

Poetry Series

George Egba
- poems -

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George Egba()

A Bird In The Wind

Angry through the wind
A little bird whistle steady mind
A touch to the east
South or west
Flaping it's wings in vain
It's strength too mild
The wind blowing wild
It's horican he guess
And have it's featers dress

George Egba

A Country's Sound

On the subway sand
The crawling train rolled by the railway groaned
Mellow willow blowing dusty air to trees beside
Gently keeping a slow pace tide
On and on great hast in little speed
Sat on the metal which rustic bleed
And yet has a long way on
Less time a must go run
Up and through pot ways earthward low
Just not enough for time too idle slow
Time to take some deep breath chill
Like some friendliness and time was not mild
With all the runs to make time was headlong gone
Feel a bit of lateness just bygone
All but onward keep a sluggish ease
Outpouring some disturbing noise
Covering less and yet was poised
An on railway trip
With all for wheels suffering a destination grip
Now by the countryside it sounds

George Egba

A Minute To Bangkok

Above heights languishing desires down
Confined in prominent fear to fall again
Yet the ever way to town
Bloody walls high for words disdain
Our proud province priced out
Against time to refuse
Or gain formidable grace to edge doubt
All we behold all they abuse
We regret a long time within decapital
And pulled through a blinded convoy
Doom and dubbed for a future fatal
Where we met gentle giants for boys
Counting street one counting more
Like strangers struggle
Ban behind smuggled shores
With hope far strangled
Miles and minutes to Bangkok
The castles mountains mansions the air
Destitute of freedom the duke
Men by wheelchair
Ladies crossing fast by high heels
Who gave to us frown smiles
Now an ordinary minute Bangkok own our wills
Bangkok province mounting on the hills
Decapital away with history for Bangkok now
To all we hope and dream of irish island
Nothing else but Bangkok we know
Holding out hands pasting by the sand
Followed by memorable steps
Behind neighbouring Baghdad
Like alien Bangkok street creep

George Egba

A Reply

The forest flourished rapidly and grow
Awesome amazing fruits
Grasses green grew well nourished by the caring dew
All these i see smile at the truth
If i could reply i say beautiful
I passed again and saw
The birds in freedom fly and sang
Sweetly through the snow
Up and high the sky
And if i owe a reply by a dance
Again beside the busy sea
I found the raging storm tides and waves
With a million sojourn within i see
Splashing through the flow brave
Left me with one reply to sail
And sail beheld the sparkling sky
From whence all faithful seasons descend
Of summer winter as time fly
Some falling snow smoke ascend
Certainly a reply by the sun and rain
Then i return home again
Heavy with years and age
To meet a world plagued by teen and age
With a grudge gave them room to see
So if i could pay a reply a price

George Egba

A Shock Return With Me

Trees stood vainly by
Vibrant leaves scolding the arrogant breeze
So it doesn't pop against our clueless roof
Over the bald of old idle men that freeze
Who felt so safe beneath their aging golf
Self serving their ancient past
But could only reap from an unfair shock
Of high profiled leaves languishing with downtrodden grass
Stomp bending aching while other lying low across the path
No more safety all blown by the tempest
Sooner arrived with a curse to care
For treasures esteemed were vain
Unless the ones pail
Weeping then return again in my humble brain
It feeling was like drowning in the ocean tail
But crossed it hard
Rough it cracked my aging skin so
A chance too narrow to behold
Things which stares at me
Made shame of me
So i turn again and hide
Void of a decisive date to rule them again

George Egba

Abode

Some glasses filter shine
Same classes firmament bright
Wide a while across fragile broken chin
Tumbling blue skies anti snowy bright
Rain on the western coast
Of fragile nerves and sleepers might
All day of glassy snowy eyes host
Above us stood all ancient long
With gaze of a million eyes
More moon marvelous sparkling songs
Found all around the blazing skies
Hanging light above
Like bye and bye it was meant to collapse
This idea wing in us like a dove
Sure it remain and flops
Our imagination which was ever set on it
To ponder the firers distance the hanging sea
Which ever felt an exit
Just beyond the billows sea
Of castle blood mingle with spirit
Bear rule over blood and flesh
As high above the hanging sea
More precious than a Springfield flood
Yet a home they say for saints
For virgins purity and above
Marble blue of snow and saints
A kingdom race hanging proud
Till the thought pass away
Vanish to the skies
Where it has never room to stay

George Egba

Adizza

Adizza is the bird that sings in my turbulent nights
That sat on an olive tree above my window
With a voice soft and whispering bite
And call me out from my terrifying shadows
From sad and horrible dreams
She sings when sleep is destitute of rest
When my soul rigmarole all over my night realm
Then the comforting tone Adizza to my rescue fast
And lite up my frowning face with a smile
Her song has a language in the sound
Full of hope all the way from the mountains miles
And once i heard its music brand
I quickly bid farewell to my dreamland host
To make up for the first few line i miss
Gently losing my soul into the melody i had lost
O she sings all of nature and hiss
Against every aching and itching of the mind
Of hope and happiness love and peace
In her voice I found life so kind
When she is done I was restored at ease
Adizza more than voice i wish to touch
Wish to bear her tenderly in my empty hands
Lie her preciously where i had treasured much
While her precious voice joined the travelling whirlwind hence

George Egba

Again

We do not think again
When love turn in vain
And we find the cupboard with forbidden skeleton
The truth which was abandon
Dwell in us

We do not fight again
When our heroes are slain
Behind our funeral town
Full of pits covered with crowns
We do not stay but run away

For solitude and honor their day
We do not sing again
When our victory song lies
With them that die
But we observe a moment of silence

We do not see again
When the blind must lead our way
Teach our children how to pray
And build our fence
We are not safe again

George Egba

Age Exit

Salt on stone
Shame of youthful bones
Apt it used to be keen
If ancients men were teen
Used to settle on their eardrums
They used to feel it warning broom
On their materialistic and their mouse
Runs through their system compelling a browse
More and more deep into their pinnacles
They are found salt of the earth particles
And attitude of all atom eagerness
They rise more pillars of salt not permanent
Not for a lifetime filament for a reason
Long and short fresh from prison
The days pay off their ransom and forty youth fly
So high down to the adult sky
Where heavy ransom and reasoning is found
Reason to grow up reasons not be proud
So much reasoning about the happy past
In a sad ending making up fast

George Egba

All My Life

I will turn and go
From friends who will not love me so
And find myself a pet
To whom i shall will all my lifetime pat
Through a tender touch of love
Lay her down like one would have done to a dove
Then sing her to sleep
On a bed I have made all my life

George Egba

Ancient Will

My fathers tread this path I tread
Upon hooks and thorns fastened on each solitude step
Pinched the soul and aches the strangers mind
Draining daily their outpouring blood
Sprinkled and cried son life is no friend but foe
My fathers sailed this sea I sail
Of life toasting waves tempest testing times
Up and down the ditch they toiled and failed
Lost many to this endless course
Their survivors escaped to warn son life is no friend but foe
They exploit the world the dangers of the wood
Hunting in caves the quest of peace couldn't avail
Amidst violent seasons through mountain and plain
Many taken in the ease and evil
Others returned to proclaim son life is no friend but foe
Some plow the field the wet dew of mankind home
As merchants they sold and were sold miseries of the womb
Breast and beast exchange for cowries
To one price of life which many gave their lives
The best rest the case son life is no friend but foe
I inherited their tenth caves and ancient plain
Their well and water deep as the fountains of life
Their farm land watered by heaven's vanishing dew
While I walk their kingdom tomb
Each inscription stressed son beware life is no friend but foe

George Egba

Anthill Square

A strange walker ventured the city of ants
And met a loyal citizen but passed without a word
I couldn't say what I saw but
Knew he whispered something in their word
And soon returned with a thousand spy
Who rushed and stormed the vineyard where the helpless fellow lay
Retreat with ten thousand more to spy
When it was action and nothing to say
Then a hundred took his head a hundred his neck
A hundred his eyes mouth and nose
His testis torn apart his groin down his knees black
Down his feet taking him piece after piece
Till he was found here and there
And slowly down their country home
With their helpless victim a piece for a hundred
Just in a twinkling of an eye
Evacuated the execution square

George Egba

Ashes

Though in ashes lies peril
Yet in ashes we are beloved
Unto ashes we belong
And to ashes shall we return
A fairy wind scattered us
Upon the face of the earth and thus
We chase our days and our dreams
Till we chase no more

George Egba

Belive

Look up look up never look back
Hold on hold on never let go
Keep on keep on don't stop now
Rise up rise up time to sleep is past
Move on move on still a long way to go
Stand up stand up everyone has a right
Confess it confess it you too can have a say
Love it love it all finger are not equal
Try it try it you will never be harm
Cease it cease it fight it by force
Cheer up cheer up joy is from within
Ride on ride on rid for the ass is yours
Smile bright smile bright you look wonderful
Give out give out givers never lack
Dream it dream it one day you will achieve
Face it face it never run away
Reject it reject it not your portion
Return it return it to the rightful owner
Enjoy it enjoy it all things bright and beautiful
Live it live it life is Gods gift to man

George Egba

Birth In Troy

Darkness has dent our dreams
A sigh is heard in the stream
Till light like a hyena prowls
Justly did our faces a smile
More slimmer than a fainting slave
Hardened by the shores of a slender flow
Spread the sky blue the sea a blow
In a oneness wish
Went behind the ways of tears
And searched with wetness fear
Frail flowers after the flood
Stood withal their ancient blood
That left debris dreaded joy
For we and unions of the air
Came counting the bones of troy
Beneath a cloud almost unfair
Fed fellows never filled or faint
Till the dew came and beat them wet
And thunder scourge to pieces their skeletal frame

George Egba

Black Is The Song

Afrique Music and song
A refining radiance in the sun
The windows of the wind are bless
When the black skin blow bliss
We are the picture

Painted on the skin of other cultures
The elegant tattoos of love
Beautiful just like where we evolved
We have survived the sting of racism
Liberated from the pandemonium of sexism

No longer called slaves of the world
Of divers colors our stand is bold
Like kings of the jungle
Afrique voices tingles
Over all the ends of the earth
No more victim of racial death
We are free

George Egba

Black Midwives

An ashes hill
We receive no soul
Instead our summer came rattling in the field
Like fresh scent of cotton and wool
With a certain place of African canteen
Where the coffee speaks pidgin
And the grasshopper works in green
Shepherd by those suitably drunk with gin
Down the festival road
Some have lived and slept
Brave enough to venture abroad
Such were the African ritual that wept
Wore the royal black in sack clothes and ashes
To a city far from our race
Now forgotten like old rags and rashes
By the midwives of our place
Can their infants ever dream
To cater for their fathers sweat in one stream

George Egba

Bobby Synagogue

Bobby synagogue went toe to toe
With history and failed every foe
He planted a christian rose
And nurtured it with tears till it grows
Part for his blood

For the everlasting sun dries his flood
A generation of fruits
Yielded grapes his fiercest recruit
Sadly his wishes were of figs
But fell short by the wayside and dig

Ten thousands were they
Fewer and not clearly worthy
A thousand were wasted on thorn lashes
Reborn to the violence of war clashes
And Bobby foresaw the upcoming flood

Rushing down in men's tears and blood
Ascending to the mountain
Bobby could not behold the reason
Lost to the valleys of eternity
To prove the world a void entity

Behind him his tears conceive fruits
Surely figs not grapes brute
Found too late when Bobby soul was lost
Hidden beneath a rock to frost

George Egba

By Head Count

Dust of the earth
Who can count
Tribes without end
Languages only God can discern
Subject of color and race

In birth and when they pass
Like water like wine
They shall never at the same table dine
Though all are given all it takes
To play, fight, love and break

some shall rise together
They do not understand each other
Many fly away
Others stay awake
At the expense of others blood

The burden of the day and night
It bothers the numbers twice
Some know they are born necked
Some at some point want to be necked
Some help others to be necked
Some cover nakedness
Though the whole world lies in wickedness
By head count they are two

George Egba

By Her Fruits

Love has a mother
Not born by a woman
Blood test reveal character the winner
Love has a sister not human
They look alike she is charity
Love rented an apartment a mans heart
When there's greed
She depart and homeless hurt
Love has a companion she feed
With kindness and sacrifice
To whom she give her all
No not in self service
Love has a pregnant widow free
Her umbrella covering her pitfalls
Love has a tree
Planted by the river side she has no need for rainfall
Love is a builder
It all started in a single night
Cold and calm leaning on her shoulders
While she feels his tender might
Love has a shadow
That never part it's faithful
A beholder and sees through the Miro
But when it's not not love it's fearful
Stays in the distance
And let her wallow in the cold
Wallowing in silence
Gone all season on a holidays
Love lost a neighbor
Angel trust they were together in the garden
To rip fruits and rotten flowers
Soiled the covenant that binds them together

George Egba

By My Dream

I went to my people
And met them like this
Their hands into their mouth
Their eyes their cheeks upon their head
At akimbo some utterly covered their face
And sat aside to watch their act
Until i fell deep asleep and dream
Of of a desperate deed i dream
Which had brought all these
There i knew what a change it was
Whether it was shock or shame
Or gain lose count them on
Of shame because they see me not yet hid
Of lose because their number had change
Then i called to them
And said my people
Those hands on mouth eyes
Upon head akimbo and on
Not enough reason by my dream
But your daydreaming
And sell of sleep
Had brought me home
To sleep with you

George Egba

Childhood

Little eyes little eyes
View the world today
Make a joyful noise and spy
On strangers around delay
Little hands little arms
Spread so wide to gain the world at once
Take her wealth by storm
Before we count your bounce
Little lips little lips
Parted to quest for meal
And let mother know your tips
Until your daily hunger heal
Little feet little feet
Kicking away discomfort
And fight for your childhood right
That find your whereabouts
Little bed little bed
Designed in mothers enduring back
Take all your play and sleep beside
Till your rent is due and pack

