

Poetry Series

**Micheal King**  
**- poems -**

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# Micheal King(May-29-1993)

Simplicity in a single container, me

# Anger

we all know the truth,  
yet we are all victims of it.  
we say it causes old age,  
yet we fall out of stage.

we speak so mild,  
yet violence is in our voice.  
there is no noise,  
but we beat the drum for others to dace.

our face is long,  
but pretend to put them into shape.  
how long can we be absent,  
from our mind of innocence?

we are not saints,  
yet we claim we can see.  
no matter how better we are in pace,  
there is a space of anger within.

Micheal King

# Busy Heart

I have been busy in mine own heart,  
settling homes and hearts torn apart.  
I have been busy making them smile,  
but failed to make both ends meet on mine part.

I was seem as a doctor of hearts  
with words of advice, i strenghten thier hearts.  
my words makes them firm and steady,  
but its strange why mine own heart giddy.

I wished i had realised earlier,  
that i had been busy playing dukes and drakes  
If i had known sooner,  
i wouldn't have lost her to the waves.

Micheal King

# Comfort

she's my beautiful friend,  
so i'll wipe her tears.  
she's proven to be the best,  
so i'll hold her till the end.

she's a friend with so much love,  
her heart is mild, yet strong like a horse.  
she's a friend filled with valoure,  
she'll bring peace to your heart, for her name is comfort.

Micheal King

# Greed

The food that is sweet in the mouth of the goat can kill the goat,  
what other name can i give to GREED to make it mild in the mouth?  
fear of tomorow has maimed Ngogo kingdom and her people.  
Ah Ngogo, why are you fated for doom?

king wants the head of another king.  
father dies, sons die  
see government without humanity;  
religion without God;  
business without conscience;  
democracy without people;  
election without voters.

The death that kills the mother hen never allows its eggs to hatch.  
O king! O prince! what have you gained,  
that you acquire all but have none?  
vanity! phantasmagoria!  
what a foolish wisdom.

Iyolo the bird fetches water in the mouth,  
keeps some on the wings, yet,  
goes home with nothing.  
Flying, that of the wings pours out;  
Opening mouth to exclaim, that of the mouth pours away.  
no one fetches water from the river with a basket.  
king fights king-betrayal; breach of trust.  
yes, it is a vainglory, Ngoma's gluttony to own the world and its fullness.  
But the rich are poor as much as the poor are rich,  
the foolish are wise as much as the wise are foolish. Brothers kills each other for  
selfish interesin wealth and power.  
Foolish wisdom!  
like father like sons,  
is it not thier doomsday?

Why not eat and let them eat?  
live and let live.  
man dies; all in him, all he knows,  
all he y too shall vanish.  
now see, Ngoma mourns!

Here, see a dynasty lost!

Micheal King

# Happy Birthday

A season of great joy  
a time of beautiful choices.  
A day filled with love,  
your heart craves for more.

You smile for no reason,  
your joy has no season.  
a wonderful day of remembrance,  
a day of great celebration.

Life has smiled on u in a wink,  
giving you another year as a gift.  
a gift precious as the stars in the sky,  
the precious gift of life.

Happy birthday my dear friend,  
wishing you lots of happiness without end.  
you've received a precious gift in this world,  
may you witness many more to come..

Micheal King



# I Am A Man Of Black And White

I am a man of black and white,  
my name is written on the gates of the sky.  
i am a man of black and white  
my origin is united, yet two apart.

I speak the language of the whites,  
but lost in the language of the blacks.  
i am a man of black and white,  
my resemblance is same with the blacks.

I am a man of black and white,  
i was brought up in the land of the whites.  
i am a man of black and white,  
my home is in the south-east, in the abode of my black dad.

I am a man of black and white,  
i love the aspirations of life.  
i am a man of black and white,  
although two apart, we are united as one.

Micheal King

# If

If i were prince charming, i'd  
make her my cinderalla in this  
life and those yet unwritten.

If i were a bird, i'd  
make her the sky  
in which i'd fly so high.

Micheal King

# I'M In Love

There is this lovely feeling i feel within me,  
its a feeling thats gives me joy.  
this feeling of mine keeps me going,  
and i keep smiling without a pause.

Tell me why my heart is dancing,  
even when there is no drum?  
this is a lovely feeling,  
i think i'm in love.

Micheal King

# Let Us Pray

Lord jesus it you who wake's me up everyday,  
and am so ever greatful for your grace this is why i pray.  
you let me touch so many people in words for the good  
i couldn't take credit for the love u gave becouse it all came from you lord.  
i don't deserve what you gave me, but you never took it away from me.  
i work hard everyday at least you still crown my effort but i don't worship money,

becouse i took time am pray hoping that you will be my God.  
if what you want from me is to bring your children to you,  
my only regret is having only one life to do it instead of two.

