

Poetry Series

Alexander Onoja
- poems -

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Alexander Onoja(12th July 1994)

Alexander is a wordsmith, a dynamic being with a multi-faceted personality allowing him juggle his Engineering discipline alongside a thirsty passion for writing. With so much to give, he doesn't want to be seen, he wants to be heard and by whatever literally means possible. His personal writing quote is; "If there is a pen and a paper, there must be a writer.... Me"

12th July

Just as we sat watch'n the rain drizzle,
ideas of June has ceased; give way to July.
Little children stood watch'n the birds whistle,
but under their roof, their hearts mostly rely.
The rain falls on their little heads,
and all the way they ran, ignoring the singing birds.

No scorch'n noted, no snow to freeze,
only but rainfall gather'n up high.
Overlapp'n those sultry days of idle bliss,
with black walnuts touch'n the blue sky.
July is the month when many kids are dreary,
when they play'd indoors till they get weary.

July was the month me grand pa was entomb'd,
twas 11th, the eve to a celebration.
His hair was comb'd, his body perfum'd,
and his skin wore heavenly lotion.
12th July, me dad first stare at his third son,
cos 12th of July was the day i was born.

Alexander Onoja

A Friend

The act of losing is called failure,
but one worst kind of failure is losing a friend.
The act of loving is a good gesture,
but the worst kind of friends are those who pretend.
If friends can't be rain, they fall as dew,
some are false, while others are true.

Friends are like shoes, some baggy and loose,
some so grisly, so little and tight.
Some too many, dont know whom to choose,
some over-sized, some fit just right.
Some give up, real friends continue,
those are the friends of great value.

Some stab in front, some at the back,
but I'll prefer a friend without a knife.
Some still stay in riches or lack,
for such friend, I'll lay down my life.
Hey! I got just one friend that i value,
and the name is..... Its you.

Alexander Onoja

Aces And Eights (The Dead Man's Hand)

Right from birth, he was a gambler,
either he dies or his mom.
With the doctor act'n as the dealer,
that was the best bet he'd won.
Oh! What a fine lad>
bore in a gamble his mother was sold,
but his life was worth its weight in gold.

His papa seldom win,
was always at a loss.
And when he does, drinks to the dust bin,
with money not well spent to control the dross.
Never thinking of the son he had>
he found his kid at the front gate daring the autumn chill,
he smiled and decided to name him bill.

Bill was 10 when the casino welcomed him,
behind his papa as he dealt.
His papa went cold, his eyes grew dim,
and bill shared what his papa felt.
His papa fell, the fall was bad>
before help came, his papa had died,
so little Bill cried.

Bill inherited his papa foes,
so he went chasing what his papa lost.
To pay back the money he owes,
he knew what the act would cost.
By mid-night, Bill left the casino sad>
just like his papa he failed,
to do the deed, so blithely hailed.

He lived through heaving lungs and heavy debts,
and the owners were never kind.
He finally made mental bets,
and lost his precious mind.
Losing made him mad>
with each bet, he lost it all,
with no family or friend to call.

Bill was on the table again with faith,
in a game when all hopes for luck.
He was dealt a pair of aces and eights,
the winner's pot was a million buck.
His adrenaline rushed just like his dad's;
but unlike his papa, he won instead,
and was shot at the back of the head.

Alexander Onoja

Acrimony

Why I'm I so unlucky?
I fell in love with a cemetery guard.
It's not like I cared about his profession,
But why must he smell of rot,
And always claim what he's not.
Whenever I catch him cheating,
He'll apologise bearing gifts.
The first gift he gave me was a diamond ring,
It sparkled bright, but I wish his teeth would do the same. Next he gave me a
pair of shoes,
That was extra large.
I thought he knew my shoe sizes,
I've sang it to him like an anthem.
But it was so beautiful I took it without complaining.
He knew he didn't have to gift me nothing,
For I knew he didn't have much,
And I knew most men cheat,
Plus I wasn't the demanding type.
Still he got me a red short dress,
I had to wash and spray before using.
He proposed and I said yes as he gifted me a flower.
It smelled nice.
I decided to add water and aspirin,
To give them a little boost and make them last longer.
Then I discovered it had a card in it which read;
*“This is from Andy and Joe, the two you left behind. Rest in peace
Mother”*
It took me 10 seconds before I could breath.
I couldn't believe he has been giving me gifts he stole.
Gifts he stole from the cemetery.
Now I dare you to judge me for pulling the trigger.

