

Poetry Series

**Godspower Oshodin**  
**- poems -**

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## Godspower Oshodin(12/10/1988)

Godspower Oshodin, a young avid writer, poet, inspirational speaker and occasional actor who dwells in the state of aquatic splendour in Nigeria (Lagos State) . He's a prolific writer. He has a couple of poems, novels, short stories, movie script his credit. He has also basked awards and accolades to his credit, both local and international. He has three published books in the international market.

# A Dream Of You

from cradle, where we lay and laugh  
into an open grave  
been lull for a deep sleep  
the earth contributed  
his clay and stone  
to make you lay wurm  
even the strawling flowers  
falls for perfect fragrance  
but to you, goodnight  
you say.  
the little bird  
leaves his cradle nest  
to beak for food  
but come back no more  
as the eagle stalk  
to it prey  
through it long journey.

Godspower Oshodin

# A Look At 2010!

I wide smile dazzle on my face, as we approach a new year  
My eyes in look at great things, as I say goodbye to last year.  
A light exist in my mind, flashing to that time  
Goodbye to 2009...2010 will be fine.

I retrospect on my happy moment spent  
To mom and dad, a New Year gift will be sent.  
I like this morning, fresh and tender  
The joys of my childhood, I felicitate to remember.

A moment to savor and bless  
We're strolling to the year 2010 with happiness.  
Eyes gazing at this eve of greatness  
We're God children enveloped with mildness.

A quality of love and affection from my peers  
The friendship we shared in those beautiful years.  
How memorable, this peaceful accord  
All thanks to the Almighty God.

Godspower Oshodin

# A Poet Who Died By His Poem

He is a man always left on his solitude  
with his might set, like a sharp sword.  
His hands always exhausting pens,  
with papers filled to the brim.

His heart gush and groan wide  
with his head affirming, from side to side.  
His words forces of wide thought  
scheming words of all sought.

His dreams scanned in booklet,  
this man rain all in droplet.  
He exposes the secret of nature  
and give details of all creature.

He mimics the ways of the philosophers  
but not of vivid terms, it differs.  
He write of many immortal shadow  
setting transparency of emmence sorrow.

His mind fight with his desire,  
his heart embellishing what he has acquire.  
When he turned activist of the state  
his works, even the little hate.

His words read the heart of many  
causing his plight to be plenty.  
He was killed because of his poem.  
He is a poet who died by his poem.

Godspower Oshodin

# America

America, oh sweet home of mine  
Glories beaconing fine  
My heart longs for you  
Your path way i dream to pass thru.

America, this dwelling of bountiful opportunities  
Other lands merging for your treaties.  
Beauty of all sought lies in your calling terrain  
Eyes for glory can never look in vain.

America, these victors at battle field  
All from God, you obey and yield.  
you traces and fight the test of time,  
And glance at echoes of time.

America, i accomodate you in my vacuum remaining  
No way for others complaining.  
Now, my muse waxing lyrical  
All for you America

Godspower Oshodin

# An Emotional Story I Couldn'T Tell

I opened the windows my heart all day  
And no one came in this way.  
I trekked down the street of this emotional road,  
With no one was by my side to hold.

I have eventually turned a close friend to my broken heart,  
For the thing that thrilled me has tore me apart.  
I am now an enemy of love with no one to rely on,  
For love has locked me in a dark dungeon.

My face is loom, for this endless tear I've shed.  
My body is light, for the continuous weight I've shed.  
My heart beats with the bang of Agony,  
My smile is sardonic, as I traverse this futile journey.

I have sat all day placing the puzzle of pains,  
I believe my encounter with love has no fruitful bargain  
There's only one feeling to rediscover and propel  
It is those emotional stories I couldn't tell.

Godspower Oshodin

# As Beautiful As That Night

That night, a night of admirable callings  
With larches of leaves living the trees  
To join the cloud, this adores that pleasantry breeze.  
The sky was blue  
And there were stars above it  
They blink like diamond  
And hold like a bag full of gold.  
The roses admired that night  
And they left the lily leaves  
To form another night of good fragrance.  
As I looked into the mirror  
What I see is the memory inferior.  
You look like that night in disguise  
But to another damsel, there are many lies.  
That night enhances another pace  
With no night mimicking  
Even with such amazing ease.

Godspower Oshodin

# Darkly Night For Nigeria

Hearts gushing and groaning  
Souls wearing and panting.  
Peace calling, but falling  
And then, pain to a propel heart wishing.

Pardon oh, this palatial style to move  
With no happiness, but panic  
And then the gaiety they remove.  
With her government making the air toxic.

Throngs of people throb to pain,  
Turmoil their hearts, then they go again.  
This season secluded for no man to tell,  
If cast, hearts will yell.

Sentries, scurry for tears to sear  
With painful pace, these stories now tear.  
Children cascading tears to dry  
Men slain to fight this sly.

Women walking slow on cramp road  
Children again, for no dreams to unfold.  
In slim bamboos blowing on the air,  
It dashes on many for a bloody smear.

One leg deepens on unfailing hole,  
Tearing defenses, self-seeking in senile.  
Day changing to eyes of night  
Dark night slurring to fight plight.

Day and night, hearts shouting and shouting  
With no voice to resolve, but routing.  
How rotten this thoughts to advance,  
When spanked and smitten to it trance.

Might cross and look over it dreams,  
Trailing to trick of self-esteem.  
Tears pouring and pouring  
The terrain blush and falling.

Godspower Oshodin

# Divorce

A bond of love have brought them together  
love have made them known each other  
round metals splitted on both hands  
shown as sign of eternal stands  
coupled at marriage house  
eternally God has bless these spouse.  
once a while they smile and look at each other face  
compromising happiness from different race.  
they stood as one from time to time  
never representing two at one certain time.  
a way has come to join their race  
every one will know this family trace.  
one put to bed  
the other wait and trend.  
some one has come to join blood together  
this a heir to mark each other.  
smiles wake neighbors coming  
all benefitting when returning.  
some with eyes of happiness  
others engulfing with sadness.  
they filled the air with happiness at oneday  
tears for everybody another day.  
many weeping 'their heir is gone'  
spouse hoping 'another will come'  
wife dainting to sleepless night  
both shrinking to face the plight.  
years has count his time to pass  
series of problems making two heir to pass.  
again joined at the open door  
was the wicked way of one tremor.  
wife waiting for celebration  
husband waiting for inauguration.  
neighbors wondering 'why none seems to come'  
all sobering to what life has done.  
days past, and their plight keeps increasing  
weeks past, and their gain keep decreasing.  
ways was searched to down this adversity  
helter-skelter they run, to fade the temerity.  
solution flying to land both gains

togetherness is the corporate of their pains.  
ideas tangled by many  
what would have happened if they had followed any?  
they both sat and find a solution  
both affirming to a departing motion.  
they walked on different ways in life  
all ending in strife.  
goodbye my love they both say as they go  
farewell song, neighbors sing also.

