

CRAZY THOUGHTS OF MAN

BROKEN

JULIUS TUNDE IGE

DEDICATION

This piece is dedicated to Dad and everyone that has been at one point of their life, been **BROKEN**.

To my Comrades in Poetry and all those who have decided to make this world a poetic society.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

BROKEN will be incomplete without acknowledging the immense contribution of D-Rex Media, Demiket Ejika, Favour Onwuka, Mary Olatunji and everyone that has been a source of inspiration and motivation.

Without forgetting The 'WALL FLOWERS', 'NATURE WRITES', and every writing guild I belong to, thanks a bunch.

...TO THE HEART BROKEN.

BLOCKAGE

Pierced in the soul and torn between mind
Heart is been broken shatter, forming flaws
Mistakes, laying on rocky paths of life
All these, causes dealing with another to be a mirage.

The trust was there until one moment,
That night when the thief had a spare to the door
Got passwords to the giant gate of that Faint mind
Then, what was never perceived came to be.

Crystal pillars got broken by thunder
Not of lightening but of deeds
Driving heads to seek refuge in palms
The eyes, red ; not from drink but from hurt.

I've imagined this realm...
Not once, not twice nor trice
I've been of good faith, I've been assured
Not once, not twice but countless times.

Now, I walk away, leaving my shadow behind
Leaving it Battered and drowning in a mixed pool
One made up of my blood and my tears
I feel this pain and at the same time, freedom.

I feel this burden, that I've broken a heart
Probably, left it hurt to die for good
But when I turn to see my dying shadow, I breathe
Taking air, for I've been subjected to that state.

Forging forward, I see valleys filled with bones
Skeletons that'll taunt my sleep
Faces of friends who have raised an army
Demoralizing factors that'll break me down later.

Within me, I feel this guilt. I also feel the courage
Pressing on to take higher grounds
Going back to that place I found myself,
Long before I was fetched out.

Now a heart is broken, I feel established.

You can call me a monster that is CRAZY

One who left broken bottles around

And yet, invited a friend to a party.

TEDDY

I miss you too dear

Without your voice, the night is scary

Tormenting forces tend to break the sleep

Your face in dream sets in, bringing good pictures to the heap.

I miss your smile

The soothing calmness it raises in a pile

The revealing of white teeth

All having freshness emanating from it.

I miss your pranks

They always leave my ribs to crack

My head to spin and mind to race

Delighted to have you in my life fill a space.

I miss your anger

Yes, your anger especially when your voice becomes available banger

The demons in you rise

So do your hidden beauty that looks nice.

I miss your company

Those moments when you act in truancy

Trying to get me off my feet

But we both end up on a search.

I miss your attitude

They've influence me to a great magnitude

I've felt locked away

For they've changed me to go different way.

I miss your love

The power of things it could solve

I long forward to kiss you

To whisper in your ears 'Teddy I love you'.

RAIN DROPS

Ship of life gradually sailing through,
Stopping at ports to intake new,
Pains of those left behind grew,
For those picked were just few.

Efforts made with shadows becomes vain,
Sweat acquired graduated to rain drops,
Crying and shouting like those with distorted brain,
The train comes and goes without a stop.

Regretting the done past,
Wishing for a replay of event,
Praying the stage can move fast,
Rain drops comes when you realize you don't even have a cent.

Drops not coming from heavens but from eyes,
Bleached eyes turned red from anger,
Looking so red like those made with dyes,
Be careful with thoughts coming cause they are tender.

And we get rain drops when we fail to plan,
When we fail to plan things yet unseen,
Things unseen which relates to unknown clan,
Drops comes as a result of our past sin.

LIFE LESSONS

I've learnt to be stronger
To stand firm on the rocks
When the wind billows
And the earth quake to its root.

I've learnt to be brave
Livings pass the subduing ways of the serpent
Crossing laid traps with smile on my face
And tales of conqueror on my lips.

I've learnt to be myself
My business, packed properly inside my back pocket
With the loads on my shoulders
With my sore foot inside my tattered shoes.

I've learned to forgive
Not really others, but the mistaken I've done
Mistake of loving without a spare
Add trusting mortals to their graves.

I've learnt to believe
In the future I've always painted
To make it gloom and attract bees
Ones that will die by my burning fire.

I've learnt to imagine
The possibilities that lies in my head
The wonders my hands could perform
The next word if I use them.

Use learnt to be selfish
Keeping to myself the best of secrets
Loads of love actually meant got you
Hatred kept for those at back either knives.

I've learnt to trust
To trust the three beings of me
☒ Though they wrestle among self
But the power of action in them I lay.

