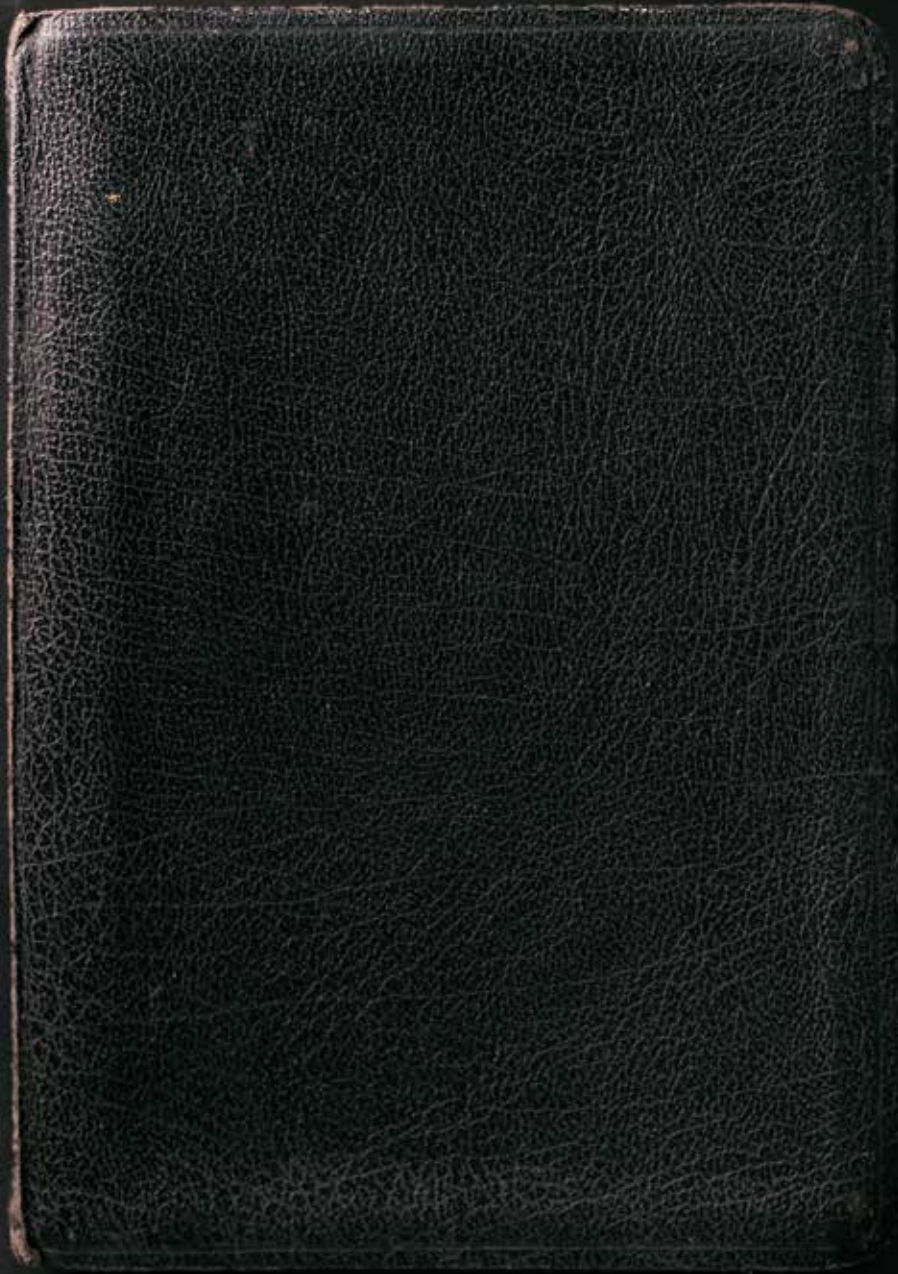




THE CHRIST A POET TEAM



REVERSED

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS

Edited by 'NONSO JOHN

CHRIST A POET

presents

reVERSED

The Life and Times of Jesus

Edited by 'Nonso John.

REVERSED: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS
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ABOUT THE BOOK

Jesus was human – He lived, walked, loved, and died a man.

