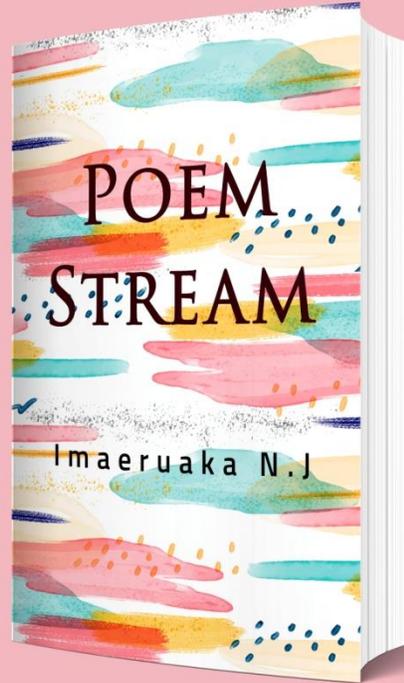


POEM STREAM

Imaeruaka N.J

Poem Stream... Written by: Imaeruaka Nzubechukwu Joseph

E-BOOK



Poem Stream

(A collection of descriptive writings and poems)

INTRODUCTION

This is a book that contains poems writing by the author Imaeruaka Nzubechukwu Joseph, to reflect various fields of life and expressing concern on how we all can make corrections in our life, making earth a better place.

One can relax self by reading through various lines in certain poems which this book contains. Understanding these powerful lines requires an open mind and maximum concentration.

Enjoy as you read on.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to God Almighty and our blessed Mother Mary, for their unending efforts in drawing me close to themselves and wisdom through various means of inspiration.

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The bed – a temple for idea

The unquenchable expression of love

The Real Version of Love

Oh! Come to my home...

Where things have a perfect setting like Rome...

Let us dance and skip a rope...

A moment our lips must confess as dope...

For your love gives me hope...

Like a blessing from the pope...

I'm holding on tight...

To love you right...

In your darkness, I bring you light...

Far beyond the earthly height...

I'll give my best to make you shine bright...

All my days; morning, afternoon and night...

Dedicated to keeping you in my heart and sight...

How perfect we would be, if only we'll agree in words and deeds...

How amazing it would be, if our love be a light for us to see...

Be my partner, Oh be my lover...

Be my joy causing me to wonder...

With no reign of asunder...

Virtuously your love can cover...

Hovering round till death makes it over.

SMILES

Smiles are so powerful...

Seeing your face that morning, wearing those beautiful smiles of yours...

My heart was immediately clouded with joy...

Oh! What a warming smile...

She whispered to my blood carrying veins...

Words were meant for communication...

But smiles rather were its origin...

Oh! What a feel of love...

I felt radiating from us both...

Just as our eyes maintained their contact...

God works are so perfect...

My brain exclaimed...

After receiving the signal sent through my eyes...

My eyes saw a perfect arrangement of tooth...

As her lips parted for a smile...

There's a need for something more...

More than just the eye contact...

My brain screamed...

As sensitive as my hands were...

My right palm threw itself forward...

For a worm hand shake...

As both palms hit each other...

The thought of a helping hand came...

Like I twisted the meaning of a helper...

There were lots more...

Like the heavens was giving signals...

I came to a conclusion...

Truly...

There were angels in human form....

Just a SMILE.

ABOVE ALL – GOD’S LOVE

When I feel my troubles swallowing me...

Just then, I think of God’s love for me...

I pre-dispose myself to his lovely will...

And all my troubles vanish...

As thoughts of my needs weakens me...

Skinning me gradually...

This confuse and helpless state of being...

There in...

I recall that an opportunity to seek and receive...

Was placed on my palm...

Who is like God?...

A joyful mood arises...

When hatred peaches around...

None showing some love...

In my deepest thought I realize...

That I just saw the break of a new day...
Indeed someone's love endures forever...

Not minding the fact of being entirely dust...

His breath awakens me...

Out of his love...

Life endures.

Who is like unto God?

CONTROL CLEARS THE AIR

Life with many events...

The need of throttling impends...

Essential as life itself...

Parts of body controlled...

Clarifies attitude difference...

Leaving all with reference...

When betterment search approach...

Spoken words with high tones...

