

Poetry Series

**AFRICANS ARE WOMEN**  
**Poetry Anthology**  
**- poems -**

Publication Date:  
2017

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# AFRICANS ARE WOMEN Poetry Anthology()

NIBSTEARS is an independent literary platform under the sponsorship of Adubi Literary Cave organisation that found her sole on the wide lane of promoting the literary communal world of every creatures in some years back, having Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris as the man in the shadow of the dancing pen in the midst of words voracious fingers.

NIBSTEARS conducts a monthly poetry contest with prize attachment for upcoming poets and poetess, do to create abode for upcoming poets seeking for a better place to pour our the flude of poetry in their clumsy throats. This month of February, &quot; THE REEEST VERSES&quot; is a captivating anthology of poems that prompts the poets all over the world to express their view on the intensity damage of out societal illness to the masses.

NIBSTEARS conducts Inter-school poetry competition among secondary pupils with prize attachments, she also has her tentacles in most tertiary institutions in Nigeria.

NIBSTEARS as well organizes poetry, play and prose lectures on her site () of which this has made her gotten millions of readers across the globe.

NIBSTEARS compiles poems for anthology for upcoming poets and the poems of her followers for entrenchment of poetry in the minds of poets and poetess and to serve as an encouragement for those poets who are being discouraged. Lastly, conduction of Poetry Festival is not being left out in her focus since many years back she started.

CONTACT:

nibstears@  
nibstearsinfo@  
+2347068404400  
Nigeria

# Reeest Verses Poetry Anthology

THE REEEST VERSES  
Anthology of Poems

On

'societal illness'

Compiled and edited by:

Nibstears Poetry Cave editors  
(Adubi Literary Cave)  
February 2016.

Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Nibstears Poetry Cave is a literary platform under the literary organization, Adubi Literary Cave. This literary organization came into existence in the 2015 and her major focus in the literary world is to liberate the society with poems, prose and play. Nibstears, as popularly known is basically on the stance of promoting literature at all cost, so to extend the life span of literature in our societies where kids long for for platform to improve their writing skills. Nibstears uses this anthology to appease to the sacred spirit of our society for a justifiable treatment of all the refugees at borthers, the beggars at the stream routes in villages and those at the wide lane of our glutinous cities. At Nibstears Poetry

Cave, we aim at empowering the poor with our internal fund and with the help of our sponsor, Caprecon Foundation Development (Poet Dollin Holt) and the rest to come.

Lastly, we acknowledge the submitted poems by Nigerian poets and from other countries like Kenya, Ghana, United Kingdom, United a State of America, and other countries unmentioned for their originality. Nibstears literary project Is nothing else than to enhance the literary bent of the gifted within our communal literary world.

Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris

Nibstears

Adubi Literary Cave

## PREFACE

REEEST VERSES poetry anthology is the compiled literary book of outrageous words and verses of poets and poetess of Africa and other nations around. It is a mirror in which the cadaverous images of societal illness are being reflected to serve as a proof of sincere condolence we had towards ourselves for the flame of injustice, raping, theft, economic hindrances, democratic and political instability. This is not to depress the people of society from finding meaning of their living but is to stimulate their spirit of unity to fight against these societal tribulations.

As it was being early stated by the late Achebe, a literary man who separates himself from the political issues of the society, seems not relevant in that society. Based on the general survey, beside the impact of nature as one of the contributors of these societal illness, the ingenuity of politics contributes majorly and immensely to the societal damages also, and these requires the attentions of all literary men.

NIBSTEARs, under the literary body of Adubi Literary cave then thought it fit to make a collection of poems from all these punctured societies, so to reveal the pains of everyone, and the measure of strenght needed to address the issues with the words from our nibs. This is really the collective tears of the poets!

This literary book shouldn't be edited or being used illegally in any form!

Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris  
Nibstears Poetry Cave; Founder.  
+2347068404400  
Nibstears@  
Nibstearsinfo@  
4verses88@  
Nigeria.

## MEET THE NIBSTEARs' FOUNDER

Poet Akinwemimo Idris, (Parakeet) , is the founder of the ever leading organization named 'Nibstears Poetry Cave' under the control of Adubi Literary Cave, where words are being worded, where meters are being metered, where verses are being versed, and where stanzas are being stanzerized for the purpose of virtuous message delivery. He has gotten his literary works published in many anthologies of poetry, of which 'Who Shall I Make My Wife ' by Poet In Nigeria (PIN) literary body is one. His new anthology of poetry book on love, songs of esteemers, revolutionists and the rest, is currently at the last lap of race of delivery to the poetry lovers, the societies and the world at large. He is from Africa, the zones of the blacks, where bents are being practiced in outstanding

style. He graduated from Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife, Nigeria, where he studied language. He is Nigerian (Ikire) , a poet, an essayist, a theorist, an author. Despite all, though he is a veteran in poetry, but he still engage in the voyage of knowledge.

He is the founder of Nibstears Poetry Cave in early year of 2015 which is being established to look inwardly to the challenges of the upcoming poets. The organisation has succeeded in organizing a monthly poetry competition among the poets of Africa and abroad, this year February is a typical reflection of what we do as Poet Scott Thomas Outler emerges first with his poem 'Kingdom of chaos ' Poet Awoniyi Olajide emerges the second with his poem 'I am also Almajiri. while Poet Ijalusi T. is the third with his poem 'Orphanage ' Also, the literary body had been able to establish a platform of consultancy in the field of literature through the publication of many literary articles. In addition to this, Nibstears do visit the nursery school pupils for literature classes with them which are always being covered by Nibstears Press Crew. Other literary programmes are also being documented in our archive on bases of invitation.

To complement the essence of literature in society, Nibstears had been able to pay visit to underdeveloping places like villages to comfort their intense minds with poetry and monetary aids. Nibstears is currently in partnership with Caprecon Development Foundation (Dollin Holt) for the actualization of charity entrenchment.

Nibstears... promoting our communal literary world!  
We aren't the words, but we are the nibs

## MODERATION TEAM

On behalf of the entire moderation team, sincere appreciation from our little Cave that promotes and reveals the values in literature, goes to all poet and poetess who have honored our call for an anthology, those who answered our call and those who didn't, nibstears under the control of adubi literary cave will forever be indebted to you for heeding our call to use our pen to clean and birth a new society through the tears from our quill and nib.

Thus, this anthology 'REEEST VERSES ' I believe, will buy a place in this dirty society of ours with different poems that has been written by many outstanding poets both home and abroad with society recognition to correct the illness with our society hence, this compilation is a great move towards cleaning the mess that our society has been facing.

The main aim of us in Nibstears a subsidiary of adubi literary cave is to juxtapose and bring to the society the power that lies in poetry, the good that poetry will do to our society especially in this era where vices has becomes the anthem, . Once again, millions thanks to the poets and poetess who heed our call for anthology, our pen shall someday birth a new society.

Poetloded Akinwemiwo Idris  
Founder, director, coordinator.

Awwal Karreem  
Moderator  
+917097606313

CAPRECON DEVELOPMENT FOUNDATION

(DOLLIN HOLT)

Poetry came to me, or I came to poetry at a very young age. When it is all quiet at home, I will steal into a corner and begin to write down my thoughts in such a way that convinced my



hesitant mother to buy me that note book I have been asking for; and that was my humble entry into this genre of writing. I have never looked back since then. I am not a published poet, which many people find surprising. But I have contributed in my modest way to poetry by either sending poems to be added to anthologies or helped to publish, or sponsored poetry competitions, or sat as a judge in many. On behalf of Caprecon Development Foundation, I want to thank all of you who contributed your works for this completion; and to say that you all won; except that some of you won more. Thank you.

Dollin Holt.

SONIA GUPTA

BIOGRAPHY OF THE POETESS:

DR. SONIA GUPTA (BDS, MDS) hails from Dera Bassi, near Chandigarh, India. Though, a doctor by profession, yet poetry is her passion. She started writing in 2006 and her journey of poetry continued afterwards. Her many poems got a place in various Hindi magazines and English anthology books. Recently she became an established poetess after getting her two Hindi poetry books published. Her three English poetry books are releasing soon. Besides poetry, she is fond of paintings, singing, cooking, knitting, designing, stitching and embroidery too! ! !

NAME: DR. Sonia Gupta

QUALIFICATION: (ORAL PATHOLOGY)

ADDRESS: #95/3, ADARSH NAGAR, DERA BASSI, DIST: MOHALI, PUNJAB-140507

MOBILE: 08054951990

IL: Sonia.4840@

FACEBOOK ID: 100004964983747@

BLOG:

## TODAY'S LIFE

What has happened to today's life  
What this world is doing to survive  
Is this really what is called 'life'?  
Or is it just a 'mirage', not 'life'!

Everyone is running here and there  
Unconcerned of their near and dears  
In the craze of earning, human don't fear  
Shedding blood of relations just so near!

