

Poetry Series

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu
- poems -

Publication Date:
2020

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

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A Nigerian, from Imo State, born in Benin in 1985, grew up in Abuja and based in Lagos, I contracted writing and now I live in it. My life rotates around art and literature as I teach language and art, I write, act, compose and sing as well. I am naturally shy but presentably bold and I live the day as it comes and as if each day is the last. I am who you know from my works.

A Walk Hand-In-Hand Elbow On Shoulder

Let's do the walk

When the eve is come and the night visits

When the cool air brushes our faces to pull up a smile

Makes us perceive the fresh aroma of our colognes when any of us trails a little in front

When the heat and the hits of the day have died down

And we're no longer under the pressure of the rush hours

And the honking of the busy cars

Or we take another road where cars won't find us to shower dust on us or naked us with their headlamps

Yes, we take the street where we can freely let the breeze that pass by caress our hairs and tickle our armpits

Let's do the walk

Then when we're coming from rehearsals or meetings or functions

Though tired but free and knowing there's nothing to rush home for

Even when there are

We brush them aside knowing we would have work with us forever

But same companionship may not remain forever so

And so no matter how late we'd get home we won't regret

Because it was a time well used in happiness

And if happiness is all that matters then

Let's do the walk

We gist and laugh and our voices resound in the quiet streets

And we won't drown the deafening silence when it is to give rise to bedroom whispers

That only us can hear

And our hearts understand

Then when we're lead to sing the songs that one of us raised looking into each other's eyes even when it's dark we can't see

Let's do the walk

A walk hand-in-hand elbow on shoulder

Is one upon which pleasant memories are written

And greater bonds knotted

Success ideas birthed from many thinking and many wondering

Oh what medicine to the soul

Let's do the walk always so our friendship band can hold tightly

Let's do the walk every often if happiness is all that matters
Shall we?

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Aj? Je

“Touch my heart, let it boil for you,
Touch my soul, let it melt with your tip,
So that the molten it makes
Will fit into the shape of the hollows of your heart
And satisfy your desire

For the morning dawns with it
A desire for your kiss
And the day, one to hear your voice
And the night? .
A longing for your touch
And the red earth awaits your spoils

And in this eery season
The weather is here
It rained all night when I should sleep
The breeze it was dry
And this sun so hot I'm freezing to death

If the world ever match makes a couple
It shouldn't keep a distance in between
The droplets are many
That pour from the windows of the soul
For many assumptions assume
Walls where there are none
A mistake that I made
My pillar is at that end
My mighty strong breasts

But I am the matchmaker
Don't do well in my maths
So I did a poor construction
The long bridge that should keep my breasts and I connected
Can I still pick a dust?
And you saw the vacuum
And kissed my lips
And touched my heart
And then my soul
It is the end

You and I ate my life
You gave the lethal
And I had it
If only...
Now it really is the end"
Oh that lament

From the opposite side of heaven

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Amira

Amira! You are the light we all see
The intellect that is our only been-to
The mouth we have
And the shoulder we too can lift high amongst our equals

Amira! Have you forgotten?
That our bank was you
The hunger we bore shows on you
You remain our shoulder

You who now is the been-to
And have read many books
Now want to do as they say
Give all to him?

No! The kitchen is not your office
Child bearing is not the only reason for your existence
Say to him as you had said to us in your younger days
That you too can run the affairs of the nation

Amira! You hear?
You too can fly the big bird
And command the forces
Even the sea can be gathered in a place by you

Yes! You can have it in your palms
You can be that and more
If you say what you will
And will what you say, Amira!

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At The Moment

When you hold a person's hand
Hold him tight so close to you
Hold him not sparing any of your strength
That may be your last hold of him
You may never see him again

When you have a friend in deed
Explore every opportunity
Smile and laugh as much you can
Be yourself and fake it at times
Show your anger and passions too
That may be the last you have of him
When you see a person once
Take as much views as you can
Make an image you'll love that lasts
Make fun the moments you share
Never extend a pinch for `morrow
Tomorrow make come with a contrast in plan
You may never meet again

When you have a neighbor around
Use them all as much you should
Enjoy their being as much you can
You twain part and comeback never

When you see a child at lawn
Smile to him and make it real
That may be all he'd seen of smiles
He may never see as such again
No two smiles look alike

When you have your parents at hand
Show them love as they do too
Show you care though rich or poor
Whether be busy still linger near
Let them trust and b'lieve in you
That hope may be keeps them going
Parents too go and never return
And you'll never have same again

When you have a being to love
Love every bit and inch and step
Love for tomorrow never is
Show it all and hide a non
Take all of you in the game
Show all care as much you can
Do it all and fear no imperfection
Hurt and pains are part of life
Love goes and love comes anyway
But non is same again of love

I had a friend I once loved so
I stole a little glimpse per day
Leaving the best for the morrow
She, so lovely I didn't want to behold it all
I seldom knew the morrow's plan
I should have had her all at once
Now I know not if she lives

When you happen to find this love
You'll know it comes once in a blue moon
No two loves are alike or same
Love's all you have to give to all
Failing to share it is up to you

When you have a pleasing moment
Beware what you do in that moment
Pleasing moments are like weather
Don't do to die all in one
Make it in bits and get fun off it
Making it pleasant is your role in the stage
Though like weather it is to man
So subduable it has become

When you are in a place in crowd
Have a good feel of it all
As your feelings feel so you are
And so you feel for others too
Leave a good step for a good talk
People go and never return
Following in turn are you and places

You'll be happier if you left a mark.

When you earn after a labour
Saving is killing investment is life
But eat today like never before
Your wealth may be another's tomorrow
Today is living but death calls after
And though you are yet to eat to stupor
You'll go without pity all the same
So when you have at hand and will
Eat and enjoy for there's never a morrow.

But among the gathering of the brethren
It is you alone and not another
Put your best and never expect
All you sow will greatly return
For God looks in through the hearts
And gives and gives and never withholds
Oh when it is all about God
What goes around comes around
And his love is ever the same

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Beauty Has A Name

I saw her
She's Yoruba
Her eyes were sparkling white
Say for the dark brown balls in the middle of 'em both
Her nose?
Like the snurly shape of the almond pear
Her cheeks are full and glittery
And the curved dimple-like frames on both
Are the cheerful invite one needs to linger
Her little diastemas, and the smiles? Infectiously powerful - a well watered
garden that grows charms
As charming as to thaw a frozen stony heart
With this glimpse I've stolen,
I'll cry "beauty has a name"
I'll tell you of it when my eyes are at home with her
But beauty has a name

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Because You Said Yes

The gloominess that once was
Gave in to light that brought smiles
And the loner feels your presence even in your absence
And strength birthed by coherence
Gave a vision to the hopeless

And the journey began
One of a thousand miles with a step began
Zeal and energy with purpose a focus
Smiles on our faces and prayers in our hearts
And this mountain that once was
Like a stone is kicked off its base
Barriers were there until one word made it clearer
And its true look even simpler

The world is overcome
The pillars are weightless
Light after the tunnel an understatement
My shoulders since built for weight
Yet like a wool I had thought it
Until your word came hitting
And I see my strength from within
That which had always been

What love can do
Makes the unbeliever believe
That life that never was is
And turn the sorrowful smile to cow and bees
That the flow of honey and milk never cease

Oh love that's unconditional flown
And existing errors and weaknesses never known
And the heart the center of it all softened

And I see a brighter her
The mindset against all hers killed
Oh so true true love can come of them
And some flowers can be a safe haven for the once ever wondering butterfly

And see the tears of joy
Replacing the sorrowful smile
And the owner remains the wearer
And together we shall drive the world
Because you said yes

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Biology Teacher

Do you know me?

I am your great Biology Teacher

The one who's aspect of specialization is reproduction

Yea, reproductive system

Your reproductive system to be specific

You? You ke?

No! Not you. Her!

Call me that and I shall answer and shall always be at your service

And when I call you too

Just realize I know you didn't understand in class today

And need revision

Yes, a private coaching

In a place befitting learning

Far from the walls that house the boards, the books and pens

Do you know me?

I am your great Biology Teacher

Not the lecher who seeks a lolita that's a ready prey

But one who calls you baby in a corner but learner amongst many

And who will ensure you understand this aspect of biology as I do it understand

Only in this place where I have time for you alone

Do you know me?

I am your great Biology Teacher

The one who will teach you in the revisional class everything in practical

The complete anatomy of the human body

Of the both mammalian gender

And of their rear views and side views and hind views, oh, from top to toe

We shall both touch, hold and feel

All of physical life and living portrait and images

In various styles, postures and positioning

Do you know me?

I am your great Biology Teacher

The one who comes as a friend

Yet holding all the dissecting tools

To dissect anything that gives the chance

At least, practicals matter too

And the result?

Choose now and let the effect tell of the cause

Do you know me?

I am your Biology Teacher

The one who means well against your will

Who wants you always in a place alone

And use the big words that make your eyes spark

And then you leave home

For evening classes you say

But it's in my home

All alone

A knock on my door

And a smile from my teeth

Today's class is on food chain and food web

The prey in the claws of the predator

Now you're yielding, innocent but disobedient

What really do you want?

This lesson must be learnt

Look to see tomorrow from where you lie now

What you score is up to you

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Birthday Celebrant

As usual, let me be the first to wish you
As normal, let me be the mouth that praises you
If only distance and time hadn't drawn the hills between me and you
Today would have been feasting with me holding you

Your birth raised a dust and tears of joy
Many would have dug a grave wishing you less than joy
Had angels of peace and prosperity not promised joy
What will be will be and you forever an epitome of joy

May the eyes with which I saw you never go blind
May the hands I shook and held you with wealth ever uphold
May the memory we have of each other and times past never fade
May my love for you though never shown never degrade
And the purpose for which we were joined ever stand

Many will laugh because you live
And God for creating you endless joyfulness shall have
And your parents and relatives and acquaintances song of praises shall weave
For unto the earth and beyond a glorious blessing you shall give
For your days and life to many shall cause a song of love

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Blacks Were The Whites

I don't blame them at all, I don't, no!
I blame the been-tos and them that live in Obodo Oyibo
For coming home with their maximized insanity and unexplained innuendo
Of the people whose mentality is complete opposite of their complexion

They came back with amutaram otu
And taught our girls to replace their eyelashes with nku nnunu rubber
And smoothen their faces with uru na nzuala
And told them they would look elegant
If only their clothes cover only the nipples of the breasts and their thighs stay bare
And that nothing of their bodies is important
And umuagbogho anyi followed them

Our been-to men came from Obodo Oyibo
And taught umuokoro anyi ozugbo
That it is no longer uncivil to look our fathers in the face and greet them in the morning
And that the enlightened should even call their father by his name not minding
That africanism is an ancient principle they say
Oh, not fitting a time as this

And the sisters come again
They tell our umuagbogho the same
Your di is your ogbe see him as ebiri
And then she deliberately refuses to make her bed
And heat the kitchen for a food
Oh the battleline is drawn
He must know what side of the bed she awoke from

And them been-tos of black minds come in
Teach man to man man
And woman to womanize
And the flesh of the sister he should keep he devours
The holy of holies is no longer sacred
He tears the veil to enter with force
And brother wets the thirsty grounds with a brother's blood
And the sell of one's friend an easy game

And oganikuku follows these been-tos and obinobodo Oyibo
And there uwa ojoo goes about naked
And the mannerism of the mannered grew wings
And flew to a dead destination where it died
And every secret is no longer secret in the open sun
And the world keeps collapsing
Oyibo t'oshe pensu l'oshe eraser

We were whiter than the whites
Until this nzu ocha begins to kiss the blackboard
And the blackness of the assumed whiteboard
Made so buy the efforts of the nzu
Covers the whiteness of nzu ocha

And now our heritage is lost
And for that we're seen as we were not
Blacks were the white

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Bread And Butter

Never had it ever been heard
That crab and scorpion lived under one roof
But you say let's call a spade a spade
Same flesh we wear, same image so let's dine in one bowl
But too soon pretence throws hot yam in our mouths
And the fullness of your heart is spilled unguarded
If we were brothers same blood would flow in our vanes
And you won't be wishing me deaths

Like you eat the orange you like to suck me dry
And you hug me on and on as the wineskin remains beneficial
Under your heart that hits mine is a sour hatred that is heard in your thigh
When then you bend my head under your knees
I thought where one God made all men we are one
But you mock God by what you nurse from your primal
The beauty of diversity never dawns in your eye
Racism masquerades into the bowl of our meal
Colour differences no more the bane where tribalism hosts the parties
I ask should I marry you and you ask when did chalk and marker become
relatives

You leave me to wonder if marriage happens between tribes and if culture
belove each other and I suffer
My sin being my source of descension and the maker you call fool becomes
our judge
Marriage I see happens to couple of unlike minds who agreed to make it
work
And the young shout back - that we know!
But tell our them who were before to take that, to understand what you see
And our tomorrow of no quest for separation shall be
If I called for to your tent oh Israel

Tell me if I had treaded on the lion's tail or called for the Masquerade's
whip
Where Pharaoh mounts her throne by man-know-man syndrome ready for
battle
And cakes baked in the heat from the east man's shoulder by man with the
facial marks
And inherent ability to speak my language bes the password to your own

share

I look to once see a blood thicker than water
Where in one cluster exists wolves and sheep, sharks and sardine, oh, and
foxes and hen but far from sight it exists
Make your cry louder and let the hen gather her chick and let the trumpet be
sounded and the anthem be sung
Or the fox would never let go and the wolves won't give up until the last
skin from the flesh is out

The hen has her chick scattered and laughter for stupidity never seizes
Sand is spread and your eyes remain open to suffer the pains
Foolishness is cheap but bought expensively
Let the pray and predator stay, let blood and water flow in one stream
Or even the sky may never be one with the earth

But oh, how sweet like sugar it be for sun and rain to stride
where the manipulation of the mind abides with beings alone
I did see bread marry butter

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Camouflaged

See you I saw whom I now no more know
I am made confused or had my mind been raped?
Last night I took home a damsel now what do I see?
A lanky ghost from a hunted graveyard from the
abandoned side
Beauty one may form but another can't fake

The you that meets the eyes casts a negating spell of
the inside
Conflict abodes in disagreement but this strives in
concord
Deception lasts a moment after then we ask what?
Beauty is only skin deep yours is in layers
And so faster than fashion fades its disappearance
Colour rioting once lived with clothing but like
technology, it too has improved, have you seen yourself
lately?
Your eyes too have they gone colour blind?
Ain't, your mirror would work with them and the truth
won't deceive you

Brows like feathers curved, green veins and lashes like
Barbie's mermaid, yet pink lips completes the blogging
Ha, and on your supposed sexy face I see a nation's
national flag

I fear the power of the metamorphosed art of painting
Here I see beauties bought of money
And I see men in chase after beauties money can't buy
Like me, they shan't waste a pound on failing fading
fashions
Upon where I know cell consuming vector awaits its
victims

Bought beauties are for the beasts, I'm not one
Stand up o camouflaged ogre and check the next door
Maybe them that desire art work may loan you a room

Caresses

I am tired of having the dawn dawning on me alone
When I'd look out in the morning stroll
Having the cool breeze of the morning caress my skin
It feels like it's your soft hands and side by side we walk like it's a beautiful ball
When God I beseech to step his legs along with mine
I see him take my hand in his but with a mocking look
That look that tells He too is asking which way you took

He had given us to each other a joining made in heaven
But time and chance in our world act on everything
And so he wonders
Where had I been getting the breaths I needed for life
He knows without you I'd be incomplete in these battles
He wonders why I left you too alone in the world that pierces like sharp knife
And how you too breathe when we are the air we both need
And yet are far apart

I tell Him
I report you to him
I say I can't take it anymore
That the images made by your pictures in my head
Are too pleasant them everyday I adore
Your elegance and your gaiety all sing melodiously in my head
Your shape and figures -
Those endowments leave me daydreaming
What every man desires and can die for are my blessing
I pray I don't run crazy having them the rest of my life

of a truth I'm tired of cuddling the pillows at night
I want to cuddle you like my life depends on it
Have you lie next to me all night like you're the source of sleep and good rest
and health
And feel and hear your breath
Perceive the pleasant smell of your soft hair
And turn you around gently in your sleep
And kiss your lip
It really is time He said, I said and you too said
That the two become one here as it is in heaven. Amen.

Coat Shirt And Tie

A snore... one more snore... and 4: 30 a.m it is and alarm goes
Head jacked up, and then lift the unwilling bones
Those knitted together by your weakened fleshs
And grudgingly they go kra-ka-ka-ka
The stretching continues in the bathroom kra-ka
Grudging because they know they'd still come back late anyhow
Creature, where goest thou
When your body a little more needs to lie
Now off you go in the rush with a faded coat covering the emblematic epileptic
shirt and tie
All that take you three months wages in allowances to buy
Not a moment to commune with your body, and spirit your strengthener
Not one with your family, and God either

"Go to school to study hard to graduate and get a good job"
Remember the lines?
They were your favourite lullabies and blab
And "Good grades for better employment" were your teenage funk
You heard them all against your wish like you were an apprentice monk
And your mind followed the codes that gave it a terrain like a plant after light
And in deed here you are at last
A college graduate
Unwinged by the desire for good white-collar opportunities
Ones that belittled your chances of seeing the gold in handcrafts and soiled
dresses

But you entered into the world of documents and signatures and referees
Where month-end is your power of bargain and your taste and time to test
chosen for you by your salaries
And "Yes, sir! " keeps you roaming the offices like confused coward
for years
With nothing written down for pension as savings
Yet you beat your chest proudly to say, every year,
"I'm building a career"
I ask, when will you roof it?
Please do before the storms pay you a visit

Train your child the way he should go
No employee is richer than his employer, no!

Incomes and remuneration should be things of choice
Born out of the desire for servitude and mastery in pursuit of excellence
The labor-force is too heavy for the market
Don't come and add your load to the basket
Go to school to learn to create
Not to be moulded for the employers' eggs a good crate
You'd die living from his waste

The world is a bigger parastatal than your office, officer
The sky is large enough for every bird to fly, you hear?
Don't cage anyone's dreams
And don't let anyone narrow yours
The world is the problem that you are a solution

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Corruption In Power

Like fish in the water we all are
Shall we deny drinking this sweet water
When I couldn't lie why then did I entwine myself
I enunciate in all I say that you misinterpret non
As we lay our beds so we all lie on them
We've all become victims of the thorns and norm

Let the honest ones show their pedantry
This weapon of mass destruction is epicene in nature
Greed is never associated with sex or tribe
And so its effect and produce and lessons
From outside evil fingers point
They play same game as we but with wisdom
But ours stink, even from a distance

We put him in charge, all guilty as charged yet cry of his
leadership
Together in corruption we all have membership
Knowing though it's a short cut to hell yet we profess
its lordship
And every nook and crany this termite has nibbled up
With the proclamation of our best antitermite we are
laughed at
As our conscious hypocrisy boomerangs
And our suicide mission brings death to face us
Yet we aren't tired of drinking this loving poison
We are addicted to eat even as it nibs us in the bud

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Dawning

It was you I saw
In my sleep or in my wake or when I handled the saw
You came to bid me good morning
A morning had never been this good until this morning
Your good morning makes my morning a good morning
And now these woods are easier to cut
And weightless in lifting
I laugh and whistle along proudly
Yea, butterfly in my tummy

You're the rose I could scramble through every thorn to pluck
You're that pleasant scent from the beautiful flower of the gardenia
You say you are Sarah, Treasure you meant to say?
And I say I am Mike, best for you I meant to say
And I bet two will work together if they agree
Nothing should be a barrier, mban?, I refuse to agree
When the hearts twinkle, the bell shall jingle

Your oval face, the centre of your beauty
Your diastema a heart melter
And your figure? Chai! Asa nwa!
Oh what belle you are, eggrogeously welcoming
One in a million
I dare to call you my swishtwish

The angels are out
On their duties and rounds
The diadem on you
The entourage for you
If I'd pick the stars anytime
Let it be for you
For no blessing is beyond that which came at dawn and became the dawn for a
confused
Now I can think clearly
Because you are my dawning

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Dear Heartbreaker

You enjoy the title, love to be called an ex
Not minding if anyone wishes to be your ex
How many exes would you keep
One, two, three and more exes and number keeps going up
If it were an achievement you really are richly poor
Where one faults everybody every fault is one's unconscious self breeding odour

If pessimism be your weakness
Aren't there managed fears you daily witness
Castle on flowy seas were once built in the air and as far as the eye sees
Fear has never been a limiting factor
To a determined soul, rather a propelling factor
But no, you got caged perhaps
By the fear of unknown tomorrow that comes
One that will never arrive

But hearts are broken anyways
Bleeding but never shedding tears
How could they when it all should be a testimony
Of good riddance to bad memory
But human will always be human
So we bleed in the heart often

Often we bleed not that you exist in our memories any more
But the thought of calling someone else what you were
Brings to mind a searing imagery
Like it is with an abused divorcee

And yes, you're an abuser
Because you were a camouflaged lover
Waking a heart from sleep, fed it a lot of sugar and then bashed it on the wall
But like snail, in speed faster than a cheetah's, it will crawl out of the brawl
And dust itself clean with honey provided from the hearts of a true lover
One that's determined to face forever
Whether it be real or just a fantasy

Like I'd advise divorcees to check history of divorces before marrying
I'll do same of why the manifold exes before entering
I'll hear what is said from what is not said

To see why them you have exed
Else I suffer what they too suffered

You made me give my heart dear heartbreaker
And when I gave my all and left it bare before you oh heartbreaker
You smashed it on the wall dear heartbreaker
And left me wetting the bed every night
With tears from how much I'd loved you all through the days and many a night

Oh how many precious things
In search of many precious things
Leave the precious things
In fear that the precious things they got
Are not equal precious things
In life with you I have learnt
That failure is a conscious effort

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Dear Lofty Amante

You came at dawn

At the morning when of that time I was left a forlorn

Seeing the smelly mouth and irritating pus on the eyes and dried saliva by the chick, a drip of the saliva from the mouth at sleep yet you came on

And when of your knowledge it seemed I have nothing to eat and even non to share with you as breakfast that celebrates what is born

Ah, yet you held my hand in tacit consent and we moved on

Bearing in mind what is seen beyond the seems and on and on

The place of green pastures and still waters in the noontime our focused destination

And wisdom is shared and intellects and hearts and dreams

We set them goals, enough for a lifetime and for generations yet unborn we prepare tables

And scented flowers around the table and flowing streams with pearls and rubies

A bed of roses we planned our home and exemplary a thing it'd be to others

All are in the bud one that consciously we make blossoms by good acts we share as buddies

It's eleven-fifty-nine already

In this eleventh hour would I still look around and find you standing side by side with me or better still feel your hands in mine holding strongly

Would the reasons we have dreamt not seem to you like fantasy

Or would it be like the coming of Jesus that the impatient had seen as ever over delaying already

At this edge of the breakthrough would you let me give up or would you be the one urging and encouraging me

Because without a support, letting go is easy

And when it shall be that noonday

A time of dining and wining would I look back from that table and drop a tear in wish you were here today

This noonday comes quickly but this time makes it seem the farthest Sunday

At that time when a Wednesday would be cherished in the days that would come after, all through merry month of May

But I see dear lofty mante that which is beyond now, beyond today

Your sacrifice is what it is more than that of a mare mante

But holding on is often not easy if we aren't determined able amante

But you're more determined than even I only hope it lasts amante

For this Sunday is truly very close a day
It is here ready and in it we will have our Wednesday
And live forever in our merry months of May

I believe in you o lofty amante
Your ability to transform stone into water and heat to iced reel
You've turned my arid mind to a soft rock
And you hold on to the metal no matter the heat it emits
One of a kind, one soft strong heart is the key the doorknob needs
Dear lofty amante,
I doff the height of your commitment, though edifice you made with your
sacrifice
I know it won't ever let go
Dear lofty amante
Dear amante
It's non else but you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Demon's Fare

This demon on my mind is she
That gives me nights without sleep
And stands all my manhood erect
Comes to my dreams and taunt me endlessly
Puts smiles on my wife's face as makes think for her I crave
I the bachelor it leaves my heart no room
That thoughts to lead remain in it
This demon on my mind is she

This demon that I see is she
A lolita that abaits the lecher
And I the righteous is helpless
How I lick my lips and brush my hair
As in lust my balooned eyes follow her trail
That I may admire the endowments ahind
My mouth ajar and my heart beats a thousand tons at the dangling of those
ahind
I loose my steps and stagger in my walk
Embarrassed at the eyes I caught staring
Upon arrival from the deep blue sea
This demon that I see is she

This demon that I know is she
That keeps me late nights from home and causes deceptive lips
That redirects my priority and causes a heartbreak
Hatred flows towards once upon a time a lover
Sulking my wealths and investments
And, ah! An issue today tommorow's will at stake
Oh, that disease not come after me
And she a receiving end a victim
This demon that I know is she

This demon that possesses me is she
That dethrones my rib and assumes her cage
That does not make my bed and hardly cooks my food
And raises legs when I sweep the floor
And I grin sheepishly for I enjoy her venums
That come encapsulated in her romance
And until scales fall off my eyes I journey nearer my grave

And when peace eludes me and pleasure and life
Like empty vessel I long back for my rib
Although cage is gone and its glories too
My rib gives her balance knowing
The demon that possessed me was she

If this demon that comes be she
Casting and binding should you not leave
For love and castle are built in years
But in seconds it shatters can be
Let not your waist guide you
For a man that can tame his girdles
Oh! A woman that can go on her knees
Shall not feel it when a serpent strikes
When the demon that comes is she

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Diary Of A Local Waitress

I see him.
He come that day for the first time
Since I resume work here.
I don't know why
I keep looking at him
But I'm doing so,
I can't get my eyes off,
I don't know if he know I'm looking
But he do not look me back
As like I'm looking
Only on the passive
Like you'll look ordinary somebody.

