

Poetry Series

**John Ugolo Umah**  
**- poems -**

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## John Ugolo Umah(10 March,1985)

JOHN UGOLO UMAH hails from Obi Local Government Area Of Benue State In Nigeria. He bagged B. A. ED. ENGLISH LANGUAGE from UNIVERSITY OF MAIDUGURI, BORNO STATE. He is a greatly talented poet and motivational writer, he inspire youths and teenagers of this age. He is the Author of the book: THE EXCELLENT YOUTH.

## ...But The Grace

Oh you imperfect dust  
lying within the hollow of this crust  
know you not that dust to dust  
return dust to crust

but the blood speaks  
but the grace is surplus  
but the mercies are on us  
but the grace

we must die to be born again  
every authority is subject to Him  
imperfect and condemned souls  
all remain submissive subjects  
only to Him and all this is  
but for the grace...

John Ugolo Umah

## ...Touch Of Love

For all I see  
for the ruling feelings  
that whirls me  
all around the coast

if for love and none  
with everything to give  
sacrifice of blood  
that brings the touch

we birth what we can give  
for barely all that is seen  
feelings through our heart  
soul to soul bask

the act of love  
like tinsel of noel  
we sing for love  
the touch of love

John Ugolo Umah

# A Prisoner

A lost soul  
a lost spirit  
a lost body

when I'm a prisoner  
incarcerated in my thoughts  
lost from inner realities

if I love you  
I'll forgive you  
every wrong without grudge

I'm a prisoner without forgiveness  
I'm a lost soul without a forgiven heart  
I'm a lost somebody when I can't forgive...

John Ugolo Umah

# A Waste Bin

It was the then good  
the emblem of others  
where peace run like river  
across layers of earth

now that the drum beat is change  
human life becomes animal life  
where they are use for the game  
a game play by politicians

our fears  
we are afraid giving birth to dreams  
we are afraid of our own people  
the soil have been soak with blood

should this be a waste bin  
of human death  
heavy hollow of pains  
horror of sorrows strike our hearts

we are still living  
living amidst these death earth  
drown with blood of all the death  
we walk with fear now

there is no more moon in our nights  
even the sun shine brightless  
we are all afraid of who's next  
so, we think, it's a waste bin

who will still remember those gone  
when the horrors are terrifying  
there's no place to hide any longer  
dreaded by the continuous blast gunshots

we still have hopes  
hopes for a better tomorrow  
all these shall surely stop someday  
sooner we want it stop...

John Ugolo Umah

# Amorphous Love...

It was a gorgeous amorous love begin  
It went amok after many days  
It all became amorphous love end...

John Ugolo Umah

# And...

Whew!

Feel so deep  
watching this woodpecker  
pecking on this tree trunk  
this new dawn

and

sitting here in this garden  
every time watching  
sweet life  
how long will it be?

Who

will tell me just the fact that  
what is gone  
is still there and around  
for you to catch up with

how

should I believe that  
what is gone will ever return  
looking at these sweet lives here  
I cannot get back to the past again

John Ugolo Umah

# Another Dew!

The drip of last night  
the whole sky drip out  
to the earth  
a dew for love

another new dew  
on my block  
looking like love  
dripping dew wet my lips

look how soul's  
gone out to meet  
with soul in dew season  
another sweet dew moment

should this be new dew  
another dew with milk  
dew that warm at night  
and make the dawn fresh

for all time shall this dew be  
coming and to go no more  
sweet dew at all time  
wetting a soul like the rain...

John Ugolo Umah

# Another Love Story...

Just when we do not expect it  
boom! It shows up her face again  
and to this  
it was like, will never be feelings  
and now we are all over it

just then, where it was not expected  
there, the tree of hope grows  
with the passing days of stronger  
feelings of uncontrollable shift  
rising and rising through

just ahead, we do not see the cluster  
of two life to be one  
in the sub-saharas' home  
here, we are letting go yesterday  
for today's reality

just away from home  
this story begun with much  
swallowing us in the unfathomable  
ocean of love as we think not  
of coming out from this

holding hands for all times  
embracing you for always  
loving you through eternity  
our story has just began  
just another love story...

John Ugolo Umah

# Another One

Oh sweet sour  
when  
you can't speak

they walk pass  
like another one  
whispers of nothing

with overflowed love  
over the bank of the heart  
still can't speak it out

love unspeakable  
yet can't say  
how this feelings

burns the heart  
sweet sour  
sweet pain of love...

John Ugolo Umah

# Another Shadow

Then another one  
with words muttered  
can I answer all of you?  
Tell it to the world how we  
have all been murdered

my abode is now compressed  
she said, she was slaughtered  
with her baby alongside death  
with tears in his eyes, he showed  
me a stray bullet to his head

he said, he was locked with his  
family of eight and burnt as  
they all cry with him saying, why?  
They are many now with me here  
another shadow, then, another shadow

tell it to the living breath  
we are wretchedly killed  
let the fight for religion be over  
let there be no war any more  
that we may rest in peace

I tell you, the living are not happy  
we cry for your demise every day  
I will tell the living, you want peace  
as we all want peace to live  
let peace take the lead, love!

John Ugolo Umah

# Bank My Confidence...

I bank on you  
I believe in you  
I hope in you  
I bank my confidence on you

in the sorrows of life  
in the pains of life  
in the limps of soul  
in you I bank my confidence

through the pleasures of life  
through the excitement of life  
through the beauty of life  
then, do I bank my confidence on you.

John Ugolo Umah

# Beautiful Buxom

Gets one numb  
when in sight of them  
mostly when they are  
active like the slim

the gaze is always long  
on the many unselected  
the heart is covered  
with their charm

made to give the soul  
comfy and rest  
Oosh! Buxom  
a sweet delight.

John Ugolo Umah

## Beauty Falls...

From the cataract  
I see the cheek  
even thou the eyes  
where just place there

as I gaze to the path along  
the face was of no colour  
but the look of her  
shimmering in beauty...

John Ugolo Umah

# Because I Loved You...

We hug with tears  
running down from  
unending well  
of tears out  
of passion

burning passion  
burning desires  
because I love you  
because I don't  
have another family

because you are mine  
I'm yours  
as I watch you leave  
and come back to me again  
my wet cheek testify of it

when I hold you  
I'm covered within  
I'm all for you  
keep our heart  
because I loved you...

John Ugolo Umah

## Before Sunset...

When it was sunrise  
the yellow looks of  
her bright eyes on us  
shade our face in love,  
there, a rush of the well of tears

the sun on the horizons  
like rays of a special day  
so I sat from the balcony  
watching and waiting  
just to amend the amiss

before sunset  
I choose words to used  
I walk towards beloved  
just to correct yesterday  
with a deep cut heart

just before sun down  
all that was, will be over  
all that is, is to begun  
the commencement of a new beginning  
the start of a new life together

just hold on, its all over now  
you are with me  
just there, at the right time  
for my pretty heart,  
no sunset without you...

