

Poetry Series

**Ike Bismarck Oji**  
**- poems -**

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# Ike Bismarck Oji()

# At Last Uhuru! !

Long ago, was it diagnosed  
Yet, to prove it took time.  
With a single sentence  
I was sentenced to freedom.

Freedom from expecting love  
When there was only like  
Freedom from seeking a life union  
While a day long glance was offered

Freedom from giving so much  
To receive so little  
Freedom from suspense and anxiety  
While away ebbed my confidence

Freedom from grabbing the non-existent  
When nothing was the existent  
Freedom from building on an illusion, well clad  
When reality was a truth, stark naked

Freedom to paddle elsewhere my canoe  
and fish my catch.  
FREEDOM AT LAST! Uhuru! !

03/05/99

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Christmas In The City

It was so dull, it was so drab,  
It lacked colour and it lacked humour,  
It was a shadow of the substance,  
It was unworthy of remembrance  
It was a Christmas in the city.

25/12/97

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Creation Point

Creation point.

Here, the blue into the greenery delves.  
As the sky the mountaintop hugs.  
Upon this canvas, He His creativity inscribes  
as the blue - green line his potency describes.

Creation point.

Here, his solitary creative work kicked off.  
There, His Creation Quasar got tuned off.  
The blue warps the green woofs engage  
in an embrace, creative and yet lucrative.

Creation point.

A blue horizon the story aptly captures  
of His hand shaping His green creatures.  
Beyond the blues, rests his Creativity Centre  
to afford His creatures life; fresh, fecund.

Creation point.

The whole creation collides as the sun  
Through the blue steps, waking the greenery.  
Creative quanta waves, to puerile creatures sending.  
And, Life takes off, hopping, then running.

21-07-04

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Dead Library

There they go, bearing him in tears;  
another gift for termites and earthworms,  
another place in history foregone.  
Just humus to the soil for all his toil.

Had I known, the poor fellow cried,  
a break from pursuit of wealth and health  
I would have taken to make felt  
my Name in the pages of history.

Jets, cars and chariots all shall fade.  
Castles, plantations all shall be obscured  
with time's demise but history salutes  
those who march on it in inky lines.

They that add no lines to the living  
library get dead alongside their texts.  
Selfishly, they read and saw nothing to write.  
Read by none, their texts are in the Dead Library.

Mazi Ikechukwu Bismarck Oji  
18th June,2010

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Fired For Glory

Running and reaching for glory  
from behind propelled by this fire.  
It urges on and it pushes higher  
no pauses until done is the story.

A soul on fire no rest knows  
until in glory it erupts, glows.  
Its' horizon in candorous light  
encasing, bleaching even the darkest night.

Turning back, an option foregone, forsaken  
till the summit is taken, overtaken.  
Feet on fire can't seek, taste rest  
save on snowy summit, beyond all tests.

On, rages the fire, in line eating  
all obstacles, new skywards routes hitting,  
articulation lending to wearied bones.  
Glory, as the reaction's end point comes.

04-08-07

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Golden Feast

As the sun in frenzy dances  
on his children golden flakes casting  
and in ecstasy, they yell, hail  
as their heads, festively he drums.

At his diurnal journey's height slacking, pausing.  
At his children in heat peering, gazing.  
In itchy fashion, he instructively caresses them  
of his hallowed golden presence, reminding them.

A hungry angry being, obeisance he demands.  
As his subjects uncaring, he fierily reprimands.  
For his golden curtain, they lack appreciation  
Tunics they pull off, in apologetic supplication.

While the sun eats them up  
his children circle, celebrating his power.  
He to obstinates casts scorchy glares;  
writhing, gyrating, to Earth they fast.

21-07-04

Ike Bismarck Oji



# Jerusalem

Jerusalem!  
The city of peace.  
Yet, never in one piece.  
The city of kings.  
There today no one reigns.

Jerusalem!  
The city on a hill  
that ran by God's will.  
The city of His holiness  
now overtaken by bloodiness.

Jerusalem!  
The city of Zion.  
Host to the religions.  
Here, religion seems the opium  
as fratricide thrives in delirium.

Jerusalem!  
The city of contentions.  
To the sky run emotions  
as Yahweh and Allah watch  
as their disciples passions match.

Jerusalem!  
The city of Great History  
with a yet to finish Story.  
In Ancient times, Davidic, Poetic.  
In modern times, Armageddonic, Prophetic.

Jerusalem!  
The city of convoluted divides.  
The Crescent with the Star collides,  
the Cross observes with a frown  
as power remains the contentious crown.

09-06-04

Ike Bismarck Oji

# My Colours

My Best colour!

Yes, Yellow is my best colour.  
The colour of the Rising Sun.  
The colour, it brilliantly radiates life.  
The colour of fiery sweeping warmth.  
Dissolves darkness blithely in his wake.  
Regal, outstanding, that is his make

My Best colour!

No, Black is my Best colour.  
The colour of Black Kind.  
The colour, so bold and beautiful.  
The colour, so deep and intimidating.  
In his blanket, overcomes all opposition.  
Totality of power, drive and sensation.

My Best colour!

Yes, Red is my best colour,  
The colour, it exudes blood, commitment.  
The colour of valiance and determination.  
The colour is sacrifice and heroism.  
Freedom is Red, no other colour.  
It's culture, sacrificial love, enduring ardour.

My Best colour!

