

Poetry Series

Chukwukere Timothy
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Chukwukere Timothy(27-07-97)

Chukwukere Kelechi Timothy also know as EMINENCE.

facebook: SP Timothy jr

like my page on facebook: chukwukere kelechi timothy.

instagram: eminence97

Or visit for more

3rd Timothy 1

Take away selfishness,
And there will be no pride.
The blessed will bless the less.
There will be no more Tribe,
When we take away discrimination,
From our nation.
Take away hate from a people,
And there will be no more blacks or whites.
All we'll have is a community of the simple,
And our future will be bright.
Take away jealousy from our streets,
And there will no more hatred.
take away gossips and there will be no more fights.

.....

Look at Me now
I've grown far above hates.
I believe in what makes us one,
Love; from my bed to the gate.
I see you as my brother
Remembering that one day we'll need each other.
Unity will give our economy feathers,
But Love will bind us together.
Let stand us stand together; tall as a mountain.

Chukwukere Timothy

A Father At 19

Thrice and willing to give more
This matters are pressing
If ignored, it might cause a very grave complication.
Its killing me with tension.
What's her intentions?
To kill me with these lies
Blind my eyes
And dim all my visions.
Sometimes, I'm lost in her lust,
Bless God! He saves me,
His words spoken by Gabriel.
My pastor taking me from Egypt to Israel.
A command from God,
He spoke as words to my hearing,
These words, to me is as a stone to the chest.
So I pen them in my heart
Because any violation can get me killed.
I'll be father, but never at 19

Chukwukere Timothy

A Man Substitute Christ

on the cross if man Substitutes Christ.
All power in his bosom lies.
Soldiers mocks, and deaths cold hands snatches them.
A superman's day. The whole world must render their apology.
Before that. What a tragedy!
If a man Substitutes Christ.
Nail him, and unto hell he'll cast.
who dares wipe him?
Ask if he has his will.
Echo 'nail him! '
And he'll rise like a stormy wave
Bouncing on earth as an hurricane.
Bless God! A man substitutes Christ not.
How perfect a man.
How God-like behaved our Christ.
Humbled by man unto death.
Not intoxicated by power.
What love.
He still draw man closer to the father.
Without bitterness and anger.
.....
The cross is progress, Christ went forward.
So let brotherhood come first.
And the love should never get lost.
But my brothers are nailing me.
And love is all You say I feel?
How crazy!
But to Christ its sane.
Sinners cursed Him, in the end He show mercy
Even so, do the same.

Chukwukere Timothy

A Me Without Poetry

Dead. Lying still and lifeless
That's a me without Poetry.
Plagued with word drought
A me without poetry is life drained.
I'll struggle with life like a fish without gills.
How would I prevail?
A Me without poetry. I died.

.....

I died the day I read these words
And missed myself.
I seized to exist the day I go blank,
And my veins lacks ink.
A Me without poetry
Is like a Me that Lies 6feet below the earth.
A Me without Poetry
is as a me without head.
Thinking of a Me without Poetry
Makes me numb.
I can stop breathing
But I refuse to stop speaking.
Because There'll never be a me without poetry.

Chukwukere Timothy

A Place I Long To Be

There's a place i long to be;
A place with a perfect human race,
And joy will be all we feel.
A place where there'll be no nights but days.
In this place so high above,
There'll be a brighter setting sun,
Every man will harmless as dove
And there'll be no blood on the golden floor.
In that place so perfect and pure.
There'll be no hospitals
When there's no illness, do we need a cure?
But everyone will shine bright as the stars.
There'll be no army, navy nor policemen
Because there'll be no crime.
In that place, i'll have a house of gold.
And a street of precious stones
This place is all i dream,
But soon there i will be.
In that place i long to be.

Chukwukere Timothy

A Train

Have you ever seen a train,
furious on its tracks?
It lacks emotions in its steel brain.
It crushes all that attacks,
carefree of who it is. Family or friend.
Do you know how determine it feel?
Speedy, in motion till the end.
A train focus on the rail,
reduces to dust,
both the mighty and frail, and any obstacle in front.

