

Poetry Series

Sam Pete
- poems -

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Sam Pete()

I like to watch the clouds,
The sky, the stars,
The rainbow still
And hope one day
To meet the Lord on high.

For now, I walk
Gazing at trees,
The leaves, all nature around
He made for me to see.

Led by Him,
I touch and feel
That He helps me to

But there's something else
O'er here, I've found
That He's kept in store
The while

To show just now to me.

Är Detta Rätt Väg?

Will someone help a blind man home
He's lost himself in someone else

Eyes no more to see
Nor hearts to feel the warmth

His feet keep plodding all day long
Someone show him the way to Stockholm

Sam Pete

I Feel A Tug

I feel a tug in somewhere deep inside
Its that cherub
With her smiling face,
Twinkling eyes
Playing hide and seek with me.

She was a ninth-grader.
But she's grown big,
A lady, now
And she's still got
That delightful tinkle in her voice -
N e v e r fails to amaze me

Didn't I speak to her for comfort
Just now, in my adult days
- she's grown real life-size
Enough to give me a word
Of pondering thought or two

She's always been there, somewhere
You know - there's that feeling you have
That someone's present, ... with you
Though really far away.

Sam Pete

I Want To Be His

I want to be a shepherd
Raise flocks of sheep
I want to be a fisherman
Catch hauls of fish like the noble Pete

I want to run a school
Teach little children
And watch them play
Hold hands and laugh together
See them grow and love me back

I want to be an angler by the stream
Sit by a fish pond
In the shade
Of overspread branches
Write poetry and sing
My horse nearby,
My dog in the distance

I want to fly
Own a private jet plane
Fly around the world
With a friend
For human company

Want to go everywhere
See all places, people too
Live in big cities
With all humanity around
And ne'er a lonely moment

Want to ride elephants, wild horses
Walk with lions, tigers beside
Bathe the hippos
Dance with peacocks, feed a giraffe
Watch rhinos eating from my hand

Want to sail
In my own small yacht

Swim with dolphins
Ride the whales, feel the sharks
Dive deep into the ocean
Watch the sea horses

Play in the water, in the sand
With my little children

I want to have a garden, lawns, fruit trees
Sit in the shade, smell the flowers

I want to build a house
And dwell in peace
With my woman from the Lord

I want to sing to Him
Read His Word, meditate
Grow in the Grace
Of His knowledge and wisdom
Commune, worship, praise
And walk hand in hand
Together and be led -

By my Creator, my Maker, my Lord, my God
Who gave His all for me
I want to be His, now and forever and ever.

Sam Pete

I've Often Thought

I've often thought
They bring before
A hundred girls -

Choose, they say
Well, so should I
Marry... one of them

But what would I
With the billet-doux
There's where lies my heart!
I can't.

I'll keep with me
And live life on.

Now is it possible
To live life so
And have your heart elsewhere

Nay, I'll find my heart
See where it lies
And live with her I love.

Sam Pete

Just Yield

There are forty-two
Taking my test on Shakespeare
I see a hand go up
I walk over

"What's it, " I ask
Sir, "What's Fate?
Should I
Write the whole story
Of Romeo and Juliet
Or should I just write on Fate? "
"It's that
Which we don't
Have control over....
Write on the role of Fate, " I explain.

"It's all planned,
F o r e o r d a i n e d, "
I tell myself.

How I used to think
In my younger days
That I can control Fate
Wrest it out, direct, execute

Better sense prevails, now
Just y i e l d.

Sam Pete

Like A Bee

Like a bee
I buzz

Whirl and whirl
Around and around

Till dizzy with her scent
And drunk up with her nectar

I fall in the midst
Of my honey-sweet rose flower

Sam Pete

Misty Ways

Just as everybody does
Every once in a while
As we make our way through
Our own queer vicissitudes of life
Trying our best to grasp
At the Omniscient

Even I am compelled to ask
The question "why? "
W o n d e r why
Just wonder w h y!

And then it seems like its all clear.
All of a sudden
You see the path all paved
Even the milestones along the way

Till the next hurdle, that is
The next stumbling block
Looming large over the horizon

The closer you draw
The more bewildering it gets
Till you're in the very thick of it

And then after a while
The mist clears
The path seems clear again
S E E M S

Sam Pete

Oh, Reason Not The Need!

