Poetry Series

Okim Otu
- poems -

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Okim Otu holds a diploma in administrative studies from the Nogak polytechnic Ikom Cross River State of Nigeria. He is the founder of Success Linings (a life and relationship coaching firm).

He was inspired to write poetry after having a transcendence experience that completely changed his life. He is a spiritual seeker and volunteer forester and presently reside in Lagos, Nigeria.
Teacher Don't Teach Me Nonsense

Teacher don't teach me nonsense
You said mungo park discovered the river Niger
When my ancestors has fished there for hundredth of years,
Please don't teach me nonsense.

You taught me your religion
And demonized my ancestor's
Yet you said it's fine men sleeps with men,
Please don't teach me nonsense.

You called my culture archaic
And taught me your civilization
That is making mother nature sick.

What my forefathers knew years ago;
You now spend billion trying to teach
Mr teacher please don't teach me nonsense.

All creatures are one; you said we were separate,
All humans are the same; you said we were different
Because it was good for your business
Teacher don't teach me nonsense.

Okim Otu
Pleasant Surprises

The door's bell rings,
A smile awaits in the balcony,
Warmth legs fling inside the duvet,
As the window open gently
Brilliant sun rays strike
At pleasant frowns
Accompanied by passionate moans
Emanating from comfort's territories.

The door goes wide,
The smile slowly fades
But leaves behind
Parcels of uncertainty
That grows as days goes
And if again the door's bell rings,
It ring sound of pleasant surprises
That bring smiles to mothers' faces.

Okim Otu
Sweet Maracana

For you is this tender feelings
And fondness that refreshes my soul,
For you alone belonged this yearning
And steadfast devotion
That gladden my spirit
Oh! Sweet Maracana.
If heaven calls and angels beckon
It's your name sweet Maracana
That will resound in my mind.

Your love taste like sweet wine
That ease off the day's stress
Your eyes pierced through my heart
Like a warlord's sword
And makes empathic blood
Copulate life through my vein
To keep me alive
To keep loving you
My sweet Maracana.

Okim Otu
Glimpses Of Beauty

The dazzling sun on green plains and hills
And the exquisite moon that thrills
Village kids to games of hide and seek
At gullies of ecstasy and joyous peak.

The heaps of snow on temperate forest
And swarms and springs on graceful vest
Like a goddess of alluring junoesque,
Or a flamboyant tree of charming statuesque.

Like the flower's fragrance that gathers butterfly,
Or the gentle wind that soar the eagle's high,
Beauty craves for conscious eyes to behold,
Glimpses flashes on that nothing can withhold.

Every moment marvelously present it elegance,
As that of the elephant and the Lion's resonance
That travel across mountain and pinnacle
Announcing to those near and distant; this ever lucent miracle.

Okim Otu
100 Words For The Rain

Tell the rain
Her heap on cloud is glooming
And heavy as loads of grain
And has made sunlight wane.

Tell the rain
As it is long we saw her showering,
The earth is now drain
And drought proudly reign.

Tell the rain
That bees and butterflies are starving,
The plant's stem is feign,
No flower, no nectar nor grain.

Tell the rain,
That streams and rivers are drying,
Her little drops to gain,
That their beauty they may regain.

Tell the rain,
That farmer's plants are dying
And hunger is strolling near our domain.
Please just tell the rain.

Okim Otu
A Shadow Of Myself

I, an epitome of flawless beauty,
Yet craving for ordinary flaws.
I, a speckle of dazzling light,
Burning from love's fire,
Yet I failed to radiate
This light to the world

I, a reflection
Of my creator's love
That keeps mother earth
On her proper place,
But it's easy I swallow a goat
Than reflect this love in our world

I, a storehouse of all knowledge
Yet can't explain
The least particles of this earth.
Oh! I have now become
A shadow of myself.

Okim Otu
Beauty Of Life 2

Death without life will be meaningless. 
Truthfulness without falsehood remained valueless. 
The universe with no conscious being is nothing. 
Reality, images, feelings and thoughts are but one thing.

Good will make no sense without evil. 
There won't be angels without a devil.
Because of sunshine, there must be rain.
Because of pleasure, there must be pain.

