

The Poetry of
Famous Isaacs

Beyond

(#MicroPoetry)



B E Y O N D

Famous Isaacs

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For Marcus Ekuku Agbonmhenlo:

My grandfather-

12 years after your murder, you are still alive in me.

. . .

◊o'Vine ◊w'Isibor ◊c'Vela ◊o'Isoken ◊e'Elohor

◊nKoli oSkar ◊ k'Shulla ◊"eLove Poetry"

For being there for me, standing by like the shadows of
someone in the sun, what I feel for you is beyond this
Beyond.

See! We finally made it.

THE PREFACE

I have always asked myself: "What makes a poem a poem? How short could a poem be? Indeed, what is poetry?" No doubt, these questions have yet to be answered satisfactorily about 6000 years since the first human poet, Adam, spoke the first poem: "This is at last the bone of my bones and the flesh of my flesh." -**Gen. 2:23**

The poetry in this collection is like love to me- the soul's expression of need- the need to define poetry in the light of it as "man's art of playing with words." It is an attempt to experiment with my definition, to experiment with style, to experiment with words. I wrote them because I couldn't help but to write; because there is a "child" in me that wouldn't rest until it be allowed to play, no matter how brief the moments at play gets to be; "because there is a voice in me that wouldn't be still;" because words have always fascinated me, and playing with them, well...

Famous Isaacs



B E Y O N D

One day in the failing light of dusk

I found myself in London.

It's 6a.m here now;

I'm just waking up from
another dream of you.

Now there are the harrows of
the glistening crowd,
There are the arrows of the
listening cloud,
There are the echoes of the
deafening sounds that must
convey the aches that eat up
my heart.

You burn in my heart like the
flames of Alkavasha.

Gradually, you have grown
into my soul's song.

Yes, you are my definition of
nature's poetry.

The love in your soul has
charmed me

Like petals charm the
butterfly.

I bend to your will

Like a tree obeying the wind.

Conviction graces me
Like oil on a rusting metal.
I feel alive again
Like my baby's love makes
me.

I have hated love
And I have loved to love.
The fool it makes me become
Is the sage it has proven me.

Like the earth I belong to
everyone;
But like water I must fit into
A calabash.

What if gods were men and
men were gods?

Surely all angels would live in
jail.

I'd love the life I live if that
life loves me.

I feel like a paycheque
Given who must receive.

The hours, like seasons, have
come and gone;
Yet like soldiers and time
I must move on.

Words upon words have
weighed me down;
Yet like a curse I bear I cannot
frown.

Wails ran in from the woods
announcing:

Today my lover died of a
broken heart.

A broken heart broke my
soul,

I hid in my shadows.

Somehow a fire burns my
soul;

But, pray, let it melt my
sorrows away.

Have I loved, and loved
enough?

Oh, I would love even more.

Live. Love.

Really, what curse could be better?

There was a thorn in my flesh
As I watched her shadows
walk away.

But I'd become an ex-
Until the dawn of a better
day.

Give me a song;
Sing me a poem:
If a heart breaks,
It takes a heart to heal.

Did I not see your love float
like a calabash upon the Nile?
I could tell long ago that you
would stay but for a while.

One time the whole world is
awake.

At such times the whole
world is at stake.

Let there be love, and there
was you.

I have lived enough to love.
Now it's time to love that I
might live.

Whoever said to love at dusk?
Well, dusk is when your love
for me takes a step
...and walks away.

I have loved; I have loved
through pains.

Yet I shall love; I shall love
again.

There is a fire in me that will
not quench-
The fires of my love for you:
Let it burn...even more.

In the sea of my thoughts
I'm lost without a boat to sail
away.

So I kiss my pains with a smile
I say my joys goodbye.

Mother, I carry with me that
piece of you engraved on the
tablet of my heart.

Not that I need that to
remind me of you,

But that I need you to
remind me to live,

Because thinking of you gives
me the strength to love.

For when the despairs of the
world weighs me down,

Your love keeps me raised up.

Like a seedling I have grown
into a man—
Strong, courageous, and bold.

I love you, mother, beyond
words; beyond this beyond;
beyond imagination.

I love you like the queen of
the night

Whose sweet fragrance wins
souls even without words.

Tonight the sky is virgin;
The moon walks alone
Rising and falling against
surpassing glee.
I watch, listening to my heart.

Like the moon I walk alone.
A lonely traveller: that's me.
Darkness beckons:
His clear call roars through
the wind.
I hear his call; I stumble and
fall.

Aye, tonight
The skies are starless;
The moon walks alone.
A lonely moon: that's me

Tonight my mind is virgin.
I let earth give me a drink
Both if I awake or sleep.

