

Poetry Series

Pat Ashinze
- poems -

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Pat Ashinze(30/07)

Of willful thoughts and roles
Of Noble scribes and Scrolls
Hat-in-hand Hippocratean
Lover of good words and writings
If not for God!
There is more to it than meets the eye

A Man Must Pray

A MAN MUST PRAY..

The meat in the pot may be much
And life may be so kind, it gives in
All her goodness to be in one's clutch;
Yea, The milk may overflow its basin
Yet still, A man must pray..

The wind of failure may storm out irate
Shaking violently the foundations
Of one's conscience and faith
Ushering in doubt and compunction
As it is, a man must pray...

The stock may be barren, and the field
Arid with prickly thorns and sand;
The farm may be fruitful with yield
And the rearing may overflow the land
All in all... A man must pray

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A Tale For No Ear

Ladies and gentlemen, Alive and Dead
I'll tell you a story I know nothing about
You need not hear it, just listen instead
It's a true tale, false within and without

On a bright day, in the dead of the night
The Sun rose late, from great West's side
Back to back, two men faced each other
Hands pocketed, they shot one another

A lame man ran to the bloodshed funfair
His numb legs sprinting fast like a big hare
'Oh God, No! ! ' exclaimed a dumb woman
'Call the Thieves! ' said a wise policeman

A deaf medical doctor heard the gunshot
From his clinic, situated near a dung spot
He was busy, counselling a barren mother
Off he hurried fast, crawling down the River

This I saw, with an inebriate mind; sane and able
Watching it all from the corner of my round table
I grabbed a hot drink, fresh from the refrigerator
Pulled up a chair and sat on the bare, cold floor

This is the conclusion of my endless story
If you have any doubts, don't file a query
You could just ask the blind man if it's true
I tell you folks, He saw it all happen too! .

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A Voice From The Depths

A VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS

Deep down in the intricacies
Of our corporeal minds
Resides a mystical sound
Coursing adrift in the firmaments
Of our earthbound souls
It's the dogged sound of will
An equilibrating sigil of God the Creator
A confined form that whispers out sensitively
From the petulance of our spirits
A peaceful entity, locked up in the crypts
Struggling rigourously to feel the glitter of light;
It's a calm voice that mounts and reins upon
The thickly-roped saddles of our consciousness;
A guide montage of our dodgy memories
Reckoning gently for righteous attention,
It is a psychic force hovering high and nigh
In the oceanic dark of our wholeness
Serving as the watching Judge
For the lax in thinking
And for the taut in thoughts
It is the heavenly light of truth
The celestial watchtower,
It is...our Conscience!

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August 2016

Pat Ashinze

Catharsis

Villainous thoughts
are a sacrilege
to the moral heart

No sane mind would
think ill of others
in its thoughts

Only dampened souls
speak rash of
fellow men

for what is unfelt presides
that which is truly felt,
As within, so without

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Come Cook Mother

COME COOK, MOTHER - A folkloric narrative

Come cook for us, Oh Mother
We have filled up the heathen clay drum
With the waters from the mountain spring
We have fetched the best of waterless woods
From the vast forests of the seven hills

Oh Mama, use the fruition of our bounty and
Let the fire burn redder and deeper into
The buttock of the fat earthenware pot
Let the edge of the wooden knife cut up the greens
And let the friction of the grinder mash up the lot

Oh Mother of mothers, don't just call us men
Channel our youthful zest and make us a savoury meal
Our sturdy shoulders shall pilot the rhythmic poundings
Our muscles shall power the fallings of the mahogany pestles
Into the widened course of the yam-drunk mortar

Oh sweet Mama, we long for your generous cooking
The fire burns and crackles with fervid momentum
Let the meaty soup sizzle wild in salt and seasonings
Let the hot peppered palm oil baptize the citizens
Of the colloid stew with their ravishing sweetness;

Stir the contents Mother! Round and round,
Let the bitter-leaf dive amply into the melon crush
Stir Mama! Stir Affable Mother! !
The aroma pierces deep into the canals of our nose
We cannot wait any longer; unbearable, is our appetite

Hasten up, Oh Great Mamamia
The table is set with voracious eyes and watery mouths
Waiting to fester and feed upon your tasty meal
Hasten Mother! The moon is shining bright
In the clouds and the night is getting darker upon us!

Pat Ashinze

August 2016

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Earth Rotunda

Darkness thickens
Daylight wanes
Sunshine weakens
Nightfall reigns

Moonlight springing
Midnight lurks
New day incoming
Aurora knocks

Many in sleepy lows
Plenty still at work
With Hopes and goals
All onto God for luck.

...Pat Ashinze
September 2016

Pat Ashinze

My Mother

My Mother...

