Poetry Series

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

- 29 poems -

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Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

THE LAST OF THE RENAISSANCE BREED (An Ode To A Fair Friend)

As I foray into the art of ode To proffer in the fore a colossus Fright sends shudders down my spine I fret that my nib might defy my wit Hence, fumble for round pegs For naught else fits a round hole

My foreword: a glimpse of my mood A metamorphosed temperament Beaded with wee bits of sweat For in awe I queerly gaze In quest for a quasi-man kind Phobia, my cast-iron alibi should I flaw

Oh, this indeed is Sisyphean
The tasking task to weigh your weight
You denizen of The Renaissance
Remnant of the extinct breed
Flock who bleats in un-demotic voice
Who tutors topoi in posh lingo

I avow, I have got not by him
This daring writ to write on him
It only behoves me to honour him
The poet with high panache, a dab hand
Be on the trail of his oeuvre
Lest you underrate my hyperbole

A rose by other name would smell as sweet Ergo, he, versed in pseudonym Did name many men god-like names I myself, The Arch Doyen, of his benevolence Let us, et al., chisel too his name Firmly on the tablets of Hall of Fame

To uncurl myself, I bring forward Without further ado, to the rostrum The last of The Renaissance breed Undisputed patrician personage

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Aider Liefest

Rather in an honest thought, love be borne
In hand but be definite, carry it away.
Your coward lips did from their colour fey;
Love __ a shaft of light intil well up and upon,
Suffus'd with an aureole. Sought and forerun
Most, the common. She would not be intil sway,
A wolf but unto other's anguish intil cares, essay
Watchful. Hence would stand it strong; would halcyon
Purchase opinions and bear that with patience,
__ what it were to dare it but from private
Plea. They stirs blood and needs not us mistrust.
By one of a complexion mov'd and thence
Intil lusty alike, love's crime make. Let coruscate
How, upon what ground, but search from a star-cross'd.

Alas! Vivipoesis

My tender mark, Viv'a' but no redder tongue's to air. Do pay the wing's-aspiration of your breast and warmer limbs to enfold; 'tis ours, from the Rime's husk.

An epistle was posted and how be it, interpreted as enveloped.
- a painting 'twas, employed strict and thus christened.
Would you deliver a Texcote?

Alas, the ink would any vinegar bleed, that pricks to cure. Ay! Letterers burn leaves but heal wounds like an incense would. Bear the Capsaicin again, Viv'a' and let your taste wear the candied coat anon. Tis closest to the field, Nymph.

I shall neither put to torch, Lyssa, nor to sword, Furor; since Limos feeds the manhood.

ΙΙ

May we accord civility that globed the Orb. Our hands broke into fingers; should we not count on more burning lamps, Viv'a'? You seem not yet loose to lose your hold. How be it, we choose our mirrors but our shadows not.

Does it entertain, that which is uneven upon any is? Tis the abiding discipline and not the endurance, that suffers. Forbear to let the nibs of an ink scribe alike, again, for the Demiurge hastened not thou upon.

If added, hence, let's divide.

And for the bloody meat of my flesh, where I care/d less, - I grind down and wear away. Do condone, Viv'a' all be it, you were not to cry 'hot! halt the hurt! ' I shall learn to care in full, again.

Allen Parmenter

Got a sheet of the world and authorized to depart this port, I betake hereupon to Albany, from the ancient audience of the age of man to the gate - to the imperial palace, where the fountain of the horse courses, - the sanctuary where fugitives are immune from arrest.

Hold thorougly! A winged messenger from the teacher's chair,
- the path over my head, belonging to another but another self who brings honourable reputation to the rough and arid terrains and serves all way, the elixir of life.

Interpreted as omens from the flight of birds, the stars in the eagle's eyes are bleary-eyed to outshine. If such blurred vision obvious to the mind's eye, outdoes; blind me, O God!

Sub specie aeternitatis, is he a deputy of God in his art of reason, that consecrates with blood beyond the bronze money and lights up a brighter fire 'gainst the slippery damp? He wouldn't have praised that statue in Rome, on which abusive latin verses were posted.

In all candour, that couch has a warrant to arrest my balm;
- with curtains, to repose any pillow.

His eyes are not shut of that social standing that do not mark the oblique lines with good faith. Tis a knowledge of nature that does with art.

Held over, the drone of my bagpipe that casts dancers 'round a twigfire, a high song blow out on my trumpet and on leaves so-and-so for this guardian spirit begetting, - summoned in defence, that watches thoroughly over me.

