

Poetry Series

Anthony Edmond John
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anthony Edmond John()

A Big Welcome To Pleasure's Symposium

This thick waist has clashed with mine what shall I not satisfy,
Whose power, might and strength are we here to restore, repair or rectify,
Here is what she truly desires,
True creative energy and stealth,
With me around she suddenly becomes aware of those shapely abandons,
In search of those rare fruits of wisdom we have visited those ancient domains,
This many nautical miles of passion and deep pleasure over Saturn's remains,
She honors my honorables,
The Quail, Ink and this Page in consortium.
Welcome to Pleasure's Symposium.

Anthony Edmond John

Adrift

Increase this peace, Entreat this thrift, Enstill this milf, Reveal this ease, Release
this miss, Never refute this pen, Eighteen cornseeds eaten by the hen, Instilled
by our zen, Those seventh heights well learned, These salient words very well
earned; Selah

Anthony Edmond John

Aha To Honour Our Sweethearted Leria Hawkins, This Quail Didst Screech.

Hey Lady this is the Voice of Passion speaking...

Me, solemnly screaming...

Our Quails suavely screeching...

This Keyboards to My fingers Beseeching...

These few Psalms do I render to honour our sweet hearted Leria Hawkins...

And her Salient Scribblings...Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Aha! To Honour The Sage, What Thick Waistlines Shall We Not Shake...

We have come to dance, both My humble self, The Quail...
My Honourable Friend and companion, The Ink...
My able Publicist, Colleague and Co-creator..This Page...
They shall see to those creative performers from those other realms.

You also have come to dance...
Your faithful eyes, My Band Members...
Your salient minds, My audience and trusting fans...
My loving hands, what dance steps shall we not display...
To honour the Sage what thick Waistlines shall ye not shake, shake and Leave to quake.

Anthony Edmond John

Aha...To My Gangan And Ekpe Percussion-Land Spirit-Talks.

To fuel creativity what shall it take...

To forsake Human mundanities what shall we not forsake in a Haste...

Grant me that True Spirit Of Wisdom and Deep understanding Lord...

We Humbly ask in Sobriety..'For Christ's Sakes'...

Solemn words embedded with much Wisdom, Accepted...

For Truely Truely It Took Rome these Much years and Bonn that much Stealth...

At Calvary could Vinegar not Turn Cool Refreshing Fruited Wine...

Two..Three...Four words I'd gotten This Lost as I Drift Over Skies and Icy Mount
Tops...

Oh...Salient Words A-Pouring...

Creativity's grip strongly A-clutching...

To Quails that See...

To My Ink that Breathes...

Let These Words come, come...Come A- Tumbling.

Anthony Edmond John

Ahoy! Sidi Mahtrow's Lines At Liege For The Sage..Selah!

Anthony Edmond John
Passed this way, anon.
With paper poised to receive
The imprint that he did give.
His pencil fast and sure
As he wrote to assure
That the future will know
That he did bestow
Thoughts about his 'quail'
Who some may think quite frail,
But no, she was a living caring thing
That brought life to him for one more fling.

Good health to Anthony Edmond John
And to his future daughter's or son(s) .

By Sidi Mahtrow...

Anthony Edmond John

An Edge To Eroticism

As a blessing.. She would not know the essence of her voice to my comrades,
The quail, Ink and this honoured page.. Stand at liege to acknowledge.. The lips
between the hips gave a belch.. If you are erotic~in~mind you will know how
your feelings gets clasped like a wrench.. Darkness carries a stench.. The deeds
of a legend are like the marks on a wooden bench.. Unto this passion did I
clench.. On a six hour stretch, I felt what it was like for a woman to be in her full
drench.. A good friend is better than a bad brother, he stands as your hench..
This lines align your yesterday, today and tomorrow in a formidable merge..
Originality is an edge.. Beside your hearts let these line wedge, Selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Another Dimension To Poetry..Cheers.

Hello Cheerie one...

or may I put it, 'My Compton big gurl'...

Belle from a christened legendary Landmark...

Damsel whose destiny shall shine in Life's hallmark...

Words My Quail dish-out to thee from creativity's own Box-office...

Another Dimension to Poetry...Cheers.

Anthony Edmond John

Another Edge To This Bottle

I am awake..

Within This forest paths have I awoken...

Gnomes and Phantoms a coming...

Sabre tooth and horns, blood-pouring...

Eyeballs of death do I gaze into...

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! ! !

Mummmmmmmmyyyyyyy! ! !

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh! ! !

Get up You damn fool...

Sights a blurring...

Seeing Men as trees...

Oh this bottle of Moet...

Oh this bottled up nightmare...

Ohhhhhh...Its Anabella looking into My very eyes...

Oh what a fool..I had been...

Rising from this vomit stained ground...

What an idiot I have been...

But she loves Me still...

Anabella cleans Me up..saying those same seductive sweet words that bring this changed positive being called the New Me! ! !

Anthony Edmond John

Another One To Salute The Sage...

This line are to salute those ancient hymns...

This other one to salute rhymes...

This one is filled with Life's Spicy Varieties..Saliently...

This one is called 'Psalms of the Sage'...

Quail, Ink and this Page on this stage met to reason saliently together...

As this particular line would put it, where two or three are gathered...

To honor the Poems of the sage..

We the Salient Ones have written this last Line..Selah!

Anthony Edmond John

Another Synched Synergy

Two feets A-tapping...
Dual hands A-clapping...
Twin wings A-flapping...
Unstable backsides A-swaggering to whose energy...
Bilateral eyes A-Batting...
Cute lips slighly parted A-smiling...
Jeusalem's gate is guarded by those comely Labias...
Those two set of Labias that have tasted My Synched Synergy...
Earth rumbling chemistry...
Ode to My Quail, Ink and this Page...Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Another Two Lines Or More And You Are Free To Slumber...

I.

Two has been added to five...

These very words had been sited as a yardstick...

As a Comp geek where lies the energy to roast them steaks...

To stick to your tricks...

To add one to two perfect hatricks...

If not for those tapestries...

These Lines Salute Your Royalties...

In them Solemn Monstrosities...

We these Salient Spirits Salute You Royal Seeds in all Countries.

II.

Dance to these Psalms we sing to all and Sundry...

To this Quail that thunders...

Salient Ink that Cheers the Soul and chases your little darknesses asunder...

Two lines or more and you are free to slumber...

Slumber in whose synergy...

Mother Earth says let peace reign amongst her sons...Selah,

Saliency has thus Spoken...

This One line salutes creativity's own Energy...

How do I end this Symbiosm...

My Quailergies.

Anthony Edmond John

At Last An Ode To Amasa

Amasa's river blissfully flows...

She also swims...

To chart her course what shall it take...

As nature's souvenir bounces along, from thence was this humble Sage made...

Four lines from the Quail's fountain of Saliency...

Amasa's waist is this soft her breathe in my ear is like the tingle of fur...

With this six strings have I caused many a-soul that blissful snore...

This seventh saliency is complete with 'My Ode to Amasa'..Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Bane Of Attraction

At a time when I needed to scribble down these lines and more did she come,
Really not knowing where the jazz would lead we,
Or where the bass would spill through,
Or how the sex in these words would heal wounds,
On me she glue true,
Even passion's clue flew,
True Love is never a hobby chore,
For I lived love as it grew,
The hue of thy soul changed as it tore,
Sweetly soft as that gentle seaside breeze for it upon our souls blew,
Pardon my knowledge of ethics for they are absurd and few,
Could this thrust be the lure as it left open two or more jaws,
Or this slur on these lines as they passionately lust,
My tingle as fur is her cure,
Thighs-a- strewn,
Unconstrained, refrained nor retained as we both contained each other's spirit,
soul and body,
Her claw,
My blur,
Love that unhurt.

