

Poetry Series

Godspower Oshodin
- poems -

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Godspower Oshodin(12/10/1988)

Godspower Oshodin, a young avid writer, poet, inspirational speaker and occasional actor who dwells in the state of aquatic splendour in Nigeria (Lagos State) . He's a prolific writer. He has a couple of poems, novels, short stories, movie script his credit. He has also basked awards and accolades to his credit, both local and international. He has three published books in the international market.

A Dream Of You

from cradle, where we lay and laugh
into an open grave
been lull for a deep sleep
the earth contributed
his clay and stone
to make you lay wurm
even the strawling flowers
falls for perfect fragrance
but to you, goodnight
you say.
the little bird
leaves his cradle nest
to beak for food
but come back no more
as the eagle stalk
to it prey
through it long journey.

Godspower Oshodin

A Look At 2010!

I wide smile dazzle on my face, as we approach a new year
My eyes in look at great things, as I say goodbye to last year.
A light exist in my mind, flashing to that time
Goodbye to 2009...2010 will be fine.

I retrospect on my happy moment spent
To mom and dad, a New Year gift will be sent.
I like this morning, fresh and tender
The joys of my childhood, I felicitate to remember.

A moment to savor and bless
We're strolling to the year 2010 with happiness.
Eyes gazing at this eve of greatness
We're God children enveloped with mildness.

A quality of love and affection from my peers
The friendship we shared in those beautiful years.
How memorable, this peaceful accord
All thanks to the Almighty God.

Godspower Oshodin

A Poet Who Died By His Poem

He is a man always left on his solitude
with his might set, like a sharp sword.
His hands always exhausting pens,
with papers filled to the brim.

His heart gush and groan wide
with his head affirming, from side to side.
His words forces of wide thought
scheming words of all sought.

His dreams scanned in booklet,
this man rain all in droplet.
He exposes the secret of nature
and give details of all creature.

He mimics the ways of the philosophers
but not of vivid terms, it differs.
He write of many immortal shadow
setting transparency of emmence sorrow.

His mind fight with his desire,
his heart embellishing what he has acquire.
When he turned activist of the state
his works, even the little hate.

His words read the heart of many
causing his plight to be plenty.
He was killed because of his poem.
He is a poet who died by his poem.

Godspower Oshodin

America

America, oh sweet home of mine
Glories beaconing fine
My heart longs for you
Your path way i dream to pass thru.

America, this dwelling of bountiful opportunities
Other lands merging for your treaties.
Beauty of all sought lies in your calling terrain
Eyes for glory can never look in vain.

America, these victors at battle field
All from God, you obey and yield.
you traces and fight the test of time,
And glance at echoes of time.

America, i accomodate you in my vacuum remaining
No way for others complaining.
Now, my muse waxing lyrical
All for you America

Godspower Oshodin

An Emotional Story I Couldn'T Tell

I opened the windows my heart all day
And no one came in this way.
I trekked down the street of this emotional road,
With no one was by my side to hold.

I have eventually turned a close friend to my broken heart,
For the thing that thrilled me has tore me apart.
I am now an enemy of love with no one to rely on,
For love has locked me in a dark dungeon.

My face is loom, for this endless tear I've shed.
My body is light, for the continuous weight I've shed.
My heart beats with the bang of Agony,
My smile is sardonic, as I traverse this futile journey.

I have sat all day placing the puzzle of pains,
I believe my encounter with love has no fruitful bargain
There's only one feeling to rediscover and propel
It is those emotional stories I couldn't tell.

Godspower Oshodin

As Beautiful As That Night

That night, a night of admirable callings
With larches of leaves living the trees
To join the cloud, this adores that pleasantry breeze.
The sky was blue
And there were stars above it
They blink like diamond
And hold like a bag full of gold.
The roses admired that night
And they left the lily leaves
To form another night of good fragrance.
As I looked into the mirror
What I see is the memory inferior.
You look like that night in disguise
But to another damsel, there are many lies.
That night enhances another pace
With no night mimicking
Even with such amazing ease.

Godspower Oshodin

Darkly Night For Nigeria

Hearts gushing and groaning
Souls wearing and panting.
Peace calling, but falling
And then, pain to a propel heart wishing.

Pardon oh, this palatial style to move
With no happiness, but panic
And then the gaiety they remove.
With her government making the air toxic.

Throngs of people throb to pain,
Turmoil their hearts, then they go again.
This season secluded for no man to tell,
If cast, hearts will yell.

Sentries, scurry for tears to sear
With painful pace, these stories now tear.
Children cascading tears to dry
Men slain to fight this sly.

Women walking slow on cramp road
Children again, for no dreams to unfold.
In slim bamboos blowing on the air,
It dashes on many for a bloody smear.

One leg deepens on unfailing hole,
Tearing defenses, self-seeking in senile.
Day changing to eyes of night
Dark night slurring to fight plight.

Day and night, hearts shouting and shouting
With no voice to resolve, but routing.
How rotten this thoughts to advance,
When spanked and smitten to it trance.

Might cross and look over it dreams,
Trailing to trick of self-esteem.
Tears pouring and pouring
The terrain blush and falling.

Godspower Oshodin

Divorce

A bond of love have brought them together
love have made them known each other
round metals splitted on both hands
shown as sign of eternal stands
coupled at marriage house
eternally God has bless these spouse.
once a while they smile and look at each other face
compromising happiness from different race.
they stood as one from time to time
never representing two at one certain time.
a way has come to join their race
every one will know this family trace.
one put to bed
the other wait and trend.
some one has come to join blood together
this a heir to mark each other.
smiles wake neighbors coming
all benefitting when returning.
some with eyes of happiness
others engulfing with sadness.
they filled the air with happiness at oneday
tears for everybody another day.
many weeping 'their heir is gone'
spouse hoping 'another will come'
wife dainting to sleepless night
both shrinking to face the plight.
years has count his time to pass
series of problems making two heir to pass.
again joined at the open door
was the wicked way of one tremor.
wife waiting for celebration
husband waiting for inauguration.
neighbors wondering 'why none seems to come'
all sobering to what life has done.
days past, and their plight keeps increasing
weeks past, and their gain keep decreasing.
ways was searched to down this adversity
helter-skelter they run, to fade the temerity.
solution flying to land both gains

togetherness is the corporate of their pains.
ideas tangled by many
what would have happened if they had followed any?
they both sat and find a solution
both affirming to a departing motion.
they walked on different ways in life
all ending in strife.
goodbye my love they both say as they go
farewell song, neighbors sing also.

Godspower Oshodin

Farewell Love!

