

Anthology of Remzybest poetry



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

This poems are dedicated to God Almighty, who gave me the wisdom and knowledge through understanding to write this book of poetry.

Acknowledgement

In a nutshell I acknowledge The Holy spirit the giver of wisdom, and a noble man of Grace apostle Philip and wife, my sweet sisters also
Who are with me all night as I pen down my poetic jingoisms .

About the author

Am Chibuzo Remigius Nsude, I hired from Enugu state Nigeria, am an o level certificate, I study poems only in o level, am feeling the gap As I go deeper.

summary

DANCE

Nature of a bird

Night wave

OFF MOOD

Poem an art

School

SORRY

Where have I gone wrong

DANCE

The mystery behind poems
Is hidden in the words Benet
Our mindset.

Nature of a bird

Perfect day begins

With a cruising smiling

So' arise and be celebrated.

Night wave

the night is a volume for a day stressful
Work done, and as the wave draft in darkness
By the atmosphere and swallow the air as
The brightness claim the calmness of the sky
And drop into man's eyes a fletching smoke
To send our Brocken body into rest, as I drawn
Into the Dreamland of sleep.
Night wave...
By poet Remzybest.

OFF MOOD

Silent is not always the answer
Most time, it's an ability to think
Through the memories of your
Heart' to the calmness of the
Soul, with a glamorous smiles
That made me an englantine of
Dual gentleness sitting in a catadictious fulip suites.
Catching off mood on the sky's.

Off mood

By

Poet Remzybest.

Poem an art

Poem is an art, I dreamt it
memories it and then pen down
With my hands. ***Poet Remzybest

School

School is a home of knowledge and a garden of wisdoms and a camp of understanding, those that are found here are known as students of powers.

SORRY

Sorry is a medicine
For every injuries, yet'
It's not Boughten by
Money, and most find
It difficult to administer
When it mostly needed.

Where have I gone wrong

I may not be important,
Because am like a grass growing in your farm land
So all you need do is to *choke me off and cast into a burning flame;*

My presence is now invisible that you can't sense it nor feel it, *am now the uninvited wind;*

Once a friend they say' is always a friend, yet in you I can't see the always: and a lost friendship i wept for

If nature that brought us together have dropped a rain and sun to dry it up before reaching my Palm's it would have been a mystery, but the rain dropped in my Palm's and spilt out unnoticed to the floor were the sun lowered it's hot flame to dry it up.

Friend where have I go wrong?