

Poetry Series

**Chinedu Dike**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Chinedu Dike()

# Albinos On The Razor-Edge Of Danger

At the behest of witchdoctors headhunters are on the prowl.  
They're watching, waiting, stalking, and avoiding detection;  
in the hope of an ambush with a brutal ferocity.  
Their gruesome machetes as sharp as  
a guillotine blade poised for execution,  
certain to dismember the of body any victim  
into bleeding chunks in a matter of seconds.

Faced with this menace albinos are confined  
to their homes swallowed up by boredom,  
in a perpetual state of fear and insecurity.  
But compelled by absolute necessity sometimes,  
they'd venture out nevertheless.  
Such mandatory runs - risky as hell!  
Could easily turn into a date with cruel fate.

The horrific butchering of East African Albinos  
has left many beheaded;  
limbs severed;  
genitals, ears, tongues, and breasts cut out;  
hearts, kidneys, livers, and eyes gouged out.  
Even deceased albinos are not left out,  
as graves are exhumed and desecrated.

Myths have it that their body parts possess magical powers -  
very potent when used as ingredients in ritual sacrifices.  
A primitive superstition validated by witchdoctors,  
which drives the illicit trade in albinos' body parts.  
The macabre enterprise is patronized by subhumans seeking,  
to appease some blood thirsty gods to ward off misfortunes;  
those looking for supernatural powers and wealth;  
and all sorts of ambitions pursuing gratification.

Ironically, this vulnerable group is also maltreated  
and maimed for exactly the reverse reason;  
Because they're presumed to be cursed individuals  
with bad omens who bring ill luck.  
Albinos are trapped in a never-ending cycle of persecution.  
They're the unfortunate victims of their hereditary traits,

coerced into sinister shadows by fiendish gangs.  
Theirs is a life on the razor-edge of danger.

Chinedu Dike

# Anc And The Struggle

January 1912, Mzansi brought forth a child  
In a harsh political climate  
Destined to free her people  
Bound to cruel Fate  
Long Live Child Of Necessity!  
Viva ANC!

His growth fraught with perils  
But nurtured by sons and daughters of the soil  
Deprived of dignity and birthright  
Whose cardinal offense is not being 'White'  
Long Live Son Of The Soil!  
Viva ANC!

His clarion call an impetus to the Struggle  
Unifying localized forces of Freedom  
Into mass-based Liberation Movement  
Brought into the realm of Global Awareness  
Long Live Symbolic Leader Of The Struggle!  
Viva ANC!

Fighting against enormous odds  
With hopeful unarmed natives  
On spirit he focused Power  
Victory assured on Will  
Long Live Son Of Hope!  
Viva ANC!

Braving the slammer, torture, bullet...  
Massacre of his warriors the order of the day  
Energized by tears and blood of compatriots  
Civil Disobedience intensify with Sabotage  
Long Live The Warrior Chief!  
Viva ANC!

At long last, victory and jubilation  
Forces of Liberty topple forces of Oppression  
Embracing 'no winner no loser' notion  
He calls for 'Rainbow Nation'

Long Live Son Of Liberty!  
Viva ANC!

Long Live The Symbol Of Human Dignity!  
Viva The Legacies Of The African National Congress!

NOTE: Mzansi is the affectionate name for South Africa.

ANC - African National Congress is the ruling political party currently in South Africa.

Chinedu Dike

# Biafran Genocide - A Carnival Of Carnage

A reign of impunity by Northern-led Federation,  
the anarchy of 'wild, wild west' in Western Region -  
of early to mid 1960s-unrests, had ushered in the military  
in a putsch that highlighted ethnic borders in blood.

Deadly reprisal which was the countercoup  
triggered a wave of pogrom: a doomsday chaos  
that littered the entire 'North' with human debris.  
Survivors flee 'East' with death on their heels.

Stuck in the vast abyss of vendetta, a negotiated  
truce gave way to hegemonic quest.  
Survival pitted against diminished prospects,  
The Republic Of Biafra was declared.

Isolated in its secession pursuits;  
Menaced by famine in severe refugee crisis;  
A carnival of carnage set the sun  
in Biafra - 'Land Of Rising Sun.'

'No Victor No Vanquished' sealed their accord;  
But the rules of engagement redrafted  
in shed torrents of blood.  
Nigeria - the uneasy amalgam through coercion holds.

Chinedu Dike

# Children Of Cruel Fate

In their faces a colourless gaping of life's adversity:  
the hopeless grief of their existence;  
Malnourished, starving, filth, and olfactory horrors;  
Their humiliating nothingness clothed in rags;  
Usually barefooted with low self-esteem;  
Begging, and searching through refuse  
for thrown-away foods to assuage pangs of hunger;  
Sleeping or indulging in a cheap concussion of  
toxic sedatives at the dark corners of the street.  
These dispositions identify them to society as  
Children Of The Street: The Roofless And Rootless Kids.

The undesirables eke out a living on the street,  
falling prey to all sorts of abusive treatments,  
in hostile surroundings where childhood  
apparently comes to an end.  
They're menaced by extreme weather conditions:  
be it scorching summer heat, severe storms,  
or sub-zero winter temperatures.  
They belong to nowhere:  
home is no longer 'home sweet home',  
the street provides no comfort, and  
the society rejects them with pitiless indifference.

Children Of The Street is a global reality -  
a product of the collapse of customary family values;  
Death of one parent or both;  
Socio-economic, cultural, and other diverse changes  
that affect the vulnerable minors negatively.  
Left to fend for themselves, they're deprived  
of physical, mental, emotional,  
and spiritual development.  
Without skills and education,  
they're entangled in a web of poverty  
that only few are lucky to breakaway.  
They survive on the fringes of social system.

