

Poetry Series

**YoungBen Ulebor**  
**- poems -**

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# YoungBen Ulebor(29th of February)

# An Ode To St. Felix Seminary

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How great you are  
As young as you are  
You are known by all

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How wonderful you  
You nurture the talents  
Of the little lads that come your way  
With only twenty-five years  
You have produced countless scholars  
For the society

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How kind you are  
You gave me food to eat  
Water to drink  
You gave me my spiritual vitalities  
All these make me glad

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How wonderful you are  
With your bell-  
The voice of God  
You regulate my life  
For my brighter future  
I am not ungrateful

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How great you are  
Indomitable in the field of sports  
Ineffable in the field of learning and praying  
Indescribable in manpower production  
Dynamism is your watchword  
No school can outwit you  
You are a citadel of excellence

O St. Felix Seminary!  
How kind you

To have cared for me all these years  
With many luxuries to make me comfortable  
Your kindness has earned you a crown  
At reputable school of learning

O St. Felix Seminary!  
O wonderful St. Felix! !  
I shall part with you  
I regret to say this  
But it is an inevitability I must accept

O St. Felix Seminary!  
Wherever I'll go  
I'll ever remember that  
You brought me up, nurtured me  
Fed me and taught me spiritually  
Academically, physically and otherwise

St. Felix Seminary!  
O my wonderful St. Felix Seminary! !  
All you have taught me I shall declaim  
In the sweet journey of life

YoungBen Ulebor

# Do It Now

A fool is  
Who in tomorrow finds bliss  
Tomorrow you be not sure  
It affords that pleasure  
You in your imagination  
Awaits the celebration

Take today and give it your best

For you no not in this long quest  
When shall be your last  
In whatever, learn to do it fast

Do it today and not tomorrow

So you reminisce not sorrow.

YoungBen Ulebor

# Dream Land

Dream Land

Dream Land

What a wonderful place many have seen

But can't be.

Dream Land

Dream Land

What a horrible place many have seen

And hoped never to be

Dream Land

Dream Land

Many who saw merriment in thy land

Wished never to wake

But wake they must

And when they do

They're overwhelmed by

Such a sorrowful joy like never before

Dream Land

Dream Land

Struggling they do

Profusely they sweat

And "Jesus! " they exclaim

When they finally turn their eyes

From the horrors they saw in thy land

Dream Land

Dream Land

What and where are you?

Some think you exist

While others hope you don't

Do you really exist?

If you do

Where then are you?

If you don't

Why then do you show thyself to us?

O Dream Land

While do you show thyself to us?  
While we sleep  
Can't we see you with our eyes open?  
Or are you a world for the blind?

Dream Land  
Dream Land  
O Dream Land  
Where can we find you?

YoungBen Ulebor

# Golden Fish

The golden fish  
That some want dish  
Is what will spend time to admire  
And their admiration begets desire

The golden fish  
Has no hiding place  
Because to see thy face  
So many wish

The golden fish  
Even in the sea can not hide  
For soon comes that tireless tide  
That makes the proud waves upon thee unleash

The golden fish  
If found in a kingdom  
From the nobles receives gifts at random  
But then they would want to keep it on a leash

The golden fish  
Gets the beat bait  
But if thou labours and wait  
Thou shall never perish

The golden fish  
If thou let flourish  
In thee my voice  
Thou I shall make my choice

YoungBen Ulebor

# Harmattan

Sahara desert is coming with its dry wind  
Dry wind that desiccates the skin  
See it come with its cold wind  
Cold wind that makes oil sleep in tin

It comes to dry the lips  
To force the lips to tear  
Then the tongue licks the lips  
To reduce its burden to bear

Sahara desert is here with its moistless wind  
Our fields are loosing its fresh foliage  
Our moist soil is now arid and drained  
It makes all things look its old age

The young wrinkles like the old  
And their future old nature unfold

YoungBen Ulebor

# Make Him Your Lord

The birds are not  
Afraid of the flood  
Because they've got  
God as their Lord

He makes them fly  
High in the sky  
Should terror be  
In the land  
He gives them a hand  
And set them free.

So, if only I  
Of my own accord  
Makes God my Lord  
On Him shall I ever rely.

YoungBen Ulebor

# The Impromptu Visitors

Have they ever visited you?  
I mean the cruel crew  
They I pray never to see  
Or where they are to be  
They and what they bring are not pleasant  
So I pray from me they be distant

The anticipation of death  
Is worse than the actual  
Behind closed doors fear gives birth  
The trauma is indeed factual  
All these cracking and breaking for what purpose?  
You ponder wonder till faith and hope decompose.

With their sophisticated hands  
They unleash commands  
You can't but obey and be cool  
Hence with them you turn a fool  
Though in you be that rage  
But away and away fades the courage.

You lie, sit and or hide and wait  
Helplessly for your fate  
Should they let you live  
You'll be so traumatized the story you can't give.

YoungBen Ulebor

# Treasure Hunt

There is this noble man who came to earth  
His intrepid labour's fruit brought his death  
Albeit his accepted fate they concurred  
But then his good deeds they later recalled

Something ought to be on that precious tree  
Upon which he did set you and I free  
From the ineffable shackles of sin  
That pervaded you and I in person

It speaks of that said to be everywhere  
That which some human will say is nowhere  
It comes to those that do understand it  
And it's what makes their lives here or there fit

` Give me the answer that be real not fake  
Thy sensible wish honour should thou make.

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