

beyond the chains

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My poetic Side 

Dedication

*To the souls who have faced darkness and emerged with light,
to those who have known pain yet chose hope,
and to every heart seeking freedom through words ?
this collection is for you.*

Acknowledgement

I am deeply grateful to all who have inspired, supported, and believed in this journey.
To my family and friends, your love and patience carried me through moments of doubt.
To the voices of those who shared their stories of struggle and healing, you are the threads that wove these poems together.
And to the Divine, whose presence whispers strength in every verse ? thank you for guiding my pen and my heart.

About the author

isa kemmy/ kemmy isa writes to uncover the light hidden in life's shadows. Through poetry, they explore the whispers of the heart ? of loss and healing, of chains broken and hope reborn. Each verse is a bridge between pain and peace, a gentle hand extended to souls seeking freedom, reflection, and solace.

With words as their compass, kemmy isa invites readers to walk alongside them on a journey of courage, grace, and quiet transformation. Beyond the Chains is both a testament and a gift: a collection of poems that breathe, heal, and illuminate.

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Find my beloved

O daughter of Tsumba
if you go to town
go find my beloved and tell him
That i am sick with love

My beloved is a young stag
whose mandrakes give forth fragrance
Tell him money cant quench love
for love is strong
neither floods can't drown it

All wealth of his house
i don't care about all
Tell him to make haste
Tell him to be a gazelle

He used to sustain me with rasins
He used to refresh me with apple
For i am sick with love
o daughter of Tsumba
Tell him love is better than wine
and I can't bare to see
All maidens after him

o daughter of Tsumba
Tell him to burry the hatchet
I am know a changed being
dying because her lover left
Tell him to make haste

SHAME

sipped it all
that of no identity,
a sin in public,
a dramatic scene,
yet one not more,
in a million dived up,
to conserve this shame
eyes covered!
the bottle spills it of,
but the pill did it all,
to set him up,

chins down
swaying hips no more
tipped legs,
hoping none is alert,
the shame is worthy,
but the price is high,
lots of life to see this,
that he, I did it.

US

Lets make it a try,
won't let you cry,
make this our rap
while running your lap,
maybe then we' ll fly
high low then dry,

Do this clap
before we end in a trap
life is full all a glow
but now we've grown
first lets make a clap,
as our wings learn to flap,

Make it all clap,
then do this snap,
once we go low,
cause life makes us bow,
life is full of slaps,
but we will make it clap.

Make it as we run,
for it's not a pun
we'll run slow then fast,
then we will make it last,
before it all burns,
our lap was fun,

WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN

World of unknown
have you made a pact with me?
you must have forgotten,
am untouchable,
and unpackable,

world of unknown,
calls me to lie on,
the cold wooden box,
i'll unpack the unknown,
and unsleep on the wood,

world of unknown
would you take me now
when thorns and spikes unfold
i need to fold myself,
i can fit in the wood,
but would the wood rot?

JUDGEMENT

Deep in deep down,
thy heart smells,
all its dark spots
spotted by the eys,
skimmed down,
thy heart beats,
the ears call for an alarming news,

closed eyes, oh! terrified eyes,
'it is me no, perhaps maybe,
as i stood by the que
of finality reflection,
caught on sight,
tongue pants,
but lies to save soul,

inner me knows
i took part
awaits for an outcome
but outdates itself
the heart calls for a no
the mind dials the no
the inner soul unresponds
convicting my fate

The farewell bid

The wind below calm,
i still recall at the dam,
I was too dump,
to take the jump,
ending up damned,
dumped upon a summon,
by he who is a lover bird,
it was to soon for a bound,
i felt the burn,
i opt to take a bond out,
for this bond was mend to slit,
he like a slirt,
and i alike,
so i took my bow,
made illusion vows,
then sat on my lows,
i did the bid,
his heart a dead seed,
i tore it on my paws
with my spiking tongue,
i fairly send him off,

there

Take me there,
where the whispers of silence blows,
faded painful delight grows,
where the melody of harmony lies,
for i am full of flaws,

i will take the barrow ,
tie its wheels upon,
maybe burry my head low,
then heed to the burrow,

then i will make it slow,
it's where my beats rhyme,
there is no chyme,
there i lay low,

f

THE SWEET PAIN

Twisted mind,
pained my heart,
to sent him in the sands,
yet i felt hurt,
but sending him in pieces,
thinking i'll be in peace,
ending up bruised

lifting thy hand up
hope he'll reach,
call me for a rap,
lyricsed by his preach,
on my beauty dap,
but i send him off,

