

Poetry Series

Blessing Anastasia Abaka
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Blessing Anastasia Abaka(June 8 1991)

I'm a writer, school in Nigeria. I write with the passion of my ink. I keep smiling bcos d lord is my father.. I DREAM, WRITE AND LIVE with my ink.

A Poetess, writer & a SIGNATURE.

A Broken Heart

A cheerful heart, what happen to it?
Does it break like a glass or does it cut off like a tree,
Does it smell like a rotten egg or does it fall like the snow.

A broken heart it is!
Does it sink like the droplet of the rain,
Does a broken heart Explode?

Why isn't a cheerful heart be appreciated?
Why is there condemnation instead of praise
The humiliation and condemnation make me want to cry.

Why does everyone please themselves before others,
Why do they insult those who are cheerful.
To me they are wicked and selfish
They have eaten up their emotion of love.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Anastasia The Lily Of Love

Anastasia, the heart of the cheerful
Numb by the velvety echoe of the singing bird
Amtsy by the sound, she ran to the mountain
She stuns with the spasm of love
Tenacious, she never want to give up the climb
Amused by the sweet melody, she crey
she saunter and hold the singing bird
invigorating, she begsn her sad saga rhymes
All she needed was to share her love of the lily.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Death

The five letters, one word
yet prescind the love from the beloved
Death keep you empty
and filled you with a vacuum
It unleash your mindset and
isolate you from your dreams
It quash your taste and it pleasant suck like hell

The five letters, one sentence
yet have a embellish of tears
Is like a droplet of snow that you need to be beware of
because when you are suck in it
it makes you quaver

Death is my fr-enemy
He has make me cry
He has stolen a great colossus away from me
I dislike him so much
because he only leave a sad mark in your heart
He is like an emcee that place you on your sit
That introduce you for the next era

If death is so kind,
why then dose he never ask of permission
before proceeding with his plans
Death i will say is a man without vision
it's like a wind that blows without warning.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Emeka~2~come

He is the music lords,
And valley of rhymes.
A Bibliophile, and the dreamers of dreams
Under his care are embellish of caucus.
A quintessence boon companion ever sees.
Under the carers was a sarcasms
That made him clench his teeth.
Sitting by delorate streams,
World losers, world forsakers
On whom amour rest.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Emperor

What indeed can an emperor wins?
Lands, horses, wealth, pride?
To be an emperor, a great emperor
It takes thou to kill.
Kill or get killed.
War is war!
War makes wars,
War has only one rule, 'VICTORY'
Victory is the language an emperor understood.
Killing his meal, Winning his pride.
Alas! what else can he possess?

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Exam Fever

Warriors wake up!
It's time for the battle.
Refill your ink, clear the desk
Dusk your notebooks and textbook.
Run through your syllabus,
Plan your zones,
For war begins in 7days,5 hours.

Warriors hope you're awake.
It takes 4 months for a writer,
2 months for a docter,
1 month for a lawyer,
1 night for a student before the war began.
To fight for survival
Yet the mere warriors stand vivacious.

If a paper comes very tough in exam
Just close your eyes for a moment,
Take a deep breath
And pour out loudly
' A crystalline subject, that is very interesting'

Fight the fever with laurel.
Be calm, self equipped
With facts and figures
To conquer this feverish battle.
Best of luck i wish you.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Family

The sky is the poet page,
We are the poem.
The attribute of rhymes,
Combined into rhythm,
Differentiated into two folk
called the folksy,
Which are the peerage who do good deeds,
And the bad peerage who do evil deeds.

We commit, hence it makes us the sinner
Reconciliation into repentance make us the pure soul.
Family are like tree
It take time to grow,
But developed in bulks.
It's like a rain, it falls in unit
But enlarge in ocean.
We are one, despite the color nor religion.
NO rebellion, no nonentity.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Follow Your Dreams

'Follow your dreams because it will lead you to greatness'

Go confidently in the direction of your dreams

Live the life you have imagined

Reach high,

for stars lie hidden in your soul.

Dream deep!

for every man proceeds the goal.

Every great dream begins with a dreamer.

Always remember!

you have within you the strength,

the patience and the passion,

to reach for the stars to change the world.

