

Poetry Series

**Raymond Anyanwu**  
**- poems -**

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# Raymond Anyanwu(18th september 1979)

i'm a writer, poet and small scale investor.

a graduate of biology and education, and founder of AnyaRay concepts: a human resource development outfit.

Am a motivational Speaker and involved in seminar organization and educational consultancy services.

Poetry to me, is a product of interacting with the elements and the questions or answers calls to mind.

# A Glass Of Amethyst

Looking through the mind's glass  
I saw through the myth,  
We; a people by outline,  
Accepting who we were  
    by who we are  
And history becomes a meal  
A sacrament that makes a memory real,  
Fossilizing what is beyond the ingot  
but has not,  
the substance of a glass of amethyst.

Raymond Anyanwu

# A Missive To The Power Drunk

Gather together my sons;  
And listen to this missive  
Share it with my children unavailable  
That a counsel it be, in days approaching

The oracle has said to caution:  
Those who have power and no mercy,  
Who take vengeance right by sword,  
Leaning to justice with impiety;  
Those who get well by doing debauchery;  
And would benefit from others' woes

Licking their malicious lips  
In the name of liberty,  
Those who apportion mother Earth's plethora to themselves,  
And permit starved children  
Fill the marketplace  
My sons, pay attention:  
I refer also, to those  
Who would yet see such things happen  
And do nothing;  
Playing deaf to cries of anguish:

The oracle froths anger and spits umbrage:  
The splotch of Cain is on them,  
And on their disciples,  
And on their descendants  
When searching for worth,  
One finds the gory track  
Leading to a sea of bones  
Along the inland coastline.  
For in conclusion, there's no resistance  
But something that must fall short,  
As politicians employ the handsets  
To scour up one vote more.  
Every single ostentatious idea ultimately surrounds,  
And must turn to those  
Who craft a living of bereavement  
And relish what is bona fide.

For greatness, whether huge or minute

Must be a yoke that bequeath upon

These agile lords of breath

Sound the caution bugle my sons,

To those rebellious children

Drunken with power.

Raymond Anyanwu

# A Morning Reverie Of Restive Mind

Between silence and the deep sound  
Between space and the teeming crowd  
Between peace and the raging storm  
Looking for coolness in prevailing warmth  
Lies a morning reverie of restive mind

Searching for peace between blades and guns  
Searching for lily in oils and rocks  
Searching for truth in politician's words  
Searching for the indigent in arcade of stores  
Instead, a morning reverie of restive mind

The restive mind who snoozes not  
The restive mind who trances sought  
Drumming the waters for ideas caught  
Trusting wits as you touch the pillow  
Reflect fit, heed not all you follow  
For a morning reverie of restive mind

Raymond Anyanwu

# An Emblem Of Optimism Never Departs

Consider a mother with her newborn infant  
Yes, an emblem of optimism that never departs!  
Bereavement may brand all we value  
Yet this affection is positioned  
Too profound to be besmirched  
We define an internal turf where providence has smiled  
Allowing the joy of construe play  
Holding back all opposing responses  
Like our thoughts might turn the hammatarn soft.  
Regardless of the familiar parody of time

Whenever a child is born we dream afresh  
For only so our losses are salvaged  
Though we must share the providence of gunk  
No ardor in our palette is more factual  
Than that which cradles virtuousness unblemished

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# Blazing The Hope

Hope is a gentle wind across a grassland.  
When anger comes pounding on the door,  
The positive one wants the door to yield.  
Maybe from this one senses something more.  
Longing is a song to wake the dead.  
But just very few can long for what is theirs.

Even though love waits half-naked on the bed  
Life can seem a labyrinth of access and flight of steps.  
Each soul pursues the prey of its desire,  
Oblivious that to have must mean to kill  
Those ideas dirty and drab  
There is no deed that documents hope's blaze;  
In hearts one comes and goes at will.  
Desire is a wind that strips the landscape bare;  
Eventually one turns, and hope is there.

Raymond Anyanwu



# But Who Follows Me In The Dark

On my way to rendezvous  
Tingling sense pursues my view  
But who follows me in the dark?  
I step aside, but he's still my trail  
The crust answers its trampling feet  
Moving my heart's triple beat  
My silent voice he raised  
Bringing on plate, much shame  
His face shows no blame  
But who follows me in the dark?

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# Contentment

Contentment is neither here nor there.  
What we comprise and are is like the blizzard.  
Ache and bliss tend to come and go.  
Glory is with us ubiquitously  
And in the bright sun shall years burn away  
Like children once again, we become  
Demanding neither lucidity nor profit,  
Nor compassion where the torrents of joy might lope.

