

Poetry Series

RazonAnny Justin
- poems -

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RazonAnny Justin(5th August,1985)

Razon-Anny Justin is a poet by persuasion, a Food Technologist and a Tutorial Chemist by Profession. He hails from the Oil inundated Southern Nigerian town of Uyo in Akwa Ibom State. He speaks Ibibio, Igbo and English.

#I_am_Poet_Razon; sought for, hand picked- like a Coral from the Shores of the Atlantic. Come with me, let's journey through the hearth; where, the works of my loom are illuminated by the Southern Cross, surrounded by walls of liberty and enmeshed in pods of self-realization. For I am the beauty of the South- in poetry, rhyme and wordplay; in lyrics and other literary forms.

Ad Spirare' (To Breathe)

As I roll back my ecto- energy
Yea! My being settles on a ray of Beauty
Why? My Soul, thoughts thou of Eternity
Thoughts that uplift thee to the light
As the planets circle the One Self
I transcend a graffio of beauty therein
That I behold peace in my being

Let my Soul tread the great Spectrum
And let my vague direct my steps
Yet my mind slaughtered my hearth
Thence unison shall kill the futility of vain me
I may yet unify in thy perfect Light
And revive my soul
Oh! My Self hath found Thy Self, My Origin.

@2012, Razon-Anny Justin's 'Metamorphosis Ap? Other Poems'.

RazonAnny Justin

Blind Imaginations

Wit my Imaginations, I can reach there
Though I might not see, yet I can feel her
Braced in Mind, stretching to touch her Cheeks
Trace her jaw-line and kiss her tender Lips

I sure smell her
The Scintillatn fragrance from her plum Hair
I can scent her
Strong Pheromones, telling me She's right here

Oh! wishing I could see her
Wishing she would appear just for a split hour
To behold the Grace of her persona
Together, we could soar our Souls to Nebula.

RazonAnny Justin

Calling America

A call was made
From Equatorial Mangroves through miles of fibre
At one end, d'Tropical Sun setting
Within, d'Turmoil in his Soul settling
Home-birds perching on every carica
Her elements unimaginable
Through the trans-Atlantic cable
His Heartsong humming palpitations in treble.

A call was recieved
Statics crackling on d'Intelsat
Her Americana drolled beneath the beep
Hypnotic, lulling his senses to sleep
Delphic, ebonic; felicities laden
Sublime yet thickly flowing
With every tone she was grilled
He could feel d'Felt of her Quill
And the suture of her verses written
Line by line, with d'Blood of Reason

She thought; His, was the most inspiring
Adulations, deeply invigorating
Evoking, inexpressible words out-tumbling
A Lullaby singing; d'Lyre in her arms stringing
And in that moment, Luv was borne
Her Poetry formed; His Barriers burned
Deeply yearning to come Home
To Africa with d'fruit of her Loom
To d'Brood where all quiping Crows lay
In Repose for d'Exodus that took her there.

@2011, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'

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Charis

CHARIS...

Divine Grace from God
Grace to function effectively
Through the strength of Him in Me
Grace to appreciate Life
Beauty embedded in the Matrices of Nature
The Whorls of Rose Flowers
Cells of the Honey Bee~comb
Ambience of Lilies in the Vale
Even the Workaholic Simplicity of the Tiny Ant.

CHARIS....

Grace to Aspire and Acquire
To live Supernaturally in the Natural
Sufficiency even in our Insufficiency
Grace to express in Lyrics
The Faithfulness of the Inky Pen
Of all, Grace to be called TEKNON
Imaged Sons and Daughters of God

Graceful Swans in a River of Gold

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Conquest

Immersed in crowd of wants, and
Doused in rivers of mis-content
I sue reason to mind, pinch reality into my longing bones
In seasons whence furnace of rage burneth my soul
Flames fanned by my poverty of comfort
And the awareness 'I lone through this earth'
Yet I've crawled through serenity of thoughts
Envision the calm of the greens
'Satisfying the body could ripple the minds still waters'
I shalt wilt the petals of my youth
Just for a drink of your tasteless milk of reason
Sacrifice my blossom for those dainty virtues in bloom
Knowing its wisdom to sacrifice my lovely doom
The glow of the Soul burns brightest
When the gut is void, when passion conceives lust
And that light stirred talents out of creative blocs.

