

Poetry Series

Ray Anyasi

- poems -

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Ray Anyasi is the author of the thrillers, Poll of Vampires, To Live Again and Ujasiri. He writes poems as a way of relaxing while brooding on issues in his immediate society. His hobbies include playing tennis and surfing the internet.

Shame, Hope And Faith

A road
Behind.
Blocked by
The shame
Of a million
Attempts.
A path
Ahead.
Torched by
The hopes
Of a thousand
Footprints.
Been through
Them all.
For the faith
Of a lonely
Sunrise.

Ray Anyasi

He Is God

He is God, the creator of heaven and earth.
He made the plains and everything green.
Even the animals and everywhere I've been.
From his breath Adam was given life,
after the sea creatures came on day five

He is God, the friend of Abraham.
A man who earned the earth by faith.
That he could use his only Isaac as bait.
He made him the patriarch of great Jerusalem.
And He sent to him Melchizedek king of Salem.

He is God, the lover of David.
Lifting a shepherd boy to a glorious throne.
Overlooking the sins to which he was prone.
He even gave him as heir Christ his Seed.
To a king without strife and without greed.

He is God, the keeper of Israel.
He made their enemies drown where they walked.
They trembled in fear and awe when He talked.
Judges, kings, and prophets to them He sent.
And grace, peace, and love from Him they spent.

He is God, the lifter of my head.
He took me right from the miry clay.
In the dark dungeons of dismay where I lay.
And seated me among the most exalted.
That the world would see my pains are halted.

He is God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Sending His Son that we might live abundantly.
Now our worries can be rested redundantly.
He took our pain and conquered death as Messiah.
Rightly as has been prophesied by Isaiah.

He is God, the one without beginning.
He has no father and He has no mother.
You cannot fathom Him don't even bother.

He's truly the first and the last.
Our dwelling place in generations past.

He is God, the only righteous judge.
He sits on the throne and judges the earthen below.
Both the rich and the poor, the high and the low.
Here is the author and the finisher.
Rewarder of the just and the sinner's punisher.

He is God, the Lion of the tribe of Judah.
His love for them so strong and vivid.
That He preserved them for the sake of David.
A tribe with whom God and Angels dwell.
An army before whom Goliath fell.

He is God, the invisible and the Invincible.
He is the head of the Godhead Elohim.
The elders and the angels daily bow to Him.
He calls things that weren't as though they were.
He can do everything and He is everywhere.

Ray Anyasi

Rhumba Dance

Dude, this must be the rhumba dance.
Is it worth defining your life?
The tangled long legs. Two hairy and sturdy.
And two long and smooth.
Slightly shifting against each other.
In short, jerking amplitudes.
The firm, clutching grip by steely arms,
Around a slender and tender torso.
The wet navel against wet navel.
The feel of tout nipples.
The strong eyes of 'do me please! '
Prickly stubs against soft blushing chin.
Sweat-washed make-up from the face.
Trickling sweat confluencing
Into the crack of your buttocks.
The back and forth.
The in and out.
The 'uhhh' and the 'ahhh.'
The changing positions.
The search for signs inside the other's eyes.
The flush of affection.
The sensual feel of emotions.
The temporal assumption of safety.
The silent but earnest plea
Of harder, harder, harder.
Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop.
All from a breathy weak voice,
That tingles your ears sweetly.
And pumps your blood swiftly.
The soothing listen of resonating heart beats.
It starts slowly.
Then harder and faster.
Till the explosion is near.
A repeated convulsing spasm
Hard to control...overwhelming.
Then ultimately, a drawn gasp.
A long drawn gasp of...
Uuhhh aarhh...ooohhh gaaad...
Dude, is this what you live for?

Ray Anyasi

Missing Home

Home is gone, stolen by our enemy.
Home is broken, and nothing left for me.
Now I live in the wreck of an old van,
And my pillow is a soiled baking pan.
Sweet home, can I find another one new?

Home is not a place there is an army.
Home is where there is daddy and mommy.
Daddy is not here because of a gunman.
Mommy is not here because of a masked man.
The gunman and the masked man, shame on you.

Home is where all my friends are around me.
Home is where I can play with Salami.
I saw a pretty boy in a turban,
I tried to play with him here but he ran.
Why his mom won't let him, I never knew.

