

Poetry Series

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUDEME



- poems -
Poem Hunter.com

Publication Date:

2026

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME()

Born July 14,1993.From Orukim in MBO Local Government Area, Akwa Ibom State, Nigeria.

My mother, Mrs Sarah Ita Okpohoudeme, from Udung Uweh in Urue Offong/Oruko L.G.A. and my father, Worker Ita Edet Okpohoudeme (Late) .

I attended St Jude Catholic school, Udung Uweh, Christian Secondary Technical College, Oyubia, Community Secondary School, Ukuko, Community secondary school, Mbokpu Eyokan, between 2005,2010,2011 and 2016.

Currently reading English and literary studies at the University of Uyo, Uyo.

I am the president, Federated Uda Community University Students, University of Uyo chapter, a founder of Oro Literary Development.



PoemHunter.com

In A Global Meeting.

Shut up Nigeria!
This meeting is for men,
If you lack shame,
Go to the lame.

Keep quiet and be mute,
You shameless promiscuous thing,
Because you've refused to think,
An elephant never think a mighty thing.

A flag on divorce talk
Aso rock on sandy pillars
Riding on borrowed cars
Keep quiet, never frog.

Show me your right wombs in this Sodom
A field planted by brambles
Withering the green grasses
Leave here and face your doom!

Your skin brothers despise you
For the untimely grave of the widow
You've made self a black
Sheep of your dark skin, a road house.

Oh, giant elephant of barren forest,
The synagogue of rapists and harlots,
A homeless uniform,
Beautifully deaf and dumb.

Greenish global terrorist,
Kidnapping grasses to savannahs,
All hail beautiful pollution!
Suing peace to the swamp and graves.

Shut up Nigeria in meeting of great men
You, who sails on strange vessels
To diverse coast. Tell me
You dead of no grave

What will you be remembered for?

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Playing Death.

Death do not dance!
There's no victory yet
Do not celebrate yet
There comes erosion for my grave.

Death do not jump!
There's no victory yet
Look up
There comes thunder for my corpse.

Death do not laugh!
There's no victory yet
Look back,
There comes the wind for my soul.

Death lay your pride
There's no victory yet
He's paid my price
There comes Mercy for me.

Death, that wasn't an handshake
Do not pray
You, I play
You're death
I am life.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

The Devil In The Classroom

My buttock you've flogged
Till my legs leaped like a frog
But, you were my devil
And I cursed God for bringing me to your vigil.

My heart was in flame
To set you once ablaze
Because of your hands of steel
My future holdstill the wheel.

I was your lamb!
And you my knife

You took me to your shrine
Butchered like a lamb

When you visited my Stars
To chase my illss
With your iron fists
Today, I am a man
Steady on a hill
When you held me still.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

As A Lamb In Your Shrine

When the world reflect me not
on her daily reflections. Not
that I am evil and ugly than a thing
but that I should bury in you forlorn thing
verses about all revolving around
rhymes igniting the world
poems for her who's blinded by corruption
music for her existing in illusion.

When myself fails my face
So, I beseeched another to favour my face
But, a hand is a friend to the body
Who can attend to my face's story.

When evils mask my beauty
And the Sun casts one out from His duty
Only poetry employs in all purity
And speaks in all sincerity.

Take me to your abattoir and slaughter
Imbibe my blood and infuse your Muse

Isn't follies fall four thousand times
One fooling poetry pays public shames
Won't poetry mirrors man's mind demanding no apology
What gives follies to the comedy?

But, when the world reflect me not!
So, I come to your shrine
To be slaughtered and sacrifice (d)
Open your calabash, let me walk in
Evoke the muse that I may be knot.

the world reflect me not
on her daily reflections. Not
that I am evil and ugly than a thing
but that I should bury in you forlorn thing
verses about all revolving around

rhymes igniting the world
poems for her who's blinded by corruption
music for her existing in illusion.

