

Poetry Series

Ikenna Omeje
- poems -



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Ikenna Omeje()

Ikenna Omeje is a journalist with vast experience in politics, energy reporting and investigative journalism spanning over five years; with proven skills in news writing, news analysis, digital media management, content development and editorial process. He is also a poet, a public speaker, a local content advocate and an alumnus of African ChangeMakers.



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You Are My Choice

You're a precious jewel
I'm lucky to find you in our dwell.
Your skin glitters like the rising sun
Just like the apron of our king's son.
Your beauty is divine
Just like the water Christ turned to wine.

Before now, I thought love was a theory
But now I can tell the story.
Love is a reality
And you're the instrumentality.
I will keep holding onto you
Because you're my boo.

More gorgeous than Beyonce
Discipline like McKenzie.
I admire your intelligence,
I'm spurred by your excellence,
And inspired by your courage to dare the top,
A life of possibilities!

Hello daughter of Taurus!
I know I may not be able to give you all now,
With you by my side,
I will soon have more than enough to toss.
Please take my hand and tour the world with me.
You're the one I have chosen!

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The Pride Of Uyo

Glowing in beauty
Charming like roses
Blistering like stars
A figment description of you.

Focused like an eagle
Imaginative like an artist
Meticulous like an auditor
Choosy like a lion
And ambitious like Oprah.

Stylistical conscious like Beyonce
Bold like Chimamanda
And pious like Ghandi.

Daughter of Aquarium
Glory be to Heaven for gifting you to the world in February.
A cerebral thinker.

Progressive in views, original, independent-minded and humane.

This is a true definition of you!
You're the pride of Uyo
And the Princess of Akwa Ibom!

Ikenna Omeje

Omo

Can the sun be trapped in a bushel?
Sparkling set of teeth
Lightening skin like the rising sun.
Can the gods behold such beauty?
Curvy body like Buggatti
Infectious smiles that lift spirit
Majestic walks-adornment of royalty;
Evidence of Queen Elizabeth II in making
When sauntering.
All residing in a soul dear to me.

Omo! The pride of Edo Kingdom
And daughter of Scorpio.
Many Adams breathe down your neck
Day in, day out
For the treasure in your heart.
Some from upper Niger region
Others from lower Niger region.
I can't wrestle with these Titans for your heart
Though precious, I'm a man without titles.

I may not have plenty naira
But skills, passion, discipline to earn it in no farther time.
You're a fountain of inspiration to me
While my heart remains a resting place for you eternally.

Your tantrums sometimes throw me off the pedal;
I miss it and your stubbornness, when we're far apart.
My February gift! Please, take my hand and I will take you places,
The Melania of Nigeria.

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Great Nation

Nigeria! The glory, the sound, the beauty, the knowledge reservoir. the treasure base of Africa and the future.

You have been buffeted by war, militancy, terrorism and corruption.

Yet, you did not die

Because your creator created you for a special purpose.

Your head is bruised

Your spine is broken

Many believe that you can't walk again.

But your healing is here

The people have refused the doctor's report

Because the creator never lies.

Nigeria rise! Nigeria rise!

Is what is on the lips of every man, woman and child on the street of Enugu, Kano and Lagos.

We believe that you can still walk

Not just walk, but run and possibly fly.

Rise and thrust through the lions and hawk

Rise above the sharks and crocodiles

Stand your ground and silence the voices of your enemies.

Many think that your multi- linguistic nature

Will not allow you to go far

But they are wrong

Because that is your strength.

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The Great Light

You wake me up in the morning,
Lighten my day,
And reminds me that it's time to set out
For the daily bread.

Living creatures smile whenever you show up
Farmers smile because of your act of kindness
You keep us warm
And save us from the cold hand of the snow.

The forest and the lawns blossom
All thanks to you.
Though, you sometimes hurt us
With the anger of your rays
That kill the smiles of the beautiful lilies
Which lie on the surface of the fields.
You make us uncomfortable in the summer
And we stay up late at the beach
Waiting for the gentle touch of the breeze.
Nevertheless, you're kind.

The kind light of God!
You energizes us
And cheer us through the day.
We miss you when you set to bed
Living us in the corridor of darkness;
Sometimes, in the boulevard street
of the lesser light.
We long for you
And pray for morning to arrive.
How can we reward your kindness?

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Beyond The Physical

I will reach the end of the world
If the need be
To tell you
How much you mean to me.

Thousands of thunder strikes;
Rhythmic -terrifying lightning,
Murkiness at the extreme of the sphere,
That can lower the spirit of the Faithful
Cannot stop me from reaching You
When a glance at my face is all you need
As a respite.

I will soar into the depth of the smallest stars.
I will soar beyond the comets
Stretch my arms to touch the dome of the moon,
Ignoring all reasonable dangers
Just to cheer you up.

I will soar beyond the physical
Just to feel your breath on my face.
Yes! I will soar like an eagle to the extreme;
beyond the utmost bound of human reach.
I will soar!

