

Poetry Series

**chidubem okeke**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## chidubem okeke(10/06,1990)

okeke chidubem was born in a lowly christian is the first male issue of &Mrs Benedette attended Sacred Heart primary School, Federal Govt. College, Enugu. He is presently offering a degree course at The UNIVERSITY OF NIGERIA, NSUKKA. He IS studying medicine and surgery. This born poet intends doing great both in the field of science and in literature

# Black Friend

LIKE A FEATHER IN YOUR CUP  
YOU GAVE ME A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH  
LIKE A SNAKE IN THE GRASS  
ARMED TO THE TEETH

DIGGING DOWN FOR YOUR HOOK  
YOU BROKE THE CALABASH BY YOUR CROOK  
WRAPPED ROUND IN A BOX TOO DARK  
YOU TOOK MY PRICEST BOOK

DRESSED IN CLOTHES TOO DARK  
FOR YOUR OCASSION FRIEND  
WE ROAM ROUND YOUR BAIT  
TAKEN FROM MY PRECIOUS GATE

RIVERS ROLLING DOWN MY CHEEKS  
FOR YOUR VICTORY STICK  
LOOSING MY GOLD TO YOU  
SWEET FRIEND THAT TAKES FROM ME

TAKING MY COLD GOLD TO A DISTANT LAND  
LURKING AWAY WITH MY BELOVED  
FRIEND YOU MY HAPINESS ROB  
TO SAY GOODBYE FOREVER TO MY BELOVED

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# Demons Of The Night

IN THE DARKNESS, I HEAR  
SOUNDS OF INNUMERABLE CRICKETS  
THE HOOTING OF OWLS  
THE LIGHTER BLISS OF WONDERING SOULS  
THE GRAVES OF WARRIOUS HEARTS  
LOVERS GAZING AT THE MOON.I SEE

DANGEROUS NIGHTS  
gods OF THE ARSENAL MOUNTAINS  
FAIRIES OF THE ANCIENT HILLS  
SERPENTS OF THE THICKEST FOREST  
CRICKETS OF THE GREENEST GRASSES  
VULTURES IN THE CRACKING CAVES  
WOLVES RUNNING IN THE NIGHT

I FEEL THE COMPANY OF DEMONS  
IN DARK SHADES OF TWINGLING LIGHTS  
IN FORMS AND IN WHOLE  
THE GENTLENESS OF GOOD SPIRITS  
THE POWER OF THE DARK ARTS  
THE WRATH OF THE BESIEGING DEMONS

NIGHTS, DARK NIGHTS  
LONELY AND DESERTED  
THE POWERS GOVERNING THE EARTH  
COME TO MAKE MERRY  
TO TORTURE THE ENSLAVED SOULS

BUT, THEY SEE THE LOVERS  
AND HURT THEY COULD NOT INFLICT  
BECAUSE THE POWERS OF DIVINE LOVE  
SUBDUES THE DANGERS OF THE DEMONS OF THE NIGHT

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# Elixir

though the philosophers stone  
bizzare powers do possess  
unlikely can I elucidate  
cold touch from your freckles fair

embellished my covers core  
like a rose in my emblem  
elixir you my world widen  
running freely on weakened souls

in nature you remain  
hidden in your essence  
who could ever sense  
the power of this crystal clear

elixir, oh my elixir  
dwarf that sits on iroko  
your magical make i know  
doth preserve in true euphoria  
awaketh breath from beyond  
and maketh life dwell forever

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# Growing

she has grown  
like a pumkin in the garden  
like the tendrils of the yam  
like the stems of the iroko

she now knows shame  
covering her self in the bathing gear  
feeling her nipples yet covering it  
running from her peers

she has grown  
ripe for the suitors prey  
dark as the sooting dust  
left for the richest one

we are confused  
she no longer plays with us  
in the sands of our backyard  
cooking sand as food  
avoiding our moonlight tales  
prepared to join the maidens

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# Letter To My Leader

I HAVE CAPPED MY THUMB IN PAINTS OF BLUE  
I HAVE RAISED MY HANDS IN VIEW FOR YOU  
IN SUN MOST OFTEN  
IN RAIN NO DISPAIR  
TO SEE YOU GET TO THE PLATFORM AND THE DESK

