

Anthology of Ceddy

Presented by

My poetic Side 



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I say no to acism

Because of some human beings ignorance
Many people are still getting judged by their race
For such thing, racism has left them without a trace
Because it bites like lice.
It drains out the life of a biped creature.
I say no to racism

Racism hurricanes everywhere:
In a restaurant, hotel, bank or in a school.
Never preparing the nation
Or even the generation.
It doesn't knock and knock on the door,
It comes like a thief in the night.
Banging and straight breaking inside.
When the soul is not ready for the attack.
I say no to racism

Racism does not welcome,
It tells you to go back at your home.
When you are seen as a threat,
In a match, with a scene in a trailer.
I say no to racism

Racism is an un-naturality,
Only leads to war and division.
Because hatred against one another capitulates.
Like the rising waves of the ocean.
I say no to racism

Many folks brag about their nationality, feeling superior
Only to differentiate against those who are different by discriminating them.
In a horrible way.
I say no to racism

If fighting racism and discrimination isn't an option,
Many people are not going to end up perishing
Because equality and fairness will be impossible to achieve
And judgements will continue to haunt people due to their skin color.
I say no to racism

We are one nation, one people in one earth
So let's all come together to end racism
So that;
We can and they can live a happier, a beautiful life.
I say yes to peace

Flowers

Flowers sway gently.
The bees sit on them dancing.
Do not sting me bees!

Pain

The world's silent killer.
Immensed humans with sorrow and brokenness;
Surrounded them with clinging help,
That they mustly need rescue from,
But;
very hard to get.

Like a maximum-security prison;
Pain lets people see no light
And no joy
Even get a taste of happiness.

No one can ever escape the pain
Because it's like the FBI
Always with us
waiting to destroy our well-being.

Pain leads to tears that streams down our face;
but sometimes it's a sense of relief.
That calms us down.

As perceived dangerous by many;
rather, a message sent to us so that something gets changed.
Never think it's going to end your life.

It can never be foreseen;
But rather approaches slowly like a snail;
And delivers a devastating impact like venom from a snake.
Powerful enough to kill you.

Pain leads to a higher knowledge of wisdom.
Getting aware of what we must avoid.

And;
That's committing suicide.

Canada

A beautiful home.
Where the sap flows from pine like a river.
In every breath I take, the sweetness of the air fills my nostrils
I can feel Joy and freedom surrounding me.
It comes like a wind.

The flag rises high above the snow.
It comes in December.
When Santa gets awake.
And starts to prepare to sing Merry Christmas.
To every lovely person.

The summer is warm like water dripping from a shower.
Every step I take, Autumn flowers fall on me like rain droplets.
It's colors are dark red and light green.
The goose roams like lost sheeps.
And they chase me When I meet them.

Found Poem: Auschwitz

A convalescent home.
The fragrances of corpses filled the air.
At every step, white signs with black skulls looked down on me.
The claps and whips cracked around my body.
The bread, the soup--
Those were my entire life in the place.
I can tell you,
The weak did not last long here.
The silence became more oppressive.
Harsh words sent shivers through my bones and nerves.
Fear was greater than hunger.
I would have dug my nails into this criminal's flesh.
Who came in, and with him the smell of the angel of death.
Driving out my despair, I could move away from being dead.
I no longer cared to live.

Our Perishing Nature

Our perishing nature's flowers were nice.
Blooming and folding out near the rice.
Magnetizing creatures in disguise.
And dissipating from the wise.

With that case;
Postulating an inquiry on grace.
To acquire gravitas in place
So we may obtain a radiant space.

Our perishing nature delivered;
Hectares of grains.
Which we grew using knowledge involving our brains.
Don't you have a clue?
That nature is imprinted in a hue.

I now know:
Nature was made complete
And entangled with deplete.

Bare with me.
In any day, week, hour and minute,
A rupture disaster.
Will rise, put an end to a plaster,
That averts a wipe down.

