

Poetry Series

**Chinweokwu Sunlight M.
Ndubuisih
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih(10th
January,1987)**

A Lone In The Jungle.

A lone in the jungle,
Food or no food to eat;
A thorn in my muscle.

Opportunity or none,
Not educated or learned;
A business of your neck
A lone in the jungle yes! .

A jungle of one man race,
But home occupied by men.
Wealthy and powerful like..
Lions in a quest for battle.
United in blood for formalities.

A tree naturally survive in the soil,
Alone all-through yet it has origin.
Iroko tree grows alone with no care,
A careless being calls it; my strong timber.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

A Man Of His Own Gods! !

He is the Man
The Man of his own auto
He is the Man with one heart and mind
The Man to Man courage He has
Lets be fair and objective
Now and then,
Near and afar,
Let Me trail at non to chip My take to the Man of his own
I can tell You a piece of truth talk
You are still dependent of One
For a little for a big thing
Who knows,
Do mark My piece for a lightning wisdom.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

A Poet With No Boundary

I am a Poet
With no boundary;
From all focal line of life,
My psyche glance like
A professor going through
His lecture plan.
When the day is done like
The urgent food in an event;
Every strata in this nearest
World ponder in my cranium,
Just as succulent leaves of tree,
My thought grow fresh.
If not for good;
I would say I have gone
Off head;
Like the young mad boy
Touring the street day and
Night.
I am a Poet with no
Boundary;
Young lard spinning like the
Earth; around ups and downs
Of our dynamic world,
Ever changing for no good! .
I have rose with flaming
Ink I hold in my fingers;
With my deepened mood
Roasting out empathy
And sympathy for humanity.
I am a Poet with
No boundary;
Life with its swaying blade
Has drawn my feelings,
My excitement and displeasure! .
My poetry is no fluke nor
Fever;
It is real as my humble self,
Pure like the early morning
Palm wine,

Ready for drinking for both
High and low pockets;
For now,
Whenever,
And whenever comes the
Need to hear the sound of
Comfort.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

A Raining After Drought

There were wetted,
wetted dry climate,
sometime unknown
but existed like life,
a vulnerable grain
solid soil attested,
trees of the vulnerable
forest gave physical signs,
birds of the field from far
and near raise their cries,
waters from drying stream,
masses drank and not satisfied.

A while breath like
evaporation of gas,
aerobic breath were
intent on escaping,
lives tried to thrive through
scattered ridges of starvation,
a showering rain were evenly
a scarce resources,
all the living lived respired
by the grace from beyond,
one cried restlessly but water
or tears never dropped.

A raining after drought,
shrubs from their sprouting
waved the earth bye! bye! ! ,
vegetations were like decidual
trees,
but welcoming the cloud of rain,
welcomed the harvest of smiles.

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A Thirsty Song For Water(H2O)

It is a true talk,
You and I know for ages long
That Faeces exits from the
end of the alimentary canal
(anus) .

And that; hunger streamlines in the gut
And it cooks with thunder and storm striking in My endo(stomach) .

But thirstiness comes like a pitiless ant that stings with no awareness
Before it is come.

And still,
It is come right in its point
So gently like a smooth vinegar,
That tells its taste right in the throat(oesophagus)

And I remember that;
You and I know this biological trend till We sign off to death!

And a cup of water is brought to Me,
And I project it up to My mouth
With My two eyes shining like stars
Then My thirst changes to hunger! ! .

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After Six Years Of Your Death

O brother! .
O brother! .
Up till now as I write.
Your memory live as my ink.
Help me tell the Ghost abroad.
Or the sullied kings of the dead.
It is six year you were waylaid.
By the black angels of the day.
Woe! death on the earth.
Bow thee before the Mighty! .
But brother, be not pained
My heart do not pull off me.
For you had sucked the vinegar.
The diabolic, proudly prepared.
And now, you are better, peace abound.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Am A Prisoner's In Me

Am a prisoner who enjoys my torture
From the moment of my aging imprisoned
To my heart and mind for what goes in me
A prisoner to my authority excelling fine.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Am Born To Rule My Fate

Everything in my dear life
Is important to note,
What happens unto
A man's life is important too,
As man must live to tell,
Folktales of a lifetime,
Going down the little rain,
That fall in man's life,
It curves through the mystery
Behind bars of fate,
When man speaks in tongues,
He is truly sharing tidings of life,
If he comes from the angle
Of the world towards him,
Nothing would hold the string of,
Tears not to overflow the eyes,
But what sort of beehive
We all infused on like fuse? ,
When you raise up your head a little,
There are punches directed on you,
And I humbly asks the myopic men..
When will my life be free of influence? ,
Even so, I must rule my fate,
Am born to rule my fate as destined,
From on high beyond our sickle world,
If you cares to know what kills a man,
It is never known without men,
I know my heart will not stop on the way,
And my spirit will not die easily,
Because, I will not quit until I rule,
Leaving no piece of my fate besides,
Am born to rule my fate,
Alone with my Dear Father living in above.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

An Ode To Buhari

In life and in death
Your memory will live
To ply the roll calls,
Of heroes ever lived

The man in the heart
Collosus of gallance
And gusto our juvenile met,
To harken to his red sea

The green grass of hope
Over the sagging of night
Wore the dress of enmity,
We find hard redress

Still the greatest father
We lord! to bring us change
Yet in midst of our strive,
Made us maddening lards!

May we not die young
For no one is thy bird
Doom to be killed,
By the sharpened knife
Of thy deadly legacy.

What Nigeria is become now is another cause to worry of in the hands of our lord!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

An Apologetic Solo Of The Innocent

I'm now a powerful vocalist,
My lips soften like lubricant;
when
massage in frictional surface to
produce soft contact's,
My glottis strangle
like threads of a lead guitar Producing
sound of soft vowels,
Per bit, per second, per hour
This song loops as a snoozing watch that
sings at a punctual;
when prompted to remind a time Keeper,
But on My case,
I'm unready to be lead a Choir group
Sorry I now sings;
even birds in their nest hear Me singing,
As it has become singing
Singing affair
Like the lonely desert Parrot;
with its eyes dropping fluid of bitter taste,
Just as a Widow does when Her Husband has travelled to eternal abode
I'm heartily sorry;
that crying has painted My eyes red and fluid
with My face is cheering up without any grain of blessing dashed in Me, but in My
heart is filled with micro and macro atoms of agony,
Oh Soul Brother! ;
oh Soul Sister! let Me mourn!
help Me plead None! ,
for I have done no wrong to Nobody!
But I'm still worrying as to justify Christianity

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

And I Love You Still!

It is nice for Me to part from You,
But I could not let it happen though.

I had thought it wise to be with You,
But I got the drive to leave You alone.

My mind is become the warmed water,
Blinking its atom round its medium.

Yet I do not know what is this,
That I has to leave alone
But all My heart beats is;
leave You alone for good.

And before My fearful heart,
And before My parting spirit,
Hear Me oh! ,
And understand Me! ,
That I love- love You with all My heart! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

And They Say No! !

I still seem to be me,
On that day we clustered
in a meeting for peace
Everybody hold the butt
of one idea or the other,
To march forward for all to hear
to see and to harken forth
I stand firm with frame of ideas
all in my virtuous head,
I wants to say something
And they say no!
What I feels is not fresh nor
good to hear but has to be heard
And they say no and they say no!
My say is not welcomed or needed.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

As The Day Passes On, We Cry

I live to see the mantra
of change, singing the
hopeless song to my people,
As the day passes on, we cry
like the angry dogs in the cage,
As much as we cry, no ear is turned
to us worthless beings of our nation! .
As the day passes on, Nigerian seems
very near to its grave, but what to do to
save it seem like a mystery, no one know it
and so fast it's loosing its precious breath.
Oh, ahhhhhhh! , anya miri eju m anya,
obu onye ga agugu m akwa?
Here we know, only here we were born and
here we shall live until the end,
To joy joy not war war, but what to support
breath is barely at our reach, hence we die or
live to tell of what we saw, what we lived with.
And on the day we are no more, there will story
to tell of our time by our children.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Be My Only Friend!

It is short and sudden
we know each other

It is not just short and
sudden but very fast

It is true that friendship begins
from an initial formality,
But in this case,
We never got to know
each other better

Yeah! it is short and sudden,
But shortness and suddenness,
Have but no right and control
over when and how people get into
friendship

Heh! my fellow being,
Lets get into this union,
Lets be friends for good! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Being Myself

Being myself
is one thing so nice
I hunger to lean on.
Walking in the fate
of my personality,
would do me all no harm.
I do not fall thrilled
by mere please of things,
which my smart eyes see.
What I thinkers with is firm,
as I do for real is the pure me.
When I see what men do,
I do not dare ignite my joy.
For me and in me is the real
me that ever lived in this astonishing
world.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Believe In Yourself

An ignoramus never
thought to be bright all alone

All I am now is because of you
my star seem to be shining,
Beyond all thought possible

I see that 'all my seemed to be
locked doors are becoming
agape way',
All because of you
my own life seems to be
life just like others

You see my reason now! ,
All is just near perfect by my side
Oh! all my hope lays in you

And now remember,
I am a being like you
no difference and I am not special,
Please! hear my good advice:
You are great do you see that? ,
Be yourself as who you are,
Just be: you can achieve greatness all alone

Or if I am nowhere to be found,
What will you become- great or ruined?