All men dream, but not equal

the question for each man to settle

is not what he would do if he had

means, time, influence and educational advantage

but what he will do with the things he has.

so often times it happens

that will leave our lives in chains

and we never even know we have the key

Hope is the dream of a walking man

the best way to make your dreams come true

is to wake up.

you must hammer and forge yourself into one.

commitment leads you to action

Action brings you dreams closer

Hold fast to your dreams,

for if dreams die,

life is a broken winged bird that cannot fly

Life is like a game of chess

the hand that dealt represents determinism

the way you play

it's free will

I cannot give you the formula for success

But i can give you the formula for failure
which is
'Try to please everyone'

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Golden Black (The Symbol Of Originality)

The golden black of unity, that cascade upon my deep stress.

' Who said black is not golden'

'Who said black is not dignity'

'Who said blacks are not determined'

'And who said blacks do not have self objectives'

I pray for my country, I pray for the sick,

I pray for the determined, I pray for those that love, '

I pray for my family, I pray for all.

As i sat upon my golden chair looking at my skin

The golden black of the nation,

Then I remembered the song my mother used to sing to me.

The poem she taught me and the laughter we both shared.

I remember the way she clean my tears

And the way she told me

'Black is golden'

And i asked her why,

she whispered to me

Cos you're golden, d black in you is beautiful, pure and bright.

AND I said to myself;

'If I'm golden, blacks are determined'

'I love my Nation'

'I love beauty'

'And I love my Golden Black'

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Heart Slotter

Lost but not love, yet i sank deeper.
Blind and frustrated, yet i move slumber,
Toward d darkest sea of unconscious bleeding.
I sat on d Zulu of pouring
I was found going gaga of unspoken mystery.

Chanting with my cold voice,
The deadly hymn of love.
I'll never echo the rhymes of loving,
cos it never compatible for a single heart.

It's really nuisance for falling in it,
So unfair for a golden heart.
It's stupid, but crazy.

Not sweet, but tasteless.
Till the dawn turned into night,
And rain turned into blood.
It mean nothing at all,
Nothing at all to the heart slotter.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

I'M Not Your Prisoner

Under your domain to thy i cried for safety.
U hold me caption with your powerful passion of dark love.
I felt lonely, though you stood beside me.
I gave you my heart, you isolate it from your heart
And make it to hyperventilate.

I stood up with the glare of your presence
At the podium of dark love
Shunting, yet i stumble,
Struggle for a balance.
Life is unfair i voiced out
And within me i know i can defeat you
It all realize on me.

You hold your saw
Telling me to stay put
I drew closer, inebriated quaver befall me,
As you pull me back.
Hold me as your prisoner, under your domain i cray.

Amulet, to thee i prayed
Relaped on the rekindle of Amour.
Thy love hypnotized me
And make me dumbfounded.
Free me from the hands of the jailer
Because i don't want to be his priso0ner anymore.

i know, i have the volition of boon companion.
With the strength in me
I free myself from his dark love.
Humming the song of unwanted love
As i flew away from his castle.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Kiss

Mouth to mouth resuscitation
Time taking, NO reboot.
Revivify one's heart, not forsaken.
Make the owner resurgent.
Rebuff at first sight
It's a rebus that is very cynical.
Alas! it enrich one's heart
It s echoes has the sweetest melody.
It time has no limit, no law.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Life Of A Gemini

What usefulness is life, if there is no hope?
What usefulness is love, if there are is no passion?
What usefulness is your eyes,
if there are made the fools to your other senses?
What usefulness is kindness, if there is no desire?
'Who dare to speak of kindness, where there is no love'
'Who dare to speak of passion, where there is no hope'
I watch the beautiful whisper of the singing birds
Composing their sweet melody.
I watch the animals given comfort to their little ones
and their loves ones.

I looked up to the sky,
wondering how beautiful it is to be love and care for.
I saw many stars in the sky
Twinkling with their beautiful light,
It blinks like a golden eggs,
Scattered around the garden,
Loving each other company
Surrounded each other in a sperical shape.

And i wounder!
How beautiful it will be when two people
luv each other so much that they can hardly seperate.
How lovely it will be to be care for
as the birds cared for each other,
Singing their sweet melody
Composing the sweetest lyrics.

'I hate those who hated thee'
'I love those who loveth thee'
'I feel for those who are helpless'
'How I wish the world will be a better place'

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Mother Nature

Mother Nature gives each age its own special horror.
Death never comes at the right time,
It always comes like a thief.
All who are born die,
All who die will be reborn.
All of life is nothing more than a motion picture
Projected into a vase screen.
Life is not a curse,
Life is a song.

Mortals have always exaggerated the difference between love and hate
Both comes from the heart.
When you were in love, you knew no fear or hatred
When you were fearful, there was no possibility of love and hate
And when there was hate, there was only hate.
you can never hate strongly
Unless you have loved strongly.
Longing is older than love
And one cannot exist without the other.

