

Poetry Series

Sinclair Azubuike

- poems -

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Sinclair Azubuike(1986)

An 80's baby born in South East London, a British poet of African Caribbean heritage Sinclair Azubuike wrote his first ever poem in late 2004. As a quiet teenager on the brink of adulthood, he would use poetry as an outlet to constructively express his thoughts and emotions.

The author of 4 poetry books 'Paint a Perfect Picture, ' 'When Doves Cry, ' '2012: A Poetical Journey of the Soul' & Final Destiny: Ascending to Greater Heights (all published TamaRe House) . Sinclair an avid poetry and book reader who has wrote over 300 poems invested in having his work self published to not only realise a dream of having some of his poems in print in the form of a book, but to also set about creating a legacy that not only he could be proud of but any children that he may one day have could of as well.

He created the website 5 years after he became a poet, in the early part of 2009. It was and still is intended to serve as a platform to not only share his poetical work with a potentially global audience, but to also help promote the art of poetry alongside other creative and social endeavors.

Read my free poetry book below

Paint A Perfect Picture ebook by Sinclair Azubuike Farrell-

2012: A New World Order

The planet is covered by a gloomy thick cloud
Of ignorance
And humanity is in desperate need
Of right knowledge

As we approach a new age
Human consciousness
Is evolving at a rapid rate

At the same time
Earth is on the brink
Of universe change
Of epic proportions

A new world order
Is on the verge of emerging
Where prophecies will come true
The stuff of mysteries and conspiracy theories
Will start to unravel
While a civilization as we know it
Will steadily crumble
As we enter into the sun cycle

Lost souls
Will become more spiritual
As the chosen few brace themselves for survival
Not for 21st December 2012
But for today, tomorrow and beyond
As we enter into a totally different new world.

Sinclair Azubuike

2morrow

The day after today
What will it bring my way?
Today is filled with pain & sorrow
What will it be like 2morrow?
Maybe it will bring happiness
My way
Or be just like today
What the day after today will be like
I can't say
But I still look forward
To the next day.

Sinclair Azubuike

4 Generations

Written on behalf of 4GENERATIONS.

4 generations
A family tree
Of living descendants
A great-grandmother
A grandmother
A mother
Enduring the pain of labour
To give birth
To a beautiful daughter
Holding her precious new born baby
Lovingly in her arms
Staring into those adorable brown eyes
To be bonded forever
Through unconditional love

Inspirational characters
Roses growing from concrete
Blossoming through the ground
Of hardened struggle & heartache

Life's great survivors
Spiritually strong
Solid as a rock
You just can't keep them down

Inspired by their wise elders
To live happily
In peaceful bliss
Building a greater tomorrow
One, which is prosperous
& full of abundance

Laying down those important foundations
For the next generation
Of unborn children

Who will further extend
The divinity
Of their ancestral lineage
Incredibly blessed ebony sister's
Walking towards triumph
Side by side in harmony
Reaching for the stars
Of achievement
Equipped with wisdom & intelligence

Stand back in amazement
4 generations
More than capable
Of fulfilling heroic ambitions
Of greatness.

Sinclair Azubuike

A Game Of Charades

We each develop a character
In life
Acting out a personality
We created
Using wordplay
Each day
Imitating what we perceive
As the norm
A behaviour which, often conforms
To standards already set
In stone
Some think outside the box
In defiance
Of rules or codes of conduct
Already established
Rebels who point blank refuse
To play by the rules
Because it's not normal
This game we play
Keeping up a pretence
In falsity's face
Pretending what we believe
Is true
When it is clearly not
A guessing game to be played
By those who want to keep up
The charade.

Sinclair Azubuike

A Moment To Reflect

What happens in the past
Often stays in the past
But one can't help but wonder
How long the good times will last?
Life is full of many lessons
Some of the toughest experiences
It's a journey
Where one should ideally
Have no regrets when it reaches its ends.

Sinclair Azubuike

A Poem With Flowers

A poem with flowers
Red roses
& chocolates
Given with the most sincerest intentions
I love you
Are those words uttered
In a whisper of affection
Two hearts locked
In an tightly bonded union
Both opened
For a few seconds
A moment of passion
A warm embrace
Face to face
A moment made even more special
With one kiss.

Sinclair Azubuike

A State Of Pure Bliss

Life can be what you make it
You can experience depression & discomfort
Or joy and absolute happiness

Thoughts become things
Your reality
You can help determine

The key is positive thinking
But it's completely up to you
As an individual
As to what type of your life you lead.

Sinclair Azubuike

Addiction

Addiction

Completely time consuming
Absolutely mind numbing
An overbearing problem
Incredibly hard to overcome

A pain fuelling
Exhaustive burden
In the end
You feel numb

Lost and desperate for the next fix
Time constantly wasted
Pursuing it
Empty afterwards
Yet time after time
The wanting heart succumbs

Desire afflicts
For the object it lust after
The chase becomes constant
Hour after hour
The yearning
Becomes even greater

Obsessive thoughts
Trigger a relentless pursuit
An untamed affliction
Uncontrollable addiction
Mind controlling
Today you feed the habit
Tomorrow you battle the inner addict
The cravings are non stop

A psychological problem
Unresolved emotional issues the root cause
Of the wounds of an afflicted heart
The addiction is the medicine
To ease the pain

That arises as a result

Any road to recover
Starts with self
Depending on the power of the will
And self help

One day at a time
Taking those baby steps
Beyond the pit of despair
To heal
The damaged heart and mind

A long process
Beginning
When the addict can admit
They have a problem
And realise
I am more powerful than any addiction
Then recovery is well underway

Hard to fully overcome
But it can be done
And that battle that you once thought was lost
Can be won
Addiction.

Sinclair Azubuike

Against All Odds

Against all odds
I'm still here
My screams of pains
You can't hear
My heart burdened by so much
While I wonder why I'm here
Yet the future
I've learned not to fear
Because against all odds
I'm still here.

