

Poetry Series

ONOJA ANTHONY
- poems -

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ONOJA ANTHONY(30th, november 1991)

Born into the family of Mr and Mrs. Godwin Onoja Okojokwu of Ameju-Idobe, Okpoga, the heart of the legendary Idomaland in Benue State Nigeria.

He attended Secondary School Odessasa Ugbokolo 2002-2008 from hence he proceeded to Study Statistics BSc. Hons in the University of Jos, Nigeria 2010-2014 . He graduated with a First Class Degree in Statistics from the Department of Mathematics, University of Jos. He also have a Post Graduate Master Degree in Mathematical Statistics from the Pan African University and Jomo Kenyatta University, Nairobi, Kenya. He is a passionate poet, and love arts and creativity. He is a man with deep sense of humility, an advocate for equality who truly belief in the power of the pen, fate and destiny.

A Birth Of A Nation

Set the bush on wild fire, the boys lit the matchbox
See is a new dawn, with the dry sahara wind to hunt
The boys left home with dogs and sing the song of hope
They went through Ideme bushy paths basking with cutlasses
The dressed tattered, blacken with the soots of burning leaves
The dug with all their strength daring the dreadful, they fear none
Those were time Idoma land knew no song but peace and quietness
Fresh water bubble from the Onipi stream and the Omo Stream a damsel
The fulani boy with his herds, saluting the farmers in acostic manner
Then the celebrants came in 1960 that Nigeria is born from many tribes
They all sang the songs of freedom with Awolowo, Balewa and Zik
They unity we saw were like the strength of the unicorn
Light the forest let hunt our last tommorow we go to the city
Lets go secure our share in the elephant Zik caught for our tribe
Listen to the songs of chaos that arises from the Caliphate
Atlast we lost the strings of unity, we devour our hope
Above the staircase of division the uniform men came with guns
They took turn and drive us into chaos of war and crime
The mountain and forest we left now look calm than the torns of the city
Tell mama we return home abeit with empty hands we wage our years
Whisper to the elders not to cover their covens and huts
Wash our hoes and sharpen our cutlasses, Nigeria has become a monster
We went full of energy, hope and patriotism, we know musterd hate
We retired with hope and die in dispair as destitutes
We are keep hoping for tomorrow to be celebrated as kings
Nigeria we hope you embrace our fears and stop the endless killings in our
lands..

ONOJA ANTHONY

A Cry For Freedom

Those that ran the race but never came back
They that saw the other side of life
They that get lost in the monstrous trip to green land
That hope to see the other part of life in Hollywood
They cage us, beat humanity out of us in scum
Some sober and wish they never came this far
Liter by the yoke of slavery, in chains we cry
O! men from Libya why have you treated us this way
What have we done to loose our humanity to you?
Are you so obsess with us
That you took our voice, rape our women
What have you done to mother Africa?
How can you tamper the destiny of our young men
Our ladies have been traded for fewer dinaries
The day you held us captives in Tripoli
We barely remember freedom and weep for sunrise
Living like men in Kirikiri, hell became nearer to us
What can we say about our journey to Europe
Is there hope for our soot skins?
Are we abandon to fate in land of cruelty?
At last who shall be our savior in this dungeon?
Come oh! death, come and free us from this fate

ONOJA ANTHONY

A Letter To My Son

If I never made it through the nightfall
I want you to remember this of me
Often I think of you my son Emma
right before you came
I know you are in there in my loins,
lingering as a meiosis of my seed
There are days I think of your smiles
sometimes I imagine how your frowns will be
I know you will be more of your mum
and even most of me
I wish to see you grow up and become a man of worth
I craved to see you lingered in the woods
telling your true love how important I am to you
I hope you tell her those funny tales
I usually tell you and your mum at nightfall
these too were told to me by my father, your grandfather
Never steal a penny from the poor
that will cause them sob a soulful cry
do not emulate the council of the wicked
for the love of silver or gold
splendor is a gift from hard works like
the ones left for you and Ochanya
never afflict the poor for your own gain
instead, stand up for the masses
fight the fight of good faith and
most importantly I want you to finish well
be the man of your words
Do not try to be a hero
but win her heart and love
yes, when you find a she like your mum
win her with your countenance
be a man that she can hide behind and thrive
protect her in your young and old
most importantly, hold her till you part ways in the sky
treasure her in the company of the cherubs
sing her beauty to the sun and moon
In there you will forever find joy and peace
and when you shall return, I shall be proud of you
and tell Onoja, atlast I have thee a son

ONOJA ANTHONY

A New Dawn Is Reborn

I knew not how it all got started
I rumbled through the stakes of time
Surely the ultimate separation swept in
Season and tides comes with a surprise
Yesterday is gone; oh! Yes, gone into memory
Yoke not thy seeds with fable princess
For in the end; time has his pound of flesh
Forget me not; oh! Please forget me I pray thee
Remember me not; oh! Please remember me I pray thee
Rosewell and Alabaster we delight and cheer
Above proposal; below the kiss of shame and lust
Abound August you let the cat out of the cart
Tell her how painful were its clumsy bite
Tell her the puss bite our memories off to scorn
Though through the lonely nights of terror and pain
Through the Amorite coat of time and hate
Descend oh! Days of my delight, hurry oh! Time of tides
Dust to dusk I cheer thee during the time of our yesterday
Never again to come that way never resurrects the missing Jesus
Neither hope nor friendship I despair; abound in darkness your echo
Hell nor Heaven I found no place for your charity and pains of yon
Hovering the poles of purgatory indeed the time of lamentation I recite
I never kill her memory yet I buried them to shallow graves of time
I never languish in her tale, but I recount the days of beauty and the beast
Indeed I cannot buy time and make it dance my tones
Indeed I cannot make my sun stand still before the equinox of my life
Yet I will defy the days of darkness and sin
Yawed the teenage love and lust of time and youth
I will one day bury the shame of youthfulness in holy matrimony
Though I quote you as my princess in many poetic versus
Though I cherish you above the liquor of drunkard sprout in felony
If they dried and sneer as wolves; I shall defy them and rise on poetic wings
I shall sniff from Odus lowlands and bid myself farewell from this Rosewell pack
When the Dons of Unijos have one day analyze my firms and calculate the angle
of my success
When great Jossite all rally round the square of my office, and sell strong the tale
of my kingdom
I will dump your taste and the memories of our yesterday in dust and dusk
My love for you is real and so strong like tornado hear calls winds

My love for you is like the eternity vast land real like Hitler's solidarity firms
My love for you is like that tale that was never told before the Exodus of the Jews
begin
But was nail so cheaply to the cross of shame, youth and fury.
But have this known crystal clear; there will never be another me with arms wide
open...
Once in a blue moon I saw an eclipse so darker than the tunnels of death and
grave
Once in a life time I saw those pages widely open; for a new dawn is reborn at
last.....

ONOJA ANTHONY

A Song Of Beauty

If it were to be in the time of Adan Wade of Great Tiv land, I could have steal you from the palace, lift you up my shoulder high and race with you to the dawn of twilight at my Father's compound

If it were to be in the time of Okojokwu my granny, I could have fight and wrestle great Heroes, dance Ogrenya to bring you home.

With the escort of trumpets from the world's best talented Trumpeters, drunk to stupor with pool of sweet palmwine extracted from Odokpo Palm trees

With traditional kola nut imported from Oyo empire and red oil pressed from Imo dynasty

With tubers of yam trucked from Nasarawa the Eggon empire and fufu baked from Ogoni of Sarowiwa to celebrate your fame and beauty in this attire of Princess Hot

Here we comes in pledge of matrimony for Idoma at sunrise is proud to welcome you as its bride

Her infants yearn to hear your sooty angelic voice, for your echo is suck like the submarine

Your beauty is beyond compare, your flaming lux hair and ivory skin is a gift from high

Idobe is ready to hear your wisdom; Ameju longed to behold your beauty, for in you resurrect its brimful hope.....

ONOJA ANTHONY

A Song To My Soulmate

Idoma do not say a word when my Princess arrives
She is from a distant land afar off in the cliffs
from a civilization that brought us to world's map
She is bequeathed with royal thrust of humbleness
Prostrate yourself before her majesty
here she comes in strides of beauty and peace
My darling is my favourite
she is magnified in my heart like no other
I will sing her songs until the stars jingle in the sky
Until the moon become endless in the night sky
Days after years when I become cleared with age
when my berries shall inspired no more
and her strength melted by the wax of childbirth
I shall recite her beauty in the snow of our age
When all men shall fall asleep
In the cold arms of death and grave
we shall become the wind or perhaps the ancient caves
And echo our love beyond space and time
for when our hearts shall grow strong again
our souls shall be reborn
and our bodies shall meet and love again

ONOJA ANTHONY

A Walk With Zombie

What a nightmare in Naraguta valley; what a bliss in acrid darkness, what a figure of sharp aged miseries behind dark science! ofcourse the chemistry behind this lightworld it all happen when our window gates this ruffy city this rudeless princess that blade men dry, they drink from this pump house of redish their jaws and incisor joy they derive from lonely cementries! the neither takes the shape of lighth and retrace from day light smiles! in china they were. The bat people, in africa they became the darklords, in europe they were the soccerers and shadows of time travels! then we knew them as zombies, prime figure of ugly you walk with this rare gem o! Mortal dust you must do that with all your treasures right in the pocket brime of thy saviour soul!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Above Their Ego

On the mountain where we hailed from
The coral from frangscant domidos
The stripes were made from gold
But the naked weapon was gotten from blood for they got them from serpent
coral

These were times when men retrieved disgrace
Overblown with self-conservative greed
The pledge of how men undo men
Should this mountain serpent flee?

Since men cherish pride from pigs
Then I dedicate my honour to lower beings
Entangled by the pride of youth
Above the scandal of poverty
Even though the bliss of ASO rock sunk our fantasy
This we know belong to their kindred heads

When we lost this dreadful race
Above the edge of mountains
The wasteful bread of destiny
Shall the mourning of sons be heard in sunset of buried glory of anxious youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Autumn Thoughts

It is autumn, this I know
Ask me not to remember how it was
For yesterday was cloudy and full
of shady Groves that left me tattered
Strangled to cold arms of winter spoils
How be it I never saw it came calling?
Thieves are born of a woman's love
yet they stole our joy in arms of time
Severally I attempted to create yesterday
Almost always I failed to breath life into it
Could it be man was a spirit after time?
If so life itself is robbed of fate
Like twilight, the sunrises on today
Alone in the dark side of myth
Yet I can see miles away where we left yesterday
hanging in the streets of minds
Streetwise forever tales they become
Cluminate my ways to immortality

ONOJA ANTHONY

Awake The Arms Of God

The little things that we do, the time we begin to ignore the sun
The dark paths of life become blurred to light and harden to sin
Come lets reason across the monsoon of ages, the power of time
Camels of the heart full of barren ideas from the deserts of life
Wake the sleeping giant, tell him that the arms of God have fallen asleep in our
lives, tell him the sons of reprobate have taken our hearts
The power of the Almighty grow cold in us and the path ways of our ends are of
death, grave, hell and eternal damnation across the darkest eternity
Awake! Awake! Oh! the arms of God, the land is barren of righteousness
The sons of reprobates have taken over our planet, the continents need to feel
the power flow from the throne...
Like the days when power path the sea, when the great beast was slain
Living no trace from the raging Rehab, when the chariots lost the battle and the
thunderbolts were unleashed upon the Pharaohs
Like the greatest war of eternity, the titanic battle of all time
Like when Micheal arose and fought the dragon, when the trumpets echo from
the north and the souls of men where call for the great harvest
Awake the arms of the father, lets our savior arise again from Zion and let the
war cries seize from Middle east....
Let the terrorists ISIL, Bokoharam, and Alshabat lose their siege
Let the reign of peace begin, amidst our lands feel your breath
Man lost it from the beginning when our first ancestors fall from grace and the
slave became our master, the reign of sin and death
Bruised and the battered across the pitfall of eternity, we lost it all until that
champion arise, he who walked the streets of mortality and limbo, shattered by
the death on the cross, awaken to eternal glory
There we saw sin, grave and death defeated, like the ancient power
A man yet a god, the eternal hybrid formed by Spirit and mortal
A True champion, eternal hero of righteousness, holiness and truth
Amount the birth of a true King, a lion and a lamb, we celebrate because he is
born, killed, buried and risen...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Awake The Princess

Thousand men came to see her slumber state
one whom her beauty were mingled with roses
In her sleep reflects her dazzle beauty
Why do you sleep so soon?
Sooner than the sunset in mountains of Zion
Awake lets sing the old songs of love
The beauty in your sonnet voice of strings
echoing to souls beyond
Never to be heard in mortal pavilion
Awake the princess from her long awaited dreams
Who shall redeem you from this curse?
who atleast shall awake you from this slumber?
He who comes from a distant land
one that won the victory over death and Hades
Till the last trumpet sound
someday when we all goes to sleep
we shall meet to path no more
There we shall grow timeless like the big bang
Filling the Milky way in truce of eternity
Assemble in the gathering feast of the Lamb
In the courtyard of the Most High
Singing along with myriads of Angels
There we shall be happy as stars of Heaven
For death shall live no more
in death death shall die
and in life we shall live everlasting

ONOJA ANTHONY

Baby I Love You

From where do I begin this tale that embraces my warm heart
Far beyond the outreaches of Plateau I left her behind
Forgive me if I do not called her name from the beginning
She who stood and outlived the stationary of my heart
Her voice rand like the wild tornado wind as she sing in web
Halo her till thy kingdom come O! Lord, she is all I want
Yes all I ever desired to raise my kids Emma and Ochanya
Yoke in one bound of love, she stood so tall above the thorns of time
Like the Caribbean Princess Calypso she is outmatch by none
Her lips drew like when the first half moon signal Ramadan
Her skins glitters like the golden necklace from Cleopatra's neck
She stride majestically and walk the streets of mortal firm in Beauty
She fought and won over many Princesses that came but avail not
Judas beware she cannot be betray with a kiss nor silver coins
Thomas confirm your doubt, her love will never die in my gravy heart
Satan know this, it is clearly written 'she is mine and i am hers'
Angels write this down 'She is my angel from hence forth'
She is but a gift to a young Mathematician who saw the lines of many geometry
and evaluated them with the strength a Unicorn
Tina is her name, so calm and gentle like the name appears..
Till heavens falls she is a treasure, cherished from the depth of me
Time makes me far from you, but my soul abides in you forever
Toss the sands of time you will hear them whispers 'Baby I love U'

ONOJA ANTHONY

Before The Fall

Marrow to bones yours were we roam in clouds
The savannah our pride
Our ancestors left a mark, our fathers led d trails, our mothers sing the song.
Were are those days we long to cheer, those samples of love and lust.
Thought it was a virgin with a hoof a horn and you drink her fura you go over
time.15th century before Idoma damsels dance Ogrinya, ormabea and h Africa
came from heaven we simply lost our civilization right after the fall man from sky.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Best Of Donmaston

Have you ever go to the land of running moon, the city of dream...or the land of chaos?

Have you ever see a man without sorrow, a woman without her joy?

Have you ever hear the sound of death, the anguish of a dying father, the tales of demons?

Have you ever been to the city of talisman, the place only in your subconscious.....?

When the sun set, every man goes to the grave of his home, eat the dross of his struggles.....

Where does the wind come from, what is the oldest element on earth.....

Where is the grave of Adam, or the rod of Moses, the wine at Cannan...or the tale of Nimrod....

Can a mortal explain the days of old age, the adage of life and death or the misery of love and hate?

Looking through the broken mirror will only remind you of your shadow self, stare at the clouds and see how time flies, when we comes to the cemetery you see why time is irreversible and most precious asset.

