

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.

YoungBen Ulebor