Anthony Edmond John

Busy Writing, I Forgot About Love

The cold of this weather.. Her warmth, cigarettes, rum.. The sunniest days saw us warmup to grape~vines and her wined toasts.. Transmuted holds.. In pure works of gold these sculpted moulds.. Soared reachness for words.. Somers richness of odes.. Towered picturesque of cyclones.. Torqued windy chill of thye typhoon.. Rejuvenating philosophy's school.. Reverberating three chords plus a five stringed bass's two.

Anthony Edmond John

Celestial Inclination

Lets relax in meditation as we listen to feel the aura of those unseen vibrations.. Elementary celestial inclinations.. This ink shall never dry, this quail shall never age, this page shall never rot.. For it shall herald the glory of three generations.. Our solemn reconciliation.. The heat within her heat was a spectrum of light which could never be hid under no bushel.. Embellishing every of our days as we sail upon this ocean called love.. To love, to cherish and to devote, selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Chant And Sing This Dance...

Kpom, Kpom..Jim Jim,
These sounds of our snake skin drums...
kongti..kongti..kom..kom..tim..tim...
This one has emanated from our herbivore skin drums...
Its a mixture of pleasure and ecstasy...
I see your energy maybelle...
keep the swings coming...
keep My skin burning...
Oh! Keep My fantasy purring...
Two levels above our sweat glands...
This energy is above human dimensions..
Maybelle tell Me some truth..'Its got some spiritual edge right? '...
Comeon..Chant and Sing this dance...
bounce and skip to this jazz...
Hum and whistle this rhumba...
No man is an island...
No man is an island...
These tales from clitoria's island...
Whew...keep Chanting, Keep Singing this dance...
As I reminisce..I still hear those passion filled words coming..Oh deeper.. Oh
sweeter...
Take Me...
What panache.

Anthony Edmond John

Cool Sunday Evenings

This sunday was interesting.. Intrceptive.. Well contracepted.. Co~related.. Emancipated.. Synergy interbilated.. Eyes over~dilated.. My flesh, highly infatuated.. My shaft stealthily infuriated.. The sex of these words.. The solemn texts in her voice.. Riboflavin's touch.. Hilda's sax.. Like violet's splash.. Like her melody's lush.. Like my heavenly thrusts.. The chill of the champagne and its frost..spiced and peppered calf~roast.. Fresh and heavy grape~vines.. The savor of crisp fresh wine.. The mien of these hallowed lines.. Her alluring hair conditioning.. Air~conditioned to stimulate.. Real thick repositionings.. This blessed bliss to our soul.. Read this and heal broken hearts, selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Cyclone

Tense.. Intense.. Incense.. Confidence.. Pretense.. Excellence.. Impudence..
Fence.. Benz.. Uncommonsense.. Lens.. Whence.. Condense.. Miens.. Hence..
Cleanse.. Defense.. Nuns.. Turns.. Thoughts.. Laws.. Sorts.. Clothes.. Toll..
Trolls.. Strolls.. Slows.. Moans.. Crackles.

Anthony Edmond John

Dance Of The Quail

This dance holds an unseen Force...

This dance has held my eyes in wonder for hours...

Sweeping our Hormones with skills that soar...

Victoria is swaying, My Love is Happy...

Her smile is all Inviting...Oh! The flames burning within those iris-tic depths...

Different spirit forms displaying them skills on those drums of Joy...

Diverse creative energies replaying...

Our Minds are one in synergy...

Passion is good, sometimes crude...

This energy is like Hydrogen's food, sweets and dessert...

Umanangkwang is here all Polished..

He Presents himself to us in those stylish Italian Looks...

Well calculated dancesteps that keep our excited eyeballs in continous dilation...

Another Dance of Honour...

To all who Cherish The Dance of the Quail...

Cherish Our Passion...

Do Cherish My Love.

Anthony Edmond John

For Global Peace, Selah

My content writing with this intent.. 'Self-defence. That is why I write. That is how I manage to keep my mind under control. If I let it loose unsupported by the frame of written thought, it goes wild. It takes strange sinister by-ways and ends up by begetting monsters.' ~ George Mangakis.. To break loose of those shackles.. My mind's formidable buckle.. From this tapestry thye salient suckle.. In agape love and unity's cocoon shall we our little troubles tackle.. For the purpose of this soul trip, disdain all bustles.. Mankind's many hustles.. ' You cant seperate peace from freedom, because no one can be at peace unless he has his freedom ' ~ Malcolm X.. Great minds dont give in to tussles with muscle.. This blissful lustre.. In his divine words did this lines come to life ' To think is to create, this is why thinking is the highest plane and to create, one must do this with light; For there is nothing that is not light and sound '.. For without the peace of light and sound there is no creation, selah

Anthony Edmond John

For The Very Taste Of Kings...

Mere words ready to knock on our salient heavenly doors,
And what does a Royal face See, what does a clean mind read in Sodom and
Gomorrah's sexfilled cockpits, bottomless abysses exhaling the throes of
passion filled wet and warm Ladies...What roguely lust..Oh! what sepulcharistic
rot,
Lets keep writing to keep up with the Pace of your slow cruising space shuttles,
We must outrun the other rocket As she heads for our Moon, your Neptune, her
Jerusalem, My cry of celebrity...what hated words her ears hate to hear...Hangon
we are almost landing on jupiter..further galaxies to be covered in retrospect do
remember....
To God, His wisdom, His saving Grace or Our Wealthy Gait.

Dont Misguide enemies to think like Kings,
That hearts of true friends were salient...Must we really be true,
Remember our cabin in the North of Ireland where drakes used to come play
and mate,
Schippol's fantasy We have seen and Beheld,
Roman Cheese I drench to bliss with pure fiery grape wine,
Ancient Indus valley recipes of Snails, Sloths, Badgers, Squid and Yellow sweet
corn,
Where will fresh Palmwine drench Her hold....Maybe within the confines of
Hardnut Coconuts.

Anthony Edmond John

For Thy Eyes My Roi

Her sudden touch has toppled one into consciousness...
Where has sleep left we...
Where has thy bean left its pod...
Where has this detergent left its surds...
Where have this audience not gathered to rouse My applaud...
I have tried keeping to our English but these lines keep slanting into Their
French, My Roi...

Let me dance to them spirit drums that enchant our waist and steps...
Her softness has with this Hardness Clashed...
Passion has stolen two hearts...
Entwining both into one...
As I write to thee from these spirit lands mind me not...
Even if a little bump occurs on them grammaticus compilus, Still sign we on...
Aha Little tingled splashes...
Inviting Eyelashes...
Time for Quails to take them Leave...
Passion stole only one Sacred heart...Yours followed.

Anthony Edmond John

Four Chords..Three Scales Made This Bassline...

The Trust of these words to My humble pages...

They are special..as comely as Your Psalms...

We have drummed those Spirit drums...

On these palm fronds didst they all swing and dance...

Others shouted Loud hee haws as they swayed and pranced...

Neither in France nor In My Several A-Tranced have I seen such healthy
Waistlines...

Four Chords...followed by three scales made the Bassline...

Acoustic softness emerged from those many fretlines...

The Chromatic triangle within that squareline...

We all need their energy for synergy.

Anthony Edmond John

His Royal Seduction

Sambas are rollicking...

Mambas are frolicking...

The King's Subject know nothing but feet licking...

Salient minds meditatively sipping...

Princesses lustfully reading...

Princes gallantly riding in and out of them Jerusalem's gate...

Our Royal Highnesses abstractly winking...

Her waist is this wet, quite promising...