When you walk on ice you may slide, when you climb the mountain you may need to rest.....

Tell the World the tales of yesterday and you make the past repeat itself.....

Time is a counting machine said to monitor our skillful breath and activities on Earth.....

Things of the dream looks like the dream, but reality starts from the dream.....

When you gets caught in acts of foolishness, speaks the language of apology, it save than the sword..

Will the end be better than worst beginning? Tell that to a young man about entering his old age.

Listen to the wind and follow its course, sometimes our instincts speak better than a wise counsel.

Have you been to the land of blind hate, a palace of doom, a jungle of decadent evil, a pale of evil.

What can make a man cry? , what can make him beg like a child, sweat like a laborer and act as a fool.

Today may not be written with a witty pen of gold, but is better than the yesterday that will never resurrect back to life, though the pales of memory haul stronger than the agony of wasted dream...

When you see life in a broken mirror don't ask why for it got hit by the storms of life...

When the pauper swings his fate, the rich man always tries to tussle his
dreams.....

□

ONOJA ANTHONY

Beyond Timeline

Verge of life and death begoten,
Very slim as bones of time. Above their eyes
Im not samson; but I killed the beast of revelation..
Alas! ! the end time gospel thwarted in pains...
Above the reck of this ungodly world my fate comes to dreadful end..
Though I now see from outer star..
Then I rose with alien clue..becoming the real man of ageless time..
Writing my histories in the sand of space....

ONOJA ANTHONY

Birthday Song To My Country.

Lets say we outive this flags.

Lets cheer the man from Aso villa.

Lets honor our leaders.

For thee greatleadership.

For the song of sorrow and blast of drumb bombs.

For the pales of corruption and tales of ill_wealths.

Lets cheer the law for its rule of mess.

Lets cheer our flag and sing our 53rd years of pure slavery and choas.

Lets sing the song of subsidy and recite Nigeria at sunset..

ONOJA ANTHONY

Bone Of My Soul

How can I forget thee?

Oh terror of my delight

In those days monsters were kings

The sun blossom forth the rails of swine and the loving moon cares for her children

Oh! how can I ever skip this memory that itches my hear

I feel thy awesome presence anytime I snare and it boggles and bubbles in my banquet bones of brag

But the loving moon has a daughter.a son and a firewood

ONOJA ANTHONY

'Bravehearts'

She rise her egos above zuma rocks. She arose fantasy and slakes of tides. She depict love in sunrise but deciet in sunset. The crowd gather in the savannah. The gates of Africa are blown with trumpets. This were time when beauty speak our minds. This era where coins wrestle with brave hearts. They aloft from the rocks with barrel of stolen sang the song of coins and left with beauty, miss Thatcher of woods. Allow pen to sing this song, sure the brave hearts won this time in Ameju and Idomaland.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Broken Love Tale

Let me now the tone of time as I recite an old tale
Listen, there was a time when the wings of love flies
If and only Eve it could be love in Eden forever
Ironic yet bloom by pure satire about her lust passion
Feast on deceit, her life were torn by soft deceptions
Fresh were the days he came among the cold tars deceptions
How she watched his civilization in broken edges
Humbled by stirs of poverty forever walked the pain
Come lets walked back to time and sing this song of soul
Crumble by the pebble of lives they walked apart
As though they never came through that way
Scorn by the passage of time they lost it all.
Live lets live memories are all gone
Sunk through the broken wall of life
Sing the song of soul, that which makes us remember
Chant the tone that rival our very desires
Called the name that remind him of yesterday
Tell the lyrics that called her whore
The drums that make her lose
The nights comes with the curtains of lucidity
Sometimes she comes like an old dream
As dark as her myth she forever cuts through his soul
Above the deep she echoes loud from memories
Her tears that flow the waterfalls of his reins
Angered by broken promises plunge to deceptions
In the end the tale never ends

ONOJA ANTHONY

Close But Out Of Reach

Yell if you can my friend
The train of time left so shiftly
Yes it hovers past you just today
When you left me waiting
Thinking I am some ghosty buddy
without a wing to fly off coast

Yes I flee past your shadow
Leaving behind the nights of
Terror and shame
When you pride yourself like
some Diana in little paradise
Someday you are border at heart

It's me you thinking but I'm not
there, I'm that still voice calling,
that gentle whisper that came loving
In little mountain where Miss Thatcher
got her Fame in shady friendship

I was that friend you took for a ride
I was that one that was ever
faithful to you even when your past
came haunting your joy
I was he you took so esteem low
whom you prefer to scored your lies

Watch me if you can in time
Fate have wings and they do fly aloft
Someday you will look for me within
Lost in the oceans of tommorow
Then I will be close but out of reach

ONOJA ANTHONY

Come Find Me In The Void

Sometimes I grow into the emptiness of my thoughts
Lingering in the lonely void of life
I may have grown so dark, away from the light of yesterday
Cover in the manner unknown to your kind
It's true I become so cold towards you
Colder then the winter snow in torrent heights
Distant like Pluto in heavenly skies
When I grow this dark and cold
Flung with curtains of void,
Lost in this empty void of today
Away from the dusty shady of our past
Find me in this cold nights of void
Ask me why I never spoke your names
Neither mention you in the trunks of today
I will have responded to you like the other day
When you scampered in his jar
My words for you are many but my voice have dried up

In

ONOJA ANTHONY

Come Jesus, Come

He came through the veils of mortal flesh
Cut lose the chains that held us back
Made us a free being, free from death and sin
He taught us to love our neighbors like ourselves
Come lets go to the cross and seek his love
Living like the true being he made us to be
Like the days we swim in his blood and bond
Above the staircase of heaven we saw his grace
Love spoke through his lips
Life was given to us beyond the Atlantic deep
We forever rejoice in his presence, heirs of his glory
Partakes to eternal blessings
Songs of hallelujah, we sings his praise in eternal realm
Love is what he had for us, inseparable bonds of love
Jesus come, please come and take us home
Home free from hate, corruption shall no longer beguile us
No ruins of war, no scourge of diseases
He forever wipe our tears, this we know who believe in him
Come Jesus, come and heal our lives and land
It is finish we come into glory at last..

ONOJA ANTHONY

Come Let Us Hold Hands And Tell Our Tales

Can you trek from Ameju to Ideme fall?
Because I will show you around when we get home
And is a long trek to the ancestral fall
Maybe I can booboo you on my bamboo back
and shield you from the blazing sun

Sweetheart the beauty is to walk the distance
So you see the wonderful land of Idobe people
Ofcourse there are distance we go with our car
But for you to see the brighter part of this jungle
we walk and talk holding hands and kiss long way home
You will hear the birds singing melody
You will see the forest fire, beaten by winds of harmattan
The aroma of December and the Christmas bells all ringing
The warmness of fire from Akpo and Ocha soup
The dried meat fuzzy its scent from mama oda stand
We hear the morta pounding, Ah! orna is ready
Oh! poundy, poundy! ! our best dish in this remote huts
prepared by my beloved, eaten together in Sufuria
In the coldness of the Mango tree in my father's compound

At nightfall we watch the moon graze the African night sky
I love us when we watch the stars from this empty void
and tell our stories to these remote constellations
We trace the pathways of angels and speaking in tongues of fire
Watching the night towers from the wild intruders
Depart! depart! oh! witch, let not the owl bird cries
for our beloved are asleep
Tell the night to be brief, for its dark in this remote jungle
Let the morning comes, as the cock crows awake us all

We are on our way to the city again we set out soon
Mama wave the flag of bye-bye, with eyes full of teardrops
Return with my grand kids she yell from afar off the hills
Yes mama, we won't come as two but in fours and fives
Off the road we set out and watch the mountains and dwarf trees

moving behind in a military legions as we bow from lower savannah

Next we visit the bright of Benin, the land of posterity
Abundance of palm tree wave us welcome, the great forest of Auchi
The best part of Southern Greenland
There I look forward to say "Migwu", lay prostrate before elders
Eating the fresh catch fishes from great Esako Marshes
Wear the leopard skin and dance across the wild fires of celebration

Now we fly, flew so higher on the winds of clouds
Time came so close to us and we became busy in the streets of Europe
Never forgetting our homes, our land, our people
Never to forget the rarest gems we left behind
and those that made us who we are

ONOJA ANTHONY

Cry Of A Sinner Man

Witty in drips of guiltiness and darkness
Mounted on Eagle's wings for altitude
Ascending pass the dark columns of self-esteem
Through the darkest curtains of witty soul cries
Cries that echoes through the lonely nightfall
Who ascend these heights to plead his cause?
He whom he redeem into the glorious life eternal
The one whom he foresee on the tree of Golgotha
One whom the price he fully paid in death
Truly, the wages of sin is death
He deserves no accolades nor cheers of hope
Nail to the rugged cross
were the full weight of this sinner man hangs
kilograms of cargoes were the heaviness of his yoke
erase in drip of this righteous blood
Garments of sin gives way to brightness of the saint
Free at last! ! free at last! ! access to heaven's gate

ONOJA ANTHONY

Crystal Clear

Today we walk on crystal clear sea
Today they announce our pure achievement! the scenario of tales
Today we came naked before our kinsmen
Today our lives were rape with shame
Today we were but a blind defeat

In their time mortals wear shrouds of shame,
In their land we wet our lips with thunder' sango the vex warrior of many clans
The rapid defeat from the western gods
Civilisation creep our culture then we went on naked leaves called clothes
We reflect through our norms with shame

Thou we lost our ancestral trails and our children now dance the curse of time
Our elders weep the tears of raindrops
The angry youths tease them off but the jealous sango roar the voice of
thunderstorm and in a crystal clear we were but acrid of snow in many faries!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Daddy And Our Memories

Days have gone, yes even years have gone by, others have forgotten but we the Last heirs of Onoja Godwin Okojokwu knew they still hold on and alive in our memories, they are indeed alive till we fall still and low in the domes of time what about our father-Onoja; he lives in us, what about the forgotten hero; ofcourse he still lives in our mind, we still hear his voice, his angry wrath, and still gentle smiles... we still know his legacy yet we own ourselves that he live in our hearts and flow in our bloodline...if only the dead could intertwine with the living...if only they can see the teardrops and flow of ebbles memories...if only they can watch us from the staircase of heaven...somewhere above these mirage clouds... if only they can gaze at us from the stars or perceived us from the winds...they could have say hey! ! hey! ! stop there...remember my legacies... Yes we remember the days of Onoja, the one whose memories now curdle in the cold arms of grave...the passion he carries, the one who work tirelessly and beat his chest with arms that never rested...

We are the gifts he sent to Idobe, Ameju, Odokpo, Okpoga and Idomaland....We are the dream and hope of every common man that ever lived and thrived in Idomaland.....if they ever tell our tales and firms of success...let them remember the men that spat us out to the world...let them say we live and walked with giants....let them say we lived in the time of Onoja Okojokwu Ojo...the true champion of Idobe - Odokpo.....let them say we are the heirs of Awoybe...the half breeds born of Ichama and Okpoga....the true sons and daughters of legends....let them say we roar like thunder...we boiled and shake the fist of slavery....let them say we re-wrote the story of our fathers....daring the bound that stopped them...going beyond our ancestors.....let them say we killed what killed them and lived in the shadows of their memories.....let them sit in snatch of squeal and remember in their hearts these memories....lets us remember Onoja in Gombe...hearts of Bajoga...what about him in Gangere Jos, Main market....picture him in the days Jos Crisis, the tension and plight of 2001...How about Onoja in spring fall of Idobe on his suzuki bike....Amidst him in Odokpo...in Idobe and Ichama....days of Ipole Ichama...Ichama Centre....Oma...Apkapa...then the days of Ameju the great city where he remains.....the time of farming; life in Adopi...Abagana and Opotor....Time we remember Ideme spring, Ornipi, Okpokwu and Abosa.....How about Agric...the birth place of Konami...the Life of Methodist church.....woe time is a slut...full of swings and chapters.....Onoja your beloved wife our mother Omada misses you so much...she hold your yesterday...she hold our today...we pray she see our tomorrow....she say alot about the life and time well spent with you

Dark Myth

We saw the dark whisper to dark'beware of the dark'
we saw cream fuzzy shapes of pales reality
above the gulf of timid darkworld.
Wistfully they came through time, with shadows they trick our joy, what a shame
they stole our hope.
what amase us were their fallen tricks, the real men behind illusionary dream
show
while we roar with fear they glow, what a trap from outer earth.
Even if Eden still crawl back to us this dark myth will sell so strong. Eve is alive
right after the purge she elope with them; the darklords of karma our damnful
enemies.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Destination Of A Gloomy Soul

The sound that never fails
A city that crave for more
A dawn that never breaks
A hunger that never seize
A life that never happens
Cries that never ends
Tears that never come
Worship that ends in pain
Flames that never quit rising
Apocalypse that never stop happening
Death that never stop killing
Grave that never ends his lust for souls
Christ that never stop saving
Cross that never stop pleading
Heaven that never quit calling
Man that never stop sinning
Death that never stop coming
The end that never keep ending
The rest that never gets peace

ONOJA ANTHONY

Destiny

The said the era of beauty is gone
They said men no longer love our eyes
Heart grows cold their mind wax old
Yet we left then fend not to feed

Alas! thee gospel of lies we preach
Our journey just begin yet we claimed to see it end, fellowship of the pack
Two towers I claim thee first I rode with joy, yet at its peak we fall apart

Another man's journey starts were the other ends yet it start light a thousand
years.

I race just to reach its peak
There I saw dried pasture comes to life
Ape with banana yet eaten by banana
Who to crown when flowers loss their pride just a touch we let it go.
We blame nature for our curse
Then we falls victim of another rivers of we lost this pain in lucidity of rude less
rivers of slug

ONOJA ANTHONY

Eternity And Memories

O LORD times are hard as marble shaft in Ado of Igumale
Perilous times, this I know men dispose and called it bread or manna
Perfect men thought tomorrow will never come on a swing of time
Yes it came full of life and lies as though it were Peter and Judas
Yonder not the times of lady Panka, she who hold the sun and moon at her gaze,
and drip the beauty of Babylon along her loins
Above the staircase of life and death the cross of time to race
Along the vast shores of eternity o! LORD the journey is so long
Enough to tell the tale of our youth haul in sand shores of sin
Eddie I thought there is a better way to larvish Time and seasons
Is it so full of lies and dispair? hope with the ridges of fate..?
What then can we say when time become a lonely widow or a monster..
Where does our marfect days heels to in this cold nights of memories
So beautiful as if her sun will never set so soon...
Sweet breeze, full of emotional temptations, seduce by love and hate
Arrogant with tattered bruises of deceit and sin....
Aged and wild we roam the stakes of sin, explore the tour gates of hell
How we belittled you O! days of joepardy
How we saw you as a fog and misty hail
Now you come, tattered with arrows of memories..
Never let them go, memories indeed must flow...
Never again could eternity come so close to our door steps

ONOJA ANTHONY

Face Of Beauty

I saw in her eyes the face of endless beauty, flowing in her lips a river of passion,
her emotion cut deep inside me, I inspired nothing but her love

Deep inside the ring of unbreakable glass, I proposed to her, even the angels in
heaven needs her love to entangle their wings

Below the kiss of passion, the radicle of pain, the amorite of spear cut in his
heart and render broken pieces but in another, the beginning of love, the
strenght of unity, arrows of no impedement, cross of rivalry lost its root and the
flower in her spring has found their ancestral honeymoon.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Fate Abound

All is but shadows
The rule at which all life arose
In the calmness of the night stars
Among the haughty struggles of life
Arose the chaos of darkest nights
In it comes the calmness of light
The peace abound in this monstrous fate
In the midst of it all rested its fullness
Yes, the atoms of life pivoting realities
As the circles complete, we all left

ONOJA ANTHONY

First Night Love

I will sing for you a lone song of love
one that have never been sang before
Neither recited among the tongues of men
On our blessed night of consummation
When all the birds have fallen asleep
And the nightfall closed her ears to our ecstasy
When all the walls in our bedroom becomes
window to another world
and our candles goes off to shyness
When our pillows are soaked with our eros
While we make love slowly as eros gaze in amaze
from the flamboyant curtains of the cold nightfall
As we slowly drift away to become couples of cupid

ONOJA ANTHONY

Flag Of Leadership

Turning and toiling on the evening grapes
I saw the wind dusting by and it urge so unique and chill
I saw the laughter amidst the terror from Barfanater running down my lips

How may I embrace this task ahead?
To see not to look for look at Luke is Luke but the torment of pataki.

