

Poetry Series

ali chukwuemeka
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

ali chukwuemeka(03 01 1989)

my name is ali chukwuemeka undergraduate in federal university Ndufu Alike Ikwo, Ebonyi, y is life; and a means of expressing my inner most thought. with my pen, i'm assured of victory even more than a warrior.

A Lover-Boy Agony

What shall a lad do
If he hath so much love in him
But he is perturbed on whom
These rear commodity is to
Be lavished upon.
Though he sometimes wishes to
But where comet this force from
That pulls between him and the feeling a chasm
And makes it's presence incognito.
Take these to be no fun.

What doth a man
If the one he loves
And truly adores
Cutesy of distance makes her to him uncertain
Like him whom his destination know't him not.
If distance were human
Evil would have been my intentions
Which I'll do with no conscience contentions.
If any fool questions my action
The evidence of the monsters deed I shall table

What doth a man
undoubtedly in love with a lass
But unwilling to express what he feels
Towards these fair maiden
Whom he never dreams of letting go.
Is he a coward captain
Whom at the sight of stopable storm flees
If love is a commodity for sales
Won't you have casted upon him disdain
For not purchasing but permits his feelings inferno

Take these issue to be no fun
Or banters thrown by comedians
To their fun seeking audience.
Tis as serious as a mad man
Tis an emergency which require divine touches
In no less quantity but abundance

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Burial

Death is inevitable,
Burial is a necessity,
The universal structure of culture,
Makes burial a parcel of man's dignity.

In my home town in the days of yore,
Burial was no fun but a serious business Ritually improvised; and devoid of
modern yoke,
Conducted by elders, with the Amory of incantations.

The venoms of colonization,
Digested by our ignorance,
Exposed our cultural imperfection,
Thus, our culture lay's in a state of demise.

Arise! All ye cultural compatriots,
A cultureless man, align with the thought of fools.

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Death, For Everyone

Adam and eve eat an abomination
It's repercussion lingers for generation.
We all become deptors
Through our expenses on sin

Mr death is our number one creditor
Every living creature is a deptor
Whenever he comes asking for his pay
No powerful power can overcome his power

His stings was described as painful
Making the most joyous man sorrowful
Operating through a forever state of silence
Who shall save us from these mr powerful?

We all run for him
We all shall one day bow for him
Alas! a superior power came and conquered him
Those who believe are now free from him

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Four, Four, Two

I play the greatest formation
That conquers the darkness dominion
No matter how organized they are
When powers collide, they realize how inferior they are

FOUR, four, two is my formation
It wins the match of salvation
Capital letters F.O.U.R is the: almighty God
He who has all the knacks required

Small letters f.o.u.r Is: jesus
He who's name destroys demonic goalkeepers.
Two is the holy spirit
He who score goals that brings comfort

My formation wins all matches
That qualifies me for the kingdom of trophies

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Grave, A Home For All

The haves and the have-nots
Live in different houses
Ride different cars
Eat different foods
Put on different clothes
Enjoy different facilities
Engage in different trades
Ply different routs
Have money in different quantities
Enjoy life in different degrees.
One thing they have in common is:
A home
In which they go not at the same time
The architect of which is god
A certainty for all mankind.
Grave! grave! o grave
A solitary place you are
I bet no right minded
Will in you pray to be comforted
The rich, poor, strong and the
Weak, will one day make you their abode.

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Herbs

Herbs were made by god
Purposely for human use
It serves as a source of cure
To those who are disease afflicted
It has also served
As an integral part of a recipe
For cooking a delicious and irresistible
Intriguing aroma food

I sometimes feel indignation
At the way we africans
Make use of our god giving treasure
Millions of herbs lies on
Our nutrition filled lands
We use them in a negative
Way some kill and cause destruction
Of lives with the use of herbs
Which I thought should be
An instrument for the invention
Of life saving drugs

God has giving herbs to us
It is left for us to define its use
No matter which way we use
Positively I think it should be

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I Hail Thee, Ngboejeogu!

Oh! How I adore thee Ngboejeogu,
Oh! How I cherish thee Ngboejeogu.
The land that flows with milk and honey,
Blessed with resources more cherishable than honey,
Brave art thou sons,
Who foundeth joy in thy blossomness.

It gladdens my heart to here of thy greatness,
Arise and shine, make your abode in the domicile of success,
Not even the sky can claim to be your limit
The success of thine begotten no Jupiter can restrict.

I hail thee Ngboejeogu,
My heart goes out to thee Ngboejeogu,
You shineth more than thousands of stars,
I am elated to be counted amongst your sons.