He order for his food,
I make sure I serve him myself.
I want opportunity to get close to him,
I get it.
His face is fair and fine and smooth
And looking like a baby's own,
I am liking what I see.

He is eating now,
I am liking his style:
Like mature gentle man,
The type you wish come home everyday and say
'Honey I'm home',
And you collect his bag,
And kiss his lips
And serve him dinner
And two of you go to the room.

But now he finish his food
And pay his money and go.
He do not talk to me.

I get home,
I am seeing myself thinking about him,
I am entering bathroom and bathing
And I am thinking about him.

I am looking at my naked body and touching it
And seeing all of me in the bathroom mirror.
I am saying this body will be being for him,
All of it, if he will be ask me for it,
But he is not here, he is not asking.
Maybe he will never ask.
I am not being his type or his class.
I am common waitress.
I will go to bed now and be sleeping.
When I will wake,
I am sure his picture will leave my mind.
But I wake up and it do not leave.

And three times in two weeks he come
And he go
And only me say to myself
What I say about him.
I take his food to him every time
But he is not talking to me.
Not at all.
He only will smile.
And I am getting furious.
I am asking myself to talk to him first.
But I don't want to talk, because I know,
I know that the one sentence that will jump out of my mouth
Will be 'Hey Mr., I like you.'
But it will shame me,
I will go and hide
And I will be praying
So he do not come to eat again.

He come again this night to eat.
He talk to the food disher.
I come quick so I can serve him
I do.
As I carry the food to be turning
And to go to his table,
As I take my head up to be looking in his direction.
I see it,
He is looking me.
His eyes are fine
And his looking can make your heart melt.

That is what is happening to me,
Even the tray want to be falling,
But I hold it,
I hold myself.
And now he remove his eyes
To look his phone.
I get to his table.
I drop his food
And he smile again as he will be doing.
But now he do not stop in the smiling,
He do something again;
He ask me my name
And I say I am answering Blessing,
And he say Blessing? Hmn'.
I do not ask him why he do that,
I can not ask him,
My body is shaking
Because my heart is sweet that he talk to me.
But me I smile
And I can not now stay there,
I will be falling.

He do not say anything,
He continue to press his phone.
I am looking at him.
In my mind I am saying
'Honey eat so that your food do not get cold'
When I say that
My mind is asking me why I am taking care of him
Like he be already the one that come home to say
'Honey I'm home.'
He be not.
So let me be careful.

He finish his food.
He call me
To bring him toothpick.
I bring it.
He smile.
He ask me
'Do you have a number? ' But I tell him no,
My number is in my phone that will be spoiling every time.

But he say 'Okay, see you later.'
He leave.
But I will copy Regina's number on the paper.
I will wait for him till he come again.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Do I Need A Wife

If I needed my cloths and dishes washed
I'd buy me a washing machine and dishwasher
I'd treat them like gold and polish them fine
And give them all the detergents they'd need and provide constant power too
And never overwork them
Never forgetting to service them without them calling for it
And they'd serve me well
So I ask myself
Do I need a wife?

If I needed a cook
I'd higher a caterer and a baker or more
Supported by the househelp and domestic servants
They'd prepare me delicious meals and pastries of my choice
I'd provide them accommodation and befitting payment and welfare packages
And grant them leaves and vacations
And make them look neat and healthy at all times
And they'd serve me well
So I ask myself
Do I need a wife?

If I wanted a company
I'd get a slay queen and or a girlfriend
And she'd walk me to clubs and parties and meetings
We'd take selfies and groupies
And visit places on trips and vacations
We'd talk sex and feel romance
I'd spoil her and care for her and make her
And the company she'd give would be comforting
As her attention for me at the times I'd need her won't be divided
So I'd ask myself
Do I need a wife?

If it's just to satisfy my libido alone
I'd get a fleshlight for myself
Like them girls would get a dildo
And it'd take care of me
It would only cost me time of cleaning and the cost of batteries
But my sex drive would be a gone need

And where technology takes care of everything
Wife too won't be difficult to clone
So I ask myself
Do I need a wife?

And if I want the laughters and cries of children
I'd go for adoption
Or get a surrogate mother
And oh, incubator could be there too
And I'll handle them as agreed
And the testament would be our stand
And if I'd go beyond
It's for love and acceptance' sake
And I'll get my kids jumping on me
In due time
So I ask myself
Do I need a wife?

Yes, everything is available to take care of everything
Yet yes I need a wife
One I won't buy with money for understanding and emotional needs
One before whom I'd not be scared to make mistakes and still be myself
Taking me in her whole arms despite my flaws
In whose breasts I can lie and cry as a weakened man
And before morning she'd strengthened me up
And one to learn with and walk with and grow with
One that can go into my secrecy and privacy with me
One that can stand to be me when I'm not there
She alone can be my manager
And my help
Others may go and find their ways when things aren't right
But wife would stay
Others would need servicing and balancing and unconcerned pleasing
And teaching and grooming
Wife would fit in
Do I need a wife?

Oh I do need a wife
Wife can look at my face and get a thousand answers
She can tell when my smile is faked
And know how to get it real
She'd be here and there with me

And never will complain of overworked
Or used and dumped
Do I need a wife

Of course I do
For those kids would need a person to call mother
And it would be true to the fact
And I too need a soulmate, a partner and a friend
A company to before God
And a more reason for success
The rhetoric irony becomes
Do I need a wife

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Embarrassment

My lover came to my house, do you know?
I guess not, I guess you didn't know
That my lover came to my house
And what happened was what would make a monkey laugh and human cry
Yes, monkey would laugh and human would cry
Because, we are in constant competition with them
I wonder why we would compete for the hearts of beautiful women with them

Anyway, that's by the way
What happened to me was an embarrassment in anyway
I was embarrassed first by my own tummy and anus
Yes, these very ones I carry
Up and down in my body
Like a man carrying forgotten problems
But I'm not complaining,
No, wasn't complaining until today

My very own tummy and anus could not pretend for once, could not cooperate
And so I was to hold my lover's hand and look into her eyes
Like it is done in those Oyibo films, when it happened
The thunder sounded in my tummy
Kpukpurururururukpukpurukpu
And she heard it!
I couldn't wait to say I'm sorry
Because it was already off the anus. Shit I mean!
Was already off my anus
So I ran into the toilet
And couldn't control the sound of the gushing, watery, flushy shit
And I spent minutes upon minutes in there
How could they even cooperate or pretend?
It was all my fault

All my fault!
I had eaten porridge beans and fried egg for breakfast and topped it up with
creamy youghurt
And before noon, I visited a joint for fish pepper-soup and palmwine
My tummy became a latrine
Now, it can't even pretend

So I came out and smiled sheepishly at my lover
And she smiled back at her lover
I felt the chemistry was still on
But my lover must be entertained, fed and so on
So I dashed to the kitchen
I had bought my ingredients and had boiled my rice
I didn't know that it was a day my kitchen goddesses were off duty

I needed to show my lover
That if she would walk with me to the altar
That she could be as much a feminist as she would wish to be
She could stay off kitchen as long as she'd want it to be
That her man is capable
His cooking skill is unquestionable
But the village witches were waiting for me there
And so, I put my meat in oil on fire
And closed the kitchen door as I came to behold again the beauty of my lover

But the stomach exploded again, the anus complaining
And the speed I hit the toilet with was amazing
And I felt my lover would be thinking me a confused man

"Why does it have to be today?" I asked

And so, another long, even longer time spent in the toilet
And I rushed into the kitchen
My meat burning had turned coal black
And the oil was about flaming
But I was adamant, I was ignorant of the effect of that on anything else I'd make
So I put in onions, tomatoes and other ingredients
And stew was cooked
I dished the rice and added stew with four black pieces of meat on it

My lover was good enough and pretty understanding, or so I thought
To ease my tension, she was the first to scoop the rice mixed with enough stew
into her mouth
And I looked at her in admiration
She froze
Her countenance changed
While she struggled to chew and swallow what she had in mouth,
I presumed she couldn't and wondered why
Alas! She stood up and went the direction of the toilet

I had left the toilet unflushed because I rushed off out of it
My lover came back into the parlor
There she threw up everything in her stomach
My village witches were winning
My lover's day I was ruining
No, I had ruined
My lover got wiper from her bag yet held her bag in her hand
Cleaned her jaws, chin and lips
Got water from my kitchen
Had her mouth flossed
This impressing mission, I have lost
The chemistry too, disappeared
She ran out of my house
My plea couldn't hold her back

I came back in
Tasted the rice to know what was wrong with the food.
If I weren't alone in the house, I would have fainted
But who would pour me water and slap me to get me to wake up? No one
So I didn't faint

I couldn't continue with the rice as well
Because the one in my mouth must be spilled out immediately
I never knew burnt things get bitter

So when next you see me dear brother
Don't ask me why I'm not married yet because you and I
We don't have the same wooing grace
I'm not ready to try again
You didn't know my lover came to my house
But my village witches won, one to zero

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Enough

I cannot be thankful enough
'Cause I can't be grateful enough
For numbers are not enough
To count all you've done for me
And I don't have words enough

Just let me lift my hands to worship you
Let me lift my voice it's long over due
So then I shout hallelujah and speak the tongues
'Cause I don't have words enough

I cannot testify enough
Oh God, you're more than just enough
When I lift my hands
I attest to your great works
Cause I cannot list them all
How you lead and make me
Beautify and bless for free
For your words can never not do enough

Just let me lift my hands to worship you
Let me lift my voice it's long over due
So then I shout hallelujah and speak the tongues
'Cause I don't have words enough

Ole` o ole`
Halle o lujah

Just let me lift my hands to worship you
Let me lift my voice it's long over due
So then I shout hallelujah and speak the tongues
'Cause I don't have words enough

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Ezigbo Enyi M

Enyi m, ezigbo enyi m
I budi nwanne m ka I bu nwanna m
Enyi m onye kwo m n'azu ukwu m na-eru ala
Kee nke i meere m I no na-akoghari
Enyi m, ezigbo enyi m
Onye agbatobi m nke m ji eme onu
Ezigbo enyi m bu maramara n'ihu gwompiti n'azu
Onye n'eme ka o na enyere m aka mana so ochi k'ona
achi m
I ga aburu m ezigbo m ezigbo agbatobi m

Enyi m, ezigbo enyi m
Cheta kwa na mgbe ikuku fere ka otule okuko na ekpuhe
Ihe a na-eme na nzuzo ga emecha puta ihe
Were ire gi guo eze gi onu
Onweghi ihe m ga-agwa onye ji mma aga m n'azu
Ruo mgbe m choro isi m acho ma ahughi m ya

Enyi m, ezigbo enyi m
Buru kwa enyi m n'uto na uju ya.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Facebook Lover

I got from facebook a beautiful flower
Now I'm entangled by her twine held bound by her splendor

Her pines and thorns like a gate keeper
But her petals so tender
Her image not held still far
Her origin I'm yet to discover

I see her a diligent lover
I feel her more than a carer
Out of my whim in fear I take her
And after all see her what I call her
And oh I call her my wonder

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Family Tree

Then it began from dateless times
And generation begat generations
Oh now my mind dribbles back the lane of past times
When we ran about naked or with torn panties
And time begat time and we now begat kids
That shall in time tell our stories

Pains and woes have shown us their faces
Joys and laughters we hold unto still
Eziudo remains the moto in our hearts
No matter the times we remain real
Umu nwachukwu shall never know weakness

We now dwell in the land chukwu swore to our fathers
We have taken the world by storm and happy are the brethren
And now they that once castigated us shall now make the talks
This land that was disolate is become like the garden of eden

It couldn't have been had we stayed divided
The joys of togetherness breed many riches and soul upliftment
Forgiveness abounds for them who wished us scattered
I wait to tap thier heads as they postrate for our acknowledgement

Well, this one mother bore seeds upon seeds
In the journey of marriage I need hold my eyes in my hands
That I don't marry a branch of same tree I sprouted
Family reunion a good nyokometer to ensure this I never did
Otherwise each branch of the tree at every nook and cranny found
And acts of ignourance beget pains from curses of never known cause

Lines of children continues to series of children
And cousines, nieces and nephews expand forming a clan
And then grands unto great-grands and it still continues
Never would end when them mine come to join the duce
And the family tree grows wider and richer and fatter and longer than the iroko
And umu nwachukwu is known with that logo

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

For The Tears You Make Dry

You're the sun and others around you are like stars
You are the apple and the best everyday remedies
You are a beau, one that's indisputable
You are a darling and ever supportive pillar

You are the wipe that dries all tears
You are the direction that the lost sees
You are the morning dawn to them that had a fair share of many nights
You are the brows and lashes that guide the eyes on the face

When you crawled out of Mama's belly
Many jubilated while you cried one time for many
You cried for the fear of the weight that would come on your shoulders
And they jubilated for they'd seen a lifter of their burdens
And a comfort and solutions to their worries
And you'd never failed them

As you lead many more years of joyful influence
And many more days of selfless service
You'd never powers to your elbows lose
Nor ever lack capabilities
For the laughters you're yet to cause happen
And the prayers of thanks you'll make flow to God
We join the host of heavens to sing you this song
Happy birthday to you...

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Forgiven

Nothing makes the heart bleed than the pains from hurts from her loved ones
Yesterday burst the tears forth and once
She tasted the bitterness that she thought was for others
The stabbing went too deep
And the depth for revenge calls

But with love, no offence is weighty
The heart sees her subject as ever lovely
The light on this lane ever shines brightly
Yes, no offence is picked
No darkness was given a chance where it should be locked out
For if it were so?

If it were so
The weight would be cancerous
Shrinking the glowy flesh of this heart
Yet the subject won't have a glimpse
And silent death would be imminent

But for a while she had a deafening aloneness
Worried and wondering
Searching for the friendship that once was
This she won't let go
Tears for hurts taken over by tears for longing
In it all this one thing had won

Forgiveness doesn't exist here in her
Because no offence was recorded
Letting go is what it was all about
Before the pain could impress
She had forgiven
Her only offence for which she pleads the sorry now is
That she hadn't the mind to tell
Offence recording is a rock tied to a drowning man's neck
Forgiven it is, the antidote for heavy heart
So, often as always and as should
Burying the hatchet is key

Fortunate Without

If all I'd have were parents that others had
That have them a foundation upon which they stand
And gave them the counsel that is the compass they needed
And stood beside them when they needed to be held
And were their backbones then when they went in search for greener pastures
And life partners
A venture that quickened their steps
Like I don't let me not

If all I'd have were siblings that others had
That gave them the sweetness of the childhood journey into adulthood
That gave them their first experience of love
And their best knowledge of team work
That showed that blood is thicker than water
That knew their little secretes and taught them to unravel many more
Like the hole in a cave
And the cupboard behind the wall clock
Acts that'd help them become problem solvers and more
That laughed at them when they cried and consoled them when they're hurt and tired
And argued their cases when it was necessary to defend their stands in the homestead
Acts that taught them to be themselves without pretense
Like I don't let me not

If all I'd have were friends that others had
That were there for them in times of difficulty
And pulled them up when they're down and lowly
That get the news first whether it be good or bad
And admister first aid first
Or even first taste
That taught them to worry less and keep away fears for the knowledge of the fact
"I got homies who're got my back"
Oh what confidence it brews
More so when they're sure of the fact that iron sharpens iron
Like I don't let me not

Better I'd been no such fortunate a fellow som'

Because all I've had and do still
Is one that's been more than it for me from even before I tasted the colostrum
To the time of my spermarche the first step to life's all

Would my legs rub the mud while I'm stayed on his strong breasts
Will my head be falling in simpleton while I lean on his shoulders
With him I'm swifter than a gladiator with the swiftness of the cheetah
And as bold as a lion
Like a motherless chick I'm girded on his loin
Oh with this balm of Gilead
I fly without feeling the rough edges of the wind
And storm no not even a cause for catarrh
Death dares not stare

I'd be as useless as a salt-bathed earthworm
If all I'd have is man and not him
Like I don't let me not
I'd been this such fortunate a fellow som'

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Freedom Fare

It was dark and gloomy and hopeless
The nights came with scardyness
Ah! Ooh! Where do we go from here?
I look to see me in the middle of nowhere
Condemned to die till I am dead
And I cry for a saviour less I'm damned

My sins so heavy I can't bear it all
My robe stained, stinking and dull
I look out everyday for a help so near
A love unquantifiable for a helpless dear
Aaah! I hear a cry that quickens my heart
A saviour is born prophesied was it

All hail the king whose glories fly with wing
See me free, guiltless by his doing
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! ! Hallelujah! ! !
For a saviour I once cried now I'm saved

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Friendly Friend

Friendly Friend

Prayer in my heart and the smile on my face you should be
And far more than the sun smiles down at me
Blushing on my face when the skies are gray and my days gloomy
But you are my friend...

The friend that thinks when I back him his legs drag the earth
And the hole he has in his pocket a thorn on my wealth
And so he pours hatred from his breath
Costly assumptions reduce what we had as friendly worth

I had planted the seed of love
And I nurtured it in the little time we had that set a temple above
Fanning this flame that burnt zealously of
Of the sins never checked and yesterdays never looked in as we drove

But it grew to greatness
And this virgin heart became prone to weariness
One that can be caused by heartbreaks
But it loved nonetheless
And loved you with all its might, strength and prowess

As you burnt the torch for another
Yet claimed to love this lover
Yes, you had another lover
And I wonder what you wished to play, player?
Yet, you are a friendly friend

But my heart bleeds still
As it beats the rhythm is unpalatable
What friendly friend feeds it with venomous meal
So it cries of the blows from friendly betrayal

But love will always be love
It keeps loving and never unlove
No matter the hurt, the assumption or the move
Love grows in love
For love knows one truth, one even you will approve

To air is human and divine it is to forgive

And we owe each other that
As I may have had you too hurt
That our friendly friendship grows to be without
One that keeps bile a bitter trait

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Game

If I knew love was a game people played
I would have rehearsed well enough in my mother's womb
For I would score too high should I be among all who played
Such a game with boundless rules enjoyed when played
If I knew love was a game people played
And a game never enjoyed under rules being played.

If I knew love was a game people played
A bund of perfection that grumbles the stomach
Of limitless quality and boundless measure if played
Upon no rules but from me to you if consciously played
Selflessness and selfishness denied when played
If I knew love was a game people played
How could I have fun with in mind rules when it's being played

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Go Tell Nepa

Go tell them that ought to have given you light
That no matter how much a time they change their names
They remain to us a symbol of deep acrid darkness
Wolves in sheep clothing will always be wolves
Just as the police even in their shades of blue
Are to us a repulsive sight of stinking blackness
Though our friends they claim to be like lies to us are true
In the overt truth they haven't changed a bit from the foes,
fiends and brutal enemies we buy with our monies
Go tell them

Go tell them that ever since they started seizing the light
First intermittently, then temporarily, and now permanently
They never cared to tell us what they do with it
No matter how much we yearned to know honestly
But now we know
We know that what they do is the indirect opposite of what
Robin the Hood did but with brown envelopes in their
palms
Brown because their hands are too soiled to hold the white
Go tell them

Go tell them that we know that sometimes they release light
When kids are in school and adults are at work
And take it back then when in between the jinglers jingles
he screams "School dismiss" and bring it not again
And then when adults return, their hearts are heavy
Disappointed at what they get in the environment they
live in
"Cursed be this environment! " they say
Then they buy fuel for Gen they'd bought
In bid to solve a hearty problem
Yet Ignorants fail to know that this continuous temporary
solution to their problems
Is like a firefighter using gasoline fire to douse the smoke
sighted in dry-leaves forest of Australia

But before you go let me ask you too
When you buy Gen and fuel from the capitalist who pays

for your light to be seized
Aren't you that firefighter
When you wake up in the morning and shout kill corruptists
to kill corruption
Isn't it suicidal

In the end my truths may not be lies
And if my lies be any true show to us that they're lies
We are yearning for the reason why
Go tell them

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Go Tell Your Brothers

If you are on Facebook,
It means you are learned or at least, you can read and reason what you've read.
They are not here because they aren't learned and can't read so go tell them

Go tell them that religion is deadly, the quest for power is destructive and bigotry
can kill, it is the worst enemy of man - their worst enemy. They call for wars that
come after war

Go tell them to sheath their swords and hide back their machetes and cutlass
and bring them out only for farming.
So that they don't kill themselves in painful delayed venture that leads to slow
gruesome death by killing us - if even they can kill us.
Or cause themselves more harm than good by chasing us far from them.

They should let us go peacefully as we cry of in this peaceful time by peaceful
means
So that it will all go well for us and more well for them

Tell them to stop their hate talks and threats not that we fear anyway but to give
them reason to hold peace by her happy spot and to make us reason and pity
them when they will need us

They push and fight and want to kill us all but they forget that in whichever way,
they'll be the most hit of the victimisation
Because if we agree to a fight, they'd lose more and if we don't and they keep
killing us, because they know not how to keep clean, our carcasses would decay
in their watch
And bring them diseases they'd never escape from
Until death knocks on every of their doors

Yes, tell them to look around.
Aren't they the poorest of all existing being
As it is already now that we're still with them
How much more when we leave them.
Yes, I've traveled round the regions and towns and villages and cities
And amongst all that I've seen
They're the poorest and the dirtiest of all that exist.
Our presence is simply to get them to do well and improve their condition
But they hate us and abhor our schemes yet they need us

Check out, see it yourself.

When smart person is needed, where intelligence is called for, when hard work is demanded

They call us in

We work diligently for the betterment of our nation. Not that we're boastful

You are good too where you are good

So fact remains a fact.

The fact that we diligently are often ready to work and serve humanity

Does it mean we are held captives?

It doesn't mean we want to be slaves all our lifetime, no.

Let peace be peace and not camouflaged.

Please go tell those unlearned brutes among you.

That they should either let us be in peace and carry out our duties, trades and responsibilities side by side amicably

So that we both enjoy from each other's existence

One you even gain the most from

Or you let us go in peace

So that they can still intertrade with us

And stay peacefully with us when they travel abroad to our nation

Else, their lifeline would be cut short and the veins of blood flow blocked

And then, they'll remain and even go worst than those images we see on the TV

Of how poor they are and how difficulty and pain together hug their boney bodies

Go tell your brothers to shut their mouths and sheath their swords for peace processes to be upheld.

