

Poetry Series

Uche Favour
- poems -

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Uche Favour(28 March 1997)

Born in Lagos, Nigeria. Lost my mom in 2013, been heartbroken since but trying yo fix myself with my writing and poems. An Ardent reader and a writer. Visit my page at

A Cry For Success

When I gaze at the world
Am amazed by what I see
I wonder how the earth came to be
I wonder how everything in it was spoken to life
And then it came to be
The day, evening and night
How do they tell when to switch?
Who tells the sun when to scorch us?
Who tells the rain to wet us?
Who tells the cold to wrinkle our skin?
Who? Just who?

I look at creatures
At their different displays of emotions
And I'm still unable to fathom
Why everything and everyone seems different
Even I wonder how I came to be
Because I just grew up knowing that I existed
And when I look at how many have failed
In their duties to life
I tell myself I do not want to be a failure
Never to my generation and my procreation
I tell myself I would make it
I tell myself never to be a failure
That I would work hard

But there goes another fear!
Work hard?
Many have been working hard
Why then haven't they made it
Most have nothing to show for being loyal and hardworking
Most say hard work pays
Some say it doesn't
I grew up hearing these things
And like everyone else I get to choose what I believe in
I believe in hard work,
I believe in faith
Even I am hoping against hope itself
Because I know I'm one of the many few

Who would make it

My mom always told me
What was worth doing was worth doing well
So whatever I did to survive
I did it well
Hoping at that tiny little back of my mind
It would click someday
When I look at those who have made it
I wonder if they are any less different from the rest
And then I tell myself something -
When preparation meets opportunities
Then the stage of success is set
And then I ask myself am I prepared?
Or what does it mean to be prepared?

Uche Favour

A Place In The Stars

Lost in your cold cold arms

Yet your manliness endears me to you

Even as you cup me in your bony arms

I'm caught in galaxies

Stolen by Mercury and scorched therein

Deceived by the treacherous beauty of Venus itself

Oblivious to the evil wiles of Earth

Reddened by the sand dunes of Mars

Lost to the swirling clouds of Jupiter

Confused by the deceiving rings of Saturn

Mesmerized by radiating beauty of Uranus

Gone with the winds of Neptune

And feeling congested in little Pluto

Where do I run to my beloved?

Even when the nine planets have rejected me!

I would go to the stars

For there my beloved awaits my very presence

Where we would transform into celestial bodies

And no longer be far apart

Where we would entwine as one

A place for us in the stars!

Uche Favour

Dedicated To My Secret Lover

There are days that I feel like I would die

So sore afraid in bed I would lie

Fervently silently praying I would buy

Some time to this life

So filled with strife

Sometimes I feel like there's a knife

Held onto my throat. Oh What a bile!

I live everyday hoping each day gets better

I live my life to the letter

Which most time feels like a fetter

I act like I'm a go-getter

My very being yearns for a petter

To assure me it's gonna be better

I need to see that person in you

You need not be my boo

Yes that's your cue

It's time to pay your due

Now I guess you have no clue

All I have been dying for is a beau

I just hope it's you

Uche Favour

Is It Because I'm Black?

I am black and referred to as a negro

Maybe it's the fault of my genotype

I can blame the melanin in me

It's being said hate for skin colour is a crime

But I find it repulsive that it's still everywhere whites and blacks are found

I can't speak openly in the midst of whites

They believe we are "apes therefore we must obey";

Going back through history in Africa

I read how the whites lobbied to control Africa

And all their cultures they imposed on us

Now we Africans are still trying to understand our heritage

Which have been muddled up with so called civilization

Haven't deaths and wars fought as a result of discrimination taught enough lessons

It's high time this obnoxious mentality is put to an end

Heck, I believe you are smart enough to know that the skin is just a colour

And black brains are capable of performing as the whites

Yes! You've taught us a lot; doesn't mean you throw faeces in our faces and expect us to smile like all is well

No more suffering and smiling

No more looking down on blacks

No more hating us!