George Egba

Clay Settlement

Through the dusty doors
Passed after a thousands years
They are the generations exit
And the residue their exhibit
Their footprint through burdens memories
The going out rising
And slogan on gowns
The heroes and clowns
The cast away and wounded of all times
The dust of a thousands years
The paths of the quick
The rejected and the sick
The observers and beggars
The soldiers and slaves
Are dust leaving for a thousand years
Dust in the sea shore
Dust resting on the mountain side
Dust cast when dust return to dust
Dust taken into the air
Dust forgotten for a thousand years

George Egba

Close To Close

Slaves for sorrow
Pride weapon of princes
Kingdom companion of kings
Quietness abode of queens
Crowd confide in their crown
Sheep follow their shepherd
Parish invest in their priest
Sinners are made saints
Friends and foe
Man is born of a woman
Honey is the product of money
Earth for life and death
Sea coast close and sunshine
Mountain dew drop in the morning
Living life in love
Sea storm drown sailors
Doctors have a day to die
Riders watch horses race
Close to close no matter how secure how calm

George Egba

Come Alive Dream

Rise up dream
Let's join the living and bear our beam
For building is uprising
Not down lying
Let's pitch our tent for hay by the side of sun
After the moon has given us sketches let's run
Unto fame let's climb mountain's
Till our glory gain sunlight and we shine
From the dreary shadows of doubt
May it illuminate our where about
Up fairy dream come alive
Shrink from shell and survive

George Egba

Cool Envy

I am not celebrity
Don't give me titles
Or pressure me in false charity
Let me alone in my courtage humble little
While i hold a break against desperate gaze
From fans and friends from fears
From stage cheers from favour
Sometime sentimental i am natural i share tears
I hate orders with bad odour
Tell me where to find a perfect prince
Show me the price of honor
And upon whom it fit nice
I tell and show you a crown laid down for lives
Crucified for the wrong of all
Whose cross other despise
The stage is a tabernacle of shows
Meant for palace lie
On whom every glory is decorated
Yet destitute of gentle justice
But salvation is beyond saving a single crown
Or wearing false grief for men eyes
More of sacrifice more of frown

George Egba

Crown As Slave

Set on flames all hay
Leave no more room for mundane things
Today like a lady shy
Tomorrow shall bow kingdom kings
Breath is spell
Life is slave
Curse be the race it groove with ancient bell
Sell the truth sit thou on uneasy wave
Love is lust in disguise gay
Life burden that's all
Sure in you this fate lie
Low and destine to fall
A whole state low
Just one thing rise to fate
One thing to show
All thing are yeast
What time demand is done
Even kingdom kings and kings
Before fate yarn
Memories cut off as due things
Most moment false when shadows pass
Shadows shy and fades
Like summer heat look on grass
Soon another goes out this trade
This Trade this dream this weariness
Late fate last hope too late
Those sudden heaviness quietness dizziness in quietness
O sting here comes fate
Proof where to stay
Same as kings dazzling stars
Kingdom kings as guy
With this hour rushed on with the wave

George Egba

Crystal Island

Home atlas since far away away flowers
Tender roses meek serenity blowing slow
Just there by garden stood rose for showers
Beside a narrow stream flow
Doze the trees which went so soft by music
Paradise atlas just this home
Of snowy look falling fruits from figs
So fed we and gave her a calm name
Peace and love and share love of trees
Then at night when sleep from mountain dew
We dreamed not of better home than of trees
Which own long tasting dew
Some day soon came the sun
But retires as the frozen breeze drive it away
Fast folded her length away she ran
Till date time came and took us away
We could neither bear this departure
Or remain where our days were no more
Took for me memorial precious stones
Away with inscription of love and peace
In love the way we felt
Live and rise just in that spot
Trace the stars as long as the memorial could tell
Far away from that spot
Shadow deep spots of future sleep
Where to be call our memories
Until this was through to keep
Need arise moment for trial
Abide no more to weep

George Egba

Days Of Our Oracle

Take a distance with me
The future is after today
This hope you see stool from our fathers too
And made them tattered priest and taboos
Of the false oracles only the rivers down the mountain were true
Send with a signal let it mingle
It is our blood and witness to our children's wrinkle
So when they grow the hand pit hair it should not get gray
Like servants of the oracles who were in disarray
Let us dress our shadows and be our children's oracles
Of digging under the rain
Waving off our own sweat reaping under the sun
Give the sun the things that are the sun
Things that are the rain the rain
Before we pass the age of our oracle

George Egba

Destiny Diamond

Midnight moon your brightness shines
You made it I thought you won't be fine
In black clouds ten thousand storm a wretched sky
Lost stars rolling rainbow when creatures fly
While darkness appear a decade out of place
Here I behold your brightness my doubt replace
Till my window watch made a screen
And I watched your movie mixed with white and green
Staring a role model scene shining hero
Your breakthrough made your foes zero
Shining night and earth so bright
Windows project you high
Your amazing brightness standing by
The sky is bless and very proud of you
That you comfort the turbulent earth so
Giving night bat no choice but to fly
Across the earth toward the sky
The cock crow to say goodbye at dawn
Men kneeling beside their beds
And bless the night of your reign

George Egba

Down Pour

Tiny random rain
Drop down on every roof of ours
Wet as season long and refrain
In due course form a cloud
The stream run linkup with the sea
And ocean wish on her you pea
The stiff back earth longed for your touch
Rise in all dusty alarm to your purge
Green grasses disguise in brown
And preferred your days than sun
The trees sacrifice to you their tender leave and flowers
Withered down their knees for showers
Be long today before the earth dry
Before the throat crack beneath the sky
Abide no more in your chambers base
Let down furthermore your empty vessels case
That draught look so all the ends of the earth
Your love also was here beneath

George Egba

Down Side Stream

Think of me down side stream
I seem lost I sink in my void
My weaken might holding you was a dream
Raining rocks of coldness wanting warm
Where there's void emptiness there's need
Hold my hands this coldness your charm
Chain our emotions our love shouldn't end
We want those memories
The idle lonely moments I was near
Beside closer when comfort flies
We try too late we show too little for love
Like everyone bears the batch to care
No one else has a heart for you from above
To keep your wishes desires I am thine
Stay with me I will miss your touch
Comfort care your smile with the zeal to kiss
Down side stream where the calm is much
And the days long i will feel the miss
Of your penetrating eyes that sees
Your passionate smile and nicely parted lips
That wet my aching tongue and set me free
You are a perfect gift let me add nothing else

George Egba

Dying Rose

Precious rose avoid summer sun
That blink when faces meet
Though furious that eyes full of ruin
Fears and furry dim at a colorful set
In distance mission and weather ablaze
The fires dull at her obeisance
Before a blowing beautiful breeze
Slow slow down threatening the roses presence
Like today acres close
While the sunny gaze abide
In hast colors of our roses fade
And lost a seat in paradise
Dose it claim a river run
Bring a flood over a happy brow
Got it wet before the sun
Soon avoid thy beauty dying slow
By hot by hate
Of sunny stare
Which through our rosy gate
Never saw so much but fear
Travel alone paradise
Paradise lost lovely rose fade
Away threaten by hot heaven host
Burning for a decade

George Egba

Empty Soul

Lofty love

Why in cruelty slay my solitary soul

And disguise thy act like some sent above

Let low I'm so empty full

Solemn and sound like the evening bird

But thou are here to lost without wondering wings

Or stay in hast or lie in thy bed

Where thou have gain some piece of signs

Thou has a soul in me

If thou shall wonder the homeward way

Through the sea side

Where the bones of true love once lay

George Egba

Even Breeze

Touch me gently
Pass not so quickly
By eventide peaceably blow
And upon my sunbathed skin tarry slow
Come calmly with your freezing so
In my entangled hair mingle go
From the crown to the sole of my feet
There let your chilling repeat
Whirling upon tides of time
Fill my vessel while you pass like a stream
Countenance with your descending chill
Show me ease and release from ill

George Egba

Ex Convict

Declared acquitted
To taste freedom after twenty years
Only to arrive to party with the departed
The ex convict barely bear
Nothing he was out of jail
But still had in him the chains
Still feel the guilt the sail
And other inmate some guiltless claim
Sleepless night contaminated air
Years of agonizing suffering
From the first moment first day was unfair
Freedom came he never saw it coming
Now and even more had to bear
Tedious to compare with prison pain
Less worthy of trust less of care
Prison aid more convenient to the brain
Sharing love was simple
Prison life garbage prison home
The language which the brothers gave
Those brothers beloved and brave
More worthy than prison slaves
Prison celebration prison respect
Brothers from the first day of twenty years
Nothing outside prison was perfect
Tears were necked and fears
Life outside was prison grave
He return to find his siblings were adults
His mother stood there face wet with tears
Bowed with years waiting alone father was gone
All were vain glory standing against him
The party meant for him wasn't enough
What a life prison change

George Egba

Eyes Of The Sea

Come quietly
Come singing
Come whispering
Oh come shadow come
Come with lightening into hiding caves

Come meet the ocean today
Beneath the rushing lay
A melancholy sound
Most sober of songs
Here with heart warming it whispers

Pass onward like a line of brass
With a slicing sparkling it made my staring blind
And left a splashing adventure in my mind
My daydream sail
To the ocean tail

Where the garden grow petals

George Egba

Face To Face

Face to face
Says the era come with me
Out of love your journey take a silent phase
Appease a moment of toil say good bye
Before your own maker face to face
Here is dawn with blinded eyes
When boring toil cease
Like a judge rest your case
Slowly the stranger cease you with ease
Present you trembling before your makers face
The time which felt like most
Had faded away non to show
Alone now you stand lonely at thy post
Your envious pride now the flame that bows
Hence today your maker face to face
Like the whole world did pass on with you
In your narrow bed truly yours
Err the wayward world move on with you
Too late to cry before an angry fathers face
Guide up your loins
Up down the valleys dark
Watch no more now you shall be join
By a strange star to give you spark
Across twilight before fathers face
Youth is pleasure
At twenty five when they are full
But now all did pass with leisure
All that seem tall
Is the thrown before fathers face

George Egba

Fervent Fire

Fervent fire
Love is burning desire
When I admire
Your beauty inspires
Me through your attire
I will never retire
But aspire
Beyond barriers
And hate lairs

George Egba

Flourish

Flourish flower flourish
I pray heaven send you rain
Or warm lightening if need be for gain
For this sake mountains top
Has no friends but serpent scorpions and thorns

Just for lily's
To inherit the peaceful valleys
So flourish when you see the rain
Likewise the sun for it ask no gain
Till the night comes
Flourish and blossom

George Egba

Flower Fall

Green life die
Though it lovely lie
In cares and comfort
And abundantly sprang forth
Up coming flower

The sun brandishing at you
Sight of a new name
Is given for the world is not the same
Like heaven on earth
Such is your fate

For what may last
Is lost
And finding peace on earth is death
Where flowers may breath
To stand tall
For soon flower fall

George Egba

Flower In Africa

From your crown to your color
Your black beauty deserve more honor
You must be a queen in some region of Africa
West Africa or even central Africa
I render to you a gentle mans dues
That befit an idol like you
Hear my demand a gentle mans demand
Give me flower Africa dizzy flower
Your love is tender and falls like gentle showers
That I may live to admire
Your dazzling beauty deep down mire
My heart puzzles in my under
You are a charm you must be from wonder
The wold of angels
Where only African queen like you can tangle

George Egba

Flowers Fountain

I blow flowers breed in your heart
Spring well flourishing you never drink
Home fade away before the heat
What else do you do with flowers names
Roses green hibiscus lace
Mountains little hills dominion meek
But just like home we all hold some place
If you know the colours of dreams
Then you can tell the beauty of flowers
And trees without some christmas bending
You care more about your home
As nothing shares her place
Diamond stars never
Pay a visit to the lousy town
Where the sales of naira and gold lies
You stock within rituals
Like a humble valley
Staring at a grown up home
Which has forsaken you in payback
Makes you wrap yourself in black clothes
How many times do you miss the beauty bird
Rooted upon the roof spotless tree

While reciting the traditional hymn
Which brings back
Strength to weary formers on field
And the trees invite the breeze
It came blowing gently
Upon our women in travail
Until there was neither wedlock's
Of the gods anymore
But only hear of it
Once their shrine is set ablaze
And ashes use to design red walls
Upon which elders use to device palm wine
Fallen from colloquial colonial masters
We lack nothing anymore
That tide tidings flowing fine

Freedom

Care for cry
The song from prison pain
Here is wrong though tears try
We keep our dear eyes from rain
We must always die for our own
Hold hand by day or by night
And prove our love till dawn
When the proof is light
Men must take their stand
See they trust cake of their size
Living it to their dreamland
Where they belong and have their eyes
To be brave once upon a look back
Not slaves anymore we are free
From the old song in prison black
Rehearse in tears we are more than three
Strong enough we can stand
Above and even beyond our past pains
Love and hold our hands
We are more like a nation we can reign

George Egba

Freedom Fighters

Camped in demon dungeon delayed downward disdain
Not a glimpse of freedom stressed could be retain
Over an hour emphasis a clearance bill
Twice wasted a century clearance stood still
For a rescue team freedom for millions
With life in their hands join forces against battalion
Through a street which an Egyptian mummy kept
For century and more freedom fighters for freedom wept
Grumbling for freedom fireworks fade away
Like prison break the minds of freedom fled away
All slept dreamed in their dungeon dwell
Though our freedom tarry our mission was well
And poured libation for black freedom to descend
As every free mind rose and fireworks send
From western world and forceful fireworks
Chase unto death our dear freedom till it works
That we esteem more than the worth of gold
Had wasted a lineage of freedom fighters sold
To oppressors all drown in water
We promise a jaw bone if an ass die after
The walls fell the center wanting
Then came freedom fighters hunting
With claim that we deserved freedom first
But not as vain they thought we thirst
Our hopes our right through freedom glance
Afford solemn freedom to negro race
With beloved freedom which we see all
Proclaim not for sale

George Egba

From Cloud To Clay

A wild way
Of green where they lay
And thousands may pass
A walk way to be fast
And old way to follow
To get along and slow
A whirl wind way
Less traveled less strayed
A lost way of love
A well way to find prove
A way not to exchange an oath
Away you may not take off your coat
A way not to lead the blind
A way without a hill to climb
A wet winter way
A way from cloud to clay