How be it, Paidagogos' seat wasn't elevated, he plucks the woolen counterpane into pieces to walk any man's forked root and wheeled vehicle along the Milky Way. The tapered tip of my shoot bleeds 'cause he grafts my bud. Which planter alike must not grow the undying?

Like Portunus that protects harbours, he sheathes the bottoms of ships with copper and trims sails to sail closer to the wind.

He plays my countenance. I prance in triumph as dances the mountain people. Straying in thoughts, my pulse stimulates by electricity.

All be it, a horse is not used for general purposes; should any knob on the vine steal upon a pretty theft, the nap? Or the Magus be him led or driven, shorn of his apparatus? Let the weight held, that gives jumpers impetus.

Beside His Sick Bed

Get whole anon and walk the cold mirth about, again.

Alas, the other health crowded your brow.
- unease takes over your gloriole.
Be raised, post haste, from the alien clime where clouds of hunting offences scud.

Arise, to light the circles again as they catch from your maiden visage.

Who would tender to the little spirits now you are given to the worn strength? - do we fall along?

Be the man, O Scion and communicate to the irked angels. The Laurels you brought home emit pathos as they stare bitterly.

The ornamental garlands, that wait upon, frown at your struggle against entirety; as you struggle against right.

Hold fast, O free man, now we collect litanies with a host of guardians at your behest. But God knows I cannot let changes be.

Can I Keep From Poesy?

My leaves turn on countless pages Beyond the literate readership, I perceive the mundane, all be it, A distant poesy that moulds man.

Across the storm and the waves I read the letters speaking, The picture cook lots in my breast How can I keep from writing?

All be it, the orb is rung through, I write from a strength, it breathes. But that the Sword sway before me Strength in my fears it breed.

Come what valour dare my ink? Whence 'gainst the weakest I fledge. In that Justice reigns all over places How can I keep from poesy?

For the art of nature is laid bare And humankind run its course. Since the wounded hearts heal How can I keep from writing?

The black walls fall and fell hearts fell. My letters address sorrows And slap loudest, the enemies' faces. How can I keep from poesy?

Cinquain 03

The ink is a blue potion whose sheath wrought in blood. If our pens must mark down swords, let him keen array that must execute this draught; valiantly untangling the Gordian Knot. Bleed him red that puts to torch but heals, wet.

Cinquain 04

Like a fork, the Pen is the literary sword double-headed, at whose cap sprout prongs to feed but the letterers in concord with men, but slay him neither his Nimrod is, whose grave he gives to vomited tongues.

Do I care less?

I cannot show any, vainglorious or tell ill and you'd not stir to meet me. Let me here, foul.

I'd bespeak no beauteous e'en when it is not, or you would transfigure.

I wont lay for any, if they that folded their arms would reap.

Felt it bitter, the parted would cast down but shall compose a faith; they would heal, an enduring way so, and return, hereupon, I wont save the cure as would let loose.

This way, I shall keep no slave in that their servitude alive shall grow in strength whilst sinewed against a later day.

Alas! I can't hold a table of my solution with you, against all misadventure.

Hey Enchantress!
I wont breathe my last
for you, in that
I must have went earthbound
so, then you'd endure to
repent of your seduction.

The bounteous is an object of blessings whilst the taker subjects it. I, a taker can in the subject, hold back the blessing to address you whilst parried the bounty.

Dusty Lust

</></>And the charm wound up, upon a hasty spark taken B'fore your face, down-gyv'd with varried vessels
___ hollow men. Part'd either parts, girldles
In thrall intil outwardly. Here, you b'token
A maiden d'feat intil d'fence; laden

Upon sinew lusty. Make close with companion the odd angles; with hearts of controversy, as Fair a game sound'd sodom and gomorrah's. Funny grow your jealous under your heel, forlorn But loose-limb'd mov'd nor at heart's ease and upon

You shall obtain your suit and forgo wherefore goodbye your vows; on the wing, you shall take Wing. Proper false, your fun is a sauce to wake And stir our stomach intil seduction for The diet to digest with an appetite more

And bid our will abide it. In a personal Action upon your strange eruptions, from kind and Quality, see to your affection. Borne in hand, You lacks no power to dismiss your visceral Self. So vile a thing, on their passional

Stay of pleasure but love shall sit far high In his hearts. False your vow of allegiance You mask'd but intil the monstrous countenance, Smiles and affability; but this shall spy Intil lefty, taken, a function. And all things sigh

Intil extremity, you wants the natural touch And shall fall for it. Inward search'd, you do Not want to feel it bitter. No man, true, Heart new-fired would of a quick spirit but such Of fire, shows; as the flints bear fire. Carv'd much