I've learnt all these because of you
Your sharp actions and tormenting ways

Though I won't judge you for I lack a Clerk
Someone to summon the demon in me.

I've learnt to love better
And also to hate at my best
To tell myself the truth
The very one that lies seep for long.

BED OF LIES

Beautifully decorated by your tongue
Designed to fit every moment
Positioning every talk to form thong
To hurt another while and to save your head from the current.

Covered with the spreadsheet of deceit
Though attractive, but the words you speak torment
At first, you're persuasive and cause one to heat
To search for that place to free the tension of the moment.

The presence of your pillows,
Their soft and comfort appealing nature,
All tend to calm the wind that billows
Pretends to present to the head a clearer picture.

But upon you is disaster,
A bedrock where joy is Battered
An anvil waiting for a hammer
Waiting for a nail to leave all shattered.

Why do you despise truth?

Why in conflict with the realities that'll still surface?

Without caring about the hearts you deprive of truth,

You murder souls with a mean face.

I've laid on you, now I'm broken

Your spreadsheet is stained with my blood

You took the moments I had with you as a token

Of what I'd give you after my tears flood.

You took from me trust

Exchanged it with the boring lies you told

Now, my heart is thrust

But you're still up even for the bold.

Though broken, my shadow still remain

Still asking what it'd take if you told the truth

Your tongues try to lick off my remains,

But I'm with you, telling life will be simpler with the truth.

WORDS ON SWORD

Laid down and thought about the text,
The replay of past events on messages,
I thought about what was next,
I wished these memories won't last for years.

Slept off and dreaming about a scene,
A scene of me talking to you with enough tears,
I heard those words that threw cold to my spleen.
I shrieked on bed and in my front was my tears.

Feeling rejected even in sleep,
Having a down cast spirit when it came up again,
My heart beats faster and my worries became a heap,
The only vision that came was me standing with enough pain.

Still heart broken I feel,
Even after sleep and a horrible vision,
I wished I could upon the joy and happiness of Sammy and Magret steal,
This is the present got a vision to accomplish a mission.

Tears flowed with this very line,
Crazy I feel cause I remember the past,
I hear that sweet voice telling me it'll be fine,
The prayer I had was for all to be over fast.

Can't just stop putting these mixed feelings down,
Cause I heard a voice yesterday telling me these sweet words,
I slept and saw angels in white gown,
Today, 8th December, I got words in swords.

WASHED AWAY

Green has turned grey, it's now pale
White is no more shining, it's adopted ash
Our laughs turned to funny gale
And the gentle sun now is harsh.

What we felt isn't what we feel
Maybe feelings changed with time
Secrets walked out of the seal
And made the juice a bitter lime.

The vision became blur
And our mission went contradicting
Not that we missed the prints on the floor
But was to be went out of the ink printing.

Taste buds have faded off
Bright light is now blank
"Who turned the switch off?
What happened to the smooth plank?"

We hope we'd die off

Not gradually as our sight

But as fast as our hope died off

For we thought it went on the first flight.

TRACES OF LOVE

I , used to think about the past,

what we felt and how long it'd last.

But seems time flew fast,

To bring us to that point when our story turned movie with us, playing the cast.

I know things happen with time,

We all change with the changing clime

The sweet juice went sour to become a tasty lime

And depart, a necessary ingredient like thyme.

I saw the bridge go down,

Yea, blown away and we all laughed

As to say we were entertained by the clown.

Now, I frown

And your face smiles, in that skimpy blue gown

I know all these cause I saw you in town,

With my replacement, the very person that cleaned my mess

The angel you could have met at first.

I was delusional about what you felt

And like chocolate exposed to the heat, I allowed the feeling melt

Away like the trouser on waist without belt.

And that's something I've never dealt

With, you and the past all in my head,

I just see demons rising whenever I go to bed

All tormenting my sleep, as to say I murdered a soul.

They say you reap what you sow

But I say you reap what you desire

For that moment when I felt the fire,

The sensation of love going higher,

Rolling hard like a truck with complete tire

Taking us to that realm where love seemed unending

A place where pain will be pending.

It's been long or probably, years

Accompanied with months and days

Since I saw your face

The beauty in them that elevated me to a higher phase

Those lips that made me lost in a gaze

And I can't still imagine how I overcame that craze

Of your love taunting every part of me.

But one thing is sure

My love for you was sure

And there was no antidote to its cure

Until that moment, when the monkey switched to another tree

Then, I felt like I was free

But I wasn't, because till now, I still have that feeling,

The burning wound that needs healing.

I look at veins and I see green blood

My eyes flood

And when I look down, I see things money can't solve

Things medicine can't dissolve

I see the laid patterns that appeal could shove

I see the Traces of love.

