes concentrating on the rough road
To find a smooth way to balance

The truck driver blew his horn
The women screamed
'N I stood still like a stone
The men called "watch out"
Imagine all these sounds at the same moment

But he seemed to enjoy the song
As if he knew it's his last time to listen to it
I felt dizzy, cold and sad
When the truck hit the bike
'N he fell far and hard

Alas...
He is not moving, look at his face
For the longest time there fell silence

Even though he was pronounced dead
His body was taken to the hospital
All left of him was in the road
His fallen mountain bike and his fallen body chalk signal
'N the cause of his death, his beautiful silver walkman

Every one wondered about
What his family would say?
How young he was!
But I...
I was wondering
What was he listening to?
Whose song?
'N which one?

31 October,2005

Konjit Berhane

A Tale To The Generation

Just a bunch of youth
Driven to the military
Training, sweating and bleeding
To protect the country

When sovereignty is achieved
and we got peace and freedom
Rulers put on new laws
on which we don't agree on

Leaves us angry
with no choice and saying
Time goes by fast
We are old and dying

k.b
19.4.2011

Konjit Berhane

A Woman

In the world of Saints
I would have been an Angel.
In the world of Peace
I would have been a Dove.
In the world of Passion
I would have been Love.
In the world of a Prayer
I would have been Praise.
In the world of Science
I would have been a Fact.
In the world of Wars
I would have been a Bullet.
In the world of Technology
I would have been Speed.
In the world of Agriculture
I would have been a Seed.
In the world of Manners
I would have been Politeness.
In the world of Fear.
I would have been Courage.
In the world of Sorrow
I would have been Sympathy.
In the world of Hate
I would have been Melancholy.
In the world of Freedom
I would have been Sovereignty.
In the world of Opportunity
I would have been a Way.
In the world of Solitude
I would have been a Friend to Lean.
In the world of Fashion
I would have been Style.
In the world of Medicine
I would have been a pill.
In the world of Suffering
I would have been an Aid.
In the world of Unexpectation
I would have been Surprise.
In the world of Warship

I would have been Faith.
In the world of Righteousness
I would have been Truth.
In the world of Happiness
I would have been Comfort 'n Delight.
In the world of Labor
I would have been Tireless.
In the world of Water
I would have been a Fish.
In the world of Land
I would have been a Plant.
In the world of Fortune
I would have been Treasure.
In the world of Education
I would have been a Teacher.
In the world of Seasons
I would have been Spring
In the world of Achievements
I would have been Ideas
In the world of Circus
I would have been Magic.
In the world of Secrets
I would have been a Mystery.
In the world of Ambition
I would have been Dreams.
In the world of Questions
I would have been an Answer.
In the world of Slavery
I would have been liberty.
In the world of recollection
I would have been Sweet Memories
In the world of Theatre
I would have been Comedy.
In the world of Music
I would have been Melody.
In the world of Sorrow
I would have been a Smile.
In the world of the Blind
I would have been an Eye.
In the world of the Deaf
I would have been an Ear.
In the world of Flowers,

I would have been a Rose.

But ...

In this world of Mine

Which contains The above ALL

They call me a Being with a Soul.

Generally I am a Species of Human.

Specifically I am a Woman.

YeA a WoMaN.

`N A Special OnE.

13 November,05

Konjit Berhane

After Death

Born crying
Die smiling
For it is a change

After the bright light is over
It won't be so strange
I hope humans could manage
And it won't be a theatre stage
But a books new first page.

Konjit Berhane

Am I?

Feeling rage
Want a change
Came here and went there
Wasted my time and energy
Now `m feeling lazy
But still I am busy
Looking for the perfect life
But they call me crazy
Am I?