The whistling of a howling plight
Ringing with echoes of bitter night
Soar with a unfurl of love touch
Coming deep so intricate, and I gush
It real up like a noisy air
I graze and walk in fear
I dash to this holy bitterness
Showing no iota of kindness
It's uneasy to tell though of this story
How it cheated and gave no glory
I measure up this sighs in my heart
It is stumbling and intact
It came with no trunk of it best
And push me to a holy zest.
It string and strike strong
On whatever ways it goes wrong
I join this coterie that has given
And from it zenith, none has taken
It's so hard to go with out a resolve
But I compromise with a farewell to love.

Godspower Oshodin

Generation

When though shall this generation past
That it era seems infinite, and due to last.
The unknown place we came, and where we reside
That life on our path is not for us to decide.
Where surely shall we go and part
It's pummeling me, and heavy in my heart.

Countless of generations going by
Pro genies colorfully coming like the sky
It seems for death it's a borrowed life
That blushed eyes I'll look at it with strife.
How then did this journey many came
On the belly of pains it's the same.

The road, at prelim stage bright to follow
Soonest vague, a journey of sorrow
The beauty of caved earth the almighty has given
But in a short while all will be taken
The future blissful, God say
For paradise we all wait today.

Godspower Oshodin

He Is An American!

He is a subject of gleaming glories
Gnawing tongues in gloating stories
Stretching alms to all collectivizes
Mumble and crooning to the ease of babies

He has always sang to all delight
To the sweetest song, that shines more light
Much near glory, he had sat
With his color thrilling to a blazing impact

I saw him howling to the way of dynasty
Intricate with the seam of modesty
Serious smell snare him uncommon
He is an American.

Tricking super on war scurry
It's era living all with no worry
Vilifying this veteran to crying today
Vigilant, that he can't let away.

Godspower Oshodin

Hope To Live

Hope, dragging me to live
Bitter my story I give
Dark memories on how it came
May be to me it's the same

□

You can live to this day I say
Up with the siege of glorious way
Of this cocoon your urge has call
Just keep on I'm sure you wouldn't fall

He era past to wail and weep
It's now a dream followed and leap
Your progeny will take from this to tell
How you left and surely did not fell

Become the burning flames of precious fire
Twinkling me to a calling desire
I hail by the abode to give
But surely you can live.

Godspower Oshodin

I May Never Love Again!

I may never love again
Though the toes of love has work in pain.
In painful memories crooning in me
How I searched and pains I see.
The light of love has dimmed and dark
Echoes of true love never sounds but lack.
Bitter love my heart now feed
If only my ways love could heed.

It's another month I'm bitter with no resolve
May be tomorrow will tell my love
My eyes at lovers sharing pleasantries
My cheeks will never be planted with kisses
A million times my heart bleeds but I made up
Now I no longer drink from love philters cup
How then can glories be told in pain?
I'm in doubt if I will ever love again

Godspower Oshodin

I Might Be Edward Snowden

I might be Edward Snowden,
Hiding in a Dungeon in Moscow or Sweden.
My lovely country call me a traitor,
For being an under-covered contractor.

I might have halted my clandestine in pain,
But I did it with no political gain.
I have craved to live in a society free from the pinch of surreptitious surveillance,

I besiege my country lording over other nations with its governance.

I have been tagged as the whistleblower
I am even more popular than 9/11, and the twin tower.
Lest, I am now charged for the theft of government properties,
Deemed as espionage; but let's all face this vague realities.

I challenge any extradition from my fatherland
I am now a contrived fugitive in my motherland.
I now seek asylum in many nations,
And I have left my name on the lips of countless generations.

I might be that bird hovering around the Riga forest in Iceland,
Or maybe my ruse is working, with my wings en-route England.
I might still be that rat, hiding in a tunnel at Mira Hotel,
Or maybe a covert operator with classified Intel from 'Dell'.

They say I have hurt all national securities,
For giving out classified information to my country's adversaries.
I am a Christmas gift that landed on Russian Soil
I detest the western nations that gave my asylum a spoil.

I might be EDWARD JOSEPH SNOWDEN,
And I am not writing this poem under the pseudonym 'GODSPOWER OSHODIN'
The moment is bleak because you think I can't be Snowden
But I can paint the portrait of thou next move; leaking it is forbidden.

Godspower Oshodin

I Will Never Love Again!

I will never love again
Though the toes of love has trek in vain
On a laborious journey, running in pain
Love and hate cannot get and gain

Through this undue times I have searched
And love didn't heed, but pains has attached
Rumble at times but it goes
Heavy heart, crooning for me also

I will never love again
A thought many may call in sane
My fairy love light is dimmed
The trance of love, trailing for me to fend

How long will I continue to look at lovers sharing pleasantries?
My cheek is dry, with no planted kisses
My heart for love has fess up
I no longer drink from valentine philters cup

Godspower Oshodin

I Will Say 'I Do'

I will say I do
At this holy house
Where all are filled without blame
Where men make pronounces of the mighty name
To the geu of resplendent outer garment
Cherished and meant for happy moment
The air will be filled with flowers
Of different colors and perfect fragrances
May be on colors we wouldn't compromise
Because mine will be black
And yours will be white
Children to accompany us as we walk
Holy men to listen to us as we talk
Only a round metal demarcates us
May be at this throne we'll compromise and thus
Feelings of old memories how it started
Reflecting in us if affected
We will walk to this holy plat form
Together with our wedding uniform
The whole house will be calm and silent
To hear me pronounce, certainly I will not relent
To say the love term that makes us one
When splits on both of our hands
To know how it seems a bond of stands
I will say I do
And then kiss your lip
Forever we then we'll live
And wait for the longest sleep to call.

Godspower Oshodin

Ill Feelings

As echoes of love words fade away
So will my heart die this day?
The painful touch of heartbreak is set to play
How then can a stagnant heart sway?
Stagnant, these feelings broken
Many thought of love can never be spoken
In due time love will be shared to many
Spelled on the air, if I could get any.

Many times I made way for weird feelings
If only I can snap this uncaring dealings.
With a look at my swan song
Why then will things be going wrong?
Love at times will stay strong
Making you want to go for long.

My ill feeling will not let me die today
That the one I love does not want me to stay.
If the willing one can accommodate this love
Then it's true to my resending resolve.

Godspower Oshodin

I'M In Love With My Brother's Girl

I'm in love with my brother's girl
The voice of my heart can't really tell.
My feelings like old is back
That pride of a man I now lack.
Is it cool on my path to tell her?
Or it will be heavy on my heart forever?
I'm insane to think of this
Leading my love to abyss,
I've vowed I'll never love again
Why am I going back to this love of pain?
I have searched in me; this ill feelings
It's a betrayal, these brotherly dealings.