We are for good and we cry for good

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Gone Too Soon

You came at dawn
With the zeal and energy of a young day
Promising and hoping all impossibilities to win
The world seemed a cascade of labyrinth decoy
You were capable of taking the bull by the horn and holding unto your gun
You won

You lightened the dark world in your world for me
Coming into you was a smooth journey
We embraced us
And had a life
Where are you now dear life
The us became single hearted
One is now learning to be full from its half
If letting go is all that matters now it would be given a hard nod
It would be put in mama's pot of okpa beans
That one she puts nail inside so it cooks fast
It has to cook fast
I have become the shadow of myself - the skeletal frame of my bone

But one thing won't ever go

Memory

The times spent under the frangipani tree
That one outside our obi nguzo
Papa's favourite place of rest where he rests on now
Where when he sighted us using refrained to his barns that are far out of use
now
The laughter that resounded from mocking anyone who wasn't with us
Not that we let anyone in with us
Or from the nonsensical humorous topicless gibberish that kept us talking all day
long
I still can hear you laugh

These eyes went bloodshot red and went too heavy for this head to carry
Your world has now gone with you
Buried in opaque glass of transparent world
You are the wary you once had of us now it you lead

Should I say more

Should I say more

Should I say that you died in my heart the day you murdered me in cold blood
The day you made me believe mama's okpa we ate from days we left our
mothers' breasts

Till we could stone the ugiri trees and run

Were sandstones in your mouth

Mama taught me not to hold back

For you I left my heart open and my hands bare

But six inches is smaller to this you pierced them with

So I looked on with life sank into the bloodshot eyes

Space had nothing in it but I looked on

Like I'd find meaning in the meaningless mirage

I'd give a cold shoulder again and again for deep down there where I stare

I couldn't find the you in the image I just saw

This you is a stranger

But without a word from across ways

You left

I may have eventually been man enough to confront this

And may never give the chance again for as little as a deja vu

But you were gone

You were gone too soon

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Good Morning Lovely

Like the pleasant breeze on a hot afternoon,
Like oasis on a dry plateau
You're my nerve's calmer, my thirst quencher

Like the skeleton to the body
The pillars of a building
You're my able support

I woke up this morning with the thought of you
At nights, it's time with you
You're my company

So your love is one that strengthens me
I love you all the time, all the time

Good morning, Ife T'emi

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Guilty By Society

I'm a criminal and you are too
Our offence is we are in love
How can a teen and a ty love each other
The society would call it abomination

We have got our cloud filled
The storm has broken loose
We gaze now upon the threat of all

Your mother won't take it for i'm same age as she
Your father neither for I call him by name
And the press and the crime fighters too-Oh what power of love

Come pick my gray hair my love like always
And let me smoothen your silky brown hair like always
Your weight on my laps like milk sweeter than honey

Should we elope to marry or should we go in fight with the society
Some freedom come by force and some force bear no gain
Neither let us not take our case to court for it shall delay till eternity

Come my love let me have you now that your blood is still hot and your breast
warm
Let them who stay against it stay against guilt
We are guilty and loving each other is our crime

No?
No. Our crime isn't love
Our crime is the time that can't be beaten
What comes after the love games
Pains untold needing maturity to handle
Sweetness that needs maturity to kindle
And a time to come
Your head, body and soul
Won't they cry had I known
Then when even plays that should be yesterday
Would be desired tomorrow

Howbeit You I Make My Wish

How will everyone say a birthday wish without me
How could the rain fall from all but from me
Has my mouth been tied with a beam
Hadn't it been along a stream
Where free flowing words rain in a ream
I shall say as I say happy birthday

Isn't it to a hero well loved?
Isn't it to a crown that a beauty made
Or to a lion in a jungle where all pride is guided
To a deity a fine gold in a thorny land
The light that cleanses path found
I shall say as I say, happy birthday

Let me see the cake baked
And the rice and turkey made
Let all from four winds come to dine
In the home where I say as I say of mine
Happy birthday to the eyes of stars that shine

Birthing is a thing of fate
Fate leads to doom or destiny
Can the god stand the goddess' plights
Has her fury dart burnt up in the fire of love
One born the chosen never shall lie low
If the throne of the sceptre falls in a right hand
I say as I shall say happy birthday

No existence begats back warding of the clock's hands
What exists begats regrets or joys
Had his days been full of dark time had it been of light times
Regret never makes one day dark day
The world is as it seems to whom it seems what it seems
Let today Be a time to say to those who live and all that lived
In tears climbed the hill or in merriment or never once hit it
Happy birthday to you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Am

I am

That picture that's hardly liked
Because I'm always hidden amongst others and go almost unnoticed
I am the post, that post you hardly see
Because I'm always posted at late nights
And so when I'm seen
I'm treasured high above rubies
Yes, the reason I'm made scarce
That I'm valued when I'm found

I am

That money in fixed account
The long-term investment
That takes care of the lifetime dream
Yes, the reason I'm made almost unreachable
That I bring smiles when the shoulders are feeble

I am

The woman that agrees too quickly to be with you
To be your help-meet and your soulmate
But gives you all the headaches and stubbornness
You almost do not deserve
And when you're patient enough to hold on still
You'll value me for love's sake
Yes, the reason I'm made the way I am
That friendship be one that was won

I am

That man that looks like I'm not the man
Not as glittery as the dream of every woman
Or as already made as they want
Yes, the reason I'm made that way
That since it takes two to tango
We'd walk up the heights together
That respect be mutual and not one sided.

I am

The freedom that comes
When you had been held bound by your aspirations for long

And you push and pull
Tug and hit
So that your desire the bondage you'd been in
Births you this me
That would never had gone
If you gave up the desire for your desire
For cheaper freedom that would leave you enslaved
Yes, the reason I am what I am
That you are indeed free when you're free

Yes, above all, I am sacrifice
That one that can slip off of your head and shoulder
No matter how much you struggle or pretend
If you don't have the training and the willingness
Yes, reason I am what I am
That you see that the world can be at your command
All by choices you make

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Am Danfo The Indispensable Son Of Molue (Lagos Id)

I am danfo

The one that has a body bartered from the kondo
Of the flat-bottomed police officer
And his broken heels counterparts agbero
With tyres chopped from the gallopy roads of aged Lagos towns and many a corner
And I swerve here and there on the way, chitiki chitikitiki. Gbalagbam
gbamgbam!
Like an overused Lagos market pepper grinder

But I am danfo

The guerrilla war assassin that the unsuspecting tired commuters commit their
lives into everyday morn and eve
With parched brakes and soldered stirring-wheel, I go
Fearing not what comes before me, dead or alive
For myself, I have no life to live

I am danfo

A university where you meet with people of many a sort
Some fully mad, others half mad and some others, partially sane -
For the completeness of the sanity of anyone you meet in me is still under
debate
A team lead by the conductor that plays the role of chief lunatic asylum seekers
Directed by the driver, the same symbol that writes the script
A university where the option of "if you can beat them" is not given

I am danfo

In me still, others are stereotypically over-sized with armpits that stored
acquired life-deficiency perfumes,
The ones that are as toxic as the smell of the pit latrines of Lagos public
compounds
And some others are as slender as bonga fish that they can be hidden in the
breast pockets and aprons of these over-sized ones; but they have more mouths
than anything I ever see
While some others carry mouth odour everywhere like it's their birthmarks
But what can I do, I accommodate them all
So see? I am as highly IQed as them that board me

I am danfo
The potent disease vector
That gives generously either ways
By the change you collect or the salty body water from your seatmate or saliva
from the conductor's mouth when he says, "Howo da! ! ?"
If it must go by air, a lot of sneezing flies nowhere outside the windows
Neither does the gas from deflating stomachs after the days absorption and
combustion
The types that come out from a separated laps or one-sidedly bent body
But I am patience still and so are the cursing commuters

I am danfo
And I'm only found in Lagos
The city where no man's business is your business yet your business is every
man's business
Where meat sells more than food and ashoebi is more important than school fees
Here, I care less what dust I raise when I ply, why should I?
Why should I?
When those who should care often see easy life yet follow the hard path
They feel it's insanity to get bed of roses, milk and honey without struggle and
hustle
I didn't plant that into them as their mindsets, did I?
Sha remember when I said the completeness of their sanity is still debatable?
It's exactly what I meant.
And I mean it still because majority of them run back from the cities they ran to
as fast as they can
They say a city without hustling, bustling and struggling is a dead one
That Lagos is the most alive place
And I agree with them because I am nothing but danfo

Yes, I am danfo
That is all that is my own?
I must fulfill my calling
The call of my destiny
Serving humanity as the madness tranquilizer and insanity calmer that I am
Yes, I'm a crazy illusion as
Marwa-dear Keke, can be banned
BRT, taxi and okada too can be banned
But if I am banned, a lot of mad people will get well
And that will be their death.
Why? Because I am danfo, the indispensable son of molue

And they are used to me

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Am Your Teacher

I am your teacher, do you know
That the thought I think toward you is thought of good and not of evil low
To guide you to an expected end
Where your desires achieved will always stand
Come now and hear me, you hear?
That my rod in words of correction one you may fear
Be the light unto your feet and the lamp unto your path

I am your teacher do you know
That I go through a lot of pains and heartache and tears
All in joy and no fears
To see you placed on this right track you so abhor
But you slight me and spite me and if you have the means you'll hit me for sure
Oh, what one gets in return for love so pure
And discipline not paid for

I am your teacher do you know
That instead of you calling me nonsense teacher and saying "see his big head" in your mind when I talk to you
You should be grateful for the fact that someone loves and accepts you
Just the way you are
And is willing to correct the mistakes that can make you less a star

I am a teacher do you know
That strict teachers produce better children in future
When they order you to keep clean, do your works, stay focused and pure
They want you successful even better than they are
They love you almost like your mother and father
Do not forget that

I am your teacher do you know
That the students whose teachers had high expectations are much more confident and secure
Children who have persistent teachers are more likely to arrive the destined end in the end
Most of you consider me your true enemy but not to the end
Because putting up with it will help you later in life for real
I may make your life a living hell
But soon you'll end up thanking me for it all

You hear?

I am your teacher do you know
That all I teach is not just to earn you academic certificates
But all that will help you pass all life's exams in flying colours
So when you see me show a stern face
Holding unto my guns
For instructions I have passed
All I require is you give a nod
And a smile with respect and humility
That's all the prize you can pay me
At least for now
I am your teacher, one you'll be someday
To one who'd look up to you someday
With lots of trust and confidence
As I expect of you now rather than being a nuisance
I am your teacher you should know

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Call It Swagging

I leave my bears and they stand straight tall like the emblems of the he-goat
With my half chopped hair made under the watch of my parents
And I call it swagging

I leave my shirts unbuttoned
With bony structured chests left bare
And the sleeves of my shirts left to bray
As I hate with passion to stock in and I call it swagging

I buy and wear pants that fall off my waist when I walk
And show off my dirty unkempt boxers
And I form bowlegs I wasn't born with
Just to stop it from falling off
And I call it swagging

And while walking I get me disfigured face and drag my body like drunks do
Of course a sheep without Shepherd I am
A local champion and a baby at forty
Without focus I stay with no future ambitions
And I call it swagging

I aim to be admired by her
But I do not know that she cares less for irresponsibles
For guys that parade aimlessly seeking them gals
Guys still spoonfed by their mummies and oh, daddy's pets
And I still stand and claim and brag
And time passes me by I didn't know
While I'm here gingering my swagger
And I call it swagging

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Need A Company

I NEED A COMPANY

Wait o. That I am rich
That I am a poet
That I am a writer
That I sing
That I am a teacher
That I am a philanthropist
All doesn't mean I don't need a company

My riches aren't for me
They are to make these people get what they desire
I am only the tusk bearer
Who holds the mantle for humanity
For me wealthy is a title
Until it betters another's life
Wealth can't give company although it brings it
I need a company too
One attracted not by the wealth
But by the knowledge of who I am

My poems are my ways of painting the world I want us to live in for you to see
Nothing can ever be beautiful
Without a foreseen image
So I make imagery be
By the thoughts and feelings and ideas
I pen down in lines and verses
I need a company
One that would bring me out of this lonesome world
By nodding in understanding of what I had penned
And give a hug of acceptance

My writing is my gentle way of taking you into the world of my imagination
When I write I only think out loud
It is the only way I think I have
To get you to hear my voice
Of the injustices and pains and hardship and love and betrayal of men and life
I too need a company
One that will read the vision of these tales and run along with it

What I do in my singing
Is a conscious effort I put in
To smear your heart, mind and thought with the right reasonings, prayer and
confession
That the lyrics be buried in your heart
And come to your memory often
Then when the seeming evil tries to raise its head up high
You'll remember what you heard me sing
If not the one you read me write
I need a company
One that will listen and nod to the truth I speak
And reason out the just from the unjust
And take a decision that will put things and life on the right stand for life

I teach so that you'll know
That the things I know won't die with me when I die
And I teach
To provide solution to the problems that were, that are and that are yet to come
My classroom is the four walls of your heart after the time we spent on the four
walls made of bricks
That all that are to be taught
Would be a conscious effort
Of connecting book to real life experience
And tomorrow we can lay our heads down
And sleep with our two eyes shot
I need a company
Not one that are students
But one that will understand that they stay with me to learn along as I teach with
no chalk and board

When I go about in good course
I had stopped taking care of myself
Because I might not remember any more how to take care of you if I still pay
attention to myself
My acts of kindness
Are my ways of offering my selfless service
To paint your heart with joy and fill your face with laughter
I need a company
One that will be to me
A family in deed
And understand my course

And continue from where I'd stop when I would
I need a company

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I Was Deceived

Bimbo, was it you or me who deceived me
You looked stunning and attracting and free
You were young and tender and pretty
But with straight and stern face
The cumulative of the usual look on the teacher's facial look file
I stared at you and you returned the stare with a smile
And the smile-one that can melt a thousand heart-was freely given anytime we
saw each other
And that was what caught me however

And my thought started swelling
Beyond my control it kept boiling
I forgot that you came here for learning
My emotion came on fire
I started burning the torch fanning my desire
And then I made a pass
Not minding she's not my class

Not minding but knowing
That she has the body doesn't mean she has the head
She may have too the feeling
But she's got not the right yet to give her consent nor to decide
This pedophilia makes me a pedophile in deed
And the results of it all was my lesson birthed

Her smile is a show of respect and love
Love for them knowledge gatherers
That have a daredevil skill to pass it on
Her way to show the chalk professionals respect and love
That them in the world are one symbol that matters
But I mistook her cheerfulness for lust and infatuation
And it got my respect seared
And my reputation sold
And now she'd dishonor me
For my abuse she couldn't condone

I got deceived Bimbo, I don't know if it were you or me
Or the lack of control that burnt within me
That which made me mistake your smile for a lust

Pedophile is child abuse you got to know fast
It's one thing that shouldn't be let to live or last
Bimbo, oh Bimbo
This thing you couldn't play along with has cost me a lot
Should I now hate you for being smart
Or should I tell them coming after you to follow suit

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

I'd Love You Again

You came knocking

Like the rain that showered waters after harmattan dusty dried period on a scaly desert

Yes you came looking

Like the great farmer looking for the most fertile spot on fallowed land

And you found me

And quenched this thirst I had long had

That I had only tried to control with semblance of the real thing

Yes, you satisfied the hunger, the desire

And me wishing for the brightest opportunity

Grabbed you with both hands and won't let go

Oh, the cool breeze that blew and often slipped away like fish on the river

I held like I'd be holding a crown

I won

I'd let you go not nowhere

Oh baby

A beautiful light that brightens a thousand paths together

You're the laughter provoking satisfaction that never would falter

Given the chance over and again

I'd love you a thousand times and again

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

If I Had Loved With My Heart Along

If I had loved with my heart along
I would have long been a victim of never mending heart
If I had followed the trails you left too
The sockets of my eyes would have lost its oceans of
tears that wait to pour upon the cries for joyful
phenomena
Searching your bag and secret cupboards would be a
conscious suicide to a heart that wants to live for you
so I play plain

If I had loved with my heart along
The sad news of your flirtatiousness would mold a
lump of hatred for your specie in my simple mind
Taking away the venture and splendor of true love from
my bank of knowledge
Where I would be left to brood that everything that goes
in skirt acts like
Forgetting the love showered by a mother from my
cradle bed and my teacher from my infant light

If I had loved with my heart along
I would hate love for the hate that kills your love
I would hold back from giving making stinginess live
within me along with her basket of poverty
For all I gave you was all received in deceit
And I felt like a fool in my wisdom of giving
But I hadn't loved with my heart along
For trust comes first and love is learnt and built upon
which the heart enshelters
And your ways from the first dawn was snake bent in its
trails
And I did a good work of a watcher man, your supposed
lover.

Trust me not as I now do thee not trust
For you and I go guilt of same offence
You are flirtatious and I unfaithful
Haven told you I loved you while I only learnt you
And today my knowledge of you parts us

A pointer to all men who ventures the way I went
Watch before you leap

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

If Love Cares Else Good Night Everyone

Good night everyone
If love cares let it find me
For on my personal pursuit
I'm yet to hit the spot
Where satisfaction bids me welcome
And all I desire is all I see

Good night everyone
If love cares let it come for me
It rises here and sets there
Perches on every roof but avoids my branch
Am I a caste or a forbidden omen
Why then is mine not coloured of the everyday colours, tell me.

Good night everyone
If love is real let it be true to me
Sacrifice has become my second name
But isn't it any more the principle of life
That what you sow is what you reap
Why can't reciprocation be the simple rule
For all I know,
If it's not reciprocated then someone else is milking it
Or it has mind for another
The spoken one is a lie from hell

Good night everyone
If love has a destination let it take me
For I've been to mine for the umpteenth time and back
Thinking with me I got a partner
But it has a mind of its own
And bears me not in its plans
I wonder if I'm there in its picture of tomorrow
The word, "I" haunts me
But I hear it often.
Oh love, what dream do you have for us apart from for yourself?

Good night everyone
Let me lie alone
I hear love and life go hand in hand

I hear life brings living and love gives reason
For this same cause I've layed my path
That life and love will abound with me
If love would be for and stay with me

If love is ever true and real
Let it let all go and cling to me
Then I'll wake to bid y'all a good morning.
And if not? Good night everyone.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

If Love Starves

Why do I have to beg a fellow for forgiveness
Like I'm begging for life
Why do I have to beg to be held in love
Like I hadn't come from a womb
Dear God, if you give us gifts
Give us to those we won't beg to treasure us
Like we're even to you undeserving of love
Despite our sacrifices

Why does my sacrifice have to be tested by fire
When often they're not faked
And I shave my hair to get them to offer
Why do they have to be swept off their feet cheaply
By sacrifices that don't deserve them
And that twinkle from a source
That doesn't belong to it
And their temporary illusion beckon them come
And they find themselves doubting the authenticity of this
That they know its roots and foundation
And that has their names on it
Dear God, if our worth isn't worthy enough
We won't stop looking still
At your right hand, our only source

Why do I have to cry to bed all night long
Because I feel all alone
Because the action I should take
I fear to take it
That I don't cause for myself another tearful sleepless night
For apologies unaccepted
Or for the care and attentions I should get that hardly flow in
And I'm starved, emotionally malnourished
Dear God, when these moments arise
Whisper unto us like you usually do
That it's alright, you'll be fine
And make us realize that even though we're not told,
We're valued and we're loved

Love is as mysterious as a poet's pen

It's a coat of many colors
But you, dear God, have its perfect definition
Teach us to define it
So that we learn patience
Better than we have now
Because it is the tool
With which we can win
if we feel love starves

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Impossible Is Impossible

Haven't you seen
That impossible is never impossible
The earth tells its own tales
Of the mountains that once were and never are
Of the rivers that dried with heat and pressure
Of the lands that tore open and took up heights? and lands
Of the firmament that gave way for pressured warming
Impossible is impossible

And vegetations whisper to me
Of the rebirth of continual species
However by force they are taken off
Of the tireless fruits that come in and out of season never as filling as the one in
due season
Of the mystery of ages past that one never extinct despite its use and weeding

And the animals sing praise
That keeps them in multiples no matter the dependence and outcry on them
Of the glories of hopeless life that feeds their days
And joys of living that has no source

And the human cry out
Of the legs that grow out of non
And the womblessness that begets fetus in time of laughter and praises
And the empty pocket that builds the mansions in time of need
And the mouth that made something out of nothing
And the dead that brought dead to life upon living

And the heavenly bodies proclaim
Of the wonder they know not that buys the import of the world Lord
And the reason a throne he denied to enthrone the nobody
And the laughter that never ceases that never wears
Only seeing without end
And showing without saying
That impossible is impossible

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Impossibles Were Lies

Yes, they were, were truly were
When I meant that the sky and the firmament were inseparable
That the sun fed the moon without which darkness would hold the night with
stenchy blackness
That water in a nostril couldn't run without the nose
And that the flower never has needs for the butterfly or even the bees
And could let them go in pride
So the butterfly should beg to stay

Had I told you the world would mean nothing if you don't mean anything
That the entire treasures of the world is hid in your palms and your tender touch
like the marrying of the beautiful ancient red walls of Umuokoro
That your eyes sparkle like the dazzling diamond of the precious ages ago
And your smile like a honey sweet that melts the heart
And your dentition like the golden gates of arabian walls
Had I?
But I hadn't told you that I give such words because your nature is to believe in
sugar coated lies

Had I told you that I can't last a day without you
That when you tell me it's over I'm finished
And that non again after you would be the reason I live
Had I?
But I hadn't told you that as soon as you throw in the towel
That I'd only cry for as long as it takes another beau to cross my path
That seeing her stand there in split seconds afterward
Cleanses every memory I used to nurse of you

Had I told you that you're my dream come true
That your complexion and height and language and shape
Are the images I had painted in my mind of my heart's desire
That when you stand I see
I see the glamour of the maker's finished work
And the time taken to make this one of my fitting
Had I?
But I hadn't told you that a woman is a woman
Her physical look matters less
So long the thing under her pant is intact and her balls erect

Had I told you that the ideas you give are like oasis in a plateau and apple in the desert

That the words that come from your mouth show that the value of a thousand wise women are hid in your worth

That when you whisper words to my ear

They suit my soul like the icing fits the cake

Had I?

But I hadn't told you that the smile of that lady opposite When you throw me out
Can cleanse my mind of all you had buried in it

And wear upon it a violet robe of continual price appreciation

Had I told you that I die for you

That my love for you is unequal and without condition

That you will have no one to contend with as no-one was like

And can ever be like you

That I'd love you just the way you are

Had I?

But I hadn't told you that love yesterday and that of today and that of tomorrow
Can only be same

If same nurture was given to them all

As love is renewed morning after morning

By the sacrificial ritual it deserves

And I hadn't told you

That though I paste myself in your palms

And give my heart that you toss up and down at your whim

That she is out there waiting even for a crumb of me

And what came to you in a platter of gold

Is what she cries and can kill for

Had I?