John Ugolo Umah

# Bewitch

I was shocked with feelings  
my heart flickers to and fro  
she becloud my reasoning mind  
she encapsulate my whole

I became speechless before her  
words run away from me  
all I know now is her  
all still remain right with her

she cast a spell on me  
a sweet unbroken spell of love  
it's a snare forever  
I do not want deliverance

is this the love many sing?  
Now I emit words stammeringly  
well, am in love  
I am bewitch, this is sweet witchery...

John Ugolo Umah

# Beyond The Shadows...

Still dark  
looms around  
still far  
I still see  
beyond the shadows

just like the wind  
whisk away the facts  
untouch shadows  
reaching beyond to feel

how it slips away  
from the ungrip fingers  
tickling time  
the evil beloved

shadows every where  
just one living among  
horrors of within  
just dieying to live beyond.

John Ugolo Umah

# Beyond The Shadows-I

Still dark  
looms around  
still far  
I still see  
beyond the shadows

just like the wind  
whisk away the facts  
untouch shadows  
reaching beyond to feel

how it slips away  
from the ungrip fingers  
tickling time  
the evil beloved

shadows every where  
just one living among  
horrors of within  
just dieying to live beyond.

John Ugolo Umah

# Birthed For Death

You know what I do not know  
you see far in your gaze than I

but I have known that we are  
birthed for death with one breath

years may slip away like eel  
in our wetted slippery hands

but as they come by with a pass  
we cannot stop them passing

we are birthed for death soon  
for sin leads to damn eternally

life still await us forever if  
change comes after birth

nothing pays for life except His  
birth for death on tree-cross

birthed for death on earth but  
birthed for life in blissful heaven.

John Ugolo Umah

# Black Soil

We are born by blood and flesh  
attach to this by black  
this black soil our origin for we  
must not go until there comes change

the hyperion red wood  
will not dominate our iroko  
we are the black giant of  
this black soil

in vicarious vices and viciousness  
have this black bed conglomerate  
but we still look up to leap  
for change comes in headway

it is abysmal in nature  
but they pay homage to blood suckers  
giving grant pardon to killers  
from what have been looted

we still believe in revolution  
wiping out every tainted black soil  
we all shout for joy embracing  
this fresh change for a great nation.

John Ugolo Umah

# Bleeding Pen-I

Bring me to the cot  
where I can bleed  
like every one else do  
in lyric and inking flow

do not keep me away from  
my inking mate and age  
shall love come to me here  
I shall take it with every alacrity

we have got the pen to bleed change  
to give out peace to all dust  
to show them equal love  
to kiss them with sweet lips

I am in this cot  
you are in this cot  
we are all here in the cot  
we must bleed unlimitedly

under the sun and moon  
in light and in dark times  
I want to be the hand you will hold  
the body you will embrace

we are created for love sake  
only understanding keep us together  
call me black I call you white  
but every thing about us is still same

the cot I see shall be called world  
how wide and small is the sphere  
bleed with me and laugh with me  
all I am is you for love sake, God!

John Ugolo Umah

# Bleeding Pen-Ii

In my flowing pen  
flipping this dog-eared papers  
with a respond to your bid

without blip  
my ray beams toward you  
like the phoenix

we shall not hide like  
ostrich head in the sand  
ink to ink records continue

we cannot abscond the orgiastic  
of noble speaking pens  
that speaks of hope and all good.

John Ugolo Umah

# Blowing Time

The great passing  
of time  
blowing pass me  
like the wind

the wild and fast click  
of time  
brought to pass  
as it click pass, tick-tick

still with empty palm  
the key is no longer here  
for I have lost it  
out of love

in a devoted love  
only you knew the route  
to my heart  
where you use the key

I no longer have life  
for I have lost it to you  
key owner to my soul  
devoted to you

I'm now yours through  
this blowing time till  
I see you briskly to remain  
in your love through eternity.

John Ugolo Umah

# Born To Save

This is his story  
he was born yesterday  
to die today

his mission is typical  
his mission is special  
his mission is born to die

he was told of his mission  
he accepted with all alacrity  
what an unmerited gift

before him many martyrdom  
after him none ever exist  
he gave the last and final salvation...

John Ugolo Umah

# Broken!

Everything brakes  
in a world so fragile  
taking every scrupulous step

for in broken heart  
a man is made whole  
releasing all he is  
in the mighty hand  
of the Almighty.

John Ugolo Umah

# Buried In Baptism

I want to die to that  
which is not good but bad  
I want to die to sinful nature  
I want to die to lies and cheat  
I want to die to bad past  
I want to die to smoking-drinking  
I want to die to unfaithfulness  
burying this body in baptism  
rising in glory with  
Divine Master in reign...

John Ugolo Umah

# City Of Abomination

It was not this way aforetime  
it was just the very best  
that was offered to mankind

it was the city of love  
it was the city of joy  
it was the city of happiness  
it was the city of all good

now discarded to dust  
now no longer only good things  
a mixture of everything

the city is now sodomy  
incest now sleeps with the city  
bisexuals becomes leaders of...

What a city of...  
City of men  
now seems to be like  
the city of mammals on four feet

Oh! That is the city  
the city of living to die

Oh! The above Master of all  
come to our rescue...

John Ugolo Umah

# Curdle Under

Under the thick  
cover of it  
have I been

to be what you want  
without question  
swallowing all doubt

that I have receive  
a curdle from  
a heart of love

keep me in your arm  
hiding in your heart  
forever in your life...

John Ugolo Umah

# Different Colours

Of course  
we are colours  
separate from each  
born of same womb  
but different  
breast to suck

for we are colours  
in a pack, God's hand  
my soul is black  
as yours is to white

we are different colours  
bound by mother earth  
bond of love  
one people  
we are colours  
we are coloured pencils  
in the hand of God...

John Ugolo Umah

## Each Time...

Times gone by  
when I get a flash of it  
I lost everything  
to a stand still

each time I  
cupped my jaw in cushy  
with a profuse gaze at life  
I can see you through all

each time I  
give it back  
it is always in full  
may be you do not see it

I can give all again  
if you understand my song  
each time I  
remember the laughter in it

I wait for that far away you  
and the then gone you  
I surmised the trouble  
can be soluble

each time I crossed the way  
of that buxom in sight  
I run every cell in brain back  
to yesterday's images...

John Ugolo Umah

# Emotions Have!

This have I found that I may  
knit my soul to yours  
knitting my heart to yours  
with these needles  
that I may find meaning  
to my life in your love

this have I discovered  
that love in absential  
makes the earth a graveyard

this have I loved  
that in your kiss  
all my breathe is ceased  
emotions have  
overpowered my strength  
overwhelmingly overrated love

this have I knew  
that love is all that  
gives and keep life on.

