

Poetry Series

Israel Ebiti
- poems -

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Israel Ebiti(October 29th 1992)

A Stray's Plea

The fronds rattle their blades as the wind strolls leisurely by. I shelter in the shades where naught but hope feet taste the sweetness of service bound hands from treading paths of darkness in strange and distant thirst is quenched, my body cleansed, my bowels were moved for this; my body then oiled and scented with myrrh only for kings. 'i love you' words that pierced my soul bringing me to my knees 'take me back. i'm sorry Lord, please accept my pleas'.

Israel Ebiti

Affy

Feathers have never been softer;
the sun had never been brighter;
the peacock's feathers elude beauty
at the sight of my dear affy

.

Streams have never been gentle;
the serpent has never been subtle;
nothing had ever been fair
till when put in affy's care.

Nature has never been natural;
solomon's maiden never emotional;
never had a deer been afraid
compared to affy when she's scared.

Tenderness eludes the lamb
in all it's splendor and sweetness.
even it knows it's best moment
is when cuddled on affy's lap.

It might seem an endless song
should i go on and on.
i may be wrong but i must say it:
'Affy thou art quiet'.

Israel Ebiti

Beautiful Pain

Tears and rain,
can you tell the difference between hurt and pain?
Like a man sobbing in the rain
he alone knows the measure of his pain.
I feel a hole in heart
but for the relevance i see not
for in your eyes i see anger and hate
and my heart you left like broken eggs from a crate.
Although i may be all eighty-six to you
but your memories make me feel brand new
with you my thoughts be
to lead your right
on our paths apart
like darkness and light.
For me you thought it was a dime-a-dozen,
guess now we can call it even
for although i can't be with you
i pray my memories stay with you
for with sweetness my flower you plucked
and my tender heart your deeds touched.
My wishes for you are of good
very beautiful as though empyrean
i wish fate had not booted
.you were the spark in my life my life had seen.

Israel Ebiti

Beauty

Beauty lies within
in our hearts
strays can't help but lurk.
Beauty is in the radiance of your smile
and in the light of your starry eyes
Beauty is the way u luk at me with your piercing gaze.
Beauty is in the manner of your ways
and the sound of your voice
that brightens all my days
and i ain't got a choice.
Beauty is the feel of your skin
so emmolient
that it makes my head spin
every fading moment.
Beauty is in the brilliance of your face
that quickens hopes pace
in the paths of pirates
and dread voyages.
Beauty is your name
that keeps my heart in flames
which the sound of your name set
with the beauty of your voice as lilt.
Beauty is you.

Israel Ebiti

Ekama

On that day the west shall
beckon on the sun to
come home, for long
it has not known the orange visage.
Then beautiful feet will grace
the earth,
with each tender thud setting a tune
for the dust to dance; the
blades of grass become fine
blunt faces as the bow awe-struck.
'what struck? ' the verbena,
and aloes ask.
These feet had now covered
some distance, invoking boughs
to break-free from the shackles of the seeds.
Trees marveled, the wind sped past

them on its caravan, delighting the leaves;
even the sun looked back.
The lilies now interested, along side aloes and roses:
'what makes my root dance? '
then, a whisper-
Ekama

Israel Ebiti

Ephemera

Colours of blue, red, orange and violet,
yellow, pink and dark a bit,
at the dawn of dusk a new experience is met,
in our everyday familiar sunset.
Chimera stage of a new found love,
or of what lurks in our lusting hearts,
like the beauty of the world before the start of a war,
or forgiveness offered to a long-lived err,
the tears from the cracks of a broken heart,
and thinking the bag won't be left ajar for the cat,
the seasons we love and,
those we hate,
on the palm of our hand,
therein lies our fate.
But the short-lived relevance,
of things felt quintessence,
that are thought empyrean,
are just ephemera.

Israel Ebiti

In Time

In time we stitch to save but nine;
torn, loose fabric with needles fine.
Stitching yours, stitching mine;
making a fort these dreams of mine.
Gift yourself a watch,
watch the tic-toc clock;
discipline time, discipline much.
Avoid the late hour rush
as you work against the clock;
earning a dime, earning it much.
Chunk it down lest time flies
leaving a many unfinished to-dos.
Set thy mind, fix thy eyes
on all there be you set to do.

Israel Ebiti

Jesus: My Valentine

A saint although they say he was
who died all for love's sake;
yet not compared to the death on the cross,
for naught but death to take.
In season and out
he's always there.
His blood speaks out
his love so dear.
A broken stallion, an injured lamb
with battered and torn flesh.
A ritual to steal all from harm
to gift all with life's breath.
What precious gift is there to give
than a sacrifice of love,
with priceless gifts and grace to live
as gentle as a dove.
Valentine! valentine!
I searched the streets for mine.
Then there came so beautiful
Jesus, my valentine.

Israel Ebiti

Mama Africa

Her feet wore beads of several fleets,
the dewed grass aided a soft feel for her feet.
Lovely ankara.
She bare the beasts and birds of the air.
Aso-oke across her breasts,
from within sweet-swelling myrhh spread from within her pearls.
Dark as loam.
I love you mum.

Israel Ebiti

My Heart Bleeds

I look in the mirror and i see someone
with a face like mine but a long one
my heart bleeds and it drips from my chest
my scars are explicit like an ornamental crest
will i find peace? i know not
in misery shall i wallow and rot.
My heart cries
and so doth my eyes
will my soul find
a mate to call mine

Israel Ebiti

The Song Of The Bird

I hope to be that gentle bird that soars all oer the sky
and when i stop longing for a drink i hope you hear my cry.
This word i bring to soothe your heart
his utterings are true,
he says he'll never be apart
with you forever true.
He'll love you through thick and thin
be there plenty or small,
he knows you're all he needs to grin
so big you are his all.
I peeked although he asked me not for his words are just like wine,
intoxicating yet so true to beautify his vine.

Israel Ebiti

Try

Dust risen with the wind plays with the eyes;
with each strike comes a rise,
and then the incessant babblings of the wind;
unkind and very hesitatnt to rescind
Thud! to the ground, yet you still can rise....

Israel Ebiti

What Love

What love surpasseth yours
all hearts melt when ur glory pours.
your spirit, on those that believe descends
and your love on the broken hearts abundantly transcends.
I seek your grace in abundance
that i may be
bound to the joy in your presence
and my eyes will see
the fire in your eyes,
the power of your word,
the beauty of your love,
the healing in your wings.
What more love can a heart demand for
than that of our lord Jesus
who gave his blood for us.
I thank thee for this and the blessings that follow...i love you lord

Israel Ebiti

Zephyr

These numbers i know are of colour green
the digits there-in i have not seen.
I did shout green!
Not knowing what it'll mean
till my lashes blinked cos of what my eyes had seen.
Tornado, whirl and perhaps hurricane
yet so beautiful is the zephyr's calm-
a breeze so sweet
whistling with lilt
singing a tune since long
i had forgotten what song.
Bless my voyage
for long i set sail
and carry nature's message
of hope to the heart's that wail.

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