

Poetry Series

**LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS**  
**- poems -**

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# LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS()

## ...Political Reason

That's him! 'Who is he? ' He is: -  
The Author of many crimes and miseries;  
The Actor of massacre;  
The Architect of many misfortunes and tears;  
The Engineer of many constructions of discord and communal clashes;  
The Doctor of mass annihilation;  
The Farmer that sows only dissension;  
The Teacher of deceits and lies;  
The Preacher of hatred and cruelty;  
The Orator of sudden flood of mutiny; and  
The Leader of violent revolution and defiance.  
Now Hell wants him,  
Heaven won't take him  
But Earth needs him more for 'Political Reasons.'

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Ancient One In Modernity

I am Mode, I gave birth to modern  
I hatched the seed of knowledge of good and evil  
In my palms are all knowledge and wisdom of the ancient, present and the future  
generations.  
I am the purifying essence of the triune.  
I bear all charms and crafts of the universe  
From its very foundations of the 12 precious foundations' stones of Heaven;  
From JASPER to AMETHYST counting them by their numbers, these formed the  
circle of the time  
From which his blessed memory KRONOS invented the KRONOMETER  
[CHRONOMETER].  
Twelve forming the circle of the time,  
The 13th which is the center force that bears the triune,  
The minute-second-hour, a mark of God as trinity; TRINITY IS REAL.  
Three absolute independent force (letter sound) agreeing to come together  
formed the word 'GOD',  
An invention of man to identify one supreme absolute entity.  
A derivation of word from three different ancient supreme God of the Greece-  
'Goth'  
From which 'G' as a letter is derived GOD.  
'O' was derived from the OSIRIS of the Nile in Egypt,  
And 'D' from saxglophone supreme deity DRUD (DRUIG) 'DUDD'.  
The word God was formed and it became a hallowed name; as above so below.  
The constitution of the Heaven is also the constitution of the earth.  
Where they not the twelve that gathered round the One?  
With a seal of a warrior on His crown  
He the Mighty to save from the root of David the son of Jesse

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Aquatic Love

So much I have heard of her irresistible beautiful sexuality  
She whom I'm allowed to see only in my nights' dreams  
She whose love makes me visit the shores once and again  
She whose body radiates like the sparks of the waves of the sea  
She who has the most topless female form with sexy succulent breasts  
She who's the symbol of feminism, beauty and sexuality  
She whose nudity her symbol, beauty her charm and sexuality her true form  
She who can love like no other and is jealous like no mortal  
And none ever loved by her ever spoke evil of her presence

They said she lives in the deepest part of the water  
And there I shall sail, sail on to be with her  
Gliding through the glittering waves of her emotion  
Into the depth of her heart where the treasure of her love lies  
For even the sweet songs of the Sirens shall not distract me  
Thus, my desire for her true love is my pilot  
Her irresistible beauty is only but my ship  
And her affection for me is my captain that leads me  
And upon her presence in my life I anchor my pride.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Battle Of The Mind

When you are with her there is the sun,  
But when you're away from her there is only but eternal night.  
And I swear to all things that is holy,  
That I love her with all the ounce of my very being;  
No! She is a coquette! O yes of course to my knowledge  
Yet against the voice of my conscience I wooed her.  
Thus I have seen her chaste, meek and beautiful that you called coquette,  
For her very footsteps alone moistens my rough thighs.  
And in my mind's eye I see her loose gown from her shoulder did fall,  
And leave me to that thought of being caressed by her sensuous lips.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Beautiful

It is true, very true  
That hell with its entire fury furnace  
Hath no fury than a woman scorch.  
Thus, if you must burn,  
If you must roast;  
Roast those who have beheld  
Your beauty all these years,  
Yet have failed to call you beautiful.

Knowest they not how much life  
Like a Greek goddess  
Your beauty has given them;  
And of your name  
The least they have failed to call you.  
Roast, burn, and scorch I pray you,  
But give me quite time to ponder my plight plan  
For I am but only a moth attracted to the fire,  
Which in my eyes enchanted to behold beautiful.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Beautiful And Compelling

You may not know  
But you are everything  
A man would long for  
You are an enigma  
The way you talk  
The way you walk  
The way you sleep  
The way you...  
I could go on and on  
There will be millions of the way you  
Yet they won't be enough  
Enough to describe your beauty

You are a companion  
Savagely beautiful and compelling to watch  
Thus all I ask you  
That you let me watch you  
Every once in a while  
Like you watch Camilla  
O' beautiful and compelling K-K

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Cat Eyes Girl

Men turn to behold her when she walks by!  
She cat-walk so majestically like the stars in procession;  
Flaunting her bedroom assets in the gallery of seduction  
And the art of her abysmal nudity on the high bid,  
For like a meal she's deliciously irresistible.  
Her body's like a polished ivory, decorated with sapphire,  
Her navel's like a rounded goblet that never lacks blended wine,  
Her hips so arresting and lips so luscious,  
Her breasts so full and firm, coupled with influential height;  
But of all, her eyes the center of her seduction.  
I ask myself where she got those eyes  
So full of light, and so free of lies?  
How does one get eyes like that?  
I tell myself she robbed a cat, this vivacious cat eyes girl.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Cruelty In Beauty

Out of a little insanity  
I called you Helios  
The sun about which my  
Whole life is centered  
From thousands of mile away  
You look ethereal and elegant  
And enchanting indeed you are  
The embodiment of pure beauty you are  
And like a fairy goddess  
Hold a million stars in your eyes

Eyes so gentle in its sockets  
Yet so full of life and brimstone  
Its effect on my innocent  
Timid, poor, naïve and unknowing heart  
For I thought I could behold  
Your majestic beauty  
Alas little did I know  
Your actually does scorch like Helios.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Decorated Misfortunes

The city is decorated with beautiful girls  
And on their waists are sedative mini skirts  
Wending up and down of the streets  
Upon a splendid physique of figure eight.

Gymnastic pants their light gowns  
Comes their tops, the crystal spaghetti  
Exhibiting their succulent red nipples  
And listed are they in the favorite menu of men.

The fragrance of their perfumes calls men with lustful gaze  
That when they pass men turn to behold  
But truly they are beautiful sight to behold  
That even the sightless men see their beauty and trembled

But their true identity know not men  
For in the race of fornication they compete with dogs  
And they nurses no shame in their deeds  
Thereby shame so honored to sit on their brows  
Thus decorated misfortunes are they.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Desiring Prayer

Waited have I so long a time for thy love;  
And have abide continence too long for thy sake,  
Desiring and praying for a seraph of thy genre  
To trek the charming region of my castle.

Upon the constancy of thy beauty my desiring prayer  
And upon that my views are muffled on other beauties,  
And my Eustachian tube deaf, not be attacked by expression of love  
For I seek no other beauty in this mortal paradise but thee.

With Elysium eloquence will I minister unto thee  
To prove the constancy and virtue of thy beauty;  
For thou art the beauty and virtue of my heart,  
And thy sake hath made the world a better abode to dwell.

In my desiring prayer shall I but receive solace,  
Then shall aloud "eureka" only on thy consent  
For that I pray thee, come thou be my love O' maiden  
And shut not your bosom against my desiring prayer.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Discharged And Acquitted

Much of beauty I see very quick of the clock;  
Yet, so do I lead a chaste life, and  
None so beautiful could infect my heart  
Wherein mothers wishing their offspring take of me;  
But comes she, this glorious architecture,  
Whose beauty radiates like the sun of the day,  
And whose form with such angelic grace  
Bewitched, arrested and sentenced my heart to desire  
As I fix my eyes on the freshness of her countenance.  
And my thoughts on her overwhelming and vigorous and young breasts  
Whereupon discharged and acquitted I was from my life of chastity  
Alas! My purity has wooed her fair pride;  
My heart pulsating rapidly with what I feel—love.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Distinct Woman Of Mine

So much do I love her!  
And so much I'm in her  
How can I do without her?  
Mine everything is in her.

She is my breath  
The source of my living  
She is my nurse  
The lover of my life.

She is my strength  
The blood in my capillary  
The liver in me  
That makes me function.

She is my view  
The retina of my eyes  
The flesh of my bones  
And the soul of my body.

She is the vanilla in my cake  
The sausage to my barbeque  
The only salt in me  
That brings out the taste of my life.

She is my beauty  
The source of my cynosure  
The beat of my heart  
And the pride in me.

She is my reflection  
Thru which I view my inner self  
And know the hidd'n potentials  
Of my literary works.

She is my wit  
The ink on my scroll  
The alphabet in my words  
The figure of my speech.

She is my sonnet  
The fourteen lines of my poem  
The verses of my poems  
And the rhymes of poetry

She is my nightingale  
The melody of my songs  
The sound of my music  
And the sonata of my piano.

She is my ukulele  
The beat of my drum  
And the genre of my dance step  
This distinct woman of mine.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Ever Narrowing Face

The days are fast approaching:  
For the festivity to take place;  
As those rendered senile by age,  
Raised their voices in a paroxysm of ancient songs of heroism.  
The atmosphere of reminiscence became that of nostalgia  
Fraternal sphere were not far from being cordial.  
That was the period of our gathering;  
A period when nature worked in harmony  
With those that deserve it.  
Such was the mode of life; declared the ferry man  
As he hastily paddled to the old-shipping, the Elem-Kalabari.  
Custom holds it a visit once annually  
For its celebration and atonement of Goddess Akaso  
Believed to have saved them from super natural phenomenon.  
Here we used to sit and tell tales of our ancestral spirit guides;  
And partake of the remnants of her pastures  
Here stood the crumbling wall -the very spots that marked the walls.  
There the priest once libated and atoned the goddess.  
Here we used to gather to sing, for the tremendous prowess of 'AKASO'-  
WAINGI.  
Now these rites and ordinances gone into oblivion  
Today traditional gestures no more spoken of,  
Only but replaced by borrowed culture.  
What an abomination! No, never gain say, nor hold sway  
Oyibo-Onye-ocha, have you come only to strangulate my people?  
You appear immaculate but act the deceit  
Is it not you that professed of the 'Unknown-God'?  
You speak of honesty and the knowledge of Him; yet far you from it  
No! You had to go- and have gone.  
You that profess justice; why do you enslave us,  
That we should struggle for freedom  
Yet you deprive us of our inheritance.  
Nah! We shall no more be slaves in our heritage  
No, we shall no more be slaves to you.  
Transparency and justice is our course no, you must go-and you are gone  
forever.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Extinguished Life

She was full of life  
For in her was the fire of life  
And with the heat of the fire of life  
She became restless with no care for life  
And they that cared for her life  
Sought to quench the fire in her life  
Thus they screamed f-i-r-e! Where? In her life  
Alas, came death fire service and extinguished the fire of her life.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Fire Inspiration

From the great world of mysteries  
From the cusps where ages met  
From the ancient mythologist  
Now flows this voice of the highest self  
I am wisdom the first daughter of God.  
Tell me what you know of me  
Speak of things to come  
Excite me with the mellows of life  
Set my heart ablaze of holiness  
Oh! Thou fire inspiration from above  
Come stir me to the ethers of reasoning  
From there lies my interest and confidence  
Free my soul from the hovering shackles of superstition  
Oh! Wisdom of the ancients  
From whence all knowledge began  
To them that seek thee be given  
These ornaments of the Highest God  
Feed me with the milk of thy breast.  
As though a child fed by his mother  
I am this child of the boneless  
Within me lie these potencies of creativity.  
Oh! Thou formless of eternity  
Here I come to bathe in thy pool of light.  
Lo! I come with amazing agony and burden of life  
Take me, feed me and seal me everly in thy chalice bolt of light.  
For this light I am, I shall ever be  
From whence I trace my source and origin;  
And when all is fulfilled and manifested  
I return unto thee.  
As the West receives the setting of the sun  
So shall thou receive me!  
Oh! Thou formless and boneless of eternity.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Fizzled Life At Stake

Who he is that can save? Come, deliver  
Where is my safety? Where am I safe in this life?  
Every minute of my life I languish in pain and sickness.  
I tremble for the quakes of the vagaries of life  
Who is he that can tell of my story? Is it you?  
No there's none among men with such feat  
It is too hard a nut to crack. Still I'm destined to bear it.  
Who shall sing of my elegy? Who are they that care to listen?  
Every moment of my life I'm in sorrow.  
In my eating hours there always a dropp of tear in my tears.  
My best companion of life has become but grief  
Have I but become a sacrificial lamb?  
At least I should have been considered a human.  
The wailing of my heart becomes greater of Jeremiah's  
Job's encounter is only but a spark of my visitations  
Every moment of my life I'm in sorrow. In waking hours flows the avalanche of  
tears of bitterness in my heart.  
Even in my sleeping hours I have nightmares  
I see myself a fly being caught in a vicious cobweb.  
Any attempt to detach a leg, pins it securely more on a sticky-stand.  
Accurse be the day I was born. For it were better I was not born.  
Let confusion lay hold of that day of birth the child of affliction was born.  
Let terror more terrible than terror lay siege of that day  
It were better I had passed through the discharges of my mother  
By now all the memories of my being would have being forgotten  
Woe to that womb that bore the child of affliction  
It shall remain barren for seven generation unborn.  
Oh! My souls take thy rest in the bosom of the Most High.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# God's Arithmetic

The fear of God multiplied  
By obedience to His commandments  
Is equal to Wisdom and Understanding  
Raised to the power of life.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Goodbye Mine M.J.

