

Poetry Series

Justus Cyril E.
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Justus Cyril E.(17 - 09 - 1984)

- - - +++ The Anointed One +++ - - -

1. From all conceptions...

With precepts, abiding within
The conclaves of a maternal comfort
I am formed...
Feet, Hands, Head and ALL

2. From the very first breath...

Bringing forth an eloquence
Of fervent praise mixed with
The innocent motives...
Of a shepherd boy

3. I am called...

To perfect the proceedings
Of the Heavenly band
As I beat my mystical drums
And Accord Divine Praises to JAH
With nature's HARP of ten strings...

4. Though endowed with GRACE so un-explainable...

I became the least
And only co-existed amongst my brethren
As Paternal remorse of warmth,
Nay, I never felt

5. Even when confined

To the claws of a greasy BEAR
Even when enclosed
Within the jaws of a full bearded CANINE cat
With HARPs & SONGs And Slings and STONES
I did outpour the Valour of my CONQUEST

6. Though, it seems, I have been Forgotten...

Alone in the companies of sheep, wolves
And the SALIENT wilderness of grief
I make music and Melodies
That draws the birds to flight

7. Still in my lonesome state, ..

Attend to the necessities
Of the mind, body, spirit and soul
While effecting a course
To perfect the enterprise of my Father

8. Absent from the Grand Council
That will determine the FATE
Of a NATION Bound By LAW
Nominated By GOD
And Hated by ALL

9. ALAS! I am sort after
By the SUN, the MOON, the STARS
And BY my KINSMEN on the request
Of the HEAVENS EMISSARY
As a SOLUTION for DISOBEDIENCE

10. Now...
The CAST is turned
The CROWN JEWELS - NOW, VACANT
And the SUN's ray becomes the MELODY
For a new SONG

11. My betters, did I BEST
With favours of the HEAVENS
And Fountains of OIL, the PROPHET
With HANDS trembling with age
From constant Handling of the horn GRACE

12. And POUR...
Upon my head
Upon my Beard
Upon my shin
And upon my FACE

13. Though the brightness,
An effect caused by a divine light
Was Upon me
With Humility in the depth of my soul
And with trembling hands

14. Did rise to meet with him

Who has favoured me
As Words from my FATHER
STREAMS deeper into my spirit
I did pour out in songs

15. And behold with pure perception as...

A SOLEMN ASSEMBLY

An EXPECTANT gathering and...

A CHOSEN PEOPLE...

LOOKS UPON me with

the CHANTS of...

WAIL,

The ANOINTED ONE...

Justus Cyril E.

Dedicated 2 U Somewhere In Markurdi

Her skin is like polished BRASS
that has just past through
the FURNACE of PERFECTION...

Her complexion, 'DARK',
but with a MILD TOUGHEN feeling
of a GODDESS'S touch...

When ever she smiles,
I am inflicted with a PAINFUL STING
that brings forth JOY...

and in her EYES...
I see my whole EXISTENCE
EXISTING in a form
I have never EXISTED before...

I begged for her touch
but with tears in her eyes she told me...

BE BRAVE MY LOVE...
BE PATIENT...

AND I WILL FIND YOU...
...somewhere in MARKURDI

Justus Cyril E.

Echoes From The P.E.T Library...

- By Igwe Ojemba -

Even in times of TURBULENCE....

An Effective Leader SHOULD remain Courageous...

Why? ? ?

Lets see...

Like building up a structure,

there is the tendency of it collapsing in the nearest future.

To prevent this from happening,

the Architect in charge of the buildings'

layout structure and design

will need to take certain questions into consideration...

Like...

- Do i have a Plan to work with

- Who do i need to perfect my plan

- What tools do i provide for them to work with

- What rules do i need to guide, control, coordinate
and manage those i will work with

- What will be our benefit (REWARD) at the end

When everything needed is in place and the job begins,

the architect sticks firmly to his original plan and

demand firmly that this plan be followed to the letter

in order to avoid the tendencies of collapse.

