

Poetry Series

Darlington Chukwunyere
- poems -

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Darlington Chukwunyere()

Darlington Chukwunyere is a Nigerian writer of prose, film and poetry. In 2007, he began freelance writing for five major local newspapers in Owerri; The Nigerian Horn. National Question, the Statesman, Frontline Newspaper, and the Strides. He studied Theatre Arts, at Nnamdi Azikiwe University Awka. By 2010, he had published his first collection of poems on Presently, you can buy his works of prose and poetry on Amazon, with the name Darlington Chukwunyere. During his NYSC in Nigeria, he announced his arrival into the Nollywood movie industry by writing and directing his debut movie "Threshold" which was shot in Ondo State where he served his country for one year. Ever since, he has been actively involved in the Nollywood home video industry with so many screenplays to his credit. He is the founder of Viddawood, a community of screenwriters who work together to produce high content scripts for Hollywood and Nollywood motion picture and movie industries. Viddawood markets already-made movie scripts at

In 2014, Darlington Joined the civil society sector, where he managed a USAID Civic Engagement Project in the Niger Delta region of Nigeria. In January 2017, he founded an organization named Visual Dimensions of Development Activism in West Africa (VIDDA West Africa) , a platform he created for Good Governance Advocacy through the collection and circulation of videos and pictures that contain evidences of Bad Governance, Human Rights Abuse and most importantly, providing advocacy tools for Civil Society Organizations.

A Cry For Peace, Accross Nigerian Rivers

When I reminisce the past
I feel I can make the future come fast
That I may tackle the task
Which is so wide and vast
But alas, it is but a mask
That I see in the short track
Which hides the reality that life is a tip-tap.

from one unto another
There came trials and temptation
Pushing and pulling against Nigeria my nation
Giving rise to brothers killing brothers
With distinct measures blood flowed
And in great numbering, heads rolled.

But why the strive I ask?
After having gone through all the thorns in the past,
I think it should have been a school class,
To you my people who are no grass,
But humans whose souls shall be judged at last.

Oh, please lay down your guns
For these days battles are worn with puns
Does killing your brother make you better?
Oh, you mustn't kill him to become greater

A cry for ease and a cry for peace, across rivers and foreign seas,
A unity of tribes and tongues devoid of Fleece, is all I plea.

Darlington Chukwunyere

A Song To My Female Guest

Your coming was good
But the timing, wrong
You shouldn't had come so soon
For I was yet to be through with my song
My pen and my brain were young
And my pruning cutlass blunt
And also unripe to serve as your food.

This I had told the Eve
who was here with me to live
On a Sunday eve.

But then, had she said to me
Stop this crazy joke of yours
and get more serious at once.
But a misinterpretation, she had given
To my status which was lust forbidden
As I had said to her, "abstained I'll rather be
Until my name resound across rivers and seas.

"Rivers and seas?" She had questioned.
"Yes! In fame and in fashion"
I had replied with passion,
"And virtue for the task which lay at my fore, awaiting execution".

"A dream. A day dream"
She had mocked me
Only a dream and a day dream
"Yes!" Replied I.
"Those who dream with closed eyes
may achieve great heights,
but those who dream like me
with their eyes open and wide
get to the acme of all heights."
This I had chimed into her mind

Hmm, how dogged I had seemed to her,
That she had to let go
And from thence hitherto, I please my heart.

How I wish my kind
Could let go of her kind awhile
That we may grow
And ready for her treasure
that shall be forbidden no longer, for pleasure.

Yes! Then up we shall pair,
And beget another pair
Who shall see to posterity's fare,
And the pen of history's air
Shall write how our time fared
In an archive which is fine and fair

Darlington Chukwunyere

Back To School.

Back to school, my mind in good mood. My head enroute for good fruits.

Back to school, yes I'm back for good. Don't be a fool dear, it's not just a virtual school of paper-books, it's a school of the mind, a school of thinking. Oh

yes! My own school of thought. Every day is schooling, where you are is your lecture room, Life its' self is the teacher.

