

Poetry Series

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888()

Name of Poet: Ogu Henry Chijioke

Nickname: Artist Henryc

Occupation: Student

School: In Federal Polytechnic Nekede, Owerri, Nigeria.

Studying: Architecture

Personal Interest: an Artist (a musician) , a poet, and naturally good at Portraits.

State of Origin: Umuosinta, Amuzi, Obowo L.g.a, Imo State

Country: Nigeria

Continent: Africa

Date of birth: 7/11/1991

My CONTACTS

Facebook: c

Twitter: @Henryc4real

2go: Henryc4real or Chijioke1888

Thank you for Reading.

God bless you.

Africa (Weepy Song Of Africa)

I have cried
I have cried all night
long in silence
Tears running down my
cheeks
My honour is gone
My young generation
have been taken away
Looking for food to keep themselves alive.

My properties are in the
hands of foreingers
I now go begging to
them for help
Just to get food enough
to stay alive
Hunger has made my
flesh burn with stress
Until my eyes are in, as
hot as an Oven of tears
Grief has taken the
place of my Joy
Nothing is left to be
proud of.

My Children risk their
Lives
When they Look for
food in the streets
Leaders wandering
through the forieng
Cities
Like a blind bee does
with their families
They show no Regards
for their History
These are the once

who rejected my black
breast like poison.
They are as successful
as misery.

Even the rulers of the
Foreign Nations
Believed that they all
are slaves
They have also heard
them insulting me
In different ways like
slaves, like clowns
Preparing and making
plans to Loot my things
From morning till night
they would laugh at
them.

O disaster has tortured
my children
Those who lives abroad
This same disaster has
caused sickness
To my Very poor heart
Bring us back, O Love
Bring them back, O lord
For I have cried all night
long with pain
But tonight I won't cry again.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Dear New Lover

I am told that true love hurts
O yes, new lover, true Love flirts
In the tender hands of love
There your heart Roves like a dove

Your dreams could be silky, innocent like the blue day sky
When heart break visits your heart
I tell, you cannot even catch a fly
Because already you have been deeply turn apart

One-way track
So sorrowful tears would roll down from your eyes
Then every thing you see would be shown black
And all you would be is a cloud of mesmerise

O yes, my dear new lover, True love hurts
And dies
Just like the flies in disguise.

.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Dirge

In the shadow of a green grave
His old white bones was like a stony cave.
Pretty low ground bed,
For ever he layed.

A hamony of rose
Covered him and closed
O poor old skul,
What is the joy, behind, is dull?

As hopless as a piece of rock in the middle of an Ocean.
So rest in the lord, for ever in affection.
O my heart bleeds for that great gaint in grave.
Forever in there, he is a slave.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Elegy To My Dad 'Reginald Eke'

There rests his soul under the greens of the earth,
The man unknown to fortune and fame,
Slow through the church-way path, his birth,
Along the heart, and there he came.

Large was his dreams, sincere his soul,
Heaven rejoice, perhaps his there,
To misery, his heart was as deep like hole in pole,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Father bless his heart, in merits disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
There his soul would rest in humble repose,
Bosoms of flowers rest in the lord.

But knowledge to him are full of applause of rumples page,
Some villages visited to feed on his dauntless breast,
The typographic tyrant of his life was age,
Rich with the spoils of knowledge but now he rest.

Now the blazing hearts of pain could burn in flame,
The glimmering sight of parting day,
Let no accusation mock his useful shame,
In all we say, we bless today.

The breeze of tears would blow and fall,
If memories are dreams, this tomb would ever gleam,
On this bed, that parting soul would call,
And many a million text around his heart would beam.

Father bless his part, in merits we close,
O draw his fame from dread bode,
There his soul would rest in humble repose,
Bosoms of Love, Dady, rest in the Lord.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Elizabeth The Flower Girl

She is like Number one in the abyss of care,
Like rain from the sky, she might have fell from the clouds.
Too many questions, but all answers in her eyes,
In search of her wings, of her words that do mesmerise.

Like diamonds in the dreams of an Artist,
He named her Lost Angel.
Beyond the beauties of her being,
He called her flower girl,
and with
The influence of her heavenly smiles, he flowered her with
wonderful love.

