

Poetry Series

Oduma Alex
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Oduma Alex(25th May)

Am the Little Alex (Ali Alexon) , and always wished to be little to my utmost strength. If God be on my side. That my pen may bleed more as God will and continues to ink me further, let the heaven pave the way and my ink shall flow.

A Count On Time

I was watching a TV show
Saw the nature in a simultaneous flow
The child is father of the man
The daughter is called but woman
Bounded each to each in rolls
I wish my days to be so and tolls.
Thou little boy, a child of joy
Thy wings have grown
And since you called me
Time has by little flee
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But narrating the past behind
Exposing the future ahead.
A count on a few years time
Left in nature's paradigm.
"She" is laden with children
"He" a father made, a Dad chosen
And life thus call us apart
In an endless tales repeat
And the soul's immensity
over whom thy immortality

August 30.2017

Oduma Alex

A Merry Day For Henry

All in one, in one did sing,
Sing well what merry bring,
Turn every lineament note,
Bring them into the sweet birds throat.

All in blithe, in blithe do sing,
"A new king born before a king
Ah, heaven, so blessed this day,
For this king we make a way."

All high, high pitched they sing
Celestial ditties to men's ear ring,
They beat the drum, they struck the gong;
Oh birthday, so ecstatic thy song.

Bless this day, bless this babe
Lavish unseasonably so that fortunes probe
Each to each of this babe's strive,
O heavens, I bid thee, long may he live.

Then sing high, and high in merry
For this day, a new age is to Henry,
Bring him gifts, myrrh and frankincense
With gold to adore his noble presence.

Happy birthday bro, happy and happy
Long life, long life and prosperity
Good health, good health to your years;
Sing then, sing merry verses, cheers.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

A Prick Of Conscience

From the pen of the abused sad child I present this to u

I curse the day I was bored,
A greater curse be this day
That my essence is silenced
And vices encamp this weak clay;
That my soul dances in hell
And my mouth is sealed, to tell.

How would an evil concealed,
Gladdens a pious heart
Or can evil overcome good?
Only in my speechless part.
But NO and NO again
I rather die than harbor still this pain.

I rather die of his cruelty
Than the torments of this malice
And with little temerity,
Confront my fate, as it comes;
But to speak, oh to speak
Is my destruction that I seek.

Depart, thou perilous vice
Captivating my mouth
And pricks my conscience
Not to speak, alas, the truth;
Nay, this concealed evil I bear
Every inhabitant of earth must hear.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 20

Oduma Alex

A Walk Along My Senses

I woke up early this morning
saw the little time passing
looked at the flowers before me laying
gazed at the birds singing

Went inside, outside, inside again
searched for yesterday to gain
grabbed tomorrow to attain
but all my struggles lay in vain.

Then i saw the youngest creature
which in its nature
tells the past and predicts the future
i settled down here to venture.

I implored my faculties to lay
and fulfill my endeavors without delay
hoping for no precious day but today
to clear all that i could pay.

Today has no duplicate
therefore do not procrastinate
for yesterday time stole it away
tomorrow who knows its way?
but today is the only day in your abode
it is the youngest of all creatures of God.

Itz Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

Alexanderian

On the mountain crest
beyond mount Everest
we saw the crown
but the thorns have grown
and seems to have fire
which but a few could desire
He took the pain
to have the gain
this made him the best
amongst the rest.

That is to say, NO CROSS NO CROWN
#Alexanderian_Decima

Oduma Alex

Alone With My Thought

Alone with my thought
I wish my days could be so
bounded each to each;
Make me Little Lord
for there is strength in weakness
might in littleness
victory in humility
power in purity
peace in loneliness
and mysteries in silence;
That one may cling in faith
and leap in bounds.

Oduma Alex

Ambassador

On the horn
u take the bull
but when It's stubborn
on it you pull
like a gladiator
like an ambassador.

You see the play
It's our game
not as a prey
but we play without blame
we play the game
the game of flame.

When been chased
by the enemies
and no way to mend
all your injuries
just fly to the sky
like a butterfly.

Fly with a HERO
and let the gone be gone
for those who stand with #Alexon
for whom the bell tolls?
for you it rolls.

I just want to expand my kind
across the Mafian's mind.

July 16

Oduma Alex

Ash Wednesday

Pilgrim souls, passionate pilgrims
Singing high ancient solemn hymns;
Of man faring to his cradle home,
Go oh clay from whence thou came.
Why should I boast, since I am but dust?
Except in you Oh God to lay my full trust,
That my sins you will wholly wash
As you touch me with this holly ash
Of life of nullity and worths nought,
Save that the clay has been bought
By the blood of the crucified love
So that we with Him we'll gently move.
Give me the grace Lord, remold my tainted clay,
That you with me, and I with you upon this day
Will follow your desert road, shoulder my cross,
And whatsoever I may lose, will not be a loss
Since you Oh Lord is everything
That is worth beyond possessing.
Man, corrupt component of aggregate manure
By a breath substantially made a new
Thou art dust, putrid clay, besmirched dust,
Sully make-up of the earths crust
Unto this dust, you will certainly descend;
Pilgrim souls, so will our lives here end.
Thou Oh Lord, once more, once more
With this ash heal our deadly sore.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

Before The Year Ends

Before this year comes to an end,
Let everyone to my call kindly attend,
To the earths furthest end, this will I send;
If I have offended you, lets make amend.

Before the year ends,
Call all my beloved friends
Call even my most dreadful fiends;
Lets get rid our previous offends.

Before this year will flee,
I sincerely apologize, I plea,
For all my offences against thee
Please kindly forgive me.

Before the year will depart,
Make clean your every part,
Forgive the past, be happy and be apt
To welcome the new coming year, with a cheerful heart.

Before the year expires,
Take all that it requires
To go to God's presence,
Thank Him for His benevolence.

Before this year is but gone,
I remain my very self, with none,
Except my pen, which is not done
To bleeding and spurring just one
But my humble self; Ali Alexon.

Itz Ali Alexon

Dec.30 2017.

Oduma Alex

Come To The War

They left their abode
Heading to the desert road
they were willing and resigned
to pay the price with sweats of blood.

Then kneeling for supplication
they offered hymns of adoration
to the eternal father petition
we have come to do reparation.

The winter cold chilling
the summer heat burning
but the love of the LOVE superseding
every torture that's exceedingly scourging.

They have their priority
the soul precipitating in purity
the flesh nurtured in humility
Jesus for me, Jesus for eternity.

Its the war of the body and soul
sophisticated the war may troll
to decide who is the sole
ruler of yourself, control.

But it is general
on every breathing material
to have bliss eternal
or grief and sorrow eternal.

So.... come to the war, the desert road - for the paradise.

(D) In honor of the month of the precious blood, the great month of July.

#Itz_Don_Alexon

July 1

Death - Sonnet 1

Of all the many seeming things
That resides behind the blindness of faith,
And never satisfied passion of the heart's chasings
Which is endless as the sea, so doth one saith;
The struggles of man, all the day long
The hope and wish out tongue do make,
Beautiful desires which from out heart throng,
The scale and scope of venturing there
Man's ambitions for tomorrow's good frame
And that the future be bright and clear
Struggles enormously to possess this future fame;
Uncertain these ventures, in faith's dark vision hidden,
Only but death has a certainty in the course of men.

Oduma Alex

Death - Sonnet 2

Since future time is beyond the faculty of mind
Mysterious as the understanding of the Trinity;
The present time, at time consults the past behind
To presage the future outcome above probability.
Yet in doing this he confounds things the more,
Trying to know that which he cannot know
Cos tomorrow and after can't be like yesterday and before;
As time advances, new strange things grow.
Thus, that the issue will wert he or she,
Pondering on this is like flogging the dead horse;
Since today knows not how tomorrow will be
But works towards the cloudy with a bit force.
Even if the issue wert he, nobody knows where his future will lie
But for one thing everybody knows; he that's bored is he that will die.

Oduma Alex

Death - Sonnet 3

Oft times when I look at the little lads and lasses,
Who dwell in my cottage and within my vicinity,
Hitherto, melancholic raiment my heart possesses;
Casting fortune upon countenance and simplicity:
This one will be average, this one will not be short,
This one will be brave, the other witty,
This one and that one, from their visage will be full of sport
And to some, am drowned with a great pity.
Wondering if the morning is too early to predict the day
Or that first impression matters a lot
Or the earlier the better as our people used to say;
Ruminating on these the greater pity I got,
Within me this great pity do I stupendously feel the taste;
For venting on the uncertain while the certain lay waste.

