

Poetry Series

**Okoronkwo Jonathan  
Jackson  
- poems -**

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## Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson(31/12/1987)

My name is Okronkwo Jackson Jonathan. I am from Afikpo North Local Government Area of Ebonyi State in Nigeria. I was born 31st December 1987. My passion for writing developed when I was 13. At 18 I wrote lots of works which covered various areas of poetry, drama and motivational novels. My art flows from what I call Reflection of Passion and more through inspiration. Most of My Poems are a pure reflection of passion while some of them serve as a message and also stand as a description of what is and what ought to be.

There is nothing that gives me more joy than when I pick my manuscripts to behold the works of Inspiration. I studied Philosophy in Madonna University Okija, Anambra State of Nigeria. I am indebted to God who created me with such talent and to my late uncle whom I called father, for being my earthly god to direct me. There is nothing that gives me joy more than piece of creativity. I act, I script write and as well direct. In fact these are my hobbies and I derive joy in them. I also love debate forum where intellectuals share like mind. I love to be called mad for the sake of creativity because he who is not mad can never be creative.

# A Dark End

Gone so soon; long- long ago,  
Our tears we shed but without running water;  
Yet into the unimaginable we gaze  
Wondering what it could be that went wrong.

Unto the tune of mourning we hearkened not.  
All to his own desire we danced upon the lyre-  
Jubilating and celebrating in merriment,  
Our downfall and wasted age.

Seeking the hand of posterity,  
We accuse the time of our unblissfulness;  
Yet from us is come  
That dead end of life to which we fear.

So a great take over:  
For which to any extent we go  
Scrambling and crumbling at the feet of death  
All to escape the so called poverty

Slaves we become to him the great wealth  
And us he maltreats and manipulates to his own accord  
Because in us he sees desperation  
In search of being our own god

Doth we not weep for our course?  
Which like a curse is laid upon us  
Though being the cause of our misfortune  
See not the sight of remorse to come.

And so the black burial!  
When our hearts are all soaked deep in pain  
Awaiting the agony, stricken upon the cursed  
Who shall wail and weep in due course

This shall be the fate of them  
Who in this generation seek not the good; but  
Straying and swaying in joy on that road of perdition  
Without a think of what the end seems to be.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# A Lover's Chant

Come, draw thy ears nigh unto me and  
I'll sing you those wordings that soothes the heart.

T'is the words of love and glamour,  
Flowing deeply from a heart filled with ardor.

It's unto thee who art my lover; for  
Thy love so ardent leaves me to sing the lines.

Your warmth embraces like the morning gentle breeze  
Awaking me from the slumber of loneliness with whispers of affection.

Your kisses leaving me in the dreamland of plenteous wonders  
That the smile of your face reveals the rising dawn of hope.

Your walk appearing like Aphrodite accompanied by the sun  
With the crown of glorious diadem.

Your voice like those of many sirens come together in harmonious melody,  
And the hums of Venus expressive in the voice of thy calling.

Thy dresses adequately adorned with ornaments of gold  
Leaving thy fragrance as of the single rose leading the daises.

The beauty of your coming like the rainbow across the sky filling  
The atmosphere with aura of aspiration.

The labyrinth of thy beauty I cannot fathom,  
Competently accustomed and natured to elegance.

Thy gaze so fascinating and captivating that  
Like one under a spell I'm left drunken with the toxin of your fairness

This cup filled with the toxin of love I wish to drink from you,  
That my head to rest I place upon thy bossom to hear thy hums of endearment.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# A Return On The Mark

Far away in the wilderness of irrationality he wanders  
Unknown of what direction to take.  
Then comes that striking thought like a tornado...  
A still gentle voice that wakes man to reality-  
And to get to the real is to discover the truth;  
And so his redirection on that path...  
That path of enlightenment to which every man must,  
And ought to walk.  
Then from the slumbers of his angst he awoke.  
Dusts himself of the shackles of ignorance  
And beat to dust the stand of his folly.  
Then on he put the garment...  
The garment of reasoning...  
To return and take his throne upon that citadel of reasoning  
Where wisdom rules as the supreme counsel,  
And knowledge the ultimate goal of man...  
For the knowledge of the after,  
Is the wisdom of the now.  
A Return On the Mark.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# A River Of Tears

Unstoppable flow-  
Raining like a shower to  
Water the vegetation of my cheeks:  
Planted in grief,  
Awaiting the sorrowfull harvest to manifest.

Shed on the cast of angst,  
In a mournful jubilation  
Feeling the ire of bliss-  
On the pasture of regret,  
Begging for mercy.

Uheard of the loud weeping  
Wailing in tears and wears,  
Yet beating upon the rock  
To metamophorse in the akin of sorrow  
Chanting a ballad of anguish.

It's the river of tears I shed.  
My heart so bitter, I dare not tell.  
My joy gone and my happiness stolen.  
Begging for a bliss from heaven  
To cast her wind of consolation  
Upon my wetted heart.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# A Silent Walk At Night.

Silently out under the night  
With dark shades of glorious splendour-  
Pondering on the wonders of creation and  
Bidding fare to the daylight,  
Sister Moon with her light,  
Shields me with shadows of love.  
So the gentle breeze with her whispers,  
Sings me the night lullaby.

That lullaby through a walk,  
Takes me rolling; and  
Through the gentle path, in preparation  
For a thoroughfare to the dreamland.

Tarrying with the twinkling stars I gaze:  
Feeling the touches, as of a cool romance-  
When two two lovers tarry in love,  
From the breathing of the night gentle whispers.

How I love this, a walk- when  
The birds sing no more fun chat and  
The trees aloof stand;  
With the sun hiding his harsh smile.

A lullaby this walk is; to  
The dreamland headway make,  
Accompanied by  
Those lights emitted from the starry galaxies-  
Beautifully ordered to light our paths  
For a silent walk through the night.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# A Walk Of Life

What better offer has life...  
A rumble and tumble of destiny.  
You flow and sail with the smiling humans;  
When the real identity you seek,  
You cannot but imagine yourself waking up  
In the blossom of enemies in the mask of friends.  
You seek not to walk alone, but  
Your path, you alone know how best to trade.  
You seek not to sail alone but  
You alone know how best to pilot the ship  
Against the raging storms of the sea.  
And when you chose to walk alone,  
Mouths wag... Faces vex  
And souls provoke beyond imagination.  
But then,  
The one principle of success remains...  
Life never offers you the best...  
People can only contribute little to your vision but  
Can never in full decide your life vision...  
Here is the one secret of the Creator:  
It is you and just you that have your destiny to create  
And this is only possible through your life visions  
And the way you follow it suit.  
Recall that everything you need have unto you been given...  
You have all it takes.  
Rise up and activate the giant in you.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Accolade Of Hope

My heart is pierced against my soul,  
Drawn on these gallows of despair  
I furrow through the burrows of my sorrow-  
Yet upon those angst of hope,  
I refuse the accolade of fear  
For I know my redeemer lives.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Actual Delusion

In that fusing power of imagination,  
I gesticulate into reality-  
Picturing the wonders of the coming future  
In which shall be the revelation of posterity.

When in my empire of wealth, I shall dwell in position;  
With full acclaim of authority;  
And to my command be the structure  
Of all and sunder of humanity.

Then shall I be held in high estimation,  
All- for my supremacy  
When on all decree shall be my signature:  
For to my banquet shall be the bounty.

For my philanthropism shall I be known for all generation  
And to no end of comparism shall be my generosity.  
Upon the face of my picture,  
They shall look unto for opportunity.

In that tide of passion,  
With heart full of mercy  
Shall be the reign of justice to feature;  
When no more shall laws play in futility.

So, the call to jubilation and celebration  
In that train of futurity-  
When the balloon of sadness and sorrow we shall puncture  
And a mourning lullaby to bid farewell to poverty.

To the heart that believes is the declaration.  
With full manifestation of integrity  
Making their pleasure leave no measure  
And so becoming the heart of the society to no depravity.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Amadioha

Who dare stand the face of thy effrontery  
The bolt of thy voice so gallant that  
Thy echoes deracinated the most burly mountain.  
Thou spread forth the windows of thy eyes  
In thy immortal supremacy cast  
Upon the mortal hearts of men  
And over them watch with bailiwick.  
To the righteous peace accord but  
To the wicked you blow to chaff and sweep away  
The cry of the innocent you allow no despair  
And upon their oppressors you avenge  
With the bolt of your anger you strike  
Pulling down the wicked and wiping them off the earth's surface.  
In thee is refuge found and with thee is no despair  
For you are the god of justice taking thy vengeance with the bolt of the thunder.

\*Amadioha is the name of a deity in the Igbo Tribe of Nigeria. He is the god of justice and also the god of thunder.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# And When The Storm Is Over

And when the storm is over,  
I shall again rejoice;  
I shall again drink from the cup of my jubilation  
For my sorrow shall be no more  
And my pains washed-  
When the storm is over.

And when the storm is over,  
I shall call a banquet;  
A banquet of plenty  
With rich delicacies for the poor and the rich  
To dine and wine in meriment-  
When the storm is over.

And when the storm is over,  
The feet of dance I shall lease upon the stage  
In tune to the songs of joy restored,  
Chanting songs of victory to dry my wet cheeks;  
For sailing through the storm so heavy it is  
That ashore our peace in serenity restored  
After the sound and wave of the storm.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Another Tears

It's yet another tears  
Another pain  
Upon my sorrowful journey via  
The walk-way of Love  
To what now shall I liken her;  
With what words be the description of her hardeness.  
Like a monster shall I...  
A beast with claws ready to devour  
And fangs pierced through jaws  
Ready to tear apart hearts  
And render Lives to state of endless weep.  
Why?  
Why did I ever took this Path-way?  
Gambolling on the illusionary hallmark...  
Oh good goddess, come rescue me from this  
Yet  
Another tears.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Aura Of Passion

BLOND and beautiful lily grown in the gardens of the sky,  
How I love to lay down those hums in expression of thy fairness-  
So comely; that even the divine wonder.

LUMINOUS in complexion, well figured my confession.  
Thy appearance like the luster of a just polished gold with  
Openings in thy dentition emitting sparkles of the day sun.

ECRU beauty well made and unadulterated.  
In the splendor of thy beauty is the humility of thy being,  
And in the glorious appraisal of thy admiration is thy modesty.

SPARKLING with the light of love,  
You twinkle amidst the sky;  
Illuminating thy surrounding with your single beam of elegancy

SUMPTUOUS damsel crowned with spheric diadem of effervescence,  
The catchy capture of thy eyes so alluring that-  
Lost in the sight of that passion, I become drawn in the river of its ecstasy.

ILLUSTRIOUS the steps of thy feet in motion, like  
An adorned Queen in a bridal dance  
With the embellishment of thy robes' fragrance filling the air with frenzy.

NOBLE Lady rose of the heavenly garden,  
Though daisies wither and rot away;  
Thou remaineth ever fresh spotless.  
GLAMOROUS maiden, so gorgeous and spectacular;  
What more shall be the chant of my admiration?  
Knowing fully, that upon you was the summary of the beauty of creation.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Avenge Our Blood

Vexation of the spirit,  
An accrimonitous satisfaction of thirst and hunger-  
The quest to appease irrational angst;  
The angst of moral decadence.

Unto their cry no one hearkened.  
Yet  
They wailed and wept bitterly.  
Degraded and molested,  
Their dignity was cast upon the mould.

And the God of Feminism...  
Was he asleep?  
Why he in deep slumber?  
Where was his sceptre of justice?  
The right hand of his authority?

Bewildered in the cry of the innocent massacre...  
Shall there blood ever at peace be?  
To arouse the Anger of the Almighty:  
For again there blood shall be avenged-  
And the pepetrators of this evil condemned.

If thee humans do not heed...  
If you give not up these animalitsic tendency of yours  
That beastly degradation of the purpose of good,  
Then shall Karma on thee be visited  
For the God of Feminism truely  
Shall avenge their blood.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Ballad Of Anguish

Anguish fills my heart  
I sing my song  
It's a song sorrow  
When tears my wine become and  
Turmoil upon my table of dine served

My soul knows no joy any longer  
And my whole being dance in mourn  
To that rhythm of pains and heartbreak  
Echoed into the drums of my ears  
Like the ghostly call to the Spirit world.

