

Poetry Series

OTONYE DANIEL
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

OTONYE DANIEL(4th feb.1995)

Otonye Daniel hails from Basambiri, Nembe Local Government Area, Bayelsa, in Nigeria. He is from a polygamous family.. With a father who has three wives(DANIEL JOSHUA) .. And a mother(MEREMUBIO) who gave birth to 6 children of which he is the fifth.. He attended St. John's Prim. Sch., then forwarded to Gov't Comprehensive Secondary school where he schooled for 6yrs and graduated.. Fell in love with poetry but wants to be a diplomat.. Anyways he's been married by poetry and they are happily wedded.. He is still learning though.. And he loves narrative poetry like bananas

A Free World(Sonnet)

'Boo-woo' says the breeze..
I walk in shame..
'Cuckoo' the birds mock me..
My life is lame..
'Screw u' earthers say..
My wretchedness has fame..
And to my soul, sorrow is a chain..
I can't help but walk head-low..
In tears and in shame..
It rings..It rings in my head were e'er i go..
The clattering-cling-clang of chains..
My lovely chains of despair..
I'm imprisoned yet the world is free and fair? ..
I hear them..I hear them..my clattering chains in a prison called life

OTONYE DANIEL

A Lover's Long Contemplation

If beauty be pale
If love feints
And happiness was drunk with ale
If music..mortal hands couldn't paint
If earth wasn't a planet
And humans were phantoms
If cold couldn't be chase away by a warm blanket
And water from volcanos doth come
what would be of me?
If hate be love
What would be of us?

If love be hate
And tongues were sour
If kissing wasn't great
And there was only one ugly flower
In the whole wild wide world
Tell me..if i'd still be your lord
I know i'd want to be
But would you be my lady
If i was poor and loving was having money
If my looks weren't stellar
If my tongue was bitter
Would you still french-kiss me?
If my skin was rough and my smile eerie
What would you think of me?
If my hands were frail
And age was my only friend
If my face was pale
And my life hung at frustration's end
Would you still love me?
What would be of us
if I was u and u were I
Would your hello to me become a bye?
If things were
The opposites of what they are
Would it affect us too?
If happiness was sadness..tell me..would our red hot love be cold blue? ..

My heart craves to know..

The answer to every question that from its bossom doth glow..

OTONYE DANIEL

A Night Before Harmattan

I sat, i watched..
The sorrowing wind groveling by-
slowly slowly; i sat, by my fiery friend, my torch..
As murmuring leaves stuttered a goodbye
Mumbling from side to side
While farewell is bade; to a weather sweat and mild..
The grasses, they danced a slow tune-
Crooned by the wind..
I sat, i watched.. My witness was the moon

'Tis a doleful welcome ceremony
Fit for the coming tyrant-
my pity, for these greens; they'll soon be frail and brown-
And pale, and dormant..
OH brook and loft watered stream!
Hurry now, crave the hands of mother-sea
The coming man is harsh and thirsty; ne'er gleam'
Warm wind, find a frock of sweater
Quickly, quickly- ere you turn cold..
'Tubers- tubers', tell the farmer..
Swift comes his foe, from timings old..

Hurry, hurry flowers
Find a hiding place
Ere your petals sweet and supple
Turn frail and crisp..
Scurry, scurry rose maidens
Oil thy phloem's clothings
Ere harmattan comes with its chiding; be quail-
Ere its stern caress turns thee, dry n pale..

I sit, i watch- leaves in melancholy cheer
Spending the last breath of a pitying weather
-holding consciousness that; harmattan is near
Brave gentle greens, waiting death; waiting to wither-
Should men be brave and united as you..
Glory-glory, will be; all we'll chew..

A Pen's Journey

Painted phonemes..
That grow into fine words..
Then phrases.. To clauses..
Which grow into loquacious teenagers.. 'Sentences'..
That march and dance and play..
And mature into paragraphs..
On stages called boards, papers and slates..
They dance to the rhythm of an emotional heart..
How blissful it is..
To watch an alphabet sprout..
'Tmay be 'a' or 'b'..
Or 'y' or 'z'..
A weak consonant or a vowel stout..
How sweet it is to watch such grow..
Into an array of dancing letters..
Upon pages, and pages..
Creating beautiful fine trails..
For eyes to run on..
And hearts to follow..
Truly the journey of a happy pen is a blissful sight..

OTONYE DANIEL

After School(Sonnet)

The closing bell splits the air..
Laughing-running-gibbering-jumping pupils gun for the door..
The teacher says; be careful..
But these children would no more adhere..
And adhere no more..
For their wails of joy and boisterous shouts..
Beat the teacher's failing voice..
Pretty girls, handsome boys..
Matching uniforms, sprinting legs..
Marching..charging for the gate..
'I would want to take super late,
I'm tired from gruesome studies..
We're closed for the day, now it's time to play'..
The children say, as they hurry home..

