

Poetry Series

Ekeh Peace

- poems -



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Ekeh Peace()

Ekeh Peace Udochukwu Generally know as (Ekeh Peace) is a reader, writer, and economist. She is from Isu LGA, Imo State, Nigeria. The third child and second daughter of four, she is a woman of integrity, diligent and creative. She believes poem writing is not 'pick a pen and go'. She believes it's more like gathering a bit of life (thinking, imagination, experience, wisdom) and letting all of these things collide on a page. That's why the best ones are lived-in, instead of manufactured.

She believes memory + craft + honesty is what gives a poem its weight. Always Happy and social, yet at peace alone, she writes to pull out the best in people and bring peace to troubled minds.



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Echoes In The Quiet

(A Poetic Reflection On Survival, Silence And Strength)

She is lost in silence,
yet voices crowd every second
rejection's echo, a refrain that tells her she is unlovable.

All she's ever done is try to love herself,
and still the question comes:
why is life unfair,
why does nature keep sending people who hurt her,
what did she do to be chosen by players who treat her heart like a game?

The echoes are loud.
Her spirit hears them too:
at ten years old, two young, huge men raped her, pressed hands over her pleas.
They told her,
no one can hear you, no one can help you.
She shouted. No one came.
She went home; her parents flogged her without hearing the same plea.

She learned quiet.
It wasn't enough.

At sixteen, a pastor raped her, gave her gifts, threatened her
don't talk, I have a color to protect, or I'll deal with you...
She craved only peace, only love.
Relationships tossed her aside like trash, like a piece of shit.
She wonders whether she was ever meant to love or trust,
especially men.

Two years in a relationship with a man who already had a five-year partner;
she gave and gave, not knowing he had enough to give elsewhere.
When she became pregnant, he asked her to remove it.
She did, and when she discovered the other woman, she confronted him—he
slapped her while she bled from the procedure.
Over and over: love given, love withheld.

Still she trusts,

still she loves,
still she cares,
still she respects,
still she believes -
not because she's naive, but because she refuses to make others pay for the
echoes.

They leave her life, only to return months later and apologize, after making her
feel like the problem, like a piece of shit.

Now she is quiet,
sensitive,
observant -
listening not for apologies that never come,
but for a sliver of peace she might finally keep.

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What Is Love, Really?

This is love — they call it lust sometimes,
But you can't love a face you don't desire, no lies.
Some say love is fake, some say it's true,
While others swear it died — I ask, what about you?

This generation hunts 'the one' each day,
Yet won't do the work to be the one, no way.
They mock the lover, call them foolish and blind,
Then secretly pray for that same love to find.

_They say 'I once loved, gave my all, yet it failed, '
'Forgetting it was their loss, ' is the tale they've detailed.
Now they doubt the next, treat them like they'll leave,
Then act surprised when they go — 'I knew, ' they grieve.
But truth is they pushed them away with fear,
Lost good love thinking the loss wasn't theirs, my dear.____

They shout 'money's king' in a lover's place,
Then cheat and disrespect that same embrace.
Cash is sweet and matters as Stability, but it can't buy a soul,
Can't purchase true love or a heart made whole.

They say 'talk it out, communication is the key, '
But what's the use if they don't understand you?
So I tell them plain — understanding is the crown,
That's the key that lifts love up, not down.

Love is beautiful — but tell me true,
Are they ready to love back when it's due?
To sacrifice deep even when it pains,
To pour out their all through storms and rains?

Will they hear your silence, care when you're low,
Treat you like royalty, let that honor show?
Will they fight for you when the world walks past,
Do they know your worth, will their loyalty last?

Would they die for you, stay loyal and true,
Be transparent, faithful in all they do?

Will they trust your heart and pull out your best,
Defend your name and give your soul rest?

Beyond chores and bills, beyond 'provide, '
What more do they bring to walk by your side?
There's more to love than eyes can view —
It doesn't lie, pretend, or misconstrue.

Love pulls out your best when the world won't hear,
Love knows your strength and stays near.
Love is patient, love is kind,
Love brings peace to a troubled mind.
So work on you — let that change start today,
'Cause love begins when you lead the way.

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Grey Saint

She wears a dress, a whispered shame,
A church girl lost, a faith to reclaim.
Today's praise, tomorrow's doubt,
But who's to say what's real, what's without?

A good girl, bad girl, saint or sin,
I know her, or so I think within.
But no one sees the scars I hide,
The good I've done, when I had no pride.

I've reasons to be bitter, cruel too,
But I smile to heal the wounds anew.
They ask why I'm not afraid to fall,
But you can't kill what's dead to self, that's all.

I've trusted the unworthy, made mistakes,
Given chances, though they didn't partake.
Trauma's pain, they don't understand,
It takes one who feels to touch the scarred hand.

Yet still I rise, a smile I wear,
For others' joy, I show love I don't receive.
I give my best, though I've been through hell,
A Christ-like heart, though I'm not well.

I'm no saint, just human, flawed and grey,
Working on myself, praying every day.
Prayer is the key, it keeps me strong,
Helping others, where I don't belong ??

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No Saints In These Pews

I'm no saint—only human, weaknesses showing,
I sin without noticing, imperfect, still growing.
I won't wear a mask so you see me clean;
I'd rather be real than act like a screen.

I've known what it is to be very, very bad,
to plot in the quiet, not shout when I'm mad.
Now I watch our kind—preaching Christ through closed teeth,
dying secret deaths, chained addictions beneath.

They point at the log while their own beams stay fixed:
They lie, hold grudges, hot tempered, Disobedient to their church leaders i.e by
coming to church late, gossip, judge—97% hypocrites.
They call secular songs a straight path to sin,
then play them behind doors and let shame slip in.

They fornicate, covet, let profanity fall,
ignore the Spirit's nudge—pretend it's not all
written down as the same kind of failing and pride.
When've they turned the cheek with nowhere to hide?

It's fine if you're reaching for something saint-new,
but stop measuring folks by the shoes that you've not chewed.
Only One justifies; only One gets to test—
devil or neighbor can keep their bequests.

So I'll walk my rough road, eyes open, head clear:
Christ, not their finger, will judge me right here.

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