# **Poetry Series**

# akachukwu benjamin chukwuemeka - poems -

## **Publication Date:**

August 2009

## **Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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#### Betrayed.

It was a Good Friday,
The day eye met you.
In a dusty, harmattan ridden, exam malpracticing class.
Eye became the invigilator
And you,
The candidate of a destiny disowned.

Exam gone like you are today, We opened that barrel of naivety Just to admire the purity of the spots In this wonderful gazelle you are.

Spots that never stained, Spots that you opened for him And, you hurt me.

Like a stray sheep at the aim of a wild hunter Without a day's catch, You dabbled into the embrace of the Gynecologist and he pierce without mercy, That seal I admire most.

With triumph, his dirty scalpel became But, momentarily, a nostrum for my balmy lines.

You hurt me, Eye bid goodbye to a cracked trumpet That false a tune.

#### **Dishonorable Dance**

A dance exotic, The rhythm, a wonderful fluidity, Ears that listen, an attention to behold And the dance steps, a reverberating Cannons of energy,

The lyrics was a masterpiece of forgery and its intention, An assassination of personality,

Without pretense, the artistes aspire to the top, Ignoring who they trample upon their way to nothingness.

A dance exotically inhuman
From experience and intuition,
Eye decline from audience
For tomorrow you might become
A victim,
In this real world of inferiority complex
Where rockets of gossips set
our communion with God apart.

'1997'

#### **Fantasy**

She carries her tender front firm and innocently. De flowered, has emerge dazzling With panache...,

She is full of energy, equitably distributed and, Like the caressing breeze, she erotizes sensations.

The moon dwell in her eyes, her voice is love songs. She gives me imaginations; she gives me hallucinations. The birds sing emotions whenever she passes, they Sing natures song.

She is nature's owned work, a marvel of an art, a creation of my mind.

'2001'

#### Lost with innocence

In the labyrinth of his mind, The pine whistles and bend to this Push of nature.

Self at one with pace swirls like A smoke from a nostalgic roof of an Aged hut.

Searching, In the mind of this artist... things that left with innocence.

©2000

#### Love wish

If I were a musician, You, my love, will be my voice, my piano, You will be my dance.

My lyrics, your sensuous body will provide The rhythm. I will croon your name at midnight blues, I will sing your romance in the mornings.

If I were a musician, my love, You will be my album; my best track, my only song.

## My Bleeding Pen

It bleeds, My pen bleeds, my pen bleeds. Whether it is my forte, I cannot fault. Bleed blue, bleed black, and bleed red ...

Oh! My paper, What a kinder compassion you are, Always ready to soak-up thoughts From this soul forever in season,

Oh! Dearest paper, You soak evanescent thoughts, you soak emotions, You soak to talk back to eyes, What I have told you.

©2001

### **Patience**

Patience, It carries an expiring date. When patience expires, it becomes poisonous. Unfit for consumption, it becomes desperation.

When patience expires, Conscience dies.

©2001

#### They remembered D.

A princess full of love and charity.
She abandoned the tired eye of London
For the palpating pyramids of the Pharaoh's.
And without reservation, she centered her universe
In the romantic embrace of this Prince of the Nile. The
Pharaohs true son, the momentary conqueror of
The Crown of She That Does No Wrong.

It was a highway to be gone When this unholy romance became a business Venture for a decadent world.

They towered the kingdoms of their ancestors, desecrating the Aged Pride of She That Must Be Obeyed, soothing the Pride of The Pharaohs.

Wheel of love crushed at the tunnel of doom and To world unknown, their clinging soul begun...

A gay man sang a goodbye song for a punctured dream. The World gathered and they will always gather to honor the Prince and Princess of these Kingdoms divided by pride.

#### **Unbroken Fellowship**

Unbroken fellowship, The living and dead For our love for the departed Keep us in everlasting communion as They prepare better place for us Ahead of time,

Unbroken fellowship, Sadness and joy For each compliments the other To balance this imperfect life we are.

Unbroken fellowship, Life and death For arrival and departure make Lives go round.

Unbroken fellowship, Fantasy, dream and reality For fantasy energizes the pursuit Of dream in order to get hold of Reality in this fellowship of the Known and the unknown.

akabeks 1997

#### where we stand

In this desert we stand,
Forward is as far as backward.
Hope,
That antidote for unseen tomorrow green,
Has become a desolate yesterday dry.
Nothing remains,
but dust and, the wind.