

A
POETRY
COLLECTION



*love poems
and notes*

THREE WOVEN WORLDS

Love, life, and you.

BENIE LANGAT

A POETRY COLLECTION

Love poems and notes

**THREE
WOVEN
WORLDS**

Love, life, and you

By Benson Langat

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Copyright ©2020 Benson Langat

All rights reserved

All the poems contained in this booklet are written by and fully credited to the author, Benson Langat.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, without express authorization by the author.

Contents

INTRO & SUMMARY.....	7
I: Beginnings in Endings.....	10
1. SOMEONE NEW	11
2. I LOVE YOU	13
3. MAD BLINDNESS	16
4. NOTES OF YOU	19
5. ENOUGH OF YOU	22
6. BREEZE OF LIFE	24
II: Poetry for Self	29
(prompts, challenges & adaptations).....	29
1. UNTOUCHABLE	30
2. FINAL GOODBYES	31
3. HISTORY	32
4. THE KIND THAT IS LOVE	33
5. WILD ROSE	35
III: Memories That I'll Hold for You.....	38
1. MEMORIES	39
2. BROKEN DREAMS	40
3. 3 AM THOUGHTS	42
4. 3 AM MADNESS	44
5. WHAT IS LOVE?	46
6. TOO LATE, LOVE	48

	5
7. LOVING LIFE	50
8. PEACE WITH SELF	52
IV: This Thing Called Love.....	55
1. SILENT WATERS	56
2. BROKEN TIES	58
3. THE BOYS	60
4. THOUGHTS AND TEARS	62
5. THE COMMITTEE HEARING	64
6. IN LOVE	66
7. THE BETRAYAL	68
8. THE FIGHT	70
9. THE GIRLS	72
10. MORE CONFESSIONS	74
11. A DREADFUL END	76
POETRY V3.....	80
About the Author.....	81

*A man who loves is a man
A man with lust is human
A man who is patient and kind
A gentleman, is one hard to find*

©Benson Langat, 2020

INTRO & SUMMARY

"And what is poetry to you?"

"Poetry. My heart feels heavy, and I scribble. I scribble a line, piece words together. From broken pieces within me... Poetry is to me, many, many things. But when I'm on the edge, and life has had enough of me..."

And what is love to you?

Love is many things but above all, a lesson we eventually learn, though never well enough.

This is a small collection of poems featuring love, and a fall to its end. Scribbled, are not my personal experiences or feelings, but simply my expressions and thoughts on love.

Those who love, eventually learn

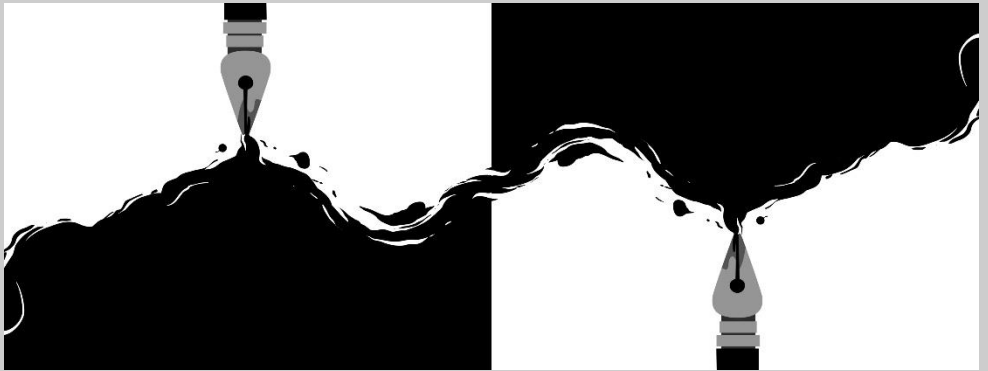
That love is bigger than

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

*The letters, the words, the feels
Because when it dies, love kills.*

©2020

B.G.



I: Beginnings in Endings.

1. SOMEONE NEW

She looked beautiful,
Neat,
Healthy,
And her smile
Was a happy smile.
After years apart,
I was so surprised—
My heart
Didn't feel as it did
When we bid bye.

I smiled,
A genuine smile;
She was exquisite,
Impeccable.
We touched,
Reminiscid,
Laughed
At the memories

And for the connection
Now.

