

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Eustace Dunn()

A Nigeria based journalist with first and second degree in mass communication and many other professional certifications in Public Relations, Mobile Content Operations, Marketing and Advertising and Digital Publishing. An award winning content administrator in Digital Publishing Innovation Summit in New York. Adobe Tools certified in London.

He started his primary school in Auchu, Edo State of Nigeria but later rounded off in Ashaka, Delta, a place where he also attended his secondary school in the famous Mater Dei Model secondary school. Eustace started the media career with TELL Communications, Lagos and later joined as Associate Senior Editor.

I Am The Grave

I beckon on you to come
I am the grave your home
Do not crave any doubt
Because you know your life is a bout.
When you come,
Then we shall gum.

See how you fear
You forget that one day
You shall be near
Or even in me without pay.
I see you now on my surface
You feel for the other face.
Make sure I don't see your trace
Perhaps you shall take his place.

You are marking how deep
You'll keep
The feet
Using your feet to measure the feet.
You target
The size of the casket.
You forget
You are in my docket
With your ticket.

If only you'll know
As you dig and go.
If only you'll know
That your trace
Is on my surface
Because I know your face.

I said welcome the moment you fell.
I know you very well.
Don't worry you've come to dwell
Don't think you're in hell
For you shall be well.
Thank you for choosing my space

With grace
Because I am the grave.

Eustace Dunn

In The Coolness Of London Winter

In the wee hours of a Monday morning in March
The room in Pembury was the coolest.
Eyes were not ready to befriend the rising sun.
Through the window it was no fairytale,
The curtains bowed to the breeze for loyalty.
It was no dream, it was winter!
Winter at Finsbury Park
Was not winter at Dagenham Heathway.
But in the coolness of the London winter I froze.

The street of Long Acre once asked
How fare thee in your stay?
Answers weren't straight as snarl paved its way,
It was winter!
In the coolness of the London winter I froze.

No one was a fen of stagnant waters
We could travel long distances for food.
"Thou hath not been fooled"
We told our cold ears wrapped in the hood.
Rising up to return again,
Highbury and Islington became best thriller
To the Finbury neighbourhood.
On our way,
We froze from the coolness of the London winter.

The winter molded our hearts in squared blocks.
As we walked with our hearts pure as naked heaven,
The glaring suspicious eyes of the uniformed men
Sent us fears to wear...
Even as we froze in the coolness of the London winter.

Our hearts assured of returning
Returning to our own home
A home of freedom and no burning
In fear
Where there's humour in envious feud.

Fare thee well London as my home calls

My heart will not dance on my chest
Walking on your streets
In the coolness of your winter.
Fare thee well.

Eustace Dunn

My Naija! My Pride!

With tearful looks in my eyes,
I still see the world's spies.
Their mockery spat on my name
Like a sane man that was lame.
But I am not ashamed!

I am not ashamed
For I shall shout aloud among the crowd
Don't ever think I'll not to my nation be so proud.
When you call my 'Nigerian-ness' from the cloud,
I shall make it fame without shame.
Wherever you come, call and tame my name.
If you speak in my native abroad,
Not to be pensive aboard, I am on board.
Expect my walking up to you to make it broad.
I shall shout a soothing sound "I'm a Nigerian! "
Not English or American.

Trace my tribe to the blood of a Nigerian
I won't thrive with the blood of a barbarian.
We do not have half-caste of the past without story
But a golden black with a success story.
My nation is black and proud of her natural resources
These resources tell the lilies to be my success sources.

I'll speak my language to keep my lineage
Because it's my heritage to manage my language
I'll take her hand to another land, as it's my brand.
It's her identity that removes my being a nonentity.
Despite global dissatisfaction,
We are not a shameful product of the nation.

Eustace Dunn

My Precious Rib

As a child adores a crib,
So also I cherish my rib
She's my rib
Because she's my solace
In my kingdom's palace.
My rib won't slice any spice
Because she's wise on mice
Even though she's my spice
I know she's nice.

It's the thought,
Though I fought,
It couldn't be cut.
Because you've made a trace
On a space
It came in a speedy pace,
Like it's a race.
It's you,
To me you are new
Because people like you are few.

It's my pleasure
Not to mount pressure
Upon the measure
Of your being a treasure.
It's me again
With you as the main
My heart would regain
And maintain
It's sane
To wipe my pain.

But as I woke up
To gulp,
I remembered the sun,
I thought I could have fun.
I remembered you aren't here
To care.
I fear to bear,

Though you aren't near
But you are there
And dear.

I never thought I could be alive again.
Never thought I could revive again,
Never knew into love I could dive again!
I can now survive!
With your love,
I'll regain my sane.

