

Poetry Series

Justice Uchenna Mmahi
- poems -

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Justice Uchenna Mmahi()

A Peel Of Love

I feel a peel of love
when my guess could not prove
throbbing as sublime of hidden treasure
nimble clean and pure

all my sense could not tell
than grope in the dark of some cast-spell
oh love, you who kills
none talks of your ills

with gustoric heart, i must die
let the infinitesimal wheel of your chariot lie
under the zestful bosom of my joy
then shall i impress on you the strength of a boy

all love that have last
had been from the course of the past.

Justice Uchenna Mmahi

An Elegy For Hon. Ihebunandu Okorie

Oh! If i was to speak
what would my voice be?
A stuttering sound, entwined with deafness?
Clear words devoid of meaning?

Here, i stand on the stage you once set,
speaking with the voice you once tame.
Letting out libation for the innocent.

I heard of the tyrant tale
That had suckened my lips pale

Oh am afraid of the sky
like a helpless chick,
beneath vultures
The eagles are no friends
of things underneath

Now,
the town-crier has gong
misfortunes to our ears
i bear sorrows to my teeth
Do i have eyes for tears,
then what would be my fears?
If my heart had'nt cared.

Okposi my okposi! ! !
I weep for you and me
i weep for your sons and daughters
we have taken the broaden path,
that leads to nowhere.

Alas, He has gone! ! !
From the grey eye of the sun
To another dawn, we indebt ourselves

(ii)

I who fathered the habingers

of my soul,
i stand on my toes

GOD THE FATHER! ! !
If my heels must fall back to earth.
Let he who sold his conscience
for a sparks of minty coins
first lend his soul to dust.

Let the locket of evil blossom bare in nakedness.
I speak from broken voices,
supressed by dark hidden hands

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Decorum Of Purpose

I have no replicals
if my heart sinks under medicals
it takes only a miracle
to save my drowning tentacle

lest my soul self be stole
rode upon a caravan driven by mole
into a journey where dead are sold

if i must leave our doors to the shore
to an everlasting epicurean of bore
let the saved-saviour
hear the sweet smells of my savor.

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Doom's Day Prophecy

A tongue of dust, a mouth of clay
with patches of goodness
happy with mundane things
the soul still pines in sorrow and agony

and as the fullness of time sinks abroad
the sun shines with harsh realities
opinion talks tough of ill-fortunes
where a spot defiles a preacher

minted furnace burps, and broaden
the mountains flee from their mounds
into vallies of abyssmality
tall trees, shrubs, and little plants too.

Justice Uchenna Mmahi

Harvest Of Nun

The lord has saved the grumblings
from delapidated soul of these heads
a debris from fallen order
the gong are all over the places

marketters must rally round their destinies
for choiceses which decissions counts
upon the amazement of doubt
for race which is the fear of adversity

here its keeps afloat
men who were faulted for thought;
they had made a mistake

have'nt we arrived today?
Pages that breaks the dawn
when would the promised-pleasure-play?
A new dawn dressed with the past
with bleeding victors and living carcass.

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Holy Messengers

Truth in the mouth of a liar
Becomes dumb
But your ears shall not feign
Ignorance when I call

Akufecha has eaten much cock-heads
By the mouth of Ogazi the priest
To sell healthy prayers to their faithfuls

But gods that eat food are men like us
Whose pockets swell ours to skint
Whose laughters mock our smiles

They are the middle men in religion
Haggling our spirits in bazaars
To plead our causes
To whichever god cares to buy.

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Memories Of Woes

Since the floods of tears surges
and the heart of memories burps
the soul followed freely
a harbinger of my fated self

i shared in all my tamed pains
pains of desollution and lost of love ones
preys on my tranquill mind
palidly upon the shingles of doom

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Rapport

Hear this voice of peace
the song of my victory
the eloquence of my silence
the game of my fame

Tis the rag of time
that i barricade in the dewy cold
hear the solace voice of all
nothing have i to say;

untutored youth, yet i be
with sagging thought like grumbling hill
my worlds are sterile
like splinters of didacticism.

