

Poetry Series

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

- poems -

Publication Date:

May 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson (31/12/1987)

My name is Okoronkwo Jackson Jonathan. I am from Afikpo North Local Government Area of Ebonyi State in Nigeria. I was born 31st December 1987. My passion for writing developed when I was 13. At 18 I wrote lots of works which covered various areas of poetry, drama and motivational novels. My art flows from what I call Reflection of Passion and more through inspiration. Most of My Poems are a pure reflection of passion while some of them serve as a message and also stand as a description of what is and what ought to be.

There is nothing that gives me more joy than when I pick my manuscripts to behold the works of Inspiration. I studied Philosophy in Madonna University Okija, Anambra State of Nigeria. I am indebted to God who created me with such talent and to my late uncle whom I called father, for being my earthly god to direct me. There is nothing that gives me joy more than piece of creativity. I act, I script write and as well direct. In fact these are my hobbies and I derive joy in them. I also love debate forum where intellectuals share like mind. I love to be called mad for the sake of creativity because he who is not mad can never be creative.

Works:

Though not published yet, I am working currently on five books now which are in the areas of motivational, philosophical, religious, historical and political.

A Dark End

Gone so soon; long- long ago,
Our tears we shed but without running water;
Yet into the unimaginable we gaze
Wondering what it could be that went wrong.

Unto the tune of mourning we hearkened not.
All to his own desire we danced upon the lyre-
Jubilating and celebrating in merriment,
Our downfall and wasted age.

Seeking the hand of posterity,
We accuse the time of our unblissfulness;
Yet from us is come
That dead end of life to which we fear.

So a great take over:
For which to any extent we go
Scrambling and crumbling at the feet of death
All to escape the so called poverty

Slaves we become to him the great wealth
And us he maltreats and manipulates to his own accord
Because in us he sees desperation
In search of being our own god

Doth we not weep for our course?
Which like a curse is laid upon us
Though being the cause of our misfortune
See not the sight of remorse to come.

And so the black burial!
When our hearts are all soaked deep in pain
Awaiting the agony, stricken upon the cursed
Who shall wail and weep in due course

This shall be the fate of them
Who in this generation seek not the good; but
Straying and swaying in joy on that road of perdition
Without a think of what the end seems to be.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

A Silent Walk At Night.

Silently out under the night
With dark shades of glorious splendour-
Pondering on the wonders of creation and
Bidding fare to the daylight,
Sister Moon with her light,
Shields me with shadows of love.
So the gentle breeze with her whispers,
Sings me the night lullaby.

That lullaby through a walk,
Takes me rolling; and
Through the gentle path, in preparation
For a thoroughfare to the dreamland.

Tarrying with the twinkling stars I gaze:
Feeling the touches, as of a cool romance-
When two two lovers tarry in love,
From the breathing of the night gentle whispers.

How I love this, a walk- when
The birds sing no more fun chat and
The trees aloof stand;
With the sun hiding his harsh smile.

A lullaby this walk is; to
The dreamland headway make,
Accompanied by
Those lights emitted from the starry galaxies-
Beautifully ordered to light our paths
For a silent walk through the night.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Actual Delusion

In that fusing power of imagination,
I gesticulate into reality-
Picturing the wonders of the coming future
In which shall be the revelation of posterity.

When in my empire of wealth, I shall dwell in position;
With full acclaim of authority;
And to my command be the structure
Of all and sunder of humanity.

Then shall I be held in high estimation,
All- for my supremacy
When on all decree shall be my signature:
For to my banquet shall be the bounty.

For my philanthropism shall I be known for all generation
And to no end of comparism shall be my generosity.
Upon the face of my picture,
They shall look unto for opportunity.

In that tide of passion,
With heart full of mercy
Shall be the reign of justice to feature;
When no more shall laws play in futility.

So, the call to jubilation and celebration
In that train of futurity-
When the balloon of sadness and sorrow we shall puncture
And a mourning lullaby to bid farewell to poverty.

To the heart that believes is the declaration.
With full manifestation of integrity
Making their pleasure leave no measure
And so becoming the heart of the society to no depravity.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Clamber To Reality

Lost in wonder,
I deign to imagine-
What be it that maketh reality-

Delusions so illustrious sprout the air_
In claim of this ultimate. Yet,
All are but illusions of the mind.

