

Poetry Series

micheal udenyi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

micheal udenyi(14 april)

This is me..... Ask me in person! ! !

#####jamboree Of Dancing#####

Jingle! jingle! ! went the bells
come running with your happy yells
come O' ye birds of the air
witness the joyful birth of a flair

\$
Come nightngale with your sonorous song
that he who was born sixth August may live long
tell world without end of his birth with joy profound
In smoothened voice with irresistble sound

\$

Come beautiful maidens and pretty damsels
dance to the songbird's soulful yodels
while the angelic dance troop joins us singing
let the whole world be in a jamboree of dancing

\$
May we all many more days of this sort find
for here we have amongst my kin a wonder-kind
let all and sundry give him a kudos hullabaloo
for like a knight in shinnig amour his name is Chinedu
#####

This poem is dedicated to Udenyi John Chinedu
on his birth day
MAY YOUR WISHES COME TRUE ON YOUR BIRTHDAY
LOVING YOU

micheal udenyi

= Death = Shall = Equalize = Us = All =

There are as many offenders as are the laws
one for the rich one for the poor
the law is an ass that's been messed by flaws
but death shall equalize us all

When their cup is full to overflow
and their evils unguarded go
they live to die and in resurrection overgrow
but death shall remedy all their woe

When two play one must loose
life or death each one must choose
all must die all must cruise
but death in life in love must fuse

Let the criminal that decree against crime
die painfully, yes die for a long time
the good die young, yes in their prime
but time cannot heal, no not in time

micheal udenyi

=====thou O' Man=====

Thou O' man art great
quintessence of worthless glories
monstrous octopus beyond the mirrors of thought
vocanically erupted from the society of wombs

Oh that thine heart listened to the death groans of the world
colossal giant re-echoing "thou O' man"
art in a state of homo homine lopus
bellum ominium contra omnes

Thou O' man art difficult, corrupt, evil
ungrateful, fickle, false, coveteous, tricky
deserving only shrewd, clever and merciless master
even at these, thou O' man art great

Thine centuries long grandiose dream is come to fruition
flawn like birds and explored the space
unleashed the atom, prolonged life span
conquered diseases and studied the logics in bios

As though that aint enough O' man
thou hast controlled solar energy and mesured the world
reached the moon and photographed the planets
thou O' man art at the centre of the cosmos

O' man, my man, perfect in every sense the image of God
enraptured in the euphoria of illusive passions
O' temptous past! tormentous present! uncertain future!
Unbelief, unbelief of man in himself

Wherefore didst thou ostracise thy God?
how now canst thou face misforfortune all alone?
who says thou canst endure suffering and accept death?
for all that thou hast He made, thou did only but discover
of a truth " thou canst only be governed with guns"

micheal udenyi

=====**void**=====

I feel an emptiness inside of my soul
the things i love i hate the m just so
Oh love! love! do i mean hate
nothinhg matters, not even fate

When i sleep, empty nights
vain dreams vain academic light
I have not eaten for a night or two
may be its the cause, cause i'm hungry too

Poor me! no appetite for diet meal
I hate me, no not me
fear, fear, yea of the future
the great future renown

Damn dirty dealings dreary dad
thou doth make me much mad
that wonderful trick of nature do vent
and I resign to parent my parents

I disown all paternal links
shall I disdain the maternal bond-wink
all is gross, all is cruel, I am forgotten
but I see in the future-mirror crowds knocking on my begotten

micheal udenyi

=====**evil Reign**=====

Unaged, embarked on knightly travel
possessing spoils, claiming bonds
visiting sweet revenge on my foes
no time to fuel flickering fires

Desire, passion and vengeance
my eminent mission and reliance
the world doth love me, see? I'm famous
for evil doth triumph over good

Little shadows overshadow great lights
nothing works but silent darkness
noisy silence, good is dumb
evil so eloquently convince and flaunt

Flowery disguise of lambent wolves
doth sniff out the spirit of the times
the times! who says crime does not pay?
today, I am crowned "father of the fatherless"

people people how could you be so blind
followers of the great oasis
hate love love hate so shall you come to ruin
haven put an end to the reign of good

micheel udenyi

=====tragedy Of The Little Loyolite=====8/10/08

It was told a few months back
of a fatal spot; bodies of the dead it did not lack
being too young never took it to heart
but death lurked in their future art
it was holiday so home they did go
to the airport they all did flow

Friends and foes bade them goodbye
as they climbed the jet's sprawled stairs by and by
with usual ease from regular practice
all sat in reckless abandon like famous artists
as all and sundry stood and did stare
the homebound "metallic monster" into the air

Sooner than later lost in the mist
the sosolists soon realised something was amiss
announces "we got a little problem, please sit tight"
but the little Loyolites were all filled with fright
twenty six thousand feet off the ground
this is not like the amusing tale of a merry -go- round

Time and tide bore no tale
for the little loyolites whose tale I tell
poor little Loyolites, sixty in number
because the sluggard government did but slumber
fell hither and thither as their end drew near
"the ground is near there is no need to fear"

Descended to the ground in a risky slanting manner
with a mighty thud like that of a thunder
soon ablaze it was shjarply driven
Little Loyolites survived hell to die in heaven
in the very eyes of waiting parents and relation
so gory a slap on the face of our giant nation

Burnt and whitened in saint's crystal glass
they did but fly deeper into the air alas

shame on a country flowing with milk and honey
but lacked water in an International Airport though they had the money
cry my beloved country, ought we not to cry?
till our tears purge us of this sticky fly

micheal udenyi

=====seat Of Mercy=====

My tears ascends up to heaven for mercy praying
to the seat of mercy that transcends mercy pleading
knocking relentlessly for the Most High's attention wailing
laying bare my secret addiction for the blood's cleansing

my desires descends down to hell burning
to the pit where like attracts like gnashing
my foes, my woes with it intertwining
old nick may start from where i stopped masturbating

the joys that follows repentance flowing
through the heart that once housed evil singing
Each day on my knees praying rejoicing
with the king of kings that Lords the lords smiling

micheal udenyi

=====tales Of Woe=====

My songs of sorrow and tales of woe
now sings melodiously in the ears of my foes
lip to lip and ear to ear they laugh as I sink
for not a soul in my favour would blink

I have travelled each and every highways
in search of greener pastures but had only dark days
I ran to the East but was pushed to the West
North and South would not shelter my bones; be I first

I hid beneath the to be sheltered by its branches
but there was no hope even in churches
I climbed to the tree top but on the ground landed
left alone to die on the seashore stranded

I toiled on the soil, cultivated and harvested
only to find my crops pest infested
I turned to the East but the rising sun burnt me
I ran to the West at sunset but darkness blindfolded me

I pleaded with the weather but the South rain had me drenched
I walked with the North but the heat and thirst I had not quenched
I went into the jungle but the beasts gnarled at me
resigned to fate, i said "what will be will be"