Alexander Onoja

Adieu Sire

He's a man of honour,
aged but bursting with humour.
He don't deserve a word but phrases,
the one who put smile on our faces.
He stood even when THINGS FALL APART,
his strength is measured by his heart.
He donned a string of fine degrees,
confined to a wheel chair, yet fought his disease.
His wheel is the highest chair,
there are more like him, but he is rare.
To me your name will never cease,
oh! Ogidi, may your soul rest in peace.

He's never bending to national pressure,
a man who predicts peace and brings hope to our future.
He rose in our country's hour of need,
and to the hungry, his literary works will feed.
Always with a smile, never with a frown,
a writer in whose presence, the prison walls came down.
He puts on the light in days of dark terror,
a great man who bow'd out with great honour.
Though being gentle, he speaks, he's bold,
his works are greater than silver and Gold.
Now he's gone, critics are NO LONGER AT EASE,
oh! Ogidi, may your soul rest in peace.

A great man always adorned on his favourite cap,
o please carry us on your sacred lap.
He was never an easy figure to offend,
he had the best laugh at the end.
'THERE WAS A COUNTRY' he cried,
he told the truth and left his grief aside.
Though he's far, his words we'd hear'd,
he climb'd the Iroko, a tree every one fear'd.
Only a child was i, yet still i recall,
sweetness, greatne, mention them, he had it all.
I stood feel'n your ascending breeze,

oh! Ogidi, may your soul rest in peace.

(Adieu Chinua Ogidi Achebe 1930-2013)

Alexander Onoja

Agnes

Immeasurable distance fills my soul with grief,
wilt thou oh Aunty for ever sleep?
Death being a coward, came as a thief,
and causeth a family to weep.
Oh Aunty, wilt thou never more awake?
Leaving our visions & understanding opaque.

I can't fathom the possibility of we,
ever finding an equal replacement.
I can't forget the image of thee,
wishing i could talk to you even for a moment.
Hey! Aunty, i still remember you,
impossible to imagine a we without you.

You are always smiling in most cases,
talk isn't over, though words are placid.
You dont deserve a word but phrases,
and death if being human, will i bath with acid.
Families and friends have shed a few tears,
this is from me and all those who cares.
(R.I.P Aunty Agnes)

Alexander Onoja

Anopheles

Help! I have a witch in my home,
I remember when she was born in the sewers.
Found her sleeping in the quiet gloom,
Where I went fishing with my brothers.

Whenever the lights are out,
She comes buzzing by my head.
Armed with a demonic syring on her mouth,
Dancing round and round my bed.

Scared, I pulled the covers over my face,
At the sight of the micro vampire.
Scared, I allowed her drink at my place,
Hoping she would get drunk and retire.

But I was aroused by the hued nocturnal,
Who won't let me alone to be.
When she left at dawn, she was maternal,
Which was unknown to me.

Okay, I accept, I got her pregnant,
And yes! We did a DNA test,
My sister is happy she'd be an Aunt,
Though the feelings were unexpressed.

I know what you're thinking,
But espousing her means She'll no more attack me,
I know you think I've been drinking,
What do you expect when she rejected me.

Since she refused to be my spouse,
Against my compelled wish,
Then the mosquito should leave my house,
Because she's a witch.

Alexander Onoja

Beloved

Can you imagine one, who left his throne?
Far from the world, in region of his own.
He went without food, 40 days and nights,
steady and strong, he came out the brightest of lights.

He was called the son of a carpenter,
he whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
He restored order back in our world,
yet he refused to be made king.

He was rich, yet for our sake he became poor,
so that we, by his poverty might become rich.
He emptied himself, being in the likeness of all,
mending our garments, with love in every stitch.

He was never scared, never shy'd himself from crowd,
he humbled himself to be baptized by a man.
Of all the wonders he did, he was never proud,
he was patient, was 30 when his ministry began.

The birds and foxes had homes,
but he had no where to lay his head.
Four thousand was nothing compared to those he fed.
One who washed the feet of his friends,
and wiped them clean with towel round his neck.
One who wouldn't condemn a sinner,
even though they were wrong.

He gave his back to those who struck him,
his cheeks to those who plucked out his beard.
He served, gave himself for many,
and stood against the devil, one all men feared.

He was one who prayed while men slept,
when he lost a friend, he wept.

He took our place in Barabbas,
he set him free, not the people.
He died for the young and restless,

down to the old and feeble.

He was forsaken on the cross,
yet he chose to die for us.

He is the fourth man in the furnace,
i call him, MY KING, MY SAVIOR, MY JESUS.