But you know you have him jewel in your hand one that's not worth to let go

A treasure that causes you no pain but gains

As against them rotten eggs that fill the crates

I had told you impossibles will live when without you I am to live

Even told you life would elude me when you cut my life off of yours

But these impossibles are only impossible if you don't tread the earth alone

It's my nature that first it seems

That life won't be without you and it I confess

But by the knock on my door

It is something in skirt

The existence of you lies inexistent

And the impossibles I once said to you before now
They all become lies

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

In The Birth Of A Gold

From the numerous cells that flew along the fluid
Amidst the struggles and the battles
To the achievement of wall cracking
And the troubles and dangers that came
Defeating the nine-month battles
Then the cry is heard
After the turbulence of the passageway
Oh the jubilations of birthing a pearl

And life's journey began at day one
The risings and the fallings
The head hittings and the sickenings that were
The journey of childhood overcome

And the teenager begins the inquisitive life
Wondering why life is life anyways
Unsatisfying answers pouring to fill the insatiable mind
And knowledge is born
By self search and gratification
The zealous strength and the ability to harness the innate potentials
The tiger arises

The jewel is become a woman
But a brave lion
Who is never cowed at the bleating of bulls and bulldogs
No, not at the slightest of threats
A woman was born

A virtuous woman it was that was born
A Queen in charisma
A pearl at heart
Bravery, beauty and wisdom personified
Where stubbornness is a skill that breeds success
She is an emblem of prosperity
A pillar and a good manageress

Orjiugo, Vivian the Adanne
If 26th June be born everyday
Yet rare women would it be that it would yield

One of a kind, most set out amongst a billion
Most sorted amongst the zillion
A treasure and a scarce gift
Coming in a time like this
The world needs your kind

Loving you is the beginning of knowing to love
And having you is the fulfilment of a lifetime
As your existence begets solution and peace
You are indeed a royalty
An oasis and a vine
A refined gold that beautifies the alter
Birthing this girl was indeed birthing a gold

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

In The Birth Of Favour

A well dug for many years from a day somewhat like this years ago
An inspring from a deep source
And the glittering of the stars lights never fade

And Grace begat Favour and Favour ain't fair
But by means a transport so swift to a fulfilment a so wished destination

And I looked to behold a rising from a glowing
The morning sun epitomized by beauty
A seed sprouting to a tree of many branches
And here there, there here the oil flows to generation unend

Favour whose wings fly out is housing
Many a birds on her shoulder
Let the weak come get strength and let the strong come show his ego

Her beauty is immeasurable and her fatness is source of milk and honey

Your birth has caused no regret and till death doth us part, I shall celebrate your
birth since joy of many laughters it breeds

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Indispensable

How caring you are and how faithful and loyal
Oh, I forgot, and how hardworking and primal
The best staff of the year and award topples awards
More time for the job and less time to yourself and less life
And without you, the business door closes for life

And your room, your home go ajar and your life too
And kids wonder and feel you are a father Christmas
As upon the cocks' crow off you go and remained unpresent until the day
dies down
And staggering relationships one after another give up the ghost
Yet, the best staff of the year award dangles on your walls

And when the body gives a warning demanding attention
And you needing rest gains optimism of self deceit saying it's an act of
slothfulness
Allas! The blair of sirens upon your collapse
And after a six feet journey of yours never to return
The business doors aren't still closed in turn
And a quick replacement with a soul that knows better continues the game
You were dispensable but foolishly didn't know it
In the next life when you return
You'll give your best and not your all

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Journeys In The Heart

Things that pass through the heart
Are cheetah that runs immeasurable speed
Fast past the lanes of lonesome walls
The blood painted streets
That suppress the shouts of a thousand spoken unheard words
Beautiful they may be but never see the light of day

Tunes that pass through the heart
Endless melodies arose like the daisy
Oh! Queen of the nights with nocturnal bliss
To the nodding of the head and tapping of the hands
Ears long endlessly for its soothing effects
Blessing divine spirits and up to heavens
Like the butterfly it is released to journey abroad and never return

Words that pass through the heart
Are snails that crawl years across the path
passers-by may trail and let it crawl still
Upon allowance it draws trails that hardly leave if not erased
Weighty it gathers as it goes and pulls down prosperity
Oh on this memory lane rejoices bitterness
That in words pass through the heart
A sluggish slot

Them that pass through the heart at sleep and at trance
Foreshadow should they be or pigments of imaginations
Hoarding and nurturing make it whatever
Only time tells what pointer it ends
He that hears let him see the signals
And smell the sound of time

Thoughts that pass through the heart
Are crystal stars illuminating tomorrow
A roadmap with fountains and oasis and lawns
Like egg to be hatched to awaiting golden dawn
Erupting like volcano only time and chance
Aint taking the world by storm for before now it had lived
Images made and scenes recast
Roadside walls of the heart friend or foe

The passers-by make be
Only laid by her houser

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Langa Langa

There is a girl that I now know
She has a nose like an arrow and hairs that stand straight
She looks at me with those eyes that are like pen balls
And glitter like torch that shines
She stands like bamboo sticks
And looks as fragile as the coco yam leaves
Her oversized uniform is blown to and forth
Like the flag that dances up there at the mast to the tunes as we sing the
national anthem in the morning
Like she looks at me she stands looking at our teacher
Like sheep that studies the look in its predator's eyes
Her innocent face looking expressionless as if she never heard the questions
When she is asked them
She never answers them rightly she never gets oral and written questions right
They flog her they scold her
Yet unperturbed she never gives up never hates school because
Because she is otherwise important
And yes she knows it
I beat her in class she beats me in field
At farm work and at painting and at marketing
I never best her out
When the bell of competition rings we both go
She for field contests and I for class contests
We both arrive the champ in our own love
And my scally-waggy lanky looking mate raises the school's flag as I do too

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Late Night Call

Hello? Oh? It's you that answered!
But it's not she I want to call that answered
It's you, but no, it's her of my heart is in need

Call her for me
Tell her to grab the handle to say hello to me
Let that honey coated voice I hear next her it be
Let her mention of her lips the name we are used to calling we
Let her as always make fund of my baldhead that her style of speech tickles me
Oh, how pleasant her voice that pulls me above every stormy sea

Let me speak with Vivian biko, let me do
Let me tell her how slow the rate of my heartbeat has grown since she has not
called me her boo
Let me tell her how my world and efforts would be finally crowned the day we
will both say I do
And how the home will be full of joy when our children in their toddler will cry
baabaa, cocoo poopooo
Oh, please let me let her know how I see our love as pure and true

Please let me speak to Orjiugo, biko
I want to tell her that since the last time we chatted about that gusto
The one we both need to seer through every limbo
That I have not been able to tell her of my success from the burrow

Let me talk with my Baby
That calls me my friend, 'Ore mi'
And I in her loved style call her my own, 'T'emi'
And we blush at the teasing we give to each other so lovely
How much treatment and remedy we get, oh, so lovely

Tell her to pick up the phone
To get her to speak to me can ease my tension
The heart I hold so dear is hers and I know non else but this one
Tell her many fish swim the waters, yes, many birds in the sky but appeasing my
pleasure is she alone

Has she slept or has she gone to eat?
Bathing or reading or writing or am I late?

No, get her to hear my voice, hear it she must
It's the ointment she needs for a sleep in a cold night
I wait dear call receiver, I wait

Oh honey is that you?
Just say hello and let me feel my world anew
My heart is frozen pale since I thought you knew
But I'm here now and you're here our love refreshed like they're touched by
mountain dew
I wonder how I'd I've laid on that bed tonight without a hello from you
I can now sleep amicably with an empty heart filled with a thought of you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Legacy

I got here
Here where I once lived
And yesterday is not here
It went
And now carried along the memory that should be
For nothing is left for a mark

I didn't see me
Didn't see the footmarks I left on yesterday's sand of time
Didn't see the family I was with
For everything that should show we existed here went with yesterday
Not the trees that I once tended
Not the pillars of the house
Nothing of the nativity

The soil of time had overtaken the footprints I left on the sand
And the rains too had washed away my fingerprints on the wall, no, there is not
the wall too
What did I do
Where was my wisdom

I was wise yesterday
But the passersby that knew me now shake their heads
Where now is that work of the wise
What happened to me

Was my wealth not genuine
Were my ways unpleasant
Had I not been helper of men
Where did I go wrong
That my yesterday leaves me now with nothing to be remembered with
No proof of my name, my ego

My wisdom could have been wisdom
But it was not mixed with foresight
My godliness could have been godliness
But I had not listened
I had thought those who told me the truth were small
I had thought they wanted to reap where they hadn't sowed

My wisdom met with desperation
And drive for instant profit blinded me
Today I am nowhere
Not even my sons can point to it

I have learnt in my regret
That when I leave a place
The place shouldn't leave along with me
I should put a mark
That my heart doesn't bleed later as it bleeds now
Footprints in the sand of time has no root
Structures on the land of history
And investment on the life of any one child the least
Will outlive me
I shall not sell no matter the prize
When tomorrow comes yesterday will still be here

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Let My Village People Watch Over You

This morning I woke up with a thought of you at heart
I thought how far we've come and how well we've fought
We've won all
All the warlords and knights sent to us by economies, turbulence and weather
We brought down their walls in winning them all
I know why

Then I thought of this temporary time we're apart
Bear in mind that we'll be joined together sooner than planned
But before then dearest
While you jump the necessary hurdles of life
Like gathering the necessary ingredients you need for a sweet bread
Ones that will aid your taking the world by storm
And deliver unto them that for which they had earnestly expected your
manifestation
Let my village people watch over you

Let my village people take you out and bring you in on time
Keep you safe
And bond stronger our love for each other
I'll watch over you more than they would if I could
But the eyes I see here and there with are theirs
But that we strengthen our commitment two as one to us and to our course in
debt to humanity
I pray for you this
Let my village people watch over you

My village people?
Who am I?
I am a son of that bright and morning star
Ever heard of him?
The one they call Lion of the Tribe of Judah
Ever heard of him?
You guessed right
I am of the tribe of Judah
Of the city of Zion
That one covered in pearls but built with no walls

Yes, your guess is as good as my knowledge

Those are my village people
Let them watch over you

Then when you'll wake up at cock's crow to begin baking the bread
And the heats of the fire and smokes that can blind the eyes try to dissuade you
At noon while the loaves are left to cool off and you have pestering flies along
with other vectors to deal with
And at eve while they are packaged and distributed
And you need the divine wisdom to discern whom the genuine men are from the
fake of all in similar clothing
Let my village people be your monitoring spirit
Let them watch over you

You don't have to pay them anything but a piece of recognition
That one that comes in three folds
Of head to toe in dance in the morning
Hearty discussion and laughing at noonday
And a kiss on the forehead at night
And a token from your purse to help the helpers
But if you forget to do your dues
My village people will love you still as their obligation
But for love's sake I know you'll do your dos
Yet, in all you do let this prayer work for you
Let my village people watch over you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Let's Do The Laughter Together

let's do the laughter together
Holding hands and binding strong our unity
When the heavens break loose and all eyes watch to see us shatter
And the remains of our once upon a time hope
Await our negative action that they be laid to rest
Let's do the laughter together

Let's do the laughter together
When in pains and tears we toil together
When the sharp eyes of our brothers do no longer see
That nobody is a nobody even when the crowd is like a sea
And betrayals from a friend hurt like bites from a serpent
And the man-know-man syndrome breaks the chord that holds the vail
Let's do the laughter together

When we do the laughter together
We'll show forth the joy that's hidden within
Never being ashamed of whom and whose we are
Telling them that though we die outside life rejuvenates within us
Despite their threats and fights and wars against us
This bunch shall not be parted
If we do the laughter together

And our laughter is hidden our tears, our vows, our bond
We rehearse to come take the world by storm
Our laughters are deadly threat to your actions that have pushed us to the wall
I tell you perilous brother we come soon and so i tell my brother
Let's do the laughter together

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Lonesome

My heart a bowl of many flowers ripe and odorant
Needing a vine to mata its nectar, loneliness so rampant
And now the eyes search in fetch of a damsel
Who alone shall keep the heart alive and to marvel
At the beauty of the porter's handiwork

Many have a Romeo and others have their Juliets
When shall I like Othello elope with my Desdemona, my bracelet
No matter the pain the sacrifice more than suicide still I can bear
For this angel who her heart has put in my palm

Thorns and pines beat me in my dreams
Where the thought of you is equated to chasing shadows
I burn the touch for you as I fall head over hills
My sleep is sucked and my awake taunted, oh, painful wishes
Hardly can I swallow the milk and honey in my mouth
As appetite gone questions me of your worth

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Love Is Everything

Love is everything:

Love whispers the truth to us, just that sometimes, we care not to know, or we refuse to see from it's perspective {which is often true} and so we fool ourselves with the coinage; "Love is blind". Unless of course, we chose to play along just to clear every doubt and every fault from our part.

Love is everything:

Sacrifices are difficult to offer but love can make us shed the last drop of our blood to make the other party happy.

Love is everything:

Work to impress, you may eventually lose it all by just a mistake, but work for love and even your mistakes would be seen as calculated prowess.

Love is everything:

Stay for what you'll get, and eventually, you'll be seen as hireling, but stay for love and you'll own everything.

Love is everything:

Friends, liabilities and pests would leave when the chips are cheap but one who really loved you will love you still and love never leaves.

Love is everything:

For love's sake, giving happens without counting costs, without numbering times, without thinking twice.

Love is everything:

Ten people can stay friends for more than twenty years for real - everything is possible with love; if it's a lie, ask your siblings.

Love is everything:

A man and his wife can decide they'd die together, it has happened severally - but choosing to live together is the best, and it works too.

Love is everything:

There can actually be successful relationships and marriages without riches, if only love and not assumed future comings are the baselines; if the goal is actually staying with one another rather than presumed purpose.

Love is everything:

The reason we learn, and we work, and we pray, and we show strength and power, and stay pure and true by each other.

Love is everything:

Everything bright and beautiful

Great and small

That brings colour to life

Nature and artifact

But to no detriment

For love guides right

And gives only bests of gifts and attention

Love is everything:

Nothing is costly or too cheap to love

For love owns it all

And all owns love

With it and for it was everything made that was made

Love is everything

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Love Lost

Don't love me
If it is falling or stayed
Just don't love me
For I am he with a heart like stone understand
That my heart has no soft spot
Not one for any or as many that sort
I am sorry

Looks can pull but I have heart that pushes
Longing is a natural phenomenon but my tears is that my heart gives no returns
For this I cry, really cry
Like one whose world is ended
And is helpless of the fact

In my world I share all alone
Not happy with but I enjoy my alone
In solitude I listen to nocturnal rhymes
And enjoy the eerie music that belows from their harsh voices
And the heavy pushy breeze filtered by the moon
And I cry
For the hardest part of life is felt in being alone still

But my heart is cold
Bereft of love and having not to give
It had gone through lots in pain
And pain had killed its emotions
If it were fleshy
It's now smoother than a bottle
Having no droplet of blood left to grease relationships with
Oh, don't love me

The touches on the walls of the heart of a growing child
Is the determinant of his coming days' disposition
Let him cry less
Each tear drop is a pack of emotions, love lost
Emotions aren't as much as air
Like fruits on a tree they finish too
What then becomes of him
Is what you created

But the heart like a ship has a rudder
No matter how far it navigates
It can follow the rules of the captain
But all is a choice
Only how long would deciding take
Till then
Do not love me
For I am deserving not any
And I cry
Who can love me just as I am
You must be yourself an iron and a beauty better than I am

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Making Of The Maker

And at the dawning of the new day the sun sets
And high hopes kiss his sprouting as the clock ticks
With milk and meat and then bones
His weaning days birth high expectation of his winning days
Competition born by unconscious costly assumptions and comparisons
Becomes the chain that draws him quick to his gray days

Lead there in the chalk hall where he is to wear another's mind
With strokes and plays, tears time and fun time
He endures all to befit societal crown
And in the home of many books and slime
His decisions for a while left in his whim
He obtains the keys for a kingdom that's not his own

And his life becomes a tool of pleasing
Living for them that expect him perfect and pleasing
And the man running helter-skelter in confused estate
Stumbling blocks, stormy weather and roaring lion leave him in worst state
Observing his mate and them that had shone before
He wonders if he beeps up effort or relent to hopeless splendour

Yes he sits and wonders if he is another life cycle
Should he continue to align himself among the circle
Of them that are seen as neither majority nor minority
Or even fall below to them in the zero level
No, defeat isn't an option, never a haven to dwell
If there's a minority that leads the majority
Them that left footprints in sand of time began somewhere

And at the sudden rise of him that was down
When he'll tell his mentees the story of his ladder
He'll tell them that the making of the maker begins
At that point of self realization and conscious decision
That the world's pattern and all her struggles lead one nowhere

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Mama, School Has Rejected Me

Mama, school says to me

I do not want an oval face with curvy eyes, slim brows, and straight eyelashes
With dimples, pink lips and diastema

No, I should go away she says to me

With my ringed neck, figure-eight shaped body and all feminine endowments
nature blessed me with

School says to me

I should not continue to come to her

With my smooth light complexioned skin

And the shoulder high that tells of confidence

With my broad chest

And seemingly thick neck

And flat tummy that soon may be housing six packs

She says if I must come

I should keep away all nature's gift of masculinity and pride

That I should pocket my extroversion and introversion

Timidity and bravery if I must mingle hand in hand with her

That beauty and personality are not in her place to note and use

Mama, school says to me

The ability to use stringed and wind instruments for their purposes

And convert the nature's gifts into harmoniousmelodious tunes is a waste of her
efforts

That why should I weave wool and cotton into clothes when all I should focus on
is to use pen and paper

School says to me

I'd be nothing if all I know in my blocked head is how to douse my opponents
and stupefy my spectators on the tracks and in the fields

If I derive joy alone from using pliers, screwdrivers and hammers

Putting red and black where they should connect

And nails into the woods to join them right

That these are not in her place to harness

Mama, don't push me to go back to school

When all she does is repeat things that have been said over and again
Long before you even were born
And make me sit in one place
Facing one direction
And loading my head with talks I'd neither ever use nor apply
Gibberish that are far from the realities, fun and purpose of life
And the supposed teacher that should have been just a guide
Does all the talking to us a little and to herself the most
Although in pain and anguish I manage to stay

But it has gotten school here on her jaw
Long after I'd had it
And we came to a truce
If I must do what I'd find joy and satisfaction doing
Then let me go
Mama, school has rejected me
There's no place for my kind in her bosom

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Marriage Of My Dreams

I dream of a marriage where my wife is me, is my friend and my partner, more like she is my skin

I dream of a marriage where the meeting that my wife is present is no longer in need of my presence because they'll get the same effect

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I would joyfully drag the kitchen in agreement to who makes the meal of the hour and who does the kitchen chores at least before the Children are grown and after they have matured out of the home

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I take turns doing the morning preparation of meals and getting the children ready for school and of course, going to pick them after school

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I serve each other meals depending on who returned home first from the day's business

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I operate the same financial account and run the same business and pay bills from no particular one person's account because we own it all together

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I make decisions together and agree on what should and should not be

I dream of a marriage where the answers given by my wife would still be the same answers I'd give if we were both differently asked the same questions because we have the same mind and agree on same things

I dream of a marriage where my wife and I feel what each other is feeling even when we may be far apart from each other

I dream and dream to wake to it

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Mate

I have a girlfriend
She's so faithful and so steady and soft-hearted a friend
Oh one that can never be a fiend

At morning, at nap and at night she hugs me dear
And watches me over as I slump in her lullaby one she gives in a whisper
And her never tiring spread arms hold me calmer
As I put my strength and world on her chest

And her breasts?
So welcoming, so soothing and so soft full of fats
The two tender balls I take and often squeeze one at a time
Nice to lay my head on they give me pleasure each in its time

Oh this girlfriend of mine the only dear that sees my nudity
And often says "hi" to the insanity of my sanity
And admires my heavy muscular endowments
And says no words
And stays in wait for me
As I go out me alone missing her

And if in days I return sad and pained
I jump to her on her as I am drained
And she kisses my face and sucks my tears
And pat and talk me to sleep

And when I'm hyper?
I jump on you and over you
And the thrusting is mutual
Push-me-I-push-you
And the flapping sounds and moaning are amazing

Oh dear, I've got so used to you that tomorrow when I need another bed
No other springless foam can be of match

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Mother

Last night, I stole your sleep like we'd always share your meal
You felt like jumping off your body but you want me still
The heat scolded you in silent whispers to get those cloths off
Here or there or that or those places, phiam! You wondered off
Restless was understatement
Yet loving me was the testament
Once I was just a zygote causing the throw-up
And now a drummer with my legs and hands the sticks
Liquid became bony flesh, it's me ready to show up

Push! Push! They sang to your weary sweaty body
Your under felt the teary pain
The noise was my cry and another, the nurses, oh! What a beauty
for a baby!
Then I found me a bus-stop, your balls for my wine, ah, those breasts
And a luxury, your laps for my chambers
And then my journey continued
More trouble to the headache
Fate of this treasure must be pursued
No time to put my days at stake

So dawn and eve, noon and night you toiled
And you teach and I learn and unlearn and don't understand
You shout and chase and wish to beat hell out of me
I'd cry and you'd draw me close and yet pet and pat that I be
As cheerful as you would want else you'd sob
For if I'd take ill your worldis on standstill till I'm back as your
wub

Till date I'm bitter sweet taste a love you can't do without
For the love you nurse you'd dry the ocean for me
if you would
How much can I pay with if pay you back I should
My wages for it all is just to call you mother
Nobody else can go by that name any better

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Mother Knows That

If Biafra goes

How would the middle belt region stand

What mouth would they use to say Ai or Nay

And their blood bank would it still have some fluids left

And their tears ever stop to flow

And their wailing and their lamentations what hearts would bear

If Biafra goes

What brains would build the economy

And sustain the posts that this pillar holds

What streams would wheel the revenue by the technical know-how

The dynamics of economics are upon her crown

And her sons and daughters lead the willing horse

In all willingness that falls to a fault

And her name in the books for books would be erased

And from her too would be taken

The inventions and calculations, chinks and art

And even the milk and honey Biafra's Chi had given her that lies in her bosom

If Biafra goes

What would she leave with her mother

Who knows all about posts and nothing about positioning

Who lives by politics but can't be the desired leader

Who wants loyalty but knows only to get it by bully

Who wants her heaven worshipped but commands conversion by bloodshed

One that gets you nodding the ground by loaded riffle held up your butt

Would she be left with the wisdom that never was undressed from and only
scrums are shown her

If famine is a nation's visitor she would befriend her soon

If Biafra goes

Systems failing would become a common sight

Beauties and strength would elude her mother

Even when she would truly be required to use the muscles she had long flexed

To make life worth living by those blades that she had used to exfoliate the joys
of Biafra

When those hoes she had collected for the leading of her meat past her many
farms

If Biafra goes

Her many good brains would go along and leave her mother without
Her many machines would follow and leave her mother crude
Her many prides would go and leave her mother with no charisma
Her many wine trees would be untapped for lack of know-how
And the many heights they'd climbed would come touching the ground

Threats come ringing but the sheep is never perturbed
Mother often tries stepping on the lion's tail but she watches like a toothless dog
Mother fails to know that to keep the damsel dancing
Melodious sounds should flow from her tomtom
That this toothless dog would charge like the lion that she is when her nerve is
touched

Mother tries to scare her away with heated bullets
When she without fierceness makes her demand
That it be granted in peace that in time the oil that flows from her head would
reach mother too
But mother hates to come to terms with the fact and is failing to hid to it
O, because mother knows
That if Biafra goes she won't survive

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

My Ego My Pride

MY EGO, MY PRIDE

I am a man and that's all that matters

I farm under the heat of the sun and weed under the rain

The pokes from the pines, the bruises from the shrubs and the blisters from handling the tools

My muscles ache and my joints burn

And on my mind is the welfare of the homefront

What a man can do she can do better

Oh, just let her make the soup

Would she just mind that business

When I leave her in my stead issues escalate

Emotion and sentiment rule the tide

Weak passion becomes the bait, the foothold for the landmines

Logic and emotion never stay on the same shoulder never function alike

Now I have myself to blame having given her the initial hand

When I named the animals, I forgot she wasn't there

When I put on trousers she must do same

When I read books she should contend

When I'm the vice she won't mind being the head

And when I speak her mouths should remain unshut too

And yet she's the weaker vessel and I'm the almighty

Oh, let me just be surged to wear the womb

As it was from the beginning shan't it so be unto the end and now and ever more?

For the desire to be which from beginning had been

The journey of endless wondering have been

Would she just mind that business

That I might my world paint yet like it once was

That instead of die like prophesied for nibbling the fruit

I my ego and my pride may yet alive for living keep

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

My Examination Anthople

Look you here o thou seemingly mighty
The one that exults himself mightier than all, even me
I fear thee no more I stutter and coward no more before thee
No matter what aura you carry, no matter your influence and esteemed ability
I have guarded me through my breast plate of study and knowledge acquisition
You shall do me no harm, you hear? You shall me not keep in station.

Beyond you lies my land of refined gold
And a leap takes me there where upon my beauty and glory show
Why shan't I ignore the fever that be and the profuse sweat and its gory flow
As the joy you pour is ever lasting compared to this tentative hardship
When upon a crown I wear at last a reward of my stewardship

Life like a school homes us all
Rewarding the deligent from five success principle
Discipline, know-how, passion and IQ level
I now at the top have reached my goal
I bid you come the road though narrow more space in the sky a destiny for all

Regret's cold arms await to hold your shoulder
Upon which a restless confort provides becomes your lover
When excuses abounding become your constant gaze and master
And unlike me no leap you have planned to take, no following any mentor
And the children in the morrow would ask; 'Where were you dear father? '

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

My Indispensable Love

Come my baby lover
Yes come to onku
My love is gone far and won't be back so far
Let us seize the time to touch the skies of udgambu
Shall we?
Come to pappy
Come now, will you?

