

Poetry Series

Peter Edigah OBIAJE

- poems -



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Peter Edigah OBIAJE(January 2nd 1990)

I am a creative writer and theatre performer. My joy is put smile on the faces of those who don't have the reason to smile.



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Dice The Ice

Dice the ice and break the chain,
Shatter the silence and unmask the pain.
Frozen systems that guard the throne,
But truth is fire, it melts the ice that turn stone.

Dice the ice of greed and lies,
Cut through the veil that blinds our eyes.
The people's voice, a storm untamed,
Shall melt the frost of those unnamed.

Dice the ice of fear and doubt,
Tear the old order inside out.
No tyrant's rule can last for long,
When masses rise, their will is strong.

Dice the ice for to justice flow,
From frozen rivers as new seeds grow.
The dawn is near, the night shall cease,
A nation freed shall find her peace.

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Blood That Isn't Mine

name I gave, a hand I fed,
Nights of toil, my dreams I bled.
The cradle rocked with borrowed cries,
Yet truth lay veiled in whispered lies.

I wore the crown of fatherhood,
Built a home from flesh and wood.
But silence kept its sharpened sword,
And struck me down—paternity fraud.

DNA, a ruthless guide,
Revealed the secret long denied.
The mirror cracked, the lineage torn,
A trust betrayed, a child forlorn.

Oh, heavy weight of hidden sins,
Where family breaks, and pain begins.
Love was real, yet roots deceived,
A father made, but not conceived.

So judge not quick, nor love disown,
For bonds of heart are seeds well sown.
But let the law, with justice broad,
Stand guard against paternity fraud.

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Truthful Lies

Whispers draped in silver thread,
Promises soft, but sharp when read,
The tongue, a painter, skilled and sly,
Crafts a world from truthful lies.

A candle glows in shadow's skin,
Light concealed where dark begins,
Hope is sold in fragile guise,
By merchants dealing truthful lies.

They dress the wound with tender care,
While leaving poison hidden there,
A smile can mask a thousand cries,
And truth dissolves in truthful lies.

Yet somewhere deep, beneath the guise,
A clearer flame, unchained, will rise.
For though deceit may cloud the skies,
The soul remembers—truth survives

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The Plight Of A Pregnant Woman

Woman

Within her frame, a world is formed,
A heartbeat echoes, soft and warm.
Yet hope is stitched with threads of pain,
A sacred journey, not in vain.

She walks with feet too weary, sore,
Each step a trial, yet she bears more.
Restless nights with fleeting dreams,
Her body stretched at fragile seams.

A sudden craving grips her soul,
For sour fruits, or bitter bowl.
Strange hungers rise without a call,
She longs, she yearns, she wants it all.

Her back bends low, her breath runs thin,
The tide of labor swells within.
She grips the night, she bites the day,
As life prepares to carve its way.

And when the pain breaks like the sea,
Hope crowns her womb with victory.
Her cries give birth to sweetest song,
A mother's strength, eternal, strong.

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Broken World

We beheld the beauty of the first garden in originality
Life in its simplicity
An egalitarian world
Needs and wants afar us
We neither pray nor fast to feed belly
We commune and fellowship face to face
Flesh and spirit is one
Death abortive

The proclaim wisdom acclaimed by man
Hamper it intended mission
Placed us amidst mess
Deviation from the state of merriment, rest, respite, jollity...
Who's to be blame?
The creator, the created perhaps the mediator
The blameless remain irreproachable
They're will wheel us to this end
Selfish being
End of discussion hope for a new heaven

Behold you are the garden
The seed to design second Eden
Feed the feeble
The tree that shelter the vagabond yet build bridges
The river that giveth life
The Peace that accommodate conflict yet combat evils
You're second Adam
Special breed ordained to bring heaven on earth

Awake! ! !

The mediator yet live
It intended mission yet live
Steal, kill and destroy
Girdle your heart and take your position
Now you are gods.
Build your dreamed world

Prison Heart

I'm lost in an unknown world where I am not a stranger
Citizen of love recognize and value by all
People adore my knowledge about my country
As several relationships has been fabricate and re-established
'Master of love' I was called
All these are claims until I met her
She is the perfection of beauty
Angel amidst humanity
Her skin-tone complements my dark complexion
Her hair kiss ass
Her dove eyes laid in between her pointed nose harmonized with long face and
double dimple
Her breast flow the ocean of life in fulfillment of the holy book
She is supernaturally endowed below
Dream of living in her palace below and drink from milk of life above
I call her End of discussion
She is my desire yet confused of certainty
My heart fails not to confront her with golden words
I'm scared of response
I'm not scared of No but Yes
Presently in the net of two relationship in the name of love
My golden word for her... never to cheat on her
Previous word contradict contemporary words for her
Confused heart, let go of previous love and regain my country?