@2008, Razon-Anny Justins' 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

RazonAnny Justin

Dedication

To Light, Life and Continuity
Of Nature enmeshed in the morn's Virginity
To those who in dreams transcend Beauty
Of extravagance wrapped in the night's duty

To Bards who preach marvels none dare venture
Enraptured in the abundance of Nature
Mountains, Meadows; romantic visions of splendour
Designs so artistic, they transcribe into Poetic colours

To Life in Pluto's dark enclime
Penury of Nature, void of succour and Time
To all who nearly lost their mind
The Dead too, I dedicate this Rhyme

@2012, Razon-Anny Justin's 'Metamorphosis \$ Other Poems'.

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If.....(Not For Christ)

IF

If maidens never saw angels
Who uttered love, wreaked vengeance
If the manger was void of straw
To nest a babe born to correct our flaws
If three rumouring sages, Far East
Never disclosed the evil in Herods' breast
If not the persecution and sacrifice
The seed of Adam would not have paid the price

If not for thirty pieces of Silver
The treachery of Iscariot, denial of Peter
The Crown of Thorn, sponge of Vinegar
Hospitality of Joseph Arimethea
If not the Cross, evil would've engulfed us
If not the Tomb, death would've won us
If not the triumphant Ascent....
The perpetual reminder of the Season of Lent
.....If not for Christ.

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Last Words (Words Of Gold)

Son, when my Soul to Hades fade
The glory of years afore
Rich memories of escapades
In a world that's old and sore
Do forgive me, I pray of thee
The resources, a-wasting be
And count of hours shaded, under the pine
Cross-legged on draught-boards, with laughter and wine
And though I shy to tell a tale
Of rendezvous in Dark Motels
On mistresses often, my means squander
Torn of heart, your mum and I; assunder
Now old and worn, in eternity I grief
Yet look not on me like buds do falling leaves
Or piously judge me; Incapable
For these Bloods make thee so vulnerable
But beware of Women and Friends and Waste
As quick they come, so they varnish in haste
Eventhough Florals of Wreath
To my Tomb, faileth thee bring
The waste of each pawning Breath
To the winds, I bade thee fling
But not my Words, Son not my dying Words
for Unlike me, they are moulded not from Dust.

@2012, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

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Life

A seed is sown
A light kindles and glows
Sprouts, blooms and grows
Exhausts its divine roles
Wilts, rots and to the dust it goes

A passion is lit; a child is born
In right or wrong his wheel must turn
With grace to co- exist with other forms
Or with hate the life of others, he'll burn

Life must achieve a mission
Maybe a vice, maybe a virtue
Whichever, the retribute hangs
Lo! The sower shall reward each with a befitting crown

Hate and rancour, lust and loathe
The reward: a crown of thistle and thorn
Love and peace, righteous in hope
A crown of emerald so precious shall dorn

In the race of Life there's always a Prize to be won

RazonAnny Justin

Lost Once

I have lost once
The cherished serenity of hearts-fond
Gradually overthrown by an odd craving
To payback or recover a lost pride
Reach and touch yet, but another
Often for one- less than the other
As that stead became devoid of her presence
Their Oneness was losing its essence
The torque on their string laxing
Yet, was she left straggling
On the remnants of a Broken- Heart
Wilting, daily killing her Soul
For a love which had turned cold
Snowed upon by a lusting Heart
Love was replaced by an unequalled game
A change; fairness of lips
And darkness of deeds
When these emotions fell on them
They could see the love in his eyes
And truth in their multitude lies
Then the emotions fell apart
The treachery in them, depart
An urge to repair, if time yet be mine
Or with toil, the hands of time must rewind
In cue to make up for a lost love
That sought for, was not found in their turf
So in pains of reappraisal, fought
That bonds should not be hastily forged
Which will severe, sooner than later
For Once Lost, love is lost forever.

RazonAnny Justin

Muted

I won't cry
Lest tears erode the glaze off my gleaming Face
How could I betray my pain
Let them see the Mammoth of my losses
I dare not tell them
Of my Big Chicken-hearted Brothers
Who could broker War on the Tables of Power
But they say nothing
So I ask, 'Who am I to say anything'?
Muted, will I always be.

If I am frequently stirred
Not by lulling melodies of the Avian
But claps of Hammer, clatter of Scissors
The intrusions of Nomad Cobblers and Tailors
Perusing deep into my Ancestral Reserves
Undisturbed, Unafraid, Untouchables
Unaware of the Abattiors of Jos
Or the Minefields of Madalla
Where Doras' dismembered Cadaver lay Unmourned
Forever Muted, though she had tons to say.

Even when u burn my Cross; call me Infidel
I won't dare stutter
Am not even Christ-like
Least, not by your Immaculate standards
I was only born in the same NIGER- AREA
Not Niger- Delta; a strong believe in equity
Yet, if my Wails are inconsequential
And a Compromise with me, denied
Then I shall be almost content
And very Muted will I always be.

