

Poetry Series

Joseph Ogbonna
- poems -

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Joseph Ogbonna(Lagos, Nigeria)

A prolific Poet from Nigeria who currently resides in Southeastern is a graduate of the famous Ahmadu Bello University has PGD, MBA and degrees from other Nigerian has published two collections of Poems and a Novel with authorhouse and reads very widely and is a lover of classical music and opera.

A Brief Journey Through Black History

Once I was scourged by the task master's horse whips,
consigning me for two centuries to servitude.
I had my roots forever erased by forced trips
to Worlds unknown, where contemptuous attitude
to my skin colour sure relegated me
to the background of an odious racial caste
system in the Occident governed by hate.
The cold, snow-covered climes of the West I see,
with cotton fields revived, while blacks tormented strive
for freedom from slavery's merciless back breaking yoke.
With red scars on weary backs, they fight to survive
the chains and fetters the abolitionists broke,
having their sweat and blood water the cotton fields
which bring bumper harvests to their task master's guilds.

Joseph Ogbonna

A Letter To Jesus

Oh Lord Jesus! lover of my Soul,
He that shineth upon my poor heart,
cleanse me of every ungodly role
that pierces thee like a fiery dart.

Deliver my soul I beseech thee,
from the Deceiver's ravenous jaws.
Cause me to take delight in thy laws,
that I may be eternally free
from guilt and Divine retribution.

My penitent and remorseful state
I pray you willingly consider,
that I may not have to share the fate
of those in eternal damnation.

My life I willingly surrender
to thy loving and caring Lordship.
Seal our lasting relationship
with thy precious and redemptive Blood.
All these I fervently ask thee Lord.

Joseph Ogbonna

A Lover's Journey

The misty clouds of the lower Heavens,
Shade-Trees in rows of Sevens.
The crystal-clear natural Fountains
and the magnificent resort Mountains.
Every season brings a unique fragrance of the air,
whilst nature keeps entertaining like a funfair.
The serene skies embellished with the Crimson Sun at Even,
this place sure seems to be the residue of Eden,
and the dwelling Place of a soft-spoken Princess,
adorned in diamond bracelets which are priceless.
Oh Lord! In deepest yearning I pray,
Hasten my footsteps towards her today.
For I desire to make my intents known to the most elusive of Damsels
who inhabits a world perhaps exclusive to Angels.
No honour, no homour, no gesture could give me as much delight,
as the delight I take in her embrace so warm in a night
when Eskimos yearn for the warmth of tropical Huts.
When I'm loathed and contempt for me hurts,
In her citadel of Love will I take refuge
for protection from worries so destructive and huge.

Joseph Ogbonna

A Poet's Love Letter

Let me hold you in my arms and kiss you,
let me recite the verses of my poor
heart which pants day and night for your presence.

Your love captures the essence of my Soul,
your consent to my loving advances
is undoubtedly my inheritance
valued much higher than Silver and Gold.

The atmospheric ambience I enjoy
in your World is way beyond my widest
and conceivable imagination.

For me, our romantic adventure
is more rewarding than I ever knew,
your Ivory teeth and marble shaped Eye-balls
are more unique than any I ever saw.

Surely my words convey my deep reverence
for the Divine hands that framed your structure.

Not a blemish nor an imperfection
can I behold in your body as a whole.

I would sacrifice a million chances
to amass the many riches untold
for nothing else in this World but to dance
with you in utmost ecstasy and Joy.

I would gladly render at your behest
my all within my capacity's walls.

Joseph Ogbonna

A Poet's Remorseful Hymn

Oh Lord, my numerous sins torment me,
Do I thy most exalted name profane?
Search me Oh Lord and know my heart's intents
that I may never within me harbour
such wickedness that always repels thee.

Let not the raunchy World I inhabit
defile my pristine thoughts with things insane.
Sanitize with thy blood my heart's contents,
and free me from every carnal habit.

Let not thine unforgettable labour
of love deliver my poor Soul in vain.

All these I ask thee with my heart contrite
that I may wear a Crown as great as bright.

Joseph Ogbonna

A Word To Monalisa

Glad Tidings to thee
my Duchess Divine.
Thy beauty, thine
elegance, thy civilised
demeanor and graceful
charm would each add
priceless value to
thy dowry.
A thousand Princes
would contend for
thine heart,
a thousand more
for thine hand
in marriage,
and at the command
of thy tender, loving
and mellifluous
voice, Venus and Mars
would each a truce
declare.

