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## I Have Conquered the Angel of Bliss

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## I HAVE CONQUERED THE ANGEL OF BLISS

Jeremy Jemba

If the wind can push a dry seed into a flowing stream,  
And pull an aged oak tree of its roots,  
If a web could hold water, and a bottom of an old basket never falls out,  
If what doesn't grow...doesn't die,  
Then love, faith, all hopes and dreams are just as meaningless as the bottomless old basket  
The rootless aged oak or a dry seed in a dried stream.

For every minute, you breathe.  
You should have a smile tied to the packer makers of my heart.

Your face will glow in the dark.  
As you live, the dream of old companions.  
Free at last, free from now on!  
From darkness and into the light which most frightens you,  
the root of all your deepest fears.

Standing in youth and ask yourself?

Who am I not to be gifted,  
Not to be gorgeous and talented.  
Not to stand among comrades whose heads rest on tradition of honors and values?

Over the shining skies of the Texan Hill Countries,  
Dawn has come and the dang of mist falls all around me.  
There is a taste of success in my mouth,  
A sugar of the sweetest kiss,  
Colors of a beautiful spring day.

I have conquered the angel of bliss,  
her wings above me packed with love this fall  
and perfumed with an ecstasy smell of a Burberry Rose.