Micheal King

# Lost Love

I was born with so much love,  
my heart was strong like a storm.  
My passion for love was so high,  
i loved with all my heart.

I could feel it flow through my veins,  
its light shined through my days.  
Its a feeling that gave me hope,  
a feeling i loved utmost.

But as days goes by, my heart became weak,  
the mighty storm was fading away in a wink.  
My heart became lost amidst a storm,  
it could withstand love no more.

The flow of love dried away from my veins,  
its light faded away, darkness darkened my days.  
My heart is sad, love is set ablaze  
i wept all night for my love story became a lost tale.

Micheal King

## Lost Love 2

Void, empty and hollow inside  
my dreams have fled, my hope have died.  
existence has no reason  
life's just passing with each other.

She was my life, my hope and love  
all is gone, passed by thereof  
the hurt is much no one should bear  
what's to life, why should i care?

I weep all night for my love gone  
my heart is sick for death i long  
mine eyes well tears for love thats lost  
i'll mourn always for my great cost.

But in each day, Lord give me hope  
strengthen me so i may cope  
grant me wisdom to help me see  
thy great way and not just me.

Micheal King

# Mirror

Bearer of me  
in another me.  
nature called you MIRROR  
for in thee lies my reflection.

I see the truth in your lies,  
i see nobody by your side.  
i'm with you when you'r all alone,  
and you correct me when i'm looking wrong.

When confusion looms i seek thy advice,  
Elated is my heart's state when you come nigh.  
you teach me how to look night and day,  
you're my best friend standing in front of me.

Micheal King

# Miss Gorgeous

Behold! a view so hot,  
making them want to touch.  
her movement so swift,  
her voice so sweet.

she makes the world go yonder,  
she's filled with wonders.  
thier hearts cries like thunder,  
for she's stolen thier hearts with laughter.

she's miss gorgeous,  
she's so vigorous.  
she's so beautiful,  
she makes the world go beyond the blues.

she's a beauty goddess,  
sharing the charm of her goodness.  
her smile so victorious,  
all hail miss gorgeous.

Micheal King



# Mother

A wonderful gift from God,  
the giver of joy filled with joy.  
She's the ultimate source of happiness,  
shining the light of love filled with goodness.

A strong lion protecting her cub,  
from the evil of the outside world.  
A devine protector,  
sent from above by the creator.

She's the great iroko tree,  
spreading life to her branches in a wink.  
She's the sun,  
brightning the days of her sons.

I hail you! giver of joy  
for spreading your light filled with love.  
You have brought joy to my world,  
life is felt by your devine touch.

I pray and long for the day when i bring joy to that face which has show me love  
since the begining of days.  
I pray my wish comes true without delay.

Micheal King

# Mr Corruption

I have killed you so many times,  
yet you seem to always find your way back to life.  
Your existance perturbs our days  
woe to you, i pray you die without delay.

i have killed you so many times Mr corruption,  
for your very existance sends our days to perdition.  
you've stolen the innocent minds of our leaders  
woe to you, for thier mild hearts have become villiant.

Because of you, happy days seems forgotten  
for as days go by, your cruelty seems to worsen.  
now i walk with fear of being shot out of this world  
save me oh God, i'm just a young boy in an old war.

Micheal King

# My Lost Treasure

Life is so strange,  
it gives and takes.  
It makes you smile,  
and makes you cry.

I earned a priceless GIFT from life,  
celebrating my joy of success with might.  
A GIFT i held dear and high,  
its as priceless as the stars in the sky.

But now, life has betrayed my trust  
took my GIFT, leaving me in hurts.  
My heart became sick, for death i longed  
i'll mourn always for my great cost.

But despite life's unhealthy blow,  
my heart is filled with hopes  
of bringing my precious GIFT home  
a joyfull feeling i love utmost.

Micheal King

# My Love Story

There is a girl in my life,  
she's someone so close to my heart.  
i hold her dear and high,  
for she brings light to my dark night.

I can remember vividly the first day i met her,  
i was stunned greatly for she holds the beauty of the sky.  
her smile was so mild, even nature would blush at sight  
no wonder all the boy wanted her to be thier's in class.

I manoeuvered my way into her life,  
and she accepted me with open arms.  
everyday i sit quiet just to watch her smile,  
for i was mesmerised greatly by her beauty charm.

As time passed, we became best of friends  
life became sweet, for her smile wiped my tears.  
there is no friend who captured my heart like her,  
for she's as mild as the stars in the sky.

But shortly after, my friendship begat love  
and everything began to change in my life.  
my heart started beating faster without a stop,  
my thoughts was clouded by the beauty of her smile.

she's all i think of all day long,  
sometimes i call her name in my dream.  
my love for her was so strong,  
and i loved her even in my sleep.

