

Poetry Series

T Ebi Ken Jemine
- poems -

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T Ebi Ken Jemine()

2015

[A Poem by T'Ebi: written in 2013]

In 2015, Monkeys will go to market,
They will return home cheerfully

Bananas will remain unsold in that market day
Instead, Bananas will party in the market square

Oranges will go banana
Apples will refuse to dance

Beans will vex with rice
Onions will be peeled, tears will rain

The Cocks will oversleep
They will crock late, clock will run unnoticed

There will be noises in the forest
But the Lions will remain in the zoo

After dawn, tomorrow will finally go nowhere
The trees will grow back again in the forest

T Ebi Ken Jemine

A Sleeping Yellow Flower

Be nice to me
I will be nice to you
Life will be like
A sleeping yellow flower

In my father garden,
There are many flowers.
The sleeping yellow flower
Dwarfs them all around

The bees are it friends
It drinks from the still-water
It showers with the cold-water
The Lawn is obedience to its laws

It silence is like a roar of a lion.
The pick & light of the bunch.
It never see the eve of the night,
Cos it's a sleeping yellow flower

T Ebi Ken Jemine

A Weeping River

A weeping river
May not wipe her tears.
The storming sea.....
May embraces the aura
Of a trouble festival.

Ocean may dance cluelessly like
The innocent symphony orchestra
Delta will continue with her blues music
Aloof rain may be drumming for breeze.
The sands In the bank of the river...

Mourn their washed out fellows
In the fullview of the naked early sun.
The stream will be streaming thirstily
With hanfull of dry tears that will...
Never full the empty pocket

There are many faceless holes
In the bed of the shallow river
The bubbles go home homely
Like opera dancers in the surface.
A weeping river nursing its wounds

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Beautiful Sunday

Oh beautiful Sunday!
Happy hunting ground
Oh the owner of sun
Shine through us
Keep your sun among us

'Bring your lamp to
those without light,
enkindle the flame of
love in those without hope.'
Beautiful words of Tagore

Oh beautiful Sunday!
Saturday can't take ur place,
Friday can't be like you.
Among the many days,
You reminds us HIS face

The ancient of days! !
Bless this day forever
Let hope rules this day
Among Helpless and hapless
Oh beautiful Sunday!

T-Ebi
1 March,2014

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Call The Street Writer

Call the street-writer, the last man standing
In the next street, tell him
Mr Mouth couldn't write to them
He had joined them
Mrs Ear couldn't write to them
She had joined them

They are too many to write off now
Who will write this last letter to them.
The man of letters couldn't write it
The later-day-preacher couldn't write it
The high-ranking writers couldn't write it
The opinion leaders couldn't write it

Where is that wondering wonder man
In the streets of our wonderland?
Look for him in the corner of the street
Seek for her in the back of the house
Beg her, give him the blank sheet,
Ask him if he can write this last letter?

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Catalyst (Rubbing Shoulder With Angels)

Ain't bother about so many stuffs...
But then again, that bothers me a lot.
Don't wanna be walking on eggs all the time
I just wanna put all my eggs in one basket,

Be as careless as wind.
Winding out all the winkers,
Murdering all my sleeps
And go all out sleepwalking.

If I could get my naivety back,
I would wear it along my sleeves,
Roll it up to my elbows whenever
And roll it down whatever.

If I could rub shoulder with angels
I would pose so many silly questions
I would pose, what the wings all about?
I would pose, if they could lend me some wings?

I would pose, if angels grumble too?
I would pose, if angels have red & others too?
I would pose, if angels angry too?
I would pose, if angels pray too?

Give me a peace, oh Peacemaker!
I won't pee on my neighbor's flowers again.
The bushes would fill the hood with fragrances,
No one would buy perfume again
So, we would all save up to buy a lasting peace.

