

Poetry Series

JUSTUS INSPIRE
- poems -

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JUSTUS INSPIRE(8 SEPTEMBER)

A Piece Of Me

My life like a puzzle
Making sense like scrabble
Ready to checkmate my troubles
But I know it yields another level
Time after time hope I make the line
Of those who live rather than exist
Empty all before my exit
That my name in exult

Named inspire
That I aspire
I'll never get tired nor retire
For in me burns the fire
For all I'll leave is a trail
My prayer, never to fail
Men will think of me with fain
For I brought to the world much gain.

Though I struggle
I scale pass my trouble
Most times like a gamble
The right choice is a sure guide
Most times its complex
But God helps me through the contest
Fulfilment my great thirst.

Before am gone
I' I be done
For that which I was born
That in my heavenly flight
My imprint will be men's light
And as I walk through the city of gold
My smiles will be bold
Because I have achieved the goal.

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Clay Play

Together we loved the clay
In our euphoria we play.
Fun was our way
Now and every other day.
All you left were memories of the clay
Where we do lay
For it was our bay.
Your return I do pray.

It was our stage
Where we play till lights fade
Though with our imperfection
Our friendship had direction
The clay was our craft
The shapes made us laugh
We were a perfect graph.
In the clay, wish we could play.

In a state of abandon
Hope I do cope
For I long to play□
With my friend of clay.
The clay no more fun
Because am alone
Now that you are gone.

The clay was our ritual
A play that was mutual
Never with any other
That's why I'll play no further.
In my consternation
You became my illusion
In the clay I wait
For my friend to play.

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Compatriots

Arise! Oh! compatriots from slumber.
Unite against riots and bring order.
In our land evil plunders,
Hand of murders.
Thin leaders,
With large and selfish appetite.
Coming In servant disguise,
With words that entice.
Our ignorance the price.
Our nation ruled in lies.

Arise! Oh! compatriots,
In defence of the labour of our heroes past
Upholding the victory till the last
The tales past we were told
Her green and white flag we will forever uphold.
A better Nigeria our goal
Posterity will design our names in gold
Our conscience with few nairas will never be sold
Like awolowo our stories will be told
In love and strength we will be bold.
As we serve our fatherland.

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Heavenly

Love was born the day angels came to meet
Sweeping them up and off of their feet
Either of them knowing what the future would bring
Two hearts together and one diamond ring
Today it's a promise, so sweet and pure
Together forever, for their love shall endure.

A blessing from above, this story forever told
A love to last a lifetime and a hand to hold
It was no accident that this came to be
Now you must realize that it really takes three
So, go hand in hand to a future unknown
Knowing that with the lord, you will never be alone

With the angels near and dear to the heart
This couple shall never grow apart
No matter what you see,
Always remember you were meant to be
Enjoy your life together in glory
For what brought you together was heavenly.

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Heroes Salute

.....I salute all the heroes
Those in whose stories,
I learned to be bold
Their names immortalized in gold
They died as men instead of coward,
Achieved their goal as a reward.
Those in whose shoulders the world laid her foundation.
Those in whose voice we saw direction
Indeed the world felt their presence
Such grief, we lament their absence.
An indelible mark on the sands of time.
Their imprint a light to the sons of time.
I salute one and all each of you different, yet the same
I raise to your memories a glorious wall of firm.
For the list forever endless, but the beauty your name.

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Imaginary Friend

What affection,
My mind attraction!
A fairy world creation!
There we play to light fade.
Its reality beyond age,
Free from loneliness cage.
Your whispers my bay
In thoughts of you I lay.
From you none will sway.
Strength within
My relief from a world of grief
Our fantasy only us belief
Unglued infatuation
My mind illusion
Created by hallucination.
My imaginary friend!

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Pay Me

Simple in my complexity
Complex in my simplicity
My imaginations, my remunerations.
For more ink I desire
To crystallize words that inspire
My words bring fain indeed much gain
Giving all my best because I need the fame.
Greater than Shakespeare is born
My reward will continue till am gone.
My writing brings direction
To the simple instruction
Dissolver of doubt
On the tree of great poets, I build my nest.
Pay me cause am the next.

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The African Woman

Beauty is not known till you see her
God must be in love the day he made her.
The glory of his creation,
Her curves births attention.
A God sent distraction.
Originality in colour.
To her man she brings honour.
Her voice echoes affection
Words that arouse her mans attention.
Her eyes ensnares.....
Her looks so dear
As glorious as Eden
Compared to any, uneven.
Oh! Fairest among women, spotless!
She posses strength, fearless!
Her lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.
At her sight kings sink like in mire.
Am proud of her for she is an African true beauty.

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The Spelling Of Love

To the hungry love is food
To the sick, medical care prompt and good.
The oppressed spells love in liberation
Affection pure and true.

A broken heart sees love as care
Friendship enough to drive away the fear.
To the motherless love is support
Making them feel so dear.

To the weak love is strength
Being there when you should
The helpless love is hope
A helping hand just to cope.

We all feel love differently
Its worth, incomparable!
We spell it the way we feel it.
Its feeling held sacredly
it makes our heart beat.

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Without God

Sometimes we get busy with the fun of life
That we forget how we live
But time comes on us like a thief
We remember who we would have been
How far we wander from our dream
Now we face our fate,
That we fight the fight of faith
But our life is without God.

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