Just then, I beheld glimmering and shimmering a divine favour
heavenly wage for my intense labour

micheal udenyi

====arise Oh Compatroits==== 19/9/2008

As they move they sway from side to side
Innocent vandals paid themselves to guide
though constitution gave the right to have a say
these great giants always will have their way

The fate of the fateless ant
beneath the hooves of the great elephant
thus resign to death and cureless ruin
so have we youths even to our own ruin

We aide and abait their every aims
so that little worthless peanuts we might claim
while our future heads for the bush
why not now lie in wait for blood bath and ambush

Oh fruitful youngs of the pregnant ox
the game they play is not for us
close your eyes lest you see their gory doom
turn your back and learn not of their boom

We have a great nation to protect
from foul legacies lest they infect
arise now young compatroits and fear not the cost
for our course is worth the price though we die or we rust.

micheal udenyi

A Cry For Help

the evils that are done in this country
are too great for the ears alone to hear
they are too much for the eyes alone to see
for the those who promised to lead us
to the promised wonder land makes us sin
they make life too hard for the voiceless
for good and evil they skillfully interchange
light they have replaced with darkness
and make bitter sweet life
for wise they are in their own self conceit
in their own sight they are most prudent
and when in the court of justice
the wicked are justified
if would pass a handfull of money in the back
the righteous is denied his right to justice
in favour of themselves are decrees made
they prescribe and write down other's misfortunes
the needy they rob of the nothing they have

micheal udenyi

A Little Feel Of Thee

Nooks and crannies we tossed and turned
divergent opinions for multifaceted purpose
hither, thither, afore, before the search for thee
some found thee, others didn't but to thee run all
for we all have a story to tell of the little feel of thee

Those who found thee live life Arcadian
for you can but clean our heart, our Augean stable
a little taste of thy attic salt
could make a scarecrow man feel o apollo's
a little feel of thee yet do i plead

some found thee in the still creamy river flow
others in the rumbles of oceanic war
some in the morning's golden sunny rays
few in God's love letter to his beloved [bible]
but i seek to find mine in thine eyes

micheal udenyi

A New Dawn

Changes here and there
Eve no longer in her golden garden
accompanied by Adam now lives here
her breasts now pulpy she's no longer a maiden

Poor Lazarus is no longer at the richman's gate
haven cried so much now in heaven with no more cries
the richman in hell now begs to mitigate
his riches left behind is of no use as now he dies

Sacred libation drowned in holy water
our locution is guided by the Bible
angered is our hungry goddess of water
deserts now forest the proud is humble

The gods suddenly are banned
the chief priests are sent on exile
Amadioha's shrine is laid desolate and
the albinish man now sends us missile

Our land marks are taken
by our foes and we are left with nothing to manage
we are misruled and forsaken
and left to be free in bondage

The Ichie, Igwe, and the Ozor title
are now a thing of mockery
they are left with value less than little
consigned for the later is the mastery

The revered misogynist has gained his libido
a problem of mind boggling complexity
the landlord is a tenant in his own land, thur!
i merely in fortitude watch the laxity

Our locution left only for the aged
our ripe virgins are wildly in chase of the latter day
in lassitude i rage but now resigned to gauge
truelly, I have seen a will not guarantee a way

micheal udenyi

Across The Rain Clouds

Above, the sky, the misty rain cloud crawl
silently gliding the heaven's fluffy surface
gathering with her the beauties of the high heavens
she called to me "would you like a row"

A row? indeed a row across the rain cloud
to the palacial abode of the One Holy One
sinking through the silvery fibric cotton up so high
to the seat where Mercy pleads for the little little mercies

Where there exists no pain, no sorrow, no fear
cloudless land of blue skies and sunshine
no lords, no masters, just kings of equal ranks
a peaceful world across the rain cloud

micheal udenyi

African Queens

African queens are beautiful
they are surpple and sweet
they are loving and caring
with all the qualities expected of a woman

African queens are humble
the maintain a rich culture
they are wonderfully made
they are meek and respectful

Some may even wish to ask
"what about thier kings? of which i'm one
African kings are wise
they travel far and wide

Traveling they say
is part of education
African kings are educated
they go in search of greener pastures

African queens are pretty
they are marriable materials
and a rare commoditty
can't be given in exchange for gold

Theeeey are virtous
they are the pride
of the men who marry them
and a blessing to her children

African queens are respectfunl
they are the desire of most continents
they are the epithome of beauty
and the life of her home

she does not cause problems
neither does she scatter her home
she brings peaceany where she goes
she is the glory of her nation

Strangers realised this
and took our queens to wife
why then do we sell our rights
o you kings of Africa

Why marry from abroad
when we have so many at home
let us all come home
and marry our virgins queens at home.

micheal udenyi

And So It Was.

After the rough passage of uniform regime
a new set of leaders were yet at hand
a group of candidates from far and wide
came not for the people her party to represent
but this to the people yet was sealed
for they all echoed the last was bad
the military were harsh and very hard
the civilians are more of humans and so is better
or so they thought
and so it was
that the candidates of democracy
came up with thier party's agenda
they made so many promises of which there is no number
they promised the people a heavenly earth
if only their bid they would support
the students rallied and campaigned around them
at the mere sound of free education
the public officers jumped and debated in support of them
at the mere mention of payment of pension
they promised solar electricity
for the masses who desired this above all
free hospitals and good access roads for the masses
who blindly rioted for thier sake
they all surrounded and supported their bid
and soon after election they became great
their sole desire now in their palms
they became so rich that they forgot thier pleas for support
in and out ofthe country was all they could do
thier pockets full of pounds and dollars
naira and kobo became nothing but chicken change
they feasted on foreign tables
with strangers around thier table
all politicians except some with little integrity
were invited to the feast on our national treasure
non was without a pocket full
as the people stood and stared from afar with mouth ajar
and so it was
that it never came to pass
thier sea full of promises

dried within a twinkling of an eye

micheal udenyi

Bad Comments.

Give me work to do
Show me how to do it
If i fail to do it
Punish me severely.

Give me a query to answer
Deny me of my rightful position
If you feel i am wrong
But do not use bad comments.

