

Poetry Series

Nahna James
- poems -



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Nahna James()

Nahna James Is A Self Love Philosopher. As A Poet, Author And Scientist, He Has Dedicated His Life To Empowering People To Love Themselves And Live A Christ Like Life. His Poetry Has Been Featured In Several Top Magazines In Africa For Its Wisdom And Ability To Deeply Resonate And Uplift.



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How Do I Tell Her?

I put on a good front;
Act like everything is okay;
Laugh at jokes, jump & run about all day;
&
Do other ridiculous things, which makes me feel alive;
How can I inform her?

It's actually rather hilarious how I seem like I have a carefree
life;
&
That everything is amazing, but when I go home, it just
makes me feel down;
As I go into hell, I also walk toward my suffering;
How can I inform her?

Suddenly, the entire world appears like a lonely night
without hope;
Then all of a sudden, I feel exhausted, empty, & alone;
Tears gradually streaming down my face;
My throat felt my voice cutting;
Words are unable to fully express how I feel;
It appears as though I am living two distinct lives;
How can I tell her?

A mixture of joy, happiness, & bittersweet feelings;
One in plain view & one inside of me;
I feel like I've been caught, heading straight for the exit-only
cage;
How can I tell her?

If only she could comprehend how I feel;
Perhaps informing her would make me feel better.

Nahna James

I Just Wanna Marry The Dick

I'm curious as you do the walk;
In strange office conversations;
A flirtatious smile, an unexpected giggle;
A mile-long stroll that feels shorter now;
I wonder whether you're also waiting for a talk;
Discussion centered on us?
What are the ideas you keep to yourself?
Those that you so easily try to conceal;
Your poems' occasionally errant notions;
If you believe nobody is paying attention.
I would like to listen in on the talk;
You hide from all of these thoughts;
Which may seem insignificant to you;
As you move from hallway to hallway;
But I, the tiny fly on the wall;
Would want nothing more than to observe as you write them.
You say I'm as welcome as dew on the nib of your pen;
To watch you write of me;
Your creeping about makes my heart race;
&
This is not how I anticipated this journey to be;
I wanted something delicate & leisurely;
Like the tickle of a feather along my skin dragging my
emotions in.
All I wanted to do was bite at your grin as your words drew
me in;
All I wanted to do was drip alongside you;
The ink of my slip flowing within you;
Colliding our letters into sensuous sentences only you & I
could read;
All I wanted was to be the soft white paper that you stroked
with your pen;
While lifting & lowering it until we both fell to the ground in
a mound of poetry.
Now, as you walk the walk;
Half listening to others talk;
You now suddenly become the unexpected laugh, the flirty
smile;
As they walk the walk of a mile;

Wishing they could read your lines.

Nahna James

Perfect Girlfriend

She is a lovely gipsy artist who brings love into my life
She also speaks to the moon and shines brightly like the sun
while remaining serene like the stars.

She reminds me of a wild flower child;
her features make me smile;
her hair sings a melody as it blows in the wind;
she calls to me softly with love in her voice;
her eyes convey the love she carries within her.

Her kisses awaken every emotion in me,
and her touch feels like feathers brushing my skin
She is a stunning bohemian painter who caresses me with her soul
and warms me with her heart.

She is my soul mate,
the love of my life,
everything that is good in the world to me,
and the wild gipsy flower child in this old hippie's life.

For the traditional straight woman who dated me
despite my sexual orientation and pronouns.

Nahna James

Being A Christian Nudist

I'm a Christian nudist,
I believe that the only way to find true pleasure as a Christian,
is to give up all worldly belongings, live as a nudist,
and worship God in the skin you were born in.

Then should Christians go bottomless and topless and be at nudist beaches?
You have no idea what you are missing until you worship God in your bare skin
with many others
Do you realize that a true Christian is a sword-wielding nudist, then?

Being a Christian nudist is much simpler than being a Christian nonnudist
That's because you have to love everyone if you're a Christian,
and if you're a Christian nudist, you already do.

'At the same time spake the LORD by Isaiah the son of Amoz, saying,
Go and loose the sackcloth from off thy loins,
and put off thy shoe from thy foot, And he did so, walking naked and barefoot.'
'And the LORD said,
Like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years
for a sign and wonder upon Egypt and upon Ethiopia.'
Isaiah 20: 2-3

'And he went thither to Naioth in Ramah: and the Spirit of God was upon him
also,
and he went on, and prophesied, until he came to Naioth in Ramah,
and he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like
manner,
and lay down naked all that day and all that night,
Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets? '
1 Samuel 19: 23-24

Although public nudity and the modesty that churches frequently advocate may
appear to be at odds with one another, for Christian nudists like myself, the two
go hand in hand.

In his 1981 book 'Love and Responsibility, ' Pope John Paul II stated that
'nakedness itself is not immodest, '
We can all attest to the fact that God's dress code has always been bare, as
Christians

God's dress code from the beginning has been nakedness
and we all as christians can surely testify to this.

