

Poetry Series

Austyn Chimbuoyim
- poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Austyn Chimbuoyim(02/08)

...My Lesson... Our Learning

- Is there a thing I really wouldn't do?

I would've gone for 'aye' in the past.

Today, I'd be

deceiving me, if I do;

Yet 'nay' can't be the answer.

- Never boast of the future;

'ven if you get a vision.

But wait, you should,

for that point in time,

Which you'd call the moment of experience.

- Surety truly lacks in time;

Only the timeless wields it so.

For this alone one

must be cautious,

Enough to escape the 'had-I-knowns'

- It can't get any worse, even as I look back;

Walking down the memory lane.

How it happened

could still shock me.

Did I really do this?

- I think, no; yes I did, but gloat not yet.

It's a one off day, so [me] deal with it.

He said he saw the rage

in my looks,

When I thought I was only correcting.

- There remains one fear hovering 'round:

Even if this doesn't repeat, I pray,

Misfortunes do happen, uninvited and

costly;

Hope this is my last

ever.

- The seizure didn't seize a life,

Or it'd have been different.

For this, 'Yahweh be Blessed',

Though that was a harsh lesson to learn.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Christmas Dialogue With Raph

(Austyn)

I listened hard for a crowd's timely cheers,
Raucous but yet pleasant,
Nothing but a silent jingle as of pendant,
Against the ears of star-filled skies.

Then in came the men on leather straps,
Prostrate 'fore the sheep's food trough.
What lay on it I think I saw well enough:
An infant swaddled and in bliss lapsed.

I wanted you to see with me,
That glorious scene in Bethlehem.
Or the silence amid the caesar's mayhem;
What I'll give that you in it be!

(Raph)

Yes as the census bells jingled y
Joseph the peasant, swirled round
Only then did Mary's round belly tingled
There she was rested on the mangers mould

Then in came the men with their rods and staff
Whose glorious message the Angels wrote on staff
Then in came The high and mighty enroute from the east
All kowtowed in adoration as in a feast

Search for me not in Jerusalem
In speed be transported to Bethlehem
For ceaser's mayhem, in silence failed
All we have in it is to gloriously keep him hailed.

(Austyn)

Too wonderful for me this gesture
Of immense Kenosis by Him who all fills.
The tale goes on for all time just as He wills:

That the lamb leads the sheep to a Divine future.

(Raph)

That's why I sit on the fence of meditation
Loneliness counts not nor gross isolation
But with the universe I ponder in adoration
Praise be given to the only God of creation

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Epiphany

Everyone has got their special day to reel in
Pleased to be by the limelight about them
In incredible revel of a new found Gem
Portrayed as such at dawn of the morning.
How happy were the sages find'n the lowly inn
Assisted by a star, in Bethlehem;
Non-descript seemed the Child in artless poem
Yet they their gifts could not keep from the hut's within

Delicate hands ready to wield the scepter golden
Encased by kings in old shrouds from the far East
Cherished treasure for priests is offered
Sacred as well; sweet in behold'n.
Tomb in sight, the Child sees beyond His birth feast.
Hidden in the gift, the cross over His head hovered

Austyn Chimbuoyim

I Never Ran

I never ran to win the race
Have rarely done.
The aim remains to cross the line;
And not to prove a faster pace.

Never gonna be that dreamed ace,
That flawless one.
To focus on me is just fine;
With perhaps a few drops of grace.

But with just my footsteps to trace,
One can't go on.
Up ahead may lie a great sign;
But I'll still need some few good face.

I know the world's awash with more fruitless contests,
Than pulling through some real tests.
I guess Chinua's dictum so true has told:
Gravity's let go it's hold;
Telling on us to make our case.

Is there a thing now we could do to reach our quests;
Something worthy of one's zests?
Could always tell a few, prized beyond gold;
And one priceless in its mould:
"It's our Art unborn to embrace";.

On self thrives conquests true, not on rivals.
Things can then fix themselves in place.
And while we have our gold to mine,
They, the men, can toil on fields in cold.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Let It Be!

Many-a-thought with which we meddle,
For some words with which we peddle
Might just be handy to solve the riddle
But for the sake goodness - Let it be

You could've easily gained the penny
Even if you could leave the cheeks rainy
Do it and spell doom for many
But for the sake of progeny - Let it be

Trade, you can, your lasting, later treasure
For a here-and-now ounce of pleasure
Made worthwhile all the more to a measure
But for Eternity's sake - Let it be

You would withdraw from them, the care
Since they jumped ships barring fear
Though the thought, you wouldn't bear
Then for Love's sake - Let it be

It can't, for you, get any weider
all that's khaki can't be leather
you're kept at the nether
then for the sake of the Master

For
Though
Let it be,

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Light Of Hope

Let the jury go to work then.
Yeah, I thought they knew God.
At a time when they've proved the other way,
I'll let their consciences out on them.