Oduma Alex

Death - Sonnet 4

If death is certain, why do people fear death?
Fully acquainted that it will come when it will come,
Knowing that man is nothing but a breath,
Knowing that as we are strangers we must go home,
Knowing that earth is not a resting place,
Knowing that heaven is a promise land,
Knowing that time is galloping at the fastest pace,
Knowing that end time (kingdom of heaven) is close at hand,
Knowing that the dead shall raise again,
Knowing that by dying we shall live eternally,
Knowing that Christ died and did not die in vain,
Knowing that tis by death, with Christ we'll unite intimately.
So if death brings such blessings, why do we fear death?
Oh! Dear death, come, come quickly, make my soul blithe.

Oduma Alex

Death - Sonnet 5

When siren yell rampantly from mortuary,
Every street poles' photo, artistically designed
And amazes, not more than that of obituary
Of youths who suddenly have just died.
Then youths and death I bring to contrast:
Is death the least youths do respect?
That, men of nowadays no longer last,
Or that death comes when we little expect?
Zounds! Had youths in their may bore in mind
That death has no fixed time or destined age,
Then they would live a life so mild and kind
And God will halt the fury of death's rage.
Oh death, I bid thee this; spear the live of every youth
But what kill youths most is where they've their hand been put.

Oduma Alex

Death - Sonnet 6

Like a master whose benevolence lacks a jot of ill
Gave talents to his servants duly as he desires;
Some, one, some three, some five, in line with his will
And they must report their affairs when he requires.
So is God Almighty the dispenser of graces,
To everyone he gives talent(s) in a due proportion.
Our perspective portions differs as we have different faces
Wherein everybody must work according to his/her ration.
Then, youths death, is it a partial or an untimely death?
When all, that he had been given, he has in toto¹ spent,
As our span is scrupled from the moment of our birth,
Specific time allotted to use just as that of the talent.
Acquaint the penitent; everybody must not grow grey hair or old
Death comes in consonance with God's will, His will all times hold.

Oduma Alex

December December

December December;
The night is dark, tomorrow is far
The gait of chameleon is a gross mar
To the effort of the persevering peasant
Who, toiling upon the day, toiled sans a rest,
Retired for the night, the night tarries,
Crawling reluctantly, the man worries.
The rich as well, the rich doth blame;
Why should the night be so lame?

By and by, the clock ticks down,
All that quakes the night is dawn,
The morning new, the morning fair
The winter wind, the chilling air;
December are come to wash away sorrows
Welcome Dec. with your bounteous blessings,
The peasant rejoices, the rich is glad
Joy overflows as none is sad.
Ripe is the field, season of harvest,
Time to yield and eat and rest.

Welcome December, we have been waiting
To have seen you this year is really a blessing,
Cos not all those who started this year
Are here again to end the year.
Welcome December, with your baby king
When everyone with Santa in merry sing,
Join the wise men from the East
Visit with gifts for the glorious birth.

December December, the years last born
Take us to the new year; twenty eighteen
And caution the curious heart, made of victim
Lest death gallops with him;
Cos your seasonal breezes animates
Men to hustle intensely for Christmas.
Safeguard us against every peril
From every hand that bears evil
And lead us forth to celebrate this nativity

Of a Supreme Deity, born to redeem humanity.

Itz_Ali_Alexon

Dec.1

Oduma Alex

Feminism

This fruit from devil's table,
The wit of the non nimble
Shining like the summer peacock,
Hovering in the heart dark
To place man and woman
In the same horizon

Oh pride, oh pride, your deeds;
The equality of non equals
But light and dark can never flux
Nor parallel lines but mix,
Even if, you level the Even and the Odd
Till infinite, they will never bind.

The tail should be what it is,
The head should play its roles
And none should divert from equity
To device a gross ruin with equality;
Thus vulgarize the complex world
With this ill pigment of feminine pride.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 22

Oduma Alex

Give Her Tune

Life is but a stage,
And nature turns the next page
When it's time is ripe and due;
Simultaneously one fades,
Progressively another comes
To the tidings of beat anew.

It is my turn says she,
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may be
But let today be my friend;
Then give a concordant beat to my dance
As all men behold this trance,
They will in this tune, their waists bend.

Arrange these beautiful lines
Like the celestial fiddle verses
Then I will chant the melodious song
And turn every merry note
Into the sweet bird's throat
Where the bleeding pens throng.

This giant ink making impact
Will on this stage never depart,
As long as our pens do bleed
And no one is speared from its fury,
So shall we in trouble never weary
But these pens will solve the need.

In honour of the 'Bleeding Pen giant ink making impact'.

Dec.11 2017

Oduma Alex

Give Me Thy Light

Far in the desert land
Upon the desolated mountain
Oblivion of where I stand
Still futile my struggles gain.

Trudging upon my weary feet
In the dark dismal night
How the lark of break to meet
And see once even if a diming light.

Every moment these pains increase;
Of that which I have recklessly lost
And that nought could my soul ease
Even still, darkness tortures me the most.

How long will this last, how long?
I raised my eyes, fixing it straight above;
Lord relent, I know I have done you wrong,
Give me thy light; I'll pay thy wounded love.

Show me that road that you trod
I will gladly with my cross follow you
Since you are my only Lord and God;
Give me thy light and make me new.

For your love, you being the spotless lamb
Who for mankind you died to save
With your light, guide my back home
And I will be glad to be your slave.

Ali Alexon
Feb.22

Oduma Alex

Good Night Sonnet

My Good Night Prayer

Lord, help me with your grace
Fill me with your presence
That I may sleep in peace
And dream of you once;
And with your gentle breeze
Relief my soul with ease.
Send thy Angels apace
To have the foes seize
That each new day I embrace
My bear a good surprise
Likewise my beloved once;
Then our mortal ills erase
So that we may embrace
If it's tonight we shall see face to face.

Your Little Boy Ali AlexonAlexon

November 3

Oduma Alex

He Is Here

Go not so far to seek him
Labor not so hard to venture's brim;
To hear the things you are lacking,
Look, he is here patiently waiting.

Not in the fleeting furious fire
Nor in the tornado that wraths higher,
Not in the tumult of the torrent sea
Nor in the greatest earthquake eyes may see.

Not in the mouth of soothing tongue
Nor in the words of presagers song
Not in the eloquence of vaunting prophets
Nor in the melody of organized instruments.

Neither in the fire nor in the water,
Neither in the greatest mighty tower
Nor in the apex of mountain crest
Nor in the core of earth's crust.

Passionate soul, listen to that voice
That speaks from the purity of silence
In the tabernacle of your soul,
In the little heaven of your soul.

Silence is a mystery for the living,
For the saints, the greatest offering
Which a soul can offer to God,
But it's unknown to the world.

Jan.23 - 2018

Oduma Alex

I Thought I Told You

I thought I told u
That all birds fly
But vulture flies
Looking for human monopoly carcass.

I thought I told u
Its better to dinne with devil
Than a vulture in your guest
With a friendly smile.

I thought I told u
That am derail going away
When I changed holistically
But you've let me go astray.

'Tell no one whither I am'
I thought I told u that
But what did u tell the soldier man.

I thought I told u
Be detached from 'love of women
If thou want to or be'st great;
What happened to Troy and Samson?

Its better to be a faithful partner
I thought I told u baby
Than to be a faithful love;
Behold thy fate.

Boy! I thought I told u
Wit make us men
And curiosity kills the little dog;
Patience would have apparently made u fain.

I thought I told u
Whether alive or gone
Whether writing or done
Call me just (but) #Alexon.

I thought I told u
This is not my real face
Yet u claim to know me
But u later gave him the check.

HOLD ME NOT; for man must surely die
And my 'thought' has killed me
Hither will I lay
Til I learn not to 'thought' again.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

Intimations_From_A_Little_Past

There was a time
when signs were prime
the eyes kept its focus
doth reprimand thus
attention to my duty post
which necessarily deserves the most
standing, kneeling, bending and running
to keep the work harmoniously moving;
though acclaim that as past
for nothing could claim to last;
a good beginning
may have a good ending
Rejoice then in joy
Oh ye little boy
and feel the gleam therein
lets draw the cotton
Thank God for the work well-done
Itz your little boy #Alexon

Sept.7.2017

Oduma Alex

Jesus Heals

Laden is the Cross
Synapse week, strength exhausted
To and fro life all about toss
And drives weary, countenance sad.
Hold no despair in all that shrieks
For Jesus Heals.

