

Poetry Series

Andrew Ahile
- poems -

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Ahile Andrew Kwaghadoo also 'Ahile Kashami Ahile' 3rd born of a family of four, is Tiv by tribe and Nigerian by was born in Ugbokolo, Benue state of Nigeria in the year 1987, He attended Benue State University Staff Primary school Makurdi, Proceeded to Mount Saint Gabriel's Secondary School Makurdi and there after obtained a bachelor of science degree at university of Agriculture Makurdi. He is a lover of culture, arts, people, music, politics and poetry.A dedicated advocate of child Education, Good governance, social justice, political literacy, unity and peace.

All That You Are

Black and white is all that you are
Among many beautiful colors that there are
Blue, green, yellow and red
And all the colors of which you have read
From black and white all colors are made
if you but grow and appetite for how and why
and let your black and white, mix and fade
And send your mind far beyond the sky.
And doubt not in your mind but believe
That in the depth of your heart all colors lie
You can be as beautiful as a butterfly.

Andrew Ahile

As Expected

It was expected that I be this and be that
That I be him or I be her
That I be here or I be there
It was expected of me
To see what they saw
To do what they did
At the time it was expected of me
To be happy with what made them happy
To love who they loved
It was expected of me to be me
The me, that was prescribed to me
It was expected of me to be
till I was expected not to be
Love came along
And expected different of me
But as expected, I was expected
not to respect what my love expected
but I let go off all their expectations
And set sail to do what my love expected
And arrived with joy as expected
then I heard what I had never expected
it tore her apart, to know she would be rejected
Then I wished I was born different
Into a life that expected me to be truly me
this is my second and last expectation.
I expect to die now and be with her
I expect this poison to work, as expected.
~Ahile kashami Ahile~

Andrew Ahile

Before We Drown

Yes we all see
But believe what we will,
For all that we have
little we may accept.
Although much we may know
little it may show
knowledge,
a stream to drink from
but it drowns us
to lands unknown
where confusion is grown
one gulp then another
at no point we stop to wonder
till the light grows faint
as we drown to the yonder
our faces are white
our minds are dull
our hearts are cold
or lost after all
of the much that we know
and more that we own
thread carefully, and see
how beautiful it is to live,
if we are not as drunk as the sea.

Andrew Ahile

Betrayal

Was it not for you, I would have lied.
For so close we were tied
When I say this, know that I cried.
If trust ever stood so tall
It was built by me, in your hall
When it rained, only one name to call
When you stumbled, only one place to fall.
But a decent mind is hard to find
like the temptation of a eve, hard to bind
Or a friend just lost his mind
So when it was told
My heart grew cold
As pain and anger unfold
So be careful to trust
And of what you hear to judge
For they live fellows true and warm
And more fellows, dead and cold.
~Ahile kashami Ahile~

Andrew Ahile

Dead Hope

That school and clinic that lay uncompleted
Stem from the demise of doctor Toby
Whom the earth has accepted
Oh only if he was rejected
And shame put upon the so called selected
From whom only pride and greed is expected
Always full of resources to extinguish the humble and respected
Whose ideas love created
Whose innovation people oriented
So he was put to rest as we dreaded
For in the presence of the evil one it was expected
Our tears long exhausted
Our hope long deflated
And today for ignorance lives still terminated.
~Ahile kashami Ahile~

Andrew Ahile

Gone Sour

For what they once had
Men and even angels where glad
An ocean filled with love and affection
From sweet promises of care and protection
Sweet moment of joy and satisfaction
Long play in quiet places
As they sat staring with love on their faces
But like a dusty wind came confusion
Unguided expressions brought forth quick conclusions
Crazy impressions deposited like illusions
Ties that once stood on rock
Where on the verge of destruction
Misunderstanding brought distrust
Distrust brought bitterness
Bitterness took peace to war
For what they once had had gone sour

Andrew Ahile

Hero And Villain

They went through the forest to find him
As soon as it was known
Of the evil he had done
It became clear
Many words of praise of him they spoke
Of how he was admired by all folk
The wise testify of the wisdom he spoke
So the crowd stood still
As he was brought down from the ride
For blood came forth from his side
And mimicked the color of the earth
Karma upon him had brought death
He had killed a man the other night
He was their hero by day and a villain by night