Have you ever pondered on this mystery?
How be it that conflict bringeth harmony?
And all created beings to man's service always call?

Wonder thee on how existence worketh
All in the line of time stipulation- Yet
Life so illustrious remains unpredictable?

To they who clamber the reality, come
But to see that like Sysphus,
We play but in futility.

Who then shall scramble the heavens,
And the mind(s) of the God(s) unveil-
That reality might be known no longer in 're'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Clamour Of Change

Forever! Nothing remaineth.
In time to come shall
all things, new form take. To
Be as they never were.

Where it pleases, it bloweth.
So doth the wind of change. For who the wind ever caged.

Thy pride cease
for in time in the clamour of change,
thy laughter shall be unto weeping.

Thy tears dry, the wind of consolation bloweth
And in this clamour of change, thy mourning shall become joy.

Hold thy breath in peace.
This clamour above thy rumble-
makes the universe.

Unto one reality defineth. Yet
this reality unto this clamour subject. For
the reality we hold remains
But
under the process of change to become.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Festival of Fire

Fierce and fearful the rage.
I dare not open its page.
Let's I be held siege,
Under the authority of the unknown concierge.

But I tell of that celebration,
in time to come be a destruction.
Yet, a little while for purgation:
for then shall there be a separation.

How terrible it shall seem to look.
Not like that on which the meal to cook.
But more fierce than that of the forest hook;
for there shall be placed in reign, a book.

So to say: for to them be a risk,
who the race move not in a brisk.
Gladly to take the journey so frisk,
rather will to remain in the cuff of frisk.

And now the festive so fast,
it comes bringing to the last.
Think not of thy deed shall it count of the past.
Reckon thee on the present for the past shall not last.

Recall thee in thy imagination how terrific the fire so red and hot. Think not of thee a
refuge to take in a hut:
with this journey short filled with nothing, and full of but...
For to thy rescue there shall be no slot.

Take heed lest you partake in that fire.
Know ye, thy place above the fire is prepared, made higher-
That thy way you make through in thy great desire.
And thy rest in the hands of the creator to retire.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Journey To Haven

Wither shall we go and make our way?
So slick and flick the movement dashing through in this strange thoroughfare.

Thrown suddenly into existence,
the scramble begins- but,
unknown to what end the being.

Seeking tranquility of the soul we journey,
in search of peace for the mind; that
Rest to a troubled heart of worries brought.

Death unto mortals give, and
life by the Supreme retaineth_ leaving
Man in quest to conquer his illusions.

A mystery beyond imagination
who can comprehend the mind of the Supreme?
Who like a puzzle is laid for man to crack.

His is the haven set abode.
Shield from the noisome pestilence-
down upon the mortals looketh with a mother's eye.

But man in foolishness dwelleth.
Blinded by his lust he striveth-
only at a pace to get crumbled.

Wisdom of the ancient calleth.
Set before thee is that journey
where tranquility seek for the soul,
thou shall attain

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Lost In The Trash

One order calls unto the world,
from all and sundry in like-
and from varying tongues came in one likeliness.

For the mess of a generation
came those differences tearing apart
that with the immortals, the mortals contend not.
Unto the mortals, good intend.
But unto the fall they strive hard
becoming but a trash of folly.

Lost in delusional rationality,
you become so butchered that
not a piece of ur scraps could be gathered.

All over is littered the mess of like
as of a group of children called drumming sound of the wedding feast but would not
dance
And to sorrowful lullaby, would not mourn.

Burnt in lustful desire, driven by passion
a haste they make
that into the trash, discard that still voice.

Now an ode to morals is heard,
a tribute to ethics
and the songs of adieu to conscience sang.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Mummy's Lullaby

You are a treasure whose value cannot be measured.
Your being, unique and incomparable.
Like you, is no other;
Oh mother.

Howbeit the warmness of your embrass,
That from your bossom comes solace-
When in affliction I seem lost,
Oh Mother.

Your cuddle like showers of rain,
Your tenderness ever blossoming like the lily-
Protecting the young like the mother hen,
Oh Mother.

Wisdom to the child,
Courage to the man,
The joy of having you around:
Oh Mother.

In sorrow you bring joy.
Thy consoling brave heart conquers the weary mourning heart.
And thy passionate smile eludes all weeping-
Oh Mother.

In you I see the joy of womanhood;
Not minding the mysteries of your suffering, yet:
With open heart you took the fate-
Oh Mother.