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Biafra In Custody Of Nigeria

Let me remind Nigeria
That only apex,
Unacceptable truth seem
to be noise across the
cardinal pole,
That lonely voice in agitation
crying in the wilderness
Unattended to for decades,
For their right,
For their freedom,
For their identity,
BIAFRA is a name like every
other desiring to exist,
As a state prior the global league,
Equally free like Nigeria,
To subsist as an entity,
Who says it cannot be?
Why Nigeria as a country?
From nothing came Nigeria,
From enormous potentials
shall come BIAFRA!
In custody may just be pluses,
Or delay of destiny on its journey
But,
The will of God,
The deep aspiration of the people,
That pulsating courage to be an
independent state,
Just like others will not be a sin,
Let me comment into the posterity
Surely,
It shall come full in the noonday,
Perhaps,
Say fifty years or less in thereby
But after the rugged journey,
Gaga dramas of injustice
shall come peace,
Comfort for the eastern natives
as one powerful entity BIAFRA! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Bye! Dear

Sum of me
in me and at me,
Summed the thirst of
my mouth,
My teeth glaring moist and glue,
Bye! dear, then were smooth time,
With tank of airbag pressing my rude,
Off me and moment freed smile and laughter,
Bye! dear, bye! dear, our inert tie has gone forgotten,
But all the life I got left will praise and keep you memory in my spherical head!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Christmas Light

A tree
Perfectly
A rootless
one,
Coasting
Bright
Colourful
Lights,
From apex
Edifice,
From all
Looks and
Crannies
Springing,
Calling hearts
To sneak,
In humorous
Gay of time,
Just lighting
The ghost eyes,
With brightest
Light like never
Seen prior time,
Dishing and
Sanctifying
Streets,
Keeping awake
Minds and hearts,
For the coming
Of the Son is nigh.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Come, Let Us Go

Come, let us go,
From here,
To the other side
I feel we can go,
I know we can go far

We must go,
Many went, more are going,
But how many will
Arrive so well?
Good journey of unknown
Outcome,
We dare must go,
We ought to go

Come, let us go,
Together we go,
Better we will comeback well
Together we throw,
Together we catch

Please! come,
Let us go, let us go
We can achieve if
Fear is laid off,
I can imagine no negatives,
Not cloud of impossibilities
But only positives,
Possibilities and success

Do you believe,
If you agree,
Let us go,
As much as our legs
Can support us.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Cry Not For Me

There in the bedding
of my comfort pain,
cry no tears for me
the humble jack of pain.
When the screaming
blasting wind came,
understand it neither you
nor I knows her fuming anger.
Cry not for me before I wave
my living heart to the earth bye!
and bye! until we meet again.
Tell the world and the muscled
hunters of my life death has not come
and shadows have left me in peace.
I am the light of the world living
as an image of God less I fear the heroes
of the darkness, cry not but pray for me.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Day

Day we knew
then from
the creation we
saw it.

Day we were
born with and
days we lived on,
And now lives in.

So mingling day
does to us often,
Day we have
known for true,
And dwelt on.

And now dwells
unto,
And so shall
day dwell on us,
To cast lots on us,
And to improve us
well-enough.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Dear Papa!

The root of My origin
The fertile soil that supported My growth
The Carpenter of My moral virtue
And the protector of Me
Long long age
You made Me physical
With the blessing from the Most-High
Taking antecedent from the origin of all ManKind
And as a smart perfector
You delivered Me to the earth
Dear Papa!
I could think of all within My caravan
As to what to do for You
Yet manythings randomly comes to My helpless Mind
But from the peak of reality
None could be the best match
That could equal Your seat in My heart
My only Papa!
Who smiles when I'm on top
And furry at the sky when I'm at the tale of fortune
Oh Papa! , I'm still questioning the speedy wind
From the earthily abode
Why it had to take You
From My reach?
But eventhough I questions the wind no longer
As it's very rhythorics to ask the wind
Your where about
But I can still live on lively
For You has left in Me
The tree of remembrance
Which shall live with Me
Till the day I shall lick sand
Right in My cage of farewell.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Destiny Delayed Is The Only One

Destiny, destiny delayed
Is the real one you would
Marvel at for greatness.

The dilemma embody sorrow,
With projecting finger it crush
A joyous heart in a ripple thorn
Fair is life with bright destiny.

Destiny delayed is the only one
For season of seasons coil in ache
Fingers of the eager pin around one
Mixing vinegar for one blessed soul.

All around months and years in agony
Mourning like mourners for the dead
Painful brother men killing one inside
Exhausting sister women imagining
A destiny delayed is worrisome but
If it is freed in life again is an unbeatable.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Dirge For Wicked Men

I would not sing songs
That would hurt ye so sudden
Because thy fold is strong
Like the armies in war field
But power belongs to God alone
Who created all the breathing.

I would sing not hymning songs
That may cease thy ease
Oh my stone-hearted men!
Who is like unto thee a sinner
Thy making would free the pain
When the merciful cover is worn
Out like material fibres we wear on.

I remember I sang lyrics for the dead!
And they stood up wanting to come back
My songs are so soft bitter and lifesaving
If the ears are daring to hear the tones
But even the rock is on the way coming
I fear the winding firing eruption coming
Ah.....eh! brother men I fear the visitor.

Do remember me no more when thunder
Shall strike the volcanic rock of the earth
When ye shall cry out scarce tears for me
As the coming is as merciless like your fold.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Eight Months In Cold Blood

In cold blood shed, blood blood shed!
on a cold winter noon of our powerless
nation in abode earth,
Eight months in cold blood, and thousands,
many great skills sold to the thirsting hungry
armies of the boko haram.
Without sickness, without motor accidents,
bloods are shedding on the hungry plane ground
watering the soil with innocent bloods,
But the gallant armed men are still roaming
in the forest, in the desert with no inhabitants searching
for great mysterious men of slaughter! .
Eight months in cold blood,
Loses are still counting the loses of gaining
in the era of an empty mantra built to incapacitate
the peaceful radiance of good leadership,
All men have seen the sagacious reign of inability,
Women are good chanters of their memorable
sense of torture for their yet to be found sons and daughters.
Eight months with good thousands of precious bloods
spilling all day in the consent of our custodian!
Change has come without altering blood shed to life,
We thought change is come fresh with a difference to rate high
An exemplary storm we hunger to see prior our sullied
deaths in the thorn-like fingers of our primitive killers.
But if we all die, who will record the change which is come
dolee dolee! even when all we hear is bombing everyday? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'Either Way Condition Applies'

When one is going,
A tower of condition applies.

When one is static,
A formal condition roams.

When one is on the top of
euphoria,
A lens of counter forces roams,
From net to nail,
One would go.

When one is quick to smile,
The third law of motion finds balance.

When one is bad,
One of these conditions comes by.

What power then can life enforce? ,
Either way,
Life is a process proven
to continuing forever,
But it will worth nothing,
In absence of unbalance
forces of life,
Say either way: condition applies.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Enemies Surrounding Me

My life is chocked-up,
Surrounded by small
And mighty enemies.
Lord, let them know;
I am not my maker,
When did i become a fence
Obstructing the arrows
Of my hunters?
Or have my shoulder ever
Grown strong to muscle them? .

I say; Let them know that
Pure stream did not spring
From the pride of the rock,
It is Lord's doing that i be
If it is the mind of all;
I am a dead man that will not rise.

Tell them,
Let them know:
That whatever i had,
That which i had done,
Which i am doing now,
And will ever do forever,
Is not by my power or will
But He who strengthens me.

Lord my strength,
Lord my protector,
My armoury spear,
The thunder storming my hedge,
My heart beats in rhyme,
In peace i dwell for He lives

Enemies surrounding me,
Darkness growing in me,
Beating the drum of doom,
So soon my death seem nigh,
But in Him i hold my peace,

I will not die but live,
Will never face grave but Heaven. Amen!

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Even If I Die

Even if I die
My name is not changed.
I hear you telling me something
That my memory will die with me.
Even if I die to prove my love for many
They will be left to smell the rod like prisoners
When my death is to be a sacrifice of freedom.
Even if I die today or tomorrow to fulfil the call
That comes from the celestial hemisphere
What shall be the root of my death if nothing is Altered for the good of others? .
Even if I die like the dead in this world
I am afraid that sinners will not reject evil.
And if I then die before my call off hour
Who will dare be bold to claim responsibility? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Experience And Gift Without Education Suffers

In life we have all come to live
Is a podium for gifts and skills.
In our countryside, certificate is gem
Whether experienced, skilled or not.
Whatever you can do you are handicapped
Any technicality around your shaped head
Languishes in tumor of decay and inactivity.
The educated takes it all though inexperienced
And I here ask the Giver of incite why we this way? .
Well groomed in skill and experience but stamped
Nigerian is a countryside of certificate celebrants
And skill and experience jester in the real world.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Failure Is Good

Failure is good,
How better could one get? ,
Success isn't all better! .

Even success is; an attribute,
Of failure in-which,
All upgrades come,
For improvement all lifetime.

Failure is good,
Success is still better,
Take a journey to failure,
And take a walk unto success,
As a result of failure.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Farewell Our Ageless Hero

Farewell to you ageless hero
Encomium to the most High
To us bestowed a great human
If the earth never had a gem
Nigerians and the world had you
If the states here within had none
Bayelsa and Otuoke born you to us
For once is come a hero of the world
I barely remember what I learnt in school
But your person I suppose will not drain away
Farewell to you the ageless hero of Niger!
Farewell the divine good luck To our nation
It's a mere natural process that what begun
Must have an end and the history live on

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Fear

Fear
is
an
image
moving
like
ray
at
line,
With
particles
of
light
and
darkness
lingering
in
the
psyche.

