

Poetry Series

**Daniel Nwauzorma**  
**- poems -**

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# Daniel Nwauzorma()

# Anonyme

Sometimes i am afraid,  
Of collected footsteps before dawn.  
Of memories that marches past  
The fortress of my dreams.

Anonymous whispers sings the lullaby.  
That hibernates the circuitry  
Of thoughts concatenated  
In strings of absent-mindedness.

I recall the days of smokes and the winds.  
Magical enchantments that portray  
Events as a game of chess.  
You decide the fate of your nightmares.

Eloping into spheres of spaces  
void of chaos and cacophonies  
of distorted laughter  
Chasing your ideas out of your thoughts.

You mesmerize the coming of the light  
in the midst of thick darkness  
Holding on to hope,  
In the desert of gross misery.

Your thirst for drive lingers  
You crave the zeal but your doubt hinders  
Empowering your fear to do great exploits.  
Testifying to your faithlessness.

Sometimes i am afraid,  
Of collected footsteps before dawn.  
Of memories that marches past  
The fortress of my dreams.

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# Bonded

Here,  
In this space of emptiness.  
My mind begins,  
to string into memories.  
That span across lifetimes

Solace evolves,  
Beyond the dredges of a long....  
...Lost bond  
Filling the void that created.  
The wormholes in my heart.

Bliss encounters redemption.  
From the clusters of noises.  
Made in the market of emotions.  
Raging with strife.

As i begin to render,  
the beauty in your eyes,  
With the codec of daydreams.

Today, i realize,  
there is a bond,  
that span through lifetimes.  
A string of love.  
Connected through generations.

Reborn with the lustre  
of a smile.

To burn in the fires of kisses.  
With strokes of dejavu flickering.  
Like a dirty wornout movie.

Here,  
In this space of loneliness.  
I feel a bond that string into memories  
that span across lifetimes..

A blueprint of emotions.  
Subtle and divine.

Daniel Nwauzorma

# Can't Say Goodbye

I looked through the depths of the seeming sky.  
Turned upside down, the ground becomes the sky.  
Rain fell from the grasses, upon the clouds.  
As i saw the last glimpse of her tender smile.

The evenings spent in the wild weren't enough..  
For through it all, we wished for more..  
The moments of pleasures, intense and rough..  
Formed a bond indestructible, by lore..

Terrains on the palace of dreams.  
I saw her eyes, filled wit tears, to the brim.  
The pain unbearable, paradise scaled to the pale-blue dust.  
Where loneliness directs the soul to the lands of the lost.

Daniel Nwauzorma

# Fireflies

Tiny gleams of tender loving light.  
All about the valley of my mind.  
Singing the symphonies to unite,  
The cords of sweet grace and peace of mind.

Moving with the gentle winds to find,  
The fireplace where passions ignite,  
The flames of true love, burning behind,  
Tiny gleams of tender loving light..

Subtle enough for tears to recite,  
The lullaby that makes love, the blind.  
Pacing incessantly through the night.  
All about the valley of my mind..

Remnants of hope, pleasantly unkind,  
Form cubicles of pain shown in white;  
Feelings of absence, mem'ries rewind.  
Singing the symphonies to unite;

Two souls entwined in rainbows of light.  
Glowing in eternal cords designed;  
To deny death; the power to bite,  
The cords of sweet grace and peace of mind.

Canaries glittering with stars refined;  
Spores of sorrow to joys overnight.  
We stare into our eyes and regrind,  
Kisses enthrall us in thoughts to sight,  
Tiny gleams of tender loving light..

Daniel Nwauzorma

# Ghostly Solitude

Misty hue, a white dry dew morn....  
Merry, in the mist of the dark blue dawn...  
Moist kept at bay, rest in the sea...  
And make the scorch of warm dry ghost flee..

Dry tentacles, grasp in my skin, the lone dead..  
Sucking the humid flow of bliss in my head..  
Flow from the north to the hinder east..  
Dark vacuum singing in harmonious feast..

