

Poetry Series

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen
- poems -

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Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen(21st May,1975)

' My Home Away From Home'

When through earth's dusty path i roam
Nightfall let me return home!
For within its four wall shall i find
Warmth and comfort of every kind!
But when worldly ventures doth beckon
That far away from home i shall finally begone
Let me paint thy face upon the canvas of my heart
And write on its page, few lines of thy sweetest part
For when the world shall curse me to hate
And every journey seems a little too late
When travel sore i find no resting place
Search among crowds and see no memorable face
Then those lines of thy sweet part i verse my poem,
Shall be my comfort, my home away from home!

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' Our Seed Of Love'

If like an apple, ours is meant to be
That a little bite more, a little us less
Then let us as gentle as we can be
Take each bite even as we regress
Till we eat deep into our love's flesh
And nothing more in us to bless
For apple season must come and go
Such path all things must flow
But an apple has many seeds
A little soil and a little moist it needs
Sunshine and a little kiss of life
To give green to its tiny leaf
Pray as we swallow that final part
Ours will grow again in the fertile soil of our heart! !

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A Hand For My Perfect End

Does it hurt so bad
So much to make you mad?
Does it rip your heart apart
So that your strenght depart?
Does it wear you inside out
And bring your tears running south?
Yes! It does more to me
For all the good there be
It turns my sweat crimson flood
And my wounded soul dripping blood
Yet through the death of some of me
Even in the midst of my solemn plea
I find this strenght within
And a voice chanting ' thou shall win'
So out with those pain and sweat- turned red
Out with those heat and south bound tears
Even my wounded soul that bled
And the host of my mortal fears
All shall this moment lend
A hand for my perfect end

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A Lady's Worth

Give me a penny worth of love
Its more than many ornaments could prove
Spare me a morsel of charity
Taste let me, thy sweet kiss seasoned into eternity
Save for me a single memorable smile
To carry me forever mile to mile
Look into my eyes and say 'i love you' with all bravery
Prove that thou art to my own usury
Adorn all grace, and me thy beloved, woo me
Yes! To the marraige of two souls shall we be
Release all thy passion, and upon me spend
Two flames will leap beyond mortals end
Be my breath, my light and my happiness
And thee, my love, forever shall i bless! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

A Letter From The City

He sends me a letter from the city
With a postcard of glittering towers ag'st the sun
He paints a picture of wonders and beauty
Of civilization in her splendour burn

He writes of paved roads and pedestrians
Where walk the sea of humanity
I read of billboards and road signs
That grace every nook and every cranny

He speaks of trams and trains
Of countless cabs and buses
And overhead, of flying planes
With shiny boats on blue waters

He talks of light of different hues
That keep city life forever young
Of reds, of yellows, of greens and blues
Where gods tread among men all day long

'Boy! You need a life' he addresses me
Away from bushpaths and redish earth
Come, taste the city and be free
And mingle with men of richly worth

Here, where life is monotonous and slow paced
I read his tales of city fast lanes
And how all highways are closely linked
Not just to the hills and the open plains

Great excitement fills my humble heart
For my friend indeed is happy there
Yet a sad feeling rend me apart
To see how plain my life is down here

And as two rivers in their confluence
I carry both joy and sadness side by side
And wondering how both moods thus influence
And come to dampen my rural pride

I read his note over and over again
And wonder why he didnt add the strife
And all the troubles and pain
That marr the city's everyday life

He didnt speak of the sun over the hills
Or the fresh morning breeze upon my skin
And how the beauty of nature fills
Us everyday without and within

I like the city walls and bright light
I love the country's simple way
I like the city lighting in the night
I love the blooming flowers of May

I read his letter once more
With smiles i fold it neatly
And take two steps towards the door
To be with nature peacefully!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

A Lover's Plight

My blood shall run down my lover's sword
My throat parched till i lost my vaguest word
In the river of my own tears, let me drown
But i have, with my mortal lip not forsworn
My days are slained, murdered in love's drearies
Night in daylight, O nights, my darkest miseries
Sorrow my comfort, and joy, my pain
For love's malady has infested my vein
Sick i now, with no cure in sight
For only love can heal a lover's plight
Fetch then the one i love the most
To give life to my love once lost
Then shall my tears and fears begone
For love has torn, and love has worn!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

