

Poetry Series

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ(15th October,1994)

IDENTITY OF THE SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR? ?

KELLY JUUZ is the founder of NIGERIAN ELITES WORLD(A FORTRESS CASTLE FOR INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY, since 2012) on Facebook, for all literary activities and promotions. His birth name is John Kelechukwu Uchenna Uzoma. He's a graduate of Mass communication, from National Open University of Nigeria, Victoria Island Lagos State. He has written a lot of poems, stories(published and unpublished) , motivational and inspirational articles, published on several websites and blogs around the world? ? . He house many more academical awards, talent titles, such as; secondary school teacher, a radio broadcaster, et cetera? ? . He is a salient prolific author in the literary world and beyond. He's an award winning poet, (HAPSS, POEMARIUM, POETRY 24/7, POET'S CHOICE-ZINE India, etc) . He is a comic actor, who hails from AMANGWU village in Nkwerre Local Government area of IMO state, Nigeria.

Email: Johnuchennauzoma@

Official Website:

Personal website:

Contact no: +2348027222005

10 Random Facts About Author Kelly Juuz

10 RANDOM FACTS ABOUT ME (As written by Author Kelly Juuz)ok, here we go:

- .
1. I'm naturally unserious. I have a crazy habit of laughing during serious moments. Just like when I was having a dinner with Obama and Zuckerberg last Sunday, at 197 driveway off diamond heights London, we were talking politics and the nuclear war heads and I just started laughing, you see?
- .
2. They have use foreign girls to swear for me walahi.
Can someone please prescribe an anti-attraction-to-white girls for me?
Celine Dion and Miley Cyrus can't stop laughing at me.
- .
3. Forget all this noise that I make on facebook. Sometimes I'm quiet, other times I'm shy. A few times I can get really hyper, like really hyper. If I'm not shy around you or over the phone, I really like you.
- .
4. I can't read but books do fear me, they hide when they sight me coming, even my bic/pen/biro/ink.
Now, you get it.
- .
5. I drink approximately 5 litres of water a day.
- .
6. I live in a cave. Where there's no cellphone or whatever, once in a while I go to the city to borrow phone and comelike I'm doing now, so I'm not woke at all. If fact the word "woke" dey gimme nausea as I'm very dull. No ounce of intelligence at all.
- .
7. I used to be a badass artiste but I dunno, I just stopped when I heard that song from one artiste " man is not hot" big Shaw...
Dear Lord! Why wont I quit music industry? ? ?
- .
8. Romance movies bore me, I prefer war movies. I like Jack Bauer, just his intolerance and bravery in his field.
Thank your God fella, that am dating Kim Bauer now, ... She's here with me...
- .
9. I hardly sleep, because lil Wayne and Kanye west, alongside with Jay-Z and Alicia keys, we all are playing ludo. Kudos to what are thinking now fella...
- .
10. I was born with my two ears pierced, I know you have just reasoned it for a

moment.... Well that's how funny am becoming.

.

P.S if I tagged you, it's over to you. Just for fun

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

A Bit Dead; A-Bit Alive

A bit dead; a-bit-alive

First time in moon lock-up,
Mr Attorney General ducked up,
Saint Witness feared to unveil,
Now, Confusion come to travail.

The plans were but so strict,
for a heart so soft to defeat,
Here, the knives and weapons...
to cut off lives and nations.

A thought of race blew round,
but to no use was its sound,
A zeal grew up high; a-morale,
lo, a skirt doesn't make one a female.

Hello, Lawyer for fearful justice,
welcome, kill me not with lies,
Equality with fair justice i seek,
and here comes a life but sick.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
03/11/2017

12: 31AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

A Knock; A Faint

A knock; a faint

I slept but my heart was awake. Listen!
My beloved is knocking: 'Open to me,
My sister, my darling, my dove,
My head is drenched with dew, and dampness.'

I have taken off my crown and robe,
Beloved dove, must I put it on again?
I have washed my feet with ocean of myrrhs,
Beloved dove, must I stain them again?

My beloved thrust her hand through the latch-opening;
My heart began to pound for her.
I arose to open for my beloved dove,
Then my hands dripped with myrrh, on the handles of the bolt.

As I opened for my beloved dove,
But my dove had left; she was gone,
My heart sank at her departure,
I went cold like an iced block in juice

The watchmen found me and kicked me,
They bruised me; they off my cloak,

Those watchmen of my territory;
They are hounds of rapist and bee

My dear wind and breeze, I charge you,
If you find my beloved dove, tell her...
I've fainted with love and her love-ruins,
Let her make haste before the full moon.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
^^25/07/2017
? 03: 45 AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Ablutophobia

Ablutophobia

I am this idol,
Who killed Lucifer,
Who mourned abyss,
Who once destroyed jupiter.
I bathe not, I wash not...
My feet, my face,
Neither do I drink water,
Nor Urinate.
Power is all over me
Authority is my Apron
My downfall is water
My existence is void of water
Long! I shall live on dry-body
Till water flood the world again.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
12/08/2018
12: 09PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Acarophobia

Acarophobia

Mr World, let me tell you
How I have lived till now
Both, in your worse days
I smile, I merry,
Poisonous is your world,
The world of insects
Such is hell!
In its outrageous way
Life is scarce to be traded,
Though, evildoers play bloody
Termite awaits all coffins
Underneath your terrace,
Undersea, above earth crust
And beyond sciences.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
14/08/2018
03: 52PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Adieu Grandma

Adieu Grandma

Until that day, being 24th
Of December, 2016th
I came to know,
How jealous death is...
Grandma, till t-o-m-o-r-r-o-w
You remain an icon of peace,
Grandma, who could make
One laugh in her own ways
Of jokes and conversations,
Verily, you nursed great minds
As your children, grandchildren
And great-grandchildren,
Lo, I take your exit to be;
The Lords call to glory,
Though, is quite so unfair
You departed to glory a-bit early,
You should have waited
Till the pillars of earth bear wheels
So we bless you with more stars,
And gazillions of jewelries...
Well, God rules and He decides,
In everything; all Glory to God
Ma Elizabeth Mba, rest on the
Shoulder of the Almighty God,
Amen, Amen, A-m-e-n!

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(GRANDSON)
(

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

All Of Me

"All of me" A POEM BY AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

All of me

You have killed me, Am dead but breathing
You have stabbed me, Am bleeding but dancing
You have castrated me, Yet I'm full of more...
You have raped me, It pains so sweet, -the hardcore
You have slapped me
But i still want more...
You have ruined me, With overwhelming touches...
You have over-loved me, In all ramifications.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

11/06/2018

08: 24PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Amorous Mates

Amorous mates

Down there is the forest,
A hostage of my lollipop,
For better reasons I know,
But, am here now, to feel it,
Rejuvenate and flop it back
Stay strong my monster
And submissive to your priestess.
Beyond is now the past,
The new is like olive...
So fresh like oysters
Blended with macaroni sauce,
Upon a taste of you,
I would craze for more
Because, our is the newest paradise.

© Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
09/09/2018
02: 04PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Androphobia

Androphobia

My name is the whole world,
I live open but caged
In fear of the unknown,
In pain I groan.
The cobwebs I hate,
Come in the name "men";.
Who war weevils like lions
And adapt to anarchy for fame.
Few men in this era, -are goblins.
Archived history paints them dark,
Clouds compose them like creatures,
Creatures for century caricatures.
Fear isn't an enemy but the feared...
So said the salient prolific Poet.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
27/08/2018
05: 21AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Another Picture

Another Picture

Hello! Pretty lady,
Cry no more
He's so cute but evil
You are so loving and caring
Try a momentary smile.

Hello! Pretty lady,
Enough of that distress
Tomorrow is full of joy
Though he seem to care
He's deadly at dark.

Hello! Pretty lady,
Have a second life-thought
He's the women's playball
He can't even walk you far
Perhaps a second life-thought is golden.

Hello! Pretty lady,
I'm no pure saint
Though, my name is Innocent
Perhaps I look decent
I am a soulful lover, pretty lady.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient Prolific Author...)
13/06/2018
11: 34PM

Automated Nature

Automated nature

Highway of atrocities and ill-fame
of consequences in clash with
glasses, turmoils, hoodlums,
from ancestral misdeeds,
and illegalized laws of
unsanitized heads,
Is at war with this generation to
hopefully the next generation,
i see not but perceived thus
her greatest heights near
sealed ark of paradise
to nourish towers
resurfacing...
pure again.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
09/12/2017
03: 28 AM.

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Behind The Bright Face

Behind the bright face

Pudding up my eyes with faith,
Seeking of better tomorrow,
Tussling for survival
Out the dark of green and white;
A kingdom of bokos and harams'
Some die of bitter Gokos and harms,
To some precautions acquainted,

Behind the bright face

The holes of death do merry
The bullets prey the fleshy skin'
Where's David of this generation,
Has he clothed from Aso-rock?
Rewind the awry steps!
So many sheep sail not astray.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

04/10/2018

06: 19AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Bifurcated-World

Bifurcated-world

People reported to heaven of havens,
Minds clogged up with naivety-in-sevens,
Birds watched and mimed in styles;
The world is of no man but for all tribes.

Young and old sailors in Blue-land,
Sons and daughters of Anti-abyss,
Wheat and milk stars of dancing sand;
Breath is of no man but at a time cease.

Priests and kings of all honey lands,
Judges and advocates of clouded matters,
All Sorrowful-sinners and joyous-killers;
Some heads to hell and some to Canaan-land.

Presidential candidates and execu-thieves,
Prophets in Sodom; helpers to Israel-tyrants,
Oh yes, know so, heads die; death lives;
The world is golden and rains charcoal at some eves.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]

29/07/2017

10: 40AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Bonded Love

Bonded love

I showed you the love in me
You ruined its bridge
You perched your dirty claws
And it all dug deeper
That, I fell off my feet
My question is why...!
Yes, why me, why now...
Excruciating as the pain be
My soul torments me
In addition to the chaos you pulled
Into me and my households.
Again, let us settle down,
To avoid me, falling drastically down.
Because, no one to cry my cry,
No one to weep my weep,
No one to shed my tears,
Let my hell, be your hell,
Let my ghost, marry your ghost,
Let my body be buried in you,
Love they said is golden.
But, all I see in you, -is death!
Breaking down hearts, is all you do!
Scattering homes here and there.
Avenging for unknown cause
Building tombs in your heart
Whilst, I hunger to home your heart

Remember! Together with you I know.
When death comes, we'll welcome it.
In love I hope, in death is your hope,
Then, Devil couldn't deny us his horse.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
31/08 /2018
12: 41AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Brief Review Of Author Kelly Juuz

What do you know about Author Kelly JUUZ? ? ?

In the lands of the Amangwu village in Nkwerre local government area of Imo state in Nigeria, a poet is born, bread and buttered. He's name is John Kelechi Uzoma better known to us as Kelly Juuz. He use to read a lot of Shakespearean poems when he was a kid and at the age of 19 he began to write his own poems. He started to write poems more frequently, becoming more skilled and more focused on the message he want to portray on his poems and that resulted to people being delighted every time they read one of his poems. He's a versatile poet meaning he's able to write different types of poems like a sonnet, a haiku, a free verse and even limerick poems.

Poetry means the world to us all but to him its means something much deeper than that as he says "poetry is my companion where I can express myself deeply and freely". What set him apart from other poets is his unique way of writing and the way he portray a message on a poem. You see that through his sensational poems like Reality in disguise, Street hood and Travails of justice. "My muse keeps me writing, I keep writing because I am passing a message to the people and I keep writing because it's my passion. That's why I am not only a poet but also an author".

His achievements are remarkable, he has won numerous awards including the poetry anthology both national and international so his work is finally paying off for him. When he was asked about what he wants to achieve in poetry in the future, he said "I want to touch people's lives through poetry, I want my voice to echo all around Africa and out and most importantly I want to get more recognition and credit for my poetry so I can support myself and other upcoming poets, writers and authors".