School closes when we close our eyes, either in sleep or in SLEEP. Which ever way it closes, it yet continues on the other side. For there, we shall learn all that we failed while still LIFE's pupils.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Her Name Is Time; Me

She's all over the earth, I smell her in the air
She chimes across my ears like the weaver birds of so many years who cluster
the bank of an ancient river's tears
She is a lioness that waits upon her cubs by the hearth, amidst winter's cold and
death
She is the true meaning of day and night
She's a mansion of so many accommodations yet un-mentioned
She has put life itself in detention, for All will pause should her pulse rust. Her
name is TIME.

Darlington Chukwunyere

I Am Black And Bad

I am who I am, but some people call me black.
They don't just call me black, they also say I'm dirty and dark
I do what others do; and I could even visit gutters in search of food
When I do so, they call me a fool..
They know me by dirty rags, and they also give me negative tags
They say I am black and bad

One thing I do know is that, forward ever I must go,
Lest I fall prey to oblivion's blow,
Lest I retard nor be deterred
With the saying that "I am black and bad";

Yes! It is only my skin, it is certainly not an ill.
Imagine an eternity where the sun remains still
there will be neither rainbow, snow, nor colorful dark shadows
only a static season as white and warm as the tears of grieving bedfellows
Now, imagine that everything is white without a touch of black

Yes, I am black, but my heart is surely not so dark
Black is aesthetics and pulchritude, and not mediocrity or being whack.
Black is elastic in magnitude, black is deeper than the highest altitude
My abilities are limitless, my agility goes beyond irritability

I have endured what the sun could not
I have toured the world's coast, sold, and bought
I have been accused of treason in cold and cuffs
I have yet enjoyed what the rest of the world have not
I have the best times, seasons, food, wine and snuffs.

If you say I am black and bad, would you say you are white and bright?
If you hate me or want me slayed, remember only black turns white to gray.
If you do know times and seasons, that's why there is black and white
If you do not serve my god, don't you say I don't know how to pray

I need white, orange, red and yellow
I won't say because they call me "the black bad fellow";
I would see them, ignore them, pass without saying hello
I would only justify their assertion that I am a very bad fellow

I Hate To Fall In Love

I hate falling in love
For love is wicked and blind
And weird and wild
It gets me hypnotized
As though I was a sheep to be sacrificed
I hate falling in love.

Love is full of empty promises and euphoria
It is out of sight
Out of mind
I hate to fall in love

It is pain ridden
It is a sadist who laughs
When you are slapped
When you are in tears
It cheers.
I hate to fall in love

When you give it your heart's brake
It gives you a heart break
It uses your enemies against you
It turns your friends against you too
It makes them worst enemies of each other
Still it teaches all to help one another.

It makes you someone else
And it blames you afterward
For love's sake, some are condemned
While for its reason some receive awards
It makes one deny ones' self.

It puts one in a thousand miles
Away from smiles
It turns a hero to zero
It changes "Hi" to why?
How I hate to fall in love!

I Know Why.

I know why people go mad, i know why things are so hard, and i know why everyone is so sad. It's just because they aint taken the hard way, they aint making hay while the son stays.

Darlington Chukwunyere

I Love You But I Do Not Love You - Song Of A Jilted Lover

I love it but I don't love it
So a mirage seems it
For out of sight
Out of mind
The farther the distance,
The more distant the love
It's like I love you
But I do not love you.

I traveled afar
Yet another I see apart
You're a two alike
But not one of a kind
It's her honey I was to find
Even though I am in love with your kind
But I just don't love you.

You put me in a school of thoughts
And foot on foot I fought
To bring you home to my cot
And in feigned love we would court
Alas, you are more than I longed for
and for this, you are the one I will die for
Yet I don't know if I truly love you.

Oh, you see, my fears.
That you would never see my tears
Men do not cry, they suffer and smile
I never knew you could smash my heart
You, whom I have freely given my hat.
Do you now see why I loved you, but could not love you?

Yes I do love you... or so, I'm still thinking.
But only thinking cannot make a living.
My heart is a merchandise, very perishable
I have to make hay while I still have my days
to either make up my mind to love you

or make it up not to love you.

You said it was me you loved
But after him you lust
While I stayed, thinking of you a battle well fought
You should have given me another day
so that I may do more running around for your stay
I felt sick at the sight
Of you both on flight
Hand in waist; you were like a radio-drama
You can only hear my lamentation, but cannot see my dilemma
Even Romeo's case was lighter than mine
For his plight was fair and fine
I love you but I don't love.

