

Poetry Series

Nichola Okoro
- poems -

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I am Nichola Okoro from Nigeria. I have written a number of works ranging from all genres of Literature. For now I freelance with the New Nigeria Newspaper Kaduna.It's basically shortstories and I wish to publish I compose and sing clasical music.I was a teacher of English and Literature three years back.

Aesthetics

Earth beautiful
Pottery ugly

Sun too bright
Pottery a slum

Rains possess eras
Pottery fanatic of drought

Scarce cul de sac here
Plethora of it for pottery

No cuirass shielding dainty hearts
Heart fragile meeting callousness

Kismet dithering
Scour the palmist
That is never seen!

Opponents exhaustive
Stars glitter
Future a dunce
Manners capricious
Nurture the mind

Moon is full
Size species radiates
But dullards are weakling!

Heroine impeaches
But where are vociferous expectations?

Impeach life the nebular of vision
Time flies but preludes are toddlers

Attitude mercurial persist
Persistence too obstinate.
Retrace, your patience was sparing.
Recompence of kismet resides transmigration

Pause, deeds like hermit
Enquire perhaps, Cosmo bequeath you void.

Nichola Okoro

Agnes

I told you I shall scour the coal
They set fire ...I scoured it
Agnes, you think I shall see those tears in yours eyes?

I told you my name is Nichola
This is the hot coal on my palm
Crying for relief.I is the wind that turns it to ashes.

Nichola Okoro

Armageddon

Envisage such for tomorrow

Species with buckets

With obstinate emerald empty

Or shall never dominate

Or shall be impeccable

A kind of Armageddon

Crude ways supplant glory

Worst apocalypse

To be ever thinkable

Majestic Armageddon

Culture a paragon of virtue

Jejune fanatics

Where trials are numerous

The purist sue for suicide

Suicide is wisdom

So parasollic

Another seminar by ingratitude

Adorned by tutors of ingratitude

Teaching jaundiced seminar vulgarly

Whose volition

This duress is scare to souls

Preys haven't visors

No visors to aid unwanted desires

Such presentiment to ameliorate

Dominate the abbess.

The concerned

Veer for severe

Depletion of compulsory penance

Nichola Okoro

Christmases

The pain in your heart only hope severs
The look in their eyes only truth betrays
The thoughts in their heart only the heart can hide
But what news has the third eyes conveyed?

The tension they incite against your lifespan
Never mind, fame shall give birth to sycophants.
But 'cause you have wisdom to address it,
Will self knowledge be all?

The right of thinking independently
The populous globe has quenched
Aren't we all guilty and still accomplices?
Knowledge.... Oh... knowledgeoh
When can one ever be bold for the equivalent
K...n...o...w...l...e...d...g...e?

They tell me change changes
But I'm uncertain perhaps the merry -go-round
Tell these physical eyes
I think change changes and is balanced
With constancy and to its operators.

Our shortcomings are we've no listening ears
We're too quick to prattle
One would have regretted being alive
You see ... we're slaves, preys at certain clocks

The tragedy of living is life
The comedy of dying is dead
The shilly shally ... mishy mashy...
May all the shilly...mishy...mashy
Rain the all, the storms of life
The cigarette is sweeter.

I've puffed a stick and never coughed
Yes, the pains gave me confidence
I used to be afraid to sin
I used to feel but I understand

Carefulness is for those who make no choice

No one can shut this lip 'cause the stage
Is for all personae
The members of cast are indispensable
We may never understand...but this stage
I shall be the best director, producer
Best script... scriptwriter...the...best ...
II

My mien is divine like childlikeness
I'm a new artist who never plays
Tragedy like Aeschylus, Sophocles
Neither am I like Aristophanes...but Menander

You see the chains could see repellent smoke
Being belligerent to it. The pinion...
Can't be pinioned 'cause my spirit fights

May the Christmases of staunch sorrow extinct
May rivers of constant journey dry up
May the crowd of conspiracy never progress
May veritable thoughts be Christmases
May everyone recall your writing
May fame and attitude spring like moisture
Beyond the goods of the dew in Umuohiri
May mountain cease to be problems; challenges
The pain in your heart only hope severs.

Nichola Okoro

Corduroy Heart

Heart corduroy is terse

None sings with me

The chorus shift centripetally

The wind I accused, the secret

My fuss is bliss

You deprecate

I be a penguin

Gliding to Imo

Father -

Father your amputated arm

Fuss amend

Your performance locomote like light

Meretricious fuss

To meteor

That Sunday dawn

Shelter of Christendom

Shied me away.

