

SAD FUN...poetry

By Snhhaitembu Snh

Poetry Editor Hezekiah's note follows poems. Spacing is poet's own.

Predictable

I have seen it before
The same night in 'The Cove'
Eighth time to the count
He wouldn't make it up the stair
Fourth step is the trick.
His weight will drag backwards it seems
His feet a slay of snow
Of stone that stripped
His legs to stumble and cackle
A struggle to shuffle
He would wheeze and squeeze
To deal with that hustle
And huff and puff
To balance a mountain
A top a tip of a corner he hovers
Like gravity plays the game he lost
A flail of arms and flabby flesh
One second later He will fail again
at the edge of that ledge
A fall backwards he gets
In a fountain of shock straight he lands
A series of misplaced bones he thinks

Of why, oh why, he does that all the time
If the elevator of life and peace is just,
before the stairs of dread it lasts
But the ninth time is a charm they said
After they cast his arm on again
He will be back to turn my night to bliss
Predictable one man show that is.

No words

Don't fuss over me, when I don't speak
About it all, when I don't leak
Without it full, when I don't break
From a pain so old, when I don't trip
Over something clod, when I don't sing
To appease the weak, when I don't blink
At how fortunate I am, when I don't gasp
At how shocking it looks, when I just sit there.
Absorbing it all in just one breath, suffice to say
I am okay, I just don't know what to say.

Divorce

Father left first

Slowly but surely he tugged free

He did what he did best, to seem better

Little did he know, he's stuck that way

On a selfish tram, unhooked from the truth

A bundle of emotions that led to pain

Unlike himself and his ego, his wife is fine

She sings, and dances her pain askew

Leaves dinner for him at the table top

Wakes up to it then throws it out

In denial, a fruitful sound like jail

Trapped in a turmoil of worry and plans

Seems she doesn't understand he pulled away first

He decided to portion himself with someone else

She understood it better but couldn't believe

Her fear of the future without his body

The kids, her love for him, all drowned with betrayal

He did what he does best to seem better

As better as a touch of his final choice

A life without the people he thought he earned

The kids and their pain don't count a thing

Divorce was better for him and the wife

Then she left last.

The way you cry

When you cry in public, you're an attention seeker

When you cry in private, you hate sharing

When you don't cry at all, your suicidal

When you pretend to not care, your mentally unstable

When your tears leak by accident, you are losing yourself

What's the use of the definition of the way you cry?

Its still healing the soul, isn't it?

POETRY EDITOR HEZKIAH writes: Here is a swath of poems by Snh, entitled, Sad Fun... 'She enjoys things that don't make sense...' (Am I allowed to steal quotes from the poet's biography as well?) Here are some of the lines I like: "Like gravity plays the game he lost" "Don't fuss over me, when I don't speak" "On a selfish tram, unhooked from the truth" "He decided to portion himself with someone else" It is up to you to read were they go...By the way I love all of, **The way you cry.**

The Poet Speaks: *I lack any inspiration that's the dead truth. Creativity or inspiration floats in and out of my world like its being chased. Being African doesn't offer much help either. So, a vivid imagination boiling in a skull, triggered by a full blown sun that seems to follow me around, enjoying a bite or two from those chick mosquitoes, seeing half of the fields drown away with the flood, my fear of sleep and its dreams, I'm pleased to know I have coined two words together that made a sentence that appeared before you today. To me Poetry could have been life, if life was words that made no sense but explained better than meaningful and sensual words could.*

Poet's Bio: *Selma Haitembu is a high school teacher. She enjoys things that don't make sense and is hella suspicious towards those that do. She is hoping to do her bachelors in Medical laboratory soon. But poetry is a game she still doesn't understand to date, it's the confusion that made it a separate world for her. She is hoping to have a lot of work seen by at least more than two people. Good luck to you, you cant un-see it.*