Andrew Ahile

Ignorance

In our live mistakes are a daily threat
Inevitable as the scourge of death
Those words you speak arise from your breath
The after thought seldom yields regret
Yesterday your blue pen bled black
When it was your turn the sky turned dark
Your mind hungers for answers
Your time feeds on quick money and fantasy
Your companies appearance is common and undisputed
Its influence strange and undecided
Even as your mind seeks to be uncovered
The cure of falsehood must first be discovered
You do not behold your position
You are robed of direction
You dwell by absolute imitation
Always an inclusion never an exception
Your essence is unknown
Your seed of thought is ungrown
You are stuck to your present disposition
So the need of better-ways in your mind has no position
You accept mediocrity like religion
Throw away the possibility of advancement
You do not follow the sound of your heart beat
Nor the pulse of your mind
You have not sought the end of than bent street
so ignorance still has hold of your mind

Andrew Ahile

John

There was once a man named John
His wife was called the don
By those whose advice she had turned down
Her voice was as loud as a Dane gun
She was the worst thing that had happened to John
Her flaws he scarcely complained of
Because that's when the trouble begun
She always blamed her foes
Anytime the ills of her actions showed
You dirty this, you stinking that
Like the state of her children's clothes
She paid back trouble a hundred fold
And gave her neighbors horrid shows
"John is in the kitchen" so it was often told
For sometimes his wife was too old
But proved to have strength untold
Anytime John got too bold
Her words were harsh and very cold
Sometimes John did call out in dismay
"Won't I eat in this house today? "
"As you can see I am on my way"
"To a meeting with no time for aimless delay"
She was mean she was irrational
She always had something to say
It stunned those that knew her attitude
And to God for their families they gave gratitude
John was known to be quiet and short of words to say
So he drank as his days sailed away
And watched his wife lead his family astray
John's wife slipped and broke an arm one day
At the same spot where the body of John now lay
There was once a man called John
Who had a wife called the don.
And we would never know
If his life was duly lived
Or he would have changed the tune of his life's song.

Andrew Ahile

Like Time

For Gertrude Williams

My heart, gladend
by those little
pictures of you,
always on my mind
and that smile of yours,
one of a kind
although distance and time
sour our love like lime
we shall stand the test of time
and reap the future as a love mine
i be will yours as you are mine
i will be yours always as time.

Andrew Ahile

Little Things

Look, those little blocks
From which grew those little huts
Where made from little grains of sand
Though block greater than sand
And hut greater than brick
Greatness is dust
From east to west
Little particles rest
Often wiped and often swept
Often gathered hardly kept
Little actions and giant wars
Little actions and great love
Be thought anew of little words
Little frowns and little smiles
Gentle words and angry cries
Little time and idle whiles
Little words of ancient scribes
With little words and great love I bring you these little notes

Andrew Ahile

Love At First

I looked beyond her face and saw beauty
She was tall she was black
I thought she was twenty
I looked into her eyes and saw a home purity
Adorned with lights of sincerity
I went behind her soul and saw integrity
It grew by a river that flowed with dignity
I looked into her heart and saw love
And it rushed into my soul
And nothing has made me more whole
Till now that I stare into her soul.

Andrew Ahile

Michael Najime Ahile.

again and again, my heart breaks.
as memories flash, my heart aches.
the pain only grew worse
to God alone is known,

for what reason,
that sight be taken
and bones be broken
that words should go

and tears should flow
and man should try
mystery and pain should thrive
this thought, my head burdens

for what purpose was life,
to be seized from a man
a good man like mike
to be brought to his knees

through anguish and pain
like a wariror he fought,
again and again
a warrior bearing scars of hope

he smiled, and shone bright
like the spirit of the sun
with the stars, now lives his soul
and his love makes us whole.

till we meet, Never to part
you are a hero, my dad.

Andrew Ahile

My African Queen

For Gertrude My African Queen.

