

Poetry Series

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

- 26 poems -

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Allen Parmenter

Got a sheet of the orb and authorized
to depart this port, I betake hence to
Albany; though scratched from the centralised
but ancient audience of the age of
man for this palace's gate of the blue dove.

To where the fountain of the horse courses;
hence, the sanctuary where fugitives are
immune from arrest and haunting forces
else. Hold thoroughly, the winged messenger
from the teacher's chair - - the path but manger

over my head. My other self although
belonging to another, who does bring
honourable reputation and glow
to the rough but arid terrains and serves
all way, the elixir of life; then, swerves.

Interpreted as omens from the flight
of birds, the stars in the eagle's eyes must
be bleary-eyed to outshine. If such light
but blurred vision obvious to the mind's eye
outdoes, blind me, O God of the most high.

Sub specie aeternitatis, is he
a deputy of God in his art of
reason, that consecrates with blood, to gee
up, beyond the bronze money and lights up
a brighter fire for the lop and top,

'gainst the slippery damp? He would not have praised
that statue in Rome on which abusive
verses were posted. In all candour, crazed,
this couch has got a warrant to arrest
my balm and curtains to pillow my rest.

His eyes are never shut of that social
standing that do not mark the oblique lines
with good faith. Tis a knowledge colossal,
of nature that does with art. Held over
the drones of my bagpipe but in clover,

that cast dancers around a twigfire,
a high song blow out of my trumpet and
on leaves so-and-so in a dazed gyre
for this guardian spirit - thus begetting,
summoned in defence, unseeing, watching

over me. Paidagogos' seat was not
elevated; thus, he plucks the woolen
counterpane into pieces to walk forth
men's forked root and wheeled vehicle along

the Milky Way. The tapered tip upflung,
of my shoot bleeds in that he grafts my bud.
Which planter alike would not cultivate
the undying? Like Portunus, in blood,
that protects harbours, he sheathes the bottoms
of ships with copper, against the doldrums,

and trims sails to sail closer to the wind.
He plays my countenance. I prance upon
triumph as dances the mountain but twinned
people. Straying in thoughts and mien, my pulse
stimulates by electricity thus.

All be it, a horse should not be used for
general purposes; should any knob
on the vine, steal upon any sordor,
the nap? Or shorn of his tools, the Magus?
Here is the weight, the jumpers' impetus.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Can I Keep From Poesy?

My leaves turn on countless pages,
beyond the lettered readership.
I spot ultramundane, the deep;
- - the poesie that marked ages.

Across the storms, across the waves,
I read the words from a distance
speaking ahigh in all puissance.
Who would keep from the fount that laves?

Lots of pictures cook in my breast,
soothing, while the Orb is rung through.
Dauntlessly, I plough in all blue
for it breathes still at my behest.

But that the sword sway before me,
thews for my sinew it breeds. Come what
valour dare my ink, quaking not?
Can I keep from this, meant to be?

Since justice reigns over places
and sacrifices fledge; the art
of nature is bared too; would that!
Let my leaves slap the foes' faces.

Since the wounded hearts heal, how can
I keep away? If the black walls
fall and troubles addressed upon calls,
for whose fire thence, should I fan?

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Cupid And Apollo

Cupid and Apollo [strenghts of the Muse]
sway the round way the art of the circus.
Butt-men, however be it. Long live who?
O domestic, under whose heels are you?
Decide on and speak out ere Hesperus
illumine, slave. As the muses but Zeus's
and Apollo, the perch for tame and true
birds, the fountainhead of every sinew,
arts's, and the radix of our rage with his
armoury beyond shafts betide and kiss;

with reeds hurling to the utmost, many;
that sightless sapling rushing in frenzy,
heartless, (save as Nimrod's seed) illuded
with blindfold, from his coign, obtruded
of vantage, with no drying-dust ready
for wounds, befalls to incite thus crazy
with his creeping ulcer ne'er precluded.
For he is with want of ease, protruded
to puncture; I'm urging by warning that
he implants feathers much upon a dart.

He injures and puts to the torch, untried.
Striking flighty with wings, albeit inside
the temple not; that baby of roughness
whose acquisitive seat of consciousness
untrained is accursed. Sit upon his side
not, that aspersed the Titan god astride
the sun, the king of the muses, ageless,
and ever-shooting sun-rays, numberless.
His savour is unseeing, to breathe neath.
So, if excelled in art, who owns the heat?

