

# Goodbye Gone Bad and Trips

by Eben Benibo

*Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: Here are two lovely poems selected from Benibo's entry. The whole is indistinguishable from the sum of their parts, so I won't waste your time quoting lines...okay than just one: "...Once in every two hours / I visit my dreams three times,"*

Poem Title: **Goodbye Gone Bad**

There's a stench  
coming from the 'waves' of yesterday.  
I carry this about,  
hoping to preserve our farewell,  
in memories constantly refreshed.

Pictures of my little hands  
'waving you goodbye' still dangle firmly,  
between the chambers of my heart.

How was I to know hopes decay too?  
When does pain  
transcend being a wound to a scar?  
If these are scars,  
why do they still bleed?

My mother's heart is now home to healing.  
Constructed on the foundation of highs and lows  
Designed by bullet marks  
"Once beaten, twice shy"

Death now fears this place,  
Life lives here with eyes 'wild' opened.

My mother's heart is now a filter of pain,  
a furnace with fire and ice  
and at its foot  
lies a note- 'Welcome.'  
I should visit here more often,  
climbing unto the walls of her heart  
before I get drowned  
by these 'waves' of- Goodbye.

Poem Title: **Trips**

Sometimes,  
I am found lost in my wild thoughts  
Beneath hard rocks of golden diamonds-  
Seated at the bottom of my being  
For my inside's full of treasures,  
Precious gems  
Wrapped in poetry shapes.

Other times,  
I drive down the Memory lane  
A narrow path  
Between express and shun

A junction of the said and the unsaid

Leading to the land-

Ruled by choices made.

Most times,

Under grey skies

I miss steps and stumble

Falling into tunnels and dusty paths

Dusty paths

A clear map-

To green pastures untapped.

Always,

Once in every two hours

I visit my dreams three times,

Like a mother hen-

Nursing her eggs before they hatch

I climb onto the walls of my own heart

Hoping for an escape in a clogging world.

I find my strength within-

Just enough courage for my return,

As I go back in search of my fears

Ready to fly!

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *What Inspired My Poems:*

*My first poem 'Goodbye Gone Bad' was inspired by the memories that have grown with me through the years.*

*My second poem 'Trips' was inspired by my love for travelling and exploring new places. However, this time, I engaged in an inside out journey within myself, which turned out to be the best!*

*My poems are an overflow of my childhood days. At three, I was grown. Grown enough to 'hear' when the eyes speak. Grown enough to read the handwritings on each wall life built. Poetry became an escape to me in a clogging world, and it became more fulfilling to see that even unconsciously, my words created a pathway for others too.*

*With this, I began to write with a consciousness of leaving 'a light at the end' of each piece. I try to write for a 'nontechnical' audience. To reach as many as can relate as possible. However, my poems are influenced by everything that breathes. Like a long stare at the skies, the wrinkle that escorts a smile, and even the sound of a baby's laughter. Everything.*

*I see poetry as life. My life. From the sibling I never had, to the reason I wake up sometimes with a grin on my face.*

*So, poetry being important to me, is like the essence of life in itself. Poetry is life. Like water, life. When it flows from a source, its outpour lubricates dry places. Gradually quenches a thirst. Fills a longing. Refreshes the soul.*

*Reading and writing poetry is everything to me. I love its prowess in absorption. Its storage of time past. Its ability to convey so much in few words. And most of all, I love the life I see/feel within each line. The spark!*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** *Eden Benibo is a young writer and poet currently transcending the phase of simply inscribing the stories she bears to voicing them. Her works revolves around finding a light through the various tunnels of life. Her works have been published on platforms such as - The Evergreen Poetry Journal, Poetry International, Kalahari Review, Praxis Magazine, Libretto Magazine and others.*





