

A Letter to The
World:
Heart & Spice

By
LUMMY KINS

Copyright © 2017 by Lummy
Kins

All rights reserved. This book
or any portion thereof
may not be reproduced or
used in any manner
whatsoever
without the express written
permission of the publisher
except for the use of brief
quotations in a book review.

Disclaimer:

Please, do note that this book is not written with intentions to cause any form of provocation or discontent to any of my readers. I hereby with all honesty warn you that contents within the book might touch sensitive spots and cause emotional discontent.

Ebook Readers:

Ebook format might not necessarily carry over some of the breaks between lines, affecting the formatting of verses, seeing as this is poetry. If this however bothers you, drop me a message and I will share with you a digital copy that has no formatting issues. (E-mail can be found at the end of the book).

Content

PREFACE	5
THE DEVIL IN US	8
BROTHERS IN DISHARMONY	12
THE EMBODIMENT OF DEATH	14
THE TEARS OF THE SUN	16
THE SLAVER AND THE SLAVED	20
THE FORBIDDEN LOVE	24
COLORS THAT BIND	28
THE POWER THAT LURKS WITHIN	30
THE PEOPLE ACROSS THE OCEAN	32
STRANGER AT MY DOOR	36
THE FLOWER THAT LEFT THE GARDEN	40
CREATURES IN TRANSIT	44
DEATH COMES FOR US ALL	46
THE DIFFERENCE IN US	48
THE END	50

Preface

Poetry is in everyone regardless of style. If you feel it, live it, love it ... Write it! Styles are different, but the message is the same. You, my readers, are poets in your own way, and I am more than grateful that you are taking some time to experience my work.

I have included within my book a collection of poems that I hope leaves you in a state of ‘aww’ upon completion, as well as giving you the feeling of a time well spent.

I would advise that most of the poems within this book may require multiple re-reads for detailed understanding of what each line has to say.

However, you are not entitled to only go with my message, you have full right to completely derive yours. Poetry is best interpreted in multiple folds.

Once again, many thanks to my readers and I hope you share with me some of your poems as well. I am always open to new ideas and angles of literature.

Topic: War

*“We are
instruments of
destruction,
And our nature the
failure of nature.
Our future seems to
lie in our
imagination,
And our history
tainted with our
detrimental
culture.”*

The Devil in Us

The dark is a place we call home.
Our demons casted out in the fortress of books.
Death follows us wherever we roam,
Hung on our backs like a viper on a hook.

The earth overruns with blood of the innocent,
While the skies weep for the souls of men.
Their old age sympathizes for a specie so recent,
For chaos and mischief were absent back then.

We are creatures filled with hate, filled with love.
Hate for life, but love for war.
We are lost in greed, power, and fight in the name -
of the one above.
Deaf to the screams, the cries, and the agonizing -
roars.

We are instruments of destruction,
And our nature, the failure of nature.
Our future seems to lie in our imagination,
And our history, tainted with our detrimental
culture.

War is a receptor of our disparaging habits,
Detailing to life that we do not cherish it.
We are forever hungry, forever seeking
To let loose within us, the true thing lurking;

Not our love we try to make famous,
But rather, the real devil in us.

Topic: Palestine & Israel

*“You might be
different, you might
see difference.
Your visions are
blurred and filled with
hatred
For a land once
shared, that embraced
indifference.
Now being used as a
pillar for a conflict
misguided.”*

Brothers in Disharmony

Look at how the ground feeds on your bones,
See how it quenches its thirst with your blood.
Eyes in tunnels and heads on stones.
Children stabbed with heated rods.

Look at your houses, look at your infants,
They have no insight of what was home.
All they will see are remnants
Of what you previously called home.

You might be different, you might see difference.
Your visions are blurred and filled with hatred
For a land once shared, that embraced indifference.
Now being used as a pillar for a conflict misguided.

Look at your brothers, look at your sisters.
How many of them still share the air you breathe?
You all laughed, danced, and played twisters.
Now most are buried beneath.

With multiple tongues harmony calls for you
To unite, to embrace, to be true.
It is not earned, but something worked for.
Don't let your war be your downfall.