When myself fails my face
So, I beseeched another to favour my face
But, a hand is a friend to the body
Who can attend to my face's story.

When evils mask my beauty
And the Sun casts one out from His duty
Only poetry employs in all purity
And speaks in all sincerity.

Take me to your abattoir and slaughter
Imbibe my blood and infuse your Muse

Isn't follies fall four thousand times
One fooling poetry pays public shames
Won't poetry mirrors man's mind demanding no apology
What gives follies to the comedy?

But, when the world reflect me not!
So, I come to your shrine
To be slaughtered and sacrifice (d)
Open your calabash, let me walk in
Evoke the muse that I may be knot.
When the world reflect me not
on her daily reflections. Not
that I am evil and ugly than a thing
but that I should bury in you forlorn thing
verses about all revolving around
rhymes igniting the world
poems for her who's blinded by corruption
music for her existing in illusion.

When myself fails my face
So, I beseeched another to favour my face
But, a hand is a friend to the body
Who can attend to my face's story.

When evils mask my beauty

And the Sun casts one out from His duty
Only poetry employs in all purity
And speaks in all sincerity.

Take me to your abattoir and slaughter
Imbibe my blood and infuse your Muse

Isn't follies fall four thousand times
One fooling poetry pays public shames
Won't poetry mirrors man's mind demanding no apology
What gives follies to the comedy?

But, when the world reflect me not!
So, I come to your shrine
To be slaughtered and sacrifice (d)
Open your calabash, let me walk in
Evoke the muse that I may be knot.

the world reflect me not
on her daily reflections. Not
that I am evil and ugly than a thing
but that I should bury in you forlorn thing
verses about all revolving around
rhymes igniting the world
poems for her who's blinded by corruption
music for her existing in illusion.

When myself fails my face
So, I beseeched another to favour my face
But, a hand is a friend to the body
Who can attend to my face's story.

When evils mask my beauty
And the Sun casts one out from His duty
Only poetry employs in all purity
And speaks in all sincerity.

Take me to your abattoir and slaughter
Imbibe my blood and infuse your Muse

Isn't follies fall four thousand times

One fooling poetry pays public shames
Won't poetry mirrors man's mind demanding no apology
What gives follies to the comedy?

But, when the world reflect me not!
So, I come to your shrine
To be slaughtered and sacrifice (d)
Open your calabash, let me walk in
Evoke the muse that I may be knot.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

It Is Late

Time go to bed,
It's late,
Wash no plate,
Leave life to dead.

Time walk away,
Fear not this day,
It is late,
The end approaches its date.

Time wait no more,
Life's adversary provokes her sore,
Bid the farewell,
Four is the wall.

The most shortest time,
Is the living time,
Make most of it,
Judgement comes for it.

Time go,
Death is inevitable,
Judgement is inescapable,
You must let go.

Wear your shoes,
Sky sets sunny tears,
Cloud pregnant heavy rain,
Let the Moon wane,
Time respect no hair.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Genocidal Dance.

Father Abraham,
Have many sons,
Not as Adam's sons,
Cain who caused Abel harm.

One from Sarah,
Another from Hagar,
From the house of Pharaoh!
Slave, concubine in days of sorrow.

Isaac and Ishmael are a testicle,
From different vagina,
Coming with different miracle (s) ,
Pursuing heavenly arena.

Why are their offsprings!
In my generation of tasteless blood,
Why so unforgiving,
In the salvation of the merciful Lord?

Band is play for joy to dance,
Hearts hardy, humanity hue (s) ,
Harts sturdy, souls weary,
Oh Greenfield, elephants grows your grasses!

It had rained for long,
Yes, all had gone wrong,
Should the dreary weather drag us all alive!
Sue us to the storm,
Erosion runs red race!
Flowing blood to the stream.

Here is the thunder!
Please, let's not prosecute the strike,
Else, our pool becomes an ocean of blood,
Where lifejackets betrayed life to death.