Hurting feelings of others is a common sight  
Rampant corruption is we cannot fight  
About rapes and stabbing every day we read  
Something is wrong with the human seed!

Smiles and laughter turn into tears  
Killing innocents gloomy atmosphere  
For selfish longings exploit the poor  
In this rat race man lost grandeur!

No brother nor sister relations now frost  
In foeticide affectionate mother is lost  
Piety of filial relations is now at stake  
Marital relations are generally fake!

Honesty and sincerity are at discount  
Bribes and sycophancy rule the ground  
Teacher and taught relations gone away  
Faith and trust are commodities very rare!

What has happened to today's life  
What this world is doing to survive  
Is this really what is called 'life'?

Or is it just a 'mirage', not 'life'?

\*\*\*\*\*

### TODAY'S CHILD

\*\*\*\*\*

Everyday I see him  
With a great dream to live his life  
In his those innocent eyes  
Though he never speaks anything  
But his silent face can say everything  
Only one voice I can hear from him  
That is; I also want to live my life!

He also has a wish to hold that school bag  
He also wants to wear school shoes and tag  
He also wants to open that lunchbox pack  
But on those shoulders, there is a load of luggage  
His bare feet are covered by garbage  
He bears all this to survive with a single wish  
That is; One day I too will live my life!

He also wishes to float that paper boat  
He also wants to fill colors in his life  
He also wants to cheer up in life  
But he has to bathe in that gutter water  
He has learnt to hide his innocent tears  
He does all this to survive with a wish  
That is; One day I too will live my life!

He also wants to listen those childhood stories  
He also wants to grow further and marry  
He also wants to make his future bright  
But, he keeps on smiling, when someone talked about 'childhood';  
He even has experienced what is the pain of being 'old';

He is doing all that to survive with a wish  
That is; One day I too will live my life!

I do not have courage to describe more  
Only one question arises in my mind and soul  
Who is responsible for his miserable life?  
What is the fault of that innocent child?  
Why GOD you treat the world with partiality?  
One side there is a misery, the other side luxury?  
One side a beggar, begging for food,  
Other side someone wasting food?

A child is said to be a reflection of you O lord!  
Then why is such a situation O God?  
A miserable, cry my ears hear everyday  
A hopeless face I see everyday  
He is trying to survive, but still with a wish  
That is; One day I too will live my life  
When will he live his that life?

\*\*\*\*\*

COPYRIGHT @DR. SONIA GUPTA 2016

Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris

NIBS' TEARS

Robin sighs, cries  
It's beak picks dry shrub,  
Though in forest-midst,  
Though often rain sheds.

Nib sheds joyful tears  
Of good times memories.

Nib sheds salty paint,  
Paints devalued monument.

## NIGHT CALLS

Drums, gongs, snail-shell  
Accord freedom feast call.  
Breasts, waist, thigh dangle,  
In shadows the night cast.  
Tonight the feast calls.

Kids hurl rags in ugly smile,  
Tits toast in dirty dainties.  
Men diverge at liege's huts,  
Converge, in despair, hang,  
Like bats awaiting night.  
Tonight the feast calls.

Ngozi sings, dances on toes,  
So does Ajike in bare nude.  
Indecency, a natural fate,  
To appease the sitted lords,  
Black lords in whitish collar.  
Tonight the feast calls.

Shortly drums fade behind  
The voices of whitish collars.  
'Though to here we belong  
Our land must but to them be'  
Tonight, the beasts call.

\* Ngozi: Igbo tribe female name in Nigeria.

\* Ajike: Yoruba tribe female name in Nigeria.

Adedayo Victor

Biography:

Adedayo Victor O is an undergraduate of English in the prestigious Kwara State University. He is a creative writer and a poet. He was a participant at the Nigeria Centenary quiz competition (2014) . He is currently the National Director of Information of the National Association of Students of English and Literary Studies (NASELS NIGERIA) . He is one of the fast growing literati in the literary world. The urge to excite positive transformation through the art of poetry has prompted the compilation of his anthology titled &quot;Bleeding Pens&quot;. He has authored numerous poems, short stories and articles.

It is time  
There they sat  
Expecting from me the care they gave  
Hoping to reap that which they have laboured  
The meal of bone; they have enjoyed way too long  
Even in discomfort, they enjoyed satisfactorily  
It is time

As she prayed  
I saw it in her eyes  
But what is it I can do  
What is it I have become;  
A newspaper addict  
A wanderer  
My cry was always heard in church  
The mosque became my friend  
Even the oracle was not left out  
Let alone friends and family whom I clung unto  
Oh! Smile, why art thou expensive on my face  
Oh! Tears, why art thou filled my eyes  
Oh! Sorrow why have you no other place than my heart  
My thought could not hold itself together  
As I wandered alone, screaming aloud;  
Where is my reward for education  
Where is my reward for education  
Where is my reward for education

Shame will not let me live  
Even death avoids me  
It is time  
The bell beckons to me  
It is time  
It is time to wake up from my slumber

It is time to soar like an eagle  
It is time to explore beyond limit  
It is time to empower my arms  
It is time to swim in the ocean of creativity  
It is time to rise amidst variables  
It is time  
The bell beckons to me  
It is time.

Forsake me not

You live in paradise  
Beautiful flowers surround you  
Money; not a problem  
Food; not a problem  
Your nakedness is covered expensively  
And you live exorbitantly  
You have forgotten that we slept on mats together  
Till favour smiled on you  
And you rose to sleep on decorated beds  
I hold no grudge against you  
But I beseech you to retrace your steps  
Wealth has led you to stupor  
But do not forsake the cry of the needy  
We are your brothers who slept on that old mat with you  
We are responsible for who you are today  
Do not forsake us  
□

Adesoro Segun Emmanuel

HOLOCAUST REBIRTH 1

We once saw the frightful flood of tear  
Running down the cheek of the earth  
In the days when hatred reigns like hefty rains  
When the rejected celebrates their death  
In the cold palms of evil from dawn to dawn

Then, the glebe hymned like a mournful mother

Whose hope has been buried in hopelessness  
With faith domiciled in homicide and genocide

The winds felt the erroneous heat  
The hitting heat named hitler  
Who scares the moon and the stars  
Bids farewell leaving memorable scars

And now, he dwells in the heart of wickedness  
Butchering love in the presence of silence  
With the sanctity of life seeking refuge  
From hope, who's yet to be rescued.

Aaaaargh!  
The pre-born are now citizens of holocaust  
Whose place of safety; hijacked  
Made an abattoir of death  
Free of smell and bliss of breath.

#### FACELESS FATE

Our future be flaunt like flare fire  
Was the lullaby at age of suckling  
The soil seedlings shall grow and glow-  
Flimsy tales told to tell at striplings  
When shall it again be heard at moonlight?  
When will picture of framed future be featured?  
In the ageing young that's old to go

Will propound promise of old come to hold  
And be as amorous as floribunda  
Netting nightmare to ponder  
For faith is harshed in ashes of mirage  
With soothing sight set on itty-bitty hope

Will hearts ev'r dwell in un-foreseen storyland?  
And faceless fate be unmasked at village square  
Won't copeing hope die of patience?  
If dusk remain don at dawns

Young shall grow and glow-  
Mellow fairytale of meltless snow



Destined to reach but the rich  
In abode of inheritance et conquest  
And prime pretence promising providence  
Not unveiling the face of faceless fate  
Condemning us to island of famed faith

Our future be flaunt like flare fire  
Was the lullaby at age of suckling  
The soil seedlings shall grow and glow-  
Flimsy tales told to tell at striplings  
When shall it again be heard at moonlight?  
When will picture of framed future be featured?  
In the ageing young that's old to go.

Karen King

Biography

Karen comes from Bedfordshire, England. She has been writing for four years and started off by writing poems as she had so many nature photos and wanted to do something with them. She now writes nature, romantic, humanitarian, paranormal and horror poems and often has a photo to go with the poem. Karen also writes short stories. So far, she has written nineteen books. Her pre-recorded poems are played on an American radio station and her poems are in an on-line magazine called, 'The Creativity Webzine', on a weekly basis. She also runs three poetry groups on Facebook as well as having three separate pages of her own on Facebook. Her work is already part of two anthologies, 'Feelings International, A Book of Artists, Volume 2' and 'The Red Balloons, a Journey of Love'.

Anorexia Nervosa

It leaves you weak, it leaves you small, it leaves you looking like nothing at all. You look in the mirror and see your old self as you shrink away; it's so bad for your health.

The models and actresses, so ridiculously thin, you think that is the way and try to get trim. Food pushed aside, food in the bin, you are starving yourself - to please him?

Clothes hang off you, for there is nothing there, you try to hide, but people stare.

