

Poetry Series

**Sochukwu Ivye**  
**- poems -**

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# Sochukwu Ivey(Wednesday, August 16,1989.)

Sochukwu Ivey is a literary stylistician: a rhythmist and a distinctive metrist.

# August's

Of the great triumphs, moon found by the sun,  
graced by the stars, and blessed by the augurs.  
Termed room with a fireplace, for nations won,  
by clear-eyed minds of rather strange cultures.

Your child may stand with one foot on a spine,  
but his shoulder is thus touched with a sword.  
He may plough the earth without a bright sign,  
but will come out baptized an unmatched god.

Here, you place the newborn upon your knee;  
he's charged to arrest others past the sphere,  
good to stand for you, his forebear, with glee,  
and served the right to reflect you elsewhere.

Your children shoot for your shrine overhead,  
as squires of horses and swords across lands,  
astute with the bow, but know no bloodshed;  
still, their horses are led with the right hands.

Like a tail-docked horse, your child is at ease,  
not such horse that grasps its tail mid its legs,  
nor in a crab-wise pace from a smooth tease;  
...in one caged bird's move, fleeing to its eggs.

These announce the round of the sun on you.  
I laud with a tusk-trumpet charged skywards.  
The reason most tasks for a horse aren't due;  
why your shoulder is till now raised upwards.

The crown of the oak hangs above your door  
and laurels drape your door-post. I feel why.  
Your enclosed park most declared, all fall for;  
which is your break from the rain-swept July.

From you alone further triumphs are traced;  
why the many hold that you have no match,  
why you're especially proclaimed as braced,  
and hailed as an image no age could scratch.

You outclassed your name and arose a seat.  
Well-honoured for positions you don't hold,  
a fell act to your creed, but you'll not cheat;  
yet nobler, you refuse the same crown gold.

Lots of your feats don't cultivate your pride.  
Your child is served a silver spear and shield  
and cheered as a young piece of the deified.  
I'm glad; as Virgil's, my quill's filled to wield.

Sochukwu Ivey

# Cameo

Driven snow, when sad clouds close over me  
and dark skies drop to colour my earth black,  
you lure my journey home: you heed my plea.  
As the key that opens doors bears the knack,  
I concede that your charm lulls my fell breast.  
So, like a sandboy, my doubts are addressed.

Sparks in your eyes fill my heart with wishes.  
The light of dawn, are those the fallen stars?  
For deep night songs lull my rest with kisses.  
O virgin who spins, were deathlessness ours!  
Famed grace, charm with a moony character,  
won't this spell keep my soul here and after?

Bright smile of the morn, island of the moon.  
Lamp borne high to lead to the sacred truth,  
lighten my piqued sky with the torch of noon  
and guide my youthful heart across its route.  
O strength wooed, winning gentler victories,  
such that put spirits through their mysteries.

Dearie loved, I mean not to drive both ways  
but cook up words digested with the strings  
on a sheet of flat worth, singing your praise.  
Sealed with a kind kiss, for the love it brings,  
approve my words with more or less delight,  
O princess born with the morning first light.

Spring flower, image worth a million words:  
the stroke of His quill, not can time wilt you,  
nor omens from the observed flight of birds;  
nor practice smudge your otherworldly hue.  
Suffused with warmth, consecrated with oil,  
swing with joy, sought-after fruit of our soil.

O birth that brought a three-piece kola nut,  
the waist that nursed you, I'd hero-worship.  
Except my lips, my eyelids aren't sewn shut,  
nor while it might seem I heed less or sleep.

Touch my brow, and the cross I'll only bear.  
Kiss my shoulder; the mark, I'll always wear.

Sochukwu Iveye

## Cameo In Deed

Books in deed define your pet name for you  
I well brook them for their station quite true  
Do you make one thing of such depictions?  
I see but made-up scenes lived like fictions  
A well penned note, a far-famed actor's role  
or a gemstone, books outline, not your soul  
My soul shall not rest boneless for its child,  
your pet name, led and captured in the wild  
Even if moments with you calmed me more  
they left me, each time, with a heart of sore  
Now, I should not learn why on our first day  
my poor spirit caught cold under your sway  
I could have seen what was in store for me,  
but blindfolded, my eyes were not thus free  
My mind is fraught with memories unclean,  
like a frenzied boy's eyes caught at a scene  
I write to sweep my breast of your pictures,  
and breathe thus freshly, eluding strictures  
I should let all these saunter past my grasp  
but they would dwell in me till my last gasp  
As one of those all-youthful twilights came,  
with mates, I sat and eased on all the same  
The abrupt wind which threw in your figure  
might have not longed to assess my vigour  
I had found most of the street's best ladies  
I knew most but could win none or maybes  
A call came; my heart and eyes led my legs,  
and I went for you, although to some dregs  
It did seem that I had made one cute move,  
but if hours, days and years, after did prove  
I heard none else, but listened for your 'yes'  
I was the leopard; you seemed as harmless  
I led the thought that I had seen some gold  
and beat the past, but there was the untold  
There were times my feet even cried in pain  
They had to take me to you, though, in vain  
The first years nursed me like a newly born  
Who would evoke the tales of the lovelorn?  
Nothing felt frightful about how hearts halt