As my shrieks ran through the house
She skittled-skettled me around to placate my howls
As my shaky legs negotiated with the land for walking
Her lofty dark eyes saw to my unbruised pacing

God bless you, Dear Mamamia
Your tender love is as intoxicating as the Latakia
Even when Papa excused our messy view
You'd still tarry on to give me the sleepy coo

Oh Mama, You are a Rain in drought
Sweet Daman, you're a softening caress in times of Ouch
When schooling began, thy lovely strictness directed my feebleness
In my childhood transition to Adulthood, you were not found careless

Dear Mum, May your days be as long as the depths of the Ocean
May your life be so full of love like the radiance of The Yellow Sun
As long as i have breath in my Lungs and your presence still lingers on
So help me God; I would honour you with bliss and joy all days long...

...

Pat Ashinze
2016

Pat Ashinze

Mystic Psychosis

MYSTIC PSYCHOSIS

He was born free, and raised with warm hands
He lived in reality; with great goals and dreams
Then, with no rapt caution or forewarning,
Insanity drowned him whole in its thorny rivers

He was sane; his composure was in good health
Until the dreadful disease of old ate up his brains,
Pierced his consciousness hollow with a damning awl
And ushered his soul into a void of mystic psychosis

He had talents and longed to harness recognition
He was something, a wannabe, a budding cynosure;
Until the unspeakable occurred, and all went sinister
Until the unwanted ensued, and ripped his senses apart

Good Lord! What happened to this once vibrant mind?
What inflicted his psyche and made his mind unsound?
Life! Life happened to him! ! Life twisted his faculties
And scourged his humaneness with her fateful embers

Now he is lost; gone, in a web of neurasthenic thoughts
Laughing and snarling, feasting on dark filth and dumps
Chasing the invincible, and conversing with the unseen
What a loss! His sanity has been banished into exile

He walks nude-bodied, on a journey of many miles
It's not painful; it's 'normal' in the prison of conscience
Behold ostracism! ! No man can tell him he is insane!
Who would? ! Who wants to be seen with a lunatic? ! ! ..

Pat Ashinze
July 2016

Pat Ashinze

Oh My Girl..

OH MY GIRL...

She paces and strides warmly with rotund delight
Her coral beads sparkle tenderly in the sky's light
She's my lotus bloom, ever dauntless in any clime
She's my lady, the essence of my chivalrous rhyme

May the day I came across her never be empty of pride
It was one sort of a day, a time my life was with no guide
Oh girl! Like a parcel of oasis in the arid wilderness
My dame, you stand salvaging with all resplendence

She is so feminine; I see her alive in my brain
So ambrosial, her grace edifies my manly rein
When she smiles, gone is the me I know
Her lustrous gaze humbles down my ego

When she speaks, her aura concatenates with power
Words as buoyant as the gallant waters of Tanganyika
She's an African gem, a force to be reckoned with
Pure and juggernaut; in body, in soul and in spirit

Thoughts and memories are spinning free
Blowing huge and wild like the Iroko tree
Much charming, are you, my avant-garde angel;
The scarcity of the city's many a known model

I know you won't break my heart, affable lily
And in return, my love; verily and intrepidly;
As long as the winds aromatize the great cedars of Lebanon
So help me God, I'll always love you till our souls are gone

Pat Ashinze
August 2016

Pat Ashinze

Petrichor

PETRICHOR

Like a child's hearty belch
Follows the devour of a sumptuous meal,
The earth foreshadows her satiety,
Heralding a sign of fulfillment,
As the heavens drench her body in harmless deluge
Dampening the soil and its fruition in unrestrained flowage

Little by little
As an emptied bladder gives sweet relief to its owner
The clouds thunder and roar loudest,
Shutting up the unseen gates
Till the ravening floods all run dry
Till the waters rise back into cleared skies-
Little by little!

The Earth is a voluptuous woman,
Perfumes as myriad as seashore grits;
Her choice fragrance for aftermaths of rainy days
The one that makes people feel the rain instead of getting wet -
Petrichor!

Pat Ashinze,2017

Pat Ashinze

Something For Her

SOMETHING FOR HER

the voice of my darling is immaculate,
swaying in the breeze as if playing a harp.
her melodies are symphonic incendiaries,
firing through the dark azure of twilight

her smile is like dewfall in drought,
massaging the cold sores of my heart,
her laughter is like a slice of Mount Zion,
feeding my soul with tranquil elixirs.

my woman is a resilient bloom of red roses,
a fragrance that defies garrulous winds.
i rejoice as her image forms in my mind,
raying like a sun rising out from dark clouds.

she is the imagination i pray to become real,
the damsel i yearn to deify in aura and grace
she is the unwritten psalm in my parchments,
full of flaws and awes, full of wows and ouchs.

