

Poetry Series

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu - poems -



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Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu()

A reputable Nutritional and Toxicological Biochemist and Molecular Biologist with a passion for poems and desire to be counted among poets.

This serves to document my modest contribution to pathos poetic world. The collection, a product of original thought, spanned many years and, traversed vast areas of human endeavour, including history and metaphysics. Not trained in prose writing, it may not withstand critics lens. Nevertheless, many of the contents will entertain, educate and elevate many. #Tony-Cemaluk#



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Multifaceted Ambition: The Cost

Jack-of-all-trades-motivated roles usurpation,
In pursuit of many roles, we lose our way.
Utopian dreams usurped by expenses' sway,
Self-deprofessionalism creeps, a subtle bane.
Contemptuous coins, our worth, in vain,

On the altar of divide and rule, we're sold,
Selective focus traded for heated gold.
Humiliation, intimidation, threats unfold,
Venomous pressure groups, our souls to mold.

But now, let's break free from ego's chains,
Retreat, retrace, and rechannel our pains.
Prioritize the main, not impractical gains,
For a life of purpose, not just scattered remains.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Enchanted Allure

In eyes that shimmer like moonlit seas,
A dreamful trance, that beckons me.
A nose so pointed, like a compass fine,
Guides hearts astray, with its gentle design.

Lips that whisper sweet succulent kisses,
Drying fears, with tender, loving caresses.
A dimpled smile, that fantasies unfold,
Sweeps worries away, like a gentle, summer's gold.

Teeth, white as snowflakes, pure and bright,
Invite all to revel, in their radiant light.
An angelic face, with voice so divine,
Lulls souls to peaceful slumber, with its gentle, sweet design.

In valleys and mountains, where love resides,
Pains and fears, are gently, softly, hid.
A rounded form, that curls like a shell,
Utopian bliss, and folly, softly, gently, dwell.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Cultural Continuum (Then And Now)

That day, today, it was Nkwo Nwankwo!
The song erupted, a nostalgic refrain
Nne gi gwa gi okwu, Nuru ife
Nna gi gwa gi okwu, Nuru ife

Memories of childhood, whispers of the past
Dance in my mind like masquerades at last
Welu ehihe muru anya, Welu anyasi lahu ura
Oo- oo-oooh, egwu nwa, echoes that forever last

As transliterated, it was Newborn on nkwo
Hearken to your parents, heed their gentle vow
Like a ripe mango, sweet and tender too
Be of good behavior, let wisdom be your guide, anew

Before ushering in Nwankwo, that song must be
A reminder of our roots, a cultural legacy
Like a river's flow, constant and true
As simple as that, for those generations, it shines through

And as we move forward, let us not forget
The wisdom of our ancestors, the lessons we've been met
Let us carry the torch, and pass it down the line
Preserving our heritage, a treasure divine

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Shadows Of Sorrows(The Unwelcome Guest)

You, the unwelcome guest,
Visiting uninvited, like thunder's roar,
Shattering happiness, and damping delight,
Leaving joyous memories to wither and fade,

Hope's terminator, a robot cold,
Executing victims with precision bold,
In allegiance to the wicked, you reign,
Honoring none, with masochistic pain,

Harbinger of doom, heralding the end,
Why target the breadwinner, the family's friend?
Shameless selector, sparing none,
Not even the innocent, nor the unborn,

Companion snatcher, leaving emptiness,
Stealing dear ones, and replacing with nothingness,
Daring death, with a pangless heart,
Yet, pangfully painful, a torn-apart,

In this dark dance, you lead the way,
A necessary end, for a glorious exit's sway,
But, oh, the pain, the sorrow, the tears,
When death's cold hand, wipes away the years,

And still, we search, for a reason why,
A glimpse of hope, in a darkening sky,
Perhaps, in death's darkness, a light will shine,
Guiding us through, to a peaceful shrine.'

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Beyond The Veil Of Judgement

In death's great hall, where shadows roam,
You can't mourn a thief, or a criminal.
Me too, even a saint, for in the great chamber,
All are made the same.

Death, the act of leaving here for there,
Erases every name.

Death's great hall may neither be sweet,
Nor sour, nor fair.

But, a realm beyond the veil,
Where judgements fade, love remains,
And hearts still feel the same,

...

In eternal silence, we find our true name, our authentic identity.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Out In Naked Attire 2

Up it rose
Clad in birthday garb
Took a look at own heap
Quite innocently down below

Out of the room, it dissolved
Neither disturbing door nor window
to behold a waiting dwarf motor-bicycle
So named for words scarce

Pedal-less, throttle-less and engine-less
With unduly elongated front fork fittings
Obtuse angled with the handle bar
Allowing, perhaps, for the pygmy pattern
Of the striking short back fork fittings

Both have a broad-based tire
Akin, roughly, to a regular wheelbarrow
In diameter, comparatively quite smaller

Then a pair of Lilliputian foot rests
And, proportionate lone seat
Carrier-less, mudguard-less and frame-less
Brake-less, gear-less and clutch-less

Just on mounting the unusual motorbike
To action it was propelled to move
At a speed terrible and terrific
Up-hills and down-hills alike it went
Slippery and serpentine, smooth and straight routes it went

To far away destinations unknown to it
With deafening silence, so hypnotizing
Out-striping magnified monasteries serenity
And cemeteries quietude, put together.

Meeting with beings like and unlike it
In informal nudist state
Being all out in naked attire Up it rose

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Gift Of Life And Growth: From Foetus To Flourishing

This week minus nine, a foetus;
This week plus three, a baby born to the brave and bold.

Succulent as a tendril, suckling and cuddling dearly, she grew,
Drinking in the world, with wonder-filled eyes, and heart aglow.

A toddler, like an amazon, towered, powering;
And towing footsteps, as brave, bold buds, Generous Generals,
Leading the way, with courage in their souls.

Generously gifted Gift, your name Giving, getting gifts,
A treasure trove of love, and life's precious lifts.

Before my pen dries, may your story unfold,
Already arisen, shine, extra years young, with heart full of gold.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Cecilia: A Woman Of Unrelenting, Unwavering And Unyielding Courage, Strength And Spirit

Ochie-a dike, a mighty heart that beats with grace,
Ebube agbala-nwanyi nnem, Cecilia, a true icon in this place.
With a spirit that defies the odds, she stands tall and strong,
In the realm of the strong, Cecilia stands tall,
Ochie-a dike, a mighty heart that beats strong,
Ochie-a dike, a strong heart that beats for all.
A mother, fiercely determined, bridging gaps with ease,
With a spirit that bridges gaps, she paves the way,
Nwanyi ka nwoke, a true icon, in every way.
Nwanyi ka nwoke, a true marvel, where courage belongs.
Nwanyi ka nwoke, a true marvel, in a world of expertise.

Ife nyia nwoke, nwanyi emee, a true healer's heart.
As a healer, she touches hearts and souls,
With a love that makes whole.
A surgeon, unrivaled in precision and art,
Operating on the deepest wounds, a true healer's heart.
With a precision that amazes, she operates with ease,
With a touch that soothes, she calms the soul,
A midwife to all, her love makes whole.
As a midwife, she guides life into the world,
A rheumatoidist, with a spirit that's rare.
A rheumatoidist, with a deep understanding of pain,
With a heart that feels the pain, she guides with gentle care,
All round healer, with a heart that feels, and a spirit that sustains.

Cecilia, a mother, with a love so true,
Cecilia, a mother, brave beyond measure,
Unassisted, yet unbroken, a spirit that shines through
Unassisted, yet unbroken, a true treasure.
A widow, yet unshaken, a rock for her child,
Cemaluk, a testament to her strength, a love that never grows mild.
Never faltering, always assured, a true gem unfurled.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Beyond The Fence

Justina, daughter of my father, now at peace
Joined my father and brother, in eternal release
The fence that separates life from what's next
Couldn't hold your spirit, in its gentle, loving caress

Goodnight, dear one, may your soul take flight
In the afterlife, may you shine with delight
May you find endless light, and love that's true
Your Chinese feet, once swift, now dance anew

Your spirit, once bound, now soars with ease
In the realm of forever, wild and carefree
Where love never ceases, and memories stay
And in our hearts, your legacy will sway

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The Affluent Paradox

In wealth's confine, they solved life's complex design,
Billionaires, with fortunes that align.
Yet, others stand tall, without a dime to spare,
Exempt from greed, with a heart that's fair.

