Poetry Series

Matthias Pantaleon

- 120 poems -

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Matthias Pantaleon (24 August,1984)

BACKGROUND INFORMATION
- -
Birth Name: Matthias Collins Pantaleon
- -
Pen Name: Lyrics Munachi Fingers
- -
Born: August 24,1984
- -
Birth Place: Oronija Island, Andoni, Rivers State
- -
Origin: Agana, Andoni, Rivers State, Nigeria
- -
Occupation: Poet, Playwright, Lyricist
- -
Years active: 2001-present
- -
Firm: Jones Walker Publishers
- -
Associates: Lorri Trent Poetry Society
- -
Links: http: //www.poemhunter.com/matthias-pantaleon/
- -

Lyrics Munachi Fingers (born August 24,1984) , better known by his birth name Matthias Pantaleon, is a Nigerian Poet, Playwright and Lyricist from the Unama Edeh Royal family and the Etete Jackson War Canoe House both notable families in the Andoni countryside south eastern corner of the oil rich Niger Delta Region, Nigeria.
Born to Lady Josephine and Chief Pantaleon Eneawaji Unama-Edeh (a retired Assistant Superintended of Police) in a small islet named Oronija, Pantaleon was christen Matthias at birth but his father called him Muammar Gaddafi, after the Libyan leader Col. Muammar Gaddafi.

EARLY LIFE
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Pantaleon was raised between Benin City, Ogoja, Port Harcourt City and Nnewi in a catholic family; Educated at OUCS Umudim Nnewi, Nnewi High School Nnewi, Meu Victory College Idimu Lagos and Lagos State Polytechnic where he studied Mass Communication. In 2002 while at Nnewi High School Nnewi, Pantaleon was expelled for fighting with a school prefect while Mr. Nzewi, the Junior High School Principal was addressing staffs and students. Fight ensures between Pantaleon and Solomon Ijele the Junior Labour

Prefect, when the later has tried to seize the lethal slippers of the former. The exposure was later over turn by the intervention of his form teacher Mrs. Joy Akonu (being a Class Captain himself) Pantaleon was a favourite among his teachers. Raised in the Catholic faith, Pantaleon was baptized at St. Michael de Archangel Parish Nnewi in 1999 by Fr. Cletus Okoye and in the year 2000, October 1st to be precise, he was confirmed according to the Catholic tradition a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ by Bishop Hillary Okeke with confirmation name Collins.

Writing Career:
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Pantaleon started writing in 2001, inspired by the poets JP Clark, Chris Okigbo, David Diop and Pablo Neruda, Pantaleon has written over one thousand poems on different topics and languages, seven plays (dramas) and two novels. Thought most of these books never saw the stables of publication as the original manuscripts were destroyed by his ex Glory Nimaa. An incident which caused him both emotional and mental set back as it reflects in his poems: IRRATIONAL LOVER, ODD, I AM A STUDENT OF LIFE and FAIR SHARE. Pantaleon is a Poet to watch as his obvious skill is reflected in his literary works.

THE MATTHIAS PANTALEON CENTRE FOR POETRY AND THE ARTS
Is a non-governmental, non-profit making organization with passion for the arts, literature, life, culture and style. As a charitable organization the centre is dedicated to the improvement of young poets and other forms of literatures; and the development, packaging and delivery of the rich cultural heritage of African literature.

AIM: TO CREATE LEGENDS FROM ORDINARY MEN

OBJECTIVE: To provide an enabling environment for the development of literary skills

To provide academic, material and mental assistance to young poets/writers

To restored the culture, values and the lost dignity of man

BOOKS BY MATTHIAS PANTALEON

(1) ECLIPSE OF THE HEART[POETRY]

(2) LORD BANHAM[PLAY]

(3) A BIRD WITHOUT A SONG[POETRY]

(4) THE FAMILY [PLAY]

(5) HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE [POETRY]

(6) JOURNEY TO THE UNKWONN [PLAY]

(7) A DROP OF GREATNESS [LYRIC]

Works:

ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

A BIRD WITHOUT A SONG

A bird without a song
She is but a pitiful creature;
Thrilling voice, broken lines
She sought solace in the world
Learn to fly over
Beautiful mountainside,
Lost in the sky,
Hop, chirp
And watch the sun
Rest in her nest

Matthias Pantaleon

A DIRGE FOR BARBIE

Poor Barbie
Heard she sold her soul to be a rock star
A paradox maybe
The world couldn't wait to judge her

Poor Barbie
Fortune and fame couldn't make her feel better
It felt so empty at the top
The world must have been lonely for her

The glamour and the grandeur
Without a soul was just to much for her
So she finds solace in crack
The world could judge her for all that's not

Poor Barbie
She looks so peaceful in death
It must be lonely in the box
She wants her soul back: now she is soul out

Matthias Pantaleon

A JUST LIVING

A fellow who must lead
A just and fair life
Must learn to live like butterflies
They do not get caught up
With dragon flies
Or stuck up in wild flower yard
But sensibly tasting;
And offering what they could afford
Without the bitter feeling
Of not being stronger than birds
Nor wild like bees
But at ease living life
 Like the world is within the flaps
Of their wings!

Matthias Pantaleon

A LIFE OF SERVICE

Kola was a patriot
He served in the Army
Alongside Boma
Together, they pair against
The enemy of their fatherland

Alas, a life of service in
An ill society is wheat in the wind;
And a day came when their courage was put to test;
Kola was caught in a cross fire
In the heat of a rescue operation

Boma couldn’t help the tears
Watching his friend
Battle with life
Alas, dead took what
Rightfully was his…

No soon has his family
Been thrown to the cold
And the society‘ve the nerves
To look you in the eyes
And call you worthless…

My people are very ungrateful,
A life of service to them
Is equated to transaction;
My people live for the money
Service to them hurts!

Matthias Pantaleon

A QUIET LIFE

It is evident
Men of noble birth
Have always crave for
The quieter life

Where they need not
The meddle of a woman,
The howling of winds
And the mean of sun ray.

That fishes desert
The good nature
Of the earth
For the depth of the sea

Hence they lead a life of ease,
Full like vine
Gently and quietly tending
To things within their reach

And not besiege with greed
Nor the burden of needs
As would a lesser man

But with regal grace;
Living at ease
A life
Which both man & nature envy…

Matthias Pantaleon

A ROSE WITHOUT A PETAL

Have you ever seen
A rose without a
Pedal?
She is like to a bird
Without wings

Alone,
She strives in her world
For butterflies would not
Whisper in her ears
Nor
Beetle whistle at night

Just her wings
Frail on her shoulders
The sun on her face
And
The world on her pride
Have you ever
Seen a Rose Without a pedal?
She is but a stranger
To herself

Matthias Pantaleon

A SELFLESS SERVICE

There is no greater love
Than a life of service;
To strengthen a struggle,
To water the
Tree of patriotism,
Blossom like lilies;
Awake in the spirit,
And die for a just cause.
The world would know no greater love
 Than a life of selfless service

Matthias Pantaleon

A SORRY STATE

Patriots languish, incarcerated & behead
We had them buried in oblivion
“The labour of our heroes past
Shall never be in vain”

Alas,
Hunger had besiege our intestines
We travel at night
Only when we have oil
In our lantern

School have become a graveyard
Our libraries are but shadows
Peace is luxury
Chaos is comfort

Man has ceased to be a neighbour
Man is but the terror
And the patriots are theme
The enemies

Patriots languish
Politicians lavish
The former incarcerated
The latter celebrated

Who had the best laugh is known to none
But Providence!

Matthias Pantaleon

A WEAK GENERATION

An herb of slaves
They punched us in the eyes
And draw the first blood

They have taken over
Our Feelings
For we do not know
What to feel; How to cry
What to fear; and certainly,
When to fight

We quarrel among us
Draw sword for the sons
Of our father
And the enemy cheers at us
Hail our folly & spit on the
Integrity of our heritage

We are the enemy
We are at each other's throat
While the slaves
Lay with our sisters
And drink our milk.

