

Poetry Series

Bonaventure Onuabuchi
- poems -

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Bonaventure Onuabuchi(15-06-1993)

Bonaventure Onuabuchi Njoku is a young writer/Poet from the Eastern part of Nigerian.

He started writing stories at a tender age of about 14. And his poetry career started at a later date, prompted by some difficult situations and life challenges that were frequently bringing him sadness. His first poem was written in an exam hall as his answer sheet was seized due to his inability to pay his school fees. Till date, depression, sorrow, pain, tears, and disappointment have been the themes surrounding his poem. In one of his quotes, he says 'sorrow is my poetry foundation'.

Currently, he has no published book, but he has written many.

A Shining Bright

There's this unique bright bestowed on our earth's surface,
That the sun, the stars and the moon have come to spectate.
Her sparkles surpass the sun's and the stars' stoop,
The moon of the night at will joins the hailing group.

With no regard to their heights kings have come to adore,
Queens and princesses too with their loftiness on the floor.
All dazzled by the beam of her smile,
Whence I found the light for this to compile.

As today your unveiling we celebrate blessed queen,
To thy Potter I plead this bliss evergreen.
That no cut to thy breath will breathe
As this world and all it entails seethe.

Great you now and tomorrows more,
Not like mere flowers at the rise of sun die.
But like gold at the tests of fire soar,
Till when this phase waves us all goodbye.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

A Whale Of A Time

Farewell is my accolade,
I say to the time gone by.
Die lively and visit no more.
No wrench is worthy in our parting.
Guests abound in my new abode;
a dainty dahlia of dancing damsels,
With blasts of light-hearted pleasures;
smiling faces that never cease,
revelling in snogs.

Did here lived in the past?
The thought took me back to the forbidden home!
Embracing the saliva-soaked pillow,
No damsel is in sight;
the abused past still my quest.
Because life is a dream.

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Agony Of The Twisted!

On this doomed and gloomed dawn,
here I lie alone,
warped and twisted.
Only with sorrows mixed with tears
that refused to shed.
A broken heart
that seeks to be whole.
The songs I sing
are that of grief and sobbing,
which are my late night meditation,
consoled with crying
my morning devotion.

Wandering in thought,
and landing to nowhere.
All I seek is an aberration
from life to the under-earth,
the end of this breath of agony.
But courage is a coward,
it embarked on a retreat.

It's like an emotional paralysis
to be caught in a broad day
by the drops of condensed moisture.
Battling with the waves of afflictions
with a staggering breath.
Abnegated by both heaven and hell.
Life fade and death refused to come.
Presumptuous threatening
and backwardness so dim.
I stands in their unfriendly middle
crying to the deaf of humanity.

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Beauty Fairest

I will never let this honour slip,
Nor against endless will I to its green grow.
Desiring no fairer beauty in my sleep,
But your lips upon mine to bestow
Kisses, that on men's envy will my fortune pride.
And at my desires' length long-
I will need a space to make it wide,
That I will your name my haughty song.
Song of 'beauty fairest, spotless, and no stain.
And if I through my song make you mine-
The astronomers a derision and such to my sprain.
Then your heart will my soul everly dine.
We will feed on love and happily stay,
Keeping everything else at bay.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Captured!

My armour couldn't stand their missiles anymore.
My defense is no longer whole.
The vow is murdered;
with the me of then buried.
Left is a lost ball in a high hill.
Rolling at the command of love;
and fondness from the damsels.

Never think of getting rid of;
dancing to the melodies of their love.
Even the hindsight didn't arouse a strikeback.
For the delight of dwelling on the hill
I gruded on the call to go back.
And denounced my former will.

I seeked refuge under their wings.
Request granted and got me covered,
treating me like done to a king.
Caring not that I looks tattered;
their whole they offered me to always cling.
There on their arms I realised that I'm CAPTURED.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Do Not Call My Solid Tears 'poem

Do not call my solid tears 'Poem
Though in blacks and blues they may roam,
That just would seem your sickly thought,
And stoutless like a loosely flag my truth.

Do not call my solid tears 'Poem
Words that are made flesh neither tramp nor roam.
It may in liquid had all tears seen,
But I wouldn't my tread where this world trod,
cos I am me that couldn't my strange world forsake.