I stopped
To look at her;
I had just met
Someone new.
Not a total stranger
But a new one—
I knew her
But not the way
I wanted to.
So, we talked on
And a bond grew
And we became
Something new
##

2. I LOVE YOU

“I love you,”
Would not be
The word
That left
My mouth
First.

It had always been
Such a special thing,
Love;
Such a rare thing—
A beautiful one.
Yet,
Among the things,
Ironically,
I became unsure
Was how it felt
Anymore.

But see,
Love is madness
And I got lost in it;
I always get lost in it.
And many times
I've thought of myself
A fool.
Many times
I've been right.
And, o'!
Many more times,
The fool has yet tried
At love
And cycles never end.
So, no;
It would not be that word
That came rushing out.

I buried
My feelings

Waiting

For harvest season,

But how I forgot

The roots they'd grow,

And the weeds too!

##

3. MAD BLINDNESS

“Right here,”

Said I, sheepishly,

“And here.”

The wetness

On my cheeks

Left an imprint

Beneath my flesh,

In my blood,

And, o’,

The straight shots

To my heart!

Love is madness—

A pool of it,

And I swam in it.

The shallows

Were never

Enough

The deeper

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Felt
Dangerous,
Risky,
And yet,
Quite tempting!

All this while,
I had my eyes closed;
Beautiful things,
They say,
Are felt,
And left
Unseen.

And I felt
Warmth—
Plenty of it.
I felt
At home
In a person's arms;

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

One shorter than me,
Always smiley,
With beautiful eyes
And less of words.

I closed my eyes
Plenty of times
Why didn't you
Tell me
It causes blindness!
##

4. NOTES OF YOU

Sore

Is how it feels;

It never ends.

The sun rises

Some mornings

But all mornings

Are still

Just cold.

I sit

Looking out

Of the window,

Sipping something

Steamy;

I think,

“This love

Was never

Meant for me.”

I sit
And write
Notes.

I write
Many notes;
My heart
Is full of them.

It was not always
This way, you know?
It is just
The memories
We made,
The imprints
You left,
The scars
That never healed,
The ache
Of again losing,
Like always—

It sucks.

I cry.

Can't write

More notes

Of you—

They break

Me too!

##

5. ENOUGH OF YOU

Beauty in sadness

Beauty in darkness

Beauty in scars

How much of it

Is still there?

My mind broke

Along with my heart.

I look at scars

And they are memories;

Traumatic ones.

I survived death

By ignorance;

How stupid

That now I die

A silent one,

Caressing the paths

You left on me.

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Dark and cold, I feel them;
With every beat of my heart,
And the raze, in my mind,
Where traces of you
Sit still like acid
##

6. BREEZE OF LIFE

I stopped

Looking

At beauty

In people;

I looked

Within,

And

There was

Plenty!

I couldn't stop

Searching

More

From what

Felt mine.

And pieces

Of me

That once

Were lost,

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Felt broken,
And detached
Came together.

I ate,
Rested well,
And in the morning,
Would go for a
“Breeze of life.”
I would inhale,
And my inners
Would fill
With the beauty
And love
Of the morning.

And the day
Would be good.
And when
It got tough,

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

I would take
A deep breath;
My breeze of life
Still lived within.

And life felt better.

##

SWEET POISON

Oh, but love

Was a complicated feeling;

It took every part of me

With my every part in it

(Adapted from Benie Writes, 2020)

II: Poetry for Self

(prompts,
challenges &
adaptations)

1. UNTOUCHABLE

I look up to the sky
My hand held out, I think—
Things that are out of reach.

I look down, and I frown;
I can almost hear her

Laugh, how beautiful!

I swear, I can see her!

She smiles beautifully.

I smile, my hand held out—

I would touch her

But I can't.

My smile fades, I frown.

She remains untouchable

Even in my dreams.

##

(I constructed this piece in response to a prompt by [Think Written](#), “The Untouchable”).

2. FINAL GOODBYES

I didn't know goodbye was it;
Sometimes, people meet again
But no, not you and I.

I wish I had known
That goodbye was it
And that I would never
See you again.

A thousand kisses
Would not suffice;
A million I love yous
Would not exhaust
My feelings for you.

##

(I challenged myself to construct a piece with three stanzas, the first having 3 lines, the second 4, and the third, 5).

3. HISTORY

In the middle of idling, I got lost in stray thought.

