

Poetry Series

Imaobong Igwe
- poems -

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Imaobong Igwe()

Imaobong is studying theatre and media art in the University of Calabar. She is from Ikono LGA in Akwa Ibom state in Nigeria. She is 9 out of 9 siblings. She loves writing poem, music, creative act, designing her own purse and jewelries etc

Am I Not Beautiful?

Am I not beautiful?
I'm that sun that brightens your day
I'm that moon that shines at night
I'm that star that decorates the sky
Am I not beautiful?

I'm the sweet thought that makes you smile
I'm that perfect dress that fits you well
I'm that mirror that tells the truth
I'm I not beautiful?

I'm the flower that beautifieds your garden
I'm the honey that sweetens your tea
I'm that lover that gives you hope
Am I not beautiful

I'm that food that keeps you strong
I'm that fruit that makes you fresh
I'm that shelter you find rest
I'm I not beautiful?

Am the crown that make you king
Am that queen who completes your throne
Am the citizen that makes up your community
Am I not beautiful?

I'm that opportunity you let go
I'm that time you waste in vain
I'm that friend you'd wished you'd never let go.
Won't that make you cry?
I know I'm beautiful!

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Bitter End

A gruesome bitter thoughts arrive
When my heart is sock in pains
Giving my soul enough to outright
The joys the world have in stock

Lack of joy abound in loneliness
My love I have enough in stock
But whom to give, is where am lost
Bitter is the state of loneliness

To suggest I said it wrong
Is to buy my pains
Or my bitterness, we could exchange
Cos i can't wait to give it out
Bitter, is the tears i shade
Bitter is the love I've lost
And bitter, i put in ink

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Borrowed Life

So wrong a life full of lies
Where thy soul end not in good aboard
Saying farewell to the sun
Letting the moon shine in the day
Borrowed life is what I'd call
Pleasing the world but noting for thy soul
Time tells where you belong
Cos the world you'd never stay beyond

When thy soul is call to account
What thy flesh accomplish on earth
Thirty pieces of silver, shattered
Cos is not enough to buy the court
Not even to appease the gods
Then shall thy soul regrets
And no chance is there to accord
So wrong a life full of life!

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False Impression

Little dotted lines above the wall

A guide to the foreseen triumphant

Accorded the dare devil

Vampire with fresh blood

Too clear but hard to discern

Adorn with black monstrous attire

That mere eye have mistaken for a white garment

Funny as it may

Incomprehensible as it seems

The truth never lies

Talk about the unmerited triumphant

Of the deceitful monster

Whom through vice, the throne he inherits

Though not an heritage, but fleeting glory

A nice guide to a bedecked grave

In which with his two hands

Have measured, dogged and decorated

Poor ignorant thing

Don't be too relaxed

A beautiful grave is as cheap as hell

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False Portrayal

Hank on the wall above
A 'perfect painted portrait'
Painted by an unskilled Artist
Who claims it's the best
the world have ever seen
A false portrayal of nature!

I took a deeper look at it
Making sure my eyes an't Blair
How could the sky be green?
How could the trees be pink?
How could the river be red?
Or the birds without a wing?
A false portrayal of nature!

He falsely portrays the nature
Yet claims he needs no lecture
Whom is he deceiving?
And what is he depicting?
A false portrayal of nature!

Oh, stop this self-deceit
And call a spade a spade
The sky can never be green
The river can never be red
Neither trees are ever pink
Nor a bird without a wing
A false portrayal of nature

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Fool's Pride

Ever seen a river run dry?
Yet my soul cant cry
If i could just try
So the world won't imply
Those mouth that speaks no good
Yet rely instead on food
Their heart don't even care
Not even to say incase
Raly round the world like fools.
That's a fool's pride

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Her Name Is Love

In a twinkle of an eye
There she is
Gazing right in ur eye
Like a star
Emotions turns imaginations
Wishes dangling in you heart
Wishing she could be yours
Wishing she could stay forever
Wishing life could be fear
Love! You call her by name
She replied with a tender voice
staring at your direction
With much hope in her eyes
As if tomorrow is already here
Now the question is
Do u love love?
Cos love says she is ready to stay!

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In My Pains

In the inner most depth of my heart I feel pains
Even in a thousand years, it will still be there
Wondering where it might come from
It is the pains death has left?
Or that of a broken love
Is it that of frustration?
Or that of poverty?
Is it of a lonely heart?
Or that of isolation?
I may wonder a million years
But it won't ease the pain
And its source pains remain unknown.

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It Hurts So Bad

It hurts so bad when u broke my heart
In many years i chose to halt
Got lost in shame and the world ready to scorn.
Friends whispering 'i told you so'
I hated my life, i hated u more
With sadness i chose a lonely way
Lacking in words what is good to say
Wondering why love hurts so bad
Sitting in the dark all night long
Covered with invisible tears
I counted in lost what seemed to be love
Guy! You hurt me so bad.

