

Poetry Series

Richard Israel
- poems -

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Richard Israel(27/ november)

i am reliable, self motivated. my way of life are spirituality + philosophy which is real me. i possess a philosophical and spirituality eyes in viewing things of life.i believe in egalitarianism. am a young writer to say. i have number articles for a quarterly magazine, the spectacle. writing for the Nigeria alert. i write at my leisure time, if there is any at all. am a moralist. i believe in individual living in such a way that does not affect people around them

Come Home My Missing Bone

Come home my missing bone, haven't you discovered my awesome plight, i express each time we summon our voices? I eager for while now,

But you close your silver teeth at my express. At the wall of love i tread every day, I got intoxicated many times, and my mind tightly looses strength.

You back my audience often time. I move alone on the street, when my teeth seem to be boring to you.

I pick up a mirror for reflection, my time moves at a snail's pace, expired with speed on the same talk,

But i have no response to the your judgement. I struggle to have my head erected far below your foundation,

But you stop my proposed-determination and your disposition wails me down. Up and down I got blocked by my philosophy. I then become a preacher just to win at your side.

Though, you beackon at my response at a glance, happiness strikes my mind, but now your thought give a vicious kick. My expression seems to be boring,

why do you remain in the shell of your philosophy? Your response regress my movement.

I grope my mind through help when my culture drags in barrier at your feet. The negativity among some of my kinsmen, your expression accompany. I halt not my sermon.

My mind i pour out, but you nurse pharaohic-mind. I look for a moses to sink your pharaohic-mind in the red sea

This I accomplish, when i stumble on jericho wall. And a moses is dying, but i have not seen a joshua that demonishes. Where would my help come from?

Oh! Jericho, stand not as a cog in my wheel. Wall of jericho, here I stand waiting for a joshua. And joshua i find not when i heard a voice; it takes her to bring down the jericho wall, joshua you may not find.

I sneer at my sneeze and agitation to make your adam. But i do not give up, i pray you pull down the wall, for my israelite to reach his promise land. How long would it take the jericho wall to fall?

No land is as promising as a canana land. Milk and honey i have discovered through your locution. But denial is the answer that stir at me.

What would i do? jerusalem exit is rolling. Tick tack waits no moment, and jericho wall i face. When would the wall fall and let go? will you please pull down the jericho wall before my strength goes frail?

I have seen another paradise here on earth, at your mind i find it, at your yard i find My happiness, lives not in purdah, let us build it in togetherness. And forever we shall stand.

Will you please, come home, my missing bone?

Richard Israel

Emissaries Of Shame

EMISSARIES OF SHAME

The city groans and wails everyday of the untold truth
Nature soul gasps and pants why brightness fades away from our city
Darkness forms her feet on the platform of our soul
We couldn't comprehend the future seeing in emptiness

At night our existence swing round to hold a breath
Promises overwhelm our better judgments, but starvation never
Stops finding her root in our land□

Emissaries of shame the principal of our misfortune
As a ship aground is battered by waves so they imprisoned our mind
Emissaries of shame die of obesity and gluttony while seeing their men dying
Of starvation and perish in hunger and
The expopriate cowries from us are used for our burial

On the golden seat they sit with their blah sound to determine the course of our
land

In the vanity of their souls

On thorn seat we hang ourselves seeing how vanity and mirage promises grow
wings

But we couldn't help what our ear can hear

The emissaries of shame are the blagger nourishing our mind with empty vision
and mission.

Emissaries of shame are the bread of sorrow that give nothing but

Five pieces of silver for the perishing souls in the ring of struggling

Help their corruptible act

Their young generation lies amidst blinking future

The north piggyback death, south breastfeed pains

West impregnate tears, and east is clouded of ingesting noise death of lost ones

In the sizzling heat of afternoon there we stay to have a rest

Our clothes drenched and our shoes fill with tears and sweat we celebrate

But in strength they encourage our bitterness and penury

Emissaries of pain, the manticore whose improvident activity possess venom
which impoverish

Their kinsmen

Are these self absorbed mascots innate to our land?

These emissaries furnished their homes and

Built up their bank accounts through contest check
Many who lost their futures is valueless to the testers,
Their bank account is what they built and their children future
We are seen as pray and
we celebrate them.

Emissaries of shame, the tiny gods who sponsor deception as a bill
On the same circle
They abandoned their former means of earning their livelihood
To devote all their time on the corridor of power,
Exchanges of business is valued than people's lives.
Emissaries of shame are the ignorance servants of calamity
And warmongers

The disciples who betray the will of the people,
Selling the future of the young generation at the market of negotiation
When would our lives cease to be influenced by their wild experiment?