It's all gone...  
The joy I fought for,  
The happiness I wept for-

Lo me now!  
In a cauldron of penury I deep  
Swimming in the ocean of endless disgust  
As life has become but a futile run for me  
That upon my heels I seek refuge under the shade of death.

It's no fracas  
But a song of loneliness  
The cry of an abandoned lover  
The tears of a deserted fascination  
the fantasies all gone  
And the joyous ecstasy, a rain of hail.

Terror in laughter  
Panic with disastrous wink  
All upon my ageing face  
Washing my face in a bath of tears.

T's my song of sorrow  
A ballad of anguish for my lost love.  
I failed her  
She left without a blink.  
Yeah

Abandoned in a wilderness of regret,  
I swim pass those sands of pains  
Never hoping for any other love  
For she one in all I thought I could ever have

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Ballad Of Anguish II

Can I ever still believe there's true love...

Yes!

Who would now stand to convince me

That out there is someone special who

Even in your mistake is still willing to see the good in you.

Who can stand to say there is an exceptional one

Amongst the many multitude?

T's the voice of heartbreak;

Weeping on the strings of pain and agony

The travails of Real Love

The decry of a disappointed heart

Weeping in silence of a lost love.

A ballad of anguish

With sorrowful melodies

Chanted upon broken wings

Who ever shall be trusted with love.

What do we do to show our heart

Yet our efforts futile and in vain

In this vain world of mortality.

Shall I not say CURSE BE LOVE if there is?

But LOVE they say is God

And what happens when you love and lost

What happens when you show that love

And you are not understood

Who now can prove the difference?

Will I...?

Shall I ever know?

Far be it to come across such again.

No other I can look with the eyes I saw her

Impostors all'em

Salvagers them be.

Let me take the course

Laid upon the curse

Which my fault is the cause

And to no add be my plause  
For real hard I feel the beat of my purse  
Echoeing deep in my heart on this clause  
Of clustered emotion thus  
Like the lost flora in the nature's course

To thee whom I loved.  
Thou leavest, be it for good, so be it  
Thou returneth, my arms open  
But hear thou me;  
My life thou hast shattered  
My hope thou hast killed  
My future thou hast thrown to chamble.  
No other shall I love  
Let the bleed of my heart upon this Ballad  
A BALLAD OF TEARS  
OF PAINS AND SORROWS  
OF ANGUISH  
Be the seal.  
For thee I wait but  
If thou cometh not,  
Then let me die with no love.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Birthday Wish

Bright and beautiful smiles this day...  
With splendours of pleasure and glory,  
When God retired to His box of creativity and  
Deep in reasoning he went yoga  
Only to awake in time with a thought...  
A thought of you.  
To work He went...  
And when He rested his hands...  
The glimpse of your presence  
Became an awe to the universe...  
I could hear the Angels resound their trumpets of praise  
The Seraphs polishing their golds of honour  
And the Maker Himself smiling.  
I could see nature flowing evergreen  
The universe measuring in wonder  
Of this awesome Creature that even the Maker ponder..  
And all these they do, is just a wish to say  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Blinks Of Expectation

Like expected bubbles I the foam of water  
Doth our expectations grow higher  
Sailing in the atmosphere of a burning desire  
To attain that height purposed for the achiever  
And so in the light of this pursuit we lost our sight  
Given to the wavering storm of fright  
We have to strive and fight  
In hope to get through the light of our insight  
And so, wondering and pondering o'er choices  
And never letting go chances  
Catch great opportunities in glorious delicacies  
And echoing the achievement, the chant of our voices  
In like manner comes singing  
Those Victor's songs of celebration

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Broken Wings

No longer to soar, for  
My wings are broken, and my feathers unrooted  
In this escapade of affection.

Staggering like a bird deeped in strong alcohol,  
I clap my feathers in the air- yet  
Unable to fly, I'm left but with a faded fantasy.

Striving for a touch of love,  
Upon the verandas of heaven,  
Was left to my own illusion which were  
But a delusion.

Who shall amend these broken wings of mine-  
Who shall give that strenght again to soar;  
It's all dwindled dream  
Like a psychic hallucination  
Seeing realities coming like fancies.

My wind of joy ceased,  
My air of hope suddenly turned against me;  
Lo!  
My reason into the future I cannot pilot that  
Hard i get crushed on the tree of dismay.

Come cople these wings of mine.  
Come give back the joy- the hope with which to fly;  
It's only you  
Only you who are my delight  
Why?  
Why let me in this ampoule of seclusion?  
Come I pray thee and my joy be.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Chant Of Beauty

AMAZING songs fills my mouth,  
To sing for you oh pretty damsel.

MINE of beauty, you are,  
Like rays of the sun you glitter.

INTELLIGENTLY made with awesome adore,  
Cherished by all who thee encounter.

NATURAL ebony without adulteration,  
With the colours of passion to decorate thy blue.

ASPIRING unto greatness,  
You never relent in your inspiration  
To acquire the height of your dream  
And this, thee unique made,  
That in heart thy beauty seen and in appearance  
Thee, a goddess as Athena.

(FOR MOHAMMED AMINA)

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Charlatans Induced

Strolling on that corridor of our stupidity  
Our hearts get stucked to the illusion idiosity  
Leaving the description of our being thus;  
Enlightened, yet drawn to ignorance  
Educated wielding to the darkness of illiteracy  
Built ic courage, revealing the nature of a coward  
Civilized yet primitive  
Bold but full of timidity  
Oh! What a delusion of our being  
An impediment to the desires of modernity  
Abuse to the glory of globalization  
A spittle on the face of morality  
A blow to the reality of being  
Upon which the harmony of nature mourns

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Clamber To Reality

Lost in wonder,  
I deign to imagine-  
What be it that maketh reality-

Delusions so illustrious sprout the air\_  
In claim of this ultimate. Yet,  
All are but illusions of the mind.

Have you ever pondered on this mystery?  
How be it that conflict bringeth harmony?  
And all created beings to man's service always call?

Wonder thee on how existence worketh  
All in the line of time stipulation- Yet  
Life so illustrious remains unpredictable?

To they who clamber the reality, come  
But to see that like Sysphus,  
We play but in futility.

Who then shall scramble the heavens,  
And the mind(s) of the God(s) unveil-  
That reality might be known no longer in 're'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Clamour Of Change

Forever! Nothing remaineth.  
In time to come shall  
all things, new form take. To  
Be as they never were.

Where it pleases, it bloweth.  
So doth the wind of change. For who the wind ever caged.

Thy pride cease  
for in time in the clamour of change,  
thy laughter shall be unto weeping.

Thy tears dry, the wind of consolation bloweth  
And in this clamour of change, thy mourning shall become joy.

Hold thy breath in peace.  
This clamour above thy rumble-  
makes the universe.

Unto one reality defineth. Yet  
this reality unto this clamour subject. For  
the reality we hold remains  
But  
under the process of change to become.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Conflict

Reality wails for undestanding  
Lo! How the world is become so lost,  
And man thrown into the open,  
Is left in the battle of his own folly.

Ignorance, a big burden is to bear  
But upon man is bestowed the wisdom  
Lo to the trash we cast  
Yet like babies we still cry for a fortune.

Swaying in that corridor of lust,  
They grope for the temporary  
Yet they weep in pains  
Oh! Had I known.

But there is the good and there is the bad  
What be the world without both  
Think of the harmony in life and death  
Why cry then?

There is the night and day  
Calling for balance  
Along goes the being and non- being  
All positioned towards reality.

Lack not understanding of this  
Weep not for the days of evil  
For the fight of good and evil  
Ends in the harmony of the world.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Console Thou My Heart

Why?

Why do I have to swim this ocean of pains:

Stream of coldness,

Dismay

And depression?

Why do I have to lurk upon this nymph of sorrow?

Crying agony upon the beating cymbals of anguish

While the drumbeat of sadness echoes deep in my heart?

Tell me WHY?

To whom shall I lay this jeremiad?

Mother!

You left my world so cold,

No one to press me unto a bosom of consolation.

My peace all gone cos you're not there to hold my hand,

Behold me now like a chaff and

You lie sleeping with no disturbance while

In this cold world of freezing tears

I tread the path of agony.

Where is thy smile to teach me the path of love?

Where is thy siren voice to chant me hums

To open my heart to a world of braveness;

I stretch my hand to hold; but

All become a mirage.

I console me.

One day I shall smile with thee,

This stream of tears I know shall not drown me,

For amidst a broken heart in anguish,

I hear a poem telling me to move on.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Dawn Of Terror

Blood for fuel, flesh for matches;  
So the wicked scene created in angst of irrationality.

The wrath of ignorance on man, that  
Like a blind folded slave he's driven in endless insatiability.

Home becomes a den of hell for dwelling and  
Fear so great like a scary movie grips the society.

How are the mighty truly fallen!  
That so deep to an unknown terror lost the dignity.

Form where shall our help come against this unquenchable taste,  
Of them who no care taketh for preservation of humanity.

Yet they call it service to the divine  
Battering and massacring in the name of a false deity.

But! Where are they to whom our affairs hold?  
They even in the apprehension loose their personality.

Houses go ablaze, and souls weep endlessly,  
And behold all citizens are left in the phobia of timidity.

Forces of defense are held tight in the heat of the flame;  
Leaving the ordinary in the state of dismal insecurity.

They fight in the name of a divine and we pray to the Divine,  
What then is our fate in the hands of these fanatics drunken in their stupidity?

We are drawn deep in this era of terror, when man to man becomes the foe,  
And like the beast in the field no longer pay homage to life's propriety.

Let them be drawn in their own terror for the damages they induce;  
For truly; such as they, have no place in the company of humanity.

(A DEDICATION TO MY COUNTRY NIGERIA IN THIS ERA TERROR AND FEAR OF  
THE RELIGIOUS FANATICS AND SECT) .

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Divine Solicit

In this flickering light of hope we sway  
Posing in that citadel of wisdom we make our headway,  
And to the creator our heads we bow to pray;  
That the light of peace he may shine on our way.

In great expectation the demand of our expedition.  
Moving to and fro against the road of perdition,  
Rising against the angst of irrationality to make our supplication  
And so the cry of our invocation.

But thou art the one, who us made in your light,  
Why leave us out of sight?  
That in the wind of our fright,  
We lost and are defeated in the fight.

Come thou gentle of heart so meek,  
Come bestow that power, which we seek,  
For in this fight we are mortals so weak;  
That without thee, we become but a freak.

What be the wisdom of the mortals,  
When the intelligence sought is silenced in the immortals?  
Our knowledge faded like the metals;  
Leaving us with nothing but empty portals.

In you is the light of our hope;  
For when you are there we cope.  
The divine insight reveals unlimited scope  
Of a great opportunity towards which we lope.

May we never be tied down by the rope  
Of the crazy knowledge from the Orientals,  
In whose walls of perception, is no brick  
Denying us the true reality insight.  
But lo we wane in suppression bowing to you in submission,  
As we plead; 'a new way for us make; and we will never say nay'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Dreaded To Slaughter

The fangs for the vampire  
The rifle for the cowboy  
The sword for the swords man  
All these for a kill  
To slay and cut asunder  
But which is deadlier than that of the Tongue?

Bestowed upon it is the power of restoration  
Yet  
Dreaded for slaughter  
Out of it proceeds betrayal  
Yet with it our loyalty and faithfulness  
Profess

Who can stand strike of it's power?  
No blood shed yet better to see the blood.  
Friends become foes  
Foes become friends  
All is the tongue.

Hmmmmmm!  
What mystery underlies the creation  
Of this dry less towel?  
Upon it is the power of the whole body summarized  
Never weary in action.

What be ye without it?  
Cut it out from you and see what ye becomes.  
The conflict of its controversy  
Leaves the swords clattering  
Yet a single word dropped, peace.

I sigh for this!  
But why it then?  
For good or bad?  
Upon man lies this decision.  
Meant for praise and honor  
Yet in the vocality of its vexation  
Comes showers of dreaded terror

Rain of hurled abuses  
That a second think on its pronunciation  
Opens the ugly mouth of the grave for a swallow.

Be careful upon the lease of this entity for  
It takes you in to a dreaded world of trepidation  
A world where you go and remain gone forever  
And woe betie you if for your sake  
Blood flows.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Entreaty

Drawn to stray in the journey to nothing we go  
With hold of nothing to show,  
That truly in our struggle, we grow.  
Thus, ours become anguish and sorrow.

