

Poetry Series

**Friday Dejavu**  
**- poems -**

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## Friday Dejavu(15-12-1990)

A talented Enthusiastic poet, seasoned writer, motivational speaker and Entrepreneur. CEO; Pizzazz Plc, Chicken\_Pizzazz, Balms Of Life int'l and Eminent Complex. Based in Nigeria, student of Philosophy; university of Uyo, Uyo.

# A Box Of Mysteries

When my mind is sweating,  
And my mouth isn't talking,  
I just smile like a baby,  
Life is a box of mysteries.

Some people fear death,  
Some people are scared of the future,  
I just mourn like a widow,  
Life is a box of mysteries.

Some can't fake their fate,  
Time fail them all,  
I just stare like a puppy,  
Life is a box of mysteries.

From dark womb we came,  
To dark grave we return,  
I just believe like a kid,  
Life is a box of mysteries.

Some people have dreams,  
But are afraid to dare,  
I just take risk like a monkey,  
Life is a box of mysteries.

Friday Dejavu

# Bell From Hell

We are scared of who we are,  
We run from ourselves to no avail.  
Why do we abandon them  
When we are all like them.

When I stare at their stones  
I hear their silent tones  
Why is their home desolate?  
When our call is never late.

We let them alone under trees  
Avoiding the peace we all crave  
Quietness is priceless there  
Go to the cemetery and learn rest.

The cemetery is my inspiration  
Their tombstones, my reflection.  
Why do we dread this end?  
When its coming we cannot bargain.

The end is my expectations  
For it, I make my preparations  
Stop faking, pause and reflect.  
To what end are you running in vain.

Make peace with your marker  
In his presence your end is spare not  
While we breath, worship God.  
Fear He who cannot end.

Friday Dejavu

# Black Sun

Why do we pray?  
in darkest ray,  
we grope in the tombs,  
fruits from our thumbs.

Who appointed this blind follow?  
our souls weary below.  
buy me time,  
war is never mine.

He wakes up daily confuse,  
his foolishness who cannot refuse.  
bring back my nation  
fool me no more with corruption.

Children blood flood the street,  
corpses stinks i daily breath,  
this heathen is dead,  
his biography i now read.

Here lies a man  
who fools makes demand  
yet a corpse he was on the throne  
Give me my sun, bring back the one.

Hunger for the masses  
assets all in messes  
leave a message on the run  
am searching for our black sun.

Friday Dejavu

# Blood Drunk

Can darkness dispense darkness?  
Can red colour blood?  
Why ask for a heart\_  
From a heartless beast!

Animals for lives,  
Bullets for yams,  
Brutality for sanity,  
Fear for sweat.

Guns are dancing\_  
Bullets are flying.  
Time is ticking\_  
Humans are watching.

My nation is gone,  
My people are done.  
Fear has glue their tongues,  
Speak now and be the next.

Maybe we have a leader\_  
Maybe a caricature,  
Drunk with blood, he smiles;  
His agenda gradually taking shape

Revolt against tyranny,  
Speak against insanity,  
Act against feebleness,  
Stone the thieves while you're alive.

I will rise to my death,  
Like Mandela, I will fight.  
This box is becoming too tight,  
I'd break out to the light.

Blood drunk, we staggered,  
The ground is overfed.  
Innocent blood cries out;  
We are all blood drunk!

Friday Dejavu

# Bones And Hack

Gone are days of shovel and hoes,  
Where food was harvested from holes.  
This are days of butter and bread,  
Internet and bundles gives daily bread.

Gone are days of toil and sweat,  
Our fathers would plant and have to wait.  
This are days of laziness and sleep,  
Where your money grow while you sleep.

Gone are days of buy and sell,  
Where trust was crown on a thumb of seal.  
This are days of schemes and lies,  
Where living is made with few sweet lies.

Gone are days we value morals,  
Hard work was all the tool we have,  
This are days of laziness and foolishness,  
Where wealth is built exploiting others.

I see a broken future of bones and hack,  
Days were few will manipulate the rest.  
Sow your seed while the day is young,  
For suicide will be the relief of youths.