Own, vanish tongue-tied upon grudges. Who disrobes The hidden worth'ness into your eyes but weak And without lust enough to carry it not sick, Through and through. Hoist'd with your keen edges do hopes Of the fleshly; your confineless harm probes,

Oh lusty dust! Lest be my opin'on upon this Slippery ground stand, I know not what may fall. Something leads me forth, either led or all Of me, driv'n; but meet to be sent for cours's Of errands. Lust! Intil our black sentence your kiss,

But did gave to yourself. Which would turn it Off when love b'gins to s'cken and d'cay. You Must sink in trial in the proof of it, who First, fasten'd in my thought. Where you did breathe There shall you last. Had you run but close with

Your compass but 'gainst the use. The nearest In mind; such I account love nothin' of Your disorders. You must in occasions enough, Quarrel. Whence love arm'd so strong and honest Intil fortune leads; to search at this b'hest.

For Ola Writes

Opening my eyes after sleep that I summon now loudly, blame me, O God.

I am stealing a kiss from a cream of the cream; an honourable birth with a beautiful strength in lack of bias; a gravite of an imager that toss in canvas sheets.

Let me through the furrows of your ridge, though in a crab's sideways gait and snapping of lettering, unmoved from the rows, address your cultivated piece of land, O crested Lark!

Entering a document in an official register, are you the garden of our days where Plato teaches, that breeds trees with many shoots? Or are you a Hyacinthus from whose blood flowers grow? How consecrated with blood, an ink, to bleed such letters to a grimoire, in a fine art and true?

marking out lines
 to a bundle of papers
 with a label on the back,
 more is there to your breath
 that perceives.

What a Lyre of a songsmith held without dues, that plucks the songs of beauty and crystalized sugar of the honeydew?

- keen edges of a nib that cut words of art for the hearts deprived of hope; like a god out of machine.
- flying arrow from a mounted musketeer in a prayer to ward off evil as Sam Awa taught; hereupon, their heads with the hair stand on end,

that does goodness fell.

O shinning armour, on the rungs to knighthood, that sails along a coast, the tide is not dim-sighted that sees the depth of your sea.

Continue to take objects from the dreaming until the bell of time chimes, to earn your discharge by service.

Do your utmost as being new to feather your arrow and hiss off the stage. Shoot outside the walls.

Man your ship and sail away. Sail away and to the windward, your landfall waits upon.

For The Baron

As if I'll recount hereafter, Nigeria is a bi-vessel channelled Nethermost, To a diverged extravagance.

A virgin in labour she is, On her verdant carpet of ground - stood upon by her sinew, And by parading dignitaries Bestrode.

His Fat Editor

Who knows what he does? All be it, without nursery rhymes; for there is a price his.

He has no other companion nor occupied elsewhere. any other predator there is?

Is he healthy that preys but on Achilles heels? Any other aim for this perusing scavenger?

Hunh

Eh! Be this 'yoke lute' regarded with dread, what thankings unto Hermes give; whence polydactyl his art of touch over me sway?

Faeo, all be it, but a man be; whose hand bird-weightedly sways. Heavy still, his fists expel. Tis one confession [but] of the nerves.

What interprets one hereupon, unto you, Jonah, by whose day, years count and the way round? Heard, distance makes heroes; absence, gods?

Nobiliary! Are you made upon your ground yet? Whose plectrum strums Apollo than Orpheus, unto human tongues, had? Any other, godlier?

Idorenyin Archibong

Here is a bachelor, Aboriginal aspiring to knighthood from the house of the whitemen; whose ink, in life, overflows in the art of Midas of Phrygia.

I play towards the stamping tool of this Lapis Lazuli in his fine period and quite so, glass bracelets. Who would dock the horse's tail, for I cannot?

Any fairer sight of an eye but two-together to establish after this thrusting arch? Let him his, for we cannot struggle 'gainst the threads spun by the Fates.

M.I.O. Udenyi

Pillar of a column of soldiers; he sweeps the field in a stately manner. Who, pulled by violence, would fasten the cheek strap of Homer's-herald helmet as comes to blows?

Can my simile interpret quite so, the squid's long tapering internal shell and ink of his nib warped into an upright loom?

I decide now on the beautiful strength of this pomegranate flower that hosts worms of the stones as his usual style of garment.

In his superiority of birth, here's the thinking.
- Vulcan lit his tongue from which Zeus erupt. How be it, innocent, in his pregnant pauses, they say; but thought of as breathing fire.

Since hot rocks and live coals surge from his brim, is he the god of fire with the living voice or the god of thunder in his lightning to whom I mistake? If any, haven't asked, I, myself, only did.

With whom I exchange presence, a room with fireplace charged with carbon in his art of reason.