It couldn't have been fair either,
That they take turns in keeping quiet,
When they could've at least, 'nayed' their view
Against a domineer who thought for them.

Yes, their marks over the dotted lines
Could only show approval,
While I knew all along
That something fishy was on the cards.

Maybe I'm wrong, or they, right;
But witnessing for an event one never witnessed,
And then magnifying to suit,
Could only show how desperate-a-soul there's.

While the others said a 'yes' to it,
Just by saying very little 'fnot nil about that,
I saw just the light of hope,
Flickered off, no longer shines for scope.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Like Never Before

How could I this tale tell,
Of a feeling I never had, or never should?
But mon coeur or ma tete, one thinks so:
That I feel all alone and ignored.

Just Yesterday a few hearts were warmer
I was the oven that made them so
How could I like them not be?
Instead Cold am I like never before.

I am my own companion, so for now
And could that be the best any could have?
My heart or my head, one thinks so:
Sadless and joyless like never before.

What happened to my FRIENDS that were?
Where's SHE whowould always be here?
Tell her, my DEAREST, SHE got it wrong
When she thought the things she did think.

And This too surely shall pass
But the hearts 'lone may be, shall not.
Mine is the soul who feels like never before:
Alone with no other but HIM and ITSELF.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

My Music Potion

I heard a beautiful song
Of course I could sing along
Before I knew I was drifting off
Lulled in the lyrics' deep waters.

As if the sun-earth stood still
Joshua's days couldn't be more real
But his sonnet wasn't any thrill.
As the singer's soft voice caressed the pinna,
The pupils danced behind closed doors.

Could the head, this drama resist?
Like wipers the motions persist.
The legs wiggle with some moves rare
Appealingly drawn by some force unseen.

The music – a rare new song
Because I'd sing along, I knew.
Endless repeats wouldn't make a sing-song
But tell-tale fact means it can't be longer

Soaked in the glee of his music,
My being reacts to its harmonious mystique.
Over the moon was I, with the clouds,
When its abrupt end bid me come,
With a soundless thud from cuckoo land.

Then with such enveloping silence
I still could sing along with more sense.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

My Promise

Down the memory lane
I made a promise
Come sun, come rain
This I will not miss

As my soul mate's to me
To always with me be
So will I from Him
Never myself separate
Not now, not again!
Lest I breed pain
To the wound that paid debt
But into flame to fan
A certain desire glowing
And like wind blowing
Shake all that can
And never, the light, dim
Which for the world shone
And Him, to us, have shown

Oh prisoner of love, my soul mate so pissed
Indeed I've fallen though short
But down the memory lane, I promised
Wishing I'll fail Thee not.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

My Three Sonnets Plus Two (The Sower)

The seeds in the Sower's hand,
With time makes a reaper of him.
Better still the fallowed land,
And the barn may not contain.

I tell of an age-long Farmer,
The first to till the red soil.
A garden fair He made, by the pool,
The pool coolly behind the mansion.
He made, by the garden's deep waters,
A nursery, nursed amidst toils.
Several nothings made-up His tools.

Ready were the seed-plants to move,
Among them were found look-alike weeds.
From whence they've entered the groove?

Together they'll grow, and the difference told,
But only by the fruits they bear.

Nature, at the sower's behest, lets drop,
Both tears from the cheeks,
And sweat from the brow.
At times there's a smiley warmth:
These aid the sower's plants to grow.

But who's this sower, the age-long Farmer?
I too tell of an age-long reaper,
The first to use a sickle.
A golden barn lay just next to His Palace,
That He made east of a furnace,
Where-in shall rest the weeds fickle.

But in the barn golden, will be,
The seeds gathered by the Reaper's hands.

That ends the Sower tale and story.
He toiled to till, train and plant,
With sight on a certain glory,

He solitarily reaps, 'yond time.

Those who soweth in tearful weeping,
Sing will they in joyful reaping.
For the seeds in the Sower's hand,
Makes a joyful burden, the sheaves He'd bear.

Like the first Sower, we try to toil
For only ours could we harvest.
Yet His stewards we are in the 'senseless turmoil'
And like Woodworth's reaper, we'll invest:
Our voice in song melodious,
Cutting and binding, in task arduous.
But only when the fruit's ripe for the picking.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

My Treasured Guest Host

More than an august visitor

O Lord Thou tower, height-less

Hast Thou chosen to

be called a guest

To a house whose landlord Thou art?