George Egba

Full Of Spark

And idle place
For strangers for a long time meet
Violent streams gently race
All icy and green field arrive calm feet
Cast all around the distant sea tone
Name them a million stars
When we couldn't see the world shone
Through the window we found we have been so blessed
Closed our dreams in our eyes we were pleased
That none dream but we
In dreamland and wonders about us
We had days and hot afternoon
And needed shelter when it was cold
All at night stars and street light
Give us picture to bed of a beautiful world
Woke up so worked by dreams and thought
So short so shock not all made of beauty
Last night conscience next night guilt
Shining dots spots of light
On the walls which darkness made
Help but fancy the ongoing night

George Egba

Go To Bed Son

Go to bed son go to bed
Go and sleep your bed is made
Go while many dreams awaits you
Go for yours is a tender sound sleep
Go to bed son go to bed
Go while fathers bosom is beside you
And mothers banner covers you
Go while your sleep is sure
Go to bed son go to bed
Go while the moon beholds you
And the stars keeps your sky
Go while the rainbow gives you color
Go to bed son go to bed
Go while the gentle breeze pass your way
And the trees let the birds to sing for you
Go while your childhood dew avoid the sun
Go while your morning is waiting by

George Egba

Golden Frankincense

Touching breeze in a merry mask
Held ransom all day in a cherry task
On the twelfth moonlight so bright and shine
Enticing men from their lonely hideout shrine
Sing Christmas to them with a jingle bell
Till there was no more old story to tell
Fades to the moon stars and sun
In their newly made colors tossing for fun
With so much joy spread to wherever man is found
Down the virgin valleys of Bethlehem the jingle bell sound
So loud in the eve of Christmas with joy
Taking wind apart calm and coy
With good tiding the Savior is born
And angel with their trumpet turn by turn
Through tropics and trees upon desert upon plain
Upon highland till love is extended down the drain
To bird and fishes in the sea
Through wind feeling it tenderly in the air
Like the golden gift myrrh frankincense

George Egba

Good In Ugly

The nose chosen very flat
The lips branded not soft
The blind eyes leading free
The feet running not swift
The man a hero though lame
The fault of failure don't last
The house of slavery has kings
The prince and princes has past
The rose are beautiful but don't sing
The signs of shower don't rain
The price of success has pain
The way to the top
Is down and dose not pop
The night for a moment not forever
The fire is fiery but helps
The water dangerous but has friends
The way is narrow but leads home
The skies are blue but not love
The house is boring but shelters you
The cross is heavy but pure
And you can have a good time

George Egba

Good Night

Strong word of the night
You let me leave with a fight
Walk alone in the cold
With a flower in my hand
Sing while good time past
Good time last
Good days like a little stream
Happen in our wildest dreams

George Egba

Good Night Friends

Goodnight friends
I give that which I have
Not which I owe
Empty I came
So shall I return
Its mid night friends
Not all we see is all we know
The sun burns our wishes
The moon appear in ashes
Sleep tight friends
Be it in night mare
Be it in fear
We do not take dreams to bed
We take them as they come
Farewell friends
If wishes were swifter than fate
We would ride both day and night
And with the sun and moon have no fight
Goodnight dear sweet friends

George Egba

Grave Yard Mines

Our grave yard full of shells
Gold diggers miners all astray
With mines occupied with pot holes
That riders throw our rays away
Then bring the oldest news
Rumors and dept rendered
Old idle noise
Of another sermon of ill power
Where cops stood with pot bellies
Pot bellies upon road of pot holes
Drowning leaders profess
They are drunk while on tour
Become tourist and impoverish us
Impoverish the mines wasting in legacies
Which they impose and forge
All these could be mundane policies
Who can rise to judge
From the deep pools of our dying mines
When gold diggers yield up the ghost
Trust banish silence
Foreigners leading claim our trust
Tell me how to survive in dead mines
Where we eat the shell and sell the flesh
From us to aliens
The wounds in the mines forsaken
Forgotten and abandon
Beside our grave yard are weeping flowers
Mourning for justice mercies and pardon
Which gold diggers abuse and disallow

George Egba

Growing With Histoey

Look homeward
Feel this breeze blowing now
It blows on me i was eight step forward
No further carefully and slow
These voices these songs
I listen to them i was small i was ten
The meaning so touching so strong
Now these people with faces like teen
I remember them they are natives from my tribe
I met them just at twelve
This story and history
They told them to me about themselves
About tradition ancestors true stories
They are about adults and teen i was sixteen
Look at the skies and cloud
It might rain if it doesn't shine
These signs not strange it use to be so
See the river the lakes and streams
I use to wash in them i was eightteen
Look me i use to hold many hands
Around me my friends
My mothers kisses i still feel
My fathers care still carry me
They still hold me see my eyes
They were bright and white i was twenty
I was home where i first met love
And nothing can be strange

George Egba

Heroes Till June

Fall of June

The glory slip beneath the sun
came down quiet like peace
Upon sleepless men whose number made a sea
And watched in rage
Their hero strip thrice on stage

How many times has men made heroes
Like barbel they came crashing to zero
Count no more heroes of ten
For as empty zero without one
So are heroes except none

George Egba

Hill's Of Heaven

Beautiful heavens
Ancients pretty sapphire
To thee shall all gentle ravens
Perch upon thy glory aspire
Whiter colonies
Some made of blue
Awesome colours crafty shining hammonies
Some sing of snow
Call it heaven
Call it paradie
All unto himm with blissfull even
Falliing flat and paralised
Onward shall thy praises rise
From stares and galaxy gaze
An unending wonder thy prize
For when light perch to set thy countenance ablze

George Egba

His Anthill Home

The great remains away like a dynamite
His soul copies and photocopies
In his memorial read like zigzag rites
With an anthill carbon of a sapien
When his life time run through millions minds
That watch his last movie on a moving train
Many refraining tears that blind
As air freshies by through his last brain
Some couldn't withhold his final respect
Which were disappointing flowers
In one toast dust cast into dust depart
Hurried away slowly to ever mansion
Fell into a vision of his pilgrim mission
Met his faces around the painted wall
Hope within to meet him again
On the other side and river fall
Where those high mountains move
Like the last sigh of men's lips
There shall be memorial above
Times immemorial pass for evermore
With mixed relief
There in the final rival rise no more

George Egba

Hold Back Your Peals

Don't be a judge
Over what is important to people
Lost swine drain quest for apple
Life a movie keep rehearsing
For things you count could matter
Days you ever regret worth living
However you ponder in your cool shelter
While other keep moving away
Some prefer calm within indoor
Time is no stranger to the pain that stays
Gain with a future poor
Thing you should mind are in you
Not success passing bye
Whose origin you fail to know
Crowd of two passing bye
The gain elbow really huge
Life is beyond gaining weight

George Egba

How

How old is the earth
Older than yesterday
How wide is the earth
And high the heavens
How bright are all with light
How far is the future
Maybe two days bold
How common is our breath
How sudden is death like a thief
How close is the soul to the grave
Quick to feed the hungry earth
How deep is the sea
And narrow the streams
How gentle is the breeze
How furious the ragging storm
Of life's troubling days
How fresh is the rain
How toes the waves of the grand sea
How strong is the lion and cruel in heart
How harmless is the dove
And subtle the serpent
How wonderful is the gift of life
How all to his beautiful name

George Egba

How Would I Know

A bond of pleasure and terror
Dear world why these three dreams error
It gives me grace a place of love and hate
Friendship quest in this shall keep a date
If all these shall pass away how would I know
O lodge of strangers lord
Of sheep and wolves on board
Love for vanities and beauty the eyes behold
Little life for slaves suffered and sold
If these is kindness how would I know
Many miles in joy many in agony and fear
Comfort for flowing tears
Treat of war promise of peace
In this we live with disbelieve on our face
If safety is sure how would I know
End of the race and reward
Sweet sweat that flows onward
From time and breath
Till the sudden sting of death
Come to us how would I know

George Egba

Hunters Pet

His final strides
Has taken a swipe at the potters pot
And bade fare ware to end his honey moon
Which stood at the last mode of may
And the hour running round and fast
The birds flying descending low
Streams flowing downward dry
Huge hound held and old with years
Hunt younger than his days of birth
But has eyes laid back with rest
Carrying those tears and fears in them
Closed firmly and never saw those numbers they cheer
Those they admire
Great hour house whole love
Staring at those faces around but again
Blinded with departing tears
Too blind to behold him sleep
Yet he did atlas against aught sleep

George Egba

I Am Alone

I am single and alone
Born to a family of ten
Blessed with so much love
Warmth and caring teen
Once it time to be a man i am alone
Father would put his beloved to bed
After mothers day of tossing me up and down
Looking at my bright eyes she will would whisper
Sweet dreams shall be your crown
But it time to dream i am alone
Growing up with friends
Without building a fool
Sometime mother would frown at my choice
But when is time to choose i am alone
It seem a tedious transition
My little world drifting from home and love
Away from mothers loving eyes
And fathers caring gaze
That affectionately watch over me
But when their watch is pale i am alone
I am alone i chase my infant dreams
Which i fondly shared with mother as a child
That moment she had always treasured with a smile
Now that i am of age let me fight
Though i regret to say this let me be alone
When it time to be a man
Take a woman make her the mother of my child
One to make me complete make me leave father and mother
Though mother would try her best for my best
To find a dream girl for me
But when it time to choose
The love of my life i am alone
Always stay alone to complete what i have started
Till one day return to my place alone

George Egba

Ice For Eyes

A moment present a journey
Life and love lost in a table of lonely coffee
Dim eyes wide daydreaming honey
Amiss internal flames the world seem silly
Thanks a touch reveal another foul at forty
Surely no death yet solemn anniversary
For evidence the world look dizzy
Stressed up and lazy
More test unveil testers crazy
Wheres the solution a feeling more dizzy
In a warm coffee table chilling icy
Denying a dispensation busy
Now no longer spicy
Though rough coast easy
It falsehood i say
The universe in me heavy
For a future so cloudy
All things dangling so lanky
Melting meek the mighty in me

George Egba

Ice Light

On a Saturday night only
The kings guards loaded lonely
Her roses withered out of dew
The red carpet floated like glue
Living pussy cat eyes looking shy
With same strangers in to spy
Now today a holiday night
Most with ladies wooing might
A busy way lazily laid in all air
And strangely stood to break uncommon pair
Off for fun in dazzling moonlight
Shone all like two stars bright
Staring like a first time date
And begin in hast from the gate
With each mode made from the insight
Until it was past midnight
Keeping a pleasant flame not quench
By coldness of the dew beach
It kindle down and still to touch
Moving the feet on the ground it punch
All to have a day like twilight

George Egba

If

If I have a cross
Will it crucify me
If I have a dream
Will it deceive me
If I have a gift
Will it destroy me
If I have a shadow
Will it follow me
If I have an angel
Will she guide me
If I cross the river
Will it overshadow me
If I take an oath
Will it bind me
If I reach the sky
Will I touch the stars
If I become wealthy
Will it change me
If I fold my hands
Will poverty kill me
If I die tomorrow
Will the world remember me
If i fear nothing
Only the fear of losing my dream

George Egba

If Men

Bow princes bow royal kings
Notice one Lazarus popular pauper
In your rich sentiment sing
Some high verses for crown and the list for rags
We over here respond if men were God
You cross the bridge with kids of different blood
One with all care close to your heart avoiding the flood
Dragging the others ear hanging on the sea lips
Meditating thy will be done and sleeps
Ten tender lambs under your care
Nine in all you can share
Unjust your neighbors only life you didn't spare
Spilled the innocent blood which cries father into your care
Into your care I commit my spirit
In your will the water is still
And though men despise the poor
In your kingdom for them you open the door
And man is not but dust

George Egba

I'M A Dream

I'm a dream I'll grow from mothers arms
Crawl walk upright with aim
Show some signs and atlas speak
Run with friends and play hide and seek
I'm a dream in school
Study from simple to complex
Come out top with brain full
Celebrate with friends and next
I'm a dream for a job
To earn much on top
Acquire wealth for the future
And make life a memorable adventure
I'm a dream I will marry
To one woman the love my heart can carry
Raise three children together
And live for one another
I'm a dream from cradle to grave
After life's shows that appear so real
Then with sudden wings fly away like a dove
To a land without dreams but real

George Egba

In Another Day

When i am happy again
You notice my lips parting slowly
Like the honeymoon
Teasing and vainly slicing the skies
And know me slowly
When i am running again
Not for fear this time
Unfortunately chasing the rain
It is for the life which is mine
When i am crying again
It is beyond the usual parental spanking
Or starving of domestic crime
Is for my age to wait for me
Oh when i am sleeping again
Not to rise and seek the sun hate
Or let boring breath through my spin
It is to rest for ever and centuries
And when i am living again
This time not with toil
But with angels the king of kings
Where there will be no reason
To run cry or even sleep again

George Egba

In One Home

Lions and lily both have end
Diamonds coals brass all meant for men
Vultures doves have wings have air
Serpents are wise lambs conscious fair
Storms are raging in them gentle breeze
Waves billow wales bolly tides rise
Quiet is the sea deep the nature
But will sink and save for pasture
Slow is the soul that will take some time
Days and night for one aim
Put together to make an old event
They never grow old but prevent
Dark is the night bright the day
Blind to observe thought and stay
Out of long shows out of shame
Lots is loss for fame
Long way we have come
In the shortest time we have a home

George Egba

In Our Kind Of Cold

In our kind of cold
Burning is all winter hold
The cold blows in the breeze
Float ashes in the air
And the fire goes on and on
Behind our backyard
The flames flies
And fire ashes in the skies
Mingled with dusty smoke
In the desert where the water had moved on
In our kind of cold
The cattle men return to the east
Where they would spend winter twice
And early before the gathering clouds arise
To roam again beyond the flood
No sow but dew
The sailors labored for little dues
And sail through winter waves
And there their winter ways they pave
All in our kind of cold

