Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
- poems -

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Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha (28th May 1986)

First son of Vin and Lizzy, loved by two sisters: Deborah and Joy. He does not joke with his cousins, respects and adores his Uncles and Aunts.

A Psychology Scholar, graduate of Imo State University, Owerri, Imo State, Nigeria. Proud of his colour, loves and respects every peoples, Aims at the peak of professing Psychology.

A writer with all it takes from nature to soar high into the depths and heights of literary achievements. Writes the trio of prose, drama and poetry.

A christian, whose diversity of religion is so accommodating that people marvel and confuse his orientation.

Am just K.C.
A Lass

A sweet heart
    having eyes glittering like diamonds.
A face that look like the sun.
I am unable to behold the beam
when you smile, it’s like showing
a mirror to the sun
making desperateness
my tool to having more.
I strive to hear your Angelic bell-like voice
that creates ardor in me.
Your gorgeous hair is not incomparable
to the fleece of a lamb; soft like water.
As you walk, there’s command of-
attention! All eyes! Eyes pop-out
to watch you do, what only you know-
best to do- piki- cha, piki- cha; cat-like
as if, you are walking on a straight rope.
Your lips look like a purple apple
so succulent, whose peck
is a trip fare to heaven, feel like
being conveyed to worship He that made you
implore him, to make you, a pretty pride my bride.
Glories to him for such a lass.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
A Nature's Gift

She's magnetic without knowing
Nature's in love with her
that it bestowed on her beauties.
Can I be nature's rival?
Who am I?
What have I to offer?
Though nothing, I cherish her like life.
In duel with nature
I won in mercy.
Nature asked, 'Ask for anything'.
I demanded for her; the magnetic beauty.
I chose not life nor riches
but her, for whom I risked.
She remains my treasured gift.
Thanks to Mr. Nature.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
A Scar On The Moon

Not only the Ozone depletes
The sun’s vigor energizes
The earth delineates-
Discomfort and turmoil for its inhabitants

A shame-tear on the moon
Its nocturnal functions only for the loon
Technology makes people retire-in so soon
Alternative illuminators even contest with noon

Cry dear moon, for the scar
Man, really has been unfair, so far
Never considering your welfare, playing czar
Your African function, our children mar

Refer to the olden, when you looked golden
Those moon-light tales about my fairy maiden
So friendly with you, though, in the day unforgiving
Don’t frown, for our nights not blacken

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Absence Of Lecture Noise

Deafening vocals hit my ear.
I can get nothing, still conversations abound there.
Though there exist classes,
but, I take 'em all as phrases.
It deconcentrates concentrations formally.
and distorts cognitions totally.
Headache breeder and confusionist,
agility and prudence of market feast.
Unheared joint combinations of opinions.
Eliciting nothing, but, auditory actions.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
African Evening

Quasi dull clouded sky
with humming melodies.
Singing children,
Olds knocking, inhaling and sneezing.
Mothers preparing for intestines
emitting aroma of nature.
No one ’s afraid of nothing,
calmness and serenity hover.
No blaring noise nor
intimidating illumination
to contest with nature.
All left, as it was,
yes, as it was in Eden.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
All His Making

On the palette he mixes us
We in different racial colours
Varied hair and eye colours
Tongues same shape talks in adumbration
God, you are the greatest inventor-
A distinguished artist believing in:
Colour unity- primary and secondary mating
We, in lovely shades made,
We work with and on our bodies without;
With no consideration that all is your making.
Hear, all you who are living,
We are art works of an Omni painter
His artistry is not uncompromised
Always know, you are just a creative piece.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
All My Accord Rove Abstruse (Amara)

Keep on keeping on...
Can I survive as I mourn?

We learn to live

We live to learn

This looks like pun
Like we do it for fun

I am like an innocent guilty in court
Touched at a spot, did that to a lot
A salty food is not the salt’s fault
A teetotaler always prefers a bottle of malt

Must I remain in foolery?
She even called me a fool, I didn’t worry

Must I continue being stultified?
At what point will my stupidity be modified?

Great and loving feelings I cradle
Within my heart towards Love I paddle

She’s forgotten our Canaan love house
Where I planned playing with her my Mickey Mouse
Oh! All My Accord Rove Abstruse

She blatantly said she’s dating him
This switched me off, my phone- removed my sim
Construed by nature I did it, all played like film
I have gone berserk, I pray my heart will gym.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Amateur Family

Marriage and university become twins,
Institutions of union and learning.
The young habituate in sins
of Homo-sexing and intra marrying.

Performance in academics in reduction
Researches relegated down the lane
Physiological ecstasy full in production
For a puerile family of two in sane

Fun and play in difference to hard work
Existing at varied bends f a circumference
Connecting radius, work with clock
Alteration of proportion induce insurgence

Counsellingly, imploring reversion to olds-
Students living in hostels as Bachelor-Spinster
Not like marrieds comforting in colds
But learners out for grades per semester

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Anger

Blockages of vision
motivations of unconscious actions
blinds the eyes of goodism
pays heed to immediacy.
Faces in darkened dimness
hearts blackened in turmoil
feelings of restlessness.
Anger, a cultivated illness.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Are We Ashamed?

Though a shame for such a land
my country is shameless.
A land losing its people
to alien illiteracy.
My country so richly blessed
wallow in cognitive underdevelopment.
The grants of our FATHER
have residence in the pockets of a few.
Schools are unsheltered
market stalls- open like dug graves;
windowless, doorless, lacking in standard
Teachers remain unpaid.
Pupils remain untaught.
Lecturers resort to handing out,
sorting to maintain equilibrium.
All, portents of our difficulties.
Some lecturers are moralistic hypocrites
motion pictures to students.
Displaying negatively what they teach
a complete hindrance to education,
if it is knowledge-character transmission
then, shame on us.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
As Much As I Know

As I look up to the sky
The cloud’s face seems darkened
Is it engorged with sadness or joy?
Suddenly! It winks brightly at me
Then starts sobbing, pouring endless tears
Causing roofs to follow suit
As some vomit unendingly into buckets
The Air becomes conditioned
As the environment silently sneezes
Sprinkling cold globules on me
Chilly the feeling, tingly the caress
Tears of such adumbration
Many my friends divide in likeness

In its time, sheds tears at choice
That’s much I know
Better, may be from you.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Asinine Impacting Knowledge

Can anything be got
From one who has none?
Can an illiterate or ineducable
Teach you how to scribe or journalize?
If a student captures his tutor intoto
Is he not a good student?
When he articulates just like him
Is he not to be accoladed?