Matthias Pantaleon

A WOMAN'S MIGHT

Woman, the peace of the world is knit in her garment
She is but the thirst of the afflicted
Tender, loving and caring
She bears the burden of her house on the fountain of her grace

Generation rises and sustain upon her breast
Her back comforts the sleeping child
Her fire never goes out at night or her laughter at day
Her milk of kindness flows thru even lands into the desert of the needy

She is respected at the market place
Loved by the church
Blessed in moonlight plays with lullaby of children
Singing and dancing into the wee of night

Woman, she is perfection for imperfect man!

Matthias Pantaleon

ALONE

Alone, in a cold room
Am locked up against myself
Shut out from the world
Like a tear drop in a sea
Alone, am like a tree
In the desert;
No leave to shade
No branch for a bird to peach
No wind to dust my hair
No rain to wash my feet
Just me as mean as sunray!

Alone, keeping memories
That refused to be forgotten!

Matthias Pantaleon

ANIMAL FARM

Mrs. Cow,
Young calf is weak
Too hungry to be at heart ease;
Man is but a beast!

The farmer,
He drain your breast
No milk, No drop, No moo
No mew, No bleat, No bark
Will comfort your child,
Madam!

I'm Oxen
Alas
Alexander is wrong
I will till the earth no more
Alexander is but a man
Man is a thankless animal

And you must not
Let him milked you
We too are hungry
One day
We will run man and his allies
Upon the face of the earth

Freedom will be given a chance
It will echoes to the end of the earth
Then, we'll pay man in his own coin
For man is a tyrant!

Matthias Pantaleon

ANONYMOUS LETTER

My dear friends,
You should know by now I live for what I believe,
I bare on my mind the burden
Of dreams I must cream.
On my head; a basket of visions that must be
Filled with drops of creativities
And then when I'm gone;
I want to be remembered
As one of the greatest poet ofall times.
For I stand at the school gate
As an emissary of wisdom,
With an open chapter;
Whoever read from it will never walk with a bow head
Nor sleep with a broken heart.

Matthias Pantaleon

ARMAGEDDON

And then
I saw this white dove
Descend down the heavens
With a branch of Olive in her peck

And then
On the end of the earth
Perch a vulture
With a pond of intestine
In her peck

And the vulture
She let go of her savage
The city whore
She desert the gate

And the soldiers,
They buried their amours
And the adulterer; her shame
Then I saw these things
And I knew Armageddon has come

Matthias Pantaleon

BAB (BECAUSE AM BLACK)

Hatred is a tree
Whose Fruits; segregation and racism
Like canker worm
Has rotten the human society

Being black in some quarters is equated to failure
In America, It's nigger, boy or John
A Russian calls you 'Orange and banana peels'!
(Whatever that means)

Italians sees a monkey
When they look at a Blackman
And my mental sky was clouded so early in life
With negativities

At age thirty a Blackman
Is still being an address as 'boy'!
At school, I was taught to be an inhabitant of the third world
Hence I'm third class on Gods earth

They theme my way of life fetish
When I'm not watchful,
They cart away the mask of my idol;
And stole the gods of my ancestors

I'm being called Barbaric,
But Lord knows
My black mind never
Initiated Slave trade

Beneath the watchful eyes of the sun my sisters were shamed,
What become of my father: Is unknown to mother
Nor could I say of the fate that befalls my brother
His carcass was seen hung on a tree in a forest covered by fog

I was not spared
They stripe me of my goal
Like a candy; chaos and gaol
Were put in-between

And today
They say the black man is always at war
But how; and why?
Are the bugging questions on my lips!

In my heart I'm humane
Than all white clergies
But I'm the one that is being called cannibal
Because am black!

Matthias Pantaleon

BAB II (BECAUSE AM BLACK 2)

Because am black
I have reasons to walk tall
Like Edward the Black Prince

You see, the reasons I talk tough
Is because I talk thoughtfully
Like a Black Knight;

Now you will understand
Why my ego is rudeless
Like a Blacksmith’s hammer.

Because am black,
I do not have reasons
To explain why my smile sparks
Like Black Tahitian pearls
Nor I do have to apologize for being a Black Child!

Matthias Pantaleon

BACK IN THE DAYS II

Gone‘re the days when men of honest living
Were living legends:
When the wealth of men were measured by the depth of their wisdom,
And the gods feared!

Gone‘re the days when truth feels good and hard work pays
When men were men;
Cities built on gold; legends forge;
And women knows how to kneel & when to peel

Gone are the days when palm wine has values
And the tides knows their place
When yam was the king of the farm,
And lion a ring leader

But those were yesteryears…

Today,
We live by the creed of guns,
Men chasing shadows that refuses to be caught,
Streets littered with bloods of martyrs & tyrants alike,
Men attending funerals of their grand children

Women becoming bed winners & bread takers;
Morals a social leper,
Religion a swift bomber,
School a time waster!

Only yesterday were on track…
Alas, we lost our way home!

Matthias Pantaleon

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

If I had the option of choosing
Between being a king and a poet
I will gladly go for the later
Just as I often correct the notion I'm a father; not a husband

If I'm a good poet,
I will certainly make a better father:
And a king; I will be a dictator
To my beautiful daughter

Lord knows I can't have
That on my conscience
For the heart weighs more
Than the crown

Matthias Pantaleon

BIRDS IN THE SKY

BIRDS IN THE SKY
1.
The sky is open to birds
No matter their colour or specie
It’s just enough for every breed
Every wing to soar
Every wind to beat
Every height to attain
This way, birds chirp at will
Not minding greedy men; or needy maids
Just the space and their pace

2.
I marvel as birds stay all day in the sky,
They must love it there; why wouldn’t they?
When they are not threaten by hurricane,
Nor dislodge by earthquake
But at ease soaring as far as they please

Matthias Pantaleon

BIZZARE

Men are wretch creature
Who will kill to satisfy their greed
A soldier killed a man
For daring to believe in himself

The man
A principled but poor fellow
Had a very pretty wife
Who is the envy of the rich;
Hence they would not let him eat bread

He is scorn in the market place
Mocked at the village Assembly
But he kept the drop
That is left of his dignity

For he would not give out
His wife to the rich to remarry
In place of gold, vineyard full of Orchid;
Grapes and good harvest

So they pay a Soldier
To take his life
It’s a sight to dread
The fellow took thirteen bullets
In his lower chamber

They make it seems like
He was ambushed by rogues
But the truth stood there
Bright like always

And they had his corpse
Dressed like a Land Lord
And lay him in the
Yard of Kings

But his widow will not
Fall for it
She took her life
A fortnight after

Poor couples
The world would not let them
Lead a life of ease
Gently sensing the hard knocks
And easy breezy of life
And quietly sliding away…

Matthias Pantaleon

BLACK HERITAGE

Make way for the dancers
They have come from afar
To teach us the new steps
A cline of attitude to be conform with our culture
Cling unto thy mother side
Little Gbenga, like a mango that mustn’t bow to the powers of the wind
They are not our own
Their mask shames our heritage
They sang in foreign tone
And dance to borrowed gong
Those are not the symbol of Eyo,
We must wait till ‘morrow to consult with Ifa
Least the lighting of Sango be leash on our new steps
And all will be still

Matthias Pantaleon

DANIELLE

If i look at the moon;
And i see your smile.
Your dimples on both side like cherub from the gods
My dear, i'll hold the night,
Pray it last forever and the weak side of me taking form from every strong appeal i see in those eyes.

Matthias Pantaleon

DAPA

Yours is a life of Service
To create a chance
To pave a life
To grace a Cause.
Oh Dapa,
you will smile at my fear
Urge me move on
now you will not move a foot
Cause you are parceled
A prize the society never won
I will remember your name Dapa
For yours is a life of service.

Matthias Pantaleon

DEAR JOHN

You thought i'd break without you,
So you put a knife in every little things that firm our bond.
You crush every little star in our night sky;
Thought i'd never know light without your smile.
Hush!
I got you a package with a shine on the edge,
so you'll see how brighter i am without your shine.

