

Poetry Series

casmire Emeribe
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

casmire Emeribe(08/03/1985)

Am the first child of six, I hail from umuokrika ahiazu mbaise imo state nigeria, I started my primary education in Gabon and later in 1993, I returned to nigeria and was enrolled into police children school, owerri and passed out in 1998, in 2004 passed out of secondary school with 4 credit on waec, 7 credit on neco later in 2007, I sat for waec again passed in flying colour and enrolled into the university (imo state university, owerri) and graduate 2012

Hidden Man

Appearances are deceit
Take him not by his words
Rather his actions
The man isn't the one on mirror
But he is the you in you
None can tell your plight
The man shone when he seize power
And power intoxicates
No man attain glory
Without a story
There is a way
That seemth right
To a man but the end thereof
Is-

casmire Emeribe

In Flying Colours

Four years has while away
After the bloodless battles
Of nine unarm soldiers
The test my mental fist
How mastery I could hold my pen.
I called it 'four years of miserable sojourn'
So fruitless it was
Thank God as it has always be
A testimony here,
Praise the lord, I was enroll
It seemth a miracle not merit
On my great exertion, cometh I to the citadel of learning
Listen! as mother could say-
That it is a place of light and darkness
None of them would be there for me
To say keep doing it right
Where fore her saying, I heed.
I wish to learn the best,
Of everything I want.
My cradle then are my teachers
At the molding process, they aren't at their best
That was their wrong deed.
I was like a tendril without stake,
My brain is dull cos you refuse
To tell me the path to take.
I discover the mystery of reading,
Perusing and browsing through pages
Learn a lot hidden in between lines
Where fore, reading is a worthy teacher,
Worth teach wide.

casmire Emeribe

Marriage Of Three Strange Bedmate

The stories of truce of old
Wasn't told for us to fight again
But chary for war
The union of these brothers
Was for them to be bury with the bones
Of their fore fathers
The idea of the british house wife
Laying a wreath on them
Calling them 'Nigeria'
These haste marriage to them
Was the best achievement and compliment
Of existence but to us a mirage

casmire Emeribe

Mystery Man

As it was told in the days of yore
When this God was strange to us
Where all element represents
A small deity.
White fathers insist
We must desist from tree gods
And follow their instructions
Their attitude to us was
As if they were demi gods
To us then we never knew
The are men raised amongst men
To be the mediator between man
And the divine
Of course, they weren't of my colour
Truly, we left all the deity
For this salvation- that is of apostolic
And vow that there our life stands
When the white father wishes
To reduce our mission schools
To the low standard
We all want to denounce-
But it was of bold mind
That insist we have believed
And worship to a point
Of no return
This bastion of faith of today
Was save by twelve strokes of the cane
For laughing at the white father
Our fathers did insist
We should swot the ways
Of the white fathers
In the midst of smoky clouds
With scent of burning incense
Cometh the man in white robe and biretta
So en shroud with the power of open sesame
Harketh not your heart if you are choosen
Many are called, few are choosen
O! He is raised amongst us
Bestow with the power to call down God

He is of the order of mechizedek forever
Alter christus

casmire Emeribe

Noel

Santa- claus echoes here and there;
Crooning lullaby to christ.
My mind beat slow about feast,
Dotty about christmas as the rest of us.
Christmas card and glad hand are germane for the season;
And there's holly on every souvenir stall,
Feast banquet of traditional christmastide.
It's festal of palm festoon here and there;
Don't barter it down ever.
With moonlight and crescent is thoroughfare;
To celebrate the festive season.
Christmas puddings and clad aren't my thought,
Rather I hang my head in shame,
When counting some of my glitterati fellows,
But forgot to count the dead,
That aren't think let alone count their fellows,
Struggle and excel under the helios.
Is only that the mouth of my kinsmen,
Has entailed me to have prostrated passion for lucre,
Pelf! Either hook or crook;
To impress my kinsmen.
My kinsmen guzzle free drinks,
As tomorrow will never breaks.
Everything gyp day after day in the season.
My eyebrow freezing under my cap,
Just to capture that special moment,
Everywhere is festoon with palm fond,
Don't send them into shriek of apathy.
.....Happy christmas