Bedeviled are my country’s institutions.
Vocations are in misplacement
Refuse evacuators become lecturers
Learners learn nothing but nothing
The future’s replacement hey!
Now intellectualize in ignorance
The residential homes of knowledge
Wallow in the ruralities and in poverty

Worthlessness left in riches and education.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Beautiful; Our World

Looking across the horizon
befuddlement cuddles me
beautiful celestial landscape
that swallows the skyline in royalty
paints pictures- portraits of aesthetics
An extraordinary motion picture
with birds flapping-fluttering-flying across
Roaming white on blue
shades of gray, radiant ray of red
brandished beauty, I brazenly behold
Our world is a pretty picture pack

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Behaviour

Breeding in variations
likely similarity a rare phenomenon.
Foundation laid genetically
builds nurturally- gregarious influences.
Twins identical, vary
paying no heed to some sameness;
like people taking a bus to
different direction they differ.
Variance, a life spice, spice?
The curry of life,
producing individualism, distinctiveness
and the powerful powers of self.
Imprompter of quarrels and conflicts
but understanding, a regulator, government,
god making peace of similarity.
Behaviour, embodied in thoughts,
feelings and actions- assertions of life.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Being Lonely

A heart in jumbles
seeking ways to realse its bubbles.
It tuggles amidst struggles
to be free from shack shackles.

Arms open like three- sixty degrees
ready to accept referees
to be set at ease
or there will be a freeze.

Alone and seeking
whole body aching
makes a difficult living.
loneliness like dying in suffering

Ah! be it it no real
for it is no deal
but can only kill.
Companions, pour on me.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
My Mama,
    a loving and caring Angel.
    Accepting pains and millstone
to cause my advent herein
on earth- love so great.
My mama,
who served as Nan
in my infancy. Upholding
the rules of commitment.
    Drawn to her bosom,
I was culled endearly dear.
As I took sweet sips
of Mama’s mammary,
    I forgot the introductory cries
of a cruelty- packed world.
As what was like an ear
    of a corn evolves, Mama watched;
keenly she exerted care.
In anger, Mama does say dear,
where ‘man’ says fie!
Is she not an Angel?
I lack symbolic words
to exalt her. No adulations
can make up of for her love.
All she demands, “Be a good man.”
Promise mama, refurbishing it
with love, I love you Mama.
A queen you are
to all loving Mamas.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Can’t Explain You

Calling you honey is undermining
Using the word sugar
To explain the sweetness of your lips
Is an act of natural abuse.
Only your lips tastes like
“Shougraney”; a combination of letters of sugar and honey,
A mixture of their taste.
The aura of your presence,
Brings felicity that joy might attain.
Your eyes, yes, your eyes
Like diamonds and emeralds superimposed
They kindle flames of passion
That no hatred can extinguish.
Though, mine-o-mine
Can just explain infinitesimal.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Chassis Phrase

A new Dawn, a fresh start
Just like one with a blank slate
Beginning afresh to scribble life anew
Forgetting the past, only looking on
The day is young and hopeful
Renewed, reoriented and re-living
Not all get this chance, lucky you
Prove your worth in new ways
Believe in newness of all things
That’s what keeps you new
And it is your chassis phrase.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Conquering Fantasy

Escalation of emotion the notion
Admiration sets me in motion
Competence, the caption
Attraction sustains our liaison
Disagreement and doubts cause lesion

Last line above absent, we advance
Dual decision not by chance...
My words sweet in its stance
Fighting like a Trojan horse
Massacring inhibitions of course

Set in the mood we brood
In need that we should
Make our whole soma nude
This is my turn as the dude
To initiate this id mood

Having gotten her higher
She sparkles like fire
My... my... ehmn... is the water
To quench the fantasy altar
Happy like a lark, I conquer

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Contract Unresolved

Sometimes, I ponder and wonder
Why not for such love grow fonder

One leaves splendor to wallow in gallows
For my sake, a sordid person and my fellows

He came to earth, a child, starts life afresh
Much pains unleashed to his noble flesh

A king humanly and spiritually
Was pilloried criminally

He died for my sake, a worthless goon
I started sinning, a little before soon.

How wicked am I; how unfaithful am I?
His steadfast love pours on me from on high
He remained faithful and always very nigh
I pray from sin and evil always away- fly

Only then will his suffering not be in vain
The agony he endured not the stupefaction of an insane
His pains, aches, blood streaming down his mane.
Designs on his back marks of gory soldiers’ cane

All these for my sake, why must my love wane?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Daring

Be daring in doing
mountains climbed at ease.
Oceans swam like streams.
Difficulty of the undaring-
assured nipple sips of enfants.
Dare, conqueror of women
fear instinct of men-
Puh puh puh pants!
Be dared.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Darling Daddy

Ho ho ho, he’s my man
Sometimes his looks are stern.
It’s so, for my sole good
Lest I’ll do been a dud dude.

From him are my gentle-glaring looks
Couldn’t find his simplicity in all nooks
His humility like one of life’s brooks
His prayer for the betterment of all
Never wishing even enemies to fall
For this, he remains physically and spiritually tall.

Am his client, him, my therapist
Yet I occupy most of his spending list.
He makes me, mother and siblings feast-
Enjoyment galore, dissatisfaction not in the mist.
His kids: Kctony, elder to Deborah before Joy
His wife, Lizzy, makes life sweet as soy.
His troubles he conquers like Troy.
Bounties of blessings his, since he was a boy.

Dad, I will make you proud
Make sure our family sees no cloud
And your name said so loud
On the world’s lips never enshroud.
Surely, my being your son will make you proud
I will build you castles of happiness
Make you a king, oh! Your Highness
Your palace, I will adorn with blueness-
Signifying love, serenity and greatness.
God proclaims; people are speechless.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Decency

Having a human face
covering our animalism
making us goody godly.
The only effect ushering
gentlemanliness and lady- like
frames in man.
Decency, like the sound
T-H-E  S-E-N-S-Y
you make man sensy.
Upholding higher brains
that's adduced to him.

This new age awarded you
an ‘In’ prefix of dishonour.
Elongating your name;
oppositing your semantics;
a blaspheme to your name.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Disarmed Nigeria

While a blessed nation
robs itself of ammunition
weapons of the new century
develop science and technology.

My country, what is wrong?
Intellectual barracks built in throng
with flowing segregation drowning our land
encouraging mass arrest of illiteracy in the land.

Instructing aids are deficient
creating a cumbersome armament.
Instructors instruct with desert-like stomachs.
Their accounts and pockets mere earmarks.