You still have your obsession with food, you look like a coat hanger in the nude.  
Wake up and see what is really there, once a shapely woman without a care.  
Now a form of control, you dieted just to fit in, you see yourself as fat, but are  
painfully thin.

Follow your spirit and be your true self, for this conditions is bad for you and  
your health. Be who you are inside and out and true people will love you, there is  
no doubt!

Karen King Copyright January 2016

## Smoking

A form of addiction that keeps you calm,  
but this habit can cause great harm.  
It stains your teeth and taints your hair,  
costs you money, leaving none to spare.

Another form of taking drugs,  
easily obtainable, like tea in a mug.  
Both wake you up and give you a buzz,  
but they leave the brain in a terrible fuzz.

"Is it worth it", I hear you say,  
"Perhaps there is a better way? "  
All the money spent to relieve the stress,  
leaving your finances in a mess.

Why not go out in the fresh air,  
in the countryside? It's for all to share!  
Go and get a natural high,  
See sumptuous trees in a splendid sky!

Karen King Copyright January 2016

## Aremu Adams Adebisi

### Biography:

Aremu Adams Adebisi is a poet of distinctive, classical, lyrical and indigenous  
poems. He was a day winner of the 'SPIC's' 7-day 'LovePoetry', a runner-up to  
the 'The Talented's' maiden competition, a shortlisted poet twice in the 'Brigitte  
Poirson's Monthly poetry competition, and he recently was considered for the  
'EriataOribhabor's Competition' sponsors' shortlist. He is a member of variegated  
poetry groups among which are the WRR, the FOS and the Poetic Elephants

(Ayanmo) .

SPEAK TO ME:

Speak to me, child of life;  
Speak to me in your battered soul,  
Pummeled like a drunkard's housewife.

Speak to me, young lady,  
holding my hands in your tiny palms  
Which have been grounded into fine pieces,  
So weak and small for all its tenderness;  
A hand that says more about life -  
Of life impudence and brutality.

Speak to me, my dear;  
Speak to me in your shaking voice  
That holds traces of unseen sadness.  
Tell me the battles life won against you  
And how it had raped your soul to bone.  
Tell me young lady as I promise to tell no one.

Speak to me, will you?  
Speak to my soul as a sister would.  
Open my eyes to the thorny hands of life.  
Were you not orphaned at the age of three?  
Were you not raped three times a day?  
Let the blast swim off in tears; tell me your past.

Where are you, child of life?  
Can you speak to me this last time?  
Why your carcass carelessly lying?  
You left your word to me, why not your soul to God?  
Why did you pierce your past in blast  
When your blast war will soon be past?

Speak to me, I hear you not.  
My speech wobbled in the silence of the wind;  
Are you now the free-flowing breeze?  
My words shattered upon the lightness of the sea;  
Are you now the moving current waves?  
Finally, you are hunted into exile by life.

.

Speak to me, child of life;  
I wouldn't tell no one  
Of your senseless action;  
I wouldn't tell no one.

Kayode Afolabi

Biography:

BuijMy name is Kayode Afolabi, am 25 years old. Studying mass communication at the federal polytechnic, Offa. Kwara state

## MEN ON HIGH HORSES

They look down on people from their high horses  
Carried away by their peer's praises  
Viewing others as men  
with no thoughtful mien

—  
Boastful with their words

Acting like they own the world They forget we are all human... Born by a woman

—  
Greatness is a height

Which many has fallen

Their deeds forgotten

One thing cometh before a fall which is pride

Everyone is not a camel

which you can ride

—  
There are a lot of birds in the sky

Some fly while some soar

But none can roar.

Oluwarotimi Olamide

BIOGRAPHY:

I go by the name, Hamzat hammed oluwarotimi, I am a your fellow who writes

poems, short novels, music's, but yet to be published. I can be contacted on 08078971610,09094502120 or oluwarotimi @. I love poetry and my role models are William Shakespeare, Professor Wole and Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris

OGBANJE (abiku) .

'O' ye promiscuous children  
of the second phase  
Why don't you remain loyal  
to your realm?  
Why patronize ours when  
all you could offer is just  
tears but tears alone?  
why don't you leave our mothers  
to their sleepless nights  
and hunger strike?  
Why bring forth momentous hours  
Leaving behind mournful tone?

'O' ye unreliable children  
of the underworld  
Why stop offspring of our kind,  
Inhabiting peacefully in our 'MOTHERS' uterus.  
Must you interfere in our lives?

To all 'OGBANJE' of the seven seas, rivers, oceans, hills, mountains, heaven, and  
earth, call i  
Torment us nor our mothers  
no more  
Visit our realm or that of others,  
no more  
For your presence here is not  
by invitation so, by that you  
are not welcomed  
Why not admit that no matter what, water and oil would never become one.

GHETTO

Neither am I insane  
nor talking nonsense  
but, from experience  
and true facts  
speak I.

Here, great savouring aroma  
comes from offensive smell  
Also, from good savouring  
aroma comes offensive smell.

Here also,  
religious becomes pagan.  
Literate turns illiterate  
deeds far from common sense  
becomes tradition.

Blame I not them  
nor, mock I them  
to me it is  
a nature's debt that should be balanced up.

Indunil Madhusankha

Undergraduate, Faculty of Science  
University of Colombo, Colombo  
Sri Lanka.

Email: @

Mobile: +94725361970

Mail Address: No 155, Balawinna, Pallededda, RN 70 170, Sri Lanka

Indunil Madhusankha (B. H. I. Madhusankha) is currently an undergraduate in the Faculty of Science of the University of Colombo. Even though he is academically involved with the subjects of Mathematics and Statistics, he also pursues a successful career in the field of English language and literature as a budding young researcher, reviewer, poet and content writer. Basically, he explores the miscellaneous complications of the human existence through his poetry by focussing on the burning issues in the contemporary society. Moreover, Indunil's works have been featured in several international anthologies, magazines and journals.

#### A Portent Warns a Soldier's Wife

The gutter of the wrenching lamp flame  
twisting itself wildly  
made a warning  
It jumped, skipped, pulled  
and spun round and round  
And was,  
in the end,  
dragged away by the roar of a brisk wind  
Her pulsation was hit for a moment...  
Throughout that night,  
she was armed against her heart  
The next day,  
it was late in the morning  
as she learnt he was gone, Gone with that very flame of her lamp.

#### The Death

"That naki gaeni is at the jaws of death."  
The commonly mouthed typical phrase,  
she often applied to describe her mother-in-law  
who was about to leave for heaven

She was admitted in the hospital  
Chronically unwell old woman,  
more dead than alive, on a bed in the ward,  
looked like a torn out slatternly mat  
With a wheeze her breast bobbed up and down  
She was the hapless victim of the constant condemnation  
dispersed by the daughter-in-law  
who reviled the Crabbed age  
as incessantly as a radio

The latter's mother was of unimaginably good health  
The energetic power of a young woman  
the possession of which drove the others to envy

One day the postman knocked his bell  
to give the daughter-in-law a telegram  
That was from her mother's home  
convening her insistently sans a reason  
So she did it  
As she stepped on the verandah  
she exploded into an abruptly pervasive screech  
of which the reverberation repeated  
for about a minute  
passing from ear to ear  
among the dumbfounded participants  
who were like vertically grown sticks

Crashed on the floor, at first,  
the bag gripped in her hands  
Secondly,  
she herself, all of a sudden, as if shot

Her mother,  
hacked to death due to a motor accident,  
was laid on the coffin  
like an actress masquerading as dead in the television.

#### Glossary

Naki gaeni      An informal way of referring to an old woman in Sinhala



David Amore

## BIOGRAPHY

Graduate of IRGIB Africa University.

Studied Mass communication.

Amore David Olamide, is a revolutionary columnist and a poet that writes literally in parabolic style, orature genre and seen see scenes in epical dynamism of traditional epilogues, eulogies and captivating artistic poetry, in coded fashion.

EKUNDAYO.

## SOCIETAL BARRENNESS

He had ring her fingers for years.  
Afterward the matrimonial cheers.  
Her cheeks has witnessed consecutive tears  
Against the vices of her barren distress.  
She was never relentless,  
From the harshness of Iya ?ko torments.  
She has tasted the bothering fury,  
Of Baba ?ko coaxing jury.

.  
Ebi ?ko opted for second wife,  
For the gain of their son's sexual strives,  
Cannot be truly define,  
When he has no child to fatherly preserved.  
She had tour helplessly for resolution  
From churches to the Selim mosque.  
She has speak forth her condition.  
Of those pain that had her mind punched.

.  
She could no longer redeem her heart to fun,  
Not even a hearty joy for a day.  
Betwixt her movement, the name Agan,  
Is eavesdrop from what people say.  
She had forsake her realest God,  
By adhering those little gods.  
She had walked on stream for Iya ?sun mercy,  
And she lifted sacrifice for Iroko Oluwere blessing.

