

Poetry Series

Enebeli Fatherprada
- poems -

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Enebeli Fatherprada()

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Daughters Of Ezionum

Daughters of Ezionum
Daughters of Aweka
Daughters of Unuami
Daughters of Ogbe Ofu
Daughters of the land
so spread in white sand

It was your beauty that shy away
full moon into crescent at the young night
Even the sun forget to give shadow it
life at your presence

Permit me to utter few things
Not only about your beauty
For I heard the stars saying
your resplendence is supreme

I have dine with the king
sat in the kitchen with the queen
Eat the food of indi ike
stood in the gathering of okpaluku

I can trade away all this things
Even with hard labour just to have
a few extra moment with you.
permit me meet please i beg you.

Your beauty is one thing
Your character makes the wave
of chukchi sea to murmur
Like an envious step mother

Rise in the morning
Face rinsed with water
Cutlass at hand like a man of war
The farm bow at your no lingering hand

A Voice crescendo
Sparkles of light were seen at night

complemented by a sweet aroma in thin air
The Nightingale could not help but peep

Your leg is full of graceful dance
I was there.. I saw you at the band
They bend like the iroko during the east wind
All night, you battle with dance

I salute you oh fair maiden
I salute you like the dew salute the earth
Anyone who tries to compare herself with you
I will rebuke with a blind eye.

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Graduate At Last

Few years like yesterday,
we all came from different
places to sojourn in a strange
environment.

While some came through predegree.
Some through direct entry,
and others through post ume.
But this does not matter any more.

Behold my friends.
Behold, can you see.
Like a dream come true,
we are now graduates.
Equipped to explore and
exploit the world.

Like soldiers, we were tried,
stressed and insulted.
We walked under hot sun and heavy rain.
Hunger struck and discouragement,
yet here we are, victorious.

Though the wine of separating
is bitter, let's endure and get
drunk in it for the joy of
graduating from the university.

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Haiku To Nigeria

Change!
The government cried.
Now the people cry

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I Do Not Like Your Veil

I don't like your veil
The veil that covers your face
making you walk like a masquerade
more like a glorified shadow

Why do you put on veil
hiding your face with that attire
don't you know your smile can
illuminate the heart of a wearied child?

without you there is no beauty
there is no poetry
no countenance to reveal unspoken word
tethered, tethered my darling.

Let your beauty show
you're a part of those things
that makes the world a place to live,
part of the beauty in everything.

Your faith may bade you NO
your thought may fail to comprehend
i grew up like this, this is my choice
even the holy book command it to be.

My veil shakes away men with lustful eyes
it will keep me shielded when corruption flies
oh on....
think my darling... think

Your veil is not a companion of Love
Your veil hid you like shadow without sun
Your veil makes you invisible to the world
think my darling... think

if you need to cover,
then let it be only your head and neck
and not your face.....
you're part of the beauty in everything.

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Oh My Darling Valentine

You wrote on the wall
Simple piece of words.

I had nothing to offer
No gift, No flower..
Yet, you understood me much better

You wrote on the wall
A simple piece of words

Oh my darling
Oh my darling
Valentine...

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Teenage Love

Victoria

why are you looking for flowers
amidst the weeds to tender?
what is wrong with the ones
planted in the garden of Love.

.....
when you leave it will dies.

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The Rain Be Falling

Now the rain is falling,
the sun not shining,
the weather not friendly

Now the rain is falling
the earth be wetting
and the herbs be rejoicing.

Now the rain be falling,
birds not flying,
the people be hiding.

Now the rain be falling
traders be groaning,
and farmers be happy.

Now the rain be falling,
children be playing,
parents be busy

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This Distance..

You are too far
and it is detaching my attachment..
Missing you is no longer noble...T
Your absent no longer weary my thought
This distant....

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Who Will Call Brada Apamdi Again?

She goes beneath.

Beneath, beneath where echoes
of sigh is never heard, are never heard.

Who will call brada apamdi again?

Who?

Perhaps my thoughts

when they long for that which is gone.

But who will call brada apamdi again?

Who?

Who will greet me with two teeth?

Who?

Who will run to me with feeble feet?

Who?

I will weep,

let tear flows and sadness

encompass me.

For I have partake of the abominable

The old bury the young

Who will call brada apamdi again?

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Why Are You Attracted To Me?

Why are you attracted to me?

Why do you want me?

She questioned my heart.

The heart she says she loved

The heart she calls when lonely

The heart that gave her all

I really don't know how to reply

I really wish I knew how to reply

I really wish she didn't ask

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