Forever I'll cherish you.
My love for you will never die, for,
You are truly a treasure more costly than any other treasure in the Treasure Island-
Oh Mother

(Dedicated to all Mothers as the Catholics mark their Mother's day. Please show some little kindness to your mother)

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

My Banquet

Come all and sunder!
Come rich and poor! !
Come friends and enemies! ! !
Come unto my banquet of merriment! ! ! !

Come to the joyous celebration!
In that train of happiness,
Which forever has crushed the truck of sorrow; and
The road to tears blocked for ages.

Come! And I shall chant those lyrics of hope.
And from the road of perdition thy heart rescue.
For once that road I treaded,
And now, I live to tread it no more.

Come you who are weary! And thy strength take.
From my banquet, thou shall see cause to joy.
And courage thou shall pick;
And forever thy tears dry.

Come without restriction!
Be thou a beggar, thou shalt beg no more;
For in this banquet of mine,
There be enough for thee and even unto thy generation to come.

Come! And the way I'll show thee. But
Thou must dine and wine with me in my banquet,
Which just for thee I prepared and made so rich;
And from there thou shall see the way.

Come! And the secret of life, thee I'll teach.
We live today and tomorrow we die-
What then is life all about?
But full strife and struggle.

Come! And with me on that table of plenty share.
For that is what life deserves:
To eat and wine when you can, but
Never in laziness.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

My Cinderella

Gently into the bright future I sway;
Then I met her so fair on my way and
To her beauty a gaze I never say nay. For
In her I see the face of my Cinderella.

Her fairness no comparison, my confession-
Be of the damsel who in heart is full of passion. That
My desire of her I cannot hold back my emotion'
To call her my Cinderella.

The dance of her beauty leaves no measure.
Capturing my fantasy in great pleasure;
Forever with her be my time leisure
To always have a dance with her, my Cinderella.

Round in the shadowy whirl wind of fantasy;
Goes a great sense of me ecstasy-
With streams of passionate intimacy
To always behold her so pretty- my Cinderella.

Behold! Illusions now come to reality.
Imagination in great confidence calleth opportunity
Featuring the heart in that sense of utility'
Of having the one who shall be my Cinderella.

Shall I not look upon your beauty, that
Like a dance in the Milky Way
With heart full of appreciation of
Your majestic effervescence
Say... You are MY CINDERELLA.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Reflection Of Passion

Gently on my way I sway-
Suddenly came a gaze,
Lost in the passion, I never say nay.

Smiles unveiling sparkling dentiton my confession-
I'm tied to linger in the phase,
That lost in the passion I hold not back my emotion.

My heart swings in pleasure I can't measure-
That I cannot... But follow the chase,
For lost in the passion: to catch a litter of her glitter.

The dance of her beauty a reality-
I'll live to solve the maze,
As lost in the passion I quit fight of the sight.

Drawn in this affection my submission;
For I dare not call it a dream, but a reality in ream-
Caught in the faze,
I'm lost in the passion of my emotion_
So I vow to bow.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Shadows of The Lily.

Rays of ornamental adonment
flaunts my garden.
With shadows of admiration.

Fragrance of joy fills my portion
As that lily sprouts in my garden.

Glorious reflection unveiling the green
of the daisies in the hillside.

Shadows of love and laughter-
all over I see-
Of that lily in my garden grown.

Shadows of consolations
fills my heart
to tarry with that shadow my desire.

Shadows of passion_
the songs in my heart,
to always hear a lullaby from the voice of that lily.

To the smile I live,
to the feeling I cling- for this lily whose shadow
on me cast.

(I dedicate this poem to My Love, Brenda Okafor, her shadows fill and gladen me with
joy and to her I owe my love foreves) .

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

The Bounty Beauty

BLISS of blessedness, the joy of my gladness.
Be of my encounter with her so pretty-
And the joy of my heart rings in happiness:
That unto me she came; to gaze upon her beauty.

REVEALING rays of resplendence,
Is the power of her smile.
Appearing in splendid effervescence;
Makes me always go the mile.

ELEGANT manifestation of the glorious equanimity-
Furbished like a gold polished in the blazing fire-
Giving thy making and being an unimaginable magnanimity,
Creating in the heart a burning unquenchable desire.