Chukwukere Timothy

Beautiful

You might wonder who is worthy to be called 'beautiful! '
Those in cropped hair with pink lips?
Who is worth the Kings heart,
Those in golden gowns with diamond tips?
The princesses, fit or fat?
Beauty belongs to the palace
The Queens and Princesses in their expensive life,
And their crowns like the stars.
Those called the King's wife?
Or Queen Victoria in her empire?
Whose attires are Made in heaven,
And her beauty captures as wild fire.
Or those damsels that live life's highest level?
Their hair finge and their soles covered with gold.
Those whose face are cleans of wrinkles.
Dressed and re-dressed never to get old.
Or those whose face twinkles?
As flashlights hugs them from all side.
Those whose pictures are bold on every front-page,
And flash thru' our screens?
Many claim, the beautiful are yet to be born,
They lied.
Send words to the wise, the kings and princes of all lands
Tell the Queen and princesses to go to rest.
I have beheld beauty.
The well-favoured and Royal damsels became hags
When I saw you.

Chukwukere Timothy

Beauty Full

In the heart of an afternoon,
I behold this lady,
Like a damsel walked out of the moon.
My pride fell.
I was conquered by her radiant smiles,
My glassy skeleton smashed into pieces.
Speechless, We both walked miles.
Beauty was defeated by her beauty.
Her eyes were radiant as a star.
When she looked at me,
I melt as ice.
Her beauty locked my words in my mouth.
I battle before I vomit these words.
Mistress! Let my bear all thy burden,
I will bear them till I go frail.
While I go frail, I would never grow feeble,
I'll remain Loyal till I go yonder.
Shame to cosmetics!
Even in the earliest of mornings,
She's better than models.
Shame to English!
No word best expound her beauty.
Shame to Poetry!
No poem best extol this goddess.
Forgive me of all my lies.
What I saw in her eyes
Were more than all of the stars in the universe.
Mistress! Your love will burns in my heart forever.
When the sun dies out,
We will explore thy glorious paths,
With the moonlight,
If we need light.

Chukwukere Timothy

Believed Against Believe

They wrote us off,
Treated us with so much hatred.
Sent us to prisons instead of college.
The judiciary hated us and gave us a
panda's bite.
We grew up in this white and black nation
That refuse to be gray.
White against black like zebra.
The stripes were clear,
Discrimination could be seen.
Differences, Hatred. Black, sons of ex-slaves.
Sent to prisons instead of college,
Cast to the bench.
Marked as Inferior,
But Martin believed.
These black sons will rise from the bench
to stand on the high tables.
Believing against the believe
Black was less
Martin saw black as the best.

Chukwukere Timothy

Blame God

My heart bleeds and my eyes red as blood,
The day Nepotism bruised Me.
My heart became heavy as a ton,
the day I was bitten by tribalism.
When men became wiser than God,
and nailed others for their differences.
If you feel the deep cuts of racism,
don't regret your colour.
When you're cast away by discrimination,
don't drawn in depression
Talking about religion might be obnoxious,
Some blood thirst monsters.
Can send me a well furnished coffin.
They're ever ready to crucify anyone.
For the sake of religion.
Painting God a coward,
That can't defend Himself.
God created diversity in humanity,
Anyone who does not like it,
Should blame God.

Chukwukere Timothy

Dark Sun

There's still Sun,
And everything is so dark.
and its no night.
Under the sun, people still steal
and skip being nailed
Because we can't see them,
Under this sun they're hidden.

There's still Light,
But nothing is bright.
Under this light murderers are free as a bird.
Shame to the sun!
Curse be the light!
It can't justify our son,
It can't defend what is right.
Only shields the corrupt,
It rises with good objective proclaiming,
And sets to operate evil manifesto.

Chukwukere Timothy

Don't Fret Dear

Don't fret dear,
Fear not that I may know
Tell less lies to shield yourself
Doubt not if I'll still love you.
I do love you
and I do know the truth too
I'll be a fool if I still love you,
You in whom lies are grown
You in whom deceit flows.
Curse be a lover of winds
Unstable at every point and time.
Don't fret dear.

.....

Don't fret dear
Relax.
Use your pillows
Think less of me
That I'm gone is your doing.
Employ the service of your pride,
Let your mirror keep feeding you with lies
Go ride with infidel as you.
I thought you're loyal
So I have my heart to a dog
But dogs has to be dogs,
So I wont nail you.
Don't fret dear.