Contact him for further information:

+2348027222005

(Uzomajohn2015@)

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Broken Gourds

Broken Gourds

Forest grew weed and make seeds,
Trees grew up high and high to sky,
Floods cultivate and crop greens,
Toads hop hop hop and fly off high.

Young, needs to go public for fame,
Teddy, must contribute to the publicity,
Young had Teddy's back before and on;
Teddy nailed Young to the cross in city.

The diamonds in the light spikes the sun,
The sun thwarts t h r o u g h sea spears
Rules are made: rules are broken; fun?
You go rogue, you speak vague and flub.

Judas, once great and lately on-deathbed
No enmity is your friend to trend,
No friend is bad, no friend is good,
If words grew on stood: life could be soup.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

>16/06/2017

>01: 42AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Character Speaks

Character Speaks

Just by the poles, I sit,
To watch my trails talk,
But it was all erased by others.

Have been this pretty for ages,
But no good comes my way
I kill with eyes and farts.

Mother taught me respect
A subject I have ejected far back;
No wonder my hills aren't high.

Everyone do love me,
Yet, they do send me away,
Not minding my charming beauty.

I would fault my dress
And flaunt the latest, -slayer!
All to no remedy, in pain i sleep.

Many times, I have been the best cheerleader,
Many a-time, I have sexed the Merchant men...
But, the rejection hurts more like a burning coal.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
24/08/2018
01: 18AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Clutches Of Adversity

Clutches of Adversity

If only her distress could be weighed,
And all her misery be placed on the scales!
It would surely outweigh the sand of the seas___
No wonder her offsprings nuked her peace-eggs.

If only her pains could be rain,
And all her tears be flown to paradise!
It would surely outrank her wealth-eyes___
No wonder her progeny merry in poison.

If only her sorrow could be quenched,
And all her afflictions be banked like gold!
It would surely oversize the four pillars of the world___
No wonder terrors are marshaled against her world.

If only her hurt house havens in hell,
And all her agony be filmed in movies!
It would surely overshadow the kingdom of Israel___
No wonder famine thwarts the plans of the milk.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>> 11/07/2017
?01: 08AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Crazily In Love

Crazily in love

Years before I met you,
I felt that I couldn't love for real,
I felt that my love warehouse burnt down,
I felt that life is full of favouritism,
That nobody would magnet my soul,
That nobody would adore my personality,
But, all those just changed when I met you.
Then I knew life revolves around me.
You are kind and caring,
You are beautiful and charming
You take away my awkwardness,
You swim me through romance,
You make me go offline when I behold your soft spots.
Then, I couldn't stop writing poems about you!
Letting the stars above to star our togetherness.
Hitherto, I realized that am so crazily in love with you.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
01/03/2018
09: 28PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Dancing Sands

Dancing Sands

One; was that walking dead,
Hopeful but freezed on bed,
Night was his light to right;
Criminals he willingly fight.

Justice knows every man's number,
Hearing the chaotic community trauma,
Deserters were cruelly crucified,
Rest cohorts went on pity hide.

No one is a perfect judge...
Of characters with no grudge,
Charges fall at no pitiful peace;
Dawn of justice at no ease.

Death calling high infidel-son,
Castrating out destinies of quality horn,
Dreadful noise by camp-slaved-pleb:
By naive and corrupt excecutive-reps.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>28/05/2017
>04: 09pm

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Dark Angel

Dark Angel

Hail her happy hours
Dine and wine with her crew
Or read her love stories;
Her honey pot, - a bitter kola
Watch her spit on tower of Babel
Run! When she gets hold of your mandible
Scream a-loud! Young man,
Try walk a long way with her;
Tears will cuddle your cheeks,
Pain will play pranks with you,
Shame will hug you day-by-day,
Heat will rinse your outfit;
Mankind perhaps irritate
And death may shake hands with you.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
13/03/2018
09: 25PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Dead Poet

Dead Poet

Glory to the bouncers,
Glory to the whistle blowers
And to all, who laid me astray.

I'm the servant of Smogs,
The very forerunner of Tears
Calling all the way from grave!
To the ears of those killers,
Who blinded the sun,
Who joyed in the moon,
Over my long journey...
To the other side.

Tomorrow is a good day,
I shall kill tomorrow today,
They shall all be victims,
Death isn't a sad killer,
But an envious stealer of life;
Both, the royals and the ash;
Life wasting is trendy in hell.

You have depleted trust,
You have ruined nature,
Chaos is upon you today,
Blood is underneath your cup,
Grave is about your best bed
And eternal, you rest in abyss.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
18/08/2018
11: 50pm

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Decent Deception

DECENT DECEPTION

Before I cry out loud,
To the hearing of the serpent,
To the roots of this unchastity
And to all immaculate robes!
Let me be wise enough
To summon wisdom
From the unknown kingdom
And let all ears be open!
To sip the sounds I vomit,
For, I'm no human anymore
My ash is all that I see,
Hatred raped my conscience,
My mood robbed me of all golds,
My thoughts went way-ward,
My body is all messed up-
I have lost the world
And the cloud is happy!
I have lost the earth,
I feel mysterious,
Where I stand... I know not.

>>> >>> >>>

The pain is never going,
Reminiscence buckled in
To worsen the whole of it.
I trust only but my coffin;
Great saviour of the good and the bad,
The bier as supportive as a rock,
But should I die to love you
Or should my heart go decayed
Just to have you to myself alone;
The world is cruel, so i say.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
06/08/2018
18: 06PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Deflowered Kingdom

Deflowered Kingdom

Heaven shall bestow them the crown of thorns,
You politically addicts and dream killers,
Fire from Zambia and abyss shall rain your pathways,
You lawbreakers and certified nursed rulers.

See, darkness covers the earth and its admirers,
See, twilight seem the midday to idol worshippers,
A mere breath is a heavy fright to a ritualist,
As the cloud above shall rain bees on the rapist.

Since, ASO-ROCK also rock adulterers and prostitutes,
Why won't witched sorcerers wear socks,
How can a nation that award the brutes...
Not adopt immorality instead of development lucks.

Our kingdom fainting in choked recession,
Our high gates of unity; wealth of blood,
Can a country be born in days of blood?
Have i not loss enough ink for my nation.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
>> 04/07/2017
»» 11: 49PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Demon Bones

DEMON BONES

Hey, hear me, hear me,
Oh four towers of the world!
I can't no more songs,
A vulture shelved my guitar,
I can't see creatures again;
When my head is whirling badly!
Because, am not here to thwart;
Am a rugged lonesoul,
Am a quiet night killer;
Stronger than Sampson
And tougher than Joshua!
A daylight stranger to the world;
Yes, a salient prolific a u t h o r...
The guy with the cold stones
The worse god of vengeance
The demon's strongest gatekeeper;
The fiasco that smaller gods fear,
I have missed my father's muse;
The singing categories of them,
Am getting no happy anymore;
I have missed the forest-tales;
Scary ones are most interesting...
Let me walk you through...
Am so annoyed, angry, edgy!
The moon has exploded,
It was a disastrous blow!
My staff has b r o k e n,
My mood has crushed demon's meal!
Here am I, kissing deities,
Washing Lucifer's black robe;
One made best for bloodshed
Ah! My bones! -are demon bones

I wail and yell spirits within!
I watch them crush bones!
I inspire them to paint the globe red
Do I love sorts? - No! Yes!
Confusion has made me a bait,
Don't pity me, don't scold me,
My innerman is in agony,
My dress code, - demon best!
Punch me once, - ride home in coffin,
Kiss me twice, - a mansion in hell,
Hate me daily, - a-gateway to H e a v e n
Am immortal, - the fools idea
Am mortal, am you, you are me!
All heads are made equal,
Why cause me to rage, oh man!
Let me sip from your wise cup, oh Israel!
Wise is the fool, - vague is their crown
Am trekking back to Armageddon!
Where peace is in pieces, - there I love,
Over here; over there; blood everywhere!
My pain is like quinine;
The worst and bitter one ever!
I can drink it, you can sip from it too,
Hear me, I can't say goodbye!
Because, my heart is broken,
I almost took away the bait,
I almost became irresponsible,
Love can deny one a-thing,
Either precious or luscious
Perhaps love is tossing a dice,
Yes, am still that demon with bones
Yet, I can't stop loving my woman,
I know she knows, even as she is over hills.

©Author KELLY JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

»»» 27/03/2018

»»07: 58PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Division Of Breath

Division of breath

Lost was the soiled sins of Lebanon,
while rats made tents in capernum,
History became the basket of Abraham,
while the egyptians yowl in river jordan.

Not too far, birds of the sky waved-by;
fear of abyss crowned all the standbys,
And heaven wept and wailed clouds of pain,
Behold, the moonlight stained her walls with pain.

Devil is evil; heaven is haven I say,
Deceive oneself to sin and death is your pay,
Rob a joyful soul and measles from Egypt...
Will shelter your healthiness to six-feet.

Yes, your raging anger can't lit a banger;
Your pot-mouth can't swallow a leather;
Breath is an advocate of life and a-mole for death,
Heaven is for everyone and not for well ironed shirts.

©Author Kelly Juuz
[A salient prolific author...]
>> 26/07/2017
? 08: 22PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Do You Know That...

Do you know that...

I came to you wholesomely with all me.

I love you in every breathing day with all my heart.

I adore every angle of your personality.

I respect you selflessly with all trust I have planted in you.

Yet,

....you act so weird to me,

....You sting me with disrespect,

....You dash me to the thorn with mockery chuckles,

....You pretend to be happy with me but it ain't true.

Why

.... Don't you tell me you can't love me for who I am?

.....not tell me am that ugly to be you world and every?

.....don't you shout it loud that you hate me than saying you love me just from the lips?

.....not make me feel better than drenching my body in the oceans of heartbreak moods?

Have

*** i not tried showing how real I am to you,

*** i not been meek, soft, caring, and loving to you,

*** i not created gazillions of smile on your cheeks,

*** i not crossed your heart at least several times you and I knows,

Oh, is it because

___ I have no father to pet me and to train me,

___ I am not wearing Versace, givenchy and groove with celebrities,

___ I am not leaving in my own paid house and managing Obama's business,

___ I am too small to mingle with, to tell the truth and to ball around with.

You keep hurting me overly

You keep acting bossy while I humble myself to you,

You keep talking to me like am nothing to you,
You keep disrespecting me, our unity regardless of our fondness, why?

© Author Kelly Juuz
(A salient prolific author...)
19/07/2017
05: 10PM

A forlorn soul in teardom wind....

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Done With Maria

... Done with Maria...

Hey, Maria
Been long you iced my eyes,
Been long you tossed my dick;
We were acres passion,
We were islands of unity.
> > >
Such a chameleon you were...
You left, no letter, no text!
Here you, in fear, in cold,
Better to go back,
Than to deceive me again.
> >>
I heard you loved him,
The world's Mr Moneymore...
How was the journey,
Oh, have you torn him apart?
Please, I'm not the old me.
>>>
To love you again means death,
This house is not for you!
Yeah, go back to Mr Money...
And want us back no more,
I am done with you, _M a r i a.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

24/08/2018

11: 04AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Downcast

Downcast

Bright morning ago,
While the clouds merry calm,
I left home to face myself
I promised family,
Everything good and lovely
But, suffering has cut deep
And the agony is all over me.

Please family, tarry no more,
Call me no more, a good man!
Smooch not my return, yet...
My white is about to soak dirt,
My breath is about to lit fire,
My preys, pray, -my prayers,
Fear stand as my comfort...