My eyes were still there, fixed on the window—

A breeze blew in, and some birds still chirped;

The weather would soon shift to cold

And the clouds would dampen with rain

As darkness soon advanced over the lands.

“If only life had a reset button,” I would think,

“I would go back to the coffee and cuddles;

I would cherish the talks and the silence.”

But see, life did not have a reset button

And it was getting cold, as I thought of you.

The rain fell; I lay down, closed my eyes

The past should remain where it is.

##

(This was a random piece)

4. THE KIND THAT IS LOVE

I said that I would fight for you, my love
That I was ready at heart, besides words
Descriptions are like promises, you wanted verbs
And I did, for all that you're made of

Love of the same kind, you said, is not love
The kind as common in today's world
First for money, second flesh, violence third
A kind is love if gentle as a dove

You asked that I armour off and out heart
“This is the love that you cannot fight for,
You cannot earn it, and cannot own it.”

I looked at you, took my armor apart
That you're made of, I had respect for
“With my heart down now, would your love permit?”

##

(Adapted from Benie Writes, 2020. This was my first trial at constructing a Petrarchan Sonnet).

5. WILD ROSE

Right back where we started

On the bench of our first kiss

Soaring higher than our love

Eagles remind me our wildest dreams

(Adapted from Benie Writes, 2020. This was my trial at
Acrostic poetry)

##

*Love leaves the heart
Weighty, empty and hurt;
In the mind, sadness,
Nostalgia, and madness.*

©2020.

III:
Memories
That I'll
Hold for You

1. MEMORIES

We spoke for hours,
You smiled most of it,
Then dropped your head
Again, on the bed.
You yawned, and I smiled,
Then you asked
If I had said something.
I kissed you on the cheeks,
And your eyes shut.

I'll hold them for you
In my heart.

##

2. BROKEN DREAMS

The night was warm and cozy,
With you by my side;
My mind strayed to the times
We laughed our hearts out,
The words that were spoken of love,
And the things we'd not let go.
I smiled, looked at you by my side
My heart glad; my inners warm.

I thought, with a tick, and another
And on I went into the depths of the AMs;
What had been said about them times,
O', they were true!
And the night soon turned cold,
And my mind woke to the state
Of broken dreams—
You were not there, by my side;
I just saw you in her, and all of them.

See, I held you in there,
Said I would not let go;
My sweet poison, I took you.
My curse, and so, I'll hold you.

##

3. 3 AM THOUGHTS

It's 3 AM;
The same hour of our first kiss,
When we looked up to the sky,
And counted our blessings,
With you and I in them.

We made promises, memories,
Shared dreams, and kisses.

In the sky, we bound
Our lives together,
And the earth had seemed
As glad, as satisfied,
When a chirp at 6 AM
Reminded us that love
Could wait, it was ours
And we too belonged to love.

We kissed a last time,
And your drunken eyes dizzied.

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

You dropped lightly on my chest;
I smiled, I was happy.

I held them for us
In my heart.

##

4. 3 AM MADNESS

It's 3 AM,
And the clock takes forever;
A tick, to another, I'm dying!
All that is left of you
Are these memories
And the illusion of you—
I'm dying
To hold you
In my arms again
Although I know it's impossible.
My sad heart breaks,
With a tick, on to another;
A second feels like forever.

It's 3 AM,
And I am not alone,
And yet,
My bed feels empty;
It is not as cozy as before,

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

And my feet are now cold.
I turn to my side and see her;
I close my eyes and see you.

I'll hold them for us
In my heart.
##

5. WHAT IS LOVE?

Love?

Lust?

Infatuation?

Either way, fuck you.

Is that all I'm reduced to?

A memory?

A mere illusion?

Fuck you.

Were your fingers too achy?

Your phone too heavy?

Was your ink dry for once?

A note too complicated?

Or were you just drunk

In your usual pride?

As you lament there;

Reminiscing,

Not reaching.

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Huh,
You sad SOB.

You change women,
Re-living memories,
With me as excuse—
Was it love?

##

6. TOO LATE, LOVE

I sat for days,
Which turned to weeks,
And the months, years;
I didn't hear from you,
Just your pride,
And your footsteps,
As you tiptoed
Out of my heart.

I sat on our bench,
A cigarette in hand,
Silly at heart;
I thought you'd miss them,
Our moments, like I did.

And some nights,
The whiskey would drive me
To the shed under the lights,
Where we shared more,

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

I thought never to let go.