Or what would you have me say?
When you have fattened from my Oily Teats
Like a chubby-kid, on my Bossom you now shit
Every debt of favour need repay
Maybe these are your Amortizations
So I'll forget the Proverbialization

Placing my bets on our Diverse Cultures
If being different makes me Inferior
You deserve preference for being Superior
So Muted, will I always be.

I will not growl
And let them Know my Blood is a Gorillas'
Boiling in the Bellows of Retribution
Or let them see my Hackles
Lest they misplace my subdued Anger for Fear
I will overcome these
Shattering Explosions just like before
Recall; the travails of my Limb-less Uncle
Stumps- product of crude amputations
Seared by heat from merciless Sharia- Blades.

I will Endure through
I will Drum harder
Haggling on the price of Reason
Struggling to keep our Intellect non- Auction
Inspired; the Blood of Martyrs
Puzzled; your Petulance and lack of Compunction
Yet if asked, Why?
The Smiles in the Face of Adversity
I will mumble dope-ishly
That I am a Nigerian who has Nothing to Say.

RazonAnny Justin

My Love

My life was filled with fear
I lost my pride for years
I thought I'll end in tears
But you brought me joy and cheers

Tis how my heart grazes
In the greenness of your tresses
It's no exultation or praise
I enjoy the warmth of your embrace

Your love has brought me joy
Your beauty has stripped me off
I aggrandize in your loving world
I love, I cherish you, my wreath of joy.

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My~place

It couldn't be my Place
I'm rooted in a very peculiar Land
And my stump is buried in the valley of Palms
Where oil and nut, straw and husk, wine even
From the scaly trunk
Or coconut from the tubular palm with
Wavering fronds
Richly, is tapped from the same sad tree
Where madden gods in their hazy glee
Haul moulded pellets of helpless men at each other
In their mirth, create Joy and Pain, Chaos and Order

Or could it be my place?
Did you see the Southern Cross?
Did bells of dirty masquerades, cling- clatter
Ooze from shrines like magma from erupted craters
Sharper than life machetes, branded each member
Ran the tracks, blood draining through whip cracks,
Every leap December
Could it be my Place?
Did the crow-call scare men atop creaking straw-beds
Worse than scarecrows scare farm birds
Did restless daemons roam after dark?
And did owls incise sleeping mens' back?

It sure must be my Place
If Nature and the Hills share a name
Wasn't it Nature, who made the Hills: gave a name?
Shouldn't Hills over- ride the humpy back of nature?
It sure must be my Place
If the Sculpture looks the Sculptor Eye to Eye
Sozzling with a boiling Cauldron of Ancestral Bile
Staggering as the sloughing wind whispers
Against his Clay Breast
"You are mine, and this surely is your Place"

@2011, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis And Other Poems'.

RazonAnny Justin

Poesy (Wordplay)

With a Dribbling Pen and a Fertile Pad
My Poesy burst Walls, My Eid thought were Hard
And as I maul through them Wordplay like Cheese
I moan 'Practice Sets them Words- clear at Ease.

@2012, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

RazonAnny Justin

Sing Me

In those days of Apocalyptic turmoil
When the Earth and Heavens fellowship this Union
Spectres of the life-Sun set my Spirit free
And the full-faced Moon laughs our loneliness to sleep

In those year whence I starve my passions
When through Nature and Time, I learn my lessons
When age cripples my nimble-youth knees
With strings of the Lyre I shall always Sing Me

In those Seasons of perilious Zest
When the awkward Sun rises from the West
Whence the Inquisitive Prod seeks out my Fate
I'll always Sing Me, even when my Sun has set.

RazonAnny Justin

The Bard

Give me Time and let me Learn
My Name to Carve on rocks of Fame
That when to Hades I finally Bow
My yesterday dead, shall tomorrow Know

Give me Nurture, watch me Grow
Till Eternity, my Lyrics shall soar
On Wings of Rhyme doth fly higher
Through Calm and Tide, Ice and Fire

Take not the Lyre, let me Play
Of Myths and Legends, Young and Grey
And perhaps when I pass on
Shalt thou sing this Old Bard- Song

Give me Time, Nurture and Lyre
Watch me weave words like Thorns and Briers
That Posterity fails not to admire
The beauty of the Bard's poetic Attire.