George Egba

Island Grassland

Living on island grassland
Inhabitants sip wine from the blue sea
Had on them fairy skin from head to hands
Tamed to dew infested trees
Seldom gain the peaceful joy or hue
And life here bent from day
None of colours or skin hid from heavens candlestick
It brightens corners which beneath valley lay
While in outer silence abide the island plain
Among whose dwelling creatures were slain
Then on their refuse ground the snow by night
Plainly vainly it was not
Unless on that idle day delight
Respond perfectly by a snot
Of grassland paradise mixed with gen and gentleness
Wild and wind sand and sea
Heaven without earth all same as calmness
Silent sea and sickening salt sea
All we had to bed was yorn as loud

George Egba

Journey To Sinah

Arriving yesterday in those years
A behind with images of fear
Too empty for today to share
A handful of scary events we once bear
To join with strangers who were there
Not a willing dispensation the looks they wear
After arriving from a country not near
We ended our long thirst from spring dropping like tears
So we had this end that nature was marred
Even though we heard good news barely with our ears
It was a need needed to swear
Though none gave us the hint to be aware
There were whispers so clear of cares
Which came against things we held so dear
When there was no looking living here
But struggle harder is all we can hear

George Egba

Kingdom Come

Couple of kingdom dropping down
One like footstool stood under a royal throne
In unending ease beholding the other on its foot
Whose state stage in pressure from a royal foot
Had reign over it in decades designs
In unending realm and century signs
Of great deal and business be
From ancient world with the end yet to see
Until kingdoms reign and rust
These two like sand in sea shore remain just
In ages to come or generation unborn
No race can tell or turn
Fixed this fate frame from fathers fame
Or a change with kingdoms same
In separate mission duties do
Where lies this world and dying infants go
But kingdom dropping down
Other ascending fading town
From where falling rivers fall
And crystal crack shining distance tall
Many wonders wealth courtesy of a distant dingdong come
Leaning on both bothers doing same
Sending up smoke to form a climate change
In due harvest drop change
For watering both blood and flesh
Or soften other kingdoms flush
But in this kingdom mingle work
Do keep mortals away from shock
All bind by single goal
To serve as ointment or coal
Do this all to serve a palace same
For thy random up and thy kingdom com

George Egba

Kissing In The Snow

We ran and entangled trees
Went to stream looking lips to lips
Held hands twerking eyebrows free
And share the dreams we keep
We smile at every thought about us
Wondering if the world is good enough for us
Field green without sun
Trees with the most adorable flowers
Streams with the most gentle flow
Wind as tender with breeze
Touching voices of our dear love
Fall roll and squeeze
Mountain with smooth curves
Valleys with lilies lights
Our moon spray it blue
The stars to get prepared
Rain in showers
Till it will start to snow
Not in a hurry we wanted a perfect day
To hold hands whisper gently looking into our eyes
Think of colours perfect like us
Break away into freedom of a thousand ache
In a marathon motion we will kiss

George Egba

Lamentation

Take heart blood brothers
Take heart blood sisters
They have force your flesh to line up again
For the unknown twenty and nineteen
But not with your heart which has been
Crucified since ninety sixty
Upon the cross of corruption

May your blood be upon their head, Amen.
Medicine after death! I know.
But where can our children run to?
That had not been taught unity
They have spoken well again

They have added makeups to their posters
Yet the picture of the country stays pale
No wonder they prefer to go snow
Once their rubbery is over
And leave us with their cows

To share the leftovers
Yet we have come to line up in twenty and nineteen
Because they have made drunk
In our palm wine canteen
And we can only think backward

George Egba

Leave A Footprint

Send to sea send to sea
Serve my message clear to be
Pour my heart shear my thought
That life is watch by death
Tell the kings all their crown
To watch their end must frown
Keep peace as fast and judgement as slow
For fate does not care to bow
Comfort the fatherless relief the slave
Give them bread while they live
For live is short and lose
Why always secure your treasure close
Run for the lame cry for the dumb
After now there are no friends to come
Seek for the blind lead their way
No strapping behind to slay
Care for the widow plead their curse
No matter the price or cost
Love the children teach them good
For theirs is the kingdom of God

George Egba

Leaving After Love

Cruel tax masters the stranger is here
Names to cease see the list does not end
He forcefully take anytime anywhere
Take away take away our best of friends
Lying in state
No more hate no hast no race
Curtain flung the open gate
Closed wounded eyes embrace
Fly away fly away
Not the beginning but not the end
Gather around chip tears and cry
Wonder away spirit to an unknown end
Over and ever to peace and rest
Come of age come of age
Once your cup is full drink it with dearest
Pass away pass away like an old adage
Remembered with a sigh and tears
Fall again fall again
Another night dark and dreary with fears
Cast away cast away all fetish gain
And hide your beloved under the glutton cave

George Egba

Let

Let not this day leave like the moon night
When the sun is hated of all light
Let not this victory mourn
Like some bereaved hero born
Let not guilty hands bath in innocent blood
Let not our newborn see tears
Let not a new beginning be marked by an old fear
Or ocean war swallow our narrow peace
Let this day be free and at ease
On the island resting place
Let not infants years
Suffer in adolescent wears
Let not new wine be given to them that throwup
Let not love be spared for one group
Let it spread and spark
Let it be light and reach out to the dark
Let there be no bloodshed no hate
Let this place be a garden of one fate
One mind one smile one way
That lead home let us spray

George Egba

Let Me Love

Let me love
I have nothing to prove
The truth is in my eyes
That I esteem you above the skies
Let me love
My treasured dove
And earnestly try
Until I see you fly
Let me love
My love
I promise to keep my word
In an unpredictable world
Let me love
With a vow involve
That in life or in death
I will never hold my breath

George Egba

Life

Suffering is sweet
So is life in sleep
That we love to live and tweet
One after another we sleep
Life is the lie we share together
The falsehood we can't betray
The loyalty to break alters
Our hearts the hands that pray
The wicked kindness
Life is the outright sin
From the day of Adam
To the land of you and me
Life is he that told us a lie in Adam
Life is the tree in the middle
Of the garden the juice the fruits
The taboo in the mist of marbles
Life is the lie and sin we trust
Life is the grave of Adam
The sepulcher of Eve
The quarrel of Cain and Abel
The madness of Cain
Sure life was here before us
Taken from Adam taken from us
Taken away life used to be a dream
And once you sleep life is lost
Life must have been a program

George Egba

Life Beyond Trees

The bird left the trees
And wonder unsteadily along thin breeze
Their flight was to cross a wall
Thorn by wars and take peaceful vows
Soon they depart

In a cold day and chill breath
They took all for their journey
Last they took was love
Some through wingfield hugs
And some felt it when they kissed

Spread wide their wings
Counted one, two then of they sang
For fortune first of all
That fate should not let them fall
All they sang all the way
The rain beat their wings

And soak them
The wing ruffled their wings
And weary them
But the made it through thick clouds
Now there was no staring back

George Egba

Light Night

Midnight how cruel how kind
How dark full of light
Quiet soul of snoring mind
Fast and pretty slow o nothing night
Wet with dew dry of rain
How mild wild and mean all dangers chide
Such that travel far with us beauty brain
Shy shadow walking boldly to hide
Into all but none is thine alone
Shredded down well away
Breaks some nature some matching on
It's never down never up when the sea stay
All and more little endless night
Men of spirit lonely and might
Still dreams for real drown still stream
Pass to the ditch rescued rest
For nightfall saint's pure steel shining beam
Breaks bright and dull weary in night quest
Of silent busy night calls

George Egba

Lime Light Lost

Black brother blocked up by the cliff
Never say never till the sleeping dog lie
For you to live a strong mans life
Keep cool never die
To those things never reap never sow
Before little pet never bow
Or some large monstrous image even blow
Below to shrine and furnace never go
Fewer days sleepless night
Over acting a mean movie star
Only there bowed by power night
Lie in sober lands upper show
Up still Caribbean vision outer cast
Super star of belittle days
Running fast to outer darkness lay
Bitter sight believe by business eyes
Keep wasting time goodbye skies
Lower light in agony dim
Cover up like a clueless lie
Morning night or running streams
Tasted soul into the ocean pea

George Egba

Limit Of Destiny

I wondered through the sun
Where my steps were made to run
I planted a vineyard the rest is history
And work to favour my story
I take a journey a hard long journey
Without destination till I fulfill my destiny
I feel I have arrived when there's honey
But walk away once I'm unhappy
I looked behind the distance I have covered
Fair enough but no footprint to acknowledge
I wish I can make my sun stand still to recover
That I can right my wrongs for ages
I look at my watch and it favours the times
I wish I could turn back the hand of times
But wishes are not horses that I should ride
I pick up my pieces and swallow my pride

George Egba

Little Eagle

Little eagle cry
Like it never hurt a fly
Little eagle shy
So much to try
Little eagle fly
Fun of the sky
Little eagle bye
While the ovation is high

George Egba

Lost

Lost to tempest
Lost to storm
Lost to rainbow and rain
Lost to sunshine
Life must find a way to end
Lost to thirst
Lost to hunger
Lost to plenty
Lost to abundance
Life has a beginning let it end
Lost to beauty
Lost in deceitful favor
Lost in endowment
Lost in enjoyment
In life you never know where lust lie
Lost in tenderness and innocence
Lost in fulfillment and years
Lost full life and strength
Lost to eternity
Lost is the word when you never see a friend

George Egba

Lost Paddle

My path o sailor is tempest toast
My compass coast cut
To the east sea gaze
Searching for still after the troubled waves
The waking up and sleeping of the tides
Sways the mind away from an island curse
Signals perfect rest that fails
The crowded crowd and snow oppress
But yonder o sailor in it thickest gloom I press
Against foes beneath
Wooing with wallowing to swallow
And leap unto the path unknown
For all of nature cry no
And compatriots sank at tunnel o
Strength for strength with the storm
I roll my huddling boat hence
With my mission till I'm home to calm

George Egba

Love Pass Me

Love pass me
Leaving nude town
Not too many three boys paring
Mute empty bars
A wasted wine winter
And love pass me
No beauty in flower
Rusting almost to powder
Resting on high hills
And I on low land
Love pass me
Beckoning on an eager door
Standing looking lost
Wearing golden ring and a wedded face
And bushy warm stair cases
Loan to life long ago
Love pass over me
Fading away like every night mare
Breaking into silver every bond
When none showed up
Love in disguise pass me

George Egba

Love Stab Love

kind pity
How furious hast thou fumed
And smell dirty
When thou give warmth
Whisper or words

The dark must but bear thy anguish sword
That splits merry sleep into two
Of such end that has love to owe
Bears much beautiful names
Or lavish tears that fall the same

To a dear dirty mind
AS much as its with love that's far kind
For as they have spoken for love
Love would rather remain silent and slowly move

George Egba

Luster Lost

Luster lost
Regain upon cities quest
Now like fresh laurels ancient coast
By memories fresh to shores fallen to rest
All to future destiny home
Of yesterday soft touch today tender care
That memories loam yet to come
Eve for a feverish fear
Ease of a downcast hermit
Which within me blame
Like chilling upon some weather coy
Bring me more of false permit
Soon as know this not the same
Of little luster of outcome joy
Here in far away our luster drawn
Pay for us the place we own
Our castle upon our stone should abide
Though for decades
Short of remnant our tides
Tides that raid me
To where now i ask
Ensure me treasures this moment tides
Blow all over to ensure this task
One hold of a single home
All my world could
Trying hard to a welcome
Crying unless never to weep
Foreseeing our own home our way
Whose waves took to our ways

George Egba

Men With Difference

Men of cowries
Men of kind
Bring forth answers worth of cash
Carry your cross of dust and ashes
Run in the race of your souls
Men of valor
Men of war
Sword against sword in warfare skimming
Till victory is worth esteeming
Men of wisdom
Mouthpiece of kingdom
Build your nation
And end the contention
Show the world the oneness it deserve
Men of vision
Why would your generation perish
Open your eyes and foresee the end
Make the needed amend
That the ancient landmark remain

George Egba

Merchants Home

Three lonely merchants
In a sailing boat chant
Toward eastward all for merchandise
With a sure happy hope to paradise
Chanting a sailors song
From home and wealth
How they miss love and miss warmth
Between hostile thoughts came
Turbulent storm thrashing them to divers homes
One to the island east
Another to the westward west
The rest to the restless rest
Sinking bravely the tunnel
humming homeward a navy's hymn
We three sail and our merchant boat
Now all is gone and the boat
Parting in three a goodbye song
To end and slowly sing
Of lost to blame
Upon a gambling game
Whose own merchants and merchandise
That i return empty today to paradise

George Egba

Mid-Night World

Quiet at night
The snoring leaves breaks the looming silence
Gently brush by the breezy bites
Chilled and frozen by the ghostly midnight descent
Trace to trees and freeze
The aging cock alters a call against the gazing cloud
That falters back a smile of dew
It descend upon tired eyelids
Then humbled them down their base
With a gigantic melt of dreams and dew
What a world to travel skies and seas
Through all green land at ease
Upon a flat bed over the beauties of heaven
Where the diamond moon own a princely platform
Brief by joy by beautiful silence
And endowed the night with some pleasing humming
Bringing to our weariness aid and pampering sound
While drumming the pleasures of night host
Of treasures nightmare deep
Gives sleep a blend of sweeter feeling
A ripper rest and friendship
Once calm is come
Down is cast for all like infants sleep

George Egba

Misery Of The Mind

I shape my goals
To know vanity
The skies have citizen of of light
And companion full of sparks
But there's a palace of walking dust
That sleep when due
Why toil this much
When all is lost
And run into hiding so soon
Guarantee liberty
To fly and return to dust
We both share our sleep in dust
Though of plenty class
And mansions not far looking skies
But all this cost nothing but dust
All the peace you have got pieces
To the moon
To the shadow and sea
What worth art you
Who say you're calm
When your sleep come begging
Time to return was fast
Faster than when you came
The distance the care
It harsh
Why do we ask the sailors plight
Seeing he chase the east wind
Where came nothing
And soon swallow by the fog
Which he aforementioned dew
Why ask the sailors home
When you both face the wave
And pretend to fall asleep in the storm
Why beg for calm
The fun of it
Why chase shadows
When you have one beside
Would you treat shadow as money
To save for castle by honey dew

