

Poetry Series

**akachukwu chukwuemeka**  
**( akabeks)**  
**- poems -**

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## **akachukwu chukwuemeka ( akabeks)(23/06/1971)**

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## ...We Are All Boko Haram

When we mount the pulpit  
To call God's kingdom to come, and  
The widow's might strengthen our tongues,  
As the congregation sow seed and pay tithes for our  
Travel expenses to Babylon, and the widow prays for miracle  
In paying her children's school fees,  
Then, we are Boko Haram,

When we siphon the entire budget for public  
Schools,  
And ride on SUVs with security entourage, and our  
Children attend private schools at home and abroad,  
As the teachers are always on strike,  
And the school children become apprentices at devil's workshop,  
Then, we are Boko Haram,

When we glib on prime time television  
About heaven on our bumpy earth by the year 2020,  
While pregnant women still die at childbirth, as young people  
Die of malaria,  
And youths trek across Sahara desert  
In search of greener pasture,  
Then, we are Boko Haram,

When we call young people lazy,  
And we refuse to retire as due, when our ages get younger  
As we grow old,  
And our imagination reaches menopause with all  
The money in our foreign account,  
When we are still youth leaders at 70 years, and  
The young people can only serve their nation as thugs,  
Then, we are Boko Haram,

When we are too busy to attend  
Our child's school drama,  
Because our absence from our  
'Businesses' cannot be compromised,  
And our house-help becomes parent and mentor  
To our child,

Then, we are Boko Haram,

When we mount roadblocks and checkpoints,  
And we intimidate innocent people with tax payers  
Uniforms and guns, and  
The newsman's camera captures extra judicial killings,  
And the dead stays dumb,  
Then, we are terrorists.

The jungle is thick with iroko trees  
Blocking the eyes of the sky,  
The Law applies according to 'strength',  
To join the pack' is to survive,  
The weak is food for all and,  
The pack is  
Boko Haram.

© May,2014

#BRINGBACKOURSGIRLS and the boys conscripted as child soldiers by boko  
haram

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# A Bird At Hand In Time Of Love

When romantic bell of love  
Chime I do, I do, I do,  
And them sing, 'a bird at hand  
Compared to many in the bush',  
And your thoughts race from right,  
To left, to center,  
Thinking of adventure about the  
Birds not at hand, wondering the value  
Of the one at hand; Pause, pause, pause,  
Look back and long, and review...

If nza is the bird you have at hand,  
Think twice before you say I do,  
If eneke is the bird at hand,  
Let it fly away sooner...  
If you have an owl as the bird at hand,  
Buy self a good mask,  
If ugo is the bird you have at hand,  
Get ready for heart-attack. And  
If you have a vulture as the bird at hand,  
Simply buy yourself a soft pillow.

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# A New Season

Goodbye to dust  
For the rain is here,  
Days of sweeping,  
And dusting,  
And cleaning,  
And all is gone-  
Frogs are forming choirs,  
Crickets will be free at night.  
The field will be green again,  
The trees will be dressed for romance with the wind.  
The earth is open for intercourse with the sky, and  
If the rain become too heavy to cause a flood,  
We will gather our raincoats,  
And our boots,  
And our boats,  
And head to the Village Square.

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# A Song For Papa

There was no cloud  
Yet the rain came heavy,  
Our umbrellas were not ready  
And we got soaked.  
God the author of all, raised his sun  
To dry us whole and to him we give Glory for all.

Papa scored from an offside position  
But, if God the ultimate referee accepts the goal,  
Ordinary mortals we are can never query  
His command.  
Eye remember papa's hot furnace moulding  
Us whole,  
Like raw gold eye complained the heat, yet the goldsmith  
Knew his job and made us to a perfect mould,  
We thank you papa for you made us whole.

Eye thought the orange sun will be watched  
Smiling to set but, a sudden cloud, thick,  
Swallowed the glow and you said,  
'Where is it am going' and rest, then eye remember  
The beauty of the place that prompted your exclamation,  
And thanked God that led you by his gentle hands on that  
8th of July,2010  
Where Alleluia welcomed you  
In heaven.

July 2010.

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# A Wound In Our Head

There's a wound in our head,  
Inflicted by colonization, deepened by civil war,  
Abandoned to decay,

There's a wound in our head,  
Accumulating maggot, making the body sick, yet  
We only complain but do nothing.

This wound has massive infection,  
The body is weakened and dying and the doctor  
Is graduated without skills,

There's a rotten hole in our head and people  
Look at us and S-I-G-H.

© January 2010.

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# Accident And Emergency Unit

Surgical section, Medical section,  
Bed one, bed two, bed three ...  
Feeding and oxygen tubes in nostrils,  
Catheter, Diapers... antiseptic odour fills the air.  
Coma, blood, vomit, excrement, and the cleaners  
Work like whiskey; emotion numbed.  
Dedicated doctors and nurses stand at their toes,  
Lousy ones gallivant with I-phone at hand.  
Graduate and students doctors confront their future, family  
Members cross their heart.  
Angels of life and messengers of death in open confrontation;  
Who will live, who will die ...  
The uninitiated feel giddy and nausea at first arrival,  
At a dial, blank faced morgue attendants wheel their  
Trolley in and out...silently...  
Every life saved is another experience,  
Every life lost is a research subject.  
Hospital Emergency Unit,  
A theater of absurd.

© October 2014.

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# Art

Eye link generations

As they come, live, and transcend to 'eternity'

The spirit dwells and speaks through me,

I am divine...

Dictators confiscate me, crisis make me great,

Religion make me their holy icon, the sage keep me safe,

I live in the soul of them that open the door of their imagination,

I am spiritual, I am physical, and I am bold,

Archaeology search for me,

Them call me treasure,

I am immortal,

I am ART,

.

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# Art Appreciation

To appreciate an Artwork,  
See it as a Temple or Holy Altar,  
Approach it with an open mind and soul,  
Recollect yourself in front of the work as  
One meditating on the wonders of creation,  
Connect with the energy flowing from it and,  
Let higher Order unveil the mysteries behind  
The creativity...

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# At The Stations Of The Cross

Recounting the sorrows of the cross  
We comfort ourselves with heavy air-conditioners  
Cooling the heat at each station,  
And the hurricane fans spreading the soothing ambience  
Draw crowd to their circumference.  
Relaxed,  
We sing along -retracing Golgotha.  
Some come at the First Station taking the best position,  
Some rush in at the third Station sweating and panting,  
Some stroll in at the Ninth station for destination is near,  
And at the Twelfth Station,  
Some sneaked in like the Good thief  
To get the final blessing

March 2013

Edited: March 2015.

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# Betrayed.

It was a Good Friday,  
The day eye met you.  
In a dusty, harmattan ridden, exam malpracticing class.  
Eye became the invigilator  
And you,  
The candidate of a destiny disowned.

Exam gone like you are today,  
We opened that barrel of naivety  
Just to admire the purity of the spots  
In this wonderful gazelle you are.

Spots that never stained,  
Spots that you opened for him  
And, you hurt me.

Like a stray sheep at the aim of a wild hunter  
Without a day's catch,  
You dabbled into the embrace of the  
Gynecologist and he pierce without mercy,  
That seal I admire most.

With triumph, his dirty scalpel became  
But, momentarily, a nostrum for my balmy lines.

You hurt me,  
Eye bid goodbye to a cracked trumpet  
That false a tune.

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# Chasing Cockroaches

Waiting for the cockroaches,  
Fly, fly, fly, they perch ready to fly.  
In fives and tens they pour into the house,  
Wing raised, abdomen extended,  
Brazen copulation! in my presence?

Chasing the `roaches,  
I made a special broom.  
Perch, run, still..,  
I attacked,  
Have dead, they fall, but  
Not without staining the wall,  
It is not their fault for the neighbourhood  
Is filled with muck,  
Filthy children running the hood naked,  
Defecate at wish  
And the result, roaches and sickness,

Waiting for the cockroaches,  
I spread insect powder at nook and cranny of the room,  
My mat spread at a corner and lantern light lowered,  
I await action.