A Rose For Mary

I think about her in her old purple dress
As I walk pass our local inn- Bloomheight
And how, by these cool sea breeze we bless
Our day, and chat the evening into night

She would tell me of orchid; of lily and Rose
How she loved tulip, violet and carnation
She would sing a song and write me a prose
And read my poem with great admiration

We would talk of love, of life and our 'morrow
And the beautiful cities we loved to see
Then share our bread, our joy and sorrows
Every evening under the same coconut tree

Then come those moments of golden silence
Each with a vision of never-ending love
And sweet laughters that follow thence
As we speak of beauty beneath and above

I think about her bobbypin of yellow butterfly
Upon her lovely dark hair with streaks of brown
And how her smiles like flickers of a firefly
Would temper my pain, my mortal frown

But all things grow old and die they say
Ah! Such is love with a broken tie
Time steal her beauty of yesterday
And memory has wings, one day must fly

I cannot tell if she misses me more or less
If her lovely eyes now glows at another's sight
I cannot tell if she still wears her purple dress
And dance before her lover day and night

Would she still mention my name
And tell our tale to her new found love?
Does she bless those memories the same
Way I do with this poem to prove?

'Oh! Our paths might never cross again' cry I
As I watch two parting leaves on the water float
Nothing lasts forever, I wonder why
That leaves a heavy lump in my throat! !

Then it came upon me at long long last
Love must shed her own secret tears
Now I must live in the present not my past
A rose for you, Mary, for all those years! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

'Beauty Is A Friend Like You'

Beauty is not a name, for often
Heroes and villains are samely known
Beauty is not in purple linen woven
Nor engraved in a golden crown
For all have their uses
And soon tend to abuses
Beauty is not a face
whose wrinkles await its days
Which like night to the day
must haste without delay
Beauty is not in one clime or for one season
But in every mile and for every reason
Beauty is honor fought and won
With friends and foes alike
Beauty is a heart prepared to be
Content in all life makes it see
And even in the sunshine and the rain
It triumph still in both joy and pain
Freedom is beauty's horse, its saddle is peace
Whose bridle is hope and commands a holy kiss
Still, this I know by faith is true
Beauty is a friend like you! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Dancing With The Butterfly

Have you ever seen a butterfly
Sweet, lively and colored bright
That dazzles the day and make the sun shy
With its gentle and gaily flight
Which to every petal pilgrimage
Kissing buds from page to page
And folding its wings momentarily to pray
Blessing the Lord for such a lovely day

Have you seen still, fairer than a sprite
A blessed one in her sweet delight
Whose bold smile will make the sun blush
And flowers musing all day, 'O what a rush! '
There, i see her dancing with a butterfly
Spraying beauty as they merry by and by! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

'Everyday Is The Same'

Everyday i see city dust rise up high
Mixed with smoke of different hues
I see torrent rain fall from the sky
Mingling with our tears, we have no clues
Everyday i wonder why our trees are lean and leafless
Hanging shames on every rooftop
Whose branches the birds count worthless
For niether rest nor nest they hold up
Everyday i see feet scurry to and fro
Zig zag, zag zig, i watch till night
Then i wonder where each city-soul will go
When it is dark, and no more light
Everyday i wait for answers none i get
Another day must start the same, i bet!

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For Passion, Love And Hate

For Passion, know me anew
like that sprout that taste the dew
And momentarily kiss the sunshine
on her first day to dine

For Love, know me of old
like that wine age long behold
whose taste is seasoned day by day
whose flavor never fray

For Hate, look upon me
and say, 'I forgive thee! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Goodmorning!

I see the hand of the time creep
When half the world is asleep
And the moon in the silent night
Fading into the rising daylight
I see an owl with her fearful face
Perching from place to place
And rats on the deserted street
Not caring whom they meet,
Fighting and gnashing in a ratlike brawl
Dogs bark and growl
Sniffing and digging the ground
And chasing bitches as they go merry round
I hear goats bleat in the dark corner
And bats flying in a zigzag manner
Temperature drops
Wetting every surface with dewdrops
I hear cock crow in a distance
And a chorus not far from where I stand
And mourning doves mourn
A solemn tune for the waking morn
I hear doors creaking, lights on-ing,
Sleeping souls waking, feet shuffling,
Tap running, phone ringing
Faces emerging, bodies stretching,
Kettles hissing, clock chiming,
Brightness appearing
I take inventory, and walk in
Someone is approaching
I say the word I say every morning-
Goodmorning! ! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