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Jehovah The Greatest

Jehovah is the greatest
Among every other gods
He created both the small and great
Among the beast and humans
The wicked one also testifies
That he only is lord
Whom no creature can defraud

He closes what no man can close
His greatness can never be described
He sees what no man can see
Never can he be dethroned
His majesty too great to behold
His arms are not too short to save
His beloved who honors his name

Give to him thanks and praise
Jehovah the god of grace
The holy one of isreal
The universe comptroller general

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Lagos

I know of a city
Within its walls are found
The duo of hustle and pleasure
I know of a city
Where painful pleasures are administered
Where only the fittest are opportunity to survive

If all wishes were oceans
Villagers would willingly become sailors
And make lagos their final destination
Aggressively resisting any possible evacuation

What a crowded municipal to behold
Cars are soldier ants on the road
Patience is seldom exhibited by commuters
Noise pollution tops the list of unavoidable

If u reside and succeeds in lagos
That gives you the passport of the required impetus
Needed for survival anywhere in the world
Where human beings are found

I know of a city
Yea I know of a city
Where brothers relate like strangers
Where tongues and speeches unitedly varies

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Life In High School

Waking up early in the morning,
Getting yourself ready
For the days journey
To your place of learning.
Prefects gets you picking
Every dirt in the premises, feeling no pity.
When you trespass, cane lands on you heavily,
Going back the next day not minding...

It is a rockhard process,
When patiently endured,
The gains become copious.
I patiently endured,
Minding not the difficulties.
Ho! high school, through you I metamorphosed.

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Love At Last

Where were you
When I purposely builded
A wall of hatred,
All around my love life.
Hatred for ladies became my lifestyle.

Where were you
When my x treated me like trash,
The love I once knew illuminates lesser than a flash,
jehovah is my witness,
That love adventure exploded my weakness.

Will I be faulted,
If I preach the non existence of love?
I'm enriched with undiluted elements of love,
How do I dole it out
If its receptors fails to reciprocate it?

I finally found love,
Oh! I wont let go,
My self aggrandizement and ego
I let go and will no longer acquire,
you are my heart desire.

Everyone had a past,
yours shouldn't be an exemption,
The past might be bitter or a sweet sensation,
lets leave that behind,
The scars of the past shall gradually be effaced.

Its been days since I met you,
Conclusions shouldn't be jumped at,
So says some school of thought,
This ray of love which you constantly beam on me,
If maintained, shall make u my bride

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Monday

You shouldn't have existed
Or be counted
Among days of the week
The thought of you is inimical to the weak
And sometimes makes the strong sick

You rub me of my leisure
You put an end to the weekend's pleasure
Oh! monday! monday! monday
Won't you repent and emulate sunday?
I whole-heartedly pray you do someday
And cease from being the number one stressful day

Condemning you doesn't mean I am lazy
The thought of you can make a lazy man crazy
The only choice I have is to embrace you
If not, I would have conjured spirits to efface you
Or create incantations to eliminate you
You manifest each week alongside hustle
Though if utilized, increases ones financial muscle

If wings had come along with time
I would have flew so high above your tide
Here I am, caught up in your ride
How tardy you are, speed up your moves.

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Nigeria At Forty Nine

Once upon a time
Nigeria became forty nine
I felt pity in my mind
As she was being pushed all around

Her cakes which are meant to be shared around
Are kept by big guns seen around
The less privileged get less of her cake
The more privileged gets more of her cake

Black gold was discovered
Thinking she is going to be delivered
From her state of hopelessness and wretchedness
Alas she lays in her state of nakedness

Faith has dealt with her negatively
She will soon rise to her feet positively

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Pen And Paper

Trees and grasses stand at alert.
Succumbing to every throb of breeze.
To and fro so they throng.
Whistling as they wave along.
They seem to be everywhere.
Enforcing a stable state of serenity.

Huts and mud houses
Scantyly and strategically positioned,
Giving rise to an array of bushes,
That demarcated all settlements.

Come rain come shine,
Change was never anticipated
And so contended were the dwellers
That they less crave civilization goodies.

Tender skins with the slightest glance of opportunity,
Grew wings and flew the villages,
Leaving behind the old and haggard,
To tend their wounds and till the ground.

Here I lie,
lost in the aesthetic balance of nature's prowess,
Hopping for the acceleration of time,
That will hasten my stay in the village.
Inactivity bored and crippled my vigor,
But my pen and paper kept me going.