Short words she uttered, but deep was the meaning,
O my poor heart could feel the great love in this heart.
She might be sent like a dove from above
' O dear Queeny, wish you could crown me your King '
That was the last words of the great Artist
Jonnas Johnson
He smiled up and sighed
like the breezy Nights
of Nights.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Eyes Beyond Eyes

Like the powerful radiants of the sun,
That shines beyond the darkness of the dark,
So He sees beyond the shadows of our hearts.
Eyes beyond our eyes

He travels through the valley of our thoughts,
The turbulent thoughts of our thoughts,
The peaceful wars in our hearts,
He alone sees beyond eyes.

Eyes beyond eyes
Sees the Coldness of the wicked hearts of man
The wonders, truths, lies and dids we can,
But He alone sees it all like a mirror in this eyes
So, he does in disguise.

Eyes beyond our eyes
Yes, we all have eyes, but we are all too blind to see
Even beyond the grave, this eyes can glee
This eyes can gleam
This eyes shines brighter than the sun we dream.

O, My poor heart,
He sees even beyond our Secrets,
You, who boast all time, why those fears in your eyes?
Why do you fear to die?
Eyes beyond eyes.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Food Of Advice

Do not think of me otherwise,
I am that one whose words can slice,
Think of me, my advice.
My heart to you as cold as ice.
You who boast and always pride,
Why do fear and always hide?
When you walk you always slide.
Fear in your heart, poor man outside.
Yes, three times you always feed,
You wash your hands, forget the need.
The holy book, the best to read,
Now think twice and take a heed.
My words, could be so rude and good,
All am saying is for our good.
Sounding so sad, but these is food,
Digest it slow, and change your mood.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Henry And His Heartfelt Song Of Dispair

Like luminous love, fire flickered in my soul,
Lumps of moonlit memories lumping behind my goals.
Between the future and the past of hand,
pale perplexities was paling beyond the pales of sand.
Taboos against my meeks, but yet my soul withstood.

I am that king that was a slave of his words,
The virgin sky of the dawn would work with the birds.
The guiter of my soul would play different instrumentals of love,
Beyond the wind, I would play the violin songs of my soul.
Spiritual songs, visited my window, like the wind of inspiration.

O I would sing, I would sing the songs of a King,
O I would sing like a slave behind my pain,
Like the sound of a drum heard in the wilderness of pain.
The wilderness of the broken hearts, and tears,
O to you, I would sing the sweet songs of my fears,
I would sing, I would sing the songs of dispairs with tears,
I would light the Lamp of my soul to sing away my fears.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Henry's Advice To His Children (To My Generation)

I lived,
I lived my life when love was sin.
Followed my dreams, where ever I pleased,
Truths, leaked, they leaked out of the lips i kissed.

Harmattan did freezed, they freezed my skin, even at noon,
The bats and owls did perch, they even perched on the moon.
My home was unknown, grown grass, brown zink, abandoned years,
I gazed at the my future through a mist of tears,
O, Yes, I never disputed my pain, when I was in tears.

I Never dispise the power of love and of lust,
I Learn every lesson, and even the letters of Love and trust,
For this is the pride of the peace and of war,
That is, do speak in a thousand tongues with
love.

Never stay out when the sun goes down,
For perhaps trouble would take you down.
Or even give your words to a whore, for I did it and broke my heart,
This i wrote is a thousand words to behold,
And try your best to be told and be the generations of Gold.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Lamentation Of A Poor Lover

Every other one wishes you were theirs,
But me alone you belong to, for years.
They want to love you on their own best ways
To lay you on their bed of Roses, to hurt you with love, care and kiss.

But you are mine alone
please my love,
Lie on my poor ragged mat,
They wish you were theirs, but you belong to me.
O, Poor love i have to give,
But strong standing, i will forever be,
Yes, their diamonds could forever gleam,
Like the star in your nights and in my dreams,
But my love for you would forever be.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Painful Perfection

Walking on the verge of fame,
People perfecting on the names of shame.
Brutalised hearts bleeding in the games they frame,
Always blameless in the times of blame.

Truthfulness in the times of lies,
Their hearts, bold as cold like ice.

Do they also reign in the lands of death?
Do greatness also come in the times of birth?
Still don't know why we are walking in their path,
Life could be such a wrath in the heart of wealth.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Princess Where Is Your Love?

Never did she wanted to cry
Till she tried and people heard her smile
A black dark sun found on a brown beautiful day
walking with fear even on her birthday

.Solemn sweet smiles sent with sollen scent rose
The silky blue sky wen sad, then dark, it close
Looking by the window, blood rained from above
O, pretty princess, why, where is your Love?

