

Poetry Series

Chime Justice Ndubuisi
- poems -

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20th November

It was a pretty long time ago.
How time flies when you're on the go
In front of me, time stood tall
I have no memory of it at all
But i know it's on a day like this
That the Gods in conjugal bliss
Does mould men amongst men
It is the best day of the season.
How can I ever forget this day?
A great day in a special way.
It will always come around,
In front of me, no single sound,
Bright like the sun:
The day i was born,
Twentieth of November
A day to always remember.
When I think of you and what you are
It reminds me of how close we are.
It's between me and you,
I'm blessed because of you,
You lie down in my shadow,
While I create spectacles like a rainbow.
Let there be many break throughs,
Help me, let's shatter this darkness.
Let's light up this night,
Let the light shine bright
Like a million billion volts
And break through the Martian vaults.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

A Psalter

While we labour in pain,
Struggling like wounded lion,
Let us think again
The day we were born.
The stars are the same everywhere!
It is life
That sustains life!
Pray, this pool is clean
What prevents you?
Life is a maze of hurdles,
Trust not tomorrow,
Live through today first.
Of all the keys
I know,
Only two can comfortably open
Many mighty and solid doors.
It is now! A resolute heart,
Strength to the brave.
The one is coming
Whose footprints would remind us that life
Is best lived today
That make indelible marks.
Pray, untie your shoe lace
Let your ten toes
Bury themselves in the sand
That passersby would notice
We wrestled with the tides of fate.
I'm the shepherd boy
Strong willed, tall and stately.
I dream of green pastures
Surrounded by a sea, an island, but
Dreams are not what they seem.
So let us get baptized!
Whatever could prevent us
In this world, this battlefield
Could also turn us to sheep,
Stupid and dumb
That relies on the past
And waits for tomorrow.

Let us pursue life with joyful eyes,
Let us not slumber then, or die
But live to fullfil our dreams
And enjoy and not sorrow.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

A Sign On The Cemetary Gate

If perchance you're passing by that wrought-iron gate
And the beautiful blossoming flowers on the graves
Did not entice your busy eyes
Let it look up and read the inscription on the gate:

'No need for peace
Enough already exist here,
No more quest for riches here
This is the richest place.

No need for silence,
It's already deafening in here!
No more seeking for knowledge here,
It has mansions here in abundance.

No need for sleeping pills
They're having enough sleep already
Pending when their maker is ready
To do what He wills'.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

And Blame Myself For The Loss

I do not need the mirror, it's transparent.
I do not want the mirror to torture me
I look, I see myself and I forget
And that is not what I want,
I want to use it and melt the sun
And blame myself for the loss.
I do not want to look at the mirror
Hanging on the wall of my little room
It makes me naked; naked to myself.
I do not want to look at the mirror
Hanging all around in the open street
It makes me old; wrinkled and rough
They are my mirror; the people I see
The old people I see ever day
You are my mirror
Come close, stand by me.

You are the mirror in your room,
You stay for hours watching yourself till
Your mother says you are late for work.
Out in the outside, you forget
You forget completely what you look like.
We are the mirror of the world,
We fail to exist without it
A quick glance at moving vehicles
Or those parked at the lot
Could be enough of a reminder
Until you get to the glass house.

I'm lost without it, and
All night I pursue my lost self
I dream of faces I thought are mine
Mirror is everywhere, but is useless
If it can't permanently retain me
I wouldn't need it for anything
Not for looking at myself,
I can only use it and dry the ocean
And blame myself for the loss.

As Long As The Earth Exists

As long as the earth exists
men are the eternal victims
is there sense in it?
To let son fight the giant
the father could not defeat
to let life go on just like that?
We've waited for so long a time
and we are still waiting upon hope
and till the last moment, every housefly
Is a bee! We've been bitten repeatedly
We've been soaked in this misery
and till the last moment, every housefly
Is a bee! Every goose is a swan!
Until the very last moment, till then,
we'll hope for the very best
And would see nothing wrong, and worst;
we won't face the whole truth,
we would rather thrust the truth
away with our own hands. Both hands!
I would want to know it afterwards,
who ate the bread from heaven
or the original fruit from Eden, again.
We have failed to ask this one question;
the answer is everywhere we turn:
Which parent would let their children battle
the devil they themselves could not subdue?
I would like to know it afterwards:
The rewards for merit and demerits
Could it be that the man who possesses
wisdom would die from ignorant's lashes?
I would like to know it afterwards
Why we have abandoned our own large Obis
and live in another man's small mansion
as gardeners; why we've forgotten so soon
our own age and our father's own?
this is it: the hearth of the fallen
Nothing exists to fight or be fought for,
nothing to live and hope for
our last hope - now a dying shadow

is beckoning for help and sympathy. Now
and again our sun loses its glow,
no signs. That was it; our tomorrow,
Our hope! The last piece of firewood
in the hearth. But it's enough firewood!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Blood Of A Virgin Brother I

You are a victim of your own
One dies for all, not all for one.
We learn while we are breathing.
Nwanyieke was not peace loving
Until she was thoroughly shaken and taken,
By nature' swift wings to be reborn;
To give birth to a more gentle race,
Wiser than gods, to wrestle with fate
On account of two revolts or three:
Death, injustice against the human family tree
And one not accounted for: deception.
She shot beyond the mark by one,
An evil act tantamount to committing suicide.
When it fell upon her to decide,
She gambled the life of her son
To mark the fall of her raising sun.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Chime, Justice Ndubuisi

I've been bitten twice
But I refuse to be shy.
I must break the power of events;
The seal of fate,
And cut the cord of destiny.
I must settle my existence!