Home is where I always fill my tummy.
Home is where my hunger makes me happy.
I can't follow mommy's nutrition plan,
When my meal is from the Bantus' trash can.
Taste and hunger, my companions anew.

Home is where the cold will never catch me.
Home is where the insects will not bite me.
The sun has given me more than a tan,
And blisters I wear like a cardigan.
A pain more than this is only a few.

Ray Anyasi

A Roadside Prostitute

I have long known this roadside prostitute
In whom's life, night by night, down were the chips
Of what would you think her thoughts constitute?
Of yanked legs from whence falls her nightly tips?

Nay, the lowness of her pride's altitude
Tasted in the lingering smack on her lips
That, and the jabs of her guilt's magnitude
Striking eternal marks between her hips

We judge and say she has an attitude
But her hands have loosened a thousand zips
All of strange men, tis her life's factitude
From this cup of reproach she daily sips

Ignored by Reverends yelling Beatitudes
She sinks her head, just a common prostitute.

Ray Anyasi

Killing My Demons

Welcome to the end of tis my disease.
Of freezing shadows and ending their tease.
No, please. No, think not me as high on dope.
Sorely yoked but now high on dope of hope.

Welcome to the end of shameless decrease,
Wee devils running rampage near my crease.
Could liken it to sliding down a slope,
And wishing I from my life could elope.

Welcome to endless laughter as I please.
Was a wall of cracks with a life on lease.
If I saw a priest, prophet and the Pope,
Still won't explain how from this I did cope.

All morning grudge and nightly guilt just cease.
Welcome to my rebirth gliding with ease.

Ray Anyasi

Twiggy's Left Eye

See a butterfly emerge from its cage
Out from its cocoon, unto a new page.
Yet on both worlds has it dwelt, a native,
Birthing the house wive's twilight narrative.

Again, the sun o'er our country cottage.
It raced the naked sky, kissed earth's foliage,
Shouting freedom as it woke from its eve.
This picture yet from my mind could not leave.

Also, an image of an Hindu sage,
All his life's sorrow now he would assuage.
Leaping to the Mukti he did conceive.
His embrace with Brahman how so massive.

You ask where I have seen this image?
In Twiggy's left eye of Shakti lineage.

Ray Anyasi

To My Muse

all I'd say in this rhyme is true
I'm a lover, I stand accuse
the sky be brown, the earth be blue
to bless you God can't refuse
my poems are sweet because of you
even angels you can amuse
I love you but you have no clue
happy birthday, my perfect muse.

Ray Anyasi

You Don't Know My Story

I've been labeled, been tagged in a hurry.
Garments worn on me which were not flory.
yet none has cared to listen for my side.
Yet, have they not stripped me bare of all pride?

I've been sentenced by a cold mass jury.
They have at my back written my story.
Yet none else was there to see how it went.
Yet it's from none of them was my life rent.

This is the crux of a loner's worry.
He stumbles and there's none to say sorry.
To tell my tale, I mount me on soapbox.
Shedding the light on it, a million lux.

You might guess that it's scary and gory,
But no, yes no, you don't know my story.

Ray Anyasi

Laments Of Fallen Angels

We sang proud in the choir of the Most High
Till the beauty serpent told us a lie.
How could we have placed on him all our trust?
On an angel with love for things unjust.

On the throne, the King sat, our case to try,
For to cast us down Michael was not shy.
We broke our wings when we crashed on earth's crust.
We struck man's heels for we fed on earth's dust.

Lo, the Lamb was sent to cause us sad sigh.
He rescued the earth and they knew not why.
The maidens of men were goodly for lust.
We made them rot, but He made them adjust.

In the sword of His tongue our fates did lie.
That to us, the portion of the last cry.

Ray Anyasi

King On A Cross

The Word stepp'd from His throne. Sire, here I am.
To 'em that believe, sons of Abraham.
Unto 'em give the life of Elohim.
And this gospel thou shalt make contagious
On all creatures, from the swine to the moss.

The heathen shall gladden for here I am.
Atoning for 'em than the blood of ram.
The filthiest sinner, this too washes him.
Nothing else can be more advantageous
And naught will be salvation's albatross.

