

Holy Emotions

LOVE POEMS, SO PASSIONATELY COMPOSED.

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Vincent de Paul

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These poems must be really good ones, 'cos don't really
understand any.

Yh yh, over time I've come to observe and accept the fact that
poems I don't understand win awards. Or is it just me?

NaijaStories

HOLY EMOTIONS

A collection of love poems

VINCENT DE PAUL

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**For
Love**

Forever and for always

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*My only love, sprung from my innocent heart,
Too early seen unknown, and known too late.
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I ought to love a heart that knows no love.*





Sonia meets Sam

*What a sad mistake you made
Life forever torn, never to be mend,
Chided the voice in him;
His sermon trailed
For the umpteenth time
When he looked her way
Marvelous beauty in the nave
Truly God's handiwork.*

Just watching him preach
Made her want to reach,
and touch him—yes, touch—
Something he was never going to allow;
She stared at him,
She oblivious to him,
the preacher she wanted, the preacher
She had fallen in love with.

Her Madonna face, dazzling eyes
Pouty lips, chubby cheeks
she's beauty itself—Venus
From the pulpit the preacher saw
Wished he had never taken the vow
such crave wouldn't be raw
Denied to him by vocation.





Man of such grace, and vitality
She thought from the nave,
I am sitting here
Yet I want to be over there
Wish I had seen him long ago
I wouldn't be feeling this way:
She blushed, ashamed of herself.

"I'm Sam, as in Samson. Pleasure..." he said.
The service was over,
She couldn't believe it , yet she said
"I'm Sonia, nice to meet you."
The man of God, the angel,
invited her to the vicarage, and
Sam was of Sonia—*SamSoni*.





Original Sin

The cool linen sheets caressed her cheeks
and she smelt him and the aphrodisiac
the red wine he had drank her with
The acidity of his masculinity;

She stretched her hand for him, he was gone
The memories of it failed
Except for the all-too familiar voice
The voice of her little black heart
Echoing and reverberating inside,
“The devil is beautiful...”

She felt a soaring sense of victory, riotous appetite
For the sweet fruit of Eden;
Her ever clean white sheets were stained
The stain of shame
The stain of sin
The stain of the beautiful devil;
It was the trace of her maturity
Trace of sinfulness
Trace of her broken virginity.





The Call

Slowly I scanned the congregation
 the aura was of medieval sanction
I saw this statuesque face
 a replica of the Madonna
God's wonderful work

My sermon trailed off
Human beauty tempts.
She was the Delilah of Samson,
She made me a sinner
She made me a winner
I became a breadwinner
She became my diviner;

The call I never recall
 long gone and done with
Never again to be alone
 but be as two in one.





Story of Love

Babe, when I look at you
I wonder what to think
Of the beauty staring back at me,
Lost for words of compliment
You scare me away wit' your beauty.
Your lips can spill kisses like a fountain
I can't kiss them lest I corrupt you
I restrain from touching your cheese-cheeks
You'd be thawed away by my fiery hands
And explode in to shards of passion
And tempt me to grope for the forbidden.

I look at your small perky breasts
How I yearn to fondle them,
Your bosom debilitates me with desire.
I feel erupting like a volcano,
I want to feel you all over me as we rock
When we escape from the flock;
I want to move with you in dance
A slow waltz of romance;
And then we shall have a chance
To tell each other the story of love.





Music of the Sun

So unfortunate you're born of land in distance
it makes your being an unlucky existence
but with you so far away with this distance
I know a million ways to love somebody.
The sun rising, its splendour spreads
the fine satin of the linen the body caresses
Memories of the dreams the mind carries
The fantasy of the sweet forbidden cherries;
Warm welcome for the rising sun
Strength to trudge all day till it goes back down
The longing turns to dream,
Cold night tumble wishing it doesn't dawn
I would just but have to let me drown,
To the tunes sang in June for the moon
Singing the music of the sun for the new day
When we'd make no boring fun of the distance
But until that day, you're the verse and stanza
Of the music that I sing for the sun .





Happy Birthday

As though blessed with ubiquity
Babe, you touch all my holy iniquity
I long for the day of our unity
Unification like of the trinity,
Yet this distance creates frailty.