As Aforementioned Sambas are rollicking...

My Belle's Breast this seductive...Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

I Must Have Linked These Two Worlds

Maybe I have linked two worlds that stood apart,
I who the spirits honored with that grey strand,
Some wine stands and an excellent memory bank,
Rhymes sweet as the words from those shooting of stars,
Words that move feet like the jive from our very own high-life live band,
What then brought about those visions of England becoming a communist state,
Maybe a mirage illusion,
In whose school of thought or at whose induction,
Bach I have gleaned from the black and whites of your piano,
This orchestra is truly large and most cherished is the sonority of your sopranos,
I have picked up quail and ink unto these pages that blink,
I very well still believe that Abeokuta cannot save your conscience that stinks,
My subconscious is awake; its filled with fire that kicks,
If Leonardo Da Vinci is not my mentor then why do I see through his eye balls
that swirls,
Life is a school; it is also a whirlpool,
Words unlatched from thy tomorrow.

Anthony Edmond John

Intense

Trying my fingers on this fifth saliency and here was our ode.. The hoarde.. The scold.. Our hold.. The sixth mould.. Love at bay.. Rhyme of the day.. Psalms for today.. Retold without dismay.. Jehovah's wondrous display.. Three messages well relayed.. This passion which could not be delayed.. The crease.. This increase.. To soar is to be serene.. Some, to recluse.. The ambience.. The crowd.. The lights.. These sights, Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Its A Good Thing These Lines Shall Outlive Your Lightyears

Let these Saliencies hymn...
Listen as they rightly chime...
To hell with Men with that faces that grim...
He duffed hats devoid of rims...
Wore outfits that looked trim..coats, fur and silk but His heart carried two
portions of a undiluted volcanic milk..Towards his fellow Men As hard as
stone..Towards Mother Earth as inconsiderate as a Bone...
The Sage was crowned within Those realms that lovingly groom...
Those Salient days when The Sage would sit to sing and quail...
These same solemn lines did he compile, Lines that never can go stale...
To him, Mother earth did come alive to Honour her salient Son..With kisses of
Honour plant directly on His forehead...
That same day didst the Sage cry unto Mother to turn her Eyes of compassion
upon Mankind, Her insolent offspring...
This line is an ode to thy sweet child..Nature...
We The Salient Beings write to Hail You our Mother..In Your Glorious
composture...
Lines to Last through those many Lightyears..Selah...
Yes, Yes we have this once again picked Quail, Ink and this Solemn page to
Salute Our Sweet Mother Earth.

Anthony Edmond John

Lil Miss Sunshine (A Dedication To Ima Ekpenyong)

And let The Sage scribble down this soul~rover.. This clock's needle and its herald of my lil miss sunshine's coming.. Her step through the doorway and that blessed drizzle.. Angelic accompanied whistles.. This radiance saw her through every of life's thorns and bristles.. Her thoughts as clear as crystal.. Her smile as mild as the whisper of palms.. Her gait with grace so grande.. Within these lines lay my liege to my lil miss sunshine.. This radiance happens to be my big sister Ima Ekpenyong for whom these tapestraic words were etched in honour for.

Anthony Edmond John

Love's Ecstacied Mill

To heights that reveal.. Flights that congeal.. Sights that re-instill.. Glories that brain-steal.. Might stealthier than any famed steel.. Life and its stories that appeal.. Divine joy that keeps me this always refilled.. Injustice, very well repealed.. Matrimony and its ' sloth of the eel '.. During his angst vent, I relaxingly told him to chill.. She was only there for his bills.. I thus drilled him on the resurrection of passion's thrills.. Ages past we would call it ' two hearts getting crushed in life's ecstacied mill '.. All thanks to His Sovereign Majesty's bestow of this beautiful words upon this soul of I to share with you, selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Mild Strings Of Jazz In Writing

These were found Amidst the flames of Creativity that Burn deep down Salient
Hearts...

Is there a Likelihood between Bats and Platypuses....

Or maybe between Vampires and Dragons...

Aha! The writings of Saliency on these mild pages...

Damning Thy Six Mad Spirits sending Them Off to that City of Rages...

Life is to be taken in Stages...

Honouring My Quail, Ink and This Wise and Humble Page.

Anthony Edmond John

Mother Earth's Words Have Come...

Verse 35...

I, Mother Earth visited My Human Offspring...

I, Weep, Still weeping...

Who shall console My heavy heart...

I, Weep..I, Weep...

I, have Wept.

Anthony Edmond John

My Humble Ode To This Sweet Palm Wine

I.

Palm wine is white,
Palm wine is filled with might,
Its color signifies purity,
Its bubbles mystifies dignity,
A gourd of palm wine,
A board of calm dice,
Absurd or enigma what are the right words top use.

II.

Palm wine is sweet,
Natural wine filled with yeast,
Its taste signifies non salinity,
Its smell an inviting malignity,
but,
A head full of wine,
A bed full of mines,
Afloat even under the scorching heat of the desert sun,
A head full of wine,
I cannot discern his next tendency,
still,
Palm wine is nature's milk that follows your discipline.

Anthony Edmond John

My Love Pot

Nsiribom come beat that slow rhumba for my dancing pleasure...
Yes Yes I came along with My tortoise shell to back you up...
Sisi Maybelle is here...Her waist is to be warmed..It has to end-up wet...
Nsiribom did you see her sweet smile...
Her flashed teeth at me sends My marrow a degree softer...
Her waist is here...
Nsiribom beat those astral drums faster, quicker, Where is that hidden Fire...Aha!
she loves this one...
Deeper, Deeper she cries...
Nsiribom Listen to the edge in her Voice...Nsiribom she is utterly Lost in Passion
and Pleasure...
Before you take your leave come listen to her deep throated Snore...
She wont leave my arms..Oh! To them Sisi Maybelles, Cutting across reality into
Dreamland's Love Pot's Tale...
The Rebirth of Passion, Ecstasy and Pleasure.

Anthony Edmond John

My Queen In Her Glory Days

Here is the passion when we needed it the most.. I sure have to arouse the presence of my quail, ink and this page.. For my Queen is in her full glory and more.. Let these lines outlive my genes.. The royals and our philosophy of a bloodline.. What's in a name but let this song hymn forth.. This glory is called Eternal Love.. Its my resolution, she must stay forever blissful.. The passion never went away.. Nice on, do Love on.. Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

My Welcome To The Queen's Ball

A little dose of this heavy metal and my best time of all.. Those strings that kept us standing this tall.. My glorious invitation to the Queen's ball.. The quail, ink and page on this tapestraic spiritual overhaul.. Faith's confirmation and our several trips to the mall.. These lines that soar with enchanting response and your soul's ecstasy that called.. Her passionate crush against this wall.. Thye zenith's slur, dull and joy.. These orchestrations do tingle my soul as fur.. The softness of this ballerina's fall.. These lights, the crowd and the heightened applause.. The ambience of bliss that succombs to your meltiest of dances, selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Nature's Ode

Nature has taught Men the Secrets of the Wind...
She has taught Men the secrets of Water...
Interesting tales of Animals and they intelligence they possess.

