

Poetry Series

Gideon Idudje
- poems -

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Gideon Idudje()

An Haiku Sunlit Feathers

O Butterfly! colour collage
From butter to fly
You coined your name
Paired wings
Your wings though fixed
Adapt to wind
It flaps to fly
Into thin sky
Pollen folk
Stigma scented
Fairy wings
O Butterfly!
From butter to fly
You curved your name
Flowering bouquet
Rainbows mix

Gideon Idudje

I Will Be The Stars

I will be the stars
The moon will be my mum
The sun will be my dad
The rain will be my brother

The wind will be my sister
The rainbows will be my friends
The rocks will be my cousins
The fountains will be my happy tears

The waterfalls will be a nickname
Of an edifice I carved for you
Among the rocks and
That I have chosen just for you

The fields will be my attires
The paper and the ink
will be my parcels for you

I tell my mum to rule the nights
Take away sorrows of darkness from you
Caress away your insomnia
And clothe you With her cares
That her night gleams your attires

And I will be the stars

I tell my dad to shine on you,
sunbeam your countenance,
away your damp with his warmth,
and smile always at your hustle

And I will tell my brother to feed you
With the heavenly springs
Flow on your droughts
Feed your greens

I will tell my sister to cool you
With her tender breeze

See that you are bathed
With her oxygen

I tell the rainbows
Of how you wrote me
Many poems of love
And how we smile together
As co stars

And I will tell The Fields
To weave you coat of many colours
red, green, yellow, blue,
violet, orange and indigo coloured
The rainbows will lend a helping hand

I will be the Stars

I will tell the Fields to plant
In your garden multiple colours of roses
They will add a sunflower also
I will tell them to fit in berries,
red, blue, multiple berries

And I will be the stars

Up above among heavenly
Bodies, I will shine as the firmament
Daniel chapter twelve holding three
And brighten your tomorrow
Shining your prayers to God Almighty Alone

Gideon Idudje

Mandela Madiba

NELSON MADIBA MANDELA

A broken reed

Bleeding through the love pipes of social apartheid,

Got fixed

After waging twenty sevenlogs of wood in the iron woods of bars

On him

Through his mouth,

The dumb trumpeted

And echoed, beating gongs into the forested minds of men in the distant woods

His retina;

Sighted the blind from obscurity of racisms

For abullseye of the Morrow's pregnancies

So men sang a chorus

...Hail hail free Mandela

His skin wore shackles

His mind bore freedom

His speech spoke out chains

Unweaving the threads of apartheid

So men sang a chorus

...Hail hail free Mandela

As Nelson Madiba Mandela's

Caged bird flew men to freedom

Angela Maya's caged bird sang men

Melodies that tuned men to freedom

Ode to Nelson Madiba Mandela's voice
of freedom

Ode to Angelou Maya's singing Bird

Gideon Idudje

My Wooden Reading Table

My wooden reading table
Of local forest woods

In raining dripping days
Melted by sunshine rays
In Sunny shinny phases

My wooden reading table
Has sailed through ages
My gray grandpa gave it his
My papa saved it me
My wooden reading table
Will yet another phase

Gideon Idudje

One Cold Morning And Me

This morning
So cold, I feel I don't
want a wash O gush! from
my oxblood painted balcony
I stood and heard three red cocks
trumpeting like she come with a luggage
of ice? Yeeh! I could fill my skin fuming cold
as my palm's degrees lower i guess to 20°c like
rickety, bicycle I creak screeching I will wait, put the
sunlit mybrownie icy skin to bath it golden in noon flakes, when
ice is gone to roast
In the kitchen, felt the smiles of
my pot, but it caresses my palms frozen
It slept so frozen wake, my metals seem burning in
It cold lit. waded downstairs, blaze my retinas the almond
tree, seated to the eastern earth blooming ray flashes of greens,
as the rains
let down from the
heavens. prodigally it
bathed the earth. between
the greens swam a brownie nightingale
flapping its fluffy wings as the wet tasted of
her dry skin she complained and fought so hard to
flap away it icy fangs, cos in between sat her lonely Nest,
Sheltering her nestlings to frozen by the morning icy fist. I prayed
she feeds On other mornings for survival, from this icy baked day, as
I watched the sky runs swiftly in the pace of a brownie spotted Deer scurry
leaving this frozen morning, the dank street, her nestlings and me Behind.

