

Poetry Series

Benjuzzy Okpuzor
- poems -



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Benjuzzy Okpuzor(17 12 1989)



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Solitude

O soul survivors,
Listen to the voice
Of a plagued poet,
For the days of my prime,

And now my Brim,
I have seen days,
And memories pass bye
Like the dinosaur,

Ravenous wolves that
Feigned as friends,
Brothers betrays, love,
And lies are the lips I

Taste daily from the
Roses,
So I seek solace in
Solitude,



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Bedding brandy at night
Is all a lonely man can
Do,
For whisky is a wife in
Cold winter,

The world is pain, so I
Play in pain to kill my
Pain,
In this cold cruel world
Where I was left to pit

My wit against my will,
Am a broken man, a pale
Shadow left to linger in
Doubt,

For life phases has
Turned beautiful face to

Chameleon feces,

Eden's Paradise mocking
Her Messiah, an Alluring
Illusion in a delusional
World with Hope undimmed,

I have faced the wrong
edge of the steel in my
Struggle, and survivor,
Seeking to bed in
Benjamin's dream,

So I chase the dollar day,
And night to my own
Detriment,
Long have I paid the price
From the dirt I dung from
My own misfortune,

But brick by brick I have
Built my
Heart to withstand the
Sands,
And Storms of times.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Memories

The night stand as long as the day,
As I sat here up high in the memories
Of men,
Of thoughts of yesterday,

Of love lost, the ones I thought I had,
And the ones I lost, the ones I found,
And yet to find, the ones gone for good,
And yet to come,

They were all embers burning brightly
Forever in my heart,
I have felt the stench, and Sting's of
Love, i have fell in love with

Cleopatra; she who will not wed, but
Wet the bed's of kings, and blaze on them
At dawn, evil herodias she whose cup is
Filled with the blood of the

Innocent, yet they were all the days I bleed,
And blossom, the days of pain to gain,
And cheer, from the echoes of history I
Have seen the senile decay of

Time, and clime, I have seen the sons of
Pharaoh, and yet to meet Moses;
The days of joy turning ashes in the mouths
Of love;

Reincarnated revelation of doom, and gloom,
Dead mushes of blood moon, the cops of us All;
oh brothers from the womb of this heated hell,
And struggle, you who would rip the fruits of
Abel,

Listen to the voice of the victims crying
Beneath the painful plague of this poem;
Of a young poet, now muddied by drink,

And ferocious in;

Thoughts, for I have bread, and bed with
Brothers, and friends;
They who dine, and dwell with me,
But when they're done at the turn of the tide;

They sell me half the price Joseph was
Sold into slavery;
I know of the tongue who confessed,
And profuse love, but bury me for
Judas's little coins,

Yet they were all dark days with no red dawn,
But hope is a home, memory is love, yet
They too shall fade away like the days of the
Dinosaur.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Solitary Confinement

I have lingered long in doubt,
And in darkness, Whispering to
The walls caged around me in
Chain,

For the cockcrow to a detestable
Plague frown Upon by nature, and
Humanity,
Dark days with no red dawn,

Oh brethren and bereaved;
This were the voice of the
Victims crying Beneath their
Agony,

We who are dying in our sleep,
And waking to start from
Where we were,

I have seen the dew, and
The death of dawn,
I have seen days, and ages

Turned to the dark Days of
The dinosaur's, i have seen
A new born,

Been born under a new dawn,
Ashes raining from a man made
Plague to Devour humanity,

And enrich the pockets of the
Damned,
Economic Buccaneers who came
From the Moon to curse our culture,

Science with their storms
To becloud our eyes,
And steal our riches,

I know them they who came with
Their bible,
They taught us how to pray with
Our eyes Closed,

That their God's will guard
Our treasures
And offerings, but when we
Open them, they Had

The guns, and we the Bible,
They sound the Silence and gone
With all we had,
We had the words but Dare to tell,

We held the Bible in tears,
Hoping for a
Saviour, while they gather in
Their cocktail Circuits,

And clink glasses, and toast to
Our eternal ignorance;
This were the voice of the
Voiceless who have

Wondered in the wilderness
Of destitution, they who strives to
Sail in the river of Hosterstility,
And austerity;

Look into the streets, see the
Flames, and feel The fury,
And by the road side was another spiled
Blood Of an innocent victims with

Voice of vengeance crying to the maker;
To your tents oh Israel they say;
While the civil,
And evil leaders are smiling

Home with our sacrificial rams,

And lamps to Their shrine, as
Our future lies in the hands
Of the patient vultures;

Who will rescue us from their paws,
And claws Of damnation;
Oh Aaron please hold yourrod,

Let Moses part the sea,
For the pharaophs wouldn't
Free us from this plantaintion plague;

And like the horros of job,
May our Lamentations be paid
with a price of a paradise,

This were the void voices
Who survived the Chaos, and
Carnage of a distorted Government.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Men

Men will make you,
And maim you,
Its all about my troubles but not my Struggles,

Beware of they who will make
A swear to say a word,
They will as well send you home early And say I swear on your grave,

Am so much afraid of my friends,
There's so much of Judah's in them,
We're praying for you, they said,
But actually preying on you,

Oh father!
What this men are I know not,
They who were long bereft of love for
Their fellow,
But always profuse love to my face,

Why privy into my
Private path,
Ply tongue everywhere,
Whispering poison to
Infect my laurels,

Their hard dealings
Teaches them suspect,
I'm the most hated
In this heated hell,

I have been a victim of grudges and Gossip, old wounds
Still lingers,

They crept out of the cave to crave for
What wasn't,
They look back at the child I was yesterday to judge a man today,

Kill the kings son, and wait for the king,
A fatherless boy with no one to cry to,

The crowd, and the moon mourn but wouldn't make a healing hand,

my tears has gone far to the maker

Yet the poet is unbowed, unbroken, and unbent.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

A Letter To Libya

" ALETTER TO LIBYA"

This were the voice of the
Victims, crying beneath their
Voice less soul,

Their land was punched with
Penury, and by their
Bad government,
Who failed them in Covenant,

Arabic brethren, we're
Black brothers from same
Womb mocking
The mother that bred us,

We're on same road to
Struggle and Survivor,
Don't kill this child of your
Brother from
Another border,

Oh children of Judah,
See how they Reaves,
And raped their people for
Seven silvers,

Even the shivering sea cries
For the blood of a brother,
Froze the fray,

Rend this crave of greed,
Crack this cradle of Crime in
Humanity,

Oh children of Jacob,
Don't sell this
Soul to the Egyptian
Slaves,

I look back at yesterday's
Strokes, and lashes of cane
On our Father's back,
Yet the wound is not the pains
We bear, but the brother that
Cursed our Father's land,

A pale Shadow left to linger
In pain,
Save my skin, oh my kin,
We're one Africa with
Black blood,

The price has been paid
By our Forebearers who
Bear the pain with their
Back for us,

And yesterday's pain
Still hurt me today,
As my father's tears
Still wet my chin,

That Rome might not
Rejoice over the
Capture of the black
Hannibal, and beauty of Carthage,

Do not soil the sigils
Of Africa,
Peace and unit,
For black is beautiful.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Nigeria My Country

We are void to this Vultures,
Civil evil at the apex,
The emperor's fiddles,
His men fades away,

Rome is back with
It slavery!
Yet our leaders will not
Crest, and crack the
Crested crave,

But so bent on the Coins
From our course,
Our pain, their gain, the
Promised change a Cage,
Wailing walls, walking
Wag,

Blind leaders, and fool
Followers,
The patient dog is dead
While the gods sit's and
Gossip,

But gouge, our Sacrificial
Goats and, treasury,
The sea is frozen, fish's
Frowning!