I'll wait, focussed
With my binoculars on,
For my future, bright as the day
Lies before me, assuring!
I have my rights,
My life is mine,
I lose my right, I lose my life.
I'll grab it, my true identity,
I'll live it, despite this existential crypt!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Conquering Fate

I've been struggling with you
For supremacy since my infancy
No thanks to whatever made it so
And unfortunately, you've had the upper hand.

It has been struggle all the way
I've walked the tortuous road
Paved with sharp-edged stones
My legs have been pierced,

My blood drips and wets the road
My sweat saunters down to my pant
Thanks to my undaunted spirit
I forge ahead like a wounded lion.

You've overran me, wrestled me down,
I'm kneeling, but I'm not pleading.
I'm still holding your waist.
Knock me down as much as you can,

I'll never let my back touch down
I've vowed to keep my head up
To own up my circumstances,
No matter how twisted, to live up to expectation.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Crime And Punishment

I did not see or know,
Who, from nowhere this great ball threw,
 Out of whose golden hand it was sewn,
Or whose great brain drew the plan.

 The specialists on white robes give excuses,
 Those with golden hair forgot their birthdays.
 The birth of the merciless armed men too.
The felon - a long fork-tongued foe,
 And maiden with unbridled lust for fruits.
The referee whose decision he awaits
 Came wielding a long sword of love
And without the wisdom of the dove,
 Inflates the ball, and there was air!
 Only air! Mingled with noises and roar,
Hurrying to and fro among the nations;
 The noble birth of the twins,
 Of civilization, of light and art -
Amadioha's noble deeds - lost to the past;
 Lost to the sight! All is still now,
But truth is hard, hard to swallow.

 Great thanks to poets. And the Gods
That inspired and preserved the many lines,
 The lines of life, the very beginning
To make us query the very meaning
 Of existence, the purpose of this life,
 This long passage from stage to stage.
Because what we know now are excuses!
 Vessels in a porter's hands! The muses,

What happened to the perfect virgin vegetation?
The innocent dolphins deep down the ocean?
 Did these drink also of the wrath?
 Or they have no single worth?
Than to share in the same web we are caught
 As if the Gods act without thought.

Dream, The

The Dream

In that midnight hour
When you've yielded to that one power;
Between sleep and dream
When all you notice is a deadly calm,
And all you hear is silence;
Absolute naked silence.
I saw it broken, like iceberg
A veil-like misty fog,
And a gate opens like a book
It was there as I look,
Like a book with endless pages,
Like a pair of wings
Belonging to countless dragonflies,
I raised my leg and stepped into paradise!
Yes, paradise!
It was peopled by all kind of trees,
From four fountains emanate assorted breeze.
There were no snake anywhere
But barren land stretches here and there.
And in a last effort to wake up
From this slumbering sleep,
A voice I heard from within the trees
Sounding like swan of bees,
Breaking the virgin calm:
'Where are you Adam? '
It was the voice of my dad
As I woke up, naked on my bed.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Epiphany

And while the music played,
We danced our legs to stupor.
Legs dancing, wrought-stricken upon the floor
While the eternal music played.

Where dwells the lone and the dead?

 Deep into the darkness I stood peering;
Haunted by horror
Pursued by terror;
Instances of which all mortal names hung.
Where were they when their graves are dug?

 Eyes alone, drowned in total blindness
Could but see only darkness.

Here comes nothing, blooming,
The pierced one, bleeding.
Day by day we draw closer to mortal home,
Deeper and deeper, we crawled to the caves;
Where lay ancient runes
, and a forbidden

Tree producing lustrous fruits from its armpit!

 From the sprinkled blood of the innocent
To the last drop of the rain;
The ones spilled in vain:
There comes nothing out of the dust!
Where are they, the ones we lost?

 While the music is still playing,
We realized; like a flash,
We emerged as from scratch,
And we began growing.
We began thinking
of ourselves,
We began asking who we are
We began looking for the things we've lost.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Epitaphion: On The Death Of Death

Here lies death, the fiend
Whom none ever liked.
Disrespector of age and creed,
The gluttonous eater of mankind.
That monster we all once feared
Whose footsteps are never heard
But only the outcome of its deed.
Whose domains are without any bound,
Whose fame far and wide is heard.
Here lies death, dead!
Your own snares caught you instead.
That wicked monster is now confined!

The monster that always blot out our light,
That turns our day into night,
That dashes us to the ground from a-height.
Now that you are out of sight,
Where now is your strength?
Where now is your might?
What happened to that your deadly bite?
Now that you are dead, death!
Now that you lay cold and white,
You are weaker than we could ever thought.

Long time ago, you started your carrier
Greedy glutton. Slimy life eater,
The worst of its kind. Uglier
Than the devil. Death, whether
You were created, we can't decipher.
But we are glad you are gone forever.
Here I brought you thorny rose flower;
I shall not cry for you, Never!

