

Poetry Series

# **Itohan Stephanie #**

## **- poems -**



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# Itohan Stephanie #()

Itohan Stephanie Ebadan was born on the 7th day of February 1998, to Edo Parents, in Uromi, Nigeria, Stephanie was Appointed The Leader of the poetry group in her secondary school literature class, by her Literature teacher, due to her Natural Ability to write Poetry effortlessly even as a science Student, she made great impact on the first school Magazine at the &quot;Secret heart High School&quot; Uromi. A catholic owned institution, Uromi Edo State.Nigeria, Stephanie published her first official literature work at age 15, and her work was recognised by the Edo state governor and commissioner of Education, who sent Stephanie an invitation to Liaise with the commissioner Of Education, Hon Usifoh Wellington as at 2014, but Stephanie's father insisted she was too young to honour such invitation to the Edo state government house Alone and was accompanied by her older siblings, and even barely out of Secondary school, her parents and siblings supported her with everything she needed to become a confident and successful poet.

Stephanie's father born on the 15 of February, hon Ebadan was also the (HOD) head of Department of the NYSC youth Affair of the Esan North East Chapter of the Edo state Zonal Division, after his graduation from the University Of Benin (UNIBEN)

Stephanie's father, was a born into a Large Roman Catholic family, who also converted his wife, Mr Francis Ebadan was fondly called the&quot;father of the Youths&quot;because of how he cared for the young people and youth corpers who were fortunate to cross his path during his years of service, even as HOD he got converted to the celestial Church Of Christ C.C.C in Ubiaja, but because he resided in uromi, the distance was a barrier to Ubiaja with his wife and his older children, even before Stephanie was born, so he single handedly built the first Celestial church in Uromi, and that was how Celestial came to Uromi.Located in Tazona, Egbele, Uromi, After a few years, he opened another Celestial Parish behind the Ojuromi of Uromi Royal Palace.were Stephanie grew up her entire childhood.

Genre:

Fiction Prose/Play Write/Poetry

Personal Life

Itohan Stephanie is an extremely Private Young woman who doesn't enjoy discussing her private Life, career, and other personal matters, but prefer being by herself.

This is the current information Stephanie submitted at the moment  
We would be more than happy to make Updates about her personal Life and  
works in the nearest Future.

# Fierce Love

GOD is Such A Lover

Husband of my Soul, Mighty JESUS

He is the Ancient Jew The ONE born in Manger, in my uncertainty and fear

HIS spirit echos reassurance "Do not be Afraid" in a Lovers voice, Soft and eloquent. A Love whose fierceness woes me back When I drift away. Oh drift away Oh pulls me back with momentum

Incarnated to flesh all for my woe

Humbled Himself for the love of me

Woes me back. oh what HE did for love

A Love this Fierce Only GOD can give

My blood dances to him

In my Wretchedness, He gave me a home rent free

Yes rent free in my mothers womb

Cradles me all nine months

Were He grew my First Limb

Knitted my Heart together, Layer by Layer

Crafted my Myocardium And Breath life into it

Now I plead, Take this heart of mine The heart you formed, and make it yours  
Pour in it your spirit

Take my heart JESUS and make it strong

It was not by right that I should be Alive

But a Deliberate decision of a lover

He raided hell and erased my name

My human brain unable to grasp this wonder, can love be this true?

Despite my Malice. He called me by name.

He is the Only ONE that blesses He blesses me without season, of all my blessings

None do I merit, not even an inch of one HIS Blessings i do not deserve So much so He named me Grace

So much so, even much

He Challenged death and conquered

A lover who will rather watch hell burn

Rather than let go of me

A Lover whose Love is Fierce  
A lover I have failed more times  
I can count with my unfaithfulness  
Faced with Detours Am quick to panic  
Nagging him all life Long

Despite my Disobedience  
My Malice, My Ingratitude,  
Quick to forget, His ways are not mine HE is GOD, The HOLY ONE  
Even in my Annoyance, My Unworthiness, my errors  
Yet this love Woes me back

Who Loves Like This!  
Love so Fierce He traded His life for mine  
HIS Name is YESHUA  
The Lover that defends my soul  
And in all of this am unworthy of it Even the senses in my human brain Can't  
understand this kind of Love.

