

Poetry Series

Melody Thaila Kuku
- poems -

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Melody Thaila Kuku(1995-)

Melody Thaila Kuku was born on May 15,1995 in Lagos, Nigeria. She hails from Benue State and currently studies English at the University of Lagos(UNILAG) .

She fell in love with poetry at age 12 before she started writing short stories.

Poetry is the only way she knows how to share her feelings, thoughts and emotions with the world. It's indeed beautiful to sit back, close one's eyes and let the muse inspire. Then like an artist, she picks her brush, paint and begin to paint live pictures with words. She loves deep stories, poems that are brewed from the deepest and darkest part of the human mind but mixed with ointments of humanity. She loves poetry of every kind, prose and music. In her spare time she does yoga and gather deep reflections in a diary as a transcendentalist. She love s to have her poems read, rated and given constructive criticism.

A Tale

As youthful dew begins to
descend on me,
Then paths divide before my eyes,
And I stand,
My thoughts in disarray,
Seeking escape,
Dragging the broom of choice.

Gulliver's raffia weaves its baskets,
Round my heart,
As I dream of wild winds,
On turbulent seas.

Life spread out before me,
A wide expanse of landscape,
Seeking adventurers.
And I stand, still.
My gaze scaling higher,
Beyond my dreams.

The lush grasses
Entwined with thorns,
Yet, my heart disowns the knowledge
Of another's experience.

For I desire,
Yes, I desire.

To see with my eye,
To be pricked by wild thorns.

If I must,
Then I must.

Melody Thaila Kuku

A Tribute To Chinua Achebe

When the bushes of our black mother,
Lay uncut,
And we waddled about with newly weaned feet.
A hand sweated with a ferocious pen,
Wisdom was written,
One that wore colours of different flags,
As time flew by.

With the lips of the pen,
He spoke words that slashed at the backward bushes,
Surrounding our green and white mother.
A sword borne from the womb of the muse,
A sword that glittered,
In the midst of great water.

And yes men say,
The words so great from a man so small.
And as time raced by,
The beautiful ones were born,
And each a nod gave,
To one whose pen prophesied.

But then Fate's wind blew,
In winged arms,
His soul flew,
Leaving memories of a mind,
That left prints on life's shore.
Adieu I'll say,
But you, i and all know,
Adieu is too short a goodbye.

Melody Thaila Kuku

A Fake Heart And A Fake Soul

Borne from the womb of deceit
washed in the river of betrayal
Foes to souls who trust
Destroyers of the guileless
A menace wherever tis found,
A fake heart and a fake soul
Forerunners of evil
Breeding bees of hate....

To you, a Beast in men's clothes.

Melody Thaila Kuku

A Jolly Poet's Haiku

He sat in a school of thought,
Bent over a page with pen in his hands,
For one said to his ears,
A poet is one with a Haiku to his name.

So he wrote,
Letting the ink dance.
With a devilish wink at thoughts.
With words like honey he began,

A maid milking a cow,
And a genteel in great coat.
A poet pondering on Haiku
With nothing coming to mind.

You don't need to milk a cow
Or wear a coat to be perfect.
just a smile,
Write a line and a little sense.

Melody Thaila Kuku

A Poem To Remember

Soiled, lost

Am innocence

Fled, and buried

In guilt. hard

Blows Smothering

Wild dreams wither

time the

Mind, of

breeze soul

Breeding The eggs

Of fear.

Melody Thaila Kuku

All I Ever Wanted

All i ever wanted,
Is to swim in love's ocean.
All i ever wanted,
Is to be me and only me.
All i ever wanted is to live life Happy,
Scaling through trials,
Cutting down failure's mountains.

But then,
What i get,
Is never what my soul desire.
So all i do is weep,
And steel my heart against fate's Bond,
For now i know,
Not all wishes come through.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Baby Wife

Dancing in the bright sunlight,
Tiny dainty feet raises the dust.
Two hills shoot out on the chest,
Hips give a curved smile.
Lusty eyes wander to the gay face,
Untouched by youthful wildness,
A vulgar smile caress the lips of the lusty eyes owner.

A trip, two trips, more is made to the shepherd of the sprouting gem.
Cows and cripsy notes are pushed into eager hands,
The deal is sealed over bubbling Palm wine.
Sold like a cattle, the life to be determined by the buyer.
A slave, a modern slave
Free to roam about with no chains,
Yet with spirit, bound.

Dances and music assault the ears of the air,
Covered in a veil the sprouting child is led to a dim lit room
Admist shouts and howls of excited well wishers.
The human cattle lays back,
Unsure, uncertain.
Family had advised, to yield is to bring the family honour.

Scared innocent eyes dart about.
The lusty eyes gaze greedily on the developing hills.
Obstacles are torn away as he descends, full weight.
A cry followed with pain,
Then a tear.
He doesn't stop now
Till exhausted he drops to his side,
Drifting off to a satisfied sleep.

Blood, pain assault the human cattle sensibility,
As she grasped the meaning of spousehood.
Days pass and the sacred hole gives increased agony.
Orthodox and traditional healers take turn on the human body.
Heads shakes in pity as truth dawn on the abused,
Bladder has lost its control,
She must live in isolation.

Smells like a rotten rag,
Flies perform native dance around the stinking soul.
Abandoned by the abuser,
Sentenced to a life of stink and pain
Minutes and hours the human cattle change adult diapers.

So it must be, except help comes.
All because a custom that bars sprouting maidens from maturing,
Lives on.
The strong survive the night when innocence is brutally snatched,
The weak gets torn and lives with the dreaded curse of an abused sprouting
maiden,
The curse called 'V V F'.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Between Love And Pride

Walking, the sun walks home beside for time bids him rest.
Tears neither for pain or joy
But that the soul be confused,
And wonders why mortal heart deceive.

Love has laid a snare,
The foot is stuck
The thoughts bring the chronicles of the heart
For it was a tradition not to eat love's apple.

Uncertainty, fear that man will gloat
Keeps the heart proud and regal
For to bend to Cupid is to be a slave
To dwell in seas of pleasure that dries with time.

Letting the breeze kiss the cheeks,
The rains caresses the spirit.
But the soul is lost in the wound of grief
That tears the heart with pains of choice
Choice of risk with Cupid's pleasure or pride.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Boko Haram

Blood, fresh red blood,
Everyday i smell it.
Foul stench of humans,
Slaughtered like cattles,
And we accept it.
It's part of our lives now,
What can we do?
I hear men say.

Heads rolling,
They have been surprised by mean cutlasses,
Flesh of mortals blown to bits.
Bits of someone's beloved.
Tears of the bereaved claw the air,
The stink of death,
As each day churns out widows,
Each moment, the fatherless.

Up North is desolate,
Ethnic clashes turned to religious cleansing,
Men and women whose souls have become one with the soil,
But who were not given birth to by the soil,
Are denied the freedom to breathe the air of the land the
Called home.

Leaders turn blind eyes,
The man on the chief seat shakes a Weak head and trots off,
To spend the masses sweat.
We haven't remembered him yet.
The time would come when the
Poor will have no flesh to feed on
But our Leader's.

Boko! And men flee at the sound.
Lord let them not remember my
Dwelling,
A prayer of the poor,
But who are they?
Beasts!

And who are we?

Men?

I think not.

When death becomes inevitable,
Fear will lose strength,
Why fear what killeth?
If you fight or not?
But i will never dream the dreams
Of a coward.

Give me a gun,
Teach me to shower bullets on
The serial Beasts,
Who read Holy Books on mortals
They butcher.

I'll rather fight,
Than see the blood flow.
If i must,
Then i must.
And will break the dreaded curse,
The curse of Boko Haram.

