



Edwin Obyke

The Queen That  
Never Was  
And Other Sensational poems

filled with material  
that is NOT our style

Scarf Publications October 2002

# Thoughts Of Christ , Heaven And Hope .

When the world appears to me to sink,  
of you o Lord I think.

When things do fall apart,  
I shall never leave your path.  
When trouble swishes like the sea,  
it is time for me to take my tea.  
Tried to make me have a fit,  
but it is time for me to sit.  
It cannot take my peace of mind,  
which I shall never have to find.

The whizzing of war arrows,  
for me the twitting of sparrows.  
For by his grace I am now free,  
enjoying his victory spree.  
Which came by the shedding of his blood,  
that flowed out like a flood .  
The killing of the the son,  
that blackened the out the sun.  
Now the sun would no longer smite,  
for I have been covered by his rite.

For me heaven's gates are opened wide,  
all I have to do is ride.  
Now I shall never have to cry,  
for I need not have to pry.  
His son ship to all given,  
to his arms you should be driven.  
No matter what your plight,  
you need not take to flight.

I wonder for what cause,  
you want to take a pause.

His son ship is not by tribe,  
you need not give a bribe.  
To his kingdom you should be born,  
you do not have to burn.  
For you cannot win the fight ,  
if you choose to walk by sight.  
You need to stand aright,  
but the battle is not by might.  
Of heaven's place you gain,  
to the enemy's disdain.

# I'm Forever Gratefvl

I'm forever grateful to him.  
He who cleansed my infinite iniquities  
and extinguished my peccadilloes.  
I'm forever grateful.  
He is to me a shield  
from the heat of the worrisome want  
and the sudden fear that troubles.  
I'm forever grateful.  
For him who slept the sleep of death  
that I might live the life of victory  
I'm forever grateful.

# The Christ I Know

Who is the Christ you know:  
a dead Christ whose glory has passed away,  
whose powers can no sway?  
so sickness and death have come to stay?  
Then I need not call on him each day.  
That we are weak I need not say  
are we stuck at Satan's bay?  
That Christ did never rise? Nay.  
But this the Christ I know  
on the third He did rise  
the lids of Hades he did prise  
heaven's abundance he will never mise.  
For satan's tricks we can be wise.  
Of health and wealth from satan's guise  
to us he gave resurrection's prize  
this is the Christ I know.

# A Heavenly Trip A Storm

Tossed and troubled  
in the murky waters  
of the shadow of death,  
I gasped for breath  
and shrilled like a fife  
in the raging tempest of life.

Beclouded in life's ill fated boat,  
I leaned over the deck  
and my mind embarked on a star trek:  
I heard the flutter of angels,  
as I clicked on heaven's website  
sonic sounds on solfa.

Wading though the glorious haze,  
I leaned forward to gaze;  
I beheld him, who is seated on the throne,  
who in the mightiness of power stands alone.  
His feet on a pavement of sapphires,  
his garments dazzling like a thousand lights.

I hear a sporadic sound,  
his voice like the sound of thunder,  
would cut the bars of iron asunder.  
I sat a while to ponder,  
on the melody that came from yonder.  
Awesome and captivating.

Now I hear him saying:  
Though life's out pour may be tidal  
my words will your pedal  
and you will see the Holy Ghost,  
rising up from the coast,  
a pathfinder in the maze.

# Why Did He Have To Come

A baby was born  
in a manger  
was hung thirty-three years later.  
He came and hung  
upon the cross  
but why did he have to come:  
for Christmas day,  
or for Easter day,  
why did he have to come?  
only the keys of immaculate blood  
could open the the bloodless gates  
and why did he have to come?  
The blood of bulls and sheep  
could not lend a key  
why did have have to come?  
His precious blood  
held the key!  
That's why he had to come:  
a gift for man,  
for those hell bound,  
Jesus had to come.

# The Battle Of Hades

What a compelling story  
of the most celebrated battle  
fought a ring of fire  
of one who can never tire.  
the triumph of a king,  
And his crown awaited him  
laid on a golden platter  
while the demons clattered  
I heard his symphonic laughter  
as he outwitted the sharks of darkness  
the feather footed baboons  
the ophidian constables,  
the posse on a regicide mission  
that headed for a showdown  
right from toontown,  
clad in scary gowns  
cringing, bringing fear.  
He shook the throne of Hades  
and the demons trembled,  
cowering without power,  
slacking, lacking strength,  
shocked by the unexpected,  
mocked in their very domain,  
by the king who must remain,  
whom the host cannot contain.

