

Poetry Series

Ingibo Benson
- poems -

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Ingibo Benson(6th november,1993)

A Beautiful Sight.

Walking in the dark night,
I invade the nights calm,
And loving environment.

The night time was fun,
And the full moon did shone,
I saw the bright stars twinkle,

The green grass was wet,
And I sat down to rest,
On the hill lock,
At the hill top.

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Ingibo Benson

A Poem Just For You

A poem just for you,
My special gift to you,
Happy Birthday,
I love to say it again,
For you've been made plus one today,
And wish to say,
I hope your'e fine,
Inner peace and joy,
I wish thee,
Happiness and love,
May you see,
As you count your many gifts,
Know I have given,
A gift to you,
Written with pleasure,
Hope you might treasure,
What you see,
What I have,
I have given thee,
A poem just for you,
My special gift to you.

Dedicated to prince okezie.

Ingibo Benson

A Refuge

Direct my paths,
I know not where to go,
Lead me,
The road is dark and narrow,
Save me,
From those that seek for my soul,
Guide me,
Oh lord, my God.

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Ingibo Benson

A Song I Sing

A song of praise,
I sing,
A song of thanks,
I bring,
For what you've done for me,
For whom you've been to me,
For the love you showed on me,
A song of praise,
I sing,
A song of thanks,
I bring,

Dedicated to Priscilla Dagogo-George.

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Ingibo Benson

A Song Of Praise

Adored by lips,
To grace your form,
And to proclaim my love,
Like flowers,
With loving scents,
And beautiful heads,
I see you hardworking and cool,
Brilliant to the full,
Be strong and wise,
For you braver than you think,
And always smarter than you seem.
Paint my love.

Ingibo Benson

An Epitome Of Dignity

An epitome of dignity,
An african woman,
A virtous woman,
She has shown her self to be,

She fears God,
And teaches her children right,
She worketh willing,
That her children die not for lack,

She has girded her loins,
With strenght and hardwork,
That her childrenmight be also known,
An african woman,
A virtous woman,
My mother.

Dedicated to Deborah Benson and Priscillia Dagogo george

Ingibo Benson

Beautiful Flowers

Beautiful flowers,
Of different colors,
Beautiful flowers,
Of sweet scents,
They are loving,
And grow everyday,
Beautiful flowers,
Of different colors.

Beautiful flowers,
Some die every day,
On your leaves,
Lies the buzzing bees,
Beautiful flowers,
Green, white and yellow,
God made you,
Not just for a good sight.

Ingibo Benson

Birds Of The Air

Birds of the air,
How good you look,
Birds of the air,
How high you fly,
Some of feathers are red,
And you've also got good nets,
They do serve as your beds.
As you find a place to rest in them,
The best you do is fly high high in the sky,
And shake your beautiful tail,
When you see my eyes,
Birds of the air,
How good you look.

Ingibo Benson

Body Confession

Little hands,
Do what is right,
Little legs,
Lead to where is nice,
Little eyes,
See what is good.

Ingibo Benson

Cruel World

Life's cruel,
So we have to be true,
To our selves to enable us move,
Across any route.

Life's good,
We believe it will be,
So our might we put,
For our shame to be removed.

Ingibo Benson

Docile Ghost

The tattered gown lay fixated
She let her steady gaze trail
The people in the electric box
East to west
West to east
Each way they went her eyes
Were sure to go
From dawn to dust
And dust to dawn
All day long

It has come to stay
And be lord over men
Whose unguarded gaze
Defies intellect.

Ingibo Benson

Fate Changes

In a new case,
I'm lost in fate,
What 'll be isn't yet manifest,
Griefs and thinking,
Make one wishing,
These challenges never came.
For different outcomes,
Are far from what is believed in.

Ingibo Benson

Forgive Lord.

Make me who I am,
Lift me in your able arms,
Make me a known star,
And let my sleeping glory shine,
That I might be bright indeed,
And give light to all who believe.

Make me who I am,
Forgive my sinful act,
And refrain me as the potter can,
Sanctify me for your use,
And make me a useful tool.

Make me who I am,
Lift me in your able arm.

Dedicated to all those determined to succeed.

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Ingibo Benson

God Is Not Insane

Imagine a world were houses are gardens
Leaves are money
Apples like flowers
Streams long streets
Vultures are eagles
Lions my pets
Flies are cakes
The sky an arm long
And the night is day.
What if God made man from a woman?
Or the man a child's mother
What if a baby were a man
And the earth an endless ocean
Or the sky were man's land
What if no man had an eye
And the world a fairytale
What if no man would die
And a second was a year
What if you were me and
I am you, what if sand
Were salt and the world were in a frame
The world is beautiful as it is
God is not insane.