Fear
is
the
tool
of
the
physical,
Fear
is
the
notion
that
encourages
inefficiency
of
all
men
on
earth.

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Fire For Fire I Requited

And fire for fire
I requited,
Rough for rough
I tendered on
and on.

Face for face
I clouded
there-on,
Hot for hot
I resolved to
pose on.

Muscle for muscle
I lingered to fire-on,
And to the
hopeless demons
of the earth,
I earthquaked and
earthquaked.

Even and even,
With the blasting
thunder of the
Holyspirit.

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For You I Will Change

For you I will change,
All alone I have been
Living my lonely life,
A life I live in mystery,
I pause someday;
Lying gently on my
Cold bed x-raying my caravan,
How good lonely life has paid me? ,
Long long enough,
I laid thought through the siege,
This one is great amongst issues,
I could not comprehend it,
Behold my quest to find you,
It is not because there is none prior my sight,
In folds I have seen them slide my thought,
Wave at the conscious of my strict heart,
I do not know if am at peace though? ,
My lifestyle is not clear to me,
Is it because of my lonely life who knows? ,
But am confident to find a confidant,
If I so find you as my messianic Angel,
For you I will change for better,
So good a promise I have made.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Forgive And Stire Away

Please do not
stay the course
as the only
coward does,
There are
many-many
cowards outthere
on the street,
Very weary of
their stony
heart slamming,
Forgive and stire
away the smokes
that files in you,
From the stream
of everlasting
voice speaks,
If you don't
forgive and stire
away one's wrong
done to you,
Worthwhile how?
and to what
length would your
own be stired away? ,
Oh my fellow
breathren! ,
Not so sudden
has I become a
preacher,
Nor the messiah
of reconciliation
that has come,
But forgive and
stire away smokes
from your heart.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Funny Dribbling Of Life

As an crucial viewer,
Of all fake gaming burner,
Life has pulled beside my
View has gazed my assertion,
She is funny dribbler of our mood
What I find graciously most funny
Is that we have no paving notion and we,
Dance through all her funny draining game.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Goodbye Thorn On My Flesh

There I gazed longing tirelessly,
Wondering inquisitively by the edge
Of my contemporary region, earth.
How supremely I could get to fiercely
Send the thorns on my flesh to the
Bosom of fire consuming without end,
Length of days, years gone with none smiles.
Those waving spectra gushed my vision blurred,
Hastened not more but static crowned my legs stay.
How dare the mystic song of triumphing victory led Me crow mutely, helplessly
like a baby bird,
I fought in dreadful banquet of life's mystery streets.
Ah! wonder's cloud behold my new regime,
Where clouding sky sings with me; goodbye thorn on my flesh! ! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Gossip Me Well

I do not have gold
In my house,
Like the golden me
In the global world,
The values of rich
Men I possess even half!
There're celebrities out there
Like watch entertainment news,
You would see them on the screen,
But for me, a village nonentity!
yet am source of news headline,
The selling story on hard copy,
Another protagonist in the stories...
Even when am nothing to talk about!
They are the famous class,
The front burner eminent faces
I and my poor personality don't worry,
But if I care less and watch them talking
Who are those at loss?
I feel enjoyment in my simpleness,
Let them talk, air their most ill views,
Surely at the end of this hypocritical venture,
We shall know those whom 're the pretty losers.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

He Derives Passion In Another(S) Sorrow

Passion!
Passion! !
Passion! ! !
He derives,
He enjoys in another(s) sorrow
Because,
He is a happy Man!
That dwells in sorrow!

Much more flex!
Fun,
Happiness,
He wallows with
As if,
He was born in dreads
And nurtured and grew up!
In the limbo of agony!

Hey Mr.!
Hey fellow!
Are We the same?
Not at all!
Do You agree with Me?
If yes!

Ok!
Just be and let Me be
On a different planet!
Just live on with Your fun
I guess?

Just have Your passion!
Have Your lifestyle in display!
For the day shall come,
For checks and balances!
And You will have a change of taste!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

History Never Dies

History is a seven letter word
Hailed from ages immemorial
Reserved for famous great nation
Korea, Asia's power house of energy
The most great short powerful men
An age long condiment in face of creation
History broad her hands to salute ye!
Nations of the world lie in remembrance
Today whistle to all ears the joyful sound
For its happiest pedestrian pave of history
Korea, well created, nature for greatness.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

I Am Nigeria

Verily I am Nigeria,
What do you say of me?
That nation with over 200000000
People and more and more,
What then would you say of me now?
I am the most endowed nation in Africa
Amongst all black race,
I am the only great nation known
But can you be honest to credit or discredit me?
I am Nigeria where Boko Haram began history
In our cold bright world so peaceful like the night
Please tell what I am like to you
Tell me how I am viewed in whole wide world
I am still The ever known Nigeria on the face of the earth.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'I Dreamt A Great Dream'

I dreamt a great
dream,
I saw the fortune
at the gateside,
I saw galaxy of
stars clustered on
names.

I saw the ink
that writes on
spine tree,
With great
surprise.

I also saw the
possibilities in
impossibilities,
and abilities in
inabilities.

Yearh i did dreamt
a great dream.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

I May Die And Not My Ink

You see this my
pompous body,
It shall die and be
seen no more,
Do you really see
how handsome I am? .
The shining skin of mine
I assure you,
For only a while it shall be,
But the breath of my ink,
The oiling fluid of my thoughts,
Like rock of ages,
Like an everlasting stream,
It shall live with the world around,
I may die and not ink,
But if my ink lives for ages,
I have a honour and glory,
As a soul ever lived,
Died and vividly recalled
For the prominence of my ink.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

I Sing Melodies To God

Sometime ago, something struck Me in the throat:
itching and brushing me like an abrasive edge:
My heart pounded hard like a resonating sound
and My soul wondered how
to cross this hedge
Hedge it was but an inspiration it is now,
My heart no longer pounds but yearns to sing.....
melodies that even My lips are astound at,
as all My extolments to The King I bring.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'I Was The Stronger'

I was the
stronger.
Never had
I let fear rule
my heart.
I sat on a
sinking stone
and didn't
move by it.
With no reasons
to panic,
I stood-still.
As the stonger,
I toredown
every fear that
would poise
my courage,
Behind me.
Yeah with no
doubt,
I sat on
my boldness and
invested more life
unto it.
Since I wouldn't
call to nobody.
Yeah I was alone,
and what was in
me I wouldn't
explain.
But I knew,
I was the stronger.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

I Was The Voice Of Peace That Came Down!

From the Kingdom beyond
Rang to My earing
Deep Maletone
Screaming voice of survival
Blastering the hills and mountain crest
With that abrasive teeth of necessity
An alarming voice I couldn't jettison.

While the errand wasn't readable
And the wovoring replica shadow of demons blurred Me the sight
And dark part-way was laid before My fragile courage.

There was a medicum pace for escape
And a porous edge for exit
Would You have been the Victim
What would have fallen?
But as a Ghost Man who inhabits the earth!
I solicited for escorts
Sacred Beings of Heavens!
Came sucuring Me
Stars from unknown planet
Lit My foot-tracks
And blurred vision was sent ablaze
With an arrival of Heavenly ray
And My ache was no more

Very versatile I became
Like the Greatest mouthpiece of the Almighty
A Bravery that came down
Speaking the errand sent Him from the city beyond
And to the listening Ears of Our conflictive world
Re-unite I told Them
As the voice of peace that came down.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

If Oh! If My President

If oh! if; my ever most humble President
did not play an exemplary game,
what would have been my country today?
I sigh and still blossom in springing stream
of joy that never seem to cease across me.
He is fallen that we might stay save in peace;
The lamb that swept scenarios of bloodshed! .
If oh if; he tried to exercise the rich immunity
so much in abundance for him to retain power;
i am sure the baboon would have got boiled and blown like poisonous bomb! .
If oh! if; many people as leaders would lure
into this mysterious example so played will
champion brighter future brighter Nigeria.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

I'M Who God Says I'M

I'm who
God says I'm.
Whether the
oceans overflows
me.
Nor the seas
swallows me.
Let the sun
that rises in the
morning deny
me its light-
light ray.
Even the moon
by night starve
me its dimming
light.
Or, the hot-hot
wind that blows
from the northpole
set on me.
And the southern
rainbelt is directed
on me.
Even if the
wholeworld is set
to bounce on me
or, those who want
me dead are by to
harm me.
Though, they
strengthen my
heart and i know
I'm not alone,
and I'm and shall
be who God says
I'm.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

In My Dream

In my dream
I saw colours
Of beautiful star
Painted green and
White in peaceful
Arena of life.
For you and i brother
And sister on earth
In my dream so short
But meaningful while
Of time making Merry
At the desk of my heart.
In my dream when I sailed
Down the coast of sweet
ream where being foster joy
And an unending jubilee
Of laughter springing like
Spring waterfall from rock.
In my dream i saw non trash
But the moon of greatness for all.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

It Is Well

From the shift of
The sun and the moon,
I heed a clue of change,
From the konga sound
Of the morning crow,
I caught up the belief
That it's well.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Leaders Of Our State

We are the
future heads,
From this
indigent and
deserted land.