Swim or be swept
Outside,
Who will save us from
Their chewing jaws
Of damnation!

Yet we paid the price
Dung from our own
Misfortune,
It's fight or flee, the

Swifts are the victors,

Hector is dead, he might
Be a hero, but seize the
Strike at the right time,
Retribution is now,

Like the rawlings
Spiritual cleansing of
The evil and civil
Temple,

Tell Rome that Spatacules
Voice still
Cries beneath the
Rumble and rubble,

It's civil law, or evil
Disobedience,
The world will know
That for obedient to our
Law we bleed!

So I propose a toast
To my host,
That there is but one
Path,
We kill them all!
By Benjuzzy Okpuzor
[ww.Poemhunter.Com](http://www.Poemhunter.Com)
Benjuzzy World of poetry

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Sin

i came home to see my
Father,
He asked who's this Stranger,
But I blame brandy, and gray hair,

The vulture with it Cultured ways,
The dog
Looks back to what
Was left behind, he turns to

An enraged bull in bed,
Drunked with the blood
Of an innocent whisky,
Wine and women,

And estacy of whoring
To hell!
Consequences sitting
To slit me On a long

Bench with each deeds,
But what will kill a man
Will kill a man,
For all men are weak

When faced with wet
Opportunities,
What is born that is
Weaker than man?

Not even the fallen
Angels with equal
Purpose:
My mother is still a

Virgin though:
So tempt me not with
That which men were
Born and bred with,

Like the child who
Came to seek what
Killed the father,
He dig his own death,

Yet either by the slow
Snail movement of
Time we must all lay
Down with dust,

So what is more than
To raise my glasses
And grace, my bed, and
Being with that which

My heart desires,
The love of my life, and
The youth of my prime,
yet at the end, we wait

For the course of the
Curse from the gods,
All void of voice and
Vanity.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Thoughts Untold

Listen to the dark
sound of
Silence,
Even the lonely heart
Knows the serenity,

For the saddest things
Are best said in silence,
When the wine taste
Sour,
And the sharp walls are

Closing in on you in
Utterly shrink,
In the old caverns cold,
Like the dead lands
That bites our hands,

Memories and smiles,
Whispering to the dark
Walls, untold thought's
Spoken silently to myself,

Like Adam in the dark,
Naked before my Maker,
While the whiskey became
My bosom Friend:

For i have had my days
From tearful farewells,
This frame is fray and
Fragile,

As love has been a curse,
But this heart longed to
Fetch faith and hold on,
Thought's untold, expressed

In my depression,

She walks on the way,
And talk to the road:
A madman sees what it
Sees they jeer!

He shook the walls,
And wail,
But Samson's power failed,
For not a stone
Will fall,

There Into the abyss of
Discomfort, left to linger
In this Lightless
Deep, and in doubt,
At the dawn of the due,

My body is broken,
A lesson learnt the
Hard way,
The price with my Blood,
The doom is dawn.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Against The Grain

Let dead sea's burst
Out
From it womb and
Gouge Gog and his
Hordes,

Today I rise against
Their gain,
Heal the broken bone,
Let the dead rest
On to live forever,

God bless the dead for
The grave is a grace,
Grief not for this gift
For the living is Damned,

I know the cold night of
Juda who kissed his brother
To death,
Beware of they who bow
To the black god

Those who turn the Bible
To the book of death,
Those who's soul was
Sold less for juda's Little bread,

Beware of the Greeks,
And their Gift,
They who gives with
The right hand, and Take
With the left:

In darkness they vine the
Vile,
Truth maim, and murdered
In pale
Cold blood,

While we squire where
They squat,
Dark tower arises,
Fair deeds awake,
Let's rebel against babel,

But Let holy ghost gun down
The fired arrows,
Pierce my blood and
See the running waters,
Feed the starved, and The
Damned,

May the red angel pass by
But not our foot Doors,
May this quest not
Squelch what we held so
Dear.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Babylon

The world is been deceived
with fair roses,
In religion

wolves in sheep clothing,
Power, ponia, murder,
Amen,

Yes the devil reciting
Scriptures for his
Own gain,

A vile with a vine look,
Serpents in saints bred,
A Bible with a blazing fire,

Tainted heart's tarnished
With fetished rites, and
Obscured the show of shame,

Brutish priest presiding
Over Sodomy,
Blessing that, which should
be blazed with holy scriptures

Let they that cause chaos
Beware of the
Demon seeking peace,

Oh father Abraham:
May I be burn than
Bend my knees
To yield
To Babylon, and it vain
Christian's with varnished faces.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

The Fallen

All laws are null and
Void of voices,

Fallen Eloheem,
Gutless gods,

If the
Devil is forgiven, then
Juda's is right,

Marked for death,
From birth to pay
The price,

A strategize tragedy,
Darkness in white bible,
Eden in wilderness,

Like a Mildew on a
Meadow,
Heavenly gladiators
Tearing at a ripe beauty
In it prime,

Virgin land screaming,
The grumbles of the ground,

The shriek of angry clouds,
The whirr wings of
Muddy beauty,

Shake the sinful water
From fur and move on,

Everlasting dawn for eve in
The evening might never
Come,
For
She disobeyed, and paid,

Bravest, fairest, rarest of
All who took the bull by
The hone,

Life for love, love for blood,
Blood for untold knowledge,
Pride came,
A paradise lost.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Autumn Love

Let autumn leaf leave
Their branches, and
Brethren,

Let them fall in a winter
Less wood,

For love has found us,
Come sing me a song
Bliss of my mother,

For only that fairy
Voice could flaw me,
Let the kids run red,

Let's play like the lost
Children and pray never
To grow,

For Why should we Grow
Like goliath to kill
David in the day!

Let the ceaseless flow
Flourish.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor



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Legendarium

Let the lying lips burn to bone,
For I'm benjuzzy I swore the
Sworn sword of loyalty,

I walk the breadth, and lenth
Of the land, our clan's are
Crashing like grasses!

Symbol of the simbelmyne
A fade voice of a
Ferocious past!

A wise poet never play with
The cricket cryptic twite,
For all poets are wise, and words
Cunning!

The sun rise on the horizon, And
Zion's soul awoken,
Hope rekindled,

But how long shall I envisage
On that which I envisioned in My
Long awaken dream!

Am of the Dúnedain r's though,
My days shall not quickly be
Quake d, for with the vastness Of

Eternal nature men are
Devastated, long when my days
Are dinosaurs will the unborn

Bread on what I breed, long
When am extinct, and marvel if
I ever were!

Will strangers walk over my
Potions with pride and not

Marbled how we marvelled; !

They who will grieve on my
Grave never gave me the gift of
Flower!

So love me now, and leave me
Never, for I dread to drench in
The river of mother earth's
Mockery womb!

But penance must be payed as
Panacea to a plight played by
One's hands!

Those who eavesdrop in the
Evening to tame the little lamp
Like the knight who kissed, and

Killed the king's son, and played
The lost book of juda's,
Yet the old lay's and lingers

And the young pay's, and perish,
But I'm benjuzzy, I shall live long
To see the last days of my household.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

October 19th

Today on chain, and cage, justice
Murdered, and maimed, truth Nailed, broken and buried!

Delayed action, has emboldened
The farm robber, to apprehend
The farm owner!

