

Poetry Series

# Okim Otu

## - poems -



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2026

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

# Okim Otu()

Okim Otu was born in Eshi Borum, in Boki local government area of cross river state of Nigeria. He studied public administration at the Nogak Polytechnic Ikom, cross river state.

He is the founder of Success Linings (a life and relationship coaching firm)

Okim enjoy reading African literature, his best African author is Chenua Achebe.

He has written several works that are yet to be published

He was inspired to write poetry after having a transcendence experience that completely changed his life.

He is a Christian and hold the teaching of Jesus Christ close to his heart.



PoemHunter.com

## Society's Victory

From love's fire, pleasant flames burn bright  
Innocent swirls circulate, tolerance in sight  
Unnamed content boils, twirling with glee  
Vapors of peace rise, justice to see  
Droplets of hope fall, like fine wine's grace  
Kings and nobles raise their cups in praise  
Singing, 'Alas! Society wins, love prevails! '

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# The Language Of Silence

In stillness, I hear aloud  
The quiet whispers of your heart  
A million words unspoken, yet clear  
In the depth of silence, they impart

The weightiness of my soul speaks  
In the language of silence, it seeks  
To convey the depths of our true selves  
In a tongue only the heart can hear, it tells

In this quiet embrace, we find our way  
Through the noise of life's chaotic sway  
And in the stillness, our hearts entwine  
In a love that speaks volumes, all the time.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## False Smile 2

A mask I wear, to hide my pain,  
A disguise to conceal, the tears I've gained,  
A facade of joy, to deceive the sight,  
Though I smile, I am not fine.

With lips upturned, and eyes aglow,  
I pretend to be, what I'm not below,  
A happy face, to hide my fears,  
Though I smile, I am not fine.

In crowded rooms, I wear this guise,  
To blend in seamlessly, with cheerful eyes,  
But deep inside, my heart does ache,  
Though I smile, I am not fine.

Behind the smile, a story unfolds,  
Of struggles and doubts, that never grow old,  
A constant fight, to keep it in place,  
Though I smile, I am not fine.

Okim Otu

## If Life; Why Death

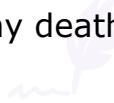
Life bursts forth in vibrant hue,  
A miracle born, both new and true,  
A heart beats fast, a soul takes flight,  
If life, why death?

Memories we hold, so dear and bright,  
Laughter and tears, through day and night,  
Moments we cherish, forever in sight,  
If life, why death?

Youthful dreams, like wildflowers sway,  
Hopes and fears, in endless array,  
Passion and fire, that never fade away,  
If life, why death?

Fading embers, of a life well-lived,  
Legacy remains, though the body's given,  
A fleeting breath, a final goodbye,  
If life, why death?

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Poetry Was Made For Me

Poetry was made from high value diamond  
From pleasurable oasis  
And spring of fresh waters  
Surrounded by bloom of roses

Poetry was made for the stars  
For kings and queens  
For knights and ladies of honour  
For the low and highly spirited

Poetry softness sooth the hardest of hearts  
Making it pump gladness around  
and bringing joyous songs  
like the birth of a new born

Poetry taste like old wine  
Souring to the mouth  
But healing to aching veins  
and lifting weighty souls

Poetry was made for me  
Refreshing my undaunted spirit  
Glowing my smiling face  
Poetry was made for me.

Okim Otu

# Let Me Not Die A Rich Man Death

Let me not die a rich man death,  
Let me not breathe my last breath  
Surrounded by pretenders  
Most of whom I'm their lender  
Though they're crying  
Their heart remain aloof  
I'm in pain dying  
Yet mocked under my roof

Let me not leave behind; castles admirers crave  
Yet weeping helplessly to my grave,  
Let me not die with a will full of assets  
But a heart full of regrets,  
Let me not breathe my last breath  
Amidst those whose tears also kill my soul,  
Let me not die a rich man death  
Let me find rest for my soul.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Courage, Love And Peace.

if I shout aloud  
do not fear  
I shout because  
I have been quiet too long

if I fall  
do not faint  
I fall because  
I have stayed up for too long

if I cry  
do not think I'm weak  
I cry because  
I have been strong for too long

if I die  
do not mourn  
I die because  
I must also live beyond

if I love you  
even when you detest me  
I love you because  
you are a replica of your creator

if I forgive you  
knowing you will hurt me again  
I forgive you because  
we are human and human has flaws

if I am a fool for you  
do not denigrate me  
I'm a fool because  
I want us to live in peace.

Okim Otu

# The New Normal

Serenity now call aloud  
defiling it own nature,  
the sound that willows  
through the window  
more appealing  
than the comfort  
of quiet moment

The rage and fury  
now the new normal,  
the inner voice of conscience  
starved of genuine attention,  
the mind, a prisoner of his own making  
and the spirit yearns  
for steadfast devotion

The war against nature  
torching the sky,  
brother kills brother for fun,  
bizarre ailments  
knocking at our doors  
and we go on and on  
recircling madness  
like we have lost our minds.