Alexander Onoja

Billy Pauper

Some where in the middle Belt,
lived little Billy pauper.
Born without a silver spoon,
just one made from rusted copper.
Holding a grudge with the man on the moon,
unable to express the anger he felt.
He abandoned all fears and regrets,
and followed his studies.
Amid the scorching sun he followed,
amid nobility's cursing crowd.
All the insults thrown, he swallowed,
still feeling very proud.
He fell in love with the mat he slept on,
that drew fine lines on his back.
Amid the stumblings, he carried on,
along a blind and fearful track.
Ignoring the empty stomach he carried,
ignoring the rumpled cloths he wore.
Ignoring life's drizzling burdens he carried,
'i will not die a pauper' he swore.

Alexander Onoja

Bottled Wishes

If wishes were horses,
not only beggars, i too would ride.
If it were a river, i would flow with the tide.
When mom left, i was little,
what dad left, was a bottle.
I was moronned into drinking for long,
soon singing a drunkard song.
The mirror shows me me,
telling me what I'd be.
The bottle shows me them,
the good wishes they condemn.

If bottles were glasses,
i won't put them on,
cos the vision would fool me pass the waited dawn.
I bottled my wishes in a tinted glass,
daring the perils it may pass.
Even when sleep breath his drowsy gale,
i still stand to watch my wishes sail.
When ever my bottle slowed,
i fuss and curse the snail it rode.
I wish they see the vigils i keep,
daring the autumn chill and drowsy sleep.

If i had one wish,
is that my wishes finds you,
and possibly mom too.
I'd lay awake all night,
waiting for the morning light.
At last my gladness comes to pass,
as i saw a bottled shiny glass.
Then out of the unyielding sea,
my wish swam to me.
My lungs span with no bout of fear,
as i opened my wish, 'a bottle of beer'

Alexander Onoja

Child's Walk

On his feet, he stands alone,
nerve-wracking to learn his duty walk.
He huff and makes piteous moan,
when ever mockery raises its thorny stalk.

*

Wandering alone as a cloud,
when he falls, he cries aloud.
He frowns and cried for aid,
but the tribute of his tears were unpaid.

*

With two hands waving up,
and two stumping feet.
When he falls, he gets back up,
dancing to an unknown beat.

*

Placing timid foot after the other,
he was able to go visit his grandmother.
Now that he has learnt to walk,
next is to learn to talk.

Alexander Onoja

Dedication

With my books I'm armed, and by hunger charmed,
as my stomach cried for need.

The best way to learn is to count from one to ten,
that i did and i tried to read.

Then i heard a yelp, and a cry for help,
coming from an ancient well.

I went through the moat, to meet a dying goat,
then i ran to do the tell.

Its owner came, with a boy that bears my name,
who failed and nursed a huge migraine.

We hailed him 'Onoja! Son of old soldier',
but he tried and he failed again.

I knew without a doubt, we'd bring the big goat out,
but the crowd was not encouraging.

So we suffered heat burn, from the hot yellow sun,
slicing through our chocolate skin.

Our faces frowns, when the sun went down,
as the rain begins to pour.

Some ran away, but a few did stay,
as we were reduced down to four.

The owner was scared, with eyes burning red,
at a corner he sat and shook.

The rope we used, twisted and loosed,
at this he brought a hook.

With shoulders, getting colder, we hoped on Onoja,
who has done it in the past.

He threw the hook in, as we took a look in,
as he fetched the goat out at last.

With my books again, and my stomach the same,
i was calm as i chewed on bread.

With the stress work done, i was left alone,
this time, i read and read.

Alexander Onoja

Elegiac Verses

Was 12 when mom left,
when i say left, i meant she died.
To death's ignorance or theft,
was even surpris'd HE cried.

HE? Yes! don't wanna call him dad,
oft'n got wipes from his unforgiving cane,
oft'n wakes me up with mighty blows,
was left with a swollen eye and broken nose.
With me lone feel'n of the pain.
with no conscience, he was oft'n glad.

After school, out on the street i roam,
but scared that the others might sense me shame,
cos i don't want their pathetic pity,
as they try to look witty,
even though they'd done the same.
Was scared to meet the drunkard at home.

Sometimes i wait till the day remove its gown,
then i hurl'd me-self against me hidden foe.
But still me he waits in a drunkun sleep.
With one stare, i began to weep,
cos i know to him a beat'n i owe,
as he stood up boring a frown.

I couldn't seem to sleep that night,
as i sat with lots of tears i shed.
Alone i pray'd to survive,
them mom appear'd, i thought she was alive.
But on a second thought, i knew she was dead,
as thick vapour snatch'd her from me sight.

Dwell'n still on mom's appearance,
when i felt a mighty weight on me.
With a smug grin on the drunk's face,
his cheeks were wrinkl'd into fine lace.
With his ever ready wipe staring at me,
as me tears cry out for vengeance.

I lash'd out at the drunk with me fist,
me fears turn'n into bravery and wisdom.
I frown'd and spat on the life-less beast,
suddenly a voice within me cried out freedom

Alexander Onoja

Estrangement

Twass a day after our eighteenth,
sitting i, shaking cobwebs of sleep,
with my thoughts in a ditch so deep.

On my lap sat baskets of promises,
made by mouths, broken by actions.
Discovering my requests were kept from me,
caught by many foolish distractions.

When tragedy struck, we were our parents.
When we fought, it was for each other.
We struggled to feed and pay the house rents,
and that, we did together.

Last time i fell, it was in a pit i dug,
but you threw the banana peel.
You shot arrows of pleadings,
hitting me on my Achilles heel.
Your weepy face turns mirthy,
was left wondering if they were truly real.

We faced each other, separated by hating foes,
i was smiling, although you weren't.
I had shoes on, hiding my pinky toes,
that you pinch'd while we were enwomb'd.

We weren't perfect,
but at least we're not blind.
So at least even if we fall,
we wouldn't fall behind.

As you read this letter, am coming for you,
although you left without a word.
we are sisters, until we are not,
and that's really, really, absurd.

Alexander Onoja

Fear Of Rejection

I woke up and saw me-self in chains,
with new cloths, food, and bed.
A swollen face, my body full of pains,
and swollen lips that bled.

Innocent, i have endured a whole year in prison,
suffer'n cold hospitality under locks.
I was convicted for no good reason,
surrounded by hatred and prison blocks.

We were forced to obey the prison bell,
as it rings, i wonder when this would end.
We suffer'd, go through man-made he'll,
then return to mosquitoes, our mid-night friend.

One day, i received a note,
twas from me son, i was very sad.
I read his words, all the bitterness he wrote,
but i was glad he still call'd me dad.

A week later, an angry guard appear'd,
he called me name, and open'd me cell door.
I came out and just as i fear'd,
sit'n and wait'n was me little boy.

He was sad, his face was stoic,
i felt his pains, but i tried smil'n.
He was quiet as i spoke,
then he burst out cry'n.

'please don't cry, give daddy a smile'
he couldn't but at least he tried.
'daddy's only gonna be here for a while'
he then smiled, i knew i had lied.

At night, i couldn't sleep,
cos i think about and miss me son.
I stood all through, try'n not to weep,
but i fail'd and cried till dawn.

At noon i was sad with a bad feel'n,
i stood and watch'd the yellow sun.
I watch'd the guards, all were smil'n,
i know if i must smile someday, its gonna be with me son.

Alexander Onoja

Goblin Sage

Ode was his name, he was called the Goblin,
his fangs too sharp runs down his lips.
Awaken'd by a witch from his coffin,
he believes he has the world at his finger tips.
He overcame death with his age-less age,
o aye! I salute the Goblin sage.

He walks through the village once every full moon,
he has claws, could he be a hybrid?
His hairs stands up at the sound of moonlight tune,
in search to create an army of his own breed.
He frees himself from mortals cage,
none could stand the Goblin sage.

The hunter's corpse walks,
his hair so mated, but still so fine.
The hunter, his greatest enemy stalks,
drinking sour grapes, from fresh good vine.
The hunter is alone, no human engage,
to help fight the Goblin sage.

The Goblin needs blood to calm his taste,
he gnaw at flesh that surrounds the graveside.
He respects no one, all alpha he distaste,
although alpha runs through his veins on the inside.
When he's angry, we feel his rage,
o aye! Who can help calm the Goblin sage.

He looks scary, so deadly pale,
invading the silence with violent screams.
He's the monster we heard of in the tale,
told by mortal sire in ancient dreams.
Written in a dark, creepy and paranormal page,
hidden in the dark by the Goblin sage.

Alexander Onoja

Ibe'ru

Iberu!

The word alone sends wave of shivers down my spine.

It all started like a joke,

eating the eggs of a mother duck,

whose ancestors gave a last chance to fertility.

We ignored her pleas and cries,

as the huge eggs water our sugar-coated tongue and lust-driven eyes.

Unable to lay more eggs,

she laid one on us.....

A curse.