On the race of struggle, and
Survivor, which led to the cell
Dungeon, and sojourn of a poet,

Friends, and foes who forgot who
We were, tears of a fellow brother
In blood drop,

Broken thoughts, spoken
Thoughtlessly to the wall, with
The darkness, as my witness;

Blood of an innocent soul, sold to
Slavery, a callous witch hunt of
The affluent to the afflict!

Laying in their play of laity;
My blood blaze like babylon
Burning furnace, yet I can only

Blame those barbarians for this
Civil, evil;
From my toddling days till date

I have been beaten for that which
I knew not, I see myself dying for
Another's sin, that whenever

There is a curse my name is
Called! How hard the heart of Men; that night and out

We fed on the remain's of the Dons, and dogs;

And with the rod of their wrath,

I wail my way for mercy;
Will there ever be zion in this
Babylon I wonder!

Let them that went the way of
Cain, and ran greedily for their
Own reward, beware of the

Gain saving core, and cur of it!
Today I breath the free air of
Freedom, my heels will remain

In his holy house of healing
Yet those who sold Joseph to slavery
Shall someday come back to
Bow before him.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Clergy Laity

The night is dead, and
The dark is coming with it,
The change is a
Chain in Cage!

We live in a world of sine,
Mission, no quarter given,
No mercy shown!
The priest and Pharisees

Feeds on fat meat, but
We the bones,
See them pray, as they

Bread and dine with the
Devil, while their brethren
Was possess with the bread
Of Unholy scriptures!

They taught us to pray
With our eyes closed,
But when we open Them,

They had the guns, and
We had the Bible, they sound
The silence, and gone with all
We have, we Had the words

But dare to tell, Mama told us
we
Ate more than we're
Given and it rose

To heaven, and hell we
Feed! they lay in the
Bed of banquet, but
Their youngest disciple
Begged for bread!

Of manna falling to feed us,

This scribes and their
Cunning schemes, yet
They can't fool a fly off
Me

On this dark and Dismal day,
Oh father,
Here we Gather grains again,

Set to bam our belly on
What bounds us Together:
Bless what is before us
Today for tomorrow

Might never come!
What I knew is what I know,
And what I saw is
What I say

This dogs are back,
But not to bark us, but to
Bite our body till there's no
More blood to bleed.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Save The Lost Children

For This things I hot
And hope, that
When their days are
Done, and doomed at
Dawn,

Let they that played
Pilate to avoid
Responsibility beware
Of the civilized recourse!

Let the danger light
For this Civil evil on
The lost children.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor



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Night Alone

Love the sound of silence
In serenity, the
Gentle sea is rising,

An idle thought is the
Devil's field of play,
Come before its calm,

For a plate full of porridge
Is a worthless man's choice,
David's thoughts on the roof bath,

The night sin dispenses,
Forbidden fruit eaten,
Whispers of a nameless Fear

Flood's the heart,
Poet plays the prodigal,
And never bite again.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Last Days Of My Dirge

The night is cold as
As death,
So silent as the grave,

Death has taken the best
Part of a man!
The witch night cry from

The babe's death at dawn!
Murder in the mouth of
Babe's

Blood in the hands of kings,
Tend to your tent oh Israel,
For who dare to face Pharaoh

And free the Hebrews from
The slave of death!
Let the untold tales be told,

Of misery and myth, religion
A relic, sold like gold to
Faithful followers!

But a delirium of death!
Yet we find home and
Hope in that crested scripts,

For there is hope in
Hopelessness!
Science holds no

Conscience, but kill the
Unborn before it's time!
Who do we run to!

The winds are blowing
The bosom flowers away,
Wondering why the fools

Fly to avoid the inevitable,
As we all fall under the
Heels of our hubris!

This globe is cloven in
Two!
Dead and the living!

Here comes the days of
My dirge, find home
Under the cover of this

Coven, till the last sound of
The trumpet, and the days
Of doom has ended.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

I Plead For Mercy

I PLEAD FOR MERCY

Impale me, let me pay
The supreme price to
That which I owe death,
For my debts!

For am a hypocrite in
Thoughts:
I assume the mantle of
That which I never wore

That which I disdain
Takes side in my
Thought's,
I wish I could turn the

Broken bottle to an
Open Bible,
Impale me that I may
Redeem my honor and

Live never to die again,
For the dead die to live
A new, the penitent
Sinners were the saints,

Yet death is not a grief
But a Gift!
Silence slayed for a laid
Brother,

Am a poet possessed
With the seer of a
Prophet,
Impale me that I may

Not murder your sons,
And souls in me, for I'm

A holy hypocrite, what
Am not, is what I'm

The things i hate i tend
To do:

My spirit is willing, but
My blazing body is
Wavering!

Today my pen bleeds,
Because i bleat's in
Soul

We sail in a world of
Wilderness,

Where wildling wax on
Us,
Yet my far future sins
Were paid with his
Blood,

Impale me that i may
Sleep to wake, and see
That ceremonies in the
Cemeteries

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Poetry Of A Broken Poet

The waves and the wind whipped,
I peaked my pen, as my hand Quakes;

That I have sat in sober,
Reflecting on that love flunk that
Flayed me,

I sip the insipid taste of Love, my
Desires deserted,
Livid by the lies of love;

The hidden lid to my heart was
Never found, I lay back to bed
With the lyrics of my mother's

Tale's but this wrong yet grow's
The more I try, the more I cry,
the things I love I tend to lose,

Like a defiled effigy I look, for I
Fought fiercely for what is min,
Yet the heart want what it want's

While like a mauling kitten for
it's Mother's bosoms I moan,
The agony of the agogo speaks

From it outcry, a heavy heart of
Lost;

And now my death is dead, my
Heart is hard, soul's sold to that
Which feel's no more;

While at the brim of breaking all
That I had, and held so dear,
For I have loved, and lost;

I live, like I never lived, for love is

Old, and odd, and as wrong, and
Strong as death;

Yet the only love I seek, I see in
My mother's bosoms and the
Inward part where I came from

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Broken Past

As i approach the apex
Of my time, how do I
Treat the threads of old

wounds, and past life
That still lay's and
Lingers,

Perhaps some hurt's will
Hot forever, yet time has
Retired me from that which

I never chose but was
Chosen, no longer the one I
Once was, but yet paying

The price I bought, and
Brought, wrath's and ruin
Rules, chaos, and chasm but

The red dawn will triumph
We voiced, but all void to
The vultures, and now a

Lesson learnt the hard way
Black veil bride thought's
Of love been vile, as love

Hurts, brothers betray's
Friends besmirched;
Shall we then break all

Bonds of fellowship from
Folks to foe!
With the lips of love the

Poets preaches and practice
Peace, but has non;
For by inheritance the

Blood of a Christian run's
But atheists bond, love is
All I need, but all I see

Seems crimson, yet deliliah's
Lips my path, and parts it
Shall never come to pass,

Those whom I deserve much
Torn's me in two, and gave
Me less;

But brick by brick I shall
Rebuild my heart to love
Again

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Juda's Kiss

It has been established,
And accomplished,
The little lamb finally
lay to rest;

juda's kiss in June, a
plot gladly taken!
so dine, and wine for
you've won today!

yet not a defeat; but
Better be I fall in my
Maker's hand, and not
The biblical bleeding

Barbarians, as ideo of
March replaying, and
Paying back it debts
My days here might be

Done, and doomed though,
But time shall tell
Who stand's the test
Of it cause, and curse

Better be death before
Dishonor, for my wake
Was done before my doom

As they snitch, and
Snigger;
Isaac's blessing stolen
By one seeking for power

To rule, a sour to the
Heart, yet Esau's weep
Will never be min,
For the fruit I never

Bite i have been beaten
The theoretic gladiators
Still can't descend the
Cain in Abel's sheep!

