

Poetry Series

Imo Peter
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2025

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Imo Peter()



PoemHunter.com

Just-Tease

This is not an add-vice
Before filing to fight the vile
Call to mind your might in wealth
There is a stand on status quo
Status entails proceedings in khurt
For ordinaries cases adjourned

I

n

s

□

n

⊞

d

I

e

That monument is now a being
The veil is loosed to see the rich
The sword is sharpened to slain the poor
The weigh beam tilted for weight of pounds
Weight so heavy on loads of bribes

Commons lounge in calaboose
In contrite for vile committed none
Charged for want of evidence
Incarcerated for lack of hired mouth

Plebeians snug beneath six feet
Sentenced to dwell by high Pilate
To con the crimes of bully lords
Lords so immune to stand judgment

Surely! Surely! !
We'll all go down
To face the verdict
Of the Almighty

Imo Peter

My World

I remember you my maiden abode
When I in you inside the world
Where in Free town rented my home
So I labored neither for food nor for rent

Once I lived in a free world
Wherein my limbs were immobile
From I to you linked a hollow cord
Where channeled by needs and waste

I felt your care in the foetal's lodge
When inside the world I heaped and kicked
Your caressing hand spun around
Transferring in affection waves

My being in you inconvenienced
Yet! You smiled and bore the pains
Till my nine month tenancy got expired
Then I travailed to the outer world

My jostling to the new world
Accompanied unbearable pang
You moaned, panted and screamed
Yet! Pushed! Pushed! ! And pushed! ! !
Till I landed safely in the visible world

Still, i remember
The nippy flow of your nipple's sap
That my nipper lips climbed to drill
I fathom your reasons of being my world
Oh my mother, my maiden world!

Imo Peter

Prayer Of The Faithful

Let the heavens open their ears
And hearken to wailing lamentations
Earth is pregnant of our tears
The sun no longer smiles at us
Neither do stars wave their hands

The earth's urine, nature's free gift
Now at the cost of our life savings
Their supertankers dance on the road
Their Siren convoy mocks our legs
The sun no longer smiles at us
Neither do stars wave their hands

The moon is soaked with our blood
If we do not dance to their beats
Their angry riffles splashed our blood
The sun no longer smiles at us
Neither do stars wave their hands

We are the bakers of their cake
We are the brewers of their wine
Yet, saliva wet our throats
The sun no longer smiles at us
Neither do stars wave their hands

We do not partake in the altar feast
Our sweet sweat swells their tommy
While saliva wet our throats
The sun no longer smiles at us
Neither do stars wave their hands

Deliver us, O heaven we pray
From devil Democratic alters
When their gentle season come again
We pray thee direct our thumbs
Make the sun to smile at us
And the stars to wave their hands

Imo Peter

Baba

BABA!

The announcing of your coming
Foretold an omen
Weird by your messianic manifesto
We lend you our votes

Never was it known
Man and words and doings
Are never the same
Oh! We are lost in this land.

Yours is a vision mission in illusion.
Your rosely-scent, honey-taste manifesto
Irritate our survival than snake's venom
We wonder where to hide from acidic spit
Splashing from awful proclamations
Indeed our toes have seen our woes

Your reign rains ruins
Yours, Sambisa born Satanic incarnate
Evoking spontaneous mayhem
Terrifying our territories
Jeopardizing our livelihood

Yours, a hired cabinet of Penrobbers
Pen-robbing our treasury
Bedeviling our lingering penury
In your economics you sap our economy
Burying us in misery

Imo Peter

We Are Marching

Forward Ever; Backward Never
We are marching from left to right
Mr. Commander keep parading
From right to left, we are marching
Moving forward in backward motion

We are marching by your directions
Mr. Commander keep parading
Direct our troops to a shameful ground
We're marching from boom to doom
Moving forward, smiling with tears

We are marching to a destination
Mr. Commander keep parading
We are marching and waving hands
On departure from glory to gloom
Climbing down to a mournful land

We are marching with weary feet
Trooping to the land of pitiful souls
Marching and chanting sober songs
Mr. Commander! Stop parading us
To the direction of your blindedness

Imo Peter

Jungle

Road to power; a deadly trap
So they make to be for youths
Young don't walk or else they fall
Grey beards are the pathfinder