A "Stranger in Moscow" told me that you've gone!  
But is it true that you've gone my M.J.?  
And with tears in my eyes I say goodbye my M.J.  
You who feeds the eyes and the ears  
And has graced our African soil  
But why did you have to go, you "Smooth criminal";  
When you know "They don't care about us";  
Tell me, who will "Heal the world";?  
Who will make it a better place for us?

Who will give to the poor once and again to their necessity?  
Who will be there for them in their anguish and pain?  
O', know you not that admired you are of those that hate you most  
And did you have to go; or where you too lonely?  
But you said "We're the world"; that "You are not alone";  
Then why did you have to go? And did you leave another "Thriller";  
If no, then why choose to be "The man in the mirror";  
Thus dirge and elegy now met in my heart. Why?

"Do you remember the time" we first met in my dream  
And "The way you make me feel"; with your "Childhood";?  
Oh king of pop, my M.J., "I want you back";  
And you "Got to be there"; for me on my birthday  
To sing me your song, "Don't stop till you get enough";  
While "Rockin Robin and Ben"; "Off the wall"; till they  
"Scream";  
For your love is magical because you're angelica  
You are so wonderful because you're beautiful  
You are indispensable because you're irreplaceable  
And now I see the "Liberian girl"; cry because you're  
"Speechless";  
And upon our bodies the nighted color of mourning you. Why?  
Alas death! Why taketh him away when all that look on him yet not satisfied?  
O', let not the world lose another "Michael Jackson";.  
Michael I love you "Yesterday, today and forever.";

May the spirit light your way  
Through the land of the shadow  
To the halls of eternal peace. Amen.

In the cabinet of my imagination, in the treasury of my reason, in the registry of my conscience, and in the council chamber of my thought, there shall you live forever.

I LOVE YOU MINE M.J.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Goodbye Proud World

Why! Men has become the laborers of the land of their bones,  
Slave to their houses, and furniture for material possession occupieth their  
thoughts

And upon their back the world burden heaped with unrest  
Prostrating so low to the sun risen crookedly for their inward desires;  
Therefore dwelleth they not in their houses  
For yes sir, yes sir is their slogan.  
And for they that dwelleth in their castles and their maids  
Count them for a stranger and aliens in their sight.

Men of friends of merry are these men to long live in vanity,  
And their repast ingesting from the sweat of sirrah men's face  
And more thoughtless they will defray back in their own coins  
But by Nature the incorruptible judge, balancer of all equations.

Naked was these men pushed out of their mama's calabash  
With their gluttonous hands full of nothing, but viewed it upon treasures;  
And to the worms and termites belongeth these treasures and know not they,  
And in hand in hand to the UKULELE dance they with vanity  
And vanity upon vanity when still their breathe  
And worms and termites their mortal destroy  
And 'Goodbye Proud World' their apparition sayest as they rest in halls of worms  
and termites.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Gossips Of Beauty

Have heard the gossips of your beauty  
Have heard and now have seen, it's all true  
That your beauty would make even the most  
Chaste of men think of impurity  
And I in number of too many  
Suffer this burden of chastity the most  
From the moment I cast my eyes upon your beauty  
Indeed maiden, your beauty worth the gossips.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Great Akuku

Great mother—Queen of the Great coast 'Akuku-Toru'  
Oh! Akuku you who by thy mighty divided  
The sombrero with sparkling golden rays  
Of the flowing tide of the sea at the evening of the oceans,  
From whom flows all terrestrials into Akuku and the Sombrero;  
As ASARI and FREYA beareth witness of thy works.  
Mother Akuku usher into our homes the freshness of life,  
In the beauty of thy continual existence;  
Oh! Thou illustrious Virgin of the Great Coast demarcating the east from the  
west.  
Oh! Thou the possessor of the AZURE of life  
To us your children, let abundance flow  
As we daily found seated on the solid shores of Nyemoni;  
Oh! Thou Mother Nyemoni -thou the preserver  
Of a covetous honor of self contention;  
Thou the pride and freedom of a people,  
East of the azure from whence rises the greater light of God.  
Thou the envy of uncherishable adversity of thy neighbor  
O mother, the great goddess 'Akaso';  
The possessor of all hidden art and crafts.  
XOD the one come possess my entire being, spiritually, physically, and  
psychically.  
Great woman of destiny by whose crafts, the Orientals were formed.  
Let not our homes be homes destitution and famine,  
That gives way to the desecration of thy temple;  
Rather let Israel be in Egypt for a season to come.  
The great mother, mother of humanoids  
Thou that rode upon the serpent of the great deep;  
Whose inestimable endowment remaineth unconsumable in that unquenchable  
fire of transmutation?  
Mother we adore thy magnanimous deposition  
Thou the terror of the navigator in thy ravenous appearance,  
All vessels anchor on thee on for thy safety.  
The great custodian of the gift of Heavens  
We thank you for your ever flowing grace.  
Gracious mother be thou adore at all times.  
'AMENOTEP' the orient confirmed thee in his acknowledgement.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Great Uduka

Great 'Uduko' heartily had we call thy presence  
Than we have felt the chill of thy frowning face  
That hast caused the darkening of the radiant sun.  
When we have suffered, you have sent the great chill of that follows with the  
rain.

O thou rainmaker—'Uduko', come wash away the filths of our land,  
Those cabbages and stinking odors repugnant and unwholesome  
O Uduko thou the powerful of borages the great THOR;  
UDUKO THOR THE GOD OF THUNDER

By whose might the high esteemed are brought to dust.  
Thy Great power of the lightening striketh down an arrogant and fiendish looms  
Though you showered woe on us but thy abundance grace is on the increase of  
the land.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Hall Of Fame

What warrior is a warrior?  
When he has no seat in the hall of Valhalla,  
Where the brave may live forever;  
What god is a god or goddess?  
When he or she has no place in Mount Olympus;  
What star is a star?  
When it has no dwelling in the firmament;  
What palace is a palace?  
When there is no king or queen;  
What queen is a queen?  
When there is beauty upon her face to look upon;  
What beauty is a beauty?  
When men with noble blood has not fought for it for honor's sake;  
What essence is the breast of a mother?  
When her infant baby cannot feed, live and grow by it;  
What man is a great man?  
When he has no seat in the hall of fame;  
What laurel is a laurel?  
When it has no Nobel Prize;  
What wisdom is wisdom?  
When there is no fortune in it.

Indeed to the warriors belongs Valhalla.  
To the gods and goddess is Mount Olympus.  
To the kings and queens belongs the palace.  
To the queens belongs beauty.  
To beauty ascribes honor and pride.  
To the babies belongs the breast.  
To great men belongs the "Hall of Fame."  
To the stars belongs the firmament.  
To the Laureates belongs the Nobel Prize.  
And to wisdom is fortune.  
But I belong to the hearts of men,  
For in their hearts are my good deeds.  
There my good deeds fetch for me a place of dwelling,  
And in the hearts of men there forever I shall dwell;  
And therein sit I and my memory preserved for eternity.  
For as good deeds the true monument of one,

So the hearts of men is the best &quot;Hall of Fame.&quot;;

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Happiness Where?

Sting no more - sting no more life.  
Fire be thou the fire, son be thou the offspring  
Life tell me what you are  
Thus water be thou the waters.  
Thy satisfying taste is gone;  
Your main role relinquished; for a course inimical.  
Happiness where are you?  
Where art thy abode and your foundation and origin?  
That laid hands upon my comfort; fetch me nothing than increasing sorrow.  
Some say it is by being drunken one could have thee.  
I became one only to see myself lying in the gutter.  
Is it money or wealth thy source?  
I had it yet all my life was full of restlessness  
Or you mean sexual gratification?  
But you know I never slept a night without a female.  
Upon all, my sorrow multiplied as never;  
It was suffocation and pains all through.  
Luxury may I ask, Are you one of the qualities?  
If so you lied, I lived thee, yet never tasted joy  
Oh! Is it by becoming a globe trotter emh?  
I remember daddy was a great wanderlust of his time  
Still he analyzed life as regret in his analogy.  
Where is thy source of eminence happiness? Tell me.  
All I do daily to be embodied in you fetch me multiplicity of agony and distress.  
Is it by military glory? Napoleon was one of such characters;  
Yet he called himself the miserable creature.  
So there's no means of lobbying you to one's self eemm  
Truly my heart yearns for thee.  
Tell me the cost of thee, I'll pay the price.  
Is there an avenue to possess you? No I doubt, believing sincerely there must be  
a way.  
If you ever existed here on earth, it was for selfish end;  
None has ever spoken of thy abode  
None ever walked the earth that ever talked of thy association,  
But why art thou callous?  
I am desirous of thee; show thyself in thy true and real manifestation.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Helen Of My Life

As beautiful as Helen of Sparta  
So you are beautiful to me,  
You who make my heart glow with love;  
Now I say, you are the Helen of my life.  
You are the Helen of Sparta stolen to Troy  
For virtue and constancy of your beauty.  
You are as beautiful as goddess Aphrodite,  
Goddess Athena and goddess Hera.  
O' Helen of Sparta, who became Helen of Troy?  
And now Helen of my life you are.  
I shall hide you away from the eyes of the world,  
For your beauty is too fair to cast a glance upon.  
O' Helen, your matchless beauty is divine;  
Truly you're the most beautiful of all prizes.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Her Name Is 'Ikwerre'

Ikwerre anu meka o', diali! Ikwerre anu meka o', diali! Ikwerre anu meka o', diali!

Eli Ikwerre sobulemawei! Chei, eli Ikwerre sobulem o! chei, kabueliayi!  
For the pleasure and love of my eyes is but she who is called 'Ikwerre';  
It is she I treasure the most of all the lands in Rivers State—alandam.  
To her I give all my love that I may unto a creature  
And from whence this love comes I canst tell,  
It strains me pass the compass of my wit.  
And when I hear her son 'Duncan Mighty' sing with her tongue,  
My love for her increases with pride and more desire of her is born  
Thus if music is the fruit of love, then I say let 'Wene Mighty' play on.

I shall conduct her into my life then her beauty shall shine upon me  
Whereon here and there I wander about in quest for her beauty  
That many 'Rumu-Light' and 'Rumu-Briggs' may be born of her for me;  
For I love her like 'Wene Mighty' loves his mother and sang for her,  
And again I say if music is the fruit of love, let 'Wene Mighty play on  
Even the song-'Iwuru darling mo? Olugamwei', let it play on  
For she is too fair, too wise and wisely too fair to make me desire love her.

And if she will like a mortal stay the siege of loving terms  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
I shall but woo her like a suitor unto a maiden  
For she is rich in beauty, vast in land and accommodating like God  
And if only the world around me could hear me,  
I will tell them I love 'Ikwerre' so dearly from my heart.  
If only she will believe me that I love no other land than her,  
She is going to know how my heart is love-infected for her;  
And my certificate of sincerity will I leave alone leave with her.  
And if I'm allowed to give her another name, I shall call her 'Annabel'—lovable.  
Chei! Eli ikwerre sobulemawei! Eli Ikwerre sobulemawei! Oh, kabueliayi;  
ikwerre anu meka o', diali! Ikwerre anu meka o', diali! Anu meka o', diali.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# His Last Words

The world was not his friend, nor the world's laws  
The world affords no law to make him rich but poor was he not  
For, he sups and gave to the poor once and again to their necessity  
But they that sup with him labeled him a new name &quot;inmate&quot;;  
Alas, out of envious conspiracy they made him a prisoner  
Though a prisoner he was but barren of all accusations  
O! What an innocent accusation that worth death sentence?  
Is there no justice in the cloud that sees to the bottom of my grief?  
He bewailed but none could see the naked truth of his innocence  
As he sat in rancor, barred against all the freedom of life,  
He was a man of right once but now to the freedom of oppression, death and  
doom.  
As the day of his appointment with death fast approached  
Death's second-self that seals up all in rest seemed to take forever to come;  
Never knew he the comfort of sleep as he was kept in company of fear and  
anxiety  
Only but the thought of the brand-new clothing to die in, the last meal,  
The long walk to the chamber, and getting strapped into the chair;  
I'm innocent, I'm innocent was his last words at the night of his execution  
And of himself died ere the arrival of the Priest of viaticum.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# I Am Sorry!