There is a wilderness in each of us  
Enormous and uninterrupted, a hushed liberty,  
Unending, immortal and full of elegance,  
Recycling the leftover of our anguish.  
Thus, may you walk in splendor far more dazzling  
And durable than what diminishes before your eyes,  
Triumphing in a love that never conk out  
Yet finds its way along the border of darkness.

Raymond Anyanwu

# Debris Of Injustice And Strife

As I gazed at the reflective elements  
My conscious I called to the witness box  
Darts of questions streamed in...  
My pen I held, to release  
Like venom from a snake's sting

Can I tackle the greedy hyena?  
I catechized  
His wisdom; like the monkey's  
Isn't the shell of the tortoise too hard to crack?  
Can my sting fall this giant elephant?

Hmm! The snail shall reach its destination  
With persistent stings though  
Like drops that concoct to form a river  
Sweeping all from the shores of its banks  
Debris of injustice and strife  
Ravenousness and egocentricity

This mountain: can I climb you?  
Yes, with persistence  
'Cos the hunter has learnt the skill  
Of shooting Nnunu, and not miss  
Even if it tries to fly and not perch

Raymond Anyanwu

# Do All Faded Eons Subsist?

Do all faded eons subsist again?  
Do episodes past prior to seeing their radiance?  
Has the star glistening on top of the pitch-black field  
Hurried onto another nighttime?  
Luminosity crafts a binary world of silhouette.  
Every notion and word carries with, a hushed shadow  
And its oblivion anticipates  
All belief and disbelief are consumed up  
In hours of darkness.  
Most of us hanker after the aptitude of radiance.  
Perception of what one sees, one sees in futility.  
For profound night is a blessing on the field.  
In time one locates the way athwart that field.  
But by dawn it is gone.  
Seven days did sango cast its shadow  
stretched and shady across the night's door.  
The cold's let in, the Being without light,  
Besides all affection and hilarity be in vain.  
No belief but dies that we may live again.

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# For When I Am Silent

For when I am silent,  
My hands still speak  
For when my mind rests  
My soul gathers the turmoil  
Keeping the peace meant  
For only the calm to unearth

For when I am silent  
My voice so strident  
With words so supple and firm  
Lucid yet so deep  
Only the standing pinnae can heed.

When I am silent  
My soul welcomes  
The congregation of dreams and truths  
Edifying a castle of emphasis and gratis  
A fertile land to uncover real me  
Where cruelty quaver not.  
You'll find in me an asylum of peace,  
Only when I am silent.

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# Greetings From The Trees

Look at the giant gaits of trees  
Hardly ever do they walk  
But eager to gulp the morning sun.  
Swaying their long arms towards the light,  
To salute nature's gift  
Yet they're rooted in the earth  
Where they imbibe the blessings  
From the elements  
Soil the bread and water, the milk.  
Night is when the restless go out walking,  
Seeking dreams that cannot face the sun,  
Gargantuan, pulsing screams of dazzling light  
Spooling through the miseries of mother earth,  
Escaping the dingy firmness of place.  
Even in the hazy harmattarn,  
There's a time to go out walking,  
And witness the hills bathed in a newborn moon,  
In the insipid skew of early January light,  
Neither muted dreams nor solid earth.  
Gently adrift, we settle on some place,  
Sunlight walking through our patch of Earth  
Bringing greetings from the trees

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# I Cannot Conceal My Whisper

I cannot conceal my whisper  
In me it roams wildly  
Keeping my equanimity distant.  
My young whispers I cannot confine  
meandering they are, in me feral.  
Subsist I come to again  
Yet for now I cannot institute.  
Loneliness becomes adaptive  
The heart nothing hordes  
A room made for emptiness  
Bursting with zeal  
My whisper, forth ready amid

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# If You Are Standing, Stand Tall

If you're standing; stand tall  
If you're stooping, stoop low;

If you're sitting, sit straight  
If you're lying, lay flat

If you're laughing, laugh hard  
If you're frowning, frown tight

If you're loving, love true  
If you hate, hate real

If you're running, run fast  
If you're toddling, toddle on

The cocoyam cannot claim brotherhood  
With the palm tree;  
Just because it sprouts leaves  
As you do it, do it well

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# Is There Anything More Than Sunshine

Is there anything more than sunshine  
which sets out upon the patio of your heart?  
The miracles that might have been at one time  
Have long found a reason to depart.

You told me each day must be itself  
                          a new redeemer  
Returned to bring you  
a dwelling to internal joy.  
The long-held custom of the dreamer  
stays merely to let sunshine spirits float.

Can destiny decree one's music  
As one has always ample chance to choose it?  
Yet revering what nothing can destroy.

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# Knowledge Of The Senses

The daily suns are seldom marvels.  
But at view the furtive is meekness.  
And gifts are likely to dropp link with their origin;  
Our living can spawn disconnection  
That detach ourselves from what we perceive.  
However, nothing is more indigenous

Than what severs the action from the act.

