

Poetry Series

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

- 120 poems -

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Faeo 'Lyre' Clive (16th August 1989)

Literature is a precious truth, upon a revelation of the untold tongue of grammar, that the 555 is wont to utter. It is the hard his science works, that overmaster any unconvincing politics. But flatter it that I Faeo 'Lyre' Clive, ___ a kinsman of Olaudah Equiano, a.k.a. Gustavus Vassa, is about that which becomes the literary; blithe would I breathe to note.

In love, about health, for the buyers, I deposit until the literary store but not the prize for I know not the calling. I forgave the blood circulate and thus the 777 breathe on him; that is the Literary and in me as it runs but in my penitence; as for the 777 as in Poesy mine. I bought the poetic clock but that he conquered my breast. It is what I labour to cultivate in a bountiful fruition; to show thus in might until that I dream, and until the soul my last merchandise.

Would you count my fingers? At the leopard family, came I; if added, let's divide. I digest my peace in sadness until forgive no red; 'tis my ire, a salt, unto my foaming mirth. Lots shall not become me, when they shall, I will not. Thus stoical until fed, I shall lose over my charge. I may so moral still but heartedly green yet. This hand poetic, is the heaviest of me, though in breakeges. Alas! The Literary prey on my thinker. Introvert aimed I shakespearean; a catholic, devout; teetotal; non-smoking and despite a bachelor, spends no rest awhile.

Stirred to forgo the proud, I lag behind none affaire but to grace the grass. I am not starry but sunny in my model. Subsequently, until a nom de plume, for a properer noun, variously marked made I as Mcfal, Mcfaleo Clive and Faeo Clive; until eventually laid for Faeo 'Lyre' Clive ___ labels, mine, as I take home but erect until my family. I quote 'Lyre' for I rob lyrics to pay lyric; should I apologise as to erring? Not! the giver, nature, should, for he gives but I lack.

'Figures play the whole role, poetic, in digesting a coat of arms. But whereas mine called hence until the controversial, I lay thence the description of my constitution as follows:

The Swan is a mark and an embodiment of a poetic harmony.

The White Falcon depicts one who does not rest until his/her objective is achieved.

The Big Lyre is literally the poet's pseudonym, as a poet and music freak. The term 'lyrics' originated and was derived from lyre; but according to the symbolic interpretation of coats of arms, the Lyre means contemplation and

tempered judgement, all of which the poet is comported until.

The Folded Scroll or Closed Book means a Counsel or an untold message. It also portrays disguise. This could be understood by/as the unclear, figurative and complex context of the poet's works. Reference to his quote, 'I am a message to you.' Faeo's locution is unknown until any lexicon but figures. Reference to his quote, 'I shall use no word...' Faeo, therefore, has set up a web-page, also managed and frequently brought to date by him, for the purpose of breaking in details, his seeming complex words. The page (titled and google-searched as Words of Faeo Lyre Clive) also serve as a bucket of his quotes and phrases as used in his poetry.

The Scepter is an emblem of Justice, which could be referred to as the Lyre which denotes a tempered judgement and as stated by the motto below. Faeo Lyre Clive quotes justly and sought to be marked thus. It can be viewed in relation to some of his works especially until the tender gender, the women; the agonizing and the sorrowed neighbours. Refer to his works, For A Woman, Woman's Worth, At The Behest Of The Feminine; and other works of his, that made afrowise, thereat connoting racism and discrimination.

The Leopard is Faeo's best animal, despite being a Leo (Lion) of the Zodiac. The Leopard signifies a valiant and hardy warrior who enterprises hazardous things by force or courage. Compare this imagery to the Falcon's persistence and desperation. The Leopard is undoubtedly the meekest among the other animals of cat family; it thus portray humility. Remember, Faeo is an introvert who enjoys body-building.

The Bay Leaves also indicate a poet and victorious Laurel, as Faeo has himself obtained.

The Motto of the constitution is Justice and Sacrifice. The term 'sacrifice' was proudly expiated by the poet, with the poem captioned 'This Ground My Grave,' which means the way I would like to die. Another, is his work popularly known as 'Bless God's Hand' which means take care of God's creations.'

Post-penultimately, I breathe my literature until the honour of the Bard of Avon ___ my ghost-writer; Gustavus Vassa ___ my native hand; my hearth and neighbours, that thereat all I gave wholly to; then of all grace until the Almighty but the Demi-urge ___ the 777.

In that I do not take fooled, betrayed, but a fool taken; playing 'round nature and or playing my editor, measure me no unaware; you are but taking my back. Those are blinks until the sightless; for when a breast holds on a tongue foul, it equals his crack. So kiss me until that my tongue root, deliver me now you are free, for I lay on your neighbouring, and let our nibs essay alike until our inks scribe in either.

Works:

My Juvenilla

A Text From Our First Home

Fetch'd unquiet, watchful,
Adam and in a small small voice
ask for a repose of shade.

Melancholic, bearing grudges
after the mankind, aye! he is
the miscreant, but
did admit and sought but
retired hence. It is
his ire madding, the character
of all, over him. Adam query
everybody in either, of their going,
mortally ahigh for a semblable.

Call him unfortunate; forerun
the trail, he paced careless and
lost over the charge
to a primrose path, when
he governed the halcyon hearth
of Eden, but puts it to all,
to overmaster their time, before
him. Adam says that
we are bestrode upon alike, but
fast not as he did. We broke
out farther and account him
yet. He ask us to examine
of a tongue, the epoch
of breathing him and feel us
not intil inwardness but
his siren call ___ the ill-harm
that immured immemorial
his balm, intil the ageless.

Ghosted forth masked or
sallied forth, he rest on
our care. Adam or not, call it
his maelstrom, he essayed
for the neighbours to dare.

Counting priviledges, who is
priviledged less? Adam arose
that he had no lesson with his sway
intil office but new, when all
was raw. When the celestial
was cerulean. When there is
the green snake in a serpentine
verdure, for his proprietary; but
when the air of space
was liquid and the roof of the sky
idyll, was verdant. When man
bore over all sinew and held
thoughts from his secret,

that would welcome his choosing.

'Results, alas, had not so, if
we were worlded sole, ' made him.
This imperishable power of
a woman is ageold, that ceased
yet proudly. He was stood upon,
unknowing. He took that he made
fell, the affection meeting men
from the ultramundane
and wrought sub specie aeternitatis,
the oath of bounty; but thinks
fair from men that held
the Redeemer intil rend their yoke
and cleansed their obscurity ____
the slough of despond.

'Men affair less intil this length.
They are sinewed, that nature
gave; therefore, there is not
their making, in that erring is
intil inevitability. They dare no
art of touch nor gird up, but
all, make personal and observe but
the echo. All are from the natural
care, ' he said, 'upon my fall.'

'They foam upon my salting but
are stood thereupon the resurrection
to deliver the manhood. It is
their languor and report, their prayer
and dream; but who is killing who,
measuring grudges? ' he added.

This is not my love at waste but
gesture intil my guard, O men,
for the cloud is black,
angry and baleful; and let
a fairly ventilation regain you.
Would you lose again but that
you did not know? There is
a sword of damocles brandishing.
'Halt! Halt! ' he cried. The mantle
is to you. Journ you in health.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Aargh!

Bruised.

Bones ill-touched
and dreams
ill-played to puzzles.
Stoical in the spirits, chilled;
in their hopeless hungers.
Faithful in their endless hopes and
bleeding out of rescue.

Victimized,
thus.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Adieu! Pat. Ubaka Okoba

No tribute is blind but may in a way, mad.
But if there is one, tribute, so it had
Been. The greatest lettering of sadness
That produces a hand neighbouring, shall else
Be taken with a mark of a wreath as come.

Here comes a tribute's use until a foul if
A neighbour shall come making by but brief,
But within his seeing, took conscious of
A sepulchral corner and for him enough,
Until another moving, he made adjustment

Until the gathering, close. Any thinker alive
Shall with either conscience or a touch, strive
To count him. It is on the desk, a bid,
To sort. And thereupon, he passed, as he did
Nothing but good of the dead, with remarks

Of the lost. What shall of this affection
That come with the elegiac comment hereupon
To decide a loss? If you know not the loss,
Have you lost? He may lost but his discourse
Shall laid of a touch. So come be counted,

My show of sorrow until a death I know
Not, but my tribute is in no form, low,
A fantasy if the interruption supreme
And greatest enemy human, in the mask and beam,
Inevitable, is no illusion thence.

I am marking with a red ink, a hand
That moulded me to scribe. I do thus stand,
Making a tribute of a nobody. One
Has the say, aye! but this hand that has won
But the art of this exercise for me.

_____ until a scription of what I may later feel,
I know not the course that this cause will heal
To have been writting down what Socrates told
His accusers. So comes i just with my cold
Blunt nib. With my apostrophe, I am not

Anybody until Mr Okoba that I can lay until
Him but perhaps I deposit, in my will,
Thus unto our second meeting to part no
More, in the supreme posterity although
I now drag with a loss ___ this thing called death.

This is not finished, my tribute but loose
Until abandoned. My awareness that made to bruise
This piece until interruption is not, but did
Ignore him. Yet, Papa! Had we of one seed,

A family I have not, then my tribute

Shall be accustomed affectionately;
But not, I have written one so courtly
Else, as neighbouring. My hand, thus, is not
Native; and have nobody made until this thought
Of love and passion, abroad. Aye! Nobody has

A tribute as I may not. But are we
In blood, one, as I did feel in this? Be
It holy or good it come, that thursday eve,
Papa, our first and last, that you bade the leave,
I accustomed it familiar and one,

Fortunately intended. My breast quakes
Not but strong in the faith to quote, it wakes
That your choosing is a fate of purpose
As the necessary end breathe to repose,
Our account. Adieu! Patrick Ubaka Okoba.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Adieu! Patrick Chizoba Omabu

If the world can turn round, and we won't go with him, a reverse, then shall go. During my younger years in the Coal City, I used to read and enjoy articles of high labels and packages ___ in terms of their bearing and authoring; publications of class and standard. The labels enlist the then Africana Fep Publishers, Heinemann Publishers, Macmillian Publishers and the Longman's; even though I had a few of the Tabansi Press and Elites Publication collections. This is the set of distribution that grew and nursed my knowledge; but I can remember not being able to trace my further liking for the Africana's. As fortunately as rounding up my high school, before the late years of the first decade of this twenty-first century; an employment gave me a wake-up from a sleeping fortune. It was spiritual, to draw me out of Nike. Was I so sought or pulled by destiny? Could it be a grace of the rare toss of luck? Nothing clear would claim the comprehension for me but I believed in my prescience, shakeless and in no way, thought else. So took I its following. It was one Mrs Nwosu that initiated my discovery; though man, yet, is the class-first tool and medium of the providential workshop. She and my mother alone, were the next to the almighty, to know to my employment, but first. I wont lay hereupon, how it was carved out.

When the time has it, for my fortunate office, I met again with the husband of Mrs Nwosu, who gave me the thorough breakthrough. Not much shall be said hence, about him and in my post-penultimate discovery as I call it; but I shall never give a shake to my pride, of my knowledge of him. So came I to meet with the dynamism to serve under the constitution of then Patrick Chizoba Omabu, a.k.a. Africana, a figure less-popular than his name. I didn't know what named him 'Africana, ' in that he depicted american. I am not laying any juxtaposition of class between the highlighted races but it's my

observance of the western culture in
comparison to ours, african. Sir P. C.
Omabu has a soft mien and composition
as mellowed, I believe, by time and place.
I undertook highly within, to enjoy
his mastery over me, so did he employ
me at my first and thus came the
book of days publish Sir P. C. and I;
but today, no longer sharing this breath
with me, the inevitable mask, so did
receive him forth from all seeing.

I saw one demonstration which said
'Chizoba lives on, ' it didn't move my
interjection; I saw another as '...a
good man, a great man, ' and I
didn't move yet, against the feeling.
Alas! What caught me moody was that
none, eyes, brewed any drop of rheum
even at the sepulchre; mine, too, did
not. Though I haven't demanded any
why and wherefore. The character
general and uniform may be brilliant
and right, in that the demise of Sir
P. C. Omabu came in front of my groping
intelligence. It was Sir P. C. that gave
me an ambitious ladder. He set a
convincing example and supported the
easement of any challant and focused
mind. He would welcome; his
relationship shunned no class but the
better friends as enemies. I saw less
of him for he spent no rest awhile,
but has felt and heard high, of
this icon that ever happened to my
publication, heavy to scribe; it's my
jealousy. In our few contacts, he
have come to my rescue and support,
especially when all I held under,
shaked. I forcefully wrote about
him, regardless of the great compilation of
tributes received in his name, that froze
the flow of my ink that must write a thing;
in that I believed that any account
on his behalf has paid him respects.

He would live on, for his touch remain
fresh-green and high in our acquaintance.
He would always look and smile at
my countenance, even during his days
on sick-bed; yet defiant to live
as dies. The very day that our

relationship marked the hearth of history was the fortunate day I sat him private. He was so attentive and always to learn. He asked why I 'face-lock still' and yet claimed that I aimed great. This travelled down my spine and nerves but I pretended at the metaphor, for I am the kind that will react to praises, but he went on advising me on building better. He was so eloquent that his locution and diction charmed my heart. His calmness commands audience, as golden as silence, soft; Sir P. C. does purchase at his whole, rich. He doesn't talk but expect on. He doesn't call for any jealousy but aware of his becoming, in confidence, and knows that the rich are held of the sought-after. I believe all I have ever gained the privilege to hear from him. He shall live on, whether dead or alive.

His feelings attract no violence of any degree. He fired the recreant and breathed life for the ordinary men; he shall live on. He called for no public but aimed at building in personal. Patrick Chizoba Omabu was no mere fighter of inhumanity but a builder of christianity and human resources. He lived it and lives on. He didn't leave any stone unturned. His delivery to mankind shuttled between eighty-nine and ninety-two per cent accomplishment. I am jealous but took note. Thus shall not curse the course but the cause. He shall live on as he sleep now with his fathers.

Writing him is not a mystery but my inability to write a thing from much. It is the knowing not which to tell or bring up, because high regards have been given. But my strength, still, is that there are innumerable ways to a point, likewise every's tribute to Sir P. C. Omabu. They wrote according to their affection. His hand is high upon my front, I shall rather digest sorrowing in quiet than flattering my sightless pains; he lives on. If

dying is what God told nature, I shall
nothing jealous but submit and resign
until the Almighty. In my wordlessness,
elergic, God knows well, how I in particular
shall miss you, Patrick; adieu Chizoba
Omabu! May God repose you merry.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Adieu! Patrick Ubaka Okoba

'Patrick, Sir! It is not my comfortable grudge that the black carmel that did kneel at the gate of all, saw you now going in the way of all flesh. I made gladen thus that you did take it up with nothing deserving. Did he cure your sick-bed thus? Sorely, I beat my chest in might that nothing died; it is that heavy your life made, that came over Earth that received you forth from all security. Something, alas! sorrows. I am used in an opinion that loss is not in all-lost and all lost whence the means is an acquaintance acquired; therefore let not the acquisitive from this bound for there's nothing lost intil but irreplaceable. Whom the gods love has gone but I am strong that he died not at the will of anybody. Nothing, I know, becomes you as departing life but I am no weak in belief that it wasn't your defeat as the neighbours outdoor, has a perspective.

The providence so intended for you, from that you asked. I am with this writting and seek it note that My friend, I did know not that I will know, bade farewell without my knowledge of it. Who can tell yet how we had met or gone, whereof I was pierced in my way, greatest, as a nobody to to bear your departure? Though you brought me to grace your last of breath but I regret yet, our future thence I knew not I was meeting your last. God is

omniscient! If you have a son in me, time is yet to tick, for I am innocent of my oath of affection with you. It is a strangeness to me to go this mad vantage with your sense. I have no last-name of my own; so I may yet be labelled 'Okoba' for what did take place amid us. The pride is to me, personal, but not is a stain in our gene. It is what God told nature. In my making, I shall lean up to quote our union unmet, that did thus put my spirit to torch. Were we better friends as enemies, in that our familiarity bred this contempt, for I met but your last hour, when the clock lacked time to tick?

Return if possible,
O Ubaka! of your troubles with fate as in the seeing of any, outside. Shall we sorrow for the enemies to prey on? Your labour is not lost, O daddy! but you did pave the way intil your last merchandise, with your laying to allow the greenest and the freshest scope of a ventilation, fairly. Time is omniscient! Why wont the unknown enemies, as gestured, perish, as made my Love, Tonia, fatherless, with the earthly and the mortal possession? Of the entire house-hold, with love, I do regret, though the big loss of our beloved husband, father, brother, uncle and great mentor and friend, Mr Patrick Ubaka Okoba; may you again but not intil thus, if can. Journ you in health intil pre-ordained."

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

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.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Alas!

⁯ Alive,
albeit
one may plumb
to my another.

Who am I?
An animal? A plant?
Both,
from the graces of the demi-urge;
hence
I am one.

Oh!
a fashion of my nature
stood aloof
and too shy to behold
any unfavourable temperature
yet in a wanderlust
to reaching out a neighbourhood.

Like a pseudopodia
personified;
a Mimosa Pudica, too.
Dont let!
Your lifeless hand.
In this fashion,
wore to my days of nature.
Whom
an unfriendly shaft of wind
or light
would betake to a rime,
just a kiss, softly
that not a touch
native to my balm.

An antenna would rather report
Like a pudica can do,
intil a fencing of my bower.
Yet like a stoic
pierced in simplicity;
I sacrifice
friending to all weather
knowing fully well
that all are natural
and nature, owed graces.

Thus
any unfriendly touch
folds me to the cage.
⁯ breathes life and had
intil the Earth swallowed
_this unnatural sleep;

upon my farewell compliment.

Mark me!
Intil my hour, tick
must no hand
of the dial;
be Janus's, Maia's, Julius's,
Augustus's or Christlike's calendar,
myself must carved;
for these conquerors past
in the ecstacies of their ends
marketed in the advantages
of their breathing-time
casting upon us and beyond
intil hence, stood
without a voice for it.
Come what sorrow can,
this wise had mine
upon no patience, staying;
sweeping my way,
this albeit in my meed.
Hence
of my Clock,
this piece of arc
to wait upon
the vessels of mine
I carved and put from me.
_whereat reposed
these gone of me,
to tick to that hollow-ground
of my heart
_of nothing first create.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

And Life Sicken to Endure

This anatomy bear us in hand. It
Shines intil treasure and makes me be
And live a thing that is none. Take
A good look at how beauteous, but
One day shall certain, quote me ugly.
It scares me apart and shuns me in

A company, when I can have no
Fear, for the stay of many. I shall
Comfortable, go gently among the
Throng than the solitary closet of none.
Had earth so healthy whence each man
From other's heat, death had not so, if

We singly worlded. There is this
Chain 'round earth that ease lives to hold
Of hereon. The fear of dying makes
None recreant but the pains to
Lay the grave and the greed to live.
For all this same, and I met but

Today and hour, breathed intil last, I
Shall loose-limbed, slippery intil the heels,
Answer as if I have wished; for
Nature allows no excuse intil my
Sinew. Chance, yet, is a tool of the
Kismet, intil this quittance. As I

Shall bedded, I would wake spectral,
A me, intil that I slumberest
Lay. If I may stirred, thereupon shall
I take a coverage, whole, mine,
As pregnant of my digestion;
Then I can descry that I had

But has from a raw me, unseen.
Upon admission of my passage,
The making intil dregs, I may not
Of mind, about my security or
His thereafter ___ my bringing home, where
Art earth shall inhume. Said tributes,

I shall ghost intil a wandering.
Perhaps, I may look back intil his
Sight or busy intil my grave offences.
Upon the licence of pace and airy
Motion, I shall take the warrant
Intil pleasure and meet my lady-love;

As carving for myself and intil
The climatures ever shorn of. I
Shall on wings, sensible intil clocking

As if I cherish the shade, dare
My unhad. I shall to forerun
My unmet death, essay. But this rocky

Fire until my breast shall I make until
_____ where in love, the miss I shall miss.
My family and neighbours all, be
No out with me, in that this is
No will mine but my moving until
This day, albeit unfriendly thoughts

Of mine that would or not welcome
My moving as until own choosing;
If my life sicken to endure.
This may else, from my dying place,
In that I am hereupon sickest.
Shall I so depart and leave any

Work undelivered and until the airy
Dissemination? I shall send all
Until attention. Until aider-liefest,
Shall I sting with my death and cold
Visitant. Watching her, I shall by
All might, safe her from the news, yet

Lay a hand on her breast and front,
To lack me. I shall not move in
Her eye or air a no native
Cry until her hearing; yet I shall
Fire no blank to ring her idleness
Until a sepulchral closet of my

Absence and would not save the thorns
Portentous. This watching shall keep
Too, her sleeps and from nightmares. I
Shall indrawn, depart but post haste,
Whenever I smell her, wont of me.
Until my mother, I shall manage time

To make strong, her melting sex,
Before the news. Of all loves, by
The last of advantage and the
Immortal, shall I employ until
The last, the solace until her sinew.
Thence, leave, to escape earliest, the

Envy of parenting and a single
Stare, each each or twice each, until my
Brothers. I shall take time, back until my
Hearth, if I died afield. I shall take
My calendar. I may pick not
The words borne lively but I can

Make through the lettering; let blur!
But those are records alive and green.
Intil my poesy shall I not sleep upon
But upon her reach at the breathing
Time, think. My signings intil the webs
I shall log out and clear but all

Cookies; I may use somebody. Thereupon
Shall I awhile in my room, if I
Shall watch my photos or essay to touch
Other decorations, it shall mine, no
Pastime, for there art a soul intil
My love and care intil the vainly.

