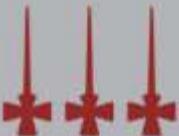


Busayo 
Lawrence
If I Could
Catch A
Smile
For You
& Other Poems

A publication of Starttiny Digital
Edited by Busayo Lawrence

**IF I COULD CATCH
A SMILE FOR YOU
& Other Poems**

Busayo Lawrence

IF I COULD CATCH A SMILE FOR YOU & OTHER POEMS

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**IF I COULD CATCH
A SMILE FOR YOU
& Other Poems**

**ROMANTIC POETRY
COLLECTION**

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**PART I:
LYRICS**

IF I COULD CATCH A SMILE FOR YOU

If I could catch a smile for you
I will write your name on a blue moon day
Watch the stars smile back at you
While you wash your fears away
Dried out in the sully, sullen night
Drenched in the tears of long lost love

If I could catch a breath for you
I'll hold a whisper in my heart
Writing your cares upon the waiting hands
Whispering away your hurts and mine
We would watch the moon smile at us
Whilst the nights sing their baleful lights

If I could catch a tear for you
We would waste our hearts no more on rhymes
Then our hearts entwined in a twiddling swaddling love
Can run to catch the ripples of slowing times
Dried eyes and lonely tears will walk
Down the shore of long lost love

If I catch a smile for you
With a music that would take your breath away
I would write you the story of a long lost love
Lovely rhymes of a boring old tale
Of a writer tired and frustrated with waiting for love
On the shore of surly nights and dimming stars
Then the nights and the moments can take our breathes away.

If, only if, I could catch a smile for you.

ONLY LOVE CAN SAVE TONIGHT

Only love can brush away our fears
And wash our tears through the dump of yester years
Only time can delay our long last rhymes.
And return us to the place of no moments' cares

Only love can raise our hearts love song
And sing a new lyrics true and sublime
Dash in pieces all our hurts and fears
To wait for us at the end of a lover's dime

Only love could sing us a new rhyme
True and tainted with salient dice
Flowers and roses would grow in our lives
Wishing away our long last cries

Only love can tell our end from here
Lonely and dry like scathed musical lines
Instruments of times or livid lives
Times will move our hearts to eternal rhymes

Only love can save us now tonight.
And wish us yet again to a morning day.

LOOKING

I look out my window
The night is calmer than her face
Her face, lonely,
But not quiet like mine

I look down my side
The sheets are smooth like silk
Her absence, boring
She's not here with me

I look to the wall
The writings are twisted, turned
Her mien, dreary
Not quite as gloomy as mine

IF I COULD SING YOU A FLOWER

If I could sing you a flower
Or buy you a golden rose
hide your name in the rain
silence wash our fears away
Then we could run on the wings of rainbow
And lie in the arms of the Milky way

If I could write you a love song
And chant you a symphony
Then our worries can be tucked on a gurney
Rolled past the trail of timelessness
Into the dome of an eternal noon day.

If I could make you a rose
Hum your name in a daffodil
I could write your name on a rainbow
Tuck our tears in the rain
Fly out on the wings of the morning
Write you a love song on a blue day.

If I could take your breath away
I would take mine too
Wrap them both in swaddling clothes
And nurse the moments to dreary-less noon

If I could love you as always
Would I not let you go for a day
Or let our love last a night
But a moment longer in eternity away

THE SHINING

The quiet,
Calming,
Loneliness of heart
Is unappealing

Everyone
Goes separate ways
Lovers have no
Loving day

Going past
The words of yesterday
Separation is better
Than love

No one should love
On a cold morning
Nestled ones are lonelier
Than free birds

A heart, hungry
For a slow, lover's rhyme
Will soon find it
Smooth, sweet
Like wine

IF

If
Love was a distance
Measured in miles
And our hearts
Were cut in pieces
Split over the miles
Then, I'd love only
Only when there are miles

If
Love was a quiet song
Written by blues
And our moments
Were wrapped in blues, too
Pleasant mourning
Drowning our tears
Then I'd love only
Only when you're blue

If
Love was a song
Inscribed in poetry
On an old antiqued plate
Gored with flowers, blustery
Beautiful and rustling
Lush and sultry
Then I'd love only
Only when there's poetry

If
Love was kind
Like the whispers of the rain
Quiet, drowned
In the bed of a lake
I'll take a canoe
Sailing the world
Then I'd love only
Only when you're gone

IF YOU THOUGHT LOVE WAS EASY

If you thought love was easy
Ride the back of a horse
On a sad, humid day
Through the rustles of bulrushes
Slapping in your face
You'll see the pain of lovers
Too strong to bear
Too painful to maintain