# If there were No God

If there were no God  
I wonder what the world would be  
unbridled chaos unleashed  
peace takes a perpetual exit  
love is swallowed up,  
boxed in the ocean of hatred.

If there where no God  
I wonder what I would be  
one without hope  
the dead dog becomes  
better than the living lion  
life is an unfortunate paradox.

If there where no God  
I wonder what we all would be  
trust is the fool's undoing  
harmony and fairness  
are left in the dream would.  
every man for himself

If there where no God  
all would be uncontrolled  
but there is God.  
He holds the world  
by the power of his word  
I am happy there is God.



# The Cross

They put on him a scalet robe,  
a plaited of thorns  
beset by the bulls of Bashan  
brought to the dust of death  
from the third hour of darkness  
he hung upon the cross  
of grief he was stricken  
his beaten sight was sickening  
the point of affliction  
that broke the gates of brass.  
A river of his blood  
flowed out on the cross  
for sheep gone astray  
who to God have ceased to bray?  
for ones who ought to pray  
but could not find a passageway.  
at the words of his roaring  
the temple veil was rent  
the earth quaked  
and rocks split.  
He descended to the bowels of death  
he battled till the third night  
dominion came in the morning  
the power of death consumed.  
Then came the sounds of angels  
trumpeting victory's anthem.  
Ahead came Christ the victor  
with the keys of life and death  
along with the spoils of war,  
captivity came in chains  
victory for all mankind.

# Hope

Hope a vital ingredient of life,  
a strengthening spring  
a life without hope  
is a logjam.  
One without hope  
on the racecourse of life  
would not win the trophy  
life would end in an apostrophe  
and what a catastrophe  
the shortening  
and death of dreams.  
hope still,  
even against hope.

# Worry

A heavy heart  
a broken spirit  
and a knitted brow  
why be made a refugee  
by your own thoughts.  
Embarking on overwhelming thoughts rides?  
And as you wallow  
in the pits of sorrow  
an earthquake triggers in your temple.  
When you worry  
You may be sorry.  
Worry shows up in many ways  
extinguishing the ever present  
shimmering light of hope  
often shining like a candle glow.  
Add faith to hope,  
and you are out of the death tunnel.

# Daybreak

As the day breaks,  
the birds come out.  
The cocks crow  
while the sparrows twitter.  
The robins chirp,  
the time of singing has come.  
The voice of the Tuttle dove is heard  
conducting the orchestra,  
turned into a chirp and twitting jamboree.  
Life springs forth  
incubating embryos mature  
all uncorking the bottle of dreams  
flowing out like milk streams,  
whipped into creams,  
Poured on the earth.  
The time of death is past,  
it is a new beginning,  
an unveiling,  
the rapture  
the bliss  
a harbinger of good things,  
what an omen  
an amen  
for men,  
and for women,  
hoping for better days.

# Sweet Moments

# Come soon my bride

I am famished  
for my heart is ravished.  
how I long for my true love  
my head hums her last words  
with its murmur on lips.  
I can't forget her last voice,  
it keeps resounding in my ears  
like the clinking of cymbals.  
No music pleases so me  
as the sweet purr of your voice.  
My love lit heart is swinging  
like bulrush bushes by the rushing waters,  
as I await her dawning  
the whirlwind of love  
blows over me  
as thoughts make frenetic swirls in my heart  
thoughts of our wedding  
when will its bells start chiming?  
our engagement bells have been dinging  
the church bells have been clanging.  
I dream of the twilight  
of a moon lit dinner  
in our honeymoon  
now am awakened by the thoughts of her arrival  
as I descend the cliffhanger  
of illusions of love.  
I must quickly acquire  
what is required of me?  
so we can cleave together in bliss of affections,  
and I must pick a thick fabric  
for the wedding  
for I am cold from the want of affection  
come soon my bride.

# You And I Alone

As I dive on my bed  
I seem to descend into the abyss of time  
the bowels of a time yet to come  
as prowl about in the gulf,  
my mind is full of images  
I dream of you and I alone  
snuggled in our love nest  
covered with scented flowers,  
with aloes and siffrons.  
Oh! The smell of musk  
the hue of love moments  
crystallized in lure of affection  
just you and I alone

I am a dream walker  
riding on a soul train  
I see things beyond the eye  
you and I  
side by side  
holding hands  
walking by the sea shore  
yes! You and I alone  
caught in the melancholy  
in the sapphirine atmosphere  
of an Arabian night,  
just you and I alone

You and I alone  
woven into one  
blended together  
like the marrow of a bone  
unbeatable like a stone  
you and I alone  
can be tougher than leather.  
Together to the climax,  
to the galaxies in the milky way  
the ecstasy of being alone  
just you and I alone.