casmire Emeribe

Ode Of St. Valentine Infatuation

Change every now and then to year after year
Is a lively looks of lovers
For love so strong
But cool as waters
With kind words spoken
Which permeates to the heart
Looks sprightly disclose
Unfixed as those favours to none
To all her smiles extend
Often rejects but never offers.
All was so kinky
In silence, my mind whispers your name
Little I understand your saying
Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder
Smitten by your gap teeth
Oh lois! Delight and liberty I granted you
Thoughts were for us
To stick together perpetually
To our tryst
This mutual coexistence you never want.
To you is like scurrying on foot
To the road unending
Propitiatory offering couldn't bring us together
I cried, tears roll down
My cheek like raindrop
As I recall our memory lane
Many a time, we exchange unwritten letters
I grew red with shame at your manners
Oh! Love is like a grass
All it beauty like the flower
Of the field
The grass withers, the flower fades
Cheat, lies and double date is painful
Pierce like an arrow of fury
Hurts to the marrow
Not for these misty tears
I raise this.
But the squabble of my companions
And parents which couldn't break

On the implication that 'I love you'
Exchange of vows of this strange bedmate of yours
Broke to me as lost of precious diamond
Where fore explain this?
With hiss and remorse, you say forget it
From the glade, I fixate
In misty tears
How would you explain this
Arranged marriage
Recalling those old good days of ours
That wasn't infatuation but true love
I felt it, I wish to break the circle and mores
For you to accept this situation
That is hard coded in my heart

casmire Emeribe

Ode Of The Royal Trample

Heir inherit from ancestral royal family
Can never be made by queue ups
To deprecate the crown prince
Market and houses incinerated; for what?
A self styled appraised beaut
Of prescriptive respect
Crown is no more matter of excellence
Money and dignity rules whatever beneath the helio
Title and name of ascending to the throne
Has been most amiable battle royal
I have sacrifice my first son for
What I have starry-eyes on
But all I see is an owl in the sunlight
I would give my eye teeth for that crown
My clan clove into group aside
And I stampede my gnomish henchmen
To swear by the deity of unify pond waters
Not to part from me
Perhaps I was a toddler and piggyback
When the bride price of my mother was forfeit
Surrogate sons, have no thought on this, let alone I
Elders on a foregone conclusion
Foresaw I take an ell
Then I slap and bully my elders
For the couldn't let our mores moribund
My wish, was to be a control freak
But who I was, is my cradle
Am left with a niggling doubt
That kings are not made
Rather they are born
King ship remain patrimonial
Nature has shift my ways
Of following social niceties
I wasn't conscience stricken,
For the wrong deeds
I impound the effigy to be my title deed
With the connivance of my henchmen
Libate surreptitious to the gods
To pay off old scores

These blimey my ancestors
They ill-fate I and my henchmen
With a stertorous illness and eerie remedy
That is to hear the cry of a breech birth baby
To sate the vendetta I mastermind

casmire Emeribe

Painted Sapporca

Sitting on the front pew can't be ascribe
As a virtue of a christian
Been exulted and hail in the order
Being a communicant but hold down your brother
Like the acts, michael the archangel did to lucifer
Seizure of the belongings of you and your siblings
Obviously you are the heir apparent,
Nature demand, you cede these belongings
Are you doing these, to proof to us that you are perfect
Am not saying these, to point accusing finger on you
Rather my grievance over what I see
The act of the prince of the church at the corridors of power
That has surpass the murder in the cathedral
Is all about him appointing his brothers
As auxiliary bishop, is his spoiling tactics
To impose them to any vacant episcopal seat
He sniffle many of us with this.
Now, I take the prince of the church
For a snake oil salesman
I have written this,
Not to tattle to you about the prince's misdeed
Rather it worries me
If not that I have believe in this apostolic
And one catholic even in this trying times
A prospective shepherd lobbying
His way into the citadel of God
What a mirage?

casmire Emeribe

Passage Of Every Colossus

Orogbonu was enchant
Mothers dance in bliss
They sob out 'Egbe or Ego'
As the case may be
On birth all men are non descript
None can tell who is blue blooded
Time dissolves and flies
Year chime like sixty minutes
Keeps going up and never comes down
Yester- year preterite wouldn't repeat
Experience conquer the future
Many live not to see a new day break
Life is of such- toddling, piggybacked, crawling, walking and grizzled.
Pung as the grey hairs appears
Life here is a nine days wonder
Today, you speak wisely, some days are coming
As time dissolves and year fade out
You would gibberish on words
Looking at the corners of the walls
Calling on your fellows
Who are no more
Yelling to your ancestors in afterlife
At this time, life is faith that looks through death

casmire Emeribe

Perestroika

'Corruptio optimi pessima'

Where was honest Abe really?