Matthias Pantaleon

DEAR MAMA

Dear Mama, some fools got a price tag to my life
I ain't scared mama; just want you to know
I'm sorry for the sleepless nights I cause you
 In case I didn't have the chance to say it when tomorrow comes!

Tell little Rihanna 'the sun don't rise so early on a rainy day'
But that doesn't mean
'A rainy day wouldn't end
On a sunny side'

Dear Mama,
I made so many enemies than I can conquer
Their numbers keep rising
Like a colony of ant over a piece of cake

Dear Mama,
The world don't encourage good people
That's why we have many vultures
And few eagles in the sky

Mama,
If am boxed home
Please save a medal for my son
Tell him I am what a father should be

Like a Roman I will fight till I fall
I will slice them bit by bit till my heart is ripped
From my body or their…
To this I put my name 'Lieutenant Lyrics Munachi-Fingers'.

(From a son in the frontline to his lonely mother in the quiet countryside)

Matthias Pantaleon

DEAR TUPAC

I wish you had hold but a little longer
There is so much a brother got to say
Some many wrong I can't right
So many lies with buried truth
Alas, emotions got stormy
Words couldn't express themselves
And I was misunderstood
But I know you understand
broken words & unfinished lines
Cause yours was a spark

Matthias Pantaleon

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER

Men are wimps,
Weak creatures,
Who shrink and curl into their skin
When dead sneeze.
Fear is the hemlock that
Strips men of their courage;
Mope like statues;
Dumb like idles,
Fake like duplicates,
Retreat like cowards,
Fizzle out like shadows in a starless night.
Wretch creatures who
Want to live forever,
Why do you want to live forever?

Matthias Pantaleon

DON'T JUDGE ME

You think am impure
So you peep from a distance
No distant from Basilica.
You wouldn't get infested my friend;
For my cross is my pride
I must shoulder it with grace
But you should know as a singer
you have no moral right to judge a poet.

Matthias Pantaleon

ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

You loved me so much
more than i love myself.

And sometimes I wonder
If I'm really worth it
All the pain I cause you.
The tears I bring to your
eyes
The nights I slept out
The days I always made boring.

The fights I start
The flirting I never stop
And of cause
The helping hand I never
lend.

I wonder if I could ever
repay you for all you have
been to me.
I wouldn't forget that
you gave me everything.

I can't forget the smell
of your skin
I can't forget the scent
of your hair
I can't forget the taste
of your lips
I can't forget the steps
to your door
And certainly
I can't forget you.

Matthias Pantaleon

ELEPHANT WALLS

I built for you an Elephant wall;
So you can climb and be firm,
For it’s a slippery cold world;
With endurance and enthusiasm
You’ll learn the art of failure
If you must succeed;
You must fall and be trampled
If must know the sweetness of a conqueror
A compass to guide you thru them walls
The world is full of blind men
Who must be led by the hand;
I took yours by the heart
Hoping you’ll learn by the mind

Matthias Pantaleon

Emmanuelle

Just the other day
You told me you were leaving 'us'
I cry myself to sleep
Thinking you'd be gone by first light

Aye, you did keep your promise
Sure you always do;
But you forgot to take with you memories
And I keep seeing shadow of you

I don't wanna cry over you
I just wanna smile
Knowing what we had
Many never tasted in a life time

Am grateful for the wine in my bottle
Am thankful for the stars
Am glad we share prayers
I feel blessed knowing you

But the shadow of you keep lingering,
With memories trailing behind:
All because you forgot
To shut the door behind you

Matthias Pantaleon

FAIR SHARE

Go on, spit in my face;
Cause when my rose blooms,
I wouldn’t be here with my head bow!

My feathers will be fully grown,
To soar above the stars;
And I will be mixing porridge
Of laughters in the sun

Ripples of smiles
Glitting in my eyes
I will ravish than a charm
A crowning grace

Alas, when you are summoned
Before my court,
I will give you a chance to live…
Cause I’m a humanist.
So you will see how pretty I’ll look!

Matthias Pantaleon

FEAST OF RAMADAN

Make feast the ram so the Ramadan is festive
Throw the trowel this way
Catch it that way
Men’re piglets fatten for slaughter
Make fat thy tail and trail behind no one
Who’ll bell the cat?
The cart is heavy in my hands
Men will look the other way
Till besiege you only if they find abundance
In thy harvest in May
Peasant who’ll never till the earth
They must fill their stomach
Before the sun rise
Stay longer in bed, and sleep before the sun set

Matthias Pantaleon

GOD BLESS NIGERIA

A voice is not strong
Till its strong in teary moment
Bright skies are the product
Of a stormy cloud

Men will curse even their seed
And blame the harvest
For poor wheat
Funny it seems but we are as good as our harvest

Its only a fertile land
That can boast of cruel beast
The sun is good for the plant
And good for the animals too

But we put we hope before our work
The land needs labour
Come brother,
Help sister,
Together we can
If we try, we can achieve
God bless Nigeria

Matthias Pantaleon

GOSPEL

The gospel of the lord is not fashion,
I weep when I see the church divide into swag & class;
Clergies preaches what pleases the world,
The word suffers in place of robust envelopes;
The level of acceptance and brotherly love,
Depends on the weight of your tithe,
And colour of currency.
Men of alter double as priest in idolatry,
The church is our home;
Our place of peace,
Our sanctuary of penitence,
And sacred land to communion in fellowship
Of him who has risen from the grip of darkness
And who is to come in all majesty!

Matthias Pantaleon

I AM A STUDENT OF LIFE

My wife,
If you starve me of bread;
And hunger makes flattering of my stomach,
I'll not be at heart ease with you,
But then I would never hit you
For taking advantage of my appetite:
I'll experiment the hunger I felt
With the plenty I once know
Cause I'm a student of life.
If you left me stranded and dirty
I'll seek shelter in strange place
Write about my fears in odd place
Make jest of my unkept collar;
Brush through my hair like it's a new habit,
Pick a pen and write about my joy on the pages of life
And summarize my pain on a sandy shore
Cause I am a student of life.

Matthias Pantaleon

I DO NOT ENVY YOU

Harlots graces your court
Bring wrath upon you bed.
You 're the liner that covers
Her nakedness.
The Knight that shares her
Shames
But I do not envy you
Light always goes before
Darkness
Your night is at hand
Alas,
pray if you will ever tell
a story.

Matthias Pantaleon

I GOT MY EYES ON YOU

Hey mama,
I got my eyes on you
'Cause I know you fine
Flawless like home-made lemonade

See them eyes; like midnight candles
Like white cat in the dark
I see you crisp like vanilla
Handy like a handful of candy from the mall

Matthias Pantaleon

I HATE GOODBYE

I hate goodbye
Makes me feel the train
Wouldn’t bring me back to you
Like a dust in the wind
Lost in the endless tail of rail
Fade away with distance
Like a kite in the sky
And become part of the green vegetation
With tears in my eyes
Like a guiding angel
I hate goodbye
For its arrogances,
Reminds me of a sad beginning;
Ours a happy ending

Matthias Pantaleon

I LOOK UP TO YOU

I look up to you
It hurt when I laugh
And my heart is heavy

It sours when I sing out loud and skip lines
I lost composure and be miserable
For a grief soul is never at heart ease
But in the heat of all this: I look up to you

You keep the sun to light my dark
And the star to soft my sleep
You are my helper when days are evil
And my table holds no bread

When my sight fails & my legs could carry me no more
I look up to you when the market desert
The moon refuses to give forth its light;
I look up to you

I'm but a child
Please dear lead me by the hands
For I look up to you; Dear Lord!

