

Poetry Series

Israel Ugwu
- poems -

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Israel Ugwu(7th feb,1994)

Israel Ugwu is a Nigerian writer. Categorically a poet, Novelist and a playwright.

Footprints In Mid-West

The invasion took n The invasion took no
deeds.
Poorly trained they are,
but They took no relent.
Both clung onto each
other.
The other maimed,
O! Soon to death.
They trudged together,
Together they clutched
their
straw to die.
"One man down, not to "One man down, not to be
left
alone! "
Hides beside the full parHides beside the full part
of the
rock.
He tend to nurse his
brother's
wound.
"You will be fine" he
muttered.
Death strolled.
Though the winner they
are,
Strong, determined,
fearless they
are.
Anew life seem, the
warriors
from the east.
O! For the free will of thO! For the free will of the
same
east.
Yes the East!
"brother" slowly the dying
graze
unto his brother.

"Will i die? " unrueful he
would
be, though.
"No You cant die" nursing
the
spouting blood that flow
in haste
than the river side they
drank
"we fought well"
"Take hold our dignity"
"fight
without the shred of fear"
he
couldn't hold longer.
"But we need you
brother" he
said. Free he was, but his
eyes
sunken in trepidationsunken in trepidation.
"Dont die, we shall
emerge
triumphant from this
ordeal, and
through the crucible
unscathed
we'll pass"
"yes, we will" slowly he traversed the
present land of the living for a

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Manifestation

The globe encountered vipers!
Binded by their wraths.
Surely they are therein,
Clothed like angels;
Nonchalant passers-by

Now attaining to rule?
Am terrified.
Terrors of death,
Tending to revolute
And rule with indepth atrocities

But came up to be truthsayers.
Wandering with false truths.
Worst in a good way
Yet unknown by non
No not one!

Miracles are relentless,
Wonders seem relentless.
The say;
"He can now walk, "
"He can talk! "

Never mind!
I knew it!
It phase abound in rage
wandering fr'm west to south,
Across the east to north.

Minds are blinded,
They never knew
what a blunder
Doubt erected
Shameless!

It was stated
Before it revolution.
Stated before it time,
Manifestations.

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Mind Of The Poet

Am the greatest of all
kind,
Seldom my mind's weary,
But wont kindle of a lost
mind.
They said i feel disdainful,
Wont be thankful,
Would just get myself
mindful.
Caught by the hook to be
unpleasant,
But never minded getting
loosed by peasants.
'Cause their wrath never
got
my life dismantle
And never quell the
light on me like a candle.
They say,
"The sky is upon his head"
"At night the 'maker' walk
around his bed"
"And all his frustration is
dead"
Aha! They got curious!
Wondering where my
Greatness got revoluted,
Not minding where it got
revelated!
It sprung into souls,
Unveiling greatness.
They Envied but got
nothingness
Yet they felt my charisma.
They said,
"It 'cause of his greatness"
"He's got skills"
"And his tenderness seems
relentless"

Ahgh! They saw
blunders,
But i'm human, i breath.
Perfection lies not in me
indepth,
But i ought to be
With a tendency of a glee
They claimed knowing the
truth,
But beareth wretched
fruits.
A horizontal Line of
imperfectness shew
They whispered saying,
"It cos of his Shortness"
"His shortness never gets
him perfected"
"Filled with deceitfulness"
"Laughs like one with
crack"
"And never ought to be
frank"
Hmm... When things goes
wrong,
Life seem frustrating
Tending to make me
feeble
And thwarts my life,
It spreads like wild fire
They say,
" 'Cause he's so
obnoxious"
"Greedy and tenacious"
"But pretends to be
sagacious"
But not withstanding,
I'm human, i breath.
Greatness got itself in
me.
Yes, seldom my mind's
weary,
But wont kindle of a lost

mind.

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One Minute Nonsense

One minute nonsense
Written In styles
Meaning In Miles
Hidden In Tides
But out in lines
One minute Nonsense
It talks to You
Impacts Insight In You
Elates the Man In you,
To be an extraordinary You!
One minute nonsense
You ought To Listen
But Never Hasten;
In Reading and
In Reasoning.
But Read the One Minute
Nonsense!

Israel Ugwu

The Grievous Land

Arise O Compatriots!
With your 'blissful
misfortune' drained in you
Stand and bear your flag,
Lest it befalls you;
Drenched with the blood
of your brother.
O! Patriots
We ought to serve our
fatherland
With love, strenght and
faith,
But manoeuvred by the
deceifful tendencies of our
kleptocratic heroes of our
nation.
Here we are,
one nation bound in
freedom peace and
unity? ? ?
Nay, one nation bound in
slavery underneath our
thoughtless 'corrupt
masters'
warin against peace and
hatred abound.
Fratricidal blood awashed
my soul
And my heart bleeds....
O! God of creation,
Doth thou see the grieve
of our land?
Grieves of thy children, I
pray thee
Help our youths to know
the truth
NOT yielers of drugs or
notoriety but
To build a nation where

peace and justice shall
reign.
Not 'their' fatuous
promises

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