Sinclair Azubuike

Age Of Aquarius

As the earth transcends
Into higher dimensions
The gradual awakening
Of humanity's consciousness begins
And the tight grip over our collective memory
Fastly loosens

A not so subtle change occurs
On millions of beings
On planet earth

Many will rejoice
Although some will fail to realise
What the universe has in store for us
Before and after a planetary shift

Into a universal age
Of love, peace, justice and harmony
On earth
The magical age of Aquarius.

Sinclair Azubuike

Ancestors

My ancestors
Wherever you are
I send my love out to you
Family forever
Your spirits
Run through my veins strong
Through me you live on
I hope you're proud of me
For any wrong I've done
Please forgive me
Until I return to the essence
Please be my guiding hand
Give me the strength to carry on
Show me when I'm wrong
Thank you for your guidance
For you my ancestors
I wrote this poem.

Sinclair Azubuike

Better Dayz

I think about better dayz
When the sun shines
And the full spectrum
Of light
Enters my consciousness
Through the haze
Of misery
Better dayz of peace and prosperity
The happiness of sweet fun
Oh how I wait
For better dayz to come.

Sinclair Azubuike

Bitter And Cold

Fighting temptations
In a battle against inner demons
Determined to restore in others
My faith and trust
Bewildered by lost love
The extent of the pain
Felt inside
Is hard to discuss
To sum it up
How do you save your soul, if your heart is slowly turning bitter and cold?

Sinclair Azubuike

Black British

Treated like rubbish
Pure garbage
With signs that had the words
No Blacks, no dogs, no Irish

Now blacks can proudly call themselves British
Many came with the Windrush
The descendants of those who were made to live as slaves
Their forefathers would be turning in their graves
Because of what is taking place today
In the 21st century

The issue of broken families
Yet the black man and woman
Are more interested in integrating
Into a racist society
Rather than fix a community
Plagued by continued tragedy

But now we can wave the flag
That union jack
And those signs of no Blacks, no dogs, no Irish
Have long been thrown away
We can say we're Black British.

Sinclair Azubuike

Blood On Your Hands

You are condemned men

With blood of past and present generations

Covering the palm of your hands

The blood of those you cruelly and violently

Forced to suffer

Before they died

They were helpless and completely innocent

You just stood by

While they weak and vulnerable suffered

In their suffering you took nothing but pleasure

Now you've got their blood on your hands

And no amount of soap and water

Will ever be able to wash it away.

Sinclair Azubuike

Born Just To Die

Born just to die
Thrust into trials and tribulations
Of an uphill struggle
We shall cry later, now we shall smile
From the womb to a tomb
Two certainties in life
Birth and death

A game by the gods
Where nobody wins
We just lose
Breath
When there's nothing else left
In that heartbeat
Keeping the body alive

Its fate
It was meant to be
The Grim reaper will pay a visit
To everybody
Like a throw of a dice
Who knows what number will show up?

At what time
Will you and I leave by the exit door of life?
I guess that's the reason we cried
When our mother's pushed out into this world
When we were babies
Because we knew
Eventually
We would die
Once we were born
It was inevitable.

Sinclair Azubuike

Brown Face

A brown eyed
Human being
With thick lips
Brown skin
And jet black woolly hair
Who looks in the mirror
And see's the reflection
Of a brown face
Someone who is a descendant
Of the original human race
With a caramel complexion
This is how I was made
Brown and proud.

Sinclair Azubuike

Chicken & Chips

Chicken & chips
Often brought by fast food addicts
Who love the finger licking taste
Fried fatty food
Unhealthy but cheap
Eaten for hunger's sake

Shop owners
Laughing all the way to the bank
At the expense
Of junk food loving customers
Who just want to fill their belly
With a cheap box of fried chicken & chips.

Sinclair Azubuike

Close Encounter: Reality Meets Poetry

In a passionate meeting
Of two close friends
Reality meets poetry
And the start of a heartfelt thought provoking poem
Soon begins

A poetic spirit
Fills the room's air
As if every late great poet
Was in there

With just one pen
Reality's close encounter
With poetry through mere words
Happens

Reflecting real issues' real life
And most importantly
True feelings

Reality' coming together with poetry
Occurs every now and again
And when it does
It's such a beautiful thing.

Sinclair Azubuike

Conversation With Marcus Garvey

Conversing with a mighty ancestor
In a dream
We discussed the issue of politics
When he told me that
Self determination
Was the highest expression
Of democracy
He taught me about how he built a movement
Of millions
Dedicated to African liberation
I told him, that I lived in a country
Where over 50% of crime
Is poverty related
1 in 6 prison inmates are of African heritage
And significant percentage of African children
Do not achieve good exam results
Yet we are less than 5% of the population
I then asked him
If he thought that Africans would ever win
The fight for reparations
He answered
Self determination is the key
If you feel you have a case for reparations
You must politically organise
To be able to demand for that which you are rightfully owed
It was a thought provoking conversation
One which, I shall never forget
A man who inspired me
Thank you
Marcus Garvey.

Sinclair Azubuike

Dad

Dad

May you be at peace

May your soul be at ease

May we meet again

One day

This poem I wrote

To your memory

It is dedicated

Through me you live

So your memory will be kept alive

Until the day I pass away.

Sinclair Azubuike

Dare To Dream

Dare to dream
Dare to believe
In your dreams
However unrealistic they may seem
To achieve
Use every last bit of your potential
In making that which you dream about
Becoming real
Don't be afraid
Dare to dream.

Sinclair Azubuike

Diving Deep

Diving deep into an ocean
Unseen surreal depths
Confronted with a prospect so daunting
As to sink without trace

To jump from dizzying heights
Dispelling thoughts of consequences
That may well be faced
A choice between now or never
No more doubts must linger
Or time to waste

A mind that has jumped
Into an unknown abyss
A fast beating heart sunk
Whilst that lump of fear caught in the throat
Swallowed
As fast as eyes could blink

Descending through the air
A weightless body splashed
Into a watery world
Never explored before
Using both arms to float
Swimming with fishes
Breathing beneath an ocean's surface
Guided by dolphins

Whilst blurry eyes were unable to clearly see
A once cautiously reluctant soul
Stopped being afraid
Of whatever it may face
Diving deep
Into a oceanic future
Even if it is an absolute mystery.