Surrounded by a never-ending vision of misfortune,  
vagrant kids are denied

the very essentials of childhood -  
for them life is a daily battle to exist.  
Unloved, uncared for, and unwanted;  
Stomachs plagued with worms,  
hairs infested with lice,  
always cold and sick;  
They're forsaken in their fierce wretchedness.  
With no human hands to wipe away tears of bitter pain,  
they gnash their teeth in absolute extremities.  
Many live and die on the street.

Chinedu Dike

# Colossal Miscarriage Of Justice

Kind face contorted by torture of severe lashing;  
Body a mass of torn bleeding tissue.  
Cruelty stretched beyond limits of endurance -  
Scourging halted on the brink of death.  
Hands freed from post,  
He slumped on a stone pavement.

'Crucify Him! Crucify Him! ... ' Jarred the volatile mob:  
Paroxysms of rage that pulled down The Fortress Of Justice.  
Roughly, they roused Him back to awareness.  
Wrenching pain sent features quivering in humiliation,  
As smitten Crown Of Thorns pierced His scalp.  
The mocking crowd ridicule: 'Hail, King Of The Jews! '

Tired of demeaning mimicry in midday heat,  
The Cross Of Shame they hoisted on sagged shoulders.  
In loneliness of anguish, The Staggering Courage  
Acquiesced to the summon by looming Fate.  
In their rain of spit and spittle, He tottered away.  
A trail of His blood led to Golgotha.

Nailed to the Cross on Mount Calvary,  
Loin cloth He wore flanked by bandits.  
Parched with thirst - sour blend they offered.  
Looking down at the horde, He prays:  
'Father, forgive them they don't know what they're doing.'  
'He is calling for Elijah...' They amused.

Human brutality too much to bear, with last gasp of breath  
He wails: 'Eloi! Eloi! Sabachthan? '  
A shriek of the doomed that rent the skies.  
'It is finished! ' Then gently came the words:  
'Father, into Thy hands I place my spirit.'  
Head bowed, in bitterest agony He expired.

His Prosecution: A Blatant Perversion Of Legal Rules -  
In hasty nocturnal trial that snubbed Burden Of Proof,  
Which granted no room to witnesses of the accused.  
A criminal proceeding conducted by partakers

In His arrest, who allowed use of violence  
Where no resistance was offered nor expected.

Declared righteous by the one that betrayed Him;  
And pronounced innocent by The Umpire:  
A de jure arbiter overshadowed by de facto mob -  
Who rendered guilt verdict with no evidence.  
Travesty that passed on a villain's ignominy to the Nazarene,  
While freedom of the damned became lot of the acquitted.

He robbed no one. He cheated no one.  
An upright gentleman with lifetime of clean record,  
Who became the victim of savagery at the hands of  
A vicious pack - orchestrated by jealous leaders weary of  
His charisma, and public acclaim via mesmerizing miracles.  
The Execution Of Christ: A Colossal Miscarriage Of Justice.

□

Chinedu Dike

# Mandela - The Immortal Icon

The Peace Warrior Of Mzansi, among heroes - a colossus!  
Sun Of The Nation; A rare gift of Providence.  
Once, entangled in the web of racist succubus;  
Unruffled he declares before High Justice:  
'[I]t is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.' Silence -  
Pregnant with dreadful menace in court ensued.  
A beast of burden consequent of unshakeable stance.  
In the slammer, Symbol Of The Struggle he attained;  
But Apartheid demon persisted in its Treachery.  
'Coalition Of Conscience' inspired outcry for Liberty;  
Plagues of sanctions shatter manacles of Slavery.  
Looming on the horizon - a sight of Equality.  
From abyss of darkness emerged The Institution;  
The Immortal Icon and Mastermind of Rainbow Nation.

NOTE: A Tribute To Nelson Mandela.

The story is about Mandela's journey from The Rivonia Trial (where he was charged with TREASON - an offence carrying the death penalty by HANGING) to Freedom and Democracy.

He was after much... sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labour. It is a story of the Cosmopolitan Juggernaut that epitomizes agape kind of love - the unadulterated love for humanity.

A tale of a great leader who went from prison (for 27 years) to become the first democratically elected President of South Africa.

May his wonderful and gentle soul continue to rest in the Bosom Of Almighty God.

MZANSI is another name for South Africa - an affectionate name.

Chinedu Dike

# Mzansi And The Ballot Box

Millions queued in lines before Arbiter Of Disputes.  
Hopes were high,  
Duty and resolve holding firm.  
Hearts dance with spirit of Emancipation,  
Each with ammo stronger than bullet,  
Ready to dislodge a fiendish cabal out of Power.  
All conscious of long night of tribulation.  
Singly, the weapons were discharged  
Into The Receptacle Of Liberty;  
Upon which they received baptisms of Freedom.  
Inside the altar tugs of war ensued:  
Invisible fibres bound and aligned aspirations.  
Popular Will prevailed.  
Bearing the scars of Apartheid,  
Indigenous people celebrate the birth of Democracy.  
Ballot box had come at a great expense;  
At all costs its sacredness shall be preserved.  
Those were the surviving heroes and heroines of Mzansi.

N.B.- Mzansi is the affectionate name for SOUTH AFRICA. The story is about her first democratic elections of 1994.

The Arbiter Of Disputes, The Receptacle Of Liberty, the altar, all refer to THE BALLOT BOX.

ammo, weapons, refers to ballot paper and ballot papers respectively.

fiendish cabal refers to The White Minority Rule - The Apartheid Regime.

