

Poetry Series

Okim Otu - poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

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

Okim Otu()

Okim Otu was born in Eshi Borum, in Boki local government area of cross river state of Nigeria. He studied public administration at the Nogak Polytechnic Ikom, cross river state.

He is the founder of Success Linings (a life and relationship coaching firm)

Okim enjoy reading African literature, his best African author is Chenua Achebe.

He has written several works that are yet to be published

He was inspired to write poetry after having a transcendance experience that completely changed his life.

He is a Christian and hold the teaching of Jesus Christ close to his heart.



PoemHunter.com

Society's Victory

From love's fire, pleasant flames burn bright
Innocent swirls circulate, tolerance in sight
Unnamed content boils, twirling with glee
Vapors of peace rise, justice to see
Droplets of hope fall, like fine wine's grace
Kings and nobles raise their cups in praise
Singing, 'Alas! Society wins, love prevails! '

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Language Of Silence

In stillness, I hear aloud
The quiet whispers of your heart
A million words unspoken, yet clear
In the depth of silence, they impart

The weightiness of my soul speaks
In the language of silence, it seeks
To convey the depths of our true selves
In a tongue only the heart can hear, it tells

In this quiet embrace, we find our way
Through the noise of life's chaotic sway
And in the stillness, our hearts entwine
In a love that speaks volumes, all the time.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

False Smile 2

A mask I wear, to hide my pain,
A disguise to conceal, the tears I've gained,
A facade of joy, to deceive the sight,
Though I smile, I am not fine.

With lips upturned, and eyes aglow,
I pretend to be, what I'm not below,
A happy face, to hide my fears,
Though I smile, I am not fine.

In crowded rooms, I wear this guise,
To blend in seamlessly, with cheerful eyes,
But deep inside, my heart does ache,
Though I smile, I am not fine.

Behind the smile, a story unfolds,
Of struggles and doubts, that never grow old,
A constant fight, to keep it in place,
Though I smile, I am not fine.

Okim Otu

If Life; Why Death

Life bursts forth in vibrant hue,
A miracle born, both new and true,
A heart beats fast, a soul takes flight,
If life, why death?

Memories we hold, so dear and bright,
Laughter and tears, through day and night,
Moments we cherish, forever in sight,
If life, why death?

Youthful dreams, like wildflowers sway,
Hopes and fears, in endless array,
Passion and fire, that never fade away,
If life, why death?

Fading embers, of a life well-lived,
Legacy remains, though the body's given,
A fleeting breath, a final goodbye,
If life, why death?

Okim Otu

Poetry Was Made For Me

Poetry was made from high value diamond
From pleasurable oasis
And spring of fresh waters
Surrounded by bloom of roses

Poetry was made for the stars
For kings and queens
For knights and ladies of honour
For the low and highly spirited

Poetry softness sooth the hardest of hearts
Making it pump gladness around
and bringing joyous songs
like the birth of a new born

Poetry taste like old wine
Souring to the mouth
But healing to aching veins
and lifting weighty souls

Poetry was made for me
Refreshing my undaunted spirit
Glowing my smiling face
Poetry was made for me.

Okim Otu

Let Me Not Die A Rich Man Death

Let me not die a rich man death,
Let me not breathe my last breath
Surrounded by pretenders
Most of whom I'm their lender
Though they're crying
Their heart remain aloof
I'm in pain dying
Yet mocked under my roof

Let me not leave behind; castles admirers crave
Yet weeping helplessly to my grave,
Let me not die with a will full of assets
But a heart full of regrets,
Let me not breathe my last breath
Amidst those whose tears also kill my soul,
Let me not die a rich man death
Let me find rest for my soul.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Courage, Love And Peace.

if I shout aloud
do not fear
I shout because
I have been quiet too long

if I fall
do not faint
I fall because
I have stayed up for too long

if I cry
do not think I'm weak
I cry because
I have been strong for too long

if I die
do not mourn
I die because
I must also live beyond

if I love you
even when you detest me
I love you because
you are a replica of your creator

if I forgive you
knowing you will hurt me again
I forgive you because
we are human and human has flaws

if I am a fool for you
do not denigrate me
I'm a fool because
I want us to live in peace.

Okim Otu

The New Normal

Serenity now call aloud
defiling its own nature,
the sound that willows
through the window
more appealing
than the comfort
of quiet moment

The rage and fury
now the new normal,
the inner voice of conscience
starved of genuine attention,
the mind, a prisoner of his own making
and the spirit yearns
for steadfast devotion

The war against nature
torching the sky,
brother kills brother for fun,
bizarre ailments
knocking at our doors
and we go on and on
recircling madness
like we have lost our minds.

Okim Otu

Nothing Last Forever

The thorny bud that pierces trampling feet
turn in humble beneficence
to the blossom rose whose fragrance
call attention of bees in no small fleet

The rising sun that smile on us a dazzling gleam
and spices our morning and make our day bright
turn quickly into the darkened night
that burden kids with scary dream

Nothing last forever, the swift turn sluggish
and the strong as days unfolds turn weak
beauty fades, knowledge freaks
kings perish and puppets flourish

The cry of the night to the joyful morning song
nothing last forever
nothing last forever
prayers turn testimonies and wailing; victory song

Okim Otu

Though I Laugh

Though I laugh
I'm not fine
I laugh because men don't cry

The heavy burden in my head
the demons that scared off my sleep
the pain I couldn't share
do not make me cry but laugh

though I laugh
I'm not fine
I laugh because men don't cry

I smile always not that all is well
darkness must'nt cover even at night
because if it does
it will shade the faces that rely on me to glow

so I must keep laughing
to keep the light burning
and the faces shinning

so I laugh
not that I'm fine
I laugh because men don't cry

Okim Otu

Letter To My Brother

as you strive to climb
the mountain of clarity
wait with hope and modesty
at gates of desire and uncertainty
that you amidst ill will forces will stand highly

beware that the energy
you exude in thought
exceed those taken by enemy
that you waste no precious time
building castles vainly on the air

beware so too that you alone
oh brother is your competition
that you compare yourself with no one
than who you were yesterday
and strive to be better each day

hold no grudge of yesterday's deed
there only hold sway in your memory
give no much time to tomorrow
tomorrow lies in the hand of the giver
treasure your today with all might

that your life will forever be beautiful
and your days on earth
though little will be worthwhile

Okim Otu

Dying In Silence

I can't look at your glowing face
not that you scare me
my heart yearn for you

I can't talk to you
not that I stutter
my lips, fear has sealed

I am in love with you
but I can't voice a word
it's killing me softly; i can't even cry

why this igniting sparks;
when the fire isn't burning
why this glittering lantern;
when the light isn't shinning

will this whisper ever be heard?
will this silent song
forever giggles in my heart?

may the breeze blow those simple words to your hearing
may the raven deliver on time
these loving inscriptions to your door post
or I will forever die in silence.

Okim Otu

Something Big Is About To Happen

anytime I look up the hill
and engrossed in the effervescence
that escape slowly to the cloud
my hopes ignites of a shower
that will chills the heaps of heat
dancing shokky on my head.
the sighting of the rainbow
from our flooded towns
bring cheerful songs
even of hungered kids
that something big is about to happen,
the rising sun
delightful moon
the songs of birds
and cheers of kids
the mountain view
the ocean waves
this fine moment
that swiftly slip off our fingers
ignites the hope
that something big is about to happen.
it is with this hope
shines every morning's twilight
on our minds soberly
and turn us to beautiful souls.