Eyes sunk, checks drawn in and hollow
Hunger strikes and beat the child
Nightmares sure, a dark night of sorrow
Arms and legs stiff, the stomach collapsed;
Just disperse the perils of despair
For Jesus Heals.

On the course of justice I became a victim
My dearly friends whome we have onenessly dinne
Every passerby sighs and grim
All things dissipating, all things disintegrating;
But I'll ever cling to my faith
For Jesus Heals.

Thou in an utmost constricted contradiction
The perplexity of thoughts that throng
Barred and woven by strayed deception
Hither and thither all things go a wrong;
Perseverance pays
When Jesus Heals.

Jesus Heals when things repel
When you feel the waves & grow pale & cold
The earth is gay and endlessly parallel
Convergence of tumults bind;
But victory is he who wait & believes
That Jesus Heals

There is no TESTIMONY wiothout a TEST.

#Itz_Dabi_Alexon

Oct.5 2017

Oduma Alex

Life Is Passing Me By

My paths are forming
My days are aging
For am gradually moving
To that tomb that's waiting

U see; LIFE IS PASSING ME BY.

Life is not a friend
No time to borrow or lend
It is moving to the end
The mysteries it tend.

Just know; LIFE IS PASSING ME BY.

I have to ensure
That I work without leisure
Except in God my pleasure
For Him to bless my future.

COS; LIFE IS PASSING ME BY.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

Message To My Faithful Friend

Faithful friend, since nothing last forever,
One day, I perceive, you will be my flatterer;
This may surly hap, but first be acquainted
You with me, we have always been one
And ever since then I have never been alone;
For so seldom is such a love undivided.

Words are as free as the wind
Faithful friend is hard to find,
Me finding you, I have seen my clone.
There's jealousy in love, love bears that name,
As nothing last forever, love itself is the same
But let a love remain even if we're done.

Roses have thorns, silver fountains mud
Loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
All men have faults, even I in this
Beauty allures, yet beauty a deceiver
All mortals with infirmities, so we are
To my faults, I prithee, don't be amiss.

Nature per se, nature calls for that,
When to my faults your eyes strongly dart;
Then to my trespasses you will compare
From the guilty raise to virtuous fall,
Ah, take it not so, redress my tainted wall,
Alas, our loves have met from where weaknesses are.

All youth is young, all young not youth,
All truth is bitter, all bitter not truth;
Then censure me in thy fair counsel
Is my youth crabbed, or my truth sweeter
That even to my best friend nothing last forever
If life is so, ipso facto, this is my tale.

Ali Alexon
Feb.3 2018

Metamorphosis

Time from its premitive
Has been sensitive with nature
Growing and changing in a holistic perspetive;
A dance for every creature.

Little from the infantry
Somethings could horror hold
In a told contrasted repulsive story,
Which chastises my fiddle mind.

A tale of spirits, the dancing ghost
Of creatures hovering in the night dark
The dreadful stories of the evil forest
Of gods, the bloody sun and all that probes alike.

Little by little and little again
All that beest illusion fades and fades
And the little boy irreversibly attain
The full stature of who he is.
But am perplexed to find me, like this.

His temerity strong and skills undoubted
Brave beyond what mediocres know.
This is the beat of ancient tide
But I think the young shall grow.

#Dabi_Alexon

Oduma Alex

Mom Where Have You Gone - In Honour Of My Classmate's Mom, Who Just Passed Away.

Mom where have you gone,
To the furthest South or North
To East of West did you go forth?
That you've left us so alone?

Sometimes I feel your presence
In every wind that blows
In every twinkling star that glows
But I only embrace your absence.

Not quite long daddy left
Leaving you to us, a shepherdess,
Now mom, in such cruelty
Thou departs, we wholly bereft.

In this wild wicked world, mom
Men with unhappy spleen will do us mock
Since we are now like wandering flock;
Alas, this is a second doom.

Let then, hunger be my portion
And pain be my share
For none will be as you are
With such a panacean solution

If you can whisper or speak,
Am listening far beyond silence;
To hear from you again but once
Will solve everything that I do seek.
You've died once, but you'll live twice,
The life on earth another above, a glorious tell
So farewell, adieu mom, fare you well
But I think going so soon is so unwise.

©Ali Alexon®
Feb.5 2018

Msgr. Pius Nwaobi's Birthday

Arise Oh! Ejemenerains
Awake Latin gurus
against the cowardly barbarians
'hold up your standard'
said the standard bearer.
Take "mensa" from Nominative
&"Mens-is"; be in Ablative.
The soldiers plundered
Virgil Aenied wondered
Carthage must be destroyed
The eagle terrifies the dove.
[Carthanga delicanta est.]
[Aguila columbam terret]
The teacher stood to teach
the students learned to preach
knowing that "puella";
is not like "puer";
but declined like "amata";.

It is your teacher
it is your preacher
Msgr. Pius Nwaobi
He is plus 1 today

Lets join hand and wish him HAPPY B-DAY with his Latin identification song:
&"Quis Quid Uter Qualis Quantum, Cur Quando Ubi, Quomodo Unde Quam
Quo Quotiens";.

Happy Birthday Nwaobi

June 13

Oduma Alex

My Friends And I (Tobe & Paul)

Right from childhood??

We lived in brotherhood????????????????

We play together?????+???+???>

We pray together??????

Wherever we are around

Love n peace must abound

Even in the hostel

Even the gist we tell

Tell me your friend

I'll tell your trend

The way he acts

The way he talks

The way he writes

We are one???

Tobe - chukwu

Alex - chukwu

Paul - chukwu

TAP

you APT to TAP the PAT.

?Itz Don Alexon.????

May 10

Oduma Alex

My Voice

Poor prince, barking among the howling hounds
Whose futile clamour, without season resounds
To gain attention and that he be heard
High pitched his voice, theirs be overshadowed;
Ah, thy voice goes high yet unheard fair prince,
Come; be acquainted of the strength in silence.

Empty vessels, the highest noise make;
Like a scarecrow designed to forsake,
Frighten and chase away birds of prey;
Wherein vile and shallow its depth does lay;
So will he who love to speak all the time
His voice, though eloquent, will lose its prime.

In silence, lies wisdom and might,
Its witty power in the fairest bright;
So is my voice in silence refined
Which bears due honor, not profaned,
It comes but once, in wisdom knit
And every ear fights to hear it.

My voice shrill like the nocturnal cry
That the tick night pierced, in velocity high,
It goes forth like a panacea, to strengthen the weak
Solving all that importunate seek;
For my voice is not made of vaunting might
But mild, but rare, immersed in silence's strength.

Ali Alexon

Jan.24 - 2018

Oduma Alex

My World Of Friends

There are many worlds
but there is one sun
we live in one,
the world of friends.

There are many cities
but there is one home
one home we come
which never dies.

There are many faces
but there is one smile
the one we wistle
when time heals.

In the world we liveth
a bond remains
which together keeps us
when-ever we meet.

one love forever
a citadel of friends

Sept.11

Oduma Alex

My_Song (Part 1: His Goodness)

I will sing for you my song
It importunes my mouth
From this cradle of my inmost heart
And I've let it throng.

Let me tell u my tale,
Of the Love of my Love
Which kept me firm and above
The perilous handiwork of devil.

Though danger's the foggy pine road
No evil prattle my mind for fear
For know i know the omnipotence of whom I bear
The Immovable Mover, the Almighty God.

These deeds be made acquaint
To the poor who awaits
Good news or blessings
For those who put God first.

All who could speak arise
And have this message proclaimed,
But if thou be ashamed
The stones will rise and praise.

Oduma Alex

My_Song Part 2 (Mercy And Justice

I will sing for you my song
Of a sharpened two edged sword
That cuts to it furthest end
On its action medium of sprung.

The lyrics on my mouth
Is a song of mercy
And justice prithee
Beyond mercy will erupt.

God is a merciful God,
His mercy prevails;
But His justice falls
On those who His laws they discard.

Fear Him, fear Him still
Ye! Earth and his peoples
Not till His Mercy expires
But within your articulated time.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

My_Song Part 3 (The Wickedness Of Love)

I will sing for you my song
Of love and its villainy
Its depravity and its carnality
Which makes the penitent go a wrong.