Konjit Berhane

At This Moment

At this time at this moment you are reading this
Some one somewhere is infected by HIV virus

At this time at this moment you were done with the two lines
Some one somewhere has died of poverty or disease

At this time at this moment some one's daughter or son
Are losing their parents and will soon be an orphan

By this time you might be thinking about it
Somewhere some one's heart is slowing its beat

I am just a poor citizen owns nothing but my hands and feet
And there they dance and drink all night, the elite

Today it could be her, him and generally them
Tomorrow it would be me, you and generally us
Who would be full of sorrow
But help the children of the future
Let them borrow
They will definitely pay you back
When (*If*) they grow

October,16,2005

Konjit Berhane

Change

For the longest time
She stood and stare in the mirror
Murmuring and cursing it ain't fair

Even though She knew She could change nothing
She stood there
And as if she hasn't been breathing
She inhaled deep air

A friend told her it is just because she is tired
But she said, "No, my skin just expired."
Throwing her hands from her face
Down to her side feeling weak
Her sweet strong voice so low
As she speak.

She said this is the time I change
My beauty has reached its peak
Now it is time to go down
To look like old, gray and wrinkled

24 October,05

Konjit Berhane

Differentiate 'em...!

I bet! I know you didn't
Order grapefruit juice at Moderna café
Am I in the wrong place?
Or
With the wrong person?

Since I am the non-violent kind
You can have anything you like
But what they have

Don't try to be a weird western girl
That's not who you are
But what you love
So differentiate dream from real life...!

Konjit Berhane

Funeral

Today....

We just buried a young soul
i am so sad and speechless

Got no words of comfort to say
Got no words at all.....
konjit berhane

Konjit Berhane

Getting Brighter

The liar
With great desire
To have a hair
That resembles mine
Started when she was nine

But now 20 years later
The story is better
For she no more wants
Any thing that's mine

She stares at me and looks sad
But I am alive not yet dead
Got no hair, I am another brand

I got cancer
But I seem to be happier
Coz my time is much shorter
And every day the light gets brighter

June 8,2005

Konjit Berhane

Greedy Cruel Sea

A bunch of 3rd world dreamers
Brave enough to cross the sea
To turn their hopes....
In to reality

When their boats sunk
and their lives are gone
The pieces of dreams float in the sea
Shining its surface like the sun

Oh cruel sea...! !
You took them all
Leaving nothing
But their soul*(their names to call)

K.B

14.4.2011

For all those who lost their lives crossing the Mediterranean and other seas lookin
for a better life.

Konjit Berhane

How Long?

How long is a second
If you are lost in the sea
And you see no land

How long is a minute
If you faint.

How long is a day
If you have nothing to say

How long is a week
If you are sick

How long is a month
If things ain't smooth

How long is a year
If you have fear

And how long is life
If you live it in strife.

June 2005

Konjit Berhane

I Hate Secrets! ! ! !

Please spare me your secrets
I am not your best friend
(atleast not yet! !)
'N I am sorry to break this to you
But ...
I am not sure if I would ever be
Not that I don't like you
But...
You are not my type
Or the other way around
So save your secrets to yourself
I don't want to hear any, not even a bit
It disturbs me and haunts me
It also ruins my day each and every minute

I know someday you will read this
And hate me like some kind of disease
'N instead of telling my secrets
I write them down in form of poems
'N guess what? ? ?
I gain PEACE
'N I got nothing to lose

So keep your secrets to yourself
No matter whose! ! !

March 15,2006

For those who feel the SaMe WaY

Konjit Berhane

I Love Asmara In The Rain...!

The streets of *Asmara* are magnificent site
With art deco buildings, tall trees
'N Italian resembling refreshing cafes
With their famous cappuccinos and sweet cakes

I Love to take a walk in those streets
When they are quiet
...Quiet as the Sahara desert
But they never are and never will be
For it's a city that never sleeps

It is quiet only when it rains
It rains only in summer
Summer comes only ones a year
...'N i walk the streets then

I love to take a walk in the streets of Asmara
When it is summer and quiet
I love Asmara in the rain
'N i would walk the streets again and again...!

Konjit Berhane

I Will Carry On.....! !

