

Poetry Series

Oghenero Benefit Evabeta

- poems -

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Oghenero Benefit Evabeta(July 6th)

Evabeta Oghenero Benefit is a renowned poet with the pen name 'everbest_pen'. His passion for poetry from his secondary school gave way to what we now see through him today.

Oghenero Benefit is a passionate entrepreneur who believes in creating system for stable wealth.

He is the social Media Manager of Kinglyfx Investment company, a company that is specialized in helping investors achieve their financial goals.

He is currently a final student of the prestigious university, University of Benin and Atlantic International university (E-learning study) where he studies Theatre Arts and Journalism respectively.

Evabeta is a lover of knowledge. A writer, a poet, an actor. He has written many poems to his credit. He also enjoys writing fictions.

Besides his studied disciplines, Benefit has a large pool of skills, and a great lover of digital skills which has brought many achievements to his credit.

Oghenero Benefit Evabeta is an ardent Christian. His ideology about Christianity is that 'one is saved to save others'. This is the spirit of Evangelism.

Benefit is a native of Egiegi, a small community in Udu Local Government Area, Warri, Delta State.

Living Dead

Living dead, roaming bodies,
Souls wandering- seeking peace;
E Choke! Peace is not out there.
Tell me the Joy in painful hustling?
Bear the pain- all you expect is something;
Efforts to bring tomorrow a smile,
Most of all centered on legal tender;
Forget not I say this:
Alert come, desire unsatisfied, hustling increase.

Living lifeless bodies, I hear you,
Saying, repeating, saying and again repeat:
'One day I will make it',
Pity upon faces looking whence the sky;
'if only they knew' they cried,
That life toil is a toil to the toiler;
For desire lead to toiling,
Camouflage by different edifice;
Agree and disagree, the pen already the blood shed.
Desire birth and fuel hustling,
Desire the Porsche- hustle you must.
But hustle upon hustle no gain saying,
All is hustling.
But I can tell the pain you feel from toiling,
Every single daily pay solving nothing;
It's frustrating I know.
Faces looking from the sky repeat saying,
'if only they knew',
The only factor missing,
If only they knew hustling without Christ is toiling,
If only they knew Jesus gives results,
With no toiling as a prerequisite;
But because they know not,
They all are living dead smiling faces.

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As I Like It

Thou still undefiled woman of solitude,
Thou stray-child of tranquility and retard duration,
War historian, who can relate openly
The milk-spilled more sweetly than the little dame:
What metals and cartridges shaped and haunt sound
Of mortals or divinities, or of both,
On-field or the vale of earth?
What sights are these? Sights a dame loathe?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What shout of chivalry? What wild ecstasy?

History be told: war is dreadful, but those unheard
Are more dreadful; so, furnace heart, be still;
Say no more to my sensual ear, least, endangered
My soul seeking sensual tone:
For the melodies coming beneath the trees,
Ever songs can those trees be bare;
Shy lovers, sharing a willing kiss,
Almost to the winning goal; do not grieve:
Share the bliss, it fade not as she with thee
Forever wilt thy love blossom, if only you yield!

Oh! Happy, gladly thrill that blood not shed,
With back at the past bading goodbye;
And, happy psalmist, unretired,
Melody sang melody anew;
For more happy love; peace we sang,
For ever warm and still; peace we sang,
For surviving babes and vigorous youth; peace we sang:
Passion and love beyond colour and skin
That drained the heart high-sorrowful tone,
Beauty is honest, honest beauty- that is all.

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Write Right

I write

Yes I do

When wrongs outright the right

I write

When foes conjures more woes

I write yet still

When clashes crutch lives

I do write

As battalions wanton daze the firmament

Here I stand

To make an end

That no more will I be cozened

Or be Robb of my cunning

For ti's now to write

Even in chains and cage

For soon the freedom thus fitted

Till at last evil and injustice being confound

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Let Me Know

Do well to tell me,
Something I'm insensitive to;
Coz for me,
Am living it plain;
But for you,
It's all deceptive;
Our lives lay sides by sides,
Portrays as the naira note:
Glued together;
But clueless,
of it other side,
So please do well...
Do well to let me know.

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Birthday Rhythm

What can I offer you today?
That'll elevate and set you ablaze.
What can I tell you out of my numerous say,
That'll give render you hope and focus your gaze?
What don't you have that God hasn't put in you to stay?
Cos in you all dwells inspirational flame.
Nothing I say or do can compete with what you've long claimed.
Than to rejoice for your prosperity and fame.
Though long before now, enemies await your shame,
But seeing God's work in your life made them exclaim
Because they were all amaze
Frankly speaking, am perplexed and amaze
About how in you God patiently create
Something I call perfect image
Truly, in this our modern age,
I've not seen someone to be you as same
Anyone trying to be is fake.
Cos in physical beauty, you beat Catherine and Kate
In inner beauty, you're more gracious than aunty Grace
In compassion, you supersede all your mate
And when people piss you up, you still tolerate
Silence everyone- -my lady is not your playmate! ! !
Day to day, God's glory shine on you like a light ray
That no evil catastrophe might come your way
Because Jesus had a long time ago come to your save
Making you flourishing in every way.
Though it seems thy future the enemies ambush and waits
Forgetting to realise that you're Jesus babe
Cos he said "Though they shall gather; but not for thy sake"
For scatter will they be if they mention your name.
The scripture is all about Jesus, some call him bro 'J'
Run to it whenever you're confused like faze
And everything that concern you will be put into place
I rejoice with and for you cos it's your day
It's not easy to function from 12am till 12pm in 365 days
Even in calculator, batteries would be replace
Not by your power though, but by God's grace
With joy in my heart, I say to you HAPPY BIRTHDAY ??
But allow not my effort of writing this to be in vain

Hope you understand: I mean keep my cake.

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Waiting For You

CALL:

Alone in this lofty and deserted place,
Have I patiently and eagerly waited.
Among men each day have I search your face;
Each time have I been disappointed.
Your absence seems to me a punishment;
Your presence I longed for my relieve.

RESPONSE:

"Distance" they always say,
"Make the heart grow fonder."
I know the feeling; got me thinking all day,
How committed we are, even than a lover
But I pray thee, thou should tarry a little while
Still have lots of cooking to do

CALL:

What's all these appearing?
Not too nice to hear.
Thy absence is due to cooking?
How sour it sound in the ear.
Should cooking be element to neglect,
And seeing a sister as garbage?

RESPONSE:

Oh! My intent you wrongly explain.
Food preserve the skin room dying;
A waste effort much to my disdain.
My 'FOOD' let lives keep living.
Poetic words like the spiritual,
Very obscure; especially to the carnal.

CALL:

The life clock is ticking so fast,
Trivially the time is still.

And now we are older than the past,
Boom! Death caught us neglecting our will.
I pray thee: bargain not with death;
Because being nature, none can cheat.

RESPONSE:

Like crossword puzzle, can't decipher your line.
Send my memory into an endless journey.
I pray death absence when I dine
Till I reveal the mystery of misery
Knows clock ticks, time's still and death's sure,
My destiny I fulfill; my mission will I complete.

CALL:

Words making the dead jealous
Envious of we yet living
Life's good; Alas! Each step is dangerous
Only the determined keep on going
But tell me, what keeps you floating?

RESPONSE:

"And I shall fly high
Not that I won't die
But before the die be cast
I would have been above the sky"
My ink is almost dry
Yet, I've got many things to write
But to put things alright,
Am now around: can we see tonight?
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