

Poetry Series

**Emmanuel Isuku**  
**- poems -**

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## Emmanuel Isuku()

Emmanuel Isuku is a distinguished Nigeria National poet, playwright and novelist. He hails from Ihievbe, Owan tribe, Edo state, Nigeria. His main interests are science(especially physics) and philosophy (as depicted in many of his poems and plays) . He has had one of his poems published in an anthology in England- an anthology which brought together twenty different poets from twenty different countries. He was educated at owuno primary school, Ovbiowun-Emai, Ase secondary school, Afuze-Emai before gaining admission into the prestigious University of Benin.

# Chinua Achebe

Achebe is not dead, he lives,  
He is the breeze that cuddles the trees,  
He is the sweet honey in fresh hives,  
And the lights of the rising sun.

Achebe abides around the hills;  
Star-decorated, moon-adorned,  
Of endless treasures, of no bills,  
A nook of joy; of awesome peace.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Daisy

O my coy Daisy,  
With pretence you confess  
You know nothing about  
The affections I offer you,  
But you'll soon know....my dearest Daisy,  
When we dine in the table of love -  
Our skins so light like pastel earth.

O you'll know,  
When the obscurest part of  
Eden's paradise shall be our abode,  
For the sun itself  
Will leap from the sky,  
Bewildered....lights dimmed....scorchingness  
Smearred with snow of surprises.

Yes...the bright sun will marvel  
At the awesomeness of our love  
For amidst thorns and obstacles,  
We shall glitter like the full-grown moon  
Just above the eastern pines.

And dearest Daisy,  
The wind of beatitude  
Shall be our guardian angel  
Kissing, during even time,  
The baobab tree under which  
We solemnly lay....., listening  
To the soft croonings of the larks,  
And beholding the joyous nightingales.

O dearest Daisy,  
Come lets sojourn  
In.....  
The garden....  
Of love.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Dream Before Valentine's Day

In my royal castle of dreams,  
I trod a land tormented by the cold harmattan wind,  
There I found a forlorn damsel..  
She was alluring in her looks  
As she appeared against the evening sun.  
Her face was so dreary,  
And her red lips shivered.  
She had stood there  
Just to slip down demise's vale.  
I walked towards her and recuperated her strength  
With the good tidings of sweet valentine.  
Lo! amiss utter love,  
She vanished,  
And I came ashore from slumber's sea  
In sheer remorse;  
which quelled as soon as I heard the the crooning of valentine.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Dying Day

Hail, O hail the dying day,  
Though he looks so dull and weak,  
His arms were not once frail,  
They were once like parrot's beak.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Farewell Coy Lady

Farewell coy lady, I leave you without pain,  
You almost pushed me down everlasting drain,  
For I've tried to supple your hardened heart,  
And burn the viper's venom in you on hot hearth,  
But you tossed me here and there like a ball,  
Whacking my precious head on thick mud wall.

Farewell to your pretty-juicy face,  
I shall find another in heavenly place,  
Who'll solder my torn heart and keep me high above,  
Showering me with blessing, joy and love;  
Together we shall forever smile and live,  
The greatness of our love, no ear 'll believe.

Farewell to your royal livery and gold,  
Which I bought for you when all I had I sold;  
Clad in them and allure royal blood and kings,  
Croon melodious hymns as the nightingale sings,  
For now I retire from this barmy world of no gain,  
Farewell coy lady, I leave you without pain.

Emmanuel Isuku

# In The Village

In the village, all are safe and strong,  
No noisy crowd, no hustling throng,  
Flanked by jungles; so green in the sky,  
Climbers and trees, low and high

In the village, lucid sages are seen,  
Sitting on bare play-ground, very clean,  
Telling moonlight myths to children at night,  
Their gale faces lit by hurricane light

In the village, there are huts without doors,  
The compounds' sands as fine as sandy shores  
With paths: narrow, furbished and free,  
Which one treads with happiness and glee

In the village, there's a maiden with supple tan,  
In her hands lies the pride of the clan,  
Beatitude so vivid on her soft-juicy face,  
As she venerates the gods in sacred place

Emmanuel Isuku



# Isle Of Bliss And Joy

In the wave of winter's snow,  
The pheonix, obscure of the dreaded  
Tide of melancholy, rose steadily  
So valiant, wreathed with golden  
Poetry pens - its eyelids blinked  
Like a butterfly, dreamily heralding me  
Into that isle - the isle of bliss and joy.