For a love like this it's a journey of no return, am far too gone in Love  
With every inch of my very core I freely submit myself to you Jesus  
Embedded in Him Like baby in his mothers womb  
A Love Story beyond time  
My soul rides with this Lover

Till for all Eternity But am still Baffled  
In all His Glory In all HIS Majesty  
In all HIS Sovereignty  
HE Loves a wretch like me.  
Now I know This is not about me  
It's All about WHO HE Is  
HE is GOD! HE is a Lover, Lover of mine

Itohan Stephanie #

# Quarter Half Way

Dissed from his mothers womb  
Tarry a little, his journey is far  
Walked into life like a mountain climber  
his soul so old, he could tell the past  
he is the one they spoke about  
The one they whispered his name  
The stranger that refused to leave  
he is the one, they don't want to see  
Disdained from his mothers breast  
his future shining so bright  
But greed blindfolded them not to see  
And now they think it's blurry  
he will see them again in his future  
This future will mark their end

My ink too heavy to write this lines  
But his mothers blame, is not her own  
he came quite on time  
he came to repair their tattered tents  
Even so, veiled by jealousy, they refuse  
They would rather cling on the tatters  
the grip of envy was hot like coal  
They would rather melt away  
Oh melt away, than forge him a sword  
Donny don't, let this boat sink  
Perhaps, you make his journey easier

Now the Dusk emptied to silence  
Their roofs leaking out and drenched  
Greed facilitates their journey to end  
Greed has done them wrong  
But who is to blame, the greed?  
Or the greedy, this ink won't sink.  
This ink carry's the secret of this tale  
Let it tell it quarter by quarter  
Greed is a trap, his truth will last  
But the greedy had a choice.  
And now their end births his beginning  
The beginning of a story yet untold

The beginning of a man who wrestled with himself in the silence of his shadow  
And now his morning seemingly good  
his afternoon even better  
his evening bests his fathers clan.  
Even in dotage his gold still glitters.

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# Paranoia

Live a little  
Not every devil grows a horn  
You might be the devil you aim.Aha!  
Let your heart grow a little unheavier  
Show yourself a little kindness

What did you learn from your father?  
Inherit not his enemies,  
inveterate your delimitation,  
In this Dilemma, pay attention to you.  
The peace you seek, you need to start  
This peace you chose is your war

Needless you win, when you lose  
deliberately hardened these poetic lines, let's test your cranium!  
You are the one who became  
The one who they fear  
But ain't you afraid?

Unlike your father, Listen not to them  
Else you reign in shame  
In ruins they applauded him  
he befriended his foes  
Made Ally's enemies

Your true friend is your mind  
Listen to the warrior in your mind  
The heart is cunning, don't Listen to it  
In this midst of this brilliance  
You'll see you are a free man  
You really have no enemies  
Except for the ones you create

So you see, you are your own devil  
Not the stranger you accuse  
Say no to paranoia!

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# Dyind December

so much blessings  
so much trouble  
so many lessons  
this dying December  
gave birth to a new me.  
brand new year  
brand new me.

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# Thursday Morning

Retired from my silky bed  
Tired curtains beaming with radiance  
It's Morning guys! ! !

My heart is Laughing  
I felt Lucky to be Alive  
Running Dunning and feeling funky

Jumped on the early bus  
Ran off the road.  
On this fabulous Thursday

My peace sued.Aha! let it all out  
Feeling so alive. I refuse to hide.  
Grip not my joy

So joyed, i decided to pen these lines  
I could smell the ink of my new pen  
Aroma so intimidating.i must say

I could hear the boys grunting at the stares like fumbled lads  
But I am just girl.who loves to write

But I won't spare to tell of them  
Now you can mark you Thursdays  
Your Thursday mornings

In this Lunar Calendar  
full of Thursdays, except this one  
Hush.time to run!

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# Grace!