And I smile at my shadow when I gallop up the tune of greatness. I wave in
dispair amidst the flag of leadership on my roof ablow.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Free At Last

Dark and lonely is this side of life
Soon we shall not remember the freshness
On the other side of life where men are born free
What is life that we cannot let it go?
When we cross the fit to fit the fit
From here came the other end of our beginning
When we see the darkness in our hearts
The bitterness we carry above our stands
Forge by the milk of hatred and deceit
We drank from pools were anger and death dwindles
Could this be why we live like monsters?
We are now thrown like outcast from our ancestral homes
Our children lost to bombshell and fireworks
Our women lie wasted in the streets of Savannah
Our young men dies when the bomb goes off in Sambisa
Love lets love we are bounded together
Though divided in our beliefs and faiths
Lets face the monster we have become in greed
Lets kill the hate in our souls
Leave the carcass behind in smokes
The grave have no boundaries
Death have left us tattered in losses
We strive for the unknown fate
All men were born equal
All men must be free at last

ONOJA ANTHONY

Go Tell The Africans

Come lets sit and recount the days gone by
When Africa was a Pharaoh, entangled by civilization
Some say Africa was the birth place of men
Others said we are but a shithole hut
Bruce and battered by winds of slavery
Taught and forge with the milk of hate
Twins of deceits, foams with fury and voodoo
Africa, oh! mother to wonderful nature
Place where we hunt deer and squirrels
The Europeans came and saw our nakedness
They mock our skins and sang lullaby when we fall
Tell them, Africa was conceived of gold
Darken by the venom of corruption
The lands of mishaps, cities of werewolves
Fought by the raging tribe men
Adopted by Jesus and Allah
They striped us off our deities
They told us our many gods are deaf and blind
They gave us coins and we lost our peace
They gave us clothes we now walk the street half-naked
Africa what a beauty in the days of Opobo
Africa whom we saw from afar
The true jewel in the greens of Savannah
O! Africans remember home from afar
Remember we brought the world where it is today
Never forget mama Africa from afar

ONOJA ANTHONY

Go Tell The Planets

Come see the wonderful love in space and time
These harmony and tally of beauty in cold nights
They are his and he is ours, Oh! the love of our Creator
Then came down from Olive and drove us into darkness
They settled in our galaxies and taunt us forever
Away from lucidity, please forget the Most High
Lust after the gods of strings and mountains
Since the planets now harbours the fallen stars
We shall give them hope no more
Mercury, orbit your sun, gaze at us no more
Venus, house them in your ruined, embrace them like earth did
Earth, Oh! the beautiful gem, how could you let them rule you?
Mars, their anger made you burned, now you became red like scarlet
Jupiter, they now honour you as god in deluge
Neptune, you stood so low to allow them beguiled you in their lies
Uranus, you came so close to the truth but fall off its brink
Saturn, you became their whore, you now harbours' their brevity
Pluto, we wept when they say you were absorbed into the night skies
Nibiru, we heard you are coming to merge with earth
Like the day we meet our end in the night skies
Eternity came so close, now we see the fallen stars from afar
In their ships of wrath, they left us wounded like preys
Then we cease to exist no more in the constellations

ONOJA ANTHONY

Good Times Never Dies

How I long to see the day we play again brother
Surround by the night fires of strength
Listening to folklore from Zanziba
Spoken by those who came before us
The beauty of sunrise in lower Benue
How I long to see the sunset in Idobe valleys
In the cold river flows of Ideme
The drum beats and echoes in calm nights of Ameju
The pure smokes and aroma of burning jungle
Amidst the Christmas carol in corners of Okpoga
Though we grew, in us is the love and passion
Thou alive in memories, awaken the appetite
That which time and maturity could not devour

ONOJA ANTHONY

Goodnight My Love

It was a cold nightfall with stars of Heaven alive in glow
We held hands and laugh so loud as though we own the night
We whisper the best words that came aloft our tongue
Then we left the other way round to say goodbye
Goodnight she echoes aloud wet by the blackest night breeze
Goodnight I responded head so high with active eyes like an African
Dream of land somewhere around the Ganges fall
where the beauty of nature comes alive
The full moon coming from the horizons to lit-up the sky
The coconut trees abet with strings of whispers of sea
The land of peasant green, full of wild ostriches and gazelle
A place with saddle pastures and cock crow in rhythmical tones
Some falling snow dripping as volcanic mountains turn pale white
The songs of flutes and Karmasutra steps reflected by the dying moon
The waterfalls where beautify by the jumping dolphins and sharks
A home to the wild with apes, farm fresh squirrels and birds
A place whose atmosphere is unique like turquoise ornaments
The tiers are from Emerald, the caves of diamonds reels
The sofa of wool, accompanied by the strings of eternal guitar
A bed of Jacuzzi attended by winged Cherubs and fairy
Listen to the water falls the sound of rushing tornado
The likes of true paradise before the fall from grace
Take my hands and see through this gaze let us dream together
Time is a pattern lets uncover the routes of love in a blue
She turn and giggle
as though never to wakeup from this good night tale
Sweet morning came so lonely and frozen dry
It was an African tale told across the Sahara
Some never came to past in the life of a growing up damsel
Life is a page with recreated fantasy
So my lady let us run away and seek this land
Seek it in the corners of our bedroom
When the light goes out
Until the sun comes up

ONOJA ANTHONY

Green Is Bae

They lose their rage up on us
Higher into the clouds we burn in flames
Africa the home of dwindling gods
Full of diversity but lost her root
I heard her kinsmen are dreadful warlocks
Yet remembers little of their war tales
Fallen men litter the streets of Pretoria
Abound by these scorge of pain and hurt
See them burned amidst their rising
Africa used to be a good place to rise
Even when the gods are crazy we hunt together
We made them mad admist our match
When we made them an African in the heart Sweato
For the full end is near if we lost our home
When all ends shall be made by the Nigerian
Africa shall rise on eagle's wings
Bearing the flag of honor and love
Forged from the very heart of gold
Welded in coat of green white green

ONOJA ANTHONY

Her Love Came Passing

Her love came kicking like a whirlwind
It burns through my coated soul like a tornado
Taking with it the sugar brisks of emotions
it yonder like a volcano full of fury
burning in the furnace of melted hate
Ample in the torrents of memories
Though it came so slow like the tropical snail
It race passed me like chariots of horsemen
Only it few echoes remains and the vibrations
it sent to my elongated memories
of how soon we die in love
and how far we coaled in time

ONOJA ANTHONY

Her Love Never Arrives

She deliberately refused to see my trendy face nor gaze at my mirror eyes
Like an eternity trip, she kept me hoping, waiting on my glassy window
Counting the nebulous clouds, praying for her rain to come
January came, so young and full of ecstasy, I was still hoping she will come
The clouds will surely blow her to Juja, or perhaps the Matatu will teleport her
The clarion calls could not held her close so I thought the flying February will
bring her by
From the stand points of few facial shillings and kobo I held it close, the July man
will arrive with her
Like a show of shame she left me for a ride, bruised and battered from the
tattered lost hopes
Jabbered and haggard above the columns of my window frame I watch time
passed by
She never came to pass like an old prophecy, she never comes to fulfilment in
October
Oh! Lucy! ! Oh! Lucy! ! that gazelle in the Rift Valley of Kenya
That young Nubia I met in the darkest nights of November
Like the November man, she never arises at the 11th hour of the year
Like the land of running moon, she left me like a Prophet from August whose
Visions have depart
Like in trance, she only resurrect in the Web Worlds as the Marfect bride in tales
land
I see the chains of academics ripping us apart, like the broken kola nut
I cried yet I chat, she still turns the clocks hands back in 1961 when Jomo
Kenyatta was still a boy
She keep getting farther away from me like Mombasa from Nairobi
Though I was in Juja, she echo back back from Malinde with the swirls of the
ocean winds
She never see us converging in Kiambu even when we formed a topological
spaces in by-pass
We outlive our brimful time like the functional analysis in social media we never
mapped along
She only see my Lagrange from a distance, she only saw my Ordered Differences
Differentiated me as a Nigerian with lower infinitum of her heart
I begged her to integrate me at supremum boundaries of her heart
Instead she gave me the axioms of probability and used measure theory on my
emotions.
She told me the multivariate of time is our prime determinant
I allow her find the greatest integer in my accumulated big data

In the course of time series autocorrelation of our geometric friendship
Though she forget the Logarithm of time, the Exponential distribution it carries
It comes Poisson sometimes in the discrete moments of our lives
There Markovian Matrix may never extrapolate the transition in our hearts
Time my dear friend is an Arabic writer with a table slate
We may never understands the verses written in the slate
Let us not wait for Isaac Newton to find our endless Solutions
Let us not allow Bayes and Pascal expand our feelings
Leaving IBM and Analytics no choice but to find our trends
Let make out way for the huge man inside us as the sun rises at the equator

ONOJA ANTHONY

Hold Back The Breath Of Time

Home they say comes so far when we needs it from afar
Hours became snail when we need them to run the race
The life we spend far apart in the cold night curtains
This have divided us into pure halves, we lost it all
She is becoming branded by the philosphy of time
She now writes the old chapter of my love in cold lines
I know it all fly away, I knew the birds never fly be it
I am as lonely and narrow as an aged tree full of tales
I saw and witnessed the rise and fall of aged princesses
Some came with sunrise and departed at twilight
Sing me the song of soul, that old rugged song of fate
Tell me the pride of a damsel, the counting days of a queen
Till the sun goes down I shall love no other but you
Until they sang hymns on my narrow beds I shall Treasure you
Unless You dance the songs of time and tone to halo of deceit
I shall not forget the day I left you in an aged traffic
I cannot hold back the breath of time, I cannot awake his fury
I will steal into his blossom heart and renamed the galaxy for you
I will preserved each generation for our love lived on stone
Yonder not my Angel men shall grow wings someday in the eternal home
Yes like the time of alignment we shall fly on poet wings
When time shall fly no more and distance shall be outdated

ONOJA ANTHONY

Hold Unto Me

Hold me so tight else I slip through time
Hold unto my gaze so fixed else u
lost them among crowd of timeless time a time
Hold unto my lovely tales else you hear them
no more and long recite them in ashes
scold of many empty nights..
Hold close my warm cherished lips
else they gum to another red smooths Roswell
In downtown Atlantis among the lofty hills
Hold unto my elephant arms else they cling
unto hugs from states and bring back
the fears you saw in bloom of nightmares.
Hold unto my fingers when you can
else you see a golden flash or diamond
splashes dazzling from rings of unbreakable proposal.
Hold unto my chest while you have my grip
moving a sluggish race of beam
else you lose them to busy street upheavel
and recite its comforts in dreams of past nightfall. Hold unto my love while you
can
for sooner I may grow wings and learn to fly away.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Hope In Hope

It is a new Nigeria with younger hopes
How can we then hope when hope is hopped
When can we avenge our course?
Hope is hopefully buried when we dies
Some years ago we murdered hope
Yes killed with a dagger of tribes
Beheaded by faith of fate
Now we remember hope in shattered coffin
Fragmented by the opaque we created in shame
Where then can we get a copy of our hopes
If we ruin what is left from this carcass
Live let us live in celebrated shame
Hope is on the way coming
Remember to hope in hope for hope is born
Coming like a mere thief from Lagoon creeks

ONOJA ANTHONY

Hopes For Africa

Ours are indigenous, coming from the bedrocks of Africa
This we shall craved for in the void of all eternity
When we have conquered our fears and elevate our firms
In the marshes of these great African minds
When the dons have analyzed the stories of our unity
Bond to bond as though united in our bloodline
When miss Thatcher reference us in Harvard showiness
Africa shall stand so tall among the equators of Kenya
Brace through the innovative halls of Pan African University
Hope at last have return to our fading doorsteps
Eternally grateful we are to the great Union of Africa
Pan Africanism the aorta of our greatness in hub
Sometimes we hear mama calls from the mud huts of Busia
Along the slide lands of Ashanti warlords
In the plateau of Zulu Bafanbafa dominance
Among the seven mountains of Zambia beyond Mugabe
Hailing the little damsels of Swazi abound their beauty
Even to the high tides of Mombasa wave tides
So good to be true, in the marvel of our souls
Education brought us closeup together in one boat
Driving through the windfall to solve African problems
We dare the monsters in the brevity of our diversity
The canker worms of corruption and decay that held us back
In the lowly lands where hope abounds in hates of yesterday
Africa shall rise and stand tall like the pyramids of Giza
In the constellations of Orion shall our dotted firms appears
Among the lonely nights of outerspace shall we outlive
Hope from these giants dispatched to lit-up African streets
From the horns of Africa, abound the morale we uphold
With our days well spent in busy lecture halls
of Jomo Kenyatta University
Free atleast to take our drama to innovate African slums
From Kenya comes your saviors oh! sleeping giants of Africa
Sound the trumpets and renew your hope in Sudan
grid your loins in Gambia, smiles to Africa oh! Addis Ababa
At last you outlive these ages of darkness
Arise and shine oh! mother Africa
Africa rise, we rise, Africa live, we live

I Am A Human Let Me Live

Go tell them we love this part of the world
Griddle with dreadful scorns of prey
Supposed humans with humanity gone for prey
Men now kill men to hallow their gods
gods whom we know not nor hear their voices
Men whom we greeted every morning in kasuwa
Yesterday we woke up with the cry of hate
Love we once embrace aloft our faith
Men became mad for cause of faith
We now wear vex to detonate our vex
Even when the morning came calling for peace
The other side of the world turn deaf ears
Can't you see, it us that dies when we rant
No one will ever come for you, yes you in you
Share in the humanity, love him for him
Kill him for no other in hate or tribe
Even when he became evil
Find the love in him and save his name
Men were made from the gods
They are gods' image trapped in fallen state
Hallow him while you can
Eternity have no course
he may be your companion deprived of love
Celebrate him while you can
For someday he may become the god you slain

ONOJA ANTHONY

I Am Me

I am me, I love been nutty with lust and sex
I play it witty for the life out there is shitty
Full of life I live as though tomorrow shall not come
I am that slut in the dark corners of the city brothels
That which open her legs wide to flips of coins
The aroma of sweet weeds, the pales of liquor from men
I am me, that whom we make out and fall apart everyday
With no emotions nor touch of love
I work for the money and live by the pleasures of sin
I am me who entice you with the botches of my chest
Whom you were in a hurry to unclad in unholy hours of the night
I am me whom lived life and saw it all in hustles of the night
Yes, me whom gave you the wages of sin you deserved
I am me who was left at home tattered with rags of death
Yesterday I died without the cure to this virus
I am me whom they sang mourning songs in down town
I am me who saw the judgement coming in hasty clouds of eternity
I am me who burn in the lonely coal darkness of Hades
I am me who dies a thousand times everyday in hell

ONOJA ANTHONY

I Will Declaim You

She stood so brave and elegant
Above the staircase of her youthful haul
braced with courage and beauty
twisted in a perfect eight shape
Above all were her marvel astonishing smiles
fashioned in a goddess-like perfection
the seven wonders blustering around her sliver teeth
revealing the Wakanda of her celebrated beauty
Coined from gold, as soft as the Caribbean wool
Shining star in the cold night sky of Juja
one of a kind, outstanding
like sunset in downtown of Maputo
applaud by the mountains of Matola
She is mild like cardamon of Xai-Xai
in the coldest nightfall of Pemba
the timelessness in the beauty of her name
never to hear and be forgotten
it echoes beyond the deepest ocean of Beira
Anni, Anni like the fresh breeze of Tofo

ONOJA ANTHONY

Idoma Must Live And Not Die

He have a song, a long promised song
That which made them sob
The song our ancestors long to hear us sing
That they sang amidst the trumpets of war
How we wish the sun never goes down the hills
They came in the dark shadows of the night
The hides like black panthers and plunge our homes
At sunrise, Syria became the scene of our homes
The Sambisa warlords brought it to our kinsmen
Who atlast will save my people from this plague?
Idobe must live and not fades into shady myths
Ameju must not go down the memory lane
Okpoga must not sink into history
Okpokwu must see the sunset
We are the great tribes
Greater than the northern caliphate
We are the seven sons of Idoma
Born and forged with the bond of unity
Though you cut us to sheol
Burn our houses with horns of bitterness
You may cut us down with your bitter hate
Never shall the grazing serpent colonize our land
We die and we live
As free men, singing this song to our offspring
Idoma live and not die
Idoma ride the horse of destiny

ONOJA ANTHONY

If And Only If

If I ever had the chance
if I can roll over time...
I could have windspeed sorrow, arid death and hate..