Matthias Pantaleon

I UNDERSTAND

I see the pain in your eyes
Though you tried to cover them
With smiles,
I see you're sad deep inside
And the pain out shines the light in your eyes

I want you to know
I do not expect too much from you
You can hide your pain from the world
But not the walls within your heart;
Which I can see through…

I will never mock at you for taking a decision
That didn't work out.
Maybe it's just too much for you
But I understand, and I'll always do

Matthias Pantaleon

IF IT'S WITHIN MY REACH

If it's within my reach
I will wipe tears in every heart
A light in their eyes

Shelter to the homeless;
A roof in rainy night

Affection to the afflicted;
Smile to the broken spirit

Son to childless families;
Laughter in their lungs

Comforter of the widows;
   Nightingale to soften their sleep

A shoulder to the weak;
Like lion in zion

Hope to the despair;
A light in their tunnel

Dead to erase;
Pain to ease,
Dark cloud to sunny sky,
And certainly,
Chaos to peace!

Matthias Pantaleon

IF THE WORLD WERE OURS

If it’s just the two of us
Alone in the world
We did make everyday a blast
Sleep side by side to wake in the trust of each other’s arm

We will share the quiet night life
And listen to the sea murmur
Hum our favourite song
And sing aloud choruses like school kids

If it’s just the two of us in the world
We did know every butterfly by their name
And call out to birds
And Roses by their colours
Just the two of us
Watching over the world!

Matthias Pantaleon

IN THE EYES OF THE MIND

Thundering and lighting at same time
Someone must have vexed the gods
For his messagers to be at rampage
My father said out loud,
Twice it stroke again at the same direction
We must appeased the gods
Before his messagers left us
A ruin that cannot be fixed
He heads for his inner chamber
This also serves as a religious closet
For in this room, we worship the gods of our ancestors
We heard shouting from the direction father had gone
Pooh! Lighting had caught one of the idols
Perhaps the idol had vexed the gods; I said out loud!

Matthias Pantaleon

IRRATIONAL LOVER

You grief me my lady,
Seized my quietness;
In all modesty bid me sleep on thorns
Never to rise to grace

In your kindness; you pray I prosper in misery
Wish I've the patient to bear suffering wit' smiles
Without taking a bride as gracious as death
Such offers you gave to me

For in your meekness
I'd never know peace
Any less than I nurse my misfortune
Such were your kindness in no kind way

Now,
You wish you were my duchess;
Riding on unicorn with sterling wings
Silk and pearls at your feet
Your hairs trailing behind them heels

That which I took
I can give back;
Alas, you cannot replace that
Which you have broken!

Matthias Pantaleon

JUSTICE

We slain the truth and dress falsehood
To sit in her place
But, even the hangman is afraid of the gaol;
So we did the unthinkable…
Armed with her scale & sword,
And blindfolded by men;
Justice was found dead in the pub!

Matthias Pantaleon

KINDNESS

In my quiet time
I ask God to show you kindness
Like you’d show me
When I was without bread

My plate never return empty from your kitchen,
You refilled my bottle to the neck
Lend me your lamp when I was in the dark;
A bible to keep the faith

And it left a smile on my heart
God knows I wouldn’t forget
Your kindness toward me…
Even in dead my prays will be you till the end of time

Matthias Pantaleon

KINGSLEY

The saddest part of life is to
Bury your friends before you're
Old enough to know what it means
For someone to die

Kingsley was a friend,
Nay our friend;
He was a friend you would
Be proud to introduce to friends

A friend who keeps
His friends as friends,
And foes as future friends;
He was a friend of friends.

One day, he left without goodbye;
The Kingsley we knew
Will never leave his friends
Without a loud goodbye!

He was a delight,
A light too bright for dead to eclipse:
He makes us laugh;
Now he made us sad,
Then we cry & wail knowing
That we'll never see him again!

Matthias Pantaleon

LETTER TO LISA MARY

Dear Lisa,
It’s been a whole forty eight hours
I live without your smile & warm
I did so many wrong I’m not trying to claim right but to be love by you again.

You are to me what a nest is to a bird,
And sometimes I wonder if I could ever find a better home
Cause you’re all I ever wanted in a woman;
Black, motherly and enduring

Please find it in your heart to forgive me
Though it’s hard to forget
Considering my careless actions

Without you Lisa,
Days are swollen; night is like a walk in the desert;
My thoughts are choked
And my world is but a handful of chaff in the wind!

Lisa,
I’m taking time to write you this letter cause
I had never taken time to appreciate what I had
Till I lost you

You should know that
I have grown to be a man
From the boy that I was

Hope this finds you still blossom in humility
You’re the best thing I never had…
Your friend- Lyrics Munachi-Fingers

Matthias Pantaleon

LIFE

The beauty of life is a healthy choice,
Easy living;
Not beguile with stress or necessities,
The quiet desires,
Not longing for extravagance
Or a life of plenty
But eternally grateful to providence;
Open mindedly,
Not frozen by greed,
Or enraged by hatred;
Silently thankful for his bread
And humbly sharing a cup with the needy;
A life of giving,
He is the one with a heart of beauty

Matthias Pantaleon

LIFE IS TOO SILLY

Love is for the livin'
Passion is for youth
Raw & rugged to
Flow wit' the tide.
Memories is for Granny
Pluck a word where
We got it wrong &
Smile while they can
Life is too silly
For anyone to take serious.

Matthias Pantaleon

LIVE FREE

Life as a pirate is a lesson;
Over the years I grow wiser
Watching each tide abate before my eyes
So I learn to live quietly like the sound of light
I may pull a straw or two,
Still I keep the faith;
Not bothered by weather.
Without a feather, I got better
Face each day right,
Not intimidated by fright,
Nor the fear of night,
Learn to live free like Knight,
Square like bat; Mean like cat…
To try is everything!

Matthias Pantaleon

Lost

I travel the breadth of the night
Searching for a place to lay myself
The trees are without branches
Night rain is in the air
The birds wouldn’t share their nest
Man is a prey anyway
Lighting wouldn’t let me find my way
Even the night knows I was lost
They stare with big eyes
Like the owls in my nightmares
Maybe it’s a nightmare
But tonight I wouldn’t wake from it
So I travel the night alone
Knowing it’s a reality I’ll never wake from

Matthias Pantaleon

LOVE WITHOUT LANGUAGE

If I throw a piece of wood
Into a burning coal,
It will burst into a thicker flame
Proving nature’s right.

If I wink at you;
You smile back,
I’d lost my composure;
And my heart melts within my being

If you felt love by this fellow,
And you nurse same feelings;
We need no language to explain how we feel:
Cause love is a universal language.

But if you decide to discriminate,
And trade my feelings for fishes
No hard feelings;
I will walk taller than miles.

Get lost with tides,
At the end of time;
I will be the knight you'll never forget;
I am your first language!

Matthias Pantaleon

LOYALTY HAS A PRICE

Loyalty found me in the dirt
Lost among pebbles and crystals
What do men know?

Miles are tall lines
Breadth are measured by memory
My memory is on vacation
How do I fix a broken song?

Length are tailored
Depth is but a shallow end
I must start my day with a smile
If I must come out a rebirth

Drunks are the pavement
Honour is but a price
Alas,
Loyalty has a tag

Now it’s time to go
I to labour
You to pleasure
For I must pay in service
The price of loyalty

Matthias Pantaleon

MAMA

If I came back home in a box
Its a shame
If I came back in bandages
Its worst than slipping off Miss Jayne's lane

But then don't tell my mama our stories
We're miserable fellows anyway
My mama shouldn't share our world of shame
Its a story for marines alone

Mama, you bore me inside you
I, the child of your youth
You gave me suck and i was hale,
I, the son that was beloved

How selfish i was to leave my mama for war
Pride makes men go to war
Peace is for women so they say
But my mama would've done better in Darfur

Mama I whom you bore inside you
They want to box me home to you
But I choose to return to you in one piece
If ever our story is told

And I wasn't there to tell my own side
Mama picture me in your belly
And bore me just this once
I'll never depart from you.
  Your son,
    Lieutenant Lyrics Munachi-Fingers

Matthias Pantaleon

MAN MADE GODS

Let the blade of your hoe
Sink deep into the soil
But I’m only a child, I said.
No man ever reap a bountiful harvest
Who never till the earth deeper
Than the gods buried their ornaments
Father said to me.
Ornament, I thought aloud
How can that be; when I was told the gods
Are spirits who neither sleep nor dream
How is it that they dress with ornaments like ordinary men?
The gods maybe a creation of our imaginations
Will you stop dreaming and go back to work?
The voice of my father dragged me back to the labour at hand

Matthias Pantaleon

MATTHIAS PANTALEON VIII

Like a tall tale full of twist
Of path hive with ant hills and loop holes
The path of nobility is stitch in haste
By men of vile birth and deed

That the Olympus is envied
By men of means is a foul tale
But the gods themselves 're cursed wit greed
And the height is but a measure of mischief

A prince must be humble
If humility is a grace that grew on every oak
That the owl is a proud bird is a foul tale
Cause the sparrow appears nobler

Here my son
The tales of the pub is forbidden
For they envy your 'Olympus'
Schemes to curse your pace
Like worms lure sharks

A prince must be noble like the day
And witty as nightfall
For the mean are full of twist like a hive path
A dagger in their hands is swift than light

Matthias Pantaleon

MELISSA

MELISSA

She is the heart I reserve in a spare being,
Just in case I needed a spare key
To unlock the fairies of life;
Cause life is a tall tale.

