

Poetry Series

Obinna Nwerem
- poems -

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Obinna Nwerem(08/27/1985)

As The Rain Drops

As the rain drops, she cries
She sits close to the window crying
She sit alone wishing for someone
To hold her and kiss her

As the rain drops
She wishes for someone to fulfill
Her dreams someone to tell her
Things will be ok

As the rain drops
she sit alone in darkness waiting
For someone to come and share
Her pain

As the rain drops
we all cry

As the rain drops
I cry

Obinna Nwerem

Between Here And There

Between here and there
Promises were made here and there
Those broken and those forgotten
Tears shed and smiles turned frown
Truth which later turned to lies
And we must forgive here and there
Cause you see here and blind there
To be loved here and heartbroken there

Between here and there I grew up
Words here and there hung in the air
Things said here were unspoken there
Feelings I've lost here and there
Hidden there in the unknown
Yet now or later all will be known here
For what you are searching there
I have made possible for you here

Obinna Nwerem

By Any Means

By any means necessary

I shall strike down the evil

That surrounds me daily

Trap me in the depths of madness

An old soul with a young mind

Cast me with violence of peers

Let close ones swear against me

And paint vivid images of me

Tie my hands and push me down

Think me dead as you sleep away

By any means necessary I shall

With my inner most strength

Strike down who stands against me

Oh my God who shall save me

Pull me out of this bloody wave

My words music to a deaf ear

In my youth my grave I paved

My enemies now walk in sight

In a dark corner, silence surrounds

A thousand flowers to my foes

Let them all fade by all thy means!

Obinna Nwerem

Death Of The Poet

How can one be betrayed by death

Be cheated out of living

Hate filled heart, blood shot eyes

Cold-bloodily will be of it

Heart empty beats uneven

Let I revenge all before death

With every breath vengeful fire

Let I take my life for you

Murder the old lady shall scream

Murder from the top of her lungs

The poets dead! - triumphal wreath

I am gone now to another planet

Please if not all hold onto my words

These are but just simple genius

Manifold a great poet of the time

I cut my wrist so I can write in blood

Paint a portrait of vivid images

Pull out my vein and hung it up

What a bloody mess I have caused

Shocked as their eyes wonders

They have seen the silent murder

They have slain the poet.

Obinna Nwerem

Do Not Be Afraid For I Am Here

Do not be afraid for I am here

Fear not a soul for i am her with you

Stand tall for your heart is strong

Trust in yourself for no one cares to

Smile even on the cloudiest day

Let not a part of you tremble

For the hours be long have patience

Courage is the art of knowing ones self

Never indulge in the game of chance

For little is a man with no direction

Let he the mighty be your navigation

Today live for tomorrow, forget yesterday

For tomorrow we must celebrate today..

Obinna Nwerem

Dreams

Nightmares am having every night
With every vein in my body
I cry out from the dark world
But no one seems to care
Bone chilling arctic breeze
Razor sharp slices as it blows
Travel alone on devils road
Dark shadows surrounds me
But I have been here before
I cry out again with a scream
But all my years I have been here
But all my years I have been shamed
My blood vivid images they paint
At night her soul visits me
Says I keep her alive in poetry
I know I will live a million years
Cause I have died a million deaths
Each time that I meet a loved friend
They leave me at the mountains foot
So bitter is this life that we live
Speak will I of my most deepest thoughts
Let it hang in the air for the deaf to see
Whisper it like a song to the blind
For the only time we live is in our dreams.

Obinna Nwerem

I Am A Poet

I have written a lot of poem
It was never my dream
But through the eve of time
I have gotten good at it
Written more than great poets
Each sang different songs
Elegant in rhythm
Some sang of roses, dreams and love
While some shed tears for Angela
But none yet to be published
Though it was never my dream
How can I write of such poems
For people to read yet no-one to
'Wait you will be in papers'
A lady said to me holding my hand
How long must I wait for the paper people
Is this what others had to encounter
I wonder if they wrote for the paper people
But I am a poet
Not because I ought to be.

