

Poetry Series

STEPHEN IZEVBEKHAI
- poems -

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STEPHEN IZEVBEKHAI()

Dreams

At nightfall a new dream creeps
In cream coloured mood
To light up our minds.
A dream magnified
With birds hanging on olive trees
Lightened with diamonds

Upon the break of dawn
The hustling begins
Though deterred by our own thoughts
A little task brings us
Closer to our dreams
With much realities to catch

Oh this greenness is a witness
To your beauty, brevity and desperacy
With chickens expected to be hatched
from a pot of an incubated dream.

Do we weep to have our
Feet saved from this crusty thoughts
That has plunged our hearts into total oblivion?

Oh the prettiest of all thoughts
On thy pinnacle lies the hope
In this dreams on whose shoulders
Our glory hangs.

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My Heart Your Place

A new day knocks at the door
The season is changing the tide
I saw the swallow go by
We will be back someday they say
Happiness we come to bring
When the season goes away

Oh little Swallow
You don't like anymore our sky
I hope you will be back someday
When the season will change the phase
I will be here to say
My heart is now your place.

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Nature's Garden

To Your garden
Garden of peace
Garden of hope
Garden of love
Garden of joy

Here we come
To seek your presence
Cradled from the wind
And before the day arose
Before the imminent aura
The birds start singing again

So quiet is this garden
Where we have come to seek
The blueness in our hearts

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Street Kid

He sat to reminisce
No brother to hold
No food to eat
No clothes that fits
No books to read
his future cloudy

Soon he jumps
Into the arm the hawk
Strict bully
Whips of an oppressor
Entrapped in a deceptive boot

Diminished emotions
faded esteem
Callous smiles
With companion arrivals
The trigger becomes his friends
In evil he soars

The alarm blew
In dire needs for survival
He knocks on your door
Your world insecure
The trigger he pulls
And a peaceful sleep disturbed

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The 234 Chiboks' Cry

Oh Chibok
Looking at the sky
I stutter to pronounce thee
But my heart quake in aches

I wonder in directionless trek
Drowned in the plantations of agonies
With hopes lost
To the struggles of a long dark night
In anticipation for a bright dawn

Freedom calls
Freedom speaks
Crying 'bring back our girls'
And i yearn to fly
To loosen bonds
But i am held restrained in captivity
My lips sealed to glue
My cries to no avail

I lose my way
I lose an hour
Like a decade spent out of school
My future is denied
And my tears litter in pieces
Still my heart beats in hopes
Perhaps someday
I might be rescued from
The arms of terror

Here i am
An African woman
And your missen sisters
Representing 234 nations
Whose cries makes
The headlines of your news
Hoping that one day
I might be rescued from
The arms of terror

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