

Poetry Series

Saintdc Reward
- poems -

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Saintdc Reward(04.04.1993)

Im the shy type of guy, talk little n an introvert., so i find in poetry an avenue to let off some steam...i write when i feel like n could write one poem a year if the urge to write is lacking., i like real people not pretenders...

#MY BLOG

A Friend

i was asked to find a friend, , by my dad to help me end, , the loneliness i always felt, , when he as usual always go off.... so i turned back my lonely eyes, , to find a friend that never lies, , if on me a fault he finds, , with such a friend my heart quickly binds, , ... by and by, for long i found no such friend, , with whom my heart would gladly dwell, , now my dad about to as usual go off, , the loneliness i think i still felt....but then, my dad neva waits, , his trips al have been marked wit dates, , so im stil searching in frantic pace, , wit tears pouring down my hurting face...

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A Little Self-Esteem

i was scared of been the best, , setting myself far below the rest, , i didnt think i had a genius in me, , so my ordinary obscure self i safely be..... my poems i hid from all, , the lines of them all i deemed sour, , my short stories and novels too, , i thought often -no one can enjoy them but fools-..... for long, around me hung that air, , so many fears i felt so near, , i felt stupid thinkin about me, , so very little joy in my work to see..... but all that changed with just one line, , not poetic, musical but really so fine, , from someone far i neva dreamt could, , changing pretty everything about my mood.... -you are great been yourself-, , the soothing voice spoke drowning my fears, , -ive seen great writers n you are one-, , there and then, i saw in my dark cloud a sun....

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Childhood Bluez

He's so scared of his books
running undercover to outrun his sums
reading always with clear blank looks
you will get scared by his frequent tantrums

he says he wants to be a doctor
no, a lawyer or maybe a dentist
but if reading his books is a factor
one may think he's needing a psychiatrist

he's so clever for his age
you cant beat him in his tricks
try teaching him and he grows in rage
beating you with his childish sticks

he seems to know your mind
friendly when books are out of sight
so very eager to act as blind
when to stop reading is not his right...

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Hoping

hope...! the only string i hold on to., as d avalanche comes crashing down., n in
the sea of misery i drown.....hope...! the only reason i wake up to., a new day
with its new does of sadness., which gladly drives me closer to
madness....hope...! the only voice stil keeping me on., holding me back from
ending it all., n going really far from my current painful fall...,.just hope!

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In My Closet

In throes of grief wit no pal nigh
my aches let out in trembling sigh
no hi from all my dearie pals
they all and sundry wandering far

just alone with me an I
no one to help dry my tearfilled eye
bleeding heart and griefsick mind
not a joy around to find

grief sticking like a second skin
sticking closer than a next of kin
so much pains for my lowly age
leaving me pleading for a saving grace

a grace to help end my painful seige
in which im so clamped in grief
so at least my tears would cease
and my pains could really ease.

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Letter To The President- Dedicated To The Memories Of The Victims Of The August 26 Suicide Attack On The Abuja Un Building.

• Tell me, I really want 2 know;
hw much longer, how much more souls;
i dnt want d usual endless tirade;
of U handling it n stil evil grows;

my people wants to know;
they are getting fed up with our woes;
please, i only need an answer of peace;
even our bright future wants to know;
and asks 'is it safe for me to show'

My aged granny wants to know;
how many would make the next death toll;
im now afraid of heading back home;
coz all my granny knows is I must know;

Oh God, U better let me know;
coz i cant make sense of d frequent bloodshow;
it goes past calling it names in print;
U just hav to strike d next blow;

Alas, i weep coz you dont even know;
making us free citizens on death row;
do something, dont just boast about;
or the giant of Africa may soon lie low;

But i think U nid to know;
that i may need a new bloodflow;
coz my heart daily bleeds for those gentle souls;
whose gruesomely split blood daily flows. •

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Lonely In Da Crowd

Like a tree in a desert
i have sat lonely;
all through the morning
like a honeycomb with no honey;

I feel like talking
but there's no one to hear my voice;
to throw so many options
but none to make a choice;

'life is so boring'
my loneliness makes me feel;
the wild acts of life
my open eyes are blind to see;

happily though, i hear
the sound of a thousand beats;
but quite sadly, its only
the pacing of my silent feet;

then an idea occurred to me
that wasn't exactly normal;
to start talking
even if it weren't to a human;

I turn to the doors
and told them to fasten;
with the quiet click of hinges
i knew they had listened;

happily, i continued
my absurd conversations;
and made so many
reasonable observations;

now with talking windows
and doors around me;
there was no more
loneliness to feel.

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Love Through Distance

We've been far away for quite a while
but with every passing second we really got closer,
thats because we each lost our hearts
and got only half of a brand new one....
She tells me she cant live witout me
but i know my world revolves round her
im not the dropp dead handsome kind of guys
but she loves to think there's no better than I....

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My Baby Brother!

A little peace and quiet under our roof
then he must be in bed
the chairs and tables stand aloof
as he awakes with havoc wit no end

He's a trouble we cant cast away
its a type by nature we love
but he's handiwork is ever on display
which shouting hoarse cannot solve

Dark with a fair deal of trouble
you sure cant beat him in his tricks
even the giant Goliath would be humbled
coming in contact with his childish flicks...