Persistence is the key to solving most mysteries
When you have eliminated the impossible,
Whatever remains, no matter how improbable
must be truth.
there is no use in asking why,
It's like asking nature the same question about itself;
Why is fire hot not cold?
Why does the eyes see and not hear?
Why is there birth and death?
These things are just the way there are.
The opposite of love is not hate
It is indifference
That is why so few people find God.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Numerous Wishes

Forever i want to dwell in the presence of kingship.
Feeling as a queen in every arena i worship.
Oh! How wonderful it is to be knoweth and be serve by others.
Washing my feet, hair comb and bath by maids.
Numerous servants under my commands.
My chambers surrounded by beautiful garden flowers.
Sitting on the throne with my crown place upon my golden hair.
Putting on the finest lace ever seen,
Costly perfume ever wore,
Lovely girdle tied around my waist.
Oh! how glorious it is to be a queen of the universe,
A beautiful queen that quenches the thirst of others.
A queen of great passion of wanting.
Living in the place with her heart hold to it.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Perpetual~ Ending

Life is Perpetual, even after death.
On the voyage to my castle,
An idyllic thrive strive through my mind strength.
A tale of life after death battle
That can be easily perspicacious
But hard to subtle.

Living like the death, yet unconscious
Of the zillions challenges we all vouch for.
HATING with passion, yet prayed for mercy tenacious.
OF what heart can we sincerely plead for
When we are inebriate with hatred.

Our idiosyncrasy lays with the loon goddess.
It not yet dim to us because we are nude.
Thus, i know we known the truth.
We preach it, yet run away from being adjudge.

It's very ignoble to our mankind faith,
Putting a veto to our living
To penetrate through our mindset.
Dilute our conscious with bettering,
If not, our perpetual life will be consume with sins.
Idest, we must live with love.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Sacrosanct

I have a pen and i called it my Success,
A watch and i called it my predictor.
I have a pair of glasses and i called it my vision,
An aircraft and i called it my Destination
I have a dress and i called it my Identity.
I have a book, i called it my Diary.
I have a company and i called it my Dreams
I have a friend, i called it U.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

The Calendar

Days are for Cinderellas,
Weeks for lovers,
Months are for brides,
Years are for Achievers,
Decade are for happy ever afters,
Century are for History,
Thus, life still goes on.

Riding with time along my daily routine.
Ticking in seconds and minutes,
Clocking in hours,
Making a list,
Getting labelled,
All stored in the calendar.

The calendar is life
Its takes 365 days to run a full revolution
how do you tick your calendar
How does it labelled you?

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

The Magic Pen

seeking for the answer of magic pen
i was drone in d shadow of icy water
search for my way out
i was lost in the magic world

seeking for the answer of the magic world
i was suck with the love of ink
that beautified my dreams
with powerful words
it makes me never want to be found

lost and don't want the be found
because i love d world of magic pen
it make my ink never stop flowing
my words never stop topping

am coming home
home of the poet
the home filled with love
am coming to review the answers
so that your ink will never dry off

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

The Travelled Heart

Traveling to the land of the titanic,
Dreamt of love of the fairy,
That cascade upon my icy of eve.
Loving but not living,
I sat forsaken, no words utter.

To thy i prayed for his humble touch.
Don't let me go astray of you.
Since you gone, i don't know myself,
because you took my love away.

Going out mending with friends,
Just to trade the loneliness away
Caricature jokes and riddles to forgone
But nothing can take away the passion

Beaten my chest as i walked along the sea,
With the droplet of tears,
That cascade on my check.
Heart lost in the land of titanic.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka

Your Words, You Mind, Your Soul

Words are powerful motivators
We can use them to curse or bless others,
Encourage or discourage,
inspire or belittle
Enliven or deaden,
Embolden or frighten,
Grudging or ungrudging,
Embroided or disembroil.

The mind is a powerful tools
You have to develop it,
Protect it,
And use it wisely
But most important than your mind
It's your soul that touches people
You can touch the world
It's depend on who you are
It's who your are meant to be.

Sometimes the connection you make with others
Sneaks up with you.
You share experiences
You have history
You from a bond.
The briefest connection can make
The strongest most indelible impression

Sometimes we lied so that we can leave
And we also lie so that we can return
But beyond that,
We do everything in our capacity to live by the truth.
it's not complicated,
It, s very simple
It's because YOU LOVE THEM.

Blessing Anastasia Abaka