

Poetry Series

Chidi Anthony Opara
- poems -

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Chidi Anthony Opara(8th August,1963)

Chidi Anthony Opara is a Nigerian Poet. He was born on the 8th day of August,1963 in Umude Avuvu in Ikeduru Local Government Area of Imo State Nigeria.

He is married with children.

Anguished Cries Of Baby Brides

Bashful baby brides,
Unabashed ageing grooms
Encamped in rustic camps
And goaded into wed locks
By grandpas.
Days after,
Blood soaked diapers
Blight
Basements of decency,
Reprimanding,
Reminding
Of travails of brides
Enslaved in prime
In bulging harems.
Months after,
Bulged out bellies
Beget traumatized thighs
And lacerated labia.
Anguished cries
Of baby brides
Resonate
In labour rooms.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Breakfast At Five Am?

Who are these
Little angels warring
On my bedside?
Pleasantly disturbing
My early morning sleep.
It's me daddy,
Nneka's voice broke in,
In into my eardrum,
Rousing me out
Out from my momentary peace.
Ugonnaya's little fingers
Caressed my hairs,
Good morning daddy she greeted,
Gap-toothed smile on her lips.
As I made to retreat
From this warfare,
Pleasant warfare,
Chinagorom shot her missile,
Her usual missile.
What will you eat for breakfast daddy?
Ha-ha-ha,
Breakfast at five am?

Chidi Anthony Opara

Chinyere

I searched
And searched,
I found her
Helped
By the dawn light
That sneaked in
From the smiling sky.

Our smiles met.
"Ibolachi" she greeted,
I nodded with mirth.
Her gap-toothed smile
Seduced me,
Love nudged me.
"Will you marry me? "
I asked,
"Yes" she replied.
In our embrace
Our bodies bonded,
Bathed with bliss.

In my bed chamber
After exchange of vows,
On the day birds begin mating dance,
The day they call Valentine's day,
Her nubile nipple
Balanced between my lips
Took me back
To blissful babyhood.

I searched between her thighs,
I found paradise.
Paradise
Welcomed me with love lotion.
I drifted afterward
To dreamland smiling,
Dreaming sweet dreams
Of journey with Chinyere.

IRIGIDIM

Irigidim, dim, dim.
Dum, dum, irigidim,
Eeeh wooo, eeeh wooo.
They have shot
The sacred ram,
Spilling its sacred blood
On my farmland,
Poluting my endervours.
They have uprooted
The sacred Iroko,
And ransacked,
Conclave of ancestors.
Irigidim, dim, dim,
Eeeh wooo, eeeh wooo.
They are carrying away
Symbols of my worship,
Spirits of my ancestors.
They are dancing
On grandfather's grave.
Dum, dum, irigidim.
Eeeh wooo, eeeh wooo,
They are taking them away,
Taking my siblings into slavery.
They are taking away,
Strenghts of my father.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Let Me Salute My Mother

Let me lay my head
On this belly
Now flabby,
Belly that bore the sack,
Sack that once bore me
For first nine months.
Let me gaze
Into these eyeballs
Now sunken,
Eyeballs that once watched over me
All day and night.
Let me admire
These breasts
Now flattened by time,
Breasts that once suckled me.
Let me hold
These hands
Now weak,
Hands that once caressed me to sleep.
Let me salute this woman,
Then beautiful,
Now made weak by age.
Let me salute my mother.

(This poem is dedicated to my mother, Madam Catherine Ngam Opara, who taught me how to write my name in our thatched hut with hurricane lantern) .

Chidi Anthony Opara

Mary Magdalene's Mug

I watched him
Dip his forefinger
Deep
Inside Mary Magdalene's mug,
His forefinger
Soaked in her juice.
I saw him drop a seed
Inside Mary Magdalene's mug,
I watched the supper
After the last supper,
I smelt
The sweet smell of that supper.
I saw Mary Magdalene
And the seed
Hidden
In the remote region,
I heard them
Declare him seedless.
I hear questions,
I see discomfort
On the face of dishonesty.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Papal Cant

In the sanctum
Of the parish,
Before matrimonial mass,
Pretty bride,
Terrified parishioner
Lay spread,
Involuntary invitation
To threatening cassock
To cushion celibacy,
Papal cant.
After unholy hug,
Vandalized virtue
And vanished virginity
Await groom,
Zealous parishioner
Fed full
With another cant
Of "no pre-marital hug".
After matrimonial mass,
Cassock and couple
Mingled in merriment.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Perfidy Of Perverts

I see now
perverts munching
putrid porridge
on the podium.

I see now
unpleasant personages
preparing to pounce
on peoples' patrimony.

I see now
war mongers
feasting with whores,
perching on madness.
Moving and mumbling
to lyrics,
lyrics of madness,
lyrics of shame.

I hear now
cries of hungry minors
huddled in arms
of humiliated mothers
mourning deaths
of murdered husbands.

I feel now
perfidy of perverts.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Ritual Of The Degenerate

They storm solemn city,
city of succour,
citadel of black gold,
clutching smouldering machines,
sharing sorrows,
blasting big bullets
on biceps and bossoms of decency.
You turn now my city
into sodom,
sin city of satan,
you servants of sorrow,
degenerate disciples
of distorted humanity,
descendants of depraved pedigree,
purchased by poluted personages
to pour poison
on our polity.
You rouse me now
from sumptuous sleep,
servants of sin,
at this unsaintly hour,
this boundary hour
of dusk and dawn.
It matters not to you
that my humanity,
my mandate
was stolen
in that election,
in that ritual of the degenerate.

Chidi Anthony Opara

Which Kin Yawa Be Dis? (Poem In Nigerian Pidgin English)

Bomb blow,
Country people wound,
Country people die,
House dem damage,
Property sef spoil.

Country man
Wey dey advise Presido
For security matter
Come yan say
Na because of election
Wey dey come
Na im make bomb dey blow.

Presido
Come yan say
Na lie adviser talk,
Opposition come hala say
Make Presido sack adviser.

As dem dey talk talk,
Bomb still dey blow,
Country people still dey wound,
Country people still dey die,
House dem still dey damage,
Property still dey spoil,
Which kin yawa be dis?

Chidi Anthony Opara