What should be for all is now for few
Inflated fees affordable by the rich few
unable to pay, some suffer to death, majority to vices.
Commanders, please, make splices.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Dogs Play (An Option For Man)

It is better to be like dogs
you don’t think so huh.
‘Cos dogs are unrefined
related to elicit sexuality
play like fools.
But they don’t fight
shed no blood.
Do not sex- hawk.
Avoid internal specie bickering.
Dogs are great lovers
heed to equality and fair play
maintain vigilance with no anxiety.
Dogs play, sure option for man.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Dramatic; Life

A name so so sweet
for a drama so so set.
With main setting on planet earth,
no drama could be assessed
in so equivocal nonane
settings, attuning non
living and living things.
What an ingratiator the author is!
The characters being adumbrated of their roles
at inception, proffers antagonism or protagonism.
A tragicomedy; irony abounding paradoxical
countenance of thrilling suspense. Bom bom
of disconsolate serenity, superimposed
to be didactic and dual sided.
Oh! this drama of consternation
and imperturbable allay.
Moments toing and froing
lugubriously and elation.
Dirge and lilt emanating
from different scenes.
Ooh! Ending, all await.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Emotional Nourishment Deprived (End)

Feelings so special initiate kissing
I kiss `cos I couldn’t resist doing
It is you `cos you’re adoring
Those pink lips, succulent, tempting and inviting

You starve me of my food
I live with appetite unquenched, what a mood
Eats, talks but the other, oh, I wish you could
Kiss me; make me less a ply wood

Your kiss, my eyes close for its vitamin A supplement
Your kiss absent, I lose my sight millions of moment.
The tongue exercise makes my speech healthily fluent
You make our tongues playmates with no environment

Through kissing the heart expresses itself
It now looks impoverished, I feel it myself□
Remove this starvation; store it for history in the shelf.
You remain the one, even if you are an Elf.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Esqua Material?

Marvels abound earth
Constitutions of it infinitum
Leading the Latins to ask:
Esqua material, constitui mundi?

Advancements of science
Projecting us not to promise land.
Man opposite earth in growth
Appreciation and depreciation two extrmes.
Sphericality, third planet, man’s habitat,
Life quatale lay no clue to discovery.
The question lives-on...
Precipitating, projecting and perpetuating
A confusion: What is it made of?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Feminidisco: The Unusual Music

In admiration they glance
to each other they glance
“ I admire your hair! ”
“ Your face more fair! ”
These flow from their mouths,
as the admiree flaunts
to the packed complements
that are mere supplements.
The crystal in their mist
kept squealing and whirling in gist.
From my sitting abode
I shivered as if cold
but no, only a thrill from a pitched voice
low- tuned like hums of my choice.
Though, never caught a word
I enjoyed the chord.
A mind’s meal
that gave me a thrill.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Fiend- Friends I

Drugs, friends to 21st centurions
We use and abuse them at will
They also use and misuse us as well
They are natural for use but artificial for abuse.
Our parents had no pity on you
Ours, we burn and drown you everyday
I trust you... you send us to the rubbish
Make us your devout slaves, you, our god and master.
We are yet to board the bus to knowledge;
To understand, that our dependence is death.
You are a fiend, but we call you friend,
Why not?
As you accompany us down unreality lane,
You deal with our anxiety, stress and timidity.
You forget, your worth we give you,
Your strength we act out.
You are only something as we become nothing.
Our physiology is an accomplice unblamed.
Our neurons you trigger; control, our brains conditioned.
There is a sanction, you double edger.
Also for man, reality dodger...

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Fiend Friends Ii

... The natural growns will become scarce.
The chemical mixed, prosecuted for robbery;
Wrong mimicry of endocrine actions.
That great wall of resistance our system will build
For you a home will be deprived.
In man, little-insignificant action executed,
Artificially deprived of your natural inheritance.
These will remain your lot only if...

... Man, accept internal controlled locus.
Rely on religion and promises there-in.
Accept failure and confront challenges
Desist-Insist on Internal-External pleasures.
Like June 12, self prescription annulled.
Like September 11, drug cabinets bombed.
As in 25th December a new you incepted.
Like on New Year’s Eve, new drug resolution resolved.
Please no peer pressure pleasure.
Forgive freely your former self.
Manage, maintain and muster maturity,
Reminded, resolved, you realize-
Substance abuse serves no use.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Flower

Flower is of beauty
scented in essesnce,
scuried for, by hands
knowing its prominence
Wanting perceiving by noses
valuing the savour.
An issuance in love
for love
to loved
A pleasurable gift
impressionably- immessurable spirit lift
love for lovers.
Adored by adorners.
Is it not part
of eden's paradiasical features?
Oh! wonders of creation
abound- lilies, roses,
likes of 'em all
like rainbow,
all flourish and flutter around.
Is there any vicinity
lacking its vivacity
basking? let all
flowering flowers flower, and flourish
the whole earth.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Freedom Is Anarchy

Feeling free in full freedom
A quest yet accomplished.
Thinking of the locus and milieu
One, just caring but for himself
The next man a friend without ‘r’
Selfishness as a form of Government
Crudity and rudeness as parastatals
Love, a law against the land
Commitment, crime punishable by death
Patriots, sure candidates for exile.

Free full fledged freedom
How possible for people to practice?
Discerning, doing-destroying at will
For discretion is freedom?
Ultimate freedom allows at least one control
Something controls something
Unlimited freedom is facile.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Generative Extinction: Your Quota

Why do you leave
can’t you stay and give
your exuberant strength
for your nation’s growth.
You change your identity
reject into to your nationality
for a greener pasture
altering your stature; a caricature.
In allegiance you stand
for others’ land.
Contemptuously you look
on your soil as a toil, a nook.
Come home, let’s like doctors
surgeon on our land as reformators.
Stay back, propagate the future
liberate our generation from torture.
Ignore the societal strata
just avail, your quota.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Glorious Vision

Huge success criss-crosses the geography
Unnoticed it dwells; evading the eyes of photography
Never praised by journalists' calligraphy

Popularity like diffused smoke
Acquainted only to the atmosphere, anti choke
Your revelation thoughts, inebriates like coke

Oh! Countrymen, hope builds on our land
Peace collects rent from a landlord's stand
Soon, happiness mounds love on this sand

The future, more glorious than the vision

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Gone Were Those Days

Far spent into the new days...
Long gone were those early years,
When things moved as they were thought to do.
Gone were those days,
When the main ethics of medical profession
Is to save and perpetuate life.
What’s their ethics these days?
You know better than I.
The legal profession?
Gone were those days they fought
To uphold the cause of justice
And free the guiltless.
Gone were those days,
When the nurses’ uniform
Signified warmth gentleness and care.
Gone were those days,
When clothes were meant to cover nakedness.
Today, they are used to design nakedness.
Certainly, gone are those days,
When days are counted in days
Now, we count twenty-four hourly.
Does it matter?
If those days are gone?
Not at all, for soon we will be gone.
Then, with us our present day.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Great People: Blessed Nation

Our people see our origin as a curse
Others take to their heels- running-off
Many in penury and poverty in it reside
Quite a few will not trade it for another

Our land is a blessing; a God-given gift
Mismanagement has kept it in degradable state
Faith will make us know this is not our fate
It is not late to start anew on a blank slate

Foreigners with foresight envy us
The dwell among us and make happy lives
They ought to, why not
Fairytales to us are earthquakes and tornadoes
Floods and hurricanes sound fictitious to us
More of natural resources than its curses
Good season, nice weather and climatic conditions
Rain in its time, sun smiling and winter augustly visits

 Beautified by people of different languages,
 Multi-cultural and ethnic orientations
 Still, under one nation we stand
 Unified and undivided struggle to co-live

 A place with an intellectual jackpot
 Where internationally intellectuals are been drawn
 From varied areas of specialties they soar high
 Computers, mathematics and this I do; literature

 Greatness is emblazoned on our faces
 Achievement like a seal to our skins
 Quest for survival the undertow of our lives
 We know we are special however we pretend
 World Maker, please sustain Nigeria
 God, keep Africa and bless peoples of your world.

 Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Health: Pride Of Nations

Nature, life and sexuality
A trio recurrent in humanity
Presently to man like calamity

Nature attacked by disasters
Life saddled with matters
Sexuality inundated with health haters

A few feign ignorance of the situation
Even as reality is visitor without invitation
Best practices foe to them amidst information

Misappropriation moguls mind your conduct
Incompetents, you produce poor a product
Master-minding means maiming life duct

My Africa, many blows on you dealt
Before bad health your children knelt
Adinterim, positive changes in you felt

RH, FP, MCH, STIs issues of living
Funds are at work; seriously advocating
NGOs toward better life, promoting

Management Strategies advanced for Africa
Greater commitment continuous in Nigeria
All in the fight to frail and fraught the enigma

For all fighting for man’s freedom
Your efforts, kings in ills-free kingdom
Where maternal- neo-natal mortality is seldom

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
I Cry

Formulated policies of our polity
in wrong implementation a casualty.
Our fresh bloods lack faculty.
Our existence in no liberty.

Admission procedures so rigorous
De-rigored only by the famous.
It eludes unnumbered numerous.
Life becomes arduous

Canopies of nature now teaching rooms.
Non scientific bungalows, lecturing rooms.
Universities relinquish forums
becoming places for show-off costumes.

Indiscipline, surname to many learners.
Students pay no heed to lecturers.
Undergraduates not uncompened with marketers.
I cry for our future leaders.

Stealing prowess, exhibition in examination
So common to answer a profession.
Studying a new era odd option.
Surmountable graduates deride the nation.

Intimidation brother to everyday
Cliques turn cults to repay.
Haters of these, have no say.
Best done is stay and pray.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
I Taste Brilliance

My sweet morning light
Illuminating so bright
Adorning even my night
Giving me a clear sight

My light of blissful peace {Emem
I can’t forget to proclaim
You set my day firm
With unseen roots and stem.

My light, my choice
Made from God’s first voice
Having colour of turquoise
Love, life, serene, devoid of noise.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
In Rationality

Novelty is a pushing course
Inertia is dismantled by it.
"I wanna know" is a quintessence
it fore-runs, " I wanna experience"
This cognizance of experiencing
Keeps one in the pathway of humanizing.
The orchestration of one’s horizon
Is a determinant for search decision.
Religion is a cobweb,
those with rationalistic sense break through
In detriment to the concept soul.
Surmounting the opiate graduates one
to a reality of illusions and imaginative actuality.
Good a thing to rationalize
Better to rationalize well
Best to rationalize in finesse.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
In The Struggle

Human strength is exerted
meaning all human possibility.
What's the strive all 'bout?
Attaining perfection via holiness.
The struggle can't but go on-
gods try Godly status.
Though situations hinder,
environment help violate.
man; a few, are still,
... in the struggle.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Indication

Someone turns me on
She doesn't know even
Even when I start playing
Anger is the only switch off
Simple tunes though I play
She asks “what? ”
A question of confusion or definition
Her pride hate I
She acknowledges my chauvinism
In opposite she dances feminism
Her company I enjoy
In preference her time spent away
Her name: Nice Girl On my Zone an Indication
Indication of wavering steadiness-
Constancy only in difficult flickering
Been DJ to numerous others
Hers I call New Gyra
Wanna scratch the disc
To produce tunes homogenous
This’ a show, showing
Portraying something.

Kctony Xtober Nkwocha
It's How We Live

Nation inundated with many resources
Obnoxious Politicians turn them to curses
Fleet of cars with no roads
Houses in-city, nobly, rats occupy
Children under-seven hawk
Struggle for transport, trampled;
Smashed under cars’ feet
Traffic jam drains brains’ oxygen
Intelligence repudiated by suffering
Little sicknesses cause demise
As giant ones wipe out our race
In hunger, we face daily challenges
Still export food to disaster-struck

Look at them in their ‘Agbada’
Lavish of fabric far enough for four kids,
Whom nudity accompanies down the streets
In their mobile rooms, well-suited, AC humming
Eyes parading landscape of spread sheets
Loud speakers whisper sweet tunes
Lulling them to more anti-laudable acts

Is this how we live?
Strive to survive, die deprived?
We wish for a good dish
Fend for and factor fair future for tomorrow
We are famished for fairness, equity and justice.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
January 1

The first day of a year, yes, New Year day
The night before, canons, fireworks are heralds
People look forward in expectation of you.
What makes you different from ordinary days?
You are where many resolutions are manifested
Also, where many die, never seeing the dawn of tomorrow.
Much prayer is cast, much love shared by many
We pray for changes in inconsistencies
And permanence in all dearly past
Happy New Year for you January 1
Let this happiness be shared to all others
Days, weeks, months, years and centuries.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Life Of Evolution

In our social evolution
We love, and later taste the other side
As we fallout we say we are growing
It doesn’t mean if we are stuck we’ve retarded
But, we must continue, it’s our evolution.

Daily we meet, hurt and happy people
We hug, push-away, kiss and spat at
Same person we caress, with same hand we slap
Ironical? Yes! But, it’s just evolution.

Your sunshine can turn out to be a fiery night
Nightmarish darkness with no dot of light
Why not? As the earth’s revolution causes night and day,
Weeks, months, years and millennia, nothing much
We're just in the evolution.

Is it not our calling?
To continually evolve, change and adapt?
To love, like, hate and manage anger?
To live like we never stayed, felt or been?
Can man one day become Ape again?
Or you and I anti-evolutionary?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Lost Glory

Goodnight Africa!
I cry for Mama Africa
Mama’s children once united in love
vying for their brothers
protecting and loving their sisters

Now night has beclouded you
Your voice less that of the ewe
Only sonorous in foreign cove
Your backyard open to strangers
Your roof leak to dangers

Fight for a new dawn!
Stop behaving like a fawn!
Arise! Regain your nature clove
Don’t be insidious
but be amorous...

