

Poetry Series

Aki Nnamdi
- poems -

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Aki Nnamdi(15/09/1992)

A Glimpse From The Window Of The Past

I look back at a hurting path of history...
Just to catch a view from the window of time...
And all I hear are distinct and distant cries of pain and agony.
Slowly streaming into my eyes are the red rays of the east...
on a morose and moody morning...
when water and whips dined on my flesh...
and again, pain started afresh.
I hear the distinct sound of my tears as it falls to the ground...
I hear my crystal voice loudly scream to the heavens: 'Lord save me! '
I look again and again...
glaring and gazing...
Walking slowly and steadily on that memory lane...
And I see beyond the facade of a delighted peripheral,
Pieces of a broken heart shattered by love so brutal.
I recall the times when he took my hands in his...
looked straight into my eyes with ease...
and uttered the words: 'I love you dearly.'
Those times when love felt like the warmth of a blanket on an ice-cold morning...
and scented like a piece of candy on a bed of roses.
I was at the apex of ecstasy...
The pinnacle of jollity...
And the peak of gaiety.
But with just two words,
that pierced like two sharp swords...
he dropped me from that pinnacle of love,
and I fell down hard on the floor.
And the pieces of my mending heart shattered once again.
Never tell a lady ITS OVER else she'll go insane.
Now here I am, musing and brooding over the past...
Forgetting the brilliant present and the sunlit future...
And looking up at the sky to scream: 'victory at last! '
Forgetting the immaculate virtues within me...
and that I am a woman phenomenally...
Stealing away my hapiness...
And opening the door to sadness...
Forgetting that I am a woman with patrician beauty...
A woman with charm and allure peculiar only to me.
From deep down the recesses of my soul,
I will draw up these virtues hidden in a hole.

I will wash down these painful memories in my heart...
And I will shut down this shaded WINDOW OF THE PAST!

Aki Nnamdi

A Sentimental Yearning For The Past

days have come. days have passed.
glowing all along were candles in the dark.
the tides have stirred and the wind has blown.
but the memories we made will forever burn.

months have passed since we quenched the flame we shared...
tears had dried from the wind of hope in the air...
my heart was healing. my face was beaming.
my days were brightening. and once again, i was living.
I-I had pulled out the strings of love
and cast into the ocean...
i had placed my heart on a platter
and severed any vestiges of emotion...
not until i saw your face once more...
and again a healing scar became sore...

your smile, your laughter, your words...
your eyes, your dimples, your voice...
within the tablets of my soul they have been ingrained.
on the pages of my heart they have stayed.

i cannot help but reminisce the good old days...
when love scented like the lovely dewdrops of May...
or the pretty lilies in June...
and the beautiful sunrise that left too soon...

now here i am, clenching my fists
and gnashing my teeth...
writhing in pain again and again...
walking through the woods...
and floating in the wind...

but the wind will continue to blow...
and the fire will continue to glow...
until i get to the breath of my last
and nothing will quench this
sentimental yearning for the past!

I Am A Man Phenomenally

when the first rays of dawn
meet the glimmer in his eyes,
and the glowing beauty of the sun
decorates the charisma of his smiles,
he jumps to his feet
with the might of a stallion,
and works out the heat
with the strength of a lion.
he is strong to the fist.
he is fit and replete.
he will work to the least
he won't settle for defeat...
'cause he's a man phenomenally.
phenomenal man, that's who he is!

pretty women can't help but stare
as he walks with pomp and pageantry.
they are thrown into dismay
as he graces his steps elegantly.
she says: 'oh, how valiant and mighty.
how sweet and comely.
how powerful and rocky.
how handsome and husbandly.'
he says: 'its the pulse in my chest
as i struggle at my best.
and the will of my soul
to press on to my goal...
cause i am a man phenomenally.
phenomenal man, that's me.'

Aki Nnamdi

I Love You I Love You, But I'll Kill You

Roses are borne on thorns.

Flowers are plucked by those who plant them.

some beasts feed on their young.

they're just hungry you can't blame them.

You might walk through the valley of burning coal and feel no pain.

You might wade through fiery thorns and no bloodstain.

But just dare to listen to the thoughts in my head and hear a voice say: "I love you I love you, but I'll kill you."

Aki Nnamdi

In The Claws Of The Wild Beast

In the name of forsaken humanity,
my grievous fingers pen down and paginate.
for the sake of a twisted progeny,
i will scar and dent and lacerate.

Behold! the ferocious wild beast ascends!
out of the sea of mankind he ascends!
up from the dusts of humanity it rises.
straight to the throne of deceit it proceeds.

With its sharp claws,
it proceeds into the brittle hearts of men
to extract, exact and extort.
and once again man, like a child, is deceived.

Aura and charisma looms,
as he paces up and down the stage;
as he speaks brazenly in pomp and pageantry,
to promise and to fail the distressed masses.

Fire blazes from his greedy eyes
and his money-hungry mouth waters,
as the masses cast their minds and hearts into the ballot box.

A glowing glimpse of victory,
a dream that was once a mystery,
has materialized and metamorphosed.
the beast now rules again.

But what could a sheep do in the grip of the lion?
what could the chick do in the beak of the eagle?
for if not by virtue of the future gift from Zion,
what can mankind do in the claws of the wild beast?

Aki Nnamdi

Maybe

Maybe I just love you too much and that's not too good...
maybe you don't love me as much as I love u...
maybe your going to leave me someday for another...
maybe you've already found another...
maybe your silence means you don't know how to tell me you don't love
me anymore...
maybe I should just stop saying maybe and have some faith...
maybe...