Hills stand side by side with the valley, 
Mountains nor plains both grows the lily, 
Great tidings sealed alongside messages of ill-fortune 
And grace masquerading as misfortune. 
That's the beauty of life.

Okim Otu
Tell The Rain

Tell the rain
Her heap on cloud is glooming
And heavy as loads of grain
And has made sunlight wane.

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As it is long we saw her showering,
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Tell the rain
Please tell the rain.

Okim Otu
The Poet's Dilemma

The poet's dilemma is to turn beauty
That eyes beholds into fine lines
And turn rich fragrance the nose smells
Into nice tuned words.

The poet's dilemma is not only for readers to understand the poem,
But their willingness to go with the flow
To the mountain if the poet goes to the mountain
Or the valley if he goes to the valley.

The poet's dilemma is not to have a lucid idea
Or an abundance of words,
But the oil of rhyme to keep the verse's light
Shinning throughout every line.

The best poems are still unwritten,
Not because the best poets are still unborn
But because the poet's dilemma
Is using words describes Silence.

Okim Otu
The Reality

We started off with hope so high
Then we shrink so nigh
When we realized we are going to die
Without finding answers to the big why?

We built those secured tent
To explained the extent our lives went
Without expanding enough; our mind
About the big things still undefined.

We live a disappointed life and dies,
But first feeds ourselves with lies,
Like relationships and careers needless,
To delude ourselves that it wasn't totally pointless.

Okim Otu
Child Of The Universe

I am a child of the universe,
Not lesser than the moons and stars.
I am tiny like the grain of beach's sand,
I am huge as the elephant of mangrove forest.
I am salty like the waters of mighty sea.
I am sweet as wild honey from the bee's comb.

I am violent like the whirlwind that humble giant trees,
I am gentle like the cool breeze
That spice up baby's sleeps.
I am beautiful like the sunset in the ocean,
I am gloomy like the clouded sky
That holds back wondrous rain.

I am the ugly song of big eyes owl
That comes alongside unfortunate news,
I am the sweet melody of mother's song
That lures the kid to sleeping bed.
The sound of my voice is a sounding thunder,
The blink of my eyes is as the lightning speed.

I am a child of the universe,
Not lesser than angel,
Just like a shining star
I radiate my creator's beauty.

Okim Otu
Where God Lives

God lives in the quietness beneath the noise,
He lives in the stillness behind the gentle wind,
God lives at the very source of your teardrops,
He lives at the place which flow extreme joy,
God lives in you.

Okim Otu
A Night With The Devil

A night with the devil,
A meeting in hell
A moment to remember
And story to tell.

The path dressed in diamond
This sight I feared,
It should've been covered with gloom
And swelling beasts
And wailing looms,
But all around, I see beauty
And as I walk I wonder
Which hell was this.

The devil sits on a throne,
With a shiny crown.
I was offered a sit
And kind hospitality,
I was shown around
And saw no dungeons
But beautiful gardens,
I heard no weeping
But songs of praise.

I asked in astonishment,
Where did wickedness come from?
Who is causing pain in our world?

And the devil answered,
You created me,
You created evil,
You created wickedness,
All in your mind.
I was more confused,
In that confusion
I came to realized
It was just a dream.
Okim Otu
Life is a dance,
You may not be in control
Of the rhythm of the song
Or the melody of the song
Or the beat of the song,

But you are in total control
Of your dance steps
And your dance moves.
So no matter how the music play
Make the dance in your favour.
Cause you are in control of your dance.

Okim Otu
What Is Grace?

Grace is the rising sun
that smile on our earth with radiant light,
It is the enveloping dusk
That usher in the peaceful night.

Grace is the colourful butterfly
That pollinate the farmer's plant
And turn flowers to tasteful fruits.

Grace is eyes to see adoring beauty,
Ears to hear beautiful melodies,
Nose to smell opulent fragrance
And tongue to taste juicy delicacies.

Grace is the care from family,
The togetherness of the community
That brings peaceful coexistence.

Grace is a heart to have loving feelings,
And a sound mind to live rationally.
Grace is sleeping on trouble night
And waking to morning's joy.

Grace speaks to ears that listen,
It walks on street of the meek
And sleeps at the home of the godly.

