

2026

My Love Poetry

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Recommended Citation

Achodo, David (2026) "My Love Poetry," *Vernacular: New Connections in Language, Literature, & Culture*. Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 2.

Available at: <https://voljournals.utk.edu/vernacular/vol11/iss1/2>

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A QUEST IN MY QUEST!

Let her in, my letter! Let her in. For

I can't wait to wait.

I have named all creatures

Except the one made in my world unknown,

Appearing twenty-four hours to Sabbath:

Davidic spirit in her, as conceived in my dream,

Ever recited in Collectte's diary,

Even in the innocence of Time!

How I face your gaze in every phase, in the

Strength of weakness, taste of blaze

In every place: The Quest of West,

And a sign of time for the man of the moon!

Patience is my speed, as time runs

Like a mountain, and speeds as fast as a snail.

If there be anything called patience, I had it all:

And what I now have—waiting for her—is no patience.

My speech is speed, and patience is my speed.

It leads to the dawn down the dark arc.

Nothing naughty,

According to my world order.

What we have not seen

Is more, greater than what we have seen.

The Future is still in the future, and

Tomorrow is after tomorrow.

It does not move me—yes!

The present is nothing but my chariot,

To the future, a time in time, a time

In the span of my palm,

And in the mode of my mind, where,

There is no thing outdated if not the now.

I face your gaze in every February feast.

But as destiny makes my beds in mid-nights,

So whispers your voice to my flying mind:

Take off the eyes of your mind from the feature of the other,

For it fades as a fake shade, for the bride

Of pride, who is worth the world of your third world.

Transfer its simile to fate,

And her burden to the Lord of visions.

So, may fate carve upon our hearts the word that wove our waves!

For only ETERNITY has neither a lowercase nor a period

INVADE MY WORLD

Invade my abode!

Cool, cool a burning breath that seldom bursts at

A bothered border of hope!

Kindle the kind of my white tongue

In the long song of bond! Flame the tame fame; and

Let a heart's hard art be unheard in your head,

And let Easter whisper in winter.

It is a white light, signing his great reign,

Comely coming ... as borne by Prophecy.

Your bright hope in my bone drowns the dark brightness of the past's tides.

King's missing bone,

Fear fears your fierce tears in the Messianic court,

Where you weigh your world in the worth of the Word:

The war of wars, the Flame of plague,

Weirdly waged in a weakened weekend of

A wicked end of age.

From the midst of white flowering stones

Flows a colored, sharp, flame-shaped sickle of the meek Wise

That sings the Davidic wisdom in ages,

With her king's Prophecy archived in her tongue's library.

On Sunday, May 27, 2024, at 12:12 am on my bed,

I see a fine future flying in flying colors,

Leaving the flies of her foes fried in fury!

It is all grace: The work of Word at work.

I now have to live with this blessedness all my day.

COME IN!

You are welcome to be welcome,

King of Kiss! Your rule is our will, and evil fears You!

No change can change You!

You will be nothing else than Love!

For that is what You have been. And will be.

Wise fools wonder to know You as Unknown,

See milky waves, yet find You Unseen:

For no man can scan Your genotype, in the worlds You wove.

When wouldst Thou for once sleep, Sun of the sun? They say.

And where is the fade of Your shade? And Your abode in the even?

Please, invade the earth, to the mortal You molded: For

Change can change his chance.

So, give grace to grass,
That weird weights of mind might fade into praise!
Then will he tender ten tanks of thanks to Your tents
And put Your gospel in government, in the worlds of the world.

Come, cling to your Davidic course and birth the best of the zest,
To place His praises in places; and add your act to Acts,
To download faith in splendor—even to the corridors of Antarctica:
For even the corridors of the world are just a mind,
A mind of night to a mind of might. A mind ruled by Mind.
Cling to your Davidic quest, as you
Mount up against the might of night, the dread of death,
And erase its history from history.

A WOMB MAN

What a prime privilege to pep the presence of your presence in my life,

Noble Collectte!

You are a Womb Man.

It is the day of your Day, which had been made;

Descriptions prove possibly impossible, since time has no time.

How I loved to try striving to drive through my thoroughly thoughtful thoughts,

And reproductively structure certain experiential expressions

From my hidden depth! But time will not fail to fail me.

For how will I remember to forget the one who

Believes in the future of my present, the mission of my vision,

Committed to making life an Eldorado for mankind?

My fatherly mother, arrayed in friendly strictnesses,

With humorous technicality, principled, seasoned,

With scripturalism, and communicational in nature,

Which regulates the tonicity of your

Spontaneously gesticulated nuances, in chastity and chastisement.

All honors your honor in the assembly of your kind,

The kind of your kind, home and abroad.

And, Messianic Fiancee,

When creations would flee for freedom,

All looks forward to seeing your efforts' true fruit.

Yea, when they will flee for free, all will remember to remember you

That you gave a Christ in crisis.

And all will value the value of this Gift.

HAVE MY QUEST

As twice as eternity: Younger than history, older than future!

As clear as a mystery, as popular as the unknown.

Our night is Your day, Sir, as our time is our dime!

It is my thirst, a quest kept in my quest, to the planet of tomorrow!

Nothing, nothing, my breath is no thing, but

To exist in the pages of the scroll You inked,

To touch life, lives, across the sea.

Seek us, see us! And find us in the unknown!

And feed Your field and buy it from the grave!

And sorrow? Let it be unto Your foes!

And unto those who abhor Your holy Hope!

Soak them in the fire of your furnaces, their portion in your caution.

Finally, finally... finally,

When destiny shall have found us, the real world we were made for,

The truth I sought for two living decades of my life,

We would ever feast on the site of Your sight, as

Archived in Mercy, kept by unparalleled Truths!

Do with me, then... Master!

Please do with my life: what You never did with anyone!

Yes! ... since the earth was called earth! And give me

Whom You never gave anyone!

Start a new history... start it with me: and

Match my destiny with a good, perfect match,

As Time finds us, in the real world we were made for.