OTONYE DANIEL

Aid Me Stand Her Ego(Sonnet)

My tears are stubborn..
I try to fake a cry,
But they expose my lie..
I pretend to be hurt..
But my tearless cheeks show i'm not..
Rumpled jaw and rumpled cheeks..long faced
Guile and tricks..by treachery laced..
For God's sake eyes! Leak!
Help me make her feel i'm hurt by this break-up..
Help me stand her Ego..
I try, and try..
But on.. My tears show my lie..
Stubborn tears..
Disobedient eyes.. Always exposing me..

OTONYE DANIEL

Beautiful World

This tale by a mortal..
Has never been told..
Of trees made of many a jewel..
With fruits of silver and gold..
Of flowers with diamond petals..
Mmm.. Much fortune they will bring if sold..
Of creatures dat cry, refine..
Defecate and vomit..
Sweet goodly jewels very fine..
Which mortals can't make, no..
Not even a gold smith..
A place where the sun is pink, it walks with grace..
And pours pixie from it's glow..
Ah! I must be silent..
Ere the phantom-owners turn on me their face..
For what mouth speaks of it..
Is turned cold..
And wat living ears hear of it..
A statue shall be..
Standing in heat and cold..
With feet locked to a place..
As time grow old..
Ah! In loud silence i must remain..
Ere i stand under cold sun and hot rain..
Like those before me..
Shh.. Don't tell me of those trees don't tell me..
I don't want to know

OTONYE DANIEL

Crazy Happenings

Ah! A goat has eaten a lion!

Ooops! A mosquito av contacted malaria.

Over there! Over there! A woman is being raped by an ant!

Alas! Insanity is rampant!

What have the crasy hands of Loki done?

OTONYE DANIEL

Dreaming To The Crescent Moon

Dreams bled by clos'd eyes
Images and images com by n by
Nightmares interweave my fears to the silence of d crescent moon
The wind and its frnd(ocean) lull a silent croon
Death's brother hath set my excite aglow
My fingers fought my sleeping sheets-In a vain struggle to wake or so..
My dream is of eyes and fangs replete
Blood driplin' on afear'd leaves
Then to the stream, then to the flowers
My daytime joy my dream from me retrieves!
Then drags me to hades and lower
Men with faces of faceless clad
Had for meal a little lad
Then chas'd me down a lane;
The lane a forerunner to a haunted plain
A vast of flowers with swords and shields
Then a tap came to unmarry my lids
My eyes open'd to the morrow-sun
Alas, my dream and night is gone

OTONYE DANIEL

His Tears Won'T Die

Burning tears from his eyes still riot down

Down the vast of his cheeks

For in his life sorrow sat on a throne

And wore a crown

Sadness the glue was..that joined his every flesh, to bone

His pathetic life partied in clubs of frustration

His soul danced to sad rhythms with every second that ticked

He was an orphan and a lovelorn

His sorrow was fat and his woe thick

III

No wonder 'twas his very hands who tied this rope

On dis tree from which his lifeless body swings

A mortal that never had hope

That maybe one day his seely bells would ring

Now.. Watch.. Even in death his eyes still cry

He commited suicide but his tears won't die

OTONYE DANIEL

I Cross My Heart

I cross'd my heart i shall not fart
Then i did, then i plead
Forgiven now, time to make a new vow

I cross my heart
My hands and deeds
Won't break your heart
But what am i to do when your love my life no longer needs?
Then i plead, to break your heart
Another fair maiden's love
To plead for
And pluck foxyglove
And do more
Just to break
Another heart
Another fart
Another tearly souvenir to take

OTONYE DANIEL

I Love You, I Love You So

I love you I love you so..

I'll stand atop hills I'll let the world know..

I'll sing my love I'll sing it sweet..

And I'll sing it slow..

I'll bring flow'rs before you in harmonious fleets..

I'll inscribe your name on me and take it where e're I go..

Accept me accept me, I love thee..

I love the way your smiles glow..

Accept me.. Else i die in pain..

Accept me.. Else my tears pour as rain.. And my course for living be vain..

OTONYE DANIEL

In Business There Is No Pity

Tears danced on the theatres of her cheeks,
As she explained what had happened,
Sorrow on the breath of her dress reeks.
Fear and sadness her freinds are,
For is very saddened.
On her clothe every here and there,
You'll find a hole, a tear..
Yes, she is heavy laddened

'My son my son is dying! '
She said while she was cryhing,
'A leg of his is ripped-off
From the accident we had,
His blood is draining-off!
My God.. Help me! .. The situation is very bad'

'When the trailer hit us,
Our beetle shrieked in fear,
Pieces of tangled-mangled metal
pierced through him with raging force,
My hrt skipped in fear
And i'm lucky to remain normal..
But.. I must save my Son'

Crying to flooded rage,
Her wails flavour the crispy air,
Her companions pain and age..
Danced on her face that once was fair.

