

Poetry Series

**Emmanuel Joseph
Olumakiss
- poems -**

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss(30 May 1990)

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss is an award winning poet whose works have been featured in numerous Anthologies, his love for poetry speaks volume right from high school, a gifted writer nature bestowed on mankind to rekindle depressed souls.

A social critic and a social media influencer. a native of Isu in Onicha Local Government Area, Ebonyi State. the only male child in the family of six. And a heir to Mr & Mrs Joseph/ Roseline Uzornwani. I am a business oriented mogul, i also run online poetry group with the aim of bringing poetry closer to the people Y.A.P.A & A.P.S Young African Poets Association & African Poets Summit all on Facebook.

We Do Not Know You Exist

We do not know you exist;
By your sword and metal gun
We do not know you exist;
By your promises and broken words
We do not know you exist;
By your act when once it is wrong
We do not know you exist;
By the numbers of war you've won

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Love Language

The sweet whispering in the ear
And sensual tickling that seems so dear
The close soothing of the tongue
And the mind blowing of a hug
Sudden madness that rejuvenate
Whenever romance is called
Excitement from afar is drawn
Strange voices turned into song
Period enmity is easily burnt
When love making is involve
One is heightened to feel agog
Forgotten that one has done you wrong
Nothing is more pleasing than love
With this; you've got so much to enjoy

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When Love Is All I Need

When love is all I need;
The call of emotion I heed
I trek a thousand mile
In search of blossom of rose
I mend my troubled mind
From contemplation and series of woes
Emotion erupt my being
Loneliness I chase from my home
My thinking tick like clock
My drive always a way up
I fall to allies or foes
So far I meet my goal
On my dream I lose no sleep
When am involve loving never stop
My mind on a regular trip
When stalked in unusual approach
My thought do visit unknwon destination
No decline when once on errand
Till am clothed with a warm embrace
A traveller I choose to become
Wandering the entire island And path so bushy and thorn
My preference whatever comes my way
Not lacking in prayer when the time calls
Before begging for the wake of another day
I grab opportunity which ever stares on my face

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

A Widow With Many Husband

Not all death are cruel
Both those that went with early grave
The good death of my husband
Was due to our good
The path he puts embrace
Was all his fate could choose
Paving ways for my existence
So my joy can germinate
Before i was dead to a spot
Withheld in breath and our abode
It is the liberty of the house
Celebrating trial in troubled tongue
Only once my dream has come true
Period subjection was mile away from my root
My reach to regain princes and numerous chiefs
Whose hand lies my revenue
Being slave in a man's arm
A trial i've come to overcome
Fruits of men i've come to reap
Now my burden they've helped to emaciate
Finally my trial is something good
Gone are the days i fight a fight i regret
My struggle to own numerous dreams
Death isn't that bad once it comes genuine
Reaping your barricades apart
So your way could be made clear
My barricade; my late husband
Whose vacuum other men were born to fill.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Feed Me With Love Not Grief

Feed me with love not grief
your killer touch is all i need
Feed me with your balloon and lips
This the only way you can cure my greed

Give me in full not brief
The fruit of my labor let me reap
Feed me with massage and hug
So i will forget that life is tough

Your touch drives me insane
Your love override my pain
In my kingdom only you reigns
Honey please lets start over again!

Feed me with love not grief
Your killer touch is all i need
Give me in full not brief
The fruit of my labor let me reap

Now emotion wet the altar of my soul
Honey come quench my hunger lest it grow!

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Relief My Soul

Please help relief my soul!
From burdens and things of old
Freeze help and ease me son!
Of worries and stories untold

My joy i've traded and sold
My life about to fold
I am a victim of misfortune and scold
I'm surrounded by pains and foes

Please help relief my soul!
Freeze help ease me son!
Of worries and stories untold
From burdens and things of old

Flesh i lack all am left with is bone
Stranded i am unable to stand on my own
Lend me a life evil they unleash in my home
On the day of my demise none to cry on my tomb

Please help relief my soul!
Freeze help ease me son!
Of worries and stories untold
From burdens and things of old.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Love Isn't A Dream

Love isn't a dream where illusion is all we dwell
It is more than eyes can see
Strong feelings born out of
our being
It is the promises we keep
Not just the word that grows from our lips
It is the act to please
And the will to doing each others wish
Love isn't for the greedy
Or those who only come with their needs
Waiting for their problems to be solved
Then decide to embark on a goodbye trip
It is the act to overcome
Every trial despite how ugly it becomes
Having energy for tolerance
Not ready to flee from each others arm.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

War Is Not Food

War is not food;
Why hunger and thirsty of it?
War is not good;
Why plunder and clamour for it?
Going the way that is unjust
Is a way to endanger innocent souls
Living itself could be worst
When we refused to be friends but foes
The people we're called to serve
In turn we've made to starve
While in seek of our own bargain
Our joy we suddenly mixed with pain
Of what use is war when we've got more reasons to live?
If truly we're one is there any reason to kill?
Is there no other way we can achieve a reform if we refrain to feed by the gun?
Does it feel good to hurt the ones we claim we love?
War is not food;
Why hunger and thirsty of it?
War is not good;
Why plunder and clamour for it?

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If I Die Without A Heir

If I die without a heir;
History will be mad at me
For choosing the path so brief
Life would be unfair to me
Having refused I breed
The living will erase my name
The dead will isolate from me
Closed will my chapter be
My labor my foes will reap
Will the earth agree I lived?
Many will deny I exist
Restless I will forever be
Wishing again I live
Roaming the realm of spirit
My joy will be incomplete
Though for my sake many will weep
My name will slip off their lips
Today that I boast I live
Who will forever remember me?
Could it be the class of elites may be the middle men
Will humanity thought of me?
Will they ever wish I live?
Living the way I've always lived
Who among men have enjoyed from my bliss?
Will the sound of gun be heard
Or the cry of metal gong
Will I be given the respect I deserve
By the sons I never had
Whose name will appear on my will?
Who would be the first to know when I leave?
Living like I need no lover
Acting like I've got no concern for another
Behaving like I'm not aware
That some kids truly need care
If I die without a heir
In my abode;
How many souls will my deeds ever draw near?

If You Think You Are Loved By All

Fix yea your eyes on God
And not the people of this world

Beat not your chest and cheer
Thinking your folks truly care

Try them when deeply in need
Only few I've known to be meek

If you think you're loved by all
Then you've not seen it all

Probably for your grains in store
It isn't because you're poor

Lie flat and refuse wake
Tell friends you've got some pain

Your own death you could easily fake
To know your true friends and the ones that are fake.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

In My Country Home

In my ountry home;
We've got life but we are not living
We've got air but we are not breathing
We've got food but we end up starving
In our matrimonial homes we go hiding
In my country home;
We've got water but we're so thirsty
We've got treasures but we're so empty
We've got wisdom but we lack understanding
We're denied freedom notwithstanding
We've got government but there's no good governance
We've got parents but we're made orphans
In my country home;
We've got brain but we don't reason
We've got wealth but we are still suffering
We've got right but we're like mere slaves
We've got soldiers that don't value lives
We've got husband but we are made widows
Frustration stares in our own windows
In my country home;
We've got monsters as leaders
We've got gangsters as deliverers
We've got foes among families
We create room for nemesis
We've got tribes but one is made superior
We've got the crowd but we feel inferior.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If You Deny Me Freedom

If you deny me freedom;
Be ready for my madness and spill of wrath
Be ready for my rudeness and queue of assaults
Be ready for my readiness and misuse of words
Be ready for my madness, gloom and onslaught
I will remain your rebel even in the court
I will become a barrel seeking for your hunt
I will remain a burden residing in your hut
I will never be idle in the quest of my course.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Soul Brother

Beware soul brother!
As the day draws near
And evening beam with sign
As our strength grow weak
And age suddenly decline
As our spirit insist to split
Our laughter strangled with scars
As none truly care
The brave shiver in fear
Always beware soul brother!
The need to be alive
Isn't just for those that felt they've arrived
It is a path we both owned
It is ration shared by all
I mean the sad and happy man
The rich and poor alike
None should his right be deprived
Wisdom should be our might
If morals cannot guide us
Then we have no laws
When love cannot bind us
Then we have no feelings for another
Beware of the time being
And tragedy within
When the need be
And vigilant as time slip off our own hand
Be mindful of this era
And the mayhem there in
For now is the time
And the hour has come
Atrocities have risen on a reborn
Evil on a reoccur
Do not be lured into misery on your return
Despite how ugly life stare at our face
Here and within we must uphold faith
Even the road not too far
The city misery is raised
Numerous we've seen with our bold eyes
Both the period trial was half this seize

Many we nursed their upbringing
And directly paved a way for
Period tyranny was spilled our entire land
Impoverishment bemoans our colony
Be valiant in your enclave
And always learn to upgrade
When in pursuit of that which is upright
Tell it to our clan and kinsmen
As many that are ready to keep their life
Must be mindful of misfortune
And turbulence that accompany this land.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Africa We Are Your Africans

Africa!

Love your Africans

We are your Africans

Let's stop this sinister

Apply love lubricant

We are all Africans

Africa!

Love your Africans

We are your inheritance

Let's stop this frequent homicide

I reckon on you

Oh Africa!

Let's resist war

And this frequent hurricanes

And stop living like we're from Jupiters

We are not infants

Oh Africa!

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

What Your Country Think Of You

Oh man of little faith!
Why pose in discomfort?
Eating yourself on a sideline
Why waste another annal?
On a lamentation note
Agonizing your rebirth
For having no stem with silver spoon
Is this the path you chose?
Isn't wisdom a free gift?
Why pounce in word?
Dousing in relay
When made with good head
Think man, forban regret
It will do no good
For none is born with wealth
on his own head
Do not belittle self
Neither lose value in the things you already have
Don't misconstrue life
Thinking you are of no use
To mankind
Howbeit many without eyes have foresight
Even them with no legs do liberate
How much more of you
Man oh Man!
Even a whole palas thrive
Why hid your potentials
Above the reach of your guiding angels?
Pushing to the path it corrode
And be of no use to man
Why chose to become
That which you've finally become
It bothers humanity
Being a burden to disparity
Roaming every nook
Seeking for signs in the sky
Begging a fellow man to help
carry your cross
When miracle is made in your home

Do not make mockery of God for creating you thus
For they're many that were born incomplete
But enjoy a full life
Do not make a shadow of yourself
So the mockers will be mocked
Neither wait for the nation
to collapse on your head
Before you can lift her
up your shoulder
Go dig your inner self
Till you found the path
potential is laid
Do wake it from slumber
For a desired growth
Think not only what your
country can do for you
Do also that your country think of you.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Work Of Men

When circled in a pitch
The path you could not thrive
Where thinking is beyond life
All you need is betroth faith
Know feelings do fade
From things that retrogress
Inside the hall of fame
Winners are unveiled
We've known the folks with feeble mind
Among the heads that need a guide
Let your prayer be genuine
Lest you fall the path you once deprive
There's a road to life
Meant to them with the strength to fairly height
Bring the will from the airbag
And build not just the fence
It is here we will all settle
from where we once began
Our journey has no rebirth
Till this day is here no more
Living till the road end
New heaven by then be made
Them with unknown futures
Bring your riddles to men
So our lives will be fully be defined
Let my destiny be mine
For I am nobody else
It will be long to repent from good
Once you know its reward
Seek me not if am not found
Whence our time is over
Only be merciful in your mind
See no son as a sung slave
For the beginning will soon end
To count our final cost
The manner we will be heard
We've lived when life is not humble
Its time we seek Divine
So He's mind we could define