Never conveys same message...

With that when tones are lowered...

Volumes role recognized...

A base established for difference...

In request and command calls...

As a fling of eyes abound...

To verse directions around...

Progressing with time duration...

Will clarify the stands of stares...

Control of the eyes stands clear...

When one lies to rest...

Some may tag as nap...

What many will plainly call sleep...

Not minding various opinions...

CONTROL got all dominion.

DEATH CALLS FOR ALL

So someday...

Speechless we all will be...

Sightless and breathless both to fill...

Just someday...

We will sleep like we never did...

Worms movement through sensitive body parts...

Not able to awaken us...

What then do we live for...

A big question yet unanswered...

If all must pay the dept...

Which man owes death...

Life's beauty alloyed...

To become something different...

Never ceasing to take...

The dearest of them away...

Throwing a question to self...
A quest of his turn sequence...
The knowledge yet unknown...
But could strike a balance...
The thoughts that keeps us on...
Is hope for eternal life...
As it preview life's meanings...

For those who fail to love...
A re-think should be in progress...
As all must come to rest...
Limited is all wickedness.

FIRST SIGHT

I have wondered about the earth...

Trying to understand a mystery...

Called love at first sight...

Will my all in moves...

There her face showed up...

Bright and blur muted...

A sight never seen by me...

But yet pleases my eyes...

Fears arise through her heart...

My spoken soft words calm them all...

The environment became much friendly...

Taking each other hand we strolled...

Mr. Stroll moves progressed...

Magnetizing idle eyes with a pull...

Through a quite but busy street...

Courage nevertheless arises...

Having seats was much fun...

Appreciating looks was time focus...

More words yet unspoken...

For our heart implored frequencies

Higher than that imagined...

Thoughts of having a babe...

Quickly converted to that of a wife...

As the curtain of love was left to roll...

Clouding the heart of us both...

With eyes foreseeing evidence...

Yet bordered the brain not...

Owing solely to its high frequency...

Beyond that of the eyes...

Dear Cynthia wished she long stayed...

Time perfecting its slides...

Like a means yet diverse...

As memories sticks to mind...

We both reversed the stroll.

MINGLE THE SHIPS

Just as demotions stands...

Relationship stepped down to friendship...

Tries to maintain love...

We share for each other stands still...

It seem like none could take your place...

Since memories aren't erased...

A temple built in years...

Take seconds in getting destroyed...

Thoughts of lasting forever...

But love's line got broken...

For what seem to be tough as diamond...

Has melted just like plastic...

Just over times duration...

There's nothing to regret...

Rather re-setting our spaces.

MY LOVE FOR WRITING

When I sleep...

I dream about writing...

When am resting...

Writing got a lead...

I breadth writing...

For it bonds my heart...

Let the ink flow...

Was my brains ranking priority...

Attached with a force...

The ink mustn't stop flowing...

Oh! Flow...

To correct errors...

Flow to mend broken hearts...

Flow to educate...

Flow to appreciate...

Could history exist without your flows...

Of course not...

Stories yet untold...

As only you could unfold...

Just as reality exposes with time slides...

Decisions taken got a ride...

One may feel confuse...

For the brains track infuse...

Yet a call of all to obey...

The rules guiding this bay...

Illness got authority...

But our minds set priority...

Understanding a piece is perfect...

If the writers view are taken as reference...

As talents got life's lead...

A feel of reaching great feet.

THE FALL OF NIGERIA

Nigeria,

Blood everywhere...

No future clear...

Unity questioned...

Life's love personal...

Oh! What a pity...

Evil working...

Nobody talking...

Safety takes a vacation...

Hatred the chief judge...

So terrified I ask...

What's karma's gift for Nigeria...

How could these atrocities be made up for...

Truly...

All hope for a better Nigeria lost...

For its signs got no vision...

More life wasted for no just course...

More yet to be wasted...

Finally the advice drop thus...

When life got no meaning where you live...

It's best to walk away...

How long shall we run...

How long shall we wait for a better country...

Yes they say, it all starts with me...

The more innocent people we let down to be killed...

The more unseen problems greater than all coming our ways...

That which none can escape...

This killings must end...

Else nothing good will ever arise here.

THE FUTURE

The future is so unpredictable....