Sinclair Azubuike

Don'T Judge A Book By Its Cover

Don't judge a book by its cover
Solely on its appearance
For how it may appear
Looks can often be deceiving
Go deeper
Behind the cover
And you may discover
That the book wasn't all that it seemed.

Sinclair Azubuike

Dying World

Goodbye old friend
You've given me so much
But now it's your time to go

I will bid you farewell
As we depart
A look of optimism
Lights up my face

Optimistic about the future
Excited about what it will have to offer
Now we've reached an end of an era.

Sinclair Azubuike

Everybody Is Out To Make Money

Get rich or die trying
In a world dominated by greed
Where everybody from Corporations to the hustler on the street
Is out to make a quick buck
In search of the cream
Lusting for cheddar
Like a nymphomaniac lust
For you know what
Money, cash or payola
Call it whatever you want
Some bathe in the stuff
While others go hungry at night
Because they can't get enough
Sell or exploit
To earn a crust
Pimp or be pimped
Or go broke
Because look
They want to make as much money out of you
As they can.

Sinclair Azubuike

Flickering Stars

Tonight the stars flickered & flickered

like a light switch

was unsteadily being turned on & off

Flickering stars

vanished from sight

as quickly as they first appeared

in time with the click of fingers

a perfect sequence

Surely these flickering stars

can't be a mere cosmic accident

or a illusionary vision

for those very stars

hold so much more significance

than being just dots of light

to be seen across the entire planet.

Sinclair Azubuike

Flowers By The Grave

She was only 6 years old
The first time she put flowers
By her mum's grave
She hadn't talk since the day
Her dad sat her down
And told her mummy's gone away
It was on the 1st September
When her mum was hit by a stray bullet
From a drive by shooting
As she walked down the street
To pick up her daughter from her aunt's house
Where she played
But as this little girl
Put flowers by her mum's grave
She looked up and asked her dad
When will I see mummy again?
He replied
With tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat
One day sweetheart, one day
As she walked away from her mum's grave
Tears dripped down this little girl's face.

Sinclair Azubuike

Freedom Fighter

With God given strength
From heaven
He is sent
Ready to fight
Each enemy
In sight
For revolution he prepares
A heart of a soldier
He bears
Death, he doesn't fear
For he knows his conscience is clear
Die, he might
But for freedom he continues to fight
Whatever the weather
He is a freedom fighter.

Sinclair Azubuike

Goodbye

To you my dear one
So long
I wish you the best
On the road you travel on
As your new journey begins
Our time together ends
To the memories
Of the time we spent together
My heart will always cling
Goodbye
My friend.

Sinclair Azubuike

Happy Home

Daddy's long gone
His mum is not at home
In his bedroom
He spends so much time alone

His family is broken
He has been neglected
Now he is a case
For social services

Into a foster home he goes
To live with other kids
Who have been fostered
When will he be able to leave?
He doesn't know

He feels so hopeless
Crying himself to sleep
All he wishes for
Is a happy home.

Sinclair Azubuike

Hell Have No Fury Like A Woman Emotionally Damaged

Hell have no fury
Like a woman
Who in the past has been hurt badly
Through traumatic experiences
Painful relationships
Or by friends and relatives she trusted

Disconnected from her emotions
Twisted in her intentions
When it comes to those she hurts
She's unable to relate
Being filled with anger, resentment and hate

She can be selfish
Very conceited
The type of person
To stick their nose up
At someone who is homeless
Showing no compassion
More concerned with the issue of finance
Then love and romance

Once a woman
Who had lots of love in her heart
Before it was torn apart

Now she would happily watch someone
In despair
Sit back and stare
Because she simply wouldn't care
Out of revenge
For everybody who hurt her before
Hell have no fury
Like a woman scorned.

Sinclair Azubuike

I Am Only Human

I am only human
Born to die
Experience a flawed life
Learn lessons
Dream and aspire
I am not perfect
But who is?
Imperfect is what I am
Something I've learnt
Since birth
Still I rise
Above life's myriad of complications
In a world which, has its countless flaws
I make the odd mistake
For which, I make no excuse
I have no superpowers
Here on earth
My instincts and abilities are just normal
For I am only human
Yet I have a soul
Which, is phenomenal
Transcending even this earthly realm.

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I Had A Dream

I had a dream
Last night
A dream in which peace, harmony & justice
Was felt by men & women
Of all races

A dream
Where nations no longer commenced wars
On other countries

A dream
In which, there was love, acceptance and cohesiveness
Between once fractured disunited communities
Poverty was a thing of the past
And the gap between the filthy rich and the dirt poor
Was no more

In my dream
I saw mothers and fathers
Hold hands in loving harmony
Working with an entire village
To help raise the children
They had created

I saw a peaceful society
Without the need for police offices, lawyers and judges
Because crime had become non existent

I had a dream
Which, left me convinced
That regardless of how bad the world is now
It will one day
Be a better place.

Sinclair Azubuike

I Wonder If Heaven...

I wonder if heaven's
Got a piano
With Ray Charles
Hitting those key notes
As Aaliyah stands beside him
Singing her heart out
In front of a large audience
Of deceased fans
In awe of the beautiful music
Being performed
Christopher Wallace aka Notorious B.I.G
And Tupac Shakur
Laughing and joking together
Friends again
After a reconciliation
Left eye and Jam Master Jay
Reminiscing
About hip hop history
Not far from a few other dead rappers
Writing some lyrics
I wonder if heaven is anything like this really.

Sinclair Azubuike

I Write

I write for a reason
I write for a purpose
I write
Because I have thoughts I need to express
Words I have to get off my chest

A therapeutic release
Sat inside a box
Pent up emotions
Are released

I write about how I feel
In regards to the world around me
The sights
My eyes have to see

I write as a poet
Because I have a heart
Which, is poetic
In the vessels of my veins
Flow poetical lines
I write
Compelled because of this
I write
For my love for the art of poetry
Is almost endless.