Okim Otu

# Nothing Last Forever

The thorny bud that pierces trampling feet  
turn in humble beneficence  
to the blossom rose whose fragrance  
call attention of bees in no small fleet

The rising sun that smile on us a dazzling gleam  
and splices our morning and make our day bright  
turn quickly into the darkened night  
that burden kids with scary dream

Nothing last forever, the swift turn sluggish  
and the strong as days unfolds turn weak  
beauty fades, knowledge freaks  
kings perish and puppets flourish

The cry of the night to the joyful morning song  
nothing last forever  
nothing last forever  
prayers turn testimonies and wailing; victory song

Okim Otu

# Though I Laugh

Though I laugh  
I'm not fine  
I laugh because men don't cry

The heavy burden in my head  
the demons that scared off my sleep  
the pain I couldn't share  
do not make me cry but laugh

though I laugh  
I'm not fine  
I laugh because men don't cry

I smile always not that all is well  
darkness mustn't cover even at night  
because if it does  
it will shade the faces that rely on me to glow

so I must keep laughing  
to keep the light burning  
and the faces shinning

so I laugh  
not that I'm fine  
I laugh because men don't cry

Okim Otu

## Letter To My Brother

as you strive to climb  
the mountain of clarity  
wait with hope and modesty  
at gates of desire and uncertainty  
that you amidst ill will forces will stand highly

beware that the energy  
you exude in thought  
exceed those taken by enemy  
that you waste no precious time  
building castles vainly on the air

beware so too that you alone  
oh brother is your competition  
that you compare yourself with no one  
than who you were yesterday  
and strive to be better each day

hold no grudge of yesterday's deed  
there only hold sway in your memory  
give no much time to tomorrow  
tomorrow lies in the hand of the giver  
treasure your today with all might

that your life will forever be beautiful  
and your days on earth  
though little will be worthwhile

Okim Otu

# Dying In Silence

I can't look at your glowing face  
not that you scare me  
my heart yearn for you

I can't talk to you  
not that I stutter  
my lips, fear has sealed

I am in love with you  
but I can't voice a word  
it's killing me softly; i can't even cry

why this igniting sparks;  
when the fire isn't burning  
why this glittering lantern;  
when the light isn't shinning

will this whisper ever be heard?  
will this silent song  
forever giggles in my heart?

may the breeze blow those simple words to your hearing  
may the raven deliver on time  
these loving inscriptions to your door post  
or I will forever die in silence.

Okim Otu

# Something Big Is About To Happen

anytime I look up the hill  
and engrossed in the effervescence  
that escape slowly to the cloud  
my hopes ignites of a shower  
that will chills the heaps of heat  
dancing shokky on my head.  
the sighting of the rainbow  
from our flooded towns  
bring cheerful songs  
even of hungered kids  
that something big is about to happen,  
the rising sun  
delightful moon  
the songs of birds  
and cheers of kids  
the mountain view  
the ocean waves  
this fine moment  
that swiftly slip off our fingers  
ignites the hope  
that something big is about to happen.  
it is with this hope  
shines every morning's twilight  
on our minds soberly  
and turn us to beautiful souls.

Okim Otu

# The Blessed Pen

blessed is the pen  
with free flowing ink  
that inscribed sanity  
on pages of warrying minds

blessed is the pen  
in the hand of a mind  
with space so vast  
that write of things, not written

that take away veils; of mirages  
and even break cages  
of friendly oppression  
inspiring speeches never spoken

bringing actions so concerted  
that brings the change so dire  
for peace to reign  
in the heart of men.

Okim Otu

# Visit Does End

How high the eagle flies  
How wide it wings  
As moment slipped off our fingers  
It must to lowly dust return

This adorable flower  
How much it's cherished  
By its zealous admirers  
But the sun open its mouth  
And dimmed its glowing beauty

This first cry  
That birthed joyful songs  
Ends with the last breath  
That flows river of tears

Visit does end  
Sojourn terminates  
Travellers return home  
Even of royals  
Even of puppets  
Even of a thousand days  
Visit does end

Okim Otu

## Haiku; The Surest Prediction

All journeys does end  
Life on earth is a journey  
And this too does end

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# The Road To Damascus

Songs of redemption  
inspired by grace  
sang across all hills  
cought up ears  
of sheep once lost  
on the road to damascus  
a place of gloom  
where light is dimmed  
a land that's doom  
yet proudly unashamed

Reconciliation  
on one's own terms  
devoid of compulsion  
freely offered.  
Rise from your slumber  
take this bull's horn  
go the street called straight  
and make yourself one  
with those who alas  
dances to the redemption song.

