Poetry Series

ONOJA ANTHONY

- 43 poems -

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ONOJA ANTHONY (30th, november 1988)

Born into the family of mr and mrs. Godwin Onoja Okojokwu of great Idomaland of Benue State Nigeria.
I attended st.James secondary school Odessasa Ugbokolo(2002-2008) were I proceeded to university of Jos to study. Mathematics/statistics.

A Walk With Zombie

What a nigtmare in Naraguta valley; what a bliss in acrid darkness, what a figure of sharp aged teeth.the miseries behind dark science! ofcourse the chemistry behind this lightworld it all happen when our window gates closes.in this ruffy city this rudeless princess that blade men dry, they drink from this pump house of redish ocean.swing their jaws and incisor mountains.the joy they derive from lonely cementries! the neither takes the shape of ligth and retrive from day light smiles! in china they were. The bat people, in africa they became the darklords, in europe they were the soccerers and shadows of time travels! then we knew them as zombies, prime figure of ugly shadows.when you walk with this rare gem o! Mortal dust you must do that with all your treasures right in the pocket brime of thy saviour soul!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Above Their Ego

On the mountain where we hailed from
The coral from frangscent domidos
The stripes were made from gold
But the naked weapon was gotten from blood for they got them from serpent coral

These were times when men retrieved disgrace
Overblown with self-conservative greed
The pledge of how men undo men
Should this mountain serpent flee?

Since men cherish pride from pigs
Then I dedicate my honour to lower beings
Entangled by the pride of youth
Above the scandal of poverty
Even though the bliss of ASO rock sunk our fantasy
This we know belong to their kindred heads

When we lost this dreadful race
Above the edge of mountains
The wasteful bread of destiny
Shall the mourning of sons be heard in sunset of buried glory of anxious youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY

BONE OF MY SOUL

How can I forget thee?
Oh terror of my delight
In those days monsters were kings
The sun blossom forth the rails of swine and the loving moon cares for her children

Oh! how can I ever skip this memory that itches my hear
I feel thy awesome presence anytime I snare and it boggles and bubbles in my banquet bones of brag
But the loving moon has a daughter.a son and a firewood

ONOJA ANTHONY

'Bravehearts'

She rise her egos above zuma rocks. She arose fantasy and slakes of tides. She depict love in sunrise but deciet in sunset. The crowd gather in the savannah. The gates of Africa are blown with trumpets. This were time when beauty speak our minds. This era where coins wrestle with brave hearts. They aloft from the rocks with barrel of stolen gifts.they sang the song of coins and left with beauty, miss Thatcher of woods. Allow pen to sing this song, sure the brave hearts won this time in Ameju and Idomaland.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Crystal Clear

Today we walk on crystal clear sea
Today they announce our pure acheivement! the scenario of tales
Today we came naked before our kinsmen
Today our lives were rape with shame
Today we were but a blind defeat

In their time mortals wear shrouds of shame,
In their land we wet our lips with thunder' sango the vex warrior of many clans
The rapid defeat from the western gods
Civilisation creep our culture then we went on naked leaves called clothes
We reflect through our norms with shame

Thou we lost our ancestral trails and our children now dance the curse of time
Our elders weep the tears of raindrops
The angry youths tease them off but the jealous sango roar the voice of thunderstorm
and in a crystal clear we were but acrid of snow in many faries!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Dark myth

We saw the dark whisper to dark'beware of the dark'
we saw cream fuzzy shapes of pales reality
above the gulf of timid darkworld.
Wistfully they came through time, with shadows they trick our joy, what a shame they stole our hope.
what amase us were their fallen tricks, the real men behind illusionary dream show while we roar with fear they glow, what a trap from outer earth.
Even if Eden still crawl back to us this dark myth will sell so strong. Eve is alive right after the purge she elope with them; the darklords of karma our damnful enemies.