'Her Love Divine'

She gave me the key to her heart!
And led me to her most treasured part.
She held my pulses and said 'be still'
Her charm healed my common ill
She touched my cold soul to life
Whose love dared my mortal strife
And at night she whispered these words to me
'Let me be wherever you may be
I will hold you close to keep you warm
In all your dreams, i will bless you unharm
And though you sleep that sleep of death
I will be your prayers, i will be your breath
Yet if the new day must thee forget
Your sun in my heart shall never set'!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Hungry Pity Pete, Five Days Long

'Pity' Pete, as hungry as he can be
Shot a partridge on a pear tree
And took home the fowl to roast
With rum he bought for a toast
It was winter and Peter had no coat
Nor a cosy home, but a shant by the dry moat
On his right arm were woods for fire
And in his left bills of hungry looking Peter
With a ransom on him alive
To any who catches him before the guards arrive
For Pete at every christmas is a menace
That made his Majesty wear all day a grimace
'Tis" said Pete, ' an excellent meal
For one lonely soul down the cold dale
The meat such a sweet delight
With fire and rum to keep me warm all night
Then by morrow, straight to the castle for mercy
Will i go before his Majesty'
But what had 'Pity Pete' done, if you may ask
That all, the king now must task
To bring him to face so cruel a book
For his deeds in every shady nook
Lo! On the fifth day to christmas, i was told
Did Pete stole five gold rings, which he sold
Two for a new pair of boot, and for firewood
The rest, traded he for rum and food
On the forth day, when farmers were on their beds
Went Pity Pete to steal their birds
And on the third day, stole he more french fowls
Amidst the famers mounting growls
That made the king on the second day
Summoned both lords and commons without delay
To vote what punishment they must dole
Yet, that day still, two turtle doves he stole
Then on the last day to christmas, hungry as he can be
Shot a partridge on a pear tree
That made the kids, every christmas sing this song-
Hungry Pity Pete, five days long
Stole five gold rings

Four famers birds
Three french hens
Two turtle doves
And on christmas eve, shot he
A patridge on a pear tree!

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'Lamentation Of A Deity'

The god laments:

Ewuru! Ewuru! You have uncovered my nakedness!
You have thrown sand upon my banquet
And joined strangers to vilify me.
I, who was once your fathers pride
They neither ate nor drank until they feed their precious bride!
I, who once craddled you in my arms, now i prove
But a scorn to you and your new found love
You thrust a knife into my heart and say 'die'!
Die! Die! Can the breathless die?
Not even a decent burial will you arrange
But your fathers, such entreaties to my shrine would they engage!
For then when i hiss they all begin to cry
The god is angry! the god is angry! , even when i sigh
The women run into their rooms in terror
Aru! Men shake thier heads in horror
For my visit is mixed with a terrible anger
Grains, wine and blood they lay before my alter
A sacrifice of bribery, yes of bribery!
Appease! Appease! They offer to my fiery
But you, Ewuru, have cultivated a heart to hate me
Like a chick, you run afer another she
I, who once from ages to ages
Must now repose, like a mere man to his hades
But remember me! You and your household
A fearsome god indeed in the days of old
Ha! Ewuru! I die, but this is madness
I say madness! !

Ewuru:

Rest! Shall the heavens grant thee grace
And the earth her solemn peace
For only in lines shall i bear
Thy deeds, but then who cares to hear
Fret not for thine abandoned soul and fame
The world must never remain the same
For all are part of a system neither of us had made

And like thee, i soon, before it, shall finally fade
Season must come with its own drunkenness
perhaps this is all madness
Indeed i say madness! !

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Life Is A Luxury

Where have all those laughters gone?
Where is the splendour of the morn sun?
Where are those dreams we share?
Those blissful smiles are no longer here
Where is that little girl we call baby
Whose dream is to grow into a big lady?
Or can somebody tell me where to find
That jolly old fellow in the street behind
No one remembers those moments anymore
They are passing dreams, memories of days before
No more can we hear the beautiful canary's song
But voices in our hearts asking O! For how long
Life is a luxury, open your eyes to live
Or in your sleep, breath you no more recieve! !