Densed we are
by population,
So dried are our
vegetations,
'While manure
are in excess'.

Abundant
resources here
and there,
From all corners
of our landscape,
Lays gigantic
lithosphere undeveloped.

Like the whole
wide world interlaced
as mono state,
Versed in all
ramifications.

Why why
I ask before you
leaders of our state,
and your gods of
legacy? .

We are powerless
sons of the state,
But equal to you,
true or lie? .

We are full of

confidence,
We are full of
zest,
In our state we
cherishes and
glorifies,
Before all others.

We are indeed
happy,
We are grateful
too,
Isn't it craziness
before all honesty? .

We are still
patriotic sons of
the state,
And big big thanks
and salutations,
We offer before
your excellency,
For your hearty caricature.

We are now
transformed youths,
'Hopeless leaders
of tomorrow'.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Let It Be!

When it is getting nervous to be
When the hand is dried
And the mouth is helpless.

Let it be! ;
That even the singing bird is made mute
And the touring corck is also made mute
All and all for a reason.

Let it be! ;
For mute to mute
And hidding to hidding
Ages to ages
Occasion to occasion
That it could be better to mute issues
Rather than to say them all.

Let it be! ;
Rousy and disturbing
But all should be in mute
Waiting for the moment
To announce to all
The bags of issues kept in secret.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Life Goes On

In this while,
do I sit,
Crack my
head,
On a lone
field,
Life grip
me firm.

Longer
than mile,
My eyes
glance,
Gazing the
wind flow,
Life mute my
understanding.

A bone of
contention,
It is become
lean,
Thoughts of
the aged,
A Wanderer
in my head,
Fingers of
confusion,
A civil servant
inside of me.

Life goes on,
Like a perpetual
existence,
Where death
never be,
Imperfection
not known,
A life on plain

slate,
Where the
wishes of
all men are
made real.

Life goes on,
A song of
all men,
That swim
the most,
Deepest
River of life,
Holding firm
a story to tell.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Lifestyle Hobby

'There's a well known
hobby like a system
Our forefathers new this hobby
even at their breath they remember
its demand
And not in this present
generation has it known an end
Do have a hobby and live with it
But let it fall off you if it augments
nothing in you? '.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Live To Thank God

You may be right to
fright or fret like an angry lion in the scanty forest,
You do could manifest the mad clothe you wore inside,
yet there is all need to thank God;
very well you know what happened to the brother you saw the other day; he's no
more, death came,
death is stolen him like a thief
But you lives,
Why not thank God?
Why not thank God?
As many more time
will be there,
For you to live in health and joy.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Lost By Sea

With my two eyes,
I saw firm without screen,
Where I stocked like sacs
It was like not free to act,
To automate myself at all.

Though hanged like hangers,
By the sea surface I ballooned,
Accelerating like a running tire.

For days unknown I floated,
More like a boat I sailed on sea,
I felt great fun for the sea ride,
Until the day I thought of the journey taken,
I consciously realized I was lost by sea.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Love Is Painful

Love is beautiful
painful cult we join
In a lifetime can't
neglect only to join
Love is sometime
found in cave that
one wouldn't enter
Real love exists but
parties wouldn't let
it work and bring fruits
Love not hate yet
can't substantiate which
is real motive on humanity
Love is painful to build
very swift to begin by two
If love has no freedom
why is it called love-
something freely given to
the living from the beyond
But love is only painful
while am hungry and is not nearby.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Love Solos

In me make me
The soft organ
Which presses the string of watery solo
Outpouring like electrons
In within my heart vibrating
All notes of sound of melody
Whispering in my deepest core
Wishes am daring to give out of
Love tied on tread of no resistance
Out of love hymn paints my heart
With melodious solos that raises sea
For love in that I cherish entices me
To sing all but solos of radiant love.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Lovely Baby!

I woke up this day
Thinking well and wealthy
In My heart I feels this ringington of humour
nagging and nagging
I will not stop!
Not at all it keeps saying
And in My eyes I linger
With this bold soft current of love
Indicating the direction to look at
And behind Me
I see this gentle ray shining like stars
And I halt My deprived heart of love
And I pray this day therefore
That these feelings
Shall be My experience
Forever and ever
Amen.....n! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Make The Youth Great

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
Even if do not cherish them.
For they are the hearts of nation.
The priding pride of native Africa.
For they are the glittering eyes of the world.
The prominent and sage leaders of tomorrow.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
As little big as you can possible.
For they are the vulnerable society.
Just as to ensure continuity.
As no deeds will die prior the rapture.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
Even the world is tired of the old.
As old age is a golden brain drain.
Take attention to the youth.
For they are the creative reservoir.
Ever brilliant in amazing creativity.
With modern inclined possibilities.
Ever ready to accept responsibility.
Just to sway the world from sudden disability.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
If there will be proactive succession.
As you will be in succession.
Put the youth in your posterity agenda.
And your soul will not argue judgement.
For no man will want to agonize hereafter.

In tears and dread I plead.

Make the youth great is the plea.
For many are wallowing and agonizing.
Wandering and squatting In misery.
Like those convicted In history.
As no one is willing to rescue them.
And they helplessly remain in squalor.
Waiting for arrival natural disaster.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make youth great is the plea.
As one of the living victims.
Ever and ever worried and looking.
To have calm sense of belonging.
Only if you would understand our challenges.
We will expect to see changes.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
For they are foreseeable diversity.
Since our government has no sincerity.
And our destiny amidst of confusion.
Like those living In commotion.
So that we miss our potentials.
And our futures become pathetic.

In tears and dread I plead.
Make the youth great is the plea.
Ever if you do not cherish them.
For they are the hearts of nation.
The priding pride of native Africa.
For they are the glittering eyes of the world.
The prominent and sage leaders of tomorrow.
And the only answers to Nigerian quagmire.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Malignity In The Holy Church

My heart aches
Every now and then
Deeply worried by the
Rubble of vices that
Rapes the holy church
How suddenly it's gently
Become an archive of shame!
My mind coarse like sand
As menace is proudly sinking
Deep and Deep in the sacred Church
Men and women in the fold are worn
With blanket of blindness
While others walk the mute axis of silence
Watching the Almighty edifice like a mere
Play become halo chamber of man-made insanity
Holiest men have found suitable hobby of a lifetime!
Evincing their vanity game in the ever holy church
But all have gone into a deep silence
Watching the beautiful crime been done to the speechless
Offering box as church warders are made tools of corruption
And no remorseful apathy
Picking the damp paper from the poor speechless box
But why.....?
The needy and widows source from their poor penniless
Pocket yet the holiest men sit on it employing
All means of sweet watery enticing literature

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Mind The Way You Like Me

And I'm same
one you knew
for ages,
Not even my
ears nor my eyes
have changed,
When you knew
of me I was one
same human as
God shaped me,
My structure and
my facial looks,
Just watch it
closely,
I make it clear
to you,
Because I'm not
to blamed if the
dance-together goes
wrong so suddenly.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

My Eyes

My eyes are two bold balls;
I sees rainbow and sky with
Them,
What goes on while on earth;
They watch like spectators
In the football field.
Two they are but all belongs
to no one except me;
Even the good,
The bad they all view while
in their socket bone;
Moving left and right
like security camera right
in their fixed point.
With all time by my side;
My consciousness and
strenght;
With all wisdom and
knowledge,
And literary fluency;
I can't explain in clear term
all the impacts of my eyes
to me till I ceases breathe.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

My Prayer For Nigeria

I am drawn in steam of prayer
In freestyle of spiritual drive
In a gorgeous moment encoded
On true heart beat yearning
I think in random motional ease
What sort of supplication mingles?
Only what sticks at my heart is..
Prayers and prayers for my nation
Especially in this isle of new dawn
The heaven, I below behold our toes
We are trekking in an undulating road
The mounting is rough and the cloud
Now a complex nunnery of progression
All the best of our can could do nothing
Many admits inability, heavens bring to bare
An obviousness of diseased inert gusto
What a great nation? how helpless we?
Our Lord help us in this great turn.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

My Story

It is so slim big
story to tell,
And it would ever
be unfair not to air,
Of course,
In fact,
Ears must glide
open to hear it,
As you may wish,
If you say why,
Of course is not fair,
Maybe,
Virtually perhaps,
You got no tales to
air out,
You had no beautiful
time in the past!
But my life surged
in cloud of experience,
Though,
A little child,
Little but worn with
glossary of tedious past,
There was a day,
When I ate no bread,
No gari on the table,
But I sunk my saliva
Belly bare the scarcity,
Satisfied,
In hunger as my mouth
ate enough of none,
Birds could cry aloud
in my poor belly,
I begun life as I saw it,
I found myself climbing
the palm trees at 12
and finally,
I won an accolade in no
contested best,

I only receive my priding
victory when on top of the
tallest palm tree,
All these things such as
many more,
Were my glittering good,
Heroic story I live to bare,
That if life misbehave
The world will hear it from
my mouth,
As they desire to know my tales,
The only prominent hero
on earth!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

My Tears In Tears

I cry and spray tears
Like sprayer
Moaning in silence
Like the even hater
I find myself shading
Tears in the table of tears
Think heavy in my heart
Many many tears there to see
Who is not affected in tears?
My tears in tears
Agonizing in tears and gasping
The fret of hate while others
Mourn in tears like if one is dead

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Nasarawa State

In the gathering of all states, may your face be lifted up,
that the world would see from afar

This state so endowed and groomed with a famous locality,
Mararaba, the container of population, the beating heart of Nasarawa state

Whereunto, development missed pace and reality, hopefully,
you may not go wipe
but only if your gods repents.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Nigerians Where Is Our Money?

