

Poetry Series

Ezekiel Haruna
- poems -

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Ezekiel Haruna()

Failure

Don't fear if failure haunts around your door
Take courage for a name and there she goes away
Do not cry if you fail
Failure is like a mix in the air, and once in a while, everyone breaths it
It is true
When success triumphs, Failure fails too
So when she bares her mouth wide against you
Do not fear the blades in her tongue
Wear courage like a shield and you can pluck even the lion's teeth
Refuse to give up
Refuse to lie low
Get up each time you fall, atleast, that is success too
The rocks that make you stumble might be your bars of Gold If you persist in
rising
Failure is not falling down but giving up

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God's

When God said he loves us all
Since then I have been bold
I find no cause to fear or stall
Or doubt as life unfold

While i live and take in breath
I know i'm God's to the end
For Jesus Christ of Nazareth
Did prove a loyal friend

For God i live with all my might
His promises are blest
Helping me not to lose sight
Of His peace and happiness

Step by step my soul adore
And seek the living God
Who brought me from the heathen shore
To learn is Holy word

I search God's word to know His way
Because i've understood
His holy fonts have much to say
Beyond my neighbourhood

He said He bought me with a price
Christ's pure redeeming blood-
Lamb of the wondrous sacrifice
The first born son of God

And When God said He loves me dear
I know that it is true
I also know without a fear
He loves you dearly too

From Heav'n, God's awesomeness outpours
God's outstretched arm of love
He set me right upon his course
With grace that stream enough

By faith, i live, not knowing yet
How far the journey be
Yearning someday to walk His gate
To live a newer me

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Paintwork Of Fate

I thought of my fate, then
When in some loving arms, a newborn, I lay
I thought of my mates at infancy
I thought of their fate, their destiny
How many, as I, survived these years?
How many, as I, count decades to their youth?
Many derailed the rungs of this life in the noon of childhood, but I thank
whatever force, that has drove me thus far
I think about the destiny of children the world over
Some bright, some dimmed by neglect and abuse
Some have ready food to eat, others wander with begging bowls
Submitting their hunger to the bludgeonings of chance
I think of all the blind children
How they walk in deep shadows, groping, feeling their way along the walls
I think of all the lame children
Their wish, when other children run and play
I think of kids in warring worlds
traumatized and orphaned by the slaves of ambition
The sun sank away in the west
And the cold plunder the child who curls up in a street corner, shivering,
clenching tight to his meagre earnings
Yet, he once had a mum like me and you
The earth spins busily and stops for no pressed man to get off
Or how many do you know that stops to help a fallen child?
He stalls school and hawks for school fee
Reaping barren bargains in ever rainy days
His head is bloody, bowed, but cannot cry aloud - it is the whimper of a dying
child in a noisy world
But how great it is to think that we did not live in vain
If We spent a minute out of our scarce supply
Offering our drink
Sharing our food
Helping the weak
And how humble it is to think that
Your love to them is their pride and glory
Your care for them is their names and identity - long forgotten
Offer your drink
Share your food
Help the weak

History writes kindness on pages of marble.

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Paul: The Old Has Gone, The New Has Come

Without his absence did they murdered Stephen
Stoned him like one with crime of treason
Livid with rage did he travelled around
His poor restless soul no sleep has found
But those ears of his, itchy for cries
Tuned wails of pain among saints to rise

His eyes full of malice disdained disciples preaching
Door to door ensuring no one is teaching
But believers failed not to meet day or night
The Lord Jesus Christ is their power and might

His passion to tear the church rose and soared
As with rage and bitterness he coursed and roared
Breathing murderous threats upon the Lord's saints
That was how the persecution saga continued to ascends

Part 2

Saul, the Jewish scholar was his alpha name
He and his team together played this awful game
The church crashing from its base was his aim
And records of saints he fettered earned him fame

When light unfold and here a new day to spend
Saul had a bath and to Damascus he went
And with him were men following as without sense
Scheming and planning ignoring the consequence

Going onward and with the targeted city in sight
Suddenly from Heaven robbed him of his sight, a light
Confessed he lay betwixt city and road
A beam used of God smites more than a rod

Saints led him by hand not to vengeance but to nurse
For three days blindness in hunger pangs is not a simple course
Other saints were happy and glad to say
'saul, the persecutor is now in the family way'

His passion to break the Church chilled cold like ice

The Lord directed Ananias and scales felled from his eyes
Now a chosen vessel not anymore saul
But one the saint brothers delight to call paul

Part 3

Lets continue the tale of paul the Lord's new friend
For him pots steamed, and he dined back his strength
In streets and synagogues paul was bold enough to say
'Jesus the Christ is the Truth and the way

His faith waxed hot and he utter without fear
Heads of the sanhedrin did not think this was fair
Once aggressive saul now a firm believer?
'oh! He must die' they vowed to deliver

From Antioch to Cyprus down to paphos did he preached
Paul was with passion for the heathens to reach
'Perga to pisidia to Iconium to Lystra and Derbe saving more
Over mountains and fountains, there was more to sow

Destitute, despised, yet, the goodnews spread
Shipwrecked, flogged, jailed, lo, the message shared
All left behind and the cross taken
Old life laid dead and a new awoken

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Three Hebrews And The King

Thorough fire
Thorough height
The king made them
The king made them

The golden image the king has made
For it the sounds of horns and trumpets
He that hear and did not bow
For him the fire and the flame

Thorough fire
Thorough flame
Rosy wrath of a lifeless height
But the king made it
the king made it

Faces pale from the rage of flames
The king made it, who dare not bow?
Three Hebrews too in the crowd
Then the trumpets sounded
And the music dropped

Three youngsters that have no defect
In health of body and strength of faith
'O king' they said without the fear
'we shall not bow to or serve thy god! '
Thorough fire
Lethal flame
knees lowered and faces bowed
But the three bowed not
they did bow not

Thorough fire
Raging coal
The king followed too in the rage
Into the fire and the flames
The king threw them
The king threw them

Thorough fire
Vicious flame
Awful wrath of a golden height
But the three burnt not
They did burn not

The king- great king, confessed he stood
Three he threw, now four he see
The three burn not, the fourth burn

'Praise be to the God of the three' he said 'not mine, but He is the Most High
God! '

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