

The Black Book: Subjugation of The Mind

By

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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.

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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. (email can be found at the end of the book).

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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 would 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.

Sit back, read, and enjoy the ride.

The Color Black

The color black relates to the hidden, the secretive and the unknown, and as a result, it creates an air of mystery. It keeps things bottled up inside, hidden from the world. In color psychology, it gives protection from external emotional stress. It creates a barrier between itself and the outside world, providing comfort while protecting its emotions and feelings, and hiding its vulnerabilities, insecurities and lack of self-confidence. Black is an absorption of color and the absence of light.

(by Samah Ahmad)



POEMS

A World Untrue

In the harsh rays of the sun,
In which my gentle skin feels undone.
In the dying light of day,
When the moon falls under chaotic sway.
The raindrops bring with them total damnation,
Eradicating hope's very foundation.
The bliss of the world is nonexistent,
And the sanity of all is wayward and distant.
The core of love has long been forsaken.
The road to hatred has been awoken.
The essence of beauty neglected,
And the quality of life, relegated.
All I see is a world on fire,
Whose flames rise higher and higher.
A world consumed by chaos,
Its greatest albatross.
But one thing I found fruitful,

The rise of something truthful.

A power locked within,

With it all begins.

The eradication of the world's destructive span,

Lies in the heart of a Woman.

Give to them the chance to rule,

And forever gone, would be a world untrue.

A World in Despair

A world in despair,
Or perhaps it's a world beyond repair?
For peace we all proclaim,
But beneath world peace we completely disclaim.
Ignorant we are to the destitutes' affair.

We are all humans in a bound community,
But still no proof of humanity.
The sweat of the impoverish,
The profit of the rich.
Is this really our portrayal of a close proximity?

Barbaric assumptions on religious obligations,
Or maybe that's just not the religion?
Crimes against humanity -
What happened to human's equality?
Criminality? Can it exist if brotherhood is our main
demonstration?

Our search for wealth,
Ignorant of others' health.
Our thirst for war,
Misfortunes of millions we are guilty for.
Terrorism, just a great stealth.

We are distant from equality -
Perhaps it's our great ignorance of humanity.
Is this really a world in despair?
And, truly, it's a world beyond repair?

Demons Within

The distress of the blinking sun,
Forever in my gaze.

The moon behind the moon at dawn
Are secrets with secrets in a shallow haze?

For I see my shadows frown,
After the light of night has vanished.
The hallow songs of forever town
Are all but now relinquished.

The days of men are far gone,
For all that's precious are behind us.
The dawn of tyranny has long begun -
We are guilty for our own remorse.

The truth in the truth is false,
We refuse to bury that which was already buried.
In the dream within my dream I see a pause,
And into devastation we hurried.

The significance of our foreseen hopes,
Just a glance of a fictitious future.
All are bounded on dangling ropes -
For failure is the nature of nature.

The line that discerns the real from the make-
believe is thin,
But reality is deemed for eternal loss;
And I, I have seen
That to progress is to make peace with our demons.

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 decides 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 did 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 had to 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.

Dying lights of Hope

I don't know where I belong,
I just know I should be strong.
These days of emptiness,
With lights unfaithfulness.
Darkness seeks to overthrow
What hope is keen to grow.
It felt like I was done
With all I had begun.
The tears that made me strong,
The smiles I took along,
Where all because of you,
For long you have been true.
You made the darkness go away,
And swayed the light to stay.
You are my shining star,
And on par with no other.
Now I am reborn
Under the shelter of the sun.

Live for Me

My goal is not to give life, but to nourish it.

If I happen to do both, then so be it.

My journey has been a memorable one at best,

With chapters upon chapters, and tests upon tests.

I have come to terms that the end is nigh.

I bid to those dearest to me, goodbye.

Please cry not, for I will always be close

In your hearts and mind, beautifying the memories
of me you chose

To never let go.

This is not the end, just life on the go;

And I have chosen to discontinue

So that the journeys of those in need may continue.

My eyes have seen the beautiful wonders of the
world -

Now you can see through them, my glorious dream-
world.

My heart beats for love divine,
As you sit with family and friends to dine.
Can you feel the air gush through your lungs?
We are now intertwined while you sing your
favorite song.
The touch of your loved ones is no longer forgotten
But for me, they are rotten.

We are now bonded you and I,
Heart to heart and eye for eye.
You breathe for me and me within you,
For a new opportunity has been granted unto you.
Go on adventures and reach great heights.
If you are down, know that surely, my fire within
shall ignite
Live, love, laugh and be true;
Never forget you live for me too.

The Sonnet of Immortality

Think of me and I will be there with you.