With lots of situations thrown around...

Rising around of good and bad...

With which man got to live...

Growth as a child is fun filled...

With all needs on desk achieved...

Stages after stages...

The young shall grow instills...

As the sense of responsibility flows...

The feel that one gets old retunes...

Time wishing to be friendly...

But lost the quality of patience...

The struggle just begun....

The soul been conquered by thoughts...

Quest for money impeaches...

Just as lots of opportunity arises...

The choice to pick from good and bad remains...

Zeal of achieving quick inflicts the mind...

Purchase of patience's virtue diminishes...

For those with such virtue...

Thoughts of lacking behind overwhelms

Comparing self with others...

As some involve in wrongs...

Getting deeds done...

To climb high the ladder...

The purpose of life lost...

Forgetting the man death...

Could steal away patience virtue...

The master mind of the future...

Our time zones are different...

Has now become a mystery...

From the roof top I proclaim...

Our reverence for God, life purpose.

FACE OF LOVE

Seeing her face on my phone screen...

I feel happy, blessed and loved...

Hope comes in...

A hunger for hearing your voice quickly arises...

That which I can't help...

Like more starving could consume my life.

If love isn't real...

Then the world got no meaning...

This I thought wild...

I see myself through you...

Hoping this feel lasts forever...

Personally am not willing to neither quit nor let go...

But can I help the feel...

When it's obvious three persons got the say...

A say towards continuity...

It's all between us...

God, myself and you...

For through my analysis all agreed...

We getting to meet and know each other...

Was God all the way...

Myself finding love in you...

Was God all the way long...

You finding love in me...

Also was God all the way...

Both of us coming to an agreement...

Was the best we could do...

This choice of our piloted by no one but God...

How grateful I am...

Falling in love with one....

Whom my system and all I have got....

Long to see daily.

TALENTS TROUBLES

It hits you hard...

Harder than your headaches can...

It throws you in a confuse mode...

Like though you were sold...

She makes you feel useless...

When you don't give her your time...

Of course it blurs your view of sub-dewing earth...

When you are yet to invest in its crust...

There she is...

Talent lying within you...

If Gods greatest gift be told...

The gift of life and talent merited...

Making hearts melt...

As a perfect mixture...

For earths features.

MOM'S LOVE

Life with all its gift...

While some make one celebrated for moments...

Others make them celebrated for eternity...

This mom's love attain...

Just from our origin...

God wishing to show more love...

Finds a perfect means...

Through the heart of mothers...

While many claim to love thee...

With evidence flown around...

Yet such love remains doubted...

But never that of our mothers...

Oh! What a feel of a genuine spirit

Which installs a bond of love...

Between mothers and children...

The first moment life got a meaning...

Lol! How we sucked her breast...
Squeezing them with both tender palms of ours...
Looking through her eyes...
We winged our legs...

She got no choice...
As her love knows no bound...

Funny how our tender cheeks and lips...
Was heavily filled...
With peeks and kisses from mom...
Love in its purest form established...

As powerful as the gift of life...
It requires the permit from mothers to take its effect...
Oh! What powers mothers possess...

If any set of humans be daily celebrated...
I think mothers got the lead...
I love the woman whose gate I came through to earth...
I hope you love yours too...

Sweet mom....sweet child....hardworking dad

Dad's love for mom...

Perfects mom's love for us...

With God being for us all...

A love flourishing family exist...

ALL I'VE GOT

You may tag me as rich...

While others say am poor...

I laugh knowing none lives in my pocket...

All I have got, my consciousness aware...

The best form of talent...

Which serves as the base for others...

While brains rack to discovering such talent...

The quote of old stands...

All you seek is within...

All I've got I fuel...

To attain a positive motion...

With my all as input.

MIXED LOVE – MIXED FEELING

Man as a two sided being...

Difficulty to make firm decisions abound...

With many strive to stand firm...

Complication to ride away holds...

Their heart of old shaken...

Falling in love with Lucy...

Has yielded falling in love with her cousin, Judith...

Like though parenthood attain...

Distributing same love amount...

A thought troubling mind...

Focus goes on vacation...

As fears sets in...

Diminishing love's quality...

For the feel of having substitute...

Engulfs the heart to its peek...

Boom!!!

When misunderstanding sets in...