But, O heartache! Into wounds, you rub salt  
Signs cried out to me; my senses sat numb  
Omens played in my eyes; I just grew dumb  
What would destroy my soul arose on time  
You took no time to divulge this love-crime  
How to meet your heart turned to my worry  
If some thoughts met my mind, I was sorry  
My warmth with you was a style of worship  
To lure mates, the female display courtship  
Everybody will say, &quot;Some date themselves&quot;;  
Well, who spare any hearts on any shelves?  
My poise was fate-doomed: I left other girls  
but because you dressed like a lot of pearls  
I saw you when, at some girls else, I looked  
in that all my care and lust you had hooked  
My long search for the one came to an end,  
but would fetch a verse I had never penned  
A certain affaire caught our breaths to fare,  
but no man who saw tomorrow would dare  
I had to walk through some muddy love life  
believing that such would win one the wife  
You toyed with my rest and sullied my face,  
thus that I could not lead myself with grace  
Civil linguists say: no schwa, no triphthong  
To merit a four-faced, what was my wrong?  
My mates kept us and adorned your image,  
because they were hopeful of our marriage  
Friends at work, school and on the internet  
did honour my Miss World and her vignette  
All who wished me ill did not want you well  
They won, to have met my right woman fell  
You did cradle their traps to bring me down  
How would I see but roam, about, a clown?  
Whose only lover stabs them from behind?  
Indulge me, how do they like the cut, blind?  
One overreached oneself if one's ship sank  
as did mine, a short distance past the bank  
I had once more begun to thrive, it seemed:  
all my vows to you I could score redeemed  
You well noticed how and lauded my nerve  
but the base of your mind laid your reserve  
To tag me new, my past knew less passion



but this foul-souled lust lent a new fashion  
Your plots I did foil with some selfless acts  
May I applaud your grins that read impacts  
If you confessed your doubts about dating  
you found me hungry for your love, waiting  
I served kind judgement in will and in deed,  
but saw not when I would bewail my breed  
You did have my skin to breed some itches  
and my waking brow to wear more stitches  
I hoped that my silence smelt of most men  
To your requests, my deeds echoed: Amen  
You were well at it while you called me dad,  
your longing and rightfully yours. How sad!  
My groping heart did head for your kindred  
Could it meet them in one year or hundred?  
My nightmares unmasked overhanging ills,  
but you dismissed them as offensive chills  
To your dream men I took you, like a bridge  
Who misreads you cannot repulse a midge  
Except behind closed eyes, I was not yours  
Until you felt hurt, past me shut your doors  
You felt faceless to show me to your peers;  
quick eyes saw: I was the prey all the years  
I came out thus strongly despite your plots  
to confess the fact: we must brave our lots  
Do I miss your hugs I once scored faithful?  
Or, your burning brow I did weigh graceful?  
Now, for my blindness that still beheld love,  
I must watch to tell the hawk from the dove  
Now that yours of all lives is led four-faced,  
who would still run into your likes in haste?  
The eyes that see you have known a Judas  
and must give heed to a snake in the grass  
Knowledge is might but I loathe this lesson  
Yet through you, my inner might did lessen  
How you could sift nothing but rip my trust,  
and ask to have it again, struck me trussed  
I did pledge my trust, and met all my words;  
your still small voice did fly away with birds  
You had not come to plant or mend fences,  
but to steal my heart and numb my senses  
That ours was unknown to your confidants

blew me as my encounters with your aunts  
We had struck as one, but you posed alone  
scratching for woosers, moving on your own  
We named our unborn, having built a home  
An abode solely of steel, glass and chrome  
Who builds a home and for a lifetime plans,  
with a woman who does refuse her hands?  
Fate struck me moneyless to clear my eyes  
I saw one yet nailed downwardly crosswise  
I was the one. Who could have believed all?  
You did not stand me but fashioned my fall  
To have dug my pit and feigned innocence,  
you did shear me in deed of my sixth sense  
I sought your face while I missed my wallet  
If you feigned love, amounts left my pocket  
Think that my ageing parent laid her health,  
so that you would be with me, all by stealth  
She peddled things to get me some money  
You kept all and more. Were taps so runny?  
If mom's and my head abandoned your heft  
you well did in deed not deem them so deft  
My good mother, the marrow for my bones;  
she dared all, just to build up my hormones  
My eyes and mind were tried by some devil  
I could not strive through but, weakly, revel  
In your chasteness, the acts you titled fuss  
you observed with your boys but denied us  
You relished to hear but truths but well lied  
You extolled me as meek but fed your pride  
Your yes was but yes and your no sheer no  
because your heart was a rock in the snow  
I did most days bear guilts, could you ever?  
All bent knees were mine, as you felt clever  
The venom you fed me became some soup  
Breaking out of us could not feign a swoop  
I incurred more ache when you feigned pity  
and shook at your plots sticking thus gritty  
When I had smelt myself trapped in a maze  
time past time failed me to defeat my craze  
You were almost done with your fell intents  
when you could pay no heed to my laments  
I saw no hope as your heart failed to shake

