

(epic)

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(Epic) Epic Smile Time slows; then stops. You have an epic smile, shining brightly to challenge the sun. You laugh with your soul, eyes sparkling in the light. You have an epic smile, one I will never forget. My heart leaps at your voice, a smile shattering the gloom of life. You have an epic smile, brighter than a thousand suns. I will think of you often, though truthfully I already do. You have an epic smile, my muse, one that will always be with me. By: Brian Hinckley (Metrical Tale) A love like mine I never understood the fatal brutality of life when it came down to. I figured that it's a course that everyone goes thru. Not the words that are spoken or the soft song that is sung... But the fear of letting go of a love like mine. The tears may fall and the feeling will boil but a love like mine can never be spoiled... I'm a woman with respect and honorable joy. A love like mine can never be played with like an old broken toy. I'm a chick from the ghetto and a love from the country I'm here to tell you being in love is good for your health ... Don't over do it make sure its right because a love like mine would never go on strike. I'm classy, sassy, never have never been called nasty... The love from a women's heart is most adored and never broken apart. Times we shared doing you right the times you should adore by making love right. I'm going to close this of saying a love like mine isn't a love like yours we all love different so how do you love? By: Talema Lawrence (Folksong) Africa Child Born in distress to parents of stress Raised careless, trained fearless Anything can happen, every road is cursed Behold, be strong, be bold we are told or you be next Our world is the fit survives quest No plans, no dreams, no ambitions to be best It's a war zone, we are pests\* Hated and slaved but doomed not to protest One day God will put us through the tests Maybe then

Africa Child may grow tired and wild Wild to tear apart what and who keeps his head low Wild to tear apart with his arrow and bow Wild to tear apart his worry and foe Never regretting never willing to let go But must let go for this world is not a hell hole For two wrongs do not make the right glow Our forgiveness makes our goodness flow Our world the world. The world our world. More of it we must know To assimilate ways to love to bond and to grow Someday then Africa child may go with nature's tide and be less vile A tide so full of virtue and loving kindness A tide so pure of good intentions and Godly brightness A tide so enjoying and satisfying it's priceless A tide to yearn to witness with kindred and mistress A tide of guiltlessness and fearlessness Come aboard Africa Child lets liberate to the heavens Where we are assured of new beginnings Free from our programmed teachings And open to become new beings Surely there African Child may live true life and be the true vine

By: Tekpor Raxzi (Ode) Forbidden Forest With a door crowned with fragile tapeline Which can be open with horrific biro key Full of dreadful existing suspense Coyly smiling to cities Like a chameleon in the garden of colorful roses A yard with fruit of saddened joy Leading saint to the county of chaos With a bridge that doesn't reject foots How I wish you never knock at my villa So to live in there with righteous heart You presence Unveil sudden timing eternity What a wish I wouldn't have dreamt forbidden forest.

By: Odesola Akintunde (Sonnets) Beauty Beauty is liberal as the heavenly air, Beauty is boundless as the universe: The waves of evil ponderously immerse The pearl of good; beauty is everywhere. Beauty is a devout a deep despair; Hopes that with heaven's highest stars converse: The poisonous blossom of a devil's curse; The first and last word of an angel's prayer.

Creation and destruction at thy beck  
 Call love and lust: through battle's  
 bloody swarm That youth with smiling face sees but thy form: And, 'mid the  
 shrieks of the fast sinking wreck, A poet, standing on the wave-washed deck,  
 Stares awe-struck at the beauty of the storm. (Elegy) Another Elegy | | | | This  
 is what your dying looks like. You believe in the sun. You believe I don't love  
 you. Always be closing, Said our favorite professor before He let the gun go  
 off in his mouth. I turned 29 the way any man turns In his sleep, unaware of  
 the earth Moving beneath him, its plates in Their places, a dated  
 disagreement. Let's fight it out, baby. You have Only so long left. A man  
 turns In his sleep, so I take a picture. He won't look at it, of course. It's His bad  
 side, his Mr. Hyde, the hole In a husband's head, the O Of his wife's mouth.  
 Every night, I take a pill. Miss one, and I'm gone. Miss two, and we're  
 through. Hotels Bore me, unless I get a mountain view, A room in which my  
 cell won't work, And there's nothing to do but see The sun go down into the  
 ground That cradles us as any coffin can. | | (Pslams) Pslams Pray loudly  
 against the noise of the human hand Which seeks to drown you out? And  
 appear on quiet soles So that we might understand your footsteps Exert  
 yourself In order to recognize our prayers Even when they appear in a  
 different garment Because no prayer ever loses itself from the source of the  
 one praying Lord Take up the speech By which I pray to you Grant me the  
 gestures Which have grown within me in your absence? So that I might  
 remain true to my uneducable nature And take your weakness upon me Lord  
 You should always wander and never let yourself Settle down Because there  
 are no longer any dwelling places Only footsteps Be loud and penetrating  
 Sympathize with me and my stirrings Lead me All the way to your bread So