Behold the stare in thy eyes
Beautiful as roses spread out for miles
Undermine the beauty of butterflies
A glow over thy face as fire flies
To keep a smile that never dies
An ocean of passion that never dries
To make turn faces everywhere
And be subject of every stare
Pray is that I always be there
To watch a flower precious and rare
Over they body and over they hair
A flower of timeless care
And your voice and that song that you sing
The bell in my heart that rings
The peace and joy you bring
As nature beautiful pure and black
How beautiful to love a queen
How beautiful to love you
My African queen.

Andrew Ahile

Nigeria- The People That Say No Longer

Nigeria my country
Drowning in a pool of her blood
Spilled by her children
Nigeria, my country
Moving in a cycle
A cycle of greed and corruption
A cycle the races towards destruction
Nigeria, my beloved people
A people that thirst, a people that hunger
A people that now rise from their slumber
That long, deep and dangerous slumber
A people that say enough is enough! !
A people that shout change like thunder! !
A people that stomp their feet and say no longer! !
A people that now say No! !
To corrupt leaders
Say No! ! to incompetent leaders
No! ! to imposed leaders
No! ! to corruption
No! ! to mediocrity
No! ! to sycophancy
No! ! to tribalism
No! ! to religious bigotry
No! ! to inverse democracy
And say No to business as usual
Yes! ! Nigerian my people
A people that say No more.

Andrew Ahile

Nigeria: Our House Shatters

OUR HOUSE SHATTERS

Greed, it could not be need?
That fires our desire to feed
On the fruits and into the seed
That grow the tree on which we all should live
Green bright and safe as it should be
But for evil and greed
our house shatters
Starving from the basics of everything that matters
Blurring the line between servants and masters
Poisoning the minds of the young and restless
Leaving the pride of whom we are breathless.
So our house shatters
For by the ways of monsters
Our masters have handles maters
So our house shatters
Dividing our streams of knowledge,
Into stagnant ponds of ignorance.
Shedding the blood of our mothers children
Burying the hopes of our children's future.
Our house shatters
increasing our distance from the promised land.

Andrew Ahile

Not Me

My head beats at this realization.
i, a victim of dictatorship
created by the society i constitute.
my mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters
uncles and aunt
and those i hold true
whose conduct now confuse me,
plunge me deeper into darkness,
deeper into the pit of ignorance,
ignorance of the very soul that makes me
driven by desires unconsciously sown in me.
soon to rob me of my heritage,
steal me from my religion
that stole my belief,
that stole my faith,
i don't know this road i now travel,
this shadows i now follow.
am not what i am
or who i am,
i am who i seem to be,
not me.

Andrew Ahile

One Day

Let these words of mine speak of me
Even as they speak
Of what they do speak
For they are written in a language
That could not have been written
By none other but me
Wait as I may
Blessed like night and day
Without a will is without a way
Be sure to remind me of this day
When among the starts I lay
For it will come to pass
All that I say
With this will I will walk
And never stop by the way
Till I say thanks for this prayer that I now pray

Andrew Ahile

That We Know Not

We know not,
till we know that we know not
for there is much to know about a thing,
As little as a pin.
and knowledge as large as a ship
will rise from a man as humble as a sheep
that will be careful to talking
and more so to listen
will steady his steps as he walks
and be diligent in his work
and more so in his thought
and stop not until he knows
that he knows not,
beside what he knows.

Andrew Ahile

The Boy Who Would Never Shut His Mouth

So often the teacher stood
and begged for a silent mood
for the noise was as loud as it could
kashami, the loudest, did the class no good

His voice as sharp as the razor
was known by his mates and his neighbours
as the constant noise creator
his damage to the quiet was major.

on and on he went
till all his words were spent
and him his friends resent
for not a thing was learnt.

with threats to send him out
and a lock to shut his mouth
his mum would scream and shout
if but another word came from his mouth.

but still the noise went on
and on and on and on
every noisy day, just like the sun
till one Monday morn'

as he opened his mouth
he heard the whole class shout
and threw themselves right about
and sang together with a shout

"kashami cant -
shut up his mouth -
so says the ant -
that leaves in he's mouth"

and even as the bell rang
and rang and rang
they sang and sang and sang
he cried and cried and cried

to try and try and try
and try and try and try
to shut and shut and shut
his mouth his mouth his mouth.
so ends the story of the boy who would never shut his mouth.