&quot;I am sorry! &quot;  
Did you actually speak those words last night?  
I think so; I think I heard you.  
I know you said it.  
What I did not know however,  
Is that if I would live  
To see a day when &quot;I am sorry&quot;  
Would become musical to my ear from you.  
But what proof do we have that you're sorry?  
Oh Helen of Sparta!  
I pray thee; show me you are sorry,  
Don't just tell me.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# I Am The Victim

The alarum bell jingles; it was four a.m.  
For the first shift to begin their journey  
The period men were lost in sleep;  
And were spoken to signs and omens  
That has been the hour of the journey  
The shriek of insects and the crow of the early hour  
Now cast off Morpheus from his snoring.  
The laborers hasten with panic, sojourns with all amounts of hastiness  
Off to work with heavy and dizzy eyes  
With grumbling stomach works relentlessly from a.m. to p.m.  
Playing the role of a forklift and bulldozers  
Lifting bags of kernels and heavy irons  
And emaciated face; they are made to work round the clock  
But these much sorried innocent victim only eats from the crumbs of their own  
labour.  
After a hard day's job they retire home only to meet their soured soup.  
They perceive the flavor of their product  
But never dare to taste it. It was for P. R. O.  
OH! My God the poor man's sweat is the rich man's wealth  
A state not far from colonialism; a racist regime among people of the same  
nationality.  
Protective helmets were only but fancy and decoration in the store.  
A man fell off a height with head and femur broken  
Deeply hospitalized, no medical attention given  
Only but sacked for carelessness; he goes home and die  
All daubed industrial accident due to carelessness.  
Messengers were jeered at, while whistle an instrument of call by white  
[expatriates].  
Nah! Neo-colonialism has taken root; such was the match, a match bitter to  
undergo  
Oh! Ubima are your gods sleeping?  
Here in Ubima apartheid has taken shape.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# I Hate You 4: 00 O'Clock

The time is ticking out fast  
And it's almost 4: 00 o'clock  
The day's job will soon be over  
Men and women all be running home  
To be welcomed by their husbands and wives,  
Children, loved ones and relatives.  
But who is there waiting for me home?  
Who is there to welcome me at home?  
Waiting for my arrival as her husband,  
To give me a kiss, a peck or a hug.

Who is rushing home that she might prepare my dinner?  
Or perhaps to receive me by the door-post?  
To take my official files from me,  
To take off my suit, shoes, and my socks  
And crack my feet romantically with her soft hands;  
Telling me how she love me and missed me.  
I am sad that there is none in that house.

Oh! How I wish that 4: 00 O'clock never comes,  
That time will stand still even for a day just for me.  
Now 4: 00 O'clock is my greatest fear and enemy.  
Thus I have removed even the wall clock off my wall in my office,  
And stopped wearing my beautiful wrist watches  
That 4: 00 o'clock may not bring me pain again.  
Yet 4: 00 O'clock never stopped coming, for I must logout every 4: 00 O'clock  
And now everyday I live with pain and fear of 4: 00 O'clock.  
Oh, no! This is not fair; I hate you 4: 00 O'clock. Always, I MEAN ALWAYS!

This is composed by: Light-Cheerful Briggs  
And dedicated to all who are lonely but need love and care like...me.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# I Have A Dream

Oh! Who is he that loves America more than I do? Who?  
For the pleasure and the love of my heart is but America  
It is she that I love the most of all the countries in the world  
To her I pay all the homage that I may unto a creature  
And from whence this love comes I canst tell  
It strains me pass the compass of my wit  
Then I have a dream; a dream to become an American.

Here and there I wander about in quest for her love  
'Cause' I love her just like Martin Luther Jr. loved her  
For she is too fair, too wise and wisely too fair  
And if only she'll like a mortal stay the siege of loving terms  
I shall but woo her like a suitor unto a maiden  
Even before Christopher Columbus discovered her splendid beauty  
For I have a dream; a dream to become an American.

O' America, thou ever wise and full of care mother  
If only I will be loved by Thee and your great offspring  
I shall sail to thy land that detect no race like Odysseus to Itheca  
And if in thy wisdom thou canst give no help to find thee  
Do thou but call my resolution to love thee wise  
But I pray thee shut not your bosom against my desiring prayer  
For me I long for thee more than I thirst for water  
O' America, I have a dream; a dream to become an American.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# I Love You

It's not a song to sing how I love you  
It's not a story to tell how I love you  
It's not music to play how I love you  
It's not a novel to write how I love you

But

I must say I love you, it's not a song  
You must believe me I love you, it's not a tale  
You must play your part, it's not music  
But the part to believe me that I love you

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## If Only...

If only the world around me could hear me  
I will tell them I need her so dearly.  
If I could walk out of my fear  
I will have her as I so desire.  
If only she will believe me that I love her  
I will be set free from my inner fears and worries.  
If only I could break the wall around me  
I will secure who truly love me.  
If only she will believe me that I have no other partner  
She's going to know how much I love her.  
If only I could be bold to woo her  
The chance of having her is not far from me.  
If only she will give me the chance to love her  
I will love every bit of womanhood in her.  
If only I could be loved by her  
My broken heart could be healed.  
If only I could get hold of her in my arms  
I will examine no other beauties out there.  
If only she could kiss my tears of loneliness away  
The crucial center of my whole life will be lively.  
If only I could be the one she loves right now  
My certificate of sincerity will I leave alone with her.  
If only my heart could stop the beating  
Indeed a new man I'm born.  
If only she will look into my eyes and feel me  
She will know how much love I have for her.  
If only she will be touched by my words  
Perhaps, I will be loved by her.  
If only..., I mean, if and only if she will love me  
Emh-I'm short of words-I love her that's all I know I could do best.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Imagination

As heavy sleep close up mortal eyes  
When upon the earth dim darkness do display  
My nights are far spent sleeplessly  
For needs and worries lodges in my eyes  
As I look upon your imagined image to serve my eyes.

I see your navel as deep as a valley;  
It is fenced round-about with lilies.  
Your stature is like a fruitful palm tree  
And your breasts are the mouth-watery fruits on them  
Waiting to be picked like unto the ripe fruits  
The curves of your hips are like jewels  
That if Solomon was alive would have composed lines  
You're like a garden enameled with eye-charming flowers  
And you live in a dirty world as a Lilly yet unstained you are  
Truly, you're a woman of undoubted virtue and exemplary piety  
Thus your beauty gives satisfaction to my blood  
And love and affections now encamp in my heart for you.

I love you, you whom I know not;  
Fifty thousand men could not with all  
Their quality of love make up the sum of my love for you  
For you're the object of my most immoderate admiration  
This is not an eulogy to gain or secure your rare beauty;  
These are the words love's own hands did make for you  
And Nature charged me that I hoard them not  
Thus to you I yield them up and myself I rendered  
As I assure you of my fidelity and constancy  
That I will remain faithful to you with breath in me  
And maintain the most inviolable fidelity  
Yes, I make such a pledge of my constancy to you  
Which is necessary to relieve you of your anxiety if any.

You're an earthly saint adored by all  
Your quality made both sexes enchanted  
Your beauty even have power to charm a sacred priest  
But you only live in the world of my imagination  
And I see you in the treasury of my reason  
And you made the council chamber of my thought your home



Intoxicating me with the hope of having you someday.

Alas, stop seeing me in the cabinet of my imagination,  
Stop walking in the treasury of my reason, and  
Stop occupying the council chamber of my thought  
If I shall not behold you with my sleepless eyes  
You whom I know not but sees in my imagination  
And I have but a moment left to say adieu to you  
Thus the priest is chanting the sad funeral song  
For the love I once bear you is now dead  
And you shall serve for the worms a mouthful sweet.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## In The Seed Cometh My Relpica

Tw'as many and many years ago;  
Young was I and young this maid  
In a deserted region both we lived,  
And face to face the doors of our huts.

This maid she lived with no thought  
Than to love me and be loved by me;  
And truly the nature of Siamese twins our attitude  
For burning was the flame of love in us.

'Twas night in the lonesome November;  
A chilling wind blew out of the cloud  
Then seek she warm in my hut  
And shines she upon me her desiring eyes.

Her face was pale and drawn,  
And while she spoke she shivered  
Not from cold but from passion of consummation  
And quickly I glance upon her desiring face.

She said warm my body with your skin  
Then steam'd I became by her mouth ignition, □  
And gear'd was I by the desire in her eyes  
And together we ate the fruit of love.

I knoweth not that fertility was her soil,  
For the seed of the fruit we digested together  
Upon her fertile soil caught and with nutrient gathered strength,  
And indeed in the seed cometh my replica.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## In The Wallet Of My Heart

I belong to the assembly of the freemen of chastity  
But since the day she passed my way, her fair pride wooed my chastity  
And I became a member of the fraternity of her admirers  
Which leaves my mind's eyes firmly doted on her charming beauty  
While I live my daily life having her image in the special wallet of my heart  
Thus every sight of her in my mind's eyes brings smiles  
upon my face  
With an unending desire to have her produce me 'RumuLight and 'RumuBriggs.'

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LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# It Blows No Man's Good

Shall my sorrow for one day turn into laughter?  
Who is he that has prophesied? You false prophet hold it to yourself.  
Have all not developed teeth? Yet teeth development remains a dream to me.  
When shall I become a man? When?  
Even then manhood is struggle.  
I crept and toiled daily for subsistence as though the cursed serpent,  
Of cause nothing different from that;  
I solicited for arms, truly it were better I never had become a human.  
For only but mocking awaited me at every door,  
As I tottered and slumped along looking for safety but truly there was nowhere.  
The church yard was the only accepted home  
With cloudy and whirling face I struggled collapsingly  
Help! Help! There was none ready amidst able men.  
Oh! Have the hearts of men seized from pity?  
And so I sojourned and bore the crucifix alone.  
Who else can sing of my song? None I tell you understands the Rub-A-dub of my  
life;  
It is a song meant for vagabonds like me, I am a vagabond.  
My song is a song of elegy; it teaches of the agony of my life.  
But truly only the victim knows the rhythm of my music.  
I am this victim; a marauding and wandering beast  
I am cornered by grieves of my life.  
Oh! Ye masochist and sadist, you that celebrates my hurt  
Remember that he who feels it knows it's bitterly hard to bear  
I craved earnestly for solution still the only remedy is that I must live to bear the  
ding-dongs.  
The sun shines and relaxes to gather momentum  
But why is it that I never had a moment of rest for revival of my soul?  
All in life have seasons of rest and toil  
But why must mine be a perpetual hard lots and bondage.  
What is responsible? I am the victim.  
Why must I be gnawing at my timid teeth daily?  
As though the devil in hade  
Shall I but one day have a hand of providence?  
Then shall I leap for joy with songs of praise to most High.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# It Shall Be No More

Shall my sorrow for one day turn into laughter?  
Who is he that has prophesied? You false prophet hold it to yourself.  
Have all not developed teeth? Yet teeth development remains a dream to me.  
When shall I become a man? When?  
Even then manhood is struggle.  
I crept and toiled daily for subsistence as though the cursed serpent,  
Of cause nothing different from that;  
I solicited for arms, truly it were better I never had become a human.  
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As though the devil in hade  
Shall I but one day have a hand of providence?  
Then shall I leap for joy with songs of praise to most High.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# K-K My Angel

Good night and God bless  
I would always say.  
How long I have being?  
On the receiving end;  
But what use would it be anyway  
When every time I need a blessing  
An angel I see in my dreams.

Once is a blessing,  
Twice is a grace,  
Thrice, mmh! I don't know what to say.  
Try Quadruple for a number;  
I think even insanity  
with all of its powers  
Nowhere close to describing it.

K-K, I see you in my dreams all the times  
Incessantly beckoning on me;  
Yet like a mirage forever eluding my grasp.  
If this is madness,  
I pray you help me stop it;  
Stop it ere it's too late  
And my already imperfect heart  
Break to a zillion pieces.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Last Night

Last night long after I bade  
Good night and God bless  
Everywhere around me  
Nature proceeded to sing me a lullaby  
I hear kre, kre, kre  
Very vowel, consonant and syllable  
Starts and end with kre, kre, kre  
Oh what cruel tricks□  
Nature often times doles out on us  
For even the crickets  
Who orchestrate every night  
Since time immemorial  
Have o'er night made peace in your name  
They indeed turned my abode to an orchestra  
It was all I could do  
To keep myself from wailing  
Wishing you were beside me snoring  
I long to hear you snore K-K  
For I snore, snore, snore...