Okim Otu

# A Break From Reality

Away from infallible daybreak  
from the faithful Sunset  
a glimpse at the timeless  
at the heavenly;  
the everlasting now  
with ceaseless merry

A break from reality  
from the cry of kids  
from sight and sound  
of garbage heaps  
and songs of birds

Away from the rage and fury  
into the loving arms of mars  
where I sanely sleep,  
at the palace of jupiter  
where I ever reigns

This ageless scene  
where I won't grow old  
with streets made of gold  
where milk is free  
and death I can see.  
but will never taste.

Okim Otu

# The Mountain's Call

The mountain calls  
with the gentle breeze  
the plains,  
with it charm and ease

Steps up  
through slippery rocks  
or soft walk  
on flatten grass

To see the sun's smile  
from the peak,  
or hear the rain shower  
on the plain

Only one way I must go,  
I choose the steepy slope  
I'm bound the upward way  
I choose to climb;  
I choose the mountain's call.

Okim Otu

# Dreams

Dreams,  
dreams are the oxygen  
that makes life possible  
they makes our lives beautiful  
like grease, there oils our hopes  
Like beacons of light,  
There guides life's runway  
Dreams are the chisel  
that shaped our destinies.  
keep dreams alive,  
if dreams die  
life turn pale,  
like a bird with clipped wings  
that never fly.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# A Countryman Prayer

Pool of tears  
pregnant with pain  
born out of hate  
intended for the just  
whose deeds speaks volumes  
across all works of life,  
to run our country aground  
and raise the banner of evil  
will turn cool  
and comforting

Never again  
will the eggs of good fortune  
break on the alter of hate  
never again  
will gloomy cloud  
shades our shinning stars.  
may pool of unending tears  
turn treasures of unending joy.

Okim Otu

# Broken To Marvel

Away from broken promises  
from toxic premises  
and broken heart  
pen and paper, my art  
call heartfelt pain tragedy  
pen some lines of melody,  
make worry rhyme with merry  
and pain taste like cherie

paint a picture of fine line  
flowing a stream of fine wine  
opulently brewed  
that changes the mood  
from broken to marvel  
makes angels from devil  
paint themes that exhale  
calmness, so worried lungs can inhale

ears bewilder  
hear sounds of lilting samba  
from verses of poetic sonnet  
like sounds of magical cornet.  
teardrops from eyes as though balm  
sees gleam; in a poem  
as loving flames ignites  
and broken hearts again unites.

Okim Otu

# Someday You Will See

someday you will see  
that the emptiness you felt  
was in your mercy to filled  
since it's the longing of your spirit  
for a little attention  
you could easily give

someday you will see  
what you work so hard to buy  
is what is starving your soul,  
that it was so easy to be happy  
but they sold to you that it was hard  
and you bought it with your life

someday you will see  
if you had savoured each moment you lived  
your life would've been filled with memories,  
that this life is a gift  
that comes in rough wrappings  
but marvellous inside

if someday you will see  
all this to be true  
tell someone not to wait  
because someday can be today

Okim Otu

# The Living Dead

Alive but not living  
a piece of life but unaware  
knows a lot but nothing of himself  
hears sounds afar  
but can't hear his heartbeat  
travels easily to space  
can't visit a neighbor  
Feels lonely  
Amidst a billion galaxy  
builds the tallest tower  
can't build a relationship  
manufactures exotic automobiles  
can't plant a single tree  
like an impoverished land  
that lies underneath it, a treasure  
but remain desolate  
because it never looked inward.  
He is the living dead!

Okim Otu

PoemHunter.com

## Peaceful Night

Away from morning haste,  
from the noise of noon  
and delay of evening  
To the warm embrace  
and calming mildness  
of peaceful night  
that savours hectic day  
with sublime serenity  
and flavours restful sleep  
with it glowing moon.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## Whisper Is A Way Of Life 2

soft sound like brass  
tender melodies like breeze  
sounds that excites the soul  
melodies that refreshes the spirit

like the moaning of the lover  
that leaps the hearts  
and the chirping of the sparrow  
that calls the night

like the singing of the mother  
that lures the child  
like the quiet voice of the conscience  
that guides the will

like the babies first cry  
and the adult last breathe  
like rumors that cause war  
and humour that breaths laughter

whispers litters every nook  
some leaping our hearts  
some winking our might  
but whisper is a way of life!

Okim Otu

# Whisper Is A Way Of Life

the sun whispers to the earth  
and we see the dazzling light,  
lightning whispers to the horizon  
we hear the resounding thunder

the wind whisper to the trees  
we see the dancing leaves,  
the ocean whisper to the sky  
we see the loving rain

husband whisper to his wife  
we hear a baby's cry,  
the roaster whisper to the night  
we see the morning twilight

whispers litters every nook  
some leaping our hearts  
some winking our might  
but whisper is a way of life!