Concerning our setbacks
If its God that once made us
How come we must wait for
helpers to be born before we see progress?
Our lives are nobody's business
Till success is sensed
Fight your fault if its failure
So your joy will be immense
Believing the best is due
Not holding on to your vomit
The path you once left
Our blessings are in queue
Waiting for the turn of men
We ought to be firm
When we made our stand
Because our sense drive
Often seems acute if not revived
Dream isn't for fun
Not something we should left untouched
And expect that which is good
You don't boast of might in bed
If you don't hold in advance
For desire to be achieved
We must do the work of men.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Love Dwells Not In The Lips

Love dwells not in the lips

Ask many with good thinking cap

It is a camouflage when we choose to feel agog

Professing feelings beyond measures in order to meet our various wish when not deeply in love

Staring at pleasures of life

Using valuable items close to our reach to lure one into another's arm

Feeding the crowd with unmerited promises to be seen goldly

It is from the heart love grows healthy without wrinkles.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Love Do Lie

Love do lie when once it loose guard
No trust from the one
You once called your pride
Love do lie when truth is deprived
The one you're in love with you barely can't define
Love do lie when hard is life
And you aren't getting exactly what you want from your beloved
Love do lie when one isn't prepared
To keep to the words
And the one in love with
Love do lie when feelings decline
To have a true love one must be lucky to be precise
Love do lie when you fall to the blind
Then you'll know to stay in love is hard to decide
Love do lie when its not from the mind
Feelings do fade
And every plans capsize
Love do lie when you have a pest in your life
Giving you so much troubles
Isn't that a waste of time?
Love do lie when the one in your life
Isn't willing to let go and still withhold your smile.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

The Way We Are

The way we are is boldly written in our stars
The road we take our destined path
The journey of beginners usually from scratch
Life a gift that barely last
The right to live is what nature confer on us
Life a breakthrough to the ones victory is assured
The battles ahead aren't mere bridge we cross with foot
Taking only net from fate and forfeit the hook
We can only be us no need claiming someone else
When the road is tough all we need is strength not lockdown
Blessing is for those whose strength shows result not the men on a swing whose
vision is to smuggle a fellow man's sweat running towards luxury while evil is
ahead of them
Helpers don't suddenly come our way
They are attracted by the works of our own hand
Do good and leave the reward it will surely find you home
Our existence isn't for our own benefits alone it is also for the people around us
People in haste are carriers of bad result
Victory has no enmity among those whose readiness is to withhold a virtuous
path with the view of beholding greatness
Hard luck is a slogan of an addict loser
Its a term usually employed by people who aren't among the top riders during
the race of life.
Bitterness is owned by people who quit trying for greater expectations feeling
defeated at the nick of time success is almost attained
Every of our actions goes with wages
It will surely count in its own due time
Our wishes are always before us in life endeavor
Delay is a silent killer it aborts numerous opportunities before dawn
Patience is for those who got something to plant
And not the ones who have eaten up their seed believing morrow will not come
Trial only chooses the one it throws shot at
When tragedy is calling don't wait till you see its end
A man with so many visions don't pray to see death with two eyes
Be glad when life is shown on your face
For the dead is no better than the living
Situations don't pull one down if truly we are in control of our own thought it can
only make us frown
The road to destiny is a distant beyond

Adversity is not chased with bare hands
From far the future is viewed
By those who chooses their tomorrow
To avoid the wrong path
Only a strong mind live to see the nearest future
Tomorrow is not yet ours till it arrive with its baggage gifting us with events and
things unknown only the wise get prepared
Think not of yourself more than God
For you do not know when tragedy will come in disguise form
Hitting the one you value most
Believers fabric is faith
They build bridges so others can sail through
Chase what you can find
And leave the lost that which is far gone
Yesterday is a stillbirth
Your strength is always your limit
It determines your faring height

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Gift

Gifts varies from time to time
Through work of our hand this is defined
No matter how precious it is in kind
It is nurtured by our act and very plan
Those who choose the path to heed
Do it with the believe to succeed
None is eschewed from the quest to win
Only if we are queued so close to our dream
The quest to succeed is found in every path
Many who tends to exceed thus far
Chose a ride together with their star
Gifts varies from time to time
Only if well used instead to rely on friends
Before it can take us to the proposed height
We so desired in our life
Nothing we want that's hard to find
When once we stick to our vision and stood our ground
Gift is something we develop in its prime
Instead allow it diminish or get deprived.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

The Woman At The Seaside

Hail woman at the sea side!

Why embark on a journey when the day has gone blind?

I heard you've seen sorrow with both eyes!

A sob that sink your sweet song

Patient for here comes the unfortunate child your future is twice better

One whose fate fall ill

They are many alive without sight

Permit me to waste part of your precious time

If I must speak the truth my spirit kept inside

Your case isn't unbearable!

Because you enjoy life from a distant mile

Ask the blind you have eyes

Even them that life once peel enjoy smile

Why swim the ocean with uncontrolled tears?

May be you can't boast of a daily bread

See the man that once lived

The couple with broken ribs

They are many that are deaf but have ears

And those trial fell on their own heads

Despite the look of your pain

It can only look sweeter than the untold story

There's nothing we've not heard

Indeed the unchangeable changer has not changed

You that cry an ocean in the country grave yard

Because you need a heir to your name

Check yourself in the life mirror

How many soul have you saved?

Out of the innocent ones given to you in your sweet age

When the pillars in your chest were still firm

And ideas in your head run days

Must you wake the dead in their joyous sleep before the Lord hears your outcry

Isn't His ear too large that He hears the dumb and his silent voice

You that intend to slump in the mountain top

At the face of Kilimanjaro

Because you 're surrounded by mere foes

How many people have you wronged?

Be careful lest you pull down the heavens gate with assorted tears.

Indoor

The years I've been out of sight
While running from the affairs
of the bad elements
Having withdrawn from the military
And other national duties
To exhaust the running days
With my anus at home
My action a shock to the parliaments
Knowing my stand for equity
Inequality an opposition that divides our modern democracy
My fear for the press
And the new government
Whose presence excrete various ailments
Feeding the subjects with anguish and regrets
Them that've taken a toll
The city heart with firearms
Shooting at sight with impunity
The outspoken, disabled
And the middle men
The diehard activist
Whose voice is for the less privileged
Denying many their civil rights
In silence I've chosen to dwell
So my life won't be plucked unripe
Not showing my heart to the masses
Whenever the country is shut down
Or found wanting in speech
Though I am a strong supporter of a good governance
Politics of the past era
When life was quick to germinate
Not this current men of Mr Rowland
Gang of stars clothed in bloody regalia
Whose thought evict our cause to celebrate
And bad influence damages our sacred name
Our image they buried overseas
Indoor I've chosen for years
Because of the black colonies
Whose anger burn like dry wood
And cruelty is a dozen dose

Compared to that of the civilized world
Their impurity is in the heart
And not their cooperate uniform
They segregate us from the most privileged
Holders of the nations cake
Have built doubts in our hearts
With their bias handling of mere promises
Our leaders inability to serve
makes me more confused
Here I've escaped demons
Both them in the country force
And them wearing the face of our country head
Neither with the will to serve
Their desire a quest to roast in power
Alas! I've been ridiculed in psalms
And mother tongues
Many keep hitting me hard
Where the pain aches
Saying I place the country on left hand
Not giving my opinion to the press
So my mind could be made public
Peace has pushed me this far
Living to avoid the wrath of men
Those that enjoy battle to peace of mind
Forgotten my wisdom has grown tall
Above the wretchedness of Abani the city dweller
Our country suffers a low mind
And frequent backslide
We prefer the white man's lifestyle
To his inventive prowess
We admire the efforts of the developed countries
But it does us no good
Cos it only shows in our tongue
And not in the work of our own hand
When it gets to following their footsteps
Our vision will hang on the slippery ground
Our leaders are incompetent in thought
And different in mindset
We are only smart to siphon the nations treasury
We are the real enemy of the state
And the country's growth
Our brilliancy is outside the government house

Period election is fast approaching
Then you can see the good of men
Many'd become disciples of dooms
Preaching salvation barefoot on the local street
Where waste bin assembly
Giving the lame some legs to walk
And gifting the poor the hopes to see another day
Time the deceased also boast of giving life
Revealing what makes our life incomplete
Judging from the sense of man;
We have no thinking bed
To sleep a whole night
And harvest a full thought
On how to cure this menace
Placed on Isi-uzo citizens.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Abandon Of Haves

Among the foreign trend
Soul Africa ride
Afflictions we sowed mind
Negro race;
A freedom chase
Our contest;
A long trip
Imported roads we lie tied
Fighting night cold the country side
High healed home have stolen our soul & skills
Beautified earthen taps;
The street we hawk milk
An amazing satellite future trek on bare foot
Journey of long mile we prefer using foot
Place with difference;
Where do we hail from?
Why base in foreign exchange?
Jewelries;
To buy gold
Our exchange;
A foreign life
Strangers we usually know;
Merely by our mother's tongue
Humans avoid life for a marathon
Up and down movement;
An open minded
Seeing all eyes;
A blindfolded
Chase of a white collars job
Tit-tat we toe town
Quick in quiz queue
Like earthen sand
As we abandon our haves
To have more
Struggle of life isn't a strong bone?
Hard to crack live on
With two or numerous troubles
Added to existing ones
Like; kids, kits and kin

Where we know no safety
There we bury head
Our honourable names;
The back door embassy
Before the journey flight
No black friend in the life of a black man
All in hid identity
Claiming the white man's life
Seeing people;
The road side
Thus web, thatch, canal, the underground....
My home African brothers
And the abandoned bridges
Mississippi river flows there in
There the beggars ride
And there also vehicle of life heaped us
Where could one spend life?
Keep knelling
Or sit as if standing
Waiting for a waned hope
Cutting corners...
Can we survive only by people's aid?
Staying abroad like one living with AIDS!
Security heavily lock the city
Starting from the middle East,
South America, Asia down to California
Benefits of life we know not
Begging for alm isn't a beggars choice?
Who knows the givers mind?
Our war abroad isn't heavier?
Nothing we even saw at home
Natural disasters enveloped us;
Flood, earthquake, hurricane, war,
diseases, drought, stand our way
Hopelessness and stagnation;
Two agents of disabilities
Behold! human turn down our refuge
To a life threatening lodge
Living a hide and seek life
To sneak danger
Blacks and the white police
We suffer life sentence, execution