But so bent on why it's
Always the prodigal poet!
So strange that those who
Break bread, and bed with

Me now seeks my fall!
Those who dwell, and wine
With me gathering together
To gnaw a single soul!

That my bones be buried is
Their daily thoughts, yet
Let the man mocking beware
That he doesn't fall;

That script in the
Scriptures tells of a man
Faling seventy seven times
And still rise up stronger

The bad never wash of the
Good, and neither can the
Good the other, but God
Pay's us all with each

Deed's, I will face my worst
Fear, and accept my fate, so
Nasty, and naughty they say!
For I felt the fear long ago
But wasn't frightened;

Its been dirty from the start
And now am haughty, for no
Discipline is taken for good!
But obviously it's done on

My oblivion, that never will

There be a honest hearted
Man on earth

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Epic Love

When shall we learn to love,
And laugh again!
Lily livered I'm, but I bleed
When pricked;

Why would there be life
Without you I wonder!
My tent, and heart yields, and
Yearns for you, my priceless

Pearl, how still I stare, and
Stunned at your angelic
Splendid, a glorious goddess
In her prime, and sublime.

I could hunt deer for my dear
One, while we grow crops
Together, till we grow old
And cold.

And when the day drowse,
And dream we told tales of
Love lost, my Emerald
Turquoise;

Hear me you, in this hue;
See me here, for where I'm
Is what I'm, that I long for
Love as our bound, and tight

In heart you should seal me
Close;
So many words lost that may
Never be find.

Yet If you could ever tell my
Story;
Tell tales of the bright star
That burns forever in your

Heart, and that your various
Smiles, was min,
But remember;
That there's no life without you

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Honor Prevailed

Allow me my last bread, before my
Last breath, I pray you!
Tearful farewells awaiting, but
Unspoken;

Groans, and grunts on my head
Thinking of the proud prying
Eyes that never sleeps, my
Defiling days are done I thought,

But this mortifying grunge keeps
Growing all day;
Where fore can we forge an
Eternal bound!

Shylock knocked! But they said
Is evil lurking, but I embraced
Him as the evil I know, and not
The devil on my back;

For better be he I know, and not
The unknown I knew not, Blacks
Might be beautiful though, but
Blessed with a curse of only my

Own, and own it all;
Those who told us the stone
Spoke, and we thought them a
Saint in snake stead,

Dinah dine daily with the wrong
Ones and payed dearly;
and those who break bread with
Me now seeks to break my

Breath;
How strange the heart's of men;
I'm a high born, and highbrow,
Bound to my father's blood, and

Traditions;

I rather swoon, than swore to
Silent to a death dog that knew
Not honor,

Why veil the vile, and die of guilt!
Not in my blue blood, for honor
Deserves honor,
Saw swore to sword David his

Once true companion, and the
Once sweetest angel now the
Devil!
Nothing is new;

What words, or worst can you
Dare, that wasn't before you
Break your dawn;
Yet this clear water of my

Prophesied poetry is crystal
That thé only honest man is
Thé man in thé mirror, for all
Evils are devil

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Hidden Tears

From the crested crave, to the Crying child, the agony Woman to the unborn, the home

Above my abode is weak, and Weary, as I linger long in cage, And chain,
Cascade of tears rain's on me, Joys Of motherhood smothered, And murdered,

'Oh how the weeping waters wail, My tears couldn't tell enough, I See vacuum of
valor, with no Virtue;

So far from home, at the turn of The tide my thoughts, and time Wasn't min
anymore, the storms Bickers, and the rain makers wail

The god's are death I say, with no Heart to hear, and heartless to
Our pain that reign; for here is Death, and deceit;

Detriment of a man is another's Joy, long ago we learned but Never wise, we
dine on dirt dung From our own misfortune,

Yet i've gone gray awaiting his Great grace, as we wonder in the Wilderness of
our thoughts, an ill Brewing illusion, why the maker

Made the middle tree, and our Eyes bound to bad,
Mother earth mucky womb I call To come soon;

For painful is death but peaceful
and worthless are things to dead Men in dust,
'Ah alas this vile, and evil days

Have fallen before me, yet I Rather burn than bend my knees to yield,
For i see my patience been crown And their witchcraft, now my
Leechcraft.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

55 Years Of Drowsiness

wake, and make way
Brothers,
Let's fight on, as long as life
Hold's us free,

The love, and labors of our
Heroes past, passing, and,
Fading away,
From the mountain top to the

Moon we cry loud, yet this
Civil evil still persist;
Why will I pledge to a country
That will plague me?

And a nation that will nail me?
At fifty five we celebrate the
Days of destitute, and austerity
In joy's stead,

Why jail a juvenile seeking job,
And not the blood ties of a
Child soldier, their scripture,
And teacher is the street;

For our leaders lay Siege on our
Wealth, and bleed us of
Freedom, those political
Barbarians with no brain;

We will not be bamboozled
By the baboons that seeks
To mock us,
We cry for civil peace, and not

Civil unrest;
Arise Oh brothers, for we've
Played the fool for long, those
Lunatic sons of lucifers must

Not lead us astray, we live in
A dead desert, surrounded
With the flow of life with no
Wits to reach,

The vampire probate, and
Reprobates, procrastinate,
Toiled with the conglomeration
Of our black race,

Awake, and make way
Brother's
For there's no art without an
Action.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Strange Heart

Allow me my last bread, before my
Last breath, I pray you!
Tearful farewells awaiting, but
Unspoken;

Groans, and grunts on my head
Thinking of the proud prying
Eyes that never sleeps, my
Defiling days are done I thought,

But this mortifying grunge keeps
Growing all day;
Where fore can we forge an
Eternal bound!

Shylock knocked! But they said
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Him as the evil I know, and not
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Once true companion, and the
Once sweetest angel now the
Devil!
Nothing is new;

What words, or worst can you
Dare, that wasn't before you
Break your dawn;
Yet this clear water of my

Prophesied poetry is crystal!
only honest man is
mirror.

That the
The man in the

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Prophetic Pen

Why would science try to
Sacrifice, obscure, and obliterate
The trace, and race of religion
I wonder!

Was there ever inquiry by the
Jury, the devil too might have his
Own vile reasons! A delirium of
Death on the way,

So strange how history sounds,
And seems like misery!
Should I take the sermon on the
Moon, and not the mountain!

The demons came with omens
And mock the monks for following
Suit, the pope, and papacy knew
This! Ranks, and rock is all I see

Today! The priory pry into the
Future, and failure, seeking
Secrete's to tame the world, now
I see the crickets cryptic tweet's

Evil elected, while vile thrives
The Greeks long for logic, I for
Love of truth, and wisdom, last
Night the king's knight departed

Absent his head! For he's seen,
And known too much, the poet
Too might not see the dawn with
This lines!

But before my doom is done i
Shall feast on the field of victory,
When my banners in battle line
Will fly high, my name will be

Remembered by history, while my Epic pen Wouldn't stop bleeding,
And at Last beneath the glorious, And Starry skies I shall rest.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Pandemonium

Haggard hawk hovering
High above, mother hen
Perturbs, for it's woe to

The world, angels falling
From heaven to hell,
Merriment, and women their

Act of action, the
Perfect ones brought the
Rules, and broke the rules,

What though will a mortal
Man do?
I see serpents in saints
All day'

The clergy with all their
Energy couldn't hide this,
Heresy highly murdered,

Was the devil right in Eden
They wondered,
Perhaps my eyes are still
Bound to be opened,

They find Solomon's bane,
But it can never bind us,
With their segregation of
Levity, and laity,

Was Galileo Galilei for Gog
And ma'gog?
Or the creator?