My soul's life-giver, more than a maker

In Thee nothing separates both.

Recalling Thy past

presence in me,

I'm left hungry and longing for more

In the days when Innocence thrived

When the heart couldn't be tender

Then "keeping

the simple simple" was the drive

And happiness, only Thine to render

I will, but can't thank Thee enough

I only want Thee, to touch

and kiss.

Though there are patches rough

I fear it'd get worse, should I Thee miss

Deal, Master, with my cares

For so numerous they've become

Then gladly will I tackle my fears

Knowing Thy love makes them numb.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Nigeria's Mood Today

In the chronicles of recent times,
Of a time called today;
The scribes wrote about the dawn,
Forgetting the terrors of the night before.

"The dawn", they say "gave hope
"Of some exciting things new"
But more treasures lay ahead,
With the advent of a bright sunny day.

As this dawn grew into the golden morn,
The tales of the scribes would take a twist.
For the silvery clouds would hide the rays
And one could wish they never came to stay.

And we wish we stayed in the dawn
Which was never meant to be forever
Since each of dawn, morn, day and Eve
Always passes to come no more

'Yet', on goes the scribe's dreary tales,
"With hours gone, clouds darker came
"And then came the downpour unrelenting
"As if to quench a never dying flame all-consuming

Now with Twilight almost upon us,
And our hopeful gazes never piercing through,
"The beautiful golden sun makes it back
"To her chambers for a night's rest, unseen"

"And so another dreadful night ahead
"Completes the latest tale by the writer
"About how we hoped for what never came" -
'The mood of my country today'

Sleeping through the night in wakeful silence,
I pray in tears: for a brighter mood by morrow
Is all for God to grant - Naija's mood today.

Nostalgia

At a point not known
The beginning I may never know
Alienated to the 'alien soil'
From my home, the reality that be

From the real to phantom, the shadow
What a descent decline!
But then, like many's hope
Could it happen for me, a transition?

A prey I've become
In the land of my exile
Apparently devoid of peace
Like Israel in Babylon

Yes! No peace away from home
For should peace dwell elsewhere
I would've forgot my Home

On me they prey, sons of the soil
In the name of love, charity
Which alone begins at Home

Away-from-home is all-wretchedness
This they call riches
Their treasury of imperishability
With them shall die

In a matter of choice, must be:
A stand not taken,
The one not chosen

Yet with struggle ever unending
To feel belonged or to assert
To take a stand or to sit on the fence
Is none other's but mine to decide

In the day, struggles and slavery
At night, tears and sighs
Yet 'Joy! ' they cry
Which has one source, Home

Weary are my feet on the alien soil
Nostalgia for Home, sweet Home
A cry of liberation from dreamland
And like a dove, shall I fly
To my Home, so long, I missed.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

On The Cross-Road

Somewhere in the middle
A thought flashed, with which I could meddle
'Since no cue was forth-coming,
I'd just hit the ground and be running'

You, having found you on a cross-road
To make a choice can be to you, a hell of load
North or South, East or West
You never know which is best

Even harder it is, making a choice
When each seems to appeal with more voice
But there must be a road not taken; at least three
Tragically or not, only one is free

But still caught out in the in-between
The situation must be remedied, fixed
Wait no longer, and for nothing fickle!
Your Heart can solve the riddle

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Silent Sonnet

When I heard his silence,
I knew he couldn't make more sense,
Even as he passed the option of self-defense
Amidst the weather so cloudy and tense.
Go, tell the Judge seeking to influence,
And with sheer impunity pass sentence:
"Though the accused got none with evidence,
His muted protest only shows innocence".

Somewhere in the spirit's dark tunnel,
Truth irrepressible torments the sons of Justice:
Whether or not they involve the Colonel,
The victim, with words unspoken scripts a piece
Rendered 'to the kernel' via life's channel
And notes to sing left to no other's caprice.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Forgotten Road

It used to be a way of life
Was there, right in the marrow
But once a 'via nova' was in rife
A once wide path became narrow

Slim and thin it's become, the road
For want of ever travelling feet
And 'twas on it they rode
Those men so great in wit and feat

Heads were oft' bent, but never in shame
Fingers learnt to walk on lines
Eyes never tired, looked with aim
Which alone was to feed the mind with signs

As stalls can 'empty of cattle' stand
And the jar filled to the brim with nothing
So the slate stays devoid of words, new brand
And weary from those gone sour and rotten

So let the bullet go to work
For then it can only be better
Here and now we may cease to mock
Instead of waiting for a time called 'later'

It may be a word, maybe a notion
But out of place' they won't be, a line, a page
A few more drops, and you have an ocean
And over you, you'll have an edge.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Hard One

Torn between two courses

Is my soul, making to row

Can't do both with a

given success

Can't leave both without a predicted failure.