Or plunders what is for and what is not.

Or compels our eyes to decipher what remains a mystery.  
The creature of sensation, hope is not.  
Nor marvel the work of only days.  
Nor can faith be founded on conviction  
Uncontained by habit and knack.  
The knowledge of the senses is conception  
Sparked by a truth that sense deceives,  
As faith surfaces entirely from earliest fiction,  
Holding silent business with the heart.

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# Life

Life. Oh! Life.  
How shallow did I negotiate with you?

For a naira I did  
And no higher would you pay.  
Day and night I begged  
hoping I could re-bargain  
    But your silence deafens me  
    Leaving me bewildered and astounded  
For Life is a just employer  
Giving you what you ask  
But once you've drawn the ticket  
The task you must bear  
    And pursue till finish  
Ah! My back shone in sweat drops

As I worked for a tedious employ,  
Only to learn my lessons in dismay  
That had I asked a larger remuneration from Life,  
Gladly would Life have paid.

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# Lore Are Anticipations

Lore are anticipations detoured through our hurt:  
As the ray of justice bends over  
Glittering, chaste, balanced and rational,  
Tenacious to poise the globe we discern.  
But divinity walked among us out of affection  
And Christ writhed dreadfully that we might exist;  
Like a dove His holy spirit observes,  
Relics aloft, to witness and forgive.  
The earth in love returns a unique flame:  
The golden night lingers in tousled prairie;  
The ruins of harmattan burning fervently;  
The pool of blood cruising higher;  
The hills thaws into amazed chutzpah.  
And all who cant resist but admire this sacred art,  
Are bewildered at joy's decrepit heart.

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# Lovers Desire Liberty

Why did you tell me  
That the flames of old are simple to keep ablaze?  
Yet connoisseurs could employ  
A little celestial assistance every now and then.  
It seems easy to go out and be as brilliant  
As Newton, Soyinka or Emegwali.  
But much harder, much harder it is  
To be the light gamboling in someone else's lives.  
Why didn't you tell me  
That radiance such as affection  
Entails more reliance than energy?  
For the most precarious of all dives  
Is the dive into the wits of your lover.  
What is more reasonable than enduring love  
All through the long chilly torment of fury?  
Yet lovers desire liberty  
Merely vaguely less than they dread it.  
In the last part, love burns fear, not desire.  
Is any of us capable of keeping the fire aflame?  
Especially for the understanding  
That it is the sweetest, preeminent,  
And most gorgeous thing in our lives.

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# Measuring Things We Cant Measure

A pleasure it is, to find a Treasure  
Measuring things we cannot measure  
being to turn to,  
When our spirits says we have to  
in our trip need a lift.  
A bone; fit to the back to make swift  
is a name to treasure,  
but cannot measure  
Friendship; a prized gift  
to give life a lift  
Packing our lives with thrills,  
And splendor, poise and bliss.  
mother earth becomes lively  
A healthier and jovial abode  
friend

Raymond Anyanwu

Having deeply, a

Sometimes the pace

A friend  
In conviction, we

Not Greek, but

Indeed pleasure it is to find a

# More True Than True

In my pensive ambiance  
I've watched as my time go by  
Even as I know I do not own it.  
Its rumination is the best that I can do.  
In due course, we bid farewell to things  
That comes around.

Eventhough I myself am sometimes distant  
I know one day  
My children shall celebrate my days  
As years pass.  
The train moves on.  
Light blinking on their shiny faces.

In my heart  
The only thing I'm rest assured  
That is mine, is love.  
Coursing through my veins  
Its grip; tightened like steel,  
More true than true.  
Very little else can the heart move.  
Emptiness passes  
But love; deep-felt  
Abides...

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# Mortal Is A Point

Mortal is a point, but without facet.  
Perception of now is never at the moment.  
No spectacle or resonance is concurrent,  
Needing its own time to get to us  
Moments that no moment will permit.  
All moments are the prospect of our innovation.  
Our mind is the contraption for our innovation  
A piece for giving mortals their aspect  
Constrained by what route will allow.  
Discern then, that the one, perpetual at present,  
Contrasting the verity-based fiction writ by us,  
Upholding concurrently a candle.  
Thus, is all being concurrent?  
Each time mark, a remarkable discovery,  
The score of activity is comparative to us,  
At this point now, gone, unmoved in its element.  
Please, focus your concentration to what is at present,  
But as far as wits and action will permit.  
Even as now still subsists, you must let,  
Events and relics concurrent,  
Pointing the verity, both fact-stimulated development,  
Each already past the restive now,  
Misplaced in its impervious facet,  
A sprint of luminosity while traveling away from us.

Life does not ensue in one aspect:  
Within, all is synchronized,  
Perceived in the sequence of the inference of our creation,  
Like profoundly touched as that which we call the present.