Unto Mother Nature our plea for grace.  
For several years before her we've been a disgrace,  
Refusing her stipulated ways to embrace;  
Yet in this pace of nothingness we race.  
Our leaders all gone astray,  
And we the led, all lost sight of the way;  
No longer visioning the light of the day ray,  
Thus in our own homeland, we become cast away.

To the rescue of our nation, come with thy light.  
And our ways lead aright  
That we may not lose sight  
In this fight full of fright.

Relief to our land we plead to grant;  
That salvaged from they greedy, who in vain rant,  
We in the light of blessedness shall behold  
That glorious joy of a nation truly endowed.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Fashion

Fanatic indiscretion of moral conduct  
A fallacious truth contradicting the real  
Showing off our authentic ignorance  
Hanging against the band of what we are  
To indispensably take on what we are not,  
Obscurity of the mind and  
Noble stupidity we display...  
In the eyes of shadowless folly, we think it good  
Revelation of the noble parts meant for privacy  
Wert that for biggity or just stupidity?  
We uphold not for surety what it is  
But to trend we claim it to be;  
What folly of man indeed  
That his generation die to moral decadence all for  
FASHION

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Festival Of Fire

Fierce and fearful the rage.  
I dare not open its page.  
Let's I be held siege,  
Under the authority of the unknown concierge.

But I tell of that celebration,  
in time to come be a destruction.  
Yet, a little while for purgation:  
for then shall there be a separation.

How terrible it shall seem to look.  
Not like that on which the meal to cook.  
But more fierce than that of the forest hook;  
for there shall be placed in reign, a book.

So to say: for to them be a risk,  
who the race move not in a brisk.  
Gladly to take the journey so frisk,  
rather will to remain in the cuff of frisk.

And now the festive so fast,  
it comes bringing to the last.  
Think not of thy deed shall it count of the past.  
Reckon thee on the present for the past shall not last.

Recall thee in thy imagination how terrific the fire so red and hot. Think not of  
thee a refuge to take in a hut:  
with this journey short filled with nothing, and full of but...  
For to thy rescue there shall be no slot.

Take heed lest you partake in that fire.  
Know ye, thy place above the fire is prepared, made higher-  
That thy way you make through in thy great desire.  
And thy rest in the hands of the creator to retire.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# For Thee

BOUNTIFULLY for you I sing these songs of beauty,  
My heart jamboree to show-  
Thou Angel of beauty.

READY for thee my heart yearn,  
Panting in endless expectation-  
Awaiting to embrace thee tight upon my bossom.

EVER for thee shall I clamour; that  
If thou did be a sin-  
Gladly shall I commit thee.

NEVER for thee shall I leave a trend of sorrow,  
Nor the scouching sun steal thy peace-  
For thy tears with kisses I shall wipe.

DEAREST for thee, is the joy of my work,  
All I've got is you to gambol on the hallmark of joy-  
That thy happiness may know no bound.

AS for me, thy pains my pain,  
Thy sorrows, my sorrows-  
That the path of happiness we tread together.

ONLY for thee, the longing of my joy,  
Thou a precious gift unto thy family-  
And to the world, A PEARL OF HAPPINESS

KINDLY for thee, the prayers of my heart,  
For mercy's sake thee to keep-  
All through the days of your living.

ASPIRING for thee, the Almighty I praise,  
Life to thee gave with blessing's assurance-  
Keeping thee in thy goings.

FROM thee I plead,  
Thy tears wipe off and thy fears cast away-  
For ahead lies a great future to feature thee a QUEEN.

OBVIOUSLY to thee, my heart cling,  
For the beauty of thy heart indomitable: that-  
Me, courage thou giveth to swim the ocean of trials.

REALLY for thee, I sing these songs,  
Songs from the vocal of a poet to a fairy-  
With a heart DIVINE for humanity.

[A special dedication to a special friend whose name is formed by the first word  
of every verse. BRENDA OKAFOR]

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Hand Of Destiny

Hold me with those hands of faith  
Let me feel the touch  
Striving for the future  
In pure expectation of what posterity holds  
Toiling never in futility  
In this vain world of mortality  
Where mortals clamor for life  
And the immortals resting on the veranda of life's given  
Looking upon the dance of humans with a breath of deep sigh  
Who stir upon the wings of the wind  
With tears of pain and turmoil, yet  
Never giving up the belief  
Driven by the strength of determination  
To climb that throne of success by the hand of destiny.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Here I Lie

For quick recovery I pray...  
This is no play  
Cos I lie in pain  
Praying for His grace to rain  
Upon me...upon all who lie sick  
Let his mercy stick  
And our troubled soul deliver  
Not dependent on pain reliever  
For we believers  
have for long proven ourselves unbelievers  
Through our doubtful action  
Which create a faction  
Between our faith and belief  
Yet we rely on this hope of his relief  
To vindicate us and show pity  
In promise to hold on once again to his piety.

Here I lie in tears  
Rolling in my fears  
My heart heavy with tribulation  
I do not know what it is with this detention  
Like a prisoner to ailment  
from whom shall come an encouraging comment  
Yet I know for sure that my Redeemer lives  
Which why Pray his grace never me leaves  
My head pounds heavily upon me  
Blur becomes the vision of all I see.  
Deliver me O Lord from this I pray  
For tomorrow and its need I do not pray  
But that you keep me to see the end of today.

Here I lie  
Remembering my loved ones  
All I loved and Offended once  
I fear not for I pass through  
But my heart is clouded with fear I know it's true.  
Keep them all in safe hands  
That even as I pass through these strange lands  
I shall again return to hold them in my bosom

Looking at their faces with smiles and cheerful blossom.

This is no just a poem  
It is a lamentation of fear  
A cry for prayers  
Long years this I have not seen,  
But lo!  
It comes with threatening pain  
And all I could see the end of a sorrow  
To have a rest  
While I dream never to wake  
From here that I lie.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Home Sweet Home (1)

Far into the Northern desert I wandered, so lost  
The thought of one place kept running in the vein of my thinking.

To the Southern abode I flew for refuge, but  
The sight of one place never vanquishes from the life of my seeing.

Seeking the hand of the Eastern Wind for relief and lo  
That feeling of one place never dies from the marrows of my senses.

So I joined the retinue of the Western expedition for company, yet  
The circulation of one place still flow through the arteries of my blood.

And now the realization that, no matter how far you go and run,  
One place remains the best always in mind; home sweet home

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Hymn Of The Soul

Thou star of the ocean; fair  
In beauty enshrined, radiating  
The magnificence of the resplendent throne,  
To the hearts of the men beams of pleasure.

Positioned amidst the exceptional damsels,  
Thou rest diadem of the celestials-  
Emitting streams of the nighttime light.  
Your face mighty in beauty behold.

Oh how often my soul rejoiceth.  
Hoping and longing for a glimpse of thy face.  
A glorious consolation to my troubled soul:  
Thou stood in acceptance the great solace to bring.

Steady in heart and mind-  
Firm in belief doth thou stand,  
Refusing the fear of the unknown,  
Thou opened thyself up for the rescue to convey.

Oh fair star of the sea,  
Crowned in splendor of glory,  
Watching with eyes of empathy,  
Beholding the pitiable pity of the hearts of life wreaked

My soul unto thee aloud cry;  
Thee who art clothed with blueness of the ocean deep,  
In beams of the enormous day light sheen  
Subduing the obscurity of man's sorrow.

Beclouded in the whims of life sorrowful journey,  
Come thou oh Stellar-Maris,  
Light to our dark soul enshroud. And  
Splendor filled to behold; that joy which thou brought forth.

Queen of the Supreme Mystery,  
Working sovereignly in unity with the Trinity,  
To humanity reveal thy glorious grandeur  
Of the love in mercy and compassion of the Divinity

To the Three thy love avow.  
Yet of one in purity thou conceive,  
A wonder the awesome Mystery, leaving  
A ponder to imagine yet difficult to fathom.

Thy beauty incomparable, truly my soul testifies.  
Love of thee incomprehensible sings my soul;  
Ever ready in thy white flowing aisle of benevolence;  
To leave a pinch of thy blue smile mightier than the might of the raging storm.

Forever to thee shall my soul sing  
That serenade in joy and praise to vent appreciation  
Of thy amity flown free to mankind;  
Always awakened in the dawn of the mornings.

Oh Morning Brilliance Awe,  
Cloud of reflection of the Ocean surface,  
Sun aglowing the dusky night moon;  
Air of love spread in the elegance of nature,  
Endow thou my soul with this glory, and thee oh Lady, be thou My Queen.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# I Am Scared

For once i feel my fear  
My visions go blur  
My heart feel the heat I bear  
The heat of terror with no cure  
Is this a dream that I sleep to  
Or may be a hallucination  
Who sighs that as tough I hold to  
be; I feel my heart off my possession.

Indeed I am scared...  
My soul off my body has fled  
I now recount memories of the past  
Awaiting to breath my last.

I know someone out there would have a word  
That which would rebuild my world  
And bring me once again to life, a hope of living  
For I desire not yet to leave and i am so believing  
That there are better days ahead.

Forgive me I pray friends and folk  
To many I am an Inspirator  
But what hope do I have in such fear that poke  
But I know when I wake from this  
I shall again bring about peace  
And once again be your aspirator.

Forgive my fear  
This is something I am scared of  
My heart can no longer bear  
Yet the challenges I cannot wade it off  
You are my courage and my hope  
and I know that I am kept by grace  
For your prayers hold me to the race  
And I am strengthened by this  
That I am prayed for even by the Pope

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# I Had To Go To Church

My days are black  
And my soul lost to the dark.  
Darkness got me quack  
In this pool of evil shack.  
I struggle through the mark  
But the strength I realized I lack-  
Having the sight of goodness from me sack.  
Through and through the struggle continues aback;  
Wither and thither the bands of grace slack;  
Like one drunken with applejack  
I thoroughly ransack  
The pack of the universe for a rack  
To have me once again in His Glorious racetrack  
But through I hear Him say "Grace got my back"  
So I had to go to church

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# I Know

They asked, 'what be it thou knowest'  
Then like a scale off my eyes it fell-  
So I realise that,  
That which I claim to know was but a cast of my ignorance-  
For what be it I know without that which I seek not to know,  
For in seeking to know, we know  
And  
In knowing, we become wise even wiser.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# I Need A Doctor

This is a high fever I must say  
This is no joke and no play  
This disease I know not it's root  
And the destiny thereof I cannot unroot

What's wrong with me?  
Why the rogue of my heart  
Vices all I see  
My spirit torn apart  
That I don't even know where I'm heading to.

Take me to the hospital  
Nurses are too beautiful to handle my case  
For they in their beautiful petal  
Will worsen my state  
When I throw upon them a gaze.

I need no female doctor  
I am my own director  
Yet I know that this is a bad cantor  
For there is something I need to be delivered from.

I am drunk  
To the point I sunk  
So deep like a punk  
That I can no longer catch a breath  
To relieve me of these troubles

My heart is rotten  
My kidney is spoilt  
My liver is expired  
My brain malfunctions  
I no longer think aright

This is a sigh of a million tears  
The burdens of death greatly bears  
Lost in the fears  
Of addiction to no prediction of what next...

I have never felt this way before.  
I was a strong mind of heart  
But what suddenly went wrong that I became this soft?  
I really need to be attended to,  
I call for deliverance  
In fact I need a Priest

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Illusion, Love And Reality

What can I say is real?  
Who can I point to be the perfect person?  
Is there anything such thing true as to saying-  
I LOVE YOU?  
All is but illusion and shadows

Who can be trusted?  
Where can one base confidently for safety  
Is there any such thing as  
TRUE AND REAL FRIEND?  
All is but shadows of reality, an imaginary delusion.

It's all lies. Pretence is all what it is  
Their words so sweet- but  
With empty waves in the air of nothingness.  
I know it exists but finding it  
Is but chasing your own shadows  
And at the end lost in mere illusion and fantasy.

Infatuation is all they offer. Yet  
So swift in words their declaration  
Yet upon the corridors of backbite and grudges  
Your mistake evergreen in their heart remain  
Never thinking of forgiveness.

What love it is that can your way to be true.  
You love but are loved not  
You cherish without been cherished  
All you get is but  
deciet.

Your hope you place in them only to become shattered;  
Your future broken  
And drawn in the ocean of what it is,  
You are left in the desert of your own illusion.