'shorter' she screamed at you,

'taller' she scoffed at me.

Ignorantly, i noticed we weren't of same height as before.

I don't know if you were shorter or i was growing taller,

but the difference was extra clear.

Iberu!

I wish i could change your meaning.

Dear Ibidun, i don't know what's happening.

My legs have outgrown my bed,

my trousers now seems like shorts to me,

have i mentioned my head now touches our ceiling?

Or that my skin is fading?

Wait Ibidun! I just received a letter,

its from your Dad.

It says.....

Oh no! You grew short! Shorter! !

And was eaten by Captain your dog.

Ibidun! Ibidun! ! Ibi-

Oh no! You can't hear me. Can you?

You are 6 feet below.

But the question still remains,

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME?

.

.

*Iberu-Fear.

Alexander Onoja

John Doe

He was acquainted with failure,
with regrets trying to fight mother nature.
He was rumped, desolate and alone,
entertained by vulgarious tunes that brings the groan,
and was left roaming the familiar street unknown.

Bereaved of love

Bereaved of light

His dreams all came to naught,
the wind cries lost in his thought.
He was insanitized and shaken by life,
threatened and shaken by treason's knife,
and thrown to where poverty and ignorant were rife.

Lack the beams of love

Lack the beams of light

He left home with no word said,
with torn khaki, and bare black head.
The desolate watcher of the skies,
was struck with hunger as his stomach cries,
with no food, he fades to slippery eyes.

He dreamt of love

He dreamt of light

He was shouldered with anger,
with mournful extended sigh lurking around.
Playing lost but found,
except that he was never found on time.
He cracked a beer and smoked a spliff,
and finally jumped off a cliff.

Alexander Onoja

Lonely Road

Hello fear, what is it was told?
Walking this road that's makes me fear,
seeing as secrets unfold,
wild wind makes the afternoon cold,
is anybody out there?

Though alone, the trees were my fans,
although they dont make a sound.
They waved at me and did their dance,
while i kick the empty cans,
littered alongside the ground.

Staring at the sun up high,
so scared and quite like a toad.
Praying for rain, staring at the sky,
it will be loyal till i die.
Aye! Sire, I'm on a lonely road.

Walking down an empty street,
they say it ends in darkness.
My head bows staring at my feet,
like a boxer that has just been beat,
enduring the boos, and nature's harshness.

I'm on a self gave quest,
its a friend am searching for.
Sorrow & enemies troubling pest,
disturbing me, but now i can beat my chest,
cos it appears i survived it all.

Alexander Onoja

Me Dad Said

'If you are not too elusive, please recall,
when you were a child, cold in me arms you were enfolded.
You were little, still learn'n to crawl,
you were so brave, you don't fret when scolded.
You were a wee who thinks he knows to much,
but you alone makes the cleaverest of wrongs.
Always beside me ask'n for me gentle touch,
on your shoulders while sing'n the funniest of songs.
I love your boldness, you were never afraid, '
ALL THESE WORDS ME DAD SAID.

'You loved the lights, you smile when it shines,
you waved your hands and your eyes gleams.
Although you shed a tear or two at times,
you re still the finest even in your dreams.
When darkness came, you stood though small,
through out all your fears, you bore a smile.
You ran and was injur'd in a fall,
yet you ll never show your wound nor cry.
If i were a teacher on perfection, an A would be your grade'
ALL THESE WORDS ME DAD SAID.

'Me little boy some day will be a master,
and when the day comes, you ll be on your own.
I know you'll face triumph and maybe disaster,
and when that happens, you'll never walk alone.
The last time you fell, it was in love,
your mom and i were your number one fan.
She was a girl every dad would be proud of,
and when i ask'd, she said her name was ANNE.
She's got a beauty that will never fade'
ALL THESE WORDS ME DAD SAID.

'Years later, , ANNE said 'i do',
i don't know what she did, but you loved her.
Your mom won't relent, keeps talk'n of you,
just like her, am sad you'll be living afar.
But you're now a man, you've left infancy,
and i see Grand pa in you, you've got his traits.

And just like him, you've created your own legacy,
and enter'd the pantheon of the greats.
Yes! Finally! God has answer'd the prayers i pray'd'
ALL THESE WORDS ME DAD SAID.

(FOR ANNE)

Alexander Onoja

My Dark Half

Things aren't always as they appear.

There's one thing I despise. Nay two,

Life and a reflection of myself.

Can you imagine so absurd a view?

It gets scary as the hour strikes twelve.

Imaginary sometimes are the things we fear.

