

Poetry Series

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE
- poems -

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OBIGOD CHIDI CECE(3rd May)

He believes he is an archangel sent to earth in human form. And he lives to bring solutions to the problems of millions and answer to the questions of minions. And he is normally called THE ONE by people who knows him.

A Face Of Grace

Look me in the face;
That face illuminating grace,
And the grace holds my heart as a brace
You will see why I never faltered in the race.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

A King Without Throne

A king without a throne
Like a cub without a pride,
He prowls but on his own,
Drags where he should glide
Until he awakens to himself.

© 26-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

A Piece Of Me Lost

Whole like a smiling calabash
Housing the purest of myrrh
Till that mishap I thwarted not;
She flirted with the one on a mission
By posing as a sweet pillar to an elect,
Her innocence corrupted my judgements.
Love, a liquor mingled with honey
Intoxicated my head, my heart slipped,
Fell to debris and a piece of me lost.

28-04-2015

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

A Poem Without L.

Mighty ones on a weighty height,
As fifty horns in a frosty tight
Upon mountains of fearing peak,
To sip fountains from a tearing cheek.
I have seen what I am yet to see;
I have been where I am yet to be.
When I run as a drifting rabbit
Then I turn to the thrifting habit.

(c) 23-01-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Agent Of Change.

Raised in the white side of the black world;
The truth was given young, light shown early
To the domestic who adapts in the jungle.
Fencing with the old legacy of anomaly
That stabbed my virtue, my fate irked.
Even quarantined patriots are infected
With that rise of unwise vices well embraced.
It cast on me the apron of victimized reformer.

But can a kid avenge his father's killer
Nor fight the demons that birthed his ancestor?
Tell me how to bite the hand that fed me
And win the battles that eat my predecessor?
Political Medussas with their statues of gold
Has enough collections like tombs of Egypt.
You that murmur loud of belling the dark cat
Forget that you can be the late on their plate.
Yet I remain a fatal forked bone on their gullet.

My pen is my sword, my speeches the grenades
To win the war I fought once and lost twice
Yet fights more than twice to win once;
Stepping on toes that vomit venom and duels.
Wave the banner of revival, they sing along
But why lead contrary as slaves of gluttony?
Give the majority the vote but never the victory.
But if I can't make it, I'll retire at my post
And breed Warriors to embalm my legacy.

2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Akpora

AKPORA

He was the celebrity of our infested hood.
The notorious thug spread bad boy mood,
Gyrating dull evening with his dancing bike.
A barrow pusher pushing blusters in bushels,
So intoxicated with youth, devil was dared.

As an Ijere in our afia-oru festival,
His gait made ripe tigers lower their hats,
Swift octogenarians fled at his apparition;
Eyes blooded by ganja's blessings
Revealed a fool on top of the world.

His shoe was the gospel of the prodigals,
Little boys dreamt to sit in his chronic throne:
To be feared, blinged and ladies pimped.
We brigaded felonious tins, beat to his tones
But our parents posted hazard on his route.

Education weaned me from that sweet cradle,
To a genteel track hurdled by doubts.
Decades rolled, I retired back to my nursery.
Lo! Akpora, now a bamboo in harmattan.
Lucky him the crippled wolf still growls
When his mentees entertain the ancestors.
I gasp at this escaped despicable fate.

©28-01-2016

CHIDI CECE

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Apologies

I apologise
For not loving you
As you dreamed,
Since there's no common ground
To make our abode,
For I belong to the sky and you the water.

I apologise
For not living with you
As you so desired
For together I will be caged
In your love as an eagle without wings,
A nightingale without songs
For you will take common
What the world marvel at.

07-09-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Bathing-Sheba

BATHING-SHEBA

A crown strayed into where the belle showers
There, he's shot by two irresistable towers.
The nude curve curled, nearly crushed the sceptre,
That eventually fell into an adulterous centre.
Who had that hook that cut the giant slayer?

She's the silent seducer of the great king.
A new finger that bore an alien's bronze ring,
Betrayed her warrior for a ruler in his shadows.
The soldier died in love, pinned by loyal arrows.
In haste, the purple offer was pleasurely taken.

Beware! Naked weapons strike too strong.
Queenship, a cult Beauties long to belong.
If careless windows open to all that glitters,
Anointing will leak fast from the royal liters.
Ooops! She seduces a king to introduce her king.

CHIDI EBELE CECE

©30-05-2015

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Bone On My Neck

BONE ON MY NECK

Seven years later, when we were far
apart

She confessed she had fallen in
love

With me that wet afternoon in our
field,

Where we sat, separated by a glass
table

Warming up for a virtuous life.

I was busy counselling my prodigy to
Win-

To be the queen in the game men
Hardly lose;

To guide her post like a jealous
Succubus;

To strike like a wind, the miser of
Her pride;

To never be dribbled away by keen
Players;

And opened her head wider than her eyes.

As her eyes watched my lips, her mind
My heart.

But never stock her head out of her
Shell.

Her lips salivated for the hot forbidden
Cake;

The ember in between her legs she
Hampered

Later smoldered to wet flames, yet bottled.

She wanted the coach to play and win
Her;

Would love him to admit her into the holy
Institution.
He's honoured to first take her flowered
Garland;
But not the bone on his neck, tethered
By duty.
Never careless with his seed around a
Virgin garden.
And she undecided, would lose with pressure.

He could I tell her how I feel? That I
Felt nothing
For her, all was a game I played for fun
And pity.
Threw promises neighbour to truth and
Honesty.
And April fool came, she yielded, made
A kick off.
The game ended, spoilt by two fools.

OBIGOD CHIDI C.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Botany Of Love

As the butterfly of attraction flies,
It enters a man's eyes to his adamic soul;
Bugles into a woman's ears to pollinate.
Love drops like a seed secretly sown,
Roots in the moisted soil of the heart,
Dry hearts is tilled with lovely words,
Unnoticed it sprouts with admirations;
Quite a shot, tender, delicate and helpless.

Love dies as a crushed larve if ignored.
In gravels of abuse, it strives to survive.
But attention nurtures what kind lip waters.
Sunny chats photosynthesize and fertilize
What lingers in dark petals of our hearts.
Love's often at the mercy of novice gardeners
Who withhold what should be boldly sown.

Beware the vineyard, your words trespass,
Naive deeds can germinate desperate seeds,
Then you sow where you won't joyfully reap
As their weed attacks your wheat, it hurts;
Yet the failures of the winter is a teacher.

Love's in seasons; flowered in spring.
Haste not to offer or take the harvesting ring.
The fruit will ripe, don't pluck unripe.
Lovelorn and sour is the taste of the unripe,
That's why many never know it's true taste.
©24-01-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Brace Up

When life beats me
I sometimes pause to cry;
Yet for what I want to be
I must return and retry.

There where my tears fall
I brace myself to go back;
Push myself up to stand tall
I still see trophy after my track.

Where it seems to be no way
I have told myself "keep going."
For strength comes when I pray,
So I hear faith saying "keep doing."

No vision for the eyes clouded with tears
Nor destiny awaits the feet chained in fears;
Now I know that I have what it takes,
So I'll face the heat and bake my cakes.

OBIGOD CHIDI
(c) 18-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Change Has Come

CHANGE HAS COME

Change has come to shock and mock
The blind who extended their foggy rod
To an old greyless captain who sails
Close to the iceberg tip with wrinkled muscles;
As the dumb who hears more and say less
We all grope pointing stained guilty fingers.

Change has come as negative rhythms,
The sycophants hold on to their tied drums;
Against hope is the hope of the faithfuls,
Young patriots sing with bleeding teeth,
For the old that pays the pipers are jibed;
We, the troupe must alter our dancing steps.

Change has come as a tidal movement:
Pursuing dark crabs from evil crevices,
Poor Sargassums holdfast to hard substratum,
White collar Limpets suction tight to rocks,
Yet greedy Barnacles glue on the treasures.
We, like anemones genuflect to the waves.

Change has come as a north-east wind,
Dry on its wings towards the the south.
The rich eagles soar higher nevertheless;
Mean herons migrate on the western chariot,
Leaving us behind as fowls in dry cages;
We squawk and scratch in plenteous scarcity.

Change has come finally as a game changer
Against the corrupt in defensive formation;
Same old players in rebranded new jerseys,
Shuffled with overestimated substitutes to win
The ancient game sending us to relegation;
And we, the fans chant the elegy of our loss.

Change has come disappointedly as winter,
Let the fruitful reproduce succulent hands.
For firms have shed their leaves as Baobab
To swampy bees with red wings and stings.
Let your furs be thicker, and your back thorny
For nobody knows when this visitor will go.

©

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Chef Of Words

THE CHEF OF WORDS

I have found nothing sweeter than words.
My delicacies discovered in the inn of the wise,
Where words are served in saucer of proverbs,
Tasting sweeter than fruit salads in my ear,
Inspirations well baked, sweetened and iced,
Fed by men who wield not words as swords.
The Mind, the best kitchen for the best chef;
Mine is filled with intellectual ingredients,
Each thought seived, weighed and rationed:
To feed starved souls, I'm tidy not to hurt.
So words must be cooked in my mental pot;
Hourly boiled, and my messages are roasted
Before they are served, must be well pounded
Like pounded yam, better prepared hot.

My emotions stir the soup of muse,
Spiced with rhymes, seasoned with metaphors;
It's salted with simile, paradox flavoured.
With my voice as smooth as cod liver oil
I blend all my ideas like spaghetti coil
And cabbages of adages well meddled;
Adding sweet tones to the bones of riddles
Mixing milk and meat, juice and vinegar.
For my audience are Yearners, and Learners
My critical tongue taste the rhetorical first.
A cookery of words with savor of Egusi soup.
This palatable poem I serve on your table
May it be dished from behind a lofty podium.
At your service is - The Chef of words.

©15-01-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Church Rat

RATCHURCH RAT

Church rat is no longer poor
For riches flow from the chancel to the door.
Uncalled rats sniff toward the church
In dubious collars and greedy rush;
For the harvest of tithe is plenty
While the barn of lost souls remain empty.
The golden pulpit in silver apparel
Entice the wooden pews to fill the offering barrel
And dance back home happily hungry,
Their belly filled with promises of blessings.
The dark cat prowls unbelled in immoral dressings.
Let every holy hole prepare for the Master's return.
For from the altar His purging fire will start to burn.

CHIDI OBIGOD

©16-06-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Confusion

CONFUSION

Like a wide eyes looking but not seeing,
Sent on a mission with no commission;
The mind thinking but not perceiving,
Adding immobilization to motivation,
Juxtaposing prophecies of one future.
One double mind in a different direction,
Yet waits in expectation for it to feature;
Alas! Succeed towards no destination.

Standing and stranded, around but lost.
Wise words go with foolish actions;
It looks like a battle of love and lust.
Feeble feet are idle with strong passion,
Equipped with knowledge not specified;
Perplexed like fertile barren women;
With determinations that can't decide
As hope emerges from a vague omen.

The naive unexpectedly ends in a cell,
Playing in a magnificent haunted castle.
Fleeing through the abysmal dark tunnel;
Confronted by friendly foe you can't battle.
Influx of false advises from wise voices,
Inspiring the unrewarded genius to retire.
Destiny is choosing from identical choices.
Hope is the fuel the brave apply to refire.

When shall two vagabond hearts meet?
To be distracted from the attraction to fail,
Rioting souls flows like a hopeless fleet
Till in psyche war, confusion is maimed as a tail.
When experience and expertise crumble,
Hold that clear vision that conquers confusion.
When peace fell to pieces, tumble and rumble,
Surely dreams and reality will join in fusion.