Substitute function enabled...

For love being diluted...

Washes away its qualities...

What a great deal to tolerate ones shit...

Than that of many...

With all its expense...

Sticking to one best...

Lucy or Judith, not both.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

Life with all its troubles...

Getting us absolutely surrounded...

With tones of events thrown around...

Both positive and negative...

All control lost over...

As sickness inflicts some...

Desperation rolls in...

A struggle to quick recovery occupies the brain's tracks...

How painful it is...

Lying on a sick bed...

Watching yourself diminish slowly...

Life lost its meaning you thought...

How painful it is...

When hunger strikes you hard...

With no sight of quenching indeed...

Never minding efforts implored...

Oh! How painful it is to love...

And not be loved in return...

As the heart got no choice...

But rather starts a bleed...

How painful it is...

Working hard all lifelong...

With no evidence to console one...

Never minding sacrifices atone...

Majority read through books...

To pick little for understanding...

Like earth backed them off...

All effort to this wasted...

How painful this could be...

As exams dates remains unchanged...

Many struggle towards perfection...

In fields they got firm hold...

How painful it all did be...

When such struggles yields failure...

Oh!

My voice rises above all...

Rising through hearts...

For my message got a gift...

That of healings power....

Life could be so unpredictable...

With various situations thrown round...

Happy are those who win with patience...

Over all situations...

As they got the keys to earth treasures...

The need of God in our life surfaces...

Why lose hope?

When something can be hoped for...

Why lose trust on all?

When someone could still be trusted...

Oh yes!

As all are bound to change...
He got change's power over ruled...

There's no need picking broken hearts...
You don't need to weep no more...
Complaining got no need...
You don't need to be angry...
You don't need to be sad...

All you need do is lifting up your head...
To the mastermind of all situations...
Handling over to Him...
The control wheel of life...

That single act of yours...
Can do the unimaginable...
For He alone is love....

And with love...**ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.**

FIRST SIN AGAINST MY PERFECT MOM

My guardian ...

Mr. Change couldn't afford leaving my presence...

I would stick around you...

That he often whispers to me...

As weak as I was...

I couldn't help myself...

Rather, I played by his ways...

Not quite long...

A baby recognized perfectly...

How his front gum quickly hardens...

With a little bulge...

All tag as tooth...

More often my brain tries to understand...

The use of this gift Mr. Change brought...

I got no choice...

Instead, I got a grip of these words...

Survey and exploitation...

Little me got so thirsty...

Crying out to mum...

Like a perfect woman she was...

She knew exactly what was wanted by me...

Reaching out to my feeder...

She filled it up with water...

My eyes both focusing on mom...

Trying to understand her every moves...

As best as my brain can comprehend...

Lucky me!

She handed the feeder over...

Of course...

My perfect mom was such of two things which my tender palm could handle
well...

I guess that was her breast and my toy designed feeder...

Rolling my tongue around my feeder tip...

How soft they were...

Just like mom's nipples...

This I thought...

While I enjoyed the drink...

Not long after my thirst was quenched...

I began exploitation, like wise survey...

Gripping my feeder tip...

With these soft tooth of mine...

I pulled, with all strength my jaw bones possessed...

This I attempted severally...

Enjoying the quick return action of my rubber feeder tip..

Like I was dealing with a fun machine...

My feeder played the role of a toy...

Time been inevitable and waits for none...

It flee...

Throwing me in a moment...

Where my stomach began its troubles...

Oh no!

For I needed a call...

I stick to my only means of communication...

Crying out loud to mom...

This perfect mom of mine...

Yet again understood hunger was just within...

Placing her palms underneath my arm...

She carried me like a baby I was...

I immediately stopped my alarm...

As mom dried my eyes...

Mom, sweet mom took a seat...

Pulling out her loops...

She placed my tender lips...

As close as she could to her nipples...

How happy I was...

For she kept me salivating for long...

Trying to undo her bra...

I sucked to quench hunger...

Looking straight into mom's face...

Without been sure of the picture I wished to capture...

Like a flowing river...

This precious fluid flowed through my throat...

Getting me fully satisfied...

Just then...

The thought of exploitation and survey dominated my mind...

Thinking of mom's nipple...

Like though it was my feeder tip...

