

Poetry Series

**chizitere ojiaka**  
**- poems -**

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chizitere ojiaka(6th day of may 1990)

# Across That Line

Kambili you should learn to think of me.  
I thought i loved you enough, but you shall  
still learn to think of me.  
I brought you to life, you should learn  
to never forget me.  
I killed you. Do you remember?  
You should learn to never forget me.  
Father anticipates your return  
although he knows i took you away  
already.  
Kele placed his curse on me and he  
promised never to forget me.  
Now they say they will kill me  
ha! humm! I laugh! because,  
just like the others before,  
i shall escort you on your journey.  
The entire ride i cant assure but,  
i know you will never come back  
once you leave me.  
Let us begin....

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# Hoping For The Beat.

My heart just beat again...  
Oh no it didn't but how come  
I breath?

Black is red now, yes blood  
has taken over.  
Or is it not blood that i see?

Streets are full of streams  
Streams not of water, but of  
Blood and tears.

How can my heart not beat,  
When panic overwhelms my  
'entireness'.

Oh I still speak of me,  
And forget you who lie stylishly  
On black, now red.

You have been dumped in your  
Own blood.  
How heartless!

I want to carry you home now  
But I can't because my feet cannot  
Stop running.

I hear a heartbeat now.  
Could it be yours?  
Am far away from you now  
But i hear your heart beat in my ears.

A bullet just caught Lalah.  
Another heartbeat is lost.  
How long can I hold mine?  
How long will it beat?

Can i still hope, with all these bullets

Stopping our hearts?  
I hope still... Still i hope...

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# Let Go...

Piece by piece  
pieces of peace.  
You think its protection  
but look what you did.

You bought yourself extra  
life with hers which you sold.  
Why? Why did you?

Look! See! She is living  
your future now.  
When will she live hers?

She has dreams,  
dont you think?  
Her destiny is different,  
dont you know?

Come on! Let her be.  
She is your child.  
She has a life to live too.  
She is a part of your life,  
not a piece of it.

You are a part of her life,  
not the whole of it.  
Its not cowardice to let her live  
its the right thing.  
Just let her be her

-Chizitere.

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# Nyere M Aka

I know what is wrong,  
So I will give right a change.  
Don't ask me how I know,  
I just know.

I might have lived around  
Wrong for too long,  
But I can tell the difference.

If you make me a judge,  
I might judge wrongly  
But when I sit in the crowd,  
I judge right.

So many things are not right  
And I can't do anything to  
Correct them unless you help me.

I'm decaying, someone please  
Help me!  
Everything in my system is wrong  
And my children suffer for this.

Don't stand there and just  
Yell at me.  
Help me if you can.

Even if you detach  
And run away, you would  
Still come home soon.

You call me all sorts,  
But don't forget it is  
You that make me and  
I that give you your identity.

We are inseparable.  
I only have hope when you  
Give it to me so stop taking it away.

I am what you make of me.

You are my creator,  
The only reason I still exist.  
I am your body, your group,  
your identity.

Turn back to me.  
See how profusely I bleed.  
I'll keep bleeding till you  
heal me.

You know I won't die.  
Of course I won't  
I shall die only when you do  
No matter how far you run,  
We'll still die together.

I am not tarred, in darkness,  
Hungry, kidnapped, thirsty,  
Uneducated, cheated on, insulted,  
Corrupt and suffering

You have let me be all this.  
You haven't done anything  
To help me.

How long shall I stand here and bleed?  
How long will you let them mock me?  
How long will you ignore me?  
Please do something quick!

I'm tired of waiting...  
-Chizitere.

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# Patriotic Hymns

The drum beats once heard  
each drummer a drum held.  
On the battle field of the south African veld,  
each soldier's position the leader read.

For a son each mother wept  
with sorrow all were swept.  
In every heart only hope was left,  
for truly no one knew what to expect.

Back to the South African veld,  
only gunshots could be heard.  
On each palm a loved one's picture was held,  
as the ground with blood was fed.

More grief as news begun to come.  
Life became unbearable for many and some.  
Everyone in sadness became dumb,  
and no one bothered about an empty tum.

Alas the survivors return!  
Families scramble, no one takes a turn.  
People return ready to mourn,  
the loss of a brother, father or son.

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# Take A Minute... Take Two...

Think wit me a while.  
Deeply. Shut shallowness out  
Stick with me  
Tenderly. Dont get too stuck.

Lets leave now.  
We will return soon.  
One day. Not today.  
Not tomorrow. Maybe tomorrow

Lets entwine thoughts  
and merge hearts.  
No words.  
No speech.  
Just thoughts.

I'm waiting so hurry.  
I won't let you down  
but you can and i won't forgive.

Take a minute...  
Take two...  
Leave the third for me.  
I'll wait.

Not for so long.

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# The Orphan Sighs

The feast of sorrow,  
with tears and mucor,  
tumbling down delicate  
cheeks and cracked lips.  
Nutrition goes on a retreat  
allowing hunger into the feat.  
Enlarged abdomen showing  
signs of good living if only the  
legs and arms have just a little  
more flesh.  
Lamentations surge,  
Temptation begins its urge.  
Mom and Dad invite.  
Death seems a better beginning

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# Upon Black Coal Tar

My appetite for food is put  
away in a separate luggage,  
which i send forth ahead of me  
to prepare my destination for my arrival.

The journey is anticipated  
while present happenings,  
take hold of the present.

They hawk, they sell,  
we buy, we eat, we get ready.

Our luggages take advantage  
of every single possible space,  
while human members press  
their way in with no right or property  
but the small seats on which they  
have their buttocks fixed to  
occupy space.

They own nothing for even  
their luggages have been sold out  
for space to keep them while  
the journey journeys.

Through the journey, trees, grasses,  
houses, cars and other partakers of  
the road, snatch away their images  
from my head like a fast forwarded  
movie.

Human members chat with the  
'chatables' while some stroll around  
dreams with their almost lifeless  
heads dancing to the tune of the bus  
as it swerves, sways, brakes, gallops  
or meanders.

In no time, our feet begin to cringe,  
our asses burn, yet we have no other  
option than to stack ourselves in our  
space and sail through to our exit.  
The final destination.

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