.  
She was lost in her menstrual shadow.  
In the absence of transitional marrows,  
Of sequential drift of bleeding tentacles.

That signals aiming signs of miracle.  
And there she goes with her man.  
To where the medical doctor sojourn.  
To have her test in systematic run.  
If what she called dream will make two couples, clan.

.  
And thereupon when the doctor comes with conning smile.  
She knew she had victoriously thrived.  
It was then she realised for sure.  
Wipe! Ekun ti dayo.  
Ekundayo! Ekundayo! ! Ekundayo! ! !

.  
FOOLISHNESS  
DIDIRIN FOOL

DIDIRIN the dullest human being.  
That runs for his shadow.  
Are you not obviously stupid?  
For trying to reach height by bending low.  
Vendor vended your senseless acts,  
And some of your weirdest pranks.  
As your dullness made you pundit.  
For what wise men seems to published.

.  
You will never see  
Your act as a mental defeat.  
You never try hard to recreate  
Your act that's nostalgic.  
I recognised you as a fool  
With those things you do.  
When you tested the depth of a river with both feet.  
And consumed food with a plastic potty.

.  
You had no friend.  
So you took selfie with a squirrel.  
Are you not an empty barrel?  
Descended from the nincompoops planet.  
Oponu! Afesejo.  
That thinks he had everyone cajoled.  
By fetching water into basket.  
Saying the drops on ground are excess.

Where hence your help comes from?  
From the behestment of the gods  
When your twerp finally becomes brain.  
Betwixt the shades of wisdom gain.

Adesola Oladoja  
oladojaadesola@

## BIOGRAPHY

Adesola Oladoja a.k.a Peterberyl aged 23. Lives in Ibadan, a 100level Communication and Language Arts student in Unibadan. A god-fearing christian and a poet who believes in the power of the pen.

## MAN IN THE MIRROR

Our wrongs will grow stronger  
Our cries, louder  
Bellies; hungrier  
Dreams will seem farther

Visions, blurrer

If our course will course on this way  
If our hearts won't make a stay  
Our lips forbidding to say  
If for our good wishes, just ours we pray

For why is there a you without a me?

Why is there a they and not a we?  
Why can't I be the they that'll bring a better day?

Why rush to nowhere?

And run while we still should crawl?  
Aim at flight when we only can walk?  
For our simple treks to freedom get longer

The suffering we dodge gets worse

Why point my finger to them?  
Without a balm to soothe  
Or watch them feast on poison  
Whilst I can be the antidote

Until our 'you' becomes 'us'  
'Them' becomes 'we' and

'I' starts in UNISON  
We'll live on in derision

For I am the last piece of the puzzle  
I am the answer that I demand  
The man in the mirror needs to stand  
Each man his house  
And own up to his duty  
Then will we see a path  
Worthy to trace  
A future brighter than sunshine

Fawole Immanuel Taiwo

## BIOGRAPHY

Fawole Immanuel Taiwo is a Nigerian writer of the three genres of literature: drama, prose and poetry. Of the three genres, his dexterity on poetry is more profound. His writing experience started when he was eight years old. His first poem, 'African Or What?' was written in 2013. Fawole was a Science student who later forgoes Science for Art due to his love for Art. He writes his poem, 'Solace Place' after leaving Science to reflect his action and state in Art. The likes of Wole Soyinka, Niyi Osundare, Akeem Lasisi, Chinua Achebe and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie are his role model

## PLAYGROUND

This place seems dry.  
It's but unusual.  
What has gone wrong with this field?  
A place of pleasant cacophonies has gone mute.

.  
Why has this field turned desolate?  
Why are the slides resisting friction?  
Why are the teeter-totters on rest?  
Why are the playhouses lonely?  
Why are the swings not oscillating?

.  
Dad!  
Where are my playmates?  
When will their holiday to Sambisa due?  
Will I remain recluse till they return?

.  
Dad!  
Television is getting humdrum.  
Theatre and cinema are in their doldrums.  
I'm fed up with the beat of drums.  
Get my playmates back to the playground.

## 'UNSUNG PENNERS'

Perambulate I feature in a trance,  
In it I was flaunted duo phases,  
In them I eye twain factions;  
Differ in looks and operations,  
But similar in objectives.

The first phase is an anthology of scoundrels  
In black appearance as of agents of hell,  
Looking ghastly when looked upon.  
In hands are weapons  
Desperate for directives.

They are the visitors unwelcomed

Who dare not be spurned,  
With amity with night  
And enmity with light.  
They visit and impinge with startle.

This sect never abhor your handwork;  
They are also paradigms of hard work,  
Your reap, they want their part.  
They are the ones who depart  
Making the sower a vanquish as of battle.

On the other phase of my trance,  
Coterie of political patriots I discern in reluctance,  
Though with this post they aren't sweet.  
In air-conditioned official suites  
They administer their masked aspiring doom.

In hands are pens  
That bleed against their yens.  
The pens are approximately mesmerized  
As the unsung penners through them materialize  
In response for solo boom.

A pen can but be acknowledged with its bleed  
When it is not styled a weed.  
A poet can but be gay with his penning  
When he is sung to the growing.  
The unsung penners deviate the orthodox.

Through the compromised pens  
They lay foundation for their yens.  
Undermine, the unsung penners will reap from the world.  
The pen they non-sensically broadcast a boss to sword.  
A perfect imperfectly flaunted paradox!

ADEGOKE ADEOLA

BIOGRAPHY

Adegoke Adeola (Pseudonym - PoeticOla) is an essayist, poet, blogger, songwriter and stage word activist who hails from Iseyin local government area of Oyo state. He has featured in local and international anthologies and won various creative writing contest. He was the runner up in the just concluded Onkowe poetry challenge and bagged CWAN pengician of the year award for 2015.

## MAN LOVES ZOO

This smelly armpit  
reek of harm pits,  
for the forger of a new iron  
and the blacksmith that wager his manhood,  
but'  
this is our own orbit  
dugged from our habit  
of man manning man  
and women mating dogs.

This coming kay horse  
with our master on the back reeks of chaos,  
inside our two top royal hut,  
we hurt the feelings of horses  
when our wives decide to sleep over.

This angry day knocks unannounced  
and seek to speak  
of our crooked manhood,  
cuddled in the man-wood  
and chained by the lousy mouth of the burning fire.  
Then'  
our but' is bought.

## BREAK THE SICKLE CELL

S-how me the prison of death  
and sadnes-S,  
I-n there where tons of body obligat-I.  
C-an you point the unfilial  
autopsi-C?  
K-indly kick out the bloodban-K.

L-est my soul can tel-L,  
E-xplain why sickle kills by  
exampl-E.  
In here, we want the gate of  
hope,  
Open and hold the knob to  
prophesize.  
In here, we want to tell the sickle,  
Not to dribble our dreams again.  
In here, we want the soul of  
solomon,  
To widen our wisdom-  
For in here, we are against the toll of sickle.  
B-reak the binding bond of each  
sickler.  
R-elate our deep constant  
message and,  
E-xplain we sell no more sickle  
here,  
A-nd we cease to bear the name  
'sickle seller'.  
K-eeep our faith real and move on  
the prophecy.  
I-n here, we know no more sickle  
and,  
T-ry to break the bondage of  
sickle.

Ogunsanya Enitan Olalekan

I am Ogunsanya Enitan Olalekan a.k.a. Enistik. A poet, student of  
History and Diplomatic studies Olabisi Onabanjo University.  
I hereby forward the below poems for the ongoing february contest.

SILENT NIGHT.

She was left alone that very night  
all by herself as she lean against a  
withered tree,  
she had her blonde hairs restless  
following the waves of blowing winds;



the songs from trained nightingales  
with steps from the feet of  
experienced silence  
gave her heart a resting place  
beside what held her strength.

As she sat enjoying nature,  
suddenly;  
came a flash behind the  
blackout,  
she stood up to see what was  
happening  
and there she found yesterday having  
a discussion with future.

She looks sternly at them both  
to savor their conversation dearly  
missing not a single words they pour  
from their sincere heart of thought.

Yesterday warned future  
never to trail the short path  
left alongside the bush with few  
footprints  
rather to give space and let destiny decides the routine.

Yesterday told future  
never to fail and fall where she missed it  
yet to run through all even with a grey bald hair  
but to make a good fortune and put a smile on her face  
future then promised to do her best  
and bring out the best in her  
and then they both disappeared.

YES TILL DAY (YESTERDAY) .

Faded torment laments trails us  
sorrows aimed clamors at us  
words said on platter of pains  
grief masterminded by lost memory.  
Gory tales that relished our heart

with spices painted with tomorrow's colors  
when posterity were sold  
on the confrence table and seat  
sat upon by men of internal reasons  
for prosperity meant for their families.

