

Poetry Series

Yiro Abari High
- poems -

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Yiro Abari High()

Yiro was born, raised, educated and lives in Jos, Nigeria.

An Eye For An Eye

Deep within the Caribbean wood
Before the world, he stood
He stood, he sang
Words that cut
With a voice that fought

Coloring art with strife
The stage, he kept alive
Breathing soul to his art
The world, he touched to its heart
His inventions were reincarnations

A voice so loud
Rocking the north
Reverberating in the south
With fame
He chased away shame

Late one evening
Leppo went to Westmorland
Bang! Bang! Bang!
He turned it to a vile bay
Playing an evil play

Finally, and pointblank
On a thick mass of locks
There was a bloody drill
From temple to temple
It was the painful end

An eye for an eye

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Come Soon

In the northeastern corner
Under a furious sun
We come against enemy guns

But there's treachery in the air
No love, no care
I look into the sky
I cry

In the heat of the desert
It's only warm for the foe
As the desert sand bake soles,
Sectarian guns take souls

Lifeless comrades are strewn
Atop desert sand dunes
I'm left alone
Alone, to mourn

I look into the sky and cry
Hoping you'll come soon.

Yiro Abari High

Destiny

Who holds your destiny?
You hold your destiny?
Open your eyes and see
You'll see your destiny
Open your mind and see
You'll see your destiny

In the heart of Africa,
You'll find my country
What a home for you and me
I believe it when they say
We are the happiest people yea
Little love for one another we can be happier
I believe it when they say
We are the most religious yea
Religion is a strong foundation
For a better nation

While I live in this country I'll never thirst
Rain will come from the sky
Our rivers never ever dry
While I live in this country I will never starve
I stand on a yielding soil
My pot will forever boil
Why should I fear when I breathe this air?
And see all around me rocks of gold and silver

Yiro Abari High

Face Of The Nation

Face of the nation
Hope of the nation
Over the years,
Reforming generations

Face of the nation
Must find roots in truths,
Respect what is due
To all humans and to brutes

The face of the nation
Must believe in substance,
Not superstition
Staying firm in its stance

Face of the nation
Must believe that
Money buys a few things,
But esteem buys everything

The face of the nation
Must believe that
A pocket without discipline,
Would never conserve
And enough, it would never have

The face of the nation
Must be taught
The principle of nation-building,
Made to believe it
And disciplined to enforce it

Yiro Abari High

Goodbye August

The seventh from a dozen
Is about to disappear
The head has gone far
Just the rear is near
It means that you are next
Just behind the horizon

As you emerged I will watch
Oppressively
You will see hatred etched on my face
When you give you don't stop
It continues to drop
Everything comes to a standstill

You place a shroud in the sky
Eclipsing the brilliance, warm and
The beckoning of the sun
You are everywhere
There is nowhere to turn
Nowhere to run

The fields around gets shaved
Palms get swollen with sores
Eventually they give way
To thick, clumsy and defying blankets

The day of the iron man gets busier
The bellows blow more fiercely
The irons cry in anguish
The pounding of forging hammers
Intensifies
And the hot irons cry even louder

The grass gets lush
But the rush is only for the herds
Necks are bent
Like the spurs of a valley
Jaws are grinding and tails wagging

Then I hear the thunder
Coming from afar
I heave a sigh of relief
And look up to the skies
Saying thank you
For the time has come
To say Goodbye august

Yiro Abari High

In Search Of The Web

I live in the outskirts of town
Sometimes it feels like being underground
I'll grapple with all the lines, ten overall
Yet, there's nothing, just left in the cold

I go out every night
I really want to change my plight
I rest the gadget on my palms
Right in the heart of night's calm
Swaying it from side to side
It feels like pacifying a child

A Chinese torch in the grip of my teeth
In the same mouth I had used to eat
I hear the dogs howling
I hear the crickets shrilling
I'm not worried; my file's downloading
I am worried only about reptiles
Night's always for the wild

Yiro Abari High

Judge Not

The swathe of his trunk and limbs are:
Long, slim cylinders to the wrists,
Baggy prongs to the ankles
And a woolen barrel to the waist
Are adorned diffidently at best
Always with millions of creases
I don't want to get dismayed
Judge not by these, I say