Question.

How real would He be, if someone – a minor Bible character who lived back then – sends you a poem detailing a first-hand account of one of his/her/its experiences during the lifetime of Jesus?

Can you imagine what such a poem would read like?

Well, this is a collection of some of those poems.

Enjoy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My gratitude goes to the entire Christ a Poet (CAP) team, for employing their talents to this cause in the service of the Lord. For being unapologetic scribes in His service. For changing not one stroke of our paintbrush to fit in even if the world doesn't like what art we paint.

Special thanks go to the team of editors who worked tirelessly towards the production of this book: 'Nonso John, ChyD, and Godswill Ezeonyeka.

Also, it's all gratitude from me for the honour to lead the editing of this work.

I don't take it for granted.

**'Nonso John
Editor.**

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Crucified

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INTER- RELIGIOUS

The Niel QuChi

Waiting for the Star, I've been
reading and calibrating
Magi of Zoroaster, who'd have thought
saoshyant would be
So Hebrew, so Jew, how are they
deserving?
Ahura Mazda knows all, who are we to
be enquiring?

Waiting for the Star, we've been
poring through the universe.
When we saw it we took the camels up
on stress
Yes we will find him and bow before
him;
Walk in Asha he will, the Sultan of
Sultans, we are on the winning team



Waiting for the Star but I
think we found it already
Gold, frankincense and
myrrh according to history
We're so excited that we'll
touch the bringer of Frashokereti
We're off to Bethlehem, I hope that
Herod's in a good mood.

"Where is He who has been born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him." Matthew 2:2



LIFE TRANSPLANT

Favour Omeje

Walking with God is like madness;
Following Him, death;
You are the real zombie,
You die to live.

You live long,
Way longer than your other half;
You have forgotten where she was laid.
Your sons are long gone too,
But you still walk the earth.

You are the real vampire;
You eat His meat.
Man shall not live by bread alone;
But by every word that proceeds,
That proceeds out of His mouth.

Simeon is my name;
Jerusalem's enigma I am.
You won't tell my years,
For I am well ironed out;
Maybe I've lost count myself.

They don't know,
I die a million times
Doing the unthinkable,
Yahweh leads me to my cross,
I die to live
What an exchange.

And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the Consolation of Israel, and the Holy Spirit was upon him. And it had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit that he would not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ. Luke 2:25-26.

THE PROPHET'S HEAD

Tochukwu Precious

All my life
I've prayed for that moment;
A moment to make mama proud of me;
Just an occasion to prove myself
to mum.

Do you want to be a weakling like
your dad?

She would say every time.

Every time I missed a step
in my dance class

The look on her face said
it all.

I'm not sure I'm ready to dance in
front of the king.

I'm not sure if I'm ever going
to be good enough,

Or maybe this is my
chance to prove a
point.

Did you see that?

I got the loudest
ovation

But to finally get my
mum's approval

She demands the prophets'
head on a platter.