Tonight,  
i send these impulses  
through the messenger -WIND-  
to pass through thick and thin  
springing in them feelings of hope  
to slice through all rooms-  
filled with boiling steaming heart  
sweeping the atmopshere with calm moves  
like trees planted by rivers of waters.

Tonight,  
i proclaim the feelings of these  
mothers  
who had their flowers cut off  
by men masked under dead  
conscience  
cleansing their soiled hands of joy into pools of sadness.

Tonight,  
the expression of the feather fathers  
for their shoulders are weak  
to lift up their responsibilities  
of which turned them into  
irresponsible men.

Tonight,  
the taste of flesh  
satisfy our hungry bowels  
florishes our heart as pasta packages with seasons  
to season this season that withered seeds before their seasons.

Tonight,  
I can see clearly  
the flow of stained blood  
running through arteries of guys  
who took charge before their  
destinies became mixed with mud  
after being trampled by their fathers

who sold it years before their birth  
for bags of rice and cowries.

Tonight,  
I tell you of the girls fury  
whose door were opened ajar  
without their willful signatures  
pools of red wine surrounding them  
as the oupour of Yahweh's wrath.  
Oh! ! I can tell of yester-years  
it's effects that made us who we are;  
people of no conscience.  
So forgive us for whatever we'd done  
for it's never our fault  
but wait on and rest let tomorrow  
relief you.

Michael Stephen

BIOGRAPHY:

MICHAEL STEPHEN OKEREKE is a young man at the right hand side of twenty. He hails from Okposi, Ohaozara Local Government of Ebonyi state in the eastern part of Nigeria. He is the third among the six children of his family. He is an educationist in making. A comrade always in struggle. He is always happy when his pen dances to the rhythm of his heart. He look speechless but speaks volume. He is lover of CHRIST and a defendant of HIS gospel.

WHERE WERE YOU

Where were you...  
When the bell rang  
Beckoning for your hands  
Against the plague befalling humanity?  
.  
...When the mightiness  
Of your mighty might

Were silently seeked  
To forge our curved mentality straight,  
Where were you?

.  
Where were you...  
When our agony and pain  
Were trumpeted into the air  
But could not be heard  
Cos of our voiceless voices.

.  
...When the paedophiles  
Hanged the tiny legs of our falcons  
Fixed the nozzle through the valve  
Pump and pump till fully gauge,  
Where were you?

.  
Where were you...  
When the deaf and dumbs  
Are deceived with smiles,  
The cripple crutches cremated  
And the blind sent to the war front  
To fight out their doom?

.  
...When the widow  
Was casted out through the window  
To go and perish in the meadow  
And join husband in the world below,  
Where were you?

Now, arise!  
Arise and cling into your full strength  
Murder every crime against humanity  
Flag up the banner of peace  
And pacify the raging war.

#### OZONE LAYER DILAPIDATION

The chimneys faces, faces the sky  
Exhaust from homes and streets  
Contributed their strengths  
Paying their dues at the tick of time.

The kisses of the soot  
Soften the thickness of the veil  
That shielded me from earth  
With pores scattered on my veil  
Revealing my naked eyes to the earth.

Someday, I shall look down on earth  
Through the perforated holes on my veil  
And leave your head with no hair,  
Adorn your skin with wrinkles, melanoma  
And cause your eyes to see blur.

I shall empty your sea,  
Suck the juice of your fruits  
And the sap of the trees  
That bears the fruits  
Wreck the xylem and phloem  
Of the maize and wheat  
And scatter diseases  
And famine on the face of earth.

Lest, you appease me with trees  
Planting it within and without  
Dress my gaze with flower  
Strings round about the homes and streets.

Cut short the use of devilish gases  
That create pores on my veil.  
Then, I shall forgive you  
Of all your trespasses.

Tanimonure Richards Adewale

#### BIOGRAPHY

TANIMONURE RICHARDS ADEWALE is one of Nigerian's finest poets of this generation. he paints words passionately, leaving awe of admiration on minds of readers. He is based in Abeokuta, Ogun State, Nigeria and his other works can be viewed on his facebook page:

EMAIL: [moviart636@](mailto:moviart636@)

MOBILE: 09090544393

I WANT TO STEAL

If I should decide, in my life to go and steal

I think, I prefer, I will do the steal that kills  
Steal that I am massively supported to go and act  
Steal so real, so thick, so harmless in execution fact  
Steal that demands no gangs; its a one con fun show  
In coolness of atmosphere, pleasures of life in glow  
Steal so smooth, richly black or blue it sweetly pours  
Of any amount, size or nation, it gleams my eyes of course  
Steal that dwarfs nations, makes a first in Forbes creation  
Steal that can halt, silence or get rid of any nasty situation  
Oh! Steal that stuns satan, he screams madly, 'Ey man,  
Will you stop it? You want to be smarter and sharper than  
I?  
Why? '

Coz its a steal that kills the acidic anger of the mob  
A steal that sweetens, at my sight, whenever I come  
A steal that makes gari and groundnut so madly hurt  
In painful anger, he is the one bearing the brunt of the lot  
Who crucify him for the miserable steal he stupidly did  
And for crumbs of naira given, free me to mockingly speed  
In my mass killed steal of my 'heavy' ride, chants trailing me  
'Sai Baba', 'Twaile sir', 'Ijaya Senator', 'Oganla 1 of money'

Oh!

If I should decide, in my life to go and..... steal? ? ? ? Me? ? ? ?  
God forbid! ! ! The act, the curse, the end of this evil irony.

VICTIM

World Leaders, World Powers  
I want to thoroughly thank you  
For this bliss that gives you deep kiss  
The merry of your cheery high heart  
The clinks of drinks in fulfilling sinks  
That you have won it all, got it all  
In my misery, In my half life  
Your coveted goals and dreams  
An expensive brutal purchase  
Of my blood, my peace, my peeps  
Our sweats, our toils, our riches  
Our tomorrow, our dreams, our life.

But I dare you these questions to ask

Let not your bloods run hot of horrible angst  
And spit venomous words, spray me in wild attack  
Do you think you have won it all?  
Do you think you have got it all?  
Is your bloodied happiness not a fraudster foe?  
Is your teary fulfilment not a romancing woe?  
The riches dripping with deaths, gleaming with sufferings  
Is it not your confident time bomb, mockingly loud to explode?  
You might of power, cruelly colossal to crush and cringe  
Is it almighty than the Almighty?  
Your ostentatious living of greedy acquiring  
In deceptive world peace meetings and global aligning  
Using unneeded wars as a great tool of achieving  
Your open secret heart of one world massive slavery  
Refined, redefined as one world government of fake unity  
Tell me, is it not your sick, stink, maggot of mentality  
Demonized by satan you blatantly exhibit?

Keep your horrid, riches of wars going.  
Keep making pixies of me like this flowing.  
Let the massive deaths too keep growing.  
And your deepest ambition rise, overflowing  
But do sink this in your think  
Your suffering will be more potent than my suffering  
Your pains more soul wrenching than my pains  
Your death, how sordidly grimful it will scare death  
Who kills you and shudder how the nerve your life he ends.

I look on at you in bold separated eyes  
A strongly weak body and heart stares at you defiant  
Bloodied appearance stands, asks, 'is this your worst? '  
And the world watches, reads this poetic voice of mine  
Asks you too world leaders, world poisonous powers  
'What da heck is the crime of this young lad?

Micheal Ace

STYLE OR STORM? 1

I bought myself a golden watch,  
I love the glassy screen so much.  
So i got a pad to guide the screen

to keep afar scratches on the fringe.  
Safer now but the beauty dropped,  
Nudity, a style or storm? .

II

Daddy bought me a precious shirt,  
with shinning stones on the outskirts.  
But it was summer with lots of dirt,  
So to guide it i always wear jackets.  
I hid the beauty but saved the worth  
Nudity, a style or storm? .

III

Bones and blood are streamed in pipes,  
Pipes clothed by muscles in neat lines.  
Muscles covered with feeble flesh.  
Flesh weaved sweetly as a body.  
But body left naked loses worth.  
Nudity, style or storm? .

IV

Come closer my lovely daughter,  
Of what glory is a skin uncovered?  
Peel the onion of it's leafy skin  
then with time it will rot and wilt.  
Beauty in epitome lies in cloths  
Nudity, style or Storm?

Three virgin sisters

I

I raped her elder sister and she got so furious,  
she cleansed the stains of blood chaining down her thighs  
and rained a curse on me.

I ran up to her, knelt and held her feet for blessing,  
but she spat mucus on me,  
I dragged her back, pin her to the ground,  
open her legs wide, and forced myself in.

Then their little sister came, she was just five.  
She saw her siblings gasping for honour better than breath,  
she cried.



I drew her close, slapped her to fall, I raped her too.

