

Poetry Series

Amos Ojwang'
- poems -

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Amos Ojwang'()

A Useless Mistress

After that long bustle and hustle
She walks to me awaking the mistake
That was already rolling in her eyes
She jeered in a blatant style
Though she was never wise
To make my heart rise
In a bit of plenitude
To incur this solicitude
When I called her by name
'Elizabeth Elizabeth'
She said I was no bright
To be loved even in plight
I then forced to call her with other names
But never was she contented
Till I mentioned a couple of names
Which never brought any effect
For sure this is such a bale
Of quack lovers
Roaming along the river hood
Without the sense to love by heart
And just by money
What a useless mistress!

Amos Ojwang'

At The Wedding Ceremony

At the wedding ceremony
As the groom broke into the cake
Cooked of a crocked chief chef
Chattering and chanting of his
Cooked crocked cruel cake
That in silence kills the uniting lovers
From the village sheep and pigs
And another one from the enabled-pockets
Of the city proprietors of powerful rides

At the wedding ceremony
The love breaks into broken bits
For a lover from the pigs progenitor
Knows not whoever to love
So what a wedding ceremony?

Amos Ojwang'

For Janet

At ease
Without haste
Comes the little beautiful girl
I now gaze to be Janet

She majestically walks
Stealthily like an angel
Sent from heaven of love

This Janet
My lover the only rhythm of my heart
That continuously beat in my soul
In a lac-to and liveliest tempo
Hi Janet

Janet my soul and my sleep
I go not asleep
If I hung not my soul on thee
Janet Janet, I countless call
Could you un-break my heart?

Amos Ojwang'

I'm In Love With A Poet

I'm tired of poetic love
Incomprehensible love
Full of paradox
And oxymoron

A confusing and misleading love
That disintegrates
The united hearts
Into bits
This poetic love woe!

Love that communicates
Oppositely
Why bury
Your heart in poetic love
That misleads many?

Amos Ojwang'

In The Praise Of Your Solitude

Of my soul I will ever believe
Only my mind will ever retrieve

What a significant revolution
With a tremendous transition
To your help I will always link
And I shall never ever wink

I love your dealings and assistance
For they make my education so competent
I love your brother-hood co-existence
For it evokes me multipurposely prudent

Of my soul I'll ever believe
Only my mind will ever retrieve
What a poem of delight
That praises you so much
Without any plight
And none ever to much

I accord your solitude
For it promotes my magnitude
I love this life
Without any bit of strife

What a song to sing
In such a moment to swing

Oh yes! Oh yes!
Of my soul I'll ever believe
Only my mind can ever retrieve
To your help I'll always link
And I shall never ever wink

Amos Ojwang'

In Your Heart

In your heart, so between, in your nerves
I build my hut, so let's spin, this love of halves
In your blood, so within, this love of might
In vast flood, so between, without any plight

In a-me-mind, so down the skull, you greatly live
I seem to find, so young pretty hull, I do believe
In a-me-brain, I believe this twirl, so I conceive
Without any pain, in for your hurl, forever will I weave

Amos Ojwang'

Insanity

If everyone was born mad
Not only mad but bad
So would the world have no guard
And would everyone live in chaos and flood:
Nonsense, nuisance notwithstanding
Insanity is a malady
Torturing mentally resulting to dysfunction
Youths, old men are ever the invalids

Amos Ojwang'

No Miracle No Gain

They pray
I watch no miracle
No change
No miracle
Everyone trembles
A community of dead spirits woe!

They preach
Yet another trouble
Everyone falls, the spirits sing
A community of dead spirits woe!

They sing
My heart beats
My body cracks
My legs kick and my toes mutilate
A community of dead spirits woe!

Amos Ojwang'

Rhyme Of Times

I cannot bear this pain
Yet I can't get any gain

I've set my ears free
Though my eyes can't see

The ears of my country are broken
And that's why I can't get a token

I'm denied all my rights
So I can't voice all my thoughts

The country seems for gold medal
But not the riders on bicycle's pedal

I'm now fully destitute
That needs a help of a prostitute

For nowhere seems any way
Since all my desires are no way

Amos Ojwang'

The Chime Of The Age

Ding dong the bells toll
To the ears that burr in fall

Painfully it goes the bell
Like it went the dried well

That left all throats dried
Seriously disappointed with this deed

This bell that rings at wrong time
When deeds of everyone's reasons are at chine

This barricade barking mad moments
That we cry of with fear and supplement comments

Amos Ojwang'