John Ugolo Umah

# Eternity Calls...

The clock is fast ticking...

But I know that death is not the end of life...

Eternity is what every one of us must be answerable to...

The choice to spend eternity in either HEAVEN or HELL is depending on the present life we live...

We are the same people with different colours...

We are the same brains with different thinking ways...

We are the same breath with life styles...

We are one people,

created by one GOD,

working towards one goal, HEAVEN...

John Ugolo Umah

## Feels Of Love...

Love has no season  
no specific time  
no set time to set on fire,  
any time or season she finds  
she enjoy without remorse.

It finds you anywhere  
it meets with you anytime  
her calm fingers touch your lips  
her quiet gentle breeze blow on your face  
its time is timeless.

You just have to dance  
once you've meet with her  
timeless love only sings  
with those who embrace her  
pain becomes her deepest route  
love, love, love, in its feels...

John Ugolo Umah

# Flower Of Hope

Looking through this path  
that seems like all the flowers are gone  
a lime dashing light brightly shines  
from the other end

this is an angel  
this is my angel  
this is the best for me  
this is the one I searched for

there can be none like this flower  
there can be none beautiful as her  
there can be no smile as lovely as hers'  
there can be no one as you my baby

I'm your hero  
you're my heroine  
together, we will build this life  
in love, in peace, in understanding

your voice is so endearing  
your look is so fascinatingly alluring  
your walk is a gorgeous stride  
your touch is so warming.

John Ugolo Umah

# For Love And Life

My love  
my heart  
my baby  
my angel  
my world  
my woman

Will stay with you forever  
will cover you from sunshine  
will celebrate you always  
will cherish everything about you  
will make you one and only  
will kiss you every morning 'nd night

my treasure in life  
my precious pearl in this world  
my prettier than diamond  
my lads' mummy  
my pebble lips  
my succulent gold  
my heart throb

grace shall embrace you  
hope shall reborn your passion  
favour shall ceaselessly call your name  
love shall be your heart beat  
life shall smile at you  
God shall be all for you

be alive always  
be better every day  
be strong every time  
be happy always  
be great every moment  
my Linda, My Love, My Baby...

John Ugolo Umah

# Ghost And...

The ghost in the room  
will sit with you all day long  
what a ghost in light and dark!  
The ghost of today

the fear of unknown ghost  
does this ghost breath?  
Does this ghost walk?  
Oh! Ghost do appear and disappear

which ghost are you?  
Yesterday or today's fear?  
Seeking to stay here  
don't you have a place to stay?

This is not your place  
you belong some where now  
this is land of the living awaiting death  
foot your feet with others of same kind

Oh! Ghost you do not sleep, why?  
Only humans can  
so you watch over humans like  
they said, the ancestors do?

Oh ghost! Oh spook! Leave  
for no ghost company is good  
all of you are the same, both black and white  
ghost of fear carrying death along

take your exit immediately  
follow the steps of your fellow ghost  
then a knock at the door from afar  
awoken now from hallucinated dream.

John Ugolo Umah

# Give Me A Hug

This have I  
long for in aeon  
that I may  
when its time

in your hug  
have I kissed  
another colour

all of us  
in your hug  
are parts of you

John Ugolo Umah

# Gone In Sarcophagus

There will be no one here  
just gone to be  
for a lone journey  
death emasculate soul  
just buried in sarcophagus  
departure from dust  
to eternal live...

John Ugolo Umah

# History Of Death!

Does it really respect?

No

It comes after a breath

are there really apparitions?

Yes

in both white and black

it takes out breath from all living

it comes through the window

it has never fail on assignment

does it show sympathy?

No

death enjoys killing

does it kill with joy?

Yes

for all it lives for, is kill

death

death, what natural phenomenon

death

death

death, the inevitable friend

death

death

death, all living must take from you

death

death to the rich

death to the poor

death to all with no question

death, have we overcome for all eternity

death, we would not die again to you

death, we now live with the word as light

death, have we overcome  
death, reminder of eternity  
death, only route to that place...

John Ugolo Umah

# Hyenas And Vultures

They are hyenas  
seeking for rotten carcass  
they are vultures  
who feed on carcass  
they chase to kill like the one  
with mane on the neck

how tasteful is the human  
flesh and blood?  
That you seek to eat  
we need peace please  
we have settled round you  
for shelter and quietness  
you still chased like hyenas  
flying like the waiting vulture

these are  
hyenas and vultures of death  
these are  
the top fighters and looters  
these are  
killers and killjoy in poll  
these are  
hyenas and vultures after  
human souls to kill and eat...

John Ugolo Umah

# I Draw Life

Then  
painted  
from a distance  
I can draw light

was it a graphic?  
should it be a calligraphy  
from an autograph?

so  
I draw life  
from the well of love

John Ugolo Umah

# I Have Tomorrow

I have tomorrow  
because I see today  
I have tomorrow  
because I have Him

tomorrow is great  
today is wonderful  
yesterday was marvelous  
I have tomorrow

I have all  
I have everything  
I have hope  
I have tomorrow

for He reigneth all over  
for He reigneth all around  
for He reigneth with power  
for He reigneth in majesty

I have Him  
I have tomorrow  
I have Him  
I have life everlasting...

John Ugolo Umah

# I Just Do Not Know

I thought it started somewhere  
like in the front of this image  
like it always use to be a capture  
just singing the words like a honey  
to my elephant ears at the front  
of the mall, office, I cannot tell what  
and all I do is sit, no, no, stand up looking  
then he fell in, breaking the words  
with silence of a gesture

covered the lips with a kiss after  
salivating and looking at all those shows  
and all she shout and quarrel  
became mute for what she wants  
she have it, can you tell with them?

I could not have figure it all out  
but the figment of a fictitious imaginations  
of two looking at each other  
for one is not superior but same with  
Oh! Call it, I just don't know all but  
just taking the steps with boldness  
and saying the words without a mutter  
for when is gone we can only fight  
for another, the old might not be good  
to lick again

don't just get it all mix up, this is just  
the way I thought it works, what? Love!  
For when its yours', you cannot  
buy it when it's gone or when its not there  
just take it when it comes and play along  
I just think, I just do not know it all...

John Ugolo Umah

## I Meditate On...

I imagine, if he shouts  
I imagine, if he did wail and cry  
I imagine, him on that tree

I imagine how you kept the hand  
I saw how the soldiers hit the nails  
straight in gushing blood

I saw the water and the blood  
running out like river from side  
she yell with tears in her eyes

she could not control the grief  
her hope nail to the tree  
the beginning of greater commission

always you my Lord  
I can not help than surrender all to you  
these things I imagine not but meditate always.