Godspower Oshodin

# Farewell Love!

The whistling of a howling plight  
Ringing with echoes of bitter night  
Soar with a unfurl of love touch  
Coming deep so intricate, and I gush  
It real up like a noisy air  
I graze and walk in fear  
I dash to this holy bitterness  
Showing no iota of kindness  
It's uneasy to tell though of this story  
How it cheated and gave no glory  
I measure up this sighs in my heart  
It is stumbling and intact  
It came with no trunk of it best  
And push me to a holy zest.  
It string and strike strong  
On whatever ways it goes wrong  
I join this coterie that has given  
And from it zenith, none has taken  
It's so hard to go with out a resolve  
But I compromise with a farewell to love.

Godspower Oshodin

# Generation

When though shall this generation past  
That it era seems infinite, and due to last.  
The unknown place we came, and where we reside  
That life on our path is not for us to decide.  
Where surely shall we go and part  
It's pummeling me, and heavy in my heart.

Countless of generations going by  
Pro genies colorfully coming like the sky  
It seems for death it's a borrowed life  
That blushed eyes I'll look at it with strife.  
How then did this journey many came  
On the belly of pains it's the same.

The road, at prelim stage bright to follow  
Soonest vague, a journey of sorrow  
The beauty of caved earth the almighty has given  
But in a short while all will be taken  
The future blissful, God say  
For paradise we all wait today.

Godspower Oshodin

# He Is An American!

He is a subject of gleaming glories  
Gnawing tongues in gloating stories  
Stretching alms to all collectivizes  
Mumble and crooning to the ease of babies

He has always sang to all delight  
To the sweetest song, that shines more light  
Much near glory, he had sat  
With his color thrilling to a blazing impact

I saw him howling to the way of dynasty  
Intricate with the seam of modesty  
Serious smell snare him uncommon  
He is an American.

Tricking super on war scurry  
It's era living all with no worry  
Vilifying this veteran to crying today  
Vigilant, that he can't let away.

Godspower Oshodin

# Hope To Live

Hope, dragging me to live  
Bitter my story I give  
Dark memories on how it came  
May be to me it's the same

□

You can live to this day I say  
Up with the siege of glorious way  
Of this cocoon your urge has call  
Just keep on I'm sure you wouldn't fall

He era past to wail and weep  
It's now a dream followed and leap  
Your progeny will take from this to tell  
How you left and surely did not fell

Become the burning flames of precious fire  
Twinkling me to a calling desire  
I hail by the abode to give  
But surely you can live.

Godspower Oshodin

# I May Never Love Again!

I may never love again  
Though the toes of love has work in pain.  
In painful memories crooning in me  
How I searched and pains I see.  
The light of love has dimmed and dark  
Echoes of true love never sounds but lack.  
Bitter love my heart now feed  
If only my ways love could heed.

It's another month I'm bitter with no resolve  
May be tomorrow will tell my love  
My eyes at lovers sharing pleasantries  
My cheeks will never be planted with kisses  
A million times my heart bleeds but I made up  
Now I no longer drink from love philters cup  
How then can glories be told in pain?  
I'm in doubt if I will ever love again

Godspower Oshodin

# I Might Be Edward Snowden

I might be Edward Snowden,  
Hiding in a Dungeon in Moscow or Sweden.  
My lovely country call me a traitor,  
For being an under-covered contractor.

I might have halted my clandestine in pain,  
But I did it with no political gain.  
I have craved to live in a society free from the pinch of surreptitious surveillance,

I besiege my country lording over other nations with its governance.

I have been tagged as the whistleblower  
I am even more popular than 9/11, and the twin tower.  
Lest, I am now charged for the theft of government properties,  
Deemed as espionage; but let's all face this vague realities.

I challenge any extradition from my fatherland  
I am now a contrived fugitive in my motherland.  
I now seek asylum in many nations,  
And I have left my name on the lips of countless generations.

I might be that bird hovering around the Riga forest in Iceland,  
Or maybe my ruse is working, with my wings en-route England.  
I might still be that rat, hiding in a tunnel at Mira Hotel,  
Or maybe a covert operator with classified Intel from 'Dell'.

They say I have hurt all national securities,  
For giving out classified information to my country's adversaries.  
I am a Christmas gift that landed on Russian Soil  
I detest the western nations that gave my asylum a spoil.

I might be EDWARD JOSEPH SNOWDEN,  
And I am not writing this poem under the pseudonym 'GODSPower OSHODIN'  
The moment is bleak because you think I can't be Snowden  
But I can paint the portrait of thou next move; leaking it is forbidden.

Godspower Oshodin

# I Will Never Love Again!

I will never love again  
Though the toes of love has trek in vain  
On a laborious journey, running in pain  
Love and hate cannot get and gain

Through this undue times I have searched  
And love didn't heed, but pains has attached  
Rumble at times but it goes  
Heavy heart, crooning for me also

I will never love again  
A thought many may call in sane  
My fairy love light is dimmed  
The trance of love, trailing for me to fend

How long will I continue to look at lovers sharing pleasantries?  
My cheek is dry, with no planted kisses  
My heart for love has fess up  
I no longer drink from valentine philters cup

Godspower Oshodin

# I Will Say 'I Do'

I will say I do  
At this holy house  
Where all are filled without blame  
Where men make pronounces of the mighty name  
To the geu of resplendent outer garment  
Cherished and meant for happy moment  
The air will be filled with flowers  
Of different colors and perfect fragrances  
May be on colors we wouldn't compromise  
Because mine will be black  
And yours will be white  
Children to accompany us as we walk  
Holy men to listen to us as we talk  
Only a round metal demarcates us  
May be at this throne we'll compromise and thus  
Feelings of old memories how it started  
Reflecting in us if affected  
We will walk to this holy plat form  
Together with our wedding uniform  
The whole house will be calm and silent  
To hear me pronounce, certainly I will not relent  
To say the love term that makes us one  
When splits on both of our hands  
To know how it seems a bond of stands  
I will say I do  
And then kiss your lip  
Forever we then we'll live  
And wait for the longest sleep to call.

Godspower Oshodin

## Ill Feelings

As echoes of love words fade away  
So will my heart die this day?  
The painful touch of heartbreak is set to play  
How then can a stagnant heart sway?  
Stagnant, these feelings broken  
Many thought of love can never be spoken  
In due time love will be shared to many  
Spelled on the air, if I could get any.

Many times I made way for weird feelings  
If only I can snap this uncaring dealings.  
With a look at my swan song  
Why then will things be going wrong?  
Love at times will stay strong  
Making you want to go for long.

My ill feeling will not let me die today  
That the one I love does not want me to stay.  
If the willing one can accommodate this love  
Then it's true to my resending resolve.

Godspower Oshodin

# I'M In Love With My Brother's Girl

I'm in love with my brother's girl  
The voice of my heart can't really tell.  
My feelings like old is back  
That pride of a man I now lack.  
Is it cool on my path to tell her?  
Or it will be heavy on my heart forever?  
I'm insane to think of this  
Leading my love to abyss,  
I've vowed I'll never love again  
Why am I going back to this love of pain?  
I have searched in me; this ill feelings  
It's a betrayal, these brotherly dealings.