No home to go, not again
Shall be here, to make it
Or fake it, money is all I want!
That smile is no longer mine,
The joy has torn me away
Let me die now, not tomorrow,
Vet my mood, dark! I live on.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
06/09/2018
12: 04AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Downsize Fear

Downsize fear

At the rough toes of the sea
mounts the ranting warriors;
Both the ghosts and their drunk gods
merry together but at war, they flee.

Wherein the beautiful maggots sell,
there, lies the devil on cruel snare,
To capture and seize the made dignitaries,
who goes out without precautions.

There are depths of supreme power
one should obtain at all sweat and cost
And there are heights of soured hatred
one must kick into the burning dust.

Behold, the farther a soul sojourns:
the lesser his worries becomes
Therefore, sell off fear; pass over the thorns;
afore, blooms your reward: the paradise.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)

21/01/2018

12: 21PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Drenched By Passion

Drenched by passion

At the sound of the wind,
my hairs curled up like ring;
Of which I manned the sky like king,
just to make up love and kind.

You are no dull angel for real,
because your feet charms the eyes,
Smiles of the arena climbed a-hill;
because lost was the tossed dice.

Zillions of passion I rain for you;
for the dust to count our ribs,
Battalions do jealous of me and you;
since the clouds take us on trips.

Listen to the voice from pianos,
listen again to the forlorn volcanoes,
Behold my persona craving for you;
no need falling asleep on the pew.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

✕ 14/11/3017

?05: 27PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Elegant Monster

Elegant Monster

You approached me,
Sharing paradise ideas
Of you and me,
Adorable as it all were
In your tongue
Of sweet sayings
I died for your arms
Just to own it all,
For myself and no other

My experience is unbelievable,
So awful like vultures urine
Placed in a tortoise saliva'
You nailed me
On the archaic ladder,
Prehistoric as you tagged me
I mourn my world out
To see this day no more!
Until the sky bear holes

Wisdom drowned far away,
My guts knelt lifeless,
While you watch me wail...
Such a monster in yellow skin
Killed my heart with just dick
Blinded me with romance
Even though, he hated the Romans
But to survive this stale storm,
Have to be done by death before dawn.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
04/09/2018
12: 09PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Emergency Mail

Emergency mail

Come on, heats of misdeeds
Relieve me of my sin-creeds
Recall not my days of smoked weeds
And surround saints off spoilt breeds

Culture became pride and prejudice,
Heads in forest for sacrifice;
Olden and modern warfare still on ice,
What has life dewormed for a price?

Mr artiste and Mr havens of riches,
Young and elder dreaming about witches,
Drunken deformed drivers at beaches,
Hell! hell! hell! Is no place for sandwiches

Turn left, turn right, buckle up and sail,
Pillars wake and stand strong to hail,
Correction cemented ceilings in jail,
Emergency enraged worry; I sent heaven a mail.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
04/06/2017
06: 45AM

Enchanted

Enchanted

Am here again, under this canopy,
Building thoughts, casting stones
And mouthing love; catching emotions-
For us! the stars are falling in Nairobi.

Such a creamy skin, so soft
And charming, -am enchanted!
Lets break this moon in your court
Kiss me from eyes till i break ice, -am intoxicated...

The seas will have eyes, to see us,
The forest will make beds: for us
In the dark room, -i would see so clear!
By moments; you in my arms: beneath, I stir.

Day-to-day basis; stronger ever,
Yeah, Let me be your mechanic
Oh! Since am no good cleric
The items are within reach, don't shiver.

Am enchanted by your poise
Lets cruise in the ship and burn my Royce
Am deeply lost by your kisses
Yes! let me wear you, i would moan histories.

Here I have been, under this canopy,
Branding thoughts, moulding sands
And miming you; catching emotions-
For us! the stars are falling in Nairobi.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
16/02/2018
08: 35PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Flaming Galls

Flaming galls

To the Babysitter, who baby sits;
endurance is your motto and photo
To the Bodyguard, who body guards;
honesty is your diplomacy, aside mercy.

Here, I sit on a long bench of worries;
watching this cauldron filled with galls,
And my flesh hedged about: dizziness
flexing their moments over my worries.

There, I have been sitting, quite long,
seeing the whole edges getting edgy;
Watching the tears of the leaves falling:
my nation is compassed with galls andtravails.

To the civilian casualties, I mourn with;
in dark places and in fierce races,
Let's live long, let's fight strong:
hereinafter, dwells peace and unity.

Surely, this nation sunk in mud paths:
taking oaths of hope girded with sackcloths,
How then would her daughter's merry,
if not dancing in nude nets and aprons.

Recompense I see; according to work done,
and sodomity shall prevail no city anymore

Behold their visage is darker than charcoal:
their skin cleave to their weathered bones.

Fear and snare is staged upon this nation,
so is desolation bites and chaotic destruction
I sit here, with my saddy strings from Saul,
beckoning stones and rocks to overhaul.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A Salient prolific author...)
20/01/2018
12: 31PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Freedom At Dawn

Freedom at dawn

Freedom will surface,
freedom shall Africa face;
handwriting of the poor widow said,
"when will freedom come to pass".

Upon completion of freedom rights,
blood cried in solemn: saints gone,
beloved ones dead, parents lost
and "where's freedom" said the unbroken stone.

Take a look at that mourning ghost,
take a strange walk to mount abyss,
make some noise in the lions den
and freedom will speak of the feast.

Let all voice echo "freedom" till dawn,
children are held hostage in chickens tent,
positivity has been compromised with prize:
Freedom is frozen; freedom still won't come at dawn.

There are patches along this roadside;
some stitches can't last long this side;
many foot tracks will see no tomorrow:
when transparency have got freedom to tow.

The tears of joy roll as this freedom comes,
the fallen heroes merry as this freedom prevails...
the citizens at large mourning so high:
for this freedom has traveled far at night.

In the forest, lives no freedom nor fear,
but the hunter give out fear for freedom,
so varies many act fighting for freedom;
yet, in the eyes of those cruel soldier's rays fear.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
14/01/2017
08: 28AM.

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Funny Dream

Theme: Limericks

Titled: Funny Dream.

There was a boy called AUTHOR KELLY,
Whose body is like that of Jacob, so hairy;
but dreamt of buhari's echo,
and a-woke upon his photo,
Now his poetic lines gone saddy and scary.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]

29/07/2017

10: 06AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Gentle Criminals

GENTLE CRIMINALS

An entity with features of a state...
But lacks elements of a nation.
Identity politics; belligerent state,
Brinkmanship; no mutual solutions.
Imagine, Fulani herdsmen actions... civilization?

Nigeria is divided; gentle criminals,
Nigeria undivided; gentle criminals.
Every decision; them-wallet benefit.
End-Luxury-house for criminals; six feet.
Imagine, signposts and billboards...a project.

Pledging funds at church...just to shine,
And making Immediate cash drop at the bloody shrine.
Latest hotels; his pride... as a hotel knight.
Cheerful giver by day; soul-taker by night.
Imagine, a priest in fraud... civilization?

Like corporate beggars... like gentle criminals.
Politicians and foreign account; ill reasons.
Ooh! The law chambers; another bribery team.
Gentle during campaigns... shark when sworn in.
Imagine, Nigeria democracy in unique corruption.

Our democracy; is full of pimples!
Body guards; higher salaries,
Responsible officials; no payments!
Basket full of promises... lies upon lies, bank of failures.
Imagine, an owl at home... a dove abroad, why?

As written by;
KELLY JUUZ
©2016?, August.

[A salient prolific author...]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Gone So Soon

Gone so soon

In the heart of the eagle,
I see sadness all over
Written bold in the sky
I see, "gone so soon"...
Mama is gone, so soon...
She may have fought death,
When we knew not.
Daa Vaii, many call her,
One who welcomes peace,
One who smiles almost always,
Her joy is unknown and unstoppable.
In a twinkle of an eye, -she departed,
Could it be, she's coming back again?
A question the gods fear to object,
A question conscience hide from us,
A question law never assured.
But, be it however, with a dark heart,
I curse the day she died to exist no more.
I have lost words to thank you enough,
Or to express my love for you...
Though my ink couldn't stop bleeding,
Even as I tried to resist writing eulogies...
The tears flood down the more.
Mama, please forgive me for I never had time to call you,
I thought I was still too young for many responsibilities...
Now, I see, one can't run from a responsibility
But to strife hard, best is not far to unfold.
One thing I have learnt, is more than many I knew.
Mama, peace be your eternal rest in the Almighty God.

© Author Kelly JUUZ
[John Uchenna Kelechi Uzoma]
®2018

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Gratitude To You

Gratitude to you

Gratitude to you
For ever being my true love
For loving my dust and sands
For accepting my dreams
For being so real and honest
Gratitude to you
For never backing out
For never being an emotional racist
For never mocking my dark times
But getting me solutions in my dark days
Gratitude to you
For the encouragement words
For standing out strong with me
For giving me a room in your heart
And salivating my world with hopes
Gratitude to you
Today and tomorrow
Mark it on the moon,
I can't stop loving new everyday,
I mean every of those lovely words;
It is from the bottomless pit of my heart,
Even when my soul go dark,
I can't forget I love you,
Gratitude to you.

©Author KELLY JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

01/03/2018

09: 42PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Green Matrimony

Green Matrimony

Hear me, oh sweet couple,
On this day and forthcoming...
Walk in peace, merry in joy,
Swim in stardom, ride in blessings,
Exercise in faith and feed your enemies.
For today, is the green-matrimony day.

** *

Hear me, oh friends and guests,
The two golds you see!
Stand unchallengeable,
Neither, are they breakable...
And horrible, but lovely.
Bless them and reap from blessing.
A happy home is set, gladden is thy hearts.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
28/08 /2018
03: 53PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Gutsy Tyrants

Gutsy-tyrants

In a black sky; people of politics,
With darkened and gruesome policies;
Monitored by moons their enemies,
With the heart of a tiger in conflict.

Thugs and forerunners of Boko-haram;
Hijackers and defaulters of Greenland;
Foolish wise men and corrupters of mankind;
Ye all, are engineers of bloodsheds.

Due to the crying bloodstream of the innocents,
The forest of the three-wise-men died away...
And the heaps of grace in Heaven hollowed heads;
Because nature necked nails like one who's gone astray.

In a black sky: people of politics,
Murdered kingship and belted tyrants,
Politicians wrecked worthy warriors...
And sojourn into complete catacombs of crisis

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
08/08/2017
08: 52AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Halima

Halima

Halima is the unseen rainbow
crossing many axis at a go;
She is as slow as a costumed cat
and so bright like a pierced star.

Halima is such a silent queen
who would ice the hottest sun;
Even as she's so creamy and thin,
she karate my veins like "Jing Sung";.

Halima won't let sand touch her feet,
but she would run marathon on bare foot
Halima melted my heart: I became "ice-lover";...
day by day she chew me like burger.

Halima sweet like honey from Alabama
and her backside is a charming bomber,
The front-knobs; a castrator: is a pillow
to wave away a man's strange fiasco.

Halima, loving you is my favorite task;
not minding my friends say you're bad,
I can't hold the pillars of this fondness,
because you have caught me off guard.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
18/01/2018
11: 06PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Hard Nut To Crack

Hard nut to crack

It was a heavy downpour,
Heavy downpour last evening,
I went up the whistling woods bush side;
To mount up my crew for legit suicide.

It all came down on me so thundering,
Thundering higher than never-ending war,
All my mind and my crew stayed stronger,
Smoking sweats and sweating for danger.

I jammed back home wrecked and dizzy,
I reached my scotch and got over boozy,
Phone calls every minutes; men at alert;
Because, we are hard-nut-to-crack; fact!

Now, the news wear us; 'Hard nut to crack'
We need no lawyer, doctor nor pastor,
We run the hood, streets and the bad drag;
Because, we are the ' hard-nut-to-crack.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>16/06/2017
>01: 08AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Heaven Is In Debt...