NASCENT goddess of love so comely.
To thy beauty Aphrodite attests and Venus come revering,
For at the sight doth Zeus lose the sense of war dearly;
And Poseidon drawn in the shallow of his depth, come bowing.

DEXTEROUS adroit nanny of love full of passion,
Thy emotion you allow a flow unto the bosom of those that agonize.
And from the doom of sorrowful and lonely detention,
The doors of thy sparkling dentition you open and them you release.

ALLURED in this amplification of thy glorious adornment,
Beholding thee as thou walk in thy robe of golden bracelet garnishment
With mouth agape I leave to thee my abandonment
To surely prove to thee that, to thy beauty is no measurement.

[I DEDICATE THIS POEM TO THE ONE WHOM MY HEART LOVES SO MUCH. SHE IS NO OTHER BUT BRENDA OKAFOR. SHE REALLY THOUGHT ME WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE, SHE BROUGHT AN UNIMAGINABLE JOY TO MY LIFE AND MY LOVE TO HER I VOW FOREVER].

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

The Lone Heart

Out in the night of tears,
Sits the Lone Heart-

Listening to the gentle whispers which,
No joy brings.

Lost in the darkness of sorrow,
The weeping heart rips_

Tearing in the open vacuum in search,
Of solace to no avail.

Heart so torn apart;
To whom shall it cling to? For
Once bitten, twice shy.

So is that journey-
Heart to Heart that

In time, a heart goes in Lone
To learn the steps of that journey. And

Only shall then,
Consolation be brought to that
Lone Heart

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Torn Apart

This life full of vanity, I so repine,
When hopes run so pale and dark;
Leaving the heart so deep soaked in pain, that
The eyes agonized shower rain.

Who has ever wondered on that which is-
That in the open sight of faith, hopes get shattered,
Tearing you down to nothing when
You feel you are on only to come battered.

So torn apart I've become.
Rendered and broken, I leave not to speak-
Regretting such a life I got caught up with-
Becoming so heartbroken, the tales I can no longer hold.

How so bad life goes; to leave me in such shackles.
Whom do I sing my jeremiad to?
Never to imagine it could come this way.
But now behold me so watered down.

For you I ran down the stairs of pride and principles.
Like a slave I came crumbling and crashing- and
All of me to you I gave, yet
To the lost you stab me so deep.

The joy of my being you'd be,
My pride kin you I see, for
No other, my desire.
Why then leave my world so cold?

No saint I be to live perfect. But
In remorse I feel for my past and
My apology to you render form my heart; still
You do not desire it to hear.

Not so strong to hold you your belief.
So rash my attitude your decree; but
To it have I consented though my heart knows that not,
On to your refusal you hold tight.

So nice you have been to me no doubt.
Why leave now at the peak of the joy coming-
Allowing me the sorrows of loneliness? That
So harsh it tears cruelly leaving me in endless tears.

Shall I know any other joy as you?
Now you are gone; everything thou took off me.
But that me is all I've got left; yet no joy. For
Be that joy of me if thou art not there.

But my trust all to you I gave the whole.
Yours, you hid for me unfaithful;

For that the lack of this you go in quandary
Forgetting the pact of our heart union.

If only those sweet past memories thou would recall; then
Will you not want to hold on to that desire? To
Hold me tight so close to you in your bosom-
While I whisper in glee; 'there's no other but you shall my heart cling forever'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

Woe

Made from man and to man brought,
That he may appreciate and
Like the others name. But;
At the sight cried he, what a woe!

The best that gets the society going,
To man's fall in history came this doom-
Bone of my bones thou art; Yet
Still to imagine-ever remaining a woe.

To humanity destruction unleasheth,
In strength the world taketh higher-
Flesh of flesh to man,
Striving always to a woe.

That I be salvaged from this perilous adventure
Of an unending impetuosity-
Shattered and battered, persevering in the agony,
With hopes full, enduring the woe.

In celibacy the woe glareth in alluring feature.
In potency, the appraisal of thee unto man is testified. For
No one leaveth without a feel of thy touch always-
Either to get subjected or die fighting the woe.

Thy intoxication stronger than the claret,
Throwing to stupor thy beholder.
Little in mind bears the stupidity-
For joy it giveth, yet remains a woe.

What then is it that keepeth the man,
The success from the woe bearing, Or
The failure from the woe, hanging and pushing on? Yet
We know-This is all about Woman.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson