Poetry Series

Sylvia Chidi

- poems -

Publication Date:

March 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Sylvia Chidi on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com - Please visit my website for my full Biography.

Thank you all for sharing your poetry with me and providing me with positive encouragement.

If I were a girl
I'll wake up each day
I'll tell myself to go and learn at school
No fancy mini-skirts, No acting cool as a fool
I'll play it safe with a boy
Simple jokes and simple joys
I'll stand-up for only love and equality
Not for some stupid momentary flattery
These silly lines inspire only immorality

If I were a girl
I think you would understand
How it feels to be constantly disrespected
Treated as a feminine reject even if an intellect
Thought off often as a sexual object or project
I swear I'd be a much tougher woman
I'll take out my dustpan, Let everyone
Start slowly again from where it all began

But I'm just a girl
It feels like a pitiful spell
To be forever taken for granted
Whether I'm multi-skilled or talented

If I were a girl
There will be no wedding bells
Until I'm completely educated as well
I'll always take care of me
I'll always hold onto dreams
And any boy who says he loves me
Will have to work with me as a team

But I'm just a girl
And I don't want a life of hell
I want to play with cars and not just dolls
And besides a boy I always want to be an equal

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Works:

E-book - After Red Wine
E-book - Beautiful Selected Poems (Hard Copy to be out in 2009)

1st of December

You must remember
Tomorrow is the first of December
It is time to start thinking
Of your new year resolutions
Avoid unnecessary temptations
Prevention is better than finding solutions

Give up the cigarette
Forget the day you first met

Give to the poor
Not after but before

Greet the elderly
With respect very carefully

Think of positive change
It is always there at close range

Give up the booze
It only stinks of ooze

Set aside time to pray
Set aside time to play
If you have to
Why not change your ways

Tomorrow is the first of December
Remember, a new beginning
Is always the way forward to winning

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A bad or a good teacher

A bad teacher is negatively pessimistic
A good teacher is positively optimistic

A bad teacher swears all the time
A good teacher cares in their prime

A bad teacher passes on rude fear
A good teacher has on good ears

A bad teacher discourages
A good teacher encourages

A bad teacher despairs
A good teacher prepares

A bad teacher likes to bitch
A good teacher likes to teach

A bad teacher shouts every moment
A good teacher scouts for every talent

A bad teacher is up for crude devices
A good teacher is up for good advice

A bad teacher lets students fight on in the dark
A good teacher sets students on the right track

A bad teacher feeds on their looks
A good teachers reads many books

A bad teacher sings along with wrong faults
A good teacher brings along the right results

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A Bike Is Just A Bike

A bike is just a bike
It can take you for a riding hike

A bike is just a bike
With a motorcycle it is a look alike

A bike is just a bike
When you ride it you feel childlike

But there is something I dislike
It is hard to impress and make a good strike
Two wheels and one seat available for hitchhike
Your charming words will have a declined spike
Therefore it is best to leave the bike for the dikes

Sylvia Chidi

A car is just a car!

A car is a car
If it can ride you nearby or far

A car is a car
When it gets you in time to the bar

A car is a car
When you are addressed as Madam or Sir

But for some
A car is not just a car
It is a home
After a daylight roam
It is a home
After a nightly roam
Kind of like a homelessness
Reoccurring syndrome

Now give me any banger of a car
I'll give it hotly showers of a sauna
Play sweet tunes to it from a guitar
By the time you watch me stand by it
And pose with an exotic cigar
Waiting to take you out to dinar
You may even prefer it to a modernised jaguar

You see, to me
A car is just a car
Be it in a new silver shining coat
Or one decorated with tarnished scars
The simple reality
Is they all have similar
Passenger capacity

Whether be it a personalised 8 seater stretch limousine
Or a Ferrari with an exploding roaring engine
A car is a car
A vehicle of motion
A medium of transportation
Even when it shows signs of erosion
As long as it can move from junction to junction
I personally sanction

A car is just a car

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

A drinkers wish

Make a wish
While you drink like a fish
Maybe the lady in red
Will descend on your lips with a kiss
Before the bouncer throws you out
Of the club in one piece

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

A Game Of Poker

A deck of cards, and I think of the game poker

An ace is a joker
Or a choker
In the game of poker
You can win from behind
With five, four or three of a kind

Never be in a rush
To dish out a flush
When you do, rub it in a a blush

This game of poker, I love so much
Every card and every single touch
Winners, beginners, high shakers and losers

Sylvia Chidi

A love Rat

I love the wildcats
I love their wild bedroom combats
The truth is I am a love rat
I like to talk the sweet love chat
Flattery and chitchat is my lyrical loving format

I love them slim, I love them fat
I love them round, I love them flat
The truth is I am a love rat
Even the hornies that don't take a bath
I will still bow down and take off my hat

I know by heart the path
To the many wishes of a ladies heart
But I crawl in and out of my holes
With a lusty wandering heartless soul
So allow me to fly you to the higest pole

I give tit for tat
I could reward you with a lovely pat
You see loving a woman is a form of art
Take your time or right from the start
You will get slapped or spat at

Some call me a smooth talker
Some call me a love stalker
I can be your house or tomcat
I can be your relishing doormat
I am a love rat
And that is that

I'll make your heart drum beat by beat
I'll fondle you and care for you bit by bit
And when you my lovely baby flower fades
Paddle away I shall & farewell I will bade

2010 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

A lovers arm

In a lovers arms
I find my calm

In a lovers arms
I reinstate my peace
With a sweet soft tender lingering kiss

In a lovers arms
My life long dreams are
Spiced up, stirred and stewed
Heated up with fascination
Grilled with imagination
Till they virtually become true
during our loving lifespan duration

In a lovers arms
My questions are answered
Answers to unanswered questions can wait
It is not a question of now or never
It is a question of how to make
This sweet moment last forever

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A marriage of two

A marriage of two
is for love that is true

A marriage of two
is always something new

A marriage of two
happens sometimes out of the blue

A marriage of two
is worth it when its due

A marriage of two
is a marriage of trust
Many can find themselves lost
It can be an expensive cost

They are only very few
who have a clue
of when love accrues

A marriage of two
is about love making
It is not about
money raking

A marriage of two
can be bad
A marriage of two
can be sad
You should only be glad if
A marriage of two
is for love that is true

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

A moment of fun

It was regrettably a moment
A moment of fun
Right under the sun
As I try to run
Captivated by fear
The harm is already done
I wonder which gender will be born
Where was that elastic
Known by its other name as condom?

Sporadic thoughts storm my brain cells
I better prepare a futuristic story to tell
Will it be a boy or girl?

An unwanted birth
On my cranky old bed set
Where bodies have mixed up
And churned up in anticipated sweat
I regret, I fret
I regret, I fret
Realising the damage
I rage, low on wage and engage
In remorseful thoughts
My thirst has been quenched and trenched

Was it worth it? Behold No!
Did I need it? Behold Yes!
The left overs are the fruit of my labour
The consequences are my only neighbour
At this time I need a saviour
How can I bring a child up all alone?
What direction have the warm winds blown?
In a moment of fun
I lost but he won
Now he is on the run

Sylvia Chidi

A poem with the perfect rhyme

If a poem could cost a dime
I will spend my ink and spend my time
Making the perfect rhyme

More than a million people may read it
Even if I have to sell it on credit
I will be the businesswoman with wit
Sit down! Think about it!

A penny for the perfect sentence
A penny for a poem glaring with essence
A penny for writing about the present and past tense
A penny for describing a situation that is intense
A penny if I write truthfully without pretence
As I turn away from crime
Making the perfect rhyme

If a poem could cost a pound
I will turn my life around
As I compose the perfect poetic sound
That rhymes against any background

My words will be sublime
Not just the perfect rhyme
They will be read both at teatime and during bedtime
My sentences will mature in their prime with time
As I turn away from crime
Making the perfect rhyme

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

A Poets Message

As you flick through my pages
and surrender to my thoughtful and playful words
Remember I am just another actress
on this very frightful dark stage

As a poet
Its all about display
Its all about the audience
The booing or thunderous clapping
can be substituted
by bestowing me with genuine ratings

Your random comments
will be appreciated
any time, any place, any moment
as I am on a mission
To write a million words
spice up my wordly performance
with some occasional romance

I am on a mission to write
about the people, politicians and musicians
To write about the prostitutes
That roam the redlight district each single minute

I am on a mission to write about me and you
to write about the world
and everything thats brand new or true

Now and then
I may have the writers block
Its easy to laugh
Its easy to mock
But you inspire my imagination
You are all my inspiration
as you flick through my pages

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A Prisoners Word

A Prisoner's word
Life in jail sucks
I have hit bottom rock
If only I had known
How difficult it would be
To cope in one of the toughest prison
I would have hesitated
And thought again

Thrown in Jail
Rejected bail
Sniffed out by the law as guilty
Had I known
I would have done things quite differently

Now a society system recorded failure
For an outstanding outrageous behaviour
Hustling for cigarettes
And bursting for drugs
An atlas of cells
With polluted smells

Two more years to pay
And I keep wondering
How did I end up this way?
Words were perilously playing in my brain
When I held up that bank
Before then I was hardworking and frank
Until from my job I got sacked
With my football team I got axed
From my lover a jilt letter was faxed

I became depressed
Not very strong
But I was totally wrong
This is not where I belong
Unfortunately I am all holed up.

Sometimes I dream of a jail break
Minutes later I awake
And ponder on all that money I could have raked
That wealth I would have truly cherished
However my freedom I truly relish
Knowing I will be free one day
Brings me a glimmer of hope
This shimmers regularly down my thoughtful slope
Oh this prison sucks

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

A Religious Closet

He pondered about the Lord
Setting him up
as a template
that lies and cries
was not the very idea of life
He had in mind for himself

He pondered about the Lord
How about golden spoons
and rich tycoons
As a matter of fact
what about the abstract

Sadly bitter sweet lovers they were
just for a short while
He knew
He was deep in conflict
With his religious beliefs

The candlelight
lit the night
as he pondered to the Lord
He consoled himself
while he was idle
by reading the bible
knowing fully well
He was a religious closet

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A Rose

A rose is not designed for heroes
Neither for hardened fellows
A rose for a guy will score a zero

A rose
I suppose
As it stands attractively with an elegant pose
Consumed with scents pleasing to the nose
Is for a Lady's heart and yours to get close

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A state of depression

Speak out my dear
Why hath thou in a state of depression?
Speak out my dear
I stand here waiting for thy confession

Depression is not a sign of weakness
Neither an indication of madness

I stand here not to judge you
Simply to take heed to what is true

Depression is not a crime
It only calls for love through time

Depression is a silent voice
Rooted deep inside to stop a crying noise

Speak out my dear
Why hath thou in a state of depression?
Speak out my dear
I stand here waiting for thy confession

What have you lost along the way?
Retrace your steps, I say

Who have you lost?
Take heart, everything in life must rust

What is it you want?
Grant me a permit in your hunt
But first of all let me be blunt
Condemn yourself not for your mistakes
That is what it takes for you to be awake

Life is meant to be messy and greasy
The road is not meant to be easy

Speak out my dear
Why hath thou in a state of depression?
Speak out my dear
I stand here as a friend
My compassionate heart is yours to lend
Merely to give you inspiration
And redeem you of your depression

Thus, speak out my dear!
Why hath thou in a state of depression?

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A war

A war of words, a war of words
Only in their simplicity we can afford

These spoken words when out of control
Bury nations in graves deeper than any hole

A war of friends, a war of friends
Is okay at the end if met with amicable amends

A war of skills, a war of skills
Will do us good if fun is the main course meal
And not the coveted need to feel to kill

A war of love, a war of love
But even love has its own boundaries
Think of overloading clothes at the laundries
Hate is the only thing love will not shove

A war of nations, a war of nations
Is irreversible condemnation
The effect on this earth’s population
Could be the birth of human destruction

Sylvia Chidi

A war song!

I see the soldiers marching on
Singing a cold war song
On the road they hold onto their guns
As the fighting goes on all day long

Fight, March, and fight
Shoot, aim and shoot right
Whether the sun shines, this is war
This is war whether the rains pours

This is war where we kill
Our friends, sisters and brothers
For they are our enemies for real
If they choose against us for another

They go to war
Because of a handful of political men
Who stand alive; in erect offices still holding their pens
The soldiers fight until no one stands up anymore!

Fight, March, and fight
Shoot, aim and shoot right
Whether the sun shines, this is war
This is war whether the rains pours

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A web of lies

As I lay down in my bed
and cry
I realise
It was all a web of lies

I was deceived
as I misconceived
the one identity
that I even had to question
my own sanity

I became a fatality
an instant causality
of using this facility
with hidden negative opportunites
called the internet

A web of lies
spun on the internet
Right in the chat room
dusted into my corner with a broom

I wanted to believe
I do not know why
hence created a world of my own
email addresses
flashing me messages
as cold as any marble stone
The truth was blown
When I heard my clowns on the phone

Be careful
Take care
I say with a sigh
It was all a web of lies

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A Woman with no name

I see her fly up high in the blue skies
From afar I see her stand near by

She is ugly
She holds her head up high
She is pretty
She holds her head up high
She is rich
She holds her head up high
She is poor
She holds her head up high
She is stupid
She holds her head up high
She is intelligent
She holds her head up high

There she flies
A woman with no name
The one you tried to frame

She is a friend, a sister, a mother and a lover
She is a teacher, rocker, a stalker and a comforter
She is a worker, politician and a prostitute
She is everything from complex to minute
A killer in your very mist
been fed sick pills
sent out to the road to kill
She is an instiller of the truth
when you feast demanding your manners
Her favorite breakfast banner

You look at me in disbelief and shock
As if you've just been hit with a rock
Where is your luck?

You look at me in shock
The truth is bitter
Does not only shock but sucks

There she flies
A woman with no name
The one you tried to frame

She is the one you tried to dismiss
In your bed with a single kiss
You did not listen
She was only seeking justice
She is the mother of your children
Producing grown up women and men

I see her in your eyes
As she cries

With pain, deranged from the rain
She is the one you pretend
Is not important
Right from when you were an infant
So you rant and rant and rant

She is the one you alienate, frustrate, underrate,
and try so often to eliminate

There she stands
She stands on my shoulder
Ready to embark on a journey
She is the woman with no name
The one you tried to frame

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A Woman’s Place

Many say
A woman’s place belongs in the kitchen
As if it a sin
That statement is pathetically mean
I mean why are we so keen
To have men as chefs

Gone are the days
When she’s only good in bed
Fattened up from being well fed

Now A woman’s place
Is with her child
To tame it from growing wild
Apart from flashing her smile and her eyelids
She’s a gem
She knows how to dance
And the true meaning of romance
To state a woman’s place
Is simply a hopeless case

A woman’s place
Is hard to say
A woman’s place
Is in her brain
She knows how to save your pennies
For the day it heavily rains
Saving you from losing face

A woman’s place is at work
For without her
There will be no sweet talk

Her place is also with her man
The guy who is her ultimate fan
She is the only one that
can soothe a mans disturbed mind
Her specie is really one of a kind
That melodic union she must span

A womans place
in this day and age
is one which we must embrace
Her changeless face
invigorates any race

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

A world

A world of wars
A world of order
A world of regulations
A world of laws
A world of deaths

Let us count from one to seven
There is no anarchy even in heaven
The thought would be rather nice
For those who try, chaos is the price

A world of workers
A world of organisations
A world of racialism
A world of liars
A world of dictators

As the shadows of leafless dancing trees
Fill my white wall in the silence of the night
I think, I have fished in cold at fourteen degrees
But a world of troubled minds is a terrible plight

A world of warmth
A world of opinions
A world of rationality
A world of love
A world of difference

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Jointly we can create a world of heavens!

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

Accept my sympathy

In all sincerity
It is a pathetic pity
I merely offer sympathy
With such velocity
This sadness born out of the blue
That decides to levy itself on you

In your fixed stillness
I sense your illness
Accept my sympathy

You lost a pet
Somebody made you upset
Accept my sympathy

You lost a friend
Your broken heart is yet to mend
Accept my sympathy

You were once abused
Possibly at times wrongly accused
Accept my sympathy

You marriage is on the rocks
You got divorced, left without a buck
Accept my sympathy

You lost a fortune
Your voice can’t sing a decent tune
Accept my sympathy

You lost in love or lost your job
Or perhaps at one stage got robbed
Accept my sympathy

Your life is a mess
Everything around you depresses

Whatever the circumstances
Accept my sympathy
And if I happen to show no sympathy
Please accept my sympathy!

Sylvia Chidi

Addictive Gambler

Addicted Gambler
This is a sad tale
Of a man who gambled and failed
His desire was to get rich quick
But he ended up being a losing freak

Daily withdrawals from the cash machine
Yet with money he was so mean
Never ate hence so thin and lean
Smoked away with bad breath and skin

He had other hidden talents
Which were vividly silent?
He was creative
Very imaginative
But none of that ever became lucrative

An addicted gambler
Who tried his hands at everything?
To see what his luck might bring
Spent hours scratching cards at Bingo
Tried poker though he did not know the lingo
Played and lost on various fruit machines
Never ever satisfied with a days win
Gambled on so many horses
Which all brought heavy losses?

In misery he resorted to alcohol
This also contributed to his downfall
Lost all his friends
In vain tried to make amends
After missing so many appointments

Several times he threw in the towel
When he realised
He had no more personal possessions to sell
Saying life really sucks
I don’t seem to be having any luck
But he was an addicted gambler
It was only a question of time
When he will sneak out of home as if a crime
To gamble his newly acquired wealth away again

An addicted Gambler
Absorbed with heavy numerous debts
Caused by large unreasonable bets
Spending his entire wage
Was a daily chapter in his book and page
That grew worse and worse with every age

Always borrowing more money

From his friends and family in a hurry
Saying please I wouldn’t do it again, I am sorry
His family knew he desperately required
Psychiatric assistance
That very momentarily instance
Or his mental state
Would be beyond maintenance
A very befalling state

Several times he threw in the towel
When he had no more personal possessions to sell
Saying life really sucks
I don’t seem to be having any luck
But he was an addicted gambler
It was only a question of time
When he will sneak out of home as if a crime
To gamble his money away again

After so many years he finally gave up
He knew it was about time to eventually stop
He lost it all
There were no more friends to call
He did not even have little money to have a ball
What a sad story said the coroner
This young man must have been a total loner
What an addictive gambler

Sylvia Chidi

Age

Are you in your sixties?
Common don't be rigid
Don't make age make you livid
Age can be flawless and lawless

Age is just a number
In any particular order
We may count our experiences
But they will not always match up

Age is a blast
For some memories hold fast
For others memories fade fast
And there is never an age that will last

Are you in your forties?
Common don't be frigid
The numbers come and go with a rapid pace
Slowly we must accept to grow old with grace

Age is just a digit
In youth, age we inherit
With old age one needs a permit
And both lives are usually of high merit

Are you in your teens?
How splendid!
That life moves rapid
Life could easily become valid or invalid

Age is an abstract
You can minus, add or subtract
But our ups and downs don't always add up
Age can take you to the top or make you complete flop

Age is just a figure
That in every passing moment we must endure
It is symbol of life!
That bites into the veins of society like a knife

Ignore all, ignore all
For age smiles upon us a simple joke
Sleeping on our skins as it pokes and pokes
Age is just a disguise and a harmless quote

Copyright 2012 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

AIDS

Often we are faced with that temptation
Of discharging on a stranger our sexual frustration
But prevention is better than redemption
Fantasy functions safer as it is than when put into action

First kisses, pecks and a tease on the neck
Aroused with a natural instinctive reflex
You ignore the condom! Which keeps diseases in check?
Injected later with sex you vex after infected by sex
Specs of the after effects are about to make your life complex

AIDS: Aimlessly injected deadly sex
AIDS: Annoying irritating diseased sex
AIDS: Artificial induced death served
AIDS: An invading dying shock

Your primitive rod was itching!
Her unseen clitoris ever so bewitching!
Therefore you denied yourself self control!
From wittingly falling into the forbidden dark hole
Whilst your desire fed upon a slow burning fire

Switch back; relax as your joy fades
You finally got laid and now you feel betrayed
By the aids mermaid who had you outplayed
Condom could have made the rightful blockade!

AIDS: Absolute incurable delayed sickness!
AIDS: Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

Sylvia Chidi

Am I Crazy?

This is a poem that for me elaborates a little about the thought-provoking word ‘crazy’.

Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!
Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!

Stop!
They all look at me
With words spelling ‘Crazy’
Stop! Stop! Stop! Am I crazy?

I forever rant my thoughts to my daisy,
She stands in a vase all day playing lazy
Stop! Does this make me crazy?

Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!
Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!

An adult who still sleeps fondly with a doll
Is usually described ‘a screwball’
Stop! So am I crazy?
So what is crazy?
Talking to yourself alone on the day bus
Walking the street naked without a just cause
Sleeping under your bed daily without giving a toss
Speaking to the mirror, stating you are the boss
shitting in public, wondering why they are making such a fuss
Walking and talking like a man, instead of a lady

This poem is crazy
Stop! So am I crazy?

Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!
Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!

Ranting away in my new mental home
Doctors have labeled me half-baked
Simply because of a normal mistake
I stopped acting normal
First lost all my pals, labeling me ‘Animal’
When I’m only a meat and fish cannibal
I'm accused of being mentally deranged
Because I shouted in the supermarket
as I was dollar short-changed

They say I’m mentally unstable
Pump me up daily with drugs
While tied to the bed with crazy cables
Now who is the vicious thug?
But my thoughts are still perfectly capable
Of comprehending the new meaning of crazy

What is normal?

What is crazy?
How are we so damn sure, normal is not crazy?

Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!
Blah, Blah, Blah, the Blah!
Stop! Stop! Stop! Am I crazy?

Sylvia Chidi

Americas Presidential Race

America! America!
The presidential race is on
America! America!
History is made when the race is won

The President is about to be displaced
These words are spoken with a lightface
In this little head, thoughts fight for space
Looking for evidence and clues to trace

Who can outpace?
Who can outrace?
Who can deliver not grass but grace?
As the president is about to be replaced

The agenda could be gender
In a political race of all races
The winner could be older and bolder
In this political footrace
Who does America embrace?
Which candidates do the people erase?

Who cares?
Who fears?
This change is about to and will take place
As the president is about to be replaced

No one cares if he is black or white
Or if the other man is too old to fight
No one cares if she is a woman
It is either the democrats or the republicans
Anyone can emerge as that political face
As the president is about to be displaced

America! America!
The presidential race is on
America! America!
History is made when the race is won

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Angels are for real

There is something inside that I feel
An inner strengthening of my will

What’s the big deal?
Let me reveal
Angels are for real

There's nothing to conceal
This secret you can steal
I say as I kneel
Angels are for real

I quietly appeal
With such zeal
Angels are for real

Luck they bring
With each wing
Love they air as they sing
Always there when you squeal
Whilst eating your last meal
Right by the steering wheel

Angels are a thrill
Angels are for real
They have the power to heal
Surreal as a dream!

Sylvia Chidi

Anger does not pay

Anger is red danger
But a familiar stranger

So It came as no surprise
At the times I have paid the price
More than the usual thrice
Before becoming very wise

The judge said
I should have been put in a cage
If one considers all the damage
I brought on with my rage

I knew
My anger was unreasonable
My anger was invincible
My anger was uncontrollable
But still very reversible

You see
In anger I always surrender
To the pressure I am under

In anger, I ungraciously lose
To the one I righteously accuse

In anger, I immoderately protest
Instead of letting things rest
Then trying responsibly to digest
And deal with issues best

So I say, So I say
Anger does not pay
Anger does not stay
Delay it from display
In time it will only go away

Now I know that
Anger does not pay
Anger does not stay
Calmness you should play
Before you begin to fall astray

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

As long as its music

Please play me a symphony
Make a simple cheerful harmony
Please play me a chord from a guitar
For me, it does not matter
If I'm the only audience of your theatre

Give me some instrumental vibes
All rhythms and tunes are musically ripe
There is no need to take precaution
While playing the Banjo or flamenco percussion

As long as its music
We can all heal
As long as its music
We can all feel
We can sing out our hearts and soul
We can let this music take control

Please play me the drums
We can sing or we can hum
Please play me a CD or a hit record
We could sing to the tunes of an ipod

With the sounds of music we can compose a song
Maybe sing to the town's bells chiming ding-dong
Please play me the sweet keys of a piano
Hit a sweet note that is a major or minor

As long as its music
We can all heal or cry
As long as its music
We can all feel or fly high
And I will be lost in your voice and eyes
Holding on to each minute that flies

Whatever sounds or instruments
I shall feel good in the moment
Please play me a note from a flute
Those peaceful sounds tend to soothe

I want to hear sweet, sweet music
Choose your lyrics, take your pick
My heart will dance, till she is weak
Get out that guitar, acoustic or electric

Please play me the violins of an orchestra night
String me some melodies in broad daylight
And we can rap to melodious sense or crap
While our feet's playfully tap, tap and tap

As long as its music
We can dance along the shore

As long as its music
We can all take to the dance floor
And I say once more, once more!
As long as its music, I will only ask for more

Sylvia Chidi

At forty life begins

I say it with a grin
At forty life begins

Relaunching itself
into a birthless age
Its a phase
Its a stage
Its a case
a renewed forty year package

The rebirth of youth
Its time to loose
all your old fashioned suits

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

Baby Love, walk with me

Baby Love, walk with me
Hold my hand
Set me free
With a single red rose, under a tree

I love your big beautiful blue eyes
And the way you wriggle those thighs
In the middle of the night I endlessly fantasize
Kisses, touches, moans - my dream comprises

Baby Love, walk with me
Please!
Baby Love, talk to me
Please!

Every single elegant day
Your centre stage is on display
In my own loving Romeo play
They say dreams do come true
Will you appear suddenly out of the blue?

I love your long beautiful smile
Long and beautiful as the River Nile
Your mesmerizing face tells many a tale
With successful conquests I wish to hail
When is it time for us to set sail

Baby Love, walk with me
Please!
Rock me gently
Please!

I love your dazzling strong hands
Kisses, laughter, adventures – the whole brand
It is this love of you I softly demand
Your eyes speak, they understand

Walk with me
Please!

Baby Love, walk with me
Kiss my lips
As I close my eyes

Unlock my heart with your key
Set me free
With a single red rose, under a tree

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

Baby Newborn

Out come two tiny feet
Mum wails
The head follows to complete
Mums face pales

And baby newborn is born!

Tiny hands and tiny feet
Innocent look of sweet
A mild scent
Of sweet present

And baby newborn is born!

Is it a he?
Is it a she?
I knew mum and dad were on a mission
All the Os and As were mums screaming made-up television
'Spread wide open'
I often heard dads tone
A common nomination of repetition
With the bed singing a song of cracking bones
Did either of them ever have any inclination or vision
That of me they were producing another clone!

Sylvia Chidi

Baby vs Adult

Baby is dumb
Adult has wisdom

Babies are small and crawl
Adults are tall and fall

Baby demands
Adult commands

Baby yearns to walk
Adult learns to work

Baby weeps
Adult sleeps

You carry a baby
You marry an adult

Baby chokes
Adult smokes

Baby stays at home to play
Adult brings home the pay

Baby cries
Adult sighs

Baby spikes milk
Adults like silk

And I saved this for the last
Baby at birth
Adult at death
Baby vs Adult becomes a thing of the past

Sylvia Chidi

Baby, Listen to My Heart!

Each day I listen to my heart
Mapping a path for our possible love start
My head speaks and so does my heart
Feelings of mine for you wish not to depart

With millions of gadgets
Spread across the planet
None of them can measure the way
My heart feels about you each day

Baby, Listen to my heart!
Will you be my sweetheart?
Baby, Listen to my heart!
Our heartbeats shouldn’t be beating apart

Heart to heart
We can build us bridges of love
Heart to heart
We can sing our songs of love
Heart to heart
We can trust in this thing called love

Each day I listen to my heart
My heart has constantly infinitely spoken
Each time it beats for you a work of art
Only you can heal parts that are broken

Baby, Listen to my heart!
Will you be my sweetheart?
Listen to its instant drumming
Glisten to its constant humming
Baby, Listen to my heart!
Our heartbeats shouldn’t be beating apart

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

Battle of my Demons

As I battle my demons
Inside of me
I have to comprehend each part of me
I must explore my fears
And hear
When they talk to me

As I battle my demons
I must remember to close the gates
To prevent anymore from entering
When I get a grip of why I am weak
I can strategise of how to conquer them all

I am taking a trip down reminisce lane
To jiggle my recollection of when I met
Each one of them
What was the attraction?
How was the friendship formed?
How could I not recognise
Their common quality of vice

Now I wish I had a tool to measure
before giving up my golden treasures
Who betrayed me?
I need answers
And I need them fast
I have to conquers my demons
I ought to do that fast
What ocean are they buried in
How far do I have to dive?
Oh! you wicked demons

I am ready and steady
I have got the strength
to go to any length
I am tired of your presences
Be prepared for a battle
From me
Of my worthy self

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

Beautiful Daughters

Roll on, roll on, and stare!
Beautiful daughters of heaven
Three-sixty-five, Twenty-four-seven

Roll on, roll on, and beware!
Beautiful daughters of hell
With eyes of an angel

But beautiful daughters I praise thee
Praise be onto mothers that raise thee

For when a child is born a sweet girl
Heaven itself is raised from hell

Beautiful daughters are the seeds of peace
Their instinctive love we need not decrease
Bearing along the humane fruit of compassion
The golden qualities of a cherished companion

Beautiful daughters I praise thee
Praise be onto thy mothers that raise thee

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Beautiful!

Honesty is beautiful
Kindness is beautiful
Intelligence is beautiful
Talent is beautiful

Beautiful is a romance with such abundance
Beautiful are the flowers that roam the earth
Beautiful is awaking to the sound of singing birds
Beautiful is a disguise
Playing hide and seek inside and outside
Beautiful is as naked as the rising sun
Beautiful is delightful and truthful
Beautiful is the golden daylight that shines
And the taste of sweet colored red wine
Beautiful was never ever created by mistake
Beautiful is the ingredient we bake life's cake
When all or nothing is at stake

I am beautiful
You are beautiful
We are beautiful

Beautiful is great
Beautiful is sweet
Beautiful is love
Beautiful is power

Come to me Mr. & Mrs. Beautiful
Let me into your little secret
Of why you are so obedient and dutiful

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Order 'Beautiful Selected Poems' from
http: //www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb_ss_gw?
url=search-alias%3Daps&field-keywords=sylvia+chidi&x=17&y=17

http: //www.amazon.co.uk/s/ref=nb_ss_w_h_?
url=search-alias%3Daps&field-keywords=chidi+Sylvia&x=12&y=17

Sylvia Chidi

Behold, I adore beauty

Beauty is warm and cold
Beauty is black and bold
Beauty is different for us all I am told
Beauty I would love a chance to mould
Beauty gives the finest pleasure I am told

Beauty can be bought and sold
To the one and only highest bidder
While it graciously glitters like gold

I adore beauty
Oh! How I adore beauty with a passion
I adore beauty with every last breath

Beauty itself is not exempt
From the laws of birth and death
It experiences the joys of being young and old
Blossoming each day in early youth
Maturing adoringly each day with age

Behold, I adore beauty
Oh! How I adore beauty with a passion

Beauty is something I would like to hold
Where there is too much ugly
I can bring it out of a drawer and unfold
Spread it around the entire household
Without worrying about getting a scold

Behold, I adore beauty
Oh! How I adore beauty

When out on a nightie
Quite hungry and thirsty
And you drink the last drops of milk
From a beautiful chest that is busty
I would say, that itself is a faculty of beauty

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Bitter Winter Sweet

Bitter Winter Sweet
Clattering shivering teeth
Frosty icy streets
People yearning for hot meat

A snowman freezes without heat
Snowy flakes lined up neat
Children play, laugh and sit
Schools close down in defeat

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Black or White - Political Correctness

Black, black is beautiful
All colours are meaningful
But Obama is not black, he is mixed race
Think about it; absorb this at your own pace

I'm weighing the two
Like I always do
In all fairness, in this world of madness
This is what I call 'Political Correctness'

Obama is not black but mixed race
Take a look at the color of his face
He is light skinned, not even dark
But they chose to call him black

I'm weighing the two
Like I always do
With a white mother and a father that is black
The ignorant masses prefer to refer to you as black!

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Bottle-nosed whale of river Thames

Bottle-nosed whale of river Thames
It seems at last you have found fame
In your pitiful plight
Spectators can't wait to catch a glimpse
Of your pitiful sight

But bottle-nosed whale is trapped
Lying low as his last energy is sapped
Frightened by surrounding noises
Disturbed by speculating voices
After swimming miles and miles upstream
Curosity has rewarded him with only broken dreams
Unlike a cat, you have but only one life it seems

Bottle-nosed whale of river Thames
I feel for you all the same
Hope you have found your peace at last

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Breaking the silence

Shush! Silence
I'm breaking the silence
As I finish this sentence

Six months ago
My heart said yes
My head said no, go slow

In my silence I hid the truth, expressing fear
In my silence I hid my feelings, registering no care
In my silence I hid my thoughts, refusing to share
Any of my ideas

Prosperous is the silence
Abundance of it can turn life
Into a nasty experience

Shush! Silence
I'm breaking the silence
As I finish this sentence

Ceaselessly I've combated with my conscience
Endlessly in silence I exposed my defence
Allowing all to penetrate my territory without a valid licence
I should have said no with my voice
I should have asked why by making some noise

In silence I created an air of suspense
And they capitalised on it in my absence
In silence all my thoughts mingled
Some of which should have been singled

Shush! Silence
I'm breaking the silence
As I finish this sentence
Silence I demand
Give back to me my independence

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Britains Storm

O! Britain is battered
With windy rainy tatters
The Storm has arrived
Its morning and just after five

O! Dear, Helter- skelter, Helter-Skelter
Here and there, they run for shelter
From a series of windy belters
Walking backwards is not healthier

With winds of 80 miles per hour
Florists hide displays of flowers
Homes and caravans are evacuated
And peoples moods are de-motivated

O! Britain is battered
With windy rainy tatters
The Storm has arrived
Its morning and just after five

Britain’s beautiful underlying coasts
Having nothing to boast about or toast
Britain is worried about its working day
But the weather itself has the last say

And the sounds of the windy damage
Is heard as it blows away all garbage
O! Giddy Giddy, Brace yourselves
O! Giddy Giddy, This is life itself
The Storm has arrived
It’s just after five and it’s amply alive!

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Bubbles of Love

This poem was inspired while watching the MTV reality show A Shot at Love with Tila Tequila. take it or leave it, you can interprete it the way you want.

Miss Tequila I wish to confess
There is something odd I wish to express
One day I had one shot too many for a penny
As my eyes opened up to 'Bubbles of love'

Bubbles of love
Bubbles of love
This awesome beauty that you possess
Your tanned skin calls for a touch of caress

Bubbles of love
Bubbles of love
Your succulent lips demand a kiss of finesse
And lets not forget the sexy curves you possess

Bubbles of Love
Bubbles of Love
I will fight with words not fists and head butts
I can't help feeling all hot with no second thoughts

These feelings I wish sometimes to suppress
Because I play my life like a game of chess
I know youthful beauty fades as that is its trade
But yours merely radiates over man and hand-made

Miss Tequila I wish to confess
Sometimes I do things in a little excess
It is you I wish to undress in your nightdress
While your breasts pressed against my bareness

Rather than breaking loves no one code
By driving carelessly on slippery roads
For you I'll wear my heart on my sleeve
Kisses, romance, love, the whole lot we can achieve

I see only 'Bubbles of love'
Beyond your smile and sexy little curves
I see only 'Bubbles of love'
In you, a ravishing blessing from above

Miss Tequila I wish to confess
It is you I wish and want to process
One day I had one shot too many for a penny
And in you I saw my little American Princess

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Bubbles of stress

In the era of your foolishness
Springs to life bubbles of stress
These chains that bind you senseless
Grieve your mind, control and oppress

And round and round in circles
Spins your life out of control
You bury yourself deep in your soul
When just once you were more than whole

Bubbles of stress and distress
Negativity has to be suppressed
Bubbles of progress and success
Positivity, one has to address in excess

Copyright September 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Sylvia Chidi

By the river

By the river I stand
Waves amass together with ease
Along the river banks sand
With little ripples as they please
How fascinating, these waves really tease!
Bestowing upon me a quiet sense of peace
As the tension in my muscles release

Watching with a shiver
I gaze with marvel at the river
For I am an avid believer
There is more than life it delivers

This feeling is mutual
The river signifies something spiritual
Right down below it is factual
Life form continues to mature and grow
And whilst the river flows
Who knows what life holds for us tomorrow

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Can you see the woman in me?