I caged the inner,
not a secret all all,
then saw myself camouflage,
like a prey chameleon,
weak strong i stood,
but i played a roll,
no actress can.

sweet Revenge

Bring out my missile,
time to strike my rivals,
let my riffle out,
he has made my life measles,
with red patches on my face,

U ain't the first nor the last,
to know an eagle lady,
back slides and rises like a cheetah,
or a silent killer poncupine
is a lady demeaned by a lion,

Pythons or black panther
even a bee that is once sweet,
becomes a copra once,
then my sting will skunk u,

i wont strike with weapon,
all i'll do is pack,
head towards my nest,
u'll come creeping,
like a salted snail,
pleading for mercy.

The people for people

No one like him,
unexemptional from heaven,
he scanty looks at me,
thatched up on the pavement,
knocks me down,
claiming to be in a hurry,
for the good of me,

An angel he is,
2 packed flours,
to last a month,
then left to fed on castles,
made by this incarnate devil,
he squanders all,
feeding on the air,
that only i can achieve.

slapped with bottles,
sandwiched between giants,
compressed and detered,
is the expensive price i pay,
to reach this angel,
i once saved

calls me desperately,
at the time of harvest,
to summon all,
for the good of his souk,
and to stuck him in his position,
yet he strangles my neck,
deprive thy air
while shutting my mouth

where were they

All came willingly unwillingly,
they needed no invite,
their eyes so watery,
i thought of their pain,
the torment of raw pepper chewed,
they wept like rain
and ended joyfully celebrating

celebration of a demise,
of the one their eyes knew
His coffin was cheap,
infact they paid a million,
a soot from France,
golden coffin artisted in Japan
the gone will enjoy

Their words were butter
yet piercing like a needle,
yet comforting to the unwise,
so hard and unfortune for him,
his siblings could not afford,
twenty and one thousand,
for him to be alive today,

their crocodile kindness,
so impressive
later forced to pack out,
while my matrimonial home
joined the frictional world,
they inherited it all,
yet they had no sweat,

Kind tossed and flavouered hyena

they gripped the meat,
left by the deceased,
while his heart keeper
brushed off like dirt,
yet they were not there,

where were they?
when i stayed on 24 hrs,
hrs naping ,lapping und nursing
where were they?
when i was the only one strong,
to stay by his side
so where why you

C

HE

Bobbed out eyes,
called for a conference,
the stomach growsns,
to alert of incoming danger,
dawn day did pass,
for the media to be summoned,

Red eye,skinny pecky body,
demanded them to watch out!
for this port bellied child,
ages must have passed by,
but the stomach still a complainant,
alerting the passers-by
that he had a desert for a stomach

Sluggishly drowsily he walked,
the attention was noticed,
the eyes like water,
pocked out imploring for mercy,
he stood sat terrified,
silently i gazed,
with pity overwhelming

Mom please! dismissed,
tortured for who might be his mom,
cause non seemed like one,
all walked botherless,
eyes closed at him,
his liquid watery eyes,
drained my personality,
i tossed the coin,
he smiled back and gasped,
thanks for all is well,

all is well,
when the coin is penny less,
was all well?

Bloom

I can hear the call,
Off beyond boundaries,
It will not be my fall,
I'll untie this ties,
follow the bloom voice,
U'll say Was my choice,

On the first bloom,
when things will gloom,
I'll run from this doom,
Fly to where colours talk,
Of great future with no walk,

Now you shift the game,
But the blame is lame,
My ears are shuttered,
Ur cries are influrred ,
This time am ironed,

No cries no smiles
Can make a change,
For i will do my slides
When the first flower blooms
I'll take my chance,
To fly where colours dance.

The ice cream

Started with an ice cream,
After class at the side,
Then climbed to a hug,
A bond has given birth,
By a dead bat,

He tried like a lion,
to make me spill it out,
But the beans i entangled,
The ice cream melts
And the topic was brushed,

Should I or not,
Choose to let it out,
That I wanted the ice,
Though life is cold,
With the cream too
To lighten my mood

Tell me

Tell me how to look in his eyes,
When love becomes lies,
When its faded and dry,
When there is nothing left in his sky,
How do i look in his eyes,
When he hops down for a kiss,
Should I kiss him when in piss,

Tell me how to come clean,
When the truth is venomous,
When love is incapacitated,
When it all dried and gone
How would he react,
When their is no chemistry,
For this love is chemically killing me

Tell me how selfish am i
When i see no future with him,
When am fed up with him,
When he takes it calmly,
Sitting btwn two PC ,
When he rejoices with no shame,
For he won against his buddy,
When he knows no of toiling,
When he thinks of the present,
When he doesn't want to sweat,
Yet he wants a good life,

Tell me how a gold digger i am
When i take my leave
When am scared to babysit,
A 32 yr old baby bf
Tell me am selfish,.

