



POETRY FOR AFRICA [BOOK 1]

COMPILED AND EDITED BY: ScobaXL For GISTMII.COM

Are you interested in being a poet?

Then read this e-Book from start to finish.

Before you glance through table of content, let me quickly give you a tip on what poet or poems are. POETRY is a vital language that draws senses, connecting with your feelings and memories. Poetry is a language that speaks more in few words than ordinary language.

On this e-Book, I will be giving you Book One from my poetry stable...

After reading and you figured that you actually enjoyed it, since we are giving it out for free, please make reference to us, and refer as many of your friends you can, to experience what you just felt.

Poetry should be the most enjoyable subject in school curriculum, it develops the spiritual and emotional sides of our nature, and it gives us value other than materials ones. It is not meant to give us lots of fact, but awaken our fellings deep inside our heart and soul.

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THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT

Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,

Parrots have crackers to crunch;

And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles

Have chicken and cream fro their lunch.

But there is never a question

About my digestion –

Anything does for me!

...

Cats, you're aware can repose to a chair,

Chickens can roast upon rails;

Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,

And oysters can slumber in pails.

But no one supposes

Apoor camel doses –

Any place does for me!

...

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,

Coops are constructed for hens;

Kittens are treated to houses well heated,

And pigs are protected by pens.

But a camel comes handy

Wherever it's sandy –

Anywhere does for me!

...

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,

Or mounted the back of an ox;

It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,

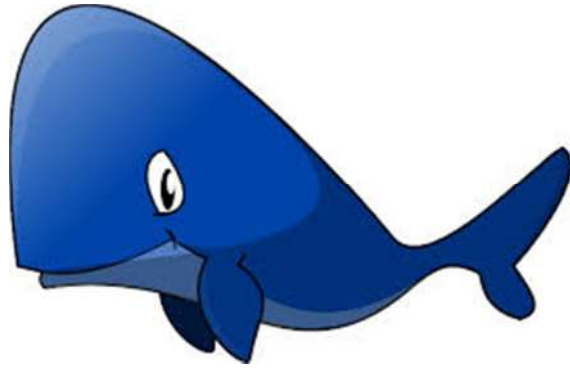
Or try to bestraddle a fox.

But as for a camel, he's

Ridden by familes –

Any load does for me!

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THE WHALE

O wouldn't you like to ride on a whale

And sail serenely by,

An eighty-foot whale from your tip to your tail

And a tiny, briny eye?

Wouldn't you like to wallow

Where nobody says "Come out!"

Wouldn't you love to swallow

And blow all the brine about?

Wouldn't you like to be always clean

But never have to wash, I mean,

And wouldn't you love to spout

O yes – just think –

A feather of spray as you sail away

And rise and sink and rise and sink

And blow all the brine about?

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WHAT BECAME OF THEM

**He was a rat and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they all dwell,
And both where as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.**

...

**He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and slender and fine;
And each said; "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."**

...

**He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it's good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.**

...

**So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
And now what befall them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.**



DAYBREAK

**A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."**

**It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."**

**And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! It is the day."**

**It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out."**

**It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, Awake and sing."**

**And over the farm, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."**

**It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."**

**It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! Proclaim the hour."**

**It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said "Not yet! In quiet lie,"**

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

...

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at gallop he goes, and then,
By he comes back at the gallop again.

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THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

...

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

...

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

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SILVER SHIPS

There are trails that a lad may follow
When the years of his boyhood slip,
But I shall soar like a swallow
On the wings of a silver ship,

...

Guiding my bird of metal,
One with her throbbing frame,
Floating down like a petal,
Roaring up like a flame;

...

Winding the wind that scatters,
Smoke from the chimney's lip,
Tearing the cloud to tatters
With the wings of a silver ship;

...

Grazing the broad blue sky light
Up where the falcons fare,
Riding the realms of twilight,
Brushed by a comet's hair;

...

Snug in my coat of leather,
Watching the skyline swing,
Shedding the world like a feather
From the tip off a tilted wing.

...

There are trails that a lad may travel
When the years of his boyhood wane,
But I'll let a rainbow ravel
Through the wings of my silver plane.

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THE SEA GIPSY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathy.

...

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of desire.

...

I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

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THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! Up! Let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug
Bound for the Northern seas.

...

I long to see the Northern Lights
With their rushing splendors fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide over the wondrous sky.

...

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep
Two hundred fathoms low.

...

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall,
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
Like lonely voices call.



HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shore of gitchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wingwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-sea-Water.

...

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his freful wail by saying,
"Hush! The naked bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber singing,
"Ewa-yea my little owlet!"

...

At th door, on sunner evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whisperings of the pinr-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minnie-wawa," said the pine-trees,
"Mudway aushka," said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sand the song Nokomis taught him:
Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,

Little, dancing, white-fire creature.
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her:
'Tis her body that you see there.'
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossoms in that heaven above us."

...

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting. Laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding, at each other."

...

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,

**How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whenever he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."**

...

**Off all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was timid,
Talked with them whenever he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."**

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HIAWATHA'S SLAYS THE BEAST

Then lagoo, the greatboaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

...

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, over him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

...

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thought were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow,
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

...

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rusted;
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;

Ah! The singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

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