But my love for her remained a tale,  
for in her presence i become so lame.  
not once could i summon courage to tell her how i feel,  
for those three lovely words were tied on my lips.

Time flew before i realised it,  
the final exam came and we all made our exits.  
everything changed before i knew it,  
for the world changed from how i met it.

My happy moments became a tale,  
for my cheerful heart had lost its taste.  
i sit all day long thinking of my past,  
for all i have left is the memory of her smile.

Micheal King

# My Rivulet Of Words

With thee, my consciousness seems inevitably withing.

from thy touch comes my every cheer.

thou are my source of inspiration, unseperated you seem from my noble self, for thy company fills my poetic pen with endless expression of passionate words.

Inexplicable is the nature of the inspiration i get from thee, yet i cannot but appreciate my noble source of words. My awareness seems immortals with thy presence, for with unendind lines i seek to express my inspiration's state.

Microscopic thou seem unseen, but thy effect on my noble self is yet unhidden as my lines reveals to the words, the pros of thy magical touch.

Oh! my noble source of merriam-webster, the songs of ode i seek to bid thee seems unending, for my every cheer flows from thee.

A warrior's strength they say is his armour, but here i am a warrior in the arena, battling with men of noble minds with thee as my armour, my armour of strength and glad tidings filled with words of unending meanings.

Like a lexicon, my heart is filled with poetic jaggons only for thy company's sake, for without thee, the expressions of my emotion yet seems shallow.

mine heart is filled with songs of ode to the Almighty for blessing my course with thee...

for when nature call, i run to thee for help, and like a caring mother protecting her offspring, you fill my heart with passionate words as i write in rhethoriz sense.

Greatful am i to thee for there is no better half as thee.

Micheal King

# Nature

I sat looking at the preety stars in the sky,  
Its beautiful and steady as a blissful night.  
I smiled with joy for my passion for her went high,  
i'm in love with nature, my love for her is filled with might.

At the peek of an early morning you feel the softness of her touch,  
the nearby trees starts to blush.  
She mesmerizes the heart by her lovely gaze,  
she's been adorable since the begining of days.

I hail you mother nature,  
for your kind and lovely gesture.  
Your beauty holds perfection,  
sharing your lovely charm on our nation.

Your smile brings comfort to our hearts,  
We are forever grateful with all our might.  
Life is felt by your devine call,  
I hail you! Our rise and fall.

Micheal King

# Oyinkansola

Love so strong, love so great  
Comes in different forms, style and taste.  
Try to love, so much in a haste  
so pure is my love for her, a feeling so great.

She brought joy to my household,  
giving peace, joy and hope.  
I sat on top of the world,  
thinking about the sweet words she said to me like a storm.

She has captured my heart,  
tearing me apart.  
I'm incomplete, waitin for her to fill my heart.  
Ugly yet beautiful, such is life  
i'm in love chanting your name so high;  
OYINKANSOLA! OYINKANSOLA! ! OYINKANSOLA! ! ! .

Micheal King



# Sex

Mesmerized by pleasure,  
it drives you wild for sure.  
you'll feel on top of the world,  
filled with the power of a horse.

Its a wonderful game played by two  
who are captured by pleasure like glue.  
he'll hold her tight,  
and bang her with might.

You'll could feel her breast  
on your chest,  
its a part so soft  
when you grasp it you feel so tough.

Thrusting in and out, you'll feel the heat  
she moans so soft, not minding the beat.  
she begs and craves for more,  
for she's lost in pleasure for sure.

At the peak of cumming, he moans louder  
at this stage, he bangs faster.  
he pours it out, smiling with bliss  
kiss her lips, feeling the breeze.

Micheal King

# Speechless

Love has stolen my heart,  
darkness fading away i'm in light.  
mine heart so strong filled with might,  
i'll fight for this love with all mine heart.

A wonderful feeling so pure,  
i'm in love! This i'm so sure.  
I could hear her name in the breeze,  
i'm burnt by the flame of this feeling full of bliss.

Alas! My wonderful love is like a tale,  
for in her presence i'm so lame.  
Love's filled my heart, sometimes i forget my name.

There are millions of ways to tell her how i feel,  
but i'm speechless coz thats how she makes me feel.  
Though i'm with her, i'm far away and nothing is for real.

When i'm with her, i'm lost for words  
and i dont know what to say.  
Her love has driven me far away,  
now i'm sitting on the world, spreading my love full of fame.