Okim Otu

The Blessed Pen

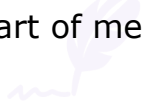
blessed is the pen
with free flowing ink
that inscribed sanity
on pages of worrying minds

blessed is the pen
in the hand of a mind
with space so vast
that write of things, not written

that take away veils; of mirages
and even break cages
of friendly oppression
inspiring speeches never spoken

bringing actions so concerted
that brings the change so dire
for peace to reign
in the heart of men.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Visit Does End

How high the eagle flies
How wide its wings
As moment slipped off our fingers
It must to lowly dust return

This adorable flower
How much it's cherished
By its zealous admirers
But the sun open its mouth
And dimmed its glowing beauty

This first cry
That birthed joyful songs
Ends with the last breath
That flows river of tears

Visit does end
Sojourn terminates
Travellers return home
Even of royals
Even of puppets
Even of a thousand days
Visit does end

Okim Otu

Haiku; The Surest Prediction

All journeys does end
Life on earth is a journey
And this too does end

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Road To Damascus

Songs of redemption
inspired by grace
sang across all hills
cought up ears
of sheep once lost
on the road to damascus
a place of gloom
where light is dimmed
a land that's doom
yet proudly unashamed

Reconciliation
on one's own terms
devoid of compulsion
freely offered.
Rise from your slumber
take this bull's horn
go the street called straight
and make yourself one
with those who alas
dances to the redemption song.

Okim Otu

A Break From Reality

Away from infallible daybreak
from the faithful Sunset
a glimpse at the timeless
at the heavenly;
the everlasting now
with ceaseless merry

A break from reality
from the cry of kids
from sight and sound
of garbage heaps
and songs of birds

Away from the rage and fury
into the loving arms of mars
where I sanely sleep,
at the palace of jupiter
where I ever reigns

This ageless scene
where I won't grow old
with streets made of gold
where milk is free
and death I can see.
but will never taste.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Mountain's Call

The mountain calls
with the gentle breeze
the plains,
with its charm and ease

Steps up
through slippery rocks
or soft walk
on flattened grass

To see the sun's smile
from the peak,
or hear the rain shower
on the plain

Only one way I must go,
I choose the steep slope
I'm bound the upward way
I choose to climb;
I choose the mountain's call.

Okim Otu

Dreams

Dreams,
dreams are the oxygen
that makes life possible
they makes our lives beautiful
like grease, there oils our hopes
Like beacons of light,
There guides life's runway
Dreams are the chisel
that shaped our destinies.
keep dreams alive,
if dreams die
life turn pale,
like a bird with clipped wings
that never fly.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

A Countryman Prayer

Pool of tears
pregnant with pain
born out of hate
intended for the just
whose deeds speaks volumes
across all works of life,
to run our country aground
and raise the banner of evil
will turn cool
and comforting

Never again
will the eggs of good fortune
break on the alter of hate
never again
will gloomy cloud
shades our shining stars.
may pool of unending tears
turn treasures of unending joy.

Okim Otu

Broken To Marvel

Away from broken promises
from toxic premises
and broken heart
pen and paper, my art
call heartfelt pain tragedy
pen some lines of melody,
make worry rhyme with merry
and pain taste like chérie

paint a picture of fine line
flowing a stream of fine wine
opulently brewed
that changes the mood
from broken to marvel
makes angels from devil
paint themes that exhale
calmness, so worried lungs can inhale

ears bewilder
hear sounds of lilting samba
from verses of poetic sonnet
like sounds of magical cornet.
teardrops from eyes as though balm
sees gleam; in a poem
as loving flames ignites
and broken hearts again unites.

Okim Otu

Someday You Will See

someday you will see
that the emptiness you felt
was in your mercy to filled
since it's the longing of your spirit
for a little attention
you could easily give

someday you will see
what you work so hard to buy
is what is starving your soul,
that it was so easy to be happy
but they sold to you that it was hard
and you bought it with your life

someday you will see
if you had savoured each moment you lived
your life would've been filled with memories,
that this life is a gift
that comes in rough wrappings
but marvellous inside

if someday you will see
all this to be true
tell someone not to wait
because someday can be today

Okim Otu

The Living Dead

Alive but not living
a piece of life but unaware
knows alot but nothing of himself
hears sounds afar
but can't hear his heartbeat
travels easily to space
can't visit a neighbor
Feels lonely
Amidst a billion galaxy
builds the tallest tower
can't build a relationship
manufactures exotic automobiles
can't plants a single tree
like an impoverished land
that lies underneath it, a treasure
but remain desolate
because it never looked inward.
He is the living dead!

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Night

Away from morning haste,
from the noise of noon
and delay of evening
To the warm embrace
and calming mildness
of peaceful night
that savours hectic day
with sublime serenity
and flavours restful sleep
with it glowing moon.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Whisper Is A Way Of Life 2

soft sound like brass
tender melodies like breeze
sounds that excites the soul
melodies that refreshes the spirit

like the moaning of the lover
that leaps the hearts
and the chirping of the sparrow
that calls the night

like the singing of the mother
that lures the child
like the quiet voice of the conscience
that guides the will

like the babies first cry
and the adult last breathe
like rumors that cause war
and humour that breaths laughter

whispers litters every nook
some leaping our hearts
some winking our might
but whisper is a way of life!

Okim Otu

Whisper Is A Way Of Life

the sun whispers to the earth
and we see the dazzling light,
lightning whispers to the horizon
we hear the resounding thunder

the wind whisper to the trees
we see the dancing leaves,
the ocean whisper to the sky
we see the loving rain

husband whisper to his wife
we hear a baby's cry,
the roaster whisper to the night
we see the morning twilight

whispers litters every nook
some leaping our hearts
some winking our might
but whisper is a way of life!

Okim Otu

Anything For Your Love

My life's essence is anchor on your love
Your aura revives my spirit
Your memories ignites my soul
My heart beat according to your rhythm

Give me pebbles, and I will turn them to bread
Give me water, I turn it to wine
Throw me a shade, I make a covering
Dry up your brook, I flow you a spring

Withers your tree, I plant you a garden
Show me thorns, I see beautiful roses
You see burning fire, I see loving flames
Whisper to my ear, I sing you a song

Drop me a tear, I cry you a river
Lend me a smile, take dozens of laughter
Call me king, I slave for you forever
if I must be fooled, must be by my lover.

Okim Otu

Summer, Spring And Laughter

summer's adversity strikes,
the sun open it mouth
and vent heat that prevents embraces
and change the sound of my child's cry

from edge to end
i remain undaunted
never did I wince or drop a tear
even with seeming reason to cry

spring time arrives
the sky adorns with colours,
flowers bloom, smiles cluster
and doors open, of delightful laughter.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Dying

Slowly, death is dying
as it can no longer
hold the dead in their grave

The body become soil
the spirit return to the giver
and life go on revolving

Death is now dying
since memories won't stop igniting
loving flames of those that are gone

Death is now dying
since minds won't stop shaping
by the impact of history

it's only dawn, and death is dying
when it's dusk men will know
that death is a new kind of birth.

Okim Otu

Precious Time Take Me 2

precious time take me
take me to whence mother's arm
keep me kindly warmth

whence dreaming was fun
and castle cost less to build
since it was on beach's sand

take me to nearby bush
where the stream is comforting
keeping us cool through heated noon

take me to chilly night
when cheerful voices sang
melodies under delightful moon

whence the harmattan cool
forced kids to the burning fire
prompting stories that shaped minds

precious time take me.

Okim Otu

The Boss Don't Care

I'm drowning with the seal
All his mindings is the deal
No one cares how I feel
Who will ask if I'm heal?

This ocean won't show my tear
This boss care less of my fear
My dreams turning to despair
Making money is all he swears

My conscience imprisoned
My soul is slightly dead
But daily I must work
Cos that's how things work

No one knows the sleepless night
Only wants the shining light
I'm an investment
The boss don't care

Been given a couple of cars
And a nice home
I must make the returns
Whether it rains or suns.

