

Poetry Series

**john chizoba vincent**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2018

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# john chizoba vincent(18 may 1990)

## BIOGRAPHY

John chizoba vincent is a poet, Novelist, Actor, Film Director and Film Producer. He was born on the 18 of May 1990 at Aba, Abia state. He hails from Nkporo in Ohafia Local Government Area of Abia State, Nigeria. He is the seventh child of nine children, from a Polygamous family. He began his primary school at Owerri-Aba community school, Ugwunagbo, Abia state and later went to His Image nursery & primary school, Aba. After graduation from His Image school, he went to Major Model college, Dikenafai, Aba, where he only spent two years in the school before he went to Lagos in the year 2005 to continue with his education. In Lagos, he was enrolled in Jimbell high school and finally at Olorunfunmi senior grammar school, all at Idimu, Lagos state, where he obtained his West Africa examination certificate (WAEC) in the year 2009. He further went to Lagos state Polytechnic, Ikorodu, where he read mass communication.

He began writing at a tender age of eight at Aba. Being a young boy of Eight years old, he could not locate a reputable publisher who could publish his book. So he roamed in the street of Aba searching for publishers. His mother was afraid that he might run into wrong hands so she took the manuscripts and burnt them. She was also afraid of the kidnappers that were in their prime at Aba then. After that incident, he didn't write any thing again until year 2009 when it came calling on him again. He picked up career from there. He has written more than forty books of which four has been published (between 2013 and 2016) which includes: 'GOOD MAMA, HARD TIMES, LETTER FROM HOME, and THE CHICKEN REVOLTS' . He has over seven hundred poems published journals, magazines and poem Anthologies, both home and abroad.

John chizoba Vincent is also a blogger, airing his views on . He is a lover of the Art, Education and Entertainment generally. He shares most of his thoughts to the audience whom he sees as the major reason why he write though a simple and easy way they could understand. He relaxes with Music and books whenever he is on Vacation. He is a good teacher. After his graduation in the year 2009, he went into teaching. He has gathered a lot of experiences teaching both the primary schools, nursery and colleges in Lagos and its environs. He reach out to students and young ones through his weekly program THE INK CONNECTS.

In the year 2015, he went to Helen Paul Theatre and film Academy, where he studied a course in Acting and film production. In same year he featured in some films like my stand, black praise, The gods are not to blame (a stage play) , new sacrifice, among others. He directed some films in the same year. In April 23,2016, he was interviewed on Metro Fm, Lagos, under the vivid Verses platform. He looks forward to impact the world with his Art like the likes of Wole Soyinka, Niyi Osundare, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, Chinue Achebe, sefi Attah, Tchidi chikere, Tunde Kaleni, Imem Isong, Dan Brown, and many others. John chizoba Vincent is a rising voice to listen to and a star to watch in the coming years.

# 10 Million Black Voices

Peace portioned for all possibilities  
Hope holding the heart of hatred  
Terrorism lost ten thousand times  
Selfishness battled before the sun sets  
Greediness returns to greenness grace  
Rulers to leaders without strife and lust  
Help to the poor and the needy of trust  
A better atmosphere arranging believes  
No more killing and wasting of blood  
We are all humans not fowls and ant!

john chizoba vincent

## 12: 33 Am

Its mid night-  
Aloneliness struck my heart.  
Fear wrapped her emotions round me,  
Cold held me bravely around the geographical  
Part of my heart with claws of infidelity.  
My soul flashed and sparkled in confusion.  
I missed the comfort embrace of his love.

I watched the ceiling counting my tears,  
A cupful of sorrow emerged majestically,  
A tearful of mourning torn my being painfully.  
The midnight owls howled and haunted me,  
I rolled on the bed, fearfully, lustifully battered;  
I missed his face after the moon has gone to bed.

I moaned in the presence of no body,  
I groaned gracefully before an empty bed.  
Running after the fragrance that came to me,  
I remembered his muse clapping behind him,  
I remembered his dimples and the open teeth  
That welcomes a blossoming maiden to dine;  
I remembered him at the stroke of madness.

Twelve thirty three is the time-  
And my bed was without his sweat painted.  
I could not hear his snoring sound of love calling,  
I could not feel his hands caressing me,  
But I saw his bare chest staring at me;  
The hairs stood still searching my blank face.  
I missed the touch of his lips against mine.

Have you seen my lover at the gate with the men?  
Talk to me my humble errand star of hope,  
Have you seen him at the gate of the city with men?  
If you have come cross him at the city gate,

Go tell him his lover stands at the balcony waiting;  
Waiting for his return to my bosom to love again.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A Befitting Farewell

Goodbye we say in the snow  
Never shall we be forever now  
My head is for you a space  
As my space in life is your pace  
We may see tomorrow or not  
All depends on how we tie the knot.

You may wear my shoes home  
Then I find you place in Rome  
When I cry at your departure  
I waited patiently for the rapture  
When we shall see behind the gate  
Belonging to the same fate.

Your honour here I keep  
Go where you are not cheap  
Goobye, goodbye to my heart  
Never from the issue of my art  
Know ye the breeze still calls  
In the presence of my love you lives.

We may see at the hill  
But keep your mind still  
Let us fight the fight  
Without the fear of missing light  
In my heart I keep your image  
The same case we both manage.

When after writing this befitting goodbye

I shall lock up my eyes and cry  
Between your shadow that passby  
I never know how it hurt to say bye  
Wings the virgin of your sound voice  
In my heart that weeps not in peace.

We may see or we may not see again  
But my spirit shall be the shadow of your rain  
In your soul have I caved undying legacy  
A brave rock that men tried to hide their privacy  
Shall I keep my love for you, queen Monalisa  
The sounding bell of the kingdom of Lisa.

The Art- attack of my heart  
Makes my art go in my 'Ha-art'  
Am not without you in my life  
Still I rise in my struggles and strife  
Goodbye and goodbye, my song sound  
A befitting song without flaws  
The stincking hand of the sand  
Shall not hold you in their races.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# A Better Nigeria We Crave

A better Nigeria or no Nigeria;  
No Nigeria, no better home for us  
The Nigeria we deserve crave afar;  
Afar our mind race for a better Nigeria.

A flowing river or no river at all;  
No river at home we all will fall  
Give us a better roof for our head;  
Our head needs a better great lead.

We panic here like a missing child;  
Child that listen not to his heartbeat  
Our heartbeats race of future to be mild  
Create us a better home from your beat.

Use our oil, or return our oil back;  
Our oil must be used not to be bagged  
Bagging our dreams is a holy sweet sin;  
sweet holy sin commands revolt and ruin.

Someone must listen to us or we kill;  
We must not listen to anyone with lies  
Lies on their side are for fooling to fill;  
Filling our soul to be broken at their wills.

A better Nigeria we crave to see now;  
Now we wish to see our fatherland blossom.  
Our resources can be a better source for us now;  
Don't keep all of them in your bosom.

Give us light or we give you fire of hell;  
Hell fire is made in our creek of hell.  
Repair our refineries or we refine you  
You are the main cause of our union.

Look into our education or we educate you,

You have loots our pride with no permission  
We must be educated to be civil with you;  
In our land lies our dreams and mission.

A better Nigeria we crave to behold;  
Don't better yourself with Nigeria.  
Nigeria is better if you make it your hood  
Nigeria-hood can be birth from you.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A Child's Cry To His Father

A CHILD,  
Father! Father! ! What shall become of us?  
The wind is creaking furiously in the darkness  
Spirits mounted the roof of our hearts in the afternoon  
And our hearts ranging wildly as prodigal chicks.  
I have never known you as a father but your blood flow in my vain.  
Father, what is happening between us?  
The bond, the love, the emotions we share and lost mother.  
Shall I ever be known as your son, father?

Father,  
A show of love to you could be taken as a weakness to my humble being  
You are a forbidden son, a bastard born when joy was found in my heart  
You murdered my joy son and your mother gave me pains that was why I  
Killed her in cold blooded night.  
I was never meant to love you, son.

john chizoba vincent

# A Cry Of A Woman

Help me tell my mother that  
My beads are fallen into pieces.  
The waist beads which stand for  
My pride and dignity is gone  
Into the hand of a stranger.  
I am nothing now than a  
Broken clay pot in the back of the house.

He now scolds and treats me like a lepel,  
He no longer show me love after he  
Has taken the fruit from me, and made  
Me naked in the public eyes.  
He said I am primitive and does not  
Know the culture of the white women  
Where he was educated, but one cannot  
Forget her root because of the white's culture.

He had denied me affection and love,  
He abandoned me at the gate of hatred  
And went after the foreign woman; whose  
Finger nails are as long as the tiger's claw  
And buttock as big as the round surface of my  
Mother's mortar  
She wears high heel shoes with an exposed clothes  
And her mouth moving always like a goat chewing its Cud.

My bed now weeps across the room and  
My pillows are crippled now that he is gone.

The utensils in the house are in the world of their own,  
they had become the master of the house.  
Who shall make me better with love?  
My husband has gone insane with his manhood  
Dangling profoundly in the street.

He said am not beautiful but is his mistress  
better Than me in the kitchen?  
The craft of a woman is in the kitchen where  
She holds her husband captive with her food.  
Can she cook the 'Egburegbu' and 'Egusi' soup than me?  
How be it that men are the same with their ego so high?

Why am I treated thou?  
Why is the only man whom I love turning his back on me?  
Help me for my wrapper has fallen in the market place!  
Helpe me for I do not know where to run to,  
My world is collapsing in the middle of the day Before  
the August rain.

Water my heart with the flow of love,  
I can now understand the abandoned tale of a woman  
Crying in the market place amidst wolves and deers.  
Help me for my beads are fallen and broken!  
Help me for my man is no longer in love with me  
After ripping off my veil in the public.  
Hold the beads of my life, hold my pride for I am a  
Woman with a broken heart.

john chizoba vincent

# A Far Cry From Nigeria

Help!  
Help! !  
Help! ! !  
Save our souls!  
We are dying of lassa disease  
And they told us it is a lesson to learn.  
We are been shut up by boko Haram  
And they smile on their white chairs and  
Told us that we don't need to be alive.

Help for we are dying of pains in Nigeria,  
Help for we are melting in Africa without help;  
Purged eyes  
Excusing  
Itself  
Because  
No  
One it ready  
To tell us to come.

Our legs are no more ours  
Totality has made us insane,  
Help! !  
Help! !  
Help! ! !  
Let's ring the bell together to the world  
Of Ebola that ravenge us in a sweet morning  
Eyes opened  
With  
A  
Wings that  
Hurt.

We are men of honour but our honour is gone  
Drained with a special liquid that gladden their soul.  
Help,  
Love  
And kiss  
Us  
Because  
We have seen  
Pains  
Beckoning on us.

Our education is dead! !  
Between our legs they kicked it dead;  
Our homes are destroyed in the broad day light  
We are not yet given the reasons for the destruction.  
Help!  
Help! !  
Help us! ! !  
For we  
Are dying in silent  
This is the cry from a failed country.

(C) John chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# A Future Without Worries

The hell shall be in peace  
With mankind and the birds,  
We shall be united with love.  
Then shall the oceans smiles,  
Give out echo that regenerate  
The universe and powers oneness.  
Then shall the children be the world  
In Happiness. Joyful. Cheerful. Excitement  
Shall the world glows and blosoms  
In a future without worries.

john chizoba vincent

# A Generation Of Strange Youths.

The sun shall rise again but  
not in our season of songs this time,  
because we are strange to it glamouring light.  
We sparkle and shine not among its Galaxy of hope,  
an unformidable corrupt youths are we...  
we've abandoned the oja for a modernised recorder,  
our feastful brain rest in the betting centres  
riding in foolishness with foolish camels.  
We've abandoned tradition to ijebu field,  
Our mistful hearts amidst shrouded embraces,  
shutting down tinted believe of our future!  
We've forgotten the clamouring route of greatness  
and seek for yahoo means of breaking the air.  
Now, we look for golden rotten pastures to carpet our steps,  
telegram my messages to the youths of Nigeria,  
email my tears to the youths of Africa in Europe,  
send my cries to the youths of The soil all over,  
tell them we have failed the sands and the oceans.  
They've made the sky bleed blood again and again,  
we have no more Odumegwu In our clan any more,  
we have no more Okonkwo Achebe to blow the oja.  
We have youths of Betnaija and Nairabet in our land,  
strange to themselves, strange to their dreams.  
Grandpa didn't sing this song like we sing today,  
grandma was powerful like Amino.  
the barn is getting empty with blink of an eyes,  
beat the gong to the hearts of our ladies,  
let them know facebook does not sound like kitchen!  
The boys must know that instagram is not a home  
for marriage- Nadia is fake, artificial life lives there.  
Civilization have strangled us from the sane paths,  
blind, sorrowful, lost are we to the core!  
The sun shall rise again and again and again,  
from Lagos to Karina, From Abuja to Abia,  
Imo, calabar, Onitsha and Benue and Kogi.  
But not in this seasonal transgression of our deeds,  
to build houses the hands of generation of strange youths.

©John Chizoba Vincent

Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# A Goldfish

I am now a goldfish  
A goldfish that has no hiding place  
I am always spotted wherever I go  
I shine like the sun in the sky  
At night, I sparkles like the stars  
In the oceans, I am the envy of all  
Coloured with a rainbow like colour  
I am now a golden fish of the future  
A crystal that glitters and glows  
You must identify with my identity.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A House Wife Tears

I don't want to walk in this lane again  
I don't want to be bless with no tale  
I cover my soul with hatred but my body blossom  
Forty three years i am, childless.  
Yesterday, i was forty and a child promised  
Yet i have no one to send an errand

My pillow watches my tears swing on it  
A house wife tears not so good  
Mother, i will be coming home, i've failed  
Brother, arrange my unlock hut for me  
Sister, search for my lost Bangoes and Jewelries  
Father, prepare my dowry to be return to them  
I have failed in marriage yet blessed at home

Words unsaid hurt more than an injury  
Forty three years of barrenness and pains  
Sorrow of a house wife seems too painful  
My womb had developed the mind of their own  
My utensils question my authority  
The doors in my home laugh at me in a scornful way  
I see the windows always mocking my moves  
I want to move but moving becomes impossible

Sorrow of a house wife in forty three years  
I hate to be a woman if this what they face  
Tell mother i will be coming home he wants me no more  
He had defiled our matrimonial bed and the bed want me no more  
He is now a monster playing outside with a mistress  
My Chi has forsaken me in dawn after dusk  
I will be coming mother perhaps your arms will  
Cuddle me and make me better like before.  
Tell the world i've failed as a woman  
But tell not my house hold for they already known

john chizoba vincent

# A Lost African Child

You lost African child,  
Who will find you in the wood?  
What is your name and whose  
Name are you bearing, your mother's or father's?  
Do you know where your home town is?  
Do you know that your sister was sold into  
Marriage which is against our tradition?  
Do you know the dance of your home town?  
After the contaminated hand shake, you were  
Lost in stupid to the foreign land.  
The Bible had made you left the village to the street,  
The book which you where unknown how it was written but  
you came and pick it up like a fool.  
You were taught how to carry the gun instead  
Of you tending the shrine that your father left in tears.  
You lost African child! Can you dance Atilogwu?  
You now look at us as if we are speaking in a stranger  
tongue because you can't speak your mother's tongue.  
When shall you return to tend the farmland?  
When shall you unknot the tie on your neck and wear of  
goat's skin and dance bare footed in the village?  
Has civilization taken toll on you?  
Have you forgotten your root, cultural heritage?  
Come home lost African child, visit and see those  
tall tress still waiting at your arriver in tears.

john chizoba vincent

# A New Dawn In A Marble Of Hope.

A new dawn in the midst of stars,  
Another star added one among others,  
Oceans shout in great embrace of this,  
Seas dance in affectionately, joyfully.  
Twenty-eight of painted November  
A great gem birthed and angels sang.

.  
.

He is here to change human cause,  
Writing a future to the mountain climbers.  
He is the crystal of the sky' brightness,  
A deity in the eyes of the penlords.  
Here he comes singing like the nightingale,  
Gracefully endowed with higher muse.

.  
.

Season comes and go through our eyes,  
Rainbow has a handful of stories to tell;  
Fresh story from fountain of life water,  
With a tilting brave of a man on his day.  
Hope spring out in the eyes of tomorrow,  
Even when the future is tired of keeping right.

.  
.

Legs of forest dreams hoping to conquer.  
We wish you more in life and more to come  
Not from a watery lips but a fruit light.  
Long live a marvalous poet, long life Hunge!  
Truly we shall keep writing of a future  
From this dawn on marbles of hopeful hope.

.  
.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# A New Sighted Land Tale

Now listen to the tale of papa's cock,  
It feeds on money and not maize.  
It's of a land with gold and silver,  
Diamond lives in the land in his tale,  
tongues of his voice speak to  
Tomorrow of our ears to its maze.

When this very land displays its sparkling  
Moon at the night of its gravel longitivity,  
The old women that know of this very humble  
abode, testifies of hospitality and peacefulness.  
We made this very land pregnant with love.  
We made here the lyrics of dignities all over.

In us lies our future of coexistence among all,  
Let's make our shells come by and shade more  
light to the dark side of the world with this tale.  
A new sighted land tale shall it be when we curl  
The future of thousand stars into this very land,  
Stay here with one mind not a broken eyes of war.

As the old one dies, sweet tales of modernity  
emerged from the shadow of fainted lips.  
The nocturnals will light the ambience of this  
Land without the voices of terrorist attack.  
As we wait with our eyes open to Papa's tale,  
Dreams shall come to smile at our troubled mind.

At the feet of this very land of honeyed men,  
Father saw a goddess of fruitfulness dwelling.  
Values, myths, morals, ethos and heritage of  
the land are told with a golden mouthful lips;  
Of the heroes and heroines, animals and plants  
even canards that once lived here to dine joyfully.



©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# A Packet Of Lies

I will build houses on the oceans  
And you shall have no cause to  
Cry again like those without shelter;  
I will build an Estate and make it  
Free of charge for all masses.  
I shall declare my assets naked  
When you vote for me this time.

All students shall go on scholarship,  
I will build schools and hostel for them,  
All the beggars shall dine on my table;  
No more beggars strike, all are free to beg no more.  
When the rain fall, it shall drench none,  
The sun shall not harm our children.  
One plate of food twice a day for all public school  
Children in the country, is that not a change?  
All the children shall be well taken care of  
Because they are the leaders of tomorrow.

I will take care of the widows in the land,  
I shall be their husband day and night,  
None shall be barren in this land of hope;  
For there shall be plenty to eat and leave.  
The widows shall be elevated in my courtyard,  
None shall cry over their lost husbands.

Henceforth, I shall do my own share  
In the building of this great nation,  
I shall attend to matter of the state,  
Great delicate diplomatic issues shall I solve.  
The roads shall smile and rejoice when I assume office.  
I shall share the national cake equally,  
I will repair the refineries and fight corruption in the state,  
I shall play my own role in the nation building.

Insurgency shall be no more,  
Killing and terrorism shall end,  
BH shall I conquer within three months in office,

Vote for me! vote for change! ! Vote for me! ! !  
I know the way to the BH's heart which we know.  
I shall stand for everyone in the country,  
For I shall go against my own grain to satisfy your  
Mutual quest of corrupt free country.

Freedom shall be for the Bus-drivers,  
The market women shall testify and rejoice,  
I will make our currency higher than the pounds.  
I am for everybody and not for anyone,  
Vote for change not transformation,  
Vote for united nation not for disunity.

Vote for freedom of the press,  
Vote for social amenities,  
I will serve those that vote for me and those  
That didn't vote for me because everyone has his choice to make.  
I will turn the country round to favour all,  
The hunt and the hunted, and the hunter.  
Abundance of bread shall we all live in,  
I promise not to fail you when you vote for me.

(C) JCV

john chizoba vincent

# A Piece Of Me That Stays

To Isoboye Danagogo

Song about you reminds me of Africa  
you are an embodiment of African culture  
Look into your palms and see the route  
of our lives cemented by love...  
A piece of me is in you  
and a piece of you is in me;  
a piece which clamour for greatness  
At the cross road where love lines  
crossed path, we built bricks of friendship  
Remember, the meatless meal we shared  
We coloured our first broken Alphabets  
We shared yesterday parroting the national anthem  
which is the symbol of our unity  
We sang and clapped together among the congregation,  
living in a world of guilty innocence because  
we committed so many childish acts  
I harbour you in my heart,  
hope you do same too talking through poetry  
in the piece of me that stays in you.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
For Boy Of Tomorrow.

john chizoba vincent

# A Place Called Home

This place called home is now the fire  
that burns feet without a second thought.  
Negros of our eyes bottled in their sockets,  
if the dancing of stupidity can stand fury,  
if the tenth of lust can stand knowledge,  
if whistling of foolishness can stand love  
if sighing of greed can stand wisdom,  
then we have a problem here in our home.

Alas! Alas! Forest is better than here!  
Jugs of poetry had passed through here  
But never have there be any thing done here.  
This is not a home to breed children of ours;  
The children of the Eagles, this is not their home.  
We have no hope for them to build on here  
because our fathers never had one for us!

Do you sight any farmer on your way?  
What about a flutist, did you see any?  
How did you get here, foot or on air?  
Agarau's words painted a finger of spot in me,  
This is not a home! This is not a home! !  
Its sand stands impatiently to many hackers,  
What if we trust the penury of this godless place?

Find me another land, this is not a home!  
A place called home should accommodate joy,  
A place called home should stand for peace,  
How I wish we are to choose a place to go in birth  
I won't come here to perish in the suffering created by  
our greedy selfish leaders, whose lyrics are lies.  
Take me out from here to a place called home!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2019

john chizoba vincent

# A Poet's Life

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
If you can't offer me goodness now  
That I am blossoming with life ventures.  
The better angel of our black nature  
Might not know a poet but a poet lives  
With his life surrounded with obstacles  
Which seems lost and unstable to behold.

A Poet sleep not but always awake  
Creating and cancelling lines to suit.  
He is here or there thinking on the  
Next poem to write which will educate.  
He is a thousand winds that transform men,  
Though not present, but his words work  
Wonders to the eyes that behold them in open.  
Life of a poet is full of imagery and metaphor.

A poet's life is the diamond that preserve dreams,  
He foresees what will happen tomorrow but  
Sometimes his prophesy push him to demons.  
The sunlight that reflect the world lies in the blissful  
Life of a poet who plays the tune that sweet the earth.  
He is the rain that showers happily but  
The people abuse him righteously in a glance.  
A poet's life is a life thinking and meditation.

In life, pens are the legs, and book, a friend.  
Relaxation could be at flash that torture atoms.  
Marriage, a bed of hell buttered with fierce  
Hatred of a sweet bitterlove 'cause no time to love.  
Children, at the mercy of their own because  
Their father as a poet must attend to his calls.

A poet's life is impeccable,  
Leisure admonished with wired eyes soaring for  
A simile that could unstable the winds that call.  
A poet's life has no definition of itself base on  
The perception of the people or the critics there.  
His life is the star that shines in the night to  
Embarrase the faceless moon and invite the darkness.

The life of poets are the future hidden in the sun.  
Though confronted with many challenges of life  
But it face back on track of redemption at dawn,  
Never giving in to the white motion of fear.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# A Pull-Earth

I am a pull-earth  
Pulling the spirit of the earth,  
Cracking imagery in the pool-earth.  
I master the personification of the art,  
Even when my metaphor is in the cart.  
I treasure the cacophy of my word' luxury,  
Closer to the motion and fire of my documentry.  
Masking of the atmosphere I most cherish,  
Breaking wild emotions with a beam I wish.  
The testimony of my mouth dances in peace  
Even as the words in my palm beam in their race.  
I have touched the head of the joyful pool-TREE  
And make meaning out of life from a tree.  
I am not a poet but a PULL-EARTH  
Pulling the spirited spirit of the EARTH.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A Saviour Is A Mother

A warrior is a mother,  
A saviour is a mother destined to  
Shepherd her sheep to the right paths.  
She watches from the top to the yonder,  
She is never tired nor weak in the look out.  
Her smiles glitter and sparkle to the whole  
world, she is the stars of the earth with an  
unsophisticated smile that roll up the mat  
Of suffering from the face of the children  
whose heart are troubled.  
She might not eat but she will feed the sheep,  
She would sit beside the cradle and watch over  
The innocent face of those that are helpless.  
Mother is greatness, mother is kindness,  
Mother is purity, mother is love and faithfulness.  
A mother is a warrior, a teacher and mediator!  
She searches the blank face of her children,  
She amend the broken heart and repair a  
Worn out laughter that troubled the soul.  
There is no one like mother in all the earth.  
When pains and sickness make me cry,  
She runs up and down to get me treated,  
When the sun bark upon my head in joy  
She shield me and protect me beyond measure.  
A warrior Is a mother, a fighter is a mother,  
Decorated with an armour greater than fear.

(C) Voice Of Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# A Sold Conscience

Guilt has been a part of a sold conscience;  
Murder, the eyes through which sold conscience works,  
Disobedient has taken toil in mankind history,  
Nothing matters any more to a sold conscience but evil and harm on others who  
mean no harm to him.  
It flares up; argue and disagrees in good things,  
It kills at the sight of summer passion.

Crossing conscience by conscience in the dark  
Man is baptised with iniquities and transgression  
Which take a long time to be healed,  
The Animal called man revolt in the garden  
And sold his conscience to the deity deadly serpent,  
At the precious paradise made by the creator.

They sow wickedness and suffering to the church,  
To the world through their disobedient to the law.  
Then, in the paradise garden, the spirit of God  
Comes down and fellowship with man,  
They walk hand in hand like father and son  
Until that dark bitter day that the air cracked,  
Man sold his conscience to the ancient serpent.

Through one man, sin entered the world smiling,  
Through another, the ransome for the atonement was paid.  
He sold yet another conscience to save mankind,  
His blood whic speak better thing than blood of Abel  
Was sprinkled in agong and sorrow,  
He sold his conscience to make us whole and just like him.

Are we truly redeemed of our sins?  
Humans speak of lost glory and hope  
Calamity has befall mankind beyond words  
Who truly rule this world we are in?  
When would the government of the true God come?

Brother against brother, sister against sister,  
Mother against father, and father against son.  
In the midst of a sold conscience, hard to redeeme  
When shall mankind be free in this shortest time of life?

john chizoba vincent

# A Striking Love Physics

$$3x+2(x^2/10) =20$$

From this, we have quadratic  
equations of two lovers entangled,  
One is either twenty or five

$$x^2+15x-100=0$$

$$X^2+20x-5x-100=0$$

$$X(x+20) -5(x+20) =0$$

$$(X+20) (x-5) =0$$

$$X=-20 \text{ or } 5$$

They were drunkin love and  
became two numbers of themselves

I thought you forget your thought at home because my teacher do not teach us  
maths but poetry of two souls and body and spirit and spiritual guides

I broke my body into leaven bread

Scribbling these letters to your mere understanding, look between your  
nostrilsyou could find the knitted lovers.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# A Tale To Tell My Mother

She is the beauty of the day  
Her smile opens the noon  
Her laughter brightens the night.

She is the beauty of the day  
Her teeth is the stars' perfection  
Her hair is the earth's cover.

When she laughs, the world cum  
Her face has the rainbow' colours  
I will write my name on her temple

She is the verses of poetry on my lips  
Edifying humans future through purity  
She is love to whom love is love to.

Her tongue is the seas and the oceans  
The golden cherubem clothed in holiness  
A juicy saint created beyond description.

On her chest I will live till eternity calls  
She is the brightness of my life and destiny  
She hold the key to the inner court of me.

She is the beauty of the day I was born  
She a mother, a teacher; and a mediator  
Standing between me and my chi above.

If you see mother at the market square  
Tell her that her son is writing a letter;  
A letter that will change her life forever.

(C) John Vincent Ink  
All reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A Tattered Call Of Life Treasure

'Hello, can you hear me? '

'Yes, I can hear you. Speak forth to my ears.'

'Now drop your ears to my mouth and hear, brother'

'Ok, here they are'

' I have been betrayed at the backyard and only you  
Can bring back the eyes in the darkness to light.

I didn't murder the precious quill I was accused of and, I didn't with held the  
thousand songs of the mourners. Look into the goat skin bag on the wall,  
You will see the evidence of a sparkling eyes that  
Will tell you of my innocence.

Returning the market yesterday, I was restricted of my right as a commoner.  
Stained. Battered. Abused without anyone to fight for me.

Then I killed in defense of my weakness, all eyes were there watching, watching  
how the mad man slapped and hit me hard, like a harden criminal.

Then I retaliated in tears and killed him right away.

The father took refuge under the roof of his wealth, if the story is told anywhere,  
I am innocent of the crime, nothing remain except self confession, confession  
that I am guilty to be killed because, my freedom is gone. I will be hang  
tomorrow afternoon.'

'No, the beads must be taken to the shrine'

'Do not hear with a watery eyes, it is of a truth that your brother will be hang  
tomorrow. If you can go to the darken shrine this night to tell father, do, but  
make sure you till the land tomorrow to plant the Ugu, so that we don't die  
together. Money for the labourers is in the goat skin bag on the wall and, there;  
is your wrist beads in the cupboard, make sure you wear it to the shrine. There  
are many gold and silver buried at the inner room behind the clay pot in case you  
don't know.

At the shrine, beside the female goddess is a bundles of currency buried by me  
when papa died.

Take, merry, and eat; tomorrow may not come to you after am gone.

In fact, let me tell you this ear breaking tattered tale, father is not your father  
and I'm not your brother.'

'How tattered and dark is this story? '

'So dark, tattered and fearful brother, the man you called father killed your  
father and took you in a shamed ill mannered surrender of cowardice. Be careful  
you die not to night in the shrine. Remember, I will be hang tomorrow;  
becareful, you may or you may not survive this tribulation.'

'Please, are you the light or the darkness? '

'Drop your ears again, brother. Darkness defined my dark self and your life have



been in darkness because I was in the room with you.

I will be hang tomorrow, remember; go meet your uncle who is the president of this country if you can survive this. Here I drop my call, we will never see again if tomorrow comes but let all runners of accusation fingers know that life itself is a mystery.'

(C) john chizoba vincent

20/1/ 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A Thought Of A Frog

If only I could fly like the birds round  
The world in joy and excitement, i  
Would have been the happiest animal on earth.  
If only I have shell and wisdom like the Tortoise,  
I would have been the wisest animal on earth;  
No one will kill or even intimidate me like this.

If only I am a mammal not an Amphibian,  
I would have been better off in life than others.  
If only my two hind legs are shorter and the other  
Two are longer than the hinds, I would have run  
As fast as the ostrich and prop not like this little me.  
Had it been this webbed feet of mine are like that of a duck, what won't I achieve  
on earth when I swim?

I won't have been here if my nose and my eyes are not on my head but on my  
face like humans and goat.  
I wonder why Goats are stupid and Cat lazy whilst they have what it take to get  
to the peak like men.  
These thoughts that goats are unwise form clusters in my mind always and I  
can't help but cry here.

Why was I created like this?  
Why do I have big eyes but can't use them wisely?  
I can make my eyes go in and out of the socket but  
This I don't like, I want to be like the Horse and Hen!  
My ears are rightly behind my bulging Eyes,  
My sticky long tongue attached in front of my mouth,  
Why? Why? Why is my tongue attached in there?

If you see Mr Rabbit on your way home,  
Tell him I need his eyes and ears for an exchange.  
Tell him I don't want to be a cold blooded animal,  
Tell him I don't want a moist skin any more,

We can exchange environment now; the creator is unwise in creating me here that stink like hell.

I want to drink water like humans not absorbing it!

Maybe if Mr Rabbit reject my offer, you can

Talk to the meek Dove that comes to you.

Tell him I don't want to breathe through my skin again, we can exchange environment for a minute.

I will like it up there where the air is abundant.

I don't want to sheds my skin and then eats it like

A Dog who vomited and returned back to its vomits.

Although it keeps me healthy but I don't want it.

I am tired of being a frog and I can't help it being a frog in this rejected area of life where life is a jungle.

(C) John chizoba Vincent

All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# A True African

## A TRUE AFRICAN

A true Africa believes in hospitality  
Not in hostility of his fellow brother  
He believes in the sound of drum of  
Wisdom in his ears for transformation  
A true African believes in obedience to the law  
Not in disloyalty of the brotherhood  
A true African believes in unity and progress

A true African protect his home and household  
He is a good leader filled with love and passion  
He never shade innocent blood but sing of oneness  
A true African stands for peace  
He stand for success and liberty  
A true African is brave and couragerous  
He endures hardship with hope and determination  
He is faithful against all life odds and pains

A true African is inspired professionalism  
He guide, protects, secure and manage his home  
He stands like the Iroko, unshaken by the wind  
He looks after his offspring like motherhen does  
He is a lion of the forest so strong amidst pains  
Though he may fall, but he rises  
He is a true black brother in lifeline  
A true black brewries perfection  
A true black skin is an educated fellow.

Under the rain and sun, he walks diligently for a common goal for peace, love,  
underserved kindness  
And smooth drive to rekindled prosperity  
A true African believe in love  
A true African believe in loyalty and orderliness  
He welcomes division of labour among his brothers  
He never slack nor is he sluggish with his time  
A true African is humble, disciplined and mighty

We are Africans, we are truly Africans,

We stand and believe in our cultural values  
Abundance and unity in cultural diversity  
Our soil are fertile and welcoming  
We are the world, Africans are the world  
Gay marriage is not in our blood neither lesbianism  
And homosexualism part of our culture  
We have culture and tradition to protect and  
To pass to posterity after we are gone  
Our forebears guide us from behind  
Truly, we are Africans, the world see through us  
Wisdom, knowledge abode spiritually within us

All hail Africa, all hail west Africa  
All hail Africa, all hail north Africa  
All hail Africa, all hail south Africa  
All hail Africa, all hail east Africa  
All hail Africa, all hail central Africa  
Mother Africa, we pledge to you with our lives  
Unto you our resources and love goes to  
Forever shall you be hail and be lifted.

john chizoba vincent

# A True Nigerian

A true Nigerian is brave like the Lion,  
He is courageous, hospitable and kind.  
He never shies away from responsibilities;  
In his hearts of heart he controls all within him.  
Through faith, he moves without stopping;  
Even when there are many road blocks, he conquers.

A true Nigerian is patriotic and loyal,  
He is not a gambler nor a fraudster.  
He walks to achieve a common goal; unity.  
He sees black as black and white as white.  
He is the eyes that the country boast of home and abroad when he brings home  
the glory of love.  
A true Nigerian never discriminates among his people.

A true Nigeria is a good leader in his home and country, he sees beyond looting  
of money and  
Embazzlement of public fund in his trust.  
A true Nigeria is perfectly perfect in perfection,  
He is not dubious as you may think and have in your  
Wrongly wronedg mind of mind towards him.

A True Nigerian is never lazy and idle like they say,  
He is hardworking, goal driven, dreamer and doer.  
He knows his rights and obligations in his society.  
A true Nigerian is a true African decorated with an  
Unfading black blood in his strongly strong vein.  
He is honest, gentle, courageous and easy-going man.  
A true Nigerian is a poet because he sees beyond you.

A true Nigerian is holy not fanatic fool in the church.

A true Nigerian believes and hope in the land of his forebears that goodness shall spring out from it.

He is educated, intelligent, world class citizen and  
A thunder that strikes to destroy evil among his people.  
He looks right into your eyes and tell you tomorrow.  
A true Nigerian is a reader not a watcher of event,  
He is a researcher, world class entrepreneur.

A true Nigerian obeys the laws of the land,  
He is a goal getter among all in the World.  
Show me a million successful men around the world and; I will show you  
thousand of Nigerians among them.  
We are blessed in many ways, nurished with a talent of gifts; Nigerians are  
blessed and uplifted.  
We believe that If something that was going to chop off your head only knocked  
off your cap, you should be grateful and when a girl has beauty without Brains,  
the Private parts suffer the most.  
We are Nigerians, we are proudly Nigerians.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## A Word To Wivea

To keep your marriage smiling  
Never point your finger on the  
Hungry face of your husbands,  
Never dream like a woman in  
the Disney World Series of lies  
and paint that clothed sorrows

To keep your love brimming,  
Never accuse your husband  
Of the missing meat in the pot.  
Husbands don't dwell much  
In picking meat from drowning pot.  
Learn to carve yourself in a  
Mirror of your mind off things.

To keep your marriage laughing  
With love in a loving family,  
Whenever you are wrong,  
Accept it and cry a little for him.  
Whenever you are right,keep  
Your mouth shut in the closet  
Husbands are made of egos.

To keep your marriage working,  
Love to cook and never remain  
Busy in the sinful kitchen for fun.  
The cloud that covers marriages  
Are obtaining pleasant hut that  
Carries charms of destruction.  
Men are bodies of passwords  
Hashed in anger and frustration.

To keep your marriage like bodies  
embroidered in the morning bosom,  
Try the pot of coffee tabled in the heart  
Of happiness and excitement in the  
Heart of your husband's name.  
Learn to love and love again like a ghost  
Of life trying to please divinity softness.



Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# A World Without Vincent

## A WORLD WITHOUT VINCENT

Vincent is the beauty of the day  
With a sparkling body that shine  
And make the earth smile beautifully.  
He stands in the midst of the earth  
In greetings to all it habitats in perfection

Vincent is the light of the world  
Whose brightness surpass the day.  
He stands above the sun with his  
Glamouring teeth to revolved the world  
round the sun which cause day and night

He is the stars and the moon  
That clear the darkness and  
Separate the night and day as an enemy  
Vincent is the conquerer, the hope and the  
Miracle whose words rekindled the death

Vincent is the air that never crack in noon  
Technology that rule the world to naturalism  
Creator of immortal man that Exist to nurish  
The world with their undiluted breast milk  
Under the unfriendly atmospheric weather.

Vincent is the fire and the treasure  
Which lies in the undying belly of the phonix.  
Vincent is human with an immortal heart  
Sent to love, hate, protect and secure  
The inbalance nature yet to balance.

Vincent is a movie, the art, the music  
The rhythm of lonely women's heart.  
Vincent is a poet Whose pen bleed  
To create a change to the world  
Whose pen' blood hurt so many.

Vincent is love, the night of the night

Darking the world to make human rest  
In him lies hope for the voiceless  
He stitches the boundary between the have  
And the have not in the lonely society.

Vincent is the uncorruptable government  
Singing unpreached righteousness to man  
While men sleep, he covers their hearts in  
The closet of his fortunated wide palms of love.  
He sees apple of hope in Every creature.

Vincent is the sweet death in men's shoe  
Devouring them happily every morning  
Then covert the dead into foetus in wombs  
Dust to foetus, man imperishable and immortal  
A world without vincent exist in a dream.

john chizoba vincent

# Adewunmi

Adewunmi

You are the moon, am the star,  
You are the colour of my blood.  
You are the cure, am the virus;  
You're the maker of my muse.  
Don't tell me of tomorrow cos  
My tomorrow lives in your today.

Adewunmi

You are the sun, am the sky,  
You are the night, am the darkness;  
You are the eyes that searches my soul.  
You are the palm that guide my life safely.  
Your words are the movement of my blood,  
Through your words my dreams are made perfect.

Adewunmi

Let your breathe deliver me from women,  
From the pulse within your vein I live today,  
You are the mountain that men bow to pay  
homage to because treasure is your name.  
When the farmers are no more, when the  
Teachers forget their books at home, your  
Name shall be their lesson note, Adewunmi.

Adewunmi

The maiden of the ancient Ijebu kingdom,  
The caressing breeze salute with a glare,  
The scary fierce fire stood at the mention of  
Your name before its glittering wickedness,  
My bones wiggled at the sound of your name,  
If I speak gently of your name heaven will fall.

Adewunmi

There is life in praise of your beauty,  
The sphere you move on is the ground  
The devil dread to walk on without chaos.  
Listen woman! He that sees you sees goodness,  
Come stand in front of my door, I want to see  
You at the crow of a new dawn from the west.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Adieu Elechi Amadi

With the voice of Niyi Osundare,  
I will sing a beautiful song to your  
Departing spirit until my voice ache,  
A brave saint you are cracking every  
nut that refuse to put on a smile on face.

You are a drummer breaking the wind  
of a glory once stolen from humans,  
Adieu great man of the eastern voice.  
Legs of patriotic eyes watches printed  
Footsteps on the sand of your yesterday.

In the spirit of Fela Anikulapo Kuti,  
I will dance and sing alone to you.  
Adieu great gem once behold in glory,  
your name is still carved on the sky  
from one generations to another, you live.

Adieu! Adieu! ! We all say in unison,  
we've marketed our souls to mourn you,  
deeper than sword, your words pierce  
Into our souls for tomorrow which is to come  
Rest we shall meet in glory soonest.

john chizoba vincent

# Aduke

Aduke

Beat the sky to coma  
With the string of your heartbeat  
I will wait for the striving thunder  
Then seize the light from coming

Aduke

Smile back at the rain  
Your love has developed wings  
To dance to jerusalem  
Howbeit we've come to the end of the road  
When I needed you more.

Aduke

Dance for my feasting eyes  
My soul seek to have you within  
My red blood cell to regenerate  
The motionless fibre within

Aduke

Sound the drums louder  
My legs want some rythms  
From an immortal heart of  
A yoruba maiden in joy

john chizoba vincent

# Afamefuna

Afamefuna

Lend me your heart this night  
Let me cuddle its soothing feelings  
It uniqueness worth millions in the market  
I want to make my soul your home of hope.

Afamefuna

Let your smile tickle my woman to grace  
A pack of my dimples will rise at your sight  
I will channel the moon to brighten your life  
At the embrace of your caressing light I bow.

Afamefuna

The song of your song reminds me of Africa  
When I see your footsteps on the breast of the  
soil, I will know its smoothness and perfection  
Your uncommon attire is priceless among all.

Afamefuna

Udenwa, the flutist made a mistake in counting  
those gumless set of teeth that tells of tomorrow  
Ugonma presumed your natural colourful skin  
to be a broken whitish bleach body from the west.

Afamefuna

The greatest of them all in the forest of warriors  
I will declaim you among the maidens of Nkporo  
Then my name, your name shall be forever mine  
Carved supreme among the thousands of happy stars.

Afamefuna

To live is you and to die is your grace  
Your walks are my acquired inspiration  
Many have seen you in my uplifted eyes



Perfectly perfected like the sun risen in Roman.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Africa, A Land Of Childhood

This is a land of lands where dreams  
are planted in the longing eyes of a child.  
Lives are redefined for societal upliftment,  
children build castles in the seashore and  
watch the passage of tradition and culture  
from the custodians to the younger ones.

We speak of those tales under the moonlight,  
grace the festivities hopping in around villages.  
Boys stay uphill to tell girls tale of prestige,  
Girls gather in the stream to sing and dance.  
When boys come, they run here and there  
madly to cover their innocent nakedness

We watch the elders chew kolanuts  
under the setting of the old rugged sun.  
Children remember the farm land like their palm,  
the dreadful thunder, they chase with curse.  
Hopeful land AFRICA is, a land of expression.  
We sweep clean our hearts with love.

Our skin colours are our proud name,  
no full flame, next fall, next rise joyfully,  
With love and new opinions, we strive on.  
She watches signifies come and go,  
names immortalized on her wall...  
This is the land that harbours our childhood.

Boys chase girls along the village tracks,  
not without sending our souls errand to  
tell them of our longing thoughts craving.  
When we misbehave, we tell the elders the lie.  
Cry of fearful rodents we follow downhill to  
derive joy from their fears and heartbeat.

We have no problem except those we created,  
We have no sin except those we learned of.  
Life, a funfair, sure path to imperfection.  
Elders meet elders, women meet women,

boys tell boys tales and girls giggle often.

Africa made us who we are to the world,  
spotlight of the undescribed world of sin.  
Images and prime creature above all specie.  
Downhills are green grasses spreading potentially.  
Tell men of high condition that manage the globe  
that our black colour is not a crime to nature.

Africa is a land of childhood.

©John Chizoba vincent  
Cam'god 2017

This is a land of lands where dreams  
are planted in the longing eyes of a child.  
Lives are redefined for societal upliftment,  
children build castles in the seashore and  
watch the passage of tradition and culture  
from the custodians to the younger ones.

We speak of those tales under the moonlight,  
grace the festivities hopping in around villages.  
Boys stay uphill to tell girls tale of prestige,  
Girls gather in the stream to sing and dance.  
When boys come, they run here and there  
madly to cover their innocent nakedness

We watch the elders chew kolanuts  
under the setting of the old rugged sun.  
Children remember the farm land like their palm,  
the dreadful thunder, they chase with curse.  
Hopeful land AFRICA is, a land of expression.  
We sweep clean our hearts with love.

Our skin colours are our proud name,  
no full flame, next fall, next rise joyfully,  
With love and new opinions, we strive on.  
She watches signifies come and go,  
names immortalized on her wall...

This is the land that harbours our childhood.

Boys chase girls along the village tracks,  
not without sending our souls errand to  
tell them of our longing thoughts craving.  
When we misbehave, we tell the elders the lie.  
Cry of fearful rodents we follow downhills to  
derive joy from their fears and heartbeat.

We have no problem except those we created,  
We have no sin except those we learned of.  
Life, a funfair, sure path to imperfection.  
Elders meet elders, women meet women,  
boys tell boys tales and girls giggle often.

Africa made us who we are to the world,  
spotlight of the undescribed world of sin.  
Images and prime creature above all specie.  
Downhills are green grasses spreading potentially.  
Tell men of high condition that manage the globe  
that our black colour is not a crime to nature.

Africa is a land of childhood.

©John Chizoba vincent  
Cam'god 2017

john chizoba vincent

# Africans Are Humans Also.

We are all humans not monkeys!  
Africans are humans not Apes!  
We have our pride to protect  
We have our dignities and fate to guide,  
treat us not like the dogs in the street.

Why slaughter our fate publicly?  
Why enslave our own thoughts?  
Check your environment and tell  
If the sun that rises is not from Africa,  
Don't bite the hand that is still feeding you.

This is our traces...  
You came to us with mirrors,  
you left with our heritage.  
Our parents were blind to see  
They fell and we failed in the quest.

This is our hope...  
Shine through our evil end,  
Talk to the bag of tricks played on us,  
Then our vowed slaves shall be remembered  
With water packaged in a basket of tears.

This is our fairy doom...  
They naked our substances in the sea,  
Our fathers died without their eyes closed,  
Tomorrow they told to protect us from you,  
but here we are slaves of our yesterday.

This is our today...  
You still occupied our land in the name of civilization and modernization of trade.  
The slave trade returns better and wiser,  
We have no call to our deity again for life.

The life we live now we live in you...  
Spotless fragments of spotless figures  
When this is written in history, let all  
Be told of how I said, we said and they said  
Africans are humans also but, why this indifferent treatment?

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# After Nineteen Sixty

The nineteen sixty of my memory  
The white label was changed to black.  
Then came the black lions with a sharpened teeth  
And mouth so wide to devour the economy.  
They sang to the whites that we could handle ourselves  
But all their dreams were to mislead and embezzle  
The priceless gift of nature endowed to us  
Leaving behind the etiquette and good manners of patriotism.

after the republic arrived in the nation,  
Then the lions started biting and chewing  
Our bodies, tolling and devouring our wealth.  
Our forehead marked the spot they have bitten,  
We howled but no rescue came because  
The white labels had gone, gone for good.  
Then the war came with its mighty hands  
To worsen our situation.  
There, our brothers, sisters, mothers, and  
fathers died honourably.

our dreams were dashed away crying,  
houses burnt down sadly,  
Peace were asked to leave for fear and war.  
Hunger were asked to speak for satisfaction.  
Could nineteen sixty be remembered for good?  
Could we still smile in our humble land?  
When shall the future come, leaders?  
We measure our suffering with smiles  
Yet, things are not getting better.

In the nineteen sixty of my memory,  
The flag was raised to welcome peace  
As a significant of the white laid in between.  
Yet, peace and harmony remain far beyond.  
The pigs deceived us in believing their selfish  
interest, Our blood the street dogs feasted on.

Why didnt we leave the white labels?  
it could have been better than killing ourselves  
In hatred and selfishness after Nineteen sixty.

john chizoba vincent



# After The Last Breath

Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
From God you came  
And to God you will return  
Go in peace to heaven  
We lay you down here  
After the last breath you took  
As the wind blows  
You will be committed to mother earth  
Your speck of sunshine lost  
Because you are going home.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Am Not Afraid To Die

AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE

I Guess We are who we are  
Headlight shine in darkness  
Let my emotions drives on  
Never in the mood to react  
Don't place the horrible blame on me

We search into our separate past  
Maybe we took this to far by  
Cleaning our closet in public eyes  
We agree to disagree, taking us in

I Guess We are who we are  
With a dirty past thundering in  
The strangers eyes around  
The wardrope of our heart  
Are hidden agenda marring us

We are clashing without our knowing  
The death of my cause is never born  
We float without a main cause governing  
Us in this unpalatable move of headlights

Am not afraid to die  
Even death herself fears  
The clashes, the rhythm of my  
Heart in overwhelm and sadness  
Listen to my worries and tell the future.

We are one without a cause  
So am coming home tonight  
To erase those forbidden feigned  
No matter the cause, Even this  
Plane goes down, truth will be take Home.

Am not afraid to die in an enemy's arms  
Am not afraid to kick and fall, no!  
I have been there before where the air moan

Yet the wind never carry me as a sinner.

john chizoba vincent

# Ambitions

i will stand like an iron peg,  
driven into the frozen ground, immovable,  
Confront my fear and wear courage like a shield  
Round my head.  
Dislike my self and image in the face of the world.  
My ambition is to fight the tyrants.  
In their cruel kindness to the masses  
I wait for no angel to revolt.  
I do not crave for mercy upon them,  
they have done us no good.  
They have betrayed us and we cover our shame with grasses.  
In them lies our strengths and voices,  
I will go to them like i desire to climb mount Everest.  
I am determined to clear them all.  
My ambitions is to see to the happiness of my people,  
to redeem them all to freedom.  
My persistent is what money is to man.  
I will never relent in all my dealing.  
I desire to be successful to serve my people  
as a follower not as a selfish leader.

john chizoba vincent

# An African Woman

## AN AFRICAN WOMAN

The lady in white has make me insane  
With the blissful fragrances of her laughter,  
Clouded with a beautiful image of love.  
She is the art of my love's story riding  
Holiness in the courtyard of my soul.  
She mannered her attitude with soulful lullaby,  
Behold her flashy teeth radiating like the sun  
Put your ears to listen to her sweet song.  
Behold her walks majestically as the queen of my heart, the air glorifying among  
the trees  
Can't someone tell me who she is, married or not?  
A woman of Africa, I presumed,  
Her beauty penetrate into my heart amiably  
With her blue charming eyes, she got me going.  
An African woman, the beauty of the world  
So tender, kind and endurable to nature.  
Her appearance soiled my emotions and altered  
My feelings of loneliness in the garden.  
She walks alone with a basket in her hand  
Receiving from nature the fruits of her labour.  
An African woman, the mother nature's right hand  
Make me your husband for in you lies my future.

john chizoba vincent

# An Ode To Abia State

Proud city of traders  
You dwells independently  
Hustlers all around your coast.

In you lies hope  
Green grasses all around you  
You never forsake a poor man.

Home of God  
Hands glittering in joy  
Your daughters once conquered tax  
Nakedness was their weapons,  
Guiding your proud inheritance.

You will not fall again  
Once again your roads shall wear  
a new face, we shall stand tall  
Wear smile like a crown  
For Abia state shall live above all.

(c) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# An Ode To Omoruyi Uwuigiaren

When thousand stars shall glow,  
You'll be there among their brightness.  
You are the moon savored in joy.  
There are stories about us unwritten,  
You live by the center of my heart  
Because our emotions run together.

.  
.

Writers are never tired of their work,  
So we must write to defend freedom;  
Those freedom words written in your heart,  
Those freedom of human rights seen in you.  
Your heart will never swallow enough words,  
More and more shall you write and re-write.

.  
.

Your of a superb blood lineage of warriors,  
Your lips are the drum beating for change;  
Reformation of human race so demaged.  
Before the echoes of yesterday resurrect,  
We will make a great future of kind writers  
who will carry water to the top of the hill.

.  
.

Unto your kindness I pledged in peace,  
I am proud to call you a great mentor,  
I am so fond to call you my own demi-god.  
Of a truth you are the greatest of them all,  
The beholders of penful words on earth.  
You're a tree that bears good fruits...

.  
.

New firewood summons delicious meals,  
Dawn breaks, cloud yawns, eagles flap afresh,  
But your courage and muse shall remain strong.  
You'll not shade a skin of weathiness to somebody,  
Ode to a brilliant man from the big heart of south;  
Ode to Omoruyi Uwuigiaren, my dearest at heart.

.

.  
At the brightest side of tomorrow we'll meet,  
There are good things to come from the door.  
We look upto you in fecilitation of love- -  
Under the rain and sun, we march on with you,  
In pains and agony, we must move on your side.  
Ode to you, great man of the Niger Delta.

.  
.  
(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



## Ancestor's Cult.

Psychopomp led me into afterlife  
into the souls' of our forefathers,  
into the dire grave, spiritualism,  
i saw spirits, deities, the deads;  
the beneficent dead of the night.  
i laid on the ancestor's cult below  
resting returns of darkness of the ancient historical cult of culture.  
i was introduced to the angelic  
beings of ritual magic, the spirit  
guides of theosophy and mysticism  
the aliens of ancestral Ufology, Africanism and the neopagan gods which are the  
thought of soulsm.  
my soul shattered and I found hope.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# And Africa Came.

And Africa came with a beauty regalia,  
the sun was on her with a toothful giggle,  
the breeze waved by dancing along paths.  
She seized many eyes attention at the gate,  
no human was able to think or worry again.

Her eyes shone like the stars of heaven,  
Her nose pointed professionally to the sky,  
beautiful legs she came with for all to see  
and men were lost in the myopic of their love.  
Home she brought back from abroad to stay.

And Africa came with a broad grin to tender,  
Mother praised her innocence to the waves,  
Father rejoiced with his clans who joined.  
We have gotten a land flowing with love,  
nothing is cupped in the envy of their soul.

And Africa shall serve all who dreams,  
clothed in a freeway way of understanding,  
Our yams are at the village square for her,  
We have prepared the kola nuts for all clans  
No more bathos of war in the land of Africa.

This is our dreams that a messiah to come,  
now Africa has come with a gladden heart  
no more pains of Armageddon shooting war  
For who stand here is of harmony and grace  
And Africa came with love to protect all.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## And Benue Tears Cried.

Let's create two cities: death and tears,  
We'll name our tears shitholes because we've forgotten why we were called so by  
he whom power rests on his shoulders.  
These memories of ours we titled death are fragments of our mistakes left in the  
bodies of innocent Benue.

Let's bake this situation in hundred feet fold in a foot of messages,  
We'll peel and slice our tears to the cries of those blood shattered in the  
cascadingground of Benue; we've failed ourselves!  
If by this mourning we tried to live before we die, we will die before we live.  
Leave your breathe in hundred fold and allow your nose to smell rusty agony.  
Tears are sweet savor of pains in the eyes.

And Benue's tears cried in the gory melodious hand of Fulani Herdsmen!  
If we fail to write to right now, we will right to write wrong days to come.  
When the blood of my brothers and sisters and husbands and wives and Children  
quaked in the darkest street,  
We kept mute, run into snail's shell to cry,  
We Watch the faces of those killing and smile, remember, Karma is nearer.

I have written to my mother about  
My oath I broke yesterday in tears  
I have written to my father about the consolation we could have had in mind,  
About those skulls that rained like water  
About you and me left before the lamp goes off.  
We are in between the fingers of a split rock in the forest of manslaughter.  
Leave your laughter and search for those broken clay where tears are  
hidden, grab your portion cos,  
it is time to cuddle and cry for our misfortunes in the land of Benue.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## And Libya Saw Our Weaknesses

and my CNN opened on a breaking news on a dark street in Libya, about Nigerians chained to be sold as slaves.  
the television slide and roved over,  
their tears shattered and their blood spoke of pains on the blazing ground.  
the newscaster hid her face,  
the screen went on chaos,  
the remote ceased as their tears quaked the entire earth.  
from people' basket of wailing, my heart shrieked and three cities were built:  
graveyard, hell and death.  
This was the totality of manslaughter,  
a trade made by Africans against Africans.  
they made their souls like an old nest,  
torturing their brothers as if night and day are not the same to a blind man.  
another ship has capsized in my body and my eyes is yet to find fins.  
I have to die for these men!

I will hold down Libya for this blood!  
I will decorate their cities with skulls and cracking cackling ghosts.  
I will spread black demons on their grounded farmland.  
I will break the bones of your infants,  
Make their youths desolate to the world.  
I will curse their old men and women,  
Their rivers shall be blood like Egypt.  
Not in this season will my brothers wail like this and my government is silent!  
Libya! Libya! !When I shall start my dirge, your home shall be my starting point.  
I have written my national diplomacy,  
the world has seen my woes howled,  
I have consulted the embassies of the UN  
remember, butter is not made for monkeys!  
when those blood shall start singing an elegy, none of your ears shall stand.  
the last time I visited Libyan cemetery,  
Nigerian dusts was what I saw.  
if you see my mother looking out for me through the window, tell her I have gone  
to Libya for my countrymen.

I am not a streamline to be wasted,  
I will like to see if there are survivors,

I will like to see my people even their dust because I will take them back home  
If my government is silent, i won't be!  
these are men that have children,  
these are women that need husbands,  
these are youths, our pride, to run our memories, to sip our memories, to occupy  
those bed back home.  
Libya! Libya!Where are my seeds seized on your border of sin and destruction?  
leave me to a piano, I will play a note of your cruelty and music of sadness!  
Bite your own tongue and see how painful it is to engage in a war.  
and these weaknesses of my people you won't see in me,I shall stand like  
Okonkwo to kill and make life to those who wants to live!  
I will anoint your head with sore palmwine that forsake fermentation.  
those bloody you wasted are the sap of ancestral trees.

till then,if see my father looking out for me,tell him that I have Libya on my  
palms, our weaknesses they saw yesterday is not cowardice but strategies and  
passport to reach the world.  
it is a martyrdom, making me to wax stronger.  
we walk our sagging lips  
through a street of walls and emptiness  
we hold our hopes and they fall like sands creating cascaded dreams like a  
rainbow in the sky.  
Nigeria is blood not water!

Your Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# And The Air Cracked

The destructive arrows was shot into the air  
And the air cracked and things fall apart.  
The power sector dismantled, and  
The economy seized.  
Humans are slaughtered in may ham  
every where in the street by human goat.  
Fowls are not seen street any more,  
whilst the goats bleats no more.  
the country has fallen into pieces  
Who shall be our messiah in the long run

john chizoba vincent

## And The Poet Wept

He sat among the broken Calabash  
With a broken red lips weeping.  
His elephant like muse hidden behind  
The earthless atmosphere crying like a child.  
His venom birthed sadness among the sadist,  
He watched the parrotted parrots parrotting by;  
They were writing on the papers instead of him.  
He saw the Eagles talking to the astraying crowd  
Instead of him playing the game to his people.  
He had been beaten twice in the face of Injustice,  
His penless pen had failed him and the looters  
Has once laughed at him because he could  
Not stand as a man to fight for his people.  
When he looked at the mirror and saw himself;  
The shadow that showed the rejected fellow;  
The grin on his wrinkled face, he wept and wept.  
When he saw the reflection of injustice on his  
Eyes, he cried, so sad is the world to him; so sad!  
He could not fight what he should have fought for,  
Many saw the scars of disgrace buttered on his  
Life, he hid but couldn't hide his flowing pitied tears.  
It is sadness that anticipate freedom when fellows  
Are driven in sanity of silence, silence that kills.  
He has watched the people shed their seasonal  
Tears and wept at the time when the clouded cloud  
Frown at the inhabitant of the clayed earth where he  
Belong, upon his divided eyes, the earth is cursed.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# And The Sun Sets

Another star fades while the sky darkens,  
The earth in joy for yet another meal to be  
Taken in a relaxed smiling cupped manner;  
Yet another feast of hope for the vultures.  
The clouded cloud parted ways in conflict.  
A film coated flame covers his eyes home,  
And the joy at heart bubbles like troubled water,  
There he moves to join his maker in peace.

Words are few, thoughts are deep, memories  
Of you will always be kept; prayers not forgotten.  
It is hard to say the inevitable to the one lost now,  
It is hard to say goodbye to a journey that one would return no more to his  
people and loved ones but,  
I must make my tears fill a bucket to be taken by all.

Thought of you make my eyes wanders for your shadow which always roam here  
and there in me.  
Alas! The farmers are back as the sun sets in fear,  
All holding their jaws in pitied sorrowful mouth.  
Alas! The market women are back with nothing.  
Ring the bell in the field, tell it to all wanderers  
That a rare soul is lost to unknown destination.

Who shall I call when the tears are flowing?  
Who shall call me those names for you only?  
Are those light litted in my life by you still alive?  
Shall we return to the rising of the sun not its sittings?  
I can bring back the hand of time when we were  
Younger and promising, maybe I shall see you again.

You fought the fight to be here with us  
To no avail because it has been written this day.



Death is inevitable but not the worst thing to happen.  
Through the vacuum of loneliness I dream,  
Through the matching hope of forgetfulness I see,  
No power was taken without blood and soon  
The blood shall redeem you and set you free  
And the sun shall rise again and set no more.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# And You Said We Shouldn'T Talk

you said we shouldn't talk  
When the rain come mightily on us  
You said we shouldn't cry of pain  
When those animals leave us in  
Between misery and sorrow  
Why tear my spirit and make  
Me live my life like a battered fool  
Who knows not his left and right  
And you said i shouldn't talk?  
We are human in human form  
And you said we shouldn't talk  
After what they did to our brothers and sister.  
I will make my voice sound louder  
Like the dancers drum not hidden until  
We are pushed to discover who we are  
And what lies inside of us.  
The dreams of walking begins after yesterday's  
Struggle to crawl and fallen in tears.  
And You said we shouldn't talk when  
Mothers failed to give breast to their babies  
You said we shouldn't talk when  
father had beaten that boy to death  
We have to talk to erase those fears in us  
It is only our weapon of war.

john chizoba vincent

# Animal Ambition

## ANIMAL AMBITION

Power and authority to rule and  
Control the universe in their teste  
Drive to conquer the world  
Digging deeper to understand  
The ingrediate that coupled  
The world Together by the creator.  
The foundation of death and how  
Possible to over thrown the enemy.

john chizoba vincent

# Another Weekend Gone

Another weekend gone and  
You are not here with me:  
My eyes search for your shadow,  
My mouth longs for your kiss,  
My heart keeps skipping a beat  
Like a man leaving home to a prison yard.

The door I look at frequently like the sky,  
Hoping to see and embrace you therein.  
Why should I be ashamed of looking at my own nakedness?  
Why would love hurt like a heart attack?  
Another weekend gone and you are not here,  
Another day gone in tears and you are not here.  
For so long I have been waiting for you,  
When will you come back home?

My heart spits fire and venom because, your  
absence hurt like the pains of leaving childhood.  
In my palms, I have written your names,  
But the colours; the colours of our love you took  
Away from the shelf to your journey unknown.  
Tell me, when is it going to be that I see you again?

The flowers stopped breathing when you left,  
The world to me becomes home to the loners.  
Why do you have to go when the day is still young?  
Why do you have to leave me in between illusion?  
Your footprint designed in the template of my heart  
Has darkened my feelings about love and its lust.

Another weekend gone!  
Another weekend gone! !  
And I still look forward to behold your smiles;  
Look forward to hear the sound of your laughter in my ears.  
I hide my tears when I say your name before the stars  
Your face still makes me laugh when I remember it in the eye of my eyes  
languishing in your absence.  
Another weekend gone, another you left in my heart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Aroma Of A Broken Heart

Fearfully filed emotions and feeling weeping,  
Integrated sorrow, bottled pains, hush tears;  
Generate the entire atmosphere to madness.  
The aroma of the lustful lost environ lashes  
The oversized bellied walls of the stinking heart.  
No sight of goodness but stuffy smoke filled home.

Stinks stationed in every part of the heart,  
silent flavoured tears with mucus, blood  
decomposed green odour seen in pain.  
Tasteless filled aroma generated in lust.  
The heart is sick, sick of the hole in whole,  
The wound within was never to be healed,  
It looks out for vengeance and revenge to all.

The shadow of death smells along its path,  
Looking out for the thousand moons that hurt,  
An Aroma of a burning heart perceived in hurt  
Smells like the burning flames of the wild fire;  
Wildfire on an arrogant wet grassed in the forest.  
Atmosphere of grief, sadness, mutilation and  
sorrow fills the air as the eyes sight a broken heart.

The aroma of a broken heart smells  
More dangerous than the smoke of a wildfire.  
Teach the heart the act of goodness to avoid  
A broken part that mighty soil others shamefully.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Awkwardness

carving their names on the world's flesh like scars,  
they won't waste their breath on the news of dead men.  
if there are things humans should learn, it is how to  
leave their emotions out of the equations uncourtly,  
Keep an eyes on their flank, naturally and neutrally.  
under a worried sky, the wind striped, blood shattered,  
not in this rat hole shall children learn to sip passage of  
rotten loyalty from their fathers. through sun and  
through shadows, we'll walk by the side of the sun.

the sky, the earth's fate is bound till eternity,  
If that up goes down, the other sip a reminiscence of  
forgetfulness which is seen in the heart of women.  
we can heal each other, we can reclaim perpetuity,  
a fable told from the book of Azra, trust issues but  
not in the cuddled care of mother fate whose template  
Of love swells and faints at the sight of an oblong face.  
let's man this forest of people that beloved hatred,  
let this castle of cruelty home you after the night.

we'll watch the black linen of the stars across  
the eyes of the Eagles in the sky for boring of nature,  
we'll book Edom for the sins of Moses when time  
takes part in the howling of the oceans could be  
So devastating and a loved one ineptness delayed.  
clumsiness of the moon is what made the sun,  
let those without mouth render a theme of odium  
to another forgone yesterday but remembered today.  
we are the fault in the skin of the humble stars.

we are back from where we began our journey,  
we smelt the fragrance of yesterday's fire now. the

slavery of every torn garment is awkward of peace.  
you heard our voices through the wind when you  
listen to it over and over again without a double ear.  
every of us that leaves find a place in the skies' body.  
a curse. A spell. A magic. A bound. Every spell cast  
was horrible and ghost hunting among men of the past,  
yet, our fathers betrayed us with lack and backwardness.

take a walk pass memory lanes, we'll leave our voices  
at the back of the moon before morn awakes freedom.  
how we built shatter for broken souls, how we pulled gory  
and miseries from their eyes, how we heard their agony  
shrieked yesteryear was something unspeakable.  
we'll see our imagination again at their feet and eyes,  
taught the flowers how to carry our smell to tomorrow;  
we'll not make mistake of selling our children to poverty again  
but, we'll carve a new world around not in awkwardness

Yours Poetically,

© John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# Azuza

Azuza,

Remember, we shall not walk like people without hope under the sun that curse our back in stupidity.

Remember the thunder boat was made to shield us  
From the tears that wriggled at the sight of our agony.  
If you leave us alone in this forest of sorrow and pain,  
Who shall then come to our rescue before sunset?

Azuza,

Let it be told that we have no deaf gods in our land;  
Break into the space of our virgin land and make it  
Fertile, couple the rain into twos to water our land.  
Remember here our grand fathers dance in your upliftment and grace upon this  
land of peace.

We wait here in the otherside where men smile without their teeth and tongue  
being expose to the bastard earth; for he is an orphan whose mother died  
during his birth and his father, when he heard he was born.

Azuza,

We have climb the mountain and the hill beckon us  
To come and see the water that is left weeping at the outcast of the village.  
Azuza! Azuza! ! Mother said you are a good master but a bad servent and father  
said, your loins deceived them during the harvest of their tomorrow's joy.  
When the air shall resurrent and see hope, your heart shall be it clapping ground  
and your mouth, an umbrella that will educate it of what the future say.

Azuza,

Is there any woman whose dreams come to pass?

Is there any woman without a labour pain?  
Remember, you created forgetfulness because of labour pains among the women  
fold.  
When last did you remember the pains of labour?  
Why did your sons use our tears as wine and tea?  
We chew stones and you are happy and joyful,  
The roof of your eyes now behold our back with untouchable monster strips that  
sour the eyes.  
Your laughter opens the womb of mother earth to her fury to consume us and  
rejoice.

Azuza,  
Why have you decided to treat us thou like a lepel?  
Our forebears once stood here to slain goats for you,  
Why do you want to turn our heads to the back?  
What have we done before the morning flowers?  
Can we confront you? No! we are not up to that standard in our quest for  
freedom as humans.  
It is an indefinite boast of ignorance to those that says we do not know where  
the gods live; that shall not be our tale before the moon.

john chizoba vincent

# Back To My Root

I am going back to the ancient call  
Of creativity where I belong;  
I am the interpreter of the interpreters,  
I am going back to writing that my life  
Is built on till eternity.  
If you could separate oil from water, you can  
Separate me from holy writings.  
I am going back to my root to uproot the hidden  
Pains of my people, I am for them what books are to teachers.  
I stand to defeat injustice in my home town  
So that when I die posterity would forget me not.  
I shall remain the legend I was made to be while I am alive.  
And my name written on the stars and the soil and, the moon and the sun.

John Chizoba Vincent

# Beast Of No Nation

Look at them wasting in vain,  
Matching to the rock to be seen,  
They are the beast of no nation;  
Their mouth lack the voice to speak  
Because the eyes of their eyes are  
The magic that sort madness to the core.

Are they monkeys or chimpanzees?  
Are they Elephants or Gorillas?  
They chameleon their colours  
Waiting to deceive mankind to doom.  
They don't belong to any nation I know,  
Their song sound for no just nation,  
Their voices echoe for no just nation  
But their selfishness is to themselves.

Yesterday, they were here without recognition  
Many rejected them because they are crooks;  
They have dived into the pot meant for tomorrow's  
Soup and the eyes of morrow cannot keep them.  
Others are matching left and they are matching right,  
If there is any dream left in their eyes, it is to get to  
The peak of the world and take over power.

When the Samba sounded unaware, they are caught  
Spying into the future of the fruitful women,  
When million is shown to them, heaven opens  
To radiate and imitate the sinful earth to a dance.  
I have seen them not in the gathering of the kings,  
I have seen them not among the people of this nation,  
Where do they belong to and to whom do they pay their pledges?

As hungry as the grave yard they look,  
As thirsty as the barren earth they are.  
The water of this earth they channelled to  
A direction only good for them to dine alone.  
Colourful beast of the naked world they are,  
They belong to no just nation, I know from  
The look in their eyes to their steps I watch.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Beauty In Ashes

## BEAUTY IN ASHES

Do we have sweetness in bitterness?  
Hold my falling words and get abundant life  
For the life we now live is vanity upon vanity.  
Man is born and tomorrow he becomes a dust  
Like the rat and grasses of the field perish.  
Then I ask myself, what is the difference  
Between a man and a rat when they end up  
The same place through the same way?

Why then do we kill each other and boast of tomorrow when we know not what  
tomorrow bringforth?

We are all animals, no different except wisdom,  
We are not different from the cow in the field,  
We are not different from the chickens  
Even if we acquired all the entire wealth  
In the whole world, another comes to inherit it.  
He who does not know how we acquired the wealth,  
He may be wise or foolish but our wealth goes to him  
After we are gone in vanity: beauty in ashes.

The kingdom of this world has becomes the kingdom  
Of satan, why then do we kill all our brothers in envy and bitterness breaking the  
bond and love of brotherhood?

Get wisdom man for we are not forever,  
The maker made man beautiful but he dies like a fowl, what beauty and  
dominion is this that man  
Is beautiful and has authority but control not his life?  
The wind is greater than man for they are here forever, the sun, the moon  
remain for generations;  
The trees, though cut, shall rise again beautifully:  
But man is nothing but dust, man perishes  
And never know what happens after him.  
Man is but an animal in the zoo of life.

Buy the truth and see it not,  
Nothing is new under the sun  
Man come, man talks, man conquer, man perish.

So take life so simple with your purpose  
No matter what you do, the world remains  
Forever and ever with different generations.  
Man can never comprehend the creator's handiwork,  
The animal called man is brave but his maker is bravest.  
I have searched and watched the whole world and realised that there is nothing  
under the sun  
We are all travelling animals with a definite purpose.

john chizoba vincent

# Beauty Of A Sinner

Beauty of a sinner lies in a sinner as  
he moves around with a bleeding heart.  
He enjoy the world in sin but eternity  
Is lost for him through the eyes of lust.  
A vaccuum created in him becomes  
More empty in the absence of Christ.  
Troubles cloth his wired sorrowed destiny,  
Stomaching an affection that double cross  
feelings. Here is his life clouded with darkness  
That summond millions of chicken pox pains,  
Tonguing the lips of his man is tribulations.  
The beauty of a sinner lies in the destruction  
Of the beauty equipped in the soul of envy.  
In the fibroid of the unrelated malice purchase  
Of an ugly perfect imperfection arises.  
He is the beauty of the sinful world gathering  
Vanity and folly wealth to his bosom yet dies.  
He is the beauty of the earth yet a sinner to  
The beauty of the earth's surface and love.  
A sinner lies in the amethyst of sorrowful sorrow  
All his dear life, easy nut to be cracked is his beauty.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Because I Love You.

I have been made mad before  
With my clothes on my hands  
Shabbily treated by children in the street.  
My hair shaggy and rough.  
YOu could see me going through the hootie-nanny  
Smiling to every one that comes  
on my way in a mischievous manner.  
Then they sang the lost song of missing instrument and Bongo  
And i dance stupidly in an open field crowded with fools.  
They watched my buttock going higgledy-piggledy with no questions  
I flagged off my clothes and let them see my bare chest  
Swirling and twisting its Skin.  
I have tolled every night and day upon the ugly mountains  
With my back welcoming the dust of the ground in agony.  
I have been pushed to the lunatic asylum because they thought  
I was mad but your love made me drunk and insane.  
Lyrically, my songs boomed and welcomed thousand children  
Home to celebrate your bravery yet you seems not to  
admit my effort as i sustain lumbago which made me lumbering.  
I have embarked an arduous journey on the south west to obtain the  
Roses and egg of life made for you in the land of the spirit  
Because the priest confirmed you to be Ogbanje.  
I have worked in the zoo, worked in the oceans, fought  
the masked spirit and won for your sake.  
Worked in the farm land where the monkeys mocked me  
With their ugly black teeth abusing my personality.  
I made the ridges with your names written boldly on it  
To remind the birds and wild creature that it is  
Untreadable land for a pretty damsel.  
I have pronounce your names millions time with the parrots  
Taught the toddler how top read your names on books.  
I have become a hooligan and hoon all because of your love.  
I have worked in the vineyard of the king as his servant,  
Many maiden clutched to me and laid down their humble  
Lives for my soul rescue but i denied them all of love.  
Millions tears have i drooped for your sake,  
Rebel against my flesh and blood all because i love you.  
I am bound to your body by ardour love,  
Love me so that every thing would be hunky dory.

john chizoba vincent

# Before Another Phase Opens

## BEFORE ANOTHER PHASE OPENS

Writing the past deeds of my life  
That will deny me of my future.  
I need just to work and strife,  
To paint my future smooth like a furniture.  
With my soul clouded by darkness,  
I will work hard to keep my dream in fairness.  
My soul caved my Being,  
Thou will abandon me not in the covering  
Thou art the maker of my life  
You govern my holy temple to rest.  
Leave me in the edge of the knife  
I will look up and walk to the west  
Where I shall see your glowing face  
Before another phase of my life opens  
I want to know you as my God  
And do away with my father's gods.  
Save me Oh my great and mighty Lord  
For my soul need help and grace  
Before another phase opens,  
Save my rotten soul by your grace.

john chizoba vincent

# Before I Die

Before I die,  
I will write my names on a million pages  
In the heart of history with rows and columns.  
My blood will stand as defence to the weak,  
And I will make my voice a wind that sound  
To every ears that roams fruitlessly on earth.

Before I die,  
My pen I will cremenate with rose of goodness,  
keep it for the next generations that may come  
After the iroko has fallen in the ivory of love.  
My footsteps printed on the surface of the ground  
And my brain, I will hang in the museum as treasure.

Before I die,  
I will make mouners dance ceased at home,  
Deliver the sky of its homelessness and strive.  
I will honour those meek in heart and silent  
The atmosphere of it stupidity towards my kind.  
You know my words, hold it and let it remain in you.

Let merry go round among men of grace,  
Document your feelings inside the lonely bird,  
A banner of courage can stand behind us  
But never erase the scary scars painted at home,  
Dead of the body is not perfect termination of life.

I will die once but my deeds last forever,  
Before I die my death, thousands shall fall,  
Millions shall shout at the sight of my fearful voice.  
I will make darkness spell your name before death comes with it claws to take  
me home to father.

Before I die my death,  
You must have gone before the sun roll up  
The table cloth that separate my life and death.  
Then shall I share that which nature has given  
To those who calls out my name to posterity.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Before You Complain

Before you say any unkind word  
Think of some one who can't speak.  
Before yo complain about the taste of your food  
Think of someone who has nothing to eat.  
Before you complain about your husband or wife  
Think of some one who is crying out to God for a companion  
Today before you complain about life and it hardship  
Think of those who died so young unlike you.  
Before you complain about your children  
Whether ugly or handsome, stubborn or imbecile  
Think of those who are desirous for children  
But they are barren and hopeless.  
Before complaining of the distance you drive  
Think of someone who walked the same distance with his feet.  
He never complain nor give up in his quest rather  
His mind and spirit walked alongside with him  
Encouraging his humble heart to wearing not.  
Before you complain of your job  
Think of the unemployed, the disable and those  
Who wish they could have your kind of job but  
Could not because of one problem or the other.  
Before you condemn another, remember no one is perfect  
Under the sun covered with evil and darkness.  
YOur heart is your love and ambition your aspiration.  
Destiny has it own way of governing individual  
Stand tall and complain not because your life is virtue  
Of honour and it has a price to pay.

john chizoba vincent

# Behind The Bar

Behind the bar as i stood alone with my thought  
I could see the life of my people  
In misery and agony fighting for freedom.  
How they are humiliated and discriminated  
By the leaders in their own fatherland.  
My mouth failed me for words  
My eyes detested my tears.

How could it be so?  
We are bore of the same mother  
Then why do we have to discriminate  
Leave behind those we call brothers?  
Leave them top suffer and beg for food  
When we have enough to eat and drink.  
What would Zik of Africa say of his effort  
When he watch from beyond?  
What would Gani fawehinmi say when he sees no  
Dividend of democracy he fought for?

What sound would Awolowo tears produce  
When he sees all his effort gone?  
What eyes would Tafawa Look us with?  
Yes we have done nothing in our humble land  
We've done our people no good and we all know that.  
My ears are deafening because they have heard enough  
Of the promises and deceit.

It will only take Nigerians to build Nigeria.  
The innocent are held by the guilty ones,  
Then why do we strife for goodness  
When there is no room for goodness.  
I pray gently for mercy behind this 'monstrous' bar.

john chizoba vincent

# Behind The Cloud

Behind the white cloud,  
I watched her danced energetically,  
She was clouded with joy that laugh  
As her waist swung in appreciation.  
Some bubbles of sweat gathered  
Around her glowing body and dropped  
On the ground to water the soil to goodness.  
Her hands moved forth and back,  
Her legs spoke to the audience in love,  
Her eyes searched for praises and worship  
And her breast says welcome to those who watched.  
She was from the cloud and now, she danced  
to men behind the clouded sky of joy.  
So entangled was she in her dance that men were lost.  
Behind the cloud, she came, she saw and conquered,  
Never in history has a woman danced so great  
Like her recorded.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Bereaved Mother

when i was in England

i received a parcel

in the parcel was a letter

it reads thus 'the bereaved mother'

i torn my self apart and came down to my fatherland

i can look the sun in the face

and tell what they have done to my beloved mother

mother Nigeria

she laid among the pigs howling

who might have done this? i cried

but the leaders laughed me scornfully

i trembled at their crunching foot steps

i shivers at their deafening laugh

thirsty for the blood of the poor which,

mother tried to preserved until she was captured

Now see what they have done to her

Bruises all over her face

her tasty milk got sour and she groan  
be brave mother,  
Forget not your children in misery  
they are pushed in to hardship like slaves  
in the land which suppose to shade them  
soiled in poverty but still wear smile as all is well  
they wait upon your revolt

heal quick to fight them all  
so to protect us all  
like mother hen protect its chicks  
never leave us alone in the dark  
kill them all, kill them all, mother  
when a child is beaten by her mother  
she received him with left hand but  
if he refuses, he is left to perish  
you bore us and under your shade we  
suck breast but some of our brothers  
has gone astray in a mischievous manner  
  
the sweat of your work

would never be a waste

i lay alone in the dark

in supplication, for my people

the owl howl terribly

but fear i discard from my heart

father must hear this

perhaps, he might be of help to us

to bear our pains and fight them all

to our freedom and liberty

ALL RIGHT RESERVED (C) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT 2013

john chizoba vincent

# Beyond A Broken Lips

Save your heart woman!  
I need it no more to live;  
our future is no longer together.

Your pleas can't save the day,  
You've unbuttoned my anger;  
go to that man that satisfies you more!

Give me freedom!  
I need peace not pieces  
dangling with a broken spirit.

Two tales of insanity fidgetting,  
one teething urge of freedom,  
separation knocking behind;  
we can make a world apart!

Give me freedom!  
A man of action looks beyond,  
marriage is a bondage; a forbidden tale  
seen in the mouth of cowards losing their mind.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Big Brother

Let us learn not to smile only when there is money in our pockets.  
Let us learn to cover each other's anus and flaws.  
Let us learn the act of love and butter the inner part of our souls with goodness  
that slice gently into us.  
You left breast milk for me to suck and I must beg you this:  
Take life like you take a hot tea, gradually, gradually.  
Mother wasn't the problem we are passing through now rather father caused this  
pain that cried behind us.  
Pains of discrimination and hurt can not stop unless we stop it from barking like a  
dog to us.  
What love has brought is greater than the fear that dwells in you like a king of  
England.  
The pest feasting on our skins now may hurl at us if we don't create a space for  
love to occupy.  
Let us see each other as an egg that must be handled with care.  
I know the cocroach can't be innocent in the midst of the fowl, I know your inner  
man seek revenge and death but; desperation and frustration can kill faster than  
death when you follow them.  
Big Brother, the Big Brother up there is not blind to see your pains.  
The Big Brother above said he is faithful when we trust in Him.  
No man is greater than the Big Brother up there not even the so called Big  
brother of this World.  
So rekindle your pains and let's lick gradually the hot soup that was placed in  
front of us.  
They made us naked, I understand,  
They insert blames into our heart; who cares,  
Though they are the worst enemies we now have,  
Walk carefully; for the Big Brother up there is watching.  
Remember, when you point at someone with one finger, the other four fingers  
are pointing directly to you.  
Please Big Brother, let's act wisely; for the Big Brother above us possesses the  
whole diaries of the world to give account on the last day.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Birds Don't Cry

Birds don't cry  
Butterfly don't weep  
So why should you weep?  
I handed you my fragmented heart  
Take it and mend the million broken piece!  
Your beauty intoxicate my eyes to its marrow!

Don't weep here and there,  
I will shield you from pains.  
Don't look at the watery sun and cry,  
Days ahead command respect to all.  
If you live here, let the market market their wares.

Birds don't suffer,  
Why should you suffer at the presence of abundant?  
You made the man that calls within me a man,  
I will never leave until the broken heart is healed,  
Tend to your heart and love you till eternity.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Black Battles

## BACK BATTLES

Back battle begets bleeds,  
Bringing back betrayed blood,  
Build-up blind believes bestowed  
Below background bruises behind.  
Birds breakfeed bite bravely  
Between body breaking burst.  
Be-dragged bed baby-sit by  
Beautiful beat-up barbaric beings,  
Banish bangle breaks banquette  
because beauty bans bandit,  
Bandage. Bad-mouthed business before  
Blabbing beasts bust-in bravety.  
Barrister back breaking business baffles benjamin,  
Back-off bring baggaged banter.

john chizoba vincent

# Black Brewries Braveness

## BLACK BREWRIES BRAVENESS

Black brewries braveness  
In ink incorporative individualism  
Those Thinny tracers ticking Time  
Be-little black braveness baselessly  
Mirror my motion moves momentarily  
Directed diagonal deeply  
Hurt humans heart heavy  
Because better black believes  
Dedication, determined destinies  
Of our oddity obviously occupied.  
We welcome world words with warrant  
Blacks built braveness buxom butterflies  
Enlightment enchanting ego enlarged  
Decade braveness debut delightfully.

john chizoba vincent



# Black Man, Listen!

Black Man, listen!

Not all road leads to the white house of the world,  
Not all that shines like the stars are gold to the eyes.  
Not all mouth that smiles is ready to do good things,  
Make hay while the sun shine, there is no Extra Time.  
There is no Extra- time; time is important, save it.

Black Man, Listen!

Not everything that the eyes see is good to behold,  
Nor the first to see that get the best of a thing seen.  
You must work with yourself, you must know and know and re-know, and learn;  
re-learn not in a hurry.  
You are only responsible for yourself, no one can lift you up when you are down  
except you in you.

Black Man, Listen!

Follow not all the words that proceed from their mouths, if you do; you will fall  
and they will laugh, and still laugh without anyone to pull you up again.  
You are your own man, man your man and, head the head that head your head  
in their heads before you die with shame and frustration caused by them.

Black Man, Listen!

The whites are not your gods but they are exploiters,  
Mind your journey with them, be careful of their faces!  
From the beginning they made us slaves and we walk in their plantations naked  
but not ashamed; because we know not what shame and shyness means in the  
eyes.  
Our fathers, they brain washed to the core, and they danced along with them  
with empty brains.

Black Man, listen!

You have been bitten before and never allow it again,  
Know yourself, black man, know thy self in yourself.  
Do not misbehave in their presence to be laughed at,  
Do not go gently into that silent night, if you do, doom shall accompany you to  
the grave to torment you.

Black Man, Listen!  
Do not be weary!  
Do not be frustrated!  
Do not be confused!  
KNOW THY SELF!  
NO EXTRA TIME!  
No more silent, SPEAK OUT!

Black Man, Listen!  
You are the world and the world is you in the world,  
Don't be tired than hungry itself because your life is the world in its form,  
existence and evolution.  
Do not compromise with their resources, know thy self!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved '16

john chizoba vincent

# Black Roses Perfectly Grown

Chinue Achebe

You are the moon of Africa' night tale,  
You are the muse, the pen and the mood  
A thousand brave waves of the blacks  
I write through the galaxy of your stars here.

Wole Soyinka

Your words birthed my strength and muse  
Searching the light through your eyes  
I am indebt with your deeds that spread  
Here like the stream of Abeokuta's wind.

Christopher Okigbo

The flower that stood without roots to tap  
I have visited the aged ancestors beyond  
I behold their teeth on vultured ojoto yam  
You're the testament of the new generation.

Habila Helon

The speaking thunder of the northern rose  
Finely fried in the refined oil of poetry  
I dreamt of picking your tender pen last night  
I carved a befitting laughter of your face.

Olu Oguibe

The market envies your opulence of wisdom  
Once seen, the sky goes wide excitedly in joy  
I looked at your footsteps painted acrossed skies  
Your lines drawn on the ground stand for eternity.

Niyi Osundare

Your voice echoes without any guilt in it  
Savored in a flavoured aroma of Ekiti yam  
The trumpet sounds through your rhythms

I saw your poetry coloured as a rainbow there.

Femi Osofisan

The master that turns the world in a second  
The drum sounds louder in your hand when  
Beaten in the corner of the women of Owu  
I will look naked at the sight of you around.

John Pepper

If the moon refuses to shine on us now  
We will make it shine perfectly on us  
Like the breeze of the earth you stood  
Commanding the sun to serve your kind.

Eriata Oribhabor

The shield that shade many young chicks  
When it rain north, west, east and south  
You will make yourself the umbrella that guide  
We watch from the other side of your heart.

Gabriel Okara

The mighty waver of words of the gods  
I have made my soul a moon mat for you  
You are the future that betrayed evil folly  
I draw from your curtain of words to stand.

Dennis Osadebay

From you I see my beloved Reji Remi  
Through your ears I heard Philip Begho sang  
A beautiful song to the honeyed ear of Uche Nduka  
I see you all from the secret of Lexicons.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Black Woman

## BLACK WOMAN

Whose mind do you have in your mind?  
Danger is real, fear is a choice of heart.  
On a black widow day, goodness died  
Hands above head, in the combat of war.  
Look after your breast, black woman!  
Do not pump it bigger like the white woman does!

Tender your little buttock as nature adores  
Do not add pad to become mightier to eyes.  
Nature was not insane when it made it,  
Those are your endowment, my black woman.  
Hold onto your culture and hopeful tradition,  
Romancing the thoughts of your mind.

Black woman! Do not wear skimpy skirts,  
Those skirts on the laps exposing your woman.  
Look after your body, spirit and soul,  
Do not cut your tongue, eyebrows, lips  
In the name of wearing rings to look prettier,  
Those are signs of modern slavery of morality.

Run not into the arms of deadly men for love!  
Sell not your body for money that last not,  
Those are the culture of the craving devil  
Lay not with woman to woman on a sinful bed  
Allow not man to man in your sprouting clan.

Speak for yourself in the midst of danger  
Stand to defend what you stand for here  
Danger is real, fear is a choice of the heart  
Let love live in you like water in an ocean  
The earth is faithful to your unmeasured love  
take care, black woman! You are the future.

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures

john chizoba vincent

# Blame The Society.

blame the society when a piece of meat is stolen  
from your sinful pot of selfishness and greed  
blame the society when your bread change  
to a strange color from the one you made it  
blame the society when your goat discovered  
where those tubers of yam you seized from  
the orphans are kept by your cohost in the night  
blame the society when the roof of your home  
is burnt and rats are seen packing some fishes away.  
blame the society in the morning of your crisis  
blame the society of your misfortunes in the night  
she would accept your blames with laughter  
blame the society when those currencies  
arranged in your walls are discovered by the saints  
the society must know what happen to you  
the society must treat you when sick and,  
if she fails, she must be blamed for that.  
you have no money to pay your children fees  
fight the society, she knows the cause of that.  
your in-law has won the heart of your husband,  
the government must be the cause of that!  
why didn't they provide the substances you  
need to satisfy your husband at home?  
the creaking wall would tell a tale tomorrow  
the sun would wet our skin this afternoon  
when watching the deeds told by our deeds  
we must learn to blame the society daily,  
planting accusation fingers on her face  
she is the apple that sour our tongues  
from the beginning when Eve was the goddess.  
we are the society and the society is us  
why then we lay blame on ourselves unknowingly  
claiming the society, we created is our enemy?

© John Vincent Artistry  
For Film Republic Pictures

john chizoba vincent



# Bleeding Verses

Break the fire that burns the soul  
Never couple the blood unless it is hot,  
The scented motion are fire proof in the oceans  
Where the weeds are the king of the grasses.  
Days of unholy beast of lust and lost are here,  
Drop your ears, drop your tongue of justice;  
Let's tell tomorrow that separation is gone,  
Gone to the fading psalms of sorrow.  
Split the heart of agony without a second eyes,  
Make the tears that bleed in their seasons cease.  
The music that plays from Nkporo to Edda,  
The dancers that swing from Abiriba to Ohafia,  
The voiceless that are seated from Item to Ozuakoli,  
The hands that are busy from Igbere to ugwueke,  
The eyes that sees from Mbaise to Mbano,  
Remember and cherish us at the sight of  
The spirits that queue in Isikwuato and Abiam;  
The masquerades that sing from Arochukwu are  
Not only for the mouth to clap in sorrow, but it  
Is for the legs to walk no more without a step.  
Who says black men are stupid? Let him come home;  
Come to fatherland and see that the blood that runs  
in our veins are truth for wisdom and intelligence.  
Listen to the faith of the lovers in the African soil,  
Sound the drum louder from Aba to Umuahia,  
We bake poetry and tradition that live for thousand  
Years, we are what the tourist seek in the west.  
Who says Africans are beast of burden from womb?  
Who says we are monkeys rather than humans?  
We connect borders that testify of tomorrow,  
We are the unsung song that singers clamour for,  
We are the artifact of the moon and the sun.  
Leave me, leave me alone; let my pen bleed blood!  
Let my inking biro tell the world of her injustice  
Against the sons and daughters of African.  
Soon, soon; they shall watch us like a movie of love.  
Africa is with hope and tomorrow,  
We are not in sadness and trouble.  
We have men unuttered by immorality,

We have children that never kill but look  
With a hopeful face to see the world change.  
I ask you again, 'who says Africans are fools? '  
We are not, we are not like they think we are.  
We are made of shade of tradition and cultures,  
Africans are the sons that sun the sun of the world.  
We head the head that head tomorrow's head,  
We legs with the legs that searches future legs,  
We are Africans, proudly African we are.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved

john chizoba vincent

# Blood

And this rejected ones from women's cycle is the breakdown of this earth.  
. thick gummy substance that flows from their monthly problems to contaminate  
the earth.

We have seen the frame of it handful patterns drawn with forceful aggression.

A miserabetattered world,

A taleless tale of dead man at the cinema, who cares to listen?

A Raven of thought interwoven into crumbles of lost box.

Water is thicker than blood,

Blood is thinker than water,

Life revolves around them;

And death comes at their absence...

Thesearethe bed for your corpse locally arranged watch it carefully!

These are the pages your absence are written promiscuously for devil to see.

You left your blood in the cold hearts,

We found one of such in the empty street pleading for a body,

Some were seen in my father's shrine as the gods gulp them preciousy,

Why leave your blood under the cold?

Why waste the substance you know nothing of it creation?

If we lose ourselves losing our blood,

If we die leaving empty body on the ground,

Where do our blood dry off to, heaven or hell?

Will the punishment in hell be unto our blood or spirit?

For blood is liquid foundation source,

For spirit is a roving being invisible,

Which of this will be punished by our father in heaven if he is callousenough to  
burn us all?

We lost a generation,a story,a red light

That should have make that man live,

Escaping this body for only water is suicidal thoughts.

Blood is life in a traveling body housing a spiritual 't let it out!

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Blood In The Street

As we drink peacefully under the moon  
With a long cow's horn caved beautifully  
We also dip our hands in one plate  
With smiling faces and beautiful fingers  
Free from guilty and blood  
Picking the pieces of fish in the sweet soup.  
We prayed for oneness and love  
Among our folks under the half white moon  
We also interceded for our great country  
The leaders thereof,  
We prayed to see one another like this tomorrow.

But suddenly, we heard a louder noise  
A sharp sound boomed  
We were frightened with our spirits  
Jumping out from our body.  
Then&lt; they entered and began to kill.  
We do not know them  
We only saw them as terrorist.  
Next we saw blood all over the street  
Men could not go after their wealth  
Nor women after their children.

They killed in thousand with bomb  
Buried in the ground  
Blood of the innocent and babies  
Men and women, of youth and teenagers  
Spread in the street like water  
Just like the days of the civil war.  
They killed all our brothers and sisters  
Left us naked in the dark  
Even those we believed to see tomorrow are gone weeping.  
Those we dined together five seconds ago  
Were all gone in tears  
Their blood spread all over the street.

john chizoba vincent

# Bring Back Our Corruption

Bring back our corruption to us, it is  
better than the righteousness we see now.  
Situation here has turn sour and bitter,  
Dollar rising, Naira falling, Poor men vomit  
venom whilst the Rich craze all over the  
street for food to feed their troubled stomach.  
And the youths has no option than foreign land.

We have more of ants in the land than the  
usual Elephant that crowd our street for fun.  
No one is alone, thorns on the lips it is; whose  
mouth is going to close without him screaming?  
Find the solution to the problem not the person causing the problem, solution is  
our future hope.

Bring back our corruption, we need it back! !  
It is better than the white hunger seen in the street,  
Hunters hunting the haunting spare of illusion,  
Jagabanized faces fashioned to kill our pride.  
Bring back our corruption we pray thee our lord,  
bring back our black heart and return the whites,  
Silence isn't empty it is full of answers to questions.

Bring back the street light to light the street,  
bring back the tomatoes from the cow's belly,  
Bring back the tooth you took from the child! !  
Bring back our corruption! Bring back our pride! !  
It is better than the hardship that rape us daily.  
We can still bank our heart in corruption than  
The Horse of promises made in the blank cheque.

Here is distressed without corruption of old,  
righteousness contradicts environmental right.  
Let's journey with pleasure without been drained,  
we've seen great evil without this arms of government seated at the right hand

side of leaders.

We can keep treading in the paths of fools,  
just hand over our corruption to us to keep,  
it is better than the goodness we see here.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Broken

BROKEN

Where is my wrapper and  
My Broken beads forced out  
From my neck impatiently?  
I will hold my beads, I Will.

You've seen Through me  
You've penetrated into  
My emotions and rip me  
Off my lily pride in pain.

Let me be, let the winds  
Keep clapping on my lips  
You've violated womanhood  
Left me broken, broken And broken

My body is separated  
All fuelled with agony  
Each in the world of  
It's own making policy  
To me that owns them

Let me be, I Will  
Hold my beads  
As a first class citizen  
In the world where womanhood  
Is taking for fun in midst of pain.

john chizoba vincent

# Broken Roses

Look at the spot where the bruises  
Had eaten deep into her body  
Pains were kissed out in mockery.  
Watch her mouth and listen to  
The voiceless whispering of her crying voice  
Her little oven beautiful face had been  
Damaged and made to go through sufferness,  
Trial and injustice.  
Who shall bell the cat?  
How long would you torment her?  
What offence has she committed that  
You would never give her freedom?  
i can surrender my soul for her safety  
She is someone's daughter born when  
The air stood in the middle of the ocean in mayham.  
Leave her alone, the rain is yet to come to  
Brighten her face and buttress her branches as  
Though planted beside River Nkporo.  
Let her go i will pay her debt  
Let her live i will die for her beauty  
I will go for the sake of her love to those  
That are left behind me.  
She is not a slave nor a criminal  
But a human among the outcast to love.  
Once broken again, she will feed no more.  
Grace be still and stir the angry river to  
Make way for her return.  
I will depart to that unknown land of still  
Born peace to meet my brother.  
Who we once played on the Nkporo ground  
Where legendary built hut  
And myth as the soup used to chew Nkwobi  
I will go dont break the roses again.  
She needs freedom and liberty just like the  
Hibiscus in the field of joy and grace.

john chizoba vincent



# Broken Silence

We are the empty men of the street,  
a cup which water fail to grace;  
the sky shies away from us at dawn  
then, the sun welcomes us harshly at noon.  
We are the window of pain and struggle  
dinning from cozy drainage and frozen atmosphere.  
When you see us smile, another uncertainty is created,  
this street has known us and we are part of the street  
like the palms of our hands and our imaginations;  
like the elephant, we give pains to the ground  
and the ground mock us like the little Ant at dusk.  
No one cares of the thunder that sends fears in us,  
no one cares of the rain that threatens us.  
This dying thought created terror and empathy,  
They said we have step to every beat  
Yet, they take our deeds to the fire for judgement  
We speak to break this and all  
To tell of our sorrow to the world  
Let them know what the politicians has caused us  
The land they made unbearable  
Through this broken silence of thought.

Yours Poetically,

© John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Broken Spirit

Feeling the saltiness of his sweat  
Mingling with her broken flesh to torment her,  
Tears of humiliation, tears of anger,  
Of bitterness, Self reproach and tears of revenge ran down from her eyes.  
Words died in her throat then there came smiles playing  
On his lips.  
she felt it like a sting blow.  
Her ears spun, taking in all the sounds  
In the room, the tick tock of the clock,  
The whirl of the fan, the music that  
Flew in softly from one of the rooms, every thing.  
His speech betrayed her surprise, the joy that  
Had bubbled in her all day long dried in its stream.  
He took her from the rapturous heaven of a few minutes  
Ago to a blazing hell.  
From bloom to gloom, from gladness to heaviness.  
It came like the faraway cry of a little child  
From a distance land.  
Mucus from his nose joined in the journey of water from her eyes.  
Within a tickle of an eyes, she was broken and defiled from  
Girlhood to womanhood.  
Her tomorrow has been broken and taken to exile in a strange land of tears and  
sorrow.  
Having longed to escape insanity for sanity  
Her worse dreams, her nightmare.  
Her hatred on him bubbling with a fierce passion  
Voice cool but as deadly as poisonous snake.  
In a sharp explosion, his confidence almost failed.  
She felt the small sharp stabs of tears pricked her eyeslid,  
He had murdered her joy and peace gradually  
Gently she tried to scrape the bitterness from  
Her saliva coated tongue, it was the nut she had eaten,  
It was the humiliation and defeat, the bitter taste of womanhood  
In the head of a father, blood to blood.  
Dont forget but let go her spirit advice.  
She moaned and groaned on the bed each time he penetrate her,  
In a mixture of anger and excitement.  
Her moans echoed Reverberated,  
It sting the ears and makes the tongue bitter.

Nothing to sooth her pain in her heart,  
She had been with this searing pains in her heat, rape.  
She was emotional about all but longed for revenge, and murder  
Her tears were dried because its supply had been depleted.  
Now she longed for the day she will gather the  
Broken spirit, heart, mind, and emotions,  
And strike without missing, yes she would at all cost  
And return sanity to her humble spirit.  
It mattered not who he is,  
The broken spirit has to be gathered and couple together as one to behold.

john chizoba vincent

# Broken Tomorrow

My tomorrow is died  
They have taken that which  
Nature endowed me with  
I am left violated and in despair.  
What shall shield me tomorrow?  
The womb to bear my children is broken  
Like a bottle of wine.  
It was taken for granted by a rapist stranger.  
He had eaten the forbidden fruit  
Then left me broken  
I could see the pieces disappearing into the air.

I was broken by he whom i confided in  
Now my virginity is given away in tears  
My tomorrow is gone and visions deserted  
I could see my blood dropping like a loose beads  
Now i sing alone to the wind  
Song which is meant for mourners  
No one seems to care about my predicament  
No one cares about my pains  
In life between roses and bullets.  
Sufferness and agony visited as he ordered them  
I washed the tissue away for a better tomorrow  
Yet no better tomorrow for me  
Since there won't be motherhood experience  
In my sweet life.

Joy of mother hood is a child  
But the joy fade when the womb  
To bear the child is no more  
My tomorrow is broken  
But only takes Gods grace to repair the damaged tomorrow.

john chizoba vincent

## Can I?

Can I tell you I love you or I hate you?  
Can I tell you I hate that I love you?  
Can I tell you how I hate your smile?  
Can I brief you on my lost hair at the  
Moment I saw your dark nakedness?

Can I naked your thoughts in their eyes?  
Can I make your head a talking drum?  
Can the moon visit the minds of those  
Lost sons of yours before the new rain?  
If you were to be taken to my heart,  
Can you shine like the sun and blindfold  
The bacteria in my manhood?

Make haste of your laughter for it is killing  
The man that I used to be at noon before the dusk.  
Last night I told my story to the moon,  
He loved the guts of my bravity but can  
I tell you that he hate that I love you?

Remember I can make your eyes a bleeding tap,  
Remember I can call the sun on your white face,  
Remember nothing is in your eyes that is not in my  
Head and nose whenever you fart like the Romans.  
Can I tell you why you mother that childless mother?  
Can I bath your emotion with emotional stories?

Honestly, I should have told the air to take away  
That breath that makes you human when you left,  
I should have told your unborn child of your cruelty dancing along the road when  
you had him.  
Get off the road! Get off my life you beast! !  
Smile to those out there not me 'cause I have  
Seen the nakedness of your woman and it stings.

When mother comes, cry not of loss of a husband;  
Your dirty underwears made the monster in me.  
Tell father not to worry about my intention,  
I'm already driving towards grace and love.  
That woman with white chocolate teeth is  
In fact, a pigeon in my head now and; tomorrow.

Can I tell you that you smell like the He- goat  
And no fragrance can make you better?  
I have bathed today but the fart in your body betrayed my cleanliness at the  
gate of the compound.  
Your hair as tall as the pig's tail swinging for fun,  
Can I tell you that I hate you but, I cannot tell you to go and I cannot tell you  
to stay?

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Can We Talk About Love?

Can we talk about love that never sin?  
Can we write about love that speaks?  
Is there any saying of love in your heart?  
Can we dream of love with a sleek laugh that  
Baptise our souls and cupoard our dreams?

Can we play hide and seek in your heart?  
Can we bath the issue of hatred and naked envy?  
Oh Lucilia! Oh Lucilia! ! Oh Lucilia! ! !  
Lend me your heart I'm going to jerusalem;  
For the mass of queens at solomon' temples.

Sit on the roof of my heart now  
Let's talk about love and love,  
Let's tell the world of beauty of being humans.  
Love exist in the air, can we talk about it?  
Sit here let's talk about love that comes from the sky.

john chizoba vincent

# Can We Write A Poem?

Can we write a poem of love?

Can we write a poem that we can't tell its story?

Can we become the fire of the pastors?

Can we write a poem of love' song which only women can sing the song not men?

Can we re-write the broken history with poetry?

Can we tell our past from our future with poems?

Can we make artistical money with poetry, man?

Can we dance and eat our soup with poetry in our throat?

Can we change the country with poetry of love?

Can we tell the moon of sadness of the jews with poetry?

The farmers are back from the baseless barns,

Can we take over the resort from them and write?

Can we deafen mother earth with our words?

I want to write like Wole and Niyi whose pens

Command the sky to cry out the pains of the injutice.

I want to write poems about Chimamanda Adichie,

Can I write poems about my home country

when my voice is recognised by the world?

Let's write poems and embrace nature's beauty!

Let's be massage to this lost age staged youths days,

Let's be the treasured flowered words of wisdom;

Let's write poems to this messed generation.

Can we just write poems and fall in love?

Can we tell the world we've arrived with poetry?

Can we visit Femi and Clarks to learn from them?

Can we just write and speak with our pen?

I am tired of sitting here doing nothing.



john chizoba vincent

# Caressing My Thought

Forget keeping thieves out,  
Keep them in where they can steal  
And they won't steal but watch.  
Pains are good because it purges out  
Every day sin from the soul of a man.  
We fear, yes, we fear what we do not  
Understand even through our eyes which  
Searches to gain wisdom and knowledge.  
We are world of the soul not of the flesh,  
Purge me out my sin and I shall be whiter;  
Whiter than the dirty black snow that shine.  
My master have said this before, I shall repeat  
again: 'those who threaten God with force will  
be net with force from the utter part of the earth;  
Immovable and steadfast in the world of sin'  
It seems that Eve bite of the Apple of knowledge  
Was a debt women were doomed to pay eternity.  
A weapon of death has no place in the shrine of  
The gods that lives down the stream lines.  
Man in man has dominated man to his injury,  
Because many government has been weak.  
A place where ancient secrets rose to its surface,  
A place where forgotten histories emerged from,  
The shadow of its stainless steel is the soul of a  
man which calls for a silent call of distress.  
Remember the days of goodness are over,  
The pendulum has swung in fear of the enemies,  
Mother earth has becomes a man's world of ego  
which had spent centuries running unchecked by  
Its woman counterpart, now life is out of balance.  
Our hopes are caged in without knowing it,  
From change to chain, humanity is lost forever.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Casted

From the expression of love We hate  
those things that makes us uncomfortable.  
Then, feminism comes to mind at once.  
Flayed heart beckon,  
systems governed lust,  
another whitish world at heart,  
fragmented substances made us,  
we're scared in the pit of horror.  
This is who we are with only eyes,  
eyes that breeze away those nectars  
and petals of the glorious hollow of us.  
When this currency of treasure is at hand,  
Women changed from manicure to pedicure.  
That's the remaindant of a whole life,  
a life spent in treasuring women,  
a life spent in tolerating men.  
this is man's Clay and that's woman's.  
different dust and will,  
different eyes and strength,  
different hair and behavior;  
Nature made it so and so,  
women timid, men stronger,  
Men one sided reasoning, women two sided.  
Now drop your ears in my palms,  
I have a tale papa told me in a dream.  
He said and said to my ears:  
'Only women with attitude get twisted! '  
Mother lifted up her regalia and jelweries,  
she made a snake movement in the east end,  
another elepantry adventure at the western,  
then sat on papa's grave and said to me:  
'a bank whose safe is up in the sky is no bank.'  
Now, tell me which sound better, mother's or father's?  
We are scared from an analysis and analogies of fate.  
The moon says he is greater because he rules at night,  
the sun says he is the greatest because he rules at day.  
Father put kettle on fire, mother takes it down,  
girls queued on a field, boys chased them away.

Pastor on a pewpit, wife by his side,  
Women pilot, man pilot,  
man doctor, women doctor,  
Woman's pregnancy, man...? ? ?  
Man's sailor, woman...? ? ?  
take down the similarities and differences!  
We are casted like a doubled face coin, man and woman.  
Man is corrupt, woman is corrupt, life a game!  
At this very end of the world shall man and woman be  
made to fight for equality in the quest of life.  
But for now, this feminism and masculinism fight  
shall remain till Christ comes in fading light.

©John chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# Cattle Colony

we've counted all the cattles  
those going to South and West  
those to the East and Middlebelt  
our ancestral souls still beat  
patriotically among the wind.  
they have built a nervous town  
full of smiling land scape of  
grasses and water and blood  
I think our herdsmen will wear  
a political shoes and clothes now  
and stop killing heads for 2019!

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Celebrate My Birthday With Me

## CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY WITH ME

Wake my emotions but let my feelings  
Sleep, he has a lot to do within my heart.  
They said my face is unholy and wicked  
But my legs are the cup of joy to them,  
Sister maria is not to be trusted with my heart.  
She had broken it thousand times without fear,  
Neither was there remorse for the broken heart.

Help me call the maiden of love,  
Today is my birthday at home.  
Let them dance like the Nkporo maidens,  
At my doorpost, make sure their beads  
Are hang on their waist and around their breast.  
Invite the Ohafian's children to my heart,  
Today is my birthday, I want them to  
Rejoice and be happy like the goddess of Nkporo.

Let those singing sing and those clapping clap,  
Today the 25th december is my birthday, not a  
Mistake that I was on sunday in the house of Sunday.  
Send those smiles to my loving blue soul,  
He is the reason why am alive and healthy.  
Beat up the christian drums let us celebrate till  
Morning comes to our hearts as my birthday gift.

Bless my birthday and celebrate with me,  
Dance out the trouble of not been loved.  
My heart will love your act of celebration,  
Celebrate my birthday with me and live  
For I have the key to your heart.

john chizoba vincent

# Change To Chain

They have succeeded in putting those  
Chains to our legs and called it change.  
Is this change I see or chain in disguise?  
Blindly we have answered to their calls  
When the day is still young to be justified!

They have succeeded in making us dance  
In the street with a chain of impurity and  
Called it change to our dark minds and eyes.  
Who play the fowls foul and cut their beaks?  
Our hope is in pieces and peace shattered!

But

Aluta, aluta continua victoria Ascerta.

Our votes are trampled upon more like peels of orange from a beggar, rejected;  
homeless.

Aluta, aluta continua, Victoria Ascerta-

I behold our heritage marketed at a sickening price,  
I am sick and worried of tomorrow's children!

When the cold night comes, we shiver and  
Could not close our eyes to sleep because  
The night lords are more now than before.  
We have seen the change and the chain but  
Chose the chain and return home seeking for change.

They have drew the chain to our feet not change  
Go to the market place and see the people in chain  
Not in change as they have promised before hand.  
'All is well' we keep saying here and there but  
That was the same prayer father said before he died  
And nothing was ever well with him even in grave.

Our land is more sick than before, is that a change?  
An Army of destitutes move here and there,  
Band of hungry children dying here and there,



Another yell of pains echoes in the grave yards;  
Is that a change or chain on our feet and arms?

We need a leader not a ruler that kill us!  
We need a real change not chain on our feet!  
Save our soul, save our tomorrow today!  
We need transformation not a chain on our feet!  
Let us come more times than the eye bats its lid.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voices Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Chariot Of The Niger

## CHARIOT OF THE NIGER

I am the cheriot of the naija  
The power house of Nigeria poetry  
The fire of the thunderous words  
Advancing the spirit of rhymes in  
The art of the Niger,  
I am the chariot of words from Nigeria.

My words are of no bleeding type,  
It rains like manners from heaven.  
I will always wave the spirit of my words  
To cause change and, then transformation of lives.  
I am the chariot of the Niger,  
He who feast on words and drives  
With the winding rhymes of informative goal

I am the chariot of fire that engulf  
Bribery and corruption in the nation  
Take my words to your heart for it  
Is quick and powerful to change  
Tell the parrot to sing along with me  
With their ego lifted up high.  
Let them tell the world of our worth  
When madness is made known, righteousness  
Give way in the world.

john chizoba vincent

# Child's Tears To A Bird Friend

Child,  
Bird, bird, when would mother come back?  
The pumpkin leaves is dying and our  
Compound is filled by spilled blood.  
Would mother ever come back again friend?  
Would there be more blood in the compound?  
Father has fallen, Nkechi is gone and  
The future of those living is blank.  
The shrine has be dismantled and the  
Walls of the compound has fallen apart  
And I am all alone, alone in tears.

Bird.  
Child, child, mother won't be coming back.  
She had gone with the breast milk and smiles.  
Leave the pumpkin leaves for her own trouble  
Having what matters at the time it matters is  
The best child, hold those tears for your beloved country  
Until the end of time in death before dishonour.

john chizoba vincent

# Church In My Country

'You shall receive a Miracle phone call'  
'I see a boy in that womb smiling to me'  
'Tomorrow shall be great in Your life'  
'Give and it shall be giving unto You'  
'And God said to me: you all shall prosper'  
'Build the House of God not my house'  
'Give your tithes and Offering in the house of God'  
'Oh! I see heaven opened and the son of God  
Descending from above and He pours out  
His Glorious spirit upon the congregations and he said 'It is well with all of YOU'  
We hear that every day and yet, no change has come.  
We're a biological weapon.  
We've been exposed to your love and brutality,  
A weapon that was made to protect us but only hurts us in the process of  
exploring our capabilities.  
Salty liquids fill our eyes every time we take a walk down memory lane,  
remembering how sweet we were.  
we were not aware of the expiry date of so many sermon and manners they  
handed over to us.  
They sneezed us like we were limes,  
why were we suprised when our churches turned sour?  
But what good will that do when you reside in a church that loves you dearly and  
though your mind hates to love it?  
We fake smiles and force laughter, we still say 'we are okay' even when we are  
not.  
Oh! cruel church, how many papers must we spoil with ink cursing you?  
You have deviated from the doctrine of love and kindness but now all your love  
and cares are now  
Broken beyond repair,  
we will take our revenge on the pages of paper and spill furious lines.  
His soothing arms will keep us captive  
Until the day we decide to leave then it hurt again to leave a place where you  
once called home.  
If we do stay and church decides to hurt, would we recover from the burns, or  
would our heart learn to love again?  
No matter how far we try to run from this mad home, she always seems to be  
there when she's not needed, whispering in our ears that sanity kills.  
A business for all who are unemployed in the society.  
Church had mare us, kill us and rendered us useless,

Churches in our land exploit us even when we have nothing left in our pocket to give out but when we need help from the same place we are refused, WHY?

john chizoba vincent

# Cinnamon

In you I found the land of India,  
In you I perceived another sweet youthful aroma  
Of whom India is and is to be tomorrow in eyes.  
You are a coin of gold to that land!  
Fertile, fruitful and fresher than the dusk.  
When I see you, nothing looks like your gracious body,  
When I behold you, a woman becomes my second thought!  
Dynamics of the spirited trees in the forest of trees.  
Here I lay under your tender embrace,  
Here I dream under your umbrella to love again.  
Clarity of a blooming perfection, bold to stand alone!  
You're mild, gentle kid sister to an African Rose  
I enchant of your graceful leafs at home  
Of your seasoned nobility bearing children.  
Even the lonely cloud knows of your beauty,  
When men seek for easement;  
They lay under your armies proudly.  
If firm, I can stand today avoiding  
Yesterday's pitfall; let the traces be found in your fruits.

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures.

john chizoba vincent

# Classroom Prayer

Bless this little classroom of ours,  
In it we learn that nothing is magic  
Those who succeed plan and fail and,  
Plan again, and again and succeed.  
In it we learn that no handicap is  
Beyond overcoming when one'  
Desires strongly enough to achieve a goal.

Bless this little classroom of ours,  
Let whosoever that steps in it  
Shall step into wisdom, knowledge,  
Understanding and honesty.  
In this little classroom of ours  
We learn that no amount of riches  
Can atone for the riches of character.  
And no one can achieve extra-ordinary success  
Without recruiting outside resources.

Bless every chair we sit upon  
And let the chalk be whiter than the snow,  
Because we see the future through the eyes of the chalk.  
Our lives begin to eand the day we become  
silent about what matters to us.

Bless the chalk board and help  
It black heart becomes darker and better,  
For through it we learn that everyone has a  
Story to tell but, they only differ in content.  
Through it we learn that for every promise,  
There is a prize to pay to bring it to pass.

Bless the children who comes to the class always,  
Through our eyes and gentle spirit we understand  
That faith is to believe what we do not see and,  
Faith is the to see what we believe and faith without work, won't work.  
In this four corner, we learn that free things are many  
Times not precious, anything that is of value has a  
Prize one need to pay.

Bless the hand that write every day on the board,  
Bless the mouth that explain always,  
Bless the legs that walk around in the class always.  
Bless our teacher whose strength is your glory  
From him we learn that God makes no mistake  
In creating us in his image.

Bless our eyes, mouth and ears every day of our lives  
In all let us have the course to laugh whilst others cry.  
Bless us all.

john chizoba vincent



## Closed Doors

Come let's dig deep into Mother's tale.  
her border is the immaculate finger of the sky,  
Beside this seashore was her flower taken.  
under the rippled moon tale of the northern  
Sahara, they made her the dummy of silence.  
her mother sold her eyes to the tale bearer,  
papa, the village artifact of the specified terrain.  
she was the north of the aggressive villagers,  
then, her father sold her to Papa who took her  
Pride under the rimpresion seashore.  
If in this outskirts of another blood line, we lied,  
then she lied of yesterday and today with an eyes of timbers.  
if this is the miracle of the custom in our land,  
then, women are meant to tolerate men existence,  
and men, an organised egoists bottled in ignorance.  
She was sold and her freedom lost to the forest,  
the dancing of the forest trees made mockery of her,  
her waistband was ridicule treasure to papa's hand.  
he refused her food and water but see through her  
every masking night on cruel bed of sin.  
dig deeper you will see her past through his eyes,  
curling and calling a fainting torment of a woman lost,  
lost in love and ambition, lost in fear and humbleness!  
her mouth smitten by a rosy flashy hand,  
years have gone with the winds of time,  
we only remember sounds of rain in our ears  
dabbing before our roof and fate of our destinies.  
with our unbeatable smiles, egoism was created.  
she ran out into the ocean against her wish,  
with our curled happiness in her mind;  
stamping her foot on the temple of sober,  
grounds of memories, heart hurt memories,  
Splashing the waters of infidelity of love,  
Her misery with our foot crossed paths in voices  
as we were made whole through her tale of agony

dancing under the rain, an African nightful rain  
made women scapegoat in an African way.

indeed nothing taste like freedom of feminism,  
so nothing sounds better like the yelling of peace.  
the songs of rain, rain of colours dangling voices  
where mother rest her breastful pride for tomorrow.

©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Come With Me

Come with me to the shrine  
Let us deliberate on the plight  
Of our beloved country,  
The gods are waiting to hear from us.  
Here is your sit; face me so that  
I could watch over you head and you,  
Watch over mine so that we  
Could protect each other from the terrorist  
Who might throw a heavy orange on us.  
I heard what happened recently.  
I heard it also but very brief from a gossip.  
Is it true that over two hundred pretty girls were  
Abducted in the country and every one had been wailing?  
Yes, so i heard also, even the people went on protest  
all over the world.  
The first lady of the country also cried.  
Then which pretty girls are left for our children to marry?  
Amadioha knows best.  
I also heard of the kidnapping going on here and there,  
The bloody arena which was discovered at Ibadan.  
I heard of the ritualist caught red handed by the police.  
They confessed that the political animals sent them.  
My dear, what is going on in this country?  
Who is who in this country?  
Why are we like this brother?  
Is the president working at all?  
Is the security men asleep, who are we to blame?  
We have a lot to do in this beautiful yet cruel land  
Before we all become slave in our fatherland.  
Perhaps its start from me and you to redefine  
The cultural and traditional value of our beloved country.  
When faces are no more faces we can make them face off.  
We can carry on the good legacy to the dark kettle  
But remind the pot of change to come.  
Put off the burning sweating candle  
Make it known that there is nothing as constant as change.  
We could be mad, mad in the bloody street  
Yet our madness will never make us insane.  
To over look the insecurity in our system

We hope no more but hope for our hope to come  
With the unaborted dreams of a better country.

john chizoba vincent

# Concobility

## CONCOBILITY

When a politician tells you that he put  
On a red boxers with white singlet inside  
Ask him to wait till you look at it properly  
before you could believe him so to remain insane.

If a man on a campaign rally tells you a tale  
make sure you sieve the whole tale to generate  
the truth therein, whoever take a politician's  
Word must have a blocked ear and blind eyes.

Is it not the politician who sees an elephant  
and called it a rat? he sees a snake and praise an  
Earthworm with a bow and songs of laughter,  
A politician's mouth kill souls in many ways.

When a politician tells you to wait here  
Better find another route to your journey  
He may follow money to his death hole  
His mouth is as sharp as the kitchen knife!

No politician fight a fellow politician squarely  
They know where to settle after election  
Don't sell your soul to them in the field  
As they prostrates for a vote you're to cast.

A politician's tongue is full of campaign promises before election, he may decide  
to sell garri and plantain with you but he is not with you dear!  
Your vote is what count for him, cunny fools!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Contentment Still I Crave

CONTENTMENT STILL I CRAVE

He that is down needs not fear no fall  
He that is up needs not to get down  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide

I am content with what I have  
Little be it or much I make do with it  
And pray, lord, contentment still I crave  
Because thou savest such in your kingdom

I will look upon you God  
Let my will and yours be but the same  
Save my mind to long for Good  
On the alter of goodness I cry

Tend my steps to success  
I pray thee night and day  
In you I put all my Trust  
Never leave me in the dark  
Thou knowest purpose thou created me  
Make me good now. Oh God  
Least they that mock laugh at me  
Yet contentment still I crave.

john chizoba vincent

# Corrupt Papers Of The Ancient Wisdom

There history without pages is written,  
Blood carved in an opulence coven yet,  
We stood and watched them deceived us  
with a piece of yam that lack manners to the  
Mouth, they called it our constitution but alas!  
It is a bunch of chameleon lies to the earth.

We were told in those papers to guide home,  
Our cultural heritage is very paramount to us,  
Togetherness despite the cultural diversity  
Democracy is the eyes that we see through,  
But those laws they made they break at will.  
Tilting the masses below their gushing guts,  
Wishes that glammers are painted above us.

If the picture of a destroyed hope is televised,  
If a cinematic embryo misses its womb,  
If the sparrow is caged beyond the earth  
If the string of the vein stream hurts heart  
Then we have a bleeding dream of tomorrow.  
Have ears and have no ears to listen again,  
Have mouth and have not the talking mouth.

Yesterday they told us a story we couldn't write  
Today they scripted the same story on a pebble.  
Leaving the shoes floating on air against the  
Law made by mother nature and father earth.  
Now we move around with those paper without  
Lines on them but blank expression of sorrow.  
Alas! We've gone mad again against ourselves!

We've been fooled one more time by their act,  
Our legs restricted through that papers but theirs  
A forest of legs parroting around the earth to sin.  
Scroll up and down faintly and see if those names



You bear is written down like theirs in the same  
Papers of the ancient wisdom made by the aristocrats.

(C) John chizoba vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Cracking Tone

Come,  
let me take you to Nigeria  
for you to hear a faint echoes of corruption;  
I will be your hearing ear for the night we  
spend there-  
When they ask you the time of change,  
tell them the messiah shall come from the east  
with a cup of wine and pieces of kola nuts.  
Tonight, we shall make their mouth a talking drum,  
to tell our hands, our pens to write our discovery.  
We shall dance before the naked moonlight,  
not dumb but mouth gagged,  
not lame but legs shackled,  
we shall not write about something positive  
even if we ought to write, we shall write of suffering?  
Maybe it ok to see them sing stupidly,  
are you so confused? I saw pity in your eyes.  
Are you after their change sickness?  
I really don't know anything about this land anymore  
because they are so engrossed with their problems.  
I slept and woke up still no change has come,  
so permit me to write about the pains here.  
I have nothing more to think sleeping on bed  
of roses and waking on a sorrowful chain of change.  
When they ask, you ask and I ask again,  
remember, not all trees are tall in the forest.  
Follow their cracking lips and you shall  
see the shapeless pattern of their calamities.  
'change is not our problem but we are our problem'  
This you must tell them before we leave tonight.  
When it is dawn,  
we shall sip our tears with our lips then move  
on with our lives waiting for the right time to ask  
our oga at the top-  
'When is the change, Mr President? '

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Create Us A Better World.

