

Poetry Series

Emmanuel Ibuot

- poems -

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Emmanuel Ibuot()

A Game Of Years

Peeping through my window lintel
I ran after the fading star
That beeps his hands tentacled for my follow
To lands unknown, unscathed.

In shouting tremor, my eyes
On the oyster of years
Mining and refusing to mine
Till our game runs over the hills.

A game of years, unending cord
Forever beating men of wisdom
Without uncalling the worms of mind
To follow her curious shelves.

Nought will be the shame, but not again:
A game is pregnant with mine
A mine delivers her mind
A mind caresses the shameless word
The word a cord to accord
The seven cords of man and God.

□

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A Man's World

Out of angry earth came the King
And there shall not be caressed
When his feet rolls
Back into his volcanic rage.
Till then he holds the fortress
And none shall tear
His world from his clawed hands.
Ancient and Modern Eve
Like spoilt children sulk always.
Like before now
Failure shall be
A wooed stumbling failure
In the stinking kitchen given her.
No rival to this second eleven, rusty arrow
With a missing rib, stolen strength
Craving crazily in this grazing field
A permanent socket he'd struck
In the skin of her thoughts
That with that that
She may not his match be, ever,
For a desert and lion-coloured time
In a mad man's space
A man's man's world.

Everything and she
Wheels just this way
Through, for, and in him.
At the head of his stout-necked masons
Stands she
Our steel woman, Iron Lady
Wearing dirty crowns of rejoicing sweat
On her drooling dropping brow
That to rise, she never may flaunt
Her ostrich legs
Peacock eyes,
And man may seize, scavenge
Her stertorous wine-cellar heart
Leaving behind the clouds
The booty: a fire melted clay

A wet-pinioned feather
Fit only for the temples
Of African forsaken gods and shrines
Before whose lousy silence
She grasps the stuffy odour
To sponsor the odds and ends
Of her daily bricks
Fired only at the oven of man.

Songs and sermons, shouts and screams
Empty blows, morning fog
Fears and tears, wailing and waiting
Noisy clouds that slip 'n sleep
Presidents, secretaries, thundering release,
Are everything for punching bags.
Babysitters, poor-paid maids
Ordained by nature, our male.

Thus rolls the role
By man the taskmaster
Forever, wherever he deems
And no deity shall alter
Man, in his own wall,
A six-foot trench
Where his mind saunters the length
And breathe the world with his watch
Perfected that
She shall dance from his drums
Till he, here vanishes, and his drugs.

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Drums Of The Gods

Through the glass my balls peep
My knife dissects the sheet
Cascading beneath the flying waters
One thing held out ... the drums of the gods.

Darkened darkness darkens my voice
Lightening my heavy eyes
In its psychedelic beauty
Rising above the noonday evil
Unrolling the music of the sun-drum
None held out like ... the drums of the gods.

Mortal peacefulness have shown nil
Immortality sort by pharaohs
Sculptured in unbeatable beauties
Mapping always for times
Their restless reigns
As standards great as memory
They alone beat ... the drums of the gods.

Indeed they sought the immortal
Made themselves the immortal
Like boy-king-Pharaoh
Lying not immortal in Egypt
As the failures of the immortal kings
None holds out against their drums
Except, the drums of immortality.

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Jumbled System

This Chameleon sang a song:
It made different postulations
Yet one and many is found
Swindler and bandit define it
Children in apron sing it
And the unborn recite it
Market women buy and sell
The men always try it
Ever Confused they remain
Who knows it.
T'is all things to all men.

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My Bird

I couldn't wait to meet my singing bird
As she ran along the corrugated leaf
I couldn't bear to see her fed
But with everything, my hard earned sheaf
I could wait, under the dark dank shed
That she may fit into my eyes leafy miff if
I couldn't wait.

I couldn't wait to see my crying bird
As she sat atop the kitchen cliff
I couldn't wait to see divinity in wed
Longing for some warmth of our laugh
I could wait, not for her tickling word
For my heart would break and thread the if if
I couldn't wait.

I couldn't wait to see a hungry third
Keeping watch like a welcoming chef
I couldn't wait to lap my pen, quill-feathered
A fossil, not stone-age stiff
I could wait, as the spirit guard
Ran a race that must, if
I couldn't wait.

□

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Reminiscence

A river flows to and fro
The hill where Carmel struts
Where ships come and go
Not at night, but in shine
Their strength is unlike Reuben's fall
Born not of flesh and blood
It is the land of my birth.

Her balcony receives all our weight
Above the skin-coloured earth
The harbour of all trees
Canopied and
Spelling lines unnamed by human hearts.
To those who fall into her lines
Their beings cleaning fluid
Escaping no fingered mind
That grips all and
Before truth bows with head
Like the ancient hooded monks
At their quiet silence
An audience with divine monarchy
Carmel, a place to be.

Tonight above our hoods sleep
The woken darkness of the sky
Bright darkness, staggering mat
Dark night, the revealer of light.
Here the planes and rock die
That, in serenity, Carmel may stand
A view shot against fine-cut stars
What a symmetry to sketch
A carpet dark as light.

O Silence! The tune it tunes
Teaches our hearts
That reason must submit
Before the throne of grace
Carmel, the plane to reach.

The stars, this night stands
With Joshua, in honor of Carmel
Décor of polished light
Smearing the entire sky
Calling us to take our place
In a meet of peaceful song
With angels who know our rhymes
And lines that raise our God
He is Carmel's eternal peace.

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The Complaining Tap

They announce their need of me
To cook their food and
Clean their dirty mouths.
They refuse to close my mouth.
So I mangle the earth with my treasure
And open gullies, my open protest to nursing mothers.

How could you be so dishonest?
When the lights are out and
The station cannot pump me water.
You run helter-skelter as if
There is fire on the mountain.
But you refuse to lock me up
When the lights are out and
My wealth goes polluted because
I run amuck when the lights are on.

Give me a break, students!
Like your grandpa to his wife
Accord me some honour and care
And see if I won't protect your
Generations yet unseen
A bargain very cheap to attract,
Very expensive to avoid.

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The Poet

He's a mortuary attendant
His match, a whispering tidal flush
Masquerading in nothing like suicidal tide
Furthering hinterland the shellfish-diamond.

An uncut diamond, he but is
Sparkling up the unruffled lilac noise
Shuffling on the eternal coast of
His forehead, ruffled and wrinkled.

Behold! Achilles' cerebral cortex
Keeping watch o'er rocking bones
Gunned 'til it sets to dawn
For the vapour, fame, to arise
Like Banquo bent and burnt
With flagging fluttering feathers too.

But for striding the yet
Nought is his, unless
Bowing necks to Macbeth's stitch
Embossing on hearts
Badges of dancing darts
Rosettes of pure water
Splashed upon planes drilled with the feel of
Songs satisfying sole singing souls.

Emmanuel Ibuot

The uel

It's today that I know
That you're unique
In everything.
In your speech
In your articulation
In your steps
In everything.
You make point in everything you do.
Even as I'm standing here with you
You're still making points
Inside my heart.

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To Find

That I may view my lost trend
I wring my face
To retract my thoughts
I stretch my eyes
For I want, only to find.

In the hope of newness
I waste my night
To the frame that consumes it
Without a mustard soothe
Only, let me find.

Even for this, There's no equal
For sacrifice is nothing
As I find, wife and children
Give me nought.

Stand! I condemn I this day
To my sacred work but none
unless burning the comb for honey
With the spark not of a few
Seasoned in, Seasoned out
Just to mine, my obdurate mind.

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