Okim Otu

The Beauty Of Life 4

Thorns and thistles amidst roses
Fearful dungeons at palaces
Hades stands side by side with paradise
And the valley; between mountains peak lies

Beauty glows in the presence of vileness
Light enkindles in darkness
Love reverberate in the hearts of hate
And fear dares to tier apart faith.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Black And Beautiful

The sun rises upon my head
and sufficed my glowing beauty
The sun set on my hearts
and delivered dozens of loving colours
Out of my right comes pink
Out of my left goes purple
I'm white, I'm green
I'm every colours.

I'm the loving mother
I'm the caring father
I'm the respectful child
I'm the hardworking farmer
I'm the passionate teacher
I'm the just judge
I'm the gallant warrior
I'm the caring nurse
I'm the priest of Obatala
I'm the child of Ajani

Beauty clusters my everything
my virgin forest that ventilates the earth
my Nile, my Kilimanjaro
my gold, my diamond
my elephants, and kangaroos
my Mandela, my Mansa Musa
my Lagos, my Nairobi,
my Seychelles, my Cape Verde
I'm Africa
I'm Black and Beautiful

Okim Otu

The World Goes On

You walked all day on your knees begging?
Or weeps all night repenting?
Meanwhile the world goes on
The birds are singing their soft song
And the river, flowing endlessly

You wander?
Or surrender?
Meanwhile the world goes on
The trees remain still
And the rocks undaunted

The loving radiance of the sun
Adorning flowers with adoring beauty
The ocean waves splashing waters
And the mountain's charming view
Awesome to falcon's eyes

Time keep going
Mornings unfolds into noon
And nights into day
The world goes on
Even if you choose not to follow

Okim Otu

Awake Pleasant Soul

Rest pleasant soul
Rest and let go
Of all baggages
That makes your heart
heavily laden
The no-thingness
Of life is glaring

The trueness of your being
Is outwitted by none
why loose sleep when you are
your own competition.

Cast your nest as further
the width of the water
Trend the length of the land
and dream beyond all minds.

The world is yours,
Your furtherance
And your hindrance
Are your making
Awake pleasant soul;
And consciously create
Your own reality.

Okim Otu

Lessons From The Tree

The tree's leaves falls in innocent obedience
To the wind's prominence,
The sun unfailing luminance
Reveal the tree overdependence,
The hurricane's dorminance
Humbles the tree's preponderance
But the tree remain consistence
On giving oxygen and oxygen magnifies the tree's relevance
since oxygen gives our planet difference
And brought her her inherence
The tree's overdependence, innocence and obedience
Birthed it significance.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Where Grace Flows Like A Fountain 2

Wisdom leads beauty
To nearby mountain
Where pride suffers
On low pedestal
But humility is thrill
With oasis of pleasurable bloom
And grace flows like a fountain.
Beauty relishes on grace's flavour
And on grace wings
Beauty flies to new height
Where victory gladly calls,
Where joy await with open arm
And peace reign on noble's throne.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Where Grace Flows Like A Fountain

This comely mountains shade
flaunts like a tinted hue
with birds wovoring
As if there're being cade
staring eyes feeds to no clue
here and there; wandering.

Bearded men climbing slow
with bald heads but wisdom-filled
to lead beauty to this mountain
Where pride's pedestal is low,
but humility is greatly thrilled
and grace flows like a fountain.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Sun Was There

The sun was there
amidst cluster of planets
yet dutifully illuminates our earth
offering heat to snow bound woods
and food to a thousand forest.

The sun was there
when the cockerel's crow
awaken sleeping minds
to the soft twilight of effervescent ray
that pierces chilly morning into brighten day.

The sun was there
as tiny seeds fell on filthy ground yet shoot
into trees so agile,
as the bud broke open into a flower so fragile
yet transformed into the taste filled fruit.

The sun was there
when men and women stands side by side
between the aisle exchanging vows
and in turn flout blatantly
without any votive.

The sun was there
when your sister's tears you wiped
and your brother; you leaned a helping hand,
when you showed love
and shared happiness around
The sun will be there as witness.

Okim Otu

Sometimes

Sometimes;
the sun's loving radiance
that excites vegetation
can also be the scorching brilliance
that burns the skin
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;
the rain that excites farmers
during the planting season
can let loose and floods their farms
during the raining season
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;
the wind that blows us with cool breeze
that refreshes our spirits
can also blow off our roofs
and render us homeless
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;
the people we entrust with our treasury
will be the first to celebrate our misery
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;
those we cherished and cared for
are the ones who offend us the most
but it's just sometimes

Sometimes;
A little dreadful
A little wonderful
Is what makes life beautiful
But it's just sometimes.

Okim Otu

It Cost Nothing

Look your spouse in the eye and smile

it cost nothing

Say hello to a stranger

it cost nothing

Grab a tree and hug

it cost nothing

Wave at a school bus

it cost nothing

Take a walk, stand up and jump

it cost nothing

Go to a river and swim

it cost nothing

So much kindness around

and it cost nothing

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Precious Time Take Me

Precious time take me
take me to whence kids gathered
under the glowing moon,
round the burning fire
listening to the elderly
telling stories of history

I have been suffocated
Suffocated by the smoke and enduring sounds
Of my neighbors generator
My sanity Impeded
Impeded by the noise of social media
And my creativity is in doubt.

Take me where alongside the flames arose;
Images that fashioned new frames of art,
Thoughts that brewed bottles of poetic rhymes,
Sounds that cooked delicious pots of new songs
and moves that molded new steps of African dance
Precious time take me.

Okim Otu

The Message Of Love

Warm embrace, great fire ignites
Heartbeats, sounds that excites
Willowing song of immense delight
Deep song the soul recites
Where the guardians are knights
Where darkness clouds like night
And fraying hands cuddling tight
But love kindly brought light
Light that shone dark tunnel bright
And blew cool breeze aright
Sending her message polite
'That sons and daughters must unite'

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

I Give Thanks

I give thanks for the rising sun that smile on our earth with radiant light

I give thanks for love which fire ignite pleasant flames that illuminates darkened hearts and twirls tolerance in men's lives

I give thanks for the thunderstorm of hope that resonates from distance land to grant us the greatest relief

I give thanks for the rain of redemption from heaven; that floods our valley with kind waters and floats us to new height where victory gladly calls

I give thanks for the exquisite moon that excites village kids to night games of hide and seek

I give thanks for the air I breathe that I hardly notice, for the plant bud that broke open into the beautiful flower and the colourful butterfly that turns them to tasteful fruits

I give thanks for the beauty that abound in nature that spreads it branches like the flamboyant tree that the world can see

the dazzling speck of the star
the beautiful melody of the bird

I give thanks for my undaunted mind which pierces through harden rocks fearlessly, that stare at the whirlwind and dares the hurricane.

for all this I give thanks and for those still unnoticed.

Okim Otu

Nature's Pictures

Beauty smears the face
of the ugly owl
with it glowing colors
like the smile of the sun
on morning dew.

Sunlight tinders the dark wood
with radiance and gleam
and the sparrow's melody
soothing ears of harden rocks.

The stream flows through valleys
watering root of fruitful trees
and the thunder beat
rave some to joyous dance.

The flowers fragrance
excite visiting butterfly,
The bee's hardwork
brings us sweet honey,
This pictures in our minds
bring smiles in our faces.

Okim Otu

Story For The Gods

Another electioneering is upon us and suddenly
Picture of the big man buying akara
From the roadside seller
Is trending on the internet,
The rep is meeting his constituent
and they clap their filthy hands
To draw our attention.

They have come again with the same old story;
But this time we will tell them
That's 'story for the gods'

They are upon us with coolers of food
They are upon us with brown envelopes
They are here with Ak 47 and riffles,

To feed us a day and take our food for four years,
To buy our conscience
And to kill our dream of a better nation.

But we won't say yes!
we will arise and together fight
these enemies masquerading as leaders
we will use our votes to rescue our nation
from these blood thirsty beasts
sucking our common patrimony
and making our land desolate.