Andrew Ahile

The Constant Sleep.

Before my constant sleep
I believe I knew
My left from my right
What was right and what was left
I new the sight of the sun
And the sound of river
Then slowly and quietly
The darkness came
Like a dream in my constant sleep
And stole my wisdom away
So her now I sit
Blind to the sounds of the world
Deaf to the light of the sun
It seems now like I am done
And all is lost
Like I live for nothing but breath
I could talk but I can find my voice
All that is left is my mind.
So wake up now my people
For this affliction comes
Slowly and quietly
Like a dream in your constant sleep.

Andrew Ahile

The Different Man

A man with a broken bottle in hand
Another with a bible by the stand
all with a conscience on their mind
to do good and evil in kind
One went to the butler
And the other to the alter
Prayers were said
And holy hands on his head laid.
But when he at last raised up his head
it was the man with the broken bottle instead

Andrew Ahile

The Stream

Even dawn does not clear the confusion
It goes to the stream to fetch fire
The truth almost an illusion
Seen by the dreamy eyes
In a sleep of reason, love and justice
Those eyes that recognize the stream that takes life
The know the fruits that bring life
But darkness blinds those who do not dream
And blinds even more those whose dream they do not seek
Who have forgotten the enemy
And now dine with it
Who think in the absence of the mind
Who have gone to the stream and have not returned
The stream that has made them precious fish
That stream has drowned their thought
That stream has drowned their history
The stream that will one day drown them.

Andrew Ahile

There Came Fire

Fire, and a heart of darkness was broken
Open the potent of actions and words
mis-spoken
Right and wrong the ten commandments lay open
After the fire all wail was vain
Jericho my joy, it fell like rain
Under my nose turned dust and pain
Much to me was given, a gift to behold
Among many flowers beautiful and bold
Unread, a book as priceless as gold
Deep lies the pain of a treasure that was
East to west my darkness i curse
Hell is sorrow but pain was worse
Alas, the fruit of knowledge is ripe
For a man of this type
A naive plumber, a liking pipe
Alas, For the fire did provide
A scroll of reason by which to abide
A shelter of hope in which to reside
A road of faith on which i ride.

Andrew Ahile

Today Is Yesterday

Just like today, is yesterday.
i still see the sun as it walked away,
the wind still slaps my face,
promise still under rug.
yesterday is today. action stillborn,
just like the other day.
our heads are heavy, our tongues light,
just like yesterday,
i know exactly what he is going to say,
'tomorrow will come'.
true, to some for years and others for generations,
that wait for that tomorrow
that will never come.

Andrew Ahile

When I Closed My Eyes Again.

I open my eyes again i see that light through idle holes of ageing tach bumpy paths and paitient whealth stoborn grass and virgin earth priceless scrolls of ancient birth i open my eyes again but its all gone passed away when i closed my eyes again

Andrew Ahile

When The Going Gets Tough

When the going gets tough
And the see gets rough
When in the middle of people who have had enough
You find yourself
When the story does not get better
And the tunnels end seems always to move further
And your face no longer can make to smile
When you wish, someone else you where just for a while
When you have always been asking the question why
When on your face you always feel a frown
And in your mind there always is a pain
And in your eyes, the tears always seem to be
Just cry and then wipe the tears dry
And rid your self of your rage
Be the strength and the confidence
Be the hope and the unity
Just believe
Start the work and Start the love
Start the peace and bring the happiness
And let your pain go away.
For as the world abounds with problems
So does it abound with solutions.

Andrew Ahile

You Are Beautiful

You are beautiful I know
And I know that you know
And I know you have been told
By thousands or so
More beautiful than most
I know your have been told
But I doubt if you are aware
Of exactly how beautiful you are
For I can see what you are
By my wisdom that is old
That you are as beautiful as you are
You are too beautiful to compare
Not with diamond, nor with gold.
You are beautiful I know

Andrew Ahile