I have fought with my intention to beat  
This preposterous thought I can't hit.  
Friends to this; they can't let  
Knowing for her I'll get.  
She's on and there to thrill me  
Always there to share love with thee.  
Should I lay to her my love intention?  
Or tell her with a lovely pretension.  
Will she be faithful to pronounce to me "I do? "  
She may howl me off, when due.  
A short term to go as lovers  
I may loose the trust from my brother forever.

I have to go back and think this twice  
Curtail my feelings, and never compromise.  
No to her, is a brave answer  
A long road to go with my lovely brother  
How will this vague story be told?  
Forever pains I'll hold.  
"It's absurd" I have to admit  
To this my heart will never permit.  
I wouldn't hide and love in secret  
Loving her, my pride I'll forfeit.  
This story will never be told well  
That I'm in love with my brother's girl!



# Journey

When success and failure clash and collide  
Destiny chooses only one side  
When light fights to flash its ray  
The coming of the sun makes it a futile day.  
When heaven fails to open its gate  
The journey could be short, but you're late.

When the bliss of calling beats its aim  
It becomes a thing to blame  
When my life fights and wins no wrestle  
My soul fails to battle

If it's from me, this fighter would show its strength  
Then the journey has to elongate its length.  
If to every, life is a battle field  
Then I'll have to put on mine and shield.

Godspower Oshodin

# Legends Of October

My cubic pen quake in protest as I write this legendary poem  
I besiege myself with apt feelings to explain this poetic term.  
My moment like NEYO 'I'm so sick of love song'  
This autumn of October makes my moment sprung.  
It's October, I want to attend the NATIONAL DAY in CHINA,  
Savor good memories, and gain independent like NIGERIA.  
Today is the unity day in GERMANY,  
Yesterday the inception of MAHATHMA GANHI, he annexed many.  
In this blissful October, for my Hip-hop Messiah, PLAYBUOY I'll take,  
He's "More than an option" just like DRAKE.

My feelings for her, right now I hate,  
I can create a feeling that could ware her soft like BILL GATE.  
My days with her was short and black like JUDE ABAGA  
With my heart dribbling her feelings like MARADONA.  
"I'll never love again" was the last poem I wrote to LOLADE,  
A thousand times I have scored love into her heart like PELE.  
Like BRUNO MARS, I love you "Just the way you are"  
But, my heart keeps staring at you from a far.  
My feelings for her travels long like the rump of KIM KARDASHIAN  
Her heart is guarded like a sentry; she's Asian.

My head goes back and front like WILLOW SMITH,  
I can't say much, tis I'll gnash my teeth.  
I'm the Don of October like SLICKY,  
Counting my awards and accolades weekly.  
I'm not yet a "Super Star" like ICE PRICE,  
But every where I go, I'm treated as a Prince.  
I'm the Captain of my mind like CHARLES  
My reality is running at pace like OBAFEMI MARTINS.  
Yes! I want to rule my mind like JIMMY CARTER,  
Rule it with diligence, like DWIGHT EISENHOWER.

I beseech these lines to you, these LEGENDS OF OCTOBER,  
It's an Ode Poem from OSHODIN GODSPOWER.

Godspower Oshodin

# Love, I'M Not Insane!

my heart for the first time fights with my desire  
love at it peak i can't acquire.  
the breezes of calling love swaying away  
the will of my unchosen heart could die this day.  
many a times my feelings will try to thrill  
and love is not coming at it good will.  
traumatic moments, howling on the air  
in due time love heart for me will not spear.  
my target could aim uneasily  
causing my heart to wail sadly.  
i must keep on to this journey so long  
with my zestful love driving me strong.  
heart will tag to bridge the gap  
it still loose off, as it flies and flap.  
this journey for love i will dropp at this lane  
love, i'm not insane.

Godspower Oshodin

# Made Of Black

My muse travels far beyond Africa's Bound,  
My ageless ears can still accommodate African Sound.  
My memories in reminisce of this African Poetry,  
Gathering mortals from their poetic cemetery.

I refuse to say this Black color I Lack,  
I'm Poetically 'Made of Black'.

Godspower Oshodin

# 'May' Is Here Again

May is here again  
I pray this month does not bring pain  
Last month I was thinking of a calling trip  
To a country God gives and they sip  
Where happiness is called above  
Hearts are white like dove  
If I go, I may never return again  
Because may has brought no pain

To tale of bountiful counts  
How many followed last month in tuneless sounds  
April had lodged my heart in cramp corner  
A peep at the future, May can take me further  
Exotic journey, April has call  
In May due season my pains will fall  
Might of last month I can't retain  
May is here again

Godspower Oshodin

# Moments

Tell me the tales of this moment  
To write this poem and be a great poet  
Smile, waking this joyful moment  
A time all has envisaged, as they retrospect.

Glories like before join many together  
And these spouses will be bond forever.  
Flowers on the air, rosy like the Bride  
Memories sweet to savor for this moment to ride

A glitz of felicity flashes in the face of the Groom  
As a soft blues dazzles and bloom.  
I can tell the happiness from the brides' side  
Like a marble, she glitters as the Groom's pride.

The facet of this golden splendor,  
Have reflected to this marriage valor  
And to halt the time of courting  
Era past; like man and wife they'll be relating.

I like this moment, the chanting is awesome  
It's a fitting to this Groom so handsome.  
I like this moment, the happiness tells of the Bride pride  
God bless your marriage as it takes a lovely side.

Godspower Oshodin

## My 20 Lines For General Sani Abacha

They left that royal suburb in Kainuri, Borno  
And welcomed him into the world in Kano.  
She lulled him to sleep when he cried in cradle,  
Knowing full well he's a leader the world would cuddle.

The world welcomed him into its political podium,  
Rigorous and fearless; with no witty decorum.  
Praises of him wasn't soft and low,  
He had the truest friends, and the noblest foes.

I fear his courage like the tiger in Siberia,  
And how he restored democracy in Sierra Leone and Liberia.  
A fearless soldier with vigor and vim  
The fiercest moments, he assuaged with his team.

When inflation throttled around the neck of his country,  
He gymed its financial muscle - an economical moment of the century.  
Fearless warrior in this battle field,  
Metals clash and collide for him to shield.

With a hand full of a stable economy, he bade farewell to a nation,  
While he left his name on the lips of countless generations.  
My quill pen quakes in protest, as I write this poem for Abacha,  
It is my 20 lines for General Sani Abacha.

Godspower Oshodin

# My 20 Lines For My Broken Heart

The windows of my heart is shut and disdained,  
My memories in reminisce of how it was pained.  
The open shutter of love, is now closed  
Moments like before will never be tossed.

□

Love has spanked my heart to pain,  
As I write this poem with no poetic gain.  
My hand can no longer touch your beautiful face,  
The one I love have given me a long space.

My hands fidget, as I exhaust this cubic pen,  
That your love for me is no longer ten over ten.  
My eyes can't stop cascading tear,  
For wooing the next girl, is my lyrical fear.