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Life's Treacherous Play

Shall i a traitor brand thee hence?
Murderer of my childhood innocence
And recount they deeds upon me
Little or much there be
Shall i tell of my princely birth feast?
Those sweet promises to say the least,
Yet those errors, so much pain
And many earthly efforts lost in vain
Shall i tell of both joy and sorrow?
Thy season after season upon me bestow
Or saying none, my eyes closed to thy meandering flow
Until saying no more, one day, to my Maker timely go
Perhaps, i shall yet say this of thy treacherous play
For when death come, thou certainly will run away!

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Light Of Another Day

Out of the sombre emptiness of the night
Creeps a strange dawn of another day.
Darkness melts into the winding-sheet of fog
Smell of freshness in my nostrils, and
The sound of waking life fills my ears
The day, it Seems resurrecting
From the grave of yesterday,
From the mire of her secret past
Into her place in scale of time
Some, there be, that had fallen,
Striken by the cunny hand of the slayer
To be forgotten and never again to rise.
But i have passed through her shaddows-
O Lord thank you! ! i know not how-
From the troubles of former things
And now, new spirit stir within me
Touch of the fresh morn' breeze, i am born anew.
I tested my feet, they can bear me
My eyes can see, O! still i breathe
I spread my wings, and follow the sun! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Love Ever Real

Love in its own oven doth bake
Loving not for own's possessive sake
Ever stumble, slip, bend, but will never break
In its deepest slumber will keep awake
Breaking not what its loving hands doth make
Giving all and seeking none to take
Upon i love, stands even when all at stake
Such is love, ever real and never fake
But when stumbling, bend and later will break
Then it's love given for one's own selfish sake
Whose love its own oven doth not bake
Which in a wink will fold and never wake
But me, O! me be the one who must take
That love, God in his grandeur doth make!

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Love I Know

If from loving lips i profess thus
Real is love that doth possess us
Yet what is real in love i cannot tell
Or what love's hue means ill or well
Saving what time i might not spend
Spending so much on some worthless end
Saving, spending, so little so much
Perhaps, for joy or pain, i know not such
Being asked, which upon my loving heart doth possess?
Like all, one with mortal glow, i confess
For such is love i know so well
Yet never so well enough to tell
But if love will be what love will always be
Even when i stray, let which is real come to me! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

'Mercy'

'Wake up son, the city is about to go up in flames!
Sins are many, they heap upon me all blames!
Take thy household, nothing else and flee.
To the hills, look not behind thee
Take no silver, take no gold
But thy coat to keep thee from the cold

Take no livestock, call no friends
Lest it pass from friends to fiends
wake now, wake all, hurry soon
Before the rising of another noon
Run now, to the hills begone
Lest my mercy upon thee undone!

But if thou has any word to say
I bid thee hence without delay
Pour out thy thoughts, say it now
For in thy flight no word will I allow
Speak now for thy earthly sake
And upon thy words, will I my judgment take'

'If there be, Lord! Ten righteous men in the city
Will thee upon all take no pity? '
'Aye! I will, my little one so precious
But there is none anywhere so righteous'
'Let then thy will o lord be done
Pray now, let me from hence begone'

'But for my last, let me once more plea
for I have seen little kindness around me!
A lass indeed, mending another's cloth
And a lad giving to beggars his day's worth
Will thee o lord! such gesture omit
And thy fearful anger still permit? '

'Nay! My son, if such kindness exist,
I will my terrible vengeance now desist'
'Then Lord, for love sake shall I ask
That thy anger upon us, thou would not task'

'Aye son, for that love thou hath spoken,
Then shall thee rest secure, for I have my mercy given! !

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'My Beauty For All Seasons'

Not as the rustle of the dry summer leaves
Will beauty hung upon thee grieve.
Not as the fadding flames of a candlelight
Your splendour will remain ever bright
Nor could season's plague despoil thy beauty's prime
You sweet gentle pulses tickle with the time.
Your lovely spirit misfortune cannot toy
And upon its chamber my lines i do employ
Where i to write of thy beauty still
My sinew will rest but with a numbing pill
For mere lines not enough will produce
Such sum deserved thy beauty's use
And if prize be given for this reason
Gold be yours now and for all season!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

My Light

My light, how bright thou shineth around me
That when thou leaveth, in darkness thou let me be
Pray leave some sparks as thou goeth thy away
That around me thy light will shine day by day! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