Wide awake of what I am,

A wretch deserving no iota of kindness

And not forgetting who I am

Imago Dei perfect'd in

Christ

A humble act may be, the former

But I know my place: crown prince's

And why

should I not mine take?

Since the humble knows and takes his place

Is it ever a right so solemn,

A claim to mercy unprecedent'd?

Or a

mere privilege giv'n and taken,

The state of Sonship already paid for?

Certainly I should either, forfeit:

A bowed head or the one

raised high.

Still torn between two courses,

Which eventually brings the goal?

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Master's Art

Done and dusted, are the Arts of the Saints
We look and wonder
Without actually seeing a yonder
How fair the impressions of brush and paints

Like pencils, they were, in His hands
To write and to draw
That, on which we now gaze with awe
And the Creator's slates on which is scribed His artistic strands

Tested and proved, the science of the Saints
Though nature wants it soft
Rough and tough it's as oft
And out of the crucible it stays devoid of taints

Yet they only mimed the One Masterpiece,
Mimesised the real Model
And gained the 'saintly' label
Love is the art; sacrifice the science

It matters; it's what brought them there
The Master's Arts,
The Creator's Science
Get on the wings, but only if you care...

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Profaned...Or Sacred?

O citadel once great!
Magnificent, you stood glorious
Heaven's birds on you perched
As they sing to your maker.

O temple once fair!
As His hands did you make
The creator's with much care
For He, in you, shall dwell.

O house once hallowed
From the abundance of the ONE!
How you've been shadowed
By the cloud of your wrongs/ own doings.

Once made from the earth
Then despised and trampled upon
Now marred to death
Any hope like the risen one's?

Through your windows unrestrained
Came flying the vultures
Foul dungs down they rained
In the dwelling of your maker

Your ambo speaks
Not in praise of Him
But with certain insolence
Some blasphemy and sacrilege.

Never free, your sanctuary
From dead bones and carcass
And your altar a mortuary
For all who worship in you.

Once great, fair and hallowed
O man, wonder of creation!
Then nought, rotten and profaned
Your body, God's temple.

For more, the flesh craves
The eye, for lust acquiesces
The heart, for shadows yearns
The tongue, like fire, blazes

Your maker, deprived, waits
The vultures, from you, drive
Clean up! Open your gates
In His abode, may He enter

Then shall your ambo sing
In praise and joy
And once more be pure
And not again profaned.

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Shadow

With the appearance of light comes shadow
Yet the real remains unchanged.
Though far from reality, it tells of the reality of the real.
Assume the world without shadows

Pity though it be,
that the two exist,
Or three: light, reality and shadow.
Or should darkness make four?

For most of the world's vision,
Occupy the shadow and all its like.
But only few men see the real thing.
Imagine a shadow-less world.

The shadow - as beautiful as it is,
so non-majestic and formless,
Yet it draws the attention of many-a-man
From beholding the beauty of reality.

Is the real made for the very-few alone?
Or has the eyes turned away from it?
This I know:
that in darkness exists no shadow;
Without the real, no shadow deceives

That light shines to unveil the reality
Yet it can't help making more shadows
To deceive the sons of men.
Think of a world without shadows

Why do many perish, sons of men?
And why are very few wise?
From nothing comes nothing
Shadows harbour no wisdom, nor do darkness

True wisdom lies in the light, in the real
And not very many behold the real

But then, for the neophytes,
what is the real?
Where lies it?
Since many take the shadows for the real

Very simple, first is the light;
Then the real;
At the bases comes the shadow.
Simply look beyond it

There lies the in-thing...

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Subjective God

Part of it, we are, it seems

Always, of this 'subjective' madness
More pronounced even in our time
By the 'truth's arch-fiends'

Just a matter of personal opinion

For them hiding under its pinion

Is the

question of a Being called God

Oft' than not dismissed as mythical

But what could be more mythical?

Or is it a case of being poetical?

Than an applause for the weird,

What could be weirder?

For the defeat of goodness, they plot

As would say, the Psalmist who taught

From the

world they seemed to have expelled

The One whose it is

Now after our hearts they go

To rid of it what remains, and so

Truths

employed to replace the Truth;

'What is' with 'what applies to me',

Kenosizing the earth of Divinity

And ripping off hearts, their Paternity

Are steps

already taken

As they make a miscellany of gods

Austyn Chimbuoyim

The Unborn

To God it Cried
Abel's blood for vengeance.
For justice theirs cry
Much louder than his.

