

Poetry Series

Daniel Ukwe
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2023

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Daniel Ukwe()

I am a writer, an author and a poet, I am also a graduate of electrical engineering, but had a twist in my love for poetry and the art of life that has propelled and fuelled this love for the spirituality in the art of life.



PoemHunter.com

Dogs Eat Dog(S)

In this dog-eat-dog world we live,
Where the strong prey on the weak,
It takes a resilient spirit to survive,
And a strong mind to avoid defeat.

Amidst the chaos and the strife,
It's easy to lose sight of hope,
But those with unwavering will and life,
Will always find a way to cope.

For they know that failure is not the end,
But merely a chance to begin anew,
And with every setback, they ascend,
Stronger, wiser, and more true.

So let the dogs bark and the wolves howl,
For the resilient ones will stand tall,
With a spirit unbreakable, unbowed,
And a mind that can conquer all.

They'll weather every storm and trial,
With a steadfast resolve to succeed,
For in this dog-eat-dog world, their style,
Is to rise above, and to lead.

Daniel Ukwé

Sleep!

Sleep is a mythology!
Suffice to say it's origin and genealogy
It is a soul's journey to explore the unknown
Like Mida's fantasy you're drawn into spiritual lawn,

The flesh is physical, the mind is spiritual
Sleep is a template for the body's spiritual journey
It is a routine practice that later converts to a story,
Whatever level you are in the physical,
You can climb the highest mountain in sleep because it's spiritual,

Sleep is a mythology!
Not a dreamer's right or inheritance, because sleep is not by genealogy
Sometimes in sleep, darkness wrecks havoc,
Nonetheless, in sleep you can envision
And when light shines you can make it a mission,
Yet in the place of sleep, some lost their breath,
Because sleep is the cousin of death!

Daniel Ukwé



PoemHunter.com

Nonsense Of Tribalism.

In the depths of our humanity,
We often find a tendency,
To group ourselves in tribes so tight,
That we forget what's wrong or right.

We call ourselves by different names,
And play these arbitrary games,
Of who's in and who's out, you see,
It's all just nonsense, really.

For though our skin may be diverse,
And customs different, that's no curse,
It's just the way that life has been,
And it's not a reason to begin,

To hate each other, to draw lines,
To treat each other as if we're swine,
To turn our backs on empathy,
And let tribalism run free.

For deep down, we are all the same,
And playing these divisive games,
Will only lead to pain and strife,
And a lower quality of life.

So let's embrace our differences,
And see them as our greatest strengths,
And strive to build a world where we,
Can all live in harmony.

Daniel Ukwé

Translate My Tribe

Translate my tribe,
Our language unknown,
Our customs unique,
Our history untold.

Our roots run deep,
In the earth we tread,
Our traditions bind us,
To the spirits of the dead.

Our songs hold power,
To heal and to teach,
Our dances speak volumes,
Without ever a speech.

Our land is our mother,
Our sky our father,
Our connection to nature,
Cannot be severed.

Translate my tribe,
So that you may see,
The beauty in difference,
And the value in diversity.

Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

In And Out Of Worship

In and out of worship we go,
Sometimes our faith does ebb and flow.
We seek to find a higher power,
But doubt can darken like a shower.

In moments of great joy or pain,
We turn to God, our fears to tame.
But when life's blessings overflow,
Our gratitude can quickly go.

We may find solace in routine,
The steady beat of prayers we glean.
Yet other times we crave surprise,
A burst of faith to shake our guise.

We come together, join in song,
And yet we often feel alone.
For all our rituals and our rites,
Our doubts and fears persist in sight.

But still we seek to touch the divine,
To glimpse a truth that's hard to find.
In and out of worship we'll roam,
Hoping one day to find our home

Daniel Ukwé

Wedlock Of Corruption.

In the shadow of the night,
Lies a union built on might,
A wedlock of corruption,
Hidden from the public's sight.

The groom is power and greed,
The bride is deceit and need,
Their vows are empty promises,
Their love is nothing but a seed.