Let my blood match their blood,
My anger, theirs,
My zeal for my country
With their zeal for madness.

Melody Thaila Kuku

But I Am A Woman

They look at you as a whore,
When your desires you tell,
They expect you to be stiff,
With no feelings in your
Yet when the ring is upon
They want you to feel only

So you shy away from your
You hide yourself in false
Keep silent, play the role the

Be yourself, play with love,
Tease life and you'll end up

But I am a woman with all
Not a cold wood that has
Heart.

Am a woman with my own
Wild or cool,
Accept me the way I am,
Or let me be. □

Don't tell me am a whore,
Because I dream wild
Don't stereotype me to the
With ugly aprons caressing
Let me speak my thoughts,
Though they hurt your ears,
Don't condemn me for

So yes I am a woman,
Not just a woman
But a woman that wants to
One that wants to live her
The way that will bring her
I am a woman with flesh

□ Dreams and hopes,
Don't stereotype my

Heart,
Your finger,
For your spouse.

Wild thoughts,
Virtue,
Society has given.

An old maid.

Feelings,
No fire to warm it's

Soul,

Dreams of love,
Kitchen,
My waist.

Them.

Suppressed by society,
Sail the sky,
Life
Happiness.
And blood,

Life. □

But I Will Write Till, She Shines.

My blood boils,
Its steam beating against the sky.
Oh! if pen were a sword,
Then let it be that i slash at their Hearts.
They who heaven has given Chance to guide her path.

Tall, an ebony black she once was,
With grace of a gazelle.
And everyman who met her,
Stopped and stared.
But no more, no more.
For now she stinks, her stench Chokes.

Heavens! Have i not tried to clothe Her?
But now, she is like Adam and Eve.
She is naked, my country, my Nigeria.
And yet those men who lead her Look on,
With backs facing the sun.
God! Where has shame fled?

But i will write with my pen,
Slashing through with words,
Tearing down their government.
Till, i rid her of those leech and her Skin glows again.

I will write till she stands,
Tall and regal,
And her decayed teeth be white Again.
And men be glad to gaze upon her Beauty.
I will write till, she shines.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Death's Tale

The wind whistles,
At the confident fingers
That pry clothes off an obedient Rope,
In a menacing darkness,
Whoosh! Whoosh!
And the light drops from the Surprised hands.

Atmosphere painted sudden black,
Gasps of shocked air,
As a rope romances his neck,
Tighter and tighter,
And cold lips are placed over his,
Sucking away the stubborn Breathe,
That clutches at life,
As the limp neck drops.

Questions whose answers,
Will sail like pigs that pilot the Sky,
Are left for the morrow.
The doer to be unknown.
A lover?
An enemy?
For the freshness of bloody Lipstick,
And the freshness of a kiss,
Gaze at all that beheld.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Don'T Think I'LI Say Adieu

My ink has dried,
My thoughts are asleep,
I write no more.
Don't think i'll say adieu,
Its too long a goodbye.
But i'll kiss the stars that once gave me light to see you.

My ink has dried,
My thoughts are asleep,
My heart buried in the embers of wounded trust,
Frail it is,
Now the pieces, i hold.

The soul is wounded
But the spirit not grieved.
The silver rain drops in my eyes,
I'll shed never for you.
Don't think i'll say adieu,
Its too long a goodbye.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Facebook

That initial snort at addicts,
And boastful promise of self Control,
When hooked up to the powerful Charmer, Facebook.
Then comes the burning curiosity To see how,
And to feel the sensation it Creates.

Then you are signed up,
Friends, new friends.
White, black, Asian, Hispanic,
People of like mind, people of Fun.
The joy of adding friends mixed With that of accepted requests.

Then you spend cash on credits That burn up in hours,
You lose focus, all that matters is F.B
Are you on FB? the question is Asked.
And you grin, the grin of elites,
Who have what it takes to know It.

You struggle to gain a thousand Friends,
You post, you like, you comment.
It feels this new world will never Bore you.
Then time pass and novelty wears Off.

You block friends without fear That it will,
Reduce their summing number.
You unlike post,
To comment seems a heavy task.

At the rise of each dawn,
You flip through your profile,
With a sigh of one who's seen it All.
Well nothing hot is cooking, you Say.
And move your thoughts to other Things,
When before you could have Killed to spend
The rest of the day on 'My FB Account'.

So it goes on,
And then you get to chat with someone interesting,
And the sensation that leads to Addiction begins again.

You would swear you never had The thoughts to dump FB.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Faster Than Her Years

She sat still, her eyes fixed ahead At nothing.
The breeze blew a kiss on her Cheek to cheer,
But no, cheer was gone,
Only thoughts she long Suppressed,
Which rose now an army too Strong to defeat.

Gazing into the air, she thought of Wasted childhood,
Of plays she didn't have,
And years of rains that washed Her not.
Memories hit her hard.
She had grown, faster than her Years,
Childhood dreams stolen to the World of adulthood.

The scenes play themselves again.
A long time it was when once,
She lay between life and death.
Then months passed and years.
And she awoke to find the baby Fat all gone,
They had been exchanged with curves.
And two great peaks on the hill of Her chest.

And when time healed,
She toiled to live a life alien to her.
Lessons of maturity were not Learned by her.
So stumble she did and a fool she Was called.
But still she struggled,
And seasons passed with no one To whisper,
The heavy burden the heart bore.

Words of her mouth were to be Spoken like the aged.
Yet, she lived in two worlds,
The world of a child and aged,
Struggling to belong to one.
But each interfered and the aged World was chosen.
And like one in a dream,
She walked the adult's path.

But her tongue slipped with the Sounds of a child,
When she tried to master the World and suppress those Thoughts.

Torture it was, for failure tarried At her doorstep.
And when it's last straw broke,
She knew it was time,
Time to visit the world of her Childhood.
To grieve it's loss, to be a child but Once,
Letting the mind wander to the Happy scenes of those Remembered.

Before the sky as witness, she Made happy blabbering,
Played the kite and hide and seek,
And when it was over, she sat Letting the breeze this time to kiss Her
For now she could cheer.
She had grown faster than her Years,
A child mind imprisoned in the Body of an adult.

But no more,
No more will she struggle to be What not.
But will live free,
For the caged heart was free,
And under the eyes of the moon,
She knew she could walk happy The paths of the aged.
For she had found her childhood.

And though she had grown faster Than her years,
She will live happy, a child in an Adult body.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Fear Of The Unknown.

Like the knight of sleeping beauty,
He slash through my heart.
Tearing down my courage,
Shattering my resolve like a wine Glass.

He has stolen upon me in the Dead of the night,
With the darkness as his shield.
I look and wonder.
What brings my heart to my lips?
What shivers my spines?

I peer and peer, think and think.
Yet, i see not his face.
I try to fight, but my strength fails.
Almost defeated, i am,
For he is the meanest of his kind.

Show me thy face o slayer?
Nay he says, 'for you cannot know me'.
I am the dark that looms in every man.
I rise to conquer when my brother Failure,
Stares mortal in the face.
Dare not seek me for i am invisible.

You will ponder dawn till dawn On me.
I am a conqueror vanquished only By faith.
And till knowledge breaks upon You,
I will hold you in chains.
Know me now?
I am fear of the unknown.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Freedom Is Not Yet Freedom

Freedom is not yet freedom,
But a slavery where men are Slaves to civilization.
What good has it brought?
We have freedom that men call, Mortal Rights.
Yet we are slaves to Unions of the World.

I yearn for the days when man Was but a barbarian,
Then there was no falsehood,
Only the drive to survive.□
Then man was not clothed with The cloak of global unity
That has hidden holes of mistrust.