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Did You Put Me To The Sword, Death?

You will not be of the mark for you would
not essay the gory. Can you? You must
not joy upon. For an aim 'twas, not just,
that so weighty was for your holey hood
but whole, said. Tis our great woe-to-illude,
with the Lord, upon which your shows, to rust,
crow. By God's breath, I revere, lives man's dust.
Lain stiff-limbed, I might smell of quietude
but clear from the mirror. You did not put
me to the sword, grave; out of the mortal,
in life, made I. Hence, to the open bare
I that mere ashes count for you, in sooth.
Your prize thence departs I 'til the portal
unlocks to put you to the torch thus fair.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Do Not Abolish Anger

Let him red, inflamed, light up the darksome;
Fuel it - - grassy and humid, and let glow.
Fresh and pure anew, let Fury live though
Would sour of her flake-of-snow so noisome.

On an abacus, would ire be handed
over to nothing, tinged with his colour?
A case without which never his dolour
Has been appeased and humour well blended.

His weight to weigh out, laying hold of him
but his fire of joy, fated to die soon.
Do not bring to an abrupt end. Fortune
thus, cooks rice by swelling and to the brim.

Tis the crying canine urged to attack.
Turn out of his way! This is no longer
of the pleasant kind but smelling stronger
to stand on-and-on from itself. Alack!

How be it, do not put Lytta to rout
or Limos, e'en, to the sword; for they thrive
the populace. They keep the race alive;
being their pot's garden or thereabout.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

For Ola Writes

Opening my eyes after sleep
that I summon now loudly,
blame too, God, my Freudian slip.

I am stealing a kiss now
from him, a cream of the cream,
the high-born mortal I plough.

To an honourable birth
upon his strength, beautiful,
in lack of bias and fixed mirth.

Here is to the gravite that
toss in canvas sheets deftly,
silvery letters of the art.

Through the furrows of your ridge,
let me in a crab's sideways
gait and snapping, but to bridge,

of lettering, from the rows
unmoved, address your piece of
cultivated land that grows

your blue leaves, O crested Lark!
- - entering a document
in its right register, hark!

Are you the garden of our
days where Aristocles teaches,
breeding shoots that still flower?

Or then let us know that you
are a Hyacinthus from
whose blood flowers grow anew?

How consecrated with blood
an ink to bleed such letters
in a fine art, true and odd,

to a grimoire? Marking out
lines to a bundle of leaves
with a label, beyond doubt,

on the back; more is to your
breath that perceives the untold
trail that romps home a victor.

What Lyre of a songsmith
held without dues would pluck songs
of beauty, all be it, blithe;

in fetching the crystalized
sugar of the honeydew
on bended knees, though king-sized?

O keen edges of the nib
that cut words of art for the
hearts that would not jibe or jib,

all be it, deprived of hope;
like a god out of machine
as has the narrowest scope.

From a mounted musketeer,
O flying arrow in his
monastic vows like a seer

to ward off evil as Sam
Awa taught; their heads stand their
hairs on end and at alarm

thereupon, that does good fell.
O shinning armour on the
rungs to knighthood that sails well

along coasts, each tide is not
dim-sighted that sees the depth
of your sea; thus drifting forth.

Continue to take objects
from the dreaming until the
bell of time chimes and projects;

to obtain your discharge by
service. Do your utmost as
being new to feather high

your reed and hiss off the stage.
Shoot outside the walls and thus
beyond the sky of the age.

Man your ship and sail away
to the windward. Your landfall
does wait upon, day by day.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Hunh

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

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

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

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

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Lekh Raj

To the heart of an emperor à la
dauntless courser's whose resemblance I shall
point to a purple butterfly of Sal;
in his post, commanding a length of line.
Quote him if the academe invades empires;
albeit, on establishment of concord.
Would such man wed someone of unequal blood?

Here is to the neryv mage for whom there
is none but cultivation of lush leaves;
who amid block of woods split into tablets heaves
and plants. Has anyone weighed this bough yet? Let
him that has turned his grimoire count his pages
and fetch us the clarion éclaircissement.
In your nightmares, call out for him. Bear pent

not but go through the penetralia for he
will be there with his keen and sheathless brand,
watchful. He will not shut his eyes but band
matters like Rhadamanthus. Would Nosoi
that inflicts without easement bear that he
breathes alchemically within and not
the either, detained. Rather shackle forth

his winged heart than the fledged limbs for more is
to an envelope than the messenger.
Tell him that robs fastness about the danger
as well, that Lekh's pillars are adamantine
and not rended. As for the empty-headed
person showing signs of madness; let him
know that he will be fitted to the beam

of his bed shorn of his limbs or bear his
dice obviously manipulated. Alas!
Tis to the vision of arts as heavy as
in wellspring; moulded as a model. Play
a roundelay of the sempiternal for
the mortal that has conquered the clou of
the pestilential cadacity enough

to cleanse the Literati. Incense his soul
that shall not breathe last again but absorbed
with elixir. Forbear to allow his orb
sway reign and his letters indelibly
stamped in the book of days by the Momus,
limn. Tis an unbowed field of the gallant
but one can still say viva, O Valiant!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Let Me Tell You, Death.

You are stingless and cannot make a corpse
but glory in the ailing bane men bid
their hearts abide. Who fears you even or mid
the art of the thought? Whose hand can you shake

but intrudes while life desolated, fights
to suffer. Silly how you exercise
the odds then. The pining bale, I prewise,
of whom you are slily left in exchange

might be humble and selfless, serving your
table and so, overthrown. Grievous how
you sieze all deference and irking, cow
all way. But let me tell you, Death, men still

are high-born. Tis the Demiurge who gave
you; to send them down the way of the clay
that must not come to pass with life. Their sway
thus accursed to the dregs and refuse was.

Can you before the eyes, stab any front
or betide masterless? Prove your sinew
and mark the ground their grave and waterloo.
Yet, men kill you, Death. You are but strengthless.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

M.I.O. Udenyi

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do not throw

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

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

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Men, Poets And Death

O mankind! 'tis in the spell of sunlight
poets dig your breasts into holes from which
they erect abodes to dwell them eldritch
in the reign of the afterglow. That sleight
of hand you would cognize. You can outright
call to mind when. So, they breathe still to preach.
Upon their quietus, sorrow not, each.
Let none, close, say they failed any while right
behind. It irks their repose pillowed fair.
But you, death, no ground their grave must unveil
your guise. You must bend your knees ere these God's
who in your putting-to-rout though your bare
doom's crack, shall sit. Their virtue must prevail
on you - - designed to elicit applause.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

N.U.D.T

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

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

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

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

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

O Bard Upon Avon

O pulse of my heart! The bard of Avon.
So cold how you seize all time, thereupon.
Caught by the nymphs for all ages and swum
the greatest stream of affairs venturesome,
encircling the earth's disc; borne all other
things unpublished by your high art odder
than a magus's; may I join your table
O hippocrene of my art, ponderable?
Imbue me, great forerunner of my strength
with a light of the position, at length,
of objects and plant the foot of my fine
paintbrush in the earth into which a line
of water drips from the eaves of your muse.
Sharpen the quill of my feather to use,
so that who interprets in the science
of weighing abides my leaves with a sense
that references, though marginally.
With captured galleys' beaks supernally,
decorate my oration's platform and
hand over [to me] past all shadowland,
a formal pledge of carrying a mousa
but through piling pelions on no Ossa.
Only bear with me still, that I shall die
by man's rope of sand, and the limbs of my
fledging pen be shorn. To the insignia
I aspired on time for, fan me heavier
and absent all omen of not bringing
to head, O Trojan war's-herald voicing.
Your crazed epigone for your infamy
thus bides. From the brunt of your alchemy,
your ash of dispute and cross of your ilk,
however the cognescenti would milk
this epoch, I wish not to be thinned but
marked most sinewy to cut the Gordian knot.
Do take heed to my plea on bended knees
O bard upon Albion, that my aches ease.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

O Bruce Mayrock

In my breast, some hollowed logs but slit-drums
talk. Sepulchral flutes shriek from the doldrums
distanced, too. They signal an urgency
to screech of the intruding harmatia
that captured you. The clay jug speaks but gums
my eyes and lips into closure, O Bruce.

This earth that dwells you is rung through, awake;
thus, too spent to house you, though frail to slake.
Squeezed bears Ikorodu since the inner
call has led you away. Gulpd by our soil,
bear that sins and taboos, those which could make
one run on cycles and meet bad spirits;

wretchedly stoned from whom every course springs
while on the ground to fetch that which fate brings;
cease on the way to incarnate and block
the road to the endless; all are absolved
just through the mouth of Nri, spreading the wings.
This course of emergency warns of you.

'gainst the plaints that pricked our paeon sighed for,
you held fast, knowing home, that 'frowned ardour.'
You blew the whistle at the dead of day
that our babies should not be lifted high
in the draught; hence, no man should knock before
unlocking any gate, theirs, and that we

shouldn't clap and wait ere traversing our streams
and roads, clock what reign of the time to. Dreams
of our ancestors held fast to, you bore.
Your assigned guardian from cradle to
coffin that shrieked your name at night-fall seems
to have hit your left feet against a cliff;

(so, labelled your brow whereupon you drowned)
since your putting-to-the-torch had beads 'round
its waist, dear hallowed ancestor spirit!
For you didn't reincarnate from the fair
sex and for that which did not lead your crowned
kismet astray or clear you to sleep with

a black dress, scrunched, treading another route
freighted with earth's most hard-hitting repute;
so, to contingently bear like sea-shells
in our tse tse fly-infested fell-wrought
Nri, we dress you with the most sought and cute
garment, perfumed; thus, offer animal

sacrifices to your strength, through and through.
So much would ne'er suffice; not the yams, new,
or those cocoyams we give to our king

Eze Nri. Beneath the floor of our home
you're lain and neither in the house's front view
nor in the hiding and out of sight, e'en.

Not in the hushed cockcrow or still night would
I stretched, scratch for you; all be it, now stood
upon by the distance beyond, between
us, than any of the Nri's from the coast.
I shouldn't catch any freeze, since you subdued;
and hence on your way back to eternal.

Marked with your ashes, cook my breath to live
with your cross toward these days. To upheave
in my poor regards on mount to warble
above Jean-Paul Sartre or John Lennon,
find me worth your dirge for I would still grieve.
Odinala, call'd you, martyr'd your blood.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

O Lyre!

As the god of the muses' seat would pluck
your frenzy breathing alive to be struck,
and your sensation strikes hymns to Bacchus,
I stand with legs flung wide and interfuse
carefully the gneiss-sheen sparks of your chords.

How georgic a while drawn from the Orphic!
Artemis hence foretold. I tune thence, quick,
your notes to the shivers. Let fires heaviest
like a fall of rocks be fetched from your breast
beyond the screens of this valley of tears.

The Phrygian goddess in her wild dances
should bear corybantic, my romances.
Who is made 'gainst you or declared the oaths,
loosen your strings to find you shorn of notes;
at any level of the heart, how switched?

Your chapel style played emperor Nero
while Rome was put to torch. As your hero
would never shake before the Magi's art
but confide in your craft deft since its start,
in my hand never swept I fetch from you.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Odyssean

This life is earth-born but the stars sign mine
and weave webs over mystery. The breath of
the sighless spirits of the land though fine
for a clime, I feel. There is a light held
high to etch the sacred path bejewelled
with cloaked gems to the truths of the darksome.

Wanderers on the roads of life! Their words
drift away on a journey to find those
who will listen. Where the stories like birds,
flew with the deep wind is to be questioned.
Tears are dropping from the angels sojourned
on flight and the late night's moon, to the trees.

The sky cries. Hark! 'Tis the lone melody
of the falling tears. 'Tis here, my lone stay
of reticence; an island of muddy
shadows beneath waters and years without
the sky. I can now see the light about
to be followed and boats, here in my dream.

It is a journey full of promises.
The darkest skies fall to make my earth black.
Walk me, O guardians, against all misses
over the waves of these black stars. Journey
my heart through the sad storms, super-towery,
over the clouds' deep sea - - the moon's island.

Let the moon light still, through the ocean's path
of the night where the stars guide my sail for
the night-clouds over the heavens apart,
closed too, over me each time songs address
sleeps. May sleeps bring not to my night, nameless
dreams I cannot keep but tell why it would

never bring dreams there are to interpret.
To the care of the morning, 'tis a walk
through the warm sands until the late twilit
and dead of the night. For the air belongs
to all, plant the wind to grow and brew songs
for the troubled sorrows of homecoming

from these seas of showers over miles and
across oceans, O guardians. Hereupon,
the natural satellite on every hand
lights the firmament argent and from all
eyes, lights shine- -like a luminous nightfall
- -stars fill their hearts and bells ring their stories.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Royal Bachelor

My halfpennyworth of a lay but my
most part as the changes of your moon breed
my irked state of wit. It is how gilded
you give blanks a taste of ink and ahigh,
the mass your nib moves at each stroke well-nigh
casting my unit of weight by your reed,
away. It is stretching after your steed,
my footing, for which the westerners sigh.

To bear your newsheet at no small value,
I bear my mind not, but driven both sides
as an ox turns in ploughing, yet bestrides
its mind. Tis the art of your muse anew
that seize bowers. No balm else or sinew
could have. Standing outside mortals and tides
as its bill attends me, the arch sway wields
the same, with hands that carry through and through.

It takes up my staff with short marks that break
the sense, each time I try. As if I made
a fencing's thrust with a fanfaronade
at an inopportune time. For this sake,
the chords of my lyre shiver to take
my melting resonance on; for your shade
canvasses for votes not, but thus arrayed
as your craft was waked and none should forsake.

I save all armour for the breast of your
horse, O noble, as measures in two scale
pans without violating a demoiselle
or any innocence. 'gainst all sordor
for a person who breathes from the candour
of the breast, your leaves like an asphodel,
O squire smeared into oil to ensorcell,
is smelling of a peerless troubadour.

O Doyen! Who invents rhapsody that
paints the blocks of lettering into books
of spell that interpret the tongues of the Dukes,
whose nib walks on tiptoe as steals my heart;
as your shoulder was thus touched in the start
by the sword of the muses, who, vying, cooks
harder to dare your craft? I think he looks
at no humane laurel but primrose path.

To that foe's arm and to his watchtower,
who would; while he bears his feet to the tooth.
Let him keep copies of the roll and suit
of account of leaves, upon no bower
to fall but of a papyrus, lower
upon any land his yoke or canute
can plough. Would he so, claim his attribute?

How holds that foe such frenzy? Or cower?

Let me hear that a bird in an escape
from danger moved not sillier. May he bear
the humour far too. The arch doyen dear,
your ordinance is secured. Thus agape,
the guardian of the scepter who would scrape
no fulfillment of the plea but besmear
a page attend your steep immersed or sear,
with his right hand; so, the bands of your nape.

Hence, towards your stamping tool, O Lapis
Lazuli, I play, in its fine period
and quite so, glass bracelets as well in blood.
Who would dock the horse's tail? Of what hubris?
O bachelor from the whitemen's house, kiss
knighthood. It is your pen's that puts to sword
and the Midas'art craft of your threads, odd,
spun by the fates. Sway on, O Adonis.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

Sen. Ihenyen

Of the Evergreen from whose leaves
dew-drop turn base metal into gold;
whose shade nobody could pour
an egg white, gone out of the dust,
outdoor and to the wide-ward,
I am touched that a Midas breathes on.

O seed of the soil! Rooted into earth
but most sprouted in the neighbourhood;
my kinsmen stay upon their shoulders
to appease your birth,
at which rainbow appeared.

Thus, the spirits of my clan, indebted
to your stoup besprinkling over the wide
space
without none in denial,
joys upon their cenacle at you.

At the news of your sinew contracting
on and on, without waning signs,
they have learnt to give the whitemen
the nod
and commend their beliefs
for their heirs. Gladdened they are,
to summon your essence amidst.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

The World In My Hand

To my petty idol
but my chief oracle
who invested
high magi in me.

Who demands no shrine
but condones
my invocations
how be any free scope
to summon him.

My sorcery hence
nets the orb. Of this
same net I am a citizen
and promising still.

Here is to my
limbless messenger,
like greater other gods
who runs
my errands uncommon.

I dream
hereupon, on wings,
in the art of
a wizard administering
my craft upon
the paces of flight.

Christened by this
sacred shade,
surfing the globe airy,
who would seek for
prophecies
or advices on more?

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To Climb Parnassus, O Muse

Would you still, wait on me, O Hippocrene?
Now that we are in blood, I have essayed
to decipher you but could not outspread.
Mates urge me to revert to breeding, e'en
if (for) the least while. Hereupon, I'm keen
to know if you can wait though at my aid
for my return. I am rung through, afraid,
that you may not linger onward, so green.
Argus-eyed, to climb Parnassus 'tis; hence,
caught betwixt Scylla and Charybdis here,
who would carry a mousa or romp home?
Ne'er the runaway slave's or in the sense:
a youngling's tail mid its legs. I'd go there!
But stay still, upon the build of this Rome.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To Emmanuel Oluwaseun Dairo

Father awakes again. Ay! The sage, blessed,
soughs from the wildest wind of the forest.
There returns the man, whose exploits inly,
network with Earth itself. His fate, courtly,
to his source of potency (that climbed out
of the sacred red rock) weds beyond doubt.
Since he dwells in the eye of the whirlwind,
mark his dance about the verdure swirling.
Thus, his garment; he'd wield air as cutlass.
So, my advanced play of dun-dun hourglass
tension drums upon this time of your moon.
Kissed the broad sword too sacred to Ogun,
while thunder follows lightning, I dress up
in green and black; so, flourishing non-stop
this machete at the god of hunts and craft
for my seed-balls held cold at the orb, waft
back to my paunch to phrase your epithet
this dry season. Long live, the king to whet!
Only men [could be thought secrets-father]!
The first to taste the world too would rather
lose his rights to the endmost with worries.
And while much miss upon their discoveries,
lots are better owned unknown and untold.
The king does not hang, pile what manifold
crime to. Thus, I shall cast my spree but flee.
All screens are windowed; I'd tell how I see!
With my ram's-horn trumpet, by sacred rites,
I herald by the fount on mount, your fights
drawn from below, O freeman. As hallowed
to all muses, let them stand, those arrowed
roots having your leaves, O astrolabe's eyes
in the science of arts charged without price.
From your crest, may I thin a sprig of broom?
Vine of the ridge reared at the field, abloom;
trained 'gainst a wall, growing leafy all-year,
whose anxious trait of thinking with unclear
mind, digs up your spell of letters mustered
as saints' lives, that resonates like some hard
phonolites [if] struck? It is God's-pen stroke
in your life; its sapping you would not choke!
Tis the Roman maid's-garment gold edging
of your nib too, that I quote; hence, verging
on the soaring. Who stole fire from the gods
and gave to your edges to brave all swords?
Who would still judge you by feature, Dairo?
Who would essay? For it's my hoe's high row.
Strum any chord, Sir! Let the skies pour now,
while the thread-shearer is about the slough.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To Faeo Lyre Clive

O double goer! I cannot bear your weight
but awe at the strength. Higher, demands your
debt than my knowledge of remittance, raw,
knows how it's dared. Be the other self, still great.

You chose none but found me worth your fettle.
Hence, I shall not soft but breast your highness.
You came within, respired my innerness
and sat me, O Noble, on my mettle.

Naught was damned and not life afore, either
but did figured afresh, my form. Shinning
opinion does attend me in your burning
name. Peak invincible, O sightless brother.

Who would not object to the laurels that
accompany me? It is an adventure
embowered; all be it, own self feels sure,
handed away and not known. Would not that?

I spy your height froward flight; although
know not intentions yours but delivered
in stoop, since hope is written in the hard
bounteous stars. Why it is me, I would know.

Mine is mistaken for yours. My family
tree grows disputably and my footfalls
marked for I am no higher to pull thus
heavy. As if you won't mind - - draw knightly,

on more; how be it. O! Stretching this claim
forth when you are not found, what interprets
the progress? I ask inwardly, what wreaths
would there be since you ordered my oriflamme,

neighbours and pleasures away, at your behest.
The most I shall earn, I hope to be shown.
Bear that I have no job else, of my own
but yours. It is risky, all be it, lest

my skin and neck struck thick and stiff at my
end, perish. Confidently do I make
foolish at your love. Count on me awake
to fuel your fire. I shall not stumble nigh

falling lain; but shall all way, pray that you
romp home. As you have chosen, I bid you fare
fair, still; though I know not what hue the sphere
holds for triumph but hope you struggle through.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To O.O

In a kolanut communion, let me in
a word
take you at your word, Dibia Mbari.

Are you in the same chariot of Odinala
along the route of Chi?
The white ram of the sun, Ofufe,
implants redder on weals.
The Arusi of the sky, the husband of Ala,
rains thus rheum.

Nwannaa! Ndebunze our sightless elders
shrug to protect our manhood
from the iyi-uwa of the Trickster God.
Agwu Nsi must have foretold fell.

Where are your brothers, Dimkpa?
Who is Narcissus to you?

Oke Mmanwu! Anyanwu would not thus
etch;
or are you sightlessly, Agu Mmuo?
That is if Eri-Ikenga gave you an Ofo
that marks authority for smithing.

Who would let the Occident bear
that their Long Ju-ju, Ibini Ukpabi
could not turn our swords into ploughshares?

How be it, I know that Ares inspires you.
Aye! You must have yet, been caught
by Dionysus and about making away
the costume.

How much would Sisyphus had paid?
Should one answer the call of Athena
and given to Hermes, take up her gauntlet?
I am afraid that you cannot seduce
her Bacchus-free seeming.

Who would fuel the fiery coals
heaped by Aristocles of Ariston,
and light up yet, the path of Momus?
Would Apollo thus blithe abide?

For whose ventilation, Odogwu,
does such fan cool?
It preys but on my breast; but now,
my throat does voice.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To Okwy Obu

Tying an Omu twig,
I play my wind instrument
hence
for an elder,
with ichi marks, at whose birth
a kolanut broke into three.

How do I reward
with celebration and rites
as honours,
the hip that brought him?
Oh! The womb
bearing our ancestors
does store.

Here is to him
of Mburichi Nobility,
for whose role should be
to eat the first yam
of our crafting field.
- - whose art
is likened to a giant.

Your Chi, is in peace
with Chukwu, Okwudili,
as the lot etching
on the palms of your hand
breathes for the outer call.

Let Amadioha send lightning
to the evil shade
to inhabit the tree
from which you hew your arts;
if Ahobinagu would silence.

Marked black on the forehead,
may s/he be attacked
by a swarm of bees that would
rise against your gallery.

Let the sway be transferred
to a live goat, even,
that must be let loose
outside the walls of our settlement.

Who points a finger
at a Kolanut tree?
Or at a man who climbs
the Iroko tree
without the aid of strings?

My white clay marks you,

O heir of Obu kindred.
The lower forces participate
to make this offer
to Igwekaala - the god.

Let Chukwu feed you
with Azu-igwe like he did
Eri's; and may your crops too,
fertilize
like all were in Nri soil.
Udo diri gi, nwanne mmadu!

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

To The Dove On Mount

The nobiliary is a conqueror
that triumphed the adventures but horror
of the desert. Mark him! He rides into
the ancients and aims unbowed thereinto.

Allow a free scope for the blessed aim.
Tis but a horseman's to Jerusalem
under the aspect of eternity.
Who would not garland his manege knightly?

Have! The mind shaped after elegance and
aimed so closely in his self-scourge but stand.
The usual style of dressing he is changing.
Should he not go on to find our lodging?

A bright fire gentle in manner burns
his course of life marked with the cross. At once,
but about a leave of absence. Alas!
But the preordained that shall come to pass.

II

Eyes with a marked contrast of black and white,
who would judge his thin tapering but light
riding whip by feature? Let him answer
the voicing that calls from the Redeemer.

Let him answer the voice that calls along
the way of the Lord's house to live among
again. This demilune in crescent-shape
emblem of Turkey is about agape,

a royal journey for his band of blue
soldiers to the field fallen in a clou
of battle. The cymose grapes of Corinth
cultivated out of the labyrinth,

native to locality, are as well
by the high sower, on the arable vale.
Committed for safe keeping, to a great
height extending, what do we all-roseate

for his journey under monastic vows,
provide? If he is laying for the house,
it is to God. Sing the boatman's song for
the immortalizing freed evermore.

III

Joining the assembly, may the day of
wrath honour the birth of this blue dove.
O God's hooks! Should the liberal artists fall
behind? Who would dust the archives, all,

O scion of Onyeagolu? If it were
so written, may the ordination here
that thinned your hunger from men's, recognise
your god's letters 'til the day to arise.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive

When A Fact Becomes A Muse

It wakes thoughts and every confident guilt
painted in details. Polydactyl though
a hand, thus would breed; but of a tongue so
British I shall hence breathe. Thus, at full tilt
your coming-into-being, at first gilt,
in descent to mankind, rose. The cockcrow
I applaud, that waited 'til that morrow
from the Nativity. Tis one fact built
for my musing whence the eaves of the roof
of the cloud shed rheum but [away] from
the lachrymal. For you, Sir, sworn an oath
of the blood, in order and in the proof
I say, 'Live undying, O He lithesome! '
With my burning lamp, you go and I note.

Faeo 'Lyre' Clive