Now, to the past it all belongs
The transition of our love to the great beyond
It was fun while it lasted though
Here, the one thing I want you to know
You have inspired me for this poetry
And for this reason I love you more
Yet I'm not sure yet if I still love you.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Is It Good?

Sex date', the
main reason
why we most males
relate with
the female
race...

You

know, some
times I
contemplate if
we really
should
appreciate
their honey
the way they
do rate our
money.

Let me

expansiate;
their juicy
hole is only a
few minute of
ecstasy, but
for some
people
anyway, it
could be an
eternity of
leisure and
pleasure.

My only

problem
seems to be
with the
amount of
preasure
involved in
digging the so called
treasure,

and again,
why it is a
money
making
venture for
some wenches who'll
drain the last
blood out of the
guest,
during the sex
adventure.

Is sex not

good? Is sex
just cute? Is it
the first art of
love? The best
path for all?
Adam's first
port of call?
after his
fall.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Is This What People Call Election?

From within the hollow of unforeseen euphoria
I hail you my good people of the New Nigeria.
I am writing not only to you but also our neighbors.
Have ye not noticed, the heavy weight we have upon us,
spurred by the hands of the leaders whom were once among us?
Right now, they have taken us nowhere farther than where they had picked us

At hearth, we have been subdued, and we only but have sore hearts.
Imagine our icons for whom we have willingly doffed our hats.
They have overturned the tables, casting every trust down to the floor.
They clatter and glitter, while we remain shattered, battered and tattered
They grow bigger and fatter while we grow thinner and poorer the more.

This is madness and no elections!
All we see is caucus selections.
Our choices as electorates have become nothing but conquered voices.
Such a futile, un-melodious choir of conquered voices.

We have no lights, and we have no candle.
In this country, we really have a lot to handle.
You and I, we both know it takes two to tango and tangle.
But yet and still, I think it's no cause to wrangle.
If we approach them from a positive angle.

Dear brothers, please wake up from slumber.
Lend me your able hand, for together, we shall reach the Promised Land.
Please do not sit on the fence
Offense is the best form of defense.
At first they failed without remorse, our tests.
Instead, they made out of us all, entities of enormous jest.
Their quest is only to quench their domestic thirst whenever they deem best.

By their fruits, they shall be revealed by the wind from the west
This time around, I suggest we do it like the revolution of the Elves.
After then, we can beat our chests,
say aloud to ourselves,
"we have actually done our best"
Maybe then, God will nod and do the rest.

Morning Song To The Mourning.

It's a road we must all ply. A mortal can neither fight Time, nor fly without wings
into the sky, for no man can upon the winds, rely.

Even though we cry for the loss, the spilt milk is o're and gone beyond
and beneath the crust. All we can do is
watch, pray, and wait for our own burdens to lose weight and the time to leave
this place. Cheers my dear, no tears my dear; God
is all ears to your fears. He'll never let your soul tear appart.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Must I Endure?

Must I endure?

Didn't they say life is meant to be enjoyed?

Why must I be the specimen always?

Why should my stomach bare the offenses always?

Why must the race get rougher only on my own run-way?

I have plenty friends

Yet I don't have many friends.

I make every one happy

But only a few smile back at me.

Though everywhere is shabby

Every where looks kept from miles...

The fine-from-afar-but-far-from-fine sort of beauty.

Salutation is love

From the heart speaks the mouth.

Halo is lust,

But love is not.

It is rooted in the soul

It weighs more carats than gold.

A heartfelt love cleanses the mind in and out.

Presence feigns much love

Absence reveals uncovers real love

Love is not out of sight, out of mind.

Love is fair weather,

Love is for the worst and the better.

I accept loving, but must I endure?

Darlington Chukwunyere

My Destiny

I was all alone at home
I was bored and tired of the day's chores.
All I felt was a teasing ache up within my chest.
It wanted rest, it wanted no more sores,
It was thirsty but it had no coin to quench its thirst,
I was all alone, at home.

Suddenly, there was a knock...
Someone tapped on the door, and then it cracked.
'Who's there?' I asked.
Then a wench came in.

Wow, she was a dream come true.
Her pretty face shown like a golden glaze,
Her presence was like when the moon is glowing.
My heart began thumping to the rhythm my eyes were tolling
Whoever she was, it's dream come true.