I might fall once ...twice
Or even more
'N you will show me your wicked smile
That I don't adore
But know one thing
And there is only one thing you should know
I will carry on....

You might think I am good for nothing
But got dreams to accomplish
'n visions to fulfill
no matter what you say or do
I will never stay still

You need to stop now or do better
For I will heal each and every wound
You caused and plan for later
But always keep in mind that
I will carry on.....

12th April 2006

Konjit Berhane

If Roses...

If roses were with out thorns
Man would have been with out tears
If roses were only yellow
Life would have been shallow
If roses were not able to be held
Life might never needed a shield
And an end
But.....
Roses have sharp thorns
Roses are a lot
And could be held out
And so do we
Me and you
We need a shield
For life is so precious
Fragile to end
Roses and life are beautiful
Are they not?
But.... Some day....
Both will die and rot

3 June 2005

Konjit Berhane

Is It Life?

Trying hard to live having small to give
Is it life?

Don't know how far to go
before I step on a bomb and blow
If lucky lose some part
If not gone just like that
Is it life?

My skin color black
My future kind of dark
Fight here and war over there
Cause? no one is aware
It is life?

Born with no fear
Learned all to bear
Die knowing life is dear
With out knowing peace and love
Or even coming near..!

july 2005

Konjit Berhane

Is Love A Creed? ? ?

If loving him was a crime?
I wonder why she's spending her time
May be by a cruel judge she is sentenced
Or she made it her lifetime creed

Her dark black eyes show her pain
Her innocent and loving heart beats with vain
The once young, active and bold
Now looks as if losing her strength, weak and cold
Everything in her life bite to dust
Leaving her no one to trust
No vision, no appetite, no sleep
At last she run out of tears to weep.

24 October,2005

Konjit Berhane

Mr. Peter & My Sister

Mr. Peter & my sister

This poem goes out to Mr. Peter
Who is a friend of my sister
And blow out my cover

In order to hide
I wrote my name backward
Until...the same day
My sister who is smart like Holmes
And Mr. Peter who is a genius
Discovered my disguise
And ruined my surprise.

July 9,2005

Konjit Berhane

Patriotic

I feel like
I don't have
Any connection
Or any relation
With my nation

Got no satisfaction
Out of my memory collection
I might be mistaken
So give me my correction

Need patriotic feeling installation
When the war started
I was in session

But now.....
Now I am heading to expiration

Konjit Berhane

People Of This Era...

** dedicated to my Aunt**

Some things cause constant laughter
Like the story my aunt tells
"Life is funny
But one has to memorize it" she says.

Her story is absurd when you think of it
So don't waste energy on thinking
For the thought will develop into stress
You don't need to know what follows...

Her story goes like this
Mr. X thinks life has phases
From age this to that people are like a horse
From age this to that people are like a sheep
Generally like domestic animals

But at this era every one has become a hyena
And are getting wild and wilder each passing second...!

29 October,2006

Konjit Berhane

Poverty

The poor
The homeless
The mother
The father
The son
The daughter
One by one
Died of hunger

The aunt
The uncle
The niece
The cousin
Followed them later

Oh! Poverty
Killing all the makers of history
Will you and I live to see
Poverty being history?

June 5,2005

Konjit Berhane

Prefer

Oh! I would have preferred
A one sided world
A cheap metal than gold
A happy life and not sad
I would have at least get to that
In.....time

But think of what it could BE
One sided coin
A flat world
Only mountains or smooth like road
Either satan or God
Either free or full of load
Wouldn't YOU prefer?
A one sided world
I don't know about you
But I definitely would..

Konjit Berhane

Pretend

I don't like you
You don't like me either
All we talk about is
Politics and the weather
Not cause we like it
But....
We pretend...
'N what we do is bore out each other...

7 March 2006

Konjit Berhane

Public Restroom

Every public restroom has writings

Where?

On the walls of course.

Where else would one write?

No matter which country or language

With meaning or with out

Full sentences, quotations and even names

Why would anyone write his/her precious name

On a public rest room

Or is it their enemies' name?