Fly, fly, fly, they cannot fly.  
Aha! My insect powder got them,  
They crawl and roll in a noisy attempt to find  
A cover, inviting my attention,

A finishing strike, they lay still one after the other, dispatching  
Them to unknown world of dead roaches.

In the morning, everywhere is arid with the odour of dead  
Cockroaches, and ants and flies.  
For when one finger fell into a pot of oil,  
It affects other fingers.

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# Circle Of Life

The emptiness of existence  
Seeks fulfillment, the known  
Drags us to the unknown.

Birth; life, death; life,  
Creation; destruction, destruction; creation.  
The seeker is sought after, the  
Conqueror has been conquered.

Our only knowledge is our ignorance  
Of the unknown  
And our human effort to decipher creation  
Continually drives us afar from  
The creator.

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# Death And Music

A wonderful couple with mysterious nature...  
For a dying body,  
What a rhythm known and unknown,  
Hours, minutes, seconds,  
The soul departs.

As the music reaches a point where nature becomes the master artiste,  
The soul disappears like the moon rushing to make way for  
A sudden dawn...

Dirge flows, accompanying  
The departing moon to source,

And the feminity in the masculinity of  
This dirge unfolds the  
Quagmire of emotions that flows  
With death and music,  
Death; the strong male.  
Music; a tender female.

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# Dishonorable Dance

A dance exotic,  
The rhythm, a wonderful fluidity,  
Ears that listen, an attention to behold  
And the dance steps, a reverberating  
Cannons of energy,

The lyrics was a masterpiece of forgery and its intention,  
An assassination of personality,

Without pretense, the artistes aspire to the top,  
Ignoring who they trample  
upon their way to nothingness.

A dance exotically inhuman  
From experience and intuition,  
Eye decline from audience  
For tomorrow you might become  
A victim,  
In this real world of inferiority complex  
Where rockets of gossips set  
our communion with God apart.

'1997'

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# Dog Zone

In this dog zone we dwell,  
Barking dogs have rotten teeth,  
Domestic ones grow lean and quiet,  
Stray dogs hunt the prey but,  
Rabid ones eat the lion share.

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# Drifting

When the flesh of this emotion dies,  
When it goes down so deep;  
Six feet or less or more,  
As food to termites, vultures or the fish,  
And nourishment to earth or contamination to  
The river or the air,  
When it dries or softens according to the intensity  
Of the seasons,  
Then, the soul like the full moon bright across our  
Forest brown, will shine its light  
Visible and clear on our path that we may walk free.

When the soul of this emotion rests,  
Casting long shadows on the trees of our memories,  
Illuminating the labyrinths of our sojourn,  
Then, the energy of our moon naked, shall raise the tide  
Of knowledge and we shall gather the shells of wisdom  
And learn to live again.

When the ashes of our fire-out,  
Is cast to the wind, when it reaches the end of time,  
Then, we shall go back to the beginning  
And begin again.

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# Earth Is Woman (Fgm)

Woman is earth.

The earth is the female, the sky, the male.

The rain is the semen that nourishes the  
Womb; and, the warm sunshine is the orgasm.

The fields green are children of the female  
And violence against any part green or dry  
Is harm to EARTH.

The woman as the earth and vessel of life  
Is sacred,  
And to mutilate her in any form amounts to  
Violation of the sacred passage to existence.

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# Elite Scammers

Among the elites they dwell,  
Offering cows to the chief priests on Saturdays,  
And tithes on Sunday they pay.  
They wear feathered caps and walk like  
Masquerades, big and bold, the jesters sing.  
They take the front rows in the church and the  
Pastor's sermon eulogizes their generosities.  
They are called titled men, they call themselves  
Charity workers and extort money from  
International NGOs. They go to the less privileged  
With cameras to deceive the ignorant,  
The media call them philanthropists.

Scammers eye see  
Live in mansions, they ride on glass tinted  
And bullet proof cars,  
They carry five mobile phones and talk in seven digit figures,  
Their dresses are some royalty and their convoy intimidating.  
They impinge on your reason and take you to the circle,  
You shake hands with powers of the day and get carried away.  
They take you to dinner where a bottle of wine is equivalent  
To the bartender's one month salary and tell you about  
Contracts executed that made them rich.

Scammers eye see  
Carry security escorts and move with ease of a lion king,  
They tell you about their connections in the government  
And heavy contracts you can win.  
Their tongues drip honey as they ask you for PR money,  
10%,20%,25% of a sum upfront and they will swear,  
The contracts are yours.  
If you are foolish and pay, you are finished for,  
Their job is done.

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# Emergency Call

May Day! May Day!  
The ship is sinking,  
Captain Eagle struggles with the devil's compass,  
The crew is Pirate, Plundering her Cargo,  
The elites are fighting, enjoying the chaos,  
The poor are weeping, waiting and hoping...  
May Day! May Day!  
The Nigeria ship is sinking,  
Sinking  
Into the ocean of her oil

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# Emotions

Rhythmical thoughts,  
Elastic, inelastic tensions,  
Restless mood anticipating the invisibles  
In the world of fantasies

Emotions  
Caused by experience  
Where loneliness becomes the  
Driver of thoughts...

Emotions  
A circuit of imaginations,  
Like the whirlwind, the soul  
Shoot in exploration of the  
Limitless places of desires.

Emotions  
Inexplicable an experience  
To behold,

Emotions  
What eye feel,  
An endless harvest.

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# Eye Sea Visions

Eye sea visions  
Turning into shadow  
Disappearing with the dark nights,

Eye sea visions  
Walking in my dreams  
Pushing to join realities  
Then eye fold my hands and wait.

Eye sea visions  
Smiling in the face of the moon,  
Smelling like flowers of the Seasons  
Whispering a psalmist eulogy  
Then, eye close my eyes and anticipate!

Eye sea visions  
And eye feel irritated, as eye begin  
To lament deceptions,  
Intuition envelops me... as  
Eye wonder the genuineness of this  
Visions eye see.

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# Fantasy

She carries her tender front firm and innocently.  
De flowered, has emerge dazzling  
With panache...

She is full of energy, equitably distributed and,  
Like the caressing breeze, she erotizes sensations.

The moon dwell in her eyes, her voice is love songs.  
She gives me imaginations; she gives me hallucinations.  
The birds sing emotions whenever she passes, they  
Sing natures song.

She is nature's owned work, a marvel of an art,  
a creation of my mind.

'2001'

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# Farewell Mama

Farewell my Queen to the land of Angels,  
Fly with the wings of Cherubim, soar with  
The fire of Seraphim,  
Fare into light of God, shine with the stars,  
In life, you were like our morning rays,  
In death, be like the full moon, bright and radiant,  
If good people are the stars, sit close to the moon  
To smile at my lens always pointing at the sky,  
Farewell oh maid of heaven!  
Fare into the hand of the Mother Holy,  
Fare into eternal peace.

Oh tenderness!  
The milk from your breasts will forever quench  
Our tastes,  
Your words of advice will live in our soul.

Strength of womanhood!  
Your words of 'Ekene Maria' still echo in our ears,  
And the constant ruffle of your Rosary bites into our nerves.  
Farewell lioness,  
You prowled the den of cats to feed your cubs.  
Eight years of perseverance, seven days of maximum pain and agony,  
And the heart of the lioness failed;  
And the Angels of Heaven came with their ultimate pain killers,  
And numbed,  
You became free like them.  
Adieu Akadeluwa,  
1944-2014.

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# Femme Fatale

She looks fragile and weak,  
But, like the cheetah, she hunts,  
The timing and speed of her attack  
Leaves the prey spellbound...  
And,  
You swim in her intestine, romancing with her  
Enzymes while she had some rest and wait for  
Another man, in an endless vengeance of  
Teasing, hunting, and reaping of hearts.