Sinclair Azubuike

I'M Sorry Black Woman

Black woman
You cook and clean
Yet your place isn't simply
In the kitchen

Between us
They've created a large wall of tension
Which, needs t be knocked down
Like the wall in Berlin

Lusted after for your curves
Ignored for the fact
That you are the origin
Of all humans on this earth

Who could deny that you haven't been hurt?
Even worse
You've been betrayed
By male counterparts
Who have used, exploited and continually disrespected you

Whilst you are loved or loathed
For being strong minded and beautiful
In a fairer world
You would be even more successful
Similar to days in antiquity

For what you have had to go through
I offer an apology
To Black women
Who despite it all
Have remained caring, understanding and loyal

Believe me when I say
I'm sorry
For the hurt and pain
You've had to go through.

It Hurts

It hurts so bad
It's painful emotionally
The pain is so immense
I can't keep up the pretence
That it doesn't hurt so much
If I don't express how much it hurts
I feel like I'll go mad
Rest in peace
Dad.

Sinclair Azubuike

Junkie

Sick and tired
Literally
Somebody struck down
By a habit
That will kill the soul
Of its being, spiritually

Cracking up under the pressure
Of temptations
A compulsive lust for the pleasure
To satisfy those obsessive thoughts
Pounding non- stop in the brain

A junkie who can't get enough
Tempted by what's craved
Day after day
Food for the pain
Hooked on the taste

A junkie pulling their hair out
Found wanting each time
They seek to bury the issue at hand
There's no easy way out
Of this obsessive compulsive disorder

A junkie hearing voices
Of a concerned conscience
Temptation whispers in the ear
And its sadistic friend addiction
Pulls the junkie back
Helplessly, the junkie surrenders its will
And that addiction spirals dangerously out of control
Sometimes before it's too late
For that junkie to be saved.

Sinclair Azubuike

Just The Two Of Us

What we have
Is pure love
Between the two of us
Held together in a bond
Connected by our hearts

You symbolize a feminine worldly wonder
I your knight in shining armour
Will always make sure you're protected
Our love can blossom like a flower
That shall not be neglected

For when I first saw you
I was hit by cupid's arrow
And I knew you were the one
I wanted to be with
Just the two of us.

Sinclair Azubuike

Keep Your Head Up

Sometimes life gets hard
Mighty hard
But keep your head up
Even when you get fed up
Life's a struggle
But never give up

Sometimes it's a struggle to even want to get out of bed
But no matter how hard life gets
How difficult it may seem
Always remember
After every dark night
There's a brighter day
After it

So even when you're fed up
Try
To keep your head up.

Sinclair Azubuike

Knowledge: The New Age Messiah

Right knowledge and information
And how you use it
Will be your saviour
In an age
Where you are doomed
If you still wish to wait
For a blonde hair, blue eyed messiah

If you are drowning in the sea
Yet you are capable of swimming to shore
To save yourself
Why would you wait in the midst of waves to be saved by somebody else?

The blunt truth is
That you will die a slow death
Before you are saved
By any man
Who has been resurrected from the dead

If you think that you are bound to be saved
Because a saviour's return
Is imminent
Then what happens to you
Is out of your hands
And can't be really that important

Surely
The God, to whom you pay homage
Would want you to have an abundance
Of useful knowledge
Or does your God expect you to wait to be saved?

You have 2 choices
1 Use the knowledge which, you possess to save yourself
Or 2. Continue to wait for a saviour
Who is non-existent.

Sinclair Azubuike

Last Few Days Of My Life

If it were to be the last few days

of my life

i wouldn't be teary eyed

to bid an abrupt farewell

to such a cruel & uncaring world

My silent exit

would bring forth

the most welcome goodbye

I ever said

departing with no true regrets

even though i made my fair share of mistakes

i lived & learned along the way

So i could say

i've loved & unloved

my time i spent here

on earth.

Sinclair Azubuike

Life

Life

A traumatic lifetime sentence
Inside a global prison
You will be assigned human rights
Though few will show interest
In your individual plight
There will be hot sunny days
Followed by cold winter nights
Before you die
Be prepared for life.

Sinclair Azubuike

Life Of An Addict

A nervous shivering wreck
Shaking in nervousness
Emotionally scarred
Hurting so much
Physically damaged
Lost in darkness

Addicted to the taste
Of that sweet escapism
Trapped in a nightmare
Hard to escape
The imprisonment of an addict

Running to and from tempting desires
Deadly habits
Crying out for help

Suicidal thoughts
Life is a mess
In a dark room
Surrounded by filth
Broken light bulb
In a sombre mood

Locked in a prison cell
Of addiction
Handcuffed to temptation
Death
Was her release
Now she is free
Tortured soul
Rest in peace.

Sinclair Azubuike

Like A Bird

Like a bird
Not confined by limiting restrictions
On its life
My mind acts as my wings
Which, I use to fly away
From the harsh reality
Which, surrounds me

On a boundless planet
With various species
I travel amongst them
In search of peace
From the cruel nightmares
Flooding the environment
I see

The vision which, I fly to
Are not of the past or present
But of the yet determined future
In which, I desire to live
I travel past the blue cloudy sky
Of the day
To arrive in the star filled
Dark night sky
As the hectic world
Fastly passes me by

I don't know where home is
So I ponder and reflect
On what I've seen
Where I go
Wondering when the sun rises
On a dawn of a new day
Across the planet
Where will I be?
Will I find myself locked in seclusion to be alone?
Or will I find other birds like me?

I often look up at the sky

Like an adventurous care free bird
I aim high
So that I can fly
To where I want to be.

Sinclair Azubuike

Loneliness

Long forgotten happiness

Unseen

Isolated in the depths of loneliness

Disconnected from any roots

How did life come to this?

Facing an unbearable sense of loneliness.

Sinclair Azubuike

Love Is A Seed

Love is a seed
Planted in the hearts
Of you and me
A small seed of feeling
Which, can blossom
So beautifully
Nurtured by our souls
Cultivated by understanding
Even in the darkness
Of the world
It can grow into something
Quite simply amazing
Let what was meant to be
Be
And the seed of love
Will grow magically
Into a wonderful rose
Of intense passionate feeling
Of pure energy.