# Dream Lady

Hark! The sparrows sing  
announcing your cinderelic appearance  
ferried on a magic wind:  
breathe taking,  
as one from a dream  
you entered my world.

But puff!  
away like mist  
like an optical illusion  
your unheralded exit  
came like an eclipse of the sun.

My heart bleeds for your return  
thoughts of love pervade my heart  
dominating and encompassing  
unveils virgin depths unadventured  
of palatable fantasies  
the voyages of sinbad  
the adventures of Aladdin  
of happy endings for lovers.

Come and stay  
my eyes are roving  
like a clockwork  
a salamander in search of home  
the rosebuds are waiting  
begonias and marionettes  
oh! And forget- me- nots  
come let's take the conjugal sacrament  
the lamination of our love  
you and me  
forever in love.

# Age And Love

Age has become the gulf  
between you and me  
you say  
I cannot jump it  
bridge it  
or fly over it  
age and love  
at daggers drawn  
tender buds of rose  
can sprout  
in a watered desert  
empowered with the winds of love  
while cupid's arrows fly  
I will surely come soaring

# Quixotic Jane

Blaze, blaze, and blaze away  
fire of love  
stay, stay, and stay  
do not sway  
Jane and her quixotic ideals  
would not yield to nuptial seals  
rides on an illusive train  
the phantom ride of fools  
beware of delusion's tools  
jump down from fantasy's bogie  
for here comes the boogiemane  
playing the boogie-woogie  
to make of you a booby.  
let the fire of love blaze away  
do not step from emotion's way.  
But the stony heart would not yield  
ends up the bottle's way  
trips and stumbles  
breaks up as it tumbles  
the way a cookie crumbles



# Sweet tingale

I once met a nightingale  
at a pharmacy  
what a sweet melody!  
I was in ecstasy.  
I felt I could easily win her heart  
but it was a fallacy.  
I quickly took a prance  
but was jolted out of my mystic trance.

Her wall of defense was so high  
all I could do was sigh.  
though my effort was a debacle  
I know love's oracle  
would overcome its obstacle.  
blow a kiss  
love's arrows cannot miss  
are then headed for nuptial bliss?  
by and by I cannot tell.  
but I will be back sweet tingale.

# Just Wedded

The sun departs the sky  
for a couple standing by  
soon and soon the moon will shine  
and with candles lights we dine  
gladly, gladly emotions of love  
gladly, gladly illusions of dreams  
love and care, love and care  
primal emotions.  
Holding hands and linking hands  
we start this journey for life  
to sing along like flowing streams  
to stay steadfast like glowing beams  
and to God who made us one  
from him we cannot be gone  
he who made our hearts to rev  
with gratitude we serve with verve.

# Let love rise again

Sweet and witty lady,  
I will always stand in awe  
at your aesthetic beauty  
how I love your dimples  
on a face devoid of pimples  
my heart like a pendant swings  
for a have a penchant for your sweetness  
so personable and deeply moving.  
And how I earnestly crave  
for your marsupial affections  
with exotic reflections  
on our happy moments together.  
What a rare endowment  
of beauty and sweetness.

I hear your sweet voice ring  
echoes like pealing bells  
the melody of singing birds  
as I remember the very day  
the day you paved the way,  
to the land of martial bliss.  
Yes you took my hand  
with a promise that we ride  
forever without a void  
I hold to this promise  
without a compromise  
baby stay with me and let us ride  
for you have not yet tried  
to surf through the trials of married life.

You have shown to me a new door  
for a woman's love is configured  
like the chambers in a house  
to each door, opens a new thing  
but where love has worn so thin  
I know not what to think.  
what lurks behind this door?  
bliss or blaze?  
can't my love erase,  
this doubt that encroached your heart?  
But still I doff my hat  
for you're still sweet and witty.  
This gives me a rising hope  
that love will rise again.