Ours is like Lucky & Justice
In the movie poetic justice
You’re the rhymes,
I’m the rhythms…

Like the raven & the dove
Trapped in a tangle of love
Like Queen Beauty and King Beast
In the battle of the Middle East

You’re a crowning victory
A prize I must win; a medal I must wear
Like white lavender in an olive farm
You keep me afloat in the space of your heart

And I will cherish every unspoken word
And promises well kept…

Matthias Pantaleon

MEMOIRS OF A SONGSTRESS

Home is where every song
Ends at the right foot;
Where every dirge is an instant classic
That begins with the left foot

Home is where we use to dance
With our back bend,
Hips swing like palms in the winds
And men cheer wit' desire in their eyes

Alas, we're old and weak;
But memories as these are never forgotten with time;
Our minds still remember those steps we use to make
And men still look at us wit' admiration.

*for Onyeka Onwenu

Matthias Pantaleon

MISS SUNLIGHT

Your smile
They spark like sunlight
In cold nights
They heat me like sunlight
Alas,
Your love is scorching
Like sunlight
Burning thru the pores
Of my skin
Into the very heart
That loves you
Like butterflies & sunlight

Matthias Pantaleon

MOON NIGHT

As I look at the moon
From the crack in my window
I thought she smiles at me
Wondering perhaps why I stare at her
Just hang there giving forth her brightness
And I wish I too can be a moon,
to guild lost souls home
I wish I too can survive night rain like the stars
So I can be a blessing to my generation
Wrap of laughters for the afflicted
A candle light in their night
And a moon over their head
As I look at the moon...

Matthias Pantaleon

Motherland

The heart of the old is grey with memories
Youth only think of distant places
Where diamonds grew on trees
And the raven flew with stars in place of their wings

Motherland is a near
Only distant to travellers
The heart of home is the people
The people who travel thousand miles from their place of birth

Home is where the sun set
Where the birds return to at dusk
Youth is beautiful what a waste to spend as a stranger
The heart of home is beautiful

Motherland is where the mountains
Sloops into a blue sea
And the villagers dip themselves
But the heart of those far from home is beautiful

Matthias Pantaleon

MY DAUGHTER

The pebbles of raindrop on her bare skin
Got her excited and she make this childish glee;
Wink at me and started singing some old fairies.
She was the feminine version of me;
Sweet, cheerful with a crown of innocence on her head
Come on little cutie (I called out to her)
Please daddy let me stay a little longer,
As long as you don’t catch cold sweetie
Alright daddy, I wouldn’t get sick on you!
She smiled like the sun rises in her eyes:
And resume her singing like a sparrow.
I went inside to fix her a cup of coffee,
Then this loud sound from the heavenly body got me startled;
I reach for the door; pulled its handle and fast;
Only to see my cherub laying on the ground lifelessly;
She was caught by lighting.
I held her in my bosom and weep like a baby
God must send an angel to bring back my cutie
She was a cherub, such a sweet little thing;
Smiling like the sun rises her eyes!

Matthias Pantaleon

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

My father was a man
The type men look up to
He was more than a man; he was a comrade
Never found wanting in combat,
He was more than a comrade
He was a knight; a light
Too bright for night to hide
And he knew ours songs
The songs from our bush village
Sang them heartily; because he knew
The story of our people lives in those lines
And he knew them by heart
Cause he was a hearty fellow
Who sang the Negro spiritual like no other in our clan!

Matthias Pantaleon

NOISY NEIGHBOURS

They brag of common bread, foolish men:
What do they know about wheat & flour.
Even the winning flag is but a fading colour,
Men 're with out valour;
wimps who had their bread baked for them by the gods should learn to eat in silence.

Matthias Pantaleon

ODE TO NIGERIA

Nigeria,
You’re our home
When religion and partisans
Turn us against ourselves,
You’re our home
When poachers and mischief makers
Seize our farmlands and pollute our streams
The opinion of the world about you
Mean nothing to me any more than salad mean to cattle rarers
I doff my bonnet in thy awe
For thy strength in diversity,
Faith in unity,
And steadfastness in breakin’ points…
The pride of black people; home of the brave;
It’s you I salute.

Matthias Pantaleon

OGBA ARA (Native Poem)

Mgbe ntete n'tutu
atu dim n'onu
Ekpere dim n'obi
olu dim n'aka
Nne eche kee nke
Mne buru uzo me eme?

Ekwensu go silim ihuoma
nile di n'uwa
na ihia wu ihee ncho acho
Ma na ni ime obim
ha hurum Chukwu na anya
achorom ime joo hee
Nme eche kee nke
nme eme eme?

Matthias Pantaleon

OUR FATHER

Our father was a man
Men came to him for counsel
Like a cricket in the open
His whistle echoes beyond the Sahara

He was a leader of men
A shell of Refuge; grip of comfort
A cascade of joy
And a thread in broken places

Our father was an epitome of bravery
A print on the sand of time
And a father to his sons
Alas,
We are but a handful of wheat
A wet wood in the fire
We hide where our father once fought
We do not deserve our father’s name

For we are not the man
Our father was…
Courage Knowledge vision!

Matthias Pantaleon

PLENTY

Plenty is a luxury
I never I had.
Moderate, quietness, simplicity;
Never wish for plenty!
They slide, walk, crawl if they have to
And run if they must;
A quiet life is pretty plenty!

Matthias Pantaleon

POETRY

Paint my heart colourful
Like poetry
Stanza by stanza
You can seize my breath
With carnation & chrysanthemum
For vanilla is ravishing
  Rainbow is beautiful,
Sunset is charming,
Aye,
Poetry is the colour!

Matthias Pantaleon

POOR GHOST

Ali was a royal guard.
He waits on the emir
To him, service to the king
Is a higher calling

His best was rewarded
So Ali felt it was the height
Of ingratitude to lay
With the queen majesty

So she conspire with the head
Of guards to bear falsehood against Ali
The emir was disappointed
So were Ali's kinsmen

They drag him through the streets of Dutse
Dead would not come;
Alas, he was locked-up in a pit
Then starve to death…!

In his last moment;
He ask the gods to show
Mercy to the queen majesty & bless the king
As much as his strength can endure

To him,
A life of service is a higher calling
And to die in a selfless service
Is itself a greater service!

Matthias Pantaleon

PORT OF HARCOURT

Alas
The ship depart we port
a handful of men aboard
desperate to raise a fortune.

A bandwagon of women
hungry for equality
hence must set sail at once.

So we sail
With blood of uncertainties
clot in our pupils
River of dreams washing
Through our heart
And certainly
The fear of the unknown seized
our breath.

Still
We set sail
A band of families on the
other end
Bade goodbye to breadwinners
who have resolved to be
Laurel Champions.

We set sail
Tears stood in our eyes
like Elephant grasses...
And then
Like pebble of raindrops.

Matthias Pantaleon

POVERTY

The pot weighs like the world is on her head
It’s a sore feeling
When poverty is all you can boast of
In a room of plenty!