Heaven is in debt...

In grief I walked down to the seaside:
there my pain could still feel the alarm,
"Heaven save my soul" in agony I said,
for this reproach may cause me no harm.

Woe! to my Judas Iscariot and his chariots;
my faith is greater than your gold;
upon your table my ghost shall feed not:
everlasting wrath shall thy tent uphold.

Do I swim this sea or do I curse it?
No help forth and back, the air is sad...
Do i raise an altar here or burn this town?
No comfort, no brave lead: a soul is down,

The distress I face now can build walls,
Oh, this agony is rotting my marrows;
My flesh is becoming a chaff... that i see!
Here, I wait, grind and die... how long will it be.

Yes, death I fear not, dust was i once;

in paradise, lifeless lived this body once;
so righteous was man, but now sin rules:
I shall take this coal and bear its hotness.

My bones are cracking down in fear
but, with heavy eyes i sweep the sea;
and sailing my hope underneath a boat:
surely, "Heaven is indebted"... to my ghost.

This road I sojourn I shall succeed,
the rags I wear today will clean my shoes tomorrow:
then shall have Heaven paid in full;
and my stars shall succinctly glow.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
14/01/2017
12: 56PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Here For You

HERE FOR YOU

Hello,
Mummy, My Queen,
Why are you so disturbed,
Why can't you free your heart?
You are my Queen,
Yeah, cry no more,
I just see no good reason, is there?
Check how beautiful you are,
See how charming your eyes slay,
Imagine how soft your body is,
Evermore happiness I owe you.
You are prettier than the prettiest,
Don't you feel it?
Please, break the odds,
Enjoy freedom of the heart,
The past is gone and gone for real.
Apply everyday happiness,
Never cry, never fear, stay woke!
Happy as the sky be, hidden is the dark side.
Yet, it shines, it glisten so bright,
Same way I love you,
Every day I cherish our togetherness.
Wash off your sour moments,
Because I am here for you...
Now, tomorrow and evermore.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
01/03/2018
09: 13PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Hot Wind

Hot wind

She had this creeping smiles on,
Upon my path she tracted for fun,
And she caught me in the hot wind...
Like a crawling snail on the rim.

If had stayed clean and lonely,
Earth would have remained joyous,
Than lately a crash to my heart and path,
She broke a heart pounding love solely.

Yes, I am a salient prolific author...
To cry and weep only to my CREATOR,
But here I am mourning in fornlornness,
And missing crisps of hope and fondness.

What a world where wind wound whales,
What a world where whales wheel wind,
Have I not seen the heat of abyss by lies?
Have she not known am defrosting like ice?

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
> 05/07/2017
? 08: 49PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

I Believe I Can Fly

I believe I can fly

God is no cold stone
Neither is He a puppet
But a strong stone
All world is yet to beckon
Upon his throne, abounds treasure
Unmerited and merited graces

The paradise He created, is for everyone
Who amongst the Jews is exempted
All but no one at all

In all manners of respect
I adore Him
In all rounds achievements
He's my anchor and mentor
With Him...
All things are possible
With His Majesty...
I believe I can fly.

-Author Kelly Juuz

©01/07/2018

Poetry 24/7 contest

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

If Tears Could Create A Crane

If Tears Could Create a Crane

If tears could create a crane,
And memories were a-stood;
We would walk right up to death,
And burn death with our anguish pains

No goodbye words were said,
No opportunity to say farewell,
You exited before we knew it,
Our heartaches; only God feels it

Our eyes; gone blurred,
Our sights clogged,
What it meant to lose you;
May be known by just few

Grandma, we know you want us_
To mourn you no more,
But, to remember all the happy days,
Life still has abundant in store for us_

We pledge to you today,
Your prime never to be forgotten
Within the walls of our hearts; we say
Rest perfectly on the Lord's shoulder.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(GRANDSON)

[
 Farewell Grandma
(who died on 24th of December,2016)
]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Impaired Leadership

Impaired leadership

Rising was the blue sky above hills,
just after he encountered reproach,
well enough to awaken his ancestors
trading in mockery and hot scotch.

Lo, bloody sacrifices daily present;
a soul thought of saint but soured devil,
Raining empty vessels of promise;
at sight; smiles, in dark; suaced evil.

He's cheerleading innocent to agony;
road race which awaits his casket,
He's funding corruption in disguise;
soon walking dead news his facet.

From counted promises to uncounted demise;
what happened to the Egyptians...
Reigning peace died in pieces and faeces;
didn't Sodom and Gomorrah stop to exist?

©Author Kelly JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

»» 23/11/2017

? 02: 11AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Indifference

INDIFFERENCE

How lovely is the railways,
How romantic is such bride;
Full of trust, love, peace and unity

Praises to the hottest beauty,
O world! Lay on me some bridal divinity,
Life hacker have this soul traded with...

Cache the dungs, format my wrongs,
Wall the fate, wait for the dead date!
Tears so good, flooded away my good.

Behold, the bridge; indifference,
The slayers key-holder;
The writers motivation, -a sad one

Yes, those teeth team together;
Lovely, caring, and protective
But, someone is a toad amid, -indifference

The love is about the stash, -money!
Irrespective of love thereof, conflict jacks in,
And the chief sailor moans happily, -indifference.

Little stakes about to crash,
Fondness about being slayed,
It could be now, sooner or later

Now, the dagger is hotter than never been,
So cruel and inhumane to personality,
Love don't hurt anymore, indifference does.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
24/02/2018
12: 28PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Judge Me

Judge me

Judge me, yes, judge me,
See my smile; -your fear!
A step afore, a race you take
My look, you throw up
My cigarette, just a disguise
Judge me! your grave nears
Touch me! history goes your fame
The flowers for the cheaters
A pride is lost
A pain gained- no gain
Some wise face: World gossips
The ugly lady; delilah in town
Judge me again and again!
You shall creep over ghosts.

© Author Kelly JUUZ
(a salient prolific author...)
09/02/2018
06: 33PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Let The Youths Yearn

Let the Youths Yearn

Weep and wail, you young youths;
roll in the spirit, you shepherds of GOD,
At this time national conflict shallows
some will fall to rise and some to six feet.

The priests shall flee to nowhere,
the killers no route to escape anywhere,
The tumult roars mightily against the land,
And judgement shall veil on all mankind.

Oh land! hear the cry of writers,
wailing a-loud from hills and caged chambers,
Oh earth! hear the weep of the shepherds,
for the LORD may rage with exceeding fire on all defaulters.

The peaceful lambs will be buried waste
because of the fierce anger of the Almighty,
Like a lion king he comes against oppressors
and the green land will become desolate.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]

»»13/08/2017

? 12: 00PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Living Dead

LIVING DEAD

I am a notorious nigga,
Gangsta in speaking slangs;
Learnt from somewhere...
Mostly from rag-joints,
Loitering hood for bad dudes.

Ooh! Have you seen nigga?
Puffing-in-sagged trousers,
Hiking Ladies here and there.
Worry not... to respect nigga,
Alcoholics do respect nigga.

What am I...?
What's my future...?
What's my goal...?
Where lies the end...?
Why am I the notorious nigga?

Soulful questions; silent mood.
Fighting and bragging; my hobby.
Painful living of no gain.
Gym-ing; yet can't fight Devil
Physically fit but spiritually dead.

Absent in Church,
Present at Beaches.
All bad joints, I know...
Geography; I never studied
Can a soul live but lost...?

A lifestyle of blaming others,
Blindly accepting dead traditions,
Quitting good... repeating mistakes,
Expecting better... failing backwards
Fake personalities; success disorder.

As written by;

KELLY JUUZ

©2016?

[A salient prolific author...]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Low-Man-Thick Or Romantic

Low-man-thick or Romantic

See, how majestic you are,
So steamy and sexy to veins,
See, your curls, so erect,
To harvest and crochet,
Yet, you seem to be younger'
In thoughts and actions,
In my head, I know, we hunger...

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

Let's not talk all day
My veins are wide now
We do this, I mean this...
Again, again and again,
Till my fluids are drained,
Or my curls tear down
Baby, let's break the quite wind.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
09/09/2018
02: 29AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Matrimony

Limerick

[MATRIMONY.]

Go now! Castrate the vine yard,
Quickly, quickly, Find the roses thereof,
Make haste to smile,
Waste the wine together,
And eternal dance behold the altar.

©Author Kelly Juuz

19/02/2018

01: 34AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Milli-Baller

Milli-Baller

Am balling a million times,
Blokes filling me drinks,
Dudes making me go woozy,
Yeah, am balling a-million times.

Check out my cars; so clean,
Sight my heart; so red and keen,
Am jamming their calls and talks,
Cause man live gentle with strict rules.

Oh See, Tom-Cruise cruising for me,
Beyonce, washing and dining with me,
All the snakes are now my friends;
Lo, the sun is painting their ends to trend.

I got them all, jezebel and portiphar,
Judas, Cane and Bin-La-din Osama,
Money ain't words but money's power,
Yeah, am balling a-million times.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>18/06/2017
>01: 01AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Mother

Mother

Oh, my beloved mother,
In whom my cords once lived...
Mother, who brushed me up,
To be me, to be great;
In every corner of positivity
Both, when I'm weak n' strong,
Excel, is the energetic watchword.

Oh, my beautiful mother,
So darling to the veins of my heart,
So romantic, when nursing my body,
I adore you, in all your cares,
Showed upon me at all cost
Tomorrow, I shall feed you stars,
Just to say thank you my love.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

07/09/2018

09: 39AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Mother The Hunter

Mother the Hunter

Mother, oh mother,
How long, how long now,
Can't you leave men alone?

Yesterday, was all history,
Today, is another hi-story,
But tomorrow is the big misery.

Have you no ears, or are you...
The ant in the devil's hood
Mother, the sky is about red.

The tiger around -is you,
Living a life of delilah,
The result is in letter inks.

Your underneath is a world!
Both, in wideness and diversity
Of positivity and Negativity.

A soul born of a priest in kind,
Nurtured and groomed in vineyard,
Has become nightmare in the daylight.

Men are scared of you,
Even the four corners of the world,
Peace is far from your tent.

Mother, stop the hunter you are...
Turning back is now or...
Eternal in abyss you'd tour.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
24/08/2018
11: 25AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Mutability

MUTABILITY

Yesterday was a golden light to some,
To some, it was bane of their hustle,
To some, a mixture of sugar and beetle
Well, life is no magnet to be assured.

Over there, hustles the driver, often...
Carrying lives selflessly, to and fro...
But the pay, isn't a rock to bed on;
What life gives, comes in series.

Giving is the heart of soul free, but
Taking is the soul that perish ignorantly
Life is unstable, unsteady, undefended...
Life is like a fluid, life could be uncertain.

Policies are made, policies are broken.
Democracy, we all hear but inoperative.
Hearts do come together, some shatter;
Everything can't be like the seem.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
03/09/2018
10: 13AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

My Lamentations

MY LAMENTATIONS

Leave me here, O soul!
Here, the clock is dead
Not faulty, not battery either,
I will stiffen here to soften- never.

Chapter my deeds, waste my good
Since clouds gone astray!
I make no move to stray
How long, do I grind to end.

Lies, the bane of my world
Gently! as I grind gradually,
Hearing my bones crack bit by bit,
Drawing my image in the ghost land.

Weak I become and I become weak
My eyes torn and flaming
Revenge am yet to sip again
But lamenting couldn't be any stranger.

Please! O soul
Won't you die fast, fast?
Wear me off if not death
Sentence my pain, free my spirit.

So wrecked as to my look,
Eternal lives my dignity,
Eternal must I reign in prime
Time is of the essence.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
26/02/2018
05: 34PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

My Life, My Choice

My life, my choice

In this dark place, I love to be

My world left me

Long time ago

Nothing like living in peace

Not anymore...