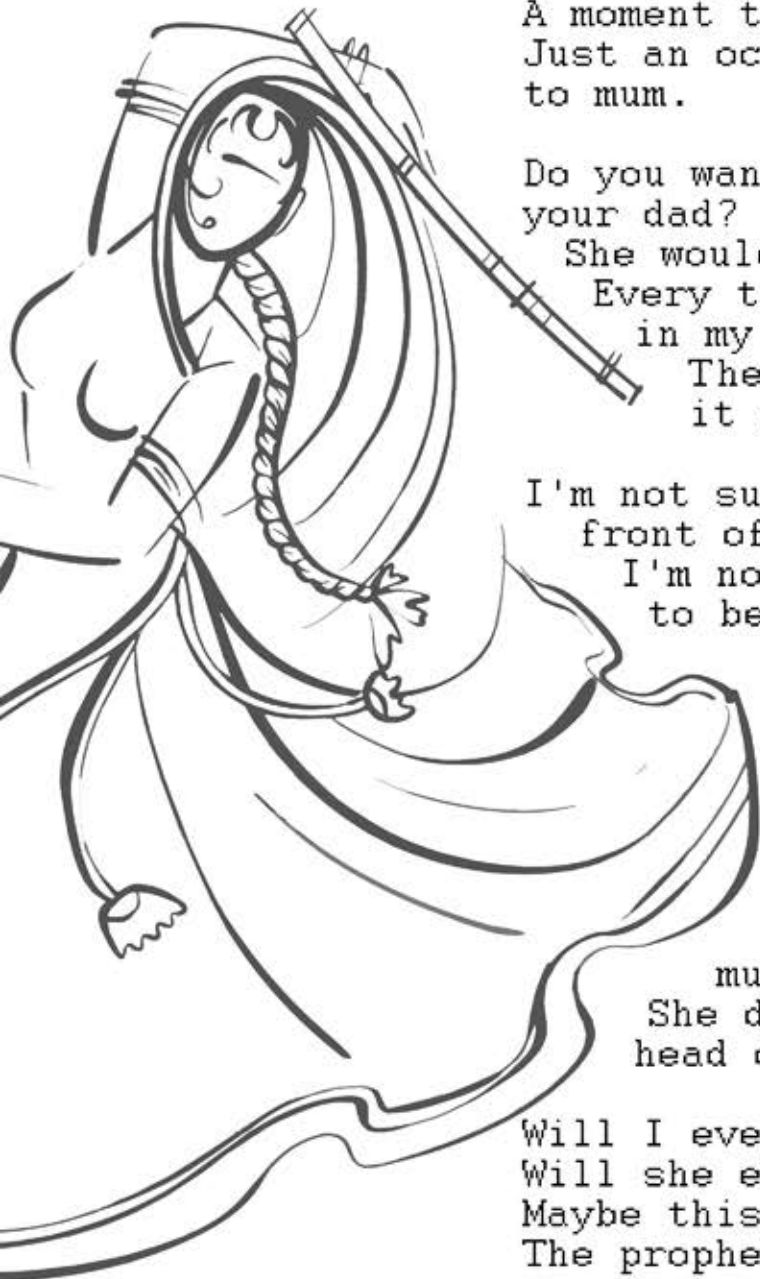
Will I ever be good enough?

Will she ever be proud of me?

Maybe this might do the trick.

The prophets' head it is.

He also swore to her, "Whatever you ask me, I will give you, up to half my kingdom." So she went out and said to her mother, "What shall I ask?" And she said, "The head of John the Baptist!" Mark 6:23-24



DEAD THOUGHTS

Godswill Ezeonyeka

I've been sick too long.
Again sleep holds my complaining
tongue.
I'm done with this pain and torture,
For my eyes only open to this horror
picture.

What is this blackness I see in the
morning?
And this deafening silence, shouldn't
Martha be cooking?
I see a light but there is no burning
lamp or holder.
How is it that I feel no pain and the
light calls me yonder?

Damn it! I am dead.
This is really happening.
My time on earth is done,
And my sisters I have left on their
own.