Yes, come my lover
Come now to pappy
This thing that makes me a man is restless under my boxer
And I can not take it anymore baby
The thought of you lightens the heavy load of loneliness in my heart
And your freshly growing steady pointed breasts are my magnet
Oh, your fresh oily tanned skin makes me drulle
How I long to behold you in those tight white pants
Come my lover
Come to onku
My love is gone far

Come my baby lover
Come to onku
Never fear if my love will catch us in bed
No, she won't.
She is too busy to give me more than five minutes I need of a woman
Honey, duty calls is her language
My heart understands but that thing under my boxers won't
Can the stomach ever bear with a man that has no money for food?
Yes, my love is scarce and unreachable
It is my lover like I have no love
Come to onku my baby lover

Oh thank you, you have come my baby lover
Play with me and let me play with you
Your loyalty is one that answers it all
My love was so then when I caught her anew
Until naivety cleared off her eyes
And she wanting equality with me
Ventured off the thin line

And I know now no more who is the man of my lover and I
And so my manhood suffers
Neglected and starved
But you're here my baby lover live
Welcome to pappy

Please take your play gently my baby lover
Play only with that side and don't come up here
It is below my waist that needs you
Not my heart, no, not my mind
It is unguarded and without defence
It is weak and can fall again
It has a soft spot that can be touched by your gentle roles and touch of
satisfaction
Please don't come up here
Let it still remain for my love
Who thinks herself indispensable but fails to make herself so

I fear for her my love my baby lover
I fear that she gets a success in her ventures
And lose a home on her return
Her family and a name may mean nothing
What about her inner joy peace and satisfaction
She may fight for equality and get it
But the importance and place of masculinity she would lose
Oh, play with me some more
My baby lover, play with onku

She may want a divided home not me
It will give you room to nest your tent
And many more people would sort you like me
But the breasts and hole in between your legs
Are not all that's needed of any union
Just like all you need is all of my manhood
But well my baby lover
While she is away
Come play with onku my baby lover

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

My Lover Is Coming To My House

Yes! My lover is coming to my house
I am cleaning my room and dusting my bed
Uncockroach the cupboards and let out the rats
Spray the room and let airfreshner condition its scent
I hope it doesnt become stuffy
My lover is coming to my house

My lover is coming to my house
This rice on fire doesnt want to cook on time
This stew well planned, well seasoned
I hope it doesnt run a stomach
I am tensed and overdoing
My lover is coming to my house

My lover is coming
This generator doesnt want to be a dependant
O, blame the power sector, I shan't be deterred
Film watching is a distraction in the air of love
My lover is coming

My lover is come to my house
The turkey shall be eaten and the cla-cla of the dishes shall be heard
And after
The sound of the endless kisses The kpra-kpra of the nylon covered mattress
shall discomfort the neighbours and the sound of their hisses shall be my
propelling force
My lover is come

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

My Turn Like Your Turn

I have reached it at last
There where my eyes had longed for for ages past
Where my prayers had pointed and heart mounted
This height the great sky where great eagles' soars are unlimited

I saw it coming and in tears was waiting
Often my patience failed me I kept wailing
I could have lost hold couldn't have stood all strong
But determination not even discipline kept me going
And self rekindled hope was the milk and honey I kept sucking
Alas! I laugh smiling

Today is yesterday gone and tomorrow coming
I have seen that waiting pays
I didn't deny my maker no never could cry of his non-existence
I won't affeign him the pains others brought on themselves
Circumstance of which we fell victim
He heeds a well channeled call in time for its time
His glory is shown only to him who waits

Now I am in my turn
And my prime shines on
Await yours for it comes soon
Don't throw in the towel
For even there where it would fall
It won't get any cleaner than it was
But the was is on the process of cleansing
Square one to zero isn't any perfect a slide
If it got to me on this side
Behold the tentacle is still on the spread

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Oh, Girl, Don't Do A Broke Guy

If he doesn't have the money
Dump him and opt for a better he
You were not born to suffer
Girl no go die on top this matter
Sweetest lines on all babes tongues
Sweetest notes in all baes songs
It's all now sounding like broken records

Drop him nonetheless
He should be able to take care of you at least fifty percent
Love the money and nothing else
Love can come later if money come stays constant
For love's lust lost is directly proportional to money come
Else how dare he for you come
Tell them he is broke because he can't care for you
But first remember they'd ask you, what are you

And remind you that if it were easy
Your parents won't leave you in this state of pity
Where you have turned relationship liability
And domestic begger
If he'd give you heaven and earth you'd lick his spatter
If it were easy like you think it of him
Why aren't you on top of your game
Or aren't you a human too as he is
Or was he born to be the Christ that takes away your poverties
Stay calm dear bae and hold unto who you have
If it were easy, you won't need him for anything but his love

The rich get richer because they diversify
All needs sacrifices that can toxify
Everyone they meet must be one of like mind
A life partner mustn't be of different kind
Else the rich struggle and age quick and die young
A wealth man is on a course so long
One he can't entrust in the hands of a party loving panther

And so when you leave him thinking he's broke while he's on a course
He cries wishing you had a little more patience

Nonetheless he remains glad
Knowing that you that left him now won't stand
At the times when the basic give-it-all sacrifices would be needed
And patience would be required to get the good course cooked
At the time when it'll be required you both soiled your fingers
And venture into ventures that would tear your flesh off your skins
Would you stay a faithful stake and put your stakes in
Or would you withdraw claiming you're a woman

A man with vision is rich ever
A man with achieved vision is richer
But the one with a help-meet that understands sacrifices at heart, in the hands
and in tongue
The help-meet that catches the vision and run along
That man is the richest and a successful man
Oh, girl, I warn you again
Don't do a broke guy
But a guy with vision bye and bye

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Ọlaedo M, My Golden Jewel

Ọlaedo m,
Ma n'anw?, ma n'ozizo, ma Ọb? n'g?r? nke Ọwa,
Otu?b?la o siri d?,
Olaedo m, i b? obi a??r? m
Otu naan? nke m nwere
My golden jewel, no matter the life's weather condition,
You're my joy
My one and only

Ọlaedo m,
Ekpere m bu n'obi
Ọch? di m n'ihu, na ekele di m n'?n?
I biara mgbe m ji ch?? gi kar?a uruniile d? n'?wa
I biara Ọf?ma
Keekwan? ka m ga esi gosi gi ka a??r? m ha
My golden jewel,
The prayer in my heart
The smile on my face and the praises on my lips
You came when I needed you more than I needed every other benefit of life
You came well,
How can I display to you the amount of my gladness

Ọlaedo m,
Ka m b?r? otu nwoke mmeri a meriri obi gi
Nke duuru gi ebe ns? nke agbamakw?kw?
Nke gakwa aga ebe gi nke b? ebe karichara ns?
Ebe any? ab?? ga emep?ta ndi Chineke s?r? any? gaa mep?ta
Mkp?r? ih?nanya any?
Ọlaedo m, mgbe i kp?r? di gi, ure gi, oku
K'Ọb?r? m p?tara bia za gi
My golden jewel
Let me be the winner who won your heart
And match you to the altar
Let me be the one to enter into your holiest of holies
Where together we shall produce the creator's heritages
The seeds of our love
My golden jewel, when you call on your husband and pride
Let me be the one that answers

Ọlaedo m
Ked? ebe i ch?r? Ọgb? ak?n?ba duru gi
Kwe ka m b?r? Ọny?nya g?
Ihe?b?la b? ar? nd? g?
Otu?b?la i ch?r? Ọmet? Ọwa a
Kwe ka m b?r? kpakpand? na-ezi gi Ọz?
Ka m b?r? ngalaba i nwere ike Ọdabere
Ọb?ladi mgbe o ji d? ka ike ekweghi gi
Otu i nwere ike b?r?kwa nye m
Tinyekwa na any? ga-ab?r?kwa ezigbo enyi onwe any?
Ga-an?nyere ibe ya n'oge niile
My golden jewel,
Where would you want the ship of wealth to lead you
Let me be your captain
Whatever is your life's dream
However you want to influence this world
Let me be the star that leads the way
Let me be the pillar you can lean on
Even when you may be getting weak
As you will be to me too
And we will be each other's friend
That will be there for us at all times

Ọlaedo m
? b?zi s? g? d? m n'obi n'oge niile
Ihunaanya m nwere n'ebe i n?
Kariri ihe Ọg?aja ga ag?tali
I b?r?la m ezi udo nke chi nyere m
? di m obi nma
My golden jewel
You occupy my heart at all times
The love I have for you is immeasurable
(more than the sand counter can count)
You have become to me a perfect peace given to me by God
It gladdens my heart

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

One More Lap

Before throwing in the towel and calling it quit
Have you given it a second thought, have you?
Have you searched the reasons you want to let go
And they are not birthed by temporary illusion and fear, have you?
Or checked if your strains won't birth a time of joy that would wipe all tears on
the go
And leave you with resounding 'thank God I didn't quit', have you?

Are the challenges you are having like those that come as obstacles
To them that so determined to climb the Everest and touch its peak
Or are they simply detractors that should set to help you device another means
to your goal
Something you needed to calm down and ponder on, have you?

They had been many that got at the edge of the break-through but couldn't see
it
They felt too like they couldn't just take this life this way anymore
Some 'em gave up for weakness to fight on
And failed to see reasons to
Others took the one more lap
And despite the discouraging factors they moved on on it
And here bringing them face to face with light outside after the tunnel
Is the one more lap

A lot come to pull you down
One more lap will lift you up
What had you started?
With you alone or with someone?
Never get cold, no it ain't part of winners
Your reason to quit maybe genuine
But the end if you don't quit would be more genuine
A time of teaching to them up comers
When in pride you wear your scholastic robe of experience

One more lap gives the baton
Another more lap gives the trophy
If you were two and you quit you die a hope
Though the other may continue
But you've left a cut of never-to-trust-again which may take time to heal

If you were two and the other quits that dies a zeal
You may clean yourself up and forge ahead never giving up
And never seeing that dropout as excuse to fail
If you were two and the both of you quit
You die a dream
And dreams killed is a preplanned destiny aborted
Why abort when a time of labour is less put side-by-side
A time of productive satisfaction

See the cost of quitting is costly
The cost of one more lap is extra determination
And the gain of it is a life long joy

Don't quit now
You have not asked yourself what's in for you in the end
Have you?
You haven't started seeing with the eyes of a winner
Have you?

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Ore Mi (My Friend)

Yes you are
The the falcon that holds the falconer
Like the pillar that holds the building
The priceless jewel that keeps the farmer going

Yes you are
The companion where company is scarce
That drives the loneliness and breeds laughter
And journeys side by side shoulder length with the hopeless

Yes you are
The partner in fulfilment of dreams that was made and not long foretold
The one good head that completes the two good heads
That wear one crown and give the kingdom her best rulership

Yes you are
The spot where love is found
That gives me a person to call Ololufemi
And Ife t'emi
My desire and my love

Yes you are
The one that keeps my head standing tall when others are loosing theirs
The comfort I have from the day's turmoil if there were any
The shoulder I can lean on and beat my shoulder that I have strength

Yes you are
More ever valuable than a sister
More watchful than a brother
More prayerful than a mother
And the one behind me a successful man

Yes you are
The love I found when I found love
The joy I was given when I sort it
The mate I got when I needed one
You are my friend, lover and partner
You are my wonder that keeps me wondering
The Green Green Green

That beautifies my world with your splendor
My friend, you are ore mi

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Pedophile

Leave me alone, leave me let me be
You say you're my favorite friend but you're not, not at all for me
You're rather a wolf in sheep's clothing
And I know what you're wanting

You want these imature breasts of mine
And my behind that seems swollen enough to fan your desire
You say often to me that I'm fine
I may be fine but I still see you as a liar
For you say it to get what you want

Leave me alone and stop calling me to come to you
Stop calling me siisii
And stop whispering that I come to the back with you
And stop holding my hands
Otherwise I'd tell my teacher or my parents
And they'll tell my Principal
And my principal will tell the school
And the school will tell the world
And the world will take from you your rights

I'll tell them that you like touching me in my secret places
You like to cross the boundaries
But you forget
You forget that I'm still a child
One you should protect and guide
I'll tell my mates too
So that they'll watch out for you and your kind

Please leave me alone
I am not ripe yet
Let me experience childhood on my own
Don't deny me of it
Your acts will give me wrong notion of adulthood
And injure my emotion
If you treat me this way you'd be wicked

Treat me right and teach me genuine love
Teach me how to treat my children when I grow

Control your desire and discipline your emotions
And you won't have to see kids as your playmates
It is a wrong thing to do

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Please Stay With Me

Although I'm not begging you to stay with me
But before you go remember
You were the one that came to wake me up from my sad slumber
And poured milk and honey in my heart and beauties like roses in my eyes
And made me see the sweetness of life
That one I doubted its existence
And smile dawned in my face
Now you're taking it away?

Although I am not begging you to stay with me
But before you go remember
You led me across the desert
And to the oasis from where my thirst of love was quenched
And now I swim the ocean of love
And the possibility of oneness from a duo
That too you want to take away?

Although I'm not begging you to stay with me
But before you go remember
You drove me to that land
Where I had bashed my hopes and aspirations to the walls
And decided there was no need to live the life
When there's no propelling force, an end means
And you helped me dust my road map
That I can find a way to my route
Now I run faster than I once did alone
Because you're behind me
Aren't you going to hang on?

Although I'm not begging you to stay with me
But before you go remember
We had dreamt of where we're heading
And planned the life we want then when we get there
Now we are on the route to it
And you want to leave me on this lane alone?

Aren't you going to hang on?
I'm almost there
Yes this route is tough and seem narrow and bumpy

The bed of roses we anticipated is almost here
But this terrain we are in
Has to be made smooth by your decision
Is the decision to stay a hard one?

You have not been a bad egg but a butter that smoothens the tray
Wisdom put to work takes away all plans that may cause traffic

Although I'm not begging you to stay
But before you go remember
The golden egg would be laid by the golden eagle
But on the golden nest that stayed put for it
That refused to be moved by the weird wind that came

I mustn't beg you against your will
Although love demands that I do
I actually am
But should I rape your mind for love
I mustn't beg you against your will despite how much I need you
But you loving me truly would show
Upon self inconveniencing to stay for me
And it won't be inconveniencing at all

Although I'm not begging you to stay
But before you go remember
I love you
Stay if you love me too
Yes stay because this tears run down uncontrollably
And I can't find a place to let them fall
My mind is full of the times we shared together
How pleasant, our words together, oh, how promising
And hurt tears keep gushing
Because I don't want to achieve this fit without you
Or with someone else that ain't you
Your dreams, my dreams, our dreams
Oh, how much I believe in us

Although I'm not begging you to stay with me
But before you go remember
We both may find partners to move on with
But none of those partners
Would ever love us like we do us now

I'm very certain we do

I wish I can beg you to stay
I'm glad I don't need to do that
Because you're here still with me
Aren't you?

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Potency

If the word of God could put to play
What was dead and down in clay
If the word is here to stay
To make aright a crooky day
Shant I then my faith be stayed
On that which once had broken bones raised

If this word could come in flesh
To make condemned deads live on as fresh
If in storm and heats and rain
Hope abounds that peace should reign
Shant I this anchor then be held
That my soul and flesh aright be lead

Yes the word has come and gone
Yet is that I to God should be a son
Come ye near that ye in him be born
That afar from you the dirts may run
And time upon the trumpet cry
In joy we sail to home on high

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Praise Ronke My Praise

I will call your name a sweet song at morn
At the time the sun smiles at me at dawn
Let me see the beauty of all creatures and more
A thing of joy more reasons to ardor
Her presence a morning cake to man
I will call your name a sweet song at morn

If I call this name the more
The greater hands gives me the more
A secrete hidden from time of yorn
A life of gold laid as dust and battles won
Shall my life symbolize and mouths professed
No matter how many enemies I parade
If I call this name the more

A name a song put in my life to praise
Like the whistles of the wind full of melodies
Like the blacksmith's work purifying
A man and a home made fine
Praise Ronke the sound of my music
A gift about a world so specific
Like the whistle of the wind full of melodies
A name a song put in my life to praise.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Queenlet

The assumcious bulgy eyes she has
The morning dew I see in her eyes
The slender elegant body
Oh, a glorious ebony brown complexion that spells beauty
And bonny brown hair so full and loving
Oh, my baby, the morning that took over my mourning
The laughter I see, my everything

Behind me the success she stood
The neck that carries the head
The shoulder in time of weakness
The hide I have, the coolant from my stress

Have I needed laughters?
I sort her though herself does little except the talk mesmerizes
And she gives a giggle and a hiddle
And I fall off my couch in laughter
One so satisfying, laughters without number

My mind gets made up
Not without her and me looking the issues up
Reasoning she does along
And same I do too as one we belong
And decisions taken as should
Oh what a manageress of my affairs I hold

Of her prowesses the best is made
Of her passion and her stand
She's no lazybones, no, not a sloth
An epitome of virtue with trail of wisdom in her treaded path
She satisfies both beauty and the beast
And needs of the needy met

Oh her love so overwhelming
My stand with her gone beyond petting
Our love once like a child into adulthood growing
And a blessed foundation it is upon which we're standing

Tempered but appeased by truth

And what should be stayed long becomes no lasting wrath
And she smiles again
To curdle you like a child that for once she bore many a pain

The long time coming with her
All in one round of some bouts and joys, doubts and pains together
She qualifies one of a many lifetimes with
And over and again even in next life and more causes to breathe
My choice will choose no other
But this queenlet with whom together
Upon coronation we'd rule many a kingdom of palaces and empire

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Remember Who I Should Be

I am the womb that gave you life
The shield from harshness from uncanny uncertain destination
And you had to breathe by my breath
And bone up by my bones
Did I ever let you down even when my strength waned and my life at risk?

I am that channel through your journey of never existing to existence
The pain was searing and my blood flowed
My will failed and my desires left me until I did the final scream
And your first cry was heard
Did I block you out
Even when I could just end it all by closing my then weary laps
And thereby snuff out of you this thing you and I so cherish
And that we both see as life?

I am the breasts that groomed you and the palms that nurtured you
The tears that flowed when you're down
And the laughter that resounded when you're up
The failure that failed with you and the winner that won with you
Even when trophies often would touch your favourites' hands before mine, if they will ever
Did I ever let you go hungry even when it costs me my clothes?

I am the heart that bore you care
That made you my starting point and my ending point
That hid it from you when I'm gray so you don't lose confidence
So my fainting body doesn't leave you worried
And my tears sap your hope
Did I ever pour you out with the dirty water
Even when myself I feel frustrated and almost giving up

The government is on my shoulders
Heavy enough to let me go on my knees
For the thunder will daily go and rumble
And use and get used
And will later here on my laps come to lie
I must be both useful and lustful distraction else I'm a liability
And the home-front must uphold the name we're given
To be their father's else they're mine

I am also the ear they need at dawn
The company they seek at day
And the pleasure they want at night
I am their calmness and their pride

I am nature's treasure, beauty and completeness
And I am nature in itself
The continent that bore all jewels
The mother earth that holds all on and keeps all in

I am everything anyone needs
Mother, friend, lover, and?
I am the reason for quests
The decider of peace
And the cause of war
Ever indispensable reason for success and confidence
And bringer of respect

Remember who I should be
And let me be who I am
For I am woman

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Roll Call

The hedge is broken and the serpent has stricken
Where now do you run to from the pains that have smitten
Will you be writing me a letter from hell
Or shall we be dinning together in a home far so well
Home draws nearer and its distance far so shorter
And award comes with a roll call at the eleventh hour

At this eleventh hour of yours the sky has gone dark
The designed construction that had kept it from going dark
Was given you since time immemorial
But one ear took it and the other swept it out
Now the head is off and the ears aren't spared
Too late to cry now that the milk is spilled

The roll call has started and it approaches your turn
From a distance you now see this world's beauties as vanities
Vanity! But it took your moments and your heart and precious soul
And the body, the spirit houser no longer has its content
Standing now it breaths by the remains of the long gone landlord
How rotten, better hidden than exposed

Tell them to send no messenger here
When eventually you cross the border to there
For if we dont hear them jinglers here we shan't here them of the spirit become
flesh
The roll call is on call make no delay
And take heart for upon hardwork diligence and pay
You earned yourself a worthy destination of pain without end - Hell fire.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Sad Disvirginer

It was trust you laid on my shoulders
It was faith you cast upon me
It was your dignity and pride you put in my palms
It was love you thrust in my heart
And believing the best comes out of it
Now I'm sorry
Sorry for the calculated agreed pain I caused you
Sorry for making you shed the tears of transformation from girl-child to
womanhood
Sorry for taking it step-by-step and then a little forcefully just to make the pain
go away quickly, once and for all
Sorry for the broken hymen broken to knit our hearts together as one
Sorry for making you let go other suitors you may have desired just for me
amongst all

But you make me feel bad, why?
When you re with me yet you make calls on phone to and with others,
You chat with them other brothers on whatsapp and SMS, leaving me alone in
my own world,
Making me feel lonelier even when you are right there with me
I feel like I'm no one, like I don't matter, like I'm not needed, like I'm not
respected
If you truly you have given yourself and your heart to me and not to them,
please make me feel like I alone own you
When you are with me, please don't make me feel jealous, don't make them
come before me because I love you and I die with jealousy

And I love you
Love you for who you are and for what you are
For the precious pearl that preciouslly dawns in my life
I love you dear precious pearl, my precious dawn

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Sambaland

Sambaland is the rain
The one that causes the teeth gnashing to rise
And makes flown away dust smell like mixture of moon and sun
Oh my skin glows
But I fear and shudder
Aquatic Pruritus holds me tender
Won't let me go and dance in sambaland

But I dance still
Holding my heart in my hand
I await this itches against my will
My friend, oh, my enemy, dear Sambaland
I love you but I'm conditioned against my whim

Against my whim to let the flowing splatters on the roof touch my skin, but I win
When I dance under the mass droplets from under this Sambaland
The dry iced pebbles hitting my head
While I sing in the Sambaland's storm that pours on
Dancing to stupor just to give me a light head

That I may drift far from adulthood's drill
At my backyard naked free from prying eyes
I cry for pains reminded me by these pebbles
And I too don't see my tears
For it is buried amongst the waters that flow through my chick against my will
still

And I'm joyed
Because I'm refreshed
The company of the sambaland and her many voices bury my aloneness
Helps me think and gives me clues
Sambaland works well like a massage after a hard day, one in which I won

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Say Ye What Worth I

If I die today, will you tell them?

That I was the tree with many branches that a lot of birds perched on
That my leaves and shades covered them from the harsh and stormy weather
That my strong curves provided them the hold for their nests
That my flowers attracted worms and insect that became a food
That the fragrance from my flowers provided them the fragrance they need for
air-freshener
And the beauties they need of a scenery,
Will you?

If I die today will you tell them?

That I was the fingers that fed you
And the hands that held you
And the cup you drank from
That the milk and honey you needed for nourishment was I
And even when you had many mouths to feed
I let you have your abundance,
Will you?

If I die today will you tell them?

That when you needed a shoulder to lean on
I provided mine
And the ears you needed
And the wisdom you sort
When your energy was not
I gave mine like it's all for me
And my shirts provided the drying you wanted
Then when your tears flowed
And my palms?
A soft calming relief you needed for a pat to suit your grief
And bring you comfort,
Will you

If I die today will you tell them?

That if you ever climbed the heights you stand today
I helped you stand
And that the time when everyone thought you a failure
I saw you as a winner
And saw to it that your innate potentials

Brought you this celebrated prowess
That brought you recognition
That the encouragement you needed to carry on came from me,
Will you?

If I die today will you tell them?
That the glories you got today
You got from my untiring selfless effort
Which I sacrificed in giving you a proper tutelage
That you got from me the Foundation upon which your intelligence stands,
Will you?

If I die today will you also tell them?
That the civility and morality that burns within you
That the spirit of patriotism
And love for humanity
Characters that have become the completeness of you
Were traits you found in me
And chose to live alike
That my core nature was transparency and honesty
And that I had dignity and raised my head above and shoulders high
A positive attitude that gave me my pride
One you learnt was my way of magnifying my office
And standing bold to who I am
And you learnt still to live alike,
Will you?

If I die today will you still tell them?
That I taught you to stand for what is right
And inconvenience yourself to get justice for others no matter the cost
And speak for freedom to free the captive no matter the strengths of whom you
have to face
And even if it costs the last drop of your blood
And I taught you
That for humanity, selfless service and sacrifice endears you to the universe,
Will you?