ONOJA ANTHONY

DESTINY

The said the era of beauty is gone
They said men nolonger love our eyes
Heart grows cold their mind wax old
Yet we left then fend not to feed

Alas! thee gospel of lies we preach
Our journey just begin yet we claimed to see it end, fellowship of the pack
Two towers I claim thee first I rode with joy, yet at its peak we fall apart

Another man's journey starts were the other ends yet it start light a thousand years.
I race just to reach its peak
There I saw dried pasture comes to life
Ape with banana yet eaten by banana
Who to crown when flowers loss their pride just a touch we let it go.
We blame nature for our curse
Then we falls victim of another rivers of mud.then we lost this pain in lucidity of rude less rivers of slug

ONOJA ANTHONY

Face of Beauty

I saw in her eyes the face of endless beauty, flowing in her lips a river of passion, her emotion cut deep inside me, I inspired nothing but her love

Deep inside the ring of unbreakable glass, I proposed to her, even the angels in heaven needs her love to entangle their wings

Below the kiss of passion, the radicle of pain, the amorite of spear cut in his heart and render broken pieces but in another, the beginning of love, the strenght of unity, arrows of no impedement, cross of rivalry lost its root and the flower in her spring has found their ancestral honeymoon.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Flag Of Leadership

Turning and toiling on the evening grapes
I saw the wind dusting by and it urge so unique and chill
I saw the laughter amidst the terror from Barfanater running down my lips

How may I embrace this task ahead?
To see not to look for look at Luke is Luke but the torment of pataki.

And I smile at my shadow when I gallop up the tune of greatness.I wave in dispair amidst the flag of leadership on my roof ablow.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Hold unto me

Hold me so tight else I slip through time Hold unto my gaze so fixed else u lost them among crowd of timeless time a time Hold unto my lovely tales else you hear them no more and long recite them in ashes scold of many empty nights..Hold close my warm cherished lips else they gum to another red smoothy rosewell from carpet brook of down gallery fantasy tips....Hold unto my elephant arms else they clinge unto hugs from states and bring back the fears you saw in bloom of nightmares. Hold unto my fingers when you can, else you see a golden flash or diamond splashes dazzling from rings of unbreakable proposal. Hold unto my chest whil e you have my grip moving a sluggish race of beam else you lose them to busy street upheavel and recite its comforts in dreams of past nightfall. Hold unto my love while you can for sooner it may grow wings and fly away.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Killer Of Kings

At the fleeting gleam of noonday
It is time! I said it is time!
Let's sit down in snartches under the roof top of snacky squail
And re-kindle in our minds our kings are murdered, some slain to sinful scorn, died in war, killed by epilepsy, some hunted by hungry ghosts of viel ancestors and dark sorcery loaming the duch of purgatory

Some poisoned by their kinsmen
Others by their beloveth wives
Some lightening candles sleeping in scenario
Killed to shameful scorn or more to dim-tide snore
Oh death!
Killer of endless kings
Never be forgotten in tercets of sunset

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lawful love

Be honest with my emotio
Be cold and hot with my love.
Beneath this ashes of memories,
Before the fist of sunset aproaches
Boast these rymthes of drizzle love.

Our days run above the clouds of time.
Others long cheer what we shared in pages gone by.what an immortal we become.
Thou my memo comes from fairy tales.
Thou my heart became your hat.
Thou I lost your fewer verse to time.
Timid tales mock my love.
Time soon began her timeless routes.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mama Put

Beneath the great street of nightfall
Benches brag, thugs of nightfall
Hampered with street hooligans

Could she survive the seasonal business?
What a day of joyful sorrow
A moment of indecision says mama put

Destitute but drags of death oh!
Yesterday, she died in yankee along the corners of brothels
Crumble with men from canakry

Millions from pools of merchanders
Humble stewards pay their shame
Hunger was satisfied with coins
Yesterday, they ate her up in grave

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mr Piper Is Death

Today the piper is death, he left before now the sweet aroma of our belove model
The arches of our trumpet voices
Today the piper lay waste among garbage
The exit of this departed fellow
Smuggle among the flames only but a rubbles of roasted soya remain of he

Today the sensless crowd went so wild
Today the forest creatures roar in anger
Today they drove him across the sand
Today they deprive him of his flute
Today they mocked him to his ancestors
Today he was humble among the living

Today the nation mourn her piper
Today we scold through pains of exit
The talent lost through this ashes
Mothers lost to rivers of tears
Fathers remorse with pain of exit
For the door of justice still hang on air
The days of our number piper yet among all was his flameless fate

ONOJA ANTHONY

My Impetuous Lover

Far back behind the wheels of time, soul to soul we hold each other high.together we thight the platform of love pay back time will never count on us! never blame princess when she lost her crown, time speed so fast, now against my joy.I wakeup this morning with her but late in the evening she slips away, how can I make thee my soccerer? when time bewitched my love from you; make me look like a great foe, turns me to scarecrow before thy face.makes me ugly than a demon, terrible than anguish of hell, devour with anger I became the scornful enemy of her past! though thy love died years ago, thy thoughts spam mines of endless thoughts, this bewild mystical weapon desinate to conqure time.yes it always emanate like naked dream in spotless jungles of time!