And feel like you never sleep
Why sleep when dizzy
By stress takes you easy
Why glory in today's feast
That feast you to dust
And care not of early mines
Sorry i never meant hurt
Yet you are hurt
Cry for you
Because shall call when the dark fall
To reply to the force
That bring the road to an end
The glory we own and save with so much care
Doth carry us to dust
Where all is lost
Temple of man is but icy dust
The care of tomorrow
Care of sorrow
Why feel sorry
When all pass without concern
Why ask why and complain for care
Your days are numbered
Reduce when your wrong increase
Why suffer wrong
Much is required of you that has nothing
The skies required of you
The earth is hungry of you
Is hungry the earth swallows
Be warn the earth does
Be mindful of the place you stand
For there another lie

George Egba

Moon Night

I saw the moon in half
Last night like a pretty little boat calf
It sat watching at heavens gate
And began vigil at an hour late
With a glow so faint and frail
Like a candle burning pale
Gave the world a snow like look
And filters faintly down the brook
Then laid back silent as the night
With diamonds too partial for light
From moonlight fall
To dark shadow walls
Is nothing worthy of fun below
Though it lingers longer as the night grows
Dim below a sky of vacant stars
With travelers near and far
But add too little to ease
A world where darkness dose not cease
Or spark the earth to feel
From the mid month moon shining till

George Egba

Morning At The Miles

The bidding for the marriage
The man without the wedding carriage
The bridegroom the beholder
Deserve more than a blind folder
The ancient trademark and lamp tern oil
The pure in spirit and ready vineyard
Keeping awake and keeping oil
For the coming of the lamb
The gate and the snoring gate man
The lord of the gate a great man
The snitch
To the enemy's camp switch
The capital gives three bags of capital
Too heavy and hung his appetite
The crown tree among the three
The savour and the save
The carpenters working all night
The ghost men and rolling stone
keep a silent night of flying doves

George Egba

Morning Cry

Crown our crowd
Though they be of mixed slaves
But rule our thought in draught
Pondering upon the abundance you gave
We do not seek to be kings
Or cry for thrones that oppress
Dry our pride off our daily wings
True and just before your face impress
As each appear give us your light
And show us your holy face
That the dark may not tarry all night
Bring us close to your embrace
Away from wasted days
Behold our hasted feet
Attend daily to our hands that pray
Raise our heads and their desires meet
Our request should be taken
Days when we are able
Not sometime when the need is weaken
Carry us as sheep feeble

George Egba

My Bosses Office

Come to my bosses office
You will not find any single sand
Or some spider cobweb lice
But only cockroaches brand
Swinging south and west on her garden eyebrow
Groomed for her unfortunate groom
To come by stiff neck
Come to my bosses office
You will not find some ear drop
Or eye pencil or Biro scroll
But certainly some orphanage soldier ants
Licking blood stained lipstick on the floor
Kicking absentmindedly their Bicycle buttocks aside
And roaming a merry go round her sugar packs
That she must need put her napkin away
In my bosses office
There is no coffee like corn
But blind window through her blinking eyes
And who ever sees her swallows a knife

George Egba

My Ink

Countless my ink may fall
Like droplet upon whited wall
Bring my thoughts from my soul
And stain the ages scroll
Oh the earth what I forebear

My songs and snow the painted scroll of fear
They echo prouder when I have passed
If my ink doth rot like trophy brass
That my comrade pray me fare you well
Not well not worse but all will be well

For my ink and I
To give me an immortal sign
And pray thee friends
Keep me in mind
For what my ink proclaim is mine

George Egba

My Lonely Guide

Gentle moon why idle be
All night when man and beast are fast asleep
Why choose to be alone to see
While friends wait to show you love so deep
Precious diamond kneeling by heavens gate
Watching as though you see me in my bed
Or want a room as mine
And while I dream to fly away
Seeing you still awake to spy
At all that be beneath
You are the eyes at night when all is blind
And all lost earth forms of sight
Enduring to put your light all night
To travelers sailors at sea
All are grateful that you do not blink
Though you be lonely we are glad to be your friends
To remember you at sunset
When you return into your hiding place
When heat is come with hateful stress
We do hope to see you again and soon
At the other side of town blue moon

George Egba

Nature

Here are flowers here is beauty
Here is life spring calmness and freshness
Here are colors sparkling in duty
Here is where nature abound
Here is where the breeze blows and visit
Here is where the birds sweetly sing
And from trees to trees the monkeys sit
Here is where nature thinks
Here is morning with dew divine
Assembling on grasses so chilling and cheerful
Here is refreshment for beast and mankind
Here is nature for you
Here are shadows approaching nearer and nearer
Oozing from sky till darkness descend
Here is mid night sleep quietness wherever
Here is where nature rest

George Egba

No More River

Here we are again
Before the shore
One more river to cross
No more alters
All bed of roses
Turn all toward the shore
Some wet their feet ready to go
Other undressed ready to swim
In unity all asked who is ready to go
Our anchor reloaded to steam
Never mention the journey is now
Yet more water in much river
Much more falling as snow
Tame all shadow
Just here we go
Arise all ancient as late
What really matter we do
Cross this river till date
Long day to shore
Sump all over to board
Turn this corner one more to cross
Friends for company long shadow
Nothing worth worthy to lose
We focus on on and shallow
Trees all on board wave
Dreams all on bed ring
In union accord going brave
Birds with us in the skies sings
No more river to cross

George Egba

Not For Love

It is not all for love
When your smile comes in flashes
With painted eyelashes
But wrinkle when time goes crooked dry
Then let all those promises fly
It not all for love
When my voice cry
Just to pronounce your name
It crash and crack
That moment you show no care but pranks
And let me all alone I am shy
It is not all for love
When you spin and spy
To look beyond what I have
But vanish when I am lonely
It is not all for love
When you are feeling
And not trusting

George Egba

Ode To The Stream

Stream, I call you stream
For your gentle flow and tender scream
Down into the river
Flowing forever
Stream, I call you stream
For in you I safely swim
And wash the sweat of my soul
Till I am clean again to roll
Stream, I call you stream
For in you there's no hostile steam
That infants can jump into you
While you make them feel the beautiful bliss
Stream, I call you stream
For you are a place of dreams
Where trees shade me from the sun
Till I am able to run

George Egba

On The Brutal Sun

On the sun
We shall work and wither
Under its rising under its going down
Its shining hotness giver of fever
The uncommon harshness bear
The health hazard breath we share
From six and six season in toil
Too harsh for sundry souls and soil
Harsh for distress days to abide
Comes warming sweeping aside
Through timing of weather timing of rain
Four souls blinking for the hottest end
With global warming and man
As cloud and climate change remain
The temporal journey gets odd
Just with a choice to grow old
By every stare the wish to turn away
Our souls are wasted in all works and play
Many from the womb many abroad
Take their stepson the brutal sun

George Egba

Once Cradle And Flop

Wash and wasted
The wish of man is wasted
Unless the soul that is preciously purged
When the spirit through salvation rush
Poor bones your flush into earthen sink is sure

Though thy brethren may bring you tears
As you walk through dark dungeon of fear
And walk into jaws of deep endless eternity
A countryside where the language is reality
There you may learn

That when time is come non may refuse him alms
Not flesh not blood
Not love though it be fervent as the ocean flood
Not will except it be divine
Nothing riches can be in
Along the long way of blue and black
There the beauty of a once cradle nature shall crack

George Egba

Our Field Andthe Present Times

We have been in this field
Where the sun has scorged every yield
The rain taken away by the breeze
While our season wait with withered trees
For night fall and snow
Before our oak may grow
Or our seed leave the surface side
Betimes we sweat wet with tides
Far away from the river side
We would grow whatever betide

George Egba

Our Heroes Past

Kings of our kingdom
Be one ancient and now
A place of peace
And ferry us boat bound the mini sea
Of Nile a memorial should we remember our name
Or forget the fame
Of our heroes past
Who labored like outcast
For a one Nigeria
Now reduced into a small lake of malaria
Should the mosquitoes do our import
And the vultures our export
We live without the glory of our name
Having sold our heroes fame

George Egba

Out To Play

Tonight delight and light reminds me more of twilight
Block by the dark dog snicked in and bark
The years yearn and yield up her shield
Our flock drink ice block by the brook
Scream dream of cream and stream
Our heart seat heat upon drumbeat
Through the caves graves and waves
Health is wealth with breath
Slow below the widows shadow belittles the rainbow
There the gentle gentile Jew drift and dwindle
Like a fools fall upon his soul
Drinks the wine and swim with swines
The proud flood flow with the blood
The voice sweetly heard the noise
Calls falls all bring low our tall walls
Soon non at noon shall be one
Brown crown both blown by just a frown
Delay the days stay lay them away
The wolves loves the moves of the dove
Long ago among the wrong
Desires fires back by quagmire
And gold sold in the cold
The race pace raise by grace

George Egba

Passerby

I sat close to tears
And watch the copper smite make his cheers
Worth of brass a bed under an oak tree
A wet blanket to hide his face he walk some free
Went there daily and begin a joke
Each craftsmanship each day he works
The pleasure prompt rising in every coupled stitch
Full of ease and excitement it switch
Like it was a little while a little long
Here the hammer began to cry of waist pain
Dry leaves and caterpillars descend
Crumbled on his rustic looking woodwork and bend
Each with a touch of sun and rain
He must not need their tattered skills in vain
Their fading green reveal their hilding to life
Reminds him of the grieving old oak growing stiff
Used to the shade and shadow of the sun
The dryness of the maritime rainbow warm
Charm of season silk sea
From the very living of life to speak
All his hard handiwork could provide
Only a minor bed a wheel chair under an oak
In this once he lifted his hammer high
Upon his two withered corpse to the sky

George Egba

Peace Be Still

When the cloud cover
Running homeward the mist gather
Down you find some clear
In a silent mixed a gentle voice
You take your rightful step peace be still
Up and down life's care seem so shy
Slow to the hills
Alone and lonely you try
All light running out don't cry
One way down the street you walk
Along long ways each holding hands
Into the night you find a peaceful touch and talk
Hold your breath don't let it turn around
And in all trying times peace be still
Many years gone bye
Like nothing to show
Never too late keep trying bye and bye
Till some day will blossom
Blow your mind and you will have a cause to smile
Never give up peace be still

George Egba

Pronounce Or Never

Thickle cycle sickle
Thrust through frickle rinkle
And cut short our thick talking crutches
When we cease and wither like a rose
Old hawk honey
As good you thirst in young money
Soon turn sour glaring gray
Fading slowly in disarray
Tussle hustle bustle
Led away like a last day tired muscle
Short of tenacity shock of time
Weaken and weary in the race sublime
Force ways look lose
Once the stronghold door is close
No more home poor stranger host
When we leave say not we are lost
Empty bucket basket
See through loopholes pocket
Just once into the tides of times
And submit a cup full of crime

George Egba

Rest Atlass

Unrest in the mind Pressed like tempest
Rising and falling at every thought troubling our chest
We try to the top below our best
But not at home here we are guest
Nor safe in our comfort zone we live like pest
Till death compound our request
Atlass toil gives way to rest
When our faith is put to test
Like all is under arrest
Resting at east resting at west
Before life fades away like a jest
Many mountains fewer valleys manifest
Height and lows together invest
Burns down mansions of our daily quest
What a wrong way to conquest

George Egba

Rising In The Snow

So early ailing
How long will your freshness be
Fresh smelling sweet shining
When shall we thy brightness see
Morning with dew light and snow
However do you fade away but now
With morning and with mourn
Only lonely little light beneath this skies
Holy wholly where does safety lies
Wonder yonder over fiery fire flies
Hover cover must a cradle step stumble
Chasten when counted and made humble
Lower higher the beating heart sings
The sinking cannon and tearful signs
Shower shower comes the flowers plea

George Egba

Royal Crime

Here lies the earth
Full of caffeine corpse and debt
Rip for a harvest help
In extreme treason salp
With edges sharp
Mixed with life of jet for herbs
Pride of nobles and kings
So both did stink
To soiled their hands in crime
Abusing justice from prime
From lust and greed they sow
Return with false pretence to show
Though some sink where this rise
Others try to keep the price
With a goal to ride on modern chariots
Abusing masses hopes in riot
Here lies the black politics race
Where the polluted hands of blacks is the case
Smoking in dark leading blind
Cursed the race leaving them behind
Off from fright to jet world
Staying blind in valleys cold
Due to the polluted crown of sacks
And here it seems to lie uneasy
Like disgusting fingers just too busy
To protect the act of crime
In expense of a royal prime

George Egba

Royal Orphan

If an orphan stays in the royal house
Dose she inherit the royal rose
Or mingle in the royal dinner room
Would this not be considered a royal doom
Among the palace of the royal princes
To claim a portion of their royal dresses
Would the royal dogs
Not lick her royal wounds like dogs
Or the guards cease in stress
Would she be allowed to express
T o complain about the dogs
Which had dragged her to the place of frogs
Can the crown tolerate her complain
If an orphan stays in the royal house
Will her right not always be abuse
Can she smile when other do
Or be sent away to go
Away from the luxury of the royal palace
And ordered to hide her face
She could be considered as a spell
When the throne wrong her and consider it well
In all these
Will she not force a smile in lies
To avoid the expression on her face to show
And wish that the night be slow
So she can have peace of mind
To dream of love ones so kind

George Egba

Running Through The Rain

Running through the rain
Here comes its season again
Running through the rain
Nurturing our grain
Running through the rain
Increasing greener pastures and gain
Running through the rain
Flooding to fill our empty drains
Running through the rain
Away from its torrent to an island plain
Running through the rain
Little children jumping happily in vain
Running through the rain
In a long season chain
Running through the rain
Its joys and its pains
Running through the rain
Getting wet and getting stains
Running through the rain
With a cold shiver down our brain
Running through the rain
Quickly to join the train
Running through the rain
And getting calls from zain