She picks her step with grace
Not even the long walk or weight
Would make her move with a bow head;
Her shoulders were held with dignity.

She was a palm nut in dirt
Ripe, fresh with patches of difficulties
She covers ten kilometers with a baby on her back
Must be a load on an Oxen

Not even the Oja
Could wrap her sorrow
Nor warn of the impending doom
For Mama was struck
Not even the Stream
Can wash away the tears…
Dead is but a block away.

Lighting caught her unguarded
It’s a lonely world when the sun
Wouldn’t set on your roof
Nor the moon smile at your dogs

Poor Mama, she is gone
Ten kilometers must’ve been a leather weapon
But lighting took the blame
For the world is an accusing finger.

Mama is gone
Too late for a bird to mourn
Nor for a Vulture to arrange
A funeral

It’s a grave yard
When dead caught you naked
With no leaf to hide your pride
Nor a penny to bribe your judge

Poverty must be a load
To weigh a man down
Poor Mama, she is gone
Her pot weighs more than the world
But lighting took the blame; the world is an accusing finger.

Matthias Pantaleon

POWER OF FEAR

We battle to keep the canoe afloat
Alas it seems the wind
Is bent on ruining our expedition
Choose carefully the way your paddle goes
Father yelled at my mother
And I saw the fright in his eyes
Only then I realize we were in a sorry state
My mother was a strong woman,
She keeps her own side floating
Even though my father was making
It seems like she was of no help.
So I reach out to her hands and touch her softly,
She was a strong black woman,
And deserve to be treated with respect everyday of her life.
Fear is only a state of mind

Matthias Pantaleon

PRETTY WOMEN

I wonder where pretty women
Hides their sense of good judgment
I wonder just how tiny a view
It is to see through those pretty eyes
I wonder how many times
Her lips curve in her smile
Pretty women must have known
They'll be born pretty after all;
So they come handy
Men are so needy,
They bow to her good graces
Alas, pretty women forgot to bring along
A little bit of modesty
So men will be modest in all fairness

Matthias Pantaleon

QUIETNESS

The Journey I embark upon
Thru the wild streets of life
Where men are without good head
Nor Judges flood with sentiments.

Are virtues far above
The station of life
To which princes are born.

I wish above all
To lead a life of ease
Quietness and cheer
To grace the court of fate
With dignity

And bow outta this realm
As quiet as sea breeze
Without having to trouble myself
With victories of war
Nor the need for plenty

Just me,
As constant as the sun
And angels
Looking down on me
As long as life endures

Matthias Pantaleon

Rain Drops

The pebbles of raindrop
Was too much for the roof,
And the storm attack violent;
Shaking the house to its foundation

We cluster together on a wooden bed
Crying silently at the same time,
Praying that the wind will be fair enough
Not to blew away our thatch roof.

For its old and couldn’t weather
The fury of the wind
Nor the pebbles of raindrops
On the thatch roof

We cry and wait for sunshine
With all its brightness!

Matthias Pantaleon

RAINBOW

Rainbow is a shade of beauty,
they colour the cloud,
with regal glimpse;
birds are proud of their paradise.
men never had something so beautiful
the blue sea storm with envy,
velvet ropes dapart;
pink ribbons and purple rose,
white lavenders with red liner tied to their petals.
the beauty of the rainbow beats the imagination of man.

Matthias Pantaleon

Return Home To You

I never travel without
You on my mind
My first step spells your name
Trailing behind every alphabet;
My every journey reminds me of you
Sometimes I run into girls
Who makes me laugh and carefree;
I still see you in their smiles,
And when they cause little trouble
That reminds me of our fight,
I wish I could stay a little longer,
Still, I see you in their eyes
And I long to return home
To your warm embrace

Matthias Pantaleon

REVELATION

The Lord,
He sent an Army of Angels
I saw them descend the heavens riding on white chariots
Whose wings were made of steering ore.

They march down to Aciels
Where my body was chained
And my strength drain from her

The demons, they dance to the beat
And rhyme of some mysterious drum

I for one, I look up to the Heavens
And saw those marvelous things
I wrote at the onset

At Aciels,
The commander of the Army of Angels
Bearing a shield whose face strike face spark
Like the brightness I saw when the Heavens were open
He gave orders in the name of the lamb
Whose blood was shed on the cross of Calvary!
And I saw great things…

The master of the demons
Bow at the mention of the name of the lamb
I saw the legion of demons flew

And, the Commander
Of the Army of Angels
Gave orders and I was untied

They bare me in their hands
Like the Lord
Promised in psalm 91

I was given a vessel of honey with locust
To strengthen my body
They cloth me in white liner
Like everyone I saw

And then, the Commander
Of the Army of Angels came to me and say
'Fear not, pray more and sin less'
And I awoke!

Matthias Pantaleon

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

The war was one sided
We were already victims of conscience
Even before the killing started
I hate the scene before me

To raise a sword against your side,
Is against every principle
We must observe these rules of engagement
But you are the heroine of your clan

Alexandria,
You must protect your name
Before it fall from every lips
Like an over ripe mango

You must die before you live
To ruin your fine heritage
The history of your ancestors
Is enshrine in your sword

You bore them with pride
Guard them with arrogance
Alexandria
You must win this war before
You can fully understand
That in a battle there is no victor
Just a bunch of losers with battered ego

Matthias Pantaleon

Say Goodbye

It’s never too late to say
Goodbye to tomorrow
Nor is it too early to welcome
A new day
Our eyes may choose to betray us
When we bade goodbye;
We cry when we do not mean to
Sometimes we’re too weak
To turndown their embrace
Or dust off their touch
Memories have a funny way
Of playing on our weakness
Alas, we are the ones it the memories
We cannot say goodbye to!

Matthias Pantaleon

SCENT OF A WOMAN

The beauty of a rainbow is in the colours
Like a bounty of gift;
The taste of blueberries is in the fruit
Aye,
The scent of a woman
Is a secret well kept!

Matthias Pantaleon

Scottish Pride

One, two, one, two, one, two, halt!
Our pace in life is spelled by the rhythm
Of the song in our soul
And so 're the finest things

The little bird sings of scottish pride;
Valour, honour and humour
All things imaginary
And the finest of them all

The little bird sings of scottish pride
Of all the beautiful songs
And they knew not why
She sings so passionate of motherland

The wind howls and trees bow in awe
Men carry about them their wit
Aye, the little bird comes along with her scottish pride
And hers was a tale of heroine anyway!

Matthias Pantaleon

SHE

She was to me a stallion,
A dove; descending a Spring hillside
With all its beauty.
She was to me a confider.
A secret closet; a pussycat:
Sweet, neat and tender
With hips perfect and packed
As tightly as feathers
On the wing of a soft white bird

Matthias Pantaleon

SMILING BEAUTY (for my unborn child)

If tomorrow i'm gone
Wit' a punched ego
Plucked wings & deflated
Courage
My wish is for you to
Carry on
Stronger than I was
Be of good cheer
Cause the World is a
Smilin' beauty.

Matthias Pantaleon

SPARROW

The Sparrow perched on
A tree trunk;
Message in hand,
We were too drunk
To receive any!

So she flap wings
Stare at us,
Eyes flood with tear drop
What do we care?
We laugh aloud
Make jest of her

Alas,
She flew away
Never look back
And till date
We never knew what it is
She has come to say
Nor what become of her…

Matthias Pantaleon

SUITCASE OF MEMORIES

It was a starless night
Unusual quietness
Only for the hoot of owls
Coming from the oak tree

Crack of tension,
Flood of memories washing through my head
Rage of anger:
Temper rising like a tide

I head for the door,
You would not stop me
We both let our emotions take the better
Side of our head

I try to stop seeing you
Everywhere I go
But can’t get your picture
Out of the horizon

I see you in every girl I meet
“They live, love, & laugh like you do
Like butterflies in the sun”

I hope you still remember that phrase;
It’s our wedding theme, Right?