Here lies death; it's craft was stealing.
It steals from men and beasts: everything living.
It takes man away when his sun is still shining!
A stealthy thief; you can never see it approaching.
Now that you're dead, everybody is rejoicing.
For you, there'll be no mourning.

Come up now and kill!
Why lie there cold and still?
You have been caught in your own cell.
No one will fare you well.

No one will sing or cry, save
For this my little epitaph on your grave.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Eternal Life

When we woke on day three,
We found us sitting under an oak tree.
We've been dreaming the same dream,
We remember, each the same dream:
There was a man, hefty and haggard,
Out of the tree, bowing down his head.
Streaks of blood trailed him,
Stranded smoke, dust, fog all on him.
Beyond our body and soul, a tempest of fear!
We saw the dead come clear
Amid a still, silly and serene silence
As though dethroned and denied of their place
For an unrendered service.
Then, came devil keeping the same pace!
There was a chasm breathing smoke
And tongues confessing love
For the smoke that now stood tall.

Under the oak we sat, cold as hell
Waiting to find the secret of eternal life:
In some quiet pond where flowed streams of life,
Some trees with leaves: white, black, many colours;
Or mysterious flowers bringing out myriads of scents!
We are waiting still, in the bower
Of unknown time, willing and eager
For the sudden emergence of the promised light;
The second sacrifice of the same scapegoat.

Perhaps, life's a dream we are all living;
A meaningful meaninglessness.
When we'd wake up finally, perhaps
Nothing would be worth having.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

For Sister Amarachi At 40

As swiftly as they come,
Days are like wind that blows away
Yet, we have to make each day count,
Although some days count more,
We still have to appreciate each day.

When you wake up every morning,
And you hear the siren of ambulance,
And you listened as it fades with the wind,
And you read the entire obituary column,
And couldn't find a name you know,
Believe me, sister, it's worth celebrating!
It means that all your loved ones are alive.

When you answer you calls for the day,
And none informed you of an emergency,
What more blessing can one ask of?
Life and family are the best gifts
We don't always cherish, until they're gone.

As part of your family,
I always keep you in mind, so, today
When I flipped through my calender and
The reminder reads that today is you Birthday,
I knew immediately that like all other days,
Today too is going to be a great day
For you and for us all;
And we wish you long life and good health.
Have fun sister, you are the best!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Girl From The Grave

Out of the grave, out of the grove
Comes a girl, pretty like daughter of Jove
And eyes as innocent as a dove.
I wouldn't mind giving you all my love
(But you are a girl from the grove) .

There is no pretense in your essence;
I could barely make a complete sentence.
You strike me with your innocence,
I cower at the aura of your presence
(And there is always your presence)

I don't know how you do it
But you are perfect and swift
You always ignite a burning heat
In me, and keep me asking for it
(And I always come asking for it) .

I always find myself at your services,
It's amazing how you make me nervous
.

I guess you figured that I'm a novice
And swept me off my feet without any notice
(And I can't help myself even with a notice) .

But you are still the girl from the grove
Innocent and simple as a dove
With whom I have deposited my love,
But you are always on the move
(And you carry with you my love) .

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Her Kiss Is Paradise: Henshaw Kate

Now and again my heart tried to freeze

Until I behold the feet of the very best!

At the shoulder of the evening breeze

I quietly sort my wearied head to rest

As the nightingale which sings for speech

Swaggers home not to roost

But to stay between my upper arm's reach

Lending it's sonorous voice my joy to boost.

Oh Kate, immortalise me with your golden kiss
And I'll present you with fleets of ship from Tarshish!
Oh fair one, fairer than thousand morning stars
I'd wish for you than little Solomon's wish.

See now the mother of all beauties!

One look at her pretty face

Is worth more than a thousand elsewhere.

Her smile, as infectious as it is

Feels like showers of rain,

It's like countless open doors

That leaves me with this drunken slowness

And I stare, sometimes pulsing my video machine

While she thrills my obsessed eyes.

Kate, if I desire any river on this earth,

It's that in which your beauty flows like kindness

I'll only kneel down, put a bouquet in a paperboat

And let it sail free around the world

Announcing your presence in the manner of Queen Elizabeth

So that when almost my throat is parched

You would make an oasis through your breath.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

I Do Not Understand

For me, it started before I was born
Fear and pain became everything.

We fear about almost everything
We are frightened men!
Even when the night of our childhood
Is fast gone, we fear the unknown,
We rise up, fear and pain bring us down.
Life still brings trouble to our homestead.
I do not understand,
Mother, why am I so helpless?
Father, why is my situation so hopeless?
Am I suffering for what you people did?
Fate is dealing me a hard one
Life has thrown me down
I can't get up because of the pain
I'm battling fear and pain one-on-one,
It started before I was born!
I embraced life at birth crying,
Fear gripped my head, at faces staring.
The pain of being born!
I do not understand,
Mother, why am I so helpless?
Father, why is my situation so hopeless?
Am I suffering for what you people did?
They are angry with me: everyone.
Have I lost my mind?
Have I not made my body members dead?
They scorn and frown at me: everyone
Because I am not religious, but spiritual,
Because I don't belong to any parish,
They call me a bat; that I'm foolish!
Following my conviction has made me a fool.
I do not understand,
Mother, why am I so helpless?
Father, why is my situation so hopeless?
Am I suffering for what you people did?
Now that am grown, I still fear,
I fear for my family's safety,

I wish I could grant them immortality,
I have but heightened pain and fear!
I fear that I wouldn't meet up to expectations,
It pains me that I can't please everybody,
My helplessness manifests with each passing day.
I look older among my age mates!
I do not understand,
Mother, why am I so helpless?
Father, why is my situation so hopeless?
Am I suffering for what you people did?
Am so scared of the future
I am lost and incomplete
In this mad race, I can't compete,
I can't find myself in the picture!
Everybody wants to change me,
They want me to be less myself: it's madness!
But I can't pretend! It's pure foolishness!
I can't lie to myself! I'm being me.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

I Have Lost My Mind!