ROT NOT MY NATION  
RIGHT IT IN POWER  
GIVE ME MORE BLESSINGS  
NOT BLASTING OR CRISSES  
CLEAR THE MESSSES  
NOT THE MASSES  
THAT YOUR LAW AS FINE LINEN  
WILL I RECEIVE  
TO ADORN MY SOUL

BUT YOUR COFFERS DO NOT FILL  
AT THE BLOOD OF PUBLIC COFFINS  
BUT SWEAT SO WELL  
AND BY YOUR SWEAT, LET OUR FOES FALL  
LOOK TO YOUR FEET  
SEE THE DUST THAT HAS BEEN WASHED OFF  
AND REMEMBER THEN THOSE WHO LIE IN DUSTS  
IN THE POVERTY OF THEIR HEARTS  
AND IN THE DISPAIR OF THEIR SOULS

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# Mirror

FAIR IS THE ENIGMA OF THE MIRROR  
STARE IN MY REFLECTION AS A HERO  
BARE YOU LAY, LAD WITH A PILLOW  
DARE TO SEE THE TRICK FROM THE MIRROR

YOUTH, WHY CHASE YOUR SHADOW  
LOOK, ITS SECRETS BEHIND YOUR ELBOW  
BROOK CANT DRY, WHY MUCH ADO  
CROOKS SHADOWS ARE, UNLIKE RAINBOW

GREYHAIR TRANSVERSE THE ESPLANDE WITH STARE AT THE SEA  
GREYHAIR WONDERS AT THE IMAGE IN THE SEA  
GREYHAIR DISCOVERS THE MAN IN THE SEA  
GREYHAIR REMEMBERS THE LAD IN THE MIRROR AND DOUBT THE SEA  
GREYHAIR LONGS FOR THE HERO IN THE MIRROR GONE FOREVER AT THE SEA  
GREYHAIR COULD NOT DISCOVER THE POWER OF THE MIRROR, THE SHADOW  
AND THE SEA.

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# My Love

YOUR EYES ARE SHINNING  
AS THE BLACK CATS IN THE WOOD  
YOUR LIPS ARE GLITTERING  
LIKE BLOOD SPLASH IN A ROOM

YOUR BREAST ARE FIRM  
AS PRECIOUS STONES FROM THE SEA  
YOUR FACE IS FAIR  
AS GOLD NEVER TO BE SEEN

AM LOST IN YOUR BEAUTY  
REBOUNCING IN YOUR COUNTLESS KISS  
NEVER BEEN IN A FOUNTAIN FILTY  
TO COUNT YOUR FRECKLE FREEZE

YOUR LOVE IS LIKE SWEET WINE  
TO AND FRO YOUR HIPS  
MY LEGS STRETCHED AS THE VINE  
TO AND FRO THE SNAKE

AT LAST AM THERE MY LOVE  
YOUR BREATH BEING TAKEN AWAY  
TEARS IN THE HEAT OF LOVE  
FRESH FLESH STOLEN AWAY

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# Objection

objection

curled for fatal seduction  
uncareful for a rash eruption  
fight for a quick attention  
untamed for a sleek attraction

objection

thirsty for a dew satisfaction  
sober for a raw reflection  
craving for a clear deflection  
low for a deep penetration

objection

enticed in the short benediction  
ecstasy in a romantic inclusion  
known for a shaby deception  
and a steady alteration

objection

he is no exception  
in your rigid redemption  
for a solid reception  
of the product of your equation

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# Ode To A Journeying Friend

IN BETWEEN THESE WALLS OF TEARS  
CARCASS LAIN WAS MY SORELY FEAR  
LOVING MOMENTS ALL WAS HERE  
AND YOUR SOUL TOO DEAR TO TEAR

IN THESE JOURNEY TOO SHORT AND UNFAIR  
WHERE OUR HOPES WE DID PAIR  
TO SEE HIS SHARP SPEAR  
PIERCED THROUGH YOUR LIFELESS PEARL  
AND YOUR SOUL DID HE NOT SPARE

LOOKING DEEP TO THE EARTHEN HOLE HERE  
WHERE MY BELOVED, YOU LAY IN SHARE  
MOURNERS IN TEARS AND STARES  
COULD I EVER LAY MY CHEST ON YOUR BEARD  
FOREVER SAYING GOODBYE TO MY BELOVED WHO FARES

