

Poetry Series

ELEmma Udofa
- poems -

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Christ The King

Born in the menger
Of faeces and rubbries
To 'just a mere man'
Yet the very king Herod
Had sleepless nights
How horrendous! ! ! !

Slept in the boat's butt
As human as that
But in his arising
The storm surrendered
As invinsible as that

Hunger once accompanied
As human as that
But so effortlessly, he
Filled five thousand stomachs
With a couple of fishes
As invinsible as that

Christ is the king
Humanly fulfilled
Divinely accomplished
And eternally he reigns.

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Friendship

Beneath the path of parting souls
dwells the depth of infinite holes,
for they had eaten the cranies and nooks
of all that friendship could cook
yet the foundations and taste
of soulmateship stayed a test.

Let's sing to 'dawn'
for it switched it on,
to the day
for it made it stay,
and to the night
in whom we choose to fight
the solitude foreseen
and seek to cling
to the perish
so we could be a vestige
of how we were
when we were there

In the hearts of bosome friends,
burns the warmth of furious cranes
yet it quenches
just by the edges
of everlasting's gate,
denying the bliss of everlasting 'date'.

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Good Morning! ! The Dears Of God

Let's all from the nightmareful sleep
Wake to behold the bright skies
Which by his command, it unvailed
That our sight and strifes
Might burst in success' verandah
And that we may
To the home of glory stroll.

Our red sea
Now the sahara desert
The grave the rebels digged
Has their heads as tenants
The jaguar who dared us
Has drank the potion
Of th afterlife
And our seed and sweat
Can now make and yield
Bountifully.

I can with shear clearness
Behold the awaiting scenes
Devoid of pricks and tears and
Of melanchloy and grieve and
Of barrenness and storms
But of handshakes and smiles
Of love and bliss
And of rainfall and green.

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In That Morning

The early morning breeze was on,
and our streams were on the run,
as bowls flew in and out of them,
yet their level stayed the same.

The sky was high and dry,
as her loads had all but dried.
So she stared at us,
as if we were loss.

Nature was so fresh and healthy
as if to night it was a baby
only fed by the night's stew-
the morning dew.

We though were blessed,
had not been so dressed,
with waiting plates and spoons,
therefore the day was just a ruin
as it ended our lovely night
which us rest it brought at last

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Love In Pictures

I love you,
because I want you
to be a bed mate.

I love you,
because you have all
but stolen my soul
From my inner heart.

I love you,
because today alone
You are so fine
than beauty itself.

I love you,
because loving
we should not
but we ought

So by the above truths
I love you.
But which is that which
is the perfect truth

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My Poetic Lines

They are carnally simple
With decorative gingles,
They are made of gold
And as such so bold.
Just like virgin silvers
They run like emerging rivers.
My poetic themes and lines
I swear are nice and fine

To drowning brains
Some sailor friends;
To beleaguered minds
A fence of mines;
To those in need
Some seeds and feed;
And to my writing fellows
Annoying yet inspiring bellows.
My poetic lines and themes
Truely are carriers of dreams.

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The Pains Of Calvary

The pains of calvary
Remains a memory
Of unparalleled story
Of love and penury

The pains of calvary
Is an ugly gallery
We dare not bury
But happily carry
On mind's sight and memory

The pains of calvary
Should be a diary
We read with sorry
And cry with merry
For at the calvary
Love, joy, peace becomes our salary

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When Hell Bends In On Paradise Way

The room where lies
the bed of roses
has its narrow path full of mines.

The straight man,
whom many tip for joy,
had informed my sense,
of his flats there in.

'When you do the good'
was what I got
when its keys
I demanded.

But finding reference
from one like me
who could hold with joy
the keys in storm
had powered my doubts.

His resume he thought was fully stopped
as the commands he kept to the brim.
His prologue had all in the right,
and the following chapters likewise

His epilogue of flaws,
caused by unavoidable ants
who forced his hands to steal their lives
sums his sewing days
and bear his ripping store

But is this man
who from his whole life aim
misses on the whiskers
be made colleague
of the sworn good rebels?

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