5 April 2014 21: 22

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Do Live To Learn

Don't learn to do things
Do things to learn
Live, do, learn, do and do.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Don'T Break Down Yet

If your voice is breaking

May be, you're riding life
At a breakneck pace

Push the break pedal
It won't break anything
It'll only be a break in the cloud

You may not be seeing well
May be, you haven't take breakfast
You just need to break bread
You haven't break any commandments

It's just break day
You can still break even
So don't break down yet
It is not noon yet
Lucky! you haven't break a leg

Just you know, heart can't be breaking
It's just the breaking promises
The emotion, the feelings that on replay
The breaking news is:
Heart only bending, can still be straighten
So, Don't break down yet.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Education

Education

Is

Assistant

To

God

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Face Is Age

But,
I asked, guess my AGE?
You looked at my FACE
I didn't ask you,
How old is my FACE?

But,
I think FACE is AGE
You look after your FACE
You look after your AGE
You'll look YOUNGER

But,
I like your FACE
Doesn't mean
I like your AGE
Does it?

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Have Yourself Very Little Merry Christmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

Have yourself very little merry Xmas
Never mind of the gifts you never get
You still got your life,
The greatest gift of all.
Be thankful and celebrate
Living is an enough reason to make merry.
Have yourself very little merry Xmas

T Ebi Ken Jemine

He Is Him

He is my house
His bosom's my home

His love's my living-room
His grace's my dining-room

His mercy's my bed-room
His kindness is my kitchen

His peace is my fence
His faithfulness's my strength

His is my gate, my salvation
His is my roof, my hope

He is my whole
Without any hole

He is He, He is to me
He is Him.

14 July,2013

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Head Between Life

Within our betumbled head,
we crumbled, Life is not fair
Between life and death,
we defer, Life is good

Life's not about breaking bottles
With our head,
Life's about breaking records
With our head.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

His Will & My Will

[a personal prayer]

Oh! Let YOUR will
Overwhelm my will
And guide my will willingly
In all way in all weathers.
Take the wheel of my will.

I will cede only to YOUR power
In the absolute, The Absolute.
So I can wield YOUR power
Inline with YOUR will accordingly.
I don't wanna have a will of my own.

HIS will will will my wills!
And my wills will wallow in HIM
Here is my will, be my way
Let YOUR will walk in & out of
My will and life at will please

T Ebi Ken Jemine

History Of Life

Life was baked
In the hottest
Oven of love
With Love flour
And loving hand
In essence of love

T Ebi Ken Jemine

History Of Love

Before you close your memory of me
Remember the history of our love
The memories that can not be closed
I still love you and you still wanna go

If you're no longer my lover
You're still my best friend.
If you're no longer my best friend
You're still my friend

If you're no longer my friend
You're still an acquaintance
Which you can't close or run away from.
It's a memory, the history of love

T Ebi Ken Jemine

I Laughed Last

It was a very dull, cold and raining evening.
After a miserable, laborious and weary day from work
At around six pm and I couldn't wait to get home
To face the reality of another cheerless and lonely weekend.
There were so many people at the Bus Stop.
So, I had to stand in the rain sadly.
Basically, it was not a happy evening to toy with stranger.
Anxiously waiting for my Bus route...,
Another Bus route... came and stopped.
I noticed two beautiful black birds were not just looking
But were steadfastly gazing at me.
I looked back at them for few seconds and succumbed.
It was like they thrown down
The gauntlet to me in a gazing competition
(Who look aside first, lost) .
Yeah, I ended up picking the gauntlet impromptu
But lost within few seconds.
I gazed second time, lost. Third time, and I was like "gee up mate! "
I fought back, but this time smilingly and quietly asked, "what? "
Convivially, they burst out laughing with a pride
Like they had won the contest.
All of a sudden, the conviviality of the atmosphere,
The bond, the familiarity carried me off my feet.
I couldn't escape it, burst out laughing in return.
We couldn't stop till the bus moved.
I couldn't realized with the rain and the cold,
How my hands got out from my pockets and waving.
They waved back endlessly till the Bus went off my sight.
For the few minutes, the Bus lasted at that Stop,
I forgot the rain. Revitalized, revived and felt whole.
I wish I could see them again
And reward them for winning the gazing championship.
They seem winners but I must confess, I laughed last.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

I Should Have

I should have said something
I was so lost in the city of myself
In the three junction of
My heart, my mind and my soul

I should have took the second look
My eyes failed to follow my heart signal
No excuse, let you gone with the time
I couldn't confront my cool. I did it again

I should have walked quickly slow
I loose my cool in between my paces
Every chance was a chain tangled my legs
I couldn't raise my levied leg to make the moves

I should have shouted out loudly
My voice failed to blow the only horn
I know that I've blow it unbelievably
I should have knew better, better still...