II

Then I heard their virginity cries,  
better than the wail of Abel,  
They shed tears of revenge,  
there were cries from angels

But i left in peace, maybe God was busy,  
I saw them lie lifeless now, they are dead with their eyes open,  
I took it as honour, walked back and shut the lids for them,  
I wiped their bloods, and buried their shame.

THEN I LEFT THE WORLD

III

Mama gave birth to me, it was the birth of a star. People loved me as  
i grew in their sight.  
But when i wanted to live the life of a man,

I saw the three virgin sisters, they said to me.  
Come to your grave in-between our legs,  
Bury your head in-between our breast.

I fled from them but they were my shadows,  
papa said to me.  
Kill your shadows, shine a little light on them.  
But my life was a hell of darkness,

IV

I tried to marry in my father's house,  
I went to princess, she fingered my ring,  
I forgot my sins

But on my wedding day,

I saw the three virgin sisters, they said to me,

Come to your grave in-between our legs,  
Bury your head in-between our breast.

Princess left, my in-laws fled,  
All was red at the intense of their slaying threat.

V

The three virgin sisters  
The first was Trust, the other was peace  
and the little sister Love.

I detest my deeds and I got myself killed,  
I buried the blade of the knife right into my throat  
and made a gentle slice

And right on my grave  
were the three virgin sisters which cried all day  
Come to your grave in-between our legs,  
Bury your head in-between our breast.

(to who that may never see the bones in my words, this is my message:  
A lustful heart is of a doomed life.)

Who will help in maintaining the truth of Love?  
Who will curb the menace of sexual urge?  
Who will save me from the three virgin sisters?

Micheal Ace, a native of Osun state, and a computer science student at  
The Polytechnic, Ibadan, Oyo state  
A writer and poet and an engineer of all parts of literature

Rebecca Lyle

THE CLINIC

Ever walked into a pain clinic and see the people sitting there?  
I call them the broken people, the ones with pain so great,  
Dark circles under their eyes, because sleep is denied, night after night,  
Sometimes you see some who just sit there and cry.  
People old, young, all ages, seems no one is spared,  
And they live in despair, wondering will it ever be better?

Some were born into it, some are from accidents, doesn't really matter,  
They all have the same cross to bear, pain,  
I see some at the end of their rope, they no care  
I heard them say, if they can't help me, wish I die,  
I know they do, it is easy to understand why.  
See, pain steals your happiness, you have no life,  
Simple things become major, and causes so much strife,  
They think death would be much easier to handle.  
I heard them beg for pain medicine, only to be denied.  
Now some may be addicts, looking for a quick fix,  
But, I see real pain, for it hits them right in their soul,  
If the real drug addicts had not made it so difficult,  
By selling drugs on the street, the Doctors could help more.  
So, next time you see someone with pain that is hard to bear,  
Remember, it could you sitting in those chairs!  
The clinic is never hard to find,  
Just follow the trail of tears that were shed and left behind.

#### WAR

Build yourself an arsenal, with every gun, bomb, ammunition you can get, then  
stockpile all the food you can, might as well buy cans, oh they are terrible for  
you,  
But, who cares, buy all the bottled water in every single store, and cans of  
gasoline,  
A house generator, will be nice, because, if they take out our power grids,  
None of these things will be available to you anymore.

If you are ill, take all your pills, because you are not getting anymore,  
No pharmacies, no hospitals, no doctors to prescribe them.  
The material things you own, won't mean a thing, and the things you like to do,  
Might as well, forget about them too. I mean our society cannot live without the  
net,  
Cell phones, any technology, because it won't exist anymore.

It will be back to the time where people lived without,  
'Electricity, Gas, Running Water, will be a thing of the past.  
The foods you love, won't be available anymore,  
Climate change will be so radical, you may wish you were never born.  
You will see things, you thought could never exist.

When I was a kid, they taught us to hide under our desks at school,  
In case of a nuclear war, and people built bomb shelters.

What for, ever see the films on the cities we bombed?  
There was nothing left, and just in case you did not know,  
The bombs they have now are fifty times stronger, and that is probably low.

Social networks, know who you are chatting with, could be anyone,  
Don't think people lie, they were born to, just the way of the world.  
Remember the three monkeys, do not hear, do not see, do not speak?  
Is that what we were are, a country at great as the United States,  
Did we invite them in, the terrorists to our soil.

They don't discriminate, they just hate, and will do it the name of Religion,  
So lock your doors, as you have locked your minds,  
When they come for your family, that screaming, that will be you,  
So now, you know what the guns are for,  
We have been at War, since the beginning, and that will be the way we will end!

Akinbode Oluwatobi Israel,

BIOGRAPHY:

Akinbode Oluwatobi Israel, is a growing poet, singer and teacher of God's word.  
A graduate of chemistry from the University of Ilorin, Ilorin, Kwara state, Nigeria.  
He hails from Ipokia local government, in Ogun state. He loves to write in  
simplicity to influence this complex world of ours.

BELTS ARE TRAVELLING.

.  
When grandpa had an afro,  
Seas hide under blankets,  
Canoes floats on water,  
Fishes sink beneath.

When grandma was a new wife,  
Little storm blew,  
Canoes began to sink,  
Ignorant passengers rejoiced.  
When my father turned eleven,  
Canoes dated the mermaids,  
Following her love down the river,

He drowned lustily.

Father married mother,  
Mermaid baptized her groom,

Revealing nudity of fishes,  
Gradually, blinding eyes.

Now I am twenty,  
Nudity is praised in public,  
Sagging, a worthless pride,  
I cant phantom what my son will see?

#### THE MAID IN MAIDUGURI.

The maid in Maiduguri,  
Loosed my 'sokoto' in Sokoto,  
Casting on me her charms in Kastina,  
I cried Haba! from Aba.  
Her name is Ada from Adamawa,  
Cooking, her centre of excellence,

Unknown to a poor me,  
Another centre has she, Abuja.

Why visit Ogun's shrine in Ogun  
Or the river goddess in Cross river?  
Her caress made me decide,  
Standing still in her beneath(Benin) city.  
My every penny to her pocket,  
My every wine to her calabar(sh) ,  
Now am 'On Your Own' -Oyo,  
Stranded, grounded and pounded.

Paddling my canoe to Kano,  
She made me empty.  
This maid is everywhere,  
She is Sin.

Ajibola D. Fowowe

#### BIOGRAPHY:

Ajibola D. Fowowe was born 25th September 1993 Abeokuta. He is an undergraduate student of Mass communication at Moshood Abiola Polytechnic. He is a passionate motivate speaker, and a very confident person.

## SOCIETY LIFE

The call is but a political case  
To fulfil the mission of ending military slavery  
Poise to get the gold of gaol with great pace  
Like messiah bolt buzzing in Olympic Calvary

Twist and turns all over the place  
Gold of gaol glitters in the treasury  
Men and women sworn to have a taste  
Of milky maggot but not with robbery

Tyrant authority an ultra-race  
A hidden book from distant stationary  
Golly gold glitters jump gun to keep pace  
Messiah of death acclaimed as visionary

Messianic creed flaunt this days  
Upon assuming perhaps resuming the throne of misery

Forgotten men and women who laid in maze  
To cast veto for boulevards of this country

Leaders of handsome and beautiful face  
But serve food of corruption on the plate of slavery  
Footstep on the rock who can trace?  
A prayer for the leaders will I write in my diary.

## REFLECTION OF SORE

Birds flew away to their nest  
Bees dance their way to their hive  
Thuds keep our eyes from sleep  
As heads cannot find a place to rest  
Everyone shaves when that wind blows  
Children cling to their mother's breast  
Young couple flee romance  
As the boom of doom  
Crush the terrestrial room

Ants gather to meet  
But our children cannot stand to great  
Since fear shakes all mortally  
Even our leaders gather for a feast  
They rest in unrest gathering  
Are this politicians or beast?  
Gainsayer's sons of Lucifer

Africa oh Africa  
Mother of creation are you relief?  
That your children can't hold your breast  
Our lips are too dry to kiss our wives  
Insurance capture us from our homeland  
We become Normand  
Our farmland lay in waste  
Mother Africa gives us your blessing  
A painkiller for our reflecting sore.

Ojo Blessing

BIOGRAPHY:

Ojo Omeiza Blessing(The Ink Spiller) is a self-published author from Nigeria with a novel entitled 'cry of an orphan' in his name. Some of his woven words have surfaced in tuck magazine and lunaris review. He writes prose, poetry and drama. He enjoy conversing with literary minded people.

VIOLENCE

Violence a-marching  
Egg of love is broken  
Kinesthesia is dead.

Look at the falling leaf of that tree  
It was his brother from the same parents  
That struck him a deadly blow,  
Satisfied.

Ah! a halt is needed  
Else, the dead will be left unburied,

Rollicking rhapsodic putrefaction-  
Dance of the dead.