Oh victims of the neo-science!
In the echelon of the new world
Their silent voice though piercing,
Resounds in a deafening bang.

Altars are erected;
For God, no, for death
The altar of science thirsts for blood
Where Satan is himself the chief priest.

The undying voice of the defenseless:
Where could be safer?
When the womb can no longer contain
Can the test tube shelter?

Hei allies, agents of death!
Hardly had they lived than died.
Yes, they died once
You will die many times.

Weak and defenseless they seem
Powerful and protected you appear.
Yet God is their shepherd
And death your guardian.

Like them you longed to see the light
You deserved it no more than them.
Now you live so that they die
You too will die when they live...

Like Abel, their maker hears them
For He hears, who made the ear
Unlike Cain, he'll not spare you
Since He punishes, who corrects nations[1]

[1] [Ps.94: 9-10]

Austyn Chimbuoyim

There Was A Country

There was a country
Whether idea or real,
I know not, God knows
Claims say it was sovereign

'There was a country'
So they say
To ransom, another it held
And yet was never born

Miscarried? Some think it was
And therefore gone
Incubated, I feel it is
As draws close, its birthday

How wary, Uncle Sam is
Of a foetus yet unborn
Could his allies do more
As 'a nip in the bud' will do

Marginalized even in the womb
Now raring to go
Having starved of daylight
Not for more can it wait

There was a country
Like it or not, it was
Hate it or not, it is
Want it or not, it'll be

Bring it on, 'Ndi Igbo'

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Victor!

Victor! Victor! ! Victor! ! !
Screams a voice
Guess you heard, too
Or was I the only audience?

Victor! ' continued the voice
Where are you, Victor? ', I wondered
You're called and you've not answered
Little did I know I've been guilty, and hindered

Time waits no longer, it never tarries
It's a call, yeah, a clarion one
For me and you, all and sundry
But only 'Victors' answer

A call to fight or die
To conquer or vanquish
To control and subdue
The ego for whom we often diminish

We're silent, we don't respond
For one only answers to his name, and no other's
But 'Victors' we can be, though like Him
Who kenosized Himself for us...

Austyn Chimbuoyim

When I Die

How many tears will there be
When I'm no more?
How many heads will be bent
When I'm gone?

How many eyes will turn red
When I cease in breath?
How many throats will go sour
Should I cease to move?

As I'll lie, eyes closed
Yet looking heaven-wards
Ears and nostrils open wide
Yet, to the slightest sensation, closed

Mourning hearts: many or just few
Matters but much
Far more cherished than these
Is one honest mourner

What then will be my fate
When there still lacks
This one grieving heart?
How peaceful my soul will be!

Austyn Chimbuoyim

When We Wake Up

Through the coast they came
Across the Atlantic they sailed
With them was God, their book
yet our wealth enticed more

Could this be hope?
Sleep then we did, and dream
but theirs we tend to live
And thus they began – our woes
In bondage from then we lived

When they did go
Much less ready were we
We had our dream still
Out-shone by someone else's,
the heroes' motives upheld

But almost at hundred
In dreamland we still dwell
Aren't we being real, to heed?
Reality calls, "wake up! "
"And you can live your dream"

Austyn Chimbuoyim

Which Way To Your Heart...?

Which way to Your heart, Lord?

Not as if I've come to a cross-road,
Just wary of the one I
currently tread on.

Like to a king's lodge, the path that leads

So as beautiful and more should this be
Everything it
is but comely and straight

Just then I wondered: this just can't be

Maybe it's not a road at all; maybe no more

Could be it leads to nowhere; just endless.
As I rise from the umpteenth
fall, I knew awe,

Felt the cold hands of loneliness taking my breath
Then they crept in en masse, the fear
kind-less

That's a rocky road, the roughest I've met

The sun gnaws at my flesh; I'm scorched and
wet
The hills I
climb, not like what I've seen

The cold chilly breeze seep through my pores
It's got a trail, snake-
like, as the tricky meanders'

Lay-about bones along vivified the terror not there

The 'unsure next' lurks by, yet here we go

Down-the-spine-shiver stays, but ahead we row
Fleet of stairs up
ahead, but burden for tiring legs

Can only hope I'm still on track, hope

Just outside the city walls, an alien
territory. Then by
the open gate it hits - something's familiar

A blazing flame red, amidst a fount of blood

It's an unlikely route which leads here

No wonder a just few feet venture

At least rest's assured in the flame of love, mercy

Austyn Chimbuoyim