Nigerians where is our
money?
Our money,
Our means of livelihood is no
where to be found within
our reach and the knights
still pumping it like petrol
Maybe, perhaps, they have
filling stations of money in
their secured mansions out-there
But we minors! are crying scarcity
of money which is more like petrol
scarcity during Yuletide season
Oh no! why is money drained and
nothing has been executed in the
gallery of change agendas?
Nigerian where is our money?
Workers have worked and no pay
yet no money to circulate
Everywhere seems like the lonely
land raped with doom
Where is our money before it is
jetted out to unknown destination?
Our money not your money for God's sake!
Please release our money from the prison
of scarcity so that we can enjoy life
before we die in an empty stomach.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Offer Peacefully

If you dare desire
To offer a gift from
Your heart and mind?
Do it with reverence
To the man at above.

Offer the offering of charity
Not a gift for exploitation
Neither will you clam ladder
For an deed without manners.

Offering is the mirror for even
Blessing that springs from high
Peaceful heart and mind are the
Scents and flowers of the divine
Cheerful giver is the owner of heaven.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

On The Death Of Fear

Death or life is a way
for another pace
On the death of fear
The wave would sink in siege
of quietness and shadows
refine to be real views
Shivering hearts would grow bonds
of solid zest to stand firm
Life and its spectacular hitches
would bear the heats of splendour of
our brother men and sister women
Men would no more cry for hallucinations
and way would be accessible for all
No more I do not want to try or it
shall become a woeful result
If so be the moods and spirit of all
If no one kindly wishes to be a friend
of fear in all vast of life
On the death of fear in all we do
Nobody would have apathy to keep
trying his or her best in anyway
possible to improve life.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

On The Mountain Of Fear

On the mountain of fear
As high as the apex height
Blending with rain of image
Making heart glow and melt.

Far and near the reach grow
In reproach and unending quell
On the ground lays mirror of
An disgust that bonds with ache.

Man stay bold like the giant at war
An ghastly gas waving in the sight
Accompanying man and his gods
To bail self to give in to the inferior.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Only If

And only if
The wind know
We are skinned
Primates
It shouldn't spray us dust.

Only if the sun is prudent
It should not shine its ray
On our delicate skin.

Only if the moon know
That we are Sons of God
It should not stop shining.

Only if the night could think
Aright
It should know that
We have to be at sleep.

Only if the day is up and doing
It should desire to give pace
For the noon and night.

Only if the morning could be
Generous too great
It should be a window
Of blessing to the living.

Only if running away from problem
Is the only suitable solution
Then all shall run at the
Surface of any.

Only if the earth is the worst ream
Shall anyone desire to live forever
If at all possible? .

Only if the Preachers of the Gospel
Could stand the mouthpiece

Of the message of God
Could anyone be found unbeliever?

Only if all who go to Church
Hear and digest
What the bible teaches them
Oh! Our world would be miserable
Free! .

Only if all is well with Our road tracks
Would accident be day after day
Headline on the news paper? .

Only if all is well with Our health system
Should Malaria be an intermediate
Killer disease? .

Only if there is a good facility in Our
Education system
Should we live with lactations of
Man power capacity? .

And only and only if
Our leaders lead with the fear of God
Could nepotism ever get
A practicing worker - Nepotist? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Our Dreadful Season

Our dreadful season,
Moment to cry,
The beauty hour of agony,
Should we cry and warm
the sky with dropping fluid,
Our eyes could drop blood
but who cares to console us
Even if we had moments in peace
but now we have sank in threshold
Amidst the harmful dance of a regime
Our dreadful season,
Ever come to whoop the blended peace
ever brewed on our faces and hearts,
We are at the corner and they are at city
of safety but are they sure to be so save?
Oh our dreadful season made by men.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Our Problem Dare Life

Our problem dare life.
Too many to be told.
As such no one know how.
But leans on our shoulders.
Even though we query stars.
The moon don't light up.
We wade in the opaque dark.
Finding solution from difficulty.
Where do the folktale lie? .
Afar lie our journey to the light.
Only THEE we believe to bold on.
If YOU still hear our diminishing cry.
Our problem dare life.
Dare life to a hot.
We feel loosed to be strong.
Strength gasped in the pave of strive.
Then many interest wither like grass.
No more and no more to hold on.
Our problem dare life.
Our problem dare life.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Painful Sweet Christmas

Equally sweet and painful
Christmas we usually
Celebrate in plentiful of joy
Millions of happiness cheering
The streets and environ felt it
Bumming like burning fire
On our new era of change mantra!
Foods are laid in the market
Hard and very stiff to price out
Christmas is nearby our clocks
Tick its gongs of merriment in scarcity
Of money and money to buy item
Only for a time lived in abundance of splendour
Only once we would live in painful sweet christmas.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Poets Please Write

Please, please do write.
Just a little I beg of you.
When you silent your ink,
What would happen to injustice? .
Yet your fingers should not rest,
For if so is done....what would keep
The needy company in dreaded time? .
Our heads are good a valuable matter,
Beyond all materials amidst our gem.
It is a pity poets are not reckoned with,
But our precious heartbeats revive lives.
Please do write! Poets of our time,
The inks are left to dry,
And many soul need the flaring ink
Our scorching fingers to comfort them.
Poets please write before we are no more.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Power Hide Me In Your Umbrella

I think of how you made me calm
Watching the movie no mortal man
Could enjoy in peace, only the fool,
Only the blind, just the Godless,
We go on a tough lane I be not hard,
So said the powers; should I muscle up?
The ground is my safe bed,
But never more, never then,
Powerful powers fall not thee!
God! God! ! no more knee to bruise,
I pray thee power; hide me in your umbrella,
But your comfort, peace, defies my principle.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Power Of Immortality

He died crowning many eyes with tears
He died rubbing all faces with vinegar
When he sneaked in his mother's hands
He left his mum carrying him like heavy stone
Though he died but pompous fume of joy unseen
There he trod in gentle train of peace in ghost guise
So they clustered in snubbing deeply inside in song
Dirge and dirge for one left in pieces to peace!
And he died to remind nature her tremendous trend
He is dead to the sight and a master-minder of the living
Though he died the death of an earthly being
He descend deep in that dug anaerobic grave breathlessly
Join me watch through the night and see him work-about.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Restless Day

I was hot in my heart
Faced to pull on fire
I felt a punchy knock
Beside my back gone
The firing strings of pain
A while snubbed a heat
Our world has bestowed
Like those aching pains
They fumed their eyes on me
Where was the sedating ease?
For nature has paid me a wage
I worked nothing to receive pay
Willing my feeling to desperation
How exceedingly glowed my agony?
Unfair as in unfair to my right ah!
The power of nature left me on the bed
Looking on the ceiling to see her lines
Seeing cinemas of insomnia bathed me
Flowing my eyes helpless in tears roaring
I turn to my partnering pillows lying lone
Left to the right swum my body in unease
I lookup to see the radiance of tranquility
Neither the sleeping dose came nor silence
Wandering till dawn as my eyes opened agape.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Se Baba! ! !

Wonders,
wonders shall see no end.
Se Baba is now working
the wonders of change for us.

Wonders,
wonders is lively chorus
of our working Baba,
here we re eating the meat,
meal and juice of wonders.

Everyday is the birth of wonders,
my ears have shifted to the northern..
states where wonders are numerous.

On television I see blood flowing like water,
it seems no one is taking responsible,
se Baba na only you we know for change!
our ably President tools are with you.

Wonders,
wonders are chorus we sing of,
se Baba of wonders na you biko! .
We are the living judge of the past,
even the present assigns us as judges..
we can and will vindicate the innocent.

If the way to villa is porous,
here I am on the way to chant..
se Baba no one but you! .
We are satisfied for job well-doing,
food is everywhere in the state,
hunger has become the scare fuel
and PMS is in abundant se Baba! .

Only wonders we have not seen..
is the divine one that would save us
from this wondrous scourge of blindness,
before we are eaten by almighty wonders

of change.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Search For Understanding

In my thought
I found it amazing,
That understanding
Is deep,
Free like pure air,
Divine,
Explorable virtue of God!
I rise up in tide of understanding,
As you descend deep in commotion,
You climb up like monkey!
My root develop very stronger,
And vice versa,
Learn to assimilate it like that,
So long I learnt this lesson like
subjects,
Understanding has no zenith height,
My tenderness to have it has no simile
By comparison,
But for him whom thirsts for it like water,
It would spring for and satisfies,
As for me,
Understanding I would search for like
My lost girlfriend,
As often as everyday of my life.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Singing In Isolation

Singing in Isolation
Beautiful songs
From a toiled heart
Bathed in hot fluid
Crystallizing the heart
In torrent rearing tears
Wind-blowing the whistle
Of solitary waged in fear
The songs are watery to the hearing
An extreme juicy ashes of dread
Still singing in Isolation song of agony.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

So Tired Of Life

Am so tired
Of life,
Tired of her
Tricks, kaleidoscope,
The reality of the
unreal we call
Trend of life

Little wonder
I fear; when
Will life be
Real to the living
That her trends
Become good news?