Today i cycle money around my friends  
Deep inside i know this will end.  
Who will talk to this helpless generation  
Slavery is back but yet we strife.

Friday Dejavu

# Call Me To Myself

In my head I hear my voice  
In my dreams I see myself,  
In part I desire my taste  
A pot of coal I get instead.

In fear I trade my thoughts  
In my shadow I fear myself,  
In vain I yearn for wealth  
A pot of stones I get instead.

I am, because I am  
Fools knows no fear.  
There lies a genius  
Fear enslave us all.

Today I scream aloud  
Only my head hears the sound.  
Call me to myself  
Pride has brought us here.

The world belongs to nobody  
Only fools can wear the crown  
Tell the wise to see himself  
There lies his greatest fear.

Friday Dejavu

# Choice Is Everything

I have decided to decide,  
To see what they are not seeing,  
This world can't see what's behind the wall.

I have chosen to choose,  
To listen to what is worth listening,  
To keep moving I must make a move.

I can hear what angels are hearing,  
To be happy is to make others happy,  
Only the poor chooses to be poor.

To focus on what I should focus,  
Is to stand where others are scared of standing,  
To make a difference I must be different.

Friday Dejavu

# Dream Girl

When she smiles heaven leaps,  
When she bath angels stares.  
Irresistible fate draw us near,  
Makes my soul wander In vain.

Her shape kills my prowess,  
In her present I'm speechless.  
Even kings fear her royalty,  
Makes my spirit quakes in vain.

Her lips is soft like air,  
Prince lust after the scent of her hair.  
Even the gods desire goddess,  
Makes my body yearn in vain.

Can't get her out of my mind,  
Help a brother who lost his mind.  
Chasing his dream girl,  
Makes me sleep at noon in vain.

How do I fix her broken picture?  
We only kiss in my mind,  
Can't forget the coldness of her touch,  
Makes me search the world in vain.

Friday Dejavu

# Drops Of Honey

Love they claim is funny,  
Sweet like drops of honey  
illusive as the idea of money,  
yet abuse and rejected by many

She met me behind close doors  
Afar I drool for her gifts,  
Pride shut me out,  
Now i smile at my shyness.

Perfect as the sun  
She makes my ego dance  
In vain I desire her touch  
A broken heart, who can mend?

Give the rain a chance  
Let it wash away the tears  
Forget the moonlight play  
Let me be your blinking stars.

Knock, knock, my door bangs  
Who? I scream aloud,  
Ants gather round my honey,  
Jesus! she speaks.

Salvation I bring,  
Perfect love I give,  
Open up, I pray thee.  
Before I form you, I loved you.

Love has found me home,  
Peace, my soul rejoice  
Completeness in his love,  
Basking in his grace.

Friday Dejavu

# Dry Lips

Sound of hope bombs my ears,  
faith and tears breaks my heart.  
innocent blood sweeten my coffee,  
save the land, kill the killers.

I walk the street of the ignorance,  
lack of bread makes me sing,  
promises and greed is my truth,  
Save the children, rob the thieves.

See the moon spitting blood,  
Sun and stars making love.  
we stand afar and clap our hands  
Save the future, destroy the bullies.

Why pray for what you have  
would the river begs for water?  
see our wealth in foreigners care,  
I need a stage to speak my mind.

Darkness my soul engorge  
My heart is filled with tears of joy.  
Broken country, lifeless leaders,  
Wet my palms for my lips is dry.

Friday Dejavu

# Fetus

How precious is the sperm,  
Without it, oval would be idle,  
We are all fetus,  
Nurture in to human.

If I destroy the seed,  
Who would enjoy the tree,  
The future of a forest,  
Is inside a seed.

My sperm is my private property,  
The fetus is no one creation,  
Why destroy the future,  
in the pretends of sciences.

The poem in which you read,  
Was once inside the fetus,  
Preserve by my mother,  
Destroy a fetus, destroy the future.

