

Poetry Series

Leonard Webber
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Leonard Webber(1986 April 06)

A Point I'M At

At the point I am I choose to remain
Because love like this has to be retained
The passed shall see me no more
Because underestimated distance travelled can't be backspaced;
So at this point I shall build a den for my lioness
And live on the bleak shore frantically
As love reside in and unifies our heart

In frenetic love is the point I am at
The point I shall define consummate
A point were I choose to forget the wasted moments
And turn a blind eye to the future
Cos in my heart the present must remain
A day must be still and tomorrow be no more
The moon must deny the break of dawn
And In love I shall be forever
And in this point I'm at I shall choose to remain
Until death put us to rest

Leonard Webber

Duet Of Lovers

DUET OF LOVERS

I quench my thirst by the saliva from her wetter kiss.
I fill my heart with delight from the fountain of her love.

For his love is deeper than the deepest ocean
In which all my sorrows can be drowned,
And all my fears can be laid to rest
For I know my heart is safe with him.

Her deed feeds my need far deep
Than the experience of Jesus of Nazareth;
If my knees have to fall, she will be the one before my face
And my praise will be directed to her before nature.

If I had to give my last breathe away
Lord have mercy coz to him it would be;

If I had to devote my life
Lord forgives coz my sacrifice to her it would be.

LEONARD WEBBER AND LERATO

Leonard Webber

From A Poet To A Poem

From a poet to a poem
These hands performed artistic ink work
So delicate and flexible like a plastic fork

From a poet to a poem
These hands deciphers my mistress inner beauty
And her magical physical appearance
With these hands her intellect was portrayed
While the tears of ink resembles
The gentle flow of her tender, love and care

From a poet to a poem
Through the work of my hand,
The notion of love from the top of my head
Is wandering amid the lines of my page

From a poet to a poem
A heart to a page,
From emotional to physical
Hands made it possible
And now she knows
That through these hands I'll continue to love,
Care, speak and embrace her

Leonard Webber

How Beautiful Love Can Be

How beautiful love can be;
With its distance underestimated
And its destiny unknown,
Neither prophesized by the great prophet
But it's worth defined by weigh of gold
And the crustal vividness of diamond,
Arms of steel and perfect bliss.

How magical love can be;
Love that transforms me to fantasy
And early age of Eden's garden.

How beautiful love can be
That makes one move to the sound of heart deejays;
That makes one sway slightly to the rhythm of passionate love.

How perfect love can be;
To remind me of the beautiful jacaranda trees
Lining the street of Pretoria,
Just as it reminds of how her love lines the inner surface of my heart.

How beautiful love can be;
To stretch my emotions like Jozi streets,
Just like how her fingers stretch
To reach my hidden delegate spot;
Just like the neon lights of Menlyn
Dancing toward the quiet night.

How calming love can be;
Like ponds of burgers park
Warming the red and gold fishes;
Just as her body warms during winter nights.

Leonard Webber

I Think Love Lost Its Supremacy

I think love lost its supremacy
How the muscular love could be conquered by a fresh boned lady,
I remain the ignored voice of love amid the doomed hearted land-dwelling.
Where all who seek it remain unattended,
But you?
Why turn a blind eye to what multitude seek?

Like dew love falls and never picks;
Where it abides, the centre keep the grip
And forges two hearts to merge into one heartbeat.
That's how I know love, the muscular love
Which patience rests their last breath on and shriek for immortality.
But you, you are measuring it with promises and superficiality.

The massive voice of lyricist loiters to where it fails to reach, the ear hammer.
Why remain styled with what fails to beat Robin Island with occupations.
Ears should be unlocked for love foot step, God commands.
And promises will be interchanged by what the eyes perceives.

Leonard Webber

Johannesburg City

Jozi, my Jozi

Let me tell how I see thee through my window,
From the Spiralled high floor obliterating my sorrow,
With clouds bruising the blue sky that dressed thee,
If I disregard to value your beauty state me comatose,

Jozi, my Jozi

How do I love thee without shaming thee concurrently?
Thy evidence of blood leak indisputably coat everyday's headline;
From the deep roaring sounds of trains,
We still hear the weep pressed out by pain.