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# Forced Marriage

I

The most productive wife of this  
Unholy polygamy,  
Has become a subject of abuse...  
The co-wives are some flamboyance  
Of elitist machinations,  
Inviting Hell on this communion...  
And progress condemned to Purgatory,  
The blessings of the family becomes  
A curse for all...

II

What nature has put Trisunder,  
The white man has joined together...  
Even the Great Rivers of the Land  
Flow grudgingly as they confluence  
At the land of the violent hearts...  
This unholy trinity has become our  
'Everest of Catastrophe',  
A battle to be or not...,  
It rages on the front line of  
Neo-colonial abracadabra  
And we are guided on the lessons  
Of capitulation yet destiny remain clear  
Of our course...,

III

The colonial gamblers draw the race  
At race-course and the people, grudgingly,  
Or,  
Inexperience of the race or the course, dabbled  
Into this blind adventure inside a lake, boosting  
The sickle ego of the colonial collaborators...  
Like three naïve virgin girls,  
The colonial Casanovas cajoled us  
Into this unholy polygamy of matrimony  
And,  
They rape the land as the

Children of this marriage probe the  
Legality of the union; the milk of our breast  
Must not run dry else they die.

IV

The offspring of this illegitimacy  
Hack selves down for control  
Of resources in the hand of the neo-colonialist  
And their pimps,  
They throw away kindred spirits as stigma  
Of this unholy polygamy of matrimony manifest  
In this land God has blessed in abundance.

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# Forms From My Sky

FORMS!

Eye sea the cloud walk the horizon  
Of my imagination,  
Day and Night  
Eye sea men, women, animals, and birds  
Forming in the sky,  
Becoming evanescent to trace...  
Eye watched and become the cloud,  
Walking my canvas,  
Creating my forms,  
Stamping my seal

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# Gold Diggers

Too much simplicity,  
They take you for granted,  
Too much kindness,  
They take you for a fool,  
Too much generosity,  
They take advantage and lie  
At every opportunity,  
All to get more from you  
Pretending to be in dire need.

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# Good Friday

The one that dined with HIM betrayed HIM,  
The ones HE called HIS Brothers abandoned HIM,  
The one that swore to fight by HIM denied HIM,  
But the Women that believed in HIM walked with  
HIM through the streets of tears and agony to  
Golgotha...

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# Here Nor There

Here or there, where are you!  
Knowledge of here, questions about there,  
Ignorance of there, oblivious of fear,

Here nor there, the gap in-between,  
The misinformed we are.

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# History

Talk,  
Talking Drum!  
To the youth and restless,  
About '66 and gunshots  
And the innocent blood that stained the arable land  
Of the north,  
Talk about Biafra and kwashiorkor,  
And mothers hopeless,  
And fathers helpless,  
About bodies that decomposed where they fell and  
Vultures partying in the sky,  
Talk about homelessness and the rain that fell at night,  
About sabotage and abandoned properties,  
And the wickedness in 3 pounds,  
And the lip-service of 3 Rs,  
Talk about the stories refused to be told,  
And the terror in the eyes of the aged  
As they shooked their heads and  
Looked into the void.

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# Hunted Villa

Ghostly rock watches over it,  
Vultures hover at the roof top,  
Sane minds walk into the villa  
And become insane,  
Healthy people moved in and turned  
Deaf and blind,  
It sits at the three arm zone and  
The occupants moves in poor,  
Grab all they can, become wealthy  
And powerful, and lose their soul.  
Some died in the villa,  
Some were forced away,  
Some lost their loved ones there,  
Yet, everybody dreams to occupy it.

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# Identity

What we are, we are.  
What we are not, we are not.

What we are not and would be,  
We may be.  
What we are and will not be,  
May never be.

Because we are afraid of what we are,  
We have become what we are not.  
Because we have become what we are not,  
We are afraid of what we have become.

We have become afraid of the wind,  
We have become afraid of the shadows of our mind,  
We run from the songs of the birds, we avoid the  
Melodies of our aged walks.

We run from the morning showers, we run from the setting sun.  
We run from anything, everything, we run from nothing.

Because we have become nothing, we are everything.  
We have become what we are because,  
We have rejected what we are.

We have become afraid of what we are because,  
We are nothing...

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# Invincible Companion

Sometimes, you feel possessed...,  
You hear voice whisper verses to your ears,  
You pick your pen and write.

Sometimes, you want to add your line,  
But, the voice will say; 'No, it is not that way,  
Listen very attentively, and, write'.

Sometimes, you will add your own line, and the voice  
Will say, &quot;Fine, it is alright&quot;...,

Sometimes, you write before you think,  
Sometimes, you omit some lines, then, you will have to wait  
Long-temporally to get them back.

Sometimes, you get just the sketch, it becomes  
An assignment to complete....

Sometimes, you argue with the voice for days  
Before you turn out a piece; you listen, you think,  
You write, cancel, and rewrite.

Sometimes,  
When you become,  
You look at the piece, and, you say, what a beautiful  
Verses 1 have written.

Then, you will look back and say,  
I never wrote that, I am just a tool in the hands  
Of supernatural conspirators,  
I am been used to respond to events,  
Sometimes...□

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# Invitation

Come!

Comedy, come.

Beat me tenderly, come.

Treat me severely, come.

Come Comedy, come.

Take me out of Sudan,

Carry me away from Afghanistan,

Pull me from Iraq, set me free from Nigeria.

Come comedy, come.

Keep me ahead of Zimbabwe,

Rest me in the sand beach of the Caribbean.

Come let's dance and laugh as

If there are no suicide bombers around.□

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# Journey Man

Train of thoughts move from station to station

Searching for 'GOD'; seeking for essence...

Examining self in this jungle called earth

Eye arrived at the

FIRST STOP,

GOD;

The RANGER

Enthroned, watches-

Free-willed,

The game feed on one another,

Fenced in a globe,

We struggle for freedom.

SECOND STOP,

RELIGION;

A cast iron net that entrap all;

Big fish, medium fish, small fish...

We are food to the Fishers of Men.

PAUSE,

Eye sea the

Brutality of the Crusaders

And the mercilessness of the Inquisitors,

The savagery of the Islamist

And the abandonment in self Immolation,

The resoluteness of religion oppressors

And the determination of the atheists,

And eye mused that to be free of all is to be

'FREE',

And to impose a SINGLE WAY to the 'DIVINE' is

Purely Authoritarian

THIRD STOP,

GOVERNMENT;

The Oracle only seen by the inner cult,

What the gods say, what they mean,

Is subject to interpretation by the chief priest and

His red cap chiefs;

Presidential pardon, plea bargain,

Guilty, not guilty, reduced sentence, dropped charges,

Blah, blah, blah,  
Them SEE us, them HEAR us,  
Them run the show.

FOURTH STOP,  
TRADITION;

A covenant made by our ancestors,  
Some with the gods, others with the devil,  
Some with wisdom, others in ignorance,  
All in pursuit of the knowledge-  
'God', Cosmos, Gravity, Spirits and the Soul,  
The miracle of birth and the mystery of death,  
'Ask, and the door will open, Seek, and you will find...'  
Spiritual Synergy;  
Witchcraft, Voodoo, Meditations, Contemplation,  
Incantations, Invocation, Dry-fasting, Wet-fasting,  
SILENCE,  
...we SEARCH4hq.

