

Poetry Series

**Ben Chukwuemeka Okere**

**II**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# **Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II(13-june-1994)**

A Nigerian.

# My Resting Friend

Few seconds past have I not felt your presence,  
Few minutes gone have I realized your absence,  
Few hours withered, have your silence,  
Glowed on me, as now, I know death has taken dominance.

To my resting friend, my sweet ever resting princess,  
Life turned her back on you, not knowing that to me you were priceless,  
To my resting best, you know I mourn as to your happy memories I now caress,  
How I wished I was a substitute, but death on me was too careless.

Why let me live in death,  
While I can quitely take a rest?  
Why let my soul dance in agony of breath?  
As to my body, am nothing but a pest.

Yesterday, I had a friend, yes, I truely had a friend,  
Not just a friend, but a bosom, which death caused an end,  
Today, am free to the world, 'cause death had  
Treaded on her,  
I praise her not, who laid a hand on an angel  
Even while she's gone her presence to me is never far.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# Dreams Of My Fathers

Dreams oh! Dreams,  
Littered in the shadows of our memories,  
A remnant of shattered hopes,  
From the futility of unutured past.

Dreams oh! Dreams,  
Concieved by the wakening of our thought,  
'Cause we heard they had,  
In the midst of their journey.

Dreams oh Dreams,  
Coined from their quest for democracy,  
For in liberty it stood,  
As in the journey of time.

Dreams oh! Dreams,  
Dispersed in our hearts,  
From time immemorial,  
A heritage of our fathers.

Dreams oh! Dreams,  
Choking from the ages of our past,  
Leaves from withered political irokos,  
On the verge of its green vegetation.

Dreams oh! Dreams,  
Watered in a Nations nursery,  
Of spanky shrubs,  
Yet it grew and was bullish.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# December Tenth

As a nail to our Hearts  
Have you encrypted an emotional symbol,  
With fifty days to a celebration,  
We share this pain in our joyous shadow,  
For I know your hour is passed with souls.

Ask redding, for only him could describe your wrath,  
Or either the sosoliso passengers who passed with you.  
Yes, you could as well Conjure Emma for the truth,  
Which your hour had always brought to Humanity.

All you will all hearts be poured,  
For thine wrath had withered the innocent,  
Hopeful of a Blissful Holiday,  
Oh! Unto you will all nature beg; Please,  
For I know your hour is passed with souls.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# One More Smile

Our hearts had murmured in moments of peace,  
Now in our moments of violence it hauled our feelings with ease,  
Trenching through the mirror of penury,  
As it recaptures the obnoxious attitude of slavery.

Banging on our emotions with great clout,  
While momentarily our thought still move about,  
Tearing in different angles with angers of distress,  
With no solution as though lifeless.

One more smile do we need with much gloat,  
Even to an abattoir which sees the end of a goat,  
Our world doth say to a streaming,  
Survival! Which all should burgeon not by screaming.

Tears of a whispering soul, doth our hearts renew,  
Walking in a thousand miles, yet thinking steady as in a curfew,  
Lo, the feelings of a rotten tooth with a glittering smile will all nature broadcast,  
We clinged to the denched embrace the air threw as gases, arms to breast.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# Winter Of Hope.

I know the truth at which you aim  
How quiet you are 'cause of fear of maim  
Your heart filled with the thoughts of your woman's late pregnancy,  
For on their faces, signs of malignancy.

You sort for your life, but to people a maniac,  
Many I know, died from an arrest called cardiac  
How well to death a patronage,  
Though, I know it's our earthly package.

I know how fast the papers we had to scour,  
Leaving our souls so bright but sour,  
But your faces with a grim,  
As to us all no esteem.

I know for now, a winter of hope,  
Free from our natural scope,  
As now, to our old age they sneer,  
More painful to the soul, than a pierce from a spear.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II



# Raging Tears

Like my feelings in the tide  
Travelling like a wind, like our emotions which is bona fide  
Like the voices of thunder deep in the air  
Have my emotions trembled, 'cause life was unfair.

Like the birds of the air, dangling in ecstasy  
Have my tears flowed, as though 'oog life lies on papacy.  
Like the scorching sun, did tears feel my eyes  
As all I did, was to look at the skies.

Like the driZzling from above, have my tears flowed  
Then I asked, why should my eyes pay a debt it never owed?  
Like the silk brocade of the rainbow,  
Do I see riding on the feathers of a crow.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# Wandering Tears.

Just like yesterday, you slept with no pills  
My heart also had a rest with thee  
For mine was gone with no ills  
As everyday gone by, I look to Heaven with great plea.

Two years gone, two years my tears has wandered  
For mine only solace lies deep in my hands  
Pneumonia, came and snatched you, you that he never fathered  
For your beauty, is now familiar with the sands.

Two years have I been in this dark hole,  
Awaiting the embrace of your pretty smiles  
Yet, I'm cold, cold in my heart and soul,  
As everything, now in the pit lies.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II

# Greyish Dreams

Have our youths gone beserk?  
Has Holiness escaped from its tomb of  
Human race?  
Why does the grey's dream of glory,  
Fade in a jiffy?  
While evil rip our wisdom like a ninny,  
We queue, the queue nature doth brought,  
But with all no lasting edge.

Have we forgotten our endless dreams?  
Have the dirt of this four-walls stained,  
Our greyish dreams?  
Oh! What face will justice put on  
When her wigs are worn without honour?  
Oh! How injustice will leap when her tax box  
Will be filled.

To the Blessed thermis, our lady, your cries,  
Surely, shall be worthless without tears,  
For thine reps I see without dignity.  
To the unique scales, your measurement,  
Surely, shall be without value  
For thine stronghold, I look with pity.

Ben Chukwuemeka Okere II