Sing me ooh...sing the melody..  
Make me whole, ghostly chords of rhapsody..  
Scaling drought, play me the flute..  
In the awakening embers of the brute..

Eat now, oh soul, rest on the stones..  
Laid for the brave, skull and bones..  
Relish in memories, adorned with mysteries..  
Of heroes, slain on hills and thrones..

Daniel Nwauzorma

# I Am Clay

I am clay...  
An empire of dust and grace  
I am a unique grand design.  
The definition of chaos in solace.

This is not a song of praise.  
Nor the anthems for legends in the sands of glory  
This is the rhythm birthed from a life  
That has walked the paths of hell in its fury

I am a country of loneliness.  
A piano cherished by heroes unsung  
I am a light, that corrupts the helms of darkness.  
The hope of misery in the eclipse of the sun.

I am dawn, a tapestry of scars and glory.  
Ask the winds, they'll whisper to you, my story.  
I am a book, with black and white pages,  
That harbors imaginations more complex than humanity.

As my soul glides on the sea of gravity.  
Like leaves blown by the lips of time.  
As i sail downwards into that pale white sky,  
Turned upside down by insanity's resonating chimes.

Let me walk through the fires of that last song.  
Smiling in fulfillment, at bliss with all odds and wrong.

Daniel Nwauzorma

# My Soul Awaits...

Now i await..  
Renewed by fate..  
When life redeems;  
The end of dreams..

A knock is heard..  
Deep in my head..  
A tear rolls down..  
Loneliness frowns..

Yet still, i wait..  
With hope, with faith..  
To see her face..  
To feel her grace..

And in life's sea..  
She's all i see..  
Where love is found..  
Pleasures resound..

The joys i know..  
Feeds from her glow..  
Her smile, fills me..  
With chills of glee..

And this i know..  
When darkness falls..  
Our love will grow..  
Beyond life's walls..

The bond is strong..  
Rebukes all wrongs..  
Amidst the den..  
Of throes; and men..

And on the hills..  
And down the glens..  
We'll make the kiss..  
Alien to men..

And though i wait;  
In tears, i wait..  
I hope, my heart..  
Will not loose faith..

I do hope dear;  
that when u're here..  
Our love will birth..  
The end of death..

Daniel Nwauzorma

# Nameless Feelings

This heart,  
in the waters of dense confusion,  
is about to drown.  
Struggling helplessly  
to live,  
within the sphere of sanity.

Like a dry leaf ignited,  
in a wild forest,  
During the seasons of harmattan.  
Affections began a friendly fire  
Between two roads,  
Reality and abstraction.

Spreading and consuming,  
Every substance in its path  
I'm now left with the ashes  
Of a mixture,  
That depicts the essence  
of wild insanity.

When memories struggle for air  
in a crowd of emotions  
Protesting for the presence  
of a goddess  
To explain the reason why  
they are being denied  
The wages of peace and tranquility  
When she is absent.

When passions begin to draw  
Imaginations on gentle winds  
With the ink of time  
Creating an artistically designed sketch  
Of peace in the congregation of chaos

Then feelings, as you know it,  
Have become nameless.  
To define its nature would be a sin  
to words ever spoken, heard or written

Daniel Nwauzorma

# Shadowed Memories

Whispers, the voiceless silence.  
Heard as walls within our souls speak.  
Emptying gentle winds into trashcans of absence  
Shadowed memories are then made bleak..

Meticulously we drink, broken tears.  
with the teaspoon of denial,  
Weaving baskets of our fears.  
With ribbons soaked in dew of reprisal

And when in want, void becomes the norm.  
And blue neon lights, illumines the heart..  
Vague and dim, our foresight looses its form  
To see the rift before our path.

So in solitude we sit, on fences of insanity..  
Ghosed into shadowed memories  
Vomiting vegetables of our sanity.  
On grudging cares of erred history.