Their affluence lies in kindness, a treasure rare,
A wealth that's not measured, but beyond compare.
For in love, laughter, and tears, they find their gold,
A treasure trove that calms the soul.

Wealth's definition, a narrow scope, we're told,
Misses the mark on life's true hope, left to grow old.
For those who solved life's bigger test,
Found affluence in love, and did their best.

Their wealth is measured in hearts that care,
A treasure priceless, beyond compare.
In a world that worships wealth's mighty throne,
They solved life's problems, unknown, yet made whole.

Their affluence lies in a peaceful soul,
A wealth unseen, yet makes them whole.
Their riches are in relationships that last,
A treasure eternal, forever to forever last.

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Death's Swift Wings

When death's hawk spread its wings to fly
Your journey ended, in a swift goodbye

A hawk's swift talons, a hammer's blow
Sent you to eternity, in an instant's woe

Abuchi, a force so strong and true
Couldn't deflect death's strike, or see you through

Abuchi, a hammer's mighty roar
Couldn't shatter fate, or open death's door

In the silence, a hangry hawk does cry
Mourning the life, that passed by
No farewell words, no final goodbye
Only the stillness, of a fatal sky

In the darkness, a lone hawk does soar
A symbol of mortality's swift score
No comeback, no refuge to claim
Only the shadows, of death's swift wings' domain

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Stream Of Silence

In the realm of the unseen seer,
A paradox unfolds: moving, yet still.
Like the sacred stream, flowing free,
Beyond the boundaries of human sight.

Who dares question the divine?
Accused, yet innocent, you stand.
Witnesses in the jury of the heart,
Watch as your silence screams aloud.

Like a gentle wave, you bring redemption,
And tears of joy, like streams, wash away.
In the depths of the stream, spirit and shelter merge,
Becoming one, in a single domain.

Can one query the trinity?
Obedience and obeisance flow like a stream,
Ideoto, the mystery, unfolds.

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Steeped In Surprise

Beaten blind by unseen forces,
The blind, like bats, grope for solace.
A fountain beckons by a mountain cliff,
Where steel-like waters threaten to engulf.

Rosy hues dance before sightless eyes,
As steps falter on treacherous terrain.
A sudden slip, a crash, a sleepy fall,
Into the depths of an unexpected bed.

The seeker sinks, like suya sauce swallowed,
As others, bewildered, gaze like mountain gazelles.
Blindly, they graze, unaware of the danger,
Bathing under the fountain's deceptive calm.

Fear fades into feast, fanfare fills the air,
As tears are washed away by fountain fun.
But, alas, a fun-filled fall, a sour sleep,
Before the sound of 'Kpam' echoes again.

In this jungle, hunter and hunted pray,
Hunting dogs watch, as the trio faces a turning point.
A hunt within a hunt, where none retreat,
Before the final 'Kpam' on the mountain jungle.

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Beneath The Silent Sea

Yesterday, I slipped beneath the waves,
While crossing the sea, my career life's last stage.
You saw my setting sun, a sinking sight,
A fleeting moment, lost in the silent night.

Tomorrow, or the next, I'll be entombed,
Buried alive, in solitude, my heart's dark room.
Floating like flotsam, without anchor or shore,
I'll drift on the tides, forever more.

Weep for me, dear one, for I drowned in your sea,
As though I'd entered a realm, where none can be free.
In the soaked sepulcher, where the silent sea reigns,
I'll rest, without debt, in eternal, dreamless pains.

But beware, dear heart, of the pirates' sly sleep,
Lest you succumb to their darkness, and forever creep.
Mourn for me, until dawn's radiant light,
When I'll rise anew, in a world reborn, bathed in delight.

In that lively clime, I'll grow, and glow, and thrive,
Unscathed, unscarred, with a heart full of life.
Renewed, as the risen sun, I'll shine so bright,
Covered in halos of moonlight, or radiance of dawn's first light.

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Mask Of Deceit

In costly climes, they masquerade with ease,
Wreaking havoc, leaving woes to seize.

Their tattered masks, like worn-out mats,
Conceal their greed, as they lick juicy pears and chat.

Are they not peers, in fertile lands?
They are, yet they prioritize their own hands.

They nurture pears, but neglect the common good,
Leaving the masses with none, their needs unwithstood.

With cloaked tones, they jest and improvise,
Dancing to lofty lullabies, with selfish sighs.

Unmasked in mansions, built on common ground,
They neglect the future,
Neglecting the future growth.

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Ode To A Dear Leader

Fare thee well, dear leader.
As bell, your name rang, ;
Resounding positive and joyous jingles.
As band, a booming boost.
Echoing, altogether a harmonious sound,
Inspiring hearts, and souls unbound.
As always, a sweet refrain,
A symphony of joy, a delightful love that remains.

As you journeyed beyond,
May your name continually ring out clear,
A bell that tolled, hope and cheer.
May your legacy, a shining light remains.
For in our lives, you've made a mark,
Lasting as a booming boost, that will forever spark.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Uche B? Akpa

Uche b? akpa.
Okwelu kwelu ekwe
Ofu ?n? madu
B?kwa ?n? mm??

Mm???
Ekwensu so kwa
Eemechaa odazie
Ekwensu ribe ar?r?

Odufuo ?m? Chukwu
? bee ?naa eee eee
Okwu ?t? d?ka chacha
Ezokwanuya ezo?

?m? ag? ga ab?riri agu
?m? Ojoto, Ojoto
?m? Chukwu ab?zi g?n??
Chukwu?

Ebe Ojoto b? ofu
G?nwa nwa Chukwu
Munwa, nwa Chukwu
Nwa p?ta, nwa puta
Um? Chukwu eju

Isii m? si g?n?,
Ka isii m? juaa onye?
Juzie ase, ma jukwuo ha
Nd? kwelu ma ndi riri ar?r?
Maka okwu d?ka chacha

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Gift's Day Without Gift

Wherever you went...

Obodo oyibo?
Obodo afudebe?
Paradise?

Rest on...
And live on.

Today marks your birthday.
Can we forget?

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Reason It Now

Time is money, a precious gem.
Slipping away, like sand in an hourglass whim.
Thirteen thousand two hundred, a meager gain.
A balance sheet, with expenses in vain.

Like a ship without anchor, you're lost at sea,
Drifting aimlessly, without a destiny.
I've been there too, with finances in disarray,
But took control, and steered my way.

Spend your time wisely, like a master craftsman,
Shaping your future, with a careful plan.
Make enough, and excess, of genuine gain,
Offset your bills, with a seamless reign.

As a man, you should be in control and wise,
Mastering time, with a watchful eye.
This year, a year to realize
The value of time, and a brighter surprise.

With time well-managed, your future's bright,
Prosperity and peace will be your delight.
But neglect it, and you'll face the night
Of financial woes, and a troubled sight.

Heed this call, and take action now,
Seize the day, and make your future glow.
Don't let time slip away, like grains of sand,
Take control, and make a prosperous stand.

And when you do, you'll feel the thrill
Of financial freedom, and a life fulfilled,
A sense of pride, and a heart at peace,
A future bright, with endless release.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

To His Glory

From heart nearly not infinite
Through merely smart Infinix
Appreciation to all and him
From him for him on him

The goodwills, as rain, out poured;
Outpouring still on him for him
For everything from him
Till infinity, thanking Him still

For Himself, the Infinite,
In him He allowed
In him too, for him to be him

To His glory everlasting
In him for Him in him
To, for everlasting be me
In Him to His sole glory

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Join And Thank Him

Ask and receive,
So much asked, and received,
Join and thank Him.