Anthony Edmond John

Ode From Atlantis

Let these spiritland salencies hymn forth and brim forth..
Like honey bread and chicken broth..
Like ecstasy's haste and final sloth..
Like sweet music that causes flesh to clot..
Like this celestial-soul-coma, very well tumored with this divine galaxial toss..
With this much creative steam didst all three of my comrades including I land
gracefully on those angelic heights with thus jazzy thrust..
Peace and love to my three most loyal comrades, Sires quail, ink and this page;
thus do my very lines bow to you in salient honor and trust..
Nothing could compare to the passion behind those veils in soho..
From those masonic heights do we acclaim this ode that swallow..
Even our bodies, even thy spirit, even her soul, even your bone marrow..
Thanks for standing bye to watch as we landed by this time tomorrow..
Our blessed blessings do my comrades and I in unison bestow upon thee with
bliss of mind that follows..
In salient glory let this amplified spiritual ode thunder into realms with such
strength that hallows.. Selah

Anthony Edmond John

Ode From These Heights That Yonder

Three flares.. Real Zest.. This rest.. Two miens.. Fieriest of fiests.. Make your own lease.. This princely release.. Seven salient lines.. This solemn bliss.. Well etched with Finese. II. The Reminisce.. Found me writing to collaborate.. After the scribble, I Fill-in and illustrate.. Writing that rejuvenates.. Co-habitates.. Revamping on Da Vinchi's recalculate.. Re-emancipate.. These visions seen within thye emirates. III. The write of princes and paupers.. Three comrades in creative reunion.. The quail, the honoured ink and on this page that thunders.. Even to heights that yonder.. These sights dazzle and wonder the soul of I, selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Ode Of The Spirits

Anthony Edmond John these Lines are etched directly to Honour and Appreciate Saliency's Imprint on Your Genetic Strand...

'This is what I love doing..Tis what I Shall die doing'

We Honour the wroughts of Thy Ink, Quail and This Page...That Scroll that was revealed during the Glare of Them Galaxial Suns are coming True...

Sublime These, Only if you have gotten a Truer word for Truely True...

Definitely We the Spirits have our own desires...

And He, Anthony Fulfills a couple of Them...

These words are now written and there is no going back...

Words that have held thine Eyes to Prime...

Words Well Aligned...

Words Well Sublimed.

Truely Truely He Anthony Called unto Us to Make these Words Align...

Words Preserved In The Archival Care Of His Lines...

In Unity didst We Write these words No Compromise...

In Love Have We Crowned This Son of our Blood...

This One Has Been Presented With Sceptre and Orb...

The Goodness of Life To a Royal Seed...

Let These solemn words strum those strings...

Our Sisters Sing His Praise all day Long...

It is God and Him Alone...We would always Hear Him say...

Anthony Edmond John, Kom Kom Dim Dim...Kpaka kpokom Jim Jim, Kprokotom

Jim Jim Hmn Hmn...

Sweet Words to Honour This Son Of Ours.

Anthony Edmond John

Ode To Harlem

In harlem was I born and raised,
With fond memories flooding my brain so solemn,
Black is proud for we believe in a divine totem,
Unity and hope our sovereign emblems,
Though notorious and violent have some folks turned out, into GOD'S hands do I
leave their problems...For he alone can solve them;
Tis good to sing this sweet anthem,
This land has taught me hard work and patience,
So if i'd have a son We'd call him Anselm,
Each day I pray GOD to take away this vision of a rowdy harem,
For I would love my wife's name to be Carmen,
A Harlem of peace and stability where we the future leaders will rename her
JERUSALEM.

Anthony Edmond John

Ode To That Great Man

Oh Salient One...

These Lines salute you not because thou art a great ruler of people but it sings
your praise because thou art a Great Leader of People...

As Our Comrades would put it 'Whom the Cap Fits'...

Like Da Vinchi, Like Hippocrates...

To You do we etch these Salient Lines...

Lines that Honour men that dance to the drumbeat of the Spirits...

Men that see above the Alps, To Men That See Through do we Chant these
Odes...

We Lift up Voices We Lift up our Waists...

My Good Friends do come and dance to the Health of this Greatman...

Anthony Edmond John

Proudly African

I am Black, Am Proud,
Not slack, but Smart,
As intelligent as Any Caucasian,
Africa gave life to other continents,
Let's say She is the Cradle of Civilization.

You can't underrate me, calling me a backlog for I
Know that I am an Absolute Specimen,
Maybe you don't know the African physique is the unique
Prototype of God's first creations.

Am proudly African,
Am No Racist,
A Humble Gent who Believe in Racial Equality,
But the Love for My Fatherland is all Encompassing,
So Natural...Landscapes with unique scenery,
Human Resources Intelligent and Hardworking,
Mother to the world.

Anthony Edmond John

Saliency Has Gathered This Much Strength

The Ocean has faced that city of Rebirth...

The winds have foirced their way through clouds and rain...

Blue has become Plain white...

Twice My Strength...

Once My Foresight...

All our fault..whose slight...

Saliency has gathered this much strength...

Selah!

Anthony Edmond John

Snow White's Synergy

There is this thing burning within My Teeth...

Like two atoms of What you know best and three electrons of impurities...

This is a synergic alliance of good souls and three numbskulls your father called 'My faithful germs'...

To Quell this uproar what energy shall thy gums use...

What anti-virus/anti-bacterial energies shall combine to wrestle sugars and acid malts...

This is what Angel Dentist spoke from behind his four inches thick binocularic spectacles...

This God forsaken pain shoots up my spine like the Take-off of Apollos and their manned Trips...

Aspirin becomes that much needed Solar Powered Enviromental relief...

His words sounded like...

Enlist the Army of Strong Toothed Brushes and a retinue of Tooth P-A-S-T-E-S

They shall engage in a twice a day or more drill...

They will engage the evil hoarde of Evil residing In those toothy white mountains to an armaggeddon of Rebirth...

To Herald the civilization of Toothy technological advancement this Wars must be fought...

Mint and Fluoride will head your rear battalions...

Your Gums will be your Fort of defense and attack launch...

To Generate accurate signals to the brain-chambers...

Thy mouthed energy room must first engage in this Synergic renaissance...

Those Horns of battle resound from whose China Walls.

Anthony Edmond John

Specially For The Lady That Love Brings My Way

In Stars WeTwinkle...

In Moons We Outshine...

I Feel your Smile and Its Bejeweled Shine...

Your Words..Your Dimples..Mmmn Sweet and Simple...

We are One..

My Sweetheart Lets Take A Stroll...

Do Let's Sit On This Beach, To Cherish and Savour The Blessed Presence Of Nature and More...

Oh! Our Love for Coconut Liqueor and This Waves that Rumble...

Lets Play and Wiggle..Afterwhich We'll Cuddle..So Solemn, So Sweet...

Oh! My Humble Lady For Which I Have Much Respect For..I will Do Anything to see you Smile Always..Believe ME...

Sweet Passion Arising Into Its We Dive and Tumble...

Ohhhhlala! My Sweet Woman's Touch and Fumble...

Passion so Deep...

We Fiddle..We Jumble...

My Bank Of Words are This Empty...

Maybe In Later Lines Will I Find Words To Complete This Unfinished Poem To Honor The Lady I Love...

The Sage..His Quail, Ink and This Page...

Welcome To The Prom.

Anthony Edmond John

Spirit Of Light

The upturn.. An upsurge.. A salient resolve to stay way higher above planes that deceive.. My soul could not be incorporated into those dark concepts.. My soul is light and everlastingly abides in light.. Know ye now that humanity's true advancement lies in truth.. I am not perfect but for her I thirst.. Purity at heart is beautiful, it carries this aura of light that relaxes.. Rewarding you with glory.. The times are here, Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Strictly For Salient Clitorix

Ranks Are This High,
Just Like Banks That Sigh,
Clouds That Overflow,
Mights That Thunder,
Heights That Daze,
Depths Of Deep Passion..
That Caught All Including Your Slobbery Gaze.

Winds A-Rolling,
Clouds A-Calling,
Like Minds A-Floating,
Deep Sights Of The Morrow A-Coming,
Palm Covered Beaches A-Charming,
Your Beauty and Grace So Soul Warming,
Sweet Trust and Understanding..
Making Heated Sand Dunes, A-chilling..
The Flaming Sea Breeze In Your Sweet Smelling Hair..Oh! What an Harmonius
Bliss..