In fight for your lost glory.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Love

Multi- billion word of meanings
meaning meanings to multiple
genres of mortals.
Men say “our legal tender
for having female commodities.”
Females accept it as a divine care
having earthly orientation.
Though they may be wrong
in wrong they dwell.
Meant to come from the heart
to the heart it returns
either soothingly or like a piercing arrow.
My wish is for man
to grab its essence
difficult huh, a mystery.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Love Bites

Recurrently, to love stings
Painfully than scorpions’ stings
Such pain psycho-emotionally mediated
Makes one like in hot oil, saturated

Follow me down this pain lane
As you realize, love is insane

Euphoric atmosphere, the genesis
Sulphuric biosphere, the revelation

Should the unearthed separate us?
Or rather, to us a binding force?

Kisses replaced by spat spittle
Those hands of caress now do little

Palms slap, middle fingers shown
Showing a great thumb- down
And the relationship as a social frown.

Pains of love mysterifies earth
God’s love, Jesus’ sacrifice all in same path

To love is to die in compromise for another
This never paid-off, why go further rather than deter?

Because, you are no alien
You will not die not stung; unbitten

In life, love surely bites all.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Love Waves

In love
the ocean is calm.
Relegated to unconscious
is its turbulence.
Sailing like pirates
imperturbably sailing.
Exchanging vows-
“Only us live in our bay”.
Once there’s undertow
visitors are welcomed
populating the bay
bay meant for two.
The ocean of love,
angry, sweeps all,
sure all, ashore.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Loving Mother Lizzy

She was my first home
From whence I did come.
Those were my sweetest triple trimester
Warmth of love wrapped, none ever sweeter.

Moaned, cried and shouted.
Encouraged she should nudge me out, she pushed...
So painful letting go, she was tired,
I felt it as I gave a shrill cry
Harsh and chilly the environment, I try...
To survive, to live and not to die.

Thinking love’s over, there was renaissance
My thirst quenched by water and her nipple source
From bosom to shoulder to back, we dance,
Freud would say, complex of Oedipus.
Her offering, no she can attain.
Her suffering, no body can strain.
Damped her wrapper and her lace in stain.
Her belief not in vain: Pain for gain.

Infantry through adolescence to adulthood
You gave millions more than others, none understood,
When confronted, you bragged that I could
Make you happy to forget all nights you stood
And make permanence for a good mood.
Dad calls you Lizzy, his daisy.
Mum, you are my chum, your love juicy.
I promise never in evil be busy.
All hail my man’s mind inconceivable Mamie.
Mum, you are the only pretty, ritzy Lizzy.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Low Land Of Learning

A long way away
for my dear home land.
Education in her gone astray,
Only peripherals at hand.
Libraries and laboratories in dismay.
Teachers and students stand.
Wrong professions in display
at teaching in the lowland.

Lowland of learning,
foundation for development.
Girl-boy-profession inequality,
another barricade abiding.
Young intellectuals get no reinforcement.
Old ones show dead agility.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Made By Two

***
Took him on astride on a ride
Demeaning their pride
Hunger and thirst of love in proof
As they gallop int aloof like goof

*
Love stupor, a cupid’s bidding?
    Blindly adventurous their kissing
Four hands made up of massage
Try to pass across the message

**
Increased-taut some somatic frail
Saturated in the well of love like drawing pail
Sauntered and sailing in hormonal bliss

****
Such a cuisine-mix they fix
Jeeez! Cheese butter chocolaty
Ham omelet not more tasty. □

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Morbid Ambition

My determination is ephemeral
Earlier than now, it was sacrosanct
Like it will live adinfinitum.
Now, I live a life of renege.
What behooves me I don’t know.
Giant-sized enormous phallus has pierced
The hymen of my strivings
Making me look petite
With a modicum of life.
In acquiescence to less success
I have been pulverized to sordidness.
Brazenly failure confronts me.
Though, a corollary in my world,
I know my aim, adininterim, is disease positive.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Morbid Ambition II: Re-Defined

Really, my determination is diminished
It has becoming a playing mat
My escalated emotion in most negative
My pride, failure has take for a ride
Mild visions of future successes linger
But why has my abenitio been seconded?
Yes! I relapsed, but should still in control be
Assailed to a strange world, I prowl
Scribbling this, I lack diction
Nothing denotes or connotes what I feel
Seal on the crux is “disillusioned”
“Anti-armament” for zeal my kill
Divinity’s help resort I to sort me-
Put me out of this factorial opprobrium
Disequilibrium unable to homeostat...

Hush! Nothing esoteric is in occurrence
Diseased though my public striving
My determination undertow is pushing
I am to recover the clove of my demeanor
My interactional health once again bubble
My being pliant and supple, letting go of the anti-couple.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
My Demeanor

A times it looks aptly open
Desert-like, so dry of life.
I wonder if am steepen
Or just dwelling on internal strife.

“What does he feel? ”
“Who the hell is he? ”
“Is he striking a deal? ”
“With his mind’s settee? ”

No one talks, just speculating
Mind’s owner offers no explanation
I, either am degenerating or regenerating
The casuals of my wavering deviation.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
My Emotional Posture

Changes have been effected without loses
The permeation smoother than osmosis
Led across the ‘love’ ocean by female Moses.
I never even cared about hatred’s horses.

My heart ‘s turned to Canaan; our love house,
Where I will play with you, my mickey mouse.
You call me Jerrymouse to strike a truce
I have better others like my salty tomatoes.

Aha! Slim pepper- eighted posture
With lovely gait, beautiful structure
Emotions so mature capture me in rapture.
Nowatimes, I think at your back, my heart will rupture.

Your love is pricelessly valueless
Unwilling for life jacket, I drown in ocean of happiness.
I still remain as M.J. puts it: “speechless”
My heart is gorged with honeyed sweeteness.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
My Incarcerator

Partially like an octopus you bound
with unnumbered tentacles, you tie me.
Though, I have no escape will
I’m a prisoner
locked up in Love Island
no strength to swim past
the ocean of love surrounding me.
Bad thing it is, you held me unknowingly.
Mesmerize of your looks
the jailers that took me.
Guards are the jingles of your voice,
holding me against an escape route.
The radiant serenity of your face
makes the sun to cover its eyes.
Lilies and roses
feel inferior in your presence.
looking down to your shadow
they compare in sorrow
and me, a blind admirer.
Your attention, guts to draw it
will make me your happy slave.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
My Underpinnings: Where Art Thou?