There -

Their unmitigated cloak,

Can't weed like you

Domestic Assault for spouses

The sluggard!

My mellifluous M. U. S. I C

On - lookers venerate you

You can't hear me

I see you. I revere you

A stranger commends you

He thinks I were his sister

Nichola Okoro

Encompassing My World

You talk about doctors when the forest is there
You talk about lawyers when the devil still lives
You talk about the soldiers when the gansters surround me
You talk about oxygen when the air gives all
You talk about electricity when the sun, moon, stars
there profligacy
You talk about transport when my feet are two
You talk about glasses when my sharp eyes stand before me
You sceam food when fruits say 'steal me'
You scream water when spittle, urine are just there
You scream police when my neighbours see me
You talk about writing, what about memories?
You talk about cinema when the earth is a theatre
You talk about clothes when the leaves or nakedness suffices
You talk about taxes when I'm not the society
You talk about tespians when it's pluralism

Oh you show me the channels of the world
And I respond...splendid
'Cause those who developed all
Intension were pristine
But subsequent ages misinterpret all.

Nichola Okoro

Forever Shall Be

Forever shall be adversity
Forever shall be panaceas
But only few would question
The habitation of panaceas.

Forever shall impetus wonder
Proffering aid to those it'd benefit.
But ears in this world are deafer
And then panaceas let adversity mount

Forever shall be pleasures
The only doom and sermons
The fallen are attuned to
Thereby scaring away posterity so light.

Cries and tears may look like fracas
Tears may brag its downpour
But it can never replace spring
Except holy deception prattles so

Forever shall many fall
To manner like phoenixes.
But do scars heal
When deeds would have been different
If not for circumstances?

Nichola Okoro

Human Relationship

I may not be beautiful
But I radiate with laughter.
I may not be rich
But I haven't resorted to begging.
You say I'm strict
But am I turpitude?
Oh! You say I'm blind
But I'm curious.
You called me an illiterate
But I am an embodiment of knowledge.
You counter the notion of being a spirit
But you have a soul.
You are a glutton
Yet you have never had your fill.
Don't you see? Don't you see?
Everywhere is cold, yet all are naked.
Don't you hear? Don't you hear?
Sermon deafen you
Yet the world stinks.
Oh, don't you hear that we
We can't keep what we preach?
Oh, don't you know the world make
Prey of you when you are a prey?
Don't you know that no one protects
You until you let bravado start it?
Oh, don't you know that self
Love is fulfillment and in-depth?

2
Tolerance and acceptance aren't same
Don't get my appearance wrong
I'm not in need, I'm not in need!
You reject yourself, so you reject me
I thought you were secured
But never knew Lucifer blessed you
Put on those exorbitant foot protection
But the soil soils your feet.
You babble from dawn to dusk
But no one has noticed you.

You move to devalue us
But our importance mounts.
When you think I'm dead
Long life embarrasses me.
You thought it was finished for me
But you saw it only started.
I'm not hurting, don't mind my mien.
I'm not useless, don't mind my expression.
I'm not loosed but a social animal
Let's waltz to the stage
To see who goes slower.
Let's swim to see who the fish is.
Let's go to the kitchen,
Let's see the cook!
I may rave but I have peace
I may rave but I'm not angry
I only want self defence
I must talk except I'm slave
You told me you have never stolen
You told me it was like you formed empathy
But a liar is a saint to you.
You said you don't hurt people
You said you don't know the future
And memory of man
I nodded, I nodded out of innocence
But you used an axe looking
For my heart
But I disappointed you to failure.
You said you despised copulation
I told you I rave for it
For with it, I saturate my affection,
But when occasion came
You dwelt too long
And was lethargic to depart.
You see me? If the mirror is kaleidoscopic
Then I have gone one per cent beyond it
Perfection is not discipline
Perfection is not righteousness
But knowing your weakness
I have stolen and restituted
I have owned and lost
I have owned and have communicated

For my debtor to understand why
I have fellowshipped, I have communed
I have confessed and been refined
I have mentored in diversions
Yet I remain without knowledge
You fast still you don't forgive
I wonder if your God is mine
You have wronged me, haven't you?
I have bitten you, haven't you?
What will it take for us to kiss?
But you told me you don't sleep
In such mood for too long
Yes, you are simple like a dunce
No wonder you love power
You have this power, but ignorance
The bedrock of tyranny
Don't tell me the world has vacuum
But that created by glutton
You may be averse to my songs
I may not have mature pitch
But nightingale have made me their opera
Doubt me, but my confidence
Won't be put paid

Nichola Okoro

Imagine Nihilism

Imagine the physiognomy of eternity
When the pangs of polymorphous life
Such dramatic naughtiness
And you never being made independent.