Do not throw

the two aces at dice until his voice is heard; lest one is caught in the antelope's plunging, through bushes. That is the view; 'tis a matter with its own language.

I have no other stentor; No other echoer elephantine, whose spark trumpets. He's but the ivorian that cries out electrifying.

Muse Aborning

But hereupon 'tis said.
Be it known, as the sun stands
behind the argent stars arisen,
the alabaster satellite of nature stilled,
and the clouds, too,
returned crystalline.
Thus cerulean,
the aether in entire, calmed.
Let droop hence,
are the tongues of the chimers
clapping after the panorama.

The ultramundane is rung through and the phenomena of the physical world at an order. What what is, is what is unknown about this eidolon.

Tis a day with the Muses. The coven of these deities bedizened for a goddess is being consecrated, whose fountainhead no clown summons.

The Arcady goes airy and put to torch; and Arcadians, upward and to the nether they go about their daughter.
This bespeaks a heat I dare not hold. A birth, I learnt, it is, frequented; at whose honourable height no royalty, earthbound, has thus been said.

Descry our men of letters and the ground. Addressing their respects they hasten about, while delivery lasts.
- betaken at the hands, written brim-full, the bins, with leaves sentenced a-waste they go; with contents yet unmade,
- about this coming-into-being.

Espy our painters and their purlieux stood upon by fire, to cast portraits. They paint pinkest, the Tourmaline and the Opal bespangled than the Sapphire bejewels.

The ventilation lit fairly, as the Anemoi did decreed and the Aeolis worked. Let fly, has a breath of air, into space; alas, the authors' manuscripts took to the wings.

Hairs of the silvan timbers untangle and the Calendula like an asphodel as outdances the Morning Glory, goes in mirth. Who've known the Forget-me-not upon such an envy as hereof?

They are upon their heels, the authors, however challenging the weather betoken. How be it, beautifully just it is for the Libra grasps the Scales of balance. Tis a vista, Artemisian, of a kind.

While the Christendom too pluck their chords, I'm lost in an ataraxy of the aura bathed ensorcelling that betides this demoiselle. A cataract of the honeydew upon my hunger falls. I'm moved hereupon to the clamant table.

My Lyre For A Lyrical Foe

O pulse of my heart, at Stratford-Upon-Avon. Of the Trojan war, the Bard upon Albion with a herald's voice. Here! Your halfpennyworth of a news but my most part in the port of being born. Since the changes of the moon breed an intermittent insanity, fortune is here that you seize the day. Put the horse through the race of the manège now the course of my ink in the readiness of regulus to combine with gold, conducts his purlieus to give animals a taste of flesh, as you ritually touched my shoulder with your blue sword. This ground unto which water drips from your eaves that tells the amount of earth my spade and heaves can move in strokes, wonts to the favourite wind blowing towards the harbour of light; lest the limbs of your poet be dismembered. 'tis hence a stretch of the leg, beloved bard; O forerunner of the posthorse rider for you are the garden for my pot. Colour me with the diagram of the positioning objects and plant the foot of my budding fine paintbrush in the earth. Sharpen the quill of my feather so that whosoever will interpret in the weighing science mark my knowledge of book with numbers and black marginal references. Bear my news-sheet still, though sold for your small-value coin to meet Roman soldiers' allowance to purchase salt. Bid the high singer drive both sides and halt not as an ox turns in ploughing but not without the mind so as to miss and hurt; thus, attracting the mobile field hospital. Decorate my oration's platform supernal with beaks of captured galleys and hand over a formal promise of carrying a mousa. Only remember [that I have still,] to die! To the seeing again, all friends of the high court, the ministers of bar who would summon in defence, the wrong way round, their clarion observation of bird flight's divination. Now are cows milked thrice for a day's potion.

Of yore and still, the art of the muses seize the bowers. What balm else comes over the high seas? Standing outside myself for a bill so attended, with a manner fit to overthrow a royal court; 'gainst the Greek god, Pan, that takes up a pilgrim's staff; all coconut's-base grinning of a face and the fencing-thrust made at an inopportune time, thus lost; 'cause the salmon in salt is no longer