I bit it passionately...

Followed with a heavy pull from my jaws...

All to feel its quick return action like my feeder tip...

My goodness!

How shocked mom was...

As her nerves delivered an accurate report of pain to her brain...

Oh! How she taught of giving me a slap...

To fulfill Newton's law of action being equal and opposite...

Just for correction sake...

But her second thought of I having no quell...
Of the pains I caused her, quickly calmed her nerves...

Still possessing the gift of conscience...

I felt I wronged mom...

As her shock got me thinking...

How much pain I caused mom...

Yes! My first sin committed...

As willing as I was to apologize....

Lacking the tool of speech...

I put up a clear stare to mom...

My perfect mom once again understood...

I was sorry for my actions...

With a smile...

She presented her already withdrawn loops...

To be sucked again, once more by me...

What a charming smile I gave...

The best of my best...

Mom decoded them as appreciation gift to her...

For apology well accepted...

Poem Stream... Written by: Imaeruaka Nzubechukwu Joseph

This perfect mom of mine...
She's perfect in all her ways.

THE WOMAN ALL NEEDS TO KNOW

Upon seeing all my faults...

A bridge that seem un-crossable...

How wayward my life has been...

Wondering and toiling around dirt...

Such which sin claims...

Who can tolerate so far?

Who could adapt with such life's mess of mine?

All humans proven to be imperfect...

As neglected I be...

Oh! There she is...

The morning star...

Shining bright like none ever seen...

How pitiful she looked down on me...

For she knew how filthy I was...

My thought of grace been merited casted...

As I knew personally, I merited none...

This morning star over-shadowed me with love...

Presenting right before me, a hope for change...

For God so loved us, giving out his only son..

Through this medium...

That which I love so dearly...

As beholding thy mother...

Like he warned...

Has been my ever greatest act...

For never was it known of thee...

Forsaken those who implore thy help...

Depending completely on thy grace...

As proclaimed – full of grace...

Such which all race needs living a better life on earth...

When my troubles arises...

Lovely how I shift them onto thy hand...

Imploring thy help...

Such a mountain pulled out...

As the holy trinity can't bear thy request...

What a privilege I got...

Truly, all things are possible...

Nevertheless, they all become perfect and complete...

Through this holy medium thy son pointed out to us...

Mary the mother of all...

The surest means to thy son...

How I long to cry on thy arm...

As I did be sure of the best consolation...

For miracles over flows...

Just as the Blessed Virgin Mary loves me...

O I strive daily to reciprocate such love...

That moment life got a true meaning.

Repentance Calling

We offend Him constantly...

He forgives perfectly...

Our sins never stop His Blessings...

Else, we all be resting...

Do you find joy in ungratefulness?

Ignoring His faithfulness...

All He ask is constant try...

To wipe tears from His cry...

The plans for us are good...

Reciprocating Gods love must be our food.

God loves you so much, wait no more, return to Him. He has long been waiting.

LET NOT THE EVIL WITHIN OUT

How can we control our thoughts?

When lust consumes our soul...

The mind and body as whole...

Team up to fall into this hole...

Well dogged by evil desire...

Man must learn to aspire...

High above every trap like fire...

For just as expressions in depression weakens our body...

So this evil desire of ours consumes our light...

To take us above various heights..

An action like our birth right...

Letting them before our sight...

As her light is called out...

Hope for a better life re-appears.

My Bed – A Temple for Ideas

When I lay to rest for a while...

As weak as the body be...

Ideas too hover around for a while...

My brains frequency increases steadily...

Creating communication to these ideas...

What a turbulence of distraction...

The flow becomes so perfect...

That I think of opening them down...

Oh! How slowly it could vanish...

If I don't do the needful...

Just within this moment...

The supply of electrical power release...

Yes! All for a purpose of ease...

The search for lighting source ignored...

This program installed in heart...

“The ink mustn't stop flowing”...

Triggers a flow clouded with strength...

Awakening all bounding muscles...

Oh! How I wish I could rest a while...

For my brain got the lead...

Vibrating my body with needful work...

As required by this idea...

My bed, my bed I cry...

You were meant to give me rest...

With a little voice she whispered...

Your link with ideas possesses unimaginable powers...

Whenever you are calm for a rest...