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Sermon For The Wise

Bear the scars and all its pains
not yet for all, but still for it gain
for risk are made to be taken
as bliss comes suprisingly as a token
attribute them not, for your brain.

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The African Child (1976)

I'am the future
the last gift of nature
for my opinion
has no companion
my years of double
were my years of trouble

who i be?
Was like buzzing voices of bee
i'am Africa
a nomenclature like America
the name of a stigma
thy hope is an enigma
i lived in an island of poverty
right from my years of puberty

amidst oceans of material wealth
i ignorantly grope in search of health
i lived in helplessness
like path trodden with carelessness

i had been traumatized in heart
that i no longer feel home or hearth

i needed a helper
but was given an usurper
whom came with proud foot of anarchy
under the merefeful eyes-watch of our monarchies
they pampered me in pangs
that left stripes lines of scars and head bangs
iron- cloth me with chains of humilation
battered marks-another scene of speculated action.

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The Baker

Does the baker bake broken bottles?
Tell her, that they are much splinters,
the glazier's resin can't hold.

Where is the mansory,
on whose chisel were faulted?
Tell her, the smith's furnace,
had begot cold impotent ash.

Where is religion,
that carries good morals?
Tell her, she lost her backing wrapper.

Where is the veil,
that covered sin?
Tell her, they was an hurricane.

O! Where is the tomb,
that haboured dead?
Tell her, the saved saviour lives.

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The Bottled Man

The bile of misfortune broke and diffuses away
his indulgent mind beckoned him to bay
where for sure, he thought to seek solace
a journey not too far from his place

in his reason, he forgets his father words not to dare
nor his heart glint in fear
bar-man! On top of his voice he shouted
for he had melted from soul to sole so frustrated

in rhythm and droning of the pop
music he grew insatiable, unwilling to stop
he emptied bottles upon bottles
that had stood in vengeance of untold battles

a phlegmatic figure
a man born to breed the future
got himself deserted in a fleecy memory
which time hold the key in revealing the story

before the night had gone to sleep
he had already grown so deep
his mind stupored in a topsy-turvy
which feliciously he could'nt survey

and began to wade through the pool of intoxicant
if he were himself, he could have recant
soon, too soon he fell to the ground
in bully his drink has given him all around

dews fell on him, the chilling hands of winter
and his dignity dripped like globules of water
into the abyss of history, where they all fell
with which someday it will swell

he made himself a universal prey
as a man will not neglect a ripened cherry.

The Departure Of He Who Remains

Sovereign God of mortals
delights in some devine portals
the sculptors hands-bane
stalk through joyful-wane

then take my pains to glad
when grace had left this lad
through the breast of rusted chests
beads of waters falls from fallen faces

they gave us our woes
celebrated by some indifinite foes
to he that dinned in the plate
for their fore-fathers mate

the trees tauted in their posture
in all these years, they had nurture
mellow me in, for many more moans
moans which grew to eternity of dawns.

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The Memorial

Since i inherit the glossary
of your past memories
i am the centre of the sun.

i come,
before the cuboid Hallowed-ness of the earth.
Dressed by the night.
to recall the blur picture of your passage.

Agujiegbe! !
Your son is here again,
not with the rifle you left behind.
not with your empty snuff box,
that otherwise would be full.

I come alone!
Before this grave,
with the colours
of my emotions
sewn to my chest
let the thunder hear:
how dust go with the wind

Madu-oha!
Your mound is cut already
by deep rift
And the sunken sand
That followed.

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The Patriot

They won't be fishing in scanty pond,
making it, 'a do or die bond'
if this greasy lands, was a mere mound.

They are the patriots that took your fortunes
and hid them beneath desert dunes.
They now gallivant with its beautiful plumes.

Their swords still bear blood,
So does the decorated scabbard,
those chairmen of committees and boards.

They have not made any better
Only their ambitions get fatter.
From them, our nation got ulcer
By such wanton criteria,
the weed of corruption grew in Nigeria:
Yhu andi dem nah di bakteria!

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