@2010, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

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The Bomb

I'm not a Boko Haramist.
I do not share the myopia of a Sect.
Yet, I just detonated a Bomb.
I didn't kill an innocent Thousand.
I murdered a whole lot more.
It wasn't in Madalla or Jos.
Neither the UN Building nor in a Bus.
It was in their Wicked Hearts.
Where my Volatile Poetry Exploded.
And wounded none, but their Marooning Consciences.
I killed them All.

@2012, Razon-Anny Justins' 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

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The Initiation

Through a crawling horror of Blackness
Dews from leaves sizzling on scorched skin
Those sworn-words echoing
As they haphazardly tumble-out of his singed lips
Glitter; the incise- blade fumbling- out of the encloaked Breast
And that old Totem of Death sitting calmly
Waiting for another dropp of Blood
To re-awaken yet, that craving to shed...x

As thick-red ooze from his fingertip
His patched tongue wetted by Ancestral Bile
Paraded, enjoined to join
This crazed music of Bloods, of Inks
Welcome to the Guild of the Pen
And of this Guild, I have penned my namex

RazonAnny Justin

The Musings Of A Mad Woman

No idea what to write
I haven't started
And they writ had gone ahead
I Told my heart
How empty my head was
Being not a Poet
Or writing a Poem
Could you teach Me?
Or does it flow naturally?
Is it inert?
Teach Me, If it is teachable
Shouldn't I feel it?
If it is in Me? Nomatter how little?
Answers! Answer Me!
Can U?
Use my eerie heartsongs
To make up the fathoms of the unsaid?
Sure it is not lyrical enough
Yet it is...
The True Musings of my Sick Heart

?2012 Amore-Chris Ahuruonye

RazonAnny Justin

The Owl

I.

From my abode of Dangerous Safety
I counted as they filled the market, at midnight
One, the other and yet another
Lo! My Brother and Etekas' Mother
They gathered to make Judgement on me
Seven of them; all from my Clan
Stories of the Owl; sleepless barn Owls
Atop the Iroko perched, an ear to the ground
Damned to the twitch of a branch
Perils of eavesdropping; all counting on him.

II.

The One with great Eminence
On these dark Matters stood
Asking that my case be presented
Surprisingly, up rose the Brother of my Father
I shook with Awe that I didn't see him sitted
Even as I scanned faces and presence
Meticulously, he made them see
How much a scare to him, I bring
The nuisance in me, glowing
To heights, he was dwarfed by its growing
I reckoned from my high Fortress
How many a time, to him I had run
Now my Solace turning wolves on me.

III.

I saw the other- that supposed Brother
Rise to witness to my Guilt
Of birthrights to me, he sold
And a worthless deal of me, he told
These words stirred me to fury
I almost uttered from my refuge
About affairs of old, can't they see
That the morn is a past, of me
Our life- sun is now at mid day

Then the One cleared his throat
Awakening my apprehensions with ascending calm
I thought they heard the sound
Of distant drummings, the Iroko leaves reverberating
My heart humming sweet melodies of fear.

IV.

The One rasped in strange vocabs
Pay no heed to his matter
He cometh to nought, to attract thy care
I bled a silent tear, even as I flew away
And dropped the shroud, coming alive
My brothers' carcass lying by my side
I turned to sleep, braced of mind
Knowing I have greetings in the Morn
Sweet tidings, with a straight face, offered
Eventhough I knew who they were
Yet, I strongly believe
Their ignorance is a Mountain
For if I summed- up to Naught,
How come they circle the Hearth
With fire in their eyes,
And my Name in their Mouths?

RazonAnny Justin

The Rain

Above;

No race over time, heads of subtle clouds chasing
translucent tails of others, blindly
No splits of electric sparks, lightening from mountain crags
ripped, tore the sky in horrorful fork
No booms of baritone thunder
Spoke beneath the silence of resilient clouds yonder
No vultures glide, with ease swarm swirling
pieces of rags caught in the whirlwind

Below;

No fight over time or sway from whistling pines
No women heltered, no children skeltered
No bellicose dogs tore each others' ears with greased paws
No tingle on leaves as the fleeing wind fans her ribs

Within;

No device stirred emotions to scribble psalmic lines
No preoccupation, no inspiration
No imaginative scene bustled, caught in the usual tussle
No beauty to capture, oblivious to the essences of nature

Suddenly;

In the midst of a melting day descends the tears of a jubilating cloud
Heavily it rains.

@2007, Razon-Anny Justin's 'The Metamorphosis and Other Poems'.