ONOJA ANTHONY

My Unrequited Lover

With my clear youthful eyes
I saw her jump out of endless sky
Trying to win the passion of final fantasy, ah!
Amidst the most perfect woman
Creating nothing but shadows of perfect beauty again leaping through
Here comes the song of confusion as this aged twig tree sprinkled by beauty

Self-potrait, I recall her beauty
Every quorium of my heart sing her praise
What a song of sun
Though tears on my pillow as we rivet the doom from heartbreak
Even the president promised her a tent

Seeing nothing but coins from central bank, jilting the skulls of her bras...
Every moron wants a bond from this shareholder.oh! What an economic crisis.

Shattering the shield of poverty,
Living without denial as a booty student of loving youth
Upturn love, passive from campus smart talks
Love without passion of coins I whisper
But she never heard that thunderstorm

ONOJA ANTHONY

Party with the Devil

A ride with darklords, the kings of fantasy
Party with mortal inheritor in sinful bliss of hell, the carpet of firm mortal beatitude
Away with the bliss of men or agitator of wealth the truth behind the great fall

With the crew of pleasure thou feed thy guts and drink the tone of gratitude from prince of hell oh! The man in many legends.

Never predict the revelations of John
Never preach the sermon of Peter
The gods of abyss love thy soul
Yet a ride with him, the kiss of pain
Yet the best friend of mortal yet thee first of their foe.
He contradict our curse, spoil its roots and makes us sing all night long in blossom of brimestone along heart of hell club!

ONOJA ANTHONY

'Plain Deception'

What a day of clean deception
what a time we know how cornflakes became bravo of prime injustice
For when these crookes become naked with time the true deception of beauty goes to irony
This tale are real but the deception it entails
These are fear of lustiful lovelords, the gaint behind her beauty and the deceptive Deliah in her handbag.
All but a plain deceit she wage my time with trucks of sin, just to make the real fable close to end.
I have this dog fun of bone she can knock down a six or seven, that is why I only have her once.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Plight Of Fate (Part 1)

What a day of bliss;
Amidst dreams in the land of 'mencity'
Amidst fate crumbled by
In turn, amidst me on the edge of egg
My youth are damn proud

Proud of course
Of clinnging children on their foetal throbs, amidst aiming men with trumpet of kids
Oh! on the edge of echo....when will this awful fury of ageing tooth come to a crumbled end.

But up in the cave of morera, I entangled my youthful haul in a circular clip of clever case, never in 'mencity' my cries echo out nor heard in 'konami'.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sandra Lost Her Pride

When we bend the wind and glory of time to reach thy coast...
When we fought monarchs and robbed our pockets to please thy beauty
Making the world around us a den of poverty....

Thy beauty were highly costumize
Thy perfection were of heavenly
Thy flamingo hairs flow like Niel
Thy lips were of venus and pluto
Thy eros were not of Sapien
If it were ages of Solomon we could have crown you the princess of all time gone and yet to come...

Thou it all went naked when we lost this trails of virginity
So cheaply bought along the market vineyard.
What then remain of thy beauty?
What then becomes thy pride? Oh
Sandra of many beauty! ! Only but a strip of naked shame cut through thy iron gates! making thee the slut of many sins.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sleeping Moon

I saw in her eyes the image of fable hope
I saw how lovely she could look when asleep...
So real but helpless in the blue sky
So seductive under the cold nights of polar....
So brim with youthful haul under the Cairo desert...
So lonely along ganges of Niger banks.

Then we saw you more in the days of old
Then we told you to our kinds
Then we remember all your lasting smiles
Then thy trails mention in many tales

Oh! African moon how lovely thy beauty
Oh! Sleeping dazzling how lonely were thy breeze, how great were thy powers
Thy kind in many faiths, you were but the creator favourite then even to mortals.
I saw that perfection in your eyes whenever thou set thy titanic eyes close over the mountains of fewer Plateau.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Slut Of Time(Advice To Youth)

She stoop so proud among the edge of time; so gallantly she wrestle with beauty
She's the fariest of so many soulmate
She troop through the craft of time
She scale along the stoopy savannah
She swing the politics of many men

Then after the fall of time we pirate
Then we conquer lust to lost our time
Then we were but a adjusted by fate

She only appear as my grandmother
She came back along the wheels of time
She came with staff of sunset so marvel
She was but the celebrated slut of time
She now came with monkey tricks
She became the image of HIV oh!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song of continent

