

Poetry Series

**casmire Emeribe**  
**- poems -**

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## **casmire Emeribe(08/03/1985)**

Am the first child of six, I hail from umuokrika ahiazu mbaise imo state nigeria, I started my primary education in Gabon and later in 1993, I returned to nigeria and was enrolled into police children school, owerri and passed out in 1998, in 2004 passed out of secondary school with 4 credit on waec, 7 credit on neco later in 2007, I sat for waec again passed in flying colour and enrolled into the university (imo state university, owerri) and graduate 2012

# Hidden Man

Appearances are deceit  
Take him not by his words  
Rather his actions  
The man isn't the one on mirror  
But he is the you in you  
None can tell your plight  
The man shone when he seize power  
And power intoxicates  
No man attain glory  
Without a story  
There is a way  
That seemth right  
To a man but the end thereof  
Is-

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# In Flying Colours

Four years has while away  
After the bloodless battles  
Of nine unarm soldiers  
The test my mental fist  
How mastery I could hold my pen.  
I called it 'four years of miserable sojourn'  
So fruitless it was  
Thank God as it has always be  
A testimony here,  
Praise the lord, I was enroll  
It seemth a miracle not merit  
On my great exertion, cometh I to the citadel of learning  
Listen! as mother could say-  
That it is a place of light and darkness  
None of them would be there for me  
To say keep doing it right  
Where fore her saying, I heed.  
I wish to learn the best,  
Of everything I want.  
My cradle then are my teachers  
At the molding process, they aren't at their best  
That was their wrong deed.  
I was like a tendril without stake,  
My brain is dull cos you refuse  
To tell me the path to take.  
I discover the mystery of reading,  
Perusing and browsing through pages  
Learn a lot hidden in between lines  
Where fore, reading is a worthy teacher,  
Worth teach wide.

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# Marriage Of Three Strange Bedmate

The stories of truce of old  
Wasn't told for us to fight again  
But chary for war  
The union of these brothers  
Was for them to be bury with the bones  
Of their fore fathers  
The idea of the british house wife  
Laying a wreath on them  
Calling them 'Nigeria'  
These haste marriage to them  
Was the best achievement and compliment  
Of existence but to us a mirage

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# Mystery Man

As it was told in the days of yore  
When this God was strange to us  
Where all element represents  
A small deity.  
White fathers insist  
We must desist from tree gods  
And follow their instructions  
Their attitude to us was  
As if they were demi gods  
To us then we never knew  
The are men raised amongst men  
To be the mediator between man  
And the divine  
Of course, they weren't of my colour  
Truly, we left all the deity  
For this salvation- that is of apostolic  
And vow that there our life stands  
When the white father wishes  
To reduce our mission schools  
To the low standard  
We all want to denounce-  
But it was of bold mind  
That insist we have believed  
And worship to a point  
Of no return  
This bastion of faith of today  
Was save by twelve strokes of the cane  
For laughing at the white father  
Our fathers did insist  
We should swot the ways  
Of the white fathers  
In the midst of smoky clouds  
With scent of burning incense  
Cometh the man in white robe and biretta  
So en shroud with the power of open sesame  
Harketh not your heart if you are choosen  
Many are called, few are choosen  
O! He is raised amongst us  
Bestow with the power to call down God

He is of the order of mechizedek forever  
Alter christus

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# Noel

Santa- claus echoes here and there;  
Crooning lullaby to christ.  
My mind beat slow about feast,  
Dotty about christmas as the rest of us.  
Christmas card and glad hand are germane for the season;  
And there's holly on every souvenir stall,  
Feast banquet of traditional christmastide.  
It's festal of palm festoon here and there;  
Don't barter it down ever.  
With moonlight and crescent is thoroughfare;  
To celebrate the festive season.  
Christmas puddings and clad aren't my thought,  
Rather I hang my head in shame,  
When counting some of my glitterati fellows,  
But forgot to count the dead,  
That aren't think let alone count their fellows,  
Struggle and excel under the helios.  
Is only that the mouth of my kinsmen,  
Has entailed me to have prostrated passion for lucre,  
Pelf! Either hook or crook;  
To impress my kinsmen.  
My kinsmen guzzle free drinks,  
As tomorrow will never breaks.  
Everything gyp day after day in the season.  
My eyebrow freezing under my cap,  
Just to capture that special moment,  
Everywhere is festoon with palm fond,  
Don't send them into shriek of apathy.  
.....Happy christmas

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# Ode Of St. Valentine Infatuation