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Like A Novel

She's interesting like a novel;  
In her comes this rippling,  
Erotic shiver down the spines  
That freezes the readers' attention  
And chills their blood with thoughts.  
She's an exciting series that moves  
Like a bullet with splendid characters.  
Her I shall peruse thru page by page,  
And the lines after lines of her  
Unt'l she freezes my attention, chill my blood,  
I shall make reading her my duty;  
For like a novel she's interesting.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Love For A Grecian Goddess-Athena

The pleasure and love of my eyes is but Athena,  
It is she I treasure the most, of all the goddesses.  
To her I pay all the homage that I may unto a creature  
And from whence this love comes I canst tell,  
It strain me pass the compass of my wit.  
Here and there in quest for her love, I wander about  
A mortal I am but my love for a Grecian immortal.  
I love her like Zeus love Perseus and destroys Argos,  
For she is too fair, too wise and wisely too fair.  
And if she'll like a mortal stay the siege of loving terms  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, and  
I shall but woo her like a suitor unto a maiden.  
Thou ever wise and full of care, Grecian Athena,  
Come walk my path, and give your immortal love;  
Alas! Mortal love is but the licking of honey from thorn

O Grecian immortal, ever wise and full of care,  
If I will be love by thee immortal Athena  
I will sail to the land of Athens like Odysseus to Ithaca;  
But thy abode I wot not, so far with no a trace.  
And if in thy wisdom thou canst give no help to find thee  
Do thou but call my resolution to love thee wise;  
But I long to for thee more than I thirst for water.  
O' Grecian immortal Athena, why cause me love thee.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Love's Tenderness

Her voice whispers in the cold wind,  
And the wind blew so cold to my ear;  
Then heard the imports of her voice  
Which tells me of her virgin's love for me

I think of the softness in her voice;  
I thought about the warm touches of arms  
And I wonder why I should be so loved by this maiden?  
Filling in my life with much of her unstained love.

She speaks to me with the master-piece of eloquence.  
In her words so full of courage, hope and life,  
She is too fair, too wise and wisely too fair;  
This tender loving damsel of mine heart.

Peace I felt in her arm meant more than the rest.  
In the gentle touch of her arms I felt a total love;  
There is tender loving care in her love,  
This tender loving damsel of my heart.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Lovesick

Some, they say fall in love  
Others say "I am in love"  
But I swim in the ocean of love,  
Uplifted by the waves of love  
And landed me by the sea-shores of love  
Where Sirens and Mermaids sing of love,  
And 'til I'm drowned in the Ocean of love  
There I shall dwell for love,  
For I can't live my life 'out of love.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Loving You Is So Beautiful

You brought me the sun  
When I was in cold blooded  
You brought me light  
When I was in the dark  
When you speak to me  
You speak life into my life  
When you smile you make the face  
Of Heaven so fine for my comfort  
You made me discover my purpose in life  
Without you I would have been useless  
I pray you, don't stop loving me  
I love you so much with all my heart  
Loving you is so beautiful.

You are the only Lilly in my valley  
Without Lilly there will be no valley  
And without valley there will be no Lilley  
Without you there would be no me  
You are the reason I exist  
And even if I do exist I would be useless without you  
Do not go and leave my world so cold  
Darling rise and shine more in my life  
A thought of you makes me smile all day long  
Let's live in love more than ever before  
If we live in love there will be no heart throbbing  
There will be no heart break; there will be no sorrow  
Unless alarm came from the camp of love  
Which we must not allow to be  
I will love you 'til my dying day  
For loving you is so beautiful.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Man Know Thyself

Oh man! Why art thou governed thy mother's spirit?  
Once thy heart like a lion's but now so feeble!  
What has taken off thy place in the hall of the braves?  
Sound me not that the whys are beauties and sex!  
Oh! Truly the pride of men and virginity of women now commercialized.  
Mmh! 'Cause of sex man is no more lik' his fathers.  
Alas, gone were the days when men were men,  
Gone were the days when women were virgins,  
And gone were the days when sex was sexy,  
Yet man run amok for sex that has lost its sexiness.  
Chei! Sex has denied man the braveness of his fathers,  
Sex has deflowered the virginity of our women,  
Sex has defiled the essence of sexiness in sex,  
Yet, men still run amok for sex.  
O' man know thyself and take back thy place in the hall of the braves.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Martin Luther King Jr.

I am a semi- Martin  
A Luther-an  
Brother to the king

God was his father  
Wisdom was his mother  
America was his kingdom  
He was a king, equal with his subjects  
Equilibrium was his attitude  
The common masses were his brothers  
Peace was his hymn  
Freedom was his language  
The prison became his palace  
His name is Martin Luther King Jr.

"I have a dream that one day  
On the red hills of Georgia  
The sons of former slaves  
And the sons of former slave owners  
Will be able to sit together  
At the table of brotherhood."

"That one day even the state of Mississippi,  
A state sweltering with the heat of injustice,  
Sweltering with the heat of oppression,  
Will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice, '

"That my four children one day will live in a nation  
Where they will not be judged by the color of their skin  
But by the content of their character."  
These were the words of his dreams.

He was a man of right and justice, freedom and equality  
But these freedom and equality paid he with royal blood  
Thus, with his blood black now in white house  
And his dream of equal right and justice now fulfilled.  
O', my Martin Luther King Jr.  
Your blood is more honorable than honor  
I will ever celebrate you

For it is my duty to your honor.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Mirror Of Life

God is my father  
Nature is my mother  
Wisdom is my sister  
The universe is my kingdom  
Immortality is my life  
The mind is my house  
Truth is my worship  
Love is my law  
Form is my manifestation  
Conscience is my guide  
Peace is my shelter  
Experience is my school  
Obstacle is my lesson  
Difficulty is my stimulant  
Joy is my hymn  
Pain is my warning  
Work is my blessing  
Light is my realization  
Friend is my companion  
Adversary is my instructor  
Neighbor is my brother  
Struggle is my opportunity  
Future time is my promise  
Equilibrium is my attitude  
Order is my path  
Beauty is my idea  
Perfection is my destiny

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# My Beautiful Muse

What a beauty that persuade the eyes of men without an orator?  
Are you Helen of Sparta or Helen of troy, my beautiful muse?  
Nor are you the daughter of Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty?  
O' wench, your source of beauty has speed past the compass of my wit  
Make me acquainted with the source of your beauteous form, o beautiful beauty.  
Or did heaven in thy creation decree that sweet beauty in thy form should ever  
dwell  
No wonder the sight of your beauty brought back my once lost wit of poetry  
I shall call you my beautiful muse, my Caliope, my Erato, my Terpsichore  
And from the fresh springs of your breasts i shall drink; there lies the gift of  
poetry  
Then shall compose more lines with rhymes as did Williams Shakespeare the  
great  
And would have my name immortalized on the lips of men.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# My Heart

She is the wealth have I  
She is the breath that keeps me going  
If she stops what happens to my wealth  
If she stops what happens to my breath  
Collapse, illness, sorrow, pain,  
Death shall my possession.

Rethink, good is nobody and nobody is bad  
Depending on what you do;  
Sound me not it's over  
Nor she is no longer decorated.  
So much i believe in her,  
She is my heart, break her not.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# My Heart Felt

I feel something inside of me  
I knowest not whence it comes  
From the pit of my belly  
Or from the depth of my heart  
But I know this truth  
That each time I think of you  
My heart does a triple jump  
And if my chest were Olympic stadium  
I would no doubt have run home  
With the color of gold medal  
If what I feel is love  
I do not know and canst tell  
But if it is, O if it is  
Then I would love  
Every bit of ounce of a woman in you  
Until there's not even an atom  
Left in you to love  
Take it as a threat if you must  
But take it you must.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# My Mermaid Love

She is sexy with beautiful sexy swaying breasts,  
Sensual flowing hair, mystifying, enchanting,  
Fascinating, appealing, bewitching, alluring, beautiful  
With a topless female form my eyes has ever seen  
Thus it is she the water mermaid girl I love.

She is thus an emblem of sexual ambiguity,  
She is erotic but passionless; a culturally charge gender  
Model whose sedative capacity is valued over her reproductive capacity  
Thus it is she the water mermaid girl I love.

She is an epitome of perfected beauty,  
Having eternally youthful figure and erotic loveliness  
That can never be matched by any mortal  
And certainly none so beautiful can be evil  
Thus it is she the water mermaid girl I love.

She is blue, her eyes been seen deep beneath the waves of life  
Yet she can be held in comfort within her chalice  
Her symbol of being a part of all life  
Thus it is the water mermaid girl I love.

I will go to the ocean as often as I possibly can  
To walk her shores, play in her waves and see her powers  
I cannot imagine that it's possible for anyone to stand  
Next to that power and life-force without giving praise to its wonders  
Thus it is she the water mermaid girl I love.

And until she gives me the power to seek beneath  
The waves of my emotions and imagining for the pearls that lies beneath  
I will pursue her love and beauty with flowing hair  
And soft breasts deeper into her domain  
For within her wave lies the knowledge and secrets once lost to us.  
Thus it is she the water mermaid girl I love.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# My Oloibiri!

Look at her, my mother Oloibiri!  
There she lies, flower she was, now deflowered;  
Alas she looks paled, clothed with kwashiorkor,  
She's nothing but a personification of PhD-Poverty, hunger and Diseases  
And now people making mockery of her, chei.  
O, my Oloibiri, you have being ruined;  
Oloibiri, for fifty years they sucked your breasts  
And your milk turned many into affluent  
But now you are forgotten, you who fed many;  
They have drained you and discarded you  
These men who feed from your breasts milk,  
Yet your children they gave not your produce  
While they hunger in the midst of your abundance,  
And while they thirst in the midst of oil wells  
Only but given the name 'Militants' Chei Oloibiri!

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# My Viking 1

My Viking beauty in full sail,  
Most sacrosanct of beauties;  
The moon and stars in their splendor,  
Even the sun in all its glamour paled  
In comparison to my Viking beauty...most cruel of beauties;  
Even though I were taken to Lethe  
My Viking beauty I will not forget,  
She is God own glorious architecture.

There's a hole in heaven and angels,  
Looking down on her wishing they were sinners.  
O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hides!  
Who wouldn't have fallen for you, Viking beauty?  
Take me in your arms ere I wake  
To find you're gone and my heart breaks again.  
It's too short a day to be without love.  
Oh! My Viking beauty, I give you some of mine  
If you have had none to give.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## My Viking Beauty 3

My Viking beauty in full sail!  
My lady in red;  
Most ethereal beauty,  
Most frolicsome femme fatale;  
Frolicking and sashaying her way through a sea of 'Eyes'.  
My eyes-bulge in their sockets  
Seeking her walls so strong to penetrate;  
Fazed by the reality,  
Fazed by the rarity,  
Fazed by the incredibility of her beauty;  
For a split second, an easy prey,  
For a cupid's arrow I make, O lady falcon.  
With heart on fire, the color of your dress.  
Lips the taste of chocolates  
Tasted for the first time;  
Cruelly beautiful, yet so gentle  
Make ev'ry other woman a faux pas.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## My Viking Beauty 2

My Viking beauty in full sail!  
The moon, sun and the stars  
All in their stupendous magnificence  
Paled in comparison to my Viking beauty...most cruel of beauties;  
She's God's own glorious architecture  
With eyes as big as her feet;  
There's a hole in heaven  
Saints look down on her  
Wishing they were sinners.  
She who brings upon us on earth  
The dreams of love,  
For if cannot exist in this world  
That we have created.  
For the hope there might exist on earth  
Some corner of this paradise called love.  
I would only dare but to have dance  
With her in my wildest of make-believe;  
She is too good to be true,  
Too good to behold like the wind;  
Oh, my Viking beauty.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# My World

For how long shall I wait?  
How much will I spend?  
How much pain and grief will I bear?  
Why do you listen to tales?  
Why take heed to gossips?  
Why choose to make me weep?

My world has been built around you  
Alas, it is broken by you  
Yes that's what you've done.  
A true heart broken by you  
Dismay'd I'm not  
I believe it will be well  
If you give me a true trial.  
□

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Native Pot Of My Mother

Thou land that carries me  
When shall you free me to my people?  
For my tradition forgot I in thy land  
Now imbibe I my deeds and beliefs  
From your tradition and belief  
Like you once conceive' me in your womb  
Wherein my true identity is unknown

To me thy offspring you gave as companions,  
Thy daughter you gave me to wife,  
Thy factory bed I lay my skull,  
And from the harvest of your soil bought myself flesh  
Even my replicas all in your color  
And never in a moment was I homesick.

My better-half know not the land of my bones,  
And they that put on my flesh know not of my source.  
Thus never made I my land known to them.  
Alas! Now hungry are the worms of my tafawabelewa,  
And not of your strange delicacies  
But from the native pot of my mother.

O', you black pot, your contents is beyond delicious;  
My tripartite being seeks thy contents.  
In thee was I fed till out of blunder?  
Your reminiscence reflecting in my mirror;  
My memory reflects on your firewood,  
The black smoke, and your delicious contents;  
Home must I go to feed from this pot again  
In this twilight of my life ere I'm ice-block.  
Ah! There is no pot like my mama's black native pot.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# O' Murderous Poverty

O' poverty, thou hast made man prostrate his soul for repast  
Thou hast made him swallow the bitter pills of living  
Yet thou sing songs of death to his hearing  
O' murderous poverty, thou art cruel and fiend.

In thy bosom cometh suffering, pains and sorrows  
Thou taketh delight when the world's burden heaped upon man  
Man toil in vain for subsistence from sunrise to sunset  
Yet thou castigate him with thy unseen wand  
O' murderous poverty, thou art cruel and fiend.