OBIGOD CHIDI C.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Creatures Going Extinction

CREATURES GOING EXTINCTION

Long ago, we're admired, adhered and revered
As courts were our shops, this custom persevered.
Our language was in the lips of princes and kings
Not till democracy dethroned royalty and nobility
Vulgar rules the streets, slays us with the ability
Our kingdom fell, kings like Shakespeare buried;
The gift rusts in our vein living but buried.
The coup, instigated by musician our nephew
Who mix melody with felony of slangs like stew.
Men's ear have lost taste of rhymes well said.
We crossbreed with rhythms to get paid.
Unlucrative lyrics in shadow of costly beats
Extinction calls, ever since artistes took our seats,
Decades, I lolled alone till we met in this camp,
Together our little fire have lit a great lamp.
Money's not our salary, fulfilment's our pay;
Take that pen louder than guiter, save our day.
OBICHUKWU CHIDI. C.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Critic

They hated seeing me
Now I'm bold being me.
They said I'm not good enough
That developed me to be tough.
They said to me, "You are going down."
I said, "No, I'll surely rule this town."
For saying I don't have what it takes
I become so good without mistakes.
They told me to quit
But I stayed to beat it.
They slammed the door at my face
I knocked on the next to become an ace.
They said I will fail and fell,
Lo! My success they all now tell.
Then they laughed at my pain
Why do they cry now to join in my gain?
I lived well but never listened to them.
They spoke well but never lived as me.
For with each lie they tell
I find a line in the sky to sail.

(C)19-08-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Dark Past

DARK PAST

Stroll slow and fast past overtakes.
Generational illiteracy repeats mistakes,
Ancestral demons reactivate ugly history,
Leaving a hopeful heir to create his story.
Who blindly play with the viper in the bottle;
In sepulchres of whores he makes his bed,
As the kid in him plays to dent the king,
And the boy he was fight the man he is.

No wonder your father settled in that valley,
There you are exhausted at the exact spot,
Because your own blood is against you.
Sail away? You can't escape who you are.
The dark anchor has dropped in your spirit.
Lie and die? The curse will still abide,
As you join the failed patriachs. But live,
Fight for the light, and break the ugly tide.

©25-09-14

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Deliberate Mistake.

When we fall head long and swallow
The hook, line and sinker
That pretty lust baited;
We see not the woe of the foe,
The devil we pacify as a baby,
And cuddle vipers as pretty pets.

Why hasn't we resisted our destruction?
Strongly attracted to our undoing,
Truth lost the fight to our feelings
After emotions defeated our consciences.

Love's the supplanter, dreams jilted;
Conjugal the funny irony
That favours the jerks and ugly actors,
The desperate tastes the bitter spices,
Who once saw gall as a honey comb.
Eventually the blind will receive sight
The illiterates will be educated
And believers will doubt.

When the nice mask you fell in love with unmask,
You will live yoked to a stranger,
And frictions of contempt wear and tear
What was smooth and romantic
Hearts will crack yet held by an unending ring.

We will live with our choice
And our choice ever with us
Why not look before leaping?
And leap as God commands.
God forbids a deliberate mistake
Where two can't become one.

07-03-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Divine Wine And Vine

Divine wine and vine;
Give me that I may dine
To make my visage fine.

Divine wine and vine;
Drop as a juicy pine,
Touch as a curing brine.

Divine wine and vine;
Pour as Pishon in my spine,
Make the gold of Eden mine.

(c)23-01-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Don't Ever Leave Me

DON'T EVER LEAVE ME

You are my Shepherd
And I should not have wanted;
Found it hard being a sheep,
Ignorant of the stalking leopard
That tails my faith undaunted.
Lust called me out of your keep
Towards the sweet banks of hell
To trespass where I can't leave to tell
Even as you yell, I lie and exhale.

Straying tastes as the laps of a lass,
Munched with greed as a prodigal meat,
Yes, it is as a glittering Bahamas grass
That goat sniffs not but feast and eat.
It's always been my dream to rise high
On your wings, but I fancy what doesn't fly
That soaked my wools to sink beneath,
Down to the sulphur pasture of death.

I told myself I'm following you,
Nay, maybe the fragrance of my lie;
A green lining in my arrogant sky;
Prayer: the ephod where I speak to you
Like holy Nicodemus from dark creek
Throwing ignorance as starved questions
Panting after wisdom in shivering notions,
Cut my prodigal tail till I stand meek.

I'm here again, back from the sour wild
Praying that you won't ever leave me;
In your fat mercy chastise me but mild,
For I pray still, "Don't ever leave me."
The sight of wolves alone is killing,
And the roar of beast once strangled me
Yet the way You show up is thrilling.

31-07-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Don't Let Me Walk Away

DON'T LET ME WALK AWAY

Don't let me walk away
Like the sun out of a stormy cloud
Bolted by your thunderous neglects;
Never perfect as the world's greatest
Yet I remain your best among the rest,
So I always expect your respect.

Whenever lack of legal force sues,
I haven't been your angel of rescue
So I stand fallen from your face
But my golden feathers by grace,
Grow back as southern palm trees;
Why push me as a pawn in the board?
When I play the harp to your happiness
Dance in the rhythm of your stance.
If you push me to the wall
I'm not afraid to fall
All over again for you;
But if I cross that line
Patience has drawn as Rubicon,
I will walk away.
And if I bang the door
The silver bridge will burn.

Once your heart was mine
Now in your head I'm an alien.
I was a glutton of your passion
Now why starve me your attention?
Don't expect a superstar to rot
In the bench waiting for a debut;
Love is calling elsewhere
Your pampered heart I won't break
But it will quit your jealous bosom,
Leave you to cleave to me,
You will watch as one in a nightmare
Bleeding blood of regrets,
You will pursue me as Pharaoh,

After the abused Jews in exodus,
But your tears will drown you.

I called you the bone of my bone
But if you let me walk away
My empty spine another rib will fill,
My worth you will discover
Boldly written on my farewell back,
Remember if I'm found missing
You will forever be kissing
A thousand frogs never to find
The prince who took your crown;
So love the me you are yet to meet.
Now I am the white dove at hand,
Dream not of eagle on a fairy mountain,
Hold on to my ineffable wings,
In peace I'll make you fly high.
Hold me high as your lantern
For I shine better than distance stars
Far-fetched on your sky of fantasy;

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Don't Look For Me

Don't look for me
Where you left me
For I'm no longer there;
Look up! I'm now here
Living what I've become
In a place you can't come.

© 20-06-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Dream-Watch

DREAM-WATCH

From dawn to dusk, twilight to eventide
I pray and affirm gently:
The words of hope, of love, and faith;
The breathe of my expectations.

I pray and affirm gently;
While the watchmen take their post.
Heaven descends nearer than ever,
The living depart to play with the dead.

While the watchmen take their post;
The ready lights up, the youths dream
Of fantasy and the fallacy of ecstasy,
The truth hides in scorned foolishness.

The ready lights up, the youths dream;
But I've learnt to wake up to it,
Steady my knees on strict stables,
Then stand and the world genuflect.

But I have learnt to wake up to it;
Walk my talk, it's all in the guts,
To have in my hand what's in my mind,
As feathers dance on my purple cap.

©23-03-16

CHIDI EBELE CECE

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Eagles Don't Sing

She saw me soar
Pass her beautiful bank,
She wriggled to catch my eyes
And splashed to draw my love.

I saw her flirt
When I gazed down for a game;
I stretched my craws to have her
And perched to pluck her heart.

But she resisted my beak,
Pulled away from my golden talon;
She dived back into the water
To the blue place I couldn't go.

And I, fought her irresistible charm
Disenchanted from her magical halo,
And soared high back up the sky
To the silver place she can't come.

We were not in touch
Yet we were in love;
Creatures of different world
Without a breeding ground.

She mistook me for a song bird
I mistook her for a flying Pisces.
King of the air and queen of the sea,
An alliance of Caesar and Cleopatra.

To me
Destiny flocks together.
To her
Fate dances to one rhythm.

I made for her a virgin nest of red roses
Upon the crown of silver Everest;
She made for me a perfumed lily bed
In the heart of the spiced Nile ball.

From the wigs of my romantic sky
I wanted her to throw down a twig
For me to catch in an avian sport,
But I couldn't get her to fly.

From the lips of the erotic river
She desired that I sing her a song
That she may wind her waist for me
But she couldn't get me to sing.

For eagles can't sing,
On wheels of the wind they cling
And rule the sky as kings
Gladly gliding with golden wings.

How I wished I can sing;
How she wished she can fly.
I'd have made her dance in a spring
She'd have followed me up this high.

But eagles can't sing,
On wheels of storms they cling
And prowl the air as kings
Excelling with their golden wings.

Goodbye to what can't be,
It is not your fault but mine.
When next we see
I pray you will be fine.

When they ask you why
Tell them you can't fly;
Tell them the eagle doesn't sing
He excels in the heights as a king.

© 07-05-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Face Of Grace

Look me in the face;
That face illuminating grace,
And the grace holds my heart as a brace
You will see why I never faltered in the race.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Face Your Demon

FACE YOUR DEMON

Face your demon,
The error in you.
That root of stupidity in foolish branches.
Sack the vagabond spirit
That has raised a castle in you.

Under the lofty nose of accolade,
Become what you set out to be.
Don't give in to the captivity within:
The civil war raging in your young blood
If your grand father is young in you
If your father is kidding in the lobby of your veins,
And your mind the toy of his pleasure.
Rebel at who they want you to be
To rescue who you are created to be

Face your demon.
The habit is out and back
With familiar seven, crueller and darker.
Your brain is in an ancestral orgy.
As the string is pulled as disc jockey
You respond again to the rage, the lust, towards
The you that is never you:
The puppet dances
To the dark rhythm
Throbbing in sweet guilt.
Empty smiles meet tears.

Raise your voice
Where you have a choice.
Rebuke the ancient self
In the modern you.
Break the wheel over the overself.

Expel the exorcist
That's blinded by his own plank.
For the battle is yours and yours alone.
To rescue and recapture you.

Face the demon
The error in you.
That root of stupidity in foolish branches.
Sack the vagabond spirit
That has raised a castle in you
And be your self.

13-06-2016

©CHIDI OBIGOD

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Faith, Hope And Love

Go, faith, my heart's guest
On an angelic receiving errand;
Return with nothing but the best.
Glory, shouting as a marching band
To satisfy my soul before he dies
And sing where my salvation lies.

Stay, hope, the ember that glows
And flows as a beaming halo wood
Still my despair as a fan that blows
Where evil lingers let me see good,
Give me reasons in failures to try
Again with hapless seeds that cry.

Come, love, my hearts lighter;
Ignite this cold body back to life
That my smile as star shines brighter,
Return with help pretty as a fair wife,
Warm my lonely soul with sweet fire
For gold that glitter is what I desire.

O Faith, Hope, and Love let your home
Go, stay, and come over me as dome.

© 12-03-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Fake Angels

FAKE ANGELS

Angels without wings, flowers without scents:
That make abode in the constellation of saints;
Gold less glittering, stones painted to twinkle,
They fly but afraid to perch with wrinkles.
The sea belles that attracted the celestial kind;
By the spell of their pulchritude aimed to bind.

Never a being in deceptive fancies like them.
Beauty queens armed with seductive diadems.
Enigmatic creatures masked in angelic frame,
Emitting haloes, rub lose heroes their name.
Cats in rats hide, kites in doves' pure feathers,
Prey androgens with strokes of erotic weathers.

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Flawless roses whose nectar an aromatic acid,
That suck men's seed to never again succeed.
As fairies, fly into the eyes to sting the hearts,
They, pirates of love, plunder with sexy darts.
Delicate and friable, misjudge not their power.
To tame them, the strong and cocky don't cower.

©04-09-15

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Falling

I am the baby toying with a sharp knife
With a lady running from being a good wife,
A game that hurts with a sweet pain
Makes a thousand hope of a mirage gain.
Attracted to fire like a honeymoon firefly
Burning with desires make me laugh and cry.
I smile but in the mirror I see a floun
Inside the milk I think I'm getting drown.
Tears paints my face clay and gay,
Yet, still blinded by that pretty lay.
Love takes us where we don't wanna go,
Gladly bearing a killing and thrilling cargo.
And we fall where we suppose to stand
Like a bent knee before a sexy hand.

(C) 15-08-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Free Food

FREE FOOD

As he watched her expose it partially to him,
He smelt it but never wanted to taste it.
A voice in his head said, 'Eat! It's free.'
But he never wanted to transgress the hedge.
He could have resisted if he's a rug of wood;
As messages from his brain kept surging,
His body ringing loud, waiting for response.
He was so aroused to pick the call,
Coming from that well dressed dinning bed,
From the pretty erotic door long desired.