The pot-bellied businessman,
His wanton eye glimmering white,
With fingers druming a beer-can,
He shows his teeth smiling bright.
Sinister teeth for a well-dressed-man,
Mocking her melancholy mood wit eerie-spite..

'My son.. My son is half dead!
Please lend me some 'mount of money,
He's dying on a hospital bed,
The doctors won't help me,
And i really need to hurry'..

'Just help me'.. She said,
'And i shall repay thee..
I have no collateral,
But with the loan i shall not flee'

With grim eyes he looked down,
Exposing his bald crown,
His grin is widened,
The lines on his aged face smile,
His eyes are brightened..
He neva showed pity even for a while.

'It's business', he said,
As he raises his head..
'And there is no pity',
He said with a smile.

'In business there is no pity',
A slogan created by her..
She knows the slogan already,
She'd rung that bell many a time..
For she once owned this office,
Now, against her, her own bells chime.

Silent tears hurried down her cheeks like melting ice,
She knew he wouldn't help her, but 'twas worth a try..
Downcasted she scurried out the office.. Her try a farce..
Now.. Aye.. Now she's sure her son would die..

Just as the son of the pot-bellied man died..
When to her, he came for aid

OTONYE DANIEL

Jamb Day

Anxious faces, curious stares
Hands on desks, silence waltzing here
Calmness and solemnity walk in peers..
Doubt tangos.. Jumps all over like curious hares

The invigilator peeks at her watch and looks through the window..
Into the class, were students with confidence shallow..
Wait with nervous pens..
All.. Waiting for JAMB's startin bell

Confidence coyly creeps in
Girls start chewing gums
My pen scribbles a phrase
It's time.. The invigilator walks in

The wails of every gums mutes
Vividly u can hear the intimidating thuds from her boots..
She.. (The invigilator) halts..stares at her watch..
Then begins to smile
Aye! Anxiety is heaped in a nervous pile!

The exam starts
Pencils dance nervously on computer sheets
Complete silence walks in the hall over an about
Then suddenly falls in a pit..
Mumbles.. Murmuring-voices crescendoed into clear talks..
Phones vibrate.. Then 'cring-cring'.. Then musical ring tunes!

'You know the deal..five hundred for every phone that rang
And a thousand to use them for malpractice'
The invigilator says, then smiles
And starts calculating the money she'll have

So it was that JAMB day
That students wrote and practiced-mal and played
For their money did the thinking
Their hands did the writing..
Whilst the supervisor smiled and sat money-counting

OTONYE DANIEL

My Love Adieu

Weldone to summer'd days..
When we laugh'd n play'd in hays..
Kudos to winter'd nights..
When ur skin to me was warmth..
Goodbye to fin'd fonts..
In which we wrote; our lovin blithe..
In same penmanship i put these words:
my little token for ur travels to d ghost'd worlds..
'Adieu my love..may ur gravestones be mild on you..
My love adieu'

For when ghouls and ghosts walked by me..
You were my courage's glee..
But by death's hands you are taken now..
'Forever' you said..now, why break your vow?

OTONYE DANIEL

My Love! My Love! Do Not Go

My love! My love do not go!

Come.. Come

My love for you is hot red you know..

Stay.. Please..

Watch my eyes they'll tell my love..

Come! Near!

They'll tell you are my sugar-dove..

Come! Come!

Now my darl' leave me not..

Stay! Please..

For if you go i'll b hurt!

Now.. Come dear..

Kiss me! Kiss me! Calm my fear..

With ease! Please..

Now come near and wipe my tear..

Come! Come!

Don't leave me now..d'..do'don't..

Nay! .. Nay! !

Aye.. Come closer, for thou art my breathing air!

Come.. Forth..

My love! Me love! Do not leave..

Come.. Close..

Come near.. I want us close..er

Nose.. ét nose

Come! Our souls interweave!

Oh! Please..

Do not go my love! Do not go..

OTONYE DANIEL

My Madrid

Real Madrid.. Real Madrid..

My beloveth team

Thou hast made me happy..

This night my bowels with joy thou hast filled..

Real Madrid my madrid,

My ever red rose,

Lores come and go

But thou art my never ending prose..

Real Madrid my sweet,

This night thou hast made me show smiling teeth

From merry smiles..

For thou hast beaten barcelona..

El classico.. Haha..you won it, now it's seven points..

Two one against the world's best team..to lift la liga now we need just six points..