Jozi, my Jozi

How do I forsake thee with no weeping deep?
With no asking for nighttimes that makes me
Cheerish the neon lights that paint your cheeks.
How do I hate thee without loving thee concurrently?

Leonard Webber

Love And War

I grow up in War trying to hold the pain,
Struggled to accommodate contentment,
And how could love feel like this again
Like a lifeless dream waiting for luck to salvage.
While I am dragging myself untimely for next victim I could feed on.
Commotion like I am waking through a nightmare and I can't keep on.
Why when I declare Love and War is involved
And When I stop combating, and love give up the ghost.

I grow up in War trying to hold the hurting,
Blood clogging in my vein like a boxer's bruise from internal bleeding.
And how could love fail to lecture peace through utterance.
Now I still keep a grudge like vagrant does to iciness.
Why love these days is traced by a compass of divergence and contest?
With my next door couple still inhabit jointly throughout detest.
Why when they declare Love and War is involved
And when they stop combating, and love give up the ghost.

08/07/2014 22: 01

Leonard Webber

My Mistress Is An Icon Of Love

Like philosophers who failed to define philosophy
But except only in action
Love expects failed to describe love
But used my mistress as an icon

Let the unsaid be said and
Unstated be stated and the secrete be unfolded
But the truth only remain, my mistress is icon of love

Let the New Age of Christ into existence
Either Maintain the Kingdom of The Almighty
The truth will still remain; beauty will be measured of her
And love will be known of her coz my mistress is an icon of love

Let occultist play their tricks
And the angel praise and sing
For a new transformation of a man
But my mistresses face and shape
Will remain coz perfection is known of her

Let the green eyed strew poison with their tongue
And express their fallacious
But her beauty can't be undone
The told can't be untold
And the truth can't be hidden
My mistress is an icon of love

Leonard Webber

Never Was My Word

Never was my word
Never shall I hang up the jersey and quit the game
Never shall I unlock the padlock that clinched my heart
And allow any soul to build a little hut in it
Never shall I be swept up by one's strength of one's arm
Never shall I allow any unique beauty to cross my mind
And reside in the warmth of my heart
Never shall my arms be a home to any kind of mighty precious jewel
Never shall I let gravity of love pull me
Into the loop of heart aches and dwell in pain

Never was my word
Never shall I say never, never again
Never was eradicated when I set my jersey to flames
And when I was red carded permanently from the game
Never was erased with a master key that unlocked the padlock of my heart
And when she melted me and form a new me
Never was eradicated by the tunes from her voice
Her words from her songs and the passion displayed
By her finger stroking the guitar of my chest
Never was erased when I buried my hand in her hairs
And locked my tongue with hers blowing sound of love
Never was eradicated when my fears were at rest
And when I experiencing the true colour of love
If dove truly resembles peace I don't doubt even a bit
That if she doesn't resembles love
Then she is a goddess of love

Never was my word
Never shall I say never, never again
But I say never when I say never shall I live you
Never shall I love another unless if this other is you
Never shall I leave your emotions high to dry
Never shall I let the sky pour on you
And if you had wings to fly,
I'll build thousand stations for you to perch
On the branches of arms
And if you were a spider
I'll net you a web and watch you ascend to great height

Never shall I say never but only when I say I will never leave you

Leonard Webber

Psychological Slavery

The indigenous Africans says I'm psychologically colonised by western tradition
But failed to see that my custom is alienation of individualism
My mind is not bound by faith and believe written on pages
My philosophy is based on reality and the sense of ages
I'm psychologically fit to stand against the slavery of religion
I been physically fighting the demons for truth restoration
But now psychological warfare is evident
Since my notion is tremendously predominant to my tradition
And the cultural statute based on imagination

I'm an indigenous African and that pose a threat
To the westerns that transforms psyche manipulation
To a black mind to lose the sense of value free and freedom
Exposure of the truth is carried by the complexity of my genes
As they forced to merge me into a coloured
So then white or black, freedom of self-individualism has to be promoted
Because the world can only be changed by ones mind and not adoption

If rules were set by psychologists rather than politicians
They would have been optional and negotiable
The mind will be a weapon of mass destruction
And the grand blueprint of construction
And they would be no slavery of religion, government and culture or tradition
Till then all people are continuously manipulating each other
And enforcing mental slavery.

Leonard Webber