Then man could live happy with The breaking of each new dawn,
With his spear in one hand and Meat in another.
Then he respected Nature,
And the world was not foul.

When man didn't desire Freedom,
For he was free.
Free from engines that smoked,
Free from nuclear insects that Swim around earth.

He needed no fellowship with Other mortals,
He needs not spy on their barns Of ammo,
There was no cry of 'Dictator',
Only the sound of a man who Has learnt to exist in peace
With Nature's children.

But the birth of civilization That gave steps to man's
Association,
Has made mortals, slaves.
Slaves to them that sit on five Seats,
One that can never be empty in The Union of Nations.
They who veto men's life and Action,
Whose words or decision
Can bless or mar a nation.

Tell me then ye men of lesser States,
Are men not slaves?

For you depend on them for
A Fallout with them is like,
Walking on destruction's
For their freedom is a slavery
One accepted by all men.

But if freedom be freedom,
Then let us put away
That seeks to control others
Under disguise of unity.
But let us with hands
In a bond of trust,
Work to rid the world of evil,
Work to restore peace to the
As it once was.

If freedom preached by the
Then let them show the
Till then I'll say'
Freedom is not freedom.

Help,

Path.
Of class,

Garments of falsehood,
And enrich self,

Together,

World,

House of nations be true,
World by vivid actions.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Home Swine Home

The walls dulled with careless hands,
Leaving colours of leftover foods,
Soothed palms,
Restless feet,
Initials of habitats.

Merry shouts plaguing Air's ear drum.
Friendly curses flying from lips to lips,
Teasing that pokes the heart with smiles,
Yet, causing angry blushes.

Faces are slapped or punched,
Nerves goes fray,
Then good news spreads round,
And laughter co-ordinate orchestras
Of harmony.
Home swine Home.

For journeys to and fro has been made,
Loved ones scattered in Life's pursuit,
Then the feet walks back home,
Where the best and worst are squeezed
Out of the soul,
Mixed in the pot of love.

Not a picnic spot,
Not all smiles and no tears,
Not a place to hide from the world,
But one where you are tempted sore,
And lessons of defense,
Sewn into the brain,
Supported with hearts of kindness,
My Home sweet Home.

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Am Human

But i am human,
Not a plastic Jesus,
Sitting in famous cathedrals.

Pinch me,
I'll scream,
Hit me and i'll cry.

Don't expect to see my soul from dawn to dusk,
In perfection's robes.

I am mortal,
That wither like a flower when fate's sun hammers the soul.

Take me as i am,
Or do whatever you please.
I am human just like you,

Don't plague my soul...

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Dare To Dream

Life never gave her a chance,
Loneliness, a friend so close.
The spirit was caged,
Never to fly beyond captivity. □
Never to explore greater air than that men had given.

All through the crowd she stood out,
Not for good.
Rejection a word known by heart,
And her thoughts bled,
Grief had numbed the mind, □
Grief not for death or wound,
But that a chance was never given to her.

Her name was, odd
All she wanted was for mortals to know □
Who lived behind the caged flesh,
Wishing, praying that her captors may let her be,
For a potential deep down to soar.

Through depression she lived,
Death was not an option,
For like the ending of the world,
She dreaded how mortals would toast at her grave.
And her soul if in paradise,
Will grieve to see men make merry the grave.

But then one day, when the sleeping sun awoke on the clouds,
When the rays of the smiling sun beamed at her, she knew.
She saw the answer before her,
No one would give another the path to success,
Man has to find his own way.

So she set her spirit free,
With determination she bind the heart,
And to the sand of the earth, she stood up.
With courage pounding the heart,
She spoke this words, □
"I Dare To Dream".

And though you mock me to fear,
And my spines rattle in discord,
Though you say my speech be dumb,
And my words be dull,
Yet, I dare to dream,
I dream of a better world,
Where in throne I sit.
I dare to dream of a time when I stand up for myself.

I dare to dream of cameras seeking to get a shot at me,
I dare to dream when you will chew those toxic
Words you spew at me.
I dare to dream when you will seek my smile.

I dare to dream when men will hear my story and say,
She is a woman who overcame.
And my name be carved out in history books.
For I have found my footing.
I dare to dream, not mere dreams,
But of a life I seek now.

□

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Knew Not What To Write

I sat still,
Under the soothing shade of the crooked tree
By the sensual Lagoon front.
I picked a pen,
But the Muse was gone,
Leaving my itching palm stranded in the midst of tangled ideas,
My incantation of rhymes,
She ignored,
I left a blemish of chaotic word sacrifice,
On an astonished paper,
That glared angrily at me,
Yet she turned not to me.
So for the first, Last time,
I knew not what to write.

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Met A Guy

When the Sun's temper was mellow,
And indoors i stayed,
When loneliness gnawed my thoughts,
And i sought for company,
Fate or destiny fooled my hands,
And i dialled a stranger.

An err it was,
Then the cool voice breeze over speakers,
A soft melody of a guitar string,
And i thought it no longer err,
But chance.

I met a guy whose soul,
My being wanted to connect.
Two stranger we were,
Listening to beautiful sounds of mutual voices,
Play melodies that ignited fire of friendship,
Or things i dare not say.

Wary, with a desire deep down to be accepted,
His heart searching for one,
To understand his soul,
To loose his tongue,
And help the soul soar in the peace that life gives.

I met a guy whose hopes,
My soul sought to give wings.
Slowly, with winged words my lips massage his heart,
Opening pathways of fantasies,
Clogged by fear and uncertainty.

And now he dreams,
New dreams.
Now he can eat the meat of trust,
And free his thoughts to wander,
To Cupid's backyard
And dance with life in happiness so true.

I met a guy,
One whose suppressed soul,
Taught me about trust,
And the beauty that comes with a shared smile.

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Wish, I Wish, I Wish I Had A Gun

If, only if i had a gun,
i'll coax your thought with the muzzle.
Then i'll watch you tremble
And your kneel betray the body.

Then i'll make you recite every wrong you did me,
Like an errant school boy who failed his sums
And furstrated tears stinging your eyes.

Oh! I would do so much to your soul with a gun,
But all i have here is an angry pen
And an indifferent paper.
So all that would be my lips refrain is
I wish, i wish, i wish i had a gun,
For wishing is all i have the courage to do.

Melody Thaila Kuku

I Would Still Wish To Be A Palm Tree

I watch anxiously as the children gaze at me.
Is it the time? i wondered.
When the blood in me will be sapped by drunken men,
And my teeth be plucked from my mouth?

He is ripe, they say.
Oh, my head swims in their admiration.
I can see the smiles of the farmer.
I watch them in pride and fear.

My mother nature has told me.
It was the way my ancestors went,
So also would i walk their path.
When, oh when will it happen?

As i rest, my skin glowing in the sun,
I see a drunk walk towards me.
It was him, the famous drunkard who tapped my Brothers blood in his
drunkenness.

I look at him in disgust.
Then joy came over me cos such in his state,
Can not climb a prince like I.
But if ever shock was a word to mean horror,
Then, t'was what i felt.

The pain ere i felt as he mounted me.
I could smell his stale sweat.
Then he raised his cutlass, glistening in the sun.
Help! Murder! I'll cease to breath.
But gently, he tears my arm.

T'was not pain, but a sensation of pleasure,

As my blood trickled into his gourd.
Such was meant to be, i was to sacrifice for pleasure,
As mother nature commanded.

Yet, i felt the bite of the ants,
they who came to lick me like the dogs did poor Lazarus.
The flies perch on my scar,
Oh, such tickling and tingling.