Man roams about the street with no shoes for his feet  
And with no vest upon his already worn out bones  
Having his repast from the table crumbs of other folks  
Not certain of where the next crumbs of survival cometh  
Yet you castigate him with thy unseen wand  
O' murderous poverty, thou art cruel and fiend.

His offspring sick and pale then die ere his face  
His heart become a place where dirge and elegy meet  
And he ask 'Poverty, why thou puncture the tube of my happiness?  
Why art thou the architect of man's sorrows and grieves'.  
Yet thou castigate him with thy unseen wand  
O' murderous poverty, thou art cruel, cruel, cruel even fiend.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# O' Poverty

O' poverty, thou art but smelling  
And thy pollution dangerous to life  
And the living wailing and crying  
Wishing you never existed in the world  
As they have no healthy gas for survival

Thou maketh men wander about  
For gas, for repast, and for shelter  
With no sweet repose in their eyes  
With bare footed in the streets  
And with no apparels for their mortals

Unprotected they're in the perilous night  
And in the light very little hope of survival  
Their society looks upon them scornfully  
And took you from them the zeal to inhale further

O' poverty, thou art but smelling  
For thou hath poisoned many a mortal  
And may ruin bedeck thy number of days  
As thou art cruel and fiend O' poverty.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# One Death Many Pains

Can't a second be procrastinated?  
When the sudden call is to be taken heed of  
About the exit of a priceless jewel;  
Oh death thou art cruel and swift,  
Why sleepeth one priceless jewel  
And infuse many pains to a too many.

Mysticism said death is for the righteous,  
And death the path to Heaven;  
Oh Heaven, the immortal plane of life  
But then is there no other path to immortality?  
Rather than the cold merciless hands of death  
Which giveth pains to many hearts.

And is it true that one morn I will resurrect  
To realize that a Gold priceless jewel has exited;  
Exited to the Gold Smith The Maker?  
Alas death thou art but one air-craft that is inevitable,  
But why many pains to the living  
With thy cruel merciless hands?

Too short a life by one inevitable end,  
And indeed many pains and grief to us;  
Lone it will be for friends and siblings when death strikes  
But nevertheless pray we rest they in peace  
At the bosom of the Potter of life  
For the He Potter of life is full of peace;  
That we the living may also dwell in peace,  
For the loss of our priceless diamond.

Are we conceived and brought forth unto the earth  
That we should taste the bitter pills of death?  
Or give ourselves pains that we cannot bear.  
Oh Mighty One, I dare not cross thy order  
'Cause the source of life and the death of my life  
Are within thy merciful hands O' my Sculptor.

To bear the pain that surrounds death we have no strength;  
We cry, weep, sorrowful and mourn our death.

No, you one death that walketh the face of mother earth  
And shares pains to many a household,  
Shall when and when comes thy destruction  
As thou destroyeth and giveth pains?

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Our Politicians!

Our Politicians!

Their thinking circumscribed by political cosmology

Our Politicians!

Are they not the people who made our virgins the foundation of their power of house?

Our Politicians!

In the names of our politicians, honor is fetish and corruption

Our Politicians!

Spending the inheritance of our children

Our Politicians!

The young shall inherit the national debt is their slogan

Our Politicians!

That what they have not, that which they possess

Our Politicians!

Making famine where abundance lies

Our Politicians!

They cause rationing to take over the seat of plenty

Our Politicians!

They inflict more suffering and pain than they care

Our Politicians!

They cause more problems than they solve

Our Politicians!

They eat and get fat while we only perceive the aroma of their mouth watering repasts

Our Politicians!

They said our nation is too well, and such there is no need for drugs in our hospitals

Oh our Politicians!

It is only in them that 'availability' cries for more and 'excess' begs all

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Pleasant Thoughts

I will quit war  
And destroy all weapons  
I will kill fear  
And welcome and embrace peace  
I will encourage unity  
And abide in love  
I will love  
And will not hate  
I will give for enhancement  
And donate for development  
I will befriend progress  
And will lead for prosperity  
I will help the poor  
And give to the needy  
I will cook for the hungered  
And fetch for the thirsty  
I will be generous  
And appreciate charity  
I will dry up tears  
And put smiles on faces  
I will emit for hospitality  
And host for many  
I will imbibe uprightness  
And do what is just  
I will depict respect to all  
And be respected by all  
I will bridge the gap  
And bring everyone close  
I will be creative  
And become member of the men of genius  
I will cancel captivity  
And will spearhead emancipation  
I will bring back  
And restore the lost  
I will go in quest  
And bring home the astray  
I will judge with equity  
And share with equilibrium  
I will operate in fidelity



And will never be fraudulent  
I will advocate for the oppressed  
And will honor their rights  
I will make sacrifice  
And let others to survive  
I will build with my hands  
And will not destroy with my hands  
But of all I will follow today  
To lead tomorrow.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Pledge To My Father

Whose son is this youth, ask'd they?  
Out of my bosom and in the virgin's  
Womb did he put on my flesh.  
He is my true identity aloud my father  
Kissed he my hair, my father  
And smelled my breath as I slept,  
Made right all errors of his life in me  
And upon me rest all his confidence.

I am but in my evil days  
O'er are all my useful days  
Do the things I bid thee do while I take my rest  
O' image and likeness of myself  
I pray and charge thee upon thy life  
Defy you not my conjuration  
As my immortal part go live with angels,  
But in thy deeds shower upon my vault honor.

What thou bid me do will I do  
To be good to all the fellows I can,  
In all the domains I can,  
And as length as I can.  
And men shall view upon me  
And behold thy true self  
As I keep alive 'pledge to father'.

As thy mortal now rest  
In the dim palace of the night  
Where darkness rest for ages;  
Thy immortal part with angels now lives,  
Upon that I charge thee father  
With angels pray for me  
That life bedeck my routes  
As I keep alive my pledge to my father.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Pledge To My Heroes

Deeds of the heroes past gone to oblivion  
And farewell is the sleeping heroes of hearts  
Who with their last dropp of red rain fought?  
Fought like the wounded lion to establish  
A nation bound in freedom, peace and unity.

The foundation quality of our nation  
Where now resided it, laid by our heroes past?  
Where is the nation tied to freedom, peace and unity?  
Where is the equity, where is the one Nigeria O' Nigerians?

Empty is but the pledge we owe them  
And they cry in their domain for labor lost  
Alas second chance is their desire  
The potter would make another pot with water filled if.

O' compatriots arise, call of Nigeria take heed;  
Thy father land with love, strength and faith serve,  
Immunize in your deeds the heroes past labors  
Alas cry they, in vain the labors of their hands.

Teach the youths the truth to know  
The youths, the truth they know not  
Germinate they not in love and honesty,  
In unjust and untrue they secure justice  
'Cause built nation where peace and justice  
Shall reign now in greed governed

To Nigeria pledge I O' my country  
Faithful, loyal and honest to be;  
Nigeria to slave for, my strength with all,  
And shall immunize my heroes' past labor,  
Her honor and glory, so speed me God.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Qualities Of Kas

You are fairer than words can say,  
You are more beautiful than day,  
As pale the moon in the clouded skies,  
You're meant to be seen in your poor attires;  
So sweet a face with such angelic grace.

My beloved, my Kas;  
Eyes ever enchanting  
Sparkling like the diamond of Africa;  
How much you mean to me?

Your black beauty, your everlasting radiance  
Appears in costly attires  
That glitters all day long,  
Smells like the morning rose,  
Add fragrance to my day;  
How lucky am I to be by you?

So generous, so kind,  
So tender, loving, caring;  
Breasts like golden globes,  
Hair like golden threads  
A thought of you fills my heart with joy, my Kas.

You are just wonderful,  
Inexplicably marvelous;  
A thousand words are not enough  
To say what I feel for you.  
How much words can tell the joy you bring to me?  
You are the jewel of my heart  
That keeps my heart beat rhythm.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Queen Of Heaven

Too many beauties my eyes have beheld  
But none could be compared to your beauteous forms  
As I daily search for words to describe your beauty  
What shall I name this compelling beauty of yours  
That has taught the eyes of men to see and desire?  
Shall I call you the queen of England, Princess Diana or Helen of Sparta?  
No! Your beauty is more than the earthly beauties of queens  
For you are more fairer than fair Helen whose admired beauty  
Plaqued the shores of troy with thousands of warships  
I shall call you the queen of heaven, the mortal star that radiates celestial.  
Thus the heavens themselves commend on your perfected beauty.  
Your navel a rounded goblet that never lacks blended wine  
Your waist a mound of wheat encircled by Lilly  
Your breasts, like ivory globes circled with jacinth  
Nose like the tower of Labon looking towards Damascus,  
Your azure veins, your alabaster skin; body polished with sapphire,  
Snow white teeth, your mouth smoother than oil,  
Your lips drops sweetness as the honeycomb, milk and honey are under your  
tongue  
And your voice much sweeter than the muses' songs.  
Hair like golden threads, your rosy dimpled cheeks  
For your beauty itself persuade the eyes of men without an orator.  
You are my lapis lazuli, the chrysanthemum of my love garden  
O' queen of heaven thou art more beautiful than words can say.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Reverse Is The Case

I shall make thee my Romeo and shall be thy Juliet  
And nothing like Paris shall come in 'twixt us this time  
I will destroy thousands of young men named Paris  
And unite both houses of Montague and Capulet with love  
Then will have William Shakespeare write a play called 'reverse is the case'  
Therefore thou shall be my Helen and I shall be thy Paris  
For there will be no Agamemnon come between us amore  
And I shall destroy thousands of Menelaus with Hector's sword  
Wherefore will have Homer's epic Iliad altered for once  
I shall be more fairer than fair Helen when she lived  
Whose admired worth made Greece with ten years of wars afflict poor Troy  
And shall launch ten thousands of admiration and love  
With which ten thousand years men shall serve thee for thy daughters' sake  
Then will have Hera and Athena themselves withdraw like the stars ashamed in  
comparison with You, my Aphrodisiac beauty.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Rising Sun

Rising sun, rising sun,  
Have you risen with my fortune?  
As I yet look upon the skies for smiles?  
Or have you risen to thaw the snow  
Which makes the hearts of men chilled?  
Don't tell me you've risen to make men  
That toil for subsistence scorched by you.  
O', you mean men are only born  
To toil from sunrise to sunset?  
Then also tell me men are only born to die!  
I charge thee O risen sun, scorch not man no more  
But rise to raise men from poverty,  
Where you gather photos and phyll set men,  
And transform their lives ever green.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Sarah The Nightingale

You are a nightingale,  
Your music is so harmonious  
That even the lark envy your voice.  
You are a singing enchantress  
Whose voice enchants thespians to encore?  
Inspires poets to compose lines,  
Lures men to slumber, and  
Comforts the distressed souls,  
And I desire nothing but thee  
In this mortal paradise;  
O' Sara Malla Sasime the nightingale!

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# She Came And Went

Oh! Thou bee of love that stings me

Is there no sweetness in your tongue?  
To relief me of the pain of love and separation  
Even though I have flaunted my love and relationship  
In the gallery of admiration and envy  
Like the models displaying their wears on the run-way.

It is pitiable—and so it is  
Just like the very first day I caught sight of her  
My heart was sentenced to desire her in the council of love  
And the night she fell in love with another soul  
My heart was sentenced to tears and sorrow  
And this pain blows in the north of my heart.

Once I loved a woman whom I thought the Spirit gave to me  
But little did I know that she belong to another man.  
It was at this hour of despondency she came into my life  
With uncompromising coated lips she captivated my heart.  
But it was another exodus of deceit and pain;  
This truly was another expression of insincerity bordering in lack of interest.  
Chei! You that swore by the fountain and mountain of absolute sincerity  
How come about this tears that has abused the face you once beheld?  
Oh! The deed is done, what is your portion as I now languish in pain?

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# She Came In Coated Lips

It is pitiable -and so it was  
What is this cloudy loneliness assuaging for?  
I sit daily in rancor with a disgusting look at life  
Have I but became a curse to manhood?  
Or precariously kept as obstacle to human progress?  
Nay! I can't imagine what this junk is all about.  
It was at this hour of despondency she came into my life.  
But she belongs to another man  
With uncompromising coated lips she captivated my heart.  
It was another exodus of deceit  
Although could be considered manageable as comfort requires it  
And I caressed and embraced until I hit the rock.  
This truly was another expression of insincerity bordering in prostitution.  
A contact that renders a man miserable, with tears on his cheeks while urinating;

Oh! Heaven I'm done for as my testis runs into my stomach.  
The urge for sexual gratification declined and melted away  
Only but solution for my cure was required  
Chei! This strictly-for-cash-doll have ruined my manhood  
Nonye, you that swore by the fountain and mountain of absolute sincerity,  
How come about this tears of urine?  
For sure I couldn't have held you responsible for these tears of urine  
If I had been of the coquetry  
Oh! Thou coquette Nonye the deed is done.  
What is your portion as I now languish in pains?