Pat Ashinze,2017

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Pat Ashinze

Tales For No Ears

TALES FOR NO EARS

We all have stories we will never tell
We all have tales we shall never narrate
It is not pride, it is not weakness
It's just who we are, it's what humanizes us

The hidden truth behind our woes and trials,
The cryptic nature of our ups and downs
Keeps us sentient and whole as human beings;
Gold-plates our disappointments with ambience

The virgin light that surrounds our murky darkness,
The smooth mask veiling up our scarified pasts;
Greatly aids us in eluding macrocosmic detection
Their secrecy keeps our hideous emptiness covert

In the embossment of our denigrating misery
The quietness of our mouths never meanders;
In our imperfections and penurious shortcomings
The loudness of our minds is forbidden to manifest

Our faulty desires and thoughts are horridly encaged
Swaying pendulously like interstellar swings
Gasping for breath in the tempest gallows of psyche
They are sacredly unutterable, better left concealed

The wry experience of life's fateful twist is so vast
It defies expressions, and outwits description
Our silence and smiles have always shielded the void
Best left unvisited; the stories are not fit for the ears...

Pat Ashinze
June 2016

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Pat Ashinze

The Earth Is A Woman {gaia Rotunda}

GAIA ROTUNDA{The Earth is a Woman}

The Earth is a Woman
The mountains are her bones
The hills bask with her strength

The Earth is a Woman
The Rivers are her veins
The waters course her arteries

The Earth is a Woman
The winds rhythm her songs
The cloudy breeze braids her hair

The Earth is a Woman
The bliss of nature is her joy
Her fecund body is the soil

The Earth is a Woman
Her Romeo is the Sun
The starry skies are her dreams

The Earth is a Woman
All that breathes are her lungs
That which is breathed upon is her heart

The Earth is a Woman
The seasons are her feelings
The varieties are her thoughts

The Earth is a Woman
The quakes and disasters are her fury
The pestilences and drought: her vexation

The Earth is a Woman
Man is her child, Man is her Soul
Man is her Keeper, Man is her Curse

Pat Ashinze

November 2016

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The Rose And The Cactus

THE ROSE AND THE CACTUS(Short Parable)

The rose mocks the cactus scornfully,
Of her thorny hairs and hideous braids
The cactus sulks in damning disgust,
Envious of the Rose's grace cum bloom
It cries out to God, beseeching good justice

God listens and commandeers the clouds
Heaven wraps up its celestial-blue
blanket and ceases the divine flow of her
heavy, momentous, drenching drops
Harkening to the call of The Creator

Drought usurps power and torments
the fecund wellbeing of earth's soil,
The boastful rose wilts and shrinks
And the undermined cactus thrives,
Glimmering in her needle-some spikes

The wilting rose moans and groans
for blissful redemption and rainfall
It snarls and reeks, writhing banally in
agonizing pain, as it stares at its
Fast approaching end into wry oblivion

Father Creator looks down with great
compassion and says, 'Everything has its
Time, Underestimate no more! Oh rose'
Thus it was; the firmaments opened and
watered Earth's face with prolific bliss..

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September 2016

Pat Ashinze

The Sycophant

THE SYCOPHANT

The sycophant raves
At the zenith of his voice
ranting and chanting the praises
Of his temporal Overlords

He speaks dexterously,
His face bent earthwards and
Swears in the name of known
and unknown entities

The sycophant flatters and
Crawls behind his Superiors
He extenuates their worries
Promising loyalty and reverence

His tongue opens and asunders:
'Hail The King, Long Live The Boss
Continue and move on, My Lord
I am yours till Hell freezes'

Little does the Leader know
That a very dark cloud hovers over
The horizon of his reign: sycophants
Harbor nothing else than Mischief

The sycophant does know His lord
May be in many troubles
His miserable self shall always try
In shields to make it double

Governments fall and rise
Kingdoms come and depart
But the Sycophant demon abounds still
Stabbing the Truth with honest lies.

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September 2016

Pat Ashinze

When A Man Dies...

When a man dies,
He knows no more, He wants no more
He hates no more, he loves no more

When a man dies,
His friends, true and untrue, weep aloud;
So loud and clear that he doesn't hear

When a man dies,
Evil no longer threatens his existence
For Sorrow and Pain are for the living

When a man dies,
All his deeds, good and malevolent
Speak for him, long after his demise

When a man dies,
His adversaries rejoice and gloat wryly
Over his unreturning loss and mischief

When a man dies,
He sees the true face of God The Maker,
A fiery face, so unfit for the living to see

When a man dies,
The Sun never stops rising from the East
Nor does the azure sky go bereft of Stars

When a man dies,
Well-known or Unknown, Rich or Otherwise
The Earth rejects none; All, she swallows

When a man dies,
He goes down into the embrace of The Grave
An abode, where everyone is fluent in Silence...

Pat Ashinze