Eustace Dunn

Nineteen Fourteen - 1914

Nineteen fourteen,
Shaw started one great thing.
Yes! It was Flora Shaw,
Even when we were not sure,
Whether it was to make a difference,
All kindred dreaded their presence.
Yet we have made a hundred
Through seeming hatred
We are told we had no name
All the names became the same
We were found restless in the Niger area
We were christened Nigeria
With a galleria of hysteria.

We are told we had hazardous leadership
And then an exodus of migration
As actions turned coercion.
We saw an exodus of migration
As they had penetrations into our local administration
We saw a legion of white tyrants
When they took out our black giants;
We saw journalists become nationalists;
We saw a herd of the wealthy
As they took out our healthy protagonists.

We noticed the relocation of the sky,
We told the keeper to keep us high.
Even as we fought to protect the name they gave us
Nay! To protect our land
It could have been the drive of unity
Valour took us up in sanity
As we understood we had a name!

They all left us overnight!
We could hear the sound of their boot
"Lead yourselves" they told us.
Gold on a platter was our grand gift
Did we ever fight much like our African siblings?
I wondered!

We still wonder whether we will keep the name
Together.
We went on to say
Go on with one Nigeria that way.

Eustace Dunn

Stolen Treasure

Down the shores of the Niger
They came like the taste of ginger
Roaring the sound of a tiger
They came carrying their unseen digger
It was the scramble for and partition
Of her nations without permission
She became bribed with civilization
She forgets that it started in one of her nations.
Her nations took the masters' persuasions
Then her treasures were stolen away with pleasure.

Crossing the river Nile down to Zambezi
She saw for a while those she called Nazi.
They came in search of her treasures
They needed the treasures beyond all measures
They got her nations with religion and money
And later waded in with their legion of army
Her nations gave them their hearts in folly
Giving and submitting to them wholly
They then took over her pinnacle fully
And brought her under their ridicule mainly

They put all efforts to steal away her peace
Living her in what she knew to be amiss
And finally took away the kiss of her bliss.
The source of her purse was whisked in her puss.
The unity among her children was shattered.
The policy found in her reverence was scattered.
But all those to the main masters never mattered.
With her children, the masters' cities were watered.
Her magic was condemned and taken away.
As her tragic stories still linger in her way today.

Her nations were taken for years
Leaving many in tears.
Freedom seemed near
But she had many fears in those years.
She was so obedient though in smear.
Her kings betrayed their subjects with fear.

Kings sold their queens in tears.
Husbands gave away wives for a comb
Parents sold their children for spoons.
Taken to the land of no return, they never returned.

She became old and restless
She was powerfully powerless
Her bright children fought for so long.
For fighting for freedom,
They were cast out of the kingdom.
They were jailed for so long.
The freedom later granted was not free.
They took away her treasures in spree.

Now they have come back
They have come back to steal again.
They have come to quench her culture
They have come to kill her traditions.
They have come through her children.
They have come to make them forget
To make them forget their original culture
It is cultural imperialism named civilization
It is euthanasia in disguise
Africa this time has to be wise.

Eustace Dunn

The Moody, The Fighter

The shocking news came like a mocking thunder
Making us run helter-skelter without a helper.
We began to ponder as others looked for shelter.
It pierced into our hearts like a piece of matter
Like the bullet of a hunter

It was the news,
It came early in the year as the early morning dews
This compelled us to pay some dues.
A few gathered many to tell the news.
It was injustice again without notice.
How long will they remain in office?
We shall not maintain a piece of peace
Until we regain our right then we shall fight.
We shall fight against these shackles of injustices
As they removed our subsidy as if it's a malady.

As the uniformed men without contest
Killed our innocent men in the protest,
So we shall all fight in one motion
So we shall all march as one nation
Crossing the rivers of Niger and Benue
Then we shall make the government our own way.

Eustace Dunn

Thoughts Of A Discarded Orphan

Where could you be by now?
Where would you find me and how?
I really want to run in your arms.
Even if you are dead,
Take me along instead.
Prove you are dead
And show me your grave.
By then I shall become brave.

I never saw your face
I only felt your tear drops
It was cold in the basket I was laid
I think I cried out
I knew when you discarded me at birth.
You did not stop as I felt your race
Running further as my mother
I could only see the sky
I smiled at the birds seeing them fly
This time I had to cry!

Seeing my rescue by a nun,
None of your permissions was won
My fun will now go and mourn,
Because you may never come.

These siblings have the same difference
They have no mother, they were thrown away.
Mine was in a dressed basket
As you left me a box of trinkets
Now I felt their pain like I had none
I had my joy like I never cried
I was hopeful like I had known your face.

I grew loving the trinkets
My future was seen in your picture
I saw you peeping from afar
Sensing you will not be far apart
As you saw the nun taking me away.
Come, make me not to stay.

My anger will not vent its emotion
It will only ask "where is father? "
Do not say I have none.

Eustace Dunn