Chinedu Dike

# Nightmares Of Slumbering Africa

Colonialism in its last moments is pushed to the centre stage -  
the recoiling phenomenon intensely illuminated  
by The Flame Of Liberty.

Roused by the prospect of emancipatory freedom,  
from the shadows of Servitude, nations rise.  
Their demand for a dawn long on hold  
brings an end to the colonial yoke.

Her soul refreshed with a breath of new life,  
Africa thrills at the sight of the expanding horizons -  
an euphoria feelings that veiled 'Danger Signs'.  
She's been bequeathed dreadful webs of intrigue:  
Uneasy amalgams of multicultural colonial territories,  
hitherto upheld through coercive mechanisms.

With price tags of 'patriots' hanging on won Liberty,  
they bicker over the vacated Seat Of Power.  
In their snobbery of honour in favour of greed,  
strategic realignments of comrades produce  
The Strongman: A tyrant - backed by 'jackals'  
and supported by gullible public.

In a cruel twist of fate, hopeful assertion of self-rule  
soon becomes the anticipation of a gaudy illusion.  
The exit of Foreign Powers has delivered the people  
into the grasps of Democratic Mobs:  
Cabals fueled by putrid sludge of Kleptocracy,  
devoid of political visions to transform into realities.

With no intent of restructuring imposed alien models,  
cabals pursue joint criminal enterprises:  
Good citizens are sieved out of the system,  
party loyalists take over their place.  
Key positions go to ruthless operators,  
who translate decisions into actions.

Vast network of political jobbers across tribes  
are bought;  
Political parties become private estates;

Police remains agent of The State;  
Legislative bodies are subdued;  
With the Judiciary effectively hijacked,  
the oppressed has no where to seek redress.  
Ultimately The Liberators Turn Into Oppressors.

Haven subverted Power Of The People  
which has raised them to unfair dominion;  
In frenzied torrents of greed without care,  
Opportunistic Banditry is institutionalized.  
In a matter of months raging economic crises follow.  
And attempts to curb budget deficits upset lives,  
sending an already violated citizenry  
on a sad voyage into poverty.

In their scheme for hegemony, struggle credentials with  
membership of the ruling party, are made the  
prerequisites for political and economic ascendancy.  
Their capitalist tendency reinvents imperialism.  
With nepotism and sectionalism proclivity, parochial  
appointments skewed towards specific groups are made.

Ethnic rivalry is promoted as one tribe is favoured above others.  
Serious conflicts are provoked with diverse interest groups.  
The Freedom Party once the pride of the nation  
has turned public enemy number one.  
With the powder keg too close to the naked flames,  
BANG! It explodes. And the fire burns with a vengeance.

Turmoils of Democratic Anarchy usher in The Military:  
Demagogues with perfect sets of iron teeth -  
Whose stern miens wore the semblance of an undertaker.  
They bait on sentiments of the masses to legitimize regime;  
They promise to steer The Ship Of State  
to berth on a safe harbour;  
They pay lip service to their anti-corruption crusade.  
They're the raiders of public treasuries!  
They're the violators of Integrity Of The State!  
They're the embodiments of rot!

Strategic alliance is built with oligarchs of crafty pretense.  
The marriage of convenience symbiotic in its nature:

'You Rub My Back I'll Rub Yours.'

The wooed spiders, with a keen knowledge of the web  
assume an oversight for the junta - reinforcing its hold  
on power. Their administrative tasks keep the wheels  
of government-owned enterprises turning,  
thereby maintaining brazen squandering of resources.

In the quest for total control,  
with the delusions that match their effronteries;  
They unleash an assemblage of horrors:  
Prison cells are packed with innocent citizens  
picked on the flimsiest of excuses;  
Rendition of dissidents tagged 'terrorists' becomes normal.  
Curfews are enforced; Checkpoints are mounted;  
Visible policing is achieved; With free speech punished,  
displeasures are carefully altered in whispers; And  
brutality is sold as pragmatic response to increased crime.

The cowardly populace petrified in its sullen expression,  
in degrading submission blindly accepts Slavery.  
Assets of nations are then plundered with impunity;  
Ill-gotten moneys are laundered to different offshore heavens;  
Treacherously, patrimonies are secretly being transferred  
abroad, and governments turn around to ask for loans  
on the very funds illicitly moved.

Post-colonial Africa is a continent marred with endemic conflicts;  
Human Rights abuses of monumental proportions;  
The entrenched lack of accountability within governments;  
Shameful history of nationalized thefts by those in high places;  
Quests for power at all costs - with Heads of States  
holding on to power even when circumstances dictate otherwise.

Since Independence Africa has continued to stagnate  
while the rest of the world have forged ahead.  
But she ought to be thriving well!

She has an unrivaled wild life conducive to tourism;  
Pristine ecosystem with endless stretches of fertile lands;  
Rare incidences of natural disasters;  
Resilient hardworking population;  
Her prospects for hydroelectric supply is second to none.

She is hugely blessed with diverse mineral resources.  
No other continent is endowed with as much!  
Yet notoriously, Africa with such fortunes and potentials  
relentlessly wallows in the throes of economic woes.

Chinedu Dike

# Pastorpreneurs

Those days are long past when crosses  
were the signposts of churches.  
The trend nowadays is for assemblies  
to bear flashy pictures of pastors in charge,  
often with their wives beside them.  
As the rightful owners of ministries,  
'Pastorpreneurs'  
are the heads of trustees.  
With family members as co-trustees,  
there are no marked differences between  
assets of churches and those of the pastors.