Micheal King

# The Beauty Of Nature

She was called forth by His devine voice,  
created by the power of His speech.  
she's the beauty of His devine work,  
peacefull and lovely filled with bliss.

her beauty holds perfection,  
her joy knows no detention.  
the softness of her voice is highly felt,  
we are mesmerized by her pleasant scent.

trees growing at the river side,  
bliss flowing at the viewer's mind.  
waters flowing at the river banks,  
quenching the thirst from the drinker's heart.

animal moving together at homes and wild,  
birds flying, feeling the beauty of the sky.  
plants growing preserving life,  
people living preserving plants.

the beauty of nature cannot be fully introspected,  
for the beauty of her mystery is fully perfected  
by that devine hand who cared for us with love  
there is no gift as nature,  
for she's our rise and fall.

Micheal King

# The Freedom Cry

She used to live a happy life,  
until a strange hand came and took her away.  
She used to be free like the birds in the sky,  
until one day, her freedom was set ablaze.  
She used to feel the joy of life,  
but now life feels like a plague.

She was taken far away,  
very very far away  
away from her her motherland  
into a foriegn land to be a slave.  
Now, her smiles have fade,  
her joy misplaced.  
Her cheerful heart is filled with tears,  
for she is still very little in years.

Now, life seems meaningless  
in hurts, life felt like hell.  
She cry all day, even with no cloth to where  
but there is none to wipe her tears.  
She is no more treated with respect,  
for her rulling days were ended.

Behold! See how the mighty have fallen,  
the daughter of the great king is forgottten.  
Not even her father's wealth could bring her back,  
for she is nowhere to be found in the stranger's land.  
Her hope faded, her fate lost  
her joy ended, her heart void.

Her sorrowful days seems endless,  
her dark days seems timeless.  
Until one day her freedom cry was heard,  
by that lovely stranger with so much beard  
who had come from a beautiful city afar,  
behold! He is the king's right hand.

Tears of joy rolled down her face,  
smile on joy was once again seen on her eyes.

Behold! Back are the happy days,  
for she's been saved by the freedom cry.

Micheal King

# The Love I Couldn'T Give

She begs and craves all day,  
for the love i couldn't give  
She hopes and filled her fate  
with the love i couldn't give.  
Her smile is filled with hope,  
of the love i couldn't give  
her heart is sad but strong  
for the love i couldn't give.  
Her days is filled with hope and love,  
for the love i couldn't give  
her heart is mild but torn  
because of the love i couldn't give.  
She wished for just a day of love,  
for the love i couldn't give  
my heart is lost and gone  
now there is no love i could give.

My heart is far from me,  
there's no love i could give  
my hope is far but deep withing  
for the love i couldn't give.  
My past came like a GIFT,  
and stole my heart from me.  
Leaving me hollow and empty,  
now there's no love i could give.  
My present wants so much love from me,  
but there's no love i could give  
i'll bring her smile all day,  
even with the love i couldn't give.

Micheal King

# The Mighty Coward

He was called the king of zanga,  
his physique so built he's glaring with danger.  
He lost his banter, now frowning with fire  
his eyes red and strong, he's glowing with anger.

He found great pleasure in oppressing the weak,  
they tremble in fear, for he threatens to kill.  
He was seen as a mighty warlord,  
for he was good with the sword.

He goes all over imposing fear.  
wherever he goes, he lives a sign of death.  
His palace is filled with skulls  
of those slain by his sword,  
and he smiles with bliss after tasting their blood.

But soon after, his rulling days were ended  
for he became a coward in the sight of death.  
He lost courage at the battle field,  
his hands trembling, losing his sword.

His mighty heart had fled,  
his terror rage quenched.  
He saw a warrior like beast and was scared  
trying to run, his head was cut off from his neck.

Now the great terror is no more,  
for hiss terror days was ended on the battle field.  
The mighty warrioir died a mighty coward,  
for his fear got him slain by that warrior like beast.

Micheal King

# The Touch Of Love

A feeling that makes you smile!  
Its as though you were high  
flying over the sky,  
for love has touched your heart.

You smile for no reason,  
you joy has no season.  
Nothing else matters,  
for high in love you've risen.

At the thought of her,  
your heart beats faster.  
Whats happening! You ponder,  
its the touch of love, flowing with wonders.

Micheal King



# The True Friend

He is the best of all friends,  
so caring, he's a true friend.  
He puts a smile on our faces,  
for His love flows with graces.

He came with so much love,  
to shine the light to our world.  
He loved, cared and cherished us,  
and we are saved by His divine touch.

He's humble, gentle and kind,  
His heart so pure, filled with light.  
He's strong, powerful and filled with might,  
yet simple, gentle and kind like a blissful night.

For our sakes, He was tortured, beaten and crucified,  
in pain, torment and agony He died.  
But in his love He prayed for us,  
He's a true friend, His name is love.

Micheal King

# Water

the best antidot in existance,  
known for quenchin our poisinous thirst.

Micheal King