

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

chukwuemeke Bright()

Good Evening

My face contours all stretched out, to observe the solemnity of the grey old day....locust chirruping from their hiding corner their prayer their God answer. The eyes of the day closed and only fogs of black flood the moment. #good evening.

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Peeping Eyes Of The Morning

There it is, with its elegance
Cool and gentle, a dove it is
Peeping from the windows of
Heaven, it's lurking eyes
Dropping pecks of light
To God's swollen feet.
Gradually, the dark gown
It unwears, the beautiful
Artistic designs in colourful
Display rainbow in the sky
It's stomach pregnant
A mother the labour room
To perform her labour.
I keep asking myself, will
This peeping eyes
A better dry log? Or
Wet log on fire?
Your eyes I pray, be not harsh
For in you,
We shall swim and
Your water be not too hot
Nor too cold
But warm, that even the kids swim
Come quick oh you
Beautiful damsel
For in love I await you
Come quick beautiful morning for my eyes are weary seeing the nights
And slowly I see the
Peeping morning slowly
Taking it's seat,
And night, a fallen monument
Shattering...
Good morning

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The Day Died

Dead was the day
The trees solemn
Folded green leaves
Drained, monumental effigy

Dead was the day
The wind, passage denied
Billowed hell, dead billowed here
Stench fuggated the day

Dead was the day
Cloud frowned
A cumulonimbus formed
the sky trembled
A poisonous snake, no poison
So was the day
O dead was the day

Dead was the day
Souls deserted
A desert of streets
Littered the earth
Voiceless, echoless
Dead...

Dead was the day
Silent, gazing fool
Not peeping from hollow darkness
Silent it was, blank
The arteries, veins
And contours drawn on the face
Voiceless, with facial expressions
Red blooded expressions

The day was dead
Solemn was the day
The day died, when
Grand ma died

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