.....

Don't fret Dear.
I speak in this Language,
So that conscience will kill you,
Before your prostitution do.
Stop the 'I love you'
Its causing more pain here.
Don't fret Dear.

Chukwukere Timothy

Enemies

I don't need my enemy's weakness for
strength,
Let them wax strong.
All their stronghold will rent
With powers of their tongue. Let them establish mountains,
It will be made plain and plane.
All night. I to God laid my complains.
His judgement rise against them today.
I've enemies, known and unseen.
Spirits and flesh. Trying to drawn me in sin.
But each time they tempt, I come out
fresh.
let my enemies sit on their seats,
And I stand undefeat
I'm just a writer, God's my fighter.

Chukwukere Timothy

Fiendish Emotions

One fever that stroked humanity
Ripping hearts apart and causing heartaches.
This virus has totally infected many hearts,
Making the mind blind and too dim for reality.
Fools! Why compare your mortal lovers to the stars?
And after exploiting the treasures you left her a scare?
Why extol him like a God?
And end up tying his destiny with a child?
Why do we set our lovers above nature?
And push a knife through our hearts in the end.
What a fiendish emotion!
To hell with this fiendish emotion.
its humanity's greatest plague
That denies the mind sanity.
It can make you half mad,
With emotions and imaginations damp in impossibility
'like she makes you fly'
'he's as a star'
Alas, all ends in the pieces of your broken-heart.

Chukwukere Timothy

Fly President Fly

We the people of this biggest lie,
elect our president of change.
Our president is a fly.
Present on every state,
Across Africa and beyond.
Every second the economy shrinks,
the President still flies.
People growing poorer as church mouse.
The President fights crime?
Against corruption he pledge all his time?
What is more corrupt than inflating price?
The prices are high.
The salaries are low and slow.
The bills are getting fatter.
But our President flies.
The People, every sector crys.
Food competing with gold.
The market is getting deserted.
Power is getting infected.
Workers can't afford a plate of rice.
The hold of hunger is strong.
But the President is always on tour.
Every flight is singing this song.
Fly President fly.
I hope I don't get crucified.

Chukwukere Timothy

Gods Words

God spoke thrice
Six times I heard
Each time He spoke, I heard twice.
All his words, the ones I read,
And the ones spoken.
All my Lord said
Shall never be broken.
Every obedience will be treated as a son,
Though things might be tough.
Gods people will rise as a sun,
Mercy and Grace, they'll have more than enough.
Governments and nations will fall
and suffering would last long.
But God's people will stand tall,
Like a rock, they'll remain strong.

Chukwukere Timothy

Hell Awaits

Waking up in the dark.
Wallow in the the darkness accompanied by silence
My heart races,
I can feel my heart in my throats,
About to jump out.
Must this be hell?
Has Hell grown cold?
'son'
The voice didn't drop in my ears.
I heard it in my heard.
Consumed with fear
'who calls? !
Grandpa?
Or perhaps a spirit lost too? '
My voice breaks
I was quivering.
'sir! If thou be flesh,
I'm having a bad day but I still recall protocols
Come, your presence will be giving of confidence'
My eyeballs rolls as a wheel in motion,
And my pupils tiring apart.
I guess I talked too much
.....
'son, we're no devils on vacation
We're once like you,
Before walking out of the planet.
We're blessed, had the best, the world in our palms took its rest.
From the core of hell, we've risen with great agony.
But greater are the words in the scroll.
No ink, so I wrote in blood'
.....
Now my fears hits it peaks.
I fellowship with death and dead all around.
'oh Death spare me I pray You'
I picked my way swift away
Running faster than my legs
Till I stumbled

And upon A scroll I did fall.