FIFTH STOP,  
FAMILY;

The strongest cult of all...  
Man, Woman, in oath of allegiance,  
Siblings in agreement with parents sing Amen,  
Bonded in love and understanding,  
Them become the strongest and most  
Secretive of all-

SIXTH STOP,  
SOCIETY;

This jungle full of everything;  
Love, aggression, tension, oppression,  
Fraternities, sororities,  
Brotherhood, sisterhood,  
Believers, unbelievers,  
We form clusters to survive; we are all cult members  
In a globe were to be alone is  
Food to the pack,

SEVENTH STOP,

FRIENDSHIP;

Sub-cluster of the pack,  
Alignment, re-alignment, non-alignment,  
We build trust and dependent-  
Good friends are like the military barracks,  
Always open to retreating soldiers,  
Bad ones are like the Thenadiers, always  
Thinking to profit from others  
Misery,

NEXT STOP,

NO STOP;

Void, the train enters auto pilot,  
Innocent lives in the darkness of the womb  
Pushing to join the earth,  
Rigor mortised bodies in the darkness of the tomb;  
The soul returning to source,  
Recount their struggle,  
The living weep, sing and chant, and dance.  
The moon, the stars, and the sun continue their journey,  
Oblivious of our struggles?  
And the journey man looks up and down,  
Paused for a flash back, shook his head,  
And looks ahead...

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# Laurent Kabila

(dedicated to late President of Democratic Republic of Congo; reportedly killed by one of his bodyguards)

To cut down an iroko unwittingly,  
You destroy the shade and fortress it gives.

When the sun shines perspiration on the birds,  
They will spread their feathers in remorse and cry;  
There use to be an iroko here...

The remains of the iroko will create a long traffic  
To the way of passage.

When the logs are finally cleared, the stump  
Remains Laurent Kabila,  
A historic landmark.

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# Life Is Like A Football Game

Life is like a football game

When you score a goal, you must play hard to defend it  
And even harder to score more goals,

If you concede a goal,  
You have to put all your energy to equalize  
And score a winner.

If you score a goal and become complacent, your opponent  
Will come from behind and give you a surprise...

If you lose hope because you conceded a goal,  
Then you are a loser because you will concede more goals.

The spectators support tantamount the effort  
you put in the game.

If you win the match, they become part of  
The winning team,

If you lose, they will make do with the  
Satisfaction of an entertaining game,

If you go down fighting,  
They will always find a reason for your  
Losing the game,  
And to lose a match becomes a lesson on how to win next one.

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# Loneliness

Loneliness is a disease  
That affects my soul each time  
You are no-where for eye to sea.

Loneliness is a disease  
When the gentle breeze echoes those  
Tunes from our desert neighbours  
Where eyes reaches but, never reach.

Loneliness is a disease  
As eye remember the chattering of that  
Voice that drains my pain,

Loneliness is a disease  
As eye realized that you may be somewhere  
Smiling in another's embrace...

Loneliness is a disease  
When we surrender our heart in love  
And suddenly, she departs incommunicado.

Loneliness is idleness and day dreaming.

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# Lonely Raindrops

Rain drops rhythmically,  
A familiar sound for lonely hearts,

Looking out of the windows of emotion  
Searching for comfort that you are,  
Eye beheld a scenario of helter-skelter  
As footsteps dash for shelter...and  
The kids so excited,  
Play football game in the wet...

Suckling babies grab their mothers'  
Embrace, they held peacefully away  
From the stormy raindrops of loneliness,  
Cuddling and squeezing, increasing the heartbeat  
Of warmth and tender emotions.  
And,  
Bumping and grinding, lovers forgot  
The isolation of the cold weather. And the lonely  
Hearts keep warm under their bed sheets,  
Awaiting the return of their lovers afar.

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# Lost With Innocence

In the labyrinth of his mind,  
The pine whistles and bend to this  
Push of nature.

Self at one with pace swirls like  
A smoke from a nostalgic roof of an  
Aged hut.

Searching,  
In the mind of this artist...  
things that left with innocence.

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# Love Driver's Invitation

Come  
And cruise with the love driver,  
From ghetto to city center,  
From blue bulb avenues to red light districts,

Come  
And ride with the love driver,  
His routes are traffic light,  
His traffic lights are green always,

Come and cruise smooth,  
His roads has no bumps,  
His speed limit is comfort,  
His conductor is a love doctor,  
His company is therapy,

Come and ride with the love driver,  
The car booth is large,  
Your break-ups and heart breaks  
Are contained,  
Your divorces and jilted affairs are  
Accommodated,

Come!  
Ride!  
And forget your loneliness

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# Love Wish

If I were a musician,  
You, my love, will be my voice, my piano,  
You will be my dance.

My lyrics, your sensuous body will provide  
The rhythm.  
I will croon your name at midnight blues,  
I will sing your romance in the mornings.

If I were a musician, my love,  
You will be my album; my best track,  
my only song.

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# Mccain And The Hurricane

The Republican, McCain  
Slowed down the game  
When Gustav the Hurricane  
Raised its cane,

The people that knows the pain  
Moved to gain...,  
They must not wait  
For this gamble of shame,

Memories of Katrina hit  
Hard with pain,  
For it was another tsunami  
That caused some pain.

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# Midnite Caller

Say something tonight, midnight caller,  
The call is free so the provider says. The windy shower calmed  
The weather setting the mood longing for a chat,  
A cool midnight chat.

Midnight caller  
Feeble, fragile and frigid,  
Quavering for love and caress, take eye to  
The wardrobe of your attires, show me garment of your desire.

Midnight caller in want,  
Married with fruits yet, single by commission,  
Abandoned in the marriage of half a moon  
Per twelve circle,  
Searching for the other half of the moon  
Is the heart of love lost to he with a dirty scalpel,  
Searching for the romance of the pen that bled balmy lines,

Midnight caller  
Tracing love steps back to the days of the  
Wild hunter and the innocent lamb,  
Finding an alibi for the broken trumpet,  
Brooding about the arrow at the heart of  
This sacrificed lamb.

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## Miss Onovo

So understanding you are  
For trouble to lie untouched,  
Maturity you show when  
Trivial gossips are cannoned against you.

Eye observe the heavenly manner you  
Carry worries and tears away even when  
Immediate solutions are far to fetch.  
Eye cherish the gentle way you smile away chaff talks as you  
March on with stallion pride charismazing the  
Personality you present to eye.

Eye beholds thee with adorable nobility.  
A lady of substance, only nature knows bunch  
Of stuck she has for you.

My sincere advice is that you await  
God's time become...,

Bravo! As you ignore those  
Whose source of joy is to distress  
Others life. For cheerful heart  
And perseverance on your part will them see  
To fall their knees as defeated...

Them shall plead forgiveness when  
Soothing smiles from your forgiving  
Heart had mocked the painful past. For a  
Sad past dresses a fortuitous future.

Today, eye see, smell and feel a  
Lady who has carried so many experiences on the  
Field of psychology in a short time of age,

Life is always like that you know!  
For exposure brings experience that embraces  
Intelligible maturity that moulds this destiny  
That you dream.

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# Mosquitoes And Me

Persistent mosquitoes sing all night,  
Resilient me sleeps awake,  
Merciless weather burns its charcoal  
And government megawatts produced blackout.  
Mosquito net is a blanket of heat and  
Insecticides spray is fresh air to this late night  
Helicopters whirring in my ears, biting my sweaty and  
Sticky skin, itching, and itching...,  
The night becomes a battleground of bloodletting.  
Kill one, another takes its place, fighting  
With cluster bomb of discomfort, sleepless night,  
And malaria.

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## Most Beautiful Girl...

She walks not the cat stage  
Wriggling her waist, and jerking her buttocks  
Like a mold of amala in the hands of mama-put,  
Her braless breasts are not spectacle for the audience  
To cheer,

She speaks her mother-tongue fluently and her  
Accent is not faked,  
Her skin is fleshy and oily, and her voice is in  
Agreement with Mother Nature to  
Suckle the earth,  
Her hands fears no charcoal and  
Heavens vote gives her desired Crown.

She's a Queen to all, and her special assistance goes  
To the poor and needy,  
And, to dine with her requires good manners not  
VIP Invitation at midnight  
For her sunrise comes with busy hands, and  
Her presence echoes the words of the reading  
That reminds one of the fruitlessness of  
A man to be alone

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# My Art, My Life.