But through all the pain that forms a bead of sweat on me,
Yet, if i were to be given a wish,
A wish to be something else,
I would still wish to be a Palm Tree.

Melody Thaila Kuku

If I Were To Be Love.

They say love is a gamble.
Place your bet on it and you lose.
Play to lose and you win.

Its mysteries, i try to know.
It burns out after it lits up the sky for a while.
forever?

If i was to be love, i would not select.

Even those not worthy of my mysteries.

If i was to be love,
I'll gamble not with hearts,

But i can never be you, oh love!
So, i wonder and wonder at you.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Why does it never shine

I will gíve myself to all men,

And ridicule no mortal.

If Like A Chameleon You Must Change

Green, Blue, Black, Brown.

What can I say you are?
My eye balls are exhausted,
They faint,
They run out of pigment.
Do you say you are human?

If my ears still dance to music,
Then, I heard right when men once said,
Man is one who lives his life not that of others".
For one who change colour will run out of colour
And then no man will know him.

Ye live to make all pleased,
Even when deep down the heart hurts.
And then in loneliness of thoughts, the
Mind cry for identity.
But like a Chameleon, you keep changing.
All because you fail to deal with life.

Oh, be yourself! Let no man make you reject you.
Man was made to look in the water at his image
And be proud.
But if you still change,
Then will you be as the water? ☐

If wisdom be true then, hear for he says,
Mortal appreciate one who be himself,
Wearing his own colour.
For then you learn to whip life,
With his problems at your feet.
Then you make success friend."

So if like a Chameleon you must be,
Then let it be that you take your personality for a spin,
Changing with the seasons,
Putting on colours that better the soul,
Instead of that men chose to see thee wear.

Then like a Chameleon you change,
With you still, you.
And your true identity know to the world.
And men wanting to live your life,
Instead of you, theirs.

If like a Chameleon you must change,
Let it be that you
Show the world the different you.

MAGDALA

Melody Thaila Kuku

If Only You Had Waited

If only you had waited,

We could have changed things,

If only you had waited

We could have tuned the stars

To sing medleys of joy,

If only you had waited,

Your rainbow would have kissed the skies

But then, you left....

And now the birds sing no more,

songs of hope

And now your clouds be dark,

Time's wind prick your soul with callous hands

You shiver in the cold of fear,

When you would have been

wrapped in the arms of my

soothing words.

So now,

Each dawn i sigh,

My heart weep sour tears as the
threads of your soul loosen,
One after the other,
And like a confused ghost,
Wandering over the silent soil of
the graveyard,
So you wander,
Lost in your cracked world.

Oh! If only you had waited,
The world would have bowed to us,
For we would have woven
baskets of talents,
That the world had never seen
But you left,
Leaving in my hands,
Your wasted dreams.
Melody Thaila Kuku

If You Will Love Me Again.

If ere i am given another chance,
i would love you again and again.
I would put my hands in your clasp.
And sail with you to the moon.

The Fishes will be for a witness,
And the sun a judge for love.
But t'will be,
If you will love me again.
Then like Romeo and his love,
I will lean upon the breeze,
Under the admiring stars,
I would say, i love you.

But t'will be,
If you will love me again.

Melody Thaila Kuku

I'M Stuck, Stuck!

I'm alone,
In the cold of my choice.
They will not understand,
How can they?

Oh! It's so unfair
To be one of the most misunderstood characters in life's drama.

If i had wings,
I'd fly and fly away from this wicked world,
Only me in a world surrounded by people with hearts of angels.

But then,
I have no wings,
So am stuck, stuck
And must learn the hard way,
How to carve my own path.

Melody Thaila Kuku

In His Eyes

All i never thought i would see,

I saw.

Those two black eyeballs that gazed at me,

Staring into my soul,

Searching my desires with a raise of an eyebrow.

And tis true,

My eyes was on its own path,

But yours made it stray

And the wind shivered my spines

And for a long while,

I felt like a woman and no more a stone.

But like a wild fire,

As quick as it came,

I saw it burn out.

But then if i can,

I would love to gaze into your eyes,

Forever and forever and forever

Till fate make us blink.

Melody Thaila Kuku

In The Haunted House

Tick Tock

Knack Knack

Creak.....

Ahahahahhahhah!

Thud Thud

Whoooooooooosh!

Swirls

Thumps

Crunch crunch

Drips... Tum, tum, tum

Silence...

Melody Thaila Kuku

Its Fun To Be A Child

It is fun to be a child,
Then you can run and play with the wind,
And race the breeze.

Then you can swim along with life,
Without a care in the world,
And you can be loved when you want.

Just a little smile and the adults melts,
Get away with mischief if you play right.

Love is your friend.
To hate, you are indifferent.
All is beautiful, no black, only white.

But then the fun goes,
When the stairs of adulthood, you climb.
And you sail with boring responsibility.

All you do is maturity, no rest.
Then you have to be serious or, you get to be called a fool.
Life becomes an enemy, you swim against its tides.

I will love to be a child again and again.
Than to live in a world of adults,
A world carressed by hardship.

I would like to smile,
And grownups tell that, am sweet.
I would like to be wild like a normal child would be.

It is fun to be a child,
Then you can run and play with the wind,
And race the breeze.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Journey To The Hill Of Skulls

The back is bent,
The breathe laboured,
Heart pumping with guilt,
The red marks of sin's whip,
Lay bare on the torn flesh.

Crawling, stumbling,
Yet struggling on.
The thoughts scream to give up,
'Yield to your master Sin and be at peace'.
But though the king of hell stand on the way,
Still the traveller walks on.

The sun scourge the back,
Pain walks beside,
Now a companion.
It was told that the road to the hill was narrow,
But this torture was not prepared for.

The way is slippery,
The rain of pleasure has fallen,
The feet slides into the mud,
But the heart is strong,
And he moves on.

From a far away Town he had come,
The tale he had often ignored,
Pokes the heart hard,
Of a hill where peace dwelt,
And joy made the heart merry,
And one who loved him hung.

The hill is seen by the eye,
Trembling, breathing fast,
Still the traveller climbs,
For it was a journey not of ease.
Grabbing rocks, steadying the feet,
Till the top is reached at last.

All he heard was true,
A cross and a man,
Whose blood flowed like newly opened springs,
Tears race down the cheeks,
Who was he that this great man would die for him?

Moving close, kneeling under th cross,
Letting the blood wash his weary back,
Heart's burden is flunged away,
The back straightens in soothing comfort,
The marks are gone,
Sin is driven away like one gone mad.

Peace swim in the soul,
On the hill of skulls.
The tears are wiped away by blood so warm.
The breeze of love blows around,
The traveller is lifted up in the arms of one who loved,
So much that he died for those he loved.

Lost in the painful beauty of the cross,
He sees the wounds,
The whips and pain taken for him.
Sin has lost power,
Darkness replaced with light.

He rise,
A new man,
Robed in holiness.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Let It Go

Myopic mortals:

Beyond the nostrils they cannot see
Throwing stones and fragments of lies
At souls quivering in self hate.
Taunts like fire from roused dragons
Breathing down the throats of victims
Preys to those life has given a chance.

Murderers!

Soul haunters
Greatness lies in hearts where roses of kindness blossoms.
For a great man is one whose gazes pierce through the shrinking skin
Seeing spirits seeking regeneration.

Let it go now,
Your pity mixed in brews of hate.
Let it go now
Give broken minds time to heal
With winged words and smiles
Love healing the heart.