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Karma Pays More In Kind

Super egos, the melter of all desires
Whose laws by which our Ids are diluted
Egos now mere decorated corps
Killed by needless laws of the "Hypocrats"
Oh! Me think
Virgins are mere decorated props
Desires plays delight in their fable heart
You claim
Virginity is a pride of the bride
Yet we lack virgins for the price
Now, where are our supposed virgins?
Do they suddenly develop wings?
Or raptured by whirl winds?
Hmmm!
You know, it takes two to tango
If virgins are nowhere to be found
Who should bear the blame?
Is it God or man?
Now, listen!
If our men suddenly become samplers
Sampling all insects in skirt and jumpsuit
Sorry!
(Not a good metaphor for the girls
But just to make a point or two)
Yet expect a virgin for a bride
Do virgins fall like rains off the sky?
Or sprout like grasses or like a kite?
Haven't we heard of the god called Karma!
Who pays back either in cash or kind?
Abah!
You left the club on the eve of the Lord's Day
To Church in search of your Miss Right
Guy!
God is neither blind nor high
The girl you screwed at the club last night
Is the sister Marcy with the Angelic voice
Singing "TAKE ME TO THE KING"
Like Tamale Mann
The song that makes your soul seek for our Christ

And "Bachelorhood" sounds more like a crime
Too bad
You were too drunk to notice
Now she is the angelic bride send from above
Yeah!
Divine Arrangement to the core!
But don't feel too special
Your angel is a whore
Nor bad now that the truth is out
Karma pays more in kind than cash!
#mindsliketrashcans

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Life Is What It Is

Pretend as the world is but a chair
Sit calm quietly and enjoy the air
No need to rush the thought in your mind
Cos it is still what it is since you were nine
Imagine if you were a tree with many leaves
And by the river bank is were you live
Water never dries up your needs are met
Melodious birds sing lovely from their nest
All is but a perfect sight and sound
Hmmmmm
Here comes the bomb that melt the dream
A short creature comes in form of a man
The worst timing in the life of a man
He cuts you down as a choice for his craft
With a twinkle of an eye a perfect life becomes sour
The once greenish leaves turn to dust
Your glorious singers run for their lives
And you are left with nothing but a shattered self.
Hmmmmm
Pretend you are a lion in the jungle
But what difference would it make?
Life is What it is and not what it should
No need for pretends! Life is life which ends with dead.

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My Die Is Cast

Now that my die is cast
I Must make heaven my case
Though it seems am lost
I must take up my cross
My world seems too dark
I can never deny
Never a day without pretense
I dread, am growing so intense
I wished i'd never been born
Cos my faith is gone
Am lost in my sorrows
And life is not to borrow
Now that my die is cast
Heaven! I plead my Case

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My Heart In Ink

Am pouring out my heart in ink... So the world could know what i think. I'd love to tell you a story... But you don't have to say 'am sorry'... There are things that are better unsaid... Like when ur debt is unpaid... This is not just a poem... I know you may think it's lame... There are Some sorrows too hard to swallow... And some things too hard to notice. Stand in the rain and cry, no one will notice.. Cos the rain would wash away your tears... pains are hard to bear... Even if u drink ten crates of beer... Death is not a solution to your debt... You need to think well befor you bet... Cos when you die you an't coming back.. And it's bad when your knowledge is in lack.. Think not of thy trouble.. Lest you make it to be bold and please don't cry.. Dry your tears heaven knows you tried... Fry your sorrows, eat it as if it's akara... Never be in doubt... Though your faith is out. Put your trust in God.. For He knows the answer to our question!

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My Life A Stage

On this Arena stage called world
where my life is being staged
Drama of an unqualified author
The end shall do the justice
An unexperienced scenographer
Who chosers my tears his props
My health his architecture
My problem his costume
My sorrow his scenery
My shame his make-up

Who is going to watch such a dreadful play?
Oh! I forgot! !
The world is ever ready For a scornful play! Play on! !

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My Little Corn Farm

I have a little corn farm
In the middle of the dessert
Whose leaves grows green
Like lilies in the river bank
It attracts much praise from Astonished tourist
Asking questions
Saying I got magic hands
I don't believe in magics
Magics are for fools
But you won't believe
What my faith can do
It causes mountains to walk
And sun shines in the middle of the night
Where witches got blinded
In the middle of their agenda
It makes light prevail over darkness
And stare up laughter
Where sorrows abided
Take this not for exaggeration
Less ye presume I boast
But even if you in doubt
Know this
Heaven has come on earth to dwell
I adore you
Oh, little corn farm that shines
For in the funness of my heart
My mouth speaks Good of they
My little corn farm

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Night Terror

Much tale of a dark dreadful night
Whose all creature its terror tested
Eyes though shut could see its dark
Ears dead yet hears its speech
Mouth to testify the horror night left behind
Filled more with fright than light
Our plight to fight with more might
But joy to overcome things pains have caused
And morning to bring more light to the world
That night may go to sleep