Imagine the deeds of humans
So awry, its praxis supine
But superfluous and never sussed out
But this poser like surrealistic image.

Imagine nihilism but the minds
Being the guard lacerates.
You've never seen any polemical stands.
Life, your precipitious lessons
Leaves hand against the cheek
None can ever give you heave-ho
Your supervening, this pratfall.

Nichola Okoro

Liturgy In Cruet

1

Your dream dies before you think it
Your hope lies recumbent as the refrain barely begins
You get blind when the light is to be your friend

Happiness in a room beckons on you
But it's the abstract stupid species
May happiness never be blissful

You'll kill dejection even if you be a prisoner
Attitude enslaves you your spouse
Your thought sights it an enemy

Your tears strips you of bliss
Your cheeks shall testify for history
And in dust utopia is vanquished.

2

The seven stars of bliss be my chain
My reasons free to childlikeness
It's not a world where food suffices

It's not a world I count my fingers
Not the clouds of turpitude being my rival
But metaphysics my only usher

The science of nature my chaperone
The law of exercise that precursor, my espionage
Solitude the only friend I have on earth

Look me on that path the loner never lonely
If I became formidable, he instinct of mating
Shall I give euthanasia.

If grace is to be approached, escutcheon calls
Euphony of the symphony the apparel of angels
And eschatology the scale

I feel maddened by this idiotic exercise
I no longer dream 'cause they're ineffective

Born again on workaholism just thinking

My chest dies of heart attack
My brains perceives every thing the nose can
I lay on the sofa till the morrow dawn

You pronounce it serenity
You define it meticulousness
The interim where interludes occur

You killed the low spirit, but the sun
The colourless sun acts as de ja vu
The cobwebs in your head makes busy again

You'll recall your mien on the altar of banishment
On the mien of strangers 'cause your mind paints
You want dream, heroism, to defend the casualties

Isn't it just a missile that divides necks
An iroko tree couldn't have been felled
You jump the drainage when those who sever tread

Infirmities upon your soul, kneel to supplicate
Dear lord, your eyes never slumber 'cause
Nightmares of your deeds spank conscience

3

Flaccid of dehydrated throat, head
The tongue evades the salty liquid
Which travels from the eyes enticing the

You could be a gladiator but you've honour
You could look like the slave but you're the warrior
Effort of your heart a cistern that teaches you

Time is troublesome to the pendulum
You no longer hear its sound like the belfry
But genuflect, gazing the sky like one intoxicated by lust

Let the earth know this atmosphere of pride
Let the earth reveal this natural ninth cloud
Earth, your contortion is ironic

Tell them this age is the first generation
Tell them thinkers have their interludes
Thinkers, you recall that room you commune with me
4

You think of honour, the other side of dust
You think of spirits, their sonority and mellifluous strain
You think of perfection which makes man utopic

And you think of journey which only suicide
Never makes oblivion and you become the cruet
And your lip caressing liturgies

The audience hears you singing with emotion
Emotions are respects for memories
And you lay down still insinuating the coffin

You see meadow with awesome greens
You see those you ask to await you
You have itched to meet spirit guard

He prostrated handing the olive
But embitterness from his function
Forced you to suspend him: he sobbed.

But you can't be deceived like before
You can't be bequeathed confusion
Let the wind play on for the meadow to dance

Let the wind play on for your refreshment
To commensurate. Let mercy be your witness.
Let eschatology over rule its recurrence.

Nichola Okoro

Mnemonic

The more I lack the turpitude I bargain
The more I amass the more righteous I preach
The more I give the more strenuous I become
The more I think the more I flexible
The more I laugh the more I cry
The more the wail the more the joy
Isn't that proportionate?

The more I accumulate so I decumulate
And emulate the midget miser
And my dough beneath my bedoh
Beneath my pillow.I keep envisioning
It's the nightmare
Is it avarice sibling?

