

Poetry Series

**John Ihejieta**  
**- poems -**

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## John Ihejieta(22/09/1990)

John Ihejieta hails from Okwu Amaeze, Obibiezena in Imo State, Nigeria. He is the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ofoegbu. He is interested in writing and a poet in the making. He currently pursuing his Master's Degree in English Literature in The American College, Madurai, India.

# A Las Tres De Del Árbol

De un desconocido a un amigo  
De un amigo a un hermano  
Dentro y fuera sido recubierto con cuidado  
Burbujeante sus días con sonrisas impávidos  
En un primer momento, se quejó de éstos gran ciudad  
Sin conocer a nadie que correr a  
En ese mismo momento, le preguntó:  
¿Cómo puede hacer frente a estos multitud?  
¿Cómo puede sobrevivir en una tierra extraña?  
¿Cómo puede sonreír en un territorio desconocido?  
¿Cómo va a llorar en medio de estos grandes eruditos?  
¿Por qué no Chennai?  
¿Por qué no Coimbatore?  
¿Por qué si Madurai Madurai?  
Había más de preguntas que respuestas  
En esta plataforma, vio un árbol de pie  
Con tres ramas lindo  
Preciosa, deslumbrante y twinkly  
Todo comenzó con preciosa  
Precioso vino con deslumbrante  
Tanto la altura de sus nombres  
Deslumbrante tarde llegó con twinkly  
Twinkly me titilaba con una sonrisa deslumbrante  
Así fue como todo empezó.  
De Hola!  
Nos hicimos cerca y más cerca cada día  
El árbol estaba todavía en pie  
¿Dónde se encajaría en el árbol?  
Entonces se convirtió en el señor Courage  
Para hacer que el brote del árbol a su punto más alto  
Convirtiéndose en la cuarta rama del árbol  
Hará que el árbol de perder su belleza  
Pero ser el agua para la raíz  
Hará que nos diferencia fuerte y constante

Para coronar el Sr. Courage sus Bodas de Plata  
Las tres ramas vinieron con su último nacido  
La Sra sorpresa, que estaba tan tierno en edad y estatura  
Pero hecho el Sr. Courage hasta las lágrimas-joy

Sosteniendo el pedazo de la torta, pero sin valor para comer  
Porque el corazón dice que este amor es demasiado  
El cuidado y la confianza va en aumento día a día  
Sólo ganga para conseguir la sonrisa  
Pero que está recibiendo más de sonreír  
Ellos hicieron el día especial

De vuelta a casa sólo para pensar y reflexionar  
Preguntando por qué saber por sólo unos meses?  
¿Por qué no desde el nacimiento?  
Sin embargo, una voz resonó con suavidad  
¿Quieres amigo o amigos?  
Pregunté cuál es la diferencia entre ambos?  
respondió la voz,  
F-amigo  
R-Permanecer  
I-íntimo hasta el  
Fin  
Los amigos también se mantienen íntima  
Sin embargo, el S trae Separación  
Luego, la voz dice, este árbol es su amigo  
Permanecer preciosa, deslumbrante y centelleantes al árbol  
A continuación, y habrá que aprender a sonreír  
Como los tres DEL ÁRBOL DE.

John Ihejieto

# See That Star

To some today is just a day  
Even with its sparkling hope of grinning  
The least they say is thank you  
And live their life to suite the day  
Even in pain they crave for gain  
And lay their day as though in May  
To say a few they wait for pay

To you  
It is special  
A plus added to the fix  
Yet younger like the lovers in the Urn  
Keats saw the Empty Street, and sounds of music  
And the parson to bless  
And termed it "Grecian Urn";  
You, never an urn,  
Life still in you, better than the urn  
Strength still in you, ready for run  
Smile still in you, ready to light up  
Songs still in you, ready to share  
It's another special day  
All seen in you,  
Is a tree that never cease to fight!  
H A P P Y  
Hmmm! Happy Growth day  
Happy joy day  
Happy smile day  
Happy song day  
Happy dance day  
Happy today  
Happy YOU  
Just be happy,  
For that's why you are better than the urn  
And we call today,  
A day with the Alpha.