Topic: Mass Shooting

*“Who are we to
blame for murders
done in masses?
The Government,
instrument, or one
involved?*

*Or perhaps do we
blame all the listed
classes?*

*It is certain that the
means to kill has
evolved.”*

The Embodiment of Death

My heart is shattered by the actions under the sun.
My world in terror by the news thereon.
Glimpses of horror from distant eyes,
But the view just as distasteful nonetheless,
For the act of man is most vicious and nothing less.

Lights are shunned, and futures snatched
By death, in human form, hatched.
There were families, there were children,
There were people that were love driven.

Death comes for all regardless.
To the fallen, their souls I bless.
I am not a direct victim of such atrocity,
But I am still equally filled with curiosity
As to why man can be filled with hate,
and with haste decides a stranger's fate.

Who are we to blame for murders done in masses?
The Government, instrument, or one involved?
Or perhaps do we blame all the listed classes?
It is certain that the means to kill has evolved.

I may not be able to replicate the pain
That victims' families and friends endure
I most definitely and most certainly won't refrain
From rejecting such cruelty for sure.

*Topic: Slavery
in Libya*

*“This is a time of
agony, a time of
pain,
A time where love
does nothing but
refrain
From the inhumane
acts of men
With whips that
make the will of
strength bend.”*

The Tears of the sun

The tears of the sun;
A time when humanity was left to burn.
The road where the ocean meets the sky,
Nothing but lies.

Ignorance filled with hate,
Drastic means that decided the innocent's fate.
A time when dreadful music of the heart disrupted -
the tunes of reality,
Lost was the essence of humanity.

Men filled with ignorance, filled with pride
Who deemed their laws a must to abide;
Shackles of torment all around,
In the seas of torturous tears, many were drowned.

This was a time of agony, a time of pain,
A time where love does nothing but refrain
From the inhumane acts of men
With whips that made the will of strength bend.

This was a time absent of freedom,
Where children were strangled in dungeons and -
women hung in deserted kingdoms.
Flesh torn from bodies and grasses drunk on the -
blood of labor.

The pleasures of the masters – unimaginable -
tragedy their slaves must harbor.

This was the dark-age of mankind,
When demons roamed the earth. When sorrow and -
pain were equally aligned.

This was a time when humanity was left to burn,
And the earth was soaked with the bloody tears of -
the sun.

**(from ‘The Black Book: Subjugation of The
Mind’ by Lummy Kins)**

Topic: Money

*“We have put worth
on our lives,
That our human
value has been
desensitized.
We are worthy and
equally worthless,
Tagged by things,
compared to our
lives, worth’s less.”*

The Slaver and The Slaved

What have we but thoughts of freedom?
Thoughts absent of shackles, filled with wisdom.
No chain of torments.
No agonizing moments.

We have with our hands enslaved our will.
Our hopes, motives, and drive to fulfill
All that dwells in our dreams.
The road is dark, and its lights are dim.

We have put worth on our lives,
That our human values have been desensitized.
We are worthy and equally worthless,
Tagged by things, compared to our lives, worth less.

Yet we live, kill and die for something so unreal.
Its impact on us is surreal.
We created what defines us as beings.
It is just a paper, just a materialistic thing.

We are the slaver and the enslaved,
The saver and the saved.
We are the value that is valued
The master above all, perhaps misconstrued.

We are beings defined by a non-being
At our pinnacle of self-being,

We still need to be saved,
From the reality of the slaver and the slaved.

***Topic: LGBT
Community***

***“We have the heart
to love but refuse to
accept,
That many are born
different.
This is not a time to
judge and be
ignorant, except
If off-course the
love shown requires
some restraint.”***

The Forbidden Love

Love has no form,
It has no bases.
It is an emotion derived from
Many correlated instances.

Why do we frown upon love so unique?
One that tickles our sense of perception?
Centuries of hate and spiteful critics
Of that which is different from our interpretation.

We have the heart to love but refuse to accept,
That many are born different.
This is not a time to judge and be ignorant, except
If off-course the love shown requires some restraint.

We are born indifferently different,
With us being unique but still in the same current.
Why shut our hearts, why torment?
They are men like us just enjoying the moment.

Yes, we might love unlike,
But it is still a passion of the same type.
It is horrifying to know that love is hated so much
By those who grasp not its complexity and such.

A man loves a woman,
A man loves a man.