I am a woman
Generations of life are born out of this mother
I am a woman
So often my wise opinions and words are smothered

And with open honesty
I speak with modesty
Your sweet kisses flatter
You are to me all that matters

But sometimes when you look at me
I wonder what it is in me that you see
I suppose you can tell
That I got brain cells

But I ask,
Can you see the woman in me?
Is it a task for I wear no masks?
You try to keep me penciled in a flask
Can you see the woman in me?

I am a woman with pride
My strength is a strong tide
My road is forever rough to ride
But when it is time to take sides
Behind dark walls, you run and hide

I am a woman with love
With pretty assets that curve
And when you give me the shove
I feel a thousand boxing gloves
Have hit me deliberately from above

I question,
Can you see the woman in me?
Come Sex! , my name is always mentioned
Some Vex! , when I try to be me and free

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Candle dance

The candle dance
implies a significance
of beautiful romance

The candle dance
ensures that there is a balance
of darkness and light
Its light flickers and dances away
Leaving us all in a romantic trance

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Can't get enough

Can't get enough of your gentle touch
I like it so much

Can't get enough of your wet lips
They send me on a pleasurable moaning trip

Can't get enough of your enchanting smile
They keep me in a trance all the while
and simply multiplie in piles and piles

Can't get enough of your thoughtful ways
Showering me with your care everyday

Can't get enough of the warmth of your body
It cries out my name
and lights my heart with your flame

Can't get enough of the laughter in your voice
The sweet melody to my ears takes away all the noise

Can't get enough of your beautiful kind eyes
Sometimes I just can't help wondering why

Can't get enough of your sweet white lies
That's when I try to avoid your awful cries

I simply can't get enough of you baby!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi and Nnenna Kamara

Sylvia Chidi

Children the causalities of war

There aint no bounty hunter
There aint no gangster gunner
This aint no mafia slaughter
This aint no alien saboteur

Scattered are causalities of war
Splattered is red blood with flaws
All over children are dying
O! What an eyesore!
Moreover who is high-flying and who is lying?
Moreover who is why-crying and who is trying?

Boom bang, boom bang
Within the noise their voices drown
Minutes ago these children sang
War has painted another ghost town

They refuse to obey
When mum and dad says
'Don't go out to play'
For today is just another day
When no one can foretell
Who's destined next to visit hell!

These are the deeds of partial exploitation
Fed by seedy weeds of human imagination
One side is trial by terror
Others abide with trial by error
For with reference to the violence
This human calamity speaks no sense

Broken bones and limbs lie on dusty floors
Battered offspring bodies are exposing raw
All over children are dying
O! What an eyesore!
Moreover who is high-flying and who is lying?
Moreover who is why-crying and who is trying?

Children the causalities of war
O! What an eyesore!
With so many downgrading civilisation
Each side is guilty, just guilty differently
I have now come to that realisation

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Christmas in Amsterdam

I spent Christmas in Amsterdam
Next I will try Japan, It wouldn’t harm
Stayed in a hostel at a farm
That grew only potatoes and yam

I visited the town on the towns’ tram
Breakfast was fried eggs and cold ham
I tipped the waitress calling her 'Madam'
Rode on the river canal across the dam
Waved across to who I believe was Uncle Sam
Clear sights hindered by snowy traffic jams
Allowed my camera to stay warm in my palm
Preventing pictures from been erased in ram

Lunch was stewed rice and lamb
I ate and ignored a baby crying in its pram
Then went to bed and took a nap to feel calm
Woke up to the sound of junkie trams
Opened my window and screamed out 'Damn'
Threw a bottle out missing someone’s arm
Smoked marijuana in and out, gram after gram
Sang a Dutch song I crammed
This was my Christmas in Amsterdam
It is all true, it aint no fairy scam

Sylvia Chidi

Christmas today!

Christmas today
Is celebrated in different ways
For lucky ones are Christmas presents
Waiting to be unwrapped under the Xmas tree
Others are still waiting for theirs to be sent
Strapping on to hope
That their presents will be free

Christmas today
Signifies cards, trees, and shopping malls
Let’s not forget the homeless people
Who have no one and are sobbing

Drink, Drink
Though not to a drunken stupor
Feast and feast
Before anorexia hits you to the core
Smile and smile, be merry yet weary

But please don’t forget the lonely
Who have no one and are sobbing
While you feast in prosperity
To charity you must give, remember
Especially in the month of December

Christmas today
Is a festive holiday
Appreciate it in all thy ways
For the man who died and gave birth to life
Is the reason why Christmas today has so far survived!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Cigarette smoking

To hell with cigarette smoking
I am coughing like I am choking
Over-looking those approaching
To give me lectures and some coaching
On the possible side effects
That I know of already, like cancer
I am no idiot, just a helpless intellect

To the cigarette
I say you wanker
For turning my life around
Instead of letting me down
Now I constantly smell
Like a polluted well

This daily consumption
Is becoming a costly addiction
Make it a New Year resolution
Give up, give up
Before you take another drag
Of that audacious fag
Stop, think, and stop!

2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Clap your wings Butterfly

Clap your wings
Butterfly, Butterfly
Clap your wings
Flutter by and fly

Your rainbow flower skin.
Strikes out glaringly beautiful in the sun
Whenever you take off the land and run
Your delicate beauty alone is breathtaking
Beautiful feelings inside of me keep awaking
When you clap your wings and fly

Butterfly sing with me
Beneath any tree
Clap your wings
Flap your wings
Flutter by and fly
Let's look up to the skies
Together on a lovely summer day
Before you decide to say goodbye!

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Common, Love is on

I wrote this poem long before I met you
Because I knew one day I will meet you
You are my perfect one
You are my brightest sun

Common, Common, Love is on
We can give each other joy and fun

I wrote you into my life
As my one-and-only beautiful one
And while the young night strives on
I urge this strong feeling to survive for long
I would like to dance with you
And enhance my steps of romance with you

Common, Common, Love is on
Grab this feeling and let’s run
Let’s catch the morning sun
Let’s sing out a love song turn by turn
And if love is a definite con
Then this tender moment has just been infinitely born

Copyright 2012 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Confused Sexuality

He was confused
She was confused
A nonsensical sexual reality
A perceived established identity
Conformity of confused sexuality
A deformity of needs
Where the eyes and the body feed

Are we gay?
Have we all fallen astray?
Is it time for us to pray?
While the sun shines its rays,
We stand up proudly and say
Why do we feel this way?

His smile made him belong
To a land identified as wrong
Her kiss made her feel
It was time to dismiss
What was unreal
His touch made him want
him more and more
Her touch inspired her
She felt something
She had never felt before

The Journey of confusion
Denial and submission
The passage of life from birth
When they were all in a transition

Learning from you and me
Trying to understand the key
Of how to unlock the door to be free
Are we therefore responsible
for this confused sexual identity
Teaching them the good and the wrong
Or has it been there all along

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Contemporary Freedom

I am who I am
Because of what I am

I ask for freedom from love
I ask for freedom from slavery
I ask for freedom from hunger
I ask for freedom from desire

You know and I know
That not all seeds you sow
Will eventually grow

This is contemporary poem
Seeking for freedom with my pen

I read there was an old man
Who bade farewell to his only son
At the hands of his own gun
Where his actions contemporary?
Was his anger or concern temporary?

This is contemporary poem
Seeking for freedom with my pen

Vivid imagination leads to frustration
It could trigger a chain-reaction
Hence the concept of mass-killing
Is born out of an over-reacted feeling
There is no cure or process of healing
Once death is the meal we are dealing

This is contemporary poem
Seeking for freedom with my pen

We drink with intention to forget
We drink but later on regret
And the people are walking
And the people are talking

Talking about freedom, freedom
Talking about a heavenly kingdom
Talking about their great grandfathers and their moms
Talking about freedom in any shape or form

This is contemporary poem
Seeking for freedom with my pen

And it does not make any sense
Why we always speak first in defense
And it does not make any sense
Why our passion for life despite the struggle is immense

We crave for human heroes
Those who started from zero
Their brave tales flows tremendously
So our fertile hope elongates endlessly

So when you tell a lie
Look your victim deep in the eye
Penetrate their mind
Find out what you can find
Because freedom is a lie
Because freedom is a lie

This is contemporary poem
Seeking for freedom with my pen

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Credit Crunch Punch

I had a hunch about the credit crunch
Now it is making an unusual loud scrunch

Take a look at the whole financial bunch
Stock brokers make money on just a keypunch
Millionaires overspend on exquisite lunches
Those in poverty get the credit crunch punch
While many in this world cannot afford brunch

I had a hunch about the credit crunch
Now it is making an unusual loud scrunch

With Governments pumping billions into bank
As Banks claim to have an empty money tank
Everyone moans about previous inadequate loans
But the inevitable can no longer be postponed

I had a hunch about the credit crunch
Now it is making an unusual loud scrunch
As we all have to face the credit crunch punch

Coypright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Credit crunch!

I hear no sound of joy or laughter
As the markets crash like thunder
Take a look at the whole financial bunch
Many made money on just a keypunch

Banks which once stood brave
Are now begging to be saved
With Governments pumping billions into banks
Because many claim to have empty money tanks

People’s savings are wiped off the record
Sit home! Sit home! Calculate what you can afford
For fast is this growing curse flowing
As the financial chaos wind keeps blowing

On each lip only two words are spoken
Credit-Crunch!
Behold the whole Financial Market is broken!

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Crickety-Crack, the boat went!

My prayer goes to those who lost their loved ones,

With my face in my palm
The sea angry, far from being calm

Crickety-Crack, Crickety-Crack,
The boat went
And in that moment
I was very scared

Crickety-Crack, Crickety-Crack,
The boat went
And in that moment
I feared for our lives
All that was on my mind was
How we were going to survive

Unlike the doomed Egyptian ferry
Nothing happened, though I was very weary
And far from being merry

I could feel the power of its engine
If this boat went down
No one would win
No one would know where to begin

Everything on the ferry was shaking
People were just sitting and faking
Or perhaps I was mistaking
Because of the looks of unconcerned faces
If there were scared
There were no significant traces

Crickety-Crack, Crickety-Crack,
The boat went
And in that moment
I became very nervous
With the complete knowledge
The sea is such a powerful force

A reassuring hand
Made me understand
What is to be, will be
I suddenly realised the Sea
Is far more superior to the Land

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Critical Readers

Critical emptiness I perceive
From some readers
They have no idea of entertainment
Only masters of displaying envious resentment

My words give you no right to talk
And make unnecessary comments that suck
Why such negativity
When all I share with all is my creativity

Critical readers
Before you key in words of condemnation
Into my commentary space
Be sure to be an established Poetic Leader

For if I look into your poetic page
And see only an empty hopeless space
Or a few pieces of poems hanging loosely
All over the place
I will only say, you are an ultimate disgrace!

When I write, I do so to entertain, not to get advise from wannabe Train the Trainers. My poem What is music to you is a fantastic poem to me. If you don't like it, keep your fingers in your pocket.

Sylvia Chidi

Culture

If we put closure to culture
Then in isolated torture
We suffer as human creatures

So shall we remain cultured?
And mature slowly in grace
Or attempt losing face
At a certain time or a place!

Even the scriptures and sculptures
Historical or man-made
That we rely upon with to trade
Are not exempt from culture

So what is it about culture?
That makes a pleasant picture
This cultivated feature
Inspiring us to venture into adventures
Nod our heads in distasteful gestures
At certain unpleasant natures

For the values a society captures
With or without structure
Right now or in the future
If I may have to lecture
Is acknowledged as culture!

Sylvia Chidi

Daddy please don't cry

I know we don't always
See eye to eye
O! Daddy please don't cry

You gotta to know
Your baby gotta grow
Throw away for once your ego
One of these heads gotta bow
Or we will continue to row and row

O! Daddy please don't cry
This is not the way
I want to say goodbye
Wipe those tears
Your daughter cares
Her love is always there and near
Daddy, I am always with you my dear

O! Daddy please don't cry
I tell you no lie
You are one hell of a father
I will never forget
You are one hell of a father
I will never regret
This is not the time for morning blues

I love you Daddy
I love you Daddy
I know Daddy loves me too

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Darling, Kiss Me

Darling, kiss me brief
Dance upon my lips
My heart aches for gratifying relief
Let our mouths be momentarily zipped

I can easily linger in your kiss
Day and night with pleasure
It is the bringer of my peace
A fundamental loving cure

I imagine tongues entwined in your kiss
As your lips gently caress my lips
Lightly, I undergo a sense of romantic bliss
While our tongues indulge in loving friendship

My heart is yours
Delightfully pure
Each day I want you more and more
Your delicious kisses I want wild and raw

Let us start by kissing passionately
Regardless of the occasion
Our destiny will be sealed fatefully
You keep calling for my inner celebration

Darling, kiss me strong
Let my hunger grow so deep
Darling, kiss me long
Each night before I go to sleep
Dance upon my lips
On this seraphic trip

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

Death is a Threat

Death is a threat.
That almost everyone fears.
But to every beginning.
There must be an end.
Even worse is when you know.
what others don’t.
Something like Death.

How do you take it?
What can you do?
How you do you live your life
until your time is due.
Forgive all your enemies.
Take each day as it comes.
If you are in a position to,
Accept your fate.
And pray before it is too late.

Death is a threat.
We hate to relent.
It visits us randomly.
There is no perceptual structure.
Don't try to analysis it for that is mental torture.
Treasure each day as you live.
Love is what you should strive to find.

Death is a threat.
To our every day life’s.
It can turn our whole world upside down.
Destinies forcefully change overnight.
Sometimes for bad or for something very right.
Your best friend leaves for ever.
Your life long dreams die when you thought never.
But it is all a test.
During which your strength manifest.
Better, don’t let Death know when you are expecting it.
Or for death that will be a treat.

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Diana - The Spiritual Art Sculpture

Every fragment of your Sculpture
Breathes light, life and love all over me
When a nights silence is left unbroken
Lo and behold! A beautiful morning is awoken

O! Why? O! Why?
O! I don't know why
I write these words for thee
In those eyes, I see a part of me
An assembled reality of immortality
An unadulterated moment of purity
That intense symbolic sign of spirituality
Yet in reality, your life lay in the hands of destiny

Every inch of you bears character
A friend, lover, mother and daughter
Your sculpture occupies more than matter
Beautiful are your smiling eyes
Beautiful are your lips
Both deserve a kiss of everlasting peace

I speak for all as the years pass by
Our love for you only increases
Sorrows for you appear not to decrease
By chance one day we shall all try!
And grant your soul rest in one peace

Poem by Sylvia Chidi(Copyright) - 29/12/2007

Check out amazing sculpture pictures at
http: //womenball.com/sylviachidi/index.php?
option=com_content&task=view&id=176&Itemid=39

Sylvia Chidi

Disaster strikes anywhere

I rather tell you a joke
Or give you a little poke
But disaster strikes anywhere
Here or there, far or near or elsewhere

I have cried my own fair share of tears
As disaster unfortunately strikes anywhere
Hanging uncomfortably in the air fresh
Is the uninterrupted decomposing of flesh

And no one knows tomorrow
Nor the impact of such horror
That has befell the people of China
Not excluding the people of Burma
Deliberately raining a song of sorrows

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Do I know why I love thee?

If love were to grow vastly on trees
I could pluck the fruits of our love for free
It all starts with a kiss and I tremble
In full moonlight as our warm lips assemble
The sparkle in your eyes holds the answer
The softness in your voice each day matters
O love! Do I know why I love thee?
For you, my love will always bow on two knees

I may not know all the reasons I strongly plea
Maybe it is the neat reality of destiny and chemistry
But long before our kiss took its rightful place
I wondered about touching your beautiful face
With my long ears to the ground
I felt but only love when you were around
O love! Do I know why I love thee?
Maybe it is the sweet complexity of your personality

Though we sometimes tend to disagree
I know with you I never get critically angry
To me you are very special
You make me feel immortal
Your presence, your laughter, your lips of wine
Day by day I consume your love before I dine
O love! Do I know why I love thee?
Maybe your love is my only hearts key

It is not just your looks
Nor the fact you are a groovy cook
Maybe underneath my duvet cover
I discovered you make the best lover
Or perhaps your smile with the twinkle in your eye
And with your kissing sprees I tend to fly quite high
O love! Do I know why I love thee?
Do I really know why you are my sweet honey bee?

And I have loved and loved dearly before
Long before you came knocking on my door
Love is Love, out with old and in with the new
Each day I yearn so dearly of being with you
Maybe our love will blossom in time
Maybe our love may endlessly rhyme
O love! Do I know why I love thee?
O love! One thing I know is I do love thee

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Domestic Abuse

Take a look at the life some choose
Slapped until cheeks are bruised
Kicked till the teeth become loose
Hate and love may be sometimes confused
But the victims always have their own views

And so I watched the accuser
Run back forgivingly to the abuser
And I was certainly not amused
I observe with scorn in my passive silence
People born to massive domestic violence

And the list goes on until I snooze
Some lovers do it due to alcoholic booze
Domestic abuse flows with blows and shoes
Personal confidence is reduced
Regular beatings are introduced
Until there is no more aggressive juice
While the culprit is always on the loose

Victims of domestic abuse
It is time to break loose
From this low esteem glaring excuse
Or tomorrow you will sow the final bad news

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Don't cry with eyes wide open

We have seen the power of the oceans
Don't cry with eyes wide open
Our loved ones have all been stolen
Don't cry with eyes wide open

Tsunamis and earthquakes
Buildings shake
Buildings break
And you forever weep with painful heartaches
Asking silently 'Does the earth make mistakes? '

Misery and unspeakable floods
The dead lay buried in pounds of mud
And the sadness in their eyes is not odd
Is this the great power of GOD?
Or is life another big fraud?

For those who have lost it all
Don't cry with eyes wide open
It takes time to recover from a great fall
Don't cry with eyes wide open
We have seen it all before
The brutality of nature is hardcore!

As the media make tragedy a newsbreak
We sit globally in our comfort zones
Watching the people of Japan in distress
As the nuclear episode evolves into a mess
My heart aches with eyes wide awake
People are out there hungry with cold bones

Don't cry with eyes wide open
Perhaps as the earth comes to its senses
We can wrap our tragedies in past tenses
Don't cry with eyes wide open
For there is always hope
Swimming around with waves of positive motions

Copyright 2011 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Don't give up hope

Don't give up hope
Don't give up hope
There is still a whole slew of scope in hope

I know how you feel
Your predicament is unpleasant and real
Before you crumble and stumble
Like a lone wolf in your solitary struggles
I hear the sadness in your tongue
Realize that your suffering will pass
Its duration may be long
Hang in there, be strong
I know the words to your plightful song
You are not where you wish to belong
But giving up hope is forever wrong
A flower never fumbles and gives up hope
While waiting for its daily water
Hope is all to it that matters

Don't give up hope
Don't give up hope
Clutch on tight to all ropes
There is still a whole slew of scope in hope

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Doors will open

Doors will shut, open and close
I ask of you not to cry
While your troubles stir and fry
I ask of you not to sigh

Write this down with a pen
I cannot say when
Nevertheless, doors will open

Find those loose ends and tie them with a knot
Make some effort
Do not listen to any buts
You are the main decider
The one and only jockey rider
Of your own track events
Try to be patient
Not all rewards are heaven sent

So write this down with a pen
I cannot say when
Nevertheless, doors will open

Believe in yourself
Set out your goals
Think about yesterday, today and tomorrow
Keep walking even if hit by blows
Sometimes progress itself is slow
Yet, when it strikes you out of the blue
You will realise that it is indeed true
Doors will open!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Down to the beach

Down to the beach
Down to the beach
On a sunny day we go

Beach bags packed with sun screen lotions
Hands rubbing people’s backs in slow motion
Glistening oily bodies radiating with sensation

Down to the beach
Down to the beach
Where a chilly sea breeze blows

Let’s have some fun
In the red-hot sun

Down to the beach
Only there the ladies reveal saucy behinds
Whenever the raging sun is still kind

Down to the beach
As never-ceasing waves play across the shores
People happily play dreading any rainy downpour

Down to the beach
Where young lovers closely nestle
As sand creatures cause the sand to bristle
Seagulls gliding in the air with screams and whistles
Kids picking up shells and building stormy sand castles

Down to the beach
Where mostly good vibes flow
Down to the beach
We go whilst there is still sun without snow

Sylvia Chidi

Dreams

Dreams come in any shape or form
With a positive or negative outcome
You got to believe
In the ideas you conceive

Dreams come and go
Let your thoughts flow
You got to believe
In the ideas you conceive

Dreams can suddenly explode
From novice to advanced mode
Dreams can be boring or be fun
To be real they all need to be worked on

You got to believe
And live with the ideas you conceive
You got to believe
If you give you will eventually receive

Dreams are special
Dreams are emotional
But many a dream
Is only attained as a team

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

Drunken Life

Drunken Life
I wake up on a Sunday Morning
To the sound of cars horning
Smelling of booze
And a particular ooze

No wash, no breakfast, no amount of food
Can put me in my desired frame of mood
All dressed
From yesterdays mess
I am ready to visit my favourite spot
This is where I once fought

A pub with loads of alcohol
Where I can stand up all mighty and tall
Six pints of lager
And I stagger
But hold on it is not yet over
For I am in Dover in my Rover
Prepared for a sleepover from any type of hangover

I am now boarding a ferry
As I am high and merry
To Calais a land of gold
For the old and bold so I am told
I am hoping to smuggle without a fine
6 cartons of cigarettes and 6 cartons of wine

This is the life of a sadistic drunk
It’s quite a contrast from that of a monk

6 shots of spirits
And I am ready to vomit
So I sit while I take out my kit
A special small emergency bucket
So I can pour out my juices like a rocket

People in the city
Look at me and feel pity
As I beg for change
What a shame at my age
I still want more
For this body is hardcore

This is the life of a sadistic drunk
It’s quite a contrast from that of a monk

With a bottle of beer in one hand
I wave it around like a magic wand
My head is spinning
I am no longer winning
I slumber to the street

My body has given up in defeat

This is the life of a sadistic drunk
It’s quite a contrast from that of a monk

I find myself waking up in a cell
Just as I dreamt that I fell
It is cold and freezing as hell
From my face you can easily tell

A policeman says to me
By the way I forgot to mention
Six more cautions
And you will spend the entire winter season
In one of the worst prisons

Please I say, I will not do it again
I may be stupid but I am definitely not insane
I am immediately released
As if infectiously diseased

Outside I think of some gin and tonic
And start to begin to feel quite erotic
Stop I say for today
I need to take a break
For my life is at stake

This is the life of a sadistic drunk
It’s quite a contrast from that of a monk

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Eleven rules of football

I took my little boy
to a nearby football pitch
He said he was tired
of playing hide and seek
He now wanted a football
to play around and kick

As he clutched my hand
I spoke to him
and tried to make him understand
the eleven rules of football
taking into consideration
that he was quite small

Now rule number one
Football is made of eleven strong men
When one or two are naughty
you may still get away
with playing nine or ten

Rule number two
When a member of your crew
hits the ball into the net
A goal is scored
that I can place a bet
For I am very sure

Rule number three
The maximum number of players
you can substitute is three
It does not cost a dime
It is totally free

Rule number four
There are rules you must comply with
When a team commits an offense
named a foul
before the game can commence
A small advantage has to be given
to the otherside

Rule number five
A freekick
is given after a foul
Sometimes awarded after
unnecessary dives

Rule number six
When you are shown a card that is yellow
Its time for your temper to mellow
or you will get the referee quite mad
and he will dismiss you with a red card

Rule number seven
A penality is like heaven
It is awarded
when a player breaks the rule
maybe by using his hand as a tool
to play the ball inside the penalty box
its time for him to go back to school

Rule number eight
A throwin
Is when the ball is kicked out of the field
It's one of footballs favorite sins

Rule number nine
Offside is
When you are the only one running
alone to score a winning goal
you must hesitate
till you see a single soul

Rule number ten
A game lasts
for ninety minutes
You are beat
When your team has less goals than the other
That is when you must admit defeat

Rule number eleven
when your team is losing
you have to sing something amusing
saying
All we want is a goal
While we are dressed in coloured charcoal

Now my little boy
I said
These are the eleven rules of football
lets go and practise inside the sports hall

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Environmental Pollution

Environmental pollution
Is a collision of masses of waste particles
That requires an immediate solution

My heart saddens when I realise
There will come a time when all rainforests
Will turn to barren stretched marked lands
When rivers will be invaded by all weather pests

I wish we could plant a tree next door
Control the toxic waste released into our waters
Control the toxic waste released into our atmosphere
I despair and fear because I care
About what we breathe in from the air

Help! environmental pollution
Technological advancement has its negative sides
Smoke, smog & waste is mixing with carbon dioxide

Everyday toxic chemicals we are releasing
And fresh water reserves are decreasing

So help, help
Help find a solution
To Environmental Pollution

The air we consume
Is polluted with all kinds of fumes
If we continue like this
We shall be doomed
We shall be doomed!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Evil!

Once you were civil
Until desire brought upon evil
For the sake and love of wealth
You hit good people below the belt

Don't you know what I already know?
All substantial material will come and go!

Evil is the enemy and is envious
Evil is vengeful and vicious
Evil is ill, immoral and inauspicious
Evil is loathsome and lawlessly ludicrous

Once you were civil
Until desire brought upon evil
You conceal, steal and kill
To round up your shady deals

I do not wish to intrude
Neither do I wish to be rude
But did you know as you should
That evil will never conquer the good

Sylvia Chidi

Farewell my friend

I could easily foretell
You had something to tell
As you dropped a stinking bombshell

Farewell, farewell my friend
With words I spell
It all out in a nutshell

Farewell, farewell my friend
What else can I say?
When you take off today for good

Farewell I say with a broken mood
Farewell there goes my wedding bell
Farewell there goes your innocent smell
Farewell there goes our fun in and out of hotels
Farewell I hope that life treats you well

Farewell in your ventures
Our spent time is my treasure
Your heart must wander to where it belongs
Friend, I only urge you to be strong
With love you can simply do no wrong
I say it with these words tipping off my tongue

Farewell, farewell my friend
I am a great believer
Farewell is not forever
I say not goodbye
I do not wish to sit and cry

Farewell, farewell my friend
What else can I say?
You weren't meant to stay
I will do nothing to detain
You from flying on that plane

Farewell, farewell my friend
I say with pain
Farewell, farewell my friend
In sunshine or in rain
One day, one day
I know we'll see again

Farewell, farewell my friend
I cannot stand and pretend
That a part me
With you, would still like to be!

Sylvia Chidi

Fear

I smell it here, I smell it near
In our hearts, body and soul we wear
Fear! Year in and year out in full gear

Fear of death
Fear of rejection
Fear of loneliness
Fear of poverty

I hear it near, it stinks of hell my dear
In our hearts, body and soul we wear
Fear! Year in and year out in full gear
At times overwhelming and impossible to bear

Fear of being ridiculed
Fear of being single
Fear of being truthful
Fear of life always holding on to survive
Fear of change and what surprises it sprinkles
Fear of old age painted with priceless wrinkles

Let me tell it like Shakespeare
And make it plain and clear
Listen why be afraid of fear?
When fear itself can’t talk, walk, see nor hear!

Sylvia Chidi

Fear of Death

In death we die alone
to dust and bone
we return to take our
rightful place on earths throne

Dying of an endless cancer
Whispers on the cold clay earth

A stillness in the air
Filled by sudden fear
When the shadows of darkness
are knowingly very near

A stillness in the air
Filled by sudden fear
Whats next, When and where
Curiosity of thoughts
above or beyond
A heart beats endlessly
pondering on what is out there
which remains a mystery

Sylvia Chidi

Flowery Garden

They blossom in the flowery garden
elaborating on details of colours
and the sweet fragrance of nature

In the corner
There lies the African Lily
Secret love of the nile
Swimming across many miles

The lily of the valley
whose tears
are washed beneath the earth
stands near the sunflower
who is filled with pride and power

The flowery garden displays
clones of different species
of a thousand lillies
representing life's symbolic gifts

perfumed air
sweet scents
rising from a flowery tent
as the roses auction
their coloured petals

A moment of ecstasy
reveals the orchid as it articulates
its blissful departure to the only Sweat Pea

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Forgotten Pain

Darling!
I have long forgotten the pain
And your melodic antics
Which nearly drove me insane

I have long forgotten the pain
That moment I was passing weak
With nothing to lose or gain

You were on a mission
With your idyllic vision
You broke my heart; it was your decision
But alas! Time itself is an illusion

I have found myself
Like a reader finds a lost book
In the middle of a bookshelf
My strength cannot be broken
I have now dutifully awoken

Move on
Move on
My Darling!

I have long forgotten the pain
All the stress and all the strain
Is now flushed down the drain

Life is too short!
For tempers to flare hot
My Darling! It is just too short!
To store pain in ones pot!

Sylvia Chidi

Fountain of Love

Bestow upon me a fountain of love
Let me taste your purity in its true form
I who stand here believe in your love
Whether it decides to go or come
Depending on the season that spreads
Across the years for simple reasons

Restore my faith in love with every sprinkle
Adore my faith as I bath in you
Harmoniously in youth and age with every wrinkle
Together and forever
I salute thee!

I believe that love
Starts with a smile
That lasts longer than just a while

I believe that love
Feeds our hearts together
And mostly enduringly forever

I believe that love
Is only existent
When truly deemed as important

Important it shall be
To those who want to be free
To those who want to feel and see
As you bubble out the essence of love

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Freedom is walking

It is spoken man is born equal and free
To a degree the world disagrees
Some foresee what others cannot see
Freedom is walking away with glee

We have a right to Christmas with a tree
We have a right to enjoy a shopping spree
We have a right to travel the land and the sea
We have the right to an educational degree

Stop the silly talking
Whilst Freedom is walking
Freedom is not a jubilee
Freedom is not a guarantee
Who says Freedom is free?

It is spoken man is free of thought
Without the need to fear higher courts
Some have spoken and finally resorted
To hide their thoughts from being reported

We have a right to a chosen culture
We have a right not to be tortured
We have a right to nationality and security
We have a right to be part of a minority

Stop the silly talking
Whilst Freedom is walking
Freedom is not part of community
Freedom is never an informality
Who says Freedom is immunity?

We want opinion without distinction
We want a world without discrimination
We want a kingdom of utter freedom
We want it in all shapes and form

Stop the silly talking
Whilst Freedom is walking
Stop the silly talking
Whilst Freedom is mocking

Sylvia Chidi

Friendship with romance!

So you want a piece of my
Rosy, cushy, juicy pie
I'm afraid, without romance on supply
This refined lady is not going to comply

Before into my world
You make your entrance
Remember this lady loves romance

So how about friendship with romance
Maybe you may stand a chance
Send me sweet roses once in a while
Make it your number one style

I need you now, not as a lover
If that is your immediate aim
You'll be sucked out of my life with a hover
So how about friendship with romance

Now and then, take me out to dance
Hypnotise me, enchant me in a trance
With words and your exquisite rainbow smile

Don't just tell me, 'you fancy me'
I'll buzz these words to you like a bee
Go take a hike by the sea
Till you roast and dry

So you want a taste of my
Rosy, cushy, juicy delicious pie
I'm afraid, without romance on supply
This refined lady is not going to comply

You have no money! That's no excuse
There are so many different ways to amuse
I love romance
I eat romance
I sleep romance
Send me little sweet notes
Put them in a bottle
Out in the sea to float
I love romance with a passion
Mesmerise me with some imagination

Don't try pushy or bushy
There is simply no chance without romance
Of the sweet taste
Of my rosy, cushy, juicy delicious pie

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Funny

Funny is laughter
Funny is fun
Funny is healthy
Funny is nice
Funny is amusing
Funny is comical

A pelt of pranks
Above the normal ranks
Is funny when it is on
Yet quite sad when gone

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Gently my Friend

Gently my friend
Gently gently my friend
For your words only tend
To extend
The moment I descend
Upon you with the truth

Look at us
Let’s examine our personal fuss
That’s dissolved our years of harmonious union
And created total fusion
Of distrust and tension

How can you question my loyalty?
And condemn it as utterly faulty
When only yesterday
You pronounced me
As the best friend you ever had
Oh! My friend, how sad!

Think about what we’ve been through
We have hitched hiked the world together
Laughed and cried together while writing chapters of our book
Trust me our experiences have not been a fluke

We have been through the whole lot
I have watched you grow
With love, respect and admiration
I can predict what mood swings you are going to show
In a minute or a fraction in a reaction to my actions
Yet now you call me a slut

I know I have stood you up on numerous occasions
At restaurants, bars and clubs for celebrations
But did it ever occur to you
That I was going through a whole load of shit
Even contemplating personal defeat
Maybe I am saying this with a resentful tone
But there are so many times
Even with your presence I have felt alone

Gently, gently my friend
I strongly recommend
That we take our time and pretend
That this damage is repairable
Because from experience
Self defence is the worst type of defence
To impose between me and you

Let’s examine where we have gone wrong
My faith in you is still very strong
Is it because I lied to you

That is absolutely nothing new
You have known me for so long
To accept me for my weaknesses
When I do lie
It’s because I do try
Very hard to be perfect for you
I know its wrong, what I do
That’s why lately I try to be true
Because in my heart I truly value you

Gently Gently my friend
I know there was a time
I really hurt you when I took away your love
While tying to blend and extend my horizons
I took what we had for granted
I was only after my selfish needs

I was completely blind
And you were extremely kind
To forgive me
When I saw the light
Oh! Friend please don’t give up the fight
Let’s not plunge into a plight
Oh it will make such a pitiful sight

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Good Bad Friendship

A bad friendship
is like a sinking ship

A good friendship
Don't trade for riches, try to keep

It is not always okay to share
cries and laughter
with total strangers

A good friendship is the only bond
That can be compared to a precious little diamond

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Greed

Where there is a need
There is always greed
A rotten exploiting deed
That manifests with speed

When there are mouths to feed
Read between the lines and take heed!
Lurking around is an Inspiring greed
Ready to take advantage and proceed

Even when there is no need to succeed
By now it is agreed, there is always greed
Our desire for more always exceeds our needs
Hence wealth, power and greed have always been married

We always want more
Sometimes I don't know what for
I read to understand what generation of breed
Has given birth to this senseless weed
Because life is a circle of endless greed

I urgently need to know, I plead
Who planted this seed of greed to deliberately mislead?

Sylvia Chidi

Green, green and green

I want a holiday with a scene
Of green, green and green

A summer of green trees
A landscape of green grass
A view full of green vegetables

The colour green
Is a beauty that must be seen!
From a moving vehicles screen

And while we hold onto those machines
That deprives us of the colour green
Remember they provide us vaccines
As well as help the air to be clean

So for green, green and green
I will travel continents across and in-between
And also to any place that I have never been
I will make it routine
Just to see green, green and green

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Guide me to your Heart

What will it take?
for Heavens sake
to convince you
I will not be a mistake

Take my hands
Guide me to your heart
I may not be perfect
Take time to reflect
Before you insert
A barrier between us
Don't turn this
Into a big fuss

Can you not see?
what is real?
Can you not smell
the freshness of the open sea
Can you not feel
the love sensation here
That is about to explode
Why not let me unlock that heart
With your golden secret code

Guide me to your Heart
It is worth the risk
I want to whisk
you off to my magic land
So that you can feel
The true meaning of love
Like a white flying dove

For once
Trust your intuition
This is not a marriage
or an institution

I want to be there for you
When you are feeling blue
I know you feel this way too
The time is now due
Guide me to your Heart

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Happiness

Happiness is a state of mind
It is out there in all shapes to find
Just like a star, an exciting illusion
Specifically designed by nature's institution

Happiness is one of the greatest things
That can happen to a human being
It is nothing and it is something
It is also everything

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Happy

We ate the cafes of Chancery lane
We danced Spanish Salsa in the rain
We spoke of visiting countries like Mexico
Later we listened in tunnels to our echoes

In the darkness of the truth
We searched for our roots
Friends make us happy
Family makes us happy
Good health makes us happy
Wealth makes us happy
Love makes us happy, but why?

We marched the parades in New York City
We attentively listened to war news with pity
We sang songs of freedom by great grandfathers
As we watched a salient fireworks extravaganza

In the discovery of the truth
Each made recovery by thoughtful input
Living makes us happy
Giving makes us happy
Good health makes us happy
Wealth makes us happy
Love makes us the happiest, but why?

