

Poetry Series

david odiase
- poems -

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david odiase()

i am poetry

Confessions

as a child i was scared of darkness
always thought vampires or some evil
would grab me unawares into them
so i dozed off in mom's wrappers

as a boy i made mistakes
letting down those i love
mom's crying beside my bed at 5am
saying'david why do u break my heart with shame

when i was left alone
i'd sit speaking to stars
praying for friends & future
singing self composed songs to Heaven

as a teenger i fell in love
waywards to parents advice
slaming door to mother's face
tearing her heart apart

neglected sister, dad and mom wished
childlessness than wasted sperm
so, i had dinner with God
roasted barbaque with snakes

as a youth i retraced steps
returning home a prodigal son
cooking rice in kitchen again
kissing mom & sister on cheek

yet my future is half made
kneeling to God night long fervent bed
ignoring lullabies from horrible october
watching my orange tree grow.

I was once small in mind
tying mama's wrapper like superman
now i must save the world alone
by making mom proud again.

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I Bow Out

i bow out
like d end of every great show
like d vanishin of a rainbow
i bow lowly after all
as d stage curtain falls.

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Just Thoughts In My Head

..daddy told me on his dying bed
'it's a gay world out there' but
2yards out my balcony i had ma
first heartbreak, dadd y says 'i'll be
here 4 u'.whose love shall i take.
Butterflies messed up d garden
with flakes of magical colors and i
think to my self, the grass must be
's gone to hell, my God-my
friend, do trust me to show me
heaven, b4 i'm thoughts in
my head.. As my skin-just like d
moon..on a bed of stars, sheets of
purple darkness, wonder in why i
fell asleep to soon..

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My Brother Is Gone

MY BROTHER IS GONE.

My brother is Gone
his footprints lays youthful ashore
the sepia sundown
shall see him rise no more
my brother gone.

and as for mum
she sits before our kitchen coals
cooks tears in pots
steams suicide her weaning soul
no passing ferry 'll ever bring him home again

the tumbling vase
the hissing rafia brooms i swept
nay did complete
hugged my cold brown kness and wept
the bamboo gates shall never let him in again

thy sons unborn
tarries thy wife nay journeys on
a stranger's bed
harvests her supple dowry corns
the rolling deep 'll never hurl him up again

our buried songs
echoes soft the corridors take
stark fallow grass
sprouts upon our father fake
ember mists 'll never throw him down again

my bare feet wears
the leather wheels may never leap
jeep steers phatomed
drives me yesterdays i'll keep
the wailing gongs 'll never wake him up again.

The cliffs art part

moon is going down to hell
my yalling loaf
another tribute 'll fare me well
My brother is gone to be an angel abroad

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My Love

my love
sun sat maud
flung rolls words
tongues truth blind
lame love find
feelings absence
sleepwalk, obsessed
could love i u
save shy sky blue.
quatri-motions displayd
valley our deep souls wade
spare thy etereal glove
thirsty blue kiss my love

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Ripples

splat queer transport wave
vast sprinting widened spheres
twig humble journeyd distort gave
retreating hamlet lucid-clear

sponged infants banks had bath
steers faced life tempest wade
niches no further a night after birth
afterlings, feable brook departed fade

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Sleep Game

clashin a thousand clicks
dwozy lashes of cusor blinkin
eyes stare yet nothing's there
the dreamy screen
glassy and square
and all fell so stale
utterly composed
jammed keys falsely derail
as electronic brows fell closed

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Swallowed

WHEN DARKNESS BESIEGED THE LAND
AT RUSTLING WINDS I FLOAT AWAY
THE SAME DUST OF WHICH I'M PREY
LAID ME IN MOTHER'S HAND

WHEN THE TWILIGHT STARTS TO BREAK
MY YOUTHFUL FACE SHALL NOT BE FOUND
QUIET ASLEEP BELOW THE GROUND
STILL BECOMES TOO DARK TO WAKE

SHE CALLS ME OUT THAT EARTHEN BED
THAT I MIGHT EST CRAWL FROM SLUMBER'S GRIP
NOW SHE CALLS HER WANDERING SON TO SLEEP
UNTO HER WAITING ARMS I LAY MY HEAD

HOVERING CLOUDS SHOT AN ARROW OF GLOOM ON THE WIDOW
ALL THE WINDS SPRINKLES ASH OVER THE EARTH
I'VE MET PEACE ON THE TURBULENT DEEP OF DEATH
AS FOR THE EARTH, I REST AMONGST THE SWALLOWED

FIIID ODIASE..WATCH OUT FOR THE SEQUEL

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Swallowed(Ii)

GODS; POTTERY OF THE ART
GREY SKY LET THY EYES DOWN TO SEE
MY LOVER, SHE WEEPS UNTILLED IN THE DESERT
MOURNING HER GROOM NEVER TO BE

SHE WRAPS A SCARLET TO SHIELD
AWAY FROM AN EASTERLY
THAT REMORSE SHE WIELDS
BLOWS! BOTH TO, UNKINDLY THE WIND TO ME

DOTH FINDS THOU NOT
A FLOWER OF TEARS IN HER HEART'S ARM
BLOOMS PRETTY BUDS OF GLOOM BUT
FINDS THOU NO HARM

MY LOVER WEEPS WITH GRIEF
FOR ME, ALL FOR ME
AND SHE TAMES HER SADNESS WITH BRIEF
INTERLUDES OF TEARS FOR ME

LOVER! OH LOVER OF MINE
SHALL THOU PRESIDE AT THE STILL CLOCK
TILL AWAY U PINE
T'IS UNION OF SOBBERSOME WEDLOCK

LOVE BRUTALLY GAVE THY
BRIDAL HAND TO A RIVAL SUITOR
BRIDE OF SORROW STAND BY
AS I BETROTHED TO DEATH, YOURS NO MORE

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What Things I Fear

do rainbows appear at night?
do men ever dream of flight?
are eagles ever scared of height?
love-deplored; faint i might
do morning glories eva see d moon
dont star fishes live in lagoons
do birds fly by ballons
yet i fear 2 kiss her blush wit blooms

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