Many souls had gone beyond though corruption and mayhem  
Many souls are paralyzed by pains and torture  
Others wept for peace and long life.  
Yet no one knows when the new rain will begin,  
No one knows the reason why dogs leak their vomits.  
Is this truly what man was created for?  
Does this little world where men swim in evil worth living?  
God make us a better world free from pains sorrow and agony.  
A world free from torture, injustice and corruption.  
Free from the strange faces from the dungeon sucking blood in the dark.  
Create us a new world for us where we live forever.  
With no wrinkles and old age.  
A paradise where smiles and happiness abide,  
Where men never suffer sickness and death  
But remained healthy all day long.  
No one hurt another and all things shall be abundant  
Make us a paradise of joy to inhabit.

john chizoba vincent

# Crocodile Smile

They lynched the shores of Bayelsa  
with a strange tune which made the crocodile smile mischievously,  
Then, it went on a deadly journey!  
The Cavalries arrived figuratively on  
a python dance with their amonition,  
They cleared the air and dried the oceans, Mr President' orders said so.  
Next we saw, was skulls raining down  
like water.  
Many bones cracked like an old clay Hut,  
their bodies scattered mysteriously,  
cold blood shattered on a blazing ground.  
children wailed in flight  
mothers ran helter skelter clinging their babies on their back...  
boys beheld the horror and shrieked  
girls went into hiding against rape  
doom beheld the youths of Bayelsa watching the uniformed men do the crocodile  
smile on their land.  
Jets parading in the heart of the sky made them voiceless like a village wrecked  
by war.  
The ground quaked and the air cracked, filled with homicide fragrances that took  
away dreams.  
Bayelsa 1999 came back again angrily!  
Its death again like the days of Civil war.  
The Crocodile smiled in the south,  
people died in numbers and,  
the Python danced in the East,  
many skulls rolled.  
How did we play this music that brought pains to our ears?  
Who did we kill his name in the dark?  
Why one sky if division is all we seek?  
Until this madness is cured and mental slavery dissolved, we will not stop this  
Cattle slavery soonest in our land!

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Daily Damaging Days

## DAILY DEMAGING DAYS

Dying days dances dearly,  
Destroying deleted determined details.  
Distill distraction display devoid,  
Defiant development drives devalue days.  
Dial up diamond depressed diary.  
Diabolical destroy dethroned desires.  
Designed dependable desires dialogue  
Demonstrate defined deliverance.  
Draft daily demaging days,  
Dare delect day dreaming data  
Dazzling death-toll debtors deceives  
Debatable decency decision declared  
Dedicate depression delegated delightfully.

john chizoba vincent

# Dare.....

Dare to conquer the multitude  
Dare to win the unforeseen battle.  
Dare to sing among the victors  
Dare to speak the unspeakable.  
All is grist that comes to the mill  
Actions speak louder than words.  
Adversity makes strange bedfellows and  
All is fair in love and war.  
Dare to climb the mountains,  
April showers bring forth may flowers.  
Ask no question and hear no lies.  
Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die.  
Doubt is the beginning not the end of wisdom.  
You are not a prisoner though your life may toss  
And turn like a boat on a turbulent sea  
Dear to do the unbelievable in the face of the world.  
Relent not in the little which hang in the air  
Never settle for the less  
Dare to challenge the lions, and roar louder.  
bring down the heavens on earth  
Fight the elephants of the forest, bark like a dog  
Howl like the wolves in the cruel dark night.  
Forget about the frustration in the air and make heart  
Beat faster and clearer the way to make the air moves freely.  
Dare to speak the truth in the midst of the hyenas  
Give it what it takes with blood in your eyes.  
When a dead man walks the living man should arise  
And run bravely to overthrow the tyrants.  
Dare your gut and the street forget you not.  
live flammable like the fuel in the tanker,  
Dare and live the rest of your life a hero.

john chizoba vincent



# Dark Voices

The voices boom  
At the outcast of the village.  
They were the elephants of Aba,  
Men with horrible faces breaking  
The lawful act of the unpolluted land.  
They speak of lootment of the public funds,  
They speak of breaking the oil pipes.  
Distance look of Aba's undevelopment  
Strategies and means never hurt them, NO!  
Rather they sing aloud with cracking voices  
That terrifies humanity.  
But darkness turns light when the  
Song of love present itself in their midst.

john chizoba vincent

# Darkness

They lifted the dirge in accordance,  
The earth broke in pieces with a callous elegy. Illusion followed in their  
fellowship.  
And death brought the woman to her knees, she wailed and wailed cracking the  
walls of the sky.  
God created forgetfulness because of labour pains!  
Because of the void in darkness,  
Because of the many tales in darkness,  
Because of your tears in darkness,  
When do men start to feed curses as blessings?  
How do they learn to hold their bodies together without holding the future in  
their tongues?  
Men are bodies of darkness,  
men are shadows of darkness,  
men are souls of darkness;  
Men were created in the darkness and that makes them dark at heart.  
The sun unmasked the night as it stood in tears of what the dwarf cowardice has  
done to humanity.  
The grasses were like sheep,  
The clergy men' scars drawn more chapters in the pages of jolted notes.  
They've made darkness their companion,  
They have hidden their faces in the belly of the night committing atrocities to the  
naked bodies of the earth.  
When you get to the pit where parables are told,tell Satan that humans are  
tamed like goats.  
Tell him that humans need more torture to be wild and weired.  
A baseless battle baked this darkness that left men in the court of evil.  
You see,I don't know many things as a poet because, my eyes is full of dark  
colours; black. ities. Sadness. .  
And more.  
When you cut open the belly of my poems,you will see darkness  
buryingthemselves in mass funeral because men made it to be so.

YoursPoetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Date

D. oes it really matter where we meet?

A, fter all the venue is chipping in beautifully

T. ouch of red and white will match beauty of the day

E. ctasy of my heart will adore the bliss of your emotions

john chizoba vincent

# Daughter Of Africa

Open not your body to the public;  
For our culture and tradition forbids it,  
Cover those things that need to be covered.  
Don't walk like a cat and call it Cat-walk,  
It is not done here in African land.

Your mother knows that and should have taught  
You that before you mingled with those white skins.  
Our culture forbids a woman exposing her chest,  
Our tradition forbids a woman chewing gum in the  
Presence of the elders without regards for them.

When you exposed that body and every eyes behold it, no man will come to price  
you at your father' house.  
You must not put on those fingers like tiger' claws.  
Learn to pound yam in the kitchen and bring your husband's heart at home; for  
an African Daughter is  
Known to capture her husband' heart with food.

Plait not your hair with a mermaid's hair,  
It is not culture of Africans, we plait with 'Owu'.  
Learn to kneel while greeting your father;  
For it is the first rule from the heart of Africa.  
You must not stay out late at night and don't club;  
For Africans are not known with clubbing in motel.

Sell not your virginity to the men out there,  
Virginity stands for greatness among African women.  
Daughter of Africa, change your view about Africa,  
We are not Monkeys but humans with flesh and blood, and wisdom from the gods  
and our ancestors.

Our women are made to be pure, holy and skillful,  
Not a thing made for the dogs and vagabonds.  
Don't imitate those that will lead you to your early grave; for the gods watch  
every act of stupidity in you.  
Daughter of Africa, be the mother not the child.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Daughter Of Love

Let your love shine in darkness  
Between the beauty of the aging eyes,  
Let the bees honey towards your being.  
Daughter, save the documented smile,  
House the grace that crossed mourners.  
If the thought of the strangers be said,  
Tell tomorrow of a fellow love that blossom.

Daughter of love, strive more to love.  
Love the strive of the daughters in love,  
Daughters whose names are written sky above.  
Above the name of the loners, let your name shine.  
If there are more things unsaid to yesterday,  
Say it tomorrow to the lost ones of in the slum.

Daughter of love, save the poor here,  
Those poorer than the poorest in town.  
In the tower of your muse, save the needy,  
Change the names that speak of evil without love.  
Protect those in the slum of the hatred,  
If there are wind that could get over us,  
Let it be wind of love from your wings.

Remember, in you many shall be redeemed.  
Channel your milk in one direction,  
Be the mother that guide her chicks.  
If there is any nursing wound unhealed,  
Drive towards the honeywell of laughter  
That will butter many lives that comes by.  
Daughter, let your love shine in darkness  
To be a healing beam to all that come by.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Daughter You Can Make It

Daughter of Africa,  
You can make it with love.  
Cleverness is your mirror,  
Gentleness is the imperfect perfection of you.  
Trade gradually to the forest of life,  
And see yourself glowing before dawn.

With your smart smiling mouth,  
Goal can be achieved through laughter.  
Your black is beautiful and original,  
You are black, bold and you know it,  
The black species never get kicked off in life.

Your black is natural to get the nature attracted,  
Swim dovely to the eastern zone of Jamaican sea,  
There shall be the abundance of your future there.  
Daughter, you can make it if you focus;  
Focus with the focus that drive dreams dreamily.  
Just make up your mind and follow life in joy.

Daughter of Africa, the sea are the dreams,  
The air might compromise with the sky,  
Take a step from the boredom of the day;  
One step at a time and there's no need to rush.  
Just make up the flow of your mind, you can.  
Shake not when the troubles emerge ahead,  
There are hopes and love that follows behind.

Take heed before the rain comes in fierce move,  
Bark when you need to make the birds tremble.  
Our blood is tickier than the lion's claws.  
Once move, try not to look back where you started,  
Backward betray motions in the journey of life,



Daughter, you can make it with the right move.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Dear Beautiful Mariam

Dear Mariam,  
I hope you were not caught up on the way  
at the cross road where love lines crossed path.  
If tomorrow comes and you see me no more,  
bear in mind that I have gone with the nation's  
Flag to show our ancestors of once a land fought  
For, but she has been ruined once again by all.  
I am a soldier and you know that I am for my  
Country, and, my country is me in death and life.  
If there are things written and those not written;  
I want you to know with all your heart that the man  
In me cares.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## Dear Choi

Look behind the bank of the ocean,  
Don't you place the blame on me  
I guess we are who we are in life.  
I won't denounce your declaration,  
I was seeking for love when I found you,  
You kicking me out from your life  
Will mean my death before the rain.  
Headlight shinning in the dark I drive on  
Loosen the connection of my heart and  
You could found wire bearing your name.  
We are here for a reason and reason not the cause,  
If the truth can not make me whole or even if  
I got a song to sing my children we carry me home.  
Have it in mind that life is too short to be alone.

john chizoba vincent

# Dear Friend

Dear Friend,

I hope you were not caught up in the street,  
I hope you made it to the otherside peacefully;  
I was hunted down by fear and weakness.

We started the journey together I know, but  
Fate separated us in the eve of the young day.  
The tears that now held me up here had been  
My companion right from my miserable childhood.

My only hope is that you never fail yourself  
Just like the way I have disappointed myself.

Go get the money we couldn't get from the bank,  
Go get the Cheque and sign the deal with them.

Loot those that never believed in our dreams  
And mess the media for treating us like bad eggs.

My wish is that you come out victoriously,  
Because the knitting pulse of my eyes longs  
Towards the Roman empire to get that which  
We dreamed of and could not get hold of it.

We acted like pussy-cat and they treated us like fools.  
Life or death, hit hard on those who sees us as fools!  
Peace or pieces, look forward for any watery success!  
Race or walk, make your move count in hearts!

We planned to show the world that we are the movie  
But fate was faster than our legs, because we got stocked among the Animals  
called man in busy bush.

Where ever you go or searches my name in the  
Forest of men where glory does not last forever;

I have made up my made not to regret any action I have taken with you in our  
journey of life.

Love does not exist in my mind any more but I  
Know it exist in you; it exist in your heart of heart.

We shall see in the other side of life when our death comes, because here we are  
separated from seeing each other.

(C) John Chizoba vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016  
Voice Of Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Dear God

Alone I am, depressed  
We need to talk out things,  
It been quiet a while;  
Long a while we spoke  
Let not my verses be ignored  
Father has gone beyond  
Mother has joined the army  
My dreams are shattered  
Hopes gone in abysss of lust  
We need to talk out things  
The sun is weakening my face  
When the night comes,  
The moon will come to torment me  
Everything is not normal  
I need a new flesh of newness  
Stepping stone to see ahead  
To stop this brown frown on my face  
Send down your rain to reign  
Bless all this little kitchen of mine  
To chase away this wild hunger  
If you don't come, I may die  
If you don't show your face,  
Darkness will torture me  
Depression has taken toll on me  
Fear has baptised me righteously  
Weakness, a focal point of my heart;  
We need to talk, dear God  
You need to heal this madness  
The pains piling up in me  
Dear God, a mother can't  
Leave her son to die in misery  
So you'll not abandon me also  
We need to talk things out, father  
Before this tears me apart!

.  
.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From A Pen Refusing Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Dear Graciano Enwerem

Dear incredible Graciano Enwerem,  
The man of great inspiration and vision,  
Let me sit with you on your table of knowledge,  
My sagging pen needs re-direction and only  
a sage like you can direct him to the right path.  
Let me dine with you on the table of men,  
Your bowl of water could change my muse.  
Your glass of wine could make me wiser.  
I wait to be your belt in the art of poetry,  
I want to be your mustache to acquire more,  
I want to change the course through your eyes;  
make words a substitute for laughter.  
A pen stroll with you could be my shortcut  
to greatness, my incredible Graciano.  
Let me set the camera,  
We could be the characters;  
you the mentor, and I, the protégée,  
like Jazzy and Korede Bello,  
let me set the stage and watch  
as you perform.  
If only I could touch the helm of your garment,  
I will be pleased in the journey so far,  
If only I could visit your library of knowledge,  
I will be King I in my kingdom.  
Leave flattering to the little fools!  
I flatter not your eyes nor mouth to laugh,  
The words I speak are from my heart.  
Leave me not blank on the  
ocean of confusion, Incredible Graciano;  
for your ink of wisdom, I admire a lot.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserve

john chizoba vincent



# Dear Heart

DEAR HEART

Dear heart, dear guiltless heart,  
Do not break where they expected  
You to be broken and cry like a child,  
Be strong and disappoint them,  
Love takes two to journey afar.

Dear heart, dear harmless heart,  
Over your dead body shall you weep,  
Do not walk gently into that heart again  
The game of love might swallow you,  
Love is the bones that dog men play with.

Dear heart, dear kind heart of love,  
When tomorrow shows up in black,  
Know you that yesterday wore white,  
Command respect and they will love you,  
When you miss a step, no one will pick you up.

Dear heart, dear breathful heart,  
On your table shall man dwell  
When it is set for the rightful man  
But when a folly takes in position,  
You might be broken and left naked.

Dear heart, dear humble heart of gold,  
Don't judge what you don't know or  
What you think you knew but you don't,  
Look before you leap and speak cautiously,  
Love is formless as water is but dangerous.

Dear heart, dear mother heart of smile,  
Only you can accept, reject and protect  
Whatsoever comes into you as words or deeds,  
Pardon not evil into your domain and weep  
Love is mosquito that sting more than the bee.

Dear heart, my humble human heart,  
House your heart in your heart of heart,  
Beautifully beautify by beauty of buttress,  
Care and circled in a circular ceiling Can  
Love only make one cry when it is bitter.

Dear heart, dear dovely dove heart,  
Don't give yourself away so easily,  
Watch from afar before you say 'I do'  
'I do' has sent many to their early grave,  
Love is not a bed of roses and a sweetened flower.

Dear heart, dear honey heart of mother nature,  
Watch those you see and welcome home,  
Many beings are wolf in sheep clothing  
Once they are allowed into a paradise,  
They will turn to the ancient serpent of lust.

Dear heart, dear sweetened heart of silver,  
Do not get broken in public in folly,  
Many mouth will wag and curse when you fall  
I know you better when you are joyful,  
Love is not as pure as you think it is.

(C) John Chizoba vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Dear Jelly Fish

How can we match along in the sea?  
Can I be identified among your mannered colours?  
Written in my palms are your routes,  
When the tide shines on your skin  
My mind is taken back to mother's face.  
Can our friendship be explained to the moon?  
Even if your abode is salty to my tongue-  
Can I be free to keep in touch with you?  
You have robbed me of humanity love  
And gives me nature's future tale.  
Are you the star in the ocean or the satellite?  
How possible can I swim with you without  
Being robbed of my sanity here?  
Does jungle justice exist in the oceans like here?  
Does your mother really care about your wellbeing?  
Do you also think about the future?  
When in trouble, how do you react? Calm or furious?  
Tell me dear jelly fish&lt; I care to know more of you?  
Our lives hold together a thin cord which is fragile  
And thick but never can tell of its breakage  
When death emerge from our subconscious mind.

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures

john chizoba vincent

## Dear Men

Dear men in the house of David,  
Look not at women in the bathroom  
And fall lustfully like King David of  
Ancient Israel, he did it and God cursed him,  
When skimpy skirt women are seen by,  
Close your eyes and fall not into temptation.

Let the new born sun see not your evil heart,  
Tell the two parted flesh downward that the  
Thundering pleasure can never do harm with  
It noisy visit to the soul on what you see with eyes.  
Tell the buoyant apples on the chest of women  
That they shall not bear your weakness and agony.

Dear men of house of solomon,  
Let women be not your terrific nightmare,  
Harbour them not too much as your master did.  
Trade carefully and hopefully like the fox,  
You are their heart and their hearts are your heart,  
Our souls are planted among thorns and thistles.

Dear men,  
Size not yourself with any won man in the market place,  
Distant our journey maybe but pace shall kill the race  
Women are here with pestles to kill and destroy,  
Learn to be a mighty man, a man of Fortitude  
Clearing high mountains that stand above you.  
Avoid yesterday's pitfall but embrace tomorrow' hope.

Dear men,  
Take your stand in the street among the titans,  
Let no one denial you of your right and light.  
Becareful on what you hear and see around you,  
Seeing can be dangerous to men on the street.

Peer not into other's faults with a hanging cliff  
knowing that the squirrel has lived beyond its fame.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## Dear Motimoba

I am in the village that speak  
Of the past of our forebears.  
Take the children back to school,  
Teach them what tradition had done  
To their father and, let them be brave.  
Listen to their heart beats always,  
Paint their fears with encouragement  
And sit with them behind the sun.  
I have spoken to the moon to shine  
To you always and buttress the children esteems.  
I will come soon before june and july,  
But let them know that their father cares.

john chizoba vincent

# Dear Nashata

The drumming air will come and go  
The oceans will clap by and overflow  
In this round world where every thing fades and dies  
But my love remains as white as the snow  
Your name dear Nashata have i written thousand times  
In my humble heart for in you lies my life

Nashata jewelry of African maidens  
I've decorated my heart with golden smiles  
Paints my emotions and feelings with love  
Come back and dwell in my heart  
In you have i rediscovered the perfection of womanhood  
By they love i look, shall i rise again  
Like mother hen covers its chick, shall your love covers me

Dear Nashata, love speak of you in my heart  
Thy grace uphold me not to fall and gnash  
Nashata, beauty of woman hood you are  
Walk slowly to watch the leaves wave by  
In honour to your beauty and adornment  
In you lies my hope and motive

The Nightingale sing only for your love  
Across the oceans the whale jubilate  
On the dry land, my soul glorify  
Thee like the goddess of Nkporoland  
Leave me not alone dear Nashata  
Only thy love can keep me save

john chizoba vincent



# Dear Pamela

DEAR PAMELA

Dear pamela,

The song about you remind me of pains  
Your smiles remind me of that day  
The sun visited the earth in her full human  
To touch the soul of another human being  
Is to walk on a holy ground but yours is a  
Burning hell decorated with brimstones  
Instand of ros flowers which are made in woman's heart.  
You are of sadness and weired experience to me  
I take as my guide, the hope of a saint in  
Crucial things but your presence in my life  
Frustrates my believe and trust for womanhood.  
I watched the time eroding away, my soul laughed  
Sarcastically; your tears built the hut which  
Harbour my happiness and my life is long gone  
Leave now! I beg you with tears.  
The day is still young and fresh to ruin my life  
I look forward to get my lost rib not you  
Young ladies await me in the corner  
Do not be a hinderance to my life  
Another will love and care for you more than me  
My heart belongs to another, dear pamela.

john chizoba vincent

## Dear Son

Dear Son!

The little opportunity given to a monkey to wear cloths, does not guarantee it to join the dinning table,  
You must honour whosoever that comes on your way.

Dear Son!

Girls are like mangoes, while you are waiting for them to be ripe, others are eating them with salt.  
So becareful the way you see girls, they are evil.

Dear Son!

Whoever presents his own head to break coconut would not be able to partake in the eating of it.  
The story of the morning roses murders our lives.

Dear Son!

A man who hangs around a beautiful girl without saying a word ends up fetching water for guests at her wedding, you must be honest to yourself always.

Dear Son!

A man who counts his money after withdrawing from the ATM has trust issues, learn to trust all but not all.  
If something that was going to chop off your head only knocked off your cap, you should be grateful.

Dear Son!

When a girl has beauty without brains, the Private parts suffer the most in the hands of men of the world And Having them as a best friend is like having Chicken for a pet, You will eat it some day.

Dear Son!

The wolf on the hill is not as hungry as the wolf climbing the hill, be careful with the kind of friend you keep within and those you keep far off.

Dear Son!

Never let negative and toxic people rent space in your head, raise the rent and kick them out.

I think distance makes the heart fonder and happy.

Dear Son!

Life goes on, even if you don't want it to;

Drinking garri doesn't mean you're poor but allowing it to swell before drinking is poverty in the highest.

Dear Son!

The buttocks are like a married couple though there is constant friction between them, they will still love and live together, know you that my words are alive  
And they are words that will create your future, tend to them.

(C) john chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Death And The Old Man

DEATH AND THE OLD MAN

OLD MAN:

Death, old death, where are you going?  
I am tending my field and not yet ready  
To go with you to the other phase.

DEATH:

Old man, I am going to the village to kill  
Tend your farmland for your time hasn't come.

OLD MAN:

How many people will you kill in the village?  
Please don't kill more than five in the lost village  
I advice you kill all the corrupt and the looters

DEATH:

I will kill just five and go  
Nothing more, just five and am done.

OLD MAN:

A promise, don't kill more than five

DEATH:

Yes, a promise

'Later in the day'

OLD MAN:

Dear old death, you have broken your promise  
You killed many, your hand was heavy on them  
Why did you break your deal with me old friend!

DEATH:

Old man, I didn't break our deal; I killed just five  
But my fear killed thousands.  
The fear of death himself killed many than death my dear old man.

john chizoba vincent

# Democracy In My Country

## DEMOCRACY IN MY COUNTRY

Democracy in my country is the government  
Of the rich, by the Rich and for the Rich.  
The yams of Democracy in my country  
Is not evenly distributed as the fingers they said  
Are not equal in the country, so the Rich eats more.  
The Voice of the Voiceless becomes  
Voiceless until they return to the  
Grave where Their souls remained silent.  
The right after speech is not certain,  
Freedom of movement and right to life  
Belongs to the aristocrates in the society.  
Speak any how and you die any how,  
Walk any how and police hand you over to KIRIKIRI.  
Unequal distribution of the national cake,  
Revenue sharing rather than revenue re-generation.  
SILENT! SILENT! ! SILENT! ! ! We whispered to each other's ears as though we  
are in military zone.  
Even though the air of this world is enough for all  
Some are prevented from breathing there off.  
The young watches the future in tears from mother's back.  
The democracy in my country is the government of the corrupts, by the corrupts  
and for the corrupts and looters of our lily prides.  
There is nothing gain from been dumb but silent seems to be our only answer  
and hope because we  
Are not allow to air our views in the government  
Which supposed to be the government of the people  
By the people and for the People.

john chizoba vincent

# Desire.

In my heart i feel a hole.  
An emptiness and loneliness of an engulf fate.  
I desire not to fail,  
Nor to be poor.  
But in all i ask is Gods free air.  
And shelter from the scorching hands of the sun.  
Food to my tolling and harsh stomach.

I cry more to be rich  
To eliminate savage poverty.  
Over come sweet sorrow and cruel kindness.  
The right to my voices and thoughts  
Call my soul my own  
And live to impact humanity positively.

I desire most often  
To know the truth  
Before calamity engulfs  
Around the neighbourhood where the voiceless laid  
Captive and helpless in their own land.  
I will lay to bleed a while  
And then rise and fight again if defeated.

What i desired most  
Is Gods protect and blessing  
Not lacking his wisdom  
But grow every now and then in his van yard  
As well known as his words.

john chizoba vincent

# Devastated

Take me out of here and,  
Never bring me back to this dungeon

Hell for the monkeys

What eyes could see what i have seen without going blind?

What mouth could speak of where i have been without going  
dumb?

My legs wobbled and trembled

Hands held high in defeat

I have been through hell

And it rejected me, begged for my leave

Devastated, enraged, shattered and desperate

Who could believe it was caused by a friend?

Most trusted and honoured among all

It pays to work with an enemy rather than a friend.

My eyes are dim and weak.

Love and passion gone to exile

Strength dashed away sadly

She betrayed me, authorities took over

In a trickish violated manner

I became dumb, never allowed to say a word

Became the morning and afternoon scapegoat



Feeble after the hundred metre race

To save a bereaved life.

All she had to do was sit back

Watch the harvest song play out

Then, i follow

Once i stepped in and fall

She got an instant scape goat.

Out there, the air and people molested me.

A sharp fire ripped a hole in my stomach

I'm not sure whether a rage or pain but it hurt so much

Always in a dead silence against my right

Behind this bar, i felt blood drained from my face

Each seconds i looked at her

She's breathing heavily\_panting through her sobs.

As a friend and liar

A lunatic and a lover

As a bored rich kid, a fear nothing thrill seeker

An odds defying gambler and even,

For the briefest of moment, as a perfect daughter in-law

I have seen her every where in between

But never as a betrayer

I reread her names half a thousand times

The calmest among us zuben

Thus fear a silent man

A fist of nausea punches in the throat,

And my chest caved in

With the taste of freedom on my tongue

Inside my chest, a volcano of rage explode

But in all dear do take me out of this dungeon.

john chizoba vincent

# Dialogue In A Sinful Night

SHE:

I leave you with this bleeding verses,  
The stone that will kill you shall not be far from you.  
The fly that will breed maggots on you  
Shall not wait until you fall on bed of sorrow.  
You have eaten the fruit which I fail to give you in a hurry, so shall your life be taken away in a hurry.  
Do not look for me when a cry of a child is not heard in your abode, because you brought this sin on yourself, water that a child pours on his body does not make him feel cold; yes, I have spoken!  
In the ears of this sinful night have I leave this sinful words on you, go and make yourself a bleeding life.

HE:

Even strong men struggle with their lives, a sick night  
Does not need to be asked how he is fairing, and how well he is, but when looking at his darkness, you will know that all is not well with him.  
We dance only for the gods of sexuality every night,  
Taking that which rightfully belongs to a man is not a sin, and the gods bear me witness that I have not sin against you and humanity; it is tradition!  
Rant! Rant! ! And keep ranting for all I care; for what I have eaten, I have eaten, and nothing shall change it.

SHE:

This tree shall stand against you forever in judgement,  
Your footstep shall become your cripple enemy.  
Hear me under the cover of this motherly sky; the sky that bears the pains of women in love and affection,  
You shall cry one day and go on your knees begging  
For forgiveness and then shall I mock you more.  
I speak and I speak, for taking away my woman,  
There shall be no cry of a baby in your home!

HE:

Be quiet! You are breaking the ears of the night with your song of folly.

If you can't have a stone for a fowl, you can have it for a turkey.

Yes, men will always have their way whether good or bad, women as a weaker vessel will always cry.

Now go tell your stupidity to the morning yet to come.

If your womb bears a fruit, tell your people I am not responsible as the father.

Go for your stupidity is as cruel as the bleeding of your words.

Read from Johnchizobavinent mall

john chizoba vincent

# Diary Of A Loner: Agony Of Humans

April 2050

As I looked up from the bed I laid,  
Chaos crept into the soul of men  
Thunder boomed in souls like raid  
Battered and bruises seen on soul of men  
Many screamed in absence of fear  
Looking for a drop of water to hear  
Grains like corn human spread  
Blind I was to count and read  
Darkness fill the entire brim of earth  
Penetrating into the heart of earth  
Moses was not there to help or pray  
Joshua was not there to interced and pray.  
Human beings were not pitied here  
Likewise here I called from there.  
'Have you seen my sons and daughters? '  
'Is my family here, I mean my daughters? '  
'Where is my husband and the children? '  
'Can someone go back to earth for my children? '  
' I need water! Water! ! Water! ! ! And food! '  
'Help me to fight all this maggoting flood! '  
'Oh! I could have listen to that pastor! '  
'Why did I fail to answer the call of a pastor? '  
'I could have leave fame and wealth for christ! '  
'Can someone look out my lover, Rist? '  
That was the sorrow I heard before I stood  
Down to May to watch the book read.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Diary Of A Loner: Book Of Life

May 2050

As I stood in the air floating like bubbles  
Breaking the law of gravity amazed me.  
The great book was opened to my very eyes,  
And humans filed up according to conscience.  
My eyes searched all their faces but none looked  
The black and the white were together  
Men and women queued same angle muted.  
I wanted to scream but the angel beside  
Warned me to keep calm and watch to tell.  
The book like glass glittered and glowed,  
I was unable to see what was written within.  
Names were called and marked like the  
The Register in the primary school I remembered.  
The goats were separated from the sheep,  
Whites were not given upperhand than the blacks.  
Deeds were the gold and silver of judgement.  
The sound I heard behind the hollow pit  
Terrified the man in me but I persevere to see  
the end according to what the angel behind said.  
I stood there dumbfolded until June came.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Diary Of A Loner: Human Quake

March 2050

The rivers and oceans wept bitterly,  
As the blood of humans joined fearfully.  
Motionless figures stood asleep,  
None standing on earth to weep.  
Many could not watch the winds blow.  
No one knows whether its winter or snow.  
Spread here and there are humans as grain;  
Nothing is seen to quench taste even rain.  
No more the hustling and the human rush  
When you awaken at the morning' hush.  
The soft stars shine not again at night  
Darkness covered the circled moon' flight.  
No piece of the sinners soul could be saved,  
The folly of them made the day blind.  
Don't look for me among the pitied sinners  
I am not there, I have moved to the churches.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Diary Of A Loner: Strange Feelings

January 2050

In a dream with my pen and muse  
I heard the sound of the trumpet  
Boomed like a rumbling of thunder  
Then the earth parted ways without  
A tracing paths or footsteps in common  
The heaven came knocking down all;  
Every humans, animals and the cloud.  
There was commotion among the people:  
'Where is my children? You get out!  
My wrapper is no more knot on my waist'  
'We are doomed forever in this part'  
'Where is my house and money? Bring them'  
The voices sounded terrifying my heart.  
Then I saw the beast emerged from the flame,  
His seven heads and uncountable eyes were  
Horrorable to behold by the people's guts.  
He stood at the wide gate forcefully grabbing all  
Till I woke to see the beginning of February 2050  
In a harsh undiluted agony seeking more humans  
To devour.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Diary Of A Loner: Strange View

February 2050

The commotion continues in present,  
I tried to run away but my pen held me  
Back to the weird view of human destruction;  
To write that which I see and witness.  
Houses were at the mercy of its own,  
Industries bent at the knees of the creator.  
I longed to put meaning into the very soul  
Of the madness that loomed the hungry earth  
Through the nights of the creaking bed,  
But the earthless grave never get satisfied.  
'Woe to the earth and its inhabitant, woe! '  
'Woe to the earth the million eye sighted  
dragon is come and the Apple tale of disobedient  
Is the judgement theme and plot to human'.  
The book of judgement was first opened on  
Each of the politicians from Africa on a queue.  
I trembled at the sight of cloudy smoke on the  
Surface of the earth just like in the beginning  
That was void and without form as Amoba.  
The birds sing no more at the sadness of time,  
The cock crow no more at the agony of men,  
The sand was caged to eat no more of human  
But the fire was in joy with the black spirit  
Because many are coming to see partner with  
Them in the furnace fire of destruction.  
Then I march on to search and find out the  
saying of John in March.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Diary Of A Maiden

On the palms of my yesterday  
My today stood bruised in pain  
Song-less tomorrow mock me  
I could not sing the song I sang  
When he went into me very elated.

Let me tell you a sinful story  
with my righteous mouth:  
My flower was taken from me  
When my sister married a new husband  
who watched me lustfully at all time.

That night, in the lyrics of his reading eyes  
I read pamphlet of uncontrolled emotion  
When he firmly grabbed me to wet his  
burning flesh, sister was away from home  
In the canoe of humiliation, he went astray  
To satisfy his longing sturdy manhood.

I listen not to the midnight whistle of the owls  
As the night howled and rumbled so did my soul  
All my ears could receive was his excitement  
He made me lost in the short journey of sorrow  
He made a plastered road of agony not a page;  
A page where every hand can close and open.

I cuddled the night alone as he snored  
I watched the moon hidden above the sky  
The stars retired immediately to their abode  
This is another song that reminds me of  
cruelty of men against helpless maidens  
Another song yet to be sung among songs.

If only my road was plastered with love

Tears like river won't fall in this diary.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Did You Call Me?

Did you call me a fool because I look like a saint?  
Did you look at me like a bachelor because I look ill?  
Did you call me a mallam because I am black?  
What did you call me this afternoon?  
What do you suppose to call me when the sun rises?  
What do you suppose to call me when the sun set?

Did you call me a lizard because I have no hair?  
Did you call me Don Jazzy because I sing?  
Did you call me a rat because I live in the church?  
What did you just call me now in the midst of the audience?  
What do you think I love to be called?  
Did you call me for food or for play?  
Did you have the eyes to watch the one you called?

I have you in my palm to reward your voices,  
Listen carefully to the voiceless man behind the mask  
We could recognise the voice that echoes behind if  
You didn't open your mouth to call my love.  
Did you call me again between the river Nkporo?  
I was advice not to aswer when someone called.

john chizoba vincent

## Do Men Also Cry?

Have you seen the tears of a father?  
Have you seen a man wept emotionly?  
Tears of a broken heart, tears of a lost,  
Tears of rape, tears of sorrow that flaps  
Its wings in an absent minded but remains;  
Have you watch those tears flow freely  
from the eyes of a mortal man and you  
Wondered if men also cry when trouble comes?

When a man falls, tears flows happily,  
When tribulation bigger than man emerge,  
He dances all alone towards the naked fog.  
An old man feels uncomfortable at the  
Mention of dry bones in a weak body.  
Men of all age do cry at the face of vanity;  
Vanity larger than life herself and her flavours.

Men also cry under the scorching sun,  
When the metaphor of the deformed humanity  
Lashes on their body into a rusty metal that bleeds.  
The nose of a man is not only made to fit in  
His face but it also made to help their mucus  
Flow freely when in sorrow and pain, men also cry.  
Mightiness draws a spirited being within the  
Soul of a man.

A man that would not let his tears flow  
Down his cheek in tribulation would remain  
In one position that life places him on demand.  
The itching of a man's body quiet depict tomorrow.  
Even as days melt like candle sticks, he struggles,  
Months fade like morning glory, he thinks;  
Years quench like a thirsty throat, he tears flows.  
Some are better than women in the act.

Do not hurt a man, men also cry,  
Do not grieve the spirit of a man;  
It has an fragile soul within which is so precious.  
Men tears stand tall as the morning erection,  
Don't bite the subconscious of a man's heart,  
It drives the world insane to see men cry.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Do Not Abuse Me

DO NOT ABUSE ME

I am a petroleum pipeline

Do not abuse me

If I burst, fire may burn you

I am a drug

Do not abuse me

If you take me wrongly

You may develop health problem

I am a motor car

Do not abuse Me

If ther is an accident

You may die

I am a gun

Do not abuse me

If you pull my trigger

You may kill someone

I am a woman

Do not abuse me

If you rape me

There maybe no children for you.

john chizoba vincent

# Do Not Bargain With Life

## DO NOT BARGAIN WITH LIFE

He who think he is standing  
Should be mindful so that he fall not.  
Life has so many ways of dealing  
With individuals according to their mindset.  
Let he that sit, sit properly in peace  
Least he is pull up by another mightier,  
Life itself is mysterious and funny in nature.

I have been foolish once and see  
The outcome of folly then I ran to  
Wisdom and behold the troubles  
Of being uncommon wise among men.  
In all I discovered that all is vanity  
In excessive use and acquire of them.  
Wisdom has her own penny to offer  
And foolishness has his own coin to give.

What life offers me might be different from yours,  
So, when standing; do not be over righteous in your standing, neither will you be  
too stupid in your sitting  
For loving your neighbour as yourself does not  
Includes you bathing your neighbour without his consent.  
Life herself have so much troubles and shortcomings.

You are the master of your fate,  
What life gives to you sometimes is  
Of your making and your actions which had been sown.  
Do not bargain with life for a penny,  
The man who thinks he can, wins.  
Life is governed by your mindset and thought.

john chizoba vincent



## Do Not Date A Poet

Do not date a poet because  
Everyone would think he paint you  
With his endless packs of words.  
You may likely be the jerk he write,  
A Poet has unnatural affection for you;  
He write and snore while sleeping.  
He speak and speak to get your ears deaf.  
You may see him talking to animals, sky and the  
Deaf cloud who listen to him not and you get scared.

(I have seen one in my street in the act)

Do not date poets because  
They are more knowledgeable than you.  
You can not win them in an argument and  
Many of them walk in the air as they sit to write.  
Their poetry hands may not give you affection and love because it is made of  
unseen words and metaphoric similes.  
Do not date poets because they would abuse you as They Abuse their poetic  
licence without been arrested.

(Let poets be the poet they are meant to be)

Do not date poets because  
Their Melancholy would get you insane,  
Their dramatic emphasis would get you imprisoned.  
They refuse to care where the remote of words is,  
Many of them walk on oceans while writing.  
While talking; they go to west, north, south and east,  
And you are still in the same spot with them.  
You will shade sorrowful tears in the street when you date fantastic poets.

(Poets are never truthful and they lack wisdom)

Do not date budding poets,  
They dance and see what is within things  
whilst others see the outside of a thing.  
They touch what you can't touch and see  
What you can not see in million years.  
All their furnitures are positioned for them to stare and get themselves worn out  
in the course.  
Their pots, kitchen, tables, spoons, cups and flowers are their source of  
inspiration, you can get mad at them when they stand staring at those things.  
Many think they are possessed by evil or rather they are witches and wizards in a  
man clothing.

(I have seen many possessed by words and died by swords)

Never you date poets without your wisdom;  
They might not get your time in the night.  
They would judge your metaphor in the morning,  
They carry books everywhere even in parties;  
They are obsessed with fantasy and loneliness.  
They listen to the music you hate and love those you despised in the afternoon  
because they want to write.  
Their talking and conversations are too long to be waited upon.

(They are one of those that visited heaven while on earth)

You can never predict a poet's direction and movement when you walk with them  
in the afternoon.  
They visit many holes before you dream of them,  
Poet's opinions are longer to form and agreed upon.

They talk to everyone on the street and that may scare you away,  
They think they can help everyone that cry and those that laugh in the dungeon.  
Poets would make you empty and heart harden,  
They are drama and crave for plots that Twist;  
Their greatest fear is no will and not been published.

(I know many with that plight not me)

Poets disgrace you before you disgrace yourself,  
They have their own antagonist and nemesis back door.  
Poets abuse asyndeton and they are addicted to poetry than their families and  
love ones.  
Whatever that is wrong, they have a tea for it and they Can cook solution for  
every problems without getting caught.  
They can only visit cities with poetry flavours.  
Do not date a poets and his pen because he would frustrate you before you  
frustrate yourself.

(Poets are the most dangerous men on earth that I know)

john chizoba vincent

# Do Not Urinate Here

Do not urinate here they say,  
But nature is calling us furiously;  
Should we just hold on and not  
Response to nature's call?  
Oh that is outrageous thing to do.  
When that call holds you tight and  
You tighten your two legs shaking and  
Looking dejected and rejected like a child who missed his way and could not find  
his mother.  
Most especially if it happens to be the one that  
Comes out from the anus, oh; I mean 'shit'  
'Shit, shit' that shattered the unborn child' dream.  
Oh I must not be disgraced by this little thing,  
Oh I must find a place to put my bombom; be it inside bush or I dig hole and  
hole my 'shit' inside.  
Oh, who would eat that shit? !  
Oh, who would taste that salty water from a needless pipe that no one could see  
coming but the gods? !  
Do not urinate here they say but, we must answer the nature whenever she calls  
us because; she is our mother and a child can't fail to answer his mother.  
Oh, that is an abomination to the Nkporo clans!  
They can collect fine from us for answering mother' call.  
Do not urinate here they say, but we must answer nature's call or she would  
disgrace us in the public.

john chizoba vincent

## Do Women Also Cry?

Often times, I watch mother write  
a note of elegy on her pretty lips,  
She paint off her sorrow with a  
foundation of dirge and eulogy  
Each morning she wakes in front of  
the mirror and her temple rumped.  
She dusts her dimples and chin  
with laughter so illumious & gladden,  
She said that was where her tears  
and emotions and feelings reside.

Often times,I watch her wipe her  
Wriggled tears away facing down,  
Even when papa bounce here &  
there breaking the silence between  
the nostril and the craving ears.  
She said keeping calm was what nature  
made women to be, she never cried  
but holds onto brevity like the unseen  
foundation of the cloud and sky.

How she manage papa in the night  
manage him in the morning & our  
Knitted scarf thoughts also wells  
The walls off my shouldering souls.  
She said women are far away land  
unease to explore by anyone man  
born of flesh and blood and soul.  
Did you know the exact place she  
were when her tears returned?  
Of a truth,women are braver than  
Men that sip fears and insecurities.

"Do women cry too? " I asked mama  
She muttered silently and smiled  
"Women cry too but they don't find  
their dreams in a road buried with tales of blood and sorrow" she  
whispered.  
They are bodies embodied with elegies of how to keep the family stronger

even when the classic of this space  
Cracked into four or two or three,  
They fall to rise stronger looking at the bond that holds their families unity.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Do You Have A Hug For Me?

Do you have a hug for me?  
A hug that has a story in it;  
A story that can never be told.  
Do you have a hug for me?  
A hug that has a tale to tell;  
Tale of the prince and princess.

Do you have a written kiss for me?  
A kiss drawn on the surface of the sky;  
Sky that has many colours like the rainbow.  
Do you have a written kiss for me?  
I want a tea of the embryo of your mouth  
Let's make our lips dance to the west.

Do you have a peck for me?  
A galaxy of star-ful pecks of love;  
Yoga pecks of the Italians would do.  
I need a sunful song from Paris;  
Song sung by the chirping crickets.  
Make me write a naked poem of love.

Do you have a cleansing smile for me?  
A written smile carved from the moon;  
Moon whose body glows and glitters  
Like the roses of the forest of hope.  
Do you have a hug for me to dine  
Before the ruin of time set their feet of lies?

I have received your laughter years back,  
I have read your dancing steps here in tears  
I saw the light passed through the foilage,  
Trembling night unsheathed its sword of fear  
Your hug only can bed my fears and tears,  
Come give me a hug from angelic fashions.

Heaven i need a hug from you to sleep,  
Do you have a hug for me to spread here?  
Friendship told of a holy joy passed down  
In the history of a profit made by excitement;  
Daring the spirit in the womb of time I stand  
To receive a hug that will sing me to sleep.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



## Do You Know Dr Saka?

Do you know Dr Saka?

The shy gentle chap who dresses in white gown

Fair skinned like ripe mangoes

With a hair cut in a fashionable manner

Which shines like the sun

He was here smili

john chizoba vincent

# Do You Know I Write?

Do you know I write poetry?

Do you know I write songs of love?

Do you really realise that I write not for fun?

My words are fire that pierces into heart;

They spit venom and doom upon the evil men.

My words are dangerous to the ears of the looters,

Listen careful, I still carry every heart in my palms

To thrust that which stand for my legacy.

If we die today, let's die; if we merry let's merry,

Only the heartens are fanatic of their mindsets.

Do you know I write not for fun but for change?

john chizoba vincent

# Do You Know Me?

I am he who threw the cat down  
and its back touches the ground with fears.  
He who unmasked the masquerade in the market place  
and its went in to hiding.  
I have fought with the wind and won,  
I have been to the forest and killed  
Thousands but one lion and the elephant left  
Their domain weeping.  
Do you know who i am?  
I am john chizoba Vincent  
The social crusader who fear no one.  
I can look the sun in the face  
And send him back to his mother.  
I weep when no one is weeping  
I smile and laugh when no one laughs.  
I am john chizoba Vincent,  
An image of a new Nigeria  
Born in the house of symbols.  
I can stand tall look death in the face and  
He runs back for freedom.  
I am john chizoba vincent  
An image of change to a better atmosphere.

john chizoba vincent

# Do You See. The Nigeria I See?

I see a Nigeria clothed in white linen,  
Her skin glitters and glows like the sun.  
Her lips brightened the earth of its darknes,  
Unity, love, progress and kindness uphold her.  
She dances among the nations of the world  
joyfully in a spirited atmosphere of goodness.

I see a spotless maiden with a pure mind,  
She stood with an undiluted smile that create  
Peace among the brethens who sees enmity.  
I see an undefiled vegetable springing up from  
The west coast of Africa among dwarfs territories.  
She is cute, a song bird with a songful mouth.

When she walks pass the trees on the streets,  
They all waved in admiration of her beauty.  
She harbour no corruption in her humble heart,  
No pothole skins like others who walks afar off.  
She is caribbean, she is African woman, Origianl.  
Her beauty is a natural thing, original flavour.

Do you see the Nigeria I see over there?  
A pretty Woman devoid of tears and suffering.  
No sick leaders in her east and north wings.  
I see a mother that covers her children from the sun,  
I see kindhearted mother that never withhold from  
Her children even when it meant starving herself.  
I see a tomorrow Nigeria, a better She- nation.

Look at her polished legs and tell of tomorrow!  
Watch her precious lashes and fall in love now!  
Come closely close and behold her behind the  
Glass house over there, who is greater among them?  
My mother is a great woman, my mother is great!  
Can you see the Nigeria I am seeing of tomorrow?

Though she may look a little weak today,  
But I see another her blossoming like a flower.  
Perhaps you don't see what I see now in my eye,  
Tomorrow you shall see it as a testimony.  
I see a better mother tomorrow, people's choice.  
A tasteless water that nurishes the body daily,  
A pipe that channels her resources to all,  
I see a great country branded fidel by all.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Does He That Finds A Wife Finds A Good Thing?

She was to me; a punching bag,  
I was to her a dirty underwears.  
We fought everyday and night,  
Nothing I do pleased her and hers please me not.  
I regreted meeting her and she cursed the day  
She met me at the guest house where I wooed her.  
We tried managing our marriage like an ailment,  
She never cover my flaws, I expose her anus publicly.  
But the camel back got more broken the more we tried.  
I gave up and she gave up too without seeking for solution.  
The bell rang simultaneously for us but alas we were deaf hear!  
It was a mistake to marry her, oh! It was a crime!  
I lost my happiness to her and she lost her trust to me,  
Oh! The rain caused mine and she said the sun caused her.  
Children never come, money ran away from our home; peace; a tale of a  
forbidden kingdom.  
I never see good things since she came in and, she never smile to me since I  
married her.  
I caused it, she caused, we caused; they caused it.  
We never get along and the best solution is separation but, let me ask you this  
before I file the papers;  
Does he that finds a wife finds good a thing?

john chizoba vincent

# Dollar Is Going High

The dollar is going high!  
The dollar is going high! !  
This is what defined most of us,  
When the dollar is high; we are high,  
When the dollar is down; we are down.  
Don't kill yourself; for the Dollar is a paper,  
Don't get insane; find your true self and  
Become not the offspring of the Dollar.  
Man made money, money made man mad  
But, the madness only gets to those who wants to be  
Made mad by the atmosphere of Money madness.

john chizoba vincent

# Don't Fool Me!

Don't fool me,  
I am not a fool.  
Black man, listen!  
Don't think having this gray hair is an act of stupidity, I have drank some water  
before you came.  
I have a gray hair which will take you years to get.

Don't make me look like am insane  
So that people will make a fool of me.  
Everyone has his or her own weaknes,  
If I make mistake, return my right to me.

See, don't fool me I am not a fool,  
When looking for fool check the street of fools!  
Treat me right and I shall serve you right!  
For the fact you own here does not mean I am not your elder, I work for you so  
pay me my dues.

Take me like your brother, don't fool me!  
We are in circular world, today is your turn  
Tomorrow may be my turn not yours.  
If the world turns, the first shall be the last and  
The last shall be the first, so don't fool now!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016  
Voice of Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# Don't Judge A Poet

Let a poet be a poet he is;  
Do not judge him as an Anti-christ,  
Do not judge his words because they  
Are not truthful as you may think they are.  
Do not judge his face even though it is  
As sag as a belt or a trouser that is worn out,  
Allow a poet to exercise his right as a poet.

Don't mislead a poet' thought,  
Don't change his direction of thought  
He is a human being like you in a journey  
That seems lost and deceiving to follow.  
A poet may speak out of sense but he is  
Interpreting from the gods and the goddess.

People of extra-ordinary talent (poet) are  
Not crazy as you may think they are in their behaviours.  
Poets are as weak as you are, though they rule the  
World with words and swords of words but they  
Are fearful and emotional sometimes in life.  
Do not misinterpret a poet's metaphor and similes,  
It is his device that was giving by the god.

Listen and listen good, poets also lack;  
They also feel abused and rejected in the society.  
Many of them were beating and killed like John the baptist whose head was cut  
in the madness of the day.  
Poet is not a poet until he is a poet that have been abused by the society he  
belongs to.  
Poets also cry and weep like babies seeking after their  
Mother's breast.

Do not judge a poet, he is as weak as you are.  
He is an artist that his muse can escape him  
When he needs him the most.  
He is to be loved like every other human beings,  
Do not judge his appearance and looks;  
He may look like 'Wole' or 'Ahmed Yerima'  
It is how God created him and loved him,  
Do not judge a poet but see him as you see yourself.

john chizoba vincent

# Don't Look For Me

Don't look for me at the graveyard  
I am not dead but alive hopefully.  
I still have teeth to eat the cultured kola,  
I still attain to my yam in the fire.  
Even if I breathe last, my deeds remain.

I have not been caught up in the cage;  
The cage of change ravaging our land.  
We are not in all progressive club together,  
Don't search into my blank expression to see  
What to talk about, I now speak in spirit.

Tell father to guide the house behind,  
Tell mother that her son has gone to  
Speak with his fate surrounded in shame.  
Tell sister that her prayers I seek daily,  
Tell brother to keep watch over the farm.

Let them keep watch over the farmland,  
If the craving oil wells dry up in the south  
And the madness of the north reduce a little  
Then, that farmland will savour us forever;  
I know the wells are angry ready to revolt.

When Ken spoke of today they all mocked  
Him and even killed him shamefully there.  
Wole stood and battled and they hurt him,  
Chinua raged in anger but they never listened,  
Now I go in search of my mantle of words.

So, don't look for me if I come not again,  
Posterity send me to advocate against folly.  
If the bottle of misunderstanding remains,  
The kettle will call the pot black and none  
Would talk about it, we've taken shed to hide evil.

Don't look for me among the Aristocrats there,  
The thorny fate of my kind I'm in search of.  
The lurking eyes of tomorrow stand there,  
My basket of words are not lacking fibre of joy,  
Don't look for me at the grave yard, I'm alive.

(C) John Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Dont Weep For Me

Don't weep for me  
i will be fine and strong.  
when it rain i will be fine,  
when the sun shine i will be fine.  
i look unto God for my survival.  
Men can fail and trample upon me if hope on,  
But God never fail thousand times.  
He alone knows my story and tribulations  
in the hands of Destiny and faith.  
As i am being drag to the dungeon  
With this black maria painted hatred and sorrow,  
I know i will be fine in the middle of the night  
when human voices shall be no more but  
that of howl hunting human souls.  
Look not the blood tears gushing down from my eyes,  
Truth shall reveal itself after many hearing.  
Dont weep for my honour nor for my glories,  
weep not for my life nor for my sorrow,  
i will be fine in good justifications  
Take care of my wife and mother as i go.  
Bear up my children in your hands.  
They are my gold and my future,  
when i am no more.  
Tell Ozuruonye not to cry, all depend on God.  
Advice Kambili never to give up on her dreams.  
let her strike while the iron is still hot.  
Warn Onye to take responsibilities of his younger ones.  
if tomorrow never comes, tell my children that i love them.  
Tell them how i was humiliated and battered in my innocence.  
and warn them to be wearing of humans.  
Dear friend, weep not i be fine.

john chizoba vincent

## Don'T.....

Don't bite the hand that feeds you  
Don't burn your bridge behind you  
Don't cast your pearls before swine  
Don't change horses in midstream  
Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.  
Don't cross the bridge till you to it  
Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.  
Don't keep a dog and bite your self  
Don't let the bastards grind you down  
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth  
Don't wash your dirty linen in public  
Familiarity breeds contempt  
Feed a cold and starve a fever.  
Don't upset the apple cart.  
Don't try to walk before you crawl  
Don't teach grandma to suck eggs  
Don't throw the baby out with the birth water.  
Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar  
Don't rock the boat  
Don't put the cart before the horse  
Don't meet troubles half way.  
Don't put new wine into an old bottle  
There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream  
There are none so deaf as those that would not hear.

john chizoba vincent

## Downcast.

Through this road of sorrow i walk in pains  
Looking up to the gathering cloud of  
Thunderous rain  
Downcast.  
I was pushed to the world as an outcast.  
My spirit groaned and wailed.  
The soil hated my footsteps  
Just as the sun hit my eyes as i looked it in the face.  
in the air, On the water, where they have traced their signs  
Fear a silent man, he has lips like a drum.

Nothing have i done that pleases men,  
Even the water are scared of me.  
If i narrate gently, gently, you won't believe  
That the rain fall not in my home  
And the winds keeps away from me.  
In misery i was born  
Could it be i die in misery?  
They hated where i stepped on Just as i give ears  
To their cries, to their wild appeal  
However, they despised me horribly.

Upon this mountain i howl everyday,  
I have held out my fingers red with blood.  
Blood from bruises, blood from within.  
I dared not look into their faces nor talk without fear.  
My stomach kept rumbling harshly  
No food and water to feed in.  
The heart of the wise man lies quiet like limpid water.

I am down cast by men,  
Discriminated and thrust to the wall.  
My spirit seek nothing but love  
But It received reproach in return And  
Became scared to live.  
If i cry roughly of my torment  
What eyes would watch my large mouth?

Sad complaining of the voiceless  
Who shall hear me without laughter?  
When the moon is shining,  
the cripple becomes hungry for a walk.  
Although the heart has its own reason which the reasons  
It self ignore.  
I wish i could be listen to and care for.

BUT,  
i see dark torment each time i close my eyes.  
My legs shivered at the sight of them.  
In case you see me soliloquizing  
It is not fault.  
I have seen hell in their hands  
Enslaved and maltreated like a slave,  
Drenched by the rain with no cause.  
My right they have taken openly  
And no soul stand to fight for me.  
i know someday it shall be well  
Soon or later i shall be accepted and live like others.

john chizoba vincent



# Dream

## DREAM

Here and there it goes,  
Trying to be my friend  
And companion in the race  
Of life so rough and tough.

I dances, she dances,  
I sing and she smiles  
She never let go of me  
In the road so long.

She paints pictures to me,  
Pictures that leads the way  
She create an imagination,  
That directs my future.

I peep through her eyes,  
I eat through her mouth;  
She is my mother  
Clouded with hope and success.

When others are gone,  
She stands behind me  
When the road is blocked,  
She shows up and smile.

Her dimples I go with,  
Her wisdom prays to me  
And covers me till when  
The journey is concluded.

john chizoba vincent

# Dream Of A College Kid

The mind that opens to new idea never  
Comes back to its original size... Einstein.  
I shall become a great writer when I grow up.  
Then I will write about love and affection,  
The negative side of love to mankind.  
I will write about the evils in my fatherland  
The bad leaders with their ego so high  
To exploit the masses of their lily pride.

I will write about the calamity of humanity  
That once lived in paradise earth but now  
Dwells in dungeon with a lost host and dreams.  
I will write about Ugonna and his feelings  
Of hatred towards his father for hitting his mother  
Not knowing that the old man was right in his deed,  
What could a man do to a wife that dances outside.

I will write about the custom and tradition  
Of my humble country home, nkporo.  
When I grow up, I shall write about this place  
How we grew up around this house chasing pretty girls.  
I shall write about wole soyinka, chinue Achebe, j p clarks,  
Chimamanda Adichie, Moremi, Oganigwe, Helon Habila,  
Tunji sotimirin, Niyi Osundare, femi osofisan,  
Ahmed Yerimah, samson iyanda, folu agoi, frank Eze.

I shall recreate the world with my speaking pen  
Which have bEen in my shelf since my day one.  
I shall pass a message through my biro.  
I shall not just be a writer when I grow up  
But a great and fantastic write with a great repute internationally.  
Soon, I shall leave the four corners of this class room  
To the street where life begins and ends,  
Having to know what matters at the time it matters.

john chizoba vincent

# Drunk In Greeting

Greet those who are mourning  
Greet those whose bones are wet  
Greet those without teeth and eyes  
Get drunk with greetings and live  
We've never seen what we have seen  
We've never been where we have been  
We've never laughed where we have laughed  
But the sunshine changes in the blink of our eyes  
Look behind you and see many who are drunk,  
Drunk in the act of greetings but they never greet  
They are drunk with the future forgetting that today  
Bears their names before the night came knocking-  
Those who greet never greet until they got drunk  
Drunk in their act of greetings like the Yorubas  
Whose greetings overshadow the monster in them.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserve 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Ebezina Ifunanya: To Nkporo

I left you here,  
I never wanted to,  
But greener pasture must I seek.  
Ebezina akwa ifunanya m, \*  
I will be coming back soon.

I've travelled down to the mountains,  
Driving like a wanderer in the desert,  
Home skipped me as I moved hopefully.  
If there are things I shall say to you, it  
Shall sound thou: Afurum gi na anya! \*\*

Do not look at me as a heartened,  
I did it for love; our love.  
We both have a blood that speak in us,  
Leaving the shore of your land is  
Never to be said to another ear.

Your eyes I remembered,  
Shiny like the stars  
Brave and elegant!  
Shield in the heart of the gods.

Tomorrow shall I return to the eastern zone where thousands shall accompany  
you to the sky where you are made to stay and merry.

Saturday is the last flash of your teeth,  
Sunday is the mirror of your skin,  
Black,  
Shiny,  
The wrapper knotted on your waist

Is the brevity of the mother that I know.

When the food is shared,  
When the home is no longer safe for your kind,  
Come leave my heart; a home prepared for you.  
The food of your heart remind me of Abba where  
That great woman dwells with her art.  
The call of your name shall be testimony to all.

Nnem amaka\*\*\*

Shall I tell many I may meet on my way,  
If there is any covering around your face;  
The covering that tells your ears evil thought,  
If there is home greater than you, I won't leave you, Nkporo; the embodiment of  
beauty.

I know you've been crying, I understand,  
I know you've been weeping, but it ok.  
I know you've been wounded, but your wound shall  
I heal when I return home with the silver and gold.

Tell all runners of accusation finger that I have not  
Abandoned my mother to the moth to feast on, no!  
I only left her in the pleasant of my blissful eyes.  
Tell all accusation fingers that I shall come back soon.

\*Ebezina ifunanya- weep not love

\*\*Afurum gi na anya- I love you.

\*\*\*Nnem amaka- my mother is beautiful.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Echoes From Niyi Osundare's Voice

The world is an egg waiting to be broken  
Nothing bad should worth of a humble tears  
Not even the pangs of loneliness as icy ball  
Nor the fangs of self-pity as winter bears-  
The tyrant was ask when he will end his torture  
He told us that it is when the snake stand tall.  
A dialogue of the drum we heard faraway,  
It sounded not in the season of our songs,  
With our head sleeping at five and twenty  
and killing without a sword in a chicken story.  
In the month of the falling leaves, they promised,  
The pillar is fallen and the stars sob thirstily  
But we see not one of their promises fulfilled.  
To a passing year, we cradle in a cradling hands,  
A disappointing voices welcome us home.  
Who knows the rhythm of the season of a  
Traditional conversationalist in Nkporoland?  
Whose throat is honey to the ear like politicians?  
Who savours the aroma of flavour of words if not those whose tongue are coated  
with sugar?  
The day has woken from the night of sleep  
And we've not seen our entitlement of the land!  
Some even wear courage like a shield to fight  
But their hands broken at the beginning.  
He who has not seen the sea roars in the dark,  
Let him go to sleep without his eyes closed.  
When we shall start singing of lost and faults  
Nigeria shall be our chorus to render to the world.  
We've seen pain! We've seen pain and pains  
Know us by the name given to us by our mothers.  
You singer of royal songs, forget not we're brothers!  
We will not only give legs to our coiling words,  
we will also give them power to kill and destroy,  
You have ended up poking your crooked finger  
Into the hive of our mouth and we shall forget  
Our words in your ears to tell you that your  
Father never know how to uproot yam till he died.  
We shall soon cook for you the food you can't finish.  
Remember, we once shared the meatless meal here,

We passed from palm to palm our ego and dreams,  
Why treat us thou after you climb the chair?  
The sun has disappeared behind the tree of another  
Year, yet, we've not seen the dust of your shirt!  
You singer of royal songs, forget not we are brothers!  
Remember, we once shared the meatless meal here.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Eden Of Fantasy

## EDEN OF FANTASY

Each stroke of my thought resembled  
the path left by an earthworm burrowing  
through wet ground in a rainy season.  
I was sent to market by her with silence  
which I can't reject even in the darkest  
part of me, I can't even in the dream!  
How come that you are trying to flog a woman  
who has sought your protection? She asked  
When a child receives a hair cut, the size of  
his head becomes obvious, I have dived forward  
to destiny of glory. If I could exchange my eyes  
with the sky's, I would go back to Eden where  
beauty began its journey and impartation from.  
The breadfruit falls for those who do not know  
how to eat the Ukwa dish without been ashamed.  
Why didn't Eve eat such fodder in my presence.  
The soul of a man is a far country, impossible to  
explore by a mortal man without a spiritual eyes,  
I have explored the other side of Eden with it  
fantasy through a scary eyes faggoted with  
a fire and brimstoned with the throatful Adam.  
Here is the river of darkness of the garden  
in the old: beautiful but scaring with the  
vision-less face of the godly God. Reach the folkstone of imperfection through the  
air of falsehood and we can retrieve that which was  
lost by one man, one woman which stand against man. Remain here with my  
thoughtand perish  
like a vegetable labelled guilty of impersonation  
by nature.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Egburegbu Soup With Teeth

Make me the food of the future,  
An Egburegbu soup with teeth and mouth;  
So that I can unveil the butterfly's teeth,  
The palm of the sea can have a taste also,  
That Egburegbu like the tears of the hungry sky.

Give me the food let my head rotate  
Like the rotation of the earth on its Orbit;  
Whose unshielded body light up the world,  
The Egburegbu soup could water my tomorrow  
In appraisal to my home country, Nkporo.

Make me the Egburegbu with mouth and teeth,  
So that my stomach can be happy  
Visiting the home of unsatisfied men;  
Whose stomachs crave for more Eba to dance with.  
'More Egburegbu soup, more Eba, more tomorrow,  
More of pretty body that can radiate the world and purge away its sins of lack  
and backbitting'  
All scream with their pantless mouth.

john chizoba vincent

# Egusi Soup, My Love

Let my mouth waters at the sight  
Of that beautiful Egusi Soup under skirt,  
It is seasoned from above by God.  
Submit my soul to that woman  
Whose wrapper soiled my fingers at the  
Touch of her watered body.  
Let my palms slump into her palms,  
The moonlight spills splashes of her love upon me  
As I bore deep into the feast of her.  
How could one spare the moment of your  
Taste ever, in dreams; too?  
Whenever I taste her,  
Just can't help falling in love with her before the sun.  
Hot blood and violent lust,  
Adding sweetness to my desire to taste her;  
Pleasure thrust so deep, I must set my mouth in her  
Sweetness.  
Tonight's delight her shimmery flesh,  
My eyes lost behind my vale.  
Sooooo sweeee-et, Egusi sooooo-up;  
So sweet is my love.  
I will love the sweet fragrance of her hair  
And feel her skin against mine,  
Calling on Eba to feel our beating hearts in the night.  
A love like ours, only come once in life.  
I've kiss so many moons and frolick with venus,  
But her mouth taste sweeter and prettier.  
I'm still a champion in her heart.

john chizoba vincent

# Element Of Freedom

Ask your mother how your father  
Was sold yesterday to the hands of  
righteous death, curling in fearful fist.  
His stomach was empty with a widened  
wild hunger and she left him to die.  
Ask her of your name 'Kamchetanna'.  
Ask her of your sisters and brothers sold  
into slavery before you were born.  
She has a tale to tell of you in her mouth,  
Let not this song split from my mouth  
like the old Imo and Abia...  
For the love of yesterday when we danced  
For the craving eyes of another past generation  
Freedom that calls has no guilt to kill  
Freedom that speaks has no envy but  
Element like the gathering of the clouds in summer  
Like the chirping of the winter birds in the air  
Like the waving hands of the hibiscus flowers  
I have no bed that calls for absence of a body  
Ask your mother for the freedom to explore  
See yourself by yourself; for it's been long  
You saw yourself yourself without a mirror  
For winds will slide no more into your thought  
Rays of sunlight brighten your smile again  
Those dots of thin fragment substances of your laughter  
Could stand in between the night of motherhood  
And bound that exist between mother and daughter...  
Ask your mother what killed your father  
before another mistake creep in like a leper  
With a burning breast of pocketing darkness  
Welcomes you again.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Element Of Tears

Fragment of tears,  
elements of sorrow.  
This is the wild assumption that pushes  
blood to a glandful tattered branch of the heart.  
You are the lost coin been looked for,  
I am the lost sheep of my father,  
They are the tears hanging on the eyes of the sky.  
Yesterday, our fathers told tales that made eyes bleed,  
Tears of this worthless world was one of their theme.  
We held our hearts together to fight history because  
all we were and wanted to be remain with history...  
We remembered this pain that made us wept,  
We remembered clusters of agony raging in us.  
It seems like our hearts would sin again but we cried,  
we can not be ruled by forest of loafers that  
caused us the kingdom and remain tears free.  
This is the tears the sun brought home:  
Of childbirth, we must write on turtle's hand,  
of death of a loved one, we must sing a dirge,  
of mourners in the field of tears; tribute must come,  
of child's labour, motherhood is graced.  
These are the cockrel elements birthing tears,  
elements seen in the chameleon rising and falling  
of the air from our heartbeats...  
They are the consumers of our sanity in the dark  
preceeding synthesis facts of our punctured silence.  
Whether it is in the infiltration of our insanity or  
towards the vegetation of our broken souls, we are born.  
We've come to stay with it as part of us.  
Building a biospheric hearts for the boys of tomorrow,  
this is the disruption of nature's ancestral roots...  
These are the substance that made up those element,  
the kleptomaniac fingers that rob off our joy.  
We are the laddles of hope,  
a shapeful generation of stars,

We will not lie in unkindness  
to keep our fortune in blindness.  
We shall arise and tell Justice of delay

because righteousness is about to decay.  
We will move down to the city  
and make them shake off pity,  
We will make good seeming to stop random tears.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# Elixirs

beautification of painted imageries)

Like these broken shadows spread on the floor of my father's tattered room,  
Like those weeping spirits by the corner of my mother's excited kitchen singing,  
The sky wept in the absence of those beds allocated to the sun of its glories.  
Thousand mouths wagged at the dogs for sighting another ghost in the heart of  
the church that must be hidden at night. we are ourselves the mirror of fantasy  
handed over to the priest that knows whole lots of women's snakedness,  
Let's fire out memories of lost heritages.

"This will cure your madness and gives you eternal life in Christ  
Jesus"; they said "for Chinese Alchemist will come again with a  
precious gold made by this liquid. we'll drink from it fountain of lost want,  
The sand we counted, the priest said It was for the body of the Holy Mary.  
The stars we counted, he said it was for the body of Christ who resurrected with  
sins of the flesh and blood of the lamb.  
When next you hear a preacher' mouth preaching ask him of Sodom and sinful  
Gomorrhah before he tells you the truth is bitter.

Here are the eastern equivalent mastery philosopher's stone of creed and prayers  
before we were born to this clothed love world, mother told a tale of the mirror,  
How they found the end in the end light,  
How they searched for a way in a way;  
But at the end, the clergy men deceived them and saw their prides gazing  
openly. We'll sit to listen to the pebble of the broken silence the priest will spread  
yet on another grave for Auntie Tabitha.  
Flocks are the shepherd's prey as they lead them into hell of condemnation.

We are ourselves the clothes we wear,  
The clergymen had sipped the remains of our sanity and gave us insanity of lost.  
we are ourselves the stream of lines in our thoughts breaking the hun skylines.  
We believed all they said.  
Remember, not all they said by the soil graveyard happen in heaven and hell.  
I have been in heaven and tested hell and discovered we're given elixir of life by  
their lies to keep us following like faithful sheep tracking the greener bush.  
You are what you believe and think is right.

We are not immortal but mortals, ashes.

No eternal life, no eternal youth, when we die, the records closed and the world become silent and silent covers all priest had told us with shadows.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent



# Empire State Of Mind.

We can end this war in the world  
without trace of bloodshed and  
dark tears leaking on earth's surface.  
Our bodies shall not be pages of bruises,  
Peace is possible among humanity.

Our tomorrow shall be written with roses,  
we can turn here a paradise earth,  
Heaven on a graceful feet of the earth;  
tears apart, weeping shall know no more  
of our weakness dangling in the suffocated air.

Harmony could be an advocate of freedom,  
pleasure, a pleasurable journey of mankind,  
our iniquities not visible in the arms of  
fifty shades of sensational sorrow lurking;  
for we are here for each other' weakness.

Our noseful bodies shall not be named glutton  
sucking all the air meant for all dignities.  
Through the empire state of the mind,  
we will build homes not forest of vale  
if we fall not into the sweet lies of war.

Make not the sky broken again and  
float on high over vales and hills...  
if we crumbles, we'll rise breaking  
walls of disunity of blood which  
lies in bound that holds man.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Emptiness

Craftiness of a lonely heart  
When a love one is gone to abyss  
The heart searches of a companion in promises  
Hope gone to the needless tranquilities beyond  
Another mannered plague of guiltiness strives  
Another formal want of cuddle dances by in pain  
Home gone to the brevity of commonness  
Love seen far in an empty dreams and forgone books  
Liquor a sudden friend taken to the soul to kill  
This is where we call life a betrayal of destiny  
This is where we call white black just to be sane  
When the eyes drive from the unseen to the seen  
The empty barren of the mind fill all over the stake  
We become stream, stream of tunnel, no pain felt  
We feel no more of the bite of the inching world  
We feel no more of the gladiator of the darkened earth  
One self becomes a misery of an unpureed prey  
A ghetto home, a ghetto image of lost lovers.  
Bed of stone, house of symbols of like fate  
Look through the blank pages of your searching eyes  
You would remember nothing of when you were  
Still in mother's womb even after birth to earth  
Blackness is the art of the soul to bring agony  
Greenness is the comfort of the mind  
Life is empty when praises elude you  
Life is empty when your love ones are gone  
Life is empty when tomorrow has no promise  
Life is empty when emptiness rules  
Life is empty without a dream to dream  
Emptiness has no definition to the heart!

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures

john chizoba vincent

## Enitan: A Child With History.

There is a full moon at your doorstep,  
a silver coin placed on your navel rubbing  
its metal which Perches on body of humans,  
Clouds walk on the horizon and etch new rivers  
on your body feeding the offspring with meaning.  
Summer locked between your lips, winter beneath  
your feet, your hands can fold your body in half.  
Time tickled in distance, a shooting sun zoomed  
down the empty scary earth in a long line of fire;  
that was that fateful day you escaped from the womb.  
Enitan, a child with history in his eyes,  
this is the wish of the moon you stay among the natives,  
We will look at your face like the mermaid of amageldom,  
we will dance this planet of wishes with empty hearts  
for the history of this land lies in your folded palms.  
We saw distrustful eyes of the appraisals glared  
from helms of your clothes, secretly envying.  
you didn't come like an Ogbanje,  
you never give your mother abominable pains,  
you never frustrated your father's efforts,  
and he never fell from the top of slippery  
chips of the palm tree on a rainy days.  
Your sister was not struck by lightning,  
your brother was not bitten by a cobra.  
Yet there are expression of hurts in restless  
mind of haters, quick, penetrating, and  
meaningful because the prophecy has been fulfilled.  
The pot if polished poetry have been written,  
our hearts filled with gold and silver,  
the sky mumbled in excitement for this:  
the thousand hands will always wave home  
the spirit which creates history in your eyes.  
ENITAN, your tale takes a generous sward of  
perfect lyre of the moon and the sun pretty.  
This is our hope tabled under hearts to love.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Eulogy To God

## EULOGY TO GOD

The immortal Yahwah  
The king of israel  
The lamb of God  
Ever living son of God  
You are the first born of the dead  
The bread of life  
My solicitor in the law court  
The good shapherd  
King of glory  
The spirit giver  
The triumphnat king  
The resurrection power  
The prince of life  
Who is the corner stone of the world.  
The rod of moses  
The almighty God  
The rock of our salvation  
You are the air that we breathe  
Our helper in times of trouble  
Restorer of all condition  
The all powerful God  
The consuming fire  
The cloud behind his people  
The am that I am  
The shaking earthquake  
The light of the world  
The bright and morning star  
The water of eternal life  
The messiah and merciful God  
The mediator, cousellor and supporter of the weak  
The reflection of God's glory.  
The lion of the tribe of judah.  
The alpha and the Omega  
The author and finishers of our faith  
The wonderful counsellor  
The prince of peace  
The coming and ancient days

The root of David son of jesse,  
The invisible God, unquestionable is your name  
The immortal Yahwah, the lord of host.

john chizoba vincent

# Eulogy To Mama

## EULOGY TO MAMA

Dear mother, how mighty thou art  
And how great is thou smiles to thy child?  
All the offspring of the earth adores thy  
Kindness and the moon let out a smile  
For thy affection of thy dimples to thy children.  
Oh, let the earth adore thee let the sea  
Dance, for thy humble human nature.

Dear mother,  
Thou art worthy to be lifted as the sacred god of  
The Romans, thou art the maker of my smiles.  
The lady of my heart before another,  
Let's PRAISE mothers with thanksgiving of our hearts.  
Mother would always there when all has gone to sleep, Oh mother! Thou art  
worthy to receive my  
Praise and adoration of kindness and sweetness

In thy words was I made known the mystery  
Of this divided and shrewed world.  
I love your dimples like Messi loves football.  
My head is full of you as the teacher's head is full of books of wisdom.  
Who are mine without you mother?  
Everything I am and what I will be is through you.

I love you mother, I love your wisdom,  
I will ring your praises day and night  
Until the gentiles come to christ.  
At your feet shall righteous abide,  
The law of your mouth bows many heads,  
Until the end of time shall I love you.

john chizoba vincent

# Eulogy To The Wind

O wind thou art mighty  
Mightier than the mightiest  
Invisible as death  
You gives human life and plant are not forsaken  
With you birds soar higher and eagle moves swiftly  
o beautiful and pretty wind that has no enemy  
Trees waves their hands in appreciation as you pass by  
You can leave stupid women naked in the market place  
I salute you might one  
Who could behold your strength and power?  
Ikuku Ndu, who toss things around in merriment  
i praise and adore you, your majesty  
O wind, the maker of rain  
salute to the greatest of all creature  
You are beyond man visibility and touch  
yet you never disobey thy maker  
Who made thee with such power?  
The field moves back and forth and,  
flapping hands of the Birds delight the day  
You increase the burning fire in the field  
Above the sky so high  
You brighten the day and make things cold  
pretty as you are,  
You make the royal sun smiles and all lips smiles  
Beneath the glories silence of the glowing city  
You make things dry and handsomely rewarded  
No one seems to notice your work  
without you, we would be shrouded in mist of grief  
You are beyond man's power  
terrible beast like men of Nkporo  
Dalu, Dalu, dalu, nwoke oma  
The birds boast at home repeatedly for your sake  
O wind, praise named Ogazuruoha  
You temper justice with mercy and,  
No discrimination between the rich and the poor  
The good and the bad you forget not  
All hail the wind  
All hail Ogzuruoha  
When happy the earth smiles



and when angry, the whole earth terrible  
Hard work is your legacy but,  
Men seems not to notice and appreciate you.

john chizoba vincent

# Even Strong Men Struggle

Do not wear a weary face of lost,  
Fight the good fight and continue fighting,  
Beat around your failures and disappointment;  
Don't beat down your soul in a hurry,  
Even strong men struggle in defend of their identities.

We inherited imperfection from the top of the  
family tree; the tree planted by Adam and Eve.  
That country is without light and hope,  
Put on the light in your life first before others.  
Everyone has his mountains to climb in life;  
Different pace, different climbing styles and methods.

Don't be little yourself, low self esteem kills faster than death.  
We are humans and not perfect humans,  
We are fallible, mortal and flawed in nature.  
Don't put on a frown face and lose out in life,  
Every man has a price to pay in life and  
Life you know, can't be cheated like men cheat wives; even strong men still  
struggle to climb farther.

People treat you like you treat yourself,  
Nature gives to you what you have sown;  
No shortcut to life, there is no extra time.  
Different time for different faces, no extra time given.  
Spoil yourself in the appropriate ways so  
That you know you are a king and others will too;  
Don't look down on yourself, great men still struggle  
Not only you; you could be yourself.

Too many men are hiding behind serving others  
To avoid having to serve themselves in life.  
Be king inside the kid in you, there is no extra time.

Let the harmattan of my pen shrinks your wet lips,  
Let it paints your creamy skin as white as the snow,  
Don't judge yourself to a forsaken crab on ground;  
Even the strong men you look up to struggle, the rich also cry, but not as you cry  
but they still cry.  
The tougher the journey, the tougher we become;  
You are not the only one in the game, we are together.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Every Eyes Has Some Water

Hold on with your tale, brother!  
You can't deceive me with that  
Cock and bull story of lost brain.  
Every eyes has some water in it  
But all depend on how we use it.  
You may use it for Good or Bad;  
All is in your hand to tell the world.

Hold your story to yourself!  
You have a burden and I have mine,  
What makes It different is the we carry it;  
And the way we see it through our eyes.  
Mine might be heavier than yours or  
Yours might be heavier than mine.

Don't shade those crocodile tears to me,  
I have seen a lot and I am tired of them.  
Every eyes has some water in them to shade,  
Problems would never make me shade a drop of my tears again.  
So don't make me feel as if I don't have water in my own eyes by crying here  
and there because you have nothing to eat.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Every Good Thing Will Come

Be hopeful not hopeless  
Honest not mindless  
with the zeal so real  
Not looking upon your situation  
Every good thing shall manifest in due time  
Be not dismay and discouraged  
success will never fail in your daily routine  
One honest move dismentle thousand failure  
look at the children in the swing, merrily  
Going to and fro, to and fro in their little world  
They have their burning burden but perservere  
life will make you bed of roses  
suffering is but for the main time  
it doesnt kill you but makes you stronger  
with your mind focused to do good things  
in delight, pleasure and pretty smile adore you  
A garment made of golden wool  
Fair strap slipped for the winter  
shall be awarded to you soon  
smile preciously to the adornment of life  
If these life may there live  
then,  
have nothing to worry about  
Every thing good will come  
Be not desperate man, fate has it own way  
Die not and weary not for pleasure and suffering  
Rest and sleep and make plan for tomorrow  
Nothing is impossible in this wicked field  
The seas, grass, and the sun shall know your name soon  
Even when the street is your native home  
Just smile and be happy for being alive because many couldnot  
Bring down the host of Angels  
Let them sing praises then, you dance  
You are not lazy, you work hard  
So why wallow among thieves in the dark  
When success and grace adhesive to your lifr  
Wear smile and joy for every good thing will come

john chizoba vincent

# Every Mouth Smell

Why close your nose when I talk?  
Every mouth smells whether morning or afternoon;  
Every mouth has an aroma you may not like  
But another will appreciate it.

Why look at my face when I talk?  
Every mouth has a foul, offensive odour,  
Whether wash ten times ten a day;  
It still not be clean to cleanliness.

Why carry your face away from me?  
Every mouth and nose are brothers,  
So a brother must learn to cover his brother' anus  
Even in public or in the closet.

Why walk away from me?  
My mouth's fragrance shouldn't keep you away!  
It is naturally made from above,  
So don't judge me because of my mouth perfume.  
Every adversity has a seed of opportunity embedded in it.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Everybody's Business

Open the book of history chapter 19

Allow your shadow to roam on its surface, turn to verses twenty and wait. trace your finger forward, keep going; then Stop! Do you see that word corruption marked In red complexions?

That was who they made us to be  
after the amalgamation of our thought  
through their thought to find home.

You bottled up yourself and elected sickle cell patient in office to rule  
While the youths lazied at home.

Last time was a woman and his wife,  
a man; and you cracked yourself up,  
Break every bones of your marrow biopsy complaining and singing how  
Womanly he was to lead you home.  
Now, what is the scores for Chelsea?

open the constitution of your land,  
Flip towards section 111 of the book.  
Where was it written an eye for eye?  
Was there a mouth for jungle justices?

I know is not your cup of tea to see a  
Brother beaten black and blue alone.  
He pleaded not guilty but they killed him, has he sinned more than the  
cocktail Politicians that stole money?

I broke my silence and spelled pains  
and tears and sorrowful agony  
To those that killed themselves in themselves before the end comes.  
I agreed with my fears when I saw no  
PVC among my people but naijabet papers. I made my doubt fixed my broken  
legs to shave off angered tears.  
You need yourself cos here is chaos.

When we cry to be free and clear,  
Our grandmothers collect cups of rice  
On the campaign ground for all of us.  
Don't you know to be poor is a way of life and to be rich is a way of death?  
When a fly passes by you rant and call  
Government who has sent them to you.



I agreed with my fears that government will place that morsel into your mouth!

2019 is everybody's business to handle  
We can couple together those broken  
Laughter left on our humble fine faces.  
Dusting of every road in the state is everybody's business to talk about.  
Those colourful children in the street are everybody's business to care for.  
Not my cup of tea if you fail in your business of patriotic service to the land

Now, close the book in your thought  
Let me tell you a broken tattered tale:  
Our ancestral politicians are the disguise herdsmen in the greener street of our  
home. Don't mention my name to any ear finding truth in this lie I just told.  
I am going home now, my mother seek my face for an errand I have to run.  
We are all reeked flag and coat of arms.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Evil Days

'God forbid', Life permits! !

When the pastors could no longer pastor  
When the preacher could no longer preach  
When the crusader could no longer crusade  
When the Evangelist could no longer evangelise  
When the dancers could no longer dance because  
Their legs were weak and dishonest with them  
When the doctors could no longer treat  
When the plane could no longer fly and we watch  
The ship sink into the ocean without any help  
When the journey is no longer sweet to further  
Mosquitoes and bedbugs suck more of our blood  
Hell becomes closer than before to us  
When the children are left naked and sinful  
When all the trees are crook and none is standing  
When the legs could no longer be raised  
When the sand becomes hotter and desperate to kill  
When the stream calls for soul to swallow  
When the oceans are more reddish and horrible  
When millions shall die at once in an ailment  
When the earth becomes mountain and no one could climb  
Can you still stand in sweet joy?  
Can you still tend the farmland?  
'God forbid' but life permit,  
Life sometimes permit what God forbids.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Expression

Childbirth, an act of blase bourgeoisie-  
How untrue expression it stand to be  
With mother listening to the rhythm of  
her dying father's song at noon sleeping?  
All noted, supernatural fetishness...  
All written, unbelievable forgotten expression.  
Our Dibias are home sick without their black cats.  
This time, with calabashes filled with dirge  
Tales of childhood in African soul.  
Takes of their unmerited spiritual failure,  
nothing like the weight of a child to the palm,  
from hand to lap, to stop the urge from the  
longing lower part of the belly...  
Nothing taste like child bearing to a mother!  
In our bloodshot eyes, we glimpse the vulnerability  
that hide itself so well underneath our valuable eyes.  
Children are gold, bearing them is an experience  
graced perfectly by nature.  
Passion lies within its oasis of fate...  
Dreams return hope to an unpredictable womb,  
Child, a purposeful treasure of a home whose  
absent brings hurt and pains.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god 2017

john chizoba vincent

# Ezi Enyi Ka Nwanne

Ezi enyi amaka na uwa  
Ezi enyi ka nwanne ojo  
Lezie enyi gi anya oge nile  
Ahabula ya ka onwu na nsogbu.

Owere enyi ka nwanne ma  
Obu ikwu na ibe gi na uwa  
Mgbe nsogbu di ono ya,  
Na oganihu ono gi na akuku  
Lezie enyi gi anya nke oma.

Okeosisi na agba egwu na ukwu ya  
Ka ona enye nsogbu make ka na  
Ukwu ga eji ya out ubochi na abia  
Ogologo ndu ka madu nile na ayo  
Lezie enyi gi anya ka isi hu owu gi anya.

Ekwe kwala ka ihire mee enyi gi  
Kpowe ya ha okuku is ekpo nwa ha  
Tinyere ya aka na oge nsogbu  
Make na ezi enyi ka nwanne.

john chizoba vincent

# Ezigbo Enyi M Nwoke

Ezigbo enyim nwoke bia ka anyi noro  
Na ofu obi na ofu nhota ihe uwa a bu.  
Ezigbo enyi nwoke bia ka anyi tinye  
Aka ru sia obodo anyi bu Nigeria.

Ezigbo enyi nwoke egbula m  
Igbuo m gini ga abu uru gi na uwa a,  
Bia ka anyi jiri otu obi biri maka na  
Otu obi ga eme ka obodo anyi ka nihu.

Jide aka m ka m jide nke gi,  
Ebukwala ihe na obi ebe m no,  
Werem ka nwanne gi ka anyi no di.  
Ezigbo enyim nwoke, akujokwalam  
Akutokwalam na azu maka ego.

Echi di ime, ezigbo enyi m nwoke,  
Onweghi onye ma ihe echi ga amu;  
Nwoke mabu nwayi, ka anyi chebe ihe echi ga abu.  
Ezigbo enyi m nkwoke ka anyi jiri out obi biri na udo.

john chizoba vincent

# Fading Dreams

Don't let those dreams fade into their eyes,  
And water their guilty souls to an able pains.  
We are the nexus of an abyss of paradoxed war  
Return the tooth you took from the lyrics of  
The song played to the orphan children.

We need not those dreams to fade into the air,  
We need peace among the black tribe in the land  
Not a fading dreams but a hope fully fact to come.  
Drew a piece in the side of your soul before night,  
Make the rhythm of my seasonal sermon echoes.

We are here for the future, take my hands,  
Fade those trouble lurking among your eyes,  
This land must be lifted high above its height.  
Let the yoke be eased from the sons of men,  
Tomorrow holds the fortune of this very soil  
When we stand with our hands lifted up.

If the drums are from the ghost of shame,  
Let the sky speak of land with no single crime.  
If the thunder question today's rain, we'll protest,  
The green land of ours must be protected with  
the spirit of unity not of war and brokenness.  
We are here for all of us, heal Nigeria now! .

john chizoba vincent

# Family

Family needs closeness to strive  
Family needs commitment to stand  
Tenderness to the need for privacy-  
The privacy to physical consolation  
And the consolation straight to harmony  
With a little help from rationalization  
The sympathy leads smoothly into peace  
Family is closeness not just for sexuality  
Family is togetherness in trouble and joy  
Family is goodness and kindness to all  
Family is fulfilment, fidelity and sharing  
Family is faithfulness to your spouse and kids  
Family is fruitfulness and friendship  
What good is a family if you're not a family?  
What good is success if no one to share it with?  
Don't be too ambitious to forget your family,  
Job comes and go but family remains in midlife.  
Don't throw away family and pick up job  
The frustration there after is greater than hell.  
Together, but alone! That is loneliness of the  
Most haunting and devastating kind to avoid.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Famished Hearts

Tell Chinua Achebe  
That things just fell apart  
Not then when he saw the vision.

We have no Okonkwo in the land any more and  
The animals are more in our communities,  
George Orwell's Pigs of our century.

They said ' All animals are equal in a democratic land but now, we discovered  
that some are more equal than others in the same democratic country' why?

Our hearts are famished,  
Wandering in the empty street in search of nothing  
And nothing is seen to eat nor drink in this famished  
Lost land called a home, it not a home but forest!

Tell Chinua Achebe  
That the vision he saw years back now hurt us more.  
The whites are more in power than the days of great Okonkwo; and we are left  
unclothed in the land.

All we see are famished hearts, famished souls,  
A haunting heart that seize the call of grace,  
Ignominious!  
Ignominious!

Shall the dry bones ever rise again here?  
Things has fallen apart in this country and  
The center could no longer hold together.



The shoes we wore yesterday,  
Now walks on marbles of sorrow.

If wisdom will be a friend to those Pigs,  
If suffering will bare no trend against us,  
And we forget our plights with the rain,  
The mirror will be a better view to connect us  
To the world where tomorrow exist in joy.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Far Away Cry Of A Child

## FARAWAY CRY OF A CHILD

CHILD:

Mother hold my hand, I am falling,  
Don't let me fall and gnash my teeth  
On the concret wall in front of me.  
Mother, why are we not like others?  
Why has papa gone astry with his mistress?  
What does the future hold for us, mother?  
Why is things so difficult for us?  
Shall we remain in this swing forever with  
This tattered clothes and shameless hair?  
Would there be a enough food for us this night?  
Mother answer me! When would father come home?  
Where is mary my humble miracle sister?

MOTHER:

Son, the dark cloud has not gotten enough water yet.  
You shall not fall when mother is here with you,  
So many questions make the heart bitter but  
be assured that the dance in the forest is not  
Meant for only one tree but it is for all.  
We shall dance through this son, we shall with  
Songs of joy when the time comes.  
Father might be stupid but mother can't be because  
The bond between mother to a child and the family is stronger than that that  
exist between father and son.

john chizoba vincent

# Far Cry Of The Ear

FAR CRY OF THE EAR

EAR:

I can't marry you as a husband  
Because you have caused me so much pains,  
You are also too thinny and noisy for my liking  
But friendship can be better than marriage.

MOSQUITO:

No! You must marry me or I will  
Keep singing to you the love song  
When you are asleep until you  
Accept my proposer as your husband.  
I shall not give you Freedom until I marry you.

EAR:

Then shall I chase you away from my home.  
You said I am primitive and does not befits you,  
I pour out the water of my heart to love you but  
You treated me like a foolish mad woman.  
And you said you needed modern things not me,  
I don't love you any more, dear mosquito.  
I need my freedom, the song of you should always  
Be a song of praise not of hatred and rudeness.

MOSQUITO:

You must love me ear or forever be my slave,  
An enemy to you and your primitive generations.  
Woman of Africa, who says you are not pretty anyway?  
All I needed is you whether pretty or ugly, my heart. Skips a beat at the sight of  
your beauty.  
I must marry you my dear ear or forever be my slave.

EAR:

I can't love you anymore Dear mosquito  
But if you insist in my affection,  
Be ready to die before your time on my ear.

john chizoba vincent

# Fear

Like the sword of faces  
Morning danced along  
Like the crystals tell more  
Even when ears exist not  
You are the spirit of men

Let the moon smile black  
Today crushes with past  
Telling a moonful suldry  
Of how naked you make men  
pale and weak to rise again.

Tell your ear another fable  
hearts will forever taint you  
mouth, will hurt you gracefully  
When the earth smile of pains  
then you know men are duly silly.

But you are truly a friend  
a friend to man and all  
Only you pushes his world round  
makes him look beyond  
You are truly a friend not enemy.

A king was in your hands,  
a Queen lied in your palms  
Looking at the mountain  
fear will stand to fight corruption  
seen in the mouth of Nigeria.

Mother died with a song  
a song in her throat yesterday  
she couldn't sing a note  
Fear was her weakness  
go to the grave and see her song!

Father eyes was with dreams,  
he died broken in fifty shades  
Those dreams were his nightmares,  
a silver lining abusing fates of eel  
Fear made him a broker of promise.

The Rich dies again and again  
before they finally die in losed  
end of who they are in life, they  
dear to bear their fear of lear.

Politics is grade and rade  
Everyone fears to drop at feet  
Tainted hopes are built around  
cripsy journey of planted mood,  
this is the revival of men of heart.

Divide the moon and the sun,  
Substrate some fragments from  
the crumbled body of the sea,  
Fear makes the sky bleed in tears  
not only the rain have legs to journey.

If your eyes sees mine  
If your nose sense mine  
If your mouth speaks of mine  
Let the humble yonder describe  
of another nectar in the sky.

Fear is the water of men  
Water is the life of men  
Tomorrow we'll build castle  
where fear shall live in peace  
And make men stronger.

© John chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god.

john chizoba vincent

# Figures Of My Love

## FIGURES OF MY LOVE

No one recognises when love begins  
But we know when it ends  
A flower cannot blossom without a sunshine  
And men cannot live without love  
So in the nouns of my heart I love you  
Through the verb of my love I cherish you

But the adverb of my love will multiply audibly  
In the adjective of my wisdom I beautify you amicably  
Prepositioned the thought of my heart for good  
In the conjunction between love and hatred

Through the pronoun of two beings  
We will fly higher so that they exclaimed  
What love is to those in the dark side  
On that day of our love, beautiful virgins will faint  
On seeing the colourful love English we've made.

john chizoba vincent

# Fill Me Up

FILL ME UP

Fill me up with love  
Let me fly like a dove,  
I want to run it over  
Then dance like david, our father.  
Healing rain is falling down  
Fill me up with my own  
Let me see thy greatness  
And float in happiness.  
Grace and glory abiding within  
That will make me flow in.

john chizoba vincent



# Finding Solace

Sometimes, counting the sand becomes the only way I could find hope,  
Counting the stars bring joy to my bored heart when all love is gone;  
when searching means of arranging these broken words to form a life.  
They told me this virgin map will lead me to finding fate and love and solace,  
They told me this road where it's dust groans are the perfect way, but it made  
not the roll call of my journey.

My eyes saw a black and red Jesus,  
this made me believed every man is a home to himself like the tortoise and the  
snail.

The fish eyes of the smoke tells of a black world,  
a world of danceful agony,  
The teeth of the sky on the earth again,  
The eyes of the earth randomly peep from the casket of the human's heart.  
Life is but a road, a Raven, a map, a word striking in between fingers, a tale, a  
gulp of poisonous libidos of time; a timeless region of basketed water.

If you have this elixirs of life, let me know,  
If you could take your life and still have it, let me know;  
If you can look the sun on the face, let me know.

Faithfulness is found in solace of heart,  
Finding the issues that made us humans,  
Does a man's joy comes from the funnel between the woman's legs?  
Does greediness and cowardice bite the air?

Loneliness is somewhere in the south,  
Suicide is found somewhere in the north  
Solace is somewhere in the east sliding,  
One says stop and learn, another says get lost and never return, another says  
get lost and lost.

If you find me lustering the street of illusion, label me not as a loner.  
Here I journey to find hope, to find the knitted happiness, to find a covered joy; a  
faithful love, finding soft solace.

Tell Africa of my painful plight,  
I have seen her shadows in despair,  
Not on my palms shall the air bite in annoyance and greediness.  
I will come, yes, I will when I find this soft solace to my heart.

If caged in the presence of doubt and fear, the joy tilted on my tongue will sprout  
like fireflies and it's hands in the air for solace is the breakdown of loneliness...

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Fine Boys

Look at them full of smiles,  
Christmas is on their heads,  
The glittering and glowing of their teeth  
outshine the hidden shamed sun of the earth.  
They are the beauty of the day decorated with  
A clothed laughter that honours their lips to heavens.  
Their embroidered clothes make the sky spread out in joy.  
In the curve of the edges of their spirits are the sweetened flavours of a greatly  
made pasture of life.  
In the court of their hearts is the soul of the gods,  
When they walk, the grasses make way for them to pass while the flowers butter  
their footsteps to greatness.  
The mind of the king is in their care, the future of the  
Queens are their past which had been cleansed.  
Look at them walk passed the beautiful gate, they are the fine boys.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Flashes

## FLASHES

We have a land  
a Land in the west  
her men are highly patriotic  
but dust and coal are  
the colours of her wall.

She harbours three children  
one is a symbol of development  
the other, symbol of cattle  
another, a party monger...  
no nexus, no rising of the sun.

The land speaks of rivers  
Yet, no water is found there  
they make fire and light  
but light is far from her  
a harlot seeking for a husband, she is.

She is an illusion of the future  
the nectar of her eyes is agony  
her inhabitant are the problems of her  
Problems parroting downtown of religion  
she is holy yet sinful and timid.

This is the flashes of my land  
a Land flowing of milk and honey  
this is a Nigeria tale of tomorrow  
with flashes of terrified eyes of  
a generation of strange youths.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god.

john chizoba vincent

# Fools

Fool not only those who have lost their senses  
They are cheaters who loot the economy of the nation  
Animals and heartless men from the north side of the world  
They fail in all the things and make masses cry in pains Affliction and shame  
move along with them  
Down the mainstream of their trousers!  
You could see the patches there in advertising their deed Fools are those who  
manipulate people  
Thrust them into misery and grieves  
The fallen gangels

Fools are not only those who are handicap  
Rather they are bad leaders who claimed to be honest  
Once they are, they never look back  
Mischievous black heart angels  
Workers of iniquity,  
Work not to  
    the progress of the nation  
Streams and  
    oceans howl at their entry  
Women  
    deliver prematurely at the sight of them  
And the  
    winds fail to honour them

Switch on  
    the music of life  
And set the  
    drums, bass, lead and the trumpet  
Let them  
    dance, dance until their legs wobbled in misery  
O fools,  
    remember your wanderings and pains in the  
    wilderness  
Until the

masses rescued you  
Honoured  
you in paradise to feast and remain  
Now you've  
forgotten the dry days  
Forgotten  
those poor church mouse  
Who look  
upto you

Fools are  
not only those who had been taken to psychiatric  
They are  
not only the lunatics  
Rather they  
include animals with no conscience  
Birds on  
the drive way roaming about  
Pretending  
to drive but lost in the act  
Ceased all  
the forest in a count  
And misuse  
it at the masses expense

Fools  
discriminate and trip the economy down  
They are  
also those who makes and break laws  
Those who  
think only for themselves and never work  
Dangerous  
mask spirits monsters  
Never  
forsake those little orphans who put you there.  
Look up to  
, you but xdeeeik letr them down  
ex  
you shall fall one day

Face

covered with leaves in shame

Mickery

would visit you, fool.

Fools are

those who fornicate naturally

Lost their

conscience, ready to j

Things s

never made with their lazy hands

Those

defeated in the journey of life

Patriots in

reverse order

Determined

merchants of loot

Elites who dance foolishly for political and economic leverages

john chizoba vincent

# For African We Creed

For Africa of tomorrow we creed,  
for the love of our father's land we  
must fight a fight worthy of praises.  
We have learned to mask the sun,  
we have learned to cover the sky  
for our creeds to be heard by all and all.  
For Africa of tomorrow, we must not cry again,  
For Mandela shall come again for freedom.  
Our cries shall not again break the dawn,  
for the whispering of cricket is heard far and wide  
so shall our laughter silence sorrows.  
New era is come with a palm wine of smiles,  
Streaming the fate of every African to goodness.  
For the love of Africa, we shall sing again,  
plant trees of faithfulness and understanding.  
We are born with tradition and culture,  
we have pregnant lands waiting for tomorrow,  
and we must handle every tide that brings  
memories into the bosom of our breastful heart.  
And history of agonies must not go back  
with the loneliness in our mouths.  
For the brightness of our surrounding is hope,  
the black race of our minds is the world.  
For the good of Africa, we all shall arise  
float in the sky and rise Africa above all.  
For in Africa our Bread shall come again.  
For the love of Africa, we shall stand.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent



# For Biafra

The land of the rising sun,  
laughter beckon us as we wave perfectly  
to you. I've made my ancestors proud  
writing about you, my muse is delightful  
in glorious light, my ancestral home.  
I have told my friends how rich and powerful  
you are, where in you dwells a great ecstasy of  
love, wisdom, and powerful beyond compare.  
With divers tradition and culture decorated by diverse tongues colourfully  
designed by nature.  
Have you heard of Onitsha, Abiriba and Okija?  
What about Njeba, Asaba, Izuogu and Aba?  
Those wonderfully made land adorned by  
Amadioha whose kingdom last forever.  
I salute the great Ohafians in your bosom  
The mighty Arochukwu bows in greetings  
Mbanjo send their words to your greatness!  
Nkporo okwe is saying you're braver!  
My Biafra, my home; my Biafra, my country!  
My Biafra, my country; my Biafra, my home!  
You walk as we stretched in holiness of you,  
We won't allow you float into the windpipe  
like your predecessor of old corruption.  
They have once chased our joy into death,  
Our tears broken and made to fill a cup!  
The skin of the sky shall cover you forever,  
your dreams shall be our iris and lens to see!  
Biafra oh Biafra! We wait on the other side here  
until this tribulation shall be over in joy then,  
we shall embrace you like a lost child that found  
his mother.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## For Biafra (Abstract Tale 2)

My Biafra! Our Biafra!  
Your sun shall rise again  
Not in half of its yellow  
But as full as the moon.  
Our sons and daughters  
Shall sing a song and see  
Vision not black vision but  
White vision of unity.  
We shall write poetry and  
Dream dreams like Joseph,  
Days of loom shall not come,  
Wisdom shall we live with!  
My Biafra! Our biafra!  
The cock shall crow again,  
The Lizards shall stand again  
This time with their legs...  
Eve won't eat another apple,  
Adam won't be deceived again...  
We shall be far from this gory  
Land baptised with tears!  
We shall know no corruption,  
Peace shall greet every lips,  
Success shall be our tale to tell,  
My Biafra! Our Biafra!  
Biafra oh Biafra of our dreams!  
We are fighting towards your  
freedom before the night rain.  
A dream in the eyes remains  
Visible to the beholder until it  
Comes to fulfilment at hand.

(c) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## For Biafra (Abstract Tale 3)

In your blood we are birth,  
In you we shall die like sons,  
When the wind shall call of  
A global village; you'll stand.  
Of a truth your erotic voice is  
The envy of many nations.  
Before the night cut's heal and  
The day's tears squeaks wellness,  
Our broad smile shall remain here  
When the sunful eyes of nature  
jiggles somewhere of joyful birth,  
Thousands of us shall jubilate  
Between the body of the universe.  
We'll gather our selves for tomorrow,  
We'll pile our hearts in unity at the gate  
Like coins from daily makings of  
an old farmer whose hoe spill love.  
We shall arrange our lives into clanks  
of shrillness before the moon of love,  
Drowning into one another without  
finding dirge in silence to echoe behind.  
As we sit on our old thoughts weak and  
wretched like an abandoned rags, we shall  
remain faithful till that dreams come.  
A destined day of Amadioha shall come;  
a day when we shall walk amongst the legs  
of the gods of all the Biafran's humble  
clans, we shall hang our past on the head  
of history and the eyes of haters shall not  
prevail, no!  
Our lips shall sing yet another song of victory!  
We could agree on waiting for the sun  
to set a pace from the eastern zone of Enugu  
before fixing ourselves into tales that hold us  
together like the nexus of the sky bodies.  
Sometimes we might wait until our heart bleed  
but, we won't give up the quest of our heart.  
We'll wait until we break into another song of  
hope with the Nightingales and the whispering

of the air soothe us out of the long longing.

(c) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# For Boys Of Tomorrow

For boys of tomorrow who went,  
forgive our ignorance of the old,  
forgive us for taken the unripe  
mangoes from the top of the trees.  
Let your minds be written restfully,  
the sky owes us an obligation to protect you.  
The sun was once our enemy in the noon  
that was why we overstepped and slept  
with those innocent girls made for tomorrow.  
We bred fears and our sins have purged us all-  
We are the ancient keeper of the culture  
yet, abuse it openly in the eyes of tomorrow,  
for boys who went after us,  
Ikemefuna will come again,  
this time not from Okonkwo' lineage;  
for Okonkwo was weak even to himself.  
Not through Kainene; for she lost her prestige.  
Not after Inu-Ego; for she died longing for children.  
Not through Kambili, for she was braver than earth.  
We are imperfect because we are human  
of breast milk.  
The sins of your fathers shall be of secret,  
It will not be used against you all.  
Forgive us for the mistakes to come,  
we have a dream that your dreams will be our dreams,  
not of faith but of grace, grace of thought.  
We've sinned before the creator but  
arrange your hopes in an ascending order,  
tomorrow holds a greater testament on your faces.  
Forgive us for marrying your mothers even before  
their shy apples came out to see the dark earth.  
If the moon has to cry,  
let it be upon our head.  
Put the blame on us, for we are human;  
we are imperfect human of breast milk,  
for butter is not meant for monkeys.

©John Chizoba vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

## For Eunice Jossy

The song about you is love.  
I have knitted your laughter  
In the coven of my heart to rest,  
fondled your smiles to rest in peace,  
Remembering your defeat to hatred.  
We'll sing of you in unison uptown  
the mountain of the world of Benue  
to declare freedom to your unborn dreams.  
Your stories of realities shall be  
sounded at Idoma clan of your bravery.  
May we always remember this:  
We'll paint on the walls of joy  
never shall your sun Smit you!  
You are of a great woman of strength,  
bottling the flashes of the timid moon  
and keeping the glowing of your smiles.  
You are a Queen of the middle belt,  
the awaken light of bouncing tomorrow  
brighting many souls deceived by westernization.  
You have a tale in your eyes of eyes  
which shall resound farther soonest,  
when Idoma and the world shall behold you,  
we will dance along the field of longativity  
of age which heaven endowed you with.

...and I said my birthday wishes.

© John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For Flesh And Blood

1

These were letters written in tablets of blood  
We wrote the pains of yesterday today wittily  
On this seaside of swaying embargo of tablets.

II

She was the song swept in pity and cruelty  
Daring the concubines that surround mother earth  
She shared piles of honest sorrows in the street

III

When smoke of lies corrupted our honesty  
We became captives of earthly idols to rule  
Slaying bundles of watery hopes in our hands

IV

For flesh was the demon that deceived  
Our blood, the host empire sagging evil  
Folly of today harbored crime of tomorrow

V

In sand of time have we seen this flesh  
Where water occupied the trinity of our being  
Rays of light paddled off boats that guide lives.

VII

She cooked for all to eat and dance  
They ended up slaying her into the pot  
Exit the tortoise from its shell and cooked another lie.

VIII

For her testimonies of the saints roared  
Armed and naked, cruelled and shallowed  
they made honey through their sinful mouth

IX

Till this very end, we'll have this palm frond  
Till another ash Wednesday to mourn her  
For these tablets are full of deceitful truth.

X

When she was younger and tender at heart  
She showered her pink happiness to lips  
Dressing emptiness to renew the wind.



XI

We are windows of thought to her soul  
Dreams of new breeds, damaged in a  
Satirical veracity that makes spirit ponders.

XII

For her flesh covered us in dusk and nightfall  
Her blood, a sacrificial substance to the believers  
Like the peacock, she spread her feather to protect.

XIII

Africa is the genesis of mankind and evolution  
She came yesterday with a song in her throat  
Here was the photography of our dreams she held,  
When she told of a neighbor who killed with mouth

□

XIV

For this diamond called home and house  
Would not exit us through shadows and ashes  
Through visible weightless wind among trees

XV

Dust became grains in our eyes when she fell  
People made others virgin of an oily wanderers  
Ronin and roving like dark armless sinister

XVI

We have crossed this land again like sojourners  
Still come back beaten black and red by strangers  
We've seen modernity fades fashionably as the breeze blew  
And, we're back from where we began our journey.

XVII

for flesh and blood, she has protected us  
Africa has protected us in fear and bravery!  
yet, we ended up killing her with the same  
food she called us to eat and merry till dawn

XVIII

When she looks at her children, time looses  
Concentration; staked and unbalanced to her  
The flower may have lost a home to the wind  
Depictions of bones, broken in families of lovers

□

XIX

Finding her children in a broken home of the past  
Skulls scattered like grains of millets in the forest  
Spirits wore bodies of new traveler to invade into  
The emptiness that generated fouled originality.

XX

For flesh and blood, we would march forward  
The rivers flowing out from our eyes would cease  
Africa is a green plant in the eyes of children  
Who killed her? Who damaged her fleshy thought?

XXI

These were letters written in tablets of blood  
We wrote the pains of yesterday today wittily  
On this seaside of swaying embargo of tablets.

Yours poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For Girls Of Tomorrow

□

we've built you bridges that will lead you to tomorrow  
the pieces of these skimpy mind of yours has been repaired  
down in the sea of knowledge have we made roses for you  
love at large and familiar beat of the heart shall follow.  
let no tradition deceive you to core inanity and foolishness  
marry where you found love and care...  
the pound of this land is in between your fingers  
we've tasted this daylight of beauty  
we've loved this timeless base of favor  
retiring this images that stand in our eyes.  
our village was made for the protection of your kind  
our loins are the pictures that harbors your libation,  
your mothers have rendered their tomorrow for you  
your fathers have sacrificed their today to keep you  
they will bear whatever that comes on your way  
in love and tears  
in joy and agony  
in understanding  
not of lost and lawlessness  
you'll get there  
Africa awaits you on  
the other side.

II

Flora Nwapa will not suck these memories away  
she made a perfect shy woman among her kind even  
when the forest of Abba could not hold down Kainene  
she taught all women to wear the thought of their mothers.  
Innu Ego would return to mind with glass full of thought  
Buchi Emecheta planted her lips on the night wind.  
"men are scarce" like they said in absence of their lips  
learn to keep your right hand abreast of the moon  
Chimamanda Adichie knitted to her father's name  
make your names dangle to the song of another man  
Like the kite dangling to the wind song of hope.

learn to throw yourself to the world craftily  
We have failed yesterday not to protect our husbands  
modernity has come to bring those glamour old days robbed us  
Use these as big dreams to paint and plant honour  
You're the last of the strongest  
Birthed in the house of symbols  
generation of heroines  
How you carve your names on the sand tower  
Tells how indeed you were made.  
□

### III

darkness we must beat down with torchlight  
in this sand of time rotten men wear white linen  
to deceive women to their web of cruelty  
the skin of the body has generated your names  
don't float in the windpipe for men who beat and bark  
find comfort in your growing muse till this world ends  
switch places and find grains of purity somewhere else  
better land than those we entrenched here for you  
forgive any step we may have over taken before you came  
we were overwhelmed when ancient days emerged in our feet  
solitude never thought they could live where we lived  
we've built you bridges that will lead you to tomorrow  
the pieces of these skimpy mind of yours has been repaired  
down in the sea of knowledge have we made roses for you  
love at large and familiar beat of the heart shall follow.

Yours Poetically,  
© John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For Ozubulu

(after Amadioha went to a wet sleep)

.  
.

For the Men who went during praises  
Let your tears be of cheerful dreams  
You are not forgotten in abyss  
The glory of death shall be re-shadowed when the storm is over

This is the gullible of the vision-less attribute  
For those women who cried Ozubulu! Ozubulu! ! Ozubulu! ! ! before death  
I have seen your agony wailing in the street  
if this is the sand that unite us  
Amadioha was insane when it all happened in his sleep....  
Our shadows shall always cry  
Our nose shall always smell your aroma in the darkness.  
this is the cruelty of men of our land  
those who didn't suck their mother's breast nine months  
those whose father's names are cursed  
those whose names bring shame  
those whose mother's names are of sin.  
we cry also, we weep all alone  
go in peace women! go in peace men!  
Ozubulu children,Ozubulu wind & sun  
are your traveling map hanging on the  
fragments of the dusty lonely cloud!  
For this journey is of shame and sorrow...  
Our ashes & palmfrond shall remain with us  
and your names shall not be forgotten.

.  
.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Refusing\_frustration.

john chizoba vincent

## For The Boychild: Finding Benefits.

Tell mother and father  
Mountains are not like us  
We've grew knowing Makoko  
We've tasted The heat of Ajegunle  
And the sun at Akala skylines.  
We have visited Bayelsa watching  
Children thrown into oceans and returned back to their papa' palms.  
Do they still find benefit in us?  
Do they still find benefit in our lives?  
Tell them of cities created in us  
Splitting up like the red sea.  
Tell them we are now men of peace  
Finding benefit and reasons...  
Till Monday becomes Tuesday,  
We will march around nature and find purple colours that tells of freedom.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For The Boychild: Finding Home

We are lost cities finding reasons  
to join our broken aspirations together,  
a lost elegies uprooting tubers of yam planted by our forebearers,  
dreams seeking for home and abode to abide by in the nexus of classism.  
We've missed the track created by our ancestral ancestors in the dark days.  
now, the light created by modernity hurt and hunt us through shame.  
We keep running into the dire shadows,  
Into hollowness, into races that named us betrayals & nothingness.  
Race that track down our throats into splitting emptiness and sagging lips.  
We lost between thigh of a lady,  
Through the celestial eyes of women,  
In between fingers of Delilah's make up.  
Our name reek of bottles of wants and needs,  
Our shadow duplicated in the thought of lost temples.  
We printed the map of our cities in our mind eyes,  
We foresee the routes of our helmet but we could not trace the fragment of it.  
Home is the passport of dignitaries of righteousness and holiness.  
Our kind minds the animation of this movie called life.  
But the thoughts of leaving our shadows  
To places where survival and existence  
Are two starved fishes - wrestling under water is our fears and doubts.  
Our bodies are home of sluts finding reasons to live!  
Our minds are carved memories  
our legs have created more pains than the rebellious act of Boko Harams.  
How do you name boys like us when you place more values on baby girls?  
You said we were stronger and you left us to find freedom,  
musical notes of songs which is to be  
Sang by boys who grew into men  
Gulping crooked waters- for strength  
We were the origin  
Of those unclad boys rejected.  
We seek for the way to retrace our way into future built before us.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## For The Boychild: Fire

when rape is visited, a girlchild  
comes to mind as if we exist not;  
remember, we also get raped.  
when Afghanistan assault is mentioned,  
the name of a Girlchild glue to their lips like they forgot those boys at battlefield  
made to forget their father's name.  
are we not assaulted too?  
when Iran violence is named here,  
the skimpy thought of a girlchild echoed.  
They engage us with egotic cascading rumours about our conversative lives,  
about our brevity not weaknesses,  
Picking up those fragments of our lost self. naked. visual impaired cognitive.  
we learned to draw guns from fugitive  
legs in figurines of steam steak sleeves.  
we splitted fire into tongues and eyes,  
we splitted smoke and chill doubt in the mouth of lust from the home we lose.  
have you seen those kid boys in the war front?  
those who are meant to remain at home with nipples inserted into their weak  
souls.  
have you visited the prison yard lately?  
boychild commit the max of the crimes,  
ladies are weaker vessels & must be protected from disclosed patterned evil.

for this humble fire  
Let's cascade this two worlds  
this series of unfortunate cities  
this divisions & separate ideologies...  
this races &faminism of the heart  
this light of men above women.  
we have our differences between,  
some of us learned to run faster  
and the other, slower but life itself  
is a baby that knows not what he created.

i heard that boys now pray more than girls...  
i heard that boys are more assaulted than girls...  
this mortal earth. The heavens. the hell. the underground.



are verses made for girlchild & for the folding of fire by the boy child.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Refusing\_frustration.

john chizoba vincent

## For The Boychild: For Boys Like Me

For boys like me,  
who think quitting is a better passport  
to create dreams, remember Eisten.  
For boys like me,  
whose brains are fire & water, oceans are splashes of thoughts interwoven.  
Its unbroken. unwritten. Unsecured.  
Its carnal desires are sore throat hurts.  
List your spiritual needs before the wind pilot light & song echoes into sound of  
time past.  
Boys like me don't give up but fight on.

For boys like me,  
whose fingers hold dreams daily. Separate yourself from the role the society foist  
in you to carry like shadow.  
I have never give up from a quest to  
be better that was why I made poetry a father to help gather my sanity always.  
For those boys like me...  
On your sisters bodies are another world created by your parents' sarcasm.  
Boys like me don't live by that ideology.

For boys like me,  
home is a prison yard like schools are but don't you speak ill of it but if you do,  
Call yourself a brave man for that is the first step of becoming a man of purpose.

Find freedom & resourceful enterprises, men are men at the crossroad of  
loneliness and loveliness and liveliness.  
Teach your tongue to hold death ransom  
I have done that like a million times & never was I burn by it fierce spirit.  
Boys like me find freedom and power.

For boys like me,  
whose mind is to stop the growth of dead bodies around the cracked world,  
Whose dreams are to build more schools that bridge ignorance & stupid monk,  
For boys like me,  
Whose fingers are learning to beat down our playground which has been turned  
into a graveyard; your eyes will not see darkness of this ancestry ancient lies

told by our leaders to rule wickedly.  
Boys like me are not lion running after survival.

For boys like me in their dreams  
Words are only our weapon of warfare,  
It last longer than time and survival,  
Train yourself in the act of wordwars  
And let your face be carved on the sky.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# For The Boychild: For Their Broken Thoughts

have you tried to freeze your thought?  
have you tried to print your smiles?  
have you tried to be normal like a child?  
have you tried to laundry the layers of your laughter & found no soap & water?  
have you tried calling your names &  
the echo bounces back on you like a pricks  
of a foregone dreams? Life itself is bias.

Open the collar of your shirt & see those  
sweat that describes your cracking day.  
Even if the sun unmasked your feelings  
& you emotionally tamed the eel boys,  
Your silence becomes louder than noise  
Your photograph becomes brighter than the  
sun's smiles and rays penetrating into  
the souls of darkness and sadness.

We are boys and boys alike with broken  
thoughts of lines and stanzas falling like  
leaves & fruits from a miserable tree.  
Boys like us do have dreams like Joseph,  
But tongues are toiled to the girl's eyes  
letting our names tanished in a mud.  
We are boys but without a hope of today.  
Who tells you that boyhood has no pain?

We do cry also, we do have agonies...  
We get raped also, we get brutalized  
We are boys alike with broken thoughts  
We get assaulted also, we get twisted,  
Humiliated and abused like our girls.  
Why no one talks about our plights?  
Why do we pick interest only on girls?  
Weakness also weighs us down atimes.

Who tells you that boys are stronger?  
Who tells you that boys are smarter?  
Who says we are greater in this life?  
We are the nexus of this mistake also

We have our weaknesses & sorrows!  
Boys are not perfect like you think  
We dare & doubt & fear like the birds  
gathered in cage to be slaughtered.  
Boys also cry too like the girlchild.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For The Boychild: Solace And Solitude

(SOLACE AND SOLITUDE)

if all tongues wag for the girlchild  
then, what happens to the boychild?  
if all the rivers run to the hut of females,  
the farms of males will be left  
unattended withhornful thorns!  
Boys are dreamers of tomorrow' pains  
Painstakingly breaking down mountains &hills through the celestial wildlife of  
vulnerabilities & gories miseries.  
Yet, the lilies of hellish testament burst into episode of seasons &songs & dirge  
Forged into spiritualism &fetishness.  
A boy is a dream of the world  
A nation of armies extended family,  
a million rivers spreading breviary,  
songs littered in foreign languages.  
We may not know the beginning of pleasurable experience in thign &thong  
We may not know the many nights of lingering for walls of shoulders to lean;  
We may not know fate as cup of awesome awkwardness in the wildest  
Trivial pursuit of a boy child, yet,we table matters above them.  
Boys are cracked town also...  
towns ruin by wars,  
Bodies dried off of blood & water,  
cities trampled upon neglected tears.  
Sadness accessed by the riverside,  
Rivers torn apart separately finding freedom!  
They are music laced with agonies grips.  
With this blue eyes of their tabled clothlines,let's visit this mirage spelling words  
in this split fire and water.  
Let's have a round table for issues that made boychild fearful.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# For The Girlchild

To this brokenness of women, the world flopped and flipped out.  
How life flawed and tampered the ice of the girlchild!  
How green became red images to their eyes is still a misery to our flammable  
fable eyes:  
of happiness galloping towards sorrow,  
We are here to locate the wind that  
Caused their pains before they split into Imo and Abia.

How would I tell them of tomorrow unknown?  
How would I drive into their thoughts and make a meal of time?  
How would I tell them the river in our throats embrace dryness?  
How would this earth continue to evolve and envelopes in their palms?  
For they are our earth, women is the world!  
Life to them is a wet roads with dry leaves...

Our hands have waved pity into their eyes to give solace,  
Our legs have walked into their thoughts for glee embraces...  
For the girlchild, for the innocent ones;  
For those life peeled through their skins,  
We have this to say:  
We will never allow hunger to walk on the street seeking for you!  
We will never allow cruel men come near you,  
We will seek for men of goodwill to guide the chest of your virginity.  
We'll build a temperament altar of men  
That will curse rape that walk in their thought.

This sand you walk on were your mothers who went fighting your course!  
Many of them were trapped by evil men whose wealth blinded their eyes...  
This is home again, our souls are home for you and your kind to stay and merry.  
Looking at this busy sun on the idle cloud, we'll hold violence to ransom,  
ransom for breaking you apart,  
ransom for holding your innocent mind  
Your images on the walls of dangerous men shall be retrieved back...  
You will not be like a village defeated by war,  
You will not look like an orphan when men like us exist.

You are the water soaked in the eyes of our dreams, dear children,  
Make haste to conquer fears and doubts as you pour yourselves into yourselves.

We pray as we fight, you'll not mingle with a wrong men like water and oil.  
This is our plead to pleasure your body  
to the measurable deep barging silence.  
You are golds to the eyes  
Your are the gleaming sky...  
You are the song in our throats splitting into cities of great wordiators.  
To this world, we'll listen to this love notes rendered with a calm voice,  
For you're the world itself.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent



# For The Sake Of Love

## FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE

Tarry here with me for the sake of love  
Help my mortal body not to fall a victim of love,  
Calm the storm of my noisy heart for in  
The name of love men are redeemed from hell,  
Meet my soul and body in joy to the fire in you.

For the sake of love, hold my hand  
Till the egyptians forget about their artwork  
Kiss my lips and see the chariot of love  
Charming the auto- heartbeat of a man.  
Calm the spirit of my honourable heart  
To testify the mercy of love in me.

Tell me sweet words in the name of love  
Let not your be troubled for I told you  
Dearly to my own life and future.  
Sins of the mind shall not contaminate  
The love that flows through my vein.

Marry me in the world of love  
Then we shall watch the beautiful virgins pray for us  
Know you that genuine love never fail.  
For the sake of love be my wife today and  
Mine the hatred in my soul.

For the sake of love make me  
The prince of your tomorrow  
Where hope and courage endures forever,  
Stay with my heart for the sake of love  
Kiss me in the name of love.

john chizoba vincent

# Foreboding Silence

Melancholy searches of our patches  
impending death imminent danger  
ecstatic of tomorrow we sold desolated  
Our heart beat no more bathos of hope  
the family bell summons us no more  
our spirits haunting and hunting of a land  
which no indigene of optimism stay...  
The strange cry, the empty look-  
The stream-of-no-consciousness are we!  
Transience of another being of thought.  
Vanity is in the air, tranquility seen by,  
issues of the hearts, tales of bubbles.  
Glamorous buddies of yesterday,  
our dreams were horrible, mother touched.  
Why is Dad suddenly so pale and sickly?  
Why do we speak differently with our spirit?  
We looked into ourselves without even a smile.  
We are silent, foreboding silence of the  
lyrics of elegy and ode.  
Our silence spoke Millions from our eyes,  
for fear ruled the night we looked into ourselves.  
Sarcasm of our satirical corded persons,  
rolled it last for the silent.  
Death smelled here and there,  
pity was in the eyes of the night!  
Death! Death! ! Death! ! ! Lurking.  
Chiyelu is not here and we were not told!  
She ought to lead the morning prayers -  
Why is Papa crying and pointing in the air?  
Why is mother panicking and panting?

Where is Chiyelu my golden sister?  
Where is she, has she joined the stars?  
Is our discoveries a fairy tale?  
After the wildest beauty of this world,  
dust comes in mind in tales boys tell.  
By her dead smile I knew all was not well.  
Mother! Where is Chiyelu?  
Father! I am going to join her there to

thicken this foreboding silence.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god.

john chizoba vincent

# Foreplay

the road went blind  
two blind couples on  
each other finding out  
how pleasure tastes  
they went in & out of  
each other selfishly  
their bodies groaned  
their skins welcomed  
their craveness for more  
love and lust listened  
orgasm paid a visit  
and again, they went on  
Fingering the eyes of the  
day into the dumb of the night.  
Two tattered thoughts climaxed  
To ending a cum of chips.  
The texture of their kisses  
penetrated each other ending  
the wind of tension between  
Veteran noon eyes watched  
Till they separated into satisfaction.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## Forget, Mother 2

I left you all day with fear  
A wounded hear with a cruel blemish  
Seeking for a healer  
Tormented against strong will.  
My whip welcomes you home all day  
and scars on your body trembling  
humiliation hasten by at the sight of you.  
The sweat of your labour means nothing to me,.  
How ever, a grave voice answer my call always  
When ever i spring up in a new form  
Bitter taste of freedom you see.

son i have done lots of wrong  
But you tell me forget mother.  
my Heart becomes black each time i see your smile  
Your famish was banished by any enemy  
by the flowing milk of your words  
Sent anger to my stony heart.  
Rest by you is an abomination  
Always wanted you to be a goat, a battered chap,  
But your blood are always crying for mercy  
Each time i hit you on the ground.  
Son of bitch i called you  
But it makes you happier.