We sailed the continental slopes of Asia
We flew from Japan and ended up in Australia
We trekked the sandy lands of the Sahara
And in some countries we traveled by car

And in a breakthrough of the truth
We made friends shaking hands while on foot
It takes a little to be happy
For some an army of little candy
A smile can make one happy
Almost everyone wants to be happy

Freedom makes one happy
Good people make us happy
Not those who treat us badly
Entertainment makes us happy
Love makes us the happiest, but why?

Sylvia Chidi

Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
How old are you today?

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
All the girls can stay

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
Turn and shake away

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
Let’s jump around and play

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
You need a holiday

Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
Wish you well each and everyday

Copyright 2005 Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Happy New Year

Happy New Year
Find a new hobby
Find a new honey
Happy New Year

Quickly a year has come and gone
In blistery winter another year is born
First we celebrate as a nation
Champagne, wind and spectacular fireworks displays
Finally we contemplate on New Year resolutions

Happy New Year
Learn to eat healthy
Yearn to be wealthy
Happy New Year

Fiercely learn to walk before you run
This experience through the year is rather fun
With thirst set these principles in motion
Before you awaken the next day
With red jelly eyes from a hangover situation

Happy New Year
Give up the smart smoking
Forgive more and start joking
Happy New Year

Happy New Year
Obtain a skill, perhaps a university degree
Always remember nothing is ever for free
Happy New Year

In this festive season
Problems are precious gems
And there is an obvious reason
We learn critical lessons from them

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Happy New Year my Dear

Happy New Year my dear
Lets have a beer
I still have money left in my brassiere
Happy New Year my dear

I f you have ears
There is nothing to fear
Even if the future is unclear
You shall listen and you will hear
May the year bring you lots of cheers
Love, health, wealth and a dashing career

Happy New Year my dear
Smile to everyone that is near
Ensure your smile is brief and sincere
Happy New Year my dear

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

sylviachidi.com womenball.com\sylviachidi

Sylvia Chidi

Have you ever been sick?

Have you ever been sick?
Walked that hospital floor with a stick
Have you ever been sick?
Had an operation painted graphically horrific

My knees, weak they felt
I heard their voices melt
Into pain from poor health
For them rebirth or death sickness spelt

Suddenly I realized life is not static
While listening to a tale so tragic
A mother cried at sicknesses trick
Her family of four it decided to pick

At any time we can lose
Anyone sickness decides to abuse!

Have you ever been sick?
In vain visited numerous clinics
Have you ever been sick?
Wondering where life will next kick

Have you ever had a cough?
Thinking you are having it so rough

Have you ever suffered from heat?
Knowing others gave up there in defeat

Have you suffered from cuts?
Or open wounds that severely hurt

Have you ever looked at the sick?
And thought anyone of them eccentric

Health is wealth and good health for sure
Is created by thoughts that are deemed pure
While the clock goes tick-tock-tick
If you ever find yourself sick
It helps to eliminate the negative traffic
With more than just a mere flick

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Have you got the courage?

Have you got the courage?
To deal with personal baggage

Have you got the courage?
To embark on a new voyage

It is crystalline common knowledge
Many a woman born with courage
Has had piffling or no privileges
To travel through life’s hideous passage
And stand stubbornly by her message

Highs but not the lows, If you one of those
Have you got the courage, to end your marriage?

Have you got the courage, to face your fears?
Or experiment with new ideas

Have you got the courage, to say you love me?
And maturely accept if I glee or flee

Have you got the courage, to repair all self inflicted damage
Before your life becomes wastage

Have you got the courage, to learn a new language?
Can you manage with new knowledge?

Have you got the courage, to admit your gruesome rage?
Instead of acting like an actress on stage

Courage comes with age
When priority is no more image
Courage comes with change
Evolving from leadership shortage

In life, at this stage
Courage is something you must engage
It must be clearly visible in every page

Sylvia Chidi

He was a one night stand

I hoped he would understand
Afterall he was a grown up male
Used to frequently dishing out this same tale

There he stood out at the club
As I sat listening to a rock band
My legs were weak
My pants were wetting up like a freak
my heart was pounding
Tick, Tock, tick
my nipples were standing still
waiting for strong hands to feel them
and touch them until they stood erect
They strongly needed that effect

He was a one nightstand
but also arrogantly a snob
Somehow I managed to wave my wagic wand
In a land of music as he followed me
to my hotel hub
We started out in the bathroom tub
I had a strong sexual urge
So a huge interest in him I forged

As he pumped in and out
I had to rest with a bottle of stout
Before we copulated again
having a ball
In between it all
We caught a few hours sleep
then I disappeared
leaving him with memories to keep

He was a one night stand
I hoped he would understand
Instead I was bombarded
with numerous phonecalls
telling me that standing him up
would be the begining of my downfall

He stalked me night and day
'Its over accept, I would say'
He stopped me once on my return from work
it was dark and the streets were empty
but he wanted to talk

'When we made love, why did you show me feelings of care'

' Sweetheart I did then but no more, I'm afraid this life is unfair'

' But it was real, I could feel it'

'Then I am afraid I played against your wit'

I have never heard from him
After that night
I just hope my feeling is right
Its all over as it almost seems
He was a one night stand
I hoped he would understand

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Heaven they say!

Heaven they say is the place to be
Up in the skies all I can see
are abstract clouds of glorious seas

Heaven they say is a promised dream
An unseen paradise to me it seems
Which we see only in our dreams

Heaven they say is home
Every inch of it I wish to roam

Heaven they say is the promised land
For the righteous if you understand

Heaven they say is forever
It is forever and after and not never

But I say!
Heaven is the ultimate reward
From the Almighty Lord

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

History!

Spoken words are history
Records of some remain a mystery

And when today and tomorrow
Row bitterly over yesterday
Today will become history
With just an empty space
Enlightened by a darkened face

History reminds me of a repetition of events
Dancing to the rhythm of the same kind of achievements

A battle is won or lost
Every love or hatred will eventually be buried in dust

I love you
You love me
Soon our love goes down in history
Someone else will find love a new discovery

So the theory behind is history
Is to have a story that commands all glory
For the inevitable past that will last!

Sylvia Chidi

Hold not thy laughter

Hold not thy laughter
For that joyful sound
I am forever after, seeking when you are around
Waiting for it to chortle, in the background

Hold not thy laughter
As it fights to escapes thy lips
To send me on joyful trips

Your giggles and cackles
Harmlessly tend to baffle
Your happy facial expressions
Paint only a gleeful picture of inspiration
As we rejoice to thy jubilant noises in full attention

Hold not thy laughter from the heart
Hold not thy laughter until we part
Hold not thy laughter as we make a start

When I dispel in my gloom
Thy laughter delivers me
Safely from my state of doom
Sadness runs outside from my room
Happiness inside glows with a boom
As my rosy cheeks mirthfully blossom

Hold not thy laughter as we cheerfully chat
Hold not thy laughter when you publicly fart
Hold not thy laughter whatever the format
A giggle, a chuckle, a titter not a snigger
Laugh it out whether thin or fat
Fill the air, my dear
Laugh it out before it scats out flat

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

Home is much more

I thought of home
As a dwelling house
Where I could lay naked without a blouse

I thought of home
As a dwelling house
Playing cat and mouse with my spouse

But home is much more!
Much more than a place you lay your head

O! where do I begin
Home is within
Home is deep rooted in ones soul
Home is empty if your heart has a large hole
Home is rebirth from childbirth to death
Home is when you make peace with thyself
And return back to earth!

I thought of home
As a bed with a respectable foam

I thought of home
As a place we feel we belong
Recharging our bodies to be strong

I thought of home
As living in no chronological order
With father, mother, sister or brother

I thought of home
Associating it with family
Affiliating it with ones country
Contemplating with the idea
As where one spends Christmas, Easter and New Year
O! dear

But home is much more!
O! where do I begin
Home is within
Home is thy inside twin
Your spiritual interior environment
No one dares enter without thy consent!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Homework

All this talk, talk, talk
Teachers are assigning me homework
All I want, is to rock, rock, and rock
This homework is a stumbling block

They all say it is the only way
To sharpen my brain
What a drain!
Keep me thoughtful and creative
Encourage me to be innovative
Keep me occupied with some positive motive

Yeah right
I can see some light
The idea is bright

All this talk, talk, talk
I am just doing my homework
As I listen to the clock
Singing out tick, tock, tick, tock
Do not mock, just do your homework

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Hope

We hope for love
And for blessings from above
We hope for wealth
And that life deals us good health

We pray in hope
We seek in hope
We live in hope
We aim with hope

If you decide for one moment to lose hope
You also deny yourself the chance to develop
You deny yourself the chance in life to cope
With nil to hold on to as you walk a tightrope

For Sweet, Sweet Dreams
They never seem to last it seems
Yet Sweet, Sweet Dreams
Are timeless and endless it seems

And when hope walks along my path
I can believe again in love at first glance
I can believe in me this very instance
For my dreams play dearly upon my heart

And with hope I can endure
For it is the perfect cure
And with hope I have faith
Mine is endorsed with no expiry date

Sylvia Chidi

How many can a man love?

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one but two
Yes, that’s nothing new
It’s called the midnight blues

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, not two but three
Well I suppose if the third is for free
Then so is his love meant to be!
If the third gives better head in bed
Then nothing more can be said.

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, not two, not three but four
Yes if that man is hard-core
Will the four not find him a bore?
Phew! His magic wand must be bruised and sore

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, not two, not three, not four but five
If he is poor, he needs them rich so he can survive
Or sadly he may need five only to feel sexually alive

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, two, three, four, five but six
Yes if his mates have done him a fix
Then he will do it just for the kick
Just imagine if all six, he give underneath licks
The contents alone of his mouth will make him sick

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, two, three, four, five, six but seven
Many say to a man that is like heaven
A blessing, only the chosen are given

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, two, three, four, five, six, seven but eight
I suppose that is a question for debate
Wouldn’t all the eight end up with a feeling of hate?
Each day, how does he decide whom to date?

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight but nine
Perhaps if he has had nine bottles of wine

Then he may think he is finer than fine
Loaded with bounteous cash is his sign
To get them queuing for him in an orderly line

Is it true?
Can a man love
Not one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine but ten
Well if he is not scared of producing an ocean of children
Then he may as well love eleven
And make a real football team of women and men

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I am a woman

I am a woman
I can exquisitely cook
I have the killer feminine look
You can always read me like a book

I am a woman
I am beautiful
I am homely and dutiful
I'm skilful in giving an earful, mouthful or an eyeful
I am a woman
I am dumb with not an ounce of wisdom
Will quite happily engage in a threesome!
My chest and their two nuts always blossom

I am a woman
I stand up proud
I am a woman and human
I say out loud
Even when there is no crowd

Day by day passes
I keep comparing my ass to other women's asses
Stupefying! How an ass alone can assail the masses
Mystifying! How an ass alone scales to greener grasses

I am a woman
I drink from a glass and not a beer can
Fluttering eyelids, breasts, backside, legs and my scent
Are the building blocks and tools of my personal assets!
Required to make anyone my ultimate focused fan

Tattle - Chatter, Yakety-yak-Chatter
So I gather
Tattle - Chatter, Yakety-yak-Chatter
Of which I am the master
Tattle - Chatter, Yakety-yak-Chatter
Talk I do non-stop like a rapper
Tattle - Chatter, Yakety-yak-Chatter
Talk I do as if I have all the answers

I am a woman
My glossy fingernails, smeary lipstick
Is enough for you to tremble!
Adequate for you to reassemble
Reassemble yourself to be weak

And the walk I walk
And the talk I talk
With the way I rock
With the way I mock
Is flying out there as a clear message
I can be cold stone and hard as a rock

Or as warm and lovingly fun as glamorous luck
O Yes! I am that woman on this life’s stage

To all man this is still an obstacle
The simple underlying principle
That permits me to give birth to life!
Makes me that woman an unbelievable miracle

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I am feeling blue

I woke up early this lovely morning
Trembling voices and my head is horning
But latest by the midnight hour
I want to feel like a majestic flower

I am feeling blue
My love wants to ride you
I am feeling sadly blue

In beauty and splendour of the earth
I still raise my eyebrows and fret
You my lady of fair beauty and black locks
Have trickled my world and crumbled my rock

And today while the sun shines its gold
In thoughts I know I should have been bold
And sun-stormed you with words of interest
Rays of my desire are scotched upon my chest

Tonight I shall dream off a world
That will leisurely come and go
Your scent, your lips, your smile
Hanging in that dark thin air for a while

I am feeling blue
These feelings of mine which are of great value
Sadly cannot transform into anything gloriously new

Copyright 2010

Sylvia Chidi

I am magnificent

Everywhere I go, I keep fighting
Thunder is striking with speed lightning
They try to put me down
Every time I'm around
I will not let them remove my crown

For I am magnificent
Worth every dollar, worth every cent
Everything I do
I do with a hundred and one percent

I am intelligent, benevolent with talent
I am the curious luminous genius
Waiting to explode before I am old
I am the teacher in battle with students
They keep ignoring what is evident

They say I have to learn
I strongly agree
We all do, now and then

They say I speak wrongly
I disagree strongly
If only they listen hard without prejudice
They will see things from another point of view
Yes it’s true, it’s nothing new

I am magnificent
They hate it when I display it blatantly
Their grim faces display such resent in that moment
But my words are intended to have only positive intent
I am magnificent
I am magnificent
I will not compromise my strength

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I am who I am!

I am who I am
A heart that sings kind
To the poor I contribute
Such a rare commodity of an attribute

I am the roadside tram
I am the sacrificial lamb
I am the fraudulent scam
The little boy been pushed in a pram

I am the lover you have always wanted
The one in the forest you hunted
Yet, you ignored me when I fell into your trap
Instead took a nap as I painfully grunted

I am the angel in disguise
Playing the harp with retarded fingers
If you listen carefully
The rythms of the sounds are meant to linger

I am who I am
Accept me for what I am
I am the one who fell from grace to grass
Lying on the ground without any broken bones
Thereby I praise myself, for I can still fight on and on

I am the black and beautiful
Standing in the middle or side of your room
Polished by soft hands ever so often dutifully

Most of all
I am the one
who loves you like no other
I am the one
who knows you like no other
You treasure you and your freedom
And I will tell you no lies
For freedom itself, comes with a price

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I began to hate

I was born a righteous man
Just like you, I'm a loving man
When you stole my land from me
I began to hate
I began to hate
I began to hate you and your children
I began to hate you and your friends
I began to hate with a passion
Maybe I am simply old fashioned

I feed my kids multiple hate pills
Then send them down the road to kill
This is the message I want to instil
Hate
Hate without debate
Hate, Hate, Hate
Hate like the darkness
That resents the day

In the land you took away my wealth
Along with my loss went my health
How can a man learn to love and forgive
When you have not returned
What you were never meant to receive

So I began to hate
I began to hate
I began to hate you and your children
I began to hate you and your friends
My children are taught to hate
Obey questions without debate
With their last breathe they dedicate
A moment of hate

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I believe in

I believe in having good friends
They keep you up to date
With the latest fashion trends

I believe in telling jokes
I want to laugh regularly
Until I choke

I believe in being serious
There is always an air
Of you being mysterious
Even if there is nothing there

I believe in good sex
It is a good form of exercise
Even though it can be complex

I believe in love
Be it from down below
Or heaven-sent from above

I believe in fate
It is not something you create
It just happens out of the sudden

I believe in luck
But only when it works
When it doesn’t I just mock

I believe in hard work
Not only talk, talk, talk
It is work that earns you the buck

I believe in you
But sometimes do wonder
If all the things you say are true

I believe in good food
Spiced with romance after
To lighten up the mood

I believe in making babies
Then turning them
To gentlemen and ladies

I believe in courage
Strength with sense and not rage

I believe in dreams
But not the ones that make you scream

I believe in God

No ones knowledge and power
Is that vastly broad

And last of all
I believe in me

If I stopped believing
Then life’s wonderful gifts
Would not be worth receiving

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I call it a poem

Here we go again with a lesson
Gone are the days of my pen
Going is the era of local tribesmen
Arriving is an unstoppable breed of new women

These words I am typing
Are meant to be enlightening and delighting
My verse is classically glorifying
Above the veritable imagination of feelings

I call it a poem
Since it has style
It is about something, many things or a single item
While it is worth the while for me to file and compile
Evaporating slowly is nature suffocating us with torture
Of ways to endure and rapidly find it a cure

I call it a poem
Because I'm able to express myself to the reader
Construct words into amazing blocks like a builder!
Consider it with gratefulness as your thinking feeder
Capable of quenching the thirst of any gender!
So always think before you bleed as a teamplayer or leader

I call it a poem
As I decide when to be responsible
In painting it simple and making it sensible
Or complex and abstract so my intentions are invisible
Every word, sentence or paragraph is dispensable
On reaching the end of its pinnacle

I call it a poem
When it airs a message so strong
That has been caged for quite long!
Even an earthquake of sarcastic criticism
Cannot stop the desired effect on any citizen

My poem is always about me or you
Sometimes it turns to the old, sometimes the new
With statements that are false or true
It can shape into funny, beautiful, clever or absurd
Take heed, for at the very end, these are merely words!

Sylvia Chidi

I Fancy You

I fancy you
I fancy you
And that for sure
I know is true

When I see you on the field
I am mesmerised
by your physical build
When you call my name
with your soft voice
My heart flutters
and I wonder
if you feel the same

I send this to you in an email
If my declaration for you fails
I promise I will not wail
But please dont go round the team
making jest of this tale

I would love
to take you out and about
But I have to state this with a whisper
rather than shout
I dont get paid
Till the end of the month, I'm afraid
So will you wait
to have a bite off this lovely plate

I love to talk
I love to rock
I love to stand out by the sea dock
So do we stand a chance by any luck

I fancy you
I fancy you
But I am too shy
To say it to you
I am also scared
to find out more
about you
Scared of the thruth

|Because you may
not feel the same way
Or you may not even be free
to possibly see

But if by chance
the thruth is simple
And the feeling is mutual
and there is possibility of romance

this very instance
Then I would like
the opportunity to know you

We could start with a meal
and see how we feel
or play each and every single way
one to one aside football
since we are both very tall
I do not think
we will fall astray

I smell a romantic windfall
I could discipline your pink hot lips
with my sweet feverish kisses
That I will definitely try
almost immediately to install

I could hold your hand
While I try to understand
Every inch of you
Every strand

So if you feel the same way
Then very humbly I say to you
Why not give me your number so that I can call

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I forgive you

I forgive you
You are not intelligent enough
To recognise
Your attitude has been quite rough

I forgive you
You are not intelligent enough
To understand
What it really means to be tough

I believe in forgive and forget
Instead of negative actions
Born our of impulsive reactions
That we both may regret
There will simply be no winners
There will simply be no losers

I forgive you!
For the sake of peace
I forgive you!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I hail thee! Woman

Player one, two, three
I hail thee! Woman

Each day it is an awesome task
To cover her face with a mask

A different one she wears each day
A mask of beauty beneath a mask of love
A mask of pain embroided by sorrow
Lifes of loved ones lost
She would gladly like to re-borrow

She is the perfect player
She is the perfect mother
She is the perfect daughter
She is the perfect lover

Player one, two, three
I hail thee! Woman

There she wears her mask again
A mask of conniving sharpness and evil
And a parting deal with the devil
A mask of infinite ideas
And one of fictional loving care

Player one, two, three
I hail thee! Woman

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I have a brother

I have a brother
Perhaps from the same mother
Perhaps from the same father
Sometimes I wonder
Sometimes I ponder
Should I bother?
To know him any further

I have a brother
Who obeys orders!
A little less wilder
Always coated in leather
Carries me like a feather
Compared to the others

I have a brother
Who is a spender!
Always squanders
Roars away in thunder
At his own careless blunders

I have a brother
Who I gather
Refuses to climb the ladder
Whilst he lives with a partner
Though he loves a good flatter

Stop father! Stop mother!
One, two, three and four
Who needs another?

Sylvia Chidi

I hold onto life!

I hold onto life
Waiting for a better tomorrow

I hold on to life
Despites its constant sorrows

I hold onto life
For I know I am free to go
Once to it, I return what I borrow

Life is nice when it flows
Life is priceless in life itself

In its hardship I strive
Enjoying the pleasurables

For in life, hope is always near and fresh
For dust to dust is the human flesh
Life never gives more or less
The meaning itself is forever pointless
But I still hold onto life like you!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I lost my faith

One morning, I stumbled upon faith
Outside the doors of heaven’s gate
Wait! Wait! Wait!
Let me give it to you straight

I once had a temper with a rage
Hot enough to melt a steel cage
I lost my faith and that’s a reality
Lost were positives aspects of my personality

Crime and drinking was my trait
My slogan was 'Don't mess with me mate! '
Wait! Wait! Wait!
Let me narrate, I was overweight, I had no dates

I lost my faith on the doors of possibilities
Realising the world does not strive for equality
They scorned me for what I was
I lost my faith with its many flaws

Wait! Wait! Wait!
Let me update, with the intention to frustrate
By now you should understand
We all live in no man’s land

I thought, with exploding populations
What hope is there for our future generations?
So what is this faith?
So why keep the faith?

Then the answer came knocking on my door
Love and peace, unity, strength and more
I thought, “Why didn’t I think of this before? ”
A peaceful quietness above all
Faith in me has been re-installed

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I love my hair

I love my hair
I always toss it around in the air
As if without a care!

I love my hair
Once I caught the super hair bug
Caught it whilst I slept on an old rug
The super lice were playing scratch, scratch, and scratch
While my fingernails were playing catch, catch and catch
Finally my hair was shaven as there was no cure, no other drug
I wore my head on my shoulder for a while with a distasteful shrug
Hiding underneath a cap with obvious bald patches that seemed to match

I love my hair
Long, golden plaited and brown
Enough to move heads around in town
People just want to come near
And stare! Stare at me! Who is that alien from elsewhere?

My hair is beautifully plaited in strands
This kind of hair fashion is high in demand
So many different styles to experiment with and expand
Today a woman needs to look good, do you understand?

I talk to my hair with oils
I say today I need you to curl
And when I style you,
Stay in place, do not spoil!

I wash my hair twice a day
Maybe when I am old, it would go grey
But for now the beauty is here to stay
I hope so, I definitely pray!

Beware all, take care
I love my hair, I love my hair
Don’t touch! But you can stare
You can stare at how I wear
My beautiful hair!
Try and out-do me if you dare!

I love my hair
I like to show it off
Around me do not sneeze or cough
Or with you I can be horribly tough
Around me do not sneeze or cough
If you don’t want to know the meaning of rough
I mean it, this isn’t a bluff!
I love my hair!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I love my work

I love my work
I love my work
I form relationships like a rock
When gossips leaks
Guys take off sick
But I always know whose ass to lick

I love my work
I love to talk
Always twiddling with words
Before I speak them out loud
I talk about office politics
For I am strong not weak
I talk about friends
And what wedding to attend
I talk about
Love, sex and religion
Our staffs always listen with great attention

My boss likes to dish out orders
As a Manager I belt it out even further
I delegate, instigate, then I wait
For positive results
Without a fault

Some moments are hilarious
While others are monstrous
There is always constant pressure
Though I take time out for leisure
Right now we have propaganda
Due to my personal agenda

I am jiggling and jogging my options
Thinking of avoiding being caught for corruption
Alarm bells are ringing
People are seeing
I need to cascade the blame
I'm sure I will find a scapegoat to frame

I make loads of mistakes
Someone else always gets the blame
It's always the same
I say listen to me
I'm your boss
Accept your loss
That's why I love my work

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

I love to love

I love to love
I love to love
Come sunshine, Come rain
I love to love

In prose and in verse I write
With skills and enormous strength I fight
In pearls and glittering diamonds I radiate light
An anecdote of life viewed from within my angled sight

I love to love
Come spring Come autumn
Take a walk in the park as the winds blow stubborn

I have long forgotten the traditions of culture
Westerners have globalised this idea of torture
But the ideology of love has never changed
A cooked up theorization that has not aged

Within love I must find love itself
The first person I must love is my only self
For many have come and gone
But I stand here always next to none
So being self-born in love is fun

I love to love
Come my virtues, come my vices
Which one comes first – let’s just throw the dice
For love is nice so say all those who are wise
As everything else in life comes with a price

Copyrigh 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I love you so much

I love you so much
I love your every single touch
I love you more and more
Every single day
Like when the morning awakens to today

I love you with all my fragile heart
You are at the top of my love chart
You are my one and one sweetheart
I lovingly pray thou shall never depart
You make my life whole again
You are the positive reason love drove me insane
You make my soul drain out all the troubled rain
Your love is all I always look forward to gain

I love you
I love you
I love you so much
My love flows with each life's clutch
While you embrace me with your smiles
I know I can drive on further for miles and miles

I love you like a beauteous rose
That stands out in summer and only beauty it exposes
I love you so much, I hasten to disclose
I'm over the moon; I'm the one you chose
You bring the best out of me deep inside
I must confess, I must confide
Thinking of you each time
Paints a smile on my face so wide

Each passing summer and winter
I'll be your dedicated sprinter
Racing and pacing through the tracks of time
For your love that is mirthful and sublime

I love you so much
These five words are not meant to misguide
But rather to entice you to continue our love ride
I love you so much
Such that I walk the streets without concealing
The fact that I am blessed with this loving feeling

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I read a book

I read a book
Not to enhance my looks

I read a book
Maybe to avoid being a crook

I read a book
Not just to learn how to cook

I read a book
To ascertain how to defend my rights
Not just to acquire knowledge
Reading a book I pledge,
Is one of the roads to the light

I read a book
To understand how a kings territory
Is defended with pieces such as the rook

I read a book
So there will be no questions asked
When I count correctly what you took

I read a book
So that I play not ignorant
Now on life I've a different outlook

I read a book
So if I come up with all the right answers
I will know for sure it is not merely a fluke

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I remember my childhood

I remember my childhood
Whenever I am in the mood

I remember my childhood
With the bad and the good
I remember my childhood
With the variety of available junk food

Funny, the old want to be young
While kids endeavour to be old and strong
Girls wanted to grow up fast as women
Boys wanted to grow up fast as men
Before they could walk right or learn

Those were good times
With very little crime
We had fun with little a dime
How is that for a rhyme?

Mum would call us for biscuits and cakes
While we played games and learnt from mistakes
We all went anxiously to school
To see what best pranks any of us could pull

I remember my childhood
I was always polite and not rude

I remember my childhood
If I could then you should

We as kids all had dreams
Which we shared as a team
We all loved to rock but hated homework
I mean what was the point of so much paperwork

And what is really bizarre
Is that I was always after
The bedtime stories from Mama and Papa
I also enjoyed the view of the nightly stars from afar
Same way I loved presents at Christmas and Easter

Mama always used to say
A gift no matter how little will lift anyone’s spirit any day

I remember my childhood
And the adventures in the woods

I remember my childhood
With all the includes and excludes

I remember my childhood
And till today there are still things I've never understood

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I see red!

In a moment of silence
I ponder
Thinking of the pressure that I'm under
Should I resort to violence?

I see red like a blood thirsty vampire
I feel red like a hot faced town crier
It is as if I've been hit with a set of pliers
While disappointed in the one I used to admire

Yesterday before and after I went to bed
I dreamt of nothing else but the dead
I saw a vision of the rolling of heads
You've stabbed me and I have bled
My eyes are still steaming hot and red
These vicious rumours that you've spread
While I blindly followed and you led

Now I question myself instead
Of all the things that have been said
Have I knowingly been misled?
Without recognising what was ahead

I know positive thoughts I must embed
Peace is the message we want widespread
Not red with more bloodshed
What is really weird, is whenever we see red
That negative vision can so easily be shred

Sylvia Chidi

I sleep Poetry

Last night I wrestled with poetry
As if a lion wrestling with its prey

I sleep poetry
I dream poetry

I walk poetry on thin line ropes
binding together steeply slopes
I make love to poetry like a new catch
On heat waiting to be let loose from its latch

So out of ten if I am bad, take a pen
And give me a score of five or a four
I constantly make love to poetry
With dramatic grammatical metaphors

The root of my poetic hunger
Is I starve myself a bit longer
In sleep I twiddle my poetic lines
Sharpen them to be as fine as a riddle

I sleep poetry
I drink poetry
Not just to quench my thirst
But to differentiate amongst
Good, Better and Best

There shall come the day
I have to say
When I will definitely call it a truce
When I have run out of poetic juice

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I still long for your arms

Strange, I still long for your arms
There many a time I found by calm
Till they became old and cold to the bone
Till you became as ruthless as a cold stone

You said in life I had nothing to fear
No matter what happened, you would always be there
But your once comforting arms are no where near

I close my eyes, I see your smile
Stored away in my memory file
Now I know you knew it all that while
Because that has always been your style
We were never going to trek those miles

I still long for your arms
With my face in my palms
I close my eyes and say it once more
Saying it is just a memory that will do me no harm

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I used to be afraid

Often I have prayed
Because I used to be afraid

I used to be afraid
Of falling sick
Or perceived as weak
Or a fruitless freak

I used to be afraid
Of anyone constantly been nice
And still keep running away from mice

I used to be afraid
Of failing to put up a performance
When given a chance at romance

I used to be afraid
Of saying the wrong thing
Because of the consequence it may bring
Or of experiencing pain
Either the physical or mental strain

I used to be afraid
Of dying of a massive heart attack
Or of the color black and the relentless dark

I used to be afraid
Of getting slowly very ugly and old
Or been left homeless out in the cold
Or of failing to live up to expectation
Or of random human condemnation

I used to be afraid
Of dying hence always avoided flying
Or of being alone at home at night
Or of standing up for my right

I used to be afraid
Of becoming poor
And begging from door to door

I used to be afraid
Of what they call change
Or of events I interpreted as strange
Or of breaking my heart
Once love blatantly decided to part

I used to be afraid
Of the unknown like life after death
Or the actual reality of hells threat

I used to be afraid

Of nothing and then nothing became something

From now I am going to be strong
Whether I am right or wrong
I am telling you like I have never done before
I ain't scared no more
Like I was way back before

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I want change

This modern technology feeds the ignorant masses
With words and images more addictive than grasses
Since when did black become white?
Since when did wrong become right?

With each generation, race is defined
Pure black roots have been redefined
Skin colours are redefined in broad daylight
And the people vote out of sentimental plights

Strange!
I want change
I don't want a range of change
That rearranges my need for change

Dancing around is this global financial crisis
This is cracking up the world into pieces
A mixed-race making grounds is a stepping stone
But there is no pure black root high up the throne

Listen!
There is no black in the Whitehouse
Listen!
There is no female in the Whitehouse

It is a blinding mystery
How we so easily forget our history
The struggles and the fights for identity
The hope of stability and equality of sexuality

Strange!
I want change
But I don't want a range of change
That superficially rearranges my need for change

The stronger the root, the stronger the stem
There is no one who can solve our problems
The problem of starvation
The problem of population
Passed on from generation to generation

It does not matter who holds autonomy
On decisions of matters on the global economy
Until we learn to be considerate
As we copulate to endlessly populate

Food resources are facing extinction
Natural forces are on fateful missions
Man made curses introduce present institutions
There is no cure
Unlike before!

Strange!
I want change
But I don't want a range of change
That superficially rearranges my need for change

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I want to be warm so freaking bad

I want to be warm so freaking bad
While the big winter freeze sets in

All this condensation and precipitation
With little perspiration and evaporation
Everywhere I go
There are blankets of white snow
I am indoors having phone conversations

With minus freezing temperature
The cold affects every living creature
This is the cold side of nature
When little drops of water have an adventure

I want to be warm so freaking bad
That's why I can not get out of bed

In houses hide the mass populations
While the nation is in depression
Faced with buses and train cancellations
Right now I face hibernation

When I open my doors
The cold wind blows hardcore
It bites into my bones
And I retreat back home alone

I want to be warm so freaking bad
That's why my heating is constantly on
I want to be warm so freaking bad
That's why I have so many clothes on

Because every time I open my windows
I don't need a pair of binoculars
To see that walking on thin ice
Is not a comforting struggle

I want to be warm so freaking bad
And I know my thoughts are not all that mad
I want to be warm so freaking bad
While the big winter freeze sets in so bad

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I Want to Forget You

I want to forget you
I feel completely defeated
I want to forget you
Like you never existed
Yet you still haunt me out of the blue

I am trapped in a loop
Addicted to you the cook-a-hoop
Sweet and sour you are by the hour
Forgetting you seems beyond my power
Unexpectedly you still torment me for true

Those times we had that were passionate
When time itself seemed completely endless
Kisses between us brewed amongst many a love debate
While our body to body embraces bore life to gladness

But I want to forget you
Start my life anew

But I want to forget you
And find a love that is true

But I want to forget you
For that moment is now due

I want to forget the smiles and tears
And all the blissful months and years
When we built lovely castles in the air
Constantly bathing in a loving atmosphere

I want to abandon you in my house of thoughts
I want to dissolve you in my liquidated vein
No pain- no gain is insane
A sentimental nonsense of the brain

I want to forget you!
I want to forget you!
Like the night forgets the sun
Erase away our memories of fun

If only you knew
The pain I felt once we were through
In you my heart once rejoiced
Now forgetting you is not a choice

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

I was angry

I was angry
I refused to agree
that time would set me free
but it did
it got rid of my ill forgotten feelings
as I went through a process of mental healing

I was angry
My ego and been let down
and played around town
like a guilty clown
that's why on my face
I wore a permanent frown

But I learned to forgive
instead of self pity and grieve
and boy what did it do me
A lot of good that
even now not everyone can see

Now I lay in bed instead
Think it all out
whisper rather than shout
Before I act
so that my mental state can remain intact

Now I breathe in
and I breathe out
for its a known fact
two wrongs don't make a right
There is no point in trying so hard
to stir up a fight

I was angry
So I resorted to alcohol
But swiftly recalled
how that became
my best friends downfall

He used to drink heavily
And pretend he was having a ball
Until one day his liver
gave the final call

I was angry
Now I am angry no more

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

I will be your husband

For better or for worse
I will be your husband
But of you I quietly demand
Obedience and respect
I am the man of house
I am the man who's intellect

For a just cause
I will be your husband
I expect of you no fuss
When I have the last say
Of how we are to operate
each and everyday especially today

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

I Wish

I wish
I wish I could touch the skies
as I fly up high
and watch the earth underneath me lie
lie down like a magical pie
I can't
So I would'nt

I wish I could send you a dozen roses
with a dozen nightly glows
But we both know
They would sadly die of an overdose
of not breathing
before our momentous meeting
I could
But I would'nt

I wish I could walk the seven seas
and turn sea water into wine
The thought alone
sends shivers to my spine
I can't
So I would'nt

I wish I could send you a neckless
made of expensive exquisite rare diamonds
Without having to steal from public funds
Or perhaps forge huge financial bonds
To afford such a present
I could
But I would'nt

I wish that I could tell you
whats on my mind
The right words, I am still trying
so hard to find

I wish I could heal the sick
help the poor, the old and the weak
Think of how many people
I could cure in a space of one week

I wish that trees and leaves could talk
Think of all the crowds that will flock
around forest paths to have a walk
And listen to years of mysteries unfold
into unsolved lifes puzzle
you are yet to be told

I wish that some dreams could come true
because one and one makes two

And maybe I could finally be with you

Most of all
I wish that you were here
Sometimes that empty space
In this day and place
I simply cannot bear

Copyright 2005 -Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Identity of a person

Identity of a person
Identity signifies complexity
Identity identifies with reality
Identity is the bearer of all vanity
How does a person identify with identity?

You define yourself based on what?
They say, they say
You're kind or moral based on what?
Or
You're a genius and shrewd based on what?
Or
You make the perfect lover, look for no other

They say, they say
You're strong without a thought it may not last long
Or
You've skills since with a record you run up high bills
Or
You are shy but no one ever talks to you or says hi
Or
You never give up because right now you are on top

They say, they say
You are generous or gregarious when all you are is conscious
Or
You're innovative yet not the originator of the idea conceived

What are the facts?
That makes your identity intact
When change on identity has the last impact?