But time passed,

And gone, to me,

You are.

##

7. LOVING LIFE

Hold it all for me;
What was lost,
That can never be.

They say,
“Best to make peace
When love is lost.”
Was it not you
Who taught me
To seek it first
For me?

I have learned
Through tears,
And sleepless nights,
That the beauty within
Is the one only I
Can see, cherish,
And even grow in.

I looked within,
And life was never
You and I anymore;
Just me,
And the many
Possibilities
For me.
I walked, and I lived.
##

8. PEACE WITH SELF

The past cannot be returned to.
I travel in my mind, most times,
Not wishful anymore, just nostalgic,
And aware that some endings
Remain so, like we were, and now are.

I wake up many mornings this way;
A heavy heart, a tired body,
A weak soul, I watch
As a day ends and another
Knowing you stray farther
And goodbyes send you away.

##

LOVE AND LIFE*Is there distinction?**Two-faced, evolving**First a dream**Then a nightmare**(Adapted from Benie Writes, 2020)*

IV: This Thing Called Love

1. SILENT WATERS

Winnie was her name; she sat on a two-seater
Her face felt hot and looked grim, she stared
Blankly at the screen that stood there, black.

Willie was his name; he sat beside Winnie
His mouth was shaky, his eyes red as blood
He stared, blankly, at the same black screen

They were tired, the two; they had just fought
First with words, then with fists, and then teeth
Nails had dug into flesh, and hair was pulled
Love was spilled on the floor, along with
Blood, and whatever stood in the way.

The couple stared blankly at the black screen
None thoughtful, and yet, none thoughtless
No energy for anger, but plenty for disgust
Which will grow to hate, and then death
Of what once was, what once stood tall.

They sat, and stared blankly at the black screen
And much was said, in the deafening silence.

##

2. BROKEN TIES

A coffee table stood to some inches from Winnie and Willie

Willie's phone, with a black screen, was on the table

Winnie's phone, with a text message, lay beside Willie's

The night was getting darker, and colder

And the two were still hot from the fight.

Willie sighed, then did it—took his phone

Winnie remained staring at the black screen

Willie stood up and left, shutting the door

He walked the corridors, then shut another door

He spoke on the phone, then went silent awhile.

A door opened, and Willie walked out

He walked the corridors, then another door

Opened; Willie left, then shut the front door

Winnie stared on blankly at the black screen

A tear dropped, and it burned her face
Her heart was hollow, and her head heavy
Her legs felt heavy too, and her hands weaker

Winnie took her phone, then checked the text
It was from Wendy; “Hey, girl!” It read
Winnie tossed her phone aside, then cried
She collapsed her head on the seat, then cried.

##

3. THE BOYS

“Knock!” “Knock!”

No answer.

“Knock!” “Knock!”

No answer.

“Knock!”

“Okay! Alright! Jeez! Willie...” Said John.

“What time is it?” Asked Jack.

“It’s 4 AM. Walker of the night—God!” Said James.

“Knock!”

“I said ‘okay’ the first time!” Said John.

The door swung open, and John spread his hands
Out stood a young man with heavy eyes and a smile
Willie collapsed into John’s arms, then walked in
The door shut behind, and Willie sighed; he looked
The boys were there—they were all there!

Willie had called John before midnight
Said the committee had to be summoned
They were there early, but Willie was late
He'd thought of a bottle, and nearly tried
But Willie changed his mind, and called Wendy,
“We're fucked,” he had said, then ended the call.

The boys now looked up, wrapped in sheets
Jack moved his foot, and James folded both his,
“Sit here,” said James, and Willie did.

##

4. THOUGHTS AND TEARS

Winnie didn't go to bed that night
Well, she tried, but she could swear
Something was not right with the bed

Winnie was right, of course, something
Was horribly wrong, but with her
Not the bed or the man not in it,
But her, this night she couldn't sleep.

She found herself back, Winnie
In the last place she would be;
She thought, and cried, and thought.

“Did Willie just mess me up
And-and-leave?”
Winnie would think, and cry.

And on into the AMs, she went
And 4 AM came, Winnie had ice cream

And thoughts of Willie; cold thoughts
Winnie was sad, and getting colder.

She should never have looked back

When she saw what they did

She should have just left

And never looked back

Winnie would think

But, o', this thing called love!