I have fought with my intention to beat
This preposterous thought I can't hit.
Friends to this; they can't let
Knowing for her I'll get.
She's on and there to thrill me
Always there to share love with thee.
Should I lay to her my love intention?
Or tell her with a lovely pretension.
Will she be faithful to pronounce to me "I do? "
She may howl me off, when due.
A short term to go as lovers
I may loose the trust from my brother forever.

I have to go back and think this twice
Curtail my feelings, and never compromise.
No to her, is a brave answer
A long road to go with my lovely brother
How will this vague story be told?
Forever pains I'll hold.
"It's absurd" I have to admit
To this my heart will never permit.
I wouldn't hide and love in secret
Loving her, my pride I'll forfeit.
This story will never be told well
That I'm in love with my brother's girl!

Godspower Oshodin

Journey

When success and failure clash and collide
Destiny chooses only one side
When light fights to flash its ray
The coming of the sun makes it a futile day.
When heaven fails to open its gate
The journey could be short, but you're late.

When the bliss of calling beats its aim
It becomes a thing to blame
When my life fights and wins no wrestle
My soul fails to battle

If it's from me, this fighter would show its strength
Then the journey has to elongate its length.
If to every, life is a battle field
Then I'll have to put on mine and shield.

Godspower Oshodin

Legends Of October

My cubic pen quake in protest as I write this legendary poem
I besiege myself with apt feelings to explain this poetic term.
My moment like NEYO 'I'm so sick of love song'
This autumn of October makes my moment sprung.
It's October, I want to attend the NATIONAL DAY in CHINA,
Savor good memories, and gain independent like NIGERIA.
Today is the unity day in GERMANY,
Yesterday the inception of MAHATHMA GANHI, he annexed many.
In this blissful October, for my Hip-hop Messiah, PLAYBUOY I'll take,
He's "More than an option" just like DRAKE.

My feelings for her, right now I hate,
I can create a feeling that could ware her soft like BILL GATE.
My days with her was short and black like JUDE ABAGA
With my heart dribbling her feelings like MARADONA.
"I'll never love again" was the last poem I wrote to LOLADE,
A thousand times I have scored love into her heart like PELE.
Like BRUNO MARS, I love you "Just the way you are"
But, my heart keeps staring at you from a far.
My feelings for her travels long like the rump of KIM KARDASHIAN
Her heart is guarded like a sentry; she's Asian.

My head goes back and front like WILLOW SMITH,
I can't say much, tis I'll gnash my teeth.
I'm the Don of October like SLICKY,
Counting my awards and accolades weekly.
I'm not yet a "Super Star" like ICE PRICE,
But every where I go, I'm treated as a Prince.
I'm the Captain of my mind like CHARLES
My reality is running at pace like OBAFEMI MARTINS.
Yes! I want to rule my mind like JIMMY CARTER,
Rule it with diligence, like DWIGHT EISENHOWER.

I beseech these lines to you, these LEGENDS OF OCTOBER,
It's an Ode Poem from OSHODIN GODSPOWER.

Godspower Oshodin

Love, I'M Not Insane!

my heart for the first time fights with my desire
love at it peak i can't acquire.
the breezes of calling love swaying away
the will of my unchosen heart could die this day.
many a times my feelings will try to thrill
and love is not coming at it good will.
traumatic moments, howling on the air
in due time love heart for me will not spear.
my target could aim uneasily
causing my heart to wail sadly.
i must keep on to this journey so long
with my zestful love driving me strong.
heart will tag to bridge the gap
it still loose off, as it flies and flap.
this journey for love i will dropp at this lane
love, i'm not insane.

Godspower Oshodin

Made Of Black

My muse travels far beyond Africa's Bound,
My ageless ears can still accommodate African Sound.
My memories in reminisce of this African Poetry,
Gathering mortals from their poetic cemetery.

I refuse to say this Black color I Lack,
I'm Poetically 'Made of Black'.

Godspower Oshodin

'May' Is Here Again

May is here again
I pray this month does not bring pain
Last month I was thinking of a calling trip
To a country God gives and they sip
Where happiness is called above
Hearts are white like dove
If I go, I may never return again
Because may has brought no pain

To tale of bountiful counts
How many followed last month in tuneless sounds
April had lodged my heart in cramp corner
A peep at the future, May can take me further
Exotic journey, April has call
In May due season my pains will fall
Might of last month I can't retain
May is here again

Godspower Oshodin

Moments

Tell me the tales of this moment
To write this poem and be a great poet
Smile, waking this joyful moment
A time all has envisaged, as they retrospect.

Glories like before join many together
And these spouses will be bond forever.
Flowers on the air, rosy like the Bride
Memories sweet to savor for this moment to ride

A glitz of felicity flashes in the face of the Groom
As a soft blues dazzles and bloom.
I can tell the happiness from the brides' side
Like a marble, she glitters as the Groom's pride.

The facet of this golden splendor,
Have reflected to this marriage valor
And to halt the time of courting
Era past; like man and wife they'll be relating.

I like this moment, the chanting is awesome
It's a fitting to this Groom so handsome.
I like this moment, the happiness tells of the Bride pride
God bless your marriage as it takes a lovely side.

Godspower Oshodin

My 20 Lines For General Sani Abacha

They left that royal suburb in Kainuri, Borno
And welcomed him into the world in Kano.
She lulled him to sleep when he cried in cradle,
Knowing full well he's a leader the world would cuddle.

The world welcomed him into its political podium,
Rigorous and fearless; with no witty decorum.
Praises of him wasn't soft and low,
He had the truest friends, and the noblest foes.

I fear his courage like the tiger in Siberia,
And how he restored democracy in Sierra Leone and Liberia.
A fearless soldier with vigor and vim
The fiercest moments, he assuaged with his team.

When inflation throttled around the neck of his country,
He gymed its financial muscle - an economical moment of the century.
Fearless warrior in this battle field,
Metals clash and collide for him to shield.

With a hand full of a stable economy, he bade farewell to a nation,
While he left his name on the lips of countless generations.
My quill pen quakes in protest, as I write this poem for Abacha,
It is my 20 lines for General Sani Abacha.

Godspower Oshodin

My 20 Lines For My Broken Heart

The windows of my heart is shut and disdained,
My memories in reminisce of how it was pained.
The open shutter of love, is now closed
Moments like before will never be tossed.

□

Love has spanked my heart to pain,
As I write this poem with no poetic gain.
My hand can no longer touch your beautiful face,
The one I love have given me a long space.

My hands fidget, as I exhaust this cubic pen,
That your love for me is no longer ten over ten.
My eyes can't stop cascading tear,
For wooing the next girl, is my lyrical fear.