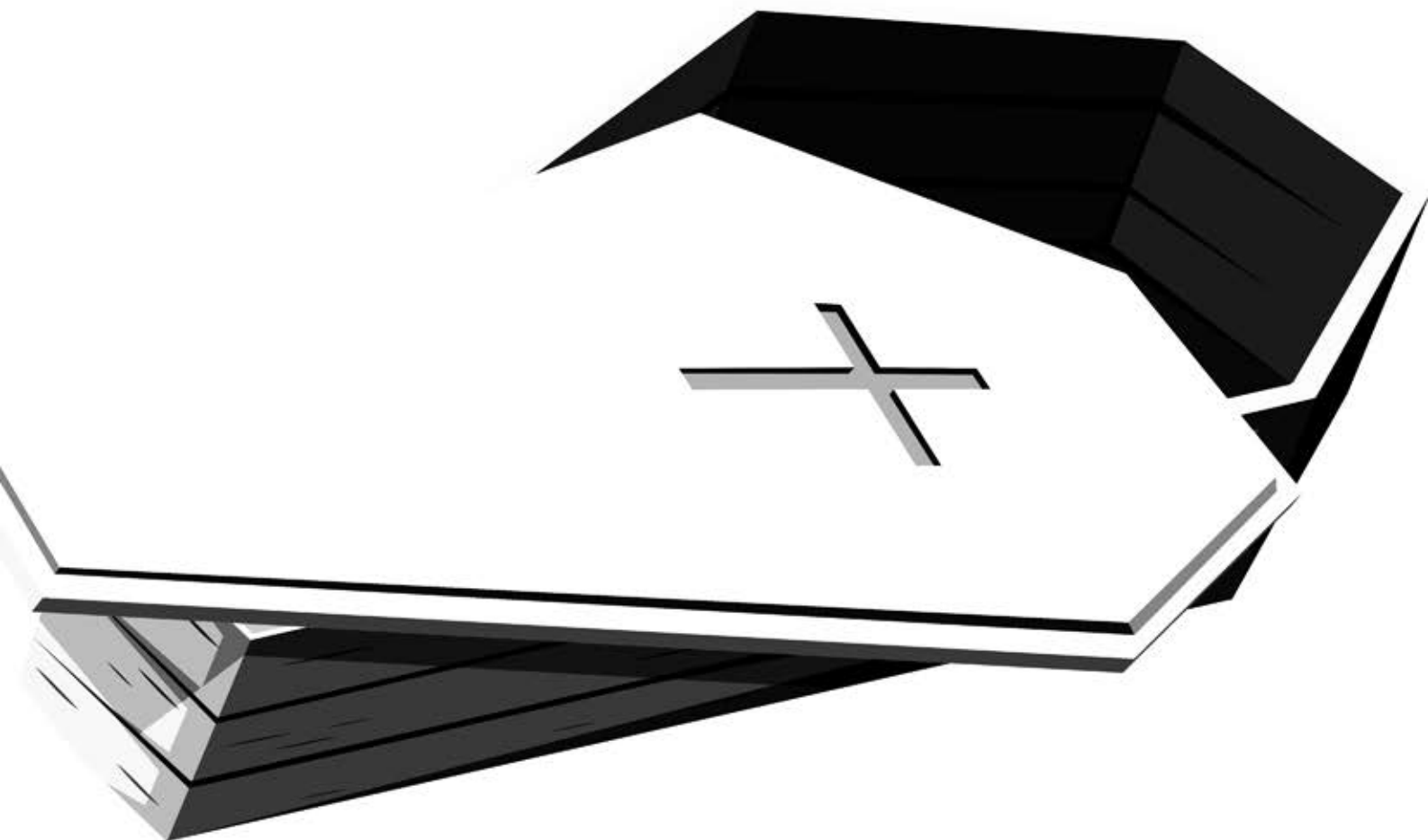
I cannot believe this is how I go.
I truly thought Jesus would come
through.
My family has been good to him and the
"cause."
How is it that he wouldn't help us beat
this curse?



I hear a voice in my head
Piercing through the darkness.
It calls my name with authority and
power.

I know this voice, I have once trusted
that power.
In a flash, light filled my space.
Once ahead of me light came in a sweet
embrace.
I awoke on a bed of stone in my tomb.
I saw light and I saw him.

Jesus did come through for us.
Jesus did stop this painful course.
He did not answer our call the way we
expected,
But Jesus did deliver on his promised
end.



Now when He had said these things, He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" John 11:43

LEPER MEETS HELPER

Hannah Azubuike

I broke the rules as a Jew.
I touched the unclean and I became
unclean,
But if the rumours that this man came
for Israel is true
That means he came for us too.
I decided that before he restores our
nation,
I'll beg him to restore my health.

But the crowd was so many that day
And so this was what I did...

"Incoming Unclean! Unclean incoming!
I'm Unclean Lord!
If you will, you can make me clean"
And just in a speed of light, He
stretched out
His hand and touched me, saying those
magical words
"I will, be clean!"

I have no other higher conviction
that he is the Lord, our Helper
Because, He heals the lepers too!