#### THE EQUALITY OF MAN

The king  
Eat delicacy to satisfaction,  
His nakedness covered with fine attire.  
His servant  
Feeds less on remnant,  
Nakedness covered with rags.

Tributes gotten from a war  
Fought by us-servants,  
He has sequestered.  
A righteous infliction  
Comes upon him, a trip abroad  
For safety he rushes to embark.

Is that what equality means?  
Obviously life is bias.  
What then makes man equal?  
Death is answerable!  
Liberty and equality to be found in  
Democracy are chiefly found in  
death.

Awwal Opeyemi

#### BIOGRAPHY:

Abdulkareem Awwal opeyemi(ibnmudeer) is a rational poet who writes mainly on society issues, , his love for poetry knows no bound, most of his works are reviewed on , and tuck magazine and also the 'NIZAMIAN' an India college magazine and other Facebook page, he contested for the. Nizam college poetry competition and other numerous competition, and he has so many poems to his credit, including duels with other poets too # my life is poetry he loves to say #

#### SOMETIME AGO

In the tarmac of peace

Our dear nation has once sailed

The sheep and ship, grazed and



sailed on field and sea of peace

The soil of it, has once allowed the

flood of unity to flow on it

The seed of it that grows unity and strength

Has been dispersed by the wind of war to a far away land

Blood has becomes the rain that showers our plant

Even in the dry days

Peace! Where do you elude to

From our land, that was once your leisure spot?

When will you return to dry away the

stream of blood that has become the juice of our Land

All hope we had in your return seems dashed,

I wonder, if our home land you still remember,

If return to our land, you still hope

Return, for all men of country home is awaiting your arrival.

Banquet of honor in expectation of your glorious return

Come, and let arms and ammunition

be burry in the stream of forgetfulness

ANOTHER WORLD

Was it not this same abode?

Where humanity was valued and unsold

Was it not this same planet?

Where humanity was the true picture of God

Was it not this same place where the moon counts age?

Where blood and flesh were Sacred

Was it not this same geo?

Where caution and piousness was all watchword

Or have we abscond to another abode?

Where these traits are for lost and prohibited?

I wonder who was he who packed all

these mother of characters to 'OSA' to be washed away.

I wonder who burnt these in the 'nyanya' blast

I wonder who had killed

these traits in the 'Ileya festival'

Or has

'anini' and 'oyenusi' carted them away in their raid?

If there is another planet

Where these are sold for paisa

Let go and sell for them

They want it,

they need it

Maybe in the Pluto

If there is another planet

where these are sold for crore and lakhs

Caution, love, peace and humanity

and blood and flesh as sacred, let's go  
buy, let's go pick the globe of peace

and shyness is broken the world is tasting the sour salt!

Hidden Meanings

---

: paisa: the lowest currency of India lakhs: the medium of saying 100 thousands  
in India 1 lakhs equal hundred thousand

crore: the medium of saying million in India 1 crore equals one million

Anini and oyenusi: famous robbers in the history of Nigeria

Ileya festival: the Yoruba language for the Muslim sacrificial festival.

Scott Thomas Outlar

BIOGRAPHY

Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, and interviews can be found. His chapbook 'Songs of a Dissident' was released in 2015 through Transcendent Zero Press and is available on Amazon. Scott's full-length collection 'Happy Hour Hallelujah' is forthcoming in 2016 through CTU Publishing.

Kingdom of Chaos

We don't want your money,  
just your soul  
on a silver platte  
served to orde  
for our warm feast  
while we spit out your raw famine.  
We don't want your respect,  
just your energy and time  
just your mind  
numbed

to the frequency  
of propagandized pestilence.  
We don't want your love  
just your heart  
bled dry  
as every vein  
withers in the Winter wind  
while our chalice remains  
ever full to the point of overflowing.

We don't want your vote,  
just your faith  
that such a course of action  
can actually influence  
the order in which our puppets  
dance to a song of chaos  
upon the public stage.  
We don't want your salute,  
just your obedience,  
just your hands  
kept where we can see them  
while your feet continue marching  
to the drumbeat of our wars.  
We don't want your laws,  
just your land,  
just your culture,  
just your customs,  
just your heritage,  
just your traditions  
snuffed out

beneath the global kingdom  
collectivized  
at our command.

Focal Point  
There is only so much truth  
to go around  
among the various cults  
where such a thing is scarce.

The truth of God is righteous,  
but the cults of dogma  
are dead weight  
in the human psyche.  
The truth of scientific fact is sweet,  
but the cults of theory  
are a poison  
polluting indoctrinated minds.

The truth of sovereignty is holy,  
but the cult of collectivism  
is a government decree  
that is destined to die hard.

The truth of love is a lullaby,  
but the cult of hatred  
is a sad song  
that soon shall be silenced.

There is only so much truth  
to go around  
in the decadent institutions  
of this world...  
let them burn

The truth is eternal  
in the kingdom found within  
and always rises  
in the end...

reveal the revolution

GRANT STEWARD

My name is Grant steward a graduate from Rivers state university of science and technology From the department of agricultural/applied economics and extension...I hail from Rivers state and Ahoada-west to be precise.

I appreciate life as a gift and believe the best way to do so is live it with pure honesty, , I try as much as I can to make each day count for me and every one around me, , touching lives and shaping destinies

About poetry... I fell in love with it when I was still young, , my high school days to be precise but started writing in my final year in the university, , my intension for my scribbles is that they pass a message, , one that will help mankind and humanity and leave the world more of a better place than the way I met it

????: A definition

A crime against humanity  
Living the victim traumatized  
Combining force with aggression  
Gaining carnal knowledge against will

.  
An assault to the body  
Without the preys consent  
Sexual in its nature  
Threatened by violence overwhelming

Duress is the situation  
Frightened by the brutality  
An abuse of gender  
Leading to somatic disorder

.  
The stigma it carries  
The pain it brings  
The shame it builds  
The dilemma it resurrect

Reasons we bare the burn  
Without speaking out  
endure the grief  
With hope for retribution...  
©Grants inkling.. #????\_??c??? 2016

Poverty  
The king of mischief  
With teeth swift to devour  
Mortals with no Bourne  
Even does with star ideas

Laying its hand cold  
On prospect with beautiful agenda  
Wrecking havock unfathomable  
Creating sorrows in lybrinith form

Helpless kids in streets  
With educational hope extinguished  
Malnourished mothers in slumps  
Destitute fathers in search of light

The suffering it wields  
The pain it brings  
Releasing tears in molten form  
The frosty menace of poverty

·  
Having antidotes in hardwork  
Without favour being hard labour  
A day with favour drops  
Better than labour life time..

©Grants ???I??g

Emebiriodo Ugochukwu

Emebiriodo Ugochukwu Peterson a.k.a Hitch, who has performed on many stages across the country, was born in Abule Egba, Lagos, Nigeria. He is from Abia state, the fifth of five children. He's a student, hustler (art is his hustle) and a poet of pidgin and English expression. He is the founder of the Port Harcourt based performance poetry group Word Phantomz. He loves photography, female bikers and literature.... #word\_??c???...2016

MY DEAR COUNTRY.

Naija my naija,  
I dey hail o.  
Land wey green,  
Wey overgreen dey worry.  
With all dis ur green,  
Pple still dey commot go find greener pasture.  
Na wa o!  
People dey ask wetin be ur problem.  
Naija me i know ur problem.

Na we be your problem.  
We say ur education no good,  
We waka leave u  
Go ghana, egypt even Benin.  
We dey pay money ontop money.  
Big big money.  
Wey fit develop we own education give dem.  
We say fuel no dey,  
But we still dey do bunkery.  
Dey bust pipe.  
We say food no dey,  
We leave our cutlass and hoe,  
Carry gun dey fight.  
Dey wait mk food show we table.  
We say na religion we want,  
Every shop, kiosk even bar,  
We don turn worship centre.  
Every family get Pastor and Imam.  
We say na democracy we want,  
Our own be like Monarchy,  
Since dem born me na d same name dem i still dey hear.  
We say road no good,  
But we go dig d road for nyt,  
So community boys go fit chop.  
We say light no dey,  
But we still dey tif wire go sell.  
Tiff transformer,  
Even tif metre.  
We say our government don fail us.  
Abeg make we shun dat talk,  
We know say d vote nor dey count.  
Even d one wey dey count,  
Na still to the highest bidder.  
We say Naija no dey work,  
But man go carry kia-kia dey house dey brew for morning.  
Dey expect mk manna fall.  
We say our politrickians no dey talk true,  
But deir lie we dey wan hear.  
The truth no dey sweet us.  
We say wetin be the problem with Naija? .  
Naija no get problem.  
My pipo na we be d problem.