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Night Hunter

Rain befall and sun scourge me
I am left without shade to protect me
Amidst thousands yet lonely
Death pierces my heart and sized my right kidney
Half death yet living
Million tear fall on grieved soul
How I wish she stay with me
Accident took her away unaware

My soul craved for her presence
Eyes shine bright at midnight
Spontaneous flow of heartfelt expression awaken memory
I am king whom am I without a queen
I am a king whom am I without a crown
I am a king whom am I without a throne
My kingdom shall forever reign in her heart

A million kisses fall on our lips yet hunger for more
Her lips is as succulent as honeycomb
Tastes of her lips keep me awake
Her hugs warm my heart more than black coffee
To hell with sleep
Her boo clap to the rhythms of my heart
The sounds keep me dancing all night

After all was said and done bed turned rumpled
Its 8a.m
Call hopped in from boss
Gust what happen?
You're fired
I awake unto reality

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My Golden Precious

Here I am again on this path
Rejected by me and others journey through this sweet agony road
Through the thorn and pain
Some crowned it with ring
Sentence to life imprisonment where individualism is eliminated
I pray for such ending
Previous knowledge evidently denied penultimate line

All I ever need is desired by others
Cherish and adore by them
I called them frienemy not rival
That's what makes her precious
To win her previous knowledge must be eliminated

My home is my enemy as I kiss her door frequently
My phone is my best friend when we are part
I empty my pocket to fill her heart
BBM,2go, facebook, SMS are my mediator
Expression of feeling through words is my talent
The perfection of every relationship is uneconomical to truthful and fervent communication
I effectively utilized my talent
Victory at last

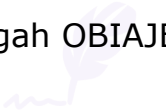
Alter is calling at the penultimate month
Divinely approved
Journey were made to her root
Finally she is mine
Cherishing my golden ring
She is my Golden Precious
Home at last

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Love N Regain

Proudly I kneel before her speechless
My cap bow in humility as my eyes flow ocean of water
Just to say I'm sorry
My heart bear witness with my spirit that I'm innocent
Yet guilty for peace to reign
Fool! I was called by peers
What can I give in exchange for peace?
In her dwells the totality of my peace
Let go? Hell no
To whom shall the peace transfer to?
To what path shall I research to find her?
The bird at hand worth more than millions in the bush
I must keep my male pride to gain what I hold precious
What if she walks away without a word?
Am I a fool?
No!
I will keep kneeling until she smile at me and says "I love you";

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Unveling My Bride

The world await to see my bride
The wait is over
To my family, friends, colleagues and the entire universe
I present to you... the mother of my children
The beauty that defined beautiful
She is the character that characterized the true womanhood
Her lifestyle set limitation for satanic operation within and outside her jurisdiction
She is the bridge that connect me to God and humanity
She is my queen coz she rule my kingdom
I call her my crown coz she crowned my royalty
She is rapturous, ecstatic... in her presence sorrow melt like wax
I call her miss independent coz she is dependable
She is my gold coz her beauty never fades
I call her treasure coz all the treasures for a best life exist in her
She is my epitome of a true bride

Her physical physique is flawless
She is perfectly short and gorgeously tall
Her front view is impeccable and her back side is without glitch
Her point nose sat between her dove eyes
Her lips is impeccably shape like palm wine cup that invite everyone for a taste
Her complexion oppose my dark complexion
Thou are fair oh! My lady
Words are feeble to express her beauty
She is my epitome of a true bride

She is the native of south
Her tongue justified her nativity
The place where young women are prepared for life
House chores is her hobby
The meal from her magic room satisfies my soul and nourishes my body
She is from a place where husband enjoys royalty
Respect, humility, care, submission and above all unconditional love is written in their play book
The place where infidelity is a sacrilegious and it never an option, hence
Endurance and hope for a better home overruled the option of divorce
Her home land is an epitome of where a true bride should originate

My bride very soon the traditional rite shall be fulfilled

Two different cultures shall be unified as Christ and church
Our languages shall be unified as understand and love
Our families shall be unifies as one
Altar is calling at the penultimate month
I call her Iman-Mi and the family called ImaObong
Present to you code 0305 and 0311

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