The architect might become ruthless in decision making

and a times fearless enough to face the hardest task

should any of the other team members show any signs of fear...

His ability to take risk does not lie in his STRENGTH

but rather in his believe to achieve what he has set out to do...

: : : > Build A Structure That Will Not Collapse In The Nearest Future< : : :

This undying ZEAL to achieve a goal
makes the Architect the leader of the Construction Team...
and for him to lead team members
he must have in mind
that his team is made of the following categories of people...

- The ROCK:

The Ever Ready Strong and Agile member of the team but often times,
easily affected by natural occurrences such as hunger, annoyance, emotional
disturbance etc.

- The WIND:

The smooth going calm speaking member of the team always brings
calmness when in a team but only contributes little to the entire project

- The Water:

Very gentle and meek always ready to satisfy every one but very hard to
control when angry

- The Soil:

very soft and easy going absorbs everything without complain worked harder
that almost all but still being threaded upon

- The Flower:

The Artistic eye of the team... always ready to paint a beautiful picture seeing
the best in every one, bringing good ideas but leaves it for others to implement...

withers when there is too much pressure

- The Sun:

Very charming and interactive with every one,
 Always keeps the team going when it seems as if every one is dull
 But on his bad would stir up enough heat to affect every one

- The Architect:

Strong as the ROCK,
 Smooth and calm as the WIND,
 Gentle and meek as the WATER,
 Soft enough to absorb complains as the SOIL,
 Must have an artistic eye like the FLOWER
 And be charming and interactive like the SUN

□

"The greatest task of the Architect is not to manage the team...

No...

but to Manage HIMSELF";

And this takes courage...

Now the question is this....

Which part of the team do you belong to? ? ?

Do you have one attribute...? ? ?

Or

Do you combine them well enough to be YOU...? ? ?

While you still ponder on this... take a lesson from....

COURAGE IS THE ABILITY TO DO THE (POSITIVE) THINGS THAT YOU THINK
YOU CANNOT DO...

To be continue

Justus Cyril E.

Feel The Air... And Breath Again

I STRIVE so HARD to LIVE my LIFE
in another TIME
where I am considered
as the GREATEST MAN to ever PROPHECY

I PROPHECY...
About the SORROWS,
JOYS of PAIN mixed with
TEARS of LAUGHTER

As the STRENGTH of a MAN
becomes his epitome of WEAKNESS
And though BLOOD flows through
his VEINS to his HEART

The VEIN entangles the ARTERIES
causing the PRESSURE
that makes the MAN
to stay ALIVE

The PROPHET afraid to PROPHECY
becomes the PROPHETIC words
needed to emphasis on his PROPHECY

The DOOM and GLOOM
around his SOUL can not be RECTIFIED
But with the BROOM
he sweeps away the DIRT and...
BOOM...
he comes to LIFE

His PERSON,
PERSONIFIED within the SELF he never knew
And as he AWAKENS,
his inner SELF becomes ENLIGHTENED

Pores of sweats trickles down the upper region of his TORSO
For the first time
he stands upright -

trying to followup
the path to his INNER-SELF

As PERCEPTION becomes known to him,
he FROZES...
As he tries to...

FEEL THE AIR... AND BREATH AGAIN

Justus Cyril E.

Fly Away Home

VERSE 1

You thought me the ways of LIFE
You gave me the WINGS to FLY
and I will FLY AWAY oh-OH
You Thought me the FACE the PAIN
To HOLD on to my DREAMS
and I will FLY AWAY oh-OH
The NIGHT is drawing near
the DARK is already here
STILL I will FLY AWAY oh-OH

BRIDGE

COS' I know the MORNING WILL COME
I will LIFT UP MY EYES TO THE SUN
and FIND MY WAY HOME
'COS I know the MORNING will COME
and I'LL FEEL THE RAYS OF THE SUN
TILL I FIND MY WAY BACK HOME....