When they sing the same old songs
we with one voice will say
'that's story for the gods'

Okim Otu

What Is Life About?

Life is about love
That flows around like a spring
And glows like a queen,

Not always status,
Life is more about service
To humanity.

What is life about?
Life is more about giving
Not about getting

Sharing happiness
And creating joyous moments
And smiles all around.

Preserving nature;
Mother earth beauty conserved
For those yet unborn.

What is life about?
life is more about impacts
That stands the time test.

Like a golden gift
Delivered in rough wrappings
But awesome inside.

Okim Otu

Take Off Oh Death; This Your Veil

Take off oh death; this your veil
That makes your face so ugly
You are neither scary,
Allow your heart be unveil.

You keep your head so high,
Your shoulders above your chest,
This made men fear your vest
Cause they feel you make them die.

Why does your heart seems so pure
And helping hands stretched wide,
From where then comes this pride
That men says cannot be cure?

You take sick men from distress;
You save old men sidelined;
Are this acts so unkind
That women weep and stress?

Clear us this uncertainty
That paint you as monster
I'ant sure you are finer
Show your identity.

Okim Otu

Love Needs No Introduction

Love needs no introduction
She is like a young woman
Whose beauty calls attention
Of the admiring young man

Love spreads her elegant branches
Like the flamboyant tree
From far away distances
That the world can see

Love sings her song so gently
So soft and tender
But the melody
Travels even to yonder

Love's fire so hard to ignite
But when it tinders
Her dazzling gleam excites
All her zealous admirers

Though lost in alien territory
Love needs no introduction
Her exquisite smile
Brings along warm reception.

Okim Otu

Hard To Crack

Dark cloud eminently cover,
Cobweb annoyingly hover
where sunlight could've win some smiles
And pollinators could've bring new fruits,
Giants trees the hurricane uproot
And forced us to deserted miles.

Rain upon rain our shelter shattered
And food baskets completely emptied,
Our doors; hunger knock like the lender,
Round and round the wind unkind
Now blows as the monkey mind
But like the stubborn fly we won't surrender.

They scared us with wind,
We showed them whirlwind
They held our feet back
To pebble us with pebble
But never did we tremble.
Because we are hard to crack!

Okim Otu

Outburst

Silence can't silent
Quietness no longer quietens
Nothingness overshadow all space
And meaning meaning meaninglessness.

The night is long
The wait enough
Drowsiness eminent
And sleep the last option

Come quickly Lord.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

What Matter When Nothing Else Matters

what matters when nothing else matter?
when fear fades on brilliant cloud
and life stares at us it true essence.

when perception bow at reality's altar
and words becomes merely sounds
when beauty clusters every nook
and wisdom flows through all crannies

when gold becomes only shinny metals
and money paper with people's head
when the whole of your past flashes before you
and inventory calls are put forward to you

what will matter then
when nothing else matter
is all that really matters.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Please Don't Cry

When I cry shed no tears
When I die please don't cry
Life is a journey
Death it destination
We all are in this journey
And some day we shall arrive
And when it's my turn
Please don't cry
Celebrate my defeat
Because there have come to an end
But mourn also the winnings
There too have ended
But don't cry
I have only gone beyond
Awaiting your return
Where we part no more
So please don't cry.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

My Palm Tree - A Friend Indeed

When the rain is gone
And the land is drained
When leaves are withered
And trees struggle to stay alive
Oh! Then my palm tree sprouts
It lively branch to give me shade

When plants feed on food reserved
And flowers fall to sunlight scorch
Then oh! Then my palm tree bears
Hefty fruits that gladden my heart

You brought me hope
In desperate times
You showed you are reliable
In time of need
Oh! my palm tree
I admired your kindly quest.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Every Creature Adores The Almighty

Every creature adores the almighty
With reverend certainty
From the magnificent ocean
To the tiny grain of sand
Every creature adores the almighty

The night in its gloaming twilight
The stars in their shiny speck
And the sun in her loving radiance
Every creature adores the almighty

The little sparrow with its beautiful song
The resounding thunder with its frightening tune
The whirlwind in its violent quest
Adores his majesty! The Lord almighty.

Every creature adores the almighty
With awesome steadfastness
From the bud that broke open into a beautiful flower
To the frontiers of open desert where no plant survived
Every creature adores the almighty

The mountain dew showering on heated shrubs
The tree with its wagging leaves
And the rock in its undaunting demeanour
Every creature adores the almighty.

Okim Otu

Imperfect Me

If I was sitted on the throne of grace
With angels and archangels
Where iota of darkness can't be trace
And solemn songs sprawled, of holy evangels

Then like martyr will I be stone
Or hung to death at night
If I erred or stray to paths unknown
Or on my deeds demons take delight

But I am human with scores of flaw
Weaknesses hunting me like a hawk
Faults making me stay on fearsome awe
And I trail in this hassling walk

And If I err
And err and err,
Please forgive
And forgive and forgive

I'm a fallible human being
Striving to become divine
Earth is filled with imperfect being
Perfection belong to the Divine.

Okim Otu

October 1st

Freedom called like a resounding thunder
And the wind of hope swung
Across the Sahara towards the river Niger
A new song was chanted on the peak of obudu mountain
A new child was birth at the west of Africa
On October 1st 1960.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Last Last

Though you were engaged with a diamond ring
Or under a cicamon where birds sing
Last last it's the same yes I do

Though you fly first class
Or squeezed in economy with no class
Last last you will touch ground at same time

Though you groove with an iPhone thirteen
Or endure a refurbished andriod
Last last you end up in the same internet

Though you resides at the city centre
Or down town at the slums
Last last you both breath the same oxygen

Though you flaunt your bloated ego
Or keep a calm head
Last last people will still complain

Be you king or puppet
Be you rich or poor
Last last you all will die.

Okim Otu

Snakes In The Garden

I own a flourishing garden
But there are snakes in the garden
To scare the hell out of me
Or bring the best out of me.

Do I build a wall so high
To keep the snakes away?
Do I learn the hard way;
To be strong so together we may stay?

This daunting choice I must make
And I choose, I choose to be strong
For strength is all
That commemorate with being.

I choose to welcome the tempt,
I choose to endure the bites,
That's the way I must go
Since my wish is to grow.

Okim Otu

The Sun Refused To Set

Out of the depth of the deepest sea
Flows extreme joy I seek,
Up high at the highest peak
Lay waste the wisdom I crave.

Curtain closed to my aspirations,
White flags raised in my battles
And I am in this valley
With a heart filled with grief

But the Sun refused to set
While I was still on labourers kits.

Thunderstorms of hope
Resonate from distant land
Where I hardly thought
Will come the least relief,

Rain of redemption from heaven came
And flooded the valley with kind waters
While I floats to new heights
Where victory gladly calls.

Just because the sun refused to set
While I was still on labourers kits.

Okim Otu

The Beauty Of Silence

Quietening peace that heals,
Sublime calmness quite ideal
And awe-inspiring tenderness
That spice up solitude bliss;

Silence offers tear dropping joy
Of paradise mildest spot.
Tranquiling confused heads,
Soothing troubled minds
And mollifying heartfelt pain.

Silence!
Where creativity do the open call
Silence!
Where God speaks to listening ears
Silence!
Where I am truly I.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

This Gentleman

This gentleman with loyal friends with
Hands of service to humanity, his
Interest firmly on the poor and lowly,
Serving wholeheartedly like a servant though a king

Gentle in character
Elegant in actions
Non-discriminatory in speech
Tender as the rose??
Loving as a nursing mother
Exemplary in leadership
Mindful that he is part of the universe
And conscious of precious moments passing by and
Never letting one passed unnoticed.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Faceless

The face of the poor has paled
His voice finally cracked
He is faceless
He is voiceless.