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

If he speaketh

If he speaketh
the words of wisdom
Her young tender eyes
may be inclined to believe
the promise once forgotten

If he speaketh
with his ancient tongue
behold our master will be wrong
The rustling leaves of autumn
can only fly where there is a breeze

If he speaketh
with his eyes
how dare he, dare lie
promises have become
broken ties

If he speaketh with his pen
I write back
tell him where he belongs

If he speaketh
with his hands
I will let him understand
the air can only stand still
were there is no gravity

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

If I were a girl

If I were a girl
I'll wake up each day
I'll tell myself to go and learn at school
No fancy mini-skirts, No acting cool as a fool
I'll play it safe with a boy
Simple jokes and simple joys
I'll stand-up for only love and equality
Not for some stupid momentary flattery
These silly lines inspire only immorality

If I were a girl
I think you would understand
How it feels to be constantly disrespected
Treated as a feminine reject even if an intellect
Thought off often as a sexual object or project
I swear I'd be a much tougher woman
I'll take out my dustpan, Let everyone
Start slowly again from where it all began

But I'm just a girl
It feels like a pitiful spell
To be forever taken for granted
Whether I'm multi-skilled or talented

If I were a girl
There will be no wedding bells
Until I'm completely educated as well
I'll always take care of me
I'll always hold onto dreams
And any boy who says he loves me
Will have to work with me as a team

But I'm just a girl
And I don't want a life of hell
I want to play with cars and not just dolls
And besides a boy I always want to be an equal

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

If love were a number

Every night and everyday
Mere thoughts of you brighten my day
Your eyes, your smile, the way you walk
I s enough to lift me up as I hit bottom rock!

And it takes two to bear these fruits of love
This love was decided before we were born
I sit here lingering in a moment of passion
Thinking! Seven days a week has long gone

Twelve months of love reduced to none
But the memories of you still turn me on
I weep as I remember us laugh and run
Whilst you slept I loved to watch you turn

Now if love were a number
I will write you as number one in my book
Wishing you were here a bit longer
You captured me not only with your looks!

I can feel my fingers through your hair
I touch the wind wishing you were here
That musky smell and husky voice
And momentarily I sadly rejoice

Now if love were a number
You will always be my number one
I only wish I was stronger
To chase with you, your dreams of fun

Sylvia Chidi

In a Mans World

In groups they congregate
To quietly and openly segregate
They pick on females to discriminate
And decide on strategies to eliminate

In a mans world
The female specie is viewed as inadequate
Favouritism and sexism persistently operate
In the workplace they give her the squeeze
And unjustly tease her as they please

In a mans world
Think about this and let your thoughts linger
The only females that stand a chance
To be viewed as an individual of importance
Are those who can play Mozart with one finger!
They are role models who are bionic
With prolific skills that are super sonic

In a mans world
Most of their chosen leaders are average
Nothing special just a preferred public image
They the chosen command a higher wage
If their female counterpart does the same
It is an outrage in this machismo egoistic game

Think about this and let your thoughts linger
We rant about equal rights as preaching singers
We rant about unfair play in which we engage
We rant about us reaching a civilised age
However, how many of us within range
Actually try to impose a positive change
To turn around this unfair advantage

Think about this and let your thoughts linger
Why does she usually fight her rights in court?
The mother of all children treated as a stranger
With no support as she faces chauvinistic plots
Why do we always throw a blind eye
And silently watch her in sorrow cry

In a mans world her unchanged destiny
Is furled with little opportunities
She is under constant scrutiny
Faced with closed and open mutiny

So we have the regular aspiring bitches
Inducing pain worse than a running stitch!
In other to become famous and rich!
Which is worse, the macho pigs or the witches?

In a mans world

I have seen exemplary gentlemen but just a few
But I’m sure that information you already knew!
For they know right in their interior
The human female specie is not inferior

So let the truth be uncoiled
Is it or is it not?
Yes! It is a mans world
This is the truth on the spot!

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

In Solitude

In solitude I remain
With absolutely nothing to gain
Perhaps in time I will be strong
You see! Solitude is not my favourite song

A solitary place
Is not where I belong
Read my lips and trace the lines on my face
You see! Solitude is not my favourite song

But social isolation
Combined with social manipulation
Places me once again in solitude
You see! Solitude is not my preferred attitude

This isn’t a journey of spiritual enlightenment
As some people might say to my resentment
But in great loneliness of this magnitude
I must find some self awareness in solitude

I must find strength and pretend
That everyone around me is my friend
To put this state of scale of elevation to an end
I must pretend, I must pretend
That even Solitude is my friend

Sylvia Chidi

In Sorrow

In sorrow
She mourns her beloved son
What’s next to follow
No one knows

In sorrow
He mourns his beloved daughter
What’s next to follow
His heart is hollow

In sorrow
She mourns her beloved husband
What’s next to follow
She is now a widow

In sorrow
He mourns his beloved wife
What’s next to follow
His desire for life is renounced to zero

In sorrow
They mourn the passing of a dear friend
Someone they wished to be there tomorrow
It hurts without pretext, whatever sorrow sends

And we know and I know
Sorrow returns not the life’s it borrows
Sorrow is a walking deadly shadow
Sorrow is the virus we dread tomorrow
Sorrow is the devils spell of lethal horrors

Therefore my dear fellows
In sorrow no more I mourn her sorrow
In sorrow
I have closed on her all my doors and windows

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

In Time

In the bus I sprint with my thoughts
I see all kinds, all races and all sorts
Hey, I have not kissed red lips like yours
Not today, yesterday or ever like before

And then I let my thoughts wander
To a world conceived by blunders
For many, the painful agony
Of having no access to money
Does not compose a sweet harmony

In time we make decisions
We arrive to conclusions
And time is an illusion
A concrete faceless institution

So let us all walk the roads
Examining the secret codes
Lets witness the critics and hypocrites
Who runaway when faced with defeat

In an era of a styled structural evolution
We are witnessing a cultural revolution
Used is anything on multiple infinite occasions
That inspires to brainwash an educated nation

And in time
Gadgets, media, papers and the Internet
And in time
The centuries see new social movements
And in time
With spoken promises, the politicians tease
And in time
There is poverty and wide spread disease

In time we make decisions
We arrive to conclusions
And time is an illusion
A concrete faceless institution
Always on a sweet or destructive timely mission

Sylvia Chidi

Increase in pay

I hear him humming
A song of increase in pay
The same tune he keeps on drumming
Day after day after day

'Increase in pay, ’ he says
'Increase in play, ' he says

Today his hair is whiter than grey
Thirteen increments of pay
But he still keeps on humming
The same tune he keeps on drumming

'Increase in pay, ’ he says
'Fewer hours, more power, ' he says

No more do they listen
Once they did when he glistened
Now they wait gently endlessly
Now they debate quietly mercilessly

'Delay the pay, ' they say
'Decrease the play, ' they say
Can't you see his hair has turned all grey?
Soon! Soon he shall only wither away!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Innocence!

Innocence!
He spoke once before
Innocence!
He rigged of in pleasant odours
Innocence!
He displayed with his first step on the dance floor

Not knowing
What was next or what was following!
When he bellowed, he bellowed
And his silence too was without pretence

Now knowledge has made its entrance
Gradually exhibiting its presence
And his innocence
Has dissolved into a distasteful fragrance

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Innocent Man

An innocent man he was
The perfect gentleman
The kind of man
you could only spin out
in your endless dreams

He was declared guilty
and a sentence was passed
without a glance
before he even had a chance

An innocent man he was
A man of truth
A man of pride
A man whose words
would sit down gently by your side

Seeking for freedom
Seeking for justice
Seeking to be heard
judged wrongly instead

He was a man of love
He sought salvation from above
Nothing was straight
All the answers
were bent like a curve

An innocent man he was
With no regrets
His worst fear
he had already met
misjudged, complaints lodged

There were two sides
with options so wide
Only one was chosen
The other ignored
Where was the trust?
When was it lost?

What would it take
to sacrifice at stake?
To prove he was an innocent man

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Is it Tea or Coffee?

Is it Tea or Coffee?
Tell me!
My instant early morning dream
I like it black, white with sugar or cream!

The choice is free
Yet the mind cannot agree
With Tea is a Yippee!
With Coffee it is a Whoopee!

The thought of a little caffeine
The smell of fresh roasted beans
Will once again set off my adrenalin
While my exhausted brain is waiting

That stirring cup of sizzling black
Put on the kettle; spill the beans out of the sack
I will pay the fee; I will pay the levee
I will beg on one knee for a little bit of Coffee

Take a sip of the early morning coffee
Close your eyes and try to see
As you smell the airy aroma like a bee
Tea or Coffee! Perhaps you now understand me

Those swarms of dark brown seeds
They feed my vicious needs indeed
I don’t care how much I pee or how much I wee
For that sparking liquid of hot black called coffee

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

It is a Rat Race!

We fight for land
We fight for a brand
We fight for our stand
We fight on demand

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
So many more rats I have to face

In hundreds we crawl the city pavements
This rat era of industrial enslavement
Creeping through the tunnels of the underground
The rats are forever mass politically duty-bound
And with any new evolution
We wave 'hello' to a new revolution

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
Every little space is a crowded place

Some are going to work
Some are going for a walk
Some are looking for some luck
Some are trying to make a buck

We are pests of mother earth
Mass copulating until the sun sets
Thousands rave and party in music concerts
And in mass graves we acknowledge our deaths
With shame we cannot bury economic crisis
Even with many centuries of wars and peace

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
We keep on running at a fast pace

For the sake of acquiring education
Everywhere in mass congregations
We place ourselves in institutions
We scrounge the cities for daily food
And a global circle of waste is regularly issued
To our environment! - We do more harm than we do good

We fight for fish
We fight for our dish
We fight for wishes
We fight and varnish with many images tarnished

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
A lasting curse of the human race

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

It is murder

When you take away a life
With the aid of a knife

It is murder

While you extinguish the living with a gun
Without being able to recreate what was born

It is murder

If you feed someone dead tablets
Later have second acrimonious regrets

It is murder

You are taking away a life
It is clinging on to survive
Need I say anymore further
It is murder

Murder sprung by a fling
With ropes or a string
Your hands only bring
Death around a necks ring

Execution by suffocation
Condemned with abomination
Deliberate foetus termination

It is murder

Make no mistake,
Be careful
Asleep or awake!
Murder is unlawful

If death occurs because of the effects of an evil curse
I will say this with my lips pursed
'What a great loss, but this is not murder!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Its time to let go!

Its time to let go
I know!
I am holding on tight
As if it is my right
And its not

Its time to tie my shoe laces
With a knot and start walking on
Once where there was love,
There lies only emptiness
Broken dreams embedded within foggy steams
Everything has become familiar
Nothing to excite or ignite the passion

Once love sped like an express train
That I forgot the famous words “go-slow”
Hence we have already reached our destination
Without taking time to explore before condemnation

'I know', I whisper with a sigh
Its time to let go
There is still time to save ourselves
From feeling ridiculously low

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Its Valentines day

Subcribe to my heart
Zoom in and zoom out
Take a snapshot of it
Open yourself a love account

Send me your love in a newsletter
Or even better, profess it on air
This heart has been broken
By wear and tear

It is ready now
Enchanted by the sweet fragrance of care
Inspired by love glowing closely near
Leave your doubting thoughts hanging out there

Its Valentines day, not the month of May
Its Valentines day, come out and play

Zoom, zoom, zoom
Zoom in and zoom out
Baby wink at me
Show me only what I want to see
Give me a loving smile
Lift up my single profile

Its Valentines day, not the month of May
Its Valentine day, what do you say?

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Jingle Jingle My Bell

Jingle Jingle my bell
Jingle Jingle my bell
Please reassure me all is well

The sun sets down
The night is young
So I sing a song
Waiting for the night crickets
To sing along

Jingle Jingle my bell
Tell me now what I should sell

My soul to the sea
While the waves fight
In the darkness of the night

Jingle Jingle my bell
I am thirsty
Get me some water from the well

Sitting on the cliff
Watching the rift
Out at sea
White bubbles drowning and rising
I am glad that is not me

Jingle Jingle my bell
I am making some noise
Hear me yell

Jingle Jingle my bell
I am so happy
That you can tell

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Just a Kiss

Just a kiss
of which I cannot dismiss
A kiss of beauty
A kiss of love
A kiss of you and I which make we
In bed I toss and toss
As I wish
for your lips again
to unleash on mine

Copyright 2005 -Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Just a little girl

You subjected her to a night of hell
Hey! Did you know?
She was just a little girl

You took her to a run down motel
Hey! Did you know?
She was just a little girl

Now you hold her crying soul to sell
Hey! Did you know?
She was just a little girl

When you forced her out of her shell
Hey! Did you know?
She was just a little girl

Couldn’t you tell by her face?
She had the smile of an angel
A virgin waiting for wedding bells

Hey! Did you know?
You are not well?
The only place you belong is a cell
With horrifying smells!

Hey! Did you know?
She is no more a little girl, they yell

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Justice

For those who reap us of thousands of grand’s
Lavish their wealth on treasures of the land
Justice often does us no right on this stand
For it gives the culprits only a helping hand

Justice is sometimes wrong
Justice is meant to be honour
Justice is sometimes strong
Justice is meant to be society’s formidable cure

With words I can create drama
With written words I cannot stammer
But Justice will do us no right in this drama
For I am called black but I got a white mama

In vain I see no reasonable sense
In this precluded abstract nonsense
And as Justice wears again its white robes
I sincerely hope that it will always accurately probe

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

Kiss me slowly

Kissing is an art, one most master
Kissing slowly is better than faster

Kiss me slowly
Kiss me tenderly
Kiss me sweetly

Kiss me on the lips
Down to my finger tips

Delicately sample my nipples
Kiss it, tease it, rather simple

When done right, let me be precise
Kissing itself can be rather very nice

Kiss me slowly
Kiss me tenderly
Kiss me sweetly

Kiss my body inch by inch
Till it tickles and starts to flinch

Kiss me in the left and right ear
Whisper sweet words of passionate care

Kiss me by the neck
With little kisses called pecks

Kiss me hungrily in the mouth
Hear my groaning delicious shouts

Kiss me below and yonder
Till my juices begin to ponder
And turn on fire with desire

Kiss me slowly
Kiss me tenderly
Kiss me sweetly
Kiss me once, twice, thrice
Oooo! These kisses are very nice

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Kissing Power

Kisses upon kisses
Teases upon teases

Certain madness fills the air
It is termed as love I fear

Kisses upon kisses
Teases upon teases
Touches upon touches

My hearts broken pieces
Are once again at peace

Kisses upon kisses
Teases upon teases
Touches upon touches
Flattery upon Flattery
Love always sparkles without batteries

Lips upon lips
First a taste of your tongues tip
Admiration induces exploration
While love ignites imagination

I can feel your kissing power
And the sensational effect it showers
I can feel your kissing power
As you handle me like a delicate flower

Week legs
Pleasure begs
I can feel your kissing power
While you kiss me by the hour

Don't stop!
Be my hero not my flop!

Sylvia Chidi

Knock Knock Knock, A new Poet was born

To the left
To the right
Her inner thoughts
must abide by the rules
that govern us

Knock Knock Knock
and a new poet was born
It was daughter not a son

She delivered her message in a bottle
As the soldier ants passed on in a throttle

It's obnoxious to think
that there is only
a beginning, a middle and an end
To the oblivious
The prosperity of infinity
does have a role in life to play my dear friends

Knock Knock Knock
and a new poet was born
It was daughter not a son

She spoke out loud
There are unanswered questions
due to our limited restrictions
of comprehending matters
that surpass religion

We seek, we search and crave
for the unknown
Now it will be totally absurd
to think that the soul
is just another empty dark hole

And behold she said
I must insist
That force that we all fear
Is right here in our mist
in all the places where we drink and feast

Knock Knock Knock
and a new poet was born
It was daughter not a son

An escaped convict is on the run
She stood up and sang beautifully to the sun
My consience is loose and heavy
It weighs far too many tonnes

How can we measure a feeling

of love or hatred
of sadness or of joy
How can we measure a feeling
that is so right
or a feeling that is very wrong
so that in matters all day long
true justice prevails itself

Knock Knock Knock
and a new poet was born
It was daughter not a son

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Knowledge

Knowledge is power
A chop-chop growing flower
knowledge is dangerous
An overdosing negative force

And I have been walking its path
Right from the the start with my heart
Acknowledging it as a perfect invention
That can set me free or put me in detention

Knowledge is a privilege
It could place you at the cutting edge
When you pledge
To make it your privilege

Born are great deeds and weeds
As knowledge plants seeds
But Knowledge can deceive
At the end you choose what to believe

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

L.O.V.E

L.O.V.E
Letters, Offspring’s, Vacations, Enjoyment
Laugh out very energetically
Loose obstacles viciously endlessly
Lead on very enchantingly
Lucky on various elements
Lots of visits engages

L.O.V.E
Longing often voices excitement
Let one value everybody
Look often very excited
Loads of visual exoticness
Late opportunities, various energies
Long open vital engagements
Lock out vital errors

L.O.V.E
Lots of victory engages
Loving observations vary easily
Life often verifies enthusiasm
Lots of various entertainments
Loose out vexing entirely
Let out vanity endlessly

Longing, Openness, Vows, Everlasting

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Last night I dreamt of you

Last night I dreamt of you
The sky was white and blue
Flapping your wings you flew
Towards me shining with love
that was honest and true

Dreams are born out of imagination
They also spring out of need
Sometimes they are fired by desire
Mine was probably triggered
by your presence in my moments

Last night I dreamt of you
You gazed at me and smiled
Flew past me by the sea sand
Stretching out your hand
Calling out my name
again, again and again
I wondered if it will rain

My imagination of you
Is completely brand new
My need for you
Is that we pair up as twos
My nightly dreamly desire
Is that you light up my fire

I can see you clearly
As you kiss me mildly
I can hear your heart pound
In rythm with the sea wave sounds
Ochestrating the right motions
Hence you get a promotion
to my private love ocean

Last night I dreamt of you
I wish dreams come true
It is funny
Everyone says that too

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Lego Poem

Let's build like high rated heroes
Let's construct intact with elevated egos
Let's build a house, a boat and a truck
Tick, tock - knock, knock
Lego is fun and it always rocks

Bricks and blocks
Doors without locks
Cars, ships, ports and docks
Tick, tock - knock, knock
With Lego we always build without, stones and rocks

Today or tomorrow, Girls and Boys
We can carefully configure these wonderful toys
With colourful bricks, mini-pieces and mini-figures
Lego is the way to follow
Build in groups or build solo
Friends, aunties, uncles and nieces
Assemble, break and reassemble pieces

Tick, tock - knock, knock - talk, talk
Lego, What do we have in stock?
Tick, tock - knock, knock - work, work
Lego, lets stop the cheap talk!
Let's all construct until we hit a stumbling block!

Copyright 2012 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Lesbian Recognition

Lesbians, get it into your head
No one cares what you do in bed
If you want to get wed
Then so to the alter be led

Everywhere I go
Sexuality and identity
Has become the flow

Gay Rights!
Gay Recognition!
Recognition for touching a female breast
And changing sexuality from east to west
Recognition for kissing a female lip
And for warmly caressing a womans hip

I'm not usually one for condemnation
But what has become of this nation
Where women clap thier hands in celebration
For recognition of artificial insemination

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Let’s do the Rodeo dance

Let’s do the Rodeo dance
Take my hand in guidance
Dance to the left
Dance to the right
Stand firmly on your roots
Shake those big leather brown boots
Has anyone told you, you look cute?

Let’s do the Rodeo dance
It's time for the performance
Dance to the left
Dance to the right
Swivel those hips
Shake those legs
To the dance of substance

Enhance this dance
With some rodeo romance
Dance and romance
Go together in abundance
Yes! Dance and romance
Shall we indulge this instance?

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Letter to GOD

God you are the creator, of after and before
Often I cry my eyes out sore
With tears rolling to the floor
Where is your door? Where is your door?
That I may knock on

God, I recognize my weakness
Ample times, I've asked your forgiveness
The joyful simple things
Love and Life brings
Have not sung my way
God, I still wait patiently as you say

God, this is your letter
Perhaps life will get better
When you read this or perhaps wetter

Each day I try to do right, always putting up a fight
Still in this life's darkness, I have not found the light
As you watch me below, hope continues to grow
Faith in you still flows, because I know
My God is great

The countless blessings
You have showered upon we
Like the air we breathe for free
The eyes of vision we use to see
The taste of pure water without a fee
Anything else can come late, I'll wait
Because I know my God is great

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Life and Cancer

Life and Cancer
Do you have an answer?
Strange how life passes you faster
With the presence of unwanted cancer

A mild tumour, a brain tumour, a breast tumour
None of that bestows on to life any best humour
With this forbidden disease called cancer
Tissues divide and grow like crazy dancers

Doctors abruptly said he had five months to live
Like a wild fire, cancer has spread barbarically actively
O! Life, why have you trapped him as a depressed captive
His psychological state of mind bears sadness pensively

He marvels with words flowing
Was it not better not knowing
Than knowing when one is going
Without knowing where one is going

Life and Cancer
Do you have an answer?
He spends each irretrievable day, one day at a time
O! Life, Cancer has done him an unbelievable crime

The pain is immoderately insane
Worse than lighting, thunder and rain
And his hope stands very often in vain
Waiting for a cure, composite or plain

The simple facts in life which are true
Is he pictures life with much more value
Someone, someone out there will survive
And the victory for cancer will be deprived

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Life is a bed of lyrics

Life is a bed of lyrics
So like an obsessive critic
I listen to any type of music
While it addresses its topic

When words flow in an orderly traffic
You can influence an entire public
Even if its structure is plain and basic
You can convince even the sceptics

When you speak in lyrics
The effect can be so drastic
Sometimes you apply technique
To produce some form of comic

Please don't panic
When I say 'Life is a bed of lyrics '
Even a poet’s style is rhythmic
With lyrics we can play the game of politics
Words can sooth or send you to a clinic
As we seek to manoeuvre great gimmicks

Sylvia Chidi

Life is Chess

Lets play a game of chess
A game that could bring about stress
A game that could also depress
If you strive to win without success

Chess is life Kasporov said
Thats what l thought off when l went to bed
Its funny you have a king and a queen
That represents a whole lot of things
Marriage, Politics, love and dont forget natures law

While the bishop goes with religion
The knights go to war to represent the nation
And the pawns march on like soldiers without a choice
But to defend our lives
The castle a wall around our thoughts
A protector for what our identity is worth

Who is behind the strategy
Does the player represent leadership
Are the pieces part of the world
If l draw a game what do l define myself
And if l win am l the supreme
Or is this thought merely too extreme

To play chess better
One has to constantly work harder
Recently l have acquired a bag of tricks
Which comes with experience
And while l play
I sometimes pray for luck
Which sometimes works
Such is the representation of real life

A queen so strong is sometimes sacrificed
While a king with only one move to his name
Is always the last to stay in the game
Thats goes to show that life is unfair
With all the pain and suffering that women bear
Life is Chess
I have to confess

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Life is Life

Sometimes I attempt to climb ladders
Sometimes I hold pee in my bladder
And there are days I feel exhausted
Almost like I have been combusted

But Life is Life
It doesn't really matter
It will carry on
You can spend it alone
You can share what you have sown
Or you can enjoy it all on your own

Sometimes I read the news
And it gives me chills rather than blues
That I have to give credit to those in poverty
Who embrace it peacefully with open honesty!

But Life is Life
It doesn't really matter
Wars will be lost, some will be won
And babies will continue to be born
Sometimes there is rain, sometimes sun
And some will inevitably die by the hands of a gun

Sometimes I am shy
And I don't know why?
Sometimes I am horny
And I weary my hair in a pony
The fashion magazines, the luxurious limousines
Make you want to take time out commit sin to win

Sometimes I awake feeling on top and up
And the good vibe goes on without a stop
Sometimes I can’t help feeling sloppy
As I try keeping awake from a coffee cup

But Life is Life
It doesn't really matter
Crawl, walk, run or hop
Life itself will never stop

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Life is....

Life is precious
While one is concious

Life is fabulous
And joyous for the righteous

Life is monstrous
Inflicting sad moments while callous

Life makes us anxious
That feeling of life is always infectious

Life is beautiful
When adventurous and dareful

Life is a challenge with a purposeful goal
For others life is about revenge and control

Life is a lesson for all persons

Life is the reason for life
As we exist season by season

The complexity of life is awesome
An illusion of reality so gruesome

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Light

Day and night
Is decided upon by light

Daylight is wondrous and bright
Darkness solely brings upon fright

Black and white
Is entirely lucid in light

The beauty of sight
Is valued broadest in light

Any form of fight
Must be done in light
Otherwise winning will be tight

In the absence of light
Hovering around will be our plight

We can't separate wrong from right
If we cannot see without the light

So light from the sun is fun
Essential for a battle to be won
As a fire ignites
Particles of dust reunite
The fiery orange light
Fends of the termites that bite

The candle or moonlight
Is always a special invite
Inspiring me to write
Spinning my imagination to great heights!

Light is good
Light is food
Light acts upon our moods
Light is a weapon
Light is a bundle of fun
Light of a lamp, of a candle or sun
I call for you to keep shining on!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Little black box called Television!

I watch it
Morning, day and night
The plasma screens are quite a sight
Soap Operas, Reality Shows, Movies
I watch anything there is to see
But the little black box called Television
Gets on my nerves

Images of other people’s life it serves
As a daily dish to my vision
Even my own ideas about fashion
Are ruthlessly destroyed in its mission
To impose on me of how to live

But I love Television
I am addicted to Television
Like glue is to paper
Or love making is to a beginner
I am its concubine with my permission
Please at me, don't point a finger

When I am lonely
It is easier to pretend
The images presented by TV
Are my friends

When I am horny
Without sounding funny
I can make love in my bed
After breakfast in bed
To anyone from the TVs images
Now endorsed into my head

That little black box
Sucks, it really sucks
It is just a vicious circle
Bed, Work, Television and Bed
Bed, Work, Television and Bed
Bed, Work, Television and Bed

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Little words like Sorry

Little words make me cry
Common go ahead and try
Little words tell no lie
Like the simple word when I say goodbye

Little words tend to tease
Little words tend to appease
And when one says the word please
Life and love is given a new lease

Little words like sorry, don’t worry
Blossom slowly in little glories
And the moral of this story
Is that ‘sorry’ is often said in a hurry

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Long walk home

As I look at my shoe rack
I know I have walked far
Walked to the moon and back
Weary like a potato sack
Sometimes on the right track
Trekking thousand of miles
Encountered with cries and smiles
My own courage I never lack

Even the fastest car
Could not have gone that far
It would have broken down
Somewhere along the way

With a driver at the wheel
I may never have been able to tell
The fake from the real
Or the difference between
Heaven and hell
It is only my will
Which carries me through day by day
As I pray not to be led astray

It’s a long walk home
Hammered by rocks and stones
Paths filled with flowers and thorns
At times I felt alone
The everyday obstacles
Blessed sometimes by sudden miracles
While trying to survive

Climbing hills
And mountains made of steel
Drenched in pouring rain
Confused by crossroads
I am getting there
Stepping on each road with care
I am getting near
Jumping up and down with fear
It’s a long walk home

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Long weeks, short weekends

Monday,
The week is spun
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
And the weekend is born

Saturday, Sunday
Back to square one
Where it all begun

Long weeks, short weekends
With no inclination of fun

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Lost but not yet found

He is lost like a lone sheep
Blahing away to heard

She is lost like a lone bee
Buzzing around the window sill

They wander both seeking
As if a conspired feeling
Year after year they wander
Month after month they ponder
Wondering what is yonder

Both lost but not yet found
The answer lies on the same strange ground
They have walked before round after round

Making wishful sounds
Lost but not yet found
Hiding away in common grounds
Help if you must
Or they shall never find their way!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Lost Freedom

For those who don’t already know
This poem is not going to glow and flow
It lost its freedom years ago
Guess who dictates how the current theme goes

Arise, Arise!
Freedom is nice
Yet freedom itself comes with a price
Hence the never-ending sacrifice

After years of people giving up lives
Assisting us with out struggle to survive
To end slavery, to gain independence & to acquire autonomy
We have become the latest kind of slave, a slave of technology

Our phone conversations are listened to
Yet there is no one you can sue
Technology is watching us from cameras & satellites
Taking away our precious privacy rights

Freedom of speech, to those I outreach
Does not exist, I teach
Say the wrong things and you will be impeached

So whilst we have taken
One step forward,
We have also taken
Two steps backwards
We the slaves of new technology
Why do we embrace this new ideology?

Everything about you
Can be accessed from a central database
Is this just the beginning of a new phase?

So Arise, Arise!
Freedom is nice
But the price of freedom itself
equals the withdrawal of freedom for some
Hence the never-ending sacrifice
2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Love at First Glance

Love at first glance
Just a glimpse of you
And I know there is something magically that is there
From a distance I know I have to get near
Captivated by your golden black hair
I cannot help but just stupidly stare
I do not care
I cannot help thinking
if I have clean underwear
For you may ask that magical question

Would you like to spend the night?
I have been in darkness for quite a long while
Maybe you can show me the light
And if the feeling is right
I will never let you out of my sight
For it is you who will make me happy
And make my day merry and bright

It is you I can kiss daily and give love bites
Or have regular small pillow fights
And if you are good
I may allow you to arrest me and read out my rights
In black and white
I may just allow that I just might
For with you in my life I can scale walls of any height

Your voice suddenly brings me around
For I am wholly spellbound
There is this feeling in my stomach
That I badly want to bear
Oh dear this must be love at first glance
Your presence alone gives me utmost delight

She smiles at me
And gestures to hold my hand
As if she understands
What I must be feeling and says

What if I gave you notice in advance
Would you romance me and dance my feet away
Would you have lunch and diner with me everyday?
Or sit and watch me while I play
Or even better, would you tear of my vest from my chest
And taste the softness of my breasts
Can you truly satisfy me if I put you to the test?
Can you tell me bedtime stories and jokes
to make me laugh continuously
Or even better
Make love to me till out bodies sweat profusely

Oh dear I feel faint

This must be love at first glance
I am lost for words
My lips are completely sealed

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Love can be

Love can be natural
Love can be mechanical
Love can be informal or formal
Love can be functional or dysfunctional

Love can be an animal
Love can be a mammal
Love can be a penpal
Love can be official or unofficial
Love can be educational or inspirational

Love can be conventional
Love can be emotional
Love can be fragmental
Love can be brutal or fatal
Love can be accidental or occasional
Love can be casual, crucial or gradual
Love can be general or global

Ok! Give it to me
What else can it be?

Sylvia Chidi

Love grows

I know love grows
Yet sometimes its growth is painfully slow
That I just want to say goodbye and go

When moments are hard
And one is down and sad
I look into my own backyard
And ask where the love is?

For if love grows
When it is really necessary, why does it not show?
Instead love tries to hide away in grass that’s low
Or avoids those times by starting a gigantic row

Patience my dear! Says love
Love grows
Time will tell
Things will flow
Eventually love itself will surrender and bow

2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Love is a beautiful thing

Love is a beautiful thing
O! What gladness it does bring
Love is romance in spring
O! My heart bounces when it sings

Love flies on wings
Seeking for a heart bell to ring
Love is a beautiful thing
Even for the Queens and Kings

Sylvia Chidi

Love is....

Love is the greatest gift of life
Love is the greatest bond
Between a husband and wife

Love is unbelievable
Love is humble
Love is a golden gamble
Love is life's symbol
Love is mysterious
Love is hilarious
Its power enormous

Love is the greatest trial of life
While taking life's test drive
Love is the single element
In any moment to hold on to survive

Love is smile
Love is a mother's strength
Love is a father's pride
Love is a friend's support
Love is united kindness
Love is compassion
Love is affection

Love is the greatest joy of life
Give love, do not deprive
Without it, we shall not strive on!

Love is for friends
Love is for family
Love is for lovers
Love is for all

Love me for me
As I love you for you

Sylvia Chidi

Love me for Love

If you must love me
Love me not for my smile
For if I forget to smile
So will your love vanish in a flash

Love me for Love
Love me not for my beauty
Love me for the sake of Love
Not for how I choose to speak my words
Love me for Love
For everything else fades away

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Loves true meaning!

Loves True Meaning
Take time to compromise
If you have to criticise
Choose words that are wise
Or you may have to pay a price

Indulge in patience
Try to experience
the good and the bad
and make reference
to everything without pretence

Show each other respect
Rather than detect and inspect
What you do not like
Your different ways
You must accept

There has to be an element of trust
telling lies is the worst
The truth always comes out eventually
and then you are bust

Love with a passion
Give it your all
Do not ration
Use your imagination
Spice it all up
Work your way from
the bottom to the top
And don't you ever stop!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Luck and Money

Lets have lunch in Majorca
Dinner in Africa
The paradox of luck
is such an enigma
it sucks

How about champagne on Ice
As I roll a box of dice
Waiting to be a struck
by an inch of luck
If I win
Surely you can have a slice

In winter or in spring
Money is everything

With money you can buy wings
and fly
Without money you can only sing
and cry

We strive everyday and pray
for luck and money
for bread and honey

You need money to eat to survive
You need money for shelter
to provide clothing to stay alive
They are only few
who fall in love with a beggar

Luck is sporadic
Completely erratic
Always in close proximity
Excuse my lack of poetic language
In this modern day and age
There is no need for us to pretend on stage
Luck has no pattern
It has no formula
It's such an enigma

When it strikes
It does not mean you deserve it
Luck and death is alike
When it visits
it does not mean it is welcome

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Lust, Lust, Lust

He lusts for her
Her apple breasts
Beneath her vest
Taste the best

Lust, Lust, Lust
Three women on the go
Yet happiness does not flow
It is only
Lust, Lust, Lust

Her apple breasts
Beneath her vest
Taste the best

The natural flow of wetness
He hopes to taste once more
Maybe its vanilla flavor
Will be one better than before

Lust, Lust, Lust
Lost in focus
Lost in defense
Can’t do his job
Till he scores once more
Now humble, no longer hardcore
Only suffering from lust hangover

Her apple breast
Beneath her vest
Has just put him to the test
The sweet fluid of sex
Displaying something complex
Lust, Lust, Lust

Save him
He is an emotional wreck
For he still lusts after his Ex!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Make love to me slowly

Make love to me slowly
Kiss me by the neck slowly
touch me tenderly
not coldy

Grind your body next to mine
Let our union be divine

Make love to me slowly
Whisper sweet nothings in my ear
Tell me that you care
While you play with my hair
Explore my body
with your hands and study
Pleasure me
Open your eyes so you can see me
When I smile
My teeth dancing in a tile

Kiss me, Kiss me
Kiss me, Kiss me

Make love to me slowly
When you have been riding a horse
It expects you to stop
Make love to me slowly
My body is a temple
It is holy

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mama Africa

Mama Africa
Somalia, Nigeria, Ghana, Saudi Arabia
Mama Africa
Senegal, Zimbabwe, Tunisia, South Africa

The land of enormous mineral wealth
I salute thee; I adore thee even in poor health
So many countries I have not yet spelt
Have people ready and steady to flee before they melt

Mama Africa
You walk with a suicidal long rope
As your people lose all hope
Rather than cooking up a brand of prosperity
You the land of recognized poverty
Have mistakenly invented a brand of austerity
The masses are slowly dying
While only a few are high-flying

Mama Africa
We talk about your diamond rushes
We speak of numbers of human losses
We hide our fusses in internal silent boxes
While people struggle and fight in oil brushes
And external parties hide their delightful blushes

Mama Africa
How can a land of abundant resources and rich culture
That the world with marvel continuously captures
Allow wealth to be taken from you before it matures?
Why not divert these takers to signs labeled departure?

Mama Africa
Listen to your children’s voices
Listen to the peoples noises
They are crying to be heard
They are crying to be fed
They are crying for proper education
They are crying as a single nation
They are crying for an end to corruption
They are crying for an end to self-destruction
They are crying for your delinquent protection

Mama Africa
How many crying tears will it take by calculation?
How many dying years will it take to deliver salvation?

Mama Africa
Along with your weakness I salute thee!
Along with your greatness I adore thee!
Along with your madness I still love thee!

Sylvia Chidi

Many a time

Many a time
Many a time
My thoughts linger
As I create a single pandemonium
From my awful imagination

I could be a killer, a stripper
If you were not here
Watching me with your weary eyes

I could be the thief
In the mist of friends
Dying of a cancer
To your unknown oblivion

Many a time
I cry in the comfort of my silence
Knowing fully well
That my burden is immense

Many a time I keep wondering
If you are actually there
For I keep on praying
Hoping that you can hear

Send me a miracle
Through anyone of your disciples
Make me once more stable
With your assistance
I am confident that I will be capable
Of turning my table
But I need you to give me that chance

Many a time
I ask myself
Why I am actually here
I do not have that answer
I fear
What I do know is that I care
I care enough to want you as my pair

It is you I want to emulate
And if I were to elaborate
My present state of view
Is that it is you that I rate

Sylvia Chidi

Matters of the heart

The thought of you smiling graciously
Makes my heart beat for you endlessly

So I indulge you to take part
About the theme of the heart
For I am no expert
Of matters of the heart

I say 'what's the big deal'
When you love someone to reveal
On the nose how you feel

Some say 'It's a big deal'
When you love someone to conceal
Precisely how you feel

So many broken hearts
Too many, too few sweethearts
So is the gap between my age and yours
The perfect love cure or must we endure
Encountering further obstacles in the future

Right now I know my heart
Is yours even when we are apart
Clench onto our life's flowchart
For who is to tell who will first depart!
With love that's the risk we take from the start

So I indulge you to take part
About the theme of the heart
For I am no expert
Of matters of the heart

What about trust, respect and compatibility
What about chemistry and reality

Is the heart sufficient?
Or must the head follow
In making all the right decisions for tomorrow

Should I follow my heart or should I follow my head?