In mind, body, and soul, I shall be true.

As you feel the wind, you shall feel my touch

While you find solitude with your whiskey and
scotch.

I may be absent of solidity – lacking form, matter or
physicality.

I will always be present in your reality.

I will forever dwell in your memories,

Like the great men of letters who have existed for
centuries.

The concept of death is demeaned if you want it be,

For life goes far beyond what our eyes can see.

History speaks of legends from her heart,

And her memories are stored in various forms of
art.

I am here, eternal and everlasting – speaking to you
voiceless, helping you learn;

That immortality can be obtained from the tip of a
pen.

Journey of The Mind

Would you rather live a lengthy life?

One surrounded with family, friends and a beautiful wife.

A life of bliss and ordinary endeavors?

Filled with daily routines and regular rendezvous.

One where you are unknown, and like the rest

Of the crowd tackling life's daily tests.

Or perhaps you would prefer the alternative,

A life viewed from a different perspective.

One of fame, wealth and glory,

Where the tongues of the elites tell your story.

This is a life where the time has no time to spare;

Short, fulfilling, and rare.

This is a journey of the mind,

One that defines you and tells your kind.

Are you like the herd or one of a kind?

The answer, my friend, floats in the wind, waiting
to unwind.

Desolation of The Soul

The songs of time,
Rhythm at its prime.
Memories drenched in beauty's core...
No more.
We were what we were -
Now we are here,
Where memories end.
Now a stranger once a friend,
If not more;
Something of great allure.
In the end the mind shows
That the heart knows what it knows,
Our once glorified dance, now foul.
All now seems to be a desolation of the soul.

My Divine Entity

I sometimes wonder what it was like during those months of labor.

The pain, stress and inconvenience you had to harbor

For someone unknown, someone so uncertain.

Such strength and patience you had to maintain;

All these for love, all these for what you hoped I - might become.

All these, for memories that were yet to come.

I have been through storms,

Seen how hard tragedy beats its drums.

Through my tearful days of feeling helpless,

The light at the end of the tunnel was of one so selfless,

Who wiped away my tears,

Who helped me overcome my fears.

In my darkest days, when even my shadow forsook me,

When nothing but tormented souls were all I could see.

It seemed as if the world had deserted me.

A distressed wanderer in a lonely world was all I could be.

I was weak, yes, I was.

Till you lent a shoulder to lean on and made it an 'us.

You are my world, my life, my soul food.

You made me better; you made me good.

Now I see my path, and a pleasant one it is.

All I have left in my well of words to say is this;

Mothers are nature's true divinity.

Mine is without a doubt, a divine entity.

My Lady

Think of a world short of pain.

Laughter, joy, playfulness are all that rains.

Tears of sorrows cease to exist,

Love is all that persists.

A world where wealth is measured with flowers,

And gardens with gardens are ours.

A world where the smile of babies outshines the
tears of the poor,

In fact, the tears of the poor are like a castle with no
doors.

Now this is a world of perfection,

That's the reflection of your sensation.

Now consider a heaven with no angel,

Echoes of ghoul's are a ringing bell.

A night of darkness and no stars,

Emptiness has no par.

The sun is of unconditional tardiness,

And the moon of exceptional loneliness.

The warmth of light is due.

My lady, that's a world without you.

Love is blind

Be it good or bad,
Easy or hard.
It's not by saying
But by feeling,
Sometimes joyful or sad.
It comes like a twinkle of light,
Seasonally getting bright,
So hard to bear
That you strain to see or hear,
But hopefully brings delight.
It's unbearable they say,
It's in your blood anyway,
It's stuck to your veins,
Stored in your brain,
Like an image all day.
It's the beginning of friendship;
Like the ocean and the ship.
It's magical and divine.

Like we say, "LOVE IS BLIND".

Love from Both Ends (The mirror poem)

Love is poison to the soul.

You dare not say that

Love is without measure.

For those with eyes can see,

It destroys a man from within.

I disagree with the notion that

Love is blind.

It is a fruitless sensation.

I do not agree

It is indeed magical.

It takes your mind to places.

If you let it be,

It can annihilate your very sense of perception.

I do not accept that

Love is everlasting.

Now read from bottom to top

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 in 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.

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 helps 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 – ‘A Letter to The World: Heart & Spice’ 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 years of age and was raised by a single mother alongside is 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, abandonment, mental and emotional abuse. He spent most of his teenage years moving from home to home, living with strangers he never knew or met.

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.

Lummy has written over one hundred poems and aims to compile them all in a series format with "The Black Book: Subjugation of the mind" being the first in line.

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 forth coming 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 next page for the intro 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 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 breathes.

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 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 weeks 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...