

Poetry Series

Francis Ohanyido
- poems -

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Francis Ohanyido(4-03-70)

"Dr Francis Okechukwu Ohanyido" a contemporary Nigerian Public Health Physician, poet, oral Historian, Essayist, and philosopher who has also carved a niche for himself an activist.

*He in the early 2000s he had theorised on possible digital ICT convergence with medicine or Telemedicine/eHealth and the possible deployment in Nigeria, as well as other low-income settings. He mid-wifed the birth of the the web-based advocacy group Nigerian Telemedicine Development Alliance (NTDA) and later became the acting Secretary General of Society for Telemedicine and eHealth in Nigeria (SfTeHIN) .

*In African writing, he started an integrative off-shoot of Africanism called 'Afriseal Movement' which he expounded in his poetry and essays.

*As an activist, he got his baptism of fire from Abacha security men when he had on occasions spoken out for democracy while a student in the University, thereby opposing the military Junta of the late Maximum dictator. He is also credited to championing a Rights-Based approach to healthcare.

He is widely interviewed and published in all major media in issues relating to health, literature, and governance.

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DR FRANCIS OHANYIDO

Fellow & Member of Many Societies, institutes, Associations across the globe, he is also listed in many directories.

He is an Alumnus of University of Jos, Imo State University, Harvard University, American University of Armenia, and so forth.

He is a past Chairman of the Association of Nigerian Authors for Kaduna State in Nigeria.

He was a past St. Pirans' Youth Poetry Laureate.

He has equally made several Rolls and Citations and once commended by the Speaker of Nigerian House of Representatives.

Reunion Song (For 25th Anniversary Of F.G.C. Jos My Alma Mata)

Haba, never shall my heart forget
The friends I found so kindly hearted
Nostalgic shall be the day we met
And dear shall be the morn we parted!

Hah! If regrets however bitter sweet
Must with the passage of time be softened
So that we must with glowing hearts meet
And in spirit remember those far away!
And we shall drink from the chalice reborn,
To friendship long and sworn.

In 'Pro-unitate' we remember our class,
"88! where oblivion dares not pass.
Living and pulsating within Time's Hourglass,
Lets spread the magic around
"88! Were oblivion dares not pass.

Francis Ohanyido

Smile Away The Pains

Though gray streaks of sorrow
Permeate our hearts
Today we shall roll our carts
Before the sun be blue, we'll borrow
Sunbeams to shine our smile
And away with all the terrible bile
Of regrets and pains
That pierce so deep
Like the rains
Of tiny needles
On our hearts.

Away with all the night sprites
That haunt our bedsides when we sleep
And fill our minds with frights.

The sunshine has been drawn!
Smile for our new dawn
Of great hopes,
Away from the mires
Of depression bathing the fires
Of unhappiness and despairs
That bind our beings like ropes...
Smile away the pains.

Francis Ohanyido

The Warrior's Drum

I have heard it told
I have heard it said
Many times, in many folktales of old
That there was in ancient days
The drum of drums. □
□
From where did the drum come?
Not even the most ancient and wizened
Of men could say for sure.
But it is believed that even before seasoned
Warriors wore loin-cloths and scabbard machetes □
The drum existed.

The drum was only beaten
With war chants renting the air
It was an instrument of spells
And was beaten by the gentlest of men
With stringed tinkling bells
Wound round his legs

It was never beaten in anger
But throbbed in the sight of danger.

It readied the brave and strengthened
The weakest of men to do battle
By setting their blood to boil
In mystic rhythms, in their veins.

Many an enemy warrior was entranced
By the spell-binding beats
-And with weakened hearts
-And with marred courage
They were felled to the [[earth]]
Never again to dance to the music of warriors,
It was the mystery of bravery betrayed.
And so many villages fell.....

There is this beautiful old drum
That I have seen several times

In my grandpa's inner room
He talks to it like a friend
And I've never seen him beat it.
It looks exactly like the drum of the tales
Maybe someday I would beat it
-without anger, and gently
And see what it will feel like.
Do you suppose it's the same drum?

Francis Ohanyido