A lot of us feel something past the present.  
Perpetuity is a lantern that scorches in us  
Profound beneath the sea of our contraption,  
Powerful as our thoughts permit.  
Seven days the lanterns burned, concurrently  
Radiance spurting from a point without measurement  
Brightness simultaneous with our innovation  
Outside to the one now recognized to us,  
Darkness in no aspect we tolerate.



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# My Ever Present Outline

Silhouette is my ever-present outline  
Having petite in her life but me.  
Fondness is in her a true occupation  
Ordained as she is for a relation  
Of which love is both salvager and sea,  
Unsheltered earth and oft-recited credo.

In the day the soul must stride inside its shadow.  
But only night can make us complete again.  
Neither elation nor ache can contest across the field  
Seeds with hours of darkness stars,  
So vast it were, in vain.  
Hope rises with each new day  
Glowing with the light.  
And evening comes: we hunger for the night.  
But truth more enormous, and immense  
    Can be seen at night.  
Each time revealed assembles in the field  
Dazzling with the history of radiance.  
Know that in the darkness, free of shadow,  
Unto the primal moment, not in vain,  
Shines all that ever was, alive again.  
Give, then, all due attention to the shadow  
As thoughts echo off surfaces in vain.  
Vivid thoughts shall give us facades  
Detoured through night's anonymity.  
In words, we see ourselves set onward  
Luminous in the bathe of light  
Loitering across the blond grassland.

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# My Experience

Like the star in far away sky  
Like the toad in pursuit of fly  
Like cloud over roof's head  
Wind beating rocks silent dead  
Like the heartbreak of a man in two  
Spawning from kowtow flattery tool  
Like a sight never sought  
Unseen numinous tale bought  
Such is my experience battered forth

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# My Life's Travelling Road

My life's traveling road:  
Many weaves and bends  
Some days are palliative  
some painless  
Some, hard sessions learnt.  
Carefulness greets my path  
Clinging stably my feet  
Frequently sojourned down my streets  
Saluting citizens I meet.

On my life's traveling road  
Many stumbling blocks  
My beats sluggish turned  
My head tilted ahead  
No turning around.  
My time I've learned to measure  
Not by the panting I leisure  
My time I measure  
By examples that seize awake

My times bewilderment filled  
Mostly surprises wedged  
Sometimes a goodbye pleasant,  
Others; a welcome poignant  
At times filled with mirth,  
Others; with weep  
The tingling taste of sweet thrills,  
Convening with a stroke of fright.

My life's traveling road  
My precious memories,  
Of an era, a date and day;  
Our heart often touched,  
Our breaths absent minded...

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## My Wish For You

I wish that you walk among the day stars,  
Like nirvana waiting silently for the first light,  
Prepared to unknot without caution,  
Twitchy with the urge to be reborn.  
Years of yearning insipid into exquisiteness;  
Some desires are a never-realized dream.  
Though much devoted to your duty,  
Keep in mind that the flow is not the stream.

In my heart you put on a crown of grandeur  
So glowing that time must spin away.  
Apparition rises from the myriad story  
Extra charming than what sees the light of day.  
As you can never know just who you are,  
Thus, let my love become your eastern star.

Raymond Anyanwu

# My Worries Knows Not

The nwipere bird above my head  
Its eyes farther sees  
Where my greatly fails  
Freedom it rightly claims  
my worries knows not  
I must stand on the roof  
To perceive life as it does  
My dream would hurl into reality  
High I would fly  
Into the deep of dark  
My arms stretched  
Voyage towered  
Attaining the echelons of liberty  
And the mantle of life's wind  
Cutting the rims of our minds  
How jagged the edges  
Tearing at soul's perpetual conquests  
Can the soul ever be free?

As nwipere bird fly above me  
Seeing where my sight fails  
Appearing liberal,  
For my worries it knows not

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# Nature's Elements

Here they are; earth, water, wind and fire,  
Which on all subsists,  
But not as land that lies waste

nor water polluted from its source

Neither flame on oil,  
Nor candle on wax,

but in us within, as each  
Elements in love.

So are we;  
Each organ barmy with lust, and tickly,  
The blood fervent to purify the pique,

Nerves desiring connection.  
But gifts are tongues of flame.  
The blood cell conveys its bequest of oxygen.

But Why?  
Brain cells surrender memories.  
Reasons are alongside the point.  
In love do we what we cannot help  
Each locate progressed in fury,  
Longing to give, to be received, frenzied.  
Ideological base doth we have  
Or live intensely, with perception  
More reasonable than real.  
Around us, within us, is fire  
Bearable  
Delivered from flame.  
Do we see it?  
Unqualified, without message.  
Do we see this dark, unhappy fire,

Yet, as one of the elements?