Aki Nnamdi

Oh How She Loved And Loved Her Man

She strolled out of the house looking bright and happy.
she stopped by and bent to smell and pluck every lilly
she looked towards the west and watched th sun welcom the night
she loved the twinkles in the sky that decorated twilight.
then she sat under a tree to write a song for her man
oh how she loved n loved her man.
she watched as moonlight slowly creased in.
she saw the nighttime birds flying and chirping.
she smiled at the trees as they danced in the wind
she stretched out her hand to catch the falling leaves
then she longed for tomorow wen she wld see her man again.
oh how she loved and loved her man
she walked back home merrily, she had spent several hours.
she had listened to the birds and plucked several flowers.
she plucked some for mama and some for her man.
though she knew the flowers would die before the early morn.
she called out: 'mama am home'
and mama came out holding an envelope.
she opened the parcel so well sealed.
as beautiful as the words in it should have been.
the message was precise and clear as crystal...
as distinct as the sound of brass and metal.
as cold and shrill as the sound of agony.
as somber and sonorous as the voice of pain.
the words read: OUR RELATIONSHIP IS OVER.
in a sudden wave of disbelief,
she fell to the ground and gave way to grief.
and that day, as beautiful as it had been like the colors of the rainbow...
turned grey and pale and started to bloom in sorrow..
that thay, she was drenched in her tears.
For she had never held anything so dear.
oh, how she loved and loved her man.

Aki Nnamdi

Sunday Morning

staring outta my sun filled window...
as i behold the lovely misty morning of a seventh day...
and faces of indifference, happiness and sorrow..
all the paraphernalia of an unholy morning on a holy day.
where the hungry are served a palatable meal of worms and decayed bread...
and the thirsty drink the cup myrrh that Jesus rejected.
how saddening it is as they rise up to the occasion of their ignorance,
when he speaks from the alter of a god: "the more u sow the more u reap."
if only they could see the lie in those lines,
they'll give the devil no reason to smile.

Aki Nnamdi

Tears From The Sky

The silent soft wind now hums a song.
The trees dance and sing along,
As leaves drop to the ground
And raise voices to a mournful sound.
The moon retires unceremoniously,
And the stars follow suite unanimously.

Heaven howls and roars with lightnings and thunders,
As the little baby quakes and cowers with fear and wonder.
For the eyes of the sky are pale,
Filled with tears and a face so frail.

Oh how she cries and weeps and wails.
How she bathes the earth in a pool of tears!
Every nocturnal beast has conceded to its pitiful countenance,
As they resign to the discomforting gloom of their inhabitation.
Every susceptible creature she has put to plunder,
And every vulnerable thing she has sawn asunder.

Now, i look ahead to the east,
To catch a view of a bright-red dazzling beauty
As it rises higher and higher.
And i smile and think to myself: 'what a messiah! '

Aki Nnamdi

To Love Is To Be Caged

Down on his bed with sorrow again.
A fleeting memory and he screams in pain.
He bites his lip, his heart is pillaged,
and the words spill out: 'am in love, i am caged'.

A little past midnight with her eyes still gazing.
Reminisces of the past with tears dripping.
A gush of wind and a bird coos,
she bows her head and says: 'what have i done to you? '

A surge of emotion as the bird soars high in reckless abandon.
Ripples of ecstasy on sea as the dolphin dives out and dives in.
They are happy, they are free.
But to be free you must not love.

I envy the trees as they own no heart that aches.
I envy the baby that looks into my eyes and smiles.
They are happy, they are free.
You cannot love and be free.

When you're scorching in that fire,
there's no hope of a messiah.
You weep. You wail. You mourn. You're deceased.
You scream and shout for your heart is seized.

He the man that walks with a cuff.
The man that moves with a chain.
the man that seeks the heart to destroy.
Yes, the man incarcerates in sorrow and pain,
in mirth gloom, in plunder and doom.
The man that incarcerates in a prison of fantasy
and a chain of ecstasy; in a pool of tears and a river of fears.
Yes indeed, the man Love, for to love is to be caged.

Aki Nnamdi

Untill It Happened

Several years ago, I walked with a girl hand in hand...
Hand in hand we ran through the streets
And raced up the hills...
We danced in the rain
And played by the beach...
We'd swim in the sand
And swim in the sea
We'd play in the mud
And roll in the dirt
In dreams we'd talk
And hear our voices clear...
we'd tell tales under the moonlit night
We'd sing and dance and give way for a fight
We were as young as the beautiful sunrise dat lighthens the day
And our love blossomed as dewdrops on graceful lilies at daybreak...
Until it happened...
Looming from the distant horizon
On a glistening expressway
with mirror and mirage reflection
Basking in the soaring heat of d sunny day...
Came a fourwheeled monster...
Staggering, tottering, swaying helter skelter...
As if tossed by the wind, it swayed hither and thither...
Racing with wanton fury...
Speeding with aimless ferocity...
But she...she was on the other side of the road...
Walking slowly as she carried a load...
Turning swiftly as she heard my voice...
Making a move to make a cross...
Oh...she crossed!
But she was too late...
Late enough to cross d monster's lane...
I watched in despair
As the monster took her
I was thrown in dismay...
As she was sawn assunder...
I took her remains in my hands...
Her bones were crushed to sand...
Then I looked into her eyes...

With tears strolling down my cheeks...
And I whispered: 'goodbye'

Aki Nnamdi