I have stopped sleeping, because I don't want to dream of you,  
Yet, staring at this blue sky, all I see is you.  
My dreams of fathering your children is dead  
My purple hibiscus has turned red.

Steep is the road I now passes thru  
And yet, getting back to your heart is my only clue.  
My journey with love has been cut shot,  
Now, all my feelings for a girl, has a "but".

Godspower Oshodin

# My 20 Lines For Rihanna

Holy Damsel of angelic quality  
With a heart meek and transparent like that of a baby.  
Her Sweet and sonorous voice dazzles the world,  
More than an opera singer with a voice you want to accord.

She is fearless in her grooming,  
This priceless gem is unassuming.  
Saint Michael bred, with an iconic figure  
Her glorious voice heals the soul from emotional seizure.

Her music lightens up the sun  
'A girl like me' gave us the fun.  
Even when the good girl went bad  
Bridgetown couldn't fall, because she made them proud.

Her alluring personality 'Glow in the Dark'  
Her beautiful skin gives the world a spark.  
A prolific singer & songwriter, with many awards & accolades  
Her awe-inspiring songs will live, even for many decades.

An amazing talent, a blessing to Roc Nation  
This courteous Diva stole her world in this generation.  
My pen quake like I'm writing this poem to the 'Queen of China'  
YES! It is my 20 lines for Rihanna.

Godspower Oshodin

# My 24 Lines For Linda Ikeji

Dazzling with enthralling qualities,  
Dashed against her luscious beauty.  
Amazing Damsel welcomed by her creative mind,  
Her passionate accord humbles my other side.

Her erudite attribute fade my Imagination,  
Her flexible blog ravage through the Nation.  
Truth, told in the midst of deception,  
Her illustrious career labelled around my retention.

Her consistent gossips, howl in the open air,  
Warrior-like Angel, she invites her taste without fear.  
On the competitive lap of Digital Media she sat,  
Print media pummeled by her fearless impact.

I doubted Gender, in respect for her Feminism,  
She activates my digital Activism.  
Remind me again of this decorous Damsel,  
That tickles nerves, as many repel.

Her unassuming talent inclines my priceless nature,  
Her mild beauty correlates with my gallant Stature.  
A role model, linger inside my indecisive heart,  
Her tactical thought retraced my poetic path.

□

My cubic pen writes in prose-like affirmation,  
As you've left your name on the lips of countless Generations.  
I desire your presence once – No! Meji'  
It's my 24 Lines for Linda Ikeji.

Godspower Oshodin

# My Cola-Nut

Through this uneasy harmony, my heart sings  
Even the cola-nut of love, we wonder the strings.  
My heart still floats on the palm-wine of love,  
The shadows of my soul fights with no resolve.

The temple of my heart cannot be built in one day,  
"Love is not my friend" is what I say.  
By heart have trekked so long to get you,  
These Spartans of love Is what I can't break thru.

I think you're my cola-nut on this traditional wedding  
These legendary elders seat and wait for your traditional fending.  
The moment is bleak, a wise man affirm,  
My love for you would not sway, but stand firm.

I feel the pains that pierce through your soul,  
I hear the silence, but I make it growl.  
The wisdom in my thoughts, lingers around your heart  
Even my mom cannot tear us apart.

You break my heart like cola-nut on this traditional wedding  
And eat up my feelings, it's a cultural dealing.  
You're my cola-nut on this traditional day,  
But my feelings for you, is far, far away!

Godspower Oshodin

# My Journey With Love

My heart is so cold  
I really can't unfold  
I'm ready to fall in love  
But love did not give me a resolve  
Love has impeached my glory  
This poem will tell the story

Of uneasy ways, I'm being followed  
Sorrow and pains, all I have borrowed  
Thru the times things touch tough  
And when love went rough

I went by the cupid  
And yet, saw all things stupid  
If love had came easily  
I would have gotten it, certainly

This old pacy love  
Has taken off in ease  
I feel there must be something behind it  
But one day, I know I will get it.

Godspower Oshodin

# My Poetic Journey

An appreciated smile dim in me  
My works to glory call I see  
That one day all will gather my words they'll seek  
And I will give to heavenly glorious sleek

Trice a man will fail and loom  
With eye to curtail and doom  
Steps to glory before six feet  
To this great grandeur it greet

Morning it crawls gently  
Afternoon it calls ugly  
How can evening seal and screw  
It body and soul may never feel the morning dew

Everyday the heart climbs like mountain  
This laborious journey in ease cannot maintain  
Faded feeling fly's feel but fall  
Even when it top's and call  
Hearts depositing on many to choose  
But to all cannot loose  
If it goes around the heart will be dead  
Memories lingers back and read  
Destiny scrambling but trample  
Solemnly it goes if not with preamble

Godspower Oshodin

# My Striving After Wind

My eyes in look at empty spaces  
I'm so close, but on futile traces  
The dim of materialism is light to me  
The flames of wealth are cool to thee.  
I drew dreams dramatically,  
Relaxing on pleasures emphatically  
Yet, I call for a life worthwhile  
It's a quest quaking futile.

I'm insatiable, this life on throne  
My sacred life is stiffening like stone.  
In sacred mission I refuse  
Only to the peak of wealth I transfuse.  
I sense this long journey cut short  
I'm revoking the ways of my thought.  
Today I give closely this poetic hind  
I agitate my striving after wind.

Godspower Oshodin

# Ode To A Damsel

Brave hearts long for you  
Your path way they plan to pass thru  
You're the definition of poetry  
Guarding souls like faithful sentry.

Below the hidden tunnel of love  
Meek hearts you dissolve  
The firmament flashes it shine and goes away  
It smiles to your glories today

Many a times dew crave for your damp  
A wide heart you made cramp.  
Crowds of them are trailing for your words so pure  
It heals the soul and pains it cure

Your praise is full of glorious song  
Your journey is modest and strong  
Today, I wax poetic to you  
This is my ode to you.

Godspower Oshodin

# Ode To Godspower Oshodin

I'm the definition of poetry,  
My words cool and guide the heart like faithful sentry.  
Below the hidden words in tunnel  
I peep deep and jump out like squirrel.

Faded heart longs for my words  
Raving them to facilitating thoughts.  
As I wax poetic heals the soul  
Around my lyrics they toil.

Bridges converges and long for me  
My words are addict that you want to see.  
I travail and dropp unlimited  
Rocking on my words; rough and depleted

Slow and steady I walk solemnly  
They search for me continuously  
I trail for what I want and spit out  
Chasing with ease to let out

I bullet words and stretch to you  
As it rock your soul and pass through,  
Progenies tell of what we have  
With my bowels filled, they could stave.

The orbs like me flashes a calling color  
Your tiered heart I know I can tailor,  
The firmament plans to work with me  
As I throw this ode to me.

