

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Anyim Mobuchi Noble()

A Night For Lovers

In the breezy dreamy night:
They sat by the sloping road,
Watching shadows and stars.
And their hearts danced to secret songs,
As they summoned their wishes in sweet whispers -
This is a night for lovers.

There is guardian fire in my lover's eyes
As his soul watches over me.
I feel like a melting wax in his arms.
This is what love do to me!

If flowers are too poor to give,
And my grace is not enough.
Then, let me owe you a debt
And hope that love pays.

This night will sculpt our hearts,
And time will place us in the sky.
Over and again till the universe is lost,
This will always be, a night for lovers.

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But I'm Gone Now

In my shy eyes were the confidence of unblemished affection
My gentle words of endearment stemmed from the bottomless depth of my soul
Oh! How I loved you with the unmatched ferocity of first love
If only you had paused to listen to the message that my heart preached
Just maybe you'd have felt it too

When you chose one companion after another
I ruefully waited by the corner
Though it seemed like eternal exercise
Still I waited
When tales of your misdeeds filtered through my eyes they bled
And as they seeped into my heart
It was shattered into infinitesimal fragments.

My vision was blurred from the cascade of tears running down my cheeks
And as I raised my head in search of hope
There it was sinking down the horizon
Slowly I picked up the shards of my heart
Glued them together and bade you an ageless farewell

Now you look for me in the corners where I once lurked
But I'm there no more
My sweet words embellished with the finer finer condiments of my noble heart
Now appeal to your senses
Finally you take a pause
And as past messages slowly settled upon your heart
You realised a sudden truth, you're in love with me!
But I'm gone now
For my words which was once yours to command
I have bestowed upon another.

Anyim Mobuchi Noble

Denis High School

Oh! Osadenis my alma mater
The first day I walked through your gates
I felt a wave of light spread over me
Your rooms had an alluring peace
Your occupants charming and nice

Oh, dear Osadenis my alma mater!
Some of your teachers nice and some mean
But they brought out the good in me
Your students always curled on their desk waiting for the last lesson

Oh, my dear Osadenis!
When cultism became the order of the day
You taught me never to go astray
Oh, how much I've missed you!

Oh, my dearest Osadenis!
Where I sought knowledge but found solace
Where discipline came before knowledge
Where love covered hate

Copper earrings made fine dots on our ears
The polka dots on our bowtie
Made us look moderate and elegant
Our 'Courtina' shoes stuck stubbornly on our feet

Your walls were in uniform yellow
The beautiful drive way made with interlocking tiles
The massive football field
And oh, the beautiful flowers painted in the flower beds

'Osadenis Mate! ' We always screamed
It was so fun, I never wished to leave
But only a fool would wish never to graduate
Oh, my dear Osadenis; how much I've missed being with you!

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I Hope You Know

I hope you know that I no longer have a heart
I hope you know that it's no longer all about you
I hope you know that I'm no longer the naive teenager you used to know
I hope you know that the image of you no longer creep into my mind
I hope you know that I've slept all the memories away
I hope you know that your name no longer excite me as it used to
I hope you know that I no longer care
I hope you know that I no longer want you by all means

Maybe you should know that the Christmas is here
Maybe you should be reminded that the nights are spine-chillingly cold and I no longer crave to have you in my arms
Maybe I should let you know that I'd be having lots of peppered chicken and scented jollof rice
Maybe you should know that I'd be washing your remnants away with a glass of wine.

I hope you know that the morning birds no longer sing your name
I hope you know that you're no longer the reason I wake up everyday
I hope you know that I'm happy I no longer strive to be perfect
I hope you know that I no longer call for the excitement your voice gives me
I hope you understand that my calls are now for business
I hope you know that I no longer want to catch a grenade for you

I hope you know that my feelings drank the poison of anger and died a painful death
Maybe I should remind you that the yellow butterfly that used to accompany me to the fairy land of love was smashed by the train of your ego and pride
Maybe you should really know that I have a new heart now and it doesn't recognize you
I hope you truly know that there's no place left for you.