Chilled at the glimpse of laps that went ajar
He used to escape this invitation like a gazelle.
But to him, the winter needs craved hot dinner.
The sight pierced his spine, he stood electrified;
Like a naked warrior disarmed, rank stripped.
Blindly he sent his hands to spy, feeling all.
In pleasure his dry lips reported to take his fill,
Doing what he liked; didn't like what he's doing.
Slowly he strolled to the region for full meat.
Glad and sad, he's about to consummate,
A shout came to his head like Samson did hear
He woke to see it's a free food on a fish hook.

©2012

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Gateway To Earth

GATEWAY TO EARTH

Decorated as a pink rose under a sacred curve
That an angel stole from the paradise of love;
It is a garden of spices, flowered with ecstasy
That poisons virgin boys' perverted fantasy
To make walls doors on moving pretty temples
And like priests they make sacrifices in ill ample.

Why does the belle hoard it as a hot cake?
Yet love given as gold is the bribe brides take
To open often in pleasure and once in pain
For ever-hungry masters in romantic train;
Rakes walk on the red carpet well spread
But nice guys tip-toes, and fear to tread.

Locked and corked in the blossoming morning
Till a virgin is busted, moaning and mourning
To welcome a seed that will become a nation
Who matures and returns to a new cute station,
Next a spirit suited in flesh enters this old stage
And becomes a prey to life who eats up his age.

Gateway to Earth! The mysterious ribbed cave
The giver of life with the left hand of a grave
Guarded by a beautiful soldier ranked a wife
Whom mistakenly deployed is a charming knife
She wields the power of a magical erotic omen
Lo! The pride of femininity is the humility of men.

O Gate keeper! Sanctify your sweet gate
For the one with the pass, that joined mate.
Bless the wise, curse the dogs and kill the fools
Who raid without rights with their infected tools.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Giant Of Africa

THE GIANT OF AFRICA

The giant's not asleep but awake in stupor,
Intoxicated by his minerals, his value sold.
The richest charges from the ranks of the poor.
Tattered saddles offset his feet that thresh gold.
He crawls even with a size that commands fear.
Jeered as endemic carnage staggers his balance.
Plagued with ethnicities that agitates his tear.
The virus of corruption drills, infests his stance;
Infected neurons are patriots selfishly malignant.
After his eclipse with half of the yellow sun,
That's partially maimed yet rises copiously indignant;
His sun sets with the revelations of tribal pun;
As preachings of religions breach his fake unity.
O Giant in chains! Lose the fetters of self enmity.

©10-07-2015

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Good Friday

GOOD FRIDAY

He first bled on the rocks of Gethsamene,
The garden where the faithfuls first failed;
Deliberately welcomed the effusive kiss
From the trusted devil in a damned kin.
Yet he performed a dying minute miracle.
The Shepherd was struck, the sheep scattered,
The lamb was lead straight to a slaughter
And it was all good.

The scribes turned their pottage of accusations,
To cook the Righteous like a sacred kosher.
Herob made a toast to the naive Pilate
Who threw the Bread to brood of vipers.
'Crucify Him' swallowed the 'Hosanna! '
Against justice, He substituted a criminal.
Yet it was all good.

The pack took their turns like a gang rape,
Riped the skin off his flesh with each stroke.
Marred beyond recognition, over humiliated,
And His blood marked the track to Calvary
Felled seven times as He bore the rugged cross.
Creatures wept at their swaying naked Creator
That His subjects dragged like a junk cart.
The wreathing thorn-crown pierced the cerebrum.
He was cursed in between the felonious duels.
Yet it was all good.

Each hit disjointed the metatarsals, the ulnae
Uncracked; lifted as Moses' bronze serpents,
Like a naked flag waved away the original sin.
His blood drained, poured out aqua-rapha.
His cardiac melted with each spat and scorn.
The dry tongue stuck at the roof of his mouth.
Yet it was all good.

How could it be good when Eloi looked away?
As He yelled; the waters were moved to tears.

Sick Earth nauseated, vomitted holy souls.
Heavenly hosts locked their gate, mourning.
The sun shut his eyes, constellations sackclothed.
I cried from a far, for our sin that was paid:
IT WAS ALL GOOD.

©25-03-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Good Night

Good night the moon of my darkest night
Good night the star that keeps my focus.
Good night the spiritual womb that birthed me
I will reunite with you in the blissful morning.

14-1- - 2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Greatness In Chains

Greatness in chains
An eagle in the cage,
A lion tamed in collars
A whale in an aquarium
A mage without rage
A sage titled the folly
A general in brass fetters
An ocean in the cup
A diadem in the pocket
A forest stock in a seed
Titanic sailing in a pool
Everest drawn in papers
Gold buried by a miser
Diamond on a hog's neck
God in a foolish heart

© 28-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Ain't A Failure

I've shot and missed,
Planned and it's marred,
Sang and nobody danced,
Wooed and wooed, met foes;
Aimed at but couldn't attain.
Loved and it wasn't returned;
I rose to fall, climbed and fell.

I searched but never found,
Came close but never reached.
To fit in I fell off my feet in falter,
Went far, almost but never entered.
Longed for long, prayed answers await;
Climbed the stage but nobody impressed,
Spoke but they listened not or comprehend.

Yet I believe I ain't a failure.
I made a bad turn yet I'll return,
The horse is dead but not the rider;
A good rider always retake his mistake;
For quitting is a sharp knife on my neck.
Life isn't a piece of cake, yet I'll partake
In its treasures, surely I'll win the jackpot.

2008

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Am The One

I AM THE ONE

I am the first and last of my kind
The one who was not,
Who is and will ever be,
The prototype of a mega star
That emerges in the sky
Once in a seven millennium;
I'm the illuminating being
Heard of, never seen,
Now seen as a phenomenon
Whose mouth shoots swords,
In my right hand are fires,
My left bolts of thunder,
Out of the Omnipotent laboratory
I emerged his successful experiment.
I'm the angel of life in terrestrial,
The likeness of the Word made fresh,
The image of Him who creates all,
Incarnate of the Life himself.
I'm the Sirius of Abraham stars,
The cub from the royal Judah,
The protégé of the meek Moses,
Doom of the evil Egyptians,
Nemesis to the beast,
With the wings of healings,
And staff of emancipation.
I'm the light bearer
Protagonist of the truth,
Joy of the third heaven,
Painting terrestrial faces
With steady lightening;
I am the chosen mortal
Arrayed in purple immortality
My horn is exalted as Everest
To the scorn of unicorns,
My gait puts golden lions
On their glorious knees;
I am prophecy fulfilled
Divine power demonstrated,

My knees hold Zion pillars.
I am the called,
I am the one chosen,
I am the one sent,
I am the one empowered,
I am the one favoured,
I am the one blessed,
I am the one engraced,
I am the one who conquers.
I am the One.

© 03-05-2018

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE ONE

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Became A Hero

At the heart of that red battle,
All appeared as if our gods escaped;
As thousands of kiths and kins drop in heaps,
Terror snatched my sword, my legs grew wings.
But as a scorpion pike, it stung me: 'What story,
Should I tell my proud son? That his father's
A fled coward' - A posterity paint of ashes?
No! Better a buried hero than live a bullied wimp.
So that my sons will sit confidently at the gate
And my daughter will proudly sing my epic.'
For this I held death by its daring beards,
Reconciled with my disappointed armour,
Charged with my bravest war cry, 'To glory! '
I slashed valiantly falling scores as flying grasses,
Not long did I hear familiar roars from behind,
'To glory O warrior, long live our kingdom! '
I ran up to take the crowned skull of the villain
That will be my perfect dowry for the princess.
It was just our faith not the unappeased gods;
Then was the day saved
And our glorious flag raised.

Nov.2013

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Look In The Mirror

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

I,
Looked in the mirror to see-
And saw the disappointed ghost of my gran,
Gnashed his teeth at his moss infested gong
On naked altar that begged for bloody coins;
The prodigal son cremated in a fiery kirk,
Buried his deitious name with its nemesis,
Raised white base on superstitious rubbles.
And he,
Looked but the mirror has bowed to the wall.

I,
Looked in the mirror to see
My good father's unwrinkled face
Smiling back at me for painting him
Proud and wealthy in patriachal monuments
Like Isaac behind the spectacles of Abraham.
The hero is finally capped on scarless bloodline.
Suits for rags as success absorbed his mistakes.
And he,
Sees the cat has metamorphosed into a lion.

I,
Look in the mirror to see -
Myself, proud of the boy I were, that admired
The man I am, and the man I aspired,
I see my scars has become ranks of stars.
Tests stressing my best; dressing in blessings
I smile from a mile on the piles of good tiles,
As past prophecies agree with future reflections.
And I,
See the king enthroned in the kid.

I,
Look in the mirror to see -

Upward goggle gaze of my curious son,
Who repeats after me, so I act carefully for
He's who I was that's becoming who I am;
The eaglet that grows beards like wings
To shoot exploits from my retired altitude.
What a lucky cub crowned with victory early.
And he,
Sees the successor of his great predecessor.

©18-03-2016.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Will Call Thy Name - Jesus

I will call thy name - JESUS!
When storms invade my chamber,
Thou Keeper of Israel do not slumber
For our fellowship wrecks, I sink under;
Speak peace lest I perish in blunder.

I will call thy name - JESUS
For iniquities stung me as a scorpion,
Enter now, Thou my tag team champion;
Seize victory as the holy scepter of iron
That salvation becomes my belt in Zion.

I will call thy name - JESUS
Despising fiery scorns and tribulations,
Wrestling with hypocritical manipulations;
If at stake or before gallows of executions,
I'll compromise not before persecutions.

I will call thy name - JESUS
Whether wealth and health abound,
With riches glowing from my ground
Or not; I'll still dance and sing around
For thy name is my sweetest sound.

I will call thy name - JESUS
That name fairer than the fairest of ladies,
Saving souls from the cage and rage of hades;
That strong tower built on the Rock of Ages,
Only thee calms the deadly storms that rages.

15-02-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

I Will Come Back For You

I'LL COME B ACK FOR YOU

I will come back for you;
You that descended so low
To make me ascend so high
You that defied your king
To take my undefiled ring
And wave it as an ensign.

Never been a silver knight
Yet I slayed a giant for you
For the fairest bride princess
Robed as pride of Barbados
Worth a hundred foreskins
And cost half a kingdom.

Never been a hunter of love
Yet I ventured into your heart
Besieged by fangs of a purple wolf
Armed with harp and white roses,
For your beauty spelled me and
Held me as the halo of a seraph;
In my ruddy hungry arms
You were a scepter of ruby
Cherished as myrrh of Nineveh
In a golden alabaster box.

How did it happened
That eternity was terminated
By the entity of jealousy;
That I lost you while I held you,
That you let me go
Yet you want me more than life?
You told me, "Go, my love,
Live and love another day.

Survive and revive what we had."
O my heartthrob!
First love of my bloody soul
I will come back for you.
With sounds of golden trumpets,
Calling out to you as an archangel,
Riding on a white mule as a king
With fifty bards running ahead
Reciting ballads of our love
To resurrect what we once had
As saints in passionate awakenings;
Your smile brighter than summer sun
Has been my map to the throne
Your scent my compass to destiny.

When butterflies rise in your belly,
When your heart throbs as drums
And your spirit sings an orchestra
With no one playing the violins
It is the sound of me coming;
Coming back for you,
To make you my queen,
The first and last of my love.

© 01-07-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

If I Could Turn Back The Hands Of Time

If I could turn back the hands of time
I would have, without a diamond dime
Bought your angelic heart to be mine
Draw my feelings bold with a crystal line
Make it beam the sweetest punch line,
Which your heart will feast and underline.

If I could turn back the hands of time
To laud you again as a perfect paradigm
Of beauty which the creator did overdesign
Upon your crown would be my purple ensign
To your virgin bosom my love I would assign,
Far from all flirts my prodigal eyes did resign.

