

Poetry Series

Ikhalo Efose
- poems -

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Ikhalo Efose()

Ikhalo efose is a Nigerian distinguished in several field in addition to poetry and storywriting. a peculiar factor is that he studies as a science student but is endowed with the arts of y is a new found flavour for him owing to the fact that he loves exploring...he was born and brought up in Benin city, Nigeria

Black Skin

The source of diamond
superstands all pearls
superceeds every rubble
would make you think God was partial.

Lucky Africa,

Lucky me,

i was made on the 7th day, indeed!

I am wealth in a form

i command the night

what more could one ask

the beautiful twilight is my wonder

the stars at my pleasure

of course it deluxe

i am a diety

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Despised

His sight provokes grumpiness
debris are thrown at him in lumpiness
he grows greivous
and the passersby sees but someone mischievious
abandoned by those that bore him
couldn't be more anti-climax in a film
he carries the earth on his back
and even with the sun remains in the dark
he works at the bin
the innocent waste he grabs with keen
here is a living corpse
and who says even in death wouldn't be entangled in the cobs

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Dreams

Do dreams really come true?
I look up in the sky,
i see the eagle soar up high,
i shut my eyes for a while,
and dream i fly over the Nile.

If dreams really come true,
my whole world would be built around you.
I would speak with the rainbow in a starry night under the moon,
and to hell i would cast the devil and his doom

i dream your face in any room i get,
and carve your name in every tree erect.
And i think if michael fly's by,
and supernatural is cast upon its like,
then my dreams could come by

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From A Distant

That distant stare carries lots of flux
her aura creates subtle feelings
the look on her face augurs well
though we seem like jupiter an mars
even stil i could be her superman
i am so invisible around her
but so conspicuous from a distant
she plays her game afield
\$ i wish to augument the duration
incredible she is,
her eyes are full of ballads
but these i never get to hear.
She's a berry out of my reach
and i am told it's impossible
still i remain the sceptic
it's only a puzzle i must solve
i am the snail moving up her turret
it takes just the ticks
she's a great hurricane
and i wouldn't mind being the iroko
i would ever lithe to her twirl

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Ghost's Shadow

Ever seen a ghost?
Ever seen a ghost's shadow?
If it existed it would be the nicest freakiest thing
i guess it would be white,
like transparent white linen,
as thick as cotton
and soothing as silk.
It would be tint as the cloud
attractive as a model
and yet scary as a figure seen in a darkroom
it would camouflage on the sun
creep up the stairs and creek most silently
making it more dangerous than a viper's venom
appears like a sheep but definitely a wolf
indeed as dangerous as weed is to a cornfield.

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I Saw An Angel

It had been a long and weary day
going to bed at midnight
darkness overhauled my little room
and sleep had eluded me
Turnin up
i stared at the ceiling
then something startled me at one end.
It was a bright light
and in it was a figure
It had two wings
its cloth was as white as wool
and its face shone like a white sun
With a twinkling star on its forehead
I drew closer
Then i saw its face

it was a she
A paragon of beauty indeed
More beautiful than the most beautiful monnalisa
She wore a smile enough to light up a barn
On her hand was a sceptre
I streched forth my hand
and she withdrew
gave me that sparking smile
and then ascended
then i knew what she was
I had seen an angel
But WHY?

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Love Has A Face

Can there be eyes without a face?
Can there be sight without a gaze?
We say love is blind
so love has a face
A face more beautiful the more you gaze
and still with depths of time it shows no fade
We wait the time to see what it would become
and when it is unveiled, we see its beauty beckoned
Like a damsel mounted on a horse top
with the curves of her face as that of a cup
Her beauty makes you speechless
it reveals a gladiators weakness
and in loneliness
its memory brings happiness
Her eyes like dove, complexion as raven
Her nose like eagle, lips as sunbird
So then love has a face
shielding as a cave
You find yourself in its midst
it takes just a glimpse

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Mighty Love

I rejected a pleasant night under the twilight
with the comfort of the sweetest angels...,
piles of pearls i turned away...,
stole for you the nicest bouquets...
And signed up to be amok forever...
Amok will i be for you my lady...
I will take down a thousand knights in my insanity...,
indeed love is mighty!
Am in love.....

