

Poetry Series

**Fred Nwaozor**  
**- poems -**

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Fred Nwaozor(25th May)

# A Flowing River

A refined creature  
That flows endlessly.

Thanks to the creator  
For his creativity  
Because that shows  
He's really creative.

Just as you run  
Like an endless being  
So is your charitable attitude  
Like an endless quality.

Remain for an eternity  
For your tireless patronizers  
To live an eternal life  
And appreciate your patronage.

Fred Nwaozor

# African Science

Ever occurring phenomenon  
Across the boundaries  
Of a kingdom dominated  
By the amiable black race.

You have derailed from  
The technological know-how  
Of this distinct region  
Of our ancient time.

I baffle at your  
Means of transportation  
Within the zone  
Of your operation.

How do you overcome  
The severe traffic jam  
Encountered in all  
The paths of migration?

Your recent improvement  
Remains a case study to  
The scattered homosapiens  
In your blessed continent.

Your creative nature  
Ought to be given  
A whole century  
For its study.

I wonder why  
You had chosen  
To operate only  
At the sunset.

Fred Nwaozor

# Alpha Of All

The esteemed point  
Is already here  
Smiling at us,  
Coupled with  
The ethereal beauty  
Mixed with fragrance.

The point of  
Our annual ritual  
And, the pioneer of  
All existing points  
In the worthwhile calendar.

Your sagacious attribute  
Introduces a saga  
Practised by sages  
That observe sago.

Our annual estimated sacrifices  
Towards your existence  
Can't be over-estimated.

Your mementoes solely rekindle  
Our memories that remain.

What a memorable relish!

Fred Nwaozor

# Awaited Moment

My noble viewpoint  
Resulting a vignette of yelutide  
Thanks my humble viewfinder  
For this vigorous yearning.

As we await the eve  
We remain vigilant  
To avoid an Eve  
During the vigil,

Because the saviour  
Wouldn't need a mermaid  
At the noble manger,  
Rather, a saint.

Oh, our salvation!  
Save us from salvo.

Fred Nwaozor

# Be My Sunlight!

At this sunrise  
I sincerely ask;  
Be my sunlight!

May this bright sunrise  
Not cease to glow  
At the forthcoming sunset  
Just like a glow-worm.

I'm your superhero  
So I'll make you  
My gigantic super-eagle.

Let's embrace the hall-side  
So you can see  
The anticipated hallmark  
Lying not unlike a sea.

This is no joke  
Even though I know  
I'm a continental joker.

Fred Nwaozor

# Beautiful Birthday

On this day  
Yes, she was born  
No, she was found.

On that day  
There was sun  
Yes, coupled with moon.

That very day  
Yes, was special  
No, fantastic.

In her eyes  
So was written;  
Behold, here comes an angel!

Though I was absent  
Yes, zero-presence  
But I was briefed.

Her day was mine  
Mine was hers too  
Though different occasions.

Yes, 5th May  
Mingled with 25th May  
Then, 6th May was born.

What a blessed May!  
And what a product  
Yes, product of divinity.

Fred Nwaozor

# Beautiful Monkeys

An atmosphere filled  
With derailed homosapiens  
People of the underworld  
From unrefined numenclatures  
Bunch of monkeys who think  
Beauty is derived from  
Mere artificial idiosyncrasies.

A biased congregation  
Selected from the  
Innermost part of the earthcrust.  
An arena filled with mud and clay  
Beautified with problematic elements.

The dust in the dustbins  
The wastes from the industries  
The shit from the bellies  
The oil-spills from the refineries  
The wasted generation.

When will you be delivered?  
When will your prayers be answered?  
When will you be closer to nature?  
When is your social transition?  
When will you be natural and pure?

The refineries are waiting for you  
So you would be refined  
To embrace your awaiting blessings.  
Behold, you are Impure.  
And need to be purified!

Fred Nwaozor

# But She Died

At the east  
Of Niger area  
Lives the industrious.

At the point  
Of settling down  
Mingled with serpent.

Though he lives  
But nearly kissed  
The cursed six-feet.

What a serpent  
That dresses in  
A woman regalia!

You were severely warned  
By the concerned  
And the affected souls.

Still, No-No-No!  
Remains your chorus  
At all created times,

Due to your  
Acquaintance with  
The underworld.

Now you have visited  
The forsaken six-feet  
You never dreamt of.

What an ignominy  
Having lived as elephant  
Died as an ant.

You unknowingly signed  
Your death warrant  
Without a query.

Fred Nwazor

# Confession Time

I almost rub  
My precious rub  
On that rubbish.

I'll surely rub-out  
The silly rubbish  
With my able rubber.

Not even a robot  
Can stop my robin  
As it flies like rocket.

Fred Nwaozor

# Culture

Centre of unity  
For any  
Given domain.