To wipe the sins of the world, here I am.
I shall cleanse all, up to the zillionth gram.
For what could have been more efficacious
Than seeing a bleeding king on a cross?

Ray Anyasi

This Man From Zion

The players are there of cymbals and bells,
Worshippers gathered like holy cartels.
'Tis the choir of the most holy Deity,
His praises to vanish our anxiety.

This man witnessed and with his God there dwells
With living Cherubs by golden tassels.
Oh virgins of my birthplace, pure piety
Adorns thee, doing praise in chastity.

Charged high more than the monastery's prayer cells,
Is Zion, the mountain on which God's own dwells.
City of beauty in solemnity,
Is mount Zion, an enduring reality.

This man from Zion, among living Abels,
This man from Zion, in comp'ny of angels.

Ray Anyasi

Miss Tee

He found the pearl-eyed dame across the aisle
And on her thus poured a watch for a while.
She chased Hypnos from him, his dear miss Tee.
For her I could travel a thousand mile

Or walk down the street with my feet dusty,
Just hunting the promise of vanished bile.
I see me soon old, pondering on my tea,
Content that I loved hard and made no guile.

For Tricia, Theresa, I'm not hasty.
For we shall take the world, Niger to Nile.
From this Eko to Venice to Haiti,
That Aphrodite canst but beam pleasant smile.

For Tricia, Theresa, I'm not hasty.
For now and ever you are my miss Tee.

Ray Anyasi

What Is This Thing

What is this thing? Are we married or not?
Only a nuptial bond will make meaning.
Yet passion binds us to uncertain lot.
Make us husband and wife or we're nothing.

Potential wife she is in all man's plot,
But she's my girlfriend, my virtual wife hand.
She said she'd be mine. Lie or truth, I bought.
I won't bank till you take my wedding band.

A potential husband in all girl's plot.
Yet he's my boyfriend, my virtual husband.
He said he'll keep me. Lie or truth, I bought.
I won't trust till I have your wedding band.

This thing binds us in endless sexual rot.
What is this thing? Are we married or not?

Ray Anyasi

Love In A Coffin

Why do we keep falling in love with those
Unable to love us back, and then chose
To while our souls bleed, their hearts to harden?
Thou prettier than the serpents of Eden,
The witches in Sheol to whom you're agent
Have charmed men who wouldn't be more cogent,
A thousand and one, taking up lament.

It's our Love's fun'ral, thus all gloom arose.
B'hold, on its coff'n pinned I a black rose.
This lowly maiden thou did now sadden.
Handsome as the devils of Aladdin,
You love the tune of a virgin's lament,
Not mistaken for an angel's accent.
Alas. Slam. Slam...the final nail is sent.

Ray Anyasi

Of Bone, Flesh And Blood

This is the tale of how this bloke's heart heave.
Of a feeling he now wears on his sleeve.
For two years he sent cupid to scuttle,
Engaging reality in a battle.
Braced up, he went thither, sheathing his sword.
He would go now and with her have a word.
His sweet miss Tee, of bone, of flesh, and blood.

Time had been when from this he sought to leave.
But t'was she whom his full beauty did weave.
She in him, back and forth, like a shuttle.
These emotions shut he in a bottle,
But now in them he drowns like in a flood.
Can she rescue? Can she to him be lord?
His dear miss Tee, of bone, of flesh, and blood.

Ray Anyasi

Slay The Beast

We stray from Eden to our fate ponder,
W'out that tree of life now to rest under.
Then came the beast as if our doom he's sworn.
Fearsome. Like from no woman he was born.

He swept his tail and cast us asunder,
And from his tongue poured out fire and thunder.
Our rest for ages shall now be in thorn
And all `em who lose faith he shall ends burn.

Lo, we found our brawn and grace from yonder
And `tis how we commence to wrought wonder.
He reared his face and we smashed him to scorn.
Our sword cut his tail and we broke his horn.

And when in the sea of flame he was cast,
We panting, chanting, alas, peace, at last!

Ray Anyasi

Love And Life

If life was a farmer's land of fortune,
Then love is the harvest with no locust,
A ceaseless downpour that thickens in June,
And sunshine baking the earth when it must.