The scorching sun's her roof
Her tenacity's weatherproof
Famished and haggard in rags
'Tomatoes, tomatoes, ' she shouts
The wages of her toil, measly
How she gets through is a mystery
Judge not by these, I say
For she boasts a healthy womb
From which a king comes forth

Judge not by the eyes I say

Yiro Abari High

Old Time Sake

So you've learned it
That habit
Of wedging a smoking straw
Against those lips
Inhaling, exhaling

Now you have a chimney
In place of an oral sty
Darting from north to south
Oozing a toxic cloud

See now?
Just how messy are thou
Your bellows are now shrinking
Your longevity is ruined
For you it's no longer a win

With those clumsy lips
With those abhorrent heels
And satanic palms
The charm fizzles

Now your attraction and goodwill comes
Only from old time sake

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Originality

Originality is in all of us
If you grope around,
you'll feel the nose

Originality is everywhere
Sniff,
and you'll catch a whiff

It's that rarity... that purity
It is the quality of the creator
that makes him an inventor

Originality is a kaleidoscope,
an endless rope

It's inspired by just anything
You needn't have a magic ring

Yiro Abari High

The Generous Storm

We drum
To it, we wriggle and dance
It's said, we are the best,
That we are the greatest

The sun is blistering,
There is a cloud of brown
And springs of brine
The memory never fades

And then comes the tide
And the ovation dies
The drums are lost in the storm
The dance loses its luminous form

We turn to the distance
To its songs, rhythm and dance
But scruples weigh us down
From memories that refuse to grind

Some blame the blistering sun
In its fear, everyone runs
Some blame the clouds of brown
In its pride is laid to rest

There's the blindness of the eyes
Or the blindness of the heart
Everyone is blind to see
That though there's a storm, there're no ruins

In the storm, we can drum
And in it, we can dance
For the storm that came
Only reinforces the rhythm

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The One Way Voyage

Traveling across The Styx,
Is the only thing I find hard to fix
Even when a distant stranger dies
My mind grieves, my eyes cry
I'll muse over the nature of the end

Right from the starting line
My mind was ignorant, my heart blind
That, for me, there's never an end
'I'll endlessly open the doors of time.'

Now the realism has dawned
My peers everyday are getting drawn
Today, it's the charming Tom
With cascading faces
We gathered around his tomb
Refusing to believe he was really gone

We paced our path back home,
Our minds still heavy and torn
A word tickled another word
Another peer's plight is told
Cot-shackled by a lethal flaw

I prayed it didn't get too far
Still yet we lost the star
We shuffled to the eeriest end of town
I realized the truth wasn't a ghost
As the priest chanted dust to dust

Time has in my heart written a book
I must come to terms with the truth:
To be born, to live and to die
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take

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The Promise Of Paradise

The Promise of Paradise

Satan stood on a platform
He preached a warped sermon
The minors gravitated like moths to light
For such a "reward", they were ready to fight

Then the streets of Goza fell
The pride of Chibok rose in smoke
Humanity wailed and wailed
But the heart of demons are locked

They brandish automatics
Hating Muslims, Protestants and Catholics
They hung chains of slugs
For a veiled political cause, they really were the cogs

Mankind is blown and lacerated into bits
In numbers that transcended the reads
Toddlers are stripped of their parents,
And like little brutes they wondered in the forests

The boys:
They continue to acted like robots, like toys
Their heads, a mush
Victims of a systematic brainwash

I see it
I read it
Right in their eyes
The unwavering, but vain hope of paradise

The sublime paradise is for the truly faithful
Not the ignoble
Paradise isn't for a small assembly of animals
Neither is it for untamed cannibals

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The Rotten Peak

I stand here
And look over there
My reward, at the top of a hill
It's mine if I do the drill
The drill is climbing the hill
Spiky and thorny is the climb
But I've got guts, will and time!

I crave the reward
My repast I must afford
My guts must be in peace
My health must feel the breeze
A teacher knocks my gate?
It's a game I love to hate
His dues I, sure, must pay
Never late a single day

I reach the top
But dashed is my hope
Stolen is my recompense
Forgotten is the law of commonsense
Hopelessness is endless
My sanity gets less
Insanity flows into streets
Rhythm in the streets is lost

The district cries and cries
The will at the peak fails to rise
A heart that's always numb
A soul that's deaf and dumb
Caring less
Of what goes at the base:
The cries, the pains and the deaths

The land loses its joy

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