Give me grass to cut
Show me how to cut it
If i fail to cut it
Beat me blue black

Give me books to read
Manhandle me mercilessly
If i fail to read them
But do not use bad comments

Bad comments are like arrows
Shot at the heart
It pierces through to the mind
And wounds the healthy soul

It is never forgotten
It glitters as the stars
It burns as the fire
And rekindles the mind

When ever the commentor comes
It is remembered
He said this about me
I will never forgive him

Never give bad comments
About somebody
It is easily remembered
It is an ever green wound

Given to the healthy soul.

micheal udenyi

Be My Val

I know i am not bold
i know i am just too shy
i know i may not be fun enough
but just be mu val

I may not be welcoming enough
i may not receive you with loving smiles
i may not welcome you with open arms
but just be my val

I may not be perfect at love making
i may not be as hilarious as you would
i may not be as handsome as you think
but just be my val

I may not be as helpful as you had expected
a bunch of catastrophe i may be
i may the guy that burst your burble
but just be my val

I may as troublesome as trouble
i may be as implicative as implication
i may be as problematic as problem
but just be my val

I may not know what you want
nor even have the money to buy them
i may not buy you a val gift
but just be my val

I may not have sent you a love letter
i may not have shown you how much i cared
i may not have sent a teddy bear with flowers
but just be my val

I may not have received you with a hug
i may not know you by your name
but if you don't mind it won't matter
as long as you become my val

I may not know what it means to love
but i know you could teach me that
i may not have seen people express love
but i know val day is love's day.

micheal udenyi

Bear The Cross

All is gross
that bears no cross
from the mountain top
they hawl and flop
and then they gawk
just like hawk
full of ambition
they put at risk our nation
and so they die
we suffer the cost of their cast die

micheal udenyi

Behold The Man

Behold the man
whose life
is worth the lives of a thousand slaves
whose wife
shall tread upon our wives
she shall be our imperial majesty
whose son
shall deny our sons their right
whose daughter
shall knock our fathers on the head
whose household
is worth all the inhabitants of our nation

Behold the runaway soldier
who shall speak to us in civic language
teach us our history
and spell our doom
behold the come-back-king
whose voice shall sentence us to death
preside over our destinies and
blow us hot and cold

That tyrant
whose boots kicked our groin, crushed our bones
and condemned us to this present misery
behold him
whose khaki apparel intimidated our strong
who sang songs of hope to us
but decreed his way into the castle of our skin
whose left hand upheld the law
and his right hand the gun

He is the man
whose dagger pierced our spines
severing the bond of oneness that held us together
splitting every shred of morality left in us
whose dogs
attacked and wounded us
defiling our daughters and killing our sons

and parted us from our ancestral heritage
our own father's farms
they hunted us for games
they licked our blood on the streets
and fed on our broken bones

Here he comes
cheer him
hail him
vote him
he will lead us
he will kill us
we will vote him
he will starve us
we will vote him

We forgive easily
we have very short memories
behold him on posters around town
his name is planted on our lips
with his smiles he upset political calculations
they call him guru
they call him master
he knows the game well
he is the man behind the man in front of you
VOTE HIM

micheal udenyi

Best Gifts To Give

the best gift to give
to an enemy is forgiveness
to an opponent is tolerance
to a friend is sincerity

the best gift to give
to your wife is heartfelt love
to your husband is honesty and understanding
to your mother is good conduct

the best gift to give
to your father is humility
to your children is a good example
to your employer is faithfulness

the best gift to give
to your subordinate is encouragement
to your self is respect
to all men is charity

the best gift to give
to your country is patriotism
to your family is your attention
to God your creator is devotion

learn to appreciate the giver
more than the gift
you will never be forgotten
for the gift that cost you nothing

micheal udenyi

But The World Is Not Enough

But the world is not enough i tell my friends
the strong keeps the spoil for the materially weak
there is land here and there but there is no soil
turn your back forth and fore and he will owe you nought
this rhymeless piece forerun to illustrate
the bias breach of our classical gaps

Man though many but lonely in this large box
that roll and whirl on and he notes it not
exist, exists and will always exist
codified for the coerced children of cosmos
highly evolved and yet chopped up like cole slaw
evoked evince yet surpassed by the supreme beings

But the world is not enough, i tell the calloused world
from the mountain peak to the dept of thje valley
we fight to own and yet we own nought
but our mortal flesh of which we have no claim
we war, we kill, we own and yet we want more
it satisfies not, it comforts not, tell the deities to enlarge our coast

We can but make no choice, who knows which is better
destined for episode inbetween two oblivions
the great wished he were poor yet the poor hope on
for the priceless joys and hapiness to acquire thats too costly
seen and unseen glories he wished for himself but still
to live is to suffer, to die to rest

micheal udenyi

Come Home

At the age of three
life in Enugu wasn't too good
even as a child
i felt the pains

Mother went cold
to the great beyond
had to be buried
at home town we all agreed

All to the village
i felt exalted
finally we arrived
with pretended smiles as we were well recieved

Mothers body laid
to rest in peace
on the 7th day after death
too tender to notice
the lose of a dear one

sympathizers were much
as well as pretenders
and a child haven lost nothing
i felt on top of the world
as i recieved them with open arms

Six years at home
with long suffering and hard labour
i felt hell for i was terribly bored
all alone with so much work at home

Miraculously back at Enugu
for the best two years of my life
enjoyed the fatherly love
and wished it never came to an end

As fate may have it
my okpara took me to PortHarcourt

for seven terrible years
and not a single day of joy

Worked all day and toiled all night
an okpara who wished me good
made life too terrible for me
i wished to go home

On transfer to Abuja
for educational reasons
rolled from frying pan
right into the hottest spot of the fire

So i was rolled into the hands
of a pharocious brother
all this while i wished to go home
i kept wishing for so long

Now two years in Abuja
and still there seems to be no hope
i have no choice
rather than to hope

Each night in my dreams
i hear a soft voice
singing relentlessly in my ears
"wandering child
please come home"

micheal udenyi

Corruption In High Places.

Amaka for president
Abeola for governor
Tarzamu for chairman
all politicians
seeking for quest
to increase thier fame
they came up with thier manifestors
which was all we saw ever after
they made so many promises
which they never fulfilled
and with thier self serving lies
they wiped up storms
able bodied young men favoured
by the famous politicians
armed with amunitions to guard
remembering an enemy
which they long held grudge against
and made sure he was evaporated
and [never forgot thier allies]
who helped falsify elections
for strong they were indeed
empowered by riches and fame
they had fiery breath
which to beware by the poor
they could easily babecue
the fly which flew too close
so they made themselves
kings of the earth
in the first year of thier reign
they did tricks to amaze
they astounded the masses
who wathed with delight
but the subsequent years
held problems galore
with a scarcity few barely survived
just when the masses
were about to give up
I.C.P.C. arrived
majestically with power

added with authority
patched up the homes
demolished by politicians
cleared out the fields
allowed to overgrow
cured our people
of most of thier ills
one of which was evil
as well as currupcion
seconded and supported
by the already famous E.F.C.C.
and the ever able
Code of Conduct Bureau
all came together
to pull down the tyrant
who made the lessers
surround and support the great
having set directions
for others to debate
look at the bunch of students
feeding on knowledge
thier teachers guiding them
through new topics
haven learnt thier lessons
still remain within the schools
believing thier teachers
to cast away the stranger
now headed organisations arose
tackling all thease problems
from the simple to the trickish
these organisations have knowledge
but the people never agrees
hoping none of these is actually a pretender
directing them according to thier agenda
but the economy is in trouble
that we all can see
all because of the leaders
and the led society as well
they all contributed
to make currupcion surface
is there any way
to stop currupcion in high places?

i mean a royal rout
that leads to our ultimate objective
but still we all have a role to play
in keeping corruption at bay
in this our great nation.

