Poetry Series

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A Cold Night In Warri

The time came when crickets sang unpleasant songs When stars became visible but struggled to shine When moon shed tears of blood!

Songs of war echoed from the south ...

Destroying every tree with their bloody swords!

Under his bed, a toddler frightened terribly
as they stamped their feet with vengeance.

Their brothers were slaughtered!

Their hands stained with their fathers' blood!

They screamed joyfully after beheading a man They played weird games with their victim's head They made the wind wailed through the trees! Then he realised that blood was flowing.

Burning huts attempted to assist the struggling stars Then he felt the lowly tears of the moon. Whose hut would be next? When many have been rendered homeless!

His little heart cuddled his sister's heartbeat Under his bed ... longing for dawn But crickets sang unpleasant songs, Whilst moon shed tears of blood What a cold night I will never forget in Warri.

Before You Shut The Door

Before you shut the door Have mercy on these tears See me not as an ugly beast Just take a second to remember

Remember what happened in Kosini Remember those promises that were fulfilled Remember those sweet African tales And remember what your mama said.

Before you shut the door Let's sing our song one more time Smile for me, my darling, one more time And take a second to remember.

Help Me To Start Again

In a pool of pain and bitterness, Comforted by contrition and unexplainable love, I looked into the skies with my hands high ... I closed my naked eyes and asked why.

I have been here before ... I'm here again,
Same gathering in the same demented atmosphere,
A kind-hearted dove that mingles with the cassowaries ...
A familiar start with a predicted end.

Why did I flee from you O Lord! Why is this path so cold O Lord! My father prayed ... my mother wept! Help me O Lord to start again!

Now I claim that pain is hope As sunrise is far and its light so faint. Once played a saint but now a villain As the story is told again and again.

As his wrinkle strengthens and brags,
As her fine black hair turns grey,
The flesh still in the gathering and did not understand ...
The spirit looks down and shakes his head.

My Mother

My mother!

So many years ago still I remember As always your beauty glitters like an angel. Yesterday to this day you remain the same And tears fall down as your hair turns grey.

You are as strong as a lioness
So brave like a bear
You are as loving as a dolphin
So gentle like a dove
You are a protector, a shield
You are an umbrella ... and a mother.

My mother!

Mother of sweet smelling flowers
The one I long to embrace each minute
The one I pray for without ceasing
The one I am proud of always
And the one I will always look after.

My mother!

My happiness, my sight
You are the cause of my endless joy
And these words I will always share.
Your smile is a smile of life
Your words are pearls of wisdom
Blessed is your husband... blessed are your children.

My mother!

So many years ago still I remember You wrapped me in your arms so gently Like a hen does to her chicks You chased the cold wind away And I was never thirsty.

My mother!

You cried when I was going astray, You woke me at midnight And fed me with powerful words, You made me a prayer point and my tears wiped away Oh mother, you are truly appreciated!

I need you as a calf needs his mother
And I know you will always be there
I pray God give you abundant life
So that you'll reap from your fertile soil
You will see your children's children
For the Lord is on our side.

So smile that joyful smile my mother
Because we love you so much
Yesterday to this day you remain the same
Indeed, you are the sweetest mother
In the whole wide world
I love you my mother.

Shot In The Dark

The moon shone sorrowfully
In the middle of the night
A tree trembled with fright
As the wind whipped its branches
Night birds sang sad songs
Then a lost soul wailed bitterly

He pleaded for a second chance
His request was not granted
"I don't want to go there,
Please don't let me go there! "
Like a waterfall his tears ran out
As he compared both gates

His corpse is lying at the corridor of someone's house Pistol in his left hand - dagger in his right Mask on his face and bullets all over his body His gang fled when it got tough ...
They left him alone with the police.

He wept in contrition and begged for forgiveness "Depart from me evil one! "
A mighty voice shook the realm
Filled with regrets his tears ran out endlessly
As he was driven from the beautiful gate.

Sweet Melody

Right now I'm on a broken plastic chair My piano sitting opposite me Listening to an old sweet song Thinking about my sweet melody

Inside you is a paradise of chocolate My wish is to live there forever You are like a white dove with red rose And your nails are like shinning crystals

You are as beautiful as an angel
You are as nice as a deer
You are more valued than those treasures
O you are sweet, sweeter than the sweetest

My sweet melody is flying with the birds Each sound has fine wings As beautiful as my angel' features As beautiful as an orchid in a flowerpot

I held your hands and felt gentleness
I kissed your lips and begged for more
O you are sweet, sweeter than ice cream
My sweet melody, my one and only.

Sweet Summer's Evening

Long I that special few hours When Bugzy and Ditto will joyfully display their talents In the presence of this poetry We will be on the shores of a gentle blue

Sweet summer's evening salutes our footsteps Even it promised to last forever The sands are pure; our feet are clean Yea! So fine, so fair and holy

" Someday is today" Whispered sweet dolphin Not like what they always say The fair one is called Ngozi And she is as beautiful as sweet summer's dream

The Aged Rooster

Slay not the aged rooster
He can predict the future
As festive season approaches... he vanishes!
And now he is seven.
On Christmas day he hid in the woods
On new year's eve he disguised
Fear no more your time has come
In the hot pot you shall forever reign.

The Eyes Of A Darling Friend

It is yesterday that is trying to invade
The darling soil of a wonderland
The moon is yellow; these tears won't be in vain
For your voice cries out from the underground

A unique figure that's very rare
A wing so coloured to blend
A feeling I always wanted to share
A love that will never end

Truly like a lily not a thorn
And really the name is Lily
You flew away and never return
My friend, my pet I missed deeply

Wretched Damsel

When will the sunshine?
A good leaf is about to wither
As the serpent suffers from animosity
The mind antagonises the self.

What is the meaning of life? Someone please tell her She is as beautiful like Sunday morning and her blonde smells like a fine perfume.