Friday Dejavu

# Ghost In A Wheel

I know you not you like my post,  
You know me not you profess your love.  
We are closer than the sun and the sky,  
Yet far away like moon and sun.  
I post my face you believe your sight,  
Romance my looks as if its real,  
You cry for me I feel it not,  
I jump a bit you cringe for joy.  
I stay awake to chat with you,  
You mistake it of being caring.  
When am only doing what I like,  
Over my dead battery you fall sick.  
You tell your friends you've found the one,  
I laugh aloud for you amaze me.  
Where is your reason over your emotion,  
Who am I but a ghost in the wheel.

Friday Dejavu

# Hail Thee

He wakes and thank no gods,  
In his hands his soul he claims.  
Freedom he claims to have,  
But his will is chain in cave.  
The widows he devour,  
Virgins, are his night meal.  
Fame is his pride,  
But in fear he trade.  
Integrity he despise,  
Wealth is at any price,  
Life he claims to explore,  
But his smiles is only a lore.  
He listens to no one,  
Begs no mortal or deities.  
Experience he claims to gain,  
But his spirit suffer in pain.  
The poor he oppress,  
Pride is his shopping address,  
Self made he claims to be,  
But loneliness torment his soul.  
Eternity is vain talk,  
Who set the standard he boast,  
His rights he claims to know  
But death he fear to call.  
Who would save this great hero?  
For he now amount to zero  
This life is borrow!  
He exclaimed as death draws near.

Friday Dejavu

# I Came On Time

I came on time,  
When the world sink with slime,  
Where children fear no pride,  
And serpent dwells with men.

I came on time,  
When computers think for men,  
Where kings fear not to lie,  
And mans woe is his words.

I came on time,  
When harlot is the craft of kids,  
Where marriage is only a phase,  
And family fear no strife.

I came on time,  
When knowledge is hard to get,  
Where reading is too mundane,  
And wisdom hide in cave.

I came on time,  
To wake men from slumber,  
To battle the doom ahead of him,  
And reshuffle the world with questions.

Friday Dejavu

# I See Nothing

We are a dot in time  
Living as though we exist.  
Time betray us all  
We are a fragment of everything.

We are here for now  
Indebt of tomorrow.  
Why struggle for nothing  
When the universe isn't ours.

I see no man when I stare  
Only design and figures.  
I am nothing  
For in this I become anything.

Look into the sea  
Look through the rock,  
Their existence is certain  
I see souls in everything.

When I meditate,  
I fear what I become,  
My soul is intertwine  
We are a dot in existence.

Friday Dejavu

# I Smell Death

Soothing to my soul,  
Let the heathens boil.  
My stones of faith kill,  
I smell death from mother earth.

Let the trumpet sound,  
Gather the faithful around.  
End time is nearer,  
Bring me the bowl bearer.

From mountain top lies descended,  
Prayers of saint have ascended.  
Prepare the musicians,  
Woe to devilish politicians.

I see smile everywhere,  
Why are they dinning over dead?  
In olden time I have read,  
God of vengeance is alive.

White, blue or pink house,  
Feed my surplus to my mouse.  
Why must the children starve?  
While their fathers misbehave

I smell drums of war,  
Break their iron bar.  
Prepare my weapons,  
Invite angels' responds.

Friday Dejavu

# In The Shadows

I will not be tame anymore,  
Over stay water's in my mouth\_  
I need to spit out the saliva.

See the elders murmuring,  
What dries the water from the coconut?  
Untie the goat in the ranch.

Awake the gods of the land,  
Abomination is gobbling in the air\_  
See the children eating their flesh.

Who poison the village brook?  
See the warriors' dozing\_  
Make ready the maiden.

Bring in the white chalk,  
Time to consult the gods\_  
Something is fishing in the shadow.

Friday Dejavu

# Infotech Love

I pray for grace  
To fondle my wife  
The way I fondle my phone.

To talk to my kids  
The way I message through my phone.  
To stare at my wife  
The way I see movies on my phone.

To romance her  
Like I unlock my phone,  
To carry my family  
Always like my phone.