micheal udenyi

Daddy Wasn'T There

when i was catechised
when i was bowdlerised
when i was circumcised
when i was baptised
my daddy wasn't there

when i was criticised
when i was antagonised
when i was bastardised
when i was brutalised
my daddy wasn't there

when i became civilised
my properties i privatised
i became centralised
my was computerised
my daddy wasn't there

my offenders apologised
my enemies eulogised
my brothers tantalised
i thought i was organised
still my daddy wan't there

the devil brought another device
when they said i was demonised
i was caught and breathalysed
and finally exorcised
my daddy wasn't there

i became disorganised
i was moralised
and deeply traumatised
i was no longer globalised
my daddy wasn't there

my life capsized
everybody emphasised
that i have been categorised

as one of those who were mesmerised
my daddy wasn't there

now i'm heavily energised
now ready to equalise
my life was formalised
my neighbours epitomised
my daddy wasn't there

the devil was immobilised
lucifer was disenfranchised
old nick was destabilised
their kingdom was disorganised
my daddy wasn't there

my daddy wasn't there
to take me to the fair
and join me to enjoy
no reason to fear
it seems he doesn't care.

micheal udenyi

Days Of My Prime

I wish it were in those days
when her lamp shone upon my path
i walked through darkness by her light
in the days of my prime

When her motherly counsel were yet with me
and my brothers flocked arround me
my steps were bathed with milk
all wanted to identify with me

when my mate saw me and hid
the princes and princesses wil stop to talk
they cover their mouth with thier hand
the voices of the nobles was hushed

when the ear that heard blessed me
when the eyes that saw aproved of me
because i help the poor who cried
i provided for the fatherless and te needy

i helped those about to perish
the widows heart sang for joy
my justicse was like robe and turban
i was eyes for the blind

i was feet for the lame
ear for the deaf
father to the poor
i wish it were in those days

when my glory was fresh within me
when men listen to me
and kept slient when i spoke
and when i am done speaking they speak no more

and my speech settled on them like dew
because my mother taught me virtue
for she was the lady of the land.
but now all that is by gone

i am now laughed by those younger than i
and those whom i gave light in darkness
now scorns my name
i just wish it were in those days of my prime

micheal udenyi

Democracy In My Country

Democracy is not
one man do your wish
democracy is not autocratic
it is the government of the people
elections in my country
is now selection
it is covered with stories
of electoral violence
spilling of blood
snatching of ballot papers
intimidation of electoral officers
election in mycountry is not democratic
as i student i know what i'm saying
if you think you are bold enough to speak your mind
hired assassins would pay you a visit
one thing is certain they can't do it all
they will never decieve all the people
all the time
just some of the people
some of the time
if only the masses knew thier onion
as it is in the constitution
they would realise that all we need is unity
when a man decides to kill and bury himself alone
of a certainty that is bravery
but one hand i asure
must appear above ground level
unity among the preys
makes the predators die of hunger
the importance of the leg
is known when trying to stand on the head
democracy is unity
united we stand
divided we fall

micheal udenyi

End Of Me

Just because i am born of a woman
my life is but for a few days
but my world is surrounded by troubles
i rise gloriously like a flower at dawn
but in the evening i fade away
like a shadow i try to run
but as a man i cannot continue
my days on earth has been predetermined
the number of my steps are being counted
the number my months are all recorded
my limits in life has been appointed
so that i cannot exceed
i have no rest because i'm full of worries all about me
just as a mountain falls and crumbles away
and a rock is being moved from its place
as stones are being worn away by running waters
and as the soil is being washed away by erosion
so also have my hopes in life been destroyed
for there is hope for a tree
it would sprout again after it is cut down
and never will its tender shoots cease
old in the ground it's roots may grow
and die in the ground it's stump may too
yet bud it will at the slightest touch of moist
like a plant it will produce it's branches
but if i die i am laid away
indeed i breath my last
and where am i?
six feet beneath the soil
for as water dries from the sea
and a river runs out of water
so will i lie down and not rise
till the heavens are passed away
i will never awake
nor be awakened from my dreams
for this shall be the end of me
but you surely are not excused.

micheal udenyi

Endless Love

Days have passed
since i left you
but it is as fresh as yesterday
you will be in my heart
for the rest of my life

Distance they say
kills love
but yours
don't seem to die

it's always fresh
in my mind
i will always think
of the time we shared together

The way you talked
touched me
and most of all
the way you call my name
you are always on my mind

micheal udenyi

Exhausted But Still In Pursuit

Been running for days
never ready to retire
always ahead
the enemies behind
the goal to get
at all cost

Never to quit
rather to continue
though tired
never retires
the goal still ahead
the enemies still behind
already exhausted
but still in pursuit

Being attacked from all corners
surrounded by evils without heads
found in the state of dilemma
already pushed to the walls
though choiceless has the right
to decide whether to surrender
or better still fight to the finish
with the goal still a must to get

Weak to the bones
after some days run
wanted to rest
a great deal
to stop for a while
afterwards continue the race
but time i'm sure never would wait
not even for a second
i just wished to God
this goal may get

As i run for this goal
for which i'm in pursuit
i then realised

i have gone too far
to stop and stare
or even take along
a kettle nor a laddle
i've got to run
against my wish

Now the last day
after the restless And pursuit
the enemies withdrew
as i reached for my goal
the gold my goal
as i lift the trophy
i turned and stared
at the worlds angry stare

But alas to my surprise
the world though angry
stood aside
to let me pass
because i knew exactly
where i was heading
for the race was real
pursued was i
exhausted was i
but still in pursuit

micheal udenyi

Farewell To Love

I gave up all i had
just for me to be heard
but lacked the boldness
to fix the bait to the hook

I tried to open up
but all i could like a broken cup
was to see myself shattered in shamble
as though defeated in a rumbe

She loves some one else
for so i was told or else
i would have been gone
but my love sticks like gum

Fare well to love
good bye my love
as i leave you like a friend
to meet at last like strangers

Why is love so cruel
to have tortured the heart once loved
she may not have noticed
but a murderer having mudedred

micheal udenyi

Free In Bondage

"Man was born free but every where in chain"
bondage is to freedom what war is to peace, we maintain
vital opposites that occurs steadily in nature
dilemma; freedom or bondage, either we must feature
Nigeria has made her choice, but what?

Sophisticated minds all in a state of boredom
could not unravel our clouded societal topsyturvidom
Oh wretched nation! could thou not afford free rein
to have allowed our fourth estate's parade to get drenched in rain
Nigeria got her freedom in 1960, but are these not slaves?

The rapport onwardly quibbles between She and her values
tragically, we have refused to learn from history as is due
sufference and hardship is now our coat of arm
our badge of identity now misery and harm
Are not coup d' etats now the order of the day?