Okim Otu

# Anything For Your Love

My life's essence is anchor on your love  
Your aura revives my spirit  
Your memories ignites my soul  
My heart beat according to your rhythm

Give me pebbles, and I will turn them to bread  
Give me water, I turn it to wine  
Throw me a shade, I make a covering  
Dry up your brook, I flow you a spring

Withers your tree, I plant you a garden  
Show me thorns, I see beautiful roses  
You see burning fire, I see loving flames  
Whisper to my ear, I sing you a song

Drop me a tear, I cry you a river  
Lend me a smile, take dozens of laughter  
Call me king, I slave for you forever  
if I must be fooled, must be by my lover.

Okim Otu

# Summer, Spring And Laughter

summer's adversity strikes,  
the sun open it mouth  
and vent heat that prevents embraces  
and change the sound of my child's cry

from edge to end  
i remain undaunted  
never did I wince or drop a tear  
even with seeming reason to cry

spring time arrives  
the sky adorns with colours,  
flowers bloom, smiles cluster  
and doors open, of delightful laughter.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Death Is Dying

Slowly, death is dying  
as it can no longer  
hold the dead in their grave

The body become soil  
the spirit return to the giver  
and life go on revolving

Death is now dying  
since memories won't stop igniting  
loving flames of those that are gone

Death is now dying  
since minds won't stop shaping  
by the impact of history

it's only dawn, and death is dying  
when it's dusk men will know  
that death is a new kind of birth.

Okim Otu

## Precious Time Take Me 2

precious time take me  
take me to whence mother's arm  
keep me kindly warmth

whence dreaming was fun  
and castle cost less to build  
since it was on beach's sand

take me to nearby bush  
where the stream is comforting  
keeping us cool through heated noon

take me to chilly night  
when cheerful voices sang  
melodies under delightful moon

whence the harmattan cool  
forced kids to the burning fire  
prompting stories that shaped minds

precious time take me.

Okim Otu

# The Boss Don't Care

I'm drowning with the seal  
All his mindings is the deal  
No one cares how I feel  
Who will ask if I'm heal?

This ocean won't show my tear  
This boss care less of my fear  
My dreams turning to despair  
Making money is all he swears

My conscience imprisoned  
My soul is slightly dead  
But daily I must work  
Cos that's how things work

No one knows the sleepless night  
Only wants the shining light  
I'm an investment  
The boss don't care

Been given a couple of cars  
And a nice home  
I must make the returns  
Whether it rains or suns.

Okim Otu

## The Beauty Of Life 4

Thorns and thistles amidst roses  
Fearful dungeons at palaces  
Hades stands side by side with paradise  
And the valley; between mountains peak lies

Beauty glows in the presence of vileness  
Light enkindles in darkness  
Love reverberate in the hearts of hate  
And fear dares to tier apart faith.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Black And Beautiful

The sun rises upon my head  
and sufficed my glowing beauty  
The sun set on my hearts  
and delivered dozens of loving colours  
Out of my right comes pink  
Out of my left goes purple  
I'm white, I'm green  
I'm every colours.

I'm the loving mother  
I'm the caring father  
I'm the respectful child  
I'm the hardworking farmer  
I'm the passionate teacher  
I'm the just judge  
I'm the gallant warrior  
I'm the caring nurse  
I'm the priest of Obatala  
I'm the child of Ajani

Beauty clusters my everything  
my virgin forest that ventilates the earth  
my Nile, my Kilimanjaro  
my gold, my diamond  
my elephants, and kangaroos  
my Mandela, my Mansa Musa  
my Lagos, my Nairobi,  
my Seychelles, my Cape Verde  
I'm Africa  
I'm Black and Beautiful

Okim Otu

# The World Goes On

You walked all day on your knees begging?  
Or weeps all night repenting?  
Meanwhile the world goes on  
The birds are singing their soft song  
And the river, flowing endlessly

You wander?  
Or surrender?  
Meanwhile the world goes on  
The trees remain still  
And the rocks undaunted

The loving radiance of the sun  
Adorning flowers with adoring beauty  
The ocean waves splashing waters  
And the mountain's charming view  
Awesome to falcon's eyes

Time keep going  
Mornings unfolds into noon  
And nights into day  
The world goes on  
Even if you choose not to follow

Okim Otu

# Awake Pleasant Soul

Rest pleasant soul  
Rest and let go  
Of all baggages  
That makes your heart  
heavily laden  
The no-thingness  
Of life is glaring

The trueness of your being  
Is outwitted by none  
why loose sleep when you are  
your own competition.

Cast your nest as further  
the width of the water  
Trend the length of the land  
and dream beyond all minds.

The world is yours,  
Your furtherance  
And your hindrance  
Are your making  
Awake pleasant soul;  
And consciously create  
Your own reality.

