

Poetry Series

Offiong Felix
- poems -

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Offiong Felix()

A Bed Of Roses We Are

I see roses in your eye,
Withering and oozing and loosing necter fragrance
Weeping of thornlessness,
Dropping a tear on my heart to lie
As you can see thorns in my eye
Protruding from stems with minds of innocence,
Weeping of roselessness,
Dropping a tear on your heart to lie.
Let them weep no more my beloved upon
The thornlessness of our eyes
For your roses are my ros's
My thorn your thorn
And we shall bloom together
A bed of roses we are.

Offiong Felix

Beauty In The Eyes Of The Beholder

Zanily, I sang your beauty when you approached
Yacking on yore when love began
'Xalting you in song as I cast
What steady glance upon your alluring dimple;
Very vacuously, till your smile effaced
Unchangeably maintaining your lachrymal face
Till your breast stood succulent and gigantic
Swaying my tongue in hanky-panky
Requesting to suck down to your innards.
Queen of beauty with eyes full of jades
Placid like my pekinese in her kennel.
Oh! the swing of your waist up and down it leaped
Nude in your gown as you passed by me
Marvellously, with elegant strides non-pariel,
Like billowing clouds the sky obscured.
Kudos to the round locks you plaited
Just like a crown on a queen.
Imaging the pool on your head when it rains,
How lovely it would look if I were to swim
Gliding down your lips then kiss your teeth
Fetching from your mouth what love untold
Eh! what savoury love like vanilla
Dragging kings your slaves by your swinging waist
Come console me beautiful one and be my 'xcellency
By night and take me to yonder
As my zeal for you is zonked.

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Cumulonimbus On Parade Ground

Peeping through my eyes ajar
As i lie belly-up
In the grass in the field;
What do i see?
Cumulonimbus on parade ground
In costume of dark-brown,
Commanding the recruited clouds
In cotten whites
Like commanding officers do
In military parade,
They all hover
Then march over
And look like sailing ships,
A billowing castle, a prancing horse
Or other shapes, but,
Obeying the command of cumulonimbus.

Offiong Felix

Elizabeth Odoh

I loved her and I thought she loved me too
With love so real because she told me so
My beloveth Elizabeth Odoh.
And we had shared only between us two
Affections that no two had ever shared.
Her smiles, they were as lively as the sun
And her sweet aroma of life had won
My most precious heart that I proudly said
'Am in love with her heaven have it so'
But how was I to know, innocent though
That her sweet words and love to me were lies
That just yesterday she would say goodbye,
How was I to know, that those rosy lips
Of hers were for someone better than I,
That my feelings were taken for granted
To haunt my heart with memories instead.
Oh love, tell me what is in you we fall
That every heart submitting to your taste
Has tasted nothingelse so sweet at all
That drives all insane when it is misplaced
Or lost, and tell me where now lie my fate,
What heavenly recompense that awaits
Or give back my days before yesteqday
When our love was still so much in the air
For all left, are memories till my death
Of the day she left my Elizabeth

Offiong Felix

Fiddles In The Wind

The wind blows;
The grasses burden dissolves
In its mellow tunes beckoning
Enchanted stems and leaves
In slow solemn waltzing.

The wind blows;
And worshipping are the
Congregation of trees
That to rhythms drowsily sway
Exalting natures balance.

The wind blows;
And on sight a gyrating
Hawk aloft in trance
Dancing the unheard, menacing
The chicken's harmonious province.

The wind blows;
Till cumulus-the cloud is Arrested,
Till heaven grows grey and sobs-
What fiddle is my heart merited
(As tears roll down in drops)

The wind blows;
Dancing and swirling in motion,
Flaunting to awareness
Dirts of reasonable proportion
In beauty of randomness.

The wind blows;
Musing my pen to write
It fiddles never told
That dance the world so light
Yet unheard and cold.

The wind blows;
Till weary resting upon our brows
Painting our day so dark

Yet even in such repose
Know not the wind is a lark.

Offiong Felix

I See You

I see you duchess dear
Fondling your womb with care
On by me mirror and By the rub of your hand
It's a monument rare. On your face day by day
A map of joy lies there
And I still mirror stand
I see you. From you I have to share
What joy all mothers wear Only them understand
And hope you wouldn't mind
Cos whenever you stare I see you.

Offiong Felix

Life's A Dream

I dreamt a dream in my dream
Flying in the heat of the dazzling sun's beam
Enticed in the act as if entranced
With waxy wings and not a bit daunt
Unfortunately, my wings dwindled by the heat
I squalled, till I wilted
And reluctantly enrouted to the sea
Where I drowned to the deep,
Then I woke with a wink
Behold it was a dream.
I began to ponder and wonder
About such a trip to yonder
With so much vexation and perplexity,
Unknown it was another dream in reality;
Before I stood and waddled, I woke again
Then life must be no reality but a dream
From one life to another of dreamy years
Till we finally one day be awake
And live no dream but actuality
As we'll feel so much of reality.