Tonight the morning
whispers seems

As though the sounds of
solemn songs.

I hear the jingles jingle;
It's a call from Neverland.

Outside, there is fresh
mildness.

The grasses are my pillow
My heart is wild.

Let the river of love take
shape, and in my heart-
Let your music forever play
on.

When I first met you,
It felt like hearing heaven call
my name.

The joys that filled my heart
Was like water covering the
sea.

Twenty years gone and it
hasn't run dry:
Till eternity comes, let it flow.

Slowly sand becomes stones.
Slowly stones become rock
and beautifies the earth,
Or it becomes a missile and
hurls down a bird.

A crack on the wall
Shows you a house has grown
grey hair.
My father's growing old
qualifies him
As the pregnancy of another
ghost.

When you see my father on
his way uphill,
Do show him the way ahead
And let him know there is no
traffic jam.

He's been a stranger to me
All his life,
So much so that
He's made me become a
stranger
Even to myself.

The presence of fur does not
make man a monkey;
But so does white agbada not
explain purity.

Words alone can never
explain a man's wisdom;
It's why every flying bird
cannot be an eagle.

You cannot play with snakes
and feel a gentle romance,
How then can I drink of the
cup of your manifestoes
And not be drink-poisoned
into mediocrity?

Inflate me with fulfilment,
and I shall become David;

And dance madly, praise-
wordily, to the rhythm of
your agogo.

The shadows of today reflects
the idleness
Of yesterday.

Yesterday I died a thousand
deaths

Mourning over the forsaken
embers

Of my burnt-to-ashes-
memories

Oh! Okay,
It's alright to come burn
Me up with syphilitic fires,
And keep my thing dangling,
Dancing to the broken
Rhythm
Of your warm appeal.

Today there are no
conversations;
Only the loneliness that
clouds my heart
Like a plane in a fog.

Today there are no
conversations;
Only the silence that ties my
tongue
Like yam in a barn.

Today there are no
conversations;

Only the emotions that
manifest as blood in my
veins:

Emotions voiceless due to a
seizing.

Often I've tried to change the
colour of white to milk
And pretend that being off-
colour would make a man
Even more colourful. I was a
fool.

We lose a lot to pride and ignorance that later wear us the coat of shame, while we fake glamour in the meantime.

I see you coil up like a rattle
snake ready to strike. Why,
I did try to change the world,
but

The world has changed me:
One day, the world will
change itself.

My morning wakes in
restlessness

And with resounding echoes
of my hibernating pride

I lost my shadows on my way
home

From work yesterday.

I'm lost in my dreams:

B r o k e n

Dreams;

In an endless array of

Pistol-in-hand, finger-on-
the-trigger

Dreams-

A shot on my head

A slap echoes

My heart breaks.

Here I am
Chained in my silence
What's there to say when
there is no voice to say
nothing?

I miss home.

Here there are no laughters,
no sanity;

The air is hot with frenzy
smoke

And endless smells of
roasting souls-

Men roast in their loneliness;

And everyday my fears and
worries crave.

Africa,

There is joy that fills my heart
at the thought of you...

You are the beauty the world
yearns for.

Come, you!

I'd love to take you far from
where the ocean whirls;

Far from the troubled sea

To where peace, like a river,
reigns,

And love, like a flooding
torrent.

It is beyond this Beyond-

Come, let me take you to
Africa.

The clock ticks now.

There are the horrors that
have stamped on my
thoughts

Fused with seemingly
approaching doom;

I do not fear the end-

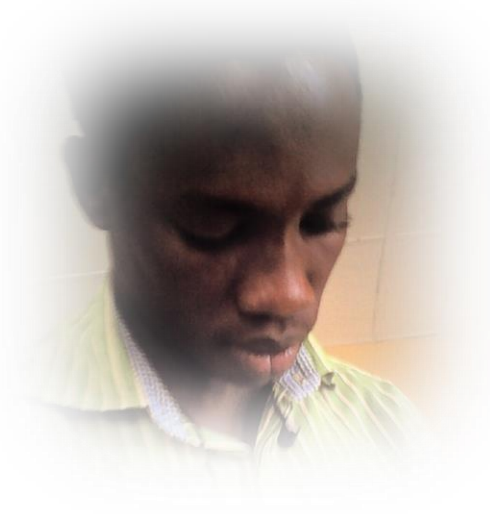
I fear for it.

Hope travels the streets in
hard shoes.

Today makes it a thousand
years of its endless journey...

But this end is just the
beginning:

**We've all got ours, my friend,
Hope is not a grain of sand.**



THE POET

FAMOUS ISAACS is a Nigerian poet. He lives in Nigeria.

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