Seat of power, a high ladder
So they say is high for youths
Hot and rough for young to climb
The old boys are the highlanders

Ring of power, cabal of men
Old and old to go below
Just to rule they long to stay
Fighting for who takes the turn

Call to power, a fight to reign
Only old paddies are called to race
Just to be crowned before they die
Plucking our wealth down to grave

Old men claim of scrambling better
More and more than youths could try
Strength in need to no avail
All they want to wear the crown

Power's stool, an itchy seat
Seated by men of dementia
Breaking news, medical trips overseas
Flown to mend their broken health

Imo Peter

Awake

Awake! Yes I must awake

From deep slumber that kills my day

I must awake

From sleep that obese my spirit

I must awake

From dream that blinds my sight

I must awake

From shame that beclouds my potential

I must awake

From inferiority that mocks my past

I must awake

 PoemHunter.com

Arise! Yes I must arise

Like early rising birds

I must arise and rise, to labour

Like the rising morning sun

I must arise and brighten my splendor

Like the rising ocean tide

I must arise to my fullest potentials

Like the rising water vapour

I must arise, and rise to enviable height

I must awake and rise

To the tip of my consciousness

Making ways and sending rays

Leaving indelible mark on the sands of time

The foundation I'll set for my generation

Imo Peter

We Will

We will together stay
In this institution of oneness
many more 'Yes i do' we will say
Promising more years of togetherness

We will completely soaked
in this pool of unending love
making many more marital oath
To cherish, to care and to love

We will eternally drink
From this cup that binds our souls
Sharing many more of our dreams
Forever we will grow as a whole

We will forever cling and cling
in this unwavering affection breeze
clipping our lips as we swing
making more affection bliss

Yes! We will for many more years
in this union say many more yeah
And renew again the 'Yes i do'
Refreshing the vows that unite us

Imo Peter

Special

Few words with pen travel a mile
with just a thought though millions in mind
To convey my lyrics and rhythms in lines
To my special maiden so lovely and nice

On a special day for a special one
Tinkling and jingling comes a song
My heart rise and sing but once
A pride! to know, my heart adore

A treasure's birthday, unforgettable
On this special day so remarkable
Joyous for a princes so admirable
With bliss and vibes so memorable

A day so special day she turns plus one
O my pride my quintessential queen
Rainbow of eyes with sparkling beauty
An adorable maiden like frangipani

In this life's journey to success
I pray heavens to shower graces
And soar you high above recess
Happy birthday a lovely princess

Imo Peter

Morphology Of A Poet

As man moves with eyes gazing the sky
The watching moon from far above
Reply the gaze in corresponding style
Less I know two satellites in clash
The moon, the eye, for earth for mind

For every writer; a poet there is
Disc in the ear, satellite in the eye
Signal on the skin, network in the brain
Tablet in the heart, ink in the palm
And a poet hands ever on duty painting in climes

If not from eye-saw
If not from hear-say
If not from sensations
If not from emotions
If not from imaginations
If not from creativity
A writer mind set busy all times

Imo Peter

Posturing

If you again plan of sense-tricking
with vocabularies
And enticing with stolen wealth
to skyrocket your ego
Hesitate we'll, watch you, brainwash
our reasoning
We'll not queue for you
Never again shall our conscience
be monetized
And future merchandized
You must go with your Ghana must go

We obliterate none of the memories
of your bygone doings;
Of seasonal pool and fancy fanfare
That wooed our cooing to toe your line
In haste to mend lingering doldrums
But evidence from you
An awful encounter of our living experience
At the poll, we shall remind you
about the chronicles of your verbs

Come rain, come sun,
we'll stick to our hearts
Do not cajole us again
with coated and encoded crams of grammars
As on species with blotted memories
We well fathom your usual tricks to prick
Luring our sailing to damnation

Imo Peter

Not In Despair

Though this land is ridden
By static riders
Though the land is pedalled
Anticlockwise

Though the rulers rule
With mission unmapped
Though the land's plaque
blurs Plebeians' vision

Though power Ore's cartel
Wobbles in blurry
Though the political Politburos
Are egocentric

Our hope shall never be encroached
By pessimism
In time to come
shall episodes amend!