To protect them  
The way I protect my screen,  
To love them  
Like candy crush.  
To my future family  
I love you a million more than my phone.

Friday Dejavu

# Knowledge Light The Way

When my night become the day,  
And irony put me in sway,  
Knowledge light the way.

When I think of my thought,  
And bury my pride in my wrought,  
Knowledge light the way.

When confusion becomes my guide,  
My ignorance I desire to hide,  
Knowledge light the way.

When trust becomes illusion,  
And virtues is only an intention,  
Knowledge light the way.

When pretends turn me off,  
And reality is wipe off,  
Knowledge light the way.

When my soul is tasty for the truth,  
And spirit is vengeful in it root,  
Knowledge light the way.

When am searching for love,  
And my mind fly like a dove,  
Knowledge light the way.

When perception deceive my mind,  
And lies makes me blind,  
Knowledge light the way.

Friday Dejavu

# Lies Of Lust

All I ask is your hand of friendship,  
For you I'll answer the black sheep,  
I will sacrifice all for our relationship,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

You're the sugar in my tea,  
Your thought makes me shed tear,  
Your love my heart holds dear,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

For you I'll always play cool,  
Just your image makes me drool,  
With your heart I'll play no fool,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

Our love the gods have ordain,  
In your eyes my joy is contain,  
Just a handshake I shall maintain,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

Now I see it's all about sex,  
You're no different from my ex,  
I shouldn't have sent my first text,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

Feelings lure me into infatuation,  
Emotions drives me into confusion,  
I only mean to write my confession,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

Friday Dejavu

# Life Imprisonment

Condemn to the prison of existence,  
You cannot get out of life alive.  
I beg for explanations,  
Life offers some stroke of condemnation.

Nature, teacher of my ignorance,  
My crime yet unstated.  
I live as though I'm immortal,  
The end certainly is dead.

Roaming to be slaughtered,  
We all patiently wait.  
Every second holds,  
The executioners axe.

The voice of a fool in the crowd is a genius,  
Who cares as long as it brings fantasy.  
When all is said and done,  
I have served my time.

Labour, harbor till sunset,  
And hope the judge is pleased\_  
The earth was never truly ours.

Friday Dejavu

# Little Stones

If wisdom were goods,  
Merchant would trade,  
The price of truth,  
Is worth no dime.

If angels fly low,  
kings would kidnap,  
The hero we seek,  
Is inside us.

If genius were gift,  
Wealthy would own,  
Talent like flower,  
Is nurture to grow.

If love is a property,  
Government would lease,  
Love like air,  
Is free to all.

If money is gold,  
Miners would dig,  
Fortune like dream,  
Is sweet in sleep.

If the hand toil,  
Mouth would wag,  
Life like heaven,  
Is our sweat to climb.

Friday Dejavu

# Love Me Now And In Future

True love is sweet in movies,  
In real life we're all novices.

Emotions is best express in drama,  
Genuine feelings isn't in grammar.

Romeo died for Juliet only in novel,  
Death journey non would freely travel.

Sweet words is intriguing in books,  
Lovers tongue is full of crooks.

Heros fight for their bride,  
Lies of lust comes with pride.

Many miles I've travel to seek your heart,  
With lofty gift hidden in this piece of art.

True love is in the colour of your eye,  
Your hand I desire to walk down the aisle.

If love is painted in picture,  
Make me your artist now and in future.

Friday Dejavu

# Mothers Pride

To hate a woman,  
I do not command.

Through a woman,  
The world I came.

I can underestimate the world,  
A woman power is stronger than the wall.

I love only but once,  
Such love I play no dice.

My mother is all I have  
All women my heart esteem.

Friday Dejavu

# My Desert Flower

In my head I hear my voice  
In my dreams I see myself,  
In part I desire my taste  
A pot of coal I get instead.

In fear I trade my thoughts  
In my shadow I fear myself,  
In vain I yearn for wealth  
A pot of stones I get instead.

I am, because I am  
Fools knows no fear.  
There lies a genius  
Fear enslave us all.

Today I scream aloud  
Only my head hears the sound.  
Call me to myself  
Pride has brought us here.