That mares we see;
We go through all day
Become fascinating
Experience and story;
The babes of today
Will grow to love,
To hear,
When told someday

We see life as practical
scene we luckily
Partook, we partake
In her odds, sinister,
Tragic, sweet memories
Many still tell with
Sorrow in their hearts

But this life;
When will you be fair
And thy actions become
An act of favour to humanity?
I suppose, you owe the living
Token of kindness? !
That if only you can hear,

I put it to thy faceless face;
Be faire!
Be kind!
To all that live.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

So Wrong So Right!

So wrong so right,
A Man canned His Sons,
A Mother canned Her Daughters,
And the Elder Sister, slapped Her Younger Ones.

So wrong so right,
A Principal fright at Students,
A school proprietor furry at the Staffs,
The Students respects none of their Teachers.

So wrong so right! ,
A country President fright at His Carbinets,
The upper-House legislators,
Smashed on the lower chamber,
It's just so wrong so right! .

The Chief of a community,
Woe! at His Guards,
And His Prince Spurn His Men,
All are still so wrong so right!

Lets guess so wisely,
And act wisely,
And also think prudently,
Hence it could be,
So wrong so right!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Song Of Poetry

Song of poetry
is fair, pure and
fresh to dance
When the string
strikes on the firing
plane with humour
Glittering ears with
beauty of its painting
ink flowing through
the edges of humanity
The bad is painted good
in and out of actions
penetrates the beam of
poetry to press to mold
and to give hope to the
withered faces and glitter
all hearts to see smiles in
the bad slides of life
With the beauty of its springing
flowers through the flowing of
the rhythm of its songs through
inking and painting of life all-round.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Star Was Leading My Path

Star was leading my path,
lighting my footsteps...
through the trimming tracks,
in the wilderness of distress.
One morning was mocking me,
pulling my legs towards shame..
amidst the luminous stars sprouted,
dimming like the wonders of heavens.
Earth had wondered for my sake,
and the men stood hot pressed up..
for my sake worked through the valley
of light to strike me the powerless being,
I remembered vividly in my pounding heart..
star was leading my path that I wouldn't fall.
It a period of wonders of mishap billing for me,
not for anything I was fortified with strong immune..
just by the Saintlike star leading my path for good.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Success Is Like Light

Success is one thing,
One thing that lights,
Like fire with no smoke,
Or sobering flame.

Success is mere and pure,
Although it's like circulating scent,
That emanates from tough
Breathes taken for sometimes.

Though it's a welcome rain,
Yes! a truly rain that baths pain,
But in all it's good and yet not final.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Take Me In

Take me in from my bad house to yours!
If you could behold me a feeling of sorry!
Do take me into your peaceful home fellow!
I know death messenger haven't yelled at me!
If it is fair to lick my mouth and swallow the smoke
I would have be contented with how I am
Please! help to save an longing soul like me! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Talk To Me

You sink in cold
dancing in frigid
What is wrong?
Talk to me now.

I see you so deep
mourning in silence
But the crazy cause
I do not dare know
Then you talk to me.

If all have pass you by
in this killing appearance
I am not them to do such
Many do care less for one
but most do care so much
Oh talk me like brother man.

Secret is indeed an asset
such like those that paint
your eyes red soaked like rag
Even when death is very high
Whats not to be told to any soul
But talk to me am ready to hear.

Yes! I may not be the saviour
for He is at the highest height
But a little you tell me could do
Talk to me even though am short
but my watery words might ease
the bulky agony in your deepest heart.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Drunkard

Oh my God! ,
Am moved,
By the power,
Of your grace,
Today only,
Am happy.

Oh if am a sinner! ,
God is by my side,
I yearned for drinks,
For long I thirsted,
But bars were closed,
My Pocket was empty.

Oh my friends here! ,
Just join me enjoy my day,
This day my star is shining,
I have plenty wine to drink,
I wants my eyes to shine,
Like travelling stars there,
Just at the top region abode.

I don't care anymore! ,
If I would fall flat,
At the main roadside,
If I eventually fall flat,
I would call it my day,
My only birthday it is.

Oh my generous God! ,
You seat at the top apex,
Watching me as Your son,
Still You bless me like this!
Oh my sweet drinks! ,
Am ready to drink and drink,
Until I have no breath to stand up again! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Heart Of Change

Unto a time come
A heart men never seen,
Women never dreamt to come amidst,
Children never will want to hear.
Oh! what a black heart
I might live to tell of her Tale?
Of the visions I have,
Talents the Heaven dashed on Me!
Of little hope,
Big wonder upon my scanty mind!
Change! our burdening cloud
That only the Mighty breeze can wipe,
This heart,
Ever coiled with wires of hedge
We never wanted to wire our House with,
Great sight! great obstacle!
I fear for fear, no man can Solve
The heart of change,
Spurious heart beyond the tide
Of the red sea,
We live to hear and to see her
Ecstasies like the dropping of rain.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Nigerian Workers

Your fits are ladders
To climb when the lards
Would want to rise,
Your labour laid found
Is the foundation no one
Built before our beaming eyes,
Yet unto the gaze of our
Sickling state call us all
To stand and watch the rhyme of
Pain, seeing our sacred workers
Cry tears, detained with hunger
Like prison inmates
Nigerian workers rise upon the Glide of the sun, thy hearty pose Of sacrifice,
never a height to Forgo
Before the tongue of history
Your steps will set to bit the Path of glory won, unappeased
If the young generation of ours
Saw you work,
The unborn shall not curse 'Thee'
Like the heartless deity!
But the spirit of the fallen
heroes
Never shall deride your strong,
Unbreakable beacon laid on Hectares of our lithosphere,
Kind is the God that made Thee
,
Servants!
And gods will glorify 'thee',
Bless 'thee' even when you retire
From your ghostly office,
So, a humble worker, in life or Death, do most have a Rest.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The People We Know

It is just the people we
Know that is the matter
At the palms of our hands.
If we have issue to discuss,
Then it is the people around:
Those we eat, drink and
Chat with in everyday of our lives.
Many things are funny with them,
What they thing run pass seven seas.
People we know can tell of us,
When we are down like the sick:
Believe me, it is the people we know.
There is my brother thing that paints
Men with coats of treacherousness,
We lie, singing the song of brother thing..
The truth Never run far from experience.
But only you have seen; you will believe,
And reason the hearts and actions of men.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Sacrificial Nnamdi Kanu

From the trove
Of the sun
;
In the stable of
A rising star
;
Through the shine
Of a sunny day;
I see the tears,
The piercing pain,
That little right
Deprived which can
Make a difference

Ages could bare this
Honourable witness,
This strive which rose
Long long ago;
Our forefathers,
Our fore-heroes
Shade their precious tears,
Strength, resources
Bathed the journey for
Liberation
Hands hindered but must
Come forth,
That only God and time
Will set free

You are the unmeltable
Piston that embrace
Combustion;
The skinny soul that went
Through fire and not
Burnt;
But become stronger,
Which only Godly exit can
Send you away from us

The living hero;
Sent to die for freedom,
Our generation lord! your
Courage and vim for the
Imastipation of the despised,
People of Igbo...Biafra!

I plead;
Let the fire burn
Indoor and peace reign
Like a king
Let the dominant microbes
Soar as wishes let them,
As i know;
Only time w'll heal the wound,
Only time will tell,
That tale of unfairness
For what's unfair can never
Be just until it's made fair

My dear Igbos!
Hold thy peace,
It is dark now
But surely,
The day will break,
Be calm

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Sky

In my 26years old
Of life still wondering,
The mystery behind sky,
How it stays up there is a miracle,
For no cable, rope or tread,
Tied to it merely to suspend it,
But it hangs there beyond reach,
The sky is there free of aches of life,
And we here groaning for live.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'The Songs Of A Dead Man'

I am now a dead
man,
I can see clear
but can't talk to
the earring of anyone.

Not even my wife
nor my children
could hear me talk,
I sees them,
I feels them with
my presence,
But invisible as
they can't see
nor feel me.

I now cry but
none can hear
nor comprehend
my agony,
Though I do not
blame them since
I died in silence.

I would had
reveal to them
my secrete before
my exit,
Now I'm restless.

But uptill this
moment,
I still hangs
around the living,
Since I can't
rest without
speaking to their
earring,
My secrete.

Oh my God,
I'm helpless,
What should I do? ,
Or I would go
back to the world,
Oh no I can't! ,
I'm now a dead man.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Sunny Noon! !

We have been begging the nature
From its inception
From Her welcoming ceremony into
the light of Our face
Into the table of Our hearts
As a tool to the living.

Nature has blessed Us so much
It has pampered Us so well
To has given Us the ray to hold on
day after day
The handless and live less Strand
staying 300mitres above the sea level
Between the forces of gas and gravity.

Of which We know not its mystery
But We hold a shining joy in Our hearts
Yet She has given Us things to live with
We have gotten the gift among many
Of which We now have
But with fear in Our tablet hearts.

Let the giver accrue it praise from
Our lips
And distinguish Our detest from the
blazing of the sunny noon
That have been instrumental to the
smiling of Our lives on and on
That have become the convergence
and divergence lens
That have encroach Our sight.