I shall spend but that day alone and
Not intil the gloom, then I shall leave.
And my walk, I shall course intil the
Bucolic, my native vista, no
Extravagant but by my common
Bound. My room shall lodge me after each

Wayfare. I may at any time, open
My book of days, read the charactery
Of my time and embrace harder,
My short-lived story. Any day, any new,
I shall forth intil all my used. More
And much shall my companion intil

Them, intil by immortal, worn by
Their heat and dispersed in their grudges.
Hereon, shall I make intil my room,
The last lodging. Methink I shall
Thereupon, lay a bio, mine, digested
Intil heavy, a literary scription,

Figured intil no rhythm, but infused
Lachrymal. It shall all pity of
Me to tell the grave, my ground but
Shall let my followers make on. One
Big grace shall I do this tribute,
___ I shall dropp no rheum sorrowful,

But not that they will not well, brew.
But that death is one common thing
Unhappy as 'tis, it takes time not
To take the things of value, unlike
'tis; intil thus do they quail at him.
But shall I, when Jesus gave us an

Adamantine dependence and
The resurrection of life; thus,

The power beyond grave. For all over,
I shall in fine, lay back my front
Up, until withdrawal, submitting,
As God may repose me but today.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Annual as daily

Nature, too, is to friend, if
the seasons of the calendar would
break into the days alike;
deciding each, a diameter
of the clock as the cardinal
points of the diurnal compass.

They transform, all,
until the domestic, working alike.
Stood thus upon, until the day,
they decide each, a radius
of the daily round.

The Winter possess the earliest
six dials of the day; injecting
coldest, alike. The following
Six wake the Sun,
for the Spring, as warm as
the verdant climate until
discover the Noon by the twelfth
hour per twenty-four; and
the day break, horizontally
diametrical, from the Sun.

The Summer took the next Six
penultimate, at the day
and set forth, warmest, until
submit autumnal until the last,
colder,
as feels the hue of the verdure.
Thus
acquaint the day, the four seasons.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Apoet Bangla and In Humaneness

Cast yourself in no wonder for I know you
in your personal_ in a general honest thought,
for the base matter to illuminate.
You sat high in our hearts, to unyoke
the bonds and expire the servile terms.
Never lacks the power to dismiss the worldly bars;
to cancel captivities.

This lowliness is an ambitious ladder; hidden
in your affability. I know you would not harm us
but bore fire enough to stir men's blood,
to make sick men, whole,
to kindle the recreants and fire the blood
of ordinary men; as fellow subtle masters.
This graces men stomach to digest their portion
with better appetite.

You would stand very strong in your gravity
until your silver hairs, far and away.
_ as fair a name, armed so strong in honesty;
that looks quite through the deeds of men.
The eyes see not itself but by reflection
by some other things, thus your hidden worthiness
into your eyes; albeit beauty they said
is in the eyes of the beholder.

Be not out with me nor construe any further
my neglect, for you are bettered
□ in this trade, older in practice, in respect of
my short experienced time.
You bore too soft and too near a hand
upon the state of man, of the best respect,
in conceptions only proper to men.
The inhumane instruments never looked but
on your back; when they shall see your face,
they are vanished.

Well took_ your passions and worthy cogitations. Homely
in your drift, in several hand, clean
from the purpose_ your answers that grudge
no contribution to such high things, until our hopes
are answered, answering at times before we do
demand of them, would modestly discover; thus
we would answer on your charge.

A man of any occupation_ what a blunt fellow?
Suck every ink, Sir! And manage with us,
for you are marked to graces for the genius
and mortal instrument, Pranab K. Chakraborty!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Army of teeth

The Incisors quake not at any,
betaking the portal. Amongst the oral
defence, they stood out valiant.
It is not their ambition to overthrow
the rest but call it their toil.

The Canine ___ the sentinel, bestrode
this wondrous valour but cannot well
essay afore. Keen, they rend but
the slippery until the Molar-family.

The Molar-family serried to watch
back and took the back of the frontiers
upon. They would stand upon,
manage all cases cast from the frontline
to succeed the front.

The Incisors are eager in this army,
fast. They loose-limbed, hold
the ambrosias that cleave to the
molars's; but it's the molars's,
mighty, to secure loose attacks,
lest all be bowed until a Waterloo.

They would not plot a coup
against each other, in that their
mantle accorded an order of labour,
parted, but burning still as one.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

As For Lugard

⁯ As if I would recount hereafter,
Nigeria is a virgin in labour.
Aye! A bi-vessel
channelled nethermost
at a meet to diverge numerously
extravagant. Stood then upon
by her sinew, kept by parading
dignitaries, astride; all
on a verdant carpet for a ground.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Ash-black

A holey-head'd x-went femora, the theme
Wrote, but my pointer and counter made intil
His oral niveous d'fence's brandishin' beam.
For there shall no stain in abstinence, will
Many me meet stainless but that he did not
Meet them? Who gives gestures to my guard forth?

Thus, intil the skull and crossbones, go I eyes
Deep, in that a cross is christian. Further,
But more, let him intil the graves; in this wise
Intil sepulchral, written on my front other.
This style else, another crucifix; the us'd
Made the cross under but hence intil atwarth introduc'd.

To me, I made intil a skull and crossbones.
How shall my science else, well to have that
I am this ash-black 'gainst me. This skull owns
My front; my breath, the crossbones either part,
Quote mortal; this ash-cross. This ash-bones all
From the dusty earth intil ash'd. There is the fall

But a bless'd stain; a black blessin'. This cross
To make pure, the dusty ash. This cross to fare
Well my dusty flesh, earth-ash'd. This cross shall thus
Crucify dusty intil ashes away; intil the thin air.
A cross of ashes shall fragile in either,
To break back into me as karmaic. Neither

Intil fragility falls fragility nor come,
Every off-shoot. Thus shall submittin' ash-back
Intil earth-dust, ash-black, ash-white intil the form,
The earth-dust ash. Thence shall earth intil the crack
Art come; thus has earth sunk into himself. May
It be; God told nature, this Wednesday.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Asked Africa

⁯ How intil hence, oh sons! Your
divulging rich cranks are read
to a larger in pride; still-flagging.
Full much of your native nature,
blithe. Gladdens in this large
is a typical mother. A hearth
else shall so peacock-livered.

For all the same but saying
o'er, my hit pointed hence
upon the height of your voice
in proud. But be it spoken,
Beloved! Give not so much
sway your tongue. So, do me
no bepainted beyond bound

upon the ecstasies of your
looks, back. Make not e'en
fantasies of our fashion thus.
Breathe from a tongue and
tell upon the straight I be;
in that, we. I be no flaming
and blazing but sure upon

the beginning, natural create.
Oh! Your diction be over my
paeon in pride which I used
not. New abroach, tell me
verdant not a sunny flattering
shine. I am black and black
and waxes; much in years,

a time from the mind too too
intil my fruitions, sinewed.
Tell me from fieldy, growing
and cultivating. So be no
mansion-made. This be me
at point exactly in nature, sons!
Reason in cold and sum up sum
⁯
my meaning in good to rather
make in mutiny. Let us see
for means, flattering truth of
my pleasant sleep, calculating.
Intil thy green and crescent
affection, commend my kisses
but judge sadly my affections.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

At the Behest of the Feminine

⁯ Good thou! Our time does call upon this;
this time does crave us jointly. Be advised!

Let the genders, even, in either;
hereupon, modestly discover,
the much unsinewed falls first
and the care-less, first sully.
Not this single contributions
or better in either, any?
Owing to a particular favour.
One by another, acquaints a team
and that is the banner.
Make whole yourselves, brim-full, for
one mind overmasters a sinew apart.
Who equalled more than own self?
But measure the bloody distance.

Charity from home, parted
either part; against the use. I cry for mercy!
No different meeting, all birthed loose-limbed;
no sexes. This stock is still slaved;
the foot-licker, given the serving creature
but spent
to fight 'gainst her captivity.
_ a common bond untold;
but something wicked this way comes.

Forget before God, before men forgive;
forgive men before God, before forget.
Sprinkle thus but a little freedom
for this kind to wave flags.
Let the unlooked-for come well
for the unlearnt is bigger; the greatest
⁯ is behind.

Let the masculine go not up and out
upon his power, rendering none but malice;
for the tender gender may down and in.
How say you then by making question
of her uttermost? It is 'pile Pelion on Ossa_
a watchful office_ the period night is on heat;
upon her, rest yourself content.
Muteness moment up_ when the day shouts.

Giving gestures, lap her melting manner
in guard and chew to chest,
the class-first complex and
the not-affected wise. Read her
by her form and minister her occasions
to comfort her with chance.

An oath of affection, sworn with blood

made but mid a child and a woman
or a semblable; to entreat time alone.
'tis affairs afar, their comfortable grudges
from the confident guilts and gently going
but partly this adversity's sweet milk.

Most of our manhood did thus abuse,
in this impossible passages of grossness.
The more to blame you for your constancy
would soon leave you unattended.
What might one think
that no woman has_ their speeches shine,
grace and good disposition, pregnant
⁯ and vouchsafed; she did affect you,
fond as much on you but nothing allied
to your disorders.
All men and hearts alive, none of woman
born could have borne any she this fell.

It suffered under probation even now
but now, to ungrid your strangeness,
to want the natural touch; this
very midsummer madness, pass upon one
of your complexion, a very you
that strangles her propriety_ most venerable
worth, not meaning to partake
in her master's spite but eat her meal in fear
with rancours in the vessel of her peace.
Is this your envy's reach? Your deeds
upon your charge; you are so stayed.

Though yours, not yours. Rather ask
the Demi-urge, she will no more of you
from denying her impositions; but
that were hard to compass.
Would the Demi-urge sort all! ⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Augury

⁯ Alice in wonderland!

Softly and closely
in a hobson's choice,
an Incubus
_a tune of the time,
put upon my hearth.
Soulless and fierce
at every particular
to shuffling off my redoubt
and rending my line, far too.
That we must not keep short or
stay upon any patience
nor voice and terms
in a forced push.
We must cross
and take up the gauntlet,
Wasn't ours preordained,
the Demi-urge may ignore?

He alighted all pickers and stealers.
Keen and brandishing,
hellbent in the working
intil our waterloo.

On descent,
this Terror
of the neighbourhood
shared intil our rooms
and the arch-beast betook our center,
thus
all stood us upon;
parading they set,
hunting our life-blood
and drawing on more.
Albeit
with a shroud they overwhelmed
but all on duty-post
casting beyond our front,
hence
took us in accord
with each' sinew
carring them through and through
to carrying it ⁯ away.

Oh!
Our balance was rung through
all, fought to it.
Albeit hoist with
having an eye
of my brotherhood
in false fires,

hurt and weakling.
Mother couldn't leave an inch
but whereat stood a size of the mantle, taking care
of the most leviathan
of the monsters,
helpful but unpardoned
praying to our best lucks.

Alas!
Intil this horses for courses
I stood mine
but would at ratios of time
loose defence intil the ankle
combing an eye of a god
out of machine.

In fine,
Hereupon sundered
our halcyon harmony,
this piccadilly circus
to a Mary Celeste.
Oh! I wept
to beholding my line worn.
All fought asunder including the wounded brothers.
Yet we owe not a retreat
nor a surrender
but so sisyphian,
e'en our pyrrhic victory
whereas we owe,
and responsive
to our bower and balm.
Any canker may spray
thus
we must instruct it
of us
but none at ease.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Bachelor's Beat

⁯ To overmaster the age's yoke,
in all that hold this place;
until expire the term.

To withhold the state's press;
bear it with patience
as fair a name be sounded,
well to friend
and carry it through and through.

Armed so strong in honesty;
that lowliness is young ambitious ladder,
but to set honey in one eye and venom
in the other.

The primrose path, unbowed alike,
and the siren song, more rich;
thus, to hold the mind, but in blood.

What is a gentleman's grudge
that groans and sweats stoical
in a general honest thought?

This musing and sighing
hidden in his smiles and affability,
which he did give himself
in the name of the hood-keeping.

Where is the answer to his guilts?
Borrowed but to balance the scale,
to tamper justice with mercy;
making his peace.

Mercy, although, is digesting the venom
of his spleen; that takes a total sacrifice
and a forced fairness
to heighten to humaneness.

Doing himself offence as in a protégé
to satiate all;
the cries of his plea that pain
only to injure none.

⁯
The case to put on his face to brace
his pace; all with good grace
in a servile fearfulness
at how the people took the state
of things.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Barbing

Upon a sore injunction, this I can but
Your patience; with my tool in zest. Comfort,
Mine, is here; my hands redder than the tongue.
My obedient steel! If added, let's divide nor
Make questions of my uttermost. Your tongue,
My clipper cut, thus a fine define or
The semi, without smells 'it's hot, halt the halt

'You bore too stubborn and too strange a hand
With satisfaction, none nor a demand
For a size. But dismount your tuck, produce forth
The locus to have my ability, lean and low.
Hold little faith, tongue-charmed; live but wrought
Weakest to the wall. I would freight you aglow,
Tickle your other gates, meant not engage and

Unto your wreath, worn or transported. Then would you
Fetch the mad bounds and give ground as ran through
Ungrid your strangeness, make for your wits and widen
The path, my coigne of vantage __ the odd angle
Flinging intil period, satisfaction sicken.
Much bound, baked with frost, then would you mingle
In faith by my hands for you cannot, too,

Hold them. Joy lodged on heat, nor own, upon it,
A profit. Then I'll no more you; rather, bid
The base. This is but no coma nor reverie,
Lullabies to your nights nor well, orgasmic.
God save the mark! But in likes. A degree
Shall stir up; secured your repose, no sick
Offences as wants show of watch in a fleet

Of surrender. As though, I shall aid alerts.
Opt to lay hand on heart from other stolen hearts.
Stands you where you did? Intil your tedious
Leave. Straightaway, at a liberty. Pay your score
Nor praise my pains most sought voluptuous
But no vainglorious; rather, draw on more,
More to the maidenheads, parted either parts.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Best of the Youngest

Coaxed
for the last.
Carving for myself
upon a redoubt, adamantine;
that sweeps my way.
Idle and lucky,
careless_e'en the Devil may care.
Shrouded to the mildest repose
and assured to my epoch, making.
Free
from unfriendly temperatures and pressures
thus
my shoulders from loads.
Left
to the softest calls
and the easiest targets.
That I stood no opposite, vying
nor a gauntlet to taking up.
Thus
overwhelmed
in a falstaffian shadow
in no vision of my prim-rose path;
that siren-songs possessed me
_unpregnant of a naked end.

Upon a portentous pinch
open to wake from it,
I felt borne in hand.
Someday might make to my man alone,
where'd neither my lovers
nor predecessors
cross my mantle.
Would my epoch last young?
Can the least until a great showing?
Though breath is with me,
fresh;
relaxed and candied to ambrosias.
In fine,
I am out of this.
I'm out of this soul,
this soul of a last-born.
Let an elder know me,
let me upon the sway;
E'en if this vigour, ageless.
Because life knew none_young.
He's mercurial
⁯ and at puckishness, like a chameleon.
He might someday, wake from me;
disarm me and wend unto afar
watch my ecstasy
and laugh me to a fool of nature.
Thus

I shall clad stand-to
for any fight, unbidden
and those_pre-ordained;
e'en if not,
no child is free from a manhood
and no man from the extreme measures
and no apex
innocent from spelling
the victor and the vanquished.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Black or Brown

Arrayed ebony and chocolate, rich.
Resplendent, breathes life on me.
Would a gossamer as may be
Any cataract's, wear or leach
You off? Or any breath of air
Blow off this savour? A shaft
Of the chlorophyll even, to bare
And transplant this native craft
And bucolic coat gilded?
Intil the demi-urge uplifted,

Does I grace for lighting my
Hearth steadfast. So when I rest
Under sod, let my line at best,
Keep adamantine. Hence, die
Him black or brown, the flower of
My weeds, all my care is this ____
He bathed me aglow intil enough,
To burn ageless and in his
Wellspring. Would nature unborne
In hand, thence the vesture upon

Would enshroud this pride. Lest an
Unbidden plastic surgery
Be taken for whatever tracery
On me, the surgeons as can
Any fear, shuns I. Hence, once lost,
Not regained ____ this virginity.
No medical intil any trust
Do I want in this dignity.
I am no ill for one;
This complex has all I won.

How do I dream any counsel
Intil my defence and what fight
Come after race? It makes no right
____ seek a nurse to pet my cell
And this hue gallant; or even
A teacher to instruct thus
On colours. Not would be driven
Intil a preacher, who tells us
To go one and convince it
____ my shade scarce. Let me thus lit.

Not a banker would I then
To finance my extravagant
Riches; not the technicians learnt
But in vain for a frame, when
In health. Any painter would scrawl
Upon this pulchritude. Who would
Well, post-haste, that would not crawl
To the proof? I do as stood,

Need in pride. That lovelorn paint
Uncommon? No! They made faint

And perfidious as I read
A luminescence. I seek
No guard until this sinew, weak
Not, but dauntless. Thus I need
Not those lovers drawn at this flesh,
This delicious ambrosia,
For they would as do not mesh
With this virgin, in phobia
Sully him. My neighbours and people
In quest? They might as such fickle

Turn frankenstein anight. So in
This complex, I am slaked. Let
Thus in the beginning get
Perfuming beyond comparison
And price. So whether black or
Brown, I am fed until a rate
Of solace. Whence less or more,
Let us divide. Fortunate
Thus, received I forth from other
And held in the more, fonder.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Bless God's hand

⁯ I shall but be
to bless God's hand.
That is my moving.
Breathe life and lay
for him. But saying o'er,
this ground my grave.

My hands upon his
are breath. Aye! hands
must meet him like
a tenon and a mortise
_parting either part.

But grace me, oh hand!
For the favours
of generosity.
If I snub,
so would the blessings
I would have chanced;
but not,
I shall bless you,
oh hand of God, Earth! ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Blood of Christ!

⁯ In the eyes of the beholder is beauty;
thus mine. An article beyond price and value
of passion until passage upon the dignity
of the general, doomed until this form and hue.
Yet vincible nor charmed could e'en. Thus, Godly
marked until graces. Shunned him the ancient
damnation. Most sought where most might not be;
of nothing first create. Moiety competent
until my cleanse. Dear in defence, still-waking
in a spirit of health out of this life-side
in obscurity; this form too too, cherishing
much. A cast beyond ourselve, beyond pride
carring it through and through. Native until my
prayer's. Enshroud me oh! Course not me by.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Breast and in Crack

The center commands the balance; thus,
Intil her submits all sinew ___ this heart.
She holds the place ___ the central part,
Live capital defence, perfidious.
O Heart! The mother-human, perilous
Yet handsome; if the prim-rose path
And the siren song too, in the art,
Intil you ___ so, makes you the core us.

There art the box and buttons intil
This anatomy; thus, kiss her. Married
With the science, cast him bedded
And this empire be fell; life will
In whole, quake. Have! Our achilles heel.
Do I thus lied? Buy unsullied,
The heart, some flowers and have gilded,
The entire hold, scent in the idyll.

Do not break the heart in that, about
Sunk in shell. Break her then and have
The anatomy in entire, fold. Carve
For her intil the fragile; yet, doubt
Not early, her sinew but rather scout
For her dregs. She is wont to starve
Of shelter not, by any reserve;
Hers is but a kiss intil the mouth.

She breathes beneath the live skeleton.
Penetrate her and the composition
In whole be won. Who can mention
From the heart, a life? Would anything
Lively else? There surrounds wanton
Therefore. This grand central section!
Life is where she keeps; this portion
Is at stake and runs a marathon

Intil the breathing. She is the life;
Where this heart, surrounds life. In her
Lies all life can boast of so far.
What you call your life, let from a strife
But a mere want, can twist the knife
In the wound ___ where she built, to jar
Every bone of you; it can thus mar
This building. She is but a wife

Intil the science. The science works
For the heart. He is her door and
Window. This heart shall borne in hand
Nearest life but she is, that talks
At the end place of life and walks
Intil the science and memory to stand
The motion of any gravity. Land

A beat, and bid in best of lucks

Abide it, on your heart, for the soul
In this heart of the life. Thus, do
Not be careless of keeps. This sinew
And store is but a risk; a hole
Intil the heart. Life is thus, in whole,
At stake. But for the faith may true,
Of a container, the chest, who
Mid the science and the heart, sole,

Shuttles. For this perfidy, life should
Thus scary hence his hand shakes and does
Not promise worthy; thus did colours
In conflicts intil the greatest hood
Of his enemy ___ inevitable. Could
Your territory, Life! For the doors
Of faith, upon security? Because
Of the pigeon-liver heart of my hood

In doubts. But be the heart, the last
Coigne of keep, thus did man a man.
When shall the heart and in crack, can
Life, undone and exposed, hold fast
From the harsh atmosphere and cast
Back proud? You bore a leviathan
Of all errands, O Science! Fan
And forerun this anatomy in vast

And intil the heart for store, by your
Gravity; do thus, cut copies in trim
For saves else. Yet, let her not seem
To possess proud, that life is want for
But make her think. Even, send forth more
Under another's key; make not a team
For a bunch of keys, yet to dream
Nomore at ease, but transfigure

Your faith from the heart. But have it!
She is yours and shall make the most
You. Dare not or give up the ghost
Intil doubts. Be stood then upon, in bit
O Science! That you are close with
This egg-shell fragility in host,
Of this defence ___ the heart. To boast
Of her tenderness and in beat,

Marry her, connubial inti care-full.
Bear her hard but inevitable
Fate but believe intil the sensible,
To advise her for longer. Pull
A choice at her holding but tool,

And remember she cannot able
Or well, bear over her unspeakable
Charge, but stoical. Alas! Strict in rule

Intil fed. But if all faith be hid
in the heart, what will life and upon
Breakages? If conscious, hither and yon,
Of life, time and quality indeed,
Should at ease, my love intil succeed,
Upon delivery and faith or on
More or my reluctance hereupon
To make the heart my holder? Heed!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Bro Okwey Alike

But by reflection by some other things sees
Eye, itself; into him, this hidden worthiness.
Lend me your audience, disposed to possess
And your reason I alerted. Good thou! Ease
Our time upon this, do call, as the high seas;
But a sword of damocles and no ploughshares.

My passage carved nor in conference crossed,
Marked to graces where my moving made bloody oath
Of affection, Lo! For my cause, ageold,
Hear me! Gathered and surmised nor falsed,
Gestural broadcasters in either, purposed;
Excellent differencies but brothers both.