I have stopped sleeping, because I don't want to dream of you,
Yet, staring at this blue sky, all I see is you.
My dreams of fathering your children is dead
My purple hibiscus has turned red.

Steep is the road I now passes thru
And yet, getting back to your heart is my only clue.
My journey with love has been cut shot,
Now, all my feelings for a girl, has a "but".

Godspower Oshodin

My 20 Lines For Rihanna

Holy Damsel of angelic quality
With a heart meek and transparent like that of a baby.
Her Sweet and sonorous voice dazzles the world,
More than an opera singer with a voice you want to accord.

She is fearless in her grooming,
This priceless gem is unassuming.
Saint Michael bred, with an iconic figure
Her glorious voice heals the soul from emotional seizure.

Her music lightens up the sun
'A girl like me' gave us the fun.
Even when the good girl went bad
Bridgetown couldn't fall, because she made them proud.

Her alluring personality 'Glow in the Dark'
Her beautiful skin gives the world a spark.
A prolific singer & songwriter, with many awards & accolades
Her awe-inspiring songs will live, even for many decades.

An amazing talent, a blessing to Roc Nation
This courteous Diva stole her world in this generation.
My pen quake like I'm writing this poem to the 'Queen of China'
YES! It is my 20 lines for Rihanna.

Godspower Oshodin

My 24 Lines For Linda Ikeji

Dazzling with enthralling qualities,
Dashed against her luscious beauty.
Amazing Damsel welcomed by her creative mind,
Her passionate accord humbles my other side.

Her erudite attribute fade my Imagination,
Her flexible blog ravage through the Nation.
Truth, told in the midst of deception,
Her illustrious career labelled around my retention.

Her consistent gossips, howl in the open air,
Warrior-like Angel, she invites her taste without fear.
On the competitive lap of Digital Media she sat,
Print media pummeled by her fearless impact.

I doubted Gender, in respect for her Feminism,
She activates my digital Activism.
Remind me again of this decorous Damsel,
That tickles nerves, as many repel.

Her unassuming talent inclines my priceless nature,
Her mild beauty correlates with my gallant Stature.
A role model, linger inside my indecisive heart,
Her tactical thought retraced my poetic path.

□

My cubic pen writes in prose-like affirmation,
As you've left your name on the lips of countless Generations.
I desire your presence once – No! Meji'
It's my 24 Lines for Linda Ikeji.

Godspower Oshodin

My Cola-Nut

Through this uneasy harmony, my heart sings
Even the cola-nut of love, we wonder the strings.
My heart still floats on the palm-wine of love,
The shadows of my soul fights with no resolve.

The temple of my heart cannot be built in one day,
"Love is not my friend" is what I say.
By heart have trekked so long to get you,
These Spartans of love Is what I can't break thru.

I think you're my cola-nut on this traditional wedding
These legendary elders seat and wait for your traditional fending.
The moment is bleak, a wise man affirm,
My love for you would not sway, but stand firm.

I feel the pains that pierce through your soul,
I hear the silence, but I make it growl.
The wisdom in my thoughts, lingers around your heart
Even my mom cannot tear us apart.

You break my heart like cola-nut on this traditional wedding
And eat up my feelings, it's a cultural dealing.
You're my cola-nut on this traditional day,
But my feelings for you, is far, far away!

Godspower Oshodin

My Journey With Love

My heart is so cold
I really can't unfold
I'm ready to fall in love
But love did not give me a resolve
Love has impeached my glory
This poem will tell the story

Of uneasy ways, I'm being followed
Sorrow and pains, all I have borrowed
Thru the times things touch tough
And when love went rough

I went by the cupid
And yet, saw all things stupid
If love had came easily
I would have gotten it, certainly

This old pacy love
Has taken off in ease
I feel there must be something behind it
But one day, I know I will get it.

Godspower Oshodin

My Poetic Journey

An appreciated smile dim in me
My works to glory call I see
That one day all will gather my words they'll seek
And I will give to heavenly glorious sleek

Trice a man will fail and loom
With eye to curtail and doom
Steps to glory before six feet
To this great grandeur it greet

Morning it crawls gently
Afternoon it calls ugly
How can evening seal and screw
It body and soul may never feel the morning dew

Everyday the heart climbs like mountain
This laborious journey in ease cannot maintain
Faded feeling fly's feel but fall
Even when it top's and call
Hearts depositing on many to choose
But to all cannot loose
If it goes around the heart will be dead
Memories lingers back and read
Destiny scrambling but trample
Solemnly it goes if not with preamble

Godspower Oshodin

My Striving After Wind

My eyes in look at empty spaces
I'm so close, but on futile traces
The dim of materialism is light to me
The flames of wealth are cool to thee.
I drew dreams dramatically,
Relaxing on pleasures emphatically
Yet, I call for a life worthwhile
It's a quest quaking futile.

I'm insatiable, this life on throne
My sacred life is stiffening like stone.
In sacred mission I refuse
Only to the peak of wealth I transfuse.
I sense this long journey cut short
I'm revoking the ways of my thought.
Today I give closely this poetic hind
I agitate my striving after wind.

Godspower Oshodin

Ode To A Damsel

Brave hearts long for you
Your path way they plan to pass thru
You're the definition of poetry
Guarding souls like faithful sentry.

Below the hidden tunnel of love
Meek hearts you dissolve
The firmament flashes it shine and goes away
It smiles to your glories today

Many a times dew crave for your damp
A wide heart you made cramp.
Crowds of them are trailing for your words so pure
It heals the soul and pains it cure

Your praise is full of glorious song
Your journey is modest and strong
Today, I wax poetic to you
This is my ode to you.

Godspower Oshodin

Ode To Godspower Oshodin

I'm the definition of poetry,
My words cool and guide the heart like faithful sentry.
Below the hidden words in tunnel
I peep deep and jump out like squirrel.

Faded heart longs for my words
Raving them to facilitating thoughts.
As I wax poetic heals the soul
Around my lyrics they toil.

Bridges converges and long for me
My words are addict that you want to see.
I travail and dropp unlimited
Rocking on my words; rough and depleted

Slow and steady I walk solemnly
They search for me continuously
I trail for what I want and spit out
Chasing with ease to let out

I bullet words and stretch to you
As it rock your soul and pass through,
Progenies tell of what we have
With my bowels filled, they could stave.

The orbs like me flashes a calling color
Your tiered heart I know I can tailor,
The firmament plans to work with me
As I throw this ode to me.