John Ugolo Umah

# I Pine For You

I pine  
with twinge  
as those lovely  
days twinkle and dwindle

I pine  
as I twirl  
and twist  
on bed for I pine for

I dote  
upon you  
with whole heart,  
like the river  
that passess on and on  
you passed, so,

I pine  
for you alone,  
to hold you deep again  
for my soul crawl out  
of me for you

I pine  
for my spirit  
is in search for you  
as I sink my body  
in my heart  
waiting for my spirit  
I pine for you, love...

John Ugolo Umah

# I Sleep

Yes I sleep  
I wakes  
but one day  
I will sleep and wake no longer

for yonder gone I  
to answer for all lived I  
for then shall it all be  
of the immaterial being

for dust is gone to dust  
so, ashes is to ashes  
sleep shall be I  
wake shall I in yonder

for in that, I shall sing  
I shall sing with those in crystal white  
flagging their wings around  
for they foot not but fly

yonder of wailing gruesome pain  
yonder of prevailing praise  
yonder of bitterness for some  
yonder of betterness for some

yonder, we shall sleep no more  
yonder of mystery  
yonder, everyone stand alone  
yonder, we all must go.

John Ugolo Umah

# If Heaven Was For...

If heaven was for  
the rich only  
who can buy heaven?

If heaven was for  
the poor only  
will you like to be poor?

If heaven was for  
the good in behaviours  
who is that good to enter?

If heaven was for  
eternity  
who will long to be there?

If heaven was for...  
Heaven for all  
Heaven of all

Who have kept the faith!  
Who have the white robe!  
Heaven, we all long to be...

John Ugolo Umah

# If I Can

If I can, I will  
change many things  
but as human  
I may if I can,  
make it selfish because  
Am human

If you know it more than me  
tell me why does the sun-set  
birthing out moon in dark times

tell me why does the cock crow  
to welcome sun-rise

does the tree eat?  
But it still grow fresh and plumpy  
the pig sticks  
the nostril in search of fairy tale gold

should we keep shut for what  
we do know?  
Then continue speeching out for  
that we know not?

The world indeed  
had swallowed so many  
known and unknown  
in her elephant trunk

if I can  
I will change  
many things  
and make  
the smiles  
worth a while...

John Ugolo Umah

## If I Die...

If I die today  
there will be no tomorrow  
for me

If I die without the truth  
there will be no life  
for me

If I die when it's time  
there will be no other time  
for me

If I die in the morning  
there will be no noon or evening  
for me

If I die without You  
there will be no life  
for me

If I die pre-mature  
there will be no mature death  
for me

If I die  
will you say good of me  
when I'm gone to my long home?

If I die  
in your arms  
what will you tell them happen?

If I die for you  
will you live for me  
when am gone?

If I die before you  
will you be happy  
that am gone before you?

If I die in your home  
will you tell them  
what happen & how it happen?

If I die in the journey  
will you wait for me  
even after you've heard the news?

death is painful  
death is sweet  
death is a mystery

where man lies asleep  
but cannot talk or feel  
where life goes out from the body

death to all flesh  
death to all being  
death to all men

death, we all must  
taste of you  
in good and bad time

death for all mankind  
only He cannot die  
He who gives life...

John Ugolo Umah

# I'M Still Lost...

For when I'm like this  
I can find my way  
lost in the woods  
some where in the middle of the forest  
I stand lost to the life I had

I'm still lost  
because of the walking away  
I'm still lost  
to find my way out  
I'm still lost  
to the storms of life

I'm still lost to the winds  
because someone is out there  
in the blowing breeze  
clothing flying out  
in the midst of the breeze-wind  
I'm still lost  
I'm still lost to find

can there be another  
way out in this thick  
for someone is gone  
for someone is lost  
I'm still lost

I'm still lost  
lost to the deep  
depth beyond holds  
depth beyond the crust  
I'm still lost  
a hold with the hands  
the winds of the storms

I'm still lost  
that's the new life  
lost some where to find  
lost to behold

lost to come back to faith  
for he came for the lost  
I'm still lost  
for I'm now redeemed

John Ugolo Umah

# Im-Perfect Bride

When I look upon her eyes  
I saw something, test of the wills  
I see someone simply imperfect

the tradition of bridal smiles  
perfumes my face as I watched  
as she was made alive from death

those sad days of singleness are really over  
she was laughing out because  
she wasn't walking away from friends

but because she walks away  
from singleness to bride and groom  
just stand by him was her, a choice

two familiar strangers, who?  
Being there for each other for life time  
where sharing becomes the most of love

I love my imperfect man, him!  
For we complete ourselves, our priority  
because I'm imperfect too, me!

love made for two, just us  
giving up all we were for all we are today  
is I'm getting married to you, yes!

Every day, of course,  
every passing moment, o yes!  
each time and moment I can realized...

John Ugolo Umah

# In My Dream

Like the flash of light  
my wake in a dream  
waiting for why I woke

in a turn to see who approach  
the well shape her  
prettier than the goddess of rome

I was tranquillize by her beauty  
ravishing my heart with her love  
unthinkable feelings

the echoes of her lovely voice  
when I hear her call  
my ebony beauty of ebonyi

her touch may ignite a body  
in her arms rest I today  
this, it was a dream all

John Ugolo Umah

# In The Arms Of!

Under the sky  
above our heads  
we walk  
we drive  
we float  
we fly  
only to seek

a place to lay  
a place to stay  
a place to live

then we were lost  
now really lost  
in the arms of ourselves  
all we seek, we have found now,  
the long journey is now short

this where the yesterdays dream  
which have found us well  
on a bed full of the iris  
with deep holds of arms  
where else?  
Can we find this dream fulfill?  
Except this world

we have found ourselves  
we run out of others  
we ran from every other  
but now we are fulfilling it  
in the arms of!  
in the arms of love.

John Ugolo Umah

## In The Bliss...

I thought  
I have lost  
it all  
as I cogitate  
right there and here  
the dashed unwhine breath  
found  
in the bliss...

John Ugolo Umah

# Is That A Virtues Woman?

Oh! I look up to that day  
when I shall behold the virtues woman  
the virtues one to my lovely ones

Oh! Is that the virtues woman?

With hope

H - having

O - only

P - positive

E - expectations

Oh! You have fill me with hopes

hello!

Are you the virtues one I have  
been searching for?

Oh! You, the virtues one

V - vindicated

I - in

R - righteousness

T - truthfulness

U - unique and

E - exceptional

I love you my one to be  
as I look up to the union on that  
heavenly sanction day for us

I search

you wait

a glorious day...