No, Green is my best colour.  
The colour of blossoming tendrils.  
The colour of candorous unscathed hope.  
The colour of inchoate unhinged life.  
In his greenery, things seem blissful.  
Fresh dew, gleaming ideas; so youthful.

My Best colour?

Best are all my colours.  
Yet, behold my best colour;  
His Golden Majesty, the Rising Sun  
Of beautiful Black Kind zealously  
burning with red hot determination  
for gallant gleaming green results.

June,2004

Ike Bismarck Oji

# My Corpse

What a blessing  
to insects, organisms that consume it.  
With my spirit they shall be endowed,  
truculent rectitude shall be their part.

What a blessing  
to its host soil it shall be.  
Ensuing from it iron, calcium, magnesium  
crops, trees virile to generate.

What a waste  
to man and kind it shall be  
if from it, optimal use they didn't obtain  
while among them it walked.

What a smile  
on its face it shall paste  
of the Coroner's verdict regardless.  
What's more after a historic visit.

25- 08-05

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Nigerian Spring

As I roused, angels I did behold  
at the centre of Y-shaped river nation.  
A great funeral pyre they were making.  
Six, their number and effigies they burned.  
One had seven, the other had five  
but six effigies, the others all had.

A nation of finished leaders is burning,  
they said, that from the ashes shall spring  
freed nations with fresh mandates pursuing.  
Not fettered by a marriage colonially artificial  
resulting in a land of milk and honey  
that is blessed with hunger and disease;  
wisdom and foolery in embrace locked.

What shall be done to save this nation?  
Fire, fire, was their fiery response.  
To consume finished leaders and cleanse the land  
that the nation may have its greenness back.  
To conflagrate the nation and free the peoples  
that each may seek their separate destiny.  
To every nation a destiny is entrusted  
to be fulfilled when in a free state.

Surely, the fire is on course  
unless your leaders reject their course.  
Realizing for once that the people own them.  
That Office is to uphold the people's welfare  
not to withhold and siphon their wealth.  
On ascending office, into the dust the masses  
they thresh rather than lifting them higher.  
Surely, a season comes when anger shall germinate  
into anarchy to destroy and heal the land.

Mazi Ikechukwu Bismarck Oji (.)

04-11-11

Ike Bismarck Oji

# Peace

Peace!

is looking and penetrating into your eyes  
seeing that you also are reading my eyes.  
When expressly my eyes speak and voluptuously  
then promptly your eyes respond and voraciously

Peace!

is feeling your presence in my sleep  
calm, my sleep then becomes and deep.  
My eyes opening, I behold your face  
on the window, boldly knitted in grace.

Peace!

is gauging the intense flux of magnetomotivity  
as I measure the volatile electric conductivity.  
from my hand to your frame flowing  
when your hands my visage sets glowing.

Peace!

is viewing the sinusoidal contours you possess  
realizing, this vessel is mine to address.  
Closing my eyes, a thousand seas sailing;  
the ship is docked, with you, without failing.

Peace!

is contending with your ambrosial intellectual goods  
and in you finding abundant combustible fire wood  
my intellectual passions to stoke and feed.  
Mutually compatible, our psyches are; same breed.

Peace!

is engaging the warmth from your company  
Discovering, with you, gone is my agony.  
A crown prince without kingdom, I become;  
with your peace, my day shall come.

17-08-04





# Regions Of Hell

So hot a place, so fiery a city.  
So damned a place, so nightmarish an experience.  
Yet, in this fiery furnace hierarchy prevails  
for the princes have their palaces  
and the serfs their tents.

In the West End, the princes abide  
who in Darkness' Kingdom hold sway,  
who opted like Lucifer their master  
in hell to reign than Heaven serve.

In this region, luxuriant is the fire,  
appetizing as well is the heat.  
The fire reddish burns,  
the air sulphurate turns.

Here, the masters of the game abide.  
In devilish circles on earth they reigned,  
in the hellish kingdom now supreme they reign.  
What they wanted, they knew.

In the East End, the serfs abound.  
Who for Darkness' Kingdom errands ran,  
who unwittingly on earth were used,  
who in hell shall underdogs remain.

In this region, caustic is the fire  
debilitating as well is the heat.  
The fire whitish burns,  
The breeze chlorate turns.  
The pitiable ones here abide.

With sin, they struggled and lost.  
In Aeternum, now they suffer for sinful lives.  
There, they never wanted to be;  
there, they found them at the day's end.

In the East End,  
gnashing of teeth, sorrowing there is.

But in the West End,  
gnashing of teeth no place has,  
sorrowing no companion finds  
'cos here resides double masters;  
on earth masters, in hell masters.  
Their fate, they knew.

18/10/97

Ike Bismarck Oji

# The Best

The Best is never available  
since it does not exist really.  
At best, it is an elusive sublimation  
drawing you towards the Best.

The Best may never come,  
just like the end of time.  
As you draw closer, it elopes  
and ever draws farther away.

The Best may have come  
depending on what you want.  
But, for those who want the Best,  
they must strive on; beyond Death's Divide.

The Best is quite gaseous.  
Relative, the Best is, not cast solid.  
Error in today's best merely room  
For the improvement birthing tomorrow's best.

The Best is a chain running through the ages  
like the song of maidens, full of lore  
and heroism, each current in its own day.  
The Best dwells in each age and hops on.

Mazi Ikechukwu Bismarck Oji (.)  
2009

Ike Bismarck Oji