Amongst my heart dislike from prime,
Apart from the Love of my Love;
I hate love, the animal love
Which transcended from the Adamic time.

It foiled the integrity of men
From the cradle bred of the smallest
To the nobles whom we regard as best
Betraying Samson, David and Solomon.

It singed woe for Troy, alas
Hardening the hearts of Paris and Helen
The city and its inhabitants fallen
Ney, where is thy history to trace.

I will sing this song with no rest
To the generation yet to come;
Succumb not to love this time
Rather, give love the last seat.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

October 20

Oduma Alex

Nature Give Me Peace

Thou fairest creature,
If in the replete of thy benevolence,
You play the tune of leisure;
Do then come to my attendance
To cure with their fairness
My most bitter sadness.

If that peace can be fetched
Like the water of a stream?
Or that a body besmirched
Is washed easily by the bare arm?
Then wealth would have peace bought;
That would be a panacea to my groans at night.

Peace breeds happiness; a body mitigator,
Happiness brings joy, the food of the soul;
Thou morn dew from the heavenly shore,
Blow thy renewing breath and chill,
The weary soul with joy's might
And happiness the heart enlight.

The hand of the giver and the receiver,
The two becomes one when in love move,
But the latter hand's is though longer
To receive that which is from above;
So will me by day or by night
Seek the peace of celestial breath.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

Never Give All The Heart For Love

Sweetheart! Never give all the heart
While thy concupiscence appetite
Drives vehemently thy passion
Beyond an intelligible affection
To that lass in your dream;
Beware, Lest you get a treacherous slam.

Never give all the heart sweetly
For love is wicked, precisely,
Best friends today, enemies be morrow
And will drip a deep bitter sorrow
To that tender heart of yours
And breathing will seem to cease.

Never give all the heart for love
Apart from the Love of my Love
Expiring on that shameful cross
Appealing for thy love, pleads thy course
That you may sin no more
But love Him whose love is sure.

Dear! Never give all the heart
For love's but a brief dreamy kind delight
That's deaf and dumb, too blind to see,
Grows pale as the day fades by
And that your love at all cost
Will be a love at all lost.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

New Year Tidings

Let all creatures lend their ears
Censure that which nature bears.

Nature per se, at times rough and rude,
Though, incomparable to man's ingratitude.

If that, time should be my friend,
Then, rejoice, I will have no fiend.

If there is anything faster than time,
There will be no faults of crime.

Then, time with me and me with time will move
He will live with me and be my love.

This year then, will be a time to fain,
It will keep aside, those friends who feign.

A friend who is truly indeed
Will surely help you in your need.

When you are in sorrow, he will weep
When you are awake, he cannot sleep.

Of every grief in your heart,
He with you bears a part.

There are few women who woo-men,
There are a few who woe-men.

If thy woman woes you, let her go,
If she is of wooing archetype, let her so.

The guiles of women, in beauty hidden
Is a deadly charm in the most comely den.

Wherefore this year, time, keep them away
Those woe-to-men, whose man's labor beray.

Keep them aside, antique rock of ages
The malign of those who in jealousy rages.

Protect us, in thy Sacred Hollow bind
To withstand every envious winter's wind.

So, that we may leap by bounds,
As this New Year gradually unfolds.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Jan.02-2018

Oduma Alex

Nothing_Harms_The_Good_Man

With no eminent will of egoism
He gives with a good heart and will
And wished to give all still
To the last of his helpful dream.

Riches come he knows
Is from the Almighty alone
Who gave him that as a loan
Which He takes when He desires.

Though happy in his healthy state
But happier when the reverse comes;
For the Lord gives and takes
And knows the best for the present.

Afflicted with a cruel penury,
Profusions which he enjoyed before
He no longer could have anymore
Yet he utters no atom of perjury.

Like Job he may be tested
Deserted in misery and pain;
But his last word will always remain
"Blessed be God".

The good man's life is eternal
Not just in heaven but on earth also
His goodness exceeds time & season 'ipso facto',
It flames the joy within him to a blissful atemporal.

He wills only that which God has willed
And accepts everything as from the hand of God
Like Mother Mary he will say
"Be it done to me according to your will";

#Itz_Dabi_Alexon

Oct.8 2017

Readers Are Leaders

All the wise
Think twice
Before they speak,
Before they strike.
As a melancholy,
He's a time gloomy
Not due to sadness
Nor because of giddiness;
But for a perfect contemplation
On the hearts Inquisitions.
As a sanguine,
He's optimistically driven
By all who cheers
And with them rejoices
But never carried away
By the comic play.
For his desperate rudiment,
He's as wise as serpent.
And like a cooing dove
He's always in move
To place himself lower
Than the curious burghers.
His desire for knowledge
Is a step to a glorious stage;
For Readers are Leaders
And Readers never waver
Within the contest of wit
And their discissions switch.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 15

Oduma Alex

Rhythms Are My Way

As it fell upon a day,
In the doleful moment of dismay
My love came with fortune smiles
Told stories, though she lies,
For poets are feign;
If you could not their ditty gain.
But I have believed she loves
Coz of the gentle proves;
For the pen that's lovely penned,
Is braver than the mighty sword.
I, now, have found a companion
She, who would not refrain
To express my joyfulness
Or stress my sorrowfulness.
I've made you a friend,
And one mild indeed
For you, my love, my rhythms;
Ballad as my voices raise
To praise God with thee,
In joy or in dismay shall always be.
To woo the woeful hearts,
Or sermon the doubtful beatitudes,
Or counsel my perplexed friends;
Who would not believe my writings,
And all that my mouth, importunes
Shall flow the way with rhythms.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 19 - 2017

Oduma Alex

Rise Up And Walk

(Article)Life is but a turning mystery, with no stable moment. As the earth does revolve, so does life. That night comes, strained with anxiety, gaits in a chameleonlike lopsided manner. Minutes seems added to each hour, but not; the night of sorrow, a desert time, when consolation is farfetched. But, at the darkest time of the night, we begin to experience day break. So, I urge you, rise up and walk, for it will be day time, and it will surely be true that every condition bears no permanent mark.

Winter approaching, with its keen breath, rude and rough; barrens the green plant from its lusty leaves and distills the sap. And, every summer terrestrial, ere fresh and strong, is then bereft of its glory and beauty. But, from the persevering fruit do we obtain the sweetest juice. So when fortunes do frown, mishandled by winters rude breeze, and farewell is your great renown; be thou thy face not so disfigured. Your greatest courage should be supplied to your perseverance; So that with faith and hope, you will rise up and walk.

The unforeseen circumstances of life are hidden beyond our eyes. When they hit, we must move. We must keep focused, because our life is heading towards a purpose. When the reverse comes, life will seem to be at its brim. Every air will seem hot, every breeze rough and unkind, the sun all fire, night of horrors; dreams cannot do without nightmares. Arise the man of yourself, speak with the voice of the soul, and silence the flesh. Awake, lest the blind passions of this weak flesh contrive.

Not for the beautiful flowers do I cast my judgment, though I do have rudiments as the floriculturist. Yet, I know it is but pruned, well dressed by the pitiless scateurs; the beauty is showcased. Not for the alluring gold, glittering with captivation, that nothing is purchased or sold beyond its prize. Though I do know it's but well refined in the abyss of furnace. But for you do I question make, thy troubles of this life, is it a cross or a curse? Have you not heard of the saints, who now dwell in the eternal bliss of heaven, how cruelly their torture was, and Christ the king of martyrs, suffered the ever incomparable torment. Now, He is the everlasting king. So it is, that life is not a bed of roses, but if it be, then roses have thorns. Carry your cross, rise up and walk for in every venture, there is success. Know you that "NO Cross, No Crown."

The story stirred, of a hopeless knave, perjuringly slandered by his counterpart. Having been sacked by his master, nevertheless, didn't lose hope. He took another means, with courage and confidence, conjugated with prayer, faced the world, with struggle. Few years later, from the benevolence of God, he was richly blessed. His erewhile master, came to know the actual truth, requited the poor boy magnificently. So it is for he who takes patience as his mother. Then, you must know there is a brighter tomorrow. Have a firm faith; immovable as a rock,

that God sees every of our condition. Like Joseph; from prison to palace, so will your situation be. In as much as you rise up and walk, over the heinous spirit of despair.