Where most might not be I most sought; let it!
Make spoken! Before my face, taken, many and more,
Save I alone, until the best, screw William's for
All time and class-first to be compared with;
Persuaded of himself, of a Grub Street,
Dilated with discourse of reason, of yore

But out of haunt. In his hearts's sat his height;
He does receive particular addition; which
Honour should have unaccompanied and rich,
Invest but him? Should signs of nobleness light
Like stars, shine upon all deservers as quite
Procrustean not, lest our old robes eldritch

Be easier than new. Stands he where he did?
He bore fire enough but we will not fall whence
His strength not. So in a wise and equal sense,
In his respect, says I, 'Bro Okwey alike.' Mid
His gravity, Bro Okwey is quite pellucid,
More a vocal acrobatic. Luminescence

His, in the trade ___ as subtle masters do;
Of an age, from slips of prolixity, redder
Than tongue keen, hands. Lest be our eyes gutter,
We have them and those modestly shun who
Meet not wont to have but discover it true,
The construction of it alike and better.

Save the mark! Braved by his brother, an affair
Afar in the field, clock-counting. Rev Dr Okwey
Heart-fired, answered and stood the gauntlet play
In a general honest thought, even, that cheer
His strangers. He insisted native otherwhere
Alike, thus, tutors from quarreling; aye! Alas! Fey!

For none, instructed upon comprehension;
Thence are bloods of the ordinary made afire.
Which tongue is not? Let's welcome wrongs; from ire,

Break the smallest particle and affection
Measured. Hence The Bard rode likewise. Fashion
Him! Should tongues barriers? But another's expire

Coldly in the term; they nip in the bud
Though with passions different in their worlds
And times, in their inks too. Famous last words!
It is an element of yore, a tongue abroad
Gilded from the native; thus to the sword,
The native. Put a hand on him, the odds;

This touched him breathe it british in several
Hands upon natural days, his canopy, native,
That gives no stranger either stomach, cleave
To his digestion; but one mercurial
Appetite from the tongues but laden visceral,
That would kill him in the shell, to a heave

Of his crown, did kiss the most exalted of all.
Surveying vantage, of honour both smack;
Who tells the best, for it rests their tests back
To back, native, albeit partly, their call
Of the art. In them have they more in all
Of mortal knowledge, light and of the black.

My heart aches for he new-fired of a trail
But never shall look back for I know not what
Falls, as you shall use me hereafter. Wrought,
I feel in the instant, the future well
With myself at war by this offence fell
That runs weary through my mind; thus, I import

Hereupon, the Pens hands, that the eyes has lost
Tongues, to measure my affection, observe
This jealousy uncommon, of mine and preserve
This selfless heart of controversy star-crossed
For his hand prevailed on our dial luck-tossed;
Get me with the necessary end but nerve

The charactery not hereafter, lead me on.
Blithe had I breathe upon if my suit I meet,
For my choosing is no longer strong with
These moulds bold; parted either parts hereupon,
Nor my meaning from purpose, hither and yon.
With all true faith, making my peace, close with

Me for I know not what may fall; be out
Not nor construe any further my neglect.
Dare hold my hands not, chew to chest nor irked,
My import and upload that cast on mount
But on to fortune; alas! Intil put to rout
If he's merry nor such unquiet wonder erect

At me but to the general. To my guard,
Give gestures, if so resolved; be oracles
Mine also. Had I amiss, my sword of damocles
To forbid you interpret? Let a myriad
Of my voice for deliverance made glad
But come whatever can, mistrusts are articles

Indifferent to my success nor my
Credits upon such slippery ground, for behind
Is the greatest. At the old alive, do mind
E'en the dead are skulls. The queue, in blood, sigh;
Should they gently go? Thus my pointer ply
Mid our field and time nor my counter, kind.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Busy Collect

How much is my birthday that one supply
would decide to load me so high? Has it
lacked time so much, the hand of the clock,
to tick until an enduring distribution
until some simultaneous intervals as
would draw the time on? I have had
heavy, a couple of years as I think much
and fast-coming; but strong until these
days, high on my front. Who doesn't
feel it? I have a past that foreran
me; it affects me until that I am
having a larger book of days than
some old length of time would; therefore
I round them up that they post-haste
deliver, for there is not time enough
to slow and stretch as continuing.

I have not acquired silvery until an
anniversary but have had a high
narration of affairs that can run a
centenary. Well, they are to my time,
documents, to certify one constitution
of a man but brought to note, to
light up a thing unusual until my
intelligence. This sun is impartial; any
neighbour would take home, my gape
character. From one end of my
knowledge until hereupon another,
though have that the doings of this
old world shall on more, I have this way
testified the concluding fortune of the
planet Earth as the famous heralds
had. Until my brim of height, I am
bracketting it laden, this round. I
would not come alone, therefore I called
a poll to compare to other opinions.
One has that things are happening;
another, that nothing spoil, but I
took this very one in, as until his
consoling remark. Someone would point
until the racial breakthrough, another
until the gender-crisis; all has a
perspection and a room to crusade until
my theme. The riping and collecting
prophecies, the tragic increase and
brief of our heroes; the inhumane
eruptions, the rape of value and the
heavy dominion of black bills. The capture
of morals for a decision humane. One
learner added, 'the overthrow of the
Roman Bishop _ the Supreme Pontiff.'
and another, 'the soccer-born-thriller.'

It falls that shall smell, broken.
Many legendary submissions and withdrawal.
They catch forth and there is nobody to
hunt them. We are hereupon, impossible
to wear this old world; too weak to
hold this brewing prophecy that stood now
upon our account until this busy collect.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Canute's

⁯ Sweeping my way
upon the breathing-time of a Marathon;
this Odyssey.
Better still, extravagant.
Unpregnant of the swampish following
_ the overwhelmed neighbourhood.
This Gordon knot, herculean;
out of the society of others.
Unfamiliar with my choosing
that I cannot keep short.
Fencive I went in the cunning
of a Houdini,
softly as stoic's with all me
but stainful my moving.
Like a Babe in the wood
rejecting out of a pool wetless,
like a stiff-necked false fire
crossing a dum dum
of an unbowed opposite
_ this Tilt at windmills.
Gordon Bennett!
I was poured,
intil a Hobson's choice, down-gyved;
dirtied to an unbelieving.
The Road children would and the foamied soil
of the Picadilly circus,
in the wise.
Intil a rubicon,
the Water-loo, I welcomed
not for least, a victory
Pyrrhic.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Chukwuma

Inevitable, shadows make but our choosin',
Mirrors. Let a name! Chukwuma, and you had
From hands, independent and submittin'
Intil fought. Who is not wont to bear not glad
But laden, b'fell and ought to? Free of mind,
For peace but artless, proclaim it! B'hind
The true it is; thence shall stood off upon

Nor servile. Let a name, Chukwuma! And any
Caller says what is; what nature let God
But nature he mould. Alas! Take home as many
As borne Chukwuma, for there is intil the blood
A piece of their meat. Whole in airy, would go
In gentle. In spacy breath, wretch'd from no
Word gild'd; poor he does purchase at his

Whole, rich. Do not take amiss for many buttons
Of his system, by double-clickin', funtions.
Let it! A name and draw back the curtains
For the bearer's science, intil God; as shuns
This dusty ego. In this wise, omniscient
He is, but that some science at a length
He forwent, yet, held up the all-science

Like the used. It had a tag along bearin's
For its diction is true and all names wont
To acquaint. Anyone shall from wanderin's
Of speed but texture'd soft, a penetrable haunt.
That is when all languages shall submit intil
The final unknown measure. This name would still
Green and breathin'. From no vantage, mystery.

The caller, under arrest; in the same style,
Expects long. An absolute submissive
Call. A cry of an orphan, for an afroophile.
Cry of a widow, unto that made fugitive.
Cry of the needy and the Cinderella.
His cry of hope; the stoic's, but one umbrella
Unto humanity and words of innocence.

Words of the mortal flesh, talk intil the weak.
A talk of consolation, intil the accuse'd,
Intil the hunt and intil the melancholic.
Warrants of a seer and intil sure, the abus'd.
The weakness of mankind. A name for names
All, that proclaims His Omniscience. Aims
At this time, inevitability unto man.

But man is not for self to come short of
His glory, yet sensible of the echoes. Nature
Is penetratin', b'fore the callers enough,
Of the assignment. This nomenclature

You shall never judge him by; hence, the blinds also
Dream and a pause, pregnant in a dumb show.
The still water, deep and a silence gold'n.

In this style makes they, Chukwuma. My advice
Is to give their else but not their fear. Yet,
Their continent is for times until all wise,
Wide and leonine to take up any gauntlet.
A better friend as an enemy but do jump
His feminity not or have o'er the hump,
His animal; neglect and he shall interrupt.

Yet, bachelor in the hood; in r'gards at
What God told nature. Would whate'er happen?
Of the tomorrow. The dead is past! That
Is his box and buttons that give quotes open
Until his guard and his secrets not. And call'd,
Your due is not but until His Science, odd;
Afore forth, hold from our pulls and let be shall.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Church-goers

A bear lifts the banner;
the rood is inverted.
A cat from the chancel;
the church lit violently mad.

The center shakes,
all harmony sunder.
Opposition propose towery
my intelligence begrudge my seeing.
Peril smile at me
with a look eldritch.

Vulture on the steeple!
And my breast sickened,
the madding is drawn.
I call back unquiet
until our oath and as felled,
but feel lost apart
betwixt the going on and not.
And my comfort pricked,
my quietude is scourged.

Possessed false upon,
where is the moving?
Falstaffian aloud,
the fig apple on more.
None is known of care
as if I was not learnt
of the faith and lectionary.

A bat cleave watchful upon
unto the roof of the nave.
I know not the leaving
and staying in a fast.
Know not yet which;
the spell quails my shade.

A halo on the dragon!
Can't tell which from which.
All wolves, all doves;
and if they really are.

And saying over,
I know not continuing.
They are not careful;
they really not are.
Horns with each leg
on the arms of the rood are.

And the lamp burn still,
they unintelligent are,
of the trumpet.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Coat of my Tongue

Furred sibilant

for my dangling head, strained
my knuckles' fist
is more living for
nor
my arms akimbo not,
condoling with the waist drained

Thus,
are the still sights
invincible,
with his fights, invisible.
Keeping freeze
the watery grave
permitting no rain, unbidden.

The layer
clad vinegary and rancid
sharp and strong
with my mildness,
my veins pierced
causing nerves nether my spine.

My life-fluid wrung
thence
my heart peel
my mind leach
and my soul wore thinner

Thus,
took root
my branches' replies
to the stem.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Comfortable guilt

⁯ Most sought where most might not be,
the blind boy's butt-shaft
attached me.
This unlooked-for comes well but
things unluckily charged my fantasy
and blew me from I.

With hearts of controversy, crossed
in conference; what is my name?
My ambitious ocean kissed
the most exalted shores of all, that came
in triumph over me as if had lief
not be. My hidden worthiness into my eyes
only to vanish tongue-tied
from her confident grudges, with myself
at war.

Of the best respect, I mistook this
passon of some difference, out and out
out with me, that bore too stubborn and
too strange a hand; clean from the purpose
and never at heart's ease.
The mind holds; it seems, this rudeness
is sauce to her good wit and would not
be any further moved after her sour fashion
in such a sort.

Well given and quite
through the deeds of men; this gives men,
stomach, to digest her with better appetite.
I knew not when affections swayed
more than her reasons; corporal motions
governed by the spirit.

⁯ This lowliness is young ambitious ladder
but cold, hidden in smiles
and affability. I would blithe
have had it but my watchful cares are weary
of the bars and a sick offence
under my breast.

Upon one eye set sweet and bitter
in the other_ unto worse days endure.
Her strange eruptions, in personal action
and conceptions
only proper to herself, from kind
and quality_ that never lacks power
to dismiss any base matter, will modestly discover;
not an adversity's sweet milk.

It is the bright day that brings forth
the adder. Thus put I a sting in her,
from my shows of fire, in letting her
sit high in my heart; nor construe any further,
her neglect.

I am no gamesome, in respect of
the text that 'women may fall
when there is no strenght in men'
but she had her eyes, that, were not much
she would.

Count the clock! There is a tide
in the affairs of men.
We are flesh and blood and apprehensive,
and so, at this time shall masters
of our fates;
thus, as does subtle masters. To get the start
of a spirit as fair a name
⁯ be sounded, have mind upon my health
and move on to fortune or upon my knees
prevail in this; digest the venom
of her spleen or use her
for my mirth and laughter, thus,
examine other beauties.
The cause is in my will and no law
of children; such division does itself offence
and comes down upon it.
Methinks! By strange manners.⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Commanding Rhythm

Can you well answer it
upon no hit miss nor false fires,
the breathing time of this red-hot,
carrying it too too
unbowed, to romping home?

Stand and have at it
carrying away the dignity.
Make defeat or associate it.
Playing stratagems adventuring
for such merchandize
in proof.
Cry a match to take wing
until the high star, before and apace
in advantages albeit be stood
then upon.

Alas! May lose over charge
until a serving creature.
The weakest goes to the wall
_ the barren vessels.
Oh! I cry for pardon flattery truth
of my sleeps
to have any he inherited the diadem
and paired
from a experienced time
lest power be change hands.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Count The Clock

Never the use made but proceeded worthy note;
On his uttermost did depend. Why we should
Not loose-limbed, place at a day comes now ought
To become of this day, under our manhood
Is in that when a day from now shall chance,
Within and from our growth breathes it a'outrance;
Thus, to rout put, it breathes its last. Firing
Blanks are; but arise when should makes the coming.

New abroad, let us with a more advised watch
Break with him not but as subtle masters
Do, hold up our heads nor in mistrust touch
Our success, pick the sightless that overmasters
Unbowed at the highmost place. Work the time
Intil execution through and through intil a rime;
When in clouds, arisen but stingless, shall not fall
Us for it but meet and would blithe intil all

Romp home as our answers. We are the days;
So cannot we all fall one. Extremity
In everything, quotes your adventure that sways
And gives intil an unborn day, what dignity,
The present wont to have; when shall become
A day, bet me, the busy-care might turn from
The calendar or perhaps from anew, shake.
Cast yourself to the field, if you would wake

To answer an unborn. Stand coming nor
But the unborn and untold; lest be staunt,
Days. Thence would its following from colour
But whence the days and we from the height haunt,
Thus would our dregs along. Therefore Brother! Dare
Not think hereupon, stay the providence elsewhere
Whence cannot spy the sightless or incite
The invincible; hence at the imagery light

Upon and colour disrobed, at your answer
In repaying. Your rubicon's capacity fails
Under probation; it sunk in trial. On ossa
Pelion piled; aye! You killed him intil the shells.
Not that I love words better ___ you overcame
You. It is greek to me, your busy care's aim
Intil tomorrow ___ after his sour fashion, by
Your present estimation; he is high

Upon you and within, in advantages
Of you; parted either parts. Methinks import you
Shall his kinsman, in his gravity, to kiss,
Stood strongest, such sick offences intil the sinew;
In the posture of your blow or vanish
Tongue-tied at the hung stars fallen, to perish
From the metaphor. From figures and fantasy,

Infuse their working intil the first courtesy

For they lack no power dismissing documents
Unfamiliar ___ this vanishing point; remember!
It is the fair day that betook fell ends
But we did put stings in him. Oh brother!
Between the practice of strategems, they might
Be wolves intil strange inventions of any height
And fall out with the calendar and things
Unluckily charge our fantasy. Thus, methinks!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Cries

Tide of times! So uncomfortable
an umbrella, from kind and quality.
Havoc cries!

All the sway of Earth is noisome
with passions of some difference
added to when the day shouts.
Passion, I see, is catching;
but with fingers, cold
on my breast, that touches me nearer.

Dropping fire, their rheum rain tempest
but not all in chorus.

Hence,
my pointer and counter made now upon
the domestic circumstances, jumped;
thus, aweary of the bars and want for
no power, dismissing themselves,
canceling this captivity_ no worthier
than the dust.

They upon worse day endure
in servile fearfulness but equally wont
to master. This age's yoke
_ that comes in triumph
over their fair light spirits and giving
no stomach to digest their breath
with better appetite. This instruments
of fear infused them.

So vile a thing!
Neighbours, our varried pulls,
of the best respect; in no general
honest thought, grudge contributions.
In conceptions only proper
to themselves, not for the base matter
to illuminate but would kill him
in the shell.
⁯ But saying o'er,
in personal actions they carve,
parted either part.

Do these cries ventriloquise or lip synch?
Their beads of sorrow speak and
still-waking their watchful cares; that
none hears nor sees.
In fine, the planet in general
by sepulchral tunes is rung through;
dying men did groan.
As fair a hearing would confess
with me; thus, so true a seeing
would modestly discover.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Deliver me! (Now we are free)

Now that I am free, but to grope
In the obvious. When man would
Err blindly; yet, exact in the nude
To be or not. Now that we mope
No longer but upon our come hope;
And liberty has eaten hence, our rude
Attachment. So free as to be stood
Upon, torn from our villainous rope.

This is when I shall only take up
The gauntlet apart and vow to all
Becoming. When I must not fall,
Bear all implied. Save me now atop,
I am alone with me. Now a cup
Of my hands made asking. The call
Of the manhood now acquaints tall
And demands terms. If I can hop

To it, let me! Save me for I
Lag by the practice. The enemies
That fear my lords shall rise to kiss
Me new. Save me! This is when my
Tasks shall taxed. Save me but to spy
The approaching arrow and hubris
Soon, that shall hold up against my peace.
I am about a sinew and thus by

The modelling. Fire my shaking for
Where art freedom be stood upon who
Thinks that a free man is easy? You
May hold on power and in pleasure
But who shall permit the vesture
Of a bed of roses in this hue,
To honey own sleep? When man shall through
His own self, his own enemy and maw.

Who shall exercise until marrow
Not, as family-proud? For we are
The subject of our freedom so far;
And I shall get with the morrow
Near, though I practice from overthrow,
Deliver me! Now as bright a star
Can; now I am for me to mar
In ecstasy and requires my brow

In the front as it wants my strength
To continue. Now I can breathe in
Pleasure and masterless, though keen
On me, deliver me! Now the length
Mid the eyes I gained and I went
Checking and balancing. But green
Until now oh god out of machine!

Now that I am another as spent.

II

But where we are, I am not free.
But that I am, freerer not. But that
I am, if I shall not a part.
If I shall not but where do we,
Then my deliverance shall be
Asked higher. But that in the path
Are we; save me too and my heart
Still. But now we are, deliver me

So that I am. Now that I watch
To breathe. Now my life my neighbours
Debt. Deliver me! Now we shall force
A home to dwell us, in the touch
And lead ourselves ____ of this faces much
Varried. Now I know not my course,
Now I know not what becomes us.
Deliver me now we are free, such

As we neighbour in pulls. Deliver
Me now I know not my portion
Untilaske, now that my affection
Shall measured. Now I fear and shiver
For I know not my brother's sister,
Deliver me! When hierarchy climbs upon
The family and my enemies none;
Thus, nature to friend, he bids, viva!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Distress Call

Oh Home, idyll!
Keep watch awhile with me
alas!
'twas such another me, tarrying
as darkness adamantine
bestrode the trail,
rung sepulchral and sparkling with cankers
and pestilence.
Thus,
brandishing keen edges, obstructing.

In a twenty-twenty vision
mid the throng
I spied the upper-first caravan
stiff-limbed in lidded countenances
and few swerve
to alchemically rebuking the Mael-strom.
Hereupon,
my neighbours taking stock of us_
'who romps home'
others sorrowing after succour.
God out of machine spy ajar from afar
e'en the fair-spirited
couldn't breathe life none.
Thereupon,
my equipose, dependent
hence motion is puissance, where art him?
If I should sally forth single-handed
towards the gory embrace.
Why art the venturesome valours
arrayed straight-faced and wordless;
dreaming in a crying simplicity?
Hence, desolating.

Though truncated, I had;
upon this Odyssey and sway.
Maybe visiting the under-sod
for the stronghold at mine
for my buds and entire seeds,
if hath their springs nodded.
Yet I know you,
⁯ worth fastness and steadfast
Aye! Tagged my fruition
to believing transfiguring winged
in a flying colour,
Like a hopeful hunger.

So my reach
anon ere the cockcrow
to ricochetting back to my halcyon root
enfolding my bucolic Pulchritude
where art the ashes of my bones

and bower defined.
Breaths_virgin thus the soul, innocent.
Not the deflowered tracks
would accompany.
Hence,
far-flung,
from the heart of the quotidian man.

Thence,
lower my hearth,
give me rest and leapfrog the rest.
For that is the Ambrosia,
ere my quest.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

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.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Doom (God Save The Mark!)

⁯ Good thou! Give me audience to take good and softly my grief and lend me hands out of your long experienced time until our hopes answered and this plague, intermitted. I know not when our affections swayed more than our reasons. Oh! Our fathers' mind is dead; albeit it is the bright day that brings forth the adder but we did put a sting in him.