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My Right Hand

Under the rain it wiped my wet face
It got stiff and groaned for warmth
I asked for a roasted yam
It went through the fire and made me one
Its body stained with charcoal
Like a mother would do unto a child
It fed me to my satisfaction

At night when fear envelopes my heart
It allows me to rest my head on its body
The left one always waking up
And stretching lazily for a cuddle
Like a child helps the mother in the kitchen
So the left one helps with the minor things

As nimble as a squirrel
It sends out a thunderous blow to my attacker
Even though it hurts to go through the fire
It still does it without a murmur
Even though it hurts to do all the chores alone
It still does it without a murmur
It is so nostalgic to think of

No friend has ever been so kind
No mortal has ever been so kind
As did my selfless right hand
How stingy I'd be if I don't wear those fine white gloves on you
On my wedding day
How selfish I'd be if I don't throw you around the back of my lover's head
And kiss him feverishly after "I do";

I feel sad to think that my wedding ring will not be worn on your fingers
Instead it will go to the lazy left one
This is the law I can't change
But I'm glad that it would be you that would
Help me put the ring on my lover's finger
I'm happy to have you as my helper
I will pay you back one day.

Our Hero Is Long Gone

Dear Mother
Tell me about the nights
You spent under the mahogany tree
Dancing and twitching your hips
To the tunes of Ekpete

Dear Mother
Narrate to me how your
Alluring smiles blinded his eyes
And how your merest touch
Melted his insides

Dear Mother
I want to write about the days he was your hero
Remind me not to forget
That he was your warrior

Dear Mother
Tell me about the day
You were clad in a light white gown
Tell me about he who walked you down the isle

Ezigbo Nnem
Do tell me about his deep blue eyes
That were lovelier than the Caribbean sea
Tell me about his husky voice that scolded me
Each time I tried going astray

Nnem Oma
Tell it to me again
About the day he slumped from the dinning chair
Write to me about the number of tears you shed
Oh! You must have cried a river

Dear Mother
Tell me about the number of years
He spent on the sick bed
Tell me how you felt
As you watched the strongest man

Show weakness to sickness and finally to death

It must have been the biggest

Tear down your heart

Now let us weep and cry

For our hero is gone!

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The Harmattan

It was a thing of joy as I watched my maize grow
Like a mother will watch a sleeping child
I watched its leaves bloom as they nodded to the sacred beats of nature
They sprawled across the Uri pathway
Everyone felt a pang of envy at their sight
But the harmattan had a special plan for them.

The harmattan as vicious as a monster
Darts forth his cold hands on my maize
And wrinkled every beautiful leaf it had
The harmattan is a respecter of no man
The skin of the Queens and Kings it wrinkles
And turn the black skin of the African child white

The harmattan as cunning as the devil
Comes like a thief in the night
And makes everyone white like powdered women looking after a new-born baby
He sets everywhere dusty and chilly
The bucket of water laughs at you every morning when you try to take a bath

Oh! Nature; could you not brought with you
Only a charming and beautiful weather?
The harmattan is wicked!

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The Joy Of Growing Up

It was August 4th
The party had ended gloriously
I was still wearing my beautiful dress
And the crown sat stubbornly on my head
I felt like a princess
I had just turned five
I blinked excitedly at my gifts scattered on the bed
I had blown out the fire in the candle
And had made a wish in front of my family and friends

I was so excited
Finally I was growing
I could remember it all so vividly
I lay on my bed in the dim red light
My eyes vacant, just watching the memory like a movie
Yes the day I turned three, Mom had said
"Time flies fast, when you turn five
Before you know it you're already a teenager
I tried to remember if I had replied her
I don't think so
Oh, yes, now I get it
As nearly as I could remember
I had smiled and that only carried the message
I was happy I could grow

And now I am excited about something
Just what is it anyway?
Oh, Lord now I remember
I am excited I could grow
I am five now
And just like mother said
In a twinkle of an eye
I'll become a teenager
Finally I could act like a girl
Paint my nails, put my make up on
And wear high heels
I was so happy I could grow.