For my angel watches over the screepy stars
Form a daylight as it shine..
For I set in the stars..
Forming a golden age..
Fable a masking kiss..

If I ever walk with giants..
I shall not forget this fate..
If I ever come through life stream..I shall recollect our story...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Illusion

Dark and slippery, twisted like wounded thorns
Shrouded by the pales from the dry leaves and seeds
As though the serpent came in the morning
When all men were awoken to their dreams
running the errands they bore from street
It came to pass he grew up pitied
in the slogan of men, all lost to illusions
Three moons, fourteen suns, crystal clear
he see the clouds crying, daylight becoming night
Drawing inspirations from the column of smokes
In his mind, nothing is fair but the weed
He is a true warlord, one that fights all men

ONOJA ANTHONY

In The Name Of Peace Be Still

She is like the quietness of the morning shortly before the sunrise
She breath in the coldness of dew; above the column of hymns sang in cold
nightfall
She is peaceful and have eyes full of grace
Grace to embrace the tussle of this life
She is beautiful as the tower gates of heaven fountains
Beyond the heights of the clouds
Names of dews, home maker of endless eternity
The dwelling of light
Cloth in the realm of eternal love
She is lovely; full of truth and life
She is a family; unite our heart with joy
She is a song that never ends..
She is the Creator's treasure
A true celestial beauty
What a wonder You are
Peace; oh! Peaceful peace
Let peace be still
in Peace they live
In peace I live
in peace she lives
In peace we live
Above all in peace we leave
When we return back to our eternal home
In the land of eternal peace

ONOJA ANTHONY

It Is You And Will Always Be You

I really want to show you profane love
Yes you, that love that cannot fuse to time
I just wish you can dissect my oval heart
and see beyond the myriads of my pumping arteries
See the ganglion and read beyond those oxygenated
blood cells, the rhythms coming from my fairy soul

How it see you in between the tick-tar lines are
the fragmented details of our love tales
Different but accurately told by every loop
that runs through the sinuses of my beating heart

For such is my reality, it is you and always you
My sheeny heart wishes even unto the days of lowly old age
It will and always be you alone dotted in my fainted eyes
Even when eternity abounds in a stake and the monster
called death come calling for my pure exonerated soul
Still I hear my tiring heart whispers "baby I love you
beyond this life unto another"

At the dying stakes of my graveyard, when my favorite
hymns were sang in calmly tones
When I am burden with age, outweigh the heaviness
of my carcass and left to reign on my ancestral planes
I shall hear the flowers singing your name
Calling to the deep that now become my harbor
To keep safe until we meet to path no more
It will be you and always you and you alone

As I knelt before the fiery throne in the fury
of eternity lords and the gaps between time and space
flee so lowly on high, I hear my emptiness calling
your name saying in the void "it is you and always you"

When we shall rise at the end of days
When the final trumpets are blown by the mighty cherubs
In the glance of an eye blink when heaven horses shall
come and the rapture melody envelope our galaxies
I shall reach out and search you among the saints

With you we shall take our eternal trip to realm of light
There we shall hold hands and sing the songs of Angels
Seeing the circles of our generations
The faithful and righteous seeds we bore to lit up Heaven's
gates like the Orion in far outlets of Nebula
Abound above the streets of gold on eternal planes on high

We shall breath in the eternal breath of life
In the realm where there is no yesterday, no tomorrow
Just today eternally in cities of crystal holiness and life
Like the waterfalls of Naivasha and seven mountains of Zambia
Never to flow pass us by in the cities we never grow old
It is you and will always be you alone

ONOJA ANTHONY

Just Be Mine Forever

Read my lips and see through my love coated soul
Receive the light that lit up my sky
Hang the broken mirror, oh! link the verses
Living without you is but a vast desert of void
The pages I have written in dawns of civilization
about the love of my life whom I met in trance
I was asleep when the LORD took her from my ribs
I was awake when He brought her to my wake
I was in the garden when he made me her guardian
How can I not multiply with you O! beauty of Zion
Have I come this far away from the love of my life?
What then happened to us when we lost agape and eros?
Who then became our LORD when we fallen out of grace?
She was just beside me right after the fall
Her love are like the Angel watch
Her marble beauty like the twin fall of Taiwan
I will embrace you if you will accept me as I am
Born as a man, fallen out of grace, fallen in love
Then grace abound when I found the fountain of love
Love me as though no one can even in centuries to come
Leave the lust and watch me go in the flesh
Let the vista open as I thunder out her name
That which I knew came from my very soul
Baby I love you...and I want you to be mine

ONOJA ANTHONY

Killer Of Kings

At the fleeting gleam of noonday

It is time! I said it is time!

Let's sit down in snatches under the roof top of snaky squall

And re-ignite in our minds our kings are murdered, some slain to sinful scorn,
died in war, killed by epilepsy, some hunted by hungry ghosts of viel ancestors
and dark sorcery loaming the duch of purgatory

Some poisoned by their kinsmen

Others by their beloveth wives

Some lightening candles sleeping in scenario

Killed to shameful scorn or more to dim-tide snore

Oh death!

Killer of endless kings

Never be forgotten in tercets of sunset

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lady Ankara

Her lips were coated with flowers
She had the beauty of the Savannah
Her torrent chest where like caves
She walk with accosted pride of Lagos
So adorable like the meadow of Ugandan
Soft like the golden wool of Pharaoh
Glittering skin polish from Ethiopia
Grooves with endowed hair like Oprah

The sunset low on these mountains
Took away the makeup of her beauty
Age became the mortal throes
Above the stride she scurvy
Chest fallen like hailstorm
Her hair brought back snow from Moscow
Her eloquence fallen to feet of time

Oh! lady Ankara what happened to your beauty?
Yesterday she fall asleep at tail point ends
Yes the brought her home in a narrow bed
They sang hymns along her kinsmen
Oh! lady of the west you were but no more

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lawful Love

Be honest with my emotio
Be cold and hot with my love.
Beneath this ashes of memories,
Before the fist of sunset approaches
Boast these rymthes of drizzle love.

Our days run above the clouds of time.
Others long cheer what we shared in pages gone an immortal we become.
Thou my memo comes from fairy tales.
Thou my heart became your hat.
Thou I lost your fewer verse to time.
Timid tales mock my love.
Time soon began her timeless routes.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lean And Learn O! Youth

Lean and learn O! Youth

The agony of life is those that failed to learn

The time of illicit deceit we made with life

It was a cold and lonely nights of shame

If the wind ever come through this course

Tell him to remember how time and memories flies

Tell him we were not the only youths that failed to learn

The constellation we made in time but remains

The best left so that the better will remain

She is not perfect but withstood the test of time

Sing o! forest of our ancestral delight

Jungle not after the days gone-by in myth

Just as the sun of youth never set in the East

Just now we see love came and left as passenger

Like the aroma of sweet memories that scent at nightfall

Lean and learn how ages became tales of a man in love

Love became marble jewel that so much we adore

Laugh became the story of our youth who failed to learn

Ameju come now for your prince return with his bride

Okpoga we return your favor in the bide of creation

Okpokwu we present the token of our love in matrimony

Benue we hope we made you proud atlast

Nigeria we thank Heaven we came through you

Africa you mother us all and join our fate in love

Atlast we are proud to bring forth sons and daughters to the Earth

Though we came through time and left its stake

Thrice our foot prints will stand the sand of time.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Let Her Love Overflow

Her love came so close, in heart and mind
Full of love, love came and was loved
Will this be the end of beginning?
Surely when men were born and thrown down here
Perfections were made to lighten their paths
Endowed in fullness were her passion to brim
Love as they that came from the faraway lands
Above the canopy of hate and disdain
Moved by pure crystals of love
Profane love that flows like the tsunami
Planted in the garden of endless union
where love abound in positional reality

ONOJA ANTHONY

Let's Get It Right

It's all blue as Nile
Coming home as a dove
It's hidden within those smiles
Lurking from the inside out
Adorne when the light goes off

It's all good as bad omen
Late in arrival as a beach
Looking through the nightfall
Discredit when the light turns on
Pale as grey in Asheville drip

It's all streets but home
Open route to crime and hate
Lost but loved above and below
Life as a running time machine
Live it in excess exchange life

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lets Make Love In The Woods

Little did we began our hopes
So little like the fog and frost
Sweet little time we spend together
Singing aloud with our eyes closed
Fixed to the ceiling, our mild smiles
Lit up our faces and hearts
Young were our dreams
We merge them to fantasies of Hollywood
This was our little secrets
Someday we will grow and make love in the woods
We will skate the ice and swim in fallen fountains
When all the birds have gone asleep, we shall whisper
Baby I love you, come let make love in the woods

ONOJA ANTHONY

Letter To Time

Dear time; hope you are in steady motion towards the end of age?
How is your mother-eternity?
How is your trip so far?

Hope the generations are fair to your business?
Hope you heard the decree of end time age?
I wrote to you to know my fate and time.
I wanted to know how much time left.
Tell death I know he lives at your edge not to hurry down for my remains.
Tell the future to come with enticing gifts.
Remove my name from the world's famous disasters.
Give me a good title in the history of mankind.
Give me a decent burial.
Deliver not my soul to darklords in Hell.
Detect my part in eternity with the Lord of .

ONOJA ANTHONY

Love And Deception

Full of the wooden hate that burns the sprouts off her angered soul
Fashion becomes the aged portrait as she look only through the broken mirror
She remember the fable lines the days the sky met the earth in lust and love
Sink so deep in the blue Nile she wrapped around his memories like a volcano
she erupted flames of passion
Could he have been bewitched by time that my love is a filthy rag?
Counting the raindrops as they flow above the fallen mountains of her side view
Life is a tinkle tale full of ups and downs like falling Kingdom
Lets him remember the days we had in wonderland with the moon and stars
interlocked in one ball
Living like the day men were born with a rib and a soul to sin and love like
Medusa the slayer queen
Like the song of Lullaby remember the scorn of love played in trance
Nature is now the only judge that will call all miscreant to face his wrath
Never to be bereaved with sooty words all men came from Mars and Moon
Atlas his words are charmy he sang the song of sun and whisper
Above the column, he came as a man full of dainty courage to love
Then the days were earned with honesty, truth and deception.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Love And Regret

So bright were the stings of time, the sparrow she drew on her melted heart
So love came so late like the winter's berries they ripe so late into summer
She is a princess that never got her crown, neither rescued as told in fairy tales
How comes her heart beat so fast like the drums of Malindi in the sun fall of
Kenya

Hallow above the column, dues for the days of reckoning, sometimes fate lies
Habites in her little wonder world she felt so special, treated like a golden ring...
He barley know her yet he queenly treats her like a missing link to his life
Time they said is twin sister of fate and adventure yet the latter brings the
former

Can there be escape route from memories? Even when all the pleasures long
gone?

The land of the hearts are barren of ideas but full of thorns from the Brussels of
life

The time she rises and fallen along the streets of Nairobi, the moment the dawn
of errs

The days when she was a gazelle, wild in the clubs of Juja swirls in dirge of
fantasy

Thrown into the era of love, the devil came so angelic, bright from the courtyards
of hell

Darken the pure spirit of her adventures, leaving behind the ashes of virginity
and hope

Why do I have to carry this little errs of yours she thinks aloud? O days of youth!

Why must the scarlet be so red on me, bruise by the winds of this apple
negligence...

The days are evil especially when demons walked the streets of Nairobi,
They live by deception and brighten the nightfall of Nairobi, the shade of Africa
The journey to the portals of disdain, the beginning of Arabic faith on the slate of
fate...

Times are hard, the malo boy want the Koran imprinted at the relics of her
heart..

ONOJA ANTHONY

Love At Sunset

How great it will be to see my beloved
To kiss her at every sunrise and sunset
To see the glory of our future in greenland
Living that dream we saw at sixteen
Not forgetting the beauty of our love
Even at white and gray we loved but love
Till the going down of our sun

ONOJA ANTHONY

Love Lets Love And Live

How far have I come, yet a little have I know
Did I not remember love how it betrays?
How then have I not remember you in my thoughts?
I could have come a little farther to seek you out
The day I quench how I feel about love, I die
When anger and hate grow in me, I die
The last time I checked I forgot to pray
I die, so Hades and demons came for me
I pray even when I romance the altars of sin, I die
Is there true redemption and hope for the lost sons of men?
If I made it this far, thus; I must have seen salvation
Tell her love is a gift, in it I live
Tell her I love to live as men lost all hopes, they die
She must not bend her head in shame, she dies
She must be celebrated in her time of old, she lives
Hate I dies, hate they dies, hate she dies
Love I live, love they live, love she live

ONOJA ANTHONY

Loving You From A Distance

Onotae there was an old tricks
I used to survived the long miles from home
When I gets bored in my upper room
Thinking of the spices and my woman of dreams
I wrote down her names in my heart
Made the wishes that bring back hope
That special one that stood so tall
Her names rang like a bell in my heart
She is among the spices I thought
hers was special she came too glare
I knew it was her spicing my thoughts
she whom I was in love with
yesterday, today and tomorrow

ONOJA ANTHONY

Lust And Climax

In the land of the Eastern mountains
where the damsels are full of beauty
touring daylight in mortal sensual
awakening the deepest passion and lust
hidden in the darkest depth of souls
Now awoken to let lose plague of desires
Come damsels come, lust calls from the inside
beating prices for passion to climax
unending passion that knows no end
absorb by the fruitful bunches on her chest
yet a little slumber among the nights of lust
lust that brought them low and dark
lower in the valley of Hades
Darker in bosom of Tartarus
there forever lost in frost of eternity

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mama Africa

Come lets dance through mountains.
Come lets conjure our culture from races
Come lets explain why Africa became the 'OGA AT THE TOP'

We came through stars and history, we first expliot the earth Before the reptiles
host their leap through snows of ancient world.
We feast the dawn of gold.
We tribes with honor.
We are the fruit of diversity, almond of great legends goneby.
We sparkle our time in were the Jews of all nations.

