

Poetry Series

Gerald Obinna
- poems -

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Gerald Obinna(18/05/1996)

Ozota Gerald is a prolific writer of poetry, short stories and an actor. He let's his reader view the world through his mind with the power of the pen.

A Story

Only a restful mind sleeps. With the golden silence of the night peeping into my cozy room, I hear the clock ticking and tocking its rhythmical stride conduct my heartbeat. The time is going, my life is counting & event unfolds. Every one has a story to tell. Many of how comfortable life is, how it has treated them fair, a life of little stress but no struggle, stories of their wealthy parents, rich friends, opulent relations. Others have a story crowned with pains, a story that draws tears, stories of how ill treated by life stories that people shut their ears to. ALL STORIES MUST BE HEARD. I have a story too a story that has never been heard by any man, story to be sung by the old, told to children, a story the world will listen and ponder on, a story that will sound obscure to many a story that will have different interpretation.

Gerald Obinna

Bed Of Lust

It was cooked under the hot fire of passion
It burnt under the blazing fumes of pleasure
Its savoury aroma tempted the unwary
The soft lining veil spilt swiftly by strong youthful lust
Insipid aroma protrude from the long forgotten bed of love
Never ever to be eaten again
Virginity now a stale meal
Preserved only by enduring grip of matrimony
She is the easy-virtue chef who sold it for a penny
Oh love lies, lust rises, chastity cries, virginity dies

Gerald Obinna

Cypress

Our doom began being black
same as the devil we deserve hell
our pride now a prejudice
life birthmark has been our bane
lets be purge from this curse.

We are close to the light we lack
with eyes at variance to the sky
visage as that of villainous night
we are termed stratum of nature's beast
so to a cypress stake we must be burn

My master white lord!
do crude flow in our vessel?
Is our entrails allergic to food?
Why do i have same shape as you?
Breed with you and bring fruit?
How are we not then equal?
Why must you act as our epitome?

Fie! Why are u silent mr god?
You concord? Is that what you say. No way!
Those are your epithet on paper
but your action diverge
claiming equity but not equality
An inhumane order you have introduce
killed our kind not by mutilation but concussion
we can be you but you can't be us
reverse our climate and see who lives
we can play the card perfectly
but you order the play.
There comes our doom

Gerald Obinna

I Wish I Knew My Dad

wish I knew my dad
I wouldn't think of what to write
Or what song to sing beside your grave
I wouldn't lament of our fighting days
Nor cry that you left so early

I wish I knew my dad
I wouldn't carry this pain of guilt
That I left you without looking back
I wouldn't feel there was more to be
Other than the man I thought I am

I wish I knew my dad
I will never wish for someone better
I would never feel that it's just distance
Trying to really make me feel you are gone

Gerald Obinna

Lion's War

Oh the lion has been coupe down from his throne
Now the hyenas, the ruthless hyena
Will now pounce on Mr. turtle
The vultures will quack and quake. Quake on waters
His appetite for carcasses has been lost, he has grown vile for blood
Their talons torment the soul of the resting jungle
With its mortar feet the elephant reigns
He perishes all grasses with a single stamp
Cubs have become kitten, their paws folded like squirrel tail
The claws of the lioness immorally scrub the back of the tiger
The eagles will soar at half mast, he is blinded with guilt
CHAOS! CHAOS! ! the jungle is in ruin
Even the proud peacock bows its rainbow feathers in shame
Where is the talkative peacock?
Speak! Speak! ! Its voice chained in anguish
Tyranny rules, injustice looms
The tail of the cobra is no more dreaded
Helpless doves are trapped in nest of anxiety
Oh! I see the lion arising. Wounded, maimed, bruised
His fatal sustained cut rip of tears from watching eyes
Whoa! ! He has shrouded the hyenas with just a single blow
The elephant sinks with a single vibrating roar□
Mr. turtle smiles in wisdom, fishes can now dance enthusiastically
The throne of the warlord ty & tranquility has returned

Gerald Obinna

Medical Report

I place my life in your hands
you sent it to my forebears
what status do you uphold by your fetish pledge
we are striked by your strike
still in your hospice we are charge
Apothecary show me your dexterizy
do you lock it up in trade
when we die by heinous curses
God gift are now your toy of play
my blood now your stamp-ink
it must seal my report before doom to hell.

Gerald Obinna

My Journey To Enugu

Boarding from my house to the east
flanked by forest with its beast
it sways majestically, in sleep i wag
up up i must, are you a wraith you hag?
This must be an apparition from the war
with corpse of children dispersed like meat raw
damn fear for my body is a cross inscribe
an awful dream is it i cannot describe.
she enchanted me to her wares with her smiling face
hastily to another she went cos life is a rat race.
He saves me as his eye revolve in its socket
We cant go until something sink in his pocket.
As the highlife blazes my tympatum
the ossicles gyrate to its maximum
This must be the land of the rising sun
great land of Enugu.

Gerald Obinna

Strapped

One day
I will ride on death
With grey hairs
And sunken lips
I will fall from that saddle
Dust myself and go back home

Gerald Obinna

The Way I Like To Go

If I must die
Let me go when the grasses are all dried
When the sun revile the evil & shine not
In a tatched dream,
With honey in my mouth
And a tongue dried of sputum
If anyone dares cry
With revenge I will spite him/her
So let me go when the grasses are dried
When the sun seizes to shine
If not let immortality be my crown

Gerald Obinna

Theodora

Theodora my burden bane
With eyes that submerge the shrinking sun
Her winks excoriate the morning moon
Creamed lips with savory sap
Laden with petalloid pointed nose
Lofty dimple that pushes against her chubby
cheeks
Her hairy skin houses my fatal forages
Theodora the monstrous monster of my heart
Made her my serving shrine
Where disposed abolition of love lay wasted
My blood watered her sinful seed
Galls of my bravery she turned to mild milk
She scampered my scrotum as toy ball
Theodora an evidence of God philosophical
perfection
Am a Knave at her treacherous throne
Blissful thought of her kept me in eternal
ecstasy
Her wants watered deep into Hades pit
Saline sweat of mine, her sea for Bon voyage
Kisses of biblical betrayal she dugs my heart
with
Theodora my devils doom

Gerald Obinna

Victims

I am the victim
Ye are victims
If we die mourners are victims
When elephant struggles grass perish
The grass are my victim
Sorrow is eatable only by victims
Mixed stream of war are that of victims.
Enslaving the slaved victim
Starving the famished victim
Strangling the dead victim
Hanging the victim's ghost
Victimizing the poor victim
They are victims of victims.
Where are my victims?
In chains and unworthy gibbet
In shallow starving graves
eating green dust
Buried in fruitful land
Cremated in pot holes.
I am the victim
My tax is a living victim
Democracy is a dead victim
Judges destroys the victims
Doctors kill the victims
Politicians produce the VICTIMS.

Gerald Obinna

Walls

Your insecurities are standing tall like parapet
& the magic walls you've built
Separates you from your own reality
The stones of yesterday's hurt
Cemented with tears of unforgiveness
Have caged you like a wounded bird
Giving your wings out to paranoia

12ft walls of pride
14 width thickness of pains
Have isolated you from happiness
Leaving you only with nostalgia
How did you get here?
Was it love or betrayal
or your sensitivity was light as a shell.

Now like an hapless beggar
You wait for someone generous
To make a chasm & set you free
But your walls have grown too thick
Making everyone wonder
If someone could ever live inside

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