Let it go,
No more evil eye and fear
Breeding resentments and suicide's dreams
Let earth's dregs learn to sing their own songs:
Voices of hope soaring dark skies.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Let Me Be Your Piper

Listen to the heart,
It sings.
What songs?
I know not.
But i'll gladly be your piper,
If my tune your thoughts dance,
Then poems will be music,
Of love's Orchestra,
Wisphered into the ear by Cupid's lips.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Lets Play Rhyme

Take a rhyme and make a wife,
Take a wife and make a knife,
Let the knife cut the strive
So love among us can thrive.

But if you get fed up with poetry like this,
Try to make a bad list of one that never
Made you use a fist,
On poets that write like shit.

If you make sense with it,
Then you are wise to eat.
But I can't make sense with rhyming feet,
So, I end my rhyme. □

Melody Thaila Kuku

Maid of The Eye

Little drops that don't call for umbrella,
Naughty fellows.
But they can melt every heart except a beast's.
Salty little eye drops I say.
Silver water that tease the cheeks.

Beautiful lines they form on the face.
Mercenaries, fake or real, they care not.
Stir the emotions and they come,
Marching through the eyeballs.

Rain drops that evade fair lashes,
Seek them anywhere and you will not find,
Stir the heart and they come calling,
'A ho! Who calls? '

Silver water that tease the cheeks,
Need I say who they are?
For they come only when the heart calls.
If you seek them, search thy eye.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Maimed Souls.....

Thoughts drift like seaweeds on the sea,

The mind struggle to understand truth deeper than the Mariana's trench.

Sadness has lost its touch,

Fear is ignored.

Pain has left the heart,

Only numbness remain.

The heart wonders why men give not the dregs of society a chance,

And all those maimed by life's disasters.

Some has lost the will to live.

Like ghosts in the street,

They wander life pathways unnoticed.

Except by those whose heart sees.

Like mist their dreams disappear before the eye.

For ill reign in dreams stead.

In the silence of grief,

A voice speak from the torn hearts

'Despise us not, why ignore?

For we are flesh like thee and share the same crimson that flow in thy veins.

Though ye stand unhurt by lifes scourge.

Then silence prevail for the thoughts to drift.

Of dreams once had,

Bliss enjoyed.

But the thoughts grief not again,

It has learned to live with grief whip.

And now the sought truth is found,

That they with all men can no longer dwell the same.

Yet the cry of the maimed souls,

Be just not for hopes shattered

But that men should give room for hopes which surge in them to soar,

And know that though they live disfigured by fate,

They still have a purpose,

One that no one should ignore.

Melody Thaila Kuku

My Mirror

She is a mirror,
Moving to and fro,
In her,
I see me,
And everything i've always wished to be.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Nothing Is Ever Absolute

Oh, Hunger!
What war you fight in me?
My lower region grumbles like the armoured tanks of World War 2.
Cease, i beseech thee.
Hold thy fire,
For i raise a truce flag,
To food i march
Be still.
For its said, a soft answer turneth away wrath,
So does food persuade thee from thy anger.
Hunger, a dictator King that none can overthrow.
Worse than Hitler, effective than bombs.
Who have not seen a wall crumble before thee?
Which beseiged nation bow not its knee to thee?
Not even the strongest!
Yet, i defy thee.
Not with a challenge,
But with the subtle weapon of food i defeat thee.
Even if for a while,
Victory is Victory.
Nothing is ever absolute.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Once I Saw A Bird

Chirp, Chirp

Hop, hop

From smiling trees,

To astonished grasses.

Flap, flap

And the orchestra begins,

High and low,

Nature trained voices,

Kisses the wind.

Hop, hop

Flap, flap

And when i moved closer,

Hop, hop, flap, flap

And a depressing silence hugged the air.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Reborn

Lost in the ocean of fear,
Drowning, yet not drowned.
Limitation and fray nerves,
Make the soul lose self worth.
And i wonder, yes i wonder.
Can the ocean of fear be bridged by the bricks of confidence?
I wonder, yes i wonder.
Fighting the heart, fighting for air
Fighting for happiness,
Fighting for love.
But soon, very soon,
I shall win.
My skin glittering in the sun,
As one rubbed with shear butter.
My neck stately like a gazelle
And my words singing in harmonious tunes,
Songs of freedom and peace my soul has found.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Say What You Like

Say i am crazy,
It feels like the nuts of my brain has divorced the bolts,
I search for reason but it has sunk,
Deep into the ocean of fear,
Caressed by the sky of doubt.

Thoughts have gone wild,
They are released,
Now my tormentors,
Forming a strong cavalry of uncertainty,
Of who i am and what i want.

Ask me and i cannot tell,
Desires so frightening,
I've never felt,
Surging in my throat like bile,
Swaying my head, my heart,
For dreams i dare not speak.

Melody Thaila Kuku

She Held His Heart And He, Her Love.

A wandering star and a lonely sky.
Star said to the sky,
Do you believe in true love?
Will you hold my heart,
If e're t'was given to you.

If you trust me with your heart said she,
Then, i'll trust thee with my love.
So she took his heart,
And he kept her love.

And when seasons smoked by,
And he burned out,
She lived happy.
Because she held his heart and he, her love.

None could part with either.
For it gave a memory of love so strong,
Not even death could fade.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Songs Of Love: Part 1

Does my words excite thy Fountain
Till it spills?
Does it tease,
Stroking from top to bottom;
Touching your core?

Do you gasps?
And the fingers searching
In vain for what to grasp?
As the tongue of my words,
Lick your being till the sounds,
Escape from your lips like the hiss Of a wind?

Yea, your words massage my Vanity,
Opening my lips to kiss it;
The lips of my happy thought,
Teasing sweetly the memory of You,
Teasing deep till I lie back.

Your image fliter to my mind,
Touching my eyes,
Touching me hard till i moan in Pleasure,
At the thought of you,
Yielding to the caresses of your Smile.

My core, your answer caresses,
Exploring with fingers of desire,
As I;
Parting, pushing deep, searching, Satisfying,
Gaze at thee,
In depths of happiness.

My thoughts lie apart,
Wide open;
They await your thrust of words.
Open, apart, open, depths, hidden Depths,
Breeding secret corridors,
For a hide and seek of you.

Deeper then deeper my heiress:
I smell of your words and core,
It's fresh and calling,
The horrors of my tongue
Like the octopus,
Drives through and stings;
Yet with pleasurable pain,
Every nook and cranny of your Pride.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Songs Of Love: Part 2

If ye love me,

Then sail with me to the moon,
My arms wrapped around you,
Against the cold that bids us fly.

Can your love sustain?
Warming the heart with fire of time,
Does it build wild fires of happiness?
Leaving me with vacant eyes,
When my soul indeed I give?

Ay, if you build me walls of trust,
I'll never let battering rams of fate,
Shatter through its being,
Nor let your heart like broken glasses,
Adorn the floors.

Then let Cupid play the drums,
For a god and goddess,
Whose thoughts are entwined
In Eros spell,
Be lost in the wetness
Of each other's soul.

Play the pipe then ye good spirits,
Give us good wind to twirl in our
Love,
As a banquet of unity's meat,
And prepares.

Bury your lips in mine my love,
By Jove! I'll hold you by the by,
Till eternity fades,
And new dawn meets us in
Each other's arms,
Lost in a world unknown to mortals.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Songs Of Love: Part 3

I hear your call,

Carried to me by the lips of the wind,
Deep in the blue woods,
Lost in the mystery of the sea.

Like a Ship's horn,
Piercing my soul,
Calling me home to your arms.
Where I find peace in the warmness.

Numbers race in your calendars,
And you sit,
Hands buried in your lap,
Silently, as your heart calls to mine.

Am lost in the taste of adventure,
Sailing my ship through dim weathers,
Through the crazy storm,
And jealous clouds.