Sinclair Azubuike

Message 2 The Black Woman

Black woman
Throughout it all
You've stood tall
The mother who gave birth
To us all
For your hard work
Thank you.

Sinclair Azubuike

Miss U

My First Ever poem...

I wish I could see you again
We knew each other for such a short time
But the memories I have of you
Will always remain in my heart
For this is where I keep them

I cherish the short time
We spent together
And I'll never forget you
Because I'll always miss you
Rest in peace.

Sinclair Azubuike

Mother Africa

Mother Africa

You have become a laughing stock

Failing to utilise

The natural resources you've got

Others take advantage

While your land & mineral wealth are pillaged

As you lay half awake

From your long spell of amnesia

Lies continue to be perpetuated

To make you feel inferior

But when they portray you as worthless

It doesn't me you are

You need to remember

The greatness in your self

The glory of your soil

Which, you have shared with the world

Please mother, wake up

And take your place again

As the proud mother of civilization.

Sinclair Azubuike

My Condolences

You live a lifestyle that was deadly
But you didn't take those who told you, seriously
Now your friends & family
Are at your funeral
Walking past your open coffin
Looking blankly
At your dead body
My condolences
To your family.

Sinclair Azubuike

My Generation

A generation
Set on set on self destruction
It like our hearts
Have turned cold
Not many of us
Are trying to break the mould
More interested
In buying clothes
And bling, bling
Why can't we recognise that life is a precious thing?
Do we want to destroy ourselves?
Or will my generation rise above those negative stereotypes?

Sinclair Azubuike

Never Coming Back

They won't return
No matter how much it is yearned for them
To come home
Nothing can change the fact
That they are gone

It is easier said the done
But one has to move on
Because life goes on
Understandably it's hard to accept
But they are never coming back.

Sinclair Azubuike

No Going Back Pt 2

Bitter sweet memories
Fade away
Searching for a new start
Today is a new day
Seeing where my travels take me
Going forward on life's journey

Flicking through an old photo album
If I could
Turn back the hands on the clock
I would
Who wouldn't?
Though I know it's impossible

It's time to move on
In my heart
Is where I keep loved ones
As I keep moving

Time waits for no man
From past mistakes I learn
For my future I plan

Although it's hard to have no regrets
If you feel in the past
You've made the wrong decisions
And bad experiences
You can't forget

I know one thing for sure though
That there is, no going back
Things change
I've finally come to terms with the fact
I can't change what's already happened
And I have to look forward
Because there's no going back.

Sinclair Azubuike

No More Excuses

One day I will make no further excuses
I will rise from the ashes of defeat
To stand on my feet
At a particular hour
Make that decision to say no more
That same minute
I will accept responsibility for my failures & flaws
And not dither for a second longer

I will do the necessary internal work
Which, needs to be done
Standing firm with conviction
In justification of my existence
To make monumental strides
In life

For there's a reason
I'm alive
To learn, love, laugh & live
And even forgive

No matter how hard it gets
When that time comes
To not blame anybody else
For my own shortcomings
Where I have failed
I will not make any excuses anymore
For that hour, minute & second
Is now
What are you waiting for?

Sinclair Azubuike

Nothing Was The Same

For 500 years
They instilled in us fear
Aboard ships
They took us
Abused our women's hips
While some jumped over ship
During those horrendous trips
To a different world
Forcing us
To experience hell
Like objects
Our body's they would sell
From Africa we came
They made us become slaves
Raped us
In every way
Our names they changed
Can you imagine the pain?
After they drag us from the arms of our mother
Nothing was the same.

Sinclair Azubuike

Nowhere To Go

Without somewhere to call home
Wondering around
With nowhere to go

How can anyone truly understand
Unless they walk at least a mile
In your shoes
And come face to face
With the issues
Which, confront you
Day after day

If they did
May be they would be more sympathetic
Yet you are treated like rubbish
Like something they walked on
Garbage
Which, should be thrown in the dustbin

A person
Who can be treated with contempt
Not worthy of respect
In society's eyes
A lost soul
With nowhere to go.

Sinclair Azubuike

Oh Almighty Sirius

Sirius

Oh almighty Sirius
The brightest star
Glowing in the sky
From much distance
A beacon of magnificence
You shine down upon Earth
With unparalleled excellence

Sirius

Oh almighty Sirius
A torch of light
You shine magnificently
In the depths
Of unimaginable darkness

Sirius

Oh almighty Sirius.

Sinclair Azubuike

One Day People Will Wake Up

One Day people will wake up
realise that they had fallen asleep
drifting into a nightmare
sleepwalking into a dark abyss
abandoned by those angels
who protected their very essence
now surrounded by demons
and vampires of the night

One day people will wake up
to the shivering cold hell
in which they exist
their world will be crushed
and their body will shiver uncontrollably
like a bucket of freezing cold water
was thrown on them
whilst naked
in an extreme state of shock
they will be forced to accept
being trapped in a world
from which, they will never, ever escape.

Sinclair Azubuike

Pain & Poetry

Tears pouring from my eyes
Those pieces of paper
You could see on the floor
Covered in poems
Were the medication
Which fell from my hands
When I wrote
What I had to write

When alone
The poetry was the one thing
That was used to self medicate
Pain relief
Even if it was just for a few moments

Using a pen
To relieve me of the burdensome
Inner turmoil
That wouldn't leave
Until I released it somehow
Through death, rage or poetry
The only options
Which confronted me

As I sat in a pit of despair
I searched for a meaning
In a dictionary
Suffering in silence
Dying slowly inside
Poems were the pills
That kept me alive.

Sinclair Azubuike

Painful Memories

Skeletons we thought we buried
In the closet
Will always come back to haunt us
Sooner or later

Those painful memories
We thought we got rid of
Are yet to fully disappear
Simply because they are yet
To be properly dealt with

Time is a great healer
But in the case
Of unresolved issues
The mind will always remember

Burying skeletons
Deep inside the closet
Gives a sense of closure
But doesn't get rid of the painful memories
Which, go with it.