If life can be lived out far in Neptune,
Then love is how we did the solar hoist.
A force, stronger than a tree's after prune
To pick up a heart that breaks at all cost.

If love was a waltz, the heart calls the tune.
The pump, the race, the skip and mind is lost.
The only joy found in the midst of ruin.
The resource we cannot exhaust.

But love is a life at a porter's post,
And life is on a roll in a lover's toast

Ray Anyasi

Grandma Killed A Witch

This story was told us by the fireside.
In a moonless night, not even a star.
They said afore I was born was a tide.
The gods in those days must have raised the bar.

For three years, grandma in gaol did abide.
As they did for murder tried her so far.
They said she killed a witch by a roadside.
In the aft'noon when witches don't fly far.

It was that denting line we just can't hide.
In the glowing tribute we wrote for her.
That grandma killed a witch and no one cried.
As the law threw the prison gates ajar.

Much were her accusers, they might have lied.
But on and on to jail she took a ride.

Ray Anyasi

Love Costs Something

A sad story was told how love went blind.
And by pearly gates Cupid went to work.
To plant white Lilies in a damsel's mind.
This task for a bloke who has so much luck.

Be not fooled tho', for Cupid ain't that kind.
Roses were bought from the stores of New York.
He ordered for the finest man could find.
These cost much fortune, little did of luck.

Love is not stuffed in a maiden's behind.
Neither in fireside songs as we eat pork
Or sip whiskey by night, it takes some grind.
It does not appear as by her you lurk.

Love isn't dead. Nay, breathes on life support.
Thus it costs some coins, this need I report?

Ray Anyasi

I Deserve A Miracle

We set down 'tis love on a golden trend.
That on it no man shall come to set fire.
So much to spare we had ardour, to lend
To stars that watched us with eyes of sapphire.

The came chasm when none we did offend.
Never knew I an angel would say tire.
Bade thee farewell, thou romantic dead end.
Thus 'tis heart swarm long under your satire.

How did I come to know thus debacle?
To learn the songs the crickets chirp by night.
But as long as is the oak's life circle,
Shall I persist for your love day and night.

For I am assured by some oracle,
That behold, I deserve a miracle.

Ray Anyasi

Ogbanje

Goodbye, says the lips that said welcome.
As at dawn you danced into sunset.
Shall we now look to when next you come?
Or count we now 'tis as an asset?
A broken pot in the hag's backyard.

We heard it sound, the first cry so shrill.
Blood bloated eyes before they saw us.
Wet tiny feet that did the gods thrill.
Full small life, of blood, water and pus.
Of bone, hair like silk. Like us indeed.

Hear the old nurse cry her umpteenth joy.
The legs closed from whence ye hath emmerged.
Sibblings, kiss goodbye to favorite toy,
Folks and ancestors have now converged.
'Tis is how we herald your entrance.

Shall you depart before we dare do?
Will you not spare us your final gasp?
Nay, hurry off before you wore shoe.
Swift, as on wings of a desert wasp.
The gods were flirting, we should have known.

Stay now we pray a little longer.
Till you dance of war at the king's court.
When your arms are a little stronger.
When the virgins for you shall come forth.
A little longer, yes, just longer.

You leave us in bafflement of these.
Why you want not your breasts sprouted old.
Or stay to seduce them blokes and tease.
Why you turned back with your hands yet cold.
Why? Why? Weeping mother asks the grave.

Do you prefer to rest in this place?
Under the butts of banana trees.
Where periwinkles shall lick your face.

And you're mocked by the night owls of the trees.
Do you? Do you? She asks the grave.

Tell me now the course that you trailed.
The tide that traveled south stream with ease?
Where the priestess fetched from as she wailed.
Or you are with the gods of the seas?
Tell me, tell me. I want to know now.

A little while the barren sobs soft.
Then a little while she's fortunate.
She's taken from deep pit to top loft.
She reaches out to console her mate.
Weep not, the mother's light is put off.

'Tis is the life that came and doth bloom.
It is the scudding clouds of men.
A sniff of the rose that ends in gloom.
Cry, while joy shout in guts of women.
Weep now, weep now. The lilly is crushed.