And it happened when He was in a certain city, that behold, a man who was full of leprosy saw Jesus; and he fell on his face and implored Him, saying, "Lord, if You are willing, You can make me clean." Luke 5:12

THE ROYAL CALLING

ChyD

I broke the rules as a Jew.
The right time or the right person?
Is there an essence for the wait?
Jenny believed she had a purpose.
The ceremonial night came with
advances from Jack.
An introduction to breeding.
A welcome party into adulthood.

But she felt she didn't belong
there.

Dignity not known in the
community enveloped her.
Culture is sacred however.
It is participation or
exile;

None was an easy choice.
Her mother, a learned
historian

Sat her down and recounted
their tradition.

They are proud slaves and
will forever be slaves.

They found purpose in working
for humans.

But right before they give themselves
over to Labour
They enjoy the most beautiful lustful
rites.

She wanted the best for her daughter.
Jenny wanted more from life
So when her father gave her an
ultimatum;

To either join the rites or leave the
clan

She left, unsure of her choice.



Alone she was captured and tied
Tears of uncertainty, regret and fear
dripped down her cheeks.
Should she have settled?
She felt foolish for thinking she
could be different.
In the midst of her mental chaos
Humans came to untie her.
She wondered if that was it for her
But strangely she felt peace.
The strangers told the questioning
onlookers
The Lord sent them
And immediately an upsurge of
excitement lit in her.
They journeyed back to the King
And royal robes were layed upon her.
She walked on red carpet and neighed
triumphantly.
The most important man alive
rode her.
She knew this was her
purpose;

To serve The king.



"Go into the village opposite you, where as you enter you will find a colt tied, on which no one has ever sat. Loose it and bring it here." Luke 19:30

HOSANNA

Chibuzo Okpara

Williams Udousoro

On this dusty, noisy day
Came two rardy, tardy men
Seeking our tiny, shinny foal
For the entry, of the king of glory

Then came around
Busybodies on our ground
Nosing all around
For a story to make the rounds

The King was proud
As He rode his donkey around
With praises sounding all round
And fresh leaves littering the ground

Hossanah, Hossanah, sounded the chant
That drowned all the rants
Hossanah, Hossanah, rang the bell
That story so grand we must tell
Hossanah, Hossanah, cried the earth
Echoing the sound heaven had birth

The King of glory, rides tonight
To the heart that will open at His sight.



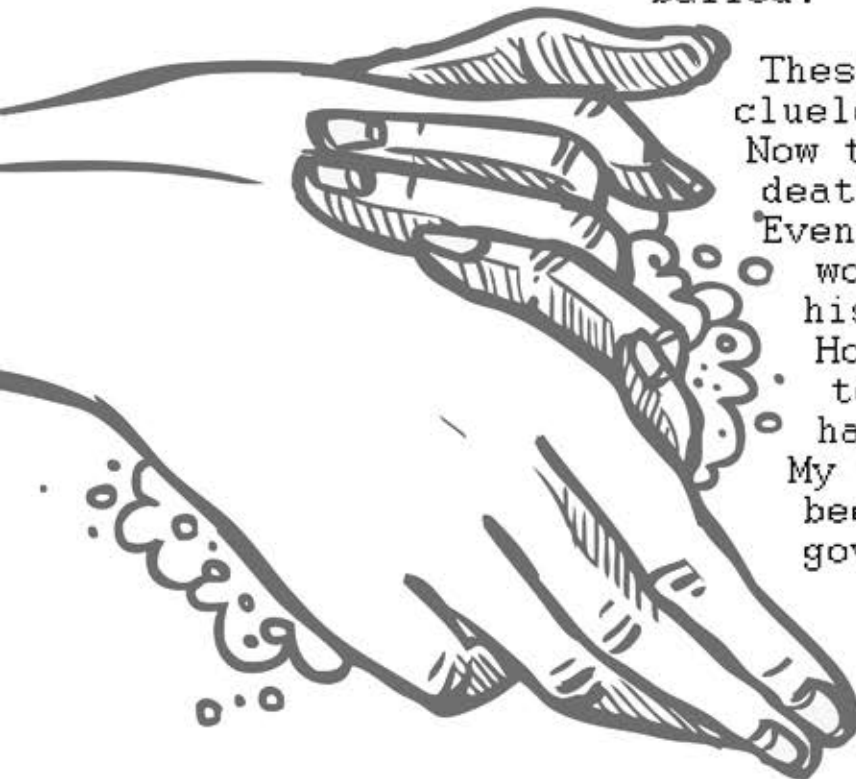
Tell the daughter of Zion, 'Behold, your King is coming to you, Lowly, and sitting on a donkey, A colt, the foal of a donkey.' Matthew 21:5