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# Night Speeds Fast

Between dawn and dusk  
Between the nascent  
And the leaf senescence  
Between seed time  
And straw mound

Between the idea  
And reality  
Between the ascent  
And the descent  
Between the desire  
And the spasm

For odium and malice.  
The time for voracity  
Holds no ice  
Hence, with devotion  
Make striking the feat  
For night speeds fast

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# No Veracity Stands Tall Like Truth

When people are definite  
Like drapes they are  
Adorned amid the entity and the expression.  
One views recurring modus operandi assiduously,  
Like pellets in soft breeze  
And conviction is authentication of faith,  
Because faith discerns clearly what it cannot discern.

Disbelief becomes a glass wherein one sees  
Like the northern star amidst enthralling clouds.  
No veracity stands tall and through like Truth,  
As truths, before they melt must be consumed.  
One may accept as true, of course  
But not too firmly;  
For when you look, you'll see the freedom of the Almighty.

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# Numinous Than Matrimony

At times in my solitude confinement  
I catechize my being and enquire deeply  
Is there any more numinous than matrimony?  
In whose eyes do we unite such separate hearts?  
And damage not our personal provinces  
Having been shaped by diverse functions?  
But two souls are joined this day mutually;  
No speck of them is left aback  
Visualize two joined by a tether:  
Magically combined  
Even so, the wonderful conception  
Extremely greater than its disconnect, dreary parts  
Having no source but the heart.  
And days through doors invisible our spirits progress,  
Refilling its vacant sills with love  
Though Love has no answers, its beauty replies all.  
Yea none is more numinous than matrimony

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# Realities Far Greater Than The Sun

Under the awning of moon and stars  
Sat two souls, oblivious to their milieu  
For now together love truss them  
Forever they would like to hope  
That the moment lingers  
But there is much that such an amalgamation holds.  
Infinite is the Heavens; but the Earth diminutive  
But spacious enough to broaden a great love slim.  
For love must turned within to flourish  
The distinct spirit that coalesces us all.  
The walls of trepidation melts inside this heart:  
Breaking the gremlin of space, disparity, history  
Sacred stillness that tranquil the resonance of combat.  
How dearly we ache that love spin round us  
    Like the miracle by the sea of Galilee  
Yet there are realities far greater than the sun,  
Afar the blue coverlet of everyday.  
In love's dark longings, we will find a way  
To make our soul separateness one.

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# Remember Me This Way

If you ask me; I would like to be remembered  
An individual who was fervent for life.  
One who his days of undesirable bliss he summed  
Though long we remain in the radiance  
But I was one who nurtured marvels  
Not as much of one satisfied to elucidate,  
Enchanted by the assurances of hunger,  
Prevailing the years of pain  
Savouring those days of joy.  
For the bequest of life I had abundantly  
Others had to forgo, for my needs.

Think of me as someone favoured  
Regardless of constrictions,  
In stumbling across the guide,  
I could not be the sea's breeze  
Or the replica of Adonis,  
I could not see the peak of Everest.  
Or the base of Pacific  
At least I know in what light  
How I want to be remembered

Acumens are universally similar

Acumens are universally similar.

Like a wardrobe; huge and wide-ranging.  
Yet while acumen may show difference at times,  
And in different places, exposed naked  
It is recognizable to all  
But why, then, have diverse cohorts and cultures practice such malevolence as  
human sacrifice, slavery, bigotry and nepotism?

Yet while practices come and go; acumen stands.

Not only what is wise wisdom is  
But that by which it is wise;  
Not what should be done,  
But why it should be done;  
Not the response, but the justification.

Oh! What manner is wisdom?  
Guileless, knowledge, multifaceted.  
Wisdom is finite; knowledge, infinite.  
Wisdom is ever more effortless to understand  
The more you reflect on it;  
But knowledge, increasingly difficult  
The more one knows, the more it complexes.  
While wisdom leads to comprehension  
Knowledge, to innovation.  
Within the grip of every child is wisdom's principles  
But to grip them is the work of an era.

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# Running With Time

Time has no tie with misery.  
Never reaching that beleaguered deep,  
Poignant down its channel incessantly,  
Flowing past whoever is there.

A sea time is, not a river  
Receiving all that was and is to be.  
The mind is the vehicle that moves across the story,  
Pursuing the wind upon its magnificence,  
Sketching one's destiny through the will.  
As years glisten in their sunken perpetuity.  
Of course, the problem is identity  
Possessing the notion that we are liberated.  
Bear in mind that the Earth does not appear round  
And the sun sinks slowly towards the ground each eve,  
Just as we opt to take our tea.  
But your time your treasure;  
How you keep it your preference. Take heed

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Ball Comes Ever Round Again

I don't know if the rivers are endless,  
Or if life-long love last perpetually,  
Yet every moment  
Clings to a bit of endless effort.  
Beneath the current lies a restive dream  
Paradise in a hut  
Sometimes is what life might look like.  
Knowing the certainty, a resolve finds a way  
Elegance to share with what ought to be,  
Each deciding daily.