Cast yourself in no wonder for I would not do you so much wrong to fasten my figures but will unexaggerately undo to you the subject of my story. Only a word with you, by words of mouth as becomes hearts, not that I love words better. Hear me for my cause, my good meaning and censure me in your wits but grudge me no contributions. Thus, beg

the utterance of my tongue for I speak by leave. There is a sick offence within our breasts that is to be talked upon. My heart is big in servile fearfulness. Passion, I see, is catching; all is on hazard_ a canopy most gory that comes in triumph over Earth. This age's yoke will modestly ⁯ discover and would give you stomach to digest my words with better appetite

and feel the bitter taste of it; shall I progress? God save the mark! There is a worthy cogitation that proceeded worthy note and is prevailing in our conditions, clean from the purpose. I am blown from me that our lives upon worse days endure, are our enemy's debt. Things unluckily charge our fantasies to tear us down for our bad verses. Homely in my

drift, a curse shall light upon Earth. All the Heaven's for a serving creature in captive bonds, we want to give; this is no common laughter as yawned, in sadness. Let us all upon our kness in this, prevail, because fortune is angry and would be a wolf; call it my fear or beads of sorrow. The complexion of the element gives guess to an ill laden globe_ a no necessary

end that will come when it will come; not stayed for, albeit, all hidden in our smiles and watchful cares. All the sways of Earth crossed in conference and shakes like the falling sickness. I am ⁯ with myself at war, mistaking our passions and state of things at how the people took it. Can one answer such high things? For I cannot

recount here and after;

my answer must be made and left at that
but be not out with me nor construe any further
my neglect, rather chew upon this, in execution
that looks quite through the deeds of men
in such a sort, never at heart's ease. E'en with
all true faith, take good note that Earth with
no vision, fair and fortunate has borne too
stubborn and too strange

a hand upon the state of man with passions of
some difference from quality and kind to monstrous
quality between the acting of a dreadful thing
like a phantasma; how vile a thing? She cry
havocs and let slip the dogs of war; I can smell
carrion men, oh! No worther than the dust
this touches me nearer, seems never shall turn
back; with hearts of

controversy. I am nothing jealous that a raw
and gusty day be stand this globe upon, some
later day. The holey-headed x-went femora
⁯ is for me no indifference but stand very strong
I shall, intil far and away my silver hairs. Shall
we fall together upon no gravity, borne in hand
or as does subtle masters,

for that is not much we should. Men at
sometimes are masters of their fates; if so
revolved, let us fashion her look fresh and
merrily on our purposes. Know all the world that
this is all I seek which I shall not be sorry for,
if I were disposed to stir and have mind upon
our health in a general honest thought. The cause
is in my will, that, come what sorrow can, I am
not I intil I shall

bestow my time and let into it first, start
the spirit to kindle the recreant_ too afraid to
strengthen and fire the bloods of ordinary
men. Thence, see what cause withholds us then
to set on at once. My charactery is to the
world in general. We shall have glory by this
losing day_ a prize no less in worth. Let us in
no mistrust of our success,

adventure for such merchandize and purchase
out abuses before our bones would rest, so
⁯ sweet to rest, with half so good a will.
Hence, our credit stands now on such slippery
ground; blithe would I breathe on form that we

escaped this misadventured overthrow, this sword
of Damocles. My good fellow! Thus, made me,
much abused with tears.⁮ ⁮ ⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

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, girdles
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.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Eye of you

⁯ A heavy hand astride my front it is, too too.
In a sensible and true avouch_ an eye of
you. A barren eye of you, I am through
in my meed. In your eye, my balm is enough.
Only an eye of you_ my elixir, my potion.
Slaked and dilated in this bower and down-gyved
at point exactly, I am hoisted with. Upon
my patience I shall stay, thus I had driven.
Thereupon, a present push for I am cured
and reposed to an end far and too. Thence
shall my pardon for I would betake odd
'gainst all and shuffle off until the solace.
Just in your eye, I would carry it away,
draw on more, out of haunt shall my way.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Faces

We are the faces, like him we are,
also not from the chameleons afar.
We breathe lives and worlds apart,
all faced alone, thus souled like that;
calculated by any time and the star.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Favours aloof

The most gilded grave
leaves not him,
(e'en) with an iota of an unleashed flair,
unshelthered.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

For a woman

Oh sex! A prize no less in worth. This adversity's
sweet milk, that gives man the stomach
to digest his breath; quite through the deeds
of men.

With myself at war, mistaking your figures
that proceeded worthy note. Vexed I am
of late, with passions of some difference
and conceptions only proper to myself;
let me upon my knee prevail in this.

To bear my salutation and have mind
upon your health, not as a property either led
or driven, but in respects alike and combined
alliance.

Blood ill-tempered you irked me too,
under your hot humour. Digest the venom
of your spleen and lend me a friendly eye.
Have not you love enough to bear with me?
Be the one in all that holds this place
with no fellow in the firmament and fall
not when there is no strenght in me.
Become me better and sit high in my heart,
let your hidden worthiness into your eyes
and make sick me whole; stir my blood also
for that is not you should do nor any stronger
than your sex_ fearing to strengthen.
Weary and impatient of your favours, disrobe
⁯ the images of your show of fire and manage it
with me, in our corporal motions governed
by spirits; those, genius and mortal instruments.

Have at thee! My lusty sinew and carve
for yourself.
My recreant lips did from their colour, fly;
infuse them through and afar.
Fear not! Your melting spirits_ touching you nearer
at how I took the state of things;
my bad love calendar and my black sentences
when love begins to sicken and decay, hidden
in your smiles and affability, but rain
the honey-heavy dew of your weakness
in my arms untill stirred.

Much abused with your beads of sorrow, make me
acquainted
with your musing and sighing, and any sick
offence, within your mind;
do leave it for my office and I will know
your pleasures.
I know what meets you, thus, play haste

your chores and associate me.
We are no brim-full, partly; we are one.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Goodluck! (the behind spirit)

When I was spoken to it,
expected of it,
piteously they clad,
yet in an adamant defiance
athwart desolation.
Controlling to their consolation,
letting me all armour but no pardon.
Fully confiding unto my success-story,
forcing to convictions
that I would romp home.
Albeit,
inevitable the Gauntlet I shall take up.
Hence
their hearts stood from it,
but out of a man was heard
'go my son'
forthwith silence wrung the hullabaloo,
to a graveyard.

Softly I down-gyved
in the ultimate measure.
Seeing the trail
appearing effulgently bolder. Thus,
no soft-target; but
I shall betake,
cross and carry it away.
I would compare to it,
and towards it, answer.
For our days of nature
and hopes in my hands.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Greatest Enemy, Human

Abstraction is the inevitable mask and
Man's enemy on high. Thereof his
Deformity and poisonous piece of meat.

Flying is risky ___ a careless pace as pride
Personal. Thus, we lost over our charge.

An ambitious arrow aimed airy ahigh,
Alfresco, above all. O man weak, it
Equals your breast-crack, to hold on the
Soul until one last merchandise as God
Told nature. I curse not the course
But the cause, that received us forth from
Security. Thus dare I not challenge the
Art of this touch but man can play yet
But round him ___ nature, the messenger.

What can break across man from his
Consent? None, but any inevitable. The
Creation calls to dolour until thus. Count
This comfortable grudge and measure
The clock spent. To err is to inevitability.

Limitation is before man's pace, that
Wanders beyond bound. So it had any
Man's or earthly. What capsaicin tastes
The tongue, to make with jurisdiction?
How, makes an ego to meet wit hubris
___ as if dethroned? Should man
Apologise for this frame, or nature should?

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Grub Street

⁯ Herein this Grand Central Section
_tune of the time.
You dwelleth, carving for yourself
whereat charges and standing
deflated to the beggars' coins.

E'en the Gallup poll cannot well
smell to your landfall.
In this Groundhog days, Houdini's.
Too fat to schlep your Capsaicin's
'til the Band-wagon of this Journalism.

Of Pollyana's and Walter Mitty's
Quixotic for a Midas Touch.
Impregnant of sweeping your ways.
Oh Langour! Your days of nature
does intil thy wastes, no grace.

As if Above Board in the Babel
of this Picadilly Circus,
⁯ unanswering your Herculean bucks.
Take up the gauntlet of your Marathons
and embrace Horses for Courses

albeit dwellers in the patience of job
hence Mary Celeste but
all sought Disney Lands. That would
your Odyssey and Road to Damascus
intil a Lazarus. Thus think it not

a Pandora's box more. Hence
intil thy Rubicon
the Rosetta stone shall come you
late. Upon your Waterloo from false
fires intil Tilt at windmills.

Thereat Timbuktu, see the witting
on the wall. Thus, arise
for the Robin hood did no naked
enrich. Hence the clocking is fleet
Oh Peter Pan! Leave out and doubt.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Half For A Brother, Prisoner

This touch, partial, chain'd your plays 'round nature,
From your heart; flexibility intil fragility
Yours, was his emotions. Do you know? And sure

Of the rancid capsaicin? I guess if
You do. How lazy to be awake, your feelers?
And blind, your science? To sum up the grief

You grant your shoulder intil penetration. Flight
Is a risk; the toucher must cruel at you
And disallows you this most. What strong in might,

The bitterness? So far from a heart, his hand.
Alas! So weak and under age, my care intil your
Perishin', that violent. For the blood to stand

My affection ___ our bloody oath, intil mankind,
My infection. But wept it over, my pride
Is personal. Tast'd my tears but to bind

My tongue intil stuck and digest'd my pains,
I am therefore, half for a brother, half for
A prisoner. Let my last but echoe as reigns

Intil your sentence, your shade is from the body,
Who alone bore the hand, that my tongue is wont
To cross. Would experience, in best, embody

The testimony? I cannot wear your shoes
But I know the colour of this hell. Have
My hands, I cannot caress intil quietus

Your cries but to die along intil the weakness
Ours, b'fore this mighty monster that chop souls
In individual, bit, bit. Numberless

It is in the list of man's greatest enemy.
Thus, to take up the gauntlet, I shall take
Heart in a softer form intil an alchemy

From any unseemin' stubbornness. Brother! Where
Are you? Be! In that our line was ne'er wont
To valour nor under-confident, but bear

Hard, my broken sinew that cannot save the mark
Or say 'halt the hurt, it's hot' from another's
Vantage. It was a slip of pace, elegiac,

As carv'd in the least, that accumulat'd
To diminish thus. So, God told nature
If inevitable shadows make, indeed,

But our choosin', mirrors. I dare not hold
The art of touch; to inevitability
Is to err. Journ you in health as ageold

As I shall pray and dream upon my watchful
Cares. Mired, my sorrow and complex intil our
Ground. Hence lopsid'd, the just scale; this baleful.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Handwriting

The feline is canine.
Like the faces and carriers
our hands vary.
For a tool and our workshop,
we essay out by a noun.
A hand writes, one don't.

Master this tool your way;
it bespeaks the purlieus and ink
the nib. Begrudge not, nor cast
down, in that the writting is
in your hand but whenever
you wrote, let your hand kissed.

Envy no brother past
for their hands were. However may,
and whichever will; there is none
alchemy. All fingers
are not equal but they accord
an order as serried in either
of employment. Employ yours
your will and abide thus.

My hand is in breakages,
my hand is crabbed. My hand
is keen, my hand is liquid.
A hand can fustian and another,
fabulous. These are hands but
let's read the omega
from an alpha and nine from
a zero. It is a decision and
determination for you; a pay-as-you-earn pageant.

The tree gave the bough and
the leaves gave a bower.
Put a thing and know what did.
It is your passage; hereupon,
model your hand and breathe
your difference; it's golden.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Hovering Hand

Frolicsome it sports
jumping jumping;
extravagant.
Crossing every door
ajar and afar,
unpregnant of my keen watch;
but upon phobia
from eager edges.

Scudding in clouds
keeping short
upon the front
like a bird
and would not alight;
whereat a touch,
shall I not you fetter?

As if a prescience
coruscating and thus
from the breast
and would not perch
proudly;
albeit blurring and crabbed
whence a kiss
would I not you breathe.

Alas!
Whence my pickers and stealers
a hold of you_ down-gyved,
no pardon!
For you would stand me then upon;
my advantages would a present push
upon my swept way
_a squeeze and spill.
Letting no blood and breathe
at point exactly,
in my meed, markets of you.
Thence candied upon my diets
until my discription
divide inventorially;
and draw on more.

Thus a fashion
_ myself. Inspirations!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Hushaby!

'tis the gloaming ghosting
'gainst the day.
Be now stood upon and
retire to the quietude your flesh
and soul, Oh!
Baby heart-sick,
to the night-call;
as asked softly the day
_rended and raped
upon the flower,
fettered and blinded.
Hence
all works and no play
lest
Jack be a dull boy.
Alas!
The Night's adamantine and unbowed
Umbrella albeit fleet and fugitive
had arisen,
he had veiled and circumvalated;
unbidden
he had sullied and suffused
with the day.
This visitant
put to rout and
possessed the day
to resonate with his hue
and anon essay to bespatter
the surface;
hereupon,
the resplendent tomorrow
in another,
of a greater article
_worth dying for,
to arm for,
shall steal a kiss and
be revenged on him.
Thus, fall and lie
to his pass.

Whereas a segment
of the Clock ⁯ commanded
and had thus called;
take up the gauntlet
_as meant it,
set forth the sojourn.
Neighbours elsewhere
at point exactly
had leaned along
the breathing-time
upon the ennui
of the weary day,

pillowing;
for that is the beds
of the Night at main.
They answered him
in their meed
to cleanse, cast and solace
until just
their burden
and clear their path
for the unborn day
from no charges.

Be cast not down but
repose to balm
and do graces upon what ground
nature arrayed us;
e'en the Demi-urge, our Mould
for the Night is romancing
to impregnate the day
who will born bettered;
e'en the revels are stilled.
⁯ Thus
gird and save
the last breath and pardon
the arms of this Vortex
but voluptuous,
to carry the practice;
just fall to the ankles
for he would know.
He is familiar
upon no forced cause;
and his enchantment
overwhelming
is too darkling, chillsome and
serene to withstand apart.
Whereas his fingers
wide-flung a gleam,
your lids wide-flung
cannot behold his capsaicin
but his hand is too too
borne in hand that
you can make markets
of his touches
through and through
yet, carry it away.

Hushabye!
Rob him the spoils and fruition,
this Peter post-haste
and pay Paul, anon;
to give way,
for the venturesome and ravening

Night Lords.⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

I

O man, keeper of his care,
But something takes it.
I do not give it a face that
You are of your body, out.
It takes this face mine, that
You have not said a thing,
Yet,
Being you; so true that
A visitor shall abide.

I have called men and sought
To identify them in
The single, but each for own.
I consulted their workshops
And models but
Each, slippery had
"I am one, humble" but blindly
Did he breathe selfly.
Another, that he always
Speak true, but in pride,
Gropes him. One else, that
He is proud, but lowly does
He tell of a tongue.
Another assumed self-minded
But merely cheerless, painted
His true colour.

The tongue interpretes else, that
The breast store. One may
As well point that none tasks
Him until pressure of what
To notice, yet, he plans
In secret, but tells himself what
His ends.
Nobody can present you
Better, but you may not well,
Report it better.

Ones saying is no interpreter
Best, his, for it opposes
Unfriendly until thoughts of its,
Upon choosing, which would not
Welcome your moving.

No one's voicing is his best sayer
Of "I will, " "I am, " or whatsoever
"I" in the first person.
And I repeat, one is no mirror,
His, for whatever uttered is no
Intending, but be reflected. Hold until
Your clocking and use no word more.
Tell none, else, that charms

The hand. Had the highest
Man spoke it; though humility,
Not humiliation.

Be green, still, that
Whatever letter is commanded
Intil tasks. Come it another's
Or own saying, for only
Survivors penetrate nature and
Come out of it, stainless.
Take testimonial, how
Some qualities leach
Away, upon identified; thus,
Has none, reported well,
Own breath.
No mirror sees himself.
Everything breathes
Us, but we die to exist
A thing. Thus brother,
Be and live! This
Clothing points all round.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

I Am Careless

Not in my secret but better friend as
Enemy, hold me now you can; jump that neglect
Not. Slain until easement and fragile until pass.
My goin' has b'gun and on; and of my pace
Not clear but went to valour and solace

Nor though the b'holders made forth twosome but
Ne'er oblig'd lone in the personal and
Yet can but an, thus at the loss in knot.
The mask too is not but worn unto any sense
But keep from the reflection, in d'fence,

Of the face's perspective, the all-body. Thus,
Makes and meets the arisin', the brow, and come
But indefinite I am of the force,
Off-shoot's. What is that quakin' and freezin'?
That what goin' mine I acquaint nor tellin'

Mine, can well. But must be a bloody mark; for
Happenstance b'falls. Let time fly! Whatever
Falls, hence lost is not in all-lost but draw
On more whence the means is an acquaintance
Acquir'd; let not the acquisitive a'outrance

From this bound for there's nothin' lost but until
Irreplaceable. 'where am I' asks I am
Lost not but that I am missin' but will
Not where I am. My dregs shall no stranger
Like holds any b'comin', like on danger

List but as if readiness; in that to err
Is to inevitability. What a sinew
Lazin'? ___ so low from security. But have here,
Swords of damocles. Cries until this hearin' comes.
What beats the bet? Have! With you, the doldrums

Monstrous that chops the soul each, each; bit, bit.
What comfortable grudge, unspeakable? From full
Stretch, what a seein'? What independence breathe
So weak and b'yond more but bare blindness?
O God out of machine! Would many sightless

Me meet you in that you did not meet them?
Thus, countin' priviledges, who are really
The less-priviledged? This science shall same,
Exercise dead of a thought but must lain to.
Experience, my certificate and afterglow

Testifies what God told nature; thus, have home,
Of a tongue. The careless is but from the natural care but any, great, I made until
loam;
I am big but lost it, I am bigger.

But how do I forgo b'fore God intil eager?

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

I Surrender!

At point exactly, knowing
fully well,
with the charge I have
compared
and romp home upon
true fires.

The mechanism of my
body digested just. Having
not carved for myself
and my calendar unborne
in hand.

I have taken up the gauntlet
swept my way and carried
it through and through
_ casting upon my self and beyond.

My days of nature have
answered, crossed and carried
it away. The cup of passion
did not pass me. Tardy off
my cross have I not come
and now
it is finished!

Pierced pieces had my frame
and my elixir drained;
now too weak and
down-gyved I am. No longer
can withhold this standing a
more. Whereas my fashion
paid his debts, free I am
now and wish a balmy repose.

Henceforth I wish my rest
down. My pardon please! For I stay
upon my patience now.
Shall a voice of me!
Well it is, this going with my soul.
Aurevoir!
My role I have played.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

I told Enya

Of what use shall lullabies, If
they sing along until awake
an old man they lured?

Who knows thus, what the
lyrics, if they be played under
a resting loss of the worn
science and comprehension?

Are you lullabies yet, if I sing
you from the purpose? If I
play you elsewhere?
Therefore, you must not lay on what
you say but count what you sing.

I told a brother, thus until one
sister that you ascends
extravagant hereupon and
proceeding after place.

I lay still under your height and
in terms because nature told
you, but hold your other gates;
acquaint me with when to
friend and the saying no.

I do not know, you do! would a
baby spend a slumber along, take
should him, uniform, the
surrounding that gave in the
taking-away to the coming-off.

In this wise you amplified, I did
take high, a conducive bedding.
Should you apologise for erring?
No! the giver, nature, should do

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Intil His Holiness

The Janus hand must not tick
My clock; I may still pick
From the calendars apart.
From abstinence, my heart

Must, when I cannot clean,
Fast; that is where I lean
And when I must flatter
Not or 'gainst me, batter

Down. It is one and not
Fanciful, the church and but
Not the temple of God.
I must hold against all odd,

Of all evil to hold under
All good. Has it intil other
Science, a politics?
Let it mine as it ticks

A clothing, other; but hold
Extravagant, I watch cold,
The boundary. I may breathe
Hell but intil had my wreath

Sacrificial, just; as has
The celestial spy as
Ajar from I had, this epoch.
Let the face of my clock

And behind, intil lopsided
Be scaled not, but decided
Fair to fall but alone and
In either. Borne by hand,

My breath gilds my lying in
State. May the gold betaken
Intil the needed upon my
Grave for a humble pie.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Joys of Achebe

Chinualumogu, any may allow until care,
knew no trammel until made one.
Boyishly held, it is a stature ____
growing and flowering, or the hand
that kissed him; but Chinualumogu
connoted ahigh, uncommon. Life
arisen hereupon, bespeak its vortex.

The joy igbo-african is not, but
the success of a story. It is not
the stay of De Aderton, in that
he has been our Jean-paul Sartre
and upon themes else, attending
until a security of the office not.
I fortell though, the coming anniversary
golden, find the Eighteen unveil
how they worked about this bough
of Letters. It is,
the paralanguage of the axle
of a brace of the belt. The coat
of the tongue, falling to set forth
the lead-off. The salting on the tip
of tongue ____ an incubus that preyed
on his mirror keen. The yesteryear
of this Miscreant of the Faithful, on
the wing from his home and family
life. But nameless,
the cadaverous page of his manhood
upon canker and pestilence; its chasm
of the nympholepsy, on the verdure of
the breast. The rape of his gene ____
a glade that tricked out his kinsmen.
The heartsick hearth of the orient Nigeria
and their mask until servile under
a perfidious. The inglorious plaint and
the tarried paeon of the vanquished.

It is the mantle of an Achebe, under
this canopy, managing the fast too,
for a mould. The ennui wit his
bucolic melancholy and the god
out of machine to rend this yoke.

The author and architect beyond all
did read and placed Achebe's characterly
until a behest adamantine, an order
achebean. An elan that defiled
all grizzled bound. Taking from
the opening until the closure of his eyes,
parts were calculated. Think it! I did not
expect more, for he laid his hands
all; he wrote his ink all and addressed

dauntless, all unspeakable. Jointly with
John Pepper Clark, I thud and breathe
that Chinualumogu Achebe etched sapient,
a heavy luminescence by instinct,
knowing in no least, the afterward. His
delivery, in my estimation, was ninety-eight
per cent brim-filled. The rest of the other
two were at the expense of nature.

In warmest handshakes upon badinage
at the Elysian, arrayed aglow, a gleam
in an aureole, I believe, he is now upon,
with the elders who would gladden
with a hero amongst this busy collect
of time. Aye! I am confident that
he respond to each of them in our
accent 'it wasn't easy.' Thereat pillow
your repose deserving, O sage Chinua,
after all labour intil mankind.
Therefore, I sorrow not about
the quietus over you, in that
your journey intil Earth met fruition.
Nobody can shear you of that.
You were the media intil hoary
through which the Redeemer betokened
us. Bejewelled in a bowel of my chest,
O Prince of my soil, did I not
yours nor dream to meet ends alike;
but allow your fabled mould for me.

To other boon companions I console
not, of Albert Chinualumogu Achebe,
I say that the Dictionary was read
and leaved not through. We had
no potion of Elixir to save this
fortunate. Farewell compliments,
Albert Chinualumogu Achebe; k'emesia.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Kiss Me

Intil my family and apartment,
I am so seduced and thus
Trapped. Lain arms apart and intil doors
Open intil have an enchantment.
Loose-limbed, thus, but in the spirit.

Count not my years but measure
My licence. Judge not my past
But hear my molten piece cast.
Aye! At the past, want I for
Hence, from him. Only if you can

Grant my thirst, then I am free
Also. Sworn oath of affection
With your blood, I am yet on
Mount, where you and I did me
Found. Kiss me and let me allow

It more. I might have held afield
Or visiting, but I hence lay
To let all of me intil sway,
From me, intil this want that filled
Me. It is but to take my

Licence, all my reception
Shall wide. If more let's sunder.
Not in my secret but other,
Let forth from seeing, hereupon,
A kiss; I only required it.