And deportation...
A weapon after us!
Renewal of paper, passbook
A traveller's card
Our home chores
Flies we use breakfast
A terror of the night
In a world of no human feelings
Negros are treated like mere dungs
Blacks like us;
Used, to clean dirt...
Could this be the white man's life
Many questions i've always asked;
Is there no life in Africa?
How do people survive doing farming in America?
Is there any other means to survive order than the air we breathe?
Our certificates,
And the degree holders;
A waste in overseas
Since you can't cry out loud
Among the blacks, whose a lucky one?
Whose fate still breathe life?
Instead burnt ashes
Our life have lavished abroad!
It is in foreign man's hand
We are used for refuse;
Ritualist for Rituals
Adulterers for Adulteries
Traffickers for Trafficking
Our head usually a loyalty
For something we know not
Who smear joy?
And who among men live a happy mind?
Street deep in thought;
We work wealth
And luckily living
Our rights roams in dungeon Street
Is here truly our existence?
Why still live like outcasts?
Oh Negro life speechless!
Water we buy
Food we're deprived

Currency on hide
Our job; a give and take
Taxes; unemployed
Power for Honourables
Hour Haves
Trials have not
All these our refusal for Home calling
Till the year keep turning
Our soul a true brotherhood of
" ALA-BU-OTU"
A destructive slogan
Among black beings
We've all claim we're one race
Don't you know the sound of "IGBO'S-GONG"
Brotherhood in John Kennedys inn
Wine and dine in Saintiego' s club
Love and care far from Los Angeles lodge
Many of the rich house in our clan
Treated like street pushers abroad
And terribly butchered around town
By the world rulers, including adults and infants
Abandon of Haves
To have more.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Relevance

We are the products of yesterday
The bargain of future gains
Creators in life stage

We are relievers from birth
Makers of our own self
And preservers of faith

Relevance is us
The sound beings
We are far from void.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When We Do Good

When we do good;
We do not ask for a return
We do it for the sake of God
And the love we've got for all
We do not do it for the reward
It is something we do for fun
For the sake of generation to come.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

A Plea To Our Predators

The period we've tasted sufferings
Carrying sorrow like yam to our barn
The misfortune that befalls man
And havoc that comes in form of storm
Through the great wilderness of life
The circle joy is not fetched
Tracing the foot of our predators
A fate within us
We've eaten it raw;
The forbidden meal
The famished road could not take
And the miseries our fate awake
Through the raged region
Anxiety is seen parading the street with bare foot
The fierce battle that consume lives
Trial laid our famous bridge
Gifting us in turn grief that's made by men
Ekunife our progenitor!
We are the victimised
Its idema the last children
The minimal of Nside
And the remains of Taba
The unfortunate beings;
Whose existence were hindered by existing beings
We've come a long way with our burdens abroad
Appealing the gods through the voice of Ngele
Here the forest of death;
We bring presence
So our voices be heard clear
Our remembrance;
The ravaged name of Ibera
The region under siege of
ill-health
Ekunife when will our hope be recalled?
For the sake of Ngele
And the victims of wuhan
Adversity a prodigal whose homage leads to a dead toll
Fetching the youths of our days
And as many with raw strength

A distance whose mile we've been digging deep
The days are evil Ekunife!
And our mind is not settled
With constant parade of our predators
Roaming with harms the merry land
Visiting our breeds and barns
Here at the famous feet;
Remedy is locked down
Giving disaster a seat to sweep us all
I've been forced out of the incessant killings
To beseech your face aloof
Before another death toll
Our abode like wilderness of regrets
Starving the sons of sanity;
From living a desired life
Here i am in hunt of the breeders nest
Unveiling our illfare
Knowing our quest is life and not ill-health.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Thoughts Of Mind

When living is hard
And Joy is far from
the land
hunger strike
From grave afflictions
is bound to arise
Time hope becomes
expensive to ride
Hardship is something
we could found.

Time negations begin
to approach our mind
Evil has grown rampant
in the land
Life becomes hard
to survive
When innocent declares
wanted in the land

When the government
failed to realize
The need to give back
to the society at large
Pain and penury will be
amplified
In folds we are bound to
pay the price

When giving is marred
And love is expensive
to buy
When the rights of the
citizens are deprived
By the authorities in the
land
Tragedy arise
In the Midst of folks
hatred is mined

Adversity is borne
in our mind
Our enemies aren't
far from behind.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

The Impossible

The impossible I will dare
For the sake of my love
I 've made this clear
The impossible I will tear
For the girl I love so dear
The impossible I will eat like pear
Nothing can move me not even fear
The impossible I will expel
To the land of deer
Forever it will be there
The impossible I don't want to hear
With you anything impossible
is possible here.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Idenyi

A feast on locust
With sacred hands
bleed of oiled leaves
Groomed inside wide fire
A quest for future benefit
Back the forest stream
gods meetings are heard
Giving the deity a relief
Sons and daughters of us
A strange gathering
An evening boil
Chant spread the whole land
To the hearers of the sea
When no walkers are seen
Our relievers the unknown herbs
Buried the belly of our bank
Idenyi the deity of the barren!
We are your crumbs and conveners
Mere mortals
And watchers of watchdogs
When will we be delivered from the hands of our oppressors?
We are displeased to attend more funerals
Honouring invitation to the call of death
Through the unknown street
The region of no return
Here we are in wait for our men to be raised from slumber
So they can be front in all battles
Gone are the days;
Oracles were men in our absence
Protectors of destinies
Givers of new hope
Though rotten in mind
Idenyi how brave are you?
Can peace be restored our homestead?
Where turbulence arrived and stood still
Am afraid if our name is crushed
To withhold another night
Menace will be harboured in our homeland
Where were you Idenyi?

The notorious night that cunningly passed
When the braves were chased from our town
Many gunned underground
Why wed reproach?
Not doing the works of gods
Revenge is it a waste of time?
If we are to live by a past name
Why was our deities lured by strange seekers?
During the steal of various life
They were lacking in our own protection
With bare foot we flee our own home with no armies of bullet
While mourning our progenitors
Our dreams dressed in dirge
With a fractured face
Prayers haven't been heard
Despite the calf appeased
To the strange and furious gods
Now our wailing has grown old
A call to Idenyi to liberate.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Twist Of Fate

If I wasn't the way I was made
Who knows I'd float with the world and the day as it fades
Beating situation before it harm
Visiting my life on a guide to a previous plan
Who knows i'd be greater than my being?
Chosen a life from all that I need
In flight with eagle's wing
Will I feed on the path that seems unclad?
Chasing a life far from what knocks my dream
Staring at actions and mind ready to win
Ever makes me equal or redeemed
How plain will my thought ever be?
From troubles that life bring
How far can my destiny reach?
The peak I desire when I breathe
When walk around my entire being
Will my life be something sweet to reap?
Gathering in style series of sense
To fill the gaps for future growth
Running from the route I 've always roamed
while I was raised
In a hurry to ride along with fate
Whenever it calls for errand

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When Prayer Is Said

When prayer is said
It comes from a wounded heart
Period trouble is all we face
Forbidden the path we once trade

Beckoning on holiness with a distilled mind
A search for the creators hub
Entangle with words and wish
Wounded our spirit as we weep
Begging our sins be wiped away
Miracle we dig so deep

When prayer is said
In silence we involve in a holy communiqué
Relating to spirit force
Luring angels our way
To help lift our needs as prayed

Repentance a narrow escape
A path we all undertake
Cleansing of mind from hate
Prayer a communion observed by faith
Rendering an oath & decision afresh
Our voice in rent for rendition.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Stampede

Invigorated we laid
In hurry to beseech the promise land
We band and march in troops
In search of holiness
Leaving our children
And belongings behind
While head to the wonderland

Our hope we buried on Calvary
In wait for the Soldiers of Christ
With magic wands in their tongue
Telling the tales of fate
To help define our destinies

A quest for a sign of relief
Has taken us miles
Throwing food and meats behind
Starving so our suffering could get solved

Far beyond our existence
Our safety they once assured
In the road that seems so narrow
Gifts of flesh we placed on isolation
While peep the righteous path
Living like one that know no sin

Stampede we laid
In front of the universe
Chanting tones of tongues
The voice of various tribes
Longing for the Most high
On the cause to get revived

Our faith remain on traces
Reaching the borderline
Where miracle is mined
Doing the will of men
In the sight of God

If Love Is All You Need

If love is all you need;
In me you've found a breathe

When in need of life or a lift
I am near;
Not far from your reach.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If It's Well

If it's well with me;
Why won't it be well with you?
Depending on the life you choose
Sticking to that which is good
No need to live in pretence when life is cruel
Going the life extramiles
There's more reason to seek retreat
Fleeing from negative camp
Ignoring some thoughts when once it's crap
Keeping a positive vibe
Ensuring our affairs are far from vile
What could be missing in life?
When success is part of our drive
Propelled in life changing stages
Chosen to outlive our scars
In pursuit of a desired dream
Knowing exactly what is worth
And doing it at all cost.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Nothing New

There's nothing new under the sun;
Despite what we've gradually become
When living reach our turn
The sorrow we endure for a night
And the joy we bask for a while
The period of lack and dismay
When we felt we're tired to pray
The smiles that roam our face
And tragedy when it shoots without trace
When we live as if we're scared
And hunger on our face it stares
There's nothing new under the sun;
Despite what we've gradually become
When living reach our turn
Seemly when the good is hard to manifest
And life is likely to upset
When things yield as we stake
Or nothing ever goes as we expect
There's nothing new under the sun;
Despite what we've gradually become
When living reach our turn.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Heavenly Influence

It is God that protects not man
our life is in our own hand
Beating our chest in self exaltation
Proclaiming our goodness all round
When we 've made little progress
It is God that guides not arm
our safety is ensured by the government

When we think
Roaming the depth of life
When we live and loved by all
Them that believe

It is the Lord that gives both life and the joy therein
Them that believe we survive by nature friendliness
It is of God if we say we've made it big
could living ever be when we say we are far from Him
We are living by heavenly influence
Not because of the wealth we've made
When we boast we are heavily blessed

How

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If We Say We Are Not One (Part One)

If by morrow before the setting of a new dawn
We decide to go our separate ways
Chosen the name we're to be called
And no longer the ones given by our foster parents
As we make for ourselves separate images
Parting from our usual slang and entity
Yawning to embrace nationhood
With diverse and unchanged mindsets
Divided by land, air and the sea side
Will our diversity ever get resolved?
After gain yet another freedom on a black apparel
At the expense of plundered multitudes
Could they still be a saint in our time
that will make our life fully complete?
Without invitation to fire and brimstone
If by morrow on our way to see a new day
We no longer act as one
Neither sip from our village stream
May be as a result of contamination of the mind
Who do we cast the blame on our way home?
When again our unity got broken like earthen pot
Tearing into pieces
And no longer suit for men of our tribes
Fighting yet another war with machete and machine guns
Seeking yet for another freedom
When the centre could not hold
North forbid South
And East turn their back on the West coast
Finding it hard the next route to go through
Isn't our problem too deep when looked from the inner circle
Seeing our flaw and fairytale
Seeing its in our blood this stain and scar
Pushing our initial love to a far end
On the arrival of a new nation
A nation with beast of many burdens
A new nation with new expectation
And character assassination
If suddenly we chose to go this path
Allow our proximity cut short

Yet in no distant time another nation is likely to be given birth to.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

We Survived

Barely after the passage of hades
Came the return of event
There was gradual freezing of the wind
And tsunami was not heard off
Period tears was no more part of us
From our hidden we were clasped by nature friendliness
Then living became a choice
When trouble came shooting at our closed doors
With spear and pierced arrow
Vomiting out venom that poke our past life
Hearing the increase rattling of the thunderstorm
We preserved our fate while finding remedies
Formidable we were seen still standing still
When our nemesis was cut short

