

Poetry Series

Gideon Eze
- poems -

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Gideon Eze()

Behind My Smile

Behind my smile
Lies an empty canvas
Ought to be filled
Before the fall of night.
When it breaks forth, for you,
You who claim strange or foreign;
Or you who claim me stranger or local,
Know that it has capture your rubicund life.
And whether you friend or stranger me
Is out of the business
For I shall paint you in the dark of the night.
I needy sweet artist
shall brush the angles and curves of your life
And apply with the abundance of paint,
The colours of the flowers and lilies,
Then, the mirrors will be clear to glint and admit your charm.
That night, henceforth and forever, shall we be friends.

Gideon Eze

I Don't Like To Imagine...

My days are numbered
The end is come;
And the agents are scattered.

Woe unto me and my sweet face,
for all shall give way to gloom and doom
that'll sink and kill
 my heart and flesh.

My world and words
 are dying.

When i think of Black, it's blank;
But when i think back, it's her.
But she's dying
 from the wrath of your ignorance.

Everytime I put her in a shade,
you come, dismantle and destroy.
See, I told her,
That her eyes are as dark as the fruit of Jaboticaba,
 beautiful as fresh ube;
her sweet lips, sizzling as udala
and her soft voice, titillating as the juice of miracle fruit
and her kinking hair, oh!
 flowery as the butterfly tree
and...

And I was telling her this truth
when her shadow shooed her into the garden,
in the burning rays of sun,
 into a hot garden,
In search of the fruits of her flesh, her life.
But she found none:
They all cut-down, destroyed.

Now, she's lost in the garden of fruit
And I'm still looking for her
 and a standing tree.

I don't like to imagine
not seeing a new fruit 'fore i find her;

I don't like to imagine
not finding a tree, shade
to shield her from naked eyes.

My world and words
are dying,
My Africa is on a bye.

Gideon Eze

The Madman Of The Other World

The madman of the other world
Never get peace of mind
'cause no peace
Exist in their world:
No rest or break
Mediate 'tween their work;
Whatever they do
They do with stiffened muscle.

In the orphaned seconds hand of time,
In their argument and murmur,
They wrangle with a vehemence
That still the world in shock;
In their solo games,
They rattle with an alacrity
That marvels daylight out of day.
They take each day's business
With a force beyond life
That they forget
The mortal cloth they wear.
When this dawn on them
 By chance-
Of the woes and mortal wounds,
In the distress of their agony,
Becomes another madman.

Gideon Eze

Tree Of Life

Let's go a stretch
Thou lover of life
To know from the tree of life
How long it has lived.

Let's go embrace the mighty Baobab
With our uneven fingers
Till there's no wood to gird;
And get lost in the mirth and 'light
Of our dust, play;
And while the gay wind toss
Our skirts and shorts up and down,
We'll bother less to care
Of our nakedness
'cause the butt of the tree
Hangs up there!
Hence,
There'll be no more secret
To give us shame.

Let's go a stretch
Thou coy and lost at heart;
To the stretching arms of the Baobab
And there our hunger and temper;
Pride and strange'ness shall dissolve
In the settling dust,
Where straight and bend shadows meet.

Let's go a stretch on Baobab,
The tree that thinks of heaven.
It's sacred serenity shall
Our laden heart cleanse,
With the breeze from the sanctity of heaven;
And fill us with the elixir
Of the Baobab, the tree of Life,
And we think of heaven all day.

Gideon Eze