I keep going

When I climb mountains that cuts and bleeds my flesh,
Causing pain
Bringing a stain.
Or when days are long and the nights are chilly.
When the mornings are dark and seem to be no light at the end.
The light that shines hope:
 leading me through the pitch-black journey.
that I walk through.
I Keep going

When am surrounded by hatefulness,
Or the eyes that try to shatter souls
And when a hurricane of words
 Are sent flying into the medulla like birds
Ready to perk.
So that everything in progress dies.
Making loud cries.
I keep going

When am falling,
And calling.
But no one answers:
And there is no one who cares to pull me out.
From the huge burden I have.
I keep going because I'm getting stronger.

I keep going even when the journey is long
 I know what is ahead.
the journey gets heavy each day on my head
 getting me brutally bled
A powerful radiational energy within will push me fed.
 giving me a spread
Of a strong magnetic push.

Even though voices in megaphones tells 'I' to hide;
My long passionate journey has pride.
That is taking me on a glide
And flying me far-wide.

I will keep going
I will keep going
I will keep going

The day

A beautiful day:

Drives the stress away faster,

I can't wait to smile.

This world

In this world

In this world

Life is difficult.

We should walk with wisdom.

Thinking in knowledge.

Be humble

Those who despise you.
Will watch you triumphing quickly.
Surprising them all.

Life

Life

By Joel Henkel

Life is so short. It gets shorter each day.
This life on earth quickly passes away.
The time we have to live is briefly here,
Then like a vapor our lives disappear.

Don't waste your life living for self and gain.
Or living for what's sin, temporal and vain.
Live your life for christ and what will go on;
What lasts forever when your life is gone?

It will be soon when you take your last breath;
Life will be over and you will face death.
Then you'll stand before God and you will see
What really mattered for eternity.

Your life is getting shorter ev'ry day,
And like a vapor, life passes away.
One day, very soon, when your life is past,
Only what you did for Jesus will last

Am getting afraid: A sonnet

The earth, in front of our eyes is slowly dying;
The chemicals and the plastics in the ocean, are causing corals, sea animals to die;
I see rivers and lakes across the globe gradually drying,
The ocean levels are also rising high.

Capitulating more dangerous now, is our enemy global warming
It did not come as a stranger,
Everyone saw the unfolding of its warning,
Now we are in serious danger.

How could we not have an immense amount of fear?
And not rage!
For the way the future for the young is going to appear;
in next thirty years,
Whilst everything we need is right behind the back-stage

What I want to see, is nature being able to go far
As the pleiades star

The Morning

I woke up in the morning:
The atmosphere was bruising and fusing together in white and blue;
The colors spewed everywhere like on a rug,
I could see it through the opening in my house.
the sun was unfurling in a huge light
Like a baby opening its eyes slowly to see it's mother.
The illuminance of the light shined bright
The light came through my room
It was as if two lightsabers were in my room
One was white and the other dotted in different colors
I could see red, blue, white, green
It passed through the door and windows
And the rooster was calling for the wake up call
The sound rushed through my ears; sending a
Message to my brain to start preparing for the day,

Running away with Marrow

We ran for our lives
Holding the hands of friends
Far from home
Distant from our parents

Out of their sight
Deep in the green pastures of nature
From the prying eyes
Of the recruiters.

They wanted me
They wanted everyone
Together with my family
And everyone who was indigenous
To take our marrow
And recover what the population lost

"Marrow" and "Death"
Were the words
Stuck in our heads daily
Knowing anytime we can get killed
And the marrow gets taken.

Life Life Life

Life is a song:

Sung in a happy and sad way

Received from diverse frequencies.

Swallowed in emotions.

Expressed through tears.