My art is my life,  
The madness them say, the saneness eye sea,  
My art is my world,  
And the energy within  
Drives the seen

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# My Bleeding Pen

It bleeds,  
My pen bleeds, my pen bleeds.  
Whether it is my forte, I cannot fault.  
Bleed blue, bleed black, and bleed red ...

Oh! My paper,  
What a kinder compassion you are,  
Always ready to soak-up thoughts  
From this soul forever in season,

Oh! Dearest paper,  
You soak evanescent thoughts, you soak emotions,  
You soak to talk back to eyes,  
What I have told you.

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# My Country Is A Jungle

A kiss is a bite; a hug is a fight,  
A handshake is a bet; our existence is a gamble,  
Mr. Eagle dwells atop the rock watching over us,  
The eaglets prowl the streets spying on us,  
Their vulture friends sing and dance alleluia  
Round the rock,  
And every Wednesdays they assemble to share the  
Milk of the bleeding national cow,  
Their weaver bird friends sing their praises  
With voices cracked by soured wine of the eagle king  
And his hyena bodyguards,  
Their squirrel friends pray for them, eat their food,  
And come to the public like Pontus Pilate,

My country is a Jungle  
The grass is too rough for the goats: they want fresh fish,  
The bone is too hard for the lions; they want milk and honey,  
The barking dogs have their tails cut,  
The rampaging elephants got their testicles broken,  
The parrots have their throat cut,  
Yet, Mr. Eagle and his entourage fly round the world  
Singing alleluia about this jungle  
Where life is sorrow and death is a feast.

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# My Neighbour

I have a Youngman neighbour,  
A retired criminal full of love.  
Natural or artificharm, I cannot tell.

Like most men in love,  
He's a fool...  
To his wife, he will boast about his days in prison,  
Awaiting trial...

He's wife is an acid-tongued virago,  
Always talking about fights her husband fought  
In the market place,  
Always talking about charms and voodoo priests.

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# Olympic Games

Tears of winning;  
Tears of joy.  
Tears of losing;  
Tears of sorrow.

Gold, Silver, Bronze,  
Or  
Nothing,  
In Olympic Games,  
Everybody wins.

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# Our Biafra, Our Bitterness

Our bitterness lies

Not on those that killed us during Biafra,

Nor those that failed to aid our course,

It lies on those that betrayed the mission yet,

We shake hands and force smiles with them

While the heart frown at the memories of glorious days

Sabotaged.

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# Patience

Patience,  
It carries an expiring date.  
When patience expires, it becomes poisonous.  
Unfit for consumption, it becomes desperation.

When patience expires,  
Conscience dies.

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# Perfect Adultery

Nature's game awarded the clay  
To the potter's neighbour  
Who desires it not.  
The potter finds his clay perchance  
And longed to possess it whole, malleable and wet,  
And when he does, it will become  
A perfect adultery,

To the potter's house she  
Will go, to be molded whole and happy,  
The potter is a good man they will say  
But, good men though gentle and civil,  
In things of love and romance, sometimes,  
The animal in man takes over  
And when it does, the potter's act to claim his clay  
Will become a perfect adultery,

When a woman young and inexperienced  
Is lured into a marriage of baby making  
By a man above his prime and manipulative,  
When she's abandoned in a romance of half moon  
Per twelve circle,  
She will yearn for love young and adventurous like hers'  
To escape the boredom and loneliness of a single mother married,  
When she abandon herself in a romance of young-full  
Lover,  
It will become a perfect adultery.

When a man gentle and pure  
Falls into the hands of a woman that nags  
In a matrimony of distrust,  
When he stays away and befriends alcohol  
And in his lighter brain finds a woman easy  
And seductive,  
He will submit to her bareback rough ride,  
He will long for this escape at will  
And when he does,  
It will become a perfect adultery.

When adult-try relationship  
Become a game of deceit and suspicion,  
When couples seek an escape with another  
Seen as compatible and trustful  
And religion preaches sin of the flesh,  
And nature thinks otherwise,  
And the couples do their thing  
Because separation is hard to get  
And hypertension knocks at the door,  
When they close their eyes in a romance  
Of anything goes, it will be termed a  
Perfect adultery,  
Perfect adult-try?  
Perfect adult-teen?  
Perfect adult-tur?  
Perfect adult-thorn  
In the flesh?

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# Personal Reflections

God made man from dust.  
Nothingness of beginning and end,  
And his will is attained out of total humility, charity...  
Then we return to nothingness of death,  
Whether by dust of the earth or scattered ashes of the  
Wind or river, to nothing the body returns,  
And the souls perfected through the furnace of spirituality  
In God, sings unending hallelujah as they walk the aisle  
Of heaven for a wedlock of divinity and eternal peace with God,  
Angels, Saints and the Holy Spirit.

Each day I woke up in the morning oh! Lord,  
May I like Bartimeus behold the first vision of the day;  
The image of Christ, with his merciful eyes penetrating my sinful soul  
That thy Grace may carry me through the human frailty of the day.

Like a mighty ship with abundant cargoes,  
I navigate the tumbling waters of life without a  
Compass,  
Spiritual direction on this journey through God I seek  
In this retreating soul; to discover self through Christ with total  
Humility, surrender and sincere acceptance to what God may fashion for me.  
I feel an innermost emptiness; a spiritual vacuum that echoes the dryness of this  
Wind of destiny searching for God's presence in my daily existence,  
Lift the lamp of your love oh Lord, that in your mercy, I may see...

I am just like a refuse oh Lord, but even the most rotten refuse can be recycled.  
Recycle me that I may be of great value to mankind to the glory of your name  
Through your son, Jesus Christ

Grant me your Grace oh lord to dismantle without reservations the door of my  
soul and place your angels on guard to keep the devil away.  
Give me the grace to make a dinner table of this door that Christ your son may  
dwell and sit for a spiritual meal that gives life in you, the Almighty.

Like a faulty car I struggle to reach you my lord.  
Sometimes the car is pushed, other times it is towed and even atimes it roll  
At a snail pace, all because of the faultiness of its being,  
And when the car finally arrives at this perfect mechanics', it beholds a new  
existence,  
God, mend my faulty soul that I like a brand new car will always gather spiritual  
stability at the slightest acceleration. Let me cruise as you have willed.

When you recycle a refuse, it becomes manure or fertilizer. When you apply this  
to the soil, it adds nutrients to it and helps the crops grow green and bear good  
fruits.

Lord apply us to the soil of your church to add nutrients to the soul of your  
people through Christ your son. Amen.

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# Questions!

What manner of choice is man?  
...specimen; test tube!

Does he have a choice?  
Is he a beggar; is there a beggar in man.

Is he in charge of events?  
Does he shape events in order to be shaped by the same events?  
Do events shape man in order for him to shape events?

Does he pursue his destiny, is he dragged to it.  
What kind of destiny is man, what kind of energy is he?  
Is man all destinies?  
Is he all energy?

What occupies a man; angelic, diabolic?  
...Fighting for dominance, seeking compromise!

What nature of agreement is God?  
What nature of disagreement is Lucifer?  
What nature of arrangement is man and universe?

Arrangement of scramble and partition!  
Arrangement of souls, spirits and bodies!

What kind and manner of medium is man!  
Is he a game played by unknown!

Is man all emptiness, seeking fulfillment,  
Is he assumingly full and ignorant of all?

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# Raindrops Of Innocence

Crystal raindrops and romantic breeze  
Arouse this reality that becomes you.  
For the moon you are stood in nakedness  
Intimidating eye with purity hidden for long.  
Purity disguised with ruggedness.

Alas! Some raw gem you are.  
As eye wear the coat of silence,  
Raindrops still singing away  
For this two in converse so  
Deep, innocence you are arrested  
My soul.

The sadness you feel about the world  
Made you cry your heart away.  
Amazingly! The roving eyes of adventurous  
Men sees nothing of your pain.