My Love Delight

If the day could forget
What sunshine upon its dawn beget
And decide of what use,
Its warmth after morning dew produce
Saying now 'O how much i detest
Every return upon it i invest!
'Murder! it screams, nature laws be changed
Darkness in midday, such be placed
Snow in tropics, and time regress
Till its Maker will say 'O did i make a mess!
Then will i such judgment upon thee make
And say thou art of no worth to take.
But as the sun will shine still to day's eye delight
So upon my heart thy love still give light!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Night And Day

I painted a picture of the day
Nature in her sweet tranquil
Her beauty was dazzling in every way
By her sun upon the hill!

I made her grasses the color green
Blue the color of the sea
In pink and red her flowers sheen
In brown, her rocks sit solitary

I painted a picture of the night
But nature has lost her spark
I colored her beauty in black and white
What glory is there in the dark?

I made her sky with dotted light
Of stars in their endless space
But there was no color to make her bright
But the moon with her golden face

I placed both pictures side by side
Media of dark and light
The night to nature, a time to hide
The day her sweet delight

Were i to vote between these two
I will give all to the day
I will paint in her a perfect view
I will have her all the way!

But wait! There is more than meet the eyes
For things are not all we see
For all stuffs are made of good and ills
Beyond our phylosophy

The day i painted with color bright
Is marred with worries and woes
And just a covering with colors and light

Of all beneath her throes.

Now, the night in her dreaded sight
When half the world is asleep
Is an illusion, a passage of day to night
Whereon i sleep free and deep

Free from all worldly pain indeed
That by day plagued every soul
And away from mortals lust and greed
Is a man's life long goal

I cannot choose one, the other bid farewell
In both, all things are one
So i kept the day, and the night as well
For both made me a man! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Plight Of Life

Drenched in my tears, my ink i spend
For life with little right but so much wrong
And each alone with his own spirit fend
In life though short but miserably long

Hurt, my soul doth feel inside
For all pains in life we live by
For though walk we, far and wide
Those things will always be, that make us cry! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Scarlet Wench

Stealthily, she creeps into my life
Slowly she eats away my soul
Her venom tastes like Honey- so wild
Her beauty it shines like a diamond caught in sun
Her touch is as cold as the grave, yet fiery to my flesh
Her kiss is lifeless, but nothing else i think all day.
She spreads her arms wide, i run into them
Her chamber is the vast hall of hell! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

'Shades Of Grey'

When the yellow sun come setting
Upon the boulevard of my youth
I pause to sniff that sweet aroma
I shall never taste again
I have risen from the dust, now midstream
I have kept faith, and looking
Westward towards the setting sun
With forty shades of grey and
Three valleys of wrinkles beside each brow
O I have made it through her rapids
I knew not how, that boy I left upstream
Now moulded, and made me a man
My longing years now ebbing,
My youthful flames now waning
Long hamattan wind blowing over
The chain of memories of my fading exuberance
And i weep, i cannot tell why
This grief, O this fear- I confess- is age itself
I have never traveled this path before-
Lord bear me through; bear me
Through her test and treachery.
I cannot tell what i will meet on my way
I tremble to walk alone
Now its getting colder by day,
Each walk a gesture in labor lost
This setting might be brief, or
Half the way i came or full,
Till twillight shall find me
Who knows, senile, and colors drying
From my hollowy cheeks
Like a fading rose withering and
Turning pale after her summer glow
I do not know if i will cry long,
Or my setting will be so sudden
Here, sit i musing on life, my heart recline
Watching the sun drifts
Slowly into the awaiting night
I bow to my philistine!

Sweet Memories Of My Childhood Days

Sweet memories of my past
Like sweet gentle breeze upon the mast
Sweet ceaseless flow of the running stream
Sweet castles in my boyhood dream
Sweet tales of ages and places
Sweet memories of names and faces
Sweet whispering voices before dawn
Sweet ecstasies that linger on
Sweet glory of hard time overcome
Sweet hopeful days to come
Sweet cherished secret untold
Sweet tasted love of old
Sweet me, in most sweetest ways
Sweet undying memories of my childhood days! !