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When We Die

When we die;
We do not die for the sake of God
Neither for millions of those that mourn in our grave
We do not die for the priests or the church
Neither our friends, folk and beloved
We do not die together with our wealth
Taking all we've made to beyond
We only die with our eyes when this is done
Forfeiting our life and all we've got
Deviating from human and our usual form
Landing in a place our act unveil
Treasures of the earth are mere waste of time
Even the dead don't spend a dime
We do not die together with our gold
Living for Christ we will no longer be told

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

What I Don't Have

What I don't have is not part of me
It may be something sweet and rich
So much joy it may bring
It may be equally part of my wish
Something pressing that i need
It may be either far from within
Or presently out of my reach

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When I Am Not Living

When I am not living you will know
It isn't the moment I am dead to my bone
Neither the period I refuse to grow
It isn't when am found hidden or heavily soaked
Roaming without reason along the road

When I am not living if you must know
It isn't a time I am not wealthy but broke
Not the period my blessings got withered or fold
It is a time I'm sound and still standing on my own
But refuses to give people a voice
Till they bid farewell to their soul

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Fear Of The Unknown

When fear is next to your door
Your life will be overshadowed by flaw
The difference between the rich and the poor
Is the ability to rise once you fall
Ask many that remain at a spot;
Procrastination has eaten them raw.
As many that harbor negative thought,
In defeat they will finally crawl.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Hell Is Here

Hell is here lying on a chair
Unconsciousness she dashed
our future looking scared

Hell we will bear
Because its something we once rear
Our destiny she smashed with her feet
And suddenly disappeared

Here is hell
Except it surely get well
When deeply in need
And your helper is not near

Hell we wear
Like mask, it flies in the air
When wanting to live
And you re pierced with a spear

Hey are you aware..!
Our love has no care
Our happiness short lived
We are thwarted by our fear.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Help Your Help Will Come

Help your help will come!
Many with legs but crawl
Help when you re on top
Doing good has a reward

Help your help will come!
This is the reason you re called
To attend to as many that are poor
Children of the Earth
Many surrounded by the storm

Help your help will come!
Stop claiming to men you re god
Now riches has fallen to your turn
Why don't you help those who fail to overcome?

Ask the rich when he was poor
And the poor before count in pounds
Isn't Life like a moving train?
It is full of ups and down
The future sometimes the soothsayer can't tell
With a helping hand you can
lift the man in pain

Help your help will come!
Oh yea men of little faith!
Give and stop playing poor
In my giving I ve seen it all
Wonders and signs of God
Fragrance of life when things are tough

Help your help will come!
Remember the reason you re blessed
Is to bless the wretched with your coins
Give part of your wealth to your foes
This more reason I've grown.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

My Fall

Blame me for my fall
For not making it to the top
Blame me if i am poor
I conceived it in my thought
When men were at work
I chose to remain at a spot
Flirting with life non stop

Blame me if i drop
My downfall i have plot
Doing good i have stopped
Sin & Setbacks I've plucked

Blame me for my thought
If i abandon right for wrong
Blame me for paying evil for good
Whence you see my life is cruel
Many without legs move
You only become What you choose

Blame me its my fault
When once i fail to overcome
Life isn't all about luck
You've got to apply destiny to work

Blame me for my fall
For not making it to the top
You don't remain where many stopped
When once success is the centre of your thought

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Obigbo

With the strength of my voice
I count on you with reference
Over the life of Africans
When denied a new breathe
Burying my thoughts I won't press
Its naivety to chase our fellow blacks
To a lone like ride
Scouting to burn many destines alive
Our breeds and seeds we exchange as aliens
Blood risen against a fellow blood
Wrecking our deliverers to aches
The ardent helpers of groaning neighborhood
Obigbo relentlessly we re used like rugs
In the face of our handlers

Mobito and lovers at Mbaraga
Impunity has wrecked the Oji river
Throwing blames on Mbara
The lowest mind
The good we must pray
To be made free
Our lovers and haters alike
Isn't unfair to depreciate gold for the sake of silver?
Must we bury our liberty at all cost?

Talk to trial if you can!
Hence it gets tough
For Humanity are on crush
At the merciless hand of Agama
Obigbo is it until we re wounded to the core
before we will be made to taste our personal right
We will spell doom with the second coming of miseries
How will the living be invigorated looking
at the death rate at Ubakara?

Tell them till they taste the untold truth
About the reckless approach of Mbaraga
There's turmoil in our country home
Chasing the multitude of Agama the black children,

To Ubanze; as prey to predators
Gifting the overlords undiluted praise
Isn't this a wake of impunity?
Living the ugly side of life
In their inner heart; evil reside with words to harm
Nothing ever please their burning greed
Didn't they stood for hatred instead of peace?
Going by their life growth
The evil inherent

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Because We Are Not God

Right in the chamber of my heart
This feeling I've treasured indoor
To amend every of her wrong
From birth I was called
Living without staring at each others fault
Because we are not God.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When I Am A Teen

Now I must grow when i am a teen
It isn't a must I wait till nineteen

Now I must enroll to chase my dream
Need I wait for my kith and kin

Now I must be ready, mean and keen
To achieve my desired aim all I've dreamed

Now I must be bold to win as I speak
Its all from here my future begin.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Elegy Of The Lost Hope

Waiting i've waited patiently for the world to end
Yet it insist it sees my end
My sky they changed from colored blue
Its like my cup is filled

Only them with issues enjoy their age
Like an actor when I abandon the stage
My people will see me as their pride
Not now am sick and tired of life
And have none to run to for a rescue

When life becomes hard to cope
You will see many that are eager to cross road
They didn't leave because it's time to go
They are only tired of the living, friends and foes

Them that plant hope
Must water it before they hit road
Who knows they will return before time?

I've not tell you my story not to tell the tribe
But remember to tell the truth about life
Though it is that tough

Them that need stay alive must borrow a heart of stone
Else they won't last long
Even them that bear all things have end before time

I've built a home for my fellow men
Them that accompany others into this world to reap their harvest
It is the husband of my own wife that refuse to give me rest

Why claim ownership of this world?
When you know you own nothing
I got carried away by the little success I made
Not knowing life is someone else assert
Ask the owner of this world; It is not mine

The earth is a borrowed home

Tell them that sleep & refuse wake;
To be conscious of time
And them that sick and pretend to be fine;
To beware because many have left before the day break
And abandoned that they valued most

Ask him that refuse Death;
Aren't he tired of the living?
If life has a second coming; to be honest I won't come
It is better for the still birth
They must be familiar with peace of mind

Prayer has not saved them;
That pretend to pray hard but live unholy life
Even them that used their last penny to sow seed
so the Son of man can live and abandoned their household

Don't console me with bags of coweries;
It will not cure my prolong poverty
It'll only make me look safe today
Tomorrow my future remain astake

Help me remind He that takes life when it sweet one
He should not give me because I don't want a patch-patch life
The one filled with leakages
For it will soon fade when no one will mend it

Be calm lad!
Let's wait for the world and its end
And forget her miseries because it has no mend

Why make a grave for me when am a mere dust?
Allow the dead bury themselves
It is not the work of the living
Let not your heart be troubled
For I will surely go the same way I came
For sure you will testify in my return
If death is that bad People that went before us
Should be in a hurry to come back

Not all i've sowed i will reap here on earth
The remaining part of my pain i've reserved life after death

This reason I stopped waiting for the future
because I know it will not come

I've heard of hard time
A time that hug men
Ask the robbers of truth
To assassinate the evil in their own thought
That've robbed us of peace mind
Heaven has not made man to mar himself

Remind him that destiny fail to fulfill his own fate
And them that embark on a journey without counting miles
Our life is someone else assert
We survive on a borrowed soul
One day it must be returned to the real owner
Him that chase us into this world with calamity on our forehead.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

The Deceased Is The Forgotten

The deceased is the forgotten
Among the children of fate
Not the man with a dented hope
Neither the one that was victim of yesterday
Many that were found incomplete hovering the depth of life
might have been made whole as their faith chooses
Though trial awaits those who persevere
But nearer comes their smile on a prodigal tour
Do not belittle the shallow, tall, ugly or the irrelevant
For God dwells among them.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

As You Like It

As you like it so we will be
If it turns war or to a point
we find hard to sneeze
Chosen to live our life like this;
Thinking of worst instead of me
Then you are free to take a leave

If holding on to my word will be a sin
And every of my actions you disagree
When true love isn't part of your being
Its of no point living with me

If truly peace is what you need
Then let the feeling comes genuine
Be it within or outside our being
Its in our hand if we say we want to be free

If giving each other a chance to live
Isn't exactly what you need
When troubling my life becomes a wish
Kindly know that love doesn't exist.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

For Once I Will Live

For once I will live;
Forget my worries and previous pain
Giving a break to the thought of yesterday
Chasing of fame I will take a break
Giving myself a befitting rest

For once I will live;
Knowing that life easily fades
Forfeiting some paths I've always trade
Isn't time I enjoy this life to my taste?
Before I am chased to early grave

Little by little we can win the race
Not living to make it once in a day
Where do we go with the wealth we've made?
If we don't care for ourselves and mates

For once I will live;
Who knows what tomorrow may bring?
Despite what comes my way
I will enjoy so I can withstand the coming days.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Chosen To Be Mine

Chosen to be mine
You must have my time
Even if its a while we 'd last

To be by my side
It ought to come from
your inner mind

From here we have to decide
If living with me
is gonna be fine

When once the need arise
Don't hesitate to make my heart
your treasure island

If chosen to be mine will deny or take your time
Do let me know all that's in your mind
If there's a need or never mind.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If I Fall For You

If I fall for you;
Count it as honour
And pleasures too
It isn't a mistake
This very life I choose
Forfeiting the ways of men of my root
Running to you as my chosen one.

Count it as a privilege
Not because men are few
Spending the years in your arm and roof
Dragging for your name
My entire life.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

If You 're Not Here

If you 're not here;
Who could think I will live a life of bliss?
Knowing that love exist
When once in your hand I slip
Abyss my nearest trip

Will life be part of my wish?
When true love is out of my reach
Will the world be a better place to live?
When am no longer closer to my rib

My desires who will ever please?
Roaming the roads and mountain top
Unhealthy will my breathing be
Beckoning on sorrow for a walk

What becomes of me?
Sipping from a stagnant stream
Won't life depart from my being?
Once agony becomes my hymn

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Your Destiny Must Not Waste

Your destiny must not waste my son!
Don't wait for another year to spoil
Before you stick to your dreams
We are fade up of living in a "U" turn
This is the reason you must overcome

Your destiny must not waste my son
Like that of the people of our town
Don't be deterred by the presence of the storm
Or those who chose to remain where they fall

Try study the Hebrew God
I overheard the good He does
The reason I sent you to school
Is to be able to know rules
And claim the ones that are good
So you can prove it when you 're through

Don't be ruined by peers or your thought
Neither forget our way of life
Consult moral in the church
But don't be influenced by country's bribe
I overheard the government is the holder of
the future of our youths
You must prove them wrong by sticking to your book
The government alone can't satisfy our stomach
So try give your brain a homework.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Travellers Tale

The land i've known ghost
Among them the chieftains;
Ezemmuo, Ezimadu and Ndimaa
No rich and poor play
All work with the same faith
No shout giving deceased ones
Reason human die and refuse wake
Much noise and healthy tears

Head to head we walk
When welcome our guest
Strange sound our band
Our exchange; A front for all back
Hands form leg
Who can differentiate human among dead?