John Ugolo Umah

# Kept In The Shadow

Just  
alone in this thick shade  
where I'm waiting  
waiting to hold  
waiting to touch  
waiting to feel

who are you  
where are you from  
I waited in this place  
for you to come  
wheel me out

I waited in the mud  
I waited not in vain  
that some day  
the true one will come  
will give me all it has

in the shadows  
I'm not hidden to the eyes  
of the one that love me  
I stand like the flamingo  
in the middle of the ocean  
waiting for my beloved

every night, I look out  
from under my blanket when  
the gentle breeze blow in  
through to me  
to see you closing the doors  
to see you coming towards me  
to titillate my nights

I waited, with my eyes close  
I waited, all for you  
now I can't say the right words  
now, I only whisper from  
my heart

if you can listen  
my beloved, I'm the one  
kept in the shadows  
longing for you  
with stretch arms

come in, I wait  
fill in, I wait  
to hold you for ever  
I waited for this day  
kept all alone  
kept in the shadows  
for you my beloved...

John Ugolo Umah

# Labyrinth

In the twitch  
on a precipice face  
deprave by love

a chasm in the heart  
love on a trajectory  
even though in a cavern

the paths are very labyrinth  
shrivel unwantedly  
the devils' way to love...

John Ugolo Umah

# Lended Life

I have lived  
I am still living  
still I can't buy  
a life

I have gotten every thing  
I need still yet I couldn't  
buy life

lend have I been given  
still yet  
I want to  
yet I can't buy life

as it is lended to  
that it may be productive  
that I may bear fruit  
I have to give

in all, it is a lended life  
we all live  
what is the fruit?  
we all bear

that it may not  
be taken from us  
in regrettable wail  
bear fruit  
to live...

John Ugolo Umah

# Like The Serenade

It came like hurricane  
just like tornado wind  
took away my attention  
just a thought about you...

John Ugolo Umah

# Live Forever

If I leave you now  
If I'm not there tomorrow  
If am gone  
will you still remember me?

Will you still write my names?  
as you used to  
will you remember  
all the play and the fights?

Each time I remember going  
I have a pool of tears  
how difficult and deadly, it is to go away  
from bloods and bones

we have families and loved ones  
we had a life before the going  
we leave them in sorrows and pains  
we path as the only way out

the tears of a heart  
the wailing of a soul  
the weariness of the skin  
the loneliness of the spirit

we are only stronger together  
the bond of love  
the joy of life  
we'll live forever.

John Ugolo Umah

# Look Into Me

It was all wild and while  
the play as we took to  
foot through this path

letting erstwhile blarney to go  
with our erythrocyte getting warm  
a rose from doublet

doyen and doyenne of love  
see how drench we are with love  
how drool the lips with love?

Should this be south or west wind?  
Frolicking like sent from heaven  
in the jacuzzi, look into me.

John Ugolo Umah

# Looking Outside The Earth...

For they dream not  
for all they wish is now  
how can a being set for damnation  
dream when dreams are not  
meant for them but  
for blood and water in dust

death and demons only fight for now  
interjecting celestial trip  
when only strength lies above the sky  
with grace from a gracious throne  
set only for love to breathful dust  
looking forward to overcoming the war  
in a victor's transformed soul  
in spotless white and buoyant life  
all through hopeful eternity...

John Ugolo Umah

# Lord, I Pray...

Yes  
Lord  
I pray  
that you give me  
my desires  
that will bless me

I pray you Lord  
that you give me wife  
and not a woman

Lord I pray  
that my kids will  
know you all the time  
they will live here

I pray  
she will be a wife in a home  
not a woman in a house

Lord  
may I find him at your feet  
and in your presence  
He, the husbandman

Lord I pray  
to respect him unconditional as  
He loves me unconditionally

Lord  
I seek solace in the Arms  
of my love and life

Lord, we pray  
we kneel for a happy home  
till we meet for the  
heavenly wedding...

John Ugolo Umah

# Mid Night Call

So I staggered towards the gate  
with my sleepy eyes  
footing with flip flop on

to answer to a call in midst of  
the days dark times  
when she called like the ghost  
forgotten after wean

reaching the gate as I pull open  
she stood like a forgotten apparition  
with a male spook in white top with black below

that was the mid night call from  
the friendly ghost called the  
silent workers of good iniquities.

John Ugolo Umah

# Modesty!

They are all gone  
none exist behind again  
use to stay behind  
the curtains in our homes

we wear them as we go out  
we keep them behind the curtains  
when we have come in to rest  
modesty! Our then life

modesty have elude our homes  
now gone far away to the city  
of the bush with clarity to gaze  
modesty of the nomad man now

like flies at day and the night insect  
they lead the city of the town  
with no modesty of the tongue  
with no modesty of the body

untame lips to uncovered hair  
what a posterity that we have witness  
modesty! A no longer life  
modesty! We call you come home.

John Ugolo Umah

# Mothers!

She was that teenager going to the stream  
she was that spinster going through life  
she was she that was chased by he  
she was all, a lady could be  
she was the answer to what he asked for

and today, in her heart and attire, she is  
and all we want her to be, is  
and mother will always be a mother  
and the dream of every brick bloke  
and the dream of she, is to be a mother

what else can we do without their love?  
What have we lost when they are not there?  
What a beauty that life gives to us?  
What on earth could replace mothers?  
Whatever! They are special love to us.

Oh! Mothers! Mothers of love!  
Oh! What a love we have and give!  
Oh! Mothers' special soup and food!  
Oh! Mothers endearment  
Oh! Mothers sentient mind and heart!

Mum, I love you from the deepest...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Baby

When in the going  
I came upon the then  
who is no longer  
like the winds, winged away  
came and gone

in the blue deep of broken-hearted  
the shake of everything  
on a willing will of a heart  
vulnerable from experience  
comes my baby

I was open to inn her  
but she has become the only  
whom I choose to expend time  
through all life time  
with only you my baby

my treasure  
my beauty  
my pretty  
my beloved  
my baby...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Fulani Love

It is as I call you  
they call you, the milk maid  
I call you my fulani love  
for your colour tells of my soil

let me cast all others away  
for sweet it is the milk  
flowing from you  
sweetest are the joy of our togetherness

you seek me like I woo you  
you can't live without me  
I get sick when you're not close  
you're my happy life

you're so pretty than the milk maid  
you're not of their tribe  
you're just my heaven sent  
you're my fulani love...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Heart Beats...

Like the african drum  
sounds across the forest  
making me feel all is well

the talking drum  
from my dream is real  
her voice call for me

she jingle her thigh  
before my look  
sweet allure of me

my unheard feelings  
must be made known  
to her soul

I want to love this new heart  
as my heart beats for her, so  
I starve for her love surfeit

I surge towards she  
with whole of me  
and whisper it to her lobe.