Where my thoughts, and
His's still wails in the
Waves, who will elucidate this
Elusive self existence, and

Phenomenon, was there?
Were they, is there ever the
Enlightened ones?

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Poetry On The Way

Before this battle was
Over, and when the
Curse start closing in

On you! Beware with
Your bewildered wide
Eyes, that this poet once

Prophesied, but yet like
Esau in a hurry, you soiled
Your porridge of blessing.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor



PoemHunter.com

Honour

Curse Rome and let Caesars heir
Hear, the braves weren't the only
One who wouldn't bow, fear too is

Favor, and useful, for here honour
Beget horror, the beacon is
Blazed, get ready for unknown

Phenomenon, the world live for
Slaughter, and plunder, back then
At the road going to golgotha,

Someone's back is weary of
Rawhide whips, there on his
Crucifix, impeached, and impale

On the pole, but his gift of love
Was strange to the world, a bad
Water is the world where we

Must all take a sip to live, some
Stood their ground, and were
Thirsty to death, those who will

Live must lie, and yield, for non
Dare to stand, they bound, and
Buried the truth, and at dawn

They merry, and mock us with
Embellished lies, long before
Dawn will I be dinosaur if I Dare to tell,

Yet the poet's pen must speak,
I rather face fear, in run stead,
So like pharaoh's freed my Children will not know pain, and
Weep

Yesterday the running man Ruined bravery, today the fleeing
Man fight, I'm the one voice that

Wouldn't be silenced, so don't
Presume to play coin with me, for
I know the Greeks, and their gifts Which turned Troy to dust

All men falls, but the manner,
And time tells, yet the world
Must know that with a man's
 Blood the price was payed.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Erotomania

Sober brown branded
On my thin face, a voice
Still cries from the east
Of the rines,

Barren of bread, and
Brandy's of life, waiting
For a delusional love upon
A distance shore,

Day, and night my empire
Mind envisage that
Emerald eyes, a crimson love
That seems so far fetched,

From the poor play of a
Carpenter's son I came to you
But can anything good come
From Nazareth you raised your

Voice, I gave the whole I owe,
The best part of me, for the
Best part of you, yet that which
I ever wanted was your lips on

My name, and non that need
Be spoken, for love is a curse,
But blessed are poet's with it,
This honey comb might be my

Tomb though, but I must dare,
For I told death my trumpet
Will triumph, the grave grief
Before me, for my poetry is

Hope, and home, and now my
Darkness is done at dawn,
Delusion elude's me, but that
Cracked heart, is haggard,

And might never love again.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Dear Mama

Take this message to
Mary, that I have fought
Fairly, and fiercely for

This love, but the battle
Is taking my whole,
I have waited long years

As my long hairs now
Turning to ashes, like my
Childhood dreams

Where I envisaged a
Paradise place where we
Will roam a home while i

See your beauties like
The butterfly that flutter
By, as beautiful like

Madonna the mother of
Our saviour, now I faced
chaos

Moment of fight, or flee
yet I pray you save my
Heart from this, that I

May triumph with the last
songs
Will be sang of forever

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

A course, and a

trumpet, and our

Unfaithful

Empty in eternity will
I be without you, so said
Of you, yet I never descend
The serpent deceit in Eden

How vile your venom of
Lies will lay and nail me,
Those dark days like my
Memorial verse that left

Me quakes, and quote of our
Gorgeous, and glorious
Ecstasy which was once
Better, but now bitter, as

I now feel the stench, and
Stings of love, like a
Whimpering woman I weep,
While all your thought is

My death at dawn, and the
Sun's wax, and wake you
Wouldn't want me see, as
You bemoaned my anger

Another bad trait the
Blood of every man holds,
Yet why will a snake be
Perturb of the slickness

Of a snare, those lips so
Slick, and rich with
Embellished lies with your
Words so clear, and cruel.

You played my precydex, yet
At night the bed shrinks
While you smile, and smell
Of bad consciences with

Another, now I know why the
King killed his last duchess
For better, and bitter of them
Both, as I dread the coming dove

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

A Goddess In Distress

Under this misty
Mountain I set sight
On a damsel in distress,

Why men mistreat virtuous
Women I wonder, yet blame
Is not ours, women's wants

That is as vast as the
Universals, who would be
So Boad as to boast of

Feeding them all, for love
Is so little a thing that
Has led many men to run,

And Ruin, I stood still as I
See the one you held so
Dear hurts you daily, while

I picture my future with
You, a lady that lays on
The line as my light, and

Life, I watched your lonely
World with the wrong one,
As I dream of a yielded

Maiden in my bosom, my
First, and past kiss taste
Sour, and bitter, yet my

Lips look so lonely, and
Get dried daily of your
Taste, I will rise at dawn

To see the dove that dote
Me, for if love be the best
Words in the world I wish to

Whisper more a day, as night
Falls, and fades away, with
Every winter that comes.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Bring Back Our Damsels

Bring back our ladies,
You faceless, and
Motherless monsters,
You've long held them

In the hell you call
Sambisa, while their
God given freedom, and
Right you denied them,

in that abyss of
Discomfort they wept,
Yet their tears you
Didn't Cos'set, what

Greed is this evil
Deed, our Precious
Stone you've stolen,
While their dwelling

Place you blazed with
Fire, your gods you
Imposed on us, but to
Bow is our choice, and

Not your force, our
Souls are filled with
Sorrows for the voices
Crying in the dark,

Freeze with fear of a
Faceless phenomenon of
Abduction, and subjection
Of slavery, are you not

Mortified to defile a
Minor to marriage? while
You cause pains to our
Daughters in a deadly

Condition, and unremitting
Frugality, and brutal self
Denied, we reject you as
Our country men, for your

Evil mortify's us all,
Bring back our girls
Have gone viral, and wide
In the world, yet our

Sisters you sized, you
Hoist your whole high
In shame for your deeds,
And now women cursed you

With their birth pangs,
And pains, men cursed you
With all that is evil,
Beast voiced to devour

You, the soil cursed, and
Rejects you, the dying
Man cursed you with
His last breath, and

Even the unborn cursed
You in their mother's
Womb's, you crooked,
Crook creatures.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

To My Son Benjamin

Today I pen this
Striaight to you, that
it's nolonger strange
That Benjamin will be

Born as the last born
Of all, and so it was,
Like a flickering
Flame, how fast time

Fly, how great we grow
To want to be how we
Were, whom we were, and
Where we were, with our

Innocent soul like a
Flower untouched, yet
There's no greater
Good, non glory, than

For we to wine, and
Dine, but I say to you
Son, that there's no
Greater history, non

Victory than for we
To fall from this
World a free man, I
Fight for you, and the

Thing that was, and
Will be, my legacy,
There are false
Friends that was once

Good, those who will
Ply tongue to taint
You, yet you will live
To tell, the true one

Was the devil not once
A delightful angel? yet
He lied, and failed, but
As an innocent son your

Future sin has been
Atoned, so when you
Caught sight of a
Cathedral, widely open

To your confessions
Don't look away, but
Wet the alter with
Your supplication, and

Wait for the wise one,
Do not play with a
Practical woman, or allow
A call girl practice in

Your household, that you
Do not defile the holy
One in you, bow to he
That made you, for we