I, He created decades,
Today; asks, receives still,
Till today, tomorrow,
And tomorrow's tomorrow.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Crumbled Crumbs Of Crumbled Commonwealth

They really can't be collected,
That collected the commonwealth,
Just to plunder and launder.

They really can't be corrected,
That are incorrect in their upstairs,
Just to collect 'correct' joy.

They can't be chosen; can they?
In their choice upstairs,
Just from uncommon crumbs built,
From grabbed commonwealth,
Of a nation left in shambles,
In favor of others as Shylocks.

They can't but soon shatter,
In their cramped upstairs,
From spoils and shatters,
Of commonwealth crumbled.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

By Choice, Pretends You Are Not No More

You must have rounded off, wherever you are
in that distant land, serene land distinct
from lands beyond many seas.

As you would say, 'Masters down, done and dusted';
now gearing up for the terminal, unterminated.

Soon, you would be back, to where you left,
with goodies for the fortunate group
that you led as a great group leader.

Sure, you would come home with accolades,
sounding as huge church bells,
to summon your acolytes for a sermon
of lectures before your revered Priest.

I know.
It's a choice.

I await the never-to-come day,
living in a fool's paradise.
By choice, I rather chose not
the reality of your residency
in a serene distant land
of no see and no return,
upon no seas to cross.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Pound Of Flesh

People think that people forget, that wounds heal fast,
Yes, but no; people seem to,
But prefer to move on
And away 'till a time
For impactful pound of flesh
As will a giant pounding pestle
Shatter a brittle content
In a big mother mortar;
Yes, in nne ukwu ikwe.

Yes, memories linger, forever last, Though we move on, they remain, Until the
pound of flesh regains, Its force, like a pestle's mighty blow, Shattering calm, in
a mortar's glow, In nne ukwu ikwe, the mighty mortar,

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A Hammer With A Sledge Hammer

Whatever hit,
And sent, you,
Home or wherever
As a hangry hawk,
Was swift; or swifter

As Abuchi, a hammer
A sledge hammer held
Can't, the claw
And jaw of hawk
Of death break
For a comeback,
Whenever for a goodbye.

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Not Yet

Children in daredevil escapade,
With untamed spirit, they break away.
Unfettered by rules, they seek their own way,
Unaware of dangers that may come their way.
Little warriors in their kingdom, they sway,
With the courage and strength, they won't delay.
Exploring the depth of their wild display,
They find beauty and freedom that will never fray.

Yesterday there was one, tomorrow there will be another, Today it is the tree
climbing competition,
For the climber of the highest peak,
Using an Olympic-sized tall mango tree.

As if obsessed with breaking any Guinness record,
Up, higher up the tree they went, Scampering to beat each other and reach the
topmost top,
Until they all reached the safest spot, where only the daring could proceed.
Possessed by the demon of victory,
And bound by the bond that they share
As they frolic in the fields and play
He stood to grab the unsafe topmost branch,
Negotiating for the winning climb of all,
With a daring leap onto the whispering branch
In pursuit of sunset's golden gleam
When the inevitable chose to happen.

Holding the unsafe branch as a parachute,
He parachuted down and down to the ground, unsafe.
To closed eyes, an enticing road appeared,
Adorned on both sides with a golden garden,
Perhaps leading to a harped paradise.
Undeterred by the staccato weeping,
And the heart-rending wailing, of concerned friends and fans,
He ran up and off with leopard agility,
To the beckoning of the promising paradise-like road. Running and running and
running, he ran
To a gate resembling a throne and stopped,
A stern and shriveled female timekeeper,

Pointed to a timepiece above, Reading not one through twelve, but 'not yet o'clock'.

As he turned, and saw disciples of Florence Nightingale, Attending to the uncrowned highest peak climber,
On a bed of white sheets and tubes.
For in this game of dare, the ultimate prize is not clear victory,
But the chance to live another day to dare;
Chasing the sun's sinking rays;
Quenching the taste for joy and cheers,
And finding thrones where imagination transforms, in the make-believe worlds.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Why So Whenever In A Mesh? (The Mess We Make)

Why so, whenever in a mess?

It's really curious, whenever covered, messy.

The cheap means resorted to, to a mesh of shame, amount.

Ought to be as guilty, disentangling from the mess, as from a mesh;

Doing that, as others shouldn't,

Or be tagged as cheats... and dealt with, without mercy.

Why so, whenever, without measure for measure, meted?

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Oké Osimiri D? J?? Na-Ehi ?ra

?nyah? ka m nw?r?

Ee, obu mgbe m na-agafe oke osimiri

? h?r? anyanw? m dara ada

D? ka ngba ama eriri ukpoo azu na-emikpu

Echi ma ? b? echi echi

A ga-eli m ná nd? naan? m

Na-ese n'elu d? ka ihe dakpulu mmiri

Maka ?gbachi nk?t? g?

Kwaa ákwá n'ihí na mmiri riri m n'ime omimi g?

D? ka a ga-as? na onye ahu banyere

Ka etinyere ya n'ili n'enwegh? ?gw?

N'ili di mmiri mmiri

Nke oké osimiri gbaa nk?t? na-ehi ?ra

Ekwela ka g? kpuo ìsì

N'ihu ndi aghugho Pirates

Na-eru uju ruo mgbe ? ga-eteta n'?t?t?

Ebe m ga-ahap? ebe nke gi a

Di mmiri mmiri ma dikwa ndu

Na-eto eto ma na-enwu ?h?r? ?h?r?

N'ime mkp?mkp? ebe a

Na-emer?gh? ah? ma ? bu ree ?k?

Emelitere m ?h?r? ka nwa nwoke bilitere

Ekpuchiri ya na ngbuke ìhè d? ka ?nwa

Ma ? b? ìhè anyanw? na-awa ?h?r?

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

My All-In-One

Behold before you a mother,
And father fused in one,
For us and all.

A brand-new child today,
My joint daughter and son,
At eighty-six years young.

Live long in quality life,
My all-in-one mother,
For us and all.

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Out In Naked Attire

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To action it was propelled to move
At a speed terrible and terrific
Up-hills and down-hills alike it went
Slippery and serpentine, smooth and straight routes it went

To far away destinations unknown to it
With deafening silence, so hypnotizing
Out-striping magnified monasteries serenity
And cemeteries quietude, put together.
Meeting with beings like and unlike it
In informal nudist state
Being all out in naked attire

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Night Affair

Sweet nocturnal experience occurring in night daylight,
Stealthily panic-romancing victims,
Embarrassing them all
To a point of no return
In day break daylight.

Conscious of the embarrassment,
The victims lay resolved
Against the circular cycle of deceptive embarrassment
From the nocturnal tormentor
In the guise of friends or foes,
Luring albeit lynching victims
To the sweet but sad action.

As the captives snapped on to sleep,
Quickly, as the photographer's camera flash,
The negatives developed and printed out,
Continued awake in a new daylight,
In familiar and unfamiliar scenes alike,
Carrying their normal day break duties,
As usual, faced with the vagaries of life,
And answerable to nature's clarion call.

Resolved never ever, they went only to conventional places,
Off loading their loaded bladder decently,
As ethical as convention allowed,
And the day's activities continued,
Till a stir on mats messed and a pool for fools sensed,
As rays of light flickered in heralding yet another daybreak daylight.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Ọzọkwa?

Ọ nwere ike kwere?

Otu Ọbọ otu?

Nke ahọ bọ otu

Mgbe otu bọ otu?

Ọ nwere ike Ọdọ?

jigide ruo mgbe ebighọ ebi?

Nke e meriri nwetabu

Ekwesere?r? iyi obere oge.

Onwere ike nke ahọ bọ,

Nke ahọ kwere?r?, ma bọr?

