

Diary of a Confused kid

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Presented by

My poetic side 



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How We Roll

Rocking boat sailing down the peaceful river
A little storm and that's our trigger
Soon its hatching schemes, waiting for one to surrender
Its crazy how much we can hurt each other

From morning kisses to morning hisses
I destroy something sentimental, to get you crying
You say painful things that get me thinking
We are so enraged but we keep staring

I hate you, you hate me, its clear so we start screaming
I push you, my mistake. So the plates start flying
Then I'm out the door, no direction. I Just keep walking
Maybe its time to leave, maybe I need some soul searching.

I comeback late, she's outside waiting
I walk her in, hand holding but we still frowning
I look in her eyes and apologise, she stays frowning
But holds me tight, kisses my neck and tears start falling

Then we push each other against the walls, kissing
You bite my neck, I bite your ass with some more playing
A passionate kiss as our eyes meet, then earth starts shaking
Then we back to our rocking boat, like it was nothing

Don't Give Up

Disappointment comes in various stages
We feel it on different levels, throughout different ages
A knife to the back over candy, is easily forgivable
But stakes only get higher, and the pain gets more unbearable
You can promise love under the moon and get heartbroken under the sun
Imagine a woman so fed up, she left her only son
Or a graduate who hoped to conquer the world, now swimming in debt
They come in many forms and styles the obstacles we face on earth

Imagine the broken homes, children who are disappointed from birth
How at night they make wishes for a better life, while having brushes with death
Parents a complete disappointment, whose only gift were scars on the back
The world must be hell in their eyes, with a creator very wicked, depraved and wack
The light comes soft and darkness with full force, like needles in the heavy rain
Maybe its just the surprise of the disappointment, but so sharp is the pain
Like feeling a physical and emotional cut to your rein
But not cracking or breaking is what it takes to be sane
Yes the mountain is high and the shit is deep, be strong dont get weak
Unless you are ready to succumb, lay on the ground and take failure's kick
Or take control and remember, in this world every man is his own God
So once your ready to put in the work, you can make great things out of nothing

My Own Bestfriend

I smile a lot when we share thoughts
On the beach, a beautiful view or as wind is blowing
Our closeness is so much, they think we are going nuts
But you are my best friend, the only one that can keep me going
When the weight of the world feels just too much to bear
And thinking of the future only brings more fear
You trust my decision and will follow me, no matter where
As a confidant, comforter and my worse nightmare
They say a secret cannot be hidden by two
So I burnt my diary and told them all to you
It's really interesting when your, your own bestfriend
The only person your sure, will be there still the bitter end
No need for lies, since you witnessed it too
No room for pretense because you know what I plan to do
Its so beautiful to be able to speak, so honestly and true
As again we talk about all the things, we have been through
If you ever feel alone or away from home, remember your bestfriend is you
Who unlike the others, understands all the things you have been through
And is willing to share your fate on any date
Never doubt yourself, if you want a friend thats fair and true then learn to trust you

Drifting Away

Like the wind is pushing me back
Or maybe its the correct description I lack
But I feel it, I cant explain it but it's happening
Right before my eyes, something is changing
I'm lacking oxygen, I feel like i'm choking
It all looks normal but I can feel you slipping
I want to hide it but babe we are slowly, drifting
What can I do to stop us from crumbling
I wish I could make you love me
Give you what I feel when you hug me
The excitement and explosion as you kiss me
How I crave you when your far from me
It feels so horrible like I'm living but drowning
Like i'm injured but smiling, just acting like its nothing
As time keeps passing, we are just drifting
My face is just above the water but I'm slowly sinking
What really hurts, is I see what we could be
The happiness and joy, you could share with me
Wish I knew the right words to say, to make you stay
But maybe this the correct way, maybe we need to break away

One Soul

Have you ever had a conversation with the wind
Or listened to the melodious choir of the crickets
Or felt the sweat calming comfort of silence
Or enjoyed the fulfilment and contentment of an empty void
Sometimes in the deepest wilderness is where I find peace
Away from voices and ideas of what I'm meant to be
Where I can indulge my dark side without judgement
My haven, fortitude, heart and a large chunk of my happiness
To some this is a dark path or the beginning of a broken man
But sometimes it gives me a bliss I can't explain
A rush that sparks my brain, like the fountain of youth revitalizing my soul
Reinforcing me like a rock, ready to easily withstand the running stream
This is my sacred treasury, I'm very willing to share it with you
Its intimacy is unique, a power and deep gift of love called isolation
When we forget the world and time, just focusing in each other's eyes
It may sound strange, but when you feel it you will understand
Because our worlds revolve around just two people
Only caring about you and nothing else, doing only what's best for us
Your body my toy and your soul, my intimate lover
It sounds simple but understand, its deeper than words
Without a doubt I'm possessive and can't share you with anyone else
But I still want to see an honest smile and a taste of true laughter
I want to look in your eyes, forgetting the world is slowly slipping away
Even if its just for a moment, enjoy the peace of loving only one soul

Lost Free Verse

I wonder when I changed so much
I used to be the guy who could always smile
Came around with so much energy, everyone felt it
Suddenly I started getting cold, not sure how it started
I smile sometimes and wonder to myself
Was there really a reason to smile
Could I have smiled because everyone expects that from me
Or was it peer pressure or did I randomly put on a mask for no reason
I used to talk a lot and make everyone laugh but now they just feel cautious
Everyone around me acts like they are dodging broken lightbulbs
The funny thing is I prefer it, like that's the only way people can be sensible
I'm not violent or hot tempered, but sometimes I can be very cold
Sometimes I wonder what keeps me up at night
Or where I go, all those times I'm lost in deep thought
Sometimes its like something is missing, a small void
Then sometimes I love the peace of silence and been alone
The beautiful assurance of depending on no one and living for you
The pure loyalty and devotion of acting alone, thinking of yourself
Instead I'm surrounded by people devoted to an empty sky
Believing their issues are caused by an evil being locked underground
My happiness is, no matter a man's background his free to let his mind wonder
His head in the clouds, a space even a nobody can do great things
Are you falling or in dark times, just close your eyes and drift away
The pressures of the world are heavy, that's why you must never forget to dream

Berserkers Of Pome

There is a story everyone in a certain small community knows
A group of people you should never for any reason offend
An area smart to avoid, roads only the very foolish pass
Don't go to investigate, no matter the level of your curiosity
The government for some reason turns a complete blind eye
They act like the incidents never happened like they didn't receive the reports
Its now culture, the way we know to live. So take it seriously
Unless you want to join the long list of casualties
They say once they mark you, you are as good as dead
No escape, they can attack even in your dreams
Running won't work, begging won't work
Just wear your best suit and accept a gruesome death
There will be loud screams but no body
You will scream in horrifying anguish but receive no help
With your hand and blood, you shall write a long note
On a piece of your skin, to warn others to never make your mistake
That shall be the last evidence of your existence
In a small community everyone knows never to offend
A place called Pome, where the Berserker tribe dwell
Once you cross them, no matter your status be ready for hell

My Pen

Tossed into the world, my only escape was my pen
It gave me wings, and carried me to the heavens
Flying like a God across the stars, while eating pizza on mars
I am the lord of this universe, the author of this world
I have slayed millions of men with the flick of my pen
Conquered empires with nothing but a toothpick
Beaten the matrix and become its new coder
I fought the crusades and gained immortality
I wrote letters to Kennedy and advised the great Alexander
Challenged Caesar and helped Moses path the red sea
Warned Eve about the serpent and begged God to be lenient
I have lived a thousand lives while laying on my bed
I gave Lucifer shelter before he fell to the depths of hell
Me, Tupac, Machiavelli and Socrates once shared a cell
I had a sheringan and took over the world
Beat superman and hulk in a serious brawl
Dropped in a black and white television, i made my own dimension
Where things always go my way, my own fortress and personal bunker
Life's greatest gift to me, my imagination and my pen
It has spilled ink for me, to taste limitless adventures

Confused kid

I wish I could explain who I am, or how I feel
I always use the wrong words and people misunderstand
Maybe they understand but I can't just face the truth
But honestly I always feel completely misunderstood
Sometimes I feel friendly and searching for a laugh
Adventurous and daring, a happy mad max
Then suddenly I love been lonely, I hate the attention
I want to walk in and have fun without human detection.
I want to feel no life around me, just me in lifeless eden
Talking with me, my own beloved best friend
Enjoying the beauty of hearing the silent wind
And the joys of a lonely full moon, the bliss of isolation
Sometimes I'm an artist, dissecting the world with Socrates
A wanderer, searching for meaning in the void of living
A philosopher, on a path to find enlightenment
Or one of the lost souls scattered across the earth
Then I have my depressed moments, alone in a dark room
Feeling like human connection ends in disappointment
Where I want to be loved but intensely fear heartbreak
When I can't feel happy and feel very very alone
But everyday is a new day, a chance for numerous possibilities
Maybe I haven't found a place I belong, maybe that's what's truly missing
But I know I have something precious, very valuable for that I'm grateful
I may be lost but at least not gone, so for having life I praise the heavens

Beautiful

Have you ever wondered, what is the meaning of beauty
Some think its something that entices the eyes
Something that no sight can ignore, with a gaze moves the soul
A pleasant occurrence that one can only find in life
But even in inanimate objects I found divine like beauty
As a child I cherished a certain piece of cloth and had my favorite stick
their loss still hunts me now, not with nightmares just a slight taste of regret
I should have been more vigilante, I sometimes think of them as an adult
Some think its a special connection with the individuality of a specific soul
A reflection of a kindred emotion, we absorb from mediums of art
How the music calms your pulse as your mind synchronizes to the beat
Or the fantasy you secretly enjoy while looking in the eyes of Mona Lisa
Or is it something everlasting like divinity or the heavenly gift of immortality
Like rebirth, transformation, change engulfed in the endless circle of time
Or the innocence of a virtuous woman, or the deep admiration of your first love
Or something just nice to see, a very pleasant unique feeling
After many hours of deep thinking I came to completely no conclusion
I think beautiful is just beautiful, undescribable, unique in itself,
you just know when you encounter it kind of word
Upon I can't define it, happiness is beautiful anytime I feel it

The key

There is a place only princesses dance
A gathering of royals, a place commoners cannot find
A tower so high, its view makes the world look small
This special place is only for the truly blessed
Do not be confused, it isn't for those with a silver spoon
Or for the pompous, who think everyone is inferior
Its not a place riches can buy or affluence can shake
Its a special place with a single door
The gate keeper holds the only key
So many adventurers try to outsmart and thieves try to sneak past
But rules are rules and entrance is only given to the chosen
So powerless as they are turned away, its sad to have to walk away
There is no invitation, just an open application
Some leave because they believe its not worth the effort
But I believe this place is meant for me, entrance will bless my heart
So I bow my head before the gatekeeper, please give the key her heart

Waterworks

These waters never cross, they are at war
A battlefield that's a literal watery grave
Bow your head or suffer poiseidon's wrath
Everyone brace yourself as we enter the storm!!!
The generals strategically attack with waves
All in a vicious effort, to launch a powerful attack
But what is war, without powerful resistance
The enemy general retaliates with an even bigger wave
The clash hits and causes a moment of calm
Like both parties have reached a compromise and relinquished their arms
But like everything the longer the peace, the larger the next conflict
Then the skies are dark and earth is trembling from a battle of supremacy
Like the battle of good and evil, the upper hand is short lived
As the sails fling, the mast shakes and the wind blows harder
The Calm is ready to scatter, watch mother nature flunt her power
What a spectacle only few can see, welcome to the view of a sailor at sea

Be Chosen

Crossed the barren lands and slayed every obstacle
Many trials I overcame, to find myself in the presence of a divine oracle
I fought hard, never forgetting my goal but this meeting took a real miracle
Upon all I faced the goddess found me unworthy, so with words I tried to be lucky

What I seek is a drug, so strong it confuses the best senses
A craving so strong, its seen as passion and rejuvenates the soul like a vitality portion
The pain is, its so hard to find, with no means of synthetic creation
So many believed it didn't exist and believe its search is a fable and distraction

Foolish mortal you know nothing, to call it a drug shows your naivety and oblivion
Walk away now as I pity your stupidity, before I make you taste desolation
But goddess I'm a deep addict, addicted to its feeling and emotion
I tasted it once but lost it, even now it haunts me. I need my medication

The search for it has killed many men and made some fall in despair
Withdrawn from society unable to fill the void from losing something so rare
But I am stubborn and ready to find it again, even if my search is in vain
I shall try again and again, until my heart cannot beat again

Foolish mortal you knew its value and like the others you still lost it
Clearly, you should forfeit, and learn to live your life without it
Your battles are legendary so woo more women, enjoy your charm and have fun
I don't want that, it doesn't meet my needs, on the rise of the sun they are gone

I want an equal who chose me as I chose her because I cannot woo forever
Whose seen my flaws and accepts me as I have accepted her
That can last, even after youth has past
Nothing real, can always be sweet and I am addicted to real

Mortal you seem sure of what you want then why have you done so much to see me
I came to make you mine, I chose you and came here hoping you would do the same
Mortal is this a game or have you gone insane, when you had the chance you should have ran

But goddess what love can be as true and honest as when a goddess chooses a mortal man

A very old friend

It has been a while, I think a chat is due
So much has happened, there is a lot to tell you
A little taste of art, in a suspicious uncomfortable place
Then dejavu with the dialy swing of the pendulum, acceptance of time's marching embrace
A long throat, sticking the tongue out, hungry for fantasy taste

There was a knight, dragons, and a damsel
War rooms, angry mob, religion and a secret council
The era, opened the world to new ideas, leading to insight and clarity
War, bridges burned, castles erected, and a new government showing signs of prosperity
Although some religious sects, still battle for dominance and integrity

Then there was romance, intense, a hot taste, like a kiss to the neck
There was resonance, fire, in a stare, a will to destroy it all, and walkout the wreck
Explosions, darkness, fear and chaos, and finally, resistance
Conquest, the king of men, looked Medusa in the eyes
A curse of stone, spell failed, as illusions clear and truth removes lies

Then lust, like the hunger of thirst, I grave for your embrace
Always sparking, wanting to go off, to have you, to have a taste
Clear the cold with the warmth of your soul, a beacon that sincerely brightened the day
As smaller dreams come true, filled with the thoughts, of fortune moving my way
So every kiss on your back was a love letter, with an invitation to stay

Old friend we have come a long way, remember the times your told me stories as a child
They were pure, I cherish them, with time I have grown to appreciate them as I'm not as arrogant
and proud
After I left your care, I had experiences, from here and there, the stories are bountiful so grab a chair

I always wonder, between us, who understands the other better, as your always here and care
Anyway Old friend let me tell you some stories, as since I met you, now, and then, I could always
depend on my old friend "My Pen"

Little Margot

Not crazy crazy but sometimes funny crazy
A small chuchu, steaming down, walking around
Hardly explodes, functional and sound
Still crazy, with the funniest face at the bust of honest laughter
Batman and joker, saw her as a "Keeper"

A sexy locomotion, as a rough mind adores beaten, steel
But malleable with a touch, and soft enough to feel
As you look into the sea, then experience "something is calling me"
Their is lust and their is lust, as you know, "this machine doesn't fail"
Once given the manual, it will safely sail

This beauty is different, it's calm yet intense
Like a fly to a flame, a viagra, once in its presence
But every action a secret request, she don't like to wait she comes direct
On top or below, for you, she's happy to go
As keeping her daddy happy, in her mind sounds correct

She misleads others, as she came to win
Harley wants first, so that's sealed with a pin
All fantasy and fetish are available, but it's price is loyalty
As daddy can have it all, as long as his with harley
Harley ain't stingy, to share she's happy, but don't you dare see that as an opportunity

She don't pretend, as her approach is like a genie
So sweet like honey, which man can resist, making wishes
So pale like an ice cream, every lick tells me "there are things more important than riches"
A living fountain of youth, happy to carefully replenish stress' blemish
She is on standby to the king, day or night. So every target happily gave their soul, to have a queen
and knight

Ayra Starr

An angel on the stage, a new goddess for the age
Others see a celebrity, a beautiful vixen pouring a melody
But historically, music resonates differently
As my soul melts as she touches my heart lyrically
Enticing me so naturally, its familiar and nostalgic, like an old memory

There is lust and there is lust, but I feel understood and heard
Like this kiss could have a divine effect, like youth returning to my head
A flood of anointing hard to contain, a need to break the bed
Like this connection isn't just physical, it's deeper and mental
Not just warm distant admiration, but like discovering a passion

So it creates a craving, so clear, it's enchanting
As she whines like a snake, it feels like a goddess is dancing
And innocent me, it's luring, so strong, it's winning
Constantly wishing she was here, or wherever she is, wishing to be there
As a fat kid met cake, this meeting maybe fate, I really love chocolate

So my celestial being give me enlightenment, like this worship is your entitlement
Like every kiss is an arrow from cupid, not controlling we are free to be stupid
So sweet, salivating for our embrace, as every gaze fills me with grace
So I send burnt offerings to get your attention, for I'm selfish so I make clear my intention
They see a superstar I see my woman, so they are entertained while I make a plan