Evil has so reigned that corrupyion is now our culture
condemnation is surely in our nature
"where from" and "where to" mere question tag
integrity, transparency and accountability are now too much of a fag
My God! who would think for the unthinking crowd

micheal udenyi

Gloria

One day i looked up
and there you were
like a simple question
looking for an answer

Now i am a whale
listening to some inner calls
swimming blindly to throw myself
upon your shore

What if i don't find you
when i have landed
would you live me here
to die on your shore stranded

Think i know why
the dog hawls at the moon
huh think i know why
the dog hawls at the moon

I call Gloria, Gloria
i belong here Gloria
when i'm with you
Gloria Onwukwe Gloria

My own Gloria
i burn for you
ive been waiting for you
all my life

Hoping for a miracle
ive been waiting for you
day and night waitng for redemption
coz i really burn for you

micheal udenyi

Gloria Isn'T Mine

Oh no Gloria isn't mine
no wonder its been long i saw her shine
i suspected every thing wasn't fine
then i let my mind entwine

i saw her walking another mile
and on her left she held her file
i would have joined but my thoughts held no guile
and moreover works was in pile

when was it last i saw her smile
both these and those i tried to reconcile
she was calm and still like river Nile
thought she was mine all the while

from then and on my day wasn't bright
i was in fear and so much fright
i thought it over through the night
never wanting to see the morning light

micheal udenyi

Green Lands

I have watched the sun rise and set on many morns and eves
its orange display would hold me captive
blissful breeze emanating from surrounding trees
quite clean, blows tenderly and never throws sand on me

Yet timber farmers murdered them all for wood
once proud tall trees green with life and food
ere its greying into old age
now unwillingly bows to the axe-men's rage

Once was a time i never got tired of beholding the landscape
beautiful escapment from high mountains i used to gape
the heights and surface of the hills, valleys and planes
the rocks calling up images to my mind yet so plain

It's endless ability to provide frsh viewing pleasure
aided and abatted me in times of pressure
the very sight of the land lures me for i can feel
it pulling me with an awesome and Edenic appeal

Delightful leisures i used to spend in pools found in brookand
disheartening enough industrialisation all overtook
and so at the expence of these greenland vegetation
brooks and pools and my young trees faced massive deforestation

Today so much is being said of "green revolution"
a solution for global warming and an absolution
even though nature could be blamed as accused
yet man remains eternally guilty of natures abuse

micheal udenyi

Hullaloo 2000

Make restitution, confess your sins
the time, the year, oh the day is left but an hour unit
with 1999 gone, would you go with Him in powerful scenes?
or simply watch the century's juxtaposed knit.

Run, scream, the omens of centural tide comes
when religion, tradition and culture cannot bind
flee to the graves or hopefully to the cross
fearful images evoked in my mind

Of the Son, or the beastly sphinxy satyr?
tell the king "the Book is true, for events converge".
the master's return is no satyr
and the ghostly saints were too quick to diverge

We have but less than half hour to the end opf time
in times like this no two things ever would rhyme
all heart ache, properties sold to whoever differs
ten minutes left, fearful images continues to interfer

What is this from beneath the earth and seas?
mightily striding with a giogantic thud
my God! is he in the company of bees?
woe to the inhabitants of the earth your abode is in mud

A sign, a symbol or an angered ghost?
carrying everything but yet so light
all's not well with the world's new centural year of boast
from its belly gush flood of water fire and wind in their might

Where unto doth he tend?
call the diviners this to interprete
and men of all knowledge to provide a mend
oh no! these are but mere mortals and counterfeit

Call in the prophets in their usual red
since the men in white are no where to be found
all gone with wind to bliss while i was still in bed?
tell the earth, the world's doom is profound

The time is up. its new year and century but same old time
all is here no outside i mean in the world
where is the beastly man that bore a waring sword
ah! imaginations! even the eager gone saints are all back with time.

micheal udenyi

I

I walked all day
and toiled all night
I gave up play
and much delight

Dry books read
new things learnt
and forged ahead
success to earn

I plodded on
with faith and pluck
and when i won
they called it luck.

micheal udenyi

I Need You

I need you near me day by day
to make my life worthwhile
i need your reassuring voice
i need your tender and sincere smile
i need your faith and confidence
in all our dreams and goals in life

I need your understanding heart
that strenghtens and consoles
i need your sense of humour
and unique ways that are so dearly sweet
i need your faith and confidence
in all our dreams and goals in life

I need your very special love
to make my life complete
every where north east west and south
i need your warm rest
i need your faith and confidence
in all our dreams and goals in life.

micheal udenyi

It Is Finished

you were there
i was there
he was there
she was there
they were there
we were there
when our lord Jesus
was on the tree
he called on us
whom he called his own
he cried he wept
but we pretended not to have heard
we were all there
when he was crucified
when he was flogged 36
when he was spat upon
when he was fed with sourd wine
when he was mocked
when he was stripped off his garment
when he was pierced with a spear on his side
and water and blood gushed out
when as a judge he was judged
by the partial pontius pilate
when he was marked out for death
just for saying who he was
when he chose death to life
just for our sake
when he left his kingly throne
to become a servant
when as the son of God he became the son of man
when he left the luxury and comfort of heaven
for the problems and tribulations of earth
when he was wounded for our transgressions
when he was bruised for our iniquities
when the chestisement of our sins was placed upon him
we only anticipate his stripes to heal our diseases
as our burdens were lifted up unto his shoulders
we were there but did nothing
rather we watched with contempt his lips

as he said "IT IS FINISHED"

micheal udenyi

Just To Impress

why do we do the things we do
why do we try to be friendly
why do we pretend to be what we are not
why do we go extra miles when we shouldn't

why do we wear these nice fitting clothes
why do we look for shoes to match
why do we take time to be holy
why do we do the things we do

why do we appear the way we do
why do we look extraordinarily clean
why do we move the way we do
why on earth do we apply makeups

why do we get angry at every little thing
why do we smile when we wanted laugh aloud
why do we like to attract attention
why do we speak the way we do

why do we make fun of a joke
why do we prefer the front seat at occasions
why do we feel the way we feel
why do we stare the way we do

why do we play as though we don't
why we behave like we don't shit
why do we like to be very famous
why do we always want to be noticed

why do we act as though we don't
why do we pretended to be very helpful
why do we pretend to be good
why do we behave as though we don't care

all these we do just to impress some one
who may be present or absent thereabout
just to lay a nice impression
just to get an encouraging nod

every thing we do on earth
is in order to impress some one
some one so special to us
it could be God, parents, or lover
anybody that is somebody

people are the reasons we pretend
they are the reason we laugh and cry
they are the reason we smile and frown
we all have to impress them.

micheal udenyi

Lost In The Middle

In this power game
every one seeks his fame
three players were afield
the referee was present
the fans certainly were available
each player was supposed to represent
their club which has over two hundred and fifty teams
and so it was that there was an inter-team competition in the club
Kayode stood up to represent his team i call team Y
Musa did same for team H
and so did Ikegbunem for team I
the three major teams in one club
the three players were fit
though the game was for the fittest
the I team seem to be the fittest
but not fit enough to face a combined game
for the Y and H team played combine
and made so much fun out of the I
who ran until their stomach turned
the H dribbled and juggled and finally passed to the Y
Y trapped the ball and swept past the I
back the H who did score a goal against the Y and the I
but the next attempt the Y scored
the I played out the ball
given a hard tackle gave it up
and so it was that
the Y pass to the H pass to the Y
the I got lost in the middle

micheal udenyi

Loving You

What can i do girl
loving you is my delight
i was brought to life
just to love you