The sunny noon We have asked for
We have asked for sunny noon and
not a burning noon
That would burn Us alive.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'The Supreme Ghost'

I'm the supreme
ghost,
The secrete entity
that went into a
flaming burner to
spring out
Like a water spring.

I'm still the bursted
bullet that re-shapes
to burst again in a smoking stream,
And unknown to My frennemies,
I holds a virtue
unseen.

I live on with the
living,
But bound with
secrecy,
Woe to My hunters
and their falling
weapons,
And woe to those
who believe on
illusions,
To catch Me at hand
It's a failed thought woe! ! ! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Tone Of The Last Day

A moment in a time
when the timing string shall
move at random and with
a burning edge

On the hills shall build a thorn
and on the mountains a crest
of anguish and bleeding eyes
in the form of raining in a dried land

The cloud shall welcome weapons
on its armouring hands and with
a burning heart full of hatred and with
unmerciful soul and a revealing tongue.

Hence the trees of the earth
shall burn their succulents and
grow dried leaves for illuminating fire

And the noon shall borrow night
for better visibility as the moon
shall a burning sun with afflictions
then rats in their hidings shall be
all out with their short fingers long
to smash to the flaming fire

Oh! that day when all the timbers
shall blend their branches and fall to their
base and dry
and the wind shall be a deliverer of the tone of
the last day when not even the least being
shall boy-cut the ghastly visiting fire

My specie, what is left over has to get examined
and fixed right
lets go the right journey shall we? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

The Tree Of Injustice

Very slim, invisible
Tree growing along
With humanity,
Mortal men call you 'smartness'

Your leaves are poisons,
Thy stork is infective,
Men colonised by your evil root,
You are new to humanity,
Indeed, you 're an aberration,
I hope; you last no longer!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'The Wind'

Come the
wind;
I live in
wind.....
I sting in
wind.....
I lean in
wind

I sleep in
wind;
I believe in
wind.....
I fearlessly
weep wind

Oh wind of
Heavens I call! ;
Oh wind of
wonders I leap! !
I submits oh
wind wind! ! !

Now I'm singing
and calling upon;
Oh streaming wind of
God! !
Blow Me to My
destiny.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Think No Much

Thinking is good
thinking is productive
Do you think at all time?
give it a break like break
For years have it as a record
thoughts have lived for decade
Men and women had it in time past
Thinking excites ideas resonance
As it elevates the high blood pressure
Think in a while rest all through the day
Thinking brings innovation to man
Same numbers your day on earth

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Threnody For Pa Merije

Oh death! , fearless finisher
Who was not called to strike
It came in silent breeze
And took our prominent Pa
Who could have seized the
Power of the angel of death?

At the stable of the parliament
Your ingenuity prided its skills
A peaceful elder state man for
Many you wouldn't have gone
Who dared query the whistle in
The fury heart of an unforgiven ghost?

You were the subject of praise to us
And now an thundering storm of agony
We cry smokes as if we are smokers
Even our eyes have sunk in moist of tears
Watering the arid ground now opaque mud
Only your ex-presence shall tell tidings of you

In our country, many are there for Nigerians
But scarcely few have us in their curious heart
You were the eye for the eastern natives
Sent by the interest for the interest of his people
Another heroic document have ye as an indelible gem
How I wish we could turn the table around for once?

We shall not die from stormy tears that storm our eyes
If it was not that consuming disease, sky could have been
Your starting nunnery of life eternity in the garden heart
I put it to the ghost chest for it heartless action in our world.

It was once that it came to you pa!
Just once that balloon many to crystalize in dirge
Furious, furious for your timely exit because of cancer
Oh dead! learn to consider, if not, wear glass on your tour
Oh death! oh malignant cancer of human cells surrender!

Time To Pay Is Not Sin

It is not lies or garnished truth
Neither is it a talk off head
All said and done is not evil
Time to pay is not out of place
It is a normal phenomenon.

if you and I agree let's reason as one
When I longed for a thing you gave me
Money or penniless you considered me
What is wrong or as bad not to pay you
There is time to take and time to return.

It is never with a good eye not to pay
Maybe wicked spirit or possessed mind
We could guess but only God knows better
But believe like never before it's not good.

If you think maybe different from mine
I dispute you not but just your choice of thought
But if all things being equal with the mood of fair
You wouldn't say there is time to buy and not to pay

I remember that day I toured through the street
I walked very quietly and gently from nearby
Loitering by the edge of bright beautiful grasses
While smiling from my heart to my face glittering
I waved the way the stars beneath the high top
All the way happy wind blew me gently to my home
For I had bought in empty pocket and paid with smile

How good as bad would you feel to be said no credit today
Come tomorrow and next tomorrow my goods are not
Soled for credit and since after buying no payment at all
All these are rudiment of buying and selling sorry sellers!
Even if you feel it is a manner of life to play so dirty
What if the hook of this magnitude is worn at the neck?

Oh yes! it is true that it is easy as Ezekiel to be credited
But take it all fact that it is most easy and proper to..

pay after you buy to keep the bond nearby and intact.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

To The Lord's Glory I Do My Thing

To the Lord's glory I do My thing is the poem, born of the faith and love of God's glory deem this fit, I 'm called by God through the people to do a thing of service to God and humanity, where mind and interest varies in specie and structure, justice is come to My heart as the symbol of righteousness! what have become of your people? would this be the invention of politics in Your Church? . But My soul is clean and ready to do that which shall exult Your kingdom and Your people higher day to day. And I'm throwing My rhyme that to the Lord's glory I do and shall do My thing before the last breath! ! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Tribute To The Late Dora Akunyili

Where
were
the
opposing
ghost? ,
when
the
sun
sank
in
darkness!

where
were
the
Tigress? ,
when
the
hunting
ghost
came
to
strike.

Where
were
the
pitying
heart
of
death? ,
no
consideration
no
perquisite
to

personality? .

Like
a
Nonentity,
the
Lionhearted
were
dosed
to
an
everlasting
sleep.

Dora
Mrs.
Akunyili,
an
international
view
of
excellence,
the
perfect
example
of
probity
and
integrity,
the
sphere
of
pharmacology
shall
cry
tears
for
your

absence.

Hmmmmm!

this

death!

this

death! ! ,

what

have

the

just

stole

in

your

living

room? .

Dora,

the

disguised

person

in

the

sphere

of

counterfeit

foods

and

drugs.

We

cry

helplessly

like

the

weak

hearted,
would
death
have
a
stop
button? ,
I
and
Nigerians
would
switch
it
off
forever.

You
will
be
misted
for
your
kind
is
find less.

And
we
remain
in
this
diabolical
earth's
habitat
though
you
have
gone

beyond
sight,
but
with
your
intersection
and
that
of
the
saints,
we
could
have
another;
Prof.
Dora
Akunyili.

And
we
pray
to
the
Almighty;
that
your
great
soul
gets
a
great
resting
bed
in
the
bosom
of
God,
amen! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Unfaithful Promising

My sweet dainty damsel
my front and back shadow
in the banquet of love
captured you in my heart

My only gem I ever seen
on the flat topography of this
earth crust teasing me crazy

You 're very descent like
the only maid of the virgin Mary
you seem like a daughter of an
earthily man but gracefully
toned as a divine to me
and to your guardians

I have minimize my large-like
eyes through the photo screen of
my lonely and wanting heart
and it speak to me in a vocal
and romantic mood
and give me a vote of pass
to tarry with you as a woman
of my life

My damsel, listen to my voice
hear what my heart beats!
it's saying openly; you 're good
you 're a marriageable woman
fit to be with me for eternity

My damsel my dainty
I assure you something
just be with me
forget not the least of me
and I beg of you love me like
your breath and I will-I will
marry you at the last minute
of an existence called time.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Very Soon

Very soon as my mum
Would say
Things will get better for
Her and for all of us
Very soon as sooner
Would the gate get opened
And the lost keys will be found
All the tears running race in the eyes
Shall immerse in decadence of drought
Face up face not down the hopeless
Mirrors of downfall as leeway as option
Very soon nobody shall deny the mere fact
That very soon the soon will be now.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Vivian Zohoh Is Gone

The priceless lady is gone,
Our dearest friend is more,
Worthy life painful death.

The lady of charity is gone,
Her moral input is no more,
Oh ghastly ghost of death..
How mistaking you were? ! .

Her presence is no more of felt,
Her absence warms our eyes,
The soft hearted is gone forever,
The princess of peace is no more.

The other day I smoked in tears,
For the lost an aged brother man,
Today am mourning a young sister woman,
Oh death! How premature could this be? ! .

Why not ask why when Y has become X? ,
Today is come glowing our hearts in tears,
Our joy spiced with aching threnody of dirge,
Death the friendless friend of the living Saints! ,
'You are the powerful ghost ever lived,
Especially when you are not the most supreme'! .

Our world is a field of mystery,
A mystery breeding wonders,
Whom you see today you will see but no more,
May God forbids this hopeless trend! ,
Your death winds in my ears like a baby's prank.

I never knew that our last talk...
Was the final one besides,
Leaving us alone to linger in this rigid,
Frigid hands of our diabolic world,
If not for destiny, we would have all gone,
Through this acrimonious journey,
But who will be left to do the crying? .

'The masses are crying you,
And evil men are mourning blood',
Who are in the well wishers nigh and afar? ,
Who has the guilty blood on his or her hand? .

Option less am left to query the wind,
Our eyes up to the sun and sky,
Gazing profusely for an answer to our lingering questions,
And it seems they are helpless to help us.