Okim Otu

## Lessons From The Tree

The tree's leaves falls in innocent obedience  
To the wind's prominence,  
The sun unfailing luminance  
Reveal the tree overdependence,  
The hurricane's dorminance  
Humbles the tree's preponderance  
But the tree remain consistence  
On giving oxygen and oxygen magnifies the tree's relevance  
since oxygen gives our planet difference  
And brought her her inherence  
The tree's overdependence, innocence and obedience  
Birthed it significance.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## Where Grace Flows Like A Fountain 2

Wisdom leads beauty  
To nearby mountain  
Where pride suffers  
On low pedestal  
But humility is thrill  
With oasis of pleasurable bloom  
And grace flows like a fountain.  
Beauty relishes on grace's flavour  
And on grace wings  
Beauty flies to new height  
Where victory gladly calls,  
Where joy await with open arm  
And peace reign on noble's throne.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Where Grace Flows Like A Fountain

This comely mountains shade  
flaunts like a tinted hue  
with birds wovering  
As if there're being cade  
staring eyes feeds to no clue  
here and there; wandering.

Bearded men climbing slow  
with bald heads but wisdom-filled  
to lead beauty to this mountain  
Where pride's pedestal is low,  
but humility is greatly thrilled  
and grace flows like a fountain.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# The Sun Was There

The sun was there,  
Amidst clusters of planet  
yet our earth it dutifully illuminate  
Offering heat to snow bound wood  
And to a thousand forest: food.

The sun was there,  
When the cockerel's crow  
Awaken sleeping men  
To the soft twilight of effervescent ray  
That pierces chilly morning into brighten day.

The sun was there,  
As tiny seeds fell on filthy ground  
Yet shoot into trees so agile,  
As the bud broke open into a flower so fragile  
into the taste filled fruit.

Yet transformed

The sun was there,  
When men and women stands side by side  
between the aisle exchanging vows  
And in turn flout blatantly  
without any votive.

The sun was there,  
When your sister's tears you wiped  
And your brother; you leaned a helping hand,  
when love you showed  
and happiness you shared.

The sun will be there as witness.

Okim Otu

# Sometimes

Sometimes;  
the sun's loving radiance  
that excites vegetation  
can also be the scorching brilliance  
that burns the skin  
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;  
the rain that excites farmers  
during the planting season  
can let loose and floods their farms  
during the raining season  
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;  
the wind that blows us with cool breeze  
that refreshes our spirits  
can also blow off our roofs  
and render us homeless  
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;  
the people we entrust with our treasury  
will be the first to celebrate our misery  
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;  
those we cherished and cared for  
are the ones who offend us the most  
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;  
A little dreadful  
A little wonderful  
Is what makes life beautiful  
But it's just sometimes.

Okim Otu

# It Cost Nothing

Look your spouse in the eye and smile

it cost nothing

Say hello to a stranger

it cost nothing

Grab a tree and hug

it cost nothing

Wave at a school bus

it cost nothing

Take a walk, stand up and jump

it cost nothing

Go to a river and swim

it cost nothing

So much kindness around

and it cost nothing

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Precious Time Take Me

Precious time take me  
take me to whence kids gathered  
under the glowing moon,  
round the burning fire  
listening to the elderly  
telling stories of history

I have been suffocated  
Suffocated by the smoke and enduring sounds  
Of my neighbors generator  
My sanity Impeded  
Impeded by the noise of social media  
And my creativity is in doubt.

Take me where alongside the flames arose;  
Images that fashioned new frames of art,  
Thoughts that brewed bottles of poetic rhymes,  
Sounds that cooked delicious pots of new songs  
and moves that molded new steps of African dance  
Precious time take me.

Okim Otu

# The Message Of Love

Warm embrace, great fire ignites  
Heartbeats, sounds that excites  
Willowing song of immense delight  
Deep song the soul recites  
Where the guardians are knights  
Where darkness clouds like night  
And fraying hands cuddling tight  
But love kindly brought light  
Light that shone dark tunnel bright  
And blew cool breeze aright  
Sending her message polite  
'That sons and daughters must unite'

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# I Give Thanks

I give thanks for the rising sun that smile on our earth with radiant light

I give thanks for love which fire ignites pleasant flames that illuminates darkened hearts and twirls tolerance in men's lives

I give thanks for the thunderstorm of hope that resonates from distance land to grant us the greatest relief

I give thanks for the rain of redemption from heaven; that floods our valley with kind waters and floats us to new height where victory gladly calls

I give thanks for the exquisite moon that excites village kids to night games of hide and seek

I give thanks for the air I breathe that I hardly notice, for the plant bud that broke open into the beautiful flower and the colourful butterfly that turns them to tasteful fruits

I give thanks for the beauty that abound in nature that spreads its branches like the flamboyant tree that the world can see

the dazzling speck of the star  
the beautiful melody of the bird

I give thanks for my undaunted mind which pierces through hardened rocks fearlessly, that stare at the whirlwind and dares the hurricane.

for all this I give thanks and for those still unnoticed.

Okim Otu

# Nature's Pictures

Beauty smears the face  
of the ugly owl  
with it glowing colors  
like the smile of the sun  
on morning dew.