Okim Otu
Sorrow Is Not For Me

I've been gliding on rosy cluster
And glinting like smiley booster,
I've been floated by jubilant monsoon
Up high like colourful balloon.

Sorrow is not for me!

I've been dancing with solemn virgins,
To tunes of orchestric violin,
I am the cremated aches of heartfelt dead
That sit beside mothers on diamond bed.

Sorrow is not for me!

I am the wind that blow the tiny violet.
I am the glowing beautiful sunset
That gladden the farmer's heart
Like an appealing work of art.

Sorrow is not for me!

Like the fry that swims in mighty ocean
Sorrow is not for me!
Like the eaglet that fly high in the sky
Sorrow is not for me!

Okim Otu
Proud African Child

From hills and valleys of green pastures
To spring of rivers and oceans of magnificent,
With the finest of diamond and precious of gold,
And glowing faces of black women
How nature endowed my mother land with greatness.

The dusty air of dry season
And cloudy sky of raining season,
The waterfall in the virgin forest,
And mushroom on rotten trees,
A wonderful glimpse to behold.

The sun to glint her peaceful face,
The moon to light her gentle night
Oh! Mother Africa,
I'm proud to be your child.

Okim Otu
Slave Of My Own Making

I seek tirelessly to know about mars
When I barely knew who I am,
I spend so much time to explore stars
When I hardly had time to admire
Beautiful roses in front of my door.

My worries are routine about my past
But can't appreciate beautiful memories past.
I plans daily for my future
But can't observed precious moment passing by.

I study to hone the mind,
I eat to nourish the body,
Yet didn't know the food for my spirit.
I call myself a teacher
Yet only just know a thing.

I am slipping slowly into
Slavery of my own making.

Okim Otu
The Beauty Of Life

It's the rock's hardness
That make you appraised
The rose's softness.

The seeds you sow in tears
It fruits you eats with joy
The hills you climb in pain
It view your heart it gladdens.

The beautiful pool that cools
The head of the swimmer also drowns,
This brilliant fire that cooks
your tasty food also burns.

If it rains daily, your streets will flood
And only sunshine will bring you drought.
Rain some days, sunshine some days
That is the beauty of life.

Okim Otu
50 Words For Society's Victory.

From love's fire
Burns pleasant flames,
Circulating Innocent swirls
At Tolerance's pot
With content unnamed,
Boiling happily and twirls
Vapour of peace
Towards the path of justice
To make droplets of hope
Drops in jars of fine wine
Which kings and Nobles shall raise in celebration
Singing; alas! society wins.

Okim Otu
Spoiled But Virtuous

Spoiled but virtuous.

You can tear me into parts or stained my hands with blood,
You can slice me to pieces
Like the oven bound grasses
But will only meet resilience of a mounting flood.

You can fill my ears with subtle words of your soft voice,
You may try in vain to sway
My undaunted gut off way,
But will only meet; the rocky WILL behind my choice.

I may dance in the dark; with your half naked striper,
I may put between your legs,
My treasures and hard earned eggs
But won't loose my head to your luring, cunning tempter.

My head beneath your troubled waters but I'm still fine,
My feet under your carpet;
Dusty as the old scarlet
But i make bold to stand taller than your revered shrine.

Though I take the shape of you, I can never be you.
I may heed to those your cries
But I know that there are lies.
I may bowed before your feet, i will not worship you.

I am just simple, I am not stupid,
I am only strict, I am not wicked,
I may seem spoiled, but I am still virtuous.

Okim Otu
Nigeria: The Sleeping Giant.

The sleeping giant

Teardrops enough to flood the river nile,
Unemployed graduates queue longer a mile,
My beloved land has remained juvenile.

Tens of tomatoes baskets rots on bad roads,
Farmers still buy gov't 'not for sale' fertilizer
And the fight against graft is steep on pages of newspaper.

The deep pipes are working and dollars is rolling,
Timber is banned but mahoganies keep falling,
Desert encroaching, globe warming, gov't watching.

While sons of senators fly jets to take pictures,
I D P sons dreams in hunger, a bright future
And the widened poverty gap keep pace with speed.