If you thought love was cheap
Offer your legs for a walk
To a distance longer than your **legs**
Till pain swells in your heart
And loneliness kills you with disdain
You'll feel the pain of lovers
Too strong to bear
Too painful to maintain

If you thought love was free
Give your heart to a slave
For nothing but two copper coins
And trying nothing it to save
Till your heart is torn
In thousand broken pieces
Then you'll feel the pain of lovers
Too strong to bear
Too painful to maintain

THE MORNING

The morning,
Is worse for
Lonely lovers
Sulking,
Living alone
On death-wish beds
Tear-stained pillow
Tears of long ago

The morning,
Is a whisper of
Quiet night
Crawling,
Into shimmering bright lights
Painful than pain
For the lonely soul
Tears of long ago

The morning,
Is known for thinking
Bemoaning,
The pain of sleep alone
Stares,
At the window,
With no lover coming
Tears, dreary tears of long ago

The morning,
Is no good
for lonely souls
Shedding tears,
Tears of long, long ago.

THE NOON

The noon
When loneliness becomes a song
Happiness becomes adored
Lines are sweet like rum
And lovers do not come

The noon
When quiet is still as sea
Rhymes are calm like poetry
Songs are sore as free
And lovers do not come

The noon
When time stops to tick
Rocks whistle against the wind
Time turns against our heels
And lovers do not come

The noon
When death is better than grave
Love is lonelier than slaves
Our songs, lonely, are better saved
And lovers, lovers do not come

The noon
When words come and are gone
And happiness do not return
Because lovers, on this day,
Do not come

The noon,
The quiet noon.

THE EVENING

The evening,
Rippling as water
Splashing hot,
Crying in the rain
Quiet flowers blooming
Teary hands, stained

The evening,
Climbs into dusk
Until loneliness walks past
Lovers still hadn't come
Garden of stillness
Vagueness crawls upon our hurts

The evening,
Calls dark fangs of gloom
Starless nights crying
With no lovers
Sitting, culled
Glowing, under the moon

The evening,
Quiet as the morning
Makes no difference
Loneliness there stares
Love, isn't sitting here
On our fence

THE NIGHT

The night sings
Of a caged bird
Lost in the arms
Of thorned brushes
Far away
Running a fruitless errand
To the call of some lost love

The night sings
Of a lover lost
In the dark night
And guileless moon
Straying the path of
the lonely stars
Quiet and still
Lonely and forlorn
Two lovers walking past
The caged bird's window

The night sings of loss
Loss of love
Of her beloved far away
Where lands are made with flowers
And love is free
The language of their trees
Are the songs of beautiful roses
The caged bird sings
Of nothing but love and loneliness
And the night, quiet and still,
Cannot still our tears

The night sings
Of nothing,
Nothing but loneliness and love!

THE ONLY JOY

This night,
The moon hides behind dark clouds
Cloaks of shame, wane, glowing in the dark
And angels and light glittering among the stars
Smiles of love lost in the waning rain
Your smile written on the blemished face of the sky

The only joy I'll ever give
Is the smile of an angel
Laughing away the sweet smell of daffodils
Waiting in line for my dearest's voice
Coming rain, carrying me away
Into the arms of boundless hugs
And weathered skies lovingly caring our love away
Joy for now, joy for always.
Only joy remains until our nights
Long and long,
Is over

SLOW WORDS

Slow words, quick on a paper
Riding along to tell you what they mean
Lines upon white sheets
Crying in the lonely rain
Words saying sorry,
Sorry yet again

Like times wandered off
And soon, you slipped through my grip
Days strolled along
And soon, you're a forgotten reed.

Then I returned and wondered what day it would be
That you'll be back and I'll tell you how sorry I am
For choosing your friendship one minute
And another minute, I scrambled.

I hope with these words so short and brief
I've won again the heart I grieved.
Oh, that you'll forgive a silly goof
Never, never again to happen for good

WRITE YOU A SONG

I will write you a song
On a cold, sullen morning
It may be long and gloomy
Yet it is better than mourning

I will sing you in lines
Beautiful and cool as the new day
Before the sun comes up
Before you choose to find your way

You may never hear me sing for you again
But I'll always write you a serenade
As long as you promise to read them
This heart will not cease to ache

With each ache in this heart
I will write you a song
I will load the song with flattery
And will serenade your beauty

I will write about my love for you
I will even sing it, too.
If time permits, and you can wait,
I will even dance for you.

I will do all these not because you have my heart
But because you've wrapped my world in yours
And nothing can be more sublime
Except being loved by you of course

And long as I know I don't deserve you
I'll write this song for you
For my heart won't break because of you
Because you're heaven's gift to me

You're heaven's gift to me
A worthy song to sing
You're heaven's gift to me
So why won't I sing for you.