People write on walls of public rest rooms

I wonder why?

Do a research

If you want to know...!

28 October,2006

Konjit Berhane

Rich Wind

The rich wind with golden dust
Has been going wild and fast
As if it has a life that'll forever last

The rich wind
With its sound so loud
To scare people or make them sad
But living is not so easy as I had
Never been scared by rich wild wind
Or by the redness of blood
Or would I ever have?

Konjit Berhane

Sara's Room

Our favorite room used to be
Now repaired and renewed
The new room I hate to see
And it doesn't look as funny and homey to us and esp. me

It was my bedroom and TV room
It was my study and playroom.
And even our park
For we used to slide on the stairs using a refrigerator box
Some times we scare our maid by pulling black socks
And she would scream thinking they were rats
And curse us while we laugh out our guts

Later on, at night called by our parents
Laugh at what we did and the disguise
But to make her happy mom calls us nuts

All this in my favorite room
Enda Disara.

Enda Disara. – Sara's room

16 September,05

Konjit Berhane

So I Am A Black Flower....! ! !

The planet is a garden
We the people are the plants
God is the gardener
And he didn't want to have one-colored flowers
But...variety with different and especial qualities

So i am a black flower
And you could be a yellow one
Or else a white, brown or red like the sun
And when he gathers all the flowers (that's us people)
In to a bunch, that's what makes him smile

So let's unite for the sake of beauty
Make life a happy one as if it is a duty

So i am a black flower
What color are you?
Do you mind joining us and be a branch?
For you will add beauty too...! !

26 july 2006

Konjit Berhane

That Is That

People think I am full of pride
Not knowing what I am inside
Hate to look at people and stare
Truthfully let me tell
What you want I give and share

I got soft and fragile heart
In this planet, I have nothing to be proud
I got nothing, nothing is what I got

So I got nothing to be proud
But proud of what and who I am
And that is that...

Konjit Berhane

That Little Girl

She used to love shiny bright things like gold
Never did I thought kids love such things
When they are as young as 8 years old
I remember her silver earrings
No more silver
But yellow nail polish painted on them

But a life changing experience happened one day after school
Her brother came home with out her, which was against the rule
And for that he was called such a fool

Her mother crying thinking her daughter's got lost
Told the father before he even put out his coat
And he called every one he could think of
But nothing came out of it, it was tough

After hours of worries and shook
The girl came home and as nothing happened at the gate she knocks
No one recalls who opened her
Next thing we knew she sat by the side of her mother

Later on, on an interview with her dad
A girl took her or should I say she was kidnapped
She took off her gold earring telling her she's got
Nephews and nieces that snatch gold and more she brag
But now as she keeps it for her, told her to worry about nothing

Another question she asked her was "what kind of hair bans she likes
What colored? "
Same old favorite, bright and shiny yellow
And left her in Mai'chot to get her a hair bans or so
The little girl came home empty handed
No gold...no hair ban ...nothing
Nothing at all...

You might wonder what color she likes now
She's crazy about black and likes silver or so
All her electronic staff silver put in a row
And she is a great lover of a rainbow.

Not yellow, not any more

Mai'chot – a name of a neighborhood.

16 September,05

Konjit Berhane

That Weird Street At Night

Just like Christmas lights
The street lights turn on and off every second
The night guard of the bank has fallen asleep
Hiding his eyes behind those big eyeglasses of his
No one could tell he was asleep
But he was snoring really loud

A guy was driving his car
While his headlights are off
When the traffic got him and asked why?
His answer was 'he was just saving his battery'

A kid was riding his daddy's big bicycle
So fast
And I can't see the brakes in their place
If any thing happens... imagine what kind of mess
It would be.