.Lost like a Fish in the Ocean of tears
A mighty rich house, but blasphemed with fears
Whats Worth loved, but living with pain?
Everything there, but buttered with stain.

.It was in these surge that she found her world
A blue black bird, like skirt, she swirled
Days are like that, like splat on the mat
Just like a dead rat, found on a glass heart
O, pretty princess, why, where is your Love?

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Serenade (A Song Of A Lover To His Betrothed Lassie)

O to my heart, me alone you mesmerise,
Noble men, lost in the deep blue Ocean of your eyes,
Golden blonde hair, blue eyes, black dress,
Beautiful adoring and charming princess.

To you, I'll give my bare soul,
Seeing deep wide, like a bird on the streets of pole,
After some hour of insipid sight,
Then I realised that you are a scenery of an Incessant light.

Seraphic songs of a hero,
Singing it loud by your window,
I use no monocle to gaze at the futue,
Deep down my heart, i painted your picture.

O my whiled astonishing Rose,
I adore you, my love is the river that Flows,
My heart for you would forever gleam,
And in my eyes you are my dream.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

She Was The One (My Ex)

She was the One
She was the one whose
Love use to float, in and out
Of my life
Just like a Beautiful music does to my soul
Floating out of the Window of my Heart
Like when She Once existed in my Life
I was so decieved that she was
My wife, O she was my Life.

She was the one,
The One who initiated me
In the mysteries of Love
And who also showed me
The power of Love
Which made me Stagger
Like a clown, in the crowd of Loneliness
Left in me, was the desire to be Loved.

She was the one
The one who Loved me
Even beyond flesh and blood
Put together, what do I owe her?
I do Owe her my Love
My heart and my Life.

No body else can comprehend
These things I say
Like Knowing where to touch Love
I turned her emotions like dreams
And now, I could see some of it
Getting down into the streams of Love
Its no crime how you feel inside
I have always felt
Lineliness since she left me
But, he who laugh last loughs the best.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Sonnat 4: Please Forgive

Please forgive with wide love but little kind hate,
Judge not by fault in the past of thy deeds.
The crown can call of the wrongs slautered in fate,
My heart would listen to those painful slow Judes Indeeds.

Even clouds of the sky Ofends the sun that shines,
But both amends things with peace, wisdom and love.
My plea is for the hearts of nature, dreams and lines,
put no comment in what doths concerren you, dear dove.

That was what i did and i offended you,
Please forgive me with wide love but little kind hate.
Jude only the fault of the past in my needs,
The white garments would call only when death is my fate.

My heart would blead of those painful slow Judges indeed,
Even the sun of the clouds offends the day and still shines.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Sonnet 2: The Game Of The Eyes

She had a black and blue eyes, flowered with joy
Brighter than diamond it mesmerised me, as a boy
That was her pride deep down inside, call it toy

.As white as snow was the colour of her teeth
So does the beauty she shows in smiles, beneath
Heart of a goddess Queen, coloured in a flowered scene
Covered with wide lights and diamond gleam like a Queen

.Flower of the eyes, the scrutiny of the eyes of men
A joy to behold like the game of the eyes, of then
Hovering around the mind like a gracious gold, to earn
So precious a Queen to find, the only one to show my den.

.I give you my precious soul, my heart and my word
And this is how i'll flow, flying high like a bird
To you i'll give my world, i would fight for you, with my sword.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Sonnet: A Disant Fight Of Peace.

I was sitted in the dark shadow of my room
When i heard a distand boom in the middle of a doom
This made my soul, bubble up in doubtless gloom
My heart was inhaled and my pen was my Broom
I swept every Word in my brain, to you i'll loom.

.
I was lost in the dark shadow of a dream
When i heard a distant fight of the white with black
This made my heart bleed, of diamond tears and gleam
it was a noisy silence i heard in the dark
Only Education can console my tribe, This i deem.

.
Angels of war could fall from above, Angels of peace
A river of love would be bound as boundry with trust
And every hero shall stand to pray, down on knees
These I dreamed in a dream, O Lord save us.

.
Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

The Begger Blessed Me

Perhaps, her mother can not see,
She walked, out of a million, streight to me.
To plead hear needs and teas on me,
She said some words and held my knee

' Help, help, big brother, we have nothing to eat'
My heart felt the pain she feel, imidietly stoped to beat.
' O poor fulani girl, why on earth is it me?
' A poor school boy like me, who have nothing to give,
But take this little one frome me, thats all i have to give'

She ran streight to her helpless mom,
Kissed her tears and blessed my gift.
Behind i heard a voice
Blessing me, i believe.