Change every now and then to year after year  
Is a lively looks of lovers  
For love so strong  
But cool as waters  
With kind words spoken  
Which permeates to the heart  
Looks sprightly disclose  
Unfixed as those favours to none  
To all her smiles extend  
Often rejects but never offers.  
All was so kinky  
In silence, my mind whispers your name  
Little I understand your saying  
Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder  
Smitten by your gap teeth  
Oh lois! Delight and liberty I granted you  
Thoughts were for us  
To stick together perpetually  
To our tryst  
This mutual coexistence you never want.  
To you is like scurrying on foot  
To the road unending  
Propitiatory offering couldn't bring us together  
I cried, tears roll down  
My cheek like raindrop  
As I recall our memory lane  
Many a time, we exchange unwritten letters  
I grew red with shame at your manners  
Oh! Love is like a grass  
All it beauty like the flower  
Of the field  
The grass withers, the flower fades  
Cheat, lies and double date is painful  
Pierce like an arrow of fury  
Hurts to the marrow  
Not for these misty tears  
I raise this.  
But the squabble of my companions  
And parents which couldn't break

On the implication that 'I love you'  
Exchange of vows of this strange bedmate of yours  
Broke to me as lost of precious diamond  
Where fore explain this?  
With hiss and remorse, you say forget it  
From the glade, I fixate  
In misty tears  
How would you explain this  
Arranged marriage  
Recalling those old good days of ours  
That wasn't infatuation but true love  
I felt it, I wish to break the circle and mores  
For you to accept this situation  
That is hard coded in my heart

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# Ode Of The Royal Trample

Heir inherit from ancestral royal family  
Can never be made by queue ups  
To deprecate the crown prince  
Market and houses incinerated; for what?  
A self styled appraised beaut  
Of prescriptive respect  
Crown is no more matter of excellence  
Money and dignity rules whatever beneath the helio  
Title and name of ascending to the throne  
Has been most amiable battle royal  
I have sacrifice my first son for  
What I have starry-eyes on  
But all I see is an owl in the sunlight  
I would give my eye teeth for that crown  
My clan clove into group aside  
And I stampede my gnomish henchmen  
To swear by the deity of unify pond waters  
Not to part from me  
Perhaps I was a toddler and piggyback  
When the bride price of my mother was forfeit  
Surrogate sons, have no thought on this, let alone I  
Elders on a foregone conclusion  
Foresaw I take an ell  
Then I slap and bully my elders  
For the couldn't let our mores moribund  
My wish, was to be a control freak  
But who I was, is my cradle  
Am left with a niggle doubt  
That kings are not made  
Rather they are born  
King ship remain patrimonial  
Nature has shift my ways  
Of following social niceties  
I wasn't conscience stricken,  
For the wrong deeds  
I impound the effigy to be my title deed  
With the connivance of my henchmen  
Libate surreptitious to the gods  
To pay off old scores

These blimey my ancestors  
They ill-fate I and my henchmen  
With a stertorous illness and eerie remedy  
That is to hear the cry of a breech birth baby  
To sate the vendetta I mastermind

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# Painted Sapporca

Sitting on the front pew can't be ascribe  
As a virtue of a christian  
Been exulted and hail in the order  
Being a communicant but hold down your brother  
Like the acts, michael the archangel did to lucifer  
Seizure of the belongings of you and your siblings  
Obviously you are the heir apparent,  
Nature demand, you cede these belongings  
Are you doing these, to proof to us that you are perfect  
Am not saying these, to point accusing finger on you  
Rather my grievance over what I see  
The act of the prince of the church at the corridors of power  
That has surpass the murder in the cathedral  
Is all about him appointing his brothers  
As auxiliary bishop, is his spoiling tactics  
To impose them to any vacant episcopal seat  
He sniffle many of us with this.  
Now, I take the prince of the church  
For a snake oil salesman  
I have written this,  
Not to tattle to you about the prince's misdeed  
Rather it worries me  
If not that I have believe in this apostolic  
And one catholic even in this trying times  
A prospective shepherd lobbying  
His way into the citadel of God  
What a mirage?

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# Passage Of Every Colossus

Orogbonu was enchant  
Mothers dance in bliss  
They sob out 'Egbe or Ego'  
As the case may be  
On birth all men are non descript  
None can tell who is blue blooded  
Time dissolves and flies  
Year chime like sixty minutes  
Keeps going up and never comes down  
Yester- year preterite wouldn't repeat  
Experience conquer the future  
Many live not to see a new day break  
Life is of such- toddling, piggybacked, crawling, walking and grizzled.  
Pung as the grey hairs appears  
Life here is a nine days wonder  
Today, you speak wisely, some days are coming  
As time dissolves and year fade out  
You would gibberish on words  
Looking at the corners of the walls  
Calling on your fellows  
Who are no more  
Yelling to your ancestors in afterlife  
At this time, life is faith that looks through death

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# Perestroika

'Corruptio optimi pessima'

Where was honest Abe really?