Just when I was thinking
How weird this street could get
The guard screamed out loud
For he had a nightmare
Probably about the bank being robbed

26 October 2006

Konjit Berhane

The Old Men

On the surrounding of the cemetery on our neighborhood
Just to count the sitting old men I once stood
Each and every one of them is above sixty
Who used to love to take a walk in the city

Now they seem to enjoy the view from the cemetery
Talking and joking on the place where some day (they) will be buried
I once was told that one of them is a guard
On which to identify him is very difficult

They sit early in the morning to get the warmth of the sun
And in the late afternoon to see it gone
At night they would read from the Bible some versus
And sleep praying and asking to stay another day to rehearse

But you would hear one of them died every month or two
Now they are becoming less and less, few
The seats that used to be crowded
Are becoming more and more dispersed

One day an old man was moving his lips but there wasn't a word
After a while he grabbed his heart and fall as if shot by a sword
They say he died of a heart attack
On the next day on his burial I wished him good luck.

26 October,05

Konjit Berhane

Turning Money In To Ash...! !

It seems as if he was thrown out of
The bar
He ran and knelt down on the side walk
The beggar
In front of the rich man who got out of his
Mercedes car
With his rough voice he begged money
For cigar
Proudly the man threw him
Some cash
On which the beggar walked on his knees
With a rush
Got the money and ran to a shop
In a flash
Bought a cigar, lit it and started to turn it
Into ash
He inhaled deep and smiled like
A star
Not knowing, the consequence
Nicotine tar

May2,2006

Konjit Berhane

Unemployed

Bored and unemployed in my

Bed

My left hand used as a pillow under my

Head

My expensive Rolex watch clicking

Second after second

Making its perfect loud sound sharp as a

Blade

But me unmoved, conscious and drunk my eyes

Red

Just want to cease life, want my heart (batteries)

Dead

16 September,2005

Konjit Berhane

Weirdo

`m a weirdo
And pseudo
As if `m living my primo
Waiting for my secendo
Wasting life....
Listening to the stereo
Eminem, Cold play and Dido
Watching video
Listening radio
Reading bio
When got time to spear
I stare
What! I am Weirdo?
Well... I don't think so!

June,10 2005

Konjit Berhane

What I Deserve...!

As usual the sun rises
'N it has to set
Life goes on.... as
It will never end...

Now...
Now I stopped and realize
I have done something....
So huge in size....

I have sinned...
Beyond God could forgive
Do I deserve to die or to live?

If I deserve to die
In to the deepest ocean
Let me dive

If I deserve to live
Let me sleep all year through
But don't forget to wake me up
On Christmas Eve

26 March 2006

Konjit Berhane

White Rose

Precious life, hers never seemed
Working from dusk till dawn
For anyone who inquires, with vim
She does every thing and anything in return for nothing

But a day turned into a deep dark night
She gave life to a baby, after a great agony and fight
Who thought she would leave here?
For she was strong and holding tight
But before any one could do anything
Her body froze and her face turned white

Her kid and siblings cried and people mourned
Who would bury a kind woman, put her under a stone
Even the sky cried, pouring its heavy rain
As if agonized and trying to wash away the pain

The husband's cheek wet with tears
Cleaning his nose
All he could offer his wife
After her death was
Her favorite poem in her
Tombstone he did disclose
And for the last time her all time favorite
White rose.

October 10.2005

Konjit Berhane

Who? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Reading your diary
Made my life scary
I always thought you lived happily
Without knowing what's misery

But u kept it all in
Sharing it wasn't a sin
You were my shoulder to lean
Was I never been?

If wishes could come true...
I wish....
I wish I could change it all
And not made that call

If it wasn't for me
You would have been alive
But...
Now after reading your diary
Wonder where you would be

I always thought you played your guitar
For fun and you wanted to be a star
But I read in your diary another
It was a means of releasing your anger

I thought you were the greatest fan of rock
But what I read was a shook
You were the greatest fun of Mozart
And you loved it from your heart

One thing I regret
Not knowing you
Won't give me a rest

Not knowing
Who you really were
But I will try to find out
If not all....

Just some part

June 28 2005

Konjit Berhane