Bandits killed kids and rape women on broad day light,
But soldiers shots peaceful protesters with live arms,
And we called ourselves 'the giant of Africa'

Okim Otu
Fearless

I may float in accordance to the wind's tempo,  
I may stand in the midst of the wildest tempest,  
But like the iroko, I remained unmoved.

The sky may be darkened like the frightening night
And stars falling and causing the most bizarre sight,
But like the roaring lion; i am unafraid.

Though the mountain be lowered and oceans shallowed,
Though my feet be shrunk and wings be falled,
But like the eagle; I will still swiftly soar,

I may sit on trouble waters, but like the rock I'm unshakable,
Though anarchy may loom, i stand unsurmountable,
Though i shrouds from seeming dangers in caution, I'm fearless.

Okim Otu
To Thrive Is Life.

A Long walk through the desert;
With a long face like the horse
Engirdled as the seagirt;
By gentle sea with no force.

You have walk along dry sand
Enduring the scorching sun
And the bangle in your hand
Heavier than intended fun.

Put off all heavy burden
Inflicted on you by self
And tame life's free garden
Than sink in voidable delf.

Days unfold not to make you old,
Nor sunshine to scorched your skin,
Nor it rains to make you cold,
Nor the wind to trash your zinc.

The sun, the moon.. ought to thrive
To me and you; to thrive is life,
Instead of frowning at lives
Arise and make alive; your life.

Though the sun shine; thrive!
Though the rain falls; thrive!
Though the wind blows; thrive!
All you got to do is thrive!

Okim Otu
The Rebirth 2

Love no longer radiate like the raven,
Injustice now risen to high heaven,
Bloated egos rules the high and lowly,
Unfitted and stained sleeves; show off proudly.

The okra plant has outgrown it planter!

Kids eating with elders; with hands uncleaned,
In the presence of elders; palm nuts burned,
Toads strolling at noon without being pursue,
Abominations appraised as virtue.

Oh okra plant has outgrown it planter!

Stars and ravens who displayed great radiance
Shall sit in place of man; with elegance
The almighty who gave man dominance
Can also make stones and grasses advance.

So okra plant can't outgrow it planter.

Okim Otu
The Rebirth

When on their own land; Kings becomes strangers
And Queens taken by drunken soldiers,
When on unguarded and stray paths prince walk
And servants ride gorgeously on horseback.

The cries of orphans shall be heard beyond!

When the best suddenly lacks precision
And pride sits on exalted positions,
When love slaves in egocentric places
And truthfulness burns on lying furnaces.

The cries of orphans shall be heard beyond!

This madness will crumble before our sight,
The hand of the Lord will show up in might,
To birth for our sake a new beginning;
Where justice prevail and joy unending.

The cries of orphans would've been heard beyond.

Okim Otu
Valley Of Choices

Flashes of brilliant lightning,
Glimpses of adoring beauty,
Lightning, so bright and shinning
Beauty, tender and comely
To apprise the mind that is willing
And adorn the soul that is ready.

Portion of gloomy shades,
Iota of impurity,
Gloom no light can penetrate
Impurity so filthy,
To Clout the mind that is laden
And enslave the soul that is jittery.

You stand in this valley of hills
To perform this choice of freewill
If because of it, your dreams are killed,
Only on you the shame be filled.

Okim Otu
Prisoner Of The Ego

Ego made me feel of myself highly,
Set me apart, set me against brothers,
You made me feel separate and lonely,
Made my face to shade, no longer glitters,
Even blinded to perceived small glisters,
On self my mind's centered, selfishness looms
All the fear resisted turn persisters,
Beauty wails but I can't see through this gloom.

Okim Otu
Enslaved And Alone

This tripartite union I dare to breach
Cos I have the jungle within my reach
But I am still prey to mere devourer,
I'm energy yet in search of power.

I'm creator at the mercy of creature,
Compelled to see the mind as main feature
While my spirit is enslaved and alone;
The body ages and death's time unknown.

A Victor enduring as a victim,
Sacred being trapped in this humans pilgrim
With great tidings of confidence and hope
Worth contemplating but uneasy to cope.

I'm slave in a multiverse of freedom,
Alone amidst many, cos no wisdom.