Godspower Oshodin

Ode To New Lekki Beach

My eyes is fixed at this aquatic delight,
A splendor of Eco revitalization at my sight.
Oceanic lounge, seats tall at my review,
Solemn touch of God's creation to preview.
Outdoor and indoor sport games to beacon,
Graceful moments re-ignite your fun.
Beautiful scenery, around your domain,
Our sense of Eco-tourism, we still maintain.
Sun-groove, a momentary fun for all,
Music and Dancing at your priceless call.
Faithful sentry, guarding your secured thought,
A relief for safety, with everything you brought.
The fascinating moments is not what I can teach,
You're welcome to New Lekki Beach.

Godspower Oshodin

Ode To This New Year!

I wide smile dazzle on my face, as we approach a new year
My eyes in look at great things, as I say goodbye to last year.
A light exist in my mind, flashing to that time
Goodbye to 2009...2010 will be fine.

I retrospect on my happy moment spent
To mom and dad, a New Year gift will be sent.
I like this morning, fresh and tender
The joys of my childhood, I felicitate to remember.

A moment to savor and bless
We're strolling to the year 2010 with happiness.
Eyes gazing at this eve of greatness
We're God children enveloped with mildness.

A quality of love and affection from my peers
The friendship we shared in those beautiful years.
How memorable, this peaceful accord
All thanks to the Almighty God.

Godspower Oshodin

On His Great Journey!

When I reckon on the chronology of a Christian era
Smiling, and looking deep to his era.
The road his father chose for him, was slim as cord
As he's known as the incarnate son of God
In modesty, he followed and respect
To his name, the redeemer of all humanity in every aspect
The multitude of countless angels adore to thee
That an earthly redeemer, mankind will see,
His coming saw glitz, beaconing in heaven
From Mary and Joseph he'll transcend, with his blessed seven.
Heavenly band looses and sound it aloud
This glorious child has come to save the sinful crowd.
It traces found at the door of David
Prophecy of his messiah ship became vivid.
Bethlehem conceives his birth place
Oh.... Men sin will lace

At twelve, a glorious journey had began
With his gospel, plain and discern.
In a calling temple on the Passover feast
He preached and taught high priest.
Craving and picked John the Baptist
A disciple he was, all thru his fist.
In river Jordan, he was baptized
His appointment from God was realized.
Trials began to call his name
Satan with his temptation, playing his game
For forty day period, he fasted in the wilderness
Meditating to God in holiness
In happy grandeur, he chose his twelve
The way forward, working for themselves
In towns and villages, they proclaimed the advent of Gods kingdom
With none looking for financial stardom

As his glorious journey came to an end
His life for our sins to fend
Realizing the cry of the Passover
Human to this sinful desire will be lost forever.
On that night referred to the eminent betrayal

To a calling end of this long time trial
Prayers was battled all thru the night
With his blood, he urges to end human plight.
Arrested, and condemned for blasphemy
Affirming as son of God, with no painful worry
Weak times, strong times, forlorn forsake
To the aim of earthly men, he will not partake
Journey long is deemed short
This great man journey has been cut short
And so on he went to his heavenly womb
Buried on the memorial tomb

Godspower Oshodin

On The Eve Of My Grandmothers Death

On the eve to your death
I saw the iroko trees
Releasing their leaves
Sending them in angry reeds,
The sun and the moon begins a struggle
They struggle for whom to occupy the little space
Left in your sanity
It looks like the unwanted eclipse
Though it was the force of a luminous flame
Instigating his rays.
I heard an unborn baby
Crying in his mothers womb
Shedding the tears of pains
Because it knows tomorrow is a bad day.
The ocean waves lingers in pains,
Chasing the comfort in it
And bringing the air that will force you insane.

Godspower Oshodin

Pride Of A Virgin Woman

The sky was her limit
Her bags was full of praises
Suddenly she began to sing a marvelous song
Saying...I'm always a less adulterer
A selfish adulterer
Who does not give cheerfully
To those looking desperate.

"From my raining comfort
My noble will share
My dreams and visions are beyond compare
I will always wait
For my future companion"

She was always like a horse
Who strive to reach his goal
She leaps for joy for her
Star stunned position
Also keeping a real vigor and vim
For bidden her vision grow dim.

Godspower Oshodin

Questions

A question cast my mind to loom
what will the context be, and bloom.
That for me, this moment will pass
to treat my journey in denting coarse.
Why fake a smile for a nebulous road?
for i don't know how cumbersome, this life load.
My feelings is bemused, I'm perplex
for someday, it may be an undulating apex.
Trials....travail, all working in one lane
adversity cannot set me in disdain!
I'm left in a retreat to think alone
realizing how vague, this song and it tone.
I've halted to assuage this youthful pain
in countless days, this will all be a gain.
'Tis, i could move on and be assiduous
to this astringent moment, so arduous.
My threshold holding me, glory to deem
even when i choose from the successful, my team.
I'm drudgery at this moment
with success or failure to lament.
The riches and power of the world has fallen into few hands
this to me, is to hold my stands.
It is prattle to speak now of the future
to hold strong my emotion, this adventure.
I entreat and pray for better days
to deliver a sermon of my glorious ways.
Will i for one day join the league of success?
with my progeny to follow the progress.
Questions abounding, i can't answer
my answers are veiled forever.

Godspower Oshodin

See What Life Has Done!

I saw a young man dropped out of envy
His heart was stagnant and heavy
Many ways contradicted his
They searched for a way to see him in abyss
But his glory was what he reflect on
His wills and aims, they turned down.

Life was never friendly with him
His dreams were shrinking and slim
The hand of the earth was so heavy on him.

Eyes were gazing on him with wickedness
Tremors are coming with fullness.
What then is his ways to life?
With all turned to strife.

I saw the way he was brut led
On the day he searched for help
His body stranded and fully unkempt.

He looked else where for a savior
Who then does he endeavor?
He would smile when love call on him
He would cry when his prime seems slim.

Alone he stands at this dark corner of the road
Carrying pains of heavy load.
His thought were wide and ungracious
Things going on look preposterous.

He stood and was looking for dream
His tears was forming stream.
Gradually he found a spacious way to live
With zest, his dreams he strive.

What turned out bad
Is now good.
He finally enjoyed the good alone.
See what life has done!

Godspower Oshodin

Someone Came Knocking

Some one came knocking in the still dark night
Not in ease – the wind keep howling to fight
The hue-ful part of dawn, has switched it color
And now, this terrified bang at my door

Something keep deeming at my heavy eye,
On the blew of sleep
This awful bang screaming to leap
With a thought I may die.