Time did tell. Not intil comes now,
A day, let a bunch, it. Call
It my pleasure. To the wall
Goes weakest intil take a bow.
Where do I make for a place

Best? How breathe I? How do I
Gesture intil quality? Kiss me
Like an ocean swallows. Let be
Like the fish took Jonah. So high
Intil a temperature I ask.

Thus care-full, hold on me over
That I shall smell your touch. Of
Your kiss starves I in the love
And imagines the moment hover
On me. From it shall I intil

A me else. Count not the clock
To soothe these pains softer. Have
I upon a high inquiry? Starve
Me not of an alert as luck

Would have it. But I am only

Wearing a warrant ____ warrant
To digestion. It is a
Rise, mine, from the untold; may
It be. But a miscreant
I am not; let it my mere

Grudge. This mirror chose I; let
Thus all saying no until this
Hungry piece of my meat is.
As for this romance, unquiet
Made I, strapped in the cage,

Hard-hot excited to devour
Copiously, your hand. Do
Not shorn me of this fire to
Scavenge for I cannot sour
In gentle. Had I dull as does

Nights, I am thus on heat as
A day shouts. Let my moving
Until a venue else; my choosing
Ask until the signal strength scarce
For my location. To pull

Your gravity, allow that I make
Up or undress, let me but
Acquaint the lackings most sought
In the art. I can dare wake
Any ever adventure until this

Mould to buy this model, to embed
And blazon me and my machine
In distribution. So seen,
Kiss and leave me dead-drenched abed,
From I can know until this heat

Burn and fade away. Once, blithe shall
I breathe upon in this presence.
I am thus but sought until thence,
My tongue root. Go from partial,
Your kiss, afore the vainly call.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Laments for Poesy

Alas! In every particular intil minutes,
Poesy is birthed. Dividing inventorially:
Inspiration and a creator meets
intil the breathing-time, connubially.
But to the still-births my lamentation
_ the ill-harm upon their description.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Laments for Poesy II

Oh Literati! Upon you is Poesy born
from your naked charges, a carving;
a licence far too intil the working.
Gordon Bennett! Cares of myself upon
the aborted goes, whom not the genre
reached_ shorn of drawing on more.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Laments for Poesy III

Homily, to take up the gauntlet
called Poesy, upon no toss the key
to all, the packages and advantages;
just a few answered intil not let
too too. So my ire affected to be
short from the native badinages
_digested well for a pregnancy
but intends barren intil a fantasy.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Lazy Rooms

A wise man who got some money
Did see wise to run not funny
But make a house of this much.
He then chose to build the such
Of his rooms as they shall best
And first to him in the zest;
So he made to carve this way.
A job man who would not say
No, he paid, and he asked him,
'get me a house that would team
With no guest's, where I shall dine
But cook not; the loo in line
And not of baths. When my ship
Comes, the lav shall over.' too deep
In mirth did the job man poke
'you make but lazy rooms to hope
Your ship, then you may sum up
With those, your next best, to top
It all. Your quest shall, but that
Many rooms are not, but that art
Fancy; yet made the house for men.'
It were clear, the man would learn;
And he went on, '...for a house
Is not, until how a home vows.
Who shall make a room for beds
And from the guests? As it girds
A home, you must not dine but
To cook. Thus, a lav is not
In the semi. So shall you have
A home; lest you make and carve
Apart, rooms.' and the wise man got
It and said, 'thanks as has taught,
O friend! For it is but you
That makes in this order; this new
Had I know where art rooms upon
And a house, of a home, shorn.'
So he shook hands with the man
After which they took up the plan.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Life and her dregs

If it were criminally-minded
when up and out, above board.
In thrall to the buck for me
or foul my sinew, thus under calls.
Would that,
betaken to the Dock, that mind.

When my sky was dark and threatening,
my breath declined.
Hence when visited,
'tis either sway or bear
the brooding visitation;
or accompany his leavetaking.
Albeit for me,
hospices spied from afar
nor note-worthy, I were.
Thus, betook my trail, lopsided
foretold my landfall desolated
and footfalls, felled.

Like a gravid woman, new
I grew a pot-belly yet cadaverous;
frying, my fluids and fibres fired.
Thus my ghastly frame, fragmenting
as if volcanic, my pot-bowel.
Hence, infernal the magma
that the nape of my lung
breathe forth indrawn
to my tongues of ashes
and betaken to a dynamite,
my shade and bower.
I stood stiff-necked
in a strong defiance
athwart leapfrogging this breath
but neither could pray
awhile with me, my soul.
Whence no alchemy or deus-ex-machina
lived in sight.
Thus she quailed tremulously
as she did,
a heavy harbinger and quietude
⁯ rung through me.
Albeit not yet slaked to quit
hence aided struggling
with the beggarly air, hot yet keen
'til a point almost darkling;
her call trumpeted sotto-voce
that she cannot triumph
thus, if could submission,
it must her post-haste.

Forthwith,

an eldritch coincidence enshrouded us
strained me with languor
to a darkness burning but madding
that I cannot question.

Alas!

To this life, piteous;
my soul finally gave in
to a waterloo and asunder
_my hubris.

Whereat I cannot battle alone
or anymore,
I took a bow
and rested lower.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Love-Arrest

Behold! A vision she is, of pulchritude.
In blood, dilated out of haunt she brood.
In a spirit of health, carving for herself. Ice
in her meed albeit in a false disguise.
Winning days until the entire manhood,
unto the borne-in-hand babes in the wood.

The calves, unto mercy-killing she would stir.
Fearless and blind that the Devil may care.
Defiling perfidies and despoiling generousities.
playing with the rule, golden and serenities;
Picking from neighbours and clicking on the air.
Yahoo is her model and betaking hearts bare.

Pasting her counterfeit presentation in her pages
in a sensible and true avouch and more passages
of proof: she betook blind and unpregnant of
her landfall. Happy-go-lucky, naked and rough
with knowing her aim and divulging images;
hence, bachanallian she sought and engages.

In this fashion, carrying them through and through.
Casting beyond herself and carrying it away too.
Which arrest can answer her or time, which
cunning nor affection unto her spirit'd betwitch.
In this days of nature responsive to this hue,
so her epoch. Colours of her reach, who knew?

In the fashion of herself and usual cunning,
betook to this man Clive, her wandering.
In a flying colour she wings at foot to a crown
yet the going was tough. She draws on more, down.
Her kismet was true and the Heavens still living.
On buttons they acquainted in a careful friending.

At point exactly, would she give up to any prince
albeit the going touchest, hence owe to convince
this thick-skinned and stiff-necked hard target.
She betook disguising true unto a market
of honesty. But Clive plumbed her whisperings
but unsure to tell straight to the true hints.

Upon this thoughtful standing the two stuck
clearing unbowed until their reaches their buck.
Thence she gradually wean to a sisyphian manoeuvre
yet hellbent and stiff-necked all over and over.
Hence they equally bestrode the fulcrum. Luck
I can say, departed her down-gyved in a knock.

Whereat she could not fight anymore, retreat
nor surrender whereas her third person's defeat
was torn asunder by the affections of Clive

which were not required for his flaw and survive.
Her pierced soul could die upon continuing upon it
but of all these, Clive was sightless of his beat.

Hence strong-rooted to the feet in the spirits
unaware of his love_ his strongest deceits
upon his fall. At a moment, the persisting valour
softly bowed unarmed and lowered to a stupor.
Albeit not dead but too dead to save her exits
Hence, succumbed and ready to the quits.

She cannot sleep from this road to Damascus
whereof her transfigurations to a Lazarus.
Thus she thought this defeat more above ordinary;
hence, sought his redoubt but weak to carry
it away. In thrall to his nature. In the course
she hit the softest part of this heart and was

clove from a release. Clive caught this huntress
hunted alfresco for her past carelessness
but in thrall to having her for a keep.
Hence, breathe life for her to a rate deep
that she ate a humble pie in the fastness
and surrendered a home_ this enchantress. ⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Miss Me

A being
called human, but
a god of
the feminine me.

'tis the shade
my possession,
that overwhelmed my
intelligence and assigns
me and in remote.

She is
the ventriloquism
in me when I
lip synch,
and not my vocal
acrobatics.

The general
note hymeneal,
outreaches that more
from one sums
up equal, but I come
now 'gainst this education
that any seeming single
is like a pair
to compliment.

Blood is flesh
intil man; blood yet
went spiritual and intil
the fade abstract.

We bore each other
in either and thereat
make my pointer
and counter, whereof
my bonding,
our chain and
no shackles made.

It pleases me
that this last-first
maiden mine, endure.
That her monarchy shall
breathe me golden.

She breathe thrice
for the same, to
bid me supported.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Modelling

Who is from the modelling in every man?
No man not, but in individual, in
The show, like the faces; and thus wont to fan.

Man is a form in another mould. To breathe
The planet, of varied pulls. Each and in his
Best; portrays a giving of the hands in breed

Upon men. His figure embody the breathing
Characters; thus, the live colours, in each,
For an epitome alive, breathe it well. But being

The machine as thus alone, we are the world
Of lives that we breathe, thus, breathe him thus far.
Breathe your best and in machine. In this blood,

Have your curve, arise, until the clear and my note,
Just. Men are models stood upon by their roles apart;
Assigned until single figure, form and coat.

Let a man thus free and in model. Ask him
Not else, visited or transported; but let
Each hood but celebrity thus in the beam,

For every man is. Ever asked your model? Low and
Simple to a shade of own. Like gestural
Broadcasters, we model roles until moulds and hand.

This model is life and the hue human and habit.
Mould this hand on man. Life is modelling, good
It or bad! Every liver is a model. This bit

Is an art of life. The craft and fine art
Of the Demi-urge. This artist moulds until this
Model, instrument of character at that.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

My Chrysanthemum to Vivian Okoba

I shall paint reverent, this day,
Whenever returns it as it may
Redolent of you. How could I have
Perceived the day of saint Carina
And her companions, allowed to carve
Too, for your scope, onto one winner.

This autumnal and achaeian hand,
Scorpio, paved well, your way intil stand
The waking of the yuletide. Some
Milk, after the Santa Claus I guess you
Do have. Intil a handcapped as come
My testimonial in little, do

I acquaint, while my young knowledge of
You grow. I intend no eye enough
But that fortune etch on you aglow,
Despite the times your star would shine
Black. Your aspiring aureole upon brow
Like the eastern wake of the fine

Sun, arises. Unarguably with me, I
Bet that your breath and blood are high
Intil the green freshness of nature.
It takes the clock to count one's fair
Calendar, but I pronounce your
Days, hereby, familiar and clear

Intil the native and neighbouring
Intil nature. But there is one thing
I shall not sleep too soon upon, if
Sister Tonia shall allow a leave intil
My utterance, I shall pluck in brief,
This day, yours, as it is a will

Of time but alone that you possess
An enchantment intil a huntress;
An enchantress who draws on more
To herself, as it calls to wont.
Your tongues coat honeyed and your door
Intil the pulling. Thereon the front

Of your sinew intil affection glow
For you; but as for your dreg's brow,
I cannot well, digest hereon
Hour. Merry anniversary of birth,
O Scholastica, you are a scion
That scored intil one scholar. To the earth

Around you, it is, to manifest that
You do with the pen of thought apart.
This patroness yours, woke me now

From the tenth of February, about
The virgin and patroness; how
She is celebrated and without doubt,

About record with children that sick
And fall. This day of the first week
Of the penultimate month, is
A waking of your ninth month with
Call to nature. Make merry and ease
On to the new era, in the fleet.

Sport loose-limbed, in that the sky cheers
For you. May you breathe after your fears
To the happy end, as the Demi-urge
Preordained. As you move to mark
Out the age of consent, no grudge
Intil the providence or from the dark

Shall the record of your teenage
Bear for you. May your voyage
Alive be forerun by your blithesome
Humour and pigeon-livered meekness.
May all your courtly fasts become
You met into the high hood, stainless,

To aim like an arrow ahigh, above all
Semblable. She goes to the wall,
That weakens. My watchful prayers
It is that Vivian Okoba make
Viva forever and onto the sayers
Of tomorrow's grace; and betake

To its crowns. Of faith, you lay ground
Intil the posterity. I have found
Least, badinages with you but shall
Well, measure your shinning opinion.
I am a mirror official
To picture you out hither and yon,

Out of my short experienced time.
Shall it purchase envy that I rhyme
Your comely hand hereupon? Creation
Hastened not thou upon. But this way,
Makes I far with my description.
And saying over, I quote this lay

Intil your day and wish onwardly
Alive, your life bejewelled proudly
With the Topaz of the moon. Blossom
Perfumed with the Chrysanthemum
Of the merriment; and forget no
Prayers intil all deserved and mum.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

My Life My Neighbour's Debt (would they had stayed)

Braved by a brother, all the way; the ailing
Grudges tagged on my breast. A part, forth-bringing
Is, from parenting and intil maternity; our
Native womb plays from brothering but intil lower
Sniffs him. Aye! Kill'd not in the shell but had
Minds upon safety. Breast-blur made I at mine, intil
Senses. Catch and have! Who's one? Constitution?
Birth-after, my days of nature, time had clad
That I had a swarmin' surround from ill,
This breathin' round mine; as dear to me upon

Much cherishin'. They crowd'd me so much that
I had secur'd a breathin' space. A heart
Of one did make hands to friend; all at coigne
Of vantage. Less heard, how do I from ruin
Smell a parent or brother? Neighbours are call'd
Not. Oh neighbours! Neighbours mine; whose sole love
I may not drop, rest you fair. As one who would
Stay, have you not love enough to run in blood,
My compass? Things have been strangely borne of
Such division, from an ill beginnin'. Stood

You still, I see. Your hands made nostrils mine,
In all but held this place. Oh! Intil my line
Wonts you to have, any; purchased my opin'on
Good, your spirit through me shines and h'ther and yon.
I commend thus, your pains; in an honest
Thought general though to our general use, you
Screw'd me intil stuck an undaunt'd mettle
And bid my will abide it. At the behest
Of my love, things of fear shunn'd me far too
For I am arm'd so strong upon the little

Days. Your companion 'gainst my captivity
Fought, from my stir. You bestow'd in obscurity
Your time and fold'd me from fears; you knew diet
Mine ___ all intil fair and fortunate, kismet.
Thus, you led me forth. Surveyin' vantage
Or rather, you depart'd without leave. For
Sole proprietary, oh mothers! Oh sisters! All
Brothers and fathers all; but of one badinage
Other. I resign'd, oh neighbours! intil succour
You made; that chanced to note but upon my fall.

You nipp'd none in the bud but before me
Like an aureole. I am blithe had to be
This; the round of my breath turn pages of my
Calendar unto your hands. Swept my way ahigh,
Your hands took me and better; I had other
But I am blithe, a posture, this. I am
Yours, this mould; methinks they alert'd my senses,
They were much you did. Oh! Across border

Had I wound up but accordin' ill-harm
Not, our order. One by anoth'r from defences

Crave us. We are men; thus, be not out with
Me, my seemin' careless thought as all it,
Had but as b'stood now upon intil no child;
Nor digest any further, my neglect. Mild
It kiss's me not, dwellin' in the imagery
That intends from fruition but would b'take
Me intil a flower ___ this star; though hangs but
Articles, he is economical. Has weary
My brain? But I shall from ease, jump your sake;
My genius is rebuked. I am I not

In that you might have ignored; but as long
As I can sleep it upon, I shall not strong,
Wake from managin' it with you. Your memory
Tugg'd with fortune is the warder, knightly,
Of my brain; that record breathes. To mend him
Before the purpose cool, I shall know those,
Pleasing you intil I shall not of a guilt
Anymore. Meeting were bare as it may seem,
Without it; lest our farewell intil repose
Be leap'd into us and applaud'd not as built,

The deed. But thou art neighbours yet, I made
Much bound to. Impatient of your gone shade
And much abused with your departure, yet unto
More days do depend to sort but our true
Point of second meeting; if but athwart
It shall a pity of me. What needful else?
Nothing but your hermit shall I rest, whence
I cannot in any other way, though your heart
Is more in due, pay you. Who dares more fells
But none nor question my uttermost, hence.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Neighbours (Our varried Pulls)

Fated to the purpose, by providence
Divine and showing like those they are;
Might be brothers, in distinct offices.
Their speeches shine and bid wills
Avouch it. They revive bloods and breed
Fellows. Melts fools from the things
That are not. Who dares receive it
Other, their strange inventions?
...but a gross acquaintance.

My life's my heart's debt; thus,
Have I my eyes, clean,
From the purpose. They sees not
Themselves but by reflection
By some other things.
I am well known this and perhaps that.
'take me with you, Frank!
Plucking me with passions of some difference; with you,
I gets my pre-formed faculties,
Conceptions only proper to myself, of you,
Uniquely'

'you love me, Ola! Nor construe
Any further, my neglect
From others; but with me, you disrobes
The images from others, my hidden
Worthiness into my eyes'
Inflame me intil some stomach;
Screw my courage to the sticking place.
Not that I love words better but
My profit on it. No! Rather
Make my blood cold but cross me not
Nor blow me from myself. Use me
At pleasures, hence past all saying no;
Meeting is bare without it.

'you mistakes my passion, I-Jago!
My shows of love and fire, wandering
Beyond bounds, to a monstrous quality
But uniquely at me of that'
are you come near me then? Ever taken
Alive, your hood, and mighty yet.
I dare but assure you hold up
Your hands.

Work my ordinance, Neighbours!
O painters of colours! But censure me
In your wits;
More but my boon companions.
If God gave all or which you did give
Unto you; your art in nature, but choked,
Is much bound to man.

Nature craves us jointly, how you breathe
Lives upon men's state.
Thus, the complexion of the element
Can start a spirit and fashions,
Further moved, to fasten in my thoughts
and I am a neighbour until I'll nomore
Of you; thus, we do owe ourselves.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

No Child

The zero-hour is aged
when I am.
Let me answer it
for I can take up the gauntlet.
Let me carve for myself
whereas I can cross and compare to it.
Because I am
I am a no child
a no child of me.

Time is come
when I am.
Forget me.
Wake from me.
Love me.
Detest me
because I am.
Bear me not in hand
because I am.
I can well
and carry them through and through
into carrying it away.
I can cast beyond it
because I am.

Close with me.
Come tardy off me.
Compare with me.
Cross me.
Have an eye of me
because I am a no child.

Forget my showing
for I can make a defeat on it.
Divide inventorially
because I am.
I can draw on more.
I had an eye of you.
I am a no play thing of nature.
I can gather and surmise
because I am.
I am a no child
a no child for me.

I am a no child at point exactly.
I do grace upon what its ground.
Because I am
lean on me.
Because I am more above a child.
Essay to my vision
Put and stand me upon.
I am responsive to it

because I am, at every particular.

Stay upon your patience.
I can sweep my way.
Wait upon me
because I am a no child
a no child of me.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Northern Winters

In the Yuletide white Christmas;
twelve on the Beaut-fort Scale.
From the autumnal advent
colder
redolent of his Epiphany
freezing my balm
to a cold-comfort.
Albeit
the blood aflame, better still
the tone dead-freeze.

Frolicsome abstraction, halcyon
but concrete
Tune of the times
of a great article, carrying them
through.
Knot_welcome-end, unto registers
blooded adamantine hues
of yore. Like the Kriss-kringle
Ruddy and Snowy
in his aureole
_fashion of itself.

So an Umbrella
_a Strobe and Siren, leviathan
hung aloft. Lip-syncing
to bethlehem
unto there, native and doing graces
yet,
freighted a graveyard, the soul;
in the stilled nights
rung by the thundery tunes,
under a Rime.

In velvets we clad
that we stiffen not
from this showers
we make no market.
Thus
merriments ventriloquises in babels
Hence
the Welkin undone
from her weeds and shorn of
her bowers_the sylvan boughs
of grove
steadfast in winged hues.
The yule trees
gilded
in bedecked
and garlanded
feathers, naked
_shed sunder afar

and wide. Scudding
unto the air.
Thus,
the Cataracts in well-spring
to runnel
and the verdures
under the chillsome enchantment
hence
the vernal fingers
yet fisted.
Behold!
The white stone lash
upon the throng. Casting beyond us
_tremulously upon the making
we quail, yet
blithe-souled
in the first fevers
of the festival,
of our Yuletide, aloof.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Oedipus

Afore forth, let me intil my brother ago, make.
A brother that paved my scope, that intil
This same breast, nursed, ___ milky intil the
Teeth and honey intil our tongue. Journ you
In health, O Chukwuma! It is my wake at
The heaviest breast-crack of a down-gyved
Brother, in the course of our beloved mother;
A sleep thus, from the cry of a brother ___ dying.

Have me thus from the prodigals for black-sheep,
All extravagant. E'en the home-prouds, yet from
Our roof but half for a brother, prisoner. And
Have me, upon my class-first constitution
And front, firm, not in my secret.

Had but the father, muteness moment up,
Though set affairs afar; from concern, breathe
Upon and across him. Not my sentence for the
Heart but marry my mother. Alas! There's my
Blood in my piece of meat. Had father early,
Advised of his slay, had he still, hence, he
Would alike, not.

I can kill this father and embrace where I
Came art, but all from blood, nor to sword, put;
This from gory, my massacre. Not that I am
Measuring how he marrys my mother nor do I
Feel to marry her better, but sworn oath of
Affection with her blood and as might nature
Told, I shall straight, pull my love in waste,
If one good round is wont to greed; oedipudian,
Shelter her crime and run through the father's
Stupor. But his stupor be borne by our manhood
In that there art this family; he put my mother.
Aye! He let this motherhood. Thus, his stupor is
Not but let this bowel nurse me ___ as I did took.

If added, let's divide. Let none intervene intil
My distribution but could give gestures from my
Guard, for my will thus abide. Yet, indefinite
Makes my reason but not afield, my gravity.
My pride is partial but it matters in my family.
Let it playing 'round nature and a risky
Flight; aye! My security may wont to valour
But dare challenge the art of touch not ___ this
Science is from politics. Who can say how come
May God out of machine? Something fell shall fall,
Break and smell. Gently go! Father, journ
You in health from my health, for this is my
Grudge, comfortable, my confident guilt, if.