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I Will Be Waiting

I thought this day
Will never come
That we will always be there for each other.
Though, I was wrong
I'm not foolish to believe
That both of us can
build a castle in the air.

I waited for one year to touch your delicate face,
Two years to kiss you,
And five years to cuddle you in my arms.
I'm not tired of waiting.
I will be waiting!

—
You have said goodbye
But you're still there
Looking at me from the other side.
The day is still young for us.
Our love has come to stay.
It's too late to say goodbye now
Because we're one body of two souls.

Come back my love!
I will be waiting!

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We Are Survivors

Sabo Ngari, the abode of the Yamiris
Hit by unprovoked attacks
Leading to the transition of many
Including women and children
Into the unknown world.
The government yelled and threatened the killers
But no meaningful action was taken.

What was our crime?
Eight years later
In the Western part of the Savannah
Came the wind of destruction
Induced by envy and hatred
This time-
Thousands of the sons and daughters
From the seat of the rising sun
Were maimed, their property destroyed and killed
In cold blood
Who are the perpetrators?
The government yelled once again
But took no action.

What was our crime?
Junta of young officers
Purged the system
Through the elimination of the bad and the ugly
For the love of country
But the interpretation of the caliphate said otherwise
Leading to a pogrom.

What was our crime?
The Cambridge trained officer of the Rising Sun
In defense of his people
Declared a new state
A police action was the response
From the other side.

What was our crime?
Armoured cars and fighter jets

Machine guns and mercenaries
All mobilized for the destruction of the seat of the Rising Sun
The killings and destructions
Lasted for thirty months.

What was our crime?
Young men with no military training
Took up arms in defense of their new state
But the forces against them were innumerable.
Millions died and thousands suffered hunger
And the children- kwashiorkor.

What was our crime?
Children cried for food and water
The conquerors called them "Nyamiri";
A misinterpretation of "Yem mmiri";.
It was a genocide
But we are survivors.

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I Will Not Let You Go

I will not let you go
If you love and cherish me
Believe in me
When all voices are against me
And silence overpowers me
And you choose to become my voice.

I will not let you go
When you choose me over
All the princes and governors
Against the voices of wisdom
Of your parents and friends
Even though,
I have not made it in the Hollywood.

I will not let you go
If you stick with me
And share my vision
And not their version
Excited about the picture
And comfortable with my future.

I will not let you go
If you don't push your makeup needs
And monthly data subscription to me
As my responsibility
But a little act of kindness.

I will not let you go
If you cherish yourself
And believe that
You're a precious Pearl of the creator
And secondary to none.

I will not let you go
If you believe in your invisible strengths
Your creative capacity
And the depth of ingenuity that resides in you
Which dismisses the general notion of weaker vessel

But reflects the phenomenon of a woman of virtue.

I will not let you go
If you're not shy to call yourself a feminist
If you're bold to preach feminism
And hold on to your thought
The storm of condemnation
Not withstanding
But bear the burden
Until victory is attained.

I will not let you go
If you see me as your partner
Rather than your god
If you respect me
Rather than worship me.

I will not let you go
Because you're more than just a woman.

Ikenna Omeje

Love And Infatuation

It was on the 25th of December
The harmattan weather knocking at the doors;
and shutting the windows.

Hello! Hello!

His body shivers;
as his mouth now looks like a beaver.

Her voice can cure the sick,
uplifts spirits,
And has the magical power to stop a war.

'Good to hear from you',
was her response.
His heart was full of joy.
Then, the journey of love began.

I love you!
I love you!
I love you!
Became the song of the two.
But four months gone;
The acceleration of the vehicle of love began to slow down.

At the fifth month
' I have to end this'
Became the goodnight of the damsel.
' It's alright' was the reply from the other side.
Then the vehicle ground to a halt.

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Crazy City

You're a phenomenon;
A city without rest,
nor silence.
Darkness and light holds no meaning to your activities.
Quietness, will forever remain a stranger to you.

Truck drivers daily live in the world of James Bond.
Conductors, calling passengers into their buses at wee-hours.
Commercial drivers are the most gentle of the three;
They don't make James Bond run,
nor do they shout on top of their voices;
They just want to imitate the Formula 1 drivers on crooked roads, full of pot
holes.

"Akara! Akara! "
"Puff Puff! Puff Puff! "
"Sachet water! Sachet water! "
Are the daily shouts of the hawkers.
They daily and nightly occupy the roads with their goods in traffic,
advertising their products with horrific shouts.

" You just hit my car"
" I will show you who I'm today "
"Who do you think you are? "
Are the daily and nightly ugly pleasantries Lagos motorists exchange.

Lagos!
A city where people are free to get mad,
willingly or unwillingly!
What a city?

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We Had Only Faith

We couldn't choose our fate.
We only had faith.
Not to faint.
What else if not his strength?
That keeps us in this tent.

The early days were foggy!
Yes, they were cloudy!
Such days of malady,
We must not forget.

The smell of poverty,
is the cream of adversity,
the bane to humanity.
We didn't just pray,
we worked!
We served!
We learned!