Emmanuel Isuku

# John Evans Atta-Mills

The land has gone mournful in tears,  
For your demise coated us with weary wares,  
We're in pain! In ash and squalid rags,  
O my string of joy vigorously sags.

O John Evans Atta-Mills!  
A man as mighty as the edion hills:  
Whose praises are sung very loud,  
And good deeds; published by moving cloud,  
Why have you fed us with fading hope,  
Now we feel glee is within our scope?

Our hearts are bilious: we'd barf,  
We would stay sad and never laugh,  
Let volta's lonely shores be our stay,  
Until the wind of strength kisses our way.

We've sojourned into the garden of sorrow,  
Treading upon thorns and paths so narrow,  
And now my heart warbles melancholic song  
'This barmy world has done us dire wrong'.

Emmanuel Isuku

# My Lost Love - Della

In those days - those infant years,  
When age made foolery of man,  
I sojourned in the garden of love  
With a damsel; her skin  
So light like pastel earth,  
O her comeliness - none compare.

At first, 'twas like an interesting game,  
Confessing the affection she had within...  
Yea, affection coloured  
Red, purple, green -  
Affection like the apple fruit,  
So fresh and juicy still.

But the seed of love so wholly grew  
Between us - these two tender souls,  
That even the goddess of love  
Felt the whip of jealousy  
Travelling hotly on her flesh,  
Yes...she was jealous, I tell no lie,  
For we (my lost love and I) became  
Demigods in the pantheon of love.

As the years wore on,  
This affection intensified -  
It became vigorous like flames  
From the flare of gas,  
And I myself felt the sear.....  
Engulfing me in sheer ecstasy,  
Still the love magnified  
Like a lily viewed from a lens.

O I remember her name now -  
DELLA - I christened her  
When I became tipsy -  
Filled with sweet wine of love.....  
Wine from the vine of adoration  
Whose roots peered into the obscure  
Part of my heart to seek for

Waters of love that had hidden, so aloof.

This intimate love became raving,  
But I never wanted more,  
For age made foolery of me,  
Feeding my ears with pessimistic thought  
'.....Her love for you is frail! '  
Amidst this thought I was buried  
Though I later knew 'twas a conspiracy  
From the goddess of love

My warm feelings soon grew cold -  
So cold like the ice snow  
In the very dead of winter.....  
O my juvenile eyes caught a glimpse  
Of the pheonix, rising from the snow -  
The pheonix of doom

The hitherto strong bond between us weakened,  
And only then did the  
Malicious goddes of love dared near us  
To seperate us forever.

I remember the lovely meadow  
Begged us to stay  
In that garden of love  
Where the croonings of the larks hovered,  
But we were bent to leave...and we left.

Soon, I recuperated from  
The illness of foolishness,  
But all was now lost to the winds -  
The dire winds of woe.  
O I wept until my  
Tender tears filled the great rift  
Between me and my lost love - DELLA.  
We could have waded  
The pool of tears to meet each other,  
But the lure of pride made us weak

O now, I feel no remorse,  
Even though our foes chortle and dance

At the fall of our love on gleeful balcony,  
Like the leaves soaring on high  
Celebrating the demise of summer -  
The adorable summer!  
I remain unperturbed - hoping for  
The return of my lost love someday.

Emmanuel Isuku

# My Love For You

My love for you is like the lovely breeze  
That blows gently during evening tide- -  
My love for you is like the fine hue  
On the skin of a newly born child.

Your beauty is fresher than the rose,  
That graces meadows in mid June- -  
Your voice that heals unseen wounds  
Overshadows nightingale's tune.

I'll love you a thousand times and more;  
Your feelings I shall camp 'round like gold- -  
I shall light your world like the sun,  
Your source of joy I shall firmly hold.

Let me abide 'round you all my days,  
Let my home be at your tender feet- -  
O soo my ears with your melody,  
Untill I dance always to your beat.