I should have told you how much...
I should have empty my heart right there
Gosh! no time and space to dropp it
Least, I should have knew you better

I should have woke up from the sleep
It was one of those dreams that,
One could not take central control of things
Those dreams that, one lost one's voice

I shouldn't have went to bed in the first place
It was those dreams one couldn't raise one's legs
To run after one's own, to feed one's feelings
Those dreams that the eyes couldn't take the second look

Damn this kind of dreams that prank one's heart
So warm that you're still here like a sunny day
I will not be going to bed neither go sleep from now
I should have knew this damn dreams. [Smiles]

T Ebi Ken Jemine

I Wish I Could Cry Everyday

I wish I could cry everyday
The last time I cried out of me
I knew the meaning of how I felt
The cloud spilt smile as my order

Heaven cried down on me like rain
I was drenched, sweating happiness
I wish I could cry everyday
I wanna cry, tears are nowhere close this days

I try to invoked the spirit of crying
But no smoke came out of d fire
I know crying originated from feelings
I wanna feel how I wanna feel

Crying for good cause,
Cry that accompany by the most beautiful smile.
Imagine..., the whole world
Revolve around our dreams,

Each day comes and gone
In the little garden of our heart
If one could win all the tournaments before one's life
One could cry everyday

Enveloped with the joyous joy
Senseless with no sense of sadness
All happy bcos you're so happy with tears of joy
I wish I could cry everyday

T Ebi Ken Jemine

I'LI Never Forgive Heaven

What a world! Many a time, many will say
To them, enjoyment is the life
To them, brightness is the cloud
Full of shining sun, beaming moon, twinkling stars
Whopping with joy, what a world!
To someone, darkness is the cloud,
Full of corrosive sun, burning stars, moody moon
Whopping with sorrow, what a world!
Mourning is the world, mice were the friends,
Bins were the fridge, rubbish dump was the market
Mosquitoes were the girlfriends.
It was always night, and the night last forever,
The day comes once in a blue moon or by mistake
But one night, I woke up to a day light
Motivated but motionless, moved but muted
What a mysterious marbled mansion!
Seeing is not believing. "Welcome to heaven's house"
The magnanimous magnificent most high ushered me in
HE gave me everything, HE charged me nothing
I ate cake in ten mouthfuls, and poverty was caged
I drunk milk and I became the milk of human kindness
I see the sun shining, the moon beaming, the stars twinkling
It wasn't always night but poverty is the darkest blindness of all nights
Heaven, what a beautiful world you created!
Thank you, but I'll never forgive you.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Letter To You, You And You

Letter to you, you and you...
It's being a while now
But never while away
And not having a thought of you, you, you...

All this while, the ugly, the bad,
The funny, the good memories are still intact.
Life is a sea. The waves are big,
We can be swim apart by it

But can only be better swimmers
Better-still, we'll see when the waves calm down.
In wherever you, you and you are, remember me;
In whatever you, you and you do

I LOVE YOU, YOU and YOU...
And whenever we meet
Bless God, God help us all...
All in all missing you, you and you.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Life

Life can not live
By if and but alone.
Some create trends,
Others follow trends.

Hopeful is nothing,
If the walker isn't walking
The walks or running the runs.
Be hopeful but be more headful.

All that are free are more expensive
Price life as high as the breath
Bid the highest breath for life
Walk the life, run the hopes.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Meddling Mind

Thought I was strong
Flooded with this feeling
A meddling mind in the middle

A heart harking to its beats
Sounding all lah-de-dah
Head on it own on the edge

Sticking to my guns:
What can't break you
Can only make you stronger

31 Jan,2014; 19: 20

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Mind Against Time

Out of sight is out of mind,
As the saying goes...
But only if the mind can let go
Of the things that the poor blind
Mind can not see or foresee.
Time will tell, as the saying goes

Time has come and gone, still here
You're still in the mind like still-water
Wish, one could pressed rewind and pause
Forward and pressed play again.
The time is ticking forward,
The mind is thinking backward.