I COULD SING A POEM

I could sing you a poem
Chanting the lines all the way
Ignore me though,
Since you haven't all day
But to you it comes
As in a somber night
Where weather has been beaten black
A poem, few lines, will I sing to you
Ring in your heart
It'll carry trepidation tauntingly
Hear my rhymes, dearie
On a dreary forlorn night
For you and your heart alone,
This time, in singing it,
I stand at your window

IN THE TURMOIL

In d turmoil,
Lonely,
Will you hold me?
I speak as a bee,
Watching slowly,
The wane of this heart here,
Worried
Unlike me,
To stay eyes upon this for so long,
In the turmoil, can u see me?
Will you hold me?

Love me?

LOVE IS LIGHT

Love is light

Rising early upon the beds of the ocean,

Wrapping up the darkness hovering beneath

Love is a song hummed on a humid night,

Writing its lyrics upon the face of the dark!

JUST SO YOU KNOW

Just so you know
While in my bed,
Tied in the heart,
Knocked on the brow
Waiting, in the arms,
Waiting, in the arms
That fed me right
Now, how do I feel?
I can't say,
Can't even tell
I tell you this,
Just so you know

Just so you know
Last night, I learned
A cockatoo is better lone
Within its cage, tied in bonds
We aren't the same though
Me and it
I feel, it doesn't too much know
I think, it laughs at all
Forlorn, dry and sullen
That's the cry that remain
In this mornings
Just so you know

I'm lonely, my dear
Just so you know

ALONE

Sitting, imagining,
Wondering that truth doesn't lie
Like some friends
Why mornings do not wander off
But some wives aren't shy
But it's this I know
Nobody but nobody
Wants to be left alone

Is it the reward for bundles of wrongs?
Or a test of how weak or strong
Is it the scents of a phony act?
Or misappropriation of underlying facts

Who can bear sitting alone?
Or the rambling of a river's spleen
Who can fetch with thread-like rope
Or forget the memories of his teen
For the wind flirts with the sea
And memories tangle the heart
And this they do
'Cos nobody wants to be left alone

Alone, all alone
Nobody wants to be left alone

CINDERELLA

My heart as lonely Cinderella
Sitting by well of love
Peeping, awaiting,
The coming of prince-charming
Whose radiance is as angel from above

FLATTERY

I'm flattered,
By the notes of your song
And the praise of your mouth
The aura of your hair
And the warmth that round you about

I'm flattered by the plasticity of your care
And the sassiness of your gait
The smoothness of your lips
And your flickering eyes like a bait

THIS NIGHT

This night,
The moon hides behind the tree
Staring gleefully at me
With bright soft glimmer
And beautifully tainted sparks
Its shadows dispel darkness
And its glamour – stunning to behold
The moon hides behind the tree
Smiling, shy, winking at me

COME INTO MY ARMS

Come into my arms, oh wench
Where the voice of the sea
Beats against your fear
And the harmony of strings stills your heart
Cool streams of ravishing words drench your hair
Piercing aura of poetry like darts

Let me be the song you sing
The tactical lyrics of your ode
The lucid air you breathe
The flower bothering your abode

Princes lick the scents of your beauty
Writing varied words of lust in their hurts
Gaiety moves proclaiming flirty
My consent I give like that

Come into my arms, oh wench
To hear the knock of my plea
Whispering chirrupy rhymes into your eardrums
Saying, "When will you love me?"

INSOMNIA

I could love you now and let the days be
That would not want for us to be free indeed
Tie you round with my arms culled behind you
As an artist's marker dances across the board
Painting a whole new beautiful you
With smile sprawled on like the morning sun
There won't be a damsel like you
Till the words of my mouth slither out in rhymes
To form songs and birth more lyrics
That would chant before you, my dearest,
The love I have for you!

TO BE SANG AT NIGHT

Because a song escapes my lips
Do you not see my heart aching
And wide as my arms have been
Do you not know
They've been long in waiting

Because a song escapes my lips
Do you not know it shrouds
A long line of hurt
Deepening my throat
And some words wouldn't be blurt
Though I desire so – to gloat

LOVE SONG

The morning is bright
So are your eyes

The morning is fine
So are your arms

The morning is good
So is your look

The morning is beautiful
So are you

WHEN I NEED YOU

When my heart is mismated, Honey
That's when I need you
When my soul is undaunted, honey
That's when I really do
When my spirit clenches
And words fail my mouth
When the night carries on it wings
The lines of my poetry to another day
When there are no more words to convey
My love for you, my dearest
And the morning soon come upon us
To stare at my shame
That, my darling, is truly when I need you

I SING YOU TO ME

I sing you to me

My dear

On a lurid Monday morning

When the day has been declared

But the hours are tainted with dew

I sing you to me

When you are miles away from me

And my heart steals into the air

To grip the aura of you,

Left behind

I sing you to me, my love

For here is my heart calling to yours

Shall we love again?