Sylvia Chidi

Michael Jackson! King of Pop

The artistically king of pop
The legendary cream of the crop
In silence your world falls
Through hearts and souls, large and small
With your final curtain call

Sadly there were many of us not there
In your solitary blackest moments of fear
Michael Jackson! With sobbing tears we cry
Michael Jackson! Why did you fly far away so high?

On life’s theatre stage you broke phenomenal grounds
As we take a look back to culture, songs and sounds
When black and white were maliciously separate
You brought to the world universal love instead of hate

Through your songs was born a faith
So strong it reunited people, countries and states
Michael Jackson! With sobbing tears we cry
Michael Jackson! Why did you die before saying goodbye?

The dancing genius - Father of the moonwalk
The world is curious – Small talk becomes large talk
And now your memory will stalk us
As you return back to dust so fast!
Goodbye and may you be in peace at last

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Midnight Prostitute

There she goes again
Flagging me down in the rain
Yes, she is cute

Midnight prostitute
Roaming the red light district
With conventions of her own so strict

A tenner for an ice cream
Fifty for a lay
A hundred for the day

She is a woman of the streets
A working class brain
In the sunlight she cleanses her stains

I beg of you no condemnation
I beg of you no disrespect
You and I are not even near perfect

There she goes again
Midnight Prostitute
A tenner for an ice cream
Fifty for a lay
A hundred for the day
Marriage for the year
I fear!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mirror, mirror in the hall

Mirror, mirror in the hall
Tell me I am as pretty as a doll

As you stand there by the wall
Why are you truthful to us all?

How about sweet white lies?
When I look at you and sigh
Or is vanity going to be my downfall

In you all I always see is my real image
Imprisoned in your crystal transparent cage
When will you set me free?
When will you let me be?
This is now becoming my daily outrage

Mirror, mirror in the hall
Why do you pretend?
Not to be my best friend?
How about sweet white lies?
Or a positive reply
When I ask you that simple question
Who is the prettiest of them all?

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Miss A La Cream

Waiting is worth the while
Miss A La cream, a la cream
The lady of magnificent style
The woman of many a mans dream

A natural born striker
Every man in turn likes her
The queue up in flashy little cars
It doesn’t get them really any far

Miss A La cream, a la cream
The lady of posh self-esteem
At day, she’s in the sauna wrapped in towels
At day she’s at the hairdressers draped in jewels
At night, she can be found at many a brothel
But don’t you ever ask, what is a vowel?
But don’t you ever attempt to make her to spell

Natural yellow, gold and blonde
With an exquisite scent from beyond
A La cream, a la cream
She can pander a whole football team
Up in the mountains or down by the streams

When she walks the street with her heels
Mouths open, hearts relentlessly dream
Notwithstanding her heart is stronger than steel
That’s why she is Miss A la cream, A la cream

Sylvia Chidi

Miss Cinderella, sing my song

This is one of my poems in my current erotic poem book I am writing to publish later this year. And please it is all based on imagination!

The smell of her strong musky fragrance
Imposed on me a certain disturbance
Clearly in the air there was no romance
Perhaps that was a sign of its entrance

That night I slept but a little
My fingers in a constant fiddle
Tossing and turning
My imagination running
Wow! She was stunning

Her lips alone I couldn't dismiss
Even with a single kiss
I simply do not know how to 'take the piss'
Those delicate rosy cushy red lips
Needed seven times seven daily kiss trips
With special tantalizing nurturing from my lips

Her large beautiful breasts
Lay hidden beneath her blouse
She was not yet my spouse
Yet every part of me was aroused

I'll like to grind my body upon her thighs
Feed her lips with laughter and moaning cries
Share intimacy with her below the midnight skies
Someday maybe together we may fly
Who knows how high if we try!

And when she spoke
Her words alone were electrifying
While I listened mesmerising
Memorising every word she spoke
Until my brain was literally soaked

I like to kiss her body inch by inch
Tease her with every flinch and with soft pinches
Touch and caress her smooth black ebony skin
Taste her breasts as our love manifest at a love nest
Pin her to the bedroom wall and make love to her gently
Talk to her beautiful body all night tenderly
Her juicy pie will get wetter than wet
So she will never forget the day we met

On a beautiful night of poetry
With women writers making history
Her thoughts were with another
At first I thought her poem
Was about her sister or her mother

Never guessed it was her ex-lover

It seems Miss Cinderella
Is still hanging on to what is gone
Miss Cinderella
Sometime, I'll like to take you out for some fun

The wonderful night past
She vanished so fast
No phone calls, just occasion text and emails
Where have I failed, or have I failed
Before I even started to set sail?

I can't call now, Life's pressure is written on my wall
I'm not entitled to pleasure in my crystal ball

But it seems Miss Cinderella
Is still hanging on to what is gone
Miss Cinderella
Sometime, I'll like to take you out for some fun
Take a walk with you under the sun
Massage your body beautifully as we take turns
Play hide and seek as we take shelter and run
I could bake you one of my delicate buns

Miss Cinderella
Stop hanging to what is gone
All that is past and done
My passion for you is about to be born
My feeling for you is better than none
I invite you to sing with me my song
There is this feeling I have
We cannot be wrong!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Miss Cinderella's forgotten shoe

Miss Cinderella
O Miss Cinderella!

I reckoned my dreams would materialize true
When I stared into those beautiful eyes of you
Miss Cinderella
O Miss Cinderella
Thou forgot to cast behind thy only begotten shoe

I stand here in line in thy awaited queue
You enlighten from the limousine
I'm waiting for that heavenly sign
Miss Cinderella
O Miss Cinderella
What has become of you?
Thou forgot to cast behind thy only begotten shoe

So many miles I flew
Yet you have no clue
Of how much we can chew
Without your shoe, there is no preview
Of the fairy tale we could pursue
Miss Cinderella
O Miss Cinderella
Can't you see this love tattoo?
Thou forgot to cast behind thy only begotten shoe

And now you have left the venue
Thoughts of your forgotten shoe
I will cherish and value
So close, so near, almost there
Miss Cinderella
O Miss Cinderella
If only you could undo
And cast behind thy forgotten shoe
But thou forgot to cast behind thy only begotten shoe

So the prince is gone
Life goes on
But my love for you is not withdrawn!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Miss Virginia does wish to kiss!

This is about the girl called Miss Virginia
Pencilled from the state of Pennsylvania
With enchanting lips spelt well fed
Beaming a sunny sunset of rosy red
She exercised a daily routine of kissing fashion
Induced by an early youth of kissing passion

She waited at the airport for his jumbo jet
As she quenched her last cigarette
Holding onto the moment
They first met on the Internet
She stares down his lips now to see what she can get

This bittersweet taste of a kiss
The unspeakable fusion of peace
O! Miss Virginia does wish to kiss
O! Miss Virginia does wish to kiss

With a simple touch of lipstick
Men will follow many a woman to the gallows
With legs and groins feeling weak
The kiss of life or death is a woman’s tomorrow

And like changing coloured leaves
This kiss can either die or conceive
This kiss can either lie or deceive
This kiss can be relied upon to bring relieve
To a troubled heart
That needs a new start

This bittersweet taste of a kiss
The unspeakable fusion of peace
O! Miss Virginia does wish to kiss
O! Miss Virginia does wish to kiss

And Miss Virginia will have her way
As their lips touch in mysterious ways
A kiss of love and a kiss of passion
Both have no thoughts of rationing
This beautiful moment of compassion

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Modern Office Injustice

The impertinence of the modern office
And all those who carry out injustice
Has contributed to him losing his Mojo
Now he bears no interests in the joys of London Soho

He has only tears and sorrow
Saving his strength for tomorrow
And don't ask him if he is boozing
Nor ask him if he is cruising
Only his disappointment is right now oozing

Has he lost his Mojo?
Has he lost his drive?
Or lost his glow because of negative flows?
Has he lost his instincts to survive?

And the answer is 'No, No and No'
Don’t take his silence as a knockdown blow
Justice will come even though it is sometimes slow
We read it and we see it each day on television
The fight, a repeated rehearsal and revision of editions

When the strong become momentarily weak
The weak gain strength that makes you feel sick
You've countless nights when you can't sleep
The only question that is pondering on his lips

Is, has he lost his Mojo?
Has he lost the will?
Will this feeling of hate grow?
When will justice itself instill?

Who knows how the story goes!
The impertinence of the modern office
I say 'Shame to all those
Who partake in carrying out injustice! '

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Modern Woman

He seeks a woman who is modern
Without a twinkle of concern
Today joy is no longer just a boy
A woman has more skills to deploy

She is a companion
She is an attraction
She is a distraction
She is a fascination

He seeks a woman who is modern
Parading streaks displaying stubborn
The concepts easy come and easy go
In his dictionary is a big 'No, No, No' especially to the bimbo

She must be able to joke and laugh
Tease him at playtime with a scarf
At home laboriously contribute
Always maintain her youth looking cute

He seeks a woman who is modern
Multi-tasking must be her pattern
Today with her skills wide-ranged
Her role has three sixty degrees changed

She is an intellect
She is almost perfect
She deserves respect
She is a mans hearts elect

He seeks a woman who is modern
Who is yearning to learn!
For the concept of equality
He knows is not a nonentity

Gone are days when it all began!
When woman was born of man
Everything worked according to plan
Till the ban, they both took cover and ran

He seeks a woman who is modern
Who is yearning to learn!
He knows somewhere in his head and mind
The modern woman has risen from behind

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Money talks!

Money talks
Put it to work
Watch your world spin & rock

Money talks
But when it fucks with you
Money sucks

Without money, we are in poverty
With money, you are my property
If you are very ugly, don’t worry
There is expensive plastic surgery
If you are one who is totally boring
Spend, spend, spend and stop worrying

Who says money can't buy you love
Who says money can't buy you friends
Who says money can't buy you fame
We all live and die the money game

Money talks
Hit the jackpot
Watch the media flock
Paparazzis, children, grown-ups
Chasing you from block to block
The previous known vagabond
People now no longer mock
You ceased being a laughing stock
Now they want a share of your buck

Ignoring money talk, is not that simple
Many have thrown away their principles
Listening to money talk
It is the master of love & hate
It is the master of a smile & a frown
It is the master of respect & disrespect
It’s the difference between a good & a bad friend

Money talks
If you listen to it
You become its slave
The only path it paves
Waits silently to crush you
With an evil gigantic wave

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mother Earth

I am here to commemorate and honour the life of Mother Earth
Mother earth was everything to me
She had her virtues
That was nothing new
She was very special and unique
There was absolutely nothing in her league

Unfortunately I was not present at her birth
And deplorably I have to speak about her death

Her birth they say was an amazing wonder
Which no man alone could bring asunder
She was created from the smallest element in the universe
And yet became the greatest miracle of it
So many blessings she has showered on the human race

From endless nights to glorious days
Showered randomly by rainbow colours
Gentle winds and pouring rains
The mighty oceans and the gentle blazing sun

These were the gifts Mother Earth offered
The seas, land, air, sun, rain and thunder

She matured daily with strenght, wisdom and love
To give so much to us
Once a paradise
Ripe with variety of fruits
Blessed with many mixed cultures
Inhabited by numerous families
Rich in food and wealthy in nature

Now a barren land
Completely void
The air polluted by fumes
Sickness and poverty the earth consumes

I content myself with the beautiful memories of you
Mother Earth!
I thank you for your gifts
I await the rebirth of you
Perhaps now that we know what is true
We humans may take better care of you

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mother Nature

Often I marvel at Mother Nature
And its unique adventures
It has in stock for us
I have to say Mother Nature is the boss
Everyone has DNA-like life experience
Sometimes it can be monotonously intense

But Mother Nature is supreme
And Mother Nature is extreme

Often I ponder on why Mother Nature
Is sporadically insane with jealousy
Committing many a time unspeakable atrocities

Tornados, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions
It showers, making its necessary modifications
Tidal waves are its trademark of destruction
Of natural and artificial creations

But Mother Nature always makes up
With multiplication and replication of the living!

Sylvia Chidi

Mother's Day

There comes a day for mother
Marked 'Commemoration'

There comes a play for mother
Parked with celebrations

There comes a day to say mother
You are my woman of idyllic salvation

That day is called Mother's Day

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Motivation

Love isn’t any motivation
Wealth isn’t any motivation
Health isn’t any motivation
Create not more confusion

Inspiration and motivation is a pair
Imagination follows and is near
Near enough to make you desire
Near enough to make you crave instead of tire

Like the nutrients that enhance the growth of a plant
Motivation is the force from your self within
The invisible voice urging you to win
Motivation is when you make it routine
To implement actions to show you are keen

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mr Curry Delight

Yum, yummy
O! My tummy
Mr. Curry Delight

Now I fight
For my right
Mouthwatering tasty dishes
Incredible vegetable species
O! Mr. Chef
Mr. Curry Delight
Yum, Yummy
Hear my tummy
Common hurry!
Or be sorry

Hmmm, what's cooking?
Aromatic spices stewing
Spinach & vegetable brewing
In bucolic style
Chopped onions & tomatoes
Anything edible goes
With the flow
Spicy chicken tandoori
Worth the calories

Yum, Yummy
O! My tummy
O! Mr Curry Delight
This curry sauce
Deserves an applause!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mr President

There are mountains of dreams
Encompassed with tears extreme
And I fear with thoughts hard to bear
One cannot create luck out of thin air

Good Morning Mr President
Greetings from a local resident
Long before I make this statement
Many have left with sounder judgement

Like the poem of a divine poet blowing up in smoke
I heard you make your wonderful speeches
All promises were absorbed with two ears soaked
But I know 'English' confuses when it preaches

Drunk with ears, unable to comprehend
Are the problems of society that easy to mend?
Can you really make the world a better place
with peace, trust and prosperity amongst races?

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Mrs Snorer

Mrs Snorer
Went to School
Fell asleep in the classroom
Her teacher woke her up with a
Broom, broom, broom
As she snored, snored, snored

Mrs Snorer
snores like a
Horse, horse, horse
She took a ride on the
Bus, bus, bus
and missed the last stop
As she snored, snored, snored

Mrs Snorer
Went to bed
Lay down her big head
Turned her body round
And shook the whole house
Down, down, down
As she snored, snored, snored

Mr Snorer
Snored at home
With each snore
They had to shut
All the windows and the doors
As she snored, snored, snored
Mrs Snorer was a
Bore, bore, bore

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Beautiful Sunshine

My beautiful sunshine
At night you turn into a twinkling star
My beautiful sunshine
In the light, By you I'm dazzled from afar

I want to reach out and touch you
Whilst you shine your light at me from near distance
But all I can really do, Yes! really, really do and its true!
Is caress your face with my smile this very instance

My beautiful sunshine
Winter to my heart will soon makes its way
For now I hold onto your warmth which is mine
I sing sweet melodies in your delightful rays
Coaxing your heart to sing to me and play

When winter comes announced again
Your memories will take away all the pain
Whether it snows or it decides to rain
O! my beautiful sunshine, I will wait for you
To shine your light on me once gain

Copyright 2006 Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My cat

Written for a friend who has a cat called Midnight Ninja

My cat jumped out of a window
Three storey building tall, out of curiosity
If he had spoken to me about the city
I would have taken him there by car
Don't know how my cat survived
Guess that is why he had nine lives

My cat is dark black and slim
Midnight Ninja I call him
We work together well as a team
I have taught him a few tricks
Sometimes he does not know
Which of the tricks to pick

He can stand on two legs
And he knows how to beg
For food when I am in a good mood

But he never knows when to stop
Tries to drink out of my tea cups
And whenever I get cross
And meow to him that I am boss
He just jumps up, right to the very top

I took my cat to a pretty vet
Whom we had just met
And all he did was get wet
Around her legs and hands
I had to pay her to understand

Sometimes he marks his territory with shit
I think he does that when on the heat
Or maybe because he eats and eats

Every morning
He waits silently on the floor
Waiting for me to open my door
Same old trick, he can be such a bore
I always give him a morning pat
Even though he is lazy and fat
Yes Midnight Ninja is my cat
Without the rat and the mat

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Curriculum Vitae

My Curriculum Vitae
Its three pages long
Words are laid out like a song
Your organisation is where I should belong

I know my contact address
Does not make sense
This is only because I am homeless
That's why my hair is always a mess
I may look like a thug
But I'm totally harmless

Do not despair
I can co-ordinate
Articulate, emancipate, and participate
Forgive me but I have to state
I have learnt all the sixty nine
positions on how to mate

I am totally confident
Straight and not bent
I am god's gift
To everyone
When your staff see me in the lift
They will say I am god sent
With me you are always assured of fun

My Curriculum Vitae
is one I rewrote in May
I just had to reemphasis my skills
After so many rejections
I suddenly realised I forgot to mention
My personal education and qualification
Hence I am in a jobless situation

So let me tell you about my
Knowledge and experience
I know my latest music
I also know the strategy of
taking days off sick
I can drink loads of any kind of beer
And keep up with the latest fashion and underwear
My best friends will give you my reference
And tell you about my sexual preference

I am also flexible
You can ring me any time out of the blue
That's nothing new
Hopefully my Curriculum Vitae
should now secure me an interview

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Fantasy

My fantasy is of you
Please make my dream come true

My fantasy is of you
as I call your name out of the blue

When I close my eyes
I can see you with a nightly glow
You are the only one
that can attempt to steal my flow

My fantasy is of you
while I wait in a queue
as a pilgrim on a journey
waiting for our paths to meet
And when that meeting takes place
your wheels of thought
will spin me and stop me in my track

My fantasy is of you singing a song
Singing a song with me
all night long

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My feelings for you

I am not ready to compromise
While our heart-beats start to synchronize
So I will start with this note and compose
About a feeling for you which I wish to expose
Like a sudden bolt of electricity
You have arrived my way by destiny

How strange or connected is the past
In time to bring us together at last
Here are two hearts, two minds
Total opposites yet similar in kind
Merging distantly from behind
As the picture step by step unwinds

My feelings for you are new
Though out of the blue they are true
While I give to you and take
With joy every inch of me is wide awake
With you every second is a special bond
Much more precious than any diamond

Baby, baby!
Invite me into your heart at your own leisure
My feelings for you I cannot measure
But I unquestionably wish to treasure
By revealing to you amounts of pleasure
I desire to impose upon you without pressure

These are the ramblings of an amorous mind
Sampling your virtuous love that is arduous to find

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi
Watch the Poetry Movie
http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=vsdFzOeOOp4

Sylvia Chidi

My First Crush

My First Crush
Her smile
Alone captivated me as a prisoner
In an island
Isolated by my inner walls
Her words echoed
And made me quiver
With a rapid velocity of joy

The innocence of my first crush
A feeling of completeness
We spend our lives
Searching for

A sigh of contention
Moments to look forward to
Thinking of ways to make her laugh
My Uranus
My Shining star
My very first crush

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

My Flower

Each day I watch you as you grow
Your petals smile of different shades
Your charm penetrates me nice and slow
Your beauty itself is forever unlikely to fade

You are my flower
I am your water
You are the beautiful gem
That makes this a perfect poem

You sparkle with rainbow colourful showers
You stand with a unique pose of beauty power
Your smell is a fragrance beyond compare
It fills me with joy to inhale you in the atmosphere

You are my flower
I am your water
Living a life of amorous fantasy
Captured and captivated in your ecstasy

Your fragrance blossoms
Your nectar sweet enough to fill a room
I stare at you with awesome desire
As your sight alone lights my fire

You are my flower
I am your water
You are the answer
To my internal will-power

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Friend

I am so glad
You are my friend
Its with you my day sometimes ends

You are a part of my worldly treasures
Your love and trust cannot be measured
My Friend

Sylvia Chidi 2005

Sylvia Chidi

My love for you!

Like a silent wind that has blown
Unheard!
Sometimes I think about you quietly alone
As I lay in bed

My hair stands up deep-rooted unkempt
A wink of sleep I have not yet slept
I cogitate and wish that I could have wept
Just seeing elements of my love for you
Shift from right to left
And I know I owe destiny a great debt

My love for you
Is deeper than any wells of earth
My love for you
Is always on red alert!
There is no one like you
Not yet! That gets me this wet
My love for you
Is without regret as I watch the sun set

I think of you constantly
Lingering on the way you smile graciously
I think of your kisses and your touch
My heart endlessly yearns for you too much
This heart of mine I have to watch!

They say tough is rough
But your love alone is enough
To carry me through any tough
If I alone could move the mountains
I would remove all the hurdles in our lane

Many say loving you from afar is insane
But my love for you
Will stand against time and torrential rains

My love for you
Is non-negotiable
My love for you
Is forever stable
My love for you
Is my food to you on your table!
Tell me my dear! Are you capable?
Tell me my dear! Are we that compactable?

Patience my dear is the name of the game
Thoughts of you will light up my flame
My love for you forever remains the same!

Sylvia Chidi

My Mother

My mother
is a stunner

She as beautiful
as a rainbow
I want to follow her
where ever she goes

I want to be like her
when I grow
plant seeds like her
reap and sow
make sure my offsprings follow
my path whether it is narrow
I love her so much
She makes me smile with a golden glow

My mother is my best friend
when I am feeling low
We say hello
a thousand times
when I am feeling low
She always knows
How to be straight with me
and say no

I say it once
I say it twice
My mother is a stunner
Now I have got to go

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My political hero

There's something about him
There's something about him

It’s not just his looks
Or the fact he’s a great cook
How do I fathom a man?
That is a tremendous success

I say this not to impress
When you hear him address congress
With words so tantalizing even to the press
You may agree and confess to his greatness

There's something about him
There's something about him

A man of the people
So gentle and simple
Gifted with imagination
Passionate with dedication
Master of the political game
A man with vision
And one on a mission

Somewhere in my head
I know it might sound weird
It is nothing to do with the bed
He is my political hero
Political hero of tomorrow

Political hero!
Political hero!
My political hero
Future leader of tomorrow
I praise thy name
Even if you can’t hear
I praise it all the same

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Rock of Gibraltar

Rock, Rock
O! My Rock of Gibraltar
You are my heavenly altar
The doves sing, the white clouds dance
And the white waves at sea wave romance

And for the love of chess
Let me humbly confess
The way you move those chess pieces
Can mend anyones hearts broken pieces

Rock, Rock
O! My Rock of Gibraltar
With nature beautiful beyound wonder
The monkeys & birds are at home
They play about and joyously roam

And when I look at you it is clear
You are a breathe of fresh Gibraltar air
You touch my pawns, rook, bishop, queen, king and knight
My heart racing, I think this must be Gilbraltar love Alright!

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Strenght

Bear faith and strength will come
Seek it and strength will come
Sing, Sing
It’s with strength you belong

I listened as an angel sang her song

Take heed now
My weakness has been your strength
But no more!
For sure!

Take heed now
My kindness you abused at length
But no more!
For sure!

Take heed now
I stopped believing in me
Topped up with your deceiving
I flopped thinking
I was not worthy of receiving
But no more!
For sure!

Behold a stranger came and walked my way
Bringing along her golden sunrays

I found my strength at long last
I found my strength at long last within me
I found my strength at long last to be free
I found my strength at long last, you see!
You are now a thing of the past
‘You, ’ I sing. ‘Are merely an outcast’

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

My Sweet Love

I feel that I have known you for infinity
There seems a certain familiarity in the wind
As I wait for your concealed presence
To reveal itself to me

You are like a grain of sand calling my name
In the middle of a desert
From across the five oceans of the earth
My power will wash you towards me

I can see you in my dreams
Your beauty is beyond imagination
It's a spiritual one
A dimensional physicality which cannot be
Compared to that of a diamond

My sweet love
I know you are near
And you can silently hear
Me drawing you like an electron towards me
I have grown and learnt in wisdom
And I'm ready for your world and mine to merge
A completeness of trust
An eternity of a unified satisfaction of needs

The universe is yours and mine
Now to meet by chance
Or rather an amicable unconscious decision
For our meeting to be

My sweet love
The wheel of your sensual touches
Awakens me
And almost sets me free
Let it be I say
It is a sign
That the wheels must spin
With continuous swiftness

Here I am
A complete psychopath
Still within the conformity of the law
Still at the mercy of society
Waiting for that saving grace
To absorb me at a slow pace

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

New Technology

No one writes a letter
these days
the old fashioned way
New technology
is leading us all gradually astray

Ignoring a pen and paper
We now put words to solder
With a word processor
Documents spurned out
of printers like sprinters
Technology has become
our instant saviour
our new child and adult molestor
Can you see what we can do
without the creator

One, two, three, four
It only takes a second to score
It only takes a second to open doors
On the internet on each floor
Pay with your credit card
Or be redeemed as mad

One, two, three, four
It only takes a second to turn
from and angel to a bitch
that is hardcore
Leaving everyone sour and sore
On the chat websites
She only uses her words to fight

One, two, three, four
It only takes a second to explore
It only takes a second to ignore
and destroy mother nature
With the push of a button
sounds cannot be muffled by cottons

Forget the days of licking stamps
Posting envelopes in a mailbox
Email messages are gathering in flocks
abundantly countless
Please stop this madness
defined as email spam
filling up your memory ram
I suppose that is what
New Technology is here for

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

New York

New York, New York
A city that breathes endlessly
Dollars are spent carelessly
New York, New York
A city of squares and blocks
And the Stars roll and rock
While tourist flock
Like sheep cornered in squares

Entertainment, clubs and theatres
Is all that seems to matter
Twenty four seven
Alive in heaven

New York
A taxi takes you round and round the blocks
I end up in Madison Square
Where I started out twenty minutes before
But who cares?
This is New York
Every where there are open doors

New York, New York
A city that never sleeps
Everywhere you must leave a tip
But this city is worth the trip
New York, New York
A city of numbers and avenues
And elongated queues

It is true
I see now, I know now
About what they say about New York!

Sylvia Chidi

Not guilty by the hour

‘Guilty or not guilty’, he asks

She says, ‘Not guilty by the hour’
Her face looking very sour
Not guilty by the day
If you look at things my way

I stand here a bruised flower
Helplessly ripped of all her power
Dreading been subjected
To another punishing shower

If today I am jailed
Then society has failed
It is he who should have been long nailed

So she says, ‘Not guilty by the hour’
Her face looking very sour
Not guilty by the day
If you look at things my way

Many a time I have cried
Knowing how hard I’ve tried
A victim of domestic violence
Dismissed by all as nonsense
Ignoring my pleas by pretence
Enduring yearly beatings and mental abuse
Even my public cries seemed to be of no use
As I stand before you all wrongly accused

With my very own hands
I have taken away a life
Without the use of a knife

But I’m not guilty by the hour
Her face looking very sour
Not guilty by the minute
If you take your time and sit
Examine every fact without prejudice bit by bit
Not guilty by the day
If you look at things my way

For with the drunkenness of a violent man
Sprung the madness of an innocent woman
Yet I profess to be hundred percent human

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

O Children!

O Children why do you make mockery of the old?
What gives you that audaciousness to be bold?
Hasn’t anyone spoken, have you not been told?
Your time for maturing, you cannot put on hold

Silent children, speak quietly
Silent children, speak gently
Address me not rudely
I speak to you all fondly

I see you all; I have been there before
Like a thief I want to creep
Back on the other side of age’s door
Today I weep, I weep and I weep
O Eternal youth thou cannot keep!

O Children, Children, Why the innocence?
With a deceptive facial display that is intense
I see through you all, I see the entire pretence
You say you are sorry, it’s a lie, I can sense

O Children why do you seek to grow so fast?
Your flowering youth is not meant to last
Before long it will wrinkle away into the past
Soon you shall become a mere outcast
In the land of youth and that is the truth

Sylvia Chidi

O! Cardiff

I recently took a weekend trip to the country of Wales. I stayed in Cardiff and I was simply blown away by the beauty of the countryside of Wales that I decided that it was about time for me to take up my pen again and write a little poem about Cardiff and Wales.

O! Cardiff
In a twist of tales
I took a trip to the Country of Wales
Slapped from side to side by windy gales
I could not help but bite my finger nails

O! Cardiff
I speak with love blindly
You taste like a sweet wild cherry
The never-ending hills of houses are a beauty clearly

Through the land of valleys known as Methyr Tydfil
I saw sights of green imposed on me without tariffs
There was the largest city called Cardiff
Enticing me luxuriously to a weekend of mischief

A parcel of Castles
Castle Coch, Caerphilly Castle and Cardiff Castle
Reminds me of those days when soldiers battled
Surrounding green makes me ponder about sheep and cattle
I just desire green tea brewed from a pot of metallic kettle

O! Cardiff
My stomach now sings a soft jelly
As I think of a sweet girl called Kerry
Right now I'm in an ecstatic state of being merry

Cardiff the city of exuberant style
I gaze at the Millennium stadium touching the skies
And a 150ft clock elongates with a smile
Wile the Severn cross-way seems to go on for miles

With my fortress of endless wild dreams
The musical festivals tempts me with boozy steam
As I meet a young toothless fairy
Whose chest is so hairy and scary!

The Museums, the Welsh accent and jack union flags
The Cardiff bays, the Mermaid Quay are Cardiff's tags
Spectacular restaurants and the day passes without a drag
O! Cardiff what else do you have in your mystery bag?

The reggae men sing about a one night stand
Women think they are stallions each time they try out new positions
And I with wonder can all but understand
For those who shoot the Sheriff are on a mission

O! Cardiff
The alcohol has made eyes blurry and weary
I like to buy a house and dog named Kerry
Today I'm in an ecstatic state of being merry
The Welsh people are oh, very friendly
The wetlands, historical cinemas and films
And though with a friendly broken leg I limp
O! Cardiff you are still here to fulfill all my dreams

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Chidi

www.womenball.com\sylviachidi

Sylvia Chidi

O! Caroline O! George

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
What are you doing on the streets of Leicester square?
Sitting and soliciting on the road for loose change
Wearing tattered clothes and flying smelly careless hair
Why is the elegant lady I once knew acting very strange?

O! George, O! George
Maybe it is because you left me
Forgetting to pay me
An annual maintenance fee
Maybe it is because you left me
Without leaving behind your Ferrari key
Maybe it is because you left me
Bare all alone, after sex behind the Iroko tree
Can't you see, you were my only golden key to be free
Until you did a three hundred and sixty degree!

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
I have no one right now to make me
My early morning cup of warm tea!
At times I looked out at the bright sea
Wondering how far you had sailed
Not realizing you were nearby and have terribly failed
You always meant the world to me
It saddens me to see this is what happened to we
I take my time now and plea
Let bygone be bygone and let us once again be

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
Is there a chance we could start again?
O! George, O! George
I knew up there in your brain, you were always insane

Have you forgotten those perfect nights?
Even with Viagra, when you couldn’t get it up
Or when you refused to let me out of your sight
You were worried I would portray you as a flop

You lavished me with gifts and treasures
I had taste with style and high standards
But today my poverty one can easily measure
As I pitifully continuously demand
For change with a bottle of alcohol in one hand

It was always your money
While you were chasing the honeys
That made my days with you sunny
As I eventually laid-off the true meaning of horny

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
Is there a chance we could start again?
O! George, O! George

Will you lavish me with jewelry in the rain?

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
Is there a chance we could start again?
O! George, O! George
Will you ensure I have daily champagne?

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
Is there a chance we could start again?
O! George, O! George
I've always wanted to visit Australia, Asia, Africa and Spain?

O! Caroline, O! Caroline
Seriously I say for the last time very plain
Is there a chance we could start again?
O! George, O! George
Are we flying first class or taking the train?

Sylvia Chidi

O! My little girl is gone!

To all the mothers who have lost their daughter/s.

O! My little girl is gone
O! My little girl, my heart is torn
From the day that she was born
Who knew so early she would be gone?
As the truth lays hidden beneath the sun

My heart constantly aches
While it lies fully awake
Daddy’s little girl full of hope,
Denied the chance to develop
Mummy’s little girl full of scope,
How can I, this distraught mum cope?

She walked the path of immense beauty
With this intense world in her little pocket
O! She was a little girl, a young pretty cutie
O! Her sweet memories, how can we forget?

And I can cry no more
Like I used to do before
Day and night I suffer in anguish
O! My little girl, my little young Miss
Day and night, you I can no longer kiss
I hope that in heaven her heart is at peace

Gone is my bundle of sweetness
And days of walking her to school
Gone is mother’s display of fondness
And days of fun with her in a pool

O! My little girl is gone
O! My little girl, my heart is torn
I think of all the things we could have done!
As a proud parental mother and a child
While life’s tide rolled in-shore mild or wild

Gone are the smiles and rosy cheeks
And her nice little mischievous tricks
As I sit there, ponder and begin to weep
Gone is the time she starts to read books!
And makes efforts to improve upon her looks

And I will miss all her little cuddles
And playing mud and splashing puddles
And I will miss her sweet voice
And all her loud playful noise

I ponder on what could have been
This no longer remains to be seen
O! My little girl, who knows the truth?

I shall think of you everyday by the hour
As my own priceless beautiful lost flower

And the favourite saying like mother, like daughter
Has forever lost its fertility to mature any further!
O! My little girl is gone!
O! My little girl is gone!
From the day that she was born
Who knew so early she would be gone?

Sylvia Chidi

O! What a nose!

People talk about a running nose
I'm talking about a long facial cargo
She’s got a nose longer than my longest toes
With a mission of being nosy as time goes

Please don’t get close
When she discloses
Her loud snoring doze
Don’t be like the heroes

Goodness gracious
O! What a nose!
Goodness gracious
What a precious nose pose!

Painted as red as a romantic rose
Standing long like my garden pipe hose
And as she sniffs, sneezes and exposes
I cannot help thinking of Pinocchio’s nose

Goodness gracious
O! What a nose!
Goodness gracious
Red and long when it snows

And this nose is nosy
She can smell a rat, cat or a bat
When you are getting cozy
In your one bedroom flat

O! What a nose!
In and out juice flows
And when she smells the air
They all cannot help but stare

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

O! Yeah! It is a rat race

We fight for land
We fight for a brand
We fight for our stand
We fight on demand

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
So many more rats I have to face

In hundreds we crawl the city pavements
This rat era of industrial enslavement
Creeping through the tunnels of the underground
The rats are forever mass politically duty-bound
And with any new evolution
We wave 'hello' to a new revolution

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
Every little space is a crowded place

Some are going to work
Some are going for a walk
Some are looking for some luck
Some are trying to make a buck

We are pests of mother earth
Mass copulating until the sun sets
Thousands rave and party in music concerts
And in mass graves we acknowledge our deaths
With shame we cannot bury economic crisis
Even with many centuries of wars and peace

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
We keep on running at a fast pace

For the sake of acquiring education
Everywhere in mass congregations
We place ourselves in institutions
We scrounge the cities for daily food
And a global circle of waste is regularly issued
To our environment! - We do more harm than we do good

We fight for fish
We fight for our dish
We fight for wishes
We fight and varnish with many images tarnished

O! Yeah! It is a rat race
A lasting curse of the human race

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Lovina Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Oh little fly!