A BETTER GOVERNOR

ChyD

My wife would have been a better
governor;
One with a collected demeanor.
The coup was unsuccessful
But the attempt is a start.
A thousand years from now there
will be a finish.

I believe in the cause
Of equal chance and
opportunities,
So when the guard came for her
I didn't hesitate to slit his
throat.
For that I was jailed
And the supporters we had
bailed.



These countrymen are
clueless.
Now they demand the
death of a true King;
Even choosing my
worthless life over
his.
How weak of Pontius
to just wash his
hands.
My wife would have
been a better
governor.

*When Pilate saw that he could not prevail at all, but rather that a [c]tumult was rising, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person. You see to it." **Matthew 27:24***

ARE YOU?

Erudite



I bet he could breathe fire
Or move objects with his mind.
No, maybe he can fly, maybe they
all can.

With grace they walk and smile
in the face of the dark
Majestically, my superheroes in
sandals.

I want to be one, I want to fly,
I want to heal,
I want to speak and multitudes
be free.
I bet he is one of them.

Sir, are you his disciple too?

Now Peter sat outside in the courtyard. And a servant girl came to him, saying, "You also were with Jesus of Galilee." But he denied it before them all, saying, "I do not know what you are saying." Matthew 26:69-70



COO-COO ROO-COO

Stephen Kator IORFA

Coo-coo-rooooooooo-coooo
Thou crowing rooster of Caiaphas'
palace
Though less than a human
You played your role in prophecy
And kept thy master's word
From falling to the ground

Coooooo- cooo- roooo-cooooooo
Had it not been for your crow
Peter might have been lost
He would ne'er have remembered
The Lord's word
Nor repented
From his denial

Cooo-coo-rooooooooooooooooo-coooo
Please crow at me
At each point when I derail
And loose my masters call
Or should I ever be ashamed
His name in public to proclaim
Oh crow in my heart
His ever loving voice.

Then Peter remembered the word Jesus had spoken: "Before the rooster crows, you will disown me three times." And he went outside and wept bitterly.
Matthew 26:75

MAN AT THE FIRE

Godswill Ezeonyeka

My tales hold no treasure chase or
princess saved
But it does hold wonder that for
generations will never fade.
Gather round grandchildren, grandma is
in her favourite rocking chair.
This is a tale fairies can't tell,
this is one that tingles the ear.

I was but a serving maid on those days
The typical curious Catherine, I
always knew the headlines of hearsay.
I should have gone home that night
after a tasking day
But at the fire I sat to know this man
and his fate.

They say he is the son of Joseph the
carpenter.

- They say he blasphemed, parading as
the messiah.

I only know he somehow can do
miracles, he's a healer

- Cause my sister served the Centurion's
resurrected daughter.



As the light from the fire flickered
and glowed
I spotted one of his closest bros.
Now the Jews are weird but I would
have guessed them loyal.
Why was this Galilean seated while
they tortured one he loved?

I went up to him and announced "This
man is also with him."
But without flinching he denied his
master, how disappointing.
My disgust knew no bounds, this
betrayal is appalling.
He went on to change places by the
fireside; a disciple defeated.

I watched this man deny his master
thrice.
By the cock crow, I had had enough of
Jews and their lies.
First they condemn a man for doing
good right before their eyes
Then those he called brothers would
without question live in denial.

As the law went, the healer was
crucified like a criminal.
As fate would have it one of his bros
couldn't live with his betrayal
And just when all would seem to have
returned to normal
As God will have it, the healer came
back to life; what an awe.



You would think the surprise was done
and over with
But the healer after a while ascended
to the skies and was never again seen.
After some days we heard of a
disturbance in the place his folks
met.
When I arrived, the surprise at what I
saw - it forever lives with me.