The great emancipators honoured,

Power made black supremacist.

Perestroika ongoing;

Isn't half so bad you think

What's alternative?

Africa, you lay no tender and loving hands

For tomorrow's nation entrusted;

Through motorcycle; eradication of penury of the envision egghead.

Has exposed us to on-time death,

By reason of fighting hunger and thirst,

While deducing our head count mindlessly.

Perestroika ongoing;

Where will it lead us?

On your freedom of speech, you empower the statocrat;

Nasute ant on colony throughout its metamorphosis,

Isn't going to make a good drone, rather it sting to supernal,

No ombudsman to the citizenry rather surveillance.

Perestroika ongoing;

Has no efficacy.

Opportunity to oust party in office whose record

Has been bad is on the corner, make your calling and election sure.

Perestroika ongoing!

Is a boomerang, if you give it out,

It returns to you.

Put down the mighty from their seat,

And exalt the humble

Gerrymanding with promises unfulfilled,

We need them no more.

Usher august group of men

To destruct the approbrious remark held on us,

By our fair blonde brothers

casmire Emeribe

Red Carpet (Dedicated To Nass And Sug)

Fellows, colleagues and contemporaries-
Here it come again,
The wind that blows with mixed blessings
Make your calling and election sure,
We 've constitution but lead a rafferty's rule
Many think the have ragbag of politics
While you canvass for support, think of the cost benefit
Of your action today that would beget tomorrow.
Here I doff my cap for the best,
If it means defacing the walls,
To write your names
As legendary of all times
Your name would stand a taste of time
You break the dead lucks
And brought us out of the shackles
Of failure and high stress studies.
We would miss-
The mixed ability of our great comrades
O! Comrade and comrade- in-arms
Are you sure you want this?
It is a slightly acceptance
Of death.
To bleed and cry for others
And as well the spokesman of all
If you admit all these
We welcome you with remarks very germane
Endure our mixed feelings
Of yester-years with stoicism

casmire Emeribe

Short Gun Wedding

In living, our life
The mores we met
A woman would cling to a man;
The become one
How beautiful, it is when a belle
Dance around with a horn fill
To the brim with palm wine
In search of her lost ribs
When found, is a good thing
A woman would cling to a man
Not man clinging to a woman-Taboo.
Not long ago she spring
like a morning glory
But so feeble she appears.
Her sob stories were titillating
Pity I wore for her, I took her in my arm arms
I never knew that was her desire
She has long for the master
To come her way
Not mind she was a social climber
Life has forsaken her
Her principles became dead letter.
O! This ribaldry I took upon myself
Would be a death low to my future.
I elope with her, given deaf ear to my kins folk

casmire Emeribe

Some Day The Sun Would Risen Again

The sun has set
The clouds round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That kept man's ambition alive
How wonderful is my tribe
Their tenderness, joy, fears and respect
Behold, the uprise of the sun was declare
But was pre-empt by war
Till death, he uphold his precis
'In aburi, we stand'
Our thoughts do lie too deep in tears
When we cease fire,
In solace of no victor! no vanquished!
Our morale, did tremble like a guilty thing surprisely
Grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remain behind
In primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be
I dream of the sun risen again
Some day untamed
Would echo on every frequency on early morning
When the chip are down
Were dispute and rancor wouldn't be met
Lie low our hatchets
Is in honour of our patriotic brothers
Who met their waterloof wanton this to come
We are determine to circumvent the little traps
Is gladsome as his ribs are seen
As bars on the face of the setting sun
The sun's rim dips; the star rush out
At ones strike comes blackout
Over his country home and people

casmire Emeribe

Stereotype

The cradle of all beginning from chaos
So faceless through a void.
Despite all the odds
The dreams of these people are bold
Blunt, unequivocal and pungent
It worries me much, my fellow also
Call me names-
Am saying this,
For the incessant bellicose words of my fellows
I know I wander much but still
Am a bird of passage, soon I would flew,
They have belabour this falsehood,
Which the hold on me, to belie my good gestures
I raise this, on fixation of approbius treaty.
The eagle eyes the have on me isn't enough
Unclad the make me look before my fellows
With a single-story that we all are
Gentlemen on a highway
These till hitherto left me
Still dusting the shambles
That I had no past but my past,
They destroy.

casmire Emeribe