Rise up and walk, when the turbulence of the world twists every possible way. The raging sea, tumults of the weave disguises every means, and winter barrens your summer leaves. Disperse the heinous spirit of despair, look up to God and put Him first. The, rise up and walk, for you cannot watch the masquerade while standing in a spot. Look up and see beyond the blind vision of the eyes. The sun will from its orient melt the frozen and warm the chill, when the darkest night will be cracked by the day break. Hope in God, trust him still, for heaven help those who help themselves. And, heaven is promised to everyone, but, it's given to those who persevere. So, I beseech thee, rise up and walk, with perseverance, faith and hope, for a better tomorrow will surely come, as no condition bears a permanent mark.

Oduma Alex

Silent Night

Silent night silent night
You draw heaven closer to earth
And with your drowsy charm
Lulls creatures to a soothing rest
Thus you open the heavenly gate,
While Angels descend from the realm.

Silent night, a night of fain,
Shepherds could not from joy refrain
At the sight of the new born king,
Which the Angel had on that mountain steep
Told them as they watched their sheep;
Aye, they bowed in homage sing.

To every creature, proclaim this to them;
The King of kings on this crib of Bethlehem,
Has taken human form, in this Holy Night,
For the Redemption of our fallen race
From the world of sin to the world of grace,
Not true warfare but obedient to death.

Oh silent night, I heard the mewling cry
Of the Holy Babe who so lovely lie
Upon the mother's breast, oh Mary;
Joy to the world and joy on high
Joy to sorrowful hearts that sigh
For Christ has come to end all sinful slavery.

Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

Sometimes_In_St_Felix - Part 1 (Junior Class)

We are all guys you know
Which persist wherever you go
That which then you failed to leave
On you it will forever cleave
We hustled by all means
'Take my rice, give me your beans
100 meters from the Chapel
Running to refectory, running for the meal
Off heart we had the bush map
For our stomach to help
I know each fruit of the guava
It was really a banger massacre
A sachet of salt during resumption
Numbering all the palms in the plantation
Our 'sailing' wings developing
Our little minds increasing
We import with care thus
Our senior mal-handle us
I could strongly believe that St. Felix
'SFS' is nothing but 'Suffer For Six'

#Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

Sometimes_In_St_Felix - Part 2 (The Early Morning Raising)

Crunching copiously
Exquisitely in a jolly
Chilling on the home breeze
Eating, drinking, having no cease
There came a knock from the door
Gave the intruder a capital ignore
Few minutes later, cane splashed my back like a thunder
Sprung on my bed to behold auxi buckler
Groaned at me and said, you are still in the hostel
sleeping complaisantly while others are in the chapel
The worms therein gave me a bite
Singing; you didn't eat last night
My bucket and water missing
Just sat lowly and weeping
Before the chapel, SP stands
Who mercilessly gave me some lashes
Within, the pew prefects turn
Throughout the mass I had to knell down
My plea could move no yonder
Except to obey the usurp commander
Oh! I sticked to the fact that St. Felix
SFS without contradiction is Suffer For Six

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

Sometimes_In_St_Felix - Part 3 (The Last Bell)

For whom the bell tolls
on whom nemesis befalls
the SP patiently waiting
labour prefect agitating
prefects in their respective hostels
the auxiliaries arranging their canes
the dean and rector suddenly joined as well
all waiting for the struck of last bell
the prey their canes shall mercilessly dwell.
There was a mass run-up
lest woe catches you up
Then the object of the law
will be caught by the law.
Finally it goes
the pendulum ball rolls
cane splashing on the back
bruised in blue and black
all alone myself to blame
going to miss today's football game
after the tedious work during siesta
knelling all through the mid-day prayer
I just have to believe that St. Felix
'SFS' is come and 'Suffer For Six'.

#Ali_Alexon

July 29

Oduma Alex

Sometimes_In_St_Felix - Part 4 (Senior Class)

Clinging on the metamorphosis of nature
a guy goes along to venture
but my movement restricted
my limited space confined
sooner than I became a malefactor
under the siege of the rector
going towards to gate expelled
coming back to the school fulfilled
but later went back to the game, alas
when I found myself in the highest class.
Then we hustled for remnant
now plus, chef, indomie and peanut.
I felt like having a school son
I nicknamed myself #Alexon
Running through the pine roads to the town
sensitive to every light flashing white or brown
we sailed along with tension
due to the nature of our formation
amidst success in line with our plans
we had our hearts in our hands
but still I could believe that St. Felix
'SFS' is indubitably 'Suffer For Six'

#Itz_Dabi_Alexon

July 26

Oduma Alex

Sometimes_In_St_Felix - Part 5 (Rugged Friday)

Alone with my thought
soughting a directive insight
the period of the loudy class ended
the next activity programmed
setting out for 'missionary journey'.
Some piercing through the mangrove
to have a holistic celestial groove
and dialogue with TEBUM indogens
feel the world of the aquatics.
Rugged sailors in their due season
been watchful from a horizon.
Others through the terrestrial
to get an eaten material
exploring the bush and plantation
with an utmost intention
rolling balls and balls of pineapple
and have to stomach in a good fettle
little yonder the 'atilogwu' practice ended
getting ready, getting prepared
for the football, to play
by and by the Friday went away.
but still could believe, St. Felix
'SFS' still remain 'Suffer For Six'

#Itz_Dabi_Alexon

August 2 2017

Oduma Alex

The Bleeding Heart

All the inclined sight
That captures as it gazes,
And every music concordant
Turned to its lyrical verses,
Produce sorrows outbound be measure,
Bleeding wounds, bleeding sans a cure.

The shrill of the nocturnal bird
That pierces through the silent night;
So has this gift of mine stabbed
My soul, thus it cries with great might;
"Odium humanis generis"
Ah, "the wickedness of man, " alas.

This gift of mine, this gift of vision
That sees but the inhumane acts
Of the heartless mischievous generation,
That rip off the earth of justice;
Is on me, like the noble Brutus's spear
That dashed through the heartJulius Caesar.

Every wooing and consoling matter,
Even robs the sore
When its should bring plaster,
Thus it bleeds more and more;
Am living with a bleeding heart
Am living with a bleeding heart.

Blindness come hither, hie please
Thrust my eyes never to see again,
Ne'er the ear, to hear any sought of this
Cos, all I see and perceive swims in pain,
And to heal this my bleeding heart
Is to deaf my hearing and blind my sight.

Dec.7 - 2107

Oduma Alex

The Evenfall

When the clock ticks down,
Evenfall threatening the town,
Diurnals dancing to nature's lullaby
Hasting up with time, galloping by;
To fix things in their proper right
Before the meets the angry night,
Or the night stronger than the day,
In full force blinds it; darkness spray
And everything active does retire
As the night made the day to expire:
Darkness and night, like brothers have met,
Having beaten the day, asked the sun to set:
Nay, necessity must obey nature
Whether it be or obscures the pretty leisure,
That the grazing shepherd must the black sheep seek
Lest absolute darkness covers the dusk;
And whatsoever that bites at night,
Will be termed as mosquito's bite,
Be it big or small, whether it is one or all;
Then the wandering shepherd in a wailful yell
Be mocked by the night, the greater shall be
He sees only but darkness which the blind so see.
So in the encroachment of the furious twilight,
We though constrained in the ardor of our plight,
Should do so well to call it a day
Hie fast, with expedition not delay
Lest every tree or thing from a distance
Will form a masquerade at that instance?
You pale and feeble will grow
At every breeze that may blow:
For the day is defeated, never to be repeated,
Dusk engulfing, night enthroned, full seated
To deface the radiance of the fair sun's light
And shroud everywhere with its somber might.

Ali Alexon.

Oduma Alex

The Event Of Last Night

Devouring time, if thou canst blunt the lions paws,
Nor plunk the keen teeth of the fierce tiger's jaws,
If thou canst annihilate nor suck her blood,
Nor make the earth to eat her sweet brood,
Of this I beseech thee; turn in an anticlockwise moment
That I may revert the wrong of last night's event.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Nay, was I so unconscious or but drunk?
That the tricks in them, have I beguiled
Their perils in an outward show dissembled
With the charms and enchantments of beauty;
Oh, sweet touches the conquer chastity.

I have broken the oath, made on the alter
The sectarian vows which bounds us together,
Farewell is my magical powers, alas;
Thou hast disintegrated me, fair lass,
You have dragged me like a green plum
That falls through the space before its time.

Hope the outcome be but false
Like a sterilized labour, or else,
Am too young to house a son
Or by this act be called dad soon;
Nay, let the blemish time but me chide
For, if positive, death awaits the mom and child.