I held my heart soft and faint for more ache  
I watched us turn to walkway souls, quickly  
All my labour forthwith crushed, thus sickly  
I had marked the last of my love times past  
but had yet to vanquish the spells you cast  
Of the most foul-souled, the most silent are  
If I was ruined, who would breed a memoir?  
You chose Janus' month to cast me to rout  
but my God of doorways could lead me out  
Could ceasing one's life taste like a refuge?  
The practice yet finds me as then and huge  
I should gulp some drinks and submit inert  
but something struck my dying deeply hurt  
I saw my mother's book of days half closed  
In front of my heart, her face in tears posed  
The dead parts of me made out of my form;  
they stuck in wait for my breath to conform  
Nothing else held the rest of me but mom's  
Her rheum of distress fell like barrel bombs  
Had my landlord's daughter not run to help,  
who anywhere would take heed of my yelp?  
Chika had but sought to succour my plight;  
the whole of me, her nearness would ignite  
I did predict that she would seize your seat;  
having smelt your place, she called it a feat  
Once again, my soul did meet one so loose  
but she found me in your filth thus profuse  
She would fall for a soul with no such work  
and not when she had known many a quirk  
She thought that I should not let you away;  
I knew that she would see better, someday  
She copied your looks and copied your gait  
Not for her use; she is mirthful, but straight  
How much more anguish did I have to feel?  
Which suicide chart had I more to conceal?  
For your foulness, what other grants had I?  
Was there something else I did have to try?  
Except you feigned them expecting returns  
you had no care, but cast my balm to burns  
I thought to myself that I had less strength,  
if I could keep a sweetheart at arm's length  
I wondered what could render me thus foul

and shorn of wits, but now at myself scowl  
I considered how tides would flow and ebb  
Drowned in ill hopes, I was caught in a web  
How you robbed me of my faith and reason  
but filled your boys' would rout any treason  
It shook me while your voice within lay stiff  
You must have killed her to enjoy your skiff  
If I outlive these days, meet some soul else,  
but like her less, shall we say our farewells?  
While I pray that the well esteemed forgives  
I fear that my scared soul beyond now lives  
The leopard now mourns his meeting a linx  
I could not see myself pull through this jinx  
May all who follow closely mark your mode  
and how you wrecked my spirits and abode  
All that learn from the price that I have paid  
shall meet the oncoming days, better made  
I have loved. All who come after may watch  
He that may wear love, my case is a swatch  
Should I grow feeble and slump at this crux  
all must deny more blood such state of flux  
If anything slits my soul, some shame does  
And through the space, I see but a dim fuzz  
I howl in deed to think on these things ours  
but placate my spent spirit, bearing flowers  
How you could hurt and soothe like Cassio,  
Shakespeare knew not the name as Cameo  
Of your foul likes, our era should be cleared  
to keep many from the collapse well feared  
Your followers would with you be punished,  
if they kept not from your path all-banished  
Reap your will, get fat and gain all the world  
From vivid eyes, bear your intent well furled  
Win your admired and let his heart no crack  
but then, may our days at no time turn back  
May your breed never again know my heart,  
whilst I bunch up my fragments flung apart.

Sochukwu Ivye

# Exiled

This lifeless vale of lying bones and skulls  
houses no one, or days that we have had  
but shall have us in court as the sort calls.

It is the grim reaper's with a large scythe,  
argus-eyed, clothed in a black cloak, with  
a hood; although many painters say lithe.

Empty gourds with a parrot's egg in each,  
he would open, snipping a thread. I bruit,  
this bridge of asses widely borne eldritch.

Now, promise me that you will be alright.  
'tis, here, walking the path over the orbs  
with limbs flung wide as in a windy flight.

Ay! It is a toy horse caused to come forth;  
so, stretched out to view. For a name it is,  
too, upon potsherds or shells effaced not.

Free from the open life and held endwise  
in lack of ease; a discharge without dues  
earned for the airies and fell Lord of flies,

Lower me in the depth the grave did cast  
beneath your breast to envelop my case;  
hereupon, you will get whole at long last.

As for the ill hoe and spade that inhume,  
and this disc of the moon across the blue,  
fly at the thewy wings of his foul broom.

Sochukwu Iveye

# The Great Cold

Who will plunge a tree should grow it tallest  
and find ill winds render the height smallest  
It fails eyes that the slight lives wrestle man  
and hold fast all the while gracing their plan  
The giant enthral and fights vicious hearts  
where sway-craving demi-beings fling darts  
This scares me into which I seek to breathe  
I knew not how else I should bear or seethe  
My breath, the fell pneumonia and this draft  
I know not whose fight will last grasp a haft  
Greatest heights sag; the sturdiest collapse  
This is the spirit with which days now lapse  
I am not made of brass which does not rust  
Hence, I will trail our twin hearts to the dust  
My mind lays no exact ear nor eye schooled  
I yet not smell when earth will rout, so ruled  
I should pay my art that does thirst for juice  
God most high, Lord of all crafts, do me use  
My mind may, past my tongue, tell far fluent  
but I shall heed that my thoughts not truant  
This garland virus does no fair thought help  
but my pen wears no eyes nor knows a kelp  
They that cut a yam when in haste they dug  
would slow to unearth the tail earth did hug  
Hot soup should be licked around its edges  
To essay straight, this task, my pen pledges  
Here is a tale of lives, cats and winged mice;  
how man fronts their rebellion and the price  
The winged mice click, but disrupt silly ears  
They blind easy eyes and sink them in tears  
Those dark-sky beasts and the sinister cats  
trick the judgement of men who repel gnats  
I know not what snake is young in the teeth  
nor what centipede yet breathes in a sheath  
How water made past the pumpkin's handle  
my slight mind probes with a lighted candle  
The arrow cast upwards cannot sleep there  
One's shadow will bear one till one's last lair  
The brow of the sky lifts in grief well etched

