INSCRIPTIONS IN TIME

The International Library of Poetry
Refugees
The tender drops of blessing fall below.
The birds rejoice the warmth of a brand-new day.
The day begins with mysterious to be explored,
But life remains the same for us.
No path to take, no destiny.
Roaming about with an aching heart,
We are refugees, belonging to no land or people!
We are welcomed by shut doors, not bread!
There are none to hear our cries, none to console our pain!
We can only dream of a life untouched and undisturbed.

Shilpa Prem Kumar

Lady Liberty
Oh, Lady Liberty, why so sad?
Just because some people are bad.
Oh, Lady Liberty, I, too, shed a tear,
But I will not fear.
Oh, Lady Liberty, do not fear.
Your message will always be crystal clear.
Oh, Lady Liberty, forever may you stand
Spreading your light over the land.
America I love.
To her I'll always be true.
God bless America,
The red, white, and blue.

Patricia A. Lamb

The Antidote
Ye land, upon my head herein I tread
Into oblivion gone the dream
Of paradise all we aim
The ideal all want to be led
Not to tail be but head
Leaders in action maim
Progress in totality lame
Her legs heavier than lead
If restored the dream must
You and I pessimism must disfavor
In unity all must be mantled
Ethnicity abandoned to rot
All must surge full of valor
Till the temple of higgledy-piggedly is dismantled

Babafemi Johnson Babatope

9-11
Hatred.
Could it be defined in a better way than acts of 9-11?
A beautiful bright sunny day,
People going about their business,
Starting their morning at work as usual.
Who would ever guess it would be their last day?
A plane flying so low by the World Trade Towers;
Was this an accident?
It can’t be intentional.
Who would do such a horrendous thing?
Building one ablaze, rescue squads
Rushing to the scene.
A second plane approaching.
This was intended to devastate;
Many people dying, many heroes made.
The country united together.
Flags waving everywhere.
This evil will be overcome.

Tommy Dante Visicaro

Am I
Take a look at this angel in my sight
She is the one that I want to be with tonight
I want to hold her and never let her go
But I don’t know if she feels the same way
Am I a fool for feeling this way
Am I a fool for saying these things
Am I a fool to feel this way
Am I a fool to love you
I look into your eyes to try and read your soul
To see if I’m the one you want
I begin to touch you, try to feel you out
I look into your soul to try to sense you
And then I know that you will be mine
Am I a fool for feeling this way
Am I a fool for saying these things
Am I a fool to feel this way
Am I a fool to love you

Bryan Nathan Rivas

My Grandfather
M ourning you, I can hardly believe
Y ou have gone from the world we perceive
G reat is the joy you have given us, times untold
R eaching out and teaching too, your love would enfold
A ll the time setting a guiding example
N ot one, but many a faith did you restore
D eath has robbed me of all that, and more
F ar better than you, a man I have yet to find
A mighty legacy you have left behind
T he fact that you’ve passed away has not yet sunk in
H ow can you be gone when you live within
E ternal peace may you have found
R ightfully in Heaven where all pleasures abound

Mumta; Muslim Khaki

Fate
A man’s heart is transgressed by the sins and irony of love
Only to become one with the Earth,
As he falls to his knees to grasp the pain
In which he never shall reach.
For it’s untouchable by love-struck chain.

Am I sentenced to the same fate as he?
For myself and my everlasting love?
No, I have no control for what is to be.
Fate is but an uncontrollable passion,
Which is certain to thee.
Fate may go unheard; it may go unseen.
Fate may fly to thee as would a bird
In which no one could intervene.
Fate is unpredictable, an unspoken voice from above,
Uncontrollable, much like that of love;
A link that can never be broken,
Many burdens shall remain,
But it shall never be forsaken.
For one cannot reach or grasp,
The never-ending, love-struck chain.

Edward A. Fleishman