They call you evasive, they call you deceptive.  
For this emotionally depressed mind, them care nothing about,  
But this day, eye so cherished the you in nature to me  
You displayed

As eye brood this feelings thyself arouse in an  
Inquisitive a heart that is mine,  
Eye remember nature that weathered  
These crystal raindrops of innocence  
We shared.

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# Refuse

Call me waste, call me muck,  
Call me dirt, call me useless,  
Put me in a black bag, dump me at wish,  
Generate me and discard me,  
Recycle me, recycle me, and recycle me!  
I am a useful refuse.

Bury me aground, throw me in the river,  
Caste me into the abyss or burn me,  
Reject me, reject me and reject me!  
I am a harmful waste.

My creators discard me, ignoring my origin,  
When am born again, they want me back.

Clear me from your homes, Pick me from the roadside,  
Load me on a truck; take me to the dump yard,  
Regenerate me, regenerate me, and regenerate me!  
Am a useful refuse, I can be a harmful refuse.

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# Remembrance Day

Lagos,  
Monday January 15,2001.  
Dusk at daybreak,  
Piercing wind brought the rains.

It was suppose to be harmattan. It is hammer-time.  
The cloud is sober, waiting with saber,  
Men in starched khaki will march today.  
They will remember the fallen heroes. Eye call some herons.

The people will muse over a decayed past,  
For the weather has set a mood of gloom  
For a retrospect of doom.

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# Royal Blood Boiling

Internet age holds no barrier against  
Royalty gone astray,  
Blue blood young and restless boils over  
As Hollywood beckons,  
Like movie stars, like music icons, they  
Seek escape from ancient norms of morality,  
They beat the entrapment of stone castle built by Kings  
For the Glass mansions of freemen  
Where they ignored all and bared all,  
The paparazzi is always on auto mode,  
And the news man is a capitalist.  
Decadent eyes seeking mundane fulfillment savour  
The pleasures of the moment,  
And the Guilty fights back to save face  
After a Mockery of the Crown,  
In this Kingdom built on Pride.

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# Slumdogs

Like waifs and strays,  
They roam the streets with naked emotions.  
Dirty, hungry and ambitious,  
They prowl the neighbourhood  
Scavenging the dustbins of the rich folks,  
In search of life so elusive,  
They waste vital childhood energy.

The headmaster will not allow them in school,  
The government will not give them free education.  
A life so innocent and sweet is wasted in the street.

The society is a travesty of emotions,  
The government is filled with consummate looters.  
Who will fight for them! Who will set them on high?

This battle, they must overcome!  
We must push them to triumph,  
The newscaster will announce their achievement  
By sunrise,  
The newspapers will call them patriots.  
Radio, Television, play them some sweet rhythm,  
Give them honour.  
Call them our future, call them our destiny.

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# Song Of A Rising Sun

Kindred spirits guides the sun rise  
From the eastern heartland of  
Merchants dwell,  
Where my forefathers worshipped their creator  
Through the Ikenga firm and feared,  
Kolanut rituals performed at sunrise and sunset  
Give honour to the being divine and wise.

The drums of my ancestors were vocal,  
The dance steps, a strength,  
The rhythm was a communion with their creator,  
And they sing in unison, in praise of the powers above.

Men that wore khaki shorts came,  
Smoking Long pipes, they became gods  
To our forebearers,  
Their magic broke the rhythm and things went  
Wrong with our heads,  
The elders of the land became blank and the weak  
Became warriors of the new beginning,

Our neighbours got a different kind of message  
And their women became masquerades while  
Their men turned to bareback riders.

It was a blend of all that was meant to be good,  
Our fathers embraced all, gained all, and lost all,  
They say one man one woman as the west taught the rest  
But in the land of the rising sun, it becomes a requiem.  
If you say I do with the likes of Adaeze in a tilted union,  
Ije di na nwunye will become a lament of a life time;  
An endless marital song of sorrow.

People die of heart attack because they can't say I don't,  
The church has ruled for better, for worse,  
But for azu anu-uka, when life is threatened,  
The rule becomes opium meant for the practicing faithful.

Our ancestors did and did and did, instead of I don't,

They did again, lived peacefully, danced gracefully  
And observed thousands of sunsets.

Eye followed false echoes of Ada mammiwata and  
Became a traveler in wedlock of padlocks;  
I, the bloodline of Rainmakers, the son of spiritual blacksmiths,  
They say I should not say I don't, but I have already said so,  
My forebearers would have performed a simple ritual of  
Appeasement to set the son free but,  
The court and the church revel in the soap of the pigeons;  
They live to watch another episode. But eye said I don't.

A rising sun sings with a lone voice, the echoes reaches the  
Land of the Popes,  
A man of psychiatry and culture heard and want to hear again,  
But I sing and dance the spirit within,  
I sing about the powers abused; of greedy leaders and waifs,  
Of First-ladies and abused children, I sing about highlife and  
Lowlife,  
I sing about sun rise and ablutions, about sun sets and long shadows,

Eye sing,  
Lamentations of the rising sun,  
My song will end when the course is circled.

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# The African Child.

Give them all  
That belongs to them.  
Today, give them their tomorrow;  
Give them education, give them life.  
Give them courage, give them ambition.  
They need existence, make it persistent.

Give them all that belong to them;  
What of justice, give them love.  
Give them vision, make them happy,  
They need shelter, give them security.

Give them reality, not a mirage.

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# The Artist

Eye am a messenger striving to be attentive...  
The message is my art and,  
As the first audience, I stand before its wholeness,  
Savoring its content and meaning...  
Lost in meditation like one in-front  
Of divine presence,  
Eye commune with the silent voice  
Speaking through the artwork,  
Watching, listening, and digesting all.

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# The Man At A Roadside Bend-Down Shop

With determination,  
He examined and bargained...  
The woman shop owner with excitement,  
Instruct and advise the young man on the  
Best material to buy.

She pointed at one, she displayed another,  
Observing this encounter, eye wonder ...as  
Imagination turned me into the customer,

Thoughts flow on the motivation  
Of buying second hand pants and bras  
At a roadside bend-down shop.  
Weather for a loved one or otherwise,  
Eye realized what love might do,  
Eye pondered what stinginess can  
Also do.

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# The Nigeria Meltdown

Bloomingly gloomy,  
The soul is moody,  
The cloud has gathered,  
Thick and threatening...  
The wind is dressed in a Katrina garment,  
The ocean dance a Tsunamized rhythm,  
Yet, the people only fold their hands and watch,  
And talk, and does nothing...

If the Rain maker commands the wind,  
Calm or fierce,  
The ocean will rest, the cloud will clear,  
And the people will clap their hands and laugh, and  
Praise divine intervention.  
But, the Rain maker is sick, and  
They rumoured it terminal.

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# The Nigerian Hope

The chicks descend on the refuse dump,  
With fervent aggression, they scatter to gather,  
Spreading their feathers with buried pride,  
They peck away sorrows of bleeding existence,  
Seeking a transit from fantasy to dreams to reality.

A fantasy stuck in deep hatred,  
A dream stalled by bad Government, oppression and corruption,  
A reality at constant siege by bigotry;  
That has been our hunted existence;  
Our haunted leaders, our haunted future, our haunted  
Ambition for one nation.

The chicks fashion the sustenance for today,  
With energies of tomorrow.

A top a refuse dump, they vent their venom of disillusionment.  
When the dump crumbles, the energy becomes,  
An eagle forever in search of life,  
At expense of another life.

Where life is abundant, but hard to find,  
Hope becomes a refuse dump,  
Only hard beak of deviant chicks can penetrate.

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# The Night Soil-Man

A sudden slashing of the fresh air  
With foul odour of our abdominal rejects  
When sleep has reached a snoring pitch  
Always announces the presence of this  
Hard-working faceless labourer,

Walking and working the neighbourhood  
At dark nights, oblivious of the danger abound,  
He sweats that we may live in good health.

