

Poetry Series

**ELEmma Udofa**  
**- poems -**

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# ELEmma Udofa()

# Christ The King

Born in the manger  
Of faeces and rubbries  
To 'just a mere man'  
Yet the very king Herod  
Had sleepless nights  
How horrendous! ! ! !

Slept in the boat's butt  
As human as that  
But in his arising  
The storm surrendered  
As invincible as that

Hunger once accompanied  
As human as that  
But so effortlessly, he  
Filled five thousand stomachs  
With a couple of fishes  
As invincible as that

Christ is the king  
Humanly fulfilled  
Divinely accomplished  
And eternally he reigns.

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# Friendship

Beneath the path of parting souls  
dwells the depth of infinite holes,  
for they had eaten the cranies and nooks  
of all that friendship could cook  
yet the foundations and taste  
of soulmateship stayed a test.

Let's sing to 'dawn'  
for it switched it on,  
to the day  
for it made it stay,  
and to the night  
in whom we choose to fight  
the solitude foreseen  
and seek to cling  
to the perish  
so we could be a vestige  
of how we were  
when we were there

In the hearts of bosome friends,  
burns the warmth of furious cranes  
yet it quenches  
just by the edges  
of everlasting's gate,  
denying the bliss of everlasting 'date'.

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# Good Morning! ! The Dears Of God

Let's all from the nightmareful sleep  
Wake to behold the bright skies  
Which by his command, it unvailed  
That our sight and strifes  
Might burst in success' verandah  
And that we may  
To the home of glory stroll.

Our red sea  
Now the sahara desert  
The grave the rebels digged  
Has their heads as tenants  
The jaguar who dared us  
Has drank the potion  
Of th afterlife  
And our seed and sweat  
Can now make and yield  
Bountifully.

I can with shear clearness  
Behold the awaiting scenes  
Devoid of pricks and tears and  
Of melanchloy and grieve and  
Of barrenness and storms  
But of handshakes and smiles  
Of love and bliss  
And of rainfall and green.

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# In That Morning

The early morning breeze was on,  
and our streams were on the run,  
as bowls flew in and out of them,  
yet their level stayed the same.

The sky was high and dry,  
as her loads had all but dried.  
So she stared at us,  
as if we were loss.

Nature was so fresh and healthy  
as if to night it was a baby  
only fed by the night's stew-  
the morning dew.

We though were blessed,  
had not been so dressed,  
with waiting plates and spoons,  
therefore the day was just a ruin  
as it ended our lovely night  
which us rest it brought at last

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# Love In Pictures

I love you,  
because I want you  
to be a bed mate.

I love you,  
because you have all  
but stolen my soul  
From my inner heart.

I love you,  
because today alone  
You are so fine  
than beauty itself.

I love you,  
because loving  
we should not  
but we ought

So by the above truths  
I love you.  
But which is that which  
is the perfect truth

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# My Poetic Lines

They are carnally simple  
With decorative gingles,  
They are made of gold  
And as such so bold.  
Just like virgin silvers  
They run like emerging rivers.  
My poetic themes and lines  
I swear are nice and fine

To drowning brains  
Some sailor friends;  
To beleaguered minds  
A fence of mines;  
To those in need  
Some seeds and feed;  
And to my writing fellows  
Annoying yet inspiring bellows.  
My poetic lines and themes  
Truely are carriers of dreams.

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# The Pains Of Calvary

The pains of calvary  
Remains a memory  
Of unparalleled story  
Of love and penury

The pains of calvary  
Is an ugly gallery  
We dare not bury  
But happily carry  
On mind's sight and memory

The pains of calvary  
Should be a diary  
We read with sorry  
And cry with merry  
For at the calvary  
Love, joy, peace becomes our salary

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