Sinclair Azubuike

Poem For My Unborn

Poem for my unborn
Whether you be a daughter or son
I have so much to say
Hopefully I can tell you one day
My unborn child.

Sinclair Azubuike

Poisoned Womb

Loveless seeds planted in
A Poisoned womb
Poison dripping from a heart
Battered and bruised

To a womb
Springing forth damaged fruits
Regrettably produced

A baby born into coldness
Crying out
In distress
For love it needs
Helplessly it is left

Like a plant not watered
A child unwanted
Unloved & sorely neglected
Arms out for a hug
Pushed away and rejected
Faced with resentment
At their presence

A child growing up
Plagued by hate
Desperate to be hugged
Abandoned to rot
They become rotten to the core

A cruel fate
They were dealt
From a poisoned womb
They stemmed
Ruined by the poison
Left with an empty heart
A blank soulless expression in their eyes
Because of a rotten childhood.

Psycho Thriller

Mr Smith
Is a lunatic
Who should be locked away
In an old fashioned asylum
So deranged
He should only be allowed out
In a coffin

A psychopath with split personalities
Who putting in a straight jacket
Is simply not enough
Instead he should be chained and cuffed
To avoid any slight possibility
Of him escaping

A man as dangerous as him
On the loose
God only knows
What sort of madness
That would ensue
Or what this psycho
Psychotic tendencies
Would compel him to do

Thankfully he is in solitary confinement
Well that's the official statement
The truth is
Mr Smith
Escaped a long time ago
To reap havoc
And now nobody has any idea
As to where he is

He could be standing next to you
At the bus stop
Or hiding silently somewhere
At your home
Waiting for you
To turn the lights off

Be careful
Because this psycho
I'm warning you about escaped
Such a long time
The authorities don't have a clue
To what he now looks like

He could be anywhere
Doing anything
He could even be the man
You're married to
You wouldn't even know.

Sinclair Azubuike

Road To Recovery

On the long road to recovery
Starting to see things
A lot more clearly

Hard times are drifting away
Maintaining a healthy mind state
Although your condition
May be far from great

You know life is about to change
When on the road to recovery
You know you've nearly recovered
From your problems
And life seems a lot more- easier
Than it was yesterday.

Sinclair Azubuike

Sad Story

This is the sad tale
Of a woman who had no friends or family
When she died
No one cried
Nobody cared
How much pain she bared
Nobody heard her cry for help
When she looked around
There was no one there
After she died
Not one person cared.

Sinclair Azubuike

Self Discipline And Your Diet

What comes to mind when you hear the words 'self discipline'?

Is it the mental skills of being to master your thinking and behavioural patterns?

For example do you psychologically have full control over your eating habits?

Or are you heavily influenced?

Do you like to consume that which is nutritious?

Like fruits and vegetables which are organic

Rather than that which, taste sweet, salty or delicious

Cheap harmful genetically modified processed foods

From supermarkets

Eventually developing a debilitating deadly illness

Due to the unhealthy damaging food you eat

Or do you have the self discipline to maintain a healthy lifestyle through a nutritious diet?

The choice is of course yours.

Sinclair Azubuike

Silence Of The Night

Be still my beating heart
For there isn't anything to fear
Beside fear itself
Allow peace of mind
To be your guiding hand
Let it guide you through the wilderness
Of complete darkness
While you cast all of your worries aside
Stood beneath the light of the moon
In the sky
Gather each of your thoughts
In the
Silence of the night.

Sinclair Azubuike

Single Mothers / Absent Fathers

In these struggling times of single parenthood
Many dads have packed their bags
And gone for good
Abandoning parental responsibilities
Not even sending a birthday or Christmas card

Leaving a child behind
Of a father they have been deprived
A reality
They have to come to terms with in life

Depriving a child of a father
Is like robbing a plant of water
A vital element to its whole existence
Can't merely be replaced
With something other
For a child needs both it parents
Input for guidance, love & support
While growing
Pre, during and after
The adolescent period

But a large amount of children today
Very rarely if at all
Get to see their own fathers
Which, is a shame for these children
Robbed of what should be one of the most important relationships
They ever have in life.

Sinclair Azubuike

Sound Of Music

Music can make you dance
Uplift your spirit
And make you feel excited
It can be soulful
And touch you
Like nothing else can do
Most of us love it
Feeling the vibes
Brought to your ears by music.

Sinclair Azubuike

Tears Before Bedtime

Eyes wide shut
Tears flowing
From them both

Each tear
Represents a dozen emotions
In a dark isolated place
Of solitude
Where nobody can see or hear
The heartache
Which, befalls you

Heartfelt pain
Which, even after the tears
Dry up
Still remain

Every day's the same
Each and every night
You cry
Before wiping away
Your tears
Before bedtime.

Sinclair Azubuike

Tears Of A Clown

Behind a carefully painted on mask

drips tears of a jovial clown

whilst the show must go on

through the chorus of laughter

which befalls him

everywhere he goes

as an object of constant ridicule

his anguish is immeasurable

his pain is unspoken of

and behind closed doors

His watery tears

wipe away his painted mask

off with the facade

he then becomes

free to be his unclothed

emotional wreck

of a desperately lonely self.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Beast In Me

The beast in me
Devours the meats of those animals slaughtered
Those who met a barbaric death
Their blood I consume
Through their flesh
Which I ingest
To quell the hunger
Of my beastly appetite
Rumbling in my stomach

A beastly parasite
Feeding off the remains of carcasses
The beast licks its lips
Savouring every little taste
Of the meaty flesh

A sleeping beast that wakens to be fed
One that needs to be tamed
Then laid to rest once & for all
Before it is too late.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Bogeyman Has Gone Forever

The bogeyman
Has been got rid of
He doesn't hide in my closet
Because I refuse to let him in
To creep around in the dark
Causing me to live on edge

I am not frightened anymore
For my sub conscious has outgrown
Any irrational rejection
Of the unknown

I face my fears in the mirror
Not scared of any gruesome entity
Which, isn't behind me