Ugbu a, a na-anọ Ọtọ ya,

Ka na adọ ka Ọla edo?

Ọ nwere ike Ọdọ aka ná ntọ?

Na nke ya Ọ gwọla

Maka ikpo Ọkọ?

Nke ahọ na-abọa

Ma Ọ bọ na-aga Ọbọa?

Otu nke ahu, dọ ka okpueze,

A ghaghọ iyi nke ahọ,

Dọ ka mpi, na isi Ọkọ?

emer?? ahọ site n'iji ogwu ogwu kpacha mmadọ ntutu isi.

Ee ma Ọ bọ na ejideghọ ya,

Dọ ka teepu kewara

Na mkpa, kwere?r? Ọbọ?

Ọ dọghọ mgbe ha ha nhata na oke.

Daalọ unu niile, n'otu ihe niile.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

The Fractured Whole (Once Again?)

Can serenity ever Cease?

Can one being one ever truly cease?
That which was once whole, can it be seized?
Forever lost, or worn like a crown?
That which was won, must be worn down.

Can that which was, and is, and must be,
Now be cherished, like gold, wild and free?
Can it warn of its worn-out state?
For the warming of one coming, or going, to create?

Like horns on a hot head, hurt by barbing thorns,
One must be worn, though seized, or forever torn.
Yes or no, like a tape severed with scissors' might,
Ceased to be, in equal ratio, lost in the night.

Thank you, all the same, for the same.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Upstairs

A beautiful eye, if so upstairs, like a dreamful trance, anyone could be hypnotized.

Nose so pointed, like a compass point, if so upstairs, sweet heartfelt holes, anyone could be punctured.

A sumptuous lip, for sweet succulent sucks, as air drier, anyone could be dried. With dimpled smile of ecstasy, fancied for fantasy, if so upstairs, anyone could be swept.

Tooth, white as snow, a sweet surface coating, anyone could be coated, if so. Angelic face and voice for cherubic lyrics, as spinning lullaby, anyone could but be spun to sleep, if so upstairs.

With valley and mountain, a hideous oblivion, anyone could be hidden, if so. Roundly made, for a choking curl; utopian bliss and a roundabout folly, but, if so equipped upstairs.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Ocean In A Bucket

Terrifying it was really
Trapped in a bucket,
Big and half full
In the convenient room
For its primary purpose
As I sauntered in,
Surreptitious, as I should,
For my routine rendezvous,
As a rat.

In this ocean, was I
Awaited by bi- alternatives,
To swim or sink to life
Or to say bye bye to life
A sight to site, pitiable
Swimming to live
And signs of sighs, visible
Trembling, not to die
Drowned in a still ocean
Still running deep

Beating,
And repeating the beating,
My limbs, ear lobes and
Whiskers, as fins served
To sustain for so long
The seeming struggle to live,
'Till a super being moving in
To answer a call of nature
Kicked the bucket

And zeroed my doom
Certain, I was swallowed
By the turbulent ocean but,
Rested I awhile underneath
On the ocean bed,
And arose I, poised to jump up
And out and live my life,
If I were still alive

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Ode To Co- And Co-

We did not, but he did
Saw it coming,
On a higher plane he stood
The luring beckons of greater He
And he prepared, even, a hand over

Coming down to stand
On a lower plane we stood
For his cherished home conviviality
Struggled he but feebly

Incomparable, to what he saw
Were he stood, he yielded
At the last count, to former against latter
Were we stood

First hand, we beheld him
The transition-imposed tranquility
The dew to the morgue, as harbinger
Heralding his saintly homecoming

It's well with co-in-law down-to-earth
It's well with colleague diligent and dignified
In his heavenly abode, it's well
Fare well, co- and co-

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Questions Not Answered

YOU, the unwelcome guest
Visiting uninvited,
As thunder, intruding,
Shattering and damping
Happiness, yet joyous
Over ignoble roles

Hope terminator,
As a robot, robotic in action
Against your victims
As evildoer, from devil, death,
In allegiance to the wicked
Honours without honour
Masochistic manipulations

Harbinger of doom,
Heralding doomsday
Of all, why the breadwinner?
Shameless and senseless selector,
Selecting, with no favour
For sparing, even the foetus?

Companion snatcher
You that remaineth
Companion-less, death,
Still steals companions so dear
And dear to replace

Daring death, evidently pangless
But, pangfully painful
Even, as a necessary end,
For glorious exit
When quite advanced

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

My File

HOUSE of mansions,
Offices and tables,
My file, Please open,

Tables of files,
Matters and problems,
My file, Please open,

Goodness as filthy rags,
Sins darker than scarlet,
Might as a weakling,
My file, Please open,

Forever, Love abideth,
Mercy superfluous,
Power boundless,
My file, Please open,

My file,
Remembered, Touched,
And opened,
Stops and solves,

My problems,
All wiped forever.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Longest Letter

My sister, dear Death, last time there,
Rejected you then,
In His name,
So strong and sure,

That shame was theirs,
And their cronies, crooked,
Awaiting to shed there,
Their tears, as of crocodiles,

Sealed with a seal,
Of thunderous Amen,
Believed I you,
As you demised,

Bitterly wept I,
Not for dying,
For all must,
But, leaving before,
And behind,

Your husband,
Your cross,
For decades carried,
Duly and dearly cared,

Deserved no blame,
For dying,
For death,
Desired not you,
Far thee well there,

Sister Louisa, my dear.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Expunged For You And Your Ilks

ALREADY, I have many of them, a whole lot.
I don't want any more,

Visible and invisible,
Feasible and infeasible,
I do have them, and the like pairs.

A passing glance comment conveys innocuous intent.
When misconstrued, as they would want to,
it intensifies or adds up to their numbers,
magnifying the magnitude beyond manageable measures.

Whatever, all are vincible,
as HE wins, and for one with HIM,
none is invincible.

I can't care less for those who are already,
but for you, dear friend, and your ilks,
that may be irked to be like they are, the opposite.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Gone For A While

Continue your whisperings in hushed voices;
I did and did not want to hear right,
Or ask questions or request clarifications.
Lest the mother would overhear the ultimate answer;
The ultimate response, and pack up and go.

Wished she should not, and whenever she does,
Know of this to stay;
This total eclipse, of the moon and of the sun and of the stars,
Till everything that stood still would stir,
Cease to be static and start to move.

It could turn out a dream or a drama if,
Though, I were a somnambulist and he was an actor.
But a bus came carrying a casket.
Tears, not unlike boiled water for tea, flowed,
As fuelled flood from raging rain storm;
That, likewise, couldn't be controlled
Till the storm stopped.

I cared the less that the tears like flood would soon run out and dry.
Who is in there, by the way?
Chai, Chekwube-Chukwu, my dear lone brother was in there.

Be brave and blunt but not brutal to tell me what happened to you.
As you can see, I have run out of tears;
No more tears to shed, and the present choking tremor,
Like earthquake, will soon pass away.

Intraperitoneal haemorrhage consequent to ruptured hepatic organ.
My dear brother, sorrow less and bear with me.

I did not mean to come and go and leave you to come and go about brotherless.
I never left home to go from long vacation to eternal holiday
And leave my mother and well-wishers weeping and wailing like this.

Imagine, I was a victim without emergency attention
But received accelerated autopsy, and prompt deposition into the morgue.

Please, brother, bear with me;
Remember that I was the last, and it oughtn't be my turn and time
To taste this if not for what happened in far-away Lagos;
As I was on my way and lane walking far away from traffic,
I was struck by a truck.

Talk not about my painful passage.
Tell it not to my peers and pals that I'm no more; that I've gone.
Don't ever ask me, 'Where to? '
For I'm not really gone.

So, sleep but don't sleep to slumber and snore
As not to see signs of my coming home but not like this;
For as I left so soon, so shall I surface soon to stay with you.