Joseph Ogbonna

God

Innovative God of all creation,
how unique is thy imagination;
the great Earth's creatures in their entirety
all speak of thy finger's dexterity.

Immutable God of signs and wonders
how awesome and great a name that thunders.
In lands distant and utterly heathen,
thy fame is spread by martyrs and brethren.

Immortal God of an exalted realm,
how merciful, how gracious, how solemn
is thy loving and forgiving Spirit
ever showing mercy without limit.

Joseph Ogbonna

Good Morning Chizzie

Chizzie, the morn is bright and fair and so are you.
When shall my envy cease for He that loveth thee?
Everyday I long to behold your facial view,
thoughts of you have occupied my once barren mind.
For now you are all in the World that I can see.
Your impeccable demeanor is hard to find.
Chizzie my love, you are truly Divinely endowed.
Your face is the epicentre of your beauty
supported firmly by your straight Stately Pillar
which stands on the female treasures of your body.
your pleasant voice is an emotional healer.
Chizzie, come in and have my head with success crowned.

Joseph Ogbonna

In My Deepest Melancholy

What in the World can console my deep melancholy?
A yuletide gone by? An obscene imagination?
or even the fragrant scent of a showy lily?
I really would like to entertain my saddened mind
with anything Pleasant and Spiritual I can find
because in idle moments I seethe with frustration.

Joseph Ogbonna

Mercy Mayaki

Beloved Virgin of rare charm
from the Mid-west.

Oh how I long to stare into
your eyes Divine!

Day and night they blossom
like Sunflowers at Sunrise.

Shall I liken them to those of
an Angel in realms above?

Or to those of a Mermaid
in Oceans Beneath?

Your Eyes would sure reprove
the tyrannies of Despots,
and illuminate paths
to tread by night-fall.

Perhaps someday they'll
become the pride of Igarra,
the land of your Fathers,
for beyond all reasonable
doubts, your kind of Eyes
are scarcely seen in a
Century.

Joseph Ogbonna

Mother-Land I Weep For Thee

You are held captive by a vicious
clique of monstrous parasites.
Darkness looms in a way so odious
and adverse for days and nights.

In shambles are your narrow and broad Streets
which were once fit for use unlimited.
With a dismal pittance are daily meats
provided for your masses exploited.

Scores of them perish from the toll
of abandoned contracts,
fraud governs your every set goal
crowning illicit acts.

Joseph Ogbonna

My Medieval Love Letter To Chizzie

Let me adore thee like I have
never before done;
In a world most serene and ambient,
with words ever sweet and tender,
In the best of eloquence and oratory
most peculiar to Shakespearian rhymes,
and in the Mellifluous outpourings
of the Ancients.

Joseph Ogbonna

Napoleon Bonaparte

Corsican Born, and an Emperor mighty indeed.
Who from obscurity came up to prominence,
who from French shores the attacks of armies repelled,
who had at his disposal, Europe's resources,
who to Saint Helena from French shores was expelled
of old Italian nobility he is seed,
shortish in height, yet towering in ambition
military genius of the highest distinction
whose military strategy is second to none save
courage is held in reverence,
whose Cradle at infancy was kept in a Cave
from strong invading imperialist French forces.

He gave up an Empire so vast at Waterloo;
a threat to the memories of his victories past.
Mighty Napoleon, who at Austerlitz excelled,
you did on the beautiful older Josephine cast
your loving eyes, which were hipnotized with passion,
yet focused still on so lofty an ambition.
Not even your love for her would rival your love
for World conquest, for which you assiduously strove.

Joseph Ogbonna

Napoleon To Josephine

oh precious Creole from a Caribbean Haven,
She that inhabits the vacuum of my heart.
Your kiss can quell a heart laden with fury,
to save regiments from a scene of Carnage.
A man's long life span of five score and seven
is nothing more than a fruitless lengthy age
in comparison with few seconds with thee.
Nothing else can inflict as much injury
as a minute second of your departure
from a heart you have so pierced with Cupid's dart.
Yes my love, you are dexterously fashioned
by Divine hands, distinct from every creature.
Nothing at all in this Whole World gladdens me
like my love you have so graciously returned.