# Newfound Love

Sailing in the middle of the night  
with my new found love  
on our wedding night  
on a very rainy day  
on the love  
rocked in raging waves  
with shadows lurking in the deep waters  
and tempestuous winds blowing,  
we clung to one another  
like ones running from the cold  
we were cradled in clove  
like hands in a glove.  
we enjoyed the warmth of love  
and embraced the heat of passion.  
as the boat rocked to  
the undulating of waves,  
I waltzed into a time travel  
deep in thought;  
my face set like a sphinx  
remembering the sacred moments  
once shared with a loved one:  
what a treat  
but not accomplished as a feat.  
My first love gone with the wind  
the death of me  
like the tragic hero in the Titanic  
I ceased to be.  
drowned in the waters of sorrow  
never to see tomorrow.  
Then began to see a spark  
like the glow of fireflies  
the healing balm of time  
easing the blow of heartbreak.  
not easy to accomplish  
a Herculean task  
my mind began to unmask

the heroin of my resurrection  
a newfound love,  
I stumbled back to life  
thoughts crumbled  
you could hear the rumble  
without a g rumble  
thoughts of the past  
going down the drain  
seeping out of my brain  
the past is gone  
I live today  
I shall see tomorrow  
with my newfound love  
happily ever after.

# The Morning Of My Wedding

Twit, twit sings the birds  
 sweet, sweet sings my heart  
 comely lovely lady  
 my dear seniorita  
 my heart dingles with heavenly jingles  
 tones in harmony cords in symphony.  
 cling clang ring the bells  
 now its time to tie the knot  
 brand the nuptial knot  
 forever with love  
 the epic of a regal union  
 a melodramatic saga  
 on a heavenly strata  
 Arcadian bliss.

## The Morning Of My Wedding (2)

Standing in front of the mirror  
 knotting my tie  
 my heart harps jazzy jingles  
 with indescribable joy.  
 Time ticks away  
 and draws me nearer  
 the much awaited moment  
 I will walk down the aisle  
 with my jewel.  
 To seize the geysers of mythical dreams  
 and with embossed affections  
 of embryonic love,  
 we attain  
 Cupid's logarithm.

# My Princess

My sweet princess  
one so magnanimous  
I am astounded by your enchanting presence  
you move so suavely  
the elegant steps of a peacock.  
you shine like gold trappings  
set on crested velvet  
your completion;  
the deep color of polished mahogany  
sets my blood rippling  
cutting corners at full speed.  
give me that winsome smile  
that lights up my day.  
your voice like the sound of a seraphic choir  
whips up a compelling desire  
to be with you  
for the rest of my life.  
I yearn to marry a princess  
I yearn to marry you.  
together we will ride to the stars  
unfathomable alluring dreams  
that could come true.  
But here comes the sabre toothed tiger  
the enemy of dreams.  
I'm yanked back to reality  
the land of facts and figures.  
You are up there  
I'm down here  
in this agonizing mire  
can I bear the crucible?  
transcend the status line  
if you will only stretch out your hand  
reach out towards me  
and I will give you the skies.

# Love At First Sight

Driving through town  
I saw a queenly beauty  
cat walking on the sidewalk  
I watched her as she swept by  
gently like a zephyr.  
Honk! honk!  
I horned  
hey! hey!  
I Hollered  
she glanced at me side ways  
from the corners of her eyes  
gave me a wry smile,  
and swept away like a tornado.  
I was captivated  
enraptured, mystified and electrified.  
I felt contractions in my chest  
as my heart leapt  
and dangled with somersaults  
a euphoric feeling.  
Have I fallen in love?  
at first sight?  
her name I know not  
would I see her again?  
I am a clairvoyant  
I have the feeling I will.  
My heart churns away like a windmill  
but am I really in love?  
clandestine love?  
how can I love one I know not?  
it's all an illusion  
feeling and emotions  
that seeks to confuse me  
the price of loneliness  
I don't believe in love at first sight.

# You Are Enough For Me

You are enough for me  
you will always be.  
You mean so much to me  
as none can be.  
I savor the sweetness  
of our moments together.  
The delectable symbiosis  
of an intriguing allurements of passion.  
surfing on the warmth of love,  
riding onto the ecstatic plateau,  
a climb to the very peak of delights.  
Unprecedented heights attained  
only possible with you  
you will always be enough for me  
as none can ever be.

# Melancholy And Trepidation



# The Queen That Never Was

Though the years are rolling by,  
Hearts still bleed for your snuffed out potentials,  
Embalmed memories of your charitable deeds.

Queen of hearts  
Unique in your paths,  
Effervescent thoughts of you  
Endless thoughts in the winding passages of time  
Nurtured by finding solace in legacies.

There can never be another like you,  
History tide left a void.  
Am caught in the corridors of thought,  
The rhapsody of an odyssey.

Nature has a way of reproducing your images,  
Encaptured in minds like a mirror. Your  
Vibrant queenly appearance  
Ever glittering like a pearl,  
Revolutionized my way of thinking.