John Ihejieta

# Suicide: Not Juicy

Travail and pain her food  
Tears and stress her daily meal  
For nine months as usual  
To put out the plumpish tummy  
Just to introduce you to a new world of love  
With prayers and faith you came forth  
With smile, the world accepts  
Your world takes you home  
And feeds you from the pain of her body  
Your best is to cry and ask for more  
Your world bears the pain and gives bodily sugarcane  
Even in tiredness, waiting, not optional  
Physical guardian angel

Change not constant?  
Grow as any will  
But fail to ask,  
Who nurtured you to this point?  
Fail to ask,  
The length of pain,  
Sleepless nights,  
Currency lavished on growth.  
Never prioritize these  
Yet considered to be grown-up?

Consider the wind that blew her?  
Where is knowledge?  
Like the well of Jacob,  
Drew fresh water  
No scratch come nigh  
What more, blue tike?  
Time the referee

For noesis  
Pedagogy a friend  
There, you pair with peers  
And part with home  
To patronize their practice.

Ask how you have fallen?  
This is it.  
A moment of questioning good and bad  
Choices says bad  
Because All Do  
Sept, now strange  
Heart bleeds for outside  
But tradition calls  
A feign to adhere

Perils comes  
Like a graveyard  
Your heart rust in decay  
And crumble with Arabian perfume  
Outside becomes obvious  
Hard to bear  
Decides to ring the parting bell  
To drink the juice of suicide  
A post of pause

Is that the end?  
Poor you,  
Is that solution?  
Poor thinking,  
Is that relief?  
Poor idea,  
Is that an option?  
Poor decision  
So poor  
Young murderer  
Of a given life  
See this pregnant world  
So quick to end  
Where you are going safe?  
Problem free?  
Suicide perfect?  
Where is thy hope of comfort there?

Planning to end yours,  
Wait a minute.  
Suicide juicy?

Suicide sweet?  
Why end what is not yours?  
Upon a forest lived a boy  
Who was rejected at tender for reasons undisclosed,  
Had no place to go but to the forest  
Had no food to eat but to sing  
&quot;Love come down to me, let me see you  
Care come down to me, let me hold you  
Help come down to me, let me kiss you  
You are nearer to me but I can't see you  
Family left me to die, without a taste of you  
Friends left me to stray, and be useless  
I don't know what to do, than to sing on  
But I have great hope in life since am living  
But I cannot think of killing myself but to trust hope  
The world is waiting for me to spring forth  
Even in forest, the world needs me  
And I must be out someday but no date&quot;

Seat and check  
End life for what?  
Pain worth it?  
For distrust?  
Failure worth it?  
For boy or girl?  
Think of life purpose!  
Think of nine months  
Think of dad!  
Think of toil and soil you stand!  
Think of talent!  
Think of what only you can do!  
Think of thousands of people that will miss that thing!  
Think of career!  
It is easier to die but hard to live  
But it is sweeter to live and painful to die.

Suicide now juicy?  
Say no to suicide  
Say no to self-destruction  
Say no to felo-de-se  
Say no to end and say yes to live.





# Things Apart

Red, red all around  
Dead all her peace  
Not one a sound  
Too shake this dark space  
All silence and ease  
A shock in paradise  
Too soon to lose  
This bond of greatness  
The giant of a continent

Called upon two  
Young, Parson  
For knowledge of thy default  
Parson first  
No one fight with big G  
She many a times  
Counts equality  
Man now like God  
Respect now roasted  
In words, deeds and thought  
She say freedom, freedom  
Liberty, Liberty  
Chained before?  
Not Adam not Eve  
Not you not any  
Yesterday is dead to speak  
Today too bold to admit  
Naked savage  
Hope is tomorrow  
Cope is today  
Choice, I say choice