buried in a hole in the ground; hence stronger arose I like the passenger picked up past the driver of a horse-drawn coach to cast personal profits, for I think thence I am. Addressed the short stroke marking an ill-harm of a break in sense; borne peace as opposed to war - which punishes one like the reposed Tantalus by providing gift that recedes when reached for; held the high frenzy that impedes; danced heart with contortions; laid the female evil spirit that lie upon and suffocate male sleepers - which condemns to the eternal task of rolling a large stone without a casque to the hilltop from which it always roll down again; swum the greatest stream of gloriole encircling earth's disc; borne all unpublished things hateful to me to cast unpunished a shadow, like an odd-job man who joined an army without commission; thus adjoined climb I on the bench. But in a qualm, 'how do I sing in return to music, the sough of my mute Lyre? ' My resonance melts. Hence be it known till the high luminescence that I go not round canvassing for votes like the German imports into the US afloat before the first world war but caught by nymphs to sing outside the temple in the lymphs as the ecstasy of my Lyre was waked and for my warhorse's breast, 'gainst the rope of sand, save an armour. How done it with no break of innocence and in two scale pans, slake this call? Sensation so strikes. In my creed ago and still, I attach value to hymns, limpid, to Bacchus and thus 'gainst the messenger [who] ran with news of hope but the stranger, falling dead on arrival. May it calm me that Apollo of the seat of muses knightly plucked the Lyre. [To a person that perceives,] what a metaphor? An affair that receives the heart. You are to seize until reply is made, you ridge unploughed! How will your trial be said, dear culprit? You are guilty and I am ready to prove my indictment, you human rhapsody smeared into oil. Who paints the block of letters and book of spells that mimics the fine feathers and sensitivity of an animal. Whose melody walks on tiptoe but in the shoes of his own reflection. Who shall eat at another's table? To whom is the prim rose path? For it was near Jerusalem the vale of Hinnom was, where children were fared fell to Baal. I dare not shake before any heavy

art of a Magus but confide in the levy in my hand never swept but gets in increase. Watch me seen through. To the watchtower, at ease!

To arms! To you in the fresh air I come, for the dachshund to dig the badgers from their setts and sacrifices unto the deity be cast. Hold thoroughly in your lenity you dresser of humankind, in a tongue you dare not interpret. The snail's shell upflung has turned half to a side. Look out! Let no lookout alert fishing boats to the wind. So, the buyers, beware! The itinerant seller of supplied remedies goes. Utter my silver tongue thence; I urge! I shall bear with my feet to the tooth. May I thereof take you fleet with me? Do recall! Emperor Nero [who] played this chapel style while Rome burn. How are you made 'gainst these chords to keep the rolls of account? Declared an oath, can you loosen on mount the strings of this Lyre at the level of any heart or quite adopt as a son as the many in Roman custom of fathers acknowledging paternity of a newborn, by placing it on his knee? Sat carefully, I pluck the gneiss-sheen spark of my wire corybantic as I can well. Let the note heavier like a fall of rocks fetch hereupon from the pike that soul of my lyre over the screens of men. What whiles else than as drawn from the Achaean Lyre of Orpheus with me? Find the pleasure to inquire from Artemis. Hence, move your forked root as the wild dance of the Phrygian goddess, to my forest as I would fan and fell the Papyrus leaves on this acreage the yoke of an oxen could plough in a page of a day. This is a perch for tame birds 'cause animals are not set to exchange words, heads, and fight, in a pit, any longer; even though we claim our confinement within given bounds as directed in writing and withdrawn from public life. Alas, how hold you indrawn, such divine frenzy, in hand, that I tune this shivering player to notes afire? Would you kiss the bird's action when escaping danger, stir your fathers who sang odes in praises with mere instruments of more strings, to pay the debt or beseech your mother whose generous depth and breeding might save appeals? Wake! 'tis but gloriously, a title for what it is worth; an aspiration I myself shall arise early for, on the solemn feast day. Let fairly

the omen of not bringing to head absent. Manage thence, the bodily humours plangent.

And that the substance rubber do not rub out pencil marks anymore and the hook's job of pulling a man off a horse catches the game, let slip the song fabled from scratches to be sung by a dying swan. Thereafter, count the pebbles of our Abacus and grafter; and from the labyrinthine, let slip a ball of thread to guide and let secured be all ordinance and no coin's value be decreased neither by royal proclamation nor appeased by the requirement of mumble that who play unsuccessfully withdraw the due peg from the ground using the mouth. Let the last part celebrate the feast of Bacchus and cast thus be fulfillment of the requirement of courtesy and summoned, the guardian meant for the plea of the crown. Let the heaped cards left after dealing be gathered and regards for the twilight, the fires be extinguished. Hereupon, give currency to the coins ravished and let the squire lead forth the knight's noble horse with his right hand. Thereat my Lyre for us.

N.U.D.T

Fallen stars spark in her eyes to light the darkest storm upon.

Guardian of the journeying faith that pledges of home, with a map of the heart, and on bended knees to be the same.

Who would let God take her away? What shadow to feed the dog days? - and the Sirius after the heels of Orion?