I could live in fear
But I refused
To be scared to death
In a game of cat and mouse
I decided to win
And now the bogeyman
Has forever gone.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Coming Ice Age

An age
Where man reverts
To living in caves
In order for him to escape
The extreme weather conditions
And his pending fate

A case of history repeating itself
Only affecting specific parts of the world
If only man listened
To the repeated warnings
He had been given

The polar ice caps melted
Sea levels rose
Followed by widespread flooding

It's happened before
It will happen again

What will we do?
If only man knew
The exact carnage
The weather would reap
On the world
Then maybe man would prepare
For the worse
The impact of what climate change
Will have on the world.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Ghost Of Christmas Past

Cold, miserable rainy weather
the backdropp of a hollow scenery
which replaces a once much adored
seasonal festivities

Limp, lifeless tress
needlessly decorated
presents as almost meaningless
as any cards sent
to any recipients

An atmosphere to make the most optimistic soul
despondent
for excitement has well & truly left
this occassion
taking with it
the festive merriment

Christmas is truly dead
and that what is seen

on December 25th
is but a mere ghost
of what once was
memories from the past
of each christmas day
of delightful celebrations.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Idea Of Democracy

The idea of democracy
A powerful illusion
Of a fair and just society

An illusion in which, a select few
Are groomed and selected to rule
Over the masses

Harsh laws are implemented
In countries
Which, are meant to be democratic
Regardless of who is voted for
Inside polling booths

Democracy
Is being exposed as a lie
A- global corporate elite
Who select those deemed fit to be leaders of nations
Like puppets on a string
Democracy in the western world
Is not all what it seems

Sinclair Azubuike

The Internet Is Dead

www dot the internet is dead dot com
Leave a message
To pay your respect
To the world- wide- web

The internet is dead
A corpse
Of what is was

Facebook died a slow death
When it drove it users into that horrific car crash
Of horrible changes
To its account settings and users homepage appearance
It gradually lost its appeal and was pointless in the end
Twitter had its uses
But it wasn't the same

Then there was YouTube
Dear old youtube
It lost the plot
Altered its format so much
It was hard to get your head around it at first
What was left?
A grey world of internet censorship

Millions of hands vying for their piece of the web
Websites galore
Memorabilia offered
Free films or music to be downloaded
But the worldwide web had served its purpose
It had informed, educated and inspired
When you could connect
Via wireless
It was always there to lend a helping hand

But when you couldn't be bothered to trawl the net
Searching for anything that caught your interest
That's when the internet was on its deathbed
Bored to the back teeth of Google, Yahoo

And typing in another web address

Old & washed out

The internet died

When you cut off its support machine

By not paying any of your favourite websites a visit

That was it

The internet is dead

Now, might as well go outside

Breathe in the fresh air

And enjoy life to the fullest.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Magic Of Your Dna

Today is the day
To recognise who you are
Awakening the genius and creativity
Printed in your DNA

Bring forth magnificence
Passed down to you
Through the DNA of your ancestors

Find the creative spark
And intellect
Laced within your DNA
And release its magic.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Matrix Pt 3: Freedom Is A Must

When you tried your best
Don't worry
Some people
Just do not want to be set free

Don't be disheartened
Remember in some situations
People make the wrong choices
Which, can be difficult to understand
In many instances
But you have to learn to understand
Although it's hard to fully comprehend
How anyone commits to serve
A system
Which, does not work in the best interest

You soon realise
That they do
And even if they are your own friend or relatives
They just might not what to be set free

If someone wants to keep their mind
Firmly locked in the matrix
Then they will soon become a liability

It has to be understood
That if you give a slave two options
One red pill
To be totally set free
Or one blue pill
To remain a slave for a system
A minority of slaves
Would make the choice you feel is preferable
Some would struggle
With what choice to make
But most would sadly
Without a second thought
Choose the blue pill

It's just the way it is
It has to be accepted
That not everyone
Can or wants to be set free
From the matrix

Although it may be hard to deal with
If they don't want to
Then I'm afraid that your relationship
With them, may have to be terminated
Simply because the mission
To be free
Must not be jeopardized
Because freedom is a must.

Sinclair Azubuike

The Moment Of Truth

The moment of truth
Will soon arrive
Washing away
The hours of lies

Perpetuated globally
The truth will set you free
Lies can heavily influence
What you say or do
In a world
Where a truthful answer
Rarely gets told

The stack of lies
Need exposing
Truths not revealed
Need revealing
Human zombies
Desperately need awakening
From the mental bondages
They've been trapped in

Reality is the truth
Truth is reality
For the moment of truth
Are you ready?

Sinclair Azubuike

The Wonderful Past

Seconds change
In an instance
Minutes rearrange
How then, can anything stay the same?

The past remains in the background
A long forgotten memory
In some cases
Buried in the closet
Or written or recorded

The past is a reality
Which, can be distorted
For the benefit of those who gain
When it's misrepresented

It can raise a few questions
And provide a whole load of answers
For those fond of it
To let go of it, can prove the hardest

Regardless
The past
Can't be resurrected
While the future
Is yet to be determined

Leave the past
Where it is
In the background.

Sinclair Azubuike

This World Is A Marketplace

This world is one big marketplace
Some sell themselves well
While others don't
Self promotion
Is the ultimate marketing plan
Promoting a vision
To achieve a sale
Pitch a dream
On a market stall
And sell your ambition to the entire world.

Sinclair Azubuike

Til She Cries No More

One day those tears
Will be wiped away
Her purity violated
Left desperate and exhausted
She will cry no more
Her anguish will be felt
Through her silence
Her pain will be in the absence of any words
She will refuse to be hurt anymore
For she has cried her last tear
And will not be subjected to the torment
Of abuse that you give her
Till she cried no more.

Sinclair Azubuike

Tomorrow, Tomorrow

Tomorrow
Arrives
When those sleepy heads
Who are fast asleep
Opening their eyes
In the morning time
Getting out of their bed
When it's time
To rise and shine
Preparing for what lay's ahead
Eating breakfast
Brushing their teeth
Having a bath or shower
Before they leave
Their house
Once they do
What happens to them after that
Is anybody's guess
The day could bring fourth good fortune
Or leave them wishing they never got out of bed
Tomorrow is a brand new day
Make it go your way.