Ray Anyasi

Wooing Adaorable

It happened that once I knew this goddess.
Her eyes the Milky Way won't stand their spark.
It is her I seek from heaven's goodness.
Her lips, they shame even the honey's smack.

I want to lie betwixt cherubs for once.
I want too to rub a genie's belly.
I want to feel Cleopatra kiss my bonce.
I want you more, hope I said that early.

They say she is more priceless than diamond.
That Ray, alas, she is too good for you.
They say she is more sweetly than almond.
That Ray, behold and lo you have no clue.

I say Adaorable, I'm in no trance.
I say Adaorable, I want my chance.

Ray Anyasi

I Am Ray

It shall be whispered by the morning breeze.
I am he that is what I deem to say.
The deity on whom the pen has found ease.
Same has asked none but fate his works to pay.

I hear the goddess of the north sing it.
By the terraces of the third heavens.
As a man plots his sleek romance gambit.
While the maidens' hips glide by the ovens.

It is I, it is I. Ray the wordsman.
That declared to you you'll be a fine bride.
That you'll be this slim and fit a lifespan.
Kissed you goodnight aft you had made the bed.

It's roared by this ocean by which we lay.
The heartbeat next to you...lo, I am Ray.

Ray Anyasi

One Of Us

I regret he looked not his left again.
That which tugs his heart puts him in hurry.
He crosses the road and siezes to gain.
Hades gifts him fatally in furry.

Look, a stray jolopy scoops him to air.
Horror eyed, spat on us all life's red wine.
Lookers cried, wailed. For help will any dare?
Gory faced, jiltery hands. Is this blood mine?

A wife or kids, someone kissed him goodbye.
Hoping he'll return early for dinner.
Nay, nay, know not they his end was this nigh.
Yea, fading star. Whether saint or sinner.

Our world hence by his end, never the same.
Dying bloke by the curb...he has a name.

Ray Anyasi

Saying Goodbye

Thinking of you daily makes my head thump.
If splitting's right why does it make us blue?
Why does it cause my heart to fiercely pump.
My best guess is that you have no real clue.

Those night garden dates that make our hearts jump.
I miss them badly and I know you do.
At dark dawns and cold nights when couples hump.
Swear you don't feel the same way like I do.

It is madness but it's time to do it.
To stay strong let the days of us pass by.
Let the bee that stung me sting the new guy.
If he is human like me, he'll feel it.

Hundred words and fourteen lines shall say it.
It's from me to you saying goodbye.

Ray Anyasi

Pretty Pearl

There you are, priceless pod of precious peas.
Where you are, there is where I want to dwell.
Please don't call me soppy, you have the keys
To make me sensually ring like a bell

And run after you like honey by bees.
If I can reach you then all shall be well.
I only pray you not to be a tease.
Or say no to make my eye red and swell.

Did I hurt you ever? Can I appease?
If I cause you pains I shall make them quell.
For round your heart my love shall make a twirl.
I shall reach for you in the deepest seas

And cherish you more than the mouse does cheese.
For now and ever you're my pretty pearl.

Ray Anyasi

A Fool's Plan

Come, a fool said to another,
let's hide from our nasty past
of evil done by our father,
but their darkness shall not last.

He says to the simple minded,
let's call Biafra a fiction.
Like we were a perfect kindred
from the start with no friction.

He says, if we strongly deny,
Achebe can seem like liars.
Let's design history you and I
as gauze is made with some pliers.

Can you tell that fool to be quiet?
We have not learnt from history yet.

Ray Anyasi

Many Questions

Why do the sun go quickly down
when I'm yet to feel this lively town?
Is it for the many wine with my kin
or does the earth now speed in spin?

Why must my eyes give up to slumber
when I still hardly remember
any hard job I have done?
Where have my agility gone?

What made the children so quiet?
Is it for the perfect pea diet?
Can they forever be this tranquil?
Can I ever dare bet they will?

Why crave for a lady's behind?
Can't you see that love is blind?
Would you marry her if it was small?
Or would you hide your ring and stall?

Why do people fall in love?
What problem does it ever solve?
If they feel same way tomorrow
will it be deep inside the marrow?

Why do good people often see evil?
Why don't they always repel the devil?
They should have fairy tales sometimes
they should have oranges not limes.