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# Sea Of Forgetfulness

WHY HAVE YOUR COMPANION FALLEN THERE-OF  
INTO A SEA OF ERROR  
WALKING IN A DARK TERROR  
BECAUSE OF HIS BOUNTIFUL ERROR

WHY HAVE YOU CAST YOUR COMPANION  
IN YOUR SEA OF COMPASSION  
WITH A HOPE OF REMISSION  
TO CREATE A NEW EDITION

WHY HAVE YOU CAST HIS DIRTYNESS  
IN YOUR SEA OF FORGIVENESS  
AS A LAMB SLAUGHTERED IN WICKEDNESS  
BY A TRAITORS FOOLISHNESS

WHY HAVE YOU CAST HIS SINFULNESS  
IN YOUR SEA OF FORGETFULNESS  
TO REMEMBER NO MORE HIS WRONGFULNESS  
GIVING HIM ROOM FOR HOPEFULNESS

WHY AM I CAST OH MASTER  
IN THE OCEAN OF YOUR LOVE  
TO SWIM FOREVER MY MASTER  
IN YOUR OCEANS OF MERCY AND LOVE

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# See

SEE WHY WE CRY  
LIKE SOLDIER LEFT IN A LONELY CLIFF  
LIKE A CHILD IN THE DESERTS PLEA  
LIKE A RAIN IN THE MID-SEASONS RUSH

SEE WHY WE FAINT  
IN THE SWEAT OF OUR PAIN  
IN THE LABOUR OF OUR STRIFE  
IN THE ARROWS OF OUR HEART

SEE WHY WE ARE LEAN  
IN THE DREAD OF OUR LIFE  
IN THE TOIL OF OUR STRENGTH  
IN THE SORROWS OF OUR HEART

SEE WHY WE DIE  
IN THE PUNISHMENT WE DID RECEIVE  
IN THE NEGLECT WE DID SUFFER  
IN THE LIFE WE DID LOOSE

BUT, SEE WHY WE LIVE  
FOR THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT  
FOR THE PAIN IS AFTER THE PAIN  
FOR THE SUN RAYS RETURNS AFTER THE RAIN

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# Take A Breath

you crave as the hungry child  
you wail as the beaten boy  
you search yet you could not find  
take a breath

you think its about to pass you by  
you look as though it gone for long  
you eyes as red as blood  
take a breath

you desire the desert rain  
you crave the worlds change  
you look into the future  
take a breath

take a breath  
take a breath  
take the the thousand breath you can  
for as you take your breath you see  
the truce of what you crave

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# The Colours Of Love

love is red  
blood it can spill  
love is blue  
deep as the sea

love is yellow  
as the petals  
as hot as the sun  
as scourging as it can be

love is green  
as the evergreens  
as the curves of the leaf  
a mark of its everlasting

love is brown  
as the dusts  
as distressing as it can be  
as blind as it makes you feel

love is white  
as pure as the skies  
as selfless as the lamb  
as calm as the dove

love is black  
as dead as the night  
as still as the lake  
as lost as it always is

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# The Return

We have come home  
With our soiled boots  
In our tattered shorts hanging amidst air  
With our flesh needful of wash  
Our hoes staggering on our backs  
our throat craving for the dew  
Our backs fighting for support  
Our eyes looking behind our shadows  
Though hopes we left in our farms

We have come home  
In our planting pairs  
Our arms paralysed with pain  
Our feet needful of no walk  
Our shorts sagging in wearyness  
Our gaze upon our yield

We have come home  
Vexed by the roaring thunder  
Drained by the dreaded rain  
In tears for the locust plague  
Dispaired by the scourging sun  
Alert by our animals play  
Yet peeping for our yieldful hopes

We have come home  
After the fearful days was gone  
When nature has gazed upon our gain  
When our harvest was ripe and green  
Where our baskets was heavy with grain  
Where our boots was clean and keen  
Where we whistle cutting our bunch

We have come home  
Men gladdened by wine  
Laughter after our light affliction  
Our cloths soiled with oil  
Our fingers stocked with bread  
Airing our teeth in painful joy



Our cheek fattened after our pay  
Our reward in our bossom at last

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# The Wind

Blowing here and there  
Your mystery hard to tear  
Carrying our goods far away  
Our hope dashed again

From limelight to limbo  
Large as oak tree  
We sow to your greenbow  
And loose in score three

Imersed in your peace  
That last for moments unknown  
We hope to reap in peace  
But we have sown to the wind untold

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