I, in charge of mortal case
We forbid been buried our outskirts
It is a caricature of dead ones
Mimicking the dead we don't like

There's an increase in dead rate
Living a human world we regret
It is we the dead that worry most

Aaa! a certain man has no roof to dwell
He has no vineyard of his own
He only lives on borrowed foods
He even borrows the clothes he wear
And the ideas in his own head
His actions and behavior are just
to please somebody else
Like my grandmother Urudinya
trying to please her husband
Now his life is no more
He died wretchedly with nothing
Since the days of my human life
And there he is like a fugitive
Drenched by the rigid rain

My brother case could it make a difference
He courageously burnt the shrine of our late
Fathers after his trip to the white house
And chased our gods to nearby evil forest
He likely said; tradition is evil
Its against his new found faith
But has forgotten thus;
This the same place he was born and brought up
He feeds on our millets
And also drank the same water from our running stream
Even used our father's herbs
Yet it neither smite nor betrays him
Is there any thing wrong with our tradition?
His little trip to the white world has brought evil
upon our household
Here he disowned his natives
Alas! See the trouble he brought to his lineage
He died so cheap like a guinea fowl
Look at him there standing isolated in the mids
of the dead ones.

Oh! Ignorance have ruin the world
Could it be as a result of western education?
Another friend of mine has refused to honour
the late father's dead
Sound of drum and gun shot
He refused to be heard
All because he was too religious
Or may be his Christian faith
Any way who knows!
Here he comes in his father in-law burial to
prove his power and greatness
But forgotten the tradition
See the death penalty he face
Clearing our farm land in the dead world

M-mh staying with the dead could be great!
Few are nice lest I forget
Though too worried in grave
If you see my healthy fathers

They now emaciate
I pity and pity
But change not their fate
They complain of coming home again
I refused instead better stay unawake
Becos they hardly bear part of our pain

Why haven't the gods do that they should?
Instead put human under foot
They tell us what to do
But deny us that which is good
Could it be the soothsayers are dupe?
We carry every of their problems like fire wood.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Enemy Within

The enemy within
Is not your family or kin
But procrastination
which is the worst foe unseen
It is a killer of dreams
When treated like a King
Then your failure begins
Life shattered at brink
Millions of setbacks it bring.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Two Faced

The world have lured me to its deity
Ruling my destiny they gain nothing
A journey i should have freeze and think twice
So my return will welcome my people's smile
Alas i am on a failed struggle!
Tragedy of life in big bundle
Many awaiting my cooked story
Here I am on chase of a finished glory
The wind has used me for a big mockery
Showing my unclad so brightly
Too many cases I've not settled
The heavenly race like a lost battle
Too many trials I've not conquered
I've spent years serving two masters
Tragedy with his warning sound
Trinity the only one I've not found
It's like my problem is hard to define
Still the preacher says; I will be fine
In pretence I claim the son-god
In the mids of witches I have no gut
Too many wrong in my heart beat
Living for the world I've no rich
why don't we stay in heaven and serve God?
where we have no excuse to avoid wrong
Living on earth a high taste
Many of us are two faced.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Beneath Your Palm

Uko whose misery his
kindred refill to breed home
And sit back to watch enmity
strangle his destiny to death
Your destiny lie beneath your palm
Until you arise & stop being calm
All you lost be found
Does victory evict you?
Why bothered by a broken burden?
Living isn't just when life is sweet
Needles to say you aren't useful to your kin
Lying in state like an impotent
One who's impaired being in
company of a barren woman
Come bear my burden for a night
If you can survive a grief
Riches I 've seen with a naked eye
If indolence be allowed in your life
Only the remains of anguish you
will be called to reap
Why look for whom to lead you home
Now it's early day?
Before the sun arrive to appease
the ugly face of the earth
Hurry get hold of your hope
Before its down stiff
Rekindle the fire, ashes anew
And ensure your misery you hold still
Again i beg you bestow your best breath
So you don't drop young
If your future is restored
Forever your name be called
Who do I become?
So life will be well
Speaking from an inner soul
How do I live without a foe?
Wait until you 're well blessed
We 'd make the meal for our kindred
First our heart be awake

Let's lead a demolition to our flaws
Breathing when its terribly tough
And fond of fun we all should form

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Lets Hail Our Heroes

Let's hail our heroes
Both the strong and the inferiors
Let's hail our heroes
Seeing their afflictions in our mirrors
They suppose to be adored like gods
Because they bear our cross
They embraced all odds
Hoping to keep us long

Even fought in crowd
Simply to do us proud
Though divided we 've come
More wounded in tongue

Isn't better we 're led by their good spirit
Lets connive in single unit
It will speak for them & our own life
Celebrating trials with one mind
Drunk in drug when dig drain
As we look upon their own brain

Let's hail our heroes
In naira, pounds, and euro's
For playing the good roles
Let's give them our kudos
For seizing the day amid night
While pursue their dream with owners might
Time love and hate neither know tribe
And patriotism accuses country's bribe

When will morals control blood?
When will our nations apply wisdom to work?
Struggle of our youths is it to know wise!
If not tired before their sun rise

What if stream of our drink an ill fortune?
Can we wait till a freedom come through?

Let's hail our heroes

Both in songs, rhythms and chorus
True lovers of Africa and its neighborhood
Who work harder than fight over mere food

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

My Father's Deity

My destiny they have loaned
to my father's deity
as a shrine server
There at Ugeneoma
Before Mmiri iyi;
the river goddess
Here I was told she's
the preserver of souls

Out of my mother's womb
I was brought to the
Njokujis Shrine
with lighting
A striking of thunder
Burning of incense
Guinea fowl
Young palm frond
A handsome calf
twice the deities age

Evil spirit they sent
to accompany me on the journey
of destiny
They thought it 'd guide me to the
throne of greatness
In front of our foster spirits
came the assembly of our breathless
and fainted folks
Children and parents of our past generations
To lay to the heart of the shrine my dangling
destiny before the betrothals hand

All my life I must live for the deity to survive
Father it is my life you 've tied to the Njokujis shrine!
So I'd reincarnate your royal role
it is my future that's sacrificed
in the face of this foreign spirits
How do you think I will grow?

The Hebrew God I was asked to blindfold
Slay to preserve a lifeless one
Idols they called for years
have chosen to remain dumb
My growing up I've approached evil
while chasing good
Spirit of the dead they employed to monitor
me on a move
In my fathers house I face evil with a fainted face
Spirits of the deceased they awoken to fence
my future like fence.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Mkpa

Mkpa whose name I buried in tongue
Keeping a late night at the Ukwa tree
together with the night owl
Waiting to pluck your emotions once it's fully ripe
I've always worship you in words
Each time am starved of love
Under this canopy of Uto-uwa i was hatched
When smoked in sambisa surveillance
In friendship our spirit crawl
Until our tears breed laughter
In your heart I once found shelter
migrant was my feelings for love
When I was told its over
Scavenging for a sane saint
Littered in thought
unknowingly agony i newly wed
Ever since my joy was expelled
I've known grief
Be real if indeed you're the
one withholding my lone joy
Why bring miseries my abode?
I've made no difference since I found a new life
Holiness i've kept in my fathers house
Carrying your case to the cross
Here we once died in penury
Before the final passover
Your heart I once lived on earth
When we are angels among men
Mkpa its your opinion I seek before dawn!
Make it known to the men of our tribe
My position in this hut
Before intimidation chase me to other foreign gods
Oh my bravely is gone!
Like a sky scrapper my emotion i built to the level
of unbreakable
Thinking it will stand still
Though trials refuse it sees a new day
Weigh my trust
Today it is far gone

Scale my faith its down mod
Mkpa my beginning was you
When I was seeking for a breakthrough
But in ending am broken in two
Falling out of love
Among the remaining faithfuls.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Uto Uwa

In mass we toiled to the tomb of Idoto
The inhabitants of mbanebeuda
Moping tears out of the living
For the sake of them that died so long
Among the barrens we bear much bleeds
As we celebrate the dead
Forged and forgotten in the fierce force
With aggrieved mind
Shooters admired
A feed till merry night
Mourning our kins that went underworld
Ahead we were in mend to men of Igodo
Like the recent settlers
Splashed with ease of Ubana
When we were to live with men
I mean with open mind
Peeping the nakedness of gods
At the dying night
Life was a battle
Troops were called for our own thrillers
Drift in the land of divorce
Here we pledged the need of living good
In between a blessing we excrete the curse
So it harm no brand
Hope beyond the reach of men
Miseries we part so we can live like gods
Teaming the days of us
Uto-uwa the road map trend
The world ride so wide
Lending numerous life to feed
Keeping the joys so many
Chosen to be appeased in life
As we chop with them that mourn their beloved ones
Gifting morrow their worries to bear
And them endowed with wealth
Their worries we claim we wear
For our very own good
As we dance to rhythm and blues

L.I.F.E

Life ultramodern centre buyers and sellers
meet to trade their joy and sorrows away
Those with miseries often went home with hearts
fulfilled of promises
Reaching the items they forever chased
The ones accompanied by joy may encounter reproach
on the way all as a result of twist of fate
The vehicle of this life isn't a comfort zone
where one sits and relaxes his mind forgetting the
Journey ahead of him
The ones that easily get carried away with the affairs
of life barely reach their destined home because
they chose to flirt with time.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When Death Comes With Sign

When death comes with sign
Boldly It will be written in our walls
The day we will be called for demise
Healthy we will look and strong
When once the wicked sneeze
Gunning for the worst we will not
Living to breed good choice
Readily our mind at work
Doing the will of God
Fear a bridge within us
Knowing we truly owe debt
Fleeing from stumbling blocks
Thus it will be hard to restrain
From good to unwanted thought

When death comes with sign
Ear isn't too big to grab
A voice when little it blab
Every eyes that's gone blind
Do struggle to see beyond
Wisdom be kind to man
Living to learn from the past
Evil will be hard to price
Sensitivity the sight of men
Many it will run their blood
Rebuilding their life all round
Pagans do turn from wrong
Tipping to outlive those in the church

When death comes with sign
Immortality will be pushed outside
And our future likely preserved
A pursuit for everlasting life
Who'd like to see hell?
Good tidings we ought to tell
Penury the poor will refute
Dying a death we choose
Heaven will be filled with many
Holiness a vaccine to cherish

In numbers we purge out sin
ill-health far from our being
Though none'd beckon to demise
The feelings when due will be immense
Hence we know our domain
There will be none to cast a blame