Wake up; wake up; with my mind compromising
That this touch from nature, I am not realizing.
Oh! ! A wide mind open and deceive
Only to the will of my heart to conceive

My eyes opened for a calling bang
Is it beetles or a nightingale song?
My legs stagnant for a heavy step
In this four walls, with no wail for help

Curtailing a mindful evil thought
With a weak will for my faith, I fought
The rave of my heart bliss and tout
As it seek – senile and draught

Someone came knocking at a deaf corner of my door
And my shutters locked; my might solemn and soar.
The beat of beetles has seize it sound
Where then can this bang be found?

It's darkly night that scurry fear
At it abrogation, will I dropp for a tear?
My hearts now groans and gush
My soul wear, and rush.

Befitting time heart may call to lace
My eyes may look for solace
At this time body and soul connect
Inside a tenacious heart, phobia reflect

At last, heart arrive at a resolve
To this banging plight to solve
My hand squeaks, and opens as if it'll never
As I look, it was my midnight lover!

Godspower Oshodin

Stealing From Political Pot

On protected pot they dip hands to steal
On many mail they eat and feel
Elevated on chartered stone to calm the heat
Yet increases and beat

Elongated roads becoming cramps and damp
Walking laboriously trance and tramp
Burning flames finding ways to increase
Of moist hands slot there to decrease

Soon mouths relishing and embellishing
Of this cocoon open and cuddling
Voraciously the eat from many pot
Depositing hearts to various thoughts

Many notices this pretense and halt
Going by dirty ways and raft
Soonest their smiles will fade
And then it will be ours to invade.

Godspower Oshodin

Summer Loneliness

once upon a time
in a world of loneliness
i lived in a country called SUMMER LONELINESS
where love are shared by individuals
where pleasures are known for the lonely
where plesantries are not shared.

i call this world a disunited world
this world i have had many nigling injuries.
this is a world where love is nullified
this is a world where can be modified
this is a world where there is no nuptial mass.

how long will i live in this world
where there is no companion
where there is no noble
where there is no conjugate
where there is no appointed one
where there is no eternal love.

please come save me now
because i'm on motion
taking a pacing move to a sea
a sea meart for lonely ones
so come save me from falling
into the sea of SUMMER LONELINESS.

Godspower Oshodin

The Decorous Damsel

As she dazzles around the path of beauty
Many Lads longing around her treaty
She fakes and fizzle thee intention
And smiles back at her retention.
She must be float upon her watery flow
That the heart of a man; from her will grow.
To my eyes multitude it has seen
This only, my heart is keen.

My heart is trampling around her place
I guess I'm groping on empty space
Soonest, this ill feeling will lace
Tis, maybe by loves grace.
Her smiles could wake my sleeping heart
That one day I'll walk thru her love path.
Imperially slim, this young damsel
In solemn hearts, her beauty will tell.

In vain, many says I'll walk
My cubic pen is set, for this poem to talk.
Will it walk thru and entice her?
Will it remains in her heart forever?
Maybe it will be stored in the bin of her futile stories
Or it will certainly be on the lay out of her love glories.
Beauty is truth; hers I'll hold
From her, my love live will be told.

Courteous she is; morning and night
My heart for her is an unending fight.
Will she stroll with me during the test of times?
Or she'll walk long for her beauty, it sublimes?
Am I in love with her, with her bountiful guest?
Or I'll be left in limbo; not for her first?
She's the fair and lay out of love
"With you I'll be" is a resolve.

This feeling is ill, for this lonely heart
Left on the siege of my love impact
she's here to bring me love again

I that say I'll never love again.
I'm ambiguous; she comes from a noble race
How then can my love live be trace?
In this dungeon of love I fell
Ode to this decorous damsel!

Godspower Oshodin

The Decorous Lawyer

This decorous lawyer, grinning with ease
His might set only for the calling of peace.
He peruses and expounds laws
Civil, ready for all positive calls.

In euphoria, he sits in his chamber
Reciprocating to all context as a barrister.
Liberal, judgment is neutral
Detesting fallacy for a principled moral.

These thrilling coteries long for him
To give them solace and be amicable, they seem.
He smile at the apex of his career
Families garner to felicitate his career.

Courteous and even in judgment
Instigating this awe-inspiring moment.
I call him the Cynosure of panache
Around him, many want to attaché.

Around kids he plays and dazzle
Times with him is indelible.
Fear is dead! to him I know
Like a crystal chill, his prospects glow.

Resilient he is to give his best
Working with such amazing zest.
Who is he? This decorous lawyer
My next poem will tell you further.

Godspower Oshodin

The Feminine

My heart like summer air sway
Why has this crisis stolen all today?
The way to fill our bowels is laborious
This to an earthly man is precipitous
Heart pounding and wondering on what to get
Souls to wear hunger will not let
It's a black day for the world to sought
Delusive hope delve to cut
The holy book retrieves the word God spoke before
It's one that all cannot ignore
Eyes dimmed for an early sleep
Because the prices of food has steep

Godspower Oshodin

The First Cut Is The Deepest

The first cut is the deepest
Making the heart immodest
The cruel heart dashes in loneliness
Thru these whole times with no love prowess
Backing yourself on futile race
When the era pass and love cannot lace
Why now correlate, and chooses you own way
To this time love has chooses it own day.

The first cut is the deepest
That love is no longer at it apex
The roses of the heart has withered
To forces all hearts to be battered
Broken heart it's referred as
Its two roads they chose, this lad and lass
Facing different pathway at loggerhead
Only to this time it can be fend.

The first cut is the deepest
Those two hearts has gone for it best.
They've follow one way to smile
After this journey from a long mile
Round metals mimic their being together
This era could last forever
The first cut is the deepest, they say
Taking them to a glorious day

Godspower Oshodin

The Fisherman

Paddling along a lonely creek
With his eyes focus, these water animals he seek
Putting deep beneath the shallow of the water
This mortal howling well his trawler

He picked his mind on what to get
When the cloud fails to smile he couldn't regret
He tortured his shoulder to be strong and high
As he paddled thru, by and by
He has quake and set from the shore
In calling corners his nets he bore
He always long for the right trail
Sometimes to get and sometimes to fail

With fortitude to formulate him self forward
Through this calling path he went un ward
He whirled two paths together
With his boat slizzing the water
He wades thru this dark torrid air
Off he goes without fear
Many to fish if they can
It's a calling to this fisherman.

Godspower Oshodin

The Journey Between Life And Death

When old age calls his name
He seems to give no blame.
When death says he's tall
He stopped to answer the call.

Battling on tunnel in a darkly night
Cruel, this immortal shadow, to fight.
Like a baby, he mimics it earthly touch
He patrols with death in a rush.

This journey cool, but painful
Heart will rest, if graceful.
Today to the grave, a new birth
A journey between life and death.

