

Poetry Series

**Anugo J. Edoka**  
**- poems -**

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## Anugo J. Edoka(09th November 1988)

an idealist, social activist, whose childhood was marred by societal chaos and disorderliness, especially in the streets of onitsha, witnessing the brutal and fetish bakassi boys who severed armed robbers's heads alongside other body parts before setting them ablaze in a proud showiness, lost his mother while 13 and had to grow up under his kind step mother together with his younger brother studied theatre arts in the university of Port Harcourt Nigeria, first son of a polygamous family of three, draws, paints and have written two yet to be published THE BUTTERFLY and ONCE UPON A LIFE, books among others short stories and plays, Edoka is a writer who reflects the strength of his African heritage and struggle for an equal, equitable and better Nigeria through his works.

# Am African

I am the flesh that barricades the wild spirit of nature  
From hills and huts, of ancestors to continue a lineage  
I belong to the soils, a master piece, the gods' very own measure  
I speak to the trees, aware of the spirits, mine is a divine linkage.

I am of customs, of traditions to preserve the very essence of life  
In rituals and rites have my soul been forged  
Am a warrior  
Am a hunter  
Am a herbalist  
Am a god's priest  
Am the son  
I am the daughter  
Representing a land like a sea unto which all wish to dive.

I am not black, but I can be defined by beauty's colour  
Through my blood flows the pain of some disturbed past  
For in remembering my past do I do my future honour  
I survive for I am the land upon which slavery saw its last.

I am a legion, like a million ant with a thousand tongue  
Am a people entrenched with tribes numbers fear to count  
I am the river that transits the souls of the mortal song  
Am the shoulders upon which great many heads mount.

Am of facial marks and mortal wounds  
Call me ugly for all you care, you may never again witness the beauty;  
In crawling on hot baked mud in toddling days  
In hunting beasts that ravaged half of our animal farm  
In climbing the iroko on bare foot and naked palm  
In unaided tussle and utter manual labour.

I walk through caves leaving traces for generations unborn  
Forest to forest lies my unflinching strength to explore;  
The powers of nature as can leave a foreigner undone  
And staunchly daunting quests he dares not endure.

I am the roaring lion in the fields  
The skittering legs of the hill antelopes

The colobus monkey with the venom of a green mamba  
The perceptible ghosts of the unruffled but abysmal Niger  
Through the hot plains of the Sahara to the vegetation of the savanna  
Am from slopes and lakes to the deserts and valleys  
From the pyramids to the climbing phases of the Kilimanjaro.

I was born African  
Am a beast from the evil forests of Zanzibar  
With sweat rolling down my cheek under the merciless sun  
I resist, sneering at challenges for uncultured is my culture  
When I go north, I go as Africa  
If I die, let the women do the surugede dance  
Let our young cavalcade in masks and masquerades  
For all I am is nothing but extraordinarily, African.

Anugo J. Edoke

# I Am Poetry

How I got here I know not  
In my childhood poetry I knew not  
Like I have been possessed  
With the spirit of poetry have I been accessed

A gift i never would have desired  
A present I have so much acquired  
This is who I now am  
And poetry a weapon to my arm

Fighting my battle and war  
Soothing my nerves like a whore  
Mother would have never imagined  
but this spirit is ever determined

With it have I walked the sea  
Gave my eyes sight to see  
The charms to have won a woman's heart  
Magic to keep her love  
And deft touch to smooth her rough

Poetry groomed me into a fine man  
A great ole boy from unknown clan  
Taught me to gaze  
With hope in hopeless days

To stand up and not to cower  
Even with restricted power  
Hate poetry  
Hate the soul of a thousand  
Kill poetry  
Kill the concubines of a dreaded husband

Poetry kills the life filled pain  
My name is poetry, poetry is my name  
I know not when I was born  
I die every day and again reborn  
I have lived forever and forever shall I live



# I Exist

I am convinced by the winds tonight  
I can exhale the breeze of freedom  
Like a bird surfing the skies in delight  
I am now aware I exist in this kingdom

When my fear comes lurking like a May day  
It is you who lift me from those slumbers  
The sea of sensations, to which you led the way  
I feel my wings grow like a million numbers

I have changed my regalia of thought  
I wore smirks and grin to my sorrow's burial  
I sleep with ease for my war has been fought  
I exist because your love has no denial