Godspower Oshodin

# Ode To New Lekki Beach

My eyes is fixed at this aquatic delight,  
A splendor of Eco revitalization at my sight.  
Oceanic lounge, seats tall at my review,  
Solemn touch of God's creation to preview.  
Outdoor and indoor sport games to beacon,  
Graceful moments re-ignite your fun.  
Beautiful scenery, around your domain,  
Our sense of Eco-tourism, we still maintain.  
Sun-groove, a momentary fun for all,  
Music and Dancing at your priceless call.  
Faithful sentry, guarding your secured thought,  
A relief for safety, with everything you brought.  
The fascinating moments is not what I can teach,  
You're welcome to New Lekki Beach.

Godspower Oshodin

# Ode To This New Year!

I wide smile dazzle on my face, as we approach a new year  
My eyes in look at great things, as I say goodbye to last year.  
A light exist in my mind, flashing to that time  
Goodbye to 2009...2010 will be fine.

I retrospect on my happy moment spent  
To mom and dad, a New Year gift will be sent.  
I like this morning, fresh and tender  
The joys of my childhood, I felicitate to remember.

A moment to savor and bless  
We're strolling to the year 2010 with happiness.  
Eyes gazing at this eve of greatness  
We're God children enveloped with mildness.

A quality of love and affection from my peers  
The friendship we shared in those beautiful years.  
How memorable, this peaceful accord  
All thanks to the Almighty God.

Godspower Oshodin

# On His Great Journey!

When I reckon on the chronology of a Christian era  
Smiling, and looking deep to his era.  
The road his father chose for him, was slim as cord  
As he's known as the incarnate son of God  
In modesty, he followed and respect  
To his name, the redeemer of all humanity in every aspect  
The multitude of countless angels adore to thee  
That an earthly redeemer, mankind will see,  
His coming saw glitz, beaconing in heaven  
From Mary and Joseph he'll transcend, with his blessed seven.  
Heavenly band looses and sound it aloud  
This glorious child has come to save the sinful crowd.  
It traces found at the door of David  
Prophecy of his messiah ship became vivid.  
Bethlehem conceives his birth place  
Oh.... Men sin will lace

At twelve, a glorious journey had began  
With his gospel, plain and discern.  
In a calling temple on the Passover feast  
He preached and taught high priest.  
Craving and picked John the Baptist  
A disciple he was, all thru his fist.  
In river Jordan, he was baptized  
His appointment from God was realized.  
Trials began to call his name  
Satan with his temptation, playing his game  
For forty day period, he fasted in the wilderness  
Meditating to God in holiness  
In happy grandeur, he chose his twelve  
The way forward, working for themselves  
In towns and villages, they proclaimed the advent of Gods kingdom  
With none looking for financial stardom

As his glorious journey came to an end  
His life for our sins to fend  
Realizing the cry of the Passover  
Human to this sinful desire will be lost forever.  
On that night referred to the eminent betrayal

To a calling end of this long time trial  
Prayers was battled all thru the night  
With his blood, he urges to end human plight.  
Arrested, and condemned for blasphemy  
Affirming as son of God, with no painful worry  
Weak times, strong times, forlorn forsake  
To the aim of earthly men, he will not partake  
Journey long is deemed short  
This great man journey has been cut short  
And so on he went to his heavenly womb  
Buried on the memorial tomb

Godspower Oshodin

# On The Eve Of My Grandmothers Death

On the eve to your death  
I saw the iroko trees  
Releasing their leaves  
Sending them in angry reeds,  
The sun and the moon begins a struggle  
They struggle for whom to occupy the little space  
Left in your sanity  
It looks like the unwanted eclipse  
Though it was the force of a luminous flame  
Instigating his rays.  
I heard an unborn baby  
Crying in his mothers womb  
Shedding the tears of pains  
Because it knows tomorrow is a bad day.  
The ocean waves lingers in pains,  
Chasing the comfort in it  
And bringing the air that will force you insane.

Godspower Oshodin

# Pride Of A Virgin Woman

The sky was her limit  
Her bags was full of praises  
Suddenly she began to sing a marvelous song  
Saying...I'm always a less adulterer  
A selfish adulterer  
Who does not give cheerfully  
To those looking desperate.

"From my raining comfort  
My noble will share  
My dreams and visions are beyond compare  
I will always wait  
For my future companion"

She was always like a horse  
Who strive to reach his goal  
She leaps for joy for her  
Star stunned position  
Also keeping a real vigor and vim  
For bidden her vision grow dim.

Godspower Oshodin

# Questions

A question cast my mind to loom  
what will the context be, and bloom.  
That for me, this moment will pass  
to treat my journey in denting coarse.  
Why fake a smile for a nebulous road?  
for i don't know how cumbersome, this life load.  
My feelings is bemused, I'm perplex  
for someday, it may be an undulating apex.  
Trials....travail, all working in one lane  
adversity cannot set me in disdain!  
I'm left in a retreat to think alone  
realizing how vague, this song and it tone.  
I've halted to assuage this youthful pain  
in countless days, this will all be a gain.  
'Tis, i could move on and be assiduous  
to this astringent moment, so arduous.  
My threshold holding me, glory to deem  
even when i choose from the successful, my team.  
I'm drudgery at this moment  
with success or failure to lament.  
The riches and power of the world has fallen into few hands  
this to me, is to hold my stands.  
It is prattle to speak now of the future  
to hold strong my emotion, this adventure.  
I entreat and pray for better days  
to deliver a sermon of my glorious ways.  
Will i for one day join the league of success?  
with my progeny to follow the progress.  
Questions abounding, i can't answer  
my answers are veiled forever.

Godspower Oshodin

# See What Life Has Done!

I saw a young man dropped out of envy  
His heart was stagnant and heavy  
Many ways contradicted his  
They searched for a way to see him in abyss  
But his glory was what he reflect on  
His wills and aims, they turned down.

Life was never friendly with him  
His dreams were shrinking and slim  
The hand of the earth was so heavy on him.

Eyes were gazing on him with wickedness  
Tremors are coming with fullness.  
What then is his ways to life?  
With all turned to strife.

I saw the way he was brut led  
On the day he searched for help  
His body stranded and fully unkempt.

He looked else where for a savior  
Who then does he endeavor?  
He would smile when love call on him  
He would cry when his prime seems slim.

Alone he stands at this dark corner of the road  
Carrying pains of heavy load.  
His thought were wide and ungracious  
Things going on look preposterous.

He stood and was looking for dream  
His tears was forming stream.  
Gradually he found a spacious way to live  
With zest, his dreams he strive.

What turned out bad  
Is now good.  
He finally enjoyed the good alone.  
See what life has done!

Godspower Oshodin

# Someone Came Knocking

Some one came knocking in the still dark night  
Not in ease – the wind keep howling to fight  
The hue-ful part of dawn, has switched it color  
And now, this terrified bang at my door

Something keep deeming at my heavy eye,  
On the blew of sleep  
This awful bang screaming to leap  
With a thought I may die.