My name is Grace  
A bad child of a The Good Father.  
Abandoned His voice, countless a time Ashamed to admit, am a selfish lover  
Annoyed of war, yet i fight in silence  
A cold warrior, wrote this lines

Be vigilant of my ink.I never forget  
Bring back my innocence dear time  
Brick by brick, Grace built me up  
By all means of patience, it saved me  
Born to a life, totally unworthy of

GOD Cradled me all Life Long  
Curtain after Curtain, His Light blooms Craved vanity, but Heaven watched yet  
Couldn't let go of me.  
Come to me, HE craved pity for me.

Drive me not away, I know I deserve it Drink from the stream of mercy.  
Dear GOD, I am Sorry.i unworthy of YOU  
Drenched in sin and doubts.Still  
Dried all out by the Flames of Grace

Etiquette broken all for me.Oh Grace.  
Expedited my Joys. None I merit.  
Ecstatically joyful.ungrateful child!  
Elated by mercy, oh favoured child Exhilarated even again and again!

Father! I beseech YOU  
For all my unworthiness  
For all my ingratitude  
For all my disobedience  
For your Love, am grateful

Grace saved me from myself  
GOD gave me countless chances  
Go tell it, opportunity do not come once Grabbed by Grace, for endless chances  
GOD's Grace is all I have got.

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# The Black Boy

Our Fathers gravestones would bare us witness  
The knife of a white boy, Pierced thier hearts, and stole thier Lives.  
And flooded our Clay to red  
Let that red Clay hunt their tents  
Oh great Benin! .  
Our mothers became widows  
All for What!

The white boy stole our villages  
In Uniforms, invaded our markets  
Dig it out! Dig it all out! !  
White boy stole our gold  
The colour of my skin was my crime  
Who dares my gene Pool?  
What price is my freedom?  
My Dear Benin!

Isn't this white boy  
The demon from the west?  
Stole Even Allies to Aliance  
Luted our Artefact's, we were robbed!  
Our kings trampled like criminals  
What is our crime, ? !

Our harrens flooded with widows  
Stole our brothers  
What is your grudge?  
Inhuman monsters wearing white uniforms,  
how could they bear such  
how could a man's heart bear this much hatred, let that heart fail.!

My Melanin is my Heritage  
How dare you question it?  
gushing through my veins  
As like a king in his prime  
Taking it all, beat by beat, it whims.

GOD is GOD, you are not.

You can not take away my humanity  
Citadels became trap grounds  
You set our farms on fire,  
aiming we starve  
But our Land, took our side  
You intimidate us with your guns  
Aha.Yet forgot we are the bullets  
But alas.the black boy  
GOD is his rescue

This white boy with a black soul  
Would pay for all his crimes  
A bitter soul, wrapped in a white sheet  
Bring back my Empathy  
Else, I refuse to be sued  
Even the fireflies, affirmed to this tale  
In bundles, the fireflies saw it  
All night long, and bore me witness

Why would you steal a man's wife  
For coins, and trample on his Ego  
A man's Ego is his Right  
you betray your own kind  
Your Partiality is your Ignorance  
Black or white, yet, same content  
So I am your brother by Right  
A man with two legs and hands I be.  
Now Your sins are your own.

And after all this turmoil  
The black boy carved a niche  
His Sons will bare his name  
My fathers gravestone will not be forgotten  
I am the black boy, with a white heart  
I am Benin City!

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# Forbidden

Within My very Core, The wound was deep  
The pain felt sharp, right through my soul  
Betrayal has broken me into this tiny pieces and I was burdened

On a platter, I dangled like a kite  
Only to see if they cared  
But No, they would kill to see me mourn  
In the midst of this tyranny  
My soul raced as if I was ambushed

It was mockery  
Bragging with this unending lies  
Shivering and shaking  
For the first time in my human existence, I learnt it was human nature

Dangled between vulnerability and Ego  
But at least let me bear my own shame  
As like a broken mirror, I mourned  
Forbidden and rejected  
Despite all my Losses. This unbroken was my gain

It showed me the escapades of a beautiful young woman  
In reflection of my very core serenaded by my beautiful flaws