They dance a dance of deception,
And weave a web of lies,
They rule with an iron fist,
And their subjects pay the price.

They care not for the people,
Their only goal is wealth,
They laugh at the cries of the poor,
And ignore their nation's health.

Their bond is strong and unbreakable,
For they share a common goal,
To enrich themselves at any cost,
And devour the nation whole.

But one day the people will rise,
And break the chains that bind,
They'll tear down the walls of corruption,
And leave no stone unturned behind.

For a wedlock of corruption,
Can never stand the test of time,
It's built on lies and broken dreams,
And will crumble with a single chime.

Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

Black-Sheep

Black sheep of the family,
So different from the rest,
An outsider looking in,
With sadness in your chest.

You don't quite fit the mold,
Or meet their expectations,
You struggle to belong,
Amidst their celebrations.

They criticize and judge,
But you hold your head up high,
For you know that being different,
Is not something to deny.

Embrace your unique self,
For you are one of a kind,
And though you may feel alone,
Your individuality will shine.

Black sheep of the family,
You may not be their clone,
But you have your own gifts to give,
And a path that's all your own.

Daniel Ukwé

Lord's Of Poverty

In lands both near and far,
Where people struggle day by day,
There reigns a force so dark and mar,
A curse that will not go away.

The lords of poverty hold sway,
Their grip so tight, it will not yield,
Their power grows with every day,
Their greed will never be healed.

They take what little people have,
And leave them with nothing more,
They leave them to suffer and starve,
And walk away with all the score.

They sit upon their golden thrones,
And watch the world go by,
They care not for the people's groans,
Or the tears that they make them cry.

They revel in their luxury,
And bathe in the blood of the poor,
They turn a blind eye to the misery,
And leave them to suffer more.

Their wealth is built on others' pain,
And their power built on others' shame,
They use their might to keep them slain,
And their riches to protect their name.

The lords of poverty are not of flesh,
They're a force that rules the land,
Their grip so tight, it makes a mesh,
That none can break, by any hand.

Their power grows with every day,
Their greed will never be healed,
In lands both near and far, they hold sway,
A curse that will not go away.

Daniel Ukwe

Nemesis!

Nemesis, the goddess of retribution,
A fearsome force of divine execution,
She watches from the shadows with eyes of fire,
Waiting for the wicked to face their final hour.

She's the punisher of hubris and excess,
The enforcer of balance and fairness,
She cannot be bribed, she cannot be swayed,
Her judgment is final, her verdict obeyed.

Her justice is swift, her vengeance relentless,
No one can escape her wrath, not even the greatest,
She strikes without warning, with a thunderous force,
And brings down the mighty from their ivory towers.

No mortal can stand before her face,
No plea or excuse can escape her embrace,
For she sees through the lies, she sees through the mask,
And she metes out justice without mercy or task.

The proud and the arrogant, the corrupt and the vile,
All fall before her, their fate they cannot beguile,
For Nemesis is the embodiment of fate,
And none can evade her ultimate mandate.

So beware, all ye who would dare to transgress,
For Nemesis watches, and her vengeance is merciless,
And if you cross her, you'll soon come to know,
That Nemesis strikes the final and fatal blow.

Daniel Ukwe

So Take My Eyes!

So take my eyes, and see for me
All the beauty that surrounds
The colors of the sunset's hue
The stars that fill the night with sounds

Take my eyes and gaze upon
The world in all its glory
The mountains standing tall and strong
The oceans telling their own story

See the flowers in the field
Their petals soft and bright
The birds that fly with grace and skill
Their wings reflecting light

Take my eyes and see for me
All the wonders of this place
The love that flows from heart to heart
The beauty in each face

For if I cannot see it all
I trust that you will show
The beauty in this world we live
And all its wondrous glow.

Daniel Ukwé

Witchcraft

In the shadows of the night, where the moonbeams shine,
And the winds howl with a chilling spine,
There's a world beyond our own, where the witches dwell,
A world of magic and mystery, where spells are cast and tales do tell.