because man has harvested the far-fetched  
Roused of the East, arresting past the West,  
an eastern cold gusts and distracts our rest  
It creeps through the air, behind the senses  
and without limbs, strikes against defences  
The eye of the sky is numb, and lives freeze  
but sin to hurt, cough up sputum or sneeze  
Grieved rest the diseased by a starved virus  
An ill which, of else lives, breathes desirous  
A close trade of presence fashions a bridge  
through which nasal and oral droplets ridge  
Stray droplets perch on the skins of objects  
to which, by a loose hand, the face subjects  
A fortnight next will have brought the result  
Three days on the score finds its peak exult  
The score, its hunger for roaming may pass  
It still does proofs in the non-scored amass  
Six-day old symptoms do the ill ached pluck  
In six weeks, all jinxed cases are stiff-struck  
Man is stuck in cobwebs and in vain stalled  
This is a fright with which we are enthralled  
If the mushroom lives a slave to the ground,  
it sprouts from the waist of a stem aground  
The sun has failed to awake from his house  
to cleanse this epoch of the brooding louse  
This age is such dressed in just made attire  
Our thanks meet China who did all conspire  
May we summon the Asian for handshakes  
Laud the omnivores for a world that quakes  
They well munched this epoch into a cough  
such that man serves to a microbe a trough  
It sugars the mouth that pains the buttocks  
Men with puffy eyes may let their stomachs  
Cure seekers who processed bat carcasses  
may see that their toil, for praise, canvasses  
The human crown is bowed and in our eyes  
Man bows and brooks a fall, and nature rise  
Who turned a palm frond and saw a serpent  
would place it back or spurn and not repent  
The two-legged featherless animal swerves  
and keeps along, as he observes his nerves  
But some singular hearts best savour fright

Certain full fledged ears position word-tight  
Now, devouring meat-eaters who crunch all  
exalt between neighbours a chest-high wall  
The spirit of this age bears a strange breath  
He gives out ill and strikes a dance of death  
Students of life trace this terror to schemes  
Finders, poets and seers bear fresh themes  
It finds my head with threnodies consumed  
and inks my nib with a verse of the doomed  
I should not mouth a dirge, or spend my nib  
but my fingers it has thwacked with a squib  
In a cold sweat, they scratch for a keyboard  
to word pieces of my mind made road-ward  
These troubled shreds venture on a journey  
to seek them that keep up with this tourney  
My twin hearts and I heed these tragic bells  
fetch our art of letters more leaves of spells  
By way of faces - minds with earth acquaint  
If not the mouth, the heart would retire faint  
All minds still store all that did us hoodwink  
My heart does my pen plugged into him, ink  
When the months of our year arose in pride,  
the twenty-fifth of the second moon sighed  
She had divined the kite to sweep our clime  
which would snake in, clearly amid her time  
We had kept Christmas and its year's plenty  
and the new year: two thousand and twenty  
We had kept the year of more smiles on lips  
when vile lives from behind made to eclipse  
This plague would not swoosh past Nigeria  
was he schooled we trounce harsh bacteria  
The fifty-eighth dawn of the year woke grief  
Our minds watched it not intrude like a thief  
What our Italian guest much thrived to host,  
had flown past his seat shooting outermost  
Augury students would astray have begged  
that visitors be, straight on the way, pegged  
Foul news is brought by March the eleventh  
that, in thirteen years, men bear the seventh  
Keep this threatening rainstorm from falling  
Heavens, if you bear, save us from squalling  
The rise of a plague says the all-health desk



Breeds of this age tell new to the grotesque  
Marked an open air walker none should join  
our fright asks each to cast within, a groyne  
This strain only caught life and has no balm  
As we seek for a way, he wreaks more harm  
Care givers bear clues from sick old epochs  
Each day holds newer bits of the health box  
Each day shows us her safest roads to take  
Lives choke; and the enemy our flaws make  
We never did bear this nor were we maimed  
but spy this affliction straight at man aimed  
I feel it could expend some time and means  
So, my blank leaf covets to wear the scenes  
I board a train whose stop men do not bode  
I might quite soon alight for some else road  
Either way, I will have filled these live blanks  
if the scythe bearer not plays her fell pranks  
Should the grim reaper betide without signs  
to the wind, rains or fire might my lone lines  
All lines would bury earth, water and clouds  
A view of which would win me jolly shrouds  
Most hearts lodge homelike for a pandemic  
The theft of breath, mid most, tells endemic  
While some eyes fail its life or mien, or both,  
the science of weighing declares its growth  
How we did earn the baneful broom, we ask  
Our heads covered with loads it will yet task  
We wrench into our skins bearing our angst  
and nurturing that not to our roots chanced  
God cheats not, we hold, so ills do us wreck  
The white who lie in means may do it check  
To lay on the first things our hands just itch  
That is more covid, or our worlds we switch  
Our skins wear the heart of the better made  
and the yet-to-fall states' pride so conveyed  
One may stitch shut the eyelids of the hawk  
that flies with its wings astride a weak flock  
The mortal shadow pulls all that keep close  
Quick legs set out on a move, fleeing throes  
The great stream would not drown anybody  
with whose legs it not met, and rest shoddy  
State leads tell: a lockdown for a few weeks