The shameful abuse of gospel grace  
by these men of crafty pretense  
in religious ropes,  
has brought a stigma of infamy  
to the venerated image of God's church —  
diminishing its moral voice.  
Driven by putrid stench of materialism,  
they peddle The Holy Word for profit  
at the expense of worshippers,  
whose genuine concerns  
they exploit to feather their nests.

By spiritualising mundane matters,  
they delimit terms of success known to man.  
Unthinkable to question the motives of a true  
'man of God', these demagogues turn  
human judgments into divine commands —  
dishing out spiritual orders  
with more focus on the collections.  
The out of context tithing doctrines,  
the stage-managed testimonies,  
and the miracle faking sprees;  
are the heartbeats of their vanity empires.

With sensibilities of congregants erased by  
the sugar frivolities of these charlatans —  
who promise quick and easy solutions

to existential challenges, they are lured  
to donate handsomely till it hurts.  
Many forgo basic necessities,  
default on credit instalments,  
and some even go borrowing;  
to meet the demands of worldly churches.  
As anticipated miracles become gaudy illusions,  
those blacklisted helplessly watch  
as their properties: furniture, cars, houses...  
are repossessed or auctioned.

The mere mention of certain televangelists  
brings to mind scandals  
that have caused ripples of oddities.  
With vast business interests funded  
from donations by followers,  
the celebrity pastors are having fun.  
Their ungodly opulence a testament  
to the lucrative nature  
of translating The Holy Word.  
In an era of material excesses,  
'Pastorpreneurs'  
are the raiders of the Lord's Vineyard.

Chinedu Dike

# Pmb - The Emperor Of Tribalism

As most Nigerians remain ruefully lukewarm  
about President Buhari's second term bid;  
An ever-increasing multitude of potential  
voters across ethnic divides, seem to be  
enthralled by Atiku-Obi presidential ticket;  
On the duo's restructuring manifesto, and  
remarkable track records of achievements.

It's as if the masses with full intent or  
otherwise, have at last come to  
the realization that Nigeria's  
incumbent Head Of State:  
President Muhammadu Buhari (PMB) -  
who had risen to power on the crest  
of integrity, was a bad call  
made in an infatuated impulse.

With PMB's popularity ratings plummeting  
headlong from its previous pre-election  
heights, gullible and stout-hearted defenders  
of his Presidency are faced with a number  
of awkward issues, as they contemplate  
the President's pathetic twist of fate.

Well, it remains beyond doubt,  
that an individual's mindset  
impacts how the person visualizes  
and adapts to existential realities.

Careful scrutiny of the intricacies of PMB's  
worldview suggests, a rigid  
Muslim with a fixed mindset.  
It is this uncharitable frame of mind  
that deprives him of the flexibility  
and adaptability, that are crucially  
needed to form an all-inclusive and  
progressive national government.

The core-Northerner with an inherent

pugnacity is a wholehearted believer in Hausa/Fulani hegemony: A clannish head of state who sees our fatherland through a parochial and ethnic prism.

This almost primitive sense of kinship has caused President Buhari to flood his government, its parastatals and agencies, etcetera, with his kinsmen; Especially in the presidency and in the affairs of national security.

A factual assertion of this unfair tribalism and sectionalism is backed by a sackful of evidence and statistics.

For example, in the 2016 Department of State Services (DSS) recruitments; A total of 479 candidates were recruited into the elite security unit from the 36 States of the Federation, plus the Federal Capital (Abuja) . Out of this number, Katsina - the home state of the President, grabbed a lion share of 51 slots; Followed by Kano 25, Bauchi 23, Zamfara 20. By far these four states from the 'North' have more slots than the four southern states of Akwa Ibom 5, Edo 6, Lagos 7, Ebonyi 7.

The figures for Nigeria's six geographical zones are:

South-south 42

South-east 44

South-west 57

North-central 66

North-east 100

North-west 165 (PMB's region of origin) .

Utterly unashamed of his unfair favouritism, the President has loaded the agency with by far more people from 'North' than 'South'. Katsina State(51) alone has more slots than

the six states of South-south(42) ,  
the five states of South-east(44) ,  
with the six states of South-west(57)  
slightly higher by 6 slots.

A cursory glance at the overall high profile appointments made in defense and security departments within PMB's first year in office, is yet another example that points to a President who writes his principles with pencil, while he's got an eraser handy. Embarrassingly lacking in political savviness, the President has created national security outfits more Hausa/Fulani than Nigerian.

The Minister of Defense is an Hausa man;  
The Inspector General Of Police;  
The Internal Affairs Minister;  
The Chief of Army Staff;  
The Chief of Air Staff;  
The Chief Security Adviser;  
Director General of the Department of State Security Service (DSS) :  
Director General of the National Intelligence Agency (NIA) :  
Director General of National Drug Law Enforcement Agency (NDLEA) :  
Acting Chairman of the Economic and Financial Crimes Commission (EFCC) :  
Comptroller General of the Nigerian Custom Service;  
Comptroller General of the Nigerian Immigration Service;  
Comptroller General of Prisons;  
The Chairman Independent National Electoral Commission (INEC) :  
To mention but only the most strategic portfolios - all from Hausa/Fulani extraction.

Granted, for his peace of mind regarding personal security, all his bodyguards and the Brigadier Of Guards may be his own

people, but tribalizing the entire military and security units in a Nation of over a hundred peoples is nothing short of a call for interethnic tensions and bellicosities.