With this smokes up and down

My mind makes a new tent

Perhaps to adapt to live on.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

31/08 /2018

01: 32AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

My Old Times

MY OLD TIMES...

My old times I see again,
And awry with the view;
And blank, as thoughts flew,
There's joy in it and much pain.

Oh flying time, wonky moon,
" kiss sands and brimestones,
Since stars starred some scars
In twinkle of trance and open eyes.

And, caged in wordly creamed storm,
Seem punched, bruised and scorned,
Like frost in the Seekers isle
All drenched about with cobwebs.

As scary mountains attract more
When midnight stars stir till dawn;
Like highway patrol, fleet squad,
In action, in service die sad.

And leaving some dusty flowers,
Many, roaming, notes- is a tower...
So remembrance wears all,
Some know much, some know nothing at all.

Years have come and died away,
Soon, here I bid goodbye
To family, to religion, to my world
And brotherhood loved so much.

Many joined, but few were active
Of oldies and modern values;
But having all, to practice corrosive...
The world will wear sackcloths.

Good dudes I deserted that awry evening,
How fast time cling, they are farting well!
Toddlers to adults, barefoot to shoes,
But many of them, - gone ghosts.

The rich would worry about,
The poor may weary but better-
Till the monster comes to scout,
And every corner mounts a tomb.

Well, I pen and fold away papers,
Pant within and afar, to right or...
But, I go rogue, I make verses,
Would be nice leaving with a whore.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)

13/02/2018

01: 13AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

My Paper Boats

My Paper Boats

Deep asleep, as I washed my head,
The downfall called flooding
The village became of erosion
And souls went dumb to decide...

Quickly, to mum and dad, dumbbells!
Tears scolded the momentum,
Back in the shelves, harboured books,
To work, a craftsman of ship, I became

About eight boats I made,
Imagine my boats with broom saddles,
Imagine my boats with no bench or chairs,
Such was for remedy mission

To all safety destinations, all I sailed!
Smiles overturned sampling sadness,
Appreciations hugged me, - a hero!
Oh, in my trance, i did all these deeds.

A dream about to come real,
Sailors shall safeguard my history,
History shall sail peacefully through my days
For this, I have nurtured, so be it.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
03/09/2018
09: 12AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Nature's Pranks

Nature's pranks

Let ye know God is good
For He gives me food
Even if I fetch homes-of-wood
I still stand out in my hood

Please don't get rude
When you correct ye dude
You need not to stand on a stood
To define ye mood

Oh! Palm wine tapper
You sing best like a rapper
Yet, you earn no dollar
Just a mere tree warmer

I sight thee the clouds
Swimming along with proud
As ye passes the sun
Without melting before dawn

Run run run ye birds
Fly not high ye snakes
For the jungle may shake
Whilst the sands trek

©

By; KELLY JUUZ

2016(November)

[A salient prolific author...]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Nwamalubia

Nwa ma_lu_bia

Nwamalubia mylove,
The soiled reason I feel like a dove.
Hear me as I'd always adjunct...
Winter would wail,
Summer may sneeze soon,
Harmattan may hammer heavily,
With you, around me, -I'm whole.
>>>
Nwamalubia my-green-rib,
Such a queen I'd compare not...
A lifeline I rush not to use,
Because, you have no copy nor spare;
Your kind is globally rare.
You've dethroned me...
Smartly with your magical gesture.
>>>
Nwamalubia,
Accept to love me forever,
Together we play around Vancouver...
Visiting towers of political power
And in nine months, our baby walker.
Truth is to fall in love totally!
Like falling from leaf-airplane literally.
> > >
Nwamalubia my beautiful love,
Embalm me with your love,
Fill in my broken heart with love,
Spoil me with infinite passion...
From your deep soul of caring emotion
And we both shall embrace the sky,
As we may live on as one, till we die.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
27/08/2018
05: 52AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Oblivion Is Great

Oblivion is great

My heart bleeds my tears drip
My brain chaotic and chaotic
As I search to no avail
But imaginations was all I see
The oblivion cuts deep
My lonely world
In the cloud of my chest
The tears flow so hot
Tears about to seize
More downpour- my eyelids
Wet my golden robe
Land on my expensive shoes

The oblivion is killing
I weep loud in agony
I would die now and again
Just to dine once again
A fellow a backbiter
A family crowned with joy
A string of challenges
Assuring peace the later
While I grind on this whisky
Searching and searching
To joy once more
Golden voice I revere

I call on my ancestors
To walk me through

Many ocean of wisdoms
As many I have missed
An agreement i made
Both the pure and mixed
Thanks to the good gods
And to the truthful servants
I remember my fates
As I sip my aged-whisky
Reality came to show-up
That oblivion is great

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
07/02/3018
06: 39PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Oyoom Nke Izizi

Oyoom nke izizi

Hmm, I just exhaled all the way
from Sambisa forest to Ezza-land.
It took me mili-years to find you,
as I fought battalions in Iraq just for you.
Wait, have you not known,
that all the leaves in northern
Nigeria speak of me just for you.
Because, I butchered cobwebs...
and covered potholes to show you
how smooth my heart is.

Oyoom nke izizi, nwa bu akwa enuigwe,
Obara enuigwe ka ibu,
Anyanwu ututu m.
Asi na ibu udara,
Ajuzie m utara ra cha wazie udara
ubochi niile nke ndu m.
Akpoputa gi, kpoputa chukwu...
arapu m chukwu na eso gi...
maka anya furu gi,
afugo chukwu rue na ngwucha ya.
Agam afugi na anya rue ubochi
mmiri jordan ga ekewa nke ugboro abua.

Oyoom nke izizi,
the one my French clutch sekem for.

Oh, the whole land of France hunger to see just your...
That which they hunger for I know not,
as my hairs speak not Thailand
but pure and understandable language.
The taste of your tongue, is the taste of all the sweetest seasons I have ever
known but haven't used.
Sinach sang to know God the more,
but I write to love you the more.
So well, this journey you have planned when to end it,
I wouldn't plead for more but saying it's ageless love.
Why won't I reject gold and bronze,
just to have you as my zinc and lead.
Would I not decline heavens of dollars and euros,
just to have you as my naira and Ghana cedis.

Oyoom nke izizi,
this song in my heart is very boring,
but captivating enough to ice the ocean.
Wait, have you seen shark playing with sardines?
No, you have not.
But, would you let me dance with you,
just there, in kainji dam,
that's how crazy i have grown for you.
Did you hear me say I love you?
Yeah, that's to show you my love for you is unexplainable and pure.
There's a flower called ' touch-and-die...'
but because of you my name became 'touch-and-melt...'
Just imagine that kind of melting,
where golden hands get involved to wrap you,
pamper you,
carry you,
and prick you.

Oyoom nke izizi,
let me be your pillow.
Could I be your wrapper,
I would have been the best quality of it.
Let me be your cream,
Know it so well, I must make you softer to the chin.
Those fruits are riped to be ploughed,
please, permit me to plough for once,
if I wouldn't end up loving them forever.
The Whiteman said ' I have gone bananas up stairs...
but my heart says ' hold the banana underneath you'.
Climbing this poetic mountain I must,
if it would summon towers to tell my story of love,
Yes, story of love about you and me, Oyoom nke izizi.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A SALIENT PROLIFIC...)
20/12/2017
11: 19PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Ozobulu Vikings To Abyss

Ozobulu Vikings to Abyss.

Oh souls enduring pains of the dead,
your heart suffers injury and pain,
To you all, sages write... Weep no more,
for paradise shall be your console...

To the messengers of tragedy and anarchy,
writers write you all as enemies to charity,
Prophets curse you all to hell-fire...
for there; lay your eternal satire.

Because of your deadly guilt and sins
some souls salivate revenge and war,
As your pain wear you all with no cure
so hot and hurt shall steam your skins

All enemies of the nation will go into exile,
all who kill innocent shall be killed by the spirit;
As soon, peace will sail about our walls,
and fortunes will brand our outfits.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]

»» 13/08/2017

? 12: 39PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Peril Justice

Peril-Justice

When the sea shall voice like a trumpet,
And declare unto heads their rebellion,
And you have hidden the cats under vent,
Lo, hot stones of ravines are your portion.

Behind your gates, doors and windows
You have displayed your heathen symbols,
Weary and mockery are your perfumes,
Cry not loud for in hell shall you boom.

Wind shall descend, wind shall devour,
All your collections of idols you bow...
And you shall burn with lust amid the oaks,
As you moan mournfully like choked doves.

Like the blind we grope along many walls,
Feeling our way like men without eyes,
We look for justice, but find none at all;
For peacefulness, but far away it hides.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
>> 04/07/2017
>> 11: 14PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Petty Riches

Petty Riches

Like a little god they fart around country,
admired by all with all effrontery
Well, as a man comes, so he departs
and he gains nothing from his toils.

So calm is the sleep of the laborer,
whether he drinks mineral or water
But the stolen wealth of the wealthy
fetches him no rest nor peace of mind.

Miserable is the life of that businessman,
who sells death and agony of living
As the fool folds his hands to hard work,
he ruins himself chasing after the rich man.

A good name is better than golden car,
and judgement day better than hidden scar
The grievous evil is milking the country,
as the pitied poor profits no more.

No one could straighten the made crooked,
not even the Egyptian ancestors
Yes, everyone is a sinner and abductor
of its consequences to the fullest.

All days in life many are better than few,

because a good outcome is their work
Pay no attention to that rich evil hawk,
or you may feel the sun roasting you.

See! the poor is crying bitterly: no hope,
and one made himself a king for afflictions
Oh yes, a dream can't be a dream until you sleep,
so is the promises until all are fulfilled.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
20/01/2018
03: 13AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Philistine-Hood

Philistine-hood

Sailor, I hate death when your hands off wheel;
Living is but at the zeal of one's will,
Soldier, I like salt over sugar when you rage;
Challenges belt no eyes to count pages

Now listen, oh ye hearts of brake pads,
Love is a bad wealth unto you and you;
For you respect money, yet form hard,
Continue reading anthills in soured stew

Can a player be the payee or played out?
Miss or Bae, bay not hills when used out;
What one sows; one reaps: legacy of truth,
Keep bending back-sets for a bleep by brute blokes

Renewable sources buy time for integrity,
Pillows aren't softer than concretes; a pity,
Barbaric barbarians later died in Egypt,
But, morons against Herold submerged in pit.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
04/06/2017

07: 26AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Rain A-Heart

Rain a-heart

Walked close to the sea shore,
to merry the air within the island,
Behold, some ripples of love to adore,
as the heart pant and race a-fore.

Soft fondness steamed in the veins,
arteries and capillaries so plain
At a point, love rained some hearts;
for the sands became heavy to drain.

Just like the bees buzzed up towers,
zeal was not far but nearby flowers,
There, laid loads of smile to shower;
if only you let this love wrap you...

Profound fondness will crown you daily, ;
leaving your doubts more of blues,
Roses will breathe in you timely;
as your stomach will speak of me yearly.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]

✕ 14/11/2017

? 08: 02PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Raped-Nation

Raped-Nation

How the rich has lost its luster,
the well-to-do become doom!
The sanctity gents are scattered
at the gates of all peaceful loop.

Even jackals offer their breasts
to nurse their offspring,
But my people have become unsparing
like ostriches in the desert crest.

Those who once ate pure delicacies
are bad destitute in the streets.
Those nurtured in pink and purple
now lie on dust and ash heaps.

How the precious sons of Nigeria,
once their weight in silver and gold,
are now measured as pots of clay,
the work of a potter's hands; clay?