Please! these guns are not good friend,
They sue elites to morning graves,

With perplexities at Christmas' end,
As trees grow on murderers' hearts.

Let all grasses bow on the same field
For all horns grow to the Sky
Why should we take the Thor
Of the supernatural with our mortal hands
Blocking the door from the window
But all things are the Lord.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

The Truth About The War

The truth about the war is wearing dark
Walking about in every hearts
The victims breath because we're dark
The fingerprints grow ignorant grasses on the hearts.

We're limbs when light sued darkness for divorce
Not as monkeys when many lighters fled here
With future darkness in present lights
Fleeted away our peace, set up an eternal fights.

The steps to our graves were distant hill
Grey grasses honoured our bald
Yes, death was an executive commissioner
Not as this daily womanizer.

The path to the sky was a straight, narrow line
What's this diversity in worship!
With invention of diverse warship (s)
Fouling humanity in so claims Divine

How shall we escape so great a danger!
With double-edge dagger
Oh life! bring back some dead!
Showcase many did.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

That They May Be Free.

From the cavity of a true fight is peace,
And the wounds on fighters are rights,
The struggling is fairness,
And the victory is divine.

Freedom crawls, leaps, heaps,
Against the marginalization, injustice, failures,
Because, freedom is in Yahoo's cage,
And just few eyes see through your gate,

But, when fighting stays out late,
Only remember that many will be late.

But boots that standstill,
Climb no hill,
Fighters that withdrawn,
Freedom turns Lot's wife.

Oh, Nnamdi you're an evil child,
The spirit of Achebe who evoked things fall apart,
The invocation of Okonkwo's feathers,
For freedom is pride at right.

Oh Mandela, my flag hued a distant dark tears,
As her toilers arrested, imprisoned, executed,
Since corruption becomes,
A mighty man in battle in the dark forest,
Freedom today's a peace talk with enemies,

So, where's the elbow to my national flag,
When silence bereaved the coat of arms,
Not as when fighters fervently drag,

Men so tired do they stay quiet!
Without great cost, how pay men the price,
Who neglected daily diets,
Moving swamp to savannah for freedom.

Oh freedom, are you freely given?

Oh, which good debtor clears debts in peace
So, men for freedom leaped uneven!
For the spoilers of the present piece.

In the multitude of your tender mercies
Please show the dark forest mercy
And to my tattered flag waving for help
Who'll free you from persistent debt.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace
How sweet the sound
In the struggling of fighters
For the freedom of wanderers.

Amazing grace!
How sweet the sound
In the resistance of Mandala
And the stubbornness of Nnamdi

Amazing grace
How sweet the sound
In the multitude of tender mercies
Men triumph over darkness in hell

Amazing grace
How sweet the sound
In the unbreakable stand for freedom
Of the past, presence hearts

Only to be remembered
By tight fight we've won for freedom.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Dust On The Green Bible.

Dust on the green Bible,
Rotting righteousness, holiness in the Bible
And now comes the time,
The Lord gives her a worthy portions,
For the Lord loves the wicked everytime,
So, he shuts up her peace,
As in the ridding of Absalom,
Like the fame of a wicked in doom,
The Lord is fretting the Greenfield,
And her adversary provokes her sore,
With the heavy steels from the womb of Hagar,
Because the Lord has shut up her peace
So, the dusty bible hues to the mount,
Wails to the Sky as rising death refuses to die.
She's bitter in her soul,
Very callous on her stool,
Wearing white cloaks on stinky skin,
How's dark, calmly elephant in slavery chain!
Spoiling the toiling of distant pains,
Your Moon is daily wanes!
As darkness quickly moves,
With heavy graves planting daily here,
The Storm wears garments unclear,
Wait, is it the feasts for fists,
Or the Christmas of guns?
But, this wound's win when,
Hearts grow grasses on onion,
Where a knife for one's a knife for all,
A pot of oil for one's a pot of oil for all.
Sandy is the foundation of green Bible!
Why won't erosion runs her to the West,
Like the Lord isn't in everywhere,
Is he deaf dumb to prayers!
Why won't cloud gathering on green prayers?
Oh Greenfield, elephants of the dark forest,
Where's the fist of her elbows,
What's this pride has done,
Just walking about a soundless gong,
Seeking salvation from piano song,