Gideon Idudje

Our Body Not Our Own

Our body is not our own
But temporary wears
That will surely tear
Life full of horrible bled
So ignite your heavenly care
Our body is not our own

No matter how we fare
On this earthly affairs
All turns sudden despairs
So pays to be sincere
My body is not my own

while we still out here
So living our life in pair
While on this ball like sphere
Your body is not your own

Is sure a waste of time
To this present kind
So sure to tame your mind

To be a heavenly vine
His body is not his own

Cos' life on earth is timed
So try to pay ur fine
To meet the heavenly line
And sit at Potter dine
Her body is not her own

put on all your faith
With it you will never fate
Its such a warmly shame
On those who miss the date
This body is not my own

Some day heavenly call will roll
So while take a frowsy stroll
Into the this earthly bowl
That is full of tides and cold
This world is not our home

Gideon Idudje

Silence Is Blue Voice

The bottle freedom cracks suddenly
I don't want a quarrel
Cos' I don't want a duel

I don't want a quarrel
Cos' I don't want to pinch his toes

I don't want a quarrel
Cos' I might crack shell our relationship

I don't want a quarrel
Cos' I might go soured our communication

I don't want a quarrel
Cos' I don't want to cause her a baked heart

They don't want a fight
They don't want to offend
I don't want communication go loud
Cos' I don't want a split rock relationship

In this bottled freedom
I don't want to kill
this happy mood we are
though I am dying inside

In his frustration
He keeps silence
In her caked heart
She keeps silence
In his blue eyes
He keeps silence
In her red heart
She keep silence
but silence is a killer!

And then depression
drains her kind
As obsession

tame his mind
oppression
their freedom binds.

Tin tiny thinner
They become
Going down into a pit
of mind imprisonment
Fear their jailer
has sent melancholy
to be their mate
as hatred becomes
their breath.
silence is a murderer

Choked up he becomes
Cooked up sheboils
Baked brown
boiled hard
Steamed hot
bursting into social
Maladjustments
Exploding radioactive
Silence is an executioner

Don't quarrel
don't fight
don't break relationship
don't cut communication
But please don't be drenched
in a pool of silence.
Silence is a pretence

In the multitudes of silence
Is greater war
In the multitudes of silence
Is greater battle
In the multitudes of silence
lays the inner poison
stocked inside
piled within.

The heart
bears the weight of it
when heavy
screams thunder
then all is voiced
Though it's a tool but
Don't be drenched
in it pool
Like a deeper ocean
It is....when drenched
Silence is a bottled freedom

Gideon Idudje

Wandering Child

O wandering child
how far would you go?
how lost would you be found, ?
Into the caves of nature
extravaganza

No brother to keep you,
No mother to wean you
no guardian to hood

until your stumble into
The pit of random jamboree.

Like the cotton wool
you wave
From nooks to crannies
And the wind
is your transport
When it blows,
you go
from Kilimanjaro
to olumo rock
from California to Mauritania.

Rumble no more my dear,
to stumble no further
to be drunken in your misery.

your protractor is found
your compass is located
and navigation is activated.

So gather your experiences
endeavors,
And sail home
to a point of wandering no more

Turn home
you will be greeted

with opened arms
by Mother repentance
Luke 15: 11-32

Gideon Idudje

White Roses

white roses (flora Queen) , white berries, white teeth, snowy snow the earth,
cloudy heavenly clothing, nature attires at pinnacle doves pick white berries
sweetening

Purity is heavenly front line row, trumpet call

Heavenly robes descending

Angels singing rejoicing

Heavenly bell ringing

White throne judging

Judgment calling

Saints homing

Better days

Ahead

Lady T.

Gideon Idudje