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# The Eve I Know

The fairest maiden of all beneath the sky.  
Enchanting aura, dearest of the nine.  
In distress, in joy; shared in my cry.  
She shows a care, so dear, so benign

The joy i know was wrought from her soul.  
The fears i dread...smashed down the road.  
Brewed in thoughts, i drank from the bowl;  
Of love, of pain, of pleasures untold

She is the heart of pain, the stronghold;  
You'll never know, she is an angel.  
She is the demon that seemingly unfolds.  
In the dawn of life's throes; a nightmare is born.

This is the eve i know, a sweet evil.  
Many have perished, Many have prevailed,  
Many are on their way to early grave.  
Many are on their way to untold fame.

That is the ambiguity of this eve.  
A being with dire complexities.  
Be careful of the buttons that peeve,  
Or you face the grim penalties.

Daniel Nwauzorma

# The Pilgrim's Song

Walk on, unrelenting soul, walk on.  
Through the valley of dark woe.  
Ever steady, through the times of storm..  
Walk on, frail soul, walk on.

Unwavering through the veil of darkness..  
Through the path of scarlet flowers and vine..  
Striding through the curtains of soft light..  
Reflecting on the streams of the mind..

Walk on, frail soul, walk on..  
Through the snares of tempestuous fall...  
Walk on, past kings and thrones..  
To the golden gates of heaven's walls..

When throes come as nightmares...  
And ghouls torment the spirit within..  
When the tree of life seem far from reach..  
And the evil in your mind begin..

Walk on, frail soul, walk on..  
Though fate resides on the shores of time..  
Never give up, walk on..  
Till the end when thy glory shall shine

Daniel Nwauzorma

# The Poet And His Words

Like crumbled pieces left upon his desk.  
He looks for the perfect words to rhyme.  
The pieces of shapes to fit perfectly  
Into the scrabble played in his mind.

Emotions play a vital role..  
To prepare the subtle rhythm and flow.  
Conceived in his mind, in times past  
When love made his heart to glow.

He looks at the piece of his paper  
And sees the image drawn out..  
Places his words upon the lines,  
Carved out of the hills in his mouth.

His storms becomes the roses  
Upon which he derives strength..  
His words becomes the sanctuary..  
Where reality is paid as one-tenth.

Seeking pleasure amidst the silence.  
He looks at the mirror of his emotions.  
All he sees is deafening silence.  
Swimming in the depths of three oceans.

Time, Destiny and Fulfillment..  
Becomes the engine driving his thoughts.  
Love becomes the fuel.  
That takes him to the hills of the north.

He sees his words as his children..  
To be protected, nurtured, and catered for.  
he feeds them with the breast-milk of wisdom.  
Gotten from the glory days of yore.

And through the night, he still writes on.  
to the graceful shine of a glorious dawn.  
To days when in the mirth of throes  
Witness the joyous tears of morn.

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# The Words Of Arts

It's words written that heals the heart,  
And calms the weary mind..  
Through arts, we look through life, its path,  
And mysteries we thus find..

A mirror through that which is real,  
Through it, the mind widens.  
And in its power, our hearts we spill,  
And feel our souls fasten..

When tears in blue rhythms sets in,  
And trials betide we..  
We paint with words, pictures creep in,  
To soothe the soul at sea..

Through words spewed forth, love danced in glee,  
And glowed in sweet beauty.  
The moon, the stars saw her and hid,  
In shyness to duty.

If arts is life portrayed in thoughts.  
Through which we see life's flaws,  
Let us then seek to mend our faults.  
And tame the heart of walls.

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# Tribute To An Icon (Chinua Achebe)

Glory rests on the shores of history.  
Dark dust to the scattered trails of misery.  
Burning in tots, death knocks at the door.  
Smiling wit tears, in its paled scaling fur.

Darkness forms around the storm.  
Shielding the sad mildness of dust reformed.  
Timid hue in a cloud of mist.  
Forms the globules in a drenched blue feast.

The skies wither to formlessness.  
Spreading the glory of a dark blue dawn.  
Trees speak in whispering tears of hopelessness.  
The godfather in the end...is gone.

Faded remains in the thoughts of the new.  
Engraved within the stones of Adieu.  
Immortality divine, the legend is forever thine.  
Ever glowing in the starry requiem of the few.

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