I hope to dwell in paradise  
In which its existence starts here on earth  
Yes, even here, by thinking well,  
Caring well, doing well and loving well  
Desiring what you have  
Because, the ball comes ever round again.

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# The Benevolent Sunlight

Consider the benevolent sunlight:

As fervent as flowers

Neighboring the path of a melody.

Clouds contours its golden orifices for hours,

Swinging with each zephyr that comes along.

The day becomes a mustard-colored sunlight

Declining through the casement of your smile.

Numinous ambiance, headed downstream.

Sit upon your ledge a moment.

How lovely the singing of the mountain

Humming to its captivated spectators of sapphire

Like raving along a passageway of cascades,

Flip the coin and make this wish:

May you long love the beauty of mother Earth!

And rejoice with joy your day of nativity.

But you must appreciate the sun's munificence

That makes all greens to grow

The brown to dry up

And the colourless to concoct the skies.

Raymond Anyanwu



# The Blindfold Have Been Loosened

The Magna Carta  
A symbol of equity

The Magna Carta  
The significance of relishing justice  
To young and old  
Men or women  
Affluent or downtrodden

The Magna Carta  
The white sculptured piece  
Its eyes blinded shut  
The sword wherewithal  
To apportion rightly  
The flicker of equity

But the blindfold have been loosened  
By the shoddy wind  
And the scales is off the eyes

Can it now see?  
    Why render justice selectively?  
Are the goods ceded to he that bids highly?  
    Not in fact but in kind?

Ah! Has the wind decided to follow only one direction?  
    Taking the rain, only to robust farms?  
I hope I can rest upon the clause;  
    "Ubi jus, ibi remedium"  
As always would be my case

Yet I'm still the grass the elephants trample upon  
The case for humane was forgotten at home

Ughh! This cat needs to wear the bell  
But when?

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Foyer Of Life

Habitually, we do remain  
in the foyer of life,  
Unprepared to cuddle the spirit  
We've taken for a wife  
We do not accept the trepid void  
Of being who we are  
Afraid to deliver well our keen part  
When we aren't the star  
Behold what you have fashioned!  
And search within, the love you have  
or the love you long have sought.  
But love is not a fable  
requesting what is factual:  
Beneath your greed and lust

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Greatest Gift

Are the greatest gifts  
Those that charges us slightest?  
Yea, price varies inversely with proper value  
But life itself is a gift, free, of the earth  
Instinctive of idyllic joy in plant and creatures  
What gift is more beautiful than a bower  
Of wild roses in pubescent bud?  
Yet all that flamboyant colours and fragrance  
Exist to serve the welfare of the flower.  
Love is such a gift. One trusts its treasure,  
Complimentary as the outlandish  
Brilliant eruption of feathered friend,  
Similarly eerie and bizarre  
It comes not from fret or ransom  
But pleasure.  
Show gratitude to gifts brought to you  
But remember  
The greatest gift is you.

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Habiliments Of Wisdom

Religions are the habiliments of wisdom.  
And the Almighty; the metaphor for being.

All wisdom can be understood  
With allusion to the material world.  
This doesn't refute the spirituality of wisdom,  
Rather the separates the spiritual from the material.

Thus, limits of reason are limits of wisdom;  
The span of reason is the span of wisdom.  
But experience: the background  
From whence reason travels,  
Shaping what reason perceives.

Faith in divine intrusion in the affairs of man  
Or in eternity, or in rebirth, is belief, not wisdom.  
Mystical knowledge is knowledge, not wisdom.  
Arcane knowledge is knowledge, not wisdom.  
Mysterious practice is practice, not wisdom.

But wisdom must be possessed,  
It cannot be lent from scripture, conviction, or custom,  
But must come from one's own motive  
Operational within the orb of one's own experience.

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Haven Of Peace

There is a place; the haven  
Where no words spoken  
A shelter that strengthens  
Neither shatters nor fragments

There is a place; the haven  
Its lingo so soft and clear  
But only those willing to hear  
A junction where vision and reality meet  
And yesterday's ills dare not compete

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Plate Of Consciousness So Active

Have you tasted the dish of consciousness?

A produce of natural assortment it is

Like a doubled vision

Relishing is its outlook:

The elements, being, era, entity, and perpetuity.

As beautiful as viewing a sculpture

From many angles

The plate of consciousness so active

My mental faculty: whence

activities strings Initiating thoughts in calculated rhythm

Like the

sound of a crusader's gong

Kindly beckoning transgressors to

be penitent

The existence of thought and melody

Tarries both within and

outside of time.