John Ugolo Umah

# My Heart Will Keep Beating...

It's so long that you gone  
my heart will keep  
beating for you  
it's so long you gone

it's so hard that you gone  
my heart will keep  
skipping for you  
it's so hard you gone

it was so soon, you gone  
my heart will keep  
giggling for you  
it was so soon

Precious as life is  
when loved one's are close  
just tell me  
before you gone

may be, that's the part you want  
even when you profess to love me  
there is more to the fun  
than what hit the eyes...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Little Pain

This little me will always say  
my daddy will never come back  
even thou mummy never care  
for us just like daddy never  
cared for me when i was like  
what they have been before  
i will be by the window in my room  
all alone watching the big star  
and the little ones around her  
so, i watch with tears expecting  
daddy and mummy to show me  
the same love even if it is once  
i am that little boy in that room  
all alone sobbing that there should  
be love for me to feel a parent  
exist and not running on currency  
trips for me without love that mummy  
share around with others not me  
he will always share this as his pain  
with me, so i adopted him as  
love to me with strong affection  
he was all I got to complete my  
want for a brother who is never there  
so we share all the love like  
valentine will always do with people  
for all parent but some share no  
love with we babies born.

John Ugolo Umah

# My Own

From afar  
amidst there  
the fleshy one

spoken of  
by him  
the little god

from the storms  
when the rain came  
there, a light shinning

the goddess of time  
she's my own  
covered in flesh...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Revenge

I was hurt  
deeply pained

so I wept through  
every passing night

uncontrollable tears  
well out from my heart

unconscious and conscious wail  
my pain increase

now I want revenge  
what is my revenge oh!

My weapon, my knife  
my gun and my words

is to injure you with  
my forgiveness

forgiving you, forgiveness  
is my revenge to you...

John Ugolo Umah

# My Sweet Mantra

I will always love you  
each time the thought of you  
comes in to lodge

I always have an incomplete day  
except when I recollected  
those sweet old days

you are exceptional  
nobody have been able  
to fill the wide space you left

even though I am fulfilled  
I'm empty somewhere deep  
just like you are

let pride and egoism of life  
stay far from us both  
so we can fulfil life together

my sweet mantra  
Oh! Sweet mantra  
will always be

for those fights and tears  
for simple trust and faith  
and those arguments

I wish and want to take  
all the blame for how much  
I have always loved you

my sweet mantra  
my sweet life with you  
I will always love you...

John Ugolo Umah

# Mystery Well

Through thick and thin  
in this deserted rain forest  
with our eye brows up  
seek, have we come for you

should I call you?  
The wishing well  
should I name you?  
The fulfilled well

mystery, life is,  
like the mystery well  
that its dept is unreachable  
mystery, life is,

seeking to find you  
woeing for the dept  
yet man cannot discover  
what he lives in as life...

John Ugolo Umah

# Oh! I Wish

I wish, we have it now  
but then, its not coming  
I wish it comes through  
though its taking time

I wished, we made it together  
but then, someone has to be there first  
I wish to push you up  
right now, we are both up

I wish, we never die  
but then, its inevitable  
I wish we live forever  
oh! Its individual choice

I wish to help you through it  
but then, its a personal journey  
I wish we never met  
so, we don't have to path

I'm wishing, what a wit wish  
if wishes really come to be  
we all, will be plane owners  
we all, will not be patient with life.

John Ugolo Umah

# Old Honey

My tasty honeycomb  
O! Old honey taste  
this sweet taste  
taking me something nut

for correction comes  
after committed mistakes  
old honey love just like  
my tasty old honeycomb

we have circumnavigated  
and have come back  
to this loving confluence  
O! My risen love

O! My loving heart  
my angelic one  
how I cherish  
staying with you

now I know why  
the others got  
stained and spoiled  
all for us to meet again

we are back to our life again  
may we cherish ourself every more  
for we have long to hold again  
and kiss again in love without end...

John Ugolo Umah

# Please God, To Our Unrest Country

Just every day when we think one is going down  
it always lay lower for a fresh foraging  
foraging for what but blood everyday  
please God, to my country's unrest

it seems like the blood hunt don't want to stop  
we are licking and frolicking in blood like life style now  
when is this dreaded bath going to stop?  
Please God, to our countrys' unrest

we hear of how this sorrowful songs are chanted from beyond  
now is it sung in my country's backyard to the balcony  
what rhythm and rhyme do we chant ours to be?  
Please God, to my country's unrest

smash and splash, the blood of the innocents  
where we can no longer take record of numbers  
we are floating like the calabash on water without its control  
please God, to our countrys' unrest

in our peaceful lands now, are we sleeping with saboteurs  
who is to be trusted as a leader now when all seek to eat  
we are crying for this peace, please give it us  
please God, to my country's unrest

it was a world beautifully made  
but man believed to shed blood to a throne  
a throne for just today, tomorrow is gone  
please God, to our countrys' unrest

John Ugolo Umah

# Secrets

Much have we known  
but nothing have we  
been able to keep  
for nothing remain  
unhidden to You

that we have seen  
of all that is heard  
for all that is touched  
is there nothing  
to hide from You

though every man  
lives with secrets  
still, are there none  
to keep hidden  
there are no secrets  
in true love but only truth

for in our intimacy  
have You shared and  
taught us the simple  
truth to live  
for in all, have we  
seen no secrets at all.

John Ugolo Umah

# Separating

My soul  
is tearing apart  
I'm lone and separating

I'm self  
I'm me  
but I'm separating

because you  
are not here  
because I'm  
alone in a crowd

like crocus in spring  
appearing once  
in a whole

I'm separating  
without you for  
my heart pumps in  
two souls apart...

John Ugolo Umah

# Shadows...

Let me scribble it out  
from my mind even though  
it has been unwanted still  
unabated by drool faces

that shadows are who we are  
for we all live as one that goes  
every where with you as a ghost  
uncoloured shadows like black

we can only abdicate in death  
as the shadow return to casket  
of box still uncoloured black  
the faithful shadow always

for those black past shadows  
are abhor and abhorrent  
it was aberrant and aberration  
of norm from truth to sin

those abducted shadows  
that leave us not but stay  
in uncoloured body  
of every existence to be

if man is not far from breath  
then man must be a shadow  
may be of death or of life  
that we may remain shadows...

John Ugolo Umah

# She Waits Under The Sunshine

I won't come for others  
not even for a penny  
I won't adhere to their calling  
for I will be deaf to their calling

I understand, you've wait  
waiting under the unbrella  
looking out to all the paths away  
but never weary of waiting

your hope gives me hope  
your smile makes me laugh  
you're not just lone  
I'm coming to mine

yes we fight, we say the wrong words  
yes we go minutes, hours but not a day  
talking to no each other  
yet, that's how we love too  
yet, we're best of each other

we don't care what the world says  
we depend on the supreme King  
let me hold you away from the sunshine  
lets go away from the rain, I love you...