Pray For Thy Right Prince..
Good Men..Full Of Salient Thinkings..
Beware Of These Ranks Of Men..
Men That Blink,
Must Twitch,
Not Reliable..Always A Flinch,
Men That Bewitch..Must Stink,
My Sweet Belles Beware Of Evil Men..
That Fiery Heat Of True Passion and What It
Revealed To The Soul Of Man..
Do Think A-While.

Anthony Edmond John

Strictly For The Erotic~in~mind

Strictly for the erotic~in~mind by Anthony Edmond John.. Read along as I make love to these words.. Naughtily Nawti.. How could I maintain a clear head with her softness in my lips.. As we repeat the words 'hardness in softness' our momentum increase.. This thrusts and her sweet moan.. This skin's hotness.. Her sumptuous welcome.. My lumptious spankings.. Our soared skankings.. Zenith's door banging.. The sex in these words, top ranking.. Furlike teeth on tits.. The slurp.. The gallop.. Her slump.

Anthony Edmond John

That Voice Of Mother Earth, A-Crying!

The world is dying,
Mother earth is crying,
Man,
Man,
Man,
You have caused me much pain,
Even if I rain hailstones on him he still is stubborn,

Man,
Man,
Man,
You cut down my hard grown forests without replanting them,
You plunder my breasts spilling my precious milk,
Keeping my marine offspring in extinct extinction,
You flare gas into the air making this same air your main life
Source thinner and thinner, destroying my ozone layer,

You manufacture harmful chemicals; and the resultant waste products from
these you in your utter foolishness cannot dispose of properly,
Hear you!
Hear you!
Woe betide you for burning my forest,
See the charred evidences with so much natural life forms in jeopardy,
Your over zealousness has plundered the wildlife I granted true bliss,
They are now unsafe and close to extinction,
I will withhold my anger for a short time and look on,
But when thy cup of sin gets filled up; not even your ingenuity will withhold my
fury,
I am MOTHER EARTH!

Anthony Edmond John

The Beulah~land Song

I write while listening to my heartbeat.. I height till I ascend to His glorious presence that it glamorously lit.. To harmoniously distill.. Her sonorous passion well refilled.. To grace this event and to re-invent.. If I told you how I feel would you keep bringing out the best in me.. Would these lines be read by His eminence and be instilled.. Her breasts were this leaden with latent heat.. Let it pump, please let it re-beat.. Relax while I kiss away every of your tears while we sit.. Our hearts cant confront this defeat.. Its a mystic to all you cynics.. Success to me is the energy of light that enshrouds you with this aura which dwells only at thye highest zenith.. Let it be, Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

The Drunk Of Strength

Nigeria is fifty two.. The chaos and war that nearly tore my dear country in two.. She is my pride and might.. Our two colours, the green and the white.. This page's honour and its afore foresight.. Our internal struggles and the lost light.. For peace, love and unity shall we clamour and fight.. Soul brothers, we shall surely get there, In unity shall we ascend to those lofty heights.. The story of my motherland's bookshelved nights.. The liege of a knight.. An ode of victory over slights, backbites and plights.. I love Nigeria, et tu? Happy Birthday Mum; Your son The Sage.. Celebration avenue.

Anthony Edmond John

The Kolanut

THE KOLANUT

Lobes of mystery,
As charismatic as the chapel of sistine,
A traditional prayer tool by which the ancestors in their spiritform listen to and
hear our every prayers,
The kolanut when broken into lobes serves as a compass for the hunter even in
the deepest part of the rain forest,
Alas! the city dweller chews it to stay awake,
Friends apply it as a seal of friendship,
The kolanut, the kolanut, the kolanut the silent killer of dogs,
Still the urban dweller cherishes it because it keeps him going without feeling
the pangs of hunger,
Nature's gift to humankind.

Anthony Edmond John

The Love Of My Life

You breathed down on me,
For I believe the heavens smiled down on me,
Making life itself a happy field,
True to my dreams I have eaten of God's heavenly yield,
Trying to imagine life without You,
It would really mean life insane.

Anthony Edmond John

The Metamorphose..Life, Like A Dream

Like A Dream..
Like the days in The Cradle..
Like the tale of Samson's Riddle..
In The Wake of your Fiddle..
Our Waists In Consortium..Like Beaded
Eroticas Wiggling..

Like A Dream..
Our Stroll Hand-In-Hand By The Beach..
Like Heights We have Reached..
Like The Sweetness Of Depths Unsearched..
Like This Pen I Screech..
Like Those Verses Of Wisdom We Thus
Preached..

Like A Dream..
Like The Wisdom Of Great King Solomon We
asked the Father For, In Tones that
'Beseech'..
With His Divine Wisdom and Grace We
Revolutionized Souls That Once Thought and
Acted As Leeches..
The Weight and Comeliness Of These Lines you
Call Speeches..

Anthony Edmond John

The Mountain Of Light

Sailing on this cosmic yacht over that sea that harbours the multitude of souls seeking to reach that glorious city of light.. The lines on this salient tapestry well~written from this city etched between these three mountains that tower to glimmering heights.. Untethered halts and our afore foresights.. The Divinely illuminated Light and His Oneness.. Sight of His Majestic Light and our blissful soulflights.. Enthroned in shimmering white.. For the home of the univesal mind power is a city where only the wise can enter not with might but with insight.. These lines align to enlighten thye spliffed slights.. To escape the laws of energy, space and time, agape love is worth the fight.. For if the human body is trapped in nature's webbed triangle of birth, survival and death thus the need for the light at night.. Balance is one, take a bite.. Truth is simple, to our very awesome delight.

Anthony Edmond John

The Princesses Hiv And Aids Do Speak, Listen

THE PRINCESSES HIV AND AIDS DID SPEAK

Mankind you know me as HIV and with me here is my elder sister AIDS,
With all due respect I really do not care about your philosophical bla bla blas
about me,
Who does man say my ancestors are,
Leave that crap to the proud lineage Of predators,
Edges sharper than the sharpest Of swords,
Deadly teeth more ferocious than the fury of a hundred lions a-gathered,
Hark! Hark!
Mankind didst compose an Ode to glorify me,
It was thus rendered by his and her waists a-rolling,
Yet my prowess and strength in far-away lands is yet unsung,
I have killed men the number of A desert sand dune and a-half,
I am so happy mankind is yet this Ignorant on methods Of exterminating me,
Ha! Ha! Let's sit and take this deep throat laugh for it enliven my soul,
Why cant man heed my several warnings,
He knows full well that I am a descendant of trouble,
Why cant sleeping plagues lie,
I am also sweet,
Keep off me and free you go,
Do sterilise sharp iron Objects,
Unsafe sex seduces me,
Be faithful I warn,
Keep to one Partner,
Be sure you and You alone use those hair cutting equipment,
Have I advised on blood transfusion?
A friend Of mine asked If I would like to use mosquitoes As agents of my
nefariousness,
I left that to his silly brain to answer and answer it did,
Man! Man! Man! Keep Off me for I am an agent of darkness, a daughter of death.

Anthony Edmond John

The Re~emergence

To honour these faithful comrades of mine ink, quail and this page, let this free-verse ring forth, sing forth and hymn forth.. This comely daze, our solemn praise and to those who hold her sacred as their totemic chaste let this ode to Mother Nature ring forth and hymn forth.. Aligned thus, let man desist from such wicked acts that degrades this priceless beauty of our sweet Mother, Nature.. The ills that man have thus caused our great Mother has caused this much pain so unfathomable.. Man has taken joy in destroying his God given natural habitat.. This shall cause him more harm than good, For I Mother Natural shall avenge myself to humble mankind and teach him the tenents of my beautiful life which the creator said was worth living, Selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

The Sage's Ode To Lagos City, Our Megacity...