CHORUS

I WILL FLY AWAY oh-OH
TILL I FIND MY WAY HOME
I WILL FACE MY PAIN ALONE
TILL I FLY BACK TO MY HOME
COS' I know the MORNING WILL COME
I will LIFT UP MY EYES TO THE SUN
and FIND MY WAY HOME
'COS I know the MORNING will COME
and I'LL FEEL THE RAYS OF THE SUN
TILL I FIND MY WAY BACK HOME....

CREDITS

WRITTEN BY CyekcoDON and AK4T9
PRODUCED BY BUILDA
PERFORMED BY CALIBANTRYBE

Justus Cyril E.

I Hear You Call

Though age makes me fall slave to time
Enclosing my heart with fear and Pride
Drawing me away...
Making me loose the greater price
While enticing me with Dark Treasures of the Night

But the night brings fear
and so I shed peaceful tears when I am scared
I'm almost falling prey to WORLDLY VICIES Like SHEEP amidst the wolves
but even in the storm
i hear you call - calling me back
to embrace this DIVINE GIFT of PURE LOVE

Being bound to the burdens of Hate
I keep sliding gradually till I meet...
with one who bears the face of my DEFEAT
Victimized by the worldly promises of falsehood
Till i Loose all i have to VANITY and FATE

But the night brings fear
and i shed peaceful tears when i am scared
i'm almost falling prey to the wolves
but even in the midst of the storm
i hear you call - calling me back
to embrace this DIVINE GIFT of PURE LOVE

Justus Cyril E.

Juls Of The Night... (A Birthday Message)

I have been Summoned...

Summoned by the great conclave of the masters of wisdom
summoned to pay homage
to someone whose stars align
with very mysteries of the JULS of the NIGHT

AN essence of pure embodiment of FRIENDSHIP
sparked with a FIRE fueled with PASSION
divinely ORDAINED for the sustenance
of all who comes in contact with the JULS of the night

and even when i refuse to do this...
i am enchanted by her smile that takes its
form from the purest waters that flows
along the banks of the islands of the JULS of the NIGHT

An ENTITY with a hard shell formed to face
the TOUGHEST of times...
and yet..
retain the SOFTNESS of the DOVE(N) HEART

Sorry you were not ours to TAKE
Sorry you were not Ours to BREAK
Sorry you were not ours to SHAKE
BUT i am certainly PROUD

FOR YOU ARE OURS...
TO LOVE
TO CHERISH
and
TO SHARE...

LATE OR NEVER

ITS JUST MY BIRTHDAY WISHES TO OUR DEAR

JULS OF THE NIGHT

Justus Cyril E.

Me, Myself & I

I am not supposed to be afraid of me...
This I know and share with myself
For I choose to fight
I will fight off my fear from within me

Though I find myself sometimes, scared
Scared to interact with me...
When I am telling myself that I would fail...
And when I see me failing myself...
It brings me pain
To me, this pain comes swiftly
And I, letting go of myself,
Brings I, a weakness that sees me slip...

And then I found myself falling
Falling off from the grips of my mind...
Now, I must put myself together
Seeing that I need to find in me,
Solace in the comfort of my person
That I have now chosen to become...

Who am I?

I am me
I see myself for who I am
I see my person impersonated
In the shadows of myself where I stand
I see what becomes of me
When I deny myself of what I need
To make me happy...

Who am I?
What will become of me?
Where am I leading myself to?
Why do I direct my path towards?
What makes me afraid of myself...?

Questions, from deep within me
Rushes through my mind

To my head
And I keep asking myself why?

But,

I know better than to question myself
For indeed, I am better than this...
It is always I
That gives without thinking about me
Nor regard the plight of myself
Knowing not if what I give
Will leave for me a remnant
To be used for myself

Often times, I find myself lost
Seeing me alone in the darkness of my grief
My grief... one that I stumbled upon
Through the ignorance inflicted by me upon myself
But as I face this darkness
I will bring upon myself,
The illumination from my soul
A light that shines from deep inside of me

I know my understanding will guide me
But I pray for a reason to exist
A reason for me to live with myself
When I bring down on me
The ruins of my past

My past
My present
And my future
Is entangled within the confines of
Me, myself and I

For my past were efforts made by me
To face the present events myself
So as to try and exist in the future where I alone will face...