This labourer of the night,  
Dispenser of this dirty act from our  
Digestive system contained in a cistern, works all night,  
That we may walk the 'Red Carpet' at sunrise,

The night soil-man,  
Have you seen him lately!  
Some say civilization made them redundant,  
Others says it harnessed their expertise,  
Whatever they say,  
The human bowel will always discharge its excesses  
And this masked labourer s' duty will  
Always be executed as appointed.

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# The Ritual At Olympia

April 21,2016,

A group of Priestess

Dressed in flowing garment,

Elegant and splendid to sight, and their priests...

Recount the ancient tradition at the carcass of the

Ancient temple of Hera, wife of Zeus in Olympia, Greece,

The High Priestess gazed at the Sun and spoke in Greek,

What eye perceive was the summoning of Apollo for Rio,

And light of the sun, to ignited the torch,

The little kids raised the olive branch,

And the High Priestess with prayer to Apollo handed

The torch, and a branch... and the dove free, the

Road was cleared for the journey to 2016 Olympics games.

The drum bit was solemn, the mandolin soothing,

The dance step that followed was a group rhythm,

The world was there, and the TV too...

A poet was there, and the choir too,

The sky was bright, and speeches were made,

The ritual was captivating, the memory eternal,

The gods are come..., for the games to begin...

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# The Seeker

Eye seek what I know not,  
Like an eagle hovering and scanning the  
Horizon, eye seek.

What eye desire not I know,  
When eye behold what I seek, eye know.

Eye know not what seeketh me,  
Like a messenger willing and obedient eye wait,  
Like a keeper assured, eye wait,  
What eye wait for, eye know not,  
But when eye sea, eye know.

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# The Visitor

He comes gentle like the evening wind,  
His voice is soft like the dew,  
His face is the blue sky  
And mother earth watches in silence.  
His eyes are lucid-fire,  
Penetrating this soul alone at the broken bridge,  
He calls himself the master of men, the maker of dreams,  
He calls himself destiny fulfilled.  
To walk with him is fame at fingertips,  
But the verses of this female Saint from Sienna filled the air,  
&quot;...our will is strong as it conforms to yours, our will  
Is weak as it opposes to your will oh! Lord...&quot;  
The lonely soul stands ambivalent, the wind is not  
Gentle with him,  
Heaven delays his sun, and his moon is crescent.  
Lucid-fire burns with irresistible intensity,  
But the female Saint from Sienna sings louder,  
&quot;...abiding in the Lord, we are strong&quot;

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# They Remembered D.

A princess full of love and charity.  
She abandoned the tired eye of London  
For the palpating pyramids of the Pharaoh's.  
And without reservation, she centered her universe  
In the romantic embrace of this Prince of the Nile. The  
Pharaohs true son, the momentary conqueror of  
The Crown of She That Does No Wrong.

It was a highway to be gone  
When this unholy romance became a business  
Venture for a decadent world.

They towered the kingdoms of their ancestors, desecrating the  
Aged Pride of She That Must Be Obeyed,  
soothing the Pride of The Pharaohs.

Wheel of love crushed at the tunnel of doom and  
To world unknown, their clinging soul begun...

A gay man sang a goodbye song for a punctured dream. The  
World gathered and they will always gather to honor  
the Prince and Princess of these Kingdoms divided by pride.

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# This Casanova Friend

I had a friend,  
A charming youth, spoilt.  
To seduce a woman,  
He cries and pleads for attention;  
Albeit with all his deceitful  
Heart of love.

Ladies love his pussycat eyes,  
They become prey to this  
Seductive adventurer...  
When he got them naked-agape on his bed,  
Off, he's gone looking for another prey,  
Begging, cajoling, and perfecting  
His diary of sex.

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# This Federation

Our center holds not our unity but  
Our common weal,  
We gather, we gather to fill our  
Drums,  
We scatter; we scatter to seek our source.

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# This Happiest People On Earth

They call us happiest people on earth  
Eye wonder why it was so.  
We are people psychologically oppressed,  
And we sort happiness everywhere to float.  
We party sunrise to set yet, our pillows are soaked  
With sorrows of tomorrow unknown,  
A policeman shot dead a taxi driver and a pregnant woman  
In front of a bank that pays peanuts to guard,  
They dismissed him for prison while  
Psychiatric doctors roam the hood unemployed,  
Mobile police are no longer mobile for their  
Bullets walk their work,

Religion absorb our frustrations as we blame the  
Devil for much and leave others for God...,  
When the poor widow's oil polishes the preacher's mansion,  
Alleluia in high heaven we sing.

They say we are the happiest people on earth,  
Eye look around and weep,  
Poor kids pick dustbins for food,  
Children of the rich drive joy from drugs,  
Elites and politicians rape the land  
And quarrel when the scale is tilted, the press must  
Sell for salaries are paid.

Preachers pray for our protections but  
Move with armed bodyguards,  
Their tithes come from our cooperate sins  
And the people fear God to talk.

They call us happiest people on earth  
But dog eats dog in our world to fat,  
Grand papas and mamas desire 'blood tonic'  
And youths dispense at a few naira notes,  
Our society is an abattoir, with conscience dead,  
We butcher without mercy.

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# This House Is War

Amazing voices sing in praise  
Of God every morning and night, yet,  
This house is war.

We share wonderful jokes, laugh,  
Tease one another, yet,  
This house is bitter.

We pretend to love; contribute our widows  
Might when it is a fellows day,  
Yet, our mind harbour great evil plots...

I am saddened by this stinking pretense,  
I am burdened by this hypocrisy.  
The roof have holes, the floor is sticky  
And slippery,  
Smiles are contrived, friendship is betrayed.

Foods delicious have poison in them,  
The hunting team preys on each other; the  
Hunter has become the hunted.

We cue to fight one course yet, we  
Pour causes on selves.  
Some have left this house for peace,  
Some lay their lives to expose the  
Rottenness of this house, some watch  
The house like a movie with the  
End unknown.

Some fold their hands and wait...  
...waiting for the collapse of this  
House.

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# Traffic Jam

Of the air,  
A traffic jam,  
Migrating to a fulfilling destination,  
The birds making effort to build their nests,  
Cluster into a warm survival of the fittest.

Of the land,  
A traffic hold-up,  
Shuffling, pushing, blocking one another  
Round and round a confused path,  
Beings attempt a blind pursuit of  
Destiny unknown.

Of the sea,  
Traffic...  
As aquatics rush to feed on a prey  
That has become a predator.

...traffic hold-ups,  
The wind blowing, the  
Sea waving,  
Footsteps marching and tyres screeching,  
Horn blaring, all but  
A deceitful note,

Body scratch body very aggressively,  
Bringing the journey to a fall.

...A halt of tomorrow,  
Of visions and ambitions, of  
Strength and determination...  
A fall that keeps you behind all  
If you allow it,  
A traffic hold-up of destiny by envy and greed  
But, you must not allow it.

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# Unbroken Fellowship

Unbroken fellowship,  
The living and dead  
For our love for the departed  
Keep us in everlasting communion as  
They prepare better place for us  
Ahead of time,

Unbroken fellowship,  
Sadness and joy  
For each compliments the other  
To balance this imperfect life we are.

Unbroken fellowship,  
Life and death  
For arrival and departure make  
Lives go round.

Unbroken fellowship,  
Fantasy, dream and reality  
For fantasy energizes the pursuit  
Of dream in order to get hold of  
Reality in this fellowship of the  
Known and the unknown.

akabeks 1997

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# Unforgettable Rhythm

Of thoughts, this emotions,  
Of steps—a dance,  
Of rhythm, so unforgettable,

Today eye embrace this flowing emotions,  
To feel these steps that made this dance  
So rhythmically unforgettable,

Forever eye will follow these thoughts  
That made this rhythm that you are,  
So unforgettable.□

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# Unknown

There is an emptiness within,  
neither sexual love nor wealth can fill,  
like the dry land it yearns for rain tender.