Sinclair Azubuike

Torture My Soul

Torture my soul
Abandon me here
To suffer a fate which, is cruel
Isolate me in desperation
Reduce me to a shadow
Of my past self
Licking my inflicted wounds
Scarred by the anxiety of distress
Save me from myself
The man in the mirror
Haunting me
Refuses to leave
He stays despite being unwanted
To inflict more pain
A one man fight
That is unable to end
Maybe if I admit defeat
He will leave my withered spirit
In peace
Release me from this torture
Please.

Sinclair Azubuike

Traffic Jam

Life is a traffic jam
Full of frustrated women & men
Angry and frustrated
With being trapped in life's gridlock

Nowhere to turn
Running out of options
Stuck in an absolute rut

So desperate to figure a way out
Of life's traffic
But what do you do to get through life's complicated predicaments?

Sinclair Azubuike

Urban Tale

A hard knock life
So brutally gritty
Full of nothing
But pain & strife
An explicit urban tale
Uncensored rawness
Of urbanised areas
Streets of woes
Concrete jungles
Housing estates
As dirty as cages
With rats climbing over each other
For space

Stories of desperate hardship
Which, you couldn't imagine
Unless you lived it

Swamped by gardens of black roses
And killing fields of defeated minds
Gone astray
Lost in the gutter
Of urban decay.

Sinclair Azubuike

Victory Was Fought For

The hardest battles were fought
when the war's end
was nowhere in sight
defeat was always imminent
within a short distance
failure was too close
for comfort
yet never an option
to be seriously considered

While the quest for victory
was uncertain
battles were lost & won
but at long last
when the last enemy within
was defeated
victory was found
and the war was finally won.

Sinclair Azubuike

We Thought We Were Alone

Once upon a time
In the foggy period of irrational philosophy
Regarding our place in the galaxy
We considered ourselves
As the centre of the universe
A focal point
In scientific theory
Resulting from the big bang
In religious ideology
The only form of advanced life
Made by Gods miraculous hands
We didn't understand
Or fathom that anyone else
Could be looking up at the stars
On another planet
At the same time
In a universe teeming with complex forms of life
There were other worlds
Some so Earth like
They were like a twin
Compared to the world we lived on
But in the cosmic scheme of things
Humanity wasn't the biggest fish
In the pond
From higher dimensions, to other Galaxies & solar systems
We aren't alone in the universe
We never was.

Sinclair Azubuike

What A Wonderful World

What a wonderful world it could be
Where women & men can walk on the soil bare foot
To feel the connection to the earth

A world where they can eat ripe fruits
Which dropp from the trees
The raw vegetables, which grow
From the soil

One where they can rejoice
In the rain
Replenishing the land
Bathe under the glorious sun
To rejuvenate their body's
Eat fresh fish directly from the sea
Medicinal herbs from plants
And use them as sustainable
Forms of medicine

A world where we drink fresh water
Collected from waterfalls
Live in beautifully designed homes
Which, compliment and utilise the space
Of our plentiful environment
Where farmers farm off the land
For the benefit of everyone

A world of complete peace, tranquillity & harmony
Where man walks works to take the world forward
Not for domination of the land and its natural resources
One where different tribes, cultures, religions & races
Live alongside each other
Cohesively in accordance with the principles
Of nature

To usually negative pessimist
This world may seem like an unrealistic unattainable dream
But for those with a vision of a better world
This one day, will be a long overdue reality.

Sinclair Azubuike

What Do You See?

I see young warriors riot
Old cowards drawing back frightened
The destruction of the family unit
Hardly anyone
Attempting to break the cycle
To change it

Monday-Friday
I see plenty of suited and booted
High earning professionals
In a city of two faces
Walking past
Homeless beggars
Asking passers by
If they can spare some change

Tony Blair has been re-elected again
Yet I don't see no change
Maybe, I should be more patient

I just see society
Using hooded youths
To pass down the blame

I see dysfunctional single women
Having and raising children
Useless dads
Playing no part in their upbringing
Both of them
Blind to the damage they're causing

What I see, might sound depressing
But this is the madness followed by the sadness
I keep on seeing
What do you see?

Sinclair Azubuike

Who's Lurking In The Dark?

Allow me to create a threat
That doesn't really exist
Enable me to instil fear in you
And let me do as I wish
You will remain oblivious
To the enemy
Who you hear talk
Stop to think
Before you panic
For it is as simple as this
Your fear of an invisible image
Lets me do as I wish
While you seek me
To keep you protected
I will do my best
To keep your mind distracted
To who your real enemy is.

Sinclair Azubuike

Why Did You Leave?

Fatherless children
living in pain
A generation left fatherless
why does it have to be this way?

Daddy left and never came back again
not even a goodbye note to explain
sat waiting by the door, for him to return
but he never returned
You wish he would
but in the end
you gave up all hope
and he never did

No arms to reach out to for a hug
no birthday or christmas cards
or father's hands to help his kid
cut the cake
& unwrap any presents

Flesh and blood
just disappeared
buried beneath the dirt
a relationship forever lost
carried away in a hurst

Daddy left one day
and he never came back
almost leaves you speechless
how could he do that?
no loving last words
were ever whispered

Questions remain unanswered
like why did you leave your child when they needed you most?
no answer
that's what really hurts.

Why God?

He fell to his knees
Tears dripped from his eyes
Looking up at the sky
Asking God why
His dad had to die
Before he could ask him why
He walked out of his son life.

Sinclair Azubuike

Writer's Block

Words can flow like water
Then comes a blank page
When sentences have dried up
A writer may as well be blindfolded
Because it's hard to see anything to write
In the midst of a drought
Yearning to have at least a sip
From the fountain of ideas
Thirsty to write
Creatively dehydrated
In the desert of creative dead end
Completely lost
Suffering from an condition
Described as writers block.

Sinclair Azubuike