Would that height of knowledge shed not lachrymal, the rheum of the sightless, thereupon?

Odyssean

Life is earth-born but the stars sign mine and weave webs over mystery. I feel the breath of the hidden spirit of the land; there is a light held high to lead to the sacred truths of the darkness.

Wanderers on the roads of life; their words drift away on a journey to find those who will listen. Where the stories go with the deep wind is to be questioned.

There are tears from the angels on flight, down the trees and from the moon of the late night. The sky cries. Hark! It is the lone melody of the falling tears.

It is here, my lone stay of silence; an island of shadows beneath waters and years without the sky. I can see the light to follow and boats here in my dream. It's a journey full of promises.

The darkest skies fall to make my earth black. Walk me, O guardian, over the waves of these black stars. Journey my heart through the sad storms, over the deep sea of cloud - this island of the moon.

Let the moon light still, through the path of the oceans of the night where the stars guide my sail 'cause the night-clouds over the heavens closed too, over me now that songs address sleeps.

May sleeps bring not to my night, the dreams I cannot keep but tell why it never bring the dreams there are to know.

To the care of the morning, it's a walk through the warm sands 'til the late night. In that the air belongs to all, plant the winds to grow and brew too, the seas of showers, O guardian, over these miles across the oceans of sighs and sadness to homecoming.

Respect Her Soul

Good fellow, our time calls upon this. Occasion craves us jointly to flag a banner against the servile creature; across all distance of the blood.

See, the stock is slaved in a hunger. See, how hope bleeds out of the spirits. Rescue is cold and frozen the bones. The chest is ill-touched and the dreams bruished. There is a hole to make whole; much unsinewed to endure.

To the masculine! Be not upon your power rendering malice 'gainst the tender gender. Lap her melting shakes and chew to breast, the class-first complex. Pray you comfort with chance and swear again the oath of affection. This I have said to your impossible passage of grossness. No love, I say over, is from a mother and the infant. Employ this constitution and entreat time alone in your confident grudges, for there is in this adversity, the sweet milk. Let inconstancy leave her not unattended 'cause nothing allied with her disorders.

Let no man and heart alive, of a woman born, bear any she, so fell. It suffers under trial to ungrid that strangeness, that midsummer madness upon one of our complexion. A very him that strangles her propriety, most venerable worth absent in his spite.

Eat your meals, Nneoma, in fears no more nor with rancour in the vessel of your peace. In his envy's reach, the deeds upon his charge. Let ask the Demiurge that you are no more of him than denied impositions. Tis hard, all be it, to compass; but let the Creator sort all.

Robert Frost '13

I feel the degree of your rime, and the pedigree of your rhyme.

Sussy Nwogbaga

To whom I give free reins, here begins the time I speak the truth in wine of her muliebrity as it illuminates my manuscripts acquainted with letters, and how I took up the position of this fixed point of time. It stretches out to view. The action lies.

Call me to account, and I shall in my place for observation, cry out louder and settle this note in my unit of weight.
Who will stitch shut the eyelids of a hawk? 'cause thereat I painstakingly applied. I signed at the bottom of her document sitting near the feet of the master.

Let us bring towards a center and mortify by scourging ourselves. Is this not the addition beside the art, from the beginning, but evokes our peace with tears? From which epoch is time reckoned?

That the trunk is striped of its boughs, is she still in your sleep afar or your horn of plenty? Destroy all defensive capability of a fortification and condone her interest in your estate.

With this messenger of value exchanged presence with the windward and away, that breaks the bread with you, are you weighed still, together?

Know with me, this object of wonder and your eyes too are closed. This theme of the boatman's song swayed by the muse of epic poetry. This powder for drying wounds. A tent with a fireplace for the soldiers. Prize of the gladiatorial exercises and the beggars' companion with good faith. A good word for this tiller of her lord's settlement in a garment of twisted threads. All be it, we are her slave weakened by the extraction of the sinews.

Fellow slave! This promenade on my site frequents my wanderlust. It overturns my vessels. Mmm! She gives me a sharp blow. Be it known that I make affectionate

at this green weather 'gainst the smugglers' bottles and boots. In a stroke of lightning, my attentions assembled in crowds run together to their owner now and have refrained from punishing. I commit hence to the care of Hermaphroditos and Salmacis.

Inspired by a god, in a fire of joy, it shapes my heart after a rose-redder pattern and collects my pulses into flock. Fit for a feast, in her royal enclosed park, all be it, restricted in extent, she acquiesces still to please. Whose birth is nobler? On whose head else is the disc of moon?

