

Poetry Series

Chris Ekong
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

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

Chris Ekong()

An Elegy To My Dad

Oh with drops of tears rolling down my eyes
When someone sow and reaping is not allowed
My cry sounding up to the sky
On my knees with respect, I bow

“Such is life” isn’t always a good sentence
For it may entirely ruin a life
Imagine the torture like you were serving a life sentence
Its cut through my mind each time like a sharp knife

You lived a good life as you could
Hoping the death could ever show mercy
Avoiding most life pleasure that you should
Investing all time in your children and showering mercy

We needed you more than we understand
Most of your child yet not say “I do”
Who will be the grey hair to stand
Behind us if not a legend like you?

My ink bow in writing
Praying you have a peaceful rest
In our mind you live forever
While I tender you these lines

Chris Ekong

Be My Love

Will you ever be my lover?
I'm just a simple straight boy
I play nothing undercover
Promise all thing except nothing

With the hope that is in me
If all they tell me is true
Paradise is where we ought to be
And no stress we'll pass through

I put it up in you all my love
You hold me with all thyself
With no work in the wharf
We swim all day loving ourselves

Allow me give it all to you
Putting you up for the world to see
The things that a love can do
Dining both on land and in the sea

All wants and needs will be yours
Both home and in sojourn
No time shall you knock on the doors
All ways are open with your hand

You promise to keep me high
Even with the little I have
Keep your promise so it won't be lie
'Cause my trust I sold to you

Chris Ekong

Lacking Courage

Still in my world
My world of segregation
Thinking aloud
Without my knowledge
Saying I'm so separated
From the world of others

Here a crippled man
Sitting besides me
Just murmur out some words
Saying if he had what i have
The world would have been his

But here I am
With all it takes physically
Talking nonsense to his ears
Lamenting for my inability
To do what I can
Just lacking courage

I left with tears
Rolling down my cheeks
For my inability
To recognise me
But someone out there
Knows me than I do

Am I a cow?
That knows it
Tail validity
When it loses it?

Chris Ekong

Me In Your Eyes

Seeing me in your eyes
I reach the highest of all
Myself will be in the sky
Flying with the angels

I will always want to wonder
How such power have you
Giving the lightening without thunder
So I can fly with a shine of light

Your power of changing a total me
Never allow me want to leave you
For a sensible man will always be
Close by your side to feel all these

You've turn me into a stubborn child
Not obeying my parents' command
Using the smile that looks so mild
Intoxicating my inner soul

I went on to read the bad books
In mind hoping to see your written name
That you are a girl with invisible hooks
Who can catch the soul of men without notice

Not at all did I see you
So I've made up my little mind
To hand over myself to you
Play safe with it and let me feel

All they say will be in vain
Cos I can't stop flying with angels
Who wanna go back to pain?
When my head is still on my shoulder

Chris Ekong

Old Age Not A Pride

Some are proud to be older than me
When I'm not proud to be someone's elder
Everyday young is what I plead God to be
Cos I don't want to be a history in years later

You're getting old and approaching your death
A phenomenon I wish can be erased
It only sends you to that lonely depth
In the memory of your friends, you're erased

Though it's a road everyone must ply
The old wish they can once again be young
Knowing death always makes the mouth cry
With tears that may be with love ones for long

I write as if forgetting the unplanned end
A moment when things don't work as it should
When buckets are kicked by the young with no amend
My ink tries to avoid it as far as it could

I never want to grow old with having nothing
A reason that makes me forget my birthday
All my desires are still labelled longing
Hoping someday they will come my way

By force is how I'm accepting it
When my facial structure attempt a change
Then I have to fight for here is it
Making sure I leave a remembering change

Chris Ekong

Planning First

Waking up in the morning
I see the bright new day
Yesterday plans on my mind
Cos I need not let myself astray

To meet up with my daily plans
Here I have to walk away
Leaving other things behind
Pretending as if I won't dare

My ignorance I take as a bliss
Feeling sorry for all my mistake
Lack of knowledge might have cause it
All the punishment you give, I'll take

Please temper justice with mercy
All my works is to build our future
So we can smile then till eternity
Leaving behind all the rules of nature

No one else can share in my love for you
Not even my work can distract me
Ignoring you just to build our paradise
So then we can go there to be

Chris Ekong

The Dog And The Cat

I saw the dog and the cat
Both sitting gently on the mat
Hearing the cat miaowing
I know its happening
Maybe there must have been a spat

Coming out of the house with my hat
I saw the dog lying flat on the mat
Struggling to make a run
When the cat has no gun
But the dog is bigger in terms of fat

Then I realise strength is not how big
Because the cat might have given a kick
Right on the dog's back
We saw it as a pat
Which makes the dog want to take a leak

Then I throw my hat on the cat
While the dog run and keeps the bark
That was just a wonder
That makes me to ponder
Then I conclude, the cat is a brat

Chris Ekong

The Palm Wine

I like the palm wine
Because it makes me wine
With just a little of it
All my sorrows I forget it

It is gotten from a palm wine tree
A tree that resembles the oil palm tree
I wonder why its name should have a palm
Maybe because its from the family of palm

Drinking it makes on calm
As if one robs a balm
Always listening to others
Even to the younger brothers

You fool them by your calmness to be a good boy
Not knowing the palm wine is making you to coy
Always listening and not speaking
But all insults, you are remembering

Please do not take much of a sip
Because its can make you go unzip
Its not a poem that I am writing
But an experience that I am sharing

Chris Ekong