Anugo J. Edoke

# If I Say I Love You

Days without you are like years without rain,

like waters without depth,

I dream to dream of you

Under your illusions, shackled in bliss

For your rumbling thoughts

Drained of energy to escape your clinging grasp

On my humbling soul, am glad in your captive clutch,

To live to die wit u and to die to live for you, I said it with love

To be loved is to be enlivened, to turn back on prior malign mouths

To be concerned with nothing but i and so do I you

In tomorrow's uncertainties

If I live through it, you must have seen me through it

I heard charms, apparently your specialty

Mysterious linkage to my spiritual being

Ancestral prophecies brought fourth through our generation

A match made before the gods that serves the God that be

If I walk through realms, I need not fear to falter nor fumble

With your thoughts I'd kill Medusa with my eyes fixed upon hers

If I die, I'll come back for you, I said with courage

I see



I feel

I touch

I hear

I smell

I smile

I fly and I bask

Take you away I don't and wont

Understatement that hides under the shadows of an overstatement

To pride in my ego is to throw away the moments we have so made ours

What if I said you're my life?

Would the skies cave in?

What if they do?

What do I care?

I dug no grave nor crafted a cage for my conscience

Let it speak for me and my feelings act

If I said I love you, I said it with honesty

Anugo J. Edoaka

# Left Again

Again I wept  
I'd light a candle but it is not our culture  
Only if this pain can be easily swept  
Death above us have hovered like a preying vulture

Anugo J. Edoaka

# Memories Of Joe

Of deprived privileges did I grow  
Living on mama's little nest of unending milk  
The tears were drawn as winter drew snow  
Tender was her love and all in its ilk

She died  
I grew

And times trying to erase the memories of Joe  
The womb that held me for unresolved painful months  
The hands that griped my vibrating self in convulsive days  
Left a soothing scar on my face, my hands and my feet  
Taught me for a while some disciplined ways  
To fall and get back on my feet  
Here I am  
For I have always remembered, Mother

Anugo J. Edoka

# Murdering The Republic

Incessant flow of corruption  
Marginalization of the minority  
Tentacles of a spoiled federalism  
Signs of incipient unrest

Colony of misled termites  
Biting through its own base  
Enmeshed in some rued rigor  
As can repent the devil

Tribalism in religious pretense  
Batches of misguided youth  
Loss of patriots  
And abundance of democratic hullabaloo

Ever absent president  
With judicial conspiracies  
Flaunting their ineptitude  
And mediocrity in bolt speed, came calling.

Anugo J. Edoke

# My Life Is A Cold War

I have carried this lump of expectations  
From inclination and birth  
In accordance of lineage  
Since bats knew not where they belong  
My eyes have gazed for so long;  
At those biggest pictures  
Rumours has it that am lost  
But in the race to redeem one's self  
I found my self missing  
I grew into my elements  
And forgot who they think I ever was  
I have found no beauty in reality  
Nor succour in fantasy  
This now is the life from which I strive  
My ears are deaf even to me  
And my legs numb to go back  
Let the air disperse my name like a disease  
Through the narrow spheres of life  
Before these sands integrate my dust  
Let the people of my Father's village;  
Remember me not as my Father's son  
But as a boy who came, who tried;  
And if I died smiling, a man who lived  
But that's by the way  
Allow me live enough to think of dying  
For I live in Einstein's solitude  
Teaching my self lessons life hides from me  
If I pass across as eccentric  
I am stuck somewhere in between personalities  
From where my true self surfaces often;  
And crawls back into stark oblivion  
My story is a journey  
That's how I knew my journey would be a story  
Whichever way you saw it  
The wrong person must have told it  
For they will never tell you their own vices;  
In the hating, in the loathing and segregation

ANUGO J. EDOKA.©?

Anugo J. Edoke

# On Love's Own Day

ON LOVES OWN DAY

Am the one  
I come with brimstone, I come with fire  
For you are the one  
I come with everything your heart desire.

On love's own day  
As we envisage what happy after is all about  
I'll show you that magic is nothing but reality in a way;  
Set in tone by fantasies wanting out.

How meaningless have "I love you" become?  
Ours is a passion cast in stones  
Whose fate is as that of a journey with no return  
Our destination heaven, with its own thrones.

On loves very own date  
I give me in its entirety, my wholeheartedly  
To have you and be had in any state  
As I let love lead us singlehandedly.