She said it loud and smiled in grieve
' Blessed, O blessed is the one,
Who knows us not but give.'

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

The Man Unknown (Mr. Christ-Jovita Ezeji. My Mentor)

He Chooosed to toil behind the ink,
He Sailed by boat, beyond i think,
He Took his time to look at things,
He Wrote of Men and Queens and Kings
like fairy tales of lands of green.

Oh, once a time they broke his heart,
The once he trust turn him apart,
He wrote of them beyond their art,
Oh, that could be like to tell his start.

His mother use to be his Dove,
To him she was his Only love,
His bird of trust, his only Home,
The Only one sent from above.

Oh, once a time I use to dream
To write with Gold and be like him
My head was high by rhymns and dreams
He sat me down dearly with pen
showed me colours of words that gleams
Things like a love, like Lion lieing in a den.

The book of History nailed his name,
He welcomed Wisdom, built his fame,
In Rainbows colours was his name
He never loved the ladies that goes with shame

But the only thing that brought him pain,
Was when his mother's death was plain.

Oh, he tore his heart with tears and grief,
For death has enjured his heart with grief,

For that he burried her love, her smile in him,
Since love and life has left his dream.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

The Root Of My Heart

Deep inside my heart is her, who nurtured me for nine months
And gave me life, breath
And strength.

Dee inside my heart is her, she who never stoped thinking about us
Who always i trust,
In hard times of cause.

Deep in my heart is her,
O the root of my heart.
Who gave my father her heart,
Stood still for years but only death torn them apart.

Deep in my heart is her,
Who knew my tears and fears
who broke no heart, she's here
whos love for me is dear.

Deep in my heart is her
whos love for ever nee
whos death will ophan me.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

The Sky

The sky is that space above the earth, like a sea,
The sky is there you can see when you look up,
Where clouds and the sun appears in the day,
The sky is there you can see when you look up
where the moon and the stars appears in the night.

What is that in the sky?
The sky sometimes goes dark,
And sometimes starts to rain.
What is that in the sky that makes it dark?
What is that in the sky that makes it rain?

There is a land of blue skies and sunshine,
In my heart, may be its a dream.
No, it is reality, cause the sky,
Is one of the reasons for sight.
There is a land of starry skies and moonlight,
In my heart, may be its a dream again,
No, it is never, cause the sky is beautiful.

Is the reason for sight,
The skies above my dreams are always,
Ablazing with a spectacular firework, displays.
The sky's my limit.

The sun travel through the sky,
The moon journeys through the sky,
Stars dances and plays in the field of the sky,
The sky is blue and beautiful.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

The Succubus (The Whore In My Dream)

It was a Whore
Dressed in a Formal attire
Standing by my door
The volcano of my burning desire
Was burning like flame and Fire
My face flickered like Candle,
Enkindled with desire
Her eyes was as bright
As the sun we admire

Her beauty was as climbing
As Climbling the slop of my soul
Just without care nor Controle
I played
I played the violin songs of my goal
I was just like a slave
In the abyss of her words
The virgin blue skies of the sky
Was to smile with the sound of her voice
And now I played, with my guiter
The guiter of my Soul
Without Ignoring the absence of the whore.
She was the Succubus
The whore
The one in my dream.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Wind Of Justice

My creator come clean up my tears,
Still don't know why I live in fears,
Thinking up everyday but no one cares,
Your voice alone I'll give my ears.

The wind of Justice blew out there,
Rivers of tears i saw out there,
Poor people are diening, but no one care,
Our leaders are far, when they are near.

Standing tall everyday as the youths,
Telling lies all the way with truths,
Like crossing their hearts,
and stand with prove,
These are the things we have to do.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888

Words Of The Beholder

Beautiful but not too beautiful,
As beautiful as a blazing black bird.
Black but not too black,
As black as the sun way word.
Short but not too short,
As tall as shortness could ever be.

Not gold is the colour of her golden green eyes,
Nor knowing the colour of her black beautiful skin,
Her eyes are as glittering as the diamonds of stars,
The fire of her eyes, when I look at it,
Makes me want to love her with lovable loves,
O her eyes could destroy the soul of desire.

I am that one,
that eyes,
That gleams,
the Beholder.

Ogu Henry Chijioke8888