Ingibo Benson

Haiku

at last, the scorching
sun says a good night, like the
stormy seas of life.

Ingibo Benson

Happy Birth Day

Happy birthday,
For your day,
God has made it again,
To make you reign,
In endeavours that rains,
That you might make gain,
As long as you forsake,
Evil that may pay.

Ingibo Benson

I Have Sinned

I have sinned for a million years. my
Crimson red waters, thick by each crime
Passed every crooked path in guilt.

I have sinned since time begun. i
See my self weeping each night
'God break me from this filth'

I have sinned in a thousand ways. why
Lie i in Vanities arms and be an ally
To my very foe?

I have sinned in devilish habits.
Eyes that beheld my wicked deeds
Went eyeless too instantly
But now my heart is begging thee
Help me live righteously.

Ingibo Benson

I Just Can'T Wait

I just can't wait to be me,
I hate to watch like a fool,
But rather want to be watched all day long,
Then will I enjoy the watching,
Because I know then am not a fool,
A super star will I strive to be,
And know then I have fulfilled my dream.

Dedicated to Ibi-Dabo Benson.

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Ingibo Benson

It Shall Be Well With You

Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well
With him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.

-Isaiah 3: 10

Though peace your soul is denied
But your heart seeks many a things well
Hear ye the word of the lord
'It shall be well with you'

Though sorrow your home reside
And thy pain comes with the day
Hear ye the word of the lord
'It shall be well with you'

When darkness has passed away
And a new day has come your way
This is what the lord had said
'It shall be well with you'

When the sun's sleep begin
And the stars are out in grace
This is what the lord had said
'It shall be well with you'

Though thy shame be great indeed
And your name has a date with pain
If thy hope remains in God
'It shall be well with you'

So a poor wage you endure
But an entrepreneur you long to become
If thy hope remains in God
'It shall be well with you'

Ingibo Benson

Learning A Way Of Growing.

When we live to learn,
And forget to rest,
By doing our best,
We gain no regrets.

Growing in wealth,
Growing in health,
Improves our breath,
And lives us no ache,
As long as we ain't fake.

I love to know,
In order to grow,
In the show of life.

Ingibo Benson

My Mother

My mother,
My mother, my mother,
Oh God! bless my mother,
The best woman and dearest of all women,
An outstanding woman,
A mother indeed,
She cares for me,
And provides when am in need,
Who's this woman?
My mother dear,
Nations will know thee,
Your name shall be echoed in ages to come,
And virtuous women shall see you as their role model,
My mother,
My mother, my mother,
A greater woman I shall grow to be.

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Dedicated to Priscilla Dagogo George, And Deborah Benson.

Ingibo Benson

My Mother 2

O Mother! My mother
Thy love has made me strong
Each passing day, my humble pearl
Think I of thee, o fairest friend
For in those days when I wanted help,
Thou came by
It was all I needed;
Someone to share those forbidden days,
And in whose eye was a reason to live.

Mother! Mother!
Thy love has made me strong

Ingibo Benson

My Song Of Painful Plea

Suddenly, wild flames thud out
Of our little kerosene lamp
Mocking flames danced on me
With expertise. their hungry mouths
Ate my perfumed flesh in glee
My manful cries went heaven high
That aunt Priscilla came running wild
That Wednesday night of 10th November
Began my song of painful plea

Goat burnt skin as soft plum peeled
Sneering scissors thrust stubborn gauze and
Red rain rush quickly out, then
When on it iodine oil is released
Tormenting pains my body feel it's when
I begin, my songs of painful plea

My mouth tore in anguished laughter
Myself been prisoner of frustrating pains
When my eyes beheld my white hands
And my skin embellished with ugly scars
My soul could not but raise that song
My song of painful plea

My song of painful plea
Echoes loud across the sky
For my heart made fragments
Of peaceful past, and a
Library of scars in each tiny half
My heart will take no more,
For I've done no wrong
Let happiness be a distant dream
To them who adulterated our kerosene.

My song of painful plea

Ingibo Benson

Natures Design.

Natures design,
Wonderful to behold,
Natures design
A lovely sight you bring,

Natures design,
Men destroy your beauty,
Natures design,
They alter it.

Natures design,
Your magnificent when improved on,
Natures design,
Many are thrilled with these.

Natures design,
You are naturally built,
Natures design,
God created the earth the way it works.

Ingibo Benson

No Place Like Home.

Seeing the world,
No place like home,
Knowing the people,
No one like mum,
Feeling the surrounding,
No ultimate designing,
Like our environment,
For our entertainment,

Going to church,
Is like joining the rush,
To avoid being crushed,
To maintain our pride.

Dedicated to the x-students of Christ For All Nations College.

Ingibo Benson

Phase Of Life

When one is born,
Into the world unknown,
As it first appears,
Nothing at all matters.

In a change,
Goes a grace,
Or a disgrace.

When the circle of acquaintance,
Becomes a circus,
Follow we in the ring.

When neglected,
You're rejected,
When provided for,
Your independent of.

Ingibo Benson

Poem Hunters

Poem hunters,
The world of a poet,
That stands for the best,
And help young poets have rest,

As they bring together uniqueness,
When they browse together on line,
And sacrifice the time they have,
To make a difference in life,

Poem hunters,
The food of the poet,
That causes striving and hard work,
And competition as time runs,
To bring out the best,
And young poets outstanding form the rest.

Ingibo Benson

Poverty And Wealth

Poverty is bad,
Telling we have got to be hard,
Working with all our might,
Until we reach great height.

Wealth are riches,
Acquired with reasons,
It brings enjoyments,
And causes in contentment,

Its the riches of God,
That added no sorrow,
Poverty is bad,
Telling we got to be hard working.

Dedicated to all those who struggle to meet ends.

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Ingibo Benson

Ravished By Her Guardian

Once an innocent child, was ravished by her guardian
I beseech thee keep not thy yam with a goat.
Ada is a comely teenage with an excellent mind
But to pluck a lovely flower is to kill it
It is not love, no. Ada faced a humiliation unwarranted
Don't force urine down my throat because I urinate
Now, each way she goes, the wind proudly flaunts
High the garment of shame
Uche has carved a scar in her tender heart
With a red-hot iron, even the hotness is like unto hell
All-consuming as it first began
Now she is strongly distrustful of men
Her Heart is yet to forgive his sin
It pains so bad that her heart cries in the silence of the night
It pains so bad that her heart mourns in the brightness of a new day
She seriously wonders what life is
She ask in her heart, why this should be
What wrong she has done
Why at her feet the world should collapse
She wonders if she could ever forgive
A man who took a pride she had consciously guarded.

Ingibo Benson

Song Of Painful Plea 1

Who adulterated our kerosene?
Where are they? Where do they live?
Unimaginable pains I have seen
For their greed I live in grief
Broken hearts and scars
Fills every where like cars
Aftermath of deceptive greed

We did no wrong
We hurt no one,
As innocent as the babe
And fresher than the day

Your hearts are charcoals and
Your conscience as dead as Latin
Let thy evil pursue thee like a cat
After a mouse, thou shall experience
The pains you've inflicted as boomerang

Young ones kept captives of pricking pain,
Praying for freedom by the day
Old ones gnash fragile teeth and say;
"In all where's the illusive gain?
We are your sisters, wives and mothers"

Who adulterated our kerosene?
Where are they? Where do they live?
Are they the visionless touts in the crowded street?
Or the greedy man
Standing at the podium, in black suit?

Ingibo Benson

Television Is A Catalyst

Present day film presents sex and love
Sordid spectacle spectators enjoy
Children peep at obscene scene, soon it
Comes back in their inward eye, altering
Swiftly their feel and what they seem to need
Even the world and how they see it
And just when no one is on their way
In pairs, young ones defile their being
Making a shame of virginity

She's thirteen and looks so sweet
Peter comes around tries if she's cheap
If she's carried away, Oh what sweet a tea
Perhaps Paul can enjoy, even Tim
But this is not the way of the Lord

"All my friends drink, take drugs
Have sex, slur and steal"
But why not dare to stand alone?
And be Jesus' pride, for your sins he atone
Why not pride in a spotless gown
An untouched woman is a man's covert dream
No man eats his cake and has it
Patience avails much
Even the preacher had made it clear-
There is a time for everything

Our bodies a sacrifice must be
Holy and pleasing unto our king
Undefiled and innocent as baby new
A pure self is honourable in all
Haven't you heard that AIDS is real?
And that Abstinence is the best remedy
Television is a catalyst
It has increased the sexual pressure in men.

Ingibo Benson

The Potter's House

Just as the clay is in the potter's hand
I'm a made vessel in God's own hand
Just as he makes each vessel out of sand
So God made me from the dusty land
Just as he breaks the cup, and makes a jar
If it pleases Him, then why keep me?
Make me a vessel unto honour
Make me a vessel made of fine gold
That I might be fit for thy own use
Or break me again, still I suit you.

Ingibo Benson

The Song I Heard

When I heard thy beckoning song, my eyes
Saw signs of things to be done. Things your mind's
Eyes made different and sweet, and so I
learnt the songs rhythm, letting it come to me
Again and again till I knew each pause
And beat and enjoyed the patterns of an idea
Filled song reminding me of my own dreams

I was a patient dog yet not hungry
Of meat. I followed thy path even on
Sunny days, I watched thy hand master thy
Every tool, I watched some more till I
Was good and they wore me beads and chanted my
Name, yet behind their praise I heard your voice
Saying honour should follow gray hair, and gentle
Spirit should never die. I heard thee till
TThou turned to dust and then I began the
Beckoning song preserving the circle of
Life and your dream since our problems began

Ingibo Benson

The Sun

The glory of the sun,
Cannot be caged,
As the sun rise,
I too shall rise,
But when it goes down,
I will increase in height and might.

Ingibo Benson

We Wish It Isn'T True

Our crazy hurry outwits our wits
We wish it is not true. the car speed.
The restaurants. the caution in the winds.
The rape and early sex the little child
Now knows, whose overwhelming juvenility
Had made men mad and wild
We too are perpetrators of the deed
That beckons wails and mourning
For with each dawn, true sense's warnings
Is out our dirty door. we too that bear
Pain's monstrous knife pierce our tender hearts.
Not just the cat burglars, beware
At whose wasting call joy departs
Or the inane thugs in the creeks
Who adulterated our kerosene
And operate on the filthy lane;
Where accidents and deserters are the bane
Of this dying days. killing the savior of
The crying child. making us handicaps,
Our earnest dreams elusive as elusive can be
And making mere men elements of sheer disgrace.

Ingibo Benson

What I Love.

I love to go to seas,
And see the winds blow the trees.
I love to row in a boat,
And wave to faces I know,
I love each sound that pass,
And love each rhythm in lines,
I love the sights of beautiful fishes,
That swim up and down the stream,
I love to pluck the coconuts,
And drink their juices in straw,
I love the beautiful sights of the trees,
As are in rows and always big,
It gladdens my heart,
I know,
I love to go to seas,
I love to row in a boat.

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Ingibo Benson

What We Shared.

Take my hand and help me climb, wedge my tumble,
Let me lean on thee, halt my heart throb, humble
Me with thy warmth. Once there was a guy who
Knew me and identified with me, my heart
Would skip at the sight of him. 'I love you'
He had said to me. His lovely smile
Thought me gentleness. His caress made my
Heart dream of an eternal bond. And it
came to pass that he found me for a bride
But he passed away with the enraged wind
Of life and my heart had since endured this
Coup. None have been like my John, no; Their brain
Registers no truth. Love is not money,
No, nor is it honey. Love is all so
Deeper than beauty or form. Oh! It's what
My John and I shared. Beauty shall always
Urge body attraction, attitude shall
Birth true interest and commitment shall
Birth care. Money maintains love, not money
Brings love, my teacher had once said to me
Rich or Poor, man has a right to be loved.
They say everything that goes around
Must come around. Let the coin turn it's back
And bring me love with treasured moments or
Let tide and time reverse, that I might meet
My John, and enjoy what time had denied us

Ingibo Benson

With Hope No Dope, Nope

If you keep hope
Alive, you won't take dope
Out of depression, nope.
If you're a dove
Then surely love above
One sweet Sunday
Will fly every way
To give you the peace
That cures disease
And your beloved's eyes
Shall defy rainbow's disguise
In a void sky.

Our gowns of grace
Dissolves traits of disgrace
And our face shines as grease
On metal surface, our smiles stop
The ticking clock, our steps are rhythms
Of love, men pray our steps stop
At there door and cease there hearts rhythms

Ingibo Benson

World Aids Day

World aids day,
Celebrating awareness again,
Letting you know it,
Now prevent getting it,
The virus is real,
Play safe and you'll live,
Show love and care to victims,
Who knows you may need it,
It can happen to you,

Lets love life and live,
It's no crime been a gift,
Let's tell our children the truth,
Caution them, all for the world's good,
Oh, parents do your work,
Juvenile delinquency, is at work,
Oh, youths be strong and good,
Leave romantic dreams alone.
Aids Awareness Day.

Ingibo Benson

You Are My Dream Fulfilled

I wondered how you read my thought and had my very feel.
I envy what you saw and how you made it real. My heart
Feared your boldness was not in me. I urged it still to fly
Above fear. Thy true skill still amazes me and I pray
Time makes me the master of thee, because I practice
Thy every deed and never was I an absentee, for
My heart purposed to be great. Time shall birth my courage yet
In all I will not deny that you are my dream fulfilled.

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Ingibo Benson