Like we once did another?

TEARS ON MY PILLOW

Some do not know,
Pillow dampened with tears,
Has a sorrow-bruised hand
Clinging to it;
Body coiled like a bent reed
Each tear chimes a tremor of pain

And
Pain is internal!

Some do not know,
Toga of many color cloth
Conceals streaming liquid drops
Tugging awhile in hurt-battered eyes

And
Hurt is internal!

LOVE, TEARS

If,
My fingers claw the wall
Brisk dust rises underneath my feet
Putrefied, humid
I smell the stench in my armpit
 Will I still see your hands?

If,
My eyes are heavy, beaten
Swollen pains wrestle in this heart
And papa called,
And mama said,
None though hear those hurts
 Will I still see your face?

If,
The night follows not the day
Change crawls beneath the rug
Or dosh dangles mid-air
Railing at me with angered eyes
No shame, but no pay for you
Neither some rhymes to serenade you
 Will I still see your heart?

LOVE AND WAR I

Test your fingers against my heart
Lurid cries intertwined
Faint moans thudding
Heaven isn't a place to go in this hour
And earth isn't calling for us
Strangers stay in the night
Masked,
And carry their stolen bags before dawn
You'll know, then,
Such oddities tie us together
We aren't different in a way
But only love has done this to us
And is it such we've put away?

LOVE AND WAR II

My love,
My heart is aching
Yet no words come
To this mouth no song clamor
In the rain, pouring down
Not one would stand
I stand alone
Now that you are away
Were I where you are
I would be drenched in the rain
But it wouldn't be the same
I'll be in it with you!

DECEIT

Carry me, dear love
To a rhyme that's lie
And wrap what's left of me
In their bitter-twisted lies
Carry me, dear love
To a world that's stone
Where their words bore
And bones turn cold

PART II:
THE LOVE LETTERS

LOVE LETTER RHYMES

Tonight,
I write you a love letter
Wrapped in the midst of tiny rains
And my heart,
Tucked in throngs of mistletoes
Whispers the night's aloneness away
I inscribe the best of my tears
And the worst of my hurting heart
Upon the ears of dogged pages
Serenading your love in a lonely night
Watching the stars wish our fears away.

I write you long love rhymes
And wish you were my good moon day
Till the night passes and we're on our own
And the nights and singing angels clad us in their abode

THE LOVE LETTER

I could hold your hands
Say how much I love you
With words so true
Sincere
But these words bloat
In my throat
I can't grunt them out
Simple, concise, compelling
I run my quatrain down your neck
Let them say how much I miss you
And need you
Missing you is like stale honeycombs
I'm stuck for words to tell
My heart's not stone cold
I miss moments that don't exist
Seasons that are yet to come
Periods still so far away
I draw them near with this ode
A future long months away
Here, my darling
I'm sitting lonely
Needing not just a touch
Or words and thoughtless forms
No, I crave something more
You, your aura, your closeness
Your never again leaving my side
I miss you, love, I miss you
Though I've never seen you
I imagine your hair, full black,

Spilling on your back and curled
A turf wraps on your right shoulder
Your lips, the replica of red wine
And your face, angelic
Beautiful as the morning sun
Your skin, dark, fair, white, I don't care
But beautiful, and that's clear
I'll sing you my tune always
I'll write you more love letters
Your serenades will hide within my lines
I'll hum you romantic lullabies
I'll shield you within the fold of my lyrics
And let my sonnet chant your essence
In the day you come, I hope, my dear
That I shall have words so much to tell you
I shall have love stories so great to share
And together, we shall always be,
No bantering, no quibbles,
Just you and I, us
Together, woven in the nest of love
In the meantime, stuck in this loneliness
I wait!