'Fret! Fret! ! Hell awaits.
Brothers! Its more horrible to witness than to think.
Bless be the Almighty's elects.
Curse be the shady.
Fools, I was once grow in those thoughts
That these words are just voices in my head.
Till I drop, now on earth, I miss myself,
I wish I can come and fix myself.
Take.....'
An horrible ill-favoured hands snatched away the scroll
Before I could finish reading.
Roll it into the middle finger and bless its head with light.
He drained it to ashes and abandoned it to the wind.
Looking straight into his face.
He was well-established in fire
And well burnt.
Horrible. Not far from the devil himself.
He roared 'we await! In hell we await! ! '

Chukwukere Timothy

I Want To Be A Poet

I have read poems till my sentences got infected,
by words from each poets poem I've gone through.
I'll be an ungrateful liar if I say I'm not affected,
by their lyrics, whether made up or true.
My heart falls for poems
And married to the excellence of diction.
The league of poets, I dream to be one of them.
Poems creates imaginations
that flows through the mind like streams
washing away depression and fears
and cooling the hot heart that steams.
Poems can also generate regret and tears,
Making you sorry for every ugly thing you did.
When I be a poet,
Like Shakespeare, I won't write because of the need to feed.
but to show how fret i've become for all the ill-things in our
world.
My lyrics would be heavy as a ton,
And will crush every odd.
My poems would sound like a gun,
Knocking down every ill bred.

Chukwukere Timothy

Mariam

You are like the morning
Without you darling, it's just night.
You are my honey,
Am your bee and in you, I delight.
Tho' a mere man shouldn't love a princess,
But even the butterflies in my stomach are right,
They leap at your presence.
Mariam, you are like a picture;
You are worth a thousand words,
Without you in my future,
there's no moving forward.
This love gives me pleasure,
Give me the same quality,
Coz i will retire with you not pensions
What vanity!
If you love me not this way,
But i know that's never a reality.
Because our love never will fail.

C. Timothy

Chukwukere Timothy

Me In A World Without Religion

Me in a world of Tolerance,
Is a Me in a world without religion.
Fearless, I can travel the east,
Unity and progress will hit nations,
as they'll trade with ease.
Me in a world of faithfulness and dignity.
Is a me in a world without religion,
Where we can sleep with less tension,
And no violation of dressing code can get us killed.
Our world would be a free place.
Me in a world of harmony,
Is a Me in a world without religion.
There'll be less discrimination
and no trace of genocide and mass killing.
A me in a World of Peace
Is a me in a world without Religion.
With less children feeling rebellious
And extremist feeling religious.
We, free from the sermon of clergys
Is an Us that put an end to drawing of swords.

Chukwukere Timothy

Mercies

The storm may defeat those whose might is in guns and swords,
But surely, the Almighty upholds he that trust in His words.
Strength and grace to the bosom of the faithful,
But great fools are not thankful.
Only if He that forms us in the womb, would open our inner eyes
To see the darkness that roam in the day, we'll melt as ice.
Within seconds leafs falls off stems,
Trust God and stand firm.
You won't fall like leafs and your glory won't dry up
Your glory will remain after you stop.
As we run through the corners off life.
We should remain sharp as knives
Cutting off every condemnation
Praise God in our nations!

Chukwukere Timothy

My School

I was born with a plastic spoon,
I have to make a golden spoon.
I hardly had a good day at school,
Though my teachers were from heaven,
And some like the devil,
My classroom had everything,
But lacks comfort.
Teachers bragging of handling over a hundred of us,
They taught us that too much of everything is poisonous.
In the classroom,
We're like sands.
You can't count.
My teachers still looks good every morning.
Their looks denies the headache,
How can they miss class?
Its easier than 40days fast.
I attended that school.
A school of gladiators.
I wasn't the best,
But I was surely far from the less.
A few stayed focus,
And many delights in derailing them and help them get lost,
So many get rust.
The school fence.
Its was made of glass,
Raise it today, to fall to pieces tomorrow.
The chairs in our class,
I'm not proud of any, even the ones in the front row.
Make it good, future outlaws will pull it down.
But I graduated, alive.
That's a testimony.
I wish I had more money,
I won't have miss a test kneeling under a sunny weather.
Soon the little birds will grow feather,
And fly further.
Never forgetting that we don't run,
From where we come from.
Even if we can't stop the rain.
Let's help those in the storm.

I can feel their pain.

Chukwukere Timothy

Save Me!