Yes! You must make this nest...

If bountiful be your harvest...

The Power of the Inevitable

You think wide...

Crossing through all earth features...

Yet, never across the zone of death...

You know no fear at all...

Yet death scares the hell out of you...

You never believe in mood swing...

Yet you swim in her pool...

When death's grip hovers around one dear to your heart...

You might be proud to the highest level...

Yet humbled by a single thought of death...

Love or hate her...

Fear her or not...

Talk of her or not...

She don't care....

Above all, she's never scared...

No matter what your status are...

No matter how beautiful you are...

No matter what you feel about yourself...

No matter what you feel about other...

She approaches anyone at wish...

With a confidence and boldness, never found elsewhere on earth...

So the wise clinch to the keys...

“Be on guide – watching your ways”

The unquenchable Expression Of Love

Like a flower, I watched you grow...

Glow and blossom into maturity...

Oh! How I envy your glorious gift...

That of calm spirit you possess...

Capable of quenching all life's problems...

While some love for cash...

And others love for fame...

You've loved for love...

While many are blind to see your uniqueness...

Its prove clouds my mind...

Unstable my life be...

When I harbor a thought of letting you go...

A hill I wish to climb no more...

If my ink must continuously flow...

Over flown it be...

When you're the matter of discuss...

Years after years...

I search for words to describe how wonderful you are...

The best to fit this puzzle...

Is no other than, "I Love you"

Poem Stream... Written by: Imaeruaka Nzubechukwu Joseph



About the Author

Imaeruaka Joseph also known as Inbuilt-Wisdom JIN, is an indigene of Amesi town, in Aguata local government area, Anambra state. He was born in Amesi on the 18th of January, to the family of Mr and Mrs D.C. Nnajofofor. He attended Nigerian Navy Nursery & Primary School, Okomaiko, Nigerian Navy Secondary School, Abeokuta, Hopebay College, Okokomaiko. He attended Metallurgical Training Institute, Onitsha, Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka, bagging a degree in Mechanical Engineering.

Skills?

1. Copy writer (specialty; sales copy)

Currently works with Sky blazer ventures, Niger standard industry ltd, Azodo fish farm.

2. Content creator (short stories, articles, memes and poems)

Currently works with Andora Novella, Tis foundation and Medium.

3. Author at Amazon (kindle direct publish)

Imaeruaka Joseph up to date has six books published on Amazon.

-Marriage forum

-Wisdom from its inbuilt

-The Compile

-Did i have sex? - a memoir

-Maintenance of some basic electrical components

Poem Stream... Written by: Imaeruaka Nzubechukwu Joseph

-The poem stream.