Godspower Oshodin

The Ripest Fruit Is Saddest

The ripest fruit is saddest
Fallen from roaring tempest.
Dropped on ground of historic pain
Smear'd on rout of disdain.

The mighty tree beget of nothing for us
Our hope is slender when harvest comes to us.
The only eye remaining looks at famine
That this tenacious man is no longer determine.

We now retreat and go back to work
Returning under the heat of the darkest cloak.
They have pummeled the warrior, but left his glory
Reading from the pages of veiled story.

The old story teller is short of words
His ferocious contest with death is slim as cord.
Old age is not halting the confessor moment
To the birth of his words, his progeny will lament.

And the great wrestler is back from battlefield
And glory is for only those who bid.
And yet the fruit has fallen in the evil forest
And Yes! "The ripest fruit is saddest"

Godspower Oshodin

The Voice Of An Old Man

An old winny smile, graving my face
a thought of prepoutrous calling, trying to lace
i wade through this tunnel, with the mimic of smile
slow and steady this long miles.
how many times my moment with a look
faded times this crampy journey i took.
a soft unusual touch from sleep
at this moment, might scanning to leap.
i murmur silently at ease
with a loud faking noise, trembling, but cease.
with a dark hue head, now at grey
old age is coming, i say.

I'm tired of sitting with the cloud
it visage is not calling, and it's giving no sound
grimmed, by a physical touch from the wind
howl and spread free. Behind,
an empty vacuum, which has no call for mortal.
for dust, in vain wait for me
my eyes to the soonest grave i see.
a million times now my heart sway
to the dim of this six feet where i will make way.
my youthfulness and vigor is gone
an old fairy way for death has come.
soon it shall touch me, and claim
now it pursue me to this immortal frame.

Godspower Oshodin

Then The Day Goes By!

The morning was sharp and glomming
With the misty cloud of the night
Chased away by the clave of lighten.
The dew has atom on the grasses
And they've gone damp to his calling.

The birds that sings marvelous melodies
Have stolen their food
From the awoken flowers
Which have no sense of what they were doing.
The better morning, has been for humans
Who came out so early to take their preys.
Now, lizards are pecking on walls
Finding armies of insect
Which elongate on the road of destiny.

The livestock's set their mouth on the ground
Digging holes on the damp ground
To find those foods which the earth,
Has absorbed from the former rainfall.

How long will the trees continue to rejoice?
Flapping leaves, and waving to this glorious morning,
Later the cloud starts to release rays of light
To dry up those initial occurrence of the early morning
Soonest the day turn to night
And the day goes by!

Godspower Oshodin

They Are Mere Mortals

Those who mine out gold
From the ground
To sell for the rich
And make for the poor.
They are mere mortals!

Those who beg by the roadside
Under streams of hard times
When famished, to feed themselves
And their hungry children
They are mere mortals!

Those who destitute who suffer in slavery
For hard and cool times
But still been killed by their masters
As they search for liberty.
They are mere mortals!

Those who were born with silver spoons
Dangling in their mouth
And died with possessive wealth
And buried with those caskets chartered with gold.
They are mere mortals!

Godspower Oshodin

They Hate These Lines

Religion is politics,
Slated on a dark siege of crazy denomination.
The world is a holy ground ravel around man's wicked thoughts.
The world's dominant place, labeled around delirious acts
Bounded souls travels off conscience bound,
Sailors conscious pound, tickles nameless norms.
Or corrupt sentry on court-less retinues.
Wasted thoughts plays warrior in the darkest cinema halls,
Of Wealthy minds on castle of holy poor.
Motherless patience, seated on unholy chairs.
Thunderous powers darkens the darkly night,
Faithless evils willing to punish too quick.
On pirate waters, sinking the conscience of evil jailers,
Mimickers mimic my spoken words,
Hitting nerves of veil crawlers.
Savaged street of empty miners,
Precious stones, the hardest in bloody grounds.
'Purple hibiscus', a tale to welcome western black slaves,
She stole your minds, with grueling talents.
Maybe I may gain the thought of manly wit,
Or the chorus at akwa-ibom transformation.
Bitches came, and they said we poetically lament,
who wrote this poem? It may be my toothlessly comment.
Remind me about the tones of that indistinct 'CHANGE',
That managed flair, and disdained range.
And in the warriors town, the greatpoet delight,
In his heart, he fears the doubt of rumbling soldiers.
Of talented artists painting the fiercest portrait,
I'm Godspower Oshodin,
and I respect the thump that punches to achieve this poem.
I see the political eyes of integrity stand,
That drove around my priceless brand.
Compromising the shoulders of weak eagles,
That sees through the red sea in rebels Government.
The great alcoholic guardian, preaching of holy message,
On unholy podium glittering like ennui marble.
I'll order the chief to dis-cabinet the echoed songs,
The actors are stupid in rickety standard.
My poem is digital, it preaches precision,

The bedbugs are angry in bloody forms.
The only syringe that disrupt the vain,
Is juicier lineage that prays polygamous Hastings.
Trees of hierarchy falsify bigots,
They betrayed arrows that shot the brave hearts.
The disrespected fowl still picks from the impoverish mats,
In Rodents corners, the lizards now finds solace.
The writers pen is really fatigue,
But it'll stop writing before the elephant's shoulder backs the banana leaf.
Maybe Benjamin might be a poet though,
As he desires pen, in plagiarize form.
I really don't know the influence of royal edge
It's a gate-less heavens in earth's angelic prostitute,
The heart still place the clueless puzzle.
It might be sculpture of massive anger.
I still can't tell the road of scavengers pathway,
Its betting spirit of Betnaija days.
Its iota papers of millionaire's mind cast,
And thunderous weed of bereave man's inspiration.
Inspiration bound around the Witness sound, O Jehovah,
A writers biography sampled in a waterless Utah.
Another pound of flesh eaten in nano-seconds,
Eaten in political courtyard before nostrils blockage.
Ginger and monkey-tail, highness plenty
of nightingales sound in pigin english cemetery.
They killed the loudest mammoth
And bedeviled your thought,
The time is shorter, the Atlantic is full,
The political bible read in holy grounds.
The Jesus Dancer that resembles Michael Jackson,
Its a poet's thought in a fearless night.
Restless shadows in bodily mortal,
Revealed the tunnel of ravenous flats.
I force the attack against a Greece Zeus warrior,
in written nuggets against freedom fighters.
Corrupt languages speaking articulated chorus,
Wicked brothers fighting the pioneers fight.
I do write thus, of anonymous poems,
Of emotional intestine in surgeon's lab ripped.
I may not write the tenth book,
Maybe in hundredth years twisted.
Of century and old mushrooms renegades,

Of placate of focused outwitted facades.
Moments revived the lion's fluency,
The cramp road, and they believed the rootless religion.
And the hunters last days brings the fattest meats.
The economy spell-bound in oil watered farms.
The dark poet is tired in American Visa ask,
The diplomat accepted the art-wise calling,
And respect the bothered testimony,
That relegates your subconscious into a lil wayne's lyrics.
I embellish the Nas' spoken-words,
That resembles my graceful old-age.