MOMENTS WITH YOU

Through the drenching rain that patters
The silent dust that in turn scatters
We still ran through the chocolate mud
With hopes of been together like cocoa seeds in pod.

Your smile spiced the boring times
Brought sweetness to that bitter lime
The laughter you bore was a hot iron
That would create a burn while on the run.

The jokes you gave was classical
Living of the told future became more practical.
They eased the tension.
One hearts carried and were too heavy to mention.

Hearts raced together
Mine over yours, like the song we played together
Feelings of affection topping each day
At end, pretence and lies is what comes in play.

I can't forget you; not even for a moment

Especially when I am going through hellish torment
Though times have changed with climes,
It is a life time to forget those times.

How can I forget the pranks?
Actions that led the rib to cracks
The struggle of survival over a meal
And that accident of falling caused by a peel.

I will still cherish those moments with you
Knowing well it's gotten from a few
I still wish you more of it in future
Not with me; but your partner on your next adventure.

BROKEN

Don't tell me this trend is normal
Because I don't feel so.
For long, I've been trapped in this tunnel
One which I have travelled with you.
Through sounds of love did we scale out
Defeating every odd parties that went along
Demolishing rising stones on our tours
With our feet that jointly.

Now, we're here, I have this feeling
One growing into reality; a devastating nightmare
Though don't know what to tag this
Neither do I know what caused it.
But gradually do I hear your steps fading,
Going towards an unknown direction.

Just as my shadows do when I fall
And the fading voice of papa at death
So do you also act towards me.
Your fingers are no longer sticky
They have gone slippery even in my dreams

Now, I'm out of options and left with the word "Farewell".

CHANGED LANES

I watched the rains drench away
Washing you plain as though you were drainage
Brining pureness to your mind and blemished face
Purifying all caused by hatred of the old.

I watched you dance to the song
With the wordings coming from my boring lips
And the inspiration from that crazy movie
With the intentions to cause smile
Your steps evoked laughter.

I remember how much you talk
Pouring both lively and bored jokes
Feeling happiness from every gossip
I recall your calm result
How it left many hearts broken.

I remembered the songs you memorized
But now, they have changed, everything has
No more kisses or wishes
No more hugs but thud of words

Everything not straight; they've all changed.

SOUND OF LOVE

If there is something greater than Alcohol,
Tougher than the hell we hear about,
Swift as the serpent in it's way,
Mysterious like the darkness at dusk,
Tremendous, at a great extent as the meal,
Captivating the mind before sights of places do,
It should not be your best day
Neither should it be the best buddy you had,
It should be the sound of love.

The sound you hear through feelings
Indisputable characters hard to get
Pursuit of what you know not
All these, energized through the sound of love.

It should not be listened to with the wrong person
For destruction awaits both ears
Doom shall envelop minds and eventually kill souls.

With you, I have played this sound
Interpreting it to give what they really mean

At a point; they hurt the ear and bruise the lips

But at end, cause melody to the heart.

I DON'T HAVE A FRIEND

Life is a war zone

Am surrounded by loaded guns

All held in the hands of frowning faces

Hope still finds it way through the smiling ones.

Everyone is a butcher,

Ready to let your head roll

Though smiles may cover, but they're ready to slice

Then allow the birds to make merry.

People have swapped their tongue with the serpent

Talking you to your doom

Sugar coated but filled with vinegar

Mouths of laughter, not for your celebration but your fall.

And your girl may be loyal

Dedicated and pleased with your uniqueness

Your best friend may be loyal

But you can never tell the mind of men.

Just concluded I don't have a friend

Cause around me are back stabbers

Wolves and foxes all painted white

Life is a war zone, I got to save my life.

WHEN I REMEMBER

When I remember the madness in blood,
The unfair treatment of life towards men,
The thought that everyone is a king on different Island,
Another perception that all kings aren't the same,
I remember the saying that fingers aren't equal.

Seeing friends with guidance on both sides,
People having nothing to worry about ; they just live,
Knowing how my idea is unrecognized,
I feel devastated and more frustrated,
I wish we could swap lives and have a taste of luxury.

Having no favorite meal, just eat and live,
Not minding if we grow or stunt,
Without the thought that the meal goes without meat,
Each gulp goes comfortably through throat to dwell in belly,
The only message heard is "Eat and Live".

This is the life I live, and it got no duplicate,
Living it to the fullest and still wishing to see the bright end,
A bright end of the dark tunnel called life,

Because am trying doesn't mean am lost, doesn't mean am stuck,

Footprints shall show in Sands, the upper branch shall break, when the wind blows.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

BROKEN

JULIUS TUNDE IGE

2017