

Poetry Series

Anthony Ulochukwu Mbachu



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Mbachu Anthony Ulochukwu is a poet, educator, and guide of purposeful journeys where faith, creativity, and service meet. Nigeria born with a global outlook, he blends reflective writing, mentorship, and hospitality to help others find clarity, direction, and meaning. Quietly driven, he believes growth is a sacred path walked with courage and grace.



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L'espérance

There have been nights when we've cried
When depression pressed incessantly,
when minutes and seconds tick slower like hours and days.

We recline to bottles and music for relieve,
but problems and bills never mind waiting for the daybreak,
while worries and arrows rise again to perpetuate.

'I should ask for help' the biggest option.
But who isn't stuck, with insusceptible excuse
awaiting for who runs scape-grace.

Its personal now!
You should let the thinking brain think
and get the unfeeble hands to work.
Its time to hope less and face the rigors of the mundane.

Sure, its life,
we are acquainted with anger and fears,
stormed by hatred and tribal wars.
We live where our breeze blows in hurricane form,
And it makes us who we are.

Because its life,
we will survive stampedes and smile at our slanders
Its never over if we haven't succeed,
victory is our thing and it will always meet us in good shape.

We are graced and manifesting...

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Switch

Where my joy lies,
there my pains grow,
in a slight switch
through the tiny line swift.

Swinging my mind, to and fro its fears,
within the bragging confidence, shades my frailty.

Struck in the weak spine,
I rarely moved but stood numb
in a dripping heart,
pierced with thorns of the lovely hibiscus I once adored.

How slowly a precious apple seed kills.
How suddenly the deepest love
paves way for hate in the swearing heart that once vowed.

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Reckon

We shall explain our reasons better
In gloomy rainbow days,
Sitting before the firelight
Of the smiling nights.

When grudges are long gone
And childhood/youth malice stands abash.
When the happy tales of old days
Bottles the hostile instincts half dead in us.

We shall reckon the silence of a true friend in his works
And separate the busy
From the snubs.

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Aging Boy

Its quarantine and the radar ticks
Aspirations staggering uncertain
Periodical dream swinger
Hear thy overlooked gifts' plea

Funky for a boyfriend
Junky for a husband
Clever dick and smart-aleck
On an empty pocket

Hey! Do you copy! Mama calls
Home's homely girl needed
Debt be paid, now or never
Promises not opium anymore

It's the landlord's bill, Dad calls
Shelter shared, food as well
Bills shared, love embrace
Hitherto, calls response grow dim.

Instagram king, home wreck
Fly to city, perch in piety homes
Sing the host's praise unabashed
Get the free meal on alloy dish

A ready soul, a lucky self
A mellowed mind, a changed being
Epicurize the tippest moment
While the ticking clock stares the aging boy

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