Beshrew be she; it's obvious, clear and clean
The lab shows not a negative sign,
But the reverse it is, a deadly one,
Oh my may of youth is gone
Because my days are numbered,
For such a virus, in my body lurked.

Beauty is a witch, and bewitching is,
O thou fairest time, if thou be but gracious
The world will be too wide and broad

And everything will precipitate in a horrific odd
If the malice of yesternight remains
The rest of my life will swim in pains.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

The Figment

Across a rocky vent
there comes a sweet sound
so calm an lenient
perhaps someone is around.

A boy who on a little chair sits
giving commands with his scepter
with his scepter he treats
his adversaries with pains more tender.

Over, high above the sky
a second a decade mile
the waves could see me fly
I gave the wave a rich smile.

Then to the under world
how can I but explain
things are irreversibly odd
all the struggles in vain.

A lame is lame forever
neither could a deaf hear
a dumb could speak but never
noise is the worst you can bear.

NO, I pitched my tent
to a distant land
Never to dream again.

#Itz_Don_Alex

June 28

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary 5 (The Loss Of Jesus In The Temple)

Her Dolour 3

Hail! Woman, shrouded with pains
You were at home in tears
While thy son, at the temple with elders.

The more and more we love and love
The greater and greater the pains we receive
At the lose of that which we dearly love.

Now, Mary has lost it all
And her mean inquisition quail
To hear her dear Jesus call.

And her sorrow most bittered
For having lost her only God
To the wild wicked world.

Pondering from her cradle heart
"Why should Jesus get lost?
Maybe, am guilty of some negligence" she thought.

For the three days, did thou eat,
Or slept at night?
Nay, poor woman, you didn't.

Voyaged back to Jerusalem to behold
Thy little Jesus at the middle of the temple crowded
Teaching and counseling the learned.

Then thou doth said to Jesus
"Son, why hast thou done so to us,
Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing".

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 5

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 1

Hail! gentle woman
You partook in God's plan
For the redemption of man.

Hail! little dove
Angels from above
Came to study your love.

From the heavenly descent
Blissful of the soul's pleasant
To be in thy lovely heart.

Studying how to love God
Coz thy heart radiatedly outshined
The sun a decade flamed.

"Hail! full of grace"
Solemnly the Angel's voice
"You'll bear the hope of human race.

Hail! " be it done to me " you said
Thus willing the will of God head
To bear the Redeemer of the world.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon.

October 31

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 10 (The Burial Of Jesus)

Her last Dolour

Where your treasure lies
There the heart dwells;
Mary had just Jesus, she treasured,
And her heart with Jesus is buried;
Thus, that tomb doth bears
The heart of Jesus and Mary's.
Doleful, with her bitter heart
Bid him farewell, kissed him the last.
Then raising her heart to the Eternal Father:
"To thee I recommend him, O Father
Him who is thy son
At the same time that he is mine."
The tomb having been closed,
She left so afflicted and sad
Wailing in her sorrowful ditty
Which, to hear it, was a great pity,
As she laments so in pain
Scarce could men from tears refrain.
"And as she passed by the way,
People cried in such a way
That they pitied her beyond
That of her son crucified."
"At home, turning to St. John;
Ah, John, tell me, where is thy master?
And to the Magdalene;
Tell me, where is thy beloved, Daughter? "
Nay, sweet mother, thy son has gone
To prepare a home for you and your children.
The remembrance of Jesus
And those sweet days,
How she pressed him to her bosom
In the little crib of Bethlehem,
Their loving looks
And conversations,
The life giving words
Which fell from those divine lips.
Those beautiful reminiscence

Is now a sorrowful lance
Piercing mother's heart with passion
Piercing sans intermission.

Oh Mother, we crown thee
And till when we shall see,
You bear no tittle but that;
For your whole life indeed was in that;
You remain in glory for that;
And always our mother for that;
Queen of heaven and earth cos that;
Shrill! Shrill! ! all Shrill SORROW.
We crown thee Queen of martyrs
The Mother of Sorrows.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Nov.26-2017

The first and last, marked with quotation are by St. Alphonsus De Liguori. And
The middle quote by St. Bernard. Although reconstructed to march the rhythms

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 2

Hail! Tender-most little mother
On that faithful eve, the Redeemer,
Came fort on an irksome manger.

The companions of His dream
Sheep and cattle first worshipped Him
But we, With a malignant grim.

Oh! Little king
You came to conquer our mortal siege
But rather, we sang your dirge.

Hail! Oh mother of our saviour
We regarded your son, our creator
As a blasphemous predator.

When this news got to the beast
His apparel torn, a message he sent
The wise men from the East.

Then Herod raged, irascibly keen
And the innocent children slain
To welcome thy new king born.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 1

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 3

Dolours of Mary (Simeon's Prophecy)

Hail gentle woman
When you bore your son
You heard the prophecy of Simeon

Hail! Mother of God, he said
The malice against this child
Will have thy soul bearing same sword.

Hail! Thy solitudinous passion
Melted thine heart in contemplation
Pondering the word's definition.

Ney! Your whole life indeed
Was anticipating the erewhile foretold
And your Dolours titled.

'The Mother of Sorrow' we hail thee,
And your sorrows shall always be
Our joy and comfort that never cease.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 2

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 4 (The Flight To Egypt)

[Her Dolours

Hail! Oh little Lilly
With thy infant baby
And Joseph on a journey.

The voyage of three hundred miles
About thirty or more days
Fleeing from friends to strangers.

Roaming like fugitive
Over the desolated hills and valleys
And the dry weary deserted mountains.

Nay! A wounded sight
Neither is there repose at night
Nor bread for the mouth.

Yet you harboured thy son
Amidst the frozen winter season
For this safety run.

According to your little saints
Antonius, Thomas Aquinas and others
You spent in Egypt seven good years.

Rejoice Oh mother hail
For your sufferings will never quail
But will yield a profit of atemporal.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 3

Stanzas 2 & 6, cf./by St. Alphonsus De Liguori

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 6 (Meeting Of Mary With Jesus On The Way To Golgotha)

The_Dolours_of_Mary (meeting of Mary with Jesus on the way to Golgotha)

As a lamb lead to the slaughter
Jesus is lead to Golgotha
With a heavy beam on his shoulder.

Then the bitter grievful sights met
Mary recognized not her Christ
But a malefactor sans a right.

Covered with wounds and blood
From the foot upupupup to the head
Still with a wreath of thorns crowned.

Mother would have had him embraced
But the guards thrust her aside,
With insults, urging forward her suffering Lord.

Mothers feel the sufferings of their children
With a greater pain
Than that of their own.

Hail! Mother, poor woman
Suffering greatly with Jesus thy son
For the benefits of thy sinful children.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 7

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 7 (The Death Of Jesus)

#The_Dolour (the death of Jesus)

On that mountain of sacrifice
Is erected but two alters;
The martyrdom of Jesus and Mary's.

Mother beheld her dear Jesus
In his last agony on the cross
Covered with blood and wounds.

He's breathless, exhausted, face elongated,
His cheeks hollow, eyes sunk; half opened,
His arms and legs stiff, head bowed,
His nose sharp and countenance sad.

Mother stood still, the spotless lamb cried
"IT IS FINISHED" He cried aloud
And breathed his last in the world.

"Call me the woman of sorrow, I be,
The relinquished agonizing widow, you see,
As my only son hangs lifelessly on this gallows tree."

She must have said so, I faith
For is she was to die physically
Her sorrows would cause her thousand deaths.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 9

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 8 (The Piercing Of The Side Of Jesus)

Her Dolours

Hail! Oh woman of sorrow
You have lost thy son to the gallow
To be a comfortless widow.

That's not enough it seems
While the pitiless soldier advances
Thy lifeless son with a lance.

Ah, my son is already dead
Cease to outrage him, she cried
Torment me no more to break his legs.

Jesus has shed it all
But the heart is the only place
That could harbour blood still.

And the lance pierced straight
Splitting the precious heart,
Thus, blood and water gushed out.

Mother should have died
Coz she too was pierced
As Simeon erewhile foretold.

But NO, she didn't
For Christ received the insults and death,
His Mother endured its agony.

#Its_Ali_Alexon

November 13

Oduma Alex

The Glories Of Mary Part 9 (Jesus Is Brought Down From The Cross)

Her Dolour

"The world has crucified thee,
Thy Apostles have deserted thee,
Even the Eternal Father has forsaken thee."