George Egba

Ruth Of Corruption

A dancing government
And Pan-African enjoyment
Masqueraded with painted promises
On their quest to self prominence
In office they unleash their vicious toothpick

And feast on the nation's economy till it get sick
Their tenure is neither gray hair or grave
And country men wished they weren't slaves
Without human rights
Destitute of a hero to help them fight

Because in their eyes school girls suffer tyranny
Now passed away like a garbage irony
Yet they queer up for re-election
Trying in vain to suppress this national commotion
How about democracy

How about right of citizens
The expectation of mother of school girls
Many who are proud of their state
Here when they ask where is your country
The north should hold their cows

the south their mustache
The west count their waist beads
The east eased all into the sea
Now the head can never be found

George Egba

Saints Rising

AT such time lowliness
At such time gain lofty height
At such time found in weakness
As such i have might
At night when light is not found
And broad daylight no place to sin
In freetown rules abound
And lawlessness save by signs
Forever eternal morning and more
The breakthrough and ages sun
Here it is not found or adore
Not for grace time did run
Like in fire the smoke breaks forth
What wonder can cease heavens oath
When they swear death hell and heaven
Yet at eventide settle down the ravens

George Egba

Save By The Crumbs

Lead us to the mountain where we decide our Isaac not a worthy sacrifice
But consider it a token of a fat full burnt offering
And in our filthy hands thou wouldst not
We do not deserve the burning of thy divine ram
In the degree of our polluted hands oh make us clean
It's not from dogs that the king should dine
Only through the washing of thy crimson tides
Oh lead us safely unto dust
From whence we wanting having nothing came
Of cavalry redemption Blood fill us wholly all
We wait not for the children bread
But the privilege to nourish in their crumbs
And whenever they fall we recall the daily manner
When we fed as mixed multitude with saints
Through thy great compassion we taste the children bread
We do not consider it a right but a heavenly privilege
Praising you for the master seed
When through thy sparing falling crumbs
Had kept us homeward save
For without we starve the wilderness wild
Until the Lords seed falling crumbs save us so

George Egba

Season And Interest

Cold in winter covering sold the price of pound
Harvest in summer not so quick Euro less than sound
Some of the east tempest fiercely must run
Hiding their cold from thunder and sun
Wavering of the sea billows roll
Answering in cash than in kind the sailors soul
Honoured by tide proven by the raging storm
Failure shall house them with the worms
Fast covering for which winter is come
Chase lighthearted birds away from their homes
Silence shall last when summer is near
With much drinking even beggars will have to share
High yield of summer all on the kings footstool lay
Toil of widows maidservant with princes play
For which aim winter cold must go
Far and fast make summer slow
Endless are wind and winter endless yield
Short is covering summer and field
Gladdens the mind when the sailor return
In sweet savor they are born

George Egba

Seed Of Sin

Voices at night cry morning morning
Helpless days drowning
Echoes of broken hearts
Whisper faintly on the eve depart
Sins of our ancestors looms
Roof of our idols rattle cover cover
Moon and night sun burns forever
Upon delicate naked skin
Reflecting yesterday unseen
Ease of evil seed harvest of bitter fruits
Temples of matrimonial homes lament childbirth
Where separation and divorce abound
Couples isolated to either walls
Professing all is well that ends well
How long shall we cover up our falls
Lilleys in the valley enduring molestation
Abuse and force into frustration
Surviving in unsecured spots
Wasted away without the slightest dot
And memories just listening to their cries

George Egba

Self Aside

Loud the mouthpiece summarize
Deaf the earpiece by surprise
Aches the heartbeat fear for fault
Move the mindset to a halt
Watch the head strain free from filthy rags
Keep away from rage
Cross a life poised to hear
Forget a countdown risk to bear
All the sight sees tales of gold
Treasures are not all as they unfold
That take the unguided feet fast astray
To taste that seems right like a prey
Though feels all good like a friend
Atlas must come back to hunt our end
Betray the trust and all that was precious
Living less with lessons unconscious
They keep running with time against us
What shall a man give in exchange for his soul
If time is against him he become a doll
And all fancy fade with the dew
When his sunshine days becomes a few
His early last days become a tale

George Egba

Silent Poetry

Looking back at the prints of heroic steps
Much appreciated there are songs line and there are hype
And ours goes the Poetry way
The solitary way
The candle burns in hiding dignity
Exposing the heights of human insanity
The search is the soul's
The rest is for all
Yes is said in truth the poetry way
In sacrifice in labor
What glory do our lines harbor
Voices tones embedded in one tune
The truth is not told on stage
Our territory is the poetry way
We are liken not much liked
Near celebration our defense is weak
Poetry delves into the affairs of man and earth
To give life the truth
With much scrutiny we think the poetry way

George Egba

Smoke

Skyward smoke
Run to cloud and flock
Just beyond her coast
Go in speed and down their host
Take with you the event of men
Mark their errors mark their end
Lay all feedback and heave shall see
All but the world news at six
Run to the courtyard
Witness the crowd and crime scene shared
Watch the judge from their eyes
Then return fast with all judgement to the sky
Dress to the synagogue
Find Satan pinnacle and evil edge
See their ceremonies songs and sermons
Look well if they are mixed with doctrines of demons
Turn away and upward home
Rehears how far it s come
How filthy the earth is gone
Let all end not late but soon

George Egba

So Long In Pain

There's a line you cross when there's a cry
Eyes and sleep you try
Searching for light to find one is displayed
There's a night you never sleep in peace
There's a candle that must never burn low
From your conscience lighting below
When all grow dim to it you cliff
Through the way and lead you home
There's a song you sing when your voice is cold
Only to those you never see again
And you wave painfully all that goodbye hold
It follows the traveler that needs it less than home
There's a smile at the last mile of the way
To come to decent seated around you lay
And oh you take their head one and next
Then yield your breath by your desk
There's a cloud that covers at rainfall
But this time settle on your face
When you hardly see any need for the walls
See it all a dream of sigh
There's a cock that crows yet pretty late
When it is late to date
You only recall with flowing tears
Though it hurt and hard to bear

George Egba

Sole Chariot

Working worthy sole wonder
Mounted an ass sole made chariot plunder
Ply from field an fly
Toward a let lose sky o try
For time for life above all cry for love
Shower transparent tears from above
And see who is near the grave
A saint a sailor from a far country a slave
Saddle again ass rider safety is gone by
Pass by next is a singer don't be late at goodbye
Ride on on stop the mouth of hell
Before it slot to swallow o tell
The founder to ponder lives are lost
Down in the day dreadful in the night host
Come safety to men and fast
With speed war horse fighting last
Frown to hell why man must be save
Sole chariot ride unto grace and save
Save hope save dreams to save both save love

George Egba

Songs Of The Wind

Wild wind rush bye
And make the trees say what they say
They pick momentum
Shake off the dead in them
Such that cannot carry on

You hum from your cannon
The music was wild
Tender to living grievous to the dead
Like vampires they went back to their trunk
To sleep and see vision

Mission for one
Only the wind kept their stay
As little they can say
Waving them from east to west
Till they wax weak
To wave no more

George Egba

Sons Of Men

Men passed away in blemish
Women through travail replenish
The land again multiplies
Vanquish souls heaven replies
Both the sun and a host join the fate
Their season dwindles before a common gate
They trace their crown and hide their face
Those with the silver spoon keep the race
Use their pace some claim the blame
While the ordinary men play the game
And wish for a land flowing with milk and honey
But stumble at Edens agony
Where the first famous rising sun was lost
Men will always feel it the most
They are servants of the sun sons of men

George Egba

Sovereignty Of Psalms

Psalms are better when sorrow built a wall around
Psalms will sing to break them down
Psalms are better when all hope seem lost
Psalms will point to the skies remind of a savior friend
Psalms are better when all friends forsake you
Find you too worthless for their precious time
Psalms will sing the agape love of Jesus abide
Psalms are better when darkness increase
And sorrow draw closer
Psalms will sing you into the light again
Psalms are better when all forsake you
Look down on you as the list among all
Psalms will ring and raise you above them all
Psalms are better when Goliath pursue you
King Saul declare you wanted alive
Psalm will raise Jonathan to preserve your soul
Psalms are better in the days of famine pestilence and war
Psalms will sing the word of god to preserve you
Psalms are better when there seem to be no way
Psalms will sing through the wilderness
And there will be a way where men do not see one
Psalms are better when wrongly cast into prison
Psalms will sing the holy ghost down and set you free
Psalms are better when love ones walk away
Psalms will remain your wonderful companion
Psalm are better when father and mother deny you
Psalms will remind you that Jesus is beside you
And lead you through the storm
Psalms are better when the storm is raging
Psalms will make you smile at the wave
Because Jesus is near
Psalms are better when the world forsake you
And Jesus will be near to take you home

George Egba

Stains Of Blood

Years our heads bow
In captured caves lying low
Here we believe in freedom
But our heads await a charger
Not good for what we admire
The hope required and acquired
Not threat to haters
More wounded trance poor mourners
Our tears joined with yours we weep
Not to see home land joy peace what we keep
And man live in hell before and after death
After tears replace life who still share this fate
Who scatters men's home who sees blood and smile
Who takes the head of another man off his heels
Who has no fear there's God that knows
That sees and let your temporal evil flows
You have no hope but hell
In all the earth you are a spell
You will never have a second chance

George Egba

Strength Of A Man

Be content men be brave
And serve the weakness of women
For in their weakness we find a part of us
And without it we cannot be complete
We vex them we praise uproar
And exchange our bravery with cowardice
If we praise them we avoid flatteries
And find beauty blossom among us
If abuse them we cease to be noble
And cast our seed into flames

George Egba

Sudden Call

What hour afford us power in the dark
Except in this honor slack
When at the dawn of day
The raven shall say
Today we break our fast
My carcass to vultures feet cast
What day is that
Which flies in like a mid night bat
And wake me up
When father felt i was too young in sleep
Yet before he slumbered and slept
I was groaning away in peaceful pain
But while his hopes were slain
I another dark end trace delight
Pattern beauty pail and yonder light
Like every mans fate my second home
Never care got a ready welcome
Over there if father is waiting
Faith to wait for me was nothing
It was fathers tune i took
Hurried away before dawn had called
Betimes got a sit it was a hall
Honor dancing in dark
Offering an hour in black
That came so late
Quite a moment grace and fate
Explain the doubt of worth
Where it was priced and bought
For a price stag of dust
Couple and kept to rust
While in indecision try to choose
Between friends and for

George Egba

Sun In The Night

The flames rattle in a violent raid
On Niger branches perches no bird
When the eastern chanting came
Singing songs of anarchy
Over our fortress forest
Of our hiding holes and nest
Our infants flee
Southward and the flame
Takes them young and free
Except we take the blame
Niger shall have blood flow
Blood that has made us one
Has mingled in the violent war
And burnt the bridges when we were gone
Casting from the flying vultures
Health hazard flames
To ruin our independent structure
O Lord we must take the blame
For the sun is risen at night
And the river flows pure blood
Yet we cannot fight
Gazing up to the cloud

George Egba

Sunshine In Purgatory

A little city where the name are few
And they settle like crew
And choices get crucial
Instead and nothing was mutual
Much bills placed on cancer

The doctors preferred answer
Turns a whole town chronic and deadly as epidemic
Many cry but their alters were satanic
Found in fire and flood
A burial of blood

Their names diminished daily
Their sons passed on daily
Walking away from beautiful tattoos
Which turns rebels
To their famous history
Cast into perpetual purgatory

George Egba

Sweet Root Africa

We will return to south Africa
We will remember the king of Africa
We will do this for Africa
We will look at the back of Africa
We will honor today for Africa
We will proclaim (A) affection for Africa
We will fight for (F) freedom for Africa
We will seek for (R) restoration for Africa
We will live for (I) increase for Africa
We will stand for (C) courage for Africa
We will be proud of (A) attraction for Africa
We will emulate the noble Shepherd of Africa
We will be true sheep of Africa
We will build and serve Africa
We will learn and teach the heritage of Africa
We will do this in all the tribes of Africa
We return to the land of wrestling Africa
We return to the land of hunting Africa
We will return to the land of swimming Africa
We will return to the land of black beauty Africa
We will return to the land of peace and unity Africa
We will denounce the thieves of Africa
We will promote the color of Africa
We will project the flag of Africa
We will keep it as one dear Africa
We will love, live and die for our root Africa

George Egba

Teen Treatise

Teen treatise
I go for thirties
In midday
And gray hair shaggy
Clueless teen delay
I wish my skin
Tonight may dine with elites
No more cradle suckling
In our right

George Egba

The Bitter Difference

The teacher went from me
When fame came
And because I couldn't learn again
I grew thin
Like an elephant grass

Standing on artificial fertilized ground filled with gas
My ignorance grew and covered my skin
Till I became pale with pride
My teacher saw this and cried
Because I walk so tall

On the ground where one day I shall fall
Also I ignored the sky
Which keep judging me as my time fly
I was walking far away
To a destination I cannot say

My friends increased
And my desire decreased
My day and night were alike
Passing and fading in every blink
Because I lack a teacher
And that was a bitter difference

George Egba

The Blue Moon

A clear cloud with a coast calm
Heaven and earth dead and still
Sun and other heaven host thrill by psalms
Its the blue moon eve and evil
Make love to me
Birds and bats too blind to see
No hovering over our flag and flavor
Lone is the night and idle the sea
With flowers sweet savor
Its calm and calculated make love to me
Under the apple tree
There's hiding in the street
Away to the market places
You but find our panting and urge
If you ever care enough its now
Don't break away
From time and admiration
Although the sweetest of these two shall fly
One day with the heat when the sun return
But if we are one
We will both watch the world in our eyes
The hunger the passion and future is there
If you had ever care for us
You devour this fire flying in us
And make the blue moon stay

George Egba

The Dowry Of African Princes

How much is the dowry of African princes

A calabash full of palm wine

A basket full of kolanut

A waist bead

A jewelry and cowry

A goatskin bag

Wrap in a look of love

How much is the dowry of African princes

A wrestling match

A team of brave hunters

In the days when dowries are worthwhile

George Egba

The Fatherless

The glutton has open his mouth again
To swallow vitamin
First it was my reverend father
Then my grand father
And this morning my father