It's all shadows.  
None of them comes saintly;  
None of true love is worthy.

Thy heart hold tight  
Less thou be drawn in the sea of delusion  
And thy heart torn in the shadows of your ignorance  
For thy heart so precious, worth tears for no soul.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Illusions Of Reality

Rebound and bounce upon the ounce of life...  
A pound to be found untold of what the real is.  
Around aloud the whims of our folly,  
We go in search of our form to abide.

Battered and shattered against life odds.  
Glancing and dancing upon the rhythms of fate;  
Our destiny awaiting the declaration of providence...  
And hands folded to the silence of life unanswered quests.

Reading and Leading the path ways,  
Our journey- a voyage undescribed-  
Unprecedented through the pages of truth  
Written against the scrolls of falsify  
With the pen of reasoning  
To bridge the brinks of absurdity.

Dashed and flushed of every uncertainties,  
To hit the futures of reality to understand the universe  
Made to order and harmony and  
Change...  
That which only remains in flux without a change. Yet  
Welcomes every circulation bound within its domain...  
The Illusions of the Real.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# It's My Birthday

Today rings in me the sound of jubilation  
Come join the train of my dance  
Come let's jubilate  
Do not sit and speculate  
Come with me celebrate  
And the groove enjoy

It's my birthday borne in passion  
Thy dancing shoes never untie the lace  
We shall merry  
But never go folly  
Rejoicing in the givens of the One Holy  
While His grace and mercy we employ

Great and small alike, come take thy position  
Do not set thy feet to race  
For it's no time to sorrow  
Let the happiness over, fill thy marrow  
Upon the joyous barrow  
To see the dancing birthday boy

Follow the celebration  
For I have set the pace  
Drink and dine  
Feel thyself with wine  
But gently let thy soul in line  
To never let thy folly deploy

It's my banquet  
I shall celebrate  
It's my birthday  
I shall dance  
No more to cry for lack  
Come thy launch take  
For there's enough for thy diinner  
To fill thy ban.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Jack Is Gone

He whom I used to know is gone,  
Lost in the shadow of his pride  
Went down not by the bullet of the gun:  
But by the wave of his ignorance tide

Lo Jack, a mess,  
All rounder left to nothing  
Yet strongly forward to press,  
Fighting for a hold of something.

Clambering on the embers of countenance,  
Himself above the gods raised  
But they, him renounce  
And so in anger his being erased.

Oh I cry for Jack  
Strong and mighty in valour  
Never in want or anything lack  
But now rests in a well decorated grave's parlour.

For him I do not mourn, No!  
That be for him to pay the price  
And Lo!  
On the dance of his journey gets the work prize.

Oh Jack gone so soon, too bad,  
Would that thee hearkened thy ears,  
For you were but a lad,  
Then would we have no more to shed, these tears.

Rest thee well Gentle Jack,  
For words we lack.  
In humility of esteemation you slack-  
And now your baggages you pack,  
Saying fare to us who in this world stay back.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Journey To Haven

Wither shall we go and make our way?  
So slick and flick the movement dashing through in this strange thoroughfare.

Thrown suddenly into existence,  
the scramble begins- but,  
unknown to what end the being.

Seeking tranquility of the soul we journey,  
in search of peace for the mind; that  
Rest to a troubled heart of worries brought.

Death unto mortals give, and  
life by the Supreme retaineth\_ leaving  
Man in quest to conquer his illusions.

A mystery beyond imagination  
who can comprehend the mind of the Supreme?  
Who like a puzzle is laid for man to crack.

His is the haven set abode.  
Shield from the noisome pestilence-  
down upon the mortals looketh with a mother's eye.

But man in foolishness dwelleth.  
Blinded by his lust he striveth-  
only at a pace to get crumbled.

Wisdom of the ancient calleth.  
Set before thee is that journey  
where tranquility seek for the soul,  
thou shall attain

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Lies Of Truth

Browsing through the pages of nature,  
Searching for that chapter that reveals the secrets of love,  
I scale through the tome of ador...  
To have a knowledge of that Jewel...  
A Jewel of magnificence and interminable beauty.

Friends call me terror of ladies,  
The fear of married women...  
This is all because,  
The words of my mouth in praise of ladies are...  
Like a strawberry hung on the doors of the lips  
Inviting the hearers to a secret tryst.

My name is now a rhythm of Melody on the lips of ladies...  
My time desperately they desire;  
Indeed,  
A treasure shade in the most secret part of their hearts-  
I've become an apprentice to the Great king...  
The mighty king in history,  
King Solomon.

Upon the pages of nature,  
Is my signature.  
Stamped with the pen  
Of unwavering splendour that  
Even the universe marvel  
At the magnitude of my wit  
And sagacity.

On I shall rule indomitable,  
And my firm across the world spread;  
On my bosom shall  
Beauty damsels fall  
And chant those lullaby of passion  
And forever in emotional effervescence  
Shall my glamour be made known.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Life Is A Lie

Life Is A Lie.

Life is a lie  
Which no truth can buy;  
A fallacy  
Which contradicts the logics of prophecy.

Life is a lie  
Whose beauty lives in shadowless efficacy; A fallacy  
Beyond reason and like puff of wind, fades and dies.

Life is a lie  
Wrought in absurdous activity...  
We live our best to try  
And when so close, all becomes lost to vanity.

Life is a lie  
Full of wonderful promises so empty...  
Cast forth into the universe, through the struggles we ply  
All to death still becomes the hope of eternity.

Our consolation to this hope  
When through the gate way we pry,  
The doors of perception shall to us be thrown agape  
And reality we shall see... The agonies of my cry.

A lie told through the ages of history  
For all generation to be an untold story.  
The die is cast the say... but when the cast becomes to die,  
Water like a river then run through the eye.

What indeed a lie live to hear-  
When in this perilous world we fight through the turmoil  
And when through the struggle we arrive upon earth's soil  
All becomes lavished to the tears we bear...  
The panic of death so hard then in our heart boil  
And suddenly we realize that life is a lie for which we live in fear

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Lost In The Trash

One order calls unto the world,  
from all and sundry in like-  
and from varying tongues came in one likeliness.

For the mess of a generation  
came those differences tearing apart  
that with the immortals, the mortals contend not.  
Unto the mortals, good intend.  
But unto the fall they strive hard  
becoming but a trash of folly.

Lost in delusional rationality,  
you become so butchered that  
not a piece of ur scraps could be gathered.

All over is littered the mess of like  
as of a group of children called drumming sound of the wedding feast but would  
not dance  
And to sorrowful lullaby, would not mourn.

Burnt in lustful desire, driven by passion

a haste they make  
that into the trash, discard that still voice.

Now an ode to morals is heard,  
a tribute to ethics  
and the songs of adieu to conscience sang.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Love N' Illusion

What can I say is real?  
Who can I point to be the perfect person?  
Is there anything such thing true as to saying-  
I LOVE YOU?  
All is but illusion and shadows

Who can be trusted?  
Where can one base confidently for safety  
Is there any such thing as  
TRUE AND REAL FRIEND?  
All is but shadows of reality, an imaginary delusion.

It's all lies. Pretence is all what it is  
Their words so sweet- but  
With empty waves in the air of nothingness.  
I know it exists but finding it  
Is but chasing your own shadows  
And at the end lost in mere illusion and fantasy.

Infatuation is all they offer. Yet  
So swift in words their declaration  
Yet upon the corridors of backbite and grudges  
Your mistake evergreen in their heart remain  
Never thinking of forgiveness.

What love it is that can your way to be true.  
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Your hope you place in them only to become shattered;  
Your future broken  
And drawn in the ocean of what it is,  
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None of them comes saintly;  
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Thy heart hold tight  
Less thou be drawn in the sea of delusion  
And thy heart torn in the shadows of your ignorance  
For thy heart so precious, worth tears for no soul.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Love's Mirage

Memories suddenly gone  
Lost in the cloud of nothingness  
Deep down the ocean of deceit  
In a cauldron of tears  
Weeping endlessly  
On a dais of vain promises

Founded upon the sky of bliss  
With passions and emotions flowing through  
Upon the heavenly aisle of effervescence  
With beams of pleasure rested  
On the hallmark of love  
With kisses of adoration.

Years of togetherness  
Moments spent in the sun  
Happiness and tears on a cross-road  
Weeping and laughter  
Rolling down the tiled road of the cheeks  
Stirred upon the path of a sorrowful voyage.

An unexpected expedition  
A dangerous escapade undertaken in fear and doubt  
Awaiting the claws of the horror  
In delusion of an imagined happiness  
Looking upon the future of a separated union  
With long lasting agony in the heart

Was it not all to pretence?  
We had it but lo  
We lost it  
Crashing upon our illusion  
With winks and blinks of crazy affections  
We gambolled on these corridors of love  
And now at the cross-road truly  
Lives to go our separate ways  
The illusion of Love.





# Marythecula

MY heart yearns for a blissful dance;  
Like of those of the Cinderella on the corridors of love-  
Smiling to the light of ecstasy.

AMAZING the wonders of thy beauty;  
Make me feel be the Prince Charming-  
To awaken the slumber of thy emotion.

READY to thee on a ball  
While we lay trunk on the verranda of passion,  
With kisses of adore.

YIELDING to thy marvelous articulation,  
May I never loose sight of thy tolerable beauty,  
Cast upon thy heart of tender love.

THROUGH and through the warmthness of thy compassion,  
Never letting those evil claws of worry on me,  
You shelter me with the wings of thy fairyness.

HUMBLY cast upon thy bossom-  
Is thy tender heart stretched to a world  
That through thee love sprouts.

EFFERVESCENT damsel like the fairy,  
Supreme thy comeliness I dare not compare-  
That as of an angel of consolation unto my bossom cometh.

CROWN of beauty upon thy head is laid,  
Smiles emitting affections thy sceptre of authority, and  
Thy soft spoken words, thy right hand of triumph.

UNSENTIMENTAL the justice of thy love,  
Ever blazing like the purified gold-  
Passing through the purificationg furnace

LO at thy bossom to cast my love  
All to thee, for thee and by thee,  
That our love forever glo.

AND when the night falls on us,  
For eternity our love written  
Upon the walls of memory,  
Never dellible.

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Like of those of the Cinderella on the corridors of love-  
Smiling to the light of ecstasy.

AMAZING the wonders of thy beauty;  
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That our love forever glo.

AND when the night falls on us,  
For eternity our love written  
Upon the walls of memory,  
Never dellible.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Me Inamorata

I met her Beautiful a lady,  
Caring like a mother,  
Cuddling like a sister,  
Daring like a wife.

In her arms is the protection of a mother  
The hug of a sister  
The touch of a wife.

With her is the beauty of motherhood,  
The glamour of sister  
And the joy of a wife.

Her tears of concern like those of a mother  
Her smiles like that of a sister  
Her laughter like those of a wife

Her caresses like those of a mother  
Her clutches like those of a sister  
Her graze like those of a wife.

In her eyes you see the strength of a woman  
Her heart bold and brave  
Wide and open  
Accommodating and gentle  
Beautiful and well treasured...  
She is a jewel of ador and splendour  
So amazing to imagine  
What beauty lies in her...

In her you see a mother  
Through her you feel a sister  
And by you she goes like a wife  
With love and care beyond limit...  
Indeed, she is memoir of a mother.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Mea Stellar

Lo! To see thy face I cherish,  
Brightened and strengthened  
Never to let go as I gaze on thee  
To remain always lightened

What a wonder to imagine  
Created and made to blossom  
Like cherries lined in a margin  
That through thy light, rest to my bosom

How I tender thy passion  
So precious to my way it came  
Smiles brought to relieve tension  
And to rescue my heart

Upon thee I gaze the future  
With so bright features  
Made and placed by nature  
In wonder and ponder comets the pictures

So elegant thy twinkle  
Across the sky you sparkle  
To my light thy light thee sprinkle  
Preciously endowed thy love jingle

In thy arms hold me  
O Stellar of beauty enshrined  
She'd thou on my path thy light  
Of guidance and protection so bright

In thy arms that I may sleep I pray  
Looking up to thee as gift nature has given  
Brought from the realm of beauty on high  
Puzzles to my heart and my soul to love is driven

An epitome of admirable beauty  
In thee I behold my star so clear and pure  
Caught in the golden web of, no plans, no plots and places of of espace  
To the future so bright I strive in thee and through thee to achieve thee my star.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Meditation

In the wake of the night,  
Sitted on the cradle of my bed with  
Eyes pierced through the white obstacles  
To engage a gaze into the beauty of the night fall;  
Then my heart in the silent whispers  
Roam to a grasp  
Of the understanding of the power underlying the world.