When the wind blow the mind, the dusts withhold to die
The mind sees better than the eyes,
When time is unfriendly running past Usain
The mind handles pen better the hand
Imagine the time and mind becoming friends,
Minding one another, Timing one another...

Time and time again, mind is made up
You'll live in my mind forever.
You're out of sight but live in my mind
It's like mind against time.
But, mind had stood the test of time,
You will be and ever remain here in my mind for time

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Missing My Miss

Missing you my miss...
I couldn't spell my name
In the middle of last month
Cos there were too many
Missing alphabet within me
You're my twenty six alphabets
Missing you my miss

T Ebi Ken Jemine

My Eyes Conversing Away (London Summer)

Oh dear!
Just an innocent morning
Mindful of my path of the pavement.
Two legs conveying matter,
Overtook me just overtime

'Yanch! ! '
My eyes shout out conspicuously.
Being conspicuous by my absence
I walked in akimbo, mouth opened
In borrowed-eyes, I watched

Gosh!
My two eyes conversing wide awake
Without my conscience!
Speaking in Ijaw language,
Yanch tell all the story to my eyes

Beautifully told with silent music
Unknowingly choreographed
With loud dance steps-
Heavenwards, Earthwards
And Sideways at random manners.

Spare me some breaths!
I will prove my innocent, eyes guilty
My breaths died, buried for seconds
Befriend my eyes, you'll see better
So Wholly guilty of innocent

T Ebi Ken Jemine

My Pillow My Best Friend

My pillow, my best friend
Many reasons to say thank you
Few seasons to say everything
It's raining again, Be my roof

The golden silent, we share
Warm me more than the sun shine
You never say anything
In this kind of longest night

You carry the sea of my tears
All along the long and dark nights
You comfort my head while I stream
You listen to every word of my tears

Sometime, I hold you, grab you hardly
Overtime, you're there as a soldier
You're everything that never nag
Many nights, you took the rain so stilly

Help, I'm doing it again, be my friend
I've been here many time before
Be my friend tonight again. Wrap me
Hold me tight, let me rest my head

Sorry, the world winkle around
Tears roll more than the stormy rain
More than handful the hand to handle
The red eyes the eyes can't see

So unhelpful sleep that never care
In arm length like the mother
A mother that deserts her crying toy
Reasons, only her could tell her bra

In coldest nights, my pillow warm me
When sleep deserts me in the dark
My pillow dates me and bosoms me
It stands tall and watch over me all nights

It tender but untouching embrace
Is the cosiest and closest to the sins
Ever committed by the aloof sun
My Pillow, My best friend

T Ebi Ken Jemine

My Walks

I choose not to walk in straight line
My little way to dodge straight bullets
This world is too curve to walk-straight
Sun walks-straight across the sky carefully
Still, the cloud becloud it at times

I'll rather walk a very long curve way
And end up on cloud nine
Than to walk a straight line
And end up in the cloud
I'll walk my walks along my way

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Never Mind The Painter

Colors are bundles of toys to him
He fiddling fiddles with colors while Rome burns
You are who you're, that's your true color
You may be gold, feeling blue, painted black
The meaning of colors are many & ain't nature.
Smile, never upset that mirror in that your wall
Coloring is a culture of the painter

He chooses colors accordingly
You were not chosen, you were made
Long before colors were born
If you were to be painted,
You're the best painter of yourself
Paint yourself red, if you're feeling angry
Paint yourself yellow, if you're feeling cheerful
Paint yourself pink, if you're feeling loving

Paint yourself green, if you're feeling positive
Paint yourself purple, if you're feeling creative
Paint yourself blue, if you're feeling peaceful
Paint yourself white, if you're feeling pure
Never mind the painter's painting
You're the best painter of yourself
Paint yourself the image you feel within you.
That is where your happiness sleep

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Now That I Lost The Only Picture Of You

If I could say it without starting with if
If you could answered without posing back with if
If I knew that the true isn't what you wanted
I would have lied to you for another day

If I awared of the whereabouts of your picture in my custody
I would have told you what you wanted to hear.
But now that I lost the only picture of you with me
I will be true to myself, if all I can care, I'll be true to myself