The healer's followers all spoke in
diverse tongues
And leading them was the man at the
fire obviously transformed;
For where there was once cowardice,
his conviction roared.
He spoke of his affiliation with love
and how it made him a man reborn.

His story was beyond compelling and I
wanted more.
We all could feel the power present at
Pentecost.
I and thousands more joined the club
and found love.
That is how a man, transformed, led me
to Christ.



A servant girl saw him seated there in the firelight. She looked closely at him and said, "This man was with him." But he denied it. "Woman, I don't know him," he said. Luke 22:56-57



CRUCIFIED

'Nonso John

A left-handed palm. Bloodied.
On the far end of the wooden plank.
Fingers dirtied. Curved from pain.
Trembling. Extreme exhaustion.

Our gazes. They speak when they meet.
I swear. I see myself in those eyes.
Pure. Clear. And filled with love.

He gasps. Shallow breaths.
Yet He says nothing. Nothing.
I plant the peg in the middle of His
palm.
This hammer feels heavy in my grip.

See me raise my weapon. High up.
My target is clear. The nail.
The nail.

Bang!
His blood splashes. A drop in my eye.
Eyelids welcome liquid stranger.
And I hear Him.
The scream. The cry. The prayer.

"Father! Father! Forgive them.
They know not what they do."

*Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do."
Luke 23:34*

ROMAN SOLDIER AD.

The Niel QuChi

I saw the sky split open in an instant,
Maybe there'll be coffee that is instant,
But today I see that God isn't distant,
Still have my weapons but I'm disarmed;
This arm that I used to flog him,
I hope he meant it when he said "forgive
them..."

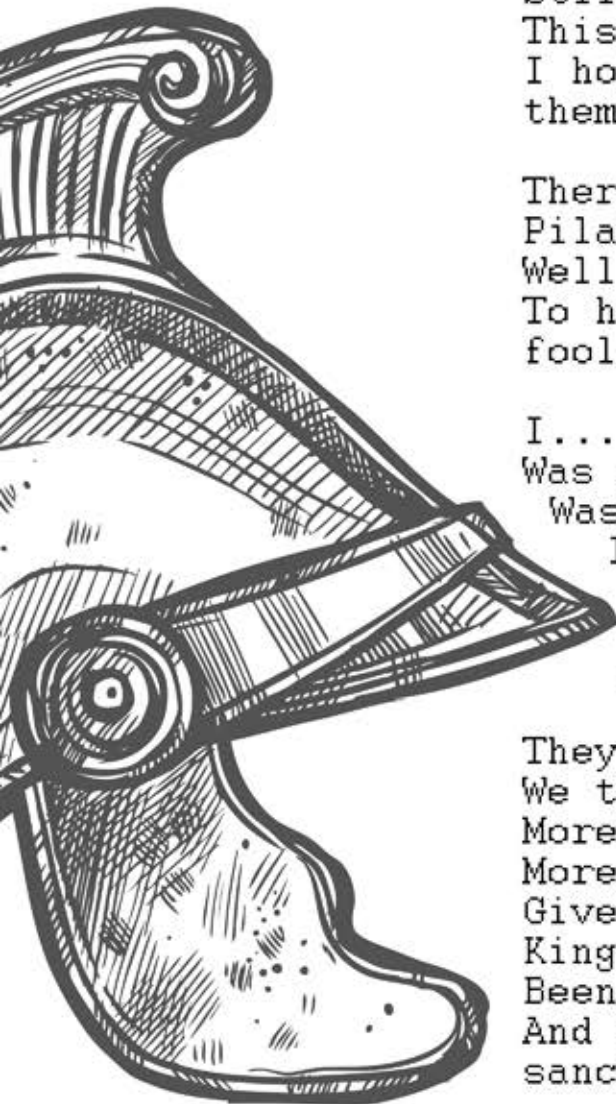
There hangs the King of The Jews.
Pilate wants this event to make news.
Well it's big to me, so big that I choose
To hear what it was that he taught these
fools.