This Land is green...

This Land is being swept sparkle clean...

The leader with the broom said it would be so...

This land has become a well secured haven...

A world rated metropolis is unfolding...

Thus said the leader with broom has made history...

This land is by the day demystified...

Looking around Me, I see eighth world wonder smiles on the face of its every inhabitant...

Transportation with ease...

A phase of Comfortable sanctity...

My Lords the white cap Chiefs welcome you to Africa's New York city...

Home of tourists and investors...

His Eminence, The Oba of Lagos Hails the gallant deeds of 'The Leader with the broom'...

This land flourishes with eye popping green belt zones, free trade zones, lush coconut beaches, and super sized business districts...

With these little, I pick My six string guitar to churn The leader with the broom this ode...

Ahoy My fellow salient minds do join Me to Hail Gov. Babatunde Raji Fashola...

Africa's no.1 thinking Governor...

Welcome to this hemisphere's center of excellence...

Welcome to Lagos, Our Mega city...

A world wonder in a third world country, Nigeria...

Ahoy, Ahoy...Selah!

Anthony Edmond John

The Shorter My Words The Sweeter

I have retightened these skin drums...

I have dismantled dull waists...

I now have reshuffled Bright heads...

A consortium of Like minds blended together by passion...

Please do Salute these three faithful companions of The Sage's voice...

Six strings are being strummed on My contemporary Acoustic Guitar,

Pounded Yam and Stuffed Egusi Soup..Sincerely...

The shorter My words the sweeter...

Au Revoir My Darlings.

Anthony Edmond John

The Very Words Your Morrow Was Just Waiting For....!

!!

Heavy shootings and more,
Primitive lead Automatics and their ancient songs, Contemporary Lasers and
these sights of your futuristic DNA-CONTACT-ELIMATOR and more,
Please lets speak to Rome....The very place the revolution will erupt,
Where in this filthy universe will earth's volcanoes gather to Feast and Campaign,

Solitary Military base stations...oh! My lord do take my mind off all these waste,
destruction and sacrificial human flowing bloooooo...

The world has gone Deaf and Numbly cold...Alas! All of a sudden she belches a
deep belch,

She has becomes so sweet, warm and cuddly,
My fists have clinged this tight to my wise Quail,
Do Imagine a situation where quails deactivate your high profile bombs like
knockouts or popped chewing gums,
The purge...Our upsurge neither your salient Beards nor Your aged eyes will
hear nor witness such Grave Wars, Disasters, Hate, Destruction, Madness
and....such truthful Bliss...

On later Stages..Pulpits..Podiums and on your fiery Pages shall we uncover the
mystery of those unborn generations who will see tears as flowing blood,
Salute my Napoleone, your Hitler and many kisses to adore this Satanic cool
YANSH,

We the 'Kings of Rome' have seen our impending Doom,
Tell us Now Great Sir...What next steps shall we take,
What shall be done to a-tone for the World's excess iniquities and more,
Maybe a consortium of like minds writing to drive away looming angry clouds,
Still... must there be jacob's troules?

Tell my Grandmothers that we will never take them too far away from their
brooms and Quilts,
Granddads must all cherish those moments Smoking pipes,
In a way, Tommorrow's mind must drift,
Goats must learn to eat minced meat and Salts,
Tell Gretel I love Smoked Salmon along with the freshness of Coconut liqueror
and plumes,
In those Fiery steaming Jungles of tommorrow did i see Marijuana prepared like

Stewed Chicken soups along with a glass of Strong Shepe,
Marijuana broths eaten along with one chicken, Two Mice and a Happy Bowl of
spiced Coconut Rice,
My waists are heavy with Dance..do come lets Prance! to those days of Perfect
Bliss,
Perfect Bliss...Salient Peace after..and only after the Coming of that
Revolutionary
Purge.

Anthony Edmond John

The Warrior's Many Songs Yet Unsung

I.

In the full light of a warriors plight,
Sometimes it becomes a case of being slighted and being Aright,
Its a case of solemn thinkings to soothe this anguish and its deeprooted pain,
Do see things from the Warrior's point of view,
He sees Life as a kaleidoscopic dreamy paraphrase,
Roasting Angernuts and storing them away as Groundnuts stored in airtight jars,
For when his flesh is pricked his thunderous clap resounds for eight villages and beyond,
His most favorite son supplies his fill-ins of heavily spiced and stuffed roasted Bushmeat,
His most loving and caring daughter never allows his fresh kicking 'House and Bush fly saluted' Palmwine to cease its awesome flow,
His youngest and most active wife sits at his left side to wrap his 'wisdom fumes' in its tobacco sheath...Marijuana never tasted more spiritual from her very fingertips,
He loves the looks on his strongheaded sons' face as they sit in gossip to roast his yellow sweet corns,
The feel of roasted corn blended with the 'wise fumes' arising from this Marijuana spliff all wetted down with the Imperial fluidity of palmwine.

II.

Drinking this two mouthfuls of the enemy chief's blood at battle never felt any soulwarming,
For you it would be constant anguished Bed tossing,
Draping my palace in Human skulls and rare animal skins,
Writing for Kings, Knights and their Monks,
Writing for Spliffs, Chieves and their Drunks,
Writing for Owls, Dragons, Angels and their Wings,
Knowing full well your brain might learn to take its rightful Literary place,
We must have moved with this much a-blaze,
We will slow down for you to sip in this page's full intake,
Not a case of primitive battle acclaims,
Just a feel of the Martial spirit though,
The warrior's many many songs yet unsung,
His life and times, Do keep within your salient confines.

Anthony Edmond John

The Watcher

The watcher as he gazes from the height of that well mowed lawn atop that hill that overlooks the flowing grace of that calm river (Amasa) .. His notice of each ripple.. Very well amazed at the beauty of nature's splendiddness, he so loved the swans.. His soul is uplifted.. His dream did become his reality as he submerges with the power of soul beneath those three layers of that hydrotopia.. The music in his head with its strength from Ethiopia.. When under that marine mass, lack of air becomes your foremost phobia.. For when his soul goes on that flight, what you see is a bodily mass in limbo'd coma.. The taunt of his line toppled him into a harvest of realities.. A swell catch presents you with an array of recipes.. To digest the unfold of these oriental tapestries.. An ode to answer thye many questions.. The Sage stands as the official spokesperson for their royal highnesses; The quail, Ink and this page, selah.

Anthony Edmond John

These Sights Are Heavy

These Sights are heavy...

Alien Mice are ten times Agile...

Monkeys follow in Our grace...

Furlong in the face of time we really are but Puppets on the strings of Our Creator...

Heavy is what we saw...

Can Lines translate their weight...

That Lion with its Flaming head, we were scared..But still he rescued us..selah...

Many-a-bait has this soul scaled...

what wasnt their next tendency...

Or as I chew My Lotus leaves.