We all heard the cries.
Amidst the throb of life and pain, the journey of Alekwu to world of the living.
Some say I will return as a king, others as a hero, myth or legend.to the animals im a lion, a tiger or a monkey.tell this story to no one but our kingsmen, our clanheads and belove inlaws.
Our wives don't make love in the afternoon else you born me with shames of deformities.
Our husbands don't be drunk while you prepare my journey.else I comes with jugs of palmwine and blast of reddish eyes.
Our youth don't migrate from thousand damsels, remain loyal as I dribble through the course of linage.else you split my countless talents head and foots..
Our Midwives be at alert for my coming is of royality and divinity.else you welcome me as a slave.
Our generation be of good progeny, our kinsmen be brave and hearty for Africa is born of gold.we linger through moments of darkness, we sale our tales with witchcraft and voodo.our song have much echo, our past hold much of our future.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song Of Soul

Thou thee paths where we race
Appealing the whispers made by gods
This route were lonely and narrow

Making the burning fire angry in us
Still they sight no hope nor future hero to raise our flags resting from blazing sun rays.....

Hope fades into memory age becomes hope, fear of. Unknown masks at dawn
Arena were mixed with wails who know the departed this time.

Thirsty for more in echoing monument
Season of Alekwu begget it curse still this paths grow no old neither wisky rough blade it dry.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song Of The Seven Sea

Flying through the magic carpet
Swimming through the pool of pacific
Then shall this fountain sing its song
Thou I heard this trendy voice, this fizzy flip of lonely tone-drop.

For it string through the cathedral
Then above the sweat dropp of saint
Even if science receive its peak
This sweet song will long be heard

Recite by ancestral kinsmen
Then comes the offspring of windfall
In those shackles lies its ankles, the jewel of many soldiers, the brevity of the brave
Then we heard this cold voice echo-out
It was a true shadow to moving light
We never knew how it enchant us all
We only wakeup among the stair case of seven sea with princess of endless sea.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Suit Too Nice Along The Blue World

Suit too nice along the blue sea world
Suit us though this bliss of abyssal world
The flicks of reckless broken sliver waves
The dreams of simbat and seven seas
Thou I'm not from pacific nor from Nile
When the ship took off without its captain
Then shall we fly on poets carpet.I know how vast this quest odd to beam but a hedge over our youthful haul!
We only saw the golden fishes then we saw her entice our lustful love.she was but a flower in this marine world
Still make us marry our lust and became the lost boys in wonderland.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Tales From Timothy

I could have merry out of the stars
Pearls from breathful jungs of Plateau
Mountains were job of jex and honour
The moving life laugh out of us in pains
Making the beast a true warlock

Again we slip to memories of praise
Flag of leadership seize to blow the roof from barfanata...
Deck where these mills were smoked
The gods of youth were slain to dust

Everyday, the sun witnesses her last
Oh Timothy! Sons of many nights
This we saw, neither joy nor sorrow seemed to come
On this mountain, wolves were elements of good living mastons of wisdom

In cities where we lived, hands of weekends were slained with blood, whose blood?
Rams n goats were never known for peace in this city of peaceful logo
See what it becomes
A dreadful terror of living dead

ONOJA ANTHONY

The August Rain

Its quiet and violent, so fizzy and trendy
Then we heard our husband roar! his wife but the tornado lightening calm his anger
Today the cloudy jar were full of downpour so dew drops that our footprints collapse.

Today we saw sunset in fainty manner
Today we walk through shadows of rain
Today the toad announce their arrival.
Today our birds sing the song of hope

Our children play the games of memories
Our farmers lingered their brime with hope, the hunters on their sight.
Thou the place where this rains comes from were install in many books of season.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Dark Legend

Song of dark days!
Souls of this dark acrid days
written with dark ink
walted with dark pen.
Wrecked with dark scrolls.

Recited by dark souls.
Remix by dark hearts.
Recked by dark arts.

Legend by dark writers.
Myths by dark tale bearers! !
Recieved dark technology.
Implement by dark nations.

Worshipped by dark religion.
Working in dark industries.
Replicated as dark angelic beings.
Now ruling as darklords in dark void of deluge eternity...