With their cauldrons and broomsticks, their potions and charms,
The witches of the night weave their web of arms.
They call upon the spirits, the elements of earth and sky,
And with a flick of their wrists, they cast their spells and fly.

For they are the witches, the keepers of the ancient ways,
The masters of the craft, who harness the power of the blaze.
They chant their incantations, as they dance around the fire,
And with each passing moment, their magic grows ever higher.

The witches of the night, with their wisdom and their might,
Can bend the very fabric of reality, with their sight.
They see beyond the veil, into the realms of the unseen,
And with their craft, they unlock the secrets of the in-between.

For the witches know, that magic is not just a trick,
But a power that flows through everything, that's quick.
It's the energy that connects us all, that binds us in this life,
And with their craft, the witches can tap into its endless might.

And so, in the shadows of the night, where the witches roam,
We see a world beyond our own, where the magic's grown.
A world of wonder and awe, where the impossible comes to life,
And where the witches cast their spells, with wisdom and with strife.

For they are the witches, the masters of the craft,
The keepers of the ancient ways, who've forged a path.
A path of magic and mystery, that leads to the unknown,
And with their craft, they'll guide us, into the realms of the unknown.

Daniel Ukwé

Her Scent!

Her Scent

Her scent, a fragrant breeze,
That swirls around my being,
Enveloping me in its sweet embrace,
And stirring my heart to life.

It speaks of roses in full bloom,
Of lilies in the morning dew,
Of lavender fields in summer,
And jasmine on a moonlit night.

It whispers secrets of her essence,
Of the beauty that lies within,
Of the softness of her touch,
And the sweetness of her smile.

It lingers on my skin,
A memory of her presence,
A reminder of her grace,
And the love that we share.

Her scent, a precious gift,
A treasure to behold,
A reminder of the love we share,
And the beauty of her soul.

Daniel Ukwe

Old School Love.

Old school love,
the kind that lasts,
where hearts are joined
and time moves fast.

Where hand in hand
and heart to heart,
two souls entwine
and never part.

Where love is patient
and love is kind,
and every moment
brings peace of mind.

Where trust is earned
and loyalty true,
and every day
brings something new.

Old school love,
the kind that endures,
where passion burns
and romance ensures.

Where laughter flows
and tears are shed,
and nothing can break
the bond that's bred.

So let us cherish
this love so rare,
and keep it burning
with tender care.

For old school love
is the kind that's real,
a treasure beyond
all worldly appeal

Daniel Ukwe

Where I Belong

Where I belong, oh where could that be?
Is it in the mountains or by the sea?
Maybe in a bustling city street,
Or in a quiet town with fields of wheat?

I've searched high and low, far and wide,
For a place where my heart can reside.
But no matter where I go or what I do,
I can't shake this feeling, this yearning so true.

It's a pull in my chest, a whisper in my ear,
Telling me that my true home is near.
I close my eyes and take a deep breath,
And in that moment, I feel closer to death.

But then I hear a familiar sound,
And I know that I'm finally homeward bound.
It's the laughter of friends, the warmth of a hug,
The feeling of love that envelops like a snug.

So where I belong isn't a physical place,
But in the hearts of those who know my face.
It's the memories we've made and the ones yet to come,
And the knowledge that I'm not alone, I'm someone.

Daniel Ukwé

Dreams We Pick

In the world of endless possibilities,
We choose the dreams we seek.
We pluck them from the field of imagination,
And let our hopes take a peak.

Some dream of climbing mountains high,
While others yearn to fly.
Some dream of love that never fades,
While others want to touch the sky.

We pick our dreams with care and thought,
For they are what inspire.
They give us the strength to carry on,
When life's struggles seem dire.

With each dream we pick, we take a step,
Towards a life that's bright and true.
For dreams are what make us who we are,
And help us see our journey through.