Wake up; wake up; with my mind compromising  
That this touch from nature, I am not realizing.  
Oh! ! A wide mind open and deceive  
Only to the will of my heart to conceive

My eyes opened for a calling bang  
Is it beetles or a nightingale song?  
My legs stagnant for a heavy step  
In this four walls, with no wail for help

Curtailling a mindful evil thought  
With a weak will for my faith, I fought  
The rave of my heart bliss and tout  
As it seek – senile and draught

Someone came knocking at a deaf corner of my door  
And my shutters locked; my might solemn and soar.  
The beat of beetles has seize it sound  
Where then can this bang be found?

It's darkly night that scurry fear  
At it abrogation, will I dropp for a tear?  
My hearts now groans and gush  
My soul wear, and rush.

Befitting time heart may call to lace  
My eyes may look for solace  
At this time body and soul connect  
Inside a tenacious heart, phobia reflect

At last, heart arrive at a resolve  
To this banging plight to solve  
My hand squeaks, and opens as if it'll never  
As I look, it was my midnight lover!

Godspower Oshodin

# Stealing From Political Pot

On protected pot they dip hands to steal  
On many mail they eat and feel  
Elevated on chartered stone to calm the heat  
Yet increases and beat

Elongated roads becoming cramps and damp  
Walking laboriously trance and tramp  
Burning flames finding ways to increase  
Of moist hands slot there to decrease

Soon mouths relishing and embellishing  
Of this cocoon open and cuddling  
Voraciously the eat from many pot  
Depositing hearts to various thoughts

Many notices this pretense and halt  
Going by dirty ways and raft  
Soonest their smiles will fade  
And then it will be ours to invade.

Godspower Oshodin

# Summer Loneliness

once upon a time  
in a world of loneliness  
i lived in a country called SUMMER LONELINESS  
where love are shared by individuals  
where pleasures are known for the lonely  
where plesantries are not shared.

i call this world a disunited world  
this world i have had many nigling injuries.  
this is a world where love is nullified  
this is a world where can be modified  
this is a world where there is no nuptial mass.

how long will i live in this world  
where there is no companion  
where there is no noble  
where there is no conjugate  
where there is no appointed one  
where there is no eternal love.

please come save me now  
because i'm on motion  
taking a pacing move to a sea  
a sea meart for lonely ones  
so come save me from falling  
into the sea of SUMMER LONELINESS.

Godspower Oshodin

# The Decorous Damsel

As she dazzles around the path of beauty  
Many Lads longing around her treaty  
She fakes and fizzle thee intention  
And smiles back at her retention.  
She must be float upon her watery flow  
That the heart of a man; from her will grow.  
To my eyes multitude it has seen  
This only, my heart is keen.

My heart is trampling around her place  
I guess I'm groping on empty space  
Soonest, this ill feeling will lace  
Tis, maybe by loves grace.  
Her smiles could wake my sleeping heart  
That one day I'll walk thru her love path.  
Imperially slim, this young damsel  
In solemn hearts, her beauty will tell.

In vain, many says I'll walk  
My cubic pen is set, for this poem to talk.  
Will it walk thru and entice her?  
Will it remains in her heart forever?  
Maybe it will be stored in the bin of her futile stories  
Or it will certainly be on the lay out of her love glories.  
Beauty is truth; hers I'll hold  
From her, my love live will be told.

Courteous she is; morning and night  
My heart for her is an unending fight.  
Will she stroll with me during the test of times?  
Or she'll walk long for her beauty, it sublimes?  
Am I in love with her, with her bountiful guest?  
Or I'll be left in limbo; not for her first?  
She's the fair and lay out of love  
"With you I'll be" is a resolve.

This feeling is ill, for this lonely heart  
Left on the siege of my love impact  
she's here to bring me love again

I that say I'll never love again.  
I'm ambiguous; she comes from a noble race  
How then can my love live be trace?  
In this dungeon of love I fell  
Ode to this decorous damsel!

Godspower Oshodin

# The Decorous Lawyer

This decorous lawyer, grinning with ease  
His might set only for the calling of peace.  
He peruses and expounds laws  
Civil, ready for all positive calls.

In euphoria, he sits in his chamber  
Reciprocating to all context as a barrister.  
Liberal, judgment is neutral  
Detesting fallacy for a principled moral.

These thrilling coteries long for him  
To give them solace and be amicable, they seem.  
He smile at the apex of his career  
Families garner to felicitate his career.

Courteous and even in judgment  
Instigating this awe-inspiring moment.  
I call him the Cynosure of panache  
Around him, many want to attaché.

Around kids he plays and dazzle  
Times with him is indelible.  
Fear is dead! to him I know  
Like a crystal chill, his prospects glow.

Resilient he is to give his best  
Working with such amazing zest.  
Who is he? This decorous lawyer  
My next poem will tell you further.

Godspower Oshodin

# The Feminine

My heart like summer air sway  
Why has this crisis stolen all today?  
The way to fill our bowels is laborious  
This to an earthly man is precipitous  
Heart pounding and wondering on what to get  
Souls to wear hunger will not let  
It's a black day for the world to sought  
Delusive hope delve to cut  
The holy book retrieves the word God spoke before  
It's one that all cannot ignore  
Eyes dimmed for an early sleep  
Because the prices of food has steep

Godspower Oshodin

# The First Cut Is The Deepest

The first cut is the deepest  
Making the heart immodest  
The cruel heart dashes in loneliness  
Thru these whole times with no love prowess  
Backing yourself on futile race  
When the era pass and love cannot lace  
Why now correlate, and chooses you own way  
To this time love has chooses it own day.

The first cut is the deepest  
That love is no longer at it apex  
The roses of the heart has withered  
To forces all hearts to be battered  
Broken heart it's referred as  
Its two roads they chose, this lad and lass  
Facing different pathway at loggerhead  
Only to this time it can be fend.

The first cut is the deepest  
Those two hearts has gone for it best.  
They've follow one way to smile  
After this journey from a long mile  
Round metals mimic their being together  
This era could last forever  
The first cut is the deepest, they say  
Taking them to a glorious day

Godspower Oshodin

# The Fisherman

Paddling along a lonely creek  
With his eyes focus, these water animals he seek  
Putting deep beneath the shallow of the water  
This mortal howling well his trawler

He picked his mind on what to get  
When the cloud fails to smile he couldn't regret  
He tortured his shoulder to be strong and high  
As he paddled thru, by and by  
He has quake and set from the shore  
In calling corners his nets he bore  
He always long for the right trail  
Sometimes to get and sometimes to fail

With fortitude to formulate him self forward  
Through this calling path he went un ward  
He whirled two paths together  
With his boat slizzing the water  
He wades thru this dark torrid air  
Off he goes without fear  
Many to fish if they can  
It's a calling to this fisherman.

Godspower Oshodin

# The Journey Between Life And Death

When old age calls his name  
He seems to give no blame.  
When death says he's tall  
He stopped to answer the call.

Battling on tunnel in a darkly night  
Cruel, this immortal shadow, to fight.  
Like a baby, he mimics it earthly touch  
He patrols with death in a rush.

This journey cool, but painful  
Heart will rest, if graceful.  
Today to the grave, a new birth  
A journey between life and death.