Do not call my solid tears 'Poem
Have not lines and rhymes their home,
In those heart of what grey hairs give,
Whence they hail and live.
But my heart will not this progeny's nurture claim-
Not even I boldly to this I mostly cherish and declaim.

So do not call my hopeless tears 'Poem-
For not I will under this brazing roof hunt.
Those tears are the orphans of my broken heart.
And if I do not cry I have let my fountain flat,
And like my tears' may no longer breathe.

Do not call this tears 'Poem
Do not turn it a merry song,
For every melody here will Heaven's ears' disgust be.
Do not like the murderers dance
Through funs will our ruin immortality be.
But like the cross bearer, live your mourning uncut.
Cos our country is dead,
Murdered by our trusted saviours whose hands are spotless.

So like every I, in futile dream of resurrection promises,
From my tears will my respite feed.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Eureka

Worn seeking for it,
In the depth of grisly pit
Below the mountain base
Through tunnels of thorns and maze

Severe seasons dawn
Violent and grisly fit
Dreadful loves like when dogs fawn
Come to plague a feeble grit

Alien cold and blow
Condensed tears snow
Roaring threats unseen
Ally in the demolishing mission

Still I rise,
Out of the encirclement of the allied guards.
Yes I arise,
The man with the emeralds

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

For The Sake Of Silver

At the foot of my heart are wishes to cut dignity's unending tale.
And by heaven I will invent gentleness' demise-
For these golds of mine aid fecklessness for a while reasonable.

!

At the foot of my heart are reasons to detest golds replete of worth;
Not letting my pride rob me of this temple,
Through what salvage upon my cheerfulness repose will come.

!

At the foot of my heart lies this bello; silver
Who's made the morning sun unending,
And I willing upon my whole self my heart-
That I will achieve this gentleness and dignity stoop to my cut.

!

For the sake of silver I will deprive my state a name-
Cherishing all that slaves are bound to.
Methinks I should my ventures to lock this unending bright-
Stooping so heartily to her love, not so low as to regard my fame.

!

For the sake of silver I will the wind's job steal;
To worth the man who weighs my course and my curse.
Making every deed of mine what heaven deserves,
And my feckless kind will be immortally dead, for the sake of silver.

.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Forbidden Fate 2

Once more I curse my fate again
That I can her every clinch lose
No one in sanity freely will choose,
To be me and this me freely retain.

Once more I watch my dreams and scream
How far I am to the nearness and beam
Scarily, perusing how tomorrow may not live,
All the shambles and all that yesterdays cannot give.

Once more I conjure today and cry
For this drowning me in a buoyant dryness,
Floats to his end with no end possesses,
Except stillborn bliss dreams and wishes supply.

Once more I weigh my course and curse the cause
How heavily now it is, how lightly then it was
Posing why tomorrow should not even be born
Shrouded in this mist, all dreams just like my garment are torn.

Once more I scorn my life with delight
With my every submissive parts, the heart aside, wanting to off the light
Stealing from me that courage with which such end can be achieved
With this heart possessed I wait and watch this light faints unrelieved.

Once more to the world for help I cry aloud
Seeking each time my Potter's face
Yet, this gloomy cloud I cannot erase
And silence like a roaring thunder is all from the crowd

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Free Me Lord

Free me Lord I yawn everyday
From these grips that turn me to their prey.

Save me Lord from this grisly pit
Prepare me once to be strong on my fit.

Revive me now there is no strength in me
Turn my demons like ashes be.

Distance me Lord from all that I hate
Bring me now to this world from my mind I create.

Store not my treasure till when I get cold
Let this youth of mine behold it unfold.

So far I do exist, but none of these while do I live
Watching my world relapse while I do grieve.

Getting just old without its pleasing tallness
Nearing that sleep at this tenderness.

There are these tears at nights and much more at days
Unlike all that your word says.

Murdering me slowly, breathing than I do
Even my meagre breath turns me blue.

Today passes by and tomorrow refuses to come
Both despise me, so whose offspring will I become?

Without you above, I'm nobody's child,
Rolling just like a dice.

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Gentle Sleep

Gentle soul, gentle sleep;
The grievance bestowed upon us.
It waded into our hearts:
Our joy, it withered, our fun confiscated.

Gentle sleep of a gentle soul;
The solemnity of our once cheerful faces.
Vigour of our hearts, where are they?
And our euphoric moods, like the wind, now beyond our grip.

Gentle soul in his gentle sleep,
But we are lost in such searing silence.
For many whys we do wail,
But to which when do we wait?
Now that time has refused to move;
also stuck in grieving the lost.

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Goddess Of My Heart

Enthroned me oh goddess of the beauties;
let me a seat in thy heart.
Bestow upon me the envy of the gods.
Treat this love to no nostalgia dawn.
Preserve its tenderness to neither shrink nor age.

Virtuous emblem of my soul's delight;
Beautiful rose! Do bless the heart that seeks to extreme,
To behold thy adorable visage.
Lead my eyes to no more rain.
And deaden my fear of thy favour's lost.

Immaculate virgin, crown me the Lord of thy Holy Temple;
How Heaven says and sanctions.
In thy heart my soul entrusted,
And on thy take, I wait my fate.

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Hoping For The Midnight Sun

I will work my peace,
Salvage some sleep from the tornado!
But they rest upon;
If the unruly gust will ever quit,
And should the wind lunges towards with a lullaby.
And they depend;
On the blindness of the stars
And; when gloominess supplants moon's light
Gleefulness will bestow on my face,
If the gloaming alights,
Like to bless with a night.

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Let It Rain!

Let it rain,
for the ocean is thirsty.
The ocean once filled by water;
is now dried and dusty.
My heart is at sea.
The cloud is without moisture;
I see no tears from the sky;
I want Heaven to cry;
and flood away my own tears.

Let it rain I say!
Since the sun has refused to rise.
For the smile of the stars;
It's an irritating response.
It's insufficient to brighten the gloomed weather.
Let there be conflict!
Since peace makes ridicule of me.
Let there be mooning;
My star is far to reach,
I see pride tag on its tail.

Let the morning dews quit,
and let there be a violet tears from the sky;
for the dusts in my eyes are much,
that only the agony of heaven can moist it.
Quit your melodious tunes of sorrow;
oh! tiny little stars
and conceal yourselves.
I see a storm coming,
and the sun going to be dimmed.
As for me!
A dried sea fears no rain.
A shattered mirror panics no longer
at the hearing of a stone throw.
The game is like this!
Backward never,
forward not yet;
till there came a violet rain!

Life Is Like A Wind

All the life's like a wind!
What makes men merely day dreamers-
That which we claim'est most we do not own,
But what we dread'est becomes everyman's boss.
Life's like a caterpillar becomes a butterfly,
And where beyond grip and sight it may will'est fly.

.
All the life's like a wind!
And no man's art subdues its blow.
Nor through act the boss be dispossed.
Wisdom beckons every art and act to create a banquet,
And nurture this fading phase.

.
All the life's like a wind!
Why men's grief at a butterfly's flight for greener pasture?
But I, amidst mourners on duty,
Should envy that man whose rest has assumed a throne-
Not to outweep my depressed fate,
Since this state must one day decay.

.
For all the life's a wind-
We need no mourning whither it blows!

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Lost In Silence

I've lied pertinently to, and; in earnest.
Spending so much to nurture my fear.
The things virtue forbids; I've done.
There has been much harm to love.
Many times, the hurt obtrudes upon my thought.
And each time, I realise the need to dethrone my deterrent,
I only succeed in talking at length.
But virtue wouldn't parallel such truth
Like talking much while saying nothing.

I know I haven't seal my lips.
It's the right words to fill the gap that I fear to unfold.
They are too heavy for my mouth;
That's why I always leave them for my heart to her ears.

It's now silence and noise, and they couldn't concord.
And the silence is louder than the rival,
Creating a pantomime; and odd fruition!
Imagine! Dying in silence, though;
I have been talking much
But, 'I LOVE YOU' hasn't be among those echoes!

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Love Afar In Our Midst

The youngest brother;
The power of trinity to perfect every flaw
Has been the nothingness; home for his hopes.
Titeness lulls his interest
Listening to the unrelenting echoes of 'oneness;
The fount of the bane of his life.

And the eldest brother;
He speaks the piercing language.
Touting the lie; love will be born of morrow!

And the middle brother;
Complacency leads his demand.
Perhaps; hoping that time will deliver the awaiting child.