Take this heart of mine
Vanish down the wind
And never come back to me.
I have lost my mind!

I just want to see the wind
Lose it's way, and make me gay.
Take this flower of gold
Drown it, do not pay.
No need for more words,
I just want to see the sea
Break its boundaries
And find a way to my cup of tea!

Have I lost my mind?
This mindless mind, pure
As a refined diamond.
Take it and lay it at the shore
Let water wash it away,
I've always wanted it so,
Do not bother to pay.
Cast me out: I'll appreciate it so.

Let the smokes burn up to heaven
I need to see the moon cry.
Let seven come after eleven,
I want to have November in May.

Let me make things right,
I don't want no bribe of kisses!
I want the moon to just lose its sight,
Get hold of me and tear me into pieces!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

I Shot My Eyes Through The Orbit

I shot my eyes through the orbit
It was empty and void, worlds apart.
Through the outer space
It raced, through endless space
That's the world out there.
If we all have to pilgrim there,
There wouldn't be rain
No sun, no pain
We would be missing out.
It'd all be empty and void, worlds apart:
There would be no joys, no pains
No varieties. We'd all be in chains,
We'd all miss sadness, darkness and madness
We'd be living life that's lifeless.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

I Stood

my king only greeted my wife once,
now he has her completely.
He said she is a fountain
where honey drips from hollow combs,
that she is as a garden
blossoming as with many flowers;
and God has made him the bee,
busy buzzing and flapping
his wings around the petals,
dressed in an embroidered robe,
with golden sceptre in his hand,
and golden crown on his head.
I saw my wife passing with the king,
smiling heartily and robbing his chest:
if you look for me as I stood there,
you won't find me. I was lost,
lost in my anger, my pain. I stood,
robbed my eyes, it was no apparition.
My hairs stood on ends, my head bigger,
and my heart ached and throbbed furiously,
yet what can i say to the king,
but, 'thank you my lord for your goodness'.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

If All Things Were Made

If all things were made,
The heaven, and the earth we promenade
They are made to decay,
It may take long, but come what may,
They'd end, I heard, by fire
When all the elements retire.

I know it will come,
That day will come
When everything would be on their back
And days would turn dark.
In all these, I have just one desire:
To sit and watch and admire
The entire show, and not participate
Or share in their fate.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Illuminate

My dearly beloved shadow of light;
My light when the day is dead
Receive and keep me in your brazier,
Receive me your resident lost.

The gorgeous light that illuminate earth evermore,
Like a wide open, sleepless eye forever
The light whose breath is fire;

Oh, master over the ever darkening night,
Sometimes, I reach out to touch you;
Will I burn, or be bright as day?
With your light other lights illuminate
And return to their first position
Like triangular stars before the fall

Like the light that extinguishes the night;
Smooth as a king's way,
Riding in your chariot ever shining;
With your light I am blest.
Who would behold you my ideal light?
The stream from which bright waters flow
Those abiding in your light most holy.

My guerdon is a noble fame; for
To turn away from you is the beginning of death.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Lacryma Christi (Tears Of Christ)

The echoes sluggishly passed into nothingness
Disentangling quickly from other echoes,
Finding its way through the forest
Where nymphs reside and rest,
Laughing into our ears the same song.
It took us long, oh how long
To know, to understand
The sweat and blood on the sand.

Oh lacryma Christi!

The cry of rage exhumes from the caves
To banish the power of the graves.
It runs through the thicket
To our heart, to buy us the ticket
By the life, when it was born,
We, to crown it is with thorn!
Yet it found us, out of kindness
Despite our nothingness.

Oh lacryma Christi!

All is finished!
The scape-cow of the world
I lose myself to you
I want to test you.
Remember the blood in the sand,
Let the sun glow without end,
Let the world crumble before you,
But remember: we are only testing you!

Oh lacryma Christi!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Leo Ejesu: On Your Birthday 2013

Leo Onyemauche Ejesu,
On a day like this you were born
A fragile virgin child
Unto the overjoyed awaiting hands of your
Sweet and caring parents.
The joy of being born overwhelmed you
To shed tiny drops of joyful lachryma.
Look at what you have become today;
A blessing to your family and the world,
Look at the blessing you have afforded us
That came to know you!
Look at what you have become;
A full grown adult with needs and wants.
Now balloons and jingle bells are obsolete,
Money and material gifts won't be enough.
I don't have red ribbons to hang
Nor could I find red wild roses.
I can't summon the three wise men
To be by your side today,
But I wish you multiple blessings
And many more fruitful years ahead.
May your lack become your bountifulness,
May your curse become your blessing,
May your supposed tragedy turn to comedy
And your tears become laughter always.
Remember: a heart like mine cares too:
Happy birthday to you my good man.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Lonely Dreams

I'm alone in the world,
Dreaming nasty dreams,
Ruminating on things I've been told
But they won't hold; it seems
They are all washed down the stream.
Once again I'm alone
And tears roll down like a stream
But then everything too is gone!