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# She Is A Freezer

She is a freezer, yet she preserves no food  
But she freezes the busy and troubled hearts of men  
And preserves the dying souls young men with elixir of her beauty  
She is a freezer, yet but not of herself  
But of the power of the radiance of her indescribable beauty

At the mention of her name 'Sarah' even time freezes in her honor,  
Upon her appearance under the darkest night  
The moon bows to her and becomes pale in reflection,  
Ashamed to compete with the radiance of her beauty  
Even the stars in her presence stand still in their sparks  
And the comets are seen in the firmament displaying systematically in her honor

Alas, in my mind's eyes, I could behold the great poets' pens  
Not willing to flow with ink in describing her perfect beauty,  
Fearing they might lack the perfect words to describe her perfect beauty  
And thus be charged by the Celestial body of pen's treason  
And even the great Shakespeare was transfixed by her celestial beauty  
And Ninon Denclos drew envy on her, wishing she was still alive.

Upon her lips a platted heap of honey  
This sweetens the sound of her voice while she sings  
And whenever she encore to sing upon the altar of God  
But with a voice of deep emotion, tears abuses face  
Whereon the beautiful sound of her voice drowns men with the presence of God  
And some said, in her voice lives God presence.

She reigns in the bosoms of many, of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted  
As virtue lacks dwelling, and made home in her bosom  
And among the many that mine eyes have seen  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed but Sarah.  
The calm and coolness in her voice proclaims her 'Sarah the Virtuous Woman'  
Her feet so beautiful and tender like the feet of a royal princess  
Even as she walks gracefully like the stars in procession  
Alas, she is like gold refined and her worth is far above rubies.

I have twice forsworn, to her love swearing in love epistles  
And I have made my eyes to swear against the thing they see never to desire  
But constantly they should behold her in the kaleidoscopic screen of my thought

And to flood the images of her qualities on my mind  
That I may forever be held bound in loving and desiring her,  
Giving no liberty unto my eyes to examine other passing-fair  
Until the day I may be called 'My Crowned Prince' by her  
For she is the Crown I so desire from the 'Holy One' upon my head.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# She Lamented

I give him curses, yet he loves me  
I frown at him, yet he loves me still  
I find means to hurt him, yet he protects me from hurts  
I laugh him to scorn when he passes, yet so sweet a voice he salutes me  
I describe him as Calibos, yet he calls me beautiful lady, lovely angelical  
I vilify his name in the streets, yet his tongue smoothes my name  
I spurn like a cur out of my way, yet he strews rose flowers on my path  
I asked his wish to be consumed by the fire of perdition, yet he spent years  
looking at me, longing with desire  
I show him the way to get lost, yet he rescued me in my moments of wandering  
Oh! Can't this man stop loving me?  
Even if he is superlatively impeccable.  
She lamented!

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Silent Wedding

Why must he love me when he knows that I am subject to my birth?  
When whom I love is decided by they whose words I cannot defile.  
A Royal blood runs through my veins and to a Royal blood I must be married  
And to him alone will I yield up my virgin's patent unto his lordship even though  
my soul consent not  
Alas, my subject, your love has disturbed my senses that I should die if I'm not  
rescued  
But shall I be freed from this plaque of love that so torments me? Emmh! and  
when?  
O' Heavens, smile upon my state as I am loved and in love with one  
Whom my birth allows no right to be loved by my Royal personage

I have two Royal Crickets who sing to me at night of love but love none  
Alas, I love but one in my heart whom I worship as I worship God  
And he calls 'She Who Must Be Loved' and himself 'He Who Cannot Stop Loving'  
me  
But my birth has denied us union and placed death upon him for loving the king's  
daughter  
For Fortune always frowns on those who love truly and dare to attain their desire

O my true lover, son of a plebian, seek you not my heart amore  
For this is an unequal combination, and my father your king is troubled  
Thus the pleasures of the Queen's Royal bed now remain unrelished  
As true love in motion vanishes sleep at night and wakefulness becomes the  
curse of love  
And I suffer from this wakefulness of love which is known to my Royal household  
And I know more wakefulness lodges in your eyes, for with much love you bear  
me in your heart than I do

I fear tonight our love shall not live to see the dawn of tomorrow's night  
As pride and honor has conspired to nib it off from its bud?  
And soon you shall be led like a lamb to the slaughter house to cool the heat of  
love  
Alas, the spill of your blood shall cleanse off the King and Queen's wakefulness  
For nothing troubles the king's heart in his kingdom, not even true love for his  
daughter  
But woe to love herself that will shed the blood of my true lover  
And ere the light of life will be put out of your temple, taste you shall of the fruit  
of your love

But neither will my mother nor my kinsfolk attend my Royal wedding  
Thus tonight, I shall but in your hut celebrate with you my silent wedding

O' my lover, tonight I shall with pride and honor grant you my favor in a silent  
wedding

For you have won my favor and with my body I give you my heart and soul and  
say me not nay

And think not who shall make your grave with stones when the sword of loving  
me shall claim your life

Alas, tonight I make my Royal body your grave-yard and my heart your  
sepulcher where you shall live forever

Therefore, kiss my breasts for my consolation and for your sweet eternal repose  
in my heart

Ravish my chastity, plunder my maidenhead, O' you poor son of a plebian whom  
my soul loveth

For pride and honor has conspired to make you a sweet taste for the worms of  
the earth

But with pride will I honor you with my maidenhead before your body worms  
destroy

And ashamed shall I never be to tell the glory of my plundered chastity by you  
whom I love

And never shall I allow myself to be attacked by expressions of love by any noble  
nor royal blood

Whereon, forever will I abjure the society of men to keep your sepulcher sacred  
and honored.

But alas King of kings, what have I done to deserve the absence of the man who  
deflowered me?

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Sleepless Night

She is my dream girl  
Every night I dream of her  
Now I can't sleep at nights  
'Cause' I'm afraid of dreaming  
Dreaming of the girl I love  
For when I dream of her  
She gives me sleepless night  
Yet she is dream girl.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Sorry For Those Days With Anger

I Sincerely Apologize For Those Days Anger Took Me Away From You. I Am Truly Sorry For Everything. For Both The Physical And The Unseen Elements Wants Me For My Beauty's Sake And For Honor's Cause Of Which One Of Them Was Anger—The Beautiful Beast. He Said, He Loves Me The Most Amongst My Suitors And I Fell For His Coated Lips, Forgetting That I'm Still In Love With You. Though I Struggled To Get Loosed From Him (Anger) But Couldn't Because His Irresistible Presence In My Life Has Already Eaten Up And Occupied The Most Crucial Parts Of My Heart. The More Effort I Make To Get Free From Him, The More He Fortified His Grip On Me And I Was Helpless.

When He Noticed That I Was Serious About Walking Him Out Of My Life, He Seduced Me With Those Wrong Words You Said To Me The Other Night At The Confectionery That Got Me Hurt And Then I Fell For Him Again. To Show His Appreciation For My Loving Him Back, He Gave A Gift To My Emotion Wrapped In A Beautiful Wrapper To Finally Wave You Off My Heart And Never To Feel Anything For You Again. But When I Unveiled The Gift, It Was A Beautiful Token Of Gold Engagement Ring Of 'Intense Dislike' For You.

He Was Very Jealous Of You Always Being Happy With Me No Matter What Happens, And Wanted To Take Absolute Control Of Me And My Life Just To Hurt You, And He Succeeded. But Just When I Realized That I Had Left You And Had Gone Far With Him And Wanted To Come Back To You; He Sent His Agents To Possess You. And As A Result, Our Relationship Became Worse, So Much That If Not For That Particular 'Angelic Language' (Music) That Our Hearts Loves To Listen To And Get Sweeten, Who Stood And Said 'NO' To Him, Perhaps We Would Have Gone Our Separate Ways... I'm Very Sorry.

I Am Really Sorry For Everything,  
My True Love.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Soul Of My Mortal

Truly, my imagination always clings on thee,  
While my eyes keep vigil night o'er nights,  
And the heart of mine kept beating tip, tip, tip,  
Which does take away the silence in every closest.

Thus take out in the silence of the dark night,  
Then kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth;  
For thou only amongst many I have loved  
And I seek not thy body but thy true love.

My eyes bleed red water for thy long time afar,  
My heart keeps beating for thy immunity,  
For all of them battle with my emotions  
And my mortal made weak for my soul dwelling.

Alas, who will sing for the oneness of my mortal and soul?  
O ne'er come such division 'twixt my soul and mortal;  
I bid thee O nightingale, come back to thy cage,  
For thou art truly the soul of my mortal.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

## Still Sowing In Tears

Cry on! Cry on! Akai, chei and sighing has been my hard lot all day long.  
When will men stop to revile me just because I am poor, weary and needy?  
Even those I shed my blood for their success hurt me daily.  
Where, when have I ill treated men?  
Heaven be thou the judge in all things I do.  
What a world I'm born into? Every passing click of the clock is pain,  
Bitterness, oppression, repression and denigration of people.  
Was it not written whatever a man soweth so same shall he reap?  
But I ask when and where have I sowed these seeds of sorrow  
That I should reap the fruits of sorrow?  
My conscience had always been my guard as I daily judge myself of all my  
injustice.  
But I can't find the reason for these tortures I daily face;  
Oh Heaven thou art my witness.  
I am not a criminal yet do I bear the marks of a criminal  
A mark remarkably registered all over my body by men of avarice and negative  
psychic manipulations.  
Each time I reflect on these marks I shed tears of apathy, as I cannot live with  
my bear body.  
All it pushes me to do is to seek vengeance  
Yet one thing I fear is that vengeance is the Lord's  
Otherwise I would have men seen one more devilish than the devil.  
Let Heaven only be the judge in all things.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Struggle To Manhood

Shall my sorrow once turn to laughter?  
Who is he that has prophesied?  
You false prophet hold it to yourself.  
When shall I become a man? When?  
Even then manhood is a struggle;  
I crept and toiled daily for subsistence  
As though the cursed serpent  
But cursed I was not.

Have all not developed teeth?  
Yet teeth development remains a dream to me.  
Have all not stood and walked?  
Yet walking remains a dream to me.  
O', ornament of the most God  
Feed me with the milk of thy breast  
As though a child fed by his mother;  
I am this child of the boneless,  
Within me lie these potencies of creativity  
Though not yet full to create,  
Still on the struggle to manhood.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Supreme Mother

I seek for her that will woo me to sleep,  
As tears from my eyes' sockets so fast fall,  
And non' could calm me save my mama's breast;  
Mama, mama, mama, to her I call  
But non' could heed me save the womb that bore me.  
Oh! Truly my mama, thou art supreme.  
I like mine mama, I love mine mother;  
The blessed ship that convey'd me inward.  
Thy love I shall not share with another  
For thou art true ship that my life board,  
And unt'l thy immortal part go live  
With angels, thee alone I will not leave,  
Thus shall keep alive thy life with my love  
Wherein forever my heart thou shall live.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Sweet November Eight

It comes again sweet November eight!  
It is a day a unique soul view the beam of life,  
It is a day a new light indeed radiate,  
It is a day set aside by every other day.  
I am this new day, new 'Light', and this new soul  
That comes on that flawless sweet November eight;  
A day that blemishes the union of Venus and Athena.  
O thou Phaethon, thou art the son of Helios,  
The god of the sun, thou who received permission  
To drive the chariot of the sun of the day,  
Make thou Eight November my day a bright sunny day  
Complimenting the commemoration of my birth.

Come thou O Athena, thou the goddess of wisdom  
On this commemoration of my great birth,  
With a gift of poetry and adventure;  
Then grant unto me my desire of thespian wanderlust.  
And upon it kiss me with the kisses of thy lips  
For it will usher into me the freshness of life,  
And make me immortal in my literary compositions.

Mother Nature feed me with the breast milk of thy breast,  
The Great Mother upon me the secrets of life reveal I pray  
To live to leave a monolith time cannot destroy;  
That these men may bless the day of my birth, sweet November Eight.  
And let there be no plebs natus on this day of my birth  
But noble men of character; men whose deeds base immortality.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Testimony Of A Shinobi

I am a disease called crime  
I construct murder alphabetically  
And I have authored many crimes and miseries  
And I'm an architect of many a grave house  
The cemetery my library can attest to that truth  
But alas, my folk wonder what inspire me  
Thus I love crimes like ant loves sugar.  
I lead the gospel of love and peace  
Fortunately, forces of disunity I gave birth  
To puncture every tube of peace and love  
And to them that sees me and shiver  
Upon their eyes I cast eternal rest  
And they that love me with fear  
I serve with high blood pressure  
And at the mention of my name  
The hypertensive rest for ages  
Disturbing not the living at all  
But living as extinct bodies  
In the realm I shall go and return no more.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The African Tradition

Libation! It is the African tradition;  
It is the centre culture of our tradition;  
The power of the African child,  
The network of the information from the household gods  
And the gods of kingdom, the gods of our identity.  
We libate with schnapps, awake the spirits  
Of our ancestors so speed us in action an' reaction  
But done upon the gad at ease we no longer  
For our centre culture active no more as things fell apart  
But who is he that makes our minds troubled?  
And walk we abroad and forgot our tradition,  
Our culture, belief, our vehicle and our tradition  
Woe to you foreigner for deception is you;  
The betweenness between us took you away from us  
And our offspring you turned rebels with your foreign ideas.  
The networks of our wise ones you intercepted  
And your strange God now we serve with you  
While our wise ones slave for your topless.  
No to you foreigner, for me, myself and I shall awake  
And maintain my fathers' beliefs, culture and tradition  
Which I have come and seen, for it is my true identity,  
For I am a true African child.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# The Bewitching Girl

Here she comes again this bewitching girl  
With a tall, slim and light completion that radiates;  
Her presence bewitches, fascinates and intrigues my restless heart,  
And she's got the type of sexy cat-eyes that keeps  
Men's pants down their knees without asking.  
O', like a fly caught into the webs of a spider;  
I'm caught by the radiance of puerile face.

