

## Poetry Series

# Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

- 68 poems -

### Publication Date:

July 2013

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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## **Faeo 'Lyre' Clive**

No other biography than my works. If you want it really, you get it. Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show.

Motto: Justice & Sacrifice

Works:

My Juvenilla '07

**16th July '13**

This is one time I cut down a piece  
of news, my news of event, to get  
rid of the poring there is, over my  
new and different tidings - fit for  
ingestion. 'Tis a ritual observation  
to consecrate your muliebrity to be  
served in zealotry. I appease you,  
O goddess, but to devise in your  
breast, the internal content of my  
letter as I put forth to place. While  
your coming-into-being was frequented  
and honoured this moon, I presented  
my absence in the being known,  
but that the breathing-time endure  
after my fashion. Aye! To register  
especial, the usualness of the tune  
of the society. That's my ground plan  
and plane surface. As you deserve  
and earn for yourself a merit, no  
ink can fulfill to bring down. Ergo,  
the teeth of my ink - the nib of my  
tongue, shall not cut. I proclaim  
with a ram's-horn trumpet, on the  
Fountain [by Pegasus' hoof] on  
Mount Helicon as sacred to you, this  
returning-yearly native feast, and  
reports hence that Hercules shall  
not here, crush your Crab, now the  
Sun gives to the northern summer,  
but that Julius Caesar did dictated.  
With me is your gilded birthstone  
- the Ruby, and your birth flowers:  
the Larkspur and the Water Lily.  
All are precious from nature. Only  
calling to the mind, too, that your  
star hands down to mine, the Leo.  
Merry birth anniversary, Oh Muse!

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

## **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

## 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

## 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

## 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

## 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

## **Blood of Christ!**

&#8303; 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.&#8302;

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 differences 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 want 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 elsewhere  
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

## 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

## 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 otherwhere  
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

## 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,  
&#8303; 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.&#8302;

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

## 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 gomorrahs.  
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

## Eden Cries

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

## Eye of you

&#8303; 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.&#8302;

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

## **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

&#8303; 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,  
&#8303; 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.&#8302; &#8302;

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

## 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 &#8303; 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.  
&#8303; 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.&#8302; &#8302; &#8302;

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

## 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

## 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. &#8302; &#8302; &#8302;

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  
until man; blood yet  
went spiritual and until  
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

## 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

## 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

## 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

## Parry

&#8303; 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  
&#8303; 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 abroad. 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  
&#8303; 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  
&#8303; 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  
&#8303; 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'&#8302; &#8302; &#8302; &#8302;  
&#8302;

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

**Robert Frost 2013**

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

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

## Sadist

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

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

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

I chose to grace falls  
Of all-vantages, all walls;  
Upon it, ever rollin' balls.  
Answer'd nature, until 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 until others. Revives  
His hoods meant as survives

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

Until 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 until 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 until 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

## 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

## **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

## **Sms Julian**

O come is July.  
Do we not hie  
unto the nigh  
fortune, high?  
Won't we try?  
Wear no sigh,  
A humble pie  
only, to the sky  
I ask. We'd ply,  
thus, I descry.  
Don't only buy  
my cup-of-cry  
but say no die  
any more. Fly  
us now and shy  
not to ask why  
we mustn't vie.

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

## 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 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 intil Augustus. But tough,  
My pointer and counter smelt from the funny,  
Intil 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  
Intil 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 intil the Sun. Either part,

Both among all made intil 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 foretoken  
The Caesarean? If the Moon shall only shine  
To the Sun against all odd, as I import  
Thus the cancerian rooting intil 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 intil my maiden with the lunar month as  
She may love, even intil my very birth-point; alas!  
Sixteenth, when the lunar goes semi intil 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,  
Intil my Lion. I hold thus intil 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

## '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

## 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

## 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**

&#8303; 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  
&#8303; 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.&#8302; &#8302;

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

## 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