The more I revere thinking I gain
Are all children but the age's transform
The more we try to stature ourselves
Fate humbles us if only we have eyes
And the more we die the more we live?
The more I connect the more they disconnect
The more they evict, the more I inject the brouhaha
Oh...These existential shenanigans, the broad daylight
Have I often grasp effortlessly 'cause life is clandestine
The more the lip speaks so it attests its eloquential lies
Are there persons who persuade?

The more they think thought controls deeds
Not for it independent?

Nichola Okoro

Oh, The Sermons!

Season aren't feasible
By the duress of convention
And no conclusion is without bias.
Conclusions could be geographical!

The strong are the weak
The weak are the weak
They have lost nothing
And are still no champions.
The weak are no heroes
The weak could never dare for will

The strong are comforted by memories
The act of memory transcending
The submerged to trance.
But that precarious art would
Ever dilapidate earth.
True will original mentor
The strong can resume from their pause.
It only takes the fallen to
Uphold a belief. You alone can
Describe what is in it.

Oh, don't you see? Don't you see?
Let the laughter of babies inspire you
They laugh without restriction.
Adults laugh half way
Adults are always hampered by sorrow
They only go for laughter evanescent

There is still a vacuum
And nothing fits this vacuum
But the vacuum wasn't there in childhood
Babies have will
But adults never know when
Such absconds
Oh, where are the sermons of life?

We know in life,
some seasons are more dominant.

Nichola Okoro

Red Wines

This fraternity your symbol rings
One on the engagement finger-two
For couples and they talk of trinity
Our image isn't the Egyptian pyramid
Are they known for it alone?

This fraternity talks with the eyes
Thinks ahead of several creation
Supports warmth, 'spiritual docility'
If you understand like the light we congress
Don't we drink wines, red wines?

Our fraternity tells the horology
It meets at twenty-five o'clock
Why shan't it buttress it?
We are the force of doers
Our actions have never lied.

This fraternity of faith never at random
This fraternity your symbol rings
This fraternity talks with the eyes
Our fraternity tells the horology
We let our hearts motion the stones

We all construe 'cause we stick
Everyone is a master but we've never
Lost control like other fraternity
A dropp of the red wine must drop
On our white apparel.

When I die, remember, this fraternity
Remains my legacy
A nun of this fraternity, our brand
This fraternism, cultism, groupism...
Sectism, what do they call it?

Nichola Okoro

Songs Of Nakedness

In nightmares you're an insignia of omen
As the child astride modernism, you're sophistication
To the censure of morals, you're so obscene
Not even hypocrisy could feel guilty any more
The age of hypocrisy makes you her adversary
But there are native lands with no cloaks
March on this land which ostracises you
You become relative as age intervenes
Some would always solicit for you

II

On your arrival nudity was holy
Your departure the earth's occupants furnished you
Except this follows you as you cease
This song of nakedness
You're an encryption to the ages
The dogma sees this stench
That one instinct, the rightful heir
Shall interpret this will

Nichola Okoro

The Creeper

This lackadaisical semblance

Keeps astride this vision non plussed

Plaudits deficient in heart

Plangent melancholy, the thought abysmal

The red blooded instinct but impalpable

Rehash this intuition that wears crown

Parvenu flaunting the weak hearted to despair

Inner semblance of mendicants

Juxtaposes exoneration which my eyes beam

Pellucid serene weaving this life of haram

This reliquary shielding this bizarre eyesore

Myopia makes a penchant for cupidity

I envy this panoply of sinister

Cosmic effulgence your refulgent eyes stares

The pain of being alive, child

Never whine 'cause the verve in that pivot

Affection gingers

Which panegyric insignia rebuffed

You too could be this Solomon, indeed!

The penance of labour

Her nimbleness incites envy

May see the wisdom in its futility

She too needs aid but you never surface

Left hand resents in such generation

When green, so full of armour of pleasure

That Cosmo fortifies

The pensive rambles in her morning

This is the darkness of impetus

We're the earth's angels, but wandering-

Wondering how lunatics are heroes such eras

Toils of life slumbering and dead

Architect of Cosmo I desire

Dawn pre empts its arrival

You brood, fathom, reminisce, fathom

This soul – need all be farmers?

But obligation thrusts you to roll

They have Sabbath

Which conventional wisdom has formed rancid

There are adherents who the palms holding water

Man would have gained insight s

Novitiating pride would have been vanquished

But the reward of modernity!

