

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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amarachi Ossaji()

My Art Work

As I painted on my easel,
As my brush went to work
to put together an art piece,
Each stroke of my brush gave life to a human.

The hair was ebony black...a true African prince...
The face glowed like the setting sun...

The next stroke brought his eyes; I painted it full of laughter
The ears I painted to the sound of music;
The lips I gazed upon; made full to kiss his beloved..

I got lost a while, in my imagination..
There I met him! ! !
The man from my easel
Although it felt like a dream, for he was the man of my dreams..
He was walking down the street
With such gallant stride
and so full of pride
He approached, strategy in mind
To charm me away..

And he succeeded,
For I fell in love with the man
Staring at me from my easel
The man I call my own..

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Journey To Jerusalem

I traveled to Jerusalem today
I went looking for the great teacher,
People say he's the wisest man on earth.
I wanted to know more about life,
But the teacher said to me
'Daughter everything is meaningless,
Completely meaningless,
Everything is wearisome beyond description.
No matter how much we see; we're never satisfied
No matter how much we hear; we're never content'

I stayed with the teacher for a month
And he said to me
'Daughter, nothing under the sun is truly new!
Sometimes people say 'here's something new'
But actually it is old;
Nothing is ever truly new.
We don't remember what happened in the past
And in future generation
No one will remember what we're doing now'

I am still with the great teacher,
And he told me
'Daughter, I have seen everything in this meaningless life;
The death of good people and the long life of wicked people.
Don't be too good or too wise
Don't be too wicked either so you don't die before your time.
Our lives are like a shadow,
Who can tell what will happen on this earth when we're gone? '

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My Gentleman Friend

My gentleman friend sent rays of light through my window,
And he called out to me
'Dear friend I'm up in the sky,
Won't you say good morning to me? '

After the day's work, i rest my head on the bed
It was too hot too sleep
I called out to my friend and he said to me
'I'll send down hail so you'll feel cool,
Dear friend, wont you say good afternoon to me? '

My gentleman friend is about to set
And he called out to me
'Dear friend, I'm off now
My wife will be out soon
To keep you company'

When his wife arrived
She gave a lovely glow
And she gave me a cool breeze
'I know that old fool has disturbed you'
She said.
'Dear friend, I'm here now,
Won't you say goodnight to me? '..

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My Lover

My lover has left me today,
Now I'm all alone.
I am like a hunter without his headlamp;
Wandering aimlessly through the dark forest.
Now the darkness mocks me,
because his love was my clothing.
Now that he's gone
I've become naked just like a new born baby;
I cry and call out to my lover
'Come back to me'
But he said to me.'later, i need to clear my head'
So now;
I dance quietly to the shadows
For I have been stripped of love
By the one I truly love
The one who is my lover..

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