RazonAnny Justin

There He Lies (Requiem)

Stream of knowledge, there he lies
In sleep deeper, earth his prize
Compareth your sojourn to day
Read your historical morn, noon wished us to share
But I, nature delayed to birth, came in your pondering eve
And saw him wilt the first night of our sleep
Anaesthetized, both lay in silence to work
Could define death `xcept for my breath and the clock
Out of slumber stirred, revive my soul to fly
Remember, my time ne'er yet nigh
Not venture me into this sublunary impact
Whence mausoleum vivid, semblance intact
I pass marbles silhouettes on each memorial tomb
I pass the calm sensing your virginity torn
Alas! Those secrets turn to dust
In vast cherubic vaults whom lay your trust
Wreaths at your door; worms in your core
Savoring these visions, my consciousness leap'd
Somberness of weary, slipped me to sleep
To consummate this battle of Flies
In Requiem mourn; there He lies

RazonAnny Justin

Visions (Of Abuja And The Lost Souls)

Rumours of another explosion
Abuja again: the location
I felt deeply embittered
Watching the video a day later

I saw thick black smoke
And the reign of terror
I saw panic- people wounded!
I saw humans- mashed, mangled
Fried- torn to pieces
I saw bodies shredded
Bloodied
An human arm- broiled
Roasted flesh smelled everywhere
In my Imaginations

I heard them
Their soulful voices crying
The angel of death was passing
Over the heart of our City
I heard wails and shoutings
I heard exclamations
Of Christ and Allah
The Blood of Jesus
And the person videoing
Mournfully chanting in Islam

I saw no gods- nor their intervention
None sent their judgements
A Moslem consoling a Christian
A Christian helping a Moslem
For once- I couldn't tell their difference
Everyone begging
In the name of exotic dieties
We have been indoctrinated with
Pleading for mercy
That was not forth-coming

I saw One Nigeria

In the face of adversity
I saw Igbos
Fulanis and Hausas
You could tell from their dresses
I heard Yoruba
A voice beckoning Abasi
Another- Tamuno e!
These were ethnic minorities
Running along with the majorities

There is no rank or order
In the files of deadly insecurities
I saw the oppressors running
The policemen were scampering
NEMA staff stalling
I didn't see our prestigious Army
They hadn't arrived from Sambisa
I saw a city in Pandemonium
I knew anarchy was approaching
I saw War- in minds' eyes

I saw too much Blood
The young man panting
Drenched- dripping red
Soaked down a leg of his jean trousers
Too many citizens bloodied
Hit at various parts by splinters
Shrapnels- piercing
Bleary eyes searching
Cars reversing- in total disorderliness
To supposed, but temporary safety

I saw us
The futility of false Religion
I saw human resilience
I saw me- I saw you
I saw the Black race
I saw Humanity
Fighting against extermination
People say there is a foreign influence
I refuse to believe it
For I didn't see the Americans

I saw Nigeria lapping
An asthmatic; last breathe heaving
Then the video finished
I dropped my device slowly
I cried silently; then loudly
For a place I used to call home
For fellow countrymen
Now turned insurgents
I wailed for Boko Haram
For a failing government

The video had ended
I was here, still sobbing
There are people raping my Country
They still live here with me
I can't help Nigeria
Or stop the carnage
Alas, 'There was a Country'
All gone with the wind
But I am still here
Having nowhere else to call home.

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Thoughts from a Warped Mind,06/2014.

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Wait For Me

I.)

Wait for me
Tarry, Mon Amouré
For it's a long journey
Across jagged rocks of despair
To the oasis of sweats
I am on the roads
At the junction of hearts
I drive in haste
But love is a snail
Wait while I come to thee

II.)

You must wait- when I delay
You cannot walk alone
Through depths of old fallows
We must hold courage's hand
And hasten through the jungles
If we are together spent
At the pith of our essences
There I shall seek dreams
In the vale between your luscious breasts
While I come to thee

III.)

Wait underneath the shades
My boon stretched shadows
Soak the tears from your other eye
Thy soul hangs over those cliffs
I drive in haste, yet come late
To quench desires of dampness
Of careless moans
And senseless songs
I shall hold thee through the gale
When I come to thee

IV.)

Wait a bit more
For love is a snail
I'm clearing the paths
Over shades of still streams
So we match pace
Sync rhythm and calm breathes
Dance to strokes of broken harpsicords
I implore thee to slow speed
For I drive in haste
And you must wait- though I come late.

V.)

Wait a season more
For I've driven over sandshales
Cuddling over purple sheets
And curled under pink blades
I see your pink blade
The scar of careless incisions
As I swim over streams
And dive into warm fountains
We shall find our harmony
When I eventually come to thee

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Thoughts from a Warped-mind,
July,2014.

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