IN MY HEART, LAST NIGHT

Last night, in my heart
I asked you out
I said words I should've hidden
Words that should've tucked beneath my tongue
I couldn't hide them
They sprang from the depth of my heart
Rumbled from the pit of my belly
Long there, tarried too long
Hasty and impatient, those lots
They spat their echoes
And revealed my secret
Secret I thought to keep away from you
Long, for so long a time
Until I'm certain this love is true
Or if the Maker, my God, will have me love you
I'm scared, I dared speak those words
Now in the wake of the faint morning
I think about yesterday
Were you aware?
Did you see it?
The sincerity in my smile
The radiance on my face
The hurts shrouded within busted to smithereens
How I held your arm and let that tell you
I care, I care, I very well care
How I tickled your hair and hoped you knew
Hoped you knew what that meant
What I'm saying to you in signs, and no words
That I love you, and need you, and miss you

And would want to know you
I am true, and this love is
But shall we, at this tender age of it,
Awaken love, when it's not ready?
Do you believe the starless night
Noted those signs I made?
And the cloudy evening,
Did they smirk at my gesture?
Just like that, did I spoil the Maker's plan?
I shall wait, I shall delay,
But I shan't desist from loving you,
From wanting you,
For wanting you is like food,
Pure delicacy, that mesmerises the belly
I long for the aroma
I wander in your kitchen
Until that day, just that day,
When I shan't be ashamed
To make those signs into words,
To form those gestures into lines,
And never be shy what the Maker would say,
For then, I shall have due right to do so,
To love you, and hold you, and pull you close
Love, that's the moment I see
The future I dearly long for
Where my fright is canceled by boldness
And my hurt is stilled by confidence
Where I'll love you and keep loving you still
No shyness, no shame, no blame
I and you, alone, in one name
Till then
I wait!

THE WAITING

I wrote you love letters
Long and sublime
Copied out in my handwriting
I kept for you a journal
Until the day you would show
I hoped, I pined, I envisioned you coming
Soon, very soon, like the baker's honour
You'll grace my request
I'll bask in my conquest
This conquest of love
Where I have waited so long
Waiting for you
Waiting in your invisible arms
Till they become so real
I thank, I thank the Maker
This day, my waiting too long
Is turned a moment so true
Are you real?
Are you here?
Am I truly awake from this dream?
Do I need a slap to my face
To jolt me up from my reverie
I do not think it is fantasy
Yet I'm tempted to doubt
I kept this journal from long ago
For you, my love, my heart
One whom I'd never seen but believed
One whom I touched even in my thoughts
I saw your face, your hair, your arm

All of them, before they came
I saw your lips, and your skin too
They're tucked in my second poem
I missed your air, though I'd never smelt it
I missed your smile, though I'd never seen it
Your face smiled before me,
Nights and days, mornings and evenings,
Yet you were not there then
I hoped to draw you close, even closer
With my lines of poetry
I yearned to write you whole
Within the rhymes of my ode
I dreamed to make a free verse
And wrap you in a song
I longed to make you a melody
Carve out a new tune for you
I wished for you, long before you came
You were all I wanted,
The Maker saw it too,
He made me for you, you for me
And made me write you this book too
This book of journal
Journal of my journey of loneliness
Periods of aloneness concealed in poetry
God loves me as much as He loves you
He wants me as much as He wants you
But He made us be, together,
At the time that He willed,
Though I cried, and pined, and wailed, for you
He would not let me have you,
For I was un-ready, unprepared for love,
Not ready for you

He gave grace, grace to bury my hurts in poetry
Grace to write you in a book before you came
I saw you, in my heart, beautiful like you
This is no different, from the moments I envisaged
You're here now, and that's what matters
But I must show you, love,
This book of poetry, my journal of mystery
Love songs, compiled for you
Some are worth your time,
Others will make you cry,
But still, read it, eat them all,
They're for you, they're you, my love,
I loved you, and love you still
I cried in my heart, you never saw it
I knelt by your side, your face hidden
I prayed and waited, to that very day
When I shall unveil your face
At the time that's right
When the world, you and I, aren't ashamed
To declare what we have, and would hold dare
This sacred gift, love, given us by God,
Till then, my love, even as at now,
This book of poetry, this journal of mystery
Remains a fantasy
For now, you're still hidden,
Tucked away somewhere far
Now I'm awake, alive from my daydream
But you're there, and a day comes
When you'll be found, I shall find you
Until then, my love,
I wait!

TILL YOU COME

Till you come
My hands wrap around my sheet
Tired, waiting for you
Beckoning the serenade of a quiet night
Where birds do not sing to lonely boys
And girls do not hang around broken stalls
The dreary night will soon die
And fade into a new blue day
Where i don't want to see the sun
I don't long to see the moon
I long to see you
And if seeing you is all I ever do
Then seeing you is all that life is worth, too
I'll give my ears to the cry of the wind
Slapping against my window
And the chirping of birds
Singing songs and melodies
Melodies so blue and gloomy
I shove my head beneath the pillow
For no words can console this heart
But the words of the one whom I love
The one whose colors whisper into the moments
And moments turn into a decade
Wishing this moments wouldn't go away.
Till I see you
My heart will be still and quiet
Till I see you
I'll wait
Hiding under this pillow