At every passing moment
and loving you
has given me reasons to live
and to love

What can i do girl
loving you is my destiny
to cherish you as
the lilies sparkle in the waters

micheal udenyi

Memories

I remember
when storms of emotion
formed conflict in my inside
and clouds of misery
ploughed my heart and soul

In the midst of my mist
of a pathetic regards to myself
your image always
appear in my mind
and brighten my day

So i beseech you
know that i in earnest
love you to the dept of breathlessness
of self expression
and understanding

micheal udenyi

My Birthday

may the day live forever on which i was born
may that day be full of light
may the light of God shine upon it
may life and light claim it
never shall a cloud settle on it
may the brightness of the day cover it
may it rejoice among the days of the year
may it come into the number of the months
on April 14th many years ago
it was said that a male child is born
oh may that day be fruitful
never shall one born on that day be barren
may joyous shout come into it
may the stars of that day be bright
because it did not allow me to be a still born
nor did it expose sorrows to my eyes
and did not let me die at birth
i was never hidden like a still born
as a child i was at ease and at rest
but now that i am grown
i am no longer at ease because trouble comes

micheal udenyi

My Way

And now the end is near
and so i face
the final curtain
my friends
i'll say it clear
i'll state my case
of which i'm certain
i have lived
a life thats full
i've travelled
each and every highways
and more
much more than this
i did it my way

Though there were times
i'm sure you knew
when i bit off
more than i could chew
but through it all
when there were doubts
i ate it up
and spit it out
i faced it all
and stood out tall
i did it my way

micheal udenyi

Nigerian Biafran War

The Biafrans cry separate
Nigerians cry we are one
The Nigerians and Biafrans
in a royal rumble

For non would submit to humble
as non would come to agreement
so they decided to fumble
and settle themselves on the battle field

The Nigerian soldiers fully prepared
Biafran soldiers thought they were ready
the opposing soldiers were excited
on the day of thier first outing

The soldiers filled with joy
the men filled with hatred
the women filled with fear
and the children with innocence

A bomb blast is heard
the soldiers quack their guns
the men getting ready to attack
the women in absolute confussion

The youths pick up weapons
the children sheding out blood
the soldiers held unto thier triggers
as men fell like woods

The rich flying abroad
the poor into the bush
women and children trampled
while some died at the instance

The children cries are heard
the shout of the women aswell
the grumblng of the men
and the mummuring of the youths

Nigerian soldiers chant their war songs
as they return with Biafrans defeated
though they still cry separate
the echoes of oneness is louder

The bodies of the dead were gathered
and the injured too
non could bear to stand and stare
at the worst of scenes

Women and children cried out thier hearts
the men were left with shocks
as every one reaised that war means death
and the reign of peace brings life

micheal udenyi

Nigeria's Call Obey

From within she called out my name
the more she screamed, it seemed she sunk
no one, not even me to pull her up
she called on, but I was too deaf to hear

In pain and agony she called on, one hand up
wishing her voice any one could hear
but Oh! the weeping, the wailing, the the drowning groans
the tears that gushed freely, with no soul to comfort

she winced for the pain of a malfunctioning heart that seldom beats
help! help! ! help meeeeeeeee! ! ! ! the voice, the bleeding heart
amidst the fractious fracas I felt perturbed
a nation so rich could also cry?

Nigeria, my nation, my hope, my home
dost thou need cry thus, ere I here?
here am I, Nigeria's call to obey
to fight to the finish the war of our fathers

Cry no more, for he that thou callest have heard
I am on my heels your errand to run
for there's yet a breed of honest blood alive
willing to conquer our battles for us

Michael Udenyi

No Time, Too Much To Do

I knelt to pray but not for long
i had too much to do
i had to hurry to get to work
for bills will soon be due

So i knelt and said a hurried prayer
and jump up off my knees
my christian duty was now done
my soul could rest at ease

All day long i had no time
to spread a word of cheer
no time to speak of christ to friends
they'd laugh at me i'd fear

No time, no time,
too much to do
was my constant cry
no time to give to souls in need

But at last the time, the time to die
i went before the Lord
i came and stood with downcast eyes
for in his hand God held a book

It was the book of life
God looked into his book
and said "your name i cannot find
i once was going to write it down
but never found the time"

micheal udenyi

Not Any More

I dont think i want this anymore
now i feel like dropping on the floor
you 've just played me like a fool
now i know you 've not been good

But this time
i'm sure without crime
i'm gonna have it all done
even if in the process i be gone

I'll try my best
to make a nest
and hide in
with no females in it

No more girls in my thoughts
no more women in my dreams
no more ladies in my world
nothing feminine in my life

I know i deserved better than this
cos i've been through it once
but now i decide to change
a great deal of change.

micheal udenyi

Pieces Of My Heart

I have a little story to tell
i know just where to start
its not a very long one
it begins within my heart

It was all in pieces
lying scattered on the floor
i knew i had to pick them up
and replace them as before

I couldn't bring myself to do it
coz they never seemed to fit
there were always pieces missing
never sure quite where they went

So i started searching
for the pieces left behind
then i started crying
for the ones i couldn't find

As i searched alone, you see
for the pieces i held dear
i tried to call for help
but i guess no one could hear

No one close enough to my heart
to see the pieces fall
i kept it hidden, far from sight
blocked behind a wall

then my wall began to crumble
one brick at a time
and standing on the other side
was the reason for this rhyme

She didn't tell me who she was
she just opened up her hand
she said " i found these on the beach
scattered in the sand"

I stared in disbelief
at the pieces of my heart
she said "we will put them all together
and you'll have a brand new heart

Now my heart is mended
and the pieces all in place
and i'd like to thank her kindly
for the smile upon my face.

micheal udenyi

Return Of The Exiled

when with a prophetic eyes
i look into the future
through the mirror of shattered dreams
of men and women gone before

i see the horrors of war without end
the plight of children days without food
fate of innocent children in the battle field

with this prophetic eyes i see
nothing but a revolt
people from the north and south alike
and others from the west
to the east they flow

with songs of joy and triumph
ready to reap the fruit of their labour
a black nation with israelic promise
moving like flocks from north to east

a people so peculiar in renewal and comebacks
for so many years they' ve waited
but i now see it happen
and all fingers that pointed at them were cut off

the exiled men now homeward returns
yea the field once sold was bought
deeds signed, sealed and witnessed
and all fearlessly to their tents did go

the exiled from distant lands did return
chasing off them that reached out thier hands for their inheritance
they rebuilt their ruined cities
and did plant vineyards and gardens

the eas became a well built city
knit together as a single unit
in five or fifty years to come
the eaternerns will eat of their crop and drink of their wine

and then they who lacked leadership confidence
will lead and not serve in their own land
but soon after this, the ethics of brotherhood and fellowship
will be swept under carpet by the desire to take hold of leadership.

micheal udenyi

Shadows Of Death

home from me is far away behind
the other side of life is ahead
there are so many more paths for me to tread
through the valleys of the shadow of death
into the edge of the darkest night
the moons and stars so brightly dim
mist and shadow cloud and shade
all now must fade.