A self-made author, finisher of modern faith,
Faulted globally that he's coming for wealth.
Oh, how a little leaven leavens a whole loom!
A drop of blood bloody the whole field,
School has closed,
Here are the assessment report of failures.
'Destroy the enemies of your children Lord! ',
But, God is not a murderer,
A creator of the earth of murderer
He only heartened the stiff-necked,
As when they stoned Stephen to dead,
Oh, dusty green bible do you pray?
Living on the mountain to blame
How could you sees through a dusty window!
To know the signs of the end coming
In her immediate becoming.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Moral Decadence In Our Society.

They were giant rocks in the earth,
In those days of worth,
Crystal lakes flowed in the daughters of men,
And to them, they bore children,
Eagles not chickens,
And the right spirit strived with men!
They lived here before great and renown men,
They broke through before us this Sodom.

There's a screen beyond all hairs,
Who watches the wickedness of then and now,
And the continual multiplication of thoughts,
Evil and good shall stand erect and bow.

Time is a mighty deceiver!
Regardless flying above dark and grey,
The moulder shall destroy who he's moulded,
Will there be another time for this nudity?

All wrongs to morality shall not decay!
This maltreatment to privacy shall all pay,
Both man and beast,
Creeping things and fowls,
In the multitude of this tender mercies,
In the wrath of consuming fire.

What's this anger on this day
Speeding legs to sorrowful graves
Evoking thunderstorms on the hairs
With no homely carpet to lay?

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

The Peace Of Mind.

This peace of mind,
Coming not from above,
On your stool like a dove,
It is not a peace of mind.

This peace of mind,
Before you all today,
But, it is temporary,
Crying in the final glory.

This peace of mind,
Stealing from the masses,
Please, remember we're all visitors here,
Where will looters sojourn over there?

This peace of mind,
Covering like the snails,
Pressing with political stones,
Traditional calabashes, religious crosses
That they may not crawled away,
But, it is a temporary,
And when is the day,
Never a peace of mind.

This peace of mind,
Reshaping our daily conscience,
Blinding our vision,
How's it a pure science?

This peace of mind,
Oh, our shower of blessings,
But, how soon we've forgotten,
That there can be a rain,
Beating us by the way,
Erosion visits the reign,
With mighty flood of blood,
Hasting road red with frogging toad (s) .

Farewell To My Joy

Thanks for the brief presence together
Let it not be an history
That once we're on a tree
Only time flies us together.

It was nature passed away with us
But time has come and parted us
You were Joy, and I was Promise
At this grave may we hello our demise.

Beautiful is you like a footwear
No matter the weight, Men set no tear (s)
But, on your voyage prays I
That the Sky lightens the weight of my lie.

My heart, you'll never live displeased!
Let the Sky smiles over your mistakes
But watch, lest you faint
In every draft, what's your gain.

Yes, pain is real as Death
But, for Joy why will eyes wept
In trivial failure hearts kiss the wealth
In trivial issues Life rapes the lock.

The story is true as you and me
In this modern dark forest
Where true love lacks bed to sleep
That we from the window look and peep.

Wait, must this world ends in Twitterpated turmoil
Disrupting the amorous feeling abruptly
When we're enamored with them solely.

'I didn't like you', mouth says to heart
' We're not dating, but having fun'
' I have a guy, I love my guy'
' Don't call me again, It is over'.
It is no Nollywood but sweet lines from her

She whose tomorrow is firmed
Life and fortune in constant terms
A single tree of the forest!
A woman not our human.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

The Price For Love.