Yes I am black; a negro

And yes I'm proud

In my next life or reincarnation

I would yet still come as a black

Because I will surely triumph in spite of these hurdles

Uche Favour

Lost In The Thick, Dark Forest

The owls hoot nearby;

The screech-owl calls;

The wolves howl in the distance;

The beetles tap and tap in an endless charade

The cicada seems like it won't give up clinging to the trees; its eyes looks lovely

The bush dog barks incessantly;

The squirrels stare inquisitively at me from the comforts of the fever tree

The ants make merry inside the whistling thorns, they seem happy as they make music

I can see the sunset now; like a baby it must sleep to awaken the next day.

I also want to sleep, but the ominous sound of fear; fear of the unknown; fear of being killed by an animal keeps my eyes wide awake but my mind slumbers

The enormous baobabs converge on me, forming a protective shield but why do I still feel insecure?

How did I find my way here? How did I get here?

I can't remember what had brought me here!

I need to go home but where is home?

I'm lost at night in a forest overgrown

I keep on walking; destination unknown; my fate have been decided

Thickets of bush engulf me;

Can hardly see anything now, it's dark yet I'm still trekking

I'm thirsty and hungry;

My legs ache, I don't want to walk anymore?—?just to sleep

I can hear a rattlesnake closeby;

The sound is getting closer; closer to me

How do I run? Where do I run to?

I'm walking faster now; the thought of food and thirst overtaken by the will to survive

The blackbirds are whistling now,

Calling me home, showing me the way home,

I must follow to please our kindred spirits;

My ancestors have finally smiled on me

I can see mom preparing the firewood for cooking outside the house

When she looked up to me and smiled, I knew I was home; safe and sound

I don't want to be in the forest anymore!

Favour! Favour! , my mom calls.

I stifled a yawn;

Alas! It was only a dream.

Uche Favour

My Quadriplegic Bosom Friend

MY QUADRIPLÉGIC BOSOM FRIEND
My First Abecedarian Poem!

Azure skies are today

blue and I'm in need of old

cabaret because I'm

depressed and melancholic I'm afraid

especially now that I've discovered I tend to

fidget a lot; I'll probably

grab a drink or two and thereafter

hibernate till I recover my strength; I'll probably make an

item for my day's agenda

just maybe after sorting these items out, I would be

kicking and ready to go.

Lest I forget, I'll also visit the

motherless babies' home and

nurse me a kid or several

of course this is my primary obligation as a motherless myself, we will

play and have so much fun. After that I'll visit a friend who is

quadriplegic. I will

remind her of the good old days. Yes! It's a

sure thing that I'll make her feel happy and

then she would laugh and cajole me after I reading her my irritating poems

ugh! I've really missed us taking walks and torturing poor Mrs.

Von de Trap with our silly games of mischief

We had always wanted to be rich; I wanted to be an Artist and she a

xylophonist;

Yeah I guess she would never be able to do that again; life's truly a

zag!

Uche Favour

My Sisters

MY SISTERS

I have five sisters who are great

Though one is late

We fight, argue and make-up

Yet we still share each other's makeup

We sure do have our differences

And we always make references

To our past hurts and pains

Down the memory lane

Sometimes I feel I can't bear to be with them

Yet most times I would die to be found with them

I am the fifth of the girls

Sometimes I feel we are great pairs

Sometimes I feel like we hate one another

Cuz we would always bicker at each other

We argue a lot

But sometimes when you see us

One would think we've never had a fight before

But some times, accidentally, you may see us reform

Sometimes I feel my elder sisters should stop acting like my mom

Because I feel no one could replace my understanding and caring mom

Every time I wish my mom was alive

Cuz she seemed like the only one who could understand my life

Needless to say, no matter what

I still love my dear sisters much more than I had thought

Uche Favour

Oblivion

I sit there staring straight at it
Watching it disappear
Bit by bit
I'm too entangled with it
Maybe I'm a part and parcel of it
The more I look at it
The less I see
It stares back hard
Now I'm scared
I don't know what it's thinking
It looks menacing
But I know I'm not liking this feeling
Now I can't feel anything anymore
The world just fades away
Along with everything in it
I see my sisters
I call out to them
I stretch forth my hands
But they don't seem to hear me
They don't seem to see me

What is this?