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The Chain Starts With Me

'The chain starts with me'

I have a dream, a vision
Of a better and happier nation
A recovered hope, a new Nigeria
Where at last
From east to west, from north to south
The tempest of change shall sweep our dirty past
Where in the nearest future shall spread
Before us, a new era.
And we assembling together again
In one spirit, with joy like a river
Shall rise to rebuild again
Our fallen institutions,
Our ruin places, and battered legacy

A nation more pure and verdant
Where we shall live in true unity
Never in chaos nor ethnicity
Never in darkness
But in brightness
Where a Northerner
Shall say to the southerner
'My brother, my friend'!
And the other shall respond
'This is our only home
We have no other
We share one destiny and one fate
Let us labor to make it great'

Wherever you may be ponder this!
These dark days
Shall be worth all they cost us
If only they teach us
That our true greatness as a nation
As people under one constitution
Depends on our will, our unity
Our transparency and our responsibility
And above all, our God!

Let us hold each others hand!
Divided we fall, together we stand!

Say to yourself today,
The chain starts with me! !

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'The Drifting Soul'

O! For that leaf in the mighty boundless sea!
In a world larger than its soul will ever be
On that deep, wild, and silence sea
The soul so lonely drift aimlessly free!

O! .for that youth from mortal breath plucked.
In the bowel of the earth untimely locked
The world is a lonely place, the grave lonely still
The soul grieves but tell no one will
Does it roam every earth's dusty way
Or remain where its lifeless form doth lay?
Does it drift with the wind endlessly free
Like that leaf in the mighty turbulant sea
Or perharps it journeys through time and space
Until it finds a perfect resting place!

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The Man Died

Some say he was hit by a moving train
On the track were his blood and brain
Some say they saw him yesterday
Or maybe an apparition looking so pale and grey
Some say he was stabbed in a street fight
And in pandemonion, the murderer took to flight
And he, dying with a grin on his face
Was heard reciting ' amazing grace'
Some say he was poisoned in a lovers toast
Where he collapsed and gave up the ghost
That he left large measure of silver and gold
Which his wife was glad when betold
Some say he died at eleven- forty- five
With his own sire still alive
Leaving behind a tootless old grandma
Who couldnt talk, but only smile at cha!
Some say this, some that, till silence befell
By the mournful sound of the church bell
Then it mattered not what is true or who lied
For all was one that says 'the man died'! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

The Passion

There was indeed a hanging
The stake was there, and fresh blood dripping
And a sign over His head reads 'The King'
All hail the mighty Jewish king!
There was a cup dripping of vinegar
Some unused nails and a heavy hammer
And the guards nearby casting lot
For a robe of worth, I knew not
My God! my God! Then it was finished
Mission indeed accomplished
Thus for my sinful sake
Was He nailed atop a stake
What followed was the thunder and lightning
The earth quaking, and the rocks splitting,
And the temple veil rending,
And the dead in their graves rising

Earlier, they had gathered an army around Him
They had striped and beaten Him
And put a rich linen robe on Him
Bowing down and mocking Him
They spat on Him, on His wounded head they struck Him
They took the blood-stained robe off Him
And put his torn clothes on Him
That made the multitude scream, crucify Him, crucify Him!
A crown of twisted thorns was woven for Him
A heavy stake they laid upon Him
And they chanting, with plenty jeers and boos
'All hail the king of the Jews'

But before then,
In a place called Gethsemane
Were Peter and He
And two sons of Zebedee
Trice did He pray, trice met them asleep
He, filled with a sorrow deep
While they, heavy with that evening sup'
Did doze until the master woke them up
Awake! Awake! Did he say to them

My hour has finally come
Then came Isi carrot, with the elders and chief priests
To greet his teacher with a traitor's kiss
Thirty pieces did he take
To nail the Lord for my sake
And there was Simon denying his master too
And trice did he, before the rooster crew
Then was the scriptures fulfilled
For all forsook him and fled

But there was indeed a redemption
An exchange for my salvation
Paid not in silver nor gold
Certainly not in any measure of old

Who shall believe this report?
Who shall declare His support?
He was removed from the living
For many errors was He stricken
And it pleased the All father to bruise Him
To place the fault of many upon Him
And He, serving out His soul unto death
Like a Lamb, yet openeth not his mouth

For this PASSION did he die for me
And by His blood set me free!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

The Quest

Part i:

Three men set out for their worldly quest
One for gold, another for a pleasure nest
The third for what he could not tell
But trusted his heart to lead him well.