Okim Otu
The Commandment Called Love

Love is a commandment, not a plea,
Love is a way of life; not emotions,
Love is spiritual; not mundane,
Love is openness not secrecy.

Love is in doing not in talking,
Love is valuing not despising,
Love is in giving not receiving,
Love is sacrifice not withholding.

Okim Otu
I Am The Universe

The big owl's eyes sees this marvel humbly,
The same which drop tears down my cheeks softly
That which I call light she says is darkness
See what I endeared as reality mess.

I wake to this bounded body depress,
This which shows me limitation endless
Yet feels boundless energy within me
Even as far the galaxy may be.

If with mother the moon didn't aligned
In love, would i have ever been conceived?
If not the sun shine on vegetation
With kindness, would I have ever eaten?

If not for water that quenches my thirst
And cool my head, I may have died of thirst
The sun, the moon, the trees, the sea... is me.
I'm the universe, the universe; me.

Okim Otu
Oh Do Not Forget So Soon. (Suicide Is Profane)

When climbing the hilltop seem no longer in sight
And day become shorter and longer the night,
When the hands can't grab the dreaming goods of the mind
And the head can't grasp any more, tends to abscind,
The heart begin trembling and the spirit failing,
The ugly hand of death turned soft and comforting.

Oh do not forget so soon;
The great beauty of this life
Ever faithful mother earth:
The dancing leaves of the trees
The adorable flowers
The brilliant smiles of the sun
The humid looks of the sky
The stillness of the sea
The sane silence of the night
The cool morning breeze
The beautiful smiles of mothers
The innocent charm of kids
The glowing faces of ladies
Oh do not forget so soon.

You see death as freedom
Why not seek the freedom in life?
You think in death is rest?
Yet can't seek the rest in life.

If you know that you are a piece of life
And that you can never end life,
Only your illusion is about to be ended,
Will you rather awake from your illusion,
Or end what you never knew how it started?

Oh do not forget so soon that life is sacred,
Do not forget so soon that suicide is profane.

Okim Otu
There Is Stillness In Every Headache

There is stillness in every headache,
Light at the end of every tunnel,
There is a silence in every noise,
A shiny Sun after every rain.

There is comfort in every tear drop,
Solution wrapped in every problem,
There's a wage after every labour,
A silver line in every dark cloud.

There is a smile behind every frown,
There is love in every sacrifice,
There is dawn after every long night,
There's always Peace after every war,
There's always an end to every storm,
There is beauty in every ugliness.

Okim Otu
Only If I Knew I Wouldn't Have Read

Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
I wouldn't have read those scary scriptures
That obsesses my heaven, with hell's dread
And thwart my ambition to get richer

I wouldn't have read those cruel history
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
Of my forefathers forceful slavery,
That brought between black and white loggerhead

Some jump into sea, flouting any thread
Fully arrange in ships like fish in pack
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
History that took humanity back

I wouldn't have read the exploitation
Of which great men died trying to defend,
Of our dear land, called colonization
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read.

Okim Otu
A Prayer Of The Faithful

In the sky written in gold my name
The wind has blown to me my fame
My walk through the desert brought me gain
The tears are dried, my joy exceed the pain.

Sunlight enlightened my face
Lock track adhere to my race
Long days of loneliness are past
No more a minute of hunger else a fast.

Although life may be unfair
God's love sees me through the stair.
Darkness may fill up my night
I rise again in the morning with Jesus' light.

Okim Otu
Beautiful Ending

Oh see tears rolling down my cheeks
see how burden my heart is
my most cherished one is gone
oh death has taken my heart away
and my mind is going astray
why hurt me along this way?
why now that it's still the day?
now that the sun is just rising
and her face just started shining
you show your valour without pitying.

Though in tears I make some smile
knowing she won't drawn in the nile
she lived a life more than a mile
her soul will rest in God bosom
Where then oh! dreadful death,
the fearful sting of your valour
show me the might in your colour
when mum who you take
is sitted in faith
with Christ in whom we were save.

Okim Otu
Mistake Of My Forefathers

My forefathers never lived a half life,
We are the ones whose lives is incomplete,
Since they didn't know how to drive a car
so didn't knew what is Global warming.