This emptiness longs for  
fulfillment unknown.

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# Wandering Man

Am a wanderer  
Searching for my essence,  
The root of my fathers are sweet, the  
Fruits are bitter,

Eye must set with the sun,  
My feet walked the path of the preacher  
And the dibia,  
But their songs came from a punctured throat.  
They grow fat and oily; the followers grow thin and dry,  
Their medicine is made potent by our bill,  
Their theatrics are contrived,

Am a wanderer  
My fathers have no written records of their fathers  
Generations of oral wisdom are setting faster than  
The eastern sun  
While we are sold away to white man's religion,  
They say ours' is the way to hell  
But they carry the oracles to their lands  
And call them artefacts,

They perform appeasements to our gods  
To understand their ways and abandoned us with  
The book about a messiah that will come again,

Am a wanderer  
Eye must trace my roots,  
My grandfather married nine wives, his elder brother thirteen,  
The younger one married six and my uncle, three.  
Whiteman's religion shackled my father, and he ended with one,  
Until another appears, eye wander, and seek.  
They said theirs' was a great lineage  
Of abundant wealth and peacefulness,  
Without education, all was wasted seeking  
The tender waist of young maidens,

Am a wanderer  
I search not the abundant wives of my 'fathers',

Eye seek the wisdom in the peace they lived.

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# Wandering Woman

Hers is a life of abundance  
Yet emptiness abound,  
Her sun has past its glow for  
It rose before her dawn,  
Her shadows stretch to the crossroad,  
Her web is knit for she desires not mosquitoes.  
Men in her life rumbles and roars like  
The Lagos bar beach, they  
Cause more pain than gain.  
She looks very intimidating  
But a tender sun melts her cream away.  
Love to her has gone with the wind  
She can only echo old men transmissions.  
Mama desires her grandchildren,  
Papa awaits the suitor's palm wine,  
Her job is now her love  
And her hope she cannot hold.  
She may kognomized a man to the altar  
And make him a career,  
She may take solace in religion and mentor the young.  
She may end up a single mother  
Waiting for a gold digging mugu that  
Becomes her show bag.

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# When Am Useless

When I see me lazy about  
And volunteer work abound to do,  
When I give excuses on why I can't volunteer  
Then I look deep into myself and know am useless.

When people around me are hungry  
And I have excess thrown in my dustbin  
Because they must come and beg to get  
Then I looked at myself and know am useless

When I see little kids out of school hawk items  
At the traffic junction,  
To raise money for food and fees,  
And I drive pass on tinted vehicle  
And call them nuisance,  
Even when I can give free and private lessons  
Or donate for their free education,  
And I fail to inconvenience myself,  
Then I look at myself and know am useless

When the street beggars fold at my gate,  
And a little food and blanket can keep life  
For few days at a time,  
And I chased them out unconcerned  
And they die of hunger or sickness,  
And I condemned the government of insensitivity  
Then I must look at myself as useless

When I look at myself as useless  
And does nothing about it,  
And pass the responsibility to others,  
Then eye know I belong to a wasted generation

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# When I Dance

I dance for me,  
Silent vibrations from within  
Rhythm of the unseen,

I dance for me.  
My steps follow their direction,  
My heart-beat echoes their sound.

Some say I dance weird: they call me possessed.

If I dance raw, if I dance pure,  
If I dance whirlwind, if I dance the spirits within,  
No matter what them say,  
I know I dance me.  
I dance for me.

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# When I Remember The Fish

When I remember the fish,  
The river longed me to go,  
Wriggling and meandering, slippery in this  
Imaginary waters of my world,  
I become a fish.

When eye sea them eat the fish;  
They cast their nets for a random catch, they  
Drop their hooks for a strangling pull, then,  
I become a fish no more.

When them fail to catch the fish;  
As the fish wriggles an escape,  
Then eye long to be like one as eye  
Wonder whether or not am a fish.

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# When I Was A Little Boy

When eye was a little boy and prodigal,  
eight years of age or less or more,  
Papa marked me with x red bold and held his rod firm.  
He bound this restiveness hand and ankles  
And back twisting, eye endured pangs and agonies of a broken youth.  
Neither food nor drink were permitted under this penance deployed to gain a  
youth grown and decent,

Even when confessions contrite were made on offence of this youngfull  
exuberant, reprieve was denied and punishment severe was upheld.  
Youthful energy was subdued for papa thought it so wrongfully channeled. The  
little boy thought it hatred;  
the umbilical cord of this filial trust was broken, to papa eye confessed no more,

Mama became the bridge that connected this island,  
For cargoes of worries passed through her with thorough but unaggressive  
inspection.

She listened to the silent whisper of pains and agonies of her little boy and  
carried them to God in her gentle prayers.

When eye was a young man and bold, an undergraduate, focused and wiser,  
papa called me his son, bright.  
He longed for chats between father and son to bond.  
The active crab has gone back to his shell and loneliness a habit, papa lost that  
bonding opportunity.

One day he advised the son as a must, to tell his father all his problems and that  
papa will listen and attend to them.  
The young man has camped with mama;  
that equator that holds the extreme regions of her boys existence.  
The young man became man and sober,  
papa became old and weaker.  
The damped woods of yesterday sundried and fire light by mama, the coldness of  
this union warmed up,  
papa learnt the values of this son, the son without grudges understood the  
mistakes of raising a man in a poor and difficult family of ten.

09/09/2009

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## Where I Live

Ignorance and poverty are landlords.  
Half naked women celebrate gossip  
All day long. They are houwives.

Some send their children to school,  
Others do because others do.  
Their husbands are strongmen, struggling against  
All odds, they provide the daily bread.

The children help the neighborhoods' free-girls,  
Their laundries must be clean to sell the flowery meat.  
Little innocence,  
They watch and learn the destructive trade.

The prostitutes parade the street with their sagged breasts  
Tucked tantalizingly in their tidy revealing iron bras,  
Tempting, tormenting,  
They are vulgar in their manners.  
Their welcoming faces betray banners of  
Frustrated existence.

Where I live

Behind my dwell are marijuana merchants.  
Evening and early mornings,  
Youths gather to smoke away sorrows of  
Bad economy.

When the free girls meet the youths at the equilibrium  
Point of smoking revelry, the fling becomes for kind.

The men in black uniform make their random raids but,  
Tomorrow, everybody goes free.  
The economy is bad, the police is our friend.

For the prostitutes, if they pay in cash or kind,  
I cannot tell. Between the police and the youths,  
They are arbiters.

Where I live.

In front of my dwell lived some Young men from Hell.

The landlord cannot throw them out, they were above the law but, Jungle justice is above them. They were caught in active duty. Their guns are enough exhibits, the mob need no witnesses.

The kingpin was a friend to the police but, the Police is our friend?

Where I live.

Children learn the trade. The Free girls and the boys from hell convive every evening, They initiate the kids into the destructive life of Marijuana, banditry and prostitution.

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# Where We Stand

In this desert we stand,  
Forward is as far as backward.  
Hope,  
That antidote for unseen tomorrow green,  
Has become a desolate yesterday dry.  
Nothing remains,  
but dust and, the wind.□

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# Wish

If tomorrow become a clay soil,  
Transforming into a porter, eye  
Would make a wonderful mould of it,  
So magnificent atop Everest, all eyes will  
Behold as emerald...

Would future be clay!  
The best porter in town will  
Beckon his friend, the Glass-man  
To prepare a ceremonial pack  
To contain the Porters' piece,

The Eagle of the air will be summoned  
As a carrier of the porter's' in a  
Glass-man's pack for all to adore  
As displayed.

The cheerfulness of the trio  
Will fetch the mat of hospitality  
And all will sit and be served from  
The porter's piece, the wine  
Of life that give hearts' desire,  
Good or Evil.

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