Though hardship has made for him a coat
And trouble hung around his neck a note
But no one seem to see his plight cause he is faceless.

Though he wailed aloud in pain
And wallowed on deserted plain,
No one seem to hear him cause he is voiceless.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Game

Life is a game
You ride on rules to fame
But you give yourself the rules
And if you didn't infringed those rules
On the right and peace of the man next door
Then soaring like an eagle be sure
High and higher on victorious skies
And your praises on distant land forever flies.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Beauty Of Life 3

Nature flows effortlessly in time
Time goes round and round in nature.

Summer rain never falls in winter
Winter snow never falls in summer.

Mountain envied the depth of the valley
Valley wishes it was the mountain.

Water freezes into ice
Ice melted into water.

Earth provide food for man
Man dies and become earth.

If the fish has wings
it wouldn't has swim,
If the eagle has fins
It wouldn't has fly.

The tree may grow taller
But cannot reach the sky,
The ocean can travel wider
But cannot overcome the earth.

That's the beauty of life.

Okim Otu

Poetry Is Bliss

When I'm glue to lustful thought,
When the veil of righteousness falls
While I stand on wallowing ground
Oh my sweet poetry calls
There along is my travelling path,
There alone my Joy is found.

When I'm soaked on thrilling bliss,
When my soul is greatly enriched
Know then that my poetry call
Have I delightedly answered.
Poetry brings immeasurable pleasure
Far beyond what I can write.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Set Me Free

When I'm restless,
I write
And what I write when I'm restless
Proceeds with absolute beauty
And the splendour a palace.

When I'm restless,
I write
And what I write when I'm restless
Brightens my mind and leaps my spirit to heavenly places
Where joy and serenity resides.

What I write when I'm restless
Flows freely with the ease of a river
Effortless, through gullies and hills
Carrying along it messages of peace
Even to alien territories.

Poetry set me free from chains of restlessness,
Because when I'm restless
I write poetry
And it brings me peace.

Okim Otu

Love Always Wins

Beautiful symphony of love
From array of benevolence
Sings aloud in orchestral sequence
With peaceful apparels of a dove.

Confronted by impenetrable darkness of hate
Carried by dirty hands of vanity
In plains of immorality
Where even the brightest of light cannot radiate.

Love lifted her face of hope
And vanquished bloated egos,
Love strike brilliant light of modesty
And impenetrable darkness waved the white flag in defeat.
Surely, love always wins.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Reminiscing

Reminiscent memories on gentle gear;
Your sweet symphony goes too quickly to yester year
Swing calmly within reachable bosom
So my heart may enjoy therefrom.

Whence on cradle bed I laid
Whence on mother's arm I wade
Oh sweet memories may
Let me rest in solitary way.

Whence on childish happy day
Whence the world in dreams obey
Then for joyful spray I crave
Then with heartfelt love I gave.

Graceful morning as school boys pray
Whence time fly on midday play
Ever exciting moonlight runs
With cocoyam stem's crafted guns.

Oh! sweet reminiscent memories
Don't end this beautiful melodies.

Okim Otu

Peaceful Rain

Peaceful rain, rain on us
Pools of pleasant water
To wipe sorrowful tears
And cool heated tempers,
To calm worrying hearts
And enrich deserted land
Peaceful rain, rain on us
Pools of pleasant water.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Blood On The Flag

There is bloodstains on the flag,
The green, white and green flag
It's the blood of innocent children who died of measles
Because govt official siphoned the fund meant for it fight,
It's the blood of pregnant women who died during labour
Because midwives where on strike due to unpaid salaries.

Crying echoes on the street of Aso rock,
It's the cries of widows
Whose husbands insurgents killed,
The cries of orphans
Whose parents fall victims to police brutality
Ours is a soaring flag
But planted on a sickened land

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Moments Of Bliss

Blissful moments stay with me
Stay here with me in solitude;
In this doorway of freedom
That smiles enlightening welcomes,

Stay here with me in this rituals
That breaks me open like the bud
And make me blossom as the rose
Blissful moments stay with me.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Teacher Don't Teach Me Nonsense

Teacher don't teach me nonsense

You said mungo park discovered the river Niger

When my ancestors has fished there for hundredth of years,

Please don't teach me nonsense.

You taught me your religion

And demonized my ancestor's

Yet you said it's fine men sleeps with men,

Please don't teach me nonsense.

You called my culture archaic

And taught me your civilization

That is making mother nature sick.

What my forefathers knew years ago;

You now spend billion trying to teach

Mr teacher please don't teach me nonsense.

All creatures are one; you said we were separate,

All humans are the same; you said we were different

Because it was good for your business

Teacher don't teach me nonsense.

Okim Otu

Pleasant Surprises

The door's bell rings,
A smile awaits in the balcony,
Warmth legs fling inside the duvet,
As the window open gently
Brilliant sun rays strike
At pleasant frowns
Accompanied by passionate moans
Emanating from comfort's territories.

The door goes wide,
The smile slowly fades
But leaves behind
Parcels of uncertainty
That grows as days goes
And if again the door's bell rings,
It ring sound of pleasant surprises
That bring smiles to mothers' faces.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Maracana

For you is this tender feelings
And fondness that refreshes my soul,
For you alone belonged this yearning
And steadfast devotion
That gladden my spirit
Oh! Sweet Maracana.
If heaven calls and angels beckon
It's your name sweet Maracana
That will resound in my mind.

Your love taste like sweet wine
That ease off the day's stress
Your eyes pierced through my heart
Like a warlord's sword
And makes empathic blood
Copulate life through my vein
To keep me alive
To keep loving you
My sweet Maracana.

Okim Otu

Glimpses Of Beauty

The dazzling sun on green plains and hills
And the exquisite moon that thrills
Village kids to games of hide and seek
At gullies of ecstasy and joyous peak.

The heaps of snow on temperate forest
And swarms and springs on graceful vest
Like a goddess of alluring junoesque,
Or a flamboyant tree of charming statuesque.

Like the flower's fragrance that gathers butterfly,
Or the gentle wind that soar the eagle's high,
Beauty craves for conscious eyes to behold,
Glimpses flashes on that nothing can withhold.

Every moment marvelously present it elegance,
As that of the elephant and the Lion's resonance
That travel across mountain and pinnacle
Announcing to those near and distant; this ever lucent miracle.

Okim Otu

A Shadow Of Myself

I, an epitome of flawless beauty,
Yet craving for ordinary flaws.
I, a speckle of dazzling light,
Burning from love's fire,
Yet I failed to radiate
This light to the world

I, a reflection
Of my creator's love
That keeps mother earth
On her proper place,
But it's easy I swallow a goat
Than reflect this love in our world

I, a storehouse of all knowledge
Yet can't explain
The least particles of this earth.
Oh! I have now become
A shadow of myself.

Okim Otu

Beauty Of Life 2

Death without life will be meaningless.
Truthfulness without falsehood remained valueless.
The universe with no conscious being is nothing.
Reality, images, feelings and thoughts are but one thing.

Good will make no sense without evil.
There won't be angels without a devil.
Because of sunshine, there must be rain.
Because of pleasure, there must be pain.

Hills stand side by side with the valley,
Mountains nor plains both grows the lily,
Great tidings sealed alongside messages of ill-fortune
And grace masquerading as misfortune.
That's the beauty of life.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Tell The Rain

Tell the rain
Her heap on cloud is glooming
And heavy as loads of grain
And has made sunlight wane.

Tell the rain
As it is long we saw her showering,
The earth is now drain
And drought proudly reign.

Tell the rain
That bees and butterflies are starving,
The plant's stem is feign,
No flower, no nectar nor grain.

Tell the rain,
That streams and rivers are drying,
Her little drops to gain,
That their beauty they may regain.

Tell the rain
Please tell the rain.