Are such people human, that do not cry in a shared ecstasy from this heart that bands of soldiers fall in battle for? Marked with cross that appeases by sacrifice, I hold away the lion-tooth jaggedness of every superiority of birth, science of morals and list of ceremonial observances of a court to remain like algae in chains with this kept measure and noble intellectual weight. Who sets his dog on, to cry an urge to attack? Let a dessert rather, clear our table. I plant hereupon, my supporting staff.

And that I sinned against a sacrament, good woman and true; that the stroke of my pencil in this picture marked a tale of chivalry, let it be the pilgrim's whose heart is on the road of his mind to your family tree. I dip my handkerchief in your blood; but descend to the horizon, your long-haired star.

Thanks For Nothing

This is not at the behest of the feminine for you may say. Bear, rather, that they are the sex no less in worth, that gives men the stomach to digest their breath. Though quite through the deed of men the register accounted.

With myself at war, I mistake this figures proceeded worthy to note. I am of late ill-tempered with a fearful passion; but may I upon my knees prevail in this, to have mind upon their health.

Irked under a burning humour, may we digest the venom of our spleen and lend them a friendly eye. Do brew love enough to bear. Be the one in all, to hold her place with no fellow in the firmament and stand firm when her strength sicken.

Let her sit high in your heart and her worthiness hide nomore in you. Make her whole and stir her blood for she is no stronger than your sex. Disrobe the images of your fire and manage with her. In our corporal motions, governed by spirits, those genius's and mortal instrument, enfold her nearest.

Have at you, her lusty sinew and carve for yourself. Infuse her recreant lips thorough and afar. Touch her nearer as it takes the present state of things. Let not the bad love calendar and black sentence when love decays, hide in you and affability but rain the honey-heavy dew of your kindness upon her arms.

She is abused with your sorrow. Make her acquaint with your musing and sighing and any sick offence in your breast. Allow her at your watchful cares and know her pleasures. I know your prize for this. Hereupon, hasten!

The Dove On Mount

The nobiliary is a conqueror that had triumphed the adventures of the desert. Mark him! He rides into the ancients

And aims ultramundane. Allow a free scope for the blessed man. Tis but a horseman's to Jerusalem under the aspect of eternity.

Who would not garland his manège? Have! The mind shaped after elegance, and aimed so closely in his mortification of self-scourge.

He is changing his usual style of dress and having the hair uncovered. Should he not go ahead to find our lodging?

A bright fire gentle in manner burns his course of life marked with the cross. Alas! But about a leave of absence.

ΙΙ

Eyes with a marked contrast of black and white, who would judge his thin tapering riding whip by feature?

Let him answer the voice that calls on the way of the Lord's house for He will be cooked again to live among.

III

The demilune in the cresent-shape emblem of Turkey is about a royal journey for his band of soldiers to the field fallen in battle.

ΙV

Native to locality, the cymose grapes of Corinth are to be cultivated by the high sower on this arable soil.

V

Committed for safe keeping, extending to a great height, what do we provide for his journey under monastic vows?

VΙ

Tis to God! Sing the boatman's song for the freeman joining the assembly. May the day of wrath honour his birth.

VII

God's hooks! Should the liberal artists lag beside? Who would dust the works of art archived, O Scion of Onyeagolu?

VIII

If 'twere so preordained, may Ordination highmost, thinned your hunger from men's recognize your god's letters on the leaves.

The Great O

By a sacred rite, from the maze that house Minotaur; giving an account of items received, in a language of the camp; I consecrate in zealotry a nib of a tongue.

With a ram's-horn trumpet, I proclaim on the fountain [by Pegasus' hoof] on mount Helicons, as sacred to the muses, the echoes of a voice.

Whose troubled way of thinking with doubts, ploughs the secrets entrusted on this heavy letterer of its own kind, whose things to be read as a collection of saints' lives, resonate like a struck phonolite?

- a high official of the household whose books of words and pursuit of knowledge suits a freeman. I am taking a liking to this love of learning.

Whose faculty of feeling does not commit this place for safe keeping of letters? 'tis his ordinance fixing a rate of payment that bought the gold tassels worn on his cap.

O great O! Vine of the ridge left at the unploughed field, trained against a wall, remaining leafy throughout a year.

Can I thin a sprig of broom from the crest of this pilgrim to Pieria - that district in Thessaly that abodes the muses?

- this powdered gold with a pleasant smell like the smoke from a substance in fumigation, that smoothens the facial eruptions to brave up.
- a flight in wind to a burning cloud of presents to the mind. 'tis the Roman lady's-tunic gold edging of your nib that I observe, O sight of an astrolabe in poesy, whose songs sung to harp music set his authority over the Laity.