Emmanuel Isuku

# My Prayer

O lord, help my poor waning soul,  
Pray, let rain of strength bestow,  
For I wade rivulets of dire pain,  
Washing my wares, which sadness did stain.

When comes the frightening howling wind  
Which uproots everything firmly pinn'd,  
Though it'll tremble my feet which are frail,  
Don't allow me fall like the weak, O I pray.

Clad me in royal livery and wares  
Quench my sufferings and wipe my tears,  
For as the chick hides under its mother-hen,  
I run onto you, hiding in your glorious glen.

Make me a famous prince or king,  
For as my nightingales of joy sing,  
I shall revere you and your holy grace,  
Smiles of victory warming my cold face.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Our Failed Polity

Our bus waded  
The flood-criss-crossed road,  
For several hours  
In sheer disgust of a failed polity.

O In complete boredom!  
Choked by billows of tears,  
I ponder over our avaricious demagogues  
Who have cast upon the people,  
A spell of starvation malady,  
Though they receive incredulous panegyrics  
From the cradle to the vault.

But suddenly,  
My poor-bemoaning soul was  
Daubed by fluid of serenity.

Borne out of derision, I mumbled,  
'What's the hurly-burly about?  
I should chortle at these pseudo-janitors,  
Who are girdled by obfuscation,  
For now they've fissured  
Our economic monolith  
(the boon of our political sinew) ,  
Nudging it into arbor  
Fenced by pandemonium,  
While wreathing it with emblem of disgrace'

Emmanuel Isuku



# Silence

Even when they ferment our blood for opulence, do we dare complain? Do we dare raise our eye-brows? Do we dare curse the insidious night that has denied us our glorious dawn of hope? No! We just chew the bitter song in silence, Our cheeks soaked in tears the harmattan wind finds difficult to dry. But may the blood shed by our stabbed dream,  
Form an ocean that will drown their pride forever!

Emmanuel Isuku

# Silent Tears

Silent tears smeared her face,  
In sheer pain of a slow pace,  
In the stride of their love  
Whose blessings hang above.

Now in this fearful deep,  
She has pitched her tent to sleep,  
Clad in rags and sadness glove,  
Bemoaning of her doomed love.

Emmanuel Isuku

# The Mourning Lady

In that dead silence she lays,  
Swinging her hands drowsily, so tipsy  
By the wine of life's unpleasant sting....  
Her eyes soaked in ruddy tears....  
Catching a vague glimpse at the sun -  
That jinxed sun,  
As it falls into its western vale of rest.

Emmanuel Isuku

## To Her

Be my princess, be my love,  
Give me hope, give me life,  
I shall lift you high above,  
Take my heart and be my wife.  
We'll sail on love blue sea,  
To a paradise yet unknown,  
Flanked by garden of joy and glee,  
There we'll be forever alone.  
When the night's fair in its face,  
We'll watch the full moon shine,  
In the bare sky, taking its pace,  
Just like a ball on ocean brine.  
Be my queen, me - your king,  
Embrace me and accept my ring.

Emmanuel Isuku

# Vanity

Behold men of valour, mighty and the strong,  
Venerated by monarchs, sophists and throng,  
Resting on debilitated heads of the weak,  
Their swords; so hard like the parrot's beak,  
In spite of them being powerful and brave,  
Someday, their abodes will be the grave.

Behold the ladies as their bodies shine,  
Like the full grown moon above the eastern pine,  
In royal robes and wares they gladly clad,  
Alluring every wealthy passing lad,  
O that poor hideous maiden being their slave,  
Someday, their abodes will be the grave.

Behold the sophists, lawyers and the wise,  
On their black sordid lips repose malicious lies,  
They are clever and intelligent like the sages,  
Earning awesome salaries; some on fat wages,  
What is the wealth for? Now I crave,  
Someday, their abodes will be the grave.

Behold the famous ruler sitting on his throne,  
His crown made of pure diamond stone,  
His garment weaved with wool of gold,  
Oh! He stands full of shrewdness; so gallant and bold,  
But sooner will demise come with its tide and wave,  
Someday, his abode will be the grave.

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