'Biblical literature tells a tale of death,
As a natural event or occurrence,
But barely every death is phenomenon',
Why now you messenger of death? ,
How sullied is thy black heart? .

VIVIAN is gone beyond breath,
What a journey of dreadful life,
We all locked on forever? ,
The righteous live just a while,
Evil men dwell on further,
But we leave it for God to judge.

Life will be soured without you,
If crying will bring you once more,
Our eyes are turgid ready to burst,
Our caring tears are ready to flow like river,
But in all, once dead is always gone.

You will be missed for your kind is scarce,
In this our mysterious world,
Filled with anarchy and dread,
I know God has welcomed you joyfully,
But we are in the world,
Pray for us as the Saints do,
With your angelic voice, sing and sing,
To please Him on His apex throne,
That our diabolic world be made whole.

Oh death! kills very swiftly,
But our souls be for God alone,

Come, oh Father and comfort us,
At this long nunnery of agony,
Enough is duly enough! ,
Prince of peace to you we cry,
May gentle soft soul rest in peace.
AMEN! .

Bye the angelic VIVIAN! ,
Bye the virgin damsel gone! ,
Until we meet there to part no more!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Wait For Me

It was you and I there in the lake of love
Very strong we were merged to one another
You see all we saw, danced like monkeys on
Top of bamboo tree there in the lonely forest
Though our own was staged in lake beach floor
You can attest the fact that am speaking the truth
Although you seem to be walking away unknowingly
Wait for me my soulmate in the lake of bright love
We met remember when the lake was lying empty
Then we saw the need and beauty love in the lakeside
If you do not recall what transpired? they are fresh in my
Heart and soul yet we are soulmates you should know better
Even if there is nothing to worry about, am sure it's not fine
We both started the venture at lakeside love the august season
Just stay the patient time with me and the lake would live
Even through the crushing tide of life we shall be lake lovers.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Wakeup Brotherman

I wonder what dosed you this time
of the day,
I fear how sudden you let your pride fall
while you are still strong,
Nothing will ruin you like that with stamps
you on top of your bed,
At a time when the day is dawn and the sun
opens its wide bright mouth,
Man wakeup and face the road.
Man standup for time pauses for no one.
There is only time which is essential and
irreversible to man when it's passed.
That is the time when a man has to standup
and strive for better tomorrow.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Watch Me Sleep

My eyes are wonders,
By looks, great powers,
That chase the pills,
Which denies my awareness,
I see them small but mighty,
When I lie on bed,
Come see the scene at hand,
Watch me sleeping and awake,
Am sleeping and blinking,
Like the security guards,
Only thing I have not seen,
Is those blurred nightmares,
If you could watch me sleep,
No more shall you dare sleep.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

We Can

Indeed we are able
We CAN do all things.
A say from the beyond
For they who believe..
They CAN, surely they CAN.

Just the word we CAN sets
The net open and difficulty
A possibility bold in muscle.
What you imagine you gets
Positive dreams great outcome.

They weep to the wind that are
Poor in fate and in their dexterity.
For He the most supreme invisible
Lion Alfa and Omega says the virtues
Are ours.
Think, dream, and asked of those things
That delights me a sense of compassion
Just say you CAN and all things are possible.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

We Need Our Independence

Independence, our independence.
Far from playing play,
We need our independence,
A freedom bonus from our sovereign
Right, our free place of peace,
Should be rooted only for us all! .
We need not much only but a piece,
As little as half a loaf of bread,
To let us ride the bike of cheer in fatherland.
We need our independence in within us,
Let all laugh, let many smile home once,
A right to be full flesh of a country Nigeria.
Free us from pinpointing arrow of slavery,
In our fatherland we dependent entities,
We are tired of looking unto lions,
Tigers of the highest cloud of power,
If we have begged for years over social amenity,
But received the highest dept of silence,
Let us try again for a little favour.
Very simple it is as simple as A B C D,
If only ears would hear us as cry,
Please! we need our independence,
If for only free breath of concern for us,
As there is a man who go down with in pain.
We are powerless products of this nation,
If we so beg it is only our bestowed right,
If there be concern for us,
Settle us in this august time ever,
For many years past in torments,
Our cry never seduced the conscience of our heads,
We are fagged off, exhausted like racers,
We have nothing left to support ourselves,
Only if so care, release from the thorn,
That is coiled on our lives,
It is natural natural thing to be free,
Nigerian got her own from the Britain,
And has lies on the prowess of Nigeria,
We need our independence from hardship,
Killings, hopelessness, joblessness and hunger,

We want to be free from this day onward.
Happy independence from our old state! ! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Weeping In The Land

Weeping has gained ground
Man is the owner of the land
Who is the new owner?
Weeping they say is child's fun
And the basic right of mourners
Now who died for the land?
If you dare ask the elders why
We may be caused for nothing
Should we ask the spirit what is wrong?
We may be struck to untimed death
Weeping has become the free rain here
Yet the season for rain has not smelled near
If weeping would set us free from this cage
What stops the leaders you and I? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

What A Shame

What a shame Nigeria?
As big as you are
Yet the hungriest nation
In the league of all black
Race on the continent Africa

What a shame Nigeria?
As abundant as you are
Yet the highest consumer
Of imported goods and services
On the global chamber of commerce

What a shame Nigeria?
Once known with capacity
And indigenous originality
Now the last bus stop for smuggling
Yet celebrating shame unashamed

What a shame Nigeria?
At 56 in the fore of fusion
And incurable disease made handy
Of which in THEE we hope to be cured!

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'What Do We Think'?

What do we
think? ,
What do we
sense? .

Oh stranges
isn't it? ,
Too manythings
we we breathe in,
We breathe out.

So clumsy they
are,
Manythings many
Illusions they
all are.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

When I Live Or Die

Death is the
product of life
that lived for
a time.

Where death
knocks,
it is a blessing
come with crowns
from beyond.

When I lives,
it is great
which makes
me mortal

But when
I dies from the
earth,
It's an immortal
exit that I will
die never again.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Why On Earth Why?

Why on earth should
Earth be a bed of anarchy? .
Why on earth should earth
Be an earthily earth for hate? .
But all appear in attires of love
Yet sullied on the inside why? .
Why on earth should my people
Die unnatural death...
While on our only abode earth? .
Why should Boko Haram begin
In Nigeria like a good thing come? .
Why oh! why my helpless cry?
Sing me song of comfort for once! .
But why even why in this land? .
I while in why as my only critical
Critics on my satirizing edge.
Oh! why on earth should we starve
Especially when we are not too poor? .
Why is not my only means
But why this way for us? .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Words Kills Swiftly

Words kills swiftly,
Words saves souls,
Powerful words ignites,
Weak words strikes,
The bliss of torrents,
Wobbling pegs of detest,
Words of our world loots,
The egg of euphoria,
Allot to soul denied cheer,
Gliding feeble of hatred,
Erupting horns of anarchy,
Words kills swiftly alike,
The virgin spirit of death,
Words heals wound and fear,
Same words constricts heads.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

'Would You Ever Please The World'?

I now ask,
Would You
please the world
by any move? ,
Or would the
world take to smile
their unfriendly
face in disguise? .

And none
recognises good
deeds,
And they are poor
in truth,
And crushed in
a lonely ream of cowardness.

Oh this catch
and kill world of
ours,
I mingles not on
to it,
I'm prone to not
to support of it.

Count Me among
but not in their
character,
And pierce through
them yet magnet
Me,
For I'm not
interested.

Never had I known
these;
It kills a heart,
It concern Many,
And ruins

goodheart.

You would do
but no body
appreciates,
What a world
of ours,
Yet I would do
more as I can,
And let no one
bears me to
the call wittness.

As the most-high
knows,
And would do
justice to My
actions.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

Yahweh, My Father

Yahweh, my Father
Yahweh, my Maker
Thou art great
He I was,
He I am,
Forever,
He the Lord
Almighty

Yahweh, Yahweh
Oh Thou may
Not fade in my mouth,
The Lion unseen,
Killing the hawks
That prey for my life

The Lord I have
Not seen,
Yet His Mighty words,
The tongue of fire
That free me from
Spell

My Father is Yahweh,
My Maker is Oka Omee,
Osu ekwu na onu,
Ike meriri mba nilee,
Ekelee bu nke gi.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

You Loitering Man

All of a sudden
My circular, ball-like eyes
Rolling like a swinging pendulum ball
Glanced through the street
Near and afar
Covering the happenings
And I stood still
Thought hard and wise
I saw a Man thereby
Loitering like a free One
That lacks responsibility
But apparently He had
And I mourn deeply in My heart
Because I knew what it was
To be loitering to and fro
And I smiled with Him
With My face glittering happiness
And My mouth illuminating to Him caution upon caution
Saying be-ware
Be-ware
Haddy known will be words of Your mouth.

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih

You Tree Of Death I Lo! !

You are the tallest tree,
Growing from the tendering of life

All Eyes that opened from the scratch
Saw You growing tall day to day

Even Your leaves grown cloud
Such that, garden of shelter they have become
Giving hopes to the Living
For safety
Yet You shed Your leaves like decidual trees
As You steal Many from their Love-Ones

Oh death tree! , even though You are a ghost
And We are apparently physical
Especially when the matter is unconnected with our lives are involved
And I lo You, and You Tree of death! ! .

Chinweokwu Sunlight M. Ndubuisih