A woman loves just the same.
If it does no harm, and our heart it tames?
Then let be, what you deem a forbidden love.
It is divine, unique, and to beauty betrothed.

Topic: Racism

*“For every color
there is unity,
There is
compassion, there
is beauty.
There is the spice of
divinity,
The pillar of
resonance and bond
of purity.
These are qualities
shared by all.
No color should
stand above all.”*

Colors That Bind

Those with eyes can see
The colors that bind.
And those who want to be
To these colors forever blind,
Shall always be the stones that dwell under the sea.
These are colors from the heart, gifted to the mind.

For every color there is unity,
There is compassion, there is beauty.
There is the spice of divinity,
The pillar of resonance and bond of purity.
These are qualities shared by all.
No color should stand above all.

We are all wonders, we are all divine.
Our lives, equally rich like an old-aged wine.
We are not strangers, and we shouldn't be.
We are one family, and that is all we should see.
The stars did not die for us to despise the -
complexion
Of one another based on our self-reflection.

Sit, think of what it would be like,
If we all considered ourselves alike,
Bonded heart to heart and mind, for mind;
Giving into the colors that bind.

*Topic: Women
Empowerment*

*“Women are the food
that fuels our heart,
The energy that
shapes our goals.
Our celestial
counterpart,
And the embodiment
of our soul.”*

The Power That Lurks Within

There is a power lurking within,
One that is stronger than we think.
Mother to the earth for so long it has been,
That I do not know exactly where to begin.

A power that drives the world.
In her hands the essence of life she holds.
The link between birth, death, and rebirth,
Of the harmony that dwells within this earth.

The world has lacked appreciation for so long
Of a power so genuine, affectionate, and strong.
It is time that we let the tunes of nature flow,
And the lights within us shall show
That although we might reflect darkness,
We are all deep down filled with love and kindness.

Women are the food that fuels our heart,
The energy that shapes our goals.
Our celestial counterpart,
And the embodiment of our soul.

Topic:
Embracement
of Culture

*“The people across
the ocean are my
brothers,
We spoke different
but understood one
another.*

*This is the unity I
speak of all along.
I hope you sing with
me this cheerful
song.”*

The People Across the Ocean

Let me tell you of a time spent across the ocean.
The brothers from different nations.
The songs that made me whole,
The dances that felt like home.

The wine that quenched my thirst,
The flower that gave me breath.
The food that made me strong,
The interest I brought along.

There were smiles that kept me warm,
And love that brought no harm.
The ambiance of plentitude
That had with it joy of great magnitude.

The people across the ocean were different
But made for a time well spent.
They taught me the essence of unity,
And enlightened me to the feeling of tranquility.

They paraded on lands, and swam in oceans.
They owned the skies with great compassion.
Nothing was beyond their reach,
And togetherness was all they taught.

This land of which I speak is not of one kind.
It is the east, west, north, and south of mankind.

It is a world apart from mine,
But still a world that dwells within mine.

The people across the ocean are my brothers,
We spoke differently but understood one another.
This is the unity I speak of all along.
I hope you sing with me this cheerful song.

Topic:
Strangers

*“As the old saying
of old goes
We do not judge a
book by its cover.
What this tale I told
shows
Is that everyone
deserves a chance.”*

Stranger at My Door

There was a stranger at my door.
He was tall, dark, grim looking and more.
He had in his eyes the gaze of a predator,
One that feels as though he was a collector
Of life itself.
These were thoughts I had to myself.
These were visuals that shaped my thoughts,
That fear, unsafety was all it brought.

Then I gave this stranger a chance,
As I know, looks are not all that matters.
At the door I took my stance,
And offered a glass of water for starters.
He was a man filled with kindness,
With a heart filled with sadness.
All he needed was a helping hand,
For his pet laid dead on my land.

I took a step back and cherished the pain,
Not of sadness but of love
That shall forever in his heart remain.

A love for a creature not of his kind,
But had a connection of different kinds.
This sure is a man that wishes no harm
I gave my help and kept him calm.

As the old saying of old goes
We do not judge a book by its cover.
What this tale I told shows
Is that everyone deserves a chance.

Topic: Suicide

*“Now I go down
memory lane,
To relive the
moments shared
To cherish the bond
that kept us sane
To see the demons
that we feared.”*

The Flower That Left the Garden

This garden of ours was once filled with laughter.
It had butterflies, ladybugs, and caterpillars.
All the things within were of beauty.
They harmonized and had lives of quality.