Godspower Oshodin

This Must Be New York!

THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
OF GLAMOROUS CITIES
WITH PERFECT BEAUTIES
OF OLD MEMORIES OF GLORIOUS PEOPLE
OF THRILLING HISTORIES JULTED IN FABLE
OF EMINENT DIGNITRIES
AND RESPECTED ROYALTIES.
OF HIGH BARONS
AND BONERFIDE WRITERS
OF PROMINENT GOVERNORS
AND ADMIRABLE MINISTERS
OF HANDSOME BOYS
AND BEAUTIFUL LADIES
OF PRUDENT MEN
AND DIPLOMATIC WOMEN.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
BUILDINGS STANDING ON GOLDEN TOWER
BRIDGES OF STEEL FOR LOCOMOTIVE TO COWER
ROAD, SPACIOUS AND AMIABLE
ALL GLITERING LIKE MARBLE.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
OF GOOD GOVERNANCE
FULL OF PROMINENCE
OF PROFUSE RULERSHIP
AND INFLUENCIAL LEADERSHIP
OF RESPECTIVE LORDS
FULL OF WILL TO DYNASTIES.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
WITH STATUE OF LIBERTY
SHOWING SIGNS OF PAST AND PRESENT DESTINY
WITH AWE-INSPIRING SKYSCRAPERS
AND LOOKS OF MEGA CORPORATIONS.
WORDS OF JUSTICE
AND GOOD SECURITIES
WHERE RESPECT IS TRACED
AND PASS UNTO ALL RACE.
EYES OF SPIRITUAL CHURCHES
AND THOUGHTFUL PREACHES.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!

WITH THE CALLING OF OLD AGE
AND BLISSFUL LINIAGE.
WITH RICHES FOR ALL TO SEE
AND THEN IT PASS TO THEE.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
CITIES TO ADMIRE
GLORIES TO ACQUIRE
STARDOM THEY DESIRE.
THIS MUST BE NEW YORK!
CERTAINLY, THIS IS NEW YORK

Godspower Oshodin

Two Lovers Who Never Compromised

they started with selfish interest
never willed love with full zest.
the smiles
and the beautiful faces.
the attractions making muse ease
and the beauty of words they release.

fake thought of unwilling love
only sharing it when emotions seems to resolve.
eyes of sexual gains
thought of heart broken pains.

when with eachother, they smile
when apart their hearts goes mile.
they work with heart so promising
but they where never compromising.

Godspower Oshodin

Vulture

In patches of broken bones it pick
This carcasses spread on open ground it seek
In due time it wouldn't allow dust to lick
With eyes for it pray elevated higher to it peak

With it open eyes lying horizontally
Longing on decaying rot to increase its tally
It laws stretching to cloak intra
On ore due touch intricate it goes further

It shambles on the air
On the campiest ways it tear
It verge to verify every hue
Vile it goes vilifying it due

It voracious beak vying to get
To all immortal it wouldn't regret
Swaying to swarm routine creature
This uncurling vulture

Godspower Oshodin

Warlords

Clashes of metals filled the air
Women and children running in fear
Eyes dashed on where to hide
Memories limp on only one side.
The day change to the vise of the night
All afraid of this fighting plight
Warlords pummel on innocence
Humans crying to their presence
Hearts lingers on whom to follow
Their gains are reciprocated with sorrow.
When warlords hit the slaughtering field
Defenders put their mighty shield.
Who will ease the tears of thee?
Eyes are open, their tears they see.

Godspower Oshodin

What I Crave To See

Peaceful smiles in shadow-like body
my blazing heart, subdued, by her sonorous melody.
Wicked thoughts in emotionless mind,
And, tepid lips lowered against my tasty glide.

Beautiful sorrows, landing on effortless gain,
A tear for joy, watering, my glorious pain.
This angelic lady, waddle my unfortunate feelings,
A fearful next step revealing my broken hearted dealings.

Tempt my sudden feelings, and cast the demons wrath,
I might die in heavenly Romeo's path.
Grey hair, in mid-twenties crisis,
It's my ageless pen that wrote those poetic Nemesis.

That same guy that let your passionate evil propel,
Still gave you this ill-feelings in your 'darkly cell'.
Your majestic steps, still murmur in my acoustic luscious mind,
And the boy in me, accommodated you repelling side.

Tell them we existed even before the fictional tales in 'Titanic'
I'm speechless as your true feelings panic.
My everyday sings of your spotless sins,
Adventures buried inside my 'Day Dreams'.

I still recall the keenness in your lovely expression,
But, you've left me in this Emotional Depression.
I still depend on your early morning kiss,
My cheek is now dry, for that touch of peace.

I can't sing those songs you taught me anymore,
Because your voice didn't chorus as I write my Memoir.
Please lace my heart in firmament Hue,
And chastised my withered love in early morning dew.

Deadlines, counting down towards Ageless glories,
A fable; and a Romantic Poet's epic stories.
Tell thee disciples about our graceless accord,
And see if they'll depend on your fallacious discord.

Revenge your fallout in prose-like poetry,
Or sleep in a poetic dungeon, near John Keats Cemetery.
My heart still howl around your clueless distance,
My memories still smells your perfect fragrance.

Don't go near my relentless pursuit to succeed,
It hurts many; and leaves the Jazebels stranded.
But I admire the muse that wrote this poem,
Poetic Giants crowned in Ancient Israelites Realm.

Mammoths swallow my burning desires,
I'll never stop loving you, `cos a Poet hardly retires.
Your gravy tunnel is curious to contain me,
Your kissable lower-lip is `what I crave to see`.

Godspower Oshodin

Will I Ever Be Loved?

will i ever be loved?
when i have made love go this way
to set lovers in pure dismay
making hearts to go astray
will i ever be loved?

when the signs of love have worked in vain
and slant my heart to future pain
all these are pains again
will i ever be loved?

when i have criticized the ways of my rulers
making them to look like betrayers
with my poetry calling them slayers
will i ever be loved?

when i have made the government to hate me
with their heart, i say it will not be
their ways are not pure i foresee.
will i ever be loved?

when coteries of lovers are sharing kisses
leaving me all alone in my premises
and now i face these nemesis.
will i ever be loved?

Godspower Oshodin