Seas to seas,
Land to land,
I've seen all,
Tasted all.

Yes, the sweetness of Eve's daughters.
The pub of life,
The wildness of a hungry soul,
The treasures of desire.

And now, my once stubborn mind,
Moans in emptiness,
Searches for what to satisfy,
But in Vain's shoes.

Then your patient call,
Pierce my soul,
And I listen as it says,
'Come home to me, to my

Undying love”.

The mounting desire to gaze at you,
Plagues my prodigal heart,
As I sail to you,
Mad at the storms of life.

Hands still buried in your lap you sit,
Watching me with milk eyes,
That makes my heart
Bow to your feet,
As my tears caress your knee.

My love,
I whisper as you take my hands.
Lifting a haggard chin,
With innocent fingers,
“It’s over, it’s over”,
You say.

Your lips to mine,
As you lead me away,
The breeze teasing our hairs,
As the sun cast on us,
New rays of sunlight.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Stillborn

Gazes at the faces,
That look back at him,
The warmness of the room,
Calling out to him,
Calling to stay,
Yet the coldness within the soul,
Embraces the soul,
And he closes his eyes,
To his mother's open womb.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Strange Love

The voice coming across the seas,
He could smell the aroma of thick passion,
In a gentle air.
Strings of music play melodies foreign to the heart,
Each pull of words string,
Stroke the heart softly.

Thoughts blossoming into words,
That lick the ink of pens,
Making the heart melt for a touch of the ink's mistress.
Heart played against heart,
Passion or lust?
Love or awe?
Of desires that strange dreams give.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Strangers On Loves Boat

We are stuck, how?
Our world is so apart.
Marooned on Love's boat,
You paddle, i paddle.
But your oar differs from mine.

Your oar is bold and dares the waves
Mine strokes calmly, the waters.
For life has taught me calm
But you stand wild, reaching out to me.

Strangers though we sit close.
A stranger you are still
I quiver with fear and uncertainty
You grin with the joy of adventure,
You seek to explore,
I seek settlement.

But though we were marooned by chance,
I'll say we are strangers still
For restrictions have chained the heart,
And no matter how close we sit,
Your oar differs from mine,
So strangers we must be.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Tell Me What You Think Of My Love

Tell me what you think of my love,
Is it cold or hot?
Does the coldness of my heart,
Chill your soul?

Tell me what you think of my love,
For it wavers and stills,
It cares and ignore,
It promises and fails.

Tell me what you think of my love,
Would you have it forever,
And cry in grey hair,
Or will you let go and be happy?

Let me know now your thoughts,
Let me see the anger on your face,
Let me see your hurt,
That my heart may gladen.

Tell me what you think of my love,
You can't understand it, i know.
Its hard and soothing,
You never will understand,
Till, you learn to be true.

Melody Thaila Kuku

That Golden Móment When The World Stand Still

That golden moment when the world stands still,
Heart beats are calm,
Time pause a while.
But then the silence is broken,
By hushed wísphers
And rustling of harassed leaves.

Yet, it lingers still, faintly.
Hovering around like a fly,
Just to be allowed back.
But the golden pause is gone
The rare moment,
How awesome.

Unexpected it comes,
Unexpected it goes.
And we want it to stay longer,
For its awe presence gives an exalting tingle of pleasure.
Some say angels are passing and require solemnity,
Others say its when man stop to reflect on his life.

Melody Thaila Kuku

The Despicable

The Roach, a most despicable insect.

Ant can be tolerated,
The Mosquito endured,
But never, never the Roach.

He clothes himself with dull brown,
His wings foully transparent,
He smells worse than a four day corpse
Oh! He stinks!

But if ever there is a bad,
Then, there is a good also.
For the roach is meat to geckos,
They who rid man of insects that be nuisance.

And if ever you listen to his whisper,
You will hear him say, □
"Though you love me not mortal, and am despised,
I admire you and seek dwelling with thee.
That each day,
I may have a glimpse of thee."

Does this soften thy heart mortal?
For even in the most despicable of things,
We may find sense.
Sense that may soften the heart.

For man must never be rigid in his action.
Ere to bend may seem graceless,
But it's only the great that understand,
The wisdom in the foolishness of change.

Melody Thaila Kuku

The Dog I Never Had

I trimmed his hairs,
And spent hours grooming him.
With tenderness,
I laid the bowls of meat and milk beside.
Like a proud parent, i watched,
As he gulped his food in delight.

Later in the day we took a walk,
Listening to the music,
As it booms in my street,
Watching the Adults frown,
As i race him to and fro,
Loving the children scream as he bars canine teeth.

At night he laid at the foot of my bed,
As a bed time story i read,
His ears twitching in pleasure,
Of adventures we would have,
If only we had been in the book.

At last Sleep's hand,
Our eyelids could no móre resist,
A peaceful sleep drift we,
And blissful dreams we had,
Of a tomorrow we would want.

Then i woke up.
It was another day,
Of wishes of the things i will do,
With the dog i never had.

Melody Thaila Kuku

The Horizon Shall Rise

Green White Green,
Colours wash my being,
One that gives me pride,
Oh! I care not what men say,
Or thoughts that brew hard in prejudiced hearts.

But i will rise,
Waving the flag,
Of the earth that has given birth to me,
My country,
My Nigeria.

And though the darkness,
of the night,
Seems to prevail,
The horizon shall rise,
High above my beloved homeland.

Melody Thaila Kuku

The Murder Of Anna Blake

The moonlight,

Eyes for the darkness,
Eerie wind promising
As she walked,
Sucking in creams of
And then the sound of
Slowly, in rhythm.

Doubt,

Cold air,
Tapping feet,

Fear tickles her back,
As eyes dart
Silence,
Quickened pace,
Thumping heart,
And the tapping of feet
Faster this time,
The sounds of hurried

Backwards,

Prevails,

Footsteps.

Wading through
Of Rain's tears,
And then, a slip,
She struggles to her
As a warm hand grips
In the dimness of the
She sees,
Her hands be warm
It's poignant fresh
Filling her trembling

Leftovers

Feet,
Her neck.
Moonlight,

With blood,
Scent,
Nostrils.

Her scream, stuck in the throat,
Her eyes closes,
For t'was all she remembered,
As she stood,
At the edge of a mocking cliff,
Held by deathly warm fingers,
That unbuttons in soft rhythm,
Her stubborn blouse.

Prying hands,
Searching, stroking,

Till it settles on the heart,
The numbed body feels now the claws
That grips the centre of life,
Like fine nails,
Piercing deep into the skin,
As an unearthly scream is heard,
In the dead of the night,
And the heart, out like a newborn.

Warm, dripping, red,
So warm,
Trembling in the strong fingers,
As the other half of impatient hands,
Push the stunned body,
Down, down, down into depths,
And the sound of crunched bones,
Embraced by a tired earth.

The screech of an owl,
Caresses the air,
The moon's eyes dims again,
As death's messenger turns,
Swallowed in the gaping mouth,
Of a smiling darkness.

Melody Thaila Kuku

The Rape Of Fair Nigeria

all, ebony black.

A slave of white chains,

Now a freeborn.

Unsure, she takes a step,

Swimming in the pleasure of freedom.

Men with Arms kidnap her.

The years roll away as emotions are chained in silence cage.

For to speak was death.

Then she is released to soar Democracy's sky,

Cornered by false love of lovers,

Led deeper into pits of lack,

Entangled in Lord Debt's net.

The fair maiden tries to stagger away,

But greedy arms stirs her away to corruption's bed.

The clothes torn,

In the midst of dust the fair soul lie

Her legs apart,

Raped.