Doctor! Doctor! !
Please save me!
My heart is aching,
I've tried meditating,
And medicating,
But all is vanity.
I can feel it-
My heart is ripping apart!
No. I guess its jumping out.
I can feel it, pushing thru' my throat.
Misplace sentences uttered my fools,
Alligations, and insults,
Alot of people trying to find faults,
And so many unfaithfuls.
I'm dying! I'm running out of time.
My mind is heavier than a ton.
And am getting dangerous as a gun.
Swallowed up by bitterness.
I'm going insane,
I feel like becoming the same,
As he that murders,
But far be it from me,
That I slay a brother.
Save me now doctor!
Before you will have to save someone from me.

Chukwukere Timothy

Soldiers

All hail our soldiers
That never carried arms on their shoulders.
It breaks me, they're never older.
Since they cross the borders.
Soldier! You can't even stand attention?
There's war here. You can't feel the tension?
Go soldiers. Come here! Go there!
Can you hear?
Soldier of last year,
Wail! They're not near.
You're a soldier!

Soldiers! ! I see you in the air.
I know you hear.
You're here.
You're near.
Its being a year
You left here.
We still battling the devil.
While you rest in heaven.
Soldier! Even if in heaven you can hear me.
I know someday we'll be.
But you don't know how I feel when they defeat you.
I'm sorry I can't reach you.
I salute you soldier.
In my memories, you're one year older.
My soldier, my friend my brother.
I'm still a standing soldier.

Chukwukere Timothy

Soldiers I I

Listen up! Comrades, lend me your ears.
O' my uniform is soaked in blood!
Because this words cuts like a sword.
What bleeds my heart, is what you're about to hear.
The little comrades is dead!
He bite the dust,
Because the commander finds fault in all he does.
Well, that's the trend.
The older ones are always right!
Their opinions always count while ours are left.
Yes, they've seen more sunlight,
But their recipes are made up of self.
Sir! I'm a comrade too,
I stand attention, and do everything you command,
That doesn't make me a fool.
I hope you understand.
Respect our difference.

People who can't respect differences are monsters.
Why should we be the same?
Take a look at the stars,
The clouds and other heavenly stain.
They're are different in size and sharps.
Remember We're soldiers.
We'll need each other.

Chukwukere Timothy

Sorry But I Must Say This

When I writes,
I slips off topic
I don't write for dark though I write at night,
That's when wisdom is at its peak.
Me, no not this me,
That writes, but me that speaks,
In these words you read,
Is more than you can see,
But this me is wounded
Not cheap heart-breaks
But by misplace sentences,
That's abundant in this shady.
She's also a fool too.
I mistake her for a woman of virtues,
And she gave me reasons I go back school.
How stupid! I place so much value-
On a ruine.

She was swarthy
But she detested it.
She's no even worthy-
To be called beautiful,
Even after she bleached.
She looks like a cartoon,
I hate her like I hate tattoo.
Shady is her attitude.
Thinking of her reminds me,
Of the bad days at school,
When I've got more ghost than real,
But its all good now.

Excuse me madam,
Didn't it ever occure to you,
That your trying to fill a basket with water?
Save your foolishness,
Fools like you will need enough.
You feel We lack respect?
Better shout your lying mouths,
Less you'll crash out.

I believe there's a heating place in hell,
For women with porous mouth.
I hope this is explicit enough?

Chukwukere Timothy

Talking To Thomas

I hate caring,

The last time I did, I came back crying.

But I cant stop talking,

When I do I start falling.

Life's very short,

Be quick and avoid fault.

There's a way to live long,

Without being mighty nor strong.

I do not lie in this song.

While some go old, some grow young

in the heart of all in this world.

They'll live long.

Young, what do you have staking?

I've seen your stand

And they aren't breathtaking.

It's simplicity makes it easy to understand.

It doesn't mean its not working,

But its evidence you're not thinking.

I know the pain you felt

When you heard the world doesn't reward sweat.

Trigger your faculty

To become crafty.

There's no end to achievements,

Its your thinking that limits you.

Do more of assignments,

Live more nights and draw certain you.

Thomas, you doubt this word?

Wondering if this poet is forward.

Well, Thomas, we're still behind.

But you're most blind.

Look up and see how we glides,

Furious as tides.

The currents are powerful.

It can pluck out fools.
I observe I talk too much,
It can make me a quick casket.
Bless be the heart I touch.
I can only fill container and not baskets.