Amidst all stood a flower that shone bright.
With rays sharper than light.
This flower in our garden, no more.
It left us with no goodbyes to adore.

Now I go down memory lane,
To relive the moments shared.
To cherish the bond that kept us sane.
To see the demons that we feared.

Now I go down memory lane,
To see the laughter that you brought.
To relive the battles that were fought
Against the tormentors in disdain.

Now I revisit thoughts of our path.
How you spoke so merrily about art.
How you spoke of dreams to come,
And wishes of success bound to come.

Now I revisit thoughts of our path.
How you forged your perfect path.

How you wrote the garden's song,
With tunes that made the honey bees come along.

You brought the rhythm to our heart,
And prevented our world from falling apart.
You were the sun that blessed the flowers,
And grateful were we that you were ours.

Why did you have to depart?
Why did you leave this garden so?
What happened to our path?
What happened to the future you dreamt of also?

Why did you leave this garden so soon?
Why did you leave the butterflies with broken
wings?
Why did you have to go away?
Why did you take your life that way?

Pain is a feeling felt by most.
We could have helped if you had let us in.
We had a bond that was greater than most.
We could have helped you from within.

I understand that life can be rough,
And for most, unbearably tough.
But together it could have been better,
Now what should we do with your letter?

The way you went wasn't the way out.
This way made lives fall apart.
You could have made us a rock to lean on.
Rather than leave with us a light that burns.

Now we look back at our garden.
We see what life could have been.
There is pain that needs healing,
Inflicted by the flower that left the garden.

Topic:
Terrorism

*“Weapons crafted,
cruelty exploited.
Bombshells
dropped, lives lost
as expected.
Bullets fly with
casualties
neglected.
Blames are drawn,
fingers still
pointed.”*

Creatures in Transit

Thunder claps, with it comes rain.
Moments pass, and all it leaves are stains.
Stains of blood, stains of pain.
Names are called, fingers pointed again.

Weapons crafted, cruelty exploited.
Bombshells dropped, lives lost as expected.
Bullets fly with casualties neglected.
Blames are drawn, fingers still pointed.

Nature stung as the death toll rises.
Bodies dropped, and some left in slices.
In the Middle East, where mostly sun rises,
The West lays blame on them for death of masses.

Now fingers pointed back at the West.
They claim they are murderers at best.
Weapons then gets put to the test,
The rest sit back, and the news? They digest.

If we keep this path we are on,
There will be nothing left to stand on.
The world we know will be gone.
All that will be left are creatures in transit.

*Topic: Death
and All its Grievs*

*“Take comfort in your
losses.*

*Those that are gone are
free of the shackles of
life.*

*Wipe your tears and
tame your heart.*

*The dead wish you to
be free of grief and
strife.”*

Death Comes for Us All

It is an unimaginable feeling to lose someone.
Someone so special and unconditionally loved.
Even the loss of a pet brings with it a sad tone.
One that stings, and happiness timely removed.

We all have lost a piece of us.
The ones that time wing chariots took away.
Some have suffered a greater loss,
That the brink of collapse is where they lay.

Death is a thing most hated,
One that comes, mostly unexpected.
One thing it shows is that we are all related,
And soon, from this life, at some point evicted.

Take comfort in your losses.
Those that are gone are free of the shackles of life.
Wipe your tears and tame your heart.
The dead wish you to be free of grief and strife.

Death is a term subjective.
With words, you can change its reality.
It can be anything relative, anything sensitive.
With a pen, you can attain for them, immortality.

Topic: A Shared Community

*“The difference we are
is the difference
perceived.*

*The difference within
is not different in ‘us’.*

*The difference we
portray is widely
received.*

*For true happiness, is
relating the difference
in us.”*

The Difference in us

The vastness in communication,
A narrow barrier to understanding.
Our tongues though different, but with display of
full reception -
To those foreign to our way of speaking.

We are in the purest form engaging -
Miles away from our borders,
Far across the oceans - in an endless mixing,
Like we are in the same order.

The fusion of cultural ignition,
The forefront to ravishing excitement.
We conceal a common perception;
We are to others accepting, while craving equal
treatment.