I am not afraid of death and never will
for die we all must of certainty
a necessary evil
better now than bitter later
i know this won't be the end
the journey ends not here
for the christian faith has found a bend
but are my deeds worth the prize
sure for so do i think
death to me is just another route
one which we all must follow

And so they'll say to my friends and family
'i would not ask you not to weep
for not all tears are evil'
and then in ghostly form i'd say
' i go to my fathers
in whose mighty presence
i dare not feel ashamed
and then my friends and family say
amidst sobs and groans
'please do not leave us alone
nor take the route to the place
where we cannot follow'

But i the little guest have suffered
so much pains in the hands of life my host
who could have thought such a kid
would have endured so much a pain

And so i beheld
the old grey rain curtain
of this world rolled back
and everything turns to silver glass
and my old self and world changed
trees turn from green to gold
and then i saw the white shore
and beyond a far gold country
and the fading away of the old sun
under a swift new sun rise
i made it at last
 heaven

Alas. who woke me from this heavenly dream?

micheal udenyi

She

She may be the face i can't forget

My trace of pleasure or regret

She may be my treasure

or the price i have to pay

She may be the mirror of my dreams

A smile reflected on a stream

She may

not be what she may seem

Inside her shell

She who always seem so happy in a

crowd

Whose eyes and face can prove so private and so proud

No ones allowed to

see her when she cry

She may be the love that cannot hope to last

May

come to me

In the shadows of the past

This i'll remember

Till the day i die

She

may be the reason i survive

The why and wherefore i'm alive

She may the one i'll

care for through the rough

And ready years

me, i'll take her laughter and her

tears

And make them all my survenir

Wherever she be

i've got to be

Because the meaning of my life is she

She, oh she.□

micheal udenyi

Silence Please

miserable counsellors are you all
i have heard so much of this rubbish
can't useless words come to an end
you all imagine with unprofitable talks
you think truth but tell lies
my school fees you did but pay
and to school you did sent me
in all subjects i am excellent
that pertains to law
but an engineer you wanted out of me
never good in calculations and ever won't be
except by devine intervention
you all but waste your time
to be a lawyer has been my child hooddream
to put on a lawsuit and defend the truth
to speak boldly in a convincing way
to you these mean nothing
you 'd rather an unqualified engineer
to a world class qualified lawyer
oh that you would be silent
i can't live and die in silence
i will speak in the bitterness of my heart
and give free course to my complaints
i won't let you condemn me without grounds
why are you contending with me
it's my life and i know how it is lived
or are you happy that i am sad
that you have despised my childhood dreams
your hands have picked me up
and to school you did but sent me
and yet you destroy my carreer
allfor the vain hope of an engineer
remember from where you picked me up
would you send me back there again?
for so much favour you have granted me
your cares till date have preserved me
yet i rather give up all these
than let down my childhood dreams
aquit me of my iniquities is never my wish

though i be right in my case am never proud of it
but see if i should put off my sad face
and wear a forced smile
if i were to withdraw my complaints
retrieve them and remain silent
still am i not eased
oh that you would be silent and leave me alone
that i may delight my soul with a little comfort
before i am sent back to the village from where i came
the land of darkness and shadows of unvivilisation
a land as primitive as ages dark
where even the light itself is dark.

micheal udenyi

Sorry

'Sorry' is all that youn can say
'i am sorry' was all i heard you say
you betrayed me
you cheated me
and sorry was all you can say

I loved you
i really did and still do
e'en tho you broke my heart
i still cant but love you more
may be like never before

'Please forgiveme'
was all you were saying
'i never meant to hurt you
i wanted money
and you did'nt have it

I wanted a bold guy
and you were'nt bold enough
i wanted to meet with new friends
and you never kept any
i wanted to hang out
but you never took me out'

Oh my God was that it
now i know it was'nt all your fault
you wanted money
you wanted a bold guy
you wanted to hang out in clubs
all you wanted was fun

But you should have realised
that[i am not an actor
neither i am i a star
and i dont even have my own car]
may be i was being too hard
or never had to care

Or better still if had said the right things
at the right time
done the right things
in the right way
i would have understood
and yet you never stopped saying
'i am sorry, please forgive me'

micheal udenyi

Standing Out

I will perspire
to acquire
whatsoever i desire
even though i face trial
i will never retire
instead i will refire
until i acquire
that which i desire

I have desired
that where others are sitting
i will be standing
and if others should stand
i will be standing out
and if they should stand out
i will be outstanding
and if they dare outstand
i will be standard
and they will never stand it

micheal udenyi

Strange Things In Life

Why should i worry about you?
when ive seen worst things in life
ive watched a mother die after childbirth
and a woman butchered by her husband

Ive seen sons fighting their fathers
and mothers breaking their husband's heads
ive seen wives disgraced in public
by the men who married them

What can be worse than calling you a harlot
in the midst of those who held you high
why should i worry about your actions
when ive seen worst things in life

One day i watched a nasty show
of a brother raping his sister
i saw another in adream
of a son raping his own mother

Then i got up to look through the window
and i saw a goat mating with a dog
i shook my head and went back to sleep
and i saw fowls playing with pussycats

I woke up to look upwards again
and i saw fire and water in a jamboree of dances
so why should i worry about your actions
when ive seen strange things in life.

micheal udenyi

Sweet Memories

When the night is cold
your warm hands are there for me
and when the day is hot
your soft hands cools me off

Your kisses wipes away my tears
your smiles brings happiness
into my life
your pressence builds my confidence

You are the one i love
i cherish all the sweet memories
of the happy time we ve shared
time that were so wonderful
bcos you really cared

And on a special day like this
you are the one that i am thinking
the one first in all my dreams
you are the one i love.

micheal udenyi

Thats My Nation

I am a Nigerian
and i live in Niger area
i am proud of my country
because they have got a new direction

Nigeria is my nation
a nation with determination
all we need is multivation
in order to move the motion

Our youths have aspiration
our children have inspiration
infact other nations have the conviction
that Nigeria would become the greatest nation

The youths are now following instructions
and our adults now says don't mention
because we now have a new intention
the only problem is how to make it function

W e have got determination
doubled with aspiration, inspiration and perspiration
we do not want any obstruction
neither do we want an objection

Our new intention
has no need for rejection
all we need is multivation
to introduce our new invention

there is no need for me to question
because thats my nation
and i am happy they have thier notion
to put into action

micheal udenyi

The Beauty Of Nature

The sky is so blue
the sun is so bright
if the sun should be found in the sky
then it is a bright blue sky

the moon is so white
the stars do twinkle
when we see the moon and stars
then it is a twinkling white

in the night we see the moon
accompanied by the stars
in the day we see the sun
accompanied by the heat

we hear the sheep and goats
bleating in the near by farms
the sparrows and owls
oozing among the high trees

the children running helter skelter
in a playful wild chase
the adults discussing as they work
the women lazy with gossips

the farmers tired with works
the lovers wild with joy
the foes red with hate
and friends filled with smiles

the horse's bry is heard from the stable
as the mice squeak in their holes
the lion's roar and the tiger's roars in the forest
the crowing of cocks at dawn

this world would have been pretty dull without these
all these consist to make the best out of nature
the beauty of nature
a blissful nature

micheal udenyi

The Brevity Of Time

Time is running out
we have to work it out
we ve passed the jet age
we re now in the computer age