Oh, reason not the need
Why I need so to go away
From a good place, a decent pay?
I have this throbbing away
And now its here to stay
Till I go away to some other place

Enough is enough
Of this terrible place
I've had enough of you horrendous apes
Who grunt like animals and
Amble like hippopotamuses
I've had enough of your meandering ways

Just imagine
What it takes to be a teacher
Can't you see its the noblest job on earth
And yet you just play with it
Not meeting your classes even
Who will you be accountable to
If you can't be sincere to yourselves
You rave and rant because you can't
And need me to teach you every little step

Why can't you self-learn or ask God for wisdom
Or atleast show some respect as you learn
Standing outside my class room,
Taking notes and taping my classes
Shame on you, you haven't learnt in all these days
But what's the point in listening to me if you dont want to learn
And apply what I teach?
Is it only information you seek?
No manners, no ethics matter, huh?
Will you only stop with the demolishing of all that's good
Will you only desist when finally you've broken the department
Torn it down to smithereens

Breaking courses into three and four
How will students cope?

Giving lesser hours to weighty courses that require time
And so many hours for flimsy courses with no meat

Have you no discretion, will you not listen to reason?
Have you no sanity? ? ?
Preventing faculty from having their own working space
How will the young lecturers work? ?
Oh, listening to the gossip you spread is enough, huh?
Poor kids, them youngsters
Tales, backbitings, character assassinations and raw spite
Just when will you stop the invective? ?
Oh, beasts
Will you not live and let live
Value-less, immoral, lying in the teeth
Committing fraud and what not!

If God were to judge you right now,
Just imagine where you'll go
Mind you, you're testing His patience
You've had too much time to mend yourselves
You'd better stop, you morons
And start getting yourselves educated
And learn to know what's good

There are so many crying out,
- Stay, don't go
To all those well-meaning gentlemen, I say
Friends, I see what you mean
But by God's grace, I hope to find a place for myself under the sun
I just can't stand it here anymore
Just can't keep looking at the senseless destruction of values
And mindless course revisions brought in to no effect
You end up with no takers for two courses
As it happened this semester- so, what do you do next?
You made me bear it out without drama
For no fault of mine -
Remember these same courses flourished under me?
You give me advanced reading
A hotch potch substitute for the popular fiction I suggested
Why ask me to teach it then?
Why don't you do it, you dumb-heads? so, now, what?
Scrap your CBCS courses?

Or bring in a third revision?
In so many years
Directionless, vagabond, empty-headed jackals
Who will have pity on you!
So, you are the government servants
But where's your conscience?
Gone a wool-gathering?

I'm leaving 'coz I can't bear to keep looking
At the havoc the imps are causing
May God judge them
For all the ill they cause
In higher education in such a college as this.

Sam Pete

One Will Do

If in me you find the warmth you do,
And I find myself in you,
Then why be two
When one will do

Sam Pete

Plug The Holes And Rebuild!

Why do you men
Want to listen to gossip
When you can build up the courage
To come over and ask me straight?

Knowing they're liars
You listen to them
Hoping to sift through the endless tales
Of lies and more lies

So, they said I'm planning to go
Think this place too small for me
Why, did I tell you so?
Why, I am still working here, men!

Change the things around,
Plug the holes - there are many
Have a better system in place
Institute a checking mechanism

Or just look at our sister college by
They've gone by leaps and bounds afar
Learn from them, there's no harm
There's no point in calling ourselves
After the glorious past
When my great uncle was in charge.
That was long ago -
The present just stinks

Desperate situations require desperate remedies
You've got only to think out of the box
Well, its quite simple
Cater to the needs
And recruit fit men for the times
Streamline all activity
And record all action
Make provisions for lapses
Tune in to our God the Father
And our Lord Jesus Christ

Give due importance to the Holy Word
'Coz that's from where
Sprang the foundations of the college

And we'll start to grow before long
And may well retain our place
Else we fail and fall
And worse, become a part
Of some money-spinning machinery

Sam Pete

Teacher's Instincts

He's done it again
Seems like he'll never stop

Didn't I tell him -
Shouldn't offend
With t-shirts
Like that

'Idiot' spelt 'Idoit'
Offensive both ways
Walking sign posts
Carrying a message!