The stream rolls back to the river bed,
The moon appears dead in the sky,
And I'm alone in the world
As heaven open its mouth and cry,
I could feel the earthquake underneath
And there emerge creepy things
Enough to make me lose my breath.

And I'm already afraid of many things:

I'm afraid of the mountains
Spilling down molten magma,
Afraid of the ocean whose sobs
Put the whole land in coma,
Afraid of heaven breaking away from its pillars
And collapsing on the earth,
And stars missing from their constellations.
I'm afraid the sun won't shine forth,
That I'm really alone in the world
Dreaming these things
Which are making my blood turn cold
And compounding my woes for no reasons.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Imaginary Star

When this is over
I would like to pull a star
And lock it up in my love jar
Like I'd do a flower!
The presence would make me feel better.
Others can only see it from afar
As I drive it in my car.
I'd cherish it forever.
We'd love each other,
I'd protect it with an iron bar
I'd not let anyone come near,
We'd be happy ever after!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman I

You will indulge me
In the cool waters of your river.
I would swim in your presence,
I would be clothed in your brazier.

I came with you as far as here
To sing of your dark beauty
To paint the picture of your loving face,
Your smile, as it spread across the sky.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman II

Do you remember this place
Oh woman of my youth?
This lone path before the bridge?
I met you here, on this path.
You whose hair is black and long,
And legs straight like a pillar.
You remember when you sang that song?
That made my body and bones shiver!
I looked into your eyes
It was like blue diamond!
Then the wind came and surprised us;
Our clothes touched and sealed our bond!
You were the woman of my youth,
Now we are as far as heaven and earth!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman Iii

Where else shall we go to my love?
Nowhere is new under the sun.
Nothing, except when a man
After countless others, gets a wife.
Shall we climb from the mountains
To the moon at midnight?
There, I'd listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat.
Shall we to the orchard of fruits and flowers,
Were we would have red roses without thorns,
We'd obey our hearts and give all to love
For nothing is good, save your sweet presence
Which I'd cherish to eternity of years!

Come closer; tell me of your resistance.
For me, my body has been tortured
And wounded because I refused to bend
To invaders of our young love.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman Iv

I have tried to imagine
A car without the engine.
I have tried to imagine life without you,
I'm sure it has not been given birth to!
It'll be like a day without the sun,
Like a night without the moon,
Like a country recovering from war,
Like a house without a door.
It'll be like a door without a key,
Like a sheep that lost its way.
How can a bird fly without its wings?
Can one play a harp without its strings?
You are my wing and my string.
You make my heart sing song.

I could spend half my life
And conquer all the strife in life.
I could easily walk down the depth of Abyss,
Defy the gatekeepers and break the heart of Hades;
I could win you that race
Just to sit and watch your pretty face;
Because only you knows
As far as the world goes
How to make my lips smile,
A good reason why I should gulp down the Nile.

You are my heartbeat,
My destiny; the reason I breathe.
No day is good without your presence,
Without you, I'm a man without any sense,
Like a soldier without his gun,
Like a day that is fast gone!
Nothing on earth feels good as your arm,
Nowhere is as safe as your bosom!
You give me reason to wake up
Every morning, and you take me to the top.
I can't wait for the day or the season
I'd not have to live without you again!

My Woman IX: On Her Voice

Do you know the place
Where the mountain kisses the heaven?
Do you know where God hid his face
When Adam lost his clean?
It is that place Maamaa
I'll take you to on a lover's day,
The place Israelites first picked Manna
And later lost their way.
Had I learnt a tree to climb
It'd be easier to reach heaven from here.
Had you been a lamb,
Your smile would soften God's face.

Do you know where lightening
Gets its flash from?
Do you know where comes the roaring
Of the thundering storm?
But it is not as thunderous as
Your suiting voice
Or as penetrating as
Your love-making noise.
Had I to choose your love to trade
For another enchantress' sweet spell
I wouldn't sell even for a diamond-jade
Even if the moon for me should fall.

Do u know where the waves lay their head?
Do you know, do you know
The place the oceans drop dead
Or the gathering place of snow?
The stone-cold silence alone
Could cause an earthquake.
Had I the power to make or take
I wouldn't dare across there,
For fear this fire might quench
Which burns in my heart so dear,
I'd prefer to savour the stench
Of the dead ocean only if you're there.

My Woman V

Down in your watery deep
I am drowned like a loose ship.
Deep in the fire from your eyes
Where the rose of beauty burns,
I burn like a fiery lake;
Wandering barefooted for love' sake.
I cannot count the years I spent
Courting secretly in your love tent.
Oh daughter of the Gods, born of man,
I've come again to your safe haven
To offer each gift at will;
(At your feet I kneel
I wont stand until my knees peel)
Beckon the heavens to receive them all.
Find me, and turn my shame to fame,
(Before I sell my soul for cheap fame)
By vow, like Gods and man, we're same!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman Vi

Let me call you my woman,
Let me perceive the scent of your skin,
Let me whisper in your ear
I've been dreaming of you my dear.

You are the Rose watering my rose garden,
Feeding me with apples like in Eden.
You are unintentionally graceful,
Without trying to be, you are beautiful!

You are beautiful whenever you smile
Your grace is as splendid as river Nile.

Your voice is the choicest of voices,
Soft and sonorous as the calm voices
Of early morning birds. Your songs
Makes other songs melt away in their throngs.

Let us run through the field
And laugh and chatter, arms interlaced.
Your eyes are blue like diamond,
Like the sky, brighter than pure gold!

Let me call you my woman,
Let me wallow in your essence again,
Let me drown in your tender tears,
I've only been soaked in those tears all these years!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman Vii

Whenever I'm with you, I feel happy.
Whenever you kiss me, I see love,
I see love in its entirety!
Whenever you touch me, I feel care,
I feel like there's nothing like vanity.
Whenever I hear your voice,
It's like many birds singing me a lullaby.
Your love leaves me with no choice
But to reciprocate your kind humility.
Whenever I'm with you, and you hold me,
I feel like staying like that for eternity!
I realize why Adam couldn't stop loving Eve,
I feel the love God feel for humanity,
And I know that's what you feel for me.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

My Woman Viii

I found my life path
Leading straight to your heart.

I've never seen one so true!
You left me gaping without any clue.

Your love is poisonous as it is healing;
I could only hear the moon sing
In a world where only us exist.
Your charms I find hard to resist.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Naked Truth

In this heart of mine,
Now like ember that burns in the hearth,
True love used to live;
Now it can't even breath.

When we reach the fork-tongued road,
We'd follow it separately to the end.

We are never meant to say goodbye
But it's never a do-or-die affair
Someday, we'd just have to say goodbye
Life itself is not always fair.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Ode To Love

Of all the things I ever desire
I wish I am old, O love,
To know of all your good and bad
That strong arm that ceases the world,
To know of all your charms
That every woman claims
But there are old men too
Who for one thing or two
At your feet cower and shrinks
And foolishly fall for your tricks.
O eloquent love,
Almighty fair love
Who mocks at vanity
And brings opposites in harmony!
I wish I was too young
To keep you at bay for long
I wish I knew nothing about you
That I'm dumb and without a clue.
Love, O love!
O divine love!
Please have pity
Do not throw me away
Though I'm a lost sheep,
Do not sink my ship
While I sail at your sea
And bid you my back only to see
And paddle my canoe across
Swiftly as engine boats does;
To the other side
Where I'd take a ride
To befriend grey hair
And to youthful passions be fair
Seeing through your own big eye,
As my heart I tie
As I watch you come by,
And scorn at days gone-by
When by the swift beat of the brain
You make my heart suffer pain,
Yet in the midst of such pain

I would see nothing bane or vain
But would scorn even at wealth
And bid welcome to death.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Paradise, The Argument

Many among us have argued:
If God had destroyed, once a world
Filled with crimes, disobedience, anarchy, greed
And men of unusual sizes, with a flood,
And fostered a new and more worthy race
Containing few who honestly sought His face
And eventually could not keep up with His pace,
But lost His abundance grace
And was faced with a confused language
That threatened their unity and lineage.
After the great deluge and persistent rage,
Came destruction by fire and sulphur: Lot's page,
Followed by the creation of a new nation
Of people, and oath of allegiance sworn
Who could not live up to expectation
And was destroyed! Is it a tradition?
Where one creates and destroys,
Creates and destroys!
Where God creates and destroys,
Creates and destroys!
If you ask me, God should leave
The world as it is now. He
Should be consumed with making life
Better for us. We don't need the paradise,
We have everything we'd ever need,
We don't need money or gold,
He should just leave the world,
And give us eternal life instead;
We don't want to hear that anything died:
We don't need any better reward!
Besides, we are not guaranteed
That even the 'kingdom' is not fated
The same as the other worlds
Once purged of sin and other evils
But was later destroyed by elements
Which were made by God's own hands!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Resurrection

We sojourn through uncharted bushes and paths
Nothing; no trails, just journeying to a nowhere
Inquiring as we go along; sometimes fighting
Man, wrestling gods, defeating beasts and ogres
And making bargains; but we moved on.
The bushes thickened and the paths narrowed,
 But we are yet resurrected!

It is no hearsay, but pure revelation;
We are pilgrims to a nowhere
Until we get there, our feet remain un-laden
As we walk past sultry darkness, desires high
Do darkness and night know us by name?
We are drowned now, gone for ever
 But we are yet resurrected!

Why should I continue living, or be resurrected?
Death brings release. Relief from all suffering,
Yet I must, under the heaviest burdens,
For I alone has been singled out
To run the cycle over and over
Eternally; a difficult task: my burden
 But I am yet resurrected!

To make the seasons come ceaselessly,
To make nights and days endlessly,
I, born to work and to sorrow
I must not depart from my burden,
I must see the end: very soon
 But I am yet resurrected!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Retrieved Poetry

Poetry is dead,
Some would say.
But the inspiration that befell the poet,
But the gods that cursed the poet
Would never allow him grow weary.
It keeps pouring out like morning dew
From sundown to cock crow.

Poetry is dead,
Some would say.
Those would get paid
That wishes it out of this world.
Judgement day, the pay day, even today

,
Memories linger of what the Gods inspired.
Only poetry has survived a worldwide flood.

Poetry is dead,
Some have said.
But the inspiration keeps coming,
But the memory keeps living.
Poetry lives on even when the world is dead;
It dies only if it is not poetry
And there is only a good few poetry.

Poetry is dead,
Some have said.
Until we start seeing poetry as poetry
And nothing more, until that day,
Until we start thinking he is inspired,
Until we stop thinking for the poet;
He is possessed he is innocent.

Poetry is dead,
So goes the argument.
Even as we cut from the same tree,
Even as we speak same universal language,
You cannot cut deep if your axe's blunt.
We can never speak from same mouth.
You can only say your own thought.

Poetry is dead,
So goes the argument,
If poetry is dead, killed by death,

If poetry is dead, swallowed by death,
The corpse should be in our front.
We should know how to bury it.
We should dig not cover it with dust.

Poetry is dead,
If poetry is really dead,
There is cause to weep bitterly,
There is cause to think deeply
For the world has been stripped naked.
For poetry is great, ageless, timeless, bottomless.
At the burial we must remain emotionless.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Sad Poetry

I've lost my patience in waiting!
Now am on an eagle's wings speeding
And if only I could buy more time,
I would fly until I can fly no more
But life is short and a history
The Gods really have lost their way
Allow them. Let them find it.
We can only walk behind, not in front
When I think of misery, I am weary
Then I think of the kids in the nursery;
What do they know, or care to
That they suffer as adults do
When I think of life, I think of wars
Then I think of man, and I think of the gods
Who is man to the Gods? My fear is;
That they are another indispensable pairs?
When I think of the living and the dead
I think also of those half-dead
Will they ever meet again?
Do they have fears or feel some pain?
When I think of loss and gain
I think also of the rain;
 Of a day or a year
 We'd look up to the rain and cheer.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Shades Of Grey

You looked out of your window
On a hot afternoon Monday
You saw it passing: a shadow.
You wondered if it had lost its way.
You trailed after it
Wondering where it was going.
You wanted to touch it
It trotted away, running;
You wanted to follow it home
If there is a home for it.

Perhaps it has a name,
But it doesn't sound like it
Where was it coming from?
You wanted it to stop
You wanted to know its form
Would it stop if you stop?
Or trot away just like that.
Would it just fade away?
Like night before daylight.
Behold, it's the silhouette of your body!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Sonnet To An Angel I

For this sight I'll eternally be thankful
I'm yet to see anyone as beautiful
Man, nor woman, yet so sensible.
Shall I compare you to a young palm tree?
Which I beheld when I was at Udi
Which I admired and wondered at, as I

Now admire and wonder as gold
Such a young plant, shooting out of the ground
Which your beauties resemble. The sunshine
That your face radiates as you smile.
How proud and delighted they must feel
That conspired to bring you to birth. Still

How elated, he whose handsome face is to behold
Your beauties daily as days break and end.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Sonnet To An Angel Vi

Perhaps I'm demanding too much from you
Maybe you've got a better offer somewhere
That you take my calls for granted, even you!
But mark this: I've tried to escape
But to where? To the heavens? Your chains!
Oh! To death this feelings I'd carry.
To the far-flung corners of the earth? Bounds!
To the deepest ocean then, there constantly
Gazes your charming eyes. To the darkest
Cave? There you weary my poor kidneys.
To the house of darkness I've sort rest,
But to your light darkness itself kneels.

The thought of you I constantly bear
And I shall, till there exist nothing known as year.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The Crystal River

Slowly, slowly, slowly the crystal river flow,
Moving down the slope of rocks below.
The water were warm since harmattan's due
And frogs croak as they usually do.
But the river has something we never knew:
Deep down, it can make sick ones anew.
Because, there resides the sea-kind and his queen;
To enlarge their empire they were keen
And once they mated and had a son,
But the son offended the sun.
Heaven became angry, including the moon
The river started drying up too soon.
So our crystal river ceased to flow
And relocated to somewhere we'd never know.
And up and down the people go
Searching where the crystal river used to flow
Down the slope of rocks below,
Where now littl little grasses do grow.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The Lost Soul Of The World

I'm the lost soul of the world
The black sheep of the family.
I'm sorry you feel disappointed
That I'm lost to you finally.
I'm in pursuit of silence
The same that keeps eluding me,
But the footprint it left, I notice,
Was intentionally left for me;
What are you doing with me?
I am lost, allow me to be.

I've reached the extremities
Of this endless universe
This long stretch of emptiness
Where one keeps going, no reverse!

I'm a lost soul
Wandering in darkness,
In the nest of owls, a bleeding soul
The droplets fill the sand with sadness,
Lost hopes
Lost tears,
I'm the lost soul without reclaim,
Lost in your warm bosom.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The Rhyme Of Our Time

Till the end of time we'd rhyme
The rhyme of our time
Till we cross the borderline
And until that time
We would take the blame
For doing anything for a sweet fame.
We are doing the same thing
All the sages did. If it's sin
We'd go back to the garden of Eden
And eat the same fruit again
We can never loose. It's gain, gain.

For long we've waited for the rain
To wash away our pain
To make us sane again.
We're doing the same thing our fathers did.
We were lured into evil; it's in their head
For we follow while they take the lead.
You know what it's like to be hated,
To be left behind, to be faded?
To be left in the dark, sad?
We are asking the same questions
Our forefathers asked. Nobody understands
What it's like when a man dies:
All his truths and his lies
All goes with him. All his family ties
His friendships and all enmities,
To the lane of forgotten memories
As we rhyme all seasons and times.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The Silent God

I know you are there
Watching, you that made yourself,
Gazing and gazing down here
To see what I'd make of myself.
But there is a subtle mind
On which a dark cold rain falls.
It is silent as cold blood,
Broken, falling down like walls.
Would the stars ever glow for me?
Would the silent God speak as in yore?
From primordial silence, break me;
Ay, break me, a virgin, make me pure!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The Words

What time of the day it is
Is probably improbable
Except that like some ancient walls
We fall and crumble 'gbiim' belly-wise!
The sun that rose over us
In the morning is now casting only shadows
Filling each moment with loneliness
While we await the dawn with unsung songs
And the only words we could hear
Which our weak bones could bear
Are emptiness, bad dreams, death,
And a chill breath!

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

The World

Perhaps, you don't need me anymore
lying thirsty by the sea shore
wrapped in gripping fear,
away from things so dear,
from the world's reach
lying down, tossed from the beach
which lays silently again
breathless as life from origin.
Perhaps, you are happy now
that I am cast away to sorrow
away from my shadow, ashamed;
lips bitter and pale. How sad!
Also, a heart where nothing dwells,
silent and empty as a child's.
That's the world I don't remember:
vanished down the wind forever.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

Two Poems: National Youth Service Corps

High walls, and armed men
Issuing out commands;
Armed men whose heart are either old or cold.
We, like prisoners on white, and
Under spell, blinded by dedication,
Sauntering here and there
Haunted by the voices that command
And the trumpet that wakes us.
Darkness became our companion,
Men sleep-running,
Boys stumbling and fumbling.
And the girls:
Many always don't bath,
Smelling like fatigue and half asleep, .
Yet they always double-up, for
If you are walking, you are wrong
If you are seated, you're on your own.

If you have been there,
If you've worn that khaki that does not fit,
If you've been made to sleep late,
If you've been made to wake early,
If ever your life have been regimented,
And subjected to a routine,
If you've been fed a tasteless jell-of-rice,
Or a watery soup,
If ever you've queued up for food,
You'd probably know how pathetic,
How demeaning and dehumanizing
It is to be a beggar, and you
Might be touched if you see
A real one, haggard and hungry
Lying on the street side.
Your heart might go out to
A hungry-stricken hand waving for alms.

When the hen beckons,
The chicks quickly saunter around her.
It's our service to our nation:

A call we can't resist;
We think of what we can offer,
And not what can be offered us.

But If you could listen to our heartbeats
Hoarding love and spilling blood,
Pounding under the sun and in the rain,
Or the crack of our stress-beaten backs
Or our rioting stomachs,
If you could imagine serving an adult
Little food meant for children,
You'd probably quickly stop your ears
To the clarion call!

Service and Humility: Who Buys Our Thought?
By Chime Justice Ndubuisi (CJN)

We are here, like time that fleets,
Ever advancing forward and never retreating
Stout at heart, swift in art and act.
We think it brave to serve others,
Not thinking of the glorious benefits
Or our own personal gainful aggrandizement,
Entwined in stocks of natural delight,
But taking each day by the horn or thorn
And making it better than we found it.

Take a look at your future, what do you see?
Does it shine like the star?
Does it cast a flash to blind your eyes?
Put not your trust in the palm of men
But be a hero in deeds than in words.
We'll always have the chance to change our lives
If only we would dare and keep daring;
If only we would dampen the last ember
Of that toothless dog called low self-esteem;
If only we would awaken that dying pride;
The national pride, we would but shine
While we bear the torch of service and humility.

You'll find in every age,
A worker worthy of his wage;

In every time and place
That the swift don't always win the race;
In every book and every page
Evidences that life is a stage
And people acting out their life's worth,
Albeit traveling on the same path.

I've gone to the market searching,
I've searched hills and dales and I've found
That in this field of battle called life,
A selfish life is a life half-lived.
Therefore, let us live, and part if need be
And leave memories behind, engraved in hearts
Such that those we leave behind would cuddle
And those coming after us would embrace
The path to national service and humility
And make their lives sublime, crested in the sand of time.

Chime Justice Ndubuisi

What If?

With my fingers crossed
I hold within my head
Thoughts so, so deep,
Like a child in deep sleep:
A golden land
And fine moisture sand:
A land without queens and kings
Where anyone can grow wings
And fly as high as they can
Or legs long enough for a run.
Yes, see how they creep
In my thought so deep:
A land of milk and honey,
A world without greed and money,
A world pregnant with heavenly fire
And sun that never makes man tire.
We all fear God, or claim to
From whom life and light flow.
But how come that privy thief
That steals and causes us grief?
Which causes man to rise and also fall,
That thief whose origin none can tell,
From whom none can redeem.
What if life is but a dream,
And God a casualty,
Will we ever wake up to that reality?

Chime Justice Ndubuisi