We are of various physiques,
But with a systematic shared interest.
Our sports are in their own sense unique,
But on a collective scope they rest.

To each his own ideology,
We are never alone on that aspect.
There are more bounded to our philosophy,
A common ground on our gods we accept.

The difference we are is the difference perceived.
The difference within is not different in 'us'.
The difference we portray is widely received.
For true happiness, is relating the difference in us.

**(from 'The Black Book: Subjugation of The
Mind' by Lummy Kins)**

THE END

To my readers. Seeing as you have completed the book – which I deeply hoped you enjoyed – please do me this one favor and drop your honest review on amazon.com. Any review would mean a lot to me, regardless of the tonality. Reviews help me grow, as well as help me become a better writer.

Link: https://www.amazon.com/Lummy-Kins/e/B077RJH29Q/ref=dp_byline_cont_ebooks_1

Also, you can also check out my other works – ‘The Black Book: Subjugation of The Mind’ and ‘Tunes from the Heart’.

Once again, thanks for your time and have a wonderful day.

You can reach me via this email address for any queries: lummykins.tm@gmail.com

Autobiography

Lummy was born and raised in Lagos, Nigeria. His parents divorced when he was one year of age, and he was raised by a single-mother alongside his little brother.

In 2010, Lummy moved to Dubai, where he received a bachelor's degree in mass communication with minors in film production and theatre appreciation. He then moved on to work as a full time public relations & marketing specialist.

During his childhood years, he struggled with rejection and abandonment. He spent most of his teenage years moving from home to home, living with strangers.

His first official title “The Black Book”, published in 2017, covers his interpretation of everything going on around him, presenting his view on humanity. The poems compiled in his book were all written in separate times, with each one having a unique back story to it.

This current title “A Letter to The World”, depicts exactly how Lummy perceives world events. He hopes that with this title, he can at least impact the

lives of some people and if possible, change some of the tragic events going on around him.

Prelude to My Next Book

My next title to launch will be a fictional horror written in poetry format. It will talk about an apocalyptic forthcoming that would take place in seven days.

However, the story would be told from a first person's point of view, by focusing on the protagonist's own experience during the seven days of chaos. In other words, he will be the one telling the story.

The title is **'7even Days: My Soul to Break'**

Please see the next page for the introduction to the book.

Please also note that it is just an intro draft shared, and any errors you might spot will not be in the final version. You can also bring them to my attention by dropping me an email.

Enjoy.

Prologue

What strength have I left to hang onto? What will
have I left to break?

I am here, locked away, stranded in the dark, with
my soul left to take.

My world is lost, my future in question.

My home is wrecked, and my light is on the brink
of extinction.

Is this the end? Is this what I lived for?

Is this the future promised? Is this the path to
harbor?

The night is silent, but the screams, oh the screams
are echoing

Breaking through all barriers of silence; they are
alarming.

I can see the gazes of the dead,

I can hear their tunes in my head.

Their bodies disjointed,

And their life essence evicted.

Some have been decapitated,

And their souls bounded

To the very embodiment of death itself.

This is a beast prophesied for centuries to come.

A beast whose wrath is like a venomous storm,

Seeking to ravage all that is beneath it.

With an army of ghouls at its feet,

To pre-enforce its desire,
To wreck the world of men and their empires.

Seven days to breathe, seven days to live.
Seven days to accomplish its deeds, seven days to -
eradicate all that breathe.
These were the prophecies ignored,
These were words not adored.

This is the seventh day, and I am lost in the mist.
I can keep going or I can put my soul on the list
Of those fallen to the rage of demise.
Inevitability seems to be the premise.
Now I go back memory lane, back to the day it all -
started,
Back to day one when I departed
From home. This has been a journey to remember,
If I am at least alive till December.
To see the second prophecy, unravel,
Through the lights of day, but what a time to travel.
For now, I must be strong
And hopefully enough will to carry along.

Chapter 1:

Travelers Under the Sun

Sometimes we wake up angry, sometimes moody.
Today, I woke up feeling both.
It is probably because of the bloody
Coffee I spilled on my cloth...
I am bothered by the songs of the birds out the -
window.
Their music once blissful to the ears... today are -
somewhat very distasteful.
Maybe, just maybe I am that shallow,
And lack the means to be grateful.