So pick your dreams with hope and joy,
And let your heart take flight.
For when you chase your dreams with passion,
The world will be a sight.

Dreams we pick are the seeds we sow,
And the stars that guide our way.
May we never forget to dream,
And let our spirits soar each day.

Daniel Ukwe

Pictures

A million little stories in each frame,
Pictures that capture moments, never the same,
A glance, a smile, a tear that falls,
A memory frozen in time that calls.

Each picture holds a world of its own,
A story waiting to be told and shown,
From the grandest landscapes to a tiny bloom,
Each tells a tale, a glimpse into a room.

A million little stories, each unique,
A window to the past, a memory to seek,
A family gathered, a loved one lost,
A life's journey, a bridge that's crossed.

Each picture holds a moment in time,
A treasure trove of memories, a joy sublime,
The laughter and tears, the hopes and fears,
A million little stories that last for years.

So hold those pictures close, cherish each one,
For they are a part of you, they cannot be undone,
A million little stories, woven together,
A tapestry of life, that lasts forever.

Daniel Ukwé

The Boy Slave

Born into bondage,
A slave boy's life begun
Chains and shackles,
His only companion

Day after day,
Toiling in the sun
His spirit unbroken,
His hope not undone

Dreaming of freedom,
Of a life beyond
The fields and the whip,
A life he could respond

He prayed for deliverance,
For a chance to be free
To run in the wind,
And breathe liberty

The nights were his solace,
Where he'd gaze at the stars
Wondering if somewhere,
There lay a life without bars

His faith never wavered,
Even when things were bleak
He knew in his heart,
Freedom was within reach

For he was a slave boy,
But his spirit was strong
And though he was captive,
His heart sang freedom's song

One day he knew,
The time would be right
To seize his chance,
To escape into the night

He'd run through the fields,
Leaving slavery behind
His eyes set on the horizon,
Freedom his only bind

For the slave boy knew,
His life was worth more
Than the chains and the pain,
Of the life he had before

And so he ran,
Toward a life yet unknown
His heart full of hope,
His spirit finally flown.

Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

City People

Amidst the concrete towers tall,
The city people live and sprawl.
Rushing through the crowded streets,
They move as if with pounding beats.

A blur of cars and flashing lights,
The city never sleeps at night.
Its pulse is fast, its breath is quick,
Its life is like a fevered tick.

The people here are always on,
Their minds consumed from dusk till dawn.
They work hard, they play hard too,
Their time is precious, this they knew.

Yet in this world of steel and glass,
They find a way to make it last.
They share their moments, joys and woes,
Their stories woven through the flows.

They find a way to make it home,
In a place that's strange yet not alone.
Their lives are like a tapestry,
Of colours, threads, and memories.

So though the city may be tough,
Its people always show enough.
For in their hearts, they know it's true,
Their city's pulse beats strong and true!

Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

Dance: The Art Of Warfare

A sacred dance, a spiritual flight
In the realm of the divine, our souls take flight
With each step we take, we honor the divine
And let our spirits soar, like a bird in its prime

The music we hear, is the melody of the divine
Guiding us in our steps, like a loving sign
We move with grace, in a cosmic embrace
Dancing to the rhythm, of the universe's pace

Our hearts open wide, to the blessings that flow
As we dance in reverence, to the divine's glow
Our bodies move with ease, in a state of bliss
As we surrender to the moment, and all that it is

In this dance, we connect with all that is pure
And feel the divine's love, that will always endure
Our souls are uplifted, and our spirits renewed
In this spiritual dance, our connection is true

So let us dance, in this sacred space
With reverence and love, and a state of grace
For in this moment, we are one with the divine
Dancing in harmony, in a cosmic design.

Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

The Burning Bush

Moses, wandering in the desert sand,
Encountered a sight that made him understand,
A bush that burned, yet was not consumed,
A miracle before him, it seemed to loom.

Approaching with caution, he heard a voice,
A command that made him tremble and rejoice,
"Remove your shoes, for you are on holy land,
I am the God of your fathers, understand."