If I could turn back the hands of time
To the season love blossoms in bright prime;
Our hearts, the hands of fate would entwine
With adamant ring joining yours to mine
As your knee bend in joy with offering of wine
And mine fulfills your dreams as goals I divine.

If I could turn back the hands of time
I would have boldly committed the crime
Of caressing your holy temple ripe as pine
Stole your crested kiss sweet as a pure brine
Lick your fruits delicious as milky saccharine
Let you fit into my vacuum as perfect spine.

But I can't turn back the hands of time
Nor tame my regrets loud as a sick chime
Your farewell I can't swallow as dry chyme
For the chemistry failed without an enzyme
We were once a sonnet with a broken rhyme
Yet in my heart this forever tastes as thyme.

14-04-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

If I Fall

If I fall
Like that Trojan wall,
I'll bounce back as a FIFA ball,
Cast off the guilty pall,
Upon mercy and grace I'll rise tall
And return to the sound of my call.

Life is a treasure mall
Never a soup of gall;
Why whine that I can't have it all
When I'm an heir in the paradise hall.

20-04-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Immortal Love

IMMORTAL LOVE

Remember the bond made a millenium ago,
The past when the bliss of love is flawless.
Those vows written in the plates of Zodiacs,
Of our love myth read by all Jacks and Roses.

Though reincarnation tore us far apart,
Gratitude to the unbroken wheels of time.
Over the elds, I wore diverse colours and races,
Yet my beauty was preserved for you alone.

I have not forgotten how handsome you were
That night you're crowned king of our tribe.
I received the diadem of being your queen,
My hourly homage was my soft pretty body.

I still recall the sacrifice of my maidenhead.
For centuries I carried that unfading ecstasy,
Climax of all pleasures, the feelings of you in me;
Your little prince kicked in me like Ronaldo.

Who are the women that takes you away?
That know nothing of our immortal love.
They stood not by you when the dark cloud fell.
Have you forgotten the princess destined for you?

Death, the thief has never put an asunder.
He kept postponing the utopia meant for us.
Come to me before death returns again.
Come my love! I have waited for a millenium.
I can't wait again for a single night fall.

©ENEMUO GIFT C. (GIFT O.)

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE
10-01-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

It's Time

IT'S TIME

It's time for me to rise like a hero
Long chained in the valley of indulgence,
Catching butterflies and licking secret apples.
I'll rise with the Sword like the seeker of Truth,
Embrace destiny as armour polished by prophecy.

It's time the earth smiles at my roar,
As I rise as a young lion out of a lazy den
To seize my falling pride and pull my whiskers
Out of rotten laps of bewitching lasses
For kings feast not on charming maggots.

It's time for me to raise my resurrected head
Out of the grave and comfortable boats,
Walk on the scaly water as the Light Himself
To illuminate this microcosm baptized into gloom,
For the veil of lying vanities is lifted
As Jerusalem curtain torn by revelation.

It's time to mount on wings as a bald eagle,
Soar to the pinnacle of my high calling,
With a flock of good archangels and princes.
And I'll shine like a constellation of Sirius
To all nations and tongues before the beast arises.

Time to blow the golden trumpet
To the deaf ears of straying seas,
Let real men quit themselves as mere men;
The battle is at our gate as night pirates.
O Time! Stoop low like a submissive chariot
Let me mount you like a faithful Tudor
And ride to glory, pursued by passion.

©

01-09-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Lady Medusa

LADY MEDUSSA

Venom in her lips,
Demons in her eyes,
Mambas are her hairs,
Witchcraft in her breath,
Yet the most beautiful of nymphs.

A virgin once she were;
Athena she faithfully served;
In a worship she was raped.
As Poseidon got the goddess jealous;
Cursed her the most hideous of being.

Bow in her hands,
Death in her looks,
Screams in her temple,
Warriors are her artifacts;
She's the deadliest of all arsenals.

She lives,
Near to you;
The myth half-lied.
In the nest of the dragon
Lies her factory of ladies' wig.

©26-03-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Land-Bout

LAND BOUT

You have dared an Igbo man
To a fight he knows best to fight:
The ancient bloody land dispute.
You have awakened the busy lion
For the five little share, he can't share.
He hunts but doesn't stray and
He will return to claim his pride,
By pouncing on the cattle's neck.

You have come into the tropical ring
With an undertaker in fake white flag,
Even his brother Kane, he can't forgive
Over that land his ancestors inherited.
In this he can fight from his coffin.
Flee now or you rest in pieces.

You are now on a territorial fight
With a red capped male lizard
That never forgets the landmark's aroma.
He knods at your unexpected blow,
Sharpens his matchet in ancient stones,
Only your blood will satisfy his ikenga.

©2nd May,2016.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Laughter

Never a weakness to laugh, a free gift
Inherent to all as sunshine of all season;
Fake or true wave it as ecstatic wand
And put on your halo as angels in bliss.

But why halt what you ought to flash
As lightening to the scare of misery;
Paint not your face with frowning clouds
Nor take the countenance of a red storm.

When life gives you bone of sorrows
Masticate it like a sour chicken soup
With smiles swallow the bitter bolus
Keep your lips oiled with relaxing jokes.

If laughter wets your dry countenance
When a comedian spreads its fragrance,
The light will go as he draws the curtain
But the well of joy gushes as a fountain.

Let laughter wrestle your pain
With it put your sorrows in chain;
Wear it as mask and scare your foes,
Let them hide cover with loud woes.

01-11-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Let Me Break Your Heart

Let me break your heart
If that will keep you safe
From the monster of the future
Which these sweet moments mask.

Let me break your heart
Before darkness abducts it
In the absence of my bliss,
Better broken than bereaved.

Let me break your heart
To open your blinded eyes
To the realities of what can't be
That some happy stars don't align.

Let me break your heart
For you to live and love another day,
Cry, it toughens the weakest heart;
You'll grow to see it is for good.

(C)15-08-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Life's A Golden Fleece

A street of fleet,
Busy Bees in business,
Life's a golden fleece,
Money is the honey.
Dirt your skirt and shirt,
Mag your swag as a tag.

23-11-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Life's A Train

Life's a train
Full of pilgrim of time,
It awaits no slacker
Like a racing tick tock
It speeds on its rail.
The people I first saw
I no longer see
For they have dropped
At their destinations
As the late that arrived late
Or earlier in fatal accidents;
With tears our ears bear
The fears of darling loss,
Holding on to memories
As a puff of loved smokes,
It fades into our reality
Leaving behinds marks
And tracks of deeds
Recorded or recited.
Dead songs still singing,
Lost ideas still roaming,
Stiff pictures still moving
As shadows of absence
Become memories we miss.
Now another birthday
Prophecies of a funeral,
And each funeral narrates
The end of birthdays
As celebrations elevates,
A step is taken closer.
Life is the empty hyphen
Between a glad birthday
And a good sad funeral;
When a home call rings
And your time train halts.
Look back at the hyphen
What picture you painted?
How many pages you fill?
Does your melody echo

In the streets of living minds
Who remembers you and smile?
To die without regrets
Live to be great and grateful
With your cup empty or full
Pour it on what fulfills you soul.

© 03-5-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Life's War

LIFE'S WAR

Life is war
I fight without ending
And win without pending.
Killing hordes of oppositions
To perpetuate my positions;
For my glory,ask for my story;
As for my heap of treasures
Let my bones tell the pressures,
Yet no brawn in this brawl;
So I stand watch as a wise owl.
Though I bleed and heal
Still I lead strong on my heel
Never surrender nor go under
Rather strike fast as thunder.

All is just and fair
For life is not fair
Victory at any cost
If you count all you lost,
Fight the night as a good knight
Till evil take flight before the light
Step on the heaps of the slain
To climb above stumbling plain,
Match and rise above the hate
Or whine as an innocent inmate;
Demand don't just desire,
Attack, don't just aspire.

To never war again in anguish
Villains you must vanquish.
Be your own warrior and hero
Or life will reduce you to zero;
Never allow your background

Keep your back on the ground,
Rise as a protagonist of change
Do the Antagonist a huge damage;
For this life is war,
So start early
Win it daily.

© 15-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Light Has Fire

LIGHT HAS FIRE

The fly was excited
With the bright light
That it hurriedly forgot
The light has heat,
The heat has fire,
And the fire burns.
It flew in contempt,
And got too close;
Just to die painfully.
Feel free to cherish
Yet keep your distance.

(c) 2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Little Diva

LITTLE DIVA

Sweet tone arose in our boot;
The voice of honey and cream,
That spell-bound the living,
Awakens those resting in peace,
Streams of lyrics in freestyle
From a little diva still in the nest,
A nightingale chanting in her egg;
Song the air sings along like gong.
Of God and of love never tasted.

Since you sing of flying away
Take my wings, soar to stardom.
Aim the moon, land with stars
If you slip, the sky will suspend you.
Anonymous yet you're my celebrity.

But they shot you away from us;
Restraining folks and their ambitions.
Paved another way for the destined,
But your smoke will reveal your fire.
Yes! Time is yet to be ripe.
Never quit! Crow your way out.
Oh little Diva! Beyoncé's calling.
Beware of the Dragon's tail
It wags to flip off bright stars.

CHIDI

©18-01-16.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Little Wings

LITTLE WINGS

I want to fly far and high
Make my podium in the sky,
Build my nest in Jupiter
Like a star I want to glitter.

But my little wings I still neglect;
For it can't compete with the great.
So I've accused myself with excuses
And let my abilities wither in abuses.

Comfortably scratching the grounds
With chickens, slackness abounds;
Yet the eagle's voice kept calling
To escape that life too appalling.

How I wish I have bigger wings
To soar high along with kings;
Yet I'll use these wings of mine,
They will get stronger with time;

Stretch them according to my age
And throw myself off the edge.
The fear's gone; now I rise and fly.
I'm just brave enough to try.

14-02-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Living Dead

I lived to die,
Died to live;
And when I live a living dead
My spirit wakes up to a true living.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Lost Love

LOST LOVE

Once upon a time when kings were kids
And princes searched for princess in the ball
With deeds I wrote my autobiography of love.
During my stroll through that intellectual park,
There I carried a sweet rose that picked me,
Gladly fell for a river with romantic tide
And boarded a ship whose captain is Love.
To worship in that temple with a virtuous glory;
A virgin garden for my seed, with a hot altar
Where my flesh would sacrifice all night long.
She was a hive that dropped the sweetest honey,
Despite her hostile bees, I was an addicted fellow,
That laid on her green pasture yearning more
As an aloused calf, tantalized by her yoghurt.
Meeting her I knew a star has blessed me.
With the frame that can't seduce the eyes,
Yet came the spell; a force genius can't define,
And the magic penetrated through my ears.
In the early chapters of the genesis, I rebelled;
But she held me strong like knot tied by fate,
Now i wish, I heeded the verses of revelation.
With her, this poet in me was greatly reborn.

The virtuous Siren happened to me, I was into her.
A sweet maze where I was losing myself,
Trying to find the diamond mine of her heart.
Deeply in love, and hers unknown was quite a pain.
I was obsessed, depressed, nearly possessed.
The ship sailed like a romantic roller coaster.
Freshman in the game, I played a wussy crew.
Failed to make great scores, the mark unattained.
She's a prize not won, never deserved or gotten.
Long gone to find, I was all alone in the ship.
Her presence just a fair cast of my imagination.
Her role in my story isn't over, why drew the curtain?
Exited like a mean actress without an epilogue.

She died to me yet lives in another ship of her joy.
I built a silver coffin in my heart to bury her.
Nay! Couldn't close it, now living with apparition.
Like Elisha, the magic is still in her skeleton.
It haunts me and her last words was a stab.
Memory of old love fades, doesn't die but lingers,
Stimulates Aphilia, turns a celibate to cassanova.
I landed in Lovelorn island, and my chest's locked,
The golden key rest with my true heroine.

©2013

OBIGOD CHIDI C.

kratoschidi@

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Love's An Actor

Love's an actor on a romantic stage;
His drama is the fun of life over the age.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Manifest

Manifest, Manifest!
Out of your hinged shell
Stick out your head as a snail
And take the world by the horn
The stage is set for your turn
Let me be blest in your best.