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My Wonders

I know how it feels
the smell of the Nile
the taste of the air
the caress of the sun
the gentle massage of the breeze
it's no mystery to me
but how I wonder
how glittering are your tears
how comforting are your biceps
the feel of your heart beat,
the fountain of your thought
I wonder what the greatest fear of an angel is
my dear you are mystery itself

Ikhalo Efose

Question Mark

Questions coming from every corner,
but not a single answer coming from an angle.
I feel like if i shed tears,
i would cry an ocean.
And if i cry an ocean,
this pain would be washed away.
I feel like i shed not tears,
but blood.
Even so,
not a single tear fall from my eye,
i cry the ocean of blood in my heart,
but the excrutiation seem not to make a difference.
What is wrong with me?
Yet another answerless question.
Now i know how it would feel like to be alone in this world.
As i decend from the greatest height i have known,
for a zillion hour my feet have still not graced the ground.

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Silence

As though one is dead
i hear nothing at each end
like a bottomless pit
it deepens endlessly
i try to find an end
but the more i try, the more i go deep
my mind yet filled with thoughts
becomes as clear as a slate
like a vast plantation
in vain i find no gate
in this still mighty ocean
i swim endlessly

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That Day

I endure and wait for that day
when the land would be truly green.
When men would find pleasure before the moon and sun
when men would doubt not that stars are made of fire
when the wall would be transparent as air
when the lion will be confronted by the chicks
when houses would stand on water and men walk on it
when men shall feel the spin of the earth
when men shall move headlong
when the orchard can be called a home
and the square a safe place at night
when the king and the farmer would dine together
when the fire shall be lit and cause no burn
that day, dusk would come at noon and dawn at midnight
that day the leaders shall see
and the followers shall rejoice
that day our nation would be like the new Jerusalem
I ache to see that day

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The Sky Is Falling

The view have been ruined
noise of clattering can be heard
i can see the cloud just above my head
it is barely beyond my reach
the earth's inhabitants are seen running helter skelter
wives clinging to their husbands
children clinging to their mothers
lovers search for their beloved
all in the name of saying the last goodbye
what is happening?
Everyone is asking,
no one is answering
even at this fog
something is clear
it's happening,
the sky is falling

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Titan's Fall

We weep and grind in our day,
in the floor of the creeks we lay,
lurking around this place of dismay.

At the top of the mountains we dwelt.
Staring at the commoners who got drenched
we smiled at our fortunes and walloped in wealth
and thought the worst that could come was death.

We fought the ferocious rain,
the kings of the jungle we tamed.
Our gusto could stop a moving train,
who knew we would go down the drain?

The titans swept by a stray wind.
The luxury of caution we failed to wield.
How anti-climatic is this deed.
With the tweezers we have been trimmed like the weed.

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Uncertainty

The life we see is far more immense than even the sea. I doubt it if we even see life at all or we hallucinate... I wish life was not the way it is, but what can I do. I thought I could make it better; chisel my just myself I have it or not, our destiny is not in our hand, it's in God's.. I feel like I win sometimes, but it's all meaningless because sooner or later, a wind blows by and takes it all matter how yesterday's pleasure was, you cannot feel that taste today and gradually, the image fades away. I WISH, I WISH, I WISH.....but it's all I can do and PRAY of course for something I am uncertain about.

Ikhalo Efose

When The Star Goes Blue

When the stars go blue!
Out of sight from the moon!
I feel so full.

Full of light from every turn
with my heart thrilling at the scorching sun
with gusto i grab at the air that i see,
for i know not when it would be washed away by the sea

And though i wish you here forever,
the flames aren't inexhaustable.
A fire that wouldn't burn?
I would rather have u far away and feel the avalanche in my heart

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