and we see one which of no set end speaks  
Shutting the earth from its roof is so carved  
during which the sly intruder dwells starved  
Our eyes and hearts sit up to what happens  
Dim they feel but their cold rims it sharpens  
We concede to feel the turning globe stilled  
Thus, do a lifeless and tiresome world build  
Cities are locked up and fretful legs banned  
Who makes home late is left out of the land  
How early, price growth and famine is smelt  
Blows of panic-shopping are to stores dealt  
Who saw gates and walls even to be locked  
here ply basics in their houses well stocked  
Migrants stuck away, more seclusion baths  
As if casting stones, roving feet seize paths  
Noted sights bed ugly that sold guidebooks  
Terminals that fed passports bear dry looks  
In order that one will preserve one's phlegm  
field affairs divorce scenes wedded to them  
Now breathe daily schemes, to the air, given  
No route lies, through which traffic is driven  
Yet-living trades do breaths of else air catch  
Schoolmates and worshippers on air attach  
Known amusement houses, to the air, move  
Distant souls let their bonds, on air, improve  
Picked minds that do the art in the air grasp  
comprise thin hands who cannot do it clasp  
Hands that ate together now wave goodbye  
We are snatched by a break without the sky  
Are these Adam's first days when man idled  
and reaped the earth, in freedom unbridled?  
Noses grudged the gas of life stick farthest  
but do warhorses' breasts' armours harvest  
Who taught their child: genitals are covered  
felt that their mind still on the nose hovered  
Every hand bears Ignaz Semmelweis' words  
Bathing a falling stream or glove, each girds  
China smears his hands; ours swim a lather  
He wears dread; we shoo our fellows, rather  
While he defiles gases which gird the globe,  
all else do their procedures for health probe  
As they infect their houses and compounds

all elsewhere do surface cleaning, in rounds  
Their diets walk their pores as some poison  
while we avoid others whose skins moisten  
A kung fu scheme though mimes an animal  
crafts health and judgement at the maximal  
The world wall but rock knows an ill crevice  
Man pulls an abrupt discharge from service  
Like some regulus prompt to wed with gold  
hostile states quicken to build a stronghold  
Eyes wear the teeth of combs on the ill cast  
weighing its here and there, future and past  
Hours erase their visages; days, their miens  
Our souls evade us, scratching for vaccines  
Those that live as one grab the art of health  
Nothing outweighs staying alive; not wealth  
The clock says life; no ambitions nor trades  
Who can breathe has other lovely cascades  
A young palm frond, still to unwrap, shrivels  
but fails the blind eyes if the grieved snivels  
Children are like lonely flowers wind-tossed  
So mild and lost, it soon does them exhaust  
Who took the winged train to foreign clinics  
now relent on some field healthcare picnics  
The richest and their bronze monies sunder  
They freeze at this monstrous virus-wonder  
The moneyed dispense vast copper monies  
to charm fortune, and assume kind bunnies  
The refuges of abodes, the chiefs of realms,  
grind molars jointly while fright overwhelms  
Our forerunners who merely lose their mirth  
summon a long-haired star to kiss the earth  
Our youth may be just while they hold aloud  
that this bane seeks but the richly endowed  
The wealthy return home from far countries  
Their companions at most kiss their entries  
The rich traverse through soils of this covid  
They are kept, and the rest shooed like Ovid  
The wealthy and ailing are the most-served  
where others inflicted stay back self-nerved  
Well, downcast souls look up to the steeple  
sects, creeds and classes become a people  
Heads sit else ways to lead the eyes abroad

How our visions turn revised casts us awed  
This age gives us a new hunch of our breed  
Now, strangers to our clout tenant our heed  
Our care-givers and corps take up the cross  
All else stretch out in their beds like a moss  
Now breathes the chief strife of the century  
when most hearts not catch its worst injury  
The front line cry well seized by our fighters  
Our healthcare leads rouse the field igniters  
Mouths sing praises of the victors war-kept  
Minds greet offers of their leisures ill swept  
Man has so not vanquished Covid-nineteen  
but the triumph woos his mind and as keen  
A clash of bullets, and blades would quaver  
Ours foils wide eyes but not meets a waiver  
The brave strike their way to an other world  
They make to a hell to foil the source furled  
Who invades Satan's land must do else ripe  
You not try his seat nor from a length snipe  
They who do find not home in their number  
They all may submit to the strange slumber  
Bright news greets home, even if ill luck ails  
A barred voice tries to ring of hope and fails  
We bath under droplets yowling from eaves  
and gulp drips of water bawling from leaves  
Forty days have found our sit-at-home push  
Meanwhile, its extension staged an ambush  
Who earned every day are seized in the toils  
They fall ill, whose lips this dry spell not oils  
Caught in the snake-coil wheel of a cyclone,  
into the soil man's forked roots scurry sown  
We can brace ourselves like algae in chains,  
to wreck this plague, or honour our remains  
Our age lays sages composed as the young  
who are eyes over their soils like the tongue  
The tongue is one deft dweller of the mouth  
It sways the realm from its west to its south  
Marking the nooks of all that lurk and prowl,  
it spreads about the walls as though an owl  
Our fathers bore dusky days; these are ours  
All hands bind to reclaim the free lost hours  
Their god does fell them where anyone falls

The rest limp till their last gasps and pitfalls  
There lie the feet of whom the earth chases  
One who fights with oneself nothing graces  
The distance mid thumb and the fifth finger  
does prompt their eyes on each other linger  
Most legs sent indoors do not bear the trait,  
while they simulate the crab's sideward gait  
We quite veer from our own selves horrified  
playing the snail's shell turned half to a side  
This home confinement lives with a manual  
To sleep, dine, bath, and again reads factual  
A poor man's day unfurls late; grief eats him  
May no one ask others what lake they swim  
A lifetime swept by techniques and science  
Warfield lovers quake in home convenience  
Men pushed animals to brawl in deep holes  
Now, animals pull men's fight for their souls  
Flag-wavers who bore fiery guns and knives  
cannot sit behind doors and keep their lives  
Man may conceive how animals judge zoos  
A caged fine-limbed creature lives an abuse  
I have, all through my life, itched to lie down  
but on this short-stay prison I should frown  
Lives we miss, we know you too do us miss  
Hope leads us towards the path to our bliss  
If these days pass and you not bear us next  
do not thus hold that our love too fell hexed  
We strain past our roles for the least to give  
but all eyes are fought over which souls live  
Many are crushed and many grown ill numb  
Some lose their way; on a newer path, some  
These are days set to lash man as they look  
My bones say torn apart; my limbs, ill-shook  
Scratching plagues him a lot that lice attack  
He not tells when he does on his poo snack  
Our breeding lockdown has a new daughter  
Who not saw this plunge in earth and water  
Dwellers across oceans, to hold home, earn  
Our very statesmen do our hurt pleas spurn  
Relief grants from larger hands make fables  
While in fact food and meat blind our tables  
Most men tell not else ways to fetch money