And while I exist in this
Three-some state of folly,
I will lay myself to rest

The burdens my head

I pray the dreams

Becomes 'prediligere' by GOD

To favour me, myself and I...

Justus Cyril E.

My Sleep State

Full of sweet dreams,
and health,
and quiet breathing.

I lay awake in my sleep like a Tree
Neither old nor young,
but with a shady boon,
I kept sprouting...

Within this green world will i live;
To exist in a clear rill of my self made coven

From my dark spirits, Comes forth A Pure SOUL
From my World of UNREFINED drive for KNOWLEDGE
I reach forth to the sun, the moon, and even the STARS

I find solace in my THOUGHTS
As I imagined a resting STAGE for the mighty and the dead;

Now I am in a CROSS ROAD

As I seek to purify my SOUL
With An endless fountain of immortal drink

The word and light that I perceived...

Into my WONDERING SOUL...
it did SINK..

This is MY JOURNEY and MY PATH
As i Awake from a dream while still in
A SLEEP STATE

Justus Cyril E.

Now, I Believe

FROM DEEP WITHIN MY GUTS,
I STARTED FEELING THE FROST COMING
SITTING STILL ON THE COLD GROUND,
I MADE GREAT IDEAS FROM NOTHING

IN THIS JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE
(I WILL SURVIVE)
HELPING OUT WHEN EVER I CAN TO
FIGHTING OFF THE STRIVE

I WAS ALL GOOD GAINING
(EVANGELICAL) GROUNDS ON THE STREET
I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MANY FIGHTS
AND EVEN NOW,
I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE HEAT
I HAVE HEARD THE DRUM BEATS
I HAVE FELT THE UNUSUAL MIX

AND NOW, I AM OBSERVING THE WORLD GOING THROUGH
A CULTURAL (AND RELIGIOUS) TWIST
BUT STILL,
I SURVIVE BECAUSE I BELIEVED

NOW I SEE LIGHT GETTING BRIGHTER
NOTHING MATTERS MORE TO ME THAN
THE LIFE I AM LIVING FOR HIM
(MY GOD) EVERY HOUR

THROUGH THICK AND THIN
I DID PREVAILED
BECAUSE OF YOU(MY GOD) ,
I AM BOUND TO EXCEL
JUST SEE ME FLOATING
WITHIN YOUR (GOD'S) DIVINE SPELL

WITH ROYAL BLOOD FLOWING IN MY VEINS
YET MY ENEMIES TRIED ALL THERE WAYS
FOR ME TO BE DETHRONED
I WAS CAST-OUT AND REJECTED

FROM THE PLACE I CALL HOME
AND THEN I FOUND MY SELF ALL ALONE.... BUT I NOW

I HEARD A VOICE IN MY HEART
CALLING TO ME

SAYING...

'MY SON COME TO ME AND YOU WILL FIND GRACE
ABUNDANT IN THIS PLACE (CHURCH) '

'YOU WILL EXPERIENCE A POSITIVE CHANGE SO OVERWHELMING'

'YOU WILL BECOME THE CHIEF CORNERSTONE'

NOW... I BELIEVE

Justus Cyril E.