"Love is a fraud amidst us";,
Keep saying the youngest brother.
"It lives nearer to death than to life";
"Our mother is barren, and birth canst of her";.
He needs no more truth; that's if the echoes haven't been lying.
His delights savour of secession;
To be a man and of his own.

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My Nigeria My Worries.

I can't hide anymore,
the fact behind my burden,
the rise and fall of the nation,
the land of my painful birth,
the home of my unrecognized existence.

Nigeria is mine, Nigeria is ours!

I said!

She our pride to be proud!

She is mother to be cherished!

She is our right to defend!

She our nation to build!

But unity is death unburied.

Peace is conflict, and troubled.

Patriotism just history disclaimed.

Anthem sang un-pledged,

with voices divorced.

Just left with history to mourn.

History told neglected,

the war our forefathers fought,

getting our mother a legal marriage.

The wars are gone,

perhaps with the weapons,

the gut, the might, and the spirit.

The joy of 1960 is gone.

The war is no more against the white,

the now is ourselves we fight against.

Arise o compatriots!

Let's awaken this strong flow of emotion.

Forget not to recall,

the labour of Zik and Awolowo,

Belewa and them all who died,

for the legal marriage of our now sick mother.

Again I came an inculcator,

Nigeria is ours to preserve!

Nigeria is ours to serve!

Till then,
I feel no end to my worries.

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My Own Tears

The needs aren't due; wasting time,
If the mission is to share in my tears.
The planks that hank in my eyes,
The flowing stream will flush them away.
The plaques that're bright in the dark,
Are history's duty to dim for the unborn.
Don't go to the bother of keeping me warm,
The summer's sun will soon spring.
Maybe; the many scars and gloomy days,
Loneliness will be my best companion;
Cuddling me to my pains' delight.
If Nostalgia should come to lead my quest,
Maybe, to annihilate the bond.
I will feign, lay down the insincere truth.
Bury my face in uttermost euphoria.
And no gaieties of the past can dig it out.

I will live my tears now that I am alive,
To save my mourners the duty.
But let them wash in the sacred stream
Of blood and tears, that bleed out from my eyes.
Though, I'll pour it in their hearts.
And I will give tomorrow some to drink;
That, if men couldn't remember,
History will forever tell
That I've done my own mourning.

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Not My Line Mum

We have been in this floating race,
our peaceful conflict.
A competitive race of amity,
of unity, though in diversity of direction.
Floating with struggle for the shore,
with harmless weapon of who will first be there.

All of a sudden you came,
and disapprove good will,
prejudiced on the future unknown,
being biased against one of two flying birds.

Just of the high-fly of the eagle,
you charged the dove of laziness,
you castigated and deprived its birth right,
that you gave to the eagle

The dove retain a calm creature,
Its silence seem to irritate you.
You came up with a fierce threaten,
You demand its change of track on the race,
and possession of wings like the eagle.

It seems touching a raw nerve to the dove,
It showed you the fight against nature in that
It protest still in silence,
but you didn't quit.

'Wait and let see what the future have',
'the future you blamed unseen'.
Continued the dove,
changing my track you aim,
but it wouldn't gwouldn't name a fame.
Blame me of an ill-result end
And not now at the middle of the race

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Ode To A Poet's Muse

Oh! How marvellous thou to my core,
Maiden made no flaw.
In blossom like a cherry, thou art,
Cuddling my heart.

Oh! precious rose of the beauteous garden,
Beyond my words to unveil.
Angelic voice, and thou heart no defiled temple.
'The heavens' tours down to spy
Thou 'splendour; canst her issues' be compared-
..... Glory of the stars.
..... Eyes of the sun.
..... Light of the moon.

Oh! Queen of the bleeding hearts.
The beam that blinds my blues.
Bestowed rose upon my forlon heart.
From heaven thou alight:
..... To quell my blights
..... To bleed my pen
..... To days unbounded.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Painful Exodus

The wind whirls, the earth whines in slough of despair.
And the sky's smile has been dethroned,
Fogs and gloomy cloud rulling!
The sun, the moon, the stars -all shrouded in this darkness..
Heaven losts her cheerfulness, the world her repose.

.
A plenitude of grief overwhelms the kingdom.
Tears out of home trundle in sheer boredom.
Every mug shuts its gate against beam and animation.
And the market square takes on a forlon garment.
Though it seems like heaven will soon cry
But the trees know the solemnities is beyond the expectation of rain-
They join in the motionless sullenness.