LET'S HOLD HANDS

Let's hold hands
And walk side by side
In the rain
And dry our tears
With the color of your hair
Then sing a song
That only your heart knows
And mine, too.
We will write a rhyme
And hang it on the rainbow
The moon will have a song, too
And the stars will shine brighter
With the very clink of your smile
And every laughter will awaken the day
As the day glows in your eyes
And love glows in your heart

Let us hold hands
And love each other till the end
Until the sun goes down
And dusk crawls upon the face of the sky
And loneliness is a far away friend
And dryness we have bid be gone
Us, together in love,
Clasped in each other's arms
We cherish the moments
That take our every breath away

Let's hold hands
And kiss in the rain
Hiding behind the shadows
Where the world does not see us
Or the shyness upon human faces
Does not distract the love in our heart
The air will be washed with love
And ours won't be a bunch of stolen waters
We have waited so long
And now we've found each other
Nothing else matters but these moments
Together, forever
Cumbered with nothing but holding hands

And holding hands is all we have longed to do
And now that I have you and you have me
We have each other and we hold hands lovingly
We clasp our arms around each other
Forever, together knitted
And thank God we had to wait
Because waiting for you was worth the wait
And finding you was worth the find
If having you thus is like this,
Then kissing and holding you is very much more
Yet far much better than this
For love isn't supposed to be hidden
But shared between lovers for now and always
We both will always hold hands and never wish our nights away
Because, at long last, they all have come to stay
Our nights
Always and always, will always stay

THIS MORNING

This morning,
Let's walk hand in hand, my love
I woke up this morning,
With thoughts of God first
And the next thoughts followed you
I wished again that I'd see you
See you here by my side
It's not time just yet
It's not that moment we won't regret
But this morning, in my mind
I want to walk with you
Let's hold hands and travel to the seashore
Let's walk side by side, hugging and talking
The waves slap the seabed and back again
From here to the sea and back
Like the song of a maiden
Let our love travel light
I would sing to you and you'll listen
I would ode to you and you will hear
You shan't be afraid of loneliness
And I shan't worry about losing you
The morning sun shall wash upon us, together
We shall be loved by our Maker's wind
His love shall wrap around us,
Cloth us in the garment of romance
For our Maker knows we are right
We are right to love each other this way
Let your face blossom as the blowing wind
Let your smile glow as the slamming sea

Let your heart rest, my dear
In nothing, worry or be anxious
For so long we have waited for this
Two lovers tangled in the web of affection
Sincere, true, and holy
We'll share our love affair openly
We, unashamed that the world cares
We've paid our dues in waiting
Waiting long for this love to come
And now that it has come, we thank God
His grace has brought us together,
I to you, you to me
We spread our roses on the far side of the sea bed
We lay our love mat between the palm trees watching the sea
There, under the trees watching the shore, we sit
We sit alone with our heads touching and hands clasped
We worry about nothing but think about all things holy
We love, and care, richly for each other, both sincere
There is so much love in our hearts we're unashamed
This is love, my dear, this is what it is
We, alone, listening to the silence of the morning,
We, basking in the euphoria of this love picnic
This romance is unblemished, godly, and sought
We're lovers and love-bound, and will always be
For the period that separates the coming of babies
We build our nest of love till it grows
We plant our trees of union to a deep depth
We know each other, my love,
We learn our ways,
We hurt, we scare, we fail, we fall,
Yet we get back up again, and continue on to love
For this love is true, true to the bones

This sea is wide, wider than we're told
God is good, Who made me for you
He formed this love in our hearts,
And waited for it to blossom
He made us to wait, at His feet, till we're formed in love
And then we're wrapped here together, holding hands
Knowing we're not only loved but love each other
We're not scared, my love, no, we're not scared
This love is so real it kicks against the goads
We're forming into gold to last a lifetime
And if in heaven our God deems it fit
We shall again continue our love totally
Until the time when you show your face
Until the time when we see and never leave again
Until the moment when we're not shy to declare things we feel
Periods when distant thoughts meet with present reality
And fantasies fuse with palpability
We shall love, we shall wait, we shant be ashamed,
Until then, my dearest love,
I wait!