So that we will not be prey, to the family and neighbours of poverty-
Hunger, disease, hopelessness and death.

We did not relent,
because we learnt,
and this is our result.
The emergence of new -ists.
Educationalist!
Journalist!
Psychologist!
The daredevil reformists!

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We Will Be Lovers Again

The memory of my love
still hangs on the wall.
My heart foams with boldness and pride;
because faith has taught me that nothing is impossible.

I believe that someday
you will remember me.
You will say that you're sorry
and our love will come to be once again.
The story of our love will once again be written in rainbow colour.
The joy of our love will also be there.

My love, I see this and I know it will come to be.
I know this because faith has taught me to always believe.
I know that we will be together again,
as a union of one body of two souls.
Lovers of the century-
that's what we will be called.

Our love is going to pour down
like the raindrops that caused the end of the first generation;
it will be like 2004 tsunami.

I believe you will come back to me
I believe we will be lovers again.

Ikenna Omeje

Two Edged Sword

You're a sabre of war and peace
The medium to reach
The metaphysical sovereign
You're the disease of many;
As well as their healer
You're the builder of destinies;
As well as a destroyer of them
The people of Chibok are mourning;
Syrians and Iraqis are scampering for safety;
All because of you
John is no longer a thief;
Elizabeth has given up prostitution;
People of Canaan are rejoicing;
All thanks to you.

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The Shadows Of Ethnicism And Tribalism

Oh Africa!
The Cradle of Civilization,
Yet The Least Developed Continent.
Rich in Natural Resources;
But The Abode of Lack and Want
People like Sand;
Yet, Lacks Enough Human Resources.

The Culture of Prebendalism;
The Evil of the Political class
And The Fear of the Minority
National income shared by politicians,
And their cronies like inheritance in families.

What a pity?
The shadows of selfishness, ethnicity and tribalism
Have beclouded their sense of reasoning.
What a pity?
Genuine warriors are no more
For the people are helpless
Certainly there is no future,
Except in the virtues of the lost heroes

Madiba - man of colourless love for humanity
Nyerenyé - The servant leader
Wake up and preach the gospel of altruism
Day in, day out;
For the leaders have lost it.

The shadows of incompetency;
Chained and imprisoned spirit of hard work
A genocide of human capital;
The massacre of thought and intellectualism
Adieu excellence!
For you're not needed here.

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The Dilemma Of A Nigerian Graduate

It's been six years
He has nothing as his
The labour market remains red like
an iron in a furnace
A child few years ago has turned a man
But he is still dependent.

It is crisis situation
Job recruiters are overwhelmed with work
As 10 vacancies now attracts billons of job seekers
Who will save this situation?

To take a loan to support his idea is impossible
Because it's bound to only the rich
He languishes in poverty
Daily examining the reality
Wishing for sanity
What an impossibility?

Dreams are dying
The future is bleak
Hopelessness is at the peak
Many hearts are broken
Many bones are weak
But one must keep awake
For that is the only way to break
From the rat race
Oh yes!
The answer is within

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The Kingdom Of Jackals And Hyenas

The economy of the pride of Africa
Was once at the zenith;
There were jobs
There was food for small animals
Farmers had no fear visiting their farms
For raider herdsmen were calm.
The voices of secession were incoherent
There wasn't much tongue war between the north,
And the seat of the Rising Sun
The headache was for the Sambisa Mafias

Then came the wind of change
It was possibly hurricane
North and west were enjoying the whizzing
Of the trees
'Victory for Democracy' became their catch phrase

But it seemed, it was a bad wind
Small animals are yammering on the effect on their lips.
The language of small animals have changed
More are crying for bread
Because their stomachs are empty
Prayer has become every minute ritual
Nobody is happy anymore
For their farms and jobs are gone
The economy is hospitalized
Prophets and soothsayers can neither hear
Nor see
The days are gloomy
For the head is sick
And the economy is in coma

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My Country Is Sick

My country is sick
For urchins and scavengers litter
The streets
'Destitutes' and beggars
Under the sun and in the rain
Singing and praying to passersby
For a coin or two

My country is sick
Four or five years out of school
No rose in the work market
Forcing the young minds into crime

My country is sick
For millions of children have no future
They are in the school of hawking and begging
With a look of darkness all round them

My country is sick
For the rich cannot be guilty of any crime
Even though, they are in the eyes of the heavenly law.

My country is sick
For my people have become more catholic than Pope
The spirit of laziness has taken over their souls
Living them obscurely with the magic of prayer
But without work.

My country is sick
For excellence has been sacrificed on the altar of mediocrity.
The best for a job is the one that knows somebody that knows somebody

My country is sick
For the roads are death traps
Electricity is epileptic or nonexistence;
Poultry and piggery farms as classrooms;

Contaminated water as spring water;
Tomatoes more expensive than bride Prize in Imo;
Ijebu Garri more of a treasure than gold;
Rice an expensive food;
And hunger everyday word.

My country is sick
For the head is away
And the children are crying
Praying day and night that he returns
To save the situation
For the bell of coma beckons.

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