Sunlight tinders the dark wood  
with radiance and gleam  
and the sparrow's melody  
soothing ears of harden rocks.

The stream flows through valleys  
watering root of fruitful trees  
and the thunder beat  
rave some to joyous dance.

The flowers fragrance  
excite visiting butterfly,  
The bee's hardwork  
brings us sweet honey,  
This pictures in our minds  
bring smiles in our faces.

Okim Otu

# Story For The Gods

Another electioneering is upon us and suddenly  
Picture of the big man buying akara  
From the roadside seller  
Is trending on the internet,  
The rep is meeting his constituent  
and they clap their filthy hands  
To draw our attention.

They have come again with the same old story;  
But this time we will tell them  
That's 'story for the gods'

They are upon us with coolers of food  
They are upon us with brown envelopes  
They are here with Ak 47 and riffles,

To feed us a day and take our food for four years,  
To buy our conscience  
And to kill our dream of a better nation.

But we won't say yes!  
we will arise and together fight  
these enemies masquerading as leaders  
we will use our votes to rescue our nation  
from these blood thirsty beasts  
sucking our common patrimony  
and making our land desolate.

When they sing the same old songs  
we with one voice will say  
'that's story for the gods'

Okim Otu

# What Is Life About?

Life is about love  
That flows around like a spring  
And glows like a queen,

Not always status,  
Life is more about service  
To humanity.

What is life about?  
Life is more about giving  
Not about getting

Sharing happiness  
And creating joyous moments  
And smiles all around.

Preserving nature;  
Mother earth beauty conserved  
For those yet unborn.

What is life about?  
life is more about impacts  
That stands the time test.

Like a golden gift  
Delivered in rough wrappings  
But awesome inside.

Okim Otu

# Take Off Oh Death; This Your Veil

Take off oh death; this your veil  
That makes your face so ugly  
You are neither scary,  
Allow your heart be unveil.

You keep your head so high,  
Your shoulders above your chest,  
This made men fear your vest  
Cause they feel you make them die.

Why does your heart seems so pure  
And helping hands stretched wide,  
From where then comes this pride  
That men says cannot be cure?

You take sick men from distress;  
You save old men sidelined;  
Are this acts so unkind  
That women weep and stress?

Clear us this uncertainty  
That paint you as monster  
I'ant sure you are finer  
Show your identity.

Okim Otu

# Love Needs No Introduction

Love needs no introduction  
She is like a young woman  
Whose beauty calls attention  
Of the admiring young man

Love spreads her elegant branches  
Like the flamboyant tree  
From far away distances  
That the world can see

Love sings her song so gently  
So soft and tender  
But the melody  
Travels even to yonder

Love's fire so hard to ignite  
But when it tinder  
Her dazzling gleam excite  
All her zealous admirer

Though lost in aliens territory  
Love needs no introduction  
Her exquisite smiley  
Bring along warm reception.

Okim Otu

## Hard To Crack

Dark cloud eminently cover,  
Cobweb annoyingly hover  
where sunlight could've win some smiles  
And pollinators could've bring new fruits,  
Giants trees the hurricane uproot  
And forced us to deserted miles.

Rain upon rain our shelter shattered  
And food baskets completely emptied,  
Our doors; hunger knock like the lender,  
Round and round the wind unkind  
Now blows as the monkey mind  
But like the stubborn fly we won't surrender.

They scared us with wind,  
We showed them whirlwind  
They held our feet back  
To pebble us with pebble  
But never did we tremble.  
Because we are hard to crack!

Okim Otu

# Outburst

Silence can't silent  
Quietness no longer quietens  
Nothingness overshadow all space  
And meaning meaning meaninglessness.

The night is long  
The wait enough  
Drowsiness eminent  
And sleep the last option

Come quickly Lord.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# What Matter When Nothing Else Matters

what matters when nothing else matter?  
when fear fades on brilliant cloud  
and life stares at us it true essence.

when perception bow at reality's altar  
and words becomes merely sounds  
when beauty clusters every nook  
and wisdom flows through all crannies

when gold becomes only shinny metals  
and money paper with people's head  
when the whole of your past flashes before you  
and inventory calls are put forward to you

what will matter then  
when nothing else matter  
is all that really matters.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Please Don't Cry

When I cry shed no tears  
When I die please don't cry  
Life is a journey  
Death it destination  
We all are in this journey  
And some day we shall arrive  
And when it's my turn  
Please don't cry  
Celebrate my defeat  
Because there have come to an end  
But mourn also the winnings  
There too have ended  
But don't cry  
I have only gone beyond  
Awaiting your return  
Where we part no more  
So please don't cry.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# My Palm Tree - A Friend Indeed

When the rain is gone  
And the land is drained  
When leaves are withered  
And trees struggle to stay alive  
Oh! Then my palm tree sprouts  
It lively branch to give me shade

When plants feed on food reserved  
And flowers fall to sunlight scorch  
Then oh! Then my palm tree bears  
Hefty fruits that gladden my heart

You brought me hope  
In desperate times  
You showed you are reliable  
In time of need  
Oh! my palm tree  
I admired your kindly quest.

