

Poetry Series

Izuoma Ibe Owunna
- poems -

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Izuoma Ibe Owunna()

Between My Thought & My Conscience

Should I uphold my thought?
It makes my heart fret
Should I fail my conscience?
Holding me not to quit

But this affair is insipid
One has to endure
I am not a coward
Just that I inure

She acts introvert
But sounds in-situ
I, thinking converse
Aren't my thoughts, impromptu?

Steer clear me, my thought
My conscience speaks clear
She is all I dote
Aright I steer

Thought:
Aright you steer, my lord
Yet lost her first kiss
Still you trust my lord
In romance she leads the race

Conscience:
Lost her first embrace
But holds the heart
I can't renounce
Cos' she is my

Thought:
Life goes on she says
It won't take once life
In your absence she adapts
Is her life still your life?

Conscience:

I'll make the sacrifice
In her my heart lives
Our heart and emotion suffice
If a scare, I regret in demise
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Croos-Roads

We stood at a cross-road
Each deciding on which to take
Suddenly to lifted the lamp of love
Then we saw this way you lead
So smooth was this road at eve
Our steps each spelt doom
Yet we evade gloom
But today we sit in gloom silence
This road has its rules;
When I fall you lift,
When you fall I lift.
Now is our fall
We should lift
Our part of the rules
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Dark Wall

The rain is gone.
The sun is set.
The breeze has come.
But my love is gone.

Love where art thou?
The season is here.
The earth is dry.
But your voice is faint.

Faces are seen.
Gifts are brought.
Scenes are seen.
But your absence is felt.

As the clock ticks,
So bad it hurts.
As the wind blows,
Memories of you arouse.

Our love was young,
When your time stopped.
I wish I can turn the hands of time,
That last days would be here.

Yeah! Dark side is for all.
But why is by turns.
Once would it have being
Without memories of the gone.

The cloud is too dark
But my memories are not held back
Really it is dark
All I see is dark.

Sleep well my love.
Dream and lurk no more.
The morning shall come.
To refresh these feelings.

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Fairy Hope

Little child

What's your hope?

In this wild wide worry world?

How can you reach your dreams

In negligence of this crashing wind

Despite variety of dishes

Left for you by your fore-father

You dream to grow into man

But you divert you spices to already made men

Knowing or not knowing

You strengthen them into more metamorphosed men

While you languish in fairy hopes

Though little by little we shall employ

But why do we cry in the midst of plenty

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Ifunnanya(Love)

As you have left
My heart has changed its beat
It pounds so hard
In reminiscence of yesterday
Ifunanya please don't break my heart

There they say is white
There all they say is white
You have wished to be with them
Don't leave me for them
Ifunanya please don't break my heart

Here has been the same;
Faces all black,
Voices all the same
I'm in company but lonely in the heart
Ifunanya, please don't break my heart

We hope to sing "I do"
My heart longs for that day
Age won't be a barrier
Even with gray hair
Ifunanya please don't break my heart.

Remember our promises under moonlight
When there was nothing but the chirp of crickets
When we sat under the udara tree
My promise I would uphold
Ifunanya please don't break my heart

The bush path is grown
Through which I sneak to say good morning to you.
The early morning birds now chirp my absence
The morning dew on the grasses now wet early farmers

The moon is set
Everywhere is quiet
Lovers are gathered
Alone I am

Ifunanya please don't break my heart
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My Daddy

I am proud of you father
You gave me all I need
I have no cause to bother
Your care is love indeed

You gave me mother, brothers and sister
Given me hood and crown
Food and shelter
I shall not let you down

In your demise I shall not pine
For your path is that of a hero
Our lives shall all be fine
There won't be room for sorrow

Live on, my legend
Your deeds shall prosper
Even in death you shan't end
You are a crown to pamper

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My Wish

It is a year you faded away
To a place I cannot venture living
But your voice re-echoes
I wish I will meet you again

Your face I cannot see
But the imagination lives
As if you left a moment
I wish yesterday would come

Your helping hand I won't forget
Lent to raise me when I fall
No matter how hot, you smile chills it
How I wish you are here

As my name I cannot forget
So will I not forget you
Many faces I see but yours is brighter
I wish I can look into your eyes again

I pray we nurture this feeling
Right deep in our heart
Smile to ourselves in hope not to part no more
Let me see you when the roll is called
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Nigeria

Nigeria

My Nigeria

Nigeria mother of great leaders in the heart of Africa

Nigeria our compatriots fought her independence fifty years ago

Not a day goes by without my thoughts for you

You own enough blood but it never circulate around you

It is true you will make it one day

But when is this day?

My beloved Nigeria

Why have you chosen to be a grave?

Your beauty is in the face

While in the heart is decay

Leaders stand in for the led

But how firm do they stand?

Mother Nigeria

I guess it is high time you stood

Stand against your humble erring children

Who knows nothing

But fight among themselves for undue dividends

Propounding laws that will mesh their likes

Sanjo is a good example with his EFCC

Which have nailed his like alams.

If you seek my advice mother

I advice you weed from your heart, Abuja.

May the lord be your guide.

Amen.

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Nigeria Pain

Who will hear our story?
Who will see our drama?
Who will listen to our plea without scorn?
Trivial posture on us by our lustful leaders
Stealing from home
Painting neighbors' houses
While we live in huts
Yet brag to be greener.
If we yell aloud of our pain
This rises by wake of the sun
Won't ears shut at our undeserved experiences?
Meted on us by our lustfully-desired ambassadors.
Which ear will give us audience?
For we cry in the midst of plenty
Which man will desire our identity?
We preach unity
But how united do we stand
We stand by the tripod
One yet to serve
Two clutch to power
Silently stealing steadily of our black blood
Which dead will smile at death
Listening to the wail of her children
While left with variety of dishes
What heart can carry this entire burden?
And never would break down.
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Our Cupid

Beautiful faces
All around the place
Sweet voices
From lovely persons
But what are they to me
While deep in me
I need a face and voice

Some are in company
Some are lonely
Some hate the company
Some jealous of the lonely

Do you long for hawks? Yes, hawks!
Lonely in thought for hawks
Better be lonely
Than be ripped apart
Sucked like orange
And dumped as garbage
One day will be your strike from the cupid
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Our Tune

Some say discord note can't agree
Some say it can amend
For reflect of successful artist
I dance to those who favor amend

Songs are mesh of high and low tones
Singing in one tune is a flaw
High and low tune makes rhythms
By your strokes, I have joined the flow

I have grown to cherish your skill
You may detest my backing
Though, yours unskilled, I cherish your skill
You are a song I love to sing

By this skip, we've lost tempo
At last we shall have tempo

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