When he left you why were you blue?
I can bet you don't have a damn clue.
Of what use was he to you anyway?
Why not let him go his freaking way?

Did he go to heaven when he slept?
Or did demons take him to the depth?
When I get to heaven I shall know
if he reaped same thing he did sow

Why do people gossip about people?
Why do they enjoy to cause such ripple?
It causes to their health much headache
do they ever consider such plaque?

Why do I now get often misinterpreted?
Like my childhood when I get interrupted?
Why can't people when I speak take note
if they know they must repeat my quote?

Why don't schools get people satisfied
when they graduate and are certified?
They always want to get a higher one
but never made complete by none.

Ray Anyasi

Riverside Blues

I hate to think of you this way my pearl.
Like a white rubber duck on a swift brook,
If I might find you someday I can't tell.
Though I shall search, all corners I shall look.
I can give all wealth but Ray is no earl.
He is no Count, no pirate nor a crook.
I had the chance once but was not clever
To know I must win you then or never.
I hope now my tide shall one day return.
Like a patient dog waiting for its turn.
Or like a fireman nursing a harsh burn,
Wondering, have I lost you forever?

Ray Anyasi

A Soft Ibo Girl

I swear she is not just in dreams
or in my wet fantasies.
Though my hope may flow more than streams
and my dreams can fill the seas.

She exists, she does for real.
She walks the streets in flesh and blood.
Her smile always a fine deal
from a clean heart so fine and broad.

How can I make you believe me?
That my dreams can grow two legs.
Drop the world and now follow me,
take my baskets for your eggs.

Twitter has her as a sweet girl,
I do as a soft Ibo girl.

Ray Anyasi

Let's Build A Country

let's build a country that makes us proud
like a house tall and seen from only a sill
whose praise will be sang clear and loud
let our NASS work hard and sign a bill
that can fight very well all graft
just like it's often done on capitol hill
when there's no partisan witchcraft
let's fight those who maim and kill
militants armed robbers and terrorists
that's the silver bullet or perfect pill
to get investors and even tourists
we can make this work with our will
young man be empowered to be self employed
and young lady encouraged to use your skill
that soon we'll have what yankees enjoyed
let's make our land blessings count still
food we grow from the savanna we plough
to the evergreen rain forest we till

Ray Anyasi

Take Me Home

just like a sinner far from zion
i'm far away from where i can rest
i care how i can fight this lion
with spear of wood not even iron
a friend is lynched and a lover is gone
jungle is hard even after all i've done
my heart please take me home
every predator here has a rival
every prey has a thousand predators
with the tigers how do the deer get survival
after the fire how do the grass make revival
to live with vitality so lush and green
it's not a life none that i've ever seen
my heart please take me home

Ray Anyasi

To Live Again

if only myself can get to live again
cos i'm ashamed what this life amounts
no one alive finds it of any useful gain
now the dangers to take it away mounts
the beast for lunch the barbarian for fun
please can i get a chance to live again
curious my eyes searches on for answers
i bleed from grief the mother of all pain
weary i took steps that baffle dancers
it's fair life comes with own headaches
why do some people's come with cancers
i need another life without heartaches
which on peaceful waters it would sail
even if it is at the speed of a snail

Ray Anyasi

Say Goodbye

give me another chance another minute
for this hurt you caused to heal
give me hints to know if you mean it
i should know if it's what you feel
when you said you've had enough
i need to know when the tides recede
if that's what i would ever concede
let me know when it's time to say goodbye
it got better and better till that day
when the storm came and the wind blew
when i stopped getting that fat pay
the passion in your eyes and mind flew
then you said you've had enough
if love and romance counts no more
or the cost of them mounts some more
then i'd know it's time to say goodbye

Ray Anyasi

A Place Quite Like This

the breeze is gentle it feels like heaven
the trees along the street the heights are even
and dusts give way for dew well before it's seven
i've never seen anything quite like this
the glorious sun is swallowed opposite the east
when we called it a day both men and beast
for the needs of tommorrow we worried the least
i've never been to anywhere quite like this
here lies the blessings of nature's element
all the sunshine that enriches the farmament
truely no other place can boast of such endowment
i've never seen anyone quit to like this