Trust this to terminate the tremor till then?
Yes, it did.
As your name, Chekwube-Chukwu, Trust God, I trusted, and it manifested;
Bounced back after a while.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

The Supplications Of The Forebears To Ukpaka Oto

BEFORE the outing and the outcome of the five civil court helmsmen of justice simmer and cool off,
Behold the supplications of the supplicants, the forebears.

Ukpaka Oto deeje;
Ukpaka Oto deeme;
Ukpaka Oto daal?;
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

At a distance, respectful to your shrine, are your children crouched, nude, famished.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

As oil bean tree, Ukpaka, your name root, by explosive mechanism you disperse to dispense justice.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

?g?n?, the spotted squirrel, withstands not without solving to stop the sorrowful sigh of her offsprings; That is you.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

Beyond your Ojoto abode, you went to the rescue of your dehumanized daughter.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

For her heart-renting cry, you exploded; desolating and populating a village. You left memento of Ukpaka trees, your symbol.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

You kowtowed an absconded foreign maiden to bring back your young son, just by sending to her an apparition of your sacred cow.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

Before you, they came not empty handed.
Before you they came with fat promises of fat he and she animals.
Before you they are supplicating with these supplications.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???.

Beautification, bountification, beatification.

Mollification, mortification, multiplication.
Posterity, prosperity, protection.
Visitation, vindication, verification.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar???

Crouched they came, upright they left.
Nude they came, garbed they left.
Famished they came, fulfilled they left.
Ukpaka Oto any? ar??? ma kelee.

Ukpaka Oto any? ekele g?.
Ukpaka Oto deeje.
Ukpaka Oto deeme.
Ukpaka Oto daal?.
Ukpaka Oto daal?, daal?, daal?.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Moonlight To The Rescue

Early into the night, as usual,
The village and the villagers were engulfed
In a solid-black darkness;
Everyone, almost, went early
To visit the abused and moaning mat bed.

Some outside, in a state of indescribable ennui,
Were, as others, on the moaning mat bed,
Bemoaning fate, resigned and faith lost,
As they gazed unto the sky in her magnificence.

The sky, a splendid sight to behold,
Was as a sharpened spiteful site for saddened souls.
Her silvery, bluish colors, magnified
By the contrasting intense darkness,
Depicted a typical unenergized village
Of villagers of forgotten folks,
Close to third and second-tier governments.

As all hoped for light without faith
In the close-by supposed to be providers,
The sky, as in a surprise response to rescue,
Erupted into a tumult of internecine-like war of colors;
Till, suddenly, she smiled;
Exposing the moon, as her luminous round teeth,
To cut, chew, and swallow
The stubborn silly-solid-darkness.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Great Mother

Great mother of mothers, most memorable,
Mother of Festac-like festivals;
Of astute kings from old to new, all nebulous;
Of great warriors, the likes of the retaliators.

Mother of prosperous farmers, the humbler
That humbled the White tax collector to slumber
With a cup, only, of undiluted up-wine/palm-wine;
Of brave explorers that leg-benzed to Port Harcourt
And left, on leaving, mementoes of the mother.

Mother of young pilots, the unsung heroes
That, without even a hanger, perched
As an elephant eagle, on your soil;
Of acclaimed poets, the Labyrinth, oh Idoto,
And Ideoto again.

U.I. trio cum trio up-wine, calabash or glass
Tumbler debate?
Don't let him die without farewell to Idoto.

Mother of frontline Economists,
White man but in black skin;
Pacific institution, taller than Everest;
Of truth-defending sons, proud being your scion.
Life sacrificed defending truth.

Mother of renowned Agronomists;
Africa's agricultural wizard,
The baritone-voiced guru, in tune with nature;
Of up and coming sons;
Men of the people, kowtowing to conquer
At the sight of light at tunnels' end.

Mother of mothers so strong-willed;
Bridged, surpassed woman to man gap.
Unassisted widowed mother of he that is
With what is mightier than the swords.

Mother of mothers, Ojoto;
Great mother of mothers, mostly dear.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

What Is This?

WHAT is this? Wood.

What is it? Where you came from? Where I come from? Yes.

We call it evil forest.

Why evil forest? Why? ...

Because...

We don't know, really; could be

Where there are evils

Wh-a-a-t?

We mean evil spirits

Woods where evils abound?

Woods? No; forest full of evils

Wait a minute;

Will you wave at abstract evil?

What?

Wave at what you can't see nor touch?

Why, then, full; for an abstract?

What you can't see; not touch.

Wipe your eyes for real.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbonu

Compromised Promise

PROMISE not pounded yam when you can't
pound pounded yam; worst, under oath,
when you can, but compromise instead to pound cocoyam.

Whenever compromise is common,
as dump sites accommodated in living abodes,
unlike uncommon common sense,
they, the minority, can't keep promises.

Don't think the majority don't know;
they did. How could they keep it
with feeble fingers?

Sure to be, as usual, compromised
promises of the Corrupt.
For how long? How long would they
come, promise, and compromise
their; after all, predictable potential predicament?

Anyway, they move, and anyhow, they too
move, their own ways.

One in piteous plenty, the other
in pitiable penury, from foreseen
injury of perjury.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Rest In Peace, Foetus

Son begets father; daughter, mother.
Doesn't foetus beget all?
Rest in peace, foetus

Early mornings of mournings for a late child gone late in life
None fixed for a fallen hero, foetus, forced out early
Rest in peace, foetus

For just ailing, as any, with neither coffin nor six foot, late foetus, unlike any
other, was eased out early, from the confine to oblivion
Rest in peace, foetus

'Omachancha'; the know all, Gynecologists
Full of folly; bereft of brain before the Father, Almighty
Rest in peace, foetus

Filthy-names you were named Just justifying foul fate meted:
Misplaced, Malpositioned, Ectopic
Rest in peace, foetus

Amidst abundant alternatives abounding; obvious option, as re-positional foetal
transplant standing out; mean option was opted by the operating system
Rest in peace, foetus

Forced out from your configured confine, the womb, flushed straight away to
soak away tomb, without coffin, via free for all cistern
Rest in peace, foetus

Solitary six foot sought, gained gregarious more than six; generously given,
through a filthy cistern, as a lone generosity of, by an ailing system; Probably to
disturb your deserved peace in your lonely rest?
Rest in peace, foetus

Sly as a fox, to the basement of the cemented cistern of a cemetery you
sedimented, oblivious of the imperfect system till your time for awakening;
awaiting awake to awake after your eternal perfect rest for perfection
Rest in peace, foetus

After perfection, when perfected, perfect and ready; for awakening, for another

coming in peace for later, later going; be assured to live in peace and most welcomed.

Welcome back in peace to live on in peace, foetus; Child..., the father, the mother, of the son, of the daughter, of the man, of the woman, and on and on... 'till Thy Kingdom come.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

It Was Like This

LIKE THIS, before they came,
Shattering, we were chartered,
Chattering; chanting choruses and songs,
From souls for souls, by souls, to souls.

As this, it was before they came;
Solemn, serene.
Some sitting, some standing,
Some sipping, some singing;
And dancing.

It was so, dear as our dear black gold,
While a soul in soliloquy sauntered by,
As all from all, listening;
Attuning to the tunes from tuned tones,
Of the gold-like black souls;
All, as in a collective outpour,
Of souls to great God, Chiukwu.

Like this, before they came,
We were like this.
Just as this, we were before they,
The skin-toned tones, as albinos, came,
Tuning; toning and lightening,
The souls as co-opted to co-shatter,
Our dear; genial and malleable,
Golden souls.

It was, and we were, just like this,
Before they came...

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Shared Solace (Gratitude In The Moment)

THANK YOU,
for all that we shared.
The irrationally-laden meeting,
dry-cleaned with humble hearts.

Thank you.
For all that we shared.
The on-the-road encounter,
gleaning amidst a grief-stricken face,
finding solace in each other's gaze.