Godspower Oshodin

# The Ripest Fruit Is Saddest

The ripest fruit is saddest  
Fallen from roaring tempest.  
Dropped on ground of historic pain  
Smear'd on rout of disdain.

The mighty tree beget of nothing for us  
Our hope is slender when harvest comes to us.  
The only eye remaining looks at famine  
That this tenacious man is no longer determine.

We now retreat and go back to work  
Returning under the heat of the darkest cloak.  
They have pummeled the warrior, but left his glory  
Reading from the pages of veiled story.

The old story teller is short of words  
His ferocious contest with death is slim as cord.  
Old age is not halting the confessor moment  
To the birth of his words, his progeny will lament.

And the great wrestler is back from battlefield  
And glory is for only those who bid.  
And yet the fruit has fallen in the evil forest  
And Yes! "The ripest fruit is saddest"

Godspower Oshodin

# The Voice Of An Old Man

An old winny smile, graving my face  
a thought of prepoutrous calling, trying to lace  
i wade through this tunnel, with the mimic of smile  
slow and steady this long miles.  
how many times my moment with a look  
faded times this crampy journey i took.  
a soft unusual touch from sleep  
at this moment, might scanning to leap.  
i murmur silently at ease  
with a loud faking noise, trembling, but cease.  
with a dark hue head, now at grey  
old age is coming, i say.

I'm tired of sitting with the cloud  
it visage is not calling, and it's giving no sound  
grimmed, by a physical touch from the wind  
howl and spread free. Behind,  
an empty vacuum, which has no call for mortal.  
for dust, in vain wait for me  
my eyes to the soonest grave i see.  
a million times now my heart sway  
to the dim of this six feet where i will make way.  
my youthfulness and vigor is gone  
an old fairy way for death has come.  
soon it shall touch me, and claim  
now it pursue me to this immortal frame.

Godspower Oshodin

# Then The Day Goes By!

The morning was sharp and glomming  
With the misty cloud of the night  
Chased away by the clave of lighten.  
The dew has atom on the grasses  
And they've gone damp to his calling.

The birds that sings marvelous melodies  
Have stolen their food  
From the awoken flowers  
Which have no sense of what they were doing.  
The better morning, has been for humans  
Who came out so early to take their preys.  
Now, lizards are pecking on walls  
Finding armies of insect  
Which elongate on the road of destiny.

The livestock's set their mouth on the ground  
Digging holes on the damp ground  
To find those foods which the earth,  
Has absorbed from the former rainfall.

How long will the trees continue to rejoice?  
Flapping leaves, and waving to this glorious morning,  
Later the cloud starts to release rays of light  
To dry up those initial occurrence of the early morning  
Soonest the day turn to night  
And the day goes by!

Godspower Oshodin

# They Are Mere Mortals

Those who mine out gold  
From the ground  
To sell for the rich  
And make for the poor.  
They are mere mortals!

Those who beg by the roadside  
Under streams of hard times  
When famished, to feed themselves  
And their hungry children  
They are mere mortals!

Those who destitute who suffer in slavery  
For hard and cool times  
But still been killed by their masters  
As they search for liberty.  
They are mere mortals!

Those who were born with silver spoons  
Dangling in their mouth  
And died with possessive wealth  
And buried with those caskets chartered with gold.  
They are mere mortals!

Godspower Oshodin

# They Hate These Lines

Religion is politics,  
Slated on a dark siege of crazy denomination.  
The world is a holy ground ravel around man's wicked thoughts.  
The world's dominant place, labeled around delirious acts  
Bounded souls travels off conscience bound,  
Sailors conscious pound, tickles nameless norms.  
Or corrupt sentry on court-less retinues.  
Wasted thoughts plays warrior in the darkest cinema halls,  
Of Wealthy minds on castle of holy poor.  
Motherless patience, seated on unholy chairs.  
Thunderous powers darkens the darkly night,  
Faithless evils willing to punish too quick.  
On pirate waters, sinking the conscience of evil jailers,  
Mimickers mimic my spoken words,  
Hitting nerves of veil crawlers.  
Savaged street of empty miners,  
Precious stones, the hardest in bloody grounds.  
'Purple hibiscus', a tale to welcome western black slaves,  
She stole your minds, with grueling talents.  
Maybe I may gain the thought of manly wit,  
Or the chorus at akwa-ibom transformation.  
Bitches came, and they said we poetically lament,  
who wrote this poem? It may be my toothlessly comment.  
Remind me about the tones of that indistinct 'CHANGE',  
That managed flair, and disdained range.  
And in the warriors town, the greatpoet delight,  
In his heart, he fears the doubt of rumbling soldiers.  
Of talented artists painting the fiercest portrait,  
I'm Godspower Oshodin,  
and I respect the thump that punches to achieve this poem.  
I see the political eyes of integrity stand,  
That drove around my priceless brand.  
Compromising the shoulders of weak eagles,  
That sees through the red sea in rebels Government.  
The great alcoholic guardian, preaching of holy message,  
On unholy podium glittering like ennui marble.  
I'll order the chief to dis-cabinet the echoed songs,  
The actors are stupid in rickety standard.  
My poem is digital, it preaches precision,

The bedbugs are angry in bloody forms.  
The only syringe that disrupt the vain,  
Is juicier lineage that prays polygamous Hastings.  
Trees of hierarchy falsify bigots,  
They betrayed arrows that shot the brave hearts.  
The disrespected fowl still picks from the impoverish mats,  
In Rodents corners, the lizards now finds solace.  
The writers pen is really fatigue,  
But it'll stop writing before the elephant's shoulder backs the banana leaf.  
Maybe Benjamin might be a poet though,  
As he desires pen, in plagiarize form.  
I really don't know the influence of royal edge  
It's a gate-less heavens in earth's angelic prostitute,  
The heart still place the clueless puzzle.  
It might be sculpture of massive anger.  
I still can't tell the road of scavengers pathway,  
Its betting spirit of Betnaija days.  
Its iota papers of millionaire's mind cast,  
And thunderous weed of bereave man's inspiration.  
Inspiration bound around the Witness sound, O Jehovah,  
A writers biography sampled in a waterless Utah.  
Another pound of flesh eaten in nano-seconds,  
Eaten in political courtyard before nostrils blockage.  
Ginger and monkey-tail, highness plenty  
of nightingales sound in pigin english cemetery.  
They killed the loudest mammoth  
And bedeviled your thought,  
The time is shorter, the Atlantic is full,  
The political bible read in holy grounds.  
The Jesus Dancer that resembles Michael Jackson,  
Its a poet's thought in a fearless night.  
Restless shadows in bodily mortal,  
Revealed the tunnel of ravenous flats.  
I force the attack against a Greece Zeus warrior,  
in written nuggets against freedom fighters.  
Corrupt languages speaking articulated chorus,  
Wicked brothers fighting the pioneers fight.  
I do write thus, of anonymous poems,  
Of emotional intestine in surgeon's lab ripped.  
I may not write the tenth book,  
Maybe in hundredth years twisted.  
Of century and old mushrooms renegades,

Of placate of focused outwitted facades.  
Moments revived the lion's fluency,  
The cramp road, and they believed the rootless religion.  
And the hunters last days brings the fattest meats.  
The economy spell-bound in oil watered farms.  
The dark poet is tired in American Visa ask,  
The diplomat accepted the art-wise calling,  
And respect the bothered testimony,  
That relegates your subconscious into a lil wayne's lyrics.  
I embellish the Nas' spoken-words,  
That resembles my graceful old-age.