that my word might wake (Song) Take Me Home Take me home Take me home Take me home Lord God Take me home She broke my heart And it won't mend I say please Lord God Let it end Take me home Take me home Take me home Lord God Take me home Was it all Just a lie I say please Lord God Let it die Take me home Take me home Take me home Lord God Take me home Why she left I don't know I say please Lord God Let it go Take me home Take me home Take me home Lord God Take me home (Comedy) So Says the Boss I'm the boss You do not cross The king of my domain For the day No work, all play Is found in my refrain Love to eat The prime of meat So sad 'til I get some 'Tis so sweet And such a treat Boy, they can be so dumb Hate to dress Give me caress No bother with the slime Have to dig In it real big Archaeology time When I'm beat I have a seat Take my favorite spot No compete It's so complete Out of my royal cot! Here to stay I love to lay Napping is not a farce I'm a dog Who's a couch hog So move your big fat arise! (Melodrama) LIFE — A MELODRAMA OF LABOUR The melodrama of labour, The menace of failure The determination to achieve, To make one believe That success can be near, Turns down the failure-fear And a step you advance, success seems to cling Give more thrust and advance, And you find yourself in success ring. Success succumbs to the brave, Cowards fear success break Paradoxically the want is universal Made by planned series of rehearsals. How many can cut the joy of enjoying? Or learn enjoying in the work? How many can realize the joy is work? And learn working without end? Complacency succumbs to success, But significant is its degree So calls for success after success, Ongoing till breath can be! Falls to be without distress, And success to be without rest Just as Nature weaves the flowers,

Without heed to the whither-showers. Success is all pervasive, Success: light or massive Success is sugar of life, The sprout of Success is bright. No onset, No end, Success has in its blend Image of one's deity And gratefulness for complacence. This is the tale of life, This is the consent of joy & spice From a success in having breaths To an all successful life! (Tragedy) Broken without you bleed out my love, see me all alone, without you at home, breath me in, like i breath you in, sleep next to me, make the stars fall on us tonight, the wind blows the sweet words you have whisperd everynight, you are so far away, let the ocean brease bring me where im supposed to be, the place of my dreams, iis where you are right now, i miss everything about you, the smile, the kiss, the eyes that shined brighter than the moon, broken as i am without you near, all these years, i'm without you here, sadness has taken over over my shattered soul, it's like a nightmare, suffering for you to come back, all i know there will be no hope, i close my eyes, i see your eyes, it makes me smile, with tears in running down, pictures of you, bring back the memory's come to life, it makes me swear i will never forget you, as the time passes by, my love grows, for every single moment i spend without you, sometimes i wish i could fly, to where you are, but i realise, the is no such thing as flying, i lost my hopes, i lost my dream, i lost my soul, i lost you, the day has come, my mind has turned upside down, i can't take this anymore, i want you back, i stand here with noway back, i will come for you, i let go, i turn arround, i loose the ground, now i do belive in flying, when im on my way of dying, i hit the street ground hard, but not as hard as the pain that was hitting me inside, i found my way back to you, with a surprise, my dearest love you are back in my arms, forever is this moment now, our souls

drawn together, now we shall rest our eyes, stay by my side, over the  
starlight sky's. (Farce) A fools mind We all stand alone Every woman, man,  
child It's in the nature of things Even with loved ones a side us We are alone  
And when you except this with a very heavy heart It's easy to move forwards  
Knowing the only one to blame, trust, depend on , is in the end yourself.  
Because at the end of it all you make your own path in this existence we call  
life Ergo when it goes wrong it's your fault Read the signs presented before  
you Act before others can Trust no one Simple rules to survive by And when  
you have dragged yourself kicking and screaming towards the final day Look  
back, You will see nothing As nothing else remains Loves lost Friends gone  
Soul mates vanished What a joke What a farce What a waste Where's the  
reset button when you need one? (Corridos) My Dearest Love-Relieve This  
Pain! My dearest love your presence erases my pain Stay with me until my  
last breath- relieve this pain! Your loving charm touches my soul from days  
of old Now I will need your charming kiss-relieve this pain! Your elegant  
grace has filled this place from the start Charms from your heart will be with  
me-relieve this pain! The touch of your fingers I always remember Touch my  
face once more; as it rains-relieve this pain! The beauty of your smile has set  
my mind wild Once more whisper words in my ears-relieve this pain! Like a  
butterfly release me from this cocoon I will await you one noon day-relieve  
this pain! Alas, the bliss of your kiss I will surely miss Your love Joseph, your  
kiss will miss-relieve this pain! (Ballad) Ballad of the Gibbet Brothers and  
men that shall after us be, Let not your hearts be hard to us: For pitying this  
our misery Ye shall find God the more piteous. Look on us six that are  
hanging thus, And for the flesh that so much we cherished How it is eaten of

birds and perished, And ashes and dust fill our bones' place, Mock not at us  
that so feeble be, But pray God pardon us out of his grace. Listen we pray  
you, and look not in scorn, Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die; Ye wot  
no man so wise is born That keeps his wisdom constantly. Be ye then  
merciful, and cry To Mary's Son that is piteous, That his mercy take no stain  
from us, Saving us out of the fiery place. We are but dead, let no soul deny  
To pray God succor us of His grace. The rain out of heaven has washed us  
clean, The sun has scorched us black and bare, Ravens and rooks have  
pecked at our eyne, And feathered their nests with our beards And hair.  
Round are we tossed, and here and there, This way and that, at the wild  
wind's will, Never a moment my body is still; Birds they are busy about my  
face. Live not as we, not fare as we fare; Pray God pardon us out of His  
grace. L'envoy Prince Jesus, Master of all, to thee We pray Hell gain no  
mastery, That we come never anear that place; And ye men, make no  
mockery, Pray God, pardon us out of His grace. P O E M S Submitted by: Via  
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