'I shall have every silver and every gold'
The first boasted so bold
'All pleasure everywhere is mine'
The second yelled, 'with plenty wine and dine'

To the third they asked, 'what will yours be'
'Well for all i ask and seek, ' said he
'Let the sun guide me by day, by night the moon
To my quest, my heart shall lead me there soon'

Part ii

And there before the rising sun
Set all three with hope to return
Through North, south, from east to west
In search of their worldly quest

Part iii

The first found silver and gold of every kind
Much more he hoped to find
Some so big, some sparkling small
O! How much he loved them all

The second found his pleasure land
With plenty merry go hand
So much to eat, and much to drink
Till his cheeks grew fat and pink

Part iv

The third, from valley low, to mountain top
And yet he did not stop
For deep inside love bade him come
Of your quest, you'd find the sum

Alas! So weary from his worldly quest
Sat he down quietly to rest
Soon he was gently fast asleep
As he snored so free and deep

He dreamt he stood before a court so heavily thronged
And he in kingly robe adorned
By his side stood a beautiful queen
That eye had ever seen

He woke up and lo! he saw before him
That castle in his dream
So marvelous still, was that royal face
In so splendid a place

Part v

Soon news went round as time unfold
Of those who sought for pleasure and gold
O! Such a terrible tale to hear
What strife they had to bear

For the first had gone to sail at sea
Aboard 'Her Golden Majesty'
'For all under heaven' boasted he
'There is none as rich as me'

Then came a gathering gloom
Of tempest christened doom
It pressed them low and tossed them high
They screamed- 'we are all going to die'

'Ho! For every life and property aboard
One' said the capt, 'must go overboard
Choose now, your judgement me be fair

We have no time to spare'

A murmur here, a murmur there
But then it was quite clear
For all on board, silver and gold,
A life is worth more to behold

And so over and over went his silver and gold
Till none was left to hold
Thus he lost his worldly gain
His life now filled with vain

For the one who sought for pleasure
Had more than words could measure
Food, drink and women of every name
For fun he grew to fame

Soon one after one, as darkness befall
Till none was left at all
And so alone left he to fend
O! What a tragagic end

For all he had were friends for fun
But now they were all gone
He knew not where to go or what to do
What will you, if it were you?

Part vi

Back to the one who sought for love
Had more that mortal quest could prove
A beautiful queen, and a royal gown
Sweet end and a golden crown

'Welcome my lord, come thee to me
I have by the gate waited thee
Its time to take thy rightful place
The world awaits thy face'

'I am not worthy of such glory and gold' he cried
Hush! Love knows best and never ask' she said

Then hand in hand she led him on
'Of all life's quest, the best you have won! '

'For begger is he who seek only riches and all it brings
But to find love the dream of kings! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

The Sojourner

Are your herds all dead
That you walk the street alone?
And do you have your own bed
When the toiling day is done?
City nomad without his herd
Wanderer, pilgrim of the mind
Wont you rest your tired head
You herdsman of a kind?

Were your ancestors cattle rearers
Who sought where grasses were green?
But you have mingled with the city dwellers
Leaving your herds either dead or lean
Tell me, city nomad
Why did you leave your father's way
And choose the city, tis' sad
That you roam the streets day by day

Or are you of the gypsy race
And your clan, minstrels and magicians?
Who wander from place to place
Sleeping and waking in caravans
Foxes have holes, and birds the trees
Do you have any to call your home?
Some live in houses, some in tents
Why do choose the streets to roam?

I am but a sojourner in every city
Seeking my God and the crown
And may he lead me to that heavenly city
A better place to call my own! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

The Virgin's Last Breath

It is a morning calm and still
On the valley covered in lush green
The sun is creeping over the hill
The lilies of the valley in their full sheen
Scattered around in this picturesque scene
Are yellow marigold and blossom white
And wild flowers fighting to be seen
Praising heaven for another daylight

Underneath a tall rainforest tree
Sit i quietly taking inventory
Of a brand new day so gay to see
But there is a hidden history
Six seasons rainfall cannot wash
Nor could six seasons wind sweep
Six years now, i will tell it afresh
For heaven still look down on men and weep