Life without you is slavery
Chains, empty rooms, cold bed
No cats to mew as you would like it

Broken records, empty bottles
Long thoughts, stream of tears
And memories to keep
It’s hard to forget when your heart remembers

Matthias Pantaleon

SUNNY SKY

Alas we made it through the foist & frost
Amidst lighting, savage and famine
We use to sit on bare floor
To enjoy dinner of roasted plantain & palm oil
Served with earthen wares;
With hope dim like a lamp devour of oil.
Alas it’s a sunny sky,
Men will not mock at my empty stomach,
Nor make just of the maps on my pant,
Life is like the military;
Alas we made it through the ranks

Matthias Pantaleon

TALES FROM THE EASTERN FARMLAND

The sun smiles like the moon left her a note
On our farmlands
The scourge was fierce
But someone must wake the earth

The seedlings must be kept in her bosom
So our barns will know ripe harvest
And our children rescued from the chains of hunger
Dig! dig! ! Where has wife gone?

Nay, she hasn't even woke up from bed
A bamboo bed; as discomforting as it is
I must shave her neck with Mbazu
Aye, she must not behave as she please

Alas, here comes the breeze
Swinging her hips these way and that
Like a palm in an open field
Lazy man! She calls out to the winds

Alas, it was me she called 'lazy'
You call yourself a man
Noble enough, you left us with no food for your slave field
Shame husband, shame!

She turns and walk away
Swinging her hips more rigorous
Than Mbazu could till the earth
My wife has gone mad, I said silently to Mbazu!
-The Farmer

Matthias Pantaleon

The Beast Called Man

As a lad I once saw a young man
Get shot in the street like he was nothing
I remember the fears in his eyes
I felt the pulse of his heart when the trigger
Was pulled and I realise
The beast is not far from the man
I remember the pain in his girlfriends' eyes
She was pregnant for him
Now her baby will have no father
Nor she a man to care for her
And I realised the cruel in man
Makes him less than a beast

Matthias Pantaleon

THE BLACK CHILD

THE BLACK CHILD for Madiba

As he run wild and naked
In the rain
The black child is free
In his realm
And heaven seems to acknowledge
His singing with rhyme of lighting

All fears gone
The child is patched
With scars of old
Spots that cannot be clean
By rain

Nor the need for roasted yam;
Cloak in red oil
The hunger for equality
Thirst of equity
Drive for fairness
A sense of good conscience

The child seems so happy
That he forgot the hole
Apartheid bore in their thatch
Roof
Nor the hatred that grew
Having tap roots

The anger that cloud
His eyes like a mass of
Visible water vapour

The black child is free
Only when it rains
At least,
The law will shy away from nature

Giving the child a moment
To feel like human;
And spread what is left
Of his broken wings

Alas
They cannot take his reason
For being a black child as he is…

For Nelson ‘Madiba' Mandela…you stood like a true African should have…never shy away from adversity like a true son of a black man should have…you are the black child…

Matthias Pantaleon

THE BLACK PRESIDENT

BLACK PRESIDENT
Like a tower of ivory
You stood an island
In a city of gods

You shade when it rains
Cause it drop when it pours

You are a tabernacle
Of example
You forgive when it hurts
Forget before it bleeds

Black President
You were a leader
Before you lead
Act upon
Before it lay bare in
Our own eyes

It hurts when it cut
And bleed from the same vein

Yes Dada
You shade when it rains
Cause it drop when it pours

Strong like truth
Trust like rock!

Matthias Pantaleon

THE BLACK PRINCE

THE BLACK PRINCE
As I walk the path;
Carried away like a man,
Prime as he is who
Won the hand of a maiden
In a wrestling contest

I'm cloak with ego
Neither fortune nor fate
I deserve what I earn

For a prince must conduct
Himself like a maiden who
Went to her husband;
Chaste and without blame

She have right to speak
In the city hall
For she kept her dignity
So I must walk the mile
And tall
If tomorrow my might be told.

Matthias Pantaleon

The Dove [for Lorri Trent]

You are the dove
when you are weak
I'd lend you my wings

A feather to paddle
you above the blues
Float in space
Whisper to the Moon
Spell your name with stars

Soars like Eagle
Free like Birds
Smile like Sunlight
With rainbow tied to
your tail feather

For you I will reach
the tablets of your heart
Write a poem or two
to remind you of
a dove in sky.

Matthias Pantaleon

THE HANDS OF TIME

If I can do it over and again
I’d be a little more thankful than palms in the open
I’d live a little longer than the mountains
I‘d smile a little brighter than moonlight
And certainly;
I‘d love a little deeper than oceans
If only I could turn the hands of time!

Matthias Pantaleon

THE ONE WITH THE PEN

The one with the pen
Writes what his heart feels
He searches the soul
Of the sun and tell them tales

The one with the pen
Is a an artist
He compose rhymes
And paints his dream lady

He reflects upon cheese
Called upon my kings
And waits upon sunset
To write of birds in the hillside

The one on top risked being
Pull down
Alas
The one with the pen
Is a majority of one!

Matthias Pantaleon

THE PATRIOT

And the Patriot dies with no one to mourn him;
No dirge to rest his soul;
No reading by the grave,
No earth to cover him,
No ash to ash,
No flowers, no clergies
Just maggots, dogs and flies
And then,
A vulture appears in the scene.

Matthias Pantaleon

THE PRICE OF FAME

I wonder why dad have
to work hard all his life
He gave his youth & health
Forsake his kids & would
not share bread with mum.

My dad was a star
But he fell from the sky
and would not shine again.
Cause the gin & cigar
did some miracles to his system...

Alas
He paid in full the price
of fame.

Matthias Pantaleon

The River Bank

Our home stood close to the river bank,
Overlooking the Rio Andoni:
A deep blue sea that runs into the bosom of the Atlantic
I have phobia for water hence I maintain my distance.

But the sons of my mother`re better Ijaw men than I
They will dive into the blues
And fade with the tides
Only to reach the bank with the waves

I observed with admiration but never desire to dip myself.
One day, I heard shouting at the house
My mother was wailing
One of her sons had gone with the tides
And till date we still look at the river bank
Hoping that we will find him there!

Matthias Pantaleon

THE SOUND OF POETRY

The sound of poetry is oh!
The sound of poetry is huh!
The sound of poetry is hmm!
The sound of poetry is posh!
The sound of poetry is hush!
The sound of poetry is wow!
The sound of poetry is row!
The sound of poetry is raw
The sound of poetry is mew.
The sound of poetry is soul.
The sound of poetry makes you laugh,
The sound of poetry makes you cry,
The sound of poetry makes you think;
The sound of poetry makes you just want to write a poem.

Matthias Pantaleon

THE WAR LORD

The Warrior took a deep cut
Archer and spear
Couldn’t pierce his strength
The pain gives him courage

How can he stop?
When the battle is fierce
And the medics displaced

He carries on
Blood stood in his eyes
Like tears in the sun

He fought like a Roman
Then slowly his strength drops
Enemies wouldn’t draw a sword
For his might was extra ordinary

The world spins
Hands tremble and his grip
Lost hold of the sword
Alas
A warrior has fallen!

Clouds gathered
And the rainbow was without a colour
Soldiers mourn
Rivalry seized
Words were sent to the king

Alas
His mother received a rose
Alas,
How many roses can replace a son?

Matthias Pantaleon

THE WEEPING POET

No one knows why a poet cries
How could they?
When the world has never
Seen a bird cry

Poets cry anyway
Long stream; high tides
The tears of a poet
Forms a line in every stanza
A nightingale delivers

The tears of a poet is a liquid poem
They flow freely like sonnet
In the theatre
Like good in a channel of plenty

A poet is a prophet of art
Art is nature
The tears of a poet
Is a mass of intellectual vapour
Floating on his mind

The price of a poet is service
His pride; humility
His tears; respect
For poetry is service, humility, respect!