Desires so strong subdue me
Ravaging my heart against my will
Softly surmounting my discretion
Flows into my eyes activates my hands
My heart a victim needing recuperation
Wishes and resolutions not kept
Harbour me in this den of disdain
Full of pain by the cane of an insane
Want to not to still towards I run to
Massacred and repudiated, my resistance
Desires energized; my being enervated
Morbid; sordid, am pulverized
To wind controlled... hush.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Nigeria’s Puzzling Crashes

A puzzle remains unraveled...
Plane crashes in my country, mysteries.
The plane’s black boxes hint not even lies.
Life of our people betrothed to chance.
We do nothing but think...
Just thinking, mere speculation...
I think the crash is as a result of... Oh!
This unscientific statement bombards our ears.
Have we not exhausted our tears?
What of words for condolences—written and spoken?
God’s fortitude for untimely irreparable losses
Caused by our carelessness and inhumanity
Has drained- out in the heavenly well.
Is this a technique for reducing the population?
I wonder... Really, I wonder!
Will the ADC crash be an ADC;
A security consciousness to our aviation?
The demise of these hundreds
will be avenged only if... If
a repetition is averted.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Night After The Rain

Environment is revived
Some nature’s creatures alerted-
Croaking toads...
Chirping crickets...
Soft whistle of wind
Parading in its chilly make up
Couples couple and cuddle each other
Singles tenacious to blankets and pillows
The air-generating
Siamese triplet stand still.
A better source
More intense, has over- took it.
The source gives sleep
A snoring and blissful gift-
Making jealousy out of they, awake.
Hurry! Say goo’night and enjoy,
The night of the rain.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
No Deceit

Love in my twenties
Oh! So sweet like honies
Grin grn grin...
Her phone rings
Up she picks...
changes ensued, starting from...
From what? Oh, all things
The voice is prepared
Garnished like oysters with green peas
So sonorous, low tuned only for him
She talks in way her friend comments thus:
“so that she will not kwuhie”.
Kwuhie? Yes, make no mistakes
Oh! Network, why sleep?
Wakie, wakie, back to reality
She was overly overwhelmed.
Her friend reminds her...
You said you will have his calls rejected.
She objects amidst laughter.
That call made her stay in my crib
Lively, enjoyable and honeyable
For her, I say thanks to Honie

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
No Gimmicks 4 U

Sun’s ashamed of such she face
She shone it to daze in space
Sun’s eyes covered in disgrace
My she’s face a worthy instance

Her glory, direct reflection of God’s
She knows not this, I do ofcourse
Strive for her realization in our discourse
Her pretence like corrected the Pharisees by Jesus

Skin so sumptuously supple
With finesse of fair apple
Open like grave my yawn a sample
My appetite like a child tenacious to nipple

No Gimmicks my lovely she
I say all as I see
You might be for another he
Problem- less appreciate He for me

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Only You

No one else
you alone-
a lone man.
want it done?
do 't yourself
undone? yourself.
Just assistance
artificial configuration.
Never 'n guarantee
You are a battalion
fight your war,
win, do your work
alone, non else.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Out To Destroy: A Fiesta Of Antagonism

Weird masked face
success-bullet proof
slaughtering sword of success to failure
helmet of wickedness and melancholy.

Out to destroy...
With great vigour
achievement is fought
with tacts unknown
destructive fire unleashed.

Just out to destroy...
reasons so unfounded
excuses no less flimsy
but other’s anguish
a feasting dinner,

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Overwhelming Impact

A technocrat of the act
Needs not sign no contract
Needs none’s consent in the pact
Appealing like work of art
Experience, expertise; expatriating in fact
The other party confused like a blind rat
Passive like a dead soldier in a combat
Unrolled and spread out like a mat
Laid and paid with pleasure intact
Sent to ecstasy for a warm bath
Such a leisure with a measure of aftermath
Savouring the capture of rapture outside planet
Transport fare, body’s chemical alert
Only important is the mechanics of the technocrat-
Never found confused, inept or inert.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Poetic Orgy

Poetic passion pass through me
As ink-toy caresses blankness
Creating rhythmic imprint.
Tempo increases nigh to high
Voluptuous orgasm leads to period.

Looking up and back
Remembrance not envisaged of when
How, more far-fetcher
Pimp known but not so.
Wooing time, life’s bidding.

Stuck in this romantic love
Rounds infinity to be gone
Vigor replenishes not diminishes.
Diminuendo is ephemeral.
Decrescendo, only but, adinterim

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Psyche Sobs

We met,
realized we were twin flames
glowing distinctly from others.
Host we never played to quarrel
not for a split of a split second; an unsualty!

We met,
sacrificed trust;
a foundation indestructible.
Built a citadel of love
dwelt therein as one.

You left,
extinguishing the flame;
a single love flame.
Inviting turmoil
my crude visitor.

You left,
leaving me one friend
loneliness a fiend.
Making me a psychological celibate.

There,
feel not what I feel
please but the negative
‘cause your hap’ness
even in spiritness
is my core.

I love you.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Pulchritudinal Features

Compared with the sun
Emitting ultra-violetly
Smiles contagiously infectious
I mea your face: sweet case
Itching down, am dazed
Neck showing lovely drawings
Artistic expertise of God
In ringly circle arranged
Lower, lower, lower
Lo! Behold the almonds
Nutrients- packed for generation
Like a rising of sea waves
Smother than finest of waters
Then, a darker spot; the hot spot
Orally- enticing suckles us
Moves us and sustains us
All know I do much appreciate it
Lower, lower, lower
A smooth, flat plane
With a remainder- reminder of our birth
Trickle trace of hairs
Cascading towards...
Towards what?
Gosh, shhh, I stop.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Rampage On The Young

Young stars varnish away
like the magic; abracadabra.
Movie fictions are
everyday occurrences.
The armless thief
robs our young of living.
School editorial boards
turn obituaries.
Death! What sweetness
is in young blood
that has eaten nothing?
You devour like
none is greater than thee.
I know thee shall be cautioned
yes must be cautioned.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Re- Presenting Africa

When you think of Africa
you think of blackness
also think of pride and strength.
The black of Africa symbolizes nature
untapped with upheld virginity.
My Africa, where nature’s blessings abound
that you wonder, ponder, sitting like pander
withdrawn to understand, why Africa?
Beats and rhythm Africa’s heritage
home or diaspora your tunes resound
Those pum-pum-tum-kum
synchronize with your heartbeats
lifts you to hip-hop, waist wreathing
dance steps simultaneous to rhythm.
Happy people only known
when within Sadness gates.
Africans are happy people.
Live and let live
forever our continental motto.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Revived From Slumber

Relaxed, I stay in fun
Enjoying the luxuries of a fawn.

Changes, I have observed
The dynamics really undeserved.

From that state of freedom
I delve into calculated syndrome.

Catapulted, I flee, back to myself;
To my studies, as in the Bible like Joseph.

Joseph to the Lord, away from She-Portipha
I, to the sturdy, distancing academic Lucifer.
Never a slumping man
Ride in determination ‘cos you can.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Rhymes For My Maker

Mindless of how forgetful I can be
I can't forget He who made me
Who makes me see every day's dawn
Makes me watch the sun rise with brawn
Grants me the favour to see it set
I enjoy life like am his pet
Oh! Let us sing to the lord
He’s my God and your God
Doing good to all at same time
For this I make music for him- rhyme
In my poem, lyrics of my song
Let my voice rise like a gong
So I can shout His love and greatness
Telling the peoples of his care and kindness
The perfect Ingratiator, my Jehovah
The abundance of your graces still within us hover
We pray to be worth giving you praises
So to your praises diverted even our noses
All our entirety proclaiming your glory
Shame on the devil with such face so gory
Halleluiah to your name
I sing to Your Almighty everlasting fame.