What's that
He's wearing now:
'For a while
I was the suspect
Curiosity killed the cat'

"Hey, inser 'till'"

Oblivious
To the walking-message-pole
My dutiful
Error-spotting
Teacher's instincts!

Sam Pete

That He's Kept In Store

I like to watch the clouds,
The sky, the stars,
The rainbow still
And hope one day
To meet the Lord on high.

For now, I walk
Gazing at trees,
The leaves, all nature around
He made for me to see.

Led by Him,
I touch and feel
That He helps me to

But there's something else
O'er here, I've found
He's kept in store
The while -

To show just now to me.

Sam Pete

To Find Myself

Agnes, I haven't seen
A rose blossom
As it has just now

Your heart is like
A passionate garden -
Fertile.
And your mind eloquent -
To give expression
To the pretty thoughts,
Sown in there.

I perceive a vibrant flower -
Too exotic for words.
Enchanted, I'm enthralled!

Keep your glow,
And your charm.
Never lose it -

So, I can
From time to time
Draw from your scent
A sustenance -

To find myself.

Sam Pete

To My Poet

Why insecure, my bonny lass
Why it's the moment of rapture true
Time of recollection -
Beauty that ne'er was
And somehow here, all fullness
All so suddenly from fathoms deep
From the depths of time

But how - that only God on high can tell
"Nighttime sparkling
Wet leaves in yellow light
And feelings of eternity
Is all that is in sight"

It's the life that ne'er was
And somehow somewhere here all the time
Begins to make its entrance all so new
Wet, drenched in the mist of loveliness
Bidden by beckoning rays of yon waning moon
And early morning sunlight

What ever can be is what we look forward to
In all of eternity, the vast canvass
Of the hopeful realms of future near

Sam Pete

We Are What We'Re Made To Be

We are what we're made to be
There's a purpose beneath
All the heavens
Being worked out here.

Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed
Like one of these -
'Coz they fulfilled their purpose
They were created for,
Unlike wise Solomon who did not

What's the plan He's got for us
We'll not by reasoning
But asking find
For He's ever there
To answer us sure

Not just there but all around
His presence fills the earth
We stand amazed
At His glory e'er
In fine and perfect awe, wonder,
Of the lord, His Omnipresence dear

He's here,
He's there,
He's everywhere
To provide us comfort
Anywhere

He'll take us by the hand
And lead us through
All the joyous, worrisome earth
If we remember to ask
And only ask our Father
In Jesus' holy Name

Kings and princes

May not heed
Their audience pretty rare
But the Almighty on high
Is ever present, ever here

So, ask let us
And bring in now
The joys
Of life and fulfilment
By knowing He's ever near
Ready to answer
Our every prayer

And be for sure
In every care
To give Him thanks when we receive
For His blessings manifold
They stun us by their variety
And awe us beyond all measure

Need not kneel
Need not bow
Need not lie prostrate -
But in any posture
As we find ourselves
Let us pray and draw us nigh

To Him who cares
The only One
Forever and ever.

Sam Pete

When Love Is In The Air

When love is in the air
The moon's a perfect crescent
The stars are bright and clear
The birds go chirping
In the woods
And all nature's come alive -
That's when the time's just right
For me to dream of you

Sam Pete

While You Can

There's poetry in everything
In all the earth and sea
You have to just stop and see.

There's poetry everywhere
If you just take time to care.

Every passing moment
Live it to the lees

- For when it passes by
It doesn't come again.

Take time to live
Pause and gently pass
For seeming trifles
Can be potent turning-points.

Oh, forget the rush
Listen to the thicket
And the grass.
P a r t i c i p a t e...
In the life that's around.

Relish while you can.
Whisper back,
Turn and look around.
Gaze, smile, talk,
All while you can

- While you still can.

Sam Pete

Writer, Convict, Thief!

Writer, convict, thief!
Who gave you permission
Answer me,
To steal my possession?

You rip open my rib cage
And take away
That little pump
Which all day long
Has pumped up blood
Through all my veins!

In a moment,
Suddenly - the blood flow stops.
Frozen in time and space,
Cold and frigid I stand -

Till you gave me something else...

And now I look -
Not to take it back
But to keep it safe -
That which you've given
To me in turn.

Sam Pete