Optimistically,
This land that wallows in catastrophe
Shall in time radiates the stars of heaven

Imo Peter

Mammals And Insects

At the meeting of forest Politburos
Mammals and insects made their claims
See! Our forest forays into exit
Mammals alert!
Insects have drained sap of trees
And chewed off leaves of plants
Leaving dry the trunk of stems

Never mind, insects rebuke
Their claims are words in opposite
Mammals are fond of naughtiness
Their tongues fabricated for malicious lies.

The forest is ruined!
Insects propose
Mammals have cause the forest downfall
Their rapacious grazing deteriorate trees
And marching limbs erode soil
Leaving bare, the forest to thrive

Verily! Verily! ! Mammals exclaim
Insects are never truth tellers
Our blood they drill for daily meal
And cause our fighting with pathogens

Oooooooh, insects exclaim
Mammals are self-glorified thieves
Our honey they strain without assent
Their stomach, they make our dying grave

We are the best, mammals pinpoint
Since our advent in dominion
Seeds are dispersed for germination
And our faeces, lone source of soil nutrient

We are ideal, insects opine
Forest is our lone domicile
Right from time of inhabitation
We burrowed the soil for aeration

And pollinate flowers to bring out fruits

Imo Peter

Wonder Why

Thought swings like pendulum
Heart beats unusual rhythms
Mind ponders on adventure
Head turns upside down
Eye drops torrential downpour

How comes Lions prey on cubs
How comes calves eat cows' faeces
Why does honey tastes vinegar
Why should my ocean a cup of water
Why should my mountain a heap of sand

What makes an eagle myopic
What makes cheetah to run like snail
Why should an iroko a stunted tree
I wonder why my giant
The least of the least
Why?

Imo Peter



PoemHunter.com

New Dawn

As we set forward to a new dawn
Let the cacophony of hunted horns
Befall and hunt stone-hearted titans
And cause their falling as of the walls of Jericho

As we march towards revolution
Let our yearning feet
Trample over the brutes
And strangle their rise to extinction

May the wailing drops of fallen patriots
Corrode their being like rusted metals
And strikes of supplications
Catch their remains like wild fire

May the blare chants of compatriots
Invite the coming of hurricane
To hurl away their remnant dust
To where they never make a return

Imo Peter

Dream Of Destiny

'The future is now 'is not a myth
Tomorrow's dice is tossed today
The chance is today to make a choice
Tomorrow brings today's result

I dream as days nigh and bye
I see tomorrow coming soon
With two hands of fistful fates
A fistful hand of fertility
A fistful hand of futility

Where fertility lies, optimism thrives
Where futility lies, pessimism strikes
Swampy hands clutch fertile fist
Arid hands grab futile fist

But each time I dream, I see today
The base on which the future lies
I have a dream to dress my bed
By the future side where I shall lie
And cling to where my destiny lies

As time keeps its moving pace
My hands stretched wide on creativity
My aspirations yearns dexterity
To grip tomorrow with ambition
And fulfil the dreams of destiny

Imo Peter

Allegiance To Mother Land

Dear motherland!

Only you I own, to you I owe

A commitment of wholly and remit of just

A love undefiled and will of divine

A sense of truth and strength of trust

A vision to explore and mission to restore

A strive to duty to polish your beauty

A thought of freedom in time of thralldom

A pledge to honour your call to honest

A fight to defend your dignity in dent

A Zeal in premiere to seal your prestige

A Labour of hope to thrive your home

A dream to salvage and thrill your valour

A duty to heed to your calls to deeds

Your dignity I am dutifully bound to restore

Your integrity I must gallantly bound to preserve

Never again shall you be clothed in garment of shame

Arise shall I

To radiate your rays of pride

Imo Peter

Do Not Judge Me

If perhaps, you find me in solitude
Uttering to myself exaggeratingly
Do not broadcast my craziness
I may be running romantic affairs
With my reasoning

If at all, you find me in isolation
Demonstrating to air mesmerizingly
Do not panic about my mental state
I may be holding a conference
With my thought

If peradventure, you talk to me
But I refuse to talk to you
Do not mind my unresponsiveness
I may be hosting a discussion
With my brain

If perhaps, you see me in tranquillity
Leaning my head on my hand
Do not pity my boredom-ness
I may be nursing the pregnancy
Of my head

When my head puts to birth
I will share companion with genius
I will hold conference as a guru
I will utter to multitude impeccably
Mindfully, I will talk to you
Will you have courage to talk to me?