Joseph Ogbonna

Napoleon's Love Letter To Josephine

I knew my heart had been set alight with passion,
that memorable day I cast my very eyes on thee.
Your slightest rebuff to my endless advances
would pose a more formidable challenge to me
than Europe's invincible, combined vast army.
The day you unlocked the sealed entrance of thine heart
was like opening the World's Palatial epicentre.
The access you gave me to thy love's citadel
was like the lofty achievement of a World conquest.

Joseph Ogbonna

Oh That The World May Be Tranquil!

Oh that Wars may cease!
Oh that Peace may reign!
Oh that men may seize
brutes who are the bane
of Societal Peace
so that Peace and love
may never be lost
nor our fragile trust
become precarious.
May our many foes
be saved from death's throes,
may tanks be ploughshares
and Guns harvesters.
May our daily cares
on neighbours be cast,
may all our youngsters
cease evil to learn
by working to earn
their wages by day.
Oh may the boisterous
Child be not consumed
by his fatal fall.
Oh that People may
seek good roles to play
in a World so small
and shaped like a Ball!
Oh that we may fast
comprehend the times
as the Clock Bell chymes
and all our callous
deeds be not resumed.

Joseph Ogbonna

Roses

Roses have colours with global appeal,
some are Pink, Blue, Red, White and they reveal
glamour and beauty for all to cherish.
Roses have in them the power of love,
so do they, the ability to heal
a heart broken and tormented by grief.
In our relationships they distinguish
themselves as love gifts to bring great relief
to our loving hearts by erasing doubt.
Roses are ever showy and fragrant,
emitting royalty's wonderful scent,
worn by proud Princes who are nobly sent.
They blossom in the rains and in the drought.
Though they are peculiar gifts to us from above,
still with sharp thorns they could be defiant.

Joseph Ogbonna

Snake And Human Exchange

Snake: Tell me, tell me oh Human,
Think not that I have come to spit
my venom, nor to bruise thy heel.
But tell me I thee beseech, of the
possibility of reversing our age-old
enmity brought upon us both at
Eden's Garden by his Majesty Divine.

Human: Though thy head I bruise not, still
of our reconciliation I know not.
For his Majesty Divine to whom
there is no appeal, did himself
the curse pronounce.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Christ Child

All hail to a noble Saviour of low birth
who lies in a Cradle surrounded by Beasts.
The chants of Joy and gladness from all the Earth
mark his lowly birth with wonderful feasts.

All hail to our Lord whose lowly birth brings hope
to the rabble, elite, Priest, Friar and Pope.
The seed of David who is sure to set men
free from the bondage of sin's evil omen.

All hail to our meek and gentle Christ child
whose child-like moods are ever temperate and mild.
The gift to a Virgin who never once bore
childish petulance from a child to adore.

All hail to a great and charming infant king
of whose lowly birth all Kingdoms on Earth sing.
Men of every tribe and tongue come to adore
the Christ child who will their dignity restore.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Cry Of Death

Maternity cries once I heard
From the labour ward which I feared.
My wife's cry was the worst of all.
From a room so hellish and small
came threats from Death's looming shadows.
To the maternity gallows
did pleasure consign my dear wife,
which could have her life truncated,
thus leaving my life devastated.
But thanks to God who spared her life
from a curse on Girls He unleashed
in a Garden from where he banished
her for eating an accursed fruit.
I was reminded of the truth
that pains which torment like a brute
come as a result of pleasure
which we desire in our leisure.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Fly

The Fly lurks around putrid matter
and delights in savouring Human waste.
The distasteful things we love to hate
satisfy his insatiable taste
for foul smelling things that are better
cast in the Bin from our very sight.
He does not savour anything right,
He comes to dine without our request
for he is the most unpleasant guest
to find at the Table when we feast.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Joy Of Christmas

Oh what a pleasant day to behold!
a glorious evening in december,
a day we are sure to remember
the nostalgic happy days of old.

Oh what beautiful moments unfold!
the gladdened Carol voices raised,
Santa's delights, Candle lights of Gold,
and relived moments hardly erased.

Oh what momentous delights abound!
the merriment from hearts well laden with Joy,
Children getting amused with each new toy,
thus restoring bliss once lost but found.

Oh what a day to wipe our annual tears!
to bid a short farewell to all our fears,
to replace our worries with Joy and Peace,
desiring that they eternally cease.

Oh what a lovely day to keep the streets aglow!
to lighten every Alley with lights ever bright,
to illuminate the paths we tread without light,
a rare scene to behold for both the high and low.