I...
Was a Soldier till he won my heart too;
Was heathen now I cool with God too.
I dig this Christ, let me excavate
truth
They say the temple curtain tore,
it's so cool.

They thought he was ordinary;
We thought him an adversary.
More human than I'm Roman;
More man than I'm soldier.
Give me life in abundance, Jewish born
King.
Been to many temples but you're on a tree
And yet you got me feeling like a
sanctuary.

God in me is what you said, and that
you're an example
Gotta get me more gospel, need to find a
disciple.

*So when the centurion saw what had happened, he glorified God, saying, "Certainly
this was a righteous Man!" Luke 23:47*



I SAW EVIL

Chioma Ndubuisi

Take off my belt and tunic,
Take off my helmet and don't dust it's
crest,
Don't scrub my back, don't wash my
feet,
Boil me in this caldarium, cook me in
my grief.

I saw evil when He died on that tree.

The gods are wary, the gods are wile,
They give wealth and misfortune once
in a while,
but this God, I fear, his wrath is
divine.

What God would father a rebel this
way?
How would He allow a Son this much
pain?
Why did His own people drown Him in
bile?
Can't anyone just tell me why?

I saw evil when He died on that tree.

I watched Him stand in the midst of
the show,
Saying nothing as His nick-name rang;
Blasphemer! Blasphemer!
Rallied the crowd...
But in the horrible din, His head was
bowed.





I watched Him stand beside the seat,
Pilate was crafty, and ready to
please, .
He released a murderer to keep a
throne,
denying justice for Ceasar's peace.
Kill him, kill him....., give us His
head!!
In the midst of His sentence, His
voice was unheard.

I saw evil when He died on that tree.

By my hundred, He was scourged,
He followed the traitors as they led
the bloody walk...
In the crowd were people He had
healed,
In the alleys, folks that shared His
meat.
While some wailed for sorrow, we
laughed at His crown.....
"Look at the rebel you call your
king"

He looked up to heaven as He struggled
to breathe,
"Father, why have you forsaken me?",
His cry of grief.
What God would father a rebel this
way?
Why would He allow a Son this much
pain?

I saw evil when he died on that tree.

He looked down to the people, His own,
"Father, forgive them...",
His cry was heard.
He honored the prophets as He bowed
His head,
"...on him shall be the punishment
for sin."
This God, I fear, His wrath is grim.



They said God's wrath was poured out
on Him.
But the God I saw didn't move an inch.
The evil on Him was from kith and kin.
Guile, Envy, Anger, Malice,
Hatred, Betrayal, Injustice and Death;
the evil that lived in the hearts of
men,
the evil for which His blood was shed.

I saw evil when He died on that tree.
I watched Him as He breathed his last
.
His God kept silent as the seconds
passed,
What king would yield to this defeat?
Why would He not bring down His fleet?
I recalled His few words before the
throne,
"my kingdom is unlike your own..."

I shake my head at those that didn't
see.
I saw evil when it died on that tree.

So when the centurion and those with him, who were guarding Jesus, saw the earthquake and the things that had happened, they feared greatly, saying, "Truly this was the Son of God!" **Matthew 27:54**

TREE

Steven Kator IORFA

From among the woods, you chose me.
From a despicable reputation, you
lifted me
And made of me the cross on which you
were slain.

You made me a symbol of hope and
love,
And gave me the honor which I now
bear.

What if, for some reason, I had been
nipped in the bud?
And not allowed to make it to a tree?
What if for some reason, I wasn't
thick enough to form a cross?
What if for some reason, I wasn't
hard enough to hold the nails?

Oh! How thoughtful you were, to let
me grow
And make me thick and firm, so strong
to bear your weight,
And hold the nails that pinned your
body.
Oh how thoughtful you were, of all
the trees to choose me.

Blessed be the day when the axe
Was laid on me, and my life was
taken.
Blessed be the day I gave my life
that Christ may give His,
That man may forever, be saved.



Now Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was: JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. John 19:19

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*The **Christ A Poet Team** consists of a group of writers with one major goal: preaching Christ and all the joys associated with His love.*

*We undertake this mandate through the talent God has so generously given us: **WRITING**.*

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