Do not judge me

Imo Peter

Idleness

Like appendages deprived creatures
Rises a generation
Slumber snoring in snug
Perspiring damply from idle greased fatigue
With folded arms in the corridor of expectancy
And extra large dreams yearning luxuries

Though earth births a cybernetic age
Syndicate of digital and global periscope
Synchronized in technologies as computer trends
Encrusting the universe with flood of findings

But age breeds more outskirts species
With syndromic lazed tender offspring
Wallowing buoyantly enrapturing
Shrivelling, devoid of assimilation

Though with the advent of a new age
Synthetic in techniques and media broadcast.
Social media encroaches
The engrossed ardent minds
Congesting the space with network of tramps
Could this be a misbegotten generation?

Imo Peter

Day Of Torrent

If the day glooms,
How would the night!
The night waits still tarrying with day
As day glows dark partying with night

Clouds launch missile in verge for war
Striking in lightning and fury roaring
Coaxing the wind to motion at speed

The sky runs mad, provoking the gods
Frown and fury in thunderous echo
As winds go wild in Aeolian process

Man with intestine holding at hand
Squatting and squeezing and peeping on holes
Will this day my world exit?
Soliloquize, no response

Clouds descend to combat with earth
With missile at rage precipitating
Clashing on earth with havoc of storms
And man terrified at gnawing of thoughts

Imo Peter

I' M A God

At creation's scene on repose sensed
Let's manufacture! Creator exclaimed
Our replica in flesh and bones and blood
So did the utterance, ignite the scene

Thus dust transposed to raw material
As creator's fingers leaned on soil
Kneading and sculpting out from mud
And made manifest an image of kind

Hence displayed a moulded sculpture
An image of God made from mud
Clear and cute above creatures
Breathlessly rest staring creators

Effusion of ghost of creator infused
To transubstantiate sculpture to a being
Perfecting the task of God on a god
And there exist His likeness seen

A god I am made by God
Graced and throned in dominion
Shouldered to sovereign over creatures
To command and man existential affairs

Imo Peter

I Live

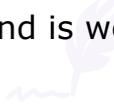
I live in the shore
Because my source is sure
I will toil and toil and toil
Till I get my ore

I live in the air
Because I wish to arise
I will arise and rise and rise
Till the sky set my starting point

I live in the sky
Because I've learnt to fly
I will fly and fly and fly
Till the cloud turns my stepping stone

I leaved my the land
Because my land was drained
I will rain and rain and rain
Till my land is wet

Imo Peter



PoemHunter.com

The School

Hail! The architect of virtue;
Where characters are molded
And life becomes blossomed!

Hail! the seat of wisdom
And fountain of knowledge
Where learning is enhanced!

Hail! The conduit of morality
Where horizon is sharpened
And life becomes blissful

Hail! The citadel of learning
Where destiny is achieved
And life becomes fulfilled!

Hail! The cradle of development
Illuminating the path of exploration
Educating the best of exploitation

Imo Peter

Rhetorical

If we dance to the rhythm of greed
Squander resources and sell today
What then would gain?
The comings of tomorrow

If we strut with borrowed fashions
And beat by beat burry our culture
What then would tell our offspring?
The footprint of their origin

If day by day we mute our voices
Lay down pens and close our pages
What then would tell them?
The chronicles of their history

If we on and on disguise ourselves
And step by step despise our genes
What then would teach them?
The sacredness of their identity

If bundle our resources
Forsake our native land
And build our castle in neighbourhood
Where then would they boast of fatherland?

If to their ears we whisper enmity
And inject in their vain hatred vaccine
Who in their days would sue for peace?
Who will preach of love?