People are always in a hurry
every thing's done in a hurry
we re in a hurry to sleep off
we re in a hurry wake up

We hurry to work
we hurry to leave the place of work
we re in a hurry to get money
we re in a hurry to spend money

We hurry to live
we hurry to die
we hurry to do everything
forgetting the main thing

That is not just the time thing
it is the only thing
the most important thing

Time is very precious
you can't hoard it
it is very personal
you can't lend it

It is not elastic
you can't stretch it
time is not a liquid
you can't store it

It is not concrete
you can't hold it
manage your time properly

it is your most important asset

micheal udenyi

The Eyes That Beholdeth [the Child]

The children from birth
were forced to cry
the parents of the child
ready to chide
for one reason or the other
the child got abused
and thier rights got trampled
most at times known
at the other unknown
under the feet of the grown ups
who walk treacherously
as though they'd never hurt an ant
for they know or know not
the rights of the child
according to law
which states that
the child, his right it is
to live a life thats full
no child trafficking is allowed
any form of child abuse
shall be purnished by law
to mention but a few
but the childknow not his rights
and so been living in fear
fear is in their hearts
as they beheld thier parents
in a royal rumble
not taking the trouble
to notice the burst burble
the children learnt to humble
as they beheld thier teachers
teaching with canes in thier hands
menacing and threatening
fear was in the eyes that beholdeth
as they beheld the soldiers
chanting thier war songs
as they beheld their elders
take advantage of their helpless state
as they beheld the politicians

making unfulfilled promises
as they beheld thier leaders
leading towards the ditch
as they beheld the lawyers
argue at the court of law
as they beheld two wrongs
dangerously making a right
as they beheld the graduates
hawking wares on the streets
as they beheld the pastors
who value notes above God
as they beheld the sinners
argue over thier rights
as though they ever did right
the children cried out for thier rights
but only few responded
as fear gripped their hearts
the type that leads to the dark side
they wished they were never born
into misery and shame
blaming their creator
and the reason for intercourse
which brought about thier birth
they wept bitterly
at the sight of earth
where sin and evil abound
they knew not their rights
nor how to go about thier lives
so had to grow by instructions
which they thought never would end
till twenty years of age i guess
what a long period of time to wait
having waited this long
we must wait, nothing more
they thought

micheal udenyi

The New Man

From generation to generation
every one in his emotion
for to move the motion
to bring about the new man

They all toiled
they all struggled
they all laboured
to bring about the new man

The Nigerians and Camerounians
the Kenyans and the Ghanaians
people of every land and clime
all toiled for the golden future's time

They all knew it was almost impossible
but still tried to make it possible
they all fought tirelessly
they killed and were killed

They all struggled
they all toiled
they all strived
to bring about a new man

A new man, a brown new man
a new mind, a brown new mind
a new world, a brown new world
a new man with new mind in a new world

Many died for the new man
some injured for the new man
others crushed for the new man
all these done by the old man

To eradicate the old man
and create a new man
without corruption and vice
to be planted in the new world

But it never came to pass
the deaths of the dead were in vain
the injuries of the injured all vanity
for now the old man still reigns

For he walks from east to west
from south to north
majestically, in his full glory as a king
in his old world built on questionable foundations.

micheal udenyi

The Old Oak

The great greyed oak tree
from root sorely is shaken
all about do fly off board
all go against their natural cause

The olde unwrinkled oak tree
sheds its leafy tears
nothing could appease the omen
of death well undeserved

Surely the sacred eggs are all broken
but no omelette unspiced emerged
surely the priest his sacred red robe has worn
but none he foretold ever came to pass

Okey dokey the birds are fled
anarchically and bushward bound
the tiny string of rope that binds them together
now bears a knife and alas blood is water

The hollow trunks no longer accommodates the wilds
the branches now strains under the weight of little ravens
it no longer can hold the grip of the monkey's forensile tail
nor grasp the grisping scales of the elongated green snake

the acorns too are yellow and sickly fallen
her leaves are suddenly grown brown and fruitlessly withered
none watered, none trimmed, none to thrust her children upon
finally she gave a long remorseful sigh and took her rest in peace.

micheal udenyi

Tired Of Running

i am tired of running
i cant run any further
in this game of life
every one is not the same
i can't keep up with this game
some fly in air planes
others are at their wheels
some sail on ship
and i on my feet
how then can one compare
or imagine me triumph
this game of life is bias
some are on their feet
others in machineries
running the same distant
at a different pace
if i can't run with footmen
how can i cope with horsemen
i'm tired of this race
i have been cheated
after already i am cheated
life is bias
every man is equal they say
but not in terms of wealth
some are rich others poor
some are great others are not
yet we decieve our selves
by settling for fiction
i'm tired of running and i'm backing out
unless you tell me what i want to hear

micheal udenyi

Trying To Find A Better Way

When ever i say "i love you"
it just doesn't seem to be enough
trying to find a better way
i know its going to be tough
Looking deep into my heart
for the emotions i don't always show
trying to find a better way
for the words you already know

Wrestling with my emotions
digging deep into my heart
trying to find a better way
but i don't know where to start
The words don't come easy
trying to tell you how i feel
trying to find a better way
to tell you that my feelings are real

So now i dig deep into my heart
with words that are so few
trying to find a better way
but there's none better than " i love you"

micheal udenyi

Unfading Beauty

An epitome of beauty
a remarkable significance
an unfading beauty
are all what you 've got

You are so beautiful
i can't help but contemplate
even though i dared not meditate
because i can't ask you for a date

Coming to school and at the gate
the thought of you will ressurate
in my mind i would decelerate
in order not to interrogate

I would think of your unfading beauty
in the mist of harsh weather condition
you remain as fresh as ever
both at wet and at dry seasons

You seem not to be affected
when blossoming trees turn fig
when frsh leaves turn yellow
when beautiful flowering plants get withered

When white turn brown
when solids turn powder
your beauty freshens up
as though it nver cares

Your little round fluffy lips
your long pointed nose
your flat rested cheeks
on your pretty face

Makes me want to see you more
i don't know how best to say this
but you own an unfading beauty
and that makes me love you more

micheal udenyi

We Mourn The Dead

Oh, our father is dead and cold
confidants all fled when told
the history of a man not so old
to the problems of others his hands never fold

From the East; "what is this we hear"?
across the West; "take heart and bear"
the North all whisper from ear to ear
as the Souths repeated the rounds with fear

Trauma, heartbreaks and tears unaided
all 's hairs shaved to the skin others unbraided
sitting