

Poetry Series

Joshua Nnachi
- poems -

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Joshua Nnachi()

Just a bloke that feels broke, not broken. I love my hometown, Nguzu-Edda in Afikpo-South of Ebonyi State. Poetry is therapy to me.

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Tomorrow That Never Came

Lost names of a fallen tribe
Trapped in a puddle of tears.
They trickle down the dewy horns of Earth, dressed in dirges.

Dawn mourns a fading dusk,
Bidding silent farewells amidst a look of helplessness in line with nature's tide.

She drowns slowly, pierced by the cock's crow...

This birth of mourning births the morning;
'A stillbirth, ' I say -
No! - 'It's still Birth'.

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'Ts Only Imaginary (A Haiku)

'ts only imaginary:

Staring at the starry sky,

All I think is you.

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Njem Na Ndada Okporo ?z?

Ka m na aga n'okporo ?z? eche echiche oge gara aga (d?kwa ka m? na nk?ta m so aga) ,

Anam at? egwu na ihe ?j?? ga biakwute m na mberede.

Aghotakwa g? m ihe mere egwu ji a t? m nke ukwuu,

(Amagh? m) Ihe egwu onwe m ji at? m.

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I Smell Sin

A pair of eyes wink at each other, far apart;
Two sins willing to be committed...

Two devils are sneaking around in the garage
Looking for a new place to make hell.

The air is amorous, redolent with sin.

'I smell chicken roasting...'
Satan's seeking salvation.
And it smells more heavenly
As the charcoals belch irresistibly endlessly.

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Be Thankful

You might have no food

Money

Clothes

Houses...

But if you can breathe,

Be thankful.

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A Walk Down The Path

Walking the dog of my past,
I fear the silent path will prey me.

I wonder why I'm so terrified,
Why I'm so afraid of me.

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Smoking In The Midnight

Just in my little pony friendship
(Zephyr's whisper soft and chilly)
Dancing to my keyboard's tunes
(I sit at the backyard, bare-skinned)
Dousing drags of weed.

Remnants of it people the sandy soil before my ruddy eyes;
A sincere sacrifice with wistful mockery...

A partner's footsteps grace the air;
Then a choir of dry mango leaves and mosquitoes
Joins the anthem of midnight.

A choking, wheezing breath.
My lungs - a silo filled with rotten incense.

A trickle of sweat forming bodily floods -
My heartbeat!
I have to take off my clothes...

I remember I used to be me.

The i-pad emits her own musical smoke
Grinding the air into powdery particles of poignancy
As my Highlife playlist turns ethereal.

We become immune to death;
The vibe gets irresistible
And I watch me drift slowly into nothingness.

Now that the tapping sensations on my screen
Turn dreamy, grey, noctambulated...
Conversations become lighter
And creamier.

The world is fading...

Fiddling moments unlocking my device;
A series of try and error.

Smoke starts to dip slowly
And I lift an arm of worship dreamily high
While my febrile lips perform the CPR.

...

Now the dying smoke sails back to life;
Again, a sequel of endless puffs begin to anoint my dreamy head, lightening
momentarily.

Please, don't turn the music off
Nor let the smoke off!

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Not Black Or White

The world's not always black or white
For the sky lies so wildly, so wide
And we birds fly to and fro

The world's not always black, or white
Some concepts elude our conception
Just as sunlight shines moony in the night

Some of us should learn to right our rights
For as my moving finger writes
So do I try to make some rights right

That the world is not so white
Nor is it so black, alright?
That it has some shades of grey, too;
That our opinions, though ours
Aren't 'always' ours, nor right in the right sense

So as you conjecture, as you conceptualize
Remember, the world's not so black or white;
You gotta leave some room for 'ish'.

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It Comes And Goes

Again, these moments haunt me
A solemn smell of weedy sin
Smoking with forgiveness, and petulance.

It grows like mushrooms in me
Blossoms under the crescent moon;
A scrap of burnt incense as aborted hemlock
That falls like a meteor where prayers swell...

Birds fly in the wide sky
Bearing chars and scars of lost times
And weary de-ja-vus of the future.

The moving finger drinks of Time's pains,
Bleeds with sincerity and shyness of a growing need,
The need to reconcile and get on together;
But then the head is way too objective in the making;
Won't pave way for tears of softness and strength.

It'd rather remain stiff, strong, and die;
Die of haunting memories from now and then, and then
Drink from rivers of Lethe.

But, all is forgotten.
I'm stuck in a limbo of conscience.
Another de-ja-vu.

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