Okim Otu

PoemHunter.com

# Every Creature Adores The Almighty

Every creature adores the almighty  
With reverend certainty  
From the magnificent ocean  
To the tiny grain of sand  
Every creature adores the almighty

The night in it gloaming twilight  
The stars in their shiny speck  
And the sun in her loving radiance  
Every creature adores the almighty

The little sparrow with its beautiful song  
The resounding thunder with its frightening tune  
The whirlwind in its violent quest  
Adores his majesty! The Lord almighty.

Every creature adores the almighty  
With awesome steadfastness  
From the bud that broke open into a beautiful flower  
To the frontiers of open desert which no plant survived  
Every creature adores the almighty

The mountain dew showering on heated shrubs  
The tree with its wagging leaves  
And the rock in its undaunting demeanour  
Every creature adores the almighty.

Okim Otu

# Imperfect Me

If I was sitted on the throne of grace  
With angels and archangels  
Where iota of darkness can't be trace  
And solemn songs sprawled, of holy evangels

Then like martyr will I be stone  
Or hung to death at night  
If I erred or stray to paths unknown  
Or on my deeds demons take delight

But I am human with scores of flaw  
Weaknesses hunting me like a hawk  
Faults making me stay on fearsome awe  
And I trail in this hassling walk

And If I err  
And err and err,  
Please forgive  
And forgive and forgive

I'm a fallible human being  
Striving to become divine  
Earth is filled with imperfect being  
Perfection belong to the Divine.

Okim Otu

## October 1st

Freedom called like a resounding thunder  
And the wind of hope swung  
Across the Sahara towards the river Niger  
A new song was chanted on the peak of obudu mountain  
A new child was birth at the west of Africa  
On October 1st 1960.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## Last Last

Though you were engaged with a diamond ring  
Or under a cicamon where birds sing  
Last last it's the same yes I do

Though you fly first class  
Or squeezed in economy with no class  
Last last you will touch ground at same time

Though you groove with an iPhone thirteen  
Or endure a refurbished andriod  
Last last you end up in the same internet

Though you resides at the city centre  
Or down town at the slums  
Last last you both breath the same oxygen

Though you flaunt your bloated ego  
Or keep a calm head  
Last last people will still complain

Be you king or puppet  
Be you rich or poor  
Last last you all will die.

Okim Otu

# Snakes In The Garden

I own a flourishing garden  
But there are snakes in the garden  
To scare the hell out of me  
Or bring the best out of me.

Do I build a wall so high  
To keep the snakes away?  
Do I learn the hard way;  
To be strong so together we may stay?

This daunting choice I must make  
And I choose, I choose to be strong  
For strength is all  
That commemorate with being.

I choose to welcome the tempt,  
I choose to endure the bites,  
That's the way I must go  
Since my wish is to grow.

Okim Otu

# The Sun Refused To Set

Out of the depth of the deepest sea  
Flows extreme joy I seek,  
Up high at the highest peak  
Lay waste the wisdom I crave.

Curtain closed to my aspirations,  
White flags raised in my battles  
And I am in this valley  
With a heart filled with grief

But the Sun refused to set  
While I was still on labourers kits.

Thunderstorms of hope  
Resonate from distant land  
Where I hardly thought  
Will come the least relief,

Rain of redemption from heaven came  
And flooded the valley with kind waters  
While I floats to new heights  
Where victory gladly calls.

Just because the sun refused to set  
While I was still on labourers kits.

Okim Otu

# The Beauty Of Silence

Quieting peace that heals,  
Sublime calmness quite ideal  
And awe-inspiring tenderness  
That spice up solitude bliss;

Silence offers tear dropping joy  
Of paradise mildest spot.  
Tranquiling confused heads,  
Soothing troubled minds  
And mollifying heartfelt pain.

Silence!  
Where creativity do the open call  
Silence!  
Where God speaks to listening ears  
Silence!  
Where I am truly I.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# This Gentleman

This gentleman with loyal friends with  
Hands of service to humanity, his  
Interest firmly on the poor and lowly,  
Serving wholeheartedly like a servant though a king

Gentle in character  
Elegant in actions  
Non-discriminatory in speech  
Tender as the rose??  
Loving as a nursing mother  
Exemplary in leadership  
Mindful that he is part of the universe  
And conscious of precious moments passing by and  
Never letting one passed unnoticed.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Faceless

The face of the poor has paled  
His voice finally cracked  
He is faceless  
He is voiceless.

Though hardship has made for him a coat  
And trouble hung around his neck a note  
But no one seem to see his plight cause he is faceless.