There are two things I hate. Nay three,

A dog, onions, and a man that prays.

Don't give me that look, I'm not evil, not me,

But the ones with harsh and leisured gaze.

Am stuck with the charades in my sphere.

There are three things I dislike. Nay four,

The bird, the wind, a smile and a child.

I was helpless as all four came knocking on my door,

My heart not averse to being beguiled.

I've armed myself, my vengeance is near.

There's one thing I love, two I will kill for,

I love all the things they condemn.

I'll kill to see my fiends at war,

And a chance to be free of them.

But things aren't always as they appear.

Alexander Onoja

Obeisance To Fear

Its six o'clock says the evening bell,
Priests walk by isle of burning candle lights.
Its unfathomable how their whispered words can't tell,
the reason the Bishop is out of sights.
But lull'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze,
with the lights out, thick darkness grew.
Afraid of death, they scurried to their knees,
as an ugly, horrific silhouettes came in view.

The lights lit up as the choir sang,
a thousand voices as the church bell rang.
They heard a sudden cry of fear,
escaping the impending fear, they ran.
Leading the marathon, the priests were bare,
their strides resumed dust, whence they began.

They ate dust as they stumbled down,
and in dust they were equally made,
they stopped to breath with faces brown,
as sinful tears grew beneath their shade.

Amidst the chaos without disguise,
the Bishop's doubt was no longer left to soliloquise.

Alexander Onoja

Ode To Engr Attah

Conscious and fearful, he enters the class,
Voices grow still with loudless tide.
Even his words of love seemed cruel and crass,
Frowns when we scoffers sneer and chide.
All hail the strict and harsh tutor,
That nicks glad moments of silence as they pass.
Though potentials brimmed, yet void of pride,
Got quirky and awkward sense of humour.
..... Ne'er smiled.....

It took our convocation to know,
That we are led to those who'll help us grow.
A virtuous man content when pupils learn,
Though his stares brute and stern.
His rough voice pricks our scars,
His dark-side sky tricks out stars.
We hated him with wanton frowns,
Until the day we wore our graduation gowns.
..... Then he smiled.....

Alexander Onoja

Ode To The Rainbow Lizard

Oh Chameleon!

I hail thou reptilian nature spy,
with an elastic sticky tongue,
always ready to catch a passing fly,
never negotiating to feel among.
With 360-degrees spinal eyes,
and more colours as disguise.

Oh Chameleon!

I can't see the colour shifter,
beating all lizards to fame.
Change prior to predatory danger,
daring all wizards to do the same.
When there's trouble or sabotage,
uses the rainbow as a camouflage.

Oh Chameleon!

I meet you but couldn't see,
fading into nature's background.
From green grass, to blue sea,
play hide and seek, but never found.
The nature's favourite reptile, i salute,
cool, strange features none can refute.

Alexander Onoja

Oswald Cobblepot's Umbrella

Have you heard of the shelter,
that houses you against climatic dangers?
Held by a gentle man of crime,
who walks just like the penguin.
He keeps his calm sublime,
disguising his inner devils singing.

He has a short stature,
dark wet hair and beak-like nose,
top black hat, bow tie and tuxedo,
and a dark umbrella wherever he goes.

Low-level psychopath,
underling to gangster lords.
High-level bloodypath,
fighting dragons and crossing swords.
Sings in the aftermath,
picking scales and broken chords.

Have you heard of him, scared of pneumonia?
Cos that's what killed his dad.
With a lovely, over-protective mother,
with a touch of love he knew she had.

Someday, he would be a great man,
but at that moment, he was not.
Who wouldn't stay under the penguin's umbrella,
when the weather is violent and hot?

Alexander Onoja

Phantomesque

I've always admired my Big Sister,
and had wanted to be like her.
But when she turned thirteen,
things fell apart.
Her seed had blossomed into a flower.

She stopped playing in the sand,
she no more slept on mats,
a child I was, I couldn't understand,
but I miss our midnight chats.

The monthly agony began,
but mom says its a good thing.
She was taught to eat, dress and sit,
while I watched with bawling eyes.

Secretly, she received gifts from boys,
the earrings she wore was new.
At midnight, they made chattering noise,
loved and adored, her confidence grew.

Suddenly, she became sick,
nausea, fever, headache and vomiting.
After the tests, mom cried,
big sis cried too, but compelled by dad's cane.

With protruding stomach, she bore declining stature,
as my parents refused letting the sleeping dog be.
Dad blamed mom, mom blamed nature,
nature blamed big sis, big sis couldn't look at me.

