

Poetry Series

**Peter Umoh**  
**- poems -**

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# Peter Umoh(January 1992)

A Nigerian, at prime teenage, sees writing as a calling and a lifestyle.  
Currently in the university

# Error Of Perception

An 'honourable thing' wrapped round me  
Exuded dignifying perception  
Not of me, nor myself  
Mirror told what it saw  
That neighbour won't see beyond  
/swindler once wore it  
But the clergy down the street  
Never misses it, not for a service  
He wore it and I saw a clergy  
The swindler did but I saw no swindler  
This suit had hid him  
Concealed his inclinations  
Glorifying his absent repute  
There was an error of perception  
Criminals never look one  
When in suit

Peter Umoh

# Fought Out His Senses

The 'mad, ' retorted  
'Are you crazy'  
Unleashed his arm  
And delivered a stroke  
The bad-tempered man  
Fell a victim of his temper  
Then fight begun  
/Thought my senses failed  
But no, t'was theirs  
Difficult to accept the truth  
Or the reality of the physical combat  
As blows rained like bombard  
Then I realised the two, went mad  
One in suit, the other a celebrated lunatic  
/Passers-by rebuked  
'He is not a lunatic  
He's only got a bad-temper'  
/Of what use was his sanity, if his temper could drive him crazy  
Causing him to FIGHT OUT HIS SENSES.

Peter Umoh

# Lonely Neighbour

My lonely laid, belly down, eyes hid in it's lid  
Suddenly came a visitor like a rocket  
If he should pass my neighbour  
Then my stuffs will be in a mess  
Oh God, he was close and my neighbour still laid asleep  
He ran pass swiftly with the speed I could not measure  
Oh, I lamented, for my stuffs will be in a mess  
But to my surprise, my neighbour awoke, sprank and surpassed  
Captured and devoured  
He made of feastof he who came to feast on my stuffs  
Then 'mewed'back to his idle solitude  
Bravo! the 'tiger' of the neighbourhood.

Peter Umoh