

Poetry Series

**Augustine Ogechukwu**  
**Nwulia**  
**- poems -**

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# Augustine Ogechukwu Nwulia()

Comrade Augustine Ogechukwu Nwulia is a linguist, youth-advocate, freelance journalist, literary enthusiast, conference/motivational speaker; corporate master of ceremonies; career coach; practising poet; researcher, author, free thinker, a research fellow and columnist with numerous Pan-African newspapers and editorials.

A radical activist with a deep intense about human and social development all around the world. He is generally known for his genuineness, rational disposition, critical analysis into class order, struggle and social development of the black community. He has championed numerous advocacy crusades towards the quest for social transformation and economic development of African society.

The founder and creator of THE BLACK DIARY, an advocacy project that anchors on building purpose, communal and family existence, restoring hope and igniting the spirit of determination within the human race; especially the social and human development of the black community across the universe.

He hails from Ibusa, in Oshimili North area of Delta State, Nigeria.

# An Abyss Of Solitude

Martyr of venom  
with loads of guilt; cringing in terror  
His heart was heavy  
Like the elixir of hope  
fiddled with froth.

With wails so wild and  
piecing a feathered pen into his skin.  
His woes and miseries;  
well crested in the wind  
coursing the earth with his fluid.

Agony at the neck of the day  
Sobbing whistles from providence  
creeping into the cold street  
like the last days of the prophet.

His face crinkled in anxiety  
poisoned by his own blood.  
His lungs are breath-starving  
drowning with solemnity  
and cuddled by fate.

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# I Am A Child

Yes, I am hope  
tender soul and being,  
I am a child  
the ones whose future  
you maim, rape and plunder.

Stilled by hope  
your smiles like santa clause  
bearing Christmas gifts  
your grim dwindles in sharp fury  
like reptiles in the dark.

Give back; that which you stole  
be bold to accept your flaws,  
...cos your greed seem to have  
ruined my future.

The altar is stinking of your decay  
God can no longer trust you in the dark  
I hope no fate;  
willfully misunderstand me  
yet, I'm weary of my considerations.

Yes! I can imitate  
give me something great to imitate  
Worst or worth;  
I fail to behold any iota of resemblance  
in our dreams

Burn in me  
flames of my true self not fictions,  
Surround me with  
my true history and culture;  
for I'm greatness to be unfolded.

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# I Am A Poet

For the love of  
powerful imaginative rendition  
that pours my instincts  
experiences and feelings  
into a jar of metaphoric language.

An overflow of my emotions  
recollected in tranquility  
soaked in aesthetic spectacles  
knitted in lines and versification  
- I am a poet!

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# I Belong To The Media

A beaming light on a naked street  
like the city's torch bearer  
scooping the earth for a doozie  
with rabid consciousness and vigilance.

The muse of a watchman  
guarding the city gate with his sword  
survives a seldom attack at midnight  
and finally woke up on the city side.

I am the custodian of chronicles  
filling the drums of history  
with our dossiers and narratives  
the keeper of the dorp.

As busy as a bee  
a journalist is a ceaseless being  
spying and stinging the earth  
with his pen and flashlight.

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# I Rise

Whims within whims,  
The nation stumbles and breaks  
Penetrating her open wounds,  
With the debris of the civil war.

Loony vultures and eagles;  
Back on the bloody dinning table.  
Feasting in flickering fuss;  
With their irritating hocus-pocus.

For the love of my generation,  
And the one after.  
For the love of rightness;  
And all that it stands for.

To fill the empty spaces  
Of my future that will  
One day become my past.  
I rise! ! ! I rise! ! ! I rise! ! !

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# Lost In Nostalgia

Childhood was sweet and creamy,  
before the bitter madness of adulthood.  
A thousand offences and spans  
yet, with scars of correctness;  
inking our moments on the blank sheet.

Our hairs unkempt,  
Our games; restless, and mischievous.  
Scooping large holes in the ground  
to bury seeds in the farm; trap-hunting  
through the bushy acres of farmland.

A ceaseless dose of ecstasy.  
With endless fun and escapades;  
we gave boredom a good fight.  
Scrambling up the top of mango trees;  
like monkeys, feasting on coloured fruits.

With thunder bangs and flashes of lightening  
fuming in anger to tear the heavens apart.  
At wet days, the lads would jump into  
the soft and sticky red earth to dance;  
and play the 'egwu ` mmili' - rain game.

At moonlight, we gather and spin circles  
to play the hide-and-seek game.  
Mothers' crafty errands  
to oblivion in search of '?m?' ` waeli'  
- absolute nothingness!

The young girls would whisper  
in nervous excitement  
the name(s) of their secret admirer(s)  
while the boys; would drive  
their father's bicycle to impress.

We sprinkled laughter  
here and there;  
wherever anger was threatening.

We trod and crooked through  
the hilly and rough roads of exuberance.

A little bit of this,  
a little bit of that..  
Our regaling stories into life-journey  
Yes! The good-old-days are gone,  
leaving behind the nostalgic memories.

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# Men Of Selves

When eagles lofted,  
And roasted with their kinds;  
The neuters were munched with muds.  
And maggots were of preferred sorts  
Than netted eggs.