It revolves my dear
The price for love is tear
But in a distance year
May we have peace to wear.

We're alive my dear
Do not live in fear
After the cloud the Sky is clear
There's no undefeatable deer.

Love isn't a bottle of beer
Else one lives dies a cocaine bear
Calling even the devil dear sir
Living old age without care.

Love isn't a bath in a stream
Sometimes love opens a mouth and scream
Bringing its worshippers off the dream
Rubbing alcohol a sorrowful cream.

Love climbs a hill in pain (s)
Looking the valley in vain
Giving up it flesh for slain
Suffering bruises of not just cane.
Oh, the distance to love isn't plain
Don't expect to fly on plane
Every hearts should be trained
Every sorrows make some gains.

The price for love isn't coins
Love cuts the heart to loins
Yes or no, we're its pawn
Before the coffin, it wears some Crown.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

On Heaven's Thought.

Hairs are running race
Racing to the vain. Dance

The masquerades on heavenly pulpits
And Lucifer is the lord on today's cross

Who'll blow the horn
Maybe the wind can make a U-turn
Okpohoudeme Promise Ita

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME



PoemHunter.com

The Final Move

Have you heard!

The hunter's gun will fall
Trumpet sound breaks the wall
Corrupted ears can't hear the call
Few will climb the tall.

Have you heard!
Life will wake the dead
Sorrows will wed the world
Life will be a card

Have you heard!

Commotions will seize the Earth
Parts will depart the body
Will there be room for wealth!
There will be judgement for everybody

Don't you heard!

Soon the end will come
The merciful soon a consuming fire
The wrath will be great
The lost with be late.

Have you heard!

Time to try is now
Tears to set is now
Repentance is now
Will there be time after now?

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

Corruption In Nigeria

Run win when
The rain race roof
Like pal pen Paul
And Sarah sat sad.

By the rail clicking clock
And the Bishop in dirty cloak
From a window
I saw a helpless widow

And her Sky wasn't blue
And the Sun living half
Our Nation have dead cue
And our justice a sharpless blade

Going to a farm clearing no bush
And the widow without a hoe
Weeds whole bush
And had her bath in dew.

Quarrel broke like a broken glass
Pieces fly a distance league
Hit the uniforms in the class
Blind a Nation in Greenish wig.

How a drop of water floods a Nation
Pulling out all limitation
Stains national fingers
Plants sunny dangers.

© Okpohoudeme Promise Ita

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

In His Name

In your name
They came

To steal
To kill

They claimed
We're lamed.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME



PoemHunter.com

Deaf Dumb Human Ears

Falling ten thousand steps by the passway
Before ten trillion blind eyes
Seeking alms for the next day
And every movable hands died.

She cried aloud
In great fist with hunger
But the day blocked her screams
Like wickedness drying our streams.

Finally death triumphed over life
And sorrow spat on joy
And a personality became toy
So, all eyes opened and mouth cry
Blaming and accusing death
Acquitted and dismissed their wealth.

Who want to touch a corpse
With a dead alive finger
Who want to bear the cross
Of a pathfinder asker?

Humanity, you're dead!
Died a shameful death
In the society's heart
Where virtue wears no hat.

Woe to the stumbling blocks
Making bricks for our country
Woe to the matchless feet
Ridding on national horses.

Woe to the Law
Restricting the flow
Woe to the erosions
Flowing not to the dust.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME

All Surrender.

I loosed it all
To have it all

Like a hero
Here are we zero

Who sit on shame
And do not blame

Because we wear the mask
Why won't we lack

What here sustain (s)
How do we contend

Now debate
Can it be a bait!

To and from of that
In a speed of light

Still I'm than a pauper
Only to be remember (ed)

I surrender!
That I may not wander.

PROMISE ITA OKPOHOUEME