Poetry Series

Cyril Mathew - poems -



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Cyril Mathew()

I Was Born Into A Polygamous Family To Mr Ante Mathew Of UrueOffong Oruko Of Oron Local Government Area Of Akwa Ibom State and Mrs Eme Antigha Etim of Nsidung, Bakassi Local Government Area Of Cross River State. I Am A Chef, Writer and Relationship Counsellor. I Moved To Lagos After Completing My Primary And Secondary School Education Respectively In Bakassi Local Government Area Where I Grow Up As A Child.



Wolves

Rulers of the night, the wilderness is your home, Man in his ignorance won't leave you alone, Strong together you hunt for survival, Man and his gun your only rival.

Mistress of the moon, shadows dancing on Northern skies, I hear your torment and mournful cries, Running, hunting, surviving, dying, From frozen mountain tops I hear your crying.

Great warriors of the night, I wish you strength and stamina, Courage in your plight. You are the heart of the wilderness, Cool air and mountain snow, You are part of this land but man is your foe.

So once again the dark night becomes black, And howling is heard as wolves gather and pack, With spirit and fight, stamina and charm, Let no man destroy you, you mean them no harm.

Brave warriors of the night, In the wilderness be, Wise and cunning hunters, Forever be free.

Let your howling join the earth, May you hunt with no fear, Let the mountains echo out, The howl of wolves that fills the mountain air.

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