

Poetry Series

**Odey Patricks**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

## Odey Patricks(09-09-1990)

hi, am Patrick. I was born in lagos but grew up north, Abuja. I luv the color blue, rock and pop music, and i luv poetry a lot. I kid myself always sayin i 'wrote' my first poem when i gave my first baby cry. Writing has always come naturally and easily, i'm not giving it up for anything. If i wasnt writing poems, i'd probably be doin music.

# Bella

I liked the way you walked  
And when you talked  
You seductively spinned words.

I liked the way you blinked your eyes  
When you winked, I smiled,  
And when you pouted  
I tried not to laugh too loud.

I think of you often  
Smile then turn sullen  
Sober i ask myself, why am I so crestfallen?

Once i thought we could be  
All we wished and dreamed  
The sky would stay forever blue  
And nothing could change that hue.

I thought I knew it all  
When i called us off  
Thought it was all for the best  
And for us both one uncertainty less.  
Thought I knew it all when I called your bluff  
Now I know I could not have been more wrong.

I miss you more than I care to admit  
When I spy you how my heart doth beat!  
How my palms do sweat  
And how huge my regrets!

But i can not be your Pride again  
and you can not be my Bride to claim.

You've had enough of me  
And me of you, with the intrigues  
Farewell dear Love  
For we both must go massage our Hurts.



# Do You?

Do you think of me at all?  
When the nights grow cold and long  
Where you lie idle in thoughts  
Do u think of me at all?

When you walk down the street  
And waiting boys trail you with pleas  
Do you think of me at all?

When you are down and awfully sad  
And a terrible day you've had  
When life's sea is suddenly rough  
Do u think of me at all?

When i'm gone a thousand miles  
And we may not see in a while  
When your days do turn dry  
Do u think of me at all?

When you think of me, dear Love  
(If you think of me at all)  
Do you-with Happy tears  
Or a sigh of deep regrets?

Odey Patricks

# Dying Isnt So Bad

Dying isnt so bad  
So you shouldnt be so sad.  
You get to sleep and rest  
from life's strenuous quests.  
You get to rest in sleep  
and let off some steam.

And when you wake, Muslim?  
You rise to meet 7 Virgins!

And dear Christians,  
thank goodness!  
You will rise to the wicked's end!  
And if you do not enter Heaven's gate  
relax, do not fret just yet  
you will not miss Hell's treat  
to fireworks and music concerts free  
Performances by the resident music stars!

So you see? Dying isnt so bad!

Odey Patricks

# Guiltless Confession

I never meant to Love  
But bring your heart to Love  
I ever meant to hurt  
Your fragile heart that loved.  
I never lied not once  
How oft you made my Heart sing  
How oft you made my Head reel  
From thoughts of the joy you bore.

Twas mean Nature out of hurt  
To bring your Heart to love  
to paint pictures swift and fair  
Make you my heartbreak's Heiress.  
For my bitter heart once sore  
bruised and badly burned  
sweet vengeance solely sought  
Till twas caught in the web of your love.

I meant once entrapped in your allure  
To stick to this love and not  
With vengeful thoughts consort.  
I meant my treachery to report  
at the office of your Heart  
knees down in deep Remorse  
to ask forgiveness at your heart's Alter.

I never meant for you to lose  
your faith in love and Curse  
For whatever my words are Worth  
To not Love is to mightily lose!

But Ego ever swift  
Rescued me from my Guilt  
and shewn to me the Filth  
in Love, and Trust even.

Odey Patricks

# Here's To Never Again

So once again  
I sneaked  
More than a furtive glance  
your way, then the mental art  
Of a Kiss upon your  
tender lips. Just then  
I felt the familiar flutterings  
below my pounding heart,  
the dewy witness over  
my blushing palms,  
and the quick cold rush  
through my twitching nostrils  
as my eyes swam,  
and faint I felt  
before your dazzling  
presence yonder.

I caught myself halfway  
through a smile, frowning,  
as I watched you smile and laugh  
at some joke or wit,  
Then a mental note  
to flourish my ears  
with the clips from calls  
we shared, days sweet but past.

Just then Guilt came calling  
Upon the heels of regret,  
quick at the wake of wistful thoughts,

So I, steeled again, my egostic will  
and umpteenth time said to me 'Tis  
all for the best'.  
Turning my head which felt  
like some rusted wheel,  
I pretended my business to mind  
as I glumly looked away.



# Home Still

When I arrived, the reception, cold,  
was but one of the many surprises.  
The Lawn was strange, father's  
name no longer the topiary, and  
the domestic faces, too,  
save the handy maid. I found  
no joy in the new blue sofas  
much over-did, trying to fit in.  
And the hanging aesthetic  
of a surreal blue moon there where,  
I remember, a family bust should be.  
The rooms were stringently neat  
redolent of a sick ward,  
the scent, some vulgar freshness,  
like the disappointment of night flowers.

How can I exaggerate when  
humour withers on the tongue?  
The act is to not look unimpressed  
yet spare all the sarcasm of  
perfunctory compliments but  
crack a conceding smile.

