

Poetry Series

iziegbe idemudia
- poems -

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iziegbe idemudia(september 5th 1975)

i am a published poet in the uk and the title of my latest book is 'Echoes in the labyrinth: The journey'
available at

Echoes Of Silence

Tommorrow is a dream
Today, a flowing stream
And within...

Waves rumbling, rush to the shore
Spent, rush to silence, a golden silence...

Building and repairing we are
On this great road we awake-
Bare and void, travellers
On our own handmade solitary carriers.

Footfall thunders on the eternal sands
Holding within each print, the treasured focus
And echoes stir, shaping dream in the flowing stream

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Great Is The Gain Of Tears

Great is the gain of tears
That washes away our joys
And with wetness crowns our perforated exploits

Who, when we have conquered our fears
In the puddle of human scum
Leaves us an inch brighter in wisdom

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Our World.

Mingled hopes and fears have died
Down the ever rough roads
Where all tears have finally dried.

At the crossroads
I have tried to see
Me, your blood ever so bold
Have searched to unravel that mystery
Forever tormenting us, shattering every firm hold.

Let my soul be thus:
Unveiled of all illusions
Dream beyond dream broken
And to ashes all trodden

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Storms

When storms under blue skies abide
And shafts from yielded clouds pierce
When darkness under the sun reigns
And dark laughters from days peal

Night we dont understand
So in our palls we turn
From the face of heaven
From the days of other nights

Where mind like lightening slice
Sharper than winter blades
Sharper than steepy hills
And crowns shrouds with stars

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The Dream Of Tomorrow

Above the moon
Numerous stars, countless
Wreathe these skies

Above our heads
Numerous riddles, countless
Shield our lives.

But a seed of live is a burning dream
That breaks in us hopefilled smiles
Beyond this dark pall that shields the human eyes
And still will keep our feet firm
At pace with time on these never calm seas.

Thus, on every dusk
Gentle pats, warm hugs-
Tenderness of loved ones
We hold dear- shaping hope
Beyond the sting and smarts of our toils

And aching bones and sinews in peace will rest
For the dream of tomorrow that never dies.

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The Lover Sun

Amorous searing fingers spurts
Mortal rays woo the lands
Sulphur and brimstone, king of the sky
Terror of crevices, sweat of the bleached sands,
Stir limbs of the fungous time
Fiery from the blue depth
Silvery pilgrim of the riddled shrines,
Hidden grooves, clad thickets, secrets kept;
Adorned with sultry shades
Will stir in warmth till it brims,
Untangled in scented mist
The Eye of the searching beams

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The Sorrows Of Satan

(Your heart, hell of crushed stars, darklit
Bounded by serrated chains of pride
You exalt in eternal sorrows
Laden with ageless grief
Man still shall be
Hidden in the Eternal Spring...)

Within these hills I sprung
But they bound me not
Bitter like the earth herself
I hear the childhood tears
And I live in my tread
I am the weed of the fallow land
The germ of molted leaves
I am the canine of the lion
That snaps his brothers
The joke of the hyena
I make spoil of your till
Woe to the seeds of the earth
The lightening caught in the clouds amidst a legend
I see the soot sack clothed the sun
And I exalt in the veins of my destiny
When the trees are bare of leaves
I am the fang in your bark
The woes from the far seas
I shall straddle the mountains
And weave a shroud of vultures
Their wealth shall fill the marrow of my dreams
Like the mystery of tongues I am
I shall steal the yellow yams from your barn
And lay waste your fields
Your dust your seeds shall eat.
The sun scorched me
Dark I am
I who knew no blemish
From whence I came
Like a broken eagle of brimstone
The wheel spins to the focus
I feel the sulfur brim in my soul

Don't rejoice yet
Because I mourn in my songs
Your destiny smells tasty in my flared nostrils
I see it like night dew on the grass
I dare the sky
Juices of the fruits of the earth
My joy shall be the gall in your hidden soul
The altered veins in the palm
For my pigments are the colours of your
dreams
Sorrows of immortality
All roads lead to the grave
I am the strive of strives
The strive of sinews
The bitter corn seed among the birds
I know you know my dreams are a mirage
But still I blind you with night in the day
How foolish you are
You seek the sheen on tree leaves
When the star's distance is a mirage of my spoil
I have no blame, I am blameless
The birds come to the corn.
From the opaque den I dwell
I exalt like the crickets
When I hear the pants of the tired earth
I shall be the smell of blooming flowers
Wafting through, knocking on the door
The wine of moon-flowers
Glowing like diamonds in your eyes
And I shall lay waste your home with your staggers
See me I am branded
A dark speck in a silvery sky
But I shall push the dart deeper in your eyes
Your grateful lips shall twist in a smile
And your soul shall groan under the pall
My hand is the same
From the fires you shape the rod
And time becomes my accomplice
And bears my glittering stars.
king of the dust you tread
Heels are preys of the woeful Words
But I shall bleed the heart

I was the lily of mothers
The envy of all petals
And I drew to these hills
To blossom my puffed heart
Thorn of the fleshy cave
Cold fang in the bosom
I shall falter not
Tears shall shape the dust of my serrated heart
The wind is my web
Within, the diamond eye of the adder
The childhood toy of the earth
I shall multiply the dust thereof
I smell your fears in the shadows of my laughter
And I spin on the mound
I am the riddle of the stormy heart
The cloud of the hazy eyes
I shall falter not
Till time births me my destiny.

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Unstable Suns We Are

Unstable suns we are
Giving light in varied measures
On this cloudy Earth that strips us bare
Devoid of all, not even our minute treasures

While time works our bellows
We gather faggots into the fires
Creating moons out of our desires
Moons forged with varied blows

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When The Earth Is Without Shape.

Rumblings on a dark starless sea
In the dark mist
The lit eye of an hidden cove

Winds with countless arms
Obseiscanced at the taloned feet
Part in life and death

Diamond sparkles flee from an emerging root
Distinct strands from the ashes
As an unbending will split all assunder

And it rained
The sea swollen, broke
Brown with life.

II
When the wheel is travailed
Wisdom wrought perforations in the watery mass
Knowledge kneads desires of the knotty mass

Seeds of the sands,
From the pervading waves
Uneven fingers that vie

How many lie caught
In swirling nebular clouds
Leaves wailing in the winds

Phantom solitude
Of ripped branches
Of surfing roots

Let that pall recede
For the searing eye of the soul
For the rumbling spring breath

Builders of mountains
Within lighted fury

From the grain devine

Dust that crumble before dust

III

How will I raise my voice unto You

Jewel of the blind night

That I will stand here and make steel of my tongue

O eternal praises of your endless Faces

My heart like green fronds

Lie pliant to your tread

Ancient Cave of the winds

Of the fertile black sea

Of the immortal fires

Stony arms

That Knocked ashes off the dream

To you my fragile arms are raised

Soiled from the murk of the mire

Gory mire of the tender cleavage

When I closed the door

With thirsty hands

Your heart horned by my tears

Cleaved the wandering soul;

Weathered sculpture of raw veins,

And breath fumes from the ruins there of

Clay and brass of the mystery mess.

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When There Is Stillness

When there is stillness
A quiet like no wind blows
Then the brine washes the sands

There others will lie
Filling shells with sands
Sodden with brine

Till tide
When souls are carried
Dry beyond malignant salts

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