

Fallen from grace (2005)

See an angel fall from grace,
with blood soaked tears upon his face.
Upon the ground on knees and hands,
stranded now in foreign lands.
His path of travel has been lost
As summer tides turn to winter frost.
The land upon he used to dwell
is gone forever lost in his hell.
The words of virtue that lead him on
seem fake and twisted and always wrong.
His sense of self and conscious mind
Have faded and withered thru the hands of time.
Night doth fall upon his eyes
as clouds roll in and block the skies
No light to guide or path to go
On hands in knees in winters snow.
Where is the way I used to travel?
I watch my life as it unravels.
I know not what this day may bring.
I only pray for the coming spring.

~Kamau K Ramadhan

The Player (2005)

The pasted role of which I'm cast
Hides secret demons of the past
Type-cast to play the reverent part
To open arms and open heart
Safety and comfort they see in my arms
to escape a world of hurts and harms
But the one stipulation given to notion
is that they can never involve themselves or
emotion
So quietly I accept and play as I'm needed
But never to think if my feelings are heeded
I am just an actor who does as he must
to hope and to hold and to give into trust
The heartache and despair that rages inside
Feeds for the demons buried deep inside
I fear now I'm unable to play a new section
For I might fall deeper into regression
So dear director who give me the lead
I'll do my duty and follow this creed
“I do what I must for when it's called upon,
I just want variety or death from now on.”

-Kamau Ramadhan