Godspower Oshodin

# This Must Be New York!

THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
OF GLAMOROUS CITIES  
WITH PERFECT BEAUTIES  
OF OLD MEMORIES OF GLORIOUS PEOPLE  
OF THRILLING HISTORIES JULTED IN FABLE  
OF EMINENT DIGNITRIES  
AND RESPECTED ROYALTIES.  
OF HIGH BARONS  
AND BONERFIDE WRITERS  
OF PROMINENT GOVERNORS  
AND ADMIRABLE MINISTERS  
OF HANDSOME BOYS  
AND BEAUTIFUL LADIES  
OF PRUDENT MEN  
AND DIPLOMATIC WOMEN.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
BUILDINGS STANDING ON GOLDEN TOWER  
BRIDGES OF STEEL FOR LOCOMOTIVE TO COWER  
ROAD, SPACIOUS AND AMIABLE  
ALL GLITERING LIKE MARBLE.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
OF GOOD GOVERNANCE  
FULL OF PROMINENCE  
OF PROFUSE RULERSHIP  
AND INFLUENCIAL LEADERSHIP  
OF RESPECTIVE LORDS  
FULL OF WILL TO DYNASTIES.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
WITH STATUE OF LIBERTY  
SHOWING SIGNS OF PAST AND PRESENT DESTINY  
WITH AWE-INSPIRING SKYSCRAPERS  
AND LOOKS OF MEGA CORPORATIONS.  
WORDS OF JUSTICE  
AND GOOD SECURITIES  
WHERE RESPECT IS TRACED  
AND PASS UNTO ALL RACE.  
EYES OF SPIRITUAL CHURCHES  
AND THOUGHTFUL PREACHES.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!

WITH THE CALLING OF OLD AGE  
AND BLISSFUL LINIAGE.  
WITH RICHES FOR ALL TO SEE  
AND THEN IT PASS TO THEE.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
CITIES TO ADMIRE  
GLORIES TO ACQUIRE  
STARDOM THEY DESIRE.  
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!  
CERTAINLY, THIS IS NEW YORK

Godspower Oshodin

# Two Lovers Who Never Compromised

they started with selfish interest  
never willed love with full zest.  
the smiles  
and the beautiful faces.  
the attractions making muse ease  
and the beauty of words they release.

fake thought of unwilling love  
only sharing it when emotions seems to resolve.  
eyes of sexual gains  
thought of heart broken pains.

when with eachother, they smile  
when apart their hearts goes mile.  
they work with heart so promising  
but they where never compromising.

Godspower Oshodin

# Vulture

In patches of broken bones it pick  
This carcasses spread on open ground it seek  
In due time it wouldn't allow dust to lick  
With eyes for it pray elevated higher to it peak

With it open eyes lying horizontally  
Longing on decaying rot to increase its tally  
It laws stretching to cloak intra  
On ore due touch intricate it goes further

It shambles on the air  
On the campiest ways it tear  
It verge to verify every hue  
Vile it goes vilifying it due

It voracious beak vying to get  
To all immortal it wouldn't regret  
Swaying to swarm routine creature  
This uncurling vulture

Godspower Oshodin

# Warlords

Clashes of metals filled the air  
Women and children running in fear  
Eyes dashed on where to hide  
Memories limp on only one side.  
The day change to the vise of the night  
All afraid of this fighting plight  
Warlords pummel on innocence  
Humans crying to their presence  
Hearts lingers on whom to follow  
Their gains are reciprocated with sorrow.  
When warlords hit the slaughtering field  
Defenders put their mighty shield.  
Who will ease the tears of thee?  
Eyes are open, their tears they see.

Godspower Oshodin

# What I Crave To See

Peaceful smiles in shadow-like body  
my blazing heart, subdued, by her sonorous melody.  
Wicked thoughts in emotionless mind,  
And, tepid lips lowered against my tasty glide.

Beautiful sorrows, landing on effortless gain,  
A tear for joy, watering, my glorious pain.  
This angelic lady, waddle my unfortunate feelings,  
A fearful next step revealing my broken hearted dealings.

Tempt my sudden feelings, and cast the demons wrath,  
I might die in heavenly Romeo's path.  
Grey hair, in mid-twenties crisis,  
It's my ageless pen that wrote those poetic Nemesis.

That same guy that let your passionate evil propel,  
Still gave you this ill-feelings in your 'darkly cell'.  
Your majestic steps, still murmur in my acoustic luscious mind,  
And the boy in me, accommodated you repelling side.

Tell them we existed even before the fictional tales in 'Titanic'  
I'm speechless as your true feelings panic.  
My everyday sings of your spotless sins,  
Adventures buried inside my 'Day Dreams'.

I still recall the keenness in your lovely expression,  
But, you've left me in this Emotional Depression.  
I still depend on your early morning kiss,  
My cheek is now dry, for that touch of peace.

I can't sing those songs you taught me anymore,  
Because your voice didn't chorus as I write my Memoir.  
Please lace my heart in firmament Hue,  
And chastised my withered love in early morning dew.

Deadlines, counting down towards Ageless glories,  
A fable; and a Romantic Poet's epic stories.  
Tell thee disciples about our graceless accord,  
And see if they'll depend on your fallacious discord.

Revenge your fallout in prose-like poetry,  
Or sleep in a poetic dungeon, near John Keats Cemetery.  
My heart still howl around your clueless distance,  
My memories still smells your perfect fragrance.

Don't go near my relentless pursuit to succeed,  
It hurts many; and leaves the Jazebels stranded.  
But I admire the muse that wrote this poem,  
Poetic Giants crowned in Ancient Israelites Realm.

Mammoths swallow my burning desires,  
I'll never stop loving you, `cos a Poet hardly retires.  
Your gravy tunnel is curious to contain me,  
Your kissable lower-lip is `what I crave to see`.

Godspower Oshodin

# Will I Ever Be Loved?

will i ever be loved?  
when i have made love go this way  
to set lovers in pure dismay  
making hearts to go astray  
will i ever be loved?

when the signs of love have worked in vain  
and slant my heart to future pain  
all these are pains again  
will i ever be loved?

when i have criticized the ways of my rulers  
making them to look like betrayers  
with my poetry calling them slayers  
will i ever be loved?

when i have made the government to hate me  
with their heart, i say it will not be  
their ways are not pure i foresee.  
will i ever be loved?

when coteries of lovers are sharing kisses  
leaving me all alone in my premises  
and now i face these nemesis.  
will i ever be loved?

Godspower Oshodin