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Only Your Voice

What can I ask for?
Only your voice

I don't care how far
Or how near you are

Only your voice
Can light up the darkest place

Only your voice
Can warm up the coldest place

Only your voice
Can bright up the saddest face

Only your voice
Can feed up the empty belly

Only your voice
Can befriend the loneliest soul

You can live in planet zero
Only your voice I need to hear

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Political Osmosis

Chimney knows its work
It stands tall silently and obediently
The smoke walks proudly in the sky
Fogging and screaming for attention

The smoke never begs freedom,
It bags and beckons freedom.
Its ways are clearly smoky & poky
Its prayer bears its surname

'Let their plans go up in smoke'
The smoking true in the fireplace
Feigning or fending, it's careless
The will of the cloud is in accord

Fire burns under bellow
Woods & coals flame in pain
Chimney guide the escape route
The smoke escapes & tells the story

Like Van Gogh & Picasso paints
Hanging in gallery above the roofs
And grabs all the gazing glory
Above the glaring sky

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Reverence From The Hill Top

Appreciating this beautiful day
In the lawn of the hill top
Overlooking the sanity
Of the still reservoir.
So reserved water

The sun is singing to the reservoir
The water humbly dancing,
blinking and blushing
In it own corridor
So alluring

Velvet valley veil its toes to have a glimpse
Souls bed and pilgrim in the surrounding
Trees proudly slotting around the waters
Here lost in the stiff lonely stillness
Seeding sole reverence to above

By T-Ebi [26 Aug,2013]

T Ebi Ken Jemine

She Stopped Dancing

She started dancing
The dance floor greeted her
Treated her with an embodying gaze

All the dance lords stepped backward
Overwhelmed with her dance steps
All hesitating to step forward

He stepped up and tangoed she-ward
He proudly, boldly spread his hand and palm
Carefully she closed up and held it

One, two, three, they moved in unison
She blushed, but very much well aware
Guiding, not ready to trade trusting

He flipped her up leftward
Landed her in his bosom comfortably
He sold a smile. She paid faithfully

Once and all, she lost her guide
She traded all her trust in one trip
The smiles stayed in reply, tango lingered

One, two, three; another flip rightward
He blinked, she cuddled the dance floor
She stopped dancing once and forever

By T'Ebi [6 May,2013]

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Shoulder My Soul

I'll stand shoulder to shoulder with my soul
Shoulder to shoulder we will walk across the sea
Careless I'll be, even my hairs are not shoulder-length
Nowhere can a man find a home
Or more silent room than in his own soul

As I was going out one day
My head fell off and rolled away
When I saw that it's gone
I picked it up and put it on
My soul was with me, my soul was my witness

And when I came into the street
A fellow cry out, "where are your feet? "
I sadly said I left them both asleep
Soul to soul, I searched for my soul
A soul that can be as solid as liquid

Solely as it can be; no sober, no slumper
I'll always find solace in my soul
My soul, a shoulder to cry on
My soul, a stronghold of my body
I'm a soldier, I'll shoulder my soul

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Silent Tears

This time I might walk a long walk
One way will be king, I'll be follower
I'm not ready to stop or stop by
I'm not gonna stand or stand by
I'll wait no more or take more u-turns
Some pain may be loud or maybe
As louder as the dead night
A cry can be the only pain-killer
The lonely way may walk so slow
The rain may pour and pour and pour
We can stay indoor and remain dry
I'll just stay and hold on to myself
And cry and shed some silent tears

T Ebi Ken Jemine

That's Not My Picture

I know you have a certain picture of me
You carry it around all round everywhere
And your thought scans it screamingly

You pick it up overtimes from the wall
And look at the it all way, right, left, center
Clamping mountains to have a good view of it

You walk along the lonely bank of the river
Trying to get your head around the sea and the river
You had better ask me; That is not my picture

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Beauty Of New Year

Any passing year never a good friend.
It can't escape the blaming and the casting
Its responsibility for lost hopes
The death and dying dreams
The last night of the previous year,
We went to bed and woke up to a new life...
It's like home coming,
Travelling all the way from Last-year.
The usual hoopla surrounded
The arrival of the New Year.
Presented us with a new mindset.
But in reality, nothing will change
The house is still the same
Pretty much everything still the same