The fictitious smiles were no more,
the gifts stopped flowing.
I searched for the boys that'd followed her trails,
but they too were gone.

What happened to her innocence?
What happened to the seed we planted?
Dont tell me about adolescence,

for remaining a seed would have been better than blossoming and being wanted.

So big sis quit school,
even as her tummy grew bigger.
But dear diary, do you know the bigger problem?
I will be thirteen in four days time.

Alexander Onoja

Queen's Age

Up till now, no one knows the Queen's age,
although yesternoon, we debated on the stage.
On Mondays the birds mock her,
but the mirror showed the beauty hidden down.
On Tuesday she's shy covering her face,
her eyes deep in ebony brown.
On Wednesday, she comes out young,
pretty as ever, more than I've seen.
Motions were muted as an observance hung,
father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen.
On Thursday she had four teeth left,
skin wrinkled and full of sleep.
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft,
as her beauty fades in a heap.
On Friday, the club's anthem sang, and she danced to it in youthful swirls,
shedding scales of oldage.
On Saturday, her rays struck hearts,
as she graced the casket.
Sunday's debate was on her age,
but her real age, she'd locked in a locket.
A locket befitting only a hero's wage.
Up till now, no one knows the Queen's age.

Alexander Onoja

The Knurd

Musa was lonely, old and sad,
he was losing it, was caught with fear.
He searched a box and found a bottle of beer,
that was half filled, belonged to his dad.

He drank it all and everything went blur,
his head ached as his eyes turned.
He got out and began to run,
and ended up snoring on the floor.

He was empty, in complete despair,
as he continued running without a goal.
He swayed left and right with no control,
then he began beating his fist in the air.

One day, he stole a booze,
the running began, to him life was fun.
How funny it was to see a drunkard run,
ignoring the laughter and the boos.

He made his way to the bar; snatched a bottle,
the booze gave him a good feeling,
as he stumbled home in the evening,
with his arms around a young model.

She waited till the timing's best,
she touched her socks and felt her gun.
By day break, the model was the running one,
as she left Musa with a bullet to his chest.

Alexander Onoja

The Koel Bird

~THE KOEL BIRD~

Tribute to the Asian bird,
gleaming black with a yellowish green bill.
Dotted and bared with white, and eyes red,
flies when the air is lovely and still.
When in need, roam the moonlight hill.
The male so lazy, can't build a nest,
in another cocoon sleeps the unwanted guest.
What a horrible bird, so nimble to kill.
Its females don't sing gives 'kik-kik' sound,
flies on air never touching the ground.

The damned bird slithers towards it's host,
the crow known as its greatest foe.
The females lay eggs, the males guard his post,
after which they flee, won't wait to watch their chicks grow.
The crow scared yet returns beautiful in her woe.
The storm bird raise melodious calls,
informing mother earth before rain falls.
But when the rain's heavy, they lay low.
Its chicks grow to take the crow as their mother,
young chicks whose life began with murder.

Alexander Onoja

The Messengers

There are still kids on the street,
sleeping undernourished beside gutters.
With grim faces from summer's heat,
sprawled in the dust beside dumpsters.
Where are the messengers?

There are still people who need our prayers,
with meek humblest and afflicted mood.
Who frequent garbage dumpsters,
scrounging for food.
They fight for life,
with scratches and bruises ignored,
collecting alms in tear drops.
Where are the messengers?

There are still needies out there,
with pieces of worn out clothing and matted hair.
With outstretched hands and doleful pleas,
uncowed by their crawling knees,
sinking deep into vicious ground,
with gnarled lips uttering no sound.
Who are the messengers?

Those who won't put wool over people's face,
who won't hit the sack until help is rendered.
Those whose:
generosity comes from their heart,
and not from their wealth.
Those are the messengers.
We are the messengers.

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#Tribute to THE MESSENGERS, a group bent on reaching out to the less privileged. More grease to your elbows.

Alexander Onoja

The Okilo Sisters

The sisters are in with'n the house,
try'n to fit in mother's blouse.
The youngest won't smile, the eldest tries,
they are two sisters of same race.
When it's dark, the youngest cries,
while the other wipes the tears off her face.

The sisters so cute, with lovely looks,
when mom's away, becomes good cooks.
soon they'd blacken'd the pan,
ignoring it, they ate and slept.
When mom came home, the fretting began,
and at the end, the two sisters wept.

The sisters so pretty, dress'd in a lace,
the youngest so shy, won't show her face.
Brawlers now, sisters next minute,
girls all mama will be proud of.
although anger'd, still two sisters in spirit,
that's the definition of true love.