They live on the past that came most sunny  
These are no fertile times to grow business,  
but hunger torments more than unwellness  
The skin wears no prickles and rests frozen  
When itching grows hard, it greets the open  
Who heeds the fear beyond walls no longer,  
has been kindled and chased out by hunger  
Their skins lie in the pupil's gray-green haze  
of which etch hunger-struck veins in a daze  
The thumb snaps the finger and stirs a clap  
Able hands fill sunk cheeks that itches slap  
Who break their arms as the fight escalates  
carry who break their legs, with sturdy gaits  
Lordly lenders and barefaced beggars swell  
Limbs in fetters still grope for ways to dwell  
Here, some minds are fired for some genius  
Some else, at hatching ills, swing ingenious  
He in jail starves; the starved has an ill mind  
Thus, the dark-minded arm against the kind  
Kitchens bear news of their ill-emptied pots  
Days know grocers recording robbers' plots  
In the sun, the land that one grows of crops  
is that which, below rafters, takes raindrops  
One works by lamplight; the daylight is shut  
Across the unpeopled spheres, nature strut  
Many souls are swept out by this vile dance  
It smoothly strips this time of its substance  
Few victims and deaths our registers quote  
Many minds rot that these records not note  
The rich knows none to bear his ill or doom,  
nor contracts the dead to possess his tomb  
No soul will rest a heap of numb pale bones  
behind eyes that had him thrive over stones  
Man's hearing dies last; an artist's hands do  
If the last couplet of this draft pulls through  
A deinked pen is first mourned by his drafts  
Of the notes of his aired works he yet crafts  
This is one death-of-cold with wings so rife:  
A grim stroke that marks a cold break in life  
Adroit to wreak earth-wide havoc, and brisk,  
it is one fierce stream encircling earth's disc  
Snared souls sing the song of a dying swan

These preys felt to die soon admit foregone  
Seven million lives are caught in six months  
Three and a half million thwart met affronts  
When almost half a million repose trounced  
time will rate the Pestilence far pronounced  
This year of death is still faced within doors  
It rivets prickles to hearths for some chores  
While itchiness is employed in most homes  
one is shorn of the ease at which life foams  
One may wish for one's portion in the street  
where this aerobe or our men-at-arms greet  
Men live tricky times fraught with dilemmas  
You rig truths, Wuhan ill, and numb lemmas  
Stripped rough-edged leaves of a dandelion  
have you been loaned some teeth by a lion?  
Ought the spike of justice to thrust our legs  
or hunger fill our pots, sketching our dregs?  
Something another way does my rest touch  
No prickle did thus well on my peace clutch  
A child soothes, under the sky grown angry:  
Mother, please bawl not; I weigh not hungry  
We eat phlegm to soften the pangs of thirst  
Who has a meal gulped drums of water first  
One hungers in one's mouth, not one's belly  
You bear ill-timed meals and freeze like jelly  
Hunger ails others' bellies, not their mouths  
You tire of eating if your tongue has doubts  
A nursed baby begins each day with brunch  
when its mother seldom has nuts to munch  
This sad child's next and last meal is lunner:  
lunch and dinner matched for a post-runner  
Beneath fruit trees, its father gobbles meals  
when the itches in the house seek his heels  
Jackie Chan's 'Snake in the Eagle's Shadow'  
Your snake fists and cat claws, by air, tiptoe  
It is fell how new bloods bear their last rites  
but your flinty forte lifts my mind to heights  
Like those unbowed Ronaldinho's ball ploys  
you invade, destroy and advance with poise  
These days give to the eyes of the punsters  
Our grief turns joyous, keeping our funsters  
Plenty of sauce with which we lick our biles

does, now evil ruins men, concoct our wiles  
Some germs, long sent into an endless gulf,  
rise, having spied their breed do men engulf  
There is no temple where man flees seizure  
The seized, no priest frees, yet at his leisure  
Each traced case bears Ibn Sina's health jail  
Our other selves, here ostracized, grow pale  
Avicenna's health jail clutched the diseased  
Our 'Forties' is into fourteen days squeezed  
Cases are lured to the scythe bearer's court  
Fortunates buy the judge; the rest fall short  
Who may fare, reap therapies for symptoms  
and yet exploit assumed breathing systems  
Who not people the care jail loll homewards  
and ease their breaths or let the fell records  
Who hold up not return in their best shapes  
Who fall do straight into the well that gapes  
The routed lie lost for their heads and limbs  
to adapt to a truck which with deaths brims  
When, daily, thousands of men loll perished  
truckloads fill pits, away, by none cherished  
Corpses are plied along trails morn till dusk,  
when none is better honoured as their husk  
The vanquished are robbed of fair requiems  
Who cease home may keep for millenniums  
The Occidental say less schooled than held  
The United States, the great height, is felled  
The heap of sand a stroke of her spade lifts  
is seen while under her watch our sail drifts  
Worlds the sculpture of freedom enlightens  
will see how her defied torchlight heightens  
State firsts tear up, on clear and else efforts  
The Latin and German tribes lose their forts  
The well-smashed Brazil, Britain and Russia  
do no grace into their wrecked hearts usher  
Shock runs through South Africa and Egypt  
Northern African states confess ill-stripped  
With doubts and each barely about a slump  
Kano's, Abuja's and Lagos' strengths thump  
The Pestilence is once more for lives ticked  
The Great Depression comes soon to afflict  
World economies, like the shameplant, bow