Obinna Nwerem

I Am My Father's Heart

I am he who is thy father

I am my fathers heart

A wise man, with old knowledge

A teacher to those who will listen

A brother to many brothers

He who gives so unselfishly-

I am my fathers heart

A leader to those who shall follow

By many as the man with words

Strong you have stood -

Through the winter cold

Through the summer heat

I watched as you endured it all

I watched as loved ones betray

As you beat death a game of chess

Offered a smile when life frowned

Forever readiness for my ups and down-

I am my fathers heart

Because I am him who is great

He who is like a king to a village

When darkness surrounds me

You have always been that candle light

60 years now you have shed tears

60 years now you have sweat blood

60 years now you have loved many

60 years now yet you look 25 years

A poet can only wish for a father

But I can not wish like those

God blessed me with you daddy

I owe to your patience and love

60 years they say you have aged

But you are only as young as me

For I am my father heart.

Obinna Nwerem

I Am Not Yet A Poet...

I am not yet a poet
I have lied to my heart
Now I can no longer write
Tonight I lay awake
Without a single word to write

I dreamth a dream without a poem
All my poems were yet to be written
I was to become a poet that I am yet to become
With forms no man can discover

If I was to become a poet
All was to be taken from me
tears would have been shed for Annabell Lee
I was to die in time like those in the past
On my own lone and dead

Obinna Nwerem

I Can No Longer Sleep At Night

I can no longer sleep at night

My thoughts are keeping me awake

Dreams of me and death dancing

A man shall know himself well

For only he can save himself from thee

Do not be afraid of he who sleeps

Cause he is already gone dead

For fate we must all die alone

As a child I died and came back

For even death himself rejected I

I lay awake and drift away in dream

Obinna Nwerem

I Can'T Love You

From the burning of my heart I cry
Sometimes I would just cry
Because once again you have hurt me
I used to be on my own; lonely
Until you came along
Your passion was beyond the skies
Each word you spoke, spoke of tears

That day we met
You told me that you would never hurt me
Said your heart was true
But I knew it was all a lie
Never again speak of your undying love
Because I have moved on
And found someone else to love me.

Obinna Nwerem

I Listened To My Teacher Play Jazz

I listened to my teacher play jazz
He played it more than he wanted
I listened to him tell his child hood story
As a kid he wanted to be a musician
His parents took him to go see the 'Dock'
The I started talking to my friend
He was talking about how girls loved him
I looked away, then I start to write
I wanted to write about jazz
But I never got to doing so
Instead I wrote this.

Obinna Nwerem

I Remember The Days When They Were Young...

I remember the days when they were young
We didn't have much, but we had something
Poverty was along the road side
Dreams were just dreams

Father was never there
Made mother take his place
America took him, she would say

At times death visited
I wondered if I would ever make it
If I could ever reach the moon
Maybe I am just a poet

I remembered the days like yesterday
The tears on the bottom stairs
Would papa ever come back
Would he think I am a poet

Obinna Nwerem

If One Shall Take My Life

If one shall take my life

Whether by a gun or knife

I will not beg nor shed a tear

I shall not nor will I show fear

Let him take his best strike

For I fear no man in flesh

If he bleeds thick red blood

I live my life like straight arrow

Steps on no ones shadow

For my life I live in the light.

Obinna Nwerem

In Darkness I Lay In Thoughts

In darkness I lay in thoughts

Tired of the hard living

Deep in thoughts I seek another

Another life in which time waits

But I am woken by death

I wonder why my life is not as others

Happiness surrounded by sorrows

Why can't I see like others saw

Wait - so I stand - but how long

Till tomorrow turns yesterday

The life I want today, some will find tomorrow

In pursuit of happiness, none found but sorrow

Scared I am not of that which is death

For I have died once as a boy

Now I hope to live as a man

And never to die a poor mans death

Obinna Nwerem

No Where To Hide My Heart

No where to hide my heart

On my neck it hangs low

For everyone to see

So they stir and judge me

Life like a straight arrow

My dreams they shadow

Darkness on the path of my dreams

But I am a poet here now and then

Paintings vividly with bloody mess

For only the blinds can see

Obinna Nwerem

Oranges

Do you have something I can write about
I can no longer think of things to write about
Maybe I can write about oranges
Who would read about oranges
The juicy tingle taste
the gas smell of the pilled skin
Would you read about oranges
The rush of pain when hit in the eyes
With the poisonous venom
If I wrote about oranges....
well I wrote about oranges
Did you read it!

Obinna Nwerem

Please Do Not Judge I

Please do not judge I

For I am mentally depressed

life nothing but a rock climbing race

Mistakes my best experiences

I don't know how you can understand

When you have never forced a smile

you couldn't possibly understand

So please do not judge I

The vivid thoughts in my head

Will leave you delusional

Tell me not of who I should be

For I am always me and he is I

I am the king of my domain

The truth which is spoken here...