The world belongs to nobody  
Only fools can wear the crown  
Tell the wise to see himself  
There lies his greatest fear.

Friday Dejavu

# Night Visitor

Lost to lust,  
My flesh of dust.  
Desiring pleasure\_  
Though in torture.

Buried in pride,  
My ego ride.  
Seeking for a bride\_  
Non to chide.

Down the lane,  
I fall in plane,  
Slopping through\_  
Amidst the rough.

Frozen in ice,  
I heard her voice\_  
Never love twice,  
Lest you miss your dice.

Mother was right,  
My hands is tight.  
A visitor at night,  
Is not worth the fight.

Friday Dejavu

# On That Day

ON THAT DAY

While the world will be busy\_  
Making the street red and rosy,  
I see myself reflecting\_  
On the meaning of nothing.

While money will be flying out\_  
Feeding the hungry mouth,  
I see myself communing\_  
Waiting to see the next morning.

While many will be deceive\_  
And sex freely receive,  
I see myself in a tradition\_  
Cooking up sour love portion.

While red dresses flood the street\_  
Making it impossible to ret,  
I see myself thinking\_  
Where truly is the link?

If love is for a day\_  
I rather live on sun ray,  
If sex guarantees peace\_  
I rather stay out of the race.

On that day\_  
I shall call my love,  
And reassure of my trust.  
On that day, I shall be alone.

Friday Dejavu

# Round Table

Vampires are back  
blood dripping from their beck,  
Innocent children in the cave  
Our poor souls they crave.

Darkness cloth their souls,  
land of the demons speaking founs.  
yet in their shadows we dance  
begging for crumbs to drop.

Beast all over the land  
eating flesh for survival,  
who would kill this Goliath?  
my ink is dry for drought.

I will stand on my watch,  
shooting my stones with faith,  
this monster must die  
I'm bored with round table talks

Friday Dejavu

# Silence Will

You can set the forest ablaze,  
The conceive mind you can't burn.

Wisdom is profitable to direct,  
Only those willing to be directed.

In numbers our days might not count,  
In purpose put not your future in doubt.

I exist to live in full,  
My destiny I will play no fool.

To be is to act,  
Life beauty is in art.

Friday Dejavu

# Speck In My Eye

As the events unfold  
I keep my hands fold,  
As solipsism prevail,  
Evil men travail.

We cry for justice,  
When leaders all play dice.  
Pride brought us here,  
Humility soil the ear.

Give me blood for title,  
Feed my ego with flesh.  
Let's compromise a little,  
His grace is ever fresh.

Everything is built on faith,  
Only fools perish by Fate.  
Daddy survive, he shall rise,  
Someone must pay the price.

Let's pray for the faithful,  
May their family be fruitful.  
Give me blood to drink,  
Tomorrow we shall wear the ring.

Friday Dejavu

# The Devil Wears Agbada

Why term me a fool\_  
because I bend not to your rule?  
Bullet can off the sound,  
but can it distort the message?

Why restrict my freedom\_  
because i demand my kingdom?  
You can kill the body,  
but can you destroy the pen?

I ask for peace you give me war,  
The truth you lock behind the bar.  
You can hide the truth,  
but can you hide the sun?

Power to a fool is deadly,  
I give you my right you whip me with it.  
You can be a tyrant,  
but are you any better?

My identity you label corrupt,  
with white agbada you assume a saint.  
You can destroy my image,  
but my country I shall reclaim.

Friday Dejavu

# When I Sleep

Maybe, am more than this  
Maybe, am not here  
Maybe, am all I need,  
Maybe, there is more than this.  
Maybe, there are no gods  
Maybe, Heaven is here  
Maybe, hell is cool  
Maybe, the truth really hurts.  
Maybe, the earth is ours,  
Maybe, there is nothing  
Maybe, am saying something  
Maybe, it's really a Déjàvu.  
Maybe, tales is lies  
Maybe, lies is real  
Maybe, there is still much more,  
Maybe, am more than human.

Friday Dejavu