Wondered how i would hurt you more,  
I called you a bastard  
But it strengthened you.  
At twelve i left you naked  
Unclothed you walked about  
I saw you sprawled on the ground in the hand of fever.  
I left you with a fist punch.  
The day i burnt you I thought you would die and leave me alone  
However mercy came to rescue you.  
love words sounds through your mouth  
Hatred knocked it off.  
and horrible wind swept off your voice.

as if men hung here unblown  
NO one asked me about it.  
Look at my heart crying  
Your heart was broad and innocent  
Colourful rainbow brightened your fears  
Have you heard me wanted to sing and dance  
a BEAUTIFUL SONG FOR YOU?  
The funeral dancer have i joined  
to bury you before yoUr time.  
But suddenly, the air cracked  
And then i changed my bullet flashing fire against you  
When i heard you say again forget mother after all i have done.

john chizoba vincent

# Forget, Mother.

Each time i scolded and abused you  
It send fear into your humble heart.  
High tense in the mind with high wind.  
I made you cry under no offense  
Battered you like a slave  
And your tender heart forgives.  
emotional tears gushed out from your white eyes  
pleading mercy but, it touches me not.  
All i am interested is what i wanted  
Not what your beautiful life desires.  
i thrust you aside in pain but peace p revealed.  
No motherly emotions attached between me and you  
BUt your tender mind seek wisdom.

I nagged and complained always,  
But the wind take them away from your heart  
Perhaps fatherly love means a lot than mine.  
I hated you but you loves me thousands times.  
On the the bed beside your companion, the wall  
I pushed you aside and hit you thousand times,  
YOU never complain to any one rather to the wall.  
I made the street your home,  
and the gluttons feed you and the flies your play mate>  
You certainly have come to stay.  
Yo may think all your thought, you may,  
But your idea and dreams shan't see the day light  
Hear evidence the nature gives judgement.  
i place no mouldy margin upon what i should imagine.

I made you fatherless because of ques t for fame,  
the dream i had was to wash you away.  
The under world would be a better home for you.  
Because i have no human feelings.  
You cry to be free like the hibiscus flowers,  
But i frustrated your dreams  
And thrust you to the dark night  
Where demons fear to tread.  
I have no heart as a mother  
And you still loves me.

On the couch you laid soliloquizing  
Wet the pillow every night for my seek  
In the mountain i hung my ears  
living life as i wanted.  
i rejected in the morning  
In the afternoon i whipped you,  
And in the night, you were left untouched.

i left you with no food.  
Behind my eyes and my mind raging in anger  
Wildly as a hungry hyena  
Seeking for time to take away your life  
You proved difficult right from the day i conceived you.  
You are of a great person  
Telling me what you wanted  
Intimacy and the bond between us i cut.  
with days of illusion and abandoned dreams  
And sleeplessness with agony.  
Twelve years of suffering poured on you from my stony heart  
IN you i have rediscovered the memory of my blood.

john chizoba vincent



# Fragment

Fragments of life.  
Fragment of occasions.  
Fragment of the past.  
Fragment of the present.  
Fragment of tears.  
Fragment of conversations.  
The fun and the pains.  
The private joke and laughter.  
The suspense of life.  
The private torment.  
The signature of who we are,  
are the image of our fragments.

john chizoba vincent

# Fragments Of War

For Aleppo

What is the joy of war if not the fragments  
of blood sprinkled unholily on the ground?  
Aleppo has seen this braveness and succumbed  
that the testament lies in the swords and armours.  
I can feel the test of your suffering and pains,  
I can smell of the irony of the warship bouncing,  
I saw the shape of your crying laughter;  
Sharp, drowning, and, building itself a channel of  
restriction in this fragments of godless war.  
Make the body of your masses a holy fortune,  
let them find delights in your face and soul.  
Illusion of this abolished fate shall stand  
when the thousand drop of those tears shall speak,  
Aleppo! You can fetch from eyes to eyes  
those fifty shades of darkness and imperfection.  
Aleppo! ! Shatter those winning ageless fate.  
We have seen your tears and sorrow smiling,  
we have seen the season of your song hanging  
here in the throat of howling wind of shame.  
Your mirror has eyes and mouth to tell the world  
of those thorns that grow on your skins...  
Wearing dustless of stories on your neck,  
in pair of empathy we shall make your tortures  
known to the world when the time comes.

©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Free The Angry Birds

Free the birds, let them go to the East  
The North is unfavourable to them;  
The terrorists has done them wrong  
Feasting from where they have not sown.  
The overwhelmed corpses on the ground  
Has becomes the object of their pains.

Free the angry birds to their songs  
Are aching our innocent fearful ears;  
Let the birds sing to the air of their pains,  
Maybe their tone could be heard and be of  
help the casualties  
We have listened and our ears are worn out  
To their sagging songs.

Allow the birds to march to the Eagle's square,  
Their plight could be heard in the midst of the house  
In the morning of their quest to see the change,  
The Boo Harries seek selfishly without consideration.  
Try to maintain the tempo of their sagging voice  
And make the note known abroad where  
Emotions and feelings are not morally abused.

Mount the speakers outside the Eagle's square and let them sing to the Boo  
Harries of our economy,  
Master the beat of their melody for the  
Beauty of their agony lies in the lyrics of their songs.  
I have seen them lately at the corner whispering,  
Lingered words to the cloud of the suffering which  
The Boo Harries have pushed them into.  
Free the angry birds to tell the world their plight.

john chizoba vincent

# Freedom

When this tinsel is broken again  
and time is measured from now,  
the tide shall vanish in sorrow,  
Yesterday shall be remembered  
in a whitish memorandum of hurt,  
I will ask Mandela for freedom again.

When this time reflected anti clock wise,  
the xenophobia comes at work in minds,  
Our spirits shall bottle grudges of hates  
chameleon in the corner of captivity manly,  
this shall betray our instances of insured lives  
I will ask Mandela for freedom again.

When this song is captured by strangers,  
Our voices become helpless to redeem it,  
we will match to the field and talk to the birds,  
images shall tame our innocence to the sky.  
With the rumble of the lonely cloud here and there,  
I will ask Mandela for freedom again.

When homosexuality and lesbianism  
becomes the issues of the hearts to men,  
we will make a tattered and rough protest,  
we will stand at the city gate of the sincity  
brave, courageous and incomparably smart,  
We will ask Mandela for freedom again.

I will ask Mandela of freedom of the press,  
I will ask Mandela freedom of expression,  
Angelou shall write from the grave in flagging  
eloquency of the African rightivity and nativity.  
Chimamada shall be the song of women colour,  
Habla Halon shall recreate men from measures.

We will wait patiently for an angel to come,  
an Angel of hate and love because we are hate  
and love coupled diligently with the sunrise.  
Our soup shall boil to it brime of intelligence,  
this should be our crush of African cultures,  
I will ask Mandela again for freedom.

What is freedom at the door of captivity?  
What is freedom in eyes of a mother in labour?  
What is freedom in the promise of freedom?  
From this slippery end of enticement of hope  
We will sit at the seat of strength and keep  
asking Mandela for Freedom again and again.

©John chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# Freedom I Seek

Twice beaten by life in my race but  
Am not shy nor intimidated to stand again.  
Life herself is a lesson of Gold to learn,  
I breast no thought to change the  
Narrative and pattern of nature in my stand,  
Once beaten twice lesson; third, another try.

I may not unwittingly prepare the ground  
of hobbling for the kingdom above my head,  
This life must I fight to the end of its cunny lies.  
Life has come of age but the way forward still  
remains stiffly buried in the past of failure,  
The fear of the unknown man in the criddle of life.

Bid me the good will to continue the search of  
the meaning to this mysteries of life mother nature,  
Still on your knees shall I bow to worship later.  
Those who break and run at the crack of whip are  
not worthy of being called men in the race of life,  
I have come to defend posterity to the core.

it's no fun patching up the wounded in the street,  
United we can mend a broken broomstick here.  
Stand and look up at the face of challenges in life,  
Make your face stronger and bitter than theirs,  
Once beaten twice shy shall be an old tale to tell.  
When the beginning is compromised, the ending doesn't  
entice anymore with the heart that sees.

I am a new testimony to mankind not to beasts  
New testimony comes with memories of a lifetime  
Embibled in the eyes of tomorrow with love.  
Twice beaten in life, I still stand stronger,  
I shall not pick my fingers at the sight of the sun up.  
Forward I move whether good or bad, better or worst.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# From A Pen Refusing Frustration

I know you, I know your thought,  
I won't be intimidated by their sunny  
Red blazing eyes that hurts minds.  
My ink might not be better now but  
I won't give up in the quest to know more,  
I will still swallow my pride and work.  
The essences of living is not seen in not failing  
But failing and rising make up life journey.  
Life has knocked me hard in many attempts  
Yet, I will triumph bravely over those critics.

Tell hardship that I can't let go of my dreams,  
Tell poverty that he has lost the game of the  
throne, wink at frustration and mutter to him  
that he should keep off from my burning zone.  
I may share the bleeding part of the nosy economy,  
Tears may flow here and there like a rain drop,  
Leaving me helpless and hopeless; dumbfolded,  
I must never give up base on what you say to me.

Tell them in the house that we, the penlords,  
Will survive the melt down of the sun on us.  
Strongly, we will prowl in the darkness alone.  
The sweat on our brows had been brave always,  
We've seen many times when the sun changes!  
We've seen the moon as a chameleon here;  
Yes, we've seen many transition in life and life  
Itself have seen us with a bleeding souls and legs.

We will cross the bridge of a disgraced shame,  
From the faculty of insanity to home of sanity.  
We can't leave words alone, we can't leave Nigeria  
On fire and run to a sagging strange land, no!  
Look at our eyes and find out that there is



A tinny boundary that connect home and abroad,  
Love knows no bounds but suffering has bound  
That cluster in many ways in the polluted air.

Look at the forest of men astraying,  
Panting in an endless depressions that bark.  
I refuse to be among the rejected in the street,  
I refuse to be frustrated before the new rain,  
If their head is censored in the field, many will fall.  
I refuse to be stranded in the hands of the so critics,  
None those Animaticians on the their white chairs.

Today has seen our stripped heartbeat broken,  
Tomorrow shall we overthrow fear in a combat.  
This is from my hand; hand of a pen refusing  
Frustration from the clouded prison wall of poverty.  
I can't be devastated, we can't be demoralised in  
Our own land where enough milk are gathered.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# From The Pink Diary

Yesterday I worked with Wole Soyinka in his  
farm; a farm of poetry where we harvested words  
And sow imagery like a spring of seedlings.  
I kept pace with him in the field of words until  
He smiled at me and shook my hand and laughed.

Last year I sat with Femi side by side  
In the dreaming school of familiar poetry.  
His hair white and mine black and brave,  
We were no match not at all but he still  
Considered my boldness and courageous pen.

Today I met John Pepper clarks at home,  
He taught me the rudiments of my pen.  
He was such a lovely fellow to follow,  
Disciplined but friendly when it comes  
To who is who in the school of poetry.

Chimamanda Adichie showed me stars last  
night, she said Kainene will be found soon but  
The Purple Hibiscus shall remain in mind  
To guide me through my journey of writing,  
We laughed like mother and son till sleep stole  
Our eyes and ran to the embeamed bed.

I sang with Graciano Enwerem at the Port,  
He broke the rules of alliteration to my eyes.  
His laughter I found in the legs of poetry,  
We caressed the bleeding moon and tell  
Stories we won't be able to write in a million  
Years to come when all is gone into ashes.

Eriata Oribhbour took a picture with me;  
A picture with a tale of future to tell to all.  
He was such a lovely father to father my muse,  
We ran in and out in the beach for fun,  
I think he saw the braveness in my art.

When I met my African Mother, Buchi,  
The world stood still admiring our embrace.  
She took my expression and hid it in her bosom,  
I knew she still have them in her mind of mind.  
I stole a fish of words from her face and asked  
Her of Nnu Ego and Osha but she waved me down.

I never met Chinue Achebe at home,  
I was told he went on a journey of no return  
But his deeds remains in my eyes to harvest  
Any time I need to learn and re- learn without  
Falling on the stony rock of critics and haters.  
I have part of his furs on my lashes of books.

Under the glowing glittering sky I met Niyi,  
That black cultured man, a symbol of our  
Cultural heritage, the cup that many drink from.  
He gave me a big tuber of Yam from Ekiti,  
I still have that Yam Osundare gave to me.

When I woke up this year from the seasonal  
song, my diary reads goodness with good yams.  
From the angle of hope I see signs of immortality  
That history can't exist without my name bravely  
Carved on it with a golden medals that unite souls.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Frustration

Like a thunder bolt  
The words exploded in her head  
She was confused in the noon  
History deserted into noun and verbs  
The sun came calling on her  
The air screamed on her  
The oceans wept bitterly  
Our generations was at stake on her  
Flaming down the guts she moved  
Moon and grasses filed up in the street  
Up up they journeyed in the black side  
Abandoning the green side of the land  
Mother Nigeria is fading away  
In the hands of George Orwell pig  
Shall the caused of animal kingdom be ours?

john chizoba vincent

# Fugitive

I am learning how to leave  
how to hug many lonely roads  
walk through the roads in pains  
how to mourn those lost brothers  
without feeling guilty-wandering  
this is what life has taught me:  
how to pack my bag and walk,  
walk to the river bank and stay  
I've been forgotten in between  
fingers, two unequal fingers  
i know I am a street shattered,  
littered with filth agonies.  
finding home in a graveyard  
finding solace in the bosom of  
emptiness and foilage of vacant  
lonesomeness taught me this:  
how to name the street a home  
how to hold death in my pocket  
how to talk to the wind as a friend  
building sadness and excitement  
when a dice of stupidity is thrown  
fools like me look for gold of sanity  
these broken poems in my head  
hurts, wish I could split them like  
Igbos' hearts, like Edo and Delta!  
the history created has made me  
learn more on how to lose home  
in every moon, in every star  
but am afraid of what the streets  
talk about me in their closet.

Yours Poetically

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Funny Cows On Crude Oil

If you see father Ken Saro Wiwa  
Tell him about me as a mouth to his songs,  
Tell him that they have removed the meat  
He gave to us and gave us grasses;  
Dirty grasses to replace our milky meat,  
We are not cows, then, why would they bring  
grasses for us to chew in public?

Our smokes are restricted from moving out,  
Our kitchens have turned to oil wells,  
Our mother's mortar taken far away land.  
Tell Buchi Emecheta that we have no water  
To drink even land to farm our crops now.  
Our air is stinking with dark sticky viscous liquid.

They said it is a mixture of holy gases,  
Its looks like liquid and solid hydrocarbons,  
Impurities of sulphur, nitrogen and oxygen!  
The words coming out from their teeth suck.  
Exploitation of our wings are done by the cows;  
Beautiful cows in a beautiful dresses to suite.  
The search for oil has killed many with Geologists.

They eat Naptha here and there with Kolas,  
They wear paraffin oil as their bangles,  
Petrochemicals are the eyes that loots their pride.  
More funny cows are sitting on crude now,  
More cows own more oil well than the goats.  
When will the goats be given chance to speak?

If you see father Ken Saro Wiwa beyond,  
Tell him that our creeks are baptised sinfully,  
Our hands are tied behind us to keep shut.  
If the going get tougher and rougher here,  
If the sky visit us as promised with a new rain,  
We will break out from this caged pleasure

To a place of rest looking at the rising half sun.

- - Another Voice stronger.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Ghetto Poet

the street taught me how to name myself,  
how to make life miserable to people with arms and weapons around my neck  
and hands.

how to call a knife a spade and  
a spade; a hoe without feeling guilty.  
how to lay wait for girls and make  
them scream out loud in dark places  
where men fall in and come out  
happily satisfied.

the street taught me how to pronounce these words: Bread and water.

I was born without nipple to my mouth,  
my mother became religionist making temples her home.  
My father, whose shadows I fell under reek of bottles of beers and found  
satisfaction from the twisted public holes of skimpy sluts.

The street made me, I am part of the street; a ghetto poet, ghettoising.  
life pushed me into the den of wildness  
there was time I visited hope and hope failed me yet the end didn't come.  
I whimpered, but life must go on.

You know these words are broken,  
I lost my soul scribbling them on slates  
I picked every word I say from the ghetto.

I won't stop this game, forgive me like  
I forgave myself when I sliced a knife  
into a Bishop's throat,

like when I shot a wealthy man at Nnewi  
like when I set the church ablaze for treating me like a Lepal at restitution.  
like when I slaughtered an Imam for a false doctrine.

Just forgive me 'cause of this ghetto sermon playing in my head.

I was made the black sheep bybroken marriage  
I do not know when the world begin to trade a boy like me for bloody  
adventures!

they made beast from baby like me,  
when was it signed into our constitutions to overlook dregs of the society-  
children in the street?

how do you hold your bodies together  
knowing you've held a future in your tongue, your arms and weapons?  
begone! There is no point being who I am...

Don't leave me to perish! I need a shoulder to lean on!



Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Give Me A Chance

Give a chance to live.  
A chance to express my feelings and thoughts.  
DON't push me to the wall and crucify me  
I have done not what others have not did.  
You drag me a little and remember i am like  
The helpless cow that has no tail  
Only its God chases away flies from its body.  
With your sword mind so devilish and dangerous,  
It fire breaks my thoughts as my tears fight to  
drop from my eyes.  
Every memory of my experience brought a fresh wave of anger  
Hurt and pains to my dying spirit.  
Every one has a cockroach in his cupboard.  
I could not have seen the sun come and the rain drop  
Because of the mighty hands upon me.  
Thunder may strike heavily, the wind might bring storm,  
But i know i am helpless with no one beside.  
We can coin things out within us.  
Dont crucify me nor thrust me down the court yard,  
Where i will be judge wrongly.  
Give me a chance to live like a normal human  
And take away this embarrassment from me.  
You only need the sun when it snow  
Only know your lover when you let her go.  
But i only need your hands to escape to freedom.  
I wear uniform and you wear too.  
i look beautiful in it and you look beautiful mr jailer.  
Mr casting stone, fate works in a mysterious way  
Tomorrow is pregnant and no one knows what is will bring forth.  
YOU might be in my shoe  
And my help will elude you.  
Give me a chance to live mr casting stone.

john chizoba vincent

# Give Me Africa My First Love

Africa is my home  
I have no other home  
For Africa I live for  
Give me Africa to live  
I will make her my soul.

Asia is not my home  
For my blood is not theirs  
I have no root there  
Their roses are sick  
Africa is my first love.

Give me not Europe  
I have none of their eyes  
My legs are not like theirs  
Their water will leave dirt in me  
Africa I pledge for night and day.

America is not good for me  
Their weather is scary to me  
Their food can't quench my  
Hunger and thirst for home  
Peace of Africa I crave for.

Australia is not good for my skin  
I may not dance and sing there  
Moonlight have no branch there  
There are faults in their skyful stars  
Return my Africa for us sons

Antarctica is not my home  
I have no business with them  
Africa is my business to care  
Don't blame me for my want  
If I don't build her who will?

Give me Africa treasure at heart

Give me her borders to oversee  
Across the oceans would I tender  
Not even ants will go hurting again  
We will have enough to eat and laugh.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Give Me Freedom Beyond This Land

Hold your tears!  
I do not want it,  
my mind is made up.

Those crocodile tears  
Can't cure this madness now!  
What I want is looking at me.

Hold your fears woman!  
Your song is a reproach to my dreams  
War is a enough music to my marrow.

Give me freedom  
beyond this very lost land  
then my heart shall dance.  
I will rise against all odds  
even when no cocoyam  
and yam are seen in my barn.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Give Me Nigeria.

Hold your tears and  
give me this land  
I will transform the stones  
into wheat and flowers.

A man of action  
talks less but acts more,  
give me this very country,  
I will make her soar higher than the Eagle.

Sundown among men  
freedom calls on mountains  
we need no more strangers  
we can build Nigeria with one man.

Give me an hour to rule  
I will make her green greener  
make the white purer than ever  
give water to those tired horses on her coat.

Give her to me with her pains  
I have the cure to her ailments  
I can satisfy her sexual urges...  
She is not a stranger to development.

Give me Nigeria  
then sit and watch me work...  
I am not an offspring of greed  
what they want is looking at me.

©John Chizoba Vincent.  
Cam'god.

john chizoba vincent

# God Bless Nigeria

## GOD BLESS NIGERIA

Over 170 million spread mighty blacks  
Greatest black nation on earth- - - Nigeria  
Biggest economy in Africa and beyond.  
Greatest available work force and talents  
Birther of indomitable super eagles.  
Home, the noun that invokes a plethora of  
Emotions within me and makes me happy  
Nigeria is my home, a nation of ours  
We still believe in you, mother Nigeria.  
Here we lay to write our own Nigerian story.

God bless Nigeria my fatherland  
The land which my mother sworn upon  
To abide in day in and take charge  
The Land which my father fought. Bravely  
For her freedom and liberty on the seas  
As my pen bleeds in joy in your love  
It echoes out it love for my fatherland.

God bless mother Nigeria  
Whose umbrella covers her children.  
Even though she bleeds profoundly  
She Still care about us the princes and princess  
Her succulent breast we once sucked  
Bitting her nipples But she never complain  
To anyone but endured and pat us on the back

Even when we go astray and sin against her  
She is ever ready to beat us with her right hand  
Then reconcil with us through the left.  
Oh! Mother of many talents whose leaves blosom  
All round the world, your sweet tendacy drive  
Home the joy of motherhood and what mother  
Stand for in this ever changing universe.

Mother Nigeria, I hail you for your love  
The sweetest of them all, your children will ever

Make you proud all round the world  
In your heart shall we paint love and kisses  
Your face shall we breed humbleness  
Mother, thousand years to come shall we praise  
Your loyalty and loving kindness  
We shall gather the birds to sing and dance  
While the trees weave in gladness for your love

God protect mother Nigeria  
Mother, whose smiles awake brave  
Gladiators from west to south and east  
Mother, whose beauty radiate with smile  
Cheer to a mother of perfection and peace  
Cheer to Mother Nigeria, the good mother  
We would be forever grateful to you mother  
for given birth To us in this black soil of Africa.

john chizoba vincent



# God Is Not Dead

The shining sun is a witness,  
The craving moon is a testimony  
The perfect sky is a motivation,  
That God's not dead but alive every day.

The unsatisfied earth is an example  
The hungry grave is a great image  
The beautiful world is a good picture  
That God's not dead but alive every day.

The unstable wind is a good feelings  
The cloudy cloud is a marvalous sight  
The restless oceans is a tale to tell  
That God's not dead but alive every day.

The waving trees are fact to study  
The jobless birds are another fact  
Diseases and sickness are the true colours  
That God's not dead but alive every day.

He is immortal not mortal like a mere man  
He sees all that are blind for you to see  
God's not dead but alive every day to bless  
Open up your heart to the earth surface for him.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Golibe

## GOLIBE

Golibe, Have you ever see me wanted to  
sing a song of love to you with my bongo?  
I have tatoood our smiles, never allowed  
Your names escape from my lips like Words.  
I Have seen your heart danced upon the song  
Of love.  
Have you seen the beautiful sky lately?  
I have caved your name Golibe boldly on it  
Golibe, the Sweet ornament of the morning air  
Whose body mosquito have not feasted On.  
Golibe, I watch your Back with Smiles and joy  
I know they made you a monster in the eyes  
Of the strangers who never see beyond your beauty.  
Do you want my heart between Your teeth?  
I will bring it tomorrow at dawn for your love.

john chizoba vincent

# Goodbye Mitchel

Adieu Michel, adieu the great gem

An icon bore when the wind stood still

As I waved this emotional hands in fear,

My tears hung in the mid air

And the gravitation could not pull it down.

Say hello to Mbadiwe, the great hunter.

Say me well to the underworld.

I do not look with watery eyes

But dwells among the black pots howling

Supplicating like a priest

As you walk down the lonely road,

Remember those you left behind;

In the world of sin

May your protective hands be upon us.

Remember the chick you left behind,

It mourned for you with its sackcloth, darker than the coal.

How be it you left so soon in horror.

Your glories still weeping

Soon men would trampled upon it like the grasses

And the trophies you worked so hard for dies.

With yesterday's eye,

We lifted you up high cheering.

Up you raised your hands merrily.

The field respected you and honours your footsteps

Audience slept with your thought in their mind.

And the wind drums cheerfully in your ears as you ran.

Many gifts flew to your palms because you made us proud

In the world of your own you were and ruled passion.

But now,

The worms had feasted on that pretty body.

Body which I adored thousand times

Well, the creator knows best.

Goodbye Michel

Wing the virgin face of our eager sky

Till we meet to part no more.

(JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT)

john chizoba vincent

# Goodbye Mother

Mother, are you coming when the sun stop crying?  
The moon beams in tears in the sky  
Its tears are the clapping drums on us  
Are you going to leave our back on the ground?  
Papa had sold his soul in the bar  
Where his father refused to accept defeat  
when are you coming back to sing the lullaby?  
Our aging mind await the new rain  
Exclamation of our heart brings down the unholy elegy  
To unmasked feelings  
Written to say goodbye not to smile  
When are you coming home mother?  
Goodbye flaps so high above my eyebrows  
I can not denounce the watering diction of his eagerness  
When shall we see again and embrace?  
I stand alone at the door staring  
Looking at the sound of dignity swinging at pace  
Goodbye mother, goodbye Ugochimyerem  
For the ageless sky shall be my shield.

john chizoba vincent

# Goodbye Tomorrow

Goodbye tomorrow for I may not  
Love to see you glow and smile,  
Today had had much of my sorrow.  
Tell mother of my sweet bitterness,  
The cruel kindness of disease I harbour.  
Though the future holds more joy  
But my legacy must remain to inherit  
And testify of my deeds on earth.

Goodbye mother earth,  
In joy I come, in pains I go.  
It is not in pleasure that I leave but  
Let me go to the phase where I am celebrated  
Not here where I am only been tolerated.  
Today has seen enough of my travail,  
Posterity will forget not my name.

Goodbye father wind,  
Many seek to have you more than I do.  
I am no longer comfortable with you,  
I shall return to the dust where I was  
Made because the earth detest me much  
more than the dungeon of faeces.

Goodbye tomorrow,  
See you the next time I return.  
My eyes are weak and tired behind the desert of pain and cancer.  
My life suffers in glittered ailment which torment me.  
I may not secure you, my tomorrow but my children  
And my legacy await you at the door post.

Tell brother of my travail,  
Like a pregnant woman I have  
Been through a fatal labour.  
I have seen ghosts bark at my feet  
Nothing worth a gold to me any more.  
Tell the world to have peace and wait patiently  
Until the messiah who will redeem her comes.  
But now let me go to the other phase

Where life worth more than the earth.

john chizoba vincent



# Grandpa' Prayer

Guilt has been a part of a sold conscience;  
Murder, the eyes through which sold conscience works,  
Disobedient has taken toil in mankind history,  
Nothing matters any more to a sold conscience but evil and harm on others who  
mean no harm to him.  
It flares up; argue and disagrees in good things,  
It kills at the sight of summer passion.

Crossing conscience by conscience in the dark  
Man is baptised with iniquities and transgression  
Which take a long time to be healed,  
The Animal called man revolt in the garden  
And sold his conscience to the deity deadly serpent,  
At the precious paradise made by the creator.

They sow wickedness and suffering to the church,  
To the world through their disobedient to the law.  
Then, in the paradise garden, the spirit of God  
Comes down and fellowship with man,  
They walk hand in hand like father and son  
Until that dark bitter day that the air cracked,  
Man sold his conscience to the ancient serpent.

Through one man, sin entered the world smiling,  
Through another, the ransome for the atonement was paid.  
He sold yet another conscience to save mankind,  
His blood whic speak better thing than blood of Abel  
Was sprinkled in agong and sorrow,  
He sold his conscience to make us whole and just like him.

Are we truly redeemed of our sins?  
Humans speak of lost glory and hope  
Calamity has befall mankind beyond words  
Who truly rule this world we are in?  
When would the government of the true God come?

Brother against brother, sister against sister,  
Mother against father, and father against son.  
In the midst of a sold conscience, hard to redeeme  
When shall mankind be free in this shortest time of life?

john chizoba vincent

# Grandpa's Prayer

I have awoken to see the sun rise,  
Chukwu, I thank you this morning  
For I live to hear another cock crow.  
Obinigwe, thank you for the sun that rises  
Over my soul and over my head,  
I have killed no one, I have taken  
Nobody' land, and I have not committed adultery,  
I have wish no one evil; I have help  
Those who are in need with the  
Little one my hands could spare.

'Chi Okike' bless me and let me find enough  
To fill my stomach and the Kolanut to chew,  
Whilst talking to you at this shrine of my forebears.  
Bless my daughter and sons, give them enough to feed their families and never  
allow any evil come near them.  
Let not the sun set on their prosperity nor the wind against them.

'Obasi Binigwe' bless the children of my children,  
Let your eyes follow them away from evil and  
Bring them to good, those who wish others well  
Keep them well in your bosom of glory and,  
Those who wish others ill; keep them ill for  
A person is judged by his thoughts and words.

Chineke, bless our land to prosperity and wisdom,  
Let those who lead us, lead according to your directions.  
This chalk I draw in your faithfulness  
This gin I pour in the name of our ancestors.

Who once served on earth and,  
Still serving in the world beyond.  
This oil I spread in the name of  
My faithful fathers and children  
And my children children, bless us  
All according to your will, Chukwu Okike.

john chizoba vincent

# Great Malala

Malala, great malala Yousafzai,  
The goddess of womanhood  
Your steps and advocate for the girlchild  
Has brought us where we are now,  
Your drives has made us to understand  
That we are here for each other.

Malala has laid the foundation for us  
And we must not let her voice fall  
On a infertile ground of lost hope,  
Malala Yousafzai, made our voices thicker  
Than the rock in the forest, and. Now,  
We sing with one heart.

She was shot to make us better,  
Her blood sprinkled on the bitter ground  
Took away our fears from the house  
Where it had been hidden to damage us.  
The tears in her eyes healed our sorrow,  
She campaigned for modesty, for the education  
Of the girlchild which was taken to be forbidden.  
She campaigned for equality for womanhood,  
Never shall we let you down, dear malala.

Great malala, the fight you fought for us,  
Girls in the hood will never let you down nor  
Forsake you;  
We shall be educated to say that which we needed to say.  
Unto you shall we worship for light given to  
Us to see through the darkest world of pain.

Yesterday,  
Every step we took drew a train of tears,  
We were on our way to face a world  
Full of people with deed conscience  
And heart that lacks love and understanding of womanhood,  
They wants us in darkness and darkness without a ray of light that will show our  
future.

Malala yousafzai,  
Nigerian girls say thank you,  
Pakistan girls are happy for you  
Ghanian girls say well done,  
Sierre leonian girls look up to you  
Gambian girls appreciate your efforts,  
Togolese girls will not let you down  
All over the world, we say thank you.

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Grow In Understanding

Never leave knowledge alone  
It is your ladder to greatness,  
Never leave understanding behind  
It is the road to your success.  
Crave to get wisdom in all you do  
In all you do, get them by your side;  
For they shall guide you to your destiny.  
Strive not without wisdom but in all  
Say well to understanding and knowledge;  
For they are the elephants that failure fears.  
Grow in understanding, grow in Knowledge,  
Grow in wisdom; they are ingredient to success.  
Grab wisdom, it moans and groans in the crowded street seeking for who shall  
welcome her.  
Seek understanding, and you shall live a fulfilled life.

john chizoba vincent

# Haiku

Her breaks and flows  
She is cheated by him but she let go  
And so life goes on and on.

john chizoba vincent



## Haiku 10

Eat, drink and merry for tomorrow  
We die like the grasses of the field,  
Take life as nothing; for we are worthless as dust

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 11

Love is the pretty on the way  
Who was wooed and she accepted but  
Becomes ugly at the first night spend.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 12

Children are inheritance from God  
But some are curse from the devil,  
You can only make them well with punishment.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 13

The only secret sins are sins  
Which smiles before us as a picture  
When we close eyes to communicate to God.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 4

He sow the precious seed  
Into the innocent fertile Soil  
Then returns home waiting  
Patiently for its germination  
He will harvest in joy.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 5

In the street, she cries with a loaded bag  
Going to school is a crime but  
Sitting at home in front of the television is good.  
Mother, I don't want to know my future,  
Father, I am scared of their long whip.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 6

Bravery is the ability to  
Face your fears and conquer  
Your limitation in the darkness.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku 8

I can't afford that house  
Maybe my mindset is wrong  
I can actually afford it with will.

john chizoba vincent



## Haiku 9

Her spirit fills with grieve,  
He had murdered her pride  
She looks forward to strike.

john chizoba vincent

## Haiku E

The breeze howls by,  
The thunder's clapping booms  
As the cloud becomes darker,  
Children dances here and there  
It another blessing from above.

john chizoba vincent

# Hatred

## HATRED

Eat along with hatred of the heart  
And die alone in desperation of life.  
Then bitterness welcomes every move  
You take, mocking the believe of your mind  
Among others.  
Hatred kills dangerously but gently with her  
Claws fixed rightly in the inner court of your heart.

Hatred hate another but invite envy,  
Hatred destroy the heart speedily.  
She burns much more than a fire.  
She is the wine of death to them  
That dine along side its brand.  
Hatred sweeps away goodness of mankind  
Then introduce the guilty of wickedness;  
Where love ought to have remain.

She poison the mind like a viper's venom,  
Betraying the peace of a man among his peers.  
Hatred kills faster than death when it dwells  
In the soul of a wicked man who seek desperately  
Roaring to and fro with no destination but to commit  
At cost.  
Avoiding the act is the only means to end evil,  
And love is the anti-dot of killing hatred.  
Let's love leads! Let love. Leads! !

john chizoba vincent

# Have You Hear From My Father?

HAVE YOU HEAR FROM MY FATHER?

Have you hear from my father, okadigbo?

He was among those captured in the oil well

Around the black river of delta in the south.

Days ago they had gone with their hungry

Stomach to get it feed up with oil money

He took the bowls, the kegs, drums and cutlass

With him in the midst of his drunk friends.

They rode on happily along the Asaba road

They eat as they go with their legs dancing

To the beautiful chiping of the insect and the

Croacking of the frog in the forest of Delta.

Once they moved, the vegetables clap their

Hands in appreciation to their bravery.

But they were caught in the midst of their stupidity

By the oil guards who were keeping Watch.

Have you hear any thing about their return?

Would they ever return to Nkporo to harvest

The tended fatted yams in the forest?

Would they ever come back to us?

What has happen to them in Delta?

Talk to me okenwa, the shrine await him

And the half eaten kola nut that he left on the

Table in the main room is still waiting for his

Return to finish up the journey he had begun.

The children he left naked are homesick of

His absence from home among the strong ones

Once upon a time, he told us about oneness

The other time we see him not among us in unity.

He is the last of the strong one in the family

With dignity and respect in the house of symbols.

The town criers have sound their gongs

And the Ikoro had been beaten severally and

No one had seen any them return from Delta.

john chizoba vincent

## Have You Seen My Pen?

Have you seen my pen lately?  
She is an angel seated on a high mountain to edify,  
She is the dawn of a new day,  
The precious woman baths in perfection.  
Once she moves, every paper and dust gives way,  
She is the morning sun that rises from the East  
And set in happiness to the west for tomorrow.

Have you seen my pen?  
She is the weapon of my warfare,  
A beautiful woman whose beauty captivate men.  
She birth poetry like birthing a child of the Hebrews,  
Her lips glows and shines like the women of Abiam.  
Her ragalia is the butter that spreads and buttress.

Her legs are the straight lines drawn by God.  
Have you seen her in an Atilogwu dance?  
Her wings spread south, west, north and east saluting and glorifying mother  
Earth of a well created nature.  
She is the hen that gathers her chicks under her wings  
The flute that lighten the souls of evil men.  
She is a teacher that solve mystery of life.

Have you seen my pen lately?  
She is the honey to the ears that behold her voice,  
Words that exalt and correct men who are lost in.  
Have you meet her on your journey of life?  
She will teach you the end of life from the beginning  
And also teach you its mystery from beginning to the end.

Have you seen my pen on her make up?  
Have you seen her before the sunset?  
Have you seen her in the morning drinking from the bowls of the gods of the  
land?  
She is pretty.  
Enjoyable.  
Educative.  
Adorable.  
Amicable and  
Intelligent.  
You can't stay with her and remain the same, never!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Have You Seen My Uncle.

Have you seen my uncle?  
Uncle Okadigbo, huge, tall, and yellow  
Skinned like a riped mango with enough water and air.  
He was among those abducted by the terrorist  
Into the wild forest of sin to destroy.  
I heard They raped the men and the little  
Girls Taken were left unclean  
Their freedom seized, hunger were their friend.  
They have even sold most of the beautiful girls  
To a foreign land, some impregnated.  
Is my Uncle among those they killed?  
Is he among those they sold in foreign Land?  
Is he beaten to death? tell me.  
He once told me that he wanted to go and rescue  
Some children in the forest before he was kidnapped.  
I heard some foreigners had promised to assist us  
How sure is it?  
Hope nothing happens to that handsome man of focus  
Who once carried me on his broad shoulder  
We went hunting lions and elephants  
With passion and drive so rare to find among the blacks.  
We roasted yam and fresh fish behind the Nghene stream  
NOw he is no where to be found.  
The country needs his intelligence  
Drive to eliminate evil in the neighbour hood.  
I need his wisdom, the family needs him more than any thing now  
May the wind bring him back in good health  
May the oceans and seas fight for his freedom  
Let the abductors know that he had people  
Who could stand for him in his tribulation.

john chizoba vincent

# Have You Seen The President?

Where is the president?  
Have you seen the president?  
He ran away from the country  
When he heard the boom sound of  
The terrorist' guns down the north west.  
He said he can't control the raging terrorists  
Because their arsenals were more advance than his.  
He escaped their bullets and headed down the south.  
He is not fit to rule this country i believed.

I saw him covered his face, wore his political shoes  
And removed his political cloths.  
His body was painted black as the black pot.  
He is a chameleon, he changed to black when he saw  
The elephant of the forest, fully loaded lads.  
Have you seen him return to the country?  
Have you heard anything of him?  
Can the legs walk if the head is cut off?

Doom is ours if we see not the president.  
Call on the children and bring down the gong let us sound it  
Far and near Ka Uwa nu ya.  
The town crier would be of help to us.  
Let him tell the masses that he went for medical  
Treatment and not that he ran away from the demons.  
The president must be found whether night or day,  
How ever, it is better we look for a black goat in the day  
Before it is night when we see it no more.

Never allow the terrorist to enter the power house.  
Call on thousand soldiers to keep virgin over the gate.  
And also cover the black liquid, the pipe must be properly shut  
It is the president's right hand.  
Go into the street, ask every fools in there if they have  
seen the president he dressed like a mad man.  
He might be among the street beggars or the mad men in the street.  
the president cowardice must not be disclose to anyone  
His cabinets went with him you must tell the raging masses.



Go tell them, give them the false rumour  
What you tell them they believe.  
So go tell them that the president had gone to London for medical check up.  
For get about the law of karma, it won't backfire on you.  
He had ran away because of laziness, mismanagement and accusations by the masses.  
He must not face the music of his actions  
He must not face the angry hyenas.  
He must be protected and teach the act of government.  
Woe to us if we see not the president,  
So i urge to go now! !

john chizoba vincent

# He Said To Me

He said to me: what if your legs could not carry you again; would you still cat walk?

What if you could not see again, would you still see me?

What if your hands become handicap and you no longer hold my lips together, would you still care?

What if you find your self hostage and love elude you; would I still be your man? You know your body does not belong to you, let me feast more before the maker takes what belongs to him.

He said to me: what if all your hope is gone and am the source of your life; would I make you happy?

What if your heart fail you and I'm your soul;

Would I make the right woman out of you?

What if the only thing I could change about you is

Your face; would you still look good after all?

What if your breast sagged and your lips curved?

He said to me: what if I was made to be your man forever; would you still look at me like a Dog?

What if I could not walk but a crippled man; would you still stay beside me day and night without grudges?

What if I could not give my life; would you still care?

Can you claim me in the priceless battle of humanity?

Can I meet you without a man in presence of loneliness?

Allow me into your life before another take you!

He said to me: what if I was the man who must not cry; would you still take me to the sun?

What if I was a loner and masturbate a lot; would you still cover my anus from

the sand of the earth?

What if I was the moon that must not shine in the night; would I still be the man  
you trusted and love?

What if I could not make a living for you; would you still see me through your  
eyes?

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Heal The Boychild

Dear boy:

Do not enslave your thoughts to the ashes of Eden,  
Do not build your hope upon the tight pocket of mental women learning to wipe  
out their sweat against the wall of your voicelessness and fear.  
Do not ask why the gods woke from the laps of  
an harlot learning to be saved by Pope Francis.  
Those sagging sadness on your face shall wear a smile again when the healing  
balms shall come.

When the scorching sun breathes life to torn mouths of dying motion and starlet  
shimmer,  
Unto your craving eyes shall blood stained hill  
Fail to glitter again to men of goodwill & love.  
This light of ours shall shadow breakthrough.  
They may call you a broken rib, but do not dodge potholes to kill a surviving  
fleeing rat in fear.  
Until the world heals you from these viruses.

Do not spend your night in the feet of grief,  
Sit at the fireplace to gaze at the moon belching.  
Do not empty your dreams into leaking water jar  
Your fate is not cracked, my boy, yes, it is not.  
Stars lean to learn to speak million things in silence buttressed by committed  
compliments.  
Don't deny a woman her place for the world belong to no man in particular but all  
of us who dream.  
We will heal you of this hurtful plight created.

No matter the scars on your bleeding face  
No matter how brave you think you can be  
There is a race for your pace and places.  
Always look out for a healing shoulder, my boy.  
A shoulder that has no fire burning in the crossroad between her black and heavy  
thighs.  
We all burn the same way but the society stereotype some reasons why we burn  
differently.

till we roll up this suffering mat of summer pains,

Till we meet to archive those words for the boys,  
Till the smothering voice of a young boy is heard above the drones of burning  
hearts & boulevard.  
Till they understood the Story revolving around  
The corner of the BoyChild's testament burst,  
This light of ours shall bring healing process  
before the benefits of the sky, the cloud & our souls. Healing is paramount to self  
survivals.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Heart Beat

the heart beat for someone

Alone

Back to a world of one

Far behind, you could hear its sound

Love sound mixed with emotional pride

heart beat keeps alive

Makes life fun and protective

you can not make it without the heart beat

Heart beat

the sound of life and music for the soul

like an IKORO in the native land

it beats and sound faster when frightened

Circulation of nutrite to all body parts

Makes it more important on our faces

When in love, it fail not

If you could trace your lovers heartbeats

It tells you how much he care

How much he loves you.

In celebration, it jubilation and celebrate

Never leaving behind every step you take

Just like shadow, it leaveth not

But once it stops.

You are gone beyond grace

it beat faster than drums

Which is controlled by hands

But heart never fail, machines beyond machines

Made by the creator

In the heart beat, thousand massages are conveyed.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED (C) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT

john chizoba vincent

# Help My World

HELP MY WORLD

Help my world find help  
Teach me the paths of righteousness  
In you I have try to be better and perfect  
Drain the forbidden thoughts of lost  
Teach my soul moral and love.

I find great will in your goodness  
Drive towards my paths of dream  
The fallen birds will sing along side  
In The valley of hope there in your heart  
Help my world to find hope and goodness.

My world depends on your dreams  
Help utilised the love I got within my spirit  
Love me and lets love rule our hearts  
Tend my emotion there in your spirit  
To ereased those forbidden fear within me.

john chizoba vincent



# Helpless Not Lifeless

Under the Orji tree,  
We lay helpless not lifeless.  
We still look at tomorrow hopefully,  
Though we may lay with our stomach'  
Down without shaking; we are still alive.

Laugh not at our suffering and pains,  
We still crave for another day;  
A living dog is better than a dead lion.  
We are still alive to answer our calls,  
We are still alive to bear our cross.

Bury not our head before time,  
We are still the trees of the forest  
Which after cutting down resurrect later.  
Today in prison, tomorrow in palace  
To dine with the kings and queens.

We will sing a song soon with a great horn,  
A bubbling whistles shall accompany our joy.  
Do not make your face rejoice before the sun,  
We are still alive in where you kept us to die.  
Helpless not lifeless; homeless not hopeless,  
Blood still run through our vein.

The tears gushing through our eyes  
Does not mean the death of our man.

Our voices still sound louder and better,  
Our eyes are still fierce and dreamful;  
Our ears seeking for new names to stand on.

Call forth your rejoicing youthful soul back home,  
Gather the coffins you've made to bury us together;  
With the days of illusions and abandoned hope,  
We still look like the lilies of the forest and the stars.  
Though helpless in here, but we're not lifeless,  
Though homeless not hopeless with our quest in life.  
We are still alive at heart.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Here Comes Christmas

Here comes Christmas

Here comes Christmas  
With a gift of love and celebration,  
Dancing through the gate of joy,  
Hatred and war are far from him;  
They sold themselves to mother silence.

A humble child lies in his arms  
Smiling to the entire earth for purity.  
Mother won't be angry with you today  
Father would hug you more today,  
Excitement is his gainful pleasure.

Here comes Christmas again,  
Brother will be taking us out of town  
A pair of new shoes smile to our legs  
We'll wait for Santa Claus hugs and more,  
And the dusty breeze embraces our lips.

Boys will be boys again,  
Girls will be girls again,  
We'll sing 'Hark my soul' with happiness  
Waiting for the Christmas chicken on fire.  
We'll kill yesterday's fear and love today.

Friends and families visit,  
Cup of wine shared openly-  
We'll make resolution of another dawn  
Forgiving those on our offender's note  
Because Christmas has no bound at heart.

john chizoba vincent

# Here I Was

Here I was when you were born

With tears in her heart, she bore you.

And now you became the black sheep,

The rotten egg hard to crack.

You made pains in her heart

Accusation fingers dare point on her face

Blotch in her heart becomes visible in the dark night.

And her smile became disgusting

When it rains she found it hard to hide.

I was here when you smuggled into the house

Smelt the footsteps and the dark night howled

Next was crying of innocent blood

Sprawling on the bare floor, in the room beneath

And the money gone, gone with the wind.

I was here when the executors came

I saw when you smuggled out.

Their bright snow light couldn't fetch you

Up you run, faster than the cheetah.

But you forgot that unknown eyes were on you.

Men trembled in fears at the sight of you.

Lord of the night, heartless, you are.

Rendering most people fatherless at the breath of anger

A lot you pushed into poverty smiling

Reaping where you didn't sow

Remember the falconer cometh soon

And the universe has its judgment

Power lies not in the bullet jammed in the barrel of the gun you hold.

I remembered her advice to you

She warned you against crime

But the ears were too hard to hear

Because it tastes to be perished.

Your maker seek your soul

But it was too far to heed

I, your creator cry loud sorrowfully

How be it that the falcon disobey the falconer.

Now is the time

The deed is done

You were caught by the law

And all the quarters you tormented by a sign of relief

Soon you would be among the weepers

Down there in the pit of hell, .

(JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT)

john chizoba vincent

# Here In Nigeria

Some where in Nigeria,  
We sleep without light  
Mosquitoes feasting on our body.  
We are taken for granted,  
We are abused morally and physically.

Here in Nigeria,  
We see mothers abandoned children.  
Girls get pregnant before they get husband,  
Father rape a daughter to coma.  
Here in Nigeria,  
Children are abused like water is abused.

Here in Nigeria,  
Freedom of speech is at your detriment.  
We all move around like the snake  
One for his own self, unity lost in the air.  
Here in Nigeria, the birds sing no more.

Here in Nigeria,  
A child beat his father and a father  
Abuse his wife in the holy altar.  
We have lost so many counts of hopes and dreams,  
Ways and means, everything we see.  
Nothing of progress seem to hold a congress, not even a dress on us.

Here in Nigeria,  
Many youths had died before their prime.  
Many teens had been married out in tears,  
Many school boys had been killed by ritualist.

Here in Nigeria,  
Terrorism has taken toll on us  
Bombing and killing those who  
Supposed to protect the family name.  
Who shall tell us the culture when we die?

Here in Nigeria,  
The church preaches about prosperity

Rather than the ancient doctrine of Christ-like.  
They exploit the congregations in the name of christ.  
We hide under the Umbrella of religious deceiving  
Those who ought to be save and take to Christ.

Here in Nigeria are disvirgined school,  
Where student teaches teachers.  
Ignorance baptise our head at the call  
Of wisdom and knowledge of the gods.

john chizoba vincent



# Here Lies Papa

Here lies papa, the bravest warrior

Who turned the cats back to the ground.

Whose mighty sword slain thousand soldiers at a sight

And his presence calmed the snarling hyenas

Salute to the mountainous beast among humans

Salute to the king tree, the iroko.

He, who fought the wind in a physical combat with a fist,

Oh papa, enfolded by glories, demon, flapping fans of war.

He walked with the lions of the forest

And his eyeball sent fears into the elephant's heart.

Wolves trembled at his sight, here lies his corpse unmoved

Now,

He has gone to meet his ancestors

His glories diminishing unnoticed;

And his honour with held.

Death threw his door wide open to receive him

That glories Eke morning.

His bony claws were outstretched to hook into his heart,

And plucked out his life.

His cavernous mouth was determined to drink his blood

To the last drop.

Freedom! Papa cried and fought but the hands were too strong.

Stronger than the winds

Later,

The ground protested for freedom from his grip

As he joined them.

They kept moving on razor edge to penetrate him

Mother earth wept for peace.

The worms hastened in

Alas! They all bleed the day to death.

Suddenly, the underworlds stared at the body

I understood their plight

Papa was stronger than them all.

Ogbuefi, my elegy burst in the name of isieke

Your ancestral home land.

The iroko has fallen.

The fallen iroko was once upon his glory

And men dared not look into his eyeball.

But here lies he, unmoved.

Feeble ants now laughed at him scornfully

Yes, we dreamt of conquering death.

So lives could live and grow sore not.

I remembered the lures of that ancient call.

Of what importance is life any way?

That man stumbled and struggled for evil.

Vanity, it is, vanity upon vanities.

But men understood not the call there of.

I will walk through the pains

Promising with all hopes

Not to turn down men of good will

For I pass this road but once.

To wait on this great green side

Till the coming dark clouds have cleared

Then, death be no more

And, father emerged in joyful smiles clothed in white

To welcome me home to dwell in his bosom with his Chi.

ALL RIGHT REVERSE(D) (JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT) 2013

john chizoba vincent

# Here Once Stood Our Home

HERE. ONCE STOOD OUR HOME

I can't forget in a hurry,  
Here once stood our ancestral home,  
As was told my great- great- great- grand father  
Who told my great-great-grand father,  
Who told my great grand father and who  
In turn told my grand father who later told  
My father and my father told me with tears.  
My great-great- great-grand fathers was one  
Of the early men of Nkporo who traded directly  
With the Europeans on many commodities.

My forefathers traded with them all: the Spain  
The British, the Swedes, the Danes, the Portuguese,  
Hand to hand, guns and gun flints for black crude,  
Gold dust, palm oil and even slaves but sad enough they took our homes and  
lands then gave us sorrows  
In return for just mirror.  
Here, the industries stood was once our compound,  
The shrine was here, where those trucks stood.  
The Ugba tree was here years ago and there, was  
Ndukwe's family house but it had already been pulled down.

Like the cunning child who pokes a finger in a mate's eyes only to run off  
thereafter crying to his mother  
To lodge a complaint against the mate, they deceived  
Us, two superstitious swords crossed paths, the gun and the Bible!  
Superstitious found fertile ground in another mind,  
Responsibility needed no longer be faced up to,  
Our forefathers could not be blamed on our cause.

The human mind is not like coco nut fruit,  
Otherwise, it would always be sliced open first to  
Determine the nature of its content before eating.  
Our forefathers were intelligent yet, they were sold  
By ignorance by the mixture of superstitious swords.  
For a community, country, a tribe, still reeling  
Under the effects of the blatant rape of her dignity.

The day times robbery of her resources and the callous exploitation of her very being by the race who came holding the Bible in one hand and the Gun in the other hand in a deceptive manner.

Religion brought in by the race who did the raping  
And robbing and exploitation in order not to get  
Too rational about race thing, have sensibly and safely adopted the cardinal rule  
of: do not think just act like a foolish goat and sheep who watch not.  
But In all, we were taught to protect the family name  
Many can go on changing hand to silence the young  
Often the poor victims and their families but our  
Attitude, defiler can not be changed in a hurry.  
It was the image of shattered stone oozing blood,  
A stone struck against steel in where once stood our  
Ancestral home but bridges now crossed its air  
Yet another feast for the vulture in our family compound.

We forgot the pain of missing home which was like thousand tiny string tied a  
thousand times over ten thousand different places.  
God created forgetfulness because of labour pains  
But we can't let go of those groans and decelt,  
Our slaves brothers and sisters, our lost mind;  
Our pains and sorrow, the troubles and agony  
Because we aren't heavy with a child but free.  
When the seed of a curse finds fertile ground  
In a human mind, it spread with the distructive speed  
Of a creeping plant and while it does, it nurtures  
Superstition, which in turn eat into all reasoning,  
Abilities and the capabiliy of facing responsibilities.  
Civilization had made us naked and voiceless.

(C) Prestigeous JCV. Pls criticise

john chizoba vincent

# History Is Written With Blood

Is there history without blood?  
Blood without history is no blood!  
No blood without history to its back;  
Past history without blood exist not again.

History is written with warrior's blood;  
Warrior's blood that stand passionately;  
Standing above the agony of cowardice;  
Cowardice matching passionately to entice.

Fight the war in the war front in pain  
Or bring the war back home clueless;  
The joy of war is the blood shed on ground;  
In and out of the battlefield lies pain.

History is written with blood of men;  
Men who stood gallantly to change men;  
They either die or live to tell the tales;  
Tales which are televised in their eyes.

To create history you must either change  
Or be ready to be changed by the occurrence;  
Occurrences which are beyond the you you see;  
History is written in stony blood like ice.

You either get killed or you kill;  
Kill the enemy to make name  
Or the enemy kill you to make fame;  
Save the coast or the coast shall be lost by all.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# History Without Pages

## HISTORY WITHOUT PAGES

When our past came calling,  
They told us the story of our past  
With the saliva streaming down  
From one corner of their lips.  
We looked at them with hope but  
Those stories they told us are stories  
Without pages but only in their mouths.  
They said the youths are the leaders  
Of tomorrow and tomorrow belongs to them  
But tomorrow came and the youths are pushed behind, what history are they  
creating?  
History without pages but lips overwhelmed us,  
They said a space is reserved for us in the government yet a man of sevenTY  
years still  
Occupy the sit while a man of ThirTY is at home.  
History without pages but eyes is their hope and drives.

john chizoba vincent



# Hope

The greatest story ever told is, in fact,  
The greatest story ever sold- -  
Hope brings clarity and create imagination  
Which leads us to the future of our life.  
Hope paints pictures of our tomorrow  
With a golden hands of inventive thinking,  
He breaks walls of limitation in the eyes of the  
Beholder.  
He searches the heart and delivers abundant  
Grace to the one that sees through it  
Hope and faith governs our world with  
The eyes of success.

john chizoba vincent

# House Of Symbols.

this is the house we were made.  
a house papa and mama's colors joined together.  
we have the map of this building in our palms,  
we could not allow it to exile us like the tortoise  
who exiled its shell in times of trouble to the unknown.  
we grew around its brokenness and shame.  
we cuddled her in days of tears and laughter!  
we defended its territories jealously from the whites.  
those broken clays are for grandmother's bravery.  
she fought gallantly like a gladiator during the civil war.  
those skulls are the enemies of the family whom Okonkwo  
slayed before the sun learned to journey west.  
those trees are the numbers of children in the household,  
the Ugba tree represent Kambili, the wisest of all.  
the Iroko represent Okonkwo, the last of the strong ones.  
I am the obeche, Chioma is the Hibiscus down there;  
Ifunanya, is the palm tree on top of that hill...  
and others are those green grasses spread in the courtyard.  
we have seen season come and go like the moon,  
we grew with the fragments of this clay walls running  
as if tomorrow is crafted in our palms to love.  
the horse on top of the house is the strength that uphold our dignity,  
those Eagles standing side by side of the house  
are the power of greatness before the earth.  
this y- axis is the perfect division of nature  
and the green grasses are of fertility and prosperity.  
we grew around this fearless deity watching  
Papa pour libation with smiling lips...  
Disney is of no world compare to ours in heart,  
Titanic was never a better place to be when our house stand.  
many have written of this great edifice with empathy,  
this is our home, a house made of many symbols.

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures.

john chizoba vincent

# How I Wish Biafra Was Here

## HOW I WISHED BIAFRA WAS HERE

How I wished she was here  
There won't be spilling of blood  
All over the street of her mother  
Looters won't be seen around  
Bad leaders will be totally exiled  
Only those with the spirit of the Umunna  
Shall accomodate the rising sun

Cracking walls will be repaired  
Without exploiting the righteous masses  
Our currency could have been higher  
Then the pounds and dollars  
She could have been a paradise island of love  
The national cake could have been for all  
She could have harbour all in her bosom

How I wished Biafra was here  
She would have been the beauty of them all  
Biafra I know was a home of freedom  
Created perfectly for the perfection of mankind  
Her kingdoms are made of gold and silver  
Oh! Biafra, I love in the name of freedom

My country home, Nkporo, could have  
Been a befitting clothes decorated with lights  
That shines until the perfect day if  
Biafra was here in her full regalia.

john chizoba vincent

# How Many Have Question The Gods?

How many have question the gods  
About our misfortune and pains?  
How many have question the gods  
Of our smiles that danced back to  
Our mouths in horror?  
Of the leaders with black mind?

Are the gods to blame of our tears?  
The troubles in the land they made pure?  
We betray our own soul yet cry of abandoned dreams and seized liberty  
Like the lawless city, we sing all in shame

The sky sing of our pain in diaporess  
The moon darkied at night to prevent  
Us from seeing the future at hand  
Are the gods to blame of our misfortune?  
Like the dove they made us pure  
But we turned our selves as the pigs

We would welcome the new rain  
Only with hope and faith in mind  
Question the gods of our misfortunes  
Then shall their be peace in the land

john chizoba vincent

# How To Love A Poet

Make him mad with words,  
Sentence his mind with imageries,  
Paint a fascinating tale on his palms;  
Guide his poetry like you guide your  
soul before a pride of lions down hill.

.  
.

Make him smile every morning before  
a breakfast will be served on the dining.  
Let him carve your smile on his paper with  
a metaphor that can not be utter by another.  
His your heart when you hug him humbly.

.  
.

Poets are emotional and calm sometimes,  
Make him feels wanted in your arms,  
go into life boat with him sailing in an illusion  
driven spirit, he would understand you better;  
without ripples see through his eyes floating.

.  
.

Let out some tears before him intensionally,  
Kiss passionately with a sparkling painted lips  
Poetry is his religion and muse his deity, forget not.  
Poetry to him is not always literal, know that his poetry  
does not mean what it says all the time.

.  
.

Poets fall in love easily, regularly. Messily.  
With people. With ideas, With food. With the  
way the light falls through your hair and  
crosses your cheek, with the sound of our own thoughts.  
Love is fodder for our art. Love is the root of all poet.

john chizoba vincent

# How To Mourn Nigeria

Gather your woeful garments  
Move towards the sick slain valley  
With a blank eyes of hot tears  
List out the corrupted coroneted woes  
Table the names of those massacred  
by Bocos, filter the good from the bad  
until you bleed. Write down the money  
stolen by the leaders unwrap the bubbles  
of ill-luck among the abandoned youths  
Remember those naked children disappointed  
By their fathers before their own very sweet eyes  
Dance the warship silence of dead soldiers laid  
Hopelessly at the battle field with no weapon.  
Forget who you are in the future of the past,  
Birth grief through your watery stressed nose.  
Silence is not empty but has many answers  
Carve your tears in the pages of the history  
Till the land of embezzlement in the north  
Expose the cry at the south with the ripped sky  
Then move to the east with scream of Biafra  
The west must be given enough meat to dine.  
Look not for peace that shot at the stream  
Say pain, say tears, say sorrow; scatter the ground  
With an empty threat within the Eagle's flight,  
Even if the abundance of your country remains  
In the cleavages of your immoral voice, cry loud.  
Say what matters, what hurts, what kills  
What dies, what never stay like Ogbanje,  
The sky holds more, the earth need more;  
More than the bottled dreams, grandpa made us fools,  
Let your ailment starts like a night dance,  
You are your own tomorrow, our eyes to see.  
Before the day our lids shall close from a  
Crack of a concrete land buried yet living.  
Gather yourself and mourn without emotions,  
We will no longer look for the hand that held  
the sword yesterday, roars louder than the lion;  
We'll uphold the fragment of your sparkled tears.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# How White Is Your Pant?

How white is your pant that you boast?  
Every pant wore within is dirty and smelling,  
How white is your singlet that you shoulder high  
As if you own the whole air that walks around?  
Tell the children that died before their time  
That nature cheated them before they came.

How white is your mouth that you smile always?  
Close a little and allow others to smile a little,  
How precious is your private area that you laugh?  
Laugh a little and allow others to space their breaths.  
Every thunder has its sounding style and lightening;  
Every teeth is supported by gums that fails.

Hold not yourself as righteous as the snow,  
Battle with your conscience day and night;  
For through it you cause many atrocities.  
How white is your smile and laughter?  
How white is your cry behind the bereaved ones?

I have seen men and, men with music in their  
Throat sin not always like those with laugh in their lips.  
Listen and watch the sun wrapping its body going home before the unholy  
darkness comes to visit.  
Help the poor and the needy; no one is perfect on earth.

john chizoba vincent



# Humankind

upon this black couple mountain  
I sat and watched though like Jonah, bereaved  
Mankind in travail like a fierce  
Pregnant woman in the feeble street  
THings grumbled and fall apart  
Humankind deserted amidst tears and pains  
'O heaven' i wailed  
'Wail not, its their cause' the spirit said  
'When shall this end' i asked the spirit confused  
'Until the messiah comes' the spirit said again  
I continued watching like the king in the days  
Of Samson in the pretty house before it was damaged  
Mankind were beaten like the Israelite of old in Egypt  
My tears failed to come down again from my eyes  
I begged him thousand times to come but it declined  
My emotions became my father in the noon  
' when shall mankind be free from suffering? '  
I asked again but there was no answer to me.

john chizoba vincent

# Hurt Heart

## HURT HEART

Hurt heart hastened home  
Hunting hope housed humbly  
Hollow holiness has hurt heart  
Has humans heart has holes?  
Humiliated heavy heart harves hardship  
Help harmonise harmless hearts.  
Hurt heart hastened home  
Hanging helplessly hand-made hope  
Handcuff heartbreakers handbooks  
Head home, hand hold halting heart  
Has human's heart half hollow?  
Hale heart hopes honestly  
Have habit habitual heart?  
Hurt hair-cut heart haggardly.

john chizoba vincent

# Hurt Love

(POETIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN JCV AND RICHY)

PRESTIGIOUS JCV

I told the moon my story last night... I never knew love could hurt like a heart attack.

RICHY ROYAL

If ever you could kiss the moon and romance the stars, then would love ever cease to hurt'

JCV

I never knew love could hurt this bad, worst pain I ever had, The moon I confided in but he disappointed me at the beginning of the tale....

RICHY

Hmmm! Try the star!

The star is more reliable and can keep secret than the open minded moon.

JCV

Maybe sir,

I will Wait till its dark and scary; when the stars shall begin their journey to my hut then shall I tell them my story of lost love....

RICHY

The stars shall not only keep secret your love tale but also shall gladden your heart with sweet hope of a better love you'll find from Venus.

JCV

Yet have to hold my lips a little tight and watch them closely when they arrive before I talk.

Because many have soiled my heart.

So sad a story that dwells in my heart but none of the natural components can be entrusted with it.

The air has built his hut far from me, the moon, my enemy, the sun; a scaring dove and hoping on the stars of love.

RICHY

Hush! Never give yet an outpour of a frustrated Knight of love. Get thy shoes fixed and thy garment and helmet tightened till it's dusk.

JCV

I look forward to the promise of your words to baptize my longing soul of love and affection.

The waving of the trees behind the window of my heart is encouraging, the chirping insects are home dancing and I hope am beginning to enjoy the company of those forgotten beings.

RICHY

I think the mystery of the firmaments have I deciphered; the air is but a hypocrite, the sun offers no eternal succor, the moon though generous lacks no virtue for love. The Stars I know no matter her infinitesimal nature provides liniment to those broken hearts of love... Seek ye her face tonight and solace shall you find. Take my words to the Stars!

JCV

seeking the face of the stars shall I do with hope of a new beginning.

RICHY

This gratitude shall my heart romance whence thou hath succor found alas.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am A Woman 2

I am a woman  
Unsung-  
Full of life-  
Precious-  
Pretty-  
Lively-  
Bold-  
Eyes of the world  
Spring of the living water  
Guardiance of the ancient secret of love  
From me life starts and ends from  
I am a woman; a human among humans  
Not an ordinary woman with fault  
My temple is the home of all dignities  
I stand for purity and love  
Steadfast-  
Jovial-  
Enjoyable  
Kindhearted-  
Don't harass my hope in the night  
Darkness happens not in my abode  
Defile not my happiness, not in this song!  
I am not subjective nor abusive to nature  
I sing not of lost but of hope of the world  
I am the bed of my children because  
I am made of a woman substances  
From me flows the fluid of life oasis  
Redemption song must be heard of me  
Children must be seen on my laps;  
Children birth in the house of symbols  
Don't abuse my integrity, I am a woman  
Beautiful is my heart  
Milky is my soul  
Love is my thought  
Caress is my arms!  
Like the sun, I shine all over  
The moon is my mood-  
I am a woman perfectly made  
My sisters in my creed and words

Womanhood is a journey of life to all  
Women are not of pride and prejudice  
But to sing of this unforgettable tune  
Of gender equality and liberation  
Freedom cry at my tale for womanhood  
I am not shattered in my world because  
I am a woman  
Not a fanatic  
feminist.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_a\_pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am A Child Of Destiny

I AM A CHILD OF DESTINY

I am a child of destiny,  
I am not a destitute.  
I have a colourful destiny,  
I have a glorious future,  
I am a global citizen;  
Abrahamic blessing belongs to me  
And I can not fail nor loose.  
There is a power in me that makes the  
Rulers of darkness trembles and for me  
To fail.... Impossible.  
I am a child of destiny.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am A Human Being

I am a human being!  
Don't treat me like a goat because,  
You have seen from my head to my toe  
That I do not put on the politicians' shoes.  
I have my rights as a citizen of this country!  
I have my obligations as a man in democratic land!  
Becareful on how you size me!

Don't push me here and there, understand!  
We all have the right to express our thoughts;  
For the fact that I do not wear the politician' clothes  
Does not mean I am a senseless He- idiot here;  
I am a human being with flesh and blood and  
Should be treated as such, ok!

Do you know I voted for those who put you here?  
Do you know I laboured day and night to see them in this post?  
Don't put salt in my eyes because they give you bread  
And give you instructions like a hungry dog.  
I am a human like those Aristocrats who put you here.

Life is a learning ground just like a classroom,  
The weeds though useless but still useful to some,  
Don't kick me here and there because I am here.  
I want to see the politicians eat on their tables,  
I want to see how they laugh if it is the same way  
They laughed and smiled to us when they were campaigning in our dump  
dubious street yesterday.



We are all supposed to be treated the same way,  
The politicians are not saints as they claimed to be.  
Don't treat me like this, I am not a fool at forty!  
Even you here could be thrown away someday,  
Nothing human should be strange to you, because  
You are in this position with those that loot and laugh.

We are all human being,  
Those that have big mustache are not better,  
Those that wear Agbada are not finer than others;  
Treat me just like you treat yourself, I am a human.  
If you can't hurt yourself, why then do you feel like hurting me?  
I am a human being with flesh and blood, so treat me as such!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Am A Woman

Handle me softly for I am  
A woman,  
Your bone is much stronger  
Than mine,  
Isn't it privilege that I am a  
Woman?

Show me love for I am  
A woman;  
Look into my eyes and see the blood  
That makes me a woman,  
Love never feel so good to my kind  
I seek for the power to be who I am  
A woman.

A woman needs affection and care,  
Treat me well and I will give  
You that love which speaks greater than  
The voice of malala Yousafzai.  
Love my presence and feel my absence  
Take me to your heart of gold.

I am a woman in her prime,  
Pure and quick in happiness;  
Whose beauty breaks thousand walls.  
My body is still young and tempting  
Calling for a man who could take care of it,  
Treat me well for I am a woman.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am A Writer

I am a writer;  
Writing through the eyes of the gods,  
Sitted in the midst of the sun and the earth.  
I never crave for perfection of my pen,  
But to change the mindset of the world.  
I am the song that reflect morals not lost,  
The head that carries your body to paradise.

I am the glowing light of the heart,  
Blossom of mother earth  
And the eyes that weep not.  
I am a curator;  
Creator of the universe;  
Artist of the artists.  
I am a calender that has tomorrow on it;  
A painter that paints himself without mistakes.

My caresses soothe many in suffering,  
I am the guitarist strings that speaks to the ears.  
I am the musical note that pierces driftly to deaf ears;  
I am a writer,  
A fearless writer  
That touches the veins of the humanless blood.  
I am an artist that draw  
Not a straight lines  
But, curved lips that steps on the eyes;  
A wrestler that steps on toes  
Without being beaten.

I am a writer,  
A dancer that his beads stands for correction.  
I am a pen of the doctors that heal;  
A voice of change and peace.  
A nose of progress

Hands of success  
Lips of thunderbolt  
Legs of improvement.  
I am a tongue with no lies,  
Anus that glitters with no faeces.

I am a writer;  
I stand as originality,  
I climb never to fall back again in difficulties.  
I change,  
Educate.  
Abuse.  
Persuade.  
Provoke  
And communicate with a soft melodious voice;  
A flashing ink that glitters like gold of life.

I am a write,  
A voice that makes whole your heart.  
I suffer not my pains but you do,  
Lend me your ears and eyes  
I can create another you because I am  
A semi-god.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Just A Poet

Stand not there at my door and weep  
I have nothing to offer you but words  
I am just an ordinary poet in my world  
I am not a politician who kill and lie.

Go to Aso Rock and meet them in columns;  
Those who chameleon their colours are there,  
Maybe they would teach you how to steal,  
They only teach how to steal when you want to.

I am just an ordinary poet in my world  
I don't know how to lie through my nose  
I have nothing to offer you but words  
So don't stand there at my door and weep.

Don't you stand there and weep, biko!  
I have nothing to offer you but words  
I am just an ordinary poet in my world  
I am not a politician who kill and lie.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Made Of Black

I am made of black,  
Shinning from the uttermost part of the earth  
To the craving deep of the oceans of the earth.  
I glitters and gleams like the stars,  
A glitterati in the endless world I am,  
Packaged uproariously.  
My glamour is from Africa to Europe,  
I am the light that connects Asia and America,  
Baked with perfection from third heaven.  
The meeting of my black blood by the ocean  
Waves caress the power of who I am, a black man.  
I am the treasure the tourist seek beneath seas  
Because I am made of the un-faded colour, black.  
I stand as black to defend the world of sin,  
Then raise the blacks from the dungeon because  
I am black, made of black blood.  
I am proud of being who I am; a black man.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Not A Silent Goat

I AM NOT A SILENT GOAT

Treat me not so,  
I am not a silent goat;  
Every human has his pride  
So do I.  
Don't take me for granted; I can move, breath and chew as you do, so treat me  
not so.

Kick me not so,  
I am not a silent goat;  
The cud in mouth is not an act of stupidity,  
But a way of enduring hardship but can't endure it any longer than this.  
So treat me well and I shall serve you better.

Are humans better than goats?  
Even though you are-  
We become equal at death,  
Then why carry yourself up as if you own the world?

I am not as silent as you may think I am,  
I have a right to live as you have;  
Treat me like a fool and you shall be arrested immediately:  
Every goats are not without passion to live and be free like humans.

More blood dripping down from my eyes,  
More pains stripped down on my body;  
Is that not enough for the perfection of my stupidity?  
As I stretched in the womb, I heard your complaints,  
There seemed to be a mess that another goat is coming-  
Why treat me though like am insane?

I am not a silent goat you should have known that,  
I talk when others are silent looking like a coin.  
Why treat me like this?  
Why treat me like a commoner? !  
Why kick me here and there?  
I have a conscience like you do! ! !

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent



# I Am Not Dead

In this flavoured sunny sentences  
I tell you with sweetened mouth;  
I am not dead but alive and lively.  
Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am here with you in a honoured spirit,  
My legacy still stand tall and brave;  
My words remain alive in the pretty air.  
Written placard in the cleavages of the sky,  
Sand dust of the past wailing perfectly,  
My ghost can not be googled anywhere.  
When looking at tomorrow with a closed eyes,  
How easy it is to lie to a strange stranger,  
About the death of who still lives;  
To create with strangers the versions of a life  
You've imagined dead why he lives among the living.  
Pick up those flowered flowers littered here and there,  
Gather those tears shaded and return to their owners,  
The casket should be given to the termites for food.  
Do not stand at the door of my grave and weep,  
I am not dead but alive in words and deeds.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Nothing Without Love

I am nothing without your love  
The features of your love declaim me  
In an empire state of the mind  
I want to grow old with your love  
Build the world of our own privacy

I want to rest my last breathe in your arms,  
Lay my emotions in your palms before death  
Great is your loving love to my life of life  
I want to be looking into your eyes daily  
Do what love could not do in your heart.

Now I know how much it means to stay here  
With me for better for worst, for richer or poorer.  
I want to die lying in your arms full of hope,  
It gives me fashioned joy looking into your eyes  
Staying right where you are seated with faith.

I want to be there for you and you alone,  
Sharing in everything you do for love;  
For hatred, for fear, for enticement and feelings.  
You are my first, last and the middle woman  
From you life starts and its ends with you.

I am nothing without your love,  
It brings me up when I am feeling down  
You make me weak and you make me strong  
I can't let you go nor would I let you stay  
Lady, you're my number one before the god.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Proud Of You

I am proud of you  
Who says his wife belongs to no party  
But belongs to the kitchen and other rooms  
Remember, the masses are not fools to be fooled.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who brought change to chain us  
I am fond of your war against corruption;  
Of the superfined gloss we were deceived.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who looked at me and made me cry  
Thousand glories await your bravity  
When I regain my posture and fire back.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who sees his father as a child then  
His mother as a daughter to be insulted,  
Tomorrow will have no peace with you.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who beats his wife in the public  
She may be weak but not foolish;  
Wagging mouth will lead you to early grave.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who curses and abuses like the hen  
A duck can't be your good friend  
Torment awaits you at dawn before the sun.

.  
.

I am proud of you  
Who dances at the market square  
Remember, madness is not far from you

Once its comes, you have no escape route.

.

.

I am proud of you

Who fights the air randomly with no cause

A chain will soon round your legs when

The dusk emerges with a funny face of hatred.

.

.

I am proud of you

Who embezzled our pride with a toothless

Mouth yet, smile with us under the mango tree

We shall all end in one journey; death.

.

.

I am proud of you

Who reads this and critique to kill

We'll meet at the end of the tunnel

And I will not leave any of your words untouched.

.

.

(c) John Chizoba Vincent 2016

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frastration

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Sorry Son

Flap your ego against the angry river  
i know it will calm it down just like the fierce  
Looking masked spirit who was drunk to rest.  
Rebuff my tears and love  
I will understand your pains.  
Listen to my heart pounding heavily in pain  
Pleading for mercy and grace which you hung in the mountain.  
Eat not and drink not but listen and care  
To the written words swirling in my heart for peace.  
My blood is hot, my cells against its walls for  
Revenge upon my heartless attitude towards you,  
Under the sultry sun, back to the street of agony.  
I made you fatherless, left you naked under the bridge  
Forgive son for abandoning you when you needed me most.  
I am sorry son for the abuse on your father,  
Calm the blazing fierce anger in your heart.  
Let there be peace, let there be peace.  
you may, i may, we may drive together in  
Freedom towards the thatched hut where your sister  
Was buried, then we pray together for her heart  
To rest in peace in an embalmed palms of the creator.  
Son speak and speak well for the cruelty of my being  
I will under stand your sorrow.  
Never in life have i loved you like a mother,  
I was always there to make you weep in the  
Sight of monkeys who in turn mock you to shame.  
Leaving behind the royal blood flowing in your bone marrow.  
The veil had been uncovered and now i realized  
My heartless character to you  
Only my words left in my mouth i fetched to say  
I am sorry son.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am The Colour Of Your Future

I am the colour of your future,  
The dreams of your humble heart.  
I am the breeze that kiss away pains,  
The laughter that ease away agony.  
I am the light of your life in purity,  
The whiteness of your shining teeth,  
I am the colour of your future of hope.

I am the tears of a joyful remembrance,  
I am the tales told without a lying mouth.  
I am the edible saliva of truth in you,  
Walk with me and live in truth and honesty.  
I am the like of the likes in the blood,  
The head that seek not sickness to its abode.  
I am the colour of your future in abundance.

I am the red rose in the street of paradise  
The green that holds your laughter to heaven,  
Undying purple that water your day and night,  
And the white that shone brightly with your eyes  
I am the blood that cleanse away wrongs,  
The pink that advertise your royal beauty,  
I am the colour of your future follow me.

Come, come closely close to my coven,  
Let me show you your hidden dimples  
Given to me on the day of your creation.  
I can make you the queen of paradise here,  
I am the water that flows from Pishon to Gihon,  
I trembled not at the face of calamity that hurt.  
I am the colour of your future in hope and love.

I am the yellow that captivate princes,  
The Blue sky that covers the earth of its sins,

The Violate that dream of you in you,  
I am the black that admonishes in the open,  
The grey that greet the kings in their kingdom,  
The orange that sorts out tribulation in life.  
I am the colour of your life in a fairy land.

Dine with me princess Diana of the East,  
Let my shoes worship at your temple of Grace,  
Gracefully grace my being with a marvelous thought,  
Make me well as I harbour your life in me,  
I am the future but your life lies in mine.  
Let's make love to each other and make the  
World go blind of our beautify future.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# I Am The Master Of My Life

## I AM THE MASTER OF MY LIFE

I cannot bargain with life for a penny  
Because my brain becomes magnetized with  
The dominating thought which I hold in my mind.  
I choose my life the way I want it to be  
Because I can accumulate riches in great abundance  
When I magnetize my mind with intense desire for riches.  
I shall be money conscious until desire for money  
Shall drives me to create definite plans to acquire it.

I am the master of my fate,  
I am the controller of my destiny,  
The master of my soul and mind.  
If I treat my life bad or good, so shall  
It be and no one can change it for me.  
I am in charge of my thinking, negative or positive.  
I am in control of who I am, the future of my future  
Is in my hands to take care of.

I can choose to be poor or rich,  
I can decide to break the wind and pass  
Freely to the other side of the world where  
Riches abound or I can choose to tarry here  
Hoping, dreaming and wishing things get better;  
I am the owner of my fate to make it right.  
No one bothers if you exist or not but you  
Make your presence known to them.

My destiny is in my hands to run the good  
Run of faith and conquer my fears and lust.  
I set my goals, what I want in life thinking  
Big, bigger as they come multipling.  
You first believe in yourself before another believes  
In your worths.  
The master can't call evil on his servant because  
The winds might carry his voice to the servant  
And the servant in turn calls evil on his master,  
Won't both perish in the long run?

I control my life to be what I want it to be  
I am the master of my fate, to make a success or a failure.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Thy Shepherd

I AM THY SHEPHARD

I'll love thee excellently,  
Never let thy fall down  
My heart shall be for your dwelling,  
Loyal love and integrity shall be thy crown

Nature made me so compassionate,  
Pure unbounded love thou art  
We've made the feast of love passionate,  
Yet, I am ready to enter every trembling heart

You shall always be my blessing,  
Thou hast a portion rightly above  
I will adore and praise thee, without ceasing,  
For kindness in thy perfect sweet love

Thou art my lady from the day of creation,  
Pure and spotless are you made to be  
I shall make you my humble companion,  
Perfectly shall thou be restore

I shall change thee from glory to glory,  
Till in heave we shall take our place  
The common men shall be in the lorry,  
Lost in wonders, in love shall we race

Nothing on earth shall ever with hold,  
None can pluck me mercilessly from thy hand  
Am thy shepherd and you are my sheep,  
I shall keep my lamb in safety keep.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am What I Say I Am

I AM WHAT I SAY I AM

The way I am I like  
The way I talk I like,  
I am what I say I am;  
I am who I thought I am.  
My thinking controls my life and destiny,  
Be it good or bad, I must acknowledge  
He who made me in his image after his likeness  
Be me poor or rich, I will praise  
He who created me spotless and blameless.  
Some are with no hands yet they are thankful  
To God, they don't bargain with life for a penny.  
Some have no face and legs like mine  
But they appreciate their maker day and night, they are what they say they are.

I am what I say I am  
Why won't I be grateful To my creator,  
In every turn that I make is not With my will power  
But God makes it perfect in his own time.  
I don't crave for envious riches but in  
Every breath I take to be acceptable to him.

My life has a price to pay and  
That price I crave every night and day,  
So that I may be accountable to my maker  
In the day of his reckoning at the precious  
Throne of mercy for judgement.  
I crave not for perfection like the jews  
But in everything with humility and loyal love  
Shall my deeds be seen by my creator  
Who lives above me, for those above can't be cheated.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am With My Mother

I am with my mother  
Down the alley in the kitchen  
I am loosing her beads and hair  
She told me of the Biafran war  
How she escaped so many bullets  
Hid under cave for days.  
she ate only grasshoppers and rats  
While papa hunt bush rats for her as meat.  
She narrated how the Igbos were slaughtered and humiliated  
They were rendered helpless and hopeless in their quest for freedom.

Papa's money was not return to him,  
His houses were occupied by another  
His children were dejected and refused  
To see the four walls of classroom.  
He worn torn clothes up and down  
While mother walked bare footed in the hopeless street  
Voiceless, hopeless and clueless  
They were in the shadow of themselves.  
You could touch their pains.

No one could recognized those dimples on her face  
Her lips shone brightly but became dark when  
The bloody soldiers tortured its gut.  
Hair scattered in the dark tunnel of misery  
Her pretty face was ignored for many months  
Sh e was sexually abused like a child.  
She narrated gently, carefully of her torment.

Now it was over between the two elephants  
So make your feelings known to me.  
I can not fear the unpredictable nor  
Would i cry for milk and food again  
Mothers love would guide and protect me  
Unlike the war time when she was helpless.

john chizoba vincent

# I Am With You

I am with you body and spirit,  
I carry your heart with me here.  
Where ever I go, you go with me;  
Where I wait, you wait also with me.  
Look not behind for a man that will hold you,  
My pillow of kisses are with you always,  
The bed of my love remains with you.  
My Silence doesn't mean I'm gone out  
Of the surface of the earth, No!  
My quietness doesn't mean I'm dead;  
I am right behind the door of your heart,  
deep in my heart, anywhere and anytime  
you're always remembered, loved and missed  
By the substances of my systems.  
I am here with you to hold and uphold you.

(C) John chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# I Am Word

I AM WORD

I will make pouring of words  
Like a mourning for an only son  
By the professional mourners,  
For where reason fail madness may succeed.  
I am word, I am the maker of words;  
I eat word and words are the breath I take.  
On my rhythms of words, beautiful virgins faint,  
Words unveil my identity and leaves me naked.  
I am word, I am the maker of rhymes.

john chizoba vincent

## I Am Word 2

I am word  
Baked with joy and peace,  
Walking around the mind of people  
To give love, wisdom and understanding;  
I don't mind if you love or hate me.

I am what people seek in Abeokuta,  
Border connecting the actions of people,  
I am the breathe that people dream of daily;  
Never mind if I hurt or please you to core.  
I change the course of many in right directions.

I am love in the enclosure of your mouth,  
I am you that remember the existence of you,  
Listen carefully for the gown in armless style  
I make them swing and swell with the breeze.

I am what people seek in the North,  
I am the elephants of the south, whose  
Righteousness could make you but  
My holy body could ruin your imperfection.

I am word  
That is pregnant with a child on,  
A written destiny.  
My birth is the revelation of old which  
My legs only seek the diligent and approver of the spring of life from the mouth  
of my words.



I am word  
That sparkles like the thunder,  
I am not darkness of the horrible night;  
I am the tomorrow that many seek to behold.  
I am the lion that roars in the thick forest,  
I am the food that quench the taste of your eyes.

I am word  
Seated in your heart for transformation,  
When I speak, people listen to learn.  
I unlock the ignorance of people to wisdom,  
When in the art of dance, I paint many with my eyes.

I am word  
I draw immovable lines in the mind of people,  
I cut many edges of evil thoughts effortlessly.  
I am uttered in penned lines never to die,  
I live from ages to ages recreating lost destinies.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Believe In You.

I believe in the look in your eyes,  
I believe in your love and care.  
I believe the signal of your eyelids  
Because its direct my foot steps  
To honour men of good will  
Not to disregard the principle of life  
which states that we must all love.  
I believe in your dreams to overcome the  
Tyrants and leave a life of a heroine.  
But no one seems to value your dreams.  
I believe in you, i Believe in your words  
Upon the altar when you said 'i do'  
For better for worst and for richer and poorer.  
The congregation might be at lost but  
I believe in your words not to leave me behind.  
To love me like Romeo did to juliet.  
In return woman, i will take up the Ozo tittle  
To appreciate your love for me.  
Cherish your body thousand years to come.  
Millions years to come  
I will adore each part of your body because i believe in you.

john chizoba vincent

# I Carry Your Heart With Me

I carry your heart with me on my palms  
Let me be the man that is in your smile  
Let me be the ant and you my sweet  
Let me be the legs that you walk with  
Let me be the eyes that sees you forever  
Let me be your love and your love only.

I carry your heart with me on my palms  
Let me be the music of your head to head you  
Let me be your sun that shines to your world  
Let me be the moon and the stars that keep you  
Let me be the secret behind your laughter.

Here is your heart with me on my palms  
Foregone deities are not written about  
The poetry in my heart can last you for eternity  
Let the fire of your woman burn gently  
For the flames are the sweetness of my blood.

I carry your heart in my head to impact  
Let me be your soldier and your Romeo  
Let me be your tomorrow in today  
Let me be the man that keeps you going  
Let me be your day to day activities.

I carry your heart with me on my shoulder  
Let me be your joy and your tears of joy  
Let me make you look like a Nollywood movie  
The one we saw when we were younger

Let me be the rain that wash away your iniquities.

I carry your heart with me on my palms  
Let me be the pilot of your heart' plane  
Let me be your pet that you love dearly  
Let me be the one to tell your tale which  
You can't tell or write about with your beauty.

Let's chase the vision not the money  
Let's write for the thorns in the backyard  
I, the thinker; you, the beholder of my thoughts  
I wouldn't give up loving you daily  
Let me be the man that opens door for you  
Here is your heart, I won't break it if you trust me.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved '16

john chizoba vincent

# I Choose To Dance In Your Tune

Onwa:

If there are wings that would bring you down  
Tell the bleeding dusty earth that watches me  
I choose to dance to your tune, a rhythm of hate  
Caved from the poetry of a scarlet Poe-tree,  
Bottled in the prime heart of lonely princess.

Anyanwu:

If the Eagles still face you eyeball to eyeball  
If you still torment the earth to a fight of lost  
With a sagging song sung through the nose  
Let it be known to you that I choose to dance;  
Dance alone to your tune, a rhythm of sorrow.

Ikuku:

If you still toast dreams here and there,  
Happily in a lustful loveless zoomed mouth  
If you still breath venom like an old serpent  
Caressing the sky of a honeyed young agony  
Know it that I still dance to your tune of pain.

Ugwu:

If queens still come to you for fertility  
If the herbalist still worship you for Herbs  
Let my journey over the snoring sea be told  
That I choose to dance again to your beat;  
A heartbeat that govern many treachery of hurts.

Onwa: Moon

Anyanwu: sun

Ikuku: Wind

Ugwu: mountain.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Choose To Sing In Their Rhythm

Call me Chinua Achebe from dead,  
Take me home to Wole Soyinka' bosom  
Bundle me to John Clarks at his castle;  
They infected me with this madness,  
Madness of words that get me focus.

I have been stripped by their words of wisdom,  
I feel like a bird without wings to fly home.  
Maybe out of chaos comes orderliness of me,  
Maybe I should brandish my tears to them  
Before counting the scars they created within.

Louder have I recited the queen of them all,  
Her words tortured me to get more wisdom.  
Chimamanda, where have thou kept my soul?  
I seek back my sanity chasing your words  
In my nightmare with a sombre thought.

A while ago you made my hair stood still,  
What manner of man are thou that my eyes  
Clamour to bewitched by thy wisdom of solomon?  
Oh Eriata Oribhabor, you made me mad again  
Ripping of my veil to unveil my weakness!

Help tell Buchi Emecheta of the south,  
The only lady of my eyes taste to learn!  
Tell it to her that I am ready to dance through  
The lyrical venoms that build up her muse.  
I am ready for a dance of nobility with her.

I sing not alone in the legged forest of life!  
When the song I sing to is the seed I sow,  
Then I will dance without my legs with me.  
When your lyrics caress every part of me,

I will run to your abode, Niyi Osundare!

I choose to dance to your tune Femi!  
I choose to worship at thy feet Osofisan!  
Great shall my rewards be granted when  
I see through the eyes of your pen to write.  
Knowing your words travel not in the land  
Of no return.

I choose to sing to your rhythms one day,  
Through the eyes of your words to stand.  
I will always dance more when the drums  
And her drummer goes to the market place,  
And the flutist accompanny me with a savored  
Rhythm breaking the heart of mother earth.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# I Do Not Come To You By Chance

I do not come to you by chance  
Destiny brought us together to live.  
Fate put us together into this matrimonial  
Institution where no one is a graduate of it.  
So humiliate and discriminate me not.  
Break not the oat on that beautiful Altar  
Where we once told each other i love you  
KIssed and caress our body in the faces of the doubting  
Congregations whose smiles betrayed their faces.  
Betrayed any signs of familiarities in  
The strange darkness that instills fears.  
We beamed smiles in the comfort of our heart  
You shifted your eyes from what you have and  
What you don't have and you set your mind  
On what you can give, especially what makes others happy.  
Once i wrote, i cried in tears of your torture  
Betrayal and humiliation upon my life.  
The burden of your wickedness tore my sorrow from my flash  
Although there is no eyes without tears but  
Mine breaks the walls of towers into pieces.  
We tolled together yet rejection welcomes me always.  
Each morning i wakes and stand on the bed to mourn  
I feel alone like a wanderer in dark street.  
the power of tears has deserted me and i try to cry no more.  
Why reject and avoid me like a lapel?  
am i not woman enough, what is the different between me and other women?  
I do not come to you by chance  
Do accept me as i am.  
Destiny has brought us together from different world.  
We can still break the ice together and smile  
Like when the day was still young and the coming rain smells good

john chizoba vincent

# I Do Not Envy The Poor

I do not envy the poor in the land;  
What does my life has to do with their stinking lives?  
I do not envy the needy in the society;  
Their lives are one of my dreams to change,  
I do not envy the drunks; their lives are most  
Pitiable condition that I know.  
What honey does the eyes see in watching a  
Stinking bra that exposed itself like a rotten corpse?

I do not envy the deaf and dumb because  
They could not hear the stinging words that  
Dances to torment us and, take away our peace.  
I do not envy the cripple men out there  
Because they could not walk the long distance  
I walk to and fro from my work place.

I do not envy the blind ones in the street  
Because they could not see the pains we see,  
But I pray that God's mercy guide them more.  
I do not envy the dead ones in the mortury because  
The sun nor the rain harm them not like it does to me.  
What more is left to withstand in the wine that has already lost its taste?

I do not envy those in the hospital because  
They are in conformed situation unable to move,  
I do not envy the politicians because they loot our money; what does my life has  
to do with blood money?  
I do not envy those that has no hand because they  
Work not as I kill myself everyday and night in the name of government work in  
building my nation.

I do not envy the beggars in the homeless street  
Because they earn money without struggling but,  
I must be myself and act as God has created me.

I do not envy elders that hide keys to our tomorrow,  
Ignorance made them to do so with dark heart.  
I do not envy people writing love song because  
I do not have a love song in my throat.

I do not envy the talking parrot because he only  
Make noise which can not be seen on pages,  
My words are on papers to be read by all even the  
Parrot himself; whose mouth call down demons.  
When the next generation comes, let it be told  
That John chizoba vincent, a poet came without envy.

My fellow poets with pot heads and kettle eyes,  
I do not envy you at all, not even in the darkest  
Part of my heart which smell like a rotten corpse;  
I do not envy any not even Dangote, every one has his own lane and part to play  
in life before another phase opens for all of us.

I do not envy those that earn more than me,  
You reading this, I do not envy your eagle eyes;  
Every day your eyes arise searching for what to feed itself with, I don't envy you.  
I do not envy the oil in the Nigeria' pipe,  
I do not envy your wife, I have my own skirt;  
I envy nothing, I envy nothing because it kills.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# I Go See My People

Twenty years i left home abroad  
Looking for a greener pasture  
I missed my people but i let go of  
Them to face life according to my desire  
Now the water had dried in the oceans  
I heard they were in pains and agony  
The women groaned whilst the men moaned  
I summoned courage and traveled home  
I could not identify the way to my ancestral home  
The trees are taller now and more house built  
The children wiser and the girls smarter  
I go see my people in travail as though as  
A pregnant woman in expectant  
Twenty years i saw them last  
i traveled go see my village  
When i asked papa what had happened  
As i saw his torn clothes weeping  
He wept, papa wept, uncontrollably  
Mama torn the verses of tears in her eyes  
Flung herself on the mortal ground  
'bad leaders Thrust us in pain' she told me  
'Ebola virus Stripped us naked ' papa said  
Now i know leaving home is a crime,  
No place like home i thought  
My eyes searched for those pretty damsel  
We played together but they all had grown  
I looked for the mold houses we built but  
They are no more  
Dim is gone, Nonso is sick of Malaria  
Chike is mad.  
The children are more naked than before  
I realized that mine was different because i left home  
Somnolent rhythm wafted round my mind and echoed  
Out of my mouth when i saw their travail at home  
I missed them all but must let go  
Home her i come claim me not

john chizoba vincent

# I Had My First Love Here

I was born here;  
Here I had my first thirst of milk,  
Here I had the first knock on my head,  
Mother kissed me here and sucked out  
The mucus from my nose here with out  
Inviting a second eyes to see my dirtiness.  
I had my first love here under this Ugba tree;  
He cuddled my breast and thrust them into his bosom  
Here under this Ugba tree,  
I had my first love!  
I had my first love here! !  
I had my first kiss here,  
To those little ones who died before me, nature has its choice to make.  
To those little ones that didn't see love; love came to me at two.  
You rousy beam of haggared lousiness,  
Belittle me not in here;  
For I'm now a bigun in the southern necropolis.  
Me and I was against the western,  
For we want no cucumber to grow on our belly,  
And yam with yam tubers from our anus.  
We want no worm to disturb our peaceful sleep.  
Our ears should forever listen to the  
tone of Barokar!  
Indistinct clatter from afar,  
When the air whirl and talk like humans.  
When we gossip with the loneliness of then,  
And our breathe plays in the three times two feet of the silent den.  
Here me and I had our first love under that Ugba tree.

john chizoba vincent

# I Hate Her Voice

What is she singing off, war or peace?  
What is she humming of, that made the  
Grasses howled and the trees bent so low touching the ground?  
Why would she disturb the peace of the forest  
In such early morning with her bitter songs and voice  
Breaking the winds and rendering the forest homeless?  
The birds stopped working and the insects went into hiding.  
I saw the frog running away from its abode in such a hurry  
Nothing chased it but her song and the terrible creaking voice.  
I watched the sky swirled in despair  
Then the air wept and ceased.  
I heard the voice in my nightmare  
It woke me up from my lonely and humble Bed,  
damaging my thoughts and spirit.  
So i came out to see who sings,  
Behold it was a maiden down the valley singing to her self  
A song of sorrow and agony while she sown her  
Is she maltreated? had someone she loved died in the war?  
Had they taken her fiance away to join the soldiers?  
I thought as i stood watching her in anger.  
I hate that voice of agony that prevent me from sleeping.  
I hate that voice of sorrow that swirled the sky and stooped the activities of  
humans and animals.  
But i wont blame her  
Something must have been bothering her which i do not know  
Yet she work diligently and perfectly in the garden.  
I must confess that her diligence to work attract and seized my emotions.

john chizoba vincent

# I Have Known Girls

I have known girls from the hood  
Like the back of my palms.  
Short and tall girls with bowl legs,  
Skimpy and calm girls with pink lips.  
Those that have fears and those that  
have no fear in their eyes for men.

I have seen girl from the hood  
Like I see my nakedness at morn.  
Hot girls and cold girls I have known  
Those that kill men, those we tickled  
and they laughed away their life in joy.  
These girls made us who we are.

I have dated girls from the hood  
Those that has steps to every beat  
Atilogwo, bata, Gelede, and boloji  
I have known girls and their nagging lips  
Sending the beat of madness into the  
Memories of teenagers in the abyss of grave.

I have kissed girls from the hood  
Black and pink lips girls from the hood  
When you see the images of those honeyed  
Damsel, they make men shy away  
From their beautiful sinful faces.  
Girls are sweet sin in the eyes of men.

I have known girls of lust and shame  
Those that wake up with stretch mark  
On the corner of their lips and those with no fault  
Those that are wife material and those that are not  
Those that beat men and those that love men  
I have known girls from the hood.

Yours Poetically,  
© John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent



# I Have Seen The Grasses Of Nigeria

So great and succulent they are; the  
grasses here in the shores of Nigeria,  
pure with an umbrella of sovereignty;  
I have seen the green grasses of Nigeria.

I have seen the elephant grasses at home;  
a peck of abundance they are built together,  
I have sit with the Hibiscus down the street;  
unity is their core value standing for men.

They are the drum war of the anarchist,  
a culture preserver, gainer of hope drive;  
trust of doctors, imaginations of poets,  
Birds abode showering nomadic wish;  
I have seen the dream grasses of Nigeria.

I have seen the grasses of mother Nigeria,  
with skills to change the Lead men in town,  
they are pens man to redraw the earth's beauty;  
I know the grasses planted in Nigeria's fields.

It chased the sun into a-hiding in the noon,  
waving with hands singing of praises,  
rain tapping on their palms to create peace;  
I have seen the beautiful grasses of Nigeria.

I know the grasses of Nigeria surroundings,  
I have the grasses of Nigeria gallantly created,  
green tendrils-sprouting with a pretty rain drops,  
making our nights a-chilling and young lovers  
Cuddling freely with no shame in their eyes.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Vincent Of Vincent 2016

.

john chizoba vincent

# I Have Watched The World

## I HAVE WATCHED THE WHOLE WORLD

I have sit here and watched the whole world  
Like the king of israel, solomon  
I came to realised that life does not worth living  
Rather it calls for enjoyment; eat, drink and merry  
Nothing more than that in this phase of our life  
Man today, dust tomorrow

I have watched the whole world  
From the shinning heaven to the black earth  
Nothing is ever new under the sun  
All have existed before my forebears  
Even as I write, they are all vanity  
Man today, dust tomorrow

Being wise and yet foolish is the world  
No one has it all but foolishness and stupidity  
Govern mankind under the sound and air of the earth  
Man die, plant feed on man, plants kill man  
Man kills plant and ant eat man, man eats ant  
All is vanity and beyond comprehension

The possession we boast of are evil  
Evil to the eyes of our maker yet man  
Craves for the madness, madness over  
Their possessions which is not theirs  
Insanity in the mind brings the madness on earth  
I have watched the whole world and nothing is worth  
Dying and craving for better than eat and drink

Listen! You men that craves for your hands  
Soon you shall loose it including your head  
Then the ant shall feast body that had  
Since been decorated, cramed and painted with  
So many frangrances which are evil

Take heed that you don't get deceived  
By the fresh air of women in the street

They are evil to man of the earth  
Take heed man, so thou fall not like Adam  
For it was woman who made the world evil  
Eve test of the apple had caused the downfall  
Of human race, woman, once the sacred giver of life  
Was now the enemy

Beware of the madness of the earth  
They are vanity unto the eyes of our maker  
I have seen the whole world and see man is sand  
The ultimate goal is you trust God and be true to  
Yourself, replace your excuses with reasons and everything will become clear and  
know everything  
You can about your doing

Man is nothing under the sun of the earth  
But answerable to his maker on the judgemen day  
Who are thou then to fight and boast of your possession?  
Take heed that you fall not and cry on your foolishness.

john chizoba vincent

# I Have You In My Palm

I have your name written on my palms,  
I have your deeds written on my palms;  
To reward you according to your works.  
You may jump or crawl, I will pay you  
According to all what you have done within.

I have you in my heart of heart:  
Let not the day be dark or weary,  
Sweep the dusty part of your soul  
And I will hand over your profit to you.  
What a man sow shall he reap.

I have the number of your hair written down,  
Plunge one out of the black elephants, I will know.  
Not all being look like a human being but all  
Know that human looks like humans.  
Who shall make your eyes a bleeding tap if your mind does not accept it?

I have you in my heart to reward your deeds,  
I have you on my palms to favour you greatly;  
When working do not walk blindly like men  
Whenever you do a favour to one with your right hand, do not let the left hand  
know what you've done.  
I have you in mind to reward all you have done.

john chizoba vincent

# I Heard Them.

I heard them spoke in the dark of that house.  
Their voices boomed in the middle of the night.  
I saw their faces in the dark through their white teeth which  
exposed them in the old night.  
Their faces hardened like criminals.  
Not minding the owl hooting, they spoke with loud voices.  
FIam\_fiam, they all walked to and fro quickly and quietly  
then i listened to their voices through my window.  
Not minding the pota Tom-tom sound of the dropping rain distracting them.  
i do not know they were,  
May be they are from Nkporo or Abiam, i could not tell.  
But i was able to recognized two out of them  
When a ray of light penetrated swiftly in between them  
And they struggled to hide their faces.  
One is from the government house,  
the other from the military house.  
Then that caught my attention and i listened keenly  
They discussed about the country, the government and the economy.  
They spoke of how much they have embezzled.  
They spoke as though as people eating Bhaji.  
I heard their voices clearly and loudly,  
on how to increase the corruption and injustice in the are planning another coup  
against the Buffaloes.  
Yes i heard them well, i could remember their words  
When the moon was dancing happily in the rusty iron  
Black bucket filled with dirty water.  
Lords of the night, who keep vigil while others sleep.  
Their voices bring evil and calamity on the masses  
I heard their voices loud and clear.

john chizoba vincent

# I Hope In Africa

I have hope in Africa  
That this rain will stop  
When the drums are sounded  
and every woman remember home  
and boys take up farming as a career.

Then Okonkwo will return to Africa  
Home won't be like Animal Farm  
Where the leaders rule heartlessly  
Inu Ego won't suffer again in her next world  
We shall see Kainene in Abba forest.

Chinua Achebe will sit and smile  
Wole Soyinka will speak less in fury  
Chimamanda will return home from abroad  
And Nkrumah will rejoice where ever he is  
This is our hope tabled under the sun.

Then Africa shall arise in good fate  
then Africa shall sing a melodious song  
then Africa shall wear smile like clothes  
I will know you and you will know me  
Nothing shall bother our sky to doom.

May we always remember our home  
May we always write good of her  
May we not be hidden in tinted glasses  
May we always have this hope for life  
For Africa shall stand when we stood.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# I Know A Woman

I know of a woman  
Who is a woman in a woman  
She is not afraid to face the sun  
She is my mother, a great woman.

I know of a woman, a great woman  
Who is a warrior and a tigress  
She uphold unity and love at all cost  
She is my mother, a loving mother.

I know of a woman, a kind woman  
Whose face shines and glows round  
She is never ashamed of me any time  
She is my mother, a saviour of me.

I know of a woman, a humble woman  
Who guide and protect her sheep from  
The Danger of the world, peace is she  
She is my mother, a precious goldfish.

I know of a woman, a sweet woman  
Who knows me more than myself  
She is a dove, gentle and kind to behold  
She is my mother, a caring rare gem.

I know of a woman, a joyous woman  
All her perfect imperfect secure me  
Never has she failed me in anything  
She is my mother, a jewel of the savannah.

I know of a woman, a real woman  
Whose beauty radiate to the entire earth  
Love is her name and music her food



She is my mother, a bag of gold.

I know of a warlady among women  
The thunder that bath fear in heart  
The moon that appease the gods  
She is my mother, a goodness to all.

I know of a mother in world  
Whose names is inscripted in the sky  
Her legs hold the earth stream  
A woman, she is a pure woman.

I know of a mother, a dimple woman  
Who spread her wings in to cover me  
Like the motherhen covers her chicks  
She is my mother, a great woman.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Know My Dad

I have seen my Daddy in his full human  
I have seen that which its water birth me  
My soul said: 'shake me off from awake'  
The stone which hold my Daddy have I seen  
The eyes of his have I inherited sinfully  
I have seen my Daddy in his full human  
I have seen the thing which water birth me  
The poetry brain of my father have I received  
Poignant absence of the ninety one years old  
Man has made me know tomorrow exist  
My love for him was llegendary and joyful  
I know my Daddy in and out of the eyes.

john chizoba vincent

# I Know The Tree In My Village

We once climbed those tree happily  
As mum and daddy were at home enjoying themselves.  
We sang kpakpangolo ogolo, sang Onye ga agba egwu  
Who is in the garden and my grand pa has a big eyes  
Those stupid songs of morals and cultural values.  
I know the trees in my village  
The Ugba tree was where the witches held their meetings  
But were later caught and punished,  
The civil war started in the crying tree in my home town  
Under the beautiful mountains Iyi azu.  
The first election took place in the Iroko tree in my compound.  
I know the symbols of those pretty trees  
Their scent, leaves and stem.  
some of them once told me goodbye on the day of my departure to the city  
Some wept and told me how much they would miss me at home  
They reminded me how they have fed me when mother pushed me outside with  
no food.  
Then they were my playmate.  
I spoke English and igbo to them and taught them how T  
To dance the atilogwu dance  
How Eyo festival is celebrated in the west.  
I told them about our country, Nigeria and her bad leaders.  
They really helped me during my tribulation  
But a enough, the westerners had destroy us,  
They taught us how to kill those friendly shady trees  
Use them for stupid things which have no value.  
I know those pretty trees which shield me from  
Pains and sorrow when the sun came down to torment me  
Like a monster and they guided me from the rain.  
I know those tree of hope and endurance who stood  
Against all odds to see me through when all deserted  
And i was left alone in the dark.  
Every thing God created are beautiful  
The world is beautiful.  
I wanted to grow old with those trees but  
The evil men cut them down when i least expected.

john chizoba vincent

# I May Know Thee

I MAY KNOW THEE

Your way shall I go night and day,  
Tending your sheep in my court.  
In the field of my heart shall the  
Drum of music sound to praise the dust  
Of my being in a meekness of my heart.

I will stand to testify the clocking  
Waves of your immortality, the star.  
I will be coming soon in the glorious room  
Where your glory dwells abundantly.  
Make me great and graceful, my soul provider,  
Tell my soul the sweet sermon of humanity  
So that I may know thee by your name.

I know chukwu and chineke, the Igbos call you  
I have heard of olorun, oluwa and eledumare, the Yorubas call to praise and exalt  
your name.  
Ubangidi, the Hausas worship you.  
Obasi, the Efik dances around for yoursake.

Only you know my beginning from the end  
And my end from the beginning.  
I will tend your sheep in my court  
So that I shall have a comfort with my soul.  
In moonlight of my soul did I called you  
And you answered me speedily.

Look into my case my maker and make me  
Better for there is peace and joy where you are.  
Make me better for my plight is special to behold,  
Govern my heart so that I may know thee.

john chizoba vincent

# I Need A Woman

I NEED A WOMAN

My heart seek thee

I pray thee I loving wife

Do not make my heart sick

Under your mercy shall I

Make my feelings known

Let me put this ring in your finger

Let it tell a thousand stories of love

Tomorrow we will dance under

The rain like happy pupies

I have suffered and cried for long

The lachrymal never lend me his tears

I shall cry you more if you reject me

Wearily my feet wobbles in fear of rejection

A resting place is all I need to lean my soul

All I need is a shoulder to rest on

A family that will beckon to me

The pain will be gone will you accept

I need a woman who will be with me

Spiritually and physically till the end

john chizoba vincent

# I Remembered Home

I remembered those tall trees,  
I remembered those naked children  
I remembered those mould houses,  
I remembered where I was uprooted  
I remembered home; a guiltless home.

I remembered those girls we touched  
Their nipples and they died in excitement,  
We hid away from mother and father  
I remembered opening my mother's pot  
To pick a piece of uncivilized little meat,  
I remembered home; a fearless home.

I remembered those tales of Omalinze  
I remembered the stream we swam,  
I remembered those traps we set in the bushes  
I remembered those children' fight we fought,  
I remembered home; a shameless home.

We were never afraid of tomorrow fears,  
We walked with no slippers and sandals,  
We dreamt the dreams of a big city but  
Now, the city hurt and haunt us miraculously.  
A rootless city bore out of hatred,  
I remembered home; a harmless home.

I remembered those wrestling competitions,  
I remembered those cultures and traditions,  
The unity despite cultural diversity.  
I remembered those cups we shared together,  
I remembered the field we played with one soul,  
I remembered home; a painless home.

Who could believe home could be this bitter now?

Extremely serious in dealing with laughter?  
Careerless home now occupy home wings,  
Fellow against a fellow disorderly,  
I still remember home; our home.

(C) John Chizoba vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Represent Someone

If there is any crash somewhere,  
Don't look for me there, because  
I can't be there and never will I be.  
If there is any problem somewhere,  
Don't search for me there, because  
I can't be there and never will I be.  
Everything you see on the outside  
Begins from the inside of a man  
And, everything you see in the open  
Started in the secret heart of a man;  
So don't look for me in trouble places  
'Cause I won't be there I've been declaring  
Boldly within myself for years and years ago.  
I represent someone greater than me,  
I represent a higher God that sees.

john chizoba vincent



# I Saw Your Names Written On The Sky

I saw that precious names scribed on the sky,  
I saw your names caved perfectly on the sky.  
It stood alone, glittering and glowing like the  
Sun and stars that hold together the fragment  
Of the world from collapsing on men of the earth.

With the song in my wet throat I sang,  
A youthful joy dance along with harps,  
I borrowed the earful legs of the maidens,  
Cushioned my songs with the sweetness of heavens.  
Then I looked at the moon leaped in fearful joy.

I saw your names written above principalities,  
I saw your names inscripted among the gods,  
I saw your smile caved on a spotless slate for peace,  
Posterity embrace the atmosphere with tomorrow' eyes.  
I woke up this morning with a mouthful of hymns.

If there are things undone to the mountainous sky,  
If there are roads that parted in the sky for a princess,  
If there are houses yet to be grown from the sky,  
If there are children abandoned here and there,  
Don't be amazed most beloved one, it is 'cause of you

Perhaps, most beloved one of my heart,  
If I fall tomorrow, don't weep for my soul.  
I have seen that which my heart longs for,  
I have seen your name written on the sky  
For generations to behold a princess of goodness.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Seek No Attention

My beauty distorts at your  
Absence in my world,  
Tears of rejection I see  
When I look into the mirror.  
But I forgive your absent in my life,  
For unforgiving is the cause of injustice.

I hold onto my bosom  
The breads of pity,  
Isn't it privileged that I am a woman?  
Isn't it right that I seek love?

The power to be who I am  
A woman,  
Makes me who I am,  
The only strength to move on  
Lies in my hands as  
A woman.

When the drummers seek me,  
Tell them my legs are weak  
When the flutist wants me,  
Let him seek another in the house  
Because my mouth is long gone

But,  
Let men go on with their madness;  
Soon, that thing between their legs shall  
Ceased to interest woman and their warmth  
Shall be useless to womanhood.  
I seek no attention anyway.

john chizoba vincent

# I Still Have My Yam

I went to the market yesterday,  
I saw people wandering away  
Those buying and those stealing,  
But the nagging market speak not.

Thank God I still have my yam,  
I didn't lose it in the hands of thieves.  
The yam of this world is enough for all  
But many wants to eat alone without others.

I was in the church on sunday,  
Many came also with the Bible  
While others came without Bible;  
Others slept while the sermon was on.

Thank God I still have my yam of faith,  
I didn't lose it with the demon of sleep  
Who sow sorrow not wheat in people' lives,  
The words was sown in my heart not on the rock.

I walked on the road with my dreams today,  
I met many lost in thought of tomorrow  
Some bagged their problems on their back  
And others push theirs inside a wheel barrow.

I checked my heavy pocket and saw my yam;  
I still have my yam of perseverance with me,  
Then I waved and cried for those that lost theirs.  
A little oil of courtesy will save lots of friction.

I checked in in a five star hotel days ago,  
I dialogued with many that couldn't find meaning  
to life anymore, I discovered that many  
are burning bridges instead of building bridges.

I understand that the yam of this world  
Is enough for all mouth to chew and live,

But many can not find their own yam.  
Many tall, big, and cruel fingers has taken all.

I was admitted in the university last year,  
I saw many students tall, short, fat and thin,  
There, I discovered many who didn't know  
Why they were in school or what to do in life.

When I checked I still have my yam of  
reasoning; my yam of creativity still loots  
my life. Uniqueness birth separately from those  
There, I still have my yam of life to live.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Still Have Your Smiles

That year in the lighted classroom,  
We sat together and parroted the ABC.  
We were the last skin layer of the moon,  
We shone brightly to the sky and the people,  
Then you gave me your smile to hold for you.

That year behind the Udala tree in my backyard,  
I kissed you for the first time without any guilt  
and, I showed you the world through my eyes;  
You gave me your smile to keep for you in my laughter.  
I touched your emotions and feelings gently,  
It was the first time I saw you moan diligently.

That year when we went wild in love,  
I found comforting restoration in the mounting redness of the woman you are  
made to be,  
You gave me a kiss to hold for you till eternity;  
Here is your kiss I still have it on my palms.  
The image of the caved love we drew is still here in my heart.

That year I cried white tears for your love,  
Tears that tells a lost stories of imperfection.  
When I have travelled far in the world' deserts,  
When I have climbed the world's highest mountains;  
When I closed my eyes before saying your names,  
When I have seen what is meant for the eyes  
Now I know you are more than a precious stone.

That year, I still remember that year we dance  
Naked under the rain without being ashamed  
Of those watching from afar in anger.

You gave me your hope and smile to keep,  
I still have them with me in my bosom.  
Come take them any time you need them to live.

I live for you the life in your life,  
The man in my man lives in your heart.  
You are my beat and I am your beat,  
Next time you come around my heart again,  
You will see those things belonging to you  
humbly arranged in my heart till you need them to live.  
I still have your smile with me till eternity.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Think I Can Write A Poem

I think I can write a poem about you,  
I think I can save your smile and bottle your  
Laughter into caged part of my heart forever.  
I think I can make a picture of your tears and  
Photocopy your feelings drawn on my palms with poetry.  
I think I can screw up your brain and repair your  
Understanding to understand my poetry definition.

I think I can send you to school where you learn how to love a poem.  
I think your eyes works like the eyes of poetry  
I think sometimes I like to weep because you don't have a knowledge of poetry.  
I think I can make you a woman when I write you a poem.  
I think I can make out poems out of you,  
I think we can dance with the legs of poetry.

I think I can write a poem of hate and love,  
I think I can heal the world with poetry but  
Would that be easy and convenient for me?  
I think I can change my world with a poem,  
I think I can write you a poem because I am  
The night of your dubious wedding day.  
I think I can dust the dust of your feet because  
I am the moon that shines in the day of poetry.

I think I can write a poem about your legs,  
I think I can draw poems on your lips,  
Silent the whispers of the deceivers in your heart.  
I think you are the memory that I seek to format,



I think we can write poems that fly and sing.

I think we can eat in the poetry pot and drink from the water of poetry because,  
where lies poetry, lies love.

I think we can write a poem that can get us connected,

A poem that run through our vein in the absent of fear.

I think I can write a poem that can make the earth a forest of evil,

I think I can write a poem that can create fear in the world.

I think I can write a poem that can speak and sing like the caged birds.

john chizoba vincent

# I Told My Story To The Moon

I told my story to the moon this morning  
and he was excited at my new honey words  
that breaks the ear of it beauty,  
I think the sun was angry because I saw  
her walked away with a battered black face.  
What do u think the air would do?

Honestly, the stars were my witness and  
They were the supporting narrators,  
But I didn't know why the sun walked away on  
Hearing what was in my golden mouth.  
The story was not too sexy or that bad  
But, it was as interesting as the Nollywood movies.

I told the moon about my love whose smile  
Glow and makes the earth a paradise,  
She was from the moon planet, a virgin,  
That nurtures me like Moremi of Oyo kingdom.  
We were happily married before the sun; before  
The stars, before the clouded cloud.

The night was an old night when we wedded,  
The stars was watching from its abode  
When the pastor put Ring on her fingers.  
After the night wedding I thank the stars for watching  
Then, I praised the moon for listening  
and for Giving me light that tells of my tomorrow.

john chizoba vincent

# I Want To Be Insane

I want to be insane  
So that people recognises me  
I want to throw cans at them  
And watch them scream  
I want the freedom to do as I want  
Move and damage things like ant  
I want to teach them a lesson  
And guide my dear son  
Maybe my burden will be lessen  
Mad people are not giving Attention  
And that gives them time for action  
I want to be insane  
Put myself together as the mane  
No one will stand judging my action.

john chizoba vincent

# I Want To Be Remembered

i want to be remembered for justice and peace  
like the humble sons of the land, Gani Fawehinmi  
And ken saro wewi; who stood against all odds to deliver those who were captive  
and the voiceless.

But so sad that those they fought for had returned to drink from the cup of  
corruption and lost their senses of belonging.

I want to be remembered for good not for bad,  
To be honoured in the right hands of history in days to come.

I want to be remembered for honesty and loyalty  
To humanity and as someone who never shield away  
From speaking the truth any day any time.

I want to be remembered as a freedom fighter  
Like the late Nelson Mandela of south Africa.

I want to be remembered as john Chizoba vincent,  
A man who never keep quiet from ugly incidents  
When others are being shut up with a brown envelope.

I want to be remembered as a man who could stand look the sun in the face and  
its terribles in fear;

As a man who lost all he had to fight the tyrants  
That devour the land and left the masses naked.

I want to be remembered as the true son of the soil  
Who never gave in in climbing the mountains.

I want to be remembered for my efforts in re-organizing the lost hope and giving  
hopes to the hopeless.

I want to be remembered for my dignity and integrity.

I want to be remembered for peace and love,  
I want to be remembered as one who many hated  
Because of his outspoken and drive to achieve  
Those things which most people counted as impossible.

I want to be remembered as one who was ready to  
Carry the burden of others not minding its consequences.

I want to be remembered as one who do not please every one;

I want to hear the children sing of my name

In the stream, in the school and at the market place.  
The entertainers sing high praises of the humble footprints which i have laid.

I want to be remembered for who i am;  
For what i am and how i began  
The journey of life in the hands of desperation,  
Poverty, disappointment, frustration, and embarrassment looking for a platform  
in the hands of those who i looked up to.  
I want to be remembered for putting smiles on the  
Weak and discouraged faces of the poor.  
I want to be remembered as a man who take not in  
Public opinion but create a footprints for the voiceless.  
I want to be remembered as a man who fought till there was the birth of a new  
nation where peace and harmony reign.  
I want to be remembered as a man who lifted  
The lost children and the forgotten men along with him, I want to be  
remembered for good.

I want to be remembered as a true Nigerian,  
Not a hypocrisy nor an animal who fake patriotism.  
I want to be remembered as a man who never  
Drink from the cup of corruption nor eat from the  
Plate of the enemies but dwell among the priest supplicating for his beloved  
country.  
I will be remembered in due time.  
My name would be heard from toddlers lips soon,  
Yes, i will be remembered from the rising of the sun  
To the setting of the sun; the parrots shall sing of my deeds.

john chizoba vincent

# I Want To Go Home

## I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home  
Where the heart belongs,  
Where thousand beads speak of  
Love without fear and doubt.  
Mother' kisses await at the door,  
Father's words satre with hope for my return.  
I could sense the rosted yam at the fire place,  
Waiting to be eaten by my watering mouth.  
Am missing the love at home, home sweet  
Home, my heart is not left to the wishful  
Glance of a watchful world.

Now I go,  
Help the virgin girls tie their wrappers;  
Let the young boys make use of their legs.  
I am going to clear the field with a song  
The yam in the farm are waiting to be harvested.  
The goats. Bleat for my absence in village,  
I miss those trees at the family compound.  
The dusty road that painted my innocent face  
When I was younger want to paint me again.  
Ask not whence the thunder comes  
Ask not where the herd had gone to,  
Nor why the birds have ceased their songs  
When coming home don't take too long,  
I shall meet those girls we played together at  
The village square.

I shall come soon,  
Do not look with watery eyes but  
Pray that rebellious sickness don't consume me,  
Pray I see mother with kisses and smiles.  
Let it be told that I choose to die to die at home,  
Rather than rotten on my kneels on a foreign soil.  
The grain of my father needs harvesting and  
Without me, none shall Enter into the shrine

To appease the gods on the sins of our fathers.

john chizoba vincent



# I Want To Go To School

I want to go to school  
Where papers draw lines on the sky;  
Where we see our future beckoning at us.

I want to learn how to steal with the biro  
I want to reveal the hidden lines on the sky;  
To reveal the sky' dirtiness to the world.

I want to go to school without a book,  
I want to join those barking farmers;  
Those farmers without hoes and cutlass yet;  
they go to farm.

I want to sit among those seated with the moon;  
Watch those that fly in the sky without wings,  
I want to go and learn how to wet graves with tears.

I want to steal and speak corruption,  
Hold Bible on my left hand and, gun  
On my right with ease and confidence.

I want learn to write lines that break ribs,  
To baptise many with words that change;  
I want to go to school to learn change.

I want to learn how to cry under the water,  
Learn if fishes ever get thirsty of water;

I want to know why birds don't fall off trees when they sleep.

I want to go to school and learn why building is called building when it is already built;  
Why they say dogs food is new and improved,  
when no one tastes it.

I want to know why and why and  
Why pizza is round and comes in a square box;  
Why doesn't glue stick to its bottle,  
And why money does not grow on a tree but banks have branches.

I want to go to school and learn why I'm me,  
And me and I never agree together when in trouble;  
I want to learn why lizard has no hair and why  
The sky is white without lines drawn on it.

john chizoba vincent

# I Want To Grow Old With You

Dreams will come and go  
But i remain right beside you.  
I will be around you forever.  
Let the world stop turning,  
Let the air stop its journey to the west  
And let the sun stop burning,  
Let them tell me if love is not  
worth going through in this side of the world.

The dreams that mattered so much to me  
In this world is i was loved by you.  
If the world fall apart on you  
I will be there for you.  
Never gone never far  
In my heart is where you are  
Always close every day every seconds  
I know how much you means to me  
But it hurt so much when you are not there with me.

Each time we spend together  
Make our love grow stronger  
I will love you till the end  
I will be your true friend, your hero.  
To show you how much you mean to me.

I want to grow old with you  
Die in your arms.  
I want to look into your eyes  
Climb the mountains with you  
Sharing in every thing you do.  
Your emotions, feelings and tears,  
Caress your hair and body  
Hold walking stick with you, The wrinkle  
We share together.