The case is a family treason, yet  
no cause for great alarm. No  
art is a complete waste, no act  
devoid of reasonable conviction.

I remember the native wit, though,  
of Musa, and K-Mah,  
the beautiful sprawl of father's name  
abbreviated on the flowers.  
Now I long for the brown couch,  
with more wool than wood,  
the simple but refreshing smell  
of Drummer on the wall in a box.  
The act is to not look unimpressed  
the trick is to smile along,  
and not adumbrate another's exotic taste,

For it is Home still.

Odey Patricks

# How Do I Poeticize?

I cannot play deaf  
to trumpeted gossips in the market place,  
from the very traders I patronise.

I cannot blunt my feelers  
to cheapen my ingrained anguish,  
look the other way  
to the faces made on mates  
whose smiles are but masks  
carved on envy.

All devouts cannot be matyrs  
so I bear these stones with pride!

Yet how do I poeticize  
when you strip my words of meaning,  
tie and club in open sight,  
mock and scorn with religious spite?  
How do I share the baked philosophy  
from nights of thorough thoughts  
when rheum lands on the bread prepared  
and phlegm your preferred jam?

You have held to my mouth a gourd of grudge,  
do I refuse a drink?  
Perhaps, a litany of vulgar lambasting  
the lines your thoughts are spread  
whose knittings,  
loose like confused grits,  
time's test will assuredly fail.

Again, how, in your myopic sight  
can you see the meaning deep?  
For behind the morning fog always  
is the Sun burning bright!  
Such, behind all layered words of mine  
are meanings wide and great,  
know beauty is of various sort  
substance not form is all!

I write in open gasp  
at the hypocrisy of frien-emies,  
whose mangled voice fail to forth  
the keys for my mind's fine songs.  
I write to vent artfully  
my brimming spleen on paper  
thus save myself some pus  
and alert you to your need of lens.

Know all devouts cannot be matyrs,  
so I bear these stones with pride!

Odey Patricks

# I Am No Poet.

By all means I am no Poet  
Just a fellow in love with words  
So i devotedly piece together such  
Sometimes nice but most times Poor.  
I love to rhyme with words on lines  
Critics say they come out fine  
I feel thats sweet, and awfully nice!

But by all means i'm still no poet  
If i was one i would joke less  
Yet i love Puns-  
it is such Fun,  
to kiss, tease and fondle you with words-  
you should know i try them on girls  
And yes, most times i get results!

By all means if i was One  
would i need certs or Licensing?  
To do with words like i Choose,  
As do i now with word Syntax?

I love Poems but i'm yet a Poet  
I do poems from a love thats Old  
I get to share my thoughts with you  
and that way heal some heart-borne wounds.

Odey Patricks

# I Want To Call You

My phone stares back at me  
Wonderin within at me, maybe.  
I could just reach easily for it  
And dial you up in a blink

Yet i stall, hands thrust half-way  
With my cell locked in my gaze  
The clock ticks on mindless  
Till my fear tucks my effort away

I want to call you,  
Quickly  
Yet i can't seem to,  
Easily.

Beads of sweat spot my anxiety  
With my intent cooling off quickly  
At the thought you might not pick  
Or reject it worse still

For i have wronged you greatly  
And must bear Guilt's overwhelming weight.  
Yet i want to call you  
Wistful wishing you'd want to talk too

Odey Patricks

# I Will Spit Your Name, Bella

I will spit your name, Bella  
For too long has the taste lingered  
The bitter after-taste of our krest affair  
Pitch drools on my subdued tongue.

I will spit your name, Bella  
Chocolate fairy with the sunny laugh  
Every second threatening bile  
Court my smarting inner cheek walls.

I will spit your name, Bella  
Now the absent belle rainbow  
In my gloomy and stormy moods  
Eve with the innocent baby look.

I will spit your name, Bella  
Hard and far into the sea  
Every memory sweet and sour  
Gone the taste with every spittle.

Odey Patricks

# Infidels!

did not join the requiems  
when the church speakers blasted  
but picked wreaths of wisdom  
off the grave of the surprised dead.

I did not supplicate on weak knees  
nor question the loud silence of Him  
whose yard is grave to youth,  
dreams and ambition,  
now.

The roughhides of progress would not let be  
but flog freedom feeding on soiled grass,  
and when they go asalaaming  
No victimed brother  
seeks my hand in reprisal  
(fit as it would have been)  
but bear as a sheep.

I did not join the brethren's chorus  
ears tuned to the cold whispers of bullets  
for when bombs have spoken where  
is the wisdom in word dialogue?

I lay back and curse my cowardice  
and their bloodlust  
quietly in the fortress of my distress for,  
they have penetrated peace  
with holied swords  
and spat in the calabash that offered Eternal water to Many,  
they've harvested before season  
and planted rife  
in their blind vision  
razed the vegetal pride of the Land  
marshing souls to feed Hell  
and now I feel the need to scream, curse  
till my lungs burst  
till the rebel in me taste the  
blood of the saharan infidels

whose faithlessness have spilled,  
somehow twisted, into my Soul

Odey Patricks

# Remorse Ever Deep

Child,  
would you call me father  
that made a murderess of your mother?  
Would you listen to my rueful cry,  
awhile?