My type expires daily  
Waste waist with weak words  
Not good to represent  
Throne of strength  
Where to stand?  
Who to support?  
Unblood family, in-depth friends

The south still shout  
Still or steal  
Kill or kidnap  
Jungle now dark  
The North still cut  
Fresh flesh  
Flush red with Black Hand  
O East! Now feast  
Not concern  
Worried for what?  
Piece of peace now a priest  
West?  
Thou art a pest  
With no best to test your chest  
Your forest now at rest

Red, red all around  
Help, help all her voice  
Tears, tears now her juice  
Fear, fear now her faith  
O giant of a continent  
Thy glory a dream  
Thy strength a story  
If you must know  
Thy value now in bidding  
Thy name now a net  
To hold fish in cup

This not you  
Once great  
Once tall  
Once a source  
Giant of help  
Roll this shame off  
For that old is our gold to hold.

John Ihejieta

# To Peace

Dear  
Came to you sometime  
Home empty  
I left a note  
Hoping you will reply  
Last week, i gave a call  
My call now missed  
Texted you  
Yet no reply  
Yesterday I waited  
But you did not show  
The Neighborhood waits  
Come and see for yourself  
The crowd  
Dear Peace  
Our Damon in Sermon  
Give in piece your peace  
To reach a mile with the White Stork.

John Ihejieta

# To The Three's Of Tree

From a stranger to a friend  
From a friend to a brother  
In and out been coated with care  
Bubbly his days with undaunted smiles  
At first, he complained of these big city  
Not knowing anyone to run to  
Then and there, he asked,  
How can he cope with these multitude?  
How can he survive in a strange land?  
How can he smile in an unknown territory?  
How can he cry in the midst of these great scholars?  
Why not Chennai?  
Why not Coimbatore?  
Why Madurai if Madurai?  
There were more of questions than answers  
On this platform he saw a standing tree  
With three cute branches  
Lovely, dazzling and twinkly  
It all started with lovely  
Lovely came with dazzling  
Both live up to their names  
Dazzling later came with twinkly  
Twinkly twinkled me with a dazzling smile  
That was how we all started.  
From Hi!  
We became close and closer by the day  
The tree was still standing  
Where will he fit in the tree?  
Then he became Mr. Courage  
To make the tree sprout to its peak  
Becoming the fourth branch of the tree  
Will make the tree to lose its beauty  
But being the water for the root  
Will make us stand strong and steady

To crown Mr. Courage his Silver Jubilee  
The three branches came with their last born  
Ms. Surprise, who was so tender in age and height  
But made Mr. Courage to tears-joy

Holding the piece of cake but no courage to eat  
Cos the heart says this love is too much  
The care and trust is increasing by the day  
You only bargain to get smile  
But you are getting more than smile  
They made the day special

Coming home only to think and to ponder  
Asking why knowing you for just few months?  
Why not from birth?  
But a voice echoed gently  
Do you want FRIEND or FRIENDS?  
I asked what is the difference between both?  
The voice replied,  
F-Friend  
R-Remain  
I-Intimate till the  
End  
Friends also remain intimate  
But the S brings Separation  
Then the voice says, this tree is your friend  
Remain lovely, dazzling and twinkly to the tree  
Then and there will you learn how to grin  
LIKE THE THREE'S OF TREE.

John Ihejieta

# Valediction To A White Sea

Upon this table of heart  
Hold hope with dazzling grin  
A long to get  
Eyes up, Kneels down  
Words so many to count  
How soon to settle  
Like air outside Jerusalem  
Purge now this sinking star  
Alien by O.K  
So loss in varieties  
Ready to sup  
The dropping fruit of spring  
Now to part with eyes  
And live in heart  
A direful beauty is born!  
Pause in ail  
Perplex but not upset  
Joy on... White Sea  
They are ready to sup from you  
Like a woman with a crying figure  
Arrivederci

John Ihejieta