John Ugolo Umah

# Should We Taste Death...

Should we be death  
we will feel how  
it feels to be the death

should we be death  
we will know how  
it feels to play the death

should we be death  
we will surely feel  
the agony of the death

should we be death  
we will see their tears  
as they depart away from life

should we be death  
we will understand  
the mystery of breathlessness

should we be death  
we will know if there  
are some myth called spirit world

should we be death  
we will fear death  
no more

should we be death  
we will surely tell  
the stories are different

should we be death  
and come back to life  
we will wish not to die again...

John Ugolo Umah

# Should You Drink?

See them walk pass pushing it in front  
full with liquor  
eyes lull  
like some spirit sings them a lullaby  
as they walk pass pushing it in front

for liquor now becomes louse  
in their infected blood  
even rangy becomes something else  
is this what it can do to body of dust?

I see them push like pregnant women  
I see them walk as thin as broom  
eaten by the acidic liquid  
that carry different labels and names

chastised but still yet,  
drinking liquor have win them over  
for grace have saved many willing  
from this snare call quiet demise

passing and pushing the bulge  
full of acidic water  
why not call on Most Gracious to help?  
Is this how you will continue?  
passing and pushing  
Is this how you choose to be?  
impregnated by liquor

John Ugolo Umah

# Slap Of Time

Time changes everything  
time changes tomorrow  
time beaten is a time kept  
time allow all to come to be  
time is really life

slap of time has brought us this far  
slap of time has made us this great  
slap of time has given us some things to hold  
slap of time has given meaning to our lives  
slap of time has brought us together

time, the mother of life  
time, the bringer of death  
time, the hope for those who wait  
time, the procrastinators' deciever  
time, the best to apply to our lives

the slap of time can bring our desire  
the slap of time can make our dreams come true  
the slap of time can change our lives forever  
the slap of time can bring us through it all  
the slap of time, I wait to witness her beauty.

John Ugolo Umah

## Some Day...

When the eyes are close  
under the moon  
the ears are wide open  
to the bullets and bombing  
sounds from out door

now I am afraid of my room  
the sounds remain audible  
I have refuse to open my eyes  
to spilt sight of blood and water  
do we enjoy shadows of death?

I must wake up but not now  
when the wailings are over  
when the yellow sun is in peace  
when all these is over today  
I shall wake up some day...

John Ugolo Umah

# Soul

I have a shadow  
the shadow of my soul

my soul  
listen to other souls

I see your soul  
in a far country hill

waiting  
under the apple tree

so long have we talk  
so we whisper from afar

is that a white soul?  
Then mine is black soul

from the whisper  
comes language for two

the souls that speak without words  
living as one in two...

John Ugolo Umah

# Take Me As I'M...

Right in the middle  
of the story  
I have not begin  
he was losing  
what he has not

in whiles and wide  
of the story  
they were all created  
in different days and time  
entirely different places  
but same story line

just in the middle  
of the night  
his eyes came alive  
with tears streaming down  
when actually all he had  
was a dream tonight

it is surely  
a short long story  
starring two  
different strangers  
in life is a journey  
where you meet with all  
only to accept a few or none

if he had a world  
let it all be his  
for he has met with  
a world that is...

Let this great burden  
be lifted off him  
for he will never dream  
this journey again  
it has cost him nothing  
except a heart

the dark is looming thicker  
as the night have refused to go  
so  
this dark episode should be over  
for better, greater and lighter episode  
let this dream be over  
let all about it never come true  
wake up!  
From such innuendo  
of a tale so unreal in a real life

let this not be my lament  
but my pen emit  
so painful  
the melting of a soldier's heart  
life becomes another  
worth it  
if you can  
take me as I'm...

John Ugolo Umah

# Take Them Away...

All these soigne bloke with killing machines  
enthral by seeing blood flowing  
kill any life in front of them brazenly  
they scoff peace with bitterness like demons  
feigning peace to the other nations  
they force themselves to bed with our ladies  
yet they are called chaste

now the people mutiny in pains  
as they are guarded by sentries  
we need our impunity  
we want aegis and peace

they have become blotto with blood  
we want a chink of love and peace  
resonantly, our snivel grow  
stop being wily and ado  
we are harmless  
give us our society back  
all we need is where to lay head  
what to eat and drink...  
we need haven

give us love for that reason we live  
give us hope for tomorrow is a better day  
give us peace for we all need peace.

John Ugolo Umah

# Tell Me

It is sweeter than honey  
to love and be loved same way  
tell me  
will you love me better?

if the table turn around  
if all is gone with nothing to hold back at  
tell me  
will you love me better?

tell me baby  
will you love me better?  
if I had nothing to give you  
if the street takes the best of me

tell me pretty  
will you love me better?  
if I have incomplete body organ  
crippled by life's heats

tell me  
you will love me better?  
tell me  
you won't run away from me...

John Ugolo Umah

# The Box Of Life

The symbol of death  
the dignity of great men  
the fear of all  
the fiction in write...

the ditch we all fear to fall in  
the choice of gutsy men  
the art of wood  
the artefact of man's hand...

the arthritis of a soul  
the codeine of painful death  
the coexist of life itself  
the coda of breath...

the cart of sorrow  
the feeder of maggot  
the end of flesh and dust  
the last bed for all bodies...

John Ugolo Umah

# The Cataract Of Hope

Hopeful bath  
under the cataract  
in this mountain

the mountain of hope  
the falls of rain  
the cataract's way

I will bath  
until my hope is full  
as hopes come through

John Ugolo Umah

# The Complete Season

They only complete you  
in matrimony not in relationship  
for they are gone from you only.

John Ugolo Umah

# The Far Away Call

How can it be?  
When the moon is gone  
when the sun  
is refusing to smile on us

even when we walked  
in broad day light  
we still seek to see  
in this looming dark

don't I need a hand  
that I can hold  
when the call comes  
from a far away land

of habitual life to live  
without whom to feel  
together with in this island  
then, the far away call

should there be a response  
should there be we to answer  
should there be someone to say  
yes to this call from a far away land

in this dew hour looking towards dawn  
a call have we rejected  
answering to another  
lasting not for aeon time

in a dilemma to let go you  
and respond to you  
when we all have to hear and respond  
to the far away call...

John Ugolo Umah

# The Journey...

When  
we heard about it  
like the gentle breeze  
blowing through our ears  
during moon time

we sat under the sun and think  
we could not run from the  
dropping water from the sky  
as we remain wet under the sun  
so we journeyed through

under the sun and moon  
with snow white lips  
looking out for life  
in the camp of life  
as man goes out in search of!

John Ugolo Umah

# The Picture Again...

Was it just a dream?  
It came with two to work  
with all to do together

sweet harmony of life  
with two to live  
greater hopes in all

this is another bend of life  
in a far lucrative desert  
growing like two sweet flowers

life has played her role  
here we are together  
to play our own role

don't walk away  
from this succulent heart  
for it will hurt with so much to tear

we have arrived  
we are just here now  
to begin our story...