The punishment of my Nation
is greater than that of Gomorrah,

which was overthrown in a moment
without a hand turned to help her.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

>> 11/07/2017

? 06: 56PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Rays Of Success

Rays of Success

Hustle wise everyday long,
Grind on with luxury hope
Laugh at the hawks of failure
Snoop on respect and integrity;
Best a great one always haunt.
Choices aren't all day sweet-berries
Let the soil sock solitude;
Good soul deserve a long life
Sharpen the stars above
Mock the lights from abyss
Scorch under worries
Dust clean the seas
Mop whole of the forest
Pull down hatred and fear
Ride on dignity and prestige
Foresee a great stardom
Go grab, - all day is a-merry.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
13/03/2018
11: 22PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Red

RED

At the top of this mountain
I have buried my heart
Tied so hard with a-red cloth,
Inherited from my ancestors.
Who used it for peace rituals
But all hearts couldn't speak same,
My soul is rare, but raging - so red!
To kill the world is my joy,
To kiss the bottomless pit of abyss...
A silver thought I've long adored.
Oh hell, hire my heart, waste me!
Oh devil, torture me and anoint me,
All of me, poisoned with red candle wax.
I've eaten from the beast's table,
I've danced with the ghosts of Salem.
My eyes, see no clouds but red teardrops.
I smell nothing but innocent bloods.
The head of this world is on the run,
Ah, wait not long, dear master!
His red heart, I shall serve us as meal,
Yes, Just on top of this mountain.
Send me now, in my red robes, I flee.
Red is the new beauty of this mission.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
01/09/2018
06: 53PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Red Lines

Red lines

I have lost words
Words to tell about us
How we burnt the sea
Sea, we saw on the picture board

Though, I have long gone
Gone to where sorrow reside
Just to be a man who survived
Survived the clash of emotions.

Vital as it is, you won
Won nothing but destruction
Thank me later for loving you
You, who broke the rules of eternity

My heart became a dragon
Dragon without flames but tears
Let heaven rape the skies
Skies, that couldn't help a broken soul.

© Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
01/07/2018
20: 39PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Reminiscing Peace

Reminiscing peace

This epic story I was told
happened 100years ago
when fragiles melt in cold
and when cords swings a-pole.

This story isn't just but fairytales,
of about 100years ago,
when kings and queens reared whales
and walked walls at whole.

This story isn't too sad but enough
to drive you 100years back,
of how peace, unity and unveiled love
ruled her nation so green without lack.

Ancient pages housed this story,
white hairs palmed profound peace,
even at the sight of fowl sorcery;
as they lived up to their 100years.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]

»» 23/11/2017

? 01: 32AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Remote Pain

Remote pain

She would say the unwanted
She would go rogue and bossy
She would act so weird
But she a queen I have known

I love this queen, she's pretty
I cherish this queen, - a million times
I seek her forever hand, just in my heart
But she wouldn't let be, -all time shouts.

The birds above gone Eastwood
My heart bleeds to burn jealousy
As my all and all, here, I grief
Watch me isolated, death is lovely

Heaven! Format this weather over us
That of confusion and trouble
Hide us beneath the fountain of...
Could be eternal, could be paradise.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author..)
17/02/3018
11: 17am

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Rivers Of Waves

Rivers of waves

At some point
Dead becomes a man
Once healthy and a-do
A debt every head owes death

Riches of the poor; joy
Riches of the rich; decoy
To some heads they get Willies
To some heads they get edgy

Not long from now,
For pillars of the world to fly,
To nowhere near future
But somewhere in books and pictures

One soul at history park,
Some hands on techs
Making monsters melt
And ascending away ancient darks

At some point
Dead becomes a man
At some point
Breathe couldn't kill death.

©KELLY JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

, ®01/05/2017

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Roses

Roses

I have dwelt on love stories,
But I'm teased by some of its ropes,
The unknown has become - me,
And I fear what's behind me
For the new day is about a-smile,
Loneliness shackled me for a-while...
With every blossom shine of this rose,
Bought by my bride from Santa Rosie
I shall see my sanctity, like I'm dreaming!
The power of her roses speaking
And I swear to love her eternal
With all of me, even if it sounds canal...
My soul welcomed her love
And I have made her my Rose dove.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
03/09/2018
08: 53AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Saint North Or Naught

Saint North or Naught

In the recent,
It is of pains, agony, chaos
And massive corrupted corrupt-ers

Saint North!
Is no more naught
As the world thought

Saint North
Couldn't be the recent day Lot
Either is it a fault to knot

His Nigeria is weeping pains,
Bleeding pity, flooding sorrows
While Saint North sharpens more his arrows

Here and there, the gentiles'
Of little faith, eating up knees,
In many synagogues like refugees

Mother is green and white,
Of just color-not character wise'
All corners, heads falling -of different sizes.

Tell me, when is country Turkey
About to be turkey by features,
To the gods over hills, I beseech.

To die, is odd in my heart,
Eulogies to the fallen soldiers
Hope to all battalions and warriors.

I live strong, my pages willed to age'
Unto my country -allegiance I pledge,
Of peace, love n' unity, -not of being caged.

©Author Kelly JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

04/10/2018

06: 01AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Scenarios Of Nature

SCENARIOS OF NATURE

Wages of sin; death
After death; judgement
Good living; long life
Long life; epitome of truth

Sunset; leaves clap
Mid-day; busy wind
Sun down; cool breeze
Late evening; busy streets

Night fall; sleep yawns
Mid-night; owl's time
Owl's time; evil hours
Night fall; journey rest

Now; the dawn of the day...
Church bell calling a-high
Cockerels crowing a-loud
The cloud hissing-out dews

Humans; tussling and hustling
Activities; here and there
Time is of the essence...
In the 'scenarios of nature'.

As written by
KELLY JUUZ
©2016

[A salient prolific author...]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Semblance Of Privacy

Semblance of Privacy

The night was brisk.
Around were shining bulbs,
Well designed Almaco glasses;
Giving us a free portraits,
Our eyes casting warmth circles...
No one eager to brave the cold,
Empty house, off Gateman, just us_
Two people sharing a riveling attraction:
As the chirping birds fly close-by.

Tiny smiles flickered across our lips,
Me; workaholic to redefined sexiest.
She; in her eyes hoards lust,
Imagine such a lovely state.
My hairy skin grown hard and soft...
As silence walked in for a long minutes;
Wondering, smiling and smiling we did.
Alas, we continued the unknown drama,
Soon-in-seconds, seduction sent-in styles...
Behold, her heart floating in romance.

Now, she shrugged _' I can't do this...'
I cupped her cheeks in my hands

With a charming gaze; hot and sweet,
'I want to make babies with you...,
You are the right person', i teased her.

There came a speed clasp to my body; a firm kiss.
Waow! What a knee-weakening passion,
'Baby show me heaven here and now', I muttered,
With a hoarse romantic but raged voice,
Dragging her closer still; my hands on her lips,
My face in her neck; buried in lust.
Lo, she felt me trembling to reach heaven there and then.

As emotions continuously tumbled in her eyes,
With random flashes of snowflakes,
She moaned and called my name softly a-loud,
Because, the real me, so warm had gone deep inside her.
I teased her with outrageous swift and steady caresses.
Heat of passion drenched our naked statues,
That she felt so wonderfully and lustfully alive.
While I felt heaven but never saw my CREATOR.
As my ice-warm-fluid flowed into her love-walls;
It was a heart pounding and exciting exercise ever.
Perhaps, so many dreams and hopes would no longer be the same.

Exiting her from the house, I heard voices,
A continuous tapping on my shoulder,
' Are you still reading...', said the voice.
Immediately, my eyes opened like praying mountain, there, stood my brother
laughing crazily. I huffed, and stretched out twice the cool trance: a wonderful
trance; a lustful journey. Worriedly, as I paced around asking myself, 'why not
real, why not physically staged...'. I almost became angry but in the wind, my
tongue was soaked emotionally.
Behold, I told no one but said to my brother, 'that which is impossible here, is
possible over there...'. He looked at me confusedly and nodded his head in the
negative manner, as I walk passed him.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A salient prolific author in the world of arts and beyond]

08/08/2016

11: 11 AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Serried Ambiance

Serried Ambiance

At a time, when jumbling havoc,
Will solely seem to survive like duck,
Men shall solemnly grieve with you;
For you are full of shuffled chaos to few.

Risen and agile is: the void-superman,
Stone-hearted and fierce at some sight,
But your death would be an eyesaw,
As rescue-wind wouldn't step a-fore.

Oh, to the lewd women on stage;
Attendees to money and wasters of fates,
Ruiners of legality and twitchers of waist,
Lo, one at wit ends... calls death.

When the heavy escape is on,
Waste no time to wear running kits on,
Mourning misguided mind is at risk...
As one can't baste ghost with a mere fist.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>28/05/2017
>03: 38pm

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Sham Saints

Sham Saints

Long live the stars above,
Long live the moon above,
Long live the sun above,
Long live the sky at large,
Long live the earth at large
Long live! to all creatures...
Peace! I bring to mankind.

Let me hint you the unknown,
Politics curb around as a game,
Poor minds dare not to seek...
Brave minds toil for it,
With all zeal and power;
Within reach and beyond,
Both killing n' trading of souls.

At dawn, he's so crystal a-Saint,
At night, he's the blood-lord...
Very dark in the heart,
Designed with awry smiles...
At all adorable daylight hours,
A gent, in speech n' dress codes
To the gods! Chameleon, he is.

Empty hopes, he lays out,
Bloody rich; innocent blood...
Moreover, he can flee!
To abroad, to broaden his tux
And his guilty chastity,
With pot belly -all money is his!

Titles, here and there, he gets.

Moons later, strives gone positive,
His eyes, drifting in fear,
Of this n' that, all unknown,
Grandma, weeping him down;
For such a turmoil he became!
Failure, representing leadership...
Rushed to gain, is rush to doom.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
07/09/2018
12: 05AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Some Cold Hearts

Some cold hearts

Who is the bridge?
That jealous our partnership
Without mutual love,
Our togetherness, we infringe.

Who is the bridge?
In disguise or real to be...
Let us die poor or live rich;
A choice must come to be.

Who is the bridge?
Against our altar dance
What pure heart has he...
Perhaps, poison could be best in porridge.

Who is the bridge?
Who wouldn't walk off our path,
Tomorrow's anger could be chaotic
Survival to grave is the new chart.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient Prolific Author...)
13/06/2018
12: 06PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Songs Of The Soul

SONGS OF THE SOUL

Was it all of a task
That killed my spirit
From the wine the gods kept
Or was it ignorance
That killed the bee
That perched on a high flame

Have lived floods of time
Without the power of the gods
Surrendering my heart to the priest
Who had my peace to pieces
I'm action which bitters a lot,
I'm not captain Jack nor Scot

In my heart lives long my instinct
To murder hatred is all I sojourn
Every toil and dark, all day long
Soliloquy is the best song of the soul.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...)
27/07/2018
22: 34PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Steamed Storm

Steamed-storm

Right right right, he heard within...
gardens of worry rode in,
there, behold his panting
on sanctified pressure
of bruises and pains,
Lords of shadow rained
so high that souls panicked,
raged a-high to bleed the wind,
already choices ran off some mind
Heat was much that ocean boiled
from Damascus to Egypt to Niger,
momentous fear hugged peace
and a great calm hollowed,
as peace settled again.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
09/12/2017
01: 30 AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Strange Praises

STRANGE PRAISES

To the living water of peace,
depart not peace from any
To the lovely mountain,
demean no man into his six.

Oh, trees moving to desserts!
give mankind best of air
Oh, flood drifting via drainages!
spoil no greener pastures.

Love to the household of Esau!
and to the foe friends,
Peace to the household of David!
and to the heart of Uriel.

Failure to heart of the wicked!
and to the deadly government,
Abyss to bribery and corruption!
as well as their orators.