Here, not far, i swear, about six feet
Is the footpath to the village stream
Not far still, from where three roads meet
To the stream, to the farm, the last you wouldnt dare dream
Was the story of this virgin ever told
By them who saw her that faithful day
Here, on this valley, six seasons old
I will be telling it again today

'A sweet hapless innocent miss
So fresh in her maiden bloom
With swelling breasts, a delight to kiss
Had met her fated doom
What vile act of man, what shame!
What unspeakable evil, what dishonor!
Are the hearts of men so untame
In their arrogance and lustful nature'

With her earthen pot, on that lonely path
She made her way to the village stream

And the cold intuition of death
Was scarce in her wildest dream
But evil trailed her, with eyes unseen
And observed her close and carefully
Vile men looking rough and mean
Yet the sweet thoughted virgin sang cheerfully

Not beyond this familiar path
Did she take a step away
For upon this worn brown earth
She had trodden day to day
Anon, on that flowery field she did espice
Broken petals, trodden and bare
And softly to herself did she sigh
As she gathered them with tender care

'O crude fate! ' She began, 'unfair nature
O that what is done can be undone
What beauty is there if it cannot restore
What glows now, the next moment gone? '
Saying thus, to the broken petals intended
She watered them with her tears
But soon same fate upon her attended
Her tears gave way to thousand fears

As a beast circles round his hapless prey
They, in number-four upon her came
And the maiden's legs gave way
She stood transfixed and deadly lame
Her face turned cloudy white
Her heart pounding in a thousand fear
As one who beholdeth a ghostly sprite
She felt the sting of death looming near

She wished the earth would swallow her
She conjured the trees to be her guardian
She prayed the heavens to rescue her
To save her from this brutish men
But the earth made the bed for her woes
The heaven did not heed her distress call
The trees heard her painful groans
Yet saved her not from that virgin fall

O! foul dishonor to a virgin's grace
The rape of innocence, the death of purity
Which man covert with his evil face
Coverting thus, pluck with sheer impunity
Now, again and again, and again
The men violated her, a virgin pure
Once filled, they began again
Ravaging her, once a - too many more

As the Grecian lords had vanquished Troy
And scaled that wall, that gate so tall
These brutes upon the maiden employ
Breaching that chaste virgin wall
There on the field of blossom white
Were her sweat, tears and virgin blood
There, on that bright morning light
Her torn body laid so pale and cold

Is there a thing as tender men?
But civility in pretext man's ingenuity
At heart is man a selfish and jealous being
And brutish when it comes to femininity
'O! Broken petal, damaged rose, 'sorrowed she
'On this valley of shadow of death
I become to man, a utility'
Anon! she heaved her virgin last breath!

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Tonight, Am In Love With The Rain

Tonight, am in love with the rain
The beating sound on my window pane
The howling wind, the dripping water
Man and beast seeking shelter

Am in love with the flashing light
The roaring thunder deep in the night
Am wondering how frightening it would be
To meet a storm in the open sea

Am in love with pools and puddles
Splashing water and the ripples
And waving wipers of cars driving by
Lighted images of raindrops from the sky

Am in love with cold water on my feet
As i take a walk on the empty street
And i love to have a bath in the rain
To melt away this lingering strain

But i dont always love the rain!
Sometimes, it brings memories of yesterdays pain
And my thoughts would mingle for too long
With the tune of the its mournful song

Sometimes, it brings the thoughts of storms at sea
And that fearsome waves that benumb me
And i, standing, wondering how
I sailed through her fiercest jaw

Sometimes, it brings the thought of death,
Which is the curse upon all birth
And reminding me how times fly
And how one day all flesh shall lie

Tonight my emotions are running deep
With things that make me laugh and weep
Tonight, here in my dingy room
I see flashes of gloom and bloom

My age long fears, are muffled by the pelting rain
And my common tears flushed down the drain
Tonight, am in love with the rain
And its beats on my window pane! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen

Urban Slum

City shame in murky water
The swimming pigs ready for slaughter
Foul is the air that kissed my nose
When i compare with the smell of rose
I wonder if the fish will call it home
And choose its shores to prey and roam
The earth around is not even forgiven
Where city souls erk out their living
Dogs and goats are friends
And rats take cats out for a dance
Imagine mosquitoes, imagine life
Green with envy, full of strife
I watch them in filt and dreary scene
'What a life' was all i could imagine! !

Okonkwo Osamedua. Allen