Chukwukere Timothy

Tears Of An Infant

The best wines always comes first
The less for for those who desire more.
You made your choice
And locked me behind these gates,
Gates mightier than the walls of Jericho; Gates of your heart.
I was locked out by your gates of
hatred.
Useless; you think of me.
Condemned and cast to ruine outside
your gates. I felt like I was in the threshold of life,
I wanted to come, I dream of a life, I had
an ambition.
I was tortured, I was cut,
I screamed like a prisoner
In a horrible dark cell like hell. You're diabolic!
I left furious and screaming.
Why do I deserve this wicked death?
Why wouldn't you let me grow?
Why should you call an infant a monster?
Who can I harm? Mother, don't I deserve to live?
Tell me why you've lived

Chukwukere Timothy

Temilola

Love or Lost?
I feel like am just lost
inlove with Temilola.
I pace all night,
My brain race,
Thinking of excellent diction.
With care I brew Temilola,
the best love song.
She's my eve,
My flower in Eden.
So drunk, intoxicate by a teenage lover.
I extol her as a goddess.
My poetry was infected of her.
I Set her far above nature.
All night; it was Temi.
Butterflies flys in my stomach whenever she calls me.
The conversation never got sick.
Yet our relation got broken like feeble stick.
I wake up from my dreams
Temi is the worst I can feel.
I asked my head,
Temi sliced my back?
Ripped my heart apart?
And smash my glassy skeleton?
It answered me these things.
"Her family, religion and tribe,
Are something she've no control on,
That's destiny.
Sorry it hurts".
But it's over, and now it my fault.
Temi, use to be name.
To poetry Am mailed.
Once, my heart fell,
I picked it, put it together again.
My last poem to temi.
Temilola!
Only a superman can resist her beauty spells.
Am more a Superman now.

The African Way

One community of communal
relationship

We cooked to eat, built to live
carrying the burden of one another
Merry at the success of a brother. With joy, we tell the moon-light stories,
To the listening ears of our children.
I love the African way.

.....

We eat from nature, and nature, from us.
We fished our rivers and cultivate our
fertile soil. We're friends of our environment.
The hills speaks our language
And the rivers sings our songs.
I love the African way.

.....

This way our tender hearts were taught,
to grow in respect of our culture and harmony with nature.
To cherish and defend my brothers,
To acknowledge God and flee from evil.
To be a farmer and show the glory of my
fathers.
To dance when they sing and sing when I hear the beats;
The African sound.
I love the African way.

Chukwukere Timothy

The Calender

I lay still as a log,
on my very humble bed.
The fan waving and light ray pouring on me.
But the outdated calender still graces my walls.
The walls of my heart.
These calenders, I refuse to pluck out,
posted me a reminder of past years.
My head gets lighter,
and my mind gets furious.
I am feeling like a fighter.
Regrets battling me.
Turning me into an enemy of myself.
But the real me is caged in those calenders.
The real me in locked in past years.
I'm locked in past fears.
Still crying past tears.
I am locked in.
Steaming so furious, my brain emits smokes.
I thirst to be as a wind,
Free as a bird.
So I picked up my bitterness and chew it.
Its tastes like a corpse,
So I buried it in my past.
Letting go makes me stronger.
As forgiving makes me younger.

...Voices In My Head Poetry Series...

...an SP Timothy jr. Creation...

Chukwukere Timothy

The Tempest

As the day elapse

Darkness gradually enveloping the earth.

The peaceful sea and her household flowed.

Waves after waves,

Tides after tides.

The sea welcomed its family,

Promising a peaceful sleep.

All tasted the sweet cake of harmony,

As it has being before now.

The waves unites with the tides,

Together they pushed of the sea

Fear and challenges,

And to the shore, they abandoned them.

Beautiful is the sound!

Sound from the sea.

But, the sound lived as mayfly

Its couldn't last long.

The storm arose in anger,

Roaring as a lion.

The Tempest!

The tempest! !

The storm picked the sea,
tossing her against herself.

North against south.

South against north.

And the waves grew up as a mountain,

But collapsed as a house built on sands.

The sea cried, and cried like a wailing widow.

The tides collides against tides.

Thunder and lighting were all o'er

The sea grew in bitterness against its household.

Waters went to battle against waters

Waves against waves

Tides wrestled against tides.

The sound of the rumble were as roaring beast.