Beauty to the walls of Jericho!
Purity to Magicians of Egypt!
Dust to the food of this-day-Pharaoh!
Unity! to the smoking clouds.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
23/03/2018
09: 31AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Streethood

Streethood

Jungle lived and saints row
Forest grew weed and weed grew low
Trees are monk; monks aren't tree
A world scarce of freedom key

Top heads are no saints
And saints are not top heads
Street so legit and house so dull
At ringing lights and noises; dudes ball

Those up and flat chests hustle mean
Sagged, belted niggas and niggies; human being
Food or no food; fellas still good in the hood
Another state for survival your sainthood

Smokes or no drinks; grounds balance
Good G or Stunt G; survives by chance
Some weary low minds but creatively greater
Yet, them-havens whistles heaven unto them-haters.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
28/05/2017
11: 28pm

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Street-Hood

Street-hood

I have always loved the street,
Yeah, the street got no rules,
Streets filled with dudes;
Dudes that are angrily strict

Whether food or no food;
We are still good in the hood,
In time of cold,
We smoke weed wrapped in fold

The black uniforms with barton;
Can never stop our fighting,
I mean the police;
Sometimes, stands not for peace

I remain the main man,
Grooving in my tarvern
And I fear no man;
Unless, you are the bossman.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

[A salient prolific author...]

10/06/2016

#voice of the streetman#

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Strength Of A Woman #01

STRENGTH OF A WOMAN
?0?1?

There, she stands out to speak without noise
In her hugged dress; so charming...
Winning strong minds without herbal charms,
But with her moves and poise,
She could cage hundredths of minds

Here, she comes a-fore and nearer,
So glistening and bouncing closer and closer,
But mute and full of emotional spells;
And the man's heart thuds and cripples,
There, you see a man doing the unsaid, untold, unheard...

She's silently full of plans,
She has no weapon but she's an arsenal of hurtful words,
Yes, she fears ants but could kill Satan,
Yes, she's romantically able to send you to your ancestors,
Never, underrate the strength of a woman

Her mouth can castrate or build you,
Not bodily fit but she's emotionally fierce;
That's the strength of a woman for you,
Fear not oh man! But trade with cares
Because her passion maybe an unseen naked weapon.

©KELLY JUUZ
2?0?1?6?(NOVEMBER)

[A salient prolific author...]

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Susceptible-Era

Susceptible-era...

Man waved away deformities of Sodom,
man deserted hatred and violence,
Man merried in harps of righteousness;
all these were delicacies of the ancient kingdom.

Oh, come to our world wherein whales fear,
Oh, our world wherein witches are preachers,
Oh, come to our world wherein worms steer,
Oh, our world wherein fates go on date with money-rituals.

Some heads blackened their hearts at dark,
some eyes eyed the eagles to death by night,
Some mouths blundered rivers of nail on the risen spark,
some ears ruined truth for gifts from heist.

If the raod to Babylon seem a-foot close to Lagos;
Then sharks in river Jordan would snap selfies with some corpse,
For a second the ruling Egyptians lived;
While, stars of years the Israelites lived.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
30/07/2017
02: 16 PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Sweetened Muscador

Sweetened Muscador

Refreshing was the wind,
Woozy woozy woozy'
Every lips -going tipsy
Every eyes -merlot red

Andre Brut, Andre Rose, -all active
Disco gone so loud!
Voices taunting some veins,
Some waist deck on freewheel

Colorful lights shinning
All nooks and crannies,
Bad blokes blowing coke
Slay queens on hemps

The booty butts, a-luscious!
Manners burnt and crushed,
Stupidity at the high service,
Destinies on the waste-track

Bad! was the sweetened muscador,
Glass cups dancing on the floor,
Blood to the virgins pant;
Influence of alcohol.

Worried n' weary, mum's look at home
Bang, bang, bang, Skirt is back!
Stammering and miming,
What a liquor-actor.

Mum's tears must dry,
Homies must rest on the bed
Tomorrow, -another big bang!

But to return is on bitter-bait.

©Author KELLY JUUZ

(A salient prolific author...)

15/03/2018

04: 37PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Bitter Warrior

The bitter warrior

Let's talk about it,
Here, in my sanctuary.
For, all I know is peace,
Unless you want my corpse,
Then, we both merry in the mortuary.
This weirdness will wreck us,
Please, let's talk about it.
I'm all over myself now,
To paint this terrain blood!
That's all I want now and morrow.
Don't plead me, worry not about me,
The battlefield has been drawn boldly!
And in it, I shall breathe well again.
Fear has fled far from my heart,
Tears dried its well days ago,
Shivering took off to the ancient...
The body you see, is not of me,
Now is the time for the fight,
I can't let them enslave us!
My salivary glands are sore,
I'm against slavery, freedom is life.
Shapeless as their weapons be,
I have watched their rants enough.
Unchallengeable, so shall I stand.
So let this fierce fire face me,
All these soldiers I see!
I shall behead them all,
I shall feed their loads to the sea
And victory will ride me so cheerful.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
31/08 /2018
01: 14AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Broken Smile

THE BROKEN SMILE

The joy was but once
The merriment was million
None battled them
None was a bridge to them

The love couldn't bring more
Their silence was hideous
And so cunning, for the best
Until the faked smiles toured.

Now, the pain is felt
From pin to cotton, - all pain
The tears are being soldiered
What could be couldn't be...

The butterfly rejected the love
The king is about a-death...!
Until the gods mutter no more
The smile remains broken.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
(A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...)
06/08/2018
15: 47PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Envelope

The envelope

Have opened the envelope
In a coloured manner design,
In blue ink, were the writings

I felt the solemn voice,
It seems shaky and brave
But pains and agony abide

It is your voice, like those days
An icon of charity and fame
Truly, you said enough
It enlightenment therein,
Soliciting and advocating
For the poor in heart and looks
I couldn't waste time no more
But to say, lifelong great one.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
01/07/2018
20: 29PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Falls

The falls

One time before now,
There was sweet lime above,
There were peaceful perfect crowns;
Crystals, diamonds, silver and golden globes

Imagine, how things fall...
Things uphill and on heels,
Water logs and flowing streams,
Everything began to slowly n' slowly fall

Good great kings on lead fall,
Oh, stars and stupor angels fall,
Because of an unforgivable fault_
My second ancestors witnessed not

A constant reminder for revenge,
Yet, morale man and men couldn't avenge,
A world fall, even an acres of blocked ice;
All thresholds from garden of Eden guiles.

© AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
28/05/2017
04: 30pm

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Guile Democrat

The Guile-Democrat

There, he sits,
Sipping the brewed ethanol,
Jingling his luxury car keys,
Ordering lots of gizzards,
Squeaking smiles like a-snake
The serviette isn't his taste,
Such a political poor pest.

* * *

On my watch, still on still,
The girls glitter like gazelle.
One of them sound bored,
Perhaps, she loves money;
Yeah, four of them fall for money,
Forgetting tomorrow maybe for mourning.
Oh, mercy unto their penny families.

* **

A quick glimpse at his car,
That, lies my country's money.
Ah, could it be he's making fame
Or is he oppressing our country's financial firms.
All the concepts on the car - millions!
Lucky reapers of the honest poor voters.
Time is a ticket; it expires, shame follows.

** *

Oh fellow citizens, here, I cried!
Where are the victims of poverty,
Democrats promised heaven on earth
Before setting into their blues.
Let tears begin to ruin their hearts,
Let chaos paint all their luxuries
Until, every settlement settles all indebted souls.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
28/08/2018
03: 40PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Innocent Pariah

The Innocent-Pariah

He groans
So Persistently,
In his head
Sane and insane courting
Making him feel guilty
Making him feel hopeless
Making him feel demented
Of things he never did,
Of things he never knew...
Of things beyond his reach!
In his current state, he's dead
But breathing backwards
"No true friend! no true friend",
In agony, he cried unduly!

Trails flooded to and fro,
To break his stand,
By torments
By allegations,
Yet, he was one man heroes,
Efforts to kill him, perished!
Ganged foes submitted...
Golden lies against him,
Family detached his membership,
Communication unmounted his existence,
Yet! his soul sided strong with him
Death today is never!
Life from this day, is freedom,
In his heart and to mankind.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
05/09/2018
12: 40AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Journeyman

The Journeyman

So bully as the road be,
Peaceful journey man foresee.
While the wind may go weary,
Exile be all fear and worry.
Mother, blessed this day,
Father marked it "a pay day";
Though, there are dry trees,
Upon the hills my sin plead peace.
Energy shall be open groove,
Joy abundant shall improve,
Until, home man shall reach,
To behold on his lips a cup of peach.
Sleep man prayed it to evacuate;
As mind at rest man would appreciate.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
28/08/2018
02: 58PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Loner

The loner

On this walkway,
Shall my day
Grieve to be on the pay
I've lost it all
Just a token have I none
What's life all about
My soul gave up on me
And went far in the south.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
31/08 /2018
01: 37AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Love-Prayer

The Poet's Love-prayer

Spirit of the word,
Oh spirit of the words!
Here, I come...
With profound lanterns
It won't fade, - never!
To table my heart
Before Kings and Queens
Of Passion kingdom
To grant me lucks
On this doubtful journey
This day and ever more,
Truly, I have fallen inlove,
With the best eagle in town-
Love is the new excitement.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
15/08/2018
01: 25AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Mirrors

The Mirrors

I love it much to sing
Melody songs to the moon
At each dark graves
Where sounds are muffled
Trying to find the right words
Could cost me tones of breath
Many do survive it, many astray!
I often have been cruel
Just close to where Mama sells fuel
Too many words gone missing
In my ink, paper and shelves
Yet, killed are many haters
Someway, I have lost good notes
Someway, a diverse message is aired.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient Prolific Author...)
13/06/2018
13: 16PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The People's Advocate

The people's Advocate

Here, again, I sit with darkness,
Old friend of mine from grave
I've a talk to talk about!
Your ears, is all, I love now,
Those insects, gulled us again,
Those ones, the leaders,
In various positions...

Freedom is hawking behind...
Unity toured unreturned,
Peace pained into pieces
And love lodges but lifeless!
Victims of this leadership...
In tears and lack, we all joy,
Oh, we have leaders of weepers.

Please, old friend, hear me,
In edgy dreams I trek alone,
Like one, who's exiled...
They're like hives of bees,
Upon the the living souls
Who strive strong in all streets
Just to survive, just to survive.

Hear them! Millions or more,
Talking loudly but voiceless,
Hearing sounds but deaf-mute!
Yet, everyone seems fine but...
No one, ready to daringly dare the deer

Helplessness has hedgehogs around us;
To die! is to most of us, freedom.

Dear, darkness of peace,
Unless this world is your doom
Then, fight not, but if be...
Kill their powers, let in peace!
Rip off their tents n' foot trails
Love n' unity, shall brew us again;
To be citizens, will be no pain but gain.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
07/09/2018
01: 10AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Power Of Literacy

The power of Literacy

Literacy is the sharp sword;
For all manner of people,
Which gives one golden skies
And moulds mannerism in men.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
7th September 2018
09: 24AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Servant Of Darkness

The servant of darkness

I greet you, I greet you,
Oh great god of hills
I serve you kola!
From a heart in need
Come forth, merry along
With me, in your dark house
Where pieced peace pays,
Where blood break bonds
There, I want us to talk,
A talk that will never die
Not until the stars get scars
Not until the moon takes noon
Not until the sun rape the sea
Without all this come to pass!
I shall wait,
If I die... I die!
No one cares...
No love, no aid...
Orange had been the new black,
But blood became the grog.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
15/08/2018
01: 53AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Undeniable

The Undeniable

How could I have denied
This passion i harbor
No matter how I hide
You stand as a big tree.

Years burnt away
Years journeyed happily
I couldn't forget you
Such a bright angel
For a while I have known
Yet, I await a golden eve
To come by, so I prayed
Because it's all that matters
And its joy is unlimited
Evermore it glitters.