A universe deigned in beauty by mere words of mouth.

Walking the path way of the day  
With the harsh sun  
Drying the wetted hairs of my confusion,  
A still voice says  
'Relax, for more yet are still to come-  
That you in the wisdom of your focus  
May fathom

A universe deigned in beauty by a stretch of hand

Chilling under the cleansing breath of the dusk  
With the sun hiding her face and  
The trees dancing their ballad,  
Spreading their hand of chilling moments  
Over the blazing hairs of my relaxation,  
Then arises the curiosity of my brain  
To inquire

A universe deigned deigned in beauty by a gaze of pity.

When the eyes of my sight are asleep,  
The eyes of my heart refuse every slumber to  
Awaken the light of my IQ  
Pondering on the making of

A universe deigned in beauty by just a cast of shadow.

And when the efficacy of my search ended,  
The volumes of my quest unveiled,

Then in the last days at peace be  
Having in the silent work of ponder  
Grasp the making of

A universe deigned in beauty by God.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Memo To A Comrade

Thou Prince of my joy, the Pride of my heart; thy ways so gracious to me, I've always admired. But lo, before thee is set thy downfall which like an enigma I lay before thee for it comes like a raging storm and it is only with a heart of subtlety shall you fathom the secrecy of this which I tell you. THE GOLDEN RULES OF DESIRE

A gaze on her reveals that her beauty is second to no other for her appearance comes forth like a blazing metal well polished in pure reflection of the resplendent radiation of the sunbeam. This thus calls for wisdom towards the observation of the rules, for your relationship with her either makes or breaks you. Incline thy ears unto these words which like a honey comb I drop. They are the rules of desire for which with a subtle heart you must decode.

Never give a second thought to her beauty at thy gazes

Be careful of her smiles for those lips of hers glitter like an attractive diamond so tempting to the grave of destruction

Avoid a clash of her eyes to yours if you cannot stand; for they are locks of fire that melt iron bars

Her touch is like a blazing sword that cuts into the heart leaving it bare

Do not think of having her, for her love can be so deceptive

Yet, hers is no lust but a love that enslaves, beware

Never let the thought of her in you, for it will so twist you leaving you in the shadow of psychological misogamy

You have been a fine fellow. Do not dream of having her; for only then shall you escape the thoughts of misguided miscripances

My prince, whoever follows her, has a price to pay. Never let yourself a victim of such

Do not let her a kiss; for the sweet fragrance of her mouth is like a hurricane sweeping across the districts of unguided fortress.

Do not hearken unto the voice of her calling for like the echoes of the water siren, she leads you down the ocean depth of destruction.

Her hold is like the grip of a crouching tiger

Never give a glimpse of passion on her for the moment she lays hold of your passion, her slave forever you become

Shut your eyes to a show of her flesh whether intended or unintended and never hold a look upon her thighs for they are night daggers that fly in day light splitting and rendering the mind of the beholder apart.

Her looks are like spiral twine that they will so twist thy heart leaving you out of humor. Beware my prince of such guise.

Her steps like a flow of the royal robe cutting across the royal court aisle calling unto the attention of victims like the invitation of the swift gentle breeze of the

morning dawn during the harmattan season. Look not upon her as she steps. There is no doubt my Prince, whatever good is worth having; but for the sake of thy dignity and personality I speak. DO NOT BETRAY WHO YOU ARE. DO NOT SELL YOUR PATRIMONY FOR A GUMBO. Remember where you are coming from; your background of origin and the important of all your head way. Rise to the occasion to appreciate who you are for then shall you see the joy of what you shall be.

Many are in this toll, some find it good and some suffer in it; whatever and whichever, AVOID THROG OUTLOOK for it does not pay. You have always been yourself but that lass is beginning to reshape your mentality.

Awaken from thy slumber that you may behold the strikes of her deadly poison instigated into you. Her ways are but high ways to the grave.

I tell you this because I've lived for years in pursuit of wisdom and this is wisdom gave to me; THE BEAUTY OF A LADY IS A GRAVE YARD TO MEN'S HEART. Tarry not with the peripheral without considering the core for the both works inseparably and they are that which makes a human.

I will leave you now at the dispense of thy heart desires but in plea, forget not to always ponder on these clandestine messages of what you have for they shall guide you through this life of gratification and jeopardy.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Mercy Cry (Psalm J)

With what voice do I stand before you Lord.  
To your warning I refused ears,  
Your hand always keeping me from the touches of sin  
But lo! I pushed those hands away  
and when i thought i was standing strong  
i lived in delusion  
all was but an illusion  
i took my own path refusing your calling  
Now i live to cry  
The tears are much I cannot hold them back.  
Great evil have I committed before you.  
Now i know the words of thy prophet are truly your words  
Give me the strenght to stand this face of shame  
Give me the courage to overcome this great turmoil  
Which like a raging storm has befallen me  
Should I ask for a second chance? No!  
Instead in your mercy shall i confide  
Looking up to you who are the hope of my glory  
Even if my soul should relax,  
My whole being cannot  
Unless you speak those words of yours  
Unless you touch me with your touch of mercy  
To reannoint me with fresh oil, a new annointing  
And forgive my evil thoughts  
Will she ever forgive me?  
I shouldn't be saying this  
But Lord, I still love her  
I desire greatly to spend the rest of my life with her  
I know how greatly disappointed she may be  
But you alone Lord can touch her heart;  
You alone, can speak to her on my behalf.  
Lord you know me better than I know myself  
O God I come before you  
I prostrate before that Throne of Grace  
behold the both of us  
forgive us this grievous sin  
call us back to your fold  
I give up my life of excessive passion  
Bring back reconciliation

Understanding

True Love

Please Lord come to our aid.

Truly its a chattered hope

But in You there is hope

its a broken future

but in You the future is sure

Come Lord Jesus,

The light is dying and the night keeps crying

Come and make my heart your home once more

Come and be everything I thought I ever know

Wash me thoroughly

cleanse me from blood guilt

visit not this sin upon my generation

But upon me

Let your mercy be my saving grace

and your blood my hope of joyous

and glorious retoration

FOR THOU ART GOD WHO LIVETH AND REIGNETH WORLD WITHOUT END.....

AMEN

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Moments In The Sun

Oh precious diadem of the celestial  
Starry ocean deeps cries  
In remembrance of those sweet memories of  
Glorious moments in the Sun  
With smiles drying tears of the heart  
Bringing consolation to the lonely soul  
With an unforgettable love memories.

No regret it be that such moments were spent  
With kisses of passion  
Like as of a honey comb clustering on the lips with  
Times spent in the air with moments in the Sun  
Radiating thy batty with rays of sweet sensation  
And thy smiles emitting those blinks of affection  
Spreading courage to the heart of the one who  
Thee encounters.

Would that these vocals of mine with  
Melodious rhythm sing and  
In glorious dance of joy  
See thee in those sweet moments in the Sun  
Appearing like the bridal Queen of Natural beauty  
Riding in the horses enthusiasm into that world of mine  
Where illusion meets with reality, creating sweet fantasy.

Like a star you lit my path  
Standing like the great sunbeams  
Emitting light rays across my dark lurks  
Mirroring those sweet moments in the Sun  
Leaving my mouth in confession of  
Thy reflecting comeliness so powerful  
With shafts of glorious light  
Standing firm with love unwavering,  
With dances and songs of marvelous procession  
Awaiting those days of our Sweet moments in the sun.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Morning

Behold a new day,  
With splendours of adore spread  
Forth across the sky.  
It's the morning of beauty,  
The dawning of an awesome era  
When our eyes to the wonders of the day we open  
And up from the bed of rest arise  
That we walk on the flora of a new given  
With smiles and joys awaiting-  
When the sun shall bring its smile  
Upon our working head to set at dusk  
And the gentle zephyr our hearts fill  
With moments of pleasure to hoist our feet  
For momentous activities.  
GOOD MORNING.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Mummy's Lullaby

You are a treasure whose value cannot be measured.  
Your being, unique and incomparable.  
Like you, is no other;  
Oh mother.

Howbeit the warmness of your embrass,  
That from your bossom comes solace-  
When in affliction I seem lost,  
Oh Mother.

Your cuddle like showers of rain,  
Your tenderness ever blossoming like the lily-  
Protecting the young like the mother hen,  
Oh Mother.

Wisdom to the child,  
Courage to the man,  
The joy of having you around:  
Oh Mother.

In sorrow you bring joy.  
Thy consoling brave heart conquers the weary mourning heart.  
And thy passionate smile eludes all weeping-  
Oh Mother.

In you I see the joy of womanhood;  
Not minding the mysteries of your suffering, yet:  
With open heart you took the fate-  
Oh Mother.

Forever I'll cherish you.  
My love for you will never die, for,  
You are truly a treasure more costly than any other treasure in the Treasure  
Island-  
Oh Mother

(Dedicated to all Mothers as the Catholics mark their Mother's day. Please show  
some little kindness to your mother)





# My Banquet

Come all and sunder!  
Come rich and poor! !  
Come friends and enemies! ! !  
Come unto my banquet of merriment! ! ! !

Come to the joyous celebration!  
In that train of happiness,  
Which forever has crushed the truck of sorrow; and  
The road to tears blocked for ages.

Come! And I shall chant those lyrics of hope.  
And from the road of perdition thy heart rescue.  
For once that road I treaded,  
And now, I live to tread it no more.

Come you who are weary! And thy strength take.  
From my banquet, thou shall see cause to joy.  
And courage thou shall pick;  
And forever thy tears dry.

Come without restriction!  
Be thou a beggar, thou shalt beg no more;  
For in this banquet of mine,  
There be enough for thee and even unto thy generation to come.

Come! And the way I'll show thee. But  
Thou must dine and wine with me in my banquet,  
Which just for thee I prepared and made so rich;  
And from there thou shall see the way.

Come! And the secret of life, thee I'll teach.  
We live today and tomorrow we die-  
What then is life all about?  
But full strife and struggle.

Come! And with me on that table of plenty share.  
For that is what life deserves:  
To eat and wine when you can, but  
Never in laziness.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# My Cinderella

Gently into the bright future I sway;  
Then I met her so fair on my way and  
To her beauty a gaze I never say nay. For  
In her I see the face of my Cinderella.

Her fairness no comparism, my confession-  
Be of the damsel who in heart is full of passion. That  
My desire of her I cannot hold back my emotion'  
To call her my Cinderella.

The dance of her beauty leaves no measure.  
Capturing my fantasy in great pleasure;  
Forever with her be my time leisure  
To always have a dance with her, my Cinderella.

Round in the shadowy whirl wind of fantasy;  
Goes a great sense of me ecstasy-  
With streams of passionate intimacy  
To always behold her so pretty- my Cinderella.

Behold! Illusions now come to reality.  
Imagination in great confidence calleth opportunity  
Featuring the heart in that sense of utility'  
Of having the one who shall be my Cinderella.

Shall I not look upon your beauty, that  
Like a dance in the Milky Way  
With heart full of appreciation of  
Your majestic effervescence  
Say... You are MY CINDERELLA.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# My Confession I

Would that for mercy ask?  
Wherefore my life a subject,  
Encapsulated in the realm of joy  
Of the meeting of an unfathomable beauty.  
That tracked, I'm left to create  
A world of illusion and fantasy,  
Whence pleasure the order of the day becomes;  
Yet upholding the dignity of the being.

To behold me her beauty always,  
In my bosom rests  
With joy and tenderness of heart  
Bringing the body and soul one, in unity of two.

Never felt so deep a passion as this; confused  
Of what such coming together would be  
With passions and emotions so deep that  
Always and forever to perceive the scent of her beauty.

"Take thou this passion from me", my cry  
For so deep I falleth with slapdash sensation  
Clamoring for a romance with that incomparable beauty  
That even in the open my heart cannot fathom  
What it be that pusheth the eroticism that  
So tied, my strength washeth in her absence  
But in her presence, I become as a cooped slave  
Resting the head of my soul upon her bosom for healing  
Cometh from the deep clusters of refreshed myrrh on the doors of her lips.