I'm a Christian nudist,
I believe that the only way to find true pleasure as a Christian,
is to give up all worldly belongings, live as a nudist,
and worship God in the skin you were born in.

Nahna James

Bisexual & Proud

I'm not like you;
I'm bisexual & proud of it;
I'm not like you.

I owe myself an apology for being untruthful to myself.

'You total waste of space, ' I say to myself in the mirror;
'You're a failure'
'You appear too manly to act femine'
'You behave too femine for a straight man'
'You're frail.'
'Your fixation with straightness will not make you a better or happier person.'
'You're to emotional'.

I owe myself an apology for all the horrible evenings when I tore myself apart;
Over imagined shortcomings & disputes.

I owe myself an apology for believing I could never live for myself;
For believing I could never live as a proud bisexual black guy.

Hiding behind a ruse;
Pretending till my face becomes blue;
'I want to love myself! ' I owe it to myself;
'I want to be my true self! ' I scream, I cry.

Nahna James

Nigeria Cries Poem By Nahna James

Man's greatest challenge is to avoid the foolish notion of hope and to trust in something else rather than something that hasn't happened yet. Hope is a surrender of control to fate and a faith in the wind. The people in my country do not have hope; instead, they fight for what they believe in until they succeed or are destroyed in the process.

Nahna James



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Master Mind Poem By Nahna James

Dolphin or shark?
Make a decision.

To breathe;
A dolphin must rise to the surface every now & then;
A shark must continue swimming if it wants to fill its gills;
Regardless of what happens.

If you want to breathe, you must choose one;
If you want to live, you must choose one;
I told myself that I couldn't, but not breathing isn't really an option.

I asked myself, 'How do I do it? '
How do I continue to breathe;
or
How do you stay alive?

Nahna James



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Midnight Rain Poem By Nahna James

Let it be said of me that I lived when I die;
Let it be remembered when I pass away that my life provided many with relief;
Let my life be missed when I pass away;
By the many whose smiles my words brought.

Let it be said of me when I pass away that I led a wonderful life;
Let my legacy serve as evidence that I existed;
Let it be known that I loved with all of my heart when I pass away.

Moreover, despite the fact that I fell short of my potential;
Let everyone be able to see my paw prints.

Please let my words live on after me;
&
let my name endure among the living;
Let my poems reverberate in your souls after I pass away.

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Sweet Nothing Poem By Nahna James

If you fail to plan, you plan to fail;
So they say;
So I say.

From down the abyss;
I will make a wish.

From deep my anguish;
I'll keep track & not miss;
My moments on this earth.

From my deepest desires;
I will light up fires.

Brighten my path burn away all my worries;
Though hard I'll attempt with many tries;
Lay back & sit around a table with my family.

Life's full of straggles & cliffs to climb;
Rivers to cross & with a sober mind a lot to bribe;
I'll seek the wisdom from beyond our tribe.

Far above & below with humility of a lamb;
I'll grow wings & fly above;
Buckle up my family so they too get on a move;
As a pillar, will lead them with love;
Bear their burdens so long as I live;
&
Lead them all across the seas lakes & rivers.

As I pass through the mud;
Slip & down I fall like lad;
Yet will stand up calmly & not be mad;
Lift my leg & make a step forward;
To where my goals & visions lie.

Is it possible to swim across the ocean?
One can't ask that question;
As clear is the answer without further discussion;

Yet as I'm on a mission, that's my vision.
Because my abilities & limits are but my own.

Nahna James

Beautiful Soul Poem By Nahna James

I never ever tried to make a neighbor cry;
Never once lied, & never once cheated.

I've never before stolen;
Nor have I ever taken, a neighbor's token.

I'm not an ideal human;

&

It may not be what you anticipate;

Nonetheless, I never forget;

&

Would never regret the advice given to me by the woman who brought me up to
be a beautiful soul.

Nahna James



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I Don't Know Poem By Nahna James

I don't know
I don't know what am doing
I don't know what am thinking of
I don't know what I want for my life
I don't know what the future holds for me
I don't know why am scared
I don't know why am scared of myself
I don't know why am scared of my greatness
I don't know why am scared of how others view me
I don't know why am scared of a future that's still yet to come
I don't know why am scared of my beliefs
I don't know why am scared
I don't know why am scared of the world knowing my name
I don't know why am scared of putting myself out to the world
I don't know why am scared of my own thoughts
I don't know why am scared of the truth I seek
I don't know why am scared of the justice I yawn for
I don't know why am scared of the person I yawn to be
I don't know why am scared of the better Nigeria I pray for
I don't know why am scared of the love I give out
I don't know why am scared of the people am yet to met
I don't know why am scared of Me
I don't know why am scared of
I don't know why am
I don't know why
I don't know
I don't
I.

Nahna James