Peace... Be Still

PEACE... be STILL

As i transcend to the regions of un-Imaginable IDEAS
i widen my understanding for without it there would have been no knowledge
The knowledge of Self-determination even in the face of fear

PEACE... be STILL

As i make my shield and willed my sword
as though champion of the valiantly poor awaiting an endless conquest
to seize the Moment and bring about the consciousness of an infinite peace

PEACE... be STILL

As I pass Through a mirrored Maze and doubt the possibility of reproof
where every soul strives forward towards an enigmatic source of wisdom
contained potentially within the secret crypt in the midst of the Mundane

PEACE... be STILL

as reality is seen passing through the cosmos of knowledge and SIN
I still remain... an enigma of continental grief
born out of the tears and travail of many

PEACE... be STILL,

as vain wisdom takes our reality far into the depth of mortal aspirations
where there resides, in purity, the MINDS-EYE, in an ocean of light
glowing, as it were a sun, in the midst of the Galactic ISLE

PEACE... be STILL

as infinity ends in infinitude, spinning series of never ending degrees
taken far from the axis of time in a bid to enshrine the tempest of space
where nothingness exist in a void wrapped in the bosoms of emptiness...

PEACE... be STILL

Words of the MASTER spoken over the tide of turmoil and fear
at the gatherings of sons of GRACE subjected to the fortitude of IGNORANCE
never knowing their, Might, is established upon the wings of FIRE and ICE

PEACE... be STILL

as reality is seen passing through the cosmos of knowledge and SIN
I still remain... an enigma of continental grief
born out of the fear and sorrow of many

WHO AM I...

I still remain...

An enigma of continental grief...

Born out of the Darkness of a FERTILE LIGHT

FOR - I am an AFRICAN CHILD...

Standing in between...

The TREMBLING GUSH from a GUN

and the Silent TEARS of a SOLDIER

In the fields in SOMALIA and ETHIOPIA

where BLOOD of the 1st TERROR was SHED

and GRAINS harvested in RED...

PEACE... beSTILL

Justus Cyril E.

The Cave Of Shadows... (Bringer Of Light)

Long ago, or maybe not so long ago, there was a tribe in a dark, cold cavern. The cave dwellers would often huddle together and cry against the chill. Loud and long they wailed. This was all they did. This was all they knew to do. Awakening in fright and sleeping in tears...

For they were exposed to the SOUNDS from within the caves. The sounds in the cave were mournful, but these people didn't know it, for they had never known joy.

There was a spirit in the cave... A foul presence of crawling darkness within the shadows of the caves wall... This spirit in the cave was death, but the people didn't know it, for they had never known life.

But then, one day, they heard a different voice. 'I have heard your cries, ' it announced. 'I have felt your chill and seen your darkness. I have come to help.'

The cave people grew quiet.
They had never heard this voice.
This was the voice of Hope.. and hope sounded strange to their ears.

'How can we know you have come to help? ', they asked surprised at a word spoken by a voice they have never ever heard before

'Trust me, ' the voice answered. 'I have what you need.'

The cave people peered through the darkness at the figure of the stranger. He was stacking something, then stooping and stacking more. They were afraid but alas ear was known to them for they lived with it all the days of their lives.

'What are you doing? ' one cried, nervous.
The stranger didn't answer.
'What are you making? ' one shouted even louder.
Still no response.
'Tell us! ' demanded a third.

The visitor stood and spoke in the direction of the voices that were asking the questions. he turned towards them and replied...'I have what you need.' With that he turned to the pile at his feet and lit it. Wood ignited, flames erupted, and light filled the cavern.

The cave people turned away in fear. 'Put it out! ' they cried. 'It hurts to see it.'

'Light always hurts before it helps, ' The stranger answered. 'Step closer. The pain will soon pass.'

'Not I, ' declared a voice.

'Nor I, ' agreed a second.

'Only a fool would risk exposing his eyes to such light.'

The stranger stood next to the fire. 'Would you prefer the darkness? Would you prefer the cold? Don't consult your fears. Take a step of faith'

For a long time no one spoke.

The people hovered in groups covering their eyes. The Strange fire builder stood next to the fire. 'It's warm here, ' he invited.

'He's right, ' one from behind him announced. 'It's warmer.' The stranger turned and saw a figure slowly stepping toward the fire. 'I can open my eyes now, ' she proclaimed. 'I can see.'

'Come closer, ' invited the fire builder.

She did. She stepped into the ring of light.