This very day you were born
You celebrate yet I ain't there;
I want to write and sing you songs
I want to be one of among the throngs
Yet I never get what my heart longs.

In a world full of strange humanity
You're the one I know and love,
Take n' accept these words as my present
For I couldn't make it to your birthday party.





Memories

Unlucky you're so far away
but I think of you every day
You always get your way,
Creep up all the way
To be in my memories always;

Your pretty face is like a halo
Your voice music to the soul
Your touch heals all my ills;
But what I have is memories of you
I want all your fears to fade
And listen to your whispers on my ears.

The recent past I resent backing
The cloud this time is so bleak,
The visions are so ominous
Tomorrow seems dreadful
Yet I hope for a silver line
And the recent madness to go away;
I hate the feeling
That you're so slipping away
That I am throwing it away
That I am losing you yet I pray:

Memories of you are so ominous.





Mad Love

Only yesterday
 you came out of the blue
I was looking for nobody, true
 today I get your missives Miss
Telling me how you miss
The times we *never* had,
Signed “Yours...”
When did I own you please?
When did you mother a son so big at sixteen?
By the way I’ve no brother
 this is not what it should be
I know love is different from madness.





Better Never Again

With foggy eyes did she look at me
Lips quivering, eyes wide shut, kissed me
Perfunctory than never before;
then full of tension she jerkily released me.

I gave her the anticipatory stare of “I love you”
Words she said always after such kissing.
Then she spoke what I was sure would be
Words I never thought were in her diction.

Still rooted to where we had stood kissing
Her bullet-voice hit me long after she was gone
Ricocheting and reverberating deep inside
That better never again see each other;
What a romantic goodbye?





A Long Time Ago

I just called to say hello to an old friend
Lest you tagged me fiend,
Now you mistook it for the first step
Of a long itinerary of romance;
You christened me your boyfriend
Yesterday you called me your lover
Today you promote me to fiancé
I'm soon to graduate as your hubby
Babe, you astound me, who knows
Maybe you loved me from a long time ago.





Sexy Gal

Your eyes are a gelatinous orbs of love
smiley face like the Mona Lisa's;
Your cherry lips intense kisses they spill
teeth whiter than snow
Your small young breasts are like apples
I can't wait to wrap my arms around your waist
I dream to feel your luscious thighs against mine,
and your body is statuesque, willowy
Michelangelo couldn't have done better.





Sister...

Oh my sister
You are an angel
A package of rare beauty,
Your breasts are like minarets
Calling men to worship
You hypnotize them
Make their heads twirl
Make their bodies swirl
What more can I tell you girl
You glory in the attention they give you.

Mother used to beat your legs closed
"Sit like a girl."
Now all lessons are gone
you flaunt your body
Shake booty in men's faces
and they tuck dollar bills
in your bust and butt
Mother would kill herself
If she knew the daily bread she thrives on
Is mined from the temple of the Holy Spirit
She believes you guard like a secret.



About the Author

Vincent de Paul is the author of the 2010 Nairobi International Book Fair Literary Awards winning collection of poems, *First Words* and other poetry collections—*Holy Emotions* (love poems) and *Flights of Poetic Fancy*—and a collection of flash fiction stories, *Flashes of Vice* series. His poetry has been published in an anthology of new age African poets; *Black Communion (Poems of the New Age African Poets)* published by Artbeat Afrika, a society of contemporary African writers and poets, with members across Africa and friends around the world. Artbeat Afrika aims to showcase the new African writer's and poet's talent and work to the world.

His short stories have been short listed (for different competitions) on Storymoja Africa blog and was long listed for the 2013 Belgian-based Nigerian writer Chika Unigwe Best Short Competition in Nigeria.

Holy Innocence is a collection of innocent musings on love, the things lovers do moved by love, that emotion that debilitates the body, melts the heart, confuses the mind, and strengthens the soul.

It is innocent, from teen horniness, school-boy/girl crush on someone, secret admiration, harmless flirtation to infatuation or lust for someone already taken—love fills the longing of a heart that is helplessly in love for which words can't describe.

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