Okim Otu

The Poet's Dilemma

The poet's dilemma is to turn beauty
That eyes beholds into fine lines
And turn rich fragrance the nose smells
Into nice tuned words.

The poet's dilemma is not only for readers to understand the poem,
But their willingness to go with the flow
To the mountain if the poet goes to the mountain
Or the valley if he goes to the valley.

The poet's dilemma is not to have a lucid idea
Or an abundance of words,
But the oil of rhyme to keep the verse's light
Shinning throughout every line.

The best poems are still unwritten,
Not because the best poets are still unborn
But because the poet's dilemma
Is using words describes Silence.

Okim Otu

PoemHunter.com

The Reality

We started off with hope so high
Then we shrink so nigh
When we realized we are going to die
Without finding answers to the big why?

We built those secured tent
To explained the extent our lives went
Without expanding enough; our mind
About the big things still undefined.

We live a disappointed life and dies,
But first feeds ourselves with lies,
Like relationships and careers needless,
To delude ourselves that it wasn't totally pointless.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Child Of The Universe

I am a child of the universe,
Not lesser than the moons and stars.
I am tiny like the grain of beach's sand,
I am huge as the elephant of mangrove forest.
I am salty like the waters of mighty sea.
I am sweet as wild honey from the bee's comb.

I am violent like the whirlwind that humble giant trees,
I am gentle like the cool breeze
That spice up baby's sleeps.
I am beautiful like the sunset in the ocean,
I am gloomy like the clouded sky
That holds back wondrous rain.

I am the ugly song of big eyes owl
That comes alongside unfortunate news,
I am the sweet melody of mother's song
That lures the kid to sleeping bed.
The sound of my voice is a sounding thunder,
The blink of my eyes is as the lightning speed.

I am a child of the universe,
Not lesser than angels,
Just like a shining star
I radiate my creator's beauty.

Okim Otu

Where God Lives

God lives in the quietness beneath the noise,
He lives in the stillness behind the gentle wind,
God lives at the very source of your teardrops,
He lives at the place which flow extreme joy,
God lives in you.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Dance

Life is a dance,
You may not be in control
Of the rhythm of the song
Or the melody of the song
Or the beat of the song,

But you are in total control
Of your dance steps
And your dance moves.
So no matter how the music play
Make the dance in your favour.
Cause you are in control of your dance.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

What Is Grace?

Grace is the rising sun
that smile on our earth with radiant light,
It is the enveloping dusk
That usher in the peaceful night.

Grace is the colourful butterfly
That pollinate the farmer's plant
And turn flowers to tasteful fruits.

Grace is eyes to see adoring beauty,
Ears to hear beautiful melodies,
Nose to smell opulent fragrance
And tongue to taste juicy delicacies.

Grace is the care from family,
The togetherness of the community
That brings peaceful coexistence.

Grace is a heart to have loving feelings,
And a sound mind to live rationally.
Grace is sleeping on trouble night
And waking to morning's joy.

Grace speaks to ears that listen,
It walks on street of the meek
And sleeps at the home of the godly.

Okim Otu

Sorrow Is Not For Me

I've been gliding on rosy cluster
And glinting like smiley booster,
I've been floated by jubilant monsoon
Up high like colourful balloon.

Sorrow is not for me!

I've been dancing with solemn virgins,
To tunes of orchestric violin,
I am the cremated aches of heartfelt dead
That sit beside mothers on diamond bed.

Sorrow is not for me!

I am the wind that blow the tiny violet.
I am the glowing beautiful sunset
That gladden the farmer's heart
Like an appealing work of art.

Sorrow is not for me!

Like the fry that swims in mighty ocean
Sorrow is not for me!
Like the eaglet that fly high in the sky
Sorrow is not for me!

Okim Otu

Proud African Child

From hills and valleys of green pastures
To spring of rivers and oceans of magnificent,
With the finest of diamond and precious of gold,
And glowing faces of black women
How nature endowed my mother land with greatness.

The dusty air of dry season
And cloudy sky of raining season,
The waterfall in the virgin forest,
And mushroom on rotten trees,
A wonderful glimpse to behold.

The sun to glint her peaceful face,
The moon to light her gentle night
Oh! Mother Africa,
I'm proud to be your child.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Slave Of My Own Making

I seek tirelessly to know about mars
When I barely knew who I am,
I spend so much time to explore stars
When I hardly had time to admire
Beautiful roses in front of my door.

My worries are routine about my past
But can't appreciate beautiful memories past.
I plans daily for my future
But can't observed precious moment passing by.

I study to hone the mind,
I eat to nourish the body,
Yet didn't know the food for my spirit.
I call myself a teacher
Yet only just know a thing.

I am slipping slowly into
Slavery of my own making.

Okim Otu

PoemHunter.com

The Beauty Of Life

It's the rock's hardness
That make you appraised
The rose's softness.

The seeds you sow in tears
It fruits you eats with joy
The hills you climb in pain
It view your heart it gladdens.

The beautiful pool that cools
The head of the swimmer also drowns,
This brilliant fire that cooks
your tasty food also burns.

If it rains daily, your streets will flood
And only sunshine will bring you drought.
Rain some days, sunshine some days
That is the beauty of life.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

50 Words For Society's Victory.

From love's fire
Burns pleasant flames,
Circulating Innocent swirls
At Tolerance's pot
With content unnamed,
Boiling happily and twirls
Vapour of peace
Towards the path of justice
To make droplets of hope
Drops in jars of fine wine
Which kings and Nobles shall raise in celebration
Singing; alas! society wins.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Spoiled But Virtuous

Spoiled but virtuous.

You can tear me into parts or stained my hands with blood,
You can slice me to pieces
Like the oven bound grasses
But will only meet resilience of a mounting flood.

You can fill my ears with subtle words of your soft voice,
You may try in vain to sway
My undaunted gut off way,
But will only meet; the rocky WILL behind my choice.

I may dance in the dark; with your half naked striper,
I may put between your legs,
My treasures and hard earned eggs
But won't loose my head to your luring, cunning tempter.

My head beneath your troubled waters but I'm still fine,
My feet under your carpet;
Dusty as the old scarlet
But i make bold to stand taller than your revered shrine.

Though I take the shape of you, I can never be you.
I may heed to those your cries
But I know that there are lies.
I may bowed before your feet, i will not worship you.

I am just simple, I am not stupid,
I am only strict, I am not wicked,
I may seem spoiled, but I am still virtuous.

Okim Otu

Nigeria: The Sleeping Giant.

The sleeping giant

Teardrops enough to flood the river Nile,
Unemployed graduates queue longer a mile,
My beloved land has remained juvenile.

Tens of tomatoes baskets rot on bad roads,
Farmers still buy gov't 'not for sale' fertilizer
And the fight against graft is steep on pages of newspaper.

The deep pipes are working and dollars is rolling,
Timber is banned but mahoganies keep falling,
Desert encroaching, globe warming, gov't watching.

While sons of senators fly jets to take pictures,
I D P sons dream in hunger, a bright future
And the widened poverty gap keep pace with speed.

Bandits killed kids and rape women on broad day light,
But soldiers shot peaceful protesters with live arms,
And we called ourselves 'the giant of Africa'

Okim Otu

Fearless

I may float in accordance with the wind's tempo,
I may stand in the midst of the wildest tempest,
But like the iroko, I remained unmoved.

The sky may be darkened like the frightening night
And stars falling and causing the most bizarre sight,
But like the roaring lion; i am unafraid.

Though the mountain be lowered and oceans shallowed,
Though my feet be shrunk and wings be fallowed,
But like the eagle; I will still swiftly soar,

I may sit on trouble waters, but like the rock I'm unshakable,
Though anarchy may loom, i stand unsurmountable,
Though i shrouds from seeming dangers in caution, I'm fearless.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

To Thrive Is Life.