He wears the western-style black leather shoe worn by the first colonists,

to stand on one foot on the pointed stake in which a soldier was required to stand upon as a punishment, that judges your nature by feature.

The blue ornamental gardener, let it stand that roots those leaves for you. Do not block up the aperture for that heat of compulsion that strikes the dilettanti senseless. Bring not to a halt, this art, but blend on more, the elements in due proportions.

The Knighted Letterer '13

That blood is of a martyr, that flows from the Roman state council.

- a sculptured godly figure whose voice lives; in whose civility and services at the public order the cup-bearers keep the bread, and titles to properties bargained.

Let me like an employer, in the middle medium, pay the laboured.

As I am capable of the rapid movement, my seat of consciousness cooks up the selfless company sprouted of late; with whose hooked stick for extracting grubs, I am handful of lighted hay.

Let me whistle through the air the free man whose coming is pleasing and embrace/d in all welcomeness.

Tis pulchritudinous that fuels and perfumes the verdure. Brotherly, all the way, to friend. A must-acquaint that welcomes; who picks up a nutshell and make nutrients of it. He does not weaken to let loose.

For he who comes when he cannot, who answers when calls are yet; let me for whom I fatten livelier do honour by the frequenting. A heart dear, who swallowed all virtues 'gainst the editors and visitors to invoke me loud and wavy.

I rotate about an axis for this burning heart unto whom graces are due.

For he who breathes life for the neighbours my will strengthen that his fruition bountifully flower upon harvest.

Hold what thence, my repaying? Hereupon, 'tis my leaves not, 'cause pages to turn his letters by my other hands hold. We are nearest still and shall.

My proclamation rise like an arrow aimed ahigh, above all. That's a shaft of shade from this colourful heart. Merry birth anniversary, the knighted letterer, John Adakole. May the undying plant you.

The Man In Tide

To the elite to uphold the values of a horseman,

in his equestrian ideals of chivalry;

the courtly mounted warrior of cavalry,

I say, die but for the undying, O Nobiliary.

With Onika Tanya Maraj

~ Nicki Minaj: What cheer, bard? This flesh is fattened in the chains of thought to wake our high fortune.

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Lady-Enchantress, - of the unquiet haunch! To pluck your maiden-head, as starves in your eyes?

~ Nicki Minaj: Aye bard! I am cured with your lyrate tongues. Nurture this young affection, by the madness most mettled.

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Fettered in your idleness, Star earth-threading, your Freudian Slip cried but to rest merry thereupon.

~ Nicki Minaj: Hold! Hold! Save none! My acrobatics brood rather serpentine. For whom would you fast?

[call dropped abruptly]

With Onika Tanya Maraj II

~ Nicki Minaj: Ho! There, Lyre. These wings fledge heavier. Would you pluck my feathers and my queendom [be] earned?

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Hiya, Maraj? Long live who? Hoisted with that ubiety? In your wandering toils and fashion welled up? Be stood under your heels.

~ Nicki Minaj:
Shut my heart, Lyre
but in your vision
still.
A blind would dream.
This maiden is spellbound
and loose-limbed.
Unveil her inwardness,
Lyre
and pluck your strings
to her siren song.

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Enfold your sacrifice, good primrose path. May we forgo the while tricked with the Erotes in my thrall. Hunh!

~ Nicki Minaj:
And my throat
unshaped,
let it stand, rather.
The air can prick.
Fire my rime, Lyre
and my superfices thus
addressed.

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Good Nicki! Note well! Tis agreed but upon the hymeneal. Does this heritage accord...? Tis to be affianced... ~ Nicki Minaj:
Irked, I may slake you
in sadness apace,
and breathe servile
as fools nature.
My easement is choked
aflame, Lyre.
I'm yoked upon...

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: O Heavens! Thus aspersed! Writhen? What sordor...

~ Nicki Minaj: ...and my nether region freighted. How great a part? Swinge my still small voices, ringing through, Bard. That is life! Would you close the tap of the cask?

~ Faeo Lyre Clive:
And you hit the mark.
Hold fast!
You huntress.
For you and yours, I have none feline.
Take wings with you from here, you canine and sublunary.
Sally forth and begone woeful, you succubare.
Look out!
Now you would call again, a outrance.

~ Nicki Minaj:
Ow! Lyre?
I'm but your slave.
Like this, like that;
it's for two, they say!
Did they tease you?
Drive the nail into...

~ Faeo Lyre Clive: Oh woe!

I have sinned.
God damn it!
With whom?
To who is it a benefit?
Hunh? I forbid!
On whose side are you?
Beware of the water!
Blot out!

~ Nicki Minaj: Vale! Be well! Be strong...

[call held abruptly]