Ah, wail no more sweet mother
Here is Joseph of Arimathea:
She implored; he went, he beseeched, Pilate granted.

As each nail was drawn out,
Mary was given, to hold it
"Ah, " cried she "cruel nails of torment.

Letting Jesus down from the cross,
Mother extended her arms to meet her dear son
She embraced him, then sat at the foot of the cross.

She examined him: his mouth open,
His eyes dim, his mangled flesh and uncovered bones
Then she took off the crown of thorns.

" Ah, Son, what evil hadst thou done
What has thy love cost thee
To have suffered cruelly these torments.

My son, see my afflictions, look at me,
Console me, speak to me;
Oh, thou speak no more, for thou art dead."

Turning to the barbarous instruments of torture;
"O cruel thorns, O cruel nails, O merciless spear,
Alas, sinners, it's you who have cruelly treated my son."

Then turning to the cruel wounds:
O wounds, o wounds of love,
I adore you, in you I rejoice,

Through you salvation is grants.
You'll remain open in the body of Jesus
Pleading to the Father for all mankind.
Oh how many, through you, will receive
Pardon for their sins
And be inflamed
With love for God.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Stanzas 3-8 cf. Bernadine De Bustis
The last stanza by A Devout Author.

November 24

Oduma Alex

The Greed Of Man

(Article) .All men desire happiness, with the sole purpose of obtaining peace. As rational beings, we act in accordance with reason and with intelligible principle. But, if on the other hand, this sense of reasoning fails, thus, one is lead by the impulse of his concupiscence appetite. Failure to checkmate these affectional appetites will warrant captivity leading to slavery of avarice. Since man is insatiable, one ought to regulate the appetite. But, the greedy one wishes to have peace and joy through the satisfactions of these inordinate desires.

The more an earthly man possesses, the more he acquires. And, the more he acquires, the more he sees extensively more elegant invents, positions and powers. The beauty of that captivates him, and since he has no resistance force in him, he is at once moved to get that thing; not even undermining the outcomes or what it may take to acquire it. His renown and possession, ipso facto, is always inferior, vile, debased and outdated in comparison with the new or higher invent. And, the cupidity of his acquisition does but never allows him to release an atom of his possession. Therefore, he acquires and acquires, but satisfaction is farfetched.

The greedy man is aligned with brute animals. Like brute animals, his death is quick and blessing to his family, friends and fiends even his children. He is a man of the self, personality and master of egoism. The more he acquires to satisfy his selfish heart desires, even so, the more jeopardy he faces. Thus, "more properties more problems; but those who do not have wish to have/acquire. The greed of man is a dreadful sable that curls the penitent soul, and finally terminates his essence.

Itz Ali Alexon

Dec.13 2017

Oduma Alex

The Home To Be

Listen, my dear friend,
Come, labour, in the vineyard
So that when life but ended,
Thou wert, in good, reposed.

Builders as you see
Architects of a home, home to be;
When the soul doth but flee
From the flesh, across the Styx sea.

Your labour here on earth
Will be the determinant
Of your life after death,
And your karma from birth.

From earth, you build a home,
A home that will surely come
From fiction to an actualized realm;
Whether in hell or in heavenly gleam.

Pilgrims, Oh pilgrims of faith
Temptation (s)is like a bait
Beware, for this house is not seen now, but,
Only with virtues, the virtues of faith.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

November 21

Oduma Alex

The Joy Of Childhood

Minds clean beyond a clean slate,
Look through our hearts if there's any sorrow
Which nature calls for, though it's our fate,
I speak of today and nay of tomorrow;
The joy which run through our blood
Ignite the essence of our childhood.

The joy which within us ligger,
Is yet untattered by nature's rage
And like the little Cherubs we are,
Though besmirched our mired visage,
But our hearts bear the radiance of purity
Which with smile reflect our true beauty.

Even wild animals know, we know nothing,
And God so keeping us in His caring hands
We step on them, harmless our stepping.
At times play with them, ah! unwise minds
Tossing with such creature of a great peril;
Ay, purify is the greatest chain to bind devil.

If the wise men will but a while
Kill the pains which women cause,
Or vis-a-vis, by imitating our smile
To wash away those stings of remorse,
Then merry, they'll live many a year of fain
Because smile is a cure to every pain.

Mom, spear that my troublesome friend
Acquaint him of the love that children bear,
And requite not the flatters of my fiend.
But of one heinous crime must you not spear;
Extirpate hunger with your mighty sway,
For Its bites turns our joy to dismay.

Itz Ali Alexon
Jan.12-2018

The Power Of Silence

"Ab initio temporem, " when time began
The world "in toto" was in void laid
Neither molecule nor matter not man
Nor any creature was then made.

The world, somberly dwelt in darkness,
And the spirit of God roved everywhere
Eternal Father was alone, as if in loneliness
For neither Angels nor Saints were then there

He was alone, but with one companion, a friend
Who in itself is embroidered with wit and wisdom,
Silence was there in absolute loyalty to attend;
Upon every hour and desire he's there with Him.

Eternal Father moved in silence and in silence,
Silence showed him the mystery of creation;
From thence, day in day out, in His presence,
Silence was, is, will still be, the only companion.

When God took flesh and God became man,
Thirty three years on earth, thirty years unknown;
In silence and solitude he did all that he can
Still, not undisclosed to the people of His town.

To brace Himself for His ministerial work
He went to meet his eternal friend;
Forty days with him of day light and night dark,
In that wilderness, from silence he fed.

He fed the five thousand, says Matthew,
Having dismissed all, he went to a lonely place
Coming forth, to his apostles he was different and new;
For he was walking on top of the water surface.

Oh silence, what mystery is within you, solitude?
That God so cherished nothing else but you and none?
But we, blind perishing mortals, confused multitude
Dread you and with great spit wished never to be alone.

Ali Alexon

Feb.23

Ab initio = from the beginning

Tempus-oris = time

In toto = in total, entirely, whole.

Oduma Alex

The Rosaries Are My Roses

My son, take this chaplet of my love,
The gift of love which comes from above
Be with it always; make it your companion;
It will protect you and give you dominion
The Rosaries are my Rose.

My son, be with this chaplet wherever you go
It will shield you from the rancor of your foe,
Say the prayers every moment, day by day
It will make plain your rough crooked way
The Rosaries are my Roses.

My children keep the Rosary in your very homes
It bestows peace, from above that peace comes
And extirpate in that household all that makes feign
Thus, inducing unity, concord and consonance to reign
The Rosaries are my Roses.

My son, this Rosary is so dear to me,
It is out of love that I gave it to thee
To draw mankind to value the price and pain paid
For their salvation and sin no more against their God
The Roses are my Lilies.

My son, this chaplet makes heaven blithe,
It draws heaven closer to the earth
And am closer to you when you say the prayers;
It unites you and I in love, say it always
Because the Rosaries are my Roses

Take this Rosary son; it's the greatest weapon,
Use it to fight the self, the world and Satan;
They are to your soul the greatest of enemy
Through it you shall conquer and yours be victory
The Rosaries are my Roses.

Ali Alexon
Feb.21

The Solitude Of Heart (Contemplating On This Picture)

The air is filled with noise
Pollution of the music blasts
Scares off the soul
From His Goodness sole
But this weak vessel
Withstands not the peril.

For me to love fully the Lord,
I must be detached this noisy world
Its musics' and entertainments
I giveth no second chance
To pest the soul which I have given
To be breasted with milk from heaven.

My body quakes, I know
I wished you be so
Until these drops of rain
Washes the carnal impulse down
So that the Lord will come and dwell
In this little heaven on my soul.

The silence of this lonely place
Contents my heart with ease
And in this solitudinous desert
My soul will never rest
Until it rests on you Lord
My sole goodness beloved.

Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

The Song Of The Deserted Old Man

Let the empty air bear my tell,
The muddywalls of my little shell;
If friends feign with crabbed age
Departing sans reck or little dotage
Of what my youthful days used to be,
Then, mine children should not like them flee.
But, if they with friends are the same,
Then, sing I the ditties, for my days are lame.

Old age is a blessing, but a curse,
A curse, if there is no one who cares
To laugh with you, or jest at your leisure,
To stand by you, or answer your best pleasure.
Better remain in celibacy than bear barren children
Be single from youth than age with reckless brethren;
For, love which we most expected, is most rejected
Precisely, when black calls the pot, the aged is deserted.