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Pointlessness

Counting the stars in the sky?
Pray morning never comes
If you dere to succeed
Pray nature should endure
Or rather, let night reocure
And morning be excused
And may fairy tale turned reality
Cos only in their land could such be found
With wirl wind in the south
The north should not refrain
And love should go to prey
While I fast and pray

The words of poets are foolish
To the ears of an ignorant
The symbol of Love should not be the heart
Rather the eye
Neither should sun stands for light
Less the moon may be slight
And to the thousand ears
That chose to hear
Love lies under the shadows
Which men trampled upon
And children fed on
In the loving hands of their Mothers
With no regrets but with much expectations
As if night would never return

Wish I could cut the wings of love
And pray it never grows again
For like birds, it flows away
With a twinkle of an eye
And never returns like Orpah

What the heart desires
Hands can't touch
Nor could ears speak
Things the hand can't say
Oh! Stop counting the stars

Lets talk of Love
Or lets talk of life
Or the war in Iraq
For stars are countless
And morning can't be excused
Lets not dwell in the foolishness of our hearts
For all is pointless
The stars, who can count?
And love, who knows it colour?
But war, I've heard of it terror
And life, I've felt it pain.

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The Scraps And The Aluuresees

Seeing Christ on the cross
They shared tears
Yet they stood across
Without fears
Like the scribes and the pharesees
They want them dead
Naked they came
Naked they went
Sticks up and down
As if it were snake they had to kill
Not minding the blood
Flames erupt!
Sacrifice of the hypocrites
Hypocrites!
Devils in human forms!
We are better off these earth
Nekad we came
Naked we go
But just a word for you fools
We aren't closing the grave.

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The Young Departed Souls

Our eyes watching the sky above
Our souls we pour to the one we love
With tribute to the one that saves
In a short while our Lord we'd served
Sometimes we may have regretted
Not living to our full expectations
With grief our heart so devastated
We had come with many wishes
But die counting our losses
Living many joy to grieve and many eyes watery.
But though we are sad we are happy
Having to meet again with our creator
Where joy, hope and wishes are granted
Where faces smile day and night
Where everything we sees seems so right.
Trumpet sounding, singer singing.
Thousands hands together in glorious ovation.
Many eyes gazed with great admiration.
What more would we'd wished for
Than to see our souls rejoicing?

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Time Waits No Man

The Songs of my lass i remember them not.
The Voice of my youth are all gone with the winds.
We all once filled with prig.
Tones, tales and thoughts all gone with the rain
Without pride, profit nor prize to show.
Wait! Wait! Oh time wait!
That my will be done which i left undone.
But the world, who could change in a day?
As time waits not man.
Lets find our black ship while not night.
Lets fight time while prime.
Lets merry while we can.
Cos time waits no one.

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Tribute To The Creator

On a roadside
Far, far many years ago
On no bed nor manger
Just an empty floor
Passerby murmuring
And wondering,
'what a disgraceful child'
But It was you who decide
And my desires in you I relied.
With my future so secured
And my life so preserved.
When the world thought i was insane
Thinking i would survived
It was you who said they think in vain.
From my very youth you were there
Guiding step by step.
Seeing that my step is straight.
Taught me to pray, not to prey.
Though I had doubts if you really exist
But seeing you in action i believe.
How could a world this beautiful ever exist
If you were a mere fantasy?
The sun, the moon, the stars,
The sky, the rain, there to testify.
And now my thought to realign And my path to guide.
A milky way I love to take
With a guiltless thoughts and a sinless soul.
For in you my all I give
You make my life so beautiful.

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Truth Survives

Through life across the narrow gate
Where dreams are drain
And vision strings
The life we live
We can't recount
And lost of faith
We all have beared
But the silver lining is drawn
While it has not yet been dawn
And all the thick and thin
And all the unfavourable things
We are beautiful, yet we are blind
To see the perfection of The Creator
Which no being can imitate
Nor can they testify of the time
Which Love was created
As Judas was among the saint
So does lie lies beside the truth
That men should fail to see the truth
Even as the truth bears witness of itself
Through thick and thin
The truth survives
And so shall the low become high.

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Wishes From The Grave

I thought I'd see my future bright
That pains and sorrows I'd never see
And tears and Pains are former things
But joy and grace would never seized

I lived a life I'd never wished
And though my future all unknown
But all my hopes in him relied
My tears he'd send the rain to wash

When night nor day I cease to see
My gentle soul in lonely grave
Where light are gone but darkness rules
In you my light I'll then relied

My soul is weak my strength is gone
The songs I learnt I could not sing
And though the world I've left behind
My soul still long and wished to live.

But all I wished, I wished in vain
Cos here in grave there is no grace
Let those who live, their heart repent
And let their wish, be wished with faith

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