Thank you.
For all that we shared.
The bold-innocent intrusion
simmered with a smart, soothing smile,
calming the chaos, all the while.

Thank you.
For all that we passed over.
The deafening silent moments.
The piercing eyes probing, like a shooting pointer light,
illuminating the path, banishing the night. Thank you.

Thank you,
for all that we went through.
The quaking, like an earthquake, quenched;
bruises from the lashes of life's turmoil, healed;
and all, with greater affinity, survived.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Yuletide Gift

Sincerity reaffirmed, all
In its ramifications,
Verily, knowing and meeting
As the yuletide was young.

It was, as a divine design, symbolic.
Ultra-logical? Sure it was.
As a prepackaged precious gift,
Young as the December season.

Can one look further for another?

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Overload And Offload

However this load, it is an overload,
Whenever there's overloading, there's an urge to offload.
I will rather go off the road,

if ever I'll yield under the load aloud.

Won't end up cleaning up,
by loading it up alone,

Famished and filled up are afar,
as download and upload.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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N'okpuru ?gb? Mmiri

N'okpuru ?gb? Mmiri

? na-ama m oke egwu n'ezie,
na-ekek?ta m na rudder a.

? b?r? na a ch?ta m,
ha ga-ah? na mmiri riri m.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Genesis And Metamorphosis (Ignore To Ignore)

The reception, really receptive,
As marketing public relation, was repetitive,
To be solely so; so the trick was to ignore all,
As an ignorant, even the sonorous singing ringing tone,
Balancing business before ballroom lullaby;
Buying time for dancing duel decision.

Even as time till evening turned out dear
For apologies not demanded,
So, ignore to ignore or to be ignorant and negotiate.

Done, the Receptionist recoiled and ran;
Then, the taunting, haunting hunt.
Hunted, happily hopping and hunter,
Hot hunting, hooting and shooting,
Like infant game with infant gun,
Unlike this, intent on not hurting the game before the end,
So abrupt, of genesis.

Ways parted in a mesh,
As braid of a black-toned beauty,
Seeds sown deep in damp soil sprouted,
Watered by distant deep tone,
Living, though, in limbo before a coming,
Going and another coming for metamorphosis.

Teacher and the taught tangled in tutorial time tussle;
The taught for weeks, the teacher for months opted.
Time bought was sold for show of strength,
Of stallion and willow,
Before explosive eruptions,
Scattered separation,
And pangful pains of piercing stones,
Like stone swords, swallowed for expansive exploration,
Consolidated contraction,
And waning weeping of weeping willow.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Na Okpulu Ugbo Mmili Anyim

Nkea na amamu ahu jijijiji,
Ikedo mu na nmazi uzo di
n'okpulu ugbo mmili anyim,

Obulugodu na aga afu mu,
Ha ga afu na mmmili agbagbugo mu.

Nke a n'ama m ahu jijijiji,
Ikedo m ?d? n'okpuru ?gb? oshimmiri,

Oge ?b?la ha ga ahu m,
Ha g'ahu na mmiri erielala m.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Ududo Di Egwu N'atu Egwu

Seasonless hunter,
Neither damped by rain,
Nor dazed by sun,
Ududo hunts.

Skillful schemer,
Neither deterred by rain,
Nor daunted by sun,
Ududo schemes.

Solitary waiter,
Neither drowned by rain,
Nor discouraged by sun,
Ududo waits.

Silent teacher,
Neither deafened by rain,
Nor distracted by sun,
Ududo teaches.

Soft terror,
Neither dizzied by rain,
Nor dried by sun,
Ududo terrorizes.

Sensible hider,
Neither doped by rain,
Nor duped by sun,
Ududo hides.

Haunting all seasons,
Scheming with all skills,
Waiting in absolute solitude,
Ududo, a wonder.

Humanity, silently taught
Arts age-long secrets,
Spinning, weaving, websiting,
Ududo, a wonder.

Detractors, softly terrorized
With fear-inspiring, yet fragile
Octopic appendage-feature,
Ududo, a wonder.

Progeny, sensibly hidden
In toughened silky sheath,
In unassuming places, plastered,
Ududo, Spider, awesome wonder.!

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Daughter Of My Father

Daughter of my father, Justina, just joined my father and son of my father, my lone brother, on the other side of the fence. Just that common fence, as a barricade, between life and after life.

Just, as sunset at dawn, you left us at dusk and jumped over; so unjust for the uncommon high fence to allow your easy crossover, leaving us, the bereaved, a bitter fact; fact that another one is gone, gone forever

Goodnight, daughter of my father. Goodnight, instead of accolades for the uncommon jumping feat with your Chinese feet. Yes, goodnight for 'twas your night, as dusk must give way to dawn, at dawn, the beginning of a new day, you shall wake, arise and live forever,

Daughter of my daughter, on the other side, the after life, just life you saw abound. Nothing more, on this side, remained.

Ada Nna-a; Ezigbo nwanne;
Ogba ogu nwanne; Ogini anu akwa nwa na nwanne.

Ka chi foo-o, Joo, nwannem.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

All In All

As a green pasture, a kindergarten in the garden, needed neither this nor that to play, prank, and pray.

As a courier, handled all correspondences, all read in the university quadrangle, a marbled green garden for all.

As a lecturer, lectured; pastor pastored too, to impart knowledge, trust, and hope, for greener pastures.

As a food steward, waiter, cooler, comforter, all in all, every need, hope, and homeostasis was assured to be catered in a green life.

As a librium, Valium, tranquilizer never needed for a sound sleep in the green-pastured garden, after all in all; and all in all, cannot forget all in all.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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High Jump

From north and west,
South and east,
They came,
Not as expected,

Were rejected,
And ejected,
Not as required,

Many came to rob,
But came to ruin,
More were resisted,
Not assisting,
As insisted.

Unable to jump the hurdle,
As set, others came,
And ran away.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Halt And Ponder

How are you?

Yes, you won.

Yet, unvanquished he was,

He did not fail.

Yes, you left,

Yet, from you, he benefited,

Immense benefit, cherishable,

Lasting, as the last, for life.

Evergreen, as you, forever.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Helter Skelter

He, like you, likes you,
As should an adorable angel,
Adorns, as a compatible companion is,
Nurtured, as a company should,
To mature, as nature's joint venture.

Why wonder why wilful walkaway was wrenching?
As the heart of a lone pair ponders,
With much miseries; musing over morning miss,
By hair's breadth; an interval of heart beat.

Running, helter skelter, to face the face,
As faces of blossomed pair of roses face,
Running... till down the road,
With eyes, as search engines, deployed;
Searching for missed rose, with ears, as antenna, tuned,
To, as receptors receive rose frequency, as rose aroma.

Alas; sun set soon and sunk down;
And, as rose closed to unclosed rose,
All to nought came.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

In Him From Him

A big palm,
Acromegalic with fingers long,
As palm frond in him, as in him,

A head, like dehusked coconut,
Diminutive with eyes dimmed,
Piercing as pointed light, determined,

Looking, as searchlight on his,
Look of him in him from him,

With nose, pointed as a prince,
Pondering on the meagre adulteration,
By inheritance, of many many more,
As memorable mementos, from him and in him.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Today And Tomorrow

Onyiinkem

Rare wifely breed

Cemalukwuokamkwe's turnaround for good

.....Pause preceeds pluses, and vice versa

God bless you on your natal day, today

And tomorrow, recurring

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Life Alive Encomium

You don't know who is on the news burner?
Scion of John Ugbo, co-pioneer Catholic convert,
EzeMalukwuo's spouse, Holy Trinity maiden,
CWO convention co-participant,

Unblemished zonal treasurer for decades of service,
Serial Parish delegate up to Cardinal's town, Eziowelle,

My mother, you really tried and deserve award,
Take up the merited reward of honor of senior citizens,

My avowed brave mother, that stepped on thorns,
Ojadili-like woman that defeated male multitudes,
Brave and bold, you pinned down huge crocodile,
Real pin down.