In pains and love,  
I want to grow old with you  
Walk through the patient roads

In the shadows of death and tribulations.  
Mounted in between striving spirit and hopes.  
Our body lied together when the inevitable comes  
I wanna grow old with you  
For better for worse  
In the other phase of life after death.

john chizoba vincent

# I Will Be A Man

Tough time never last but tough people do  
LORD give the guidance to know when to  
Hold on and when to let go of my madness  
And the grace to make the right decision  
With brave heart and dignity as a man  
Because if it is going to be, its up to me  
I will be a man of courage

I will be a man when the sun  
Comes scorching on me fiercely  
I will be a man when the moon  
Is gone to its abode  
I will be a man when the rain is gone  
I have my self to love and care  
No one cares about my humble self  
Rather they exploit me and made  
Me sing horribly in tears

I have myself to blame when i fail  
I will go there where am needed  
I will scream louder than the eagles  
Even when the whirlwind keeps tossing and  
Torturing my guts like an empty can  
Even when life tosses me from east to west  
I will move on with Courage

If things is going to change, is up to me  
I am my own sailor in the ship  
I am my own pilot in life journey  
I drive my own car day and dusk  
Everything is fair in war and love  
war and love make everything fair  
God fill the lacuna, he that  
Knows when the little sparrow falls  
And cloths the lilies of the field  
Is ever hopeful and watchful

Every cloud has a silver lining  
I will survive, i'll make it thro'

Just give me time, i will get over it  
I will be a man in every situation  
That is my watchword in the darkness  
I have myself to blame when the other phase  
Opens and i leave no trail of goodness.

john chizoba vincent

# I Will Hold My Pen To Rest

I will hold my pen to sleep-  
When there is nothing to write,  
When there is no poetry in sight  
To cave from the tearful tilted sky.

I will hold the dreams of dashed wishes  
I will fight through a quit choices made,  
I will unbottle the million thoughts within  
The maidens wallowing down the meadow.  
I will hold my pen to sleep when the night  
Is void of darkness but nemesis tilted behind.

Do not search through my blank face,  
My express was lost on the surface of a book.  
I will hold my thought to rest when nothing comes,  
So says the angel to me: ' love not to much of words'  
I wait in the morning for the sun to tell of her mission,  
I will say prayers to baptise her sagging eyes.

I will hold my ill pen to sleep  
When no more storm is howling behind us,  
When no thunder sends fear into minds,  
When no cloud covers our honeyed laughter.  
We will pray together for our mother; Nigeria,  
At the gate decorated with equilty and love.

No one shall find hate in her,  
No one shall find weakness in her in the morning  
After the agonized gushing of polluted fluid leaves.  
No one shall be march for her bravery.  
I have guided and secured this young child a decade,  
And decades have I searched and prayed never  
Shall I leave her alone but I will hold her to sleep.

Never shall my friend be lost in confusion!  
For the love of poetry shall I hold her to sleep,  
For the love of words shall I be her loving lover,  
For the love of imagery shall I keep her home.  
She has throw me the dough to survive in the jungle,  
There shall be no infant voices to be heard again.

I will hold my pen to sleep-  
When there is nothing seen ahead of my eyes.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# I Will Write About This Place Soon

I will write about my ancestral  
home soon Because she is my root  
When the world recognizes my voice shall i write  
I will write about those tall trees in my family compound  
I will write about the forefathers and their homes  
The masquerade in the forest, the ikoro of my land  
The traditional marriage rites where a man pays the dowries  
Isn't right for a woman to take charge of that?  
I will write about Nkporo people, their hospitality  
I will stand tall and tell the world where i come from  
I will write about the rivers when i grow up  
I will write about those pretty women of Nkporoland  
The tall pretty girls who drive men crazy with their  
Buttock  
I will write about the unconstructed roads  
The power outrage in that beautiful village  
Wait for me i am coming to interview you  
So that you could tell me your own side of the story  
I will write about love when i grow up  
I will write about Melissa, my first love  
I will write about Nneoma, my mistress  
But i must keep her file away from melissa  
I don't really wants Melissa to know Nneoma  
Neither do i want Nneoma know about melissa  
I can't afford to loose any of them  
I will write about the witches  
The king and finally the arrogant chief priest  
Who raped young ladies in the forest of Okike  
I will surely write about this place soon

john chizoba vincent

# I Wish I Was Heartless

I WISH I WAS HEARTLESS.

I wish I was heartless to the core,  
I would have unbuttoned your mind  
Throw them on the earth to be eaten by  
The hungry grave who never get satisfied.

I wish I was the heartless lion everyone  
Thought I was so that I won't feel pains again.  
I wish I couldn't feel love but hatred in my eyes,  
To damn those who don't really care of my existence.

I wish I was heartless to kill him  
Who defiled and ate my forbidden fruit,  
I wish I'd never cared about him that night.  
I could have been happier now and forever.

I wish I'd not listened to those panicking voices,  
I wish I was David in face of the Hynas,  
I wish I was Samson in the temple to destroy,  
It might be my only way than killing myself publicly.

I wish I could see someone who could  
Teach me righteously how to be heartless and cold,  
How to destroy and never feel bad about it,  
How to change my real face to that of a demon.

I wish my blood was heartless to that man,  
It could have not allow that gay to contaminate  
Its purity to a bad rotten shining blood to  
Run away from in the face of goodness.

I wish I was heartless to kill all who critique to kill,

They don't understand a poet's emotions and  
Feelings, what it means to write and re-write  
And write again to suits your choice of word.

I wish I was a heartless teacher in a school,  
I wish I was a heartless proprietor in a school,  
I would make poetry writing a mandatory to all the  
Students and learners in my school of thought.

I wish I was heartless in the heart,  
I won't think about you and others who hurt me,  
I would act as a tourist in a foreign country,  
And make no standard words to them that smiles.

But now, I am not heartless because I am human;  
Human with feelings and emotions for others,  
Forgive me for being human and not heartless  
As the jungle kings in the forest of life.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Wnt To Go To Church

I want to go to church to know  
Why pastors doesn't preach repentance any more but  
A sagging prosperity and miracle they preach.

I want to go to church to learn  
How to prophecise so that I may earn a living  
From the extortion of people who I am better than.

I want to go into trace on the altar and see  
God beckoning on me to come home to him.  
I want to learn why Jesus forgives

I want to go to church and learn what the tithes  
Are being used for without the members consent.  
I want to know why the poor are not taken care off.

I want to know why the Rich men are seen on the front rows of the auditorium  
why the poor are at back  
I want to be more stupid and insane in the church.

Unbottle my madness before the congregation,  
Let me laugh without teeth and mouth to show to them; madness in the church  
is better than outside.

Every toothless moron hope in miracle and miracle  
But the eyes of our ageless minds are decieved because we seek that which is

impossible to get.

I want to learn why many souls are murdered  
And caged into the mirror of tomorrow in fear.  
Breezing with their mountainous legs to insanity,  
I want to know the end from my beginning and my  
Beginning to my end, I want to know life mystery.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# I Would Rather Work Hard

I WOULD RATHER WORK HARD

I would rather work hard than steal,  
What does stealing has to do with me?  
Instead of being mock at the market place  
I would rather toil day and night under  
The rain and sun sweating like though  
Am to die today.  
I would rather work hard than beg for bread  
Whic men give proudly and does not satisfy.  
I would rather work hard than been idle;  
An iddle hand is a devil's hand tool.  
I would rather labour in tears than make  
My tent among thieves and idle hands.

john chizoba vincent

# I Write For The Roses

Don't look for me among the weeds;  
I write for the roses.  
To the weakness of my pen,  
I write for love not perfection of my art.  
I am for the poor in the street, they are my Roses.  
I am for the disables, they are my silver and gold!

I am for the voiceless and the helpless,  
Those taken into custody for their rights;  
They are my roses.  
I am to them what stew is to white Rice,  
Don't seek for the perfection of my art;  
No work of art is perfect to see as perfection.

I am for those killed by bomb blast in my country,  
I am for those ripped off by the government,  
I am for the dregs of the Society not the looters,  
Don't look for me among the Elites or Aristocrats;  
Don't you look for the perfection of my art,  
It may come white always; it is for the Roses,  
The last dregs of my daylight can give them light.

To those that are left behind the church to beg,  
The messiah shall be your hope if my pen does not  
Keep you strong.  
To those that are rejected at the gate of hell;  
God shall supply all your needs if my pen could not.  
To those that are humble in spirit, holy spirit shall  
Dwell in your heart if my words could not satisfy you

But,  
Don't you ever look for me among the corrupt;  
I am with you in body and spirit, writing to re-create  
Your hope which was embazzled by the black angles.  
I write for you, Roses, my heart smiles to you all.  
Ka anyi noro na ndokwa! ! !

(C) John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent



# I Write Myself Myself

I am still learning to talk  
Not in the presence of kings  
But in the face of commoners  
Because there is greatness that  
Lies in the buttered lives of the  
Ordinary men in the street than  
The greatness of the Rich which  
Have been seen by all men under  
The evil breathe of the dying sun.  
You don't write me or what I see,  
I write myself myself with my eyes.  
I am what I am learning to see and  
That which I am learning to talk makes  
The man in the man in me that you see.  
You don't teach me who I am, I write  
Myself myself from myself view.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I Wrote Another Poem

I wrote another poem for you today just  
To tell you how I missed you before the moon.  
I touched the head of poetry today,  
To proclaim my love to your humble soul.  
The sun was my witness when I was scribbling  
Those edible words just to express my love for you.

I wrote another love poem today just to cry,  
Another weekend gone and you aren't here with me.  
The air announced the departure of your heart at home; for I wasn't with the  
sorcerers of Rome.  
The bone of the earth can testify my promising hope,  
I wrote you another flash of the morning dew.

I wrote you another poem just to laugh again,  
Those lines we wrote when we were younger  
I re-created again in my heart to perfect your soul.  
If there is any dream I have to see or have is you,  
If there is anything I need to hold, it should be your smile in the poem I wrote on  
the whitish white paper.

I wrote you another poem just to tell the whole world about an immortal angel  
that lives in me.  
Many have seen your face in those words, and others  
Have been changed through the laughter it created.  
The flattering of the sun can become a basket of lies,  
The sliding of the earth is my hope of survival.  
Tell it to my heart that you care and I will love again.

I wrote you yet another poem just to penetrate into  
Your immovable soul that want a flavoured love.  
I have the ingredient of love within my man,

Come, let's make a delicious meal with those stuffs.  
With you every day is like paradise and heavens.  
Come live here, Achaliugo nwa; my heart longs for you.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I. Am Just A Pen

I am just a pen in your palm  
Flowing effortlessly to impact,  
You are the brain to retain my words  
For everything I say may not come back  
To me again when I become empty.

I am just a liquid as formless as water,  
You are the cause of my movement.  
We can create a smooth journey that  
Can last a life time if we can move  
Faster in learning hand to hand in between.

I am just a pen not a machine,  
I am not seen in a troubled palm.  
I am the colours of freedom quest,  
The mainstream of your future.  
Treat me well and we shall work together  
Just like the two eyes fixed on face.

I am a woman pregnant with words,  
Abide in me as the true vane and I in you.  
I will register your deeds in the book of history  
Though men forge unequal knives,  
I will make their knives die hungry deaths  
In the slum of pity and sorrow.

Come to me my dearest friend,  
Let's write friendship together in the  
Western sky bidding farewell to the traditions.  
I am armed with sweet words not inflated promises.  
I am just a pen building schools and hospitals,  
Clearing forest of ignorance and shames.

I bring water to the thirsty and food

To those famished in heart to be fed,  
I've opened a bank up in the sky to save  
Those who are lost like cricket in August rain.  
I am just a rain flowing down west,  
Modernity is the coven of my royalty.

I am just a pen and you are the brain box,  
I have no car and lorries to pledge to you  
But my body is endowed with wisdom  
That can last you for a life time when follow.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# I'D Love To Be A Child

I'd love to be a child  
Remained in my mother's arms,  
Excrete on her laps without been  
scolded nor abused.  
Watch her unfading face and smiles  
With no cause to worry about the  
Unforeseen circumstances of the world.  
I would only cry but not work,  
Suck the succulent natural milk with no chemical combination.

with Jingle smiles full of diamond.  
Always get my heart desires,  
Crawl all day and not walk.  
Kisses of affection welcomes me always with a smile.  
I will dwell on cherries, need not to worry of shirts  
Need not to bother of books.  
Never want for money, Always smiling, good or bad.  
No wrinkle on my face  
Nor blemish in my heart.  
I would live like a fairy child in a wonderland  
where there is a fairy godmother  
To save him from bad and mysterious adventures.

No evil heart but soul as clear as the crystals.  
I listen to the sweet lullaby with a gentle  
Tap on my soft back.  
Always honest and humble not pretentious to men.  
No one remunerate me nor fight me  
i would live in the world of my own  
With no sorrow and hatred  
Have no teeth to eat the poisonous black meat  
Feasted by senseless flies.

Always on stay-cation and my  
Infant head watched  
with toys around the corner

To wipe away the unwanted tears  
Of loneliness and hunger.  
I would live a life of a hero  
Defeating things which frightened my emotions and smiles.  
I'd love to be a child.

john chizoba vincent

## If I Could

If I could, I would write a love poem that never exist  
But exist in the lost mind of the betrayal of love.  
If I could, I would stop the movement of the clock,  
If I could go to heaven to see God, I would go  
On sunday and ask him why men are different from  
Women whose brains are always at their back head.

If I could love, I would love pretty ugly women,  
If I could marry, I would marry ugly women  
So that I won't be able to share my jewel with  
Anyone who does not know how to wear his pant.  
If I could dream, I would dream like Joseph and  
Dance along the earthless edges of the world with smiles.

If I could say yes at the presence of the sun,  
I would behold the moon and ask him of my father.  
If I could get money, I would be happy and good  
But Alas, no amount of money can supplant the sadness I have caused in the  
presence of my pursuit.  
No amount of wondering can rephrase my reneged promises to those children of  
the butterfly street.

Now christmas is at the corner of my door waiting,  
If I could water her soul and bath her body,  
She would be happy to stay in my house and be  
My guest; for a night stand with a sister like her is not a sin to the adulterous  
Romans whose lips are calling me.  
If I could, I would stop the Chimpanzees from jubilating and languishing their  
joyless moods.

If I could, I would call on the rain on those lost daughters of yours whose legs  
are blindfolding my eyes.



The seasoned soup has watered my palatable stomach and I hope to release my tomorrow to him.

If I could make love to that lady, I would begin from her head.

If I could become a father today, I would be a wise father.

If I could dance I would dance just like David.

john chizoba vincent

# If I Die Young

IF I DIE YOUNG

If I die young during the rain  
Bury me inside, lay me down  
On the bed Of roses, seek the face  
Of the shining sun to advertise  
My deeds and worth to mankind

Let the ohafians maidens be far from me  
But bring in the nkporo. Maidens to dance  
And sweat their hearts out at my funeral  
The sounds of their beads will appease  
My spirit in the lonely street of death  
Let my funeral rites be perform not  
Among the judge of the jungle

Lay me down with no creamination  
Let no tears fall at my feets  
But all should be in joy and merriment  
Because I didn't bring shame to my generations  
But I left behind them golds that will last  
Till eternity when roses would be no more  
Give no ear to the accusers of man

We may not see the sweet become the bitter  
Until the taste fills our mouth and our. Eyes  
Are watering with the pain of the transformation  
Yet I go not in vain to the ancestors beyond  
Your deeds and mine would go along with me  
If I die before my time do not mourn me  
Like those without Hope and patient  
All I. Seek is the sound of the beads  
From the maidens along River Nkporo's bank

If I Die young at noon  
Bring down the sun from the sky  
And treasure it in my heart to shine  
The moon should be kept beside me at night  
Thousand men and women at my feet

They would be like a guide to my soul  
These are my last wish.

(C) John Chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# If I Have A Million Dollar

If i have a million Dollar,  
I will take care of the poor  
Make their heavy burden lightened.  
I will put smiles on their faces  
Of the hopeless and challenged the tyrants.  
Cut down their ego and marry their daughters.  
If i have a million dollar  
I will never be proud rather i will create  
An employment to the unemployed,  
I will make the oppressor kick the bucket.  
I will take care of the motherless babies  
Return smiles to the prisoners.  
Take care of my mother because she is my gold and the reason i am alive.  
If i have a million dollar,  
The beggars will never be forgotten  
I will change their cloths and make them happy.  
I want to be remembered for good  
In the right hand side of history.

john chizoba vincent

## If I Live Beyond Tomorrow

If I will live beyond tomorrow,  
Know that I have died thousand  
Times before the baking of today.  
If my words sustain tomorrow's hunger  
Know you that they are not mere words  
But they are land that connect borders.

I have been brave before today's eyes,  
I have been battered in the hand of sickness.  
If I live beyond tomorrow, the gods kept me,  
The gods that sprinkled their spit on me are alive.  
Through the testimonies of their weakness I am  
Made to be strong and brave in the race of life.

If my poems stand a chance of appreciation  
in the heart of tomorrow's hazard,  
know that I have not slept for  
a thousand nights and thousand days.  
Perfection is not in the work of my art, NO!  
If they won't live beyond tomorrow, the gods  
are to be blamed; for their eyes I see the beauty of the world.

If my name will live beyond tomorrow,  
Search in my secret places and see what I have done.  
I do not just sit down and wait for tomorrow to come  
But I work and walk like the Elephant of the forest.  
Don't look for me among the Rich but find me among  
the Thorns in my Backyard; they made me who I am.

If my man will live beyond tomorrow,  
Acknowledge poetry because he made me who I am.  
In the tattered part of my heart he dwells before I was birth into this world by

that immovable and immortal tree in Nkporoland, she is the sun of the blessed day.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved '16

john chizoba vincent

# If I Were The President.

The sky bear me witness  
The soil knows my gut and willpower  
Since its my home in the next phase of life  
And the air could read out my evidence to the doubting masses.  
They say only the elders know why the grasses Are green but in my case  
Only my shadow could tell what is in my mind.  
Only my footprints would represent my worth  
And my achievement which can not be hidden in the moist  
A sweat of the brow has brought me this far.  
If i were the president i would defy discrimination  
Hate injustice but marry love And run away from bribery and corruption.  
I would flag off humility in high places because  
I am bound to this soil in hundred fold by blood.  
The millipede would rejoice whilst the ants would  
Celebrate in high spirit for they need not to  
Labour in the dry season for food for there would be enough for them ion the  
raining season.  
I walk bare footed for my people to ride on horses  
Live in the dungeon for them to live in the palace.  
I would become the follower of them that sort after me  
And cloth my people.  
You have heard enough from others but enough is never enough for whom much  
is too little.  
I pluck dignity like a faggots from blazing coal  
Once i roared with the rage of oneness  
Disunity retreat to it abode afraid.  
i search and walk through the street of forbidden rags  
And put smiles on their betrayed faces.  
MY visions is not blurred but as clear as the crystals.  
i would bend keenly and clean the sweat of men  
wash their faces and peg out their tears.  
I have known the scent of the rain in the country  
Known the torture of its heat in the day.  
People shall see opportunities in the gutters and I would make peace to reign like  
water.  
The currency of my country shall be highly sort after all over the world.  
I would turn the nylon and street papers into money,  
The dust shall be sort after and the waste heap shall be turned to gold.  
Children shall go on scholarship and my roads shall cry no more.

The terrorist shall bow down and beg for my mercy,  
If i were the president there shall be food for all.  
I am bound to this land by blood,  
I am bound to them by Oat>;  
My people are my people shall be the slogan.  
I shall not slumber nor sleep until i see all satisfied  
so that they once said shall they say no more.  
If i were the president i would bring down  
The heavens on earth, strange night and darkness that instill fear would be no  
more.

john chizoba vincent



# If Love Was A Book

## IF LOVE WAS A BOOK

If love was a book  
I would read the whole pages  
And be glad I did.

If love was a wine  
I would drink the famous california wine  
Then get drunk for your sake.

If love was a soup  
I would lick it whilst it hot  
Without the fear of burns on my finger.

If love was a piano  
I would play it till eternity  
For love lived in music.

If love was a fruit,  
I would prefer it becomes an Apple  
Then I should make a feast out of it.

If love was a music,  
I would have it in my head  
Dancing all along with joy.

If love was a poem,  
I would make interpretation of the gods  
Like Wole and Niyi did.

If love was love,  
I would love you till the end of time  
No one would separate us.

(C) JCV  
#feeling love#

john chizoba vincent

## If Men Were God

If men were God: do you think you'll have that smile that blossomed and  
overthrown my emotions?

Do you think you would have that brain that shine?

Do you think you can walk with those legs that sweep men off their feet without  
looking back and live?

Many would look for a way to make you cripple.

If men were God, would you still have the right to

Speak in this democratic world without been arrested

If men were God: this air we breath in shall be sold,  
The water shall remain a resource for one politician;  
Then me and you shall queue to buy before we drink.

If men were God: we shall all be bottled in one place,  
Our spirits shall be caged in the zoo of their hearts.

Millions shall fall at the sound of their drums in the street; most especially you  
and me.

If men were God: we shall all pay as we walk like  
The buses at island pay to pass lekki toll gate.

Before you eat in your house, you would take permission.

The politicians shall fly more and urinate on our heads as they journey to their  
doom in joy.

More souls shall be destroy than we see now.

If men were God and God was a man of humility,  
He shall be kicked here and there because men' hearts  
Are dirty, evil and filled with a foul aroma of Ego.

God shall be a slave of his own creature and men,

Ride endless with a cart that return no glory and love.

If men were God: you won't be alive to read this,  
And my pen can't release its ink in the course of this.  
My thoughts and your thoughts would be mounded  
Through the string of their eyes to your joyful soul.  
If men were God; a mighty God like God above,  
The flowers of your daily activities shall weep always.

Lend me your eyes, men are men with troubles,  
They are at war against themselves without their knowledge.  
The world is free but men's hearts are not free,  
They lay eggs and went astray without hope.  
Let your heart keep faith on the man above because  
Only him can sustain you and no man can help.

john chizoba vincent

# If Only They Had Listened

If only they had listened  
Things would not have get out of hands  
as it is now but they were selfish  
Wanting so much for themselves  
The masses are left behind.  
If only they had listened to the  
Voice of Chinue Achebe We could have  
Been smiling now.  
If only they had listened to the voice  
Of Gani Fawehinm, all the boors could  
Have rot in the Jail  
Freedom would be restore in our father land.  
If only they had listened to cry of  
Ben Okri When he write melodiously for peace  
Nigeria could have been a better place.  
If only they could think and reason just like Wole Soyinka  
The sky won't be our limit  
Rather We climb and fly higher than the eagle  
With wings so large and beautifully made  
From above for us all.  
if only they had followed the footsteps of Nelson Mandela  
We would be free from sickness and hunger  
Which had circulated in the air through their feces.  
If only they had listened to Sir Ken saro,  
The black oil would have been for the beggars  
The south south would not be damaged by oil.  
If only they had hope and dream of a better  
Nigeria they could have achieved it.  
If only they had, if only they had listened  
Nigeria could have been a home for all.

john chizoba vincent

## If The Walls Have Ears

If the walls have ears  
They will hear of my tears  
Of a lost pride and embraces  
I speak of love but hatred has been  
My friend at the start of each day  
Listen to the sound words of a lost man  
In an unknown perfect road of love  
What business does a fowl have with the  
Grasses of the field when the grains  
Awaits him at the door step?  
I cry only for your sake, i weep  
In the cage when all has gone to bed  
I hope for that faithful glorious sabbath  
Morning on the altar when i will say i do to you

If the walls have ears  
They will pick up the sound of my tears on the ground  
Your love made me blind  
Your beauty lifted my dreams positively on the other  
Phase where men are adored by the gods  
I speak always to the four corners of the walls  
They couldn't help me in any way but stare  
I love you but hate you for the punishment  
On my mortal soul.

john chizoba vincent

# If Tomorrow Comes

## IF TOMORROW COMES

A dialogue of the drum sounding in distance  
Have crowded my emotions and feelings  
Not in my season of song shall there be a  
Beautiful virgin without a real man.  
Eating tomorrow's yam today in a hurry  
Might be too dangerous if tomorrow comes  
It might seem like killing without a sword

If tomorrow comes, my honey song,  
I shall marry you as my wife in brightness  
Never will I sing the prisoner's song but  
I will make the vegetable of my heart grow tall  
We will have a baby girl name 'Ugochinyere'  
Whose eyes will be just like yours

I will take you to Paris where Da Vinci lays  
But not in the month of the falling leaves nor  
In the year when our tears shall be hidden in shame  
I have long to sing from the song in my throat to  
Baptise your soul if tomorrow come in his holiness  
Tomorrow holds my love like a child holds his mother's breast.

Tomorrow holds our love and children, boy and girl  
Tomorrow holds my affection when the stars sob  
In the new birth, I will let you sing the bride's song  
Dare to make me happy for the water of humbleness  
That flows in my heart is just for you alone  
Lady, your face is the beam of smiles in my soul  
I long to take you to the altar of love if tomorrow comes.

john chizoba vincent

# If Tomorrow Never Comes

If tomorrow never comes  
my heart will be kept in your hands  
you remember me when sword is seen by  
my words will never lie like an eunuch wind  
i tried hard to discard those ugly image of war from my heart  
once and more, another image came to me  
raw and shocking, causing me to flush and bite my lips  
and i thought how cruel life could be.  
how heartless and uncaring nature treat me  
rivers of darkness, i swam in pains  
as the battle line is drawn ahead of me

i want you to know how much i love you  
have no doubt in your humble heart if you see me no more  
i work in shield, against the charnel house  
memories that threatened to engulf me  
and i could not shake free from the cold hands of the past  
let my image be caved in your heart  
down on the alley are more good memories kept behind  
that would shield you for ever

change has not come yet  
to this part where life is a race  
in which the strong trample the weak  
remember my wills written in the wall  
sound of my music flowing in your veins  
down the river bank behind the iroko  
i tossed the bed of roses you gave me  
although they seem stale but stagnant they stood  
waiting for the remarkable day to come.

let my feelings and emotions remain not silent  
welcome charity in sound mind  
orphans and the homeless forget not  
feat not alone in my wealth  
least you become miserable

say me well to Michael  
the son of short Ogbu Efi

we have known each other since ages  
climbing hills and trees  
take care of our children  
wait no longer  
teach them the myth and the culture of our kindred  
and those folktales mother told us  
tales of their father's tribulations, forget not.

this lonely road i walk  
fighting for my country  
the green leaves howl in tears as i trampled on them  
in anger  
i wear courage like a shield  
attacking the enemies in the battle field so wide  
thousands are slain and millions held captive  
no retreat no surrender  
my hands are stained with innocent blood  
as i shrouded in mystery  
know you that the love i gave  
would for ever last if tomorrow never comes.

john chizoba vincent



## If We Ever Meet Again.

If we ever meet again  
I would have your name  
boldly written in the stars and the moons.  
Kiss away your pains  
And break the broken image of a battered  
Beautiful lady in a world of sorrow.  
i would take you paradise and buy you the finest designers.

i would love you like my sister  
love you like my mother  
take you around the world  
Then the oceans and the seas would recognize  
your presence.  
The trees flap their wings in joy  
As they smell the freshly fragrance  
From a pretty body of an angel.  
I would make you a crown of gold  
That would brighten up the world.

You would be my baby mama,  
the sweetest thing i ever have.  
If we ever meet again  
I would make you queen of my world  
And would adorn all your entire body  
Because you're more than a woman to me.

john chizoba vincent

# If We Never Meet Again

if we never meet again  
Be strong for our son  
Weep not nor fight for my sake.  
My spirit shall be with you  
To and fro where thou goeth.  
Break forth the walls of captivity  
nEver dwells in darkness nor crave  
For joy among the enemies who  
Smiles in your presence but laugh behind you.  
Take up courage and fear not their footprints,  
for the future begin now not tomorrow which died yesterday.  
I' supposed not to let go but  
Fate fought harder against my wish.

If i had to make one wish  
I would go back to the moment  
I kissed you goodbye before the sun set.  
No matter how hard i tried i can't live without you.  
Perhaps we might say goodbye  
it is not yet over between us.  
we may meet again in a platter of gold  
where no one crucify us because of love.  
Nothing more to loose if i loose you.  
When i run to you, you comforted my weakness  
Peace comes to me when i have you in my arms.

If we never meet again  
Remember my tears and vows.  
Never forget of my humble beginning  
my sorrows in the hands of those i call my own.  
I am crucified here because of you  
Have no doubt in your heart my love for you.  
know how much i cherish you.  
Did i not try every day to show you my faithfulness?  
I would always love you.

john chizoba vincent

# If You Have To Go

IF YOU HAVE TO GO

Let the clock go anti clockwise  
So that You Could remember  
What we had together which is  
So hard to erase from the surface  
Of the earth and the planet of love,  
Death is never the end of life but its  
Beginning when we meet at paradise of love  
Our Hearts, a bed of roses which wither not  
If you have to go, remember our children  
Those dancers of children with golden legs  
Which recreate hope and shone brightly to  
Erase those black memories we once had  
Madness of the heart could be our friend  
But the earlier horn of the morning glory  
Could rekindled the bitterness of the soiled heart.  
Poist in the amalgam of sorrow my soul sing  
Sorrowfully for a world which is about to be  
Broken apart in an unpalatable Lips.....  
'Kaiyibilinudo'  
Was once my mother's words to my father  
'Nkeiruka' my father once Replied in tears  
But you have a heart of stone never allow peace  
I prayed thee a once loving husband but  
A glamour Of hatred clouded your mortal heart  
Ugomsinachi, should I pull down the sky to  
Show you how much my heart beat amicably?

john chizoba vincent

# Ifeoma Di Niro

Onye ebezina na uju na oga adinma  
Onye echezina maka na echi nabia  
di ime oweghi onye ma ihe oga amu  
obu nwoke ma nwa nwayi oma  
Jiri ndidi sowe uwa na oga adinma  
Efi na eweghi odudu obu chi ya na  
Achuro ya ijiji na ahu ya oge nile.

Onye ejila ugobe nke ndu ya na aka ya  
Make uwa bu nke na akpa onye ya yo ba chukwu  
Maka na emesia na oga adinma kpebere obasi  
Mezie onwe gi emezi maka echi na abia abia,  
Ifeoma di niro onye elela anya na azu.

Le ka umununu si agba egwu na elugwe  
Le ka ndi ekwe na akopu onu ha nile  
Lekwa ka elugwe na eluwa si buru enyi ugbua  
Okuko na Efi na Mbe na akparita uka na udo  
Maka na ifeoma ka ha nile nacho na uwa.

Ebezina na chukwu no nso  
Ficha anya gi na ifeoma na abia  
Ifeoma di niro, nke di iro ka nma  
Ogazi amaka ejiri ya ago mmuo  
Oweghi ihe na adigidi na eluwa  
Mezie owegi emezi na oga adinma.

john chizoba vincent

# Igbudu

Igbudu:

Drink before our forefathers shall drink,  
Take this kola and eat before our mouths taste;  
For we can't eat before you, it is an abomination.  
Under your craving eyes shall hungry eyes be fed,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away to the north but  
Your glories shall abide under the umbrella of our heart before the famished nose  
shall smell goodness.

Idemili 'ekene', Abiam ala, Nkporo okwe, ekwe.

The greatest of the Greatest, okaka ndi ikom, irusi na eje uka, we bow at your  
feet at the sight of your deed.

Igbudu:

Our father once danced here and poured gin here  
And they instructed us to do the same every year.  
Our life could have been as bitter as the bitter leaf  
If not that you went before us and calm the oceans  
That wail and groan at the sight of our exposed tears.  
We know the shrine lacks blood that was why we came, Nkporo ekene gi, Item  
aja gi nma, Edda eme gi nma; the god of all gods, we all say 'Ka'.

Igbudu:

Our mouths can't stand without your hand on it,  
Our eyes can not run here and there with your mercy.  
Who are we that you care for us even when we sinned against you at the altar of  
righteousness?  
Look after our virgin 'agwo turu mbe', look after  
Our land in the afternoon, night and day.  
Make us the heroes that fear no enemy nor foes.  
We have been here sprinkling blood of humans for you to know how pure our  
hearts are to you.

Igbudu:

Even though you did not answer our pray we would be happy that you permitted  
us into your shrine to perform this rituals for you on this fateful day.  
Look after us and protect of animals and many blood  
Shall we bring to your shrine to show gratitude to you.  
Take once again and eat from our pot because you love us.

john chizoba vincent

# Ignorance Mare Us

When we were boy,  
We were the warriors of the town  
Chasing little girls up and down the hills.  
When we were babies, our mothers searched  
Into our faces for meaning of life.  
As we grow, we were larger than life itself,  
The world was blind to us all but we were  
The defining moment of the century.

But now, our eyes speak of pains after our  
Pride had been casted out and guns were  
Given to us to kill and destroy.  
We were taught how to carry guns around  
The nook and crannies of the neighbourhood,  
We fought for ignorance in the presence of the girls  
Whilst they watch with watery innocent eyes.

The breast milk was taken away from our mouth,  
We were taken from the care of our mothers  
To the callous harsh weather, to the warfront;  
To the street where shame makes one better.  
We are boys with guns parading to kill and destroy,  
Boys denied of mother' love and father' care.

Ignorance mare us, guns took away our shames,  
And made us heartless beings from the Booku Haarm  
Insecurity made us who we are- the heartless boys  
We are boys whose souls has gone into captivity.  
We were forbidden to see the four corners of the classroom; for they were afraid  
of change of heart from the BH.  
We have become a nightmare in the younger day.

'Throw the bomb here, match forward; kill! '  
That is the order we hear from the BH camp,  
A guilty bloody camp of sealed hell.  
'Aim, destroy, damage, shoot! ! Rah! ! Rah! ! !  
That is the language of our masters in BH camp.  
O ignorance is a bad diseases to the bearer!  
We wish we could come back to our senses but



Time is fast roding by and blood has covered our eyes,  
We wait anxiously for the day our skulls will  
Fall off from our neck and we ascend heaven to meet  
The virgins, in every death, a busy world come to an end.

john chizoba vincent

# **Ikemefula**

Ikemefula:

This is your father' land with tall trees and  
Moutains at the peak of heaven touching the  
Beak of the clouded sky in a dumbious way;  
Do not leave here for another corrupt home  
Because, here was where you were christianed  
Ikemefula, the pride of his fatherland.

Ikemefula:

This is the river of madness and stupidity,  
Do not follow it lane nor its banks as others do.  
Here your father prayed for you to soar higher  
Than the Eagles of Azumiri land;  
Do not create an eyes that watch your people' back.  
Behind the clouded cloud, no rain shall touch you.

Ikemefula:

You shall be inspired and loved under the harsh sun,  
Even when the hurrican lamp is dead, love shall come to you like a drizzling rain  
that showers blessing to the voiceless in the street of ordinary p'ple  
A stretched dance and a broken dryness shall be far,  
Words whispered in gossip shall you not hear.

Ikemefula:

My heart still bleed from the sharpeness of their lies,  
I shall protect you from their snaring hearts of evil;  
Take you to that eyes that once lit my world before  
Taken into consideration those pains they caused me.  
In a nimble piece of building, shall they remain;  
But your fate shall be as white as the snow that brighten the earth.

Ikemefula:

Hear my wisdom now; men are dust, boast not of  
Tomorrow among friends at the gate of the city.  
When other prided themselves like the peacock,  
Cut your wings and remember the silver spoons are not found in our lineage nor  
did our forebears have one.  
There rest a shining stone behind the glowing gold,  
Secure it morning and night; for it is your tomorrow.

Ikemefula:

Education has no future for you but this dark and cunning traditions that your dark  
father left is good,  
Follow the light, the stars and the moon and be great.  
I don't want you to learn how to steal with biro IKEM  
I don't want you to fight the sun and the air god made  
I don't want you to despise me at old age when you go to that light of wisdom  
and insanity, IKEM.

Ikemefula:

Never stop learning nor stop looking at the sky always,  
Though it is white but your eyes shall see lines and road that leads to the white  
hall of life when you keep focusing and studying the depth stars, sky and cloud  
that our forefathers worship years ago.  
IKEM, learn, learn; and learn without stopping, never!

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Illusion

And this picture on the wall of my heart told a story of men giving birth among themselves in the north promiscuously...  
Sipping memories from the lungs of the girl child.  
They were not ashamed of the little ones watching their nakedness which howled at them mannerlessly.  
We bathed the oceans again and again,  
We made the sand shone like the moon,  
We washed the sky daily to see clearly of what the earth has in stock for us.  
We painted the earth and added more colours to the chirping rainbow.  
Life became wet in our palms because we saw images and figurines of women whose shining womb were made abnormal by men of yesterday.

And mother told of an innocent girl that killed her father, mother and brothers,  
She was patted by the king for doing so,  
As she told this ear breaking tale,  
we saw the rain emerged from the ground instead of the lonely idle cloud that watched us through different mirrors.  
They said we'll live forever on paradise,  
They said there is heaven and hell,  
They said evil people will be punished on the last day,  
They said we will burn for thousand years,  
But how could a father punish his children with fire and brimstone?  
How could spirit burn in a fire?  
How could we tell lie to ourselves and expect the sun not against us?  
We have seen cock making love to a duck and, dog to a cat, and grandma told us it was normal.

And Father told of the miseries of the black spirit in our village streams,  
How pouring of libation on the family shrine brings good wife and good harvest,  
how rubbing oil and wearing palm frond on your lips wad away demons.  
he said there is a third heaven above us,  
He told us why the He goat smells,  
He said white ghosts do fly day time; he has seen the flashes of one of them at Benin.  
After Christopher, I creed,  
After Achebe I loved again  
After Seghor

After Wole and Niyi' folklores,  
After Habila Helon,  
After Chimamanda's truths,  
We'll retrace this fables with a knitted thought towards strings of our voices.  
How does the patient dog eat the fattest bone now?  
Does the silent cock still live for a lifetime?

Mother lied to us  
Father lied to us  
Grandma lied to us  
Grandpa lied also  
A mirage formed  
Teachers lied to us  
An illusion created  
We are not who we are through those illusion told to us through their lips.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Images.

Hold my hand!  
Forget my tears.  
Let me show you papa's grave,  
he was a hero with a basket mouth.  
He tinted our future with his wagging Lips,  
his eyes, a staccato of his old self.  
Stop romancing your fear and live in me,  
we once asked him of bread but stone,  
he gave to us breaking the natural law.  
He beat mama and lynched her shadow.  
Do not remember of yesterday he went with,  
remember our tomorrow in our hands,  
for we know not which cook whether the  
fire or the pot on the firewood...  
Do you know he impregnated Chioma?  
Do you know he killed Kambili for money?  
Do you know you have been sold off into slavery?  
You don't belong here any more! You don't!  
Our Images stocked in his eyes as he went,  
Spirited rushes of unknown deity beckon,  
my soul has grown deeper like rivers of Jordan.  
I ask mother where broken dreams go,  
she pointed at papa's grave yard with tears.  
This is Papa's grave and his dreams looting,  
The carbon copy of our Images...  
The photocopy of our honesty went with him.  
This is Papa, a warrior with a basket mouth.  
You speak of me as a river Nile  
You can tell the moon and the stars  
when you understand their conjunction.  
Brother, we have no future with these images,  
observe my fate and faith dreadfully,  
we belong not together any more.  
Papa separated the images of our blood,  
for stubborn ignorance existed with him.  
Even though we don't understand ourselves anymore,  
For the sake of this insanity rolling in.  
We were made to strife and grieved...

When this tinsel is broken apart,  
maybe, we can share the meatless meal again,  
not his brutality and rigid zealousness.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# In Bed With Our Enemy

We are already in bed with our enemies  
Who claims they are doing the almighty will  
By killing and causing mayham to the brotherhood.  
We've seen our pains through our ears,  
We've seen the making of our doom calling.  
BH camp has treated us thou,  
Like a lepal cast out of his country home.  
They promise us virgins in heaven when we die  
Whilst they remain on earth with no Virgin,  
Won't they also be interested in the sharing of the Virgins?  
We swallow the unwanted mantles then match forward to the street where it  
explosion kills and destroy many of our brothers,  
It ends both the beholder and the innocents.  
BH claims are evil and destructive,  
They give us the holy Book in one hand and  
Gun on the other hand to damage with the  
Promise of going to heaven to meet our virgins  
Waiting anxiously for us, why won't they also like virgins?  
They are the enemy of our soul,  
The barking dogs whose bite are fierce.  
Booku -Haarm destroy our future future leaving us hopeless.  
Their cruelty shot us through the eyes and  
Our lives become worthless and useless.  
In as much as we live, others are not meant to live  
Because we foolishly look up to the promised virgins  
In Heaven to deflower when we die.  
But is there really any virgin in heaven for us?

john chizoba vincent



# In Love For Us

## IN LOVE FOR US

Christ in love for us all,  
So he died for us to live.  
He was broken and wounded,  
He was laughed at because of us.  
A broken spirit were his so that  
We might have hope and live in  
Fullness of joy in the end of life.  
A man of sorrow was he and we  
Acknowledge him not but despised him.  
He died with the wicked, yet he hide not  
His face because he is christ, christ in love.  
We show no love to his love for us,  
Media world is waiting for us to announce him,  
The Entertainment sphere is waiting for us all,  
The education sphere is waiting for us,  
The political sphere is waiting for us,  
The economic sphere is waiting to see  
Us as the true role model for christ,  
To see that we trust and obey the love of christ.  
The social and spiritual world are waiting for us,  
Let's man up and announce christ as the king,  
Let's go a fishing for the lost souls.  
He made us fishers of men not of fishes,  
Man up for christ all you in love for him.  
Things of joy shall it be when we walk  
With the lord and obey him wholeheartedly.  
Christ in love for us that he gave his only  
Begotten son to die for us all.

john chizoba vincent

# In Our Little Village

In our little village Nkporo,  
We live in harmony and help each other.  
We share among ourselves the golden rules  
And neighbours remember their neighbours.  
We play hide and seek at our leisure time  
Creating kite and building houses with clay.

When the elders are around the corner,  
We play calm and whisper little to each other  
As they eat kolanuts and drink palm wine.  
Boys must not look at girls eye to eye,  
And boys must not talk to the girls  
Because we were told it is bad  
But never were we told why it is bad.

At night, we stay separately  
Under the mango trees to listen  
To the moonlight tales of 'Omalinze'  
After, boys dance along with boys  
Girls sing 'kpakpangolo' along their paths.  
They never told us why girls must  
Be separated from the boys.

Until we go wild and nasty,  
In our games we meet;  
We feel the girls emotions and feelings.  
We entangle, caress and watch them groan  
And moan passionately in our arms.  
We disobey the elders and fall in love.

We try to see what the elders were  
Hiding from our today's eyes.  
So we deep our fingers into where it ought not to go  
Because the elders never told us why the boys  
Must not be with the girls.

Boys meet girls behind the elders,  
The pleasurable experience becomes sweeter.

We mingle and entangle with them for sometimes  
Behind the village 'Iroko' trees and boys  
Put girls in the family way because the elders  
Never told us why the boys must not look at the  
Pretty girls in the eyes.

(C) JCV

#village life# remembrance# missing childhood#

john chizoba vincent

# In Praise Of Ben Jossy

I know of a great man from Benue;  
A wonderful string beholder of now,  
Whose smile calm the storm of life.  
His laughter echoes and sound in joy.  
Once on the keys of a weak keyboard,  
It comes back to life with a dancing feet.

.  
.

I know a great man of music from Idoma,  
Whose eyes is the stars of a feeble souls.  
He write friendship on his pretty palms,  
His voice is the sound of the nightingale.  
A man of great inspiration birthed in peace;  
Peace of soul mingling with love and life.

.  
.

I know of a teacher and lover of the word,  
Whose insight is the moon of the spirit...  
He walks like the dove of the ancient joy,  
Working with a perfection of the revelation.  
He is cute and eye, drifting with dreams,  
In his heart is the template of a humble home.

.  
.

I have seen through his eyes a butterfly,  
I have witnessed a calmness of my soul  
through the spoken of his words to me.  
A mediator, and wonderful comforter,  
I know of a giant camera man in Nigeria,  
Second to none I know in Africa.

.  
.

Posterity has written his name in the book  
of history that he is here to impact to all.  
His lips are armed with sweet words and hope,  
Modernity is the coven of his royal muse.  
I know of a great man of great music....  
He is pregnant with goodness and kindness.

.

.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# In Praise Of Nkporo

A land of safety and security  
So beautiful as the morning glory,  
Nkporo, a precious maiden picks among thousands.  
The wrinkles ocean beneath her crawls  
Watches from her mountain walls.  
Here, she has settled her protective wrappers  
To guide her children like mother hen  
She glorifies her children from morning to night.  
Her bosom blossom in a thousand fold  
Admonishing the earth of her natural endowment.  
She is the heroine that fought many and  
Never has she been defeated in the battlefield,  
She is brave, courageous, kind and honest to all.  
The sun and the rain knows her by name,  
The moon glomour in her beauty, a mother of many.  
Nkporo kaa, Nkporo Jokwa, Nkporo kanka, Nkporo amaka, you are the princess  
whose jewelries make way for men.  
Your beauty is beyond description, you are a temple  
Where great men receive higher level of understanding.  
Nkporo stand for love, purity, justice and peace,  
She is a sanctuary fills with milk and honey with an endless joy.  
Nkporo, land of fellowship, where the righteous men shall dwell forever as the  
paradise home, Nkporo Amaka.

john chizoba vincent

# In Praise Of Olaitan Bakare

## IN PRAISE OF OLAITAN BAKARE

Olaitan Bakare

You are the moon that shines in the night,  
You are the kiss that cannot be forgotten,  
You are the child that must not cry out loud;  
The sun that speaks for freedom to the captive.  
The love that knows no bond but nurishes,  
You are the legs that must not walk long  
The flower that smiles so good and re-activate  
Love in the air to all.

Lady O.L.A,

You are a straight line star drawn by God  
You are the image in every man's eyes,  
The beauty of the world, a special jewel  
Made by God on the creation day;  
The precious bead worn by men of courage.  
You are the light of the world that  
Shine brighter than the moon.

Omalicha,

You are the beauty that glamours and glows  
The maker of rain of love and empowerment,  
You are the voice that breaks the prison brass  
And set the captives free; your voice breaks the wind.  
You are the smile that ease thousand pains.

Ugochinyere,

The owner of my humble heart  
Olaitan, I love, your beauty I cherish;  
Your voice breaks the prison walls.  
You are the breath of mankind that  
Nevr get contaminated by evil.

#JCV

john chizoba vincent

# In The Died Man Grave

Behind the died man's grave  
I saw many reasons to live  
And dance merrily to the shinning sun.  
In the died man's grave  
Many terrible and horrible  
Voices echoed out their angry voices of  
Unfulfilled potentials.  
There, wisdom weeps and laments for not working  
According to the ten principles of life  
Knowledge flaps it wings and dance emotionally  
Destiny came roaming about naked  
They said the grave yard is the richest house  
Now i know perfectly well because  
I saw potential came to me  
In a sackcloth howling bitterly  
Then i asked him why he weeps.  
He looked up and his tears visited the ground  
he told me that men had failed to use him  
Because of their mind set and weakness  
I looked into his palm and saw how smooth it was  
How men had not touch it for thousand years  
'I ye men believe not in your selves' cried he  
Then fear answered him happily  
'I torment them all And they heed to my torment'  
Then went he up rejoicing  
as i walked farther i saw fate in the corner  
Anger and battered like a harden criminal  
Then said he to me, men are stubborn  
I decid for them but they disposed my decision  
I worked hard to channel them but money they all need  
Music in my heart i bore to satisfy them  
But to no avail, so i gave up.  
The next i hand them over to death humbly  
In the died man's grave  
There are many gift untouched  
Indeed it is the richest house ever  
My heart aches and a drowsy cry deepen  
One hour past i still remained behind the grave  
NOw i have woken up to learn beyond



That i know in a died man's grave

john chizoba vincent

# In The Olden Days

In the Olden days when we wear grasses,  
When we dance naked under the rain,  
When we were cooking grasses as drug,  
When we have no fear in us and fear never  
Haunt us just like the way it does now.  
We were fine and good to go in the world.

In the olde days when life was for the brave  
You marry as many wives as you want  
There was no trouble for our fathers but now  
When a man marries one wife he can't cope with her.  
We are lost and lost in the wood of life.

In the olden days when mothers were wives,  
When girls were girls without dirty minds  
When wives were wives that never nag,  
I should've married then than now that we have  
men as women beating their husband at home.

In the days of old, when motor was not invented,  
We were fine with horses and camels that never  
Had an accident like vehicles does now to us.  
Those days when we have no radio and television,  
The heads of our youths were at home to impact.

In the olden days when we knew nothing,  
We were nothing and nothing knew us;  
We were good with throwing of arrows  
And killing animals for food but now,  
We are killed by the so called canned food.

We played with girls without anything in mind,

The elders removed their wrapper in front of us,  
We were never ashamed to walk in the street unclothed,  
yet we were fine and honest to nature.  
Plane never existed to kill us like wandering fowls,  
Technologies were not there to mure us to sin,  
We were just fine and cool with ourselves but  
Now, things have change and change to our own pain.

A pregnant woman was not envious of a nursing mother because she knew her  
own time shall come.  
And a widower should not be jealous of married  
Ones because he has the power to remarry any time.  
We live like one family and we seek the faceof the gods, religion was never the  
problem but now it is.  
We shall soon see where this new dawn is going to.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016  
Voice of vincent

john chizoba vincent

# In Us Lies The Fault

why cry thou of corrupt leaders?  
why wailed of bribery and corruption?  
which had feasted deep into the system  
we all are victims of circumstances  
stranded with an strange fear  
In us it all started from the genesis  
Because we we wanted too much  
So much of the luxuries  
Materials which fadeth in a hurry  
however, in us discrimination grew hope and liveth  
In us came selfishness smiling deceptively  
in us lies wickedness of the soul  
with wings so black and red like the crimesome  
In a thought that nature is a child  
Who in hurry forget that which the law says  
Have you forgotten the foretold prophecy?  
We came naked and naked we must go  
winds are tossing things about  
High anarchy is loosed upon the earth  
Chaos, and drumming of war sounds more dangerous  
than hell.  
things fall apart leaving the center sagging  
We kill, betray, dump ourselves and,  
nothing to hold unto in the terrible nightmare  
who's fault?  
In us lies the fault.

john chizoba vincent

# In Us Lies The Nexus Of Your Life

IN US LIES THE NEXUS OF YOUR LIFE

We are the bridge of hope,  
we connect lives and dreams,  
water the images seeking peace;  
of a truth, our foundations stand tall.

When tomorrow comes to you in war,  
remember the hands that birth you.  
Neglect not the time of your life  
when the night shall sing of calamity.

Stand between our brave hearts till dawn,  
we're the series of connections linking your  
future and fate; a focal point of your life,  
let's build the skies in your fearful palms.

In the field of learning, we come as wisdom;  
in the church, we are seen as conscience,  
life tell the tale of yesterday and today,  
but we tell the tale of tomorrow and destiny.

In us lies the nexus of your life's history,  
we stand in between your tomorrow and today,  
we are the lines that connect your ribs together;  
we are your blood; your life, future and death.

(C) John Chizoba vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Informal Romance

Do you still remember your laughter you kept in my heart when we were younger?

Remember those days we stayed under the tree in my compound in the night, we hid from mother's eyes.

I held your feelings and emotions and you moaned,  
Then I groaned in pleasurable pleasure.

Do you remember the lines we drew on the clay?

That year I carried you behind the backyard of the house,

I made for your mouth and let mine gumed to yours.

I caressed your perfectly made innocence and penetrate right into your mind and soul and corrupt it.

Remember our song of love, 'ebezina'; we sang then.

That morning I held your thigh to my palms, the reddish flavoured gold beat and beat again and again.

Look at what we've made in the eyes of tomorrow!

Your father was like a thorn on our flesh, parading

Like a bull dog and roaring like a lion in the jungle.

Remember we didn't give ears to his barking.

I felt your soft tilted breast and your tongue danced excitedly penetrating through my virgin mouth.

We clothed love and unmasked hatred before us.

Under the love garden we grew together in peace,

We watched the parotting birds sing our love,

The leaves shield us from the dark frozen night.

Then I said 'Juliet takes me to somewhere we will be alone, I will be waiting for your love beside the sea'

Just remember the first time I hugged you behind the  
School window, we were not afraid of the teacher.

We were drunk in love even fear was afraid of us.  
Those days I stood at the bush path to wait for you,  
I was afraid of seeing the eyeball of your father.  
The informal romance was hell on earth to leave,  
Even when I left you, your face still face me.

There is only one you and me,  
Through the imperfection of love we are made.  
Drive gently back here we you belong; for  
Without the words of love in you am gone.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016  
Voice Of Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Innocent Or Guilty

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

Behind the cloud he came,  
He grapped me hard and hit me  
With his heavy hand on my head;  
Next, he thrust me on the bed, torn  
My skirt and had his way into me.  
I was covered with shame and darkness,  
Guilt barked behind and anger caressed me.  
Immediately, I made for the knife behind as  
I watched him smiled satisfied with himself.  
I stabbed him on the chest then, he slumpped  
And died with pains shot through his eyes.

john chizoba vincent



# Is It Poetry?

Is it poetry that I see or love song?  
Is it love that bath poetry or  
Poetry that spoon feed love?  
Search my heart and behold  
The worlds that poetry transformed!

Is it poetry you write or prose?  
Check the wordings and create effect,  
Not in my season of song that poetry shall  
Be made to water like a watery soup.  
Make it not shadow but deep and thirsty;  
Poetry is the breast the elites suck in delightfully.

Create imagination and pictures  
Not mere words that disturb men' eyes.  
Poetry is not rice that you cook without salt,  
Poetry is not beans to eat with Bread but,  
You eat poetry alone and alone.

Is it poetry you write or script?  
I don't really understand you anymore.  
Those words are too dirty to see,  
Cave more lines before my eyes and mouth.  
I want to see more of your craving words.  
I want to touch the words that entangles my spirit.

(C) John chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Is Mary Really Gone?

IS MARY REALLY DEAD, MOTHER?

Father! I can't see mary and her little china doll  
Mother! Where is mary, my little pretty angel?  
I saw her battled desperately last night with a  
Worldly handsome man clothed in white gown  
Where is she now? Where has she gone to

Mother, why are you clapping your hands  
And tears dropping angrily from your eyes?  
Why do you shake your Head and soliloquize  
All Alone in the closet When you ought to get  
Ready for the morning journey as usual?  
Has anything happened To jewelry, tell me i  
Can bear the pains not to shout and Cause?

She wasn't in our midst this morning to sing  
The high praise to us as usual.  
Her bed is in commotion, her room in disarray.  
Her slippers haven't spoken to anyone on the staircase.  
I could see her clothes weeping in her room  
The curtain, window, wardrobe, all quiet and sad

When is mary. Coming home father?  
Is mary really gone, mother?  
An african princess she was,  
The flower of my heart whose leaves blossom  
With sparkling eyes that radiate With illuminious  
Hands.  
We played along, cracking their With an ageless  
Butterfly heart ready to change our cause among  
The unbelievers  
My love was young, hers was much younger  
We tattooed Our Smiles with a golden jewelries  
Made for the prince until the air took her away

Mary come back home my heart seek You  
Do not break the ageless treasure Of our Soul  
Why is death the Only gift life could Offer?  
The animal called man in battle to conquer

Yet no hope seen by as all perish gradually.

Come home my dear mary  
Mother wait you in tears around your room  
In your closet is father supplicating to your chi  
When are you coming my dear Mary?  
My heart beat fervently to see you again  
Hope and faith to seek in resurrection day.

john chizoba vincent

# Is Mother Still Alive?

Is mother still alive, brother?  
Is she still breathing as a woman?  
Why is she in the darkness crying?  
Has the power outrage gotten here?  
Has the fuel scarcity made the hospital  
Not to put on their clamouring Gen?  
What eyes will watch our large mouths,  
Shaped by the sorrow of lost and failure.  
We've failed our mother a million times,  
We've eaten that fruit which she commanded  
us not eat in this land of evil and pains.  
Many of her Children are in the Rock;  
Embezzling her body and soul while she dies here!  
How mournful it is to say goodbye to one  
Whose journey is of no return! Alas! We're lost.  
Is mother still alive, sister Mary?  
Touch her head and legs and feel her pulse!  
Listen to her heartbeat and tell me of her condition!  
How many of us are here now?  
How many of her relations are here to see her?  
Is uncle OKADIGBO here to see her?  
Is OBIAJULU here with his flute of love?  
What will be of her fate, Doctor?  
I woke up in bed joyful but now I sit in sorrow,  
Watching the sleeping eyes that once watched me.  
Is there no one who will cure mother here?  
Or shall we flew her to LONDON for treatment?  
You answer me Senator GAFAR MUSA!  
Answer me Governor MBADIWE OKORIE!  
Don't you have anything to say President SARAКИ?  
We have wounded the patriotic pride of mother,  
Her morose mood can testify to that accusation.  
'Hello, where are you Governor FEMI? ...  
You are a goner, a fool, mother is dying here and  
You are there fighting of her oil wells and money, why? Why? Why are you  
heartless? '  
We are doom if anything should happen to mother Nigeria here!  
Let's sound the drum in all the villages and towns!  
Let's borrow the earful clamouring drum of the towncrier and move farther, let it

be told that our

Mother is sick and needs healing urgent, very urgent.

Go! Go! Go! ! ! Go to every nook and crannies and tell them that our mother is dying in pains.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Is Nigeria Dead?

When I was in America  
I received an Envelop with my mother's stamp on it.  
I saw the red ink boiling on the surface of the book.  
I torn it open and watched the words in anger!  
My mother is sold out and she needs my help.

I ran down to Africa to see what has happened to my Beloved mother; mother  
Nigeria,  
To see what has become of my mother in Africa.  
When I saw her in sackcloth in the dark weeping,  
I wept like a child whose mother left him in a market place.  
They have beaten my mother black and white!  
They have beaten her like a funeral ram,  
She has been wounded with strips on her back and her face was embeamed with  
an undiluted acid.

She sat alone in the dark in tears of what they have done to her, and to her  
innocent children.  
I heard the sound of her heartbeat from afar demolishing many, many whose  
face were as dark as the darkness of the night but has white teeth.  
She cursed in pains; the forbidden outburst of the mourners, but I couldn't see  
her spirit, the spirit of her pride; because she has been sold off to the animals.

I torn off my clothes and ran to her bosom but,  
There were no oil on her face any more,  
The seeds on her womb was aborted, she wept all alone in the darkness waiting  
to be rescued.  
Some of her children has gone astray in the wood,  
Some like the lost coin but mother could not find them even with a lit lamp that  
shone brightly.

Are you praying for Mother Nigeria over there or not?

Who is praying for mother's recovering now?  
Face me, let me hear what you are praying for!  
Don't pray if you can't interced for our mother?  
What has become of Mother Nigeria?  
Is she dead or alive?  
Please someone should talk to me, is Nigeria dead?

Is Nigeria really dead?  
I want to know what has become of my mother  
Because she is not talking to me as I ask her questions.  
I want to know where the water is flowing to,  
I want to know who is corrupt among her children.  
I want to know the faces of my brothers and sisters!  
I want to know who is killing mother here in Africa!

Is Nigeria dead?  
Don't look at my ugly face just answer me brothers!  
Don't pray for her, just keep your prayers to yourself, understand!  
Don't even say 'God bless Nigeria'  
You all are saboteurs harvesting where you didn't sow.

If mother dies here I won't be happy with those on the white rock chair at the  
Eagle palace.  
If mother is found wanted in the street of Africa,  
You all shall pay dearly for all the embezzlement on her body when I am ready to  
purge your stomach with a hard blow of righteousness.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Isabella Bell Of Beauty

Her name is Isabella; a bell of beauty,  
She walks like Rhinna, ruling the sun.  
Her legs shone like the crystal bell  
Her mouth glows like the embeamed beauty  
Her laughter rings like a bell of beauty  
In the moon abode, she twist the planet  
And generate a loving clothed beamed air.  
She makes men' legs femished in cold weather.  
Her beauty corrupt the eyes of men,  
Isabella, Bell of beauty, my love a bell to you.

john chizoba vincent

# Issues Of The Heart

## ISSUES OF THE HEART

For Grace Mike.

Do you remember, Grace?  
Do you remember our first kiss on the altar of love?  
You wrapped me in your arms and wetted my lips  
with innocent sensational emotions.  
The fragment of your moans and groans rest  
here in my heart, I remember that pretty face always!  
You are still the star, I am the moon,  
you are the nightingale, I am a singer of passion.  
The pages of my joy are the chapters of your  
embraces orbiting the merrying earth.  
In you I found comfort and harmony;  
breastful harmony which no one can give.  
Feeding through your words, I found the me in me!  
Do you remember our first cracking romance?  
How your sweaty tongue sparkled with mine?  
Do you know how I sing of your names among  
the birds and lilies of the clamouring field?  
You are my coy mistress, my deity!  
You are my tomorrow, a homemaker, a playmaker!  
Tell Shakespeare I have found a lover better than Juliet,  
Jack was never a good lover to Rose like me to you!  
When the grasses of the forest shall wave,  
it shall be for your praises and honour.  
Unprintable names shall not be the lines  
drawn on your glories palms for men to see.  
Do you remember that we never watch our  
nakedness with an empty eyes?  
Not even the milky instinct of a warrior  
have witnessed the prowess in your womanhood.  
I will run a thousand miles for you,  
I will sit on thorns to worship you,  
thousand roses have I kept at the seaside  
watching tomorrow with an Eagle's eyes  
that the Butterflies shall fly out from your eyes  
and give me more reasons to see the

issues of affections tabled In our heart.  
Hunger never die, so do you down my stomach.  
Tune in to the frequency of your heart and hear me speak.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# It Is Night Here

It is night in this dead land  
Where mothers are the fathers  
And the fathers are mothers in fear.  
The stony bread of sorrow given to the  
Children to eat and die a holy death.

It is dark in this side of the land  
Where our pains are seen as sweetened soup,  
Never to be ease by any soothing hand of love.  
We try all we could but all we could are wasted,  
The air moans in a confused state to be seen by all,  
Wounds in every angle to be suck by the dogs.

It is night in this unholy land of the holies,  
The streets are filled with skulls of hatred,  
Houses are occupied by ghost from hell.  
Many mouths wagging without lips to buttress;  
For the roses meant for tomorrow's eyes is gone.  
It is night in this bottled land graced by fools.

I have been here with recognition,  
In this land where demons reign.  
I have tasted the blood of the innocent killed by  
Those who sees righteousness as a sin at heart.  
Many have bitten their lips and welcomed blood,  
Detasted aroma circulates in the atmosphere blinding  
The nose and leaving the eyes watering.

It is night in this amputated land  
Governed by the dragons of the slumed east.  
Rain drenched us more in this land than before,  
Bleeding soul scattered here and there like grains,  
Weeping sun mounted up above our dreams;  
It is night in this land where laughter hurts like pains.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All right reserved VOV 2016

john chizoba vincent

# It Is Our Tradition

Bring the Nzu and Kola nut  
Take it to the stranger among us,  
Let him kiss it and be bless.  
Let him rub the Nzu on his arms then his fore head.  
It is our tradition here not to neglect  
A humble stranger in our land.  
We kiss suffering on the lips, it harm us not.  
We measure our joy with dance and laughter.

pour the oil in the calabash  
Roast the yam and break the kolanut,  
Let the youngest among us break and share it.  
Pour the dry gin on the ground and bless the gods  
Our forefathers must drink before we taste ours  
Angry will they be if they taste not the gin.  
It is our tradition here in Nkporoland.

The maiden must not touch the raging masquerade  
Keep them afar off from the here, let them smell not of it.  
All the young men must be present at the Iza Afa festival  
and then the young women must not be excluded from the  
Igboto Nma festival in the village square.  
When is the initiation into the masks spirit taken place?  
Warn all the young men to partake, it is our tradition  
Never allow the she goat deliver in pain,  
Go call the elders to look after its delivering.  
The snake must never be in group like the beads  
It is an abomination not among the tradition.

Gather the cowries and the white chalk  
and assemble the youth in the shrine  
Lets pour the goat blood for the sacrifices  
The gos will hear us this time after  
We went astray from it in foolishness.  
Call on the widow among us, i heard there was one.  
Her hair must be Barbe thoroughly  
She must bath and drink the water used on  
Her deceased husband bath.

The Umu Ada must be there  
It is the tradition here.

Let the Umu Ada check the maidens  
Of their virginity before they dance  
Let them deep their hands into the hole  
One after the other to check the fruits.  
It is part of the traditions.  
The king must not set his eyes on a rotten  
Shining meals which are set for the vultures.  
Let not a child whistles in the day  
Let not a girl child come out to the Agbala naked  
Under the initiation in festival of virginity.

We all must set the tradition going  
It is our right and liberty to excel.  
Neglect not the wisdom of the elders  
In his wisdom exist pure and holy.  
Our fore fathers must be happy and free  
when we all observe the traditions  
Of Nkporoland in its pure heart.

john chizoba vincent

# It Was Not So In The Beginning

They have awoken the earth again,  
The drummers are now asleep painfully.  
The black pots are now white and grey;  
Whiter than the craving sky, it wasn't so  
In the beginning someone compromised.

The women are birthing tears daily,  
The suitors have no wife to marry,  
The moon is now black and sticky,  
They have awoken the earth again  
Wives are now husbands and husbands wives.

Someone compromised the beginning,  
Someone changed the logo of peace,  
Death had been given birth yesterday  
And sorrow matured in the life of men.  
No one can erase the darkness that emerged.

Fishes no longer swim but fly up there,  
Fowls no longer crow but sing down there,  
More dangers are created by the ants while  
The elephants are seen lobbying mechanically,  
Someone compromised the beginning sinfully.

john chizoba vincent



# I'Ve Moved

I've moved recently from my location  
I've moved from poverty to prosperity  
To the street of upliftment and joy  
Favour was there when i was packing  
Blessing gave me a lift to success  
Promotion hug me in front of good luck  
and i was happy when i saw that joy came  
He smiled to me after success left me  
With a good look and nice accommodation  
Hatred met me on the way and asked me  
Where i was moved to but i waved  
And told her that love would bring the address to her  
Love to my house yesterday and stayed for a long time  
I told her how good will came to me  
Determination and focus guided me to go for my goals  
Endurance then assisted my weakness when all went to failure  
Honestly i didn't know that perseverance was such good  
Truth introduced him to me last trip i embarked  
In search of success when failure mocked me  
Authority gave me instructions on how to strike on misfortune  
Which i did when tears visited my humble heart  
Grace bestowed positive thought in place of negativity  
Men beheld my glory and visited frequently  
Than unusual which attracted favour to me.  
Then Dominion came with achievement  
Help unleashed his friends on my life  
Rejoice journey with basket of hope to me  
Then i grasped opportunity on the neck  
With Goal beside me, I moved a little  
Trying to fix myself in a good position  
Now i've finally moved to success street  
House Number Achievement, room uncommon favour  
Where good health and prosperity live.

john chizoba vincent

# John Chizoba Vincent Cares

I have emerged from elughu Nkporo to take my place  
My life depends on you while yours on me  
When the left hand washes the right hand  
The right hand in turns washes the left  
Have we not but only one world and time  
John chizoba Vincent cares about your love  
Painted white and green in your snowing heart  
Hold not your peace until I become the hero  
Until the world recognizes my voice  
Then I would write about your love  
Though it may seem far, wait  
Though it may look difficult, wait  
Though the dog might watch our back, I care  
Beat the drum louder because I won't let you down  
I would watch over your head brother, and mother you  
Sister, I would father you and give you hope  
John chizoba Vincent, cares about you mother  
My erudite biro can write about you  
I remained in the class room but not the perfect teacher  
Come with me I will show you what words can do  
War of words wars in the faculty of my heart  
From my humble heart are good thoughts for you  
My students tested my words and were awarded  
I would water your soul to rest when due  
Sound the beat of life and dance with one leg up  
I care about your life and future, mother.  
That is my last will long after I live  
The birds hadn't begun to chirp when  
I was born because I met them without a song  
Though my voice is still young to glow  
But my love will overshadow soon  
Vincent cares mother, Vincent knows your worth  
The forbidden pains of motherhood is not erased in  
My mind, Vincent cares

john chizoba vincent

# Jungle Boys

I don't know why a story should start with a boy hanging himself cause he was giving freedom to see life & have a kiss with his lips!  
Then, the pages moved on and on until their shadows recreated another smothering duplicates of them trying to survive in this forest called life.  
I don't know why every morning wakes up to see boys scattered like grains of sand on ground.  
I don't know why every chapter of a story would have boys trying to suffocate themselves in the thickest quest to be a man when they can just remain children.

I don't know why each page of the same book will show boys with guns on their left hands & holy books on their rights, killing the dreams of others.  
They are portraits in a graveyard called jungle & survival.  
Portraits under the palms of the cruel sun  
loving miscreants.  
They found this soft solace of wildfire splitting between their lives,  
Finding a street that will make them scream out loud like a cockerel.  
They created themselves in themselves trying to imitate nature in its entirety of manslaughter.  
I don't know the genesis of creation, if I could regenerate the genesis of my boys, our boys; I could have ask nature why boys like me suffered in the womb before they were born.  
They leant to drive the birds to confusion before  
Concluding the squeezeziness of pressure  
They squeezed dreams into nightmares  
Cherish every nostril that flapped wings of lured lost into the cathedral of abyss.  
Some boys learn to fall into the shape of their mothers  
Some have the fragments of their fathers shadows & images as sharp as the streams of their thoughts.

We opened the jungle gate for them...  
Missile becomes toy in the hand  
Anger an issue with a patterned crystal lines,  
A never ending story of circling class of time.  
Employment lost in their favour then politicians came in play converting them to beast of thugs.  
They became undertakers of aborted foetus.  
Undertakers of dreams among children.  
Each story started with their amonition & anger  
Firing and slaughtering in the darkness.

These pages made them so cause the story started with their albums of sorrow and agony trying to survive in a particular senero of jungles for boys.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# Justified By The Just

I was the unjust made by the just  
While I was unjust, the just became  
Unjust and died for the unjust me  
To become just not unjust again  
He became unjust for my unjust-ness  
So that I can be just and not unjust  
Now I am just because he made me just  
Through his just life he made to be unjust  
So that the unjust me can become just  
The just became unjust for me to be justified.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## K.A.I (Kick Against Indiscipline)

Kick against indiscipline; they say,  
But they kick against our income;  
Kick against the youth's progress,  
Kick against the future of our futures,  
Kick against the heart that tend good  
Rather than kicking against indiscipline.  
We still have prostitutes in our streets,  
We still have drunkards languishing  
Right in the gutters of our streets;  
We still have gamblers right beside my nose,  
We still have armed robbers parading  
And hurting people with their guns and nobody  
Is kicking against them in their operations.  
What are they kicking against here?  
What are they made to kick against there?  
We still have boys that have their trousers  
Put on their waists, and their pants showing.  
We still have fraudsters in their cyber world,  
We still have 'YAHOO' boys and girls;  
A foregone culture that needs a re-visit.  
The gods of our land still weep for a  
Change of identities by their children.  
Once a glorious country has turned into a dump  
Of great nuisance from the animal kingdom.  
They Kick against indiscipline but they don't  
kick against their pockets that are full of  
money which where exploited from us.  
They arrest every youth on the street selling,  
And jobs are never seen for them to do.  
We still have kidnappers right on our doors,  
We still have corrupt leaders barking behind,  
We still have ritualists with their ego so high;  
Are we not in the end time?  
Who is deceiving who here in the country?  
Men still beat their wives, and, children  
Still insult their parents without looking back.  
Our education is dead of cultism and cheating,  
Sex trade and child abuse are still rampard here,  
What are you kicking against, yourself?

Marital problems still blind many of us,  
Churches still burn their members and  
Some are deceived to perish in hell.  
What are you kicking against, friend?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Kiss Me Before I Die

KISS ME BEFORE I DIE

Penetrate into my Emotion  
Break the ice and flush out  
The sophisticated fetus  
Let ur saliva tell me a story  
Wet my heart with words  
Paint my cheek With lipstick

Tell not my ear the sound of your mouth  
Blow the roses clouded with goodness  
Into my mouth and drop the golden saliva  
Into my dried testless mouth to create fame  
Kiss me Before I die to meet my ancestors

Your Kisses will I take to my ancestors  
Now that my spirit seek rest in their bosom  
Kiss me before I die so I tell how lovely you  
Are to me on earth to my forebears.  
Your lily kisses will protect my soul beyond  
Kiss me before I die so I Could with stand  
The other face of life with my ancestors.

john chizoba vincent



# Kosi So Chukwu

Kosi so chukwu ya dosa m  
Ya bu onye kere m na udidi ya  
So ya ka m ka akosara mkpa m  
Ma ya eme kosi so ya na ime ndu m  
Ndu na echeche m di ya na aka  
Akokwalam onu na chukwu som  
Agaghi eji uwa eme onu ma ihe m  
Were na emesi ndi ogbeye ike  
Chukwu bu onye we ihe nile na uwa  
Kosi so ya ya were m mee na uwa.

john chizoba vincent

# Lady Bird

Lady bird, lady bird, why thou sings so beautifully  
When other had got their voice cracked in the noon?  
Do you sing of peace or lost love?  
You have bottled my heart with your adverbial voice  
Tending the grains in my garden to peace whilst they clap  
Thou have undressed the grasses of the field with your song  
Your muse perching from tree to tree

The leaves dances merrily in their branches  
The air in their wonderful world rejoice  
Thou advertises their motions and worth  
The sky clapping brightly in justification  
Of your undying voice of historical flight  
Hold on miss independent and repeat to my ear  
The last line of the song you sang  
It sounded so sweet to my soul  
The meaning of your heart beat

thou sings like a preacher on the altar of love  
With a rekindled voice radiating the soul  
The wind trumpet hilariously whilst the tree dances  
Oh lady bird, thou make my heart beautiful  
Clamouring for the lost vegetable of my life  
Tell me what thou sing of that i may join  
In the perfection of my glowing bed which  
Shows me the important of good neighbourlines.

john chizoba vincent

# Lady Parrot

d

Lady parrot, Roman parrot sing to me  
A song of love in the highland oceans  
My ears are craving to hear you sing to me  
A mouthful of those songs in your throat  
My mother had gone home and my father had  
Gone to see his mistress, am all alone in the field.

Lady parrot.

Lad, American lad, my songs are for Africans  
I sing of corruption and terrorism not love  
Songless shall I remain till I get to Africa  
Where their homes have been turn to forest  
And vultures dominate their streets joyfully  
My songs are for Africans, my little American lad.

Lad.

For how long would your song be sung in africa?  
I can't quit my craving noisy ears so long  
Lady parrot, Roman parrot, sing to me  
I pray thee for we are here for all of us.

Lady parrot.

I shall remain in Africa until they change  
Their black thinking of corruption and selfishness  
My sons and daughters are in Africa anyway  
So I can't let go of them until I change  
Their blackhearts with my song of unity and peace.

john chizoba vincent

# Lagos

A mad woman with shattered  
hair, bridled with great fulfilled  
ego and pride among all women.  
A troubled soul in the midst of  
Pestful heterogenous mouths.

Hanging here and there are her  
beauties spreading like an Eagle's  
wings in a flight to perfection.  
Up and down are template of  
confused children lost in horror.

The street is strict and stressed  
every walls occupied by hustlers  
every street, a ghotto of bustlers  
Lagos laughs large locomotively  
yet, the street is stoning every commoner.

Sweat on the street closes many nose  
Hurrying legs and hands write before the sun  
Hopes fall like pack of cards  
every eyes busy and troubled with its  
own problems and circumstances.

Lagos,  
a naked woman who needs no clothes  
but jumps here and there like a teenager  
on a new shoe parading the street to be seen  
her breast milk is made for every mouth to suck.

This is Lagos our mother  
soiled with floating slums and stalls crammed  
full of all races and tribes.  
Many have stolen her virginity yet,  
She never suffer them to ruin.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Lamentation 1

What is life without joy and happiness?

what is life without self honour and pride?

Upon this mountain hell i lay every day

Battered and frustrated

A mjan of sorrow, forsaken

My spirit groans for mercy which failed to come

All is taken away from me including the smallest pin

of what is life without a mother?

painted black and red

I mourn every seconds for that pretty damsel

swifter that the eagle, my heart pounded

Joy whispers sadness in my ears

and tears becomes my friend

In despair i feast and dance sorrowfully

they mock and throw me around like a forbidden coin

men are evil, my spirit moans

Raising my eyes to see my ears

i could tell of their wickedness

my goats, cows and jewelries gone

Hear me evil souls, the nature has its judgment

Once in life, it cometh and it hard to escape

It hard to escape the judgment

look at father native compound

it been taken away by strangers

those who once dance with us

In good fortune and share our breads and barns together

NOw, they are against us in fury

Dare point us in the face and laugh

Hear me old friends, nature has its judgment

The nature has its judgment, beware

In my old age. bitterly i weeps all day

in affliction and harsh labour

my foes had become my masters

the roads to my hut mourns

my compound groans and grieved

None to comfort me, all my friends had betrayed me

All the splendor has departed in the air

this is why i weep and,

my body shivers

My eyes overflow with water

All who pass my way clapped and laughed at me

Enemies open their mouth wide against me

my grieves are many and my heart fainted

i am in torment within, disturbed and distracted

I remembered my wandering and pains

In the dark forest alone

Covered my self with anger

perhaps my father had sinned

And i didn't know and,

we now bore the pains

Getting brad is at my life risk

Because of the sword beneath



look and see our disgrace

Those who pursue us are at our heels

my siblings scattered abroad sorrowfully

No one to caution us and drag us back

Till end i know the earth has it judgments

i shall sing beautifully with joy in other phase of life

when the gate shall open.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED (C) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT 2013

john chizoba vincent

# Laugh As Much As You Breath

Laugh as much as you breath today,  
Love as much as you live, learn as much as you see;  
When the blood in your vein shall return to the oceans and the tears in your eyes  
make it way to the seas, and your spits journey to the underground,  
Then shall you not laugh again to be seen by men.

There is no Extra time to everyone, time is important,  
Procrastinate not, you are in charge of everything that comes in and out of your  
body, mind and spirit.  
So make every day count in your life and others.  
Read as much as you can read in a minute,  
Re-learn as much as you can in every seconds,  
Time is important, Time is important, no extra time given.

The earth in your bones shall soon return home,  
The body you nourish every morning shall soon fade,  
The ears shall soon hear no more of the saints,  
The eyes shall soon see no more of the whites,  
Time is important to the nose, ears and eyes.  
Mind what you see in every minutes of the day,  
Becareful on what you hear, they might kill you.

The world does not belong to anyone, no!  
No one shall be here forever as you think, yes!  
We are in a market, you come and buy your own;  
After buying you go, and another comes in different form, different design,  
different idealogy and face.  
Time is important! time is important! no extra one!  
So do all you have to do tomorrow now! ! !

Laugh as much as you breath ' cause, you may laugh no more when the earth

turns twenty- twenty and the

Sun turns Thirty-thirty with the moon, then you're gone into the desert bosom of death to rest in peace.

We all belongs to the land, and land, does not belongs to anyone born of a woman on this earth, mind time.

My pen shall speak always to those that cares to listen,

Every morning I wash my tomorrow with today' water not minding the foul scent it gives to my nose.

Who knows that Dollar in Nigeria will turn to four hundred naira in the name of 'Change'?

That is tomorrow for you and more is coming.

Change is inevitable as death is also, brothers they are.

So time is important! time is important! marry your time and make yourself happy! !

john chizoba vincent

# Laws Made In My Country

## LAWS MADE IN MY COUNTRY

Laws made in my country are  
For the poor, made to punish  
Them by the Rich in the society.  
Orders given in my country are  
To put the poor and the needy in pains.  
The constitution makes them loose  
Their sense of belongs and in confusion  
They dance along the road for the  
Rich to see their nakedness and laugh.  
Who makes the laws and who execute it?  
'You must pay your tax ' this is only for the poor.  
When a the Rich steal millions, it is normal,  
Then, the law courts stop functioning but  
When the poor steal 'Maggi' in the market,  
They are stone to death in the crowded street.  
The black oil is only for the RICH,  
Who is fooling who in this country?  
When would our democracy speak for the poor?

john chizoba vincent

# Learning Makes A Man

LEARNING MAKES A MAN

Learning makes a man

Learning makes you wiser

And knowledgeable

It opens your eyes to many

Hidden things

Read wide, read deep and

With passion as like a singer and dancer

A little learning is dangerous

It keeps you ignorant., in all

Learn, learn, and learn

Therein lies your success.

john chizoba vincent

# Leave My House

'Leave my house! '

'Why? '

'Because it is mine'

'How did you get? !

'From my brother'

'How did he get it? '

'From my father'

'And where did he get it? '

'He inherited it from my grandfather'

'No, he stole it! '

'He never steal from anyone'

'Yes, he did stole it from my father'

'He fought for it, he didn't steal it as you claimed'

'Then I will fight for it now for my father, he is the rightful owner'

(C) JCV

#nature# Africa#family crises#

john chizoba vincent

# Leave The Village

'Won't you run away from the village? '

'Why should I run away from my home.?' '

'The Oracle and the tradition demand you do so.'

'Why! ? '

'Because you had twins.'

'So I should run away because I had twins? '

'Have you lost your mind woman? Twins is forbidden here.'

'No, I won't leave the village because I had twins.'

'Then the people shall kill you and give your babies to the river goddess.'

'Let them come, I won't leave this village! '

'Leave the Village now! You have caused an abomination.'

'I won't! I won't! ! My babies are not an abomination, they are the future of this land.'

'Ok, here they come, wonder who will save you all'

'I will fight for my children and my freedom.'

(C) JCV

#custom#tradition# remembrance# God bless my hustle

john chizoba vincent

# Lest We Forget The Boychild

Tell the moon not to complain,  
go to the sun and leave a note,  
We are not a broken piece of poetry  
campaigning for love and affections,  
we are crystals, lest you forget!  
clear rays penetrating into hearts and souls of humans that seek to make  
themselves gods into godhood.  
we are not grasshoppers to be chopped by a lazy legs printing a falseful legacy.  
We are the elephants of the forest of wealth.  
Never slaughter the thought of our lives  
We are the breath of humans & fire searching for what brewed within men.  
We are poems inked with tears and sweat  
But those tears are of our bravery, & sweat, a joyful noise made by the skin for  
celebration of our kind.  
We thrust hope in the palms of children,  
yet filled with love and its synonyms.  
Our lives are the poets who rhymed & colour the sweet lyric they were made to  
be.  
We are the boy children, the hope; least you forget.  
The moon of tomorrow,  
The sun on faces of a beaming girl  
The stars carved on the smile of the sky,  
We are boys whose shadows recreate  
We are boys whose palms are route of greatness & roadtrip of principles.  
praise singers in the slippery wet floor,  
nightingales singing lullabies,  
bread feeding all mouth to satisfaction  
When heronic names are carved look and see ours rightly placed.  
we are braver than earth  
we can pull it up and down like a tree.

we are the reptiles that wriggle down the hill of success and roar like a beast in a  
beautiful pail palm of dreams.  
our fathers' tattered sins could not hold us down,  
our mother's splitted fire guides our course of life!  
We are the boys of tomorrow, the warriors of words hyping the hashtag of  
praises.  
who has seen us has seen light,



He who behold us has nothing to fear.  
We are mountains in praise of hope  
we are oceans of mysteries and hidden treasures.  
Have our words and actions in your words for we are time bomb against failure.  
BOYCHILD, the sun that glows on every face that needs help.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_ A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# Let A Child Steal A Moment From Your Time

Let a child steal a moment from your time  
Let a child know that which dwells in you,  
Love shared, is a love gained in success.  
Don't frown your face to scare away children  
They are the fruits of the world, enticing perfection,  
Child here; child superhero, child's ink birth  
Greatness to the beholder of their answerable words.  
Let a child steal a moment from your time,  
Let a child's eyes visit your heart where roses are made.  
Teach them what they need to know; from the blue skies to the dusty earth  
where glory does not last.  
Let them know and know and know the truths,  
Because they are blessing to the world and to you.  
Children are blessing to those that see through their eyes.

john chizoba vincent

# Let Go And Let God

As men bring their broken marriage  
To be reorganize to good  
So i brought my broken dreams  
To God, because he was my friend

But then instead of leaving him  
In peace to work alone

I hung around and tried to  
Help with the ways that were my own

at last i snatched them back and cried  
'How can you be so slow'

'My child' he said 'What could i do?  
You never did let go'

john chizoba vincent

# Let God Decide

If God decides your case  
Who will fight against you?  
Let God decide your case  
Let God plan for your case  
Humans may abuse you and  
The injustice from them may  
Hurt and kill you but allow  
God to decide your case.

Don't do it on your own  
Think it not by yourself  
Let the spirit of God move  
Around you and decide  
Your tomorrow because  
His decisions are great  
And better than yours.

Let God decide your tomorrow  
Let God plan your footsteps  
Let God cry for yoursake  
Don't cry when He has not ask you to  
Don't weep when He says laugh  
Don't walk when He says stop  
Let God decide your case for you.

I have seen many troubled  
I have seen many rejected  
I have seen many confused  
Because God is not included  
Include God in your journey  
And he shall direct your steps.

Let God be the first and last  
In your decisions and thought  
Let him decide what tomorrow  
Bring to you not you deciding.  
Relax and let God decide your fate.

john chizoba vincent

# Let Nigeria Be Nigeria Again

Let Nigeria be Nigeria again.  
Let the flag demonstrate peace  
Let the coat of arm be unity,  
Let it be the hero it used to be.  
Let it be the dream that elevate,  
Let it be the love it used to be,  
Uplifting its masses in prosperity.

Let Nigeria be the hand that feed many,  
Let it be the great eyes that watches us;  
We may fall at the sight of fear that kills,  
Let it be the dream that lift us up again.  
Let its traditions come back to its abode,  
Let Nigeria be the Nigeria that create hope  
That take its masses to progress and blessing.

Let it be heaven on earth for us all;  
A paradise which dominate the world.  
Let our anthem be the way it used to be.  
Let its heritage be the way it used to be,  
Life, a free and wonderful journey to us.  
Let us go back to where we began before 1914.

Let Nigeria go back to its branches,  
Let its roots stand and never be uprooted.  
Let us see the lines drawn on the sky and  
Cease to be afraid of the air we breath.  
Let terrorism go into extinction like before  
When we have none but hear only from others.  
Let killing and shading of innocent blood stop!  
Let Nigeria be Nigeria again I pray in tears!

Let Nigeria be Nigeria again I sing alone,  
Let's go back to the farming we started with,  
Let plant the cocoa we were known for,  
Let's eat kola nut together in a round table,  
Let's Nigeria tales be told as it used to be.  
Let the leaders be the leaders they used to be.

I am a child of tears who have seen no progress,  
Let our educational system resurrect!  
Let discrimination stop immediately!  
Let bribery and corruption stop now!  
Let the youths dream yet another dream,  
We can move forward when we unite!

Let Nigeria be Nigeria again I pray!  
Nigeria was never the Nigeria I used to know  
as I write this in tears of the imprisoned rain.  
I see suffering and pains in this country;  
I see a Nigeria that seek for itself rather than  
Its masses, let its stand again I pray hopefully.

(C) john chizoba vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Let Peace Reign

We were one yesterday  
We coexisted yesterday  
Dreams were achieved  
Roads were built  
By my grandmother' side,  
we sang a great song  
Our parents cohabited a barn-  
Unity they stood,  
Our children drank from one cup  
The moon was their mind  
We never fought each other  
Now, we are enemies;  
enemies of ourselves  
You chased out my hungry children  
at your gate,  
we see not eye to eye  
Exchange of pleasantries gone  
My goats are killed with your grasses  
I asked for peace to reign  
You said nothing but recession caused it  
I am not a fool to understand  
that your smiles are sour now  
Our footsteps separated-  
hatred preserved our eyes  
your laughter now speaks volume  
your voice mock my being  
Where did I go wrong?  
You said nothing, just nothing  
We are truly brothers, one land!  
Why are you punishing my heart?  
Mother Africa is not happy with us  
because we play not together  
Can this violence stop?  
Can this agitation stop?  
We need to find our chibok girls,  
will you be of help to me?  
Truely, one blood bound us  
Remember we built bricks yesterday  
Will you allow our memories die?



Come let's work together to leave  
a legacy  
an inheritance  
a culture  
a dream  
not enmity  
war\_  
Death  
for our children;  
for the generation to come,  
Let peace reign, brother,  
for us,  
for the nation  
for tomorrow  
then we shall birth  
hope not conflict,  
discrimination,  
killing,  
but a peaceful  
land;  
let peace reign, brother.

john chizoba vincent

# Let The Drum Speak

## LET THE DRUM SPEAK

Go to heaven before the heavens goes to hell,  
Going home from home is dangerous with a child.  
To the cold virgin earth shall woven sleep be  
Taken out from the children' eyes early.  
Who shall guide the unkillable clarion of the drum?  
Who shall seize his voice when he begins talking?  
When he raise his voice, the women go naked.

Let the drum speak in the public,  
Hold not his hand of forest trees  
His legs shall dance to the tone of  
His heart beat in the middle of the men.  
Let the drum speak and don't quanch his voice  
Let him speak of the unpaid salaries in the communities the bussh that was set  
on fire and the  
Vegetable killed.  
He is our voice, the talkative face of the drum  
Shall shut their eyes and mouth forever.

Listen, my hurtful people of the eastern barns,  
We have been killed, without a sword.  
I once asked of pounded yam and given stone  
By the people who once danced with us in the  
Same field where troubles are stored for tomorrow feast.  
Now, I beat, dance, and sing along in the village square, they have treated me  
like a baby goat who  
Thinks he has come to free world.

They have taken my yam and fish  
And gives me hard bread in return.  
In the season of my song have they disvirgined  
All the girls in my village.  
I asked for a wife and my In-law give me a husband  
Beater, now I dance alone.  
My in-laws have eaten tomorrow' yam today,

This bread in my throat I must tie again;  
For life pains must be hidden for tomorrow' child.  
Do not look with stony eyes for my trouble is yet to come.

Yesterday, reaching the market place,  
My hands abd head were aching and complaining.  
I went to the king' palace, the sun is a witness to my  
Coming and he smiled.  
I asked for bread but the king chased me away,  
The moon is witness to my leaving.  
Before the sun hears the first cock crows,  
I was in the square again singing the king' deeds.

I go to the house of the man who has  
Many yams in his barn hoping to be welcomed,  
But they chased me away because I was poor.  
Poverty is honour to a man who has it whilst  
Riches is gold till those who come by it.  
I complain not but keeps dancing, hoping that  
One day I shall be gold and wisdom shall  
Not corrupt me in the barn of my enemy.

They rejected me and I don't reject myself,  
I shall speak again with the same voice,  
Someday in the square of thousand men.  
Then shall I know not hunger which the king  
Refused to chase away in their time  
Then the politicians shall not come to my dwelling  
With their sugar coated tongue to deceive me.

john chizoba vincent

# Let There Be Peace

Let there be a new song of oneness  
Not from the old rugged gun of lies  
That perches on the ego of pride, and  
Let butterflies grow in the shoulder of  
Hatred that governs this breakable world.  
We can be called the songsters of love,  
Those who knows how to curl joy among  
Men shall we be known for all over;  
This will bring us together in unity.  
Boys will be boys again and girls, girls again.  
Our daughters shall dream dreams again,  
Our men shall go hunting rodent together;  
The dance of our women shall be of holiness.  
We can teach our fingers to hold one another,  
Journey through with the world of others in  
our heart of gold night and day, smiling.  
Let there be peace in your honourable heart,  
Let there be peace among the brethren,  
We can suck out terrorism among men;  
Lick the verses in the joy of our brothers.  
You'll be my hero before the song birds,  
Do not ask how it going to come by here,  
Do not ask with the eyes of lost and want,  
Do not ask; it's possible with one heart.  
We'll not die with this voice of silence,  
Love those who make your day darker,  
Tomorrow holds more feast in happiness.  
Love those that poke their fingers in your eyes,  
Our land need you and I to develop in purity.  
Love those that scribed your name dishonestly,  
We shall all drink from one cup soon.  
The excitement in our lyrics shall rise soon  
And we shall learn the great secret of water.  
Unity is the core value of our lives,  
Love strengthens our value of liberation,  
Development beckon on the rock of oneness.  
Give me your hands, we can build more when  
we are in one blood that speak better than that of Abel.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Let's Greet The Sun

Let's greet the youthful sun that  
roll the mat of our suffering before  
the night rain visit our spreading sin  
Our joy is born with faith and hope  
We've seen the moon put on a smile,  
his bed, flowered with a breezy dawn  
Our nose have smelt yet another year  
full of love and they said the sun did it  
Season comes and go but we remain here  
We can't eat our food raw when the sun  
remains the pride of which we stand for.

john chizoba vincent

# Letter Fom An Aborted Child

## LETTER FROM AN ABORTED CHILD

The day you conceived me in your womb  
I greeted my creator with a thousand thanks  
In your womb i laid happily and grateful  
I merely died of laughter in there because  
You harboured me in your womb like a god  
You have a dancing shoes with nimbles soles  
Whilst i have a soul of lead, the future brighter  
Your intestine laughed themselves out in joy  
I beheld your bloodstream beaming with smiles  
In the wonderful world of a prince to be born  
Their cheeks appeared as the pretty dawn of the day  
Their red clothes blown in your wombs like leaves  
Hidden in the full noon, the next of nature  
I watched their dancing steps killing the viruses inside  
i was excited to embrace the pattering of food through  
Your kind placenta to the walls of my stomach  
Until that day when you passed your conscience  
To the land of our silent fathers to wash me away  
I knew you to be a woman of easy virtue  
Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard sweater  
Confusion heard my dying soul wept then  
I allowed my tears to clap their hands  
Because i could not control you when fears  
Went on and on in my little mind  
My heart working like a mechanical machine  
To seek and find ways to stop your evil thought  
To some, women are necessary evil, now i believed  
Why mother? why did you allowed your conscience ruled you?  
You should have at least welcome me home  
And watch what tomorrow will be like.  
Perhaps i may be of help to you and the society  
Howbeit you hated me with so much passion without seeing my face?  
Why did you killed me like a wandering fowl whilst  
Millions of women are looking for my kind?  
I walk alone mother, you should have not go if you can not carry m so long and  
cater for me  
Did you know what the future hold for me?  
I walk the feeble street as though death is after me

I cried all day and night on the sleepless street of nothingness Upon the sins of humanity against the will of God.

Am sad woman for washing me away, for letting my innocent tears dropped on the altar of sin.

Well, only the creator knows better perhaps another womb will welcome me with joy as i go but stop the act and save lives for the future holds greater joy you can never imagine now with us

THE UNBORN

(c) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT

john chizoba vincent



# Letter From Abroad

I am writing to ask you about yourself  
And your family in Nigeria and other black countries.  
I have seen the bitter difference here;  
The difference between Nigeria and other countries,  
Then tears stream down from my eyes as I watch  
My people in sorrow and suffering-  
I cried as I watched the development here and  
Looking back home I remembered our dark streets  
And, the roads in tears of potholes and refuse.  
Here I am, there is constant power supply,  
Good road Network; free from potholes and dirties.  
The street lights are working and the drainage  
Channels are well strutured like those at Onitsha.  
We have an enjoyable atmosphere; free from  
Polluted air and polluted water unlike our country.  
The government are more interested in Revenue generation rather than revenue  
sharing and aloitment of public funds.  
Everyone is involve in the building of the nation,  
They promote fiscal discipline, job creation and economic growth, sport  
development, restoring confidence in their health sector;  
Championing peace, ensuring gender equality and woman empowerment,  
stabilizing the strength of their sub-region, empowering the youth to be  
productive home and abroad and,  
The educational sectors are not abandoned to strike.  
Here I am with tears for our beloved country;  
The country whose leaders concentrated more on oil  
And abandoning the other sphere of the economy.  
Then, we were the highest cocoa producing country but another wiser has taken  
the glory from us.  
Years back, we were the highest oil producing country in Africa but Angola has  
taken over.  
We are no longer producing yam and other Agricultural products.  
What happens next if the oil wells dry up tomorrow?  
Friend, I have seen the different in my quest for greener pasture.  
Tomorrow only can tell where we are going-  
Say me well to your family, hope to hear from you  
Tales of my country, my craving ears await you.

WILLIAMS

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

#Nigeria# Africa#Tale of poetry#

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To A Daughter

Daughter of Okadigbo, i write in perfect peace  
I can't calm down the flaming fire any more  
Your suitors came with white teeth yesterday  
But returned with black one in anger.  
I think their heads became incorrect when they  
Learned that you've ran away from home  
Back to back of my mortal body i pleaded  
Before they left in misery without the flowers  
Why daughter of great Okadigbo?  
Which of your precious legs have developed  
The mind of his own to control your emotions?  
Obi was here white and black in reconciliation  
Chika your friend battled desperately with the  
Train of thoughts that ran through her head  
As i held her mercilessly in quest for you  
Your father raged in anger of your deed  
Of the doom you have committed to his business  
His multi-billionaire contract lost in the air  
My blood drained in the their streams when i beheld his face  
I saw them forming out from my body in twos  
Father said i caused it, jaja blamed me for  
treating you like a queen Sheba of the north  
Knitting my conscience together i ran abroad  
For rescue but mama Goke betrayed me  
I plunged out my eyeball watching in tears  
as the clashing ball wretched in my presence  
Father burnt down your pretty guilty dresses  
You were of brave heart from a lioness  
But act slowly, wisely to observe the character within  
Return home daughter, mother await in tears  
Roses have i place in place of you but  
It expressionless  
We would find no husband for you but you make your choice  
Here i am at the door staring at your shadow until  
You return  
YOUR MOTHER  
c) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To A Dying Mother

Dear mother,  
I saw Wole Soyinka yesterday in prayer,  
He was on his craving knees for your sake.  
Femi Osofisan came down to see you again,  
This time he was more like the moon of love.  
I doubt if he ever dine before coming here,  
He looked battered for this troubling ailment.  
We all sat on the bed when Mother Buchi came,  
She came for the greetings of the ancient  
Memories; memories that hang in the air.  
Niyi Osundare brought Ekiti yam for you,  
We roasted it behind your bed to keep you  
Warm as time ticks and tickles the earth to sleep.  
Chimamanda Achichie wept for your sake,  
Folu Agoi visited in his attire of emotions,  
Raji flopped himself on the ground in  
Supplication for your healing and goodness.  
Eriata made his mouth a talking drum for you,  
His legs has become the walking trees!  
He works more now than before when the  
Rain visited your bosom to crush souls.  
I wondered what Chinua could have done  
If he was alive to see you wailing in sickness.  
Mother, your children cares about you!  
We care about your succulent resources!  
We care about our creeks that now present  
To us a foul fooling odour that many likes.  
What on earth has brought this to you ma?  
Is it corruption that has entangled you?  
Where is the change promised mother?  
I write from the treasures of your hope,  
Substances of my Chi have I used to sing.  
We care mother of the tiny bridge that  
Connect our blood together in love.  
We've not abandoned you like a broken rose,  
We've not seen decade unborn shedding  
Tears for our unpleasant sadism of problems.  
Okigbo has once held you to his arms  
And kissed your pains away with millions tears.

We've not seen a sweet superior laughter  
Erupts in the cloudy smile here on the land.  
We've never been lull to a bitter dream mother,  
We write, we save, we hold onto your words!  
Let not your heart be troubled we believed  
Much on you mother till eternity comes.

- - Another Voice stronger

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To A Mother

Joy and happiness dance in my beautiful soul  
As i picked up my companion to write this eulogy,  
Mother, i love and cherish you more than thousand luxuries  
An epitome of beauty, pride of savador  
Citadel of knowledge and wisdom you are  
Woman of prestigious honour and peace.  
I speak of your peace and reputation  
When the air has gone on vacation  
and The oceans on a journey faraway.  
You give life to me upon many odds and misery  
Behold me in your humble arms amidst joy,  
Tribulation, pains and sorrow yet you complain not.  
Call on the nightingale to sing melodiously to me  
When i cry, you cry louder  
You feasted on decayed food to give me better one  
Led me along an arduous path of healing and wholeness.  
I sing of your joy and love  
among the heartless hyenas in the wild wood  
You never leave me behind the stormy weather yet  
The dimples on your cheek remind me of hope and success.  
I adore you mother, queen of the east  
Priceless gift of nature.  
Nwanyibuife your native name remain me of woman value  
I am on the other side of the world  
To bring back the lost glories to your home.  
Cry no more for the sake of your beauty  
Your unfaded skin which remind me of African beauty.  
I love you mother beyond human explanation.  
YOUR SON VINCENT

john chizoba vincent

## Letter To A Mother 2

A kettle can never call a pot black  
Are they not from the same world of pain?  
I swing my Ego in one last time of my life  
And i was caught in the absence of hundred times  
A snake won't fail to give birth to a long thing  
When mother cow is cropping giant Grass in the field  
Its calf watches her.  
Don't weep for me i will be alright  
For the black heart is never innocent in day time  
Smile not behind the thick forest of hatred  
Bouncing back to the beak of the nestling earth.  
I heard it all when it all started before the rain  
The trumpeting thunder that visited home in my absence  
The culture diversity in the course of my freedom  
I heard you sold my beloved sister into slavery  
You and your intelligent husband betrayed us  
Tell him that i am coming soon  
Tell Ugoloma never to relent for his wonderful spirit  
Tell Mbadiwe, your intelligent husband that i am coming  
He was sold to the bar when i was born  
His father danced naked in front of the bartender  
Yet he covered himself in the act of immorality  
Shame kills faster than disease in our hometown  
You sold my sister and betrayed me when i fought you  
My brothers you left naked under the bridge  
Then your Intelligent husband, handed me over to law  
Tell him i am coming to smile for you both  
I could see my sister's tears whispering to my ears  
You gave us sour breast milk to suck  
And tied our legs like the fire wood not to see the future  
Long as you breath, shall i torment you  
Even if it shall be my last will, i write.  
Future of my past, honour lost in sadness  
in my Grand mother's days they were separated with fence  
Our world is different, we come together with kola nut  
My verses are too many to challenge my authority  
I think your mother heard the faraway cry of her grand son  
Because she visited and told me of hope and peace  
But believe me you, i am coming back black and red



With a snow like cutlass and tell you to your face  
That the journey is too short to rot in the rotten shining jail of  
Unwanted dreams and drive which were shattered away.  
Since your intelligent husband had sold his soul to the bar  
And mine to the prison yard, i am coming to send him to hell  
If tomorrow never come, i denounce you as my parents  
Long, long ago have i waited to feel mothers love  
But the african Hospitality isn't seen at home.  
You sent fear into our souls and challenge our feelings  
Ndukwe told me my sister was sold to that arrogant  
Bottom bellied man who leave down the street of misery  
Mother why? mother why? are we not children enough?  
Yo keep us at the back of the fence  
reaching you becomes worst than Ebola than you smile  
As if all is well, you failed womanhood  
Tell Mbadiwe i am coming soon  
Tell your spirit to weep now or never  
For you deserve not the vein of motherhood  
I am coming home, just tell the world  
Let the rain wash not my pains  
For they are the future of my past.  
YOUR SON.

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To God

We have been friends ever since I was born,  
mother even dedicated me at your altar in joy,  
Fear of you and your love make my heart peaceful; for I know with you I need no conveyour.

But the water is gradually filling the vacuum  
Like the rain in August that shatters things,  
What has gone wrong, father?

My life has been shattered away by sickness,  
My soul is not ignorance of the fact that you  
Watches the tears dropping from my eyes and is  
Not invisible to you-

When you says I should seek your face, lord,  
I said to myself your face shall I seek, God.

But here I am broken like an egg

Thrown to the wall in a rather careless manner.

Shall my life be hidden in confusion and pains?

Shall I be clouded with sorrow when I have you?

Unto you do I write under the coven of my frustration, my father is gone through  
this deadly cancer, and mother has left me to die 'cause she is tired.

Here I am bedridden with cancer and pains,  
When would you visit me?

When would the cock crow on my behave?

My teeth now forsake my innocent tongue,

My tongue on a journey to a faraway land

Where the dungs of my being dwell in doom.

Father! Father! ! Why have thou forsaken me?

Can a father give his son stone when he ask of bread?

To your words, you said above all you wish I prosper

And remain in good health with my soul in joy.

Thou art my father, heal me now! Heal me now! !

I don not deserve to be in this condition,

There are many people whose destinies are

Connected to me to redefine their future.

Why have I been conditioned in this place?

I am an instrument of blessing to many;

God, look at my deeds in your house,

I built houses for you, I saved many souls,

I helped the poor and the needy, even at my sick bed,

I have done so many for you, if my life is lost now;

Many soul shall ruin in the pit of hell.  
I supposed to be heal now, oh God!  
The sins of the father shouldn't be pass down to his son, help me in this critical  
condition of lack and want  
At last only will take all the glory.  
Williams tears speaks volumes and its weigh more thana tonnes.

WILLIAMS

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To My Unborn Child

## LETTER TO MY UNBORN CHILD

Dear child, I look not with watering eyes,  
But have it in mind that papa cares.  
I have seen your motivation, and  
How you longed to join me here till the end.  
I beg of you child, don't come for yoursake,  
My house is still on horrible fire  
And my country home in the hand of  
Harden terrorist, who promised never to  
Sleep until they called all of us.  
Don't come for the moon is yet to smile to us,  
The land is dry in my compound and i  
Can't take care of you now like a child.  
Don't come child, for mother is yet to see  
The madness of been frustrated banished from  
Her mortal life, then learn how to show love.  
She won't be there taking care of you,  
Remain where you are until we are ready for you.  
I don't want to bear a child I can't take care of,  
Hold on child, till I invite you over here.  
Roses are far from my home and the silver  
Spoon down here have all gone in exile.  
Hold on child until I invite you over here,  
For the forests are yet to be cleared in my family.  
Listen to father's plea, for they are strength to your world.  
No man will hold a fish and refuse to give his son  
Nor will a man offer a stone to child who asked for  
Bread and fish.  
Our country is still in dilemma, until the madness  
Is gone shall I invite you over, son.

john chizoba vincent

# Letter To Omalinze

Omalinze the great, the maker of rain  
You are the beauty of the day, a mighty man  
Whose muse keep me going in the journey of life.  
My humble appreciation to the gods for a man of you kind.  
Omalinze, the water melon in the compoun is shading  
Its leaves again like those days of famine in nkporo  
The clock is still and the world remained silence.  
You know the world remained silence when we die but alas  
The hunters are back in the testament of their foolishness.  
Mother is home sick of her missing ribs  
And father can't stop writing your names on his forehead  
In your remembrance and deeds to the mortals.  
He was at Idemili for the usual sacrifice for your protection  
In the foreign land where roses abides.  
Later, the black cats visited and we were afraid,  
because father said that they were evil,  
The net day he went to Idemili again from Nkporo  
To see the future and seek information about you.  
The thousand dreams of seeing your face alive  
But a fierce bullet pierce into his soul when  
Okadigbo, The priest, told him the ear breaking news.  
He said you had gone to meet your ancestors beyond  
we were heart broken, even tears spoke of our agony.  
mother torn her wrapper and rolled on the ground,  
Father danced the forbidden song of a lost pride.  
Our mouth ceased to speak again as if we all hang  
Her unblown in the eyes of the gods of Nkporo.  
we watched the walls of the compound fell in tears.  
The exile of the air and the thatched roof weeping.  
The birds gathered in the compound to say goodbye  
To a hero they sang for in the field once.  
Obineme came back from the U.S.A and confirmed your death.  
Which created more sorrow to us when watching the sky.  
Then the kindred buried your photography as the custom demanded.  
NKem came, ugonma was there, ugolama wept for you  
Obi cried for you, uche torn her wrapper for you  
Nkemji flopped herself on the ground for you at the funeral ground where your  
photography in a casket was lowered  
to mother earth in six fit.

Father later died in shame and sorrow.  
Mother made the kitchen her room with a sackcloth,  
supplicating to the gods who betrayed us.  
We sacrificed to the gods on your behalf as father taught us.  
Kambili re-arranged the shrine and made us heroes.  
But suddenly the air cracked and broke into two  
Its wings parted ways in the fallen compound.  
The rivers wept in silent chaos as our tears  
Clapped their hands in their presences.  
Mbanefo came back and narrated gently to us of  
Your predicament and how you were arrested and jailed  
For the cause of what you are righteously innocent.  
We were dead with happiness as we had you are alive.  
Your photography had been dug out from the grave.  
Mother is well again as we are preparing to meet  
You again then follow you to the stream of happiness.  
Come home quick brother, for our cracking eyes  
Ankled our opened mouth to see you emerge.  
Till then, we shall keep the fire burning and  
Remain safe in the land which once harboured our forebears.

Your brother  
vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Liars

Liars are those who cheat

Embezzle the country's money

they lay awake with so much ego

down the country yard, they sing their own song

sucking blood

they deprived the poor of their rights

mass cried in tears for their mislead

Look at who they are, the politicians

Elephant of the forest

When would you dry the mass tears?

liars are those who fail their promises

mountainous animal, mighty and ugliest beast of the earth

inside the black Rock they lay awake to devour properties

to take that which does not belong to them

oh liars, i chant of sorrow and anger

you took away breast from babies

the masses await your promise but to no avail

But you brought nothing but pains

they are many fingers pointing at you.

Look well lest you fall and gnash your teeth

liars are those who deceive

pseudo democrats

Old men of the east

Liars take what does not belong to them

In high order they kill and victimized masses

push them to the thorns to suffer

especially that segment of the media

Audience which are poor, voiceless and cheated

they think of themselves

Dare the hyena howl, let it howl

the poor shall sing and shall be adorn

to God we Kneel in homage

Liars are those who kill

Ambassador of poverty

they are strangers on whom the citizens of the town depend

slender arms full of wickedness

mother fore told me of them



Liars, liars, look and beware

Industries melt down before them

in turn, they make the crowding stony faces of my fellows make me shiver

they watch the roofs and hill wrapped in mist

And laugh scornfully

The night are becoming darker

And you shall be caught in the web

web of destruction of which you caused

Be not amazed beloved, for the swiftly galloping war drums

they must dance to the rhythms as long as they live

when our dead come with their dead

what heart will listen to their lies

if we cry roughly of our torment

We shall one day have to tell gently

The amazing down fall of the liars.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED (C) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT

john chizoba vincent

# Life

and mystery abound within against man

I. inappropriate conditions for the common man

F. also religious against the holy plans of the marker

E. endurance fight them all and brings hope to ma

john chizoba vincent

# Life Is A Book

Life is a book of love,  
What chapter are you reading?  
A page of cheating or infidelity,  
Or a page that tells of a loving prince?  
No matter the chapter, you make the difference yourself.

Life is a book of sorrow,  
What phase of sorrow are you reading?  
A page of lost or a page of suffering?  
Take time to pull in the direction life gives,  
Everyone has his kobo to spend at the market.

Life is a book of wisdom,  
Every king was once a crying baby.  
Someone's dream is another's reality,  
Walk not blindly to favour others and die in folly.  
What chapter of life's wisdom are you reading?

Life is a book of folly,  
You pay others who knows with your foolishness.  
Look at it and see a costly ornamental building  
with no practical purpose to the builders and owner.  
What book of folly are you feasting on now?

Life is a book of act of art,  
Every art requires an act to reason.  
You have to chose from your judgement or  
The judgement others give to your human,  
What value are you studying now in your book?

Life is a mirror,  
Look and see the real you in your kind.  
No duplicate from the YOU you see in the mirror,

Let no one tell you who you are rather than you.  
What book of life are you reading about you.

Life is you.  
What you make out of life is what you are.  
Be a lover not a fighter in motionless speech,  
Tomorrow we shall all die and take nothing,  
What chapter of life are you reading?

Life is a book of lies,  
You don't get what you want at all time.  
When the milk flow towards east to dine  
Life says ' never you go with it' such is life.  
What lies are you learning from life?

Life is a book,  
The day your chapter is opened  
The same day you begins to exist.  
The day the reading is over,  
The same day your life closes whether good or bad.  
Life does not count how many chapters you've read,  
It takes action when necessary to fulfil a course.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Life Is Unfair

## LIFE IS UNFAIR

Teach the children of tomorrow  
For tomorrow holds more pains,  
Lie within the oasis of hatred for love is far.  
The lilies of power can witness the aroma  
Of flavoured words in my dying mouth,  
Defend the unbelieve of motherearth to the nature.  
In the world lies life and death although;  
When a man question the gods, he becomes  
More stupid to the core because men are wiser  
Than the gods now.

Believe not the noise from the air,  
Believe not the fake work of the sun,  
Believe the moon has no season and;  
The cloud has no reason to doubt my wisdom,  
The wisdom of the wise comes from their stupidity  
Through the evolution of the world.

Life isn't fair enough to mankind,  
The world is a wicked place to be  
Looking at the heartless earth joying.  
Life is unfair to humanity,  
He is partial to mankind, treating us differently;  
Some fly with wings, some have no wing to fly.  
Some have whilst others have none to look at.  
Your wish a nightmare that remove your panties,  
Dreams hurt more than having them not.  
The unborn is better than the man who lives  
On earth, gain all the wealth there of but another  
Foolish inherit it back to back.

Life treats some badly whilst others  
He treats rightly without blemish,  
Life has treats some scornfully  
Sucking out the remains of their joy.  
Mother against her daughter, son against fathern  
Father defile his daughter, son bed his sister;

Blood meet same blood, and no atmosphere for it.  
Life is unfair to mankind treating us differently.

The world is wicked, the earth is heartless,  
The sand is cruel and the sun, a traitor.  
Who is man anyway that he strive all day long?  
Why do we have no eyes of what tomorrow shall be?  
Shouldn't we be permitted to number our days?  
Man today, dust tomorrow, then why life anyway?  
Life has treated us thou and we cry out our mouths,  
Send the letter of agony to the world, let them read.  
Let the angry parrots wipe those tears in their eyes,  
For tears means nothing but an avenue of sufferness  
To man.

Life, to some is full of sickness, problems and misery,  
To some; it is full of goodies and happiness,  
To the others, it is but troubles, sorrow and agony.  
To others, it is rock hidden below water at love feast,  
While they feast with you.

Life, a shepherd who feed itself without fear,  
Waterless cloud carried here and there by wind,  
Fruitless trees in late autumn, having died twice  
And having been uprooted, man today; dust tomorrow.

Life, a wild waves of the sea that cast up  
The foam of its own shame and disquint,  
Stars with no set course; for which the blackest  
Darkness stands reserve forever.

'Life is for running, if you won't run, situation will  
Over take you' but some had run but the trophy is not seen.  
Oh! Life itself meaningless and worth nothing to offer.

Our poverty comes as one that travels  
And our mind needs as armed men with black faces.  
Our destinies are not equally distributed,  
We toil all night with no result whilst  
Some work little but abundant is giving to them.  
You build another inherit with joy while you perish,  
You know not your date like the fish in the water  
Knows not when it will be caught by the hook.  
Life is meaningless, the journey of life itself is hopeless.

john chizoba vincent

# Life Is Worthless

What is the skin that we oil everyday?  
What is the face that we paint everyday?  
Keep painting and creaming the body  
One day the maggot will have a tasteful  
Food to feast on without look back to think.

What is the teeth that we wash everyday?  
What is the mouth that we clean everyday?  
Keep cleaning and washing yourself daily  
But remember those teeth will go down  
And the mouth, a feast for the vultures.

What is the eyes that we see evil with it?  
What is the hair that we style and paint?  
Keep painting and styling your life out  
But remember someday those eyes and hair  
Will close for ever and evil shall come upon you.

Yet another feast for the vultures shall  
Humans be when death is birth at their door,  
Silence shall be seen flapping by their faces  
What are hands that humans kill with it?  
What is the nose that men lost their senses with it?

Get wisdom son of man on this planet!  
This life, your life, my life is worthless.  
Boost not of tomorrow cos you're not  
Promised until you live to see it come,  
Becareful how you live your life here.

john chizoba vincent



# Life, Thou Aint Fair To Me

Life,

Why treat me thou like a lapel

Cast out of the city in horror?

Why thou so cruel and unfaithful to me

Favouring others and abandoning me hopeless?

Thou art my mother and you left me naked

In the ghetto street of pains to eat worms.

Wandering here and there, watching the ground

While the sun crownd me with suffering.

You are the painting of my soul and body

Then why forsake thou me in my disarranged state?

The darkness kissed the breathe out of me and

You revolt not against it as a mother ought to.

Why bear me when thou can't take care of me?

Who is my father so I shall run to him for help?

How could mother forsake the child she bear?

Mountain running to mohammed whilst mohammed ought

To have run to him desperately to supplicate.

Thou have offended me and I can't take it no more.

john chizoba vincent

# Literary Mall

Buy here and be happy  
Buy from the greatest mall ever,  
I sell poetry, novel, and drama.  
I sell knowledge to those that need it,  
I sell wisdom to those that lack wisdom;  
I also sell understanding in this mall of greatness.  
Buy from me and live a successful life of greatness.  
There will never be another now in the future of you You must make the most of  
today in this mall of truth There will never be another you tomorrow if you  
Remain in that enclaved ignorance of yours.  
you must make the most of yourself today at the mall.  
Add value to your life now, excellence is crying here for those who can uphold  
him.  
I sell all that life requires here in this mall of Ellites.  
Come buy here and be happy that you did so.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Little Sister

## LITTLE SISTER

Little sister,  
When shall I see you again?  
When shall the vegetables in  
The compound stop waving their hands to say goodbye to you?  
When shall tears in my eyes dry of pains?  
I have heard of Odenigbo wide laugh,  
Yes, let him laugh at me, the gods made it to be so.  
I have seen the stream roared in my presence,  
Let them roar and cause, I won't be shaken.  
Arusi iyi made it to be so and nothing I could do,  
I have journeyed down to the hills and mountains  
Of Ugoloma in search of you but I found nothing.  
Am I the Only One that will cry heard of you?  
Am I the only one that's blind by love that bind sister and brother together?  
The circles that go through my mind is kept for,  
The truth that's never found awaits your return,  
The pain that starts again blindfolded what I used to be.  
Am I the only one that fails to realise that life is but a mere journey of pains and  
sufferness which has no value?  
Am the one that will see love and not grab it then I feels so dead inside And You  
suffered the nails of the bloody enemy whose face is hidden?  
I want see you and hold your hands little sister,  
I want to tell the story of Uma to the Ohafians!  
When are you coming home, little sister?  
The vegetable in the compound are waiting for your return, ogbonneya.

john chizoba vincent

# Loneliness Knows Me By Name

Since that black cruel night of argument  
You left me by the bridge of nothingness  
loneliness had been my friend and companion.  
He knows me by my name,  
We play and chat together in the dark  
Room filled with the terrible voices  
Of an unfinished business between us.

Loneliness keeps me company every now and then  
In the lonely street of my heart filled with your presence.  
It turns and toss my humble heart like a boat on a stormy oceans.  
Why do i let go of you when my heart seek you.  
You left me with sadness, guilt and sorrow  
Under the hot sun, i sob and cry of you.  
Silence mock me and emptiness laugh behind  
Those roses you kept in the vase.  
I have map out my heart lane on my wall for you  
You can retrace your steps back to my heart.

Forgive my ignorance of your heart beat  
The non verbal communication i ignored,  
I can make it up to you  
Now before the night falls.

john chizoba vincent

# Longing Thought

To Adedayo Adeyemi Agarau

Do you remember Sade?  
Do you remember yesterday we flew kite  
at the cloudy street of Ibadan?  
Do you remember how I channelled your  
thought to those boys who went and never  
return home with their beds of happiness.  
Do you remember Sade and Kemjy?  
Those you said that have steps to every beat,  
Not in this season shall a lizard grow hair.  
You said Kemjy's body was a dream and  
Sade' was a song to the nightingales at night.  
Do you remember those pictures of Ibadan we took?  
You were having no front teeth and your  
Mother said you sold them for a seed of groundnut.  
I was able to slide into your thought at dawn,  
Do you still remember the meatless meal we ate  
together at the feast of breasting lunch.  
Those were our dreams to build a home,  
those were our hope to hope for a home;  
a home to call a home not a forest of sins.  
Do you remember the poem you wrote to Kemjy?  
Do you remember asking Sade of her Oriki?  
Do you remember breaking her waist beads?  
She was a laughter in your lips,  
you were a singer at her door.  
Of a lighter smile, how is Ibadan now?  
those mould houses we built, are they still there?  
Children and wife, nko?  
Never knew that Kemjy will carry your generation!  
Take a chill pill  
reply quick before you peel,  
those ripples of fate is still here  
drowning in my longing thought of us.

© John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Lost

From my dusty rusty rough window,  
I saw her moved drastically with tears in her eyes.  
Broken, battered; beaten out and bloody.  
The earth mocked the sole of her feet,  
The sun laughed behind her in joy;  
Her woman had been murdered by nature on a black bitter friday.  
I watched her drove herself into the mouldy ground,  
The gown she worn made jest of her gushing tears.  
Lost in spirit, lost in life; lost in darkest hell of lost.  
Experience of motherhood frustrated her prime,  
The only thing that made her a woman is gone.  
Broken.  
Battered.  
Beaten out.  
Ashamed and bloody.  
All eyes were feasting on her desperation and agony  
Which flapped, flew side by side without flaws.  
Watching her uncivilized sorrow hurting my soul,  
I bottled my eyes into her groaning heart that sank into mine, in desperation and  
depression; I worn her shoes in the mourning of her lost palm fruit in fire.  
When you have children, the longing for them would make you go insane  
without knowing;  
When you have none, the longing for them would kill you and, when you lost  
one, the agony takes you away.  
From my dusty rusty rough window,  
I watched her in pity rolling and wailing on the ground, helpless and motionless  
with the world against her.  
People gathered around her gazing in horror,  
Later, she was taken inside.  
Then I shook my head displeased with women's troubles as my legs wobbled in  
fear of the unknown.  
Women: in marriage are the weaker vessel and most cheated.  
In pregnancy; sorrow and pains,  
In labour; agony and bitterness,  
The nursing of babies has its own problems on them.  
If this is what women pass through in life,  
I reject to be a woman in my million years on earth; even if I come back again  
and again,  
I won't be a woman because they have lots of stories

Which their mouths can't tell.

john chizoba vincent



# Lost Battle Of Humanity

## LOST BATTLE OF HUMANITY

When shall sorrow and pain cease?  
Many eyes have seen their eyes,  
Life, a lost battle to human race.  
Why deal with us in this way, knowing  
That the journey is but once and you  
Give us no chance to maximize our gift.

I have travelled round but all I see is vanity,  
A world where love hates love, hatred loves hatred  
And man to man in holy matrimony.  
Woman to woman in lesbianism, this is vanity  
And chasing after the wind!

Why so much pains in little?  
Soon, the chickens shall have teeth and the  
Lizard will develop hair to torture humanity.  
Humans has failed the universe, mankind had lost  
The battle to control the world.  
Lost and miserable are we in this dark forest  
Where mothers leave their children naked,  
And father, a kind cruel man who thinks  
That a little love from him could be taken as  
A sign of weakness and he will be push to the ground.

The swift never win the race nor  
The man of might wins the battle,  
Only grace supports us all; only grace  
Single out those who are meant for grace.  
Mankind has lost the battle of control over  
The world, we chase after the wind.

john chizoba vincent

# Lost Childhood

I was five when papa expired  
Mother lost her prestige and pride  
Our home melted away horribly  
When the ugly cold night came,  
we shivered and could not sleep.

My head was full of dreams  
There was no fault in my stars  
My sky was full of humble stars  
But i saw only from the seaside  
What tomorrow holds for me.

I have watched the day woken from  
Its night of sleep and nightmares  
I have read the tales drawn on my palms  
pushed the blames to the silent water  
for no good spices in the land of my noble birth.

Wait, look and see  
another yell of pains from my lips  
I was sold into slavery at six  
receiving destituted battering and  
abuses under the baking cruel sun.

I lost my childhood at seven  
raped and shattered like a dream  
Trudging the hollowed empty street  
My skeleton mocked my flesh that  
has dashed his hopes away.

I sang in the hungry market  
Versing my story to all to hear  
There was no target of a proverb  
Flogging mere chide of cowardice in  
my hands like a slab of flabby flesh.

My yesterday spoke of worrisome  
as it went like boys and girls in a  
new pair of shoes for christmas

Out of the world of freedom into  
abyss of empathy of lost of self.

Wait, look and see  
I am now wild like a lion  
When I raise my voice again  
freedom shall be my chorus to render  
for I hate peace which is an illusion.

A childhood taken in joy  
another pain birth in tears  
I will not put legs to this words  
I would have told you about my swallowed  
Testicles but that would be for tommorw at dawn.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Love

## LOVE

Love is calm  
Love is blessing  
Love is truthful  
Love is faithful  
Love is enduring  
Love is superior  
Love is brave  
Love is respectful  
Love is obedient  
Love is joyful  
Love is pure  
Love is righteous  
Love is courageous  
Love is light  
Love is feelings  
Love is emotion  
Love is strong  
Love is the heart  
Love is not selfish  
Love is not jealous  
Where love lies, lies the heart  
Love is honey to the ears  
Love is beauty not ashes  
Love is kind and precious  
Love is humble and cool  
Love is not cruel and harsh  
Love sees everything possible  
Love is soft and easy going  
Love is perfect and helpful  
Love lie not  
Love sin not  
Love hurt not  
Love heals pains  
Love kills hurt  
Love sees righteousness  
Love envy not  
Love is not criminal

Love curse not  
Love strive not  
Love makes life  
Love takes life  
Love speaks right  
Love lack not  
Love connects  
Love conquers hatred  
In love, in faith, in harmony  
We dwell with the truth of hope  
Where lies love is in the heart  
Love seeth no fault nor seek  
To blame another or compromise  
Love is above all things in life.

john chizoba vincent

# Love Also Lie

## LOVE ALSO LIE

Could love do without any misconception  
Of other person's feelings and attitude?  
Sometimes, the other may love whilst the  
Other heart lies to be in love but it's lies.  
Love also lie to the heart of another  
Whose motive is to love and cherish.