Before the rain falls stones
I shall redefine your heart
Brew your lips so tasteful
And await again a-romance
Break up won't smell a chance
Religion won't cut in hard
Time is all about the future
Beneath a man's leg
Lives anarchy to life
And all days peace.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...)

13/06/2018

11: 17AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Windvane Tower

The windvane tower

Just like souls stand so tall;
so is the windvane tower; a wall,
for in it, saints die young,
Just like Jericho stood and fall;
so shall sands mourn this great wall,
for in it greatness is seen as a-dung.

Are they not Egyptian of the recent age...
Autocrats and aristocrats in sinful rages,
Merciful at dawn; devil at night,
Women fear the unknown even in their right,
The land is trading anarchy and chaos legally;
Wherein havoc abides; Mr End hovers around hiddenly.

And at sight, the windvane tower,
is blooming in vanities and so sour,
because the light faded away its power
But, leaves are made to fade away;
so do some soulful saints go sway,
when the heart had gone astray.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)

04/11/2017

09: 09AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Worried Sage

The Worried Sage

To the gods, I beseech you all,
To the unknown sages, hear me!
To the gruesome dust and soil, hear me!
I am so worried, -a worried sage,
I am so disturbed, -in spirit and pages!
What songs will be... When I ghost,
Will it be Jim Reeves
Or Don Williams that my father loved
Or mere traditional songs,
By whomever pleases them, -the funeral planners.

Hey, oh you funeral planner,
What have death told you about me,
Why have you given ears to uncertainties!
What will be of you thereafter,
Or have I eventually wronged you?
Are you no sinner to die?
Have you no tears to cry?
Have you no love in the heart?
Can you give to the world!
The words I have given unto them?

I am so confused about memories,
Have I been making impacts,
Haven't sages attain greatest heights;
In the political, religious, and otherwise, to be recognized?
I discarded many yesterday,
I trashed many dead night,
Have welcomed many moonlight,
Have dined with several morning,
Yet, my words are like demon aged sword!
Bury me well and be carved, as a "funeral lord";.

* * *

To the wind, I raise my voice!
To the crying clouds, I call upon,
Hear me, hear me again and again!
Who is this death I hear?
Let it be my Father, I long to see him again
When mara water becomes more bitter than ever;
Then, am due and done to die!
Living further is about crisis,
Lay me comfortable withhaste;
Less, I miss my poetry dinner in the ghost land.

Remember, recite more of my poems than your songs,
Chastise no words but rain the truths about me,
Reckon the sages, authors, poets, writers and likes of them!
Than giving unmerited shellings to the Priests,
Worry not to mourn a sage;
The papers burnt and alive do cry a-river,
So worried have I been,
Over my ghost, over my departure,
To paradise! I humbly plead rapture;
Extended to all worried sages.

© Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
03/04/2018
02: 11AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

The Wrong Bitch

The wrong bitch

The tears stay woke,
With tense, of anger and...

My mood lost in the woods,
As I dashed my leg on...

Silently, weeping wept me,
And I began soliloquy,

I wish, I had you,
I thought I had you,

Till you unveiled yourself
Of your marital path

Then, it sounded boom
In my head, that I've lost you

Such an angel, to another man
Loneliness is bossing me till now.

© Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
09/09/2018
02: 35AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Thorny Leaders

Thorny Leaders

Hundredths of stitches on my skin,
Thousands of marks on my body,
Millions of insults descending on me,
Yet, the world can't let me be.

Wait, I saw him on those fraud records,
I saw another sucker jubilating joyfully,
I got so angry and mauled devil overly;
Because, I eat the whole world with a sword.

How bad is the slippery slope of my fate,
How bad is the sting of a scorpion by night,
How true is the world leaders and knights,
Here and there loiters pipe-like-necks as gents.

Around the four corners of the world;
Smells like the bathing soaps of the Egyptians,
When shall all these sharks on seats...
Cease to exist and worship the Israelites God.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]

» 30/06/2017
> 01: 13AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Touch Her

TOUCH HER

Touch her one more time
Tease her over here and there,
Tickle her again and again
Just in that blue light room
Go for the groovy dance
Go for that hip-hop dance
Go romance her Angels again
And moaning could be the last tone.

Touch her one more time
Tease her over here and there,
Tickle her again and again
With those charming eyes
Make her sing blues and classico
Make her whine paramount to paramount
Make her jerk up and down like condor
As her chuckles raises the dead ribs.

Touch her one more time
Tease her over here and there,
Tickle her from Samaria to Jericho
Having her hips crucified round yours
See forth forever for two-
Where reality jungle and live-in...
Where heartbreak is dying in jail
Where trance is mixed with reality
Where paradise is made for Angels.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
26/02/2018

05: 06PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Travailing Souls

Travailing souls

Seaman sailed stars away from the sun,
Worry-feelings and fear muted some fun,
As he toiled day and nights in the ship;
When would wharf wheel whines...?

Seafarers seem to see farther than close;
The moment avid sharks sniffs so close,
Perhaps to survey or secure victims;
Then, aeons of hope flee with whims.

Soldiers struggle like ducks and geese,
Shipman sails but like snail on grease,
Sea-oaks and sea-crabs scouts for food;
Even though preys and spoils occlude.

Shipmaster commands courage; yet pray,
Soaked soil merry; awaiting blood-spray,
Lives are endangered; lives are criticized,
As Zion and grave rejects none penalized.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
»19/06/2017
»09: 20PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Travesties Of Tragedy

Travesties of tragedy

There was once beauties in my land,
very fruitful from clouds to sand,
And advocates of bossmanship rode-in;
dust of sands began to cry in sin.

When nature refused to be caged;
walls of my nation began lying in heaps of ruins,
When gold could not find a path for seizure;
Calamity of integrity clash will flood amidst entities.

Goddess of 'what-else and priestess of 'pretence'...
all I have seen lurking around our honeyspace;
For knights of blood is our rulers in distress,
and forerunners of seven-headed mistress.

Again, when nature refused to be caged;
politics became carnival of blood splash,
When peace, love and unity rejects immunity;
female wombs will contest for 'the best weaponry arsenal'.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
30/07/2017
01: 49 PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Untitled

Untitled'

Hear me, oh brother,
Just today,
This sad blurry day
God gave a golden scissors
For me to cut Jesus
Same did that naive Judas
But, hell unto Judas brothers!

Peace unto the Israelites,
More love to the Hebrews
Let blood rain in Egypt
Let chaos flood in their six feet
As unity to the genres of Abraham
Lo, I have noticed, -dust I am,
Now, tomorrow, till Adam.

©Author KELLY JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
31/03/2018
10: 40PM

#participant
#day1

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Veiled Goodbye

Veiled Goodbye

You can say goodbye,
Is all you have ever wished
Long time before now
What need is it...
To toil all nights till dawn
Weeping and pacing
While, you merry heaven
Over there, in Southampton

You can say goodbye,
I know you hated me
I know you've played me
I know you've ruined me
I know you've won over me
The pain won't stay long
Though the scar may
But the fight isn't this May...

You can say goodbye,
Carry along your fake smiles
It burns inside my heart
Carry along your streams,
Fertilising my bank-of-babies
I know I have lost you already
Moment, you denied me that...
But I shall shallow above this storm.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
04/09/2018
11: 46PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Veiled Truths

Veiled Truths

Breeze of thoughts, pass me not by.
Breeze of wisdom, pass me not by.
Oh, soulful heart... cry not hard.
Oh, soulful voice... weep for bad.

In between oceans lays interconnection,
Of pathways and end ways of my notion.
The espousing followers; went incognito,
Danced like robots and dolls for Mexico.

Sheltering the world with stained feathers,
Comforting truth with lies; pathological liars,
Pot bellies that makes me go willies;
Like one who contacted xtra-syphilis,

Different head accords a nation to unveil;
Tongues seen in one tongue; perhaps fail,
Equity with favoritism and greed heart;
Brings on solely but defunct outreach act.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A SALIENT PROLIFIC AUTHOR...]
»28/06/2017
»» 09: 11PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Victory Is The New Love

Victory is the new love

To the wink of the night stars,
I moulded smiles
To the scorching of the evening sun,
I cuddled my eyes

Let me spit into the river,
Just to write your names,
On the surface that never dry!
Or should I swim in fire, for love.

Beauty glows around the Xmas moon,
So is your cheeks at each sight
But doubt is from Egypt,
Let's drown this Egyptian.

Peace, love, unity and honesty
Shall ride us high and balanced,
Enemies raids to anarchy;
Victory is the new love.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
19 /08/2018
02: 47AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Weepy Soul

Weepy Soul

I worriedly walked off my faint shadows,
Looking at tomorrow through my window,
When will paradise be mine for r e a l?
When will heavens be mine for r e a l?

I mourn my past misdeeds everyday,
Crying around my fates day-by-day,
When will paradise be mine for r e a l?
When will heavens be mine for r e a l?

I trekked weary a-miles away from faith,
I journeyed into sinful world and gates,
Oh, when will paradise be mine for r e a l?
When will heavens be mine for r e a l?

God, at thy foot I sleep so sweet for a-crown,
In thy court I weep on plead, for a new crown...
When will paradise be mine for r e a l?
When will heavens be mine for r e a l.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>18/06/2017
>10: 22AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Weird Isn't Nature

Weird isn't Nature

I sleep not too much
Each time the wind fart
So unkind and unbearable
Probably, I noticed or not
The better has become worst
Notwithstanding frustrations
Narrowed choice must recede
Either quick or slowly
Many times psychology failed
Increase is unlimited abode
Many seasons Christmas bored
Continuous is the earth's happiness
Heaven whisper white words
To men, every moon set.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient Prolific Author...)
13/06/2018
13: 04PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

White-Charcoal

White-charcoal

Off sunshine jogged a hero,
Towards victory failed a hero,
Because of reproach at his fountain...
Of victory-line; posing holed mountains.

Harmattan hammered harboured impostors,
Heavy wind whirling, bewailed so boisterous,
Hounding haters hugged their ends:
Hairs and heirs house different sense.

Foe-friends seem bright but wacks a-nigh;
Wearing clouds of hidden agenda a-night,
Loitering pieces of afflictions unseen,
And yet, they grieve oneself of sin.

Again, off sunshine jogged a hero,
Towards victory failed this hero,
Because of reproach at his rich fountain,
By moles and infidels against his fulgent curtains.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
>18/06/2017
>12: 18AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Woe To The Apathy

Woe to the Apathy

Woe to you who are apathy in Nigeria,
And to you who feel safe in Aso-rock,
You dignitaries of fraudsters of Nigeria,
To whom the poor depend on for stocks.

Woe to you who are apathy in Africa,
And to you who feel safe in America,
And then weep hard in their prison wall,
Now, is their calaboose a-mourning mall?

Woe to you who are apathy in Nigeria,
And to you who feel safe in ritual-wealths,
Yet, you die young and rot in Hades ever;
As your casket drop amid beast of maggots.

Woe to you who are apathy in many states,
And to you who reign terrors daily,
And to bowlful drunkards and fate-pests,
Your feasting and lounging will end sadly.

©AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ
[A salient prolific author...]
»» 02/07/2017
>> 11: 57AM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ

Zuraida Hills

Zuraida Hills

Oh gods, oh wind,
Years ago, I cried,
On this hill,
Even on the other hill,
Here, again, I'm moody,
The lips of this hill
Is a worry in the King's heart.

Zuraida hills do kill,
But it couldn't kill me
Zuraida hills do hug,
Would it be true to me?

* * * * *

As dead in beauty as i...
A tent I've loved to build here,
Rejection maybe the new compliment.

©Author Kelly JUUZ
(A salient prolific author...)
20/08/2018
10: 25PM

AUTHOR KELLY JUUZ