These lopsided selections are a snobbery of the level playing field provided by The Principles Of Federal Character - which enshrines equity, justice, and fairness. They were hiring exercises conducted in bad faith. In a blatant display of his ethical inconsistency, the self-acclaimed anti-corruption crusader has changed our Federal Character to Northern Character.

To a grave disservice to other ethnic groups and religions, more than 90 percent of top security personnel in the country are from the Muslim North.

In tribal or religious clashes with members of other groups, they have been known to be inhumane law enforcers with a warped sense of justice, who treated others like outsiders.

The figures above which are verifiable via the internet is just the tip of the iceberg, for there is undoubtedly much more of this kind of miserable stories to tell in all spheres of the President's influence. PMB's pro-North and pro-Islamic leanings appear to be quite opposed to his much paraded political ideology that lays claim to moral and ethical superiority.

Anyone with a rudimentary understanding of economics knows that the Nigerian Foreign Exchange has been unfairly slanted, to favour the Hausa/Fulani who own most bureaux de change in the country.

Certainly, there's a sense of crafty pretense about the Chief Executive of our Republic.

The Crown Of Tribalism has proclaimed  
President Muhammadu Buhari its Emperor.

It was obvious during his earlier days in office  
that PMB had failed before he even started.  
After dawdling with doubt for the better part  
of his first year in office, in a blind exercise of  
power of appointments, he comes up with  
the most tribally and religiously tilted Federal  
Cabinet in the annals of Nigerian politics.

In his virtuous hypocrisy, the ethnic jingoist  
and religious bigot continues to politically  
and economically empower, more and more  
political jobbers from the mainstream 'North'.  
These delusional sycophants and Yes men,  
hardly would they advance opinions of theirs,  
let alone query the validity of their master's.

Power to Buhari is all about asserting his  
superiority - the Nigerian military style.  
He prefers friends and partners who are  
eager to dance to his tunes, instead of  
the ones who challenge him to see  
things in their proper perspectives.  
Consequently, he continues to build  
mediocre teams devoid of innovative  
minds, that are essentially needed to  
compensate for presidential ignorance.

It may also be worth noting that Buhari  
was the foremost beneficiary of the 31st  
December 1983 coup de tat largesse:  
He became the C-in-C and Head Of State  
haven masterminded the abortion  
of Nigeria's 2nd Republic.  
Not only did Major General Buhari (rtd)  
desecrate the Presidency of a good man,  
Alhaji Shehu Shagari, of blessed memory;  
But also his thoughtless and forceful  
hijacking of the peoples' mandate,  
in no small measure aggravated

Nigeria's descent into stagnation.

That abominable act of sacrilege against  
the Sacred Will The People and  
the revered institution of Democracy,  
has since clothed his sincerity  
and integrity in rags.

The ex-military ruler should consider himself  
undeservedly fortunate. Why Nigerians  
have returned the known dictator to power  
through the ballot box in 2015, still beats  
the imagination of any sober society.

Under PMB's watch, Nigerians carry on  
mourning the socio-economic,  
political and security situations in  
their country as they turn from bad  
to potentially disastrous:

The rating of Nigeria as the world's poverty  
capital;

The steady increase in our national debt;

The seeming ostracisation of North Central  
Nigeria (The Middle Belt) by the core North;

The unceasing and gruesome killings of hard  
working rural farmers by the fiendish and  
trigger-happy Fulani herdsmen;

The government's authorized maiming  
of demonstrating Shiites Muslims;

The Massacre of the unarmed, nonviolent  
and defenseless IPOB members by  
security operatives;

The manhandling of dissidents by security  
agents of The State - an invariable portent  
of their unlawful arrests;

The unceasing snobbery of the Judiciary,  
which ought to be the firmest pillar  
of any people's oriented government;

And the Executive's bitterest antagonism  
with the Legislature is surely not helping  
matters - with no record of any bill yet  
to be passed via peaceful grace.

The list goes on and on.

I couldn't help wondering what had transpired between PMB and Trump, that had prompted The US President to poetically refer to him as 'lifeless'. As if the derogatory remark wasn't enough, the ebullient American further added insult to injury by declaring before his aides, that he wouldn't want to meet his Nigerian counterpart again.

The bareness of Trump's sentiments, to be honest, it's an eye-opener. And the definite implication is that our out-of-date President, whose body is not healthy enough to sustain the vicissitudes of his office, is too great a burden for us to bear.

PMB is a lingering emblem of Despotism. An absentee head of state, whose zeal to rule us is only exceeded by his total disregard for us. The echoes of his incompetency is reverberating across the nation and beyond our shores, as his presidency serves to spotlight the cold vacancy of leadership during his promptly aborted military regime.

Here is an emotionally distant President whose silent miens during periods of national tribulations often wore the semblance of an undertaker: Never calling up enough empathy as a doleful sympathizer will do, by rendering heartfelt speeches on such pitiful occasions, to assuage the pains of those affected. Such basic responsibilities he readily delegates to any one of his aides.

Equipped with perfect sets of iron teeth,  
there is no kind of trauma that President  
Muhammadu Buhari may not impose on  
his political adversaries with impunity.  
The case of Colonel Sambo Dasuki (rtd)  
readily comes to mind.

Under the guise of national interest,  
PMB who has a grievance with the former  
National Security Adviser (NSA) ,  
in his relentless quest for a damaging  
retribution continues to keep him  
incarcerated against the rule of law.

The recent intimidation of Atiku Abubakar  
by irate security agents of the state, and  
the subsequent ransacking of his private jet  
at Nnamdi Azikiwe International Airport,  
Abuja, was an unjustified exercise of power  
to hold his main political opponent in check.