Kctony Xтопher Nkwocha
Screen Saver

He laughs...

Watching them play, mixing up
Different hues dancing in His palette

He frowns...

Seeing them war; feud of friends of common foe
Feeling frustrated as nature frauds them

He winks...

When they tease Him in prayers
Creatively crowning and counting His names

He smiles...

To their ignorance, their foolery
Their sins of childishness

He imagines...

“How I wish they know, to grow
So to become my looping SCREENSAVER”

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Second Thought

When gullets await passersby
And intestines pray for visitors.
Whole body apply functionalism
to make a living.
Education, a second thought.
As planners plan for self kitchens.
Upgrading their lineage and cohort’s.
Little or nothing left for the masses.
Mass education, unthought second thought.
For so long a process.
Black man is impatient.
Through other routes wield affluence.
Education, a sure second thought.
Academic sessions in truncation
with background of non-quasi payment
or divorced wedlock of campus mayhem.
Education, mistaken second thought.
Certificates parade our geography
get no accommodation in official drawers
as offices are transmitted like genes
why acquire it? A second thought.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Self Deceit

We say we love
when we lost.
We frown when praised
deep inside we ‘re elated.
We breathe
but say we ‘re dead.
At the point of death
we shout “ I ‘m alive”.
In suffering we claim to enjoy.
the rich cry of hardship.
We lie to ourselves knowing we ‘re lying
convincing ourselves that we ‘re not,
believing we ‘re not.
Yet we know the truth-
this an endemic.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Self- Deceit Ii

... An endemic in life
accepting to be good
rejecting to be bad
pleasing others in strife.
Becoming pastor of a pastured
advising against the sixth command
being an ardent violator of the command
husbanding lone sisters; none a wife.

Claiming righteous and born-again
stealing and nailing Christ again.
We know there’s no gain
we must get a pay of pain.

Is it purging in purgatory?
Or is self- deceit refractory?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Shame Of Personal Disgrace

An aftermath of my thought,  
now in reality of adjudication. 
I confront my shameful disgrace in faction, 
collocation of internal turmoil and external butts. 
I beseeched the occurrence of a tornado or earthquake 
to: simultaneously kite me away or entomb me. 
But, the apogee of my dismal had no act naturally. 
Resorting to fate, I await on stake. 
With no deluge of aid, reality I resolved. 
Back from trance, met I the boisterous laughter of derision, 
making the environs a den of disdain and mortification. 
I stood still; paused, waiting to be revised and replayed.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Why do people meander to Linda?
Does she play mother or philander?
Amassing so many friends arsenal, I wonder!
Intentional peruse made me shout: “I surrender! ”

Set so firm, her face, thoughts and actions
A heart like a kingdom, accommodating amidst passions
Her laughter always reiterating friendly notions
In her presence, promotion, admonition all of motion’s

Strong –willed; arguments so unwieldy
Many think she is emotionally unwealthy
Hush, never heard from me, “she’s softer than a baby”
As she calls me “friend” wouldn’t divulge secrets steady

Be my defense, I said nothing so far?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Sunkwo! (A Way Of Life Of Young Adults)

S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Under-graduating way of life
S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Slang of their attidunality

S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Jolly ride along the stony ways
S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Bandwagon of amaroma gallops away

S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Bang of their musical bands
S-o-o-o-nkwo- kwo
Dancing steps of their rocking bodies

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Sunny Schoolmarm

Great heroine of my faculty.
Esteem, hold I you, my damsel.
You are a siren to masculinity
possessing larynx of soprano,
makes out distinctiveness; a speciality.
My belle, looking like a squaw goddess.
A maiden of language; accentuated linguistics,
you usurp on us intoto, we strain
to perceive the vocals, willingly or in antonym.
You impel my motivation,
via your discourse of didactism.
Accolades to fate, why?
for the confluence.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
That Girl

One evening as I chilled outside
“Look at that girl”, a friend said
I turned and let out a serenade-
Your looks make ugliness afraid
I walked up to her, “hush”, she said
I was left starring at fine coloured brocade
I cleared my throat in charade
She walked on, and I turned it into a parade
Pointing to green vegetation, I demonstrated
How beautifully my village landscape made
She smiled and geared me to divert to arcade
A game of which she has a higher grade-
“Your approach is like the gulp of sweet lemonade”
In preference I do chose your smile to an Escalade
She replied, “only when battered and out-dated”
A wrong preference for you so scientifically made
“Am so, for am yet not on your bed like linen spread”
Reorient her O God to judge fairly, I prayed.
We continued the game, chatted, acquainted and strayed.
I knew all of her except her name and her braid
She’s my ‘that girl’, whom forever in my mind ingrained.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
The Face Of Seduction

So prettily seductive than seduction as a word
Bearing temptation as a sword unused by a coward
Such alluring smile it emits, dispelling senses of control
Only those who avoid her charm remain sane.
Seduction is beautiful, I wonder if it’s a she
It turns a monkey into an admirable angel
Our ladies are natural PhD holders in the act
In fact, practicing Professors in projecting it.
With such silent but salient intimidation
Male psyche altered and manipulated.
It can be worn as a mask:
Brightly shadowed shining eyes like stars
Shouting, “oh! Come on” millions per second,
With long hair let loose to cascade down shoulders
Untraceable dimples appear like white dots on black.
Recognize that face, and you will appreciate its strength.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
The Journey

Days walk-by
as the seconds tick away.
We grow old
but observe constancy.
As the earth rotates
with no turn of its inhabitants
our hair turn grey
every breath we take.
We pass through life
through us it passes.
We harness it,
but it is selective;
doing good and bad
to different mortals.
We must pass through
the travails...
It is the journey.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Trust In Antiquity

I thought I saw a physical you
Not knowing I met a ghost of you
I even prayed for my hallucination to be true
Instead reality sent me out to the dew
Long ago you died, I came to know
I came to accept for I got a blow
You died early when there’s way long to go
I was also told you never went in motion slow

Life has lost validity and reliability
Your absence is a real calamity
To this world: God’s university
An order of the day is adversity
Trust, I know you lived in antiquity
Where reduced is immorality and iniquity
But your demise encouraged animosity
I had a bitter taste though not of gullibility

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Twilight Romance

Sitting- cuddling each other
Whispering- knowing there’s no other.
Our words to ourself, laughter
to the world released after.

Eyes turned up to stars
I compare my lass
with the heavenly mass-
though unnumbered, she’s in higher class.

I am her hero
as moon stands like zero
in the dark cloud as hero.
I secure her in the bistro.

Two at a dinner table
with a single candle
producing glittering light unstable
food, love words all in ample.