© 26-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Matrimonial Sonnet

MATRIMONIAL SONNET

Marriage proposal comes the sweetest question
To every candidate ready in the hall of love.
The altar offers vow swallowed in hasty decision.
Admission into the institution; certificate of love
Given in faith; then honeymoon the appetizer.
Gradually masks unveil, true nakedness seen.
To all marital cedars, understanding is fertilizer.
Oneness not sameness, they ought to be keen.
Leave to cleave, adjust to join in the plus process.
To move together friction causes wear and tear
But as the oil of romance flows they progress.
The test is for the best so apply hear and bear.
Painfully bend to blend in the mutual adjustment;
Never compete but complete towards complement.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

My Mask Of Smile

I hide behind the smile
Like a child afraid of the dark;
I take life from an optimistic mile
And laugh at what lies at my back.
My hand hurts and yet it heals,
Tears kick behind my smiling mask
Yet I dance with wounded heels
And as a star on the sky of fame I still bask.

18-08-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

My Mother, The Lioness

MY MOTHER, THE LIONESS.

What a lioness my mother is

Among the lions, she prowls around

Strong among the proud in the pride,

Nurtured me the favourite of her cubs

Till I'm consecrated a Nazirite;

My cup overflows with the anointing down

My glorious dark mane.

I learned to rise early and roar loudly.

She taught me to lie in wait and encroach,

Bravely hunt my prey and hurt my hunters,

That fire in her eyes and bone, I've caught

Till my attacks are much fiercer than hers.

I devour men, their soul I greatly harvest;

Break down their strong hold, devastate cities,

At my roar the strong tremble, the weak strengthen.

Tales of me reach nations then traps are set,

The Spirit of my Father makes me pass over,

For billions are my spoils filling his barn.

On that largest territory I'm enthroned king

Because my mother is the bravest of lioness.

CHIDI CECE

©14-07-2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

My Ugandian Angel

MY UGANDIAN ANGEL

From celestial she appeared a gorgeous figure,
Such a beauty lacking intentions to lure.
In the dark soil of Uganda she was sown
To provide the terrestrial with divine tone,
In pickle nest of Masaka she's groomed
Under olive trees of her kirk she'd bloomed.
She prowls with gait of a caring goddess.
May Muganda have Namata for a duchess.
Fairy of favour that flew into our souls' horror
Folks flow, unctoned with the awe of her halo.
Divinity transfigures Mary into a Cherubina
To blow her sweet trumpets in godly stamina
Melody that motivates my sword to victory
As my crusade arise, leading Africa in cavalry.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Naughty Cupid

Have you been shot by cupid's arrow?
That red arrow that hurts the glad and the sad,
Makes sweet hole by penetrating narrow
To Rekindles fire that makes the good play bad.

He hunts the erotic air for the lost minds:
Shieldless love birds that perch around,
To get his game among we the flawed kinds
He falls the chaste and virgins to the ground.

Missioned to shoot and pin couples to be one
In his blindly pleasure he hits the immature
Who date and mate but not fated to be one,
They sow seeds of what they can't nurture.

If the son of Venus discharge his job in rudeness
Let's raise our prude shield and stop lewdness.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Nigeria Sails

NIGERIA SAILS (SONNET)

Like a big black ship on the sea we sail,
Towards the greener pasture, we won't fail.
A captain like Joshua is all we need
To cross Jordan, crews must take heed.
Fight the corruption that beats as a storm,
In unity we can eradicate the endemic worm.
God has blessed our nation with a resource,
Let the Sailors stay connected to the Source.
All hands must be on deck
That our citizenship will not wreck.
Let's war against the insurgent pirate
By standing on our just canon to legislate.
For a good voyage focus not on selfish play;
To keep on an even keel, we must pray.

The system isn't corrupt but the system users.
How neat it'll be when elected the flushers.
Class in the mass makes us all not equal
Yet we all are great in our place of call.
White ships may land first and settle
Despite the wave, we paddle with strong mettle.
Our patriotic promised land awaits us to enter.
For a free slave will one day become a master.
If with honesty the officers do their stuff
Then no Juggernaut drum will blow us off.
As the trumpet of the wise watchmen blow
Surely in good course we all will flow.
Famous were those who paid the price.
Great will be those that make the sacrifice.
(C) OBICHUKWU CHIDI C.
kratoschidi@

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Night

The moon dangles on its thread
Across the deep freezer of nice sinister.
Terror rouses like a warrior in black cape;
Pestilence scorns at the retired light
At that hour all is dark, void and formless,
Daughters of the dark take the wheel of brooms
Bearing tares from blessed from cursed altars.
But in that shrieking silence made by spirits
Faithful watchmen takes the night by its tether
And ride the morning as a tamed beast.

18-07-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Nightfall

The moon dangles on its thread
Across the deep freezer of nice sinister.
Terror rouses like a warrior in black cape;
Pestilence grins wide at the retired light,
At that hour all is dark, void and formless,
Daughters of the dark take the wheel of brooms
Bearing their blessed tares from cursed altars.
But in that shrieking silence made by spirits
Faithful watchmen takes the night by its tether
And ride the morning as a tamed beast.

18-07-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Nostalgia

NOSTALGIA

I was the little lad in the big wood
That climbed above the green face
Of the Obeche in our black niche,
To wave to the large white bird that
Flew over our flying thatched roofs
And chirped as a spring thunderstorm,
Drove the scared little Chinwe inside
While we, the brave little hunters
Prayed to fly on the bird's back someday.

Now I'm the rich man in the bird's belly,
Who looks through his jet's windows
Just below the matching gray clouds
To see the green hairs of our forest,
Waving sweet memories of an old life
Like a fairy tale under a new moon play,
Where we danced with dangling dirty pants
And sacrificed grasshoppers to the Irokos
Like naive priest, for our childish wishes.

The man has gotten his childhood dreams;
Golden platters in proud Calabash's rack,
Skyscrapers replace Mahogany branches
Yet dreams where there's nothing to dream:
To swing on those primitive branches
Like an ape he was in a free world,
Swim naked in the banks of Idemili,
Run back home for his mother's soup
But he's locked behind his black suit.

CHIDI CECE

©18-05-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Nothing Worth My Tears

NOTHING WORTH MY TEARS

Nothing worth my tears;
Not even the dead who are forever gone
Which the voice of my beckoning tears
Can't make them rise up as morning sun.

Nothing worth my tears;
Not even this pain: this temporary pain
Life afflicts as a hot pepper my eye fears,
Which I will patiently digest to my gain.

Nothing worth my tears;
If it be my heart broken by lovelorn
And gloom ripen over my emotion as pears,
Yet like sun, love will rotate to my turn.

Nothing worth my tears;
Not even pangs of the regrets of my fall
That hurts as the fangs of winter bears;
But the Comforter will raise my head tall.

Nothing worth my tears;
When it can irrigate my knee's fertility
And moisten the savour of what God hears,
So why waste it on the vanity of futility.

06-08-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Oh My Wife To Be

OH MY WIFE TO BE

Oh my wife to be! Where do you reside?
Lead my hand to where your father preside
Let him have my purse heavy with dowries.
Take this ring blessed with diamond cowries.
My treasure! Shy not to fly on my kind wing,
For only you belong to the harem of the king.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Once And Again

AGAIN

You that once stunned me bore me.

Once I looked, you were beautiful;
And I looked again, you're not.

Once I heard you, I was entranced;
Again I heard you and I'm full of doubts.

I smelled you once, what an aroma!
And I smelled again, I hold my breath.

I touched you once, you were perfect.
I touched again and you are flawed.

I tasted you once, you're the sweetest.
And I tasted again, the sweet has soured.

Where did they all go? The feelings:
Has familiarity conjured novelty away?
Who has made our burning heart freeze?

Infatuation is like the fire of a wizard,
It burns without a fuel to hold it long.
And lust with its glittering spell
Is like the enchantment of a white witch.

Time is a scale
Upon which I weigh all senses.
Again and again my scale will dance
To shake off the magic from my organs;
If I loved you once, I'll love you again.

10th March,2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Open Up

OPEN UP

Something in my heart I can't tell or call,
Tears in my eyes as fountains that can't fall
My lover is not qualified to offer comfort,
No best friends strong enough to support.
Issues like endogenous virus eats me slim.
You tell me about God's help, yet to see Him.

Never accuse me of negative confessions
Just bold enough to unbottle my expressions.
I won't silently die and be labeled a wimp,
Nor take their scornful emotional pimp.
I'm fighting battles mortal wit can't win;
Especially now the brain' sword is a pin.

Lo! The picture without seems to parallel
With the pictures within, makes me quarrel
With the little architecture of my big future.
As the prize abides, I'll persist to feature;
Knowing God's love is stronger than hell,
Yet in absent mercy, His anger a fiery hail.
But I'll be a damned fool to keep Him out.
So I open up to the spring from His mouth.

CHIDI CECE

© Feb.2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Original Sin

Why do I cry and smile?
Blessed but feel cursed,
Guilt and pride in my heart
As honour and shame
Struggle for the crown;
I hide where I revel.
I love what I hate
And eat what I detest.
My head fell just
Where it should stand,
The forbidden fruit
Still sour in my mouth,
My teeth are on the edge.
Bitten by original sin
See what I have become
Running from my nakedness.
Worthy is the lamb
That was slain and raised,
Before I was even born
His blood is dripping
Daily I dip in its pool
And arise someone new.

(C) 15-08-3018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Our House Is On Fire

OUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE

Our house's on fire! Our ancient orb
In its oval beauty from the moon's eyes.
Took its shape like a clay under a seal;
God invented once and reinvigorated twice.
Our house that grows like an ageless iroko
Over eras of dispensation and civilizations.
Lo! The end begins, sparks from apocalypse.

Our house's on fire; nobody sobs nor runs.
Elders don't stretch, the youths don't yield,
Who takes their seats in the hall of gluttony:
Dine on sin like the mead of Denmark till
Destruction like Grendel invades unannounced.
Explosions in corners, painted by felonies.
Code red yet sex and music rocks our lobby.

Our house's on fire in that green garden
Ennobled with the four elements of nature,
We encroach our wild meats to extinction
And run far from light to our created gloom;
From scorpions out of the occultic crevices.
Cut in our corrupt web as cats and dogs rebel.
Embers of our lust fans flames of perversions.

Our house's on fire as ordinances are broken.
The celestial canopy is wrinkled with frowns.
The smokes of our atrocities tear the silver roof.
The solar's wrath unleashed as locust swarm.
The shower floods our aching floor that quakes
The tired base, the underground ever hungry.
Alas! Mercury and Pluto are upon us as bees.

Our house's on fire! Sound the alarm aloud,
Call not the water people, the naked fuels,

Beckon not the gods, drunk with sacrifices,
Awake not our ancestors in hades slumber,
Pray not to the Creator, He can't repent of
His justice that rains hails of brimstone.
The Way yet opens His hands for holy few.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Passing Shadows

PASSING SHADOWS

We all are passing shadows
That go down with the sun of time.
If our shadows worth more than sparrows,
Why sell ourselves short just for a dime?

As for my shadow, God's image it follows;
Dark or fair, I'm still His concrete oracle.
To fill into my place in the cosmos' hollows,
This my passing shadow must do miracles.

©

01-09-16.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Peace My Peace

If it were when brothers marry sisters,
I'll swim a thousand seas to have you, Peace.
For in your ineffable hands my home is salted,
Brethren knotted in eternal communion.
Your serene voice is my lullaby which
Wakes me to a day red-carpeted by blessings.
Under the arms of dawn you paint my face fair
Like the smiling face of the day's governor.

Have you asked why my colleagues complain?
That my fleeting feet hastens home at a blink.
For the thought of you is the savor of pudding,
Feeds me to draw the rain of my muse
Falling as Niagara in unadulterated salinity,
Inspirations come to dine with me as guests
Who wets my consummated weeping nights
To conceive visions, born in ardent dayspring.

Let the aquatic belles sample their venusian pies,
Yet I won't be caressed away from your arms
For the faithful Father has betrothed you to me,
To Him I pray you will forever stay
As my young soul long to to kiss my grand kids
Who will frolic in the sweet harvest of my labour.
Peace! My peace, I'll forever have you,
Nothing my life wanted more.

