

Poetry Series

Johnson Nwaubani
- poems -

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Johnson Nwaubani(02-05-66)

Johnson arrived to the U.S.A from Africa in December 1988. He is currently a graduate school student in mental health, and a staff of Colorado Christian University. Published in many poetry anthologies, newspapers, journals, magazines, international poetry hall of fame, video and audio poetry documentaries, Johnson is a numerous award winning lyricist, poet, and composer of thirty songs.

Several awards include poet of the year, medallions, famous poets competition cash prize winner, and literary/ artistic excellence award-by American poetry awards (osprey Florida)

He is the author of over two-hundred poems, five fiction works, and the executive producer of a musical CD titled "Peace and Love"

Johnson was inspired by Dr Robert Zbeeb (known as father Andrew) A professor of literature at Emory University and Beulah Heights bible college.

A Ruby On A Rubble

A look of rusticity was seen,
as viewers passed by but no one hurtled
All they saw was their vim,
while a Ruby laid on a rubble.
They've all been there, but none has seen,
diggers dug deep but their eyes hurdled.
Still, a ruby laid to dare a sense so keen,
and leer minds so skilled to dawdle and tumble.
On a hovel she still laid before a team,
players with a mind that muddles and fumbles.
She waited for a smile that's pure and lovely,
and if the truth was never muzzled,
a Ruby on a rubble she laid,
but saw that no one puzzled.

Johnson Nwaubani

Altar Your Mask

Like a mediator, I saw the zealots paying homage to Jesus
In the due of my sensational genuflection i leaned
On the altar of worship.
Classy mask of pure gold covered many faces
Frankincense of arrogance, and cultural bigotry
Suaved the atmosphere.
At the door of true humility, bundles of myrrh were laid
For facial burial of all who fails to accept
That self- imposed Jesus- favorites
Move in circles of flattery.
Territorial sounds of the refined
Echoed towards heaven, with steams of gifts, and talents
Rushing to draw down heavenly applause
But what did i see coming down
Tear drops from the eyes of Jesus
As he slowly uttered
'If you believe i died for all
Then, altar your mask'.

Johnson Nwaubani

Natures Best Grow In Pain

Who cheers the staggering cheetah's zest
He is just a cub in pain
Who says the mumbling clouds would rain
When all we guess, is just a quest

An egg was laying motionless
Within the pain of time in quest
When eagles wonder wings obtain
A cheering symbol as the best

Roses suck the filthy mess
When buried in the soil of pain
Soon their petals show the gain
A loving symbol with a zest

When nature sees the hidden zest
That lies beneath the surfaced test
All we fear begins to wane
When natures best grow in pain

A love that sees beyond the rest
When all is hid behind the test
Will know the joy that will not wane
When natures best grow in pain.

Johnson Nwaubani

Primrose Path

Primrose path, oh! Primrose path-

A path paved with the sword that dropped from Lucifer's right hand,
when he in combat fell from heaven.

A global absurd refuge that lures inquisitive minds to a vague thrill.

A fragrant rosy, green grass, smothered with Lucifer's charm.

A place where pain and sorrow incubates with joy.

A path where distorted hearts search for glamour that only vanity can offer

A place where illusive minds see the charm of eden.

A path where bees offer their honey cone with a smile.

A place where red roses fake the sweet smell of paradise.

A path where the sky displays a luscious moon that never ceases to lure

A place where the stars in the sky winks to lull a gull.

A path where sweet humming bees hum mourning songs.

A place filled with lively strength, and fashion that seems to display a taste for
insanity

Your birds of paradise have captivated minds with the beauty only nature can
give, but who listens to their whispers of sorrow.

Melodious echoes of woe, mocking and wooing thrilled doomed voices.

Empty heads racing to catch a rainbow in the valley, only to find it was just a
reflection.

Eagle eyes who have failed to tell the difference between a mountain and clouds
of mountain.

Grinning heroes, grinning to hide their soiled robe of guilt

That is primrose path! The primrose path!

Smooth and wide for all, but a path where no one is safe.

Johnson Nwaubani

Rose Of The Soil

Out of the dirt you crept up to be
Out from the soil you rose up to be
As green as all that is hacked without a blink

Waving at the strolling wind
Smiling at the scourging sun
Greeting the swatting rain

You held on, till your innermost beauty was born
Growing to sway hats off men
Growing to sway hearts of men

With petals that pollinate the heart
And leaves it dripping with love
Your red lips have melted stony hearts

Your delicate eyes of beauty seem to comfort the dead
You have stunned the wind with fresh breath
You have caused the sun to wonder

And while the rain keeps wandering
All eyes see in you-the soils diamond
A glow that smiles, when all is said and done

A glow that makes lilies wish to be roses
A glow of the soil
A glow of natures wonder.

Johnson Nwaubani

"soon, They Will Remember"

If the rose brags about her fragrance
Will she forget the invisible wind?
If the lion brags about his strength
Will he shun the invisible air?
When the oak trees wave their lively branches in the heights
Do they forget their roots are in the soil?
When the butterfly flashes, and flares her beauty
Does she remember she is fragile?

If lilies bloom, and loom their flowers
But snub the dirty soil that nursed their courage
If cheetahs groom, and zoom
To outrun the ground they walk on
If bears crave for honey
But forget the stinging bees
If the clever monkey hides his moonlight stool
From the noonlight sun
Then, i'll sadly smile and say to them all
Soon, they will remember.

Johnson Nwaubani

The Champion In Your Heart

Dedicated to honorable Evander Holyfield (Boxing Heavyweight Champion of the World) The champion in your heart has reigned.

The champion in your heart shall rain,
with love for you we humbly hail,
the champion in your heart to reign. When throbbing heart clouds to wane,
what mortal man can stand to reign,
when rumbling mouth slants to gain,
what moral man can stand in fame. When stumbling hearts stump to wane,
what cordial mind would be the same
when humble one mounts a name,
what coral life will sound in vain. A test of love you passed in pain,
you showed a heart behind the game. The champion in your heart has reigned,
The champion in your heart shall rain,
with love for you we humbly hail,
the champion in your heart to reign.

Johnson Nwaubani

The Suitor

At the throbbing sound of his heart, he found his beauty
Along the lonely path of the strolling moon
Lovely glow, intensified passion, brought showers of flowers
Filling, and feeling the silent part of his creative world
The moonlike glow of his intensified desire
Battled with his forbidden dreams
A saintly dream of suitors
To pollinate her heart with normal vanities
A suavy dream of lotus
To toss an apple of seduction
Neither a saint nor a sinner
He tossed the smile of a tamed lion
But his beauty was graciously captivated
By the smile of a butterfly
She left, dreaming of a sensational grip of mountain roses
In the fragrant heat of the summer sun
The suitor re-counted his pain
With a vow for a resolved wild justice.
The suitor came with love in his heart
But he left with the law of the jungle
The mortals game of jungled fame
Where the wild defames
And the weak declaims
The suitor aimed with heart aflamed
But a lesson was learned
That in the puns of love
One thing remains unchanged-
' LOVE NEEDS NO BIDDER'.

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