ONOJA ANTHONY

THE GIRL FROM MY VILLAGE

Among this passive coral, the trend of this lonely path
They that shook off the dust of souls amidst another hot season of the year
The streamers all on their bowels

Then I trode down this scorching sun, among all were how my barrow wheels sneezed an laughed all through the lonely paths with me full of thoughts, today these paths were quiet with no damsel nor old alike

Suddenly, I saw this glare picture girl, indeed the girl from my village cage.She avoided my choky voice, neither did she peep through my trendy face.She pop and shyly hid her fruitful chest, she quickly rose the bubbles off my mind, she accepted my water jar not me of course, she still sang with a shifty voice, the best in this remorse place I thought

As I rumbled and trunked through this way, I shaft and chat through thoughts and voice, the fruitful chest that appeared ripe, the bargain it must have striked in 'mencity', the chariots on which she rode their lustful souls

Then mr. Echa cut through my thoughts
The hello thas seemed to dim my egret soul
Just then, this girl appeared in distance chaft, she majestically manifested her tidy state, the grasses seemed to be praising her gaze, she rode and cut us by as if to say hello

I could no longer risk the tale but to tail along, I cajoled in her student lise, she shyly avoided my gaze, she slowed her trendy foot, I perceived to enchant her more still paving way through her mind, just then my path ended the other way round.this I know was not a lurking corner but this girl from my village is not a shattered dream but a tourist plight in 'amecity'.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Serpent Girl

Tall and tempty wavering in turmoil of beauty, too eligant to behold, too dangerous to treasure.

A property of the reserver...
And the feathers of limbo shattered down the troop of greatness.
As I look I saw dark serpent lurking down the shed of greatness.

But the groans of dark skulls
The cracks of danger roaming by.
Cracks to smile but buzzles of ugly repentance pale this fate
More frightening to behold...
Though the tears of sympathy rolling down the brown narrow bed.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Song Of Many Seas

Get me the Idoma story,
Get me the tales of many seas!
The legend stronger than the sun,
The empire ancient than the seas,
The promo fluid of this cuning serpent
the moving cloud of this faithless fate.

Then we see those anxious days no more,
Then we told them to our kindreds
we renown the tales of many seas.
We sing the song of serpent and gold.
We dance with our lasting shoes.

Rejoicing over the tears of departed fellos'
Recounting the days of old and young alike! !
The smart days of oil brimestones.
The smart campus talks of love and betrayal.
The jingle of this falling glories.
The rise and fall of manhood in acrid of lust.
In those days when sin was a youth.
Our emotions were pure samples of sin.
Our virtue were dim_tight tone from many seas! ! !

ONOJA ANTHONY

'The Visitor'

Moaning through this blue african moon
The stars were blue icy flames of dark emptiness, then this smooth touch on my lips, the route to passive fantasy! thou thy marvel were weapon of deceit

Truly she was black but beautiful
Cage with true love.like the avail of night ghost she rode with wind.she is but a shadow in my many dreams

She pervert my empty planet of nightmares.we were friends from no man's land.with benefit of fable love'remember to close thy window gate'for she only comes to life when this life dies the other way round in bosom of busy world.

ONOJA ANTHONY

THE ZOMBIE PRINCESS(part 1)

Here among thorns or more of thunder bolts, stark naked she evoked beauty
Atermis couldnot held her back
Like the zombie princess or more of dim-tight gleam of temptation

Could she string the crystal love pure from impunity but serpent coral
Reservoir of mystics all in a one day dream, among hidden chores or tales of zombie movies...
So critical as Hilter's. Solidarity firms

Vexation she sprung and left us
Leaping through centuries she foot along
Like the golden chains on pharioh's neck
I heard her shackles whisp, glittering still entangled by edicts and proclamation all by this rudeless princess.

ONOJA ANTHONY

THE ZOMBIE PRINCESS(part2)

This soul tyrant bound no harm nor mercy in every appearance she make in tip of century or more so.
As she struck her pass by, beauty was gone.licking every innocent crime of yob
Indicating her paradox in fable rituals as she did a conquero battle of frost, earth and underworld

These were days when sun was a handsome warlock or more to dim-tide warrior upturn by praise of endless achievements, moon was only a messenger.Here comes the sun of many youth and the lovers of endless moon.

Shatter by nightfall especially as this Zombie princess leap along.
Striking every warlord with terror
This was amazing legend of naraguta
Placing a shackles over their manhood
She slain till the weep as if it was me in thousand warlords.
Thou I knew sun was in danger as none passes him by only flip of fate tale along.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time A Time

Time beget its route, blissful togs of clock jars.occupy by dazzle moment, ornaments of sorrow or memories were reckoned in her spring wings...