Oh what a most pleasant day to reconcile,
a day when the embittered in Joyous mood
makes Peace with a foe without the slightest guile,
as thy laugh and merry with Champagne and food.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Nigerian Politician

Bloated belly, swollen cheeks,
and a sunken stiff neck on robust torso.
Yet well fitted in flowing apparels;
falling and being raised frequently
from side to side.
Obscene opulence is your delight,
your prestige and your pride;
amassed unlawfully by the pen,
ever wet for your deception
and thievery.
The flight of your spoils of office
enlarge the shopping Malls and treasure houses
of the Occident,
leaving your covetous people
deprived of earning power.
To arms they take at boredom's peak,
whilst your virgins and maidens go a-whoring.
Still, you in your sinister acts of re-election,
widen their capacity for Evil, just to have
your sit-tight bid guaranteed you.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Path To Hell

When you journey through the deepest deep,
be sure to know it's an odious trip,
for when you miss eternity's ship,
you will become like a wandering sheep
who loathes the path of a joyous leap,
for he never tried God's laws to keep.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Rhymes Of An Indisciplined Soldier.

My skill is to kill,
I rend to defend,
I defend to fend
for I shoot to loot
as I maim to tame
a foe that I mow
down from Town to Town
with a Gun for fun,
and rape like an Ape
for I delight to fight.

Joseph Ogbonna

The Television

What manner of innovation so ingenious,
electronic box made to serve our audio-visual demands.
This square-shaped screen that comes to life
by just a switch, reduces the size of the Globe in
every living room.
Entertains its audience every length of time they please.
What comedy so laughable!
What obscenity so carnally delightful!
and what gory tales so horrific!
can this Magical innovation not willingly render?
Still it relives the eventful past
for generations unborn.

Joseph Ogbonna

To A Butterfly

You raise your wings like an Angelic-Insect
sent with a goodwill message to deliver,
hovering around flowers gay with a gentle touch
and the Kiss of life of a Kind-hearted Fairy.
Thou art truly blameless of anything scary,
bringing more life to nature without defect,
generously giving without desiring much
in return unlike many a Human deceiver.

Joseph Ogbonna

Tribute To Chinua Achebe

Achebe, Achebe,
Oh! Achebe of the Eastern
Heartland.
He that resurrected
African letters,
Achebe, of whom indelible
prints speak,
Achebe, of whose tongue
is the gold mine of
oratory,
of whose pen is the
inexhaustible treasure
of creative writing.
You are undoubtedly
the black Chaucer;
A pearl and pride
of the African Continent.
Oh! Achebe,
How glorious an exit
from legend to immortal,
how remarkable
a towering and
enviable legacy,
second to none in
our grief stricken
Continent.

Joseph Ogbonna

Tribute To Nelson Mandela

What manner of global Icon so venerated.

A sage of global repute,
a demi-god politically deified,
a martyr once resurrected,
and a hero eternally celebrated.

Deeply rooted in the annals
of Africa's peculiar history
are your unachievable and
unparalleled accomplishments.

Did the same Continent which
bore sit-tight tyrants
bear thee?

Or were you anointed by
Divine hands to emancipate
and lead?

Oh Madiba! father of a
once polarized Nation,
and an epitome of
selfless and sacrificial
service.

The Progenitor of a legacy
forever immortalized.

May you in the Heavenly
realms be numbered with
the dignitaries of the
Heavenly Host.

Joseph Ogbonna

Tribute To Princess Diana

Blessed Diana, thrilling phrases of Love would make a paragraph,
for your much distinguished and magnificent epitaph.
Your slumber to eternity be likened to a sleeping beauty,
who will be awakened by the Kiss of a Seraphic Prince of immortality.
For a wedding in the Heavenly realms forever shall be
an occasion for the Heavens and Earth to jointly see:
The hierarchy of Heaven to grace the occasion,
inhabitants of the Earth beneath to magnify its celebration,
the Stars and other luminous bodies give a vivid expression
of the wedding of a goddess of the hunt, as a lasting impression.
Immortal Princess, forever an epitome of honour,
may your gentle and passionate Soul dwell in Heavenly splendour.

Joseph Ogbonna

Vanity Of Life

The beautiful things of today,
tomorrow become outdated.
A Porsche building in the sixties,
is now numbered with the shanties.
The most recent and unspotted
models of choice Vehicles may
soon be phased out from our cities.
Fashions and styles of yester years
are today mocked by fellow peers.
Tastes are as much ephemeral
as our lives are temporal.

Joseph Ogbonna