Song of gold, grace of power.
Shining soots, place of of monarch.
Africa my song ma are indeed the mother of all nations.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mama Put

Beneath the great street of nightfall
Benches brag, thugs of nightfall
Hampered with street hooligans

Could she survive the seasonal business?
What a day of joyful sorrow
A moment of indecision says mama put

Destitute but drags of death oh!
Yesterday, she died in yankee along the corners of brothels
Crumble with men from canakry

Millions from pools of merchanders
Humble stewards pay their shame
Hunger was satisfied with coins
Yesterday, they ate her up in grave

ONOJA ANTHONY

Marble Tale..

Sound the trumpets

Signal the crowd..tell Africa about this golden winter dream that came in
trance...

Then she came with beauty and illusion like the ancient Helena...

Though I felt her love warming the angles of my heart..she pump fantasy and
beauty...reflecting the true Nigerian princess...

Nothing to compare when time fly she wheeled from Bokkos the Golden City....

Now it fly to Ameju where we all turnup the blue with colonies of memories and
dreams..it all went into ashes when we told these tales under the marshes of our
eternal corner stone...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mistaken Lover

Beautiful yet beaten in tides of yesterday
Broken through the routes of last night
So elegant to a default yet broken within
What then become her new name?
See she lost her honor in scum of lust
Hovering above the stairs of past
She lost love when she let him go
Believing he came in coat of many colors
She hurt him with cold arms and muted face
His love for her were as old as Immortality
Pure as Ganges crystals in Brooklyn
She lost it all when she saw him a beast
Yes even the dreaded dragon fallen prey
For love had no language but emotions
Even the most powerful gods were once trapped
In her forever flows
making costly sacrifice even for humanity
So she lost him slowly to the lines of fate
He left her like a passenger in lonely enroute
Hurt and heavy pierced in her forever tale
Never to come for her here and after
Even if the sky comes calling...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Mr Piper Is Death

Today the piper is death, he left before now the sweet aroma of our beloved
model

The arches of our trumpet voices

Today the piper lay waste among garbage

The exit of this departed fellow

Smuggle among the flames only but a rubble of roasted soya remain of he

Today the senseless crowd went so wild

Today the forest creatures roar in anger

Today they drove him across the sand

Today they deprive him of his flute

Today they mocked him to his ancestors

Today he was humble among the living

Today the nation mourn her piper

Today we scold through pains of exit

The talent lost through this ashes

Mothers lost to rivers of tears

Fathers remorse with pain of exit

For the door of justice still hang on air

The days of our number piper yet among all was his flameless fate

ONOJA ANTHONY

My Impetuous Lover

Far back behind the wheels of time, soul to soul we hold each other her we thight
the platform of love pay back time will never count on us! never blame princess
when she lost her crown, time speed so fast, now against my joy.I wakeup this
morning with her but late in the evening she slips away, how can I make thee my
soccerer? when time bewitched my love from you; make me look like a great foe,
turns me to scarecrow before thy me ugly than a demon, terrible than anguish
of hell, devour with anger I became the scornful enemy of her past! though thy
love died years ago, thy thoughts spam mines of endless thoughts, this bewild
mystical weapon desinate to conquire it always emanate like naked dream in
spotless jungles of time!

ONOJA ANTHONY

My Unrequited Lover

With my clear youthful eyes
I saw her jump out of endless sky
Trying to win the passion of final fantasy, ah!
Amidst the most perfect woman
Creating nothing but shadows of perfect beauty again leaping through
Here comes the song of confusion as this aged twig tree sprinkled by beauty

Self-potrait, I recall her beauty
Every quorium of my heart sing her praise
What a song of sun
Though tears on my pillow as we rivet the doom from heartbreak
Even the president promised her a tent

Seeing nothing but coins from central bank, jilting the skulls of her bras...
Every moron wants a bond from this ! What an economic crisis.

Shattering the shield of poverty,
Living without denial as a booty student of loving youth
Upturn love, passive from campus smart talks
Love without passion of coins I whisper
But she never heard that thunderstorm

ONOJA ANTHONY

One Step At A Time

Sometimes the stars seems falling
Living behind a hanging shafts
All the planets seems empty
No man neither beast knew why yesterday left
Today came so cold and empty in dusty flabby
Not as old age neither some alien ships
It came cold as sculpture of doom
Mummified in Pyramids of the Ancient
Tell us when we err for life is good
When we win the lucky cards of chance
Bad as in scary zombies when fate rides
Stay alive before mama comes calling
at noon from the other side
Living behind the nights of terror
Hurry before darkness comes
either as little fever or some
Metallic horse in gregory of plight

ONOJA ANTHONY

Oneness In Our Togetherness

Today we come so calmly in the iron streets of life
Offering the promises our long-aged fathers made to humanity
Seed and souls are blessings from the God of creations
This we know for we bore the marks of his creation,
Fresh in Africa, diverse like tributaries of Blue Nile
Above all were our attitude in the multitude of beatitude
The water of life taste better when we drink together
From same bowl feeling the thirstiness of our togetherness
For when we go as tribes and religion we diverge
When we come as humanity we converge
Show some love, let's her live, let him live and let us all live

ONOJA ANTHONY

Paradise Never Lost

I once heard that sound which gladden the chambers of my heart
I remember the images I saw through the windows of my gray soul
They were the imprint of my soulmate, that queen I sang for many ages
That Ochanya, the Ihutokum whom I can dance ogriyan and Omagbae
Triumph with drums and trumpets to praise her beauty all night long
She is pure from hate, full of unimaginable love, beauty and grace
She is one in a billion, a teardrop in an ocean, a gazelle in the wild
Her beauty outlive the lilies in Kanji Dam, like the mountain flowers
Full of light, hope and kindness, perfect as though made from stars
From the very soul of her creation she is design to make me happy
How can I forget your walking strides, your magnificent chest
Humble like the flocks of David in the downtown of Judea
Harbor by time we will outlive this tale and make our paradise seats
With our names craved on fainted tablets we will forever stay young
We were nightmares that forged into reality, paved by chaos of time
We rises out of dust to build our empire crown by love, hope and bond
When all men goes to sleep we will be forever remembered
Like the tale of a dying god, a hero and a paradise never lost..

ONOJA ANTHONY

Party With The Devil

A ride with darklords, the kings of fantasy
Party with mortal inheritor in sinful bliss of hell, the carpet of firm mortal
beatitude
Away with the bliss of men or agitator of wealth the truth behind the great fall

With the crew of pleasure thou feed thy guts and drink the tone of gratitude from
prince of hell oh! The man in many legends.

Never predict the revelations of John
Never preach the sermon of Peter
The gods of abyss love thy soul
Yet a ride with him, the kiss of pain
Yet the best friend of mortal yet thee first of their foe.
He contradict our curse, spoil its roots and makes us sing all night long in
blossom of brimstone along heart of hell club!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Peace Be Still

We all grow up with wings of tattered hopes
Shrouded with memories of how our elders failed us
Among the landscape of lower Greenland
Where the angry man is cheered a hero of vanity
The best actors were known for lust for Eves
Love slip passed the bound of lucidity
There brevity were conceived in shame of nightfall
In the land where we came from
The land where men's fury knew no end
We remember them now in the great beyond
The land where darkness abound it coast
The quietness of the grave calls for more
This place where their fury brought them so low
The grave is not a finest place to abound
Nor we think, they found rest in the dark
Live lets live, life is priceless
Peace be still, lets live in peace
Then when we are long gone in days to come
We shall at last rest in peace

ONOJA ANTHONY

'Plain Deception'

What a day of clean deception

what a time we know how cornflakes became bravo of prime injustice

For when these crookes become naked with time the true deception of beauty
goes to irony

This tale are real but the deception it entails

These are fear of lustiful lovelords, the gaint behind her beauty and the deceptive
Deliah in her handbag.

All but a plain deceit she wage my time with trucks of sin, just to make the real
fable close to end.

I have this dog fun of bone she can knock down a six or seven, that is why I only
have her once.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Plight Of Fate (Part 1)

What a day of bliss;
Amidst dreams in the land of 'mencity'
Amidst fate crumbled by
In turn, amidst me on the edge of egg
My youth are damn proud

Proud of course
Of clinging children on their foetal throbs, amidst aiming men with trumpet of
kids
Oh! on the edge of echo....when will this awful fury of ageing tooth come to a
crumbled end.

But up in the cave of morera, I entangled my youthful haul in a circular clip of
clever case, never in 'mencity' my cries echo out nor heard in 'konami'.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Pride Of The Slumber

In the mud, ideas were hatched,
Buried and never remembered
As the shadow show of shame
come to dim light
so they buried all their talents
Embracing the talisman of time
In the city where men faint into myth
Growing into darkness
In the land were all men goes to slumber

ONOJA ANTHONY

Quiet Times

If and only if they saw the moving clouds
Read through the writings on my walls
They maybe will have understand the beating on my thighs
The future were all hidden in my backyard
As though a pumping crude oil running through my living room
They all fell into trance when the future suddenly appeared
The greeted it with brevity and loins girded with jealousy
Why the fallen countenance oh! lost foe from yesterday?
Why sadden by the richness of my hard work?
It is true we all wrestle yesterday together in mud
And sang with lips blistered with loveliness
Nether did I denied you like Peter Pontus Pilate
I moved on in a moving train called the future
Gaze into the night sky and read the writeups on my walls
Perhaps you will understand me better
Maybe you may understand the coldness of my today
And see why the future was created without your frown.
Then you may understand the quietness of my today

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sandra Lost Her Pride

When we bend the wind and glory of time to reach thy coast...
When we fought monarchs and robbed our pockets to please thy beauty
Making the world around us a den of poverty....

Thy beauty were highly costumize
Thy perfection were of heavenly
Thy flamingo hairs flow like Niel
Thy lips were of venus and pluto
Thy eros were not of Sapien
If it were ages of Solomon we could have crown you the princess of all time gone
and yet to come...

Thou it all went naked when we lost this trails of virginity
So cheaply bought along the market vineyard.
What then remain of thy beauty?
What then becomes thy pride? Oh
Sandra of many beauty! ! Only but a strip of naked shame cut through thy iron
gates! making thee the slut of many sins.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Seasons Brings Memories

Days are goneby, time left so narrow in the course of life
Deeds are handful yet full of memories, seasons beget the tales of life
Seasons brings memories and patterns why time echoes in remembrance
Full of the appetite of sin, enshrouded by the deceit of life
Fashion to the encumbrance of the soul, sail in the farthest hours of immortality
Yesterday we were together in the cups of unity, amidst of joy we drank
You came and wrote a living chapter on the tablets of my heart
Yondered with your lofty memories the brutality of your astonished kisses,
totality and reality
The tornados of your passion in the winter winds of Calabar
The hurricane of your ruffian posterity and tales of lost Princess
How can I in a hurry forget the days we watered in the arms of love
How Ijebu we became in the nightfalls of Naraguta Mountains
Hampered by the tales of studenthood, we were but the love birds in the cold
regime of youthfulness
The rain could not wet our lips, the sun could not scorch our passion bound
Then the time of separation came so narrow we parted the other day
we look back and saw the scourge of youthfulness we now see our passion and
hate our mischief in a broken mirror of yesterday
Time is a waver full of many paths that may never converges
Yesterday is gone in a templet, today is come so pale and lonely
You cannot deny the golden fact that our yesterday forged
Those Love, Passion, hope, eagerness, dispair and hate...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Shantel&Time!

She briskly walk the passby, with beauty and jasper of amber love.
She wrestle with time and men alike.
Shantel the rubees princes of prime beautiful nupial queen.
The king of fairies desire her as well
The way he fought his gallant battle in frost.
Some say we cannot unwrapped her beauty.
Some ravel her land belif there is a said her beauty kills,
Soon the time tale act.
Sorry she was recited in many tales.
The most beautiful woman in Okpoga is now an Oracle of wrinkles and age.
The pace beneath the great plight of gregory of this fallen beauty all upturn.
Someday she melted into feardrop then grip by cold arms of death.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Show Of Lust

Full of empathy, yet enslaved in lust
when sin came with claws of lust
Ragged us in military display lust
Hope fled when sin placed her demands
so fleshy in venom of corrupt deceits
Surrender to the display of flesh
Faith was there imprisoned beneath lust
Hovering within the mansion of our old rugged soul
When this lust shall fail to rise
In the lucidity of these repentant souls
Comes a whisper of hope and comfort

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sleep

Today we see the sunlight shine
What is life that we are so proud of
The lucidity of time and waves of pride
Tell me the land where all men goes afterward
When we all fall asleep to everlasting trance
If we ever survive the apocalypse of this deluge
I vex you to remind me this songs of old
The thing we hold so dear and never want to let go
Forgiveness is a gift to our wretch souls
Gratitude is a reward of a fallen heart
Come let sit at the dawn of time and sing this song
Giving hope and gratitude of our lives well spent
Today the sunlight went down the caves
Is nightfall let all men sleep again
Until the trumpet return us home

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sleeping Moon

I saw in her eyes the image of fable hope
I saw how lovely she could look when asleep...
So real but helpless in the blue sky
So seductive under the cold nights of polar....
So brim with youthful haul under the Cairo desert...
So lonely along ganges of Niger banks.

Then we saw you more in the days of old
Then we told you to our kinds
Then we remember all your lasting smiles
Then thy trails mention in many tales

Oh! African moon how lovely thy beauty
Oh! Sleeping dazzling how lonely were thy breeze, how great were thy powers
Thy kind in many faiths, you were but the creator favourite then even to mortals.
I saw that perfection in your eyes whenever thou set thy titanic eyes close over
the mountains of fewer Plateau.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Slut Of Time(Advice To Youth)

She stoop so proud among the edge of time; so gallantly she wrestle with beauty
She's the fariest of so many soulmate
She troop through the craft of time
She scale along the stoopy savannah
She swing the politics of many men

Then after the fall of time we pirate
Then we conquer lust to lost our time
Then we were but a adjusted by fate

She only appear as my grandmother
She came back along the wheels of time
She came with staff of sunset so marvel
She was but the celebrated slut of time
She now came with monkey tricks
She became the image of HIV oh!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Soldiers Of Kisumu

They say we fought and lost at the pools of polls
They said all powers belongs to them
Amidst our turnouts, the cheer for freedom
Abound in a fable struggle to build a nation
Above the tyranny of the great tribes we fought
They think we cannot ascend the height of Bumas
They rise the ashes of disdain and mock our warriors
They taunt our Joshua and close the march to Canaan
The algorithm they generated to silent our voices
The commission they set to haunt us down
They foreigners they brought to scorn us in the field
The day they rises their voices to quench our wails
We took our cries to streets of Nairobi
Wails and beaten by the strong men from Kiambu
We lost yet we believe in pace of justice
Wet at the polls, yes we lost at the pools of polls
We are unbeaten like our outstanding hero
We will stand and fight; pamoja till our mpenzi souls flee
We are tribes united by fears of tyranny
We are not alone in our coats of courage
Wake and stand oh! the forever soldiers of Kisumu

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song Of Continent

We all heard the cries.

Amidst the throb of life and pain, the journey of Alekwu to world of the living.
Some say I will return as a king, others as a hero, myth or the animals im a lion,
a tiger or a this story to no one but our kingsmen, our clanheads and below
inlaws.

Our wives don't make love in the afternoon else you born me with shames of
deformities.

Our husbands don't be drunk while you prepare my I comes with jugs of
palmwine and blast of reddish eyes.

Our youth don't migrate from thousand damsels, remain loyal as I dribble
through the course of you split my countless talents head and foots..

Our Midwives be at alert for my coming is of royalty and you welcome me as a
slave.