By freezing Peter Obi's account with that  
of his wife in a ploy designed to cast his  
spotless reputation in a bad light, PMB  
indeed has inflicted a wanton insult on  
the feelings a most respectable Nigerian.

Peter Obi, affectionately referred to in some  
quarters as 'Obi The Great', is a politician  
of well-known and approved public opinion.  
Undoubtedly above and beyond the errors  
of his colleagues and contemporaries,  
the well-groomed administrator with a  
quiet fortitude enjoys enormous goodwill  
nationally. A political fortune that is hinged  
on his sagacity and unimpeachable integrity.

The Harvard trained former Governor  
of Anambra State, whose stewardship  
in the face of substantial economic,  
fiscal and structural challenges in his  
State, was nothing short of excellent;

Not only does his success serve as an eloquent reminder of the value of hard work and dignity in labour, it also reinforces the belief that with great skill, an ingenious composer could make music from even the most discordant tunes.

It thus follows, that these politically motivated hostilities against the main opposition in the current presidential race, are pointers to a PMB who is downright panicky over Atiku-Obi soaring popularity, since their emergence as PDP flag bearers for next month's presidential election. The glaring injustice is there for all who are not blinded by prejudice to see.

With the official endorsements of Atiku/Obi presidential ticket, by the apex socio-cultural groups of our major ethnic nationalities, it has become quite safe to declare with no fear of deviation, that the rest of Buhari's days as President are numbered. His desperate attempts to hold on to power even when events point to the contrary, as nasty and self-serving as they may be, they're more or less the last kicks of a dying horse.

FADE OUT

Haven examined in depth our history as a Nation, our turbulent political and stagnant economy systems; The truth is that a radical restructuring of these systems is needed if we are to find solutions to the problems of the 'common man', in a unified Nigeria that will move from poverty to plenty, and ultimately into abundance.

It is not merely necessary, but vital to affect a regime change in Nigeria; Especially when the main opposition party has restructuring as the focal point of its agenda for the forth coming election - A manifesto commitment that rings with a youthful sincerity.

Atiku's radical transformation manifesto is a bold and honest exploration of the most crucial issues in Nigeria - matters that have involved economic and political controversies. It is a statement of belief that is laden with historical memories, with a view to a radical restructuring of the stagnating Nation.

Alhaji Abubakar's gospel of change is a harbinger of hope for a Nation that has been dulled by a culture of 'shuffering and shmiling'. It is a reflection of farsightedness of rare kind, that isn't visible among the highest echelons of Nigeria's political class, particularly those that hail from the core-North.

The Waziri Adamawa is a cosmopolitan politician who is well acquainted with public affairs, and sufficiently versed in all compartments of government. He's a leader who understands that the thirst for entitlement cannot be quenched by an offer of appeasement.

Suitably endowed with a growth mindset, that creates motivation which conduces to resourcefulness in the fields of politics as well as business, Atiku has the passion for persevering and slugging it out even when it's not going well. And this is the progressive mindset

that allows him to thrive during some of the most challenging times in his life.

In choosing former Governor, Peter Obi as his running mate, Atiku has for sure delivered the stroke of a genius.

He not only sought the hand of a brilliant technocrat - well graced with vital ingredients of knowledge, as well as economically savvy;

In addition, he's picked a partner whose visions and ideas of charting a way forward to a prosperous Nigeria dovetails with his.

It therefore behoves us as willing partners in progress, it will do us a world of good to grasp and hold on to Atiku-Obi lofty vision of a thriving and a united Nigeria.

Let us vote them into Power:

So that they'll rejuvenate the crawling 'giant of Africa' with a breath of new life;  
To afford them the opportunity to further the self-reliance of our geographical zones, through remodeling of our Federation, to get the most from each one of them;  
To enable them to enkindle the fire of patriotism in the heart of Nigeria's citizenry;  
And to encourage the formidable duo - a superb complement of each other, so that through their people-centred leadership styles, they will inspire us to flag our unity under oneness.

It's high time we Nigerians ignore all parochial interests and appeals to sentiments of all kinds, and provide the seasoned captains an opportunity to manoeuvre our Ship Of State to berth on a safe harbour.

Our sublime persistence at gullibility has

to come to an end: &quot;Our mumu don do! &quot;;

Atiku-Obi For All, All For Atiku-Obi, We Stand!

&quot;Today's Decisions Are Tomorrow's Realities.&quot;;

Let's Get Nigeria Working Again!

Viva The Federal Republic Of Nigeria!

Chinedu Dike

# Poetic Masterpiece

Poetic Masterpiece — A Childbirth Of Profundity.  
Like delivery of Divine Revelations  
which favours calmness of wilderness;  
It's brought forth in Creative-Glory-Of-Solitude:  
An abode of Enlightenment in whose mirror of grace,  
purest passions reflect out from shady reality —  
To gratify inflamed curiosity of Inward-Eye,  
as it wanders around source of enchantment,  
seeking in expanded awareness to capture  
the essence of a phenomenon shrouded in mystery.

In blessed serene mood with passionate intensity,  
mind labours hard to replicate images  
unveiled in the exalted realm of thought.  
With illuminative wizardry that nudge limits of speech,  
the wordsmith graced with breath of poetic creation  
gives life to words —  
Freeing them from rigid implications.  
Soulful words that sway soul of the reader,  
leaving the excited spirit with an enigma to ponder.  
Such is the sublime nature of every Poetic Masterpiece.

Chinedu Dike

# The Abyss Of Drug Addiction

In an errant venture in curiosity -  
lured from savvy of cooler judgment,  
he oversteps the bounds of reality  
into a state of altered awareness.