Is this death taking a tour of me?

Is this life after death?

Uche Favour

Picturesque

Meet me where the sky touches the sea
We'll chitchat, kiss and have some tea
Embrace me where the sun scorches the earth
Your touch I've long felt
Hold me where the fire burns like brimstone
Else I would continually be a rolling stone
Caress me where all day long the birds twitter
For my soul shall lose its bitter
Grab me where the water cascades with the clouds
Therein shall spikes of little pleasures speak aloud
Steal me to the confluence
So we twain would become a force and influence
Encounter my heart and stay to never depart
Only promise to never break my heart

Uche Favour

The Saxophonist

I could hear music

But I didn't know what type of music

Maybe it's from a party

I still searched round and round and round

I kept walking towards the sound

The music sounded good to me ears

It called out to me

Yet I didn't know how to reply

Still walking and relishing the sound

I walked into its source

It emanated from a young guy

Sitting in the hot sun

Just outside his house

He was a saxophonist

And a damn pretty good one

Even though I didn't know the song he was playing now

I still enjoyed it

I gazed upon him and he returned same

I threw away my face

And managed a grimace

As I passed him

The music stopped

It wasn't the only that stopped

My heart did

Every life and flicker of hope disappeared with it

Just then something happened

He played a familiar tune this time

"God My Help in Ages Past"

It lit up my soul once again

And brought back life to my life

The atmosphere became cool; even in the sun

Everywhere became brighter and sparkling

And then something was there;

A flicker of hope;

Despair disappeared!

The flames of hope rekindled!

How didn't I notice this before!

That He was in charge all this while

God spoke to me through the saxophonist

And I wished to know them more!

Uche Favour

Uncertainty

The morning dews seem to consume me

I know not what the day holds in store

But I'm quite hopeful

Though all seems hazy to me

I'm looking forward to see

Starting something new definitely feel like fear itself

But with a glimmer of hope

One can transcend beyond these walls of barrier

Beyond this wall that I know not what lies beyond

I love looking at little children

Because they're always so hopeful

Hopeful for tomorrow;

Hopeful that all would always go well

The morning sun sometimes encourages one

It places the whole world at your feet

All you need do is to breathe in that beautiful day

And your life will be filled with beatitude

When you are surrounded by crowds

How do you feel?

You feel scared that you're not the only one struggling

But you forget you can't work the same path with all of them

There's a special path meant for you

Keep to it and do not lose it

Do not get lost in the crowd

Then you'll find a shining light at the end of the tunnel

Don't do something because everybody does it

Dare to be different, I promise you it pays

Follow your heart and you'll never miss a beat!

Uche Favour

Wanna Be

Everyone desires to be something
Each desires embedded with wanting
These wants may be good or bad
Surely these makes up a lad
Many are tempted to go the extra mile
Some are willing to wait a while
Some wonder to themselves
What a sick faith!
That one must wait
Some ponder to themselves
When will these all go away?
I need to find a way!

I once remember a child
So meek, gentle and mild
Who grew up with preposterous ideas and desires
He wished that all properties, wealth and fame he could acquire
But he never knew there was more to life than these
Acquire them all he did, but numbered surely were his days
Because even all the money and fame could not restore his health

Many famous people who believe they have found a friend
Will soon realize they are all fiends
They will soon realize power and money is toxic
And those faces in plastic
Wanting a new look to their new achieved height
Would soon be feeling hate
Towards their cravings
They'll wish they had listened to wise sayings

People who have earned their money judiciously
And have worked viciously
And also bear good at the back of their mind
Love, peace and joy they shall find
Because God shall bestow on them His mercies
And they shall be with him besties
Length of days are their portions
And in their projects there shall be no abortions
And they shall be pleased with the works of their hands

And control great bands

Money, fame and power are but primary to life

They are just like a wife

Marry the right one and you shall have peace

Marry the wrong one and you'll experience pieces

Patience is a virtue that cannot be overemphasized

Shoes come in varying sizes

And choosing the right size gives you comfort

And then you are able to hold the fort

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