Matthias Pantaleon

THERE WAS A MAN

I knew of a man men talked about
His opinion was sort after,
Never gainsaying,
He is the one with the pen;
A majority of one.
The route with many paths,
His words were his pride;
His prowess a stride.
The world trail his steps,
Palms prostrate before his awe.
I knew of a man; grey in wisdom,
The world talked so much of him
And he knew the many things
That were never said

*FOR CHINUA ACHEBE

Matthias Pantaleon

TILL IT'S GONE

In the middle of the night
I wake to be greeted with
The reality of your departure
Never thought I miss you much
Never knew I loved you more
If only I could take back words
I said that I do not mean
Decisions taken; I never meant to
Never forget that you're there for me
Never forget the things I did;
Wish I could undo
If only I'm given a second chance
I'll take it with' both hands
Cause I never hold you this close.

Matthias Pantaleon

TILL THE END OF TIME

Day by day I live with the guilt
That my overbearing attitude
Shut the light out of you.

Watching you lying there in the morgue
Among dead people
Bring back memories

Words you said to me,
Boiling points you stood by me;
Despairest hours you lift my grief…
But its I who took advantage of your good nature and bore you out of life

The life you live;
The cross you bear,
The price you paid; you did for me…
Yet I was too blind to see the hero in you

Alas, you will forever live in my heart;
Till the end of time

Matthias Pantaleon

TRAVELER

I walk too deep in
my sleep
Shoes wit' broken soles.
Sweat rest in my palms
And the load felt
Lighter on my shoulders
cause I'm used to the weight.

Its a long trek when the
night walks ahead of you!

Matthias Pantaleon

TREASURE

I will write your name
On the tablets of my heart
With the warmest of smiles to light your candle;
I will plant in your heart a garden full of roses
Water them with prayers of affection
Till they blossom & shine beautifully like candle light
For you, I will make the sun stand still;
So you wouldn’t step on even shores.
For you, I will!

Matthias Pantaleon

UMBRELLA

I couldn't love you
Any less than I reel
Poetry

I couldn't sleep
Knowing you're awake

And yes
You should know
I will always be there
Like the North Star
Watching you every step
Of the way

Matthias Pantaleon

UNGRATEFUL NATION

One sunny day,
While on patrol along Oshodi/Apapa Expressway,
We had a distress call men of the underworld
Were alleged to be having a field day in Matori

We made a U-turn at Toyota & head for Matori enroute Ladipo
On approaching the market
We, at the back of the patrol van a ford ranger jeep
Disembark and continue with bounce by bounce tactic

We had barely approach
The first ware house in the market,
When this heavy firing started coming from different directions…
It was an ambush!

After about ten minutes,
When they didn't hear us return fire for fire;
They started coming out of their
Hide out in hanger position

On three,
We open rapid on them
After two minutes of what could be tag 'Armageddon'
We left six dead & two seriously injured with bullet wound

On our side,
The driver was battling with breath
The team leader; Sergeant Ogundare
Took nineteen bullets in his chest

The vehicle was shell beyond recognition
And the communication gadget; damaged.
So we have to reach base on
Cellphones for backup & ambulance

And then drama started unfolding;
A young man in his early twenties made a shocking comment
While we were struggling to bring out the remains of the Sergeant;
He was like 'Ha, they even kill police, these guys pass Sina Rambo! '

And then he calls out
To his buddy saying
'This guys too young O!
Police self; see how they just waste their lives'

An elderly woman
Shouted from the now growing crowd
'These boys you killed're people children o! '
And then she started cursing in Yoruba language

I was dumb fold!
These boys they are talking about

Just open fire at a police van
Killing two officers in the process

These boys fired the first shot
They draw the first blood; they took life first,
And nobody cares because we are policemen:
Perhaps our lives mean nothing to the society…

If we hadn’t respond to their distress call;
They would criticize us of incompetency
Now they are condemning us
For defending our lives

The society has decay, they place values on rogue
Nobody cares when a policeman dies
Nobody cares if he has children waiting for him to come home
A wife who had turn widow

A force that doesn’t give a damn
About the welfare of her personnels
And the most painful of all;
A selfless service to an ungrateful nation

Matthias Pantaleon

UNSTABLE CREATURES

Men’re enemies of themselves,
Men’re wretch creatures theirselves,
Men‘re unbelievers;
 Unbelieving is a weakness,
An unforgiving illness;
Unforgiving is human error
Human‘re unstable creatures anyway;
They wouldn’t keep their mind sane,
For the land to be same!

Matthias Pantaleon

VALENTINO

The are beautiful;
rainbows, ribbons, roses
but love is the lullaby
i stage to perform for you
in the theatre of my heart.

Matthias Pantaleon

VALUES

Greetings are our culture
Though we borrow education
And embrace a foreign religion
Abduct a strange intonation
We need not learn what we know best
Greetings is part of our legacy
The stitches that held us together
The thread we must fasten
Hence all is lost
That we hold dear
The health we mustn’t allowed
To be wash ruin by the flood of civilization
Greetings has never done harm to nobody
All is lost that has no regard for our culture.

Matthias Pantaleon

VICTORY

Victory is not a prize
It's a battle that must be won
Brave men must die for cowards
To breath
The great lives
The mean exist
Weaklings dread dead like plague
But the sound of victory
Is a war cry

Matthias Pantaleon

WE ARE THE LOSERS

The fire we made will burn all night,
And kites will unity,
Lovers will be kept warm
Alas, we are the losers of everything.
If my lips stop trembling
When they clash with yours,
If I hesitate before answering your calls;
If your caress inch; your love hurts,
And my eyes glooms when
They met with yours;
My darling, know at that moment this heart
Has stop loving you
The fire will made will burn all night
Alas, we are the losers of everything

Matthias Pantaleon

WE TOO WERE YOUNG ONCE

There was a time
Old me was young
And dreamy.

I use to think
The world is at
My feet.
I day dream. Giggle.
dance wit' friends
and fall asleep

When I become a man
I has fewer friends
worry much. Smile less
barely sleep & thought
the world is on my head.

Then I think about us.
I think of our childhood
how happy we use to be
how we use to sing
and dance naked
In the rain with our
gigs dangling between
our legs.

We were young once
and adventurous
hunting grass cutters
in the forest of Nnewi
and chasing them girls
with our caught…
Fall in love
Kiss. Quarrel. Break up.
Make up. Fight again
Then become enemies
and friends again.

Hmmm….
We too were young once
love, smile glow
and fade away
like grasses in harmattan

Matthias Pantaleon

Where The Future Lies

You look like a member of the sky
Smile like stars in a dark cloud
Carry yourself like butterfly,
 Swimming in the bottomless sea of winds

Men themselves couldn’t help
But marvel at your ladylike manners
You make the raven rage with envy
Make nature green with desire

The girls themselves couldn’t fathom the secret
Of your grace,
You’re flawless like a pearl
A gemstone

I will never forget the day you left my side
On a journey you are yet to return,
But I’m never tired of waiting
Not today, I don’t see it happening tomorrow

The future will meet me here, waiting for you
You are the future I’m waiting for!

Matthias Pantaleon

WOMAN

She outmaneuver
Man in the race of tenderness.
Her touch to life
brings out the inner beauty
of mother nature.
Thus man christen anything
and everything
to be ‘she'

Woman
The worst creature
that ever move on planet earth.
So deceitful her ways
is cloud, many
had fall prey and
many hundred will be scapegoat
hereby lengthen the latitude
of her victims.

Yet the woman
is worth more than
purified gold and crystal.
…still, she is deadlier
than the dreaded malady.

The woman is
God's architectural piece
of perfection
still, she is the first
to rebel against providence
thru her the messiah
was born
thru her the dark one
deceived mankind

The woman,
is she worth while?

Matthias Pantaleon

ZINA

I called out your name Zina
It echoes at the river bank & flies in the air
Like a voice in the wood
But you will not answer me, any way!
'Cause I deserve the scorn

I held your hands Zina
They felt warm in mine
Hush!
Her eyes were heavy with tears,
Her lids swollen with grieve

And then
The tide came rushing
Down Her lashes
Like a cascade of water
At the Bayou

And I felt
The pain in them
Because I know you do not
Deserve these…

Matthias Pantaleon