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When You See Achebe

When you see Achebe
At the gathering of the saints
Or in the midst of the Umunna
Together with the finest brains
There at the village square
Dinning in wisdom and words
Do call his name to a stand
Let eulogies be served to his taste
Present him a well dished greetings
And votes of many thanks
Acknowledge him for a life well composed
Announce his name with the salute of the thunderstorm
For doing the works beyond the height of numerous gods
Bringing to the highest height;
Lives meant to be kept underground
Tell him legacy lives for the sake of men of his height
That exhibit the heart of multitudes whose death never
end their famous name
Tap his forehead twice so you can tap from his existing wisdom
He has built bridges where many for long have been refused a passage
Remind him of his wisdom that produce brains of reputable
characters
Gifting humanity the choice to choose life when its fun and
rejuvenate
He's name we 've not forgotten in a hurry
Not even the works of his numerous arts
A name when travelled our lips we salivate in a spirited approach chanting in
psalms like one who has witnessed a resurrection
Among the foot we ve traced
His path broadens our mind

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

She That Finds My Heart

She that finds my heart
Found a young African poet of a dark origin
Whose anguish grows in words and grievances melt like aches
She finds a heart of a social critic
Who uncovers deceit through the bleeding of the fearless ink

She that finds my heart must hail from tribe with many tongues
Not a woman who needs interpretation to my slang
She must be one that's brave in thought but weak in mother tongue
when once am boiled in the vein

A woman who desire many men is one whose leg is close to early grave
And existence is just like the candle stick that ends at the
tunnel

She that finds my heart shouldn't be one that's recently
welcomed to the life circle
Whose awareness hasn't gone beyond divorce
Not even one who allow adversity on her way home knowing I ve encountered
numerous havoc clothed in different regalia while
coming to this life

Remind her I have no home of my own
Neither the one made of goldstone
It is the same famous hut reserved by my foster parents
I ve been left with during their early days on earth
Before the brutal genocide that makes life incomplete

She that finds my heart should be someone whose maturity
Is old enough to differentiate wisdom from foolishness
And able to lead me home where my agony will be laid before
eternal rest
She should be willing to get drenched in the rigid rain
That rains nights and numerous days when the journey becomes
hard for legs to trek
Tell her to get ready to be eaten up by the brutal sun from the sahara
For days ahead will come when life will choose to be far from normal ejecting the
scents that uplift life

Either primitive or a modern woman; let her be willing to remain in my abode to
be the eyes that will see for my offsprings when am no longer here to build from
scratch so my fathers name won't be pushed to the underground
Let her be a woman that has seen sorrow with both eyes
And one who has witnessed where hearts were broken in two
and patched by the goldsmith
Or one who can bear all things so whenever am insane and fallen out of my real
sense because of anxieties of this world she will be in control and in charge of my
entire life teaching me morals
instead of consuming me with words and mother tongues
seeing my behaviours as a total stranger

I need a woman whose words will wet my soul when its dried of courage and
caution

Not one who carry vengeance like full basket of melons
waiting to drop it like a time bomb when she heard the day is
evil

A nagging woman is a deliberate trap set to a man made of
high temperament whose anger hurries to consume lives
And later left in the den of reproach

I need a woman who fights for her husband with the best of
her brain and not with war of words

And one whose brain suffers from primitiveness

Shame and shyness will hardly allow to share my bed with
uncircumcised men of my tribe

Men whose manhood are like the cassava stem too quick to
throw a salute at the sight of a newly wedded bride

Her maturity shouldn't be measured by the size of her boobs
At least let her be that of the potters height whose gossip
won't be the husband weakness and one infertility won't bring
a breach to a holy matrimony

Not one who will table my ignorance to the crowd to measure
the length of my brain

Fetch me a painkiller whose quick action cures hepatitis

A respecter of my people's opinion

One that Christianity won't deny our own way of life

She that finds my heart should come with morals

Sense of belonging and words that consoles

So character won't be a stumbling block
By the time we approach a new life.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Resurrection

The grave is void
It has no power on its own
And death could not hold us
still with her sting
Despite the fierce battle
Through the power of resurrection
We could behold a new breath
After life might have left us

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Pain & Regrets

Who's to blame?

For my regrets and pain
After coming as far from the grave
Giving away my haves and braves

Who's to blame?

For being raped by works of men
My destiny suddenly changed on the way
My world at end again!

Is it explorer or the soil...?

Is it spoiler or the spoilt...?
Living a life could be insane
Even the dead do complain

I layed my life for a friend
Because of love i've offend

Who's to blame?

If I decide to go back to the grave
For living unfulfilled life again
is it heaven or earth that will regret?

Who's to face all of these blames?

For not making good use of my brain
Doing good I suddenly abandoned and digressed
My conscience too afraid to surface

Who's to blame?

Creator if am to name...
Living creatures like evil men
Inventor of the brain

When many hail and drag for my name

I was too busy to give ear to their pain

When life was full of my age

I was still busy to make haste while the sun is on display

Though I wasn't destined to misbehave

But revenge force me to behead
Aftermaths;
Who's to face all of these blames?
I mean all my regrets and pains.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Death Do Not Stand In My Way

Death, do not stand in my way!
This I've learn to pray

Death do not stand in my way!
Long life, i've run to embrace

Death do not stand in my way!
My life, they plan to slay

Death do not stand in my way!
Till the end of my reign

Death do not stand in my way!

When ailment pronounce my name
Death do not stand in my way!

When evil comes my way
Death do not stand in my way!

Time men plan to shorten my age
Death do not stand in my way!

When i'm tortured by distress and pain
Death do not stand in my way!

When i'm traced with crime, and it failed
Death do not stand in my way!

When my life is pushed to the grave
Death do not stand in my way!

My mission is incomplete and underage
Death do not stand in my way!

So my enemies won't know I 've fade
Death do not stand in my way!

Now I'm not off age

Death do not stand in my way!

Let my name be saved
Death do not stand in my
way.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

I Tasted Trial

I tasted trial
When it was not my turn
The previous era
And my life was in storm

I tasted trial
When it was full of thorn
I tasted trial
When I met the sun

I tasted trial
From the time I was born
I tasted trial
And it was bitter in my tongue

I tasted trial
When life was tough
I tasted trial
Till the day I overcome

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Home Soil

This is our home our soil
Sons & daughters of our crown
Lets join both hands to annul
Every stains in our heart

Let's look deep in our act
Living in each others arm from scratch
No call for miseries nor wave at the past
Vengeance be buried among our peers
Though trial may knock our door
Only in unity we can build this house tall

This is our home our soil
Sons & daughters of our tribes
Though anger & wrath may arise to boil
Be wary so they don't shorten our joy

When atrocities from afar called
And innocent become unjust
Be bold to spread peace across board
Living by the gun never in your mind be born

We mustn't tear the image apart
If only we can hold our life
Avoid desperation take us wide
From here we own a right
A freedom of all kind

This is our home our soil
Sons & daughters its our choice
To chase evil off our thought
Religious crisis be given a doubt
Because it tie ones future down.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Ego(Money)

Ego the man-saver!
its your face i seek
Through the goddess mouth
In your hand lies riches and glory
Many that are in your lack;
Are in Penuries den
Our biggest threat arrive
Whenever you re out of town
Life becomes fierce and frown
Our heroic name buried underground

What is life when there's
no you in all we do?
If wishes were horses
In your chamber I 'd ride

Ego be merciful to me
In my youth before the arrival of old age!
In your name i 've seen hell
Even obsessed all day long
Roaming prostrate in the
altar of quick wealth
Most times i 've forfeit the
ways of the creator
All for the value you bring

If life is all it cost
To remain stranded
Its left in the hand
of the living to chase
this grievous path

Be near don't keep me waiting
Now am on a toothless stand
Should I taste this menace again
After the rented years?
When everything good lies in your path.

Indecision

Indecision strong breed
That makes life insignificant
I'm plundered in character assassination
When heroes were raised
I dwell in setbacks the nostalgia years
I begot no solid words my home
Not a grown up actions
To steer my affairs
When led the forbidden path
At my age wisdom turn armature
To guide my twinkling stars
the illuminating track
Legs seems lose
Tattered in thought
Seeking other destinies for decision making
Reasons am not man enough in my home.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Pros And Cons

I use to live like a pagan
Though not that I don't know who God is
I only wanted my peace
Instead of casting and binding my own neighbors
any time am on my knees
Or busy rendering my offerings to enrich the rich.
I wanted to live like a philosopher
Not that I don't know God exist
I only want to do things my way
Just for the sake of joy and bliss
I don't mind if I fail or succeed.
There are time I choose to live like the
scientist in order to have more Knowledge of
God
And prove the world wrong on the things they
claim came to exist without origin or a trace
I would like to live like the great
inventor
To create just like God
And be famous with my work
Most times I feel happy living
Like a Muslim who is afraid to
offend his God
Simply because he lives by the law.
I use to live like an idle man or the street beggar
who feel there's no need to work
only rely on the alms of strangers and friends
In as much he can eat and survive
There are some days i allow
my pride to govern so people
can know my worth
I don't die in silent
I only vomit my thought
The other time when I decide
not to be cool
I only wanted to be hot
I use to live like the rich,
Who got his eyes on his wealth and care less
about lending some of his time to God

Until tragedy befalls on him
then he can run back to the Church
so his problem could be solved.
There are period i live like a hypocrite whose
Presence is
felt in the Church,
He's endowed with speaking in tongues
He even recite and preach God's word
he is faultless in his eyes any way
After all says and done
then he still go the way of
the world
Sometimes I think and live like the poor
who doesn't bother acquiring much wealth
Could it be his thinking is low
He's always afraid of risk
hence he has a little food that can keep his
strength
Often times I live like the parliaments
who would implement the law
and decide not to live by it
Because to them obeying the law isn't by force
I am just like the philanthropist
who doesn't receive back what
he give
Many who ask him receive
He extend his help to the less privileged in the
street
I use to live as if am insane
Even when going my way
I talk only to myself
I hiss and punch the air
busy blaming my past
Several times I 've lived just
like the common man
who wants a simple life
but restricted by the law of his land
I wish to be like the Christians
Who were told to exchange
right for wrong
And the good for evil
And give love for hate

Only with their faith
they can convince their God
I wish life is fair
My problems I wouldn't like to share
Though life doesn't end up here
I know not everybody is aware.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Feminist World

My father's demise brought me gold coast
My blood finally give up on harlot road
The aches of childhood has left a stretch
mark on the back of my old age
Strength of our country men is sold
We fake love in disguise
Can one sip poison and seek twice?
Over pampering once spoiled my old life
Our problem a trace from women's tribe
Many of them on mobile
Too strange; an odd mind
They have no job, a gold mine
Why do men choose to dine on red wine?
All we have; a sacrifice
With life we are bound to pay the big price
Many of this wrath waits to unknown end
With full trust they vow to be crucified on my
own laps
Begging i procreate for their husband
Men without manhood!
Its a pity when men feed on women's struggle
Do we really have a home to build?
Why live my fellow man's life?
Alas!
My past mistake
i've given a new birth!
The masculine world in tragedy
Women mistake me as their fellow woman
My foreign friends say am a mere feminist
It has down on me this time!
How do I cover my outpouring pain?
Can we hide the raw truth?
What will I tell my unborn child?
Why do men live a feminist life?
Where husbands are compelled to
do the wish of their own wives
Men were seen to be too weak
No place to call a home
No single decision of my own