The great emancipators honoured,

Power made black supremacist.

Perestroika ongoing;

Isn't half so bad you think

What's alternative?

Africa, you lay no tender and loving hands

For tomorrow's nation entrusted;

Through motorcycle; eradication of penury of the envision egghead.

Has exposed us to on-time death,

By reason of fighting hunger and thirst,

While deducing our head count mindlessly.

Perestroika ongoing;

Where will it lead us?

On your freedom of speech, you empower the statocrat;

Nasute ant on colony throughout its metamorphosis,

Isn't going to make a good drone, rather it sting to supernal,

No ombudsman to the citizenry rather surveillance.

Perestroika ongoing;

Has no efficacy.

Opportunity to oust party in office whose record

Has been bad is on the corner, make your calling and election sure.

Perestroika ongoing!

Is a boomerang, if you give it out,

It returns to you.

Put down the mighty from their seat,

And exalt the humble

Gerrymanding with promises unfulfilled,

We need them no more.

Usher august group of men

To destruct the approbrious remark held on us,

By our fair blonde brothers

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# Red Carpet (Dedicated To Nass And Sug)

Fellows, colleagues and contemporaries-  
Here it come again,  
The wind that blows with mixed blessings  
Make your calling and election sure,  
We 've constitution but lead a rafferty's rule  
Many think the have ragbag of politics  
While you canvass for support, think of the cost benefit  
Of your action today that would beget tomorrow.  
Here I doff my cap for the best,  
If it means defacing the walls,  
To write your names  
As legendary of all times  
Your name would stand a taste of time  
You break the dead lucks  
And brought us out of the shackles  
Of failure and high stress studies.  
We would miss-  
The mixed ability of our great comrades  
O! Comrade and comrade- in-arms  
Are you sure you want this?  
It is a slightly acceptance  
Of death.  
To bleed and cry for others  
And as well the spokesman of all  
If you admit all these  
We welcome you with remarks very germane  
Endure our mixed feelings  
Of yester-years with stoicism

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# Short Gun Wedding

In living, our life  
The mores we met  
A woman would cling to a man;  
The become one  
How beautiful, it is when a belle  
Dance around with a horn fill  
To the brim with palm wine  
In search of her lost ribs  
When found, is a good thing  
A woman would cling to a man  
Not man clinging to a woman-Taboo.  
Not long ago she spring  
like a morning glory  
But so feeble she appears.  
Her sob stories were titillating  
Pity I wore for her, I took her in my arm arms  
I never knew that was her desire  
She has long for the master  
To come her way  
Not mind she was a social climber  
Life has forsaken her  
Her principles became dead letter.  
O! This ribaldry I took upon myself  
Would be a death low to my future.  
I elope with her, given deaf ear to my kins folk

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# Some Day The Sun Would Risen Again

The sun has set  
The clouds round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That kept man's ambition alive  
How wonderful is my tribe  
Their tenderness, joy, fears and respect  
Behold, the uprise of the sun was declare  
But was pre-empt by war  
Till death, he uphold his precis  
'In aburi, we stand'  
Our thoughts do lie too deep in tears  
When we cease fire,  
In solace of no victor! no vanquished!  
Our morale, did tremble like a guilty thing surprisely  
Grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remain behind  
In primal sympathy  
Which having been, must ever be  
I dream of the sun risen again  
Some day untamed  
Would echo on every frequency on early morning  
When the chip are down  
Were dispute and rancor wouldn't be met  
Lie low our hatchets  
Is in honour of our patriotic brothers  
Who met their waterloof wanton this to come  
We are determine to circumvent the little traps  
Is gladsome as his ribs are seen  
As bars on the face of the setting sun  
The sun's rim dips; the star rush out  
At ones strike comes blackout  
Over his country home and people

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# Stereotype

The cradle of all beginning from chaos  
So faceless through a void.  
Despite all the odds  
The dreams of these people are bold  
Blunt, unequivocal and pungent  
It worries me much, my fellow also  
Call me names-  
Am saying this,  
For the incessant bellicose words of my fellows  
I know I wander much but still  
Am a bird of passage, soon I would flew,  
They have belabour this falsehood,  
Which the hold on me, to belie my good gestures  
I raise this, on fixation of approbius treaty.  
The eagle eyes the have on me isn't enough  
Unclad the make me look before my fellows  
With a single-story that we all are  
Gentlemen on a highway  
These till hitherto left me  
Still dusting the shambles  
That I had no past but my past,  
They destroy.

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