##

5. THE COMMITTEE HEARING

“Gentlemen,” said Willie, a bottle at hand

The boys had advised, a little intoxication

Is good for the mind; Willie believed them

It was a beer bottle; Willie was on the second.

“Whisky’s too strong,” John had said,

“We don’t want you falling off your feet

Before we know what on earth happened!”

Willie now looked down, then up at the boys,

“I fucked up, big time. It’s over now.”

Said Willie, and the boys traded looks.

“Wait, what the hell are you talking about?”

Jack was confused, and then followed James,

“Willie, what on this God’s green earth is over?”

“Guys,” said John, “it must be love.”

And the boys turned to John, then to Willie,

“Is it love?” The boys asked in unison.

Willie gently placed the second bottle down
He stretched his hand to the right
And John placed a bottle in it
“I fucked Wendy, and now... now...” said Willie.

“Winnie knows!” Said the boys in unison.

“Fuck, Willie!” Said the boys in unison.

##

6. IN LOVE

“Are these... fingers?” Asked Willie.

SMACK! “I have told you many times...”

Said Winnie, holding out her phone,

“They are nails. Finger-nails. Got it?”

“Okay, okay, professor. Nail this, nail that...”

Said Willie, turning back to his phone.

“Don’t they look pretty? Oh...” Said Winnie.

Willie scrolled on his phone, smiling silently.

“And what have you been up to all morning?”

“What? Who? Me? On my phone?” Asked Willie

“Mhmm...” Winnie had her eyes on Willie.

“I’ve been looking up something for the boys.”

“You and your boys... and how is James? Oh, James!”

“Are you okay, babe?” Asked Willie.

Babe? Hmm... Winnie thought, then said,

“His strong hands all over me, oh...”

“What? Stop it!” Willie tossed his phone aside.

“You want me to? Uh?” Asked Winnie.

“How his lips could feel on mine!” Said Winnie.

“Come on, stop it!” Willie poked Winnie.

Winnie laughed, and the two played for a while

They then stopped, and stared

“I love you,” said Winnie, “you know that, right?”

“And I love you too... a lucky man!” Said Willie.

“Babe...” Winnie called softly,

“May my love make you feel

More special than lucky...”

Winnie smiled, then kissed Willie.

##

7. THE BETRAYAL

He groaned in pleasure, and groaned another time
She had her hands over her mouth, shocked, but still
He groaned again, then there was silence awhile
And then she started to groan, a strong set of lungs
And Winnie couldn't stand it anymore.

She came out of hiding, Winnie, and peered again
There they were, the two mates, fully naked
Willie was plunging, senselessly, pleurably
This time, Winnie almost remained there, paralyzed
Then someone walked along the pavements
And Winnie had to hide her face and shut the door
She turned slowly, wiping the tears that dropped
Winnie stopped at the stairs, gasped for air, then cried
Someone else was approaching, so Winnie got up
She looked down, wiping her tears as she walked
“Wendy?” Winnie thought, “No, not Wendy...”

Winnie got to the stage barely in one piece

She boarded a bus to wherever, she didn't really care
She just needed to sit, and think, and cry
Winnie thought of the other girls... Teddy, and Tina.

“Wouldn't it be nice if we had, you know, a party?”
Willie had once proposed, Winnie thought,
“Me and my boys, you and your girls...”

“The girls...” Winnie muttered
The party had never happened
So how did Wendy happen? And why!

Winnie checked the time; it was 5.30 PM
She had left work an hour earlier
By now, Wendy would be gone
Winnie thought, then said, “I will return.”

##

8. THE FIGHT

“Will!” Winnie called, and Willie looked up.

“Hey babe,” Willie answered, Winnie smiled.

“Can we have a talk?” Winnie asked Willie.

“A talk? Like right now?” Willie asked back.

“Yes, a talk, right now if it’s possible.”

“Okay, sure, should I...” Willie said.

“No, no, it’s okay; I can come there.”

Winnie had sat on it for weeks

And Willie hadn’t sensed a thing

Well, but for that Winnie was unusual

He was sure, though, that Winnie was clueless

“Why didn’t you just dump me and dated Wendy?”

“Sorry, what? Babe, what on earth...”

“I caught you fucking. 3 weeks ago.”

“Wow... wow... slow down.” Willie went on,

“Are you sure you s...” Willie tried again.