Tell me if you won't tell them all these when my eyes shall close in death and I
kiss the red soil
So that I will know
So that I will know that I haven't done what it is I have come to this world to do
And suspend my journey to the great beyond

Until I have done it all
Yes, I won't die till I have done it all
Else, my living would be in vain
And you'll have nothing to tell of me

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Sinora The Love Monkey

Sinora the love monkey is busy
Buzz buzz buzz
As busy as the bee
Buzz buzz buzz
She got loved by many others
Buzz buzz buzz
And she too loved many others
Buzz buzz buzz
And age continued to count
Buzz buzz buzz
And she has much fun upon the count
Buzz buzz buzz

But then came her way
Buzz buzz buzz
Amadilo the baboon who came to play or to stay
Buzz buzz buzz
And she gave him her heart
Buzz buzz buzz
Like he gave her his first
Buzz buzz buzz
But then impatience sets in
Buzz buzz buzz
It all isn't becoming what it ought to have been
Buzz buzz buzz
Or he's not yet ripe
Buzz buzz buzz
As she needs this hype
Buzz buzz buzz
And so while with him
Buzz buzz buzz
She sought another in her whim
Buzz buzz buzz

It clicks for she and Zingo the chimpanzee
Buzz buzz buzz
She calls him Bobo and he calls her baby
Buzz buzz buzz
He gave her his heart

Buzz buzz buzz
That gave him an ache of the heart
Buzz buzz buzz
Because she's in pretence
Buzz buzz buzz
That put him in suspense
Buzz buzz buzz
She's still with Amadilo
Buzz buzz buzz
Yet swore with him old to grow
Buzz buzz buzz
In marriage and in living
Buzz buzz buzz
But she shows less than is seeming
Buzz buzz buzz
What can he do to prove her?
Buzz buzz buzz
If she'd love him for forever
Buzz buzz buzz
And he came up with an idea
Buzz buzz buzz

Money won't be with me
Buzz buzz buzz
He said to her to see
Buzz buzz buzz
Her reaction said a thousand words
Buzz buzz buzz
Words that showed it's all false
Buzz buzz buzz

It was a test that told the real her
Buzz buzz buzz
And in short while it brought it all over
Buzz buzz buzz
But she went back to Amadilo
Buzz buzz buzz
And stayed like she never did go
Buzz buzz buzz
And Zingo felt the pain of her leaving
Buzz buzz buzz
But felt more sorry for Amadilo on what mate he is keeping

Buzz buzz buzz

And so you learn to see well

Buzz buzz buzz

Think wise and act wise as well

Buzz buzz buzz

And look it all very well

Buzz buzz buzz

If the mate you keep with you would fare well

Buzz buzz buzz

Keeping a gold digger is life in danger

Buzz buzz buzz

Opportunist is an abuser

Buzz buzz buzz

No haste, have faith, be smart

Buzz buzz buzz

Your friend and joy comes fast

Buzz buzz buzz

Not like Sinora the love monkey

Buzz buzz buzz

But one that will help your destiny

Buzz buzz buzz

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Suicide Is Not An Option

Suicide is not an option
It's a denial of the fact
That there's a way out
When you die yourself is it with what intention
To cause a pain or to win a fight
Suicide is not an option
It is the giving in and acceptance of a fact
That's never true
Suicide is not an option don't you see

Don't you see
That the walls in front of you are mirage
Common camouflage
That blinds you from seeing the possibilities beyond this sea
That makes you assume you're an ant facing the giant
Whereas within you lie weapons of global destruction
Or rivers of living water
One of which is the best to be
Suicide is not an option don't you see

It's that self pity of a weakness
That makes your tears endlessly flow
That drives you hiding in a corner and makes you seem esteemless
It's depression

That pain of feeling alone in the world full of acclaimed lovers
That makes you fail to see that you're supposed to be the leader
Not the lead
The lover that teaches to love not one seeking to be loved
The light that multiplies itself in the tunnel
Not one waiting for that at the end of the tunnel
The one that hunger teaches to feed the crowd from the foods within
Not one that sits and cries "Oh God, why me?";

Oh yes! Suicide is that weakling within
That blurs your sight from seeing
That earlier than normal you're wearing the crown
Than normal because your kingdom was meant to be abnormal
Yea, abnormal is supernatural

Don't you see

Suicide is not an option

But the highest heights of all selfishness and wickedness

One that the judgement will start here before you hit the grave

One that you'll surely be found guilty of

Even you would see

When you're left to wonder with whom, dear Shepherd, you abandoned your sheep

Now they're like flies following the corpse to grave

And many destinies aborted

Because you thought when you died you aborted your destiny alone

You didn't know

That a thousand and one plus more other destinies were planted to grow out of yours

But you killed them all

Suicide is not an option don't you see

It's a tool that blocks you from using the key on the doorknob

All your life you were walking to the door

And here you are tweaking the key to unlock the door

Just a little more effort

And this tool holds you down

It's your mind, the tool, the enemy

And you let it win

When you're at the edge of the breakthrough

It wasn't an option, don't you see

It wasn't an option for me

Once upon a time

I begged and even cried for things to change

But they didn't until I started commanding

On matters concerning your life

Don't beg

Command

And you'll see that suicide wouldn't have been an option

Don't you see

Suicide is not an option

It wasn't for Oprah Winfrey who was molested and abused

And she was raped and had child whom she lost

Young she was at fourteen

But today she counts huge currencies
And many destinies reach theirs by hers
Wasn't an option for Einstein who couldn't talk at four
And was mocked at by his teachers and mates
But he till date has a name in your home
Wasn't for Obasanjo who fought poverty to climb ladders
Isn't he one of the world's political legends
You want one more person who suicide wasn't option to
It's you
And it still won't be, don't you see
That those who made it are diehards
One of which you are

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Take

Take me now that I'm available for you to see
Otherwise I'd fly like a bird with wings flapped freely
Have me now that you own me
Otherwise the trees won't sense my perch for all they'd stay
For today is tomorrow and tomorrow will never be

Build this irrigation and cultivate this land
No matter how crude your tools
And how uncultured your skills
You have enough fallowed the land
And watched it ripe with ease
Even though of how long it waited for you it had cried
If you need extra fertilizers they're in your palms

Here and there are passersby
Trespassing with a purpose in mind
Watching how the landlord lets time go by
Is there a bill on trespassing on one's land
One that freely gives access to one who can even buy
We are ready they cry
How uncanny life can be
The cap is owned by people without head, see?

Wealth is coming when the winter is over
We'll tie up muffler and smell of riches all over
We'll take selfies and fly cities over
And show off our offsprings that pour of our communion, commitment, love and
power
When I'd take control from where you stopped over
And make the harvest plenteous over
And then you'll be glad you didn't place your hand on the plough and looked over
Because being diligent with me a name you've made from the time of hardship
now over
Playing your part in this system that's now a wonder

Oh, otherwise time is coming and now is perhaps
This height you jump from freely you may need a trolley
It was there on platter of gold you kick and pass
Don't let it be when you'd desire it most you'd need tears, even money

Or late still for someone had seized what was rightfully yours
Today is tomorrow and tomorrow will never be
Take me now that I'm available for you to see
Otherwise I'd fly like a bird with wings flapped freely

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Take Heart Mama Nigeria

You're growing old
Vast in experience and knowledge more than I'm told
More than I see
Your beauty is beyond the reflection of the marriage between the setting sun and
the sea
Your skin glows like that of the African princess smoothed with cucumber and
honey
Your face is quite oval with big suckling lips, and pointed lashes.
When you smile to any
They hold their breaths at the sight of your dimples and gaps in between your
front teeth
All that make your smile infectious
Your breasts? Oh, two attractive beauties that house all the resources needed to
feed all your children and more

But what do I see of you now?
Mama, you're abused
Abused by these sheer rapists that have no compassion no love for you
They come with sugarcoated acids in their mouths
And spill them on your face
And when you're helplessly down in agony and tears
They begin their operations
Not even condom is in the list of their tools of brutal operations
To avoid injection of deadly semen so that the ovules and the embryos, your
future generations, are not corrupted
Or that they don't infect you with life threatening tuberculosis that breeds
kwashiorkor

They squeeze out the breast milk from your breasts and store in their banks
abroad
And claiming that they're making you up they use their makeup tools to drain
every liquid off your robust flesh and siphon all your body contents

And your kids? Oh, mama of many children!
Your children have scattered themselves here and there and have forgotten if
there's ever anything like unity in diversity
Aboki says it's his birthright to be the head
Nyamiri just rigmaroles and looks and waiting for time ahead
Omi Obe swims in loss of identity and sadness he brought himself as a result of

his role as a betrayer
And then even your kids in them three suffer from malnutrition and confusion
They cry
Who will our saviour be
Yet, it looks like their future is written on a sky of cold stone

And I see for tomorrow
A time of let it go or bloodshed
When these children will hold the bull by the horn
When rigging will be faced with bullets and machetes
Blows and beatings and not time consuming court sessions
It will rather then be division or unity in diversity
Because steps taking by those concerned have nipped the cancerous pangs in the buds
So I see a beautiful dewy harmattan dawn after these mournful heartbreaking nights

Mama, paramedics will be here with drugs to ease your pains and heal the wounds
And they will come along with surgeons
To smoothen the patches

Mama, at this age, you are still young
It may not be alright now but years to come it will
After all, your role-models are two hundred years older than you
You read what they too went through when they were at your age
But in your case, things will get better sooner than usual
I know so
Take heart mama.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Tell Me "I Love You";

I cried my eyes out once
For nought had I had it since
Any that would look me on, true
And tell me "I love you";

I long for it often and time
But you look me like you would a slime
And pass not mentioning a word
One sentence could make you seem a god
To this heart that's so troubled

And scarce the words remain
And zeal and passion fade in
Care and concern chased far
For the kindler's head did hit the bar
And no more does anyone tell me what I so pursue
Nothing but the words "I love you";

That weary wondering son of man could regain hope
That hungry battered child could smile still in hope
That aged lonely folk could live longer
And each man's gloomy mind comes brighter
If only they'd hear from you
Nothing else but the words "I love you";

But we are ignorant of many things
And so misunderstand the words
We are selfish in many ways
And so the words we abuse
And this sentence' authenticity questionable
For we use it where it's comfortable
We fail to say to those whose hearts we can make anew
The words "I love you";

Parents say it not to Children
The community says it not to this orphan
And oh, dear government what about to your people
And to the government dear masses it's so simple
In acts in thoughts and in words let it be true

When you say the words "I love you"

Yes the world will stay a better place

With these words that can melt a rocky heart

In matter of time and space

We will have ill to live without

Say to one you know just new or you knew

Tell them the words "I love you"

And you'd be amazed what reaction comes back to you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

T'emi

You are my dawn
My early morning wine
The sweet smell of the promising morning
No other rose is pearly enough to give the stress if I must choose between you
and one
So, I'm glad you're the symbolic missing rib of mine
You're worth the sacrifice
The reason I've chosen to survive

You are my noon
The shine that beams the pleasant colour of red red to bring out its purple in blue
The gold from its raw state that brittles with effortless brew
Your smile wipes the tears of my heart when it's at gory
And your charisma beautifies my glory
Your endearment changed my status and my story

You are the beauty I see of most difficult silhouette
The oasis I see in mountains and deserts
The golden admirable glow of the marriage between the setting sun and the sea
at evening
No colours combined can match your elegance
Oh dear beau
You are the pride of my harvest
And the spoil of my conquest
My pet and my treasure
So I keep meeting up to being a man

At night?
You are my soothing relief
That calmness I once sort after after a busy day
Your words cheer me up and give me better weapon for the next day
You are my muscle and my six pack

You are truly my warmth at harmattan
No cool breeze is sweeter than your presence in the heat of the dry season
And how can I deny that your counsel helps me through the rainy days

On the table top
Your arts breathe pleasantness into my nose

And satisfies my stomach to stupor
My estate glows of beauty
And displays the characteristic touch of its empress, one made for it
Even my bed tells a good tale of you

At all weather and season, you are with me
This is to show you why in a thousand years
In a thousand years and in the life to come
I'll still choose you
You'll still be what only you can be
Ife t'emi
My own love

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

That Thing Under My Pant

Would you not look for what you look for elsewhere
Would it be below my waist you chose to bury your head
I am the world's innocent Lolita
And you are the lecher
That never blinks his eyes at the passing of anything in a skirt
All your hunting days you hunt for it
That thing under my pant

In a world of agreement and settlement made I go with you
Although goals of procreation set but your demand is here
No matter how drunk you get with wine
The satisfaction you sort is here
And a denial of it can land you in the grave
As I know you can't live without air and water
I also know you won't last long without a taste of this
That thing under my pant

No matter how strong his muscles no mater his artellary and weapon
No matter his bravery and war skills
No matter his gruesomeness and his prowess
No matter his power and his fame and splendor
No matter how brutal or how uncanny
He goes down to his knees at the flaunting of this one thing I carry
That thing under my pant

You come with force you get it in my pain
And with my curse
You come in kind you get it in my joy
And with my blessing
Nations have been built and nations have been ruined
All in the control of this one thing
That thing under my pant

My chests bear no glory
My skin bears no valour
But the life of the world's governor is tied here
Tonight the world's governor can himself be changed by my command
For I am the leader of the leaders
I have it all in my command

The power of this one thing
That thing under my pant

But I wonder in the creation of the creator
Is sugar sweet?
Is milk and honey delicious?
I have not seen in all that is named
One that is compared to this thing beneath my waist
Non that I can think of

They may reject certain food and certain drinks
They may say no to principles and dogmas
And may even fight to show hates of what they hate
One man is allergic to something in his life
But no one man is allergic to this
One man can reject something of all that is created
No one man can reject this raw ego-building food
This maker put man in my palms when he gave to me this one thing that
conditions him
That thing under my pant

Man is humble to me
His mind is busied everyday and so is his body
The reason is not far-fetched
He comes in splendor and displays his ego
Without this what is his show-off for
From his birth to his making and to his dying
All he is marks what a man's life is all about
The chase to satisfy and to please the carrier of
That thing under my pant

Man you are in my command and I'm the head for this sake
That thing under my pant
Unto which for forever you'll bow
Unto which for which you'll remain my slave
Should this be to make you know I know what I carry
And shall begin to make use of it
That thing under my pant

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Birth And The End

How could this world be meaningful
In the dark alley above the turbulence of darkened field
Here the cries shrieked piercing through
Atoned with lullaby from a parent as dutiful
And a milking breast and a caring heart as beautiful

Oh mother can't this world be wonderful
How you have deceived me with your gracious principle
Made me think the world is even as wonderful
But the child uncertain days begin from the weaning days
For those days began his battle bones

I cried
I yarned for the world yonder
I sought the world before this border
Lacking knowledge of how it was
But knowing the time before was better

The race to be a man has begun
What about the struggling that is begun
Would my implicit confidence in myself
Be germane to the dream I pursue in itself
If the flood will flow me according as aligned

Would my insignificant effort matter
The war between nature and I
Would it be a love
No victor no vanquished
Or would a winner be announced in the end

If my flamboyant lifestyle contrast with natures
Austere attitude
If I have a field day everyday without remorse
If my wealth accumulation nip my poverty in the bud
And nature's struggles to stop me amount to building castle in the air
Then I would have beaten nature without it consent

But if arising at a dawn becomes my last

And a speech and a smile my swan sung
And a news announces that devastates my loved ones
For despite all, my stress and fight seem mundane
Then nature would have won in all aspect of the competition with flying colours

But naught it's impossible
Nature never wins as plausible
Because man's short or elongated journey
Is truly one that is never torry
It continues in the yonder truly.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Brute And The Receptor

Help me, help me, she cries
And out of the house she runs
With swollen left eye
And bloodshot right eye
And nose and lips swollen and gushing blood
It's her husband
Dishing her sumptuous meal from his brutal pot
And she, a willing receptor keeps taking it
No, she can never have enough
She has sworn to it, no matter how tough
She had seen life so rough
Now she fears to go back

We all query why she won't go back
We say he is a brutal abuser
One who should rot in hell for hitting her
But tomorrow morning she crawls to him
And calls him sweetheart all in her whim
And we kill ourselves taking pain killer for her headache
Yes, her headache

She chose her path and doesn't now want to let go
Even with regrets? No, she won't let go
She had seen him which was made for her a long time ago
But she was too materialistic to look his way
She wanted him take care of her in every way
But capability eluded him for it wasn't time
He had his vision and template building to get to his prime
He was becoming and needed her to come help him become
But she wanted a one that had already become

Little did she know
That already-made only would want her for the show
She'd have no part in his claims
He'd practically bought her for his use
And he alone must dictate the tunes
And any refusal calls for abuse
She stays put still for it's what she chose
She'd come too far to only lose

It's not this brute but his money she loves

What use are you to an already-made

He's strong and rich so you think you're made

He'll care for me

And give me pleasures and luxury and hospitality

But broke dude ain't worth the pain, there's no care and gain

You'd say again and again

But it's your wants that shut your eyes from his care

Yet, help him get made and see if you won't get all the care even security

And pleasure and luxury and hospitality and many more you'd meet

You were made for him a help-meet

Discover your purpose o woman

You were not created to suffer yes

But there's no gain without pain

Join with your man and together build each other

To what it is you want of each other

Does he have a vision and a template and a plan

Is he building an empire that leaves a picture on your mind of a mission

That's all the money you need for a start

And for both of you, there'll never be an up

It'll only be higher and higher far beyond the top

The universe is generous and kind

Would bring that of which it is we needed

Just don't shut your eyes to it

Chasing what it is you want

That in the end which may bring you tears

Make not yourself a victim or one in lieu

A brute has a receptor which mustn't be you

Yet all made men aren't a brute

Just that most men to their liabilities and opposers will display attitudes of a brute

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Food Of Death

She's dead at soul by your deadly food
She'd prayed her body parts dismembered than as stood
But dies daily daunted by your brood
As alone she nurses her pains by no ears to cry to
Her love slain and hopes and wishes dashed

Her egg-shaped eyes coloured red
As the big balls pumping off their sockets seek vengeance
Her bodies unjustly turned-on, torn and bruised like a bait to save all women
But she's only she bearing the pains and shedding tears of all women
Her inability to foster vengeance kills her more than your inhumanity to human
with no remorse

Alas! She prays silently unconsciously at heart
As her soul bleeds like worse than the tree with a painful cut
Could the money paid equal turn flesh and bruised face,
Organ of pleasure torn for wicked pleasure, my God, my mother, she cries in all
measure
Had I taken a wrong step to love, a wrong choice when I announced 'I do' Oh!
Indeed, what a treasure

Shall I get all of my heart and pour it all on God
Or is anybody listening, does anybody hear my silent tacit outcry with cold tears
That I may pour it all on your shoulder and save myself quick journey to the
grave by bleeding cancer
Are all human not one of a kind and shan't a trust on any be a twist from hot
plate to fire
I better die in silence as I see non as good of all man and death a saving grace,
console of the helpless

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Hard Knots

See them gather and in their eyes they matter
Here lives the end of help if I sort any a helper
Foolish wise men with feathers like lead lazy leaders
Aren't there babes with eyes of the eagles
Should the tomb of my mother be too hot for her corps
Where skeletons eye the spots to bury there bones

When shall the skies drop the dewes on arid lands
Sleep holds the guards while the babes lie awake
Here comes a time when sons father the fathers
And the ripest fruit the saddest as ponds become a lake
Withhold the rod they cry and bow for their sons they curse
Should the wise white fool that dictate my principle dictate my living
My skin is my custom, my custom is my skin, take my skin and I'm diseased.

You still seat unadjoined?
The whitehead a worthy example but his lifestyle?
He laughs at my white wedding after my igbankwu
He asks if the double marriage makes the union any stronger
He teaches me education but questions the wisdom in skinning my body
And brothers show greed as benefits of their acquired knowledge
He learnt to detonate bangs for to kill fear I learnt to hoard if for rainy days
Let them that gather make a padluck against their own keys

Yet see them gather and in their eyes they matter
What decision shall channel right the plans of my unborn foetus
Could come from expired wise brains that feat a seat as watchful elders
Living dog is better than a dead lion so they let the mouth bite the fingers that
feed it
And so let no shout be heard let no curses ply the air
For we live as we watched them that went before us set us on a course we must
follow
Let now tomorrow generation tell what they heard
And let the ones after them hear what is told
To copy and to reform and to be worst has a route it must end

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Joys Of A Stoney Heart

Oh how I love to watch it happen
When the bites of thier enemies get them fallen
And great blood like the river adourns the bed
From bodies in thier struggles against uninvited death
Down the roads, the rivers, then the sea

It is a battle of first to finish up its pray
The fires, the matchets and the garrisons
As the prays scream and wail in pains and suffering
Human flesh like mere meat roasted, dotted and butchered
And to my joy, they unceremonially bid the earth farewell

Others after the boomings of the bomb to my satisfaction
Pick their bones and gather their intestines
Others run knowing not they were already dead
And written on their cold faces is the fear of what tomorrow holds
A cry for help a melodious song from these victims

How foolish they were running from the visitation of death
Early to die early to rise and the earlier the judgement
Perharps my passion gives them as unto me my hope a free pass to paradise
The killer did you a favour though it comes by cruelty
Stops your continuous sin and suffering in the land
I love to see you cry to death my friend
A means of passing away so cheap so easy so dramatic

Blame me not maybe I act in ignourance
Knowledge of seven virgins as a worthy reward a thing to cherish
And a rosy gardened Eden a place that kindles an endless fantasy
I chose my part for what I know not what you think
I do not assume for assumption is costly
The cry after it so pathetic that grief can't quench it
My gains and my joys in my hope they lie
Of a promise seven virgins and a reward of gardened Eden
As I was dearly and passionately taught by my Rabonis
I fear geared by the great ruler of the dark world

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Lecher

The lecher loiters here and there in search of a Lolita
Looks lecherously at the tender young chap and licks his tongue
Wishing he'd have a glimpse of below her waist
Dreaming of her shirt being turn apart
That he might rumble the balls in between her arms

Lechers are cowards and deadly lazy bones
They wish to have back their eaten cakes
Preferring to die digging without results
Happy to announce that they dig for golds
Yet having non to show for it
Pouring ejaculated chemicals at the other end
But never letting it reach a fruitful destination
Ready with denial if they ever breed a seed

Lolita beware how and to whom you part your legs
Lechers are dogs of vandalism
Let lose by the great enemy angel himself
They crave your flower and beauty and purpose
And leave you worst than the enemy ever wished you

Drawing you close with smooth speech and slithery tongues
And entice you with lustful fading fashions
How eventually you'll hate yourself
For perambulating within the walls of devilish architectural design
You then shall wish you were not born at all
For the stigma never gives way for sure
And memory of it rules your life
With a deep stain that never goes off any matter the cleanser
Even when it is not physically visible for life you shy away
For deadly enemies are never outside the walls

The lechers loiter here and there
Wishing Lolita lose her path and yield not to counsel
Feeling it right for her to taste the sugar of adulthood
And fly the sky like a free bird

Fun is cheap and pleasing is sweet
But its bitterness surpasses that of the 'onugbu'

If it hadn't come through the right doors

Await your turn sweet Lolita

For a child that ties her mother's wrapper blindfolds herself

Those rubies your body carries and the curves that make brains tingle

Never expire and their sweetness is ever sure

Whatever you do oh precious Lolita

Never have a sad tale to tell

"Had I known" often follows bitter actions

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Masses

At the wee hours of the morning
When through the scary dead silence
That all I could hear was the tik-toc-tic-tok of my timewatch

I saw the words I watched my eyes hear
It was heavier than I could breathe in alone
And too bitter for the four tastebuds of my tongue

It flew out of my heavy heart
It drew out the tears I never knew I stored
I sobbed till I could cry no more

At a point I got up from my tear-soaked bed following the shouts and distractions
of my alarm
I rubbed off and sighed
'What concerns me?
Or am I now the president?
The country's matter is a stately affair
Some people are paid to bear her headaches'

I should have gotten up off that bed with smiles caused by the rise of a glowy
idea
But the I-don't-care attitude brushed of the fruitful fate
And so everyday
I leave my house giving birth to no contributory effort
Towards the growth of the land
Yet I come home daily with tears and curses for pains of hardship

It may have been me to get it all right but here I am among the masses

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The People Want Hell

Can't you see? No, don't you see it?
That what the people want
Is always negative driven
Post of love lost, they look at you and jeer
Post of love lust and they look at you and cheer
Stereotypical in their ways
Like zombies
They go after life but never have it to live
They want you if you have their desire to give

Don't you see it
That the people like the broad and easy way
But destruction is this right seeming way
Temporary pleasure and assumed freedom
A mirage to them who can spot a camouflage from afar
This way is the way to the kingdom
Harvesters cry from close to far
But no they won't like to hear, whether all or some
They won't see the promised broader way that brings ease to life

Don't you see it
That those who do their bids are louder
Those who don't seem unheard
Truth be told many answer the good doer
Few follow this way of the world
But bad makes the loudest noise

Know this as you should
What you do may appear meaningless to a lot
For the very few that get inspired by your works
For them that too choose your paths of walks
Never give up
Always remember that the people want hell
Let those who have it give them hell

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Sting

It came looking for me
This wasp that stings into you when you're hardly watching
The stomach tumbling injection that gets you ever smiling, and stung
Now this mighty me is disarmed by its weakening charms
My stoney heart like a bread soaked in waters
The waters that get me drowned in milk and honey
And leave me dreaming in the quiet pastures of pure rose and pleasant lily

Oh, you, I have come to know
Are a world so controversial yet so promising
I love love
This thing that can turn a demon to saint
And make the powers of money without value
But for what are of high values
And make you run the risk of trusting
Even criminals with more than a thousand count charges

Oh the sting of love
This reason life is still alive
Is what holds me with you

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

The Wonders On His Mind

He wonders what tomorrow holds of this beautiful today
This time that the heart he holds in his hands trickle the heats of pleasure
And promises of never melting rose
The scented rise that the reap of it never makes you mind its thorns
Will it be a story of conjoined hearts or
Will it be a tale of a love that never was

When at the stream you and he play hide and seek
And when on the hills you and he look down the beauties of sceneries and can
swear you see the future so beautiful as if you feel a touch
When in the woods you run around
Dreaming of the children that will run around too with you
When he alone would look into tomorrow
Will it be a story of conjoined hearts or
Will it be a tale of a love that never was

And at the dawning of the day you hustle up to catch the financial train
Make suggestions and create ideas and make plans
Of a time when you'll both be the captain of your one train
And bear a dynasty, a vast conglomerate
And names you coined and joined to form your empire
And he looks you in the eyes and fears if he sees what he doubts
And wonders if as you have both made promises
Will it be a story of conjoined hearts or
Will it be a tale of a love that never was

When you look into his heart
Do you see the doubt he bears
That doubt you once nursed is it still lay there in your eye
Would he ask you so you'd lie
Oh, reassure him ease his mind
Tell him it will be a story of conjoined hearts
And not of a love that never was

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

This Goddess' Plight

While they played she like a nun in her mother's den learned with difficulty
To make a home and to keep it learned under crude tutoring
From the cradle to the ladle she's known to bear
The pains that befriend her, a world abhorred but believed her destiny
And at the dawning of maturity responsibilities by her door knocking

There upon in pains more than streams of tears can hide she pours it
The monthly flows that stain making her unchaste
After which he grabs her a gift from parents with pretense of payment
Her hymen devoured in series of unpleasing pains
Nine months of hard labours with hours of seething sharp pains from strains
When the products of your pleasures make arriving

And then in the duty of motherhood the baby made man
And wife here wife there yet with screaming command and battered body she
pushes on
Accusations of idleness and liabilism a mark on her forehead
Yet a worthy mother diligent in dealing she so remains

Tell me what `mount of cowries is worth the price
What `mount of bounties command such loyalty and respect
Yet ingrates make her slave in the entity she's built
Family denied and parents she let go
For that you might build a success a supposed ego

I say, woe betide you who sees her as useless
Despite pains and hardship, diligence and loyalty living as her fortress
Divorce, even battering, emotional injuries inflicted by licking mouths end up her
lot, her
constant wages
Oh heartless brute who dares stifle you goddess by any means
Death by hanging truly should bring the end of his days.