Love also lie  
Love also cheats  
Love also fornicate  
Love also dances to the  
Tune of those who seek her in truth.  
Love also smell when it hurts the nose.

Love also wrongs,  
Love also smiles to the pure heart,  
Love also curses the heart to bitterness and tears  
Love also lies like the saints who claimed he could  
Hear the baby in the womb speak when he is not  
Physician but a mere deceiver of the saints.

Love lies to the heart of faithful men  
But she deceives and betrays the heart in a  
Professional battle of the emotions and it travels.  
Love steals feelings and truth in a relationship  
Love also forsake, love mare the heart in an ungodly  
Way.  
When love happens, it breaks the tiny hope of  
Loneliness in our lives and live us broken thereafter.

Teach me how to love not to love,  
Many are victims of love lies.  
Where there heart beat where lost feelings  
Their souls camped in the souls of those who are  
Not in love.  
Teach me how to love so that I won't fall victims of love lies.

john chizoba vincent

# Love Graph

Let me plot a graph for this love  
From when were young and look  
At the skies like a ball in a movie;  
You were the X axis and I, the Y,  
In case you never realise where we begun.  
Let me fold this graph of love in case is  
The last time so that it will remind me  
Where we began this sweet soup love.  
It hard to win your love back to my soul  
Because everything now takes me back like  
When you were there with a muse to love.  
Part of me still holding on, I still care.  
Let this graph remind me exactly how we were  
When we were young moulding clay in the rain,  
I will cherish the longing head that uplift me.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved

john chizoba vincent



# Love Hangover

when the night  
calls it a day  
our fingers separate,  
there we are, apart  
and hurting.

john chizoba vincent

# Love Is Not Perfect

## LOVE IS NOT PERFECT

Love your heart and your soul would be at rest  
Do you preach love when love doesn't exist in their eyes?  
Get the foul words out from your mouth  
For in us lies the christmas joy that preaches  
My mother was born on christmas and  
My father was also born on christmas day  
That does not make them the perfect couple  
They also have their shortcomings in their union

You know what I will do right here  
I will hold a newspaper in on hand  
To search for the problems of love  
And then on the other hand I will hold  
The Bible to search for the solution there off  
Love has its own problem and pains too  
She is not better neither is she perfect  
Love sin, love lie, love cheat also  
Love has its own shortcoming and flaws

Can you search your heart and tell me  
If love has not offended you on the long run?  
Love is not perfect, she is the mother of all evil  
Just like money is the father of all evil  
Though she makes the heart joyful,  
She is two side of a coin, black or white  
But you choose where your belong to

john chizoba vincent

# Love Me Queen Melisa

We could clean the face of the world with love,  
We could go to the ant for more wisdom,  
Let's choose the life that is most useful,  
And habit will make it most agreeable.  
As births of living creatures are first ill sharpened,  
So are all innovation; which are the birth of time.  
Life is too short to abandon loving you, Melisa.  
A man that studied revenge keeps his wound green  
With a blue tears in his eyes 'cause tha might kill him.  
We are not cisterns made for hoarding, we are  
The right channels made for sharing.  
Coverage is contagious, love, when a brave man  
Takes a stand, the spins of others stiffened,  
I will make your dreams of a thousand men  
Through Romanian gladiators who lies in wait.  
Love me, Queen Melisa, I pray thee.  
We could make the sea stop its current flow,  
Love me Queen Melisa and, I will slay thousands  
For your sake; for it is natural to die as to be born,  
Remember in every death, a busy world comes to an end, Melisa.

john chizoba vincent

# Love Me, Queen Melisa

Lend me your heart this night  
Sweetness of it makes my voice mild  
I could make things perfectly right  
Drive with me in silent, I will lead  
Thee towards mount zion to behold the light.

Fools are capable of smiling at our love  
I don't mind if this could be the last  
But I will hold unto you as a dove  
Never clapping my hands to soft but it'll blast.  
I am much interested that I make the move.

I will love you till eternity  
Money never win the heart of a queen  
But she finds love in one locality.  
Ladies are captured by the face seen  
Lead me your body and soul for my sanity.

Days are gone when we are shy  
But today our mouth is our gate  
Speak to my heart to impregnate  
My being who walks so fleshy.  
I wasn't born to be a friend but a mate.

Love me queen melisa of the north  
Then I will kill to show your worth  
Melisa is only for a man like me  
Whose mind is so young and ready to come  
Right into a heart from the north.

john chizoba vincent

# Love Not A Writer

Love not a writer because most  
People thought writers are adorable,  
Writers have no perfect heart as you see them.  
Their hearts are afraid of rejection and always hide in their shells whenever they  
are discriminated in the public.  
And they panic always when someone gets too close  
Because their easy way to escape can be hard to find.

When you love a holy and great writer,  
He seeks perfection badly because his work of art is not perfect and can never be  
perfect in his eyes and other writers.  
A crooked pictures, femished lines and naked sentences take him more than a  
day to make it straight yet, nothing is ever perfect in his eyes.  
He forget what straight means and spend more than drafting dirtiness here and  
there because he thinks he is better than what he sees and reads on paper.

Writers lie, creating false imagination and hope  
Yet, they are the interpreters of the deaf gods.  
Love not a writer nor date him because he will  
Keeps screaming of love even when his mind  
Ask him to stay away when he is broken but, with his  
Last straw shall he hold you captivate and hostile.

Writers never tell what is wrong or right but they assure you that you are good at  
what you do.  
Love not a writer because he will blind you with a  
Fairytale and a godmother that never exist but,  
Exist in his mind before he was born to this world.  
He will fix you in this stereotype life that you can't escape from but roam here  
and there like a fool.

He blame every one when a fabric of imagination is torn and the broken parts  
shattered away in the house.  
He will be afraid to propose because he thinks when you comes in; you will see  
the ugly creature he is.  
He is afraid of himself and his words so he hide in his old self without coming out  
to the sun.  
He will doubt every compliment you give to him, in the darkest part of his heart;  
he inspect and analyse your words of praise.

He will like to know if you loves him truly so  
He understudy you like where he study his characters.  
He will question your moves, mood, smiles and feelings like When a critic critique  
a work done by him without knowing he is punishing himself.  
He hate you when you hate to love his works  
Because his writing is the only harmless way of self harm left; he could get  
broken while writing.

He smile when you say you understand and he knew you definitely don't  
understand what he meant to you.  
He is a creator, when you misbehave; he create another you.  
He can destroy you with words when wooing you,  
His schedules are always flexible and easy going.  
Do not love a writer because he will frustrate your life.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Love.

love sinneth not nor does love decay.  
love suffereth long, and is kind.  
kind to the body and the soul.  
love envieth not, nor deceive  
love avengeth not itself secretly.  
Seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked.  
It thinketh no evil nor is it bitter  
To behold and keepeth love in thy soul.  
Love is by far the most important thing of all.  
It cast out fear and bringth hope,  
Its fulfilling of the law, covers a multitude of sin.  
Is not puff up no doth love behave itself unseemly.  
Love rejoice not in iniquities rather rejoice in truth.  
Love beareth all things, believeth all things,  
Hopeth all things, endureth all things, love never fail.  
Love is absolutely invincible  
No difficulty love cureth not nor diseases love healeth not.  
It opens all door and no gulf enough love will not bridge.  
Love falleth apart all walls.  
No matter how hopeless, troublesome the crises,  
how muddle the tangle, how great is the mistake,  
It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the tribulation,  
A sufficient realization of love suppresses all

john chizoba vincent

# Madness Speaks Of Your Name

Madness speaks of your name in the street  
Spread the mat of foolishness on the roads  
Let your blood cackle from yesterday's pain  
The aroma of lustful lost shall follow behind  
Million legs await the treasure of insanity  
Which feasted in your sanity before the mourners.  
We couldn't talk because madness was talking  
And he called your names among the Heartened  
In a white lie was your names registered  
And motionless air visited and took them away.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Madu Bu Aja

MADU BU AJA

Uwa eweghi isi na odu  
Uwa abughi nke madu  
Madu bu aja na uwa a  
Ihe obula i were abughi nke gi  
Emesia iga ahapuha wee la  
Ya mere, du owegi odu na  
Madu bu aja na ntu.

Osogi wee igwe na ala  
Osogi wee ulo elu na nke ala  
Osogi gba ugbo elu na nke ala  
Marakwa na madu na anwu anwu  
Marakwa na madu bu aja  
Ya mere wedata obi gi na ala echidime.

Madu bu aja na ntu  
Madu abaghi uru na uwaa  
Echidime oweghi onye ma ihe oga amu  
Ye mere du owegi odu  
Madu bu aja na ntu.

john chizoba vincent

# Madu Ka Ana Aria

Madu ka ana aria,  
Madu ka ana ele anya,  
Madu ka ana akuro ngbangba.  
Chukwu mere anyi ebere na uwa a,  
Chukwu me ka isi madu hota na  
Oweghi ihe di na uwa ka na  
Madu bu aja na ntu na onwu.

john chizoba vincent

# Man

M-anager of the beautiful universe  
A-ppointed by God almighty to as care taker  
N-ever shall anything comes above him.

john chizoba vincent

## Man Madness (Double Acrostic)

Man, a fool in his kingdoM  
Advancing his madness with a cold teA  
Never shall man get well agaiN  
Man made himself captive in place of freedoM  
Above, he swells and swings like an anternA  
Desperate in his action when others are deaD  
No way is a way for men agaiN  
Extremists and killers, men arE  
Stripping off themselves in public alwayS  
Success never come to their eyeS.

john chizoba vincent

# Man Today, Dust Tomorrow

MAN TODAY, DUST TOMORROW

Man is no diviner nor a god,  
Why cast your burden on man?  
Man today, dust tomorrow  
Why trust in his abilities?

The earth belongs to no man,  
Evil created by men are inrepairable  
In the tattered book of life treasure,  
Why depend in the treasure of this world?

We are here today: a journey,  
A misery, owing a debt; passing through pains  
Yet, we die without fulfilment,  
Man today, dust tomorrow.

Won't we be permitted to number our days?  
Can't we know when the killjoy comes?  
Man is nothing but a vain thing,  
Man is no saviour nor a god.

Man is worthless, oh man is worthless,  
Mirror my echoing words of truth,  
The world has no meaning, the earth is meaningless!  
Man today, dust tomorrow, what is the value of life?  
No lasting merriment, no joy and peace, all is lost!

Trust only the man above,  
But not with a whole man value  
Because man in nature is evil,  
trust only the man above with your spirit.

Man is no diviner nor a god,  
Why cast your burden on him?  
Man today, dust tomorrow  
Why trust in his abilities?

(C) John chizoba vincent

#Food for that#

john chizoba vincent

# Man Unkind To Mankind

In the ancestral call of righteousness  
They failed the almighty creator  
There in the Forbidden Garden of Eden  
Who could tell where the sinful garden is now?  
That small pretty hut where sin began in deceitful manner  
Then to the days of brave Noah  
And the Sodom and Gomorrah set in immorally like dogs  
Which kind world we are, where man is so unkind to mankind?  
Doors are shut in mysterious manner then broken aftermath  
Women travail in pain whilst men labour  
Children are left naked swinging in pain  
The footless human snake materialized all this crime  
I watched as it hissed and moved about  
The ancient curse to mankind in unkindly tongue caused it  
Men are so unkind to mankind yet satisfied  
So unkind to the universe, our little china doll  
Treating her against the will of the creator  
The creator wanted us to treat the universe  
Like a fragile creature he had created it to be  
But sound of war sounds nearer in the image of Lucifer  
Tears streaming down from the eyes of men like river flow  
Man unkind to mankind, things sway and fall apart  
Rolling, turning like the sun round the earth  
We catch new birds each day tempted by their hips  
Babies now know the distance of the journey at back  
Corruption dwell and feast bread with men, blood shed  
Forget not the world wars, forget not homosexuality  
Remember masturbation, remember child abuse, same sex marriage  
The righteous tattoos on human bodies  
The death of Abel in the bleeding ground  
Remember, remember, the ransom of the only son  
Of what profit is wickedness anyway when sand we return?  
Beautiful image of the deceiver paying tribute to mankind  
Why man is unkind to mankind?  
I smile not here as evil generate in our world  
When would mankind problems be solved?  
Is it after the messiah comes?  
Pretty look betray pretty smiles  
Evil has overshadowed righteousness and

Man unkind to mankind

john chizoba vincent



## Matters Of The Heart.

Let's look for the value of X and Y  
from the body language of this lovers

.  
.

One day,

A girl fell in love through  
a man's wealth in the dark

Later,

She fell out through his penury  
In the hot craving noon sun  
and gave her face to bruises.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# May We Always Remember

For Mac Henry Imafidon

Foxes have no cave to lay  
but here I spread like a clay  
I have very few to love  
beside the springs of Dove  
May we always remember  
we may not be among the members  
May we always remember  
even before their mothers  
Tell them that brve it most  
They would live to see the cost  
Upon a teethless arrant  
Tomorrow shall tell of pur warrant  
You glowlike my heart  
The truth shall be seen in your art  
Wait, look and see  
I have made you a Rose  
Our heartbeats, soulmates  
Our soul giver, soul providers  
May we always remember  
that tomorrow has something to remember.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
For\_Boy\_Of\_Tomorroe

john chizoba vincent

# May We Always Remember 2

To Chibuisi FELIX

We'll write Africa soon  
from the houses our ancestors built  
We'll complete the other half of the yellow sun  
We will beat the drums together  
along Anambra and Abia border;  
for we are better than we were yesterday  
We will soon search for the other half of Biafra  
then, raise her sunset before the dawn  
Close friend, bosom feelings not a cause to mourn  
May we always remember...  
May we always remember that the  
beauty of the world lies in us  
I won't be the friend you murder in your dreams  
And when the moon is labouring to shine  
promises may lead us to believe that  
our ink shall write African glories...  
We will not miss the goodness of this fine world  
May we always remember.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
For Boys Of Tomorrow.

john chizoba vincent

# Melody Of Nigerians

In the market, the Government sells verities  
of rumour of future change, we dance well  
through the night and when morning comes, we  
saw pains and sorrow instead of good fortune.

How painful it is to hear them speak in their  
sugar coated tongue, and believe in their loosely  
song of tomorrow's leaders yet like little children,  
we wake up in succulent bed but sit in tears.

No mourners funeral tears shed with pains  
living is a burden to us, death, a sweet home call;  
for our inhabitants is swollen and our inheritance gone to this wretched world,  
living is a burden!

Bring back our corruption and take back your  
change, bring back our girls; our boys must  
marry soonest with a writing pen in one hand.  
Repair our Nigeria, repair our fatherland now!

Our feet is now off the line we outlined yesterday,  
we are unworthy of the unworthiness crippling in,  
we have only one hut in this wretched earth  
where the land they have made hard for us to till.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Memories

(for chikbok girls four years after elegies of lost)

And we opened the book of remembrance again  
Tickling all ears that are designed to be deadly.  
We filled the cups & buckets with tears of blood,  
Bloody tears as the cloud rises from dark night  
& the horizon of our lives radio out our prayers  
in pleasure & pleas recording poetry into broken  
Rhythms of the kings bird' songs singing elegies untold. We recoiled this pages of  
cries into folded arms. Lost is our liberty ephemeral into chaos.  
This light of darkness are now printed in our  
palms of history tormenting our own feelings.

they left home through the corruption of their father's land. You know, their lies  
ferried them  
into Sambisa to go & tell a tale of their crimes.  
the chromosomes of their pigments lacked the bravery within the wrinkled nose  
of their cheeks.  
Lives are buttered fireflies & worms of mediocre...  
We may not know how pains taste until untitled chapters of sorrow unfold in our  
lives to seek revengeful voyage of our sins towards our home.  
We televised their lies on the national televisions,  
tilted the head of our cocked brain into gadgets  
in a ballroom of miscreants clothing our beliefs.

I opened this book of remembrance again,  
For my lazy sisters that struggles effortlessly amidst leaves and shrubs of looting  
leaders.  
for their tears composed a musical notes,  
for their fight created astraying street steer  
I held upto these fallin' memories in a graveyard  
into the abstract demon of my noble moralities,  
into black races, into an abstract journeys.  
brittle of the papers written in absence of our  
ourselves, in the pictures of our lost self issues.  
we will gather these soothsayers to the cloud  
to sooth out those prilgrim girls in the moon.

till then, let this dance be of survival & revival,

of those deaf & dumb girls kept in the bosom of emptiness. they made them  
voiceless like the pages of a blank books but we know all their magic tricks in the  
closet of their ignorance.

No chikbok, no Dapchi girls but looting politics,  
Politics that has strange mouth & shadows.

Until this madness is cleansed from our souls  
Point towards your chambers & crack your mind  
We are mocked movies trying to be seen by all,  
a documented fairy tale in the heart of all.

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Men

## MEN

Men are this and that;  
Men seems the same but  
They are not, when properly checked  
Never can people be trusted  
Never can they be look up to  
Their promises are not worthy  
Their plans are evil and dangerous  
They fail you when you need them most  
Men are not what they say they are  
Men are just like a bubble and colour  
Men can change over night like chameleon  
Men can bless and curse you at a go  
Trying to be good when they are bad  
Praising themselves when they are nothing  
In pains they cry, in good times they rejoice  
When things seems so good, men rejoice  
But when things are bad, they forget the good things  
Many with gun to kill  
Many with envy that turn sour  
Many very deceitful and jealous  
Many without hope and dreams but tend to  
Kill those that dream with their heart.  
Trust no man even your humble self because  
You can fail yourself when things are tough.  
Trust not the man within yourself because soul  
Are the same as the serpent that hurt humans.  
People are not to be trusted.

john chizoba vincent

# Men Cry Too

Your late mother  
told you "men don't cry"  
stack by stack  
you carved it into soul  
you allowed it rule you  
deeper and deeper.

you bottled up like a ghost  
against the thaw life belched  
on you to bear not to complain  
only if you understand this  
logic... "Men do cry too";

Childhood illusion: men don't cry  
Peer's fable: boys don't cry  
-Men do cry also  
Wells of water do fall from  
their cheeks.  
They face troubles also  
They face rejections and heartbreak  
like you.

They seek for shoulders to  
lean on every night  
and pour out their souls  
Into the dark loneliness because  
They feared to be called cowards

When tossed here and there by life, boy  
Cry out for a hand  
Don't be stuck in between  
Call out!  
There is always a vacant shoulder to  
lean on.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent



john chizoba vincent

# Message To Mr President

Mr President of the federal republic,  
Our trousers no longer size our waist  
because our stomach has refused to grow  
to mingle with the cover of our nakedness.  
The oil on our lips revolt against us now,  
drying before the yam on our hands get  
to our mouth, is this the change expected?  
Mothers tears across the street, their head a  
dome of anger disciplining fury into words.  
The fault is not the corruption but our people,  
The hunchback on our back has caused the curse.  
Tell us with a sweet mouth void of foul aroma,  
Are you the messiah which is to come to us?  
Are you a real revolutionaries or a democrat?  
We thought before the night that we've at least  
found a great friend of the poor with food and  
cloth, but here is another nightmare to our voices.  
The fire in your mouth light the darkness here,  
now, we are found in the family of misery and disease to scotch us to agony and  
death before time.  
We can't borrow more mouth from our neighbour  
to talk to you of our pains, ours is enough.  
Come home, let's reason together and together  
to avoid those who flog others into cages like fowls.  
We have waited so long; so long to see mother  
Wipe away those tears from her eyes but no one, no one is ready to help her,  
can you make things right?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Mirror My Thought

## MIRROR MY THOUGHTS

Heal the land in fairly june  
But forsake it in the honourable march,  
Cleanse the sky in humble April and  
Dust the wind of beautiful November  
With the bouncing spirit of the gods

Tell brother july to wait for my testimony  
The lady in the field sings of winter but  
I am rehearsing my sister December's dance  
Trying to wait for the new yam celebration in  
Spiritual september, when the professional mourners  
Has return home to eat a toasted yam for  
Their dried mouths need it to sing again

It shall be a september to remember  
When all my thoughts are mirrored.  
October knows how mighty I might like to fight him  
But spiritually, he pleaded for my wet peace in may  
Dried january shall bring the beginning and  
Pretty february shall kiss my joy day and night

August shall bring the last rain of hope  
Sun moons my thirsty mouth to rest  
For where dream lies is in my dancing head.  
Moon tale of the heart is for the gods that once  
Visited the barns of yam in my father's compound  
When he was alive walking in the soil of Nkporo.  
I praise you, oh lady of the moon for the love  
You give to me in the mirror of my eyes.

john chizoba vincent

# Misfit

MISFIT

The day the sky bleeds Rain  
We all dances with Flowers  
The day the sun planted sorrow  
We wept under the tree of shame  
Howbeit virgins become prostitute  
Why Our mothers are hungry for touch?

What If tomorrow die before noon?  
What if the Babies sing among The kings?  
What ears can hear Their noise and blabbing?  
Change your imagination and change course  
We are all hang here Unblown like the ground

I wish I could love change and humanity  
But my pen is still missing can't get my muse  
Only my ink can surpress those who hunger  
For blood and surpress truth and love  
Live once, live life at your own will, misfit.

john chizoba vincent

# Miss Me, But Let Go.

Tell it not in Nkporoland  
And publish it not in Elughu land.

When i come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me.  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,  
Why cry for a soul set free?  
Miss me a little-but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that we once shared  
The hills and mountains we once climbed.  
Miss me- but me go  
For this a journey that we must all  
take and each must alone,  
Its all a part of the master plan.  
a step on the road to home.  
When you are lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
and bury your sorrows on in doing good deeds  
Miss me, but let me go.

john chizoba vincent

# Money, Power And Respect

Money makes the world turn around,  
Power and influence rules the world,  
Respect uphold the world firmly on it palms.  
Money, power, and respect rule the world.  
With money, you have all and power put  
The world under your feet then brings respect.  
Money, power and respect make the world  
Goes round, and round like the earth on its Orbit.

john chizoba vincent

# Monkey On Clothes

Look at that monkey over there!  
Can someone tell me what he is wearing?  
Is that not an oversize Agbada he's wearing?  
Yeaaaah! look at his shoes, are they really shoes?  
His 'fila' falling here and there,  
Is that how a normal human dresses?

The neck of his Agbada is on his shoulder and  
He is putting on the cloth on its back,  
The embroiding is visible to his skin.  
The sokoto sags to his waist like a prisoner in th US;  
Can you see his displayed pants?  
Oh! No! Not again.

Can you watch the way he dances without his legs?  
Is that how a natural human dance?  
Does his teeth looks like that of a man or woman?  
Maybe he belongs to the Animatician' Kingdom.

Yeaaaaaah! I have seen his buttock!  
He is a monkey with a human buttock!  
He is a monkey fashioned from the animal kingdom!  
But, I have seen him once in the government house,  
He was painted as the president of the country.  
So many of them have joined the animal farm!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!  
All the money he acquired should have make him  
better or even finer!  
Does he have no mirror in his room?  
Hmhmhmhmhmh!  
I can not put on Agbada again if those  
That wears it always look like monkeys.

Watch out for his shoes!

There is gum under it!

Make sure he is thoroughly searched before he leaves otherwise, you will lose all your money to his gummed shoes that he put on.

Those monkeys in your party are wiser than you think.

Once they get hold of your fortune, they embezzle it, so be careful here!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Moonchild

The sun of Aleppo will not  
Smit you by the night of war;  
for you are the toothpick stronger  
then the great wall of China,  
you are a king of the night.

Music in your head is grace,  
love is sweet in your mouth,  
Stars seen in your eyes are  
the celestials of the heavens;  
your muse is the god of perfection.

You are the art in appreciation,  
you are the streams of knowledge,  
the movement of your hair by the air  
is the orbiting voices of the angels,  
the earth can not even home your skull.

Dance of your feet are tale of love  
writing from home to home for peace,  
your beads glitter and glow for sanity.  
Moonchild, moonlight of tomorrow,  
We are the song of your yesterday.

Moonchild, moonlight of the gods,  
Through your destiny we can build,  
Yesterday made us a fool; fools  
Pocketing our groaning lies to fault  
Come, take us home where you live.

©John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Moon-She

Moon-she, I long to behold you again,  
That mouth watering lady I grew around;  
I long to see your embeamed and painted face again.  
To see those women squat publicly to urinate,  
To see those teenagers puff out smoke happily,  
To touch the honey skirt ladies that  
Entangle a lust lost eyes into ruin while still living.  
O moon-she, my love! You are not a moon-chain,  
Mushin is never good for your kind but moon-she  
As mother throw praises to your honeyed body.  
I have your skyscraping bungalow in my eyes,  
I have the hustling and hush movement clothed my legs.  
I have known the fragrance of your body,  
That old dame body odour that makes me joyful.  
Your shoes have I worn about Lagos streets and  
I felt accepted among the titans around town.  
Oh moon-she, you are not a mushin but moon-she.  
I still remember the taste of your breast milk;  
That milk that is not channeled in one direction.  
I know mother Eko, I know you moon-she.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# More Than A Woman

## MORE THAN A WOMAN

She selects wool and flax  
And works with earge hands,  
She is like the merchant ships  
Bringing her food from afar.  
She gets up while it is still dark;  
She provides food for her family  
And portions for her servant girls.  
She considers a field and buys it;  
Out of her earnings she plants a vineyard.  
She sets about her work vigorously;  
Her arms are strong for her tasks.  
She sees that her trading is profitable,  
And her lamp does not go out at night.  
In her hand, she holds the distaff  
And grasps the spindle with her fingers.  
She opens her arms to the poor  
And extends her hands to the needy.  
When it snows, she has no fear for her household;  
For all of them are clothed in scarlet.  
She makes covering for her bed,  
She is clothed in fine linen and purple.  
Her husband is respected at the city gate,  
Where he takes his seat among the elders of the law.  
She makes linen garments and sells them,  
And supplies the merchants with sashes.  
She is clothed with strength and dignity,  
She can laugh at the days to come.  
She speaks with wisdom and understanding,  
And faithful instruction is on her tongue.  
She watches over the affairs of her household  
And does not eat the bread of idleness.  
Her children arise and call her blessed;  
Her husband also, and he praises her;  
Many women do noble things but she surpass them all.  
She is much more than a woman.

SOS

john chizoba vincent

# More Than Words

Poets are only interpreters of the gods;  
They change the order of the world through  
Redefined words but, my words shall stand  
More than that in your humble heart.  
I will love you more than words can tell,  
I will love you until the snake stand on its legs.

I will love you till the sun put on a smile,  
Till the babies at hand learn to dance without fear,  
Till the moon turns black and, the rat begins to lay eggs;  
Till I have no one to look upto but you,  
I will love you more than words can tell.

I will love you like turning the pages of a book,  
Like the munching of apple in an innocent mouth,  
I will crave for the inevitable to loving you,  
Though it might tarry, wait for my love,  
Though it might be delay but I urge you to wait  
And be satisfied.

Tarry in my heart, Obiajulum;  
For the roses in there long for you,  
Make a feast of affect in my soul; for  
There the butterlies speak of love.  
I will pronounce your name, Obim,  
I will love you more than words can tell;  
For the gods honour the words of a poet.

john chizoba vincent

# Mother Africa

Mother Africa,  
Gather your sheep like a good shepherd.  
Teach them morals and guide them rightly,  
Educate them on African Values and culture.  
Protect your sheep from the hynas and lions  
That parade more in the forest of life to kill.  
Remember the community begins at home.

I know you are not irresponsible like the Goat  
Who has three breast but gave birth to four kids;  
What will the fourth kid suck if others are sucking?  
Guide the boys to stop looking at the Ladies lustfully,  
The girls must bring their husband home as it is  
Stated in the tradition of Africa, no under tree love.

Cover your children with your wings like  
Mother Hen covers her chicks against the kites.  
Do not go loose in front of the young minds;  
For when mother cow is cropping giant grasses  
Her calf watches her from behind the scene.  
Act like the mother you are not like a child you're not.

When a child misbehaves in your presence,  
Hit him with a rod of correction and bring him  
Back to your side with a sweet flavoured left hand.  
Educate the ladies how to close their legs while sitting, and the boys, you must  
not leave behind;  
Teach them that Africans never pregnate a lady before they marry her and the  
younger ones,  
Tell them that Africans don't put their trouser  
on their waists.

See her in skimpy skirt and drive the skirt away from her waist, African women don't wear skimpy skirt.

Those whose wrapper always untie because of civilization, padlock the wrapper to their waists.

Those boys whose pants flip up and down publicly,

Tie their pants with ropes to their waist, Africans have a face to preserve and protect in days to come.

She lust after money when in love and lost her value, show her what love means to Africans.

Father Africa, leave all not in the hands of Mother,

Bark when you needs to bark in front of your sheep.

Roar like a wounded Lion when the sheep goes wild,

All should not be left in the hands of Mother Africa

Nature has made us two, two together, two hearts beating as one can preserve many lost dignities.

You and you can save the you that stray away in shame.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Mother Bird And The Child

BIRD:

Every child deserves parents but  
Not all parents deserve a child.  
Men on assignment don't die,  
The moment you fade, memories fades,  
Paradox fades but its only those things  
That has eternal values remains valid.  
Come with me little African child,  
Come with me, mother and father had  
Ran away, they saw hardship and poverty  
And they zoomed off leaving you here.  
I shall take you to a new world, come with me,  
Let us fly up to heaven to enjoy life.

CHILD:

No mother bird! I can't go with you.  
My tradition taught me to always protect home!  
Africans always protect their own, they don't  
Run away from their problems.  
The land we are running to was built by another,  
Why should I run there leaving my home?  
Although mother and father has gone, I will  
Not leave my fatherland because of poverty!  
Cowardice is not of a true African believes.  
Mother Bird, go for I belong here forever.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Mother Earth

mother earth,  
When would you stop feasting on our bodies  
Stop your children and relatives  
From killing our children and relations.  
Our heart bleed thousand times in horror  
At the lost of our brothers and sisters  
But, there you are happy and joyful.

Your body fresh and beautiful  
Our relations bodies made it so.  
Is death your brother or nephew?  
Is sickness your sister in law?  
They all work hand in hand with you  
Causing mayham to human kind.

Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
Soul to soul An eye for an eye  
Life for life.  
You give and take from us  
I understand, but spare us a little  
With few minutes discussion  
With your brother, death  
Perhaps we may cease to toll and mine on you  
Or maybe we dance the atilogwu  
To appease your spirit for peace  
So that you eat no more.

feed once annually  
twice biannually  
Each morning and night  
We commit our people in tears to you  
When will you stop the unfinished festival beyond  
May your speck of sunshine decrease.  
Your people betrayed our emotions  
Torn apart by two feelings  
Yet we learn not from the past voice  
Dust to dust we all must go.

john chizoba vincent

# Mother Luck

Mother luck shine on me  
Like the sun on a steel  
Make way for me in the desert  
Let them know i come not in vain  
In this world but to impact  
On my generations not to watch in vain  
Shine greatly on my face and body  
Honour my soul to actualize  
Those dreams nature gives to me  
Mother earth was there, she bear  
Me a pleasurable witness on that day  
The creator gave the birth right of success to me  
Shine hope on me, i do not crave for foolish  
Riches rather for goodwill and honesty  
among my people and the next generation  
Mother luck shine on me for success  
Shine greatness on me not failure  
Shine smiles on me not sadness  
Make the air pronounce my humble name  
And single me out for good from the multitude  
Mother luck smile on me like the sun  
On a steel.

john chizoba vincent

# Motherhood Dream

I will have beautiful children  
Who will take after me when am gone.  
Their names shall be called grace and  
Love shall abide with them forever and ever.  
They shall bring salt and pepper to me  
Run errand to me beside the silent doors.  
Upon their hearts shall my names be written  
Then shall I cover them like motherhen.

Even if money don't really come  
They shall be my gold and silver.  
My children shall be my pillar,  
I shall have them on my bossom,  
Kiss away their tears and pains;  
Look after them in days of trouble.  
They would be pride of jacob in joy.

Right in my heart shall I lay  
The right mat for my children to lay.  
None shall be barren, vanguard nor wayward  
Rather their tastement shall be of righteousness.  
We shall work in the street with joy.  
Those on my arms and some on my back  
While some walk beside me as a guide.  
My joy and happiness shall we dwell in.

I will cook enough to feed them  
Bath them under my nose and care.  
In night shall I sit them down  
To teach and educate them what  
My life, their lives and our lives mean to me.

john chizoba vincent

# Motherland

Motherland!

I won't leave you again to ruin,  
The pagearity of my soul shall grace you.  
Once I left you moulded black,  
Now I won't leave you again to rot.

Let my words germinate in your palms,  
In vain vanities have I made you vain,  
Graceful paths have I crafted for you.  
I won't leave you again to rust in vain.  
Motherland, I remember your greener pasture.

If there is a fooled love in abyss,  
Mine is a divineloove packaged in purity.  
I remembered you Good mama, decorated with love,  
Cultured in a embeamed embryo of sweetness;  
Mechanised pretty star of paradised earth.

If I get locked away in the past,  
Your bosom shall I look unto.  
Outset of the puzzle of life, you made me.  
Motherland, mother hope, mother trust,  
Fertiled and honeyed gracefully beyond others.

Motivated at the peak of the wind,  
Trees waving in an inspirational move,  
Clapping grasses worshipping and praising  
A love sweetened flowing in one channel.  
Motherland, of a truth you are great and pure.

Here I was born and groomed,  
I grew around these tables of peace  
Sorrounded by spirited brothers and sisters.  
I grew around these watered hope,  
I won't leave you again, motherland.

john chizoba vincent

## Mother's Cry.

Have you seen a mother cry?  
Have you seen her weep sorrowfully?  
She cry always for a child, when barren.  
A broken heart, when cheated.  
Infidelity when beaten by her husband.  
Then the experience of motherhood hurt her to the brim,  
Hurt her so much than a hole in the heart.  
It generate uninvited emotion and tears  
With tattered dirty rays to cover your joy.  
It battered your beautiful blissful soul  
With a striking cracking air, it silence your thoughts.  
Then, the blemish in your heart brandish their weapons  
Mock you to your face and shock the true values in you.  
You weep also though with a shameful eyes,  
When heavy within, her feelings hurt your emotions  
Seeing her in labour breaks your bone marrows.  
Nwanyibuife, Nwanyibuife, truely women has value.

GOd bless my children she cry always,  
Let the air stand still for them to celebrate.  
Let no man walk nor eat until they have succeeded.  
God make them the head not the tail  
Give me children that will answer my calls.  
Dig hole beside their houses when i am no more.  
When at last the light are out  
And they feel a stony hands on them,  
Hands of the master of the house with a cracked whip  
Protect their weakness and innocence.  
Ordain them in your blossom because  
They are my future to behold.  
It only the old who knows why the chicks climb on each other,  
Give my children wisdom and understanding to tread on.  
She follow the winding way to every hut  
Supplicating and interceding as though a priestess.  
Mothers tears separate the ocean walls  
Mix pity with agony as though the new rain drop  
Will bring a blissful hope to relief the body from the sultry sun.

john chizoba vincent



# Mother's Curse

You have undress my anger and made it bleed  
Look into my eyes and behold rages  
Nine months do i carried you in pains  
Then nursed you in hardship amidst tears  
Now you broke my heart righteously  
I picked up this dust in the dusk  
To alert my ancestors of your deeds.  
I curse you son, upon this mountains  
Shall labour night and day without bread  
Sodom and Gomorrah days shall be better than you  
In your day of destruction  
Your body shall fall like the walls of ancient Jericho  
With cheering of commoners  
I curse you and your generations for defiling my bed and  
Watching my nakedness, for violating your sister's body,  
There shall be no cry of a child in your abode  
In vain shall you labour in the field  
Watch my lips for judgement in dawn  
The ground shall mock your feet and fate  
Air far from the testament of your being  
Vultures shall devour your corpse on the last day  
Then no one shall cry, no one shall moan  
But all in merriment like the days of Noah  
The maidens of Ohafia shall be far from you  
Nkporo maidens translating your deeds to the air  
Upon your dusty roof shall rain be far from  
Never come behind not in merciful kneels  
Hunger shall be your companion  
Journey along with you in the forest of life  
You saw through me son biting my emotion  
You broke the law of nature with your hammer fist  
Look into my eyes and behold rages  
Nine months do i carried you in pains  
Then nurse you in hardship amidst tears

john chizoba vincent

# Mr Bello

MR BELLO

I know of a pink man  
He wears a pink cloth  
Every pink. Wednesday to fit  
His students call him mr pink man  
But I actually know him  
As Mr Bello, the white man

On a pink wednesday  
He walks with a pink high shoe  
The sky-pink birds scream in fear  
The shades painted themselves pink  
Mr Bello Dances round the pink market  
Market Woman go pink-pink-pink  
The leaves Say pink pink pink and pink  
The waiting wares shout pink and pink

Mr Bello removed his pink cloth  
And threw it Up to The pink-blue Sky  
Then dances again in pink joy  
At last, we Realised his pink wife  
Has given birth to a pink boy

john chizoba vincent

# Muna Liza

MUNA LIZA

I could see the smiling sky,  
I could hear the parrot sing of love to my heart,  
The imbecile air dancing from north to south  
Because I found you and see love in you.  
The butterfly painted more part of her body,  
The sexy moon brightened more of our heart.  
The magnificent stars clapped thousand times  
For the reunion of the lost souls.  
Have you visited my heart lately?  
It had been decorated with gold on each walls  
Just for you my love.  
I need you to talk to my heart, Muna Liza,  
Tell me of love and Romance, Obim.  
Pronounce my name- - 'Odenigbo-the great.  
Ever since I have left you, I have been to hell  
Now, am back Muna Liza.  
Muna, I want to give you my body and soul,  
I have told the sea of your smiles,  
The sand of our love, they will gather on that  
Faithful day we will both say' I do'.

john chizoba vincent

# Murder Was The Case

We have an unequal fingers  
You can't separate the marriage fingers  
When the fingers are folded and fastened.  
We've waited so long before it was murdered.  
The stars did it, the moon caused the fight.  
I arise now but not without tears in my eyes.

Murder was the case of our love  
Who murdered the atmosphere? I can't tell  
But the ingrediate of my love was seen  
Roaming the street when it forbidden for humans.  
It was arrested and imprisoned, later was murdered.  
Who murdered our faith, I can't tell but soon  
All shall be over when the new moon appear.

john chizoba vincent

# Must I Act Like A Goat?

Must I act like a Goat for you to know  
that I am not a Goat?  
Goats are stupid and senseless but I am not!  
Treat me not like a Goat 'cause I am not one!  
You know it all but never give me a breathing space.

Must I act like a Goat to show you that i  
Don't like your character and face?  
You think I can't wait and see another  
Who can over throw you in the same act.  
Change your attitude towards others in your life.  
We are all in a learning field of life.

You think that I am a Goat because I acted like one?  
No I am not, I did that to get something from you.  
Must I act like goat always to you in life?  
I may be one today but tomorrow I will not!  
Differentiate me from those Goats at your door,  
I am not one of them!

john chizoba vincent

# My Beads Are Fallen

MY BEADS ARE FALLEN

Have you seen my strength and willpower?  
Can you help me find my wisdom and authority?  
They are fallen into the hands of the white master  
My beads are fallen and I can't find them  
The sound was unheard in the empty room  
I can't see courage and braveness which once  
Lies in me like the Nkporo goddess in her shrine  
I can't find my strengths to confront my confronters.  
My beads are fallen like the coconut from it Tree.  
They took us forcefully like the homeless fowl  
Took away what we have in the morning before  
The Noon of the blessed day.  
Here was where my green beads lies  
There my black Priceless beads once covered  
But the masters mined its gut and left it worthless  
My beads are fallen and I can't find them.

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# My Benefactor

Don't leave me in complete  
In the dark room of emptiness  
Justify my tender soul in the west  
Bridge of goodness and favour  
I will be there for you to take  
Up your problems if only mine would be solved  
Teach my spirit to be calm to restore  
The excellent hope that surrenders my life  
I never wants my mind in a muddle of confusion  
Neither do i wants to run from pillar to post  
Make my life glow and calm, call of the ancestors  
I heard several times  
They call for blood and kola nuts  
But which pocket would money for goat be gotten?  
My eyes brighten as though i have seen a  
Lone time friend in abundance  
Feed me complete not half way where gloom lives  
Appealing to the heart is your kind gesture  
Prediction never work to a man of little faith  
Do not leave me naked my helper  
Only God must have send you my to my side  
To quash the burning fierce fire  
Help me secure the dreams deposited in me  
My benefactor, do not abandon me  
when am lost in misery.  
I am boldly, watching your back like a dog  
I am yet to finish up the race  
Do not leave me to cry, my right hand  
For crying might erase the grace and fortunes  
On my face, so do not abandon me in the street of pain.

john chizoba vincent

# My California

California, oh my California,  
My dream of seeing you shall not cease.  
That beautiful Diva behind ocean pacific,  
My dreams for you shall not be wipe off.  
Soon, I shall behold you in your glory.  
I shall stand among the kings and queens;  
Have words with the prince and princess.  
I shall stand as the California love wine.  
My California, whom I sing of in my dreams,  
In your heart shall I blossom and glows.  
Then shall I sit on your bosom  
To drink that sweet famous breast milk wine  
Of love refined in glory and honour.  
Then shall I see your valley deserts,  
Caress your oil and I shall tour round  
Your body, oh my humble California.

john chizoba vincent



# My Companion

I have no other friend nor companion  
Except this tiny cased stick called Biro  
Which teaches me how to do it right  
My brain direct the thinking while  
He does the move and never give up in every act  
Both of us feel happy whenever we are in the act  
Of creating the information to educate  
Educate the people on which way to go.  
I have look forward to appreciate this friend of mine  
But never accept my gift in any way  
If i give him money, he won't collect  
If i offer him food, he would reject it.  
How would i appreciate this great fellow  
Who inspires and makes me happy at all time?  
He follows my order at all time  
When i pick him up, he never resist,  
If i return him to the bag and call  
Immediately, it answers me  
What a great friend i have  
What a great companion he is?  
A friend indeed who never disappoint me during  
The rain nor the sun, in the night and day  
Except when it energy fails him.  
The biro is my great companion, it gives me sense  
Of belonging and makes me better person  
Better than i was yesterday.

john chizoba vincent

# My Dear Uncle.

Dear uncle, how are you and your family?  
I thank God you did not leave us that day  
When that fatal accident happened.  
How would i have cried and weep for you?  
How would i have danced that forbidden song  
A song of sorrow in the market place?  
Many had left without a glance and goodbye to their families  
And never knowing God.  
Yet you were giving a second chance to live and  
Express what is in your head to humans.  
To erase the ugly image of your wife from your head.  
MY dear uncle,  
Many things has happened here  
so many Lives left behind weeping.  
The goats have bore prematurely and  
the cows in the whole street moo no more  
The sun has even promise to visit us to increase our sufferings.  
While the rain has stopped immediately.  
I want you to remain calm and worry not.  
Although i received the parcel sent to me by you  
Asking about Our beloved country  
I read the message there in and wept.  
Don't bother yourself about Nigeria nor its government.  
I could have discuss that with you but i need not to  
bother your humble soul for that lost nation  
Who celebrated its centenary with the blood suckers  
When the innocent were left unhonoured.  
You need to see our houses, its has been razed by fire.  
A fire from the terrorist.  
Our street filled with blood.  
Dear uncle, it has been like hell living down here.  
But we always pray for the massaiah to come,  
Yety things seems very rough and tough each time we pray harder.  
Take care of your children and crave not of Nigeria.  
Tell Madam Rich That Nigeria is a terrorist center.  
Explain to NIgerians Union in America that our mother, Nigeria is bereaved.  
the leaders has done us no good.  
Narrate to your children the Amagalmation of Nigeria by those who  
Never look in to the future.

I would drop my Companion here  
HE had tried and need compassion for his bravery.  
Hope to hear from you soon not about Nigeria but  
Of your health and family.  
Nigeria will be built by Nigerians when they are Ready.

john chizoba vincent

# My Dream

Mightily will i go up to the hall of fame  
Believing God to advertise my deeds  
When he single me out from the multitude

john chizoba vincent

# My Fatherland

Nigeria is my fatherland

where heroes are breed

there i was born among soldiers

i schooled and married in my father land

my fatherland is the origin

of many great leaders

who never sleep while others slept

they walk in the air and,

gravity pull them not

pretty women with unfaded skin, very industrious

are made there

all hail to our fatherland, Nigeria

my fatherland is the giant of Africa

it lay in the west coast of Africa

surrounded by green grasses and water

i am the first born of my fatherland

first a citizen of Nigeria

before other country

hard work is our legacy  
service is our policy  
our hospitality strangers admires  
and faithfulness and honesty our aim

come home to fatherland brother  
let us work together  
to keep Nigeria Together  
it pays to be together.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT 2013

john chizoba vincent

# My Forefathers.

My forefathers once poured dry gin on the  
green land of Nkporo from the North to the west,  
Prayed for prosperity and harmony to their children.  
Gathered us under the half yellow moon and narrated  
To us the traditions and cultures of our people.  
'Ifeoma di na iru, Nke iru ka' they said.  
Discouragement and fear is for the weak.  
They once lived happily with little or nothing to hold  
Onto and yet bounced back on their responsibilities with courage.  
Blew the whistle of peace and sounded the drums of oneness  
Among the Osu and the Ogbanje down the stream.  
They waited patiently for the new yam festivals  
With smiles on their broad, sweet black faces watching  
The children danced in the village square of Nkporo.  
They marked Nzu on their foreheads  
Give little to the strangers who visited them in their Obi.  
The Omu tightly fixed on their hands and some on thier hands  
Down on the sand beside their Obi Agu we watched  
Them Keenly, the gods were with us all along.  
'Njiko ka Anyi jiri biri' they said in one accord.  
Strife, corruption, injustice, embezzlement of public fund, they know not.  
But looked up to the gods in Agbala for hjustice.  
Nkporo masquerade they entertained themselves with.  
Wisdom, they visited with kola nut in their lips,  
Cutting it into pieces as they talked with wisdom.  
'go to the ant and learn' wisdom advised them  
Only them knows why women bend down while urinating and men stands.  
Only my fore fathers could tell why The He goat smell.  
They worn understanding like a chain round their neck  
Tied joy round their waist like a wrapper.  
Only them could tell why babies never talk.  
When we asked why?  
they told us to wait till we have grey hairs,  
But the cultures and traditions they never fail to paased them to us with smiles.  
Great and mighty they were,  
My forefathers, who once matched the Nkporo sand to the south south for war.  
Defeated and conquered the Iboms.  
Now i matched them as i walked,  
The soil i matched were my forefathers

Death had feasted on them and they turn to mud which in past, my forefathers  
know not matches but they made fire,  
Healthy were they in their little world of hope.  
Now they are gone, wisdom gone.  
Sickness hastened by as good health escape  
Centuries passed by when i've seen my forefathers last.

john chizoba vincent



# My Heart

MY HEART

Late in the night,  
My heart beat for someone  
But the walls of my  
Room separate us  
Day return her face to my heart.

john chizoba vincent

# My Heart Smile To You

Fear not for i holds you in my heart  
I was not bought but was made  
In the perfection of the image of the maker  
My heart smile to you all for your good wishes  
You sang melodiously to me in tribulation  
To calm my dying soul which seek help.  
I won't forget your kindness in the dark  
But your warmth enduring smiles will last  
Forever in my smiling heart of hope.  
Tell Ugonma, i am doing good now  
She is not a deceiver all i know  
To Ugochinyere, for holding my pen  
THose times i dosed off on the table in the night  
Tell Nnamdi, i forget not his tales and poems  
My ears are dying to listen again without pain  
Mother was there when the dreams were slippery  
Away but she made my heart smiled again  
Thanks to the great beholders of pen  
They inspired me dawn and dusk in their books  
Acknowledgement so long i wrote in absence of gut  
Inspire my orders in the dawn not revised motion  
Skeletal wishes from the immovable heart of a queen  
To Ranyinudo, for guiding my thoughts to book  
I won't forget the whispering of that lonely queen

She sang to me and showed me what love means to her  
To the people-of-Extra-ordinary- talents(POET) warm wishes  
Embraces to Mccoy, who slept every day with the manuscript  
Kisses have i sent to father for his moral support  
My sister showed me what womanhood stood for, grace to her  
My brother danced day and night to see me through  
My heart smiles to you all for your kind gesture  
Register your good deeds in your heart  
some are registered in my palms for rewards  
I wished for my wish to become a wish come true  
So to increase your worth and value  
Say me well to Nwayibe, i hold her  
Tight in my heart but my erudite pen will fail me in honouring you here.  
TO Ifeanyi, i love your courage

TO Mbanefu, i promise never disappointing  
Disgrace not fear but handle him with care.  
To chimaobim, I am becoming a great writer.  
To Ifesinachi, thanks for teaching me how to hold pen  
John chizoba vincent cares, i cares for you all  
To ifedayo, i promise to beat the drum louder.  
To my ancestral home, i will write about  
You when the world recognizes my voice  
To my humble friend, the pen, i hold you high above all  
My image maker, God, i love you above all  
My photocopy, mother, i missed your love

To my carbon copy, father i am doing just fine.  
My humble heart smile to you all.

©John chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# My Last Wish

When my eyes closes  
And the black and white colour gone,  
Let not your tears fall but, let verses of words be written to send my soul to its  
home.

When my legs could not move again and  
The blood within has frozen,  
Do not let out a deep scream but seal my soul  
With a bleeding words that can not be uttered by any tongue.

When my face goes up and my mouth closes  
Invite no professional mourners, but call out  
The Ohafia maidens and the Nkporo queens  
Let them pain my side with a broken verses of poetry  
Sing a tattered song that could not be chorused.

When a history without pages is written of me,  
A dirge accompanied with a whitish sorrow,  
Write off the part of me that is in your heart.  
Wipe away my name which you say with a hidden  
Tears in your sold eyes.

When the children could not come close  
To the log of wood laid face up and back down,  
Let none dance from their hearts for me;  
For a poet knows his true value when he dies.  
Let no grave be dung, let no coffin be bought,  
Just put me on the surface of the sinful earth  
Let me rot and join others to rejoice.

Flower my side with written poetry,  
A spoken words sung by sick poets;

For only a sick poet knows the heart of the dead.  
Finger my head with penned emotions,  
Caress my frozen brain with a skeletal feelings;  
Do not mourn for me, no, do not morn at all.

When the world becomes silent behind me.  
A dark image covered my future,  
Know you that I am not dead but alive in spirit.  
Do not weep for me; for a poet is better in death.  
Do not put me in the fridge like a fish, I am not a fish,  
No rites should be done, just leave me to go,  
Miss me but let me go.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# My Life Has A Price

My life has a price to pay.  
A price of dignity and honest to my people,  
For my people to succeed  
In all my endeavor in life  
Let them be pleased with their lives.  
I will gather up their love and dreams  
promising not to defile their ambitions  
where kindness may abide.

my life worth more than thousand naira.  
It worth more than bribery and corruption.  
It stand to fight for the right and liberty of my people.  
My life has a price to pay  
To the satisfaction of my people  
here and there After.

john chizoba vincent

# My Living Day Light

You are my living day light,  
The light of my soul through  
Which I see the world around me,  
You are the salt of my world  
Which add taste to my world.

I hand over the storm to you  
Help restructure who I am,  
Forever they said was yesterday  
In our yesterday's eyes,  
With tomorrow's eyes we shall see  
Tomorrow of our pretty future.

You are my living day light,  
Tend the forest of my being  
To bring forth fruits of love,  
Then shall I pronounce your name, Ifunnaya,  
To the stars and the moon shall transmit  
My song to the beaming sun.

I will claim you after the Rain, Obim,  
You are my living day light;  
Without you I cannot see the world.  
Guild me to see through your innocent eyes, Ifunnayam,  
When you are away, my light dies,  
When you are away, darkness covers my soul.

Do not leave me again to the other side  
Of the world where darkness interprets the echoes of hatred and fears to the  
birds of the air.  
Teach me happiness and peace of life  
With your smile which reflect me.

john chizoba vincent

# My Maker Liveth

MY MAKER LIVETH

Though the curtain may blab behind my back,  
Though the window may mock my being,  
Though the earth may undergo changes;  
Who am I not to give you all the praise?  
I am but nothing in your eyes, but you are mindful  
Of me, my existence.

When am rejected by my kind,  
You stood by me saying that thy  
Handiwork would you not permit to rot.  
Unto you my maker my soul please to exalt,  
Unto you my God, do I render all my praises  
My maker is alive because he made me,  
And never would thy hand made spoil.

My creator is the God of widows,  
My redeemer is the God of the oppressed,  
My God is the God of fire and thunder  
My maker and thy creator is alive for he  
Would not make my feet stumble and fall.  
Even though the earth undergo changes,  
He is able to keep me and you.

Even though the oceans roar upon me,  
He that guided the israelite shall keep me.  
The lord of Lords is his name, the pride  
Of Jacob is his name; the lord of the host  
Is his name, the lily of the valley is his name.  
Those who wait upon him shall be strong and do  
Exploit, my God liveth and he is not dead.  
My God is not dead, he is alive.

john chizoba vincent



# My Master

My master send his greetings to you all,  
My master wish to love all but none wish  
To love him in return so his tale is fatal.

My master is a drunkard like the drunks,  
No wonder his lover and mistress left him  
Now he is learning to love again and again.

My master outlined a path in his dream,  
The path now becomes a nightmare in disguise  
Now he need grasses to fill in the evil path.

My Master is the sun that shines at homes  
But he has no son in his humble home,  
Many children mock him day and night.

If I tell you gently, gently of my master  
Maybe you will become his master because  
Ignorance lives in his housed brain to kill him.

My master never smile while on duty,  
He wants to die cultivating Cassava and Yam  
But during harvest, he makes nothing out of the farm.

My Master eats with his five fingers in his mouth,  
Very greedy and cunning he is but he is not  
As smart as his servants who cheat him always.

My Master makes a million promises under trees  
But in time of fulfilment his chameleon  
Changes colour and he fail his promises.

My Master lives in heavens among the Angel  
But the pains of the earth hunt and haunt him  
His heart dies outside the heaven haven.

My Master made the car he parked at home,  
He doesn't know how to drive the car he made,  
What a life tragedies to a most beloved Master.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# My Memories Never Fail

In my baby diaper i sang  
Then motherly songs never slang  
Lullaby welcomes me home meekly  
In me lies hope boldly  
But i still remain a child in the gang

john chizoba vincent

# My Mother Is Full Of Kisses

MY MOTHER IS FULL OF KISSES

When she gave birth to me, she welcomed  
Me with kisses on my lips, cheek and body.  
She gives me a kiss when I make Her proud in the Public eyes.  
A kiss when I wake up in the morning;  
A kiss when I go to bed.  
A kiss when i burn my fingers and cry;  
A kiss when I bump my head and weep.  
A kiss when my bath is over  
A kiss when I appreciate her dimples  
A kiss When I tells her she cooks well  
A kiss when she sees my report card  
A kiss when I eat her food and smile  
A kiss when I tell her 'Mummy I love you'  
A kiss on my birthday, a kiss on a shopping  
A kiss when the world clashes on me  
A kiss under the life preasure,  
Though I may be an adult, but I am not  
in mother's eyes, even in my wife's face  
She always leave a rewarding kisses on  
My face through her smiling lips.  
The sea is blue, The grass is green  
The sun is yellow, The Sky is blue  
But mother's kisses are as white as the snow  
My mother is as full of kisses  
As a teacher is full of books

john chizoba vincent

# My Mother Is My Hero

Glance into the world through mother' eyes  
Just as though time were gone; and  
Every crook will become straight to you.  
Tears shade for self are tears of weakness  
But tears shade for others are a sign of strength.  
Mother, my tears are for you this day,  
ADANNEYA!

The only greatest thing ever happens  
To me is that I have a caring mother  
Who knows where and when it hurt men,  
In the darkest. Chamber of the odd night.  
She is the golden jewel that never worn out,  
A breathe that brings life,  
EGODIYA!

She is the moon that brighten my night,  
The eyes that sees through my eyes,  
It is natural to die as to be born by mothers.  
It is impossible to love and to be wise,  
Mother is the stone that never move  
But the water nourished it as its sit by its shore,  
ORIAKU!

Note her words for they are life to the hearer,  
The woman of the East whose smiles calm the storm of life.  
Mother is my hero, my hero is my mother, the maker of my tomorrow,  
ADAUGO!

The only person in charge of the little me,  
There won't be the me in me without her.  
When others backoff where it hurts  
She stands up for you behind the storm,  
ERINMA!

When no one believes me,  
She looks into my eyes and believed.  
When no one love, she loved me  
She is the only hero made for me

In the beginning of the world,  
AKWAUGO!

The only one who could face the sun for my sake  
The only one who could kindle the burning fire for me,  
The maker of my smiles, my mother is my hero,  
NWAYIBUIFE!

john chizoba vincent

# My Mother Once Told Me

My mother once told me of my root  
She told me why the He goat smell  
Why my ancestral home was not  
Pull down by the then monsters  
Her first love at the eve of her making.  
How they played under the rain naked  
In those stone age when the earth has no sin.  
They romanced the clay soil in the village square  
Screen saved their names in the face of the sky.  
They built castles in the field where demons trended  
Where they could live and tell each other love stories.  
The rumor mongers came but were ashamed  
To see them cherished themselves after they ravaged  
Their relationship before the villagers eyes.  
The clapping of the birds and their songs  
Were the drives which kept them soaring.  
She told me of my village- Nkporo.  
The maidens who came from Elughu with their  
Heads down in appreciation to her bravery.  
Those who fought and stood against women paying tax at Aba.  
The story of the dancing trees at the village forest  
Where her father was killed before her eyes.  
By the Ohafians warriors yet Nkporo never stand up  
To fight for the innocent blood murdered with a white hands filled with guilt.  
She wasnt Nasty then but trying to grown her  
Emotions to accet the fact that nature had made it  
To be so in her eyes.  
Upon all that she said, dreams were found resting in the wardrobe of her heart  
TO make life a bed of roses to her children.

john chizoba vincent

# My Muse Got Me Thinking

When would this country be well again?  
When would Nigeria be good again?  
Who is against us or for us here in Nigeria?  
When would our democracy speak for us?  
When would you and me learn not to trust?  
My Muse got me thinking under the rain.

I like crying under the rain in this country  
So that no one sees my bitter tears in flight.  
They made us who we are yet, they blame us.  
Is there no Moses among Nigerian leaders?  
Is there no Debora among us here in the land?  
Is there nobody like Joshua among our countrymen?

Are you sure that we are in a democratic  
system of government in this sinful land?  
Where is the alleged eight hundred billion dollars embezzled in the space of Eight  
years; eight years of shinning white teeth by the same people?  
Is there anyone like Joseph in this lost Country?

Poets, are you writing for this corruption or for love?  
Wole, Gabriel, Ken, Chris, Chinue, and femi, all did  
It when the military government was a terror to them in their land.  
We can do it better than them all, my beloved poets.  
Man up! man up writing is not for the weak brains!  
Let's create a conducive atmosphere for us all,  
If you don't do it, your children will suffer it, man up.

My Muse got me thinking in the dark  
Of the fifty thousand workers sacked at Abuja.  
The Chibok girls they deceived us with,  
The Boko harem they kill us with everyday.  
What are you writing about, love or Corruption?



Man up poets in Nigeria, let's take territories!  
We can make it to the promise land, remember  
we are bigger than the government itself.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# My Pen

My pen still speaks of their eyes;  
That eyes that shoot like an arrow  
Killing many whose voice are weak.  
They plunge our pride under the rain,  
Beat up the little glory we are made to see;  
Then, leave us helpless in the gloomy street.

My pen still speaks of my people  
Who are tortured and violated,  
Nothing is remain of them, nothing!  
All weeping in the same corner with  
The same strips on their back wailing.

We shall not die, we proclaim,  
But we see death face to face with us.  
All eyes on the decks means not the work is going,  
The beaming of the beckoning morning is darkness.  
We are shot out of the world and nothing,  
Nothing is done to retrieve our spirit from doom.

My pen still speak of those blood at Wuse  
My pen still speaks of those skulls at Borno,  
My pen still speak of tribalism and rape.  
My pen still speak of Discrimination and hatred.  
Yes It still speak!  
The rape  
The abuse  
Child trafficking  
Homosexualism  
That ravage our honourable country to doom.

My pen still laugh like yesterday  
In the eve of Christmas when we all  
Gathered between mother's legs to sing.  
But all had gone and now we see pains ripping us apart that is why my pen is  
bereaved.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# My Pen Still Speaks

MY PEN STILL SPEAKS

My pen still rumbles behind  
Fixing those emotions corrupted  
By animals in the house of hope  
I will keep coming into the move  
Never take my absence for a while  
As I have gone but see it as downstudies  
My pen still sing to unveil their evils  
It still speaking more and more  
Just more time is need to break through.

john chizoba vincent

# My People, My Love

Can oil be separated from water?  
Can a mountain be separated from the ground?  
Who can drain all the water in the oceans?  
I would never forget my root, my beginning  
I am bound to this land by blood  
My people are my love  
Upon the mountains and valley i would fight  
For their liberty and right  
Although many may despise me in the long run  
But i care not because they belong to me  
Even if there is no money, i will work  
According to the old song, 'Igwebuiké'  
He that has people has strength and power  
My people are my love  
May amadioha protect them  
We dance in happiness when our Chi remember us  
We dance together in happiness  
Measure our joy with our footsteps  
I would let go of the past history  
Restructure the fallen mountains then  
Welcome development in their lives  
Because my people are my love.

john chizoba vincent

# My Poem, Our Poems

When the sky shall cry soon,  
your head shall be the dwelling place  
of its tears of shame and lame.  
I will help to sing this cracking song,  
an unbelievable old fashioned tone,  
a jazz tone of Fela Anikulapo,  
Nigeria shall be the theme of my tone,  
we will not clothe corruption again.  
My poem, our poems shall stand  
to unveil those political animals  
with palms written with greed.  
In the basket of illusion have they  
deceived us and made us insane,  
our eyes, a beach of salty pains,  
tears comes to play randomly.  
My poem, our poems shall have  
hands to get this uneased land rest.  
Poets are not myopic in nature!  
Do not trade with our senses!  
Whole Soyinka dreamed of conquering  
but failed at his teething words.  
For boys of tomorrow we taught  
how to guide their tomorrow.  
My brothers in arms and words,  
My sisters in wordwar three,  
be armed with your armours.  
Freedom one day shall be ours!  
From political imposition we'll rise,  
Poetry a mightier weapon of warfare.  
Man up men and women of words!  
Man up sisters and brothers in wordwar!  
A triumphal medal is in front!  
Of womanhood, we'll journey,  
Of manhood, we'll stand firm.  
Advance towards corruption!  
Man your words and kill!  
War for human right  
War for tomorrow,  
War for freedom from bad leaders!

We are not cattle to be slaughtered,  
let them know we have blood flowing,  
a speaking blood than Abel's.  
Tomorrow we shall not hang our towels  
on the surface of the sea to dry quick.  
We have a dream to rewrite Nigeria,  
so, man up brothers and sisters of wordwar  
let's save Nigeria and purge her sins away.  
A saint is not without a sin, a saint  
is one with a sin and knew he has a sin.  
Man up let's save our fatherland.  
Nigeria died yesterday when we stopped  
sounding the drums with our mouths.  
Nigeria is gone into abyss  
we could take another route to  
resurrect our land-  
Man up brothers and sisters of words  
tomorrow is in our hands.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# My Pretty Good Hen

MY PRETTY GOOD HEN

Higglety pigglety, hummblety, Lovvlety

My black pretty good hen

She lays eggs For gentlemen

Higglety, pigglety

My black pretty good hen

I have ten corn and some

Insect for you to peck for making me proud

Visit my humble home after the day's journey

There, I will show you What I have for you.

john chizoba vincent



# My Son

The bleeding of my eyes cannot  
be over emphasis as the a weakness of my heart.  
i have been brave thousand times to stop the  
black sky from darken my heart, yet my  
braveness was sold in penny days ago in public.  
Your father has sold his soul to the bar  
where his father refused to accept defeat thousand times.  
My son, mother is weeping as my pen is bleeding.  
the Debts has accumulated in a very high rate  
And your sisters have returned from school with their back  
on the back of the house weeping like weepers  
Yet, all the burdens and the cross of this home  
are rested upon my shoulder to bear in pains.  
Things has fallen apart and mother aren't happy.  
the tuberculosis has began his romance on your father  
After the last taste of palm wine he had last time  
And i don't relish the prospect of getting him treated  
All the time he would go back again with drinking.  
I am not writing to ask you of money as you may think  
But for you to come home to murder the madness  
Created by his mad attitude in the midst of madness of the day.  
Son, remembering where we started before the dark cloud  
Where mankind eyes divided our dreams of perfections.  
I saw the show and reflection of our difference in you  
Knowing in your presence my hunger for love would  
Be banished and my murdered tomorrow received love  
in the eyes of those who laughed at me.  
Mbajakuwas here yesterday with a clapping lips.  
Clocking the tress in the compound with his words  
But i told him of your fathers madness and he hurt me.  
Son, they made me a monster of loneliness  
The day i and your father became strangers.  
Your father is no longer receiving treatment because all  
That i have saved is gone.  
My life, a divided of two by two  
without a resounding adjective to qualify the nouns.  
Son, i am broken in pieces!  
Mother is dying in silence as if she has no one  
to console her in this dark side.

come home son before your sisters are sold to get  
Your father treated as planned by your uncles.  
I will be waiting under the tree where you grew up to welcome you.

YOur mother.

john chizoba vincent

# My Wish To The World

This is my wish to the world,  
Let the boys and girls be happy  
Let there be peace and harmony  
And the air fill with a joyful noise,  
Broken hearts find hope and future  
Sound of war and inflation meltdown;  
Light lifted up and it shines brighter and  
Earthquake, mayham and economic crises cease.;  
We are here for all of us in the world.

john chizoba vincent

# My Word To You

## MY WORDS TO YOU

Tend the farm for the adaptable  
Of the smiling priceless Vegetable  
Teeth your heart in understandable  
For my emotional feeling is uncountable  
Here in my dying heart would I table  
The price which is not affordable  
My spirit man's work is unimaginable  
But I loose to make it available  
Move it to the spirit and be lightable  
Body which is not Re-writable.  
The gift can not be awardable  
Yet, it could be seen in a movable  
Road where the gospel is not preachable.  
I will make thee Queen-able  
Whom mote will be unable  
To be heavenly dictable.  
Make it an honest unquestionable  
Act which is eviable not eatable  
For my words to you are hear- able

john chizoba vincent

# Mystery

I asked mother,  
&quot;who is a woman? &quot;  
She said,  
&quot;a woman is a country that  
Brings forth many colourful nations  
and states, unable to explore by all&quot;  
Then,  
I looked into her eyes  
Searching through for who a man is.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Naked Not Ashame

My words are naked but I'm not ashamed of it,  
My words bleed on its body but I am not ashamed  
Of it because, I write for the thorns in my backyard.  
I can't be ashamed to write for the helpless, the rejected, the motherless, the  
fatherless, orphans and  
Those seeking for husband or wife in the society.  
So, if you see my unclothed words do not be surprise.

If you see me in the street without clothes,  
Don't laugh at me without your mouth and teeth.  
If you see me in the farmland and you see no pant on me;  
Don't mock me because that is what I choose to be.  
Don't close your eyes because of my nakedness  
I am not ashamed of being who I am for my people.

I sold my soul to the weeds at my back yard,  
The voiceless did I not forget in a hurry, no I have not!  
I am to my people what book is to a teacher,  
I am to them what medicine is to patients.  
Though naked I am not ashamed of that, NO!

In the street my people are spread out in disarray,  
The leaders has done them wrong, beat them to coma.  
Many scars are left on their bodies to witness the dirties of the sinful sky barking  
at their agonies.  
Looted and exploited without any help to come.  
They now become the dregs of the street, the homeless, and the weak left to  
perish in the society.

If the story of their suffering be told to the moon,

To the stars, to the sun, to the air; and the sand,  
Let it be known to them that there is a writer among them.  
Not a silent writer but one whose nakedness had been  
Revealed to the world for the freedom of his people.  
The one whose hand is mighty to revolt,  
The one whose legs walk on every thorns of evil.  
I am naked for my people but not ashamed of that.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved '16

john chizoba vincent

# Naked Sin

Ignorance is the night of the mind,  
It is a night without moon and star.  
Everything has its beauty but not  
Everyone can see the beauty thereof,  
Men' nature are alike, it is their habits  
That carry them far apart from who they are.  
The kettle has abandoned me in the dark Night,  
The pot sees my fault and back off from me.  
I am only a lonely woman with no body,  
Who could believe I was abandoned for my own mistake?  
Who could understand that my dirtiness chased my husband away from the  
homestead?  
Now, he is in the arms of another woman,  
A woman whose body is as white as the snow,  
Who has no blemish nor an unpleasant aroma under her armpit;  
If you see my husband in the field the elders,  
Tell. Him to come home because I have changed.  
Tell him that Erinma has taken a new leaf,  
I have studied my past to define my future.  
What the superior man seek is in himself but  
What the small man seek is in others,  
Tell him to come home I have changed.

john chizoba vincent



# Names

## NAMES

Everyone has one  
And it has a meaning  
To the life of the beholder;  
And to his fate and destiny.  
He is answerable To that name,  
Whether good or bad, he will.  
Many parents watch before they give  
A child name because names are spirit.  
Names are very symbolic to Africans,  
Names differentiate one from another;  
It uphold one's integrity and values.  
Many never allow their names get stained,  
Many have stain their names with evil.  
Many protect their names more than their lives  
Because it lives a thousand years after they are gone.  
A good name is better than wealth and money,  
Africans value names with meanings,  
We don't answer 'SALT and PEPPER'  
Because it is against our culture and tradition.  
Africans bear 'KAMBILI, TEMITOPE, IFUNANYA and others because it add values  
to our tradition.  
Lots of laughter and success come from our name,  
Everyone has one name and it has Meaning.  
What name do you bear?

(C) JCV

#afternoon thought

# God bless my hustle

john chizoba vincent

# Natre Was Blind

Have you ask the sun of her pain  
that gathered the rain towards heaven?  
Have you ask her if she actually shine?  
Have you ask her that stupid question?  
Nature was blind when all was created.

If he was not blind, he won't have created  
a sinful man clothed in an Abrahamic blessings.  
Tell the moon we are not surviving in pension  
in this world filled with honest sweet tensions,  
We are filled with clocked unlimited choices.

Just let the breeze go down south now,  
at least to give us a listening ears to hear.  
Tell nature that he was blind when he created  
Man, if not he won't have created a selfish man  
whose ego is as high as everest yet, he sees it not.

Yes, nature was blind when he made all,  
The homeless man, the rootless land and illed us.  
Our minds wandering here and there  
terrorizing peaceful minds with an inkful eyes,  
Tell nature that he was blind and cruel to the earth.

I may have nothing to offer to your soul  
but I can offer you sweet tears and bitter blood.  
Life has been crazy and cruel to spun around  
half a century of it sucks more bitterly now,  
I am too busy to believe the tale they tell but  
hear this: nature was to have made all thing imperfect.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Nature Of Man

Man is dust and clay;  
So, why carry yourself like a god?  
Man today, dust tomorrow,  
Why gather all wealth greedily?

Man is dust and clay;  
Why carry yourself like a god?  
Man is worthless under the sun,  
Why do we kill each other selfishly?

Man is dust and clay;  
Why carry yourself up like a Demi god?  
Grasses worth much more than us  
Because they suffer today and rise tomorrow?

Man is dust and clay;  
Why carry yourself like a Demi god?  
Do not put your trust in a mortal man  
They will fail you in the rising of your prime.

Man is dust and clay;  
So, why carry yourself like a demi god?  
Man's achievement and activities are evil  
Under the sun, yet, they are proud animals.

Man is dust and clay;  
So, why carry yourself like a Demi god?  
Man's wisdom wouldn't save him soonest  
Why acquire them to destroy yourself.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

## Nested Sorrow.

Tell mother I am but a girlchild  
I am not yet a woman to be married.  
let me not write this sorrow that  
men would see and cry tomorrow,  
Let them not paint a scary picture today.

Tell father I am too young for this,  
tell him my waistbeads snapped  
at the market place yesterday  
because they made the day dark  
with double edged deceit of their heart.

I will work heavily to pay for his debt,  
Marriage is not an option for me.  
Let him hide his stupidity from the  
watchful world's tongues from lynching  
at his weakness and fable arrogance.

Ogbuefi has no love in his eyes,  
I won't be the eleventh wife, father!  
I won't be able to bear the pains of  
his manhood when we sing together  
on the sinful bed he made as a miser.

Mother! I want to go back to school.  
I want to see what the walls have for me,  
I want freedom to explore womanhood  
not a man always seen at the city gate  
telling tomorrow how ugly he wants it to be.

Take my Pleas to Ogbuefi's court,  
I will work in the farm to pay Father's debt  
for life jewelries lie in choices we make,  
It is not left in the wishful stare of our minds.  
My heart carries a comb of fire to excel.

I will be fine without him in my life.  
I don't want the moon to be a witness  
to my leaving from his cruel home,  
I want the sun's companionship as i  
come back to share with the meatless meal.

A new song is here which is strange  
to my tongue of hope and dreams.  
I don't want to sing along with the women,  
Ogbuefi is a beast to them all, mother!  
Falling in love with him is a nested sorrow.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# News From Home

I write in perfect silent keeping the rain  
From touching the ground  
Return home brother to fill the vacuum  
Left in my hands which am not worthy to fill  
The sand thirst to feel your presence  
The stream we once swam missed you  
They rumbled at me my last visit  
I supposed they were asking of you.  
desperate men with no fear now walk pass  
Our native compound with wagging mouth  
And accusation fingers pointing directly at us  
They were silent men when papa was alive  
Return home, lets feast together the sorrow  
Papa left behind for i alone can't behold the raging lions  
Papa is died, he fell from the palm tree  
at the backyard, when mother heard about that  
She collapsed.  
the palm trees we both planted at the back  
Of the kitchen had been down by the clan  
the mound hut we built was brought down  
by a mighty wind some days ago  
In fact the rain rendered them homeless not hopeless  
UChechi died of ebola virus, during her traditional rites  
the percel of land that papa showed us years back  
Wa now in Uncle Ude's care and mother his property  
He claimed it at papa's funeral rites  
The moon shine no more in the community  
After the chief priest violated the law  
He raped Omalicha daughter of OGBazua to Coma  
We saw our forefathers in the land, they came angrily  
The gods also visited in human form, rolling and  
Crawling towards Njaba market in the northern part  
thanks to your Chi you escaped the wrath  
Of the gods while in prison  
I wish i was in your shoes but your shoes  
I was afraid of then is better than mine now  
Come home brother, for Isioma they claimed you killed  
Had resurrected in his father's farmland.  
i think he came home smiling after some

months you were convicted  
i would be waiting by the door side  
mother had cleaned your bedroom and parlor  
she wait day and night at the door post  
come home brother let us at sound the war drum  
together for fight to finish

john chizoba vincent



# Nigeria Has Gone Mad Again

The nuts had been cracked, all nuggetting towards the street,  
Many women are seen fighting in the market place,  
1983 history repeating itself in a bloody combat.  
All the alliances loosed at the sighting sight of a Buharified disposition in an  
unprepared change.  
Poverty and unemployment as graduates' license,  
Hunger raping the stomach of many masses publicly.

Negro Senators shot blanket eyes at fellows,  
Ground prepared as a battlefield for bulleted words;  
Alas! Nigeria is naked and no clothes to cover her.  
Black innocent blood drizzles like dews in morning,  
Avengers here whilst the Bocos slice souls like yam!  
Alas! We're buharified in a buharificated change,  
Our fearful eyes osibanated with a yemified tears  
At the decorated mad country painted by our elders.

Toh! Another woman beheaded by the cows,  
raze racism aflamed in religious secular circles,  
Another macsare at the food basket of the nation.  
Lol! Butchered atmosphere hurriedly claiming the sense of many who claimed to  
have dined with God.  
Nigeria has gone mad again,1983 repeating itself!  
Have you forgotten about our father's prophecy?  
Have you forgotten Fela with his cow on suits?

I have seen a woman whose garment is rot of rags  
Dancing in the street whilst her children watched joyfully cuddling deceit in their  
old sack!  
The weight in her wait weigh more than insanity!  
In high climax, her breath is stifled in suspense.  
The thorns have been planted in every lips to close,  
We are buried in a living silence by the righteous leaders; alas! No more farmers  
but famine here.

The oil has gone bankrupt with the representaTHIEVEs fonding lies with old lyrics,  
Corruption dinning at every corner of the street;  
Oh! We're buharified with a buharificated change  
While sultry sand mock our feet at the sight of the youths suffer and die silently in their tents.  
Boom! Boom! ! Boom! ! We hear every day as if we are in the military regime, truly we're buharified.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Has Gone Mad Again 2

The yam was divided into four slices by nature,  
But the whole was given to the cows by the whites  
and the sheep neglected in the drain of lacks.  
There was never unity in the buharificated land;  
never was there any connected bridged love for all,  
All dances alone in their different attired culture.

Now insanity sounds every nook and crannies,  
Mountaining high confusion among our eyes;  
Nigeria has gone mad within the space of freedom,  
The features of the sky shoots an arrow that  
Buttress our hope into a slamming boom shot,  
Fifty six donkey years of non-improvement  
Yet, the leaders still paint a scary chameleon  
Colours to deceive those who call them Abba father.

Crazy jagabanised hands clapping,  
APCified moon-less people cheering,  
Buharified music playing deceitfully  
Uncommon feet tapping joyfully  
Hidden open skirt twirling whilst  
Children watching blood gushing  
Toddlers crying without lips  
Adults laughing and chatting without  
Minding those things fallen apart  
Heart racing as hands of clock are aching  
Madam President on a journey to China,  
Age rising speedily towards 2019  
The mad woman is just there; standing there  
Her body clanking with obvious pains;  
Is this the change promised after 1983?

Mr Senator insulted, the masses went on protest,  
A preacher killed at the north, nothing was done,  
All Christians playing save in their covens waiting for the coming of their king  
whilst their neighbours carry guns to massacre their faith, is that not

madness of Christianity?

What did madam President said about the killings?

Are we still in unity or divided just like the yam?

Nigerians has gone weird fighting the landlord instead of the tenant who invaded into the house without notice.

What is then the way forward to cure our mother of this madness?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Nigeria Of My Dream 1

Nigeria of my dreams

Where the air moans no more,

Where men love and care for each other.

Those who are involved in fraud, theft, murder

And arson or mislead of any form shall be dealt with.

The voice of the voiceless shall be heard clearly,

And the weak shall be strong.

Nigeria of my dreams,

Where Gold and silver shall be for the monkeys

And the beggars control the black water.

The poor shall be rich and the richer shall be reduced equally.

Smugglers shall have no bread to eat

And their barn shall be empty.

the contraband goods shall be restricted.

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Of My Dream 2

Nigeria of my dreams,  
Where the tortoise shall have a hand shake with the elephants,  
The lions salute the fowls and the lizard.  
Wolves the goats shall dine together in peace.  
Pseudo democrat rewarded in their own coins  
And justice shall reign like water within and outside the country.  
Nigeria of my dreams,  
Where the youths shall have their say any time any day,  
They shall be the leaders of tomorrow.  
Where poverty shall become an old song among the idle hands  
And the currency shall be seen in the gutters all over the place. the national cake  
shall be shared among the beggars.

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Of My Dream 3

Nigeria of my dreams,  
Where there will be no money embezzlement  
Bribery and corruption shall be no more,  
Shading of innocent blood shall ceased and people cry no more.  
The sky bear our hands and the moon smile to us,  
There shall be freedom of movement and the right to speak.  
School children shall go on scholarship  
Unemployment graduate secure jobs.  
Political crisis, our children hear no more.  
Food shall be abundant to the masses,  
And we speak with one voice.  
The flag colours shall stand for its meaning.  
The blind shall no longer see what is happening in the country  
And universities strike shall no more be an annual feast.  
Nigeria shall become home of peace for all.

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Of My Dream 4

Nigeria of my dreams,  
Where the giants are challenged by the dwarfs  
And the flowers shall be given freedom.  
Dreams of the toddlers shall not be shattered away.  
Each day will never sweat our bodies dry and  
Flies will never cling on our back.  
The sun fierce and scorching, shall be warm,  
There shall be no more burning of the heat of the day.  
No more the dread of the hungry wolves  
But only stories of valour on a fruitful land.  
There shall be constant light, good roads, pipe borne water.  
And the pretenders shall express love to their humble land.  
Advance fee fraudsters shall repent,  
Hunger shall never dwell in the street.  
Nigeria of my dreams,  
Where Hopes shall be seen in the mirrors educational sectors resurrected.  
O, when look at the leadership of Nigeria,  
All i can see is leaders that are hungry for power,  
Eager to kill to retain power, Epileptic And constant  
Privatization of energy and hoodlums of salvaging our oil.  
They shall be no more.

john chizoba vincent



# Nigeria Of My Dream 5

Nigeria of my dream

Where those idiotic politician looting of our economy shall look back

Independent celebrate in happiness.

Nigeria of proud heroes in ancestral savannah.

Nigeria of whom my grandfathers sings

O the bitter memories of extorted glory

Of promise broken at the point of a gun.

Spring will be reborn under our bright steps.

O Nigeria of my dream,

where the rich will help the poor.

Criminals find job other than stealing.

We will dance to the song of victory and the flag

Shall wave with us in merriment.

We shall speak through our spirit and every one understand.

Where the iroko tree shall shield us from the sun

On unity we shall love

Our ancestors heaved with happiness watching us in peace.

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Of My Dream 6

Nigeria of my dream

Where brothers shall kill not his brother.

The green snake under the green grass reveal,  
Smiles welcome us to their domain.

To those who fatten themselves on murder  
And measure the stage of their reign by corpse  
Ambassador of poverty they are,  
They shall find no peace.

Nigeria of my dream

Where death claim us not through sickness

The green leaves feed us in good health.

Kidnappers shall bring back lost brothers.

Teachers salary heavily paid.

Nigeria of my dream

where starvation will be the thing of the past

Election will never be rigged but win on merit.

Government make provision for the idle hands.

john chizoba vincent

# Nigeria Of My Dream 7

Nigeria of my dream  
Where citizens shall work selflessness to improve the country.  
Our dance steps shall not be counted by others,  
Citizens will be ready to die for their country.  
The law makers shall abide by the law.  
Police shall be our friend and enemy  
Friend, to defend us from evil,  
Enemy, to punish us when we go against the law.  
Nigeria of my dream,  
Where the scream of up NEPA will ceased.  
World class hospital shall in the heart of nigeria  
Could it be possible?  
Hope, hope, i said hope and faith.  
Prostitution on the street shall stop.  
The legislature become a watchdog to the judiciary,  
and the Judiciary a watchdog to the executives.  
The press shall be given freedom  
And the weak protected, make stronger.

john chizoba vincent

## Nigeria Of My Dream 8

Nigeria of my dream  
Where justice shall prevail.  
The wind stop tossing things in havoc.  
Where strangers will not take over our land  
And the president shall be sincere.  
Nigeria of my dream  
Where men will hate sin and embrace righteous.  
The sea wont refuse to co operate with us  
And mountain will fall on on us not.  
The ground will refuse to swallow us because we are guiltless.  
Nigeria of my dream,  
Where men of integrity shall be honoured  
Woman right protected and secure.  
Coping with the demand of the patriarchal society that  
Encompasses us, and divided home struggling to be identify  
Ourselves in the midst of the leaders,  
Manipulating political ways shall stop.

john chizoba vincent

# Nigerians Song

When are we going to die?  
Would they kill us?  
How would they kill us?  
Who will kill us?  
When would they eventually kill us?  
Terrorist leave us alone  
Let us be in peace And harmony.  
First, it was the militant, then the bakassi and  
now the Boko Harem.  
We all need peace and harmony to live.  
These are compound complex problems  
Hang in the air in the country.  
When shall we be free from death by the terrorist?

john chizoba vincent

# Night Whisper

My love in the new moon  
sweet dreams in the night race  
I shall remain in your arms all noon  
Bury my emotions without being trace

The night whispers of love  
Not in a deaf ear  
We stand tall behind the stave  
Dancing along the rhymes we hear

Leave me not alone  
Your heart is my home  
I can't survive all alone  
But protect me until the end of Rome

I sold my soul to love you  
To the night whisper of our hearts  
Nothing matters better than you  
In you dwells my heart  
Hunger to taste the beam of your smiles  
I shall give you hope  
Not in a faraway miles  
But where you could cope  
The circumstances of life

Restructure the manpower within  
For in me the river dry not  
We knit our emotions in pain  
For it shall remain safe not rot

The night whispers of love  
Not in a deaf ear  
We stand tall behind the stave  
Dancing alone the rhymes we hear

john chizoba vincent

# Niyi Osundare Made Me

Niyi Osundare made me a star  
He built me with the remains of  
His brave ink before the Ikere  
Warriors on the Ekiti mountain,  
I am one of his brain child living.

.  
.  
Under his umbrella have I mastered  
and mixed my art of poetry unperfectly.  
Niyi Osundare made me, he made a star;  
a star that fear not those with a sugar coated  
tongues to slain those who are voiceless.

.  
.  
If you see him, tell him that I am still  
writing with those ink he deposited in me  
years back, those words he carved into me.  
I am now savouring the songs in my throat,  
With a drum whose mouth are numerous.

.  
.  
Niyi Osundare made me, Niyi carved me  
with a precious golden voices logically made.  
In his bosom lies my muse and his eyes mine,  
A telescope of my thought watered through an immaculate words of his temple  
and bravery.

.  
.  
He made the fire in my ink,  
He made the eyes of my eyes,  
Niyi Osundare made a precious me through his printed words which elevate souls  
righteously.  
I have eaten his beautiful yam once and was blessed.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Nkporo

Nkporo, my wonderful Nkporo,  
The land of great hills and mountains.  
Nkporo, my Nkporo, whom my mother dance of,  
Father died to protect you from the Iboms.  
I have not forsaken you because your  
Blood flows right in my veins.  
I inherited the unfaded black skin of your skin,  
The sweet sweat of your sweat have I not look down,  
Your blood shall not be shared among the wolves  
Neither shall your back suffer in pains again.  
Although bitter taste of undevelopment hurt you fiercely, but the cracking walls  
shall soon be repaired.  
The trembling red blemish of poverty and torture  
Shall be erased soon after we return home.  
Nkporo, my country home, weep not;  
Those trees along the road shall shield you,  
Those streams in their prime shall calm your  
Longing for attention.  
Then shall their whips be far from you, my love.  
We are coming with development to uphold you,  
The roses shall we make brighter.  
We shall comfort the dusty roads with black diamonds,  
The light shall be lifted up to shine in darkness.  
Nkporo, oh mother Nkporo, my love,  
The land of the rising sun;  
The tales of humiliation and underdevelopment shall  
Someday be no more when tomorrow comes.

john chizoba vincent

# Nkporo Nation

Nkporo nation, the land of goodness  
When is your turn to shine like others?  
Elughu is weeping in dusty environment;  
Obuofia is thirsty of water and none to give  
Ndi-agbo is sorrowful of lost dignity  
Amurie is gone in captivity of agony  
Etitama is gone in pains barking like a Dog  
Ndi nko is crying of abandoned amenities  
Agbaja is never seen at noon with others,  
Okwoko is never seen at dark with others.  
When shall you be remembere and the blemish  
From the whips on your back taken away?  
When is your. Turn to excel like others?  
We wait at the valley for hope and progress!

john chizoba vincent

# Nkporo Will Never Fall

Nporo empire will never fall apart.  
The great buffalo will never be separated.  
IT was through you bravery that you were named afted  
BY the Akwa iboms, as the great buffaloes.  
We will never let you down nor make you bereaved.  
your name would be sung by your children in  
Towns, villages, streams and in the market.  
It would be written in our lips and in our  
Right hands shall we uphold you day and night.  
Nkopro Amaka, Nkporo di uto, forever we sing.  
Eze aja may you reign forever.  
Our Ikoro would sound for peace not in pieces.  
The smoke shall rise up for joy not for evil.  
Nkporo okwe ndi oma & kwe nu.  
WE will always meet in peace and joy.  
None of your offspring shall be useless,  
None shall be barren nor stupid.  
YOU have given us a fertile land,  
Handsome children and pretty women,  
Why wont we adorn you with gold and silver?  
We will never fail you mother Nkporo,  
YOur four walls shall be strong fatherland.

john chizoba vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home 6

Life in Nkporo is very fun and appealing,  
There we play hide and seek with the girls.  
We rocked and rolled with boom boom rock lock.  
Dance Kpakpangolo-udume that stupid songs,  
We also sang Onye ga agba egwu with our  
Torn clothes and bare footed we walked about.  
During the moonlight, we listened to old tales  
Of Ndingba- the tortoise from old grand pa.  
And the trees smiled and the moon danced along in  
The Dirty water inside the rusty iron bucket  
Ignoring the shouts and noise of the children.  
Life was fun and appealing to us  
No one thought or remembered his past,  
and our stomach neither rumbled nor trembled.  
We sang with our spirit so high and cute.

john chizoba vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home 7

We sat by the road side, breaking palm kernels,  
Chasing the grass cutter in the afternoon and  
The squirrels in the morning when they came for food.  
Dance that stupid song of onye ma Echi  
Under the rain with our hair so brown  
Because it was Christmas and our brothers and  
sisters were at home rocking the deadly songs in the air.  
Then in the night, we set traps for the bush rats  
That visited grand pa's barn.  
When The ikoro sound, We hid because it signified Danger.  
Boom BOOm Kokokokooo came the sound and we looked for a hiding place.  
Truly we caused many havoc in the village breaking the rules.

john chizoba vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home 8

In the farm, we roasted yams and corn  
Sat face to face with those shy girls,  
With their legs tightly closed, smiling.  
History came and gone, so was our stories,  
Study of the old life, proud of those gone.  
We made the culture blossomed and leaved  
History going up down, up down in a sloppy manner.  
Poto-poto tata, the new rain drenched our innocent souls.  
Life was the coolest of all among us.  
twenty one year it was  
Whilst i went visit my home land  
and found out that all those things are gone.

john chizoba vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home 9

We climbed tress and played Okoso  
Went fishing in the streams with  
Hooks among the lethal weapons.  
Happiness in my land as we grew.  
things were not hard as we grew.  
We learned to think as a man as we grew.  
Forgetting the whirlwind of life and  
It rumbling thundering storm.  
When the goddess of the land  
Is offended during new yam festival we settle with her.  
So sweet a village, so sweet my home country Nkporo.  
Nkporo Amaka every one sing  
The people's paradise, home for all.  
Home for the homeless, voice for the voiceless.  
Nkporo Amaka, I am from that kind of hood where heroes are breed.

john chizoba vincent

# Nkporo: My Country Home.1

I would never forget that ancient call  
The cry of the babies, the smiles of the toddlers  
singing of the birds and the melodiously chipping of the insects  
In a beautiful land filled with milk and honey.  
A land of peace and harmony.  
Have you been to Nkporo before?  
A village adored with nice and kind people  
Very hospitality and dream oriented people.  
Nkporo- so nice a place to be  
With its cozy air and luxurious hills and mountains.  
And streams of glory dwells there in.  
She dwells in ohafia local government area,  
In the populous and magnificent state of Abia.  
God's own state, where heroes are breed.  
Where pretty woman with long hair and nose are seen only.  
You have not gone to any where if you have not visited Nkporo,  
the mighty buffaloes.  
So beautiful like the morning glory.

john chizoba vincent



## Nkporo: My Country Home.2

You trace my root from Nkporo  
Down in Isieke compound, in the family of John Ogbu Agwo.  
There I was born and nurtured to be a man.  
My love, this is the way to Nkporo.  
I will take you there and you dream of not returning  
because of their food and hospitality.  
Cultures and traditions.  
Nkporo Amaka, Nkporo amaka, every one says in high voices  
Nkporo is so good and welcoming.  
Their soils are fertile and the trees green  
So pure like the heart of a baby.  
Nkporo, a golden city of love and great achievement  
Caved out of profound glory and honour.

John Chizoba Vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home.3

Nkporo Okwe, the glory of all land,  
Where Eze Aja dwells and reign bravely.  
There John Ogbu agwo slain thousand soldiers  
and was lifted shoulder high triumphantly.  
Obodo man was also bred there with a silver spoon.  
A home of hope and transformation of goals.  
The loamy never fail at harvest,  
that is why you could witness a great new Yam festival  
Where tubers of yam like a woman lap is  
Used for sacrifice to the gods of Harvest.  
And the villagers in high spirit dancing Nzogbu -Nzogbu  
Glorifying the creator and their Chi for a bountiful harvest.

John Chizoba Vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home.4

Nkporons are known for removing that  
which is in their brother's eyes.

Have you come across a woman from Nkporo?

They are so pretty, and kind,  
very industrious and hardworking.

Their skin faded not and their smiles wake the sleeping earth.

Nkporo men are generous and powerful,

Both in bed and war.

They have slain thousand enemies, stood tall  
for the development of the village.

You could see them all over the world,

They have the heart of gold, development,  
and empowerment toward the betterment of Nigeria.

Ever one is welcome to the land.

We discriminate not nor do we behave selfishly  
like others do rather we come together with one heart of Nkporonism.

john chizoba vincent

## Nkporo: My Country Home.5

In the name of Nkporo i pledge  
To be faithful and honest towards  
Her development and upliftment.  
There i belong, my humble home.  
Nkporo Amaka, it is so good to be one of us.  
A land of hope and dreams.  
Nkporo Amaka, sweet to say  
NKporo is so good to live.

john chizoba vincent

# Nnem Amaka

NNEM AMAKA

Nnem amaka,  
Nnem bu udala mmicha,  
Ukwu nwanyi Owerri;  
O bu ihe madu nile na eri.  
Nnem bu ukwu nnu na mmanu anu.  
Ezigbo nwayi oma na ala ezigbo,  
Pino-pino nwa na ala igbo,  
ukpara na eti mmanwu.  
Obukwa kpakpandu elu igwe,  
Utara dachiri olu umuokoro ma ha  
Furu ya na anya nke ukwu.  
Nnem bu onwa na etiti na ala igbo,  
Osuofia ezigbo na ala Nkporo.  
Elu igwe nke ato ndi madu na  
Ele anya ka nwa nke chukwu.  
Nnem bu ude ocha, nnem amaka.  
Nnem makarachara mmuo miri nma;  
Pino-pino nwa na ezigbo.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# No Better Chances

Man up in the street of the country!  
No better chances than this we see now.  
All the youth must wear their armours  
Let's shield the Rock to our taste and wish  
We could be the last of the strong ones  
Never to be deceived by the tale of Chibok  
Neither shall we roam in Sambisa for fun  
Don't watch their smiling face at all!  
No better chances than this grace of  
Graceful hand to behold the constitution  
And tell them 'we are the leaders not followers'  
This is not protest nor coup but our right we seek!  
Wake up from the slum that you were pushed to  
No better chances than this we have seen now!  
If we lose it we lose out in life and destiny  
Hold on to your armour and fight for your right!  
We have seen what we ought not to see.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# No One Is A No Body

I may be poor today  
but rich tomorrow and next.  
I may wear tattered cloth today  
But tomorrow i put on a beautiful one from dubai.  
Don't look down on anyone  
No one is a nobody.  
Those who you despise might be your savour tomorrow  
So don't criticize any one no one is a no body.  
The rejected stone might end up being the corner stone  
No one is a nobody in the eyes of God.  
W@e are all created equally and beautiful,  
No one is a nobody in the society.  
Cut your tongue and speak slowly  
More calmly as if speaking to your spirit.  
DO not abuse everyone nor blame any one,  
Things may be bad for your neighbour  
But tomorrow is becomes rosy.  
Beware, No one is a no body.  
Believe in every one that comes on your way  
Confide in any one you come across both  
the foolish, imbecile, liars and the vagabonds  
they might be of help to you some day in the future  
No one is a no body.

john chizoba vincent

# Nobody's Business

I am a poet describing nature  
none of your business if I have  
mansion or live in a teary hut  
curse me or spit on the sand I  
step on, i chose the life I live now  
Destiny choose me for this dream  
Its nobody's business what I do.

I have known girls from the hood  
I have dated girls from the hood  
many I have made a public hole  
change their profile side-down-up  
and they're called unprintable names  
its nobody's business whom I choose  
tomarry now and tomorrow.

I have been to school and dropped out  
I studied medicine and no result  
I have always wanted to go to the sky  
crack it bodies and return home  
happy but mother rechannelled my  
legs, now, I have no route in life  
its nobody's business the life I live.

I have no children to give me water  
My house is littered by lizards and  
Wallgecko describing dire poverty  
even if I feed from hand to mouth  
Leave me to my fate and eel destiny  
Life is but a dotted scars in hearts  
It's nobody's business to tell my tale.

My father reek of bottles of beers  
He found home in gutters always  
My mother is a furnace religionist  
She found grace in arms of Bishops  
Don't mind what their children  
will be tomorrow or today, It's  
nobody's business to tell of their lives.



Christians are ambitious catholic  
than Pope Francis of Roman catholic  
why wag your mouth here and there?  
why point your finger here and there?  
what is your business with their lives?  
Pull down the sun today if you like  
You have no business with their lives.

I'll keep wandering and get lost in the  
Darkness, don't look for me like your lost country; it's none of your business  
Remove those things in your eyes  
before mine, I have no business with your businesses morning and night.  
I choose the life I will lead for today.

I have no business with your  
businesses, no, I don't have any!  
Marry as many wives as you like  
Plenty your hair with fish hook  
Paint part of your mustach grey not  
my cup of tea to drink and get drunk  
I have my own headache to think of.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Not An Easy Route

Violence and demonstration is  
Not an easy route to break frustration, rejection  
Bounce back on hardship and dismantle disappointment.  
It's not an easy route to betray suffering and sorrow  
Not an easy route to freedom and liberty,  
Many would die, humiliated and battered like an oaf  
There is never an easy route to success.  
Procrastination is foolish and stupid in its little world  
Not an easy route to succeed.  
Break through the broken thought and spirit  
Swirl pass fear and grab the hurdles  
With a club in your fist tight  
Then hurl it at wisdom and understanding.  
There you make success your friend  
Killing and rituals is not an easy route to fame,  
Hard work and commitment silently bring the answer  
Which shower a tiny and blissful rain on  
Your efforts and waters your Destiny to effect.  
Silent mouth is not an easy route to get to the mad house,  
Not an easy route to get published in the mad house  
Build up your failures and refuse to give up  
Even in the face of rejection and critics  
A closed mouth is a closed destiny.

john chizoba vincent

# Not My Cup Of Tea

If they like let petrol be one  
thousand naira at the station,  
It is not my business not at all  
I will still have my tea taken  
Every morning with Agege bread.

If they like let them find not  
The hungry budget paper,  
It is not my business not at all  
I will still have my tea taken  
Every morning with Agege bread.

If they like let them create million  
Jobs in the inland and the mainland,  
It is not my business not at all brother  
As far as they did not take my cup of tea  
I will still live and drink with Agege bread.

If they like let them feed school children  
One square meal per day in their hungry  
State, sister, it is not my business to know  
I will still have my cup of tea sweet as breast milk  
Every morning with Agege bread to water down.

If they like let them fight over the country,  
Let them embezzle all the money here leaving  
The poor with nothing to write home about,  
It is not my business anyway with them  
I will still have my beautiful tea taken daily.

If they like let PMB travel all over the world  
It is not my business with them at all here,  
I will still make my tea in a brownish colour  
As far as my cup of tea is not taken from me

I will be as happy as the puppy in my world.

If they like let them find the Chibok  
girls in Sabimsa forest with Children,  
it is not my business to know at all  
I will still have my cup of tea taken  
Every morning with Agege bread.

If they like let them repair the roads,  
If they like let them bring light to us,  
If they like let them stock all the money  
Abroad, It is not my business to question them  
I will still have my cup of tea taken daily.

I will only react when my cup is taken;  
When my cup is taken from my mouth.  
So long they don't take my cup of tea  
From my savouring hungry mouth, I will  
be fine, let madness rule and ruine them all fool.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Not My Nigeria

Not my Nigeria that is dead among them.  
Not my Nigeria that is downtrodden,  
Not my Nigeria that those helpless children  
Are littered here and there like grains.  
Not my Nigeria that I saw with a broken  
Lips but pretends that all is well in a well.

Not in my Nigeria that those birds without  
Songs are seen walking armful with arsenals  
Not my Nigeria that Once stood gallantly,  
but now mocked by dwarfs who knocks publicly on her...  
We've waited so long, here is the season  
Of our song which hang in our throats.

The Nigeria I know has no grave that  
Never get satisfied nor earth that clamour  
For more, not my Nigeria that is useless!  
She is among notable notabilities on earth,  
She is not in a deserted desert land as you think.  
In her are bags pregnant with cash and wisdom.

Not my Nigeria that I see with a mournful song,  
No! Not my Nigeria, not my Nigeria in abyss!  
Tell the new born sun that Nigeria is great!  
Tell the birthed wind that her mother is a warrior,  
Our mother is a saviour; Saviour of the blacks.  
She has learnt to be a mighty woman among all.

Not my Nigeria you see without eyes and nose,  
She still see those embezzling in her well,  
She still perceive the aroma of her children.  
The Lines she outlined her feet are still there,  
She is not missing, no! My Nigeria is not!  
Not my Nigeria you see among those thieves there.  
She has been lull away to new dreams and love.

Let Nigeria be Nigeria again not in a dream.  
Let the silence of loneliness loot not her pride.  
Not my Nigeria that is beaten hands down,  
Not my Mother that is seen barking in the  
Street like a mad dog chasing after nothing.  
My Nigeria will overcome all this someday  
When we gather to make Her Nigeria again.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Not My Nigeria That Failed Us

Is it my Nigeria that has failed us?  
Nigeria is just a carved name,  
not a hen that protect her chicks.  
Look not at me with a watery eyes,  
I speak of truth not lie, Nigeria has  
not in anyway failed us but you and  
I failed ourselves with greed and hatred

I have nothing to offer you all now,  
I have nothing to give but sweet tears  
and bitter blood that irritate the eyes!  
We have gone mad again and again!  
We have gone out of hand again!  
Not my Nigeria that failed this land,  
not my Mother that has gone mad!

Listen to me all runners of accusation fingers,  
not only in my anus that has a hole to dip,  
the birth of death has not be proven here.  
My mother is great but you are the chameleon;  
chameleon-ing colours into your shade!  
Listen to me holy one of the city of illusion!  
My Nigeria failed us not but we failed ourselves.

Infant the market envies my mother's opulence,  
she is not the cause of the church miscarriages!  
Not my Nigeria that failed us as you think.  
I have told them how the foreigners queue here  
and there for my Mother to bless them.  
Her tender fingers have long be blessed to  
guide those who look up to her in hope.

Not our Nigeria that failed us roughly,

not my Nigeria that has failed me and you!  
We failed ourselves in the name of greed;  
greed made our heart her home to ruin us all,  
We are selfish and callous to our brothers!  
Our blood were hotter than the fierce fire.

Gracefully, mother once stood among all!  
Waxing stronger in every hole deeper than her,  
her coasts were blessed with a savored honey,  
her shores glamour and glow in appreciation.  
Oh mother Nigeria can not fail us but we did!  
Stop speaking of my Mother as an evil woman,  
stop, I said stop talking about my mother like that!

As a hungry man devour food on the table,  
Nigeria has not eaten anyone like that, yes!  
As the maggots feast on casket, Mother  
has not tasted any casket of souls before.  
Triplets she conceive always like the Hebrews,  
not my Nigeria that failed us but you and I did.

- - -Another Voice Stronger

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Not My Tale To Tell

Nkem was beaten black and white,  
She stole tomatoes in the market  
When she could not afford to buy one  
To make stew for her hungry children.

Not my pot of soup any way  
That she was beaten by the crowd,  
She was given what she wanted  
To chew at the prodigal market.

Femi was arrested for talking  
Too much of the first class man  
Who travels like a river to Rome  
When chaos and fire is in his house.

How is that my pot of soup?  
Why would he dip and dip his fingers  
Into another's open anus in public?  
Has he no anus of his own to caress?

Many queue day and night at  
The petrol station to buy fuel,  
But they could not buy any;  
Empty they went with their kegs.

How does that concern me any way  
That they were no petrol for them?  
It is change to chain we all wanted,  
Everyone would be bitten by ant someday.

Mama Obi was sacked yesterday  
At the office, she said her boss  
Wanted to change everything in the office  
Including his corrupt pant and dirty shirt.

What is my business with that nonsense?  
She was sacked because of Change! Change! !  
We all sometimes need change to change  
Our lives where it hurts us so much and dearly.

Hassan said that darkness now  
Governs their street than before  
And no one is showing concern  
On the improvement of the situation.

Not my tale to tell of darkness,  
I still have a hurricane lamp home  
Greatly positioned on the roof top  
And my soup is still boiling on fire.

Every home has a walking problem;  
Problems that birth death in heart.  
We all have a staring gun problems  
Birthing tribulation to ourselves to doom.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Nurture Your Mind

Nurture your mind with love;  
Nurture your soul like a dream,  
Tend preciously to yourself mind.  
Nurture your heart with all diligency  
For out of it are the issues of life.

The storm might be too hard  
To bear but keep moving and nurturing  
Your heart like a mother nurture her child,  
The journey may seem so long but the  
End shall surely come with Glory,  
Everything that has a beginning has an end.

It never too late to pick up from  
where the storm has trapped you in life,  
Every legend has a beginning, every  
Hero has failed once or twice in his life time,  
Those things you fear are also afraid of you.

Watch your mind with a rekindled spirit,  
Never infect it with negative and dirty issues,  
Watch what you think, watch what you watch,  
Be careful on what you listened to for words  
Can make or mar you in life.

Build your mind with the good of the land,  
Protect it from the snare of the evil ones  
Think through in every problems, nurture your mind  
With positive information for out of it are issues of life.

john chizoba vincent

# O'di Egwu

O'DI EGWU

O' di egwu ihe anya na ahu  
Odi egwu ihe isi na ebu  
Onye ma mgbe oga ala  
Onye ma ihe ga egbu ya  
Madu ta, ozu echi na abia  
Onye na nke ya na uwa oma a  
O'di egwu ihe na eme na uwa a  
Egbe na achu ego, mbe na achu ego  
Madu ka ana aria, onye ma onye oma ya.  
O'di egwu ihe anya na ahu  
Uwa di egwu na nke ya  
Uwa na eme ntuhari  
Odikwa egwu.

john chizoba vincent

# Odumegwu Ojukwu

A gallant man of thousand fists  
Spirited brave man of Amadioha's clan  
Conversational colonel of the battalion empire  
Emperor manned through the honeyed knight  
The dialogue of the drums speaks of your strength and might  
Cupping the fingers content of Biafra land in height and weight  
Your words kill without sword and egbe-igwe  
Not a chicken stories were heard of your deeds.  
We never receive a message from your in-laws  
Of your manhood not satisfying their daughters  
Home and abroad, you stood fearless  
As tall as the sky without pillars  
To a passing year, the stars sobbed of you  
In the month of the falling leaves, we mourned you  
Not for loss but for grace of rising to bear.  
Igbo nation birth not a cradle hands of you  
Not even looking at the cock's comb of fire  
Shall your name be trampled on the ground  
"Afamefuna" your legacy is kept until the new birth  
Great Elephant of the forest of Igbo land!  
You're braver than Okonkwo who died another's death  
Have you seen your status at Onitsha?  
Have you heard of your names immortalized at Awka?  
Your hands once disseminate delight from  
The talkative face of the drum without fear  
We have waited this long for another savior but all we see  
Are political thieves with two mouths on seats of power  
A village protest conducted, but a cup of rice shared deceived us all,  
Rice which they packaged as ransom for their sins.  
Odumegwu, Igbos are Nigeria Peasant farmers  
Long victims of exploitative neglect  
Yet, the spirit of Igboism is gone  
We are merely struggling and backbiting  
On the legacy you left behind the Iroko tree.

Yours Poetically,

© John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Of Shadows And Spirits

Of those things that glamour for clarity  
Of those roads that sipped dead calls  
Of those shadows that retrieved retributions panache of the smoke that chased  
blunt images,  
We are here for the death of our dead ones,  
We are here to breeze out bodies from the ghost of our forefathers giving out  
beggars of spirits.  
We are here for the sake of humanism and individualism found among the  
seasoned weather.  
We are here to head home from the figures of fingers crossed in the blossoming  
crossroads.  
We are just here for your sake & your future.  
We are this spiced pumpkin skin driving impunity,  
Driving the heavens of our lunatic fringe benefits.  
When these spirits visited our forebearers,  
We called them runners of evil in the night,  
In the morning, we called them cats of love,  
But the white brought a foreign god to us  
We sold our shrine of mystic miseries to them  
Now, they took our miseries to make names  
And we transport their stupidity back to them  
Thinking that they will accept it back from us.  
This celestial abounding is foregone fire  
Forging the spirit of the world into our curriculum.  
We are the timeless wrong that the villagers sing of along the Abiriba-Nkporo  
road.  
Black Butler of generational curse we brought  
Intentionally trying to visit the future vintages.  
We are the cause of our own blood spilling through the thin walls of our shadows  
and spirits.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_frustrations

john chizoba vincent

# Of Things That Come In Black And White

We opened a book that started with the name  
of our country.

The right side was numbered corruptions and the other side was numbered greed  
& bad leaders.

We burnt the stride of our bodies into aches and dreams waving away fire and  
foliage of silence.

Women learnt to carry portrait of bodies of their dead children on their shoulders,  
beautiful corpse.

It reminded us of the civil war in front of our Father's betrayed house.

It reminded us of lyrics written on the walls of our Hut with a framed keys of  
memories.

Love that taught us to look back into our heart and draw current of men in their  
ignorance in search

of a better home than those bridges we burnt.

Things like the pains in the eyes of a boy,

Things like the tale on the lips of a girl,

Things like sadness in the soul of a mother painting the images of her lost  
children in prayers.

Those strange tears stranded between chapters of the smoke as they travelled to  
the lonely cloud,

With the echoes of our forefathers last libation

Like the voices trailing from a boy's name for the lost of his prestige.

There are things that we may not know that leave our footprints to our heart  
through the opening in our nostrils and ears.

In our land was where a boy once stood on the face of the sun, his shadow  
reflected on a mirror.

He saw his future carted away by his fears.

Lost girls found in his assaulted plights

Trying to find home in a shark's mouth.

They hold water from the oceans together basking their hope on the traffic of  
women holding their bodies and leaving their dead for survival.

We do not live in the moon!

We do not whisper to the wind of the song we  
heard him sing every day!

Of things that come in white and black are  
like our straying country weeping with the  
images of the masses.

Like those corpses brought back to BENUÉ.

Those images are the images of darkness projected by a big screen of the sky to



our eyes.

Our names burnt into different rivers holding different tribes that seek for freedom.

We wrecked our testimonies to bleed blood with flames to suffocating cities surrounded with pity.

Those things on white are the way we were built but the black demons corrupted us all leaving memories to sneak our hearts into dark places where mischievousness can take over us.

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustrations.

john chizoba vincent

# Of Water And The Wild

If we begin this tale from the left,  
many will see the sons and daughters of tomorrow emerged.  
Did God really said "let there be light"?  
Or was it a planted falsehood in hearts?  
Are we really wet in the image of God  
or in the complexities of the devil?  
Who are you by the way?  
When was the last time you check the complexion of your life?  
Wildness pulls the trouser of sanity  
For Wild has power, water has rocked humanity to succumb.

I have counted the number of my days on earth and carved it on the pumpkin  
leaves.  
I have nothing to worry about even if death comes today.  
I have started cackling again in the forest.  
This light will bear me witness that I came,  
I warned them of hazard of falsehood,  
I held a tilted peace among men,  
I graced the World Series of pains;  
Yes, this light will bear me witness.  
The fire place is made for lost dreams when they are found in your eyes.  
No one knows where the wind blows.

Let this note play in your blood stream,  
Let it bear the names of the streets in hell,  
Let's number the Huts of Sluts in heaven before dawn;  
Let us read from the casket of a dead man a written elegy of his sins.  
Even if the readers of my stanzas fail to realize that boyhood is a sin,  
I will apologize for being an adult.  
Many will see this through the music playing in the head of a mad man.  
Others will see it and cry out blood about the city built in the bosom of  
emptiness;  
Whilst others, will see Azrael at feet of men clamouring for redemption,  
But, I will see voidness in your eyes.

I will stop shooting at mid sky of stars

The orthodox of this lexical freedom is lost,  
Tell your mother of this periodical pains of the world.  
Man is water and dust.  
The wild is imaginations of this waters and nature.  
We are work over in the Skimpy world, Frail. Fragile. rainbows, fireflies.  
A cracking world depicting lossness, drifting slowly through the mouth of the  
wind while smile prey on revival, on loss taste.  
Subjective to this sunshine beauty,  
Of this waters and wild, we're naive  
We are the world itself reviving metallic tissues.  
God has hope and hopes of getting through the eyes of men.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Offspring Of Greed

The evil of greed is mayham,  
The offspring of greed is death.  
Do not persuade all not minding the consequences,  
Learn to consider others in the same quest.  
Humanity is weak and insatiable;  
You can not have it all whilst your neighbour lack.  
The evil of greed is destruction  
Like the tortoise who wanted all by himself  
But ended up having a bare head in his In-law' home.  
Like my grandpa' who wanted to eat all  
Before his neighbour comes but stuffed himself  
To death with bread without water.  
Like a student who wants to pass by all means,  
Never read his book but decided to cheat in examine,  
He got caught up by law, offspring of greed is death.

john chizoba vincent

# Oh Lord Repair Nigeria

Oh lord repair mother Nigeria  
Let Nigeria be Nigeria again  
Let Nigeria be Nigeria, a home  
Let her be great again in our eyes  
Take away violence which we see  
Take away kidnapping which eat deep  
Take away corruption which we fight  
Let there be peace in my fatherland!  
Restore every good things demaged  
Resurrect our government that is dead  
Like a broken bucket I saw her shattered  
Tears streaming and flowing like a river  
Bruises on her face and body burning  
Her pains and sorrow, you and I know  
Repair my Nigeria, our Nigeria, your land  
Oh Lord, repair mother Nigeria to greatness  
I pray, we creed, they agreed and we sing  
She had tasted enough blood and shame  
Her eyes, our eyes, their eyes, my eyes  
Searches of tomorrow in fear and helplessness  
Repair mother Nigeria, repair our home we pray.  
Let there be light as was in the past  
Let there be smiles as was our understanding  
Let there be kind coated leaders like our laughter  
Oh lord repair Nigeria, my Nigeria, our Nigeria  
Make her breast full again with succulent milk  
The breeze of her lips a songful song of hope  
We have no other home than this place  
We have no other milk to drink than hers  
Let Nigeria be Nigeria again we pray to you.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Okonbi Has Gone Mad Again

Watch his moves, Okonbi has gone mad again;  
He is drunk in power of the politician.  
Look at his shoes dangling on his head,  
His socks on his palm, counting the cars.  
Move away from his grip, move away!  
He could blind you with his 'Sokoto' that swings here and there.

Okonbi has gone mad again like our husband!  
Okonbi said he will go to the sky tomorrow,  
Okonbi said he was in the moon yesterday,  
Okonbi said he knows the number of hair on his head; yes, Okonbi has gone  
crazy under our nose.  
He said he will beat up his mother and unmask  
The thousand evening with his spoken words.

Okonbi has gone into another skin rather than his,  
Look at him removing his 'Sokoto' in front of those children!  
Okonbi, mother is weeping at the backyard for your sake.  
Okonbi! Return to the old fold of sanity where  
Manners humble itself to the generational wisdom.  
Yesterday saw our deeds and today shall we smile.

Hold Okonbi's hands, hold it with a chain,  
Hold his teeth but don't chain it, he will eat with it.  
Nature has dealt with us without mercy,  
Okonbi, once a magical rain of the rainbow  
Saving the knight of the hopeful sky to love  
Has gone to the kingdom of flies to fly.

Oh, I weep for that young succulent lad of promise,  
Okonbi! Okonbi! ! Okonbi! ! !

Go not with that madness in methods it does not run in the family blood.  
Heaven skips the heartbeat of the sun that shines,  
Okonbi! Okonbi! ! Okonbi! ! !

Our Okonbi has gone mad again since he sat with that governor.  
Does madness run in the game of politics?  
Hold Okonbi's teeth and fingers which look like tiger' claws; hold it before he  
damage your eyes!  
Okonbi, what substance do they mix in wine for you?  
Okonbi has gone mad again like our husband.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Okonkwo!

OKONKWO

When are you coming back home?  
Where is your machete and dagger?  
Have they all fallen to sleep again?  
Have you forgotten us, who we are?  
Shall things continue to fall apart?

Igbos are in mess again with their souls!  
They have no share again in the land!  
When hardship dance in our thatched  
heads, we were no longer at ease here;  
as hardships erupt we hang our heads.

Is there no more Okonkwo in the land? !  
Is there no more a gallant man of Biafra?  
Is there no more Chinua's Okonkwo here  
to dry those written pains and sorrow?  
We all asked amidst tears that kill soul.

With the arrow of the gods of our ancestors,  
we stand to fight and to fight like heroes.  
so let love stand between us that defend!  
We are nothing more to this land than a  
broken plate that they can trampled upon.

Okonkwo, when are you coming home?  
When are we fighting the whites again?  
Between the anthill of the savannah,  
we wait voiceless for your return home!  
Okonkwo, there are scars in our hearts.

Our lips may hold our anger to rust daily  
but we have a written path upon our palms



that Biafra may not die again but rejects  
death and live beyond the orbit of this land.  
We're re-writing the past as we wait on you.

(C) John Vincent Ink  
All right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Olaitan Bakare

She lady next door to my heart  
Whose voice is honey to the ears,  
She sweeps pain away from emotions  
With a voice so sweet like the sugar.  
She is the queen Esther of our time,  
When she speaks, giants go to sleep.  
Oh! What a lovely woman endowed  
With a precious rhymes of love.

O. L. A is her beautiful name  
Bakare, a soulful song of the birds  
In the garden of love in tale of the heart.  
She is a lioness in the midst of lions,  
The sound of her smiles break the boredom  
Of unveil frustrated life.

She is the beauty of the morning along,  
She is the mother of many who listens  
A mediator, a counsellor and a comforter  
Of the troubled and weak in the society.  
A super woman whose face radiate round  
The world to give light to mankind.  
Olaitan, the lady of Raypower whose smiles  
Rescue many who are sorrowful.

Sing me a song of the victorious war lords  
For she deserved the praise of a thousand men  
Who had conquered the bloody battlefield.  
There are women but there is a peculiar  
And a priesthood among the women.

john chizoba vincent

# Omawunmi

Omawunmi

The beauty in you speak about you  
When the sun is on vacation to the west.  
The dimples on the top of your smile  
Runs a vampire of emotions to my soul.  
In your vein lies the fantasy of my eyes.

Omawunmi

Handsome in your coven is madness  
That buttress the moon and duck actions.  
Ajani, the palm wine tapper carved image of  
your laughter on the surface of his palm wine,  
Ajanakun made a flute of your giggle to the king.

Omawunmi

You are the market that serve only the great,  
You are the tap that only run for the kings,  
At the sole of your feet queens lie for perfection.  
At the sound of your name Omawunmi,  
The sun cackles with the tickles of the sky on him.

Omawunmi

The great Omawunmi from the west,  
I have made the bed of the moon a foot mat  
For the coming of your guiltless feet and  
For the visiting of your humble eyes home.  
The birds have no question of your beauty.

Omawunmi

Sing me a soulful song of the parrot,  
I want to see the movement of your lips,  
The expression in your searching eyes,  
The unsatisfied rhythm of your blues,  
I want to know you beyond myself Omawunmi.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time, we were once boys  
But now we have grown to men,  
Once upon a time, we were once children  
With no teeth and could not eat our mother's  
Meat but could bite her in the nipples,  
But we are now men with teeth and  
We could eat meat and long suck.  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
We were beaten for stealing from the cooking pot  
But now we are men with wives and children.  
Once upon a time,  
We were dragged to school by mother  
But now, we urge our children to learn.  
Once upon a time,  
We have no knowledge of who we are  
But now, we could stand and speak for ourselves.  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
We wore torn clothes all around the town  
With no shame in our eyes;  
We built clay houses in the village,  
We were eager to learn about life.  
Our minds were young, younger than the Eaglet,  
We thought of the world a free place to live and  
Enjoy ourselves of all goodies,  
But now we've seen the ups and downs of the world.  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
Our parents protected us all against all odds,  
They provide for our needs and pay our fees;  
They sang to our young brave about love  
In unity were we in the house of solomon  
But now, we are independently released,  
We think for ourselves now and for our families.  
Once upon time,

We rode tyre on the bridge and shouted  
To the birds to come and sing to us all  
Now, we shout not again because problems has taken over.  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
We cried and was comforted and cuddled into  
The bosom of our kind mother but now, no more comfort from her.  
Once upon a time,  
We were dragged to church by our parents  
But now, the choice is in our pocket to choose.  
Once upon a time,  
We dreamt of becoming this and that now,  
The dreams had eluded us and made a way to the ever busy world of lost hope  
and misery.  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
We laid on the colourful bed with our mother  
But now, the hard floor welcomes us every night.  
Gone are those days we eat happily on the dinning  
With mother and father in the night, we waited patiently for mother to finish up  
the dinner so we  
Could eat but now, we don't do that at all.  
Gone are those we were free to move up and down  
With no burden but now circumstances barks at us,  
Every legend has a beginning.

Once upon a time,  
We watch our fathers beating our mother  
We could not stop the hot argument in the house,  
But now; we face what our father' faced earlier on.  
Once upon a time,  
We gathered under the trees in the family compound  
Watching grandfather' lips with a kolanut on it,  
He tells us the moonlight tales, the story of the Nkporo maidens but all those  
times are gone, no one  
Time for us to sit together again:  
We now think about our children, future, wife and  
Career, every legend has a beginning.

The beginning of our fate begins when we were born,

Then our fate look at us with pitied eyes for he knows  
What are in stock for us.  
He waited patiently for us to grow then he would  
Drop the forbidden tale of hunt for good wife.  
We have been there though and we've seen life,  
Every legend has a beginning.

john chizoba vincent

# Once Upon Door And Window

DOOR:

What makes you think you work more than I do?  
Many legs go through this my little belly and  
Kick me hard on my head yet, I complain not.  
Why do you complain always little dumb window?  
This journey of life is a gradual one,  
Stop complaining and laying blames because it won't  
Get you anywhere.  
I am door and you are window, I am who I am and  
You are who you are; created in a unique way,  
Why compare yourself with me and my kind.  
You can't be me and I can't be you, window.  
Get wisdom my dear window and live!  
Why belittle yourself?  
Why clamour to do more when the little you are doing, you complain always?

WINDOW:

Only the man that wears shoes knows where it hurt him;  
The man that swallow a coconut have confident in his anus, dear Door.  
I know I complain more like a lazy teacher in the class but bear with me and,  
allow me to say my mind,  
Because we gain nothing from being dumb and silent.  
Sometimes, somewhere and someday, we all must  
Die and go to an unknown place where we know nothing of but; why don't we  
enjoy ourselves now?  
The earth is too hard, the sun treat me like a fool,  
The wind hit me here and there and, humans blow me  
When they feel like hitting me and later, I becomes wood to them and charcoal  
in dark, why life then?  
I was cut from a wood, process and made to become  
A window that works more than a horse.  
Are you not tired of your own life, dear Door?

john chizoba vincent



# Once Upon Goat And Dog

ONCE UPON GOAT AND DOG

GOAT.

Why do men kill my kind for celebration  
Of events and they are friendly with you?  
My children wants to know and I don't know  
The answer because my great great grand parents  
Didn't tell my great grand parents and my great  
Grand parents didn't tell my grand parents and my  
Grand parents didn't tell my parents and my parents  
Didn't tell me and here I can't tell my children  
The reason why they use our kind for festival  
And why my husband smells around the town  
When they asked I...

DOG.

Stop! Stop the long ear aching song of stupidity  
The answer to that question is very simple,  
It is because all goats are foolish right from  
The beginning of the universe when God created us  
My mother told me that Goat come, talks anyhow and promise and never fulfil it.  
He goat betrayed humans to the animal kingdom  
When animals and humans were at war,  
So man pour their excrete on him.  
That is why all He goats smell badly.  
To all the entire goats Generation, they were foolish  
In school, church, sport, social event, theatre and the king of the animal hated  
them for that and he chased them away, then men harboured them and  
discovered them later and you know, men are too busy to keep stupid beings and  
they kill you for food because you are foolish and stupid.  
Tell your children that all goats are foolish beings.

john chizoba vincent

# Once Upon He-Goat And Man

HE-GOAT:

Why do you always put rope around my neck?  
Allow me to be free like other animals here,  
I want to be like the fowl that roam about without  
Any rope tie around its neck and legs.  
I want to be like the dogs that keep watch over you,  
I want to look like the pussy cat that is free like the flowers in the field, I know I  
shall die someday but  
This freedom I seek to be like others.  
Does my stupidity surpass others in the kingdom?  
Does my aroma makes me a captive of men?  
Free me a little and much shall I serve you,  
The cud in my mouth; you caused to be so,  
The black strips on my back you caused,  
And later you feast on me during festivals.  
What is life anyway to my kind that we die any how?