Ideas and arts  
Produced in a  
Particular domain.

Dramatic display  
Of the people's  
Pattern of existence.

A fantastic pepperoni  
On a place peopled  
By a particular  
Group of people.

Not unlike a cumin  
Sprinkled on  
A baked bread.

Oh, truly a  
Phenomenal phenomenon!  
Just as old as  
The existing world.

Fred Nwaozor

# Fear Of The Unknown

Standing in  
This madhouse are  
Worthy souls  
Though, in the midst  
Of the worthless.

In spite of the madonnas  
All over the corners  
The refined madmen  
Can't take us  
To Madrid.

The transcendent  
And the unseen,  
Kindly unleash  
Your magnetic force  
Towards this madhouse.

Yes, these madmen  
Generating these nightmares  
Will surely be  
Attracted to the  
Worthy souls' magnet.

Then, the madmen  
Will automatically become  
Magnanimous beings  
And continually display  
Extraordinary magnanimity.

Fred Nwaozor

# Goodbye!

Another memorable day  
Is here knocking  
At my humble door.

A wanto action creating  
A boundary between  
The past and the future.

What a wicked boundary  
That wants to cause  
An eternal pain,

By stealing  
My gifted treasure from  
My humble hands.

Oh, my treasure!  
Should I watch you leave  
Or, back you as you leave?

Are you leaving with  
The shared experience  
Or, to be left behind?

As you depart from  
This unjust vessel,  
Inform them I'm lonely.

Meanwhile, accept  
My humble farewell  
Though, I'm dried-up.

Fred Nwaozor

# It's Our Ball

Just walk inside,  
Our sole ball is  
Lying right outside  
Just by the side.

Till you come  
The genuine outcome  
Won't be disclosed  
To the overcomers.

But believe me,  
That huge ball  
Rightly belongs to us  
Though not just for us.

I know my fellow owners  
So, the ball is jointly owned.

Fred Nwaozor

# Madness

A gigantic scaremonger  
Not just a terrorist  
Of our bosom time  
But an ultimate terminator  
That had been assigned  
To steal the  
Innocent mind of  
The created being  
And to terminate  
The automatic functioning  
Of the almighty cerebrum  
Even that of  
The most learned  
Or the most depositor.

Your sudden penetration  
Into arena concentrated  
With robot-like substance  
Though fully idiotic,  
Has steadily kept  
The infected creature  
In an unavoidable  
State of neurosis  
In all circumstances  
That make up  
The moments experience  
By the wholesome  
Entities operating under  
This worthwhile canopy.

Fred Nwaozor

# Mr Pen

The day you were created  
Throughout the moment  
A confirmed didactic day  
Marvellous was the moment.

In spite of your size  
Still, so great  
Meaning, size never a barrier  
When it calls for greatness.

The hidden nomenclature!  
You have done novel  
For granting us this nomenclature  
That always do noble.

Your closeness to me  
Shall closes my sorrows.

Fred Nwaozor

# Mr Sword

The ego of  
A warrior on duty  
That has seized to  
Back on the instructions  
Of the assigned director.

The resultant of  
Your brutal strike  
Remains a tremendous  
History to the  
Concerned creatures.

Going by your records,  
Your forefathers must  
Have directed the crowded  
Occupants of their time  
To uncounted six feet.

Your origin still  
A mysterious point  
To the crowded occupants  
Of our time;  
Your life-span yet  
To be determined  
By the wholesome races.

Fred Nwaozor

# Mr Time

An ancient man  
As old as the world  
That has refuses to  
Get to his old age.

One that talks even  
While others are  
Deeply asleep and  
Never wish to be awake.

Ever constant and  
Ready to satisfy  
The desire of the  
Ever hustling mankind.

Still modern and fresh  
In fact, a model modern man  
Whose organs and tissues  
Seized to depreciate.

Your entire generation  
Has enabled mankind  
To be able to trace  
His accomplishments.

Fred Nwaozor

# My Harmless Hammer

They fired me,  
I resisted the fire.

I hammered them,  
They encountered harm.

Theirs,  
The irresistible bullet.

Mine,  
The cartridge of  
My harmless pen.

Brethren,  
The irresistible,  
Wow, was resistible!

The harmless,  
Oh, so harmful!

Fred Nwaozor

# My Humble Stride

I sincerely tried  
During my trial.

And, I struggled  
In the jungle.

Though, I laughed.  
What a laughter!

Yes, I moved  
During the movement.

Even flew  
Like a fly.

But, remained calm  
At the calm yard.

Fred Nwaozor

# My Only Choice

U're solely my angel  
On this lonely angle,  
Even the heavenly angels  
Understand this lovely angle.

U're that lovely frame  
That can quench that flame,  
Though I've already framed  
Against that silly flame.