A Long walk through the desert;
With a long face like the horse
Engirdled as the seagirt;
By gentle sea with no force.

You have walk along dry sand
Enduring the scorching sun
And the bangle in your hand
Heavier than intended fun.

Put off all heavy burden
Inflicted on you by self
And tame life's free garden
Than sink in voidable delf.

Days unfold not to make you old,
Nor sunshine to scorched your skin,
Nor it rains to make you cold,
Nor the wind to trash your zinc.

The sun, the moon.. ought to thrive
To me and you; to thrive is life,
Instead of frowning at lives
Arise and make alive; your life.

Though the sun shine; thrive!
Though the rain falls; thrive!
Though the wind blows; thrive!
All you got to do is thrive!

Okim Otu

The Rebirth 2

Love no longer radiate like the raven,
Injustice now risen to high heaven,
Bloated egos rules the high and lowly,
Unfitted and stained sleeves; show off proudly.

The okra plant has outgrown it planter!

Kids eating with elders; with hands uncleaned,
In the presence of elders; palm nuts burned,
Toads strolling at noon without being pursue,
Abominations appraised as virtue.

Oh okra plant has outgrown it planter!

Stars and ravens who displayed great radiance
Shall sit in place of man; with elegance
The almighty who gave man dominance
Can also make stones and grasses advance.

So okra plant can't outgrow it planter.

Okim Otu

The Rebirth

When on their own land; Kings becomes strangers
And Queens taken by drunken soldiers,
When on unguarded and stray paths prince walk
And servants ride gorgeously on horseback.

The cries of orphans shall be heard beyond!

When the best suddenly lacks precision
And pride sits on exalted positions,
When love slaves in egocentric places
And truthfulness burns on lying furnaces.

The cries of orphans shall be heard beyond!

This madness will crumble before our sight,
The hand of the Lord will show up in might,
To birth for our sake a new beginning;
Where justice prevail and joy unending.

The cries of orphans would've been heard beyond.

Okim Otu

Valley Of Choices

Flashes of brilliant lightning,
Glimpses of adoring beauty,
Lightning, so bright and shinning
Beauty, tender and comely
To apprise the mind that is willing
And adorn the soul that is ready.

Portion of gloomy shades,
Iota of impurity,
Gloom no light can penetrate
Impurity so filthy,
To Clout the mind that is laden
And enslave the soul that is jittery.

You stand in this valley of hills
To perform this choice of freewill
If because of it, your dreams are killed,
Only on you the shame be filled.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Prisoner Of The Ego

Ego made me feels of myself highly,
Set me apart, set me against brothers,
You made me feels separate and lonely,
Made my face to shade, no longer glitters,
Even blinded to perceived small glisters,
On self my mind's centered, selfishness looms
All the fear resisted turn persistsers,
Beauty wails but I can't see through this gloom.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Enslaved And Alone

This tripartite union I dare to breach
Cos I have the jungle within my reach
But I am still prey to mere devourer,
I'm energy yet in search of power.

I'm creator at the mercy of creature,
Compelled to see the mind as main feature
While my spirit is enslaved and alone;
The body ages and death's time unknown.

A Victor enduring as a victim,
Sacred being trapped in this humans pilgrim
With great tidings of confidence and hope
Worth contemplating but uneasy to cope.

I'm slave in a multiverse of freedom,
Alone amidst many, cos no wisdom.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

The Commandment Called Love

Love is a commandment, not a plea,
Love is a way of life; not emotions,
Love is spiritual; not mundane,
Love is openness not secrecy.

Love is in doing not in talking,
Love is valuing not despising,
Love is in giving not receiving,
Love is sacrifice not withholding.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Universe

The big owl's eyes sees this marvel humbly,
The same which drop tears down my cheeks softly
That which I call light she says is darkness
See what I endeared as reality mess.

I wake to this bounded body depress,
This which shows me limitation endless
Yet feels boundless energy within me
Even as far the galaxy may be.

If with mother the moon didn't aligned
In love, would i have ever been conceived?
If not the sun shine on vegetation
With kindness, would I have ever eaten?

If not for water that quenches my thirst
And cool my head, I may have died of thirst
The sun, the moon, the trees, the sea... is me.
I'm the universe, the universe; me.

Okim Otu

Oh Do Not Forget So Soon. (Suicide Is Profane)

When climbing the hilltop seem no longer in sight
And day become shorter and longer the night,
When the hands can't grab the dreaming goods of the mind
And the head can't grasp any more, tends to abscind,
The heart begin trembling and the spirit failing,
The ugly hand of death turned soft and comforting.

Oh do not forget so soon;
The great beauty of this life
Ever faithful mother earth:
The dancing leaves of the trees
The adorable flowers
The brilliant smiles of the sun
The humid looks of the sky
The stillness of the sea
The sane silence of the night
The cool morning breeze
The beautiful smiles of mothers
The innocent charm of kids
The glowing faces of ladies
Oh do not forget so soon.

You see death as freedom
Why not seek the freedom in life?
You think in death is rest?
Yet can't seek the rest in life.

If you know that you are a piece of life
And that you can never end life,
Only your illusion is about to be ended,
Will you rather awake from your illusion,
Or end what you never knew how it started?

Oh do not forget so soon that life is sacred,
Do not forget so soon that suicide is profane.

Okim Otu

There Is Stillness In Every Headache

There is stillness in every headache,
Light at the end of every tunnel,
There is a silence in every noise,
A shiny Sun after every rain.

There is comfort in every tear drop,
Solution wrapped in every problem,
There's a wage after every labour,
A silver line in every dark cloud.

There is a smile behind every frown,
There is love in every sacrifice,
There is dawn after every long night,
There's always Peace after every war,
There's always an end to every storm,
There is beauty in every ugliness.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Only If I Knew I Wouldn't Have Read

Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
I wouldn't have read those scary scriptures
That obsesses my heaven, with hell's dread
And thwart my ambition to get richer

I wouldn't have read those cruel history
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
Of my forefathers forceful slavery,
That brought between black and white loggerhead

Some jump into sea, flouting any thread
Fully arrange in ships like fish in pack
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read
History that took humanity back

I wouldn't have read the exploitation
Of which great men died trying to defend,
Of our dear land, called colonization
Only if I knew, I wouldn't have read.

Okim Otu

A Prayer Of The Faithful

In the sky written in gold my name
The wind has blown to me my fame
My walk through the desert brought me gain
The tears are dried, my joy exceed the pain.

Sunlight enlightened my face
Lock track adhere to my race
Long days of loneliness are past
No more a minute of hunger else a fast.

Although life may be unfair
God's love sees me through the stair.
Darkness may fill up my night
I rise again in the morning with Jesus' light.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Ending

Oh see tears rolling down my cheeks
see how burden my heart is
my most cherished one is gone
oh death has taken my heart away
and my mind is going astray
why hurt me along this way?
why now that it's still the day?
now that the sun is just rising
and her face just started shining
you show your valour without pitying.

Though in tears I make some smile
knowing she won't drawn in the Nile
she lived a life more than a mile
her soul will rest in God bosom
Where then oh! dreadful death,
the fearful sting of your valour
show me the might in your colour
when mum who you take
is sitted in faith
with Christ in whom we were save.

Okim Otu

Mistake Of My Forefathers

My forefathers never lived a half life,
We are the ones whose lives is incomplete,
Since they didn't know how to drive a car
so didn't knew what is Global warming.

My forefathers were great friends of nature
They live freely in caves in the forest
We are better off, we are civilize being
We build secured mansions and skyskrappers.

The mistake of my forefathers was what? ,
That they didn't harm nature like we do?
And causes her to mutate and in turn,
cause us illnesses that they never knew?

This civilization we pride ourselves
threatens the survival of our planet
And continuity of human speciess
Like the dinosour, we have doomed ourselves.

