

Poetry Series

Jacklyne chidinma Ahia

- poems -



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Jacklyne chidinma Ahia()

Jacklyne chidinma ahia (3rd February born 1988) is a Nigerian writer and poet, born in Kaduna State. She began her educational journey at jinie College (1991-2000) , followed by Girls Secondary School (2001-2004) . Jacklyne then attended the University of Abuja (2005-2010) , where she earned her degree.

After completing her education, Jacklyne navigated life's challenges, including marriage and divorce. Now, as a resilient single individual, she channels her experiences and perspectives into creative expression.

Through her writing, Jacklyne explores themes of hope, resilience, and personal growth. Her poetry reflects her journey, weaving stories of struggle and triumph.

Currently, Jacklyne continues to write, sharing her voice and vision with the world.



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Aches Of Uncertainty

In the depths of my soul, there's an ache of uncertainty toggling my thoughts, a burning fire.

uncertain if I've lost control,
unconscious choices leading me
to a stagnant soul?

Regrets linger,
leaving me livid, consumed by rage,
anger burning deep, a fire that won't fade.

a ghostly presence of FATE haunts and taunts

Like the Harmattan breeze that blows, hot and dry
Leaving nothing but dust and despair in its sigh.

Uncertain of the path, Uncertain of the dawn, illusion I've created
of my existence,
hasn't transited to reality.

Reality seems distant,
life hurdle a speed bump as I journey
I journey through life's winding road, Through every toll gate. Through every
barrier bestowed

It's a journey, it will definitely have an end. I'll hold on to hope, I'll hold unto
faith, And maybe someday, I'll arrive.

~Jacklyne.C. Ahia

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Beyond The Narrow Road

In a mundane house drenched in frustration,
Daydreaming, detached, caught in a mental drift,
mind fosters hope and everlasting joy.
It fizzles at dawn; now dusk!

Chirp-chirp-chirp, the cricket resumes,
That melody that irks the soul,
And how rankling situations have feigned my thoughts!
So narrow.

12 o'clock midnight! Matriarch, devout!
A warrior on her knees...
In the depth of her soul, a war rages...
Prayers now! A victory unfolds.

I resonate with every word I've learned,
Trust that has been discerned.
Trust God, wait on Him.

The narrow journey far and wide,
Each step forward, shadows flee,
Radiant hope is made.

~jacklyne c ahia

Jacklyne chidinma Ahia

Paradox Of Success

Running around circles,
like a hatching chick nestling around its nest,
attempting every idea that floods my mind,
efforts seem hindered.

Friends and foes bloom,
you're withering.
The mockingbird mocks!
They are elevated, they fly high!
What will become of me?

Drifting thoughts into deep realms,
disoriented,
the circle of limits,
frightened by the trail of soldier ants,
they offer stinging bites of despair,
petrified.

'I want to fly'
to navigate wings through life's turbulent winds,
to fly a thousand miles away,
embark on aerial adventures.

I preserve...
Oh, life journey,
some navigate smoothly,
others try to find their bearing.
I envision myself,
as I'm overwhelmed

with the growth of a larva,
hatching to a caterpillar,
shedding its skin as it outgrows
every struggle and trial,
strong enough to transform
to a 'pupa' (Chrysalis) ,
undergoing changes
as life hurdles reorganize
its body into a butterfly. Ready to fly,

I hold onto hope,
maybe tomorrow I will fly.

~jacklyne c ahia

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The Pit

In a pit of despair, surrounded by walls that waver her faith,
An open abyss yawns, where storms of life fall in, and she struggles to shade
herself from the shame it brings.

Every touch and climb is a glimmer of hope,
A respite from the rankling dry dust and earth that irks her soul.

She witnesses the draught of her life, and wonders, 'How long? '
Yet, she's resilient in heart, though her clan's spirits peep,
They don't cheer, they're overwhelmed by life's hurdles.
Her thoughts are fostered with hope of escape, of emerging from this darkness
soon.

~ Jacklyne c ahia

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Symphony Of Hope

Warm old heart struggling in search of solace...
A journey through shadows..
Holding the lamb of resilience
in the part of frustration.
Flickers of hopes, flying fireflies.
The tiny king, the cricket cheers
the traveler..
Chirping guide, sweet melody
on life's winding road..
The only bosom friend!
There's hope, though narrow
there's an end.

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