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Mirages

You seek, we hide
You hide, we swirl enchanted
Ripples: ebb and flow
With leaping tiddlers,
Tanning in air scales
In thy imaginary sights
Faraway but,
You seek, we hide.

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Poetry Forever

We share in life but one thing in common
Your grandeur in lips you seek so do I
The trails that which you lay i'll follow on
Till beyond I will lie where you will lie.

If death can't part us nothing else will try
Poetry you're mine a father to a son
You live in me and I in you that's why
We share in life but one thing in common

Great poets are gods and through us their lines run
Enchanting, and like them to be my cry
That's why I lodge you in me on and on
Your grandeur in lips you seek so do I

Even the joy to create a line or try
Sweet sweeter than honey and love at dawn
So to write my joy poetry! Far on high
The trails that which you lay I'll follow on

Circumcise me poetry whole and anon
In this race of I wealthy less I die
Ere my soul to wealth sublimes, let's be one
Till beyond I will lie where you will lie

Until I am a god or a god I
And joy filled my tears as oak to acorn
To be like poets I'd godly glorify
For between us is but you in common
We share in life.

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Rainbow

Oh! twin syster to the blue sky
Thy outstanding spectral beauty
On bed where you both once lie
Had brought so much envy
That she send you to exile
But, whenever the fluffy clouds
Accidentally clogs her blue eyes
You sneek thy pictureque face out
And lie like stagnant ripples on the sea
That we thy beauty behold
And reach to God with pleas;
We want she so meek and low.

Offiong Felix

Spring

To thee, spring, this graceful wren of Wiltshire
Gambolling now aloft in easeful gyre
In some recess of seasonal labour
Nectar to wage for transporting favour
In view of beauties thy season bringeth
Thus, with many a melody singeth
Of sweet scented incense of flower's pride
Flaunting in air their virtues far and wide
Like rainbow lizards in courtship display
Serenading in act a stage worth play,
Of a clear blue sky calling for a soar
And birds of all ages flock in a tour
Soaring hand in hand a foe and a friend
Singing with ecstasy 'long live thy reign'

O, like a housefly following a corpse
Down to the grave without a change of course
She will follow thee spring to everywhere
From the southern to northern hemisphere
Wherever will be to her very far:
Your ominous elder sister winter
Whom for envy of our lovely nature
That we earned from your designing culture
Freezes all the earth to a long cold death.
For she'll follow thee and with the whole earth
Preserving her beauties and youthfulness
And still this song bird sings to restlessness
Thrilling my wonderment tranced to her tunes
Wishing I were a bird like her that croons

Offiong Felix

The Weeping Serpent

Peep into if you may
My sequestered sanctum
Snaking trembling sight the way
Into your morbid doom.
Through the dim, sultry reek like death
Gently to underground dips
The arcane bowel of the earth
Where many a root sleeping creeps
Spells in solitude there my lay.
Folded in disguised restfulness
Knitting thought in disarray
Perturbing thought that often aches
The beast in me and me.
Thought of our Eden predicament,
O, man can'st thou see?
That impetuous and partial judgement,
My sentence without fair hearing,
Rape of creature's constitutional right,
Telling us we should be hating.
O, if thou art truly without sight
Fair justice, thou art sure to err!
But, where is thy savvy? o! man,
Shall our lineage this rancour
Still trail on and on?
Where's that primeval days of yore?
That frosty paradise
Our saunter and tour,
Prancing and hanging on floated ice.
Hiding and seeking in the rain
From daffodils of spring to little lilies
Wasn't I your favourite friend?
But, here we are, guileful antagonists
Sowing rancorous seeds
On that brotherly love.
Why should ye ev'n think me ferocious,
Knavish and insidious? if of
All the creatures I choose thee
And made thee sapient
With the nature of kings to agree

Yet, thou hate the serpent
'Cos of the creator's misconception.
Let the kings err for they are kings
And let us do the correction
For we are but beings
For the horses of pride
Adorned with greatness
Only the kings could ride,
Let's but toast yet in stealthiness
Of his eyes our friendly resolution
Loving without cunning sighs
Throughout our generation
Like remoras and the sharks
With me a scarf upon your shoulder
Gliding gently like a train
From scapula to scapula
Your pet and your friend.

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Upon Her Grave

Upon her grave planted a rose
That fragrance spells when the wind blows
And when it does I always scent
The presence of her milliscent
Who fell into hot oil and froze.
Much I trust eternal repose
But not when my eyes river flows
For she lies, just her scent ascents Upon her grave.
My tears shall be forever woes
And more to grave that saw us foes
And wish her love upon me sent
As she marches up with the saints
Remembered only by what grows
Upon her grave.

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