'May I...?' 'Go on, please sit' I cut in.
'You must be looking for something?'
She sat cross-legged on a sofa gazing through the window, and whispering to herself.
'Wow, I think I luv this, I would add it to my shelf.'
She was referring to the silhouette of the soccer ball.
Then I looked through the hole-in-the-wall.
And at once I realized something I should have known.
I noticed everything she had was my own.

And she said to me, 'I am you. And you are me.
I am closer than you ever imagined.
It is good to see me in your dreams.
Learn to dream by night, but work by the day
Stay awake, while I come to your mind of dreams.
Only then you can paint the true picture of me.'

Darlington Chukwunyere

My Vission My Mission.

When I closed my eyes
I saw every where in wear-and-tear
I saw everyone shedding tears, but when I opened my eyes,
I saw the opposite side.
Everyone smiling and going about his business,
Every where shining in the glimmer of our new world.

Then I began to wonder,
'What on earth is happening to me? '
What was it I saw?
What world was that?
And why were the people there crying?

Then a small voice whispered to me:

It's the other side of the earth
They share same blood with you
Same muscles, same aspirations with you
But their fate met it's waterloo in their own hands.

They had same talent as you
But they buried theirs in the mud.
They had the same bread as you
But they put it to trade for stones.
Now, they have no breath of their own
They've reaped what they'd sown.

Verily, your works are written on the sands of time. The water of life shall be
unto you like a River of lime would unto a wine press. Keep your feet above your
foot path, and you shall reach your destination unhurt.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Nyie's Joke

I was chained to a tree, hostage and helpless deep within thick dark woods.
Then approached a ferocious beast, ready to ravish its prey; □
I heard it saying, "Wow... dinner's been served";
I shut my eyes so tightly, as concluding I was nearing my last moments.
Gradually it approached, savoring the taste of the meal to come
The beast appeared before me, I heard the heavy footsteps halting.
It lowered its monstrous head toward me, and I felt the hot breathe of its
fangs...
But then, I managed to open my eyes, at least to see the beast which was about
tearing me apart.
Behold, there it was, Nyie my darling dog.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Ode From Mother-Nature

My son, I understand the reason behind your swift pace.
But please, do not be in haste
For it could be a waste
If you cannot be patient and wait
For the appointed date to complete this race.

But still, age waits for no one
You have to prepare the stage for the unborn,
who depend on your footprints for their own turn,
When termination will dawn on the earth and the sun...
As abinitio, has been the prophesy of the son.

Now, the sun is here with us my son.
You have to move on before it gets dark.
Do not look back; I shall be watching your back.
Only remember that life is full of turns and thorns.
Cheers...

Darlington Chukwunyere

Pain Is Gain.

Pain is like rain. Though painful, yet gainful.

For pain's sake we're abused, for pain's sake we get refused, yet for pain's sake love is diffused.

No pain, no gain. Nothing good comes easy. Still, in pain one feels dizzy.

Dizzy with desire, dizzy with passion, dizzy and busy. Pain is gain, it's a stain that disappears with time. Although not all pain is gain, all rain is gain and pain is rain.

Pain is rain, for it touches all men in the open and in chains.

After rain comes sun, after dark comes dawn, after pain comes gain.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Sitting By The Shore

These I saw
when I came ashore.

The ice caves
Came in a hundred waves,
Looking upward rays,
In a million ways.

Then I wondered what makes the boats
Who're all but light, to dance on their heads with a float,
and even the passengers who dance and clap on board,
amidst every hideous tossing that throws my heart away,
as though I were they whose merry heebie-jeebies get me bored.
Certainly, I must stop the gaze to avert the daze, without further delay.

But worst still came another sight,
The surf Boy, his board and his plight;
The breath taking way he twisted and turned,
rhyming with the rhythm of the raging storm;
how I wish to be like him in years to come.

Darlington Chukwunyere

Sober Reflection

Like yesterday, it's a big mirror,
to our tomorrow's heroes.
It's like a widow's pillow
who's her sole companion
and to her lonely heart, a champion
with whom she shares her burden in tears.

It's all about having a flashback;
making up for what is lost in the past,
retracing your foot on the right track
which leads you to a righteous path.

It makes you the best of your kind.
It shows you all in you that it finds,
leaving behind, not the least of your flaws.
It arms you against tomorrow's wars.