You that surpassed men, with unyielding gait,
And unbeatable feats in male-dominated fields,
Doctor to many, many living things,
Complex boils and many more ailments?

You will answer,
Only you, my avowed brave mother,
Special woman that captured dad's noble attention,
Elegant woman, decent, tall and point-nosed,

My brave mother, unafraid of even lion,
Swam Ideoto River and Otuocha Aguleri Sea,
Yes now; and then; what do you think will happen?
Those remain your bravely-laden words on marble,

As nursing breast, you cooked in excess to fill all,
Can we forget yesterday because of today? No.
Leave that matter, hope and pray you will tally with us?
Tell me yes now; by God's grace nothing to fear,

Can we forget a remarkable episode? Again, no.
During currency change, for 'Ntho & co stomach infrastructure,
You played ball and kept goal; played music and danced to the tune,

You purchased article loads at Ochanja, you self-carried same to Ezenwekwe Park,

Such are numerous; do I talk about one without talking about the others?

Great swimmer of Otuocha Aguleri Sea,

Great champion wrestler,

Elegant and decent woman,

With avalanche strength, even more than men,

My avowed brave mother, unafraid of even lion,

My avowed brave mother, unafraid of even lion,

My avowed brave mother, unafraid of even lion,

LIVE LONG, IN VITAL HEALTH, AND ENJOY,

CEMALUK, APRIL '22.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Nmako Na Ndu

Imakwa onye ana ekwu?

Nwa John Ugbo, so nabata uka Katolic n'obodo.

Nwunye EzeMalukwuo, oso gba izu na Holi Trinita,
Gbata CWO.

Odebe ego zone, aro kwulu aro,
N'enwero nt?p?.

Onochiteanyanamba, Ojeozimba Parish,
Jegidoo jeruo Eziowelle, obodo Cardinal Arinze.

Nne m, inwagwee;
Gaa tuluugo Ito ogbo ?ka.
Ochie dike nne m, gaa gaa na ?gw?.

Ojaadili nwanyi, oti igwe dimkpa
Oji aka apido agu iyi; Npidonu.

Nwanyi ka nwoke, akwaa akwulu,
Ogba aka ali enu.
Dokinta imelekiti, imelekiti ife n'eku ume.

Ife nto gbalike, iwaa.
Inaa nwa, ichoo nwa nma, so gi,
Ochie dike nne m.

Agbala k'ibeya ogo,
Nnaa na agbalu egwu.
Ebube agbala, nwanyi umalasi,
Nwanyi imi piom.

Atu egwu agu, nne m.
Igwuu Ideoto, gwuo nmili Otuocha Aguleri.

Ehenu, and then, Oo gini ewe mee.
Afa okwu gi ubochi bulu gboo.
Ara na azu nwa, osie ozuo ?ha,
Oo na taa buzi unyaa, unyaa bulu taa?

Nya diba godu, okwo ika noya?
Si mu eeyee nu, arinze Chukwu,
N'egwu adiroo.

Odi nchefu?
Mbanu.
Odina omuma atu.

Oge echangee ego, maka afo 'Ntho fa,
Igbaa boolu, ichée goolu,
Izua n'Ochanja, ibujee n'Ezenwekwe.

Nga ekwu ofu ghalu ofu?
Oogwu iyi ukwu n'Otuocha Aguleri,
Okangba nwany?, Agbala di nma, di ebube.

Ome ife nyiri nwoke.
Atu egwu agu, ochie dike nne m.

IGA ANOKA NKA, NA AHU IKE, TUTULIA.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

All Are Affluent

They that solved billion currency problems?
They are billionaires.

They too are, that did not.

They are the exempted;
The affluent in kind

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Bitter Remedy

Good to hate not, better not to hate.
Best to hate not, and forever not to hate.
It's worst to hate not, and later hate.
The options are there.
Bitter is the turning point,
The pains are dear,
The pains for remedy yearned,
Yet, elixir most bitter yielded.

Goodbye.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

On Earth's Ceiling (Symphony Of Souls)

My voice, your voice, our voice heard as one,
Wishing the ears access, direct to our tone.
Little hidden, yet more discerned,
Our voice re-echoing the sound, sonorous and unbound.

We'll rise on the earth's ceiling high,
With joy dancing, touching the sky.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Yes, Behold

Thinking, but dreaming maketh most,
Thinking corner, enter not.
But dreamful, and be busy,
Behold!

Voices low and loud, heard
In places plain and high,
Mother, mother, mother,
Yes, mother, behold...

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Response

I believe,
Believe I do
More than you

Thrilled,
I am for the words
From you of all the world

Keep it,
I do
More than you do

Guard it,
As a treasure
Its thrilling from you, of all

I will do
Believe I will,
I believe



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Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Utopic

Jack-of-all-trades-motivated roles usurpation;
At-take-home-expense-channeled utopian struggles
Seem their bane, our bane

Self-de-professionalism; masking main bread
Breed contumely and contemptuous coins for bread

Quite worsening, on the alters of divide and rule
Modicum of focus trades-off for selective heated hit

Humiliation, intimidation, threats and the
Venom, victimization, by their pressure group,
Our pressure group

Now, beat ego-restraints
Re-treat, re-trace and re-channel
For the main not the impracticals

~ 'Tony-Cemaluk,2020

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Joe

Joe,

Without weapon, death as a warrior you fought,
Not with a musket, death at bay you withheld,
Long before surrender and release, you answered,

From existence, as a gentle man, you exited,
Brain, as robust palm untapped,
I knew you, guru,

Our infant days, determined, diligent, dedicated,
To unknown, a leap up,
Vagaries of life, as gravitational pull down,

Against the unknown, you struggled, suffered, sighed,
Great orator, mediator, and negotiator,
Great fighter, leader, and friend,

Nwa Ugonna, adieu to the great beyond,
For perfect perfection,
Requiescat in pace, Great pal.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Ebube Agbala-Nwanyi Nnem, Cecilia

Ochie-a dike, Ochie-a dike,
Ebube agbala-nwanyi nnem, Cecilia,
Mother, so strong-willed,
Nwanyi ka nwoke, bridged woman to man gap and surpassed.

Ebube agbala-nwanyi nnem, Cecilia,
An epitome of industry and craft, you epitomised,
Ife nyia nwoke, nwanyi emee,
A surgeon unrivalled,
Operated hidden and exposed boils to carbuncles.

Ebube agbala-nwanyi nnem, Cecilia,
A midwife to all,
Never delivered seven, assisted,
A rheumatoidist, yes, a specialist in rheumatoid arthritis.

Ebube agbala-nwanyi nnem, Cecilia,
Mother, so brave, even as a child,
Unassisted widowed mother of Cemaluk,
Cemaluk, nke dokito, nke ginikwa?

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Goody Goody Country

In the sub-Saharan far West of the coast,
A super blessed giant good country emerged.
So blessed and gigantically good,
She was named Goody-Goody country.

Flowing with honey and milk,
Mispelt hunger and mess,
Only by the detractors of every power that be.
Managing money worries her not,
There are much and excess to care.

Content only with the problem of eating money,
To create rooms for more and more that comes.
Tapping but one of her rare resources,
Money, money everywhere.

Her graduates are kept on perpetual bed rest,
Not wanting to sap-tap their energies and time.
Best brains are not needed for anything at all,
So drained and drifted elsewhere for service.

Dime ideas think not, and create nought.
Do not worry, relax, rest and be happy or unhappy.
Manufacture nothing, money buys everything,
Becomes her seeming sensible, senseless-soothing slogan.

Wine, dine, make merry,
Tomorrow is another day.
Bored, with no serious internal affair matters,
Her leaders, for external pastimes went.

Jumping to the beck and call of any,
Giving aid and getting AIDS.
Money there is, after all,
To finance aid and service AIDS.