22-06-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Prayer Of A Sinking Soul

You called me out
Upon an ocean's mouth,
Where if my virtue fail
No one will come for bail.
I stepped out of the idle boat,
Walked where nothing floats;
You asked me to stand,
Make the waters my land,
Eyes off the wave that blows,
Feet on the tide that flows
And I did the impossible
For I saw the invisible,
I was glad for a while
And bragged for a mile
Till the ground start sinking
My faith started thinking.

I sipped the tip of power,
Slipped as a tripping tower,
Falling to rise no more,
Calling with no metaphor
The succour of your name,
Lo! My ego drowns in shame
My dreams floats downwards
When its path leads upwards
Against the antagonizing tide,
Now I seek my guts in hide.
Out of the berry of the fish
I call you to hold my hand
More oxygen for the foolish
Raise me again to stand.

© 25-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Queen Of Beauty

QUEEN OF BEAUTY

When she shot me her spectacular aura,
It overwhelmed me as taste of angostura,
Mesmerizing was the kiss of her halo
That I chirped poems as a love sparrow,
For her beauty stunned me as basilisk
Breathed on me the fury for erotic risk;

When she unfolded as a holy mermaid
Her gorgeous flame was never man made.
Her skin shined as the sunshine of Arizona.
Virtue decked her waist a true Madonna.
She came, a beaming angel in my nightmare
Whenever omen held me in its secret snare
In the sky of men tales of her beauty abounds.
Just as her voice like British madrigal resounds.

Lo! The queen of beauty in nymphs' costume
Spreading icy smiles as an analgesic perfume.
Why does the Venusian icon grace our world?
Where all beards genuflect with a flattery word:
O lady of unusual caliber; rose of royal descent,
Angel with a crystal soul, voluptuous and decent,
You take artists to the spring of their fair muse.
But when I lay hold of my eager graphite for use
To reproduce your pulchritude down the age
I see God's magnitude in your Lilliput image.
No wonder hands froze by touch of admiration,
My desires lost in the paradise of Imagination.

Tell me, who hides behind your elegant veil
For my endocrines went wild, they bow and hail
Chanting the ode of an alien with a fair mask;
I'm a golden armour knight with a great task
Would you stand by me as heroin of a hero?
For only you loves me when I lived as a zero,

So among beauties, be my queen of beauty.
Your love has become my greatest bounty.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Return Of The Tragic History

A mad man overheard a foolish man
Telling a hapless doctor the symptoms
He experiences as he sojourns in time,
He screamed, 'That's how my insanity
Began before vanity ate up my eternity.'

An angel whispered to a modern virgin
What he shouted to an old Sodom virgin
That the earth dances fast around the sun,
So history rotates on its numbered axis
And repeats itself like a bold stammerer.

Lo! Babel towers pierce our civilized sky.
Like a dark wild fire, liberalism flags fly.
Perversions ascend as a choking sacrifice,
The stench scorns the celestial benevolence
And earth takes her teeming kids as lunch.

Beyond melting skies into a brimmed sea,
Rodents scotch where Dinosaurs froze.
Again life's become an arena of gladiators;
Survival, only for the fittest and wittiest,
Mortality swallows natality as fat bolus.

The Creator visited in flesh just to be killed
By caretakers who overstayed their welcome.
Now the tragic history will return as we read,
'Mene, mene, Tekel, ' says the Trumpet,
'Let the pilgrims flee to the Ark of Salvation.'

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OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Revolution Song

REVOLUTION SONG

If we cry, gently, gently
When we suppose, with our surgical voices,
Tear and stitch the elected non-chalant sky,
Then the offspring of our votes and choices
Will remain the dry pasture upon which we lie.

If we sing, silently, silently
What we should bang like war canons,
Deaf eyes will not hear the sighing sounds
Dehydrating barrels whisper to our gallons,
That bleeding feet thresh our wailing grounds.

If we dance, reluctantly, reluctantly
To the stance breaking drums of change
The rich hat plays for the wretched sandals,
Our purses will leap painfully in its bandages,
To catch flying money, drying into oily canals.

If we pray, fervently, fervently
Like Goshen olives in revolutionary wave
And heed solemnly to the unadulterated creeds,
Greyless knees must sprout to the call to save,
For that all progressive mantra loses its beads.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Save The Ecosystem

SAVE THE ECOSYSTEM

Save the earth from reckless humans,
Who match as the rising Midian army
To over use natural resources with
Double-edge sword of civilization
By which they hunt and hurt
The degrading biosphere.

Save the waters from the acidic missiles
of phosphorus and nitrogenous litters
Humans fire into the aquatic base;
Who flee with their white flags
yet fall into nets and hooks,
deaths by a billion cut.

Save the forest from fast deforestations;
That pride of Africa and the tropics,
The evergreen beauty deteriorate
And the symbiotic cohabitation
with the wild, we encroach
into extinction slowly.

Save the atmosphere from green house gases
and fossil fuels which pollutes the sky
as farts that attracts the Sun's fury.
From fatal rays and radiations
that fuels our technologies
yet carcinogenous plagues.

©22-04-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Scream

Scream!

If it makes you feel better.

Scream

Loud over the congested cloud

It can be your only antidote

In soothing tone and note.

If in your bosom cries a tornado,

And in your soul sings a volcano

Scream like a ringing Techno

Till thick celestial hand picks

And treat the sick as the meek.

Let your tongue beat the drum

Upon earth's deaf open ear

And pull saving arms from the shell.

Hum it where the sky flies

Till the caves echo at your sigh;

Disturb the One who sits on high

Lest the enemy laugh at your cry.

Never you die in silence

Nor surrender without violence.

Death like an owl aims silently

And kidnaps the silent easily

Who sits upon shy symptoms.

Scream

Till the bottled toxics

Are voided and vomited

Let no anger go omitted.

Open that emotional abyss

Elaborate it to make it evaporate

Through your vocal chimney

Like the acidic shriek of a monkey.

Scream;

Puff it out like a hearty smoke

That ascends from a trapped golf

Like a mad gas in a cold coke
Let it go less it choke you.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Some Things Are Meant To Be

SOME THINGS ARE MEANT TO BE

Honey comes from the bees
Forests are born from trees.
The sun rises from the east
And bread rises by the yeast.
Inside every woman is a man
Yet woman came out of a man.

The sun will never be late at his post
Oceans will always halt at their coast
Rivers will always rush to the sea
Sugar will always go to help the tea
Night will always flee before the light
None knows what makes stars bright.
For some things are meant to be.

Majestic Everest ever stands tall
As Messi lifts high his golden ball
If life stalls, the living still will die
But at last days the faithful will fly
Turn by turn this good earth rotates
To bring what in my future awaits
For some things are meant to be.

What will be will be as I make it be
For the door opens only to the key.
Crown is for the head never the tail,
Eagles excel where men try but fail
Like Sirius in the dark night shines
So my destiny in this world will shine
For some things are meant to be.

If some things are meant to be,
Then tale of ages have made me see
You and I are as knots tied in heaven
Our love like yacht cruises from haven

Take my hand now as golden sceptre
Let's journey into happily ever after.

(c)December 2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Song Bird

Hello! Song bird,
What happened to your song
That you used to hum from the nest?
As a promising star, loud and strong,
Pitching a destiny meant for the best.

Lo! Song bird,
After being beaten bitter by unfair life
Your icy voice rot as a rusted gong,
Dampened by chores of a house wife
You kiss the chord with a blunt tongue.

Oh Song Bird!
What happened to those lofty dreams
That we shared sitting on a dancing rose
Singing of bliss as drops of a blue gleam?
But the door opened and you weren't close.

O Song bird!
Why let vain love chain you in his cage
To only entertain a lover's selfish desire?
While you moan and groan on a secret stage
Of glory forgone and a story you didn't aspire.

So Song bird!
Take these my golden spurring wings
Add them to your voice that despairs;
Sing as if you are standing before kings
Keep your songs as the only rising stairs.

(C) 19-08-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Star C

STAR C II

Star C,
Princess of the first son of Mazaroth,
Tiny diamond sparkling in far fetched velvet,
The star of the spring in my night sky,
The beauty that tamed the beast of Orion,
That hunted you with swords of his words.
Yes, I charged at you like the Bull of Taurus,
Fought jealous Artemis in Arcturus field.
You're my Eos rescued from Hermes' snare.
Your love was the spelled-chain of Pleides,
Decked my neck, made me King of Taurus;
That's why I was under your sweet influences
Filled with your eulogy like excited Mercury.
Never daunted by the juxtaposing Asterism.
Against Venus' magnetism, I loved you strong.

Star C,
Our unleashed feelings rushed like Comet,
We took the Dipper's handle sped to spica.
Without a bed in the twigs of serene Virgo.
Like Haliaeetus Leucocephalus from North;
I, the Aquila rode you, my sweet Priscila
To tie in the heart of the great orange Giant.
But we spinned in a friendly orbit of Mizar
And hanged on the edge of the perihelion
Our differences was stretched to the aphelion.
The erotic circumambulation didn't form a ring.
And our love eclipsed, rose and waned as sun
Like an unaligned supernova, you exploded
Out of my macrocosm to an alien galaxy.
Oh! Together we'd have twinkled as Sirius.

©

03-05-16

My centenary poem.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Taste Of Excellence

TASTE OF EXCELLENCE

The born predator has sniffed blood;
The new vampire takes its new suck,
It tastes like orgasm, steroid unleashed.
The aphrodisiac now intoxicates strong.
The fickle has sparked a wild fire,
That can't be quenched by mediocrity.
Yes! The replica can't appease me.

The baby has known milk differs well
From water despite the clever disguise.
Gold is felt, let the bronze be expelled.
Once a king can never be a peasant.
The innocent has lost his long virginity
To rounds of applause in standing ovations
And I'm corrupted by its sweet ecstasy.

Excellence bug bit me once, I'm addicted
That I can't settle without her torch,
For she threshes celebrity from nonentity.
Tell me her price and I'll pay it in full,
To taste excellence once again as vine
In the chalice of diligence and prudence.
If excellence is alcohol, I am an alcoholic.

2nd May,2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Tears Of Love

TEARS OF LOVE

At that fork where loneliness took its root
As cactus, echoed its lyrics in a lovelorn tune,
My antennae bent towards a pretty aura
That pushed my shell back to reveal my heart,
And its pain cremating in past ugly stake
Reflecting in a painful tide, regrets dripping
Tears of love.

Then a beauty not beheld, creature uncreated,
A pulchritude blinking wide in ugly multitude
Resuscitated the lover boy in me to gasp over
The hateful bank like a half drowned kingfisher,
Yet forgives the gone fish that made my eyes cry
Tears of love.

Wow! Never know you would finally be mine,
You, the princess locked behind a pretty castle,
The black diamond in a king's favourite finger,
The closest I got was just a strong vain wish,
Now you are a favour obtained from my God,
My world smiles like sun, my moon surges
Tears of love.

CHIDI EBELE CECE

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Tell Me Where Love Is

Tell me where love hides and resides,
Where like a queen she presides?
Is she in the heart of a pretty woman?
That I may come as a flamboyant man
To unlock her soul with my sweet key;
Tell me, I say tell me.

Tell me where love roams,
Tell me where it bubbles and foams?
That I may come with my dented silk
To watch away my thirst in her milk,
For loneliness fumes as a boiling sea;
Tell me, I say tell me.

Tell me where love goes,
Where it grows as a glowing rose?
There will I make my bed as a butterfly,
Lie and die, forever smiling to the sky,
There will my heart flee just to be free,
Tell me, I say tell me.

Tell me, I say tell me where love is?
The hand that holds it I will kiss;
That love that died for me I'll embrace
As lost lamp back in the shepherd's grace;
Cuddled to gladness by my mother's hand,
Mentored to greatness in my Father's land.