Our generation be of good progeny, our kinsmen be brave and hearty for Africa
is born of linger through moments of darkness, we sale our tales with witchcraft
and song have much echo, our past hold much of our future.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song Of Soul

Thou thee paths where we race
Appealing the whispers made by gods
This route were lonely and narrow

Making the burning fire angry in us
Still they sight no hope nor future hero to raise our flags resting from blazing sun
rays.....

Hope fades into memory age becomes hope, fear of. Unknown masks at dawn
Arena were mixed with wails who know the departed this time.

Thirsty for more in echoing monument
Season of Alekwu begget it curse still this paths grow no old neither wiskey rough
blade it dry.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Song Of The Seven Sea

Flying through the magic carpet
Swimming through the pool of pacific
Then shall this fountain sing its song
Thou I heard this trendy voice, this fizzy flip of lonely tone-drop.

For it string through the cathedral
Then above the sweat dropp of saint
Even if science receive its peak
This sweet song will long be heard

Recite by ancestral kinsmen
Then comes the offspring of windfall
In those shackles lies its ankles, the jewel of many soldiers, the brevity of the
brave
Then we heard this cold voice echo-out
It was a true shadow to moving light
We never knew how it enchant us all
We only wakeup among the stair case of seven sea with princess of endless sea.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sons Of The Most High

Lets ride in the chariots of the clouds
Sittings in the heavenly places
Somewhere far above principalities and powers
Kindling the fire from the throne of thrones
Awakening the arms of the Most High
When the great Pharaohs of our lives shall wails
drowning in the red sea of judgment
We shall soar high on wings like eagles
There we shall run and not grow weary
Singing the songs of Angels on High
Marvel at the glory that dazzle from the throne
Come let us bow before the Lord, in his majesty
Holding strong like the sons of the Most High
Let war break out in the clouds of heavens
Let Micheal and his angels fight the dragon
bringing him down to the pit
We shall not die but live
declaring the works of God in the land
Uttering the tongues of fire,
there we shall call upon him,
He shall show us great
and mighty things that we do not know
Until we purge the earth of chaos and darkness
bringing forth righteousness
from the cliffs of heavens with a shout
Free at last! Free at last!

ONOJA ANTHONY

Suit Too Nice Along The Blue World

Suit too nice along the blue sea world
Suit us though this bliss of abyssal world
The flicks of reckless broken sliver waves
The dreams of simbat and seven seas
Thou I'm not from pacific nor from Nile
When the ship took off without its captain
Then shall we fly on poets carpet.I know how vast this quest odd to beam but a
hedge over our youthful haul!
We only saw the golden fishes then we saw her entice our lustful was but a
flower in this marine world
Still make us marry our lust and became the lost boys in wonderland.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Sunrise In Kenya

The Sky is dark, clothed with the dark curtains of the night, the night is old like the granny in a remote lonely hut of Ancasa, the moment is endowed with the cold facades of cold and loneliness, like the amber light it all a dreadful nightmare of fallen cyclopes giants that walked earth in floodage.

The night came so passionately with her lips all wet with the April rain, Thou handsome like that Kikuyu boy in wonderland

Trendy with elegance like the Damsels of Melinda...above the staircase of Nairobi we see the sun rises beyond the mountains of Kenya...like the days of Tina-Tony it arises with morning beauty and passion out of the very heart of Africa...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Takes Two To Love

It is that simple but complex to our hearts
The universal waves that comes from within
Tampered within the fallen state of our minds
Comes the lust of love and emotions
So lonely but harmonize by tomorrow's hopes
Forever tales are better sang together in the feet
When the raindrops make sounds on our roofing
In our prayers we hope this fantasy never get cold
We never saw it coming but we were in love
So much so that we now hears our heatbeats
Distance could not break this frequency
It was love anchor from within his ribs
When the time is in his prime hood
It shall come calling with bridal shower,
cola nuts and palmwine jugs from Idobe sunhill

ONOJA ANTHONY

Tales From Orion

They say we grow so cold and dim in the night skies
They no longer felt our gravity from land afar
They no longer see us among the night constellations

Yes we became faint and dim our light to them
So cold in their thoughts and memories they see us no more
They saw our illumination no more like the fallen stars
We fall and fall into the deepest nights of night
Ever since they lust after the shooting stars
Whose firms were just passing by the north poles

We seize to shine our light in their fallen hearts
Since they now enjoy the boost from fallen kings
We hold our peace from lands in afar

Our love for them were stronger than gravity pull
Our light were main to shine on them forever
Never to let go the cross of bond and humility

Now we must rest like the immortals
Whose brave hearts watched our sins from afar
The love they have over works of their hands
Till eternity folds, they shall abound forever

ONOJA ANTHONY

Tales From Timothy

I could have merry out of the stars
Pearls from breathful jungles of Plateau
Mountains were job of jex and honour
The moving life laugh out of us in pains
Making the beast a true warlock

Again we slip to memories of praise
Flag of leadership seize to blow the roof from barfanata...
Deck where these mills were smoked
The gods of youth were slain to dust

Everyday, the sun witnesses her last
Oh Timothy! Sons of many nights
This we saw, neither joy nor sorrow seemed to come
On this mountain, wolves were elements of good living masters of wisdom

In cities where we lived, hands of weekends were slained with blood, whose
blood?
Rams n goats were never known for peace in this city of peaceful logo
See what it becomes
A dreadful terror of living dead

ONOJA ANTHONY

Tell The Unborn Generation

Emma, remember the Land where we came from
The City where men hit their chest with pride
See, they have no love for Him who made us
Who called the heavens and all its might
Who hold the breath of all his creatures
He sit among the cherubs
Anchor the chariots of heavens
He came and fought for the lost sons of men

Men live by self and die to self
What a day of agony when we finally forget Him
When we knelt before His mighty throne
The ages when sin bond us hand and foot
The time we had and lost it all to lust
Forever doom to the ninth circles of Limbo
Looking like the tattered creatures
blazing in furnace of forever lost

They forced us to bow
They mocked us when we sing
Yell at us a thousand times
Trouble are within the departed souls
Looking at the well of souls
The vanity in mortal journey
Lets not forget to tell
The unborn princess and princes
That Hell is real
Hope is for the living
Death is a monster
That ate all our ancestors

Denial lead to self perish
Without His knowledge we lost
Lets hold hands
As we sing the Ancient songs..

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Amber Stout That Burns

Shut your doors to this busy world
Squeeze the brim of this amber candies
Love the fantasy that Jacob along
Let the island now speaks with passion
Look it all comes in a trance of the soul
When she Abraham out my heart
With kudos of humanity I drift away
If it where time of stars; ours recorded in galaxy
I saw in her dreams the iron man of me
The figure I may mutate to if broken by love
The voices of the Darklords yearn" return home boy"
In the end I stunt like a lost coin from Gambia
Time and years all open their arms for wage
Tell them only to remember this of me
Love is that Amber stout that burns in the
Coldest hours of our memories.....

ONOJA ANTHONY

The August Rain

Its quiet and violent, so fizzy and trendy
Then we heard our husband roar! his wife but the tornado lightening calm his
anger
Today the cloudy jar were full of downpour so dew drops that our footprints
collapse.

Today we saw sunset in fainty manner
Today we walk through shadows of rain
Today the toad announce their arrival.
Today our birds sing the song of hope

Our children play the games of memories
Our farmers lingered their brime with hope, the hunters on their sight.
Thou the place where this rains comes from were install in many books of
season.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Coin Flips

When the dices of life are thrown
the coin flips, that one side
we hate but keep coming

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Creator's Incarnate

If the Maker were to be a man
To whom shall we liken his beauty?
Whom shall we see the image of our Creator?
If he comes as Zeus,
perhaps his fury could have knew no peace
As Goliath we all could have hide in fear
Maybe as Solomon, making love to damsels of Zion
Comes prophets, enlighten by prophecies
He came so calm and lowly
As a carpenter in Nazareth
He came so gentle, having grace above measure
Giving hope to the hopeless destitute
Life to the lost sons of men
In him were fullness beyond comprehension
Bruised for our sake, even death on the cross
Sacrificed as a lamb for atonement of us
He came as love, peace and life
Yes, He came and made death life for us

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Dark Legend

Song of dark days!
Souls of this dark acrid days
written with dark ink
walted with dark pen.
Wrecked with dark scrolls.

Recited by dark souls.
Remix by dark hearts.
Recked by dark arts.

Legend by dark writers.
Myths by dark tale bearers! !
Recieved dark technology.
Implement by dark nations.

Worshipped by dark religion.
Working in dark industries.
Replicated as dark angelic beings.
Now ruling as darklords in dark void of deluge eternity...

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Fallen King

Sound the alarm tell them the king is dead.
Send my wishes to the generals tell them of my myths and legend.
The bravehearts were also defeated,
The lame and dumb all await the true fate.
Though we all plight in fallen shadows.
Those of us have our coffin with our hands at a stand still hold.
Ready to face eternity head and foot...
Red armies all fallen to the pit and scorge in pales of rumbus life.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Girl From My Village

Among these passive coral, the trend of this lonely path
They that shook off the dust from souls
amidst another hot season of the year
The streamers all on their bowels

Then I trode down this scorching sun,
among all were how my barrow wheels sneezed an laughed
all through the lonely paths with me full of thoughts,
today these paths were quiet with no damsel nor old alike

Suddenly, I saw this glare picture girl,
indeed the girl from my village cage
She avoided my choky voice,
neither did she peep through my trendy face
She pop and shyly hid her fruitful chest
she quickly rose the bubbles off my mind
she accepted my water jar not me of course
she still sang with a shifty voice
the best in this remote place I thought

As I rumbled and trunked through this way
I shift and chat through thoughts and voice
the fruitful chest that appeared ripe
the bargain it must have striked in mency
the chariots on which she rode their lustful souls

Then Mr Echa cut through my thoughts
The hello that seemed to dim my egret soul
Just then, this girl appeared in distance chaft
she majestically manifested her tidy state
the grasses seemed to be praising her gaze
she rode and cut us by as if to say hello that never came

I could no longer risk the tale but to tail along,
I cajoled in her student life
she shyly avoided my gaze
she slowed her trendy foot
I perceived to enchant her more
still paving way through her mind

Just then my path ended the other way round
this I know was not a lurking corner
but this girl from my village
is not a shattered dream but a tourist plight in amecity

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Good Land

The light came so narrow like the piercing arrows
Look through the veils and see the shooting stars
Shall this accost the fate to faith?
Surely there is a good land where paradise abounds
The mirror shall not shatter at the strings of guitar
The walls of mire, the city where they grow no old
Surely there is a land with glad tidings
Some cities where the fort reached so high the heavens
There is a land where they need no light to see their truce
Though cut between the scars of today's decay
There is a land where the songs never ends and the spirits are fair
The rivers are pure, lite by the choristers of cherubs
The eternal abode of all faithfuls and the saints
There is a good land where Jehovah is our King, the king of host
There a land where hallelujah is forever on our lips

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Hellish Paradise

Amidst the crowdly nation.
Amount youth like seashores.
Among them lies browe of creativity, cruelty and home of talents.
These I know well that I d my gene
Though we all came as we parted like bloodline.

Can this be the belove dreams of my fathers?
Could this be hell of heavens?

Black gold we mined with pride.
Beauty alluvial we own.
Products from earth our we hellish ourselves.

Invaded by hellish n by taskmasters..
If it were reign of godhood sulfur we all will be engulf in..
God if this how paradise hope for let ur remain before the first masters set foot in
pan Africa..

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Isle Princess In The Dream.

In the dream I dreamt a woman of the crested isle era.

In the sail of my tour, the ship is of pure crystal gold.

The sea of glassy drizzling waters, the waves were splashes of diamond thunders.

Faires were our Crewmates, the captain is a Cherub and of love.

The fishes were of gold, behold the moonstone lips and eyes.

The lunar eclipse of oryx sun and peridox.

Salute the Elephant beauty the lioness of woman of gleaming amber oily love and emotions are young with ages.

The rubiees of jasper, the gown of paradise all hapening in a day dream when I woke in a cave were my thoughts imprison my love and I shall love no one but this dreaming Queen in the dream I dreamt..

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Labour Of Our Heroes Past

Rising in the Titan sunrise of Lagos
The birds sang all through the night of hate
Men became angry with state of fate
Their government have failed them they yell
This is Africa where Africans celebrate failures
We long remember the days we hated the most
Even at 59 we have little to dare hope in
Where is hope when all hope seems lost
Travel the city and see it burns with rage
Poverty wear suite and bold tie admist the hot sun
Peace no longer come from within nor without
As the days we live are lived in fears
All hopes came crashing into the Lagoon
Who at last will be our savior in this feet?
Nigeria have aged so quickly even in his prime
Why then should we dare to hope?
Our unity are more echo in words than deeds
Clearly we lost our steep to Heaven's gates
Cleaved to deities with little humanity
Hell rage within us and is burning hatred
in our streets as we all hide from his smoke
Tell our leaders to remember Awolowo, Tefa Belewa,
Ken Saro-Wiwa, Jaja of Opobo and Dele Giwa
Let us join hands across the feet and remember
the labour of our heroes past shall never be in vain

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Lost Fury

Cold but fury amidst the hate
lost in the den of thieves
The park is full of daunting Judases
Stay and face their wrath, run and die their death
They died every moment they let out their fury to live
Above all was how they told their stories of hate
Ancient and dark are their myths of horrors
Full of groceries venom of hate and revenge
How be it these monsters remained with men?
In their fury the purged the old world of paradise
Today they came among us in shadows of tribes
and make us die side by side

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Lost Love..

Love you came in a swing
little in cold nights I felt your lust...., like the Arabian rubiees Life in a mirror
world...
Long before the edge of beauty yoked by maturity...
My curtains went on flames..it was an old myth..
Malice with ruffian beauty and pains....
I cursed her and made her stone...
I craveout a tower for her lonely passion..
I became the beast all mankind feared; 'the best way to lust love is to kill her
stings'....

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Other Side Of Time

Times are like the rings that encircle our nails
They tell the stories of how these circles come so fast
Immortality is a circle in the gateways of time
To tell us the tales of the ancient that went before us
That which make a man remember how brief are his days
If there ever be a doorway to the other side of time
Where the past could come in to remind a man his beginning
We could have remember how times were well spent in dust
Sometimes the future forget the past so soon
The egret of how time flows into memories
Could we not see it? how comes we became enchant by its motion?
Civilization came and crippled the last strands of morality in us
The future is now an orphan trailing in the dying shadow of our past
Find the gateway that open up these portals to the other side
Echo it to the distant future how time failed us all
Surely, time was just a route that opens the last doorpost
That everlasting doorpost where eternity abounds
With no past, present and a future
That ring where the three circles of time converge

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Pathways

They say we grow when childhood left like the racing horse
The time we were accustomed in the wheels of family
Let the wind run our course and bring back the togetherness
Those lonely nights comes with dark voices and clouds of memories
Then we see stars and tell the tales of a dying sun and a planet
Could this be the dream we perceived, lands where all men slumber
Time born new memories, time kills old ones and dust the tales
Tell them we are once children we played with forever sands
Here we grow so strong and fated but the joy stands forever
Humbled across ages are tales of fallen suns, moons and planets
Little we know time is a pathway full of many circles
Like the time of scorn, hate, love and disdain...

