

Poetry Series

Richard Inya
- poems -

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Richard Inya()

An author of note, Richard Inya is the Vice Chairman of the Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA) in Ebonyi State, Nigeria. He has three collections of poetry and a novel to his credit. His works have been adopted for use in their schools by over seven states in Nigeria. His stories have also appeared in Ake Review, ANA Review, Ebonyi Review, etc. Richard loves cool music, poetry, flowers and doves. He presently works with Federal University Ndufu-Alike, Ikwo (FUNAI) , Nigeria.

Baby Cry

Shrilly sounds
From faraway
Coming; the comer
Met the expectant
We met, cheerfully
We gyrate, singing
Drinking to newness
Learning to live
With the sounds

Richard Inya

Fame

Shun mediocrity
Pursue originality
Gain popularity
Become a celebrity

Richard Inya

Jayne

Fair belle, brilliant and sane
How the hand that scented the roses
At the dawn of glorious invocations
Shaped your graceful frame
Angelic beauty is only a travesty
Of your unequalled striking looks
See physique - tender and free
O, succulent labial mien
What did you give or say or do
That won you such cosy intimacy
Causing beauty to be so heaped on you?

Richard Inya

Red-Letter Day

I reminisce about the glow
Of that evening sun
When my calm heart leapt
With real ardour; closer to you
I glimpsed, speechless
At your presence; I gaped
Seeing with my mouth
My heart warm, reaching out
An eventide now fondly recalled
With an aria once in a while
At the entrance of ante meridian
Each midnight serenading you

Richard Inya

Slumlord

His words are plagues
That lance smooth habitation
Bringing a scourge upon tenancy

Broken panes and gully floors
Leaking roofs and slithery spaces
Have nothing with his interest

Someone has just been evicted
Who said the murky sanitary lane
Was a death zone for the noses

None will ever speak again
Wavering housing policies
Are the angels of insolvency

Richard Inya

Stunned

Beauty dwarfing princesses
Queens and empresses
Voice soft, sonorous and velvety
Appurtenance even a million divas
Would covet; slender frame
Curvaceous and alluring
Mine is a frenzied gaze
At a silhouetted angel
Cast against my heart's wall
As modesty and simplicity
Melt upon a comely one
Chasing casual routines

Richard Inya