Anugo J. Edoke

# Rise Of The Phoenix

I believed i was a citizen of the world  
but one blue Sunday eve  
I was asked where i came from  
I would answer right away  
but am i expected to respond?  
Is the world so very eager?  
to rid life of me

I have bled from cruelty's cut  
my blood came gushing cold  
frozen like my bone was iced  
i chose to transit willingly

I stand sited  
envisaging a better day  
for i died of this world  
I'd say from my flinching mind  
am the last of a valiant kind

lo as i resurrect  
know you this, you serpent sons of men  
behind this rugged appear  
lies a woman's son and a brother's brother  
for if you ate at my funeral  
I expect your presence at my awakening  
to witness as I, Anugo son of Agbasielo Edoaka  
from my own still grilling ashes, rise

Anugo J. Edoaka



# The Autobiography Of A Great Nation

I am that I am  
A face that bears thousand tongue  
Proud mother hen, shielding millions of tribes  
Grand architect of billions of towering strides  
I am a model, the very inspiration behind great songs

I am a people of a people  
United in the midst of a staggering fate  
Embracing peace like the sun doth the earth  
I dream of tomorrow after yesterday's death  
Never shall I let war again through my colourful gate

I am a land in a land  
Yielding grains for all that march on me  
Plains upon which strong characters are found  
A lactating mother whose flow of milk knows no bound  
The very soil that bears all that is to be

I am a country, a nation  
Sprung from history, of times precarious and hard  
But I am of faith, of hope in these hopeless times  
Patient and praying I do not dance off this lines  
For my strength is in my populace, weapon nobody ever had.

I am Nigeria, the famous green and white  
Adorning the zeal of the Hausa  
Coated with the elegance of the Yoruba  
And crowned with the wealthy pride of the Igbo  
I am greater than I am perceived  
Beautiful than I am painted  
Bigger than I look  
I am the heart of a continent  
The very soul of Africa  
Fulfilled mother of proud sons  
And thousands of years to come, I will still be here

Anugo J. Edoaka

# Three Decades

Suddenly at cross roads  
In the middle of a limbo  
At the tail end of false hopes  
Failed plunge, postponed leap

How soon have soon become soon?  
Only I knows  
How much till enough is enough?  
Only God knows

Am in the middle of the sea  
Amidst wicked waves  
On troubled waters  
Gliding, heaving away

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Anugo J. Edoa

# Time Traveler

I must be a time traveler lost in the present  
I feel out of place in this generation  
The music will kill Mozart the second time  
The tempo is too fast  
Many untalented folks are into it these days  
The dance is rhythmic but the dancers are crazy  
The food is junk and real food is going into extinction  
Art is compromised, its essence and representation  
Beauty is now imposed rather than perceived  
The fashion is deluded as can humor demons  
Technology advanced but at human well-being detriment  
It's an open world that one would think is about ending  
Men has been dogs but recently they have been cross bred  
Pretenders, psychological predators, not God's image in any way  
The women are butt naked and the ones clothed have no brain  
Because they want men with money, men with money mess around with them  
They're either shaking their butts at night clubs like some animal in a circus  
Or warming some CEO's bed in their cooperate society  
It is hard to pick a wife in this time  
The children have no ideal model to learn from  
As they now watch soft porn in the name of entertainment  
Because they live in a time when people have become careless  
They grow into social hooligans  
No respect and the internet has given them a platform to show case it  
They have no identity  
It is even scarier to have a child in such an ambivalent time  
Than to go into the war front with just one bullet in one's armor  
People have become so violent and have lost the values for dialogue  
Socialism is dead  
You can't have a decent conversation anymore  
Either you're talking to a pervert or someone who is hell bent on making money  
they wrong way  
People's opinions these days are either useless or destructive  
No love for country no solidarity absolutely rogue souls  
Rebels with no reason and moral slanderers  
I cannot help but to bemoan the politics of the day  
Very few people oriented politicians  
Snatching the life out of the state  
You can't speak of faith without being bewildered

Indirectly, it landed this generation into this mess  
Consistently smuggling souls through hell's gate as they have made a pact with  
the devil  
I wish this is one big dream from which I hope to wake up

Anugo J. Edoaka

# Transition

Of spirits, of souls are we  
Of the divine to encapsulate the least  
From realms mortal eyes may never see  
Fleshly hinged on the existence of an abrupt midst

Of reincarnated hope are we  
To breathe through the essence of life's wrist  
Faith in fate's very own plea  
Unbridled lease of life empowered like a fist

Of life, of death are we  
In grace to last the eternal hands of time  
Of dust to decay, so remember this thee  
That in all, we fall from this climb

Anugo J. Edoaka

# Warrior's Decree

The tune of the song stays same  
But we chose to change the dance  
Ignoring consequences in the windows of shame  
Leaving no actions to the hands of chance

We have plundered  
Like the leaves we have withered  
Will like rain; we have been filtered  
Alas! We have conquered

The future may bear grudges  
To cripple our fate with no clutches

Like a legion of lions  
We will roar  
On these forbidden hills  
On we shall power  
Unlike the withdrawing snails  
We will never cower

Tested might be our guts  
But in rampaging force shall our power exude  
The show must go on  
For if today dies tomorrow lives.

Anugo J. Edeka