Moses fell to his knees, overwhelmed with awe,
The voice continued, "I have seen my people's plight and flaw,
I will send you to Pharaoh to demand their release,
With my power and strength, you will bring them peace."

Moses was hesitant, unsure of his task,
But the voice assured him, "I will be with you, do not ask,
Go forth, and trust in me, for I am the one true God,
And through you, my people will escape from the oppressor's rod."

With renewed faith, Moses rose to his feet,
And set out on his journey with a heart full of heat,
For he knew he was chosen for a noble cause,
To lead his people to freedom, in accordance with God's laws.

The burning bush remained, a symbol of divine grace,
A reminder of the miracle that had taken place,
And Moses, inspired by the flame that burned without end,
Led his people to the promised land, where they could finally mend
Ukwe AD

Daniel Ukwe

Hope

Hope is a child in the midst of a storm,
Braving the winds, her spirit still warm,
With a smile on her face, she looks up high,
As the clouds roll by, she sees the clear sky.

She dances in puddles, without a care,
Her laughter a melody, filling the air,
She knows that the rain won't last forever,
And that the sun will shine, oh so clever.

Though the thunder booms, and the lightning strikes,
Hope is not afraid, her heart still hikes,
For in her innocence, she knows the truth,
That after the rain, there will be new youth.

Hope is a child, with a heart so pure,
Her faith in life, forever secure,
She knows that even in the darkest of nights,
The stars will shine, and bring new sights.

So let us be like Hope, when life gets rough,
Let us keep our faith, even when it's tough,
For just like the child in the storm's embrace,
Hope will guide us to a brighter place

Daniel Ukwé

The Bitter One's Leave

Bitter one's leave, their journey done,
Their time with us, now forever gone.
Memories they've left, still linger on,
Of laughter and love, now replaced by a dawn.

Their laughter still echoes, in the wind so light,
Their smile still shines, in the stars at night.
But the bitter one's leave, has cast a shadow bright,
A reminder of loss, a constant sight.

But even as they go, their spirit lives on,
Their love still shines, like the sun at dawn.
Their influence remains, in the words we've grown,
A part of us always, in our hearts has flown.

So let us hold tight, to the bitter one's leave,
And cherish the memories, they've left us to keep.
For in their goodbye, they've taught us to believe,
That love lives on, even in our grief!

Daniel Ukwé

When We Were Young

When we were young and carefree,
We'd dance in the rain with wild glee,
Splashing in puddles and feeling free,
Our laughter echoing through the trees.

Our clothes would cling, our hair a mess,
But we didn't care, we were truly blessed,
To be alive, to feel the rain,
And to play and dance without refrain.

Our parents would watch from afar,
Smiling as we reached for the stars,
So full of life, so full of joy,
Like little girls and boys.

We'd jump and spin and twirl around,
Feeling the magic of the wet ground,
The raindrops like a symphony,
Playing a tune for you and me.

And as the storm clouds began to fade,
We'd return to our homes, wet and unafraid,
Knowing that the memories we'd made,
Would never be forgotten, but forever replayed.

Now as we grow older and life moves on,
Those moments of childhood seem so long gone,
But whenever the rain begins to fall,
We're transported back, to that joyful thrall.

And once again we dance and play,
In the rain, just like yesterday,
Recapturing the magic of youth,
And reliving the memories, pure and true.

Daniel Ukwe

Redemption

Once lost in darkness, so alone,
The path ahead seemed overgrown,
But hope remained, a tiny seed,
A chance for redemption to take heed.

With strength and courage, step by step,
The journey began, no time to wept,
For with each stride, the light shone bright,
And lifted up the darkest night.

Redemption found, a second chance,
To right the wrongs, and make amends,
To learn and grow, to change and mend,
And make a life that's truly grand.

So never give up, and always try,
For redemption's call is always nigh,
And though the journey may be long,
With hope and faith, we all belong.

Daniel Ukwé