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

This Green Green Green

This green green green
Shines from a world of wonders
Where no duo exists of one
And no beauty equates the other
She alone the best in time

The world of every possibility from the eyes you wore me
And your ideas I put in my mind that my bank be full

This green green green comes to all man but defer in their makes
Mine has come and I'll grab with both hands
As treasure pours of the making and honey from richful breasts

This green green green
Have you seen me among thorns and thistles and made rose out of me
Have you out of lonesome street brought me to that of golds and fluorescent

This green green green that comes in time as this is the jewel in rains and the
pearl in sunny
The pride cola that is my glamour and my valour
Oh, the respect on my crown
And my laughter in gloomy days

This green green green
Has the wheel to reel forth my heirs
And the tutorial for their reigning
The nursing to their kingdom
Oh, the manager of my palace and the bank of my wealth

Green green green
My wonder you are
For the amazement I feel of you baffles my knowledge

And green green green
Your layers of greenery go beyond one count
For my youth
For my adult
For my aging
Your use never shall fade

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

This New Flower

Is a tear wiper
The handkerchief needed in distress to give beauty for ashe and comfort from
dicey
And used in joys to suit the excitement
When wet and when dry
Your company is ever worthy
The wings needed by the butterfly to fly
And the daisy that births the scent
Oh the attraction that makes the man man

Is the believing in womanhood
When all hope was lost and trusts betrayed
The payment for tears shed sacrifices made and unappreciated duties performed
Oh, what a bus-stop for all the runs and likeness rekindled

Is the family soon to be built and the home of honey and milk to be raised
Is the name behind the man's name and the manager of his wealth
His security at work and his longing for home
Oh, what epitome of beauty

Is the family's desire
The rain that falls in due time and oasis in the plateau
Coming at the right time and blossoming in season and out of season
Bringing peace and breeding togetherness out and within

Is the rest from heartbreaks and the reason for morning smile that keeps the day
elated
A thought and a motivation you are oh flower
Call me your butterfly and I'll remain your source of fertility and your name
abroad and the endless flowing sea

This new flower is you that said yes to the heart melting question
If the house be built in my name, the home is in yours for you have the key to
my heart

This new flower is this new lover I've found
This new flower is you

This Terrain

Should be bumpy and humpy and slippery
A gallopy tiring journey of a haven uncanny
The way down there
Should be force the veil be torn and the altar intruded

Should be of thorns and thistles
Pines and pikes and chissels and pinches
Of tear and wear and shear and bruises

Should be of bricks and mortars
And bitumines and furnace and flames
Should be of fire and brimstone
Thunders and storms and whirlwind and disaster

Had I gone in force or in foolishness and greed and lust
But no
Of genuine combination of love birthing lust and holding along infatuation
A journey of eyelessness I came

And with open arms the goddess let me in
Into the palace of gold and silver
And the holiest of holies soon shall lay before me

And a sacrifice conducting god and priest I shall be
Swimming through the gates of paradise
In between the highly esteemed pillars guiding the sacristy
And the ejaculated milky substance that greases the hallway shall be my slippery
escort
And I shall bounce in and out the jungle with the goddess herself screaming in
pleasure

And my landlord shall be the crowned king that the goddess shall hold in
admiration and thanking heavens it came at the right time

Then the home is a place of milk and honey
With life as soft and as silky as a gentle river
And the chest of this goddess my love abode

She is a damsel

A diamond birthed of the rainbow snake
Rare for real and scarce in fairytale
The crown of a lifetime and the glory that beats her competitors
If this jewel be sold in a market
What money can lay grab of her
A daisy beside one amongst many oases

Inamorata my
You are a goddess in her completeness
You are completeness in her majesty
You are the terrain that only the one you desired can pass through

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

This Woman My Pride

All night long
The dreams of you and I swimming the rivers of roses keep me delighted
And all day long
The thought of you just leaves me in haven of bliss and satisfaction
And where lovers build their endless creek
In home of blissful romance
I ask
Would there ever be a point of enough is enough

But how can I ever get enough
Of this love that gets my head spinning and my head reasoning right
Of this chemistry that gives me a mystery ride
Leaving my beautiful mind with wonders of pleasant imaginations

Here I see me loving all your curves and edges
What could be sweet poison had it not been freely given
Oh these perfect imperfections that suit my satisfactions and quench my desires
Oh the peace that wars within me to never let you go
You are my dawning dearest pearl

You gave me your all and let me make the choice
I give my all to you but you wish me to be in the care of it
What selfless sacrifice it is your life a gift
Ore mi, what are friends for you'd ask
If you can't sacrifice like no other ever would

And you said you'd be my crown and follow behind even when I loose or when
I'm winning
And here is the reason for my success

Your my inspiration and my distraction
My teacher and my learner
My mentor and mentee
The home I desire to build, oh it's worthy manager
And that reason I always want to smile and smile to myself and they wonder if
I'm okay

I trust your loyalty
And I can vouch for your faithfulness

Your ways are thought calming and your look so reassuring
If love ever existed
I've learnt it with you
Vivian, Orjiugo, Adanne, Amina, Ruth, Zuwaira, Esther
The name of every world building woman resides on your crown of many
intelligence and experience
If to love you to live is all I have to do
I've sworn that on this I stand

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Through The Debris

I am a mortal

Held bound by the weaknesses that control the soul
Loathing the choices that control my deals
And loathed by the deals of with I stay no longer at ease
See it is my weakness and you must love me

I am a liar

Deceit I wear over me as my skin's hair
When I tell the truth it is a lie I'd told myself over time
And I don't care the cost of my words on the bearer if they be a slime
You see this some more my weakness still you must love me

I am a flirt

I go after all not minding if they live in slum or dirt
Your presence with me the heart to go some more
But will you leave me to perish the more
When you know that path I tour digs my grave
And my passion and whim they wish to enslave
You mightn't wish to share me but it's my weakness and you must love me

I am irresponsible

With my styles and thoughts a stupid principle
Have I taken you seriously before, have I for once cared
Even when hunger massages in your stomach and makes your skin hide
And other factors even men maltreat you before me I snub
And your tears flow from endless sub
Take a sigh and hiss now as you get used to me as is my weakness and you
must love me

I am a murderer

The type that snuffs souls out of life of the calmed or wonderer
The filth that stings the death
The stench that stinks like the demon's breath
The pinch that feels like the stings of the scorpion
Ha ha, the brutal destroyer that hits with random selection
I care not whose the next victim a weakness you've seen it my weakness and
you must love me

Love me unconditionally

My weakness kills my strength totally
Can love find a way amidst these debris
My hope lies in the package it brings
It turns a dark heart bright
Oh what same way it makes the heavy heart light
Softens a hard heart and heals every wound
But the journey of love begins in this ground
That ground surnamed forgiveness
And by it you sure have seen my weakness
You must love me

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Udo Di Na Mba

Kedu ebe o gbabara?
Kedu ebe anyi nokwanu na acho ya?
O di anya? Ka ono nso?
Leenu gburugburu gi, lee n'elu lee n'ala
Welie ute elu, buligodi ite ahu elu
Udo anyi na-acho obu nke a di na mba?

Nwoke e bulie mma
Nwanyi achiri oso
Umuaka ana enyoba anya n'echi
Anyi mmiri ana awu bara bara bara
Kedu otu echi anyi ga-adi?
Ana eji ogu achota udo?

Nwanne n'egbu nwanne
Nke ojii na achu nke ocha
Ndi okpoisiala na ndi onyenwe ha nwuru n'obe
Uzun ogbunigwe na uda mgbo egbe
Obara abughizi ihe nso
Ana eji agha akpata udo?
Ana eji esemokwu eri ji di oku

Anyi na acho udo mana udo di ebe a di anya
Udo di na mba
Mba nke na adighi n'obodo anyi
Mba nke na adighi na ezi n'ulo a
Mba nke na adighi n'ime obi onye

Ikpolata udo ulo abughi ihe amara-amaghi
Nwanyi onye choro ka o ga emepe anya luru
Ma dika umunwanyi, ma ejimaghi ya
O wooro gi onye akwuna, churu okoro puo ama
K'anyi mara amara mee ya
K'anyi kpolata udo a di na mba ulo

O bu okwu diiri mu na gi

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Ọto Obi M N'obodo Oyibo

Leenu m

Leenu ka m n? na-agba mgbaghari

A na m ach? onye ? ga ad? mkpa ka osi gbaa m ghar?

Onye ga-akp?du m obodo oyibo

Obodo ebe ihunaanya m n?

Ebe akw?kw? na ?r? bekee duuru ya gawa

Mee ya ya-echefuo na anyi kwesiri nkwadobe ngbamakw?kw? di na nwunye anyi

Tupu ya ejewe njem a

Ọto obi m, ? hap?r? m

? hap?r? m mee tirav?l?

? jewazie njem obodo oyibo

Ugbua m?na onye ga-ebi?

Onye ka m?na ya ga-an??

Ọto obi m, chai!

Onye ka ?s? m l?wazienu

Ihe ndi m na-echete banyere gi anaghi ekwe m h? ?z?

Ha na-agba m anya mmiri

Egwuregwu ?nwa nd? ah? m? na gi na-egwukar?

?ch? nd? any? ch?r?,

Onye na-ach? ibe ya, na oorooro nd? any? gbara

?da olu gi mgbe nd? ah? ? b??r? m ab? Ọto

Chai, ezigbo ?laedo m,

Ony ka ? ch?r? ka ? bia hichaa m anya mmiri a

Site tupu ? p?? njem obodo oyibo ruo ugbua,

Obi m ah?beghi onye d? ka g?

Udi mmad? g? ad?gh? udi ab??

Kpakpand? di ka gi

Udu mmiri ?ma d? na etiti ala ?kp?

Nwaanyi e ji e je mba

Nne gi na nna gi z?r? gi ?f?ma

? w? nwaany? d? oke ?n?

An? kp?r? nk? n'uju ?n?

O nwere ?malicha ?z? m ga-asi n'oyiri g??

Udi nwaanyi na-enye nwoke obi ume-iru-ala

Ya mere, udi gi b? udi na ?wa a ma ?wa n'abia abia

? ga-ab?r? m onye masiri obi m

Biko ezigbo ?laedo m, nwaada ?ma m,
Ahap?la m

An?kwa m na-ach? onye ga-akp?ta m obodo oyibo
Ka m n?godu na-elegide gi anya
Ka ? hap? ihap? m ebea
Ch?r? onye ?cha lawa

Biko esokwala onye ?cha ala
Chetekwa na Igbo w? nd?
? w?n? nwaaf?, nwaada Igbo
Ka any? jidesie onwe any? aka
Ma-onweghi maka ihe ?z?
K'?b?r? maka ihunaanya d? n'etiti m? na g?
Ka anyi m?ta ?m? ah? ha ga-acha m?r? m?r? di ka mman? a kw?r? aka s??
Biko Chidi Okolo m
Ya b?r? ?gb? elu n'efere n'onwe ya
Zitere m ka m ch?r? g? bia
Ka obi ruo m ala
Ka ite ihunaanya any?
Na at? ka mman? an? dika o si d? na mb?
Ah?r? m g? n'anya, ihunaanya m

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

?wa?ma

?wa m, ?wa m e, ?wa?ma my Praise
Yes, the prayer in my heart, the smile on my face and the praise on my lips
Once upon a time one was it all
But like the dawn after a cold night you arrived
And here you are found
Like the mountaineers find the oasis
The aloe vera in the desert
?wa m, ?wa?ma m

The journey is easier with a smart understanding heart holding your hand
Side by side along this path
A blessed day it was the day you came this part
Yes, the part veering us both where we want
And alikes meet likes and love is built

?wa m, ?wa?ma m
You are the bravery I'd wanted all the while
We'd had us but didn't know we did
You are the womanhood I'd desired
I'd had it but had had a slippery gel along
And you had had time to make your choice
And today we'd chosen
Brilliant choices, steps our kids would like to trail

?wa?ma m ?wa m
A gift for tehilla, a reason for the praises
The peace of mind that came in the right time
If anything would take you from me let it take me along
And our days full of joy and fulfilment
In harmony we shall tango
As we have started and continuing from then when we shall say I do

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Valour Of Value

Through the hedges and rough edges
Through the thorns and the pines
This rose that should be gotten
And held high and in all esteem

He is the petals of the beautiful flower
No!
He's the flower that blossoms in desert bringing the oasis to life
Yes, the Aloe Vera in this drought
Healing every ills
And more

One who shuts the mouths of the ill-willed men
And hold the hands of the feeble to cross the difficult roads
And put food in the mouth of the hungry
I see him shine brighter than the stars
And his voice louder than that of a thousand waterfalls
Yet calm and suiting
Like the balms of Gilead

The God that gave you
Gave mankind a gift
One no one can dispense
And your birth was the arrival
The breathing of a sigh of relief
Nna, let the piper sound the horn
Let the royalties bring the robe and the crown
We celebrate a gem that you are

I join as many who see value in valour
To hype all whom it's due
All whom you are far above
We, I sing
Happy birthday to you, Jesus the Christ

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Victims Of No Just Means

It's darkness
Here and there each way I look I see its mess
Flowing red darkness
Burst open in force that cut short the struggles of ones once beloved
With love at heart and happiness as pursuit that came abruptly to an end
And their crime?
That they were alive at this time
And live in a land they termed secure and called home
And the land had to be appeased
Its eyes blinded by the red darkness that's not pleased
Blood of the innocent
Leaving my eyes swollen heavy full of teary testament

Mothers in place of their children laid their lives
She won't live to bury her nine months pains and the succour from her breasts
Fathers in bid to defend their egos died fighting
With their throats slithed in front of their children like any is a weakling
But children too didn't live to celebrate their fathers
Who died like heroes
They too gut their stomachs thrust in
And their intestine gushed out
And those that could run ran
Gathering their own intestines in a bowl

Where is the love and peace our altars preach and our moon and star represents
We hear it all yet choose that lifeless cold stones are softer than our hearts
That the sight of blood holds no eerie effect
And the pains of another draw no compassionate thought
Some of us say it's all for a reward
For a reward they got their conscience seared

A reward?
When all is no more who shall cheer your reward
What greater reward is there than the joy peace and oneness gives
To the one lack of greed brings
Or the one leadership with the masses at heart seals

I'm not like you so I weep
With them that mourn for theirs who are in forceful painful sleep

With them who got stabbed at the back by people who wear same skin as them
Who went to sleep with two eyes shut
With the hope that the ones whose hands they entrusted their safety and
security are capable
Or even loved them
But no, so their dying came in three folds
Shock, pain and death itself so I weep

I weep for the one who was caused forced labour yet butchered down while in
delivery and her fetus chopped in pieces like carrots in vegetable salads
I weep for them left now better dead than living with broken limbs and sliced off
legs and hands
I weep for children turned orphans or nursing parents left childless
I weep

Weep more for that their deaths rather caused jubilation than remorse
Weep more for that the reason for their death is nothing compared to their loss
Weep more for the country
Which faces extinction and seemingly no more deserving patriotism
For only a set now claims it is theirs at anytime
A reason they kill and maim

Sorry to you dear gone souls
You are victims
Of no just means
And demonic estates
Please rest on

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Watch Before You Leap

Hope the man has grown to know the truth
Hope the truth has grown to clarity and factual worth
Needs and wants differ in meaning
And the truth stands upon the desire of the need

Have mine eyes beheld my desire
Or have they seen orange and chaff
Am I sure of his offer and of his words
Or is he a hit and run driver with the latest car on a smooth road

Should I trust her love for me and act alike
Or satisfy this immediate want and still spray my net for another fish
Would he truly take me as I take him
And trust my desires, my person and my belief
Or would he crush my tender budding heart and tomorrow has flown abroad

Watch before you leap
A nursery rhyme that teaches no haste in life
And no quick journey to this trip
That has blessing as profit divine
Upon the gold fetched for its pleasant wine

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

What Good Serveth Ye O Woman

O woman, of what use art thou
That thine need supersedeth the want for water
That thine man satisfieth not
Unless he thou ye be holden
Thou art a pathway to his heart
The shrub to his healing

O ye man does thou seeth
The gift the universe bestowed unto ye
One that non can her place occupy
And her household no one may fit in

Wanting you a loins satisfaction?
No matter how much thou rubbest it
Thou gettest nothing close to the pull of fresh wine underneath her laps
No matter the money payest thou unto the woman by the window
The heat and pleasure from her loins
Equates not of thine woman
Needest thou more treasure
The rubies on her chest bids thee come thither

Needing thou a mother?
The head rubbing of a strange woman
Has no equal where standeth the warm arm and strong laps of a diligent mother
at home

Art thou needest a counselor?
She, the one of thine bosom
The virtuous woman who can find?
Her wisdom surpasses the knowledge in a thousand book
Her principles are fruit yielding
Not like the concubine
Away from God's blessings for ye his son

Thine panth for discipline
The true maiden is with many ways in her fingers
The trick for the builder and the outline for the structure
She has begotten it all

Oh beauty from her
That which maketh thine world a haven
By her means
The thinker would think like her if the world was plainet so
God was a woman

Oh like a pillar she standeth before her man
Of his value she leadeth him to find
And his path she cleareth for him
If ye have one
Thou hath been bestowed a blessing
Oh what good serveth ye o woman

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

What My Son Didn't Know

Dad, "What is woman", he said.
"Son, " I said.
"I'll tell you what you need to know, like one or two
And when I'm through
You'll tell what woman is." I said.

"You see, she grew under check
Taught to be what she is
All something good they want to of her make
Wife material she must be, not in half ways
A lot on her neck,
Yet weight of her own body and the monthly pains
Teenager becomes a woman
And it doesn't stop there
A home awaits her somewhere

And she bears his diamond, a golden treasure
Truly she is
But it's mixed with pain and pleasure
And the internal palace coronates a prince
Yet the ornament that houses the palace
Takes many a home chore
Food must be served, otherwise she being a wife they're not sure
The typical king is too holy to assist
She owes him the duty of keeping his home-front
Who on earth is she to make him doff
What should cause anguish she does with happy face
Washing and cleaning things so tough
From after dishing breakfast and goes in for dinner
Yet the palace is getting bigger and heavier

Now the Prince is here
That gives her two babies to nurture
And more may be here soon
And it'll always be those, plus one
And she must take care too of her own body
One that hardly balances
For the constantly changing hormones
Plus mood swings that come like twelve O'clock

And the chores are still there, her never ending luck

And where she must help the king play his roles
She gets her name on payrolls
And so answerable to unbearable bosses
Who demand that deadlines be met
And clients be fed to their nourishment
Even when their words and actions are poisonous
After which she goes back to the overt palace
Another deadlines must be met

And the king's mother
Must put her in a tight corner
Make her be what condition did to crayfish
Otherwise she's not a good for any wish
And neighbors and religious obligations
All are engines that need fuels
And she's the attendant too

Now son, I'm not done but I'm through."
I said
"So tell me, " It's my turn to say what you had earlier said.
"What is woman, " I said.
And I heard my son reply,
"Woman is strong."
And I said, "Yes,
Another way to say woman is to say strong".

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

What Really Do I Need

When I paint my face out of natural
With powdery sands coloured out of the primary colours
When I scrape my eyebrows with the aim of reconstruction
Having my lashes stand tirelessly like the wings of a fan
And wide fleshy pointed lips painted off this world
Leaving my face looking like a faded rainbow
What really do I need

When my collarbones lie bare
And my sumptuous saggy breasts lie nude
With their tired nipples pointing fingers
Having the mixed colours of fanta and coke shown to all
What do I really need

When I no longer wear shirts
That cover the bare skin of my valleys
No trousers and pants that hide the gutters behind
Nor skirts that cover the alluring legs from prying eyes
Then I hold each when I wish to take a bend
To keep them from exposing the holiest of all if it still be holy
What really do I need

Would it lead in marriage
But which suitor is ready to look twice
Hardly have I seen one
Who would welcome home a woman that sold off all her rubies
I am now going to be careful when I dress
Fashion and sex never tie a man down sensuality never wins him
They mock you and scorn and condemn
You remain valueless in their sights and minds
If not them responsible men
What do I really need

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

When Love Fades

When love fades

The emblem of love becomes to you a mere object

The things that you once admired

Become to you like facades of labyrinth

A plausible illusion made by the fictions created by the visions of your emotion

A camouflage

That only seemed to you like the shadows of the real thing

When love fades

You begin to wonder how wonderful your object was

Compared to them all that were

Both yours, if any was

And those of them around you, you wonder

If this thing that now looks like dog's puke

Once crossed the boundary to that room reserved

For just the most precious person in your life

And you hate the more that you valued them the most

As to make them a priority

When love fades

The things that once made you laugh

Would seem now like the Four A.M alarm

That woke you to get ready for work on Monday morning

And the memories of the places you've been

And the things you did together

Would turn your stomach

Until you spit your mouth dry

And the pictures you took?

You'd wonder if you visited the cemetery

And gave free hugs to zombies

When love fades

You won't even remember the efforts you put in

And the times that went by

Because if you weighed them

They'd be precious efforts squandered in futility

So you won't mind

Because when you gave everything you gave

And sacrificed your sweat along

It seemed you weren't even getting the rubies in the first place
Because you felt the rag was worth the sacrifice
So you won't drop a tear
When love fades

The things you cared about your objects
And the unexpected actions and inactions that got you bothered
Don't matter any more
And you stop complaining
The things that made jealousy swell in your heart had flown
So to hell with whatever, you say
The pains you wouldn't want them go through
The heartache you won't watch them suffer
Your most sodied concerns no longer cause you a blink of an eye
When love fades

The endearing names they called you
That made your hairs stand unend
And sweet you to your spines
Begin to sound like irritating music from a broken record
When they call your phone
It looks to you like bedbug on that bed of yours
That once reminded you of poverty
Is knocking on your door now
And when they as much as touch you
You feel like it's snails climbing your body in their slimes
And you beat off
And when they try to touch your heart
The actions, whatever efforts they put in,
Prick your body like thorns from the rose flower stem
Nothing of your once upon a time hun pleases you any more
When love fades

Value love when it hits you
It takes two to tango
Love gets hungry and should be fed
It has four legs for proper support
And when a two is tired
It may require one two to give tireless support
And when the other doesn't stand sooner
It weakens out
Feed love

It takes conscious effort
Does it get boring at times? Yes.
But like ball
It won't roll if it isn't kicked
Kick it
Because the best of its opposite is seen more
When love fades

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

When You See These Flowers

When you see them

Tell them enmity does not fan the coal or oil the lamp

Tell them love soars on games not as the chameleon plays

Tell them a faithful man is a man of patience that watches the mouse run around the corners of the four walls and rests when it's tired

Tell them that self inflicted anger is the cancer that kills its host

Tell them the oil that greases love is plainness and mutual understanding

When you see them

Tell them that tomorrow would have been lovely had their eyes not gone in search displaying insincerity

Tell them the butterfly had beaten impossibility and built a stable haven for the flower to display it's magnificence and splendour

Tell them the talks agreed upon was in the coldroom awaiting approval

Tell them a cake was baked for them

Oh-the bell would have sounded so right

When they then see you

Tell them the butterfly is still where it stood waiting for the flower that buzzed off

Tell them that disconnection has not ended life

That the journey of life can be sweeter without them

That the games they played was a grave dug in wait for them

That their types never reap stability no matter how hard they try until they shed off the chameleon's shell that they glued put to their body and makes them have offensive odour that announces their presence and repels ready steady pillars

Tell them the wealth they seek is with those who do not bother to flaunt it

And that a quick foot often hits the stone

And they missed the mark with just a little trial and of course, their complexion glowed the more showing who they really were - gold diggers

Tell them building together is better than being bought as a good with a worthless value

And offers no importance

And the search for it is without end and soon it becomes bread that turns stones in the mouth

Tell them tomorrow is not far and seeing them is just a finger snap

Tell them they have won today and swept me off but tomorrow I'll have the

brooms and the compounds

And even the food and the water and the register shall be on my desk

Tell them above all that my heart yawns for them

Tell them if I rendered any help and friendship it was less than my love could offer and as long as my hands could stretch

Tell them I had done them no offence that heaven bears me witness and posterity will testify

But they hurt me

Tell them if they rather feel any guilt that my heart is trained to let go

But putting me off like you put off a raging fire is not the way to wipe our tears or quench the angers

If you see them now or tomorrow

Tell them love is learnt but only prospers on a platter of agreement

Please tell them this and don't lose a word

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

When You See These Gnomes

When you see them gnome

Tell them the world is better outside

Tell them that heights are beautiful and their looks can be improved

Tell them the mines they guard with their lives is nothing compared to what the owner of heaven and earth has in store for them

When you see them

Please tell them that there's a place without segregation and castigating

That the import of one is the value of all

That there, the love of one is shared amongst all and there's room still for more

That one is in search of another and never rests until the other is found and has taken a sup

Tell them that there's abundance that is not to be suffered for as the sufferings were taken by one for others

And that any wrong done will not be noticed as its account won't be recorded against the record that once was

Please tell them that that record got one person bruised, hands hammered with long nails that pierced through skin and thorns worn like tightened cap that tore heads

That dying in brute pains of hot bloodshed with body and hands stretched apart assured that all guilt is taken away and non remembered

Tell them that they'll be given the keys to World Bank and the moneys from the mines gotten in suffocating air and painful sweat would mean nothing

Tell them the source of the wealth they spend is one that springs from a well that never dries

Tell them they'll flourish like a cedar by the riverside and spread like wild fire and their good will be pronounced abroad while they rise like dough and glow like shining stars

Tell them the kingdom is a home of joy and bliss and won't be any good that they go from frypan to fire

Tell them the yoke is light and is no load at all compared to the weight of burdens of no camouflaged problems

When it is them that see you

Still tell them they will have command over their body and life and circumstances

and nature

Tell them they will create and recreate their worlds to suit their wishes, desires,
dreams, wants and needs

When you see them

Tell them the way the truth and life is one person and the person dwells in all
that open up to house him

Tell them the way the truth and life is Jesus and the love that supersedes all love
is God

When you see them, tell them all and don't lose one

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Where Lies My Reason To Smile

My sky is gloom and as cold as I
My day is dry and as dark as coal
Loneliness, hunger and poverty try the more
Longing with all diligence to get tears off mine eyes

My stream is bitter
And my spring flows blood
My morning dawns into mourning
As my harvest pour dry chaffs
Solitude and pain and disease
With all might try to get tears off mine eyes

My friends bring me sorrow
As my foes will me sorry state
My spirit is tied to the ground
And my soul desires hades
Temper, tempest and the tempter
Work and walk hand in hand to get tears off mine eyes

What really do I see
The world has poured before me
A few reasons to cry
But I'm often to bounce up
To take the world by storm
Displaying before it
A thousand reasons to smile
And with this I never lose, I'm never down
For frowners never win and smilers never lose
As love flows within me so there are within me
More than a thousand reasons to smile

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Will You Marry Me

Let me be the one
To open your mind's eyes
To see the true world of love
Out of the cruel meaning
The painting this world had given it

Let me be the one
To raise your head high
Among the classes and among colleagues
Bringing you pride in midst of humility

Let me be the one
To give you care and bring you warmth
When the night is cold and uncanny sound is heard

Let me be the one
To go into your holiest of holies
Pumping up and down
To make the babies as much as we ought to

Let me be the one
To stand side by side with you
From the isle to the altar
And to every sphere of life
And joys of living

If I can be the one
Standing there in haste
When in labour you call
When in joys you call
Sweet sweet you sound
And one simple meaning of it all that I answer
Let me be the one
That pulled the question you said yes to when I said
Will you marry me

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Words Say No More

I am here and there you are
In gestures my hands stretched yet touch you not
And loads are there to infer to you
And I spoke mildly, noisily and screamed
But your understanding is shallow or your ears are shut as hear me they don't
For words say no more that can be heard

My strengths I measured up for works to do
Pen and paper viable tools a prose of interest I make
If reading apart your passion
Oh that I may reach you
But time and money and strength I wasted
You look, blink your eyes and spiting me you passed
Like nothing relevant am I to you
For words say no more that can be read

Here I come again with words
And pouring it in lines and verses
Making it beautiful in rhymes and pentameters
That thou mayest appreciate the touch
Of the flows of figurative words
And my mind pour the love of your heart
But this you abhorred my messages on you like water poured on stones
For words say no more that can be heard

Ah! Had I not thought of this earlier?
Sounds, sounds encoded in melodious tunes
With harps and cymbals and jazz
In vocals and instrument and devices how far they go how deep
Touching spines and marrows and brains
Ah! If today man must hear you and move to your command
Do you want him sane or mad or temperamental
Let melodious tune be the key music be your channel
For in today's journeys of music words say no more than the world can hear

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Word's Words

Did you not hear it when then I spake
To you that thinks birthing a child aparents you
The goats birthed too and the hens hatched
Who would expect morals from a chick or manners from a kid
I shall demand of thee in time not long
The blood of this heritage that lacks your touch you watch

And to you I still speak
Bring them to me and let me lead them to the peak
Let them know that black is bad and white is good
Tell them brother is a brother at front and at 'hind
But you chose to teach religion over godly lifestyle and what they wish to hear
over the truth
The pews and the altar in bloodshed an accomplice

And to you I drew my ears when I spoke
Education is power but abused one is death
As you that holds the chalk plays corruption
I see no future in tomorrow
And you in no time eats sand in your bread
The result of today's practice shall cause you tears when you're to rest
I ask why you say to blame them in power

You that wears the crown didn't hear when I spake
Emass the wealth that follows you to no grave
Come with laws that answer to your immediate prayers
These eyes that watch today shall with whip question you tomorrow
What trees you planted for the fruits of their time
And unmannerism and immorality excel
Where upon you chase to gather unnecessary wind into empty pockets
A home of red-hot coal in a haven of fiery funnance await you

Loudly and sonorously I spake and still speak
To you who think ignorance excuses future pains
As you lay your bed so you stay on it
Poverty and frustration hands akimbo await you at the deep top
Would be deaf at your cries of 'it ain't my fault'
The law of posterity is plain and thus shall teach you but late you learn now
That pleasures before pain could anti-clockwise go

Had you learned on your own or from a channel not far
Or that before every make-be lies was a sincere truth earnestly told

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Yesterday Comes To Mind

Her tears flowed and no matter how much she cried they trail their marks
endlessly

She whispers to her thoughts from yesterday

The blood she had sold

To unreasonable buyer at the cost of pains that hunt

Her sanctity he beautified with the dark edge that held him a prisoner

And the hunt never ends

Like a bag of shredded cassava

He handles her like a rotten egg

The home she should find peace

The union she should have mingled to tangle and oneness be

She treads like a slave as a brute he is

And from fry pan to fire

Her tears sting her

And upon her knees she goes

Here's a saving grace she thought

Here's a refuge that shreds all weight

Amen, amen she wished will be all that is to be done

But his mind like the sooth is black

And at the sight of her he had licked his tongue

A cheap pray has come to roost

And the tears call back the former that had flown past

He was a wolf in sheep clothing

And he in black dress and beret

A man's friend shouldn't he be?

But his protruded stomach is always hungry and satisfy it he must

At the expense of gullible weaklings he shows his strength

His cock and fire holds no water at the sight of strangers by the roadside

But like a lion on his prey he pounces on her

And the tears from yesterday continue their journeys

She had told her before her spirits left to let her body kiss the red soils

That tears upon trust in chariots

Are grieved like fuel upon fire

That hope placed on the power hidden in the book of the Whitman is

The engine to draw the winds from the waters

And oh, yesterday comes to mind
And with no man's shoulder to lean on
Her tears flow with joyous testimonies

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Yesterday's Cry

And the celebration of a time that is
Is the tears that flow of a time that was
When the clouds see the drought so strong
And hold back the wetness that can debunk
And wash off dirt that had built all long

And the child looks the gray-haired in the eyes and call by name
And has no fear for age in words
And throws his greetings when remembers to be sane
And we celebrate a time of child's rights

And brother hooks a brother
Where sisters lick each other's mouths
Why still shouldn't siblings sex together
What makes one differ in worths
What of time yesterday was why the ostracize
Of it lives today call celebrities

Ah! A brother's life is worthless to his death
Where stress to get him down is chosen should along the line flows wealth
Materialism isn't enough, fame holds the crown
And to hold unto power
Who cares if I squash with my shoes your flower

Yesterday can hug today and marry each other
When technology does not throw decency in the gutter
When lustful desires die for needed desires to strive
And Satanism is seen in the lights of its true love

That yesterday stops the cry for fears that it will soon be forgotten
And its valour and its glories all forsaken
And where the righteous is seen one in the whole of here even over seas
Him will they for strangeness' sake ostracize

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Are My Lullaby

Baby will you sleep
Or will you cry all night long
Will you from me dreaming keep
And make me sleep all day long
The tune of your restful sleep is my lullaby

A sleep a night
Is a growth a day
If sleep ain't hug you tonight
How then shall I measure your growth at morning
Seeing you grow is my lullaby

Do you want mama's breasts
Or do you desire your toys
Or papa's strong and mighty arms
Mama will give it you what e'r you want
Call it call it
And it'll be for you
Sleep let me sleep to live for you
For your joy and your full is my lullaby

Sleep now for tomorrow comes
When the walls of learning you'll pass through
The world of work and achievement will call you forth
And another like me you draw close
And another baby's cry and sleep tune your lullaby

Oh sleep now
The world waits eagerly for your manifestation in the morning
And their expectations shan't be cut off
Yes, you are their light and their salt
But baby, dear baby
You are my lullaby

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Are The Hope

If life promises to be so cruel
With you in it the heat would be cool
And the pains that may come
And the headaches that may storm
You are antidote that weakens them
Do you not know?

If this wood be so lonely
And the routs be so slippery
With you in it the friction ain't weighty
And these fears that often grips
And the goose bumps that holds
You are more than an encouragement
Do you not know?

What is love without sweetness
What is sweetness without love
Where hate burns its flames
And sadness shows its whiskers
You are the love that warms my heart
Do you not know?

If the moon would shine in the dewy eve
And the stars show in the rainy night
And the snow and the sunshine marry
Whether the weather be so or or not
The shower cap is you that honeys my milk
Do you not know?

If love weren't expensive
Could I have found you still
If there was ever non to ever love
Would you have existed
Love is what it is because we found love
And the journeys are smoother because we hold us
Love and life are sweet because of the you of me
And many more ease to live
Because of me of you
Do you not know?

If there's ever a reason for speed and success
If there's ever a show-off of prowess
You are the hope
Do you not know?

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Forgot What You Called Me

We met

From three different poles

We spoke with signs and with gestures because we heard not one another yet we heard us, we understood us

And we began buying sugar and meat with salt and crayfish

And tie and die Ankara and Aso-oke for oil and perfumes and began interlabours

After which often we would dine and wine and play and laugh

You had your dryness-caused broken heels and I had my backsides flathead and he had his tribalmarks stretched from the both sides of his mouth to both sides of his ears like one that just escaped a fight with a lion

Yet seeing all these made no difference as each of us had one common feature

Our accents told of how far north, east or west we had come

And after all

We would dine and wine and play and laugh

You hated women but married many because rulership was in your blood, someone must be lead

I loved them women but married only one because business was in my blood

And I must limit expenses and increase income and she must understand

And he loved plenty women and married them many for women love to be entertained and art was in his blood

Yet one purpose brought us together

One caused by insatiable wants after which

We would dine and wine and play and laugh

You called me Nyamiri

And I called him Ofemmanu and we called you Aboki

Names that endeared us to each other

And the sarcasm of it all kept us laughing for as long as the friendship and brotherliness lasted

And we stayed without ever knowing that our self-made bows and arrows and matches and daggers and spears and shields

Could be used for something else but our mutual night hunts of games and foreign enemies

We would dine and wine and play and laugh

And interests in our friends' daughters came in

My Ofemmanu friend let my sons have his daughters
And I let theirs have mine too
But yours? I wonder what till date makes you block your heart against us having
yours
And your schemes began to show in ways we didn't understand
But because Ofemmanu and I cherish oneness
With you still
We would dine and wine and play and laugh

And later, we saw those eyes of yours that had turned red
That once was not known for the scales love and the spirit of oneness put in our
eyes
Yes, even from the darkness of those shades
We could see the fierceness of the burning red-hot fire
You became obsessed with not being satisfied with ruling your wives alone
And the religion you were brought you embraced with both hands
And it afforded you the skill of throat slitting
And the games we hunted were no longer enough for your ever glittering swords
It is now us
And in time just because we thought someday you would realise your mistakes
And we would return to the we we used to be
We adopted the long wooden spoon approach to continue with you
We would dine and wine and play and laugh

But the laughter lost its savour
And the meals and wines lost their tastes
Your Nyamiri became agitated
And Ofemmanu decides and won't mind to stab him in the back
Because he couldn't stand on the fence
And wouldn't stay with one who decides to sheath his more amorous weaponry
And time came, we couldn't do peacefully what we used to
Because you couldn't look up to meet your eyes with mine as
We would dine and wine and play and laugh

And this eleventh hour you have forgotten my name but I haven't forgotten
yours
I still remember my other friend's Ofemmanu
And yours my Aboki
But because you try coming with schemes day and night
One that would help you slit my throat in the daylight
Even when you should have realized that in billion years to come no mechanism
of yours can give you the conquest

You plan yet
And somewhere in the midst of your busy mind and dight
I ask to know what is really your intention
What do you hope to achieve with this notion
That has caused us our love and once cherished unity
It's result is beginning to show on you and more would come
You have forgotten what you called me

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Got Me Cold

Yes, my reasonability I've lost
When trying to reason this inaccessibility
When I could not phantom your unavailability
Chai, chai, I'm left stranded in this 'lone
Suddenly, I'm feeling all alone

I didn't know you had eaten this deep into me
What was I thinking, what happened to me
Am I blinded by love's charms
Or is it that the charm is as nutritious as the milk of the breasts
I see, this is your poison that dies me to life

First I thought I was lust after a woman
Scolding myself against the sin
And then I thought again
And it seemed like infatuation
But how long can any of those last
They happen immediately and die upon distraction so fast
But distraction had come a whole lot, didn't it?
Yet this thing about you consumes me

I thought love is learnt
I have passed her classroom exams and still facing a lot more of it
Yet no failure recoded, no, no carry-overs
Like learning to drive, loving you I have learnt
Can I stop loving? Ha! I laugh!
Like seriously can this thing between us ever come to the point of enough is
enough?
But the impossibility is in the inability to unlearn the learnt

And so you have captivated me
A captivity I don't want to ever of it sail free
So I'm stock
Held bound by the loving of you that tied me to a rock
And I fly freely the sky of honeymoon before its time
Blown by the breeze of fantasy and prime

And now I'm held frozen alone in my world
By your hibernation that's best for our world

A mechanical shutdown that reboots you for a better you
Leaving me wearing my hat askew
None to talk with, none to gossip of the day with
Because you, my most patient ear isn't here to hear of my mouth
Through our usual parody of 'T'emi, how did your day go? '
Missing you is an understatement, wishing you're here hasn't got all the message
in a go

When will this hibernation be over
When will your attention return to me
My Green Lolita, my golden lover
I look forward again to share with your company all that I see

Your love is incredible, your absence is detestable
Your smile, your voice, all assuring and remarkable
Every moment I check to see a drop of your thought
A 'Hi honey' from you I know is born of many a thought
But although you don't come to voice it
I know to you I'm more than just a thought

I'm left cold my dear mine
The absence of you is got me frozen
Alone in my world, I feel too alone
My tears flow for a reason I can't all count
On my mind, at home, in the street
There seem to be home nowhere
My love, reboot quick to come warm my heart, you hear?
This freezing cold gets even colder by the thought of your absence
I learnt to love you and I can't unlearn this
Here I am waiting soaked in my own tears

Baby, you got me cold

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Left

Where did you go?
Here's my candle light
And the glow from my lantern's light
Their flickers fall on all objects
But not on you, oh,
Where did you go?

I hear still from far deep down my head
The gossips we did
The plans we had
And the laughter we shared
I'm running again to meet you
More in my head I want with you to review
And I'm knocking now your door, I want to know
Where did you go?

Do you remember your song?
That one you always sang?
It has its amplifiers on my head now
I can't get it to stop, how?
Do you remember my song?
That one I gave you to sing
You said it was like a child's play
That you'll coat it to be trendy play
And we laughed it off, didn't we?
Talk, please, answer me
I'm still waiting to hear it
The melody you've made of it
But now even the day lights want to know
Where did you go?

You have touched the lips of humans
And left something in their hearts
You will need to do it with the angels
With concerts and symphonies you're to in heaven organize
Have you gone there to do with them so?
Or where did you go?

Should I open the heaven's door?

Is that where you are?
Should I look in the ocean's shore?
Or has your ship sailed afar?
Did your breath vanish with the winds of the trees' air?
Or are you somewhere
Happily watching me and yet crying there
Because no matter how much you try to stretch your hands
They can't lay grip of even my shirts
I'm still asking, oh,
Where did you go?

You had fought a good fight
I hear many attest
But how the red earth will eternally have your bones for a keep
When the earthlings would have had your flesh neatly cleaned
Is one joy that'll leave endless dance of each my lap
For I know your soul as a result in deed
Is in that place of rejoicing
Where souls are promised of pearly mansions since long time coming
Where you're called now to manage an estate
As it is for those who won and don't want to continue winning
Your choice makes it too heavy for me to accept what I know
So I ask with a heavy heart that causes endless tears to flow,
Where did you go?

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You Put Us Apart

It was your fault
When I was the word you used
Then when you were to talk about our achievements
And take the glories that were to be
Instead of letting you be the foundation of your talk of our walk together in sun
and rain
Even where you bore the pangs alone

It was your fault
Then when you was the only defensive word in your dictionary
A sweet sounding tune used
With the intent of buying self out of the communal fall
Even when the tragic flaws were yours

It was your fault
When a strand of hair was seen in the food
And bile burst in your chest
Making you go mtchew, mtchew,
When all you should do was pick it away
Or the meal was coated with pepper and smeared with salt
And the mixture made to swim the lake of amaridion in the name of a soup
One that provoked your anger
And or then when materials and belongings would litter the room
And toileting and all stay unkempt and you boil
You really boil

It was your fault
When the efforts put in
Aren't yielding the required result
To give the breadwinner a rub on the head and the home keeper a pat on the
back and songs of praises heard
And nagging and disregard aroused by impatience suggest themselves to you
You harken
If you had sipped just a cup of patience along a tablet of understanding and a
little more tolerance
Only if you had

It was your fault
When the little talks provoked by unconscious controllable states of the mind turn

to heated argument
And temptations of running mouths, curses, insults and raised hands try passing
the thoughts of them
And the deed is done

It was your fault
When assumptions made you daydream
And you think yours spends time with another
And loathing and jealousy become the cause the breeds effects that shouldn't be
And untrust makes each party with a bleeding heart look the other way

It was your fault
When the seed of hatred began to sprout there in your heart
Planted by stored unspoken and unforgiven sins
And nurtured to maturity by the feeling of contempt haughtiness
That in no time produces segregation, castigation and separation
Then when the bond that held both together began to melt noticeably but
unnoticed
And distance gradually created that peace went into hiding

It was your fault
Whenever it was or before that alien became appealing to you and you went
seeking

It was your fault
Everything that had happened so far that conditioned our hearts
And made us shed tears and now each of us look the other way

It was your fault
You put us apart

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Your Course Is The Cause That Curse You

I am a star yes I know

A star that does not recognise his fans is that one a star?

Soon, his source of light will deem

I am a celebrity yes I know

A celebrity that doesn't know the import of his hosts

Is that one a celebrity?

Soon, his source of splendour would wear off

I am a mother yes I know

A mother that doesn't know that mother is not made by just giving birth to children

Is that one a mother?

Her basket would soon run empty

I am a teacher yes I know

A teacher that does not know to teach his learners to stand independent of him

Is that one a teacher?

Knowledge would soon mock him and posterity would put sand in his bread

I am a learner yes I know

A learner that does not know that the acquired knowledge is one to help him paint the world he wants out of his life

Is that one a learner?

Soon he would beg his classmates for food

And yet wonder why his reach is underdeveloped

I am a trader yes I know

A trader that does not know that a bad deal today minuses a client

And one unsatisfied client is five lost

Is that one a trader?

Poverty is your next door neighbour

I am a leader yes I know

A leader that does not know to be selfless

See tomorrow and sacrifice today

And make his followers see what he sees

And give his followers what is due them when it's right

Is that one a leader?

His death is imminent and never negotiable

I am an institution yes I know

An institution that does not know to breed well-seasoned and properly cooked
brains to reason justly and not dependent on buried baseless dogma for
judgement

Is that one an institution?

Its walls would soon fall from their foundations

I am a government yes I know

A government that does not know to meet the wailing of her citizens

Even when it has the will and power

But would do otherwise for selfish assertions

Is that one a government?

Her cup is already full and her captors would soon ambush

I am a nation yes I know

A nation that does not know to see diversity of purpose

Is that one a nation?

Soon her unity would no longer hold

I am you yes I know

You that do not know to help another man stand when you had the opportunity

You that do not know to stand for what is right even when others act otherwise

You that do not know to raise your shoulders high and keep your head when
others are losing theirs

Is that one you?

Soon, waters of time would flush the sand off your feet and you'll become a slave
in your territory

And nothing would be written of you on the walls of time

I am the me I see me be

Me that does what I feel is right as my choice approves in the view to please no
man or spirit

That when you see me and call me brother

It won't be to please me

But to speak the truth as of what I did

In the bid that I live and you live and love and happiness flow

And in the end

My course won't be the cause that cursed me

Your King My Queen

Then, when your chamber is full of men
And your allies are they that ride in chariots
When all you wish to behold and hold on to are they
That live in trousers and boxers
will I still remain your King my Queen

When at day you're distracted from the thought of me
And at night attentions they give you
Are the butterflies that swim in your stomach
And the time we should share is divided
will I still remain your King my Queen

Then when you hear words that seem to sound sweeter than I've poured
Because they come from new mouths
And they give you bouquets that seem to look more beautiful
Than all I'd brought
And give you gifts of seemingly heavy worth
will I still remain your King my Queen

When they present a prospect that looks appealing
And muscles that can lift the earth
And you seem to be moved by sight
As sentiment beclouds your reasoning
will I still remain your King my Queen

And so I fear my place in your heart
Wondering if I've not been able to do enough
If I'd not been man enough
I fear to lose you
But I'm courageous in that many fish swim the river
One might just not fit the mouth
But it'd go down the throat and digest well

So when I find you looking out unsatisfied
I brace myself in the note
That I am not man enough
So ask you what I ask you
will I still remain your King my Queen

And I too begin to look out
Not that I want to
But in fear that I may lose out
But build to have an arm
That will wipe tears and bid welcome
Should you see me that no more
will I still remain your King my Queen

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

Your Turn Like My Turn

I have reached it at last
There where my eyes had longed for for ages past
Where my prayers had pointed and heart mounted
This height the great sky where great eagles' soars are unlimited

I saw it coming and in tears was waiting
Often my patience failed me I kept wailing
I could have lost hold couldn't have stood all strong
But determination not even discipline kept me going
And self rekindled hope was the milk and honey I kept sucking
Alas! I laugh smiling

Today is yesterday gone and tomorrow coming
I have seen that waiting pays
I didn't deny my maker no never could cry of his non-existence
I won't affeign him the pains others brought on themselves
Circumstance of which we fell victim
He heeds a well channeled call in time for its time
His glory is shown only to him who waits

Now I am in my turn
And my prime shines on
Await yours for it comes soon
Don't throw in the towel
For even there where it would fall
It won't get any cleaner than it was
But the was is on the process of cleansing
Square one to zero isn't any perfect a slide
If it got to me on this side
Behold the tentacle is still on the spread

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu

You're My Lullaby

You are the song that I sing
Then when my heart get excited at mere promises
When all roads lead to the distance ever longed for
When the sun walks away
And treeshades fall
And the crickets whistle
And the cold breeze lay me on the bed
In the midst of the deafening silence
I awake to the shrieking cry of a new young
You are my lullaby

When the morning dawns
With chains breaking on my backs
And thorns covering my heads
And the bloods gush out slowly
Trickling down through my spines to my toes
And even when I walk on concrete floors on my knees
For all the comfort you'd ever need
You're my lullaby

When others are treading on red carpets
And visit beer parlors and clubs
Pools and parties
When the cost of luxury to me affordable
Yet I chose to look the other way
That the postponement may feed and clothe an extra mouth and body
That a dream so desired comes awake
I let go just to get in
My only comfort is that
You're my lullaby

No worries stay me up till morning
No headache leaves my milk soured
No load is ever too heavy for the owner
You suckled my breasts and sat on my laps
Now you crawl, soon you'll walk and run
But till you can stand on your feet
Your worries are my command
For for love's sake more than obligation demands

You are my lullaby

Eziudo Michael Nwachukwu