Maybe am not,

Windsbach

Oh windsbach ur wind calls me,
Your Aurach flows,a silver winding thread,
It sight lets me wander my mind off,
U calmed me when anxiety was on hunt,
Oh windsbach, u warmly embraced me,
Though i come from another burg ,
From u i learnt to let go,
Fron u i withhold memories,
That is a hidder treasure
Oh windsbach ur melody calls me,
To listen to the knabechoir,
Though i left u the love is unending,
Oh windsbach u amuse me
Ur knabechoirs has
captured me,

may be

Maybe i think to much,
see things beyond the eyes,
spend time wasted on tides,
see all the dark patch,
hiding within the surface,

maybe i lost it,
the cool calm within,
the misconception of light,
when darkness is half bright
maybe i lost it,

maybe its hard,
when it all plays recipricol,
and the log call?
full of jezebel and jezreel,
maybe i see not all

maybe my head s got a belly
that may blast before it last
when lust and love becomes silly,
maybe its the past,
or maybe am loosin it

I

Sometimes i sit to sip
I think of sewing a mouth zip,
But i never seam to learn,
All this blows my concern,

When i unzip,
I unleash my agitations,
All out of my chip,
I build a confrontation,
For I feel like puking,
When facts are distort

A small phrase,
Lightens fumes in me,
When its skin its wrongly peeled,
My world is not an accident of words,

older

i see me turn feeble,
but no so cripple,
when my back starts to bend,
its an age trend,
i might start to fumble,
then overtime fumble

i see me blurred,
i may turn blared,
i will start blubbering with the foregone,
u will see me as a clone,
for i have grown a third eye

i am scared,
for ur ears might bear wall,
when u outgrow u'll be tall,
am scared of this age trend,
i see me becoming a burden
i might loose my cool,
u'll make me dress like a baby,
cause am to old to speak

i am scared ,
of growing old,
turning useless,
eaten by dementia,
am scared to be screwed,
that i might forget my name,
that fame turns lame,
am scared being old and cold

I feel it

I feel it,
It lies within,
not in the outer,
It's the thought of being indebted,
It eats the inner,
It lives within,

I feel it,
It brings the hands in a grip,
Rips,a sheet apart,
Smudge,in but not out of lips,
It's like games of cards,
But with a code of zip,

I feel it,
It's not from within,
It's a pain of no gain,
When the lane has no chin,
Its like making a chain,
But afraid of being tangled

when leaves fall

when leaves fall,
i'll dance with the wind,
as it blows the unspoken.
It swipes the inner piercing sword,
that's stubborn, like a firm leaf.
when leaves fall,
i will tune to its sound,
mimic its rhythm.
As i let my stones fall,
they will obey the call.
the call of exposure,
the hidden beauty of dying with grace,
like disco rays of red, yellow, green,
being crushed,
then taught me the wind moves.
we will dance,
as i learn the wind's language,
let myself get blown,
consuming the positivity,
as i learn to shed my leaves.

Migräne

It starts without warning,
Comes Perfectly unnecessarily,
To drive me to my lowest,
Its so cunning,
It kills me happily ,
It spins fastest
Sometimes its a battle,
I try on my punches,
Sometimes its too weak,
Sometimes its a wwe champion
But its mercilss
It makes my vein suicidal,
It makes the beat faster
It becomes retaliative
And might explode,
Sometimes i place my finger
Hoping it will hold it,
That the pain might go,
Sometimes its a pain in the neck,
It drives my eyes blind,
Lights become a torture

THE IRONY OF THE FULL HAND

?The Squirrel, that twitchy, miniature god of thrift,
Declares the season's truth: Survival is the theft.
With eyes like frantic beads, he scurries, half-deranged,
His whole philosophy of living pre-arranged.
He stuffs the earth with futures, one by one,
A miserable mortgage on the winter sun.

He is the busy metaphor of fear,
Who thinks that happiness can be stored up here.
?Meanwhile, the Apple on the bough just sighs,
And rolls its heavy, philosophical red eyes.
It knows the score: its purpose is complete.
It has grown plump on glory, sun, and sweet,
And now, it only longs to cease the strain.