John Ugolo Umah

# The Soul Of A Poet

The soul of poet  
the heartbeat of thousand  
bringing spiritual to reality  
giving sweet fragrance to all

the flowers smile at them  
when all the passing birds  
chip in chant to the  
soul of a poet

the morning dew with  
a wild winter freeze  
the sweet world  
where the soul of poets belong...

John Ugolo Umah

# The Two Duke

Though it may take aeon  
may we surely foot our paths for  
gifted hands are never dead

this have I seek  
to shake hands with a duke  
here are we as dukes of this soil

we shall engage not in duel  
but in awesome duet of ink  
like the blazing of stars

to the apex of this unique world  
shall we make headway through  
as we give out writing ray of light.

John Ugolo Umah

# This Running River

This running river  
tears are mere  
when they cannot  
save a soul

tears are mere  
when life cannot  
come back to be  
no matter how much drops

this running river  
is nothing to men  
men feel it not  
tears are really mere

tears are mere but  
they do not move men  
When you share them  
men wipe them away

they are mere to men  
Because men wish not for it  
this tears must be mere  
to share with someone...

John Ugolo Umah

# Turn And Whine

Under the blanket  
turning and whining  
on this soft bed  
shouting and howling  
from the heart

my soul is aching  
that I have to make  
a decision and a choice  
that I cannot help it  
may I not fail here

oh why do we love them  
when they do not love us  
oh why do we hurt them  
when they love us most for  
hate is less of pain than love.

John Ugolo Umah

# Unborn Death

As life comes  
so also death  
but ours is unborn death

we live here today  
but tomorrow we may not  
ours is to unborn death

death, a friend to all  
but we are not death yet  
so, ours is to unborn death

we live so we may die tomorrow  
we die so we may live for eternity  
we, ours is to unborn death

for as long as we breath  
and death yet to come  
well, it is still unborn to us...

John Ugolo Umah

# Unclad Soul

Just nothingness  
in the middle of the globe  
standing on nothing  
the imagined axis  
unclad soul

seeking for a cotton cover  
for I'm the naked soul  
of a naked mind  
in a naked body  
in a naked world  
still remain unclad...

John Ugolo Umah

# Uncommon Rose

The plum  
the fresh look  
the fragrance  
the prettiness  
the gorgeous eyes

when dreams were thought to be over  
when a heart was ravish with pains  
when all that was close was far away  
when the old was gone like the wind  
you came to heal my heart

those soft touch of a hand from you  
that awakens all the deads within  
the embrace with a reviving balm  
telling on us, who we are  
through this together forever

you were the healing  
you were the real one  
you were the beam  
you were the love  
you were the uncommon rose

I will crest your love on my breast  
in this desert for all to see you  
through all the seventy beats  
of my heart  
you heal my soul and my heart  
you are the uncommon rose...

John Ugolo Umah

# Unfinished Money

When is it finishing?  
when will men stop making it?  
when will the killing for it stop?  
when will the rites and rituals stop?  
when will all these shit about it stop?

Here we kill for you  
there they work for you through witty inventions  
my country, I call you not a home again  
constant fear have buried our hopes  
our sands and rivers stain in blood

in the name of greed and power  
our loved ones have been snatched by bullet  
machetes has became butchers knives  
we are scared of who is next  
some never wished to be born

where is the help and protections promised?  
where is the church and the mosque?  
Is there a better country out there?  
We say ashes to ashes to cremated death bodies we never see  
with tears running like streams of blood

its hard to get love, when you get it, hold it closer  
peace is hard to get, when you get it, maintain it  
for hard to come by, are the good things of life  
we still say, dust to dust to pieces of found death bodies  
when we sprinkle the earth redden with blood upon them

my heart squawk and squeak everyday  
as a beloved country is  
drag to the murky mud with mug  
in power full of greed, politicians  
man is now their puppet

all I ever wanted is a better country again  
is a city of peace again, hope alive for a better generation  
there will be no money after life

leave it here and love your neighbour as yourself  
everything ends here except death and life...

John Ugolo Umah

## Un-Married Will Say...

When we all grow up  
we will all marry  
sweet as it is  
with pulp milk brain...

John Ugolo Umah

# Upon My Wake

Just like yesterday  
upon my wake  
to a brief P.O.P  
that has send me  
into another graceful world...

John Ugolo Umah

# War Again!

Women cling babies  
to the back with cotton  
running and shouting

men with cutlass and guns  
the epic men with powdered guns  
chanting war songs again

women running with  
flap flat and raised breast  
like demented souls

men without arms running  
with nakedness, shorts and shouts  
flinging their frontals like dullards

children running after  
and without their parents  
crying death to us

it is war again  
should we allow this happen  
for war reduce our numbers...

John Ugolo Umah

## We Do Not Want To Be...

Can we be someone else?  
but you in looks of!  
We are just even same  
with different smiles from miles  
though we walk and work  
we are one same flesh of sand

why do you count us out?  
why do you castigate us with contempt?  
Why slaughter and murder us?  
Why seek to see us sorrowful instead?  
When we are you?

Let us have a tete-a-tete  
then you will see that  
we are you, only you  
in differences we discover  
our strength and weaknessess  
when we are you...

John Ugolo Umah

# What A Life!

With none to hold close  
without troubles but serene  
full of solitude and quietness  
what a life to still think!

Life in its blow  
will give you all  
if only you sink deeper  
what a life to still live!

John Ugolo Umah

# What Was The Gift?

Given to us immorality  
they took away our morals

they blanketed our culture  
with their traditions

they bought from us life  
with their papers

then, it was our culture  
now, it is their own we live

they invaded with big shoes  
and killing sticks

so we can give up  
with our slaying irons

they cover our ignorance  
with their civilization

they stole from us and do said  
they gave to us life to know death

they took away our tomorrow  
and gave us yesterday

they were here to exploit  
we open up for them to come in

these they said  
is colonization

these they call their gifts to us  
these I ask, is this the civilization?

John Ugolo Umah

# Words For A Kingpin

When a tree falls down  
we share no tears  
when an Iroko tree falls down  
we bleed in tears

Indeed  
a great pen in literature  
a freedom fighter of course  
'there was a country' in a country

front liner in prose-fiction  
your ink also play a vital role in poetry  
whose prose: 'things fall apart' gave birth to a play

Many socket balls will give out tears as you depart to meet with antique fathers  
of then

We say sleep on  
in your casket as we in litany  
litter words of commiseration  
to bid you farewell in your traverse

as breathing dust in our lithany  
your route shall be fair with you  
sleep on  
sleep on  
sleep on

as we will continue to fetch from  
your literary droplet of ink  
as you answer call from above  
we will immortalize your ink...

John Ugolo Umah