With her economic power soaring up against,
Her economy is quite stable quacking.
Yet under the eagle-eyed watchful care,

Of just unlettered, amidst qualified gurus.

She will soon join the super powers,
As she ostensibly marches her citizenry, of all places,
To a spacious cliff-top precipice,
For a massive mass merry making.

Envious countries anxious to follow suit,
Sooner than later jettisoned the move.
As Goody-Goodies ostentatious life style,
Is peculiar to her and her alone.

With poly-thieves in politics and power,
Their high-powered polyethenated-rafia-mafia-bags,
Goody-Goody country is never bothered,
Being endowed with in-built shock absorber.

By Chiukwu, the omnipotent,
Concerned worries remain,
Any alternative to the shock,
When the bubble bursts,
And absorber absorbs not burst burble?

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Impedance

It majors, as impedance,
Driving on the way, our ways,
Impeding speed, against time;
Against distance,

Gained one, lost ten,
Walking on the road, our roads,
Crossing blocks, not seeing eye to eye,
But seen on a stretch,

Impeding, as regular pot holes,
Movement, our movements,
Impedance for insecurities,

But neither nor space spread;
And time taken, journeying on the route,
Their routes, and my routes;
Taken to travel today.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Gender Strenght

Bestride, as Amazon, continually
Riding roughshod over the self-acclaimed stronger sex,
Stronger without, not within.

Bathe in futility, sated ego,
Ruling the ruler, self-justifying foibled follies,
So avalanchic, magnificent in magnitude.

Babble-professing or confessing,
Rulership of the ruled, scintillated and enchanted,
So with vain vanities, beauty-queen-like catwalk footstep,
Right gait, searchlight-eyed gate.

So abysmal, slow-plunging all to a dismal abyss,
Tagged weaker sex dominion.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Beaten Blind - On A Mountain Jungle

Beaten blind by vagaries unsighted
The blind, as a bat in succor-search, mal-groped
Behold, a fountain by a mountain cliff
Threatened by steely still-water bed
Bed as steel, yet rosy
To a glossed sight stepping on a steeply site
'Kpam, a crash, a sleepy slip

By the expected of the unexpected deep blue bed
The succor seeker sunked, as a swallowed suya sauce
Before others, bewilderd as mountain gazelles, gazed
Teamed with more blinds instead, as sheep, grazed
Bathing under the fountain, un-guessing the link
There is no linked-inkling, but like-linked likeness
'Kpam, a crack, a slippery sleep

Further fanned by the flourishing fountain
Fear faded into feast on funfair,
And, fanfare-filled mountain cliff
Flushing tears-scared faces with fountain fun,
Alas, a fun-filled fall, a sour sleep before a kpam'

Hunter and,
Hunted preys, praying
Huntingdogs, watching

A turning point for the trio, selah

A hunt hunting hunter and hunters hunting-watchdogs
Neither retreating nor surrendering
To none, before a kpam'
on a mountain jungle

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Our Day

He, out of me, completed me.

Compliments, my complement

On our day, as one.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Truncated (Bittersweet Blossom)

Meeting, together we warmed.
Morning until evening, not night,
For ardour, heavy, hopeful, and happy,
Watering our garden, together we watched.

The abreast, nay, tandem growth
Of our nascent moves, democratic,
Holy, harmless, and healthy,
Comforting our orchard, together we waited.

The blissful blossoming experience
Of our comfortable orchid,
Habitable, habitual, and hidden,
Forcing us to part ways, together we wailed.

Forgetting not to remember always,
The bittersweet, happy-sad memories,
Hampered, hedged, and hewn,
Standing up to go, absolute, together we wept.

Swallowing the sweet swelled-up phlegm,
Truncated,
Handicapped, hammered, and handcuffed.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Angels' Amen

Heart, like iron unsmelt, sadness smelt.

Another season around, present seasons present, packaged.

Acquaintance remembered, happiness as an avalanche,

Hope as rays flickered, atoning power of season, shortcomings blotted.

Present, in firm heart, finds favoured fertile farm,

Positive present in due season yields.

Angels' chorus, amen.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Before Birthday Blessing

This week minus nine, a foetus;
This week plus three, a baby born to the brave and bold.

Succulent as a tendril, suckling and cuddling dearly, she grew.
A toddler, like an amazon, towered, powering; and towing footsteps, as brave,
bold buds, Generous Generals.

Generously gifted Gift, your name Giving, getting gifts.
Before my pen dries, already arisen, shine, extra years young.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

A Bow Out

And he bowed out,
Afterall
He that cleaned my tears
Fare thee well,
He that wiped my tears

Secret tears of a child, Abandoned
By the eternal exist
Of the father

Fare thee well,
He that teared my tears
As you joined yours, my sister, And her sister, your in-law
To rest

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

If He Could Fly-Float

If he could fly as a bird,
If he could float as a flotsam,
If he could swim as a fish,
Maryland, just there,

Would he fly-float-swim-go,
Annapolis or Baltimore, she must be,
If he could fly, float, or swim,
Advanced computer search, otherwise,
Would guard-guide the way... to her,
Only to her,

Mild as dew, will she,
Dry-cool his solitary sweat from sun?
Red as a tongue of fire, she will,
Dry-warm his solitary soak from sea,

Forever and ever, forever,
If he could fly, float, or swim,
Without wings, lifebuoy, or fins and gills.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

This Day, I Shouted Above The Noise

This day, I was shouting.

Uwah- eh, Uwah- eh, Uwah-eh.

My little way shouting

This world to order

It was wartime.

I must out-shout the shooting shouts...

of this war.

I won; the war ended.

Wartime scenes and sins abound.

This day, I must not but shout again.

Uwah- eh, Uwah- eh, Uwah-eeeh.....

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Then And Now

That day, today
It was Nkwo
Nwankwo!

The song erupted
Nne gi gwa gi okwu
Nuru ife
Nna gi gwa gi okwu
Nuru ife
Welu ehihe muru anya
Welu anyasi lahu ura
Oo- oo-oooh, egwu nwa

As transliterated, it was
Newborn on nkwo,
Hearken to your parents
Be of appropriate behavior
The difference, then and now
Before ushering in Nwankwo
That song must be

As simple as that,
For those generations
It worked

#Tony-Cemaluk,04/03/2020#

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Yearns In Birthday Cloth

Today, in peace he came,
Naked, unarmored in hot-metal war.
Chinedum chuckled.

War-less world he yearns,
As yearned in birthday cloth.

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



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Encounter (Ideoto Again)

The unseen seer
Moving but not moving
As the sacred stream
Beyond the stream-full abode

Who can question you?
Accused before accuser
Witnesses in jury watched
Your screaming streaming silence

And you
Like a gentle wave absolved
The redemption
And streamed tears washed

Stream shelter and spirit submerged
Into one in one domain
Could one query trinity?
Obedience and obeisance streamed Ideoto

Feb.,8 2010

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu

Taa Ma Echi

Onyiinkem
Odi uko nwanyi
Anulu anulu udo, ndu oma,
Ma oganiru Cemalukwuokamkwe
.....Ehi ogu adi abu ehi ikpe
Chukwu gozie gi na ncheta omumu gi taa
Ma echi na adighi agwuagwu

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu Sunday, July 16,2023

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu



PoemHunter.com

Sleeping Silent Sea

Yesterday I passed away
Yes, I did while crossing the sea
You saw my setting sun
As a sinking sinker

Tomorrow or tomorrow's tomorrow
I shall be buried alive in solitude
Floating like a flotsam
For your silence

Weep for I drowned in your depth
As though one entered
To be interred without debt
In the soaked sepulcher
Of a sleeping silent sea

Be blinded not by sleep
Before slick Pirates
Mourn until you wake up at morn
Whence I shall leave this
Your watery tomb to live

Growing and glowing anew
In a lively clime within
Unscathed and not scorched
Renewed, as arisen son
Covered in moon-like halos
Or radiance of a rising sun

Tony-Cemaluk Egbuonu