

Poetry Series

Miracle Asuquo
- poems -

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Miracle Asuquo(14 February)

Miracle Asuquo is a citizen of Nigerian, who has a burning passion for poetry, he is a young writer hoping to make a name through writing.

He obtained his first school leaving certificate at government primary school ikot ntuen uko, in uyo Akwa Ibom state and went further to get his secondary Education at community comprehensive secondary school four towns but finished at community secondary school Essien itiaba, nsit atai local government, Akwa ibom state.

He obtained a Diploma in law certificate from The university of uyo, Nigeria and also holds a bachelor's degree in psychology.

He is from a family of six and the last child to Mr/Mrs Effiong Asuquo, indigenes of uyo local government, akwa ibom state Nigeria.

Miracleasuquocute@

A Broken Soul

A contrite heart
eaten as meal by the Wolf of anguish
polluted with bite of dishonour
and left to die in silence
as I watch both pant in tears
as morning moaning turn groaning

A wounded soul
pierced with needle of unkindness
roasted in the fire of horror
and left to die in silence
as his hands sunk into her face
and stole her beauty

A lonely soul
bounded in the coven of torture
deprive of a voice and a word
and left to die in silence
to protect tradition in the presence of death
and her family's worth in the arms of brokenness

a dowry of slavery
paid in exchange for a brutality
a wine of death
drank amidst suffering
a painful lovely experience
that diluted her sanity
as she is left to die in silence

Is it marriage or mirage
was it love or lust
or may be beauty and the beast
thrown into the island of doom
o souls of brokenness
who can't leave her marriage because of her African dynasty.

Miracle Asuquo

A Man Of Pieces

I have being diluted in shame
As my wholeness wax away
in the pot of heart break
I watch my soul journey
into the land of bones and skull
As my eyes drips salty lakes
the moment her kiss was stolen from me
i realise love a time is bitter and sweet a man of pieces I have become

I have known the moon
in moaning and mourning
even when my strength leaks away
like turbulent ejaculation
and sorrow floods my inner being
the moment I lost her warm touch
i knew love a times is bitter and sweet
a man of pieces I have become

My heart is heavy
and my soul bleeds
when the sky smiles
and tomorrow seem near
and I watch her stick out her stalk
like cactus to pierce my fragile heart
i concluded that love a times is bitter and sweet
a man of pieces I remain

Miracle Asuquo

A Woman Of Sorrow

passionately
the droplet of tears adorn her face
as sorrows hid her beauty

a victim of bruises
fettered to the vows of matrimony
as misfortune wrecks her soul

yesterday was a slap
today a fresh blow
tomorrow may be death

pains her comforting pal
a sorrowful woman
living in a shattered world

what is life
but nightmare full of agony
as innocent soul are sold for dowry

Miracle Asuquo

A Word To My Love

Loneliness pecks me every night
as my bed stays empty
cos you are no more here
my heart haltpumping
aslips itches for your kiss
my skin gets frozen
demanding your hot romance
under this evening dreadful flurry

my tears satisfies my hungry pillow
every now and then
while I stay in soliloquy
as come back thought flashes
like shooting stars in my mind
wishing you never went away
cos am missing more than just your body

so my love
is it too late to say sorry
and ask for forgiveness
is it too late to have you back
as my most treasured
is it too late to say I was wrong
for having treated you inhumanely
I know I let you down
but is it too late to say come back.

Miracle Asuquo

African Queen

like the beauty of the morning sun
they illuminate my soul
with sight provoking affection
making me unease within my body compartment
their smiles are like charming flowers
carefully fabricated by nature
each one of them are exceptionally wonderful
the kind every right thinking man would dream of

like the tower of barbel
they are insignia of Africanism
nourishing my eyes and soul
their presence is like the euphoria of paradise
sweeter than the concoction prepared by the goddess of love
they are so black and beautiful
their beauty are like a magical wand
luring me into seductive madness
making me succumb to their passionate distant call
making me want them more
a glimpse of them is satisfactory like a sumptuous meal
they epitomize the creators creative art

the beautiful one are not yet born may be in other continent
but in they African continent, they are like the sand in the sea shore.

Miracle Asuquo

Battlefield

Can you hear my cold heart pant
as daily tears decorate my face
because your not here
when I awake without you by me
its feels like a battlefield
as my whole world seem empty
when you starve me of your voice
and your presence

how useless I have become
without those cute smiles of yours
like plant missing sunset
I dehydrate without your sweet romance
and it feels like am in a battlefield

facade those smiles of yours are
like Arthurian black magic tales
it pears my heart into shambles
as I gradually die in pretends of love
I never meant to start a war
and why do we let our love be like battlefield.
cos I never meant to hurt you.