Reprimand me I prayed; thou refuseth.  
But thou knowest how deep my heart cries, yet cherishes the desire of her  
And so thou upholdeth me strong to the feeling-  
That of a lucrative adventure the kisses and caresses becomes.

Why then the incursion of ethics in that terrain of joy  
Built in this world of mine  
With pleasures at full to derive in the sleep of caresses  
Living as though there is no tomorrow with grips  
Of every little occasion

For a kiss to capture.

Thou knowest my strives. For  
So hard are the trials and prayers; but  
Nothing to it done  
And so forever together I leave it that we be  
Being a consolation to my hardened heart of love  
To feel such a unique touch of love interminable  
In this adventurous venture  
To always take my heal from the touch of her lips to live.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# My Confession II

Sanctity of purity all gone, and  
the voice of chastity like  
those of the gongs sounding in the empty vacuum  
with no one to hearken unto.

Unto who shall be this jeremiad that,  
caught in the web of affection- I am drawn a prisoner  
to my own emotions and passions.

My love 4 one vow,  
to two the taste of my admiration: and now I'm left in that which I feared never  
to come.

To be with her my desire  
but to me she say nay, for  
in my slumber was she taken, and now,  
I awoke in her bethroton.

Now I'm caught in an unquenchable thirst for her, that  
like secret lovers:  
we go in secret tryst expedition,  
with endless flow of emotion.

Her heart to a man, my soul to a lady, but  
the thought of her never escape me, that  
upon her sight the string of my emotion spur,  
that I'm left to dance upon the lyre of passion.

But to be hated my stride, that  
this affection off me be taken: yet  
every advancement gives a reason to be loved, and so  
we dance to that tune played.

If only the hand of time i will turn,  
then forever with her I'd be. But lo  
far from me she is:  
that in tears I'm left to take up the hand of fate.

Always in ecstasy,

lured in the fantasy-  
I see the love. But after all, she says  
'be it as it may, my heart unto another I've given'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# My Prayer

Oh Lord, I'm on my knee  
Looking up to you to feel  
Your presence in me to fill  
And strengthened to move further still.

Lord to you I pray,  
The evil in the world today  
Dawns on me with no say  
Even though I have the way

In tears oh Lord  
I recall the blood  
Shed for a lost world  
To reform and bring back on board.

Truly so bright my future  
Ready with much to feature  
With a pure contingent fixture  
On a pure ground structure.

Into your hands  
I leave in all my stands  
That freed from the ignorance  
I'll never lost in the crowd bands.

Refuse thou me I pray to follow  
Even though I try hard to flow  
Never letting go a throw  
But in thy tender, choose to stroll.

Upon the life struggling stream  
I try to see the beam  
Of light leaving just a steam  
Trying to get the realm.

Never being weird,  
I'm never going to be lured  
For I know I am made  
And my ways by God led.



Definitely i'got to shine  
Though I struggle to be on line  
With this running world of mine  
Yet I pray and wish to dine.

Living in the power of love,  
I desire to and will to solve  
That dangerous nature of man making him a wolve  
That their life be as though a dove

Even as life continues, Lord in husking  
You made that I die not hustling  
Though men go tumbling  
I know I'll never live stumbling  
For in my prayer, I know you shall keep me bubbling.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Nostalgia

Clad in the puds of your beauty-  
I yearn for a glimpse of your face  
Like the trees waiting the days of fertility;  
When my lonely heart to yours you shall brace.

Humbled by my thirst as of a child in want,  
The imagination of your comeliness leaves me wondering:  
That like the mad man on the street I rant-  
Leaving the world in the state of pondering.

Indomitable the strength of your sensational will;  
Who can beat such fancy?  
Yet the complexity of your awesomeness so simply fill,  
That I'm left to walk the ecstasy.

Obvious the desires of my heart for you.  
To hold you to my bosom with kisses of passion-  
While I chant you hums of the morning dew-  
Immersed in running springs of emotion.

Melodious those ballads of admiration to chant;  
Feeling the fervidness of your embellished fascination,  
While through the rhythm of your gorgeous guise I pant  
With unspoken words of admiration.

And to rest fervidly unto your embrace my desire,  
Feeling those pats of fervor;  
With the flames of your love like a blazing fire...  
Burning with unalterable countenance of ardor.

&It;A SPECIAL DEDICATION TO A TRUE FRIEND; CHIOMA FLORENCE EKE. LOVE  
YOU&gt;

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Nothing

Lo! I gaze into space full of nothing  
But the weird delusions of my fantasy  
And trying to lay hold of something,  
Become like the one fighting for a trap of the wind  
Only to behold me in the chase  
Of the shadows of my own illusion  
And holding grip of nothing,  
Wonder what it be that captures my fancy  
Then I woke up in full realization of the fact  
That lost in pure imagination  
All my fantasies were drawn to  
Nothing but the shadows of nothing.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

## Now I Pray

Coddle me in the bosom of your passion,  
Anchor me with the shadows of your watchfulness  
Upon me gaze with an eye of pity  
And whip me with the whip of justice.  
Perceive me with your breath of life,  
Scold me with the lips of your promise  
Draw me me nigh with your hands of righteousness  
Hear me with those ears of your mercy  
Let me feel the grip of your call upon my wandering heart  
Let the gentle whispers of your voice  
Pierce through the marrows of the silent night  
And let the watchful light of your eyes  
Overshadow the beclouded darkness of my soul.  
Upon the road paths of my cheek, let your healing cloak  
Be my consoling towel  
Map thee the directions of my feet  
And my heart from thee shall never wander away.  
Bear me up in your palms  
And my joy shall be in you and for you  
To be my salvation.  
For all I desire,  
Is that once again, you call me SON

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Ode To Philosophy

From thy slumber awake, Oh Queen of the Thinkers' varsity!  
Come ring the powers of thy reason in the puzzle of reality,  
And from us remove, that dogmatic lunacy;  
That gives us no clear stance in the society.

See how we go in delusion of our theory,  
To you we no longer show loyalty;  
And so in vexation you left us to our insensibility  
Allowing us a pinch of reasoning falsify.

Come with that wisdom of thy magnanimity.  
Unto us restore that knowledge of curiosity for good utility-  
When to no chance we shall grant to the opportunity,  
Which unto us shall come; and so never to play in futility.

At thy wisdom doth others stand in humility;  
But Lo! Thy prophets are drawn deep in carnality,  
Loosing the sense of their spirituality,  
Thereby making thee a look unto thy subjects, a jesty.

Await no more for them to arise from their drunken stupidity.  
Come in thy capability and vivaciousity,  
And unto thyself new prophets breed to declare thy prophecy  
That the universe may fall back trembling at the feet of thy temerity.

When thou reason, theologians cry for liberty,  
If thou think, scientist plead guilty.  
Now you sleep, they all claim authority  
In place of thy pragmatic sovereignty.

To the thinking you justify, you bring to unity.  
To the one you detest, no one questions your supremacy.  
Why then the sudden coldness of thy ability,  
That you are laughed upon in this age of moral incompetency.

Come with thy glorious effrontery,  
And the path of good restore with thy efficacious morality;  
For wild men have gone with the creation of scientific technology:  
And destruction they wrath, leaving the world in absurdity.

Awake! And from the heart of men remove, that scientific abnormality.  
Which so good a universe by you brought to a harmony,  
Now in endless hatred and immorality  
Make. Leaving off thy stipulations of good which from the beginning was thy  
affirmity.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Pink Lady

Come oh pink lady, come shade me your lightness:  
Come in the gentility of thy heart and my heart be the queen  
That I be your king  
Reigning ever in pure love

Come sing me those songs  
Of melodious rythmn  
Flowing from thy vocals  
In pure harmonization.

Come gaze upon me  
With those eyes of yours  
Which beareth forth sweet sensation  
Flowing in pure endless passion.

Come hold me  
With those hands of yours  
Which like the eagle's wings  
Shieldeth me from the claws of loneliness.

Come press me unto thy bossom  
And those lullabies hum for me  
That in thy pinky love  
I may find solace

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Purple Love

Lurked in the lonely night,  
I groped like the blind in search of light  
Begging for a sight  
To ease the angst of my fright.

There comes she with shades of love  
Poised like the lady Athena decorated in mauve,  
With words from Zeus  
To salvage the lurk of my loneliness

Lo! Her beauty flowing,  
Written in purple  
In robes of royalty  
Floating across the isle of emotion.

Her words gently dropped  
Like of the humming bees bringing honey,  
With the sirenic voice so harmonious and melodic to the ear.

Her smile commanding emotion  
Her looks with the passion of authority  
Her dentition well arranged and partitioned  
With rays of golden reflection.

In her bossom is the fragrance of the lily  
Like the purple rose blossoming  
In the midst of the garden  
With emotions flowing in the reins of the heart.

(dedicated to precious lily of my heart HILDA FEMOWEI)

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Queen Of Glory

Who can transcend the glory of thy beauty?  
From the crown of your head to the sole of your feet,  
You are covered with splendor of Majesty-  
Shinning brighter than the rays of the rising sun.

Chosen as the prime tabernacle,  
Refused every stumbling obstacle,  
Lived as though an Oracle,  
Rejecting every worldly fancy tickle.

Who could have imagined your personation;  
That never moved by vain affection,  
Accepted a motherly sorrowful affliction,  
Yet never resorted to the world's consolation.

Upon thy crown is the glory.  
On to thy sole is the victory,  
Always before the Most High holy,  
Pleads against all rivalry.

To venerate thee in thy majesty,  
For in glorious unity,  
Thou reigneth with the Trinity  
For all eternity.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Random Roll

Roll roll roll!  
Roll the ball in the bowl  
Let's cast lot  
And let him own,  
Whom the cast favours.

Up in the air let it roll  
Deficiency the heart of the partakers  
Within us be we the stakers  
And them give our vain pledges  
And randomly own that which for many be.

Panic not at their suspect  
For us avow their respect  
So to our prospect  
We shall continue to toll  
For then shall we be filled, though  
Yearning for more.

The declarations of our secret chamber,  
They bow  
The authority of our ember  
In awe  
Prostrating at our decisions' altar  
Without any alter  
To the decrees.

No business of ours it'd be  
If they die or live to be,  
Thus be the game we play  
For when the ball randomly rolled, we relay  
And their cast on us fell  
And if they'd be there to tell  
Worse would have been theirs to fare

Let us own that which we could now,  
For when we finally bow,  
We shall rant in chase,  
Of nothing left in the phase,

But that which we in the random roll,  
Own.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Reflection Of Passion

Gently on my way I sway-  
Suddenly came a gaze,  
Lost in the passion, I never say nay.

Smiles unveiling sparkling dentition my confession-  
I'm tied to linger in the phase,  
That lost in the passion I hold not back my emotion.

My heart swings in pleasure I can't measure-  
That I cannot... But follow the chase,  
For lost in the passion: to catch a litter of her glitter.

The dance of her beauty a reality-  
I'll live to solve the maze,  
As lost in the passion I quit fight of the sight.

Drawn in this affection my submission;  
For I dare not call it a dream, but a reality in ream-  
Caught in the faze,  
I'm lost in the passion of my emotion\_  
So I vow to bow.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Sail My Love

Like the Orinoco flow, upon the gaze of unseen shadow,  
Let your love drop an ocean, streaming in sense of passion-  
Upon the reins of my heart.

Like the ocean blue  
Reflecting the sky in motion due,  
Let your love well a spring  
And evergreen, bring  
Those desired ecstasies of the heart.  
Sail me through love's beauty,  
And the duty  
Upon tides of emotion let me take  
Constant to its glorious beam i stake,  
To hold forever to its secret trysts

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Scandal

Was I born for this?  
Let me know!  
Was I really meant for this?  
Why all these scrambling?  
Why the clamoring? I mean  
Someone should lift up  
An acrimonious voice  
And tell me  
Why the scandal

Ahead I look but all I see  
Is smiles of devastation  
And looking behind  
Behold back biters  
On what platform then is the rest of mind  
Someone somewhere I know  
Is browsing these cantos  
Of my jeremiad  
Shall you not then tell me  
Where lies the citadel of safe achievement  
I mean that built outside the confinement of scandal.