Why don't you give it a try?
At least to recoup the ceaseless cry
which makes your pitiable plight
climb to its height.

Just take a bold step of perfection.
It's nothing but a sober reflection...cheers

Darlington Chukwunyere

Song Of Champions

Ahrr! Heeh! Yeah!

We have joined the cue
Of the chosen few
Who attain the finishing part
While others are still on the start
We have fared so well,
In this life's duel

It has been such a fight well fought
And we demand the crown not by luck
But by the reason of our fruitful season passed
Amidst thorns and storms of ill thought
That came calling in the heat of our task.

Now is time to thank and wine and dine
For it is neither of power nor might
That we survive the death fight
But custom still cries
"It shall be thus always";
For to be a full man and grown
Is not the making of one's own.

Yes! Life can do no one any favors
when there is no one to do her a flavor
we are the champions
but only by strive and strife.

Courage to you the young lions
our miniature and fruits of our wives
Surely this same old song shall you sing,
as we now do the same ancient thing
But not without work and effort
For "nothing simple comes simple";, says T.S Eliot.

Darlington Chukwunyere

The Fish Sellers

There's fish, and the sellers are. They do fishy things to earn a good dish, as was told of them by the story tellers.

These people like what they sell
They are often bad and fishy
But not all of them
For Jonah had a good story to tell
Of one of them.

Sometimes I believe
That to have a relieve
Of the ill side of life
One has to buy the 'WE' and buy the 'ME',
in a fish's like
For some Christians are but me, I, and myself.

Some go on white clothes
While others go on sack clothes
Some do have no clothes
But the white clothed goats
Exploit and deprive them of those
For which they can pose.

The white clothed goats
Are today's Peter and Paul
But not like Peter and Paul
For they are Sauls and over-fed toads
They are the fish sellers
Therefore, know ye they today, the story tellers
By their fruit and binding tethers.

Their ware is perishable
Like an overstayed vegetable
They have to make a good sale
But with their mouth which is always ready to tell
A sweet tale of sugar and honey,
Mixed with the bitterness of an unending journey
Of tongue twisting for fishy money.

The Lonely Child

Left alone at home
His belly rumbling and tumbling
He calls out for mummy
But echoes respond.
Tears suffuse his auspicious face,
"Why the sudden tranquility", he wondered
"This must be a trick", he said, to no one.

The clock is ticking over the bases
Crickets are chirping, all over the places
Dusk is creeping in; it's taking over the empty spaces
Yet no sign of PAPA,
And worst still, there's no trace of MAMA.

He's the only child.
He's a lonely child.
He's been exposed to the wild.
Should he then go wild?
Hmm... but just then,
His thoughts began to rage so wide.

But why MAMA and PAPA?
Why letting me alone in this lonely house?
With no one to talk to, and no sibling to rat-tat and chatter?
But MAMA said she'll always be with me?
PAPA also said he'll always take me out to the sea?
My belly now talks
My head hurts
But the food-cupboard is too high
And the drug-case placed in the sky.

Could it be that MAMA was lying after all?
What if PAPA too was lying?
But why could they bring me to drown at the middle of this ocean?
Anyway, MAMA's papa owes me the answers...
But PAPA's mama... where's PAPA's mama?

All these he wondered,
Yet no one spoke a word of reply.

I'm like a lonely child,
Left alone to wonder in the wild
With my dreams of climbing high mountains.
The world revolves, rotates, before my eyes,
Yet I feel lonely and folly.
I think me, of a bird in a flower garden.
I'm like the lonely child.

Darlington Chukwunyere

The Success Code.

Here goes the success code: be fit and never lose your feet... But choose your speech, don't go on your knees; and always give them your fist, else u lose ur seat... That's my opperation mode! The real success code.

Darlington Chukwunyere

The Two Cross Men

There were two cross men
One by his left and the other by his right.
The two were passengers of his plight
They boarded the jet of his last fight
With him they soared high into the sky
Until one lost weight, faith and brain.

The three are all gone
But not without a job well done
For two out of them, still remain thither
They live with us, we are they
And they are we, and are here and there.

They shall share all men between themselves
Maybe wrong am I
For it is not a lie.
To say that the world is of two
The one of the Elves
And that of the good.