Richard Israel

Long Goodbye To Literature Pundit

In the memory of my lost fantasy, i was invoked. The raw definition of celebrity shaded my mind.

I quickly searched my pen from my pocket to pen down information.....

I succeeded in writing a five-page article, when i looked and saw Crimson embarrassed the scholars' eyes. Not knowing that things have fallen apart in the literary pundit world.

Ah! Ooh! The author of things fall apart has fallen apart from the living world.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

Thing fall apart and centre cannot longer hold, the literary pundit released unto us has fallen apart from us. Long goodbye prof, Chinua Achebe.

Richard Israel

My Home

If i do not stand on my feet when the sun set in, till darkness choke the sun,
A bell will surely bang to lead me to a land, where sorrow is deprived of the right
to live with man

Home! Home! Home! Home! Home! My soul shout. Home!

welcome home, home! a precious land, i set to go, my will i can not control

My home will i never abandone. Sun set not again and darkness breathe not
again, I have set to say good bye good bye to setting sun.

Richard Israel

Shame To This Generation

Living our generation in darkness path as they
Sell our future at the polling booth
To make their wish accomplish at all cost
We hold our breath and collapse in our luxury thought.
They are like usury that feed on our future with heavy levy to death
Our death cannot travel than to move around like a losing kite.
Appraisal and applaud our minds sing to eulogize their stupid act invested on us.
Each citizen displays sore Stripe, but it makes no sense than the silver-gold.
The silver-gold is the prize we are paid for their villain acts
Shame to this generation, I will always say.

Richard Israel

The Inebriated Heart

Heart

The object of shame i object
But in the threshold of my table
I stumbled like an unguided toddler.
Though, it turned away my spirit from
The visible world rules by reasonable being,
In paradise I thought I was
But in my foolishness my I spilled out immoral
And filthy word from the heart of alcoholism.
Inebriated man, a song rolling in and out of my
Eardrum as the bata drummers do, the young
Tossed me round the street like a little kite.
Since reality of life had vanished from sense
Camp.
I was not ashamed of the multitude in the city
since my sight was failed of recognition;
My discretion and value are priceless like some
Nigerian politicians. My mind was weak and
frailed.
The object of shame i object but i slithed to a
market of shame.

Richard Israel

The Trapped Generation

Although i belong to a generation condemn by
A vast population of the elders with venom like
Tongue, i still know, it is the residual and the replica of
The misfortune established by the passing
Generation. Who do our generation blame for
Our misfortune and mishaps?

Whatever becomes of this generation, it is as a
Result of ideologies planted by the passing generation.
Who made the foundation we met?
Our eyes are unclear, sometimes, full of no
Confidence and hope. This expression of
illuminated unhappiness I saw on this
Generation, were set century ago before
Our generation emerged.
It is the passing generation path that brings
About our present tribulation.

We are told; our culture can not give us what
We desire; foreign cultures do; the elders
Determines the course of our milk and honey
With it, now our generation embrace what we
Are told.

We are told; through the tales written on media, new life
should pattern after the incidence in our environment: we swim
and get a dive in it, now we have become a master.

We are told; through the expression gushing
Out of their faces; involvement in leadership
Of the land pays than anything else on earth,
We sharpen our sword to get involve, because
Of what see them doing; we are condemn.

We are told; education is the source of wealth, but
instead to get wealthy, frustration is the end product of it; those
Who couldnt withstand the crispy aroma, get trapped the same
passing generation who negotiate the right kidney; we are blamed.

Are we not trapped in wrong philosophy enchanting
By the passing generation? is this generation not heading
For extinction? Our misfortune remain the happiness
of the passing generations. Do we blame the season of our
existence? Who do we blame?

Richard Israel

The Ugly Ones

My heart aches of the death of the young ones
Disease sinister of wrong story incubates my heart
The young dies in the position of the age
The age struggle to snatch the blanket uses by the young
The young die of night cold.
5

We have no blanket, we all witness the death of the
Little children shivering to death
And we open our mouth wide in anxiety
When the rich strangulate our health ward; and flown abroad
To have themselves sterilized of menace
10

Our little children are enslaved, slavery the daughter of darkness
Instills in us an ignorance of value, the blind instrument of
Our destruction.
Our ambition soil calamity and treason with patriotism
In illusion of our believes, we stumble on our strength
Stumbling into every pitfall, our hope capsize
15

We parade others' vision in disparity of our soul
Our ways make the best stand of time,
The corridor of our judgment stains with unforgiving blood
Politician souls, more powerful than the rule of the tyrants
Lawfulness prevails than the constitution does.
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Richard Israel