Were made in love,
And to give love, will
Be delivered by love
On the line

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Ogbanje

Who dreamed that this
Beauty will someday
Build a boat, and sail
To no return, those

Goddess that comes,
And go to torment the
Thought, and hearts of
Men, but will never

Stay, and live: i see
Riddles in the dark, an
Illusion of a baby
Goddess born, but never

Live to see the light,
Yet said to have sail,
And live among the
Little goddess of the

Sea, a beauty bestowed
On them with a curse,
A majestic misery, born
Daily with death as

Their curse, a sad saga
In Africa soil, of
Womanhood, and birth of
Daughters of the sea, a

Phenomenon untold by
Physics, those immortals
That tend their heart
On mortal men, wasting

Time, and thoughts on
Jealousy to see the
Fall of them, while we
Men merits on things

Beneath them, but yet
We were all made a mere
Mortals, and never see
Pass the sea of mortality

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Darkness Elude's Me

DARKNESS ELUDE'S ME

See the withered weeds
In my face,
A hardship in
Disguise,

Those who seeks to
Mock me have made
Me stronger,

Let they that slain my
Silky heart beware,
For i am Shylock,
Forgiveness is a sin:

Why privy into my
Private path,
Ply tongue everywhere,
Whispering poison to

Infect my laurels, but
Lite little candle of their
Own,
A mortifying groan

Beguiled, and becloud
Their whole,
Those wolves wishing
To devour a little lamb,

But lamented in their
Lost,
They that fill their
Fellow with filts, are the

Cruel that brings ruin,
Those cynic seek a
Savouring meal of me,

For the dogs, and hogs

To pelt me with Wheat's,
Yet they tremble before
The prodigal poet like

Rigors of birth pangs:
They judged the Jew,
But inquiry by the jury
Was nothing!

Oh father Abraham:
I pray in my prime that
This prying eyes do not
Prey on me!

Those who pray till the
Moment the moon arrives,
But may their moon god
Guide not their Hands

To my guts,
For mulky is hell,
The Christian's faith
Make much about

Forgiveness, but long
Bereft of it believes,
Yet the devil's in the
Evening will never rest,

Till their vile visit their
Victims,
But God bless Good
People,

And the wolves in the
Wilderness a fatal flaw,
And carrying a flag of
Failure

Blood Of The Innocent

My deemed voice in
The dark cries and
craves for help, am
Bleeding, and my

Innocent blood
Speed on the alter
but my brothers
Laughed, and geared

I cried out in a
Deadly dungeon, but
What says that fool
Of hagar's offspring

They muttered, but I
Wasn't deterred, they
Said they seek to
Save, but in reality

They seek to devour
And deliver me to
The one who scourge
The holy one's hill

Our maker made me a
Pure soul, but now
You condemned me the
vile one, I vouch for

You when I heard vile
Of you, why not same,
Yet you said u wish
To deliver me from

The devil, but you are
Actually the evil, you
Seek me death with no
Delay, your betrayals

You called brother,
Shadows of the past
Still plays painfully
At present, I called

Your name, but instead
You nailed me to a
Pole, Scorned, and
Stone me, like cane

You've rebelled
Against Abel, but my
Body never beat for
Revenge.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Valerie

I will never live to
Leave you, for the day
I do will be the date
They burn my body,

With you in every
Season I see no reason
To stay sad, I wish the
Day never get dark, and

Dead with us, for the
Fear of losing this
Love sizes, and seals
My heart, I longed for

A song and god gave me
The poetry of you, a soul
Of no sort of stone, in
Samaria I will dwell

With Valerie, like the
Morning sun her beauty
Grows like Madonna, yet
As pure as Diana, I look

Back at yesterday, and
Smile with the thoughts
Of you, and I today, I see
A time when our tale will

Be told by those who knew
Our glory, but not our
Story, yet in every winter
Even without a twinkle of

Light, and life I will
Always be there, as long
As you held me tight in
Your memory

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Broken Vow

For this night, and
For all nights to
Come was our sworn, and
Sweetest words, but you

Left at length without
Looking back, we vowed
To it a thousand times
A day, yet it was all a

Broken vow to Valeria,
I woke to a war I knew
Nothing about, when our
Love like heaven, but

Now hurt like hell, deep
Down in my mind I plead
For your ears yet you
Weren't here, why have

Vile prevail presently
In your heart, is still
My illusion, the whole
World was once sweet

Because we were in it
Together, why then did
You vow if you are to
Bow? for how long will

I wail, and whisper to
The dark without the
One that promise me life
How long will I drive,

And drift in the land
Of dreams for one same
Hope, but remember this,
That I was there when

No one was, and yet not
Really much that was
Once given were taken
Adieu

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Forgive Me Father

I hide it in void,
And vanity, but to you
I kneel today, my
Heart craves, and is

Crammed with vile, and
Vanity'filled with
Fetish, and failure, my
Tongue I can't tame,

But with obscene,
Jesting, my thoughts I
Have taught with sin,
And errors, and my own

Hands ever clever to
Cunning schemes, my
Steps to your house
Of worship I'm not

Worth, and worthy, a
Devilish evil rules
My day to day thought
While I bread'and bed

With bad men, I follow
The god of gold, but
Forgot the rules that
It's the root of all

Evil, my whole being is
Blind, and filled with
Worldly fantasies, I
Heard the sermon, but

The good deeds I
Ignore, and men of good
I planned to gnaw, I
Claimed the morgue in

Immoral-es but actually
The mogole, the rebellion
Of babel doomed Babylon
Till date, but will I

Face the same fate? in my
Front I'm lazy to remove
The laid evil, even when
Delivered, and batisized

With his blood I still
Crave for the things I
Left behind, my
Conscience is Soured,

And my inner man
Whispers a disdainful
Sin, now i bend my
Knees, and begg for

Forgiveness, thereafter
Back to my behinds, I
Saw the saviour like
Jerusalem but spite on

Him, and say I don't
Care, I'm now a slave
To sin, as I stay at
The whip, and whim of

Its desire, I have
Begged, and lied, but
father this time you
Know it's true

I stay sad for all
This evil still
Salvation is all I
Seek, but can't steel

It, the prophets have

Prophesied when every
Scriptures, in the
Script of the scribes

Shall come true, but
Non I gave ears, I'm
So sick that no doctor
Can cure, but the only

Medicine I know is his
Blood, so give ears to
My supplications as I
Suffer for my wrongs,

Wash me clean from sin,
And release me from it
Slavery, take me to the
Paradise place where

Every art are of holy
Activities, batisize me
Back with the holy
Springs of life, and

Send your holy spirit
Back to me, then I shall
Embrace your bosom, like
The lost son to his lord

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Broken Heart

Will I not stay a
Moment without
Mourning, and craving

For you? you break
Bread, and wine with
Me, and embraced me

In love, yet you lied,
I lived for love which
Thereafter killed, and

Stained my soul, but my
Body blaze for revenge,
What then do I know of

Love if not that poets
Promise to die for them,
But they were all shadow

Words of a mortal man,
Like a priceless pearl
I had you, yet you hurt

The heart that hold you
high'now I prayed that
You pay the price of your

Pride, for you left me
With nothing but to live,
And lost

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

In Love With A Stranger

It was the Saddest,
And sweetest day,
That silent night

When I saw you, but
Couldn't say my
Heart'to gaze upon

Your pictures and
Be denied of your
Touch is itself a

Sour to hold in
My heart, my head
Still ask my heart

Why I held you so
Dear when you knew
Not the torture in

My heart, i have
Faced the dewy
Jewelry wrought of

Air all night for
You, but to no avail
While the hope of

Your lips lyes in
My head, and heart,
I tried to turne

Thoughts away from
You, yet I yeild
When I was wet with

Your water of love,
Those wetful gaze
That glooms around

My eyes still lingers
In this lightless hope
yet I will rather part

And pave way from a
Troubling dream than
To hold this grunful

Sour inside me, yet my
Sealed, and stainless
Souls wil sail with you

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Apocalypse

Once upon a time when
I stood as a trained
Student to pour out my
Poems on the podium and