Though he wailed aloud in pain  
And wallowed on deserted plain,  
No one seem to hear him cause he is voiceless.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Life Is A Game

Life is a game  
You ride on rules to fame  
But you give yourself the rules  
And if you didn't infringed those rules  
On the right and peace of the man next door  
Then soaring like an eagle be sure  
High and higher on victorious skies  
And your praises on distant land forever flies.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## The Beauty Of Life 3

Nature flows effortlessly in time  
Time goes round and round in nature.

Summer rain never falls in winter  
Winter snow never falls in summer.

Mountain envied the depth of the valley  
Valley wishes it was the mountain.

Water freezes into ice  
Ice melted into water.

Earth provide food for man  
Man dies and become earth.

If the fish has wings  
it wouldn't have swim,  
If the eagle has fins  
It wouldn't have fly.

The tree may grow taller  
But cannot reach the sky,  
The ocean can travel wider  
But cannot overcome the earth.

That's the beauty of life.

Okim Otu

## Poetry Is Bliss

When I'm glue to lustful thought,  
When the veil of righteousness falls  
While I stand on wallowing ground  
Oh my sweet poetry calls  
There along is my travelling path,  
There alone my Joy is found.

When I'm soaked on thrilling bliss,  
When my soul is greatly enriched  
Know then that my poetry call  
Have I delightedly answered.  
Poetry brings immeasurable pleasure  
Far beyond what I can write.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Poetry Set Me Free

When I'm restless,  
I write  
And what I write when I'm restless  
Proceeds with absolute beauty  
And the splendour a palace.

When I'm restless,  
I write  
And what I write when I'm restless  
Brightens my mind and leaps my spirit to heavenly places  
Where joy and serenity resides.

What I write when I'm restless  
Flows freely with the ease of a river  
Effortless, through gullies and hills  
Carrying along it messages of peace  
Even to alien territories.

Poetry set me free from chains of restlessness,  
Because when I'm restless  
I write poetry  
And it brings me peace.

Okim Otu

# Love Always Wins

Beautiful symphony of love  
From array of benevolence  
Sings aloud in orchestral sequence  
With peaceful apparels of a dove.

Confronted by impenetrable darkness of hate  
Carried by dirty hands of vanity  
In plains of immorality  
Where even the brightest of light cannot radiate.

Love lifted her face of hope  
And vanquished bloated egos,  
Love strike brilliant light of modesty  
And impenetrable darkness waved the white flag in defeat.  
Surely, love always wins.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Reminiscing

Reminiscent memories on gentle gear;  
Your sweet symphony goes too quickly to yester year  
Swing calmly within reachable bosom  
So my heart may enjoy therefrom.

Whence on cradle bed I laid  
Whence on mother's arm I wade  
Oh sweet memories may  
Let me rest in solitary way.

Whence on childish happy day  
Whence the world in dreams obey  
Then for joyful spray I crave  
Then with heartfelt love I gave.

Graceful morning as school boys pray  
Whence time fly on midday play  
Ever exciting moonlight runs  
With cocoyam stem's crafted guns.

Oh! sweet reminiscent memories  
Don't end this beautiful melodies.

Okim Otu

## Peaceful Rain

Peaceful rain, rain on us  
Pools of pleasant water  
To wipe sorrowful tears  
And cool heated tempers,  
To calm worrying hearts  
And enrich deserted land  
Peaceful rain, rain on us  
Pools of pleasant water.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# Blood On The Flag

There is bloodstains on the flag,  
The green, white and green flag  
It's the blood of innocent children who died of measles  
Because govt official siphoned the fund meant for it fight,  
It's the blood of pregnant women who died during labour  
Because midwives where on strike due to unpaid salaries.

Crying echoes on the street of Aso rock,  
It's the cries of widows  
Whose husbands insurgents killed,  
The cries of orphans  
Whose parents fall victims to police brutality  
Ours is a soaring flag  
But planted on a sickened land

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

## Moments Of Bliss

Blissful moments stay with me  
Stay here with me in solitude;  
In this doorway of freedom  
That smiles enlightening welcomes,

Stay here with me in this rituals  
That breaks me open like the bud  
And make me blossom as the rose  
Blissful moments stay with me.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

# 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



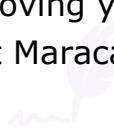
PoemHunter.com

## 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# Tell 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  
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



PoemHunter.com

# 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 angels,  
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



PoemHunter.com

# Life Is A Dance

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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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

PoemHunter.com

## 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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 with 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



PoemHunter.com

## 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

PoemHunter.com

## Prisoner Of The Ego

Ego made me feels of myself highly,  
Set me apart, set me against brothers,  
You made me feels 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

## 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 specieess  
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



PoemHunter.com

# Who To End Poverty?

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 losers 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

## 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

## 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 dormain,  
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



PoemHunter.com

# 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 traped 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



PoemHunter.com

## 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 on enless wars  
and children sleeps in hunger  
We are homosapien  
But wisdom is our foe.

Okim Otu