Mesioye Johnson

## BIOGRAPHY

Mesioye Johnson, 'affable' as popularly called by friends is a 300level student in the Banking and Finance Department of Federal Polytechnic, Ilaro. A performance poet and one whose works have featured in WRR (Words, Rhythms and Rhymes) as one of the most published poets, whose poem in February 2015 was shortlisted among the 10 finalists in the 'TONY FERNANDEZ INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION', featured in the LOVE POEMS anthology authored by Abegunde Sunday, he was in the 10finalists of BB10 mini slam organized by EGC, as he works towards adding more to these achievements with awards as days roll by.

Facebook name: Mesioye Affable Johnson

Email: johnsonmeshigold@

Tel: 08166030618

## THIS NOON

Yesterday,  
Silence squashed the sighing ambiance  
that laced innocent tears on weary clouds of gone souls  
waiting to host sacred bones between the laps of death  
where pleasure oozes from the able scrotum of vacuum.

That night,  
Dusty dusk of nightmares held by blind breeze  
ran into snores and smashed raw dreaming dreams  
beneath loamy dawn of mirage dug by their parched fate  
And strangulated in the cozy hands of countless fiery nights.

But this noon,  
Smiling sparkles of mournful mornings  
ignites the yearning yawns of youthful yesterdays  
and quenches the thirst of its bloody crows with dews

that lay mists of revival on the arid visions of humanity.

This noon,  
The sun no longer heats hatred on black skins  
to lick the shattered bloody bones of stillborn breaths  
butchered behind cupid corridors of fluttering deceit  
with chopped sacred skulls as evidence of her artistry.

This noon,  
Castrated moments whirls under the dumb clouds  
whose eardrums have been punctured by thorny tales  
with only the rejuvenating echoes of dead silences  
breaking the rigid ribs that caged those heart-beating evils.

Alas!

This noon,  
Rains of poverty would sail sucking souls and their seeds  
through the rotten roots of eternal muddy misery  
and nail their barren hearts on the cross of hardship  
to resurrect with truth in the damp pits of flooding nemesis.

This noon,  
Like the pervading shadows of wings in the sky,  
Flying dirges would freely flap their lingering lyrics  
of memories on naked zephyr of darkened moments,  
Tying powers to the decaying pole of burnt consciences.

This noon,  
Eclipse would cease to sip our consciousness again  
through the lungs of violence controlling our heartbeats,  
But bury its veins under impulses of pounding normalcy,  
For as peace hovers, wars still break feathers of tranquility.

This noon,  
Reality shall be the moon consuming voracious nights,  
Serving its remnants as survival for starving tomorrow.  
But this noon will not come if our souls are not gone;  
Gone to the tomb of life where truth becomes infidel.

Awoniyi Olajide

BIOGRAPHY:

Awoniyi Rasheed is a 400level political science student of Nnamdi Azikiwe university Awka. He is a lover of all genres of literature, especially poetry. He hails from isara remo local government in Ogun state, Nigeria. His passion for poetry and other genres of literature notwithstanding is quite intriguing.

I AM ALSO ALMAJIRI:

I am also almajiri, one of those you swore to protect,  
though i take shelter at the outskirts of your care.  
weary and hungry i roam the streets for remnant  
with no home, shoes nor rags to wear.

ii

while your selected few enjoy the warmth the night hold  
I count the stars to endure the harsh whips of cold  
they sit in classes and imbibe western education  
while i learn from the street, ethics of fetish tradition.

iii

you play inequality like politicians playing politics,  
pretending to be righteous in front of medias and cameras  
you make hay upon your greed and in turn reap my rights  
you despise me yet you say you leave for the almajiris.

iv

while you enjoy the cozy warmth of your mansion,  
acting as though you own your own creation  
i roam the streets aimlessly singing in sorrow  
while hunger joyfully get married to my furrow.

I am also almajiri, one of those you swore to protect...

Tola Ijalusi

## Biography:

Tola Ijalusi is a writer who writes from Ibadan, Nigeria. He has had his poems published on various literary journals and magazines such as PIN Quarterly Journal, Kalahari Review, Tuck Magazine, The Poet Community etc. Also he was featured in the 2015 31 Days of Poetry on EGC CREATIVITY.

## ORPHANAGE

Welcome to the abode  
of the homeless not hopeless  
of the hopeless not homeless  
where in fate canvas tomorrow is keyed.

An abysm of hell,  
chasmal of conquered abortion,  
fissure of scars by death,  
dangling siblings in ethereal motion.

Encountering,  
rain drenching souls  
wind whipping hearts  
coal burning feet  
of gold raw and diamond rough.  
Children of new age testament.

## Damodar Bhat

### Drug Addiction

One more fallen angel has disappeared from sight  
Trapped in quicksand gave up without much fight  
A rose bud wilted before blooming  
Parents left to take blame on grooming

The freedom of choice you blabbered away

Tied your feet to hell's way  
The choice was left far behind  
Experiment galloped into malady of mind

Ignoring loving ones beside  
Imagined hurt and anger, bottled up inside  
The angst embraced, the withdrawal pain  
Held you back from starting over again

To fake colours you fell prey  
Better are the real hundred shades of grey.

Kariuki Wa Nyamu

#### BIOGRAPHY:

Kariuki wa Nyamu is an aspiring academic, literary critic and author who hails from Kenya. Since he graduated from Makerere University (Uganda) with a BA in English, Literature and Education, he has been working as a script writer, editor and high school teacher. His work appears in, among others, A Thousand Voices Rising (2014) , Boda Boda Anthem and Other Poems (2015) , Best &quot;New&quot; African Poets 2015 Anthology and Multi-verse: Kenyan Poetry Since 2003 (2016) . He is presently pursuing a Master of Arts in Literature at Kenyatta University, Kenya.

#### IMPAIRED VISION

You debate hefty send off perks for days on end  
as our people slaughter one another, here and there!  
You sit back, relax and say between little and nothing  
as your clan torches our huts at every break of day!  
You sheepishly roar for your wage increment  
as our economy slowly but surely crumbles!

You take your brood to schools in first-world States  
as ours academically rot in sad world schools!

You stroll around London hospitals  
for a series of voluntary medical check ups  
as our medics enter the fifth week of industrial action!  
And on top of that,  
You insist on getting an armed bodyguard  
upon leaving August house  
You blatantly raid our tender treasury!  
You demand diplomatic passports for  
all your wives and concubines,  
Life insurance and a State-paid chauffeuse  
upon your term's expiry  
as majority of our people still fail  
to table one decent meal a day!

You engage in political bickering in funerals in your village  
(and ignore to sympathize with the bereft!)  
While irate compatriots finish one another in inter-clan disputes  
(Allegedly politically instigated)  
And little do we wonder;  
Of what relevance is the national security docket?

You brazenly betray our nation's Vision  
You illogically deliberate to taint our tender constitution!  
Woooooiiiiii...  
When I contemplate about your megalomaniac tendencies  
I feel betrayed!  
And see nothing else  
apart from your impaired vision  
of our future  
and that of  
our blessed nation!

**DIRTY LAUNDRY!**

Throw out the dirty laundry  
of silence at incorrect supremacy  
without any trace of shame

and let the world see  
for it has been a great while  
living a deadly lie of a century!  
Yes, throw out the dirty laundry  
of ignorance, poverty and disease  
and let the world over see  
that we've successfully failed to win this war  
that our late founding father of nation declared  
decades and decades ago!

Throw out the dirty laundry  
of non-independence of African States  
and the cancer of neo-colonialism  
that has reigned for years on end  
for we're tired of reporting a lie  
that we long crushed this malady at Independence!  
Yes, let the world now know that  
we're not yet independent  
Courtesy of USA!  
Yes, throw out the dirty laundry  
of tribalism, rashness and pride  
slowly eating away our folks ☐  
for that's the only option left  
Yell out, &quot;help! heelp! heeeelllp! &quot;;  
Down, down deceit! Down, down greed!  
For it isn't worth living a day dream!

Throw out the dirty laundry  
that teaches us to remain mum  
as our children waste away in hard drugs  
while others sheepishly fall into the dilemma of sex change!  
Yes, throw out the dirty laundry  
that frustrates our assertiveness and open-mindedness  
while we deliberate on far-sighted issues of our nation  
in roadside congress of the countless unwaged youths!

Throw out the dirty laundry  
of terror, arrogance and intimidation  
inflicted on the poor contemptible compatriots  
who may not have basic university degrees  
but are proud owners of revolutionary ideals for our nation  
Yes, let's have a whole wash up! ☐

Since lying on these cushions of fear and tolerance  
must have ruined us enough!  
For indeed, these perfumes of silence  
Lie to us and the world over! □  
Proclaiming of our spotlessly-clean laundry  
that lets out an elegant scent  
Yet the stains are daylight visible!  
Oh my! Oh my! Now more than ever  
We must honestly admit that we're damn filthy!  
And until we confess this sham  
and do an out- and- out washing  
We shall forever live  
a huge Lie of wreck!

AFRICANS ARE WOMEN Poetry Anthology