

Poetry Series

Uche Osahor

- poems -

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Uche Osahor()

I write from the trigger of Africa
Deep in the west of africa
I am Nigerian!

Am New to the game
Though my poems may be lame
Am not after fame
So don't remember my name

Anxiety

The straws are drawn
The soul might fall
Yet the end is tall
When will destiny call
O lord please prevent my fall

Uche Osahor

Creame Box

Tears appeared in mums eyes
The morgue was cold
but i could feel the warmth in mums eyes
Tears came down slowly
She looked at me closely
I could feel her eyes peering my soul to share my grief
but all i could do was smile back the burden
I walked forward
touched the Cream box with my chilling fingers and looked at DAD
a bit closer till my stare looked back at me
One decade past and we remeber.

Uche Osahor

Destiny

We stand firm to re-affirm our faith like branches attached to a mahogany stem.
With valor and grandeur we shall jubilate like chiefs in a banquet of royal galore!
At the edge of time our destines shall collide their glorious prime!
So we shall shout, sing and merry like Arthur the ROYAL KING!

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Dry Earth

Earth without water is life without a father
Thirst strangles the throat
Anxiety weathers the soul
The land is dry
The heart will cry
When shall it rain
Who shall gain
The clouds must gather
sorrow must shatter
The clouds are dark and heavy
The burden bolsters prayer and bravery
The wind is heavy, Faith must not be weary
When it rains, it must pour forth blessings in splendor of glory

Uche Osahor

How Much Longer

At the corner of my room
Like an abandoned broom
Between two walls
I wonder in two worlds

I pause to ponder
I stare and wonder
How much longer
How much longer

I've lost a life game
My joy has lost its flame
Who shall i blame
I cry in shame

Struggles without end
Pain at every bend
How much longer
How much longer

Uche Osahor

Mr. Ka-Boom!

Dear Ka-boom
You cause your nation much harm
Aristocrats thought you were a mere scam
But the scam is now an angry Ram! !

Bombs for breakfast
Tombs for dinner
In tears we mourn and fast
After every blast

Our fate has grown thinner
Bombs have stolen dinner
Our faith suffers hunger
How much longer.....

Uche Osahor

Sorrow

I lay in state of sorrow
Away from the future
Close to my past's adventure
How dumb and premature

My heart wonders around tomorrow
Entwined in life's endless earthly race
Yet my thoughts struggle in the present for little Space
I wonder which shall determine my future's pace

I sob like a Baby crow
Even Though my smile surpasses the span of a warriors throw
See how I base my life so low
When shall my faith find new glow
Only heaven would ever know

Uche Osahor

Widow

Dear Widow
who shall cry for thee
who shall fight for thee
your cry stings the heart like a queen bee
fear not! !
Thy saviour shall rescue thee

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