Child,  
i make no excuse for my crime  
nor vindication be here my desire.  
Yet i beg your ears,  
dear child.

Child,  
i'm sorry i threw the chance  
to cradle your little body  
and rub your tiny feet.  
Hear your frantic cries  
and stare into your cute eyes,  
cooing to you lullabies.

Images of you flirt with my dreams  
and on waking that voice haunts me still.  
I toss and turn divorced of sleep  
while yet i hear that sorrowful Voice ringin still.

Sent from the womb to the tomb,  
flushed down the loo.  
I ache in loss  
for a sin so gross  
and stand rightfully grudged.

Child,  
a night of passion  
fierce with abandon  
a gift collected but unwelcomed.  
Denied opportunity,  
by a fear of responsibility  
How numbing this crushing guilt!

I combed the gutters  
to where you lie slaughtered,  
heart in hand before your alter.

Denied of life's romance  
i dread your virgin vengeance.  
Self-judged, i stand guilty  
yet crave your leniency,  
sweet Child.

Odey Patricks

# Suicide Paradise

Here, where the humming fan is still  
and the firmament bulbs dimmed  
flies shall over my limp form buzz-  
a befitting funeral with no cost.

None shall find me  
till my Life's glass empty seeps,  
hung, feet above the ground,  
once the noose has come around.

This deed I hurry to do quick  
no fear nor cowardly rethink  
and though I may rue this in Hell  
truth is, I really do not care!

For what is hell to One like me  
whom pleasures never knew,  
to all end whom Life saw fit  
to knuckle black and blue?

And though fiends govern in Hell  
and the flames quench not in there  
The pains, surely, must help,  
Earth's miseries to forget!

So come round, O dear Noose  
taut but firm in your silent woos,  
about this neck duely stay  
and my struggles do restrain.

When I'm found in my circular dangle  
judge not from your spooked angle  
nor look up with dutiful pity-  
a most hypocritical piety.

Know, Life, not death, be the burden  
this Soul was with laden  
and though Heaven be far my luck  
I left with a true man's gut!

Odey Patricks

# The First To Be My Last

Until I find the Spring  
Spoken of,  
And of It partake.  
Until It courses down  
And fills the Thirst,  
My Soul roams wild-  
Shy of Mate.

Sometime soon  
(Or so its said)  
It should spring upon me yet  
And,  
Finding thus my Hearts content  
My roaming halt  
with appalling ease  
at the epic feat  
of my thirst's defeat!

Till then, mate,  
I wander yet.  
Off lakes to swim  
and rivers, too.  
If no sharks meal me  
at a turbulent Sea,  
I should be here  
When Spring burst forth!

Odey Patricks

# They Cry Fowl Over Flesh.

One mind says-  
we may take to witchcraft  
now that land, sea and aircraft  
fails us. Witty.  
Another,  
beating on the hides of our drum-able conscience,  
provoke rhythms of pity, anger and loathing. Cheap.

I say  
they cry fowl over flesh  
and hit the nail at its tapered end  
feeding fat on carcass gorged  
out the burning belly  
of the metal bird  
whose miscarriage  
(grave its stillbirths)  
they diagnose  
with vexing impunity.

Instead in our pool of words  
let bob, the souls sickled before time  
and the hands that bore the scythe  
be trussed and staked.  
Lets make no sales on cheap sentiments,  
for the songs of the dead  
be the lamentations of the living,  
not lullabies.

Odey Patricks

# Time Bomb

Tick tock in my Head  
Beeps the Timer on and on  
Events coming to a Head  
The Victims feel they've had enough.

Blood of 'matyrs'  
freshly spilled  
smoked flesh on splinters held  
Sacred grounds a Graveyard now  
The Victims feel they've had enough.

Take back those words, Preacher  
they dialogue with bombs not words  
These Herders of Death.

Now "turn thou not the other cheek  
Defend your earth, O ye Meek!  
Specious advice from the Top.  
The Victims feel they've had enough.

Tick tock it beats on  
the Victims feel they've had enough  
of hate and death and years of Pain  
Voices heard, "Avenge us Slain".

Atlantic guns, Saharan swords  
Trade bites at opposite Ends.  
Look! A riding Cloud  
misty figures Clash about.

The Rhythm mounts  
the time ticks on  
Israelites versus the Phillistines!

Odey Patricks

# Without You

In your absence  
my life is a lonely song  
from the lips of a forlorn Lover,  
searching for joy  
in wishful songs.

I feel feverish,  
hollow, with longings  
quick upon me,  
stripped of you.

My heart is a garden  
of your thoughts,  
evergreen, never fallow  
ever wet with sprinkles  
from dreams and your pictures!

Without you, Duchess,  
my sky is a pale blue  
as when the Sun goes down  
and my shadow with it!

Odey Patricks