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The Destructive Three

I know of three things
Which are among the three things
That will make your stay in life
Devoid of trouble

Money
Loved by many
If not legally chased
Shortens a life well lived

Woman
Taken out of man
Chasing after many of them invites trouble
May also make your life miserable

Tongue
A powerful weapon seen as little
But has the ability
To pull down or raise the greatest entity

Limit your thirst for these destructive three
And your life shall be perfectly free
From the unnecessary stress
That these life offers

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The Good Old Days

Immorality has become the order of the day
In shorts and trousers women stroll around
Seating at my veranda most workaday
Looking at men and women who cannot be distinguished
From hair to toe strange things on their body
It seems the whole world is really turning around

Civilization has eaten dip into our body
I hope one day we'll wake up to realize this
Our culture lays in a state of jeopardy
Is it normal? crazyness is what I call this
Our culture, civilization has thrown faraway
In a state where I think he enjoys no bliss

If the world decides to go mad
On these new fashion that god took no delight
Should the black skinned too also be mad
At the things that our progenitors took no delight
If the green ones decides to go mad
What happens to the gray hairs that took it light

How I wish to see those good old days
Of which I can bet
With my last penny was the best
As time goes by and by, I wish to see changes

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The Power Holders

Spending a night in darkness
Is never a man's wish,
But a compelled plot amongst options,
Presented in our leader's corruption dish.

All light bulbs refuse to glow.
In the absence of electricity,
Darkness seems to be in a row,
Having his grip on one's soul with great tenacity.

The power holding company of nigeria,
Has proven to be what their name suggests they were,
Denying nigerians a craving sate of euphoria,
Which we all long in our souls to see.

Technology has indeed provided us an alternative,
Emancipating us from the grip of the power holders,
But poverty, the most dreaded disease,
Has retained the masses in the captivity of the power holders.

We all long for freedom
From the grip of the power holders.
We all long for freedom
From the shackles of the power holders.
We all long for freedom
From the uncomfortable invasion of darkness.

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Thoughts

The skin might be of the same colour
Our thoughts are never the same
Life to some people taste of the same flavor
Our thoughts are never the same

From the abundance of our thoughts
Speaketh forth the mouth
Can any living soul be thoughtless
Such exist only after the unwanted intervention of death

We all think
Our thought differs
In the pit of circumstances they sink
Producing good or bad effects

Thoughts sketches behavior
Sound thoughts sometimes is a mans savior

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Trouser.A Yes Or No For African Females

Females shouldn't wear trousers
So says some african religious schools
Of thought
They claim it isn't
Parts and parcel of our culture
Detestable it is to them like a demonic sculpture
The reason behind these
Is not unconnected to the
Writings of moses
Quoted in the holy scriptures

Females can wear trousers
So says another african schools
Of thought
They claim their is no wrong in it
As long as it is modern
It aids th attributes of civilization
God judges the inner mind
The outward looks mortals dare not mind

The two sides of the coin
Can debate this issue till the break of dawn
At the end of it all
No side will demolish its wall

If my opinion was ever sought
The accuracy of my judgment
Is backed by god word
Sharper than a two edged sword

If the donning of trousers
By african female folks
Is doomed as proclaimed
Why are the european females excluded
God is not partial
His judgments are not sentimental

If his qualification
For his kingdom visa certification

Issued to the female folks
Is determined by trousers
Both black and white females are guilty

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Woman

A bone taken out of man
Forms a creature called woman
She is a fit partner for her mate
Through her aid new offsprings are made
She is salt in the life of her husband
She makes her home well refined
Though some of them has gone sour
Becoming the source of palaver
That erodes the life of most geezers
It could even be more dangerous
If engaged with two of them at a time
How advantageous it could be
For he who sticks to her
And all her laden bear
He who finds one amongst the amiable ones
Shouldn't be castigated when he celebrates
Because he has been highly favored
By the most high god

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Words Said Behind, Distractions They Are

I am happy to be who I was
Because I was specially made
Say whatever you like
I still remain the same
Only God knows
How and why he created me
Who are you to castigate
Who God has resuscitate
The real me are not my canal features
The real me resides in me
I am not one of those
Who enjoys taking queue
Among the wicked ones
One thing I know for sure
Criticizm is a cure
For the undemotic people
Because it propagates
Their personality, for the
Whole world to hear and see.
Say more of what you know about me
And see how great I become.
No matter how sharp the words
Spoken negatively to me
Never can it cut through me
Words spoken behind me
I count as distractions

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