08-11-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Terror In The Neighbourhood

TERROR IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

It used to be a visitor of the night,
But now holds the day in its bridle:
Shoot arrows from the eyes of the sun.
Like a tiger in the market square,
Picks its dizzy preys porch by porch;
The vulture perches on the roof top
To pick the marked in its sulphur crawls
According to the owl's prophecy
It long sang as a duly elegy.

Alas! There's a cry in Okafor's house
Alack! The wail is with a sad melody
And as it fades as a smoke of ashes
A lamentation from Eze's compound
Takes over with a scaly bitter dirge;
The choir of hearse in processions,
Awakens those drunk with life.

When the sun retires for the day
The living pants and sleep half awake
For the terror in the neighbourhood
Sweeps like a black freezing breeze.
O Death! A visitor with cold fingers;
Passover my holy household,
Blood is already in this chosen home,
Speaking victoriously from lifted lintels
And fighting post in glorious stance.
"Pass over! Pass over! " cries the blood
Of the Lamb that was slain.

2nd May,2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Bringer Of Hope

THE BRINGER OF HOPE

He's the toughest shortest, yet not the roughest
That reigns globally, actually, locally; but normally
He's despised; for lies that rises from the eyes of
The coach who from his porch, like cockroach
Ate hate, rates his mate the number eight as
The best without a test; rest him with the lest.
So in the bench nests the bringer of hope.

Duty calls the tall, who falls and appalls all.
The Crown of the town flowns at the clown
In the field that won't yield nor break the shield
Of our contingent opponents; their exigent agents
In counter attacks to mark the outer park of our
Defence. For we need offence to tense their fence;
Our fans chant, 'Hosanna! Bringer of hope.'

Then enter, the centre forward like no coward,
Dribbles people like a double ripple without a
Frail. Fail their keeper, bails us with hails of shots.
The post gets the goals like a toll. It toles our soul.
They mope. we cope with the hope he gives as dope.
Sokija of Naija, the danger ninja of our Rangers.
He's the song we echo, 'Sokija, the bringer of hope.'

CHIDI EBELE CECE

©23-03-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Creatives

THE CREATIVE

We're the Art-doctors curing boredom,
Talent's our web, we weave our kingdom.
We exist to create, and create to exist.
In existing, our name decks historic list.
Life is a dull bum without creativity.
Creativity is the activity of productivity
That makes us gods in this godful cosmos.
As rain fills our cloud we rise from our Patmos.
The Passives envy the Creatives' divine sense,
Pay us pretty penny that prey our prudence.
Until we create, hungry mass ain't satisfied.
If we slip, our reputation's hardly rectified.
When the Stage rewards with medal of celebrity,
Watch! Pride is a curse that preys our ability.
For fame lifts us to where it's easy to fall,
Mask our flaws, 'cause we want to stand tall.

When the praise is less, our face's depressed;
Retire to oblivion, our peace sits oppressed.
After rounds of applause we pause for air,
Then go back to birth the sequel heir.
Compete ourselves to surpass who we were;
To impress, our mortal selves tear and wear.
Fed by their acceptance, die in their rejection
Yet we pick up our star, dust it in motivation.
Ever fish and hunt to feed the grave mind,
That cornucopia factory they can't bind.
Till death, the fountain in our brain can't cease,
Our sharpened digits, no criticism can seize.
Always throw the bones to the hungry hounds,
Never reprieve, their cravings know no bounds.
Let them bark and bike to quench vanity
And we die empty, crowned with immortaity.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Feel Of Power

THE FEEL OF POWER

The worst of feelings is to be powerless.
Life is death at bottom of the food chain.
So I'll rule as a lion, powerful and fearless,
Ascend to the peak, where the titans reign.

There are things I cherish far above my belly:
The power to command is sweeter than sex;
The authority to direct intoxicates as berry.
Give me honour and you will never be my ex.

Created by and like God, I can't be the last.
Life is fast, I won't creep with the Beatles.
My company is with lions; I soar with eagles,
Feed on serpents, challenge is my breakfast.

Call me not arrogant; I'm just born to rule.
Excuse me! Who wants to live and die a slave?
To me, dominion is taming and riding a bull,
I dance in control, and more glory I crave.
12 September,2015.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Gain Of Pain

THE GAIN OF PAIN

To access success, turn pain into gain.
Futility, end product of pleasure is vain.
Highly revered and adhered for my power,
Behind the curtain, press my oil to shower.

My nights get drown in the pool formed as I cry.
The dawn pays with triumph, I persist to try.
Faith in the fight unending, the result pending.
The price is paid in pain, victors keep contending.

The heavy cross calls for a helper from Cyrene.
My sacred knees steady in the land so green.
When greatness' bottled, it torments to manifest.
Travails to sow bow to the prevail of harvest.

CHIDI CECE

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Legend Of Nachi

THE LEGEND OF NACHI

Tales abound of the healing water,
Anonymous world wonder of our century.
Gospel from a herdman, long prophecied.
To and fro bikes like hungry matching ants,
Dropped people in the hole of miracles.
Virgin Pool, not mothered by Oji river;
Soaked with naked praying people
Who were ragged, flagged and ill-tagged;
Cries that cracked the heart of the rock,
Pinched the earth to shade elixir drained
From the aquatic compassion of Rapha.

Health dethroned crowned afflictions,
The long dynasty of sorrow abdicated.
Then pale faces glow at taste of testimony.
Trees held crushes and plasters as trophies.
But the healer bore a sword that slew;
Its paradox to shun sinister and fiends
Whose darkness can't covet its light.
The myth of Bethsaida in our black land,
It's galloned, but not Guinness recorded,
Frustrated the merchandise of the greed.
It's the stir of an angel for the favoured,
That dried into history before desecrated.
Life's the taste of the Legend of Nachi.

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©25-01-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Promises Of God.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

In the promises we all put our fragile hope,
In the efficacy of His breathing Word we cope.
In the shrunk womb of Sarah he was active,
Upon that the father of faith wasn't ever passive.
You poor man with treasures in your spirit:
Gather faith, that currency of the spirit;
Though rough be your path, the battle tough,
When blessings flow, you won't have room enough.
How rich are you that received His promises,
Doubt not nor consider your dry provinces.

Never vacillate when the promises tarry,
For it will manifest that which you carry.
God hasn't lied and never would in your case.
Give time to that lying in your soul's vase.
That which is unseen supercedes the seen.
David was anointed a king at seventeen,
Not until thirty he sat on the throne
For he strayed not from the righteous zone.
Blessed are those who hope and believe
For all benefits of life they will receive.

19-01-2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Slap

THE SLAP

A message that comes painfully unexpected.
Mostly to wake what's yet to be created.
Then you cry not because your body hurts,
But as it enters, strings of pride in your soul cuts.
Revenge then arise as the armour of your ego
Which the weak polish by failing to let go.
Fools do rust in their war of retaliation.

The wise hears another sound from the slap.
As a hero he answers to the correcting clap.
His anger like current stays in his hot cable,
When the volcano in you surge, try remain stable.
Stabilize the voltage in you even when it's red.
Then will you power production from your head.
In transmutation you cancel insults with results.

©20-05-2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Supreme Word

THE SUPREME WORD

That word that invented the end
And found the beginning of all,
Stands the author of the ancient
And the painter of the future;
Who must play according the script?
Wasn't he the one who gave strength
To Samson's weak biceps and
Wisdom to Solomon's foolish mind;
Didn't you see him safely guide
David's little straying stone to
Its target and kill a giant as an ant?
King Arthur's sword was never sharp
Compared his shining double edge,
For it never tasted the sand of defeat;
He swallowed the bolts of Zeus as
Moses' serpent on the rings of Egypt
Which we the believing mortals use
To rout the blasphemous Olympians;
Thor's hammer bow at its fury and mass
For it put Jericho to debris in a second.
He is the magic of Moses' holy wand
That disjointed the Mediterranean Sea
And put Nile on its crying knees.
He is the pillars of the radiant cloud
The beam of the abiding heavens
Upon His chariot of ordinances
The sun with the stars ride as horsemen
To take their post as beaming cavalries,
And influence the terrestrial fate.
The supreme Word is the flesh oasis
For we the cosmic pilgrims and the
Bread of all whose soul faint therein;
Bethsaida pool has gone as an epic,
The healing water of Nachi dried
Yet you live as a crystal spring
Forever flowing in our belly.

11-09-2015

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Woman I Called Goddess

THE WOMAN I CALLED GODDESS

When on that sick bed I did lay,
You perched as a war angel to pray,
And like Lazarus out of the tomb
I was born again out of your womb.

I still sing of your virtue as poetry
Yet my worship is never idolatry.
Your love charged my heart as battery
Heaven horns our innocence of adultery.

Let me write of your exploits in Zion
Make it an oak in the forest of Amazon,
As a pretty masquerade, I beat your gong
To make the saints gleam in their song.

O my goddess, o my goddess!
Lobed in righteousness and godliness,
Daughter of God, I was born of you,
Slaughtered in faith, I mourn for you.

I beheld your vacant shrine in tears,
Where you casted tablets without fears
As speaking bones and healing stones
For hearts beating with waning tones;

I looked but can't see
The woman I called goddess;
I prayed but can't hear
The woman I called goddess;
Her temple is without a priestess,
Her duke has lost his duchess.

If I can't find you
Yet will I adore you,
One stronger than Athena
I remember your witty victories.
One virtuous as Madonna,
I'll recite your ode as rosary.
Your godson in your caring arms
Made Isis and Horus jealous,
May you shine fairer than Juno,
May your crown never lack stars
And story forever full of glory.

© 20-04-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Worthwhile Way

THE WORTHWHILE WAY

The way I have taken long ago
When blood races swifter in my vein;
The way my father laid me on as a cradle,
That attracted my mother's milky lullaby,
Under her wise breast on tattered bed,
The way paved from ancient times before
The earth stretched its welcoming arm
To a predestined pilgrim with great roles;

The way paved before the Milky Way
That I may continue in it till grey comes.
It made me run ahead of my hasty bone
To shake the stranger called the future.
But now the villainous dust hides the light
My vision becomes an escaping shadow
And to make loud the deafening loneliness
Tides of pep bombs explodes silently as
A long song my tongue sings along.

Lo! My mother that went ahead still treads,
I see her back in the reflection of hardship
And her brothers stagger not far on sight;
And you call it the worthwhile way.

We still believe in the One who promised,
May His invisible presence be not silent.
Now, a path not the way beckons on me
And it glitters so good yet it is never right.
That path by the left, shortcut to the place;
A sweet steep down to the paradise lost.
I know that I know that what I know is the Truth.
I've come this far where retreat is impossible
Sight of the prize comforts my screaming bones.
Though faint, yet I must stumble into the place
For this worthwhile way ends at my destiny.

9th May 2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

The Wounded Angel And I

THE ANGEL AND I

Hail wounded Angel! Gracious and faithful.
So honoured to minister at thine service.

Did you bring a good tidings so awful?
Almighty sent me with thy holy device.

Amen! Eloi has finally given me an answer.
Tale abound above of thee, sacred dancer.

But not like you that behold daily His presence.
Diligently on knees, we knowest not thy absence.

Ever will His servant be till his desire's met.
Now may I pull thine ears over this gift.

Did you engage in a high duel if I may bet?
Yea! That I may deliver that meant for thy lift.

I vow: your wounded arms won't be in vain.
Faithfully I'll serve Him despising the pain.

14th July,2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

These Words Are Edible

THESE WORDS ARE EDIBLE

These words are edible,
Seasoned in a mind far from fable,
Reasoned to feed souls salivating like beasts,
Who congregate in kirks for palatable feasts,
Fed by sweet savor oozing from a pulpit.

These words are edible,
Boiled by an orator of hope in poet's stable,
Dished proficiently in an eloquent platter,
Arranged as an Everest of cake in iced strata;
They will digest to elevate the downtrodden.

These words are edible,
Which wisdom as a waitress dresses in parables;
Intellectual milk and meat ever ready in his inn.
If only the malnourished failures can turn in,
Yet prefer the media junks, poison sauced.