Ray Anyasi

Make Me Cry

i'll never find words to sing this song
a song i wouldn't sing if you had stayed
i wonder how i could survive this long
to cope without you since you strayed
how did i ever allow you grow this power
to be the only one to make me cry
i always hold you here in my head
the look of you that held me thunderstruck
i'll never forget the tears i shed
for the pain you caused that filled a truck
i wish i never allowed you grow this power
to be the only one to make me cry

Ray Anyasi

Wait In Vain

you're a lover of convenience
who took away my heart ala pirate
hope you return for better experince
cos i'm hurt but can't feel irate
please help me not to wait in vain
i'm sitting here wishing for that day
when you appear from the woods or sea
i wonder what to you i would ever say
if i'll ever see that day i foresee
i hope i won't have to wait in vain
i think i'm about to let go
of all the thoughts of you i kept
from days in scool to long ago
days we laughed and days we wept
it's so sad i had to wait in vain

Ray Anyasi

I Fell Indeed

when i fell in love i fell indeed
held on to every moment for the joy
but where did you get this wicked seed
how did you learn to be this coy
this was not how i dreamt about you
why do you do the wicked things you do
everyday i treat you so cool and tender
gave you love and care like in a flood
but you took the message and hurt the sender
reap from his sweat and hunt his blood
that was not how it played in my dream
why do you always wanna make me scream

Ray Anyasi

Boko Boys Blast Bomb

Boko boys blast bomb through town
till there was no job for a clown
even oga Ringim did not make survival
it was clear police was no real rival
Boko boys blast bomb as they vowed
as well as the Aso rock has allowed
they sent many policemen to early hell
well i guess that's as much as i can tell
Boko boys blast bomb without compromise
that to avoid Fashola's BRT was wise
they try too hard to tear us in parts
but only God would stop their hearts

Ray Anyasi

Far Was Peace And Trouble Nigh

far was peace and trouble nigh
nation east of Niger sought to split
for a new nation hope was high
as one nation they chose not to use
three years gone came a truce no refuse

far was peace and trouble nigh
gentleman Abu TB was chilled on sit
and just before we took a relief sigh
there was another Dodan barracks kill
whose bad we all now suffer still

far was peace and trouble nigh
flames of discord all over were lit
even tribal tension rose to the sky
as MKO fought in vain for a mandate
what we saw was bloodshed on that date

far was peace and trouble nigh
A man took power and refuse to quit
hunger killed but he blinked not an eye
his rule of hate tore them all apart
till the gods came to stop his heart

far was peace and trouble nigh
from Jona came an austerity kit
raised petrol to a price they can't buy
they fought and it took over a week
for him to see the people aren't weak

Ray Anyasi

From Whence I Found This Love

From nine Oni street a nascent baby cried
To his vital needs the modest family tried
Despite luxury and wants placed above
How would I ever ever forget this place
From whence I found this love.

Maku Maza was the King on the saddle
Bringing me up this way good from cradle
To a perfect gentleman, a lion and a dove
How would I ever ever forget his face
From whence I found this love.

To the dungeon and palace she had been
The faces of slaves and kings she had seen
Virtuous was Philo and charming at the stove
How would I ever ever forget her grace
From whence I found this love.

Peace was the watchword even in a storm
From 'lere to 'time to Ijegan it takes all form
Eyes on Christ so fixed even as we rove
How strong we grew all along the race
From whence I found this love.

Chris is certainly the rock made by Elohim
Emy proves again you can well trust in him
Nne and Nnam presents virtue and resolve
How would I ever ever forget this race
From whence I found this love.

Ray Anyasi

I Knew This Man

i knew this man some years ago
dearly beloved by four and two
back to fro his love went too
five of five he was and served
so to him a reward well deserved

I knew this man some years ago
worked the woods and suffered stings
lo among the rich he lives and pings
to whom benevolence was a reflex
and nothing came along was complex

i knew this man some years ago
who in zodiac learns a fable
and in unity became so able
over the Niger citadel he grew a lion
then he joined this army in Zion

i knew this man some years ago
he fell in love and changed his mind

now he hard sought someone to find
stood a lie to cute fairy tale damsel
how he christened her his own damisel

i knew this man some years ago
has broad shoulders and bulging chest
his time and strength he did well invest
i knew this man who loved himself
i knew this man in none but myself