My heart truly is filled with bitterness.  
Tears I cannot render.  
Behold the reality of God now an illusion in man's imagination. Yet  
That I speak no blasphemy  
Hide the voice of my supplication  
While in my widest imagination  
With a loud cry ire  
Still ponder on God's existence  
Why these scandals?

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Shadows Of The Lily.

Rays of ornamental adonment  
flaunts my garden.  
With shadows of admiration.

Fragrance of joy fills my portion  
As that lily sprouts in my garden.

Glorious reflection unveiling the green  
of the daisies in the hillside.

Shadows of love and laughter-  
all over I see-  
Of that lily in my garden grown.

Shadows of consolations  
fills my heart  
to tarry with that shadow my desire.

Shadows of passion\_  
the songs in my heart,  
to always hear a lullaby from the voice of that lily.

To the smile I live,  
to the feeling I cling- for this lily whose shadow  
on me cast.

(I dedicate this poem to My Love, Brenda Okafor, her shadows fill and gladen me  
with joy and to her I owe my love forever) .

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Silent Tears

Tears of fears like the ocean flow  
Dropping down the bowl of my eyes  
Like a raging storm-yet  
Expressed in silence

To whom shall I cling for a cuddle?  
Who my shoulder shall become? For  
Apart my heart is been rendered, yet  
I dare not wail aloud- but  
In silence express my tears.

Lo my fears drooping my spirit  
For she whom I love  
Resting upon her bosom the desires of my heart. But  
Now, another in her life is come.

Those words of assurance gave she me,  
And her ways so pure I understand-  
Determined for love; her confusion,  
And to her decision my fear,  
Of what it'd be.

Yea! To consolation the sound of my tears.  
For the way of love difficult to express-that  
When that which thou holdeth firm goeth-let go  
And when to thee cometh back,  
Beeth thine forever.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# Solace Of Love

What wind thy memory canst blow?  
What rain thy name written canst wash?  
Thy mark written all over  
That the thought of thee in the wake of the morning,  
Gladens my heart.

No other love greater than thee I see.  
In the thought of the night you are my dream,  
When I gambol on the hallmark of silence,  
I feel thy great hold with  
Whispers of love.

I long for thee so greatly I can't wait.  
Come take me,  
For all I live is thee  
And to die, is thee  
For my breathe with thee forever liveth.

My heart forever to thee belongs  
Even in my insolence, is thy solace cast  
Upon my troubled being  
Sweeping the tears running down my cheeks with  
Thy wind of adore,  
The beauty of thy being.

As I am, thee I beg to take,  
Hold me to thee close, never let loose; for  
What be my world without thee,  
What be my breathe without thy fan  
Burn me with love and I shall blaze,  
Roast me with kisses and I shall be renewed.

Cast your wings of love  
To shield me from ugly claws,  
Let thy shadow be my solace in lonely days,  
In trials and hard times, let me hear your voice  
And when the night falls on me,  
Let your smile be my consolation to rest in thy bossom-  
While I take my breathe of peace.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Song For The Poets

Thou art my chosen  
The mouthpiece of my prophecy  
Hand of my authority.  
Thy knowledgeable acumen  
The pride of my heart is; and  
Thy spoken words  
The tenancy of my wisdom.

Speak forth those verbocious fabrications  
Shut not the doors of thy lips  
Let the windows of thy eyes and the gate of thy ears  
Be thrown ajar  
Declare the astuteness of passion  
Let the world be drawn in love  
Lament in acrimony  
The lines of my jeremiad  
Let them panic in the terror of my wrath.

Never let the foot of thy pen weary  
For the paper awaits its manifestation  
So let thy pen dance  
Upon this face of momentous jamboree  
Revealing the path-way to truth.

Like a prophet,  
Blaze thy vocals with the fire of authority  
Let the ink upon thy pad flaunt  
My vociferous command  
Divulge human attitude and  
Lay bare the mind of the Divine.

Away from the horde  
Cogitate and ensure to ruminate  
The message I spread  
Across the fabrics of nature  
So glaring to understanding yet  
So cryptic that  
It becomes a conundrum to decipher.

You are the heart of my communiqué  
The dance of thy intellectual acumen  
A wonder that cannot be comprehended  
A comprehension Beyond imagination.

Not even I who the formed in sovereignty  
Can penetrate the incredulity  
Of thy perspicacity  
But in my perspicuity  
No sagacity  
Surpasses the supremacy  
Of my prudence and Divinity

I am thy maker and creator  
Thee I chose for human formator  
Unto thee they shall look for a mentor  
And thy lines follow for their cantor  
Always pondering and meditating upon the drops of thy canto.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Songs Of The Lily

How beautiful thy stay,  
On the green hill valley in decency  
Taking thy rest all the way  
In that open space world of fantasy,  
Like one in ecstasy  
Whose appearance spring forth like the rising sun.

Amidst the world daises,  
Thou unleasheth the sweet fragrance of thy comeliness  
So unique that, the road paths are filled with thy aura.

To catch a glimpse of thee the desires  
Burning like a blazing fire in the heart of thy beholder  
And never to lose the scene,  
Scampers through the sycamores.

The rays of the sun unveils thee,  
Reflecting thy fairness with colours of elegance  
For which the smiles on thy face draws the heart to ponder.

O'er the surface of emotion thy sailing passion  
Conveying a scenario of unimaginable play let  
Like the fairy tale  
Of the Beauty in the wonder land.

The imaginations of my heart I hold not  
But the wonders of thy being I express  
That with the fading sun you never whither; the power of thy beauty.

O beautiful lily of the valley  
Pride holder of the daises  
Sprouting with the rising dawn so bright and fair  
To rest in the aura of thy fragrance the plight of my desire;  
To listen to those awesome chants of yours which  
The trees in one accord blend their voices  
Dancing to thy royalty in procession;  
That I through these serenades, thee created for eternity,  
Lead thee up the aisle of the blue splendor.



# Strides Of Reality

Lay down thy ears and let me utter  
Those verbocious fabrications that  
Will so twist the fist of thy understanding leaving  
The doors of thy mouth ajar in speechless vocality  
And the rein of thy knowledgeable acumen  
In an everlasting ponder of  
What conundrum it be  
Of such lines.

Like the mystic serenades awakening the eyes  
Of the gods to the hands of battle; so  
My pen dances upon the jubilating paper  
In a ring of momentous fete  
When the twine of my medulla rotates  
In the pace of a vocal acrimony to  
Lay down those verbal astuteness that  
Will so twirl the fibers of thy passion  
Upon a rested bosom of fantasy.  
No fairy fancy fables these words- but  
A touch of reality  
Clustered upon the marrows of illusion.  
Let thy heart set sail  
Upon this floating ship of whimsy  
Accepting that which unto thee tranquility breeds  
Having thee rested still  
Upon the bastion of emotion  
Feeling the dance of the green nature with  
The fragrance of the lily cast  
Upon the atmosphere with  
Shades of serenity and  
Aura of affection.  
In it's simplicity you pick the clarity  
Of its difficulty;  
Wordings so clear yet  
Built in a fabricated confusion  
Think not to unravel the hidden wisdom  
Of each line; but in  
Thy wisest subtlety  
Should be thy major aim.  
What I speak is

Wisdom unto all ages  
Like a baby has she cuddled me  
And nurtureth me to growth that  
Soaked in the shadows of her supremacy  
I live.  
It is for thy sake. Why?  
Why do you tear and bite thyself?  
Why the worry?  
From whence cometh thy strife?  
Speak forth and tell me why thy sorrow?  
Look how like the  
Blood sucking bug, deep  
In the fabrics of thy anatomy it dwells  
Squeezing life out of thee gradually.  
Hast thou not learneth?  
In life is thy happiness engraved  
In the palms of thy hand.  
Lurk not unto those blames like the blind groping in the obscurity of guilt-  
What be the expectations of thy heart?  
Knoweth thou not?  
Unto friendship is betrayal for carefulness  
Unto enmity is hatred for refining  
Tell me  
What be you without either?  
Lose friends and no one gives thee the advise to celebrate thy good time  
Lack enemies; and live in the delusions of reality and life lesson  
One way  
You have to smile  
Laugh  
Be joyous;  
Hearken unto backbiters and be crushed forever!  
How long?  
Speak! How long shall thou lurk  
Unto the nipples of the breast  
With the doors of thy lips ajar  
Clamoring for a suckle like a baby?  
Hard times maketh the valiant  
Look not for whom to feed thee with fish  
Allow thyself in the school of fishing and learn to catch fish for thy nourishment  
Gallantry is the first step to valor  
Fear not the horde but  
Avoid the throng.



In success and out of achievement  
Mouths are meant to wag.  
T'is a fact inevitable  
In the fabrics of nature.  
Consider these words and learn that  
Against all odds, life goes on.  
Never be pulled down by worries,  
Thou hast nobody to blame for thy misfortune.  
Strive for the best while you can. And  
The rest  
Unto the hands of providence leave.  
Time is drapery of destiny  
A curative to adversity  
But  
Thou must be a mastery of life's given  
Remember!  
Life is full of mystery-  
Of what tomorrow bringeth thou knoweth not  
Why dwelling on that corridor of anxiety?  
Entreat from the Omnipotent  
Lose not sight of that which he offers  
Underrate not the arms of his strength  
And the of thy sorrows  
Shall be filled with yams of delight.  
Only be cheerful  
Glee at all cost  
Jovial thy watch word in wise and disciplined manner  
And exultant.  
Above all  
Live thy life as though a king  
And be treated like one.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Tales Of Moonlight I

Let me hear those tales like as of the fairy tale  
Drawn under the light of the moon never for sale  
When life seem so pale  
With blazing angst like hail  
Seeking those smiles of peace; when life  
Spent in the day presents nothing but strife  
To hear the metal gong sound  
Laughing over the myth of legendary with smiles that know no bound  
And joy circulating all round  
The bosom of my bored rest in which of me is found  
A blazing passion for such tales to ease the day  
And the trodden paths of my hectic today  
Draw me in the way  
To have my rest in the dreamland straight away.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Tears Of The Moon

Sing me those songs of tears  
Let me dance upon the lyres of sorrow  
Mourning the lost passion of thy emotion  
With thy anguish dripping upon the rein of my heart  
Weeping for want of peace but findeth none  
To ease the misery of the pain so hurting  
Whence in this rain of blissful showers  
We feel so ire  
That the drop of thy own tears, cease the light of the day  
And darkness upon the soil enrage  
Quaking and shaking the trees of temperament  
Causing the eyes to sleep no more  
When the doors of the lips are tightly shut and  
The windows of the ears opened to nothing.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# The Beautiful Heart

ORDERED and bred in the art of love,  
You stand unique and distinguished-  
With a clean of harmony, you  
Salvage the heart of they who agonize.

LIKENESS of mother, I call you one,  
With the love of her children,  
All and sunder they come running to you,  
And your bossom, you open unto them.

UNDERSTANDING, your watch word is.  
In the beauty of your heart you show the care.  
Even in your anger, you never let go in tears,  
Without forgiving and reconciliation

CHERISHED and admonished,  
Thou pretty lily of the heavenly garden  
You come like a shower in the climax of dry season  
And the dry heart you water with you bowl of love.

HUMBLE umpire so unadulterated  
In unanimity is your relationship in all aspect  
Blessed be that womb that unto thee gave birth to-  
For how so lightened the air filled at the cry of thy coming.

INDUSTRIOUS maiden so meticulous in action and words.  
Never discouraged by bits of trying moments.  
How happy the man of thy bossom having you; for  
In you, is the joy and the strength of a man.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# The Bounty Beauty

BLISS of blessedness, the joy of my gladness.  
Be of my encounter with her so pretty-  
And the joy of my heart rings in happiness:  
That unto me she came; to gaze upon her beauty.

REVEALING rays of resplendence,  
Is the power of her smile.  
Appearing in splendid effervescence;  
Makes me always go the mile.

ELEGANT manifestation of the glorious equanimity-  
Furbished like a gold polished in the blazing fire-  
Giving thy making and being an unimaginable magnanimity,  
Creating in the heart a burning unquenchable desire.

NASCENT goddess of love so comely.  
To thy beauty Aphrodite attests and Venus come revering,  
For at the sight doth Zeus loose the sense of war dearly;  
And Poseidon drawn in the shallow of his depth, come bowing.