Miracle Asuquo

Cry Of Horror

It drums ceaselessly
yet, they refuse to hear
cry of anguish and pain
the echoes of dirge and sorrow
surrounds our vicinity

frustration feeds on our skin
it steals our joy and viability
corruption slays our hope
in a comforting torment
its poison us
in a seductive lash

our land is cursed
our soil is baked
and we the people are plagued
when shall we be free
from these calamity of evil harvest
and the cry of horror.

Miracle Asuquo

Echoes Of Sorrows

Our lips delights in grieve
as misfortune strikes our tongue
we've lost our voices like the ant
to the mournful tunes of death
our land is proliferated with spoilt of souls who slumped to the triggers
hewed down with bullets
and deprived of life and existence

our land echoes in agony
as we pant for survival
we watch our brothers and sisters
turns prey to blood sucking snipers
once our brothers but now villains
stopping the heart beat of many
with incessant bombshell

sorrows echoes aloud in the north
even more in sambisa
our streams flows blood
even our Rivers with human remains
our land is doomed
ill-luck nestles us passionately
as we behold daily sambisa civil war.

Miracle Asuquo

If

If I were a love song
I would seduce my loves ear
eating deep into her marrows
to set her feelings ablaze
in regal treatment

if a were a fragrance
i would transcend the cosmos
I would anoint the earth with ointment
from myrrh and cedars
and make the world smell lavishly
as king Solomons splendor
and make my love have a perfect breathing space

if I were a garden
I will blossom with tenderness
my leaves shall be joy and happiness
and my fruits love and togetherness
to saturate the heart of my love

if I were a the wind
I would blow in solemn ease
from the north to the south
whispering beautiful nothing
to make my love smile
I will massage her skin
with every breath of mine
to make her know her worth to me

if I were the sun
I would smile daily in excitement
as I snick in to tap my love asleep
licking her arms and fingers
to tell her how wonderful she is
and to welcome her in a new day

if I were imaginations
I would bring sweet imageries
like Romeo and Juliet

I will make her think of love
like Ferdinand and miranda
I will make her think of water falls,
the rainbows, flowers and paradise
and since I am me
I would give my self away
just to proof how much
I love my love

Miracle Asuquo

In Love With A Military Woman

Her beauty arrested my soul
like a butterfly admiring petals
like dinner with the devil
I fell for a woman of gun

Her camouflage bekissed my eyes lavishly and passionately
shall I be fettered for love
may be loss my soul to the devil

Act like a lady which you are
and let my joy abound
after all the cupid's doesn't segregate
who is civilian or not

take my heart even at gun point
if I die today or later
I shall testify on resurrection hour
that i once loved a military woman

Miracle Asuquo

Let Me

let me lie in your arm till my pains are gushed away
let me smell the fragrance of your pink underwear
to quench the want of my Adams apple
let me soak my self in the waters that drip from your skin
cos each minute with you reminds me of how paradise would be
fan me with the air that licks from your nostrils
cool me with the sensation that accompany your tongue.
today I chose to be part of your being
cos your body is more like heaven on earth.

Miracle Asuquo

Moonlight

It taped me on my eyelids
a gentle ray sneaking through my window
injecting life into my lifeless body
that layed tired and weak
it severity popped my eyes open
beholding a magnificent ray
almost blinding me

there it stood starring at me
moving to every direction of my head
stalking me!
who sent you?
were you sent by my ill wishers?
to bring misfortune upon me!
or did you forget your root home?
why make my living room the locus of your activity?
speak or you walk away

where were you during sallah?
why did you make our Islam brothers panic.
were you missing or hiding
the last time I saw you so full
was when I was a child
playing hide and seek
while my parent told tales of legends
but modernization has robbed us of such pleasures
o full moon light shine but don't wake me again from my sweet sleep.

Miracle Asuquo

My Eternal

never have I had such gentle kiss
a kiss that taste as Japanese chips
a kiss so juicy and sweet
a kiss only you can give
I wish it never had an end
my eternal

you have awoken what I once felt
a teeny-weeny flamelet
that flickers around my thorax
consuming me in total
o how sweet are your touch
my eternal

I give my self afresh to you
as a savourous piece
eat me fearlessly without haste
take me wholly bit after bit
as this feelings we share abound
for eternity
my eternal love.

Miracle Asuquo

My Pen

I've not forgotten my pen
neither have I misplaced the ink
I still feel the steam
bubbling in between my veins
I engaged my pen
not for selfish gain
but cos it refreshes my brain
as it heals the worlds Bane

my pen is part of me
its defines my being
so when inspiration wraps me in it arms
I succumb like a tomb
to learn through it wand.
knowing one day
my penwill make mehit fame.