My forefathers were great friends of nature
They live freely in caves in the forest
We are better off, we are civilize being
We build secured mansions and skyskrappers.

The mistake of my forefathers was what?,
That they didn't harm nature like we do?
And causes her to mutate and in turn,
cause us illnesses that they never knew?

This civilization we pride ourselves
threatens the survival of our planet
And continuity of human speciess
Like the dinosour, we have doomed ourselves.

My forefathers did well, their only mistakes
Is that they conserved and preserved so much
That we who lives after them can know life,
But we're leading ourselves to extinction.

Okim Otu
The Mind Gospel

Think carefully so you will not stink
Stirred and crowded waters so dirty
Swim cautiously so you will not sink
So your white raiment be not filthy.

Say what is worth, words are hunter's arrow
Once shot can not be return
Even melodious like the sparrow
If not watch can take one down

Be upright, action has consequence
Whoever choose to sow wind
No matter how long he stands the sequence
Must make bold to reap whirlwind.

Beware of what you do daily
It becomes your habit
There your character is built firmly
And your soul liberate from fear's pit

Okim Otu
False Smile

I put on to deceive the world; this smile
I am so sick of this journey; not fine
With fathomless distances of great mile
known to the knower, yet unknown to mine.

The more I feed; less satisfied I feel
Though I flick a thousand pages in pain
With a candid hope of clarity’s heal
But gloomy cloud holding my wondrous rain.

I am not fine, sick of this clouded mind
Though the sun smile on me with loving rays
To enlighten my mind; an act so kind
I am still entangled in awful ways.

My heavy heart won't stop me from smiling,
Though you called it false, it cost me nothing.

Okim Otu
Who to end poverty
In our era of adversity?
Anthill of men we constitute,
Turn us mostly to destitute
Even the marshal plan fail.

The wealthy disturbed to engrave
From the cradle to the grave,
From each according to his ability,
To each according to his essentiality,
The American dream refuse to sail.

We reap rotten egg;
From the foreign aids.
Though smile of winners who prosper
Also tears of lossers who suffer
Government agenda leaves no trail.

Lovely upon which they think,
Sadly haven't stop the stink,
As wives endures matrimonial pain
Alas enjoy marvelous gain
Law of nature cannot be jail.

Okim Otu
One With God

If your life is not pleasing
to God
It can never be pleasant to you
And you will be a nuisance to life.

The only way to please God
Is knowing God
And the only way to knowing God
Is knowing that you are one with God.

Okim Otu
A Touch From An Angel

As I sit gazing under the tree's crotch,
I am caught in an awe beyond measures,
It seems so glaring that I have been touched
Touch instantaneously where I treasures.

At the comeliness of nature I stared,
Within her subtle beauty I was snared,
Though in stormy weather I was floating,
Calm waters now cool my head like a spring.

Warm air breath out of my nostrils slowly,
The tree flags it wagging leaves joyfully
And I wake to this apparent union
Shrouded in mystery as dens of lion.

No more heavy burdened like a camel
Surely, this touch must be from an angel.

Okim Otu
Plight Of The Mundane

As I lay down to sleep,
My eyes close to the world
But through the earth I seep,
My head so nicely pearled
Frighten by underworld,
As light glow in Stillness
So must my head uncurled
And cure this pettiness.

The world has called it right
The best path worth pursuing,
The church has ground it might
Suffering and smiling,
Shrouds essence of living
And clout my mind with dust,
Sway me away from being
To pride myself in lust.

I can feel the power
which reside within me,
Intrinsic energy
Woven around my heart,
All that is beautiful,
Wise and ideal I see
Whence one with being and still.

Okim Otu
Admiration Of My Ideal Beauty

Beauty that always stands,
Cherishness that enhance
when glowing faces fade
And scented skins enshade.

The mind of men may stray
When taste is off the way
but beauty that lies beyond the eyes
Always freezes the heart just like ice.

Beauty that lies beyond good mime,
Fragile but stand the taste of time,
Adorn in array of modesty
With warm hearty smile of chastity.

Beauty only the mind can see,
That always rise above the sea.