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My First Heartbreak

I found it easy staying up that night
turning, tossing or just staring at the stars
the ache you gave stil fresh in my heart
my mind growin gloomy as the slow time flies

.....

.....

In pains did i close my pretty wet eyes
but the sad thoughts stil haunt my dreams
how i wish i had no ears to hear your lies
which came flowing swift like a stream

.....

.....

I was stupid to hv started plannin our future
when U were only glad to give me yhur past
i could hv said it was d feminine nature
bt those hu brought me to being did last

.....

.....

I found the heart i lost to you a few years ago
bt its in a bleeding and trampled state
to heal then, blind love i have to forgo
coz i loved yhu wit both eyes closed n opened them a little too late....

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My Joy

My heart bleeds for joy
rivers flowing down my scorched cheeks
silent heart speaking more
tears, pleasant grief at their peak
my lost life now back to me
coz for long i lived in death
air of peace i greatly feel
a glow in my once paling health
darkness now made so bright
climbing outta my tunnel
my joyful smile a glorious sight
cannines shining like enamels..

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Nightlife

i have a habit.., a nice one? i cant tell.., of staring long at d stars.., before makin my way to bed.., cheek in palms, lookin outside my window.., shaking my head slowly 2 d windy rhythm.., the gentle breeze.., caresses my face n leaves me drooling.., then sumtimes, there z dat lone curved fellow.., the moon.., sitting, smiling in d midst of those twinkling stars.., now night is even more bright.., as i feel nature like never before.., the whole scene always enchanting.., and the loud silence speaking more...

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Ozioma

Turn back from those path
that leadeth you not to Christ
now you may think yourself smart
but the wrath of God draws nigh

...

Listen not to those evil voices
that speaketh the lies of hell
Life or Death still your choice
your fate only you can tell

....

The time to change remains now
with NO assurance of a second chance
but the grace of God is always nigh
beckoning for more than a glance!

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Ozioma LI

To them that hear the word
and believe with al sincerity
they shal nva die by the sword
that cuts down those not in conformity

...

To them that harden not their hearts
but recieve of the gift of love
with Christ they hav a pact
a glorious n endless pact of love

....

To them that run the faithful race
a crown of gold is an assured prize
to them the spirit of grace
is poured upon with no limit in size

....

To them that bears the mark
and are washed with the precious blood
none shal be put outside d eternal ark
when d wrath of God comes like a flood

....

To them that fear the Lord
they shal b like trees by the waterside
the fear of God is keeping his word
in the works of our hands n thoughts of our mind.!

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Past Midnight

Pray the loudness of quietude
as sleep claims it prey
i seek to know some things
since on me no sleep veil fell
tiptoe into rooms awash with darkness
dimlight and lightout dot the way
hearing loud conversations in pure stillness
the duke and duchess snoring away
the din of mosquito flights
armed wit tiny straws set for red sips
no one seems to give a hoot
only but an occasional smack of hips
humans squeezed to comfort
to get the best of their state
a frequent change is not rare to see
as bed clothes are left to fate
smiling faces on crumpled pillows
hugging tight to hold all in
afraid to let go of even an inch
i smile and wonder wat it means
sleep about the sweetest treat
even more sweet in our hectic world
i yawn and try to get my own
but sleep for me is always void.

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Poem For Her

Under the shade of a candle,
My pen started a draft,
Linking words drawn deep,
From the recesses of a sincere heart

·
Its been days, weeks and now a month,
Since like a twinkling star,
I first saw U sparkling in that math class,
And got hoodwinked by your charming smile

·
Its been a month of sincere friendship,
Four weeks of you been there,
Enduring all my naïve excesses,
And still remaining my first bestfriend

·
Thirty days gone by now,
Out of which in fifteen,
I made you so livid and upset,
For which, I'm sorry as one can be

·
All said, I'm glad U are my friend,
And I can only hope the days gone by,
Would spring into years,
Bringing us closer as we walk through life.

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Rainrain

Thinking about the knocking rain
hitting hard upon my thatch roof
trickling down my windowpane
after hitting upon my thatch roof

thinking about the splashing rain
hitting hard upon my muddy field
flowing down fast a streamy lane
after hitting upon my muddy field.

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The Lagos Sea-Side

The evening breeze
clear sand by the water side
crabs in holes not quite deep
and trees dancing to nature's beat
running about on clean white sand
looking transfixed on sky blue sea
fishes jumping high up there
birds of diverse plumage flocking near
Gazing at the sky, the sea.....even the wind
i think im falling in love
nature is at its best around me
and i feel pulled out from the natural
a handfull of clear sand in dark hands
i savour the scent of something truly african
its so sweet to be a friend to nature
'no where like home' it makes me think...

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Think About Those Hungry!

Think about these shrinking limbs;
pleading eyes and wanting lips;
gaze once @ these screaming ribs;
of lives wasting away in hurtful beeps;

Think about these empty cradles;
dry wells and tearful pleas;
see a hurt they all cant handle;
making them look no better than fleas;

Think about these swollen graves;
these holes with farmished bones of many;
behold d painful life that kills in droves;
that is now the lot of plenty;

THEN

Think about what you can do;
to help end this horrible sight;
even something painful if U hav to;
coz access to decent life is everyones right

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Waterview

Gazing at the stars,
down from the riverbed,
the gleaming fishes floating in unison with the birds.
Smiling moon and
pretty dark sky,
Clear waters and
seasand so fine.

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