The bone-dry soil, the less fortunate plough  
Humankind tires out like a bough-torn trunk  
Our great voyage, thus sailed amiss, is sunk  
It strikes worse in our land with just leaders  
Men limp like birds fleeing coops for cedars  
Swooshed past us has our Italian life-guard  
He played a task for solely which he starred  
Such flu which widely grips in colder climes  
looks of man, but a Chinese stem so climbs  
A child grown ill for work, wakes fit to brawl  
Fire not keeps who woke it nor heeds a wall  
Staunch to walk the else flesh to the bizarre  
these were legs smelt to take the world afar  
Eyes can grasp the rise and fall of each foot  
and how each of their legs, to stretch, is put  
The Asian wage and win the third world war  
The new and else old nations blaze but roar  
The snake that not swallows its companion  
maybe not gets fat but grows some canyon  
They still give a chase like the grudging flea  
that gashed their neighbour with a machete  
Hit are wiener dogs that work up no sweats,  
fetched to dig the badgers out of their setts  
Some Chinese hunt sway over their fiefdom  
Such faceless names well defy our freedom  
The kite can fly up; its shadow, down, wings  
Arms not grow folded when ill at man flings  
China could, behind shut doors, have a trick  
This would not earn us the hungered magic  
A ewe that lusts for horns may weigh a ram  
She may scratch well if she has still to lamb  
God gifts us faces and tongues, all may see  
Life is His breathed words; cognates are we  
Men could in their unique miens and voices  
reap better than nursing some sole choices  
The fruits of our deeds wait no split second  
Everything spins upside down as beckoned  
Legs keep roaming about on the same spot  
I tell not our left from our right, thus fraught  
The daylight grows dim like a waning moon  
pulling from the nooks of our days, so soon  
The past that spoke well of today masks up

The foretold wears the slips mid lip and cup  
Our minds and work, with earth, did interact  
Here, our feet kick against stones on a tract  
False schools on air, of the spiteful ill, teach  
Minds invent clues; fishers of regard preach  
Hours hatch winged reports; anxieties reign  
Prophets show us Jesus Christ come again  
A wartime appears worse and has ways out  
but on each of these days more evils sprout  
A side could flex muscles and grab the field  
but we lose the strength to exploit and yield  
Fires of war could be put out by neighbours  
but no creatures else can boost our labours  
The bird flight's eyes of hints spy not ahead  
None can tell the lot of this ruin widespread  
All hold that hope-filled hunger does not kill  
Instead, well close makes death, the killer ill  
So smoothly could this come, but I feel glad  
I swear an oath which in hearts will tell mad  
Past my days, my return will not, here, make  
if after deaths, souls for else times do wake  
Life has never had dress such poor and dull  
I should fall here; still, death will all men hull  
Breathing has, upon our lives, lost its charm  
Well, vanity still does our stored golds harm  
Our rulers look leapt for their common cloth  
sewn of far tales and transformed into froth  
Law enforcers launch their fame for assault  
and hope that these days not dash to a halt  
They are else harm past Wuhan pneumonia  
Well deemed fruitful, but hard like ammonia  
Our hearts cry to unknown ears borne away  
While we get no responses, our hopes stray  
Our still but troubled spirits, here chagrined,  
crush down and wear away and to the wind  
They may join the cloud of smoke up above  
If the clouds not do them down to us shove  
They could seek being to some lower home  
but you will, Almighty, not watch them roam  
God who bears the earth upon His shoulder  
grief, regrets and ruin, in our eyes, smoulder  
This bespeaks the bowing down of this age

and could breed the tearing out of our page  
We pray for a rope thrown from outer space  
that would transport all out of this embrace  
In the wild fields of tomorrows cures fledge  
Each leg on this slick peak clings to a ledge  
A tree that cannot dance, the wind coaches  
All hearts grow to augment our approaches  
A meal burns me; my intestines lie bunched  
I rise to gape my mouth while it is munched  
Our nerve and foiled fear will not cut a germ  
At the winged data on cases, hearts squirm  
Man stomachs an ire that does him enslave  
We re-sit our hurt hearts to house the grave  
Our fathers' spirits are here with us, housed  
They bear our eyes even when we caroused  
All minds serve them kola nuts, with fervour  
The fruit which men and spirits both savour  
Wherever one lodges one mends one's roof  
No balm hunter will brook their hearth aloof  
Many minds still deem this covid some joke  
Some, that our clime merely does it provoke  
They bear no faults who score this ill unreal  
now a saviour from far skies does man heal  
Their eyes that thwart ours may be genuine  
while our leads fatten up and stay sanguine  
The fat ask the starved to bear their houses  
but the fat loll in streets where harm rouses  
Disease check bureaux do our concern lose  
Hearts not shake still at pieces of sad news  
Horror now withdraws its sway upon minds  
We make back slowly to our common kinds  
Most brows stand other proper life troubles  
for the mirth which under one's toil bubbles  
A foul flu has come and now with men lives  
It will fail or, God knows, leave when it gives  
When no tongue terms it nameless or novel  
who saw not, watch it here and there grovel  
From the edge of space other horrors spark  
On turns to reign upon breaths they embark  
Hopes did take no fewer while it all hatched  
We not deem, rather, attached nor detached  
If hands keep so fettered and shorn of work

