

Poetry Series

**oliver Samuel
Chukwuebuka
- poems -**

**Publication Date:
2017**

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

oliver Samuel Chukwuebuka()

uchenna Samuel chukwubuka popularly known as Oliver chukwubuka is poise learner who likes learning. He is a spoken word poet, dramatist, performing artise and good at singing. He has interest in literature and look forward in promoting is also a blogger who runs to promote writings and appreciate literature.

email: oliversamuel146@.

Agbo Factory

In a stock of darkness
Lies stack of woods
Woods from trees barkness.
The odourful scent of woods eludes
You are in 'agbo' factory.
There the bearer
Mixes, cooks 'n' boils bark.
Until Wood's weakness draws nearer.
While in this he sings slylark.
After meeting with the fire
Mr woods comes with liquid,
Debrised wood, in container wire.
 'Agbo' factory
A world of bitterness
Your escape dares not
Safe you put your taste to halt.
Then you escape the repugnant taste lit.
 Agbo factory.
A world of bitterness
Taste it 'n' you run to candy
With squeezed desires if sweetness
Be patient twill in belle shine.
After that, comes joy 'n' relief.
Something bitter always must Come for something bitter to arrive.

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Black Jesus

Fake Jesus here and there
He displays despaired files
Which are indeed lies
Flies and will many everlasting life slice
The blood of many souls cry
The pulpit, holy demons pry.
Miracles eschews deception in style
His display of heavenly cry
None of which touched heaven's sky
Fake Jesus's everywhere
They would by great wonders show
With blood stains on toll
Money in the pockets,
Miracles in your lockets
Illusions to your eye sockets.
Sermons only for your cashment repairs.
Light seekers turned cheerleaders.
Have angels loosed their chair lead?
There, the holy ones plead
Black Jesus turned them evil deeds
The choir, professionals in feigned sicklers
They'll by fake healing rejoice
Religious leaders turned Adolf Hitlers
While upon pun they poise.

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Hunger Republic

Alert o! Foodie stuff
Thy presence now I greet
I endure thy slow pace
I prithee saliver I taste.
Thy plains is why I cough
Coughs of hunger.
Will try to strangle me thus.
My struggle for patience.
My Google of pipsqueak
Would kitchen pip
Hunger republic
There I am
In the kitchen pip
Equality of ingredients
Will surely invite rodents.
No racism does insist at pot
I waited I know am prudent.
Hunger republic
Alas! The warm embrace
My stomach will itself brace.
My utensils had in anticipation gazed.
Oh my wait goest not
to waste.

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King Curse

Once broken, twice bitten.
By rampaging searches got I bliss.
Celebrations of wishes have I eaten.
On the first blissful night, the bride I kiss.
Oh heavens! To the tune of 'ogene' dance.
Shower the earth, this I ask.
And to the bride calleth he Constance.
Tell to the world this, I give thee this task.
Aforetime preceded royal rumble.
Hither, he stood with muscles flexed.
At this stance, he wouldn't with his words fumble.
Time came his thoughts shown perplexed.
Once bitten, twice broken.
Because predecessors past had a curse cast.
Be-curse my blissful token.
Now these turned past.
Curse be bliss
Curse be me
Curse be these fleeces
My miscellaneous penchant thus flee

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My True Lover

I love you
But my smiles and laughter will con you.
May Merry-sadness and pained-laughter befall you.
You have loved me well, you sold my love for a blue.
My love still wanders around but can't find you.
You feigned penchant and happen to love grew.
My soul will mourn you.
Not for demise but for precise due.
Flee, for I love you
Yes, would do anything to abscond you.
I love to kiss you, yes kiss you betrayal.
Let us walk side by side so I stab you sweet.
I will always be there for you, always con loyal.
My love is true and will comfort you strict.

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Naked Clothing

NAKED CLOTHING

Blow the horn for we are naked.
Tell the world we walk naked.
We as tho wearing clothings are blind.
Blind to see our nakedness behind.
Look at the skeleton in your cupboard.
Is't clothed? Even to those abroad?

We are all unprecedented
Unprotected in the world that keep our minds floated.
Yes, we can't cloth that start.
We are sands and we all know that
Bring base your shoulders, rocks will fall on them.
Lowliness 'least should be our diadem.
Let it be known,
We wear naked-clothings which are yet unknown.

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Phenomena

I hate being normal
'Cos normal is abnormal.
It throws norm-man into abysmal.
I'd like the sun in the night.
To shine, see the wicked's breast.
I'd like the stars, lay above the moon.
The moon in the day's boon.
Let' us sleep on the day
And in the morn rest.
Let there be nonexistent mourn
But in the spree of joy we'll eat corn.
Let kings turn servants
At least savants for once servants savaged.
Let poverty go extinct
Extinct from our instincts
Instincts that produce succinct.
Let tint of enmity demise
Demise 'cos love will pay the price.
Let trees grow only on mountains
Its certain our legs will heighten.
I hate being normal
'Cos normal is abnormal.

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Phobia

I fear the earth
Creepy phenomena lie on it.
So broad and hard to comprehend.
For good and bad it has to let.