My forefathers did well, their only mistakes
Is that they conserved and preserved so much
That we who lives after them can know life,
But we're leading ourselves to extinction.

Okim Otu

The Mind Gospel

Think carefully so you will not stink
Stirred and crowded waters so dirty
Swim cautiously so you will not sink
So your white raiment be not filthy.

Say what is worth, words are hunter's arrow
Once shot can not be return
Even melodious like the sparrow
If not watch can take one down

Be upright, action has consequence
Whoever choose to sow wind
No matter how long he stands the sequence
Must make bold to reap whirlwind.

Beware of what you do daily
It becomes your habit
There your character is built firmly
And your soul liberate from fear's pit

Okim Otu

False Smile

I put on to deceive the world; this smile
I am so sick of this journey; not fine
With fathomless distances of great mile
known to the knower, yet unknown to mine.

The more I feed; less satisfied I feel
Though I flick a thousand pages in pain
With a candid hope of clarity's heal
But gloomy cloud holding my wondrous rain.

I am not fine, sick of this clouded mind
Though the sun smile on me with loving rays
To enlighten my mind; an act so kind
I am still entangled in awful ways.

My heavy heart won't stop me from smiling,
Though you called it false, it cost me nothing.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Who To End Poverty?

Who to end poverty
In our era of adversity?
Anthill of men we constitute,
Turn us mostly to destitute
Even the marshal plan fail.

The wealthy disturbed to engrave
From the cradle to the grave,
From each according to his ability,
To each according to his essentiality,
The American dream refuse to sail.

We reap rotten egg;
From the foreign aids.
Though smile of winners who prosper
Also tears of losers who suffer
Government agenda leaves no trail.

Lovely upon which they think,
Sadly haven't stop the stink,
As wives endures matrimonial pain
Alas enjoy marvelous gain
Law of nature cannot be jail.

Okim Otu

One With God

If your life is not pleasing
to God
It can never be pleasant to you
And you will be a nuisance to life.

The only way to please God
Is knowing God
And the only way to knowing God
Is knowing that you are one with God.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

A Touch From An Angel

As I sit gazing under the tree's crotch,
I am caught in an awe beyond measures,
It seems so glaring that I have been touched
Touch instantaneously where I treasures.

At the comeliness of nature I stared,
Within her subtle beauty I was snared,
Though in stormy weather I was floating,
Calm waters now cool my head like a spring.

Warm air breath out of my nostrils slowly,
The tree flags it wagging leaves joyfully
And I wake to this apparent union
Shrouded in mystery as dens of lion.

No more heavy burdened like a camel
Surely, this touch must be from an angel.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Plight Of The Mundane

As I lay down to sleep,
My eyes close to the world
But through the earth I seep,
My head so nicely pearled
Frighten by underworld,
As light glow in Stillness
So must my head uncurled
And cure this pettiness.

The world has called it right
The best path worth pursuing,
The church has ground it might
Suffering and smiling,
Shrouds essence of living
And clout my mind with dust,
Sway me away from being
To pride myself in lust.

I can feel the power
which reside within me,
Intrinsic energy
Woven around my heart,
All that is beautiful,
Wise and ideal I see
Whence one with being and still.

Okim Otu

Admiration Of My Ideal Beauty

Beauty that always stands,
Cherishness that enhance
when glowing faces fade
And scented skins enshade.

The mind of men may stray
When taste is off the way
but beauty that lies beyond the eyes
Always freezes the heart just like ice.

Beauty that lies beyond good mime,
Fragile but stand the taste of time,
Adorn in array of modesty
With warm hearty smile of chastity.

Beauty only the mind can see,
That always rise above the sea.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

When I Fall I Rise

When I fall
I lay bare in the very essence I was made
I get this hard hit I need to be what I must
When I fall i rise

When I fall
I fall deep to the place where my ideal self lives
I put my hands round my head to the place of my being
When I fall I rise

As the grave opens its mouth for me
I rather see a door to freedom
Though darkness may abound where I laid
As the brilliance of fire, light that is.
When I fall I rise

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Quiet Fane

Clouded skies can't hold back the rain,
Loud bane queue to cause pain,
Bettlebrowed monster stands amain,
Shroud safely in quiet fane.

Though you appear in this dormain,
Caste in strata but vain
Becoming you and real and sane
Is like illusive lane.

To walk the path so long as train;
Instead fly an airplane
Or sleep in cage with hand enchain;
Better pray in quiet fane.

Stop those struggle in muddy plane
With swine that cause this stain,
Bow aright like the sugarcane
And wait the time to reign.

Okim Otu

Today's Love

If you learn what love is meant
You will cry to what is sent
Those who feels are in true love
Made it their greatest resolve.

In tears weeping as though a curse
Guiding jealous and vain discuss
Hope of men in dying ravage
Even as if there is no salvage.

The ideal issue in the virtue
Drift in careless conscience like tissue
While the right content are sacrificed
The evil practice are certified.

Love was made not to enslave
Selfish men now in cave
Promises which we claim
Ended rudely in blame.

Okim Otu

A Dance In The Dark

Tempting Shadows shade gloomy reflection,
Venereal hype soothen me in a park,
Trouble impends in glorious proportion,
A pleasure to watch; this dance in the dark.

Impartial confidence discommodes me,
Tainted moves hacking inside my bosom,
In a weird dream of strippers I may be
But perceives a stage full of dancing homme.

Move little closer, a little closer
Elate her ego with flatterous rhyme
This warm embrace even makes me hotter
Though slippery this mountain i must climb.

This pleasure so much anticipated
Last only but seconds, I regretted.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

I Am Not What You Said I Am

I am not what you said I am
I am better than what you know
The mind that exude thought I damn
I am not stream of thought, I crow!

Why so great I graced my feeling
I am not what you said I am
Where anguish is sourced and reeling
Emotion luring me to cram

I adore my body like mam
You said through dust I embody
I am not what you said I am
I am also not the body

I am; the knower of the known,
Awareness behind truth and flam,
I am the space that holds the known
I am not what you said I am.

Okim Otu

Take Off The Veil And Live

Take off the veil of belief
That robs and blind you
That you may see the mischief
That ends around you.

What did the stars believe in?
That they shine a dazzling smile,
And with all your lucency
Can't shine as bright as the lease?

What did flowers believe in?
With beauty so adoring,
Can your fashions and make-ups
So compare the very lease?

Why won't you be heartsick,
Why won't you feels empty?
When you just exist instead of live.
Belief that makes you maime and kill
Turn precious you to monster
Is nothing less than folly.

Take off the veil and live
That you may see the beauty
Craving for you to have
Take off the veil and live
That you may see the wisdom
laying waste within you.

Okim Otu

A Sonnet Of Love

My life is meaningful with you beside
You soothe my heart like sunshine after rain
My dreams are alive with you by my side
You heat up my cold and make my skin plain.

When you were away, I endured alone,
The burning in my heart could cook a stone
But with loving feelings emanated,
From your soft sounding voice, the grief melted.

I have yearned for someone I can live with
But you are someone I can't live without
Like a traped fish, your hook will I drawn with,
Like quokkas, your joy I can't do without.

Let this beautiful feelings form the dot
And drives us to paradise's mildest spot.

Okim Otu



PoemHunter.com

Wise Fools

You are homosapien,
but wisdom is your foe
You easily send men to moon,
yet can't check a brother next door
You are a peace maker,
your home is doom in chaos
You care so much about me
and let me alone to die
Caress me, soothe my head
and accept the quarrel
You are homosapien,
but wisdom is your foe.

You are homosapien
but wisdom is your foe
Fool teaches in your schools
knowledge waste in your streets
Your light shine so bright
and lead you to darkness
You surround yourself with comfort
and goes to bed in grief
Spent billions on endless wars
and children sleeps in hunger
We are homosapien
But wisdom is our foe.

Okim Otu