more troubles pile up, and for one's rest lurk  
Partial white men's and to this scourge akin  
some other flu lives that tries the black skin  
The black man forges for himself own tools  
but some sky-hue wearers attack as ghouls  
Such whitemen wish to ask ills to our guard  
They find the black soil best for a graveyard  
They see no vaccine in our leaves and roots  
that nurture pains in their eyes for our fruits  
For all who assume skin-first and vice-Gods  
the world will die and wait, against the odds  
You grudge the black soil all its herbal feats  
but let them on whose many a plague seats  
The skin who does itself the sky-light deem  
eludes earth painted of a black skin's gleam  
The black-skinned meet drug testing in vivo  
when they seem breaths not worth a relieve  
These days are here to let men who discern  
confirm more racist fell wills fume and burn  
Lessons behind lessons shadow each hour  
What has life fights to the morrow bent lour  
While a wraith, in a commune, stays so long  
elders lure it where behind eyes they throng  
Like asthma, dengue, Aids and else cancers  
you grace the bar mid man and his answers  
Wuhan pneumonia, you yearn to dwell large  
and sway over lands along which you barge  
So that your makers well conceive the huge  
your art, Frankenstein's virus, plays the luge  
A life from the shreds of the dead will surge  
while the author lays his balm for a scourge  
Within my thoughts' hearing I bear to speak  
These words do you, aural, or heavens seek  
Should the old and hoary-haired ill-treat you  
Bad is bad; steel your mind and irk them too  
When a baby crawls up and does you pinch,  
drop down, nip back, like the beak of a finch  
We flog a child that spilled the worthless oil  
not whom broke wind to gag men in turmoil  
By matching their strides, you fight warriors  
They should gamble that must rise glorious  
How banes have kept ailing earth from Asia

The blameful should dance to their fantasia  
Our eyes can switch a more thorough study  
So the pure are not cast through the muddy  
World irokos seek China through tall courts  
Leading seats convene her, heeding reports  
Where ills befall and else ways bear legions  
the stiff-necked kicks on, raiding all regions  
Wuhan virus, where spirits bear weak joints,  
hires a compass and infests the four points  
Towards all lives the Wuhan harm is geared  
States who disavow its presence are feared  
We recline trapped, ill hit and grimly bruised  
Some guilt of man's perhaps is not excused  
I can hear, although the hell's bells may ring  
cherubs and seraphs, at heaven's gate, sing  
Any that falls, snow, sleet or hail, is stopped  
My eyes, some hearts will disclaim or adopt  
Yet, what rain on man are clouds' final spills  
that walk the way to earth from the sky-hills  
To weigh all we lose, hearts not say enough  
Untold say the souls sunk in this fell slough  
When our age not breaks into baseless pits,  
the moon will shine soon if this rain permits  
We will press our chests against each other  
soon while we will have cast out this bother  
Who must hold out must kindle a challenge  
Brows raised fearlessly will refuse to cringe  
As days come and go, our panic fall sapped  
Such starved fears by each day fail to adapt  
Views of unique faces gush for they should  
Man casts off his foreboding but falsehood  
The mortal will not kneel for dead concepts  
which lodge not abreast of earthly precepts  
Plans are awed and lifted how hearts kindle  
to shake off vain contents and less dwindle  
While it costs caution to claim our customs  
we head for our lost aims like lay phantoms  
Earth makes place to suit some other being  
Man moves to match since he is not fleeing  
When lives and this disease swap company  
we keep from harm which does accompany  
Well, dim but more form to fight they reflect

all faces and miens not reveal how wrecked  
Paths are, by anxious legs again, massaged  
Again, they wear life and glow camouflaged  
Feet now go out again but here with modes  
I veil my sunk flesh in free coats from roads  
This captures not the case with the wealthy  
who widen doors to go from rooms, healthy  
While humans still in rank over earth mount  
their wands led on else planets deftly count  
Crises call but not from here do men sweep  
Pinches foil the brave and yet do them keep  
Our forefathers might have bent to a plague  
when they kept behind eyes easy but vague  
Man will his greatness his whole life secure  
No disease nor scourge will his reign ill lure  
It may wear quicker wings than the flu does  
but men rout measles which beyond it buzz  
Many creatures plot in their spectral worlds  
to wrest the sway which is the ultra-furled's  
Some quit all ploys and yield in fear of routs  
as your spirit ultra-furled, man, lures doubts  
More plights will tilt at your sceptre and orb  
but live God's breath which only you absorb  
The rare creature born of God's photograph  
should mimic God's grace as His divine half  
This single craft of God's resourceful hands  
the rate of beings born of words not stands  
Who alone says worth God's breath to exist  
merits more life to bathe some blissful mist  
They who when spoken to, do for life vouch  
will if spoken to, towards death thus slouch  
Beings that earned God's office and muscle,  
seize earth and dwellers, knowing no tussle  
He who on the Lord's last day of work came  
on the day of death shall last yield his name

Sochukwu Ivye