Overwhelmed by a rapid onset of  
a buzzing sensation - The Rush;  
emanating from deep inside him,  
surging along the veins streaming

euphoria thru cells of his entire body:  
inside the body, with warm pleasure  
waves flushing over the tingling skin -  
soughing off all unpleasant feelings.

Mouth numbed, limbs heavy, eyeballs  
rolling back from absolute bliss;  
he savours the calm explosions of  
the pulsating bubbles in his head.

A magical moment of pure orgasmic  
sweetness that ends in a dazed stupor,  
ushering him into a wellbeing  
in a cosy blanket of content.

He falls in love with the narcotic.  
And begins to relish its sweet fruition,  
in a seemly pattern of use put in  
the shade by his best interests.

A stake in normalcy that in no time gives  
way to his nightly soaring and drifting,  
in an illusionary paradise of forgetting  
where nothing hurts anymore.

In a bit by bit build up of tolerance to  
the opiate, he grows quite a craving  
for it: needing higher doses time and  
again to sustain the desired effect.

Seemingly oblivious to its lethal effects  
on the pleasure centre of his brain -  
that is being hijacked and taken captive  
by the illicit psychoactive substance.

A hostage position that interferes  
with the interior reality of his mind.  
All at once he wants to 'use';  
he begins to look forward to using.

At times he'd skip work chasing the dragon:  
pursuing the unreachable elation levels  
of his initial high - in a vicious cycle of  
ebbs and flows of mediocre and ecstasy;

ending with the inevitable crash below  
baseline - barely able to cater for his  
basic needs. The habit, no longer is  
the fun that it was intended to be.

The potent drug appears to offer reliefs  
not justified by external realities;  
the more he indulged, the more  
its comfort zone seems to be desired.

Disoriented in the rigours of his vice,  
he strays into The Abyss Of Addiction:  
a dark weary place where priority disorder  
is dictated by events outside his control.

It is this damaged protective instinct that  
causes his sick obsession with the opioid,  
rendering him unfit to articulate rational  
thoughts - a chronic disease of the brain!

In his harmful shift away from reality,  
first concern is the mind-altering drug:  
ahead of his job, his goals, family, love,  
friends, hobbies, personal hygiene.

Strangely enough the foremost essentials

of life like water, food, and sleep are not spared. He could be ill, he won't care.  
No other thoughts can cohabit in his world.

Fervidly invested in his fantasy world,  
the drug has kindled in him an inner turmoil -  
setting off an overriding feeling  
of emptiness that aches in his heart.

The habit much harder to lose than it was  
to find: his relentless attempts to regain  
sobriety are negated by anxiety, and sickly  
'comedowns' that intensify with severity.

These horrifying withdrawal symptoms  
are a result of the stimulant's induced  
changes, in the chemistry of his brain's  
system of reward and punishment.

They're the rebound effects of his fixation  
with the depressant: Nature's punitive  
action against the fleeting euphoria  
that is ravished during his opiate highs.

The habit has indeed given him great joy,  
but that glee is being overshadowed by  
galling side effects - that have arisen to  
induce in him a reliance on the sedative.

The mind-blower as dear and painful to  
him as an imbecilic child is to its mother,  
he continues on the foreboding route  
for which he has no power of deviation.

Despairing in the clutches of addiction;  
the drugs traumatize him, they  
infuse poisons into his spine, and they  
dull his inner light day after day.

In a downward spiral that stunned those  
acquainted with him; he lost his job,  
sold his car, and was evicted from

a home that had been stripped bare.

The drug has evoked a storm of rage that's been destroying everything about him along the way. A dawning realization that sends him deeper into sorrowful thoughts,

making him rue his dire ignorance about the drug that had led to his fall into its bait. With the best resolve he could muster, he strives to make his will like stone -

a facade that is soon razed by his urgent need for the opiate merely to feel 'normal'. With a huge burden of guilt he wanders farther into the haze of his own misery.

In his besotting passion for the narcotic, he'd go to any means to fuel the habit: he'd cheat, steal, lie or betray even the ones that care about him to get his 'fix'.

Like spreading of cancer in the body, his affliction has metastasized way beyond him - chipping away at the sense of wellbeing of his whole family.

As frequent targets for theft they have to watch out for him always, in a cold relations where they must sleep with their wallets under the pillows.

The hurting family fairly at the end of its tether confronts him with an ultimatum: To accept treatment or be kicked out! Tearfully, they watch him leave.

Among the ranks of homeless the junkie would wake up feeling sick, and spend his day struggling to find ways to relieve the incessant strain of an insatiable craving.

On rare lucky nights he'd sleep on friends' couches, otherwise, the rough sleeper crashes wherever there's shelter - never worrying about waking up the next day.

A hellish existence on the streets that has led to a string of run-ins with the law. Nabbed stealing on ill-fated occasions, he's mobbed in most indecent ways.

Broken, sick, starving; the erstwhile ray of hope who once had much going for him, now is a nervous wreck envisaging life through the lens of opioid stupor.

Far beyond his ability to ask for help, loved ones proceed to rescue him. Under the demeaning load of drug dependence he staggers into a rehab.

But the often slippery climb to recovery is never easy. He'd have to willingly submit to a slow and delicate therapy on a brain - whose structure and functions

are badly impaired due to a long-term use of the toxic substance. In a gut-wrenching task, he'd have to learn to care for a body that now ought to work differently.

Desiring to put their lives back together, in the guiding light of structured help many drug addicts have been able to crawl their ways out of the dark abyss.