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# Mother-Earth Is Insatiable

Carnivorous earth;  
when shall we purge you  
of your ingested preys  
Like the unbridled beast  
with ceaseless feast.

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# My Pen, My Voice

Betraying my muteness,  
exposing my thoughts,  
breaking my silence,  
like a hermits' chronicle.

Alienating my wishy-washy state,  
provoking a consciousness.  
Breaking the yoke of fear,  
stirs up a doggedness.  
With an askance glance,  
a nefarious activity is detected.

In truth, we stand!  
In wisdom, we believe! !  
In lines and verses, we speak! ! !

Gazing at the sky,  
casting my mind back,  
Oh! Rabeeya's thoughts...  
'A writer is a human being,  
trying to create places,  
between words and spaces'.

I do it for the people,  
I do it for the depressed,  
I do it for the downtrodden,  
I do it for those folks who still believe in redemption,  
I do it for love,  
I do it for humanity.

Holy thy pen,  
mightier than sword,  
soaked in wisdom,  
possessed with power.

To say that the ink is dry,  
is an abjure of moral allegiance;  
an abuse of elementary divine-ordinance.

With an exceptional effulgence,  
it echoes my thoughts.  
My ink, my voice!

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# My Teacher

My teacher  
Shares out of largeness  
Spits saliva on my head  
Like the insect larva that swells

My teacher  
The one whose back I rode  
With his shoulders and lift  
I climbed to the pinnacle.

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# Mysterious Black Womanhood

The world on your shoulders  
radiating your womb with fluids  
Like the granary that shadows grains  
Sensational diamond amongst creatures  
grubbing for grandeur and glamour.

Pleasing and birthing  
with your hole, tender desires  
Beautiful jewel and keeper  
Your chemistry - mysterious!  
that echoes a deep affinity with nature.

Wild joy like the world's madness  
emptied in your river plate  
As grim as the tourist  
winning his destination at daylight  
on the grace of your ferry.

Your colour -  
soaked in chocolate, baked in wonders.  
When your egg is ripe  
You nurture with love and might.  
Being of complexity, yet magnificent.

That the bird must return to it's nest with food and wine  
for the hungry mouths, the thirsty tongues.  
Your being is priceless and full of myth  
That it stimulates my spirit with curiosity  
On where exactly sourced your unique-existence.

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# On The Gallows Of Restitution

To the bones that births wisdom  
And swallows life,  
Like sniffing grapes gasping for freshness;  
That the nation may one day  
Walk on the streets of renaissance.

At the mills;  
Tales of recollected wools ready to heal,  
The over three-hundred and seventy  
Pieces of broken fabrics  
Into an assembly of fitted rhymes.

When the clouds are consumed by heavy grief  
They drop their tears on us  
So that sands can travel wider than their range  
To earth a new evolution with fate  
Cos moments are mightier than cold modesty.

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# Shattered Dreams

I tossed for goodness  
but then, I was drained  
by throbs of pain  
denied by guts to reined in glory;  
imprisoned by fear and struck by departure.

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# The Woman, Her Chronicles

(In Honour of Prof. Buchi Emecheta)

For the joy of consciousness  
I read you countless  
I smelt your grievance  
I felt your episodes  
Scenes and synopsis  
you took from the stages to the pages.

Sussed from a bitter side of womanhood  
A world growing wild like tendrils  
To be or not to be;  
Africa must have been accursed  
Smuggled through the ditch of venoms  
by her neighbours.

The voice of the voiceless second-class citizens  
?nyèb?chi Emèchetá  
..You lit a candle  
In the dark room of dejection and whispers  
..You broke the silence and spoke loudly;  
that even the heavens could hear you.

To the ring that betrays the fist  
..the sheep that bleeds by the sword of its shepherd  
To the dreams that were murdered in cold-blood  
The falsettos that misrepresent womanhood  
..and the narratives that quells Africanism  
You spoke! ! !

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# Wisdom From His Ink

(In Honour of Prof. Chinua Achebe)

Mountain ranges in the east wind,  
Like wet dew on a grass.  
Amid soggy tears,  
Enthusiasm denies us.

Squeal of gongs and drums  
Sound throughout the land,  
North and South:  
Poignant blood runs through our veins.

Indeed, things have fallen apart...  
Spring thunder -The Iroko has fallen!  
Albert Chinualumogu Achebe.

You it was who issued the great call  
For us to rebel against despotic rule.  
A glittering colossus among literati,  
With an esoteric mastery of proverbial dictions.

The literary luminary and patriot,  
It's the very best we have had.  
Storms of the societal reformation  
have brought a flowering of heroes on the land.

In the wind and thunder of cultural revolution,  
The rising sun casts a myriad reflections.  
Achebe's thought glows golden bright,  
Struggle-criticism-transformation;  
flowering everywhere.

Though the dogged messenger has become silent,  
The candid message-wave still dance in my ear,  
I wipe warm tears from my eyes,  
And press my hand to my throbbing heart,  
Keeping the peerless books in my bosom.

Oh yes! Achebe was here,  
And we felt his magical pen.  
Adieu! Great Iroko of our land.

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