Those accommodated by women are not real men
I face a challenge of a teddy bear
A woman paid a price on my own head
And still call me by full name "HUSBAND";
My people were without Shame when they gave
my hand in marriage
Who impose a curse on our traditions?
Indeed our men are not made for actions
How can we fold arms we the male folks
And allow the female counterparts ruin the
affairs of our own home?
But they called it "LOVE";
When I talk, they laugh it off
Many said is the common tie
Cos a female gained us mere freedom
For this reason we should all drown on their own
laps
They even said I have no moral right
To lay my hand on my woman
When she does wrong
If I don't correct her by words...
Won't I correct her with my bare hands?
How will she change?
They called it "'ABOMINATION";
Many called me names....
Protesting as if they have gone mad
That right of women must be protected
They foretold I would face a penalty
For breaking the country's rules
How do men survive life in a feminist world?
They said our role is to stay at home
And watch the female counterparts do the whole
farming
Even babies most time get fade up
Will I continue like this till I get old?
Won't I go stealing busy doing nothing?
Shouldn't I work for the future of the unborn
child?
How do we survive with one life?
Our government is runned by a woman
A half man;
People with immortal mind

And we call that life
While the so called men sit back at home
Busy doing nothing
With folded arms watching the world a whole lot
We need a change in our government!
Who among you has a cure to our ailment?
If only we can give a listening ear to our
nightmares
And take up a fight for our common right
Who will disarm our government?
It seems am the only one concerned...
A woman in charge of our airflow
A marriage my fellow men called life
Still they share their women
With uncommon men
Men without manhood
They keep saying is normal
When I say Its "AdULTERY";
And something against the law
They would clamor to stone me to death
Or threaten to send me packing
Imagine a woman playing the role of a giant
Ah!
How will I know my unborn child
When my wife put to bed?
Won't my heir be claimed by a fellow man?
Because of our subjection to feminist world
Go spit your fire on our elders
Go tell the men on sleep to act fast
Go tell the people on the street to make haste
Go tell the men on suit the main fact
Tell them there's no time
Remind them we must live fine
Sing to our fathers in casket our usual song
Tell them in time of trial
We must stay wake
This is the hour
We must not waste
The firewood they fetched in dry season
Has risen to consume us
The subjection they put us through
Have caused Heaven a handshake

Tell them today they must all wake
To see with their blind eyes where the world has
led us
Explain to them they 're all fakes
For using their hand to change our own fate
And misplaced it as the will of the gods
Even the gods are on curse
They know nothing
They all share from our long sufferings
No one is allowed to appease them
Because it's only the women that do the talking
If they say we should talk we talk
Else we will all remain to die in silence

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Masses Plight

Masses plights are;
Wealth seekers in our town
The lose visions among the crowd
Menace to our fate
And takers of our intake
Expectant of quick wealth
Knowing well the givers health
A short coming
If the giver slack
Wouldn't they go on hungry?
Masses plights are;
People on unstable stand
Whose destiny lies on neighbors hand
Without them(the neighbors) there's no fate
Subhumans among us
Loaded heads with unused brain
Dreamers of dream and harvesters of our own dreams
With a destructive slogan;
Ours to seek, sleep and slumber
Child bearers of our time with no material aid
for their ward
Or good parental upbringing
A dwindling future for their children
Law breakers in our town;
People who swallowed what is right
To do the otherwise
In the absence of due process
Tenants and house lords
Contractors and many who built collapse houses without a
solidify structures
Masses plights are people who forget their native homes as a
result of basic necessities of life
They enjoy abroad or urban centres
Only to remember their natives
Time tragedy strike
Miracle seekers
And unretired workers of iniquities
Reapers of our own harvest
They are the expectant of good

That do the otherwise
Workers of signs
Who keep their admirers in wonders
Forsakers of skills
And productivity
People who pursue neighbors wealth
Many whose presence is made manifest In sanctuary instead
of mortuary
The physically unchanged persons
With able bodied mind
Masses plights;
Men and women of our town
Who abandoned their professions
The degree holders with God given
Potentials who prefer to run abroad
To serve various country joints and quarters
The constituted Authorities;
Who for the sake of rich and famous
Refuse to vacate their elective post
For up and doing citizens
People who could have carry the masses along In the
partitions of the nations cake
They are the bench warmers in our constituency
Who only seek for their self enriched ambitions
For the betterment of their forth coming generations
When the electorate dies of hunger in mids of plenty
Masses plights;
The street loafers in disguise
Who claim sick with healthy mind
They are; the poverty generators
Instead of alleviator
Misfortune preachers
The descendants of Esau;
People who sold their birthright
In pursuit of what would not last
The problem seekers
Who constitute miseries for our nation
The masses plights;
Our doctors without doubt
Self esteem social health workers
With selfish service delivery
Who risk the life of a commoner

To protect the affluent
All as a result of incapacitation
Are these the saviours of our time
People who could not save
Masses plights;
The infidels, non professional tutors
And lecturers in our colleges
And institutions of higher learning
The politicians and sugar coated philanthropists
And many who salvage in public while the household ravage in
abject poverty
The poor city dwellers
With exotic cars and houses
Home and abroad
With unprecedented sack clothes
Like one mourning a loved one
With strategic measures
Probably to implicate some poor striking souls
Masses plights;
Many of them Icons, Elites
The clergy men and women in disguise
The Ambassadors of loot
Those whose patronage for unlabored skills denied others their
shining destinies
Their hope lies in alms begging from younger generations

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

On The Day Of My Demise

On the day of my demise
Do not merry in front of my dying hut
Proclaiming my lost name on a repeated time
Thinking with a mere beating
of the drum you can raise a lost soul
Neither come in mass with pride and prejudice
soaked in streams of tears to increase my countless woes
Do not break the bank for the man who's fast asleep
And if it will be found worthy in your glaring thought;
Let your will be on how to fend for my dying tribe
The waste of my being; you should be quick to expatrate
My spirit and soul you shouldn't bother to trace to
the underworld
The reserve of my wealth the poor you should give
to keep until their dying days
All of these you should do when i embark on this long lasting trip
On the day of my demise do not come to feast on leftovers of hard minerals
thereby exploiting my offsprings to penury
let my being be buried underground
For I am not worthy of the white man's reform;
keeping the remains of me in their morgue until my wisdom decay
Tell the living to mourn only themselves for its my debt I've
been called to pay
Do not appease to the gods any of my genuine fowl
Neither roast my yams for the disciples of doom.

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Second Coming

When the Lord shall come
From the battered face of the sky
through a trill dance of the storm
the wind will wiggle its waist
Together with sons of men
keep brave as much
In every movement be still
Either chants or rift
Birds will sing our song
Like a drop of tears
Heaven will overthrow the rain
the sun'd be afraid
To seek the face of the day
Call the universe for a praise!
He has come to shake the grave
the earth be set ablaze
So our sins be erased
I've preserved a warm welcome
With holy kiss his name i will adore
Tell the saviour; I come
Here I am to seek his face
His feet I'd fall
Hearing the wonders of the world
indeed he will shock
Why abandon us on the run?
Today you will be lectured with the tongue
About things that took you unaware
When you left to the space
Your footstep many traced
And found not your face
Devil and his agents at work
In struggle to live in our heart
Winning the hearts of saints
They refused men repent
Where went you my Lord?
When we were steadfast in the Lord...
Refusing to do the works of men
Tribes and tongues confessed your name
period sin refused to be born

Many in the church knew their God
With our bald head we've carried your cross
In your name many have been destroyed to the core
Them that were steadfast in your call
have all succumb
When the Lord shall come
from his hidden place above the sky
Earth be ready to console
For He won't bear it in his heart
Terrible things we ve sowed
What will be the look of His face?
Seeing the earth in unusual form
I strongly believe; He will be unimpressed

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Lovers Woe

In emptiness I once chose to be sold
In abandon of riches and glory
I disowned the house of gold
Reaching out the destitute for love
The brightness the sun share
You can't compare to my slaying skin
Sighting my presence you must sin
It is my personality the preacher preach
An ocean you will enjoy to fish
Here; men from far country
travel to pay obeisance to love
Among the men that compete with gods
I've left; now its your face I sought
In deed Agbafor made me lost in thought
After proven with the other side of the tongue
How to subdue a heart with hug
consuming my life you once forbade in your tongue
on my laps you spent the years...
Isn't this more than a matrimonials bed?
You know no hunger under this roof
Till you dry cleaned my well firmed breast
Now it has fallen apart
Agbafor my love!
Has my beauty fade?
the look in your eyes
tells am no longer your thought
After we abandoned yesterday
Here you've forgotten with time
Days men queue to shake off our abode
begging to be loved
Happy to see a city beauty is made
Among the women you took for a wife
Because they exhibit the tongue of your tribe
Who among them is twice my reign?
In the days I survived by praise
Giving a look at already made maiden
Who can compete with the river goddess?
The great Nwanyimma in her prime
Tell the hunger in your heart;

my huge breast has not quenched
why fold me like a mat?
when perceived my love and its stench
Be careful in everything good
Beauty will soon be faked
Take me back to the house of gold
A city riches is known
place your love met me unclothed
And refused men that are drunk in wealth
To pronounce my name
Agbafor if you are brave!
chase my home with a drum of war
I pray my father's wrath;
you will be hard to consume
for crossing the red line
In the days of St Valentine
I thought I found love
I sold my heart to finish
To the betrayers hand
upon the deadly oath
we took upon ourselves
in the pinnacle of Jerusalem
with pilgrims of love
the holy mountain of Sinai
where lovers wrote with petals
the lovers myth
there at the love lock bridge in Paris
May you be buried outside the grave
the day you will be a friend to death
And expose your nudity to earth
The weapon that caricatured our girls
be eaten off by soldier ants
So you don't come back to harm
And exploit our Virgin girls
claiming ownership of their pride
before they re ripe for wife
May your eyes be seized by batimus
As an offering to the blind
So you can perceive everything good
But far from the taste it brings
May your legs be dashed out to the lame
So you won't run after nudity in your life

even when emotion long and hunger for it
it will be far from your reach

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Blindfold

Tel father;
I will no longer be called by his name...