Just when I almost let it all go  
I found an Unbroken mirror  
And all I could see was a woman  
A woman with a beautiful soul  
And At Last

I was forbidden to allow them tell me who I was

This unbroken mirror forbid me to believe their flattering lies  
It reflected me in the most beautiful forms  
I realised we are all flawed  
And forbidden to give up

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# Heart Of The Orphan

Like a morning Dusk  
Like a dew burning in the wind  
Like an aging rose  
Let it be. even society is his critic

Despite all his Loses  
The world is his village  
A fatherless child is a native of every tribe  
Robbed in and out. he hides  
Vailing his emotions to fit it.  
How longer would he bear this shame?

A motherless child is more attentive  
As he gazes with his heart, not his eyes  
his losses hardened his heart  
So allow this rose bloom, despite his thorns

else you harden his heart even further, do not take away his compassion  
his heart will be so hard,  
Even love will fail at it

he is full of pain and turmoil  
Be merciful to him  
The heart of an Orphan is shallow  
his identity is his grudge

Like a helpless bird, with clipped wings  
he battles with the wind  
In this dusky horizon  
Let our empathy. grow back his wings

The heart of an orphan is gullible  
Nature it

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# My Lucky Day

My life was pain  
So pained I hated my very existence  
My soul screened for help  
But I never mattered to them  
I was just an ordinary wine  
Pain was the only emotion I mastered

Please take pity on me  
I am a motherless child  
I was a bitter wine, woven to become nothing  
Should I blame my mother or my father?  
they have done me wrong.  
Let me bear my own sin

They gave me bitterness and expected sweetness from me  
They gave me neglect and expected affection from me  
Let me ride on my fate  
I am a woman Alone, I bear this grudge.

Who would come for me in this darkness  
So dark, I trusted no one  
Little did I know.GOD was watching  
In the midst of the darkness  
The Ruler of both the celestial realm and all the realms of the world

Everyone under the sun and the moon  
has a lucky day  
Have Faith

Took me by hand  
And gave me His Light  
My Lucky day I guess.

Itohan Stephanie #

# Corridors Of Power

Like an Olive tree I blossomed in knowledge  
And I could see through their envy amid their lying faces  
It was trepidation! my presence aches them.

I did not chose this paths  
Power came for me, even before I grew a tooth  
Then why am I the one to blame!  
Why would you blame a man for his gift?

Like a raging fire, my soul burnt for knowledge  
Despite all my gains, I had no friend.  
Loneliness was my price  
For GODs sake I was born into power  
How is that my fault?  
Don't envy me brother

The prize of Power is not for the feeble  
I did not chose these paths  
Power is like a king seeking a bride  
Like the rage of a mother defending her young  
In this fight, the strongest man falls  
Power is the conspiracy of nature  
The tactic of power is beyond strength

So don't envy me.walk your path  
The strength of a man is his weakness  
Take caution, power is a conspirator  
Power has fallen more men than a gun  
It has driven kings mad,

The Corridors of power is narrow.  
Only the chosen can walk its path  
Power choses us, we don't chose it.

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# Whim

I am whim

Befriended my foes my gain

They yearned for my truth

But I was built with power

I fed them lies

I fed them even more lies with poetic lines

If only they know how blessed I am

But these folks don't deserve my truth??

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# Nineb

I was told, my father was a warrior with my little brain struggling to comprehend  
How can I cling to a vain knowledge?  
What will be my gain?  
I guess it's clout  
Even the narrator accused him of it

Only by whim, I bare this grudge  
A spirit being wearing the coat of flesh  
The Ancient Jew took it all in  
And I was consoled

And of all the devils in my father's clan  
I was top on  
I dare to brag, I came from the clan of warriors  
Of horrific blood shed flooded the clay to red, let my children partake not from  
this sin i plead  
Dearest fate tidy up my future  
Let my lions refuse to bring to my name shame and offspring unashamed, let  
them not be wise enough to forget my name

When ages ravages me to shreds  
Toothless and grayed  
And Alas, let my name give meaning.

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