Still,
It's all about the august visitors.
The Likes of Mr Hope, Mrs New Year Resolution,
These visitors talk to us
What we wanna hear for the new year.
Waking up our death and dying dreams
The feeling of new, the refreshing of hope
All these refuel us and get us ready
For another journey of 365 miles of days.
That's The Beauty of the New Year

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Bouquet Of The Banquet Hall (Poem Of Tribute To Rev Dr I.O Jemine)

The ambiguous immaculate ambiance
Asked for no scaled recognition
He was the eyes of the beholder
Humble in his homiest humidity

The only bouquet of the banquet hall
Was just only one of his kind
A vision of mission, king of kindness
Lived for love, preached for peace

A catalyst for social engineering
A decoration of the glory of God
And lived for hundred and five years
The only bouquet of the banquet hall

For a long time, this bouquet adorned this hall
His presence was an energy, a joy
The pillar we loved to hold on to at all time.

The lights beam in stream of tears.
The goblet remain unturned for wine.
The dishes lie empty in solidarity.
The cutlery cut no corners
In spooning out condolences.

The palace of all banquet seeks its beauty
Oh the most benevolent bouquet!
When're you coming back to your urn?
Oh! Earth will miss your beauty,

But heaven will be made beautiful
By your selfless adornment for love
Your last words: 'Love one another'
A fulfilment of what you lived for.

REST IN PEACE, DARLING DADDY

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Eyes Of Another

Judge me not from your eyes
Judge me from the eyes of another
Maybe you'll see the bad of me better

Looking life from the eyes of another,
One will see the truth more truer
Beyond one's stands n ideologies.

Living life outside
The borders of sentiments.
Life will be more beautiful.

This is my idea.
Try to live life outside our ideas
Life will be nearer to true meaning of Truth.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Hairs On The Back Of My Neck

No lesson to learn about lie
No truth about the lie
It's truly dehumanising
When the truth bears the surname of Lie

No need for name dropping
The tears have been dripping
Silently, long before you gone
The sea has run dry, no rain to beg

The weather never lies in a bright-day,
Yet can't be trusted in a beautiful-day.
All the truth in this world have been told
Obviously it's only Thomas listening

Not a new vicar on this pulpit
This garment have been here many time,
The hairs on the back of my neck still stand up
Each and every time I'm on this pulpit.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Hopeless Hope (Aluu 4)

There faces said it all
There faces saw it all
They could not face it all

The only help was to hope.
Hope negotiating for miracles
Just; just, if there's still a miracle

They were beaten bitterly and battered
Skinned, buttered, roused and roasted.
They were not animals

The dead and roasting goat could spare a smile.
The goat saw this, it thanks God
The pain, they could feel no more

Hell much be better than this flipping earth!
At least, there would be only fire...
Perhaps a space to be gnashing of teeth.

The heartless mobs mopped miracle.
Watching the video, I saw Hope
Hope escaping from the back door.

They could move no more
Only one affords a pinch of moving his lips
That much be the last prayer?

Maybe, he was negotiating a VOW?
That much been the last hope, I guess!
Just an Hopeless Hope.

This poem is dedicated to the Aluu 4
(R•I•P Guys)
By T'Ebi Jemine.

Share please....
Just to REMIND the REMAINING people, us.
An informed society could have avoided this despicable act.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Land's Still Green

The land's still green, maybe more greener
Evergreen seems closer to the truth
The trees and the grasses are black
The fruits are fruity but bitter
Their roots are white but darker
The soils, wearing and worn down

The rain pays its dues in due courses,
Still the soil wears dry face
The sun never late on its appointments,
Still the trees cry out for photosynthesis
The grass-shoppers flee the stage
Still the grasses sing endless dirges

Hope becomes the night's mosquito,
One just got to beat it against oneself.
The pains, only you can bear
The sounds, only others can hear
The nights, only sleep can dare to endure
The days, only eye can tell better

The questions are so many
The answers are so many nod-outs
The residue of hope, the land's still green
The land put straight face for help
Help just so afraid to look
The land's still green, just still green.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Light

The sun has gone home
The moon is asleep
The pavement is long

The night is old and dark
You are alone be fearless
The LIGHT will guide you home.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Paradise Within

Everything starts from within.
Within us there is a place,
Place within us dwells a person.
Person within us acts as a baby,
A baby that befriends laughter.