Ray Anyasi

You Loved Him More

we stayed out late to count the stars
where maga men would park their cars
the cold outside we do care less for
where was charles then all along
i loved you but you loved him more

i neva thought we'd end like this
all we shared was kiss and bliss
that purple robe, that one i tore
then michael came to tear another
i loved you but you loved him more

ben was there but i came from behind
can't erase those nights from my mind
i bought you silk, he bought you fur
believe me we still call one another
i loved you but you loved him more

from his camry car you waved at me
those smiles you gave won't let me be
unspeakable were the thoughts i bore
kingsley gave me a reason to bother
i loved you but you loved him more

i told you sweet lies you did not buy
because you listen to another guy
unspeakable was the sight that i saw
jackson after all was not an angel
i loved you but you loved him more

Ray Anyasi

Many Ladies

she rings my line before i go to sleep
and whenever i wake it was by her beep
i guess she wants an equal response
but for her sake i can not leave my studies
she was just one, one of my many ladies

her former man was looney steve
all those men she swore to leave
i showed her love twice or once
fired mervis and did leave gladys
she was just one, one of my many ladies

i swear i did not break her heart
sent her flowers full truck or cart
no carnal knowledge, not even once
yet all her beus offered their bodies
she was just one, one of my many ladies

some day her fury sent her ex to hell
threatened me with sword not to tell
again she made me pay a day a pounce
happy she had not yet sent me to hades
she was just one, one of my many ladies

so good she was and know to cook
to my belly was a snear and hook
but no one ever had a bigger bonce
yet she impressed me and the foodies
she was just one, one of my many ladies

Ray Anyasi

That Christmas Night

when three wise men came all to town
to a new born king they offered crown
the manger was the star they sight
and they followed well till there
thus it was that christmas night

sabina thought us some xmas song
ode and co all sang it so wrong
just a few we knew did it right
all we then knew was fun to have
thus it was that christmas night

santa came to zodiac stayed for long
that even Dan too had to come along
babies to their mothers held on tight
so the end of it was gift to home
thus it was that christmas night

we three kings the carols read
as it lingers on children feeds
a wine gulp and a chicken bite
was all it was for grownups then
thus it was that christmas night

mummy's choice again was wise
as i wore those shoes as twice
and those jeans without a fight
the best she had the best she gave
thus it was that christmas night

Ray Anyasi

In Kharytass

In kharytass she is the sweetest to behold
Do not let her go like the best of gold
though i never heard even her voice
unknown to me why she opens my choice
just how this thoughts can't let me be

In kharytass she is the sweetest damsel to hold
presents to me a test to be bold
Why won't i want to learn her poise
Why won't i want to shut all noise
Just to listen to her talk to me

In kharitass she is the sweetest yet not cold
Watching while i rest with my arms fold
Those starry eyes the spark of diamond
Those very lips the smack of almond
Just be calm my soul and let fate be

In kharytass she is too priceless to be sold
Remains a love story yet to be told
Well curvy frame left with high chaste
All survey but left to my taste
Just don't let another bloke take thee

In kharytass she is the jwell of young and old
She took my arm less i be cold
Even if i live in a dome in Rome
I would never feel like someone home
Just unless she stays with me.

Ray Anyasi

Lady Vee

i asked lady vee please that we may see
then you appeared with that weird hair
but not without showing that stired flair
i could use that hug for eternity
and not fuse over it for immotality

we love lady vee and she loves the glee
i guess she acquired the sweet sultry voice
so that mankind can do without such noise
if i may ask who gave you your skills
then i may ask who gave fishes gills

ever wooed lady vee she stung like a bee
you unbelieved in love it rung from above
i soon believe it like a truth from a dove
no lips ever lied to me this way
no hips ever made me wanna stay

i cherish lady vee yea i value thee
what you worth is not in pound
like treasure no man has found
if we meet it's more than clatter of loins
if we fight cost more than chatter of coins

hail lady vee you inspire what i'll be
if it would quell his serious torment
if it would swell his precious moment
a man would let go the world and his wife
just to be with you the whole of his life

Ray Anyasi