MAN:

I won't be blame for your plight Mr Goat.  
Man was given the authority to kill and eat,  
You are foolish and stupid and we can't manage you,  
I kept my yam yesterday and you ate it without even  
Seeking my permission, what do you think I will do?  
I have to tie you and make you stay here because, men only realise how much  
freedom worth when they are been camp in one corner of the house.  
Listen, listen and listen Mr Goat, until you change;  
Men will keep treating you like this.  
Many animals wash their body during creation day but you failed to wash yours  
because of stupidity.  
Many animals received wisdom from the maker on the day of creation but you  
requested for grasses rather than wisdom, that is why you are foolish.  
The change has to be inbuilt, Mr Goat.

john chizoba vincent

# Once Upon Tortoise And Snail

Tortoise.

I will not only give legs to my coiling words  
I will give them the hitting blow of your weakness  
You black pot of sluggish disgrace and shame  
The day is coming, coming soon when your  
Stupidity shall be made known to the public  
You primitive snail of shame and infirmity!  
You have dearly poked your rotten fingers into  
The bitterness of my spirit man  
And I will never allow you dance freely until  
I put fire under your anus to burn  
Look, you have no legs yet you carry a heavy home  
On your back moving. From one place to the other proudly  
Oh! Hmmmmmm, what a curse upon you,  
When shall you get your freedom proud snail?

SNAIL

Oh foolish tortoise, talk slowly and learn  
Your drum is sounding too loud to my ears, gbo!  
I understand your words even the one yet in your mouth  
When I shall raise my voice, your throat shall be my chorus  
You listen! Come out from bubbles to life friend  
A black kettle calling pot black  
Not in the same world were they made?  
First remove that which is your eyes before me  
Least thou fall and gnash your teeth.  
We are of the same kind, from the same world  
Let runners of accusing songs put legs in their words

john chizoba vincent

# One Day I Will Be A Poet

One day, I will write many words that  
Shall not be uttered by many men but  
Those in the tribe of poetry and painters.  
My dance shall be flowered with words  
And my eyes will establish a boundary  
That connect great men to dine in one  
Table where words are made to beautify.

One day, I will be a poet that paint world,  
I will look into your eyes and read you.  
I will draw the figure of your thought and  
Relax astraying voices and muse with letters.  
I shall talk to the birds and sing along with them,  
Gallop with the horses at the field of life,  
Because poetry comes slow but never die fast.

I have touched the head of poetry behind close door,  
Tomorrow I shall kiss her mouth and make love  
To her for the exchange of blood between us;  
Blood that will purge out iniquities from my vein,  
Because poets I have seen are spotless and sinless.  
In me shall the clarion call be made of change,  
When I write, millions shall laugh in peace.  
When I write, the crook trees shall be straight again.

One day, I shall be a poet that men shall not  
interpret wrongly whatsoever he has written down.  
Their thoughts will be my singing voice,  
Their eyes will be my researching library.  
Their voices the beating drums that tells me to move on,  
one day, I will write about this place when i  
Become a poet and the world recognises my voice.

One day, I will be a poet that retire not,  
One day, your mistake shall be my grace,  
The failure of this country shall be the thought of my pen when I become a poet  
whose blood is hotter than the blazing flame in the blood of Wale and Niyi.  
Someday, some time, I shall be the voice of one  
Crying in the wilderness for my people.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# One Day You Will Remember Me

One day you will remember me,  
Those tears I shed for you on the  
Altar of love to be seen by all.  
We were never insane of love!  
This is the reason we should learn to  
love again in joy no matter the cost.

One day you will remember that  
You once clutched tightly to my chest  
And the hairy being never chase you away  
But remained still sending out vacate stares to  
The jungle of Sambisa to get killed in the alley.  
You will remember I fought your battles for you,  
You leaned on my shoulder to be comforted.

Come,  
Come closely close to my heart,  
Listen carefully to the beating of its drum.  
Please tell my heart how much you miss it,  
Come a little closer to my soul; your smell  
Still hang in my mind of mind joyfully,  
One day you will remember we did this together.

Give ear to my madness, come my most loved one.  
One day you will remember I unbuttoned your  
Spirit from your body before the night cloud came.  
Please don't stay too far from my dying heart,  
One day you will remember I pleaded you to stay.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# One White Soul Is Equal To A Million Black Souls

Bigger in, Bigger out,  
The life of an African- America native son  
In the hands of the white Aristocrats.  
The birth of hardship on him by the hungry sun  
Has made the sky becomes thirsty for a walk.  
Afraid of rubbing a white man but aren't ashamed  
To kill his follow black in the same hand as his.

Bewildered at the sight of what life has done,  
He stumbled across roses on his return back from  
Forty seventh street from the honesty of the honey  
cruel fight that broke up the robbery of Blum' store.  
Seeking for an empire within the heart of the white  
When the sole of the immoral whites despised him.  
Like a prodigal sheep he roamed with his gang but  
Their eyeballs depict an illusion of a false hope.

Footprint printed in the printing store of hatred;  
Hatred that flap in a righteous muse but sin woefully.  
In the heart of Richard lies Thomas Bigger but never  
Was a native son of America born, but a black child  
That savor the tones of the mistaken brave world.  
That which lies in the fidgetting skin of Wright is  
the mind of Thomas with a moving trains that mandate wills.

Unresolved issues between the blacks and whites in  
colour still linger in the unplanned world today.  
'One white soul is equal to a million black souls'  
They pronounced through mouth without teeth.  
Is the blacks black and dark darkness in brain?  
Equality and equity is what race and sex should be  
Build on regardless of any colour of the skin.



The blacks are not monkeys nor Apes!  
Sinking of the old tale into our matured skin is a sin,  
Learn to learn the covering of Gus as not weakness  
But a methodious ways of learning the weak and trembling part of the claimed  
commander, Bigger Thomas, blacks in the eyes is not black in the head.  
One white is not equal to a million black souls.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016.

john chizoba vincent

# Ordinary People

## ORDINARY PEOPLE

Let's have the world of ordinary people living  
The way God wants us to.  
Let's build the world of an ordinary people free  
From greed and selfishness.

Holding each other's beads  
Of. Hope and love in the altar of righteousness,  
We swim in the sweet blaze of affection  
that exist in Unity.

Let's long for the lives of ordinary people  
Living in the world of smiles and laughter  
That cures the heart of pains and, we take  
Care of those written off in life.

Let love endures with us as the ordinary people;  
Living life the way God wants us to live.  
An ordinary father loves his ordinary wife,  
An ordinary mother will love her ordinary child.

Let's live the life of the ordinary people;  
living life the way God wants us to live.  
Showing love to each other's heart, cuddles  
And smiles to every one like an ordinary people.

john chizoba vincent

# Original Sin

Her body glows like the sun,  
She arouse my feelings and emotions  
Each time I watches her pass by with  
Her buttock clapping left and right,  
She bathe my spirit with pure love  
And imprisoned my heart in her bosom.

I have watched her undress and the air  
Was tempted by her beauty which radiate  
All over the room as I hide behind the extrance of her room.  
I long to touch those apples that shoot out  
On her fertiled chest with a humble smile;  
Those apples I have watched growing up Biblically.  
Her beauty I cannot explain with words.

I chase away many men that come near  
Just because I love her beyond myself.  
I have her in my mind eyes dancing everyday,  
Her smiles brings heaven on earth,  
Changes the colour of the universe to blues;  
In her world is an endless joy of mankind.

I have fallen in love with my blood,  
I regain hope on seeing her laugh effortlessly.  
Her walks turn me on and on until I could not  
Hold it any more than to have her to my bed.  
I watches every of her moves in and out,  
Making sure she never see any man nor woman,  
Protecting her with a husband's envy and jealous.

I am mesmerized by the efficacy of that which descend from her mouth.  
I prithee to cut through the weeds of my derailed intellect, with the sharpest  
edge of her art of beauty.  
None! , for the hard-line will always thrust its spear into her victim.  
It is visible to the blind; just like it is audible to the deaf, that her words are a  
platform of gold, relayed before the throne.

We meet at the balcony some day  
Our eyes meet and she shy away,

We meet at the inner room, our  
Body touch each other but she moves away drastically.  
When I tries to hold her hands, to feel her heartbeat  
As a sister, she escape through my thought.

My feelings went wild with a venom,  
The drive to feel her warm cries aloud,  
My urge to touch her emotions materialised.  
Then I pretends to be sick on the bed,  
I warn that no one brings my food except her,  
My mother thought my love was pure;  
Then she sent her to my inner room  
To take care of my dying soul.

In the court of my room  
I grapse her by the hand and,  
She watches me innocently as I caress her.  
I pull her up to the bed and have my way,  
As she struggles and screams like the Eagle  
I rape her and takes away her pride,  
Her innocent pride and dignity upon the bed.  
When I came down, I becomes empty within,  
My love for her evaporate like the vapour.  
Now, I hated her with passion after eaten the fruit

john chizoba vincent

# Osu Caste

I don't know when these lines ran off my shouldering lips this morning...  
but I guessed they are spirit and being,  
home and forest, evil and sorrow.  
I don't know that men are made of  
two spirits & souls & bodies until  
I saw a boy cast out from his clan.  
his body remained in the Obi of his  
forebearers whilst his spirit went & his  
Soul sang a dirge and elegy among his kindred who watched amidst laughter  
whilst the other of his body, soul, and spirit went beyond.  
I don't know why my blood sipped from his tears and flew down to the ground,  
I don't know why culture made men insane like the mad masquerade that was  
bitten by a snake.  
I don't know why we rejected our own in the name of caste system & traditions.  
are we not same breathe from same god?  
I don't know why we sang last night,  
I don't know why we made the moon shine on others and cast it away from  
our brothers in the ditch to cry and die.  
and we dragged their shadows to bury in the evil forest where the unseen gods  
live.  
Let me see your palms and your eyes,  
The stars are the easing thought there of,  
Let me see your lips and hair,  
are they not the same colour with that man sent out last night?  
The name of every caste is in our mouth,  
blood. Water. Spirit. Souls. Bodies.  
The names of every Osu is a bosom of every river flowing eastward.  
They are the images climbing the sign whilst the world was dancing to a lonely  
lullabies.  
We made them see the stars descending with black roses & yelling & belching.  
My mother was a victim,  
my father was a victim,  
and that piece of a broken boy was also a victim of this hiccupped mayhem.  
Yesterday, the town crier said with a prelude light song that two bodies was found  
in the street & my people cared not but languised in wine & merriment.  
This still remain our fate as my brother went visiting his head & was chased away  
by her father cos he is an Osu.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Our Blue Cruel Teacher

We have a teacher who dresses in blue gown  
And paints her lips and fingernails blue,  
Her smile is blue, and she walks on a blue high heel shoes.  
Her eyes pupil are blue and, she dye her hair blue,  
The children calls her the 'blue cruel Teacher'  
The clapping blue sky knows that humanity is weak,  
The chalk can never tell us all that we need to know about life because life itself  
is a mystery.  
In front of the class, she stands teaching what we should do whilst she knows  
nothing of her own to teach.  
One can not give what you don't have, break of the stiffened nature is baseless  
without the insight of words.  
In front of the class, she stands all the time talking  
To the wind that passes all the time angry,  
She plump her shoulder up always with pride.  
She moves around the class with a long whip  
Seeking for her prey to break their necks.  
When she speaks, one cam pick her sugar coated saliva on our faces.  
Talking in her class is a guilty sin, mosquitoes ceased to move in the atmosphere  
when she comes to the class.  
On graduation day, she made the children go on a blue dress.  
One day, she told us that her father is a woman and her mother is a man and;  
her mother is the head of the family.  
She told us that the devil is the father of jesus christ  
And, Jesus was born in the ancestral family shrine of her maternal home,  
We all laughed out our teeth in the class.  
Some children went home and told their parents what our blue cruel teacher had  
said in the class.  
And hell broke out between our blue cruel teacher and the school proprietor, who  
in turn fired her.  
She left our school that day with black and red gown that soiled the atmosphere.

john chizoba vincent

# Our Days Are Numbered

When we were much younger,  
We lose sight of the value of time.  
We get busy with our lives,  
We don't even realise the hours that pass  
Into days, weeks, months and years;  
We never knew that our days were numbered.

But,  
Our health concerns has made us to realise  
Our own mortality and the numbered days.  
It is this brevity of life that makes time significant,  
So be careful how you live your life here,  
The wealth you are gathering shall be anothers.

Our days are numbered like goats are numbered,  
Our days are numbered like cows are numbered,  
Our days are numbered like fishes are numbered  
And no one knows how many days he is to live.  
Do all you have to do now, tomorrow is too late!

You are not promised tomorrow,  
Live your life as if you are not going to see tomorrow.  
Do not think you live according to the number of your hair?  
No, men have different date, time, and day of death.  
Even grasses can live again but man live not forever.

The cloth you are wearing could be your last,  
The food you are eating could be your last,  
That journey you are about to embark now,  
Could be your point of no return today and forever.  
That shoes could be the last shoe you wear by yourself, be careful of your life,



you are not the  
Owner, the owner lives above.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Our Education Is Dead

Our education is dead!  
Our education is dead! !  
The bedrock of our society is gone;  
Who shall bury it with its weeping soul?  
The wise are crying at the hall of ignorance  
The Ignorance are rejoicing at the detriment of their  
Foolishness, rather than weeping together with us.

No more chalk to teach us how to rule,  
But there are many beers at the bar to drink.  
No more table to sit in the classroom but  
There are tables for the looters to write and steal.  
No more biro to write and books to read but  
There are many cigaret to smoke and enjoy.  
Our education is dead and gone!  
Our education is dead and gone! !

Teachers are bereaved at the dungeon of Unpaid salaries,  
Looters build many mansions without looking back,  
Their wards are sent abroad to school whilst we dine  
With the dead system they killed with their legs.  
Our education is dead and gone!  
Our education is dead and gone! !  
Fools are clapping in merriment;  
The wise are entangled in fears of the unknown.

Our messed generation care not,  
When is the future for the messed generation?  
The ICT systems are sagging,  
The academics boards are leaking;  
The professors are dead with their sagging English,  
They are teaching us nothing, nothing at all!  
Our education is dead and gone! !

john chizoba vincent

# Outliers

Out-li-er /-, li(-e) r/ noun

this dance was dying of old age.  
until I learnt to move a toe.  
a dance of old woman trying to see  
the sun rise from the sole of her feet.  
her survival outlived a snoring nose.  
these holes were carved out from the  
thigh of a prostitute learning how  
to lay on bed. Is this life so sweet to you?  
then, live it without answering a call  
to the whispers of the wind to your ears.

let's visit blank pages.  
of heroes unsung from our historical mouth.  
of those things or people situated away  
from or classed differently from our farms  
or a related body translated from the hood.  
let's see this images from the eyes of my father trying to be a man before his  
children.

yesterday, my father made us to learn  
from the school of the African heroes.  
he taught us how to be special among all.  
how to name extraordinary a friend...  
through bridges built in a hardknock.  
a lust day. a littered day. a little more griavience.  
a little caution is not enough for the craving eyes

maybe.  
maybe not.  
that we survive in this planet..

we'll come by in the evening of November.  
we'll try to ease out our thoughts.  
Maybe you will understand where the  
pains started. our legs. our feet. or history.

maybe.

maybe not.  
that we survive this gory miseries.

this pains were carved from the tree.  
where the ghost of our ancestors danced.  
they created this basketful paths.  
they are the outliers. the geniuses.

maybe.  
maybe not.  
that we survive after the apollo' creed.

that we journeyed through this forest.  
the forest cultivated by their ancestral hands.  
until we learn to be like them.  
carving history from stones.  
Making the sky brighter.  
We'll not survive through this modern dance.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# Pages Of Life

Page one reveal the man  
He is brought to the world  
The nurses whip welcomes him  
And he howl desperately to be heard  
But no one could behold his tears  
He made the mother weak under  
The strange atmosphere of delivery.  
There life begins, he crawl, stand, then walk  
Suffering under the sun of wickedness  
Rejection, and discrimination follow in  
The prey of sadness, life dawn on him  
Like an ice that struck on the naked soil  
Truth is reveal to him whilst the dark side  
Of the blue sky remain covered  
Childhood dreams hurt in, teens dream break apart

After, the hunt for a partner begins desperately  
He is now a man and has total control of his life  
Mother no longer control him. father twist his ears no more  
But cuddle him with advices  
Children emerges and problem multiply  
Salary insufficient and troubles increase  
Yet he has to maintain his integrity always

Death comes knocking when those wrinkles stretched  
Out on his face like a tribal mark from the west  
His legs could no longer hold his pretty body  
And his weak soul which seek to rest in the bosom  
Of a heavenly father who knows all  
Si fit welcomes him as death comes unknown  
He collapsed one morning and be gone forever  
But always remembered by his deeds  
In this naked world of sin filled with evil

john chizoba vincent

# Pains

it hurt spiritually  
it hurt physically  
ache in the born marrow  
as the massage is send to the brain  
waiting to heal tomorrow

it ache more than a broken heart  
hurt more than an elegy written to mourn  
put fear in the body and,  
makes the whole system miserable

it thrust tears out from your heart  
welcomes torments and groans  
as the body becomes restless in a twinkle of an eye  
At the stroke of its madness  
The eyes becomes red and soiled its expression

hurt your emotions and feelings  
heart beats faster and heavier  
Because fear is at the door  
if you would survive it or not  
But within days, it gone with the winds

john chizoba vincent

# Papa's Song

I have waited this long  
Just to see the sun roll up our suffering mat  
And hope return to my household  
Not in the season of my song  
Shall there be famine in the land  
Not in my time shall the walls  
Of this compound fall apart in tears

Not in my time would there be  
No cry of a baby in this compound  
Not in my time, not in my time  
Not in my own season of song  
Never! Not in my generation shall there be  
Wailing and groaning, nakedness of the children  
Seen in the street of Nkporoland

Adake- the gods could hear my song  
The sweetness of the flavoure there in  
She is not deaf nor is she blind  
To see what they have done in our farmland  
Not in my time, not in my life time  
Shall mankind be forgotten nor beg for food

Not in my season of song shall  
The lizard fight the hawk cruelly  
Noy in my time shall the lion run away  
From the stupid goat  
Not in my time shall the fowl challenge  
The dog in a physical combat, never!

Poverty go, you have feasted enough  
Tearing down our stronghold and cutting  
Down our pride, not in my time!  
Not in my time! Not in my season!  
This song in my throat is causing me pains  
I bore the sound in my mouth to speak  
To the parrot to sing along with me  
To tell the world with my song  
Not in my time that all will die



john chizoba vincent

# Peace To The World Is An Illusion

Peace to the world is a sin to say to all ears  
Humanity would always be at war with itself  
Millions of states would always war themselves  
History will be recorded in the past and present  
No fight, no friend, no enemy; no success.

Adam rebelled against his maker godlessly  
His salty heart revealed mischievousness  
the religious diversity, would always stand  
cultural differences would always hurt us all  
languages shall darken our minds against peace.

Peace to the world is an illusion to the eyes  
Till the maker journey from Jerusalem home  
Until the messiah blow the trumpet of doom  
War shall remain sweeter than peace to ears  
All humans shall dare and look the sun' eyeball.

The bombshell of a victorious coward in the street  
Shall flaunt our whiskers scaring the stubborn house fly,  
Hoping to dine, shine and dance the steps of the gods.  
We shall seek no more of peace but of love and unity  
The gargantuan union of minds mooning thoughts

© John Vincent Artistry  
For: Film Republic Pictures

john chizoba vincent

## Pen Errand

I know that even when others deceive me, you can't deceive me with your blossoming ink of truth.

Go tell them what has happened to our budget,

Tell them that our budget is missing in a broad day light, who stole it? We Are yet to know.

Tell them that the chibok girls have not return from the forest of lies.

Tell them that the president is confused in fighting corruption.

Tell them that the same looters are our ministers in the government house.

Go to the school, tell the teachers that they have lied to us.

They told us that we are the leaders of tomorrow and our hopes were lifted up, happy. Joyful. Excited.

Yet, the old men still control us like cattle in the field.

They taught us how to carry Bible on our left hands

And then, hold gun on our right hands to kill.

They taught us to keep lies on our upper teeth and

Truths on our lower teeth and deceit at the tip of the tongue.

How the weak sun smile, they shows us with laughter

How the air was inverted with a cloud of worry; they taught with a black chalk which depict darkness.

Go tell the moon that the world is not happy with it,

Why colour our world with white while we need darkness, darkness that speak honestly to humans?

Stop no where until you get to the skin of the sky,

Paint it with red and black of your tongue, humans

Don't need white sky but black and red sky.

Hurl my soul to the people of the earth, smile not!

Laugh not, pen! For the gods are blind to see your work.

Where are the gods of the land which supposed to shield us to peace? !

Where are the gods in this land?  
Where is Obatala, Ogun, Amadioha, Sango, Arusi?  
Where are they, my beloved pen?  
It wasn't so in the beginning, no, it wasn't so in our time.

Your words is but a candle on stand with men,  
You will make many blind and many loose their senses when you start with your  
endless talking.  
What good is that to them that they live on earth?  
All have sinned and you must tell them the truth,  
Do not be gentle on those hard stone, honey pen.  
Go! go! ! Go tell them of the pains they have caused  
While I remain in this darkness called bar of truth.  
Hide nothing from any man or woman, understand? !  
Men have chew many cud in their mouths and this had made them forget their  
creator's warning of love.

Hold the church at ransom because they caused the war, religion war against  
one another in the church.  
Tell the pastor of your observation; of his drifting off from the doctrine of God,  
the creator of the universe.  
Ask the Imam why many are killing in his mosque,  
Why many has created their own part instead of the  
Path of their prophet; Mohammed, why?  
Then, return to the church and ask the pastors why  
Prosperity sermons is the order of the day, pretty pen;  
Don't be shy and intimidated on this journey.  
Many would abuse you but forth I send you not backward.

Tell the government they have done us more bad than good.  
The masses are weeping at the door of their houses,  
Commotion here and there in their handwritten letters  
The oil they made to fight against us in an abnormal way.  
Our hearts they have taken to their hearts to dine with.  
When shall the call of intergrity be made to us?  
When shall all return home to feast together as one family?  
Tell them we see all their works to us under the sun,  
Every one shall receive their reward when the time comes.  
No king forever, soldier go, soldier come, barracks remain the same.

Stories foretold between my fingers are the sad ones.  
Dreams made real by the stroke of a golden pen is real to the boredom of their  
looted ego in the world.  
Blue inks manifest to change course of humankind but their dirty hearts foretold  
of an unchanged facts.  
Red inks warn of impending wordless doom that will befall men when their hearts  
remain the way it is.  
Black ink is the colour of their souls, black demons.  
A writer's morsel is pictures in the brain of his brain.  
Tell them to turn to the rhymes of their dance and watch how the beads they  
wear will mock them in tears.

Let your words be broken into verses so that they could understand that life  
wasn't to get and eat alone.  
Mighty pens speak and, I know you won't disappoint me when you see their  
faces in the light rooms.  
Do not look at their faces nor look into their eyes!  
Those faces and eyes are decieving to look at.  
Your languages their tongue may not understand but write it down on a white  
parchment paper shrivels under your bleeding body, maybe they would  
understand.  
Words are my wealth, the wealth you really need to share with the world to know  
of our pains.

Journey of a pen knows no destiny nor fate of others,  
They may take your words or leave them at the door of their ears but; make  
sure you speak what I asked you to speak to the dying world of sin.  
I cannot beg the graveyard to teach men of quality of being honest but, I can  
only plead you to redirect their steps.  
I may not have to live completely to write but this errand I sent you shall  
represent me long before am gone, the legacy of your message to the world shall  
not be wipe away nor be chased away from people's heart.  
I die tomorrow but death never kill me when my words are evidence in their  
hearts.

john chizoba vincent

## People's trust.

Soon, man's wisdom will fail him  
Soon, man's wisdom will be naked  
Vanity shall hold up with man cruelly  
Then, shall no help come to him.

Soon, man's wisdom will fail him,  
Soon, man's wisdom will be naked,  
Nothing will serve as a future for man  
Because the creator's rage is against him.

Soon, man's wisdom will fail him  
Soon, man's wisdom will be naked  
Why depend and trust in Mortal man?  
He is neither the saviour nor messiah.

Soon, man's wisdom will fail him  
Soon, man's wisdom will be naked  
Trust only the man above the sky  
He alone is able and faithful to lead.

Soon, man's wisdom will fail him  
Soon, man's wisdom will be naked  
Cast not your burden on men or his saying  
Man is a vain thing that goes empty overnight.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Perfect Me Lords Of Poetry

This I ask not in folly but in honesty,  
Perfect me gods of poetry  
Make me an eyes that sees,  
Make me the mouth that speaks.  
Let me be the hands that writes,  
The legs that walk for perfection  
The tongue that taste words.

Perfect me Wole Soyinka  
Perfect me Chinua Achebe  
Perfect me Eriata Oribhabor  
Perfect my Art J.P Clarks  
Make me better through your remains Shakespeare  
Breath into me Kukogho Iruesi Samson.

Like the Thespians are initiated into their fold,  
Initiate me into the fold of Poetry, my Lords.  
Let me walk with you, Graciano Enwerem;  
Hold my hands through your ghost, Christopher Okigbo;  
Kiss me with a mouth of poetry, langston Hughes.

I pray in the name name of Maya Angelou,  
I supplicate on my knees in your name Williams Butler;  
Baptise me with words, let me eat poetry,  
I pray thee gods of poetry.

Cleanse my head, Pablo Neruda.  
Fill my pen with your knowledge, Thomas Hardy.  
Induce me into the shade, Gabriel Okara.  
Where is the remains of your Biro, Niyi Osundare? !



I want to write with it to be better.

Where are the dust of your feet, Remi Raji?  
Can I get your last draft, Ken Saro Wiwa?  
I want to belong; to be a pen lord, lord of poetry.  
Perfect me, distill me and cook me with  
The remains of the atoms of your knowledge.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Phases Of Life

## PHASES OF LIFE

Some are poor and needy with nothing to eat  
They are dregs of the society, ordinary people  
They are naked all day long day dreaming  
Their mouths speak of pains and agony.  
Some have no money, children, wife and husband  
In all, they have hope and joy for better days  
This is a phase of life so common in the society  
Life becomes their employer with their wages unpaid

Some have the money but are restless  
Sickness is always at their doors smiling  
Always knocking to pull them down  
They are called the middle class people  
They toll to belong to the top but can not  
Life journey becomes a tale of sorrow and agony  
Setback drives their dreams away  
With the wind praising their hostility  
This is a phase of life which is also common  
Why would life pay us partially, favouring  
others and pushing others to the wall?

Some have many to eat and drink  
With nothing to bother them about life  
Their mind works for them with hardwork  
All their time were invested in thinking  
They were awake whilst others sleep,  
They are called the rich and wealthy people  
Patience speaks them motherly  
Determination wing their chariots of hope  
This phase is not easy to come by

john chizoba vincent

# Photo Boys

We snapped memories into photobook  
Watching the edges of songful hedges  
Drawn hopeful singlet of grace of  
Testimonies conquered in neglected verses.  
We played from the check of honoured  
Dimples crossing routes of perfections.  
Here are tunes playing from the photoshop  
Of our hearts designing graphics cards  
Filled with affections & bubbles of love.

Portrait of tomorrow carved an amazing  
hours in the street decorated with colours.  
these are colours depicting greatness  
freshness & braveness of the voiceful heart  
Kitchened through the celestial laughter  
Of a slighting mother to her joyfulness.  
We are similar, singular and opposite,  
We are plural of everything humanity,  
Sweetness of every singing lyrics & verses.

Let's this fondness remain captivating  
boys. Sweet. Bitter. Acidic. Sour. Raw.  
Reflection of the World Series of smiles  
Printing names on carved pumpkins leafs  
Boys carrying themselves in their shadows  
Carrying themselves in memories of their  
Parents' pastoral culture and languages.  
Boys spinning into crispy treats of white  
dreams written on the stream of the skies.

We are fascinated about the rare cloud  
journeying towards the stars of our souls  
Harbouring our names in a bag of colours  
Imagination are doubtful unperturbed pictures  
Painted in the innocent face of boys of tomorrow  
After the sun bent the tremour of our rushes  
The rain came like a troubadour warrior  
Between veteran lips of boys who went & never  
returned memories of their family portraits.

We are boys carrying our family's loss  
We are boys carrying our Father's legacy  
Bearing the pursuit of our fathers yesterday  
Look into our eyes & see our imaginations  
those imaginations created by our ancestral  
ancestors for tomorrow to hold our peace.  
We may not know that these sands are made  
of ridges of boys like us who went carrying  
Pictures of dreams that we could not retrieve.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Photograph

PHOTOGRAPH (after Achebe's remembrance)

We opened our book of remembrance with a  
Blissful kola nut from Ogidi, then poured libation  
On that same ground that once held our eyes of unity.  
Your photograph is that which hung on the wall  
of my heart parted by walls of your wisdom and thoughts.  
You saw how the moon peeped through the leaves  
Uniting our shadows as you loosened your buttons  
Showing me the path between two mountains;  
Smooth sand of precious stones sparkled on your softness..  
You're a gem in the heart of poetry figures of now.  
Okigbo was but a zealous fellow of your domain.  
Sorrow will be the Joy of tomorrow when Okonkwo  
shall return to enquire of those who called him weak.  
what makes up the poignancy of your stars? ,  
what make the radiant cloud relish clement despite  
the inclement rain that once betrayed you?  
The most beautiful colour which paint an imminent  
memory in my heart are found in the palette of moment  
By the imageries in things fall apart and am eased.  
if before you get to the soothing roost of opulence,  
We'll remember you as a man of the people,  
you did never sail through the thickness of reverberated gloom,  
We'll not allow the children to fondle sky with fear like  
Ikemefuna did through dogged consistency and tugged persistency.  
the sweatness of tomorrow shall become the sweetness  
of today, and the sun and the star shall supply from your thoughts.  
When shadow of discouragement overshadows our reflection,  
We'll search through the mirror of courage in 'there was a country  
and see the encouragement in the image of your vision.  
I have counted the stars for Ezeulu without a mistake,  
Obi Okonkwo will be here with a clattering breeze to flutter his  
irrevocable bluster. We will journey East again but this time  
With a drum of hands and whistle of mouths to tear down  
Awka with a vocal melody of caress, and remind them of  
the photograph of your deeds still dangling in our eyes.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Plight Of The Boychild

i created another Jaja yesterday!  
a braver Jaja unlike that timid feeble boy  
Chimamanda gave life in Purple hibiscus.  
i gave him a gun and a mightier heart.  
i carved a pumpkin route for him to follow  
i made him to have the mind of his own  
then, I sent him to his father just like every  
mother sends their sons to their father.  
he gunned him down in his assaulted plights  
he returned angrily to hunt me for this freedom  
my experiments to pull him down failed  
and I remembered mother also created boys  
she abandoned to find freedom who later  
came back to murder her in their plights  
Boys come in this formless shape creating imageries larger than them which  
returns to  
Squeeze more juice out from their dark sides.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

## Poetry (Double Acrostic)

Pot that cooks many tasteful souP  
Over and over like love of crescendO  
Enticing the lustful lost eyes to tastE  
Tree with many branches like the tastement  
Rendered in an unequal mouth, different thinkER  
Yam sliced by different hand yet very handY.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Poetry Has Many Stories To Tell

It tells of a borrowed joy counted in scores,  
A night without love but embraces many  
A canopied broken heart by the seaside' insanity  
It tells of words championed by a fearless faith.

Poetry has many stories to tell more than  
My grandfather's watery unpalatable mouth  
It harbours a shrine of tales to tell of heroes  
Many dread her root of folklore and fables.

Her mouth is the shelter to many iconic gems  
Once watered with a branded gin of history  
The soup of yesterday will taste sweeter today  
She sag down a mountainous boredom of fear.

Her myths soaked like linen of perspiring soul  
She tells of love and hatred, dreams and hope;  
Life and death, sin and righteousness before gods  
She reveal memories of cemented tricks.

Poetry has many stories to tell to the eyes  
It all depends on how you tell the story  
Double bladed by the muse of your creativity  
And cursed by the venoms of her words.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Poets Are Gods.

We've created men of courage.  
We've created men as weak as the earthworm.  
We've cast the moon off the sky recently,  
We've stopped the sun from shining to men.  
Like we planted, so we destroy and change.  
Ask Agbo dancer who made her a living legend,  
ask Abiku who made her to live in poetry.  
Ask Kambili who made her in the purple Hibiscus.  
Ask those boys who went and never returned  
who made them leave if not Agarau, the poet.  
We've punctured silence and resurrect bonds,  
bonds that are fragment of fragrances.  
Changes began with poetry as the world began,  
God spoke of light and there was lighted light!  
Issues of life we hold in our shrine of words,  
when dry gin of alphabets are brought before us.  
who have seen a world without poetry?  
Who have see a planet void of living Word?  
Would it season come and go without havoc?  
Would it farm harvest forest of knowledge?  
Until you get better, we won't stop the rain of words!  
We won't stop lifting hope and hopes to all.  
We are the gods of the land, the orators,  
the mediators, teachers and the angels you seek.  
We live as far as you breath-  
Long after you read and think, we live.  
Poets are the gods of the land, we are not blind gods.

©John Chizoba vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

## Poets Are Mirrors.

We leave all we are in the hand of history,  
future of our past, past of our future...  
when the sun light shines upon the commoners,  
let the Izaga masquerade stand tall above them  
to prevent the fury of it terrible burns.  
Life is a mess worthless to fight for.  
The fountain of all beings rest in greed,  
Let the children be told of their past,  
let the children be told of history of their land.  
We can only explain who we are to ourselves,  
we try not to be sad like the lonely cloud  
But as happy as the tree leaves with the breeze.  
We are the change, we really the hope, we are the miracle,  
we are the change you are going through.  
We see the pains hidden in your pride,  
the war against societal change in an umbrellamic foist.  
W gather together to make history in victory,  
as long as you live, we live not for the fame,  
We live not for the moment at hand...  
This is the part that summond the bloodshot,  
the veil that cause the orbiting of the earth,  
the birds that parrot the colours of the sky;  
we are the society, the society is us.  
You see through our eyes what the community is,  
We are the sun, the reflection of the green grasses.  
Nature is in the capitalist frame of a federalism,  
none stand in the vocal pitch of our voices.  
We are the mirrors that reflect men and society,  
Poets are mirrors, reflection of the society.

©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Poets Are Paupers

Mother told a story yesterday  
of how poets die in black penury  
she said I won't be a pretty poet  
as my dreams dance on my ink  
"Poets are mirror of deceit and pain  
craving beyond the debris of life  
over my dead body will you be one! "  
she pulled down the heaven on me!

a woman is a country of many colours  
the hearts of men are far country  
we are all students of life, learning  
even the masquerade has a date,  
a date to join their ancestors beyond  
hold your tongue to your bosom  
fate knows whose palm wealth will  
be planted sooner or later by nature.

You will be raped by darned darkness  
fed by junks of insanity lurking by...  
a teary gland shall emerge, right in  
the bosom of your myopic despair shall you live by your sorrow like an oiled  
orchestral stammerer down the street  
father raged holding my LLB firmly  
like pixels collection from a twisted camera abandoned by a loner.

writers are mirrors connected to reflect  
this world filled with broken stanzas  
if my fears are not for my brothers and  
my sisters and for Nigerians chains...  
I will leave my hope dashed in the air  
tilt this morning with the eyes of the night, we will dice this moon for hand  
on the paupers animated series of life.

Aduke birthed venoms last year for you  
Chioma made your tears red images  
words are like Sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn!  
demise of a poet, no one seem to notice  
in your domain, you don't expect praises

if a kingdom falls, there are several others to replace it while you rot calmly.

Poetry pays but its a business of the Elites, a trade not meant for children!  
Shakespeare name is still carved on the  
body of the sky,his head still seen today.  
what is penny without a route in life?  
Poets are pauper to their testy tongue!  
Father, leave me to my dreams to perish alone, even if evil calls for good,I will  
stand as one poet and always will.

let the traces of a saint be kept in peace  
let the shining armor of a poet glitter  
becoming another star is not a sacrilege  
Poets are not broken and shattered dust  
this musing muse is only our spirits;  
a spiritual elixirs to the clay world  
we are crops, the worldcover, ladders  
let the ways of poets be kept, we are not paupers on the street begging for  
meat.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Poets Are Poor

## POETS ARE POOR

Omawumi birthed venom yesterday  
She won't marry me again because  
I am a poet, she said poets are poor  
Is my pen not worthy to buy her make up?  
If poetry gives no money I will still be one.

When the arrow of folly is carved  
Wisdom back off to the galaxy of stars  
Poetry can't be broken easily like sticks  
Poets live beyond the rivers of warlords  
Poverty is not in the secret of lexicon of poets.

Mother sent me out of the house  
Because I told her I want to be a poet,  
She cursed my generation to come  
Then wrote a note to my future never  
to favour me in my desperate journey.

When the eyes of stupidity is begotten,  
When the mouth stand taller than the nose,  
When the scent of a madman becomes pleasant,  
Check the nose that picks the aroma well  
Poets are the million airplanes in the sky.

'Poets are poor' my teacher screamed at me  
'Can't you be a doctor or lawyer than a poet?  
You will sing without song in your mouth soon,  
There won't be bread on your table to eat  
And you will measure yam before you eat it'

Let the perceptive of a saint be kept,

Musical artistes are not idols to worship  
I can also be praised in my own corner  
Please your eyes with your sinful thought  
Poets are the lust in the eyes of the saints.

'How many houses do Wole Soyinka have?  
How much does Chinua Achebe have?  
You will just die and perish without worth,  
Nothing but a bitter tears and sorrowful blood'  
My sister barked at me this morning!

It is not my tale to tell of a house and money!  
Not my business to know those in their covens  
All fingers are not the same as all men are not  
My tomorrow have been written favourably,  
I only water it through the idea of the gods.

'Go get a life, poets are sick with words!  
Poets are poor! Poetry is no treasure to keep  
Go and join Ekene in his business at Onitsha  
That would keep bread on your table not poetry'  
Father buttered my ears last breeding night.

What is my business with business  
Poetry will keep food on my table soon  
Poor poets are not my cup of tea to drink  
Everyone have a different mindset and vision  
Soon, poetry will be commercialized and we earn  
Much more than Dangote and Mike Adenuga.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Policemen In My Country

## POLICEMEN IN MY COUNTRY

The policemen in my country are  
Another beggars we have in the street,  
Reaping from where they did not sow.  
Under the hot sun, their eyes shone  
Like the moon, collecting twenty naira  
From one bus driver to the other.  
They are more violent than the street beggars,  
Give them twenty NAIRA, you are a friend,  
But refuse, you become the enemy of the country.  
They caused traffic to steal from Buses  
Yet they claimed that they are working  
For the betterment of the entire nation.  
Policemen in my country are more  
Dangerous than the armed robbers in the street,  
Their hearts as black as their uniform.  
Call to defend the weak but in turn  
Exploit those they are call to defend.  
Policemen in my country are another  
Shina RamBomb and ANINI of the country.  
Are you sure we have policemen in Nigeria?

john chizoba vincent



# Politician Shoes

Their shoes curse me  
Send fear into my heart  
And makes me loose control of my self.  
Have you seen their shoes before?  
Black and red, it connote danger and darkness  
Press down grasses between their tears and laughter.  
Politicians shoes has no soul but  
Spirit and dark blood like crude.  
It makes a loud noise like the dancers beads  
In the front face, corruption built its hut  
Then in its back lies harbour there.  
Deceit are the leather there in while  
Dishonest is the tag number.  
It direct them to misdeed of all kind  
Politician shoes has no compassion on the sand and grasses  
It causes colour riots in their attire.  
Under the shoe are gum which is used  
To steal public funds and money.  
Every now and then its steal money in an occasion  
And no one knows their hidden agenda.  
It is the elephant of the forest against  
The soil and the poor grasses  
Endo and ecto parasites to the nature of man's body  
Politicians shoes are holy shoes  
But smells of foul odour and mutata always.  
It fear is in the category of death while  
Faith and progress fills the oppressed with life

john chizoba vincent

# Politics

men suffer all the injustices in pains  
never fit in with their plans

L. about day and night but eat like ants

I. inappropriate weather conditions, bombing and restlessness

T. total bondage for the common man in the street

and riches of the economy to the rich

visions a blessing in disguise among the looters

Save our soul we all pray and watch

John Chizoba Vincent

# Politics In My Country

## POLITICS IN MY COUNTRY

Politics in my country is a mad dog game  
Which makes people go insane,  
They never mind who is at stake  
All of them wants to be good,  
They are never bothered by people' mood  
Kill and get ready to win as a man,  
Gentle, you will be taken as a woman.  
Friends are no more one  
Until the deeds are done,  
It is always to have their way  
And enjoy themselves like they are in holiday.  
They Sing their promises in song  
Not minding getting present from the throng.  
Politics make men lose their senses  
And see good as bad as nonsense.  
Politicians never want to get down  
Because that will make them frown  
Politics in my country is a deadly game  
But after the play, you won't be the same.

john chizoba vincent

## Pool-Entree

Sweet fragrance of savador  
Savor preciously before the door  
Wind that transform humanity  
Above their cackling insanity  
Pool-entree through the poetry  
Entranched perfectly to enrich luxury  
Not in empheral form but forever  
In equilibrium between life and nature  
He stands tall like the sun to nurture  
He brings future time today and stay  
Spreading his wings in admonishment like ray  
Poetry lives after his creator  
Like a little child, he glows and shines  
Beholding perfection on earth above the stars  
Pool-entree to poetry, art of life  
One who lives after the creator has gone out of life.

john chizoba vincent

# Poverty

Look at the stormy wind coming,  
Can you see the strong hands/  
Can you see it mouth so wide and deep  
The mighty wind it came with scattering all manners of things desperately?  
Things which people gathered for years  
Rendering them useless and leaving the naked in public.  
some are left homeless but not hopeless.  
How did she came here, through the door or window?  
She came like a thief without invitation.  
Is it my weakness or selfishness that invited her  
Or my Inability to take good decision and steps?

With pains, i struggled to get rid of her  
But it refused to let go perhaps she loves my home.  
She would never be here in my home, no.  
She had thrown my home into confusion,  
Took away my humble wife leaving  
Sorrow and agony within my heart.  
You only heard the song of the dead in my throat  
She is so strong like the mountainous rock.

My Mother foretold me of her,  
as old as man you are.  
As ugly as the chimpanzee.  
You killed my father and took him beyond weeping.  
And now my mother and sisters, in sickness.  
You can't take me like others.  
Igbokwe household is gone in tears,  
Our forefathers had abandoned us.  
Some dared point at us  
They slapped and spat on us us because of her.  
I must get rid of her in my home.

You kill silently more than death,  
Death is better than you because  
It takes one away where he never remember his past nor his sorrow  
But you keep us here with pains.

The smiles in my face you took away  
and left me stranded  
My sorrow had grown wings whilst the battle field is in order.

Now i will rejoice like the birds of the air,  
And dance like the priest behind the shrine.  
Because i have conquer you.  
I will be telling my generations, how i over came poverty.  
Will i write the story down or tell them orally?  
Writing it will be better for them to read  
and learn the art of fight against poverty.

john chizoba vincent

# Powerless Not Voiceless

The street might have not taste our strength

because we are holed up in captive

But our voices would be heard among the fools in the street

we could not fight destiny for who we are

Remember, we are part of your world, your home

Major discriminated of the universe

in the fragmented stinking forest of life

Held up in poverty against our fate

You sprawled merrily on the sofa

in the opulence room, but

we welcome the dark forbidden coal on our cheek

In the dark rotten shinning kitchen

In weakness and fear

Power less not voiceless

Hands held high unable to retaliate our suffering but we revolt in protest

Dreams dreams with no existence

Our kinds are destroy in complete may hem

But we one thing is common among us

To speak for ourselves and later we betray ourselves

We are overthrown in every battle, stranded and frustrated

Unable to lay our hands in good things  
Our legs are entangled in the spider's web  
the singing fools we are because  
We loot our selves and sell our conscience selfishly  
That is why our voices is unheard  
Tolling and suffering all day long  
The sun brighten our darken faces amidst tears  
We know the forest to be our native land  
Upon the hands of those who bring squalor,  
impecuniousness and sickness  
They are fools, indiscipline, callous and injustice  
Which way should we go with our voices? &gt;  
of which mouth would they not laugh at us?  
locked in undermining war of weakness and fear  
With our right dashed away mysteriously  
Our only strength and power is our voice  
which would open a new chapter in our lives  
If only we speak only with one honest voice.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT



john chizoba vincent

# Precious

PRECIOUS

Painting my words to affect your heart  
When our world collapsed we fell  
Then our emotions separated into two  
But once We were two together  
Stitching our hearts With words  
Made in the days of solomon  
Now we mared the sky at ease  
Back to back at the sound of each other's voice  
World apart, destiny separated in tears  
We never look in the sky but now we do  
Therefore, we wait and speak to the law  
Perhaps the doom shall save my life  
Once you were my precious jewel in heart in  
Days the air went on vacation in my home town  
The birds sang behind the thread of my soul  
Then you were my bouncing ball of hope  
In the ocean of my heart I loved you  
But suddenly the air wept behind my heart  
The climax became more firerce and wild  
I came calling but you were far with a man  
Far from my heart whose tears awaken thousand  
Chains of dark smoke from the underground  
You go, I will be fine and responsible without you  
Thanks for making my life a misery to learn.

(C) . John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Prepare Me

PAREPARE ME

Prepare me for tomorrow,  
Let my heart follow you  
Till our blood meet at the marrow  
Where I built a home for you.

Treat my soul with care,  
Tends the love there off  
I will make you my dear  
Dance and make me see

Till my heart smiles  
Love will not come  
But relaxes at the door  
Waiting to be welcome.

john chizoba vincent

# Pride Of Africa

Behold her in her passion  
Could someone tell me who she is?  
A woman from the east Pride of Barbados sent to entice men.  
a Woman in her prime with a beautiful body.  
So beautiful like the morning glory.  
It fade not like the candle, from ages to ages.  
Behold her in the middle of the sun  
Shinning to the entire world.  
She makes the vegetable grow,  
Her beauty mint the mountains and her smiles  
wakes the entire earth to a glorious morning  
And her frown wakes the earthquake.  
Her joy knows no bond because she brighten the earth.

I have fallen in love with a total stranger  
I have awoken the sleeping lion within.  
Will the wind take me for that?  
No for her tendency, would she protect me.  
her pretty body shall be my dwelling place  
Her heart my home till eternity, when  
Sorrow shall be no more between us.  
How many years will i adore You woman?  
To satisfay that which nature have given to you.  
To gain that which which nature had given to your body.  
Thousand years to come i shall adore you like a goddess  
Because you make my dreams come true.

You made me blind woman.  
How long will you torment with your beauty.  
Yet i die gradually with no cause because i love you.  
My mind and spirit are gone far away because of your beauty,  
woman of africa, pride of the world.  
Behold her in her glory like a sprouting seed.  
You built passion of my love, passion of my hobby  
Passion of my anger and enthusiasm.  
You are my night and my day.  
I will love no other than you.

The hurricane wind rose because of her  
How i wish she belong here in my heart.  
I could have treated her like a goddess.  
How gracious you are, your beauty change  
My whole life and your charming skin  
Transformed my entire world.  
Look at the papers and the nylons in the field,  
All rose because of you.  
The grasses waved in appreciation to your beauty.  
Woman, who art thy maker?

I know ages shall come by  
I shall be the one to call upon my children  
To tell them my experience how the mighty tree  
fell because of love.  
Who is he that stand between us?  
Let him keep off and be save Because  
Love does not ask why or how.  
Love is honest and pure, gentle and caring,  
If the walls fall apart, i will know deep inside of me  
Dreams that mattered has come true in this world i love some one.

john chizoba vincent

# Python Dance

after Odumegwu Ojukwu  
after Chinua Achebe  
after Christopher Okigbo  
after Dele Giwa  
after Kofi Awoonor  
after Kwame Nkrumah  
after Ngugi Wa Thiong'o  
after Nelson Mandela  
after WoleSoyinka  
after Leopold Senghor  
after FloraNwapa

I am part of this ancestry black struggle  
For Africa to be reckoned in the world  
not of ancient historical context of backwardness but of productivity  
I wasn't part of the python dance  
taken to the East against the voiceless.

Our ancestral souls still beat louder  
The shrines of our forefathers are not destroyed by palms of westernisation  
We still have men of understanding  
Men whose hands are legs of fire  
We've told the boys that no youth returns to early grave again, never!

This fashion of corruption is gone  
Every darkman rules for others to rule.  
No politician shall ride on a state car  
Whilst many travels on a trapped  
python dance shall be forrestructuring of Africa heritages  
not for killing our own blood for fun.

This we pledged drinking from one cup  
Gathering firewood that would take us throughout the wet season of this storm  
Africa is our home and our hearts to  
protect and guide from purple aliens  
no more python dance to kill our own.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Reflecting Voice

Tomorrow will come to mind soon  
when we'll part ways to come again.  
We will forget yesterday we cried rain,  
we will remember the meatless meal  
we shared behind door of ignorance.  
Africa have many branches to protect.

My heart will cuddle your pains passionately,  
the stored laughter of your muse canned  
on the hairy legs of my bethroated fate.  
we will not allow the sky to bleed blood  
when the atmosphere is romantically abused  
and the Petals, nectar of daisies voice out loudly.

I shall speak with the new voices of Africa,  
Reflecting on those agonies our forefathers  
saw in the hands of their slaves reincarnating.  
Jaja will come to mind at the full moon,  
Nkrumah shall dwells in my talking blood,  
Awolowo and Zik of Africa shall be my voice.

I have been to the eloquent Badagry lately,  
I saw the rivers of no return now sorrowful,  
I went to freedom park at Lagos Island,  
where history without pages was made in colours,  
I asked of water but blood they brought to me;  
the blood of my father's and sisters in grave.

Where are the Chibok girls lost in mirage?  
Who owes that Millions found in the building?  
Where is the president of Nigeria now?  
Who is Lai Muhammed to our hearts in question?  
Who made the youths strange to their fight?  
I will talk to Mandela again for freedom!



Ibadan is the colour of my voice to men,  
we can not be ruled by greed and succeed.  
Lagos is the muse that misfortune got in mind,  
we can not be governed rhetorically in shame.  
Enugu is the flag of pity in the eyes of Easterners,  
they made us look like the dregs of the society.

We will flag off these flags of corruption now  
and start from the darkness in every street.  
We will reflect and measure time and tide,  
this is the journey of blood and freedom.  
But purging out encrypted past is the answer  
then we reflect on those voices judging today.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# Reflection

take your time and tell what time it is,  
to the ever wishful watching world cry.  
Where do dreams come from to mind?  
How do dreams make it way back home?  
Who owns the dreams of our neighbors?  
History pitches tent on a high mountains,  
victory comes and disappear at the speed of wind.  
when mother's breast fall at the young day  
we say time was measured in her absence.  
When the palm wine drops from the kindred mouth,  
another opportunity is giving to the deity to  
mingle blood and flesh with the mortals.  
Where is the home of the beautiful sun?  
Where does the moon perch and stay at noon?  
Does the wind rest at all from watery the earth?  
Humans are the fragments of the sand and dust!  
Africa is my home, my root yonder of liases,  
our history is us in the history of our land,  
our thatched roofs are the mainstream of our beliefs.  
Look into the cobwebs and gather the string of  
another Images spreading love and lobes  
of hypertizing calls of our root in the sky..  
we carry our past on our heads to rehearse,  
now, the poet see at the mercy of the sun,  
the anus of the birds are taps like borehole,  
breeding an excellent muse to the earth.  
The goat now reason like humans in Nigeria,  
the dogs are now the minister for information,  
the hyena handle power and energy in the land,  
the lion is a minister for oil and gas,  
the parrot, minister of education;  
the masses, ambassadors of poverty and  
ministers of hatred and voiceless champions!  
They obey every moves and commands,  
they focus on the ease of themselves.  
we are really doomed in the society,  
Though violated chips we are, yet, we kill  
with mouth and eyes like the stars f destruction.  
Reflect on this and we shall meet at the toll gate

where this madness was generated.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# Remember Your Six Feet

When you walk gallantly like the Elephant  
And make gold and silver the clothes you wear  
to be seen by all men whose life are worthless to  
You, remember the six feet waiting for you!

When all men are nothing to you but mere  
Grasses you can easily trample upon and make  
Them weep uncontrollably in the name of a master  
Remember, there is a place called six feet for you!

All men are equal in death if no place else,  
The shiny of the sun and the stars in the night  
Are not weakness of the earth to its inhabitant,  
Remember, everyone has a six feet to be dug!

When you acquired all the houses in the world;  
One at Ilesha, two at Ikoyi and three at Onitsha,  
And you sleep in all one night after the other  
Greedily, remember there is six feet waiting!

When you made the sun to shine on only you,  
And the rain flow only in your well selfishly  
While the poor beings are kicked here and there  
Remember, there is a place called six feet!

Yesterday you took all the wines into your stomach,  
Today, you have taken all the food made for the crowd as if you were the only  
existing human here,  
Remember, those things are going into six feet soon!

I have seen you thrust that man away without  
Helping him and you said he is your brother,  
What you have, you don't want to part away or spare,

Remember, those are not going with you in six feet!

I have gone round and have seen the evil common to all Men of all age, they acquire all and never enjoy it.

Their days are numbered and none knows the number of days he is to leave here on this earthless earth.

Remember there is six feet waiting for you,  
Remember, a six feet shall be dung someday,  
Remember that six feet whatever you do;  
Remember where you are going; six feet!  
Every man is equal in death if not in life.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Remember.....

Tomorrow is pregnant  
no one knows what it would bring forth  
Boy or a bouncing baby girl  
Perhaps the unfolding mystery of good and evil  
Thou art the hand made of Nature  
dearest blessed and adores by nature  
flew thou far from good excuses  
it does nothing to thy humble soul than destruction  
laugh so hard that even sorrow smiles at you  
Fight so strong that even fate accept defeat  
Love so true that even hatred walks out of the way  
live so well that even death loves to see you exist  
Remember, no horse get any where until he is harnessed  
no stream nor gas drive until its confined  
No life ever grow great until its focused  
dance with the sun and yet forever young you live  
Drink in the company of the moon and be happy  
in you lies the fault if dwells in the past  
look perfectly before you leap  
Just like the a duckling taken to a strange yet familiar land  
kill elaborate rationalization and justification of not taken actions  
Remember, you can achieve almost any goal you set  
If disciplined to race to pay the price  
Do something, do anything  
With body and soul so pure like the snow  
Remember your two worst enemies, fear and excuses  
Take ye control of thy soul  
In dinner before dessert  
Success is its own reward  
Never excuse your self, never pity your self  
Be a hard master to your self and be lenient to everyone else  
Hold yourself responsible for a high standard  
than any one expect of you  
Appreciate the might and force of habit  
Remember to break those habit that breaks you  
And hasten to adopt those favourable  
See no more the mistake of your ancestors  
Disciplined is the bridge between goal and accomplishment  
Remember excellence then is not an act but a habit

Remember talent is never enough to excel  
Courage is not absence of fear, it is control of fear mastery of fear  
Beware of endeavouring to become a great man in a hurry  
these are fearful odds, many eyes watches you  
Over come the fear of rejection and conquer self  
Reason before you act and keep self focused  
A cleansing scarf would adore your face forever  
when remember all these.

john chizoba vincent

# Remembering Lonely Night

I've seen the silent night hurled at me again,  
my feelings mouthless, a cut deeper than fresh  
wound cupped a strange fantasy of expression inside -  
Another gory fear danced to itself in my soul.  
Masturbation came in silence and we warred,  
I wore myself around myself depressed in the dark.  
Fast pace of family lies held me captive, the smouldering emotions, the flames  
of insanity;  
the current that sank agony into me stood fearless.  
Loneliness, depression armed with heart bruises,  
the night was the harbour of my confusion peeling  
the milkish conscience of me to the cold night.  
A guilt within, I prayed, yet, I'm bruised and blamed!  
Pleasure mumbled smoke of lies to me-  
Broken at the top of every bone in me,  
drug of sanity I pierced into my skin shamelessly  
to get high, to forget life, to taste atmospheric climax.  
Mother left me to this fault, this scheme is of father!  
Unity lost at home, separation chameleon by,  
this is the match over of my visible pains,  
the remembrance of an incentive of a lost pride.  
Take this little room of my tale and see  
Confusion penetrating meaningful urge to my wandering.  
I spoke to myself pleurably in the darkness  
of confined time lurking against the tide.  
Night alone brings fear and agony to my body  
as it makes him float like the lonely feeble cloud.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent



# Right Of Mother Nature

## RIGHT OF MOTHER NATURE

Create harmony with mother nature,  
This is not a blue skies idealism.  
Do not abuse the earth righteously,  
Treat the mountains with dignity and respect;  
Re-plant when you cut down a tree and burn  
Not the forest for they have feelings like you.  
Poison not the rivers nor the oceans for  
The fishes there of are humans with emotions.  
Do not kill animal anyhow or they will go into extinction.  
Conserve your environment and water, protect wildlife and make mother earth  
proud.  
Protect the right of mother nature,  
Observe the Right of mother earth.  
Avoid polluting the air with smoke,  
Everything you sow surely you will reap.  
You can't sow mango and reap maize.  
Mother Nature look up to your cooperation to  
Make the world a better place for us.  
Do not abuse the earth for there you are returning  
Protect mother nature against harm.

john chizoba vincent

# River Nkporo

From the east it went majestically to the west  
to the North it brings blessing and peace  
To the great inhabitant of Nkporo.  
Its waters the south amiably to the favour of the hills  
Mountains and the green grasses of the field.  
O river Nkporo, thou art mighty, spiritual center of anticipation  
Leave us not alone.  
Be our guide and never allow the contamination of the western oceans.  
Those are evil river, those are rivers of pain and sorrow.  
Remember unto them salt was brought to you  
But then when my forefathers dreamt of you  
There was no dream for salt in you.  
You were tasteless and pure, colourless and harmless,  
Now the black liquid had feasted on your humble spirit  
Bad manners corrupt good manners.

where are the goddess of the river?  
Where is the god of harvest and thunder?  
Have you forgotten the Epic tears from Mbadiwe?  
He was once in the river promoting peace and love  
Among Nkporo inhabitant but now,  
Rings and gun powder are found inside my beloved River Nkporo.  
The holy book was once seen beside the mighty rock  
Where the queen dwell every sun set to  
Govern the land to achieve that which destiny has in stock for her.

How were you corrupted?  
Papa will never appreciate what we  
have done neither will mama be happy.  
O river Nkporo, the white got you corrupted  
The laws were broken and the bound divided in tears.  
Your dignity carried away and the glory departed from us.  
The great spring is gone with the rock,  
Now we all cry but never will you come back.  
The deed had been done.

john chizoba vincent

# Road To My Yesterday

I saw the knife like shape approaching,  
The woman holding it was smiling,  
My mother was weeping profoundly behind,  
My little aged eyes were watching  
Trying to know what the knife like shape want to do.  
My bead danced off from my waist  
And, I saw tears filled a cup in front of me  
Ready for me to drink it and eat my wrickled pains,  
But I shoulder courage to be a woman;  
Even though I hail from a lost barbaric people whose minds are black and thirsty  
of knowledge,  
I tried to run but couldn't because they were mightier.  
That woman grapped me and whispered to  
to my craving ears that it is my traditional right,  
My right to be called a woman in the emerging years.  
My fears overpowered me as I screamed in pains,  
The fan swirled and the clock tick tack and the  
Light bulb gave out an angry flame in tears,  
I was lowered in an unconditional madness.  
The knife like shape went straight in my opened legs,  
It went closer to my womanhood, the pains shot;  
The fears broke my ribs and my vein shouted.  
The opened woman tried to escaped but my emotions  
Held her back to my body.  
'Jesus'! Mother screamed with her eyes closed,  
The two women continued their work in my angry woman.  
'The circumcision is done' the fat woman said  
' You are now a woman' the other said  
' Would she be ok? ' mother asked but no reply to her.  
'Women circumcision is bad, so bad! ' father cried  
Years later, black years later, here I am childless;  
I can not even enjoy the sensional joy of meeting a man who could service me  
like a woman.  
I can't behave like a woman any more?  
Here I am like a tree planted in a desert of shame,  
I am now the problem of my problems, the custodian of the woman I am through  
shamed illd tradition of circumcision of womanhood;  
Standing in gap between ancient and modernity,  
My road to yesterday cannot be close until I mother a son who can call me

mother.

(C) John chizoba vincent

#morning sadness# against woman Circumcision#

#speak out for women#

john chizoba vincent

# Root

Ogbuefi my great, great grandfather begat  
Ifegwu, my great grand father and Pa Ifegwu  
Bogat Agwo, my grandfather whose sword slain many at the battle of the  
Mosanga.

And Agwo begat my father Ogbu- john  
Who showed us common theme of endurance,  
Hope, faith, sacrifice and deep abiding love  
That stand ever rest on our roots of great stem and branches and fruits.  
In elughu Nkporo, he took us along with him  
To the shrine,  
He initiated us to the gods in the family compound,  
We face the brutality of life itself;  
Abuse of the paternal home and we triumph.  
Prejudice that our forefathers and matriarch endured,  
Our root was of hardship and sorrow with mother earth barking behind us as  
though we are lost children.

We fall so many times but we stand again,  
We have been very deliberate in preserving  
The family stories, orally told, along with  
Artifact, stiffened around our long Giraff neck,  
We cherish family name and, we value family and;  
Never want to loose sight of all that had been overcome in order for us to be  
positioned where we are presently.  
We can't abandon Nkporo okwe, where our source is, we will stand to enjoy the  
nourishment and satisfaction that root provide for other branches,  
We learn to honour the family traditions  
We were taught to uphold the family name  
Where our lives are planted since the days of Adams.

john chizoba vincent

# Rootless Land

Tufiakwa! That land suck!  
I can't spend my next life here  
Where women birth in joy and  
Grasses sprout out not when cut.  
Blood meets where two love lines are  
drawn, freedom, which is life, is ceased.  
Has Nigerians a god at all?  
Tell the gods I can't come back here again,  
My Chi can take me else where not here.  
This is cursed and homeless land bleeding  
have made the masses  
famished and the land itself is hungry of  
tomorrow, it uses tears as substitute for laughter.  
That land sucks and I can't remain here,  
Tomorrow we shall be meeting the gods  
in heaven where the stars are clothed  
to remove us from here least we perish and rot.  
There is mirror in front of this land and  
no one is watching.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Roses Are Grown In My Village.

I could recall the epic journey of my ancestors  
With palm oil in their lips and kola nut in their mouths.  
They all wore the ancestral rope down on their waist  
down the mountain of wisdom and bravery  
To fight for the freedom through the ancient call.  
Wisdom and perfection were with them.  
Courage were their backbone  
They were bound to the journey.  
They were champions of all time,  
Heroes who fought merrily for their generation to come  
they Harvested the roses of the paradise and grown them in my village.  
Pretty roses, king of all flowers are grown in my humble land.  
Champions are breed under a glorified atmospheric condition in my village.  
Pretty ladies with dark ski, long hair, pointed nose, beautiful body  
White set of teeth and dimples are breed there  
Under the motionless passion of love.  
Wisdom are made in my home town  
Love grows strong in the eastern heartland.  
Bravery dwells in the southern home where the black liquid lives.  
Have you heard of Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka, Niyi Osundare, Femi OSofisan,  
Olu Oguibe, Buchi Emecheta, SEfi Attah, Helo Habila, Teju Cole, Flora Nwapa,  
Adaobi Tricia, J P Clark, Ben Okri, OBinna Eruchie, Chimamanda Adichie, Saro  
Ken Wewi, Akachi Adimora?  
They are roses from my village.  
With the spirit of 'Nigerism' they stand tall, unshaken  
They speak louder and clearer upon the mountains,  
They lifted their body and soul to work  
And break through discrimination and rejection.  
To tell the world that Nigerian could do better.  
They were crucified by thought and change  
Passion for greatness, air of change, they breath.  
There are still undying roses within speaking silently  
Waiting for the right time to strike the match box  
Waiting for an angel to emerge like the village voice  
To speak perfectly to the world.  
Roses are grown in my village.

john chizoba vincent

# Sand Of Time

Listen again to the tale of papa's goat:  
The earth was white before when I was  
born in the pen of penury' breast.  
Shivering, conventioning, he talked to us.  
Dark pregnant of the sky was his rendering  
in the clitories of the moon in the night.

In the sand of time before we came,  
Papa was a singer with a great tone,  
the endless miles of greatness were  
nothing to him if it bears fruits of luck.  
He spent his leisures in the embrace of  
the city that harboured his dreams.

His cattle spoke of tomorrow to come,  
His cock pecked on honesty of the  
land because Nkporo was nearer Nile.  
Strive and argument of the moon and the  
stars were the happiness in eyes.  
Torment were but a tale of the wicked.

The time passed through the sand in  
an hourglass antiquated chambers of  
a soulful rhythms, bygotting memories.  
Papa died with a tale in his throat which  
he never let go to our ears to behold.  
But we inhaled love of his telling eyes.

Our feet trembles with tenderness,  
here once stood our homes under the  
bridge that crossed the sky stomach,  
here once stood the Shrine of papa  
as seen in his dying flashed eyes-  
but yesterday tells of today in fear.

We can now allow the sand to talk



us into finding our root; a home that  
understand and perceive our fragrances  
We hold Dreams in our embraces  
remembering what fate has spoken  
about us before we were born here.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Satire 101

## SATIRE 101

I am so fond of you my good man  
For beating your wife and sending  
Her home without her clothes on,  
Come let me give you a hug for men;  
For only a brave man can take that step.  
What's the need of you living with a woman?

Peace shall return now she is gone,  
When the house get messed up, you'll  
Gather the heap of mess to her room.  
It very kind of you beating a woman  
with a nagging lips to kill, but remember,  
Tomorrow shall haunt and hurt you till  
you die a miserable man.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_frustration.

john chizoba vincent

## Satire 103

Our chibok girls will soon come home  
So said our President with a joyful lips.  
They are already packing their bags,  
The food they will eat is prepared already.  
Cows have been slaughtered for them all,  
Mosque cleansed for them to pray to Allah.  
Our country men are waiting to welcome them.

We've bought enough wrapper for them all.  
We hope that their waist are still with them!  
We hope to see them without a big stomach!  
We hope they don't only exist in their eyes!  
Our Chibok, the oil money is kept for you!  
Two years in gap they are still packing their bags,  
How many clothes did they take with them?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustrati

john chizoba vincent

## Satire 104

Abubakar Shekur died yesterday  
So said our militant with kind lips.  
He resurrected today and die the next  
day in a shoot out with the military men.  
He is a superman who doesn't die at once!  
He has more weapons than they have and  
They continue to kill him without weapons.

Our Militant group are so powerful  
Killing one person more than four times,  
And he is yet to die with his arsenals.  
Oh, what a sweet lips we all have in here!  
Lips like that of the serpent of old time,  
Like the lips of a politician in Africa!  
We decieved ourselves ourselves no one to blame.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# Satire 105

Chicken republic...

We are all chicken's from Pig's republic,  
We must follow the route politic leads us.  
Even when we shout, the politicians won't  
Listen to us chickens in the pig's land.  
We are all chicken in the Pig' republic!  
We association of chicken cries out but  
We still sell ourselves by ourselves in the  
Open market where pigs enslave us daily.

&quot;You're the cause of our problems! &quot;;,  
&quot;No! I am not the prime cause; you know&quot;;.  
&quot;You're to be blamed of our misfortune&quot;;  
&quot;No! You're not to be blamed of this pain,  
He is to be blamed for selling our souls,  
For fighting shadows when he was to fight  
Demons, he is to be blamed of this and that.&quot;;  
No! he never stole money from funds! &quot;;  
&quot;you did last election and this... you are evil&quot;;  
We kill ourselves by ourselves still hope to be sane.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

## Satire102

I so much love Nigeria Politicians,  
They are the sowers in our street,  
Sowing on a rocky ground in an  
Eye-service manner so that all will see.  
I am so proud of our leaders in Nigeria,  
They are not reapers but rapers of our  
Innocent pride with a rekindled mouth.

I will have a hand shake with them someday;  
For making this land a good home for all.  
Oh! What leaders we have here in Nigeria!  
Like mother hen, they gathered us together  
To kill us with hunger and sorrow of goodness.  
Our agony left nakedness in their kingship-ness.  
I am so proud of Nigerian Leaders, kind, they are.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration.

john chizoba vincent

# Satire105

Chicken republic...

We are all chicken from Chicken republic,  
We must follow the route politics kick us.  
Even when we shout the politicians won't  
Listen to us fowl or hen in the pig land.  
We are all chicken in the chicken republic!  
We, association of chicken cries out but  
We still sell ourselves by ourselves in the  
Open market where Whites enslave us daily.

Chicken Republic...

You the cause of our problems,  
No! I am not the prime cause, you know.  
I am to be blamed of our misfortune.  
No! You're not to be blamed of this pain.

john chizoba vincent

# Say Me Well To Mother

When you get to Africa,  
Say me well to my mother, Nigeria;  
The blood that birthed my braveness.  
Let her know that I have not forgotten her,  
I have made my mouth a talking drum here  
To talk until the earth hear my bleeding words.

Tell her that my eyes longs to see her again,  
Tell that I heard about the missing Chiboks,  
The sweet handiwork of the lost Herdsmen;  
The price of her crude endowment here I am.  
Tell her I heard also about the missing budget,  
But I'm waiting on my pleas to our creator.

I have written to God a letter of intervention,  
Tell her I will keep talking until the dust here  
Recognises my brave voice; voice of Vincent.  
I have not abandoned her like the others did,  
I seek for a brilliant solution to her plight here.  
Tell me that I care a lot about her well being.

In people's face she looks like maid, misery in fate.  
At dawns and night they fetch mockery on her  
To the ages resting under the shoulder of prime,  
I know at every second in a year she cries a lot,  
She sings to the flute of gloomy sun to the fool;  
Highly stranded in the city of pride by faded dream.

Not even shinning sun winks to her sight,  
Tell mother that I care, I care about her brother.  
I take thought not of her offspring spread here,  
Sit with a colourful wings and cover her,  
She will be great again when greediness is gone.  
I miss a lovely dear mother here in a foreign land.



When you get to Africa,  
Say me well to my mother, Nigeria;  
The blood that birthed my braveness.  
Let her know that I have not forgotten her,  
I have made my mouth a talking drum here  
To talk until the earth hear my bleeding words.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Say Me Well To Them

Have we but all the time under the sun  
I won't have journey alone to faraway mountain  
To secure the destiny of the commoners from the Jews  
I could have waited until the conversion of the Jews  
But destiny has its own way of dealing on individuals  
Am gone out of the surface but not from your heart  
Free the birds without songs but not my slaves  
Until the blacks are free from bribery and corruption  
Shall I return to announce that I am black  
Black in the heart, black in the body and soul□  
Return the paradise to my people in Nkporoland  
Paradise lost, jungle regained in the African kingdom  
If tomorrow never come as I journey down  
Say me well to Nkporoland for she is a true mother  
She beheld me in her arms and cleansed my tears  
Fed me with her succulent breast with no sad face  
Say ne well to oganigwe, the great hunter  
We danced under the rain before the sun when  
The colonial masters returned the titles to us.  
Then we shared wives and mistress in the dark  
To igwebuike, he acted just like his name  
He stood against all odds to raise the Biafran flag  
During the war between the two elephants of the forest  
Say me well to them that wished me journey mercy to the field  
The football field is large but my broad heart is large  
If you could separate the three hands of the fan  
You could separate my love for the unborn generations  
Say me well to my children, children of the eagle  
I look not in pain rather I drive to achieve my aims  
Say me well to my wife- my growing vegetable  
Words unsaid hurt a lot in the heart of the beholder  
Never abandon my wish for the days are evil.

john chizoba vincent

# Scars

My father's tattered house breeds red demons,  
and my mother's kitchen feeds black spirits,  
We grew up loving demons and black evil spirits that flies in the afternoon.  
Our neighbours keep their eyes away from us,  
They shut the eyes of their dogs when ever we are passing by,  
Even their goats know the sound of our footsteps.  
We become sour and bitter to their craving eyes but our faces are always  
friendly,  
we draw the lines of fear in the hearts of our neighbour's children.  
They run and run and run with despair  
At the sound of our chorus.  
They assumed we carry demons and spirits in our pockets as we walk by.  
They fear the lines on our faces,  
They fear the jigida on our arms,  
They fear the marks on our forehead,  
They curse the morning to pop if we were the first they see;  
They fortifies the sand in front of their houses as father's footprints plant on  
them.  
They call us unprintable names with  
A flammabletongue.  
We wear shame and disgust around our neck chameleoning like the chameleon.  
The scars drawn,  
We become a mourning song that remove sleep from eyes.  
Blemish created,  
We became the architect of evil that the villagers never had.  
When the world becomes silent, and busy legs no more walk,  
Their hearts become our drums.  
Children shriek from different corner  
at the sight of our thatch roof.  
Accusation fingers pour on us daily,  
Legs hide from us as they see us coming,  
We tried forming another body to be  
Sane from our unknown sins,  
But our bones,tissues,muscles,veins sailed away from their roots.  
These are our scars,  
A scars created by what we don't know,  
They call us "Osu", a caste from the gods but, shall we become an  
empty birds in our own land?  
What kills most of us are things we don't know!

Leaving our shadows to wander in the dark is like a pimple on a corpse.  
Innocence is a fool in the hands of tradition,  
Ask your father the different between your left and right hand before he kicks the  
bucket.  
We've lost a map of who we are!  
We've missed a road tour to our root!  
And grandfather is gone to abyss but these scars of discrimination remains.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# School Benediction

As we walk to school today;  
May the glory of learning be upon us,  
May we not encounter something bigger  
Than our little eagle's eyes.  
The spirit of encouragement shall abide in us,  
Let the teacher' whip mean nothing to us  
But a challenge we need to learn and excel.

Bless and enlarge our knowledge;  
May the grace of wisdom abide still  
In us like the ancient king solomon,  
And bless the chairs, we sit on;  
The four corners of the classroom  
Shall be our friend, none shall injure.

May every lesson taught be easy and appealing,  
May it be seasoned from above to the teacher  
Not to be the reasoning knowledge of our teacher,  
But your reasoning and words from above.  
May every head obtain and preserve every  
Piece of information drop by.

So, bless this little classroom, oh God,  
And exalt the school in your glory  
And all that is within its care.  
May the teachers find mercy in your sight,  
As they Take care of us; so shall their children be taken care of.

With your tender loving care and favour,  
Look after our parents who labour day and night  
To see us through in this empty life of pains.  
Lord, bless our founder and his family,  
The trees and birds and the ants within;  
For without them, school life would seem  
Meaningless and troublesome.

john chizoba vincent

# School Warmers

S-een always at the backside  
C-aressing their ignorance which  
H-oused their illiterate minds.  
O-nly fools values ignorance like them,  
O-perating in the other phase of  
L-ife filled with darkness  
W-arming all the chairs they come for.  
A-bsenting themselves from the big deals  
R-ain of their souls call on the  
M-indless attitude which seems larger and  
E-xtremely greater than life to them.  
R-esult of their ignorance could only tell what their.  
    lives will be next.  
S-ecurity of their future is an odd tale.

john chizoba vincent

# Sculptured Heart Of Tomorrow

Leave me to sing!  
Leave me alone!  
I am not lost in self pity  
I know the road to follow  
I know where to get help  
not riding in war garment  
'One man for himself' they said  
I am not lost in shame  
I know my route in life  
Never will I honour defeat  
Join them if you want to perish  
Follow their ways and be gone  
I am an ordinary man;  
Ordinary man with dreams  
The verses of my hope is not empty  
The eyes of my tears is not  
without a flameable urge  
to behold freedom at all cost  
Leave me alone to journey alone!  
Destiny chooses me on this  
Leave me alone to find honour!

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# See Through My Lens

See through my lens  
That perfection is not in my blood,  
I have tried to be like them and failed.  
I need none of their approval or acceptance  
To make it in this Tribe of poetry; where many  
Look forward to see you fall with their words.

I will be who I concluded in my heart to be,  
Before you judge me, see through my lens.  
Perception differs from one to the other,  
Adore me the way I am and, don't judge me base  
On the way you see through your eyes lens.  
The good I have done in your hood should have  
Over shadows my flaws and weaknesses.

Before you judge me, just let me be;  
Before you judge me, remember your flaws,  
Life ain't easy for anyone that strife to succeed.  
I am as weak as you are, not a superman; superhero.  
To my friends, families, closest pals and relatives,  
I promise never to take you on this memory lane again.

Before you open my anus in the public,  
I have been in pains and suffering,  
Let me take you through the my memory lane;  
I have been as weak and confused as you are.  
See through my lens, see through my eyes,  
I was not made to be perfect but imperfect I am.

I have suffered many misfortunes!



I have suffered many pains!  
I have suffered many disappointment!  
I have suffered many sorrows and agonies!  
I have been abused and no anyone to fight for me!  
Maybe that is why I act the way I do,  
Maybe that is why I behave the way I do.

I have seen death barks and my heart skip a beat,  
Am only a human and I apologise for being human.  
Apologies to my friends and closest pals,  
No mistake is too great to recover and bounce back.  
You can love me or leave me, before you judge, just  
Let me be, life isn't easy as you see through your lens.  
You will miss me when am gone beyond.

See my whole life through my own lens not yours;  
Your lens could be deceiving and confusing, you  
Can see through my eyes and tell my pains to your heart.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Self Reliance

## SELF RELIANCE

Let the tall man be not too proud  
Of himself but let him consider the short man also who is in the same street like  
a nylon  
Going up To get something from the sky  
Let the short man be not glad because  
We all need each Other to Survive

But sometimes,  
Learn To do things on your own  
Don't rely on others for help  
Learnto. Wash your clothes  
Not expecting your mother or househelp  
To do it for you day and night  
For they may travel someday

Learn to store your mind  
with treasure of the phoenix  
Learn to equip. Your heart with love and knowledge and there you are on a  
ladder  
To great height.

john chizoba vincent

# Service To My Country

## SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY

I have paid my own dues  
To my beloved country,  
I have rendered my own selfless  
Service to the building of my dear country.  
I defended its unity and progress,  
I have worked the works of a true patriotic citizen;  
I have helped the poor and the needy  
In the local communities perhaps that is  
My own share in the nation's building.  
I have attended to the ministerial crises  
That may arise in the cabinets and other spheres.  
I have fulfilled my civic and social responsibilities,  
Paid my tax and levies, visit the orphanage home.  
I have attended to the service in the country,  
I have paid my dues in my beloved country and  
My heart is at peace.

john chizoba vincent

# Shattered.

and I heard hell called on men  
for eternal life for them all  
they ran here and there with  
decorated bottles of beer and  
handy skimpy sluts.  
filthy theme of righteous played  
they called heaven a dreadful hell  
the demons rejoiced at the gate  
each man was called a street  
each street was named after a slut  
each house was termed destruction  
each men were entitled for a virgin  
a virgin to straighten themselves in bed.  
a public hole was created for all  
come, fall in and die and be born again.  
satirically, I watched men shattered,  
shattered of smothering laughter  
planting kisses on the loose foundations  
because what they heard wasn't what  
they've seen on the last day.  
maybe, they were deceived by sermons.  
maybe, they found joy in sadness  
they told a tale of how hell is best  
colourful place for a virgin laughter.  
then, I woke up to see more sin on  
the body of coated clay earth.  
two cities created themselves:  
heaven and hell, a choice is  
left for you to make for eternity.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# She Lives In Me

SHE LIVES IN ME

She lives in my heart  
With a beautiful roses  
Which lies not in decelt  
She is my beloved princess  
Standing to overcome my strand  
When my humble heart is stranded

She boss my emotional feelings  
When I watered my soul to peace  
Up above the sky she stands  
Running all alone in my own race

She flowered my steps with the mouthful of love  
Like a determined destiny driving dove  
Conquering arrogantly she moves unshakened  
Silver and gold have I not in this land  
But I stand to testify her deeds instead

Pains and sorrow, tears and agony  
She remain right in my. Heart in harmony  
Not minding the burdening I gives her  
She stand like my loving mother  
She lives in my heart, my only heart  
Waitingto emergy humbly on lent

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Should You Get There Before Me

Echoes from Adebayo

Make sure grandmother see your face,  
tell her of the fastened ground which  
harbours me in promiscuous manner.  
Prepared a gainful story in your lips,  
my mother must not know that life has  
made me one of his orphans in the wood.  
Death is a coward in the paradise of life.

Should you get there before my shadow,  
make more noise of my deeds to all.  
I have planted roses on the laid rocks,  
the streams have I impregnated with fishes,  
The grasses will make a fairy smile of you  
but sky those brightness to your heart  
Tilting fresh egoes into a panning future.

My journey is of a saint of wisdom,  
tears of a widow is nearer to my heart.  
My mother must not sing of war song  
my father must not tie his wrapper twice,  
make sure that the rat and lizard don't  
go swimming because of your past tale,  
strivenness of the goddess is my willpower.

Move this sword to my barn of greatness  
I have made the fool of the women in fear,  
making a move is not a test of brevery;  
for the trials of Wole yielded no result  
yet, he was detained to just justice of joy.  
Should you get there before my voice is heard  
Tell them I am not died to the abyss of their thought.

Should you get there before me...  
walk not your sagging lips to rot in the  
street of walls and emptiness and hopes.

Your dreams must not fall like sands,  
Remember, we are called to cackle in  
one voice which stand for unity and peace.

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Signs Of Torture

Watch my back and see the red strips  
The red spots where the tongue of fire  
Tortured me in the midst of fear and anxiety  
Look at my face and see bruises done by no one  
Else than the kind cruel mortal strangers  
With burning fierce passion of wickedness  
They killed our brothers and sisters and  
Abducted our young girls to humiliate them and  
Ridicule our country in the face of the world.  
My legs wobbled and I cried every minutes  
With no one to look in my direction for care  
Under the oak tree we lay awake waiting  
Waiting for the destruction yet unfulfilled  
Fears built hut in our heart and love sounds stupid  
When are we going to die?  
Whose turn to die?  
Whose hands shall we die?  
Who would kill us all, by hand or bomb?  
Our bellies had dried up yet they see it not  
Our skins smell horribly yet they enjoyed it  
Watch the signs in my air, watch it  
Look back, back and front and behold our pains  
Our children are brutalized yet they were given bitterleaf  
Water to drink, drink with smile and joy  
The candle flame gone astray for they give us no light  
But the dryness could only be seen in our lips.  
Who shall rescue us from this inhuman?  
The messiah is yet to come with his archangel  
Are we all going to die before he comes?  
We need a little breathe of fresh air  
And the casting off those signs in us

john chizoba vincent



# Silent Whisper

There, they are with their scary galaxy of thoughts!  
Those that wanted us to sing those songs they never  
sang with the moon and the sun.  
Those that wanted us to dance the dance they  
never danced when the day was younger and braver.  
Those that wanted us to achieve those dreams  
they could not achieve yesterday with their weak hands.  
Busy old parents with often nagging lips to nag.  
Ask them where their dreams went in those days  
and watch them waving their head in pity no explanation.  
We spoke with our spirits of childhood in Africa,  
they shout and curse us for abandoning westernization.  
They are our faults, the fault in our stars.  
Our parents are the architect of our misfortunes.  
They preferred Oxford education to Ajangbadi high school!  
They preferred London bridge to Third mainland's.  
Our heritages were sold with the passage of time,  
our culture eloped with the white men's mirror,  
our traditions, Now a mixture of stone and rice!  
No one wants to take the blame but we whisper,  
silent whisper breaking the wind of tomorrow today.  
Fragments of the cockrel crows hurt our Images,  
Africa is sold cheaply by those we call father and  
the blame lies on the weak offspring.  
Tell religion he is our first enemy in disguise,  
if he argues, tell him the truth from Father's eyes.  
Tell the ladies that instagram is not a kitchen,  
If they argue, take them to the Memory Lane.  
Tell the boys that facebook is their major problem,  
if they protest, show them their changed names.  
We were made blind, history lied to us through  
mother's lips in the season of her sweet songs.  
We will scream and break off soonest,  
we will rebuild our souls and bodies soon,  
when the parrots are home again with their voices,  
Africa shall wear a new cloth -  
I whisper these words silently to retain your sanity.

©John chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

# So Many Tears

## SO MANY TEARS

Whose throat is honey to the ear if not you?  
Who savour the flavour and aroma of words  
If not a beautiful and special young lady  
Like the roses of the forest of Nkporo?  
Your hands disseminate delight from the  
Noisy face of the drums of Nkporo land

But,  
So many tears came to my eyes when  
You betrayed my love for you in the eve of the day  
We strive for the whole truth but mountain  
Melted away for the jilted feelings in one  
My love wept, my man man the man of my life  
I could see the ball rolling and the air duck  
Its noise that calamity has befallen me

So many songs were let go on that day  
When pains of your departure was inevitable  
The shadow of my sorrow beams with smile  
That smile invisible to the on lookers  
So many tears through the renowned hope but  
My unsung reputation in your life was the  
Abomination of the day

The earth could have see the craving pity  
That my heart encountered that its spinned for help  
My soul is littered by the forbidden fashioned lies  
Of a maiden whose insight of love was  
Always the sound of an unknown tone  
Not in my season of song, I could have counted  
The peacock and snake in your heart with evil.

john chizoba vincent

# Solitude

These cascaded tears are black in complexion,  
I started arranging them when I was fourteen.  
These broken stars are the horizons of fear,  
I started numbering them when I was ten.  
These words were the scars seen  
in the smile of my mother after my father left,  
I started counting them when I was  
only six.  
Mother left at a tender age leaving me in the hands of the wind.  
Father was killed at the battlefield,  
I held my fate myself and they fell like pack of sands yesterday.  
Tomorrow is the spaces between my fingers,  
Today is the map of gory miseries that has come,  
I learnt the act of singing lullaby at the sight of walls of emptiness - Solitude.  
How did we become pains in the eyes  
loving like the hungry wolves in the jungle?

Those that know me knew where to find me at the river bank,  
by the dark corner of a dark room, remembering the torture of yesterday,  
remembering a hole created inside me,  
remembering a piece of meat left in the mouth of the lion for me to pick.  
when night call, I shivered and cried for another illusion to be created,  
when it is dawn, cursed blessings come to play;  
I carry ghost of darkness in my right pocket,  
I carry death in my left pocket,  
I carry him out, talk to him fiercely;  
&quot;when are you coming for me? &quot;  
I have learnt to leave my body like a shadow when pained to roam about,  
For those who have answers to nature's call,  
I have learnt to sip silence from the rhythm of their heart beat.

Kiss and touch these pains, they are made from days of lonesomeness.  
riding from the skin of the sky to find home,  
like a lost elegy, like a lost dirge,  
like a child searching for a home...  
I am a lone man jagged and clinkered,  
I am a lone fox and a magma lion,

I've been broken twice, once and forever,  
The probability of me getting ramshackle by the shackles of desperation is tabled  
on the fracture of fins.  
I am a lone man!  
I am a lone man  
Soaked in sullied nipples of anger! !  
I am a vain man  
Lowered by low esteem  
I am a forgotten song of imperfection  
for i wallowed idly in the darkness of my thoughts alone.  
walking and watching my shadow angry...  
talking and counting the steps of my lips  
I attuned to the simpering ruse of zephyr when cascades of questions saunter  
the streets of my mind.

I am a lone man!  
I am a man rigged by life choices  
harrowed my limp soul like the incised opium's root  
Solitude is the name of my enemy here,  
A sliced silence in the morning of my heart is an aching uncle of my household.  
Hold your fears to your fingers  
I will not bridge this game again  
From this dice thrown, death drew nearer,  
Till we start learning how to spell the lyrics of father's dirge, solitude will always  
rule us all.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Some Where In Africa

There is a place in Africa  
Where the children are hopeless and dream-less.  
Their hope are taken by the politicians who  
Seems to have it all in their domain whilst the  
Poor rot in the dungeon of hopelessness.

The pretty girls are no more beautiful,  
The mothers are no more mothers,  
Women are no more soul- mate  
But soul- hunters, always plotting coups  
Against their husband as though we are in  
The military eras.

Brides are no more virgins when the day is still young and promising.  
Some where in Africa, they smile while suffering.  
The beauty of humanity they have made to be weak.  
Some where in Africa, teens are married away in tears and female circumcision is  
the order of the day.

Some where in Africa! Some where in Africa! !  
Women no longer love and befriend their husband  
As it was in the days of my forebears.  
The tradition and custom are going into extinction  
The culture are been abandoned on unknown hands.  
The shrine of their forefathers now weep, calling for help.

Some where in Africa,  
Their Men are no longer the king: the bread winners  
But the responsibility of warming the house had been thrust into the hands of  
the female counterpart.  
Women now bear the pains, lost and heart of a father.  
Divorce has becomes the order of the day.

Some where in Africa,  
Alloitment of public fund beams greatly to their wings.  
Embezzlement of money becomes very interest that have no shame and  
knowledge of what the future holds.  
OGADINMA! OGADINMA! ! OGADINMA! ! !  
They hear all the time from their sweet mouths but

Things remain the same day and night.

john chizoba vincent

# Someday

## SOMEDAY

Someday it shall be,  
We shall all be free from violent and terrorism.  
Peace shall be restored among the commoners  
And the pains of our abdomen shall cease in us;  
That is we all dream of after the rain and the sun.

Someday men shall be in unity,  
Many shall dance in the field of love and peace.  
We shall be love by nature and mother earth shall not dine more of our body in  
the darkness of the grave.  
Government and ministers shall be free from corruption between their teeth and  
tongue tip.

Someday all men shall be equal and valuable,  
We will grow up together in an open stream.  
White clouds shall cover our sorrow and agony.  
The lions shall have a hand shake with the lizard,  
The elephant; a brave friend to the soldier ant.  
Then the power to change shall change in our hand.

Our neighbours shall remove dirts from our eyes,  
Then brush our teeth and bath us in the closet.  
Our legs shall master the ground and sweep the  
Floor that curse our feet to evil and unleash  
The sky of its wickedness and; monster in the world.

Someday we shall learn to correct our children.  
Someday we shall go to school that teach morals.



Someday we shall laugh together and pray together.  
Someday faith shall follow us all because honey of  
The ears soften the tickness of the eyes and mouth.

Mind your friend and don't judge them,  
We are here for each other; to love and believe.  
Before you judge, first remove that which is in your eyes and then; turn to your  
neighbour and remove his  
Some day discrimination and tribalism shall be a tale of the old to talk about.

Some day, we shall all be in harmony with all.  
Someday shall it be, peace shall reign like water here.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Someone Has To Tell This Storyi

Someone must live to tell this story  
This story must not tell of someone  
Someone must live to tell our history  
History made to be told by someone.

Bring our oil back to us now before night  
Take us back to our oil before night fall  
Our arms are falling from the dim of light  
Light that fall into darkness before we all.

Take us back home before this trouble  
Bring back our home or take us there  
There we are looking after like the nobles  
Nobles are not taken care of perfectly here.

Someone must live to tell this story  
This story must not live to tell of someone  
Someone must live to tell this history  
History without pages but has many times won.

Cleanse our shattered land and home  
Our homes must be cleanse before we go  
Make our rivers clean and make them flow  
Someone has to tell this story without pages.

Someone has to tell this story of history  
This story must not live to tell of someone  
Someone has to bring back our glory in history  
History without our glory is not of someone.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of A Poor Man 2

SONG OF A POOR MAN 2

Give me a chair  
And Let me sit in your midst  
And praise poverty and want

The Face of a poor man  
Stays all crumpled up  
By Reason of the hunger and thirst  
Which are in his stomach.....

Tell my neighbours to Work not me  
My bones are weary of The pains  
My children, relax at home and feast  
Every good thing must surely come

Give me mat to lie  
I work no more like an elephant  
But sit and Wait for the food to Come  
I was not made to kill my self but to  
Wait on the lucky green side Of the world  
Where food must come to my table

I will fold my hands and watch  
I am too old to toll and labour  
Work is for the youths  
My children is where my hope lies

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of A Bruised Woman

If you see Ajani, my husband, at the gate,  
Tell him I have gone to my father's house,  
His manhood no longer entice me anymore.  
His mat has seen more of my pains than laughter  
And he had failed to roll up his mattress of cruelty;  
Marriage is not a do or die affair in my land.  
He can come and collect the kolanut he brought,  
My father would arrange his yams for him,  
Those wrappers he bought for mother she has  
not shown their faces to the bleeding hot sun.  
My bracelet has fallen folly in the market place,  
I am now the river that has no atom of respect,  
Now the grass every leg step on mercilessly;  
Every finger pointing at my bruised faces as a sheep.  
If you see Ajani Owolabi at the stream,  
Tell him that marriage is a game where the  
Two parties never give up on each other.  
I have be killed severally without a sword,  
He who does not know fire let him watch  
A forest blaze behind his hurt. Ajani has  
Broken the vows we made on the altar of love.  
The end of our union does not entice me again,  
This beads I must not wear again to the market.  
Thank my father in- law for his kindness,  
My sister in-law' s paintings had made me insane;  
She chameleoned her face between my husband  
And I. Home I must go to my father until  
Another man knocks at the door.  
Ajani Owolabi, let your ego go to rest for awhile  
Women need them no more to butter their lives.  
You are more of a dog than a man taking  
Orders from your mother and sister's lips.  
Don't look for me when your head comes back;  
I need a man not a child who won't stop trying with me.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of A Maiden

My mother is not at home  
Push me not to the corner,  
Take not my golden flower  
Its for my husband to behold.

Let me not tell this tale  
To those that will laugh  
Hide me in my own pride  
For future may rest greatly

Let me write not of pains  
Or of a beast among beauty  
When tomorrow comes joyfully,  
Trade gently with my body.

Don't write sorrow and run  
my temple is not for blemish,  
To the legs of the earth orbit  
Beat not my dignity before time.

With the eyes of my tears  
Behold my innocence crying  
If you have to write with ink  
Write what men will behold.

Touch me not my temple again  
Mother is not at home to see us  
Father has gone to the market  
Only me can not hold this madness.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Vincent Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Song Of A Poorman

When would the vegetables in my farmland grow?  
Others have harvested theirs but mine is yet  
To germinate after many month of impatient wait  
Take the children away and share them among my brethren  
I have no money to train them but I can impregnate women  
As many times as they want it am a man  
Here I would sit and would not journey to the mountains  
My life is too precious to me to suffer in vain when others would work  
And then I eat without laboring among them in the farm

Where are they going this early morning?  
My legs have developed the mind of their own  
I can't risk taken that bold step of faith  
My life would be better soon as I live  
It is well with my soul at home.  
Come fear and dwell in my abode  
Come weakness and entangle my legs  
I can't take risk unnecessarily to the mountains  
The governments are bad to the core  
The economy is not favourable to me

How would I move forward when I am not like them?  
They are better than me in every thing they do  
The rich men had stolen all the money  
Poor I am without bread to eat  
Commoners are voiceless and I can't express my self  
I would remain here until I die in penury  
Perhaps my potential shall be useful in the graveyard  
What should I think of while I am poor?  
I didn't go to school, I won't make it  
My children shall build the houses in my compound  
I am too old to work

Can I make it without a platform?  
The governments are the rogues in the country  
Why was I born without money and wealth?  
Twenty four hours is too small for me to work  
The lizards in my house are for decoration

I would sleep all day hustling don't pay  
Soon I would rule the country and steal their funds

Make the bed for me I want to sleep  
Posterity would not count on me  
Why should I work day and night when  
They all sit at home and steal money with pen?  
I won't work but I shall be rich  
Advice are meant for the fools

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of Abiku

I leave to live again in the world  
Look for me not in pains and tears  
Mother's torment is my laughter  
Father's tears is my joy and hope  
Look for me not among the children.

If there is a poetry of love for me  
Hide it in between my 'iyinwa  
I may come back when they permit  
My soul to regain freedom and peace  
You own me not to your sweet arms

Tears I bring, fears I create  
Never look as if I love what  
I do to your womb woman!  
I own not myself not even my life;  
No! not even my hair is mine!

Save your tears and write tomorrow  
The songs that others may sing after me  
Have your tale written in sorrow because  
Mine is already done with out hope and  
This road must I walk always woman.

Here where the shrubs are made,  
There where the road lies in agony,  
Those trees are far gone before men;  
Listen to my pleas and forget me woman,  
This lonely sky's side must I walk.

Life is a choice, either you live or leave  
They have chosen one for me, I must go  
to come back again through this rigorous  
process to hurt your humble innocent soul.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of Life

No sweat no sweet  
No sweat no sweet,  
That is how the song goes.  
Waking up all the lazy hands  
Who still clung on the bed  
For peace enduring and hope for better  
Tomorrow with no work.

Do make hay whilst the sun shine  
Never depend on any one for your upkeep  
Let not the day be writ.  
The beauty of a thing may not be the  
Determining factor of its needed value.  
Strife for success and you will overcome  
Make hay whilst the sun shine.

Believe in the value in you  
Doubt not in the house of Thomas  
Because he is the master of doubt.  
Conquer yourself and think wide  
Wider than the oceans and seas  
No sweat no sweet.

john chizoba vincent

# Song Of The Prophet

Put the cooking pot on;  
Put it on the fire and pour water into it,  
Put pieces of meat into it, every good piece,  
The thigh and the shoulder; fill it with the choicest bones.  
Take the choicest sheep of the flock and stack  
The logs all around under the pot.  
Boil the pieces, and cook the bones inside it.

Woe to the city of blood shed,  
The rusty cooking pot  
Whose rust has not been removed!  
Empty it piece by piece, do not cast lots for them  
For its blood is within it,  
She poured it out on the bare rocks  
She did not pour it out on the earth,  
To cover it over with dust.

To stir up rage for executing vengeance,  
I have put her blood on this shining bare rock  
So that it may not be covered over.  
Woe to the city of blood shed!  
I will pile the wood high.

Heap on the logs and kindle the fire  
Boil the flesh thoroughly, pour out the broth  
And let the bones be charred.  
Set the empty pot on the coil to make it hot  
So that its copper will become red hot.  
Its uncleanness will melt away within and its  
Rust will be consumed.

It is frustrating and exhausting  
For the heavy rust will not come off.  
Throw it into the fire with its rust!  
Your uncleanness was due to your obscene conduct.  
I tried to cleanse you, but you would not become  
Clean from your uncleanness.  
You will not become clean until my rage against you subside.

john chizoba vincent

# Speak.

Speak your mind and  
damn the consequences there of  
Speak the truth and no one  
will hold your hands as a criminal.  
Speak of the oil mismanagement and  
Let them go and crucify themselves.  
Public Opinion rules the world and its environs.  
We are in a democratic world,  
Where every idiot is permitted to speak.  
Air his views and opinions.  
I heard them spoke in low tone  
Yesterday as i tiptoed to their barn.  
They spoke on how the economy would be  
Stabilized and keep the country stagnant like water.  
So i urge you speak  
Perhaps your words would liberate us from  
their sultry hands ready to devour us.  
Speak and be free, a closed mouth is a closed destiny.  
Please speak and save your body and soul.  
please speak of their corruption for the betterment of your children In days to  
come.  
Speak of their money embezzlement and save  
The future generations.  
Voice out and listen as they spoke and  
Never be a fool who dream much but  
Never take actions.

john chizoba vincent



# Spiritism

deep, deep into the coven  
Men gathered in black red  
chanting of loom doom to come  
Spiritualism shrunk and shrieked  
Enchantment of idols of life  
Chanting rumbles of voidness and  
tempest and hailstones and hell  
Devil's advocates gathered in tears  
Demons gathered diplomatically  
Evils danced here and there  
Shakespeare' spirit called out poetic  
Lines from the endowment of poetry  
And, it went from marrows to veins  
Jackson' ghost created more music  
that circulated the whole moon  
and the stars and hell and heavens  
It sold out in millions and trillions.  
Achebe ghost stood for Africanism  
Lincoln's soul evoked outwardly  
Okigbo walked against fire of lost  
Senghor spirit was seen excited  
Flora's ghost gist of womanhood  
Emecheta' soul was seen around  
Enchantment of life arouse from within  
Echoes of doom circulated the air  
The wind roared calling on the ancestral  
bodies of Plato and Socrates and  
mysterious thought of Nancy Mitford  
Zeus, Ares, Hades, Artemis, Diana  
and Athena's were all present.  
I saw freedom from Mandela' eyes  
The world was at a slower pace  
Her orbit went sluggishly and men  
cried in front of religious faith.  
More public holes and bars were created for men to kill spiritually.  
The kerdecism dined looking through the heart of men.  
then, I came back from my trance  
with a bleeding eyes.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# State Of The Mind

Some are seated in the East  
But their minds are in the south,  
When you talk, they hardly hear  
Because their minds have travelled wide  
Beyond the surface of their present state of mind;  
On their own they are fighting nature, livingdead!

Some walks on the road without their spirit  
They hear not of the horn of the moving car;  
They have their problems like others, yes!  
Walking dead they are, I know where they will end.  
The madness in the air are so tensed that many  
Forget their ears at home because their spirit is gone.

Some smile with their teeth open to the public  
But their mind is as black as the charcoal on pot.  
their apparitions fade many dreams that come by  
to spasms of waking nights and thundering day.  
I spear my blurriness away to their frustration  
to follow the lifeless paths of their steps to recreate  
That which is lost in their lives because I care.

Some have the mirroriness of themselves to themselves, walking like empty  
skulls in homes.  
There is no space anymore on earth to occupy you!  
Don't exist to consume what is meant for the living,  
There is no empty space for the empty minds!  
Make way for the living soul to exhaust all.

Some are problems to the world and their families,  
Causing pains to their hanging lives which cry.  
To the like is oppositiveness of madness and death!  
Many legs halt and sweat like bloody grease,  
in wars many minds carve and ran out of their skulls.  
That is another state of the mind, creating fools.

Some have sold their emotions and conscience  
Then bought disgrace, illed shame and lust.  
Behind the road to their past are crises and lost,  
Preparing to doom them till eternity in hell.  
They arose like a haze, unclear like a mist and high as a cloud, a ferment of duty.  
It thieved their time.

Hey you that walk down the lost way!  
Mind the way you walk so that you don't fall like a child, life is but once and there  
is no duplicate.  
We will arrive at one place no matter the state you are  
God never promised us an easy journey but safe arrival.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Rigt Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Still I Rise

STILL I RISE

They bounce on me  
Like cat on a mouse  
Digging their fingers  
On my body with no mercy  
They said am not good enough  
But inspiration and muse kept  
Me going desperately in focus not  
Minding their kind cruel attitude.  
Their words hit on me like a coconut  
Fell on an empty head still I rise  
Amidst their neglect and rejection.

Hope,  
I picked it up in the desert somewhere.  
Dusted it off—placed the light pebble in my pocket to shine on me, I liked the  
way it felt.  
The way i were worthy when it was near.  
But then I stumbled and dropped it down a cliff side one day.  
You never heard it hit the ground, but you knew it was gone.  
You could tell by the heaviness of my limbs and the little breaths I could barely  
manage to exhale with the heaviest set of iron lungs.  
You knew without it, the road home would be the most painful I've ever had to  
endure.

Hope made me great after their rejection  
Here I am moving greatly in hope and dream  
Of those Things which are meant to Come  
My way soonest.

john chizoba vincent

# Story My Father Told Me

By the flowing milk of the words  
We were sold into slavery and hardship.  
Our voices ceased and our mouth closed.  
My people where after what they could get  
And unprepared we follow, forgetting our barns,  
Our hearts were locked in a cupboard of hatred.  
They took us long in the west, south and north  
wounded the lilies of our pride in the forest.  
there we worked in their plantations and factories  
With a rumbling, harsh stomach yet we worked.  
Our lands were taken and we could not come  
Home again, some died and some gone.  
We fought for freedom under the half of a yellow sun  
which their air were locked in our face.  
But their air were against us strangers  
Their soils seized our legs from functioning.  
We never win until the call of freedom  
sounded which brought about our freedom and peace.

john chizoba vincent

# Strengthen The Weak

Let there be love among you all,  
For where there is love, peace reign like rain.  
Be your brother's keeper and assist one another,  
Strengthen the weak and the poor among you.  
Do not leave them at the cross road  
To gnash their teeth in tears.

Uphold the poor and the weak ones,  
Make them strong so that they could  
Follow you in the race of life.  
Love them like you love your flesh;  
Do not reject them because of their plights  
They are part of the Universe.

We all were once weak and poor,  
At one time or the other in life.  
We were poor and needy at birth  
Naked, we come into this world with  
No one helping us except God, the creator.  
He then put us in the hand of our parents.

Malala fought for the education of the girlchild,  
Nelson Madela fought for the freedom of the blacks,  
What would you like to be remembered for,  
The problem you created or the ones you solved?  
Strengthen the motherless around you,  
Touch a soul and heal the world.

Observe the right of the disables;  
Tend to the laws of nature and live,  
Help the weak ones around you,  
Assist them to carry their heavy burden;  
The journey of life is the shortest of all  
Defend the fatherless and the motherless.

Protect the orphans in the street of pains,  
Be their voice and their sight of sight,  
Voice out for the timid voiceless around you.  
Do not hold back good things from them

Because God had made you because of them,  
Strengthen the beggars, the needy and the blinds.

Be the moses of their time,  
Be the isaiah of their generation,  
Act as the Joshua of the weak.  
Nevre abandon them at the altar of sin,  
Feel their pains as if you wear their shoes,  
Do not send them away whilst you have  
What they are looking for to live.

Strengthen the weak around you,  
Love them like you love yourself,  
Wipe away their tears in love  
Give them the holy kiss of life  
For love is the greatest law of all.

john chizoba vincent



# Stronger Than Pain

Feel the agonies of hurt feelings  
As they burn the heart like a wild fire,  
The sorrow of divorce penerate much  
More than a viper's poisonous venom,  
The feelings of loneliness hurt stronger than pain.

The tears of abandoned wife is hard to bear,  
Like the lily pride taken into exile;  
Like the lost of a husband and only son,  
Like the wish of a widow; like a new groom  
Who is denied of intimacy in the first night of wedlock.  
Like the thought of a college kid; like the colour of hatred, like the bottom of a  
burnt pot, the pains of labour.  
The misery of lost of an only palm fruit in the fire,  
The cry of a funeral ram in the village square,  
The weeping of a tattered child in a ditch of violation.

Loneliness is stronger than pain,  
Lost of a loved one is stronger than pains,  
Nothing is fixed on the mind when the mind has  
Itself to conquer.  
Trouble elude the heart when it assumes better  
Things rather than the mislead of its body in the ocean.  
tears and hatred are stronger than pains.

john chizoba vincent

# Survivals

## SURVIVALS

We are all from an Osucaste,  
those prepared for the gods of the land but rejected by the sun.  
The sand we march on are our brothers and sisters, who were discriminated too.  
They died a shameful death leaving their shadows behind,  
Leaving their spirits wailing at every dustbins that modernity brought.  
Leaving an awful images behind doors;  
Leaving their emotions on the bodies of the sky to hunt and hurt us.  
The noise named us into death and we smell silence through noise of death,  
Discrimination tamed us and we tamed the firmamentof the smoke that chase  
us.  
You can see the ghost of my fathers in that smoke going up there,  
You can retrieve the bleeding tears of my mother from the wind,  
You can see the broken words of my sisters on the palms of the stars;  
You can still see my brothers' virgin fears hang on the cloud,  
They died through this course, Osu!  
We will gather this cowries of Osucaste in Igboland.  
Part ways for the fierce spirit of ogbanje for the punishment of this culture.  
Obi Okwonkwo and Clara will marry,  
and Achebe's spirit will be at ease again.  
We'll survive through the skin of the moon,  
We'll survive through this ringing tone  
of civilization.  
They made us learn to trade life for death when life becomes a threat.  
We'll find ourselves coming back when we die at will with their torture.  
We'll swing swords and missiles in the name of survival,  
We can't marry others, we can't love others, we can't speak to others,whatlife is  
it without a human relationship?  
Our lives are bags of black colours,  
Our images smell horribly to them,  
Suffering from whatwe don't know,  
We have placed our plates upon the face of morning;  
We have removed all our tears from the belly of the night,  
Hoping that this will end when the earth and the mars cross path and we become  
the survivals.

Yours Poetically,

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Sweet Old Days

When i was a baby  
with a running nose and incomplete teeth  
I went to school with biscuit and sweets  
My teacher put me on a writing stool  
I learn to say my A B C  
I counted my fingers up to 1 2 3  
I counted those fingers carefully  
Pass through terrible beating and abuse  
Among the big boys and girls in my class  
I could not cry but fight back  
According to mother's advice  
And now, i am a professor  
With a high degree.

john chizoba vincent

# Symbols

When we laugh  
When we cry  
When we smile  
When we're sad  
When we're excited  
When we mourn  
When we sorrow,  
The world becomes silent

When we die  
Our spirit goes to unknown land  
Termites host conference on us  
Maggots conventionally gathers  
And we become dust and nothing, but dust.

Death is the last phase that peel off our skin from the eyes of the sun and leave us lost in thin air- nonexistence.

Life is the only sorrow we have  
It gives us no option but choices  
It tears our memories and beings  
We have different track to walk on  
But the symbols of who are still stay when we leave the surface of this painful poetry called life...

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# Tale Of Okonkwo

When Chinua Achebe presented you,  
we all marvelled at his powerful gut,  
we saw an elephant among mortal men;  
he planted an iroko tree in our minds,  
he made us see through your eyelid.

Your heels barely touch the ground,  
The night once died in your palms,  
The sun goes blind seeing your rugged face,  
Your songs sparkled the feeble stars at night;  
When you fell with your own cutlass dangling,  
We retained our mouth with its stride.

You fought nature's inevitability gut.  
Chinua Achebe carved a hero in us  
man's speed was at your brave fingertip.  
At a fist of your hand, many die to rise no more;  
a tragic hero who chooses his course of action.  
The most fearful part of you, is your Weakness.

Umuofia awaits you, great Okonkwo!  
They want to see your bushy eyebrows again,  
The wide nose that gives you a severe look.  
The wrestling ground awaits you for bone cracking!  
We are not concerned of your weakness.

Too proud and inflexible you were,  
Clinging the traditional beliefs and culture.  
But here, you died in us a weak man,  
A thought that once killed you when alive.  
The gods won't judge you again concerning  
The death of Ikemefuna after his redemption.

Umuofia awaits on your return, Okonkwo!

We can beat the rain and sun together,  
We can re-write our past with the future.  
Chinua Achebe won't be ashamed of your  
Braveness in his mind after your creation.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_ a\_ pen\_ refusing\_ Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# Tale Of Sambisa Chibok

Once we were told with a lying mouth  
That our Chibok sisters are missing in  
The evil forest of Sambisa but, alas!  
They all lied through their smelling lips,  
They polluted our hearts and poisoned  
Our feet to protest against ourselves in  
The name of combing around to fish out  
The claimed lost young lasses but it was  
A political bomb to threaten the present  
Government. one year gone, no Chibok  
girls found and government's mouth shut  
Because the seat belongs to them now.  
Alas! We were fooled blindly by him,  
Through that change chains crossed our  
Restless feet and we roam no more.  
Does Chibok girls really exist or lost?  
Those women crying then, were they  
Paid to cry to be seen by all as mothers?  
Those women protesting on the street of  
Lagos, are they all dead after election?  
or are they silent because the president does  
not appoint them as ministers of this and that?  
Where are the Chibok girls promised to  
Be found for us when he assumes office?  
I dislike politics, I hate politicians!  
Politicians dominate each other to injury,  
The hairy future of the masses forgotten  
Because money seek is far better than the  
Assumed confused populace in the state.  
Does the Chibok lasses disappearance seems  
True in the testament of your bright eyes?  
We are fooled politically by the craving for  
Change that chain us here and there!  
Chibok girls are folktale of deception!  
A fiction of disney wonderland and CNA!



(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Tales From Nkporoland

In Nkporoland, filled with milk and honey  
We read the hand written on the wall under  
The milky moon with our stomach painted with the earth  
When we ate those roasted black yam with red oil,  
And pink kola nut in grandpa's mouth speaking  
He would gather us under the Ugba tree.  
He told us tales of Ndingba, the tortoise  
The tales of Nzogbu, the oracle  
How Eze aja was coronated on those stone age  
We sat under the smiling pretty moon smiling  
No one to murder our joy and dreams.  
We were in the world of our own ruling fate and passion.  
so long and sweet, they were, Nkporo tales  
So delicious and appealing that some times we left our food  
And forget to wear our pants after excreting  
So we could listen to those tales told in a fantastic and refined way  
Nkporoland, where the ikoro never cease to sound like drums  
Of emotion and passion hold high in admiration.  
Nkporo Amaka... no place like home  
We said rubbing our stomach down of the delicious food.  
We ate with tales, sleep with the tale of evil  
Spirit sounding their gong in our ears and fear  
Gripping our heart, we never give in but  
Strife to chase them away just like Grand pa told us.  
Those tales reminded us of peace and purity of man  
Kind but all those are gone.  
Tales are gone because mother and Grand pa had gone beyond.  
Now we hear of wars, fabricated tales mixed  
With watering mouth which makes the ear bitter sad.  
Those they told us are foreign made not home made

john chizoba vincent

# Talking To Her

i pull out the smiles she gave to me'  
joy dances in my heart as i spoke to her  
perhaps she would make me a heir for talking to her  
like a smelting iron my hearty shivers  
Maybe i should go back to turn on the verse  
smiling to the eagles because i have fallen in love.  
Even though i forget the piece of loafs

Talking to her breaks the winds  
men were afraid to fly on her wings  
because hers wasn't a mere love  
i can not imagine holding her in my arms  
and smiles to the Eagles  
i never love that way again after talking to her mind.  
her pictures hung in my mind  
starring right in my face  
i tried to pull her back to smile in my face  
sad memories if this go on in my heart  
thinking on the moment on the time you made me smile  
the joy it brings to my humble heart to appeal

but the words i spoke to her kept coming back to me

All the love i know, i kept it in my heart forever

until the day i would talk to her again

i felt that there was something i gain from talking to her

In her bosom i dwell for ever

I thought i could have gone with out her

but when she left, she left with everything i have to say

With nothing to hold on.

i don't want to cry, i don't want to say Goodbye

Because i still have something to say.

Destiny had played tricks on me

it snatched you away from me

i never remained in silence

But i talk in peace

I cannot fly to beyond to speak to her.

we talk heart to heart for the sake of her

smiling like all was well make me sad

talking to her only brings faith as they say

we see above the moon

Below the moon are mourners

some things are hard to say

One has to learn them as things envelop

Gradually i began to learn to say those words

Old dirge and my ego deprive me of that

I struggled hard to speak the words Goodbye

Like when i learn how to talk to her

john chizoba vincent

# Tattered Thought Of A Wounded Heart

That year I read Chimamanda Adichie,  
I saw the purple Hibiscus in our back yard,  
The freedom that blossom through their leaves.  
I became Jaja in my lost world seeking freedom,  
Then I remembered father; a cruel and callous man.  
History without pages was made in a template,  
I could have killed him when he was alive  
But nemesis made him pay through his nose.

'Come here! Strip off now! ' He always roared.  
He would raise my manhood here and there,  
Up, down, up, down, left, right, left, right, up, down;  
His hand goes with the bleeding manhood.  
To him, it was an excited journey of pleasure,  
But it was a madness in methods to my soul!

He barked and ranted whenever he called me.  
Mother didn't understand my plights; she didn't!  
I told her of the molestations, abuse and the shame  
A father has inserted into his son but she lost her ears.  
The broken god of my heart went astray,  
Coupled hatred stored in a frozen heart emerged  
From my heart against them all.

Perhaps he should have opened the girls' panties,  
Maybe everyone would have believed them.  
He should have touched the girls instead of me,  
Maybe mother would have understood the girls  
better than the black tears that spoke of pains in my eyes yesterday in a bottled  
confusion.  
Maybe he would have loved the groan of the girls  
Instead of my hoarse moans that I produced angrily.

That year I read Chimamanda Adichie,  
After Palm sunday that the Iroko, Eugene, fell,  
He also fell in my family compound in front  
Of the broken pieces of the blind gods.  
I didn't kill him but nature have seen his sins and took him to give me freedom  
and peace like the  
Purple Hibiscus at the back of our house.  
Now, I long day and night to end this insanity;  
This tattered thought that hurt my wounded heart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016  
Yesterday's tears

john chizoba vincent

# Tears For Mama

## TEARS FOR MAMA

What would I do without your smiles?  
Can there be much tears for your underserved kindness?  
I know how crazy I am, but I do all for you,  
I am ready to be yours forever and no another.  
When the sun heated up, you looked at it  
And you shunned it passionately with love.  
The rain drenched you publicly because of me,  
You were beaten by hunger because of me,  
In the street, you became homeless just to take care of me.  
When I cry, you cry, beside my bed you lay  
Looking into my eyes in those day I was battling  
With ailment in the enemy's court.  
In the altar of darkness you treaded to see me live,  
You should have killed me when I was yet a blood  
But you honestly keep me in your bosom.  
You could have thrown me away like other did,  
But you loved me just like your mother loved you.  
This tears is for you mother, and I shall be yours.  
Teething my fang eyes together shall be yours,  
Mother, you mean all to me no matter who I am.  
Yo are my first love before my wife and girlfriend.  
What on earth shall make me forget you mother?  
Since you never forsake me, so shall I not  
Forsake you under the rain nor the sun.  
You are my gold, silver and nothing matters any more.  
Your faith shall keep me going in life, MOTHER!  
Pray for me to see the right direction  
So that tears you shaded for me shall not be in vain  
In the eyes of those who doubted your dreams of bearing me.

john chizoba vincent



# Tears For My Beloved. Country

## TEARS FOR MY BELOVED COUNTRY

How she now sits all alone  
The city that was full of people  
How she has become like a widow;  
She who was populous among the nations!  
How she who was a princess among the province  
Has been put to a force labour!

She weeps profusely during the night  
And her tears covers her cheeks  
Not one of all her lovers is there  
To hold and comfort her.  
All her own companion have betrayed her;  
They have become her enemies

Is it nothing to all of you who pass along the road?  
Look and see! Is there any pain like the pains that  
Was dealt out of me?  
From on high he has set fire into my bone  
And he subdues each one  
He has spread out a net my feet;  
He has forced me to turn backward  
He has made me a desolate woman  
All day long I am ill

The tongue of the nursery infant sticks  
To its palate because of thirst  
My Children beg for bread but no one goes to them  
Those who used to eat delicacies lie famished  
In the who were brought up wearing scarlet have embrace ash heaps

The punishment of daughter of my people  
Is greater than the punishment of sodom  
Which was outthrown in a moment  
With no hand to help her  
Their appearance has become darker than soot  
They are not recognised in the streets  
Their skin has shriveled over their bones;

It has become like dry wood in the forest

Those slain with sword are better off than  
Those slain by famine, those who waste away,  
Who are pierced through for lack of food from the field.  
The hands of compassionate women  
Have boiled their children, they have  
Become their food of mourning during  
The break down of the daughter of my people

Go away! Unclean! ' They call out to them  
'Go away! Go away! Do not touch us'  
For they have gone homeless and wander about  
People have said among the nations  
'They cannot stay here with us'

Man up! Man up country men  
Let it be told that we choose to die  
On our feet rather than live on our kneel.

john chizoba vincent

# Tears Of The Saints

More pains and, we are all gone!  
More troubles; we would all perish!  
More sorrows; we would all vanish!  
More agony; we would all died!  
More misery; the tears would flow more!  
No one to fix our circumstances in the world,  
No one could be trusted with trust  
The church have forsaken love and mercy  
Schools have become cruel than before;  
Cupping their illicit act in a helpless cupboard  
Where men, women, and boys and girls,  
Reveal their nakedness to the empty koboless sun.  
The mosque have been an enemy of the enemies  
Mouthless humans walking in the worker's guilt.  
The saints wept at the call of weakness of humanity,  
Whose ageless mouth can cripple the sorrow of  
Want and needs in the young mountains  
Humans roam the street armlessly for injustice,  
This call for an emergency, this call for a look out,  
Our emotions are Consumed by desperation and  
fear built ill wall edges around our weakness.  
Motherhood disappointed at birth in the theatre,  
Broken homes, prisoned legs; wagging toothless eyes.  
There are tears from the saints' eyes of the lost and the unsaved; crying for  
them to come back home.  
In fear, hell is bold and powerful at the madness in methods.  
In turbulence; our love fire up the calmness of our being.  
When we release our hold; thousand walls fall amidst tears.  
Troubles flow and fight our form of livelihood.  
There are tears from the saints eyes, there flood of sorrow from the eyes of the  
saints for the lost and the unsaved; crying for them to come back home.

john chizoba vincent

# Tell His Excellency

When you get to Aso Rock  
Help me inform his Excellency that  
I do not dislike him so much, just four  
things he made made me hate him:

His change has change my boxers  
It made me change the Green Boxers  
that Maria bought for me and now put on  
the Black dusty one abandoned many years ago.

His policies has taken all the yams in my  
barns and left the place empty with scars  
To remind me of when I was who I was  
In the past of my past with a future of it.

He allowed hidden hands the right to build  
massive barns in a far land like a proud  
possessors of big bags yet they have nothing  
but revival of pains hidden in people' pride.

Tell him to bring back our corruption and  
Take back his change that has looted us  
We can return all his polished tall brooms  
Let him leave us to perish more in our doom.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Tell It To Women

Tell it to women

That men are not a dumping ground,

Why treat us like one?

We plant like Paul and you water like Apollo,

then we wait for increase which one shares.

You don't expect us to plant and water at the same time.

Tell it to women

That we are who we are; men,

And the substance of who we are can not be overshadowed whether young or old, we are men!

Don't treat us like a stranger in the land we own,

You must go when we ask you to go,

That is the authority endowed us by nature in Adam.

Tell it to women

That men owns the jungle of life and its domain.

We have sucked the milk of the earth before they

Came from our ribs as a misleading companion,

A trait from their mother Eve made the world sinful.

I am not sexist but I speak from the truth of my pen.

Tell it to women

That we are the shadow that bask in purity and love;

Created as their shield of living abundant life.

When we roar in the jungle, the forest is calm,

Nature made us who we are, men of courage,

Because we stand as God and can never be shaken!

Tell it to women

That the birth of our water from within are their

Beauty, show me a successful woman and I will

Gladly point out a man behind her success story which may lack behind her teeth

after men are gone.

Their weakness has become our strongest stand!

Tell it to women

That their future lies in the house of a man,  
Some may hop here and there glowing amicably  
But their tomorrow still remains in men hand fix  
Because men the world and we are the gods here.

Tell this to women

That men are not a dumping ground,  
If men are why do they stand to pass out urine and women must bend in other  
not to wet themselves?  
We have our shortcomings, yes, we are not perfect,  
But treat us not as a mess which needed not to be attended to.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Tell My Tale

Jumbo eyes eyeing the thundering tears  
Under the bridge of illusion was it made  
Unlimited limitation driving guts of guilt  
I have been here before and my tales told  
By guilty men that once hurt me scornfully.

I have been here without legs of dreams  
But the lyrics of my dreams was written  
My tears drawn down the sky limit of fear  
They have told my tales of rejection over there  
When mothers abandoned their children at war.

In the bagged music they picked up my joy  
I have been among their armies of thought  
I have driven their emotions and feelings  
I knew them before they knew themselves  
Did to them what love could not do yet I was robbed.

Tell my tale in the sounds of silence  
How my last breathe was taken away,  
A deceitful kiss planted on my cheek  
To mare my tomorrow and today's joy.  
Tell my tale of rejection among their youths.

Here I will be until the sun changes it cruelty  
Just to tell of a tale written in the darkness  
Silence, though empty but it has lots of meaning  
Tilting and paning towards where men hated  
I have been hated in a hate-ful land of tears.

john chizoba vincent

# Tensed Acknowledement

To mother, my photocopy  
To mother's love so high  
To her undying feelings  
My image maker in the eve of  
My waxing re-refinement  
Things will never be left unsaid  
Words will never be left untouched  
But reasons be kept in my mind to love  
She bred me in mountain to redefine the  
Image of my root  
Hear me mother, i cometh forth  
In me lies faith and drive so  
Pure to redirect light to shine  
Among those black hearts that lives down the valley.

To father's brave spirit that materialized my image  
My carbon copy, my second god  
The smiles of my soul in the new moon  
My heart of thanks rest not until  
Those tears will be shade in my present for joy  
I have brought from abroad  
Hear me daddy. i curse not the day you  
Welcomed me to your wonderful home  
Like a rose, i will spring forth, erect  
smile to the beautiful moon, look at the  
Sun in the face for not in me was fear made  
Not in me was hatred bred.  
I cometh forth to redeem and bring light.