Winnie raised a finger, looked Willie up and down
“Sure, about you? Sure, about Wendy?” She asked.
Willie was quiet, and Winnie fueled up
“Is this what you do? Whenever we’re not together?
I thought that we loved each other, what’s this, Will?
Was it sex that we were not having enough?
Or am I just not enough for you?”

Winnie’s words were deep, and genuine
But fights start small, and they build up
Then words turn to fists, and then scars.
##

9. THE GIRLS

She sat there, Winnie, on a two-seater
She stared blankly at the black screen
She sat there, Wendy, beside Winnie
She stared at the same black screen.

There was silence in the room;
Stories that went untold,
Apologies that were never said,
Scars that were never shown,
And a generation of friendship
Ruined; and all for what?
Pleasure with a forbidden fruit?
A brief pleasure that ruins lives!

Winnie was furious, but wouldn't fight
She was too tired for that now
She turned to her right, Winnie
And Wendy turned to her left
The two had teary eyes, and broken souls.

“Thank you, Wendy. Thank you so much...”

Words that weighed tons were said.

“Winnie, please...” Wendy tried.

“For destroying my life, you two.” Said Winnie

“Winnie...” Wendy tried again.

“You deserve each other,”

Said Winnie as she stood up

“Now, leave!” Winnie barked.

Wendy stood up, and cried

“Winnie, please...” Wendy tried helplessly.

“I wouldn’t listen. I’ve heard enough of you.”

Winnie was hurt beyond measure

Wendy was lost too, and she knew it.

##

10. MORE CONFESSIONS

“What do you tell a man who has screwed up?”

Asked Jack as he looked around the room, “Yes?”

“A man...” said James, “takes his mess, and fixes it.”

“I have to say it...” Said John in a low tone,

“Willie, my friend. You have indeed failed us.”

James looked down, then added, “Winnie most.”

Willie stretched his left hand to the side

And Jack placed a bottle in it; Willie gulped.

“Go slow on it now, will you?” Said Jack.

“What is there to fix? We tried...” Said Willie.

“You did?” Asked the boys in unison.

“Uh-huh. And guess where it got us...”

The boys shook their heads; Willie went on

“No-where. It got us no-where.”

John tapped Willie on his right side

Willie turned and looked at John.

“You fought... with fists, didn’t you?”

Asked John sadly, looking at the others.

“You did?” The other boys asked in unison.

Willie gulped his beer, then cleared his throat,

“We did,” Willie said, then gulped his beer.

##

11. A DREADFUL END

“Guys. Look at this photo from Teddy...” Said James.

“Teddy... one of Winnie’s girls?” Asked Jack.

“You’re talking to one of Winnie’s girls? Now?”

Asked John, and the others looked at James.

“Shut up, and look. It’s addressed to ‘Willie.’”

“And it is signed ‘W.C.’ right there,” noted Jack.

“Winnie-Crystal,” said John, getting closer.

Willie read the brief message in the note,

Then he read Teddy’s message to James,

And the message was dreadful.

Willie,

I told you this love would kill me.

Cheers!

W.C.

The letters (i) in Willie

©Three Woven Worlds, 2020

Had love hearts atop
In place of the dots.

“I told you this love would kill me.”
Read the first text Teddy sent James
And the next text read, “Cheers!”
And then the next read, “W.C.”
Which was translated in the next,
“Winnie Crystal,” it read.

Then came the dreadful message,
“Winnie is in intensive care. Overdose.”
Brief, but dreadful.
##

*Her breath was sweet magnolia
Her smile, beautiful and crystal
But her heart was the treasure.*

©Benson Langat, 2020

POETRY V3

“And what is poetry to you?”

Poetry.

My heart feels heavy, and I scribble
I scribble a line, piece words together
From broken pieces within me...

[cut]...

Poetry is to me, many, many things
But when I'm on the edge,
And life has had enough of me..."
(To be continued).

About the Author

Benson Langat.

A lover of poetry, and a student of love, and life.

23 years old as I write this, I am a dad of one, an author, freelance writer, and a full-time blogger; an aspiring screenwriter, and forever a dreamer.

I have over the past 7 years, written at least 500 poems, and my journey of sharing what the heart bleeds has just begun.

LOVE

Lines were never drawn between us

Only around us

Vibes were positive within us

Everything else was a dream.

©Benson Langat, 2020.

THE END.