How can a whole land me fatherless
And her offspring remain bastard
Without ancestral guard
At night they go into the bush
During the day they hide for lack of cash

They have not read their fathers will
To understand their boundary under hill
Now they will live and wait for gray hair
For their origin is not fair
They will not marry as children of reverend father
And no woman would marry a bastard without a father

George Egba

The Grand Sons Of Light

Brown eyed stars
Accompany a gray colored moon
Lightning heaven with diamond eyes
From a noble cousin sun
Appear moody running the day alone
Before all shadowed night
And tempting valleys of the dark
Devouring courage to wage war against the violent night
That stood emerging slow in all black
Forcing the untimely exit of the day
Of a gentle handsome sun
Offers us hope and light day next to day
Burning hideout and beyond
Raise up hope like darkness is dead
And gently some moon takes over
Over from an exhausted sun
Sitting by heaven's gate for a watch over
A slow and subtle night
Going away bye and bye
To some island town where none could interfere
Surrounded by a thousand stars
Beyond numbers and colony
Litters about heaven and far
To illuminate the idle sleeping earth

George Egba

The Power Of A Smile

Childhood is history
Teenage life is temporal
Adolescent final territory
Three anniversaries live a ceremony
Yet it does not guarantee a smile
Goodbye dear yesterday and the past
Welcome today decorated in the present
Patient hope for tomorrow the future
Never be too sure of a smile
Today some roots sprang
While others soon will wither
We must live when it is up
Or die when it is down
It is not tiding man is meant for pain
When it come our smile fade away
All faces will look good in their smile
But while some appreciate this
Others refuse to negotiate it
Lips meant for our smile are not yet parted
As no day is perfect without a cry
We all need a better place
The only way to a better place is our smile's
A single smile from infants teen and adults
Is enough to end our wars
People look alike when they smile
Smile is the language we all understand
And when we smile we are one

George Egba

The Sabbath Day

It is morning fresh first of it kind
A newly made day its called a Monday
Heaven was made by words from his mind
It is the second day a Tuesday
The light and darkness will never be friendly
Each for a time between the firmament
Where green field flourish of divers kind
According to their kind yielding ornament
Still work on the third day a Wednesday
Here the greater part rule
The day and the gentle shine at night
These are more than diamond and gold
With divers companion they were light
Open a fourth day a Thursday
Bringing abundant amazing creatures
They were creatures in the sea
Some terrible mingle with nice nature
Then proceed another a Friday
Of beast kind and wild
Meant to stay in the field
Now another day not as mild
With words the sixth a Saturday
Full of skills and sweat
For God did not only speak but act
It was a day man and woman were made
And breath in the image and likeness
It was the climax of toil
There was love rest the seventh day
A Sunday a Sabbath day

George Egba

The Second Coming

I have paid my dues to life
I stand acquitted of its debt
Life has come to me and cease a precious wife
Taken my joy the only child i have kept
I wept
My kitchen is desolate my sister was gone
Who makes popcorn for my birthday
I walked in there today only the sweet smell lingers
Only the smoke wonders
Only the cripple dog barking courage
Vowed life has taken enough revenge
In my fathers favorite place
Sat his empty snuffbox
My mothers walking stick leaning beside it
With a face wet with water and blood
I saw nothing was left of our household
Life bid adventure and my journey
Give me one reason why I should not quit my friend

George Egba

The Sinking Flag

The sea fell deep deep and deep
An atlas proves it sink a ship
The compass float
Waving a flag to the towering coast
It sank again and again
Before the search came the rain
That swept the sober truth to us
Without pity it went famous
Till the sun was withdrawn
Just at dawn
Even and ice
A furry ran and hurt the eyes
In a feast of cold blood
And warmth dear flag we may never behold

George Egba

The Soul Brothers Death

The burial of a soul brother
Was not good for a rainy day
Maybe his death
He could be wet to paradise
The burial of a soul brother
Was not good for a rainy day
We will need umbrellas
Forming a canopy over his benediction
While his soul is trouble by thunder and storm
The burial of a soul brother
Was not meant for crocodile brow
Mocking with their hypocritical tears
But pray than deal us a deadly blow
When we feel we have some peaceable murners
The rain in the soul brothers death
Fell to water away all wishes against him
And when all roof is wet
You rust to imagine the hole that cause the rain
As everyone celebrates the downpour
The rain in the soul brothers death
Was not good because
It only washed our faces not our hearts
And when we return
Is with conscience laden with guilt
The death of a soul brother
Was a warning not to the rain
But to all that need the rain
The soul brother just died like everyone of us

George Egba

The Souls Crumbs

What can I eat anymore but crumbs
Remnant of unfair cruel wars
Oh heaven give me a piece of word this trash
This was a television screen I see
This is not news but Armageddon
This is hell and hell is here
Right beside me before me and running in me
Unyielding devils with clinched teeth
They stool our school girls away
Abuse our women and human right
And drink our innocent blood
We sleep with our eyes open
And watch our children stranded in the street
All in the bloody name of holy war
We are in jeopardy
Oh poor Allah why be this still
To let this Carlos liars live and ruin our nerves
Hear the pathetic sound of infants lamentation
Cry of desolate widows
Who say Allah needs your sacrilege
Your blood stained hands filthy religion
There's no tiding but news
Of kidnap rape they are apes
Bomb blast in the motor park
Bomb blast in market places
Bomb blast in our schools
Bomb blast even in the holy churches
Our brothers die daily
And we that are alive
Live in one piece of hell

George Egba

The Sower And The Seed

To the field to the field
While it rained sowing till there's yield
Unto toil and our seed
Giving all as the earth has need
In the rain where we plow the ground
Deep our seed down the mud
Still from our sight it is lost
To all cares of life till it bust
On the skies we shall hope
That the sun and rain and crops
Down on the earth our seed
Laid buried down indeed
Yes some sprank back unto the world
With two breakthrough hold
Than we watch through the days
From steps to steps then to hay
Back to the field when harvest is come
From long seasons down to our room
We fill our empties with the grain
Our barn and wait for the next years of rain

George Egba

The Sowers Sleep

Reaping amount to agony
When the sower passed away
Hope an ordinary ceremony
Crowding the latter days
Our fancy fence publishing good living
Living within rats clothed rags
Why do you blaspheme your own root
And hide in empty brags
Though you do have ill
Then smile joyfully in pain
In false will
Bearing canopy without rain
To grace the praise of men
Upon penury
Pushing in an omen
And surviving by borrowed honey

George Egba

The Sun And The Atlantic Tides

At the atlantic bay
Thus my beautiful maiden lay
Fastenning her crush on the handsome sun
While desire burn and the hour run
On the rising tides fell the shadows
Of her past and vanish like the rainbow
The day dream of her ex
Sensitive pleasure of sex
Long she travelled wide on her flowery date
To meet the right candle burning at the gate
Her home return cooled by the right breeze
Gave her a feeling o she freeze
Till that sun which gave her that wamth
And everlasting glue which can't be apart
Which can't be wrong like the tides
Until whatever betide

George Egba

The Virtue Of Love

Love does not cost a thing
Why demand so much to tarnish it
Love does not lead astray
Love will always stay
Love is not separation
Love is protection
Love is not distraction
Love is attraction
Love is not bitterness
Love is forgiveness
Love is not cheating or betrayal
Love is self denial
Love is not pretense
Love is patience
Love is not eyes service
Love is sacrifice
Love is not ashamed
Love will always take the blame
Love is not corrupt or cover up
Love does not give up
Love will hold unto the end
Love is not ungrateful
Love is faithful
Love does not fail
Love is perfect
Love does not walk away
Love will always stay
Love speaks through the eyes
Love touches through her smile
Love is specially made
Love does not defile
Love is pure
The eyes of love speaks more than words
Her countenance shine more than light
Love is wise tender and calm
Love is a virtue true and divine
Love is not of this world
Love is somewhere beyond the blue

The Void

We had dinner together
Last night memories not forever
We played in the sofas
I recalled what we suffered
I was not at home when you came
Three things we share
The unforgettable fear
Maybe kissing
That we are missing
I was not at home when you came
I thought you to swim
Wave you low and high the swing
You call me sweet names
Laughing out my name
I was not at home when you came
I took you to the ball
Dancing delightfully till night fall
The music never depart
The song in our heart
But not at home when you came

George Egba

The Way The World Love

The people you call friends
Do they really like you that much?
Stop here and think
Before you knock their door
And drink their water

The people who clap for you
Are they celebrating you?
Or are they castigating you?
Just remember those you started with
And stay with them

The people that are laughing with you
Would they be there
When you cry?
To wipe your tears
Because you will not laugh everyday

George Egba

The Wood Keeper

Its night fall
With brain wash
There are hash walls
Fasten fast against dates dash
Now among a million sparks
A watchful eye
That never blink before perilous dark
But watch his own on high a distance sky
Against signs of awful night
When several unseen arrows take their flight
Who cares when all slumbers and snores
Hoping for tomorrow watch
Just at dawn life ignore
Sure when in silence one is caring
Over a million eyes dim and closed
Though some lay together
While some alone
The wood keeper cares forever
For silver and for gold
For mighty and mean things
And most times come down low
Just to preserve his precious abase
And as i wake up this time again
I know no other but him alone
Who had done enough
To keep me safe
And his shield over me
Has a look like love

George Egba

Think Of Us Again

Wide World white world
Bygone without a trace of hair
Trampled down into pot of gold
Covered all bones and air
Watch world wash wall
All flowers mourning their tombs
Wasted by brutal murder or epidemic fall
Covering wet faces with the stone
Whole world wasted wishes
Taken day by day untold
Outcast with false hope flashes
Returning home daily in the cold
Whirl world why wind
Blows away our peace
Cruel days troubling mind
Crave the sun should cease
Worse world war waves
Sweeps through our pressured blood stream
Fallen heroes open graves
Our voices beside you shall scream

George Egba

Three Friends

Verily verily I found there merrily
Three sins outside heaven heavily
These for spirit flesh and soul shall dine
But mindfully mercifully all souls are thine
For many such eyes lashes
Watching the now painted world clashes
Narrowly escape these three
One a pretender a contender a debtor free
These are cheerfully kings in kingdoms
With vain demand for false freedom
See these together friends not one
Made debtors by one soul but none
Like a slave for all
Fearfully a price a fall
Basically the souls price
Apart from the ruin and rise
Doubtfully standing at the end
For one merrily cheerfully spy and spirit
To face the last verily without friends
Mercifully gently depart

George Egba

Through The Wind

I do not chase the wind
I do not run from you
I do not hide away your kiss
I do not deny you
Please don't judge me first
Until the light blink
Between us
That you see my face shrink
And how i wet and weep
You will see i do not sleep
In the city or eat with a silver spoon
Or marry a golden girl
With high heels and baby hair
I do not go to the king
To view the beautiful palace and the queen
Stare straight at the luxury of the royal prince
If you could see from home
I do not leave the street
Or hast away to avoid the rain
Even fail to embrace the sun
Believe me i do not lie

George Egba

Thunder Bolt

Thunder thunder thunder face thy outcome
Roaring spirit in the kingdom sky
Noise of the most high home
Breaking through with a shout and a loud cry
Tearing into the peace of man and beast
Take the dearest rest from the sleeping eye
The sparrow quiver and shrink
At the sound of thy overthrow
The poor rain lost her tender showers
The burning sun snick into hiding
The peaceful humble moon avoid thy presence
Like a bomb unleashing thy thunderbolt
Upon mankind and every creature with a breast
Squeeze and force life into a halt
And the less privilege trees in a feverish panic
They give up their premature fruits and flowers
Dancing cowardly to the rhythm of thy storm
Which brings thy bidden down
The mountain quake and shift almost to the see
The sea itself rush away
Avoiding thy grievous tempest and strife
You got the whole wide world tamed and still
You are a monstrous beast

George Egba

Time In History

Set the tables
Breaking records marbles
Held history face on high
Tracks enables fame far and near
A new race emerges changes a new face
Way begat way time and space
Years has past each with heroes
A race without a contest is zero
Destiny in our hands holding our own
Future and history face of town
Wishes ranging from time to time
No glory when the eyes grows dim
From stories untold time is when we learn
Where we pass heights we earn
Heights to the top belittle down our homes
Prepared for history prepared for worms
Become breath of records tables which lives
Among generations yet to arrive
All records set have history created
That history and records all inherited

George Egba

To Faith

To faith
Whence the clouds gather
Regathering by date
And return all over
The cease sea
Whom to faith glory be
Gift and signs frighten
Waves frighten stars lower shallow
Green field temporal with dew
Run together unto fate
Breath of field of beast
Last before a common gate
A train single feast
Resting so alone yet mingle
True to trails false also
All these are more single
Fable races horses rider go
Castle inhabitant
Changes come and chance
Wild state inheritance
Window wind defense
Strangers like us ignored
Here to ask never satisfy
Cast away the rest yet to keep
Strangle memories looking worried
Brave ancestors to faith as deep
Though the faith weep we carried
Don't care for us the faith does
The faith we know
With tomorrow and now
To pail gods white as snow
Shine afar off
Valley deep valued dark
Passes before us sharp
Down yonder a thousand spark
Brought to me to you
Except this was so slow
And snow and white
White grayish bite

Thinking time longed to go
Cheat of yesteryear's
Clouds crime whence they are
Whence they are hence
Catch thy breath
Sowing to reap whence
Plug off thy trust hence
For flower good
And eagerly drought
When all these goes for good
Good only when it was brought
Touch of the mind
Out of smile of the face
Dark by dawn
Showing bye
Between what to see
To expect and bear
The trust of yesterday
Roaring trust in a must
All adjust to faith

George Egba

To The End

To the work
To sleep
To tears we weep
To flesh and blood
Hence to the soul and soil when all is cold
To joy
To pain
To toil
To many its in sane
To vanity
Till eternity
To grace
To grass
To be embrace
To be born with class
To be lame
To rest with blame