Four to Eight, four to eight,

The rapists climb on her with a legitimate smile,

Turn by turn they ravage her,

And the world is beguiled.

Raped! yet she smiles.

In the midst of dust and she doesn't notice.

Like one that dreamed she lies,

Half conscious, the other in a dazed slumber.

Raped she still is,

And her lovers are not filled.

The protest of her hairs are drowned in the power of the crafty beasts,

Her legs lie apart, still.

Gang raped by men of parties,

Ganged raped by her guardians,

Who will deliver her?

The Song Of An Aborted Child

It was one dark, dark night,
When love's fragrance filled the Air.
The forbidden fruit was eaten,
And I in minutes was formed.

And oh yes!
I swarm ahead of my brethren,
And now i feel the beauty of being Alive,
Shaped from a union of love.
But now you seek to kill me
To Hospitals, you wander.

Oh, mother!
You were made to have babies,
And suckle them from a heart of Stone.
Now with all nature's gift,
I am to be flushed away,
From the only home my Undeveloped soul has known.

To be thrown away in withered Bags,
And buried in a refuse cradle.
Why give me life,
When a nuisance i pose?
You think only you hurt from Cupid's broken promises?
I too, my heart bleeds,
That I be murdered by a soul Whose kisses,
Would have been the first to caressed my curly brain.

So mortals,
Shield murderers with the Strength of rights,
Back them up with Justice.
But know,
The voices of a million dead,
Murdered by Eve's daughters,
Heaps chants of curses on you.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Through A Child's Eyes

Life's glass is misty,
It gives a hazy view.
Once a child's thought i stumbled on,
And from a child's eye i peeped,
Ask what i saw?

I saw religion tied up,
Each man a chip of its skin took.
Men with dark cross,
Held against their sagging chin,
As they bend over lean sheep
Whose bones stand out in heart breaking rows.

An adult grabs my hand and tells,
As long as you say your prayers,
And you love the hymns,
The trident fork of Lucifer,
Your little eye shall not gaze.

I saw myself a confused child,
Waddling in ponds of angry curses,
Curses spoken against men that ruled.
Father's voice booms over Mother's voice,
Each give a tale of what should be done,
To fat men that they vote.

I see the men's face on TV,
They smile and i like them.
Why does Papa and Mama bother so much?
They say they will spend if they are in the room of power,
Why then do they hate this men?

I see my neighbour the Biscuit seller,
Her hands hard and rough,
The threads stick from her pocket.
I wonder why she is so poor,
Mother says when i grow up i will be rich.
Why then do these adults punish themselves?
When money comes to them as they grow?

Everyday our neighbours fight.
I was told when two people love themselves,
The altar they walk.
But the Uncle upstairs,
Beats his wife to blue
And in the noon,
Brings home a fool.

Men flirt, women flirt.
I begin to dislike the adults ways.
They lie, they cheat.
I don't understand anything.
Maybe am too young as my teacher says.

They say the world i will know,
When age i find.
They say my eyes are not clear to see the world as it is.
I must have an adult's eye,
To tell the world my thoughts.

But let them talk what they want,
I see what i see,
Though through a child's eye i look.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Till Justice Be Born

You can chain man,
But you can't chain truth.
You can destroy life,
But you can't destroy hope
When it is bound to live.

You may hurt those who seek
Justice,
But you forget,
Justice is a friend of Nemesis,
And though justice come not for us,
He comes in Nemesis garments.

You may stain the honest
With accusations,
You may cover the past with mud,
But you cannot cover our eyes,
For now, we have chosen to leave
It open.

And now we see your dirty games,
And though you try to silence
Our voices,
Still it will rise,
Till it sinks into
Our brethren's hearts.

Our voices that
Chant not your praises,
But voices that will come
To your doorsteps,
For all nature's gift
You've squeezed from us,
For all you have plundered.

But then it won't be,
The voice of the powerless,
But one salted
With hot indignation,

And we will rid our land of you,
The knowledge of our rights,
Will drown the last of you.

But now we wait, watching you.
And still we silently warn,
Though many days be for you,
And you gloat in satisfaction,
But one day,
Just one day,
Will be our time,
And Justice will be born.

Melody Thaila Kuku

To God, The Potter

Thou has searched me and known me,
The rising and sitting of my heels,
My thoughts thou knew from a far.
My path you surround
My lying down and ways.

The words on my tongue,
You know by heart.
My soul is beset by thee,
Behind and a fore.
Thy great hands on my shoulder, lay.
Thy knowledge is too wonderful,
Its height i cannot attain.

Whither shall i go from thy spirit?
Whither shall i flee from thy presence?
If i ascend up to heaven,
Thou art there.
If i make my bed in hell,
Thou art there.

If i take the wings of the morning,
And fly to the uttermost part of the sea,
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

If i say the darkness shall cover me,
Even the night shall be light about me.
The darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shíneth as the day,
Darkness and the nights are twins to thee.

Fór thou has possessed my reins,
Thou hast covered me in my móther's womb.

Melody Thaila Kuku

To See The World

Deep down in the heart,
There is a longing,
To explore all the soul has been denied,
Burning like fire,
The desires raze fear to the ground.

For long has the soul lain,
Lost in the embrace of immobility,
Hidden from the eyes of Adventure.
For the soul was but a youth,
One to live in Protection's restriction.

And the eyes of the soul ached,
To see the world,
To take in it's arms,
All Life offered.

To swim against the tide of pleasure,
And then let the grin of age spread.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Tom Cats Or Men

Trotting along, head high,
Tail swinging.
Tom Cats or men,
Open the heart and you will see ego.

Chasing furs, chasing skirts.
Casanovas with no thought to cupids true arrows,
Clueless, oh! So clueless.

Feminine flaws can be pardoned,
Compared to their errs.
Eyes glued to their nose,
Beyond their reasoning they cannot see.

Pride is their meat,
Served on a platter of gold,
They show muscles in the sun,
The feminine race use wisdom to conquer.

Tom Cats or Men?
Who can understand their ways?
We can only sigh,
For Heaven made them head,
So head they must be.

Confused when wounded with Cupid's arrow,
The boldness is gone,
When before heart throb they stand,
So stutter and stammering be their lot.

So proud, yet like babes.
Without us their race in chaos dwell.
Yet, a haughty smile they give,
And with raised shoulders,
They tell us who they are.

Tom Cats or men?
Whatever you call it,
That masculine pride,

The hairs on my skin stand,
As my cheeks go red.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Until The Birth Of Civilisation

Thatches hug one another in hot union.
Locks of hair hang loose on the sides.
my nostrils.

The scent of its earth sweat, fills

aroma. And i salivate.
Home of my ancestors,
forefathers.

The smell of earth, so sweet an

Dwelling place of my

Í sit at the 'Ate' beside the burning fire.

And i dreamed,

I dream of baskets filled with yams,
And women grinding corn in the sun.

I see strangers passing by,
And elders with clothes draped over their Shoulders invite them in,
My ears are fill with the pounding of yams.

Not yet polluted by civilisation,
But very soon it will disappear.
My Tiv hóme in the heart of nature.
And there will be no 'Ate'.

When the thatches gíve way to zincs, And the basket overflows with
commercial meal, Meal that chokes mortal system.

When the farm paths have been cleared, And tractors overthrow the
reign of hoes, And there will be nó burning fire to warm the cold.

Then the thatches, 'Ates' and burning fires,
Will disappear into history books along with our forefathers,
And men will read and say they knew our culture.

Till then i will drink in the beauty of the ancient land,

And the ancient arts that define our hospitability, I will warm my cold soul in
the fire of our heritage.