Alexander Onoja

The Scare Crow

To him who strolled round ancient gates,
in darkness, sun or rain he waits.
Standing with ambition ready to serve,
with his ever ready phrase to calm his nerve.
'All is well' he'd say,
and the locusts and birds hid away,
as he stands guard every night and day.

He'd stood fighting the cobwebs of sleep,
daring the locusts and mocking birds.
Watching the gate he'd swore to keep,
while we snore on our rocking beds.

One night, the locusts and birds attacked,
and he fell to the ground within hours of impact.
We heard him scream
'All..... Well'
'is' or 'isn't' none could tell.
Our bodies deaf to his cries,
he kicked, blinked, and then closed his eyes,
the dark sky crimson as he dies.

The giant gate lay broken,
with motes of dust littered on it.
There was whispered gossips, but none spoken,
of quintessence, of goodness, and of wit

'All is well' although he's dead,
'All is well' with all done and said.

Alexander Onoja

Thinker's Tale

The story in my mind,
Cannot be found in a book.
It's a piece i had entwined,
In a space with'n my nook.

In my mind,
I see a man
Refusing to be tamed.
A giant beaten, constricted
And constrained.
A photo refusing to be framed.
In me lies a culprit,
Not scared to be blamed.

I see a horse,
Treated like a worthless token.
I see a stallion beat'n and starved,
But not all soldiers can be broken.
In me lies his wishes,
Trampled on and stolen.
My mind nurses a giant
Yet to awoken.

I see a hero,
Refusing to be clay.
Clay can be moulded and reshaped,
Reshaping brings decay.
In me he lies,
With all pride striped away.

In my mind lies a lion
Vowing not to be tamed,
To go astray.

Out of the chains
He broke and arose,
A phoenix.

This story in my mind,

Is one of a kind.
It is everywhere i look,
We all are villains
In someone's book.

Alexander Onoja

Under The Broom Tree

Sheltered from the rain, under the broom tree,
sat the weeping and fleeing Elijah.
Scared that Jezebel would fulfil her vows,
as the rain and tears drew lines beneath his brows.
A nut fell on his head, as he cursed,
with noxious fibres seeking to burst.
With gushing springs of tears in anguish shed,
he wished he were dead.

Sheltered from the sun, under the broom tree,
sat the fleeing Jonah.
The early sunlight slept on massive flank,
down his haunches, he shuddered and sank.
Afraid of the hot east wind,
sent by God with an angry mind.
As the hot sun beat on his head,
he wished he were dead.

Sheltered from the Israelites, under the broom tree,
sat the whining prophet Moses.
When hunger struck with nothing to eat,
he cried and asked God for meat.
The lord listened to his tenor wail,
and sent a flock of Quail.
Before d Quail and manna fed,
he wished he were dead.

Alexander Onoja

Witch Romance

PART 1

She lives in Salem,
ugly, painted-ecstatic sweet.
Barred with features of inhuman,
two long ears and four sharp teeth.
Dressed in a black gown and hat,
red shoes hiding her toeless feet.

Quietly laid, she was aroused,
with no one to calm her taste.
She drank from her skullish cup,
but knew a neck kill was best.

She appeared in glowing charms of youth,
with pale hues and feline eyes.
With a new body covering the truth,
exposing only man's wanted lies.

She swung her hips like sea waves,
from sea-silk beds in their coral caves.

Tw'as the very witchy time of night,
scary, spooky, and harshly haunted.
Forbidden it was, but still she lingered,
cos she's got what most men wanted.

PART 2

She got a young man, vibrant and full of life,
he got drunk after glasses of scotch.
She said 'come with me, i'll be your wife'
'i'm evil, i dance naked, and I'll let you watch'.

They flew home on her broom, .
Into a candle lighted, and flowered room.
She tied his eyes after stripping naked,
she was sexy, she was sacred.

She flaked off her pseudic skin,
exposing her real satanic being.

She tied him to a sacred chair,
then she stripped off his clothes.
His body shivered from the cold evening air,
he smiled and curled his toes.

She licked him up to his waist,
and lingered there, fighting the urge.
With a wild energy of wanton haste,
she turned from the tempestuous surge.

Proceeding to the navel, chest and neck,
her eyes turn red, smile turns frown.
She gave a last caress with a nervous wreck,
as her four fangs drove down.

He struggled for life but death won instead,
she ate his organs and froze the rest.
There were cries of victory in her head,
that's the end of the unloved guest.

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