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Seige

In the deep of the blackest night they fall on us
The roof tops were set ablaze
Suddenly there was no moonlight
Even the stars of heaven all turned so dime
They greet us with terror in the birth of new year
The cries of infants could be heard from afar
Suddenly there was no voice as they search our huts
The wailers all gathered in the blackest nights of Guma and Logo
The rattles of bullets shells and fireworks in our down towns
Who at last will be our saviour?
Our women were battered with bullets and matchets
Our statesmen all fall prey to the flying bullets
When shall we be free from hate?
Tell our young men, the jihadists came at nightfall
The sons of Usman return to graze our land by force
They came and littered our lands with flies and death
We cried but had no voice
Hope was gone, gone to the land where our ancestors went
You may kill us if you want
You may slay us as though we have no advocate
You may destroy our lands, the birthplace of our norms
You can never kill the essence that drives us
We are sons of giants that roam the lower Benue
We are children of hope and freedom to middle Belt
We may fall now but will surely rise again
Until the flag of victory is float at last
We rise! ! we rise! ! we rise! !

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Serpent Girl

Tall and tempty wavering in turmoil of beauty, too eligant to behold, too dangerous to treasure.

A property of the reserver...

And the feathers of limbo shattered down the troop of greatness.

As I look I saw dark serpent lurking down the shed of greatness.

But the groans of dark skulls

The cracks of danger roaming by.

Cracks to smile but buzzles of ugly repentance pale this fate

More frightening to behold...

Though the tears of sympathy rolling down the brown narrow bed.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Song Of Many Seas

Get me the Idoma story,
Get me the tales of many seas!
The legend stronger than the sun,
The empire ancient than the seas,
The promo fluid of this cunning serpent
the moving cloud of this faithless fate.

Then we see those anxious days no more,
Then we told them to our kindreds
we renown the tales of many seas.
We sing the song of serpent and gold.
We dance with our lasting shoes.

Rejoicing over the tears of departed fellos'
Recounting the days of old and young alike! !
The smart days of oil brimestones.
The smart campus talks of love and betrayal.
The jingle of this falling glories.
The rise and fall of manhood in acrid of lust.
In those days when sin was a youth.
Our emotions were pure samples of sin.
Our virtue were dim_tight tone from many seas! ! !

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Song Of Marvel

Chidinma Ogundare is a gazelle whose beauty defied outermost descriptions
In time and space, no other lady has ever outsmart her kind of attractiveness
and grace

She is perfectly beautiful in every sphere of detail. There is no blemish on her
skin and every limb of hers is a limb destined to be set in finest crafted glassy
shoes

The world is indeed in perfect aluta that Chidinma is the zenith of human
magnificence.

Nigerians used to say that even birds and beasts testify to Chidinma's elegance
and power of beauty she abound

How else could one explain the patient and intent manner with which these
beasts gazed at her?

Everyone that ever layed eyes on her become enamoured with her loveliness and
grace.

There is no way one can be a hurry to forget this mortal princess

Those who are imprisoned by her steadily beauty permanently in a tale of
quagmire

She is full of youthfulness, fleshy and fresh with grace

She had a narrowness at waistline that is very admirable

Her capacious chest is appropriately proportionate to her figure '8' structure.

On it sit prominently and tauntingly succulent, fresh and sturdy breasts like the
ganges apples in far reach Adamaic Garden

Her neck is arrange in tarcet as of the steady gazelle

Chidinma's face is clone with a soothing peace and calmness

She had soft white eyeballs....The shelter in those eyes could bring comfort to
one's heeart and soul

The eyelashes were long, deeply dark and curve like an l-sharped drum stick.

When she blinked the eyelashes will open and close sparklingly and this ofcourse
makes her the adorable one.

Chidinma's teeth were white as wool wore in snow land

They were well formed with a superb gap in the centre of the upper row

When she smile her teeth will display themselves in a most titanic manner that
worth recounting

At such moments her face will radiate with a lushness comparable only to scene
of Apollo at sunset

She take a long stride of gracefulness, so graceful that it will have been more
befitting for the Globe to go on its knees and salute her in Yoruba 'Ekaaso Ma'
this ofcourse is the only way to possibly do justice to her stature.

Chidinma's appearance and character is the joy of all who know her or just met

her, for inspite of her fine attributes, she is a humble woman.
She had compassion encapsulate in her inner beauty, a quality that is most often lacking in women of her kind.
She never snubbed people and is never too conscious of her attractive appearance....
Her relationship with others is dominated by committment, care and respect a pale of virtue
Chidinma is in love with fashon and looking good. she look admirable in dresses.
All assorted clothes sat well on her hips.
It is truly spectacle any time she combine this with jean trouser and began to dance-walk. Silence will reign as all eyes focus on her from silavating men.
She knew how to walk gracefully and with nobility, this is all natural
Frame work is no problem to her and she work earnestly, she is the shining example to be referred to by all women who wanted to bring up their daughters homely....

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Stranger

What then can we say when time fly
When we now sit alone at the verge of time
What then can we hope for?
when truth lies
One day we shall see beyond the minds of time
Openup the treasure men once called love
Order the last awaken of broken soulmate
Though we stand firm like the ruffian soldiers
There we openup the ancient tombs
Awaken this dead princess of long yesterday
Arise now lets outsmart our fate to dust
Where we begot wild the seeds of sin
Wash away their parents iniquity oh! Lord
When all travelers all route this path
Once in a dark moon she moan
like the park of wolves in full ectasy
Once in a circle you love that stranger
yes that misty with fumes of lust,
Giving some orgy orgasm to that gray misty
stranger called your lust

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Untold Tale To The Woman Of Today

Whenever I think about love in the edge of egg
Were like when the love birds sings in a scary trance
When the moon and stars all freeze in night sky with lights of lust
Though the darkest nights were when I was born in a century without honor and
shame, awoken by the appetite of love and lust
The very depth of my heart were like raging fire ready to devour
The night came so lonely and I was blank to time for my generation
Life is a merriment of time and space, battered by how we lived
Lets sit in snaring mat and recall in our heart what morality becomes
Aloft the X planet in remote galaxy of our heart seeking for lust
Love was that which came on the lily pads in far stream of Ideme
Love was so decent among the tribes like the days we left behind
Like the time when Ameju was a young man, Odokpo was a Prince
Lets recount the adventures of Idoma at sunrise, the vigor it hold
Tell the youth our mothers were damsels with pride, full of remorse
Treaty were made to bring them home, leopards were slain for their honor
The undefeated wrestlers fought to win their hearts in the village square
The hunters killed spirits to appease her kinsmen, hunted the blackest forest of
time to win her noble heart
These were days the World knew its circle in Eden, hallow by the gods
Then the imperialist came and took our shame, honor and remorse
The last of them left us in 1960 when Kuti was just a boy on the swing
When Murtala loved the Clarion calls and Dimka was still a messenger
When the spirit of greatness still hung on our compatriots
When Ojukwu received telegram to come back home and lead
Then the wind of change came so saharaic, blown by the demons of hell
The time we hear the world have gone naked, Ojukwu roar, Gowon thundered,
then we lost it all, the life we lived, the tomorrow that never came, like the days
of we hate to see, things fall apart
The dawn of civilization came so close, we see the magic box from the west, the
images of they that left for England years ago
We now talk like the west, act like the adopted daughters of Elizabeth
We even look like them cleaning the natural soot the gods beckoned on our
dainty skin
We bought beauty and shame so cheaply in the streets of Calabar
When will we be like our fathers, When will we admire the beauty in our
mothers? the yesterday we left so soon like an old housewife
Our damsels now act porn with Big brother, twerking their honor on facebook,
twitter their beauty on a world made by waves of web

The time we fears is here with us, the glory have all left our streets
Then how can we fight to bring you home, how can we tell our fathers your
worth?
When your beauty and shame are seen without Shillings, its all so crystal clear
we made harlots for the century, Africa is naked at sunset, like the day the
princess left her palace to sleep in a garage

ONOJA ANTHONY

'The Visitor'

Moaning through this blue african moon

The stars were blue icy flames of dark emptiness, then this smooth touch on my lips, the route to passive fantasy! thou thy marvel were weapon of deceit

Truly she was black but beautiful

Cage with true the avail of night ghost she rode with is but a shadow in my many dreams

She pervert my empty planet of were friends from no man's benefit of fable love'remember to close thy window gate'for she only comes to life when this life dies the other way round in bosom of busy world.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Year Is Come

The day we agrees that memories lives
Throwback time in realities of myths
The year is come to our brim
The circle begins, the trilogy of life
Then the fresh pages of time are open
Yet the circles of memories remains with us
Yonder as a deer, it recycle like the trash bin of life
This not about the man, is about the mind
Tell him he is a man of the mind living from the heart
Blown by the open shows of realities
Below the falcons of his heart
We may not hide from the blazing sun
We may run but cannot hide from the blankets of memories
The year is come, so full of herself like the pregnant damsel
Bringing along joy, happiness, breakthroughs and laughter
But weeping echoes, so does sorrow replies from the deep
They lurk behind the dark curtains of time
Allowing the excited light to have his day
The angry darkness descended from the archive of hell
With grand felicitations send to us by Mr. Lucifer himself
The came and bridge the course of time
When we slept the staircase of time, they knock...
With bags of rewards from the rewarder and the punisher
The year is come, so perfect she walks the course of the calendar
She recreated her firms and beauty in the hearts and lips of men
They all long to have her for a bride and harness her offspring
They waited for her in the Churches, houses, clubs and outer planets
They all wanted to be the first flirt that will have intercourse with her
Throw the message to eternity, tell her how brief the mortal journey is on Earth
Tell her she is so vast but she gave us a tip of her beloved time so fractionalized
Man left the cause of God and hurt man
Manifested in his own very cruel image of Cain and Bin Ladin
When will all these sorrows seize to overtake us?
When will the true redemption come and the serpent go away?
While we live let us all count the steps of our shadows
With the clouds of time and the compass of hope
Let us sit in an open interval and recount 'Living is a gift bought with no Shillings'
Death is a price bought with many bobs of sins
Is there no way to know the end from the beginning?

Isle of the blind, we all journey like the lost seekers looking for the gold unknown
Is there no escape from eternity and the loss of time?
Is there no jungle justice to this tyrant who called himself Mr. Death?
Is life as blank as the womb of grave?
Surely there must be an open escape where the souls all wandered free
Seasoned with pure hope and endless happiness for all mankind
Separated from the beast of memories, hates, life and death...
Indeed the year have just arrived our door steps...

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Zombie Princess(Part 1)

Here among thorns or more of thunder bolts, stark naked she evoked beauty
Atermis couldnot held her back
Like the zombie princess or more of dim-tight gleam of temptation

Could she string the crystal love pure from impunity but serpent coral
Reservoir of mystics all in a one day dream, among hidden chores or tales of
zombie movies...
So critical as Hilter's. Solidarity firms

Vexation she sprung and left us
Leaping through centuries she foot along
Like the golden chains on phariorh's neck
I heard her shackles whisp, glittering still entangled by edicts and proclamation
all by this rudeless princess.

ONOJA ANTHONY

The Zombie Princess(Part2)

This soul tyrant bound no harm nor mercy in every appearance she make in tip of century or more so.

As she struck her pass by, beauty was ng every innocent crime of yob
Indicating her paradox in fable rituals as she did a conquero battle of frost, earth and underworld

These were days when sun was a handsome warlock or more to dim-tide warrior
upturn by praise of endless achievements, moon was only a comes the sun of many youth and the lovers of endless moon.

Shatter by nightfall especially as this Zombie princess leap along.
Striking every warlord with terror
This was amazing legend of naraguta
Placing a shackles over their manhood
She slain till the weep as if it was me in thousand warlords.
Thou I knew sun was in danger as none passes him by only flip of fate tale along.

ONOJA ANTHONY

They Live In Us

Days have gone, yes even years have goneby, others have forgotten but we that knew them still hold them alive in memories, they are indeed alive till we fall to live in sand and time□

what about our fathers; they live in us, what about our forgotten heroes; of course they live in our mind, we still hear their voices, we still know their legacy yet we own ourselves that they live in our hearts, what about us we will live in the memories of others, pleased to become their legacies on the staircase of their hearts for they are the windows through which we comes back to live in generations yet unborn.....

ONOJA ANTHONY

Three Musketeer

Tell them I have a tale
a young elegant tale of friendship
Here at the ring of bond;
I saw three friends that cut my heart;
Their great strides from the land of hope
They sing joyfully, aloft their love
such a beautiful souls I saw once
They that have trust in Yahweh
I remembered the three musketeers
The smiles and laughter we expressed
I see them eager to hear my bewildering tales
The wonderful jokes we shared; no one else can understand.
Cheering messages of hope and better ends, as we know
Someday we will be far off the cliff of Africa...

Hard to forget those special cheerful moments
sometimes we choose to go without those spoken words.
The love shared by these maidens, amazed me most
stronger than the oak trees in Kigali
I remember their angelic gazes
the beauty that come with the radiance of their smiles
tell them I see the unity that held them close
the love that bind them close like the Niles to Ganges
This I know shall be told by their kinsmen
In the afterlife when we gather again at the great feast
our friendship shall outshine like the stars of Orion...

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time A Time

Time beget its route, blissful togs of clock y by dazzle moment, ornaments of sorrow or memories were reckoned in her spring wings...

Above all it swing like an insect more like a racing horse in warfront.
Knowing fully the would be events
Men are part of this plight then you see them no more, come today dash tomorrow

Here thee shackles of morality is thou embrace, dust of passion amazing riches, reckoning like Dangote the bliss of savannah!

Then I saw her race for more,
More then American missile route or apples of heartbreaks, we see time no more in those days of old.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time Query(Suit Too Nice With Time)

Come lets reason as a union, Come lets air out our minds into others Come let
connotes the reason why time fail
Come lets capture fate and time alike

for when those reasons are tender out
for when we recapture time and youth alike
for when we renarracte past and future alike
for when we jail these thugs of shame

then we reunite the tracks of time
then we can explain how tricky are their webs
then we see reasons why the graph of life left so many equations unsolved.

Imagine if you could have died through time
Imagine if your scarlets were written all over her.
Imagine the crocodie tears she shed
Imagine her now sleeping with your bestman.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time Scroll

Jolly! jolly! whosoever I catch is my prey
She hides in savannah and green world
As I search the entire heaven corners
Then we sing the song of rainfall and dance the bleat of goats and birds whistle
alike.

Childhood were have thou heels to?
Best times where are thy claws?
Thou flee like lost parrot, in void of time you were but a blank deceit
If it not for sunset I never could have thought you were real.

Then she wave back in sunset with dust of maturity, it enter my two naked eyes
I never thought she could leave but I now have a title in my armpit and a statue
on my ! time you scroll so fast as I thought you were but a snail.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Time Tickle Off Memories

They say we grow colder in their skies
The reality of how fast we grew dimmed
in those fainted night skies
Yesterday we were bustling the streets of Shakara
We will always be the best of buddies we thought
How be it we never saw this coming?
My old friend, time is deceitful
as though a slut and wine
Now we know those who came and never went
those that came and raced for better ends
These are realities we must live with
as we die everyday we leave that bed of prey
in the cold hours of nightfall
when all the stars have grown so dimmed
rewind me the clock of yesterday
that time we were full of passion
sin grew so strong like a tornado
we made away with empty promises
promises that grew older than our age
today the night is cold and young
colder than winter as we draw nearer to dawn
we realized who matters and who never counts
does the gods spat on our desire to cling to life?
if and only if we could hold back the clock of life
some memories will have been unearthen
we will have repeat same old tricks
laugh to scorn as babies in the mud of sin
then we yonder through the vast journey of life
where we die from the love of yesterday
those that made it through with us
are the gems in our forever night sky

ONOJA ANTHONY

Timid Tale

Among the ashes of cold night she wired away, her passion, glory and rivers of love.

These were time when heart speaks for men and more to images of their youth
These were codes understand only by the decoder.

Ages when love was claimed by price
Could our names be immortalise
More of it in modern day poetry
Ours was just a perfect tale to tell Timothy of today.

