

Poetry Series

Albert Boima

- poems -



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Albert Boima()

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Children Of Examination Malpractice

It's been corrupted,
Even the learning systems in normality altered
The Innocence of examinations
Has swerved
Into Guilt of examinations
Exam malpractices everywhere!

Many students have sown the seed of levity
Which has grown into complacency
They, being carefree,
Are shamefully confident
They would cheat to the bullshit!
Assured their money could in qualms set them free.

Examiners have likewise injured the education routines of our country,
Even WAEC as a body
Of these -
In charge of its structures
They, like an engine that sucks tanks of oil,
So do they take bribes for scripts exchange
And manipulation of grades imputation.

Parents and guardians are fans of students and teachers:
Supporting their children,
And moderating tricks with teachers and examiners.
These exam malfeasances are done throughout:
From the class to external exams offices.

Albert Boima

Positive Transformation

O how had I always fallen back;
With days full of retrogressions, alack!
I was degenerate; □
Surely a youth of no notable rate.
My existence was like an ungodly song
With defiled rhythms was it sung
Wherewith I dreamed no dream
And saw no, not a gleam

For there was no light in me to reflect;
So my star could take no effect.
I was consumed by the darkness
Of mundane blissfulness,
Which was deceptive to inward madness.
I thought I was living happily;
Alas! I was dying virtually,
Forgetful that Life could wane out for itself alone
And hand over me to my Maker whom I never knew.

But there came an hour
At the Annual National Campus Community Congress
Of the Deeper Life campus fellowship
Entitled `Excelsior`
For bringing Life and Hope to intellectuals
And equipping them to reach the utmost height:
Where I wholly got transformed.
I was taught to be purposeful, and not lust to be conformed
I could then soar to the farthest height
And ignited became my light
Revived to live for Christ the Saviour
After which I farewelled failure.

Albert Boima

To Journalists Compromising

Walking here and there,
Scrounging for messages of Care,
Journalists of the day.
Standing by at door or gate
Spirited, to interrogate the great.

A long-serving microphone,
Miking words from those interviewed,
And an esteemed bagged camcorder on the shoulder;
Always await eventual days
So they'd pace with grace

But, their presentations tremble under status' feet
Whereto their integrity doth greet.
Their job hence counts slackness of Justice:
That if they are to question a poor fellow,
They'll do it diligently till he's zero
But if they are to question a rich man,
Minister or president in particular,
The 'eye-box' is covered with red cloth,
Their journals closed,
And their inkers halt;
They'll compromise till he's out of any cases.

Sorry
They are!
Turning a blind eye to the rich's injustices
And giving a bright eye to the poor's...
Yellow Journalism eke in Africa?

Albert Boima

Words Of Africa

O how have I suffered such great graves!
I have been pierced by the swords of my kings
Injected with the liquid of their corruptions
They have rescinded my harmonious names

They have plucked away my treasures,
With every good of mine
Possessed unto themselves as stern,
And given them to foreign sons.

For self-benefits they have sold me to them,
And these Whitefaces treat me anyhow
Just like I was a cow;
To implore each their gem

In their own fathers' land.
I, even I Africa, am replaced for a ring in my destroyers' hand.
I have thought my kings would therefrom free me
But they yet serve them rather than me.

Woe to they that are presidents of poverty!
Wretched are the princes that pervert my people;
Cursed be the prophets that preach tribalism and nepotism;
And wicked are they that set my peoples asunder!

Albert Boima

Goodnight

When I see your fantasy,
My heart is filled with ecstasy;
Roses my eyes do see.
When I set them to lie,
Over night's terrors they can't survive
But in your beauteous light do rely.

Goodnight to our sleepless souls,
Which linger not in holes;
But with endless oaths, stronger than poles:
Wherewith loving dreams can't help,
Espying the daily memories kep'.
We'd play in the downs
When the morning wears sweet-love gowns.
Indelible in the dark.

Love is a stressed happiness:
That though it aches, .
Strengthens confidence of plain hearts.
Lo, Love be sickness:
To heal or let die away
Like a night turned out unto a day.

Albert Boima

What If He Appears

What if He appears
As the trumpet cheers
With a train of angels
When judgment labels;
Will you hear that saintly sound?
What will you be?
Mortal forever, or immortal eternally?
Where will you be?
At the bar, the club
Or in the Church?

What if He appears
The Son of Man
In heavenly adornment
With lightnings and all glory;
Will your life attract that call—
To stir you up unto Himself?
Will you fit to sing in the light's space?
Or are you sure to enter into that palace?

What if He appears
With all power unto Him
That upholds and withholds
The devils' ancestry;
Will you, if being dead, resurrect;
And if being alive, rapture?
Or, I see, you may have fallen short!

What if He appears
In His Royal Majesty
As the scriptures said
Of that certain day
Will He say "depart, I know ye not!"
Are your ways right?
Will your soul cry or sing for joy?
Where will you stand?
On Hell's soil?
O' the faithful saints shall stand on Heaven's rock!

Breakup

I think of another
Let my heart surrender
With pleasure under
To give and render
The lost me to the other
Which is not my wonder.
She professes to be tender
But she's not like a mother
'Cause she desires us to be over
Denying me to be her lifeblood lover.
I am now resolute to turn a blind eye to her
Even though she is brighter,
But I can trade her for the better
To forbear my life from the deceitful breaker

Albert Boima



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Breed Not Violence

How worthless is he who paves violence:
Is not he who bewilders the land of peace?
With his thoughts, moulding it to corrupt the people;
In the interest of satisfying himself.