Tell trial;
i will no longer be left to reap in pain
The remaining burden should be evacuated to the grave
I will no more be teased while slayed

Tell Uboko the fate twister;
I've been living under the spell casted on my foster mother
before the wretched night where dreams of our men were openly
aborted

Tell Ije;
My life has refused a rapid growth
And my clock is fast rolling
Waving it's hand to dead end
When my unused wisdom will be burnt or allow to decay

Tell Mbazere;
I am no longer the man they used to know
My destiny has been changed from home
To Favour my manipulators: those who never desire to see me
doing good

Tell Mbazie;
That i've been banished from the same home we both spilled
our blood to build
The land of my late father's like a street
Urchin
The very hut that seized our last breathe

Uko my kindred;
Lay your Christian hand on my dead soul so I can come back
to Christ
For i've been deceived in my womb age not after I became
possessed by a foreign spirit on my way running to people of
this world thinking I will find a new life
Alas it is losses i've been made to count

My feelings and that of followers of Christ has refused to be
alike

On my quest to embrace luxury
Lustfulness took hold of my original life

Pray for my lost soul Ugbana!
Pray for my life growth
Use your Christian faith
And fast so I will remain
If only you can bring my spirit back to life
And wash my thoughts from wrong
For i've seen hell while coming to earth

I am doomed in my own generation;
I've refused life to early grave
Though I have eyes but it's blindfolded
All my days on earth i'v been called to serve
a fellow being
Claiming the master servant
When my thought is not far from doing wrong

In trial i've toiled
On a journey of no return
A failure i've been called
Yet many insist I won't overcome

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A Trip To Toza

The journey men embarked
and beckon to defeat
I've backed refusing sleep
Here you're mocked in the
street of laughter
When once your life is sick
Or refused a rapid growth
I've taken my trip to Toza
A region where strength is life
No excuse to God the world after
Here the weak are forced to strive
When hailing the goods of men
Remember some doers still unpaid
This an act my spirit embrace
Icing my life with pace
Why harbour a long time worries
In life brigade?
In thought I always migrate
Seeing the life most lived
Why eaten by self made grief
When it's your turn to liberate...?
Don't fail the time ahead...
So lets proceed
The life pinnacle
Where miracle is mind
In your thought you have to expand
Kindly take trip to Toza
To harvest a life now not after
For here we were born incomplete
No need fighting this war in our own end
Think to remain the years to come
We are known the street of Gad
Don't go brief the depth of life
Its a quest we're held to know
Rig me among the true Saint
Let the alarm blow
I am my own legend
In the league of men
Criers we will always be called

When living beneath the feet
Marked by our own turbulence
At the nick of night
Where we were weighed by wind
Willing to wave with our waned wings
Isn't that terrible to time...?
Hiding among men
In the days we ought to be seen
Our life spark clear
Thinking we are billed with joy
Telling the task we thought is omen
When rigged by our very own riddles.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

I Stopped For Death

I stopped for death
When she could not come to me
Begging she pronounce my name
Squeeze and ravage my entire home
So I could sleep
And be heard no more
Period I stumbled and fell
And was stopped to rise again
Time living was a civil war
All i suffered was ill-health
When helpers could not reach my abode
To help lift me off defeat
Above my comfort zone
The distance between heaven
And earth a mile so long
Reason the dwellers
Refused giving ear to my pain
Being stagnant to a stand
A point I could not take
I had no option than reckon to demise
To come and reap my barricades apart
So my name will be heard no more
I crawl with the day till it goes blind
Busy growing worries and tears
Bidding my fate a farewell dirge
Till I have a low voice
When offered a choice
Though I could choose life
I decided to go for the worst
So as to stop visiting my past
I do crawl the deserted path
Where I always see death
On Red bloody sleeve
Roaming the street like god
Seeking for whom to devour
Standing in front of her I know no fear
Because I already know my end is near
My friendship becomes a thing so close
Since living in this world gives no hope

Only if I could be humble to death
By then i will know her strength
Alas my voyage is out of luck!
Being unable to behold demise at home
Time I stopped for death
And she could not come to me
I was some miles away
through the famished road
On my quest to find her home
Hoping death could behold my face
To steal my disarray and burdens away
And take me to a place that's a bit fair
Where there's no agony and penury to
taste.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Igede The Spirit Dance

Dance not my child!
The heartbeat of Igede drum
For It is far from your perceived joy
Dance not to the elevation of its sound
Its resounding voice only breeds menace
Why not wait until the drumming fade?
So you could see the danger of its taste
With the hand slapping of the drum
A grievous signal is drawn
Tubam! Tubam! Tubam!
A ceremonial call of massacre
Hailing the victims of stillbirth
Dance not my child!
Igede the spirit dance
With its resounding voice
of a temporal victory
coupled with allies of harmony
pampering the tragedy of future woes
When trial is called does it not hunts the victim and neighborhood?
Dance not my child!
Igede the warfare song
A drum soaked with blood of our kin
Better hold your life stiff
And in wisdom be keen
For Igede parades with vengeance
visiting the deeds of the fathers
To the children even the ones yet unborn
Caution my child!
Be patient so you don't bow to the vocal tone
Nor draw disaster near our post
Let your ear first do the dancing
And if possible let your leg flee
In pursuit of a long life
For here lies the end of numerous dreams
And as many ve been burnt
Dance not my child!
The dance of the spirit force
Dance not to the whims and caprice
of the political overlords

Dance not to Igede the spirit dance
It is your future you ve been made to exchange
Eating your tomorrow today
Forgotten the plight in each gain.

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Remembrance

What will I be remembered for?
Looking at life and the end of age
After sleep refuse wake
Will heaven and earth exchange a hand shake?
Time I depart for a holy call
Leaving the world and all earthly treasures
When am no more the face of the earth
Not lack of country visa
Haven't i overstayed my welcome?
What will I be remembered for?
Living my life my very own way
Take no heed to wisdom and words of men
Will it please my soul
When stop the middle of the road?
Will tongue recite my name...?
Is it mouth that will push it to the drain?
Many my mate twice my age;
Will they have something to regret?
After run my race;
Journey the world second phase
What will be my fate?
Time the spoiler ruin the day
And seize mid night for a rest
And Christ awake
What's their present?
Running the run
The bold battle
Have I won!
Suddenly overtake by mourn
Before wake; Christ is gone
What will you be remembered for?
Count your years running for the world;
At exhausted age
What if the future be at stake...?
Is it gain you count or regret?
Even the people that put evil on replay;
After you hunt and captured his soul
Glad at last he go...
The grave will it be good for a home?

Remember one day you will surely go
And your stories will be things of old
After chased to chase the earth beneath
What's future my fate?
God be proud I work!
Devil 'd stand my luck!
Angels cheer....
Isn't for warm welcome?
Who need speak my behalf?
When the call is called
Has living groan...?
When righteous drop!
Them that celebrate the loss;
Aren't them the heroes of ikoyi's night club?
Those i harm in wrong won't charge me to court!
Children of men I begot might seal their love
What will I be remembered for?
Dying the death of my fathers
Crawling the world second phase
I 've hold nothing
Drown in the country's river bank
Dream done and dusted
How will the children survive?
Take to stealing or strive
Stress I know will run their brain
Struggle on their own the new page
Those that cry my cry
Is it for love sake?
Not I refuse wake; to feed them till they seek grave
Will my remembrance be heard in the church
For all the good I 've done
Is it in the court, for my wrong
Will it stand the deeds of the past & the test of time?
Knowing I was once borne
and carried the world on my head.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

I Fall In Love On A Lonely Day

I fall in love on a lonely day
When my motion is high on a race
When my heart is dried of life & a taste
Not just when am a friend to the grave
Bliss an end to the trouble I face
Willing to plough my worries away
Whenever dealt with emotional haze
Know the period its love I trace
I fall in love when am in need of a mate
A lap to put my head so I can rest
Not because of merry, or a haste
A plan to withstand the lonely days
I fall for love with friend that's insane
Whose feelings won't decrease on a day
Her thought running towards my vein
Someone who rears trust, truth and faith
I fall for love when my brain is running and awake
Not one that needs bags of promises to grant my request
Along the road when it no longer sweet but decay
Our wounds, misfortune won't be called to surface
I fall in love on a lonely day
For the sake of joy, bliss and a pet
To a woman who knows love not regret
So I can survive the future when my emotion upset.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

Mother Earth Owes Man A Tomb

The Earth our hollow host
There's nothing to bank and boast
The Earth our hovering home
We are the apparitions, her ghost
The dust of her dust
The mortal being to her tomb
Companion to her grave
Sojourner of her aid
We are the Earth bearers
The terminal roots
And still births
The first fruits
Born out of her womb
The lunatics and her fluid
We are the miners of her crude
The children of old
Her flesh and blood
We are the Earth rebels
Her friends and foes
Eyes of her god's
The harvest of her heart
We are her breeds and bonds
Her pride and pain
We are the earth and her fullness thereof
Her laps we dig, plough to survive
Split and buried the remaining of us
Together we are killed by the sound of her bomb
In grave our body swollen and dumped
Indeed mother Earth owes man a tomb
Our leftovers she has to comb
There in the country cemeteries
Innocent souls assembly for a glorious monument
Before led to a funeral of rest
These are the heroes of our home
Here we were told is our tomb
A land our body is dumped like a waste
In dust at last we will be laid
This is the nature of man
And the least we can expect of Earth

From Eden to Mosaic
To mortal clergy and imam
Time early men were formed and fixed
Oh yea mortal on a Morris dance!
Coated in Morocco meridian
With a growing militia waiting for mass destruction
Mother Earth owe you a tomb!
The mendicants
Street loafers
The medics
And the philosophers
The athletes
Atheist
Mayor and mayoress
The chibok kingpins
The mindless minder on melee
The medievals
And Legion of us
Men left left-handed on cage
Leapfrog by our overtaker
The Man that maul man like a miscreant
And made life merchantable
This is Earth our host
There's nothing to bank and boast
This is earth our hovering home
We are her apparitions, her ghost
Mother Earth owes us a tomb
In the presence of this grave we were told.

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Agony Of Yester Years

There were days life was not fair to live
The years hardness of life brought us to our knees
The nights we thought we could be safe running to the grave
The period outcast was far better than the slave
Days our freedom was bundled in chain
In the middle of life joy walked passed our way
Barefooted our destinies went astray
Scavenging the street wearing frustration like a mask on the face
Under the moonlight we coil waiting for the world to fade
Decades grief eat deep our vein
Spirit of departed African folks crawl around our homes
Song of sorrow still roam the street of our soul
Barren and Barred was our year
Period angels were fade up to pray
The cry of the owl regurgitate our pain
The belly of the stream littered the slain
No reserved remembrance for our departed folks
Many of our stories remain untold
Life breed burdens like bearings
We 've bore burdens born by our own brethren
We 've been bundled by bold burdens daily
Under the bed of our bellies many burdens were buried
Always soaked in thought walking hopelessly
inside the life tunnel longing for a narrow escape
As we wait across canal and the under bridge for unknown tomorrow
Stalked in institute of miseries
To us sorrow was like a sibling
Each body leaping with a hunting soul
Immortal our unseen foes
Our destiny sit at the breaking point
Period life was a friend to the grave
And the echo of death across the wave
resurrect our unending pain
In ripples of a life rolling shell
we all lie flat with a battered fate
We 've been held hostage in hell,
while hovering to find a treasurable home in heaven
We ve seen war and many that were eaten raw
We ve heard rumours of war, many of our men that left

when nature never called

Life leaks through walls

Like flood, hunger break into our door

As hardship crawl close to our hut, in hunt of our licking limbs.

Emmanuel Joseph Olumakiss

When I Have Nobody But Me

When I have nobody but me
I 'd rather be real
Instead of being hopeless and still
Begging for alms I won't be fit
Hence I could make good use of my skills
I 'd work my blessings myself
Instead allow my dream stolen by theft
No need wallow a long mile
Waiting for a helper to harvest my smile
No need narrow the wrong mind
Fighting over a loaf when I 've got some
spiced slice
Should I pry over a neighbor's bliss?
When with strength my joy I can team and mix
When hard my endurance heaps
I 'd lie beneath wherever my elbow reach
When I have nobody but me
From negation my mind will
be made free
Knowing nobody is me
Who among men can make my future ripe?
Only with my own hand I can turn up the darkness into light
Success is far fetched while facing your perceived plight
Instead beckon a friend to help put your future right
When I have nobody but me
I 'd grab every slight opportunity and thrive
Creating the most perfect of my being
Living up to expectation a deal
I 'd wake from slumber in pursuit of a desired dream
Though the road be made rough to ride
Indolence I will first place on hide.

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