

Poetry Series

**MAGNUS  
ABRAHAMDUKUMA  
- poems -**

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## MAGNUS ABRAHAMDUKUMA(24th March 1986)

Magnus C. Abraham-Dukuma is a young talented Poet with a silky word talent. Born on the 24th of March,1986 to a humble family, he is the second of four children and hails from Ede Town in the OGBA/EGBEMA/NDONI Local Government Area of Rivers State, Nigeria.

He is presently undergoing his Legal Training in the Prestigious Faculty of Law of the Rivers State University of Science and Technology, Port-Harcourt City.... No much to say.....

# Reflections And Forty(22 Lines For Me At 22)

In the wake of this frosty Easter Mon' morn,  
Many reflections had besieged me: turn by turn,  
Of my travails and little sojourn in this telluric stay,  
A stay, yet of a score and two, but seen much to say;  
Of gracious sublime mercies bestowed upon me,  
Granted plea for pity, gifts of grace, for no fee;  
Of how my borrowed time in this bivouac is spent,  
Severing deeds which may or may not invite a full vent;  
Albeit, of soul-sickening tales, thorns and throes,  
Of mortality; in this lethal enclave I've had a little dose.

Now, I look back, with nostalgia, at my spring,  
With ponderings of what nature has next to bring,  
Ponderings and inscriptions in these mostly treasured lines,  
Lines treasured beyond the gold in spanish mines.

The doors of summer are set ajar,  
And eyes closed to hurdles to debar,  
The employ of present youthful glory is called to mind,  
That at winter, the frolic of full life, I'll find.

Today, I mark a score and two,  
Tomorrow, I shall add a score save two,  
When the tide takes me slowly to forty,  
Shall I be of nature, naughty and faulty?

MAGNUS ABRAHAMDUKUMA

# Tribute(Reflections In Memory Of Aham Key Igwe Jnr.)

Reflections of you besiege my heart today,  
Of how you lived and suddenly went away,  
It's been a year today as it rang as a bell,  
Oh! That bell-like news of how you mortally fell!

I have not forgotten how they did it,  
Oh! How they sent you into an early pit,  
Without pondering if their fortune lies in you,  
Monsters! Ill-witted! With no wit, they shall go too.

In the mire of mourning have hearts been kept,  
Filled with rage of how you untimely slept,  
We've cried, wailed, and crowed but none could bring you back,  
For if any could, we might naught at all slack.

Your reflections shall be in our hearts,  
As we still walk through life's paths,  
Not of waste of time nor of vanity,  
Not of immortal quest nor of insanity,  
But of the light you had shone while alive,  
If only that light could be saved in my archive!  
But of your mien and existential being,  
Of your oneness, none as exact has ever been.

Time and space truly constrain me,  
Shall I write of all I know of you, young Key?  
No! Ink and paper won't do to tell all:  
Of your dreams, wits, passions and virtues to extol,  
Oh! If lawyerly wigs could be worn in Heaven,  
Then you could be an advocate in a safe haven,  
Shall I say more? No! Let me stop my inditings,  
For ink and paper won't do for your writings.

Your friends, relatives, father, and mother,  
All look forward to seeing you yonder,  
Where life is spent without counting a year,  
But as we still live here, we remember you today,

It's been a year today as you left us,  
Continue to rest in the bosom so glorious!

MAGNUS ABRAHAMDUKUMA

# Weeping Elements

Weeping Elements

for: Gani Fawehinmi

On that cold September winter morning,  
He slept in death and left hearts mourning,  
The sky wept and her tears wet the hives of bees,  
The wind crowed and her tears wet the trees,  
At noon, the sun wept and her tears boiled,  
At evening, the moon and stars wept and their tears boiled,  
The earth, water, light, fire and spirits all wept,  
As he ran, jogged, walked, crawled, and slept.

When icons depart, the elements weep,  
For death doth eludes man's grip,  
An icon has left this clime,  
Left legacies for all time.

The skirt and trousers, gown and wig will miss him,  
The crown and nobles, literati and intelligentsia will miss him,  
The good and bad, press and people will miss him,  
Yes! We will all miss him!

All mortals must be born to the earth,  
All mortals must sleep someday in death,  
When he came, a child was born,  
But, he's gone with the wind, Gani is gone!

for: Gani Fawehinmi, who died at the early hours of Saturday, 6th  
September, 2009 at 71 after a protracted battle with cancer.

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Department of Public Law,  
Rivers State University of Science and Technology,  
Port-Harcourt

MAGNUS ABRAHAMDUKUMA

# When We See No More The Picture

What hope is there, when we see no more the picture?  
What mist on our eyes, that we're now blind to the future?  
Where now is the picture of our spring?  
What cravings do we now have for nature to bring?

Now in our summer, no more the spring to see,  
And thus are we to sail in life's sea,  
Albeit, to with bliss reach the other shore,  
To bring real the picture which we saw.

But on shore are we to be tossed,  
And sometimes see things untold,  
And the billows oft want to impede our sight,  
That to our good point we won't sail right.

But what cares are they that steal our wit?  
That in folly we are now on course an endless pit?  
Where are the dreams of our early age?  
Be not in rage, but go back to the picture, as a sage.

As a lax vulture, we bring a fracture to our future,  
When we see no more the picture.

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# Yuletide

Reflections have never ceased to flood my mind,  
Of what in tide and thought I find,  
Reflections have painted to me, telluric paradox,  
To wit, my heart's thrust and my mind's crux.

In this clime of space, time and tide,  
Many tides there are; of one to tell- YULETIDE,  
Passions therein to expect: love and bliss,  
That all may reflect on the death of the year in peace,  
And immortalize the birth of Christ; not amiss.

In the exercise of my soul, I've seen,  
I've seen the dichotomy that has always been,  
Different stations, all in the tide wherein I speak,  
Some, in the height of bliss; some, in the depth so bleak,  
The cause for this, I don't know,  
Shall I pose the supreme? No!  
He is so supreme; and deserves awe,  
But for the divides, my heart knows some sore.

What then shall I say in this light?  
What then shall bring my soul delight?  
When my acquaintances are grief-laden,  
Whilst some are merry-bound as a merry maiden.

What shall I say in this labyrinth?  
Let all men reason! Let reason be in hearts so flint,  
Let them who merry be not proud of their station,  
Let the grief-laden have the stoic mind in their station,  
For all in space, tide and time,  
It has been our plight while still in this clime.

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