Anyways, now I am up and running.
It is time to be disturbed by the real travelers under
- the sun.
To be part of a community so cunning,
That I hope their world takes a turn
To the abyss, absent of me.
I must deal with them nonetheless.

I am a man disjointed,
Whose world is a shaky one at best.
I however try to stay connected,
With the world of men, even though I despise the –
rest
Of my kind.
It is futile to hope for a change.
Must I remind

You that the world of men can never change?

Family is the rock we dwell on,
Friendship is the stone.
Who are we without our great others under the sun?
The ones that share our blood and strengthen our -
bones.
I have one of my own, a little sister at that.
She is my world, my universe, and the force
That strengthens my heart.

I watched her grow, I watched her smile.
I watched her chase the things she loved.
She is strong willed, with a mind so agile.
We are all we have, and moved
we are by this unfortunate fortunate entanglement.
I see her inner needs.
I understand her forms of engagement.
Her heart, with it shall come great deeds.

Now I must travel away till December,
This very day, the 25th of November.
I know seven days apart seems like a short time,
But for me it feels like a long time.
As I depart this very day,
Her soul to keep, to the lord I pray.

There is a lady on the train.
Her hair, as beautiful as gold.

My gaze so hard to maintain,
And my intent was easily sold.
She had a smile that tickles the heart,
And a physique perfectly carved.
Her face a perfect work of art,
And her class, one that stood out.

I am not the charmer of a man,
But what would be lost
If I tried to be a man?
I know, I am probably just filled with lust.

It's been over an hour and still no words uttered.
Perhaps a hello should suffice?
My words are scattered, and confidence shattered.
I have too big an ego to sacrifice.

One step, two steps, reverse steps I took.
Be calm, she won't bite, are words lingering in my
– head.
The sweat, the stagger, the stammers I should –
overlook
Finally, I fathomed some courage and went ahead.

It wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be.
She spoke more than I did,
I know she is a nurse and her name is Phoebe.
She is single, simple and candid.
She likes sports, music, and wine.
Flowers, nature, and everything fine.

It is the end of the ride and we must depart.

I asked to meet for dinner if she would.
She smiled, gave me a peck and said she could.
That was it, a bright side to a sulky morning,
I hope the rest of the day is just as outstanding
As my joyous ride on the train.

Let me tell you of my friend Jimmy,
He is witty, troublesome, but gemmy.
We have been tangled for 15 years and running.
He is nice, short, and funny.
I am like a brother to him, and so is he to me.
Both orphans and aspiring murder detectives to be.

Our upbringing was gruesome, and so is our
profession.
We see by the day the darkest desires of men,
And a whole lot of appalling confessions.
We ourselves aren't as innocent as we were back
then.
To us, this is total satisfaction.

I have seen what haunts most in their dreams.
I have done what most would deem,
Horrific and inhumane.
This is the nature of my job, death and human
remains.

Jimmy and I have been invited to inspect a case

Of a body found without a face.
There was no nose, no eyes, no mouth.
It's body, sculpted like a person, but without
A defining organ to tell its gender.
Its skin still warm and tender,
But feels like this was at least a week old body.
This is a sight nobody
Had encountered ever before...
Not me, not Jimmy, not the entire detective force.

I looked around the room for clues.
Who could this have been? Who could have done
this?
Maybe I am asking the wrong questions.
Looked at Jimmy if he had any suggestions,
On what in the world we were looking at!
It is baffling, confusing, and a strange one at that.

My eyes caught something weird, something
different.
The body had no shadow.
I could see mine, and that of every other agent
In the room. This seemed a sight so hollow.
Surely there is some sort of explanation,
Surely with better concentration,
Everything will, somewhere along the line, make
sense.

Down along the alley, across the dimmed streets
Amidst the business and flamboyant beats

Of the many souls rampaging the streets, stood
My hotel accommodation. A 64-story building
With a bar below to brighten one's mood.
It has been a long day. One so compelling.
I need a beer, good vibes, and a good musical band.
I need to sit, think, to understand
Everything about the body I saw.
Perhaps a deformity of some sort, something against
the law of rationality, something not particularly
uncommon.
But the shadows, what about the shadows? ...
Was it the lighting of the room?
Was there something I failed to groom?

To be continued...