Darkness clothed the sea,

And its wear a cap of commotion

Peace went on exile.

Merry!

Merry! !

Bless God! Peace only went a few hours,

The sun appeared, and all died off as a feeble flame,

And vanished as smokes.

The light that accompanied the sun

sent away darkness

And the sea rested herself,

And smiled at the heavens.

The sun kissed her and she glows.

Her waves made peace

And the tides accepted.

Chukwukere Timothy

To My Son

Open your hearing to hear
Knowledge is not far away but near,
Although in darkness, its hidden.
Find the light and its paths will be
brighten.
When you starting imagining,
If you can only open your mind, you'll see messages coming in,
Whether from God or the devil.
Depends on the root of your thoughts; hell or heaven.
This world is like our body, our mind is the feet,
the world is moving, but the thoughts of men controls it.
I see myself standing tall on a bright star
Shining brighter than the sun. That's an assurance that the glory I
sought is not far
but I have to pen this to my son.
I wasn't mistaking when I said your
father won't die,
Even after he's buried and rotten, His name won't dry
and his legacy would never be
forgotten.
Like shakespeare, Literature would
preach his gospel
and his lyrics will grow tall and strong as a mountain
in the heart of all that read this words.
Son, always remember that your
father's heart was the fountain.
Most time I feel like my father.
'What do my son think of me? ' These thoughts makes me lite as a
feather,
Son, how'd you feel?
Like your father writes to make money?
To provide the right type of life for his family and all his need.
Or your father writes to create another
mommy.
That encourages you to follow what is right
and flee from evil deeds
Son, this is not an epilogue,
But a prologue of the dialogue Between you and I on these things that I think.

Where Are Those Days?

Poverty waged war against us,
We're poverty-stricken
Cursed fattened and ill looking
Like a frail under the spell of hunger.
How unpleasant to behold
How diabolical poverty has become.
Penurious and abashed,
Lowered and humbled by lack.
What pain,
The cold night in our horrible cell
Without a crumb
What shame,
The rags we pride ourselves in
Were meant for trash bin.
we sweep the whole town with our legs
Praying to pick up crumbs
To Feed the devils in our stomach.

There were days my daddy became a mommy.
I use to go to college hangry,
Coming back to grow more furious
When mama opens the pot
And all I found is a drop of tears that streamed down her cheeks.
Those days I slept and prayed never to wake,
And cursed existence when I see the sunrise.
Father couldn't save the family
He was growing feeble and frail at his thirty's.
Its like mom wasn't feeling the pain.
She's always encouraging and praying.
But the struggle was written all over her face too
by the mighty hand of hunger
As poverty was manifested to the syllable.
But where are those days?
They're all gone like vapours
Carried away by the trespassing breeze.

-C. Timothy jr.2016

Chukwukere Timothy

Worshippers At St. Bottles

Come fellowship drunks,
The bottles are cheaper!
Come try another, if there'll be lucks,
There's a bounty on drinker?
Come with your pockets proud
Come to our early service
You can go as many round
If your pockets are serviced.
Sit with your whores next to you,
Come fools! , you had a bad day?
And st. Bottles is cool?
Put a mark on your paths
Surely as the service ends, you'll fall apart,
Hold to your drunks and head amiss.
Come jobless fellow,
St. Bottles has the latest mis'
they'll suck your pockets hollow.
Run from St. Bottles,
Where the grace of liquor never stop flowing,
You can die by these bottles
Like crashing with your eye glowing.
Fools wallowing beer,
Living on bottle necks,
The next we hear,
Is they died reckless.

Chukwukere Timothy

You Know?

Wait! I know you know
That I know that you know,
That I know,
All you said snowed.
And made me cold.
I wasn't told,
I don't know if you know
How cold I've grown,
How my heart is blown.
But I let go.

I hope you heard
That I heard
All the itch you said.
It wasn't funny it was ugly instead.
When your words tore my ears,
Knock me down, pointing a gun to my head.
I wish I never heard,
But my unprincipled ears
Couldn't select.

I hope you saw me
When I saw you,
Read this.
I wasn't happy because you can't see,
How I don't have to think all noon,
And imagine all night
About you.
I will rather hug a street-light,
Than wish I was with you.
I'm fine without you.

Chukwukere Timothy