.
Oh, in our bleak hope; the futility of mourning,
We plea' thee whose bosom is every soul's craving at rest-
Relieve the thorns in every bereaveds' heart,
And let heaven to affirm the quest of the departed souls.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Please Don't Go

I do not lie.
I lie amidst truths untold.
Hunk of prank; galling to digest.
The sweet sorrow of lively death,
overwhelming odds of a blissful dream.

Pofaced in a laid lie,
where death is for immortality.
I feed on its hostile hope,
reality in a garment of uncertainty.

Now, your "bye" afflicts in a tearful gaze.
It burns a poignant choking in a dream like snare.
Mournfully, I plead...
Please do not go!

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Reign Of Immorality

Righteousness is making a loud cry.
Calling the service of humanity.
But sin sinks to the depth of mankind;
and they deprived chastity of its virginity.

Iniquity has been crowned with justification.
Pride being address as 'His Lordship'.
Falsehood now a member of the bench;
leaving humility a victim of humiliation.

Crime now bears a legal tag.
Lawlessness denied the law of its right.
Obedience and respect live to hue and cry;
but the ears of men are deaf to their outcry.

The perturbed servants of righteousness run helter-skelter.
Fairness surrendered grudgingly to partiality.
Sincerity and truthfulness embarked on a rout;
for the reign of immorality has become a reality.

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She Saved Me

The night like a wading foot;
The twin of my bleak root.
The dawn of light shunned the shore.
Then was beauty like a sage spurring every act of misery.
The footpath of this golden age was out of show.
Each merry dream was contradictory.

The night worked in fate's garden
To The merriment of the abstract mountains hanging out.
An ungracious fortune was conceived in that pattern.
A rest was, born of wedlock,
A love like a tiny thread couldn't be stout.
All brought fame to insanity and hardluck.

Nigher to break, mine fortune broke,
Whence compelling lies ages doubts-
And such a dwelling is what love do find,
Buried with truth in hearts of no mind.
And in this land a miner of hearts I was.
Though, from surfaces I let my passion grew.
Many I found that faireth, but die didn't my chilling blues.
Till this maiden I find whose image 's my cheer's cause.

For this love do I my fervent prayer.
This heart will I in ceaseless crave-
Where found I my chirpiness' fount.
Not my pride to solely seek.
Though, in words seems I this honour engrave.
It's the thought I seal that mostly count,
What through words could not wholly leak.

You are the midnight beam, in days the sunniest bright-
That keeps the sun in daze,
My merry dreams a place in the light,
And all my nights immortally victims of your braze.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Shiver Not Silver

Am I a god that can through melodic gifts respire,
That from friends I'm bestowed this banquet of melodies?
Only the wind's can I call compare with thy sweet songs; hers on the flowers
ignites fire.

But I am similar to none that is worthy of such honour from your parodies.

.
I am a mere mortal mesmerized by a mare's nest,
Digging deep to deaden the death drawing down my drowning dream.
Can thee through thy songs crown me Lord of my craved nest?
I suggest for my soul some seconds drink from the sullen stream.

.
Only in loneliness I have found my closest companion
And in doleful silence I do my sweetest sound heard.
I weep so I could from such joy feed,
But none of these in the world I am a god have dominion.

.
Let me in this sullen stream savour my today's rest
On this foggy day I despise the most silent scream.
For mine is no SILVER_JUBILEE
Behold is my Shiver JUBILEE.

.
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The Joy Of My Cradle

At the thought of my home my mind shrinks,
And much more it does when my phone rings!
For that melodic voice that will bless has a rhythm that stings,
Haunts my heart, squeezes my blood and drinks.
While I'm needing more blood to wash off my stain,
Offering much of what I do not truly bring
That much more stain I through such benevolence retain.
Now, just like every then, there's this me to strangle the string.

.
Craving for this death that will feed my life with breath
But I cannot like a coward scorn my spring
Nor drink the water that can't till my night repel my thirst
Such Wisdom to posterity will make my name stink.

.
The cradle of me on a swing,
With many unclear sounds stealing my rest,
My mind they fog, with their brute my whole they arrest
That I resort just to the lullaby they sing.