The present is a point without dimension

The future: imagination;

The past is reminiscence.

The identity: a matter of boundless retreat.

Severance of consciousness

From the full being is a chimera

Only achieved by a figment of mind's eye.

Lo! Mortality: the single route

Permanent to consciousness loss,

Which does not end one's existence,

Only one's consciousness.

But consciousness a chore of the brain it is

Cannot outlast the brain

Any more than sight can outlast the eye.

Yet all being one, single and indissoluble,

Both within and outside of time.

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Songs Of The Sun

The songs of the sun  
Answers it provides to the heart  
The soul gives its listening ears.  
The wind draws the melody  
The grasses sway in response  
Providing a balm; soothing and invigorating  
The heart renders the songs.  
The listening ears comes from the sun  
The soul answers joyfully  
The word "soul" may be passé,  
But its surrogate is concealed behind the mountains  
The soul is the base of void upon which the being is assembled.

Refuting the symmetry of body and soul.  
Just two sides of a coin  
Void is the soul of Being.  
When one leaves the market place at noon  
The body and soul,  
except as a bell  
echoes long after it is struck.  
The soul is that part of a person that is perpetual and fixed

And same in every being that ever was  
and ever will be  
Those who search for it finds in its place, a mirage  
But when we abolish all else,  
We find ourselves absorbed in its sea.

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Times We Lost

I summoned my being and inquired:  
Why should we be concerned  
That we must lose the past?  
There are utopias we'll never know.  
Nor can a truth in full insignia last longer  
Than it takes the wind to blow.  
Indeed, there are the many things we learn,  
Not to speak of oddity;  
But enthusiasm makes us burn not  
With sacrosanct lust at each unearthing.  
We feel there is sanctity in things  
That witness bear to truth.  
For we too, bear  
Witness to the miracle that sings  
Through every sense the wonder that it's there.  
Sojourners we all are,  
Holding each moment dear,  
Moved to honor all who have been here.

Raymond Anyanwu



# The Universe Depends In A Lot Of Things

The universe depends on a lot of things  
But there exist mole hills  
As important as a thread in the sand  
The universe is contingent upon  
    the providence of heavenly bodies  
The cause fits not the consequences;  
when it depends more on less:  
on the phrasing of philosophies;  
The splutter of a glint.  
Immeasurable! Is what follows from  
    the jolt of a spermatocyte           to the coating of an oocyte  
The intensity of what we are and dream  
Results to form a nation  
Impassable! The chaos comes  
Twit wind and blown sail  
A strand of wedged-in fat can mean  
The conclusion of time and space.

Raymond Anyanwu

# The Unknown

It's night time; the centre of the dark,  
The stillness of the skies  
But the dazzling twinkling stars  
The moon is fully risen from bed  
And commenced the duty of shining  
Shimmering and providing light;  
A natural source  
It's night time; across the field  
The crickets chirping  
And other insects lend their voices in support  
The night bird coos from a distant tree branch  
The environment taking an eerie stance

Emenike tossed in his bed  
Unable to invite sleep for a peaceful visit  
The still dark seem charged  
The atmosphere oozing enigma  
"Is all well? " He wondered aloud  
Yet no soothing answers came

The moon still glistening on the green field  
And the soft breeze of the savanna  
Setting the grasses to sway to its mild music  
Yet the curiosity of Emenike unsatisfied  
"Has someone altered the night's chemistry? "  
He asked again  
"Are the gods on a vengeful journey?  
"Or some insufficient alchemist sent poisonous darts into the air? "  
Who will answer these questions?

Not until the arrival of dawn  
The approval of the cockerel's veracity  
And the usual sunup appeal  
Emenike cast his eyes over his room  
The intense serenity jolted him out of his reverie  
And he realized he has refused himself some rest  
Worrying over things unknown  
Or the fear of the unknown



# There Is A Unique Room

There is a unique room  
when the door locks  
And you are in my arms.  
Your skin melts into mine  
My nature, my world shine  
even when sleeplessness  
envelops me in lonely darkness.

There is a unique room  
Where we conquer the miles  
And months between our tides  
We make love in our hearts  
When touch is not in our latch.  
You are more to me in trust and ardor  
Than any room, even unique with valour.

where I am with you

Raymond Anyanwu

# Voices From The Oracle

Kpo, kpo, kpo, kpo!  
The sounds from the Oracle thuds  
Bringing yet succor to ardent abound  
The voices forming a concord  
As it orates in echo  
Reverberating throughout the Earth's cardinals  
Soothing and assuring

Regardless our qualms and plight,  
However our squabbles may burn through.  
The thick fabric of courage and imperviousness  
Take solace in the big picture  
More beautiful than any sorrow might draw,  
More potent than the most persuasive negative harangue,  
With force far more superlative than any rule or law.