Oh little fly
Where is your mummy
Why don't you get out of here in a hurry
before I slap your wings with a sting
Oh What joy that will bring

Your presence alone
as you try to feed on my meal
irritates me

At least show me some respect
Take an example from the mouse
It may not be perfect
Though larger than any insect
seems to have more manners than you
Hiding in daylight
and emerging at night

Oh little fly
Your hairy legs
which houses bacteria
looks awfully terrible
Have'nt you heard of shaving
having a bath and changing
If you feed on that wine
after you have dined
It will not be long
When you start to cry
as you try
unsuccessfully to fly

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Open Heavens

The Heavens have opened
Pouring down with rain
Pouring down a range of sorrows
Like there is no tomorrow

We stand in unity
Awaiting a faculty of miracles
Praying for some form of immunity
From the uncertain
Famines, tornadoes, earthquakes

Without giving us a break
In no chronological disorder
Our earth, our Mother
Has chosen days and places
To reinstate her authority

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Ordinary People

The waters and rivers flow
The winds blow
Grasses and trees grow
Time passes by slow
While we as ordinary people
Still consistently remain shallow

We as ordinary people dictate our faiths
One day, one day
It will be too late
To educate the illiterate
On matters that are delicate
Such as environmental pollution
Or systematic scientific evolution
Exposed with political corruption
Or all kinds of discrimination
Hindering those with dedication and ambition

How about closing the doors
On all this unjustly wars
Leaving them to be dealt accordingly with the law
Instead of luring life right into the hands of deaths claw

But we are ordinary people
With binary feelings
Always concealing
What is blatantly revealing

One day
You will find yourself really lost
Like an abandoned speckle of dust
Because of someone that you trust
You'll only be able to shake your head in utter disgust

One day
In your life you will finally taste
The things you left behind to waste
So hurry up right now and make haste
Before your breasts sag down to your waist
Or your thoughts crumble into a wasteful paste

One day
You will make a card payment
Either in full or in instalments
That you will totally resent
When you receive your bank statement
Wishing you had made a better investment
Realising you’ve been befooled at the moment

One day
Out you shall speak
Sick or not sick, weak or not weak

Suddenly showing strenght stronger than a brick
Wondering if life on you is playing its usual trick
As the clocks move on with each and every single tick

One day
Like all the living you will die
Mothers will moan and sigh
As the watch you dissolve as you lie
And some people for you will cry
While others silently say goodbye

For we are ordinary people
With binary feelings
Always concealing
What is blatantly revealing

So let’s all stand up in unity
Preserve the last of our dignity
Make changes glaring with productivity
Perhaps then earth can breathe in infinity

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Over-population

Over-population, Over-population
The masses engage in mass copulation
The gases of the masses spell out pollution
Let us condemn the nations!

Volcanoes spontaneously erupt
While the world is fundamentally corrupt
In the oceans, oil is spilled
And vast amount of sea life is killed
Every hour there is an earthquake
And numerous Lives's are at stake

Global warming is storming Gods' own creation
Whilst we give our politicians standing ovations
For speeches that they make on television
Let us condemn the nations!

For we all have a part to play
Oratory speeches we have heard before
Oratory speeches offer no man a cure
Men and women always want more and more
Long is the suffering future generations must all endure

Over-population, Over-population
Let us embark on a global mission
Embrace the one child policy as a future vision
Let us take steps in the right directions

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Peace, peace, peace

Peace,
Bring it on
Peace, peace
You do no wrong
Peace, peace, peace
You are strong

Stronger then hatred
Stronger than fear
Stronger than the dark powers
of a troubled mind

Peace
Stay with me
Peace, peace
Flee not, try to be kind
Peace, peace, peace
Why hath thou so tough to find?

Sylvia Chidi

People of today

Today in general
People are refined animals
People are redefined cannibals

Masses of bodies' fat and flesh
Classes of individual thoughts, yet meshed
People, People of today
Most of them easily led astray

Today to be precise
The world is full of people
Some of which are nice or wise

There are those who are common
A lot easier to summon
Then followed by the enlightened
Wearing faces that are brightened
Some are with an awesome mind
Others are of a loathsome kind

People of today
The old with wrinkles
The young with dimples

They can be playful
They can helpful
They can be harmful
They can be spiteful
They can be lustful
There can be trustful
And they can be useful

People of today
In reality are full of vanity, I say it again
They complain even when there is no pain
Their common values are all the same
Money, fame and love is the name of the game
They exist only as on-key friends
When there is real money to spend

But people are people
Whether complicated or simple

Everyone regardless of attribute
Plays a role in life and contributes
Every person I look upon with an avid salute!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Picture of Love

If only I could touch your hands
Maybe you will rightly understand
Your own final destined place
And how I desire to touch your face
This is undoubtedly a picture of love
With your pink lips curled like a curve

Dust is to dust
As rust is to rust
Dust is to dust
As lust is lust

And I have found myself completely lost
Lost in an imaginary beautiful picture
Ready for you my love at any cost
I perceive this as a destined fixture

Trust is a must
As mistrust is disgust
Dust is to dust
And love is to trust
So let us adjust
Before the month of August

And I have found an entry
To your heart by pure chemistry
Your picture is the one of the century
And I will embark on this journey

A journey of curiosity
A journey of animosity
Because a picture is like a beautiful song
You can stare as you would listen to it all day long

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Pink is my colour

Pink pants and rosy plants
Pink blouses, never failing to arouse spouses

Pink hot feverish lips
Passionate pants of pink
Love letters dipped in pink ink

You see! You see!

Pink is my colour
Pink is the sweet side of wild
Quite mild
Like a little lost baby child
Of all the colours compiled
Pink is romantic and disarming
All pink roses are ever so charming

Pink is my colour
The fruit juices I drink
Are always colour pink
With favourable odours
Igniting my fire making me desire more and more
Think! Think! Pink always links
With erotic pleasant stinks
Those flirty winks
Combining with pink
Creating an effect of kink, kink, kinky!

Pink is my colour
Refined or raw
Pink is my colour
And the colour of my door
Pink is my colour
And the only colour I adore

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Playing the Hero!

Stabbed three times he was, I heard
Left alone on the streets as he bled
He died a certain death before he could wed
But who hasn’t got word of this before!
These individual souls are hardcore

They both got life imprisonment
Hardly showing any resentment
For ridding a man with a portfolio of achievements
Who supplemented life each moment with maven judgment!

To him, I wish I could say
Hello, Hello, Yo! Yo! Yo!
Don't play a hero by bequeathing behind a widow
Don't play a hero inducing to all enough sorrow
Don't play a hero by reducing your own life to zero!

Twenty dollars and a wallet were acquired!
Little or no resistance was required
Now a gentle life has expired
Bringing tears to those who he inspired

If you find yourself in a situation
Without hesitation, do not fall into temptation, avoid devastation
Don't play a hero, surrender your ego
Don't play a hero, there is always tomorrow
Don't play a hero by reducing your own life to zero!
If you do, your loved ones may be dealt a heavier blow

Sylvia Chidi

PLEASURE

P - PAIN
L - LOVE
E - EXCITEMENT
A - AFFECTION
S - SEX
U - UNDERSTANDING
R - RELAXATION
E - EXPLORATION

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Pollution

Tell me is it right
That we sleep well at night
Replenishing ourselves
For tomorrows greedy fight

There lie abundant rivers with pollution
There fly multiple clouds with contamination
And when good food goes to waste
The valleys of the earth bury their paste

Our world is an institution
Of environmental pollution
We choose not to care
For our future generations

And I for one am guilty
For buying the hundreds of electronic gadgets
That attracts the industries to produce like maggots
Environmental pollution is at the heart of our planet

The forests are dying
Wild life is crying
Millions of fish are dying
Mother earth is sighing

Tell me is it right
That we sleep well at night
Replenishing ourselves
For tomorrows greedy fight
Overcrowded trains
Overloaded brains
Where is the light? What is our plight?
While rivers break their banks
And greedy industries play their polluted pranks

Copyright 2011 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Power is?

Power is love and strength
Showered on others at any length

Power is a woman
Standing delicately like a flower

Power is intelligence
Without pretence that is so intense

Power is knowledge
We all acknowledge
As politicians take the oath and pledge

Along comes the usual greed
With the desire to feed
On weaknesses with speed
So careful, take heed!
Before you dry up and bleed

Power knows no friends
Powers shows and sends
A message of uneven ends

Power is spoken words
When battles and wars are won
Without the need of the gun

Power is the human touch
That soothes the heart so much
While we observe, stand and watch

But on the whole
Power is control
Its one and only ultimate goal!

Sylvia Chidi

Power of Love

I drank and feasted on the table of love
They laughed, cried and shared
They stood in unity and cared
Behold a new baby was born
Into a world of love

Together the moved mountains
Together they frooze fountains
to build bridges of support
Behold I was mesmerised by its power
To which I was no unfamiliar stranger

Together the vigorously fought
for peace and freedom
Together they sang the song of
Love, love, love

The amount of energy in one space
I could not possibly put a finger on to trace
But it held the ultimate power to light up my face
There is nothing more powerful than
Love, love, love

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Praise Women

Praise them! Praise Women!
I read his words, then I cried, O these lies
How can a woman's love lie only between her thighs?

Foremost I admired him, his work was set on another stage
Later I concluded his words of women were words of rage

Praise them! Praise Women!
For on the faces of all women you can trace
The elements of sacrificial suffering in their gaze

To hear him say women are libidinous
Is not hilarious, rather I deem it as outrageous

The women we all know have it tough
Every aspect of their life is embroiled with rough
Life cycle periodic pains and yet enough is not enough
Their agonising vaginal birth anguish isn't a bluff

Praise them! Praise Women!
Why curse the women that raise thee
Wait for you blindly in love while you are at sea
Aid you in your visions of where you want to be!
They bring us joy, love and peace
Something I request no one to dismiss

If only he could see their potential essence
He may have appreciated their very presence
On earth, women's love is the voltage of balance
The very reasoning of all kinds of romance
They give rise to our population
By endless copulation and multiplication
Which in turn gives rise to all the nations

Praise them! Praise Women!
We need them in our mist!
For without them we cannot exist

Praise them! Praise Women!
Praise onto the women that raise thee!

Sylvia Chidi

Precious poem

Bewildering words bounce out from your stem
Day by day you grow becomingly
My precious poem
Pepping up my know-how strongly

You talk to me in a language that puzzles
Whilst paragraphs and sentences and words
Fight each other daily rigorously in your shuttle
There is never a time or space for them to get bored
Sufficient room for grammar, you can always afford

Sometimes you are like a gem
Sometimes you spike up mayhem
With structures of words that condemn
But you are still my precious poem

At times you have a clear message
Creating pure outrage
At times there is no clear passage
Words are scribbled in a gobbled up language
At times you have both attributes as one package
But you are still my precious poem

I must confirm
On your own terms
Both at AM or PM
You will always be my precious poem

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Presidential Race

Wake Up! Wake Up
The stakes are up without a stop!

He shines amongst the mediocrities
Always mesmerising with charismatic oratory
She stands a symbol of intellectual motherly hope
In a global arena of chiefly masculine political scope

Wake Up! Wake Up
This is a race for the Presidential Cup!

The People want change
And change does not come without consequence
Black, white, mixed race or diversities of range
Cannot deliver without avoiding consequence

And these days the political media digs deep
Dictating to us when to peacefully sleep
Dictating to us when to tearfully weep
But peace is what we should strive to keep

Wake Up! Wake Up
This is a race for the Presidential Cup!

Strong or old
Young or bold
The Barracuda has changed the pace of the game
In an era where it is all about your choice of name

And to all the world it shall be no mystery
When our hero rewrites the books of great history

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Quiet Everyone

Quiet everyone
I say “Quiet”
Your voices attract disturbances
To my fragile ears like a magnet
Bring forth thy instrument of tranquillity
The bearer of all peaceful placidity
Impose it upon my genial sanity

Let’s have some peace and quiet
For once, this instance
Quietness is a precious piece of sound
Just before words get around
Breaking the strong bond
Of which is required to concentrate
Quietness imposes on our mental state of being,
A certain calmness amongst all this glorified madness

Only in silent thoughts
Can one create the ultimate
Relax and consciously meditate

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Rainbow, Rainbow

I know as I look at you out from my window
Tomorrow you retreat back to your shadow
Today stripes of colors brighten my disco
Red, orange, green, blue, violet, and yellow

So rainbow, rainbow
Before you give the elbow
Take it nice and slow
Let your colors gaze at me and glow
Make the warm sunshine once again flow

Today you display your colorful cargo
With your yellow as bright as a meadow
You stand on your own curved beautifully solo
With colors I find so beautiful to swallow

So rainbow, rainbow
Before you give the elbow
Take it nice and slow
Gaze at me and glow
Let my sunshine flow

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Raining snow

There was once a little town
Where it rained only heavy snow
The town was consumed by sadness
It kept snowing a fortress
of never ending madness

'Raining snow, pour down and go'
They would say
'All you do is make us feel low'

Winter has never been our friend
Coldness is the only message it sends
Rivers turn into blocks of cold ice
Everyone is everything but nice
Obstacles hit us not once but thrice
Why shower us with such a price?

The raining snow replied,
'If you all just unite as one,
Your warmth alone will melt the ice'

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Rawbee was a shorty!

Rawbee was a shorty
He had a loud mouth
but was a shorty

With a voice that was so loud
he could move any crowd
placing them in high clouds
He was a shorty
Wearing heels
he would walk carefully on hills
or standstill
While trying to spot the girls
and then cast his magic spell

He had massive talent
and some even thought he was bent
He was crazy, impecably lazy
and would never repent
he was a beautiful flower
born out of rain showers
As usual he was always single
trying so hard to mingle
with the single elites

Even in bed
He was a shorty
in a city
of famous women that dimissed reality
but their shame hid that fact
leaving his reputation intact

That was after he had hit fame
and ditched his old flame
till today he refuses to acept blame
He is the wild beast that cannot be tamed
His time ran out all the same
The news had spread right all over town
Rawbee was a shorty

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Remember bad times will pass away

When love has left you
Feeling low and blue

Remember
Bad times will pass away
They may sometimes seem long
But are not bound to stay

When times are hard
And you are low on wad
Feeling lonely and sad
Right in your backyard

Remember
Bad times will pass away
They may sometimes seem long
Hang in there be strong
You have done no wrong

When you have nothing else to play
Except your last joker card
And people think you've gone completely mad
Please don't resort to being bad

Remember
Bad times will pass away
They may sometimes seem long
But are not bound to stay
Miracles do happen
Only if you and only you believe!

For those who love you safely from a distance
Remember it for the time
When they want your friendship enhanced

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Respect time!

Respect! Respect!
Time I respect you

Time is of great essence
Respect time
Before it imposes on you a sentence
As if you have committed a crime

Time is precious like a diamond
Time must come first never second
Respect time
For time itself is the sublime

Time never waits
Time decides fates
In time itself you create
The food you eat off your plate
In time itself you love and hate
And find a partner or some mates
Respect time, underrate it not
Don’t say ‘time passed, I forgot’

There is a time to be late
There is a time to debate
There is a time to wait for someone
Before time decides to shorten the fun
Remember time waits for no one
Time also catches up with those on the run

Respect time
The essence of time
Is its continuous presence
And its everlasting absence
And denial of the past tense

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Respect, Respect me

Respect, respect me, I say
In every single way
Respect me day by day

Don’t put me down
When we are out and about with people around
Playing me like a fool
Portraying me as one who never went to school

Respect me sweet heart
Till life sets us apart

Respect my needs
Listen and take heed

Respect to me is what means love
And not those commonly spoken words,
‘I love you’

To respect me is to publicly and privately honour me
To respect me is to listen attentively while I speak
To respect me is to bread and butter my desire to be free
To respect me is to stand by me when I am weak

Look up! Look up to me!
I may not be perfect
Nor a genius of an intellect
Respect, respect me & our love will stand erect!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Retirement Rendezvous

Retirement rendezvous
There is a member who is new
Who requires some type of rescue!
Looking back at life’s preview

He has had his kids
Been wise and stupid
Smoked enough weed
Aging exhibits on both eyelids

Retirement rendezvous
No more young dreams to pursue

A time he was young with hope
Goals matured and developed
But time took away that potential scope

Retirement rendezvous
Old age has at last struck for true

Retirement rendezvous
Today he joins the old pensioners’ crew

Stuck in his fresh basement
He scorns retirement at its commencement
With continuous utter resentment
Thinking it is a washed up experiment

Retirement rendezvous
Today, old age seems to be of no value

Retirement rendezvous
A new life and a new official venue

Retirement rendezvous
Some meet at the post office queue
Others meet at the bookies avenue
Leaving only when the night is due

The alarm clock has ceased ringing
The ladies have stopped singing
The bread winner is no longer bringing
To him nothing anymore is inspiring!

Retirement rendezvous
Why is life such a screw?

Retirement rendezvous
Is this a new life for true?

Retirement rendezvous
His thoughts he has to subdue

For him life still continues
Forthwith he looks at life with a new view!

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

Rhyming with 'ay'

This is a fun poem, where I was challenged to write only with sentences ending with 'ay' and not repeating a word more than once unless I really needed to. I may still amend it.

I try to pray
Almost every other day
That everything will be okay

Now I wish the sun could shine its rays
Moreover, winter should go away
Joyfully I will shout out ay, ay, ay
Maybe then ask for a wish from a flowery Fay

I wonder what I will say
I could wish for an increase in pay
Or ask to be content and harmoniously gay
Please send me silver pennies on a tray
Or perhaps just before my birthday
Reward me with a holiday

To the countryside where sheep bray
Until all the farmers, hairs are gray
Where grasses keep quiet to my dismay
And line up in greens of arrays
Where people shout hurray, hurray
And chickens deal with eggs they have to lay

Such a place I would like to stay
However, it has to have a quay
Ironed out with sands of clay
There are times I wonder in dismay ***
Why people suffer everyday
Hands take their time to slay
Others living things and betray
Our reasoning behind a bodies decay

Well while the sunshines make hay
So they say
Try not to be agile and affray
Take out time to play
Life requires some foreplay
Rewind your clock and replay
Some of your events today
Place objects in different outlays
Program your timing with some delay
Then you might see where you have gone astray

In the meantime you can stay
From Monday to Sunday and at midday
Keep quiet and silently on the bed lay
Listen to the sounds of the river bay
It will give you an insight to my ways

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Rocking and Rolling

When I am rocking and rolling
I only remember you
When I am dancing and swinging
I only remember you

mini tini manimoo
mini tini manimoo

Come lets dance
Come romance
Come lets explore this crazy, crazy feeling
I have for you

When I am rocking and rolling
I only remember you
When I am dancing and swinging
I only remember you

mini tini manimoo
mini tini manimoo

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Roses of Colour

Aged roses blooming in red and white
Stand aside to reunite
A yellow fiercy fire ignites
the darkness of the night
declaring a solitude of friendship

Roses of Colour
Roses of Love
Roses of Friendship
Sweet multiple odours
lingering in the burnt winds breeze

Hells black rose
springs out passionately
in the orange grey light

The fire flickers and dances
in fascinationation like a restless ghost
The single red rose singles out the most
as it dances into the darkly night
What a sight
The unconsious beauty of life

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Round and round the London Underground

Round and round the London Underground
Interrupted by the braking screeching sounds
Round and round the circle line

The London underground
With its stops is an elongated list
Drunks battle in tunnels with open fists
Hidden somewhere is a network of CCTV Cameras
Recording your every move from afar
Watch out for the picker-pockets, I insist
They swindle even the most experienced tourist

Inside the trains, shine disoriented faces
Bodies usually squeezed into tight spaces
'Please stand clear of the door'
It is an advice not yet a law

Stations by station, trains pass by
Stuck in a tunnel, let out a sigh
Train timetables from my perception
Is regularity, and a common deception

Round and round the London Underground
Interrupted by the braking screeching sounds
Round and round the circle line

Bored, read the metro
It is free, when displayed on show
For those who know
Where to go
Plan your alternative routes
Prepare for train strikes and disputes
Check out the cancellation signs
May your journey be divine!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sad

Sad
Not Bad

Sad
No Wad

Sad
Not Hard

Sad
Not Mad

Sad
No Joker Cards
In my Backyard

Sad
Not Glad

Sad
Happiness I once had

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Santa Claus

Santa Claus
Santa Claus

Up and down the chimney
Santa Claus is coming

Its the time of the year
Oh! Yes, Santa Claus is near
Lots of presents and toys
For my good girls and boys

Santa Claus
Santa Claus

Up and down the reindeers
Santa Claus is flying

Get out your Christmas tree
His presents are for free
Made by his elves
working hard in the northpole
Make sure your Xmas stockings
do not have any holes

Santa Claus
Santa Claus

Up and down the chimney
Santa Claus is coming

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Say ‘No’ to Drugs

I was a catastrophic mess
Utterly and completely useless
Alcohol has its limit
Unless you desire to hit rock bottom-pit

Do you want to get high?
Please say ‘No’ to drugs
Mellifluous music is plenty to make one fly high
Please say ‘No’ to drugs
Surplus of love is plenty to make one fly high

The consequence of this chemical substance
With family and friends, you find yourself at distance
You lose your focus and your mental balance
What is left is an entire nuisance without guidance

And it was always blowing a wind of hell
My mind was always thinking ‘Money, Drugs and Girls’
Deep down, I sensed snubbing cocaine
Was the only way to stop me from going insane!

I tried to find a corrective institution
Because telling lies was an addiction
My senses somewhere were vindictively bugged
And I was horrified at the mere thought of being a thug

Say ‘No’ to drugs
Say ‘Go’ to drugs
Say ‘Boo’ to drugs
And if you have said ‘Yes’, please just pull that plug

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

School Dropout

He never went to school
But he was no fool
He was simply playing Mr Cool
Eyes closed by cottonwool
Cheered on my mates
Sealed his present faith

There is a time to play
A time to go to school
His parents told him
Make that your number one rule
He wholly ignored them
How can education
be a such golden gem

Now he sobs, sobs, sobs
Now he robs, robs, robs

No qualifications
Zero education
His mates have moved on
to better jobs
In many glorious nations

Now he sobs, sobs, sobs
Now he robs, robs, robs

He wishes he was a student
He wishes he had the talent
He had at one moment

There are no more screams and shouts
Because he knows what he is all about
He is a school dropout

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sea Facts!

It is known sea food
Puts you in sea mood
It is known the sea floor
Extends to a sea shore

These are common sea facts
Like when sea waves are calm and free
Crashing to the shore endlessly attracts
Everyone to take of in jest and flee
See not and hear not, there is no evil
Above and below sea level

Most seaports
Have a seaside resort
And most seafronts
Have a sea restaurant

But many rooms with a sea view
Are yet to see a sea rescue
Or watch a sea adventure
With any or at least one sea creature
Like a sea mammal
Or a sea animal

These are common sea facts
The sea has such beauty to attract
With sea shells
Woven from sea spells
To treasured sea beds
And to cherubic sea birds

You need seamanship
To take a sea ship on a trip
Or fly a seaplane
As a sea captain

There have been sea battles and sea bandits
The sea is a venue people love to use to meet
There have been sea monsters and seaquakes
Believe you me some of these myths are not fake
And now I have given you a little sea taste
I urge you not to let these sea facts go to waste

These are common sea facts
On your knowledge they most have made an impact!

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Secret Lovers

They stand in black and white
Amongst the oblivious crowd
Harmonously bowing
Laughter feels the air
Whispers are spoken without a care
Loving eyes staring on glowing on the theatre set

Stolen passionate grunts and moans
Unknown to the other, one is on the run
Living two live's, weaving her way as a con
Secret lovers make their return

One loves passionately
The other takes arrogantly

Last night, there was a feeling of plight
She came back early
Tears of disappointment flooded her face
What she had just witnessed was an utter disgrace

'I thought you were mine'
'I thought we were fine'
'I really think you are out of line'
She cried out with tears of sorrow
Wishing suddenly that there was no tomorrow
The betrayal of a secret lover
In a minute her whole world turned upside down

What joy love brings
What hurt it sings
When it reaches the end of the ropes
And you find yourself facing the world alone

They call themselves secret lovers
For no one knows
How the story goes

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Shadow of Christmas

Christmas is now gone
With all the usual fun
I see only its shadow
Yes! That’s how the story goes

A few more days, then New Year
Visit the church and confess
Then bring out your fancy dress
Its time to make a mess

For some, its time for new resolutions
For others, its time for new beginnings
Or perhaps nothing changes
Even in the face of new challenges

Now Christmas has come and gone
Yet right there in the corner
I see the shadow of Christmas
Lurking in the darkness
Yes! That’s how the story goes

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Share my life!

Just come, just come
And share my life with me

Baby I want you to understand
To some degree
What you cannot see
For what seemed to be an endless time
My heart has been dysfunctional
Your arrival has been miraculously punctual

What we have is intense
There is no hidden pretence
I am feeling something
I felt only when I was young
I am feeling something
That is ever so strong

You have given me the freedom
To invite you to my own kingdom
I ask of you to
Just come, just come
And share my life with me

For those who wait
And have faith
Do not despair
There is a love out there waiting
For you that is so great

Sometime I wake up
I think I'm still in a dream
Is it true?
Have I found you?
Is it too soon?
Under the rising moon
To say in every possible way
I love you

My battery is recharged
My heart has finally rewound
I assure you
There are no boundaries
We can successfully fly
As high as you want to in the open skies
Baby can I say
It right now today
Before it is too late
Just come, just come
And share my life with me

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

She called me a bitch

Last night I got an email
From one of my dedicated reading fans
A poetic reader and writer of a woman

She called me an arrogant bitch
I called her an old ugly witch
Which is which?

I wish she had read my poem entitled
'You are not intelligent enough'
Give praise to where its due
To her I spelt it out in black and blue
If you cannot distinguish
Between reality and fiction
Remove those old restrictions
From your brain, send them out
With a letter of eviction

Yes I am a bitch
Read my poem entitled “Bitch' Mrs. Bitch
You want from me sweet words
In response, to your sarcastic ones, Mrs. Bitch
You must be joking, stop me from choking
And In my simple honesty

She called me an arrogant bitch
I called her an old hideous witch
Now she doesn’t know anymore,
Which is which?

Copyright 2006 Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

She was an Angel

It was written in the stars
That she would be something special
She was an Angel

A musical entrepeneur
Off the past, present and the future
Her voice was real
There was no need to mimic
Her romantic musical lyrics

She was an Angel
People were always curious
About this musical genius
Many used to climb the hills
And stand still
Just to hear her making love
To the strings of her guitar

She belted out songs
Some in a whisper
While the crowd will chant away
Delighted to hear her play

She was an Angel
A profilic writer
An Angelic diva
A musical master
feeling the air with pure emotion
Music was her entire life's devotion

She was an Angel
Her words were magical
Always casting on the crowd a spell
Taking them momentarily
out of their troubled hell

Yes it was written in stars
That she would be something special
She was beautiful
She was wonderful
She was an Angel

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Shop, she shops!

Once she constantly smiled
Bought cloths and jewelry that gave her style

Shop, shop, shop
She shopped till she dropped
Shop, shop, shop
She just could not seem to stop

Her credit was on top
Her spending way rocket up
She paid with cash or credit card
This Lady was absolutely shopping mad
Shoping malls!
Markets stalls!
Shoes, clothing, and handbags she bought all year long
Spend, spend and spend daily was her beloved song

Shop, shop, shop
She now shops like a flop
Shop, shop, shop
This lady has now put a stop

Today is different shopping expedition
This time spending with supervision
No more that crazy spending addiction

Her credit card is cut
Her goods seized, the whole lot
Today she spends, her pockets hurt!

She has become street wise
Haggling with each price
She has become precise
About what she needs and not what is nice

Shop, shop, shop
She shops like a flop
Shop, shop, shop
Her spending has taken a big drop!
This lady has now put a stop to shop!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Should I or should I not love you?

I have being cogitating all afternoon
And you may think it is too soon
To feed you love with my spoon
But the ebony night shines a full moon

Taking into consideration
The obvious complications
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

The fact that you are a coward
Incapable of moving forward
Just trying to hold me backwards
As you hang in there in your comfort zone
Playing the field only when high on hormones

Only with love ones heart is broken
With sensitivity I need to be open
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

People gossip but they do not care
If outside marriage we have affairs
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

Think! We have been here before
The aftermath brought forth no cure
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

We play with peoples feelings
What we feel we keep concealing
As if reaping sweet fruit by stealing
This to me is simply not appealing
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

My feelings for you is my love indication
Upon which you place egoistic restrictions
This is a tender situation
I need to take into consideration
Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved

And if I decide to let you go
It will hurt me slow by slow
In time the pain will go not grow
It is the right conclusion that I know

Or should I close my eyes like a fool
And pretend that everything is cool

While you use me as a comfort tool
Until my eyes open and I refuse your rules

Should I or should I not love you
As you are meant by me to be loved?

And though you claim not at all to be bothered
Even you know, I would've loved you like no other!

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Silence the lie!

Silence, I say Silence
Stop the pretence
Halt the building of that fence
Between you and the truth
The truth can be rather intense
But wouldn’t you rather the truth
Than a lie be your preference

Why feed on
A lie so long?
Why shelter
A lie so strong?
When there is a fight
The only one flung
Will be you

Silence the lie
Before I cry
Silence the lie
Before I die
Because of someone up high
Like you and I
That ignores my cries

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Simple Thoughts

Simple thoughts
Simple minds
Draw up the curtain blinds
Lets see what is inside

A long weary journey home
built in a city far from Rome
With each gear the thoughts accelerate
Dreading the point when home is near

Shortly they disintegrate into fragments
Framents of love
Fragments of hope
Fragments of light in
the middle of night
Fragments of a peaceful bed
To rest ones tired swollen body
from a days work
after been well fed

They disintegrate into
Fragments of a night drink
All the bitterness and sorrow
can now sink
The mind can no longer think

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sing a song

Baby! My Baby
Sing with me a song
At the sound of your voice
To mutual words of our choice
I will like a shot rejoice

Baby! My Baby
Sing with me a song
Together we can compose
With a lyrical structure
Watch our song transpose

We can sing a song of hope
Beyound any scope
You can change the tempo
I can go fast or you can go slow

We can sing a song of determination
Inspired by collective imagination
Baby, I am not here to compete
Or this song itself will not complete
Let’s put behind unwanted sorrows
Sing our hearts out until tomorrow

We can sing a song of harmonious hearts
Which no one should set apart!
We can sing of passion and romance
Release our tensions with a dance

Baby! Sing with me a song
I can feel it right inside my skin
For the words are rooted deep within
Lingering for your vocal touch
Yearning for your words so much

We can sing a song of faith
And how it is worth the wait
Together we can consume in delight
In the darkness or in the light
All that is wrong or right

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Slaves of Food

Thick red blood veins bath in anger
The stomach grumbles in idiotic anger
A taste of food and out springs laughter
Triumphant moods commence again after

And it can be argued
We are all but slaves of food
Digesting away between interludes
Without food the mind is wholly screwed

We consume and wear different costumes
With food for thought and food of all sorts
We eat for the heart until it sets us apart
While the crumbs are often sought by rats

The pleasure one feels after a congested meal
That inner gratifying satisfaction is cheap but real
Toast, eggs and beans and it is work and work
Fruits, wine and cakes and it is talk and talk
Coffee or tea and eyes are conspicuously awake
A turkey roast and sleep is suspiciously at stake

We are all but slaves of food
I conclude with fluctuating moods
There is food for romance
There is food for the fools
Enjoy, eat fast, food never lasts, rewind and preview
Hungry mouths elsewhere regularly wait for its rescue

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Smile little man

Smile little man, smile!
Show me some love
Radiate some care
Lighten up the atmosphere

Scare us not with a retarded fearful face
A smile goes a lenghty way at a steady pace
Everytime I see you, I see your frown
Your thoughts are glaring at me as if I am a vicious enemy
Demanding of you to surrender to my battalion army

Why not change your facial expressions for once
If you deem yourself not worty of silver, at least aim for bronze

Common smile little man
Show me some white teeth
Give me some love
Acknowledge I'm here

Why hath thou so miserable, day by day
A smile will make a difference to your face
Your smile will make you attractive in every place
A smile will make us listen sympathetically to your case

Drive not away the innocent ones
Allow not your frown to spoil our fun

Smile little man, smile
Smile, once, then smile twice
Smile for the ladies, smile for you
Smile for me, smile for everyone
Smile for the old ladies crossing the street
Smile little man, smile
Common give some real love for once
If you deem yourself not worty of silver, at least aim for bronze

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

So alone!

So alone in my bed
Alone listening to nightly whispers
Alone in my thoughts
Alone standing in court
Alone I stand and fight
Alone I pray for rainbow lights

Alone in the morning I awake
Alone I celebrate my joys
Alone I cry out my sadness
Alone I voice out my fears
Alone in strenght

Alone in wealth
Alone in good health
Alone I try to understand
Alone I seek knowledge
Alone I share what is mine
Alone I try not to be alone
Alone when my time has come, I pass away

Sylvia Chidi

So much pain

SO MUCH PAIN - I want to cry
SO MUCH PAIN - I want to die
SO MUCH PAIN - Why no goodbye?
SO MUCH PAIN - I need to scream
SO MUCH PAIN - It is extreme
SO MUCH PAIN - Up my bloodstream
SO MUCH PAIN - Is this a dream!

Yes! I feel so much pain
It hurts, It hurts and it hurts

I loved you as I hold your hand
I wish you can see and understand
Open your eyes I command
Don't leave me I demand

Yes! I feel so much pain
It hurts, It hurts and it hurts

But it is too late!
To set things straight
Too late to reverse the hate
Too late to descend upon faith

My tears will flow carelessly no more
Hope cannot restore what I had before
My heart is broken beyond pieces of broken pieces
Left now are only souvenirs of unforgettable kisses

How can I live this life again?
Like a passing wind you've made your exit
I bow my head to the ground in defeat
So much pain has once more overwhelmed me again

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

So what will it be?

So what will it be?
What will it be?
What will it be?

When the sun rises
With life hitches that you try to stitch
In your everyday struggle

So what will it be?
What will it be?
What will it be?

When you try to analyse
Instead of embracing
What’s been thrown before you?

You may think you have the answer
But whatever it is
I get your point
Let me be blunt
Open your mind, open your eyes
Can’t you understand?
For it is not that easy
Life itself is messy and greasy

You are probably wondering
What I am talking about
I am talking about yesterday
I am talking about last month
About last year
I am talking about that time we first met
In this worlds mysterious set
When we both not scared to experiment

I remember the flirty words we first spoke
And how sensual you felt in the morning when we awoke
I remember your hot feverish kisses
Which with your slender tongue you unleashed
I remember your gentle touch
And the feel of your silky skin
Our exchange of hot body fluids
When you delivered your goods

A choice of broken moods
Brought it all to an end my friend

Since then
I have an inclination
A declaration
It is my confession
My virtual animation
Of my vivid imagination

Of what events should take place between me and you

Sometimes people never know
How you feel inside and they go
Leaving you low
As time grows
So I say it out aloud
If you cant hear
It may get to you by word of mouth

Now we meet again
I hope this time not in vain
There is something here I fear
For when I look into your eyes
You body silently trembles
And your fixed smile resembles
That of Miss Queen Latifas
From afar
Your natural spontaneous gaze
Embroids and glitters your face

When I touch you
You shake like a leaf
While I play with your scarf
I want to taste the lily of your valley
And touch your cream coloured honey
I want to feel the skin of your world with my lips
And listen to your moaning sounds on my trip
But for now we can start with a kiss
It’s a bit of a hit and miss

This is my fantasy
A living reality of my needs
So what will be?
What will it be?
What will it be?

My illusion
My final conclusion
Is perpetually simple
You were meant to be
For you and me
Can’t you see?
So what will it be?

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Somethings will never change

While the earth circulates in circles
Time cannot be frozen in a sudden miracle
And whilst the sun still rises and sets
Only a female has the ability to give birth
Solely the sensible
Know that death is inevitable

You know! I know! We know!
Some things will never change
Like growing older with age
A fire always burns with some rage
Some people are born to hate
Some people are late by trait

And the things we all care about
I number in three
'Money, love and life, ' I shout
These things are not for free

They come with a price
Sometimes a bitter sacrifice
We will always wander the earth
Stumbling upon birth and death
And what is even strange
Is with air we must exchange to stay alive
And we must continuously eat to survive

You know! I know! We know!
Events may be arranged or rearranged
And change is always bound to change
But some things will never change!

Like every beginning has an end
And let us not ignorantly pretend
Everyone has at least an enemy or friend

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Song of the Goddess

I take complete delight
In your striking beauty
I listen to amorous songs at night
Sung by you, 'The Goddess Cutie'

With that penetrating smile that you wear
Your presence is felt far and near
With the way you toss your hair with a care
Your vivid image is lovingly glowing fair
With the soft pitchful voice you bear
Your song is the only one I want to hear

My heart quivers at your sight
With my tender hungry lips ever wanting
Before you take off in full flight
In the dark, my eyes will always be hunting

I hear your song my dear
My Goddess Cutie!
Chanting for so long and so near
My Goddess Cutie!

I am enchanted in fragments of your words
They speak of love, friendship and peace
And I can never get lost or bored
For I hang on to your imaginable kiss

Sylvia Chidi

Songs of Eurovision

Last night I watched the Eurovision
And I would have given my distinction
To Moldova or Ukraine with intention
The UK, I may have failed to mention

Songs of inspiration
To me is Eurovision
Songs of imperfection
To me is Eurovision

Belgium played the guitar with such exciting tension
France wiggled their backsides and got amazing reactions

Songs that reach out and touch the nations
To me is Eurovision
Songs that are unique and command attention
To me is Eurovision

Greece and its five guys displayed masculine domination
This was one moment to share for an unforgettable duration

Songs that have vision
To me is Eurovision
Songs that impose on me to make a difficult decision
To me is Eurovision

Songs of fun and action
To me is Eurovision
Songs with dancers of fashion
To me is Eurovision

The butterflies that did not fly were part of Euros portion
And the German winner was really a nice likeable person

Songs of love and union
To me is Eurovision
Songs song by only beautiful women
To me is Eurovision

Copyright 2010 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Soon the pain will wither away!