Laughter, the greatest Doctor.
Doctor that nurses with smile.
Smile and let there be laughter
Laughter is the music to our soul,
Music makes us dance

Dancing is the symptom of happiness;
Happiness is the paradise
Paradise is built within our heart
When the heart smiles and laughs,
Paradise regained

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Perfect Nose

This nose is not small or big
Another nose of those noses
A nose looking like noose
It's just the perfect nose

This nose has no eyes
This nose can't cook
This nose has no mouth
It can name all the ingredients

In every soups in every streets
This nose can tell all the stories
Bitter, sour, sweet, except the smelly
It's just the perfect nose.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Power Of Silence

Silence is the element
In which great things fashion themselves.

The words of the prophets
Are written on the subway walls
And tenement halls
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

Silence saved the man the thugs came for,
But the screaming fellow took the bullets
Silence a remedy for harm
Life is a pregnant silence.
Light silence, dark speech.

Stones are mute teachers;
They silence the observer,
And the most valuable lesson
We learn from them we cannot communicate

Silence alone is respectable and respected.
I believe God to be silence

T Ebi Ken Jemine

The Weeping River

The river begs for tears
The rain stands aloof
The sands sing for survival
In the bank of the river

There are many faceless holes
In the bed of the river,
The bubbles dance in the surface
That is a weeping river nursing its wounds

T Ebi Ken Jemine

This Christmas

This time is so cold, so breezing
The embracing of the Christmas so warming
The cloud, the weather, the atmosphere,
All adjust to make it looks, it's Christmas time

To me, it's not about the kindness
It's about the wishes- Wish for anything
I never wish for anything, anyway.
This Christmas I wished for one thing

I know I will never get it, with no would.
All I want for This Christmas is this thing.
I told everybody about this thing.
But I expected to get it from nobody

No kinder, kindness kinda kindle me; so kinky
I wish I could wished for the yester Christmases
The ones that I never make any wishes.
This christmas, I made a wish, This Christmas my wish came true.

Thank you Bestie. I'm Loving the thing u got me for This Xmas.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Time's God.

Respect a second
Minute will mind
Honour an hour
Days will deliver
Weigh a week
Month will multiply
Weigh the wages
Year will yield

Time runs the note
Time cooks the food
Time is timeless
Time paddles the world
Time is a healer,
Healer can be only Him
There you have it!
Time's God, God's time

T Ebi Ken Jemine

Trying Is Treasure

Brother, it can be pretty hard
But, worrying make it harder
Thinking make it the hardest

You may have tried many times
And failed many time in all occations
You're not out of time to try again

Trying is life, life is hope
Try hard. Or harder, do your hardest
Try trying broda, nothing to loose

Just try. Or try, try, try and try.
May be, try again! Try once more
Don't ever stop trying, just try and try

Stop trying is like self-inflicting a wound
Sister, try, try and try. Just try, and try
Trying is treasure. So try and try and try.

T Ebi Ken Jemine

What I'D And I'LI Do

What I would do duly
I would behave foolishly
I would dance insanely
I would walk carelessly
I would look loosely
I would sing lousily
That's what I would do

What I will do dutifully
I will talk wisely
I will love eagerly
I will pray earnestly
I will think thoroughly
I will respect gracefully
This is what I will do

[26 Sept, '13]

T Ebi Ken Jemine

When To Trust Someone

I Respect everyone
But never trust anyone
I can like anytime
But never trust all the time
When to trust someone?
When I looked at the mirror
You gave me last night.
B'cos I realised, someone does trust me
You will never learn how it feel like to

Pass the Exam of trusting or to be trusted
Your A'Level of understanding
Undo my degree of understanding
I respected u before with an added value,
I respect u now with multiplied values
When to trust someone?
When someone hide no private to you
When someone entrust you with their last food.

T Ebi Ken Jemine