

Arinze Chiemenam

DEAR PASSERBY

When you see the remains of a poet,
Covered in dust and reddish earth.
Do not beat your chest and tell yourself,
“He's lived a life of wine and bliss”

For the life of a poet is a stormy ocean,
That hides and covers a raging volcano.
Burning his emotions to lines and muses
And turning his words to thorns and Roses.

His life is far from the beauty he paints,
And his words are lies in beauty retold.
It is true he sings with the morning birds,
But beneath his lyrics, agony breeds.

When you see the remains of a Poet,
Covered in dust and reddish earth,
Thank the gods that now he rests,
For he never lived but only wandered.

July 02, 2021.

WE ARE ROSES, PLANTED IN A DESSERT.

Boys like me are not the diamonds you seek,
We radiate pain not the glitter you want.
We do not smell like the fresh Roses of Eden.
We stink of heat, accumulated from poverty.

Boys like me will not melt you with smiles,
For we've been taught that smile is feminine.
Yet we'll give our coat when the night is cold,
Because we boys are used to the shiver,

Boys like me will not call you pretty names,
Yet in our heart, we sing hymns for you.
When the lights are on, we do not cry,
When the lights go off we drown in tears.

Boys like me are littered the streets,
With scars, scars and more scars, everywhere.
We fight our way through everything,
Cause we know, that life's not our friend.

July 04, 2021

CONDEMNED.

He wriggled in pains, cried and screamed,
As the fire burnt and the mob enjoyed,
The smell of burning flesh hugged the air,
And it smelt like pork meat roasted with tyre.

Twisting and turning he cried for life,
As his flesh peeled and his eyes reddened.
It's true He swore never to cry nor plead,
But it's only human to want to live.

Shortly he collapsed, the fire has won,
And he enjoyed the bliss of it's burning kiss.
Through his lip, a haughty smile escaped,
As he glanced at the mob and pitied them,

Each of them unsure of their tomorrow.
Still caged within life and it's uncertainty,
Has gifted him the freedom they all wish for,
He whispered "thanks" and hoped they'll hear.

11 Jul, 2021.

A POET'S LAMENT

From the day I started my scribble,
To write for mum has been a riddle.
A very tough one that a poet can't solve.
A very loose ship that a pirate can't rove.

I have stayed all night scribbling for mum,
Yet in the morning light my papers to burn.
For no line seems worthy to the core,
To tell of her love that is my soul's cure

I know just how mum's love makes me feel,
Yet my ink will flow but can never tell.
For no matter how much my ink bleeds,
It can never drown all my mother's deeds.

My shoulder falls, weighed by sorrow,
For my failure haunts like a vicious horror.
Forgive me mother who birthed a poet,
For your love I know but can never paint.

LONELY WANDERER

Dawn to dusk you tour the earth.
Never taking pause to quench your thirst.
A bag of questions weighs your shoulders,
But you wobble still, seeking answers.

Beneath this tree I've watched your strife,
As you to and fro with your wounded sole.
"Take water at least to quench your thirst..
But the soothe of water bubbles not your taste.

Take, take... Take them all my wanderer,
All the Shiny Gold and the costly Silver,
Take them all and make them all yours.
But please rest your sole and stop the wander!

Ah Las!. He is not moved by all that glitters!
And all the gold tickles not his fancy!
Away from me he mutters from yonder!
"Peace, Peace...all o'them gold can't buy!"

11 May, 2021