She wallows and wallows
She wallows restlessly
Soon the pain will wither away

For now memories painfully flood
Tears flow freely into riverbanks
In the absence of any real blood
O! Hopefully in time
The pain will wither away
It always does!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sorry

Sorry
Sorry is for the weak
Whose stories never stick
When trying hard to make you look like a freak
And leaving you with wet wounds to lick

Sorry is for those
Who are always in a hurry?
They say “I will make amends don’t worry”
The never stop once to think once about the consequences of their actions
For a minute, a second or even a fraction

Sorry is like a mild tide
That sets out 20 feet high
You look at it from a far
And say
Oh my Oh why me why me just why

Sorry
Is for those who don’t care
They will always get away with it I fear
They never stick to a plan
Trying out all their options from a can
Choosing which ever one suits them the most

Sorry
It’s like the minute that is just about to pass
Trying so hard to make it last before it is past
Into an impeccable continuity
Expecting from it some sort of loyalty
But it ignores you audaciously
As it moves on so fast

Sorry is for you
It makes you feel better about yourself
Like a polished glass in its shelf
It makes you look like you care
It disguises your selfish ways

It is the last excuse
That is expected to amuse
As well as to abuse

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Sounds of wedding bells

They waited sixteen long years
For the sounds of wedding bells
The wedding bells ring, dingdong, dingdong
The wedding bells sing, dingdong, dingdong
For all to hear strikingly clear
Hold your silence and wish them well

It is the sounds of wedding bells
This aged love birds have been waiting for
Once unofficial honeys
From this point declared official
In this matrimonial ceremony

I wish them well
Their braveness is my acknowledgement
Their enduring fight is my guiding light
Their victory will go down in history
Together they compliment and compliment
Each other like a perfect pair of fitting shoes

One way or another they already knew
Long before the sound of wedding bells
They would love each other till the very end

So listen to the sound of wedding bells
As they sing dingdong, dingdong
Perhaps for you it wouldn’t be long!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Starving Nations

Blessed with abundance of land
I simply cannot undertstand
the uniform sufferring
calling on global humanity

Struggling nations
without a decent education
Multipying populations
being forced out of their cities
by war and invasion

Starving Children
Parents cradling them in distress
The land is barren
from wars and famine
which are countless
There is simply no easy way
out of this mess

Starving nations
Third world nations
Years of little or no rain
have put a huge strain
on the government

Relief agencies
leading the way for a good cause
Yet there are those of us
who can afford to give a toss

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Still love you

I still love you
Care enough to wish you well
I will dream of our sweet kisses
Till they slip away in time
Out of grasp
And out of mind

I still love you
It hurts and its true
I know I have to set you free
Like a bird flying out of its nest
For the very first time

If only you could hear my heart
pounding and pounding
There might have been second thoughts
My tears I have bravely fought
Our dreams which we once dutifully sought
Now lie buried in forgotten grounds
It is with all my love
That I end these words
I still love you

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Stop the mind games

You were always too wild a beast to tame
I suppose I have myself to blame
for falling into your mindless traps
Now crying and sitting on your lap

Your powerful grip
has set a spell on me
on this particular love trip
I can only now but weep

I beg of you to
Stop the mind games
I ask you gently
Stop the mind games

They have the same pattern
The are always the same
I suppose I have myself to blame

You pick up the phone
Then tell me you are speaking
to another lover for fun
Its only my jealousy you get in return

You have an excuse
each time you abuse
my trust

You have an excuse
each time you abuse
my time

You have an excuse
each time you abuse
my self respect

Need I forget to mention
You never pay attention
to me in public
Telling me to wait
For a better show in private

I beg of you to
Stop the mind games
I ask you gently
Stop the mind games

Why don't you be brave
be straightforward
Tell me what you want and what you don't want
May be something good can still be saved

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sunshine, Sunshine

Sunshine, Sunshine
You are sublime, you are divine
Your presence is an extra lifeline

In your face I forget my sorrows
For I can face them tomorrow
In your warm rays I shall make headlines
Just shine on me love before you resign

Sunshine, Sunshine
You always shine a delightful design
That sends joyous glitters down my spine

Sunshine, Sunshine
Now and then you taste sweeter than wine
Your smile is one I simply dare not decline

Sunshine, Sunshine
Today you shall be mine
Tomorrow I am yours to outshine

(2007)

Sylvia Chidi

Super Hero!

Super Hero
Count back from one to zero
Let us find my super hero

Heroes have come and gone
It seems mine is yet to be born
Great deeds have been done
By many deemed as heroes

So to the people of braveness
Of the past and this century
I salute thee
I adore thee

Unfortunately I cannot say
It is Nelson Mandela
The Paladin of Africa
The African humanitarian megastar

For the champion of all champions
Holds the key in my opinion
To the whereabouts of my superhero

It is the one who commands respect
A man or woman who is intellect
Rewind at anytime without ejecting
Kindly and proudly can stand erect
To fight for any great cause
Like the man who they called Jesus
I look for someone who is near perfect

It is the one with bombastic imagination
A man or woman with prodigious vision
Assigned with an inconceivable mission
One who can sustain global peace
And preserve global justice
One who can feed hungry mouths
That lingers in countries all about

One who can inject love & strength
At any given moment
In any particular environment

Yet heroes have come and gone
Died in rain, war and sun
Some remembered, some forgotten
Withered away in time as rotten

Heroes have come and gone
If you are a companion in my thoughts
You will agree
My superhero is yet to be born

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sweet Chilean Brown!

In her presence
There was the usual 'I love you' sentence
And if I have to make reference
What I felt for her was without pretense

Getting together again was a mutual decision
Kissing and love-making was a daily exhibition
I remember when we lay in front of the television
Speaking about individual and collective visions

Sweet Chilean Brown!
Gone is my number one fan
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Yes! Yes! She took off and ran
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Yes! Yes! She ran off with another man!

Years ago there were those signs
That stated she will never be mine
But I opened the same door
I ought to have locked before
The beginning of madness
While my story ends with sadness

What is it about love?
What is it about her?
Or what is it about me
That makes me think I can set myself free?
In a world full of rules and numerous fools
I should have just allowed her fantasy to be
For love is what you feel in-depth and physically see

Sweet Chilean Brown!
I think of her without a frown
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Call me a clown wearing a cloudy gown
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Yes! Yes! Twice she wore my crown!

Why did she bother to get in touch?
Telling me she loved me so much
So many years had come and gone
But she still knew how to turn me on
As the past enveloped to a present of fun

Today I sit absorbed in my fairy tale
Reading and thinking over our old emails
The smell of her hair still lingers near
Her poetic writing is ever so enlightening
Her smile regularly captivates me for a while

Is love forever?

Or is love disguised as very clever?
Can you love again someone from your past?
And will that kind of love really, really last

Sweet Chilean Brown!
Gone is my number one fan
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Yes! Yes! She took off and ran
Sweet Chilean Brown!
Yes! Yes! She ran off with another man!

Sylvia Chidi

Sweet Rain

Pitter-patter-pane
Here we go once again
With the sound of rain
On my window pane

First it bulges out with a drizzle
I frizzle in bed waiting for the rain to fizzle
The raindrops fight as they sizzle
Why the sizzle is relaxing remains to me a puzzle

Whilst it pours down heavy
Imposing on the roads a levy
Thunder, chaos and lighting
Is the rattling usual sighting

I hear the people complain
About the sound of sweet rain
But we need you to maintain
The forests, the green and the mountain plains

O! sweet rain! O! sweet rain!
Pitter-patter-pane
Let us do it once again
Just don't delay my speeding train

Sylvia Chidi

Sweet Sixteen, Welcome to Motherhood

The little boys of the hood
Introduced her to Motherhood
Is that good?

Sweet Sixteen, Sweet Sixteen
Welcome to Motherhood

Put on the tape and press rewind
Can you see what was on their minds?
Their quick fun release
Became your infectious disease

Sweet Sixteen, Sweet Sixteen
Welcome to Motherhood

Now is about money and food
Keeping warm with firewood
A young mother in a daughter
She’s got no more time to be rude

The little boys of the hood
Introduced her to Motherhood
If only she understood
They still go to school
She doesn’t!
Who's the fool?

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Sweet Wine

Sweet wine
Lets feast and dine

Sweet wine
Tickle my taste buds
Sweet wine
Sharpen my senses
Make them finer than fine

Sweet wine
Red and white stay in line
Till I give you the sign
That you are mine

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Thank you

Thanks for being you
Thanks for being true

For you I always have a dozen thanks
For you I forever have a bank of thanks
And let me be quite plain and frank
I hold you high up in my heart of ranks

Thank you being there
Showing me constant love and care
Thank you for your patience
It does play upon my conscience

This eight letter word
For you is a price I can always afford
And when my voice in appreciation clanks
With these words just know it aint no prank

Thank you for your humour
With you laughter is an emotion I can explore
Thank you for being nice
They say true friendship comes without a price

Thank you for being you
And for demonstrating what it is to be true
Thank you being good
And for forever lifting up my fluctuating mood

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Thank you, a simple word

For all those who have encouraged me and those who are yet to.

Thank you, Thank you
A simple word that still feels new

All I want to hear from you is
Thank you, Thank you
Thank you for been so true
Thank you for kindness
Thank you for your love
Thank you for friendship
Thank you for loyalty
Thank you for humour
Thank you for ideas
Thank you for showing care

All I want to say to you is
Thank you, Thank you
A simple word that still feels new

Thank you for reading my works
Thank you for your encouragement
Thank you for your comments
Thank you for showing excitement
Thank you for your strength
Thank you for your votes
Thank you for influencing my growth
Thank you for been there in the morning
Thank you for been there at night
Thank you for believing in me

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Thank You, Mom

Thank you Mom
Thank you Mom

Where I come from
Mom is the word for some

To my Mom
I send you my loving storm
in 'Thank you' forms

Thank you Mom, for bringing me to earth
Thank you Mom, for showing me daily love
Thank you Mom, for being my best friend
Thank you Mom, for your reassuring words
Thank you Mom, for always been there

I may have let you down a few times
But you always forgive me my crimes

Mom you are the best
Mom you are better than all the rest
Mom, I love you, I love you
Hope this is easy for you to digest!

Sylvia Chidi

That is nature!

A winter’s freeze
Down to a sneeze

A summer’s breeze
On the beach
They all try to squeeze

That is nature
The birth of sea creatures
Animals grazing on pastures
Trees, flowers and crops mature
Young offspring’s are nurtured

That is nature
When the sun sets and rises
While clouds wear bland disguises
As droplets of rain or snow falls as a surprise
Landscapes and scenery do likewise
Complimenting the formidable skies

That is nature
Sun, moon and stars
Twinkling at us from afar
Rain, snow and thunder

I’m mesmerized
Totally magnetized
As nature exceeds a pinnacle
And feeds us once again with a miracle
Inducing the motion
That the land will divide
To the birth of a new ocean

That is nature!

Sylvia Chidi

That was our moment

That was our moment
As I sit and reminisce
I think of the night
When we first spoke
The moment our eyes met
You said you were a writer
Without realising I was a fighter
You did not even know my name
As I had your confidence tamed
That was our moment

Out of the blue the words came
I asked if you could spend the night with me
I promised you inspiration
As long as you gave me attention
I was sure to show great appreciation
You looked at me with a drunken gaze
Yours eyes and smile said you were interested
And we entered into a mutual agreement

On the long bus ride home
I hoped you would not change your mind
As your hands fiddled in your pocket
Thankfully your money you could not find
You were in a trance thoughtfully thinking
Perhaps debating if our moment was right or wrong
I could sense it
I could feel it
But my body was selfishly weak
I needed your kiss, I needed your touch
I needed to feel and touch your body till I was completely weak
That was my moment

I looked in a drunken daze
Back at my untidy place
Which almost made me lose face
My immediate craving got the better of me
As I quickly asked if you wanted a cup of tea
Then it was down to business in my bed
Until my sexual hunger was fed
What followed was a night of snoring
No conversation that would have been boring
Our moment was fantastic
Yet sadly very sick

It was only when we woke up
That I saw your beauty from the top
As you drew on your smoke
I read you a verse from my book

You said I picked you up and you felt cheap
What did you expect?
You thought you were intellect
But what you sow is what you reap
And as for the time being
This was our moment
Your time that you lent
To me for free

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

That was yesterday

That was yesterday
Someone asked me
If I had fallen astray in any particular way
I replied, ’ That was yesterday, not today’

Yesterday
I took the sunshine without making any hay
Yesterday
I allowed all my silver white teeth to decay
Yesterday
I partied and played each and every other day
Yesterday
I made friends and became the traitor who betrayed
Yesterday
I worked hard without getting my rightful pay
Yesterday
I only listened to whatever others had to say
Yesterday
I was always sad and never wore a face jubilantly gay

That was yesterday
Today is today

Yesterday I fell astray
I think it was almost every other day
But that changed in the month of May
As I got down on my knees to pray

Yesterday, Yesterday is gone
I’m free
I’m free
From yesterdays race
I’m back home in my rightful place

Life is work and not just play
Those answers came without delay
Yes but! That was yesterday, not today

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Aftermath of youthful shenanigans

The Aftermath of youthful shenanigans
I taste the blood of my bodies vessels cans
From the aftermath of youthful shenanigans

My eyes are closing
My mind is wandering
My soul is flying
All over like a grasshopper hopping
From one place to another
If I am not careful my soul might distance
Itself from my body for ever

The aftermath of youthful shenanigans
First the rakus booing
Then the sheer physical moment
Of punching and kicking
Now I am lying on the floor unconscious
Considering giving up the ghost
Till I am awakened by the sounds of youthful boasts
Whispering of getting rid of the evidence
Along the coast
And drinking afterwards to a toast

My body is aching
Its pain is immense
I don’t even have time to ask
What have I done to deserve this

Suddenly the voices disappear
I can see everyone from the air
Having loads of fun
By sending out my images on their mobile phones
A sudden bright daylight
And below shows me dressed up as white
A voice is urging me to give up the fight

I close my eyes
This most be a dream
Like in the movie films
I open my eyes again
I see a young boy
Hanging from a tree
Kids are laughing
While he is struggling so hard to be free
What has become of us
What has become of we
The sounds of noises
Sets them on the road to flee

This is the epitome of youthful madness
A sheer pinnacle of human sadness

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

The animal in me

Is it legal for me
To call myself an animal?
Whilst human is what I try to be

For the animal in me
Is transparent to see
If I get scared I plea or flee

Sometimes I show bravery like a lion
With nerves of steel made of iron

Sometimes I give off a scent
In the heat of the moment

As a woman I have my season
When you can capture me on the heat
Till today, I do not understand the reason
Why I hunt then, like an animal hunting for its meat

The animal in me is confused
The human in me is amused

Is it legal for me
To call myself an animal?
Without being a cannibal

I know my right from wrong
Taught by my guardians tongue
But even an animal knows where it belongs
Whilst trained with the right punishment song

The fact is actual
I am an animal
Being human is my identity
While the only difference of reality;
Is the language! Ah ha! The language!
The language in which we all engage

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The blind man and his dog

Excuse me, excuse me
Make way, he heard a voice say

The blind man and his dog
walked along his way
His one and only companion
for friends he had none

The blind man spoke
When I think about life
I like to slice it with a knife

We hold on to it tight
for this thing called life, right!

We battle and fight
for this thing called life, right!

behold I'm a man without sight
deprived of the colour of daylight
I have no anger, I have no right
As I live free of fright
Treasuring the fact I'm alive

I have no vision of black or white
Do not stress over my plight
I am the blind man with his dog
At night I sleep like a log
The earth is my rug
The air is my drug
with or without the nightly fog

I have a vision of beauty
of love and thruth
I have perfect immunity
of material wealth
I have appreciation
of good health

I am the blind man with his dog
I am thankful of all simple things
What joy they do bring!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The burning cars of France

Thirteen days have past
They are still rioting
Rioting and fighting
Will it last?

The burning cars of France
The town of wine and romance
Decorated with an appearance
Of a town that has just gone to war
Without any notice in advance

There was a time yesterday
When a life was priceless
I ask is it worth a thousand cars?
Is it worth tens of lifeless buildings?
The commoners are powerlessly crying
The fighting goes on

A PowerStation gave death to two
It also gave birth to
The burning cars of France

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Dorset Chilli

My name is Billy
I wanted a chilli
Large, small or mini
Hot enough to make my eyes go drippy

I travelled the world and all the cities
And I thought, Billy, O! This is silly
Where can I acquire such a nifty chili?
Not in Chile I was told by my Milly

Right in the heart of Dorset, My dear Billy
The Dorset Naga, she said quite mildly
One taste makes tongues dance on ice
The aroma itself is much rather nice

So when in Dorset I found and ate this chilli
I started a contemporary dance with my Willie
And Milly was all giggly
When I kept repeating O! Giddy Giddy

O! Billy This is silly said my Milly
My dizzy mouth needed a drink quite fizzy
My lips felt swollen, lively and lippy
As my backside turned into factory windy

The smell made my throat chippie
The touch made my skin richly itchy
My eyes felt seductively flirty
My stomach churned feeling so sickly

I pooed out in the loo pounds of hot molten lava
Imposed upon me by the unkindly Dorset Chilli Naga
And I thought, Billy, O! This is silly
And Milly laughed looking happily chilly
As she asked, 'Would you like another? '

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The effect of words

Her words stung like a wasp
Their effect had me in a sad grasp
I never knew words hurt so much
Those words postulated a form of retouch

You see;
Words make you
Words break you
Words can set you free
Words can let you be

You see;
Words tend to hurt
When dished out carelessly without effort
The right choice of words can give hope
The wrong choice of words can take away hope
And make someone tie themselves with a rope

Words can make you love
Words can make you hate
Words can encourage
Or set you on a stormy rage
Words need to be sensitive
Words can be expensive
When constructively comprehensive

If you dismiss words saying they don't hurt
You are wrong my dear, so wrong
Then why do we have courts?
Saturated with overpriced lawyers
Confusing us with grammer
Abusing us with grammer
Reducing any chances of freedom if you stammer
As you stand before that vicious unpredictable hammer

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Final Goodbye

The Final Goodbye
Time after time we have to say the final goodbye
To someone we deeply care about
*
Time after time we have to pay our last respect to the dead
Is there a lesson to be learnt
*
Is it the pain of everlasting departure
Or the gain of joy that we
Showed love and care
While you were there
Is that the lesson to be learnt
*
I feel a sense of emptiness now that you are gone
And after all has been said and done
I know that this life must still go on
*
I loved you
I respected you
I was privileged to share precious moments with you
I miss you
You are bigger than a princess
In my eyes you were the queen
But I am happy because
I am taking away beautiful memories of you
That's the lesson you have taught me
*
With this I say the Final Goodbye
Goodbye my Dear

Sylvia Chidi

The Garden of simple things

There is a place
I embrace and call my own
Where seeds are sown and grown
A little pond lays quietly making splatters
When small or large stones are thrown

The garden of love
The garden of simple things
I go to when
I need to enjoy simple things

Embellished with trees of different shades
Leaves of various colours and blades
Ornament each patch of the ground
As roses of colour glow in and out

There is a place
With you I want to share
Whistles of bird sounds
Constantly fill the air
Announcing life's simple pleasures
That no one can actually measure
Reliving all of who are there
Temporarily of endless social pressures

Kids laugh and talk
People peacefully walk
Exempt from the noises
of cars and trucks
Exempt from argumentative or aggressive voices
Dogs stroll aside their masters
Lovers hold hands
Stealing away kisses in beauty spots

The garden of beauty
The garden of simple things
In winter or in spring
A peaceful wind is always blown
Trees and plants are carefully cultivated
To permit anyone at all to be strongly motivated
It is here I breathe the air without a care
There is simply no reason
In any season
Not to fall in love with
The garden of simple things

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Grand Piano

In the centre of four white corners
He stood proudly dressed in black upright

Keys in minors and sharps
Shining in mahogany in the light

He spoke with golden tones
With definition and authority
He was sort after
By the minority and majority

So many desired
To play his keys
Producing melodies with chords
But very few could afford
His price
It was worth it
It was nice

He was the grand piano

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The gun rules

Stop, Stop
Please don't pull the trigger
You think I don't understand, you fool
The gun rules

You can claim my land
I will understand
You think I care about the money
Dive as you need into my honey

For I know
The gun rules
and heads must bow

The gun rules
Say yes, not no

The gun rules
Powerful than fistful blows

The gun rules
Nice and slow

The gun rules
Its handler glows

The gun rules
lay down, lie low

The gun rules
as red blood flows

You think I do not know the difference
between the gun, arrow and the bow
You sit like an angry king on your throne
ordering the rolling of heads and bones
This is the time of the gun
This is its timezone

Stop, Stop
Please don't pull the trigger
Lose not your cool, you fool

The guns rules
The perfect master of disguise
I have been to school and I am wise
A life in one piece
Is worth more
Than the risk of hit and miss
So all I ask of you is to let me go

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The journey of life

The journey of life begun
That fateful day I was born
My eyes opened up blissfully to the sun
My soul, heart and brain emerged as one
Behold my journey had begun!

This little child in time has grown
Yes! Time has flown, time has flown
A lot has been learnt on my very own

Life has been a mystifying journey
With every up and down
With tears and laughter
With hate and love
With stupidity and wisdom
With enemies and friends
But even in my journey of frustration
I have found a means of celebration
In my toilsome exploration to my fateful destination

Tick tock, the clock goes on
Minute by minute, then hourly
Month by month then yearly
Tick tock, and in my journey
I have searched, questioned and answered
Whilst walking painfully along many paths
Sometimes requesting protection
Seeking from above immunization
When hit by obstacles in locations

But I am still on this journey
Shaking hands with the sad and merry
My passion for life which was once raw
Is now confined within the Almighty’s law
For life's journey itself never ends
Once you have reached the end of each road
Uplifting off your entire cloggy load
Be it in a hot summer or a winter’s cold
Behold! A new journey will unfold

Sylvia Chidi

The last tree

It is the time of the year
When he stands purely naked
Somehow He lost
his evergreen underwear

The last tree
Standing still
Until the last kill
by a chain saw
Sliced down right to the core

His seeds he did sow
As he eagerly awaits the branches
of his offsprings to grow

In the middle of the night
I hear him whispering
I hear him talk
Then he tried to walk
Hindered by his own roots
beneath his foot

It is time to flee
It is time to be free
He is still standing
as the last tree

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The magic in you

Your magic spell and I'm lovesick
Your magic spell and I'm brainsick
Your magic spell and I'm heartsick

How you appear out of the blue
At moments when I need you
Discombobulates me
At time frustrates me

Something about your eyes is mystique
Its effect on me, I respect
Even as a cynical intellect
The magic in you is perfect
Your technique is without defect

Your spoken words set me in a trance
Every time you make an appearance
Habitually I give a moron performance
Just by the effect of your magical glance

The magic in you is beyond logic
Bringing to my ears sweet music
The magic in you is so real

I can feel the power of love
I can feel the power of lust
I can feel the power of desire
Leaving me speechless in daylight
Enticing me to be restless at night

The magic in you
I love so much
Come put a spell on me
With your magical touch

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The month of June

In the month of June
I composed a melodic tune
Ahead of time before the clocks struck noon
Later at night I waited to sing it out in full moon

June is the smell of sweet fresh roses
A beautiful rosy sixth month it exposes
And with the sweetness of each day
The sky clouds smile brightful and gay

Good Afternoon, My little summer butterflies
In June we can play where yellow meadows lie
We can observe little rivers flow into lagoons
And the mellifluent wildlife retreat into cocoons

And if love where to blossom it will do so quite soon
Because there is something about the month of June
As the longest daylight hours a year balloon
All marriage hopes are not left marooned

June is a beautiful month to sing
And listen to loud wedding bells ring
In this long awaited summer month
The mood of happiness is all June fronts

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Moon

While moths and caterpillars spin cocoons
Fishes are floating dead in polluted lagoons
Only some dream of flying to the moon
While many dream of becoming a tycoon

Tonight I looked up to the skies so soon
Waiting for a vision of a white circled balloon
The earth and its rotating moon
Rotating around a universal shaped spoon

And in the full glimmer of the moon
I hear the cries of endangered baboons
I hear the cries of wild life harpooned
While platoons of life watch the moon

Tonight I think only of singing a little tune
Debating if the moon glitters in her misfortunes
If life would only occur on the moon
I could draw it out like a cultural cartoon

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The nagging women of the world

Nag, Nag, Nag
They nag about the money
They nag about sex
They nag about it all
From simple to complex

The nagging women of the world!

Before the plane takes off
They nag about jetlag
Suggesting the holiday
Will only be a drag

They nag about the food
Whether it is bad or good

They nag about fingernails
And overcrowded jails

They nag about the music
Without comprehending the lyrics

They nag about people dressed in rags
And chosen colours of a country's flag

The nagging women of the world!

They nag about cleanliness
Forgetting the word gentleness

They nag at you if you snore
Or if they think you are a bore

They nag at you if you are late
Refusing you food on the plate

They nag about the polluted air
As if they really care

I shall never understand
Those men called husbands
That put up with these women
The nagging women of the world!

Sylvia Chidi

The Newspaper

Fancy tea or coffee? – I'll put on the kettle
The newspaper feed us with lubricated rubbish
As they try to unsettled the already settled
With elongated imaginative lists of excessive wishes

Today I have a nightmare about swine flu
Tomorrow I shall dream of military coups
All the stereotyping about gender inequality
But no one is typing about gender opportunity

Breakups and makeups
Splashes and cruises
Lashes and bruises
Drama wrapped with adventurous saga

Soon I will change my name to 'Lady Stagger'
Dye my hair blonde to avoid looking like 'Lady Haggard'
And everyday it's the same old story
A bit of sadness with a touch of glory

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Ocean I know!

I know it to be true
That the ocean sea is blue

I know it to be true
The mountains compliment the ocean
The fountains supplement the ocean

I know it to be true
The ocean is extremely salty
Inhabited by fishes of various faculties

I know it to be true
The ocean is a source of food and minerals
Embellished with floors of pearls, shells and corals

I know it to be true;
That infinite battles have been fought
Across stormy tidal and calmly ocean waves
Where slaves have been sold and bought
With freedom won not merely by a simple handshake

I know it to be true;
That down below is an amazing picture
Of many a wonderful sea creature
That fishermen, endlessly try to capture

What about the water sports being featured?
Swimming, diving, boating, and waterskiing
All written excitingly in the oceans scripture

Still the ocean sometimes doesn’t know how to behave
When they come marching, those ginormous tidal waves!
All those present become a slave to its oceanic graves

And yet I know it to be true
If we shave all the water of the oceans carpet
Living will not be worth it on this planet!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The one kiss

The one kiss
I ought to have dismissed
Is haunting me like an unsettled ghost

I felt a lingering sweetness in its taste
Enriched with sensuality and ripeness
I just refused to let it go to waste
The temptation to sample
The kiss of the forbidden apple
was there, out in open air

A kiss is not just a kiss
With my heart the kiss unlocked a door
I never knew was there before
Now I long for more and more
Wishing for everything to be like before
Presently my mind wanders without rest

Time has passed,
My mind still wanders without rest
To forget, I try to do my best
My eyes which were once closed
Are now wide open
Searching, seeking, trying so hard to spot
The one kiss
I ought to have dismissed

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Perfect Miracle

I have found
The perfect miracle
In a simple prayer

Forgive me
Love me
Hold me
Guide me
Let me be
Lord I thank thee

I do not expect an answer

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Perfect Woman

She stands out elegantly tall
Staring you straight into your eyeball
She is a woman all girls want to be
She is the woman all girls want to see

With her display of motherly kindness
Exhibiting contemporary greatness
Her presence is a charm
Even her smile alone disarms

Her life paints only positive examples
Everyone frequently questions and samples
They all want to be like her
They all want to be a superstar

Her outstanding personality
Is more than just a female identity!
She is a woman all girls want to be
She is the woman all girls want to see

Some people say she is perfect
Others claim her to be an intellect
A role model she is to be correct
O! The lives of many she affects

She is quite plain and simple
Always out there for the people
She is one without flaws
Always abiding by the law

She is the perfect woman
All girls want to be
She is the perfect woman
All girls want to see

Sylvia Chidi

The power of a great

The power of a great is decided by fate

Artificial greatness is pointless
The difference is glaringly clear

To date, I once again state
Shall you choose to contemplate
Check your facts and openly debate
Only then, you may be able to relate

The power of a great is decided by fate

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The road to success

The Road to Success
We all want to walk on the road of success
But do you day by day measure your progress
Do you have a vision?
Do you have a mission?
You need one even if it is inspired by television

We all want to walk on the road of success
But do you day by day measure your progress
Critically look at your personal development
Grizzle over the final accomplishment
Decide on the instruments you need at the moment?

On its road, there are many paths to take
With many sacrifices along the way to make
Patience, faith and hard work, please don’t forsake
Or your dreams will pour empty into a wide lake

We all want to walk on the road of success
But do you day by day measure your progress
Is your vision greater than greatness?
You are the first one you must try to impress
Take a step at a time and do not digress

For success when achieved, I say without sarcasm
Is more gratifying than any orgasm

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Sahara Ocean

The Sun scorching on the Sahara Ocean
Marvels at my delicate skin with a sun tan
It is a vast ocean of sand
Lying restfully in the scorching sun
Severe sand storms
Shower mud made shelters
As the sand moves south

This is the formidable Sahara
Occupied by religious scholars
Covered regularly in protective shawls
As they scrape the sands
Off their door steps

A peaceful sound
Announces spirituality
Allowing endless space for study
Only those with strength
Can survive this barren society

At night lingers a sophisticated sadness
While the burnt out brown skins
In the strange cold, gaze at the stars
Somewhere there is solitude
Lined up in silver clouded sands
The stylemark of the Sahara Ocean

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Social Classes

The Social Classes
I tried to measure my individual status
Against this worlds benchmark
Pondering on common open remarks
Researching from newspapers
And listening to the media
Learning from decades of history
Some of those events remain a mystery
Trying to unfold the logic
Of the class differences in today’s modern society

Upper Class, Upper Class my foot
These are merely wealthy tycoons
Most of them born with golden spoons
Luck is needed to belong to this ring
Its liking flying to the moon
In a hot aired balloon
Or trying to sing
Through a key ring

Their moral obligation
As a minority of the nation
Is to obtain the best and most expensive education
They make damn well sure
Mechanisms are in place to differentiate
And ensure infinity of inequality
Like ownership of earths land
Placing humans beings in separate class bands

With a unique voice
You could release some hit songs
And become a millionaire
And join the so called
Socioeconomic class
Beware most of these people don’t care
You may never belong

I am not alone
I have not being blessed with this privilege
I wish all social classes could just merge
And unite as one
Maybe we may then be able to get rid of the gun
Right under your very nose
Right under the sun

Middle Class, Middle Class
This is the centre
Of confusion for the masses
The obvious gap between the rich and the poor
Here there is everything to live and die for

Hardworking families with two incomes
Dreaming of a random lucky lottery storm

Middle class people are so vain
Everyone striving for prestigious and wealthy gains
You are judged by your looks and your lifestyle
You are judged by what you wear from a lengthy mile
If you are making a considerable racket
In the labour market
You are always adored
People will always laugh at your dry jokes and never get bored

As an individual
One of my chances as usual
To improve my status in this class is
Societies and clubs
Where my expectations
Could be me met
If I have contacts
To the people in the right positions
This is the common norm
One you must conform
To be accepted

Lower Class Lower Class
Some of these people
Play quite skilful jazz

These are the lowest of the lot
The group everyone has simply forgot
Drug addicts, beggars and the homeless
Those whose situation is inevitably hopeless
Permanent consistent hardship
They are on an isolate platform

Constantly hungry looking raw boned
Many resorting to liquor and weed
To get highly stoned

Prayers are voiced in each days struggle
Pleading knowingly for a quick miracle

The Society's Social classes
What unites us all?
Life!

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

The Strange Widow

She was a strange little old widow
out on a lone Meadow
Running her old farmhouse
inhabited by cats and mouse
as bed and breakfast
She was a lone outcast
In a little town that grew up so fast

Gone were the days
When she was an active spokeswoman
Wearing her unusual fashioned glasses
And attacking the masses
With her lyrical words of wisdom

Airing out political views
To elongated queues
Eager to hear her speak
As her words were deemed to be so slick

'Smile for me, '
She would say
Sing like a bee
and be happy all day
Put away this poem
in your file
Now forget your sorrows
buried in your miserable sad pile
Just put on your smile
for me for this little while

She was a strange widow
People still came to her for advice
Not worried about bumping into mice
At her home she called a mansion
So she had to be greeted with full attention
While she paraded herself in the latest fashion
She charged every one a pound
and marvelled as the coins made a clunky sound
as they fell into her money jar

“Now when that jar fills, ”
She would say
“I will invest in a sports car
and drive to a sunny beach that’s very far
looking for young boys
who can play with me and my toys”
Rub my wringled back
With sun lotion until I give them the sack

There was a time
She used to pray
Almost everyday

That everything should be okay
now she accepted her faith
without any debate
Making the best of life
While trying to wait
For that fateful moment of eternity

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

The Sufi's meet

The Sufi's meet, a silence so terrifying
They meditate with quietness so glorifying
Capturing a moment that is electrifying
A journey that is ultimately mystifying

In the midst of the silent crisis
They search for that inner one for all
That spiritual redemption of peace
Missions for each maybe big or small

In their midst I hear the shifting of bones
Without anyone actually throwing a stone
The creaking of the cane chair is done
Suddenly I feel the presence of none

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Sun

Long before mankind was born
Alone stood a star called ‘The Sun’

The sun thought
So often alone a lot

One day the sun thought
If I could be that daylight indicator
A kind of happiness creator
On earth and allow my sunshine rays to run
I shall indeed be the true originator of fun

I can decide to wake up everyday at dawn
Not only will I be the source of light
But also the source of life
When people see me, it is that simple
Only smiles on their faces will be worn

When I rise
They shall all walk in my shadow
And the wise
Will take shelter, as my intensity flows

And so its journey begun
Now everyone wants a piece of the sun
Now everyone wants a piece of its warmth
Sometimes I wonder what will become of us
Long when the sun is gone!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The things I love with a passion

I rock and roll with passion
I talk out my soul with a passion

I eat good food with passion
I defeat bad mood with a passion

I sleep well with passion
I weep hell with a passion

I dream endlessly with passion
I gleam ceaselessly with a passion

I aim for money with passion
I do the same for honey with a passion

I listen carefully with passion
I glisten dutifully with a passion

I search for fame with passion
I research to blame with a passion

I walk everyday with passion
I talk and play with a passion

I embrace life with passion
I face nightlife with a passion

I laugh out with passion
I chaffe about with a passion

I cook with others with passion
I look at mothers with a passion

I touch gently with passion
I clutch tightly with a passion

I work hard with a passion
I rock mad with a passion

I gear up goals with passion
I stir up roles with a passion

I make friends with passion
I take weekends with a passion

I love kissing with passion
I love teasing with a passion

I make love with passion
I take from above with a passion

If push comes to shove

Label me old fashioned
For these are things I caption
In life with all my passion

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The Truth about Life

The struggle goes on
Whichever direction you turn
There is no excluded section where you can run

The truth about life
Is merely to survive
From the moment you arrive
In birth, to the end of death

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The truth in you

I seek the truth in you
The weak lie is not you
So speak up, yes you

The truth hurts but it works
The truth simplifies and dignifies
The truth sooths preserving your youth

I ask the truth of you
Cry now, take a tissue
So speak up, yes you

The truth signifies and modifies
The truth is within and the best way to begin
The truth is a good start especially for sweethearts

I need the truth of you
Simply choose your venue
So speak up, yes you

The truth to any degree
Is a starting point to be free
Just like one and two make three
So speak up, yes you
If you agree

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow

The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow
Sweeping along devastation or prosperity along its path
Todays sorrow, tomorrows horrow or perhaps a loving hero
But you! Have been swept here to occupy my lonely heart

You are that gentle flowing breeze
You are a warm summers tease
There's room in my heart for you to squeeze
And do to me amorously as you please

The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow
Sometimes springing up nice surprises to be exact
Please stop contemplating on what may follow
Let us begin the getting-to-know each other for a start

You are that preserving cherubic smell
Evidently airing my inner senses quite well
It is completely difficult for me to tell
Why your scent stimulates all my bodily cells

Sweet and sour with you, we could shower
By the hour blessed with our loving power,
Together we can flourish as we flower
For the wind has blown to us love that is ours

The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow
Hold tight; split us not apart as we about start
I know your spirits are low, you want to go slow
Assuring yourself before you set upon my fragile heart

If we postpone, I have this inclination
The wind will head towards another direction
Without hesitation and any apparent indication
Leaving behind no room for further investigation

The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow
You need to catch what it is about to throw
No one can predict what may be about to follow
But true love itself in time will grow not go

You are that pacifying touch
A mild soothing winter’s scotch
That warms a throat so much
Change the gears on your clutch
While we sit back and watch
As we sow seeds of affection
In these perfect conditions without friction

Remember, remember!
The wind will blow where and when it wants to blow

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Think Again!