Platform, like a preacher
To the crowd while my
Disciples cry, I told
Tales of a script in the

Scriptures why darkness
Encroached, and creep in
To the heart of men'that
Evil, and devil rules,

For it will come a time
When love leave the land
And men turned sour to
Another, when the songs of

Solomon was sang no more,
That wisdom is gone with
The Gray headed ones that
Once hold to it, that even

Babies no longer trust the
Breast of their owner, when
Men will be friends to
Grave yards, that what is

Desired, will be deserted,
That even the valiant, and
Villain run, and much which
Were once, many now banished

And tarnished, and the world
Thrown into the abyss of
Discomfort, as men reincarnates
To cannibalism, while the voodoo

Priest resurrecting death dogs
To feed on for their magic, yet
The land run red with mans
Blood, the priest, and priestess

Chants incantations to incarnate
Those who hears, and heels them
And calls it preaching, men drinks
To merriment for tomorrow might

Never come, so I bow to my maker
That made me, were we to return
To the dust that we were made? Why
Then were we made if we were to

Fall were we were made? yet the one
With description wins the race,
For description is the best part of
Valour

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

As Beautiful As That Night

That night, under the
Fig tree, when your
Eyes'like those of
Doves'beams'and blinks

At me, as beautiful as
That night, when I laid
In your lain' waiting
Like a city' under a

Siege to sail with you,
This we did' but the
Little we could do'for
You were taken'yet even

As Many as the sea can
Quench the fire'but not
My desire for you, I
Walk from dusk'till dawn

Drawn by your blazing
Beauty to behold, this I
Held in my heart, that
Night the cawing gulls

Caws but we felt no fear,
For the skies bless, and
Bliss our being, now I
Find you no more as what

Was there may never be
There again, but have
Stayed, and strayed of
The lain.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

No Tears

This were the poetry of
A broken page,
That every written word
Is a poem of pain

What is life when the
love you lived for are all shadows, and vapours,

Cursed is love to those
whose lips linger's with
lies, and love,

And so it was said of the
Passing away of our
Love songs, I never knew
It was all but shadows

And shaltered dreams,
I
Forfeit my breath for
It, when I wept with tears
And thoughts of love for you,

I gave you my heart,
Yet you fled, and flirt
With what is min, leaving
Me perplexed, and helpless,

I see, and feel the stench,
And Sting's of love,
The thief is gone with so
much, and so much to find
The thief,

No tears, but tainted
With pain,
Now I cursed love for your
Sake, to save my heart, and
The tongue which once

Cherished, and cheered

Your names, now spiting
On it.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

The Pretty Serpent

How many men, sons
And souls you have
Spied and spiked
With your beauty, who

Will not bow to that
Snorious tones you
Told like in Eden
That made her yield.

That slippery lips i
Will never sight to
Sigh, who will not go
Astray gazing at those

Starry striaght eyes
Sited like the little
Queens of the heavens,
Those eyes bright as

The night stars, still
As clever as ever sends
It radiance to me, I
Wonder why the maker

Made this middle tree
if we were to be wise
And went astray? what
Will a mortal man do

Than to yield to her
Lead, that pretty serpent
That silence all speeches
With love, in her side I

See sadness in the face
Of the ugly, I spent
Endless, and sleepless
Night waiting and wishing

To worship her, but
atlast a snake she is
And my risk and reek of
Death.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

To My Unfound Love

Far from a thousand
Years I have longed
For this dream, yet
It's seems far fetched

My quest is my wish
For love, my pen
Is quaking as I write
To a love that will

Bow, and be, hererafter,
I rather say this in
Plain than in pain, that
I be the bright star

That burns brightly
Forever in your heart,
I have kept this sacred
Secrets silent as the

Grave untill I fined
My unfound love, but if
Only you could see the
Storms in my heart, as it

Rains from my eyes, my
Faith fainted and flew
From me for I can't hold
And wait any longer, is

That a foul, or am a fool
To loose faith in my
Dreamed love? or to sail
And solijan on and wait?

This days are like the
Unpredictable bird of
Prey, yet better to
Die wanting, and loving

That men may see what
Is dead may never die
Yet, but pleased and be
At peace

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

The Dawn Of The Year

Who thought that I
Will see this new
Dawn of the day, the
First born of a year

That yields hope to
All ages and races,
So let's rise and raise
Glasses, not for the

Best bear, but to a
Better tomorrow, I heard
Rumors of your coming
And for once gossips

Were right, not wrong.
Let the past things
Pass away, as the new
Year sways in, I cherish

This day as a mortal
Man, for every moment
Might be our last, so
No more slinker, no

More stinker, wining and
Dining is now a sour
Swine, gone are times of
Chassing pleasure, rather

Than treasure, let the
Odd things die with the
Old years, and let, s fight
And fantasize on the coming

Ecstasy, and usher in a
Fair future brighter than
Anything we could ever
Imargin, a paradise earth

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

To My Last Duchess

Dear dolly, from the
Darkest dungeon of
My heart I wrote from
Hell, and if failed to

Touch your heart, then
Nothing could ever
Appeals the goddess
Till the time when

everything now
Alive are all dust, I
Felt frightened never
to win, for death

At dawn await, s me if
I loose, I will never
Love again was once my
Sworn oath, but with you

As my last I shall rest,
I sought, and search far,
And wide for the best
Lullaby to lure your heart

To min, this I gave you,
Because of you that white
Teeth in the night I faced
A thousand demon when others

Will freeze, yet if I should
Fail, and fall out in this
Race to trace you, then I peak
Death, than duty, for my name

Will be written in the land
Of tale land, that here lies
Benjuzzy the poet, in his quest
For the last duchess.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

To A Dying Mother

In the beginning was
My dear country, which
Now is my death country
Then with her virgin land

As pure like diana, and
As chaste as madona, with
Nutrient and natural beauty.
A land that gave us birth

And blessing, then it was
Groundnut, and cocoa, coal
Palm and precious stones,
But she embrace modernity

Which brings us oil boom,
As it caused us oil doom.
Her children in the wild
World try to cause her

Early grave, as she grief
And linger in darkness,
And in doubt, bould to her
Grief as nights falls and

Fades away, in winter that
Comes without hope, will she
Be dour founded forever
Untill all the world is

Changed And the long years
Of Her lifes are utterly
Spent? Oh my death and
Darling country Nigeria

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Poetry To My Night Queen

It, s so fair as it
Fell again on the full
Moon, let's wake dianas
Soul with songs, and

Celebration, is my
Birth day a cause
For celebration? or
To look back home

To the soil that
Calls me son, that
Night, my moon queen
Moan in the morning

Of birth pangs to bring
Me forth, great tears
Of lipsy in praise to
Raise the maker for me

Her cuddled like bird
In the nest, and manifest.
You are best among the
Rest, I bowed to confess

And here we cling, and
Clink glasses together
Today to toast in the
Hall of herot, but shall

I live long to see the
Love lines of this lyrics
Sang by my sons? here lies
The perishing young rose