OTONYE DANIEL

Pranked(Sonnet)

I saw a lady sweet and fair,
I saw her wearing white,
With eyes as blue and sweet as care,
She walked the adouring light.
She's cute and sweet as goodly kittens,
My eyes saw her and leaped for joy.
She wore to match the dress a mitten,
Gifting a reverie to a craving boy.
Aye! I craved to touch her skin of gold,
Then, she smiled and looked my way.
Ooops! I saw her face wrinkly old!
She's an old lady with youth'd sway.
My reveries came to a halting screech,
Never be quick to admire a lady is all i preach!

OTONYE DANIEL

Sweet Mother(Sonnet)

My free country..

My rich mother..

It's a shame your children beg for food!

My country free and fair..

Over you corruption and crime brood..

My country sweetened with the milky democracy..

Hmph! Oligarchy is your underpants and you wear the glistening robes of democracy?

My honey country with merry air..

Hmph! Your grasses are sad and in your deep problems steer..

My country, my sweet..

Mother! Your son has grown..

I bear no longer milk teeth..

your sweetness I've known..

How sweet a mother! .. Your children suffer..you draw away your breast from us!

OTONYE DANIEL

The Braggarts

We are the bleeding battered brambled bushes from the gory gruesome wars of the Irokos..

We are braaivleies from barbercues of the chefs..

We are the dried gormless gourds the tattlers tattle about..

We hold wine but never drink it, our mastdrs take them from us and leave us empty..

The hefty hecklin brays of exploitation won't let us live..

We are the ragged wagging tongues habiting under-bridges..

When morning's mouth make love to the sun; we are those who watch with envy..

We remember our lost loved ones who recognise us not from warring wars of the Irokos..

Yes! We fought the fight, we vanguished the vultures, came back with victory..

To lov and caress the brooding booing poverty..

That mocks and taunts and haunts and tucks us to bed..

Our plates tell our stories, we've lost arms and legs, every one of us lost a body part..

Defending fellow men, serving her, our beloved country, our heart..

The cries of coins denting our begging plates, that's of joy, the remind us of the songs of grenades..

We are from the good goodly warring days..

We are just below the middle-class, nay! A lil farther from the saif-class..

We are the bragging bourkes of social hierachy..

At night we watch and laugh as the nightly-humans pass..

We are the idle watching watchmen of the streets..

You come to us for luck and aid, You need us, we love our job..

We are the ragged smiling men with stretched out plates..

We are the one-eyed no-eyed one-legged un-legged one-armed no-armed proud satisfied men who smile and look at you..

Now, give us our daily bread, just dropp a penny..

OTONYE DANIEL

Thus Their Lives Ended

By war blinded..

On and on they marched..

One an all prepared to die..

By one hope binded,

To hold victory an drag it home..

They marched
decieved that war was bravery, a lie

They sang 'heave...ho'
And paddled asea

Craving to slay one an every enemy or foe

They laughed and joked at their wives' plea..

That peace was brave..not war

In dark of the night,

When the crispy breeze was naked and coldest.

They drank and planned how the war to fight

Aiming to come out history's greatest

They laughed and played,

And sharpened swords,

They sang, they cursed,

They drank and said..

'Cursed be our foes'.. Aye! They fumbled with words

They ate, they prepared,

While asea, they were goodly fed

'Shore! Shore! ' Their drunk lips shouted

Unto their feet they sprouted..

Jumped ashore.. in haste..

Off their boats..

With swords mortal blood to taste..

And mortal necks to slay like goats

Boom! ...

Silence...

Alas! They all died..

For they with strength and swords..

Aye! They were bombarded..

By enemies' modern hands..

Sworded days were gone..

Thus they all died.

OTONYE DANIEL

Time Has Gone Weak And Frail

Time has gone weak and frail

With shakey legs and creaking bones..

Lying there, in the necropolis of broken years..

Every now and then humming pain in eerie tones..

Time has gone timid and pale

From sadness and smiles of day-like pages.

Of seconds and minutes time ages..

The tick-tocking clock tells us so..

Time grows beard, or so we've heard

That as months come an go..

Time'll meet death and leave us earth!

Thou agéd time, if your death comes as we know..

Then we know that doom is near..

Time! Stay young, be strong, do not die..

For armagedon we mortals fear..

Time, live! Be strong do not sigh..

Stay with us and calm our fear

OTONYE DANIEL

Watch Yonder And Hold On

When your days seem sunless and nights moonless
When the skies that perch above your head is starless
And its crowded clouds cheerless
Rose! Listen to me!
When your hope wilts
And good mem'ries are thrown in thorny pits..
That pierce.. And wound.. And devour and kill them
Listen to me Rose!
Let your heart be firm..
When Legions of sorrow stampede your hopes..
When the small of your back is against the ropes
Watch yonder..over yon' hill
Tangled with the storm is a silver-lining

OTONYE DANIEL