

Very weird situation you could be holding your breath with your hands
ransack your peace by damaging the infinity of your purpose but by virtue you won't keep your
own dead

Brief touching of hands

Joy so translucent slips through the flow of our bonds

Border across border once in a while the glimpse of you ever so far away, diluted into sphere
and space liquid bother concrete tears, hidden passion, forgotten fierce, vivid promises, brilliant
love simply insignificant absolutely sought-after

Ever existing love of what was, spinning trajectory of chaos and worth what's life, Rigged
initiated game, boastful bitter palate, excellent sweet after taste,

While grueling in disaster beautiful things yet still happen to you but by the edge I say,
if only you were here, the depth of your death is irreversible, beautifully making effort seem
futile The uselessness of accumulated stiff time body rock your now drained blood, stiff tissue,
rotten muscle and melting heart, in the glory of your decade my heart still long to headrest you,
that must be love, this must have been what my love for you looked like, looking back sadly my
colors had no emotions I would have loved you better, but your casket is a beautiful, No truer
words have ever been said, by your armrest we just wept compliment eluded yours truly, Rock
bottom my beloved, aching heart has never raised a soul, neither will bleeding hands raise a
curfew.

Ruby.chael

Unspoken tales from the death

Looking at my Adulthood

At times I would if I remember my teenage days properly

The quiet before the storm

The pasture before the Ghoul

Fork on Tic at 7:46am and above

The call to hot Ghanaian puff in a makeshift wooden glass box

Announcement for freedom from our various bed, chores nor bondage, an activity so sacred
every household understand or was it just my hood

Beating paper with rock, running a mile dripping from head to toe, yell of triumph in every three
to one house, each of us must have reached our doorstep with half a bucket of water spilling the
last one third in an effort to return first to the meet point, I was wiser, 'Stupid' only I knew that
looking back now not only my mother complained of half a drum

Dearing guts, hard to hunt feelings, threading rain

Street bashing the insufficient roaming of one corner by another warm 5pm filled belly, clean
legs, smiling face, minutes by minutes hand in hand with gist in heart we visit our friends with
less privilege, hiding, hunting and breaking rules day after day we aim to unlive ourselves, but
caught we barely were and burnt we stand to share

Life now must be so chaotic even the puff puff has never been the same

Snail picking, fence jumping, paper smoking, I am talking a number 10s below, hand
washing, fear shrinking
Different backgrounds same goal play and be played with
The ones with strict parents get visited
The gated house, we wait outside
Water pump, we fetch from them
Rich father, they foot the bill
Cooking skills, we keep the snail
Busy father, we use their house
Entrepreneur mom, we paddle necessity
And information we share
Gender reassignment was an easy topic
And the soup doesn't have to be hot, the daddy always eat it

Big ideas there's going to be only one devil
Throwing parties cost less
Black tape
Caked digestive icing choice
Eve in ice
Sweetened Milk in skin
Groceries in Confetti cups
Rice in tin
Mansion on sands
Delinquency was a word only our parents understood
Satisfied each after another our intentions
Saver were this night I talk about
Sane were the adults I know
Non joked about peeking slabs
Even 10th position wasn't bad
Jimmy my bestie made 15th
And titayo in her precious school made 9th bragging rights for another long haul
But teasing was only for the extremist
Causally by the side now
With a sigh I say truly we did have fun and were best of people

Ruby.chael
The do makeshift of my memories

Since it happened in the comfort of our home

No scream
Blood
Rags or passed out bun
No dirty path
Nor high rise apartments
Just a dunce and a mice
It's a family affair
One time I got paid
One time I got warned
One time I got dragged
One time long after I asked
Roaming the maze
My tiding was forgetting
Why does something so simple hurt so much
It wasn't rape after all
Think of the time you begged for it
Now why can't I remember
Mazing on
How did I become scarred by something so supposedly unimportant
Now I can't remember
I thought it was more fun
Pieces and bit
A Van Gogh of immerse splash
Tarted landscape
Unbalanced colors
Expensive Dysfunctionality
Yet classified as the most priced piece
Dirty regalia
Famous prostitute
The whole family knows her
Subdue interest
Loud heart rate
Endless supply of adrenaline
In and out
Classic chaos
Vivid lucid terrible dreams
But when day break

Gracefully allows mice to smile
The homerun tale for bad porn
It wasn't rape
It's a family affair
Nobody screamed
She's clueless

He's hoard- ing
The orgasm are long passed and forgotten
Memories deep buried on crest night little bitter mice comes to play in the most beautiful form

On the yard of the girl that forgot
Her tales were once shredded and referred to as Once upon a mid ***** blank
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One of us had to be insane

On the brick of oblivion piece by piece I tried to pick my words
Building creativity on hunchback
Full house
Excellent vocabulary
Scrambling words
Cluster walls
Glittering hope
Dead cells
Jumping music
Treacherous adultery
Bleached Skil
Wedding band
Lying tongue
Arguing couple
Crappy channel
Blurry screen
Flaming smoke
Four fucking dunce
Three light skin
One dark
Listening to beautiful lies
My high ear bleed
Resting sloppily on
By blue bag
Short black bottle
Red round cup
Black fake cap
Green liquid flame
Dirty black blue burn touched topper
24puff
Spilling conversation
Gut sewage

Wall End chiller
150 liquid metal
Deathly armies
Whispering wave on the run
Inclination like berries
Levitating swing I rode
I think I am falling down
One face down red round cup
Three Red Round Cup
On a pace of 40 throw away
Rusty 9combinations
Tender bender
Standing pile of fading dirty green
Block on block mansion for atrocities
Massive land scape
Hoarding structure
8 out of place people
Personally I wasn't here
Rounding off my emotion to pen without distress
Wonder wether I am a seasonal penner
My block could move between walls while not making a sound
One afternoon of rendezvous dare
I am where I am
Laying upon 3fluffy dark cushion
Gesticulating on the obviousness of water never turning blood between two similar rivalry
Something my uncle has that I don't
10lines down visible my block is evident
I can't go on
I can't stop here
998 words of 2500
The world of a poet is endless
Inconsistent deliberation
if I put you in my thoughts what kind of threading would you swing
Words on words
Dictionary of a fanatic
My displeasure lay only in not outdoing myself
Even now I can't give it my all

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New wine, New bottle

Strand per strand I try to pick my thoughts
The explosive mind of a writer
Futile soil upon it I rest my cause
Excessive sensitivity couldn't be a thing
Detachable words
Floating scene
Obscure image
Perfectly unfathomable desire
Expressionless
Word crave
laid Cave
Rumble membrane
Perplexed desire
Word wish put a spell on me
Happy are the noises the makers make
Moments be laying around
Picker the wheeler can't find
For a mist this triumphant bliss
A vine groomer presses wine
The taster would have sworn
There's non like it
This is the End of my writer block

Ruby.chael
Old bottle

Day after day the life of an average entity
We push ourselves to the limit
Baring our brothers burdens
Angling our sisters stress
Mostly our mothers are monster
And our fathers deceitful
Our churches barer of lier
And our neighbor killers in wait
Our friends jungling rattle trap
In a world of few days we thrive like no return
Die like yesterday
And dry up like summer pounds
Crawl by crawl we mount Mountain
Climb ladders only to relinquish to the next person
Overthrow by death
Default on steroids
Makers of men are power over evil

Pyramid of rotten scheme
Controllers of emotion
Dependable variables
We're all scrambling for breads
Crumbs from our master table we consume with joy
Tears from our soul drown out river
Responsibility on our shoulders couldn't be more burdensome
But with scream we yell our laugh
Expressing our grievance with tears in our hands
Beating paper with rock as our desire run dry at the expense of suffering
Religiously we pray fervently for promises of prosperous upspring titling our hands to works less
On the breast of sweat and tears we hover endlessly fixing promises on dead soil languishing in
sorrow and distress
Seeking favors from strange bed
Mixing pleasure with pain
Distress with money and charm with emptiness
By daybreak another unfilled loner moves by leaving behind shameful mints
Countable currency for irredeemable value an orgasms not fully experienced
Halloween to Hallow the harsh soil that bed tornfull flowers
Seedings of corrupt beds spring monster from birth
Sorrow to hoards we move seeking favors in the sight of men like our fathers
Tend are we offered up like sacrifices of lamb
Threading our mothers path only learning our mistakes after all is taken from us
With joy truly we once seek our master crumbs
Now only everly broken do we realize what we once had but never knew
For from our home were we shackled
Minimized by the words of painful mothers
Absence fathers
Forsaken brothers and cursed cousin
Cradle to grave every household theme
The shame of letting go allows us to love our monster
Master our facades while pleasuring grown masters with arch back
Brothers of brothers
Sister of sister
Father of sons
Mothers of daughters
Cousins and Nieces
Maids and princes
Neighbors and landlords
Dysfunctional cord of pain and pleasure
Deceit and decency
Lashes on balm
Society of sin and sinners
Faithfulness and hell

Abound by tales of once was
Tarnishing image and conscience
Limiting and introducing
Day by day according to our limit we try to make life
Hallowing in sorrow
Seating on beautiful tarnishable moment
The exoticness of there misgiving doesn't create lack of peace?
Shredding to infinite purpose resourceful materials
Makers of kings know no sorrow
Only there houses are only beautiful on the outside
Availability of bullet proof cars make them god-like
Seating on fancy Gold made thrones
Dethroning goDly children
Scavenging every carcass from corner to corner
Leaving the masses in abject detriment
There children's children call them God
There wife's reverne them
Mates seek their corruption
And whore praise there agility
We call them loiter squad
Louters of common resources
Surely there's sorrow in there homes too
Only money mostly solve all problem
If we talk about them to depth 25000 words would be too small to express there grievance and
joy too but
Today is about our pain
Displeasure
Victimization
Sorrow and situationship
We need love scream the single a mist us
Everything we've tried
Causally to seriously
Benefits are barely below us
Cheerfully we sing to surge our spouse
Giving everything we own
Laying our back to barest minimum
Exchanging pleasure for leisure
But taketh away always are the lover we give our all to
Constantly we bare burnt from emotion we never knew we Carry
Wasting counts for remorse
Joy we never purchase
Wigs they deem fit not for us
But love we share with them
Baring responsibility our mothers at home solemnly reject

We're instrument of respect and consideration
Palliative of disindignity and caution
But lost we are without root
Day by day the life of an average entity
We struggle
We're burdened
We cry
We carry
We let go
We continue
We master
We frame
We lie
We prostrate
We step on
We get stepped on
We rise
We fall
We laugh
We pick ourselves up
We get dusted
We keep going
World in world the struggling of many worlds
Inside each other we be quiet all that we have
Bagging the unconsciousness of our fellow human
Creating space in our chaos to arbor the grievance of our compatriots
We're human of misplaced priorities
We seek without seeking
Pray without praying
And live without truly living
We're a bone of contention to reckon with
We're humans
We're brave
We're small but we're incredible
We're the average
This is how we the average entity survive day by day

Ruby.Chael
The Averages

Am crushed by the unimaginable rivalry that goes on and on between me and myself
A part of me is a fanatic sociopath that t
Tend to scream out loud causing disorder

Constantly suppressing it silent unseen partner so I think
Making me jiggle unrealistic demonic idea
if one should murder another which will it be?
Maybe gladly the dark matters would do well by it partner by cheerfully pulling it jugular vein
But we both know
he can't survive another heart without it controversial distorted soul
The silent demon wearing pretty unnoticed scarlet veil
The real engine behind my sociopathic nature
The mechanize of all my deed, silent but yet the real murder weapon
The ripper of cold matter
The destroyer of old pressure and the cross of unproductive year
yet it voice is unheard
My cold killer, Revolve quickly after blood drips
Give most pleasantries but Yet most deadly
conflict of power reside inside of me
between two unseen demons
There's no tag to their existence
Solely base of there inclination we exist
thriving daily on our quest to conquer
bathing each other in blood and gut
we're partners of courage and storms
Finder of ways and cause
we're movers of mountain and pain
we're a companion of Two
Thriving to succeed inside each other
Moving beneath crawling skin
cascade of emotion
Revelation of reverent and insanity
we're a pod of peas

Ruby.chael
Silent partner

Time the infinite competitor
The ripper of all beat
The noticed comrade
Time the jury on decision
Skinless predictor
Kills without touching
Ruin without a move
Time our inexistence finisher
The pulse behind the bomb
Nature's greatest friend

Time the priest for all king
Time everyone's success
Yet it remains the God of speed
Gentle but dangerous
Calm but emotionless
Time, chief priest of the grave
To be running out of time will be point and timeless

Ruby.Chael
Time

I am a poet
This are my stories
Companion for lost souls
Teller of unimaginable tales
Barer of hope
Lighter of emotion
Laughter by the side
A favourable tale
I am void