From the sparkling colors of her eyes comes the spectrum.  
It is her most devastating weapon,  
Somewhat outlandish; and her looks breathe taking.  
Her walks—left little to the imagination  
Oh, I will love every bit of womanhood in her  
Until there's not womanhood left in her to love,  
For she has made me feel wanted and introduced  
Me into a new way of living where love matters.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Bright Moment

The winter's darkness and cold  
Is only but a momentary prelude  
To the opening of the new day of spring  
And while its grip seems endless  
Our own perseverance prove equal  
We are ourselves seeking the bright moment  
The bright moment that will serve  
Serve as the foundation of our future.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Caesarean Child

Who is this caesarean child named caesar?  
Great thought is this child and brave are his deeds.  
Honor has he for all but fear he depicts none  
This child who dwelled in the delphos of eve  
And now caesarean child bear his identity  
So envy am i this child of caesarean  
To take the path took he come my world  
For great and brave desire i to be too  
As when lived great julius caesar.  
Caesarean child be thou my replica  
Men and wench's honor and fear thee  
And so caesarean honor but fears none  
For men are born by women and are womanish  
Caesarean child born he not by a weaker vessel  
And so brave and great are his deeds  
O' happy i this caesarean child is my identity.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Chariot Of My Crown

Upon my desire my eyelids are lifted up even in my sleep  
Yet looketh not upon another's like the eyes of the kings'  
And my eardrums are open to sound the noise of her chariot  
Yeah, but not the prattles of being desired by other maidens on the broad ways  
But to receive the noisome arrival of her chariot and to behold her graces

O' Great Maker! Why is the chariot of my Crown so long in coming?  
Alas, let the chariot wherewith took home Elijah deliver unto me my Crown  
Or has Thy prophet Elijah not arrived home with the chariot?  
Or has she arrived and I in my ignorance walketh not her path to secure her?  
Or has Thou not made an end in forming her in Thy wisdom?  
And thus, can I not secure her in the gallery of Thy accomplishment?  
Are Thou not the One that said 'she is the Crown upon my head? '  
And is it not Thy word that says 'she is my glory? '

Then when will Thou place upon my head the Crown of my glory?  
Or when will Thou lead me to trace the tracks of her chariot?  
That she may be found of me and I may be crowned of her?  
As I no longer abode under the roof of her who once did conceived me;  
But now becometh a man to lord over my life and the fruits of my blood.

O' Lord, take the lead, for wither her direction I knowest not  
But I do know the smells of her unstained virgin's robe;  
It smells like virtue, pious, chaste, honor, kindness and prudence  
And when I secure her, Thy peace shall flood the gates of my heart  
Whereon I shall smile and dance more than David the king danced.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Confessor

I have heard the fame of her beauty  
And I, of notes taken of her many virtues  
Which has plagued the walls of my heart  
Whereon I became subject to her fair countenance  
And at the wand of her beauty my obedience I tender  
Alas, I am the confessed and the confessor of her beauty

She is the beat and men in dance revolves round about her  
Like the stars revolves round about the moon light  
Some said, she came from the province of the goddesses  
Perchance a god in disguise mated her mother thus formed she  
With an irresistible beauty to plague the hearts of men with desire  
Truly, she is a secret and lovely thing to look upon  
And having the likeness of a goddess even the gods gave her gifts  
Oh, she is a wonder to behold; a bright garland of blooming flowers  
And a crown of gold upon the head of him whom she chose for a husband  
Alas, I am the confessed and the confessor of her beauty

Her beauty radiates with disease, pestilence and sin  
Fixing your eyes of desire on her irresistible beauty  
Unleashes the contents of the Pandora box of her beauty and you're plagued  
She is truly a blessing and a curse of wakefulness to anyone at night  
She plaques the hearts of men with an unending desire of her beauty  
Just like Helen of Sparta plagued the shores of Troy with thousands of war ships  
Alas, I am the confessed and the confessor of her beauty

O' goddess Pandora from the province of the goddesses—first beauty of the  
universe

I am the seeker, the confessed and the confessor of your beauty  
Thus upon me the plaques of your irresistible beauty hath descended  
And in me you have blown the coal of desire of your beauty  
Which only your consent to my desire can quench this coal.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Crying Innocent

Oh! Thou maker of my soul, art Thou not the merciful God?  
Or has your mercies ceased to function towards man?  
Is there no mercy from Thee that sees to the bottom of my grief?  
As I live and languish in the said 'pre-supposed' destiny of hatred.  
In my innocence have I been hated from the chalice of life?  
But he who is treacherous and crafty Ye have loved still,  
And in Thy love Thou hast given to the 'Second' that meant for the 'First' in  
hunger  
Yet do I call Thee the Impartial God in the pain of my loss.  
And who is the foolish pot that can question the acts of his Potter?  
Oh my Potter, do dare not cross Thy righteous will,  
But when have I deceived an old blind father for my selfish profit?  
Rather, I daily search the forest only to bring venison to my father's table that he  
may sup,  
But was denied of his blessings by the 'Loved' and she who conceived both alike.  
I have forgiven; I have pardoned and have even shown love to the 'Loved' one  
And shall not let the 'Spirit of the First born Cain' come reign in my bosom.  
O Lord my God, but is there no love out of Thy mercy for he who is hated?  
Alas, show mercy and love to Thy 'Image and Likeness' from Thy infinite mercies.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Doom Dungeon

From the merciless hands of the rulers to the ruled,  
The wind of oppression blow stilly into flesh and bones  
So many the minds of plebeians quailed out;  
Thus no hope in their faith and amidst many I the orator,  
And fears from my eyes like a woman's to fellow plebeians.

In the darkest expires many air in speechless state of mind  
But the system is called the freedom of people, by the people and for the people  
Yet they keep watch o'er us fierce remote animals in attempt of our freedom,  
And I the press given to the freedom of oppression, death and doom.

In speechless will I never expire like fellow plebs,  
And not even the zombies will I fear and be speechless.  
I speak freedom, equity, fairness against oppression, death and doom;  
And unto the dungeon they transited me with their remote machinery  
As they could not put out the fire of life in me;  
And with their merciless power has dug dungeon for my freedom;

With no one whom I could communicate my thoughts to,  
And no one to sympathize with my state of suffering.  
But as the day passes, familiar became I with the narrow limit  
Which my wandering had been confined,  
Alas, bitterly I felt the state of my captivity.  
O freedom! O freedom! O freedom! Thou art not as press dreams;  
Woe to the hands that dug this doom dungeon.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The First Conflict

The earth bubbled; what seemed corporal melted into space  
Shortly after the first huddle of racism  
The wave of revolutionary trend breeze in  
It was the first rung to the ladder by the grace imperialism  
A blood bathed against the tin-gods of the four empires  
The eyes of the victims muttered for a messiah  
The atmosphere of justice prevailed over everywhere  
Right senses of leadership were expunged from the constitution  
Power tussle became vehement conquest for these robots.  
A struggle of against mob rule; against apartheid and hostility  
Became another exodus of the division;  
Empires were carved for the Ali-babas' to dominate  
A barbaric curse in the sight of a true nationalist.  
What seemed a struggle for survival no more than selfishness;  
Gave birth to a premature military coup to topple the four empires; and its  
leadership.  
Though many things were done behind the scene to obviate this human tragedy,  
Still the noose continued tightening.  
A bomb-shell was received; though its miscarriage gave way to massive  
slaughter of the east;  
It was the most inhumane military operation ever known in the military palance.  
They went about it haphazardly. Skulls lied along every street for claim  
While the raven devoured unclaimed carcasses  
Heaven was shut against men; forces of disunity dispersed to puncture every  
tube of peace.  
Hay, shocking atrocity lingered everywhere  
Addition to this unwholesome atmosphere of vandalism  
General was forced to kiss the earth; he cried executed.  
It was a bloody coup aimed at victimization  
Yet the reactionaries were not asleep.  
'ABURI' played its fair role as the agent as of peace  
Yet accords were turned upside down by the tyrants  
Arms conflict became the only peaceful solution  
A curse that stinks and stings; secession was declared  
Though it was a dream that never came true  
Yet millions of skulls were used to appease the gods.  
When the atmosphere boiled down, down to a total revolt against repression and  
suppression  
It became the Armageddon of the people.



Men forced for recruitment, victims of war dropping dead at every trek made in thousands miles

Hunger as mien stared at these innocents; as they trekked to an unknown destination.

Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth became the order of the day;

Starvation vigorously stared at them on the face.

White kwashiorkor a killer phobia sapped through healthy body, damaging it beyond resuscitation.

Properties missed their ways; safety entirely erased from the system.

It was a memorable day of unspeakable encirclements; A day scarcely to be forgotten.

Mortars, bombs exploded, bullets pierced through the robust body of men

When rebels opportune to loot and betrayed the 'IKEMBA'.

The total structure of the country was blown sky-high;

As men decompose for the ravens and the worms to eat up

A cry of reason condensed; look around in three years of bitter encounter

Millions of human souls and materials were impoverished.

An encounter much more deadly than the Russian revolution;

That fought against still staring at us face.

Oh! God save us from this mad rush to the slaughter house.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Foolish Bachelorhood

Who is the witness that can testify to set him free?  
That he never slept a night with a woman beside him.  
'Yes, I have seen him wooed them, they who are pretty-looking;  
They who are in the flower of their age and who were never deflowered.  
I have seen him studied hard to become a master of oratory  
That he may persuade the loving hearts of women anywhere  
To make them yield up their virgins' patents unto his lordship  
And by his good command of Queen's English language  
They who vowed chaste life to keep came tripping-by  
And at the sound of his seductively constructed words from his sugar-coated lips,

He ravished their chastity and plundered their maidenheads at their will-  
Good dishes well prepared and preserved for those who were born to eat them,  
For he enjoys the aroma of fornication and never slept alone at night.

I have even heard folks named him 'World Best'; some called him Merci  
For he is a player, skillful in invading the hearts of women with deception;  
And at his tender eclogues extemporaneously composed in conversation  
He inflames women with desire and makes them pull their pants down their  
knees willfully  
And when he passes-by, the scent of his perfume calls women with lustful gaze,  
Thus, creating in them an intense desire of him and sky-rocketing their sexual  
libidos  
That they run home, mix black and white to reflect their artificial beauty  
To look sexually appealing to his philandering heart to get laid with him.  
Alas, like a sparrow's eyes he failed not to see the green light they blink on him  
And like a gluttonous cat and a voracious eater, he quickly exploits their  
maidenheads  
And so much pride he had in living the life of a careless randy single man  
Thus was sentenced to single-cell but later was jailed to live in bachelorhood.'

Oh foolish bachelorhood, know you not that my time is ripe for marriage?  
How much longer will you hold me still, living as your prisoner?  
Why have you made yourself my jailer in all these wasted years?  
Have you not held me prisoner for thirty-one years living in single-cell?  
And you infused into me never ending desire of marriage as your way of torture,  
Yet has denied me that office where I shall turn a spinster into a wife  
For it is in the turning of a spinster a wife that a bachelor turns a husband.  
Now they ask, 'Is it for fear to wet a widow's eyes that I consume myself in

single-cell? '

And why have you refused me entering into marital prison rather than single-cell?

Alas! I curse your grip on me bachelorhood; take off from my body your single-cell garment

But decorate me with the black suit of marital prison that I may live therein,  
For they who love me and she who conceived me bids me take my place in marriage.

O shame to my jailer bachelorhood and foul dishonor to you single-cell  
For charging the injuries of many maiden on the inventions of my mouth;  
And I will not let my tongue be mute when they shall charge me with so black many deeds:

Did you not remember when love lacked a dwelling and made me her dwelling?  
That she will pay me her rent of dwelling in me by giving me love-infected heart  
That these maidens' eyes stuck over my face and my beauteous form,  
Demanding a portion in my love-infected heart for a dwelling without rent;  
And a piece of my heart did I gave them which was with time duration  
But a piece of their hearts they failed to give to fit into my bleeding heart  
Only but accused of heart-breakings, tortured and jailed in single-cell;  
Whereas I am as innocent as my accusers and they as guilty as I could be.  
For as much hearts as I have broken same are they that bled my heart.