And happiness

And sometimes salty water fountains

?--- run down

When there are high

Its words are long

Hard to describe

Sometimes spoken through mumbling

And though smiling teeth says them

Inside its death

Those who are rich can describe it

To the sufferers of the world, it can not be put into words

Parents to children

My son, my daughter, my child
Life is ain't easy
It is painful
And entangled in suffering
With an immeasurable stress
That my brain can not describe in words.
Listen up my child;
If you are not taught by us, the world will teach you
The advice we give it's for your own good
You can decide to use it or not use it
But when you place in your heart
It will help you and direct you in a clear direction illuminated in life.

My child be strong when you are broken
Remember you took nine months in your mothers womb
God knitted you together
From head to toe
You were never meant to be loom.

My children do not become heartless
But rather chatless
So that you always think about what comes out of your mouth.
The tongue you have is small
But can destroy anything
Otherwise a lot of things

My child follow what you are passionate about
Not what your friends are
Tattoo these words in your heart
So that they can never be erased from there.

My children the world is getting crazier
And crazier.
Be quiet like a dove
And clever as a snake.
Be Careful with the friends you have
You can love them all but trust no one.

Oh my freedom

Oh our freedom!
Since the pandemic started
the government took you away
You became withheld from me
I can no longer see you again
I watched you evaporate into thin air
even no longer dare to talk about you
Or challenge the government for stepping on thee

Life without you freedom has become hard
We have been muzzled like dogs
Were we can not utter anything
Or raise objections to something that gets our eyebrows high
We now been considered dangerous
The thugs of the country
The terrorists of the society

It was our Godly given right
But now, it has to come with a fight
I think about my freedom every night
And ask the heavenly intervention
So that God can help us
freedom has become far more than the stars of the galaxy.
And to find it has become hard like finding a needle in water.

January

The dark chilly month
Hot as cooked food from the pot
I think am smoking?

what is love?

What is love

Is it just the four letters in the sentence

Does it have a meaning?

I know it means more than the things

--in this world

Love is held in each and every person

it is contained within the hearts of every:

man, children and women

Love is cotton wool, a soft place to lay your head

Love is a seed, it can be grown

and aromate

Love is a spice

it seasons everything

Love is more pricey

neither will we ever know how much it cost

Love is the willingness to through tough times

Love is a song that has sad or happy emotions

Love is a watering can that makes a flower grow

now I tell you that love is within you, the person reading this

---finds someone who needs it and breath it on them

Battle of time

How do you know what your life will be like tomorrow?

Your life is like the morning fog--

it's here a little while, then it's gone.

ohh time

How crazily you fly

makes me wonder where do you go to?

Time is our enemy

as it glides past us and renders itself into regrets.

No one can buy more of it

And none of us can earn more from it

neither can we revisit it

we should know that:

The time we waste will never return

Whether rich or poor, powerful or without influence, all of us have the same amount given to us each day.

It goes like water in a river

The water touched on a river is not the same water that returns.

Momma

A word that is different
than the colours of this world.
it is distinguishable
powerful than the steel bars
and also unbreakable
it is engraved in my heart
nothing can remove it

You are our Sheroes

With you, you protected the nation
To nourish multiple generations.
You took the wounds upon yourself
Never letting the pain to hinder you
Knowing a great future was ahead
But a great fight was to get you bled.
Keeping yourself up all night
the whole morning
In the day
You had no sleep
Your lack of sleep has created now prosperous country
That without your strong backbone
We would not have
We thank God for the strength that was sent down
And directly inside your flesh and muscles

You were a father to children, a son to your parents
You were a mother to children, a daughter to your mother
I call you my sheroes

My Helper

To the hills do my eyes pan-
gazing at sculptous cordilleras
oscillating five-sworded tentacles through the seas
Owch! That's cold
A glance at the living creatures
Ohh! Majestic
To Abba does my call go
From thence my aid and succor be
And unending-unfaltering strength
For in Thee I am free

Time

It is not on your side.

It does not stop for anyone.

Whether rich or poor

Young and Old

It keeps moving like an endless streaming river.

Underneath it-

Shattering regrets and memories

good and bad

Who could imagine?