If we furnished their palms with sharpen sword
To slain down their fellow blood mates
Who would lend companion hand?
When quietness and loneliness eschew

Imo Peter

Do Not Father Me

Do not father me
If fathering means
Procreation without provision
If your love means
Affectation without affection
Do not father me

Do not father me
If discipline means
Detention without attention
If education means
Scolding without schooling
Do not father me

Do not father me
If alcohol turns daily breakfast
And your nostril an exhaust pipe
If your hands are drumsticks
And my mother, the drum
Do not father me

Do not father me
If fathering means
Mentoring to loot
If loyalty means obedient to one
And disobedience to all
Do not father me

Do not father me
If public funds swindles
Into your private account
If your church turns
bank of tithes
Do not father me

Imo Peter

Let's Go Home

I can't wait for tale of tellers
I wouldn't want to be told
I can recognize my property
Hidden in you
Oh my missing ribs
For long I've been waiting
To ever take you home
My heart is your room
Come! Let's go home

I've been looking for you
My unknown companion coefficient
Waiting for time to ever ripe
To balance our companion equation
And unfold the mystery of love

Then along the aisle
We'll take a walk a while
And move to tell the world
That arithmetic of love is one.

Let's tell the world aloud
That your Y in love is me
That my X in love is you
Where, before the altar
Our sum equals to one

Imo Peter

I Will Fly

Though I'm not an eagle
I'll soar above the mountains

If track trekking lanes become
Rough rocky hills
Causing locomotion in peristalsis
I will fly till I get to my destination

If success path adorns with storms
I will fly over the storms till I succeed

If sailing ocean bottom
Barricade vision,
To sky apex, I will fly
To conspicuously view cardinal points

If swimming through life hurdles is in slow motion
I will fly to gear its acceleration

In cobweb designed
Barren and stuffy zone
I will fly!
In search of breeding and breathing space

In idle gravitational pull to rest
I will fly to where I can be put to race

If all that wine and dine
On my leisure table are saboteurs
I will fly away to where
I can meet phenomenal ally

I will fly with momentary discomfort
Till I find my permanent heaven

Like an eagle
I will fly!
Till I perch on that iroko
Where rests my destiny

Imo Peter

Off Your Mic

My shoulders shrug on your awry acts
Never will I constitute an audience
Enthralled by your show

I'll not nod to heed to your speeches
Neither will my feet tip tap
To the cadences of your musical rhythms

I will not twerk to your drum beats
And neither will I join the company
Of your sycophant orchestras

Never again will I clap
In exultation of your ingenuity
Or sing in medley the symphony of your lauds

I will not welcome your arrival
With a standing ovation
Neither will I genuflect to extol your virtues

Do not forget the irony
Of your ideal ruling
Exposing shivering in gnashing of teeth

Neither should you forget,
Lighting your home and darkening our hut
Nor blood flooding pogrom

Do not amplify your potency of coming to mend
Turn off your mic
We well saturate with your salving sarcasm

Imo Peter

Think Again

THINK AGAIN

Asuu! ! Weldon!

The result is here

Kindly take a glance

If this verse spurs your vex

Line by line it pens to beg

Perhaps! a scribal dysentery

Picture the plights and plaques again

With memory drive down the lane

To meet the days of daily drills

When kings were kids keening kindling

Kindly be frank!

Who tutored the leaders?

Who mentored the looters?

Forget not the bygone days

Where grades to fate were x-rayed

In proportion to knowledge acquired

Then, Lords were wards reckoning

Think again of ill-deed days

The experimentation of crime and vile

Where vice opted over virtues

And stealing in tricks gained the day

Kindly call to mind!

Who orchestrated sex for grade?

Who mimed sort to pass?

Again and again, rethink again

When men and men for power, quest

And call beckoned at the poll

Who returned the scores of the poll?

Who converted one to thousand votes?

In exchange of billions in bullion van

The charlatans today are not ghosts

Perhaps! Receptors of deeds before sunset

Reflecting rays of ill-deeds deemed

The moon has no light!

Think about the night moon-light
Where does it get its light to shine?
Think! Rethink! And think again

Imo Peter

Science Of My Teacher

SCIENCE OF MY TEACHER

Once upon a time, I was a seedling
Nurtured in nursery by your fertility
I shed not your tendrils of tenderness
In nutrition and routine watering
That I may not shrink and wither off

There came a time for my branches
Spreading in directions irrational
As roots went down to clutch at soil
You pruned branches with nutrients applied
That I may be nourished and grow straight

By your nurture, I've turned a tree
Spreading branches to house the birds
Providing nectar for insects to feed
Sending down fruit for frugivores
Blowing breeze to cool homes

The sparkling colours of my conspicuous petals
The adoring scent of my aromatic flowers
The sweetly taste of my palatable fruits
The admiring breeze of my dancing leaves
All can be traced to your good mending

Imo Peter