Waves of feelings come over me,  
As though I can see you,  
Still strong and caring.

# My White Elephant .

I fell in love with a very beautiful girl  
always adorned like a Christmas tree  
beautiful, attractive and impressive  
glamorous like a precious treasure  
but as unfeeling as the the flint  
put a hole in pocket  
and a pain in my heart  
though I mustered the king of metals  
down to her service  
all to no avail  
but I must care for my sweetheart.  
of what value would I place her?  
a diamond  
or clay  
my fortune has been spent.  
To keep this pace,  
is to earn a place  
in the potter's field.  
what am I doing this for?  
for love or the want of a wife?  
I gazed with sheep's eyes  
but as I closed my eyes  
what did see?  
an esteem being metamorphosed  
into a repulsive vermin.  
O my elephant  
should I spend a million?  
for a shingles worth?  
my craze has grazed my progress.  
the embers of love would no longer blaze  
for one for whom  
once I cold have bridged  
the Gulf of Mexico  
filled the Suez Canal  
swam across the English Channel.  
love has taken a tailspin  
predicated on an ill wind  
the breath of one, who is,  
as valued as a white elephant.

# The Leap Of Faith

Life has become a déjà vu,  
I want to take a leap of faith  
off the grounds of fate  
into the golden gate  
the doorpost of the unseen,  
where cowards have never been.  
but what do I expect to see?  
fear stings like a bumblebee.  
would I shout with glee?  
or would I have to flee?  
the known is better than the unknown  
but the unknown may offer better fortunes  
should I take the leap of faith?

# Solution

I sat down This Morning  
soliloquizing  
contemplating suicide  
why are things the way they are?  
I racked my brain  
till it creaked  
I raised my voice  
till it squeaked  
I am fed up  
I don't know what to do  
can God help me?  
for crying out loud?  
who will save me from this misery?  
who will deliver me from these woes?  
from the very throes of darkness  
a storm does come and goes  
shall I see the hidden treasures of darkness?  
I wondered what to do  
then from the bowels of my being  
I heard a still small voice  
the voice of the Holy Spirit of God  
with a timely word for me  
no matter what the storms  
a meek and quiet spirit  
will always know the way.

# Death

There goes the troll  
whopping down on sleeping folks  
with his razor sharp icicles  
clammy, hair raising, giving the creeps.  
sneaking up on wary ones  
with his ice cold hands  
singing the knell.  
He has just taken a poor child  
a rich young man the other day  
a no respecter of persons  
the dirge has no end  
he is there,  
yet he's not seen  
he kills yet with empathy  
masquerading as:  
sicknesses, accident, name it.  
How does one escape the monster?  
hide in the rock?  
he will find out.  
Though you cover yourself with medicine  
he combines his immune piercing devices.  
In the sea?  
he is there as well.  
The last enemy who cannot be escaped  
he catches up with time.  
but to all God gives a chance  
to take a life assurance  
only there death cannot prance.  
In eternity is life or death.

# The Riddle

What do you think is on my mind?  
it is mind blowing  
it is tongue twisting  
it is heart throbbing  
it is ear splitting  
oh! My goodness!  
but you would love to hear this?  
it can make a heart constrict  
it can make your blood congeal  
it can make your knees knock  
it makes your eyes dilate  
you may even have to gasp for breath!  
but this is the most celebrated concept  
a blockbuster  
chart busting,  
award winning  
It is the dream.  
the reality of your thoughts.  
What do you think is on my mind?

# The Observer

# The Truthfayer

An Anxious and lazy young man  
walked into an inn.  
The inn hosted a fortuneteller  
whom the boy went to see.

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
what's on the crystal ball?  
asked the man.  
I see an unhappy young man  
he looks weather beaten  
answered the fortuneteller.

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
what does the future hold?  
he asked again  
I see an unfulfilled man  
in five years to come  
answered the fortuneteller.

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
what after that?  
he demanded.  
I see a broken hearted man  
in ten years to come  
answered the fortuneteller.

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
what about in a later life  
he desperately asked  
I see an old Man walking  
but he has nowhere to go  
answered the fortune teller

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
what comes after that?

he asked in despair  
I see a lot of people laughing  
but you I cannot see  
answered the fortune teller

Fortuneteller, fortuneteller  
take a closer look  
he now asked in disdain  
I hear the sound of mourning  
it looks like you are dead.  
answered the fortuneteller.

The man took his gun  
shot him and said:  
my future is in my hands  
I don't need a fortuneteller.