These ages gives way to cornflares,
Minted coins, that was when Sharon becomes the price I learn of this tale long
before I was a youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY

To Love A Flower

Today the sunrises as thou our youthful desire comes to life.
Thou as shroude and flower comes to grave we aloft our desire no more.
How then can I not cheer thee not oh my youthful days goneby
thou scold the days of true belonging, our time of tales in cold night whispers.
Your marvel and sports of love, our pure days of crystal clear.
The waves of maturity drift days of coins and honour.
The clever case of wistful repentance of angels to demon saints.
Thou I never love like those of sunrise.
Eventhou I wish time should remain a damsel.
The nook of ugbokolo could not hide our er the scales of the burning dreamt and
wake alike.
Time you betray us and sail of amend our patchy hearts in far reaches of
campus life.
But none like those days of love and flower.

ONOJA ANTHONY

To My Anambarian Princess

The sunrises above the Naraguta mountains
There comes another blissful August to cheer
The sky roar with thunder bolt amass the lighting flashes
The downpour from this ancient rain drops
Our footprints collapses to its brimful end
Yet her mild face never went pace nor wet....
At the darkest hours of nightfall it rekindle my lonely heart
At the coldest moment of Plateau it blanket out my shrouded fears
Though when she exit into timeline I went lonely and patch my heart with lone
song
Like the ruffian soldier I dedicated my song to her.....
Above the ages of this great Anabarian kingdom.....
There I shall sing the song of tribe and dance Ogene with her kinsmen
She comes with a palmwine jar and prepare the ancient food....
Bravo we sail the seven sea, now we came as pairs with fruitful bounches of
twins
Nana and Ene we call them both,
Nor like you my darling princess can set me high ...
Through the harbor time we equation out our fable dreams
We gamble our stakes, laplace out our emotion.....
We take the joint distribution of our love and yoke it into one ball
For my lady let us converge our love into one series as we strife through the
gates
Someday we will make our marks above the edge o f history and glorious math
Screwing the formula of greatness head and foot.

ONOJA ANTHONY

Total Recall

Time tricks all turnup new
Tell seasons ebbles fate and youth.
Think of Moses the Padrenian man from outlier of abuja hostel..
Laugh with memories as Shegun Olayiwola gnash tales and myths..
Lured in Konami world as Pastor Lams pro-final the tournament..
How about Sir Mekus the buddy who taleaway...
Henceforth we shall uphold memories and firms as timetale unfold our
legacies....

ONOJA ANTHONY

Truce Be Told

Through the truce are facts that must remain
Oblivion in the very depth of the scrolls
when they learn to fly across the centuries
Stir up the darkest side as tales comes and go
the deep calling unto the deep in this marbles
Men failed, women failed alike to pay the truce
The journey was little but they never saw it end
The circles never finds its path home
Even when the lonely paths accost this truce
Never too soon to quit opening this meg of peg
Quit now, never look back for yesterday was written
From the very beginning of time it elapses
It was meant to die a bitter-sweet death of a saint

ONOJA ANTHONY

Truth Be Told Even When It Hurts

I once told the story of my Life
That which was true in truce
Never been so humiliated as
what I saw the other day
When she scamper in his jar
Who told you that I was not able
to get his fame, titles and pride?
I left them for an academics tour
Even when I came calling you in vain
My gospel were true from distant past
You repent not as though I was unworthy
Someday when my words comes to light
You will be left in Golgotha of scorn
To be carried in your wooden thoughts
Nailing down your sins aloft your pride
I bet you Miss Thatcher karma is a Butcher
He always comes calling for his pound of flesh

ONOJA ANTHONY

Twilight

Here she comes, shrouded like the first serpent
She hides undercover in the amour of religion
Eager to creep into the den of sin for a ride
Above all were the manner she exonerate her decency
Living like the two edged sword of Delilah
She hate sin but dinned with robbers and hoodlums
Tell her we know her worth in measures of iniquity
Though she leave so hasty before the sunrise
Hiding her head in pride of lucidity
Covered by the thick blanket of the twilight
Leaving no trace of her footprints
In the meantime, she left to sin more more

ONOJA ANTHONY

Voices Of Hope

Ours were willed to fate and faith
Others came as though we came
Like those fallen bricks of hope
Come let us sit and sing aloud
If only our voices can be heard
They world will some day understand
We never stand nor walk alone
Humanity gave us eternity
For in mortality comes our immortality
Then we fly above the staircase of time
If I ever made it through these mud
It is not because I am lust and lost
But for the love I treasure for you
Some day you will come to understand
It was priceless and never bought
There is hope when we sing together
When our voices are heard in the echoes

ONOJA ANTHONY

Wails Of Mortals

Weep not bravehearts
wash not the swril of thy face.
The sunward souls of thee brave departed
The reign of time as the ancient tyriant..
When these darkdays echo out in flames,
When their longer beginning all end in dust,
their souls shall crest through eternity stripes

The wrath of time on their span, the revival of mortals in flames of fire.
Tell them our teardrops formed the planets.
Tell them their anger became hailstone.
Tell them how we tail alway as far outreach of universal godhood..

ONOJA ANTHONY

War Of Choices

Dripping through these lines of choices
Fate bound them hands and foot
Toiling the hither stakes of minds
The war is up there among the clouds of choices,
Up in the steepness of the minds
When all men fall asleep
Captivated in the snarl of their emotions
Above Heavens stars, in far ends of the north
Awaken the monster from the deep
And that was how they all die slowly
In the inbetween of their flesh
There passion died a shifty death

ONOJA ANTHONY

We Grew Into Today

Cold and dainty, fixed in the edge of thoughts
Who thought we will come this far?
When we sat at the years of yesterday
In the memories of how little we grew in life
Singing in the choir, memos of grace and hope
Aloft the edge of success hidden in these rhythms
Time came we got its calls
We flies on wings like ancient ravens
leaving behind the nights of terror and shame

ONOJA ANTHONY

We Rise And Shine

They say we cannot make it to the mountain top
They whom we cheer heart to soul
Friends who became foes during the long lost nights
Yesterday they all hate us to a scot
Without measure they scale us up for defeat
Even when at sunset they refused us rays
Hope comes with the rising at horizon
When all the stars came from holidays
With new trumpets to sing our rising
We rise out of this shitty valleys
To a place of hope and fate
Never to stay at lowlands
We rise and shine for the light have come

ONOJA ANTHONY

We Will Remember You Mother Africa

Who shall sound the trumpets
and ancient gongs?
To whom shall we beat these drums of beauty?
Is it in the arid of hot Kalahari dunes?
Beaten by the north winds of Sahara?
Then let us sit on wooden stools
along the horns of Africa and recount in our hearts
the beauty and fame of the Negros' world
the abundance coconuts of Mozambique,
the steepness of your beauty in Ganges of Rift valley
Hovering above the clouds, comes the tides of Mombasa,
lustrous are the posterity kinsmen of Botswana land
Home to the wild and tribes of Bantu
Covers by lilies and shrubs,
herbs for cure, grain for food
Mother to all nature, rich in history and culture
Then they came and made us mad
Yes, humble and entangles us with chains
They droves us into the endless oceans,
sailed us to lands afar off
Striped us off our humanity and freedom
amidst us in coast lands of Brazil, Haiti and Jamaica
There we long to see the sunshine of Africa
We lost the voice for folklore
told under the moonlight warm fires
Our hunting packs by naked warriors were now forbidden
Homestead to beautiful Nubia of Swaziland were now deserted
If you ever made it to the coast of Africa, remember these of us
The damsels of Ododua kingdom,
lust not after the jegida entangled around their waists
Never forget the pride of Itsekiri kingdom,
land to endless black gold
How we long to see the beauty of Benin kingdom
The tour gates of Kano emirate
Igbo kwenu! ! land of equity, enclaves of great Ezewanis
Remember fura da nunu, poundy and fufu,
Say hello to the great tribes of Ottamari and Fon,
land of great aquarium enshrine by talisman and voodoo
Above all were the chronicles of Ashanti,

land of rich cultural heritage
Stand still for the warriors of Bakundu,
Maka, Douala and Pygmies
Remove hats for bewildering antiquity
of Mongo, Luba, Kongo, and Mangbetu-Azonde
land of clear sounds and rock guitar,
advocate for African originality
Prostrate to the lands of ancient Pharaohs
lingering through the banks of Nile
Africa stood so tall on giants Kilimanjaro
Applaud the Mau-mau Heroes
of great Kikuyu, Kalenjin and Kamba land
In their diversity comes
the dancing steps of Luhya and Luo dancers
Battered by war and terror,
Africa lingered beyond the genocide of Rwanda
Admonished the bananas of Uganda
Never forget the pride of Tanzanian game reserves
The endless waterfall in seven mountains of Zambia
The rich soil of Zimbabwe beyond Mugabe
Braced by the coldness of apartheid
Sooty in the blackness of yesterday
Scrambled in the arms of warlords
Africa shall thrive like an Ethiopian Gazelle
Singing the songs of freedom from pain of oppression
Lavish in your diversity were your authenticity
Arise, stand like the giants in Everest
Enclaves in the union of Africans
Pan Africanism tuko pamoja as a family
Our aim, in oneness we thrive
We wazobia into a future that is wondrously clear
Anchor by fate in twilight of Technology
We are the gift our ancestors gave to Innovate
the dreams and hope of the slave,
We live, they live, Africa lives

ONOJA ANTHONY

Wealth From Terror

They came in the hotness of the day
spreading the affliction of bullets
They were the Gucci of death and pain
spilling blood like the days of gladiators
The cruelness nature they slain their preys
taking with them our wealth in Naira and lands
None to oppose these Messiahs of cruelty
They killed at will and left us lifeless
Brutality awaits in the streets of mortality
They left with trails of blood on their loins
In the time when men left their humanity behind
Wearing the amulet of wickedness to outlaw our peace
Spending wealth littered in blood and afflictions
Though it is written, clear and bold
That he that killed by sword die by the sword

ONOJA ANTHONY

What Then Becomes Of He?

West in me the western wind
Wet in me the rain of love
Wind on me the smiles of life
What then do my soul transpires?
What then this token time of man
Where does the gods of time goes to?
What then will the say about genocide?
Where does men goes afterward?
Where does the gate of hell lies?
What made the gods smile like child?
Why was africa conceive from gold?
When will my blunt come to crystal end?
Where will my love race from? ? ?
What then becomes of gods when we end
When all men return to their noble home.

ONOJA ANTHONY

When A Believer Fall Asleep

Though fallen into forever trance
Lucidity of eternity abound this race of life
When a believer forever finds his way home
Welcome by myriads of angels and saints
The melody and joy in the abode of the Almighty
Atlast one came back from the hostile war of earth
Harbor through the columns of heaven as a saint
They took the last shroud and make his eternal blankets
They sang hymns and make way through the narrow bed of earth
He dies here but lives in the other side of life
So is the fate of a man who found Christ on earth
Hallelujah victory is atlast won over the mammon pains of life

ONOJA ANTHONY

When I Finally Meet Him

There a place we want to be
Somewhere safe in myriad skies
Above the hanging dendrites of life
Bustling on Heaven's gates the bells
The songs, the melody rise from the crowd
I heard the Angels singing eternal songs
When this life shall fail someday
I shall be there above the clouds of nebula
Holding the eternal life eyeball to eyeball
Singing in the rain that never wet the soul
Beholding the beauty of his grace
Never again to be haunted by mortal wails
Someday, just someday I shall be there
Singing eternal songs in eternal bliss
Never to be jobless after college
Never to build a castle with my sweat
Hallelujah I come home to him who is mine
The network he created for me in this void
Never to sleep nor retire for my age
I become him and he become me
The marriage of the bride and groom

ONOJA ANTHONY

When Is So Bad To Be True

It is all a gig
So good to be true
Like the truce of marble
it rumbles in earth and blood
someday it shall fly
into the deep and of the deep
return and say it was a nightmare
so bad to be good
so good to be true
it all turns true anyway
when evil smell good
good aroma purge it out
the land is death
full of dead
its all death anyway
above the wails on the other side
the death of a smug
she is free like she always wanted
roam the street in fairy astonished decay
Death came but no one saw it
he took away the best of all
in sand left a hallow feet
measure in scoop of shovel
arose and ride like unicorn
eternity is deep
judgment is near
when reality shall reflects in Tartarus

ONOJA ANTHONY

When It Fly Then It Gets Dirty

They say time have wings, they can fly over the passage of time
They are those swine that gets dirty after they wash in mud of fate
Time became dirty and stained our very souls with hate and deceit
Listen to the proverbs and learn why the old man nerve in the street
Let's stand and salute the slogan of time we all were fooled by it
The best way to love is to kill its stings and bury its pain like artefacts
Tell the world others came before we came, they loved beyond our gasps
The tale of the stars who wonder off the valley of Akwidomi singing
The days are strong and moving very fast like the chariots of Ceasar

ONOJA ANTHONY

When The Gates Are Close

Time shut her brisky ears and turn away
When we needed her the most she left
Aloft in the mansion of high heels
She is the Gucci of Pataki, long forsaken
Life is a mixture of ups and downs
so do not make an end from the beginning
Time snails as though from Boston
at dawn she hurrry to Pataki
Never imagine her wide gates will one day close
In the end none was left accessible
that is when time no longer bears her name
And her witty banter all lost to the scum
Fully alofted in the door steps of eternity

ONOJA ANTHONY

When The Light Goes Off

In the light of the truth where every lives were alive
Among the street fall of many waters, came this calmness
Withered by the thrones of memories among the flips of deity
Can it become deception, surely time is a verse of many chapters
Caught among the traps of lust and hate they came like riders
Become he, no become the man in the far yesterday
Deeper where the love went to sleep, among the roses of memories
Light the shroud of shame, aloft the darkest truth in him
The great arctic lifebook came like Moscow it was cold to its brim
Then the slow shadows of time came in a round o'clock hour as a thief
There was no saving grace to the show of shame, like the Kilimanjaro all pile
above his gaze
Could it be that the end has come? Karma came so close with a bow of
vengeance, the arrows of slaughter and the axe of memories
Can he bring back the monster of sin or death?
Only the gods knew where he came from and where he head next
On the night light of life were sniffed out, he became narrow to death
Come for the blood moon, awake the sleeping giants, let him rip it all

ONOJA ANTHONY

Where Will You Be

What if I die today? What if the cold arms of death prawn my soul.
What if I saw her also at heaven gate
She who left a legacy of rentage life
She who never swim in acrid flesh delight
She who were with the poor and jail for no crime but fate to faith in Christ...

What if I saw mr landlord at the rift of furnace holding pounds of rentage from
burning brimestones.
What if I saw my past with me of present
What if I saw the rich been fool to fools
What if death was indeed death and fizzy reality of ugly fantasy
What if the worth of life all earn in lust, now cover with marshes of regrets
What if my harlots were money and cheater but a game of loss in this sliver
breeze of many fireballs

What if lucifer have my soul reign with him but loss to cross of golden end
What if the Messiah have not given up on thy weary soul? what if the trumpet
just sound like drunkers noise, where will you be? ? ? ? ? ?

ONOJA ANTHONY

Wistful Tales

Look Paul left in smogs of time.
These were era when champion lost the trail.
When man swing along the dart of life.
If miss Rosewell outsmart this page.
If resurrection and death can fit these champions.
When they became Jews of T lands.
When Kemi came from camp.
When Helen hail from blogs.
What a time of Grace
What a legend from Mary.
Even if Vera's viels lies shattered and the reign of Christy gleam to dust.
The scale of Blessing beat the floor.
The administration of Peace lost to lust.
We lost this fable sakes in far boats of youth.

ONOJA ANTHONY