Amongst them are 'walking corpses' who possessed by their 'enough is enough', are able to find the inner fire vitally needed to rekindle the cold embers of self-awareness.

Here's the fella cast adrift with no positive him, in a mental disorder for which he's

enslaved by withdrawals that are transient -  
and would dissipate in the fullness of time.

One couldn't even begin to fathom why  
he has no zeal for the healing process -  
despite everything that is dear to him and  
the very essence of life gravely endangered.

Bereft of any dreams of ever recovering  
losses that are manifestly far out of reach,  
the drug with a firm grip on him serves  
as a buffer to keep his ugly reality at bay.

Even so, he's torn between the sedative  
which revolves around his consciousness,  
and the horrors of street life that looms  
upon him with such menacing aspect.

Savagely trapped with no good choices,  
he slips into a mortal dread of relapse.  
In anguish withdrawals torment him daily,  
and they won't let him be for a second.

Wholly incapable of rising from the ashes  
to hold it all together—no hope—  
nothing to hope for—everything out  
of focus—mind spiraling out of control—

In a fit of extreme anxiety the raging  
desire propels him to the brink of  
total insanity. And suddenly, his  
need for a 'hit' becomes most vital as.

Trembling all over with fear clutching  
a pilfered smartphone; forgetful of  
future suffering the rehab jumper  
hurries along the forbidden path.

All alone with the merciless companion:  
Nowhere to go and no one to turn to.  
Wretchedly wretched in additive agony,  
he fades away into nothingness.

NOTE: This poignant rendition applies to all sorts of hard drugs.  
Just as their euphoric experiences differ significantly,  
so are the withdrawal symptoms.  
Despite their seeming surface unrelatedness,  
the creation of an illegal and dangerous dependency  
in users is a common denominator.

Chinedu Dike

# The Evil Face Of Religion

Since the dawn of humanity, the annals  
of Religion are littered with awful tales.  
Sacred scriptures have blessed lives -  
and maimed them.

Sophistic doctrine breeds dreadful hostility.  
Often where Religion is strong - cruelty  
reigns, as fanatics under 'total submission'  
commit atrocities through blind devotion.

A close look at religious democides  
suggests jamborees of genocides -  
bloodlettings from which Atheism  
recoils in its state of ungodliness.

On the faith mission to fulfill a divine goal,  
Religion is torn between good and evil.  
Slaying from age to age in the name of God,  
hands of zealots are left defiled with blood.

Chinedu Dike

# The Obsessive Agony Of Lust

Self lost in obsessive agony,  
Your primal curiosity - a burning ferocity,  
The raging fire consumes your dignity,  
And shame put to slumber.

Seduced by the wayward twin of Love,  
Powers of deviation subdued,  
On pathway of despair you tread:  
A burden too heavy to bear.

Mind drowning in bitter-sweetened sensation,  
Onto elusive dream you hold fast -  
Which vanishes like mirage in a vast  
Desert: a lethal blend of hope and anxiety.

Raving lunatic you've become,  
Seeking savage-desire's fulfillment:  
An ugly reflection of nature devoid of contentment.  
Lust—a nightmare in Infatuation's phoney bed.

Chinedu Dike

# The Phoenix Strangler

With promise of job,  
he lured her into a cane field.  
His gentleness a veil of sanity.  
Lurking in his mind,  
a perversion of sex instinct:  
'Bind her! Torture her! Kill her! '

Deep within comfort zone  
suddenly brandishing his bludgeon,  
countenance wearing mercilessness -  
sight of which imported terror into her spine.  
Desperate plea for mercy fueling his excitement.  
Menacingly, her clothes he demanded.

Hissing in agony like pine tree,  
gnashing her teeth before the incubus, she stripped.  
Her nudity assaulting his senses,  
eyes flaming with lust,  
he took stock of the bared flesh:  
'Beautiful! Submissive! Horrified! '

Bound and gagged,  
fantasy translating into reality,  
all hell broke loose...  
Urge gratified,  
with her undergarment around her neck,  
he sealed her fate.

Sixteenth victim of the unhinged mind:  
Single mother of two horrendously maimed.  
Not quite long,  
no sooner had he got home  
than long arm of the law tapped his shoulders -  
DNA found on victims had matched his.

Karma forced to be lenient,  
he lives albeit in confinement.  
No Death Penalty In Mzansi.

NOTE: Mzansi is the affectionate name for South Africa.

The Phoenix Strangler - Sipho Mandla Agmatir Thwala (born 1968) is a South African rapist and serial killer. He began his year-long rape and murder spree in 1996. His modus operandi was to lure local women into accompanying him through the sugarcane field near the town of Phoenix in KwaZulu-Natal Providence with the promise of employment as domestic servants in hotels. Once they were deep within the cane field, Thwala would attack the women, bind them with their undergarments and then rape, strangle and bludgeon them to death. Afterwards, hoping to destroy any physical evidence of the attack, he would set fire to the cane fields.

Thwala was arrested in 1997 after South African police matched DNA found on the victims to DNA taken from Thwala in 1994 when he was arrested and acquitted for a rape charge.

On March 31, 1999, the High Court in Durban found Thwala guilty of 16 murders and 10 rapes and sentenced him to 506 years in prison.

Thwala is currently being held at CMax penitentiary in Pretoria South Africa.

The picture displayed below is that of Sipho Mandla Agmatir Thwala - popularly referred to in South Africa as The Phoenix Strangler.

Chinedu Dike

# Viva United Nations!

Long live The UN!  
Providence of The Oppressed;  
And nightmare of The Oppressor.

Chinedu Dike