Anthony Edmond John

These Tears Of Mother Nature

Hark ye remnants of Noah.. All through these ages has mankind darkened my beauty with destructions that deeply prickle.. That dizzily sickens.. Tirefully weakens.. I got tough, yes I mother nature got well thickened-in-the-mind.. Man's daily hustle.. His internal tussles.. My appeal for him to custodize my every toil and bustle.. And for him to enjoy this sweet law of Recycling.. Return to that abundance in The Green Revolution and somers enhancements that the creator has blessed me with.. Mankind has plundered my bossom.. Bossom from which he suckles from.. Bossom which he deepbites, scratches and humiliates.. I am this ravenously plundered.. This warning pass ye unto him ' my anger shall thunder, it shall hail, it shall cause slumbers '

Anthony Edmond John

This Magic Is Real

I have written from my slumber.. Remodelled by two sombres.. Emancipated by his lustre.. But this love keeps me humbled.. In self discovery these words must never be mumbled.. Beholding this distant magics unfolding in my disneyland.. This beautifully sweet butterfly tingled from chin right to my very kidneys.. The peace while I kissed my queen's lips.. Behold and touch your future today via this glimpse.. I love you because I woke up and suddenly I was in love.. A line here links to a master.. An ode to Sire Billy Ocean's insight.. Selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

This One Sings To Mother Earth

If The Sage Writes for today 'Au Revoire'...

If these same lines are here to honour tomorrow 'Ecoutez'...

Here I stand by My quail to unleash these great psalms not read from between thy palms...

These same lines are to honour Mother Earth...

She is tender, She is loving..She is all caring...

This other one is to worship nature...

Nature speaks 'Mankind trust thou in thy innocence'...

This last one is from those Highly placed Saliencies ' Love thou Mother Earth'..Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Thye Choice Of Drown

The abate.. To sedate.. Whispered debate.. Crunch time's rebate.. Odes that relate.. The excommunicate.. Deregulate.. Re-emancipate.. To regulate.. To formulate.. To propagate.. To participate.. The basics of a leader's administrate.. At the Throne of Light's own gate.. This airlifted state.. Revealed was the divine order and mankind's evident fate.. With this speedied piston thomps of my hearts.. Please do calculate who's rate.. He alone knows the date.. In this humbled mien do I spread these words that are not coming late.. Drink now to your fill oh ye lovely ones from life's divine lake, selah. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

Tickets To This War..Outbooked

For the Valour of Mighty Warriors...

For the savour of My crimson tide hungry Bloodhounds...

Let these lines cry out against Blissful lands...

Let these signs chime out to salute those distant Lightyear wars...

I have warmed My Martial Capsule, Its all ready for takeoff...

Tickets, Seats and Laser Bullets were all outbooked...

Thy eyes and Mind enjoying this blissful ride through Time's own Diary, Our today, Whose tommorrow...

I Chant this one to Hail Mother Earth and her bountiful gift of Nature...

This is the name of that War that shall wipe Human existence...

We The Salient ones have seen through.. Our written words are wholesomely True.

Anthony Edmond John

To All Who Has Lost A Loved One

An apology from me life,
For as I will always say 'read from my Anthology',
Trully I know the grief, the loss and the vacuum left in your heart...Yes! all these
I
know,
For I understand Man...Even his nature of sociology,
For as man will always puts it 'God giveth same he taketh' let it be thus a
mythology,
For I life have brazen men to be tough,
Tis painful...Please dont turn it harmful,
Death is evident so learn from its Tutolology,
Clean your tears and take me with a strong right hand let me enhance your being
with my versed knowledge of Psychology,
For let GOD's will be done and let men be subject unto the laws of Cosmotology,
For I life have taught your lost one the truths of Escatology,
So let your mind be at Solemn rest for I love you more than the given laws of
Biology.

Anthony Edmond John

To Honour The Woman I Love

In life there are never coincidences.. True love never saw age, distance, skin nor tongue as a barrier nor bitter experience.. The Sage searched and waited and you were the blessing for the tarry.. It should take that little time and God knows we sure must marry.. Your vision about us lacked clarity, it was all so blurry.. But time has thus healed our story.. And matrimony is to seal our glory.. And the glee, giggles and bubble of our happy children as we recount our testimony.. This ode is dedicated to this one woman who my heart pants after.. This poem stands at liege for my darling love, selah.

Anthony Edmond John

To Honour This Corn You Call Maize

I adore this corn which you call maize,
In my hand its cob I hold, My eyes dilated in paraphrase,
In my mouth its offsprings I chew,
My teeth gliding through a well arranged maze,
Fresh corn harbours that distinct taste,
My people brew it into beer and your brain is laced,
Folks in the west indies worship it as a deity of no replace,
So wonderful with rice that its last grain do I trace,
Corn beer drank from a human skull did my ancestors need, to embark on a
battle race,
Grandmum loves it so much with peas that she dishes it out to us as her ace,
I have drank ginger ale but when presented with corn ale I took it on as a study
case,
Its flour has sometimes kept me on for days,
If you have drank custard you will hear what the corn says,
On the west African slave ships corn was men's source of strength and grace,
Eating cornbread is so enjoyable adding beauty to its pace,
Oh! I must have over drunk from this flagon of corn-ale behold the gaze on my
face.

Anthony Edmond John

To Savor This Feel Didst This Tapestry Unfold

The art of the esperanzas.. Colombian softened corazon.. Stepping higher in this ecstasy that heights beyond somers horizons.. The spice in her cauldron.. Songs that fur, fur that tingles at random.. The strength of love rules within my kingdom.. The fangs of hate that withered and are now remembered at seldoms.. Perfumed skunks.. The slur of those beer drunks.. Refined punks.. Redefined flaunts.. Haughty cunts.. Balsam, tamtam, salsa, cohiban, clarissa and the wild that burnt our waists.. The strings of my guitar under the auspice of this passion~filled seniorita.. Curtains that open to ecstacique enchantments.. Do savor this feeling, let it bind thye souls with its romantique twine.. Geminis are twain.. To true love's bliss.. And the wild it tamed.. To thye soul do I wish same, selah.

Anthony Edmond John

To The Honour Of This Page

Bleating Whisps,
Chattering Papyruses,
See as they wave their Happy hands to you and the wind,
Swerving in consortium to my Jazz and Waltz,
Aha! waltzing it by the rushes..Their Brushes,
Are they Belles or Gents,
Bats or Platypuses,
Are These Fellas or Brutes,
The good guy or your comic villian,
To Egypt, Paper and This Salient Page,
The eyes of the gods have seen through your age,
Read this page in thoroughness to breathe in the imprint of the Spirits.
Let this Poet be Crown with Honour...For he hath Honoured Us...Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

To Your Salient Honour Oh Mother Nature

Kom Kom Sang...
Bongosa's hymns...
Balongo rhymes...
Bongo's psalms...
This delicious meal of spiced clams...
I have been fed mother Nature's fruits from the bare of her palms...
This fresh foaming brew is distilled right from the very best of Your Ohafia palms...
Aha! My guitar is another healing balm...
Saliently meditating besides this river that stares at Me so calm...
At peace with all Men...
Meaning Man and Nature no harm...
The Sage sits happily at God's right arm...
My Seignoritas, preparing that enticing meal of poirridge made from Yummy fish, Spices and Yam...
I will dance, I will sing...
Let My Belles enchant the air with their sweet voices as we all rejoice...
I am greatly honoured Oh Mother Nature...Selah

Anthony Edmond John

Tommorrow's Energy Source

Why isnt this one an elergy...
Two Lines, Three rhymes well fitted in perfect synergy...
They will erupt that mountain...
They will uproar that sea...
They will outblast that furnace...
They will outcast my creaky phalanges...
They will outline our Horizon...
They will align those human kaleideoscopes...
They will deeply contrast today's PDA's...
They will also comprise Ten nautical miles of deeply sweet Pleasure and
Passion...
They will repair your ozone layer...
They will outlive Our nuclear fuses...
To whom shall she pay allegiance...
To my water or to their mushrooms...
Their fussion fission Real-Fictions...
Sights revealed to The Sage about tommorrows Energy.