And the lingering old tree
But I shall live long
To kiss the last days of
My household

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

To A Once Trusted Friend

Streams of sadness
flows down my cheek,
eyes tortured and
stocked in their living
sockets, which now is

food day and night,
whispers of a nameless
rumor grows in my head
and heart, yet my ears
can not hold,

that my once true
companion keeps scheming
vile and evil, for the one
they once embrace in
friendship, the man with

bread in my table, now
seeks me as his breakfast,
time has changed, so dark
and black, beast now better
than best friends, which

were only scheming a way
to make the sheep invite
a wolves to a dinner, i
search and seek peace, but
finding non, and the one

i hold with many esteem,
sold his honour for a
palate of pleasure, and a
mere treasure, let him eat
shame, and hold a mortifying

groan forever.what a
perfidious fellow, and a
ravenous friend, with pebbles

You pelt me, but rocks you
Shall find in return

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Elegy On The Grave Side

gone but never forgotten
was your voice so loud and
long, but you have won and
gone home, wondering in
silence of our forefathers,

the time he stands like the
great tree was tremendous,
when the songs of jozor was
sand high, but now the king
has faded, and fallen in battle

in the hand of an inevitable
enemy, and jozors song was sang
no more, the few streams in my
eyes is now the flowing river,
even the skies wept, and wail to

honor you, for those who dare
not boast, and beat their chest,
in his presence, has don so as
men, what a great lost of
ornament, like troy in one night

now i crave for your caring
bosom, but its not there, who
tells the fairy tales you told
us last, who tells your story
of a hero, who tells it better,

why then do we born, and to
burn our death, like the heathen
kings of old? and what is more,
if not that men have grown, and
die like the wheat's,

and weed, and weathered
away, as if they have
never grown,

may the native return to
its home land, adieu

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Gentle Dove

Where is my dove?
My most gentle dove,
I have been in want of

You, like a restless
Sheep in search of
Water, see how still

She strikes me, like
A listening deer caught
By The wind she strikes

Me, in your
Bosom I have find
Peace, and freshness

My flesh has grown
Faint with wanting,
And longing for you,

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Your looks twist the
Strings of my heart,
That they turned my

Mind with love for
You, yet like a little
Lily among thorny

Weeds she strikes me,
Her blistering is as
The blazing of

Marbles, my heart burns
Like fire in the night
When with you, lips

So ripe like the berries
Of the world, yet a rose
You are, eyes bright, and

Blue as the sea of the
Sky' yet the gentleness
Of the rivers flows in

Your heart, fly to me, and
across the mountains
Let's climb high and

Grab it good tiding's
Where nature's peace will
Flow, and follow us forever

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

A Second Paradise Lost

it takes to no sin in
eating and drinking, but
soon in it we re sought
to grossness and darkness,
and we are awake, and yet

we are at it again,
hypocrites, after a solemn
swear to heavens, soliciting
for repentance and
a savior, granted then, you'll

be with me in paradise
was the best hope to a thief,
yet we all wait and long for
it, wishing we were the one,
for he is saved now,

and the savior is gone now,
still a paradise was promised,
with the gate fee as truth,
and the sons of men chose lie,
that the serpent said the same

thing to eve, and yet, with his
seduction he succeeded why not
me, says the son of men, what
unwise decision against the
most high, yet in that lie,

lies dead, and some to
success, but the truth
that sets us free is
obscured and strange,
and to some a paradise place.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Sojourn With Love

standing wetly in
the winter cold,
waiting for someone
yet to love,

with my heart
withered and weary,
for i have been
pelt with wheat

in mockery.
in my adventure
i have sought
solace in solitude

for my wise and wishful
thinking has turn
wistful the wispy
dews so cold on me

but yet unfelt,
and yet am still
waiting for some
one to love.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Our Past Heroes

Dark sweating bodies
Bent forcefully, almost
In two shuffle up gang
Planks under the crushing
Burdens of enormous bales
Of cotton,

Rootless overseers drive
Them on with rawhide whips,
There the screaming children
Are torn from the arms and
Bosom of their weeping
Owners,

There after sold to the biggest
Bidder in auction bargains
There comes the creaking
Wooden vessels with holds
Crammed full of
Frightened,

Hordes of humanity bundling in
Unimaginable squalor, as they
Toil against their will and wish
Making carpets and carpentry
Amending roads and ruins
Planting

Sugar Cain to be caned with,
In pin locked mouth, forcing in
Young roses and ravaging
There they were abashed
And abused
And yet they bear it,

But rejoice for the
Sweating is now sweetening
Bliss forth radiance for the
Tears of yours is now the teasing

Water of glory.

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

My Child Hood Dreams

and so it came to be
in our thoughts to see
good days and merry
making, yet when in solitude
i sought for you, when
darkness embrace the skies,

i was in thought of it,
and so i will like to sneak
in, and steal you the treasure
of my pleasure, how wrong and
young we were to throw
cautiousness to the wind,

as we elope in such a place,
were we in that kind land,
to live forever with flowery
roses, starry night skies,
glistening glints of greed in
eyes for love, the quietness of

the world, and it's forest,
gracious grasses, and it's
gracefulness, yet the wind continue
to whisper the wint of fear, but
yet unfelt, and what is more?
our striking lips together

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

The Sojourn Of A Great Poet

A black day for
a dark man, was
the last of a poet,
yet in his agony

pardon was denied,
this poem, will not
kill me tonight,
for i have spoken my

mind to what is just
and justice, for the
preservation of liberation
and liberty, and yet

it came to pass the
last of this great poet,
by a ruthless general
in his quest for freedom

and right, not that he
cared for gold but for glory
my heart bleeds and leads
me back in his time,

when the wrong word
was heard by the wrong ear
as he was tagged for treason,
yet never did he contemplate such

but cooked by the crooked cookies
to obliterate his racial trace,
to this great poet the appropriate
words i have none

but his name will stand
in the land of history

Songs Of Sadness

With sad, and sighing
You passed away.with
A hardening heart we

Wept, but you will
Live forever again
And find peac, for

Death is cunning who
Can know it? a crook
So hooded and cloaked

That everywhere he
Spies and slip pass
Our weeb of life, you

Fell so fair to rest,
So cold like a morning
Of misty dues still

Clinging to winters
Wispy springs.only the
Fools fly, and fear it

For we will all fall
Someday, for this days
Is an hour of wolves,

And Shattered shields.
No Hope to prevent and
Shield the arrows of

Death.for men rise
And fall lik the
Witless wheat, but

Their death, and deeds
Will be sang of
Forever

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Thoughts Of Sadness

I have dwelt in the
Thoughts and tents of
My heart in torture,

Thinking of one milky
Moment yet to come,
That every stray thought

Of it makes me slim, and
Sick, this burning I feel
Inside like fire rushing

And gushing with guilt,
That I can't get rid of
Either, where and how will

I find the one who will
Seal me tight in heart?
What grace is given me,

Let it pass to that one
And be spared of all peril
For the world has grown

Great with gross, ness that
Love is now mingled with
Grief as we find love in

Grave for things which
Were once held so dear,
Now obscured, and sober

Benjuzzy Okpuzor

Tomorrow Never Dies

At the eye closure of
the skies it comes
one brief moment, the eyes open
and here it comes again

like a child it toddles
gradually to reach its destination
it's our coming future, on a long road,
more at a distance

taking place at a time after the present
come it must, go it trickles, stay it does,
but for a while and never stays,
that lies our hope

it's our destiny,
it could be delayed
but never taken away
it never dies



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