When you hold your head up high
I see it in your eyes
You want to say goodbye

Your ego persuades you to
embark on this smoky trip
If only you know how I feel
Your selfishness I spelt
While the ice awaits to melt
Be careful you might slip
They shall all weep

Why wash away on me now
Tears of sorrow
When there is always tomorrow

Narrow roads
Wrong paths
Why take away
What’s not yours

Think again
While it rains
Think again
You can still control your brain
from going completely insane

Think again about a white dove
Think again about all the love
That is still out there
Waiting to be showered on you
I truly care

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

This is a warning

Warning! warning! warning!
This is a warning
Stop me from yawning

There is no smoke
Without a choke

There is no secret
Without a regret

You can not be strong
If you've never been wrong

Anything ever hot
Brings upon hurt

This is a warning
Stop me from yawning

Unfailed prevention
Prevails redemption
Avoid temptation

Beware of those who are nice
So say the experienced wise
Everything comes with a price

This is a warning
Stop me from yawning

Run, have fun
While there is still sun!

Sylvia Chidi

This is called Love!

If our love is born as a beautiful born baby
I will cradle it gently like a mature lady
I'll respect as if a gentleman in disguise
Whose love ain't stamped with a price

So do you want me?
Do you want me?
Utter it loud,
If you really want me

I'll fly across the seven skies
To intoxicate you with my love
I'll love you like no other
Flabbergast you beyond wonder
I'll walk from one country to another
Swim endless flowing rivers

I'll send you tantalizing infinite kisses
And torture you with loving touches
I'll send you my love in one piece
Or in amorous fragmented pieces

Just make your wish!
Do you want me?
Utter it loud,
If you really want me

Call out my name
If you feel the same
In all sincerity
Believe in destiny
This is called love

I can't bear this separation
I'll plot the longitude &magnitude
Of your location
Just to enjoy some loving duration
With you!

Specify your need
Feed it with a kiss
Call it monumental madness
Call it momentary gladness
So do you want me?
Do you want me?
Whisper it out loud,
This is called love

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

This is my doggy dog

This is my doggy dog
Her stubborn skin is thicker than fog
You may ask what breed I feed
Before I put her out on a lead
A Chihuahua and king Charles mixture
She is domestic without cosmetic
Giving love that is magnetic

This is my doggy dog
Sometimes she gives a cuddly hug
Sometimes she can be painful bug
An underestimated overrated little thug
That tries to take me for a mug
But her spirit is high
For I never seen her cry

This is my doggy dog
Where are my sunglasses?
My Chihuahua blows out a mixture of gases
She gives out poos without going to the loo
Sometimes she may look apologetic
With a face written all over with sympathetic
But her graceful loving is ever so magnetic

This is my doggy dog
My dog can be greedy
My dog can be needy
When she barks, I mumble
When she attacks, I am humble
She reminds of sweet bees that are bumble
Their neat stings alone can make you stumble

Sylvia Chidi

This pride of mine

Is it my absurd pride,
Which countenanced you to take off and run?

Is it my rainbow pride,
Which made you flee to the searing sun?

I beg of you
Stop! Think twice
A little pride is better than nice.
That is a saying plausibly far from wise!

If your love could fall once more out of the sky
This pride of mine I throw out amply to the sea
I tell no lie and I speak no lies
This pride of mine, I'll give to another for free

For years and years
I have chewed over on my pride
Crying out inside beclouded tears
Our love went down with a dingy backslide

But! But!
This pride of mine was too blind to see
Sometimes it draws out the beauty in me
Sometimes it sheds out the ugly in me
Like leaves falling off once a blossoming tree

This pride of mine
Needs to resign

This pride of mine
Isn't sweeter than wine

But! But!
If your love could fall once more out of the sky
This pride of mine I throw out amply to the sea
I promise to be humble, humble and humble
For upon your type of love I may never stumble!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Thoughts

Thoughts
Sounds of raindrops
In the stillness of a winter night
How does anyone have foresight
Tired swollen eyes
In complete emptiness a body lies
Creating a wilderness of thoughts

Occasional sounds of a car passing by
Interrupt the flow of the nights dream
Innocent thoughts
Spurn from the womb
To mould a man from a woman

Mystified power
Unexplained energy
Unconventional thinking
Giving birth to what is called instinct

A change of destiny
Chanced by thoughts
When at the break of dawn
The minds meet and comprehend unspoken words

Silent thoughts
No one can hear
Your mysterious moment
Only you can bear
It’s your need to be free
To be at peace with oneself

Silent thoughts
A secret moment
To indulge into wishful thinking
Then champion the process into creative thinking
To see how events can be influenced

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Tiger in the wood

There is a tiger in the woods
With such an attitude

There is a tiger in the woods
Do not stay out there in the nude

There is a tiger in the woods
Alternating between humble and rude

There is a tiger in the woods
Looking for its prey, so pray
Soon will be injurious what was once good
Ready and steady he sets about to slay
The brave who protrude along his way

There is a tiger in the wood
Thinking about you as food
A known serial killer
Seeking a bestial thriller

There is a tiger in the wood
Whose beautiful stripes, I conclude
Put you off guard. Understood?
Such display, I call the tiger’s interlude.

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

To a social recluse

He has been all by himself
She has been all by herself
Desperate, alone, miserable and insecure
Both thought that love would be their only cure

To a social recluse
The word ‘socialising’
Is hardly ever ‘tantalising’
In their world to use

Each night, each day she is amused
By this so called man born a social recluse
Her arms are now tattooed with isolation
Washed and shampooed in entire alienation
Once she was bright-eyed in a healthy situation

To a social recluse
The emotional mood
Is that which airs off as being rude!
And shyness is always seen as an excuse

In her search for love has come desperation
And his charms will lead her to a land of no nations
There are always signs but she refuses to take heed
So she will harvest with weed to feed her own needs
And one day she will cry the tears of her own deed

To a social recluse
With lack of interest, quietness is introduced
With friends and family you instantly lose
That is the very effect a recluse produces

To a social recluse
This dark conspicuous personality
Will creep slowly and tear apart friendly cordial unity
Your families and friends will slowly become diffused

Presently she is too blind to see
Her loving hero is a lone ranger
Slowly she will become everything but free
And to herself she will turn a total stranger

Copyright 2009 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

To write

To write
is to feel
To feel
is to heal
To heal
is to reveal
instead of conceal
While you stand still

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Today

Today
My alarm clock failed to ring

Today
Yoo-Hoo, The clock did not sing

Today
The trains made me get to work late
I was left staring at their shut gates

Today
I found myself exceedingly alone
Shivering in the flat cold to the bone

Today
My lover called and I got ditched
I really thought we're going to get hitched

Today
I stank dreadfully; I did not have a shower
The sad news drained me of my will power

Today
I counted my pennies in twos and fours
My pockets were empty and poor
All the food I ate was bitter and sour

Today
All the programmes on TV were boring
Repetitious episodes had been reoccurring
I couldn't go out as the rain was pouring

Today
In-between my thighs, I kept feeling horny
That tingly-tingly feel was not at all funny

Today
I read the newspaper without focus
Wondering what was the entire fuss
About sleeping with one's boss
A whole page dedicated to it, was the loss

Today
I listened to some sad love songs
Speculating where I had done wrong
Next time, yes! I am going to be strong

Today
I fantasised about my next affair
Detailing it in my head with care
Another tragedy I simply cannot bear

Today
I sang, spoke and smiled
Whilst I had my nails filed

Today
I made positive future plans
I am my own number one fan
Of many visions, I am the woman!
Also by definition, I am the woman!

Today
I passed life’s challenge
Having my hearty revenge
I went off to bed felicitous
Every today is always joyous!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Today I will read

Tap me not on my shoulder
Today I will read
For there is the urgent need
to explore words being soldered
into blissful compact sentences
as my reading commences

Today I will read
In no chronological order
something immoderately ordinary
Consulting the Oxford dictionary
If and when necessary

Today I will read
Knowledge is power and wisdom
a substitute for boredom
Knowledge is a curse
when words used tend to slip off course

In moments of seeking
the understanding of definitions
I will scamper through publications
of columns in newspapers
Absorb the skeptical illustrations
Learn more about this nation
As I feed my own imagination

Today I will read
a book or a novel
I will read articles
and the contents of scripts
doing my research while I search
for the truth
even if its minute

Today I will read
Separating quality from quantity
as I delve into topics
in my encyclopedia
Tap me not on my shoulder
whether you are younger or older
For Today I will read

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Today is just another day

Today is just another day
Of highs and lows
When the winds blow and the waters flow

Today is just another day
A day to make amends and new friends
For there will come a time it will all end

Today is just another day
We eat and go to work
Some seat and wait for luck
Others cheat giving the sweet talk

Today is just another day
Where we must live for tomorrow
Or give in to everlasting sorrow

Today is just another day
We breathe in the same air
Trying to invent new ideas
Exhibiting passionate care or fear

Today is just another day
While some of us delight in joy
Others will find a way to deploy
Tools to destroy the moments we enjoy

Today is no different from yesterday
Technology the only change in the game
The people are still the same
Looking for one to take on the blame
Always worshipping those with a name
Broken hearts and love keep alive the dying flame

Today is just another day
It will fade away
Quickly into yesterday
Tomorrow then gladly will become today!

Sylvia Chidi

Todays visit! ! !

In sunshine, winter or in rain
Today visits me once again

Today is my best friend
Always with me right to the very end

Today’s visit
Is as habitually the same
It is always an erratic game
Of ups and downs
Of smiles and frowns
Of highs and lows
Of “Hellos” and “Byes”

Today I treasure
With paramount pleasure
Today’s visit
I cannot comparatively measure

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Together I gather

Together I gather
We can achieve the impossible
Our strength will never be feeble
All our voices will be heard
And our thoughts will be fed
Through a single channel

Together I gather
If we work as a team
We can achieve all our dreams
Draw up from our thoughts, some warm steam
Reality will only look us in the face and beam

Together we can separate
The weeds of wrong from right
Be strong and stand up in the darkness or the light

Come take a walk with me
It is already very clear for me to see,
Isolation is not the way forward
Motivation and inspiration is a wonderful product
Of togetherness

Together I gather
We can build a nation of love
While the Lord watches from above
Every road that is bent with a curve
Shall be straightened by us

Together we shall conquer
One at a time
In the right order

Together never stays young
But is always formidably strong
Hence together I want to walk with you
Without bypassing any queues
My only hope is you feel the same way too

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

True love never dies

Fiddle the riddle
Wiggle with the riddle

For true love never dies
Except those empty white lies

Love never says goodbye
It just flies
Low and high

Fiddle the riddle
Wiggle with the riddle
Perhaps you can unfold
The puzzle of true love not told

The love I know may sometimes fizzle
Then sparkle with the eye of a twinkle
After wear out like an ageless wrinkle
So I hear your cry and with you I sigh

True love itself never dies
True love never says goodbye
True love never tells a lie
True love never asks the reason why
It just flies and flies and flies and flies
Or it flies past you by

2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Unripe Apples don't fall

Take time to prepare
and develop your idea
Norture it with care

This is my call
Unripe Apples don't fall
Unless you shake the tree
Standing tall

A bitter fruits taste
Only goes to waste
Like a rotten Apple
Down to the core

Try to dedicate
Think Straight
Proceed with emotions
Before your new introduction
An Apple has five seeds
Clear out all the weeds

This is my call
Unripe Apples don't fall
Unless you shake the tree
Standing tall

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Up! Education

Education is important
Right from when an infant

Education is not about college
It entails a wider range of knowledge
Supplying a market of skills shortage

Education is great
It creates and decides upon ones fate
Never leave it too late

Education makes it a priority
To provide you with opportunities

So I say
OK! Up! Education
Feed the Nations
Up! Education

Education is in abundance
A constituent of importance
As we humans advance
It offers us life’s insurance

Education is the key to set you free
From joblessness condemnation

Education is the key to flee
From endless financial frustration

Education provides you with ammunition
To tackle any country, state or nation

Education gives you immunisation
Against surviving global frustration

Education relieves you
From absurd ignorance

Education exempts you and me
From parental allowance
For most adults
It is usually a concerning disturbance

So I say
OK! Up! Education
Feed the Nations
Up! Education

I take my time to stress once more
It is the path to successes door
Education is a treasure

One cannot significantly measure
By only your life’s attended lectures

Education is power
Your immediate answer
To questions that remain unanswered

Education is for all
Embrace it or fall

Education provides options
And sets the motion
In life for you to function

So I say
OK! Up! Education
Feed the Nations
Up! Education
Education is the name of the game

Sylvia Chidi

Vanishing Dreams

Hold on tight
Shed some light
Wet your apetite
Do not let them slip away
Or they start to lose their colour
day by day, year by year
Right into thin air

There you stand
You seem to have forgotten
Once when you were a little boy
Building castles of dreams with joy

There you now stand
You front, inspired by fustration
Surrounded by countless restrictions

Vanishing Dreams
Fading away quietly into empty streams

It is easy to give in without a bother
Lose your freedom in a common fashioned order
While your dreams vanish one after the other
Our sons and daughters
are still cradling them
Nurturing their stems
On their own conditions and terms

So hold on tight
Wet your apetite
Make your dreams come true
While there is still light

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Vanity

Some call it vanity
I call it complete sanity

I belong to a different league
A goddess with a cocktail of different wigs
Far too intelligent for any audience
To mass entertain will be an utter nuisance

I'm too intelligent to respond
It’s only with a certain class that I bond
For I am far too glamorous
To be anything but humorous

I belong to a group called animosity
A simple case of personal philosophy
Where I outclass modernity
My body built to perfection
I know it is the universal intention

Some call it vanity
I call it complete sanity

I am so artistically brainy
That my thoughts are far from grainy
I belong to a different breed
I simply will not spoon-feed

If you are born empty inside
I’m afraid I can’t take you for a ride
They refer to my vanity as a beast
I stare at my vanity with sanity as a feast

Sylvia Chidi

Wandering Justice

Wandering Justice
O! Dear, have I hit a miss?
With wandering justice

When society systems fail
And someone goes to jail
Without any chance of bail
Or ever setting out again on sea to sail
For something they did not do; it is a sad tale

When there is war instead of peace
And dignified people are looking for ass to kiss
Where is justice?

Countries are suffering in health and poverty
Whilst others are enjoying wealth and property
Where is justice?

O! Dear, have I hit a miss?
With wandering justice

When someone you love
Is taken away to the skies above
Where is the justice?

When you read endlessly to take exams
Another passes it with some fraudulent scam
Where is the justice?

When all your life you work so hard
Doesn’t it get you viciously mad?
When the jackpot hits another who is bad
Where is the justice?

When life takes away your child
Because you ignored health symptoms as mild
Where is the justice?

At work when your original innovations
Reward your boss with a standing ovation
Followed by a double or triple promotion
And all you get from the boss is a caution
Where is the justice?

When living a healthy life is nothing but a trick
As destiny picks on you for the sake of a kick
With illnesses for the unhealthy and the weak
All the same you are the one who ends up sick
Where is the justice?

O! Dear, have I hit a miss?
With wandering justice

Fair for all is what I call justice
Moments of rewarding bliss

When a man plants his seeds
Creating numerous mouths to feed
And he provides them with all their needs
I call it Justice!

When you work hard
Indulging in good not bad
And life rewards make you so glad
I call it Justice!

Yet justice often wanders away
Before you have your chance of say
When it wanders, the price is often high to pay

O! Dear, have I hit a miss?
With wandering justice
As it leaves behind a trail of flaws
That is not within the confinement of fair law!

Sylvia Chidi

Warriors

Warriors
Horses and warriors
Shields and amour
Fighting for a cause
Avoiding as much loss

Shedding blood is a must
Battles must be fought and won on the battlefield
How many men will be killed?
For a country
For a nation
For self belief

Spears and shields
Tools of war
Making history
Alliance and victory

A treasured sword
Held by a courageous man
Known by his name as warrior
Failure is not an option
A countries pride is at stake

Bows and arrows
Fighting for a name
Decorated with strings of fame
A man must do what he must
Even if it is for a mediocre cause

Now wars are won and fought with guns
The true warriors are the thinkers and not the fighters
The true warrior is not the man who dies
But the one who stays alive
The one who can plan and strategise
Analyse and fantasies a vision which is bound to come true

© Sylvia Chidi- 17 October 2005

Sylvia Chidi

Weep not, Brokenhearted

Let's attempt to foil
A possible emotional turmoil
Our tempers have been set to boil

Shame! You blame
The very existence of my name
For the aftermath of our fun game
I feel the same, I feel the same

Weep not, Brokenhearted
Weep! Weep! Not

You insisted you wanted only fun
Today you talk of me as if a con
Now that your heart is worn and torn

Weep not, Brokenhearted
Weep! Weep! Not

I thought fun for a couple of days
After we'll go our separate ways
I simply cannot understand
How I have led you astray

You said the words, you needed fun, you were bored

Weep not, Brokenhearted
Weep! Weep! Not

Once you sung the words to your song
I locked my heart with a key
Threw it away, so of you I would be free

Copyright 2006 -Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

What is loss?

I resent
What loss represents
I resent
What great loss presents

So what’s the fuss about loss?

Waiting!
Debating!
Contemplating!

What is loss?
Something you care about
Taken away from you by force
Creating total unforgivable chaos

Thinking!
Blinking!
Seeking!

What is loss
It is a minus instead of a plus
Hence the unmistakable fuss
Death and sickness build up great grief
Loss brings despair instead of relief
And in loss itself I have no belief

I resent
What loss represents
I resent
What great loss presents

Loss! An inequitable cause
Thrown on you without a toss
So you become very cross
Because in your life you realize, you are never the only boss!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

What is music to you?

Music is freedom that relentlessly exists
Freedom of speech
Freedom of thought
Freedom of creativity
Freedom of imagination

Music is ever soothingly healing
A bombardment of on-going expression of feelings
Music is a tool of unity
Always bringing people together as family
Hence be described as a mentor of spirituality

Music is magic
Performing its tricks
With sweet instrumental tones and lyrics

Music is emotionally captivating
Music is positively distracting
Music is a form of beautiful art
Passed on as a message on a public stage

Music is as powerful as water
Flowing in and out of generations
Trapped ever so often only by its own enormous power

Music is an angel
Singing out from the skies as she flies
Music is love
Music is the food of all moods
Music is perfect and it is good for you

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

What is my destiny?

What is my destiny?
What is your destiny?
Can it be changed at all?
Or is it another hallucination
A figment of our imagination,
of what life should hold in stock for us

If destiny would walk our paths
I would say to destiny
Why have you come all this way, just to lead us astray?

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

What is poetry?

What is poetry?
I say it is mega-magnetic fun
When words play and tend to run
It is mega-magnetic fun
Yes mega-magnetic fun

When readers show they are appreciative
Of playful words which are narrative
I say it is mega-magnetic fun

When readers have come & gone
And all the votes have been cast and drawn
I say it is mega-magnetic fun

When writers become inventive
With or without any material incentive
I say it is mega-magnetic fun

That is what poetry is about
It is mega-magnetic fun

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

What is trust?

T - Truth
R - Respect
U - Unity
S - Sincerity
T - Togetherness

Sylvia Chidi

What’s on your mind?

You slowly take away my rights
Like a slow poison
Hoping I will not give a fight
I can see without a light
Even in the black darkness of the night

What’s on your mind?
My dear

You ponder thoughtfully away
Almost every single day
How to get rid of me in your play
Trying to frustrate me
Sadly you underrate me
Attempting absurdly to captivate me
With your charming sweet lies
But your deception shows in your eyes

What’s on your mind?
I ask you

You look as though, full of fear
Perhaps you are horrified
At your own wicked ideas
Scenarios playing out inwards
Common attributes of a coward

What’s on your mind?
I say to you
Your face looks already troubled
Before you undertake your actions
Pretending you are worried
About my possible reactions

What’s on your mind?

I have no fear
I am ready and steady to prepare
For the battle of minds
This battle will be one of a kind

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

When a woman changes!

Change!
Change is inevitable in our lives
As a woman ages
So she changes

But when a woman changes her identity,
Her very own self
All in the name of love,
Behold!
All hell is set loose!

Even to herself, she becomes
The strange stranger of strangeness!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

When I dream!

When I dream
I dream out my fears
Hoping that reality is near
So I can lure it to my lair
Then feed on my needs as need be

When I dream
I dream of love and power
Taking a cold shower
And ruling the world from a tower
Always looking up, never lower

But dreams come true
Oh! Yes they do
And dreams can quickly vanish into thin air
As they become as obsolete as stale beer

So when I dream
I dream about fighting the freezing cold with fire
I dream about aiming higher to grasp my desires
I dream of ways to inspire myself
By sweetly toiling out till I tire
Many a dream of mine are unwritten songs
To which I've known the words all along
Often I dream of places where I should belong

Sometimes my dreams are messages
Gobbled up in visual categorized stages
That is unexplainable and strange

When I dream
I dream about the impossible
And how to enable it
Without the obvious obstacles
It’s only then I realize that a dream is capable
Of becoming true for either me or you
Yet the reality of it all is
Then a dream is no longer a dream!

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

When is blood thicker or weaker?

Blood is thicker than water
Where family is involved

Blood is weaker than water
When family has dissolved

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

When the dog barks

When the dog barks
Don’t crack, I remark
Watch your back
Maybe it is about to attack

A dog is commonly your loyal slave
But your master when it is brave
It can be your best friend
It can be your worst enemy

When the dog barks
Get ready on your mark
It senses you in the dark

When the dog barks
And you don’t talk back
It will sense the courage you lack

When the dog barks
You may need to give it a whack
To set it on the right track
Before it embarks
On a mission with its mates in a pack

When the dog bites
You must put up a fight

When the dog bites
Think hard, do what is right

When the dog whines
Even you should know it’s not fine

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

When the wind blows

When the wind blows in autumn
Falling leaves are the outcome
As the trees become lonesome
Naked without leaves
But with the believe
Again to become wholesome

When the wind blows in winter
It welcomes a chilling breeze
With it comes the familiar freeze
Everything becomes cheaper
Activities decrease, the only increase
Are the utility bills

When the wind blows in spring
Plants spring back to life
All natural life awakens and sings
With the honeybees buzzing and cheering
The wind begins to show signs of caring
For it is awaiting summer and preparing
Whilst gently airing

When the wind blows in summer
Its power is less fierce and dimmer
Like a beginner of a swimmer
The winds touch is a lot calmer
As it turns on its gentle charmer
Allowing us to get carried away
On the hot beaches as dreamers

To a winters wind
They say no, no, no
To a summers wind
They say blow, blow, blow

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Where was father?

Quick to flatter without falter
Spreading out his seeds with speed
Leading mother to the altar
Declining to take on his role and lead
When it was time to fulfill my needs

Where was father when I needed him most?
It hurts to hear others speak of fathers and boast

Where was father when I needed him most?
I gathered he cowardly conceded his post

Where was father when I needed him most?
Did he set off for greener grasses by the coast?

We speak of fathers and mothers
We seek in no chronological order
Their guidance and support
As we learn back and forth

Where was father when I needed him most?
He abandoned his bedpost and left us to roast

Where was father when I needed him most?
It mattered to me to have him as a family host

He should have been
My personal mentor!
My cherished educator!
My inflexible motivator!
My life striving navigator!

Shall I put up a glass and shamefully toast?
To a man who stayed clear of being my guidepost

Where was father when I needed him most?
Without remorse I desire to bury his ghost

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Where was your love?

Where was your love?
When I needed your love
Where were your hugs?
When I was soaked in my sobs

Where was your love?
When I needed your love
Yours was never near
Nor were your wandering ears
As you were hardly ever there

I will rather talk about this now than later
A fire can be quenched by not only water
People speak of no smoke without a fire
I speak of hate born not just by greedy desire

You haunt me, a ghost from the past to boast
Where was your love when I needed your love?
Where were you friend when I need you most?
You gave me the shoulder along with the shove

Where was your love?
When I needed your love
Where was your care?
When I cried rainy tears

With shattered dreams on broken wings
Where was your love when I needed your love?
When I lost the will to sing a simple octave
What mattered to you were your lousy flings

With a thin line between love and hate
My dear old friend, my dear old mate
Let me be clear and completely straight
Love has disappeared at a very fast rate

Sylvia Chidi

Why commit suicide?

Why commit suicide?
Don’t tie yourself with a rope
With life, there is always hope
With life, there is always scope

Why commit suicide?
For you there is no roller coaster life ride
Your heart is filled with an empty hole so wide
Don’t put yourself on fire and fry
With life, you can still make an effort and try
Please leave us not with a permanent goodbye

Why commit suicide?
Believe me when I say ‘You are not alone’
Many out there are shivering cold to the bone
Express your feelings to someone on the phone
Full of debt
Never properly slept
Always sadly wept
Wish you had something wonderful
You could have treasured and kept
Unsucessfuly with exams
After hectic midnight crams
Who gives a damn!

You are not alone!
You are not alone!

So you feel so empty inside
You are full of egoistical pride
To admit the thought of a suicide tide
Love has never even been on your side
Believe me when I say ‘You are not alone’
With life, there is no stone
That you cannot eventually overthrow
To reclaim your rightful throne
So why commit suicide?

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Will you be my friend?

Will you be my friend?
In a gentle manner he asks
Will you be my friend?
Or is that too much of a task?

Many a time when feeling lonely
I long to be loved
Welcomed and made to feel homely

A friend I need
One who can share my joys
Friendship I seek, and not to destroy

A friend I need
Someone not afraid to tell me off
When ever I am wrong
Instead encourage me to be strong

Someone who can
Life my spirits when I am down
Not look upon me with a frown

Will you be my friend?
In a gentle manner he asks
Will you be my friend?
Or is that too much of a task?

'Why me' she curiously asks
I'm no beauty behind my mask

And he replies, ' Because you are so gentle'
Patiently understanding and simple

You exhibit utmost kindness
The title friendship goddess
Is yours, if I am honest with gladness
You display compassion and intelligence
You never judge and there is no pretence
My life with you will make a difference

We rhyme together in towns
And joke around like clowns
When we talk on the phone
I merrily feel not alone
You shine like the sun and are fun
You are always there with support
Continuously making sacrificial efforts

Well then, I am already your friend
She says, 'unless you want our friendship to end.'

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Without love

I know it may sound insane
Now I dream of you without pain
Time has past
Extremely fast

Love has no boundaries
Love is fantastic
Love is a mystery
Love is romantic

Love is real
Love is intense
Love can heal
Love is romance

I know it may sound insane
I am feeling you once again
You left me feeling wanting
With your teasing and flaunting

Love is kind
Love is divine
Love unwinds
Love is sunshine

Love forgives
Love is nice
Love is positive
Love is sacrifice
Love is massive
Love is compromise

I know it may sound insane
You still remain and rain in my brain
With our experience in my collection
I can make the necessary corrections
You are a moment I wish
Once more to cherish

Love is great even when late
Love is sweet when complete
Love can forgive whatever it receives
Love is a blessing, always refreshing
Love is supreme but can be extreme
Love comes at a price If you are not wise
Love is unselfish, It only tends to nourish
Love always flourishes tending not to perish
Love from the heart never departs or breaks apart

I know it may sound insane
But I hope our paths meet again
I speak neither French nor Spanish

Yet memories of you are not tarnished
My senses have been trained
All is not lost in vain

Love is strong
Love is old and young
Love is the sound of a melodious song
Love is the gentle language of the tongue

I know it may sound insane
That about love I complain
Love never did me no wrong
Without love I am far from strong!

Love has no pride painting a humble ride
Love is life, in different forms it arrives
Love is an unspoken promise
Between two of unity and peace

Copyright 2007 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Without women

Today a daughter and a princess
Tomorrow a mother or a mistress

Up! Up! Up! Women
Stop! Stop! Stop! Women
Perhaps true, perhaps true

Women are amazing creatures
Moulded with dazzling features
Women are an object of mystery
Have their own place in history

Women are great
They make the best dates
Except when they turn up very late

Without women
What will become of us?
No more noises on the bus
No one to make all the fuss

Without women
What will become of men?
Who will teach them,
How to behave and learn?

Women are the spicy ingredient of romance
Women are the juicy parent of importance
Women are a heavenly treasure
The epitome of human pleasure

Up! Up! Up! Women
Stop! Stop! Stop! Women
Perhaps true, perhaps true

Without women
Would this earth have survived?

Without women
Imagine how many will feel deprived

Women are simply delicious
Beware they can be serious
Especially when suspicious
And turn to Mrs Vicious

Women are priceless
Without women
Life will be without spice
Simply lifeless

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

WOMEN

W – Wonderful, witty and wise
O – Obligated obedience applies
M – Mysterious to be precise
E - Elegance with a price
N – Naughty but nice

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Work! Work! And Reap!

Work! Work! Work! And Reap!
Work! Work! Work! And Sleep!

Everyday most of we work
Some of us love to work
Some of us just want to rock
Some of us want to lie on a beach or take a walk
If we had our way, we could spend all day and talk

But work we all must
Or our lifestyles will go bust!
We may then have to readjust
To unacceptable standards of living in disgust

Work! Work! Work! And Reap!
Work! Work! Work! And Sleep!

We all have different professions
Some of us have silent confessions
We fancy someone at work with an obsession
Work is then fun with a passion until confusion

Work! Work! Work! And Reap!
Work! Work! Work! And Sleep!

There are jobs that are monotonous
The atmosphere is negatively outrageous
Nothing in the air signifies hilarious
Every single person is always very serious

Sometimes played at work
Is the kind of politics
That makes one quite sick
This is where the strong kick
Kick hardest the backside of the weak

But work we all must
Or our lifestyles will go bust!
As we find ourselves lost
And then try hard to readjust

So do we swallow?
Or is fighting back shallow
Will it leave in your pocket a dent that is hollow?
Or produce a scene labeled horror
Enough to leave you in tears of sorrow

I don't have all the answers
I know work is a living cancer
People at work ought to be a little nicer
Everyone needs to make a living including a dancer!

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

World Cup 2006

Zidane, Zidane
Is still the man!
Thierry Henry,
Hurry, Hurry

Roberto, Ronaldo, Ronaldino
Seemed to have forgotten the lingo

In the beginning they all said Brazil
Whilst they played their first game
Most played with piddling zeal
Predictions made only upon their name

The host country Germany
Displayed a talent of many
Their expressive style, worth every penny
They played with a lot of wit
And their strikers' chest stuck out fit

Let me not be cynical
About a country like Portugal
They passed beautifully rhythmical
Their tackles and dribbles were lyrical
But their talented midfielder
Was not a natural goal yielder
Perhaps I can scribble
He was in good in a dribble

England, England, I wish they could understand
Previously there was all the fuss about a striker's foot
I would have told the coach to give that player the boot
On International level for a player to get a red card
Is an unforgivable mistake deemed as classically mad!

The football players for Ghana
Conducted themselves in such a manner
That made us all proud of Africa
And South America
Can say the same for Argentina
After being hailed on by Maradonna

To Mexico
I say fantastico!

And the romantic country France
They have shown the importance
Of playing solidly as a team
To achieve a golden dream

Who would have guessed Italy?
With all the hype about match fixes
But football is not chess or monopoly

This was World Cup thousand and six

They completely
Dominated the Game
Hence Italy
Have regained their fame!

World Cup two thousand and six
I assure you was no fix

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Yesterdays Love

Yesterday love felt fantastically right
He killed it as the clocks struck midnight

Now he wants to be friends
Play a game of pretend

Sweet yesterdays love
Todays love came late
Tomorrow will be a sad never-ending wait

Yesterdays love was strong
As romantic as a sweet classical song
No indication of darkness in the passing light
He killed the love as the clocks struck midnight

Now he is the perfect stranger
Operating again as a lone ranger

Sweet yesterdays love
Todays love came late
Tomorrow will be a sad never-ending wait

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

You are my ‘Perfect Mismatch’

Yesterday I was arriving in your heart to stay
But today I am driving far, far away
Once again I can breathe clean fresh air
At ease, I dance, let loose my hair without despair
I thought I show you love with awesome care
But to myself I was never playing fair and square
I've spent my life looking for the perfect match
But it’s been seven years of patch, patch and patch

Now! I don’t care if I have to start from scratch
O! Dear, you dear are my perfect mismatch!
How could I choose you from multiple batches?
O! Dear, you dear are my perfect mismatch!

Yesterday I let my down my guide
But today, I will not drown, I will not hide
Once I thought you loved me for being me
There were times, I cried, hoping again to be free
I hope you can relate and understand
I only refer to a brand of boring husbands
Then I was full of vanity, I let go of my identity
Money and fame without love sung my song of destiny

I had years of stuff and conversation that was shallow
Yesterday I stooped low, my personal pleasures I let go
I was on the famous girl and boy dream march
Expensive clothes, champagne and a luxury yacht
I thought marriage can last with the right catch
Yes! With the perfect man, my plan is hatched!
Please my dear! Don’t blame me for those affairs
There is something about you I simply could not bear

Now! I don’t care if I have to start from scratch
O! Dear, you dear are my perfect mismatch!
How could I choose you from multiple batches?
O! Dear, you dear are my perfect mismatch!

Copyright 2008 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

You lost me!

You lost me by the sea
Huge waves came crashing down
One by One

Signals were already showing
in red and white and glowing
Your strokes stopped following
the right path

I felt we could swim the distance
together in advance
I thought we did not need
any kind of reassurance
Somewhere along the way
We must have lost our balance

You lost me
Once you tried to conceal
your love for me which was real

Your frequent kisses started slowing
Slowing down
Slowing down

Once a love story and talk of the town
Everything came crashing down
Crashing down
Crashing down
Our love will never be the same
This is no longer a game

You lost me
Can't you see
What was once meant to be
The only key to my heart
Is now lost forever at sea

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

You wander as a lonely

Each day you wake up with a frown
Rumours keep spreading around town
That you're suffering a mental breakdown

A solitary walk you walk
A lonely talk you talk
As you wander as a lonely

You wander as a lonely at night
You wander as a lonely on sight
You wander as a lonely at day
You wander as a lonely and pray
You wander as a lonely each day

Slow down, slow down
Shut down, shut down
Shutdown the lonely before you drown

Embrace your friends with warmth
They can give you assistance
Deliver you from your lonely existence
You keep fighting love
Bending it around like a curve
With your glowering face
Reserving only a lonely place,
Halting happiness to arrive in your life

Do you ever stop to wonder?
Do you ever stop to ponder?
Are you the reason for the lonely blunders?

Slow down, slow down
Shut down, shut down
Remove from your head that lonely crown

You wander endlessly as a lonely
Searching for a spot called homely
But your face is missing that vital smile called lovely

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

www.sylviachidi.com

Check out my latest 'Justice & If I were a girl'

Sylvia Chidi

You were once a good dream

You were once a good dream
And what a good team
We made while it lasted

You were once a good dream
You cooked up some steam
And had me flabbergasted

You were once a good dream
Now like a stream
Flowing out is what I not ever forecasted

And dreams come true
Then later disappear in the blue
Now another is waiting in my queue
I only hope it will be as delightful as you

Copyright 2006 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Your memory stays on

Your memory stays on
While you are long gone
A typical down to earth hero
As you look from up to down below
Stories of you will continue to grow and flow

Your memory stays on
They will remember you for your ups and downs
They will remember you for all the moments
You played a part and were around

Your memory stays on
You were a simple exceptional man
Making mistakes like any human
Your peak was when you took charge of football
Whilst your downfall was alcohol
The decider of your final call

Your memory stays on and will never run
Your achievement in football will always somehow return
We will miss you with each and every rising sun

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi

Your Trust

Your trust is what I desire
If you turn out to be a liar
like a raging fire
I will need seven daily weekly cures
Because there is only so much that I can endure

Copyright 2005 - Sylvia Chidi

Sylvia Chidi