But I tell you: violence spells complete anarchy!
Of that land: will development be prevented,
In the face of unaccountability;
Bad reputations altogether.
It steals the land of peace with and love for one another.

O but if, we in this, can change our forceful acts,
And be submissive to the norms of the land,
Shadowy we in the ink of joy.
I beseech you the people of land—
To watch and set your minds off violence—
For the growth of our region.

Let us march not with the shoe of violence
Rather the shoe of love and equanimity, I pray!
Worthless is he who paves destruction,
And worthy is he who resists it;
Indeed, choose:
Worthy or worthless are you?

Albert Boima

We Starve

Like in a dungeon we live
Full of hostility and high charges of stuffs
With no sign of induction and reduction
As if we were victims of famine
The rainbows of intercession speak not
And the markets missing their right positions
In our little wages we battle with the economy
But it seems it's overcoming us
Starve! Starve! ! Starve! ! !
We the people starve!

Our entrusted statesmen speak in silence
And the self-absorbed merchants trade-off
Not knowing their fiats would fix some aspects.
Sometimes, we reason if for any cause to choose
Or are there not bona fide folks in the bar to judge?
Because we are hungry and weary!
It has drowned us in the sea devoid of hope and confidence to live
For we are afraid to face the fate.
Starve! Starve! ! Starve! ! !
We the people starve!

O' yes, we cry for a transformation
So that we can dance as a generation.
The economy has become tougher,
That if a head earns a thing— to feed his parts
It'll be of no satisfaction.
Insomuch that this is happening, we are done with no good:
But some are seduced to unlawful acts;
While some are willing to chide till eternity.

If ethics drive into our predicament,
We shouldn't be starved:
Our need calls for an earthly saviour
Who could bestow us redemption
For we starve.
Starve! Starve! ! Starve! ! !
We the people starve.

The School Of My Heart

Many years gone from her birth since nineteen sixty-four
With hard work she got into her stride
Trinity, in her name, expanded and gained prestige.

Intermutanda, Constantia: her motto
An implication of consistency in academic excellence
In her form is excellence prevailed
Imparture of knowledge to empty little boys
As to the Messiah's impartment to his disciples
Before leaving the Earth.

Her form as mother to her virtuous boys
Nurturing their daily school work— the best
With the fear of God excellent they go.
Ergo the performance of her boys is excellent
With regards to her belief.

In her shadow delights the success of life
With allegiance her boys return, thus,
An appreciative symbol— for the work Holy Trinity has enlightened unto them
United they come, same they go.

Trinity: the school with dignity of all schools
The Best in the country
All others seem to be better, but
Holy Trinity possesses the Best.

Albert Boima

The Morning Star Of Love

My eyes glittered into the eyes
Of thee who cast a spell on my heart
They glanced each other with pleasure
Upon hearing thy contralto voice,
Or seeing thy sight;
Thy presence in all:
I smiled with passion.
Under the proximity of the roof we communicated.
At last, we settled our funny dating.

We watched not each other of fear,
But overshadowed by the confidence of love
We, albeit the impediments enhanced from outsiders,
Loved our dear selves innately.
Didn't they say we aren't fit to be dearer?
Bravo! that we hearkened not unto them.
My love for thee exceeded the heights of the stars—
Which could not be succumbed to fall.

Aye, our love was no fancy
'Twas agapic as the natural world itself
We both couldn't say we loved each other!

Balanced unto that time
Not till when some other person,
In his calibration incomparable to mine,
Bewitched my thee to make her fed up with me
Our love, therein, became fancy,
Thus, fancy! 'cause we were no longer dearer.
It went deep to my faith!
I thereafter realized the troth of the saying:
'The beginning of Trust is the end of Deception.'

Albert Boima

Corrupt Farm

Corrupt farm, disdainful politics
Corrupt farm, unedifying ethics

The Lion gorges the subservient animals but not grass
Or even does he gobble other feeds in the forest sage

The pronghorns fight it hard to progress
And they feed with apprehension and distress.

When they do require of the Lion—
To give a good reason why he devours them like any minion,

He reminds them of being 'The King of the Jungle'
So he continues his diabolical project as a noble.

The grass and fowls of the air remain spared
'Cause no, not sufficient antelopes to make them seared.

The foreign vipers intrude awry
With an acclamation of being their profound territory

But they have come with the interest of politics
Dirty politics!

So they play it well, even more than the crown himself.
These adders bite the innocent beasts of their treasures to will of self.

With the injection of putridity and selfishness
Their anchor of theft and greediness.

Corruption drinks poverty!
All because of a bad conductor of no hearty.

Albert Boima

Not Stabbed Neither Poisoned Nor Sick

He was clamored dead!
Without being stabbed,
Without being poisoned,
Without being sick:
The angels' arch summoned him
To see the Heavens and Hell
And samples of judging the just and the unjust.

He was diabolical in deeds!
Defining himself to be the Sun that shines
The comments proved he deserved such a decampment.
'Sing! the snob who did us turpitude has travelled, ' they retorted at the scene.
His body was demanded for a quick burial
But a few prayed to wait it till the next sunup.
The eyes of revenge were gravely opened!

Then, at down, in the sixth hour,
The heavenly bodies and hemispheres implored for an amnesty of chance
And Gabriel gave heed to their plea
Charging him to be reputable.
At mercy the masterful soul revisited its flesh
It behoved him to repair the very engine of his life.

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