See how my perfect guess  
Has made these gifted days  
To yield this perfect guest,  
Oh, what a lovely day!

U're my only choice,  
So let's make a choice.

Fred Nwaozor

# Nagging Neighbours

I'm timid,  
You're a mouse.

I'm wild,  
You're a cat.

I'm intrusive,  
You're a dog.

I'm ugly,  
You're a monkey.

I'm dirty,  
You're a pig.

I'm illiterate,  
You're a goat.

I'm silly,  
But you're a sheep!

You initiated the exchange,  
He defeated you.  
So, of what benefit?

Stay away from nagging,  
Live in harmony.

Fred Nwaozor

# Our Tireless Race

Let's deeply face  
Your noble place  
In this race,

To wholly embrace  
That lovely mace  
In the palace.

Show me your face  
So we can  
Set a pace.

Please can you  
See the lace  
Through that lens?

Fred Nwaozor

# Rotten Invaders

So as the pests die  
The severe pestering goes  
Thanks to the pesticide.

But the fact remains;  
Those fatty crops  
Yielded fathomless fruits.

That silly attack  
Really brought heart-attack  
To the genuine ones,  
Though I cleared the attackers.

Fred Nwaozor

# Sacred But Evil

Surely as sacred as  
The heavenly angel  
That guards the creatures  
Though by appearance.

Your angelic countenance  
Will never cease to remain  
An exemplary point  
To the ignorant masses.

The complicated idiosyncrasies  
Possessed by your person  
Will continue to exist till  
The showcased fabrics are worn.

Though an abrupt  
Intervention from above  
Could be a way-forward  
To this hidden anarchy.

Fred Nwaozor

# Statics And Dynamics

In the recurring  
Twenty four hours  
In every 365 days  
All the occurring  
Endeavours inculcate  
Both the stationary  
And the mobile.

In any motion.  
Lies a starting point  
Which is the origin  
Of the action  
And that invariably  
Remains the stationary.

The above remains  
The classes of  
Human hourly endeavours  
That is awake  
In any given 365 days.

Fred Nwaozor

# That Horrible Day

Oh, a forsaken day!  
Made up of  
Sorrow upon sorrow  
Pain plus pain  
Forbidden indeed.

I could only remember 23  
Also, I could remember 02  
And I can't forget 2004.  
What a terrible day!

But I can't recollect the picture  
It is always vague  
Because it's complicated.  
What a mysterious day!

His dad was down  
His mum was ill  
Everyone was confused  
And he was totally biased.

Oh, a horrible day!  
I can't live to forget you,  
You have produced a fruit in him  
Via the seed you sowed  
On that fateful wednesday  
Just immediately past one.

Fred Nwaozor

# The Busy Roads

When I sit,  
I can't see  
The blue pit  
By the red sea.

My legs standing  
On my mat,  
My heart pounding  
Like a rat.

Real bunch of sins  
By the busy roads,  
From bunch of scenes  
Of the easy rods.

Oh, these wild animals!  
Yes, on our wide vineyards.

Fred Nwaozor

# The People's Eye

Feeling of great tenderness  
For the militant tendency  
Right from a tender age  
Tends to save more souls.

Never mind  
My tendentious note on  
The tenacious person's acts  
But we need  
To take note of  
The activists' acts.

Though, I'm not tentative  
Because it's a fact  
But I smile tentatively.

I speak with no tension  
But with the highest tempo  
Of my humble fat;  
I can't be a tenant  
In my tenement.

In fact, I'm on tenterhooks  
Because,  
My idea is not tenuous.  
Therefore,  
I can't come to grief.

Fred Nwaozor

# Tomorrow

In our tremendous world  
A near but far factor  
That seems to be quantifiable  
But truly fathomless.

One that has caused many  
A sleepless night  
While wondering at  
The look of its unseen nature.

I wonder how  
Ugly or beautiful  
You might look  
If seen by the  
Awaiting creatures.

Unfolding your infinite nature  
Remains a case study  
To the given classes  
In this beautified universe.

Fred Nwaozor

# What A Mess!

So mesmerized by  
These uninvited messages  
From unknown messengers.

That merciful farmyard  
Filled with  
Those messy buddies  
Has constituted  
This messy scene.

Right from  
This officers' mess  
As I view  
This messy dispute  
Solely causing  
This real mess,

I cried  
To the messiah.

In spite of  
The glossy amnesty  
As a result of  
A panoramic view,

Still, they mess around  
As if it was  
A glorified armed-nest.  
What a mess!

Oh, bucolic buddies!  
Tender justice with mercy  
And embrace  
The merciful pen;

The excellent facilitator  
Just like the trigger  
Of your guns,  
Instead of

The messy sword.

Remember,  
The messiah is watching  
This messy scene.

Fred Nwaozor