DEXTEROUS adroit nanny of love full of passion,  
Thy emotion you allow a flow unto the bosom of those that agonize.  
And from the doom of sorrowful and lonely detention,  
The doors of thy sparkling dentition you open and them you release.

ALLURED in this amplification of thy glorious adornment,  
Beholding thee as thou walk in thy robe of golden bracelet garnishment  
With mouth agape I leave to thee my abandonment  
To surely prove to thee that, to thy beauty is no measurement.

[I DEDICATE THIS POEM TO THE ONE WHOM MY HEART LOVES SO MUCH. SHE IS NO OTHER BUT BRENDA OKAFOR. SHE REALLY THOUGHT ME WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE, SHE BROUGHT AN UNIMAGINABLE JOY TO MY LIFE AND MY LOVE TO HER I VOW FOREVER].

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# The Golden Flower

LOVELY fragrance from your radiation.  
Your leaves glittering over the fabrics of the beauty of nature,  
Under the magnificence of the sun rays beyond imagination.

OPTIMISM lies upon the bosom of your photosynthetic flow:  
Awaiting the glorious showers, you never wither-  
Always beaming in ardor with the tune of the gentle wind below.

VENERATED in adorned splendor,  
You emit sense of endless craze-  
Leaving emotions on the gallery of endless contour.

ENDOWED with beauty beyond comparism,  
The environs you flaunt with your decency.  
With rays of golden reflection you beat every sarcasm.

TALENTED in decorative ornamentation  
That at the departure of the sun,  
You laminate your beautiful reflection.

HUMBLY you lay in the garden so calm and gentle,  
I see you- the beauty of beauties,  
And joy circulates round the marrows of my sight that  
You become a treasure worth not loosing from that garden of love.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# The Lone Heart

Out in the night of tears,  
Sits the Lone Heart-

Listening to the gentle whispers which,  
No joy brings.

Lost in the darkness of sorrow,  
The weeping heart rips\_

Tearing in the open vacuum in search,  
Of solace to no avail.

Heart so torn apart;  
To whom shall it cling to? For  
Once bitten, twice shy.

So is that journey-  
Heart to Heart that

In time, a heart goes in Lone  
To learn the steps of that journey. And

Only shall then,  
Consolation be brought to that  
Lone Heart

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# The Sanguine

JOY in the heat of sorrow- the spirit|  
Cheerful, bold and courageously unshakeable;  
Always and ever enduring to that height of aspiration.

OVERT and humble, noble in obedience|  
Down to earth, meek and kind;  
Always and ever hopeful-optimistic in that height of aspiration.

YIELDING young and vibrant, spirited and smart|  
Drawn in emotional display of compassion and love;  
Always and ever willing to hearken to the voice in tears.

ULTIMATE in priority target and pursuit|  
Free and jovial, social and amicable;  
Always and ever decent in appearance and speech.

CALM though never timid|  
Gentle but never inferior to any intimidating force;  
Always and ever ready to speak in defense of intention and purpose.

HUMBLE though- but never in folly|

EFFERVESCENT and gleaming with beautiful sensation;

NOBLE in the way of diligence and devout affection- yet

NATURED and nurtured in that plat of discipline that

ALWAYS and ever you aspire the height of success.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# The Victor's Lyrics

The sword in dance of jubilation;  
I leave floating in the air of celebration,  
For out in the field of battle I go in requisition.  
And now in dance of victory, the chant of my invocation.

Thither and hither goes the battle song-  
Leaving no breathe in the lung.  
For the fear comes the tong;  
But now is the victorious sounding gong.

In the line of readiness we took our position;  
On the bed of fright our heads held up to the location,  
With the enmity of the swords and shields variation,  
We advanced to the slaughter without restriction.

Decimating from all angles the strike.  
No mercy! Shouts the pike.  
All enemies be brought to subjection in the spike;  
Both old and young alike.

The bullet against the blood with no mitigation,  
The sword unto the flesh with no limitation.  
Blah! Blah! ! Blah! ! ! That clash of commotion.  
Drawing in the field a great retardation.

Our lines we never retreated.  
Advancing unto the enemies unrestricted,  
And from the blues then came the courage unlimited;  
With the path of our brevity fully illuminated.

Staggering under the toxin of exhaustion  
We all swayed back in victory of the contestation.  
But suddenly; our feet jumped to the echoes of appreciation  
Singing those songs of our victorious comprehension.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Thumb Song

Pretty weighty thumb  
Short and brief your stance  
Primed like an acacia bomb  
Amidst the irokos' lands-  
Yet all hope in you lingers  
Master of the gripping power  
To rain your supporting shower  
Upon the hefty duty fingers

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Tide Of Destiny

Pushing in the tide  
Our ship set sail  
Dancing  
Wagging  
Seeking a pace for the shore  
Of hope  
Of peace  
Of serenity  
To halt at the harbor of success  
But  
Lo!  
The wave of the storm  
Beating the metallic strength  
Causing it to dangle  
Upon the surface of the deep  
And we the sailors  
Our hearts lurked upon the palms of our hands  
We wiggle  
Our eyes closed  
Our ears ajar  
Mouth agape  
Leased to the hand of fate  
Seeking the clamp of providence  
Uncertain of posterity  
Wither we become  
Then unmasked he our captain of fortune  
In the heat of our dread  
Anxiety  
Trepidation  
With a smile  
Of courage  
Favor  
Assurance  
And sure futurists  
Then we realized that  
The tide of destiny  
Is the mark  
Of great achievers.



# To A Friend

CALM though unseen the presumptions of your being,  
Gentle the soft speeches of your vocals-  
The heart of your manliness.

HUMBLY swaying on the corridors of passion,  
Unshaken by the waves of emotion-  
The stance of your comeliness.

INTELLIGENTLY adorned,  
Crowned with knowledgeable diadems-  
The wave of your IQ-logical boldness

KINDLY swift on the corridors of peace,  
Never hunting the unprecedented-  
The mark of your smartness.

EVER ready to hearken,  
With ears feathered into the air-  
The sound of your fairness.

ASPIRING higher always  
And in the boat, 'em you sail  
Who your hand holds.

DEDICATED to service  
Devotion to the Lord-  
You stand so bold.

INSPIRING a million,  
Indispensably atoned-  
You lighten their load.

ENERGETICALLY fit,  
Effectively influencing-  
You blaze every freezing cold.

LO to you, a dedication,  
Chanting hums of praises-  
While your tale to the world told.

EVER forever friends-  
And together forever in memory written-  
Never to path the pals road.

[Dedicated to a FRIEND OF FRIEND. Though have not met, pals forever we be  
and upon the walls of memory your stars written indellible. CHIKE ADIELE (BAR.)  
]

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Torn Apart

This life full of vanity, I so repine,  
When hopes run so pale and dark;  
Leaving the heart so deep soaked in pain, that  
The eyes agonized shower rain.

Who has ever wondered on that which is-  
That in the open sight of faith, hopes get shattered,  
Tearing you down to nothing when  
You feel you are on only to come battered.

So torn apart I've become.  
Rendered and broken, I leave not to speak-  
Regretting such a life I got caught up with-  
Becoming so heartbroken, the tales I can no longer hold.

How so bad life goes; to leave me in such shackles.  
Whom do I sing my jeremiad to?  
Never to imagine it could come this way.  
But now behold me so watered down.

For you I ran down the stairs of pride and principles.  
Like a slave I came crumbling and crashing- and  
All of me to you I gave, yet  
To the lost you stab me so deep.

The joy of my being you'd be,  
My pride kin you I see, for  
No other, my desire.  
Why then leave my world so cold?

No saint I be to live perfect. But  
In remorse I feel for my past and  
My apology to you render from my heart; still  
You do not desire it to hear.

Not so strong to hold you your belief.  
So rash my attitude your decree; but  
To it have I consented\though my heart knows that not,  
On to your refusal you hold tight.

So nice you have been to me no doubt.  
Why leave now at the peak of the joy coming-  
Allowing me the sorrows of loneliness? That  
So harsh it tears cruelly leaving me in endless tears.

Shall I know any other joy as you?  
Now you are gone; everything thou took off me.  
But that me is all I've got left; yet no joy. For  
Be that joy of me if thou art not there.

But my trust all to you I gave the whole.  
Yours, you hid for me unfaithful;  
For that the lack of this you go in quandary  
Forgetting the pact of our heart union.

If only those sweet past memories thou would recall; then  
Will you not want to hold on to that desire? To  
Hold me tight so close to you in your bosom-  
While I whisper in glee; 'there's no other but you shall my heart cling forever'.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson



# We All Have Faults

The dark side of me you always see  
So you shout and scold me.  
You failed to realize one thing  
Which is so certain...  
We all have fault.

Though a perfectionist  
You might be indeed  
Let me drop down a true gist  
The world has no record of such a deed  
For even he in man's form took a fault.

Do not look at me that way  
I am me... Yes... Buh I can change still  
You want it so fast that you cast me away  
At a little mistake of which good I can't steal  
Yet you forget we all have fault.

My life is gentle buh you want it hard  
When I get to it you say I am too hard  
You refuse me you to be heard  
And when through I get good or bad  
Never satisfied you forget we all have fault

Hear me to be heard... A synergy  
Your strength to mine the prodigy  
Do not zap my energy  
All because you want me your style  
Forgetting I can't stick to your tile  
For we all have fault.

We are two world apart  
Yours and mine... Differently we play a part  
Your strength to mine and your wisdom so, that  
A better world be made.  
Understand me and be not misled  
You cannot please everybody  
Because we all have fault.

If I please you not, why give me the bait?  
If I meet not your taste why the feat of fate?  
You get the best of work when you appreciate  
Buh depreciate  
When you refuse to encourage.

No man was made perfect  
For we lost it out when he failed  
In his image we came  
And through the image,  
We all came to have fault  
And by this fault we meet the grave  
Save when we see through ourselves  
And appreciate ourselves  
For in so...  
We appreciate others.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Why Weep?

Has the sun ever hidden the smiles of its light?  
Have you ever sat to imagine the arrangement of the stars?  
From whence dost the moon rises,  
And whence does it set?  
Do you ever desire the wind before it comes?  
Dost thou knowest how fend the birds of the air,  
Beast of the field  
Creeping entities?  
Hast thou attempted counting the hairs of thy head  
And of thy body accurately  
Even when they are saved?  
Can thou empty the waters of the ocean-  
Even if thou be given a million years?  
The sand on the sea shore, how cometh they?  
The grasses in the field you always set ablaze-  
Yet happily they sprout beautifying the environs;  
How comest they?  
Dost not the trees stand even in the dry season?  
Dost not the heavens light thy path even in nightfall?  
Can thou clamber upon the heavens to tear down  
The sky?  
Then  
WHY WEEP?

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Woe

Made from man and to man brought,  
That he may appreciate and  
Like the others name. But;  
At the sight cried he, what a woe!

The best that gets the society going,  
To man's fall in history came this doom-  
Bone of my bones thou art; Yet  
Still to imagine-ever remaining a woe.

To humanity destruction unleasheth,  
In strength the world taketh higher-  
Flesh of flesh to man,  
Striving always to a woe.

That I be salvaged from this perilous adventure  
Of an unending impetuosity-  
Shattered and battered, persevering in the agony,  
With hopes full, enduring the woe.

In celibacy the woe glareth in alluring feature.  
In potency, the appraisal of thee unto man is testified. For  
No one leaveth without a feel of thy touch always-  
Either to get subjected or die fighting the woe.

Thy intoxication stronger than the claret,  
Throwing to stupor thy beholder.  
Little in mind bears the stupidity-  
For joy it giveth, yet remains a woe.

What then is it that keepeth the man,  
The success from the woe bearing, Or  
The failure from the woe, hanging and pushing on? Yet  
We know-This is all about Woman.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson

# Wonders Of Illusion

Lo my sighs  
Behold my hisses;  
Can't even imagine what it'd be  
That in this world full of mysteries  
Whence life is of a lot to ponder  
And the showers of grace upon they that believe and  
They who not, we wonder what'd be of them.  
Yet sailing in that boat of illusionary whimsy  
The Seed of our mind like those of the mustard sprout  
Then we wake up only to behold the void ness of our smiles  
Clamouring for a grab of the shadows of our dreams as  
We dash on the empty street of laughter only  
To end up building fortresses with denizen. Yet  
A bit of grip shall be the shinning smile of providence to they who truly strive.

Okoronkwo Jonathan Jackson