Above all it swing like an insect more like a racing horse in warfront.
Knowing fully the would be events
Men are part of this plight then you see them no more, come today dash tomorrow

Here thee shackles of morality is thou embrace, dust of passion amazing riches, reckoning like Dangote the bliss of savannah!

Then I saw her race for more,
More then American missile route or apples of heartbreaks, we see time no more in those days of old.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time Query(suit too nice with time)

Come lets reason as a union, Come lets air out our minds into others Come let connotes the reason why time fail
Come lets capture fate and time alike

for when those reasons are tender out
for when we recapture time and youth alilke
for when we renarracte past and future alike
for when we jail these thugs of shame

then we reunite the tracks of time
then we can explain how tricky are their webs
then we see reasons why the graph of life left so many equations unsolved.

Imagine if you could have died through time
Imagine if your scarlets were written all over her.
Imagine the crocodie tears she shed
Imagine her now sleeping with your bestman.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time Scroll

Jolly! jolly! whosoever I catch is my prey
She hides in savannah and green world
As I search the entire heaven corners
Then we sing the song of rainfall and dance the bleat of goats and birds whistle alike.

Childhood were have thou heels to?
Best times where are thy claws?
Thou flee like lost parrot, in void of time you were but a blank deceit
If it not for sunset I never could have thought you were real.

Then she wave back in sunset with dust of maturity, it enter my two naked eyes
I never thought she could leave but I now have a title in my armpit and a statue on my egos.oh! time you scroll so fast as I thought you were but a snail.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Timid Tale

Among the ashes of cold night she wired away, her passion, glory and rivers of love.

These were time when heart speaks for men and more to images of their youth
These were codes understand only by the decoder.

Ages when love was claimed by price
Could our names be immortalise
More of it in modern day poetry
Ours was just a perfect tale to tell Timothy of today.

These ages gives way to cornflares,
Minted coins, that was when Sharon becomes the price I learn of this tale long before I was a youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY

To Love a flower

Today the sunrises as thou our youthful desire comes to life.
Thou as shroude and flower comes to grave we aloft our desire no more.
How then can I not cheer thee not oh my youthful days goneby
thou scold the days of true belonging, our time of tales in cold night whispers.
Your marvel and sports of love, our pure days of crystal clear.
The waves of maturity drift by.the days of coins and honour.
The clever case of wistful sins.the repentance of angels to demon saints.
Thou I never love like those of sunrise.
Eventhou I wish time should remain a damsel.
The nook of ugbokolo could not hide our gaze.neither the scales of the burning sun.we dreamt and wake alike.
Time you betray us and sail of more.We amend our patchy hearts in far reaches of campus life.
But none like those days of love and flower.

ONOJA ANTHONY

What Then Becomes Of He?

West in me the western wind
Wet in me the rain of love
Wind on me the smiles of life
What then do my soul transpires?
What then this token time of man
Where does the gods of time goes to?
What then will the say about genocide?
Where does men goes afterward?
Where does the gate of hell lies?
What made the gods smile like child?
Why was africa conceive from gold?
When will my blunt come to crystal end?
Where will my love race from? ? ?
What then becomes of gods when we end
When all men return to their noble home.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Where Will You Be

What if I die today? What if the cold arms of death prawn my soul.
What if I saw her also at heaven gate
She who left a legacy of rentage life
She who never swim in acrid flesh delight
She who were with the poor and jail for no crime but fate to faith in Christ...

What if I saw mr landlord at the rift of furnace holding pounds of rentage from burning brimestones.
What if I saw my past with me of present
What if I saw the rich been fool to fools
What if death was indeed death and fizzy reality of ugly fantasy
What if the worth of life all earn in lust, now cover with marshes of regrets
What if my harlots were money and cheater but a game of loss in this sliver breeze of many fireballs

What if lucifer have my soul reign with him but loss to cross of golden end
What if the Messiah have not given up on thy weary soul? what if the trumpet just sound like drunkers noise, where will you be? ? ? ? ? ? ?

ONOJA ANTHONY

Wistful tales

Look Paul left in smogs of time.
These were era when champion lost the trail.
When man swing along the dart of life.
If miss Rosewell outsmart this page.
If resurrection and death can fit these champions.
When they became Jews of T lands.
When Kemi came from camp.
When Helen hail from blogs.
What a time of Grace
What a legend from Mary.
Even if Vera's viels lies shattered and the reign of Christy gleam to dust.
The scale of Blessing beat the floor.
The administration of Peace lost to lust.
We lost this fable sakes in far boats of youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY