Poetry Series

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- 15 poems -

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' My home away from home'

When through earth's dusty path i roam
Nightfall let me return home!
For within its four wall shall i find
Warmth and comfort of every kind!
But when worldly ventures doth beckon
That far away from home i shall finally begone
Let me paint thy face upon the canvas of my heart
And write on its page, few lines of thy sweetest part
For when the world shall curse me to hate
And every journey seems a little too late
When travel sore i find no resting place
Search among crowds and see no memorable face
Then those lines of thy sweet part i verse my poem,
Shall be my comfort, my home away from home!

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' Our seed of love'

If like an apple, ours is meant to be
That a little bite more, a little us less
Then let us as gentle as we can be
Take each bite even as we regress
Till we eat deep into our love's flesh
And nothing more in us to bless
For apple season must come and go
Such path all things must flow
But an apple has many seeds
A little soil and a little moist it needs
Sunshine and a little kiss of life
To give green to its tiny leaf
Pray as we swallow that final part
Ours will grow again in the fertile soil of our heart! !

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A Hand For My Perfect End

Does it hurt so bad
So much to make you mad?
Does it rip your heart apart
So that your strenght depart?
Does it wear you inside out
And bring your tears running south?
Yes! It does more to me
For all the good there be
It turns my sweat crimson flood
And my wounded soul dripping blood
Yet through the death of some of me
Even in the midst of my solemn plea
I find this strenght within
And a voice chanting ' thou shall win'
So out with those pain and sweat- turned red
Out with those heat and south bound tears
Even my wounded soul that bled
And the host of my mortal fears
All shall this moment lend
A hand for my perfect end

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'Beauty Is A Friend Like You'

Beauty is not a name, for often
Heros and villians are samely known
Beauty is not in purple linen woven
Nor engraved in a golden crown
For all have their uses
And soon tend to abuses
Beauty is not a face
whose wrinkles await its days
Which like night to the day
must haste without delay
Beauty is not in one clime or for one season
But in every mile and for every reason
Beauty is honor fought and won
With friends and foes alike
Beauty is a heart prepared to be
Content in all life makes it see
And even in the sunshine and the rain
It triumph still in both joy and pain
Freedom is beauty's horse, its saddle is peace
Whose briddle is hope and commands a holy kiss
Still, this i know by faith is true
Beauty is a friend like you! !

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'Everyday is the same'

Everyday i see city dust rise up high
Mixed with smoke of different hues
I see torrent rain fall from the sky
Mingling with our tears, we have no clues
Everyday i wonder why our trees are lean and leafless
Hanging shames on every rooftop
Whose branches the birds count worthless
For niether rest nor nest they hold up
Everyday i see feet scurry to and fro
Zig zag, zag zig, i watch till night
Then i wonder where each city-soul will go
When it is dark, and no more light
Everyday i wait for answers none i get
Another day must start the same, i bet!

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'Her Love Divine'

She gave me the key to her heart!
And led me to her most treasured part.
She held my pulses and said 'be still'
Her charm healed my common ill
She touched my cold soul to life
Whose love dared my mortal strife
And at night she whispered these words to me
'Let me be wherever you may be
I will hold you close to keep you warm
In all your dreams, i will bless you unharm
And though you sleep that sleep of death
I will be your prayers, i will be your breath
Yet if the new day must thee forget
Your sun in my heart shall never set'!

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'Lamentation of a deity'

The god laments:

Ewuru! Ewuru! You have uncovered my nakedness!
You have thrown sand upon my banquet
And joined strangers to vilify me.
I, who was once your fathers pride
They neither ate nor drank until they feed their precious bride!
I, who once craddled you in my arms, now i prove
But a scorn to you and your new found love
You thrust a knife into my heart and say 'die'!
Die! Die! Can the breathless die?
Not even a decent burial will you arrange
But your fathers, such entreaties to my shrine would they engage!
For then when i hiss they all begin to cry
The god is angry! the god is angry! , even when i sigh
The women run into their rooms in terror
Aru! Men shake thier heads in horror
For my visit is mixed with a terrible anger
Grains, wine and blood they lay before my alter
A sacrifice of bribery, yes of bribery!
Appease! Appease! They offer to my fiery
But you, Ewuru, have cultivated a heart to hate me
Like a chick, you run afer another she
I, who once from ages to ages
Must now repose, like a mere man to his hades
But remember me! You and your household
A fearsome god indeed in the days of old
Ha! Ewuru! I die, but this is madness
I say madness! !

Ewuru:

Rest! Shall the heavens grant thee grace
And the earth her solemn peace
For only in lines shall i bear
Thy deeds, but then who cares to hear
Fret not for thine abandoned soul and fame
The world must never remain the same
For all are part of a system neither of us had made
And like thee, i soon, before it, shall finally fade
Season must come with its own drunkeness
perhaps this is all madness
Indeed i say madness! !

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'Mercy'

'Wake up son, the city is about to go up in flames!
Sins are many, they heap upon me all blames!
Take thy household, nothing else and flee.
To the hills, look not behind thee
Take no silver, take no gold
But thy coat to keep thee from the cold

Take no livestock, call no friends
Lest it pass from friends to fiends
wake now, wake all, hurry soon
Before the rising of another noon
Run now, to the hills begone
Lest my mercy upon thee undone!

But if thou has any word to say
I bid thee hence without delay
Pour out thy thoughts, say it now
For in thy flight no word will I allow
Speak now for thy earthly sake
And upon thy words, will I my judgment take'

'If there be, Lord! Ten righteous men in the city
Will thee upon all take no pity? '
'Aye! I will, my little one so precious
But there is none anywhere so righteous'
'Let then thy will o lord be done
Pray now, let me from hence begone'

'But for my last, let me once more plea
for I have seen little kindness around me!
A lass indeed, mending another's cloth
And a lad giving to beggars his day's worth
Will thee o lord! such gesture omit
And thy fearful anger still permit? '

'Nay! My son, if such kindness exist,
I will my terrible vengeance now desist'
'Then Lord, for love sake shall I ask
That thy anger upon us, thou would not task'
'Aye son, for that love thou hath spoken,
Then shall thee rest secure, for I have my mercy given! !

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'My Beauty For All Seasons'

Not as the rustle of the dry summer leaves
Will beauty hung upon thee grieve.
Not as the fadding flames of a candlelight
Your splendour will remain ever bright
Nor could season's plague despoil thy beauty's prime
You sweet gentle pulses tickle with the time.
Your lovely spirit misfortune cannot toy
And upon its chamber my lines i do employ
Where i to write of thy beauty still
My sinew will rest but with a numbing pill
For mere lines not enough will produce
Such sum deserved thy beauty's use
And if prize be given for this reason
Gold be yours now and for all season!

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sweet memories of my childhood days

Sweet memories of my past
Like sweet gentle breeze upon the mast
Sweet ceaseless flow of the running stream
Sweet castles in my boyhood dream
Sweet tales of ages and places
Sweet memories of names and faces
Sweet whispering voices before dawn
Sweet ecstacies that linger on
Sweet glory of hard time overcome
Sweet hopeful days to come
Sweet cherished secret untold
Sweet tasted love of old
Sweet me, in most sweetest ways
Sweet undying memories of my childhood days! !

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The chain starts with me

'The chain starts with me'

I have a dream, a vision
Of a better and happier nation
A recovered hope, a new Nigeria
Where at last
From east to west, from north to south
The tempest of change shall sweep our dirty past
Where in the nearest future shall spread
Before us, a new era.
And we assembling together again
In one spirit, with joy like a river
Shall rise to rebuild again
Our fallen institutions,
Our ruin places, and battered legacy

A nation more pure and verdant
Where we shall live in true unity
Never in chaos nor ethnicity
Never in darkness
But in brightness
Where a Northerner
Shall say to the southerner
'My brother, my friend'!
And the other shall respond
'This is our only home
We have no other
We share one destiny and one fate
Let us labor to make it great'

Wherever you may be ponder this!
These dark days
Shall be worth all they cost us
If only they teach us
That our true greatness as a nation
As people under one constitution
Depends on our will, our unity
Our transparency and our responsibility
And above all, our God!
Let us hold each others hand!
Divided we fall, together we stand!

Say to yourself today,
The chain starts with me! !

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'The Drifting Soul'

O! For that leaf in the mighty boundless sea!
In a world larger than its soul will ever be
On that deep, wild, and silence sea
The soul so lonely drift aimlessly free!

O! .for that youth from mortal breath plucked.
In the bowel of the earth untimely locked
The world is a lonely place, the grave lonely still
The soul grieves but tell no one will
Does it roam every earth's dusty way
Or remain where its lifeless form doth lay?
Does it drift with the wind endlessly free
Like that leaf in the mighty turbulant sea
Or perharps it journeys through time and space
Until it finds a perfect resting place!

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The man died

Some say he was hit by a moving train
On the track were his blood and brain
Some say they saw him yesterday
Or maybe an apparition looking so pale and grey
Some say he was stabbed in a street fight
And in pandomonion, the murderer took to flight
And he, dying with a grin on his face
Was heard reciting ' amazing grace'
Some say he was poisoned in a lovers toast
Where he collapsed and gave up the ghost
That he left large measure of silver and gold
Which his wife was glad when betold
Some say he died at eleven- forty- five
With his own sire still alive
Leaving behind a tootless old grandma
Who couldnt talk, but only smile at cha!
Some say this, some that, till silence befell
By the mournful sound of the church bell
Then it mattered not what is true or who lied
For all was one that says 'the man died'! !

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The Sojourner

Are your herds all dead
That you walk the street alone?
And do you have your own bed
When the toiling day is done?
City nomad without his herd
Wanderer, pilgrim of the mind
Wont you rest your tired head
You herdsman of a kind?

Were your ancestors cattle rearers
Who sought where grasses were green?
But you have mingled with the city dwellers
Leaving your herds either dead or lean
Tell me, city nomad
Why did you leave your father's way
And choose the city, tis' sad
That you roam the streets day by day

Or are you of the gypsy race
And your clan, minstrels and magicians?
Who wander from place to place
Sleeping and waking in caravans
Foxes have holes, and bird the trees
Do you have any to call your home?
Some live in houses, some in tents
Why do choose the streets to roam?

I am but a sojourner in every city
Seeking my God and the crown
And may he lead me to that heavenly city
A better place to call my own! !

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Urban slum

City shame in murky water
The swimming pigs ready for slaughter
Foul is the air that kissed my nose
When i compare with the smell of rose
I wonder if the fish will call it home
And choose its shores to prey and roam
The earth around is not even forgiven
Where city souls erk out their living
Dogs and goats are friends
And rats take cats out for a dance
Imagine mosquitoes, imagine life
Green with envy, full of strife
I watch them in filt and dreary scene
'What a life' was all i could imagine! !

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