'It's so warm! ' she extended her hands and sighed as her chill began to pass.

'Come, everyone! Feel the warmth, ' she invited.

'Silence, woman! ' cried one of the cave dwellers. 'How Dare you lead us into your folly? Leave us. Leave us and take your light with you.'

She turned to the stranger. 'Why won't they come? '... she asked confused at the rejection her people have shown towards this great gift from a stranger they have never known.

'They choose the chill, for though it is cold, it is the only thing they know. They would rather prefer to remain in the cold than accept a warm change.'

'And live in the dark? '.. she demanded

'Yes'... replied the Stranger...'And live in the dark.'

The now, warm woman stood silent. Looking first at the dark, then at the man...

Not wanting to reject her people while at the same time, not willing to give up the light

On Sensing her state of conflict of choice...'Will you leave the fire? ' the stranger asked her.

She paused, then answered, 'I cannot. I cannot bear the cold.' Then she spoke again. 'But nor can I bear the thought of my people in darkness.'

'You don't have to, ' he responded, reaching into the fire and removing a stick. 'Carry this to your people. Tell them the light is here, and the light is warm. Tell them the light is for all who desire it... and tell them I will return'

And so she took the small flame and stepped into the shadows...

Justus Cyril E.

The Elder's Son

A PRESTINED WARRIOR... A VAILLIANT ONE (THE ELDER'S SON)

The day breaks...

Sounds and shiverish feelings bite through my skin...

This was just another day...

Everything seems to be the way it always was

and would have been

Until...

□

The sun turned its bright smile to a darkened frown

misty clouds forming fogs of heavy downpour

that were not ready yet to descend the earth

And...

□

While I tried to ponder reasons for which

such occurrences should take place...

It was then that I heard it...

□

The wailing of the SUN...

for just one soul upon whose

tender heart, its ray would have

been magnified to reach out

to those who were without its reach

□

The Groaning of the Earth...

Beneath us... as it misses

the slick tender and gentle massages

it gets from the small and distinct feet

of a man known for his small size and big exploits

both in words and in Deeds

□

The tears of the Stream...

As seen near the banks of "ABANG-ANIE";

overflowing without tides in anticipation

that the waters of the land would soothe

the wounded hearts of the loved ones'

that this soul has left behind

□

The Whistles of "UKPUM";...

the SACRED birds, flying
near the palm plantations
that marks the four Gates
That leads to the four Tunnels
Nearest to the Four "AKAI'S"
that Borders the "EKPUK"
Nearest to the FOREST of "ABASI"

They Whistle in reference
they whistle a song
they whistle in SORROW
As the ELDER'S SON has GONE

And then...
Just when our hearts was failing...

We heard it...
Smiles coming from the skies above
and clapping of cheer bliss from "Eyong Obod";

These weren't like just another ordinary Smile...
These... were all Smiles of relief
Smiles from faces known but not seen
Ancestors, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends...

All smiling and stretching forth a welcoming hand
in a gestures of LOVE
and as a Token of PEACE...

For this is the ELDER'S SON...
and he has JUST ARRIVED...
A PLACE OF ETERNAL REST
A PLACE OF EVERLASTING PEACE

Justus Cyril E.

When Ever I Pray,

i look beyond my past
and hope for the fortitude of grace
to guide me

i hold on to the present
to cherish and love every moment
for this is not mine to decide
but the greatest miracle of all
every time i breath - Gods' will for me to live

i let go of the future
and bank on my faith...
in the knowledge of Gods' faithfulness
towards me, my families, my brethren, my neighbors,
my coleagues, my associates, my partners, my friends,
my church, my state, my country and the world.

when i pray,
i look beyond my past,
i hold on to the present,
i let go of the future,
and bank on my faith
in the knowledge that God is
 ever faithfull
 ever loving
 ever merciful
 ever sure...

When ever i pray
i say nothing more
than...
ABBA, father...
Hallowed be thy name

Justus Cyril E.