The branch, a worn-out parent, whispers, "Rain
Will come, my dear, and make a sodden mess,
But first, embrace the elegant release."
?The irony hangs thicker than the autumn mist:
The Squirrel, who hoards the kingdom of the log,
Ensures his wealth is hidden, lost, and deep,
A fortune he must labor hard to keep,

While the Apple, scorned as transient and soft,
Achieves its final, perfect goal aloft.
?It drops?not empty, no?but wholly done.
It finds its freedom underneath the sun,
Leaving the hoarder to his nervous quest,
And granting soil the goodness of its best.
The final harvest isn't what you hold,
But what you are magnificent enough to let go.

TO you the Unbowed: final conversation

?Baba, how strange it is?you've gone beyond their reach,
Leaving us stranded mid-sentence in your last speech.
They say the Great Enigma's journey is complete,
But tell us, did that final, forced surrender feel bitter or sweet?

You, who mastered the tempest, who rode the highest wave?
Why did you always choose the shadow over the seat they gave?
You gripped the plough so long, hands scarred and raw?
Was the joy of the planting greater than the sight of the true crown?

?We trace your path now, Jakom, from detention's icy dark,
You carried home the embers of democracy's spark.
You turned the opposition from a whisper to a roar;
You taught us how to knock, and kick down the closed door.

We saw your eyes, Baba, knowing that your endless war
Was waged not for yourself, but for the future you saw.
But why did fate decree, in that enduring, tragic twist,
That you became the key that merely opened doors you missed?

?Your voice, the fierce Luo Thunder, is now just memory's strain;
We mourn the mortal shell that held a lifetime of pain.
We who follow must now carry the risk you dared,
And weep for the final, simple peace that you never shared
On the pinnacle of power, where your dreams took flight.
But was not your true power found outside the light?

?Now, the compass settles, the long, hard road is done.
You lost the elections, yet the larger war was won.
Go well, Baba, in the peace you now possess.
The justice you commanded is your final, lasting address.

The uneven pact

?We signed a silent treaty for this space,
A shared agreement built on fragile grace.
But your compliance wears a single lens,
For all the rules are made to guard your ends.

?You tracked my illness down to every slight,
A tiny deviation from the right,
And marched my weary chaos to the throne,
A breach of order you would not have shown
Had the fever been your own.

?Yet after dark, the contract rips apart.
The sudden, booming laughter, a midnight dart,
The unflushed, echoing failure you forgot,
A loud, relentless loop where peace is not.
Your life spills over every shared divide,
While mine must shrink and silently abide.
I am the captive audience, needing rest,
While your late-night confessions stand the test
Of the paper-thin wall.
?But here's the truth I'd have you understand:

If the coin were flipped, and the power in my hand,
The same small errors, the late-night sound?
You'd tear this fragile living to the ground.
You demand a standard you will never meet,
A harvest of respect, on an untended street.
The only law that matters, clear and stark,
Is that my peace is fuel for your loud dark.

The Dark's Honest Contract

The busy daylight never could compete,
With all the quiet truth found on this street.
I hear the rushing river's faithful sound,
When human hearts are nowhere to be found,
My peace is finally whole.
The crickets keep their rhythmic promises,
My soul is eased by their sincere caress.
The sound of sleeping makes the world feel vast,
The painful noise of love has quickly passed,
My quiet is restored.
The lovely, cold expanse of the high sky,
A thousand loyal lights that will not lie.
No need to guess the meaning of their spark,
They shine regardless of the heavy dark,
A constant, faithful scene.
I watch the small and perfect glow worm gleam,
A gentle, self-made light within a dream.
It asks for nothing, simply shows its way,
Unlike the selfish loves that waste the day,
Demanding my excess.
The dark conceals no single, painful flaw,
It follows its own reliable, simple law.
I finally trust the quiet, steady night,
It's safer than a love that was too bright,
This irony is clear.

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Broken lights, broken wings,
Glued on bitumen, stucked on rings,
Of quacked fights, uneasy to sing,
Thy heart of fright, hitted by sling,
Hopes for a flight, yet gets stung.
Broken claws, alarms in pain,
There she crows, almost in sane,
The pain grows, rocks and slain,
Catch her flaws, hopes in vain,
Her dreams gnaws, holded by a chain.
Dimmed light, faded life's admirations,
Hopeless sight, curtailed aspirations,
Summarized mortal ropes, broken motion,
Bouted knots, happiness distortion,
Unending fight, life's ceaseless commotion.