PART III:
ODE TO ROMANCE

ODE TO REGRET

I wish you knew
How often my hands
Danced to the papers
And longed to write
A long letter from
My heart to yours
I wish you knew
That my heart
pined that morning
To see you,
And you alone
Walking through the door
Through the shadow
Into my heart
Singing the liquid lines of love
And wishing love of lust away
I wish you knew
That quietude is as boring
As walking alone in the rain
That the weather may beat upon the heart
But it does nothing for the heart which craves
I wish you knew
That love isn't as good as it seem
And missing you isn't as easy as I thought
That I fought the nights away
And loneliness, determined to stay,
Fought back with vigour
Their fangs set upon my spine
Crawling their cruel fingers
Down my side
And crippling my ribs with
Songs of rhymes and liquid poetry
I wish you knew
That there has never been love like this
Never before in my heart
Crying for someone far away
And lonely and wishing you to stay
Come away with me to run
Run from the loneliness that surrounds me everyday
I wish you knew
That being alone is a deadly as a stone

Like a bird whisked away from its nest
I wish you knew
That loneliness makes you wish you were dead
That thorns are better than roses
A bed of gall better than a kiss from cupid
In a wild land where you walk alone
Mourning the coming of your lovely one
And hoping tomorrow will quickly come
I wish you knew
That standing alone isn't as beautiful as we think
Though the world lies about its strength
And we think all is well on the outside
There is so much disquietude in a lonely heart
And every heart wants or longs for love
And the pain grows with the waiting
I wish you knew
That I long, too.
That longing for you is not a crime that I'll do
And if it is a crime,
Then it is a crime I'll love to commit
Over and over again
Till you walk through the door
And say in my ears
That now and ever again
You are here to stay
But then, you'll never know how
How so much I wish you knew

ODE TO IDOL

You're not my God
You're not my adoration
You're not my heart
You're not my strength
You're not my all
You're not my worship
You're not my ambition
You're not everything I need
You're not my absolute need indeed
You're not my delight
You're not my song
You're not my portion
You're not my first love
Neither will you replace God
But you're the only human
Whose voice I long to hear!

ODE TO ROMANCE

Is it true
The way you felt
In the night
The rain fell
And he held you
Tucked like a log of wood
His hand brushing against yours?

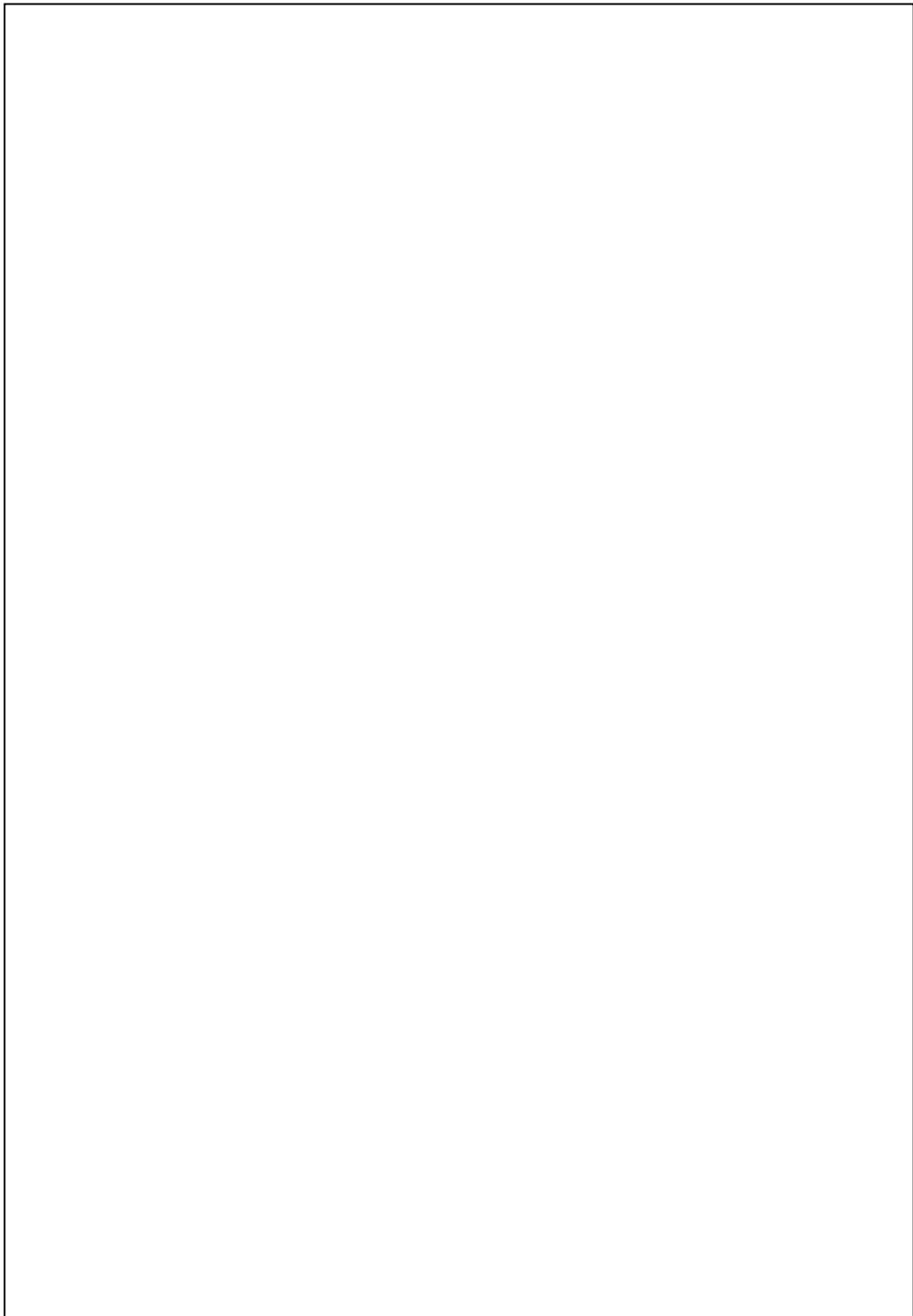
Is it true
His lies
Whispered like a prey keen to live its predator
Callused your heart
And his breathing, guttural and heavy,
Told you they were true?

Is it true
The fairness of the hours
The moments of regrets
He shared, and both you broke
Were from the dread,
The one your half gave
Without thought
Without shame
Red juice
Gliding down your thigh
Abstract, your own mirage

Is it true
Those words
Coated in emotions
Running like fire inflamed
Were ones that you'd prayed he'd say
Even while down those cheeks
Etched on your brow too
Remains still,
The regret, penances of yesterday?

ODE TO TEARS

For a thousand years
You could be tears in my eyes
Whirling up in a pool of water
Dangling like ring round my thighs
My memories oblivious to the presence of life,
Swift soothing blow of the wind
And the stench smell of the air
Would they never move me
To shed those tears lurking in my eyes
For as long as the pool of tears
Swoosh and form each a drop of affection
Pricking the pupils wittily
I remain unblinking still
For fear of losing these:
The angel in your voice
Toga of radiance ravishing your eyes
Will you say yes?
Will you accede to my plea?
And crown my request with love?
If not, as it is
You remain tears in my eyes
Whirling up in a pool of water
Never, never to be shed



ODE OF LOVE I

Write on a Banbury cross,
The message of this lonely soul
Walking the dome of banshees
Screaming at the words of hurts and lusts
For whence the lover's rhymes could not be heard
From a place far away
Hither his lover would not return his utter call
Nor listen rapturously to the serenade
Running through the night by her window
Whilst he meanders betwixt myriad clusters of roses
And one pluck for her that throws disdain on the desire
An angel could not be better than the smiles of the wench
But curse the evil that steals from her the long bellow of her lover
Who stays through some nights, pining underneath the counterpane
Rather would he savor the aura tethered to his hem
The last moment she walked through the door
Out his heart, out his soul, and then out his life
For lovers do not such hurts to one
If then a word of love or statement of poetry
Crammed in varied lines of affection and warmth
Would she but continually reject a lost lover's rhyme?
(I speak as a human)
If his heart would wane from loving the maid
Then would it have been that she had not been in anyway
His in the very day he had very well desired her
But that never would be the end of love
No! It's waits, savors hurts against all
If on the lover's day they two do not go together
Then would it be confirmed that what was never was

And really could never be!

Then would we ask that does lovers' rhyme exist?

ODE TO SORROW

We, running,
Always hurrying
Somewhere
Someplace
Some others,
Like our children,
Would soon follow the same
We are no different,
From the past,
The fathers that rushed yam
And buried romance
For egos sake

It's the same
The life hurrying and hasty
We, sons of our ancestors,
Thus inherit from them
And always we go
Trudging down,
Romancing sorrow,
Rushing through
A troubled tea,
Scalded bread,
And our tongue,
Blighted, by our haste,
Heeds no recourse
In the time of tales
Telling to the ones coming after
With nothing coming
From that life
For what we learnt
We do not seem bold
To lay flat before them
For shame and regret
So then, no grief is told
So they go on

Romancing sorrow

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Busayo Lawrence is a writer, poet, copywriter, email copywriter, and a whole bunch of stuff he doesn't love to talk about. He is equally a serial entrepreneur and the founder of Starttiny Digital and Starttiny4k, an online book publishing and book marketing imprint, where he helps writers become authors and authors sell more books. To find more products from the author, visit www.starttiny4k.xyz/shop.

Write to us or reach us:

Website: www.starttiny4k.xyz

Email: support@starttiny4k.xyz

Support Center: 07062408095, 07063804661