Till the world end, contentment will remain
And in my state do I greatly rejoice and fain
As no one will defy or steal my joy away,
I bless my children wherever they are this day;
May the gods protect, guide and shelter them,
Bless them, safeguard them against every harm,
Peace be with them, as there is no enemy hither
Although, only but hunger and rough weather.

Ali Alexon

Dec.16 2017

Oduma Alex

The_Rock_Binding_Us

I drew my sword
to slay my foes
of whom I dread
but the rock binding us
behold my adversaries
and made them my allies.

Hello! little girl
over n over I've fought
to discard u & ur depraved smile
relentlessly my heart it sought
but the rock binding us said
'love all that God has made.

Upon a hopeless beggar
disguised by nature in blue
lacerated by cold and hunger
from my purse no help could clue
but the rock binding us contrite
my heart to give the widow's mite.

Oh! a miserable victim lay
besides the road in blood and reek
gambled by the lord of the highway
to help, my synapse too weak
but the rock binding us plead
that I should give him a first aid.

The love of the LOVE
eternally shining
is the rock binding us
the first commandment.

I just lit a candle close to my heart
to inflame my love
my love for.....!

#Dabi_Alexon

July 20

Oduma Alex

The_Sentiments_Of_Death

At the sight of death
the just is happy and smiles,
in pain and anguish the reprobate
before him his lot lies.

From his wealth he's detached
he who has always put God first,
but this man is earthly attached
riches and vain glories his quest.

He's to possess God forever
this flames the joy in him,
light he will see but never
in that dungeon no torture could dim.

He's happy, for, he is to be born
the saints, death is their heavenly birthday,
all his joys and pleasures in sorrow turn
in grief and anguish he dies in dismay.

Then let's work and pray
that we may not be a prey
to that road that leads astray
but His blessings on our way.

Itz Dabi Daruduru Don Alexon A.K.A Ali

July 6

Oduma Alex

To An Unknown Friend

Bird sings from the eaves
The heart ekes more and cheers,
But in sorrow immersed
With saturated joy, unfained,
I feel thy loving presence
But thy withdrawn present I embrace.
I wish my eyes could see
Thy beauteous face to glimpse.
Thou must be from above
With thine seasonless gracious love
That caress my heart a bliss
Though in my blindness.
I beseech thy piteous spirit
Come hither from whence thou act
Coz am blind, and always be blind
If I do not know u friend.
If you do so, even
The joy of little heaven
Will flux in my heart and soul;
And this my mouth will tell
Till infinite further
Below and above the native burgher.

#Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex

Touch Me Again

TORCH ME AGAIN

Be thou gracious to me Lord
for my days are becoming odd
I spend my night in sorrow
pains piercing my bone marrow
who shall I call but thee
thy faithfulness I hope to see.

See; in vain is my efforts
my labor has no wages
for my capital there is no interest
my land no rent Lord, how can I rest?
But with thy Spirit of favor sustain
one more time I say Lord torch me again

#Itz Ali Alexon?

Oduma Alex

Truth In Nigeria

Nigeria! Nigeria! ! , Nigeria my country,
The sentiments of thy nature's bounty
Breeds thy offspring with sufficient
But thy flourishing resources
Suffice not our contentments,
For the inquisition our minds acquaint;
Is greedily painted with egoism
Coz our truth doth lack some truism.

The visions of our fallen legends
Have dart anticipated for faithful patriots;
Both the old and young
The weak and strong,
From the parliament
Down to the grass root;
But our hearts are guilty
Of lack of true sincerity.

If we call the spade a spade
And free the truth economised,
Then what is black
Must necessarily be black,
When put aside our personal satisfactions
And having the nation first in our table of preference;
Fraud will indubitably minimize
Our deranged civility will fraternize.

We bear our fortunes
And we are the architects;
Love and progress will swiftly grow
Peace Will harmoniously flow
Unity will leap by bounds,
If from our inmost hearts
We say "Yes to Truth";,
For Nigeria can only be
That which we want it to be.

Nov.17 - 2017

Variety Is The Spice Of Life

Variety is the spice of life
Whether single or with a wife,
You toss the ball
Should it not roll?
Twill roll to the West
Thence back to the East.
Ah, humans, constant never
To every pleasurable ever.
Lay your will and wings
To the beautiful things
Choose A or B or C or D
Take from them the moment's best
And let go the rest,
But you will still come to choose again
Just for the best to gain
Cos variety is the spice of life.

Itz_Ali_Alexon

Dec.10 2017

Oduma Alex

We Are All Pilgrim S

We are all Pilgrims
from far-away lands
like allians we come
but this is my real home
and here will I forever remian
be it shine or rain;
in this Holy place
I come to feel your presence
Lord, for your wounded love
I will pay Love for Love
then my concupiscence vices pudge away
as in profound mortification I lay
but ye, my every weakness
heal holistically, my blindness;
So that I may always abide
in thy sacred bleeding side
bounded each to each in trend
until life fades to our destined end.

Step 11

Oduma Alex

What Death Has Caused

Man with his daily strive,
For the present and the future good
Hoped his designs to contrive,
Aware of the ambush in the neighborhood.

And at the time he least expected,
His neighbor came from his lurking cage;
Death that has never a man respected
Bounced on him in replete of fierce rage.

His glorious reputes and great renown
The pleasures of his lusty ageless youth,
By death, has been beaten down
And his jollity turned to ruth.

The family seemed most stabbed,
For watery tears could not suffice
The expression of their heats; cruelly wounded
By death's sting on the beloved brother's face.

The poor woman is utterly bereft
Of the nuptial bind of life's adventure,
The bereaved children are but left
In dolefulness of the Pater's departure.

All that is seen is but a deep sorrow
As epitaphs of the walls writing is everywhere
And gripping held in fear of tomorrow;
Who will support them in that such paternal care?

Ah, death! Death! Death!
Your breathe is so keen
To abridge man is his fine breath
Because you unseen.

Ali Alexon

Oduma Alex

What Is Life - When Death Comes

What can life be best called?
How can it be perfect described?
Fie fie, in dolefulness I weep
Perplexed in thought, I cannot sleep
The things is see, the news I hear,
Have engulfed me with myriad of fear.
How can one who for nine good months,
Studying the earth's rites and wonts
In the dark room of the mom's womb
Be so abridged of, eternally sent to tomb.
Like a green plum hanging upon a tree
And falls off, before the fall should be;
The nine months course, our courses well strived
Within a second is gone and we deprived.
Alack life, life art thou so?
Men come with difficulty by easily go.
Someone you see smiling today,
Tomorrow he's gone to the cradle clay
"Farewell" we say "farewell until we shall see"
Sans concept of what his lot may duly be;
Our life on earth, whether good or ill
Karma determines what warrants still.
I now can see, they that are good
Oft die than those with ill blood.
And you wert good or ill, must go home
When your time is ripe, just as you've come.
And me, poor me, I will now play my dirge turn
For I know it will soon get to my farewell tune.
What is life? When death as a catalyst
Acts upon the greatest down to the least.
Man, a victim of death, comes and goes
When death does come, nobody knows.
Farewell good friends, make your paths fine
My death yesterday today will be thine,
Such is our song, pilgrim mortality
Until life come to its destined eternity.

Ali Alexon

Feb.6 2018

Oduma Alex

When Am Happy

When am glad
I listen to my music's
But when am sad
I understand the lyrics.

When am happy
I make effective promises
But when am gloomy
I realize the mistakes.

Then to enjoy the lyrics
I must be gloomy
And to correct the mistakes
I must be sad, not happily happy.

I am #Alexon
This is the sun of my smile
The grace of my style.

Oduma Alex

Who Am I - But A Clay

I am a fetid clay
which will ever lay
as a banquet for worms
as a food for maggots.

From the mud He fashioned
on the nostrils He breathed
made me into His likeness
bestowed His wholeness.

Oh sorrow! to behold a mere dust
who in this sinful world is lost
living forgetful of his maker
living forgetful of his redeemer.

Struggling for a perishable wealth
fighting for power, names and health
mansions at hand
acquiring not tired.

No time for the soul
this clay thing the only sole
but, just behold his lot
on The door it knocks but death.

'This grave a home now for me
where will my soul forever be?
while my body here food for worms
a feast and banquet for maggots.'

Oh Lord! Who am I - but a clay.

Itz_Ali_Alexon

Oduma Alex