I fear the grave yard
The most Treasury place I've seen
Aborted dreams and detorted visions it holds.
Only if they were established.

I fear my shadow
It's unstable as mankind behold
Always trying to outsmart me
For shadows are secrets we hold.

I fear humanity
It, no one can fathom.
By it's end part views calamity.
And by its beginning lies opaqueness of truth atom.

I fear animals
Always out to pray on victims.
Aborting dreams of the weak
And causing them confusion.
I fear the one above
The Almighty, strong and merciful.

I fear him greatly
For in him mankind evolves.

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Shall You? Shall I?

Shall you Shall i
Who can save mama?
Being stripped naked
Mocked, turned and scorned
By villains, aliens beyond
Shall you? Shall I?
They came with perplexed clothings
Coatings with absconded beauty
I know we wallowed in with confusion.
Who can turn our minds back to our own clothings?
Shall you? Shall I?
You turned our minds against EBA.
Our roots and fruits were trampled upon.
You gave us fried rice 'n' indomie.
Who will remind us our roots?
Shall you? Shall I?
Where is Ogun? Where is amadioha?
Where is sango? I mean where is aranmiyan?
Where are our ancestors?
Who can tell where they are now?
Shall you? Shall I?
Oh mama Africa!
Papa alien has married you?
Paid bride price to mercenaries
Dowry spread amongst monks
Who can tell them we marry no more?
Shall you? Shall I?

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So Long, Mother

Peace and war came colliding.
Our joy comes with sorrow.
These days we would struggle for your arising.
Lies covered our mouths with you in burrow.
So long, mother truth.
The clash if the Titans.
Your fighters have succeeded victory.
Your name is now a thorn in torns of tans.
Debauchery and villainousness made your existence a history.
So long, mother probity.
You were abandoned, left alone with solemnness.
Your tears too, bring us joyed-sorrows.
We left you ignorantly on search of accused holiness.
In holiness of pride we rode.
So long, mother nature.
War by war with war, all by war.
Jeopardy by jeopardy you have no say.
We've forgotten you soon and we, by war swore.
Our unstable aggression had put you to stay.
So long, mother peace.
Mother will return,
When her offspring long for her.
She will return,
When we remember her.

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The Christmas Carol

It's time, a tree-mass patrol.
Poverty, the Carol leads.
Who fell in this?
We, that don't have't done
Here in our Carol deed.

The mass choir,
Fufu tying gele.
Eba on suit with red tie.
Rice at the forefront, moody 'n' drizzle.
Who buys me this season?
Chickens, being instrumentists,
Played off-tuned cacophony.
Staccato for crescendo, innuendo for diminuendo.
Soon garri 'n' groundnuts invades.
With shots of poverty shoots.
Fufu with loosed gele,
Eba with tie down
Rice alerted, ran helter skelter.
And there the Christmas carol lies.

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The Ebbing Boon

Evenly a tunnel to be passed.
By life
Gradually it comes in disguise
A merger of wisdom and chestiles.
Weakling strength of faded manpower.
Dimed eyelashes
Frustrated veins flashes
At a point the waist is lashed.
The vessels fades like water clashes.
And like a washer pottery.
Beaten by life.
Fingerprints of struggle
Would show all over Like Google
And now, some monks
Some sages, one would not mock.
A boon ebbs
Ebbings that no one could help
A time cometh That time can never outrun earth
My time, your time would sound like a hornet
A time boons would ebb.
Ebbings that no one would help.

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The Errand Boy

I'd love to wake up in an early morn
Out just to witness the dew.
Even in the sun, I'll prefer plucking a corn.
Errandery, oh! It drives all joy away.
Even in its minutae, I'll rather die to face the scorn.
Now that the razzmatazz of nature feels like vindaloo.
Tossed around like a lost nylon, it gives no time to play.
And day to day this will pry.
No time to fish, no time to swim oh! It drives all joy away.
Oh! Mother give me a break.
Errandery has gotten me dry.
Am dripping sick, I lied
When she's out, I sneak out to lake.
Happiness is restored atleast in mild.

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The Kitchener Anthem

Arise o! Kitchen pot
My stomach calls to bay.
To serve my stomach right
With appetizing gaze I pray.
The labour of my market-thing
Shall never be invaded
With poisonous outing.
One kitchen bound with foodstuff.
I prepare to massacre.
Arise o! Cooking burner.
Fight thee against food villains.
My vessels should thy saliver nourish.
My body shall thy reception flourish
Always be there for me.
For my food lusts satisfied.

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Toll Gate

Hopes of gigantic success
Are not easily digested without a toll.
Success's but a choice which one must suppress.
No broadcasting at the Genesis should help a toe.
At the toll gate stands the military.
Filled with ammunitions that one could not guess
You'll pay a token to get a pass not withdrawn.
A token to the recruit
A token till the highest level's up.
Success's like a wealthy-exotic uncle Which one must in seeing give Even to the
gatekeeper and the gardener.
Success's a journey with barricades handicap.
We must pay that toll to get into the row.

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