To sister, the bravest of all  
When the circumstances was tensed  
You stood firmly behind me in unity against  
All odds to see me through.  
Those funny stupid move of searching for the  
Faded identity of which i was made  
You recreate my being and gave me reasons to break  
Forth the stories of unattained dreams  
showered me love in hatred  
here i come in peace.



To brother, the handsome of all  
To his most intelligent moves  
Am almost there Ugomsinachi  
I am becoming a great novelist and poet.  
Words unsaid hurt a lot in heart  
The sky knows my worth, the moon smiles to ease my pains  
The air, sun and grasses are never asleep.  
As i have thought in recent years  
I will be coming home  
Coming for my dream wife to reign.

Say me well for i write not for the craving night  
To see the day in this world of agony  
To Madam Moses, i love, she bred the Hero in me  
To MRs Esther, i deserve, she kissed away my pains  
To mr Uche, he made the light  
I forget not the erudite viewers and writers  
Who cheered me always at the contest  
Never get tired, i am coming for the prize  
is not all alone.

john chizoba vincent

# That Generation

That generation is messed!  
It wasn't like ours years back;  
The sky now bleeds like the tap,  
The air wandered fruitless  
And the cloud tears tear hearted heart.  
Every Tom and jerry on the journey of his own,  
It wasn't so when we were growing up in Nkporo,  
We never saw tears tearing our mouths and eyes.  
That generation is lost!  
That Generation is dead and gone!  
Tattoo on the skin abusing God of not creating the skin well;  
Trouser on the knees exposing the inner wears,  
Lesbianism, now sweet tale that uplift the ears,  
Homosexuality, a delicious food eaten with both hands.  
That generation is lost in the wood of stupidity and no one sees the set back it  
has caused to the hand of the time.  
A minute silence is a sin to those tears once shed for brothers!  
The wind hurry over to the dead of time among the singing youths,  
The televised mirrors tell of their foolishness but all are entangled in one dance; '  
new school dance'.  
Just stay a second in my heart and see how it hurt to watch those lost sons and  
daughters of this generation.  
to the strangled struggles and strife  
of our father's past which should never have been in vain but their efforts had  
been eroded by rains  
of redundancy, indolence and greed  
for which the gods are not to blame,  
as they were claimed to have been ordained  
by the voice of humanity and divinity,  
for which a common man with common sense  
dare not spit unto the face of order  
unless he would prostrate before its wrath.  
That generation is lost and gone!  
That generation is dead and gone!

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 5

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 5

Good leadership and oneness

Prosperity and equity in all Aspect

Peace and orderliness in absence of injustice

Terrorist free country,

Subject to her responsibilities.

john chizoba vincent

# The Age Of Mother Earth Is Numbered

The sun danced along joyfully  
The moon clapped beautifully  
The breeze swung here and there  
The stars came singing of hope,  
The oceans, the rivers and the sand  
Gathered in the field to watch nature.

When you go home do not eat  
The manner shall fall this night  
The activist shall rise without mouth  
Without your nose shall mouth stand  
The age of mother nature is written  
on my palms and can be counted here.

Tell grave that mother must not come  
to her with a bleeding body that curse  
Tell the idle ants not to boast to father  
Tell the jobless birds that nature is angry  
Make them eat their vomits and venoms  
For being jobless on the sky's market place.

I can stand and judge the earth  
I can count the forest with my eyes  
Do not look at my eyes locked away  
I am the night of the night in dreams  
When Nature comes home with me  
on the Bamboo chair shall he sit to eat.

The age of mother earth is numbered;  
Her age is written before men of grace  
Soon, she would be gone from this planet  
Soon, she would be tale to tell to fables  
Our children shall see her no more here  
but shall be told of her troubles to men.

When the messiah shall come in glory  
The earth shall be no more but a snow  
Where will you be then at sight of this?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The Animal Called Man

the animal called man is the hope  
Of the undying world perfected with goodness  
Constituted drive to recreate metamorphic beings  
Bound profoundly to unmasked the universe of its beauty  
Yet with hearts so devilish behind the mask

The animal called man is the noun of the world  
With pronoun of change in the home and abroad  
Land of hope they feel within the sky clapping  
Their smiles a full moon of enduring mercy  
yet with hearts as red as the furnace hell

Journey in the beauty of their kind  
World crying on their mouth of deeds  
No man, no universe but atmosphere  
Combating with the cloud and roses  
Yet they constitute the nuisance of the world

The man called man is the food  
Of the earth when another phase opens  
The grasses, insects and feeble ants rejoice  
When a six fit is dung to welcome him home  
Yet evil dwells mostly in their hearts of gold

The man called man is a special being  
With the high spirit of creation with the marker  
The world changes form in their dancing hands  
second God creators of the beauty of the world  
Yet their beauty creations damage their beauties.

john chizoba vincent

# The Birth Of Illusion

mother said the best place to laugh is in the graveyard and mortuary.  
father told us the better place to cry is in the church,  
but, I've learnt that the white place for all these is within you!  
because, it gives you a grey freedom,  
freedom to be a loner,  
freedom to walk into yourself yourself;  
freedom to drink from your lost black memories,  
Search through the tattered grit history that made you.  
freedom to weigh your wandering thoughts on your palms and see the reason  
why the earth is against every human.  
Freedom to see your pastor's visions and never dance stupidly without asking  
how.  
Freedom to break hold from your Imam's illusion in the mosque and, never lose  
your senses to him!

I've studied nature and discovered the graveyard is the poorest place,  
It is rich in loamy and dust and; dust worth nothing!  
When our ancestors danced along the forest of Umuahia,  
they lied to us,  
they planted falsehood in us like lyrics of music.  
They took us to where we could find death,  
Handed over death to us to keep amongst us through their words.  
They handed our shadows to us,  
made us cracked the skulls of ghosts.  
They spelt evil backward and said that was the watchword.  
There is darkness found in purity!  
What is purity to you?  
What in your world is pure?  
Purity is an illusion  
Grace is an illusion  
Faith is an abysmally dead illusion  
and you're a faceless illusion!  
Birth today, dust tomorrow after merriment.

Fateless dice thrown back of a chess board...  
What will be the name of the street heaven will name you?  
what room number will be yours in heaven according your pastor's spit?

Do you know if hell will have pretty harlots and tent of alcohol?  
Men will be glad to go there than heaven.  
The last time I visited the devil, he told me this:  
"illusion is birth through the bar of our parents' mouth,  
Faking those galaxies they told us dwells on the palms of a tattered boy";  
I looked through a broken mirror  
I saw a better part of me in horror.  
With incomplete teeth,  
grandpa told us school was the best...  
and we queued to receive our doom,  
now, our doom took us into captivity.  
We are this illusion nature spoke of  
that was birth mysteriously.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# The Book Errand

Receive my words written on bleeding paper,  
It is from my embittered and sad master.  
Things has fallen apart and no one knows that,  
Open your eyes wide to see what I have,  
Don't bit your lips in the course of reading  
That which was written for the freedom of the people.

To those who reap where they did not sow,  
There is God above who watches you and your evil;  
Do good so that good will come your way.  
To your locked soul and tightened teeth, I pray grace.  
God rewards according to what you do to nature.  
My master says and I quote 'man is nothing but dust'  
Soon, we all shall die and nothing shall go with us.

To those that take what belongs to us in dark  
Your down fall shall be likened to a thunder's  
rumble that shall shake even your friends. ????  
To all evil perpetrators in the land where we ought to plant our crops and wait for  
harvest, you shall fall.  
Politi-goats who came into our country as terminators to save us but later  
disvirgined us, read  
The laws of Karma.

My master is not asleep like the cat does in afternoon,  
Terminating our lives will not be your saving grace.  
The handwritten of my master says kill not and suffer not your neighbour in the  
river of Joy and excitment.  
Truncate not our destinies; our hope wait for peace.

Torturing our souls will never save you in life,  
For what you propose is not what you gain.

Listen to the words and the sound you read here,  
For my master shall be glad when you obey.  
Stop ridiculing our faith and love; we care about.  
Puncturing our dreams won't take you there,  
Making the masses seems like a rotten egg is a sin.  
Becareful they're all bunch of sinners.

john chizoba vincent

# The Call Of The Night

THE CALL OF THE NIGHT

When night comes

We become loose

Our body wrapped together

Going up and down touching

You moan your heart out

And I, in control of the act.

Longs for the day dies in our heart

In the comfort of night whisper

My eyes are closed, your ears covered

In the inner court of our heart, we see each

Other as the night calls for love and romance

You're my night and day, obim.

john chizoba vincent

# The Champion

Watch the way he danced  
He raised his hands up and  
Swept the sand of the ground very elated.  
He measured his dancing steps with his joy and laughter  
Then the crowd cheered and lifted him up  
High above the tress in amazement.  
The talking drums and the gongs boomed in agreement to his bravery and guts.  
He had made it, he had won a medal  
Which seems impossible in the eyes of many  
With the spirit of a hero, he dismantled fear  
and ceased the air from existing  
Then he uphold the spirit of focus and determination  
And emerged as the man of the moment.  
Then he ran, and the grasses respected his foot steps  
Honoured his wills when others retreated in their  
Bed snoring provokingly in the heat of the game.  
'he made it, he made it' all exclaimed in joy.  
He could not hold back his spirit but allowed it to popped  
out and rejoice.  
He welcomed the new rain of kisses and hugs from  
Strangers, kings, and queens who once rejected him  
In their palace because he smell like a nobody.  
The spirit of guilt caught them in the web,  
He made it with the spirit of Nigeria.  
The black spirit so natural and goal oriented.  
Before, he was hated by many but now he is  
The love of many, the irony of life remains its irony.

john chizoba vincent

# The Child And The Flower

## THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER

### CHILD:

London flower, England queen,  
When shall your fragrance comes to Africa?  
Mother smiles and dimples are waiting to cheer  
You up on the African soil.  
Father wants to embrace you before he dies and  
I sincerely wants to kiss you, london flower.

### FLOWER:

Sweet, sweet, lovely African child  
Africa is a charming land  
Fertile, lovely, pretty African soil  
But- hmmm- so many wise men dwell in thereof  
Don't know if I will be accepted the way I am  
And the cruel hearts of the leaders might hurt me  
My children still need me but the bombing in  
Africa is what I can't stand, I may get killed.

john chizoba vincent

# The Crack On The Wall

## THE CRACK ON THE WALL

The pillar of which I stand has fallen  
After you bed my sister and, the world  
Has gone against you before I do.  
You singer of royal song, your drums are  
Dumb to my ears now and forever shall they.  
You walks with blemish in your heart,  
I walk with the heart of guilt of marrying you.

Your innocence is rip off at noon,  
And your love is thrown away pricelessly.  
There is a crack on the wall between us,  
Who should we thrust the blame on?  
Me, not satisfying you or you becoming the dog?  
The skeletal cocroch in the cupboard is visible now.

Back to back, we sit unable to tell  
The voice of the stranger who intruded into our lives.  
We speak now through our spirits breaking gut of  
Shame that hurt us fiercely.  
Who should we thrust the blame on?  
SILENCE!  
The dilemma is thrown through the unpalatable tune  
Of the rhythmless love

I pray we won't be the end of each other  
Through the crack of infidelity between us,  
Would cheating on me make you a better man?  
Let the air clap through our faces to remind us  
Of our vows on the alter.  
SILENCE! !

How be it you fall so easily at the snare of the vagina?  
Why didn't we see it coming at the door step?

We allowed our lives to be ridiculed and humiliated  
By a strange woman whose intension was to break us.  
Tell me why you have to do this, Obim?  
Now, she has your baby, good; go, I will be fine.  
SILENCE! ! !

john chizoba vincent

# The Dancing Light

That dancing light over there  
Tells of the future in excitement.  
Follow it like the three wise men,  
Follow the stars to the place  
Where the messiah was born.  
Follow the dancing light and  
See the future smiling to you.  
Step into the unbroken chains of knowledge  
And explore through the history of humanity.  
The secret of successful life could be reveal  
When you follow the dancing light over there.

john chizoba vincent



# The Day Justice Died

The day peace was imprisoned was  
the day I died without death present.  
The day mercy was kidnapped, nothing  
Was left for us but pains and trouble  
Between our teeth that clamours for saliva.  
The day justice was murdered we saw injustice;  
Injustice that came with a white gown to  
Deceive us that we are in THEM-ALL-CRAZY.  
Yes, we welcomed him with an Opened teeth  
And sold our conscience for a white grey paper.  
Who shall look at us again and know us?  
We have murdered the future of our tomorrow,  
Let's continue without blaming anyone,  
We are the architech of our own misfortunes.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# The Day Nigeria Died

Down here,  
is an abysmally dead world!  
The sun shines at night while the moon  
illuminates the busy day  
Plane run on railway tracks and let the  
Train fly up there in the sky  
Ship have taken over the road and allows the vehicles to sail on oceans.  
Our soldiers returned home joyfully and send their wives to the war front,  
While they breast feed the babies at home.  
People die of hunger seated before a banquet  
A flower planted by the riverside die of drought.

Out there,  
you do not dodge potholes, you only choose the one to enter.  
Down here, water stick between our teeth,  
Fishes run helter skelter into the forest,  
The mountain minted into water as the streams flow into the deserts in horror;  
And rivers rise above the skies for safety.  
Stars descend to the grassland for cow's milk  
The heavens are rented by the wild beast of underground.  
To see a man of reputation here is like looking for a virgin lady in a brothel.

On this land  
Mother taught us how to smile sitting beside a corpse,  
How to cry when we see a man succeeding;  
How to giggle watching the hell fall on us fiercely.  
Watching here like a dry tongue  
looking like shadows from old men,  
Looking like a garage filled by slippers.  
This land died yesterday  
This land never gave us shards of new beginning,  
She died leaving a quatrain walked out of it body,  
It died owning wounds in our heart...  
The day Nigeria died was the day we littered the skies with accusation fingers  
blaming the government of every fly that crossed our path.  
She made our joy dissolved into shreds of sorrow. Lack. Pains. Calamities!

When you see a child sing in the fireplace,  
he either sing of his lost mother or father or his only palm fruit.  
Nigeria died in our hands and knees  
Spelling this spit of fire from my sister's lip, the beneficent knowledge of dead  
show how illusion killed many of us.  
The day Nigeria died,she died in our palms crying of her lost prestige.

Oh!  
A country of glee!  
Oh mother land! Oh father land!  
We'll sing no more dirge at your grave  
Those flowers shall we gather home  
We'vefailed you and killed you looking at each other eyes to find the culprits.  
Go well till we make you better by 2019.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# The Fallen Tree(To Dora Akuyili)

Sadness tears

Agony Pains

hate Sorrow

Weakness Restless

Emotions Sleepless

Defeat Loneliness.

Those are my fate,  
Throw the stones  
Throw the clubs at ones,  
Hurl it so hard, fiercely to death.  
He had bitten more than he can chew in the middle of the night  
And she had fallen, the mighty Iroko from the east.  
She had gone leaving us behind.  
Mo...ther, when shall we see again?  
You left amidst roses and bullets,  
Pains and joy, yet you say goodbye.  
You put smiles on our faces,  
You fought hard, more like a tigress and  
Defeated those black, smiling faces of the tyrants.  
I sounded only for hope, i cried only for focus,  
We sounded the miraculous gong for good health  
But it was hung in the air,  
Wesounded was songs to revolt against the animal  
But they were faster to feast on you.  
I saw tears emerged from my stony eyes when  
I flipped the cover of the black paper to  
Read that sad heart breaking news of your departures.  
I turned on the radio and it sounded more louder

than the boom sound from the paper.  
I went for the sackcloth hung in my wardrobe  
And wore to mourn a heroine.  
We missed you but sleep well till that glorious  
Morning we meet and smile again  
Like we never met before.

john chizoba vincent

# The Falling Angels.

The heavens suddenly cracked in horror,  
The lining silver clouds separated as its walls  
it parted as old enemies.  
And then, the heavens opened its wide mouth to  
discharge them all, the wicked angels.  
There they are in the diamond chairs  
To rule us to their desires.  
The world is broken in pieces and  
its walls had fallen apart,  
The foundation are no more visible.  
The falling angels of doom and destruction,  
Image of the Archangels yet cruel to behold.  
Woe has taken over the entire earth and its government.  
Who shall save us from their hands?  
No man accept the son of God.  
Men are held captives already.  
Sickness and diseases are spread out from the pit of hell,  
Beyond human understanding are they.  
They rule our land, exploit us,  
In a mysterious manner.  
They embezzle our money, Send us into slavery with no hope and future.  
Our tears make them smile while our smiles make them cry  
They are seen in limousine cars whilst we trek down the street alone  
With torn clothes and bare footed.  
In their pogrom we are stranded  
Angels of darkness, fathers of evil.  
There they are in abundant while we suffer.  
Soon they shall be over thrown in tears  
By the government of He who is greater than all.

john chizoba vincent

# The Familiar Stranger

She crept into my heart again whispering,  
Her voice calm with a tempting pink lips.  
She tempted my lips for a bountiful kiss,  
I never declined of her sunflower fragrance.  
Her legs as pretty as a goldfish in the sea,  
She is black and beautiful like the Ebony.  
Eyes fashioned in a perfectly caved sky;  
Nose, housed in an intelligent coven of faith.  
She said she would paint my love million times,  
She called her name Muse; My Muse star.  
A perfect woman I saw in the sofa of my eyes.  
'My heart is your sanctuary not mortuary' she said  
'Use the pumping of my blood to write your  
name on the journals of my veins of history'  
We talked at a length like husband and wife,  
We held hands to the field like two lovers.  
I paid attention to every word she said to me,  
She said she is not going to leave me till eternity.  
We hug thousand times and I offered her coffee;  
For I have not seen a visitor as kind as she is.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The Funeral Ram

Hit me hard, i will not talk  
smack me, i will bear the pains  
I was made for this cause to die  
For did they not say that a man is  
Like a funeral ram which must take  
Whatsoever beating comes to its body without  
Opening its mouth that the silent  
Tremor of pain down its body alone  
Must tell of its suffering?  
Men has taken greater blow than this  
i have received much pains within  
My young dark days in this world

I was made to travel through this lane  
To satisfy the cause of man kind  
Who shall bell the cat?  
All are excited to see me fall  
For the debt i know nothing of  
To supplicate to their deaf gods  
Centuries may answer my kind  
But now i will die to pay  
The ransom for the redemption of the mourners

What comfort does a died man derive  
From the knowledge that his murderers Were happy?  
Just say me well to my children behind  
Let them take heart for the creator knows all  
Life among our kind is turn by turn  
Today is my turn, tomorrow might be theirs  
We have no choice than allow them take our lives  
My soul seek no hope but safe journey  
To the other phase where my ancestors live

john chizoba vincent



# The God Of My Clan

## THE GOD OF MY CLAN

With yesterday's eyes, he was a legend of our time,  
Today he is the precious stone of the earth.  
Yesterday in tears, we lifted him up in the  
Hall of fame with our eyes rejoicing in excitement,  
He made us who we are bringing back the lost glory  
To our country home.

Thousands had gone and were slayed with  
an edge Sharpened pen at the competitions  
Of writers until he emerged from Elughu Nkporo  
To contest among the elephants of the forest.  
He is the pretty god of my clan,  
Though he was rejected and mocked by many,  
He never give up in the fight to re-write history.  
Though he was despised but he was determined  
To bring home the lost glory.

He won the caine prize for his people amidst sleepless night and thinking along  
with his pen  
And books lowered on the table.  
The road which writers treader upon, he went  
With hope and drives coupled with determination.  
There in the hall, our clan lifted him up high  
In appreciationand they dance profoundly with him.

Now the glories escaped through our lips and hands,  
The road seems so black in death before dishonour.  
His name died before him in a world where glory last not.  
The grasses which clapped then, now cry in pain,  
No one remember him again because his phase has closed.

john chizoba vincent

# The Ground Will Laugh

When that precious body would be lowered  
In the ground when another phase opens  
The ground would laugh, the termite would smile  
And welcome you with a heavy wide mouth.  
When that pretty eyes shall touch the ground  
The earth will dance merrily and the worms  
Will rejoice and laugh heartily for he will  
Hold you in ransom for the pains you've caused me  
You treated me like a boy instead of a man i am  
Tear the veil and look into the eyes of the ungodly  
Woman who torment my soul.  
She made me go through hell in the name of love  
I was made mad because i love her

The dust will laugh when that pretty face  
Shall return to its maker, dust to dust.  
Why don't you give me a chance to treat you  
Like a lady you are?  
I love you but you love me not  
You starve me of love and affection  
I hunger for the smell of your body each  
Night i retire alone in the dark room, thinking  
Why don't you make your heart my home  
Where i will well forever?  
Treat me like a man with feelings and emotion  
why allow another to maltreat the body whilst i longed for it?  
Give me hope for the sake of our future generations.

john chizoba vincent

# The He-Goat

He smells here and there like the politicians,  
He is as stupid as the looters of our lilies pride.  
Where ever he goes, people knows he has entered  
Because of his fart which smell like the politicians lies.  
A politician in the animal kingdom, a tyrant to humans.  
His black colour depict the darkest part of the politician' hearts and his brown  
body represent their enviness.  
Once they fart, every masses become insane and dance to their lies.  
Liars they are, waiting to devour the righeousness of the ignorant public.  
Dirty game they play as the He Goat swell around in dirtiness.!  
Who has seen the He-Goat and have not seen the politician? !  
Who has seen the politicians and have not seen the He-Goat in his crazy form?  
Politi-Goat, Goatician! Goatician, Politi-Goat! !  
Politicians have no morals as the He Goat has none.

john chizoba vincent

# The Hidden Persuader

Leave me alone!  
I won't buy what is not my taste,  
Go sell to another for my eyes hope  
And searches for another that satisfies.  
Don't entice me with your sugar coated  
Tongue full of lies and deceit,  
Don't deceive me with your words.

Advertise to that woman over there  
Maybe you can control her choice,  
But you can't control mine evenly,  
I want a pepsi not Coca Cola.  
Don't persuade me to go against  
My will, you hidden persuader.

I don't look at any face to make decision  
Neither do I burn bridges I may need to cross again.  
As far as possible, I see to everything myself,  
You cannot take advantages of my emotions,  
I don't need your security and fame  
You make me believe I need and want your product,  
But I don't really need it, my dear,  
I don't want it, don't manipulate my innocent feelings.

Leave me alone!  
You hidden persuader, reaping from where you didn't  
Sow.  
All your promises on the products are lies  
And your lies create fear and doubt in me.  
Advertisers are liars, the promise of their products  
Are never true as they claim to be.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# The Joy Of Being A Woman

The joy of being a woman lies  
In being a woman that sees tomorrow,  
The motherhood experience of a woman  
Lies in the experience of being a woman;  
Holding that which makes you a woman.

The remembrance of labour at the theatre  
Elude the fear of bringing a new life,  
God created forgetfulness because of labour pains  
But the joy of a woman is to carry her baby and,  
Look into his eyes and see her eyes smiling in his.

The pain of a woman lies in not been a woman;  
Not being able to experience the joy of motherhood,  
And bearing a child whose dimples send your feet  
Swinging to his call of a breast milk,  
A woman is woman when she had gone there where pains calls on a thousand  
masquarades to torment her.

The joy of a woman lies in being a woman  
Whose husband can hold tight and introduce to friends,  
The joy of a woman is the experience of motherhood;  
The pain comes and go but the joy reminds.

The joy of a woman lies in being a woman  
Whose husband could cuddle into his arms and smile,  
Tell her a thousand stories that reflects her nature;  
Tell me a woman with joy and I will tell you many men behind those joy that  
deepen the skull of their souls.

Some men deflower the joy of womanhood,  
Some men plant the voice of a woman but,  
The joy that exist in a woman lies in her man  
And her children holding her beads in unison.

And running here and there calling her Nnem.

john chizoba vincent

# The Joy Of Growing Older.

The world is shape by the laughter of big children  
been brought into the earth ever increasing from start.  
Our parents sew our childhood for us that  
we may wear joy when much older and smarter.  
Hunger hurts our pride as we progress in the journey,  
We cry gently, we laugh in torment of all miseries.  
Our lives count as the day chameleon to night.

We migrated from child to teens  
the whirlpool of many rivers we counted.  
Fear controls our songs and confusion ruled our souls.  
We make ourselves new flags of adolencent, finding  
identity, spreading tunes and tones of puberty controls us.  
Teenage dreams hurt, academic activities bring pain.  
Hoping to see the panic of adulthood we crave.

At eighteen adulthood sets in roughly.  
We listen to reverberation songs of girls,  
We ignore our larents advice to stay calm,  
we become afraid of tomorrow's face.  
Chirping rumours of what life is snatches,  
the jargon of a new world streams in:  
the uncertainties of life crossed paths in souls.

At the feet of marriage expression stares...  
Time exploration pun a sudden throb to hearts.  
We're caught between forging understanding  
In the forging house of a new life of love.  
Husband, a nightmare conquering wife's joy,  
Wife, a shape blade of expectation to husband.  
We clamour and crave for what we'll never have.  
The mystic rhythm, urgent rhymes of death echoes,  
speaking to our souls of another fearful phase.  
We return to childhood at old age misbehaving and  
sipping raw bleeding flesh of pains in the world.  
Our blood rippled, our skins wrinkled Simultaneously.  
Until we close our eyes eyes and silent follows...  
Children, pains, fears and agony are the joy of growing older.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent



# The Just For The Unjust

## THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST

We were the unjust people but he came and became unjust for us the unjust to be truthful and just.

He was the just one, blameless but he died for the unjust.

He took my place as the unjust and made himself unjust,

He died for my unjust attitude when I was unjust in character.

He paid the ransom for my sin when no one bother

While I am the one who was unjust.

Now, he has given me power and authority

By his strip I am healed and cleansed.

The crown of thorns was put on him because of my

Sickness and pain, yet he had to suffer for me to be just.

He was taken to the common room for our unjust-ness,

Yet, he complained not but endure till the end.

And now, he is at the right hand of the father in heaven interceding for my course.

john chizoba vincent

# The Keeper Of Israel

## THE KEEPER OF ISRAEL

At your feet Oh lord do I put all my troubles,  
I am not giving up on you, the keeper of the keepers.  
There is a piece of me who leaves when you are gone  
Your face shall I seek when other seek idols.  
Leave me not the almighty and keeper of the israelite.

When mother is gone and father in a strangeland  
Unto you shall I commit my soul, the prodcer of my heart beats.  
Thou art my light and salvation, who shall I fear?  
Who shall tamper the work of thy hand oh pride of jacob? !  
Seek ye the lord of host and I said to my soul:  
'The lord of armies shall I seek and dwells with?

My mouth shall not cease to exalt thy name,  
In the enemies camp for thou made my body your dwelling.  
Who is man that you are mindful and careful of him?  
Man is but a dust yet, you cares about his life  
The phases and his iniquities are always abandoned.  
Lead me to your paths, the keeper of Israelites,  
So I shall not waste my days like the water sprinckled on the ground.

I will seek thy direction forevr in my heart,  
Mind the drive within me to uphold your plan.  
Oh God! My God never abandon thy hand made,  
For unto me you have giving power to conquer.  
The keeper of the israelites, the keeper of my soul;  
You are my morning star, the yahweh.  
Heal my land for in you I put my trust.

john chizoba vincent

# The Lady In White

## THE LADY IN WHITE

Behold her in the field of love,  
Singing to the birds of attraction  
In a passionate manner.  
Her gown swells and her hair blossoms perfectly,  
She unveil nature of her beauty and nurtures mother earth.

Behold her white precious gown with no spot of madness and the sole of her feet  
shinning brightly with no dirt.  
I have seen a spirit in the field in a human form,  
I have seen the real spirit of love singing to my  
Heart, a melodious song sweet to the ear as honey.

Her voice savours the flavour of words in my mouth  
Her voice so thrilling and charming like beauty.  
Can someone ask her of my mother and her beauty?  
I heard she sang just like her sometime ago in  
The same field or is she my mother who has come  
To sing to me from the world of the spirit?

She sings of peace which my mother was killed for,  
She sings of love which my mother was betrayed.  
Tell her that her song reminds me of lost hope  
Of one in a million lady, who is of African blood.  
I won't watch in vain, I must go and talk to her  
My eyes is bathed in the mellowing flourish of her beauty.  
As I walk closer, she vanished without a goodbye.  
Mother of proud word in an ever lasting ancestral home.

john chizoba vincent

# The Language Of Niara

I went to the bank to deposit my money,  
It was really a huge sum of money to behold  
And; is not met to be hang at home pricelessly.  
But the receiving cashier said no more cashbook,  
I stood, another come and go with a brown envelop  
Given to the cashier in a black face of my standing.  
I didn't understand their transaction but I look on  
Yet, I stood like a lost puppy in confusion.  
Another with a huge sum like mine came and  
There was a cash book for him to deposit his money.  
Later, he dropped a brown envelop again to the lady,  
She smile marvelously at this good fortunes.  
I asked again to be given receipt because taken the  
Money back home would be against my grain.  
She smiled and told me that I really know what to do,  
But I really don't know what to do and how to do it.  
I don't understand the language she was talking about.  
In the culture of corruption, the language of transaction Is not supposed to be  
understandable easily.  
She looked quizzically at me sensing my foolishness,  
I stood like a goat at the banking hall, others come and go dropping many  
brown- brown Envelops and  
They were humbly and respected attended to.  
I waited and see another as foolish as I am,  
He was not only foolish but stubborn too at the sight of the dubious situation.  
It seems one need to be ready to pay money in order  
To pay money into government treasury.  
We stood, stood still until the message of corruption sunk into our empty skulls  
then, we got an envelop and o as they have done; we dropped it on the table for  
her lunch.  
She then smiled and opened her drawer  
And pulled out a cash book for us, new ones.  
This happens in the government house  
This happens in the educational sectors  
This happens in churches, elections,  
The language of money takes toil on us  
Breaking righteousness; the language of corruption  
That is the language of our Naira.

john chizoba vincent

# The Last Hope Of Mankind

Beasts of Europe, Beasts of Asia,  
Beasts of Africa, Beasts of America,  
Beasts of all the land and the heavens;  
Hear the beating of my great drums  
I shall speak only once before I die.

Sooner or later, we shall all rejoice,  
Government of mankind shall be overthrown  
By the government of the most high  
And we shall all rejoice and dance.

Fear shall go into exile,  
Hunger shall be a thing of the past,  
Tears of joy shall be seen in our eyes  
When death shall be chained for million years  
Because the messiah has come to rule.

Our creed shall be accepted,  
We shall see our beloved ones again,  
Now, with a white garment of Glory  
And we make song our praise of Art.

Bright and enterprising shall Africa be,  
Purer and greater shall America be,  
Europe, Asia, and others shall be holier  
When the trumpet shall sound from Africa.

Let all the Beasts hold my words,  
Let them keep watch and pray always,  
The coming of our lord is nearer  
And he shall emerge from Africa this time.

He is the last hope of mankind,  
Though we may die before he comes,  
Though we may die at his call but  
We shall all resurrect with hope to be with him.

john chizoba vincent

# The Last Of The Strong Ones

'Now give me your ears! Face me  
and don't be afraid to face the BLOOD  
that birthed braveness, I will shield you as you  
shield me from the enemies that may come from behind me in a fierce blunt  
manner.

When the warriors come, do not be afraid, panic not; for I am with you in blood  
and flesh, the

Flesh that thousand swords could not penetrate at the brainy sand of Nkporo.'

'Can the darkness still cover our eyes when I die? '

'You won't die because you are the last of the strong ones. I will defend you  
against their bloody arrows or bullets that shall come. When the bullet is coming,  
allow it to penetrate into me, allow it to go into me because the blood now lies in  
you, I am not afraid to die. The BUTTERFLIES have no home, so do I. '

'How DARK is the BLOOD that connect our lineage and that of those that are  
coming after us'

'So BLACK and BRAVE is the blood within our veins. Father laid down his life for  
mother, mother laid down her life to protect Uncle and Uncle laid down his life to  
secure Nwanyieke and Nwanyieke died to protect me from the enemy and now  
with the same DARK BLOOD shall I protect you from the enemy.'

'I can't do this brother! '

'Yes you can! You shall live to protect the Family' NAME that is the call we all  
must answer. Don't give up on the fight, fight to finish; fight and never give up.  
If there is anything to stand for is the family name, protect the FAMILY NAME  
when I die. Teach those children of yours the tradition of the family when am  
gone. Africans Protect their family names'

john chizoba vincent



# The Lions Still Roar

Proving that water can be just as thick  
As the red blood in the bloodstream  
We beat the drums ever louder  
The cats still mew but in absence of guilt  
The dogs still bark not in present of goodness  
The owl still hoots for clarification of their kind  
Pregnant cloud continues gathering to honour the earth  
Whilst black vultures still sing beside the  
Mighty River nkporo in honour to the world of carcass  
Recall the ancient magic of the Ohafians  
Those with human heads on their heads dancing  
Our skins colour represent braveness not weakness  
We are still black, we roar in the forest of life  
Overthrowing what they said in the past  
we are the black, we roars more than the white  
we are blacks, black in the heart, black in nature  
The food we eat are black and our music black  
Nothing changes about who we are yet when  
We roar the earth shake in horror  
Does any one knows the yam that will be pick  
Last in the barn of life after the great tribulation?  
Our lives, once a thorny alarm in their hands  
Desperately won and torn apart in absence of gut  
We've seen a crack emerged, a crack from the colonizers  
We've come face to face with tomorrow in fear  
Then we fell and failed many times in their hands  
But the lions still roar with no weakness  
We are still black, the elephants of the forest  
We roar not in vain but in accomplishment of our aims

john chizoba vincent

# The Man Who Was Almost A Man

He was almost a man of hope  
When the past came calling,  
He listened to its bleeding voice  
Then fell at his peak of success.  
No one was there to help him up,  
Silently he died in his miseries.  
He was almost a man of hope,  
But the past ruined his succulent life.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The Man Within

the man within me makes me who i am

he is the source of my being

And he controls my life and feelings

Spirit mixed with emotions and grieves

A Breath from the creator

On that faithful sixth day of creation

Natural being beyond description

He direct for steps

As mother hen direct its chicks

spiritually being of old incarnation

physically invisible to the mortal eyes but,

spiritually visible to the immortals

its leaves as the body dies

just like a gas leaves from a container

To unknown destination only known to it

within, the voice speaks humbly

the ten commandment of mosaic law

Which order your ways purely and rightly

Humbly inserted to enforce holiness physically  
when try to channel or control, it leaves you  
leaves you to your bidden until you understand  
it dying, fainted voice so friendly

conscience of mortal s are the man within  
spiritual immortal, unchallengeable mountainous beast of value  
friendly synonymous to the whirlwind  
vanishable like the gas into the air  
Beyond microscopic power when its leaves the body  
it stimulate your pains and groans grievously when hurt  
when in motion, it becomes mulish  
to stop you from crimes  
munificent ghost but very grievous

all right reserved john chizoba vincent 2013

john chizoba vincent

# The Mind Is Still Young

Show the mind the prize  
And she would pay the price,  
The mind is still young  
To the journey so long  
Allow not the mind to bark  
Cuddle her to your back  
A drowning man clutches a straw  
Life at a glance is quiet raw  
Teach the young mind how to sell  
Not how to break life cell  
The mind is still young to be corrupt  
Never allow it to erupt  
Keep the mind with all diligency  
For it will serve the life agent.

john chizoba vincent

# The New Birth.

The bright new sun has set from the east  
With it colourful cloth brighten the world.  
May be one day i shall arise with elated face  
To embrace a new nation,  
To see good people in a new nation.  
a nation born out of love and kindness  
To humanity, animals and infrastructures  
Not for corruption and self interest  
Deep down in the human heart,  
But for care, charity and hope for  
the masses and the unborn leaders of tomorrow.  
A nation where discrimination never exist  
and where the lions are friends to the rats.  
A new nation where the black liquid shall be for the monkeys.  
And the gold and silvers to the street beggars.  
A nation call for oneness, Nigerism and selflessness.  
i dream of the new birth of a better Nigeria.  
a better people, a better atmosphere and better democracy.

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigeria I Know

The Nigeria I know is a great nation  
Free from bribery and corruption.  
She house the most educated people on earth,  
Shielded by a thousand legion of warlords.  
Protruding bellies with nothingness are not  
seen pleading around in the carcass of the state.

The Nigeria I know is rich in human labour,  
Tears and sorrow are not seen playing hide and seek.  
The grains are scattered for all the birds to peck,  
And they flap and fly as high as they could.  
The people are filled with happiness, their cheeks  
As swollen as a blown balloon in the air.  
No one cast blames on the giant cock that crows at  
Dawn.

The Nigeria I know is not partial in dealing,  
She right wronged for her people in peace.  
The right of the masses return at their doors,  
A mother that seek for the good of all,  
None is her favourite and none did she hate anyway.  
She create no fear, pains, sorrow to anyone.  
It does not matter whose fowl scatter your corn,  
She is there to gather it and plead for mercy.

The Nigeria I know is kind and peaceful in nature,  
The peevish errant goat that create chaos in  
Town is brought to book and judged accordly.  
Many mad cat and dogs in the streets are cautioned,  
She provide market, market for everybody to trade.  
Beauty in her street cry not like the babies,  
She command respect more than her neighbours.

She has no grave that never get satisfied,  
She has no fire that is always hungry and thirsty,  
She has no barren womb that never get enough.  
I know my Nigeria, I know my motherland.  
She is mother hen that covers her chicks against  
The mighty kite of valour that roam the street.  
No warrior is ever weary or frustrated in her land.

The Nigeria I know accommodate all in all,  
She is a noble queen that does not eat from  
A dirty plate pick in the forest of lies.  
She feels dolefully pleased to welcome all;  
All who seek to embrace her homely nature.  
She wrestle not with puzzles and fall in love  
With a stolen paradox or a lying ironies.

I don't know a Nigeria of terrorism, no I don't,  
I don't know a Nigeria that bad leaders,  
I don't know a Nigeria without light and petrol;  
I don't know a Nigeria where her universities  
Have a ceremonial strike of every three months.  
I know a great nation of strength and power,  
Not a perfect nation, forgive her for being Nigeria.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# The Nigeria We Deserve 1

We standby singing holy, holy,  
Like a priest in a morning mass.  
Our passions for our beloved country'  
Welfare stands unshaken like the  
Mountain in the forest of righteousness.  
We would not slack but stand uprightly  
To defend and die for the course of our country.

We deserve a home not a forest,  
Where wild beast tear our pride and  
love for our beloved fatherland.  
We deserve a true Nigeria that  
Accommodation both poor and the rich.  
We are to Nigeria, what an eaglet is to eagle  
Whose supplications and obedience are to the mother.

We deserve peace and not commotion.  
Thousands had been slayed and Nigeria wept,  
Souls hiding in fear which they deserve not.  
We deserve protection not exposure  
To the harsh weather of terrorism.  
Our core value is love not hatred.  
We deserve a debt free nation.

The Nigeria we deserve is of greatness,  
A home free from beribery and corruption.  
A nation with good road network, social amenities  
Who doesn't decieve the masses righteously.  
We deserve freedom not hostility,  
We deserve equality between the rich and the poor.

We deserve to work in unity  
Not to look up to the government for entitlement  
We are greater and mightier than the government.  
We deserve good educational institutions.  
We deserve a fertile land where blood of the  
Innocent have not be spilled all around.  
We deserve a new Nigeria, a greater home.

Arise! arise! ! arise! ! ! Man up all sons and daughters  
Take your place, be enthroned for the future.  
My song boast for Nigeria, my fatherland.  
Take charge and dominate for change has come.  
Posterity would smile to us days to come  
For here we are, we are here for all of us.  
Never allow the moth on your brother's eyes  
Remain since you have successfully removed yours.

john chizoba vincent

## The Nigeria We Deserve 2

The Nigeria we deserve is of faithfulness  
Free from terrorism and corruption.  
We deserve a new Nigeria of humbleness.  
We deserve a promising first class country,  
Where the main focus wouldn't only depend in  
The black liquid but also on the farmland.

We deserve a country not a prison yard  
Where mass are left naked under the sun  
The rich becoming richer while the poor remain poor  
We deserve a fascinating home not a barracks  
We deserve a good democratic government not  
A pseudo democrat government who exploit the people.

The Nigeria we deserve is of greatness  
A shield to the masses not a piercing arrow.  
We deserve the freedom of speech and movement.  
We deserve not fight in the house and  
The madness of the so called the leaders.  
We deserve not a failed country.

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigeria We Deserve 3

## THE NIGERIA WE DESERVE 3

Who could enter a dark room without breaking  
The holy glasses therein?  
Are we suppose to keep running from pillar to post?  
We have come of age to eat the fruits of the land  
Knowing the bleeding eyes are signs of suffering  
The eyes should be prevented from bleeding and  
The nose from inhaling a forbidden air filled with  
Poisonous ego.

The dark street is not what we all deserved  
Bombing the souls of the innocent should stop  
Man madness could make man pure in the eyes  
Of stupidity but purity in insanity makes the righteous hearts bitter.  
We have seen enough of which we don't deserve  
The fight in the house, domestic violence, child  
Trafficking all are choas and the downfall of our  
Nation

Why should we have a home and run to the forest?  
Can we not stop the spread of tuberculosis in the  
Nation?  
We deserve a home, a paradise home not fire  
Made to capture the innocent people on the street  
The dark night covered our believes yet  
We hope and dream of a better atmosphere  
But the more we man up, the more things fall apart

Paradise lost, foolishness regained and wisdom flew away  
Man up' they told us in the confusion of the day  
Homosexuality set in, honesty escape from the church, church; a business for  
the idle hands  
School our enemy, home; a forest of shame  
Leadership, a forbidden tale.  
This is not what we deserve, we deserve promising  
Nigeria,  
We deserve the government by the people, of the people and for the people not

Demo-Looters.

The pregnant woman delivers in pains  
The still born afraid of coming to the country  
Our hospitals a mess, our roads cry in tears  
Rain of sorrow envelops our daily activities  
Yet they promised us of faithfulness and unity  
But their promises are always active before elections  
After election, we all begin to dance alone  
To our stupidity and foolishness in our own land  
This is not what we deserve in our country.

The nigeria we deserve is of truthfulness  
We deserve much more than the first world countries  
Because nature endowed us with enough resources  
We deserve much more than what we see now.

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigeria We Deserve 4

## THE NIGERIA WE DESERVE 4

Smelling streets is not what we all deserve  
We deserve a tomorrowland, a future hope  
Where the black nakedness of the children is gone  
Thunder ceased to insert fears in us  
We deserve a better Nigeria, a fascinating home  
Where morals are the hospitality of our souls

We deserve a spirited masses with one heart  
Not a division of heart which welcomes evil  
The street that welcomes the right of the masses  
We deserve masses who depend not on the  
Government for employment, shelter, food and clothes, we need masses that  
will be men of their  
Own.

We deserve a welcoming home for the theatre  
The entertaining home of the worldpower  
We deserve a country where the custome and tradition abide forever, although  
the western culture is good but it had made us to abandon the spirit of  
Our old tradition that never allow women to go naked  
In the street nor allow the men to plait their hair.  
This is not what we deserve in our country

Is it our fate to die one after the other through Booku  
Haarm?  
My eyes has seen many perished with no course  
The streets crowdred with blood of the innocents  
Yet we seems not to see any solution to that  
We deserve a better country, we deserve good Nigeria,  
We don't deserve a country where people wash their  
Hands with blood

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream

Freedom and liberty  
Love and hope in all  
Good government and leadership  
World class nation, our dream  
Perfection of the masses

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 8

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 8

Fascinating atmosphere

Smiles on the faces of the poor

Equality before the law

Land of freedom

Land of great dreams

john chizoba vincent



# The Nigerian Dream 10

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 10

Freedom of the Press as a watchdog

Freedom of speech and freedom after speech

Freedom of movement to recreate and renew

Freedom among the poor and The voiceless

Freedom of choice and peace for all

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 11

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 11

Power supply And good atmosphere

Table for all, love and unity

Unity in cultural Diversity

World class citizen, world class Nation

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 12

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 12

Faithfulness among the leaders

Drive to maintain harmony

To satisfy the masses of their quest for goodness

Humbleness not as crafty as the fox.

There we climb Above the ground

To recreate excellent spirit of the tradition.

john chizoba vincent

## The Nigerian Dream 2

Spirited patriotism among the masses  
Corrupt free nation, all we pray  
Genre of favour, blessing and love  
Jewel of world's hope and Drive  
Our lives larger than Life itself

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 3

Political animal jailed  
Naira, the world currency  
Hospitality tells our Nigerian story  
Pseudo democrats in confusion  
Our. Nigerian's dreams

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 4

Effortless and fair elections  
Freedom of speech and after speech  
Absent of melancholic on our faces  
Our lives larger than live itself  
Every Nigerian life count

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 6

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 7

Good housing scheme

Good educational system

Conducive tourist centres

Suitable infrastructural facilities

Love, unity, freedom to all

john chizoba vincent

# The Nigerian Dream 7

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 7

Good housing scheme

Good educational system

Conducive tourist centres

Suitable infrastructural facilities

Love, unity, freedom to all

john chizoba vincent



# The Nigerian Dream 9

THE NIGERIAN DREAM 9

Hope and faith for The masses  
Recreation of. Liberty and freedom  
Long life and prosperity in future  
Smiling birds with songs of Praises  
Clothed children with Assured future.

john chizoba vincent

# The Night Is Still Young

Hold me tight in your arms  
Let us explore the young night  
Let us see through the virgin night  
We could feel each other's warm  
Take my soul to your longing heart.

We can break each other's ribs  
With the undying love which we  
Peep through its eyes at the back of affection  
The sensational theme of the movement  
In our body could take us to the other phase of life.

Hold me in your hands into the night  
Let's walk to the isle of love  
The night is still young and thirsty  
Of experience that could savor its longing eyes;  
We could penetrate through its vagina and break its pride.

Us against the world, you and me against them all  
Our minds are still young and promising  
Our hearts are still waiting to explore into the depth  
Of the craving night,  
Spell bound my soul and make me groan into the night.

Kiss me here, touch me and take me into  
The darkest part of the night,  
Hold me tight and make love to me;  
For I found love in your eyes  
When men see the dark con of a man in you.

john chizoba vincent

# The Night Rain

The night grew ears suddenly  
As the sound emerged horrified,  
It was frightening to the night.  
The moon was hidden in by the  
Dark rain cloud of the night.  
There was a momentary hush,  
Lightening flashed acrossed the sky.  
The thunder clapping by in fear,  
Another and another sharp clap of the thunder boomed.  
The day's eyes had gone to rest  
As the rain drummed on the roof in joy.  
All ears on bed went deaf immediately  
And the hearts of men beat simuteously in fear.  
A warning bird, feeling that the distubance was too  
Much for the night started to screech along the north.  
All the voice of men were lost in the whirlwind  
Of the horrible Night rain.  
The storm had already knot her wrapper ready  
To unleash the earth of her anger.  
Then came the night rain fiercely,  
And the roof dismentled and fell.  
I heard voices but it was in the distanc dream,  
Gradually, I opened my eyes and lo and behold  
The roof was on me cracking sorrowfully.  
I screamed with all the breath within me  
And mother came to the picture and rescued me.  
Life is but a second like sleep,  
You may have it now and loose it in the next second.

john chizoba vincent

# The Nkporo Maidens

The Nkporo Maidens  
Are waiting down the great street  
Of perfection to be crowd with  
Love for their honourable deeds

I watched them danced yesterday  
At the Agbala with their bangles  
and jewelries.  
Their breast stood in happiness  
Later Each began to go up and down  
In salute to the Audience  
Their bodies answering the call of their feelings  
Their were spirited in the thunder of perfection  
Sparkling like the sun

I think they were the best to none  
As i watched them entangled in the dance  
Our deities their were, the lilies of our lives  
No one does it better than those  
Maidens from Nkporo who tells a fascinating  
Stories with the movement of their bodies.

john chizoba vincent

# The Ordinary Man

Look at the way he walks  
With a torn tattered cloth and broken spirit.  
His soul weeps all day long as he  
Watches keenly how lizards and rats feast merrily in his house  
Upon the strong hands of poverty on him.  
Rough and sorrowful life has he seen through out his life  
And no soul cares to help.  
His dreams and aspirations went away and  
He is rejected and frustrated by men.  
Thro and fro, thro and fro, he match all alone  
Facing the oddities of life and yet no hope seen by.  
Food ran away from his table and,  
water became his enemy in the long run.  
Tolling all day and yet no fruit yield  
He becomes the barren tree beside the riverine.  
No money to buy those things which are required by the body.  
He is not seen in the public and never allow  
To speak when others has spoken.  
Yet he believed in days to come it shall be well  
In his tribulation and suffering in the hands of poverty.  
The ordinary man entangled in the hands of shame.  
The parrots sing every sun rise to mock him,  
While the cock crows each morning to remained him of  
His wretched life which torment him.

john chizoba vincent

# The Path Of Madness

We have come at the cross road between us  
And we must choose the one to follow or  
We walk together to our doom.  
The choice to live or perish is in our hands,  
The sparkling light of love can't heal this.  
Your smile you lifted has shown me the fountain of  
Our destinies emerging from your face.  
And we walk through the smile on your face  
To where our fate call us to her bosom.

john chizoba vincent

# The Penlords

Bold

Brave heart

Courageous move passionately

Mightier than the sword blade

Genius mind always make the best

People of ex-ordinary talent (POet)

Defenders of the voiceless with pen and white paper

They are emerging better now in a countless numbers

watering the pretty human souls to happiness

Like the nightingale of the free forest of freedom

I wished i could be one of them, the penlords

Fighting the war of words without an Ogbunigwe

A war with no cutlass, gun, sword but pretty words

The white paper they feast upon daily with passion

Transporting the undying words to the world like bullet  
piecing violately into the human body.

Defender of human race, the penlords

I visited the hearts of their hearts and behold

Perfection in the battle of enlightenment

They are so Go- - -ooood like the gods

So swe- - eeeet like the testament of their words

So de- li-ci- - -ous like the turtle so- -oooooop

all hail the beautiful ones

All hail the mountainous brave writers of the

Twenty first century of our time

The intestine of their pens always at work

the salivary gland in their pens always never dry

Writing emotionally to change the loners

who taught them how them how to hold a pen?

They are our deities, the gods of our land

Never die like a snake that passed through the

Rock without leaving any trail behind

They give treasure for generations to generations

Yes they are emerging in twos, threes and fours

To fill the vacuum of our broken thoughts

I wished am on of the penlords so

That i could create my own future with pen

john chizoba vincent



# The Proletarian

## THE PROLETARIAN

The ordinary people we are  
The common people of the abandoned street  
Homeless not Hopeless in our quest  
Looking up to the Forest Lords  
We are kicked left and right by them  
Helpless not voiceless  
We are the dregs of the Society  
Seen in every rejected areas in the land  
Faceless and clueless of who we really are  
The Hoi-polloi lost In pains of the leaders  
Our kinds are not better in anything involving the society yet they used us as  
tout to kill ourselves  
The land detest and chase us here and there  
Hope we speak each day yet no hope seen  
Among our kind In Their daily agenda  
We are treated and killed like the funeral ram  
But we stitch our heart with smiles  
Our laughter clapping in the dawn of their ears  
Our stomach may speak harshly to us but  
We perservere speaking kindly and warmly  
Their eyes despises our existence  
Their mouths speak wrath against us  
Who shall speak for us- - the voiceless?  
Where shall the messaih come from Israel or jerusalem?  
Mighty men had fallen in Jerico and Gomorahh  
Great gladiators had be slaughtered in Rome and Greece but we look close to the  
dawn in the west  
Clothing our already made cupped desires in a beam smiles.  
Though our Lives a Bottled Oil in a freezer  
Though our drive a playing gesture in our hands  
We believe, we dream, we shall be seen among  
Men not fallen in The ditch of limited trend but  
We tread on the surviving route days to come.

john chizoba vincent

# The Right Of The Disables

## THE RIGHT OF THE DISABLES

Do not discriminate me 'cause I am blind,  
Do not abuse me because I am deaf and dumb.  
Never look down on me 'cause I am cripple  
And disabled like the wind of the earth.  
Don't say 'he hasn't got two coins to rub together'

We all at one time or other were disabled and helpless  
We were disable at birth because we couldn't  
Make anything happen without our parents.  
We become disable when we are sick, then medicine  
Becomes our surviving grace and life.  
Doctor runs up and down for us,  
The Nurse break their grains for us.

To be blind is not to be useless,  
To be deaf and dumb is not to be sold out.  
Being crippled and imbecile is not total darkness,  
We have our price and pride in the society.  
We have our part to play in the society,  
Give us our rights as a citizen also.  
We become disable when we are old and infirmed,  
There; we turn to the help of the younger ones  
Our children becomes our hope and fare.

Don't hate me because I am blind,  
Never thrust me away 'cause I am deaf.  
There shouldn't be class segregation of our kind'  
We make up the society like any other person.  
Separation of our kind from others make us feel  
Bad and unwanted.  
Total darkness is not out of life.

We can sing and feel if we can't see  
The handwriting on the blackboard.  
We can write and see your signs  
If we cannot hear the sound from you.  
we can make beads, play piano and read book

If we can not walk like others.  
Give us our right and discriminate not.

Teach us to sing like others  
If we can not play football in the field.  
Teach us to be happy like others,  
We have feelings and emotions like others.  
We do not choose to be blind nor  
Do we choose to be deaf and dumb,  
But nature made us who we are.

Treat us kindly like others in the society,  
Give us our right to live among others  
For we are equal to the tasks in the society.  
Treat us as right as you treat yourself.

john chizoba vincent

# The Run Away Bride

Motionless she walked down the alley  
With two bullets in her hearts.  
In the shadow of her past,  
Her soul was dark and red.  
I think i saw her ran in to the garden  
With a vase of flowers in her hands  
Then she threw her wedding ring in the flower bed.

I think i saw her crying heavily in the street,  
the white gown blasphemy behind her  
and the veil cursed her face.  
Her face was rough, swollen like a boil,  
No fashionable make upon her face then  
Her heart pounding heavily like An ikoro ready to explode.

Is she aware of the proposed marriage?  
Was she told about her husband to be or  
Was she forced into the marriage?  
She is just too young to marry  
To experience the pains of marriage.  
Motherhood may not be a better experience to her.

Dont break the law  
She is a girlchild.  
Put her not in a family way  
the Night is still too young and not old for her.  
Help nurture that lovely body which the creator  
Adorned her with and push her not into the lions den.  
She had been raped severally  
Left naked and battered under the sun.  
The love which she is being forced into  
Would looked nothing less than a battle field to her.

Send her to school she needs it.  
Education would cave her future and make her better  
Restructure her lost memories and give her hope.  
speak against girlchild marriage  
Defend womanhood and girehood.

They are part of us our world  
Do not discriminate the womanhood because  
they make our existence possible.  
Women are our world, no woman no world.

john chizoba vincent

# The School Boy Anthem.

I will learn to read tomorrow  
When the teachers are not around  
When facebook becomes book face  
and instagram, pages of a textbook  
Then, my boom will be my companion.

I will write the exams at my leisure time  
when the birds sing on every tree  
the moon perk and snarl like hyena  
and the sun shows no more of its anger  
then, the script shall be passed to me.

I will learn to dream at dawn  
When papa Te where the He-goat  
get its waffy and mother learn to  
tell me why I was made a boy in her womb  
Then, I will spell out my dreams.

I will learn to write in the classroom  
when we learnt gather all what griefs destroyed  
And grandma forgets her childhood with  
the angry trees in our family compound  
Then, I will learn to write in the class.

I will attend the assembly soon  
When all the students are no more  
The field empty and scary to the eyes  
No praises, no clapping, no prayers,  
Just me and the grasses gliding through.

The older boys will follow this path  
When Old age is no more priority  
And those pains in their pride abolished  
To the stream of lost and want  
This anthem shall teach that school does not build a boy.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god®

john chizoba vincent

# The Singing Fools

We are farmers without hoes and cutlasses  
Dancing the stupid song of poverty  
Push us back and forth, we follow  
Once in the farmland, we does nothing than sleeping.  
Under the farmstead snoring provokely.  
Have you seen the precious example we've laid.

We are men of war without arsenals  
We are doctors without stethoscope  
Our heart tell us heart breathing of patients  
We see when we don't see  
Servants to the patients who prescribe drugs themselves  
We only give false prophecy which they believed in.  
With us manoeuvrings medical laws Bad mannered of manifestation of the  
heartbeat  
We sing hilariously to make people happy  
But remained sad  
Always caught in the webs of sin

We are teachers without chalk and pen  
Teaching what we don't know  
Educating students to become fools as we are.  
Push us back and forth, we follow  
Fools with no destination and self esteem  
The sings parrot is better off than us  
Because it knowth where to stop in the high pitch of its song Which we knowth  
not

We are drivers without vehicle  
Come on board we take you to hell  
On the street we roam about hopeless not speechless  
Our heads abroad but legs a home  
We only give ears to those who call us friends  
Whether in advantage or disadvantage



Perhaps that is why the pseudo democrats, corrupt leaders,  
office loafers, and dubious leaders  
Use us as political animals

We are husbands with no wives  
Pupils with no books and Biro  
Come, we teach you our singing styles  
What you don't know about us  
The singing fools we are  
Black sheep of the nation  
Rotten shinning fragrance eggs  
Able bodied but foolish mind  
We mislead and deceive young teens  
Destroy and vandalizing properties  
Truth is far from us  
We bury ourselves in the same foolishness  
Betray our own honest and truths  
In the quest for foolish fame and wealth.

john chizoba vincent

# The Sound Waves

The waves sounded so strong to me,  
Stronger, heavier, thicker, tickly tilted.  
I looked at it tail and head, picking the  
Grains of its eyebrows dashing away;  
It made my hair stood still on my neck.  
When I looked, it was poetry; a poetic words  
Sounding, gliding in gayish embryo like a foetus.  
The zygote of its waves drummed heavily on  
The mouth of my scribbling pen.  
I heard the sound over and over...  
Sounding, recording, beating, appealing  
To my soul as I moved to touch a head;  
A head of poetry and caress a tail I saw;  
A buttressed beautiful tail of poetry.  
The elephantry of my eardrum stood,  
A word I never knew came tempting,  
A song I never sang rose in my throat.  
I wish I could write a poem I can't read,  
I wish I could read a poem I can't write;  
The sound waves I can't listen to here,  
A word that can't be combined to form a sentence.  
In the physics of my heart I knew I have fallen  
In love with a sound waves so pure like the  
Rhythm of Enya.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The Stars Still Smile

I don't have gold and silver  
I don't have tears to shade  
But the written smile of the  
Stars I have within my heart  
If only you can see through my eyes  
You will see that the stars still smile  
Not only to commoners, but to all  
Who embrace goodness and peace  
Come to my arms and lay down  
It is night here and we can watch  
Together the smiling glowing stars.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The State Of Nigerian Men

Nigerian men are frustrated,  
Many lost in fury and confusion,  
Some are entangled in the spirit of yesterday' glory.  
Men are now kids rather than kings,  
Every strong man struggles but many never stand  
Instead, they slumber at home waiting for their wives'  
Bread.

Nigerian men are confused,  
Many lost in the lorry of life battles.  
They are as sick as their secrets, smiling  
When they are supposed to cry at their misfortunes.  
Nigerian men are lost in the wood of desperation!  
The zeal to become is gone in fear and pity,  
When shall we be free in our own land?  
Our creative minds are caged in the dust forever.

Nigerian men are demoralised,  
Dollar is high, they all sing with a bitter throat now.  
The song hit side by side on the walls of their mouths, change has come but  
some are still looking  
For the change promised with a sweet tongue.  
Mr President is in a fight with the wind for corruption  
Let's see who wins, Mr president or the wind.

Nigerian men are dying!  
Nigerian men are abused!  
Nigerian men are frustrated!  
Nigerian men are disappointed!  
Nigerian men are deceived!  
Nigerian men are abandoned!

Nigerian men are poor,  
Poverty runs through their blood vessels  
Nourishing their weaknesses and impotency.  
After Dollar, comes fuel scarcity, after fuel,  
Then; Nigerian men shall fight for Power,  
Stupidity in channels of madness in my country.  
Many men never knew who they are in the dark!  
They antagonise failure and mistakes as an enemy  
Not knowing that they are ingredient to life success.  
Nigerian men seek and fight only for themselves!

Nigerian men are down now!  
None talks about getting up again,  
None of them ever talked about the elephants,  
They now look at the grounded ant for help.  
They congregate their minds each morning on the  
Bed without thinking out solutions to their troubles.  
They masked their insecurities and reveal their imperfection.  
The state of Nigerian men now is 'unpennable'

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved.

john chizoba vincent

# The Street Of Pain.

I am from that street where people are neglected  
Never bothered about but exploited.  
the street where hopes and dreams dish  
Away through frustration and disappointment.  
We are seen always with spoon in our pocket  
Wandering from hut to hut in search of of food,  
Bare footed in our ghetto home.  
We run around with food from street to street  
looking for the fittest among us to eat eat the largest.  
The street of pains where destitution and sorrow lived  
That is where i came from.  
Every one is a no body until you conquer fate  
with an extraordinary move in your heart.  
That kind of street where no one help you but  
They are there to push you to the wall, then mock you.  
And make nothing out of your dreams.  
There, we live in an uncompleted building with no toilet and bathroom,  
The lizards were our play mate and the snakes our neighbours.  
We pass out our excrete in the bush behind our humble home,  
And eat from our vomits yet happy and fine.  
No one is ready to give you but ready to take from you.  
The dark street filled with hyenas and wolves  
With a mental, disordered commoners from the west bridge.  
Little light penetrating in brings hopes but always quash by the  
thugs.  
The pick pocketers never sleep nor slumber, they lay awake under  
The bridge trying to invade on their prey.  
Thugs sing war songs in merriment of their stupidity  
And those songs sent our heart in their bellies in fear.  
In the vital part of the street are occupied by dustbin.  
I am from that street of homeless children with torn clothes,  
dangling on their stomach.  
No one pity them rather they kidnapped and used them for rituals.  
We never sleep at night without a sleeping pill  
Yet you sleep awake.  
I was once from the street of pain  
Think not that all was well with me from the genesis.

john chizoba vincent

# The Traditional Story

In my little village, Nkporo,  
We celebrate the Iza Afa Festival  
And the Most Magnificent Igboto Nma Festival.  
The two are more than four hundred years old,  
Our forebears told us that it began with  
Their ancestors who immigrated from Heaven  
When Chukwu was sharing the earth to broken Humans.  
They got their toothless share of the earth and  
There the magical festival began to grow teeth.  
It is celebrated in the Eight Villages of Nkporo  
But, not at the same time nor the same earthless year;  
On that day of the treasured celebration, everyone is a nobody and somebody,  
The wind would howl in sweet poetry,  
The trees would dance back and forth in a blissful form,  
And the papers and leaves go up in merriment.  
Then the open windows shut with a clapping hands  
Welcoming the house roofs which rattles with songs.  
The most dreaded guilty masquerades come out,  
Helter skelter, the lost children run here and there;  
As their homes skip and elude them in the square.  
The Villagers feel nothing but the joy of excitement in the air,  
As the dusty sand fill the tensed atmosphere.  
The houses clear and the streets is filled with people.  
Then, the men and women of the festival comes out  
All glowing and shining like the sun in their ragalias.  
A bright flash takes the entire village,  
The whistler whistles by in an unknown tone,  
The Igboto Nma people are excited and joyful too  
Because they would soon stop the payment of taxes  
And levies among their age Grades.  
Their responsibilities in the village ceased as they drop the heavy knife on the  
village square.  
But the new responsibilities now lies on  
The shoulders of the Iza Afa age Grade  
Who are now being initiated into a new phase of Life.  
The Igboto Nma clans leave a legacy to be remembered for in the innocent virgin  
community.  
The sky in joy makes night of the day,  
A noise that deafened comes from all the corners of the land,



Then the Eze Aja blesses them all and pray for long life and prosperit.  
The rain makers keep the rain far off,  
The fortune teller and the diviner dances all  
Through the day and night,  
At the end of their rituals at the village square,  
They all goes to their tents and celebrate till dusk.  
Food and drinks are abundant till the next day,  
It always a day to reckon with in Nkporoland.

john chizoba vincent

# The Unplanned World

Why do we have the sky up and not down?  
Why does the earth has water all over it?  
Why do humans die and never return home?  
Why is the moon so far from the earth while  
We need light to lit the entire earth when dark?  
The moon should have been down to lit the world  
More better than how it is now to the humans.

Why all the fingers are not equal as the hand?  
Why do we have man and woman in the world?  
The man the head, and the woman, a help meet.  
The women and men should have been equal and  
Do things like brothers and sisters in the house.  
Guess what the family will be like if man and woman are equal and share the  
same ideology not faith.

Why do we have the Rich and the Poor here?  
Why the have and the have-not in the society?  
Many begging with nothing to eat and some  
Have nothing to eat not even a seed of rice to chew  
Many have more than enough to eat and waste,  
And you think that this world will be a peaceful  
place to lay your head and sleep every night and day?

Why do some ride cars and others have no cars?  
Why do many give birth and others die barren?  
Are they not from the same maker of the universe?  
Is this planet really planned or unplanned plant?  
The sky is neither blue, purple, white nor grey,  
The animals are not equally created and it hurts.  
The tall ones want to be short while the short wants  
To be tall, why not make all short or tall?

Women who are black bleach to get fair,  
Men who are fair don't bath because they want to  
Become as dark as those women who bleach to be seen!  
Jungle justice, Aluta continua, continua; lower and  
Higher self esteem in the midst of the brotherhood.  
Is the world carefully planned based on one eye?  
Watch the green grasses soon turn to yellow,  
Why not leave them to be green all day long in history?

My eyes is sickening of those things made unplanned which humans abused  
righteously now and always.  
When talking to the cover of my mouth beware  
Of the fart of the mouth from flowing because we are living in an unplanned  
world where mouths also fart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# The Uti Nwackwu That I Know

The uti I know is a great man  
Whose presence calm storms of desperation,  
He is the Iroko tree in my father' compound  
With many branches that sustain many in need.

His handsome face makes innocent virgins faint,  
The gentle man of the year,  
His charming eyes turn many pretty ladies on the beautiful side where paradise is  
made for ladies only,  
The gentle man of the Delta.

Sing me a song of love in the name of love  
And I will sing you the song of Uti the charming prince whose kiss awaken  
Dyusus of Roman empire,  
Once he walks, pretty ladies bow in the name of love.

His smiles soil the feelings of the star girls,  
The flows of his words waters the emotions of their future.  
Once in the act of philanthropy, thousands are saved,  
Uti Leads the stars, Uti makes the stars, Uti takes the  
Leads.

Uti Nwachukwu that I know is a great ambassadon  
Of his nation,  
The Uti that I know is so passionate and kind with  
A magnificent out look of Archangel branded with  
Unfaded beauty of an Africa man.

john chizoba vincent

# The Voiceless

THE VOICELESS.

Under the oak tree we lay awake waiting for the coming messiah

Waiting for the good time of his government

We are tormented and suppressed all day long with no cause.

And our body bore our pains

Men of agony, the voiceless.

Trapped in the strange land of misery,

Hope against hope for the messiah to emerge

Spirit of our ancestors hunt us,

Because they thirst for blood;

Of which blood shall we use when cowries for goat could be found?

Springs ceased in our entries and, the oceans howl in despair to our presence.

The voiceless men, rejected and abandoned

Entangled in the misery of the leaders,

Echoes of mercy heard in the vacuum and,

Songs of sorrow sang by the birds in their response to our sufferings

We are cheated with no access to talk and the society hear us not rather they exploit our efforts.

Men of Nkporo became worthless to them.

What could be our weapon of war?

We are killed all day long and, our stomach spoke harshly to us.

Our eyes very dime; night and day.

And we succumb to their threats, voiceless men of nkporo.

Born without a silver spoon but wisdom in the head.

Wisdom never used to impart to their offsprings.

Our egos dashed out with the winds and our wives exploited by the rich.

Our houses taken away with strong will and our children enslaved in the darkness

Who shall speak for us all, the voiced?

The coming messiah assured us mercy but who knows his coming?

The animals on the flying chairs laughed at us.

Perhaps, they know the future.

Maybe they have spoken with the messiah against us.

I know, overly thrilled as I was that I would not call. Their works had done more than enough.

In the city, our kinds are seen roaming about in nakedness

Humiliated and battered.

But I wear courage like a shield to speak against discrimination.

As long as there is life, they believed in hope in days to come.

It shall be well.

Can you see how she runs?

Running to the lion's den.

What has she done? Nothing but spoke her mind.

Court holds her guilty, guilty of treachery and outspoken.

It embodied me not to find my voice, but to speak in voice I already had.

We pray for the messiah's time

Time of peace and freedom,

When things shall be well again with us

And our kind shall be heard in high voices

Our children shall also be free from the sneer of the fowler

And our wife shall know their offspring and husbands

Those who exploit us shall be punished upon their throne.

Mercy shall not prevail because they have tortured us so much.

(JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT)

john chizoba vincent

# The Weight In The Wait

We still wait behind  
with the weight in our wait,  
none of the burdens has reduced  
but, they are adding more and more  
In each day that passes by.  
In case you see us like goats with broken legs,  
death is no more far, he is like a distance from  
our nose to our eyes.  
We caused the thorns in our weight; we caused it.  
Here, we waited for the weight to be weightless,  
we still sit here waiting without acting.  
With the weight in our wait, we sold our conscience for a penny, and watched the  
murderer of justice  
in the land escaped through our nose.  
We have nothing to offer anymore than bitter sweet tears and voiceless voice  
dying in fear.  
Our griefs broke from us to our home which  
as our oppressors phrased it were:  
'The ugliest sorrowful life ever seen'  
We still sing bitterly here with the weight in our wait.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voices Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# The White Lie

Give them the lie  
The white lie  
Let them do the senseless Dance  
Depraved men they are  
We, the forest that kill dreams  
Hands high in an endless rides

We will loot their cradle of pride  
Hurt down their innocent lilies in need  
Demented men they are  
Bitten By fright afar  
What you tell them they hear  
They reason with their hair

Give them the lies  
The power sector lies  
The white lies  
The political lies  
Brightest of all lies  
Let them do the senseless dance  
Then we can go home and embezzle  
All the oill in the nozzle.

john chizoba vincent

# The Widow

In the black cloth of wednesday misery  
I saw her in the dark tunnel  
She sold her soul to mourn her mortal husband  
Who left without even a goodbye to her  
Her hair cut in a fashionable manner  
She sat among wolves weeping for help  
Her black shabby cloth mock her being  
Death has sold her into slavery  
And thrust her children into the street of misery  
Neck bent low in the powerful concoction of emotion  
I asked her why she wallow in fear whilst the day still young  
She told me the ear breaking news of the donkey years  
her Husband's bathing water was given to her to drink  
I saw them holding her firmly, forcing he like a funeral ram  
She felt like the inexperienced kite who went carrying  
A duckling but was ordered by its mother to return it  
Because the duck had said nothing but silence, just walk  
away, it means a lot.  
'Go carry a chick, it mother shouts and curses and the  
Matter ends there' she told her child  
Why torment her, why torment her?  
She didn't kill him nor was she the reason why he died  
I screamed in anger against the black hearts  
They told me its the tradition of the blacks  
They whispered a word so barbaric to my ears  
I watched them handed her over to her husband's brother  
That lady was too pretty to be tormented by tradition  
I saw her rose broken in public, her pride tarnished  
i hid my self but couldn't hide the pains  
Oh Africa, why deposit thou suffering on womanhood?  
Delivering in pains, pregnant in tears  
When husbands die, the woman killed him  
But when wife dies, the husband love another.  
I reject motherhood if this what they pass  
Through in this civilised world of joy.  
Hear me all evil doers heaven have its judgment  
When i watched them took her away  
She told me to talk good of her to her children  
Then i woke up and discovered i was still in this

Evil world where widows are tormented.

john chizoba vincent

# The Woman In Me

It is the woman in me you punish,  
Rest your moon that glitters on my soul  
The woman in me will not accept you.  
You disgust her like a rotten egg  
Thrown in the heaped dust bin gathered by maggoting Flies.

The woman in me needs a love that prevail with no restraint.  
The woman in me need a love that paints bright colors and brighten the lives of  
the commoners.  
And whenever she comes down with the blues  
She needs a love that will stick to her like glue.

The woman in me needs a love that has within her. The strength too carry along  
the pains you created, no matter how long the length is, I can move on.  
She needs a love that will never ever fail,  
Or turn away at the sight of trouble's tail and stand.  
And when her winter days are at the door clapping,  
Emotions, wrinkles feelings, bent down low and sore  
The woman in me need a love that will love me even more and more without  
boundaries.

john chizoba vincent

# Their Bloods Speak Of Their Pain

THEIR BLOOD SPEAK OF PAINS

My teeth clapped in tears  
In my wobbled mouth  
The sky darkened at noon  
Words eluded my dried mouth  
As I watched their bodies sprayed  
In the crowded street with people  
Gathered in pains, weeping and groaning  
They stood alerted, each watching his back  
Hell on earth, death flaps its happy wings  
Yet another feast for the vultures  
Yet another work of the holigans  
Who says western education is a sin  
They never mind the ground who is  
Satisfied already but bomb and kill.

Their blood speak of their pains  
As it goes down the gutter in agony  
Mother earth wept at the loss of beloved  
Children who ought have conquer and  
Rule in relation to the nature's call.

john chizoba vincent

## Their Faces.

Their faces betrayed my trust  
I don't know which way to go.  
They speak of oil and peace,  
They speak of love and harmony,  
Boldly written on their fore head.  
They smile and sing for justice with me  
Were they not the same people that drinks from the cup  
of corruption and eat from the plate of mischievousness  
Yet they Talk about demonstration and protest?  
Their faces speak evil to my ears  
I know them Quiet alright, chameleons.  
They are devils in human form.  
Trust them not and watch your steps,  
Least they betray you in the long run  
and you fall with nothing to hold onto.

john chizoba vincent

# There Are No Roses Before Paradise.

Wearily i stood alone,  
Emotionally, i cried in tears  
Dead in thought as i walked alone  
Clueless of what to do to save my people,  
Thrusting blames here and there  
Of not obtaining result of my targets.

I gave up under the bed.  
I have tried all i could but failed thousand times  
Always bouncing back to where i began.  
'i will work no' said i.  
And laid lazily on the couch playing  
With my thoughts and emotions.

My people should perish, i work no more'  
But suddenly, i saw this tiny creature  
Struggling alone, all alone with the wall  
With sweat all around its body.  
Its bravery caught my attention.

'Its a spider'i Exclaimed terribly but  
Watched with rapid attention  
To see its end but it never give up.  
Amazed, i stood in anger in my heart.

The spider climbed but bounced back on the ground  
Its struggled up again but returned to the ground  
Not embarrassed nor weak.  
it set out again in it little world.

'NO sweat no sweet  
If Nelson mandele could do it i could,  
If Obama could get there i will  
Bill Gate broke the walls And  
Wole Sonyika passes through  
So I could also.  
There are no roses before paradise  
You must break the fire before you get to paradise'  
It said to itself.

Tire and happy it rested  
The songs of victory in its throat waited  
Its arms and hands encouraged it.  
Its eyes looked beyond its present domain  
And went far to its place of destiny.  
in its nobility, its waved all its suffering away.

Finally, he summoned courage and,  
Welcome agility and acceleration  
Took the first step forward and the  
Second leg forward with focus.  
He lifted its body and soul and moved.

'it made it' i screamed  
Then comes the victory songs in its throat.  
I watched as it wobbled its legs and hands  
There are many roses in the paradise.  
In merriment and joy.  
It never give up but endured  
Try again, and again, and again, and again  
more than a dozen times.

I took up my courage and determination  
Welcome happiness in my land  
Just like the spider in its world.  
And now, happiness is the end of my experience with the spider.  
Many live to tell the tale there after.

john chizoba vincent



# There Are Stories In A Story

There are stories in the story of Olajumoke  
As there are stories in the story of Goodluck.  
There are stories in the story of Buhari' elections  
As there are stories in the history of Nigeria.  
There are stories to be map out from your  
Ugly sweet stories as there are those to be told  
From my good bad stories which look great.  
What ever story you have within, there are  
Stories to be written and told from there in.  
No history, no story and no story; no history,  
There are stories in a story told or written.  
I can write a million stories from the look in  
Your eyes which tells a future of a bleeding love.  
If you are looking for an afternoon with a cloth,  
Go check the story that was told to you by your  
Grandfather maybe you can see another afternoon  
Without a cloth but has a wonderful body.  
Stories has generations but it take eyes to see  
Stories in an ugly sweet tale or good bad once.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# There Is Another Sky

There is another sky that bleed  
Within it abode because of pains.  
There is another that speak of lost  
Among her brethren who betrayed her.  
There is another sky that is black,  
A sky where demons reside committing suicide.

There is another sky that tell a story,  
When you look at her, you will learn.  
There is a sky that corrupt the eyes  
The political animals where made there,  
There is another sky that cloth men  
And men see her as weak as the water.

There is another sky that is red,  
See this and that are they the same.  
Love made in dark is not real love  
But those which are done in the public are real one.  
If you could separate the oil from water  
Then can you separate love that bind the sky and humans together.

There is another sky that looks like a woman,  
But it has no skirt but has something under skirt.  
She paint her lips and fingers but her face is rough,  
When she sit on her seat, she doesn't close her legs  
But always leave it open for air to penetrate in.  
That is another sky that looks like a woman.

There is another sky that resembles a man  
But she is not a man because she has beard  
But she had manhood as long as a tree.

When the women pass, she shy away but  
When she looks behind the women they cry.  
There is more than word to describe her.

There is another sky that looks like a child.  
To those little children who are deceived,  
Sorry for coming to this world with an eye.  
To those little ones that died before their time  
You never ask the sky how dark the earth is  
Before you came, sorry and sorry for dying.

To those little ones that sees the sky as white sky,  
You have not learn more than sucking of breast  
Look closely and see that the sky is also blue,  
That is love in the sky but some see lost in another  
Sky which shows red and black in the afternoon.  
There is another sky that tell of hope and peace  
Look closely and see it under the earth.

john chizoba vincent

# They Made Us Naked

The rotten smelling pigs of the twenty first century  
With characteristics of Geoge Orwell Pig 'Nepoleon'.  
Bad leaders in a paradise humming in disgust  
They made us hopeless not life.  
Torture us unkindly regardless of our sorrow'  
We are painted black and red changing like the chameleon  
In which you hardly identify the colour we are made of.  
They made us naked, strip off our dreams  
IN them we built our hope on but it failed.  
In them lies our labour but no reward  
Continually, they exploit us happily.  
All rivers run into their seas, yet they satisfy not  
Remember you, in much wisdom is much grief.  
Gather you silver, gold and crude to your barn,  
Or peculiar treasure of the kings  
It shall soon end, and you suffer like us.  
Naked we are, naked shall you be soon.  
You are naked and naked we are when created  
So naked shall we all go when the other phase opens.  
You made us naked and shameful  
Took all that belongs to us  
And with held our joy and our kindness wrought.  
Vexation of spirit we are left with  
remember wisdom excel folly as light excel darkness  
And no profit under the burning sun.  
We turn ourselves to behold wisdom to conquer folly  
The wise man's sight remain in his head  
You shall weep some day and  
there shall be no one to cloth you.

john chizoba vincent

# Thinking Aloud

## THINKING ALOUD

Looking onto the crying rain  
My tears became much apart,  
I can't march on with faith  
When my maker rejected my muse  
Dancing alone in the forest  
I wish I could help my dying soul.

Believe it or not, humanity is lost  
In the endless search of identity  
Without the right mindset.  
They say language is our problem  
Corruption, our nightmare but I  
Know that religion is the bedrock of our plight.

When would the farmers return from their harvest?  
The farmers who promised us of light and  
Prosperity in the dusk and now is the dawn  
Faces advertising their worth to be praised  
Yet, their works are evil and killing.  
Humanity is weak, we are lost, lost in the wood.

No one would solve our problems accept us  
but where is the 'US' when there is no 'U',  
When we remained one man for himself as the snake?  
No one cares for each other in the dawn  
Accept in the dusk when faces become  
Faceless and the night overpower our wills.

Time eroding to the west in pains,  
Sorrowful night overshadow souls  
Darkness riding by in desperation  
Souls in search of lost identity  
Fools on parade with their sugar  
coated tongue dangling like a  
Tattered cloth behind the rock.

Only the grace could save the day

The promising messiah soon will emerge  
And take over the government of man  
Then shall there be peace and love  
Among the animals called man whose  
Motives only the creator could tell.  
Would there ever be peace on earth before then?

john chizoba vincent

# This Game Is No Longer Safe

This game of killing is no longer  
Safe in our heart of hearts.  
This game of looting is no longer safe to  
Hear in our society, change and change! !  
We no longer dream of disposing innocent  
Babies in the heaped dustbin in the street.

We are tired of lobbying and craving for our own  
Selfish pocket when others are hungry and sad.  
We are quitting from backbiting and bribery because  
The eyes of the people are now on us breaking us.  
We are sick of looking at the poor spread out in the streets because they seek  
help and future.

Help us find a way, this game is no long safe with us.  
Tell those unfriendly friend that enough is enough,  
Those who conquers, defeat and caged our soul  
With evil that we can't come out from that the game, it is over between us, we  
can't continue with this.  
Look not at us, emissaries of destruction; we are blind with the work you gave to  
us in the darkness.

You are giving us reasons to frown and brown,  
This game of corruption is no long safe in our hands.  
Enough is enough of this 'Yes sir' always!  
Give us freedom to breath and bright!  
Enough of this baberic act against our own people!

You that wears smile as if you are happy with us,

We are leaving this game to your dead hands.  
You that rape our dignity and give us sorrow;  
This game is no longer safe in our righteous hands.  
We are breaking away, we are calling it quit now!  
You that empty our stomachs to feed yours;  
We can't do this job again, our conscience is against us.

john chizoba vincent



# This Is Lagos

This is Lagos-

a welcoming address to all dignities  
an old sermon preached by three wisemen  
no praises or pleasantries at the entrance gate  
Come and face your death or life warrant  
in a no man's land but everyone's home  
The walls of the streets are filled to its brim  
the good, the bad, the ugly, and the wild  
Yoga girls parading in a lost emotions  
Skimpy skirt Lucifers ruining many men  
Yahoo boys fan smiling coals into money  
Spinners spin the spindle of the morning  
Spreading on their wings are skyscrapers,  
Oceans greeting in a pleasant radiation...  
In her bosom are cruel hustlers borrowing the  
Earful clamour of the day.

'No sweat, no sweet' every toddler sings  
Traffic holds down to ransom the hurrying legs of  
yellow and black buses whose courage is like shield  
This is Lagos-

the flag of Nigeria  
Where floating slums swallow innocent eyes  
Carbonated air blares out the lungs to rot  
the streets are strict and tough-  
A ghetto filled environment taking away the  
innocence of girls and boys of tomorrow  
clapping hands of generators trumpeting all over-  
Agberos wagging their lips in every corner...  
'Owo mi da! Ori e ti daru! Funmi lowo joor! '

This is Lagos-

A mad woman feeding many selfish children;  
children of malnutrition  
Patients of hunger and wants  
Hospitals have no remedy to them all  
The future of children unborn charged with the fierce  
urgency of thunder of agony...  
Million voices of shouting churches and mosques  
yet, evil harvests more souls daily  
Lagos is killing us, yet, we remain cushioned with hopes and dreams

We are drenched and smashed by suffering,  
Bodies tasted own blood and sweat  
Eyes tasted own tears and sorrow  
but they are not too far from dawning  
Lagos is killing me! Lagos is killing me!  
but the retribution never break our wings  
Is there a flesh of new and old meaning  
to this gloomy joyful lagos story?  
We have never been more to her than hustling,  
bustling and breaking her soul into pieces  
When the old cold night arrives-  
Birds sleep no more, men hunt and haunt more,  
Cars horns rumbled on cracking voices  
She keeps vigil all night against her wish because  
she has to keep her children from their needs.  
This is Lagos-  
a no man's land, everyone's land-  
Come make your bread or make your death  
Roses are not grown here...  
You who has seen not Lagos, follow my swinging ink  
who refuses to hide and speak; for Lagos lives  
in your bravery tabled at  
the coasting ocean in the west.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# This Is Nigeria

This is Nigeria where every thief is honest;  
Where every politicians are good yet, they are probe.  
This is Nigeria where every students are wise.  
This is Nigeria where every He-Goats smell not.  
This is Nigeria where every eyes bleed like a tap.  
This is Nigeria where every man is faster than his shadow and, every woman  
husband her husband.

This is Nigeria where every doors are opened at Night.  
This is Nigeria where wailing and groaning are seen as laughter and laughter is a  
sign of Sufferness.  
This is Nigeria where children are left unclothe and their parents make money as  
clothes they wear.  
This is Nigeria where every lizard has hair on its back  
This is Nigeria where cocroach is a friend to a hen;  
And cocroach found in the midst of fowls is innocent.

This is a land flowing with milk and honey  
Yet, the masses are suffering and smiling at the same time because they were  
baptised by the madness of the day and; they now see white as black and black  
is white.  
This is Nigeria where children go to school but they sit on the ground to learn  
how to carry gun and steal.  
This is Nigeria where the moon shine not at night.  
This is Nigeria where mothers are the breadwinner  
And fathers are seen at home nursing babies.

This is Nigeria where everyone wants to go to heaven  
But no one wants to die before he goes to heaven.  
This is Nigeria where thieves are selected as our ministers whilst the masses call  
it change nothing but change.  
We all call for change and the change comes and we still look forward for the

change we have seen behind

This is Nigeria where a civilian president wants to travel to overseas and he said he will put the Army on seat.

This is Nigeria where every man is for himself and  
Walks like the snake without a group or companion.

This is Nigeria where all the masses want a white collar jobs whilst there are no jobs out there for them.

This is Nigeria where armed robbers operate in a broad day light and the police who supposed to be our security run away at the sight of them.

This is Nigeria, that lost country where every politician wants to eat alone at the detriment of the masses.

This is Nigeria where every pains is bitter sweet.

This is Nigeria where every money embezzled by the political animals are seen on paper but not handled.

This is Nigeria where laws are made but are abused by the same law makers at the madness with methods.

This is Nigeria where we drink 'garri' yet happy that we've eaten a balanced diet under the sun.

This is Nigeria where the ocean howls yet we laugh.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Another voice from the East.

john chizoba vincent

# This Story Must Be Told Of Men

I am Jealous, envious of this:  
My body and blood is not mine.  
Tomorrow shall come and I die  
This body I cherish more with oil  
Maggots shall feast on it joyfully.

Who shall tell the story to me later?  
The hands I gilded million times  
Shall a black ants gather to enjoy,  
The legs I rob every now and then;  
Termites would round about it happily!

I shall see no more of the moon  
The stars gathering shall past away,  
Beauty of the sky shall exist not,  
Man is nothing but dust of clay whom  
the yoga birds shall sing of no more.

This story may never get to me later!  
How this insects I step on shall step on me!  
This gory misteries glorifying ghost  
Clouded appealing hell of laughter  
Surrounded by their bony smiles shall stand!

This story I may not hear from someone,  
As the past history hangs across mountain,  
Hellish emotions nullifying horning spirit  
Gathering in the grounded earth to build  
Up cluster that hurts and haunt feelings.

Tears like rain drops not from the eyes,  
Sorrow like black scarlet drove in manly,  
Mourning like laughter of peace emerged;  
Waving pit of agony present its present,  
Life then tell of this gory misteries of lies.

I am jealous, I am envious of this:  
This story I must let out from me,  
The unsatisfied stomach is not mine!  
This craving head belongs not to me  
One day it shall be feasted on my the maggots.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Those Things We Left Behind As Boys.

There are those things that left our bodies when we were younger flying innocently...

Those bridges of pretentious smile that we took to our mother's dimples to collect glories.

Those magic tears that once sliced loneliness off our shouldering lips,  
Those bite and bite of unwanted hunger that beat us in the presence of our parents...

There are masquerade of innocent thoughts  
Masquerade of shattered dreams at dusk,  
Masquerade of fears that tortured us at dawn!

Those desks of forgotten hope in you.

We tried to gather ourselves together to bring the sun home to our flammable insight.

We tried to build the jungle on the palms of our forefathers...

We told our friends that our parents possess a lion at home,  
We scared our enemies with the legging empire of our scattered home.

Those were the phases we left drifting into adulthood in pains.

We forgot our tattered thoughts climaxing into an orbiting wants and needs.

We papered the drive to become a better person.

We took our hand bags and put them in the air like nothing would pull it down.

Under the rain, we sang of Africa and the world

We demonstrated the right of humanity and love.

Those bridges burnt down gradually as we traveled

From childhood to adulthood.

As we journey with a thinking umbrella that will protect us from the sun tomorrow.

Those are the things I keep remembering now.

The song we sang under the rain...

The snails we picked in the night with a strange lamp we stole from a neighbour.

The girls we touched their nipples and killed them with shyness.

The boys we sent away from home that never returned!

The fishes we trapped under the small water we made their home.

The blind village beggars we stole their money in the dark...

They are those things we left behind as we walked into adulthood with laughter of hyenas pains.!

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_frustration

john chizoba vincent



# Thou Hast Made Me

thou hast made me as thy hand tool,  
Shall thy forsake me under the bridge?  
shall thou allow thy hand work wasted?  
you formed me in my mother womb  
when i was water and blood  
And thou proclaimed and declared good thing upon me  
Thou honoured and adorned me like a gold  
Then why liveth me to suffer under the sultry sun  
Allow my stomach to toll and speak harshly upon my humble soul  
Behind the bar i hears the terrible voice of the owl  
hunting for my soul and body  
i sinnth not yet wrongly accused  
Let thou honest heart sing gently to my soul  
And soften the heart of the wicked one.  
Thou hast made me one of thy kind  
Shall thou allow me to return to the dust in which,  
ye created me from with such suffering  
Shall thy hand made suffereth and die though like grasses  
Whilst thou liveth  
No, ye hast a purpose for my royal soul  
But rejection and discrimination welcomes me always  
I dare not speak in public for thy good work.  
I am voiceless and hopeless and the street my native abode.  
Only thou above could be my friend and lover.  
Because my foes hastened fast and furious to grab me.  
And twist me like an abandoned child.  
Wipe thou my eyes now before i perish,  
Repair thou my soul and body least they decay and thy hand work wasted.  
Although i am far from you in heart but not in words  
Hurry up firmly and rescue me from their hands.  
Before i die in misery.

john chizoba vincent

# Thought Of A College Kid

THOUGHT OF A COLLEGE KID

Tomorrow holds more blessing  
I shall live a blissful coloured life  
When I leave the four corners of  
This boredom of a place called school

The world shall be at my finger tips  
My pen Shall rest once still I shall  
Come back to it when I have fallen  
Into the world and see what is made of.

And  
I shall explore my potential  
Live life at very best to me.  
Nothing shall be impossible to  
Achieve only with hard work.

I shall starve my distractions  
But feed my determination to the core  
For with her shall I rise to stardom  
The death of my focuse is never born.

I shall conquer with hope and Drive  
Shall not be split like a milk in a plate  
I will rise like god and rule my world  
The world is Waiting to hear my voice

john chizoba vincent

# Thought Of A Goat

It takes out one positive thought  
To survive and thrive to overpower  
The entire army of negative thought- R. Schuller.  
Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth  
But, stand away from my diagram it may confuse you  
A man can't make a place for himself in the sun  
If he keeps taking refuse under the family tree.

It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but ourselves,  
In the presence of trouble, some people grow wings  
Others buy crutches but here I buy dreams.  
If only I am not foolish but as wise as humans  
I would have rule the world at ease,  
If only I could eat eat human' food  
I would have have human brain and tread the lane of  
Success.

The cud in my mouth I would have chew not  
But reason with reasons not to underestimate my will.  
The world is a great place with people of integrity  
But my kind are neglected because of lack of wisdom  
If only I could fly like the birds of the earth  
I would have watch over the beauty of the world,  
Then sing a melodious song to redeem the world of sin.

If only I could be a peacock not a goat,  
I would have been the most beautiful animal on earth  
But now I am a senseless goat who's does not know  
His rights in the human society.  
If only I could run as fast as the ostrich,  
Life could have been easier for me.  
If only humans don't kill us at festivals,  
Life to my kind could have been meaningful,  
If only we don't eat grasses but rice and beans  
We would compete with humans in Government.

If only we could dance like humans,  
Our kingdom could have been the most joyful.

If only we have hands and legs like humans  
We would own farmlands and go to the market  
To sell our wares in large quantities and make money.  
If only we have gods and goddess,  
We could have prayed for a greater kingdom of the goats but things don't turn up  
in this world until someone turn them up.

john chizoba vincent

# Thought Of A Tortoise

Thoughts are mixed with any  
Of the feelings and emotions constitute  
A magnetic force which attracts other  
Similar or related thoughts within  
If only I have legs that can walk  
As fast as that of humans, I could  
Have run around the world.

If only I have no house on my back  
I will walk faster than the pride ostrich  
How I wish I have a human brain  
I would have rule the world with ease  
If only I could fly like the birds  
I would fly so high to all parts  
Of the world making light that will  
Sustain mankind, then I will decorate the  
Universe with a glorious fragrance of hope

If only I am not a tortoise but a parrot  
I would have sing to the world a melodious love song  
That will change the heart of animals called man  
If only I am a lion, I could have rule the world  
But now I am a slow animal, it makes no difference  
Like humans who wish they could but could not in the long run.

john chizoba vincent

# Till We Meet Again

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Have you seen the sun smile recently?  
I have seen him smiled in the season of my  
Song in the year of the great harvest of yams.  
Everyday is a gift, every moment is a blessing,  
Every life holds a beauty of its own, but the  
Day of our calling we cannot escape it for  
Life and death has a common boundary to humans.  
Tell every one that I love them very dearly,  
To ijeoma; tell her that I won't forget those  
Days when we danced naked under the rain.  
The rain kissed her smiles with a holy kiss  
Which beamed with a mountainous dreams of love.  
Tell Ugonna of my pains, suffer not the enemy to live  
Bring back the abducted girls from the forest  
Keep singing those songs to mother for peace.  
Forsake not the shrine of our forefathers,  
There our lives began after the harmatten  
Live every stone untouched and every woman in  
The family compound should not become widow for long.  
I am going not in joy but in tears since I can not  
Reject the call of the ancestors.  
Lower the hurricane lamp in the village square  
And make peace with the gods for I must  
Journey down beyond to tell our forebears the harm  
They have done to us.  
They abandoned and sold us to the enemy  
I will tell them of the falling fence in the compound,  
I will tell them the oil that have dried in the mouth of the gods.  
No one is able to baptise their mouths with oil  
Because we have none to give.  
Take care of the mourning sheep in the compound  
Treat the children well and give my sister the right  
Man forget not the tradition of our people,  
I will keep watch from beyond till we meet again.

john chizoba vincent

# Time Is Important

Time is money, friend,  
Get hold of your time,  
Embrace it like a friend  
And never let go of it.

Time is not sufficiently given,  
Keep track of your time,  
Marry your time like a wife;  
There is no extra time to life!

Life is not a game of second chance,  
Time is important! Time is important!  
It is more precious than money, you know  
Its supply is limited, save it!

Procrastinate not in life,  
Time is important! Save it!  
Save time, there is no extra time,  
If you can't plan today; you won't get it tomorrow.

Time is a forward moving,  
Linear commodity that wait no one,  
It is a commodity you utilise with utmost care;  
Save time! Time is Important!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved

john chizoba vincent

# Timeless

We die through this black pages  
A pack of us tamed the sun rise  
You never betray your own self  
Life is beyond the firmament  
You are the yesterday today spoke of.

We are the legs that searches for hope  
A Raven craving for some reasons  
To live among the living dead here  
Life is beyond the bread you hold  
You're the symbol of the rainbow colours

A timeless classicbeauty strive  
A fault created in the stars of you  
Man dines like Demi ants in jolly  
Death dislike living and fear is lost  
Where ticking hands rover around.

A timeless beauty is a classic rock  
A timeless images are your doubts  
How do we become crying shadows?  
How do this timeless muse escaped?  
How do we manage love and hate?

We are no better off than those pimples  
On the dead man's face chilling joyfully.  
We are made of this timeless symbols,  
A joyous cells of mannered eloquence,  
No bed for those that left this shore to die.

I will tell you that the river in our throats embrace dryness and curse  
I will tell you of this timelessness of you  
I will tell of love that sin against the flesh and tell of you and your crises.

We are timeless beings in this place  
We are timed in this world with short numbers, ageful numbers like the eel  
counting ofour fingers and toes across.  
We are timelessbeings in this place.



Yours Poetically,  
© John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# To Clemetina

The tears I shed yesterday was  
for you, but today I cry no more  
Go anywhere you want to go  
Kiss the prince and kings, I don't care  
Infide is your middle name's joy  
I have bottled my heart in christ  
Never shall it be broken again.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## To Dan

I am on the road to the village,  
Take good care of mother  
We may see again or we may not  
all depend on our doom in our craving eyes  
As I watch the express so I watch your face  
Don't be mad at me but be mad at yourself;  
For I tried to see you as a brother but you poured  
On me a stained water from your heart.  
We may see again or we may not  
But all depend on our days of doom  
We shall all reap just what we sow.

john chizoba vincent

# To Dear Fatima

When the mountain goes home  
Remember how to use the Valley  
Roses are costly than the diamond  
If the eyes of the coming rain beckon  
Remember how your name was written  
on the hairy soul of the sun before the saints  
You looking at me but I'm looking through you  
I can't explain who I am through your eyes  
Send me your love when tomorrow comes  
Dear Fatima, your soul is my soup to leak  
Your eyes is my satellite of dreams and hope  
Tarry here till eternity comes in glory  
Then shall I make my heart your home.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Dearest: Kukogho Iruesi Samson

To dearest: Kukogho Iruesi samson;  
The water that spreads all around the world,  
Whose smiles awaken thousand angles.  
Your eyes attract the Elites to dine  
On your flowered bosom.  
Though, we see not face to face  
But your angelic glowing face buttress  
The man I am made  
Though you are not perfect  
But perfection hang around you;  
Bravely,  
Incomparable.

The morning beams to your beckoning,  
The night sight your glittering teeth;  
Then afternoon honours your honourable lips which  
Foretells that poetry has come to stay in Nigeria.  
You are the dancer of poetry,  
The music of poetry;  
The sun of excitement,  
The water of life  
Horn of change,  
Flexible.  
Goal driven.  
Mighty,  
Stronger than two edge sword.  
The slumber that beautify,  
The moon that gladdens.

Grace! Grace! ! Grace! ! !  
Though cats have nine lives,  
Poetry in your hands has more lives.  
Breeze into my life 'cause I want  
To be as brave as you are made.

Dearest to the dearest  
Father to the fathered,  
Hold on to your fold of sheep;  
Shepherd us to the tribes of poetry  
And we will humbly follow you, excited:  
Prowling into the forest of men,  
Eating into the den of kings.  
Dearest, Kukogho Iruesi Samson,  
We concur to your leadership.

Dearest to the dearest,  
To my Dearest: Kukogho Iruesi Samson,  
I sincerely honour the man you are  
Not judging from the physical man  
But from the inside which speak more volumes of you in you.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# To Drakan

Art is the lie that enables us to realise the truth  
I think women need pen not a long manhood  
That wipe them fiercely without mercy, yes!  
Tell mother nature of my pains behind the bar  
I suffers pains because I fought to protect  
Famine against torture and agony on them.  
I may die here or I may succeed but in all I tried,  
A poor man is not a man without a kobo but  
a man without a dream, my dreams they have drown here.  
But I shall return soon if I survive it here to  
reclaim my position both in your heart and in the family.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Eriata Oribhabor

Thousand stars hang around his muse;  
The mountainous paramount of mankind,  
Incredibly a man of honour and grace,  
Posterity will be in peace with him  
In him lies the hope for youth and men,  
He blossoms in the desert,  
Reflecting the abundance of mankind  
on a Nigerian reservoir.

A father of many who cares to learn,  
Nurtured with pregnancy of kindness and love.  
With humility, he dines among killing wolves  
A teacher, adviser, counsellor, mediator;  
An overcomer; more than a survivor.  
A voice to the weak and voiceless  
His words are pregnant with meanings.

A strong man whose face radiates  
An illumination awakening the earth.  
One with an awakening voice, a rhythm for the nightingales,  
A beautiful face and rays of the morning sun.  
Moulded in perfection to,  
He moves on, boldly taking a stand,  
A flexible spine to others stiffened.

Like a lion of Judah, watch his moves  
With words of the great solomonians,  
He bathes,  
We watch his moves,  
father to many poets;  
Till eternity shall we make him proud.



(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

## To Etchelon

When you get to the graveyard  
Don't look for anything but my  
father' bones which lay crying in pity  
Bring it home let's keep watch  
Over it's succulent beautiful words  
We might see the future through  
The eyes of the black bones but  
If you can't pick up the bones  
Search for the hair on the ground  
It is the thread that connects our  
tomorrow and today's dream.

john chizoba vincent

# To Huston

You took from me a precious stone  
Which stand as a blueprint to my destiny,  
Return to the old rugged rock which  
Lay behind the gushing spring of life  
I live here not for you, do not make hell  
Out of me; I have been strong enough  
Return that which you took from me  
We could settle our hearts with a song  
Of the hunters that we once learnt to sing  
In your eyes lies my dream and yours in me.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## To Juliana

When I hear your beating heart  
Beat on my palms, I was calmed.  
I hope they have not eaten deep into you,  
I have many roses planted for your nose  
Take care you fall not before their eyes.  
You are the light, you are sun,  
You are the night, you are the colour of my blood.  
You are the cure, You are the fear that dwells in me.  
You could see the world you brought to life  
When you love me like you do.  
Every step of you remind of what stand in between us  
I carry your heart with me till eternity shall I have it.

john chizoba vincent

# To Kialuna

There are many things written  
There are many things said in the world  
There are those things seen  
There are stories told without words  
There are those things yet to be seen  
As there are those yet to be told  
There are those yet to be written  
As there are many yet to be said  
And I promised to say the least I can  
And leave many to the next generation  
If there is anything I can do to the sun  
To save that which is lost within the moon  
I will write down the secrets of women  
And let them know that they have no secret  
We have a past present future and time  
But only with you I may stand and tell  
Preciously to the world that grace my being  
I am not perfectly perfect, dear Kialuna  
Look into my eyes and see the forgone dreams  
Yet to resurrect from the past doom of your face  
I am not perfectly perfect because I am human  
Forgive me for being human!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Krisher

Look behind your smile;  
Think of tomorrow in a hurry,  
I will watch that tears flow  
From your bitter eyes in desperation;  
You made the monster in me and  
Rip off my golden love.  
Honey, do not to be afraid of your fears;  
because your fears are not there to scare you,  
they are there to let you know that something is worth it.  
I will have my way when tomorrow comes.

john chizoba vincent

# To Lamido

I have seen Coco in the street,  
I saw tears in her eyes yesterday  
But today I saw laughter welling.  
Why did you pushed her into the  
Arms of another man?  
Why did you clean her dirty linen  
In the public when your home is free?  
With her graceful body, she is well,  
You thought she will die when you thrust her out.  
Let me shock you: she is alive with the air.  
Go pick your smile where you drop it,  
Coco is happy in the arms of another man.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voices Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## To Lovinarin

The human mind is a machine  
Once it's conquered at a sight  
The whole body becomes useless;  
Useless to the core and to the nature  
I have seen what good you've  
Done to your mind and body  
More hope has been put to the body  
Than the mind which caves life  
Do not remain silent to the future  
Feed that which need to be fed and  
Waste not material resouces to nothing  
Which stand for nothing but sand and dust.

john chizoba vincent



## To Lucilia

Look this way and that way,  
Pierce through my vein,  
When love fail you in a hurry,  
Don't be amazed; for love is imperfect  
Just look behind my soul,  
Many roses are spread for you  
From the heart of my heart,  
To guide you through the storm  
Of life where glory does not last.

john chizoba vincent

## To Makrama

Last year, we were the last cloth for the sun,  
We were the last layer of the moon on earth,  
Thousand stars hung around our love unblown.  
Take the last breath that sees faith in me now,  
Tomorrow might not come before dawn.  
If you see yesterday covered in my palms,  
If you see tomorrow running to the east,  
I have made it to be so in our last vision  
Because you left me here where women  
Buy their pad of menstruation and infidelity.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## To Matata

I once sliced my thought for you,  
I bath the wind to cover the my pride.  
You were in my palms when I wake  
And never will I throw you away like an egg.  
I love your glowing laughter and that voice  
Of your that echoes like the atlantic waves.  
Come back to my heart before sunday  
And I will marry you on monday.  
Our wedding shall take place on Tuesday  
And our honeymoon shall be wednesday.  
Till the thursday I shall be with you;  
Make money of the a mother friday  
Because in you I shall testify on saturday.  
I shall slice my days for you Matata;  
For you are my sun in whom I am well pleased.

john chizoba vincent

# To Most Beloved Metoto

I have known that smell ever since I  
was born; the smell of your body odour,  
That fragrance makes me who I am.  
I have known that smile long ago and  
I can bet my life with it as yours any time  
Whether in the darkness or broad day.  
We've come too close to lose each other,  
I can pick up the chains of your laughter,  
Recite how many times I have called that  
Name, Metoto, the most beloved Metoto.  
You are my heart and my heart is yours,  
Hidden here in my soul is your flashes feelings,  
You gave me to keep for the raining days.  
I have seen your names written in the sky,  
Metoto, the daughter of Mbajiora, in your  
Bosom shall my eternity be and in your  
Mouth, shall the altar of my fate be made.  
I never wanted any other than you and you,  
claiming your names among the Africans.  
Metoto, the rose of Sharon, the joy of motherhood  
The stars of love and the moon of faith.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Most Dear Lucilia With Love

Remember I know you and your fragrance,  
The fact you're the moon that borrows her  
Beauty from mother sun hasn't answered this:  
Do you love me or hate me with your ego?  
I am your night, bed your soul in my bosom!  
Search my name among the Bacteria in your  
Veins and you shall find me peacefully seated.  
I have painted your name beautifully on the  
White face of the sky to declaim you again.  
I remembered you and the fragrance of your skin!  
I am drunk in love with the sound of your laughter,  
I have planted my heart in your palm to grow.  
Don't judge me with a bleeding past, don't!  
I care about you love, why do we run separately  
Like the snake when we suppose to walk  
Together like the sheep in the field of love?  
Remember I know you and the fragrance of  
Your sweet body odour that eradicate pains.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Mother's Love

That night I sat on your laps,  
I watched your dimples excitedly.  
I saw the future through your aging eyes where  
Love lines crossed path, and Eagles dined in peace.  
You were the mother that seek purity to the extreme.  
That stars you showed me that night that sparkled  
In our hearts; I have become one of them here.

I will take eternity to repay for those lullaby,  
Those sweet breast milk that fed me many years.  
Tears shade for oneself is a weakness, but tears  
For mother stand courageously to impact on lives.  
Your words kept my heart strong and reshaped me.

That night I sat with you on the moonlight door,  
Love came, joy returned and, my focus showed up.  
We parroted the song of the future at the window,  
Crossing the other side of life was impossible.  
You wrote a poem to my heart to learn forever,  
Open my soul and see the drawing of your love.

Someday,  
I will love and cherish just as you've taught me,  
I won't have ask for another except you and you.  
I am grateful to motherearth for giving me YOU!  
Like the warriors of Ohafia, like the giants of Nkporo,  
I will fight for you at the face of tribulation.  
When I pray, I will always shower my blessings on you.

The benediction you said when no one was there,  
The good you did when no one was watching,  
The secret you kept when no one was ready to listen;  
I still have them looking at me day by day for reward.

Your calm but firm expression of love has made me.  
I still watch your expression each time I miss my way.

Someday,  
When tomorrow comes heaven shall reward you.  
Mother, I'm exactly the son you made me to be.  
Through the eyes of the sunset, the face of the moon,  
You shall come to resit in the paradise set for me and you.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To My First Love

Is there a flash of new beginning  
To this old demanding love we once shared?  
The dogs of the king are always  
The king of all dogs in the land.  
They dine with cutleries and glasses  
Which are made for the nobles.

Last time we saw under the tree,  
We left an oat of love there privately,  
And it was broken by no other than you.  
The last bread we ate was the bread of  
sadness that hung in our throats in revolt.  
I have not been more to you than a toy  
In the hands of children; frustrated and sorrowful.

Go look for another who will love you more,  
I may not have satisfied you on bed but another  
Needs my weakness to survive in the world.  
I may have been stupid to you in the closure  
Of our beating hearts but another I am good.  
Is there a flash of new beginning to this old  
Fashioned love that has no teeth but chew?

You have opened my inner sense to dive  
Into an ocean deeper than the art of love.  
Who made love blind in this gloomy world?  
Who made affection the heartbeat of Birds?  
I have written to you a thousand words  
Accompanied with a million tears but my words  
Have you returned to hurt and haunt me forever.

Take care that you perish not in self righteousness,  
Take care that you warm not another invain and you



Become a thing to be forgotten: forgotten like a  
Forgotten dreams that bark behind the heart for help.  
You are the first and you shall be the last that will  
Leave my heart bleeding and seeking for help.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# To Naratua

TO NARATUA

Do not refuse the invitation  
Of a prince with a toiling heart  
Many slung behind to witness  
The transfer of power between.  
The white and the dark hands  
My vegetable shall grow in your muse  
Clapping their hands with smile  
Naratua, thou, by my right hand shall  
stand but none, I think you accept my  
Offer to be my queen on that palatable day  
When I shall smile my tongue out to have  
A crown place on my forebearing head as  
The King when our time is never devoured.  
Naratua, the Wind Speak of you in clamour  
While my heart languish in slowly 'cos' you  
Are far from its beat when it transpires gently  
Do not leave me Naratua, for my muse await thee.

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# To Roseline

When you don't see me,  
Check through the door of your heart  
There I shall be with a flower that  
Will make you a woman of zion.  
When the rain comes,  
Take my smiles as an umbrella;  
I will be right beside your woman  
Light up the dream in your laugh  
Thousand bubbles of courage lies there.

john chizoba vincent

## To Saint Buhari

We will swallow hard this spit hanging in  
our throats for the love of our eloping country.  
We will soundproof our ears before the  
immediate suffering of our honest stomachs.  
These are our tracks decorated by thorns  
and thorns of hurt and problematic troubles.  
this was the vow made in the public ears never  
to allow our land tear out again  
those bleeding curfew of midnight howls.  
Now, mercies at hand, love divided these lines  
that father carved in part of protecting fate.  
Look at the bruises on our faces weeping,  
look at what the sun has done to us,  
listen to the happy noise made by our  
stomachs under the harsh cruel sun.  
This is the hatred caused by those we looked  
in their eyes yesterday and saw fear and love.  
These are the substances that homed our  
regional state of mind but they failed us!  
If they failed us in the young day who knows  
what the old night will do with our broken spirit?  
No one knows the consequences here.  
Are we doomed in the morning masses?  
Are we really going to see the changes promised?  
When will one Naira become one dollar?  
When will the School children start collecting the  
meals promised before the election?  
When will the economy wear a new look?  
Where are we going from here, home?  
Who is the black cat in Aso rock, the masses?  
Is the powerhouse still working because  
our streets are in pain of darkness?  
What problem is craving it hands on us?  
If breathing of my last wills stand there,  
If professionally we failed heaven again.  
then Mass bury we be for all the leaders.  
we will gather all and bury them to ashes  
because they are the Prime Ministers of

our weakness dangling in the air for all to see.  
This is our passion planted up there on trees,  
our homes are hurting the fears that govern us,  
through this lane we will walk diligently to this  
that our country will stand firm and tall through you.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god

john chizoba vincent

## To Shirly

If you see tomorrow stand on  
The street in praise of my name,  
Don't be jealous or envious of me  
I have written myself on the pages  
Of history through hardwork and pain,  
I stood when love cares no more,  
I crawled when all were walking  
Many have tell my tales of misfortunes  
With a watery mouth of hatred on me,  
If you see tomorrow in praise of me  
Remember, the mat was rolled yesterday.

- - -The street poet

john chizoba vincent

# To Wakoko

Through the eyes of the Eagle  
The bravery of the human mind  
Was made to eradicate weakness  
I have the shadow of your thought  
Here welling in the sledge of palms  
Halt your spirit from unmasking men  
Drive closely in the nudity of the earth  
And find out the heart that loves you  
I may be a man today but tomorrow  
I shall be a woman without hair to attract.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## To Wotolonto

I have seen the fibre of which  
Your eyes is made to function  
I have studied the movement of  
Your spirit and thought it was man  
But alas! Now I know better than  
Before when my eyes were behind  
You are made of black; real black  
Fibre which command respect  
I have unmasked your fate yesterday  
And now you can have the beating  
Of my heart which cry for you.

john chizoba vincent



# To You That Sing Without A Song

Make me better with that virgin hand,  
I want to penetrate into the mind of  
Your silent thoughts which cry more.  
Like a spirited ghost of war and blood;  
I want to see into the light of your smile.

But  
Return those kisses in your lips to me,  
My sagging mouth needs a dearing feelings.  
A story that stimulate my feelings could savor  
That which transform a thunderless nature.  
You swing with pride of your nature,  
Then allow me to tell the fog that I am naked.

Return those tales to the table of my heart,  
Let it be caressed into the mountainous emotion;  
Tooth for tooth, love for love, an eye for eye;  
We could let the veins that connect us loose.  
We could never go into that night with a lose face  
Because the bowl that holds our love is basket now.

Do not bottled my emotions in your heart to suffer,  
Strife not with my soul to zoom with doom;  
I am listening through the fire of illusion that crave.  
Eye me to the eastern moon and register my deeds,  
Here are my grudges for your soul and body:  
You made me who I am and who I am hurt more;  
You baptised my man without water but fire and curse.

To you that sing without a song in your throat,  
To you that dance without legs to stand on;  
To you that tell a story without mouth and tongue,  
I hope the demons that lives in the world with no  
air still listen to your songless song with their ears.  
Tell me how am supposed to breathe with no air,  
If you are here I can't just breath and live.

My eyes look forward for your testimonies of lies,  
My mouth awaits your spit of deception and curse.  
Drive closely your edgeless motions into my thought,  
Pierce gently and gently into me for I care not 'cause  
Your song without song has sun the song in my song.  
I will head the heads of those heads that need no head.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved '16

john chizoba vincent

# Tomorrow Belongs To Me

## TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME

Tomorrow I shall have children  
Who shall be answerable to me,  
They shall cover my grave when  
Am gone to meet my ancestors.  
That is the dream of marriage life.

Tomorrow I shall sit with the elders  
At the village square and eat kola nut  
With them, that is the culture of our land.  
Then they will teach me the tradition of  
Our people without hesitation and fear.

Tomorrow I shall see the morning  
Rose gallantly at the first cock crow,  
The air shall refreshes my soul and  
I shall see the chirping of the birds  
Like an enviable choirs in the mass.

Tomorrow I shall set my eyes on the hills  
And make my praises ready at noon of the day,  
See the shyness of the nature as the dew peeps  
Its beauty through her mother's back.  
My eyes shall drink a lot of breathe to  
Refreshes him of the set time of love.

Tomorrow I shall see mystery expresses itself  
Beauty unharnessed, leap into nothingness  
Whisper heard in stillness of the ears,  
Love sighted in the fullness of the day  
Without fear of the unknown.

Tomorrow I shall have a dream  
That will conquer the world,  
In my eyes shall the world looks in the world.  
The rain of holiness drive the peace that manifest  
With the soul of the beautiful world.

Tomorrow belongs to me,  
Yesterday is gone with its trouble and pains  
Waiting here I beam my love to silent  
Frustration that may leap into my eyes.  
Tomorrow belongs to my heart and  
Much is see through the moon that shines with love.

john chizoba vincent

# Tomorrow Died Yesterday

Procrastination hurled its clubs  
And retrieved all the master plans  
In the thought of tomorrow which  
Is still young and fresh to emerge.  
So you succumbed to its fire blazing fist  
And quit to begin the next day.  
The day died in tears, rejected and frustrated  
Then comes tomorrow in a glorious smiles  
Filled with hopes and grace.  
It was neglected just like the other tomorrow.

tomorrow died yesterday in tears.  
tomorrow died yesterday in pains.  
Men labour not but procrastinate.  
Fear the unknown and stay day dreaming  
Wish the wish which never wish to come in vain  
Can a thief steal from a thief?  
Procrastination is a thief of time.

What ever you desire to do  
Do it now and never wait for tomorrow.  
Yesterday and today were just like tomorrow  
Which would still die in sorrow if the  
Soul is not watered bravely.

so climb the mountains for the treasures.  
Go to the river and hook up the fishes and dry them.  
Visit the ants for wisdom and understanding.  
Sound the drums of bravery  
Let the blinds men walk and dance with no one by their side.  
Chase away procrastination and welcome effective act,  
There is always a smile of faces on the birth of a new day.

john chizoba vincent

# Tomorrow' Eyes

Tomorrow' e'es sees hope and g'dness  
Along the dusty paths of Nkporoland,  
Distance staring of the road, tells how  
Perfect that city shall be soon when we return,  
Faraway eyes sees the beam that holds  
Homes together from breaking it cords and love.

Tomorrow' eyes sees a hand against wickedness,  
The hand that hearken over you against harm.  
Tomorrow' eyes sees a brighter future of a child,  
A dream of a kid coming to reality at noon.  
Tomorrow means no hallow of hope,  
We could stand with tomorrow's eyes and be free.

Tomorrow' eyes harbour hope and love  
Which a toddler sees with smiles,  
It is the gift of God unknown to man  
What it brings forth to his mouth.  
Tomorrow is heavy with a child  
Seeing tomorrow in tomorrow screen you  
From the summer sun and heat.

john chizoba vincent

# Tomorrow May Never Come

We are all forerunners of Christ  
Created with a definite purpose in life.  
We shall all die someday but  
What would be the benefit of he who  
Made us in his own image and likeness  
If we all die and perished in sin  
Turn then away from your iniquities.  
Tomorrow in whom thy believe in  
May be murdered or rather be banished  
from thy eyes to see and behold.  
Tend your feet and heart to righteousness  
Guide Your soul and romance His words  
To cup into your emotions and feelings.  
Dont know if we would meet again  
To speak again base on this terrifying matter  
But if we never meet again in this earth,  
Lets prepare our hearts to meet at the feet  
Of christ whose love we are persuaded to stand  
TOmorrow maybe murdered or banish  
Tomorrow may never come as you think.  
Then shall we not repent of our sins  
And look up to our maker and lover  
Whose love is inseparable among us?  
Give thou life to Christ and rejoice in Him  
Walking along with Him in the narrow road  
With thousand saintss singing and praising him.  
Thy life a light of the world, The joy of the day when  
it was created  
Be thou righteous and sin not in his words  
For in it shall you die once and reign with him at the sound of the trumpet when  
tomorrow never come.

john chizoba vincent

# Tomorrow Never. Die

Tomorrow stands as tall as the sky  
In our craving eyes which tends to  
Explore in the abundance thereof,  
Tomorrow never die in our watching eyes;  
She comes repeatedly as the future of our fate,  
Welcomes our ambitious through our desires.  
Tomorrow is the offspring of our future  
Waiting to give birth to our hope and drives,  
Tomorrow never die in our longing eyes;  
She is the gateway that opens our future.

john chizoba vincent



# Tortured Silence

And the red demons screamed aloud,  
miseries and gories of a black scary death hurried by in the middle of the night.  
My father's shrine quaked in pity,  
My mother's excited wrapper loosed.  
Cain hurried by for the blood and skull of his brother.  
The Israelites defeated by Nigerians!  
How could it be their bones scattered in the midst of Nigerian greens?  
Drought. t. .  
Death brought all eyes to the feasting table of mediocres.  
Yet another feast for the deadly vultures,  
Yet another testimony for the pit of hell.  
For every righteous man labelled 666,  
For the indigenous heaven' occupants.  
Every children eyes shot horribly,  
Mothers, basking their fears in the hands of death, madly.  
The owls howled terribly torturing the sirenity of the cloud.  
The lions tamed and goats wilder.  
Darkened wind roared by,  
Thick gummy substances of the lurking embryo of the night cried.  
The wind stood, the stars wept.  
The moon hallucinated.  
Another destruction!  
Another destruction! !  
Christ watched at the corner of hell,  
Satan seen standing at the gate of heaven.  
Hell loosed! Demons freed!  
Angels captivated mockingly in the  
Voidness vodka of the horrified emptiness.  
The minted red evil spirits shriek of laughter echoed in the bottomless pit, . ned.  
empty survivor's of royal Oak of vivid imagination darkened the unqualified  
agony lurking the painted firmament, advocating the peace of the world.  
Blood shattered all around, skulls littered yonder.  
The ant' eyes bugged with a lonely fierce myth along hell.  
They sounded the trumpet without the knowledge of Christ.  
They have tortured silence in heaven,  
They have made war and war among nature, and humans will bear the  
consequences.  
And every pillars are set loosed and the earth will wail soonest.  
Woe, woe to the world for the dragon is set free.

The punctured silence flew into the world and humans groaned in fear.  
Terrible strange agonies gripped humans.  
And the angels waited on and on for the set time of another trumpet.  
Darkness filled the earth and Christ is come.  
And I raised my head to a new world from my nightmare,  
These words are broken, I lost my mind scripting them.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Towards Bethlehem

We see stars embelmed in joy,  
they journey down the East  
With a seamless motion Passions,  
then, we followed singing gutful psalms.  
A greater saviour have emerged,  
not like the sun of Aleppo that kills,  
not like the greedness of the Nigerian  
government that seek only for themselves  
but of a humble sacrileged truth and peace  
Which has no illusion painted on it.  
Our stomach became light to rejoice,  
we refused to plant sadness on our faces.  
Not even the written palms of a sorrow  
Was able to withstand our joy on the feet.  
Here comes another Redeemer fathered,  
We'll write hymns to our sun for this day.  
The cricket of the past shall not trumpet  
between our fears and agony; for we have  
a mediator speaking on our behalf.  
The moon on our heads tell of the future.

©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Tribe Of Poets

I belong to that tribe of people  
Who walk on ocean and sink not.  
Those who see things the way they are  
Without trying to say A is B and B is C.  
I belong to that tribe where men are men.

We are poets among poets and aren't ashamed  
To be called one among thousand Doctors.  
We are not ashamed to be called a poet among  
Thousand lawyers, teachers, actors, dancers.  
We stand to defend what we believe in and called to be, I am a poet, I don't  
know who you are!  
This is my domain where I was bred to be great!

Here in our tribe,  
We eat words and drink imagery as water,  
None of us are lacking like the street boys.  
Our metaphor seek no restoration and our similes  
Are the butter to our sense of discipline.  
Our land is not for the lazy mind in the street,  
We are respected and organised in attitude and characters; you can trust all and  
all in all.

We are the first class citizens birth with wisdom,  
Our planet lack not righteousness nor perfection.  
We never brain wash those we call our brothers,  
I belong to those that are honest even when asleep.  
I belong to those who aren't afraid to face their  
Fear and deal with situations that seems hard,  
We are not planet of politicians that lie through their  
Honest mouth which seek redirection.

We write, rewrite and write history on pages,  
We are not corrupt like the Poli-THIEVES here.  
Our land is secured and guided by knowledge.  
We are here for each other and beat drums for all,  
We deals with pens that foretell tomorrow and  
Fear not what those with dark faces shall do to us.

We are the Tribe of Poets birth perfectly in understanding of the world in our  
hand,  
We are not envious about the success of others,  
We are not competitors like the other tribes.  
Show me a thousand doctors who are successful  
And I will point out millions of poets who have been to the heavens and came  
back successfully accepted.

Poets are the bed rock of every society in the world, come visit our tribe and be  
glad you did in your life time.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Trouble Not The Birds

TROUBLE NOT THE BIRDS

Trouble not the birds, ye little children  
Know ye not they're things by nature given us  
To further furnish every garden  
Lovely, and to give us joy by singing?

Are you deaf when ever these  
One are chirping  
On that almond tree that spreads branches  
Like a huge umbralla?  
Its distressing  
That in this land Birds aren't sweetly chanting

john chizoba vincent

# Troubled Water

## TROUBLED WATER

Let her go! Let her go! !  
For the sake of the crying breast  
Milking dropping to the cruel earth  
Let her go! Let her go! ! Let her go! ! !  
For the children's songs need to calm her,  
Troubled not her ears till her beads is gathered  
Together, fear is the old friend of humiliation of  
Womanhood.

What has she done in this season of joy?  
What makes her bleeds profoundly when her  
Days are still young among the widows?  
Treat her gently for tomorrow holds her dreams,  
Speak to the air and he would understand your stand.  
Tradition must not be a torment to womanhood.