O' Lord my Judge, discharge and acquit me from all charges and from single-cell  
For I am barren of all accusations now that I have left Egypt for Jerusalem;  
And thus, I chose to be a lawful captive, to be imprisoned in that marital prison  
With she whom I will chose that three copies of myself may be printed  
Whereon when nature calls me to be gone, copies of my form have I left behind.  
Alas! This grace I desire of Thee my Lord, and I shall with thousand thanks pay  
Thee.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Glow No More The Glory

Oh! Mocking day, have you but come?  
No, thy transcendental beauty looks suspicious  
What present have you for me?  
You ravenous and venomous day that surfaces with smile  
But underneath sticks thy proboscis into the pores of men  
Sucking the blood of the innocents;  
Shall you not but one day account for your works?  
Oh! Mocking day you that awaken men with hope of brilliance;  
How you dare turn to frown at me so aggressively?  
You remember you were once the object of everyone's expectation  
But why and what has made you betray this confidence?  
Were you marrowless? or that indeed that men may question?  
You remember how all loved you and cared for you  
How then comes this bitterness in the pudding?  
Is it not the evil you spake against that  
You are now found taking delight in?  
At least you would have been considerate and affectionate  
Before striking me with your unseen wand of burden.  
When you showered your dews on every  
creature,  
The hope of a new born day is felt everywhere;  
But why are you today full of labor and burden?  
That saps the pride and youthfulness of men.  
Oh! The glow is no more the glory  
As all are rendered senile by the strength of the labor of their life.  
Let no one speak against evil as I see evil as a divine compliment of life.  
This is an established acme of truth.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Goodnight Kisses

As the sun raced homeward,  
To me she sounded:  
Cast into my eyes man and  
Let no tears dropp on thy cheeks,  
For division is such sweet sorrow;  
But take thou my kisses  
The very kisses of good night.  
Here tomorrow the sun will set out  
And so shall I set out  
Mine eyes upon thee  
With smiles on our faces  
Sculpting out our passions  
That men may behold true love  
And good-night kisses the division.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Great Briggs

The great Briggs  
Father of well born -children amidst fathers  
I cherish the name Briggs  
Hearing it anywhere, anytime  
Brings joy to my heart  
It's the most famous, most respected  
And most adored name in my kingdom  
The great and influential Briggs  
Banner of the Royal Family  
Most colorful and most vibrant name in Abonnema  
I will do all I can  
To elevate the name Briggs  
I will do all I can  
To immortalize the name Briggs  
In my endeavor, in my doing  
In my academic field of studies  
And in all the ways I can.

I will struggle for the name Briggs  
To be more great every second  
I will build a kingdom named the Great Briggs  
Mounted upon the Polar Star  
Shining its kingdom's light  
Constantly upon the surface of mother Earth  
Then whose name would soar  
Above the name BRIGGS  
Or alike in dignity?  
No name but Briggs  
I will banish any name  
Alike in dignity with Briggs in the firmament  
But the name BRIGGS  
Will soar, soar and soar  
To keep all the foes of Briggs  
In servile fearfulness  
Even to eternity.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The King's Diadem

She's the Koh-i-noor of my Burkingham Palace  
The inestimable value of the jewel on my diadem,  
Yet she's the diadem upon my head  
And as beautiful as a righteous soul;  
She radiates her essence like the sun of the day,  
And even when Phoebus clouds his rays  
Her beauty gives light to all and sundry.  
She's the light that I follow,  
And the face that I look upon;  
The moon shines in her eyes  
And brighten up my thoughts.  
Oh! What king is a king without a diadem?  
And what diadem is a diadem without a jewel?  
She's the diadem upon my head,  
And the jewel upon my diadem.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Last Days

The fear of God gone into oblivion.  
Men now become Gods themselves  
Crime wave the mandated order of the day  
Honesty already at discount, dishonesty at premium.  
Sex a child's play on the street  
Money, women, luxury the aim of men  
Robbery a certification of dignity  
Truth a bitter pill to swallow;  
Honest men now in abject poverty  
Loyal women deemed mesmerized with evil apparition.  
Malefactors assembled to be rulers  
Murderers made body guards and soldiers  
Police, agents of immorality; a virus that destroys  
Lawyers now great merchandise.  
Court a place of gamble for under world men.  
Cost of living getting higher and higher  
At an alarming rate,  
Starvation glaring at people on the faces  
People everywhere travails  
Gnashing at their teeth  
The sun scorches almost to melt all and sundry  
While the acidulous rain falls nearly to wax people dead cold.  
The wind blows up roofing buildings and trees  
The fate of men in melancholy.  
Darkness now envelops the globe  
Men living in rancor and fear  
Weeping unceasingly at the turn out of events  
Men all preferring death to life, as they remain suspended in agony.  
Despondent hearts collapses at the in take of poison  
Yet poison a killer tonic turns into stimulant and appetizer  
Wells no more produce water; as food was a great exhibit  
Children languish in pain, crying until they dose off.  
The hearts and eyes of men seeks for a messiah  
Women's mind seize to function towards luxury  
None then teaches his brother to know God.  
Children were like sheep lead to the slaughter.  
They are the carcasses meant for the ravens  
It was like the day St. Paul wrote to Timothy  
A day when men became covetous.



Lions and wild beast lay snare on the streets.  
Robbery declared and given legal sanctity  
Government seizes to function; it was the last days  
While the last trumpet blew.  
Agents of destruction passed through  
In three days of oblivious darkness  
Three quarters of the human race are consumed  
It was the last days on earth.  
This is the end of the world  
Joy was amongst the living in the brotherhood  
The kingdom of this world has become  
That of Jehovah and his Christ  
Declared the, amen.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Light

I am the Light of the world  
I am He who giveth light at the break of the day  
I am the moonlight in the dark-night  
The moonlight darkness cannot comprehend  
And in the dark when I ignite disappear is the darkness

I am the sun of the day  
I rise from the east with chlorophyll  
And I produce photosynthesis to the shrubs  
The flowers, plants and man  
Without which all wither and die

And no one cometh unto the Father  
But through the Sun of man  
For I am the way, the truth and the Light.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Man Died

He is my man! He is my man;  
He died-He died a miseries death.  
Hollow it beats my mind  
Of this great injustice, minor offence punishable by death?  
What for? No this injustice cries to heaven for condemnation  
Must thou be forgiven decree four?  
No, forgiveness far from you  
You eat and take delight in my produce  
Yet lead me to the inevitable pit.  
Decree four! Decree 4 hast thou condemned me?  
Idiagbon as thou face clouds daily with horror,  
So hast thou made the country weep for their groups  
Be gone; be gone- ad infinitum  
With a fainted and palpitating heart  
He marched to the gallows by the grace of a trifle offence  
Weak and helpless procession he stood  
With the legs wobbling in between the two worlds  
Fate declared it; it was the minute of my man.  
Death glared at his face with ridiculous look  
The executioner approaches with an angry mien,  
Humane feelings no more but hanging.  
The atmosphere of pandemonium smeared silence  
Yet silence a killer phobia assume embodiment of peace.  
The cat-call became venomous, dirge and elegy met  
Still the man untouched; only but ready to play the rhythm;  
Sympathizers sobbed with increasing agony and tears  
As the executioner fast approaches  
As though should cast a spell freeing these innocent tied to the sycamore tree.  
Justice where are you! Art thou gone and gone forever  
He cried muttered; reverend father woe unto you  
That assume the power of God as you have power to create  
Offering prayers of death, to puncture my tube of life.  
What offence is it that deserves death, that you h  
Idiagbon you have done your wish  
The wish one day must play its role in you  
You charge yourself with my produce  
You destroyer of souls be thou destroyed is the alteration in beginning  
As to Caesar so to Brutus  
You that be the architect of departure

Farewell my man till we meet again on the resurrection morn.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Memories

When my memory ignites  
It clings on the songs  
We sang on the beach  
The music we played at night  
The moonlight dance we danced  
The nature we felt together  
The kisses we had in the summer  
The love we played in the garden  
The fun we had on the phone  
The laughter we shared in unity  
And the sex pleasure we derived  
Please come bring back these memories  
And make it evergreen in me  
For you are the memories.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# The Mother Sea

It is said that there is one river to cross but the nature of the river they know not,

And that there is one sea people are afraid to cross

And that is the one Caesarean Sea in the whole wide world.

This sea no man born by a woman can cross,

Not even the world best sailors can sail across on that sea

But the true 'Caesareans' only.

And the Caesareans call it the sea of destiny

For it takes only the destined and pure minds to sail across that sea,

And they labeled it 'THE MOTHER SEA'. AND INDEED 'I AM A TRUE CAESAREAN'.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# To The Guillotine

It may be an unforgettable lie  
If I were to crown you  
The most beautiful woman I've yet met,  
Yet were I to deny you the crown  
Of the most pleasant woman  
A man can be around with;  
Then to the guillotine  
Mine head should go.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# What Do I Do?

What do I do to make you love me?  
What do I do to make you feel me?  
What do I do to make you care for me?  
Tell my princess of exquisite beauty  
Of whose true quality fixed, what I should?  
I will pluck down the firmament for you  
And write your names on the stars with red  
Climb the Mount Everest for thy honor's sake  
And bring you the golden fish from the red sea  
O' my princess, take not thy love from me  
For thy love is the day-light in my heart  
But what light is light if you're not by me  
And what laughter is laughter if you're not by me  
Come back and I will make amends wherever I have wrong thee.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS



# Who Will I Love Again?

Who will I love again?  
A recurring interrogation  
Agitating my troubled mind  
What else would I have say  
For the truly and sincerely  
Love of mine to be confirmed by you?  
You beautifully stared into my blue eyes  
And sting me with my unstained  
Love I decorated for your comfort  
And left my love world so cold  
Without saying adieu to me,  
Why oh why I cry for my love.

The speed of time cannot  
Take away the memory  
Of the blues and stillness of the night  
You left my love world so cold  
For my world love you left  
Behind has broken my heart  
And made me without a soul  
I have to find a soul for body  
For love is my law  
But who will I love again?

With my lips all day all night  
Groaning someone inflicted pains of love  
With tears sculpting race tracks on my cheeks  
I bade farewell in pains to the one I love dearly  
And now I'm left alone  
In the middle of nowhere crying,  
Crying that can never be console with words  
I seek someone to come transform my tears into laughter.

I will take the path to Venus castle  
For the most ravishing queen  
A queen with a perfect voice to sing me asleep  
That not even nightingale can compete with  
While she sings, talk and laugh  
And I will seek audience with the goddess of love

For an unstained and unconditional  
Love my path to come,  
Love that o'er throws life,  
Love that o'er throws life,  
Love that o'er throws empires.

These goddesses should look  
Beyond the sores in my heart  
And attend to the ulcer  
In my stomach  
That is where the pain lies  
Else I'll destroy all rivers of life;  
Poor me fighting a just fight.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Working On The Sleeve Of Life

Nay! The gods are not to blame.  
It is my destiny that the only girl I love, belong to another  
Anna please keep my love for the rainy days  
She was indeed my real affirmation of chance  
Anna just as I reminded her only but true love counts  
As it would happen another lured her with 'HAKI' [money] from me  
She was my lover; a true devoted lover transformed in a split second  
I only woke up one day to find her another man's like a dream  
Is it true; I asked myself counting on every passing click of the clock?  
No more sleep nor rest only but a palpitating heart of failure and disappointment.  
I continued to spend the night in such a painful and horrible state  
Until mine became almost a psychiatric therapy.  
I cried out Anna, Anna, Anna I called  
Only but reply of the echo of my voice sounded everywhere  
Anna was gone, gone and gone forever with a man who was never her choice?  
Only but beguiled by the fake splurges of stake winner.  
Consolation rings the bell of courage in my heart, for all is not lost.  
Some times we loose to gain, other times we gain to loose;  
Such was my saga with Anna; nothing ventures - nothing happens.  
Ah! Like a mirage, today a better than Anna is my arms  
While I live happily in total affluence  
Anna ducks around me. No time no interest  
Anna regrets eternally loosing me for a fake spinner  
So it is with impatient; like a patient dog eat a fat bone.  
So Anna lost with impatient  
A double dealer is taken up his double standard  
Anna, Anna remember my words, to keep the rainy days echoed in my heart  
As she ebbed away with the tide.

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS

# Your True Beauty

You are as beautiful as white cloud  
Flowing among bright stars at night  
You are as beautiful as pale cloud  
Which the moon set alight

You are as lovely as golden stars  
Which white clouds try to brush away  
You are as bright as the golden stars  
When they came out to play

You are as glittering as those stairs  
Of stone down which the blue brooks run  
You are as shining as the waves  
All hastening to the sun

LIGHTCHEERFUL BRIGGS