

Poetry Series

Eromo Egbejule
- poems -

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Eromo Egbejule()

A Feast Of A Thousand Lords

A feast of a thousand lords
And many more wards
For a sagely compatriot,
Wordlord and chief of our tribe.

For one who has loomed larger than his frame of flesh.
The screen by which the world grasps the Nigerian travails
And by whom the Nigerian dream is made manifest.
The x-ray who no longer at ease was
When the surgeons were draining the patient.

He spits out the bones and dreads not
The icy retort and the accompanying slap.
The shoot that challenged the brutal machete
Swishing through the field when the grass is a-slumber.

This is no Christmas in Biafra
Tis a congregational mass in Nsukka.

Eromo Egbejule

Beyond The Hills

The stars lit the heavens
and the Earth radiated their glory.
Shadows of the dark hid in their folly,
mesmerised by the sparks of true success
as the stars shone faithfully to the sucked dry crust.

Though ephemeral, the stars did shine
while danger unmarked lurked in the unseen.
With no forethought of impending darkness
the stars passed clinging to life's lovely screen,
but now songs are sung for their demise.

Beyond the hills, lie those of inscrutable destinies
who possessed drives of heroic tempers, ruled,
strove, sought, found and yielded not to dizziness
of the mind. We now rove without the stars
in this vast hole, daily bombarded with sorrows.

Beyond the hills, the stars no longer shine
for gone is the light and closed is the door
thru which life unhindered came. Death in to dine
crept in and snatched before our eyes gone sour
with storms. Spatters of tears dance in our sullen eyes.
The curtains have fallen! Was the bright spark their swansong?

Beyond the hills, lie in rows, moulds of men the fold
regrets to commit to Mother Earth. Claimed are the finest
by the wind, collector of the best. Dinners for the cold
and clothes no more again to be worn all revolt for the feast
upon their owners, is no sacrifice to behold.

No longer in adorable abodes do they stay,
but in under-the-Earth-huts are they held;
roped in places where only the snuffed out fray.
Yes, in unfathomably cold places are the stars shed.

Our dreams are entangled in webs of mourning
but the deathly silence chokes the dead, not us.
The dividing line between the hills and the plains

now more visible than ever chases us by force
for beyond the hills, the stars have said goodbye.

Eromo Egbejule

Carefree

This night within the Cellar of Desire,
the warmth of Pleasure's Embrace
will push Me onwards
to Satisfaction's End,
to Memory Loss, then
oncoming Danger;
Death of Me.

Eromo Egbejule

Digging Daggers II

On the white horse of thunder
rides the invincible conqueror.
Lord of all,
friend to all.
Mercurial warrior who gently kills
the tender hearts of the crust
speeding its productivity

Run from its target,
run, I beg of thee do run.
These pleasant digging daggers
drenching desperately
may blow off roofs of our domains,
turn our streets to mini-rivers and
even still the digging daggers persist.

Alas! the people cry
'Hail thee merciful knight
set not thy sword to work.'

These digging daggers
cruising off on bloodless raids
tenderly digging our soil to resistance.'

Eromo Egbejule

Fenced In

Between these twin boulders -
Discouragement and frustration galore -
Is trapped talent.
Smothered by dirt,
Battered by rain
Wishing...
Pleading...
For some spasmic eruption,
To liberate its thinning entities.

Eromo Egbejule

I Will Die Daily...

I will die daily,
I will become blind,
I will move mountains
And call Cupid
If
I do not sing something
To you my lady love.
For I seek satisfaction
In your adorable arms.

Eromo Egbejule

I Will Die This Moment...

I will die this moment

This moment of cumulative despair and anguish

the anguish of your torment

the torment that adds to my failure

my failure in love's mazes.

You will notice not my descent into quasi-silence.

Soon, you will stare speechless

At me, lifeless.

And as you sing the Nunc Dimittis

At my requiem mass,

you will wish you had loved me before.

Eromo Egbejule

Prejudice Demonstrating Persons

For the good I never did
And for never sowing the seed
I should have. For taking more at a time
Than I ever did need,
For living a life of greed,
Eating my cake and having it back
In words and in deeds
On life's track,
I am one of the
Prejudice Demonstrating Persons

Eromo Egbejule

Sunset

The sun fatigued from manning its dutypost all day

Settles for a nap he hopes is unnoticed

But the moon usurps...

Since quarrels exist not in heaven

The sun succumbs reluctantly

And

Is homeward bound

With a frown the colour of flaming fire.

Eromo Egbejule

The Meat's Gym

Running the relays,
Stunting in a sea of sweet smells,
Exercising its fleshy structure
And softening its texture:
The meat's gym
Is my pot of soup.
Morning, noon and nightfall,
The gym opens at these shifts.
Up and down and left and right,
'Tis doing its dying rites.

Eromo Egbejule

This Life

Humans hollering hasty hellos
At all. And annulling again.

My mangy moonsongs made mincemeat
By bobbies bribed.

Various vituperative vendetta
Of ocular obstructions

Vain vessels victorious
Suffering saints
□
Girls going gay
Widows wondering why.

Eromo Egbejule

Those Eyes, Brother

Roving eyes in eternal meander
Ontop the pudgy stalk of pretty Amanda.
Piercing eyes
Choking a well earned cardio-balance
Threatening to excavate my entrails.
Forcibly entreating□
Brutally beseeching and□
Continuously retrieving.
Those eyes, brother could sink you below the
Slimy saline throes of the Dead Seas below
With none to salvage me,
I rummage for the nearest excuse
To run to the safety I find riveting.

Eromo Egbejule

To An Idiotic Tribe

To an idiotic tribe that I am one of.
A breed of warped sense,
Peculiarities and a sixth sense.
Together with the weird and not-usual in one kitty
A pack of crazy sages
And gentlemanly heretics.
Men of muse and tranquil vibe,
Who call a spade by its rightful name.
We are the house of Chloe,
With words as revealing as Cossy's cleavage

Eccentrics and isolationists

With a tugging depression
And an unhappy disposition
More often than not.

So, say I to thee green,
Make not the crooked paths straight
But follow your kindred spirit
And deviate not from the meandering pattern
Nature has in you inscribed.

To us all,
I wish many more days of uninterrupted idiocy.

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