.
At the demise of hopes lunges this voice with a sword,
Not to stab me, but the voices that are wrong,
And the inert me, it makes less strong,
That I have me the strength to quest for my stain a full void.

.
With no such fertile soil to link my root,
Through this voice I tap into morrow's light to blind today's night.

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The Lie We Nurtured

And now death has lived to his desired taste.
Truth despairs in desolation.
Life so forlorn like his quest;
Dies away and fails expectation.

The ubiquitous truth of the lie we nurtured,
Grows in fine fettle and outlives its sweetness.
No lie returned from the truth we tortured,
But hopes in increasing sourness.

Widespread disillusionment now lurks in every face-
But who will lure the fear out of its place?
Since it's now us and our desicated lips
Feeling the pains of our flawless slips.

Our hearts bucket down through the eyes,
But it's now too late being wise.
Heaven's gate has been shut;
And we are returning back to the shattered hut.

I heard we are one;
But why Pharoah's sadness when Isreal was fine?
Oh! Spare me not reasons why I shouldn't cry,
When truth is being murdered and buried in the sky.

How long should partiality continue in this splendiferous outfit?
To which when will dethronement befall discrimination?
Will ever truth; be born, that isn't counterfeit? -
If no, we who nurtured this lie will soon cry for secession.

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The Silence Of God!

The sky is just smiling
Making mockery of me
Heaven is so remote
That my prayers can't reach

Sorrow qualified being blissful
At the flashpoint of my predicament
Which gave birth
To the death of my hopes

Never lost my voices praying
But it seems just words for the wind
The sky is the limit of my voices
Hearing no response from the owner of heaven

I just barked but no bite
Since I can't redirect the wind
I surrendered I calmed I prayed again
Look up for a stimulus to gladness
Fruitless! yes fruitless
It all result

Is God for all or to some?
Is sin too deep for blood to penetrate
Many questions for none to answer

The haves thought me nuisance and rag
As god promises at home settles with them
While others traveled abroad
My works and struggles
Can't give birth to an atom of triumph
All gone with sweat

Rag they said I am
But I know I am not
The truth for sure I know is this,
THE SILENCE OF GOD
Makes foolishness of me

The Worst Of Me

Thorns entwine with the envoy of life.
That its cuddle is another strife.
With no fresh food to fondle the clench of heart,
A huddle of me betrays a painful hilarity.
Hulk of smiles from whose' heaven is bright
Defies my tongue to the dirty thirst of purity.

I dawdle to date a fortune,
whose rose rottenness now rest upon.
A polarity weaves out a rightful wrong.
Misery transcends and the mean man offers his meal.
The tortured truth that helps the heart overcome pinches of prong.
With no wrong to sovereign striking ones star and starving his will.

Life is mired; anchored on how often death sleeps.
Feeding the rarity to breathe shatters hopes in many deeps.
Grace funds fate in its cruelty-
Without the holy wash that defiles honour,
Should I have stick to my stain to save sacred beauty?
When reasons campaign the immortality of the armour.

Now, when the potter's yawn will be short
Wouldn't grey-hair and its splendour be shorn?
When to blight morrow's bane lies its quest

With all the abstract me queuing against their instinct.
Keeping at bay that bay I bask and rest.
But will such splurging save souls, and sorrows be indistint?

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We Are Not Lazy

The old tortoise farts again before his hailing hailers,
And its poignant smell nourishes our disgust
Should such silly sound ever from a father's cries?
So we are fatherless those in the Eastern hut.

.

Like airs from broken ballons we stray,
From emptiness we do our cradle installing
Working our nests and crest from pure clay
We do not wait for the rotten mannas' coming.

Bonaventure Onuabuchi

Why Always Here!

Life has prepared me a disgust before this world
That what feeds her bliss is to drain my blood.
Like a bird in the sky has no roof possessing
I worth me less that men's eyes dwell upon,
Questing; for the nest that will this street surpassing,
To enthrone me to worth that the hunters' quests rely on.

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To uphold this loftiness I have me and my abstract beings subject
With no abode in the nude except my pleasure's reject;
The home of the heart; the extreme paradise mired in turbulence
Where my relish dwells on all I once detested.
Not to oppose the potter's will, I feign an euphoric prudence
Standing me here calm, and in here dejected.

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