The Elf's' men are not bad
But they wine and dine with the evil and the dark
The good have no opinion
But they wait for that fateful reunion

The Elf man would say
"I have come to the end of the journey"
But the good man will Nay
For there's light at the end of every dark tunnel.

The Elves wallow in shadows
But the good walk communally with their fellows
The Elves come upon them with a slay
But white always turn black to gray

There are two cross men
All here with us and we with them
To either of the two we must belong

And thus we shall live till the world beyond.
So then I ask the old and the young
Who amongst the two fellows
Shall you choose to follow?

I mean the two cross men!

Darlington Chukwunyere

We All Want To Run Away

Life in Nigeria is like road traffic in Lagos.
The slow and steady has never won any trophy.
To reach one's destination in time or even at all,
one must have seen the movie Fast and Furious.

In my fatherland, freedom is monotonous
Every Nigerian family is autonomous
No one cares to build our central throne
but everyone wants a share of our Precious Stone.

One day, a poor boy from the Niger-Delta said to his poor father
"I think I am now a man, please give me a land to farm."
and the poor father replied,
"all my lands have been ruined by crude oil.
How can you say you are now a man when my stomach is still bigger than yours?

To be a man, you must either have a protruded stomach, or own fleets of
Jeeps."
Hence, the boy rested his case, and till this day, he still wallows in the creeks

I have learnt to embrace the marriage of suffering and smiling
I have accepted the way we live in my fatherland
It is not about how grounded or vast you are in knowledge and skills
but about how rounded and fast your links are with kings and queens

Should this now make me run away?
Certainly I have considered running away a thousand times
But the collywobbles of reaping where I did not sow
came haunting my refuge seeking soul.

"A wise man does not abandon his roots"
this saying reminds me of Okonkwo, the man who took his own life
before it would have been taken by foreign brutes
Some say he did it for pride

Some claim it was the custom of his tribe.
I'm sure both custom and pride have nothing to do with true patriotism.
There are very few men like him in our generation of Nepotism

Our predicament is like when a man's goat eats his yam.
should he kill the goat and save his yam
or should he leave the goat and lose his yam.
Whichever way he pans, he must lose something from his farm

As we have taken the rule of our destiny since 1960
All hands must be on deck, every man working round the clock 360.
The young and the old
your power is in your vote.
We must search amongst us for a certain man
It is time to find the man with a heart of gold.
That man is not a living ghost
he is only a lamb living among goats
that man could be you or me anyway.
What if we all become like that man
would there still be need to run away?

Darlington Chukwunyere

We Are Oliver Twists

A street hawker in Port-Harcourt prays to God to bring down heavily congested traffic

A rich man in Lagos prays to avoid every congested traffic

All these people are children of God

After all, whether from the church or mosque, they both pray to the same God

At this point I would ask if God shall rob Peter to pay Paul

Are we not Oliver Twists after all?

When a girl becomes a woman, she prays to God to become a mother

When her fetus comes of age, she prays to God for safe delivery

When her baby begins to grow, she prays to God to keep her baby

When her baby is won and grown, she prays to God for grandchildren

Sometimes I wonder why a boy must become a man

Sometimes I wonder why a girl must become a mother

Sometimes I wonder why there is day and night

Sometimes I wonder why I am even asking these questions

Somehow I knew the answer when I read Oliver Twist

When the kitchen is stuffed and the cabinet spaces not blank.

When there is excess money in the bank,

we may not find much reason to cook.

Only the rich or wealthy says life is good.

Only a hungry stomach asks for food.

Only Oliver Twist asks for more

Darlington Chukwunyere

Would You Rather Lie Or Fight?

Would you rather dine and wine,
While they come at this odd time,
Overpowering and taking charge of your kind?
Yet, and only yet, they give you a die?
Would you rather lie or fight?

They're right here with us,
And yet, spreading thus...
Like wild fire.
Wake up from slumber
For you could help avert an impending blunder,
That has the claws of a barbed wire.
Would you rather lie or fight?

Would it not be great
If we reduce the rate?
Or better, put an end
To the raving trend
Of losing our dear ones to they
Who seem to have come to stay?
Would you rather lie or fight?

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Your Soul Is Gold.

There's more to life than sin. Time has come to a close-up. Do not be deceived. Satan wants your soul. He will give you silver and gold. But never mind, all that glitter is not gold, for not everything that is old is new.

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