Miracle Asuquo

My Very First Kiss

I saw the heavens open
in a gentle craze
the day I had my first kiss
the memory uneasy to erase
when our lips stocked like sandwich
an unforgettable feelings
so fresh like blood bleed
an impalpable sensation once had but twice felt

her lips was an unrefined sugar
in the natural state
so endearing like cedars of Lebanon
a magical medicine of the Asian race
I wish I could hang on it like a buzzing fly
cos each time i kissed her
I saw the lame walk.

when the roll of her tongue
stifle my neck
like the innocent caress of morning breeze
singing lullaby for me
I stood empowered
cos my first kiss was magical.

Miracle Asuquo

Negro Speaks Of Beauty

Here and there the lie
scattered like tinny twinkling diamond
adorning our boulevard
with sight provoking attraction

In battalions they evade our vicinity
with shapes like sculpture work
carefully chisel in meticulousness
to set mankind medula ablaze

with gorgeous black skin
like an artistic painting
portraying the true image of African dynasty
they glitter when the morning sun smiles on it

once negro spoke of river
but now its speaks of it beauty
its speaks of it heritage
it seat observing varieties in it African origin.

Miracle Asuquo

O Beauty

O beauty
from whence cometh thy tenderness
polished with ointment from Lebanon
gradually massaging my nostril
with a buzzing fragrance
so pure like a dove
and so sweet like Winesap

O beauty
from whence cometh thy affection
rattling like a tempest
kindling fearful admiration
as i loss my legs in race
begone from here
and let my soul rest in peace

O beauty
with waist like ibom maidens cultural dancer
I pray thee
quench my throat and bowel
on this day, Alack a day
that I may rest burdenless
that I once met a beauty.

Miracle Asuquo

Obim(My Heart)

Obim!

how beautiful it sound
to hear your lips say this word
like the smiles of morning sun
your voice inject life into this lifeless letters
Giving it meaning and vitality
making my ear to tingle in affection
gasping for more of you
like a baby in the womb
my heart kicks in love when you call me your obim

Obim!

The beauty of humanity
your tenderness is ravishing
it sweeps through my mind
burning with great dexterity
as my soul succumb to your ingenuity
like the fragrance of freesia
your eyes steals attention
your body apartment enchants
like abracadabra
our hearts beat as one

o, obim!

I never knew that you were so beautiful and sweet,
In your presence am consume
with the warmness of your breath,
and with the coldness of your touch.
every moment you whisper those words,
I can't help but shout halleluyah.
cos I was once wasting time with others
when I was suppose to be with you
now I will treat you better than any other come rain, come shine
cos none matters like you.
o obim, the queen of my heart

Miracle Asuquo

Our African Meal

Don't let your heart jump
because of the image of my meal
you bumped into
perhaps if the walls to your chest cracks
the kind gesture I could give is frown
after all who doesn't drink garri

tame your heart bit after bit
and watch the birds clap
who knows how the sparrows feed
yet you look my meal
like substance prepared by the dead

this cuisine has been our Fathers
even in their diet
so don't be too Americanized remember your skin
before this era of popcorn and ice cream
with emancipated elephant grasses
named salad
your tongue was buried in this diet
like a mother pig

sucking every quotient of nutrients
into the walls of your bones
even your mothers is a product of this meal.
don't be coy, look me in the eye
let your shoulders be seen like iroko
each time you take this meal
a meal birth out of cassava
a true African meal.

Miracle Asuquo

Perpetrator Of Death

Like an evil rage,
You visited amidst our unpreparedness,
And excavated our joy, hopes and dreams.

Like a hurricane,
You shook our cosmos with tragedy,
As we retire to hiding in our abode.

We battled with you, hunger and survival,
And saw death dancing ballet on our streets, homes and hospitals,
As we lived in fear and isolation for months.

We locked our doors and borders
Yet you feasted on us arrogantly.
causing us heart break and shame
While mocking our science and religion

Away from us o perpetrator of death
Away from us Corona virus
For we have suffered you sting for a while.

Miracle Asuquo

Prayer

Patch my soul
with the pieces of thy kindness
and let my being be lubricated
by the ointment of your presence
prune my ego with sickle of humility
that my pride may rise not
like the horns of an antelope
what is man but a container
filled with your spirit
who thinks of himself highly like mountain top
yet forgetting the origin of his skin
which is clay made to survive
wash our heart with sanctity
that we may live to remember you.

I am a man of brokenness
polluted by the sweetness of sin
cultivate my heart like a garden
that I may blossom like flowering pot
under your care
teach my crippled feet to walk
in your vineyard that I may fret not
at the alluring fragrance of boast
massage my mind that I may be soft like the arms of neonate
peel the wax of discomfort in me
and satisfy me with accolades

Miracle Asuquo

Religious Crisis In Nigeria

Our nation is sick
with the venomous stink of religion
Its strength decays
as deceit dilutes its foundation
once fierce -full but now emaciated
as we choose blades over gods

Our ears are full of branded lies
Dripping from religious temples
We drink of the cup of violence and hatred
O, preys of hypocritical religiosity

We preach love yet share bullets
Our lips comforts yet our heart strangles
As the gongs of agony infects the air
The drums of death beats in our streets
we dance to pricks of pain

Divided we stand
the innocent tales of lies told
As selfishness clothes in dazzling apparel of doctrines
nationalism contends with spiritism
Whose prayer would be answered first?

Miracle Asuquo

Risen

up there they seat
with tummy like drums of curse
eating our today and tomorrow
as life slaps us without thinking

again they have risen
like the smokes from hems
proliferating our town
waiting to attack in disguise

I have not forgotten the Kong's of sorrow
nor have I finish the dirge of pains
yet they have risen again
forgetting their flimsy promises
awaiting to lunch mischief

see them, see them
with head like Zuma rock
thinking nothing but ill gains
getting set to hypnotize us
as we follow in straight line
like sacrificial lamb

Awake my people, awake
for we've slept for too long
we've being gambled with
we've being used
let's say our mind
cos enough is enough.

Miracle Asuquo

Take Me In Your Arm

lay me in love
in solace of your warmth
that I may forget my pain and want
kiss me on my lips
and on my cheek
that I may speak of your sweetness
to all my generation
never will I depart from your presence
for in it affection and love grows
take me in your arm
and nurse me with your love
till I want no more.
teach me the do's and don't
that I may stay in your arms forever

Miracle Asuquo

The Man In The Mirror

The man in the mirror
Is the sweetness in every man
that boyish nature that spice up love
That makes him cry when customs barks
that makes him a poet in the middle of the night
that makes him Michael Jackson in singing lullaby
That makes his foolishness turn care in a woman's eye

the man in the mirror
Is the perfect man a woman dreams
who will give her breakfast on bed
who will make love to her in shower
and worship her like a goddess
even when he smile with tears every morning
and his heart flames with pain
and sorrows paint his face, she calls it love

The man in the mirror
is the illusion of every young maiden
who dreams of surprise flowers every noon
who dreams of love candles every night
who dreams of Atlantis
who dreams of the cupids
who wants more than a perfect relationship

Miracle Asuquo

The Sun Has Risen

the sun has risen again
when all mortal dump their hope
when dishonour mop our sweat
and when our toiling became fate

the sun has risen again
when the future seem oblique
when our strength became weak
and when living become rough
and waking a time is tough

the innocent sun has risen again
yet our painburns
our tears floods
livelihood getslame
and survival is without gain

what does the future hold
for we the common men?

Miracle Asuquo

Today

Today I've seen a beauty
robed in glamour
protruding like Winesap
with mystical charms

Today I've got feeling
in earnest not cruel
that got me singing-dancing
for a beautiful girl

Today I've lost my mind
and my eyes are no more with me
as I left it admiring an ebony skin
with a spectacular shape

Today I've fallen in love
may be because am a bit crazy
or because she looks curvy
be it as it may
that is howmy day went.

Miracle Asuquo

When I Meet My Wife

When I meet my wife
I shall speak of her tenderness
as if i were stricken with madness
on the mountains and in the valley
I shall tell both flying and creeping creatures of her attractiveness

when I meet my wife
I shall make the sun to standstill
and sparkle to show warmth and admiration
I shall tell the rainbow
to beautifully spell out my good intent in the sky for her
I shall make the wind to blow softly in regal treatment of my queen

when I meet my wife
I shall treat her like a goddess
she shall rule over my heart
and I shall rule over her love
I shall call her queen and she shall call me king

when I meet my wife
I shall lick her succulent skin
like a dog
I shall hang unto her lips like a bee
and I shall caress her till our breath becomes one
I shall let her know that my life hovers around her

when I meet my wife
I shall spend my last coin to make more beautiful
I shall make men abandon their love just to have a glimpse of her
her beauty shall be like the wisdom of king Solomon
and young maiden shall come to Learn from her

o when I meet my wife
that day will be great

Miracle Asuquo