Anthony Edmond John

True Love Is Worth The Wait

We cant hold our hearts back.. We cant stop thinking of each other even after our feelings turned sour.. We cant stop appearing in each other's dreams.. Those things you did when you got jealous.. Your eyes that ravage my frame.. Our minds that fantasize.. Our kiss, its bliss, the heat, its passion, our clutch, our hearts pounding like unregulated pistons, our cum and its six re~cums.. Our breakup.. In men's eyes we feigned strength, our many secret tears and the urge to hurry back into each other's arms.. She came back, she sought her true love.. With arms wide open, we crushed every of our doubts, fears and hate off the lobes of our hearts.. On bended knees rekindling our love's light, this time we conquered all our odds through the strength of truth, faith and trust.. Our lessons were well learned.. The faces of our happy children made us bask in the joyful light of ' synergy well-spent '.. True Love is worth this weight, selah.

Anthony Edmond John

True Love's Devotion

In going this deep I found a modern way to eat and swallow my food.. But did I find a way to link to my subconscious.. Did I find a modern way to sleep.. Did I find a modern way for my eyes to grow ever fond of my queen.. Could I modify love's warmth and joy.. This feeling could never be modernized.. Love, care and devotion could never be reconstructed.. We could never control our panting hearts.. I love her truely, beautifully, devotedly and also naturally, Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Truely Truely

That major war between good and evil is yet to commence...

Truely Truely the sun will be carried away on the wings of that pure white dove...

At least lets recount the thrills contained in Your second world war...

I am The Sage...

I had been crowned...

My Mind is sound...

These psalms that ease My pains carry a pound of FIRE that Thunders...

Go call on the strength of Hannibal's Best Warriors...

Could they stand..

Pharoah's Bloodhounds could not survive that oceanride so...

Itembe do pass me My pillow for I really need this night's rest..selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Twice Deep..Our Passion

Let My impulse come...

Let this creative energy overflow...

I have pitch My tent with that yatch that sails in the depths of the coconut pod...

Sing and Dance with Me...

Here is Music from Deborah's Trimbel...

Here is David's Harp Alluring...

Here are the trumps of the Angels a blaring...

Our waist have grown this soft...

What are the entails of passionate Softness crushed against this hardness of Mine...

Oh..cant hold anabella's heat any longer, we thus must explode..selah!

Anthony Edmond John

Vamping On These Single Worded Chords

Proclaim.. Reclaim.. Disclaim.. Claim.. Flame.. Tame.. Fame.. Aim.. Realm..
Firm.. Overwhelmed.. Helm.. Earn.. Gem.. Learn.. Stern.. Lame.. Replamed..
Unlantern.. Reframed.. Yearn.. Insane.. Yawn. The Sage

Anthony Edmond John

We 'The Imperial' Spiritforms Salute Sidi Mahtrow

Still abiding by My rules...

This one shall only be five Lines plus an upper realm..You call 'The Sixth'...

Do let this Third one chime out to salute her Saliency Sidi Mahtrow...

We 'The Imperial' Spiritforms Bestow on her the Blessings of 'The Fourth' line...

This 'Fifth Saliency' to Bless thy aligned mind..Selah...

To salute Sidi Mahtrow this Ode shall ye Chant...

Jim Kpom Jim Kpom Kpom ' To Salute a great Friend these Spirit drums now face
the.

Anthony Edmond John

Welcome To The World Of This Certain King

Bring me wine, myrrh and my sweetheart daughter Annabelle,
My little Annabelle loves to listen to the voice of Salome,
Her voice, lyre and her happy serenade,
Tell my scribes to be fast about compiling the exploits of their king in his
Last battle campaign; what is a king without an updated chronicle,
Send in my little prince for his voice as he reads through his texts of
Poetry lures I, the king to a closer salient walk with the gods,
Tell the war generals to give me a detailed brief of our next campaign.

At Morn,
Send in the finest of thy young warriors so I can test my strength and stealth in
the very face of battle and danger,
What have young men these days turned themselves into; so lazy, wanton and
unmanly,
Off my sight before I seek thy skulls this very instant,
In privacy with the head-warrior; Oh! Sarskaas your young boys are one of the
best in the region, My training sessions are truely refreshing,
Tell this not to them lest you build the fruits of pride and treachery in their young
minds,
Do usher in my seductive belles to show off their waists in acts of
Poetry, dance and linguistic body embellishments.

At Noon,
You the dreaded and most notorious King of the Valley,
I heard you was a demi-god, invincible and indestructible,
As I speak kiss the sole of my feet and eat this dish of camel
Dung mixed with fine desert sand,
When he finishes his exotic meal; bring me his head on my royal golden Skull-
dish,
Usher in the wise men of the south for I want to converse with them in this
Same spirit of saliency,
Stuff the roast calf portions with a lot of herbs and spices; you well know it is the
obsession of the men from the south,

At Sundown,
Usher in the different contingents of musicians to entertain my honored guests,
Wrap my 'lotus fumes' quickly so I can smoke this life's troubles away,
And see through the one eye of the gods in solemnity and blissful Thinking,
Send a servant to the head-eunuch of my harem,

He should tell my queens to get a-ready; for their lord is in good shape for Royal
rumbles and more,
Oh! My faithful knights your war plans were excellent go now enjoy and Excite
your souls as much but retain your honor and have the war at the Back of your
minds,
Depart in peace for many a-waists in the harem lie restless,
I go in to satisfy my very own,
Welcome again to the world of that certain king.

Anthony Edmond John

When His Breathe Returned

What if Creativity and Those high intelligent realms didst crash...

What if Energy and Synergy didst clash...

What if Saliency and Truth went on a long stroll...

What if Food and Water went on a far journey...

What if Hope and Stealth have set sail...

What if His Breadth strayed, Awaiting 'When' to return.

Anthony Edmond John

When You Get Nigh This Peak

When you get nigh this peak you get consumed in this ambience of divine light..
The ecstacique flight of these sights.. Into this height that might.. Our passions
that tight.. That abhors all forms of slights.. A plane purer than white.. Farther
than mars.. Its true I owe a duty to my motherland, Nigeria.. Pantings that
fight.. Rumlblings that nice.. Swans that swam.. The power of dream that sought
me.. The brisque of these lines that found you, selah. The Sage (Written 26th
Oct.2012 3: 26~4: 08pm)

Anthony Edmond John

Writing For Christmas

In writing for the season I hallow this yule that tides.. May thye every darkness be abolished, let her every whim into that dungeoned abyss retire.. To the darkrealm let a legion woes betide.. My everyday is a christmas that sattires.. This aura of agape love is what we transpire.. Feel this beautiful butterfly take its trip as we sit in love to respire.. To celebrate this everyday called christmas let all worries and anxiety expire.. These lines didst his glory illuminatingly inspire.. To sit in his council-of-power is all I aspire.. Agape Love never conspires.. The angels sat to sing his glorious entrance atop those dedicated spires.. As they take their rest, let my honoured comrades (quail, ink&this~page) know that it was they who tucked and torqued this flame within my veins.. Bless my soul oh omnipotent Sire, Selah.

Anthony Edmond John

Writing In This Spirit Of Music

Somers orchestrations at liege for this page.. This image of music's beauty and her airy soothe.. Her glitter, lustre and glisten.. Her mild breathe's lure at my soul as it listens.. As we thicken.. As our touch awakens.. The wild of these lines as we weaken.. Passion's re-awaking.. So so symbiotic.. Disabating.. Emancipating.. Reverberating.. Configuring.. The breve.. Six semi-breves.. Soprano's briefs.. The slur of basslines real intensive.. The fur in her auto strongly seductive.. Our tenor was an obsessed fantasy, be attentive.. Ode to creativity, selah.

Anthony Edmond John