Had divine earlier promised or my birthday,

All way intil hence or how breath digested me?
Wandered wild and explored deserty, intil
This motion of flexibility arisen, arise, O mama!
Your is sun still-rising; make from this clocking
And let him tick intil your hour. I can breathe
Thus green; would careless? Let! But there art
My family. From black, let me red across yellow,
Wake and distribute at our line for a whole.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Oh! my Blackness

...under the babel
of a piccadilly circus
sat a scion in a vision of me
 for his cut, hoary
 flaxen or snowy
 my telling cannot well
 hence lamps are no nature
 but my solutions were straight-faced.
Gordon bennett!
 Upon another image_
 a nymph carpetted in silken tresses, seamed
 to my visual ambrosias
This mane raven,
 betook the tracery of her bunches
 bestriding. Like truncated boughs
 of the sylvan bowers, sundered
 by a parting;
 standing like sentinels by an aisle.
Thus,
 garlanded in her bucolic hues
 like a vista of the beginning
 yet, in the flower
 of her virtue.
 Thus, I woke
 'Oh my blackness'
for we were equally painted to a skin.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Old Wisdom

This sinew of yore, from this day, made
And cannot forerun my heros past.
Playin' 'round nature, as array'd,
Science of date shall but breathe last
Intil a certificate; in that shade,

Let affairs afar, away but greener
Breed. Intil my machine, best; produce,
Recycle and reproduce the inner
Suspicion and intil shall suffuse
My careless buyers with thinner

Doubts intil not. Growth is wont to be
Add'd intil the existin'; to allow
All, better and from all accidie,
Best and on more, good. So how
Do I intil all seein', ask, see,

To meet all, embrace all and intil
All, acquaint; to know all and tell
All and all better, all good, will
Intil all, best. At all d'grees well
To meet with all standin'. I feel,

Experience is my certificate.
In the want of all trade, I want
Intil all vantage and intil all state,
Profess uncommon; out of haunt,
Extravagant, my sinew. Let my hate

Intil none, but for the best learner.
Upon welcome, let! Add'd, blithe shall
I breathe on form. As an earner,
I have liv'd but the mercurial
In want of no deus ex machina

But the echoes and other lives. Praise Him!
I have among the dead list, thus, pass
It black, the passage intil my beam
And quality. Intil explore else, alas!
Intil the nether world, let me seem

And then, forth, intil the Limbo and away;
Then intil the celestial. Let thus
Of several hands in time and sway,
For my estimation and course;
All from an eye-of-God, shall essay.

In that knowledge is power, it is
proteinous to build this anatomy
And fill brim-full, this skull. We kiss
All natural intil this testimony

Of the demi-urge and small voices.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

One

Be experience the best, let thus
the self-teachers learn post-haste
and practice. Since birds of a feather
flock, let us thus until one blood, drink.

Shall similar mood understand,
shall equal experiences pair,
could thus a wisdom alike,
take me from quarelling?

Let then, all's learning be schooled.
And none shall no longer new,
stranger or closed. So that any
sadness is conveyed and
imagery portrayed.

Must you not out of body feel
alike, my report? Then the
action must in personal. If rows
be serried and those tallied,

thus shall be taken from the
untold. It is no ones grudge as
may vary to take home for one
mind overmasters ninety-nine
sinew. Thus they shall in a
blood go from scratching.

And a family borne, be it known
that one blood went. Should I
report my seeing to the sightless?

Thus out of a shoe, one cannot well,
tell like the exact sensing of the worn.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

One Sinner and In Hell

He would fast and abstain,
with a detest, to continue;
but much unsinewed.
He is thus domed piteous.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Out

Forget no soon,
O God, our oath
Of affection. Nature
Gives, I lack.

Dear heart,
Give ground, nor bewitch
My hands.
I am going thus
From the human.

An ambitious arrow aimed
Airy ahigh
Above all. Simply run
From space if you must
Hide apace.

This breath was handed
To me, so ask not near.
In my will,
I would else, cease green.
Mark not my pace
Along,
In that another road is
Intil a lost. Hold away,
Maiden. Make home,
For I wrote lullabies
Some,
On your pillow. It is
For men all,
Afield.
Prayer rather, for any, you
Ever allowed.

But that no man
High, gave
Himself, chance yet
Is a tool
Of the kismet.
Humility, not humiliation;
For some survivors
Can break
Earth and it
Wont befall them
Yet.

I am a letter
To you, to use no
Word.
What is worse where
Art none
Bad? Lots shall become

No me, still, as I would
Not. Thus, when
A breast holds
On a tongue foul, it
Equals a crack.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Parable Intil A Flattery Truth Of Sleep

⁯ Good thou!
I had answered a Night-call, intil birth
another; upon a piece of scription.
Attached my extravagant ecstacies
had this ends, that I wished lay
intil the soil of men, _ the throb
of the human race, indelible
to be carrying still that he confesses
just intil me, on his.

Down a dell descried I, in relation to
the eternal, a paradise-vista
_ a vision of pulchritude, opened.
Thus but a city-chapter and no earthly;
not intil a diction, earthly, can well but
pardoned this panorama I be
and not intil the pregnant either.
A glassy gold to be a road saw I like
the Earth's beyond compare, betarred in coal.
The road could not kiss but effulgently flattering
crystalline arose on my front.
All clad like an Earth's may
chillsome glasses; added above earthly gold
took this Vista in form intil a height,
if Earth be take this cover, unborn,
be his children let partly, his carry-across
fantasy.

A vehicle ice-hot, made come
and go intil either sides of the garlanded
lane_ bestrode mighty, heavy upon
⁯ my front. Oh! Complexion is Earth's;
dwellers weqe on no racial specification
but man alike. Gilded be the dwellings intil
made abroad the known world under the aspect
of eternity. 'oh! ' quivered my vision intil
my shade admitting dear unto
the Demi-urge, to use him at his easements.
These be intil beyond a human worth.
Be Earth what, to gained 'gainst
these? No Earth-like but saying o'er.
In fine, in Earth-alike where his
riches rooted? Let what it, intil iota
of my vision, adventure for such merchandize!
But Judgement, oh judgement! May thy day
doom death not but purchase out
abuses, for strenghtful intil glad tidings
I art, for man's sake; to give all the world
intil nothing. Hence, my prayer's effect dares
everything in extremity, to draw on more.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Parry

⁯ In a picked leisure, for want of other idleness.
Fated for the purpose, a day raw and gusty,
mine; not to be talked on but the pains are
registered everyday I turn the leaf to read
them albeit stayed I not. Carving for mine,
gamesome, smelt my hour come. Let it a show
of love but do not use. Casting beyond.
I started this spirit for men at some time
are masters of their fates; in mistrust of
my success, threw lots between the execution

of a personal thing and bid my will avouch
it, that made to her and shall to hand. With
half so good a will, I had her held but
fail of the knowing me. The end then known,
I felt then the future in the instant. She
ever faced up albeit there is no art to fend
the mind's clearest construction in the face.
This is but suspicion in my first motion
until pronunciations of success as fair
a name. I had what necessarily and

but wittingly associated calls; upon
attempting it and going the man like any heart
alive, in measure, time and place. With all that
⁯ becomes him and none is he who dares more.
Embraced the occasion, thus did I not
come tardy off but stood upon until a brim-full
to take up the gauntlet, invited; hence this
function cannot smothered in surmise without
my stir. Caught of me, I knew but wordless,
this beauteous blood's breed and piece of virtue,

if God did all; from a suspense of my
utterance, new abroach. Came fatten fonder,
her muteness unlooked for but comes well
with deceit dodged with affability. Yes!
She mock time with the fairest show. 'a word,
I pray you' read her mien. A gravity of
my standing but unfamiliar with panels for
my dangers are no indifferently.
Bitten than a mouthful, my lips did from
their colour took wing. In my penitential

grudges; if I could, I would clock-wise, instruct
anti. Overheard each breath of breeze in dumb shows
that my hearer measures my guilt to grudge
me cursed. Circumstance did undone to sink
in trial as did appear in these. The charm
wound up. Along fate, set up my rest, as I
⁯ found the time to friend. Screwed courage to the
sticking place from an undaunted mettle,

stirred I up my cold composure unto fire
enough, to where I must in love and steal it.

The same in my own act and valour as
I had desired, made I a gallant show;
and her hidden price into my eyes. I fed in her
commendations, made much of her from my
profit on it. My concerns began to strengthen
and fatten that I cannot hold the tongue
that most may claim the argument for me,
but fill any she with the strange invention.
Under the heels of what had my aforethought, in
thrall to a cinderella once common; thus

looked I that seem to speak things strange.
E'en she, had her eyes. Before this purpose
cool, gesturing it like any heart alive, overshot
myself but where I did begin, therein end.
Spoke her full of grace as putting to rout;
my eyes lost my tongue but yawned at response.
The weakest to wall! What injected in her
this sting? She gave a stuck-in that came in
triumph, a water-loo, over me; to vanish
⁯ vague-minded, tongue-tied in guilts. I afore-smelt

her affection sway than reason, as a
silly shaft travelled turning me. Alas the while!
She returned not but left me with her haste,
dauntless of her mind; she read never shall turn
back but made this shift to cast me albeit
some will dear abide it, adventure for such
merchandise with particular postures of
some blow. Have not she love enough to bear me,
to leaving all at that? Done me offence,
myself cannot do one so much wrong. Just

impatient of the snub, and distract, fell.
Familiar hopes are answered in such a sort,
e'en the likes answer before demands. Well,
not that I love expenses better but she
may, when there are some stomach, that ever will
go bound. The greatest is behind, for not
her wedding bed a grave. That is our point
of second meeting and are no further,
giving her a leave awhile to bind her to the
heart and love of us. They e'en fall from our

strength; so then? This well, my words become me
as my wounds; for nothing that day became
⁯ me like this careless trifle. But I have left
to say, 'as if more is your due than one
can pay, I have begun to plant you and

will labour to make you full of growing;
I have you not and yet I see you still.
Again ages another nor stronger than any day
comes now. Not shall give gesture to my guard
but sworn with your blood, oath of affection'⁮ ⁮ ⁮ ⁮
⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Peter Pan for a Dorian Gray

⁯ Gordon Bennett!

Your pickers and stealers would cleave rust,
mortised with the throne.

This teenage forebear,
in his meed.

Your head would fashion
to a shape of that crown.

The blacksmiths
only would do it removed
broken to a wasting the crown.
Those are false fires
and wandering beyond bounds.

Your sons
staying upon their patience,
awaiting your voice;
would leach
before your satisfied pardon.
Oh!

Your sons and daughters would lose nutrients
before an approval.

This Cinderellas are down-gyved
and would die
before they are breathed life for.
Upon w⁯ hat ground shall your twilight do grace
unto thy times.

Your stiff-necked state
cannot paint your natural affection
it cannot sweep the ways
of your days of nature.
Would you let your seeds
for an adamant line
or live intil the dregs
and shorn of a kin.

Your days olden
shall continue to sway
the times of your begotten.
Woe to you!
Quotidian in blood.
Ageless and would well
in the candied advantages.
You would make a bringing home alone
of yourself.
Hence
carve for yourself
cast beyond the charges
narcissise and allow no free scope.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Poesy

⁯ At point exactly, breathing time to answer.
To a taking up the gauntlet in rows.
Change hands to graphing figures must power
until a counterfeit presentment, repose.
Proof' passages to ravel out the barren frames.
Divide inventorially for a discourse
of reason. Hence this is rating for aims
towards the Literati in no forced cause
and carve for yourself to carrying it away.
'tis a time to romance and impregnate
our tongues in a true but no round way
that no naked organ would well at ease, post-haste
in a sensible true avouch from its languor.
Yet sustain them all and drawing on more.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Poesy African

Come candied calculations not
until a native nourishment but
sip a neighbouring breast_ sour.
Behold! Sorrowed sights in shower
upon her capsaicins like a Stoic.

Her plangent phitre, her ravening
wordless pregnancy intending
not it, tilling unto her labour.
Hearken to her honeyed horror
and voice, deep from her love.

Days of nature borne in hand.
A defeated defence hoisted and
dilated with an eager thirst from
a forced cause his ink, a form
stained albeit watchful and keen.

A calendar drenched bile's. Welled up,
carved and faced in clouds atop
no ground of working pleasedly; bedded
upon a lachrymal nib upon no gladdened
tidings. Thus, documented from own.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Poesy In Heaven

Welcome me not there, do!
At the Cherubim and Seraphim
Come I not; the trumpeting
And banding ___ celestial,
But until a lyre.

For a knowing and in bouncing
Springs, heavy is my heart.
Of a hand, shall it alike, heavy,
To carve early from the vainly;
In that vanity is made and went,
And shall not empty, leave?
He lacked baptism and swore
To depart earth by the name,
Of a promise. But from the
Heavens made this vanity. But
Not his choice, his moving I did
Know; perhaps, shall from
Earth not.

I am therefore that Poesy stole
My heart and chopped in bit.
As vanity shall know, and may
Judge, but from here, I wish
Until my science to harbour
My politics of exporting until
A scriptorium, a commodity
Of my scripts. Though may not
Escape the omnipresent science
Of that beast ___ vanity, that
Devours the human mould in
The careless, I run yet.

But sought to deliver my best
Beloved until this home, I love
This bearing. As I adventure,
Let until this merchandise. I
Wish that poesy fetch feathers
To fly forth or in the animate
To ghost away until delivery,
Receive a shade, where they
Shall speak my name and smell
Earthly in another; hence
The heavens lack an apartment
To sue quality and measure. It
Is in my secret that my hand
Went across this scriptures
Vainly; upon my breast heavy,
To jump this love of the ink
Bloody, in especial, it is also.

Wherever my souling hereafter,

Let me before, secure and intil
This offspring, defend; that may
Not save any mark. With his
Tongue but cannot claim an
Arguement but welcome intil
The last stranger. But in my
Diary, for my echoe ___ let me by
Poesy afterwards, towards the
Heavens. I can again, produce
Intil the last piece on earth; let
But the sinew along my name
But from here on earth, dregs.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Poesy Literary

'But poesy,
My echoe is not taken;
Thus,
Let me
Intil the gave-me, essay.
Do you mind my given, not?
This is intil my singular echo,
But let us not afore,
Face my reserve.'

'Is this art, political?
There art my science, but politics
They said. Taken!
But thus art a sinew
Intil dregs, my hand-full composure.
In this,
The literary tree got
A back of
My independent branching;
For a mirror of
The truth, that Literature is
Wont to picture, but must spend
You to pay you.'

'Listen to Literature, who
Allowed my gravity. You cannot
Pull me by this given, but shall pay
Allegiance alike or
More
As intil genre else.
That gravity may not all-time,
But shall allow you
A breathing
Space, awhile. A leisure
At lyre ____ to welcome
And have
Home,
Your indifference. My gravity equals
The acceleration to drive
The others sway. My constitution
Holds my beauty; my strictness
And brief.'

'Once,
Let me single,
Applaud
The Literati and visitors that thus
Abide.
As for my strangers,
Of the sugary fluid, stay
For pastimes for
Pleasure; where I receive the new

Or half
For a buyer hearts. There, I win
And lose hearts to
The shall, in that I cannot treat
Against
The nature told.'

'Literature has divided
The labour in shares and had me
To the heart ____ her secret
Place of keeps, but vague to any
Breast.
One must by Literature,
Sent,
To have from
My deposit. That is listening to conceive
This pregnancy. Thus, I am
Where her flavours
Store, but distributes in
Aromatic.
If your seeing is and science
Make, you shall have that this best is exact
And most humane. I am
To tell you my meaning,
Carve out a mirror and from games
Laconic, speak
In clarity.'

'It is my privacy, my regard-hunting in that
My composition shall be
Borne in
Hand, from a politics; not but a mere
Science. Thus, the literary
Scale,
Of genres is neither
Lopsided nor partial in
The horizon; we received in semblable.
Count
The clock, round and
Over, in the
Three. Therefore, let
The low carriers scout gamesome
Else. In choosing and
Bracketing, let their option from
Literature,
For a soft selecting. Let me too
No longer addressed by
Their miscarriage, in that I allow pastimes
Meanwhile. My leisures though
Makes
In that all work and no play makes Jack
A dull boy. So let me

From
All-puzzling.'

Be it as it may, Poesy literary
Is heartless neither, nor
Unfriendly
But scribing and laying screwed
High
Intil a sticking; so do not
Envy but mark
Her signs and run
On line, when she
Unveils it. Bear her thus right
And look her not up, still
At ease.
Let her decide and judge
Not any choosing, hers; for her nature
Thus abide.
Let her at the answer, allow her
Hard, any or
She is
From the literary. Hence, intil aroma,
Allow her flavour. That is Poesy
Literary.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Poetic Licence

A Picadilly circus
of a Band wagon _tune
of the time.

A superiority for answering,
a redoubt in the breathing time
of taking up the gauntlet of poesy.
Whereas your listener can well,
take in not unshaped.

Carving for one's self
yet carrying it away.
In a fashion of a Rosetta stone
digested until a discourse of reasons
for dividing inventorially, a diction.

A Robin hood
treating all equal
and fit,
tampering justice with mercy.
Alas!
My Frankenstein.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Proteinous

⁯ But by bread shall unfold no he; hence
were more food made, getting in
flesh until in proof, unfurled. Thus until

built may any dwelling, godly or rather,
a fencing uncharmed or else; unbowed
or not until come what fight may.

Import a living else_ building this
anatomy, to purchase out abuses as
shall be managed thereafter. Adventure

for such merchandise and hit the mark
lest, dare what fight or judge, attach,
at what point exactly and be breathe

at foe's debt_ a sword of damocles.
The weakest goes until the wall. To stand
the dignity, fear not and manage thy

tools_ playing stratagems, to carry it
away. There be no case to wear thy
visage from a misadventured overthrow

hence lacks discourse. Methinks! The
fishes lives in the sea; thus, man's
timely ripe and stretch-out made in wise.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Purple Friday

In a dry feasting, not
In a fury or in the
Insatiable. Neither for
A victory, pyrrhic nor
But the fear to take up
The gauntlet of a sole
Propriety in apartment.

Not a proud reluctance
To shout triumphant or
But to gild in silence;
Yet, they show no sign of
A tally or a mark of an
Era else. Their colonial sway
Lack their mirth but stirs by
Their intending show as
Suppose a neglect that
May wont to stay back until
The later, but contained their
Curve___their independence.

Until the stunning, this show
Is in their countenance
Weeping like victors of
Lost warriors. Perhaps but
I come in at that this
Sorrow had kept from the
Banqueting. Perhaps, it
Is all imaging purple
That pictures the exercise,
But traced until the rooting.

With a licence of speech,
Let me that they made more
From this triumph but most
Sought where their conqueror lost.
Methinks, they are wont to
Be free with their warrior
Than in the sacrifice; but
In the hands of this great
Enemy ___ human, though promised forth
Until this shock. But who can
Hold on the shall? Had they
Until the sinew to hold this
Nature, their character
Had rested in calm and
Have their pride and love, who
Shall sweep other but more paths
Theirs. But who the gods love,
Dies young. Who has his cake,
Eaten? Thus their faith lay not
But to find from a lost.

It is in their family
To have their promised child
Intil any ignorance of
Loss; but a tragic error
By a close brother braved. Aye!
Traded intil their folly, to
Wake up at a rubicon,
All intil their heaviest hearts.

But wherefore this laments
Hence their loss borne bonds away?
Perhaps intil theis science.

I dare not but intil their
Course, curse but the cause ___ the
Means and quality in the
Measure; their flagging borne
Purple for they may next,
Rejoice. In a form they
Sacrifice. They stay but
Lain held, yet there is not
Stainful, their abstinence
In that their voice in any
Little, whole, upon the spell,
There is not their tongue stained.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Requiescat In Pace: The Order Of The Last Degree

Thus first Lives leaving certificates
known natural_ a sensible and
true avouch, of a size men equates.

Thus like A.V. Dicey's 'Rule of Law'
balanced in the scale of Justice.
No qualification, no aids. Who or

not quests to acquire? Where they
the fame monsters? To see to how
this. Oh name lovers! To sweep your way

Intil a fatter Résumé. Who sought it not
first-class's e'en they of no school
first left. I might have attained but

not all levels. Although this degree
is sure. A certain text made 'a step
births another' but to a confused we

made the saying now. So shall every
life sojourned in planet Earth
signed out naturally. This discovery

thus a stamp of proof certifying; an
inscription to a confirmation of a
leave-taking, none shall witness. Can

this the official natural checks. Pass
your assigned and leave in something alike,
submit your call to nature. Got he has

to keep signed and kept, these records.
An approval and mark to dwell the weak
merry; so all souls must rest intil all odds
⁯

and many be reposed but most from
the natural order. Like the principle
of Baron de Montesquie from a form

of his 'Esprit des Lois' thus divided
be labour. 'tis nature's duty partly
to sign at not the owner's eye. Minded

we all be intil I, stood upon; also
much bound to him, nature's mark
last, come whom who can, open to.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Road to Damascus

Once a vision of pulchritude
pigeon-livered
in the image of a spirit of health;
free and out of haunt,
barren of the tones of the times;
digested into a great showing.
Just,
candied in her blood and
days of nature until
the fashion of herself.
Dear,
that her counterfeit presentation
or passage of proof,
no diction can well.

Thus
having an eye of her
imparts heat and push
upon my inwardness_ divulging on mount,
but I doubt her kismet.
Aye! This mould I owe services,
so, her means_
responsive to my call.
More above that,
I was only flesh and blood
yet in blood.
Down-gyved
in a forced cause that I cannot
tarry or keep short.
Having duties and doing graces
for her frame stood me upon.
Alas! Upon this form, low yet herculean;
for a diet,
my advantage can well.
Softly in my meed
stood I under no patience,
making markets of my time
in an extravagant order for a present push.
Seeing the handwriting on the wall,
hereupon
crossed her round.
Closed her in a colourful attribute
in the function of horses for courses,
⁯ charging her connubially.
Thus, sweeping my way
casting beyond ourselves and carving
for myself in a discourse of reason.

My dum dum is but false fires
like tilt at windmills.
Famous last words!
'twas getting blood from a stone

and enfolding fantasies in my arms.
As if my ends are not familiar
with our stars, mortised.
But upon what ground
hath the main of my flaw?
In her eye,
so I shed blood, sweat and tears
yet carrying them through and through
and too too in the practice
of carrying it away.