# Morning Chores

Shaken, she awaked  
while the alarm clock,  
still quaked,  
telling her its time to bake.  
now she must commence  
on an immense expense  
of energy for her morning chores.

The maid wearily raises her hands,  
to mill the maize,  
then she opens her oven,  
by which she has proven,  
her skill so often,  
now its time to bake.

As she steadily makes a healthy progress,  
the kids awake  
lacking the attitude of patience,  
bring their multitude of daily problems.

They cover her,  
as vultures hover,  
over their meal,  
all wanting attention.

She quickly bathes and swaddles  
the babbling rabble of kids,  
gave each a fish to eat,  
for they itched to have their meal.

Now the table is set,  
the kids would not be led  
for with their hands they tear the bread.  
She wields her words her rod of correction,  
to break the cord of foolishness,  
that lords over a child's heart.  
thanks must be said to God,  
and a kiss to mama's cheeks.

# The Quest

Unemployment and fallen standards,  
youth on rapid degeneration.  
Lives as arid as the sands of Sahara.  
disaffected youth,  
products of a poor economic trend.  
lives are left with a rend  
while seeking to unbend the twist of fate.  
Looking for viable alternatives,  
rise to the burgle sound,  
obey temptation's call,  
money calls,  
transatlantic trade,  
the sound  
for a turn around,  
for ones hell bound.  
Parents edged,  
trolleys canvassed,  
provided the spur,  
cataclysmic effects,  
as one man,  
exodus to Canaan land  
the land of the Golden Fleece,  
where intimate body parts,  
are wielded as hands.  
money making machines,  
make money syndrome,  
lives are put in a fetter,  
girls are better than boys,  
more moneymaking potentials.  
forget the boys,  
get the young women,  
for a jolly ride  
on the full tide of doom,  
of the sex trade boom  
depicted as light in the gloom,  
the mirage of a desert  
a bizarre rendezvous.

cross my heart!  
you cannot fathom the returns,  
houses, cars and money,  
but with booby traps.  
wasted lives,  
diseased bodies  
to be brought back in a hearse,  
the end of a generation of women.

# The Sun

Shine, shine, and shine.  
when you shine, you look so fine.  
as blithe as May, you look so gay.  
when you show your stunning rays.  
in the myriad of edgeless roof,  
you stand aloof.  
Brilliant king of the sky,  
with your rays on the earth you spy,  
when you rise on the wheel of time  
as you take the seat of clime.  
At sight of the king of light,  
darkness takes to flight.  
But what snuffs you out at dusk,  
so weak like a baby to be fed with Rusk.  
Please do sleep and rest on heaven's lawn,  
so you may rise again at dawn.

# The Moon

Lamp of heaven  
today you look so even.  
But sometimes you look eaten,  
coy and brow beaten.  
How I wish you stayed even,  
to man your full light given,  
while tides ebb and flow,  
all wonder at your glow.  
But when a sliver of your silver circle,  
shows up on your cycle,  
when behind the clouds you are cringing.  
you snuff out the night's glory  
all becomes so sullen and gory,  
please do stay and glaze the sky,  
you do not need to be so shy.

# The Masquerade

Like a charmer  
the drummer weaves his music  
while the masquerade  
the façade of multiple personalities  
the embodiment of myths and legends;  
Hip-hops  
shrieks chants and hums  
as he dances in the village square.  
Each step tell a story  
each step has a meaning.

As the concerto comes to a refrain  
I could see the as a masquerade  
the medley of persons  
who dance to intricate palpitations  
the tirade of blood cuddling drums  
not seen or heard  
but seen in everything we do.  
We are all masquerades  
in this raging of time  
that makes up our world.

# My Shadow

My shadow is so light,  
he is as dark night.  
One as silent as thought,  
whose presence I never sought.  
As tangible as the air,  
hides in the darkest lair.  
Dumb like a manikin,  
born to be my kin.  
Often disappears like mist,  
into funny forms he twists.  
His unwanted eerie presence  
with me a life sentence.  
But a times a companion,  
for lonely times a champion.

The Queen That Never Was  
And Other Sensational poems  
Edwin Obvke

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published in conjunction with

**children  
churches  
& daddies**

*the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented  
literary and art magazine*

ISSN 1068-5154

ccandd96@aol.com

<http://scars.tv>

829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL 60031-3155, USA, Northern Hemisphere,  
Planet Earth, Solar System Milky Way Galaxy, the Universe

*Freedom & Strength Press*  
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