Lying refreshed in bed.
For sleep? No, play instead.
With assurance no one is led
we create an intimate stead.

Sugar stick in honey pot
love’s cooked really hot
with little muttering shout
fire burns slowly out.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Unlabelled Phobia I

Faced with a phobia
Yet unclassified
Delving far within my soul’s depth
Unable to nib it out
I battle with the physiopsychological
My socials soon will deride me

A call for help to no one
I shout but only within
The echoes of my heart...
Only my ears hear
Huh.. I really need aid
To make the phobia unmade
Serenade of a laughing being
A soul painted on dark canvass...

My life, my worth, how I ought
To fight, to be my hero
Help myself, save us; my all
These are all in my enclave
Yet devastation is my second name.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Unlabelled Phobia II

Vibrating my ear drums
Are stimulus of comfort
In my brain, interpreted as mockery.
My interpretation: Comforting-mockery.
Ironic so ironical to real cognition.
Emblazoned on my soma the logo of insecurity.
Fear of what, infact?
Since intact my somatic intellect.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Vain I Worry

Dwelling in bitter contemplations
Scary thoughts of draw-backs
I go on worrying, keep on worrying.
Forgetting that nature’s will manifests

Vain I worry

My cognitions go on negative lanes
No cognizance of the blessing part.
How am I to decipher which?
I mean, to cry or to laugh.

I worry, worry-on in vain,
Forgetting I need not bother
But, I wonder if I need not wander.
My thoughts perambulate refusing to still

Panting from my thoughtful journey
I ask, which is easier-
Physical search or
... cognitive search- worry?

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Waiting On Love

Love invalidates table laws
A lover in admiration
Of his lover’s
Delicate hands on a delicacy
Can’t but transmit words.
Noting its not good; talking at table.
They await the inception of ending-
The little stick’s visit to the natural dentures
After absorption’s routined romance
Creates another avenue of speech freedom.
While on table...
The girl’s conscious of uploading and downloading.
Surreptitiously someone observes.
She’s knowingly unaware of the spy
Still his presence is a role player;
An effector on the eating act.
The lover comes with love whispers
Observer notes this as...
Acts of waiting on love.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
We Need Super Help

Tragedy of fate face us
with ingenuity infections manufacture
As we suture with our policies, intense
they nurture and mature against our future

Abstinence: Best answer, far-fetched
Rubber-latex crawl on and in us, no success
Posterity raves mad conceiving itself lynched
Seconds Hand walk around, astounds our duress

This surge makes many purge but not dodge
The scourge nudge us like mates of same lodge
Soon we will wear it even in rage as a stage badge
Ha! We need aid or end in AIDS' sledge cage

Our Super Help: Teenagers totally abstain
Couple only compatible partner, in faithfulness maintain
Screen blood, and personal sharp objects retain
Condoms averagely proficient, use, but be sane

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Wealth And Health

Life is what,
Without health and wealth?
There is no birth without health.
No normal growth without wealth.
Death, sometimes evoked by ill-health
Can only get aversion from wealth.
Wealth like a car in inertia
Can only stroll or run with fuel of health.
Health is the hearth of wealth.
Death consumes health then wealth.
Thoughts of wealth melt health.
Bouts of health, just breath of wealth.
Wealth in dearth, health in sheath.
Health and wealth...
The hyacinth of life.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Whip Chewing (An Act)

That job like a blow
Coming from a she such a show
Expertise of those lips
Whirp, whirp, lips like ellipse

A special- made for chewing whip
In ease you're swallowed deep
Wait... the pace in increase
Your want increasing, immunity in decrease
Unendingly rushes out uhmns
Becoming your newest song in hums
Moments ago, your zipper was in wedlock
Before long nails zhew’d it to shock
Maintain ego in present state
By being nothing but a blank slate.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Who Is Kctony: My Profile

Who Am I? I ask?
Who is Nkwocha Anthony Kelechi?
The explanation, I will accomplish like task.
My birth is the grace of God; amarachi
That, begins the story of Vincent’s son
The joy of his mother Lizzy
A pride for Dominic, as a grandson
ture offspring Obibiezena, an effizzy.
Owerri-North, Imo state, Nigeria, Africa
Key names to his location and origin
Though, to him race and colour do not matter
Just try ascertaining your true aborigin.

A writer with a pen-name; nom de plume
I present Kctony X. Nkwocha...
Writing, to him, breaks shackles of gloom
He prefers its company than playing cha-cha
Authored some sociopsychoreligious contributions
Written over five scores of works of poetry
Innovative and creative literalist with no inhibitions
Internationally reputed for his works’ savory.
A studying and budding Psychologist,
Who does nothing but in research feast.
Aims for the apogee- psychologically professing
Dispelling darkness and make light of understanding.

I love love’s loving lure
Close to my family and friends- angers’ cure.
Politely praying for peoples progress
And never from my faith digress
Imploring cousins and siblings to do same
They should, as Deborah and Joy after me came
Sucked same nipples’ source
And all of us in one family’s recourse.

Other names- Dabirichukwu, Obinna,
Chimereze- family givings sweeter than vanilla
Am humble, just want to be a profile builder
for y’all to know me more and better.
Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Why Venture

Complicating mystery of existence
As alternative of natural organisms
Communicate, collocate and conjugate

Why venture? Nature or nurture?
That which pushes is sort.
What is the decoy capturing man?

Friction cum emission
Nearness as warmth night
Eve- causing syndrome- Adam, which?

Eve, don’t deceive yourself
Care- loving- money-flex; a trio.
Friction, though your best, later choice.

Once thought of primacy love
Then conglomerate likes forming love.
Is the answer before ‘Y’ that’s ‘X’ with SE prefix?
No! Yes! Maybe it’s 12-15-22-5.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
Wonder Age

Teenage age, what an age!
Where maturity broods in the twenties.
A swimmable ocean of difficulties
but, deletion of secrecy icon leads to assuage.
Teenage age, what an age!
Shrouded in indiscernible mysteries
yet to be unravelled through discoveries
what becomes of this sticky-stack class in upper age.
Surely, certainty lies on two stuffs
but, determinants are numerous
for these two end t
is homogenous-heterogenous brand of surfs.
There is undying love for discretion with porous
minds needing tending like apricot.

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha
You Searching...

Life, living, existence...puzzles
Creation, evolution, big bang... debates

I strolled with time
Had dinner with oblivion
Confronted uncertainty
Realized unreality
Frivolities I crowned with importance
discovered unimportance in importants

Has hunger-brother anything with theories?
But, focus on practicals of survival

Poverty paves way for contentment
Riches disconcert, propel and bestir

Holding sway with hope
Faith massages doubts
Science applauds super minds
Indifference dances to chance lilt

Melt into nothing to feel something
then nothingness builds a something of nothing

Puzzles of existence, we marry life
Big bang you, evolve you, create you
You remain and are you

Kctony Xtopher Nkwocha