

Poetry Series

Okeke Echezona Fhagzy

- poems -

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Okeke Echezona Fhagzy is a writer who dares the universe to think positively on poetry aspects.

He resides in Ojoto, Anambra state, Nigeria.

He is a poet, a novelist and a quoter precisely.

Believe

I am still counting on my believes

The same place I found truth is now a mouth that holds fire

To find a roasted body dying with the cry of sin

I learnt to watch my body fall between two burning bodies without getting a burnt mind

Be like holes, holes that fastens the limbs of frog and make them clog

I'm still counting on my doubts without hands

Without head I know lie before my body I know about hell

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Bring Me Close And Cut

Some month are graveyards that needs only a body
And silence, a container that can hold dusted bones against rotten a body
Sit me beside my mistakes and let my father watch his image, his semen and
blood
I woke to broken limbs about dreams of getting old smiling with shrink skinned
body
Think about dying and getting fat and growing long legs and voices
Old persons are seen as portraits that survived grief, hunger and cuts of a
broken mind
Remember only cry can set you free from wicked hands
Sometimes they'll make you a house under the lakes floating without scales on
the sides
Surely my prayers are still cracking my voices till I sip to sin and clear my throat
like bringing
Wired dreams and call it a lover
If I do not love pain they will greet me with folded legs and a rod on the hand
But to love means you sue your body under regrets and menace

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Diary Of Bones

Each time we masturbate, we mix nature with experience,
We kill often but we have rarely saved like matchbox emptied in smokes
Aren't we born into this, who'll teach me the way to survive depressions,
extortion and signs
As long as we live, there's a fight with sounds in our vein
Like whoever walks in the dark shall tell the love story
I loose my mind when I touch you through these holes, my mind is full of holes
too
I think beyond Shadows that passes through opaque bodies on each trust
Listen, you'll never hear me scream until I am done killing my bones, from the
sky to the rivers
Often my legs become a bad preacher, they talks and the skin has ears to listen
Because sometimes I feel this is another body that came to love me with grief
and temptations
We will never be done thinking until we become that which others think like
power of sweetness when I ride her capital
You will set this body after devil's miry charms, let her become a word loobing
through her own mind
We are done eating each other's flesh, bless up

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During My Own Time

& it was too near to 12: 00am
The doctors said "Sorry he could not survive the operation"
To me I am alive but my flesh was weak to call a body
Family cried, family is blood I found in my body
There is nothing stronger than the river that flow generations
My throat was dried as vaccum trapping fire like fireflies on nuptial
When you are weak you know our body is too close to death but
When a man closes his eyes and do not speak and do not breath and do not
Have ears to hear family say goodbye, say come back again, say we are buying
Your memory at no cost today
Good people will sob at funeral not because you left, not because they felt your
pain
Beside your body is already trapped into the mouth of breathe that holds heart in
place
People weep with insomnia, feelings will come and go but the soul remains a
traveler.
I can only tell this as the experience of my old body,
Because wet bodies are another example of life that live in water

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Songs

If you walk according to the tongue of music
You'll be lost within your voice and become a room echoing nothing but strange
names
Listen, only one song in life can set you free, your name your father's name
Deep inside your mother's belly swing voices like capillaries of tone fighting
within itself
Some songs wrecks spirit, some are freedom fighters

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The Heart Of Every Little Body

One would become a death to others
But our God will not allow it
Yet atheists live in the mouth of little sin
Because my country is a little boy eaten by war
No one would think of renaming gods
Even though life is plate of grief, a leaf without cambium

There's a gap between nature and a god
Only God is a gardener telling grasses to grow in wisdom
But whenever a god loses his face, he is a lost leaf flying without wings
Men would think
There was a god, maybe his powers could not hold our sin
Or maybe he is a fair man who searches for his staff in the dark
Without light,
Miracle can still happen.

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