George Egba

Too Late Soon

Today i return late at nine
Our laughter sounds feminine
And cry bitter lemon
Desperate home we recover none
Instead the bamboos
Even the cups the corps
Stood we stood still
Till the last of us who came ill
Wonderful palace to abide
Just to forget remember
So famous too premier
Too single
How often we spinsters this handle
The thirst to revenge
Destitute of days this revenge
Humble cry tumble thrice
Out rise our temper rise
This agony that anger
That revenge wars danger
but now no more
Though we no more
Soon little too lame
Just to keep the cool flame
It hurt to remember all
Or once in a union wall
Whether for not
Unless it hurt
By us and none the price
Non at all the prince
Branch and brand not as bank
Call in vain in vain we had sent

George Egba

Towers Of Tomorrow

Town of towers prone to hear
Early echos idle pet be wear
Night is fast spent the day
Shall we shall we to the other side dismay
From sound sleep
Creeping things crawling fantasies
Unto broad day light
The agonizing sun delight
At the moon fading till the morning stars
Will they till dark night and drunken bars
Cease sweet sleep
Captured away sold so cheap
Away like casual dreams
Shall they shall they ever abide supreme
Always in towers and rested fight
Cleve to safety delight
Made whole with white candles
Gathering towers in town idle
For they and we with tomorrow return

George Egba

Treasures

Beneath the mountains
Above the plain
Adjust as heaven over the earth
Same as valleys lower beneath
Embrace your childhood friend
Below your breast
Forsake the down times
Enjoy the ups greatly esteem
And when is payback forsake the past
The future is bright
You must not travel alone
But with a guiding angel safety is sure
No highland on earth
Or forest without the crown of trees
Life must be cherished while there's breath
Or carefully save for idle worms to try
Like so sweet is life
In groups in twos
Keep in touch and in style
Just this free world nothing to owe

George Egba

Ungrateful Season

We scrambled for water
But rained in torrent
And all snicked back for shelter
When it turn chill at frozen percent
The punctual sun resume a busy body
All selfsame lonely by the sea
Classed by roaring void of still and steady
So abandon her she was meant to be
Soon a hint occur the river for the season
Cautioned to meet regret
But too shallow depth to reason
Where shall we go
Back to the rain
Or dry in the cruel sun
And share all time in pain
In a time without a proverb person
Where every one needed comfort
Which was altogether drown in the sea
But for the sun
Floated away by the shallow sea
With a season for us
Return to learn no place like home

George Egba

Village In The Valley

Toast in the valley sweet wine
Wind breeze does blow
Neighbors at sea swim
Gently but surely comes the overflow
Wine makes merry massacre
Light shady twelve cups full
In them are comrade drown in ten liter
Days of melody the language of the soul
Daily dancing and drums
The sound of men love and hate
And jungle where friends have a home
The horse men dangling down the hill
With their cup full and they are ill
And narrow desolate roads to school
Broken three legs wooden stool
Coming home to the village in the valley

George Egba

Visitors

Life is a trick
Don't be a trigger freak
Just to make another sick
Pretending to be cool and quick
Or playing hid and seek
When the truth will someday lick
No matter how late even at your peak
So be calm and meek
You can only be a little bit thick
Not beyond your normal gig
Bit a mouthful of fig
So your mode may always be psych
With a little of your own drink
Else you get drunk and shrink
Before you even blink
As you try to hit the bricks
Keep running don't be weak
And be man enough to break your jinks
Before another use your ink
That you find your pieces too worthless to pick

George Egba

Voice Of The Mountain Top

A voice on the mountain top
Set sight at every nestle drop
Swings high wings to ease all prove
But just beyond the mountain far above
Dwell much creatures of mighty eagle wings
That flew the aid that nature sings
Which rule them of wings and feet
Yet subject to the master calls to meet
And birds hold wings on earth high they fly
Reduce in heaven wondrous sky
That none of wings may yonder live
Or beyond the third firmament believe
To whom all glory shall be
For things beneath bound or free
Their glory fades away the sun kiss the dew
Each has a monitoring shadow not new
Wonders about with once upon a time
Even say little or limit their prime
Like little bird on the mountain cries
Till its voice fades to meet the skies

George Egba

Watching The Cross

Farewell to grace
There's warfare in space
Join our triumphant race
If you share our trance
Glory glory the song of victory trace
And hands on the plow no disgrace
One faith and hope we embrace
We sing we dance
We have our future home in a glance
And one day wear a crown of lace
The master knows the way

George Egba

Watchman

Watchman watchman
Beside the gate side wondering for alms
Observing with mixed disdain
Every man from soul to toe
Luke man look man
Out of sight out of mind
With a careful stare at every passing man
Taking much more to the mind
Gate man gate man
Fumbling right and left
Wherever the master goes
In or out till all kings men slept
Sad man sad man
Serving under rain or sun
Sweat for thirst and heat for food
Till his whole life is gone beyond good
Last man last man
Night and day by the fence
Ever going in and never going out
Or giving his word for the board

George Egba

Watchman Repair

Went I to the feast of ease
The necked street layers
Saw I none
The honey minded laws
Save I none
The bullish tax masters
Serve I none
The fact finders and mask faces
Change I none
The hymn hissing yawning
Respond I no
The shy prosecutors and executor
With factors and actors
Pass I none
The givers and street takers
Praise I none
Their violent occasion and invitation
Receive I none
In their festival
I found none

George Egba

Wear Away

Wait why weary away words can say
Wealth can't change wash away
Walk away work pretty hard
Ungrateful and without a shepherd
Day by day laws put together
No matter how rich they break one after another
Weary head upon which dreadlocks grow
And gray hair for many years throw
Gain the sweat and smell of an ancient lord
On his return for a famous last word
Full of glory great and green in vain
For a long lost weak and in
Why should it last for revenge
Why should it cover up range and change
Crowded by birth acknowledge for a certain end
Why the wealth and want why the amend
The needs needed a must
Where will they not rust and bust
Together with wealth together with want
After the pains and pant they faint

George Egba

Well Of Comgfort

Walk through bound and brave
Crawl through slave
Cry silent voice speak
Cross yonder calm but weak
Come over boarders and heart broken
Slot through a thousand stars hidden
Lifted eyes melted spirit
Up to your pilgrim journey merit
From tempest time come unto calm
And anoint your reckless feet with balm

George Egba

Wet With Words

Show me more
To the mountain crown I am lure
Had my prime passion tore
Out of zeal to get beyond what i bore
Then travel to yonder shore
Behold my eager face wore
A glory behind this treasured door
Here it bit me ever like a sore
Now weeping was all I saw
Not familiar like things here before
But these dreams I admire brought all of rigor
As the corps willing the blood ignore
This pressing pump a snore
Upon which all worries I pour
Yet did not care for all was vapour
That crip in cool and defiled my armour
Watching through ancient asia minor
And wish no more dreams of torture
Which left me longed for my childhood glamour
Early as I watch the sun fade from splendour
I hate it all that ever i venture
Down my memo
Like a painful past I endure

George Egba

When A Drunken Man Dies

When a drunken man snores
Then thunder should be ignored
His heartbeat goes up to heaven and down to hell
And kills when he yells
He follows the spirit music
Steps to it rhythm and basics
When a drunken man cries
It's a solemn sound of crises
For crosses and lost
If at all he could account for the cost
For his grief is as vain as empty bottles
Of whisky and gin littered on his table
When a drunken man smiles
It's but a wrinkle face
Or worthless memories as his race
Made of wine and merry massacre
And smiles at whisky and gin
When a drunken man dies
Who cares how he lies
His neighbors heave a sigh
And cast their flowers nigh
But the barman would mourn him more
And on his tomb the last tribute pour w

George Egba

When I Talk To A Child

I err my words countable and calm
And watch his bright eyes searched in delight
His stares beyond many generations hence
From a cradle glance
A worthy dream I see
When I talk to a child

George Egba

When The Season Come To An End

The rain is gone
The dew is come
And the thunder has rested its bolt
The sun has ceased from revolt
The season has come to an end
The moon like a ball
Has roll for the snow to fall
The sky at rest
With the clouds and mist
The season has come to an end
The birds cry for cold again
The streams would miss the rain
The trees wither standing dry
The grasses rise early to try
The season has come to an end
The shepherds make their hay
The cattle's run away
The sailors set to sail
Drunk in winter wine and pale
Bade love ones farewell
The season has come to an end

George Egba

Where Is Home

Where is home
A thousand miles close to the heart
Then root of joy
The picture of our beginning
And store house of child hood dreams
Where the ovation is always high
And the hands open wide
Our tattered rags confide
Where our names are models
And we can find heart felt smiles
Where our bags doesn't mean but our care
And where doesn't cost a thing
Destination of the even tide
Esteem in life or death
Where is home
Its the little town of our every thing
Where we will always miss
And the perfect lips to kiss
Where is home
It is where all hopes are not lost
Where it is never too late
Where we see no matter how far
Where we are treated as kings
Where can be better than home

George Egba

Who Is Save

When the wire breaks
Three steps almost to the center of the bridge
The hands will go out wide the breath will shake
Dreams will ask where will i lodge
The soul will say where will i be
The spirit will sing i am going home
The bones will sigh back to worms
Each manoeuvre form
And the shadow follows no one
The breath ease where the journey cease
The day stop and the night breaks down
Next to you the dust tease
The moon hide the sun fades
In the sky appear the rainbow pale
That is life held so high
Like the christmas bell ringing round roses
Valued for gold good enough for dust
For stories and memories few and forgotten
No more honeymoon no rainbow
Beach parties no more snow
No more horse and horses race
And if all can be save

George Egba

Who Shall Cast A Stone

Who shall cast a stone
Who has no yoke
Or bears a crystal soul
Or no womb barricaded with a wool
Who has sold his soul bloody beads of war
Let him of such immunity cast a stone
Who has no glass in this planet
Or province counted prominent
Let him choral cry with a voice
Symphony as a nightingale song
So the owls respond when all is dead at night
Who has gathered stones
Or lifted a gallow
to weigh his neighbors crimes
Whose fear is crimson as the tides
And ruin of brimstone
Would not breath in liberty till a stone is cast

George Egba

Why The Hate

Life is a crooked walk
Down the valley of our daily work
But who count the sober steps?
From infancy till time is up
For here is a passing place of sin

Unknown to us strangers of divers skin
So we arrived in wonder and wound
Each other for one reason that is never found
Who count the precious loss?
Of our lost ones oh what a cost

Why the prize of blood?
Not of color pure blood!
The flow in us is red
The reason why we are one
Now who cares?

Through hate and ignorance we kill one another
If only love can bind us together
Open our blind eyes
To really see
What is our gain if we do not love
For God is love!

George Egba

Winters Feast

Out in the cold and necked winters shreds
Without clothes or close
Famine lingers long denies us of bread
Often the dreary dark and hell is let lose
You wonder how near is help
Or aid to a pending doom
To clear the smoking cloud up
Return us back to our land and kingdom
Where milk and honey flows
Unlike this desolate troy
Of shame and shows
Its all our dreamland joy
But what is life
Tenderly natural at one three and four
Wonderfully and beautifully admired at seven and sixteen
Arrogant and ambitious at seventeen and nineteen
Self centered at twenty and thoughtful at thirty two
Make hay i say make hay
Because your sun may fail at forty
The faster it goes the narrow the way
Life has no photocopy

George Egba

Woman For Me

In her eyes i see the world
Beautifully made for our future
In her voice i hear a song a word
It sounds so sweet the best of nature
In her touch so soft and tender
That on earth i am in paradise
By her will her wish i am under
For her call in the dead of night i arise
Though it was dark
By the beauty of her light i see
In her smile i laugh
In her tears i weep
And cry for her pains
No other feeling is as deep
I will always need more of her
Her slow steps gently tracing love
Feeling their prints in the pathway of my sandy heart
In her absence her memories flying within me as a dove
All within me and i feel the heat
In her i see the woman for me

George Egba

Year's Of Tempest

A land growing harmful giants
My skinny tiny soul dare to dwell
From my old own home of scanty limping ants
Dream to build a trip about courage but melt
Soon as my inferior stare met their stunning gaze
And crush me hard shrinking backward to my coil
Fighting from step one for a gasp that blaze
Those wasted rustic toil
All mighty members made of mare pieces
Before my delicate surgical bones
That proclaim hope toward this land of ice
And patterning their stretch marks upon diamond stones
Brought a fault against my wretched cross
A halt to my fainting breath
Bless my solitude temple with cracks across
Which gave all yield against my threat
So like everyday was please to run
Fast enough that I shall never be there
To match upward against giants town
Nearer to hell and far
Yet was i sick and slack
When it forbear all my run were drown
With all hope deep down the forgetful sea did sleep

George Egba

You Have Closed The Door

The trial of my eyes
When I seared in all curiosity the stars
As the mysterious ocean I found it deeper
When you stare wordless at me I ponder
My love despair
My heart needs repair
The tears came down
And words proceeded from frown
Through the ocean of your eyes
Into your heart like the skies
Both their clouds and clash
Could neither spare me a vital splash
The things that were mine
I was demanding not beyond your wine
But as you stood there
Not moving for anyone no matter how dear

George Egba

Your Smile

Was your smile
The working of charm
Was your smile
Healing like balm
Was your smile
All the mile
Was your smile
Covering a conopy
Was your smile
Keeping me company
Was your smile
All the while
Was your smile
I smile and sleep
Was your smile
Your love is deep
Was your smile
To kill
Was your smile
A dew from heaven
Was your smile
Given
Was your smile
Of angels

George Egba

Zeal And End

Award for Grammy
A walking stick for poor granny
Banana for the monkey
A gun for the army
Point the task to any
The need of many
Is the love of money
Which is sweeter than honey
Brings back hope of destiny
But life remains a journey
And death the enemy
Make us fat and tiny
About the fate we cannot deny
What a tyranny
In life and agony
Yet nature makes it funny
Bringing a every morning sunny
Into a future stormy
Caring like a mummy
Holding out hands to tomorrow gloomy

George Egba