Okim Otu
When I Fall I Rise

When I fall
I lay bare in the very essence I was made
I get this hard hit I need to be what I must
When I fall I rise

When I fall
I fall deep to the place where my ideal self lives
I put my hands round my head to the place of my being
When I fall I rise

As the grave opens it mouth for me
I rather see a door to freedom
Though darkness may abound where I laid
As the brilliance of fire, light that is.
When I fall I rise

Okim Otu
Quiet Fane

Clouded skies can't hold back the rain,
Loud bane queue to cause pain,
Bettlebrowed monster stands amain,
Shroud safely in quiet fane.

Though you appear in this dormant,
Caste in strata but vain
Becoming you and real and sane
Is like illusive lane.

To walk the path so long as train;
Instead fly an airplane
Or sleep in cage with hand enchain;
Better pray in quiet fane.

Stop those struggle in muddy plane
With swine that cause this stain,
Bow aright like the sugarcane
And wait the time to reign.

Okim Otu
Today's Love

If you learn what love is meant
You will cry to what is sent
Those who feels are in true love
Made it their greatest resolve.

In tears weeping as though a curse
Guiding jealous and vain discuss
Hope of men in dying ravage
Even as if there is no salvage.

The ideal issue in the virtue
Drift in careless conscience like tissue
While the right content are sacrificed
The evil practice are certified.

Love was made not to enslave
Selfish men now in cave
Promises which we claim
Ended rudely in blame.

Okim Otu
A Dance In The Dark

Tempting Shadows shade gloomy reflection,
Venereal hype soothen me in a park,
Trouble impends in glorious proportion,
A pleasure to watch; this dance in the dark.

Impartial confidence discommodes me,
Tainted moves hacking inside my bosom,
In a weird dream of strippers I may be
But perceives a stage full of dancing domme.

Move little closer, a little closer
Elate her ego with flatterous rhyme
This warm embrace even makes me hotter
Though slippery this mountain i must climb.

This pleasure so much anticipated
Last only but seconds, I regretted.

Okim Otu
I Am Not What You Said I Am

I am not what you said I am
I am better than what you know
The mind that exude thought I damn
I am not stream of thought, I crow!

Why so great I graced my feeling
I am not what you said I am
Where anguish is sourced and reeling
Emotion luring me to cram

I adore my body like mam
You said through dust I embody
I am not what you said I am
I am also not the body

I am; the knower of the known,
Awareness behind truth and flam,
I am the space that holds the known
I am not what you said I am.

Okim Otu
Take Off The Veil And Live

Take off the veil of belief
That robs and blind you
That you may see the mischief
That ends around you.

What did the stars believe in?
That they shine a dazzling smile,
And with all your lucency
Can't shine as bright as the lease?

What did flowers believe in?
With beauty so adoring,
Can your fashions and make-ups
So compare the very lease?

Why won't you be heartsick,
Why won't you feels empty?
When you just exist instead of live.
Belief that makes you maime and kill
Turn precious you to monster
Is nothing less than folly.

Take off the veil and live
That you may see the beauty
Craving for you to have
Take off the veil and live
That you may see the wisdom
laying waste within you.

Okim Otu
A Sonnet Of Love

My life is meaningful with you beside
You soothe my heart like sunshine after rain
My dreams are alive with you by my side
You heat up my cold and make my skin plain.

When you were away, I endured alone,
The burning in my heart could cook a stone
But with loving feelings emanated,
From your soft sounding voice, the grief melted.

I have yearned for someone I can live with
But you are someone I can't live without
Like a trapped fish, your hook will I drawn with,
Like quokkas, your joy I can't do without.

Let this beautiful feelings form the dot
And drives us to paradise's mildest spot.

Okim Otu
Wise Fools

You are homosapien,
but wisdom is your foe
You easily send men to moon,
yet can't check a brother next door
You are a peace maker,
your home is doom in chaos
You Care so much about me
and let me alone to die
Caress me, soothe my head
and accept the quarrel
You are homosapien,
but wisdom is your foe.

You are homosapien
but wisdom is your foe
Fool teaches in your schools
knowledge waste in your streets
Your light shine so bright
and lead you to darkness
You surround yourself with comfort
and goes to bed in grief
Spent billions in endless wars
and children sleeps in hunger
We are homosapien
But wisdom is our foe.

Okim Otu