Till our names be heard in the news,
And the sun rise on our mountains, And our world be revealed to
men,
Our world hidden in the beautiful shadows of the past.

Till our land give birth to the newness of development.
Till civilisation be born.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Up Nepa!

Up NEPA!

Last four years I heard the shout,
Up NEPA!
Ten years ago its scent
Was on my nostrils,
Now years come and go,
Babies are born and grow old,
Yet this words be passed on,
An inheritance.

When would new break of dawn,
Meet with light awaiting our eyes?
When shall the time come when,
Generators would fade
From our lives?

When would these words,
Up NEPA!
Cease to be part of our future?
Instead, to be made a tale,
One to be told to our
Children's children,
They who should see better days.

Melody Thaila Kuku

When Maid Earth Be Green Again

Once upon a time when the fair maid Earth was made,
She was all green with fresh springs to wash her.
So beautiful was she and serene.
And men who lived with her loved her.
For she was bliss, yes she was bliss.
For man and beast alike dwelt in the calm of her arms.
Rocking in the wide bosom that stretched from sea to sea.

But then, ages passed and hearts fell to ambition.
Men loved her no more.
For in her they saw a Maid to explore.
Defile her, they did,
For they wanted dominion over all that dwelt in his arms.
And as the ages passed, they grew.
Men made great fires that choked Earth's breath,
Fire from irons and pipe houses.

And Earth sat, calling to them.
But no, they were gone wild now.
Improve they did and it hurt
And slowly, her skin faded,
The fresh greens on her face replaced with dusty black.
Her bosom was hot now, burning the ice patches of her
Graceful body.
Her lovers looked and cried,
What has made the fair Maid thus?
Global warming, some cried.

They paced about in her arms,
Confused of how to save her.
And oh, they talked,
But nothing was done and she sank to her feet.
The beauty is gone and now she is a monster.
Yes, a monster spitting harsh wind on men,
Flooding her lovers habitat with milk.
And they cried, "Hurricane".
Confused with thoughts now to restore her.

But she will have her revenge,

Till they get rid of the irons and pipes
That burns her soul,
Till, she be green again.

Melody Thaila Kuku

When The Dana Bird Crashed

Bad Engines, faulty parts.
Who cares? It doesn't matter, we'll fly anyhow.
The ear is filled with slapping of currencies together.
Who cares?

Nothing ever happens.
And so they say as they fly the rusted bird.
Route to route Pilots whispers shakey prayers.
Yes, nothing ever happens.

Then one day the bird gets sick and can go no more
But it holds on a while,
Distress calls are received

Control Tower is confused,
Cabin Crew calm is going fray.
Fear rules now for its rapidly made a King.
Men holds wives, women clutch children.
Everywhere agog with cries and fear laden prayers.
The journey to the creator was not expected,
At least not yet.

Thoughts drift back to the life lived.
All the precious words to be spoken to loved ones,
Opportunity to be taken, peace to enjoy.
Now to be sacrificed,
As burnt offering to the air.

Chaos walks loose with fear,
as the carriage of death lowers, descending on innocent buildings,
A man asleep in his room,
A mother in her kitchen,
Some with eyes glued to TV,
A loud sound then all lay unconscious.

The Bird's occupants screams pierces Heaven's ears.
'Jump off, ' the thoughts scream'.
My wife, my husband, ny children, my life were last words.
And in a split second, fire embraces them.

Cries of pain, choking roasted aroma fills the air as flesh burns.

Beautiful souls, charred.
Ambitions razed to ashes,
Dreams blown away by the wind.
Stumps left as testimonies of lives.
Testimonies of those sacrificed.

Sacrificed? Yes, sacrificed.
All because because they dwelt in a country where anything went.
Who cares? It doesn't matter.
A faulty Bird was new as long as it could caress the air.

Then blames were passed.
But if the charred souls were to blame,
Who and what will their blame slash at?
Those who cared for the carriage of death
Or those who compromised the rules for Birds owners?
Who cares? It doesn't matter.

Melody Thaila Kuku

When Will Her Feet Dance?

The feet are locked in heavy chains,
Her chains jingle in her ears,
Sounds only she can hear.

When last did her feet move to the voice of music?
When last did they gather dust in excitement?

Only time would tell when they would be free,
For how can men understand why she dance not again?
When the answers lay in the deep wounds of her heart,
Wounds only joy can heal.

For how can a heart with much sorrow,
How can a life that has know neither peace or love,
Swirl in the wind?
Can these feet tap to Music's voice?
Can they

Melody Thaila Kuku

Why Are The Shepherds Silent?

Rushing blindly into the ditch,
Driven by pleasure the slave Master,
Broken limbs, damaged emotions.
No warning was given,
They are led on by
Their watchers greed,
They who strip their pockets of coins,
And splash incantations of blessings
On the flock,
Who look on with heart so pure,
Or not so pure.

Shepherds, fat shepherds,
Leading fat and lean flock alike,
Along broad ways of destruction.
Soothing words are
Spoken to wayward sheep,
For their wool are too valued
To be thrown away by harsh truth.
Gentle staff, rubbed in oil of guile,
Preferred to be held,
Then prickly staff of blunt truth.

Wools and meat,
Placed above souls
Of misguided sheep.
Where are the voices
That once challenged ancient kings?
Where is the sound of rough rebuke?
That saved sheep from wandering to
Wolves pub?

The kings are failing,
The sheep are dying,
The world smells,
The pastures are sour,
Why are the shepherds silent?

Tis because they are but hirelings,

No place in the heart
For the flock they lead.
Organisations for sheep protection,
They form,
As lies sit on their tongue,
And any shepherd who wield
The staff of truth,
Is pushed into a pit of falsehood,
His garment, stained.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Yet, I Will Rise

Though you whip me with words,
And say you see through me with glistening eyes,
Though my back be bent with your hate.
And you show hopelessness to my eye,
Yet, I will rise.

Through forked tongues you judge my worth,
My soul is placed on a scale that fails.
And I swim in the poison of your serpent friendship.
But though you throne me on the seat of failure,
Yet, I will rise.

Yet, I will rise.
Not to walk the steps of a defeated man,
But against the fear and hate you breed me with.
I will rise against your oracles that say I am nothing.

And though you triumph, its but a while.
For I am patient, I've known no other way.
Yet in patience I work, finding the lost me.
But you are blind to it, blinded by your ill wishes.

And when you think my soul lay at the bosom of the ocean,
Never to rise, when you dust your palm,
And smiles sit on your faces,
The laughter ringing out from the hole below your nostrils.
Yet, I will rise.

Never to fall no more,
To rule my world, to conquer.
Then I will be victor and you vanquished.

Melody Thaila Kuku

Yinkus

In your eyes,
I see mysteries,
And like Gulliver,
You chase adventure's tail,
The lust for her wine,
Soaring deep in your belly.

Cryptic writings of pyramid Egypt,
Be what i see on thy face.
Deep soul,
I seek to understand
but not even an eagle's eye,
Can break through the code of thy emotions.

So like a wary chick,
I stand back,
Arms around the smiles you give me,
Picking the silent words
From your soft laughter,
Basking in the euphoria
That, i know thy soul.

Melody Thaila Kuku

You Tried Too Hard To See

Yes, you try
To see beyond the walls
That shields my heart from thy sight.

Yes, you try
To read from my dark eyes,
Words that are left unspoken,
The covered hurt that raise its head,
Once in a blue moon.

But how can you see?
When you tried too hard see,
A soul plain to a baby,
A heart that weakens with time's whips.

A heart that awaits Cupid's battle of waterloo,
To conquer its resolve.

Melody Thaila Kuku