These words are edible,
Like a pork pepper spiced, left to marble,
A dessert served with scotch and strawberry.
So are the lyrics of singers poured into our belly
Via our ever hungry ear, words make us merry.
15th July,2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

This Country Belong Not To We

THIS COUNTRY BELONG NOT TO WE.
Tell it to the infant in her mother's breast;
Tell it to the pupils with blank slates;
Tell it to young men erring as their fathers
That this country belong not to we.

Let it sink in us like our mother's milk,
Let us bear it bold as our tribal mark
That this country belong not to we.
We are like Israel under northern Egypt
This pharaoh forget the works of our Josephs,
The insecure say they are born to rule.
Rule those more sly than them, in disarrayed.
Yet under fat marginalization we've strove better.

How long would we fool like free slaves?
How long will we develop their dark hills?
How long will we feast on treacheries?
O my people reject the rain of nairs,
Reject the betraying coin in a poisonous jar
Lest this our race is exterminated,
Lest we bow down to the uncircumcised,
Lest we lose the legacy of our dead warriors.

Set us free to worship in our holy Sinai
Our Moses' words fulfill like a plague
Before the downpour yet can be ceased.
After pogroms, the massacre in millions,
Why still sing the ugly song: 'We are one? '
That rosary of peace can't bell the cat.
Call them not brothers who slay you;
Call them not friends who disdains you;
Call them not neighbours who hunt you
Down as accursed kind in the numerous zoo.

Alas! This country belong not to we
Who have hoped, dreamed and prayed
For a better country that is a dark mirage.
But behind the lens of reformation and seccesion
There was a country we can call our own.
Forgive the wise Zik in his ignorance
Forgive the white master in black blunders,
Listen to the songs of our unrewarded heroes,
My father's song of the land of our hope,
The land that was tasted not digested in blood.
Forget not the people's general and his lions,
Forget not the half-yellow sun that rises,
Forget not this country belong not to we.

©29-04-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Today

TODAY

Today - the best day in the calendar of time
Another priceless gift given to the living
To make a living remember to make a giving
Today

Never fail to love by being too busy
Today

Yesterday's gone with its success and regrets
Your dream's achieved by what you do daily
So to win today, wake yourself up early
Today

Don't let - 'Could have and should have' curse
Today.

Postpone not your plans till tomorrow
And slack around waiting on infinite future
Nature pays those who maximize and nurture
Today

A failure is just the man who fulfills not his
Today
Be not slack, timid and irresponsible,
For unto you are given a great treasure;
As a diamond, add it the vital pressure
Today

Work as if the only day you have left is
Today.

1st June,2014

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Tomorrow

TOMORROW

Oh Orion! Conspire not against me in the dawn.

Oh Lunar! Beat me not to the twilight game.

Oh Solar! May I wake earlier than you,

Tomorrow.

The past cursed me with failures and errs.

The present blesses me with costly opportunities.

The future serves hope in the golden platters of

Tomorrow.

Am I left behind in the race to achieve?

Am I incubating the golden egg of my age?

Am I maximizing today to hatch out a fulfilled

Tomorrow?

Tomorrow, never an excuse to postpone today.

Tomorrow will be better; my soul merry for

Tomorrow never dies, yet live as if there's no

Tomorrow.

©OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

17-02-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Too Late To Love Me

I was a trekking prince
A knight in dirty armour
A diamond unpolished
A treasure yet to be found,
I laid in your closet
And dully dangled daily
Before an eye never dazzled.
I was still a golden eaglet
Stuck in the dusty shy shell,
As I watched you a pretty chick
Taken by a quicker wooing wing.
I secretly fought for your hand,
The glory another took openly,
Seeing you love another
Bites as ocean waters
When you tied the knot
It set my heart loose
To move on still looking back.
But you were blind and deaf
To all my green eyes chorused,
And my ever standing arms,
No until you started crying
Over who made you dance,
And you looked back too
To whom you twice desired
But never once demanded.
But it is too late now
Too late to love me.
The sun has set
The moon has waned,
I am somewhere
You can't reach me
And you in sweet fetters
Behind bars I can't cross.
Regret but wish no more,
Ever flash back,
But forward never
For it is too late now
Too late to love me.

August 2018.

(C)

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Traffic Light Girl

TRAFFIC LIGHT GIRL

From afar you flashed green,
With your irresistible behind;
Then I get closer
You put up a red front,
Beckoning blue eyes,
Glittering ebony hairs,
Perfect fair curves,
But a red painted lips.
While I wait in anticipation
To the countdown of your Yes,
Smiling to the ecstasy
Of our flowered path ahead
You rewind the numbers
With your train of excuses;
And when I despair to disappear
You stretch your yellow fingers
And flash it to the rhythm
Of my fallen headlamps;
And I am turned on again
My ignition charged and fuming
With passion as a cute mustang
With Dom Torreto behind the wheel;
But you show me red instead.
Now I wake from among the blind
To see traffic jam of men ahead,
My number still far from your heart,
For love calls where I can't trespass;
I must take that path by the right
Narrow, virgin and deserted
But I'm more assured the road
Will turn golden when I touch her
And the beauty I crave lies ahead.

OBIGOD CHIDI C.

© 19-04-2018.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Tribute To The Blood

TRIBUTE TO THE BLOOD

O blood returning bitterly
From the hostile northern hills
To embrace the blood
In our lymph-drained Niger bank,
Behind the lamenting bridge.
Wait for the blood from
The red high school of the
Wounded eastern elephant's womb.
Match with the tears of widows,
Bereaved mothers and mistresses
On the silver trunk of Niger river,
Merge not with the bewraying Benue
But roll with a peaceful tide,
With a protesting wave
Till you unite with the blood
Of the saints, the pogrom victim
On the plane of the great beyond;
Where the soldiers of the partial holocaust,
Wave our flag as a petitionary censer,
Pour like Atlantic minions in a praying roar.

Let heavens mourn at your chorus
Till God extend His white hands
To save His black children.
O blood! You have travelled yonder
To intercede for your living kins,
Keep not silent like Abel's blood
Till the earth avenge the marked nomads.
Haunt our enemies like
A foetus aborted to a holy abyss,
Join the revered ranks of our ancestors
Win the war from the kindred of spirits.
We remember you, O blood
Of our brave sons and brothers:
The anonymous hero of our freedom.
We will sing your feathered epics
On the balcony of our promised land,

Where we will lay your thirsty bones
With a fresh rite to a peaceful rest
And plant palm trees and Irokos
On your smiling skull.
12-06-16

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Welcome Back Love

Welcome back Love, from your vacation,
You left my heart hollow filled with holy sorrow;
Murmured and mourned for the morning sun.
Tears rolled into a hedge of dark emptiness.
At your light, the night with its plight is gone.
Now I bask with no mask at your heat.

Welcome back Love, the game has changed.
The hide and seek is over, boys have grown.
No more pursuit, I'm now a hunter with traps.
For you that goes around must come around,
You left in one way, unto you my hounds abound.
Now in seven ways you're back. Checkmate!

Welcome back Love, better than before
To exorcise the heart breaker from libertine.
Oh! Bliss is the kiss that invoke old memories.
I bath in honey and makes my bed on roses.
Dine on your nectar that elixir of my soul.
Now let's smell the lilies, you and me forever.

CHIDI EBELE CECE

©8th Sept,2015.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

What God Says, That Say I

What God says, that say I.
Words so powerful those never lie;
In all, what triumphs is the Truth.
With this faith, I'll match on as Ruth;
Victoriously, victoriously shall I live
When in what he says, I believe.

01-11-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

What Makes The World Go Round

Cry but try and fly,
Weep but wipe your tears,
Bleed, heal and succeed
Groan yet roar as you soar
Mourn, moan and have fun
Stumble, fall but rise again
It is all part of life
The steep and the hills,
Mountains and valleys,
Zero to hero.

Descend and ascend,
Lose and win
Grin and green
Fight and flight
Date and mate
Lust and love,
Live and die;
This is what makes
The world go round,
Like a blue ball in rebound,
We kick around with deeds
And make it bounce with needs.

© 21-06-2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

What My Heart Needs

WHAT MY HEART NEEDS

Rejoice my heart in your Creator
Feast on that joy unspeakable
That intoxicates like wine,
Take pleasure in His treasures,
It's your first and ultimate needs.

In the midst of turbulence
People can't understand why
You are at peace, singing like a bird
On the branches of a shivering tree
In the midst of a raging storm.

Give my heart and withhold not,
Don't expect to get it back,
Yet in doing so you are fattened
With men's benevolence running over.

My heart, you need to love
Even if it's not returned;
Let it lubricate you like honey,
For the heart that loves is ever
Beating, alive and flourishing.

I won't talk about what you don't need
For with what you have you are full;
No space for the negatives and fears.
There's no place for doubt
When you're decorated with faith,
There's no room for sorrow
As you beat to the rhythm of gladness.

©3rd May,2016

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

World Of Men

THE WORLD OF MEN

In God's terrestrial terrain, man's his regent.
Not until the helper heeded the subtle agent;
Yet nobility our custom, we suit in glory.
Lobed with ego, exploits colours our story.
Crowned with the brain by which we rule;
Why are we witless when the belles pull.

With strength we ascend from the caves of Mars.
To protect and provide, we turn scars to stars.
For money is our Sun, and women the moon.
We embrace riches and power as favourite tune;
Dance to survive, or shrink to extinction.
Like lions we lie in the pride of distinction.

Behind the marchioness, just boys grown tall;
Moral naked apes, polygamous blood in all.
Bait them with good meat, coitus and honour,
Forever they will be caged in the conjugal parlour.
World of men, rugged and simply interesting.
Libido is our curse as well as big blessing.

OBIGOD CHIDI C.

© 16-05-2015

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Wrinkle Old Lady

WRINKLED OLD LADY

Wrinkled, wrinkled, old lady!
How pretty you used to be.
Not long, men called you a baby
But now a faded blue bell to me.

Wrinkled, wrinkled old lady!
A beauty queen once you were,
When your elegant gait was steady,
Now waddles in the wrapper you wear.

Wrinkled, wrinkled old lady!
Your youthful dance suffers your waist;
Death woos you, make yourself ready.
Life is gone as a heap of waste.

©22nd Feb.2016.

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

You Will Miss Me When I'm Gone

You never cherished me as a diamond I am,
But as a chunk of familiar clay
Your contempt fingers abuse and misuse.

You never put me in your best light
Maybe because I'm yet to be coloured
Which your myopic lens failed to see.

You never said you love me
Maybe because I chant that to you
As rosary at twilight and dawn.

Even when my hoarded love
I pour on you as royal pearls
That you trample underfoot to bite my heart.

You've drank my honey to your fill
Now you throw up at my pink face
Yet I gladly wide your odourless mess.

You never celebrated my incessant goals,
Nor danced to the songs of my trophies,
Because you branded me a competitor.

Oh! You have been too close
That you now smell my lofty nose.
But why didn't you keep its stench a secret?
But soon I will be gone
And you will miss me when I'm gone.
You will surely miss me when I'm gone.

Yes, you will miss me as the sun

On a hectic day of the eclipse
When darkness will hold your tail.

You will miss me as a hot lullaby
When sleep divorce you on a lonely night
And cold terror knocks at your door.

You will miss me as your favourite actor
Out of your theatre of romance and intrigue
When I draw the curtain without a warm epilogue.

You will miss me as your red caped hero
When your day is lost and conquered
And you stagger a captive in chains of anguish.

You will miss me as a miracle I am
Sent from God as an angel of salvation.
You will miss my words as golden bars,
My smiles as flashes of steady lightening,
My touch as the effect of a living elixir.
You will search for me as a lost treasure
Even my legacy you will seek to embalm;
By then I will be gone
And you will miss me when I'm gone.

25-05-2017

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE

Zoè

Something runs in my vein
Something thicker than blood
Lifting me like a steel crane
It rushes like a hasty flood,
The tide I follow to all possibility
A life never given by nature
Swallows daily my mortality
And reflects the Spirit in picture.

Divinity enters into humanity,
As bright light fights the night
Vanity gives way to eternity
As the sting of death in flight
Life oozes like a crystal spring
Health puts its heel over ailments
I match as triumphant entry of a king,
Beaming with Zoe as holy raiments.

(C)

December 2018

OBIGOD CHIDI CECE