Will lead me the right way...

Obinna Nwerem

Poem For Angela

For my little sister Angela

Never saw the grave where
Angela laid; still wonder why
Death took you; a faded potrait
You drove dead in the silent ambulance
Never saw the tears from mothers eyes
Jazz was there in thin air
Grace or faith were never there
At night I see your face
Sad staring back in deaths mirror
Like a dream within another

Obinna Nwerem

So I Prey

Sometimes i prey when I'm alone,
Cause I'm scared on my own.
Tears run down my my eyes
They flow with no life but with lies
I prey because my heart is weak
I found it hard to continue
So I kneel down and prey
But who do you know that Preys alot,
To help another make it in this world
The World moves fast it rather move faster,
Than to stop and see what makes
One prey
scared and sad
But no one cares
So I prey.

Obinna I N

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Still In Love

I remember that day...
Winter was on her way
We were young and in love
Now I look beyond those days
The soft sweet tender flower
That I watched grow
Had blossomed into a rose
Still I remember of all the things
Only you can do
The way you looked at me
With those gently eyes
Now I know why I am forever
By your side,
I am still in love with you

Obinna Nwerem

The Beautiful Rose Which I Grew

The beautiful rose which I grew
Years of caring and protecting
The sweet smell of your peddles
Never meant to tell of lies
Let me bring back the butterflies
I have never left you to dry
I would water you with these tears I cry
Hoping for a miracle so I pray
Alone I feel now I have never felt
But I know I have caused you hurt
You are the only one I love on this earth
I will put it in any form but I choose words
Let me be the only one to love you
Me not loving you is untrue, a taboo
I have lost my beautiful rose to lust
The trust between us I have abused
A mad man I must have looked in your eyes
Please my rose I do not want goodbyes
These tears are constant and never dries
Come back and let me hold you in my arms

Obinna Nwerem

There's A Fiery Rage Within Thy Heart

There's a fiery rage within thy heart

I found it yesterday outside the cold

It burned through me like a flame

Thoughts and feelings no longer same

But it is that which drives me

Forward and forthward never backwards

With silent strikes he baffled relentlessly

Against those who shadows over thy

Blind them all with light in darkness

For they hate to see anothers' happiness

Constantly in battles with evils distress

Everyday's ones own trail and tribulations

There's a fiery rage within thy heart

Drives me forthwardly past mishaps

For the evil they do, is my fuel in doing

Plans of becoming something great

For no one ever great depends on fate

They Say It's The Blackmen Doing All The Killing

They say its the blackmen doing all the killing

Get a lil money, that brotha must be dealing

How can I change when they keep lying

Cut off your wings to keep you from flying

How can one live in such a state of mind

Take a look in our streets, wheres the change

Blackmen treated like animals and locked in cages

'White nationalism puts you in bandage'

So you can drink from the whitemen cup

Let not I deceive you, for I am my own man

The blackmen which you seek, has gone dead

I killed him and with it his black mind

For if you looking, only this nigga you will find

Obinna Nwerem

Wait...Please Dont Flip The Page

Wait

Please dont flip the page

I have got something to ask you

This is really important

This afternoon I wrote a poem

But I lost it

I have been looking for it

I have searched everywhere for it

I looked under my bed

smell of dirty socks chased me away

i dont know how to ask you this

but do you happen to know where its at

Obinna Nwerem

With That Which Is Of A Writing Object

With that which is of a writing object

I wrote with to paint a vivid image

dark colors and sharp edge letters

But I must not be the first to paint words

If I was one without words cut off my hands

With this heart I can love a million

But love not one who cannot love thee back

So now it is said and done with

Through thick and thin one must choose

My last meal I must enjoy and if in it, I be full

This is a truth told while telling a lie

Black tint and so is that of his soul

Bloody hand stains on each page

But still they read on line by line

And I wait for the applauding to finish

This is that which is not easy for some

To paint images in the form of poetry

While the rest surfers in cold groan

And others shower in the tears of others

But I puzzled, must look on

Obinna Nwerem

Young Black Man

I am a young black man
Confused and trapped in a whiteman's world
Day and night I shed lonely tears
Contemplating my life through the years

The politicians and Government officials
Never cared about young black men
They got me secluded on the corner
All I see is rot and corruption

There can not be better days
All of my dreams come to fruition
Because I am a young black man
They got me trapped revealing my primitive side

I am a young black poet
My words are never misunderstood
But always over looked
I am a strong young black man

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