But no Solomon can well;
no potion of phitre, I mean.
No alchemy upon this maraton.
Hence
she took the fifth upon no voice,
adamantine.
My tongue toils her blood,
my seeking run her blood cold,
as she felt borne in hand to waterloo.
Her pregnant parries stuck in a cold blood
only at my hobson's choice.
Gordon bennett!
Her draconian shakes spitting blood
with her heart
bleeding for my frenzy
of the unattainable and defeated stand.
Neither doth my unshaped looking
and working put to rout,
⁯ stir the blood of her rubicon
yet would my quest give way.
In fine, she thanked my pardon.

Aye! You poached me
and thats my no ire
for I beheld thee snipe
to thy soft-target.
Hereupon my fate, ironic.
Thus,
crunch and quaff voluptuous
and ripe
upon my low, carouse.
Thy person but no crime
to my breast, sick and pale.

Under a freer sway
I asked,
whereat my locus?
Her body or soul.
And her mien says:
'by the rood,
if my soul;

one would transfigure a sightless kindness
for that is long-lasting,
hence
life-blood and life-giving.
thus, spy ajar from afar.

Or my flesh,
take then on her
and make a defeat upon a temple.
Hence bleed on the pulpit,
thus country-matters in a sanctuary.

But whence my soul
wrung and drained,
any moment or position,
despoiled and stiff-limbed she'd sprawl_
motionless and breathless.

Thus hath living leapfrogged
thence bow to the Mother-Earth
and soul's submit

to the fountain-head authority
thus, Earth to Earth'

and another her joined
'for so moulded to flesh

Demi-urge saw me,
⁯ Thence unto me, breathe
that descried me to living, forthwith,
hither and yon, swayed me;
thus forming another me within
that I bodied,

Hitherto my defeat, his sway.

Blood for the blood and life,
but breath. With my footfalls_
provident for her landfall,
upon an assignment, submissive'

Oh Enchantress, I still call.
Free from the heart of men,
uplifted in her aureole.
Fly upon ground and arise stronger,
your path is batched.

Thus,
achieve your dregs and draw on more.
Fast for your landfall
that your footfalls are blessed.

Alas! I came unseeing and sightless
in another me.

Pardon, that my shade shall free.
Thank you for your steadfast duties
in courtly politesse.

Sorry for my wandering and take care
as such.

Forgive the blood on the altar
that my Welkin shall clear

thus my ages,
cleansed. ⁮ ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Robert Frost 2013

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

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Sacrifice

To forgive and leapfrog, brooding leave-taking.
To loosing sights of hues adamantine.
Mercifully under justice, saturnine
In a crying simplicity, submitting
That our fastness and redoubt are worth living
valiant. Whereas unbowed albeit sibylline
or perhaps otherwise. Hence the lot, leonine
Astride alternative preference, madding.
Hence arrayed in a mortal anger stiff-necked
at self-balm like today's Nigerian police
Upon the flowers pummel and victory, pyrrhic.
Thus, they laugh last and longest yet, loose-limbed.
Let! Sightless at me 'til thy hour at ease
Thus, speechless at deus ex machina, seraphic.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Sadist

Love! I dream not you sorrow;
But men are bound to.
Days would make but slow,
But nature is, intil tomorrow.

Any query, intil me,
Shall make, but let me be;
Free and own are intil we
Thus, intil the b'holders to see.

Do I make intil your vantage
Or fears the cage?
As your sentence intil age
Shall 'gainst my image.

I chose to grace falls
Of all-vantages, all walls;
Upon it, ever rollin' balls.
Answer'd nature, intil calls

Other, more and else. When
My quit is no science's; then
Fed would have. Not as a hen
Go from hawks but the men

For the sad, breathe lives.
They are, men for the wives,
Else intil others. Revives
His hoods meant as survives

His subjects. Makes no pain
But awaits intil drain
Away the drops of a rain
Of your sheddin', so again

Intil agains. Big, off, up
Your mirth. Neither to stop
From expectin' the many a cup
Of your tears. But sit atop

Your bleedin' heart. My
Cause is intil your blood high;
Pressure alike should you and I
Have jointly, til I shall die.

Aye! I sought your musin' from
Amusin'. Have it! Where am come
At; you may add up the sum.
My love but intil your storm.

Have! The climax. If must love,
Mine cannot well opt enough

But intil this particular ___ of
A sad-sought, seemingly rough.

Shall any make that I wish
Sad to love? Or my puckish
Mind for self intil ravish
The hunger'd; as to fish

Intil could grudgery. Oh Lady!
I am from sadism and steady;
Sought a love from the shady.
Alas! I pray intil the made it;

To love at independence. Sorry!
But I call no horror nor a gory;
Just sick intil your fury only
And must make, as my hurry.

Lickin' wounds, I do pray
For your wounds to prey
On; the cause in my sway
But bleed from day to day.

That I shall nurse and kiss
Low your lyin'. Not amiss
Your sick-bed nor to hiss
Within but by your Adonis

Upon advantages. I do fast,
Not for this course but cast
Prayers to obtain. Intil last
Shall my neighbours aghast

Not at my cause but justly
Quote him. O Chisom! Only
Employ my love, let courtly
E'en but upon the mortally.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Second Thought

Told me how ironical_ my expectation
and left me in dilemma of difficulties.
Revealed how unfriendly_ my destination
if I'd live or wither in negativities.

Taught me flexible with this Globe
thus, as good as the Santa-claus.
A rigid tract 'tis, ala through a Job
that never shall I relent to any force

Lauded me_ having not done things
the other way and read-just all time.
Also for catching fishes by the fins
and regards for no patience_ a Lime

Showed how I'd have been in an abyssal-pitfall
inevitably into shards or weaken joints
e'en if mother or lovers, near; or all
rescuer must my sweats or toiling-points

Showed misled my steps had gone
and wrong-footed as I matches thoughtlessly.
These delights me as were made borne
if not, I'd have gone sightlessly

I felt many escaped loss
mistakes and failures_ oughtn't deserve
now I can see life's sibylline toss
that eggs targets act without reserve

I plumbed my soul's best
that I earlier thought impugned by heights
and pockets. But now I am rest
assured, glories are from fights

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Seduction is not from the Village

Do not look at my words but have;
Where are the pregnancies until added?
Where are we romanced until the fed
Though inevitable? Who would carve
Alone from the friendly foe and starve

Apart? Not in a side but nature
Did instruct and the Demi-urge did
Urge. Where does a pregnancy bedded
Out of the heat of a vesture?
Art there else, more of a climature

Seductive to impregnate? When
The amorous fingers shall kiss,
Who can hold off his pregnancies,
To deliver forth from the barren
Until the mothering? Therefore let learn

That mothers come more, but villagers
An umbrella is over them and can
Receive one from melting at an
Open climate; thus did their strangers
Quake, yet, the still-colour soldiers

On. Thus drawn more and until the raw
Nature that lacks civility. To breathe
In different but of a breed,
They are so pulled and always more
To speak in the hood. The colour

Is in their tongue and cannot go
From their hands, virgin. This is until
I shall, shall I that it is civil,
The fell root. Past all saying no,
The native is verdant and aglow

___obedient until nature. Hence, let all
Untapped, be directed to sinew as
Civil art the dregs. Maternity has
In this odd, art, appeal and call
For a sinew, weakest to the wall.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Shriving Time

Deformity quotes the vision intil a mirror,
But ugliness debutes seeing intil a neighbour.
Thus, comes I not tardy off, gracing your heels, oh Lord!
Whereat point exactly, of the best respect, the world;
Made intil dear, under our key and from providence divine not.
Blithe had He have it back, native and well-given, but
Come what dolour candied, His tears shall nor
Brew to shed, unto the blood-breed, fell for
Their fate, to essay masterless, masters. In conference
Crossed, for hearts of controversy, higher, thence
Heeled; with the Demi-urge. Who makes a voice
For such sour fashion intil nor attend it, a choice

Hobson's? Vanity as went, made far, the planet;
But nothing allied to their disorders, from their breath,
Their charge. But how made your hand, disrobed in vain,
Thereof man from pre-formed faculties, wane;
In a way of an excuse, from a familiar passion
And but proper to himself, his conception?
But vanity far too, is from heaven. Have
I put to torch, extravagant, from this carve,
Mine, casting beyond me? But if I art thee,
Oh Lord! Methinks, as uses not, shall harbour nor a he
For ruin's wasteful entrance, thus, another, a havoc;
Whence at war with himself, made from the buck

His, unseeing. But if labelled to thy breast, gamesome
And would all they intil endure venturesome,
The round of this breath. Thus, inward searched, glad
Makes I; but would I had mad, sad or but bad,
Though He needs not our mistrusts, turn my back at this orb
Strangled my party and a stay to rob
Me off the pleasures? So dirty, man's mind,
Contending 'gainst control, his propriety, to bind
By a document. Had your eyes, wants you more
Discourse? Sank you not tried, in proof, before?
Unseeing made your unknowing at the sword
Of damocles, went dangling upon his odd.

But look at how borne in hand, your bliss,
Banqueting, to kill and fragile intil demise.
Whereat thy proof for thy saucy doubts and vaunting,
If you met regained? But He is answered in repaying.
Hence, whence your other turn from probation
Felled, say you what then, another's shun?
From your bound but woe be come your souls.
Vanish tongue-tied in your strange eruptions' holes
Intil from a brim-full of your innocence
Or has thou leaped all civil bounds, from the vow, hence,
The allegiance? Stand close, let me from you, part
Apace and afore this misadventured overthrow, this path

Prim-rose's, intil an other. Inevitable, shadows
Make; for ourselves we owe not, our choosings, our mirrors.
Purchase out abuses or honoured in an eye and dead
In the other, intil resign, intil the fountain-head.
I am nothing weak that our God, the only
Being, made out with this postures, unholy,
Unlike. His Him hid in your eyes; his little
Glimpses are by the rood but pastimes and His people',
Beings worthy. Observe his construction of it; hereupon, stronger
I am, that he left us of late at his ire, longer,
Untouched; but bears with love, the minds held abroad
And seduced, thus shall all, fall for it, as such, shod.

He has a heart to love and courage in that heart
To make love unknown. Oh thou! Forbid me interpret this part
But pour into your ears, the spirit and look up clear
For you have sipped the elixir that goes the reason bare.
Aye! For His bounds are not, He gave leave, left
Us intil toil and reap; held his peace intil our deft
Choosings, made, in His eye. Alas! The will-full
Went weak are nothing from a brim-full
Of the discourse, well; but slight unmeritable
Men, or have I mistaken your affection and semblable?
Make your pointer and counter, whence you have grown
And smell to the dregs, shall I, intil your known.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Slough of Despond

⁯ Pursuing
but chasing shadows,
I kept rebuilding
and essaying in every particular
in the eye of same racers,
undreamed-of fellows
_adamantine,
aiming the success-story.
As if
paying my forebears' debts,
_my trails end culdesacs
yet labouring
intil the skeleton.
Stuck with travails,
I keep essaying stronger
to freeing but
my ten miles at run
is twice steps at its.
I am moving nowhere
but living a kind
of a comic drama.
Hence stronger
but will always be arrested
to breathing in a kind of servitude.
Who would it be
and what would become of such?
Where art none a God
out of machine
or intil any
I had rested weakest
alas!
Unto then
I had taken a bow.

Here I are
at every here intil everyday
beneath a pointless umbrella
upon a collapsing base
firing blanks
in a kind, hunting earths.
I'd spoken to my urge
and he seemed wordlessly replying.

Shaped
in ⁯ a fashion of myself,
akimbo;
simple and unveiling inwardness
but woe betoken.

The pen at point exactly
is inferior to the sword;
mighty the two

but mightier the pen they said.
Won't I to the swords
and cross my mantle
or sit every here
drenching pages
from my heart
thereupon
to the bins.

Albeit
upon any
I must well,
muddy-witted. ⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Slumber

⁯ Let him,
child
taking up the gauntlet,
soporific.
Hence
his innocence worths fastness.
But piteous him,
inglorious
sprawled languor;
left mourning him
the buck for him
squat by.
Hence
leapfrogged.

Aye!
Many moons ago was nature
with us
and for us,
yet extant.
Hence Earth clad in him
for his seventh day,
that repose our model.
Thus,
all owe a bow
that he bestrode us.
Let
no houdini e'en if.
Hence
Slumber!
Enshroud Earth
let thy sway upon the day
whereat gone to repose
but if more,
let's divide.

Whereas ambushed,
thy longueurs
in the live-long day.
Arrayed archerious,
poaching.
E'en him stiff-necked,
alights low and bow
or go a somnambulist.
Thus
betook bowers
for there's are soft-targets
theirs is lazing hunted;
after pillows, they sought.
Enfold and get any him
bodied
far-flung in coma.

Do in him as would,
maybe for him, balm
or cleansed, his ennui.
Thus
utilize and leapfrog him
forsaken for recovery.

Hence,
mortally, thy hood.
Astride our acquiescence
raving elan
and braggadocio, shushed.
Upon no mien,
pet.
#8303; That rose to spy thy rape.
Thus,
as if dead
like a breathing corpse.
Thus
inherent
in the graves
and dwellers put overwhelmed.
Thus
thou succour graves
raping souls
thence;
breaths, he snatch.

Slumber!
Thus and more
thou wax and wane
albeit
seen thus by him.
Hence
heavy but mercurial,
with my nib,
laden.#8302; #8302;

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Soul of the Crown

On my road
to Damascus
and his, a Lazarus;
albeit
in his pyrrhic victory.
Like David and Goliath,
whose laugh, loose-limbed.

Loaded, thus
sure and right
in nods to states of mine_ leonine.
Hither and yon, gilded.

Sharing souls
as taking up the gauntlet
by the spirits
girded up and out;
whence upon this,
not alone wanting.
Thus
honeyed and silvery
in a protean politesse
in thrall to sway.
(smiles)

Thence
stood in,
in a gallant puissance
aglow in the front, alfresco
_ I opted the world, vie.
Hence
come tossing lots.

Kismet so fair,
the throne arising.
Thus
in the penultimate inch nigh,
nigh a potentate (smiles)
So,
if my throb thuds to fracture,
let
hence I'd romp home.

Gordon Bennett!
This Cinderella!
Put to rout my shade.
Thus heartsick,
lidded and tremulous,
in a singular waterloo
beyond compare.
_felled second to him
_piteous

and waxen wayfarer,
weary.
Betook me bruised,
bleeding in bonds;
Thus sullied.
Hence
my paeans and revel
misnamed
and my elan, starcrossed.

Could madding,
Demi-urge?
#8303; How doth deus-ex-machina?
But of law, Gods.
That sentenced me inglorious
letting this prevalence
laden empty and low,
atop me.
Paying in no caesars to his'
nor doth fruitions fairly borne.
E'en puckish and negligent
on the Bough of the peoples' bower
_measureless balm of the manhood.
Like freighting Jacob
the flower,
in Esau's stead
ringing from the dumb
and through the sightless,
sees.

Let my denial ricochet just
and traded, my betrayal.
Wipe my screen
and my palms, dust.
Thence my wings
perfume in flying hue.#8302;

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Step Amiss (The Charm is Wound Up)

Press not so upon you nor overshoot yourself,
it is casting beyond.
Jumped for height, post haste, but to grow
back-ward, raise the waters and shake
your ears.

Nature must obey necessity;
certain issues he must arbitrate.
In all senses, nor mistake your passion
but doubt it nothing and observe
the construction of it; bid thus your will
avouch it, the ambitious ladder but tune
of the time.
Of your mere own, snail-slow at profit
and ever conduct of haste to comfort you
with chance;
_a great perturbation in nature but
a modern ecstasy, the good voyage of nothing. It is hereafter you gain audience
in voices well divulged.

Give to you or stay the providence stingless.
Affectionately ill-composed, ill-divining,
a jump stepped and you let part so
shall take note and compass you about,
but dressed in an opinion to adventure
thus; herein spend but time. Something
strange this way comes, whose hand
you may not drop_ an overthrow misadventured.
There shall you have me, it is from me
my commission other-way; that wherein I am
contained. So do I not and have addressed
myself; but did you abuse therefore only.

But will ever go bound,
use your pleasure and escape
by the moderate licence of pace, lapped
in proof, and fleet before and apace to air.
What a haste looks through your eyes? What
must be shall, and must when it will come;
to catch the nearest, yet hanging in the stars,
to fly fortunately high but intrude
another day, thus, peak and pine.
He who fights and run away... but lay it
to your heart as you shall be used
hereafter. Cheer your stranger
as the matter fall;
for you cannot eat your cake...
This rests no ornament of life but your pains
and registered where everyday, you turn
the leaf to read them, as cannot hold
the bent, nor meaning to partake.
Hold his vain but to be held in delay

and cannot deny this imposition.

All tagged parted! Given your haste
so much sway, blown from you, allow wits
to be or not. By your patience, have it
full-filled to count it brim-full or lose
by the glorious day.

What you shakelessly missed might savour
nobly, may venerable worth and give
ground to a degree; but mocks time
with the fairest show.

He courses you at the heels and
may rather pluck on your metaphor and fickle
your other gates out of your guard.

Your constancy may depart you, unattended;
how fell is it then nor made your vaunting true?

What cause withholds you then for
answers for deliverance to purchase out abuses,
might betaken to the legs, as it may touch
hereafter; answer in repaying.

Show like those you are or passed
the fine-issue occasion then reveals.

So bid his proof to know it further or stay
his cure.

From a formal capacity and art wise man's,
rated by your estimation,
step jumped and step another day.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Stoical but strict-fed, I forgive not red.

I stretch and screw a lot
Intil the sticking, I may
fix and fasten intil a
packet, I might still-knot,
you may loosen, I don't.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Take up the Gauntlet

Like a badinage
towards opposition, halcyon.
Hither and yon, vie the toss
vie the ailing doubts
that shades meld
beneath a bower
thus, judge thy throb.

Rather, bet it
betake the stand
thus,
undo all and beat it
sway to the victory, pyrrhic
in this maelstrom
to traversing a true waterloo.

Anon,
a victor shall arise
thus an arm shall stand
bespattering fellow to the dust
and a pacific pace, set
mid paeon and plaint
thence the flower
enfolded fairer.
Post-haste,
to put to rout, this braggadocio
thus the blur, pellucid
hence,
quail not in puissance
nor recreant;
come dauntless.
Hence,
come venturesome

Escaping oral equalities
that our ears are cool
any which can, hear
and others that could, let
and our hearts
cast true in their trails
Thus,
that your efforts are crowned
and the toss read.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Temple of God

Hairs of the roof shield this mansion
paintings embodied wall-complexion.
That to the footed base, more saw
themselves under the sole of the floor.
Hence, blood breathes to its ventilation
until the point, the skeletal irons shun.
Like a nose, in portico turreted
as the lashes of its screen serrated.
By the lids, shut. Of balcony moustached.
Gabled in a nape to the instep decked.
Battlements ears as the sky-light
and mouthed a porch, thereafter the height.
Never all-spelling, thus a scann blinked,
which with the templekeeper's onus linked.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Thank You!

When I marked neighbours our varried pulls,
it came to my confidence that none
acquainted my charactery.
I returned my life my neighbour's debt;
none, yet, bespoke a conception.
Not that nobody attends me but
for my height of the general positioning.
None did take in.
How does it not feel to show and
be taken not? Who have worn
this look, to allow a shaft of
a shade alike? I call it no boredom
but fatten livelier, for I have hearts
yet, in a pacific aureole to
draw on for. If these brothers can breathe
life still, for me, hold what then
my return, to breathe in repaying?

I have pulled myself of all-gravity
to commend Pranab K. Chakraborty,
who allows a free scope to pave my
wit. 'tis one grace high to host my
growth even the calming of my early
fear to write the heavy ink.
Sir Pranab has watched still to tutor
and assemble my expansion. I have
addressed him in common to show
my light-fetched stimuli with him; but
now to screw stuck, my compliments.
I be and live that he shall ageless,
etch. A piece can not well, scribe
my grateful reach hence we live. 'tis
only the uncommon end to cross
a line and upload thence brim-full,
my care. Mr Chakraborty grace pages
of my calendar. I am nothing wordy
of the Kismet and in workshop with
Pranab K. Chakraborty on me but shall
always show it; thank you, Pranab.

This is a corridor to course my
thankings intil another heart dear,
Enn Kay. Enn was only, a fellow,
there, where I sought most. 'gainst
all editors and visitors, he had
my back and took it upon to address
loud and wavy, to bid me stand
shakeless. He swallowed all envy
against all bound, to sign my debut.
We are close still and shall. My
thankings, Enn Kay.

Have me bathed for I have had
supporting brothers all the way, who
would not hold back but strengthen
our affaire for more. Michael is
a must-acquaint type ___ to friend,
and would welcome. He is wonderful
to pick up a nutshell, dust it and
make a food of it. He master
tools in the mutual perspection and
shall not fall and loosen you.
Michael aim too too, an arrow
above all semblable and would show
it. He is not an employer who would
pay for his job but the laboured.
Michael Udenyi cultivated the middle
medium; thank you, Michael.
Registered partly, where I shall turn
leaves to read them are Kipper Stagg
and M. D. Dinesh Nair.

Intil one selfless company and
another, that sprouted of late, I do
graces are Mcdona Okafor and
Ochegbudu Stephen. These burning
hearts would breathe with you intil
an employment penniless; but
it is in my will sinewed that
their fruition flower bountiful intil
harvest. Thank you, Brothers.
Emmanuel Udoh shall come in if
he can, and serve no eye. It is
Oke Joshua's to answer if you call.

These beautiful hearts perfume and
fan my days. It is not my book
yet, but a stopover to look back
intil these shakeless supports.
The last pages to make this book
are still held by my other hand.
I believe pages yet to wake intil
other colourful hearts alike;
it is my thankings, dear brethren.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

The Bias

Bough, Iroko's!
Still-waking, rest you merry.
My bower my balm,
my land-love
where I am in love
and aimed so near;
God mark you
to his grace.

How now?
Five-fingered hand
breathing life African,
digested dear and eager
upon the mechanism of the body
___ well-seeming form,
occupied; breathing
that the sod is laboured
___ grippy, from the bone
muddy-mettled,
sweeping and sweeping
in blood.