But the oracle must imprint on your conscious  
That you shall reminisce in times chaotic and tumultuous  
That life's vicissitudes comes yet with  
Lessons powerful and sharp  
Striving to mold those outlooks  
Wavering and shaky  
To craft your life a lesson others might learn.  
But even more, for what is made of you.

Raymond Anyanwu

# Wariboko

Wariboko,  
For every fish we asked  
A horsewhip  
As we made to cry  
Our mouths were to sigh  
Our emotions in pressured bottles  
Only with time it shall explode  
Wariboko,  
You were given the early signal  
Your ears assumed the house fly:  
Only buzzing  
Long after the grave is roofed  
Wariboko,  
A dog has lost its wits  
When its owner's whistle  
Its ears do not fit  
Like a goat you've cornered us  
Now we've seen the walls  
Wariboko,  
Can you withstand...?

Raymond Anyanwu

# We Are All But Broken Shards

Aren't Clerics believed to be the shepherds  
That marshals the ardent herd  
In a bid to guide their souls?  
Have they overlooked their hallowed role  
Of being a lamb of mettle,  
Even in the midst of moral ruins?  
Their role have they forgotten?  
To wrench us from Adam's sin,  
Whence the fold grieves?  
Bear in mind: we are all but broken shards,  
Sustained alone by faith in immense entirety.

Raymond Anyanwu

# We Shall Not Get Enthused

We shall not get enthused  
Because another office bearer  
Has made yet another promise  
Another lip service  
The usual empty promise

We shall not get enthused  
Peacefully, we shall communicate on  
These words from man to son,  
From one tongue to another  
Except such promise they fulfill  
We shall keep in mind  
The issues we hold in our hands  
That we allow to slipped out.  
And so shall we consider  
What we have in our possession  
And what we do not.  
We must not get enthused  
For calls and their callers are drowned.  
Yea, now the oracle called  
Gave me a few words before his reticence,  
To bring up for him.  
And no more shall we tell  
What we were told  
To inform others,  
Without sounding the bell of truth.  
Silence is admission.  
And so we must not get enthused.

Raymond Anyanwu



# We'Re Friends, Old And Good

We're friends  
old and good  
We share a portion  
    of passion, pleasure and pain  
What we have  
    no one else can  
We shall allow no family or clan  
    discern or value our plan

We're friends  
Old and good  
    What we've kept  
In the covert chambers  
Must be held still in the concealed stores  
Whenever we meet  
We'd go through a little unusual door.  
A traitor separated from the trusty floor  
We're friends  
Good and old  
It doesn't matter if we see  
    each other every day, or years  
And years go by before  
    we come and go away  
Are there moments we meet at all?  
There are then;  
The memories of ferocious loyalty  
And times of necessity  
And appreciation, and affection.  
And of our friendship; good and old

Raymond Anyanwu

# What Have We Turned Into?

Did you see that preacher shun his brother  
And curse his partner  
As though a dissimilar colour  
This is not acceptable  
But his patriarch taught him so  
He was supposed to preach love  
But this was outwitted  
The limits widening further  
Than his heart would decide to go

What have we turned into?  
A people self indulgent  
What have we turn out to be?  
Tell me:  
Where are the ones righteous and upright?  
What have we become?  
In a planet relapsing  
As a Seraph with no wings  
As a monarchy with no monarch  
What have we turned into?

Will you speak your mind now?

Worry less about others or whence you came from  
Because it isn't what you were

But what you have become

Raymond Anyanwu

# What Person Will You Be?

Have you listened to your inner man?  
What did he say?  
"What kind of a person will you be? "  
You didn't hear him asking?  
Well, listen again  
Stretch your ear:  
Let your pinna pick the waves  
Do your ear drums vibrate  
And convey such to the auditory nerves?

But yet the man inside asks:  
Do you want to be a personality  
With a complex draining of the soul?  
Sophisticated with instruments of feeling  
And a system of controlled memory?

Listen still; he asks once more:  
Do you desire afresh personality  
Young as the end of the twentieth century,  
But with a frame from times ancient?  
And with a God even older than bodies?  
Are you the personality for the earth's surface?  
Of places low, caves and wells frightening  
Or mountain peaks and buildings tall and scary?  
Are you like an inserted bifurcation, a cutting stiletto  
Or a stuck ladle?  
Are you smooth and sly  
Like a spatula skulking up from underneath?  
Or a pestle weighty and inept  
Mashing good and bad in concert?  
For a little flavour and a little aroma?  
Your arrows do not direct at me.

For I'm as a trumpet  
Sounding my industry vigilantly and softly  
Like a lengthy will that began to be written  
The moment I was born.

But listen I beg of you  
To that inner man

And his questions respond

Raymond Anyanwu