We of homogeneous species are distinguished

All arms affiliated with tattoos

Then we debate to unravel this imbroglio

Wonder the star as the logo

The Arabian inscription

So painstakingly keeps me trance

Without rhetoric, when shall I know?

I have your soil

But this bovine knowledge

I refer to my bracelet.

Nichola Okoro

There

A place beyond the sky
You should trail;
Heaven is your limit!

Nichola Okoro

Toast

As large as the world
We scoured it for our hearts
We converged to be one
To sustaining our friendship

We'll be friend and lovers
We'll be panaceas to puzzles
Oh, the rivers of posterity
Shall we sanction to accumulate,
Our hands clutching their assent

A baptism of eternity this union be
This world of beauty,
Why won't we laugh glorifying our teeth
To the world?
Marriage from heaven!

Wisdom will be our breastplates
Will power our wheel of progress
Understanding like olive oil
Dripping our foreheads
Above all, friendship warming us

Let the world hear our whistles
Let our marriage jazz the earth
Let our hearts gladden like music
And our voices mellifluous
Orchestrating warmth.

May measurement never predict our love
May our union define friendship
May our laughter be auric
Our footprints worthy of browsing
And in each juncture shall we
Review the past, present and the future

Nichola Okoro

Vulture

Check the core

To see the ears of fascism.

Check the zenith

See secondary duress.

The grassroots,

The sole commencement!

Be a mat –

Be a flesh

In the sepulcre

The vultures lurk!

Be a mat

They delight

To pour coals on you

Nichola Okoro

Womanhood

This sack possessed by the tenants of the earth
Traces truth the left hemisphere accommodates
Your reverence like the telekinesis that wrought awe

Thomases could propound but see teleology in place
If history presages, why the the aberration?
Your place has been over throne!

Preacher pride inundates the machismo
Effervescence overthrew your folk too
And this inter sexist war bubbling wrapped by modernization

The feature of womanhood don't rebuff is prehensile
None pillages this preferment on the plinth,
But age and the craze of common sense makes you pliant

Wouldn't beckon on responsibility –
Like an itinerant idiot I wander
Perhaps to be awakened by transition the half way of each sojourn

Synonymous are rancour and idiocy to trust
Definition apocalypse modernization
Being recumbent as if impressionable

But right hemisphere pushes all to Hades
Wher4 'cause of obscure pronounce they the castle
Usage of temple reflects your degradation.

Lament her the rescuer of all tenants
No alibi 'cause suicide is to distant
Sermons make vulnerable where opponents are zillion

Several terrestrial substances feign etherise,
The only drudge of the globe
You have pause to put your mind to assay

Awake this dream to pledge another
Pledge to be an insignia of this pearl
Flaunt the wisdom of white roses!

Mien shall never contort 'cause
To quench the thirsts off sojourner is smiles
Lip shall review imprecation phobic.

That age wouldn't whine those waltzing solo
Contentment would regain its glory
None to reason periphery to dwell on vision obscure.

Hades the queen only effaces
Save tears to make youthful bony dispensation
Lease being a hermit 'cause Lucifer takes responsibility

Supplicate and reasons 'they worth it! '
Unlike Neolithic times demand Him to exterminate!
Book lethargic as the heart a cistern

Be indoctrinated in nunnery the wish
From five slept over till periods of Methuselah
No matter the long roads, have options

Adopt regalia like those Arabians
It uplifts spirits to altruism;
You see me agape like one who peers the apparition

Nails shall have the handwriting of nature,
But kachi deprives me.
Kachi is oblivion of a human nature.

Kachi, does heaven litigate me as you?
Conviction to se with the third eyes
A minstrel emerges with no neighbour unwrapping jealousies

Love its motivation to enthusiasm
Can't persevere the daisy of union for cowardice
Imaginations are deeds, Kachi

Beyond lip isn't dedication
Tutor you to be accustomed to evaluation
Let this abbes never resist me

Damn the cemetery in the Okoros

Corpse damns the face of morgue;
Platonic obsequies of my severance

Detest they who detest Thomas
I remain that mother that fortifies
May you be patriarchic, I'm of high echelon

Father of journey is allergy
Look me on knee, make me your precursor
We decipher the relation of the thread.

In posterity, if you aren't alienated
You remain a stranger
Admonish you to open your palm to those in need

Should nunnery rusticate 'cause of outlandish belief
I shall defect to something dear to heart.
Thomas, you know like, I'm too vociferous!

Nichola Okoro