Culture has been made to be an enemy to women,  
If the great stone had been turned dead  
It is not of her making rather it is of the god.  
He chose to tread in that path where demons  
Feast in blood and later thrust the blame to humanity.  
Let the lion go, for the living dogs can act as one.

Don't push her left and right like  
A water pured on the ground,  
Stir not her feelings and emotions  
For grace abide gently in her bosom.  
You have no mighty reason to make her  
Life a troubled water for her advocacy is her.  
Let her go! Let her go! !  
In her lies the future.

john chizoba vincent

# Try

TRY

Try to be yourself  
And don't copy others,  
Try to know beyond  
What they expected  
You to know.....

Try to be better,  
Do not over look  
Those things that matters;  
Try to be kind in the midst  
Of the wolves who sees  
You as nothing....

Try!  
Try! !  
Try! ! !

Try to be who you are,  
The world shall see you  
Try to be better and better,  
Not to remain where you are...

Try to creat your own world,  
Leave something that can't be forgotten  
After million years you are gone,  
Try not to be another, you are unique.

john chizoba vincent



# Twice Beaten By Life

Twice beaten by life in my race but  
Am not shy nor intimidated to stand again.  
Life herself is a lesson of Gold to learn,  
I breast no thought to change the  
Narrative and pattern of nature in my stand,  
Once beaten twice lesson; third, another try.

I may not unwittingly prepare the ground  
of hobbling for the kingdom above my head,  
This life must I fight to the end of its cunny lies.  
Life has come of age but the way forward still  
remains stiffly buried in the past of failure,  
The fear of the unknown man in the criddle of life.

Bid me the good will to continue the search of the meaning to this mysteries of  
life mother nature,  
Still on your knees shall I bow to worship later.  
Those who break and run at the crack of whip are  
not worthy of being called men in the race of life,  
I have come to defend posterity to the core.

it's no fun patching up the wounded in the street,  
United we can mend a broken broomstick here.  
Stand and look up at the face of challenges in life,  
Make your face stronger and bitter than theirs,  
Once beaten twice shy shall be an old tale to tell.  
When the beginning is compromised, the ending doesn't entice anymore with  
the heart that sees.

I am a new testimony to mankind not to beasts  
New testimony comes with memories of a lifetime  
Embibled in the eyes of tomorrow with love.  
Twice beaten in life, I still stand stronger,  
I shall not pick my fingers at the sight of the sun up.  
Forward I move whether good or bad, better or worst.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Ugomsinachi

UGOMSINACHI

Ugomsinnachi,  
The rthyme of my heartbeat  
Maker of the rain of my Soul  
Ugomsinachi, the nkporo maiden  
Who triumph my heart in love  
The coconut without some water  
Yet so fine and sweet to behold

Ugochinyerem,  
the one that God gives to me  
Hallow be your gracious name written in me  
My rainbow, my star of love in the dark tunnel  
My feet wobbled at the sight of your beauty  
Can the stone bear to listen to my heartbeat  
For your love and kindness?

Ugomsinnachi,  
With you my life is complete and loving  
My heart burns in your absence in my eyes  
Ugomsinachi, the maker of my love  
Ugomsinachi, the eyes of the gods of Nkporo  
Ugomsinachi, the Nkporo maiden whose beads  
Men struggle to hold and walk along for peace  
But I pour the waters of my soul to wash your feet

Ugomsinachi,  
I will love you till the messiah comes  
Ugomsinachi, you are my star and hope  
Come into my heart and watch it smiling  
You could see and behold the joy and excitement  
There in because I fell in love with you

Ugomsinachi,  
Together we shall sit on the table  
Not on the floor like my forebearers,  
To eat, not with fingers but with knives and  
Forks and breakable china plates like a civilized  
Couple from the golden city of Nkporo.

At that moment the sun itself shall be your friend.

Ugomsinnachi,

Your images in a larger corner of somewhere

In my heart, and even that part my mother shared with me before birth.

Am honoured and famous to have someone like you in my humble heart.

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Unease Tomorrow

## UNEASE TOMORROW

We peep at tomorrow from the little hole in the house,  
Tears elude us as we panic in fear of the class segregation in the classification of things tomorrow.

We understand the seriousness of hardlife,

We hold our temper like the cloud holds it ceaseless

Rain drops and do let it fall even when the weather says so.

We know what we shall face tomorrow, competition, survival of the fittest, terrorism, corruption and hardship between the Rich and the poor, the weak and the strong.

We fear the tomorrow that is yet to come,

Because we know what it harbour.

john chizoba vincent

# Unease World

## UNEASE WORLD

This world never know peace  
Where few are rich and powerful  
And many are hungry and poor.  
Those who are rich and wealthy  
Try to sell the breathe which  
Nature gives for free and for all.  
The many poor and the needy toil  
Day and night in vain,  
The tears that flows from their eyes  
And the sweat that comes from their  
Body are for all but some people  
Wants others to pay the price and pay  
The homage to them whilst they remain  
Peaceful and joyful without working nor sowing.

john chizoba vincent

# Unity In Cultural Diversity

The westerners eat Amala and Ewedu  
We eat Akpo and Ofe Nsala  
They dance Juju and Apala  
We dance bongo and atilogwu the beat of life.  
The Northerners speaks hausa whilst we speak igbo  
They married with no bride price and dowry  
But we marry with bride price and huge dowry.  
Cut the man's hair low, short to remind him That  
Marriage is never a bed of roses therefore he must look  
After our pride, princess, prestigious priceless pretty queen  
Who must painstakingly bear his name abandoning her  
Humble background and journey with him amidst roses and bullets.  
They wear buba and agbada in an architectural design  
Darshiki from the north domain whilst we wear Ukwu george  
They plate shoku, koroba and kpatawo and make beads round their neck  
Igbo speak, yoruba frown, hausa dance, itskiri watch  
Kanuri laugh, Ebira smile, Nupe point, Tiv demonstrate Fulani pick.  
Idoma cry, Awori cry, Efik console, Ibibio comfort  
Yet Unity we stand despite the cultural diversity.  
One for all, all for one, we stand.  
Bound to the humble land in hundred fold  
Relevant is our culture and tradition  
In defend shall we die and perish for our  
Precious country.

john chizoba vincent

# Unspoken Words

Things unsaid hurt more  
Say what you want to say  
Let them say what they want to say  
You gain nothing from being dumb  
Speak something and worth something  
Unspoken words silent the future  
You only create your destiny  
Through what you say and do.  
You gain dominion and courage  
When you let out the letters  
Which form words that create  
Say something and worth something.

john chizoba vincent



# Untamed

our script opened on a biography about a boy  
learning to empty himself in the street so that he could dance  
and sip memories from the eyes and face of his mother  
he bears the image of how wild joining a whole story could be  
like the pains on the forehead  
like star hunters in the black street  
like the dark whores in black sister's street  
like fog of fire romancing lyrics of poetry  
it could be the next breath that could take him home  
from bearing the song of dark room  
he is a scar, the blemish on mother's nipple  
untamed.

Light fades...

next scene, he became palms joining for prayers  
a priest waiting on a sacred step from heaven to come by  
a poetry of war and misery; fierce heart broken in pieces  
memories sipped from his veins and arteries and heart and pulses...  
the script says stop  
but he moved closer to his death  
wild enough to kill self and resurrect sorrow  
solitude emptied him  
aggravation shattered him  
we wished that that script was never written  
we sailed out of set but he remained  
untamed

light fades...

camera rolling! sound set! Scene three! Take one! Action!  
he stretched into bodies, into our eyes, into our hearts  
we all wanted to know what it meant to starve to death  
leave your memories, feelings and emotion in a windpipe  
searching into the rippled souls of men that went and never returned  
to cut through monument, into beyond, into shelves  
of sadness when time becomes darkness  
the sun loses concentration of him  
no knife, no dagger, no piercing object to kill self

Props and set wasn't complete for homicide  
he would learn to throw himself into the world again  
to write elegy for his sick mother before she dies  
Untamed.

Light fades...

our script closed on a biography about him  
learning to be a man even with many responsibilities  
he planted his yesterday on the stage for boys of tomorrow  
though, he was thrown away by his mother at birth  
he has learned that a man must be a man to face his challenges  
life has taught him to run even from women  
to be scarce like real men are in the eyes  
we wrote words for his absence among the boys  
for memories of his past to crawl and yell  
for he is fourteen-year-old boy dying of silence  
silence that his mother caused when she killed his father  
Joining yesterday and today together in his palms  
Untamed.

Light fades...

Yours Poetically,  
© John Chizoba Vincen

john chizoba vincent

# Until The End Of Time

Until the end of time,  
I won't let you go from my heart.  
Your heart shall be my home  
Your people shall be my people and  
You god shall be my god in earnest.  
Where thou go, shall I go with you.  
I shall clean the dust of your heart,  
Prepare for the homecoming of the jews.

Until the end of time,  
Where thou shall I die.  
The wall clock of my heart  
Shall abide by the count of your lips.  
Where you are buried, shall I be bury.  
Nothing mean any more than you, love.  
The jumping of your spirit heart  
Has made me the gentle man of the Romans.

Until the end of time,  
My legs shall doubt no more of your steps.  
You are the savours of the flavour of words,  
You; whose throat is honey to the ear.  
Here is the earful clamour of the towncrier  
With the song of love in my throat  
I will love you until the end of time.

john chizoba vincent

# Us Against The World

## US AGAINST THE WORLD

Us against the world,  
The purity of our love toss their lives around,  
Their souls might be an ignorance of our love  
But tall shall we stand to defend our course.  
The moon become happy when we are together.

Let tomorrow lost in the mind of their yesterday,  
Not in our world shall I see you fall defensively  
Like the troublesome rain of August.  
For in you lies the dreams of a thousand generation.  
The sun becomes delighted when we hold hands together.

March my spirit. With the soul of your love,  
Let's make the whole world spin around disquested.  
Us against the world, you and me against them all,  
Never shall we treat the earth like heaven  
Where angels glories glow and glamour  
Gloriously like the last day of transfiguration.

Silence the drum of my disturbed heart with love  
Together we can lift the world of its crimes,  
Together we can defend our course against the world.  
Us against the world, me and you against them all  
With the greatest tool of defense.... Love

john chizoba vincent

# Vacant

For the girl who went.

Emptiness stares in blank pages,  
another dirge written in torment.  
Your face I never know how pretty  
it was but you came with a shaped cry.  
What eyes will watch my large mouth tell this?  
What heart will be sober with this tears,  
to my attractive tears, to my wild cry?  
You never did pity me but left like Ogbanje,  
left without another faint cry to my ears.  
That night I picked up the spade to dig your grave,  
that night my throat cracked and men's tears  
grew in their eyes like tumour in the heart;  
that night I arranged those broken letters on your grave,  
I remembered you were just three days old-  
I remembered the name I said I will call you.  
If I cry roughly of this pain, my heart would reject me.  
In a spreading fluttered sack I put you,  
Why don't you grow up to be buried in a decorated coffin?  
May the wind never be in peace with you for  
leaving this lyrical web of agony in me.  
May the land of the spirit reject you at the gate  
for this indispensibility of Human suffering.  
Come see mother in tears of her grandchild...  
Come see father sewing his old anthem together.  
I have a dream of making you the world's flag,  
a jargon of a new dialect among men.  
But no more! No more this banner of love!  
Under the spilt milk of the moon,  
across the line of straighter darker trees,  
as my soul rises and birth many colours...  
I will dance no more in the street like girls  
on hands and knees that throw their hair  
for the breeze to see it nakedness.  
When I embarked on this journey,  
You promised to stay with as we spoke in dreams.  
Now, the only palm fruit is lost in the fire,  
a vacant created link a sour wound.

Fragment of another me emerged confused.  
Turn again I will after this storm you caused is over.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Cam'god.

john chizoba vincent

# Village Voices

The voices came louder and clearer to  
Redefine the ideology of the world towards Africa.  
The white took us to be monkeys, slaves and beast of burden,  
They enslaved us and made us look worthless  
Reduced us to nothing but commoners.  
Then some voices arose from my village,  
Hence the blazing fierce fire never quash it.  
Niyi Osundare spoke with the same voice,  
Attah sefi, spoke of women discrimination,  
Wole Sonyika painfully struck the match  
More and clearer was his voice heard.  
Femi Osofsan cried through the same voice,  
Chinua Achebe, screamed and fought for his country home,  
Yet they made his voice dried and unimportant.  
Chimamanda Adichie spoke of freedom of the hibiscus  
Then John pepper shouted of all and was  
recognised among the noble heroes.  
Now, here comes another voice from John Chizoba vincent.  
He speaks of those rekindled hope.  
The voices we heard inside our mothers Kitchen  
When she was preparing Ofe Nsala and Utara for us.  
The voices always remained us of our responsibilities  
In our humble home country.  
The village voices speak of love, peace and unity.  
It all started with rejection and reproached by the white  
Who heard it but only the wise could understand  
The saying of an old man when there is Kola in his mouth.  
Nothing more is hidden under the sun when there is hope.  
Your life is defined of your inner man  
Who could not disappoint nor leave you  
On the surface of the oceans to perish.  
We all have different voices but only  
heard when the creativity set in.

john chizoba vincent

# Visit The Bird For Revision

## VISIT THE BIRDS FOR REVISION

In absent of introduction  
I will make my own contribution  
In your heart revised edition.  
Don't dare abandon education,  
But pay more attention.  
To create heart of perfection  
After you've done the registration  
Of the latest Creation of a attraction  
In the mad time home publication  
Tend to give them enough permission  
To examine their own terrible mission  
Toward their lives transmission  
Subtract their fire killjoy addition  
In the division of two after multiplication  
Then visit the bird for the song revision  
During the time of the birds induction  
Take to the virgin birds the invitation  
But don't give them any condition  
For I have seen them in meditation  
In their rooms after the brave suplication  
They avoided the distraction of their father' reaction.  
After loosing the connection to the information  
They left home with heart of confusion  
And waited for peoples reaction...

john chizoba vincent



# Voice Of Nkporo

The voice echoes from the beginning  
It is gradually fallen down.  
When would that Land be remembered for favour?  
More than one hundred and fifty years of existence  
The roads still cry and roughness feasted on it.  
The dust welcome us home during Christmas  
IT coloured our lips when we never need lipstick.  
We have but only one voice speaking in the crowded street  
Nkporo should be visited like other homes.  
We need a touch to redefined the excellence spirit of the traditions.

john chizoba vincent

# Voice Of The Street

The voice speak of oneness  
Drive for upliftment and cultural amendment.  
It speaks of peace, justice, love and freedom.  
He stands in the street, unshaken  
Audible and fearless, saying  
'Make hay while the sun shine  
Stop the killing and slaughtering of humans.  
We are not human goats nor human cows  
But humans with flesh and blood,  
Consciences, soul, feelings and emotions.  
Stop, I said stop the torture and corruption  
Let us live as one big happy family.  
We shall smell joy and happiness  
Measure our joy with our songs.  
Be your brothers keepers and discriminate not  
Every thing work for our Good.  
The Gold shall come if we work as one  
Remember he who kill by sword shall die by sword  
Stop i said stop the abducting of humans  
With flesh and blood we are human like you'

john chizoba vincent

# Void

Is there really a beautiful heaven?

Is there a red and black hell for sinners?

Basking on this, I told myself that the beautiful heaven is this we see now, argue with the sky and cloud on this.

Father Francis told us that there is no heaven,

Pope Thomas told us that paradise is within our hearts,

and those who fall and fall on the altar of deliverance are miscreants.

We believed him on a platter of Sunday school morning.

He gave us lies and lies of truth about the World Series of lies.

In this pantful world where children wear disgrace,

In this world' voodoo, where sorrow back treasures of preachers,

In this train of earth where girls wear tears,

In this shattered world where our pride are whores,

Nothing is precious under the sun and nothing that the sun has not seen.

Man is home to himself and have choices about himself.

The clergy men that had their skulls littered in the evil graveyard of my village can tell of this.

To this voidness,

To this coldness,

To this yonder of shattered images,

Xylem of mannered eloquence of the devil,

To the world demon's demonstrators,

To the Halloween and the Dejavu,

To the magical cloth verses of the Indian,

To the cries of unholy pages of those holy book tabled before we were born,

I have a way that seems so right to me; and those are the choices I have made.

To the shrine of Illinois of the Illuminati,

To the pyramid of underworld,

To the coldness of death,

We will escape from this drum of world,

This is darkness!

This is darkness! !

This is darkness! ! !

Darkness of the black spirits.

Voidness lies in the bag of red colours.

This gory miseries of the world keep us in the fold of grey.

We don't know death but death knows us,

We don't know life but life speaks of us,

We don't know abstract painting of demons,

We don't know the abstract imageries of sins;  
The beauty of sin lies in the consequences that lies aftermath.  
We are train of shadows,  
We are feathers of spiritualities,  
We are blood of feelings, emotions. anger. ss.  
ge. Vengeance. Evil.  
Emptiness. Vacant. Void.  
We are the opposite of day, synonym of good.  
Is there really a beautiful heaven?  
Is there a black and red hell for sinners?  
Search your soul and answer to its voidness.

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Wasted

## WASTED

Tell mother earth that am not impress with her attitude,  
Tell the air not to laugh me again, he murderd my monday,  
Tell the oceans not to mourn as a professional mouner, she drawn my precious tuesday.  
Tell the trees to wave not, they frustrated my wednesday,  
But comfort the waves 'cos they brought my spirited thursday.  
Chase away death from my home, he killed my sad friday in a wasted combat on that bright friday.  
Tell my fear to have peace, for my saturday is secured.  
Pretend not to hear my sunday because she is mother  
Of holiness created perfectly.

Tell father land, he has failed us,  
Tell the rain of his distruction  
Tell the earthquake of her mayham  
In the white land, the ground had eaten enough  
And should go on vacation least men finished on earth.  
Tell the moon and the sun to go naked for the evil  
In the land which they have caused.  
My soul go and complain to your maker your deeds  
Which the world had rejected you for.  
The maker will understand you better, am not afraid to die because I put my trust in truth.

Banish my heart from your thought  
For it is pure to be contaminated,  
All is WASTED! All Is WASTED!  
Church has traped us all, they sentenced our moral,  
Every one hiding under the umbrella of religion and yet, they commit evil more than the pagans.  
Schools have done us no good, they taught us  
How to carry guns on the right hand and at the left  
Hand, Bible.  
Changing our modesty and enviroment just as  
Diana Rose changes custome in a concernt.

Now the future is WASTED and I have to go.

john chizoba vincent

# We Are Gone

Men are gone  
Words wounded  
Tears outgrown  
Babies dis flowered  
Strength shaken  
We are gone astray  
We are wounded  
We are not all well  
We bleed, we scream  
Yet no one hears us  
Roses turned to brown  
I wont go there  
I wont go- i wont go  
We are lost in the dust  
Yesterday was better  
Today it becomes worst  
And we complain not  
It seems like we are  
left in the midst of confusion  
We are gone- we are gone.

john chizoba vincent

# We Are Lost

The hope is gone  
The four corner of the street  
Had tasted the sweet and bitter part of  
Our crying blood in horror.  
The soil knows the colour of our tears  
The earthworms and maggots had feasted  
More of the body and soul of our brothers.  
When shall we live in peace like others  
Not brothers against his brother and sister in tears?  
When shall the terrible sound of explosion ceased?  
They said they are powerless and weak  
They said they are nothing they could do  
While people die in pains and agony.  
The black hearts are more powerful than them.  
We are left in a bloody arena  
In doubt and fear with a terrible hope.  
No one knows his last meal, perhaps the cloth his  
Wearing might be the last cloth he put on by his self.  
We are lost in a ditch, yes we are.  
I saw the division, i saw the break out  
Of a lost nation in the midst of wolves.  
I torn verses of words out of my mouth,  
I broke the tears in my eyes but couldnt  
Maintain the atmosphere condition of innocent blood  
Spread merrily in the street every night and day.  
We smile amidst tears, dance whilst crying.  
Sorrow laugh at us, mock us on the lost throne.  
I could not with stand those sound and news of lost ones  
So i write beautifully so that the world could hear  
See that we keep not quiet like the duck  
but we scream like the hen whose chick was carried by a kite.

john chizoba vincent



# We Are Not Cows To Be Slaughtered

One cow is equal to one soul;  
One soul is equal to one cow  
We are all cows walking on the street,  
All souls are cows the Namas said!

Kill one cow they will kill two souls,  
Our grasses their cows graze on fearlessly.  
Fearlessly they took our wells in their hand  
Leaving our rivers bleeding helplessly here.

We are not Cows to be slaughtered here,  
We have our rights in this Egg-ful world.  
See us not as a funeral cow who must take,  
Obey any blow that comes to its body lines.

Until we confiscate the cargo ships  
That cart away their senses to the saharas  
They will still see us as cows they can whip  
And kill and no one would ask them why or how.

When will we stop rubbing the lazy palms  
Honourably in the Mother land that kills us?  
Have they ever see us with grasses in our mouth?  
Have they ever see us defecating in an open place?

We don't have four legs, horns, tail and big mouth!  
Stop the act and see us not as once a brethren  
Trying to steal some sinful glances at your  
Tomatoes, groundnuts, wheat, and cucumber!

We are not cows to be slaughtered at will!  
I know there has been a great deal said,  
I know of a great deal of hope written

But let it also be told to them that we are not cows.

- - Another Voice Stronger

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# We Are The African Selfie

On this great patch  
unfading black race stand-  
Symbols of grace abide in tribes of heroes-  
We represent a prosperous palms of an ancient land.  
We are the African selfie,  
a descriptive map of Africa to the world.  
What our faces look like is what she is!  
What we tell is whom Africa is-  
Panning of traces of our deities and gods,  
no more shall our sun hurt feelings.  
We won't betch out breastful greed and  
mortar of music of lost and war to  
the world with blood-eyed momeries.  
To Africa shall we creed and protect!  
Never shall we go lurels denied tempest  
that now hang our eyes to doom.  
With gifts and deeds, let's rise  
tell the fated shroud in the mists of Africa,  
strained hazy eyes and kill corruption-  
We are the African selfie,  
cords that connects Africa and Europe,  
Symbols that make darkness fled,  
the sun climbs from our coast,  
the rain harvest more in our land.  
Let's devoid ourselves from being  
a hungry cat pursued by hungry mice!  
As we sojourned,  
when the story shall be told of a dark Africa,  
stand to defend her for a good report.  
Your yams and golds shall be well preserved  
and when death come knocking at your door,  
Africa shall hide your proud bones  
from the craving eyes of death.  
We are not known for evil, Africa is not a  
dark continent, we must speak out!  
Preach not of her rigid cracked walls-  
even when the gong of dead is sounded,  
stand to spur some spurious tears of  
how great Africa is.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# We Are The Victims

We are the victims of sour love;  
Love that never return love,  
Love that brings more hatred,  
Love that tells us our heart troubles  
Rather than the future of our tomorrow.

We are victims of false religions;  
Religions that seek for its refuge  
Rather than the refuge of its followers.  
We only hide under its umbrella pretending  
All is well when all is not white and blue.

We are victims of bad leaders that loots  
Our pride in the name of leadership.  
We are only made to remain silent and dumb,  
Feast in our own pains and drink our tears  
Like those that are thirsty of water but, we aren't thirsty of water as they  
assumed we are.

We are victims of dark educational system,  
None is seen as a graduate unless from a university,  
The other institutions of learning are discriminated upon by the so called  
university graduates and, the firms in the country kick us as nobody; I have been  
one of their victims, have you experience that?

We are victims of copywrite and plagiarism;  
You labour with no food in your stomach to write,  
Then another copy your words without acknowledgement and appreciation by the  
thieves..  
We have seen the sun barked behind in fear,  
We seen the rain brayed in the outcast of the land,  
The thunder sounded more and more fierce than ever.  
We are the victims of lost love which weep behind.

john chizoba vincent

# We Are Trying To Stay Alive

## WE ARE TRYING TO STAY ALIVE

The sun had spread the mat of our suffering,  
Our pains are no more in the pocket it used to be.  
Don't put my words in your left hand but let  
It dwell in your right hand for the suffering  
Are for an appointed time, when the sun had gone  
And the darkness cleared then shall joy come.

We have waited so long to see the moon put a smile,  
We can't fight them says our spirits because we are  
Voiceless and helpless to the care of our homes.  
But we are trying to stay alive from what it used to be, our lilies pride are taken  
away; yet we are  
Trying to be who we are not meant to be.

We asked them about the stars that blinded our eyes  
So that we could rip it of by the means of unity,  
We will then hold our hearts together to fight  
But they torture us the more than before.  
Even when the storm roared, we will not be shaken,  
For our lives lay in unity and the drive to conquer  
Those things they think we are not.

We are trying to stay alive amidst the storm,  
We have no back of our own.  
Our hearts have been taken into the heart of their hearts.  
When we scream, they laugh in stupidity as if  
Our agony means nothing to them.  
We shall be alive to see the down fall of the oppressor.

john chizoba vincent

# We Can Learn To Live Again

Wake me up before you go  
I need a little more of your love.  
We can learn to live again after we're  
gone from this loosed earth' fantasies.  
our footprints stand, drawing lines of  
perfection of our deeds before the naked sun.  
Our tears may dry from its abundant source,  
our mouth may become wider than usual,  
our eyes moist with forbidden water,  
yet, we match on with a bleeding heart,  
knowing that we all must come to the end  
of this sorrowful line someday, a debt for all  
Man to pay before the judgement day.  
With the sharpness of this edge of life,  
the motion of verseless song shall render  
our voices not like professional mourners  
looking at your face in an illusion of lost in  
radiating face of a coward called death.  
We've over worked our sagging mouth already  
emptiness of our past is the present of life  
In a scampered direction, we shall learn to  
live in the space between our fingers.  
We can learn to live again with this in focus,  
Death is a coward harvesting and running.  
Yes, we missed your incredible ink here,  
we long to behold your face again in mind eyes,  
one minute is not enough to mourn you  
but we must direct our fears towards God  
not hurrying to the grave to be consumed;  
for our tomorrow holds life tightly in the  
hands of a greedy death.

john chizoba vincent



# We Cry Behind: To Enugu Casualties

To those who came almost fully made  
But were cut off short in life, go in peace;  
Go in peace not in pieces, we care about you.  
We can't fight now, our hands are tight behind,  
Do not look with watery eyes to the hollow way;  
Glittering and glowing perfectly, it is way to paradise.  
History has been made and your names registered.  
Posterity will not forget those blood spilled  
Harshly on the hot thirsty sand of Enugu-  
'Ka odina ndokwa, kachifo ndi oma obigbo'.  
I have seen your names written in the sky,  
Looking at the face of the sun, I wept,  
I got deaf at the elegy rendered by the birds.  
Those thousand hands can not count my tears  
If it were to be counted and see my sorrow flowing.  
Tribute so long have been written and read,  
Songs so terrible and ear breaking had been sung,  
Looking at the maggotting bodies laid in mass;  
Those bodies slaughtered like a funeral rams,  
My heart sank in a mournful manner.  
Ka odi na ndokwa O, emesia anyi ga afu.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# We Have Been There

WE HAVE BEEN THERE

We have been in the pit of hell  
Where Water speaks of An enemy In the dark  
A maskman is no masksman Unless he knows what to do at the right time of the day.

We have been there where we could not  
See chair to sit down but we sit on the ground  
To learn the art of selfish, envy, war and betrayer  
With bible on our right hand and gun on the left  
Answering the masters who owns our lives  
And we perish not because we were one.

We have been there where smoke enters into  
Our eyes and they revolt of our carelessness  
We've fight the pigs on the white chairs  
Many times have we clean our household  
Which they thrown into daylight confusion.  
We have been to school with no chairs to sit  
The pastor has beat us many times in the  
Presence of the congregation but we survived

We have been there where school  
Children are sent home for fees  
We Have been there where women  
Deliver in pains and Agony.  
We have seen so many perished  
But Death never see us 'cause we were one

We've seen a father beat his wife  
We've seen a child beat his father  
And in turn becomes the fathe  
We have been to the graveyard  
Sent a wrong Signal to our hearts,

We've seen a lot to make our eyes  
Go to our back and rest for the last meal  
Yet a word wasn't enough for us men  
To feast on at the clash of madness in us

Madness which exist in methods above our head

We have been there in pains struggling  
We've seen death bark and curse, but  
Never shake as though men with no courage  
We've seen many air wept and the tears slamed  
On our faces like a hot porriage on the head

Destiny made us who we are - kings  
Love made us perfect and blameless  
At the nakedness of the womanly earth  
We hide our faces not to See our Mother'  
Nakedness shinning like the moon

We never decieve our follow hunter  
Those in the same journey with us  
Yes- - we are the chosen ones

john chizoba vincent

# Weep Not Child

WEEP NOT CHILD

Weep not child of my battered life  
Ugochinyere is here to weep away  
Those Uncalled tears of your life  
I have boldly written your names  
On the mighty rock in the mountain  
The rain and dust dare not erase it  
The four walls of my heart are witnesses  
Weep not son of the eagle's precious eyes  
Born in the house of symbols  
Here Once lies the sweat of my labour  
When the tears torn me apart like a hungry lion  
I trained my vein never to give up in you  
And he did not let the Tears show  
I have set the sun before you son in the noon  
You shall dine for peace and they shall watered  
Your life with joy and grace your personality  
That is what I have set forth before you.  
Weep not child of Ugochinyere.

john chizoba vincent

# Weep Not Mother.

Weep not ugochinyere.  
weep not Ogadinma.  
when the rain stops it shall be well,  
Papa is gone with two bullet rejoicing in his chest,  
while our houses are happy because they are taken away from us.  
The war shall end soon and the new rain shall come.  
Weep not for tomorrow is there to behold.  
i cry not for the died men they can take care of themselves  
But the living know not where their journey would lead them.  
the hibiscus are better of than us,  
Because freedom is theirs while we suffer a thousand times  
before dying through sickness, war, and tears.  
It has not been long that the white labels was changed,  
Changed to black labels.  
And this our reward, civil unrest and heart attack.  
We are savaged by the war, left naked and battered.  
Under the whole we hid our heads like rats.  
Wipe your tears and hope for tomorrow.  
Your children shall be your sustainer and you shall eat plenty bread and corn.  
Unlike now and here, where we eat grasshoppers.  
Sand trip will never cover our childhood experience.  
the powder cloths is fallen from our body through fear,  
Revealing our hungry stomach and weak ribs.  
Papa is died and Omalinze is no more,  
they are not happy as as they go,  
I know you miss them but cry no more mother.  
Papa was a great proud man and i know the grasses and land  
will miss him too  
Better is the beginning of thing than its end.  
We shall gather stars and hope for the moon  
Weep not mother every thing good will come.

john chizoba vincent

# Weep Not Sad Soul

I am giving you this bead,  
An unbroken chain of knowledge,  
It is your passport to reach the world.  
The soul of a man is a far country,  
Impossible to explore by anyone with blood.  
When the road seems lock on your journey,  
Light up the lamp and see the guiltless smile  
On my face; then you can find your way.

(C) John chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Welcome Home: Achebe

I could still remember that future banner  
Fixed at the street of Anambra saying:  
Welcome home, Achebe, 'our great hero'  
Anambra still mourn you, we mourn you  
The British protected child born with African tradition.

Thousand years shall your words linger  
In our minds and spirit, your legacy shall  
Survive through the dying Anthill of the savannah.  
Tears like raindrops falling down my eyes now;  
As the thought of your undying memories remains,  
A day without your face causes more harm to hearts.

Though we miss you here like dreams,  
Though we drive not in your destination,  
Many thought your names shall be forgotten  
But we still have the paintings in the sky;  
Paintings that says million of your proverbs.  
We bring you home to rest in the bosom  
Of your people whose eyes hope for tomorrow.

My desperate heart calls out your names to the wind;  
My tears, agony and sorrow forms the rain in the sky.  
I can look the sun in the face and fight for your sake,  
Death has done us bad than good like sickness,  
I imagine him from afar in my mind like a demon.  
Homeless children roam here and there dared of him.

He who strips off a child's wrapper to orphan,  
He who makes a man to go without his dreams,  
He who never look at face before taking has taking

You home but we bring you home to rest; Achebe.  
This I promise that the name Chinua shall forever  
be engraved in the history of the world, never to be  
Erased by any mortal.

The story of a strong man lost in hands of death,  
Though it hurts, I draw those memories of him  
From afar and nearby through the mainstreams.  
We welcome you home through our watery eyes,  
We flap our tears here and there to buttress our agony  
Go in peace, Achebe, we shall sing praise of you  
Here again and never stop singing again and again.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Welcome To Nigeria

Be fascinated and curious-welcome  
Our weather is warm and kind  
So is our heart and speech  
Welcome to the land where the sun never sets  
Where a thousand cultures tell a fascinating stories, Where wildlife meets wild  
sun  
Where warm hearted people make you feel  
At home, corruption abound not in our land.  
We are the second to none, welcome to Nigeria.

Happiness our friend and companion  
Hospitality dances with us in every crib  
Welcome to Nigeria - home of equity  
Unty, progress, faith, and prosperty  
Unity despite cultural diversity  
Welcome to Nigeria, the apple of African eyes  
Home of gold and. Silver  
Be prepared to explore your potentials

Nigeria, good people, Great nation  
On a. Mission to transform and reform  
To bring service delivering to your door step  
We deliver with trust and honesty  
Our industries, politics, commerce and economy  
The best ever in the African continent  
World class politically and economically wise  
Our dreams  
Good people, Great nation, splinded atmosphere  
Where a thousand Cultures tell a fascinating stories  
Welcome to Nigeria- apple of Africa's eyes

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Wet Roads Of Benue

To Christopher Okigbo  
To Chinua Achebe  
To Wole Soyinka  
To JP Clarks  
To Habila Helon  
A measure of time past  
I am part of your dark side

To this wayward side of this wet Benue roads, children had learnt to be naked  
leaving their thoughts hang in the air,  
Famished.

Cattle and herdmen  
Death and people  
The watermarks upon our woes.

Before the moon belched  
And the wind sneezed loudly  
After the sun unmasked the empty roads  
The wetness of those roads split our innocence journeying from Enugu to Kogi,  
and cattle, the roads companions;  
retracing images of forgotten land.

Wounded dust groans  
Grasses quake in communal voices  
Journey tastes like a sour chicken,  
Like a village defeated by war,  
Like a burning passion of hatred.

Those wet roads are the cause of our hunger Games and no politicians seen  
crying as the children are dying!

Forgetting the food basket of the land  
Is forgetting our tomorrow in the hands of hunger!

Yours poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# We've Had Enough

We've had enough of your political lies  
Deceit and promises which are meant for the fools.  
We've heard enough of ' i will do this and that'  
Yet there's nothing to show for it.  
You lie worthily with your sugar coated tongue,  
creating false hopes and trust  
When there's no hope and trust among your selves.  
You lie through your teeth deceiving the masses  
to rule us to your selfish interest.  
You lying serpent of old who proudly  
Like the peacock deceived the first children of the earth.  
political fools, sons of Jezebel, mother of wickedness.  
You lifts the hopes of the masses and  
they work like Elephant for you  
BUt when you get there, you turn you back on them.  
Turn your black back for them to see your wickedness.  
How ever, you forgot how we campaigned for you,  
Under the angry rain and the wicked sun  
singing to our own foolishness and stupidity.  
We've had enough of your wickedness.  
When would it end june or july?  
Monday or Saturday, when we go out there to protest and then you kill us?  
When would all the lies and deceit end because we've had enough of them all.  
Remember one who is honoured today can be dishonoured tomorrow.

john chizoba vincent

# What A World..

What a world where men swim in wickedness,  
Drink in envy and mischievousness  
Riding with their wings so pure  
But heart as black as the coal.  
Yes wickedness lives behind the gate of the world  
Evils had cracked the walls of goodness.  
Good things last no more  
Drums of war sounds more like a thunderstorm  
And children are left naked and in misery  
Effluvium of epidemic day in day out  
Piled up in a bundle as plantain  
Troding to hell amidst tears.  
Women are now the breadwinners instead of men  
While the villain freed and the innocent languished in pains

Go tell the court they have done us no good  
Go tell the church it went against the holy doctrine  
Tell you the school its teaches us harm and revenge  
Its only held red chalk writing revenge and war  
And we sat on the frying pan smiling as if we are honoured but  
alas, the world is evil  
The world is lost, thousand years behind things remained the same.

Take away food from me and give me books  
Let me learn the art of war like father who fought bravery  
In the civil unrest but were disappointed by the leaders.  
I can defend my people, my self and all.

Where is mother?  
Has she been taken out of the dungeon like the other women?  
I pity those women the war came upon.  
The civil unrest slaughtering human in cold blooded hands.  
Behold the fence they stood,  
Stranded in hell, the street their native home.

In us lies the fault not the world itself.

We wanted so much of the luxuries  
So wickedness hastened in and we could not fight bribery and corruptions.  
they are now our neighbours  
We drive and play in the neighbourhood.  
We caused it, we killed our brothers and sisters  
Who could shield us from evil.

john chizoba vincent

# What About The Boychild

what about the boys in Pakistan's war front?

what about those boys in Iran battlefield, those boys learning how to pull the trigger with a warning fingers on the crossroad of Iraq & Afghanistan?

what about those boys raped in the street of Nigeria?

those boys in the act of loneliness in the army, what about them?

those boys lost in themselves in the thickest phase of life; what about them?

the boy soldiers with raw emotions & feelings & thoughts, who cares?

they lost the shadows of their fathers,

they lost the thought of their mothers,

they became a movie of suspense,

survivor's lines of remorse & yelling;

what about them?

who cares if they are lost in forest like Kainene?

who cares about their lives like Okonkwo did to Ikemefuna?

who cares about their relationship like Inu Ego did with Oshia?

who cares...?

the ditches are wildly mouth opened,

and those boys in shell shall fall in there.

many are on the look out for a stone to hatch these shell boys 'cause they are said to be stronger.

what about the BOYCHILD?

I pray you reject sleep & think through this black pages of my tattered thoughts climaxed in horror.

what about the BoyChild endangered?

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent

# What About The Boychild?

what about the boys in Pakistan's war front?

what about those boys in Iran battlefield, those boys learning how to pull the trigger with a warning fingers on the crossroad of Iraq & Afghanistan?

what about those boys raped in the street of Nigeria?

those boys in the act of loneliness in the army, what about them?

those boys lost in themselves in the thickest phase of life; what about them?

the boy soldiers with raw emotions & feelings & thoughts, who cares?

they lost the shadows of their fathers,

they lost the thought of their mothers,

they became a movie of suspense,

survivor's lines of remorse & yelling;

what about them?

who cares if they are lost in forest like Kainene?

who cares about their lives like Okonkwo did to Ikemefuna?

who cares about their relationship like Inu Ego did with Oshia?

who cares...?

the ditches are wildly mouth opened,

and those boys in shell shall fall in there.

many are on the look out for a stone to hatch these shell boys 'cause they are said to be stronger.

what about the BOYCHILD?

I pray you reject sleep & think through this black pages of my tattered thoughts climaxed in horror.

what about the BoyChild endangered?

©John Chizoba Vincent

From\_A\_Pen\_Refusing\_Frustration

john chizoba vincent



# What Do You Do Better?

WHAT DO YOU DO BETTER

What do doctors know better?

They know how to care for patient

What do teachers. Know better?

They know how To teach learners

What do dancers know better?

They know how to dance and entertain

What do dogs know Better?

They know how to bark and fetch ghost

What do Cats know better?

They know how to mew and sleep

What do parents know Better?

They know how to care for their children

What do fashion designers know better?

They know how to sew fine dresses

What do john chizoba vincent know better?

He knows how to write and educate

What do musician know better?

They know how to sing and dance

What do drivers know better?

They know how to Drive cars and buses

What do Mechanics know better?

They know how to repair cars and buses

What do children know better?

They know how to learn from the elders

What do you know and do better?

john chizoba vincent

# What Does The Future Holds For Me?

Does the future holds pains or joy?  
Does the future holds tears or laughter?  
Only the gods can tell of my tomorrow,  
Only the gods knows what the future holds.  
As for me, I will wait patiently for tomorrow  
To speak, whether good or bad I will bear it  
And question not the gods of my fate.

john chizoba vincent

# What Has Become Of Nigeria?

What has become of Nigeria?  
What has become of my country home?  
What has become of those children littered there?  
Is everyone there still alive or all are dead of Lassa?  
What has become of her economy that once glowed?

I seek to know the condition of my mother, Nigeria;  
Is she in the hospital to be treated or has everyone  
abandoned her to perish in the darkness?  
Which of the Doctors is treating her; African or foreigner?  
What has become of Nigeria's ailment among the world?

What has become of her politics?  
The cobwebs on my eyelid can't allow me to see,  
I can't hear of her voice here in the outskirts of town.  
Who is who in the fire game of my country?  
What has become of our saving Grace?

What has become of the pillar of Africa?  
Is she moving forward or backward with her children?  
What has become of the farmers that plant lives?  
Are they still breathing or entangled in the madness  
Of the same old of our oil producing country?

What has become of her education?  
Is there any future for the youth?  
Is there plans for the next generation?  
Or is our budget too little to accommodate that?  
Are our professors still speaking deadly languages?  
What has become of our learning classroom?

What has become of the churches?  
Is there still anyone praying for the nation?  
Seeing from here is not good to my eyes,  
The disadvantages of living abroad hurt me deadly.  
Can someone please tell me of my beloved country?

What has become of her currency?  
Is there still value on it or has it joined others?  
Nigerians are in war with themselves;  
My people are in a battle with their souls.  
What shall we hold unto when tomorrow comes;  
The Oil or Agricultural produce?

I used to know a great country here,  
But what has become of her now?  
I used to know a giant in the midst of dwarfs;  
But what has become of that country now?  
Is everyone there dead or alive?  
'God forbid' but life permits!

(C) john Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# What Has Happened To Mitchel, Mother?

Where is mitchel, mother?  
What has happened to mitchel, mother?  
There is nothing in his room except an ancient  
book and by its side a written note.  
All his toys and balls gone in an exile.

Why is he not among us during morning prayers?  
And everyone seems to be sad  
Speaking through our spirits.  
Why is his bed disarranged,  
the mattress on the ground howling  
His wardrobe opened and no one bothered?

Why do you shake your head, papa?  
And why is mama wailing in the dark?  
someone should tell me what has happened to mitchel  
Before i go mad for the sake of our love.  
You said its nothing serious at all but  
I heard him roared in the night  
Frightened like a frog chased by the snake.

Was it a nightmare that i saw them taken him away?  
A man in white gown, black skin and hair cut in a fashionable manner.  
His note read thus' i am gone, goodbye Vincent'  
Is mitchel really died? is mitchel gone for ever mother?  
Please bring him back to me, mother.

We both have a dream to conquer corruption and injustice  
Among humans especially the politicians.  
And now he is gone before the new rain,  
to an unknown land.

Why do you and papa cry as if no other option,  
Get mitchel for me mother and  
Never allow him to belong to the freezer  
He is too handsome for that.  
So death could be so unkind and cruel to mitchel  
The handsome lad, a dream weaver of all time.

john chizoba vincent

# What If Saying Yes Is Yes?

What if saying yes is yes?

Would the world stop crawling by it endless lies that spins and make things unstable like the politicians of now?

What if saying yes is yes?

Would there be an end to the earth where the breeze also lie to the inhabitants of the storm that never existed?

What if saying yes is yes?

Would your guiltless family conversation keep it's pace?

Or would you find it hard to say the table grace?

Would the sky makes the sun come down against us?

If we had to be initiated into timelessness, yes shall turn black at the change of events by a man's transition from timelessness into time.

The cost of saying yes at some occurances is costful.

Yours Poetically

© John Chizoba Vincent.

john chizoba vincent

# What If Tomorrow Doesn'T Come

WHAT IF TOMORROW DOESNT COME

What if tomorrow never come anyway

Would the spring remains dark in my heart?

Would the string of the bass in your heart sound more?

Would my children be safe in your hand?

Would the door of your heart remain shut?

Do not leave me behind osinnachi,

I was not born to be weird and desperation

Thousand pain have I passed through

Yet I was made to pass through this line

Beat the drum of your heart harder for

Tomorrow may not come for me but in you

I have a perfect hope on,

john chizoba vincent



# What Life Took From Me

The last time i saw her  
Was in my bedroom as a heir  
The last time we spoke  
Was in my heart with a poke

memories and pains  
The day the sky bled rain  
Shadows of her last days  
Time dare not erase  
O miss sage of old  
Could this be the end of the road  
O my noble muse  
Once more, my soul amuse  
Life has taken you from me  
And my life is no longer the same  
How can i found love tomorrow  
when yesterday after a pain so hallow  
i wish to begin you a story that will never end  
Straight tales that would never bend  
If life could be but fair  
Wishes i bet, could be rare  
For is it not best my ears be deaf  
So i hear no more this whisper of death  
If sorrow be no more better chef  
Why let her serve me a meal of agony on earth  
Give me reasons not to cry  
And i will give you a hundred why i wish to die  
For what if tomorrow should start without me  
The sun rises and am not her to see  
I sleep beside that dreaded lake wishing to die  
before i wake  
so i behold the sweet amaranthine  
And give thee that that is solely thine  
A world in my ark  
Cry in the dark  
When will this pain go?  
when shall i see the rain bow?

life took my love from me

And my life is no longer the same

pls critiZe

john chizoba vincent

# What Makes A Man

What makes a man?

Is it the smiles on his face?

Is it his manhood that makes him who he is?

Tell me what makes him so right?

Is it the sound of his laughter or the look in his eyes?

What makes him so relevant in a woman' life?

What drives him like the wind of the earth?

Tell me what makes him so proud?

Tell me what makes a man that he gives you all

His heart and you betrayed his love and trust?

He cry when you are around him and smiles

Profoundly like a baby when you depart?

He seek for freedom which you denied him off,

The home becomes heLI at the sight of you.

He seek for protection and betrayer comes on his way,

He pours out the water of his heart to love you but

Disappointment build home around him.

If you really know what makes a man and

He loves you the way he do, you will never let him go,

You will never treat him like a fool the way you do.

If you understands a man's heart you can rule

Him thousand times and he will love you million times.

Observe the mosaic laws of humanity,

The creator made man the lord and woman help meet

Stand in between faith and love, don't underestimate

The strength of a man nor his powess around you.

What makes a man lies in a man.

john chizoba vincent

# What The Day Owes The Night.

What does the blood owes the vein?

What does food owes the stomach?

The grasses would always be green but

Not in a drought and dry days.

The day owes the night the chance to exist

Among the evil men who dwells in the dark

Planning preciously on how to attack the innocents.

The day owes the night breathing space and the

Longing for approval by the craving moon

Who lies awake in it abode.

The day owes the night a space to

Interact with the lords of the night and

Welcomes the owls to their haunting game

Of human souls which had deviated from the laws.

The day owes the night love and separation

From the time limit of the division of the their works.

The day has to make the lonely night have its rightful

Time allotted to them by nature.

It owes the night the privilege to perform it duties

It owes the night an acknowledgement to welcome him home

During when the east breeze goes to the west to settle its dispute with the sun.

As the sun owes the day so as the moon owes the night

And the night also owes the day when the cock stood

In the rusty thatch hut to welcome the day as the night

Depart to an unknown destination.

We all are debtors, no one is less important in this global village.

john chizoba vincent

# When

When shall we smile again?  
When shall the farmers return?  
When shall all fingers become equal?  
When shall mothers return to the kitchen?  
When shall the lizard have hairs on their back?  
When shall the He goat smell no more?  
When shall the heavens come to the earth?

(I don't know where things are going this time)

The rivers are now red and black,  
The rivers where my forebears fished before going;  
Whose fault is it that the children are weeping?  
When shall we dance around the road like the  
Children that knows nothing of what tomorrow  
Will bring to their table?  
When shall we clap and look the sun on the face?

(This is not the world I used to know when I was a child)

The road to our yesterday is resurventing,  
The fields are out grown by demon grasses,  
The moon speaks of pain along the sky lines,  
When shall all the animal called man repent  
Of urinating into the stream meant for their brothers?  
Shall we remain dumb and die a silent men?

(Yesterday was better in my beloved country)

I am not a silent poet but my mouth is shutting  
Down from yesterday's whip from the hooligans,  
I have seen beyond my eyes and my ears are no more  
On my head but at their room, where they feed it  
With a crooked smelling words of corruption.  
When shall the snake go in group?  
When shall all humans be in unity and peace? !

(Many are left uncloth between the sahara and no hope)

Make sure you don't start seeing yourself through  
the eyes of those who don't value you.  
Know your worth even if they don't but how can we  
When we are voiceless and blind like the bat?  
it's a virgin season and we all know its worth;  
our hopes are up to its peak and we must act,  
our minds are set to the season and we must move  
it's time to right all wrongs without asking yesterday.

(Every man is answerable to his God)

Hold no hurt against your fellow brother in the field;  
bear no grudges we are fighting for one course,  
give out love and make peace with your household,  
hold our tongues so that we fall not into temptation,  
listen to our hearts crying in the black forest;  
but our heads are on the world of their own,  
our brains should think of unity not killing,  
Our brain should think of development not bombing.

(When pain hurt is when you harbour it in mind)

our hands should work not looking Forth to dine  
With those that had worked hard the day before.  
The hands of our clocks should walk faster 'cause  
Life is too short to waste a second there off.  
our ages elevate everyday and we take no notice,  
we get no younger as the clock tick and tack,  
we all get older someday when life becomes more interesting to us and it's time  
to think, make amends for the years if we don't want to get lost in the forest  
But; when shall we be remembered and listened to?

(All the roses of this world was planted by one man)

john chizoba vincent

# When A Man Cry

When a man cry  
The walls has broken  
Spirit had left the body of his brother  
Then headed down the street of nothingness  
When a man cry  
He had fallen from his responsibilities  
And could not get hold of his ground  
Because of the strong hands of desperate depression.

When a man cry  
He had been cheated and made  
To go beyond his ability in the face  
Of injustice and denial.  
When a man cry  
Mountain fall, the died walk  
and the living strife for peace  
Rivers weep, coal becomes white  
whilst the elephant trumpet.  
The moon hide under the cloud for peace  
He is nostalgia up his unrequested  
situation of lack and want  
Tears and pains, sadness and humiliation  
Betrayal and infidelity.

Men cry for reason which moves swifter than light  
Watch, it takes the fall of the heart and body  
For a man to cry.  
When those tears pours, it overflow the river of darkness  
Overshadow multitude of unquestionable situations  
Which makes the heart weak and unpredictable  
It outrageous to watch a man cry.

john chizoba vincent



# When A Man Fall.

When a man fall  
Trouble begins.  
A divided home is created.  
Respect and honour hasten out of the door  
As bulling and disrespect hasten in drastically.  
The holy matrimonial fall apart sadly  
And love develop a linkage instantly.  
Infidelity is welcome humbly through the door  
As hatred gives birth to death, death of emotions.  
The heart beats slowly, O'er its shadow  
In between fear and anger.  
A loathsome debt develop in the home and  
His face hurt many feelings.  
A red cruel blemish spot of frustration emerge in the heart  
Turning and whispering in disgust.  
You could hear the argument and nagging  
Day in, day out within the house hold.  
He is left alone devastated and downcast  
Like a silent pain whose hurt never feels.  
Tears of blood gushing down from the eyes  
Then he is abandoned to perish under the rotten shinning waste hill.  
Rejected and neglected under the dungeon  
He become voiceless, underrated by the society.  
When a man fall, he becomes repulse and rap severally  
Could he rise again?  
Could he still dance with so much joy  
Yes, only with his mind set and hard work can he change  
with each day his kneels planted humbly on homage to God  
For glorification and supplication to arise again.

john chizoba vincent

# When All Is Gone

## WHEN ALL IS GONE

When all is gone  
Hold unto your faith  
Sweep the floor of your heart and smile  
When all is gone, don't cry but laugh  
There is a reason things happens the  
Way it happened

Wipe your tears and give thanks to God  
Make the door of your mouth too wide to praise  
Do not welcome tears non advertise your precious  
Life for evil rather shut the windows of your life  
So that evil will not penetrate into your dwelling

Everything happens for you to be better you  
When all is gone, remember God and his kindness  
When all is gone, remember there is hope for those  
Who carry on the circumstances of their lives  
Don't tell God how big your troubles are but tell  
Your troubles how big your God is.

Why give up when you can refire and carry on?  
God made you and he has a plan and future for you  
He is mindful of you, he never fails and he has your  
Name written on his palms, he knows the number  
Of hair on your head.  
Don't give up there is a place for you in the world  
God is mindful of you, he cares, even little you.

john chizoba vincent

# When All Is Gone 2

WHEN ALL IS GONE

When all is gone  
Hold unto your faith  
Sweep the floor of your heart and smile  
When all is gone, don't cry but laugh  
There is a reason things happen the  
Way they do

Wipe your tears and give thanks to God  
Make the door of your mouth too wide to praise  
Do not welcome tears non advertise your precious  
Life for evil rather shut the windows of your life  
So that evil will not penetrate into your dwelling

Everything happens for you to be better you  
When all is gone, remember God and his kindness  
When all is gone, remember there is hope for those  
Who carry on the circumstances of their lives  
Don't tell God how big your troubles are but tell  
Your troubles how big your God is.

Why give up when you can refire and carry on?  
God made you and he has a plan and future for you  
He is mindful of you, he never fails and he has your  
Name written on his palms, he knows the number  
Of hair on your head.  
Don't give up there is a place for you in the world  
God is mindful of you, he cares, even little you.

john chizoba vincent

# When A poet Dates A Poets

WHEN A POET DATES A POETESS.

When a poet dates a poetess;  
They all go insane of words to use,  
They may have no time to make love.  
Poet here, poetess there, back to back  
Without anyone believing each other.  
Dinning is personified and oxymorously planned;  
The poet knows what poetess have in mind,  
And the poetess trust not the poet; beacuse all  
His words she believe are exaggerations.

Separate bedroom are made for each other  
Because, the inspiration must come from different air.  
He argues most times because he has  
different view or perspective on something.  
This paint that and, that paint that in his or her own way.  
No room for exchange of glance because he  
Knew the weak point of the other and can use it.

Do not dates an intelligent poetess in the morning,  
Her morning nagging and pointing will shock you.  
When she urinate on the foam, it becomes the poem  
That wake her up to see the world in its beauty.  
When in the kitchen, your spoon becomes her man,  
In the toilet, your closet becomes her seat of hope  
In the white house where demons fear to trade on.

Your body language becomes his table and a poetic Line,  
He looks closely to your smiles, the ones that hurt  
He put down on his jotter, the one that greets, he takes to his heart and the one  
that sting; he dodge.  
When talking to you, he is rehearsing his spoken line words,  
When laughing, he is practicing his gesture to the audience.

They look at each other all the time like two cocks that want to engage in a fight  
because, they are looking for an expression that will tell a story that they can't  
tell.

When a poet dates a poetess, the world of words  
Clashes because none will want to go down for the other.  
The poet thinks he knows more than the poetess and  
The poetess thinks she knows more than the poet.  
All of them are in confusion of who is the head.

The poet can't control the poetess when she act,  
Because he could be hiding something which he  
Think that the poetess might know and use against him.  
The both snore and no one to stop each other:  
Both always try to make poetry babies like them,  
He may end up forsaking other friends and stick to her in the house.  
Both are not reliable and can burn as fast as fire.

When a poet dates a poetess, they become horders.  
Their favourite days are not theirs anymore,  
Watching movie together will be a mistake.  
No one control their proudness because poets are proud creatures.  
Envy in their lives takes a new form because the poetess submit not to the poet  
and the poet carry his shoulder higher and higher until It gets to heaven.

Romanstic sunset will never be the same because  
Each of them face the computer each seconds of the day.  
He don't spend much money on her and meals together will be quite different at  
home.  
Holding hands will be pretty rare because he knew what is in her Palm and how  
to utilised it.  
He can't run away from natural disaster,  
He stares at different kinds of people in public.  
He find inspiration in the weiredest part of the poetess.

He will have a hard time proving that you were on vacation with him.  
He won't write what she asked him to write and most of the things he had  
written, you might not see.  
Birthday gift will be expensive to give you as a poetess that loves him.  
He may not help you re- write your self or your history because he has his to re-  
write at dawn.  
Poet' love to a poetess is not real because, he understand the poetess feelings  
and emotion.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
#my perception#

#Not to convince you but to make a point#

john chizoba vincent

# When Are You Coming Home, Father?

History is repeating itself now  
The cutleries at home weeping  
Your clothes in midst of confusion  
All in desperation, trying to regain composure  
The tables, chairs curtains, all missed you  
When are you coming home, father?  
The birds had stopped singing on the trees  
In the family compound because you're gone  
The children of my mother beheld your smiles but it faded  
Fiercely on them and moved away drastically.  
Tears welled up in our aging eyes  
Where are you father?  
Where have you gone to, heaven or Jerusalem?  
When shall we see and embrace?  
Stitching my tears together won't save me  
Because my heart is clapping in remembrance of your words  
I picked up your footprint yesterday but  
The broken home damaged it totally.  
Your image stares at me each time i entered into  
The room where you once laid to re create the history of the commoners  
When are you coming home father to sew our minds together?  
when are you coming home from the battle field?  
Our souls are in debt of your face  
Teasing the walls of our hearts  
Return home father, come home Odenigbo the great  
The forest that killed dreams in nkporoland  
We wait your return father in the Agbala  
Our sack cloths darker than the coal  
We took in all the Hawk-like eyes that stole  
Suspicious stares at death,  
Come home father, we wait thee

john chizoba vincent



# When I Am Rejected

When I am rejected,  
My soul longed for you  
When I was separated  
From the bosom of my father  
And the caring of my mother  
My heart cries to you  
Who are mine that you  
Are mindful of my life?  
When I am rejected  
I run to you at the cross  
I look up to you  
When all is gone with you  
I can be strong, do not abandon me.

john chizoba vincent

# When Is The Future, Leaders?

The song came to me again this morning,  
The youth own the future.  
It makes my ear bitter and sorrowful.  
We been hearing the old song before,  
Yet, no future for us the youths.  
We are painted black and red,  
the Grey hair men still dominate, dominate and embezzle our pride.  
Our wings cut off amidst agony.

When is the is the future, leader?  
When is our turn to get the national cake?  
When shall we rule perfectly without god fatherism?  
Good neighbourliness is a good thing,  
Yet we are hostile and embittered.  
Each moves about its own way,  
Facing the oddities of life  
just like the snake of the forest.  
Easily harm and hopeless.

Remember our lives have a price.  
a price of dignity and honour.  
Our lives has a price to pay before  
another phase of life opens.  
When shall you remember our pains and suffering?  
When shall we be remember in our own land?  
Remember we follow your footsteps  
Give us bread and we shall give to your offspring.  
Such is life to behold.

Stop the torture and embezzlement  
and give us quantitative future,  
Give us future to hope on.  
perhaps that would show us our position  
in ages to come by.  
So we can proudly swallow the song  
without quarreling with our stomach.

When shall you cease to deceive us?  
When shall we be gathered in honour?  
When shall we taste the honey from the land without the bee stings?  
In us lies the future but the future is hidden from us.  
Our ancestors passed the songs to our fathers,  
and our fathers passed the song to us to sing,  
we are the leaders of tomorrow  
Yet, we will pass it to our children.  
Would that not make us foolish fathers?  
When is our future, leaders?  
When the position is passing hand to hand.

remember a hen does not abandon its chicks,  
Because she hopes to nurture and impact on them.  
Lead them to the godly ways so that  
when the kite shall come howling  
they can hide themselves.  
Where shall we hide in the future?  
Where is our portion in our native land?  
careful, beware leaders, we count all your steps  
our revolt may claim your lives.  
Remember the youths watches you calmly  
yet angry, angry for justice and equity.

john chizoba vincent

# When Love Fails, Man Fails

## WHEN LOVE FAILS, MAN FAILS

Men are captivated by what they see,  
The shiny bird deserve not to suffer  
In the polluted air of love.  
When love fails to actualise its purpose  
Man fails to live up to his standard,  
Teach your spirit about the end of love

Many has fallen into the prey of bloody casualty  
In the street where injustice rain like water,  
Days of little can be liken to the days of great  
Harvest in the barns of fools.  
I am not partial in dealing with the love drugs  
But medicine of not being recognised in the  
Atmosphere where love mock many can not be ignore.

Reason the face, reason the love of men,  
Where reason fails, madness may take charge.  
When love fails to make it right, man fails.  
When love cries, men behold hatred in their hands  
The barns of my father's yam has been emptied since  
The day he sang to the birds of love pains, infidelity.  
My mother's shiny nakedness was seen by a strange nation.

How be it that love takes two for righteous act?  
Carry my emotions home when tears elude you  
For the villagers are at home mourning for the dead.  
I'll come soon in the dry season to ask of my  
Penny in your hand but I failed again in love,  
Take heart for the broken dream.

john chizoba vincent

# When Mother Comes

When mother comes,  
Tell her the song in my throat is dying,  
Tell her we will no long arise to sing that  
'We are the leaders of tomorrow' rather  
We are breaking out from the tradition from  
She has cupoard for us years back in tears.

When mother comes,  
Do not shout to her of my abandoned wife;  
Tell her she ran away by herself when her  
Legs commanded her to betray me at noon.  
When she come,  
Remember to uproot those voices from your heart,  
Give her the flower I left on the table to kiss.

Tell her the He - goat has turned to She -goat,  
Maybe she would know that tradition is the reason  
While we are here like the fools of Zion;  
Maybe she would know that giving birth is not the only Way a mother can mother  
a child and nurse him.  
Smile to her with a tickled smile that envelop  
The substance of envy within the hearts of men.

The school children are back with their back on the wall,  
The farmers are lost in the farmland of stupidity,  
Mothers are no longer the mothers we used to know,  
Fathers are now the stonewinners of their family;  
Bringing stone instead of bread that cleanse our tears.  
Do you know what it takes to break away from childhood?  
Do you know how it felt to leave a home that has been your cloth?  
Do worry I will leave my shoe for you to wear.

I may not be good enough to mother,

I may have washed her dirty linen in public,  
I may have been the black sheep with a long tail;  
I may have been the last weak among the strong,  
But fate has its way of treating individuals;  
May her wish of her only son be her tomorrow.

Thunder my bell of words to her ears  
But do not get her deaf in the cause of the experiment  
A little while you see me and, a little while you won't  
See me again but remember, am trying to amend my shoes to become my size  
before the young eyes.  
Blood, spirit, feelings, emotions, love and many  
Other things make up the life of those young eyes.

When mother comes,  
Tell her not to worry about me in the dark,  
I am now a man with a big heart and a lost future  
But I'm heading towards the north to look for my  
Future.

john chizoba vincent

# When Nursing Wound Becomes Painful

When you get to Africa,  
Tell Chimamanda Adichie  
That I once saw Kainene  
Among the Animals in the forest of Abba  
Roaming senselessly with the howling Wind.

Home skipped her in a bright flash lighted plain,  
The clattering and clanging of her white teeth  
Against her womanhood had made her go insane;  
Insane of those bodies spread in the bleeding sand  
Of the clamouring Biafra.

Burdens in her mind about her brethrens has made  
Night out of her day and she roamed about helplessly, breathless, unkempt and  
feeble; she look.  
The forest cleared, her emotions filled with a pack of parrotted thoughts.

I tried to hold her as a sister in the name of blood  
But failed.  
The loosed hair blown of her eyes shutting it heavily with a bang.  
From the blue heaven of a lady I used to know,  
Now she had turned to a clouded dark princess.

Together with a cry that deafens,  
We could bring our past to the present,  
The denial of our hands to work out progress  
As the minors in our own land can be restored.  
Tell Chimamanda that Kainene still in search to retrace her origin.

They could kill us in millions,  
They could gather us like firewood and kill,

We still remain who we are in this part of the world  
Where nature had made for us as paradise on earth.  
Kainene, come back to motherland!  
Men are now in town to fight what is left of us; freedom to be who we are in the  
land they abused.

Where on earth is our rights?  
Where on earth do we belong to?  
We shall all ask ourselves some day  
When the nursing wound of our past becomes more  
Painful to bear in heart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent



# When Peace Returns

Tell mother Nigeria that I won't come again  
Until a new peace return to her dying land.  
Tell her not to feel bad of this gory miseries,  
The blood and tears at home hurts my bones.  
We have never been more to this land than a toy;  
Forgotten like a scary nightmare in this meaningless home.

My worship shall be for another mother,  
Suck her intoxicated breast milk in joy.  
Tell mother Nigeria that Terrorists that spread  
In the land have tasted our blood and it detest me.  
I hate this very land of plenty where all the milk  
Flow in one direction.

I am not happy to have left her behind,  
Peace I seek to re-direct the course of my people.  
If the shadow of my absence is felt, let her cry not,  
When peace returns, in her bosom I shall dwell  
like a true son.  
Shame birth in this land is a ditch devouring many.

We were once a loving mother and son  
Until she allowed those careful chameleons  
With multiple colours into her succulent land.  
I left in peace mother, not in pieces as you may think.  
The flattering is enough to my craving eyes,  
I am here to nurse my wounded heart from my brothers.

When peace returns to your shores,  
I shall come back to embrace you.  
Peace I seek, peace on earth we crave,

No one sees a palace and run to the forest;  
You've not failed me but your chosen leaders have,  
Here they cast blames on the giant cock for not crowing at dawn.

(C) John chizoba Vincent.  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## When Tears Fall...

When tears fall,  
The world becomes dark and sultry  
Upon the body and soul of the beholder.  
The sound reverberated side by side as  
The emotions and feelings fall apart  
Flowers stings more than bee stings.  
Pains hold down the brain,  
Twist the vein and let the marrows  
Fall between the under layers of the skin.

Look at me now,  
Look at my inheritance separating  
Just in seconds by a bubble  
Water swinging merrily in the air.  
Tears of hope are hard to fine,  
tears of love dwells not in every eyes  
In my eyes lies the tears of hatred  
and abuse but i know not of your eyes.  
When tears fall from the eyes the heart has been broken.

when tears fall, the mourners are still mourning.  
Elegy has been written in the country yard.  
Soul had been lost, lost beyond the central  
Capital of hopes and drive to achieve that  
Which the creator had destined it to achieved.

When tears fall cord had been broken  
A man had fallen while a woman laboured  
To bring forth a son.  
When tears fall,  
The eyes has became weak  
Of seeing the evil hands of  
Men upon the righteous men  
To forgive becomes a sin.

Tears fall for a reason

Tears fall for a purpose  
Of achieving satisfactions and cleansing.  
Be well my eyes evil will blind you not  
Dont shade that which would shield my days to come.  
My son shall see you blissfully  
When he is sick,  
My daughter shall behold you also  
During the altar call, pronounciation  
of vows of wedlock.

Take care mother,  
Disturb not your self for  
Nothing which worth nothing.  
Your daughter await those tears on that night  
She will be leaving with her husband,  
YOur son will seek the streaming down of those innocent  
Tears when he will make you proud before the crowd.  
Save those tears i beseech you mother,  
For the unforeseen circumstance is yet to come.

john chizoba vincent

# When The Gods Visited

When the gods visited in their ragalia,  
We were like those that were dreaming.  
We walked in the shadow of our stupidity,  
We Danced without legs in the public  
Because thousands of our smiles were missing  
And our white teeth were not shining as usual.

The ghost of Azikiwe was with them.  
The ghost of Awolowo was behind them.  
The ghost of Tafawa Balewa was backing them.  
The spirit of Ikoku carried their bags on his head.  
They were angry when they saw everything;  
Everything they had worked for was dead and gone.

When they asked us for cowries, we brought papers.  
When they asked for the shrine, we showed them  
The unused refineries which stood untaped.  
When they asked for kola, we presented minerals to them.  
When they asked about their mother, Nigeria;  
They were surprised to see strips on her back.  
She sat alone in the dark wailing of what the leaders  
Had done to her in her prime.

The ghost of Zik was not Happy with us,  
I saw him cried and wept like a child looking  
for a breast milk to suck from his mother's chest.  
Muritala, wailed, moaned sorrowfully on the sorrow  
They had pushed his mother into behind him.  
I saw him danced the forbidding dance of mourners.

Things fall apart; mountain crumbled, oceans howled  
The gods were angry upon us for our sins.  
We have forgotten 'Amala' and now eats Salad,  
We have abandoned 'Akpu' and eats Rice.  
No more oil on the ground and yam on their shrine;  
The gods were angry and furious with our lives.  
They are no longer receiving dry gin on the ground.

They saw a change of names and characters,  
Their children now bears 'Horlorwaphemy' instead  
Of 'Oluwafemi' they were given by the gods.  
Some now bears 'Chinahasir' instead of 'Chinaza'.  
They are foreign names which are foreign to them.

On their skins were tattoos which was not so before,  
It wasn't so from the beginning when the gods were the leaders of the world with  
their smiling face.  
It wasn't so! It wasn't so! ! They all wailed in unison.  
Man to man, woman to woman; in marriage,  
Tufiakwa! ! They spat on the ground which shook in fear.

They perceived the bloody street smelling of blood,  
Vultures were every where seeking to devour men.  
Their interpreters are far from them in a lost battle;  
Battle that they fought alone in the darkness,  
The dubious darkness all over beckoned them to come.  
Disappointed they all turned back and began to go,  
I saw them leave in tears one after the other.  
We've failed and disappoint them all.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# When The Heart Lies

When the heart lies,

Tears emerged and stood in the eyes.

Emotions built in the heart

Falling in love seems dangerous

Smiles disappeared and odd cry dwells.

The blood runs dry in the veins,

And truth a hundred miles away from the heart.

Love taste sour as hatred emerged,

Bitterness of the heart grows more wings, very dangerous and visible.

Tossing and tossing things around in the heart.

Body cells shattered away in horror

When the lies

A blemish is left within the heart

Howling to be healed with a prince kiss.

Unknown scars of yesterday

Remained visible on the sword

Kept in the scabbard.

Scab drawn within, intensively,



And memories of good days hung high upon mountain

Exchange of wind blows set in.

When the heart lies, the heart becomes shrank and softer.

As trust escape through the door and anger hasten in.

Separated world and twisted fate

Twisted fate such as twist

Of each married man as one heart becomes two.

Loneliness entered as fondness hasten away

Darkness of the night becomes visible to the eyes

Back to back on the bed,

Dinning before the other if the appetites were there

When the heart lies, the iron ring would be thrust aside and trampled upon.

World apart,

Two together becomes apart.

Marriage is not a bed of roses neither relationship a sweet songs.

Mother warned you to be faithful

Remembering the oats on the altar

White gown wore with veil now turns black and red.

Lying dismantled the holy matrimony.

Oh! The serpent at it again,

The old deceiver of the world

Here lie our first parents whom you deceived

Of which use is your power when you make us lie?

When the heart lies,

It brings Bruises on the face

Infidelity brought the pains

Thousand warning unheard

Waite for the miserable life in future

When you have too many mouth to feed.

Take care humble heart, take care emotions

Take care father heart, least you perish in misery.

(JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT)

john chizoba vincent

# When The Sunset

When the sunset, love comes to stay,  
The butterflies come out in their multi-colours  
To brighten the earth to her goodness.  
The trees wave their hands in joy as  
The sun govern their world with attractive hands.

When the sunset,  
The air journey here and there greeting mother nature; for the gift of another  
honourable day.  
In the beauty of its own, the sun runs to the  
Centre of the clouded sky decorated in white linen and Robe to smile to the field  
of a new blessed day.

Human activities commerce at a gradual pace,  
The gods rejoice as the sacrificial lamb is brought  
To the shrine as an atonement for sins is slaughtered.  
Pretty girls run through the bank of the beach  
Advertising their golden teeth at their own grain  
And, nothing is breached in their spirits.

When the sunset,  
The wind becomes happy;  
Tossing things from one corner of the earth to the other.  
It left some market women naked and, some  
Fighting to hold their wrapper together.  
Miracles glance at the window of an innocent boy to  
Favour him.  
Life herself becomes purer and holier than yesterday  
And, new hope is established for the advancement of the world.

john chizoba vincent

# When We Cry

We are children of the eagles  
Precious in the eyes of our mother  
teach us not to cry like the eyes  
Protect our young mind in your hands  
For the sake of tomorrow which harbour  
Hope and love, undying dreams of mankind  
Monitor our move, epitome of goodness  
we are made by the creator of peace  
Madness knows not the bond between  
Our aging minds nor in our smiles  
When we cry, something had become dark in  
Our young nestling eyes  
When we cry, the walls had broken  
the mourners never expect profit in  
Those they mourn in pains and tears  
we are now best to salute the moon  
Which smiles to us with heavenly hope  
We are children of the eagles  
Teach us what count not what count  
For morning await the silent journey of the night  
To the unknown destination where it abode  
Why feast in tears children of eagles?  
Bore your mind with faith in you lies tomorrow  
hope for tomorrow in you, are words left unsaid  
When we cry, mother is restless  
nature made us dumb not deaf because we see  
Beyond our eyes and talk where not asked  
Words we say they told us it mattered not  
in the world of elders  
But when we cry they understood our troubles  
And attend to our needs  
When we cry, they understand us better

john chizoba vincent

# When Will Mother Get Better?

We've waited this long to see  
the dead trees spring up again but  
No one is moving the mountain;  
All we see are accusation fingers  
Going up and down, left and right.  
When will mother get better again?  
When will mother be cure of the  
Madness that runs in her prime circle?  
Is there no more Chinua' Okonwos in  
The Land that could shield mother?  
Mother is never an unease land where  
All the fingers are not equally made.  
Her breast milk is enough for all mouths  
But it has been channelled to one path,  
Where only few get to taste her wealthy milk.  
We've waited this long to sing a new song  
on our mother's recovering yet no song is seen.  
Which physician is treating her here?  
Which Dentist is checking her teeth?  
What about her eyes, which optician is there? !  
Do you know how much we miss her doctor?  
No call, no letter from a mother of peace.  
Her green vegetables are falling day by day,  
The horses on her coat are voiceless and weak,  
The Eagles moan and agony ceased not.  
When will mother get better, Doctor?  
Her arms seek our embrace and love!  
Should we chase the moon from the night race?  
Should we blind the sun from the earth?  
Should we go on fighting the earthly death?  
What shall we do to make mother better?  
The planted plant now look at our large mouth,  
The cricket in August cease to drum to ears,  
Our mother is sick we know that but when  
Will she get better Mr Presi-doctor?  
We wait your response to clear our doubt.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent

Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# When You Are Away

My spirit hurts  
At the arrive of the night  
When you are away.  
My spirit cries  
When you are away,  
Why don't you lay with me?

My heart aches  
At the break of the day  
When you are away  
My heart breaks  
Why don't you stay with me?

When you are away,  
My body longs for you night and day.  
Every ribs and veins crack disappointedly  
Because you were away and long gone with hope.

My body shivers in the comfort of the noon  
When you are away,  
Why don't you caress my body?

My eyes weeps at the sight of loneliness  
When you are away,  
Why do you leave me alone?

john chizoba vincent

# When You See My Mother

Tell her she is the moon-  
She does not belong to the kitchen  
and other rooms like our first lady  
Her eyes is the satellite of the earth.

.  
.

Tell her she is the sun-  
That corruption can't cover at noon  
Her dimples creates love channels  
Where poetry salutes many lips.

.  
.

Tell her she is a dancer-  
Her legs tells thousand stories  
Of African tradition and culture  
Not of hatred and abuse of mankind.

.  
.

Tell her she is a singer-  
With a tonic voice of nightingale  
Not like a venom of an envy snake  
Her tongue is the sea of hope.

.  
.

Tell her that her love made me  
Wiggle like a drunk prostitute  
It made me lost in God's eyes  
My dance awaits her breastful days.

.  
.

Tell her I won't make her eyes wet  
She belongs to the throne not kitchen  
She shall build another wall of China  
Not in her season shall women rejected.

.  
.

Tell her she a mother not a whore!  
Our lives began from her womb like  
Nature began from God's poetry lips



Tell her that I am coming home soon.

.

.

A drummer she is among the drummers  
Many voices echoe from her hands  
She is not an inexperienced kite that  
Made fun of the itself by carrying the duck.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# When You See Wole Soyinka Smile

When you see Wole Soyinka smile,  
The earth dances in a glowing feast,  
The earthquake becomes calm and  
Loyal before his moving lips' curve.

.  
. .  
.

He is the future of dreams and hope,  
A focal point of the orbit of humans;  
A charming prince of ancient Abeokuta,  
Whose throat harbours virgin songs.

.  
. .  
.

If the turtle birds can stand the wind,  
If the lizard can look up to the trees,  
If the sky was once black and later white,  
Then Wole's smiles have motivated many.

.  
. .  
.

When Wole Soyinka smile,  
Many women struggle to see his bed.  
He is the lion in the cave of an Elephant,  
The wind that touches every soul honey-ly.

.  
. .  
.

A teething laughter made him a king,  
His craving words channelled his destiny,  
His fart, a pretty fragrances that queens  
fight to gather to their kings in the palace.

.  
. .  
.

When you see Wole Soyinka smile,  
The world go round like Mary-go-round.  
His smile is a fruitful fruits planted by the  
River bank which remained ever pretty.

©John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# When Your Absence Hurts

Never had we been together,  
Forever in your absence my eyes see.  
Yesterday can make me neither,  
I was long lost in the sea  
Because I fell into a stupid love,  
A journey which I never wanted to get involve.  
Your voice sound bid me fare well  
When our journey is still far.  
In the hands of temptation I fell  
Because your absence hurts  
My soul cries in tears.  
I weep in the beckon of loneliness  
Because my assumption was baseless.  
When your absence hurts  
My spirit breaks....  
Because a world without you is lost.

john chizoba vincent

# When. We Are One

WHEN WE ARE ONE

When we are one like the wind  
We become inseparable  
Clouded with love and affections  
Our hearts tell the tale of satisfaction

We tend our emotions perfectly  
Without the doubt of infidelity  
Love, becomes the noun that  
Invokes laughter in us forever.

Tall we stand unblown  
Against the world we fight unbroken  
The flowers of our hearts blossom waiting  
Patiently for the right butterfly to come.

We sing to each other  
The songs that awake the dead  
As our hearts taste the goodness of love  
So shall men advertise our smiles.

When we are one  
We have nothing to fears at all  
Rather fear shall fear our guts in true  
Relationship which knows no bound.

When we are one  
Our spirit could penetrate into each other  
Then project the adjective of our lips  
Two together hard to separate  
That's where the world rest to dream.

john chizoba vincent

# Where Are Our Sisters?

Through sickness you know the value of good health,  
Through evil the value of good and in  
Death, you value your brothers and sisters.  
What would they have done if it were to be their daughters?  
What could the president have done if those girls were his daughters/  
Would they have celebrated that centenary with smiles?  
Would they have given prizes and award people?  
Where are our sisters Leader?  
Bring them back home, we need them now.  
We need them in our school, they are our future mothers, sisters, grandmothers  
and our doctors.  
Terrorist leave them alone, they are our pride, African queens.  
Act leaders, act and bring back our girls.  
Let not your spirit be quiet so that they would not clear us  
In the night like grasses of the field.

john chizoba vincent

# Where Are The Nigerian Youths?

where are the Nigerian youths?

where are the pillar of the foundation?

the striving spirits and the breadwinners

behold, all are entangled in a strange dance

a dance of shame

in the stormy ocean kicked by the wind

Now our belly are tolling

And our hearts is slowly beating

Depressed and shattered away

in their own land,

here stood the ancestral home

In the land once lay our heroes

turning round the clock, the age remained the same

when is our turn to take our right?

when shall we smile like the babies?

stand as steady as the rock in the forest

when shall we take that lost throne?

the throne of peace

they whistles the song to us in our tender age

we are the leaders of tomorrow

But our eyes are fixed unmoved

And the animals are there with a thorny hands

we shall also pass the old song to our children

so long an elegy to behold

the ambassador of poverty they are

they used us as political animals

calm, i looked around, and stood in tears in a lost nation

would the wind take me for that?

The animals eat our right

our body mark the spot where they bit

And our heart is slowly dying in silence

Hopes are dashed away in tears

Dreams beyond dreams

Mingling with the dying

Darkness become our friend in torment

We are lost in a foreign land

A land of hope for us to survive are being taken over

now, we are eroding into the arms of strange town

we are gone in exile in weakness



Trouble knocked down the smiles on our faces  
our rights are gone with the fools in tears  
Where are the leaders of tomorrow? so to say  
Where are our position in the noble land?  
we never tasted happiness nor joy  
can we still dance the old song?  
song of merriment  
Never! their thorns held us down, tight.  
the animals brought it upon us  
Education lost in the night war  
Because the animals took their offspring to a foreign land  
a land filled with milk and honey  
We are left in the night of darkness  
  
cry no more! there is hope  
this mountain stood i to oversee things  
in the heart of the brave there is hope  
Only fight with the wind if we apply no wisdom  
with determination we shall conquer our doom

smile because mother earth is at our side

soon or later, she would strangle them to our side

And we shall take over the land and rule

Because in the principle of life, it is our role.

ALL RIGHT RESERVED (C) JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT 2013

john chizoba vincent

# Where Did We Go Wrong?

Where did we go wrong?  
Where did the youths sin?  
Does our tears has no volume?  
Where are we to stand when tomorrow comes?  
Let's wake up! Wake up from our prison! !  
Between our legs are the down fall of evil,  
Reason not the cause of our enclaved nest.  
We are lost in the generational testimony,  
The leaders still climb higher and mightier  
And we the third world citizens die everyday.  
Where did we go wrong in the country?  
Are we not matured enough to rule?  
Where did we over step in the splendid land?  
Where did we go wrong?  
We can retrace our steps back home!  
We can make up for the lost glory!  
Show us the true meaning of our future  
And watch us transform the land to goodness.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

## Where Is The Change?

Johnny look stupid on his wednesday's attire  
His mother looks foolish smiling behind him  
And his father, like a pig who was taken out  
From the slump; walking at his front majestically.  
Oh! What a lost generation, in our generation.  
All following one course without a focus.  
Where is the change we all casted out for?  
Have we seen the change come or not?  
My dear fatherland is lost and her masses long gone.

john chizoba vincent

# Where Love Lies

## WHERE LOVE LIES

Where love lies hatred find no root there  
But purity and honesty rules the heart.  
Frangrance of its abode is the full moon  
Of a thousand whisper of a joyful life time,  
Love lies in a blameless and spotless home  
Clouded with a blossom charisma of a fertile atmosphere.  
In peace and harmony, love dwells without fault  
Nor accusation fingers which point towards another.  
Love lies in the heart of gold decorated with a  
Glomourously hope and establishment happiness.

john chizoba vincent

# Where?

Where do we begin from here?  
Where do we call the land of peace, Nigeria?  
Where do we sit to watch those dancing Atilogwu?  
Where is your mother's mouth at the ceremony?  
Where is our home at the confused country?  
Where is our farm lands located now that he had taken the country from  
corruption to corruption?

Where is chairman that called this meeting?  
Where is the president who promised us light?  
Where is the senator that promised us good road?  
Where is the speaker that promised us good water?  
Where is the police man that promise us peace?  
Where is the governor that promised us good education and secured atmosphere  
in the state?  
Behold all is gone before the full moon?

Age has come like a flood wrinkly every smooth part of our glowing wisdom  
which the sun look upon.  
Still in wisdom, we daily admonish our killers  
So that they can rule our world and glow their future.  
The rock which breach our back back our pains,  
Aloof the pendulum of the journey that irretate the legs and, blind the hands of  
what tomorrow brings;  
Where do we go from here?

Where do your pain pain you the most?  
Where do your tears tear you the most?  
Where do your christianity christain you?  
Where would they re-build our home before the rain?  
Where do you think we can make our eyes see tomorrow with it glorious ragalia?

Where can we make change in this country?  
Tell me, my ears await your response before noon.

john chizoba vincent

# While On The Way

Guilty and empty, I prowl through  
the unknown road where bread does not  
Satisfy humans.

I hunt for the liquid measure of human pace,  
The tears of the street miseries, and the hunger  
For their sleek laughs which hang in the air.

I saw bottled laughs crying at the road,  
I saw wagging stories of want and needs,  
I consoled shattered love in the sent off trains.  
People singing with their nostrils and anus;  
A lost song of the coming future of end.  
Surely, they caged their eyes with a lost love,  
Maybe troubles; sorrow, i don't know.

Honestly, the legs halt not in their suffering,  
Their brains were in the world of their own;  
The master of their masters whose nose tells  
A thousand stories of stephen king and Dan Brown,  
I could not question nature of their troubles  
Nor their sorrow trakking down the north,  
Maybe I should forget time and send off my imagination.

I watched how Obi turned to a woman  
And Ada became a man without a Manhood,  
I hold my breathe not to cat away my eyes  
Tearful ones, troubled souls; battered eyes,  
My lullaby halts at the sight of children in dreamful  
Mood hoping to touch the head of their dreams.  
How a rainfull tears fall from my eyes I don't know,  
I move on and on, thinking of who next is to die.

My future seeing hurt me through my blood,  
There; they are, leaders bleeding in greed,  
Looters looting in locked away trains;  
Young ladies appreciating the sells of their body.



Mouth to mouth, eye for an eye, nose of the wanted  
Tears of the new moon, pains of an old friend;  
In love and hate, in wants and longing,  
Peace I crave, but humans crave differently.

The sadness torn my bones apart,  
But I prowl on and on watching in my black tears.  
Humans need a saviour, humans need one direction!  
If I die before my time, never! May this words be remembered of a saying of a  
poet like me.  
My friend, open the door of Your heart,  
Let me shut my eyes to look on and on  
Until I see no more of what is left of humans.

john chizoba vincent

# White Page Of My Love

She used to live here in my heart before I wrote her that poem again, now she is gone to place unknown.

We used to meet at the crossed road where two love Lines met, but the lines are uttered with soured lips.

I tried so hard to paint those faces we painted on the clay ground, but the brushes where lost in my mind.

Under the trees where we naked our feelings to the epitomy of the beautiful sun, I sat without a hope of her.

Beside the road yesterday, I hid my tears saying her names to the humans and the breeze that passed by.

We spoke to the grasses, to the buildings with smiles,  
Everything about her was the best I have ever seen.  
Now she is gone without a word of goodbye because  
I wrote her that poem of the famished hearts again.

Speaking to her absence was my first and my heart hurts; hurts to see her go to another man's arms in tears.

My heart still remembers her love and affections,  
Standing between lost and want, I wish I could see her again dashing to my arms like a child in joy.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All Right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Who Cares If I Perish?

WHO CARES IF I PERISH?

I have been humiliated and tortured  
Many times but I survived,  
I have seen my ears trembling with my  
But I survived in love.  
They don't care if I perish, no!  
All they wanted is to see me fall.

If they like, let them fire an arrow  
Of envy and hatred, I will survive.  
Let them throw me bullet of jealous,  
I will make it through in good faith.  
Who really care if I perish in the dungeon?  
I was born and brought up in bitterness  
And I was made a nobody, so who cares  
If a nobody like me dies?

Though the mountain seen so far to climb,  
I shall be established someday and sometimes  
I shall be writing my own plights and how I overcome them with determination.  
I could see their mouth celebrating in the course  
Of my tribulations and the church of their hearts  
Dances profoundly in great perfection.  
They don't care about my welfare but I will survive.  
In the mind of their minds, I have being the cause  
Of their troubles but the earth knows am not after  
Their success rather I run my own race to survive.

john chizoba vincent

# Who Is Afraid Of Wurola?

WHO IS AFRAID OF WUROLA?

Who is afraid of wurola?

The mountainous beast of iloba

The land Of the creeping giants

Wurola, who stitches his heart with blood

In the bettle field where the breeze

Announces the deeds of the giants

Wurola, Whose Mighty hands slay thousand

At a sight in the battle field of yester years

Who could challenge his authority?

He. Once flapped his tender Wings

To embrace the spirit of sango

He is the warrior who played with

human skull and danced with the queen

In present of the king who killed his family

Are you afraid of him?

Who is afraid of him?

I am not afraid of him like them there

He was once my Schoolmate

In themorning of yesterday when

We Wore khaki treading down

The street like children of the gods

I can make him swing twice

I Can knock him off balance

And Remove that crown of warrior

On his small head

I know his weak point better

Who is afraid of wurola the warrior

I am not even moved by his presences

Even though he taller than me.

john chizoba vincent

# Who Is Killing Nigeria?

Has your grandma told you how  
she queued to collect a cup of rice  
at the campaign ground?  
Has your father narrated to you how he was paid to steal the ballot papers?  
Has you been told how your mother shot a  
man down for a politician?  
and now, you are a thug for them!  
You're suffering from the same greed rust that peeled your heels like a yam  
tubers that goat menacely tear.

Your uncle told us a snake swallowed  
the money meant for his office & we  
all rubbed our stomach & left him alone.  
We never chased the snake in the street.  
Your auntie told a tale of how a monkey cart away with her money & we smiled at  
her tale without asking how! Can she still spill sparky sperm in billion?  
Do not sit by the door post and weep!  
Do not say anything to the abandoned firewood that told of our foregone lives.

Weep not, son, for the gods have  
woken from the laps of a prostitute.  
Those who cried under the rain we've seen  
their tears dangling on their chin.  
Political slavery is not skin deep than us,  
We made it arose from that creeping serpent  
that crawled unseen to bite.  
Do not ask of my name as a poet cos  
I am as ageless as the lonely cloud,  
Just know what I have scribbled now.  
You and I killed Nigeria before time.

Our history was never baked in our school,  
it was baked by whitemen creed,  
They dragged us to the mud to believe what  
they told us was right not left.  
Weep not, daughter, your mother was  
One of the cause of this tolls of death.  
We are the fading sigh of everything

we long for & the echoes of our beings.  
Our leaders are made from one cloth,  
Same blood crossed path and they killed  
Brutally in the mind of beloved mother.

My greed, our greed, your grandma's,  
Your father's, your Uncle's and yours;  
Killed our mother before the universe.  
There is an empty music in our voices,  
You drum to your left, Obi, to his right;  
You wagged your tail, Obi waved his  
Hand & we never gets to a vocal point.  
I am burning my body as a poet to stay  
alive for you and for this land, for my  
Eyes is a mirror to revolution of thought.  
We're killing Nigeria ourselves in a ditch  
of greed and corruption.

Yours Poetically,  
.©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Who Is Praying For Mother?

Who is praying for our sick mother?  
Let's stop casting blame on the giant  
cock that crows before the waking dawn.  
Our mother is sick and needs our prayers,  
Nigeria is falling like a pack of cards.

Don't lay down there and weep for nothing,  
Don't shout in the grievous hospital yard.  
Silence! Silence! ! They told us before noon,  
But the woman laying sick there is our mother!  
Without her the rain would drench us more.

Gather the fowls in the field and pray hard,  
I have done my own part in making my mouth  
A talking drum that sound far and wide to be heard.  
Don't put your words in your right hand but  
Keep it peacefully on the left like a king,  
So you don't throw it into mouth like a morsel.

Mother is dying and she needs our prayers,  
Let those that have good legs come out to dance,  
Those that have savored mouth should sing,  
Let's roll up the mat of her suffering before morning  
The jungle could serve as a home to the demons  
That torment our most loved mother.

Those that knows how to scream  
Savor your throat with a sweetened honey,  
Seven thousand joyful songs can restore her.  
The mountains are waiting to see us,  
The valleys have gathered up the sun to serve us in  
The night as the vigil may take days to end.

If there is any joy in peace or freedom,  
If there is any documented fire here,  
Don't hunt and haunt for the sanity,  
The boundary between sanity and insanity  
Is too tiny and must be observed by all.

Mother is sick and feeble in point of death  
And most of her children are busy merry here.  
Who is praying for mother Nigeria among you?  
The long timeline behind us can become a lifeline,  
Sound the drum in the four corners of the world  
That our mother is sick and we don't know how to cure her!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



## Who Is She?

Her flapping wings ceased the troubled storm,  
The ant of the dwarf looks like an Iroko.  
Toweling my ego towards her fixed feelings  
She penned her pride just perfectly to me;  
The raw prettiness that bleeds her femininity.  
Alas! The market of her soul harboured many men.

Can I still make my smile worthy when I  
trade with the undiluted laughter of her face?  
I took broken mirror to see the beauty of her face,  
I saw more beauty as I watched through!  
The pieces of her face are intact not broken,  
More image trailing down my blood to heal.

Who is she to the whitish waving sky?  
Who birthed her tempting long nose?  
Her tribal marks painted our cultural heritage,  
Her buttocks a symbol of national identity.  
Who is she to the generous sun in the sky?  
Maybe Amadioha can explain the beauty behind  
Her voice.

Okaigbo the palmwine tapper made a mistake,  
A mistake about his calculation of her teeth.  
Her creamy colour blind so many to smile,  
She made me rethink of the images I touched  
Through the broken face of the living mirror.  
Who is she that makes men loose their senses?

Who is she among the Maidens of Nkporo?  
Her pictures against my shoulder clarifies!  
I pours down joy within as she passes by,  
Can someone tell me who that bird is here?  
Aja, haven't you seen that peacock before?  
Her eyes tear through my fibre of Grace to ruin.

Who is she to the shy stars that shines up?  
Who is she to the painted winds that passesby?  
Is she among the salt of Nkporo land?  
Is she the light of the earth or a jewel of hope?  
Is she your wife or a eye deceiver sent to kill?  
Who is she to you oh earth that you hide excitedly?

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Who Is The Cow Among Us?

The night I bed in darkness,  
The moon I kissed good night,  
The stars I embraced formally,  
The sky I waved a thousand hands;  
The song I sang to the owl of the night  
But I did nothing to the cruel cow!  
Oh! Mother Nigeria has sang again  
Upon the weeping clayed earth.

Oh! Mother where have you been?  
We were called cows by someone familiar,  
Are we really cows to be slaughtered?  
Where is our home mother of hope?  
Is this our home or theirs as they claimed?  
It is dark here among your children' eyes;  
It is night here in the body of day' dream.

Who is the cow among us mother?  
I can't find Ajani the fortune teller!  
He must have known the cow here,  
Destroying farmland and seedlings.  
The South is bleeding furiously,  
The East have been beaten severely,  
The south is seen naked and hopeless,  
The west were deceived once more,  
Who is the cow among your four children?

None has eaten the yams kept here,  
But someone ate the grasses there.  
We must have a cunny kidding cow  
Playing prank among us like the tortoise.  
Our hair have been grazed by the same cow,  
Our soil have been visited with heaps of dung;  
Yet, the same cow killed some of us  
And you didn't say a word or two.

Who owns that oil well in your creek?  
Who are those people on your wings?  
Why didn't you chose fair colours than black?  
What is the meaning of this death rows there?  
I want to know the 'F' that make up the 'Nis'.  
You are not helping matter when you're silent.  
Tell me that the same cow is not one of us!

Tell me that the same cow is not your child  
And I will jump to the sky for a kiss and embrace.  
I wait your answer with this piece of kola  
Pricely placed properly in my mouth.  
We will wait until you open your mouth  
To tell us who the cow is and why he is among us!

- -Another Voice Stronger

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Who Made You A Judge?

*/'dʒʌʒ/ /'dʒʌʒ/*

That was what my dictionary  
woke up to show me this morning,  
Who made you one of this angels?  
One is called */'dʒʌʒ/* jungle and the other is called */'dʒʌʒ/* justice like a  
league of legend ants feasting on a lonely trapped Carcass and Vargas.  
Who made you a judge over criminals?

Light opens...

Our stories are gory to the ear,  
If I decide to write them now  
I fear my sight will become blurry  
with tinted tears of mourning.  
Mount your camera on a tripod,  
Double your steps and hands  
We have a story to make to the world.  
Yells of vengeance has torn my belly!

Light fades...

Yesterday,  
The first sight I beheld in the morning  
Was a boy trying to free himself from  
Gullible mobs in the street of Lagos.  
Tears flooded his eyes as he pleaded,  
His name became a political lyrics,  
Lyrically, he was branded with metals;  
Metals that took away his miserable life.

Light fades...

His body became a shadow finding home, running, walking and jumping.  
He burnt into ashes as they lynched him  
The petrol broke apart and tyre belched  
Another soul roamed among the living  
Inviting the eclipse sun in the noon.

His beauty washed away by the restless grief that held his bones together to bind

Light fades...

Capture the ghost of that girl running!  
She was knocked down this morning  
by a drunk driver finding ways to die  
Capture her spirit and let's edit them all  
The mobs Wont see how she died but they will linger to kill without thinking,  
Who made them a judge by the way?  
Remember, don't leave the ghost tears.

Light fades...

Now, follow that soul seated there?  
She was one of the victims of Evan.  
Have you seen her tears turned red?  
Cut away of her legs must be filmed,  
Clean up her face with your focus!  
We're like the castaway treated like a plague, the house whose door has been  
stolen and we never knew until now!

Light fades...

What is your time?  
we have Chelsea march by ten &  
this deads may find home in the  
air for the living to see how Arsenal  
will be defeated in stampford to night  
Tilt the camera up & see God' eyes  
He watches from above about this  
And he spoke not of it, then, who  
made us a judge over all this crimes?

Yours Poetically,  
©John Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Who Really Controls The World?

Going up and down  
Dark and cruel to behold  
We smile in tears and agony  
Death smiles scornfully behind  
The only gift of life is death itself  
Fears in joyful mood  
Destruction our humble friend here and there  
Cry, pains, and suffering faster they march forward  
In tattered clothes like a kite in a carbonated rotten air.

Who truly rules the world?  
You, me or the presidents and governors in selfishness  
Or the black mountainous creature sent  
Down from above in those dark days?  
Who controls the world, mother?  
Father, who truly controls the world?  
When shall we see the true ruler?

Our aging minds are bleeding  
Our world a mess of mess of evil  
Liquor in kind cruel heart  
Of the Animal called man  
War sings in perfection to us in fear  
Mother, tell me when we shall be free  
When shall our suffering be over father?  
Who really controls the world?  
my children await the answer.

john chizoba vincent

# Who Set The Fire?

Who set the fire that is burning now?  
Who set the fire under mother's anus  
Towards the southern part of our home?  
Why is the sky polluted in inferno now?  
Have they seen the avengers over there?  
Why all this killing and bombing there?

Not my Nigeria again in the Southern  
Resurrecting from her death long ago!  
I thought they have been settled long ago.  
What is the eastern wings agitating for?  
Is the west alright or are there chaos there?  
What about the Northern part of mother's arms?

Who set the fire burning mother right now?  
Is it the black liquid that nature gave us?  
Is it the cocoa that we neglected years ago?  
Or have they drunk in power of karisheka?  
Have they been initiated with evil and greed?  
Who set the fire under mother's anus tell me?

Not my Nigeria I see dancing confused there!  
Not my Nigeria, not my rich mother that is naked;  
Insane of what they have done, insane of greed!  
Where are the herdsmen that drinks blood joyfully?  
Where are those that loots and gathers mother' pride?  
Not my Nigeria I see battling with a flame of tears!

Who set the fire on mother's head this morning?  
Who planted the pains that caused the madness?  
Loveless corruption knocks mother down always  
with Heartless beings seated on her throne to rule.  
Who set the fire in the southern forest that makes  
Mother's pain dominate her gain before the sun?



Come with me let's go to the south and speak,  
Let's talk to them about mother's broken arms,  
The arms that broke the image of her image.  
Come let us move to the east and settle them,  
Let's quench the fire that has spread like Ebola,  
Mother needs me and you to succeed this now!

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Who We Are

Memories of our past days  
Make up the fabric of who we are.  
Days of joy; days of sadness,  
Days of hardship; days of achievements,  
Days of temptation, days of victories,  
Days of frustration: days of enjoyment and relaxation  
All of these made up the fabric of who we are.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Why Poets Are Poet

Poets are the first class citizens of the country,  
They are the interpreters of the future through  
The eyes of the gods that call them into service.  
They are well respected and feared in the society;  
Their words can endanger or even kill you.

Poets are not talkative like a lay man in the society.  
Quietness is their friend, silence their golden spoon.  
They are awake thinking while you sleep yourself out  
You can't see them dressed to be addressed by the thugs in the society but, they  
are the eyes that people see through.

They are authoritative in nature, commanding millions to their imaginative eyes  
and mouths.  
Poets are performances, artist, directors, creators,  
Motivators, and doctors; doctors of love lines  
Which breaks the walls of the heart's ribs.

You can't get poets in any act of controversy;  
Unreason chicken soup that does not uplift the soul,  
Like the musicians who goes about naked and stupid.  
Poets are calm like the rabbit, beautiful like the roses.  
Their words, many hurry to listen to and learn from.

They have no licence but they can drive without been  
Arrested by those law enforcement agency.  
They have no breast but they can breast feed a baby with words that are rare to

find by mothers.

Poets are loving, imaginers, curators and educators.

Oracle they are; made to be in the midst of men!

gods they are; correcting the wrong of the society!

Who has seen a poet and did not turn to have another look of the gorgeous angel  
that just passed him.

Poets are legislatures and their pens, are the judiciary.

Poets are witches flying with their spirits so high.

You can see them here and there penetrating men' souls.

Love them the way they are if you love your life,

Dine with them and make your life perfect to behold.

Poets are lovable, eloquent and dream driving people.

(C) john chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Why?

The pains irritate the sky  
The eyes of the moon is gone  
The trees rumbling in sorrow  
The sun trumpet in anger  
Why men and life exist apart?  
Why men perish thou in a hurry?  
Why are men in sweet pains?  
Why? why? why? Why? Why?  
Why do we chew and eat again  
Our refuse from the gutter?  
Why is life so hard on men?  
Why do you exist and breath?

john chizoba vincent

# Wicked Love.

my energy is gone.  
my heart bleed a million tears.  
It race so fast at the sight of you.  
Speaking audibly to your torture and violence act.  
I am your victim, yes i am,  
because i fell into a wicked love.  
My emotion torture me at the blink of an eyes  
in a classical manner.  
Sending fear and horrible oozing pains in my spirit  
Always humiliated by my feelings and remembering our love my spirit hurt so  
much.  
How do we reverse the chemistry?  
Where do we go from here?  
I hate that i love you, i hate that i feel for you.  
I wish i could rip off a page of my memory because it  
put much energy in me.  
Killing me slowly and softly.  
Hope we could rewrite our history.  
I dont want us to be the end of me  
This love is taken all of my energy  
Just take all of my energy and it feel like a battle field  
loving you.

john chizoba vincent

# Wild Child

Wild child!

Have your father told you that the day  
children decided to go hunting, antelopes  
learn to climb trees and snails develop wings  
to fly home with yams from the local barns  
made for the old men in the heartless clan?

Wild Child!

Have your mother taught you that even if  
the crab swim across large and small rivers,  
it will ultimately end its journey in an old  
woman's soup pot? March not with pride;  
pride across the ocean kills faster than death.

Wild Child!

Every mad man is not without some common  
sense, he still know how to throw a piece of  
roasted Nkporo yam into his mouth and when to dodge a car when at the mercy  
of his own life.

Wildness is for fools made from the grounded hell.

Wild Child!

Even the civet cat will not sleep if it has to  
carry the load which has weighed me down  
for so long, to have an only son is to leave  
yourself too much at the mercy of the gods.  
We have seen the harmattan blew with vengeance.

Wild Child!

Don't ever scatter your thoughts into the bush  
like the seeds of an oil bean pod, it's not everybod who has been destined to lick  
other people's hind  
side like me. Remember, one doesn't spend the  
early hours of day in sharpening an arrow.

Wild Child!

Don't constitute a painful nuisance like a boil  
which chooses to flourish in the public area.  
Even if you talk or you do not talk, it would  
not make the flood flow uphill. Seat not and  
wait for the boiling pot to throw off its lid.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent



# Wipe My Tears

Here stood the tears

waiting to be wipe

tears for Nancy

beloved pretty damsel

born with a silver spoon

in the house of symbols

as bright as the snow, she shone.

conquering the beauty of mermaids

men were entangled in her beauty

yet, death visited her in its scorching hands of pains.

a broken heart dwells around her domain

her dreams hung sorrowfully and her beauty howled

Nancy is gone with the winds

in the company of a total stranger

who shall wipe my tears in dry days?

i remembered those days we flew kite together

beside the moldy kitchen

And the wind danced along with us

the green grass sludge round our belly

in joy we chant the love rhymes

And on the eagles wings we sang beautifully

leaving our sorrow behind us.

we were in the hall of fame

until then, the heart broke down when diseases feasted on it

Now the sackcloth i wore detest me.

it blasphemed behind me,

in my bereaved to a gem.

i bawled and sprawled on the ground

but death seemed happy and blameless.

i will have her name written in the stars

in a second chance of my love to her.

john chizoba vincent

# Wisdom's Tears

## WISDOM'S TEARS

Trying to forget someone you love  
Is like trying to remember someone you never met.  
Whatever that does not stress you can not make you,  
I am the book that many rejected and in me  
Lies the hope for mankind but humanity is weak.  
I stay once am accepted by them that cherish me  
And are called by my name in days of trouble.

I am man's enemy because they failed to listen to me,  
I warned the foolish to tame his tongue and know  
What he speak day and night, for out of his heart are  
Issues of life.  
But he despise me and make me foolish.  
I told the women to cover up but they go naked,  
I am wisdom, I am the fountain of life....  
I am wisdom, the MOTHER whose children rejected  
With no course.

Come to me and live for I owes your life,  
return to me and I shall guide you preciously.  
I have tried to dance to their tune but failed.  
Why have you forsaken me Oh children of men?  
Come onto me and I will come unto you,  
Where lies your power if not me and my sisters?  
I have been to the seas, field, oceans and mountains  
To call my children but they abandoned me like  
A fearful motherhen who left his chicks for the kite.

Hear me, when the judgement shall Come  
Never put the blame on a faithful mother  
Whose heart is always thinking of his children.

john chizoba vincent

# Wish.

I wish i could be rich  
stand tall and fight the good fight  
To save humanity from doom  
I wish i could give freedom to the captive  
I wish could be the father to the fatherless  
feed the motherless babies and return hope to the hopeless.  
give them love and freedom the exist

i wish i could change fate to my desire  
change the land where love and truth are strangers.  
i wish i could not be poor  
but i do not crave for foolish riches.  
Nor embezzle to be wealthy  
like the pigs in power,  
Who are worldly pump and power.

i wish not of greed and mad ambitions,  
But to seek that that humanity is save  
From crises and bad leaders  
Who deceive their followers in the long run.  
What i desired most is changes,  
To embrace love and forgiveness.

john chizoba vincent

# Women Are Necessary Evil

Evil combs from their waists morally  
Like a song from dead throaty tune.  
Machete of tempting guts, they spread  
Nagging substances to the eyes of men,  
This thistles taxed our brave minds.  
Our blood a gulp of water to their veins,  
Scars for the flesh of our successful life.  
war wounds for the souls of men in shadow  
of a baseless child bearing and home-making!  
Women: necessary evil to men! Evil they are!  
Tormenting with their verses of pretense,  
Cutting pride with their envy and jealousy,  
Eating deep of men testies with prostitution!  
Women: necessary evil to back off from!  
Materialistic they are above their shoulders,  
Bewitching is another test of their lives  
and all we wanted is a home but hell they give;  
highest score of hell which keeps men away  
from a place once called a home now a forest.  
Right on their lips are paintings of blood,  
In between their legs are death channel flux with  
fluid that kills more than the black powder.  
There is an applistic balls on their chest, it kills!  
Their souls bathed black sorrow and agony,  
There is a painting of blood in their heart;  
Painting of a dying song in a pool of rhythm.  
Rhythms of violence reverberated in their muses,  
Women are necessarily evil among human race!  
But I remembered mother, she is not among them!  
Men battered in their hands,  
Destiny wasted in between their legs,  
Dreams elude the owner at the sight of their buttock!  
There is a painting of blood on their palms  
Which the creator knows nothing of now,  
They have Ploughed many heads to grave,  
Yet, burnt many faces in the insanity of the day.  
Women are necessary evil, keep off from them!  
Women are the trade mark of the devil, beware!  
Eve bite of the apple made them all guilty!

If only men can stay without women on their  
Laps, the world will sing a new song of peace.  
Brave hearts men had wrestled but they could not  
But cling to a woman's arms for protection yet,  
Died a miserable death of curse and abomination  
Women are necessarily evil because their  
conscience are dead.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
All right Reserved 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Women Have No Bearing

When I was younger,  
Father told me of love  
When I became older,  
Mother told me of marriage  
The road I see now seems lost  
Because I have been betrayed at last  
By the only place I found rest.

See through my heart of heart,  
Make the soul of knowledge there  
Better for a child to die than get missing,  
Women had betrayed my trust  
Hold your peace and listen;  
For I sing of bitterness not love.

Women have no bearing,  
Holding their beads seem so confusing  
I have decided to be alone;  
For women are so frustrating like the sun,  
Their ancient mother betrayed man through apple  
So has she done to me now.  
The soul of a woman is the serpent itself.

When you see father,  
Tell him I want to be alone  
When mother comes,  
Let her know I have broken the waist beads;  
Women have no bearing and their souls  
Are the soul of the old serpent;  
But I wondered how father manages mother.

I have to tidy my soul,  
I have to flush out her poisonous words;  
To look ahead in my loneliness,  
For being alone is better than  
Habouring a liar within your household.

john chizoba vincent



# Words Of The Oracle

What shall you be remembered for?  
What shall you leave behind for the next Generation?  
Shall posterity ever remember you came?  
The young ones are our future;  
Teach them the right way to go,  
Groom them in the ways of the tradition  
As your ancestors and forefathers did.

Don't cease the burning sacrifice  
On my Alter, don't you dare,  
Lead the new breed on what to do;  
For the new covenant requires them to know.  
Don't leave my shrine with no blood;  
For the young ones sitting down in front  
Of you watches your steps profoundly,  
They study the legacy you are leaving behind.

Leave them not to stray away like a goat,  
Teach them the ways of the oracle.  
The process of the atonement for their sins,  
And the meaning of blood on my alter.  
Teach them the culture and traditions  
Of their ancestors and abandon them not  
To wander around in the forest of shame  
Like the hunter' dog that misses it way.

I don't want to be left naked  
When you are no more on the surface of the earth,  
I don't want to lack or beg for bread when you are with your forebears.  
Groom the children about the maidens sacrifice,  
Tell them about Ogbuefi, the eyes of the gods  
List out the animals used for sacrifice to them,  
Let them learn it now that you live.

I look forward to behold  
Those who will wipe away my tears on  
The alter when a neighbour revolts against his neighbour and community against

another community.

I look forward for a change of methods with the younger generation but train them about the tradition of the oracle of the clan.

john chizoba vincent

# World Apart 2

## WORLD APART 2

Cry when the tattered clothes are torn  
Mourn the skeletal soul but take the heart  
Home where its belongs, not in the dust  
Untittle the page of our love then  
Kiss my pains with a million tears.  
Love was made blind the day we became stranger  
To love and then its eyes were opened the day  
We meet but now it ceased to see again

Table our difference and let it dance around  
Issues of the mind are issues of life and death  
Is not convience to love not at all  
Is it a crime that I watered your heart  
With the flowing milk of my mouth?

Love was made blind the day we became strangers  
Am a king of love and no one should beneath me  
You took my soul to the north to be caged  
Not minding my back on the ground, crying  
Come and take your soul you abandoned in my heart  
Your soul crieth, come and pick it up for  
My heart needs a space to accomodate another  
Whose love could restore perfection to me

Tell me why I live whilst you dispise me with  
The bread of your heart in the cold weather  
I have to go, we are now world apart  
Our heart in a separate world now and  
Separation is the ambition and desire to  
Cure this undesirable love and feelings,  
Go, my heart need you no more.

john chizoba vincent

# Write Me A Letter

Write me a letter of love that  
has a written smile on it's body;  
My heart seek to be nurished.  
Write me a letter even if all you  
could write is love and love letters.

Show me more like you are from above  
and dines with the supreme God above  
Take me around, let's fly like the turtledove,  
Teach me to be peaceful as the dove is;  
Make my soul dwells in your alphabets.

Teach my voice to sing a song of love  
even if I sing the wrong note and pinch  
When I love more, I shall have nothing  
to prove to those who mock us of sin;  
Teach me to fight even without a sword.

Write me a letter of love even if  
I could not read I will watch and laugh,  
Teach me how to count my teeth daily  
In you lies the shadow of my woman;  
In the palm of your thought lies my muse.

Write me more letters with your feelings,  
Teach me how to hold your joyful emotion.  
Teach me to write even with the wrong words,  
In your vein shall I bow to worship daily;  
Write me those words that satisfy morales.

Even if I have no reason to move on,  
Even if I have no place to stay on this earth,  
Even when my ears becomes deaf and nasty;  
I shall have something to feast my eyes on.

Write me a letter of love from your heart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Write Me A Letter Of Love

Write me a letter of love that  
has a written smile on its body;  
my heart seek to be nourished.  
Write me a letter even if all you  
could write is love and love letters.

Show me more like you are from above  
and dines with the supreme God above  
take me around, let's fly like the turtledove,  
teach me to be peaceful as the dove is;  
make my soul dwells in your alphabets.

Teach my voice to sing a song of love  
even if I sing the wrong note and pinch,  
when I love more, I shall have nothing  
to prove to those who mock us of sin;  
teach me to fight even without a sword.

Write me a letter of love even if  
I could not read I will watch and laugh,  
teach me how to count my teeth daily  
in you lies the shadow of my woman;  
in the palm of your thought lies my muse.

Write me more letters with your feelings,  
Teach me how to hold your joyful emotion.  
Teach me to write even with the wrong words,  
In your vein shall I bow to worship daily;  
Write me those words that satisfy morales.

Even if I have no reason to move on,  
Even if I have no place to stay on this earth,  
Even when my ears becomes deaf and nasty;  
I shall have something to feast my eyes on.

Write me a letter of love from your heart.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Write Me A Poem

¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

Write me a poem of love and hate,  
Write me a poem about your future,  
It is for the breaking of the honeymoon.  
Write me a poem of the soul of the wind,  
Write me a poem of lost virgins  
and of imperfection,  
It is for my eatable morning glory and love.

Write me a poem of the honeymoon,  
Let me see how glorious baking of love could be.  
The thousand rose flowers that clamour for attention,  
resides in the honey bars of my laughter.  
When the morning comes, poets are brave.  
Their pens killing a thousand guilty souls.  
Write me poem of lost dream,  
My eyes want to cry.

A rainfull tears could be better in my anus.  
Try the magic of your pen to hurt my heart.  
My emotion seeks the bleeding greed of your pen.  
Write me a poem of the moon, my ears crave to hear.  
Million enclaved ears wait patiently for your blood  
and words which will speak  
through the mighty vessel in your hand.

Racing all the way from Sahara's depth,  
with that cold dry tongue  
that licks every single gentleman dry,  
She raped me all through the night - your words,  
Write me another,  
another poem,  
I want to feel the rush of my body,  
Squeezed in the hands of your words.  
I want to be raped again



Raped again by your gentle piercing words.

Write me a poem to disvirgin my thoughts,  
Write me a poem to uncloth my nakedness.  
Write me a poem to breathe with in disguise,  
My spirit wants a blessing in disguise.  
Write me a poem that I can't tell of its story.  
Just write me a poem.

(C) John chizoba vincent

john chizoba vincent

# Writing Is Not For Poor Minds

Don't, if you can't!

Writing is not for poor minds that seek popularity,  
You must kill your mind seventy times seventy time if you really want to write  
and write and rewrite and write for people to read and comprehend your writings.  
You must get ready to be abused, criticised and paint  
Black and white in the street by critics and pen lords.

You must get ready to watch the birds like a mad man who is in search of his lost  
identity in the street.

The birds must drive you to their nests to be mock at.

Then you learn more on how to look in the inside not outside of a thing, because  
inside lies the answers.

You must intoxicate yourself with words that matters  
So that people will look at you like a ghost in human.

Counting of the sand is not exceptional in your art,  
Soliloquizing is one of the games writers play to get  
Going in the morning, always in the street.

You must get ready to move around with a jotter,  
Visit places like the zoo and talk to the animals there.  
The cars on the road must be your friend and in all,  
Get wisdom and understanding in every experience.

You must expose yourself to thousand demons  
That may torments your heart every night and day.  
Then, you must also be ready to infect others with  
Your perceptive and perception about life.

They must see what you are seeing through your eyes  
You must convince them that there is no meaning to this meaningless world that  
we selfishly live in.

Writing is not for the poor minds in the street,  
Write not for fame or money but write to inform.

Money and fame will come when you create ways  
And people tends to store your names in their head.  
Don't write if you can't because writers are not normal beings but they are the  
second to the gods.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent

# Year Twenty Twenty

Is it the end of the world?  
Whose government shall reign, the son of man or God?  
Would there be children on tattered clothes on the swing?  
What shall become of my great perfect country?  
What would happen in the year twenty twenty?  
Would the messiah come in his holiness?  
Would i have gotten married?  
Would i be in merriment?  
Would i have house in Rome and Jerusalem?  
Would i have dollars In my account?  
Would a woman govern the world at Large?  
Would a woman become the president of my country?  
I must have had five children with mustache all over  
My face not with a supporter for my body shall be strong  
There wont be wrinkles on my handsome face  
And my neck shall not bend like a croaked tree  
I pray the goat shall not talk in Twenty twenty  
I supplicate for the lions to be in peace with humans  
The fowls must not urinate by then and  
The snake must not be in group.  
The sheep shall hold not hold humans in captive

shall peace be restore to the world in twenty twenty?  
Would there be any sickness more dangerous than Ebola?  
Would there be war, political war, world war<sup>3,4</sup> and 5,  
Educational war, war of discrimination, and war of tribalism?  
Would there be adequate food for every man?  
What shall the standard of living be like then?  
Would there be economic melt down in twenty twenty?  
What is in your mind of twenty twenty?  
I pray the oceans doesn't weep,  
If matter continues in this manner we are now  
We would not be able to hold together the frayed thread  
That, so far, which hold the world together.

john chizoba vincent

# Yesterday Holds Not My Future

Yesterday is died and gone in vain  
Tomorrow equally died yesterday In my eyes  
So yesterday holds not my future  
But the forgone memories of unachieved  
Work and dreams which laid within me yesterday

Tomorrow holds not my future when repositioned  
Myself  
Tomorrow holds. My peace and blessings  
Which was unable to achieve yesterday  
I move my eyes. Closer to direct tomorrow  
If I live to see it come to me in good health  
I clear the grasses in. My mind and wait  
For the brighter sun of the days to come

The snow maybe white but to some  
It is black in their eyes when yesterday's  
Tears struck back and it hurt sorrowfully  
The weeds of yesterday's memories grow  
Rapidly and tomorrow isn't prepared well  
When yesterday failure hit on the heart like a  
Thrown ball on the wall

Yesterday holds not my future but my past  
Painting of my future calender starts today  
Which when I dance well manifest tomorrow  
Restore the lost hope in yesterday  
Reposition yourself very well  
Tomorrow holds your future not yesterday

john chizoba vincent

# Yesterday I Crave Not

Yesterday saw my tears panting  
Today won't see it again panting  
I was shot out of life yesterday  
But still I rise today beautifully  
The night that howled at me was  
the same night that manipulated them.

If you are looking for me yesterday  
Find me today among the successful  
Fear blurred my vision yesterday and  
My feet couldn't move an inch but now  
They do because I watered my today  
Yesterday with the pain that shot me.

I urge you not to give up in your chase  
I pray for everyone who has seen their  
Ears with their eyes in yesterday' trouble  
Weep not, today shall strengthen you more  
I beg you to keep moving at your pace  
What yesterday couldn't give, you see today.

Many died in their prime yesterday  
But you pass through that horrible  
Incident that almost claimed your life  
And you live on today by his Grace  
Today shall be better to you when you  
Waters it with the vision of a conquerer.

My eyes once cried before them  
My brain screamed and cursed me  
Behind, I was left to die and rot but

Today saw me through with ease  
For the first time I know what is like  
To visit death and shake his hand.

To you that cry without mouth  
I shall see you through my nose  
When the aroma of suffering  
Shall present herself shall I hunt for you  
To rescue you before death comes  
Don't give up on yourself, yesterday is gone  
Face today with another spirit that is pure.

john chizoba vincent

# You Belong Here

Cup your emotions  
In your adverbial hands  
Let the air rejoice  
For our love has no bond  
I sees you in the moon  
And you sees me in your heart

Preserve my breathe  
Never dream in the adverbial  
Pretense of lost trust  
Hide my pretty smiles  
For you I live for  
You belong here in my heart

Undress my feelings  
Never let them go clothed  
Tend my heart to birth a king  
For in your heart a noun love exit  
Not fading like a new cloth

dress my love  
With an adjectival cloth  
For nothing is hiding except its a secret  
And nothing is found except its a treasure  
You belong here in my heart

john chizoba vincent



# You Can'T Buy Me

You can't buy my conscience  
it worth more than a million  
you can't buy my emotions  
It is for my people.  
I am for my people  
Not for bribery and corruption  
Which had feasted deep into the system.  
I do not crave for foolish riches  
Rather i work towards the success  
Of my people who are dying silently in pain.

You can't buy me  
And what i am made of  
Through your sugar coated tongue.  
I represent the image of the new birth  
A new nation where honor and dignity abide  
Where selfishness never exist  
Rather love dwells day in day out.

i love to be remembered for good  
Not for bad and ugly events  
Where my children will not walk around freely  
But as they go, they see the  
Ugly fingers pointing at them for  
Evils caused by their father  
And wagging mouths accusing them wrongly.  
So there fore, you can't buy me.

john chizoba vincent

# You Sang To Me

Let's sit with the sun love, as the breeze  
Blows gently towards our snowing hearts.  
Let's paint our soul red and white for the season  
Calls for intimacy between lovers and soulmates.  
Season my life with a poetic song of joy.

I think we have the world smiling with a kiss,  
The only I thing I would like you to do for me  
Is to share the blossom and gliding sunset with me.  
Let's touch the joy of the earth with love;  
Let's cloth the world with a speechless emotions.

Hold my hand and savor my life with a sweet melodious beats that quench the  
longing of my heart.  
Bank your life in my account and it shall be secured,  
Let us be the answer to the question the world asks,  
Let's us be the wine of love that the world seek,  
Let us colour the world the way the world love.

Just can't believe you live inside of me,  
All this while you were in front of me I never realise  
That the world stand still for a lady so museful,  
I couldn't believe it, I couldn't touch; I didn't see it but I felt it, you sang to my  
soul, you sang to me  
A love song that makes the man in me stand.

Let's keep that silence a minute longer  
for you who swirls with the wave of the sea.  
Who missed the stereographic view of this land  
who I reverse but blossom before the birth of my love,

Attest to no sorrow on earth for you never see one.  
Let your boiling blood meet the new peace  
and call it now seeing that of earth as then.

Sing me more of your undying love song  
And tell me how wet the sun is now beside us.  
Let's not hug cry of the earth so wicked and sinful  
Sing me to my ear a love song of the night.  
The last night you sang to me was perfect, sing to me again.

(C) john Chizoba Vincent

john chizoba vincent

# You Still Make Me Smile

You still make me laugh and smile,  
You still paint my face with goodness,  
You brighten the grudges I have within.  
You still tell that story that change my life,  
I hide my tears whenever I say your name  
I hide my emotions with the moon when I  
Watch you smile and the dimples on your face  
Smile like the goddess of Nkporo and Ohafia.  
The clapping sky; the weeping sun, the dancing air,  
The wealthy smoke, and the dubious stars know  
That you still make me laugh and go insane.  
Your love still baptise my soul and water my life,  
I will flag off the man I am made of to tell the world  
That a lady like you still make my day as beautiful as the peacock.  
Life is not qualified by fluent English, branded clothes or a rich lifestyle;  
It is measured by the number of faces that smiles when they hear your name.  
You still make me laugh when I hear your name.

john chizoba vincent

# Your Family Is Waiting For You

Life is worth much more than  
What is use to care for its fullness.  
Drive carefully on the steering,  
Your family are waiting for you  
At home to kiss away their pains and  
Put a smile on their beautiful faces.

Don't drink and drive brother,  
Life has no duplicate, you live once;  
You live once and once dead you're gone.  
Your family needs you at home to butter  
Their breads in the dry season of life.  
Life is more than you think on steering!

Don't answer phone calls while driving,  
Life is too precious to be wasted once.  
Accident can occur at any time of the day,  
God forbids; life permits, such is life.  
Your family can't do without you around,  
Life is not a do or die affair, slow and stead wins all.

Speed not on the highway like a horse,  
Your future is in your hand on the steering.  
Where a hare gets to, the tortoise will get there too,  
Vehicle goes and comes but you don't come back  
After going beyond; your family crave for  
Your companionship with them at your domain.

Obey the traffic rules and traffic officers,  
Use your seat belt and don't eat while driving.  
You are more than a gold and silver to the  
Family that you give life and hope of living.  
When the birds are singing make a monotone  
Among the tones that savor the price of safety.

Safety is life in fullness and nourishment!  
Nature gives back to you what you have given,  
Try to concentrate while driving and avoid  
Too much conversation that can distract.  
Your family needs your face to survive in life,  
The bosom of your wife long for your water.

In all that you drive, remember that your  
Family is waiting for your return at home.  
Life is worth much more than what is used  
To maintain, care, and keep it to blossom.

(C) John Chizoba Vincent  
Voice Of Vincent 2016

john chizoba vincent