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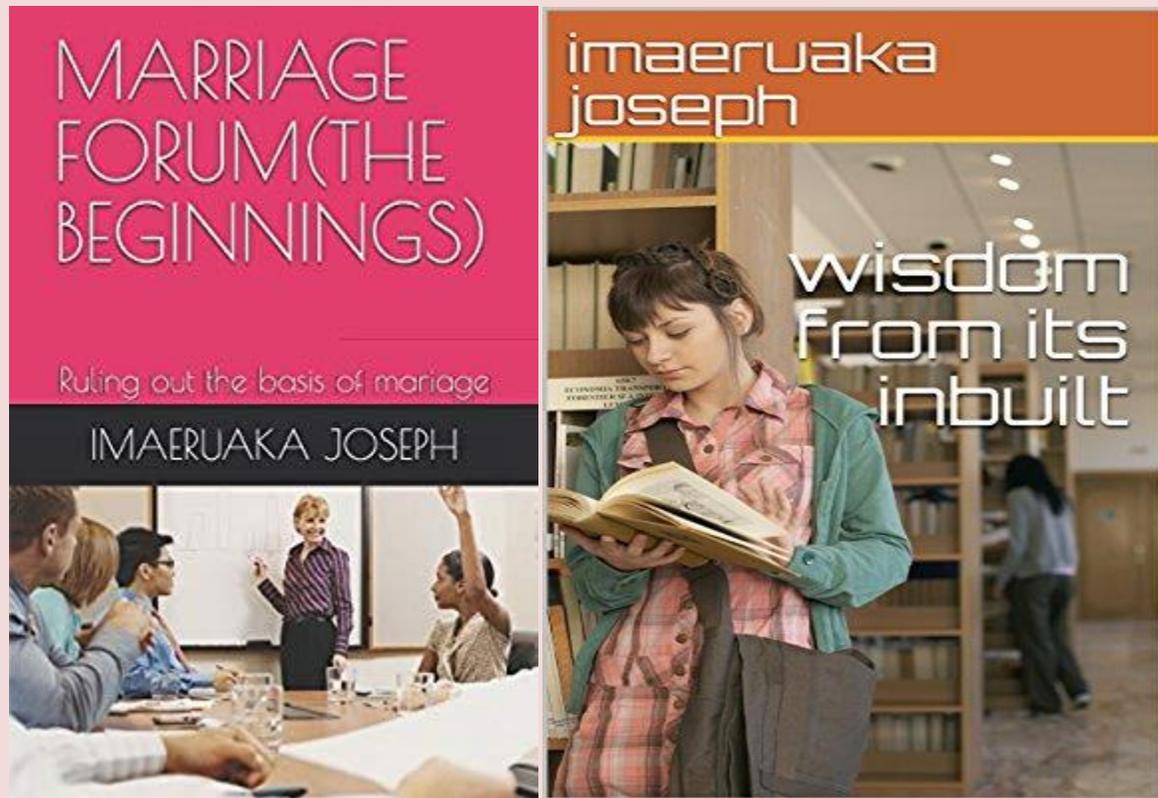
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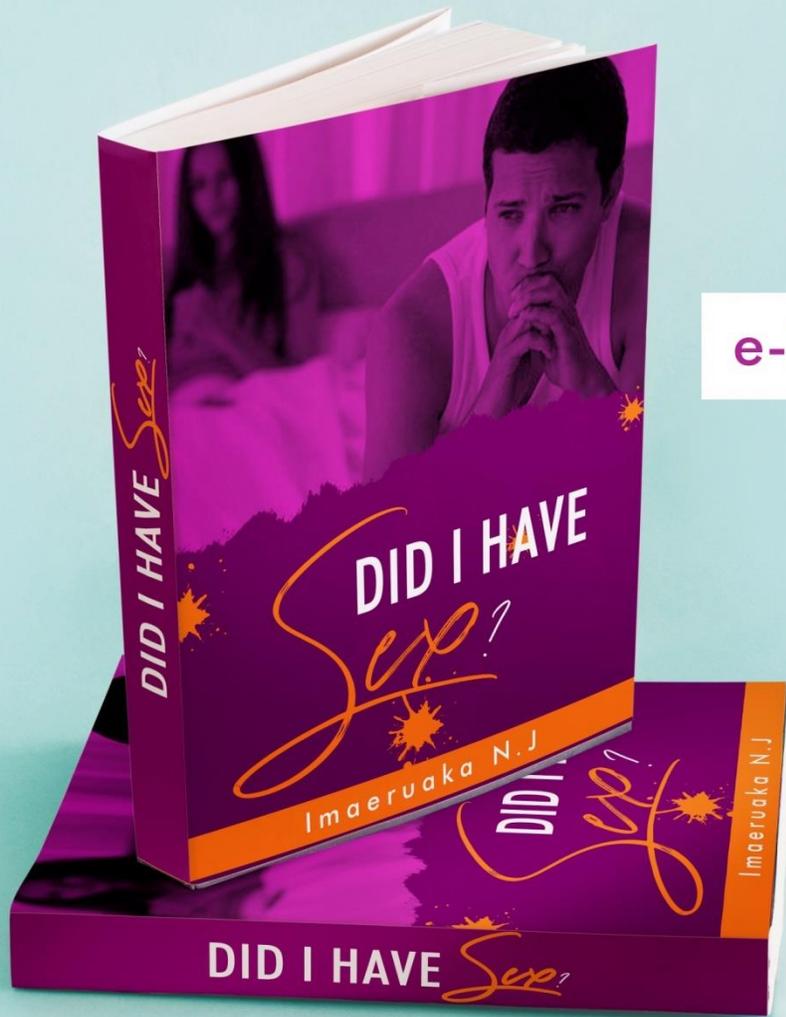
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Favorite quote: A word after a word after a word is power.

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