African African!
Laden than equals.
Alas!
ununiformed, parted
either part
in another anguish;
better still,
bettered otherwise;
in the cunning
of your nature, unborne
in hand.
Is the day so young?
But new-struck dial.
Hence what must be shall,
forget it fain
your loss,
these gone in their unnatural sleep
that you are much bound to,
swallowed by earth, this hollow ground;
and wake not from
others that doomed thee death,
give him not sway a more
___ not to be talked on,
but reason coldly me out
of your long-experienced time;
let's see for means,
entreat time alone
and go eyes deep on
this ancient damnation
that starveth in your eyes.

Be it spoken.
Upon you aimed the sinew
bestood upon,
familiar and trusty.
So,
at foot your come
extravagant the push
upon truer fires
casting beyond it
for everything in extremity;
in that hit you mark,
so please you.

Mark my airy tongue
and take my good meaning
in one respect.
Make good,
flattering truth of my sleep
for I would suck every ink,
I am not I am and
my grave is my pillow
so sweet to rest intil
then I am come near you;
thereupon, fain
would I dwell on form.

Time is out of mind
put a serving lord
of your land.
Be the Igbo,
adventure for such merchandise
and bid farewell compliment
to the holey-headed x-went tibiae
of this lazy-pacing,
rather use me
at pleasures and cry
a match as you shall use me
hereafter.
Hot and hie to highmost fortune
moody to be moved,
come what sorrow can.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

The Blinds also dream

Shorn me of my sight,
from this seen light.
But not until the dreams
where but seeing, beams;
therein reaches no fight.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

The Virgin and The Lion

In a very summer warmth, happy new month, Honey!
Tell the time! We did left but the hour of
Julius and hence until Augustus. But tough,
My pointer and counter smelt from the funny,
Until a science, this valour. One may toss
Me bloody in thirst with the green lunar; but my
Note did scribe from any, military. Only did lie
Until the glory of the caesarean conquerors.

Come another be the have of our shinning.
He so has more gem, bloom and halo, in store
___ Peridot and the Onyx, the Poppy to want for
No Gladiolus, the Virgo and the Leo but in
The liverish. Honey, shall you take home along, that
Hereon, we did gain but ground? And your halo,
The Cancer of the Moon; nor but shallow,
The Leo thus mine until the Sun. Either part,

Both among all made until a sinew. If we can
Move our fateful mountains, let me hereupon
Invest you on the Virgo, whom uncommon,
I must allow the rest in store, falstaffian;
But in tender, as the Crab will welcome
Not nor have to claim my faith. And so we
Sway the summer, love me thus as would be
The Virgo forgive the Leo. I speak gladsome

Thus to the maiden you and the leonine
I, in my front. Has this painting betaken
From the valour of the lunar as foretold
The Caesarean? If the Moon shall only shine
To the Sun against all odd, as I import
Thus the cancerian rooting until the Virgo,
So did a pigeon-livered show, made to forgo
The gallant canopy of the conquerors forth.

I state thus an application of this
Art until my maiden with the lunar month as
She may love, even until my very birth-point; alas!
Sixteenth, when the lunar goes semi until the kiss.
Hereof her packages I shall gently have
But take up to be friended with her, whose
Love I dare not jump. Have in brim-full, loose,
The lunar has ___ the jewel and the blossom. Carve

For yourself this way for it is the sinew
And aureole of the lunar for us, O Tonia!
Be the virgin and the Moon thus, so near,
Until my Lion. I hold thus until the come true,
The August, while the season bear our clock.
With me, O summer love, have him to friend
Along. And chance yet a tool of the star, bend

Us thus and bid our love forgive the luck.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Thespian

Hey actor! Role-model upon this quest
I embraced thy kinds of scripts ala a guest.
Which I sought, that my solace revives
as thou adeptly plays, discoursing drives.

Thou art veteran in sway, rolling characters
Winning days upon own self, among others
So, controlling through weathers 'til colourful sunsets
Thus, best-seller unto great commercial success.

I got this likes of contents of thy roles
wherefrom I knew, you throw thy goals
that to will play unto slaking my plea
by thy compartments_indelible in me.

Thy flairs appears alchemy for fellows' beat
play them much more, those I survive with
Albeit this pending scripts do me horrify
So, dreaming if this space, you'd occupy

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

This ground my grave

 ⁯ Fashion of mine, carving partly storms
out of haunt; madness most discreet.
Gone eyes deep and sumed up sums

most sought where most might not be.
But saying o'er, I marked an undertaker.
On form, blithe would I dwell on me

that to my bringing home, he partly shall.
He my option last upon one respect
of a discourse of mine, sacrificial;

where I am in love and aimed nigh.
Take my good meanings, good thou!
And measure not my affections by.

Only save your last farewell compliments
and let see for means at point exactly.
Let what gestures can and plaints

but of nothing first, created, this Earth,
is much bound to me upon any ground
not laid. In that hit, his misses birth.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

This prim-rose path

This stage, in this step arrayed ambrosias
fleet but thorny scenes, maelstrom-bathed.
No jumper nor skipper in no elan leapfrogs
be cast gloriously or fade out wrongfooted
Thus victims went woe atop nemesis expiated.

This ricocheting step upon lives' cirque
runners in track set forth in all glory
shod hellbent for fruitions at landfall
but as it may, pertinacious 'til success story
racing to this vengeful checkpoint_gory.

Alas! On them happy-go-lucky and devil-may-care
languors, epicurean in falstaffian credo
that backs decorum in foul onus' trall,
be cast down in kismet to their cockcrow.
Thus sightless to the siren song's inferno

Mid this stage's stupor is a mattress. Thus
as made be lain. Once past, never anew
or felled as inglorious as with wastrels.
Like a runnel yet a tributary by the few.
Crown on victors, woul eternal solace imbue.

Reign on this stage. Would that, drive
all stupors and prim-rose path's crisis
felled. The root, trail and to the flower
essay singular for the still small voices
succ⁯ our far-flung unto a softer target for his

Thus the hirsute greesward, very verdant.
This verdure in a dial, laden hoary. Would
that, examine footfalls. He alone foretells.
Thus, no breath is ageless. Match to the rude,
footprints indelible in the throbs of manhood.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Thunderous on mount

⁯ Turn swords into ploughshares!
Why question-provoking on me
yet I do graces and honours at
point exactly upon your fashion.

Why no God? Considering this
complex inter alios, he charged
_having spiced nature at every
particular variedly.

For first's from flower, I should
stay short. But with my young I
carve no markets, extravagant,
in my meed; upon not stained.

Descry totally your deed upon
me yet no hand had on your
breast_stony, kissed. Just
an eye of African_ my hearth,

from your standing do whorl
like a mad man running stilled;
because of my shreds and patches,
my naked homing, so I does it lie

pleasedly upon a ground of life
⁯ from no reason of compulsion,
mortised. Why not your great
showings apart, out of my haunt;

crunch and quaff partly
_your candied diets. E'en doubt I
you not ultramundane; upon a
sensible and true avouch,

straight smelt I your wanderings
calculating my line rended intil
the dregs but nurtured adamantine
hath nature upon it, of yore.

You are Canute's from false
fires upon tilt at windmills.
Alas! Quote along my redoubt
steadfast. Hereupon, gather and surmise

from the general who art unfree.
Sub specie aeternitatis I art unsullied
but see the sword of damocles.
In fine, 'tis time ahigh, your pardon.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

'Tis To Me

Struck until the edible, I made
After perishables, but discovered
Too soon that I am too fed
At a time, no long.

It soon returns to suck as
Still,
my sack of strength,
But always by me, stuck down
Until the savour.

Spent until the bones and breath,
I laid low to engage time for relief
But only to have lately
That I am no worn, as I take time
Not,
to refill my valour.

Lazy to be awake,
my lids made weak to watch,
But held for me,
Loads until the seeing. Each time,
I choose to lay to it
But only to get stirred
upon some split-seconds, fed
through and through,
from the languor.

If I must lay to kisses
But
no love,
It is to me,
Attempts, for I allow added
And save no breath until a crying
No.
Frolicsome as you may sport,
care you full,
Interpreting who is wont to valour,
Writting lullabies on my rest, as you
Attend
To me, while I yawn or cough and sneeze.
'tis to me, a letter,
For I use no word.
I may show,
I don't talk.

Did it come to me,
Funny
Or somewhat salt until
My foaming?
It is to me, natural,
Whatever affair acquaint,
To give gestures

Intil my guard,
To attend my security, not!
 It is no neighbouring.

I am nothing out, that
In my hand, may breakages; but
I pray
And dream still
That I would never lose
Over my charge.
 It is to me,
Still-keeping.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Tune of the Beautiful

Twice in no discourse of reasen
I would make a voice of it
for I would not be seen thus.

The sought-after is out of haunt
thus unease.
'tis no easement,
carrying it through and through
hence I would not cast my brow laden
_casting beyond myself.
If I am chosen
let my choosing, lean on me
and stand me now upon;
whereas not, give it up.
Hence
I am fond of a pardon and
wishes not cast on mount.

At point exactly,
by the Rood!
I am of an article and can well;
in no firing blanks
the cunning
possessed me.
This is a mechanism of my body
that I make not markets
in my meed nor carving for myself
as I may like it.
Would my practices pronounce
to passages of proof, intil
a sensible and true avouch.
Hence
this is a fashion of myself
drawing on more.
Thus
upon what ground shall my hubris
whereas upon my Demi-urge and thoughts
I do but owe services.

Just like this
let me.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Up

Assure the impatient of ability,
He would dare reject it that he has not.
Again ages another! If tomorrow shall forth
By you, keep you until you smelt, thus had things

All, be counted a further notice for
The furthest comes a new growing. Let thus
All full stop, until a notice of the course
Further. Are you impatient yet? Notice

Your reach to come and forgive your eyes deep
Into your faith. Divide not, for impatience
Does no man good but would else, hit his sense
On the back. Watch him to stay long, that hies

Until the highmost, in that when the further
Notice of the come makes, he shall deny him,
Overgrown; though as impatient as would seem
To lose over the charge. Hold until your clock's hand

And dry the better much of his banking
And art. Blithe would you breathe then upon, for he
Lacks time to tick your hour. The demi-urge we
Came at hastened not you upon; thus, whereat

Built, your heat? Attend to the echoes whence many
Buttons of a system functions by a
Double-clicking. But the high man let this sway.
Nature has, we lack; time is omniscient.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Visions

In loving visitation, more than reason
In such sort. Kind keepers, a thing divine,
Winged errands; more is in them, sibylline
Than mortal knowledge according easing
To our order, even with thoughts in the season,
Of a quick spirit. Unto skins, sensible and fine
As to light; worthy cogitations become freezing.

Sway upon purposes put but can light a star.
This adversity's sweet milk upon no discourse
Of reason. In servile fearfulness, course
Through men, quiet, but behind the mask, ajar afar
In the dark; and but crepuscular
By the unseeing with figures towards
No fantasy or the sightless but piteous,

That also dream or but the wont to have, with
Passions of some difference at own war.
Whence in confidence cosumed, your valour,
Take good note stirred, the motion by the spirit
Governed corporal that touches you nearer. Fleet
Upon the coigne of a vantage, lidded, for
The images but to disrobe; yet hung of yore

In the stars, the fortunes and affairs that must
Fall, prevailed in your condition. Had eyes
Yours, a shaft of the flash would appeal, arise
Modest; perhaps a hidden truth star-crossed
Into the eyes that when will come, shall star-tossed.
Conceptions but erect, made proper at own wise
Or in a general honest thought at a size

From fantasy; a step slippery or ladder,
Ambitious. Shake your shaking! A comfort
Is here. On days did depend, construe not
His neglect nor the passion mistaken other;
He needs not our mistrust, bid but border
Yours, abide it and start a spirit and set forth
Apace and afore the purpose cool. From thence, wrought

Wound up is the charm. Lay the invention
Strange, to your breast and catch the nearest;
Feel the future in the instant. Alas! Lest
Unluckily charged, be nothing jealous upon
The true cause to answer things, hither and yon
Such. The intelligence, neighbours quest
Whereat the free shine but at their behest.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Volcanic

E'en this live-long life
sequestered,
dormant
like a pregnant pause,
clad in the stilled nights
off the day.
Neither could sway my vent
be rung through, I can;
better still,
my bower my balm.

Earth upon, bestrode I.
Essaying forth lives, acrobatic;
thereof the touches, thermal.
Whence
the nape of my crater
strained and wrung drained
dangling of a hardluck story;
yet,
upon not mercy-killing, swinging.

E'en in this vesture
ricocheted;
Ricocheted by the rays
and by the falls,
ricocheted.
Confusing me to the geysers.

My tongue
is outside the known world,
in relation to eternal.
Thus Demi-urge saw me.
Aye! In the true hood of states,
moulded to magma, my soul;
for a pride
and neither at a price.
Dwelling right in me
like babels speech-impaired.
Thus unbowed for all
nor can defuse
except Him Nature.
Yet up and still
but this serenity, coalfired
albeit
none of my shadows, unspeakable
hence one is not enough.
'tis that serene
or betake my lava,
thence eruptions.
Alas!
My neighbours whirl
when this Earth fragile,

⁯ upon which I stood, quake.
E'en the mouth of the sky, dumb
may roar.

For not composition
confused to braggadocio
for, to its alchemy
arrayed I.
More in my hood making,
and my silence gilded
my breath like
a lush verdure in an idyll vista.
Thus,
once a disabled
in a paeon wrote
'my sense, vocal;
a houdini for crimes
and those aurally
e'en few percent I'd parried
all of His second coming.
Let! More denials even
hence the burden eased.
Thus
I'm felled not'
and he broke, ululating.

Ala I stood 'til extinct.⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

War and the Igbo Laureate

Well advised, fighting
In the side of Biafra; stronger
To live as dies
Nor wont to valour.

Not in his secret, to romp
Home. He took up
Gauntlet in apartment but
The clock lacks time to tick
His hour.

It matters in his family
And kindred.
The cause in his will to dare
The adventure in personal;
Thereof,
I dare not curse. His hunger
Of yore but hence sought out
Intil braved by a brother;
To bear a name,
To breathe in either.

His blood on him,
Childhood proof and front
Afore him. Yet,
Sweep the way, commanding
A following. Intil my dear
Brother, alas! He is losing
It, yet green in breath intil
Grey. Had Olaudah woken
At it, this virginity
And dependence had not.

Christopher cleared
Intil could not break
It. Chinualumogu took it up
Leonine from flattery but decided
With himself on the way on
And could not call home ____ you are
In it! We have always held
On your faith and acquaints
With your silence for one
Golden; to mould a hand.

Following
A heart I dare not
Hold, but
Your audience is cold. Thus
Charmed your tongue.

Rather alert me if
The front deals in another

Way, O Chris Abani,
Nnorom Azuonye, Michael Echeruo,
Okwui Enweozor, Michael
Mbabuike, Chike Obi,
Okey Ndibe, Ben Okri, Cyprian
Ekwensi, Onwutalobi Anthony-Claret,
Ifeoma Onyefulu and you
Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie;
Your records breathe. Oh!
Witnesses above, what
Knows I and more
Of Ifi Amadiume, Chukwuemeka
Ike, Uzodimma Iweala,
Onuora Nzekwu, E. Nolue Emenanjo,
John Muonye, Rems Umeasiegbu,
Ada Udechukwu, Obinna Charles
Okwulume, Nnedi Okorafor and
Ike Oguine? This list is yet still.
Be pleased that I take
Home about these soul brothers _____
In voices well-divulged, and fairly
Note their metaphor.

Under-confident,
Troubled am I lately; woken
And well up, that holds
This present question; still long
To be fed of your atmosphere
Of late and await
Our proof.

We follow the pavement and hears
The field. Had we born
Our meeting, then our armour
Shall in choice. But we admit
Any weather in mercury. Yet,
Had you reported home,
We had allowed a budget
Of your lack. Therefore, we make
Forth, yet piteous a footing upon
A road unread. I am after
And my brothers, one by another
As my calendar did give
Ground _____ but one heart-fired
Chibundu Onuzu _____ of
One complexion, among the throng
Along, and come be
In a colour biafran, a noise
One, match biafran but
In a form
Of this Republic. There is no stain
In our abstinence; our faith

May not borne
Of our warriors in the field
But we made until another,
From the bench until the last
Merchandise ____ our soul,
To advance the art or let
The rest leave place and take
Suggestion, if
Their mind
Is dead. Had they
Let part so; so be
On me
In every way, let my war
Last as I have myself.
Rest you fair that
Have lost fare ____ goodbyed
Our vows and proved
A weeping Laureate.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Watching dreams

Lest I watch and think, there be none and no
Sleep, idle, honeyed until some delicious prayers.
Upon this sleeping art no bower; but burning
Art coals upon my front, by me, lit watching.

Albeit a neighbour made that dreaming went asleep
But hereupon, my seers gaze until the vision.
Come what come shall wake me? To my hand
With heat I cast to kiss soon until that I stand,

And that I am burnt. All watching dreams, in
That every sleeping attends until care, to fetch, to
Pluck and grow a character. A watching dream
Retires but the watch, until a sequestered beam;

And paints lullaby on the pillow that charms
Barren, the leisure. This watchful task, in the
Dreaming, acquaints still, the science in cool;
To despoil all other rooms awake but watchful

Until bower and thence it dreams. Dreaming is
A balm that takes other gates until a hold, to
Catch the fair air until the breast. Dreams come
When they will. Go the eyes deep or not until woke from,

Shut be other doors and grounds of enchantment
Else. His will is free, that chose the less-acquainted.
A dream invited is until a form acquainted. I throw
Interrogative thus until this upload and dumb-show.

What dreams? Where art dreams? When comes a kind?
Think thus the whys and all questioning frames of
Calculating prayers. Import no daydreams hereupon
My invention; in that watching dreams etch halcyon

Too, until the gloaming. They shed the lachrymal
Rheum, that dreams, for the watchful dreams pray
Until all sinew and calendar. My prayer watches
Thus like the night watch dreams in clutches.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

We are the days

⁯ Days are in men alike. Tomorrow is not nor be today
with hearts of controversy. In a brim-full with yesterday
are all and sounded no strangers in course of fertility;
all is wont to have and not further moved in gravity.

Quite for all this same, do take that yesterday has gotten
a pair; gather and surmise, that today lacked wanting
as tomorrow alike. Which in the either shall stated
added? Never at heart's ease, any second passed, hated,

we do, in such a sort. If tomorrow gets what a day past
got whereas this day did not; crossed in conference, so fast
shall we promote tomorrow as budded better. Now get him
shorn of all yesterday's breed and sum up sum his brim.

Clean from the purpose, today made what tommorrow cannot
all so soon, as tomorrow crossed, he fought and fought
and fought; in fine, unto the climate, he increased.
My answer is made, should it not then, today practised

losses. Thus, were all days equally imparted alike and
what my values today_ the first motion, shall not stand
⁯ above his predecessor in any particular. Fashion it so, hence
let us not fall with him with passions of some difference.

In the right form, bear it that no breathing-time is more
or older than a fellow unless calculated by our progress for
if so resolved, we may animate them along our calendar;
hence, men at times master their fates and as well can bar

anything amiss. Stir and take good note. To calculate days,
undo them the combined alliance and heritages from years
intil nothing first create, the proof of them to the fore-first;
then, censure them in your gravity and measure their true cost.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

What Darkness?

I have not again, these eyes;
The broad day is reality and
But existence made likewise
In a circle, catching his round.

This is no unseeing but
An adamant entrance
Of vanishing sights; where not
Blindness but what ignorance

Is made. This thick as of
My eyes, stoned; whence
His blinks are dead enough
My strangers and from the fence

Of senses, mine. It is quite
Smooth and mild but from
Our balance and the light
Of a vision and but the come

Existence of but two creatures;
___ to be man and darkness.
As though the warmth it features
Not, of that what lightness

But hands from a rime if
From the soul of soul's sole.
Thus from life, empty but brief
From occupation than its hole.

What darkness shall not, choke
My perspection; those made hidden
Intil his art? Had he but evoke
A shaft of an occupation; unbidden

Though? This melting spirits had
Fired but whence the unknown
Is bigger, let disrobed, the hard
Coat of your hand intil native, tone

Of our acquaintance. Hereupon
Should you from your mask, ungrid
And make familiar a turn
To shall your colour from greed

For a sway, extravagant intil cast
From marks. Feelers and finders
Hereupon shall from airy scratches past
Itches but intil sought intil binder's

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Woman and child

I had seen love,
standing epitome of it.
This I saw,
amid a woman and a child.
To believing there is none,
other than mid them.
Thus,
 lovers must be born or again.
For not other lovers shall.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Woman's worth

'⁯ mistress minion her'
but we drove them.
Press not a woman_ the only one in all
that holds this place. Because she is stronger
to none;
no less in worth, not as a property
_ either led or driven.

Watch her health and keep
her mirth_ this adversity's sweet
milk, for she is the mortise, with no fellow
else.
In this sense, neither the tenon is full up,
but in regards alike and combined
alliance.
Rob not her, pleasures, but receive
in either for she is wont to have
above the opposite; at point exactly.
Albeit, we are the mankind, to be one,
but like the fingers of a hand;
we are no brim-full, partly, we are one.

The youngest in every particular, is not stood
upon. Thus, a woman;
naturally obliged for a size.
Merrily teach her to rule things
and she would someday, sway better
than taught.

This lowliness is a sauce
to her soft hand;
let her kiss away the rheum of manhood,
become it better, make sick it, whole
and stir
his blood.
All she served is the queedom.

For all this same, they are all equally
⁯ wont to have and sat high
in the heart of the manhood.
But saying o'er, all women are equal;
none served worthier.⁮ ⁮

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Zodiac in Greece (The Achaean Cusp)

Alpha, Beta;
see a Ram first.
Gamma, Delta;
and a Bull proffessed.
Epsilon, Zeta;
the Twins are third.
Eta, Theta;
and the Crabs bared.

Iota, Kappa;
a Lion's August.
Mu after Lambda
_the Virgins' dust.
Nu and Xi
_the Scales are raw.
Omicron, Pi;
a Scorpion's door.

Rho and Sigma
_Archer the poacher.
Tau, Upsilon;
the Goats upon.
Phi and Chi
_the Water-carriers.
Omega after Psi
_the Fishes are barriers.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive