



*Angel,
If Mine*

Gotname Bitrus

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By
Gotname Bitrus



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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my beloved Mum and Dad,
Mrs. Ryena and Mr. Bitrus Emmanuel Nomah.

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Preface

Listening to the world talk back to you, watching the star inspire you, allowing the breeze to dissolve into you, filling you up with an unbelievable strength to walk the paths of life. Courageous though skeptical, I have allowed nature and all of God's creation to teach me the purpose of life and to love all that this life offers with such a great, abiding love.

You know that anyone who is a writer of any kind has found himself a great friend. Great is the man or woman who takes pleasure in deep silence and observation. The purpose of this collection of poems is to bring to light the little details that are of great importance to the world, so that gratefulness and contentment will be on every lip.

I grew up wanting much more out of life. I had to manage with the little Dad and Mum could afford, but I never felt helpless or hopeless because my parents taught me that the greatest gift I could ever give myself, and the world at large, is to believe in God and in myself, and to never get distracted by the people, beauty, and woes of life. Instead, I should get inspired to be the best me. Not that we lived in denial, but we understood the reality of our situation and looked up to God, the author and the finisher of our faith. He who gives and takes, He who owns everything, is able to do all that we can ever ask for.

Getting into the university to obtain a degree has been difficult, but I have not been too discouraged to stop striving toward getting an education. Most importantly, I never got too discouraged to write. Writing gives me the place to hope, to have faith and love; in fact, writing helped me release my greatest gift: service. God has given me an incredible gift of service, so writing and visiting the needy in my community brings much satisfaction and joy, and a heart full of gratitude to God.

For me, writing poems is like breathing in every existence with your five senses and then giving it back to the world. I believe that, as you read with an open mind, you will find my soul and the souls of every God-given creation that ever caught my attention neatly

written for your edification, inspiration, and enjoyment. This is my first book ever published, but by his grace, many more will be in the future.

None of us can make it by ourselves, nor can we keep ourselves without the gift of grace. This gift permits us to live on earth for the purpose of inspiring others back to God. Writing, singing, and inspiring others is the gift of grace upon my life that I have been given, not to wickedly keep to myself but to influence lives positively and, most importantly, sprinkle grace wherever I go. This happens when you discover who you are, what your purpose is by faith in God, and the purpose to which you have been called. The only things one should fight against are all the things that will hinder one from accomplishing his or her God-given purpose.

Introduction

My only qualification for writing a book is a great passion that I have to be a source of comfort to myself, my family, and the world at large from a heart full of compassion.

For years I struggled with traumas of abuse, delays, failure, and a few heartbreaks. I wake up at night trying to figure out the reason for my pain when there is no physical evidence of any major problem. Sometimes I enjoy my own company by finding myself some adventurous activity to do, such as mountain climbing, being on the farm with Dad, learning some tricks in the kitchen with Mum, or staying up late to write—outside especially, when the moon is full. I often walk barefoot in the rain, fantasizing about living in a place where the snow falls or daydreaming about writing a bestseller. At other times I think about building a home for Mum and Dad, sending Namsa to study abroad, and marrying a man after God's own heart so that together we can change lives positively.

I know you must be thinking, "What a dreamer," but that's me. I have always believed that God will make my dreams come true as long as I keep writing and being the person He has called me to be. Reading any kind of literature was easy to do; I love African and western poetry. Learning about my environment and the people is such a thrill.

For me, boys are never a distraction but an inspiration. Sorrow is never a hindrance but a sweet melody of a happy tomorrow. Failure is not the end but the beginning of my greatness. Delay only means that the best is just a step ahead. Traumatic experiences are meant to teach my heart the humility to relate to the wronged, abused, and mistreated.

Talking from experience, I have looked for love and the things I thought I needed in the wrong places, searching for completeness from the creation instead of the Creator. Because of this, I wallowed in great darkness and misery until I started not minding my timidity and hearsay, but only what God says I am, because in the end that's all that matters. There is no greater reward than the one that comes from giving.

My writings have no boundary because I feel all the people's joy and pain. In this book, I pour my heart out to the nature of mankind and question man's love of his fellow human being and of God. I need not say much. I pray earnestly that as you read on, His grace will inspire you to great heights. As I was writing this book, I prayed to God that this book will be in every home and cherished by every heart that gets to read it or even see it. Pray for me as I pray for you, oh, dearest reader!

Poems

ANGEL, IF MINE

Oh, angel so sweet,
What shall I say of thee?
A test or faceless altitude,
Do you play or stand a lifeless sculpture,
Mixed in my mind like thoughts and water?
I look to thee,
Look to me, oh mystery.

Oh, light or darkness,
What summer rain with misty fragrance
You stick within my dreams like an issue deep in a woman?
If I may explore thee,
Then what is my research?
If upon our meeting
You are a stranger, am I a manager?

Oh, name! What is in a name?
An identity or an existence,
Truth or fact and lie.
Is it what you are or what not?
What shall I compare thee with? Oh, rhythm,
Oh, poetry, read by lofty lips.

If you say I must remain with you,
Give me my deed,
Show me the goal
That I may conquer
To give my all to thee,
Oh, ANGEL, IF MINE.

IF ONLY U KNEW

U don't know me.
If u knew me
Then u would see the script of love.
Though my heart aches with love for u,
I am not fooled. Why are u timid?
I will not forget
When u gave me your heart
And called me at night without knowing.
U whisper my name as if a song
Met u, shy though blunt,
Dreamy little heart,
I pant like a thirsty heart for u.
But it's a shame u don't know me,
'Cause if u did
You would never say goodbye.
But u don't know me.
If u knew me
U would see that
I would run against the wind for you,
Face the stormy rain for you,
Would leave all men for u,
But would never share u.
But u don't know me.
If u did
U wouldn't bid me welcome then confuse me to goodbye.
But u don't know me.
'Cause if u did, then u would know:
Though I love u so,

I won't watch u leave.
I would rather go blind.
Well, u don't know me,
'Cause if u did, u would tell me u love me,
That it is me u adore.

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