

Poetry Series

Fidelis Nwaugba
- poems -

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Fidelis Nwaugba(12th April 1985)

I was born on the 12th of April 1985 to Mr and Mrs Nwaugba.I attended Marie Louis Nursery and Primary school, went ahead to further my education in Ikeja High conclude my academic run i am concurrently an undergraduate of the University of Nigeria Nsukka.

I am a Nigerian

...As Husband And Wife

My heart is terrible weakling
Hate will not endure
But to love a fallible victim
Yet i seek no cure
Shameful it may seem before men
But my lips will not keep secret
The state of my feeble heart
Until i satisfy the aching ear
With words that tell of love
I am victim my self
Even when i am pained enough to hate
I fall back to love
And men may have thought otherwise
Yet i stay this course
knowing this is wise
And may be the essence of my life
My heart is yours
And this is my plague
A plight i will not give up
But suffer my sweet predicament with joy
I am wet from drowning in the pool of my dreams
Nothing short of you and i as husband and wife

Fidelis Nwaugba

Anger

Anger speaks with a loud voice
Loud with intense passion
Logic goes dumb
Dismissal of all that is peaceful
Tolerance is not tough
As it quickly fades on its heels
in the light of this storm
Like crackling lightening strike trees
Men are struck to burn
Some to ashes others with scars
At least anger must leave a mark for future regrets
Foolish words spill from their lips
As control is let free with the wind
Sparks grow to flames and then casualties of pain
Some take residence in their graves,
These are the repercussions let out of its cage.

Fidelis Nwaugba

Memories Of Her

Silence sweeps through the room with a cold feel
I am alone again buried deep in thought,
And my day dreams are all i have
So i travel in lonely space
Even though all i see are images at random
Amongst these are those moments beautiful and precious
Yet painful for they are buried far deep in the past
I am rich with a lot of years and the best of them i hold dear
Unwilling to set myself free i stay prisoner
Behind love undying i stay in check
Not letting go the love of my life-
The one for whom i was born
Gods gift to me-my precious
I am a rich man even though i have nothing
Blessed with all the vanities of life
I consider my self rich
Only for the memories i have
Memories of her

Fidelis Nwaugba

My Dream

My dream is my driving force
The one thing that keeps me going
The possibilities i see ensures my joy
Knowing it will all come to be
I gain strength in my feet
Relentless my heart is a stubborn goat
I am on my heel galloping with furious intensity
Even my weary flesh will not impede my speed
For my eye has seen gold
And now hunger worries my soul
I will be at peace only when i am well fed-
Only when my belly is swollen with the desires of my heart
And my dreams are all i now see

Fidelis Nwaugba

Obama Is President

When he spoke i felt his pain
Driven by a passion he took up an ambition
Impossible is his aim
Many reasonable had said
But he fought on regardless of the hurdles ahead
Hope had been the clutches of the lame
The very strenght of the weak
And the noble would not take this fit
They mocked at such phrases
Yes we can
And laughed at the wiggly strides of the disadvantaged
Yet as time advance so did they
Men with hope
And another justification
Obama is president

Fidelis Nwaugba

Poverty Is A Promiscuous Woman

I have seen poverty
And my eyes can not bear another stare
For she is ugly and oozes with the stench of repulse
Irritable to the point of regurgitation
My bowels can not stand such disgust
so i must stay afar to preserve my health
For it may not stand the complete absence of wealth
This poverty is a promiscuous woman
Whose fancy is laziness
Quick to the call of men with retired hands
And feeble legs
She is a vector of countless infirmities
Way beyond the worries of the flesh
A possessor of nauseating infections
That eats into greater depths
As the soul and spirit become helpless victims as well

Fidelis Nwaugba

Sex

Sex is a beautiful beast
Untamed she runs like a wild stallion
Trampled under the stampede of startled bulls
The body is enslaved by chemical reactions
At this time will-power loses its muscles
Brought under the pressure of wild passion
Control is lost to the fierce wanting of gratification
And savage lust climb to grievous heights
Hunger graves her gentle touch
In her lies the remedy for consolation
So on her wings many wish to fly
Even though she lacks stamina to stay in flight
With broken bones casualties come with the crash
Especially are victims who fly wreck less
I am a fan and foe of this beauty
Knowing the varieties of her givings
The gifts of her hand are time defined
And she is best suited in the premise of marriage

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Want To Be Legend

I was thrown away
Flung to a lost distance
My mind took to a journey
Plying the path of fantasy
Even as i seduced thoughts
Imaginations consistent with bliss
Yet i have no faith in reality
Still i must live on and bear it all
The gloom at night and the heat at day
My hustles must persist
For i am a man driven by his own dreams
I am a slave of my own vision
Dragged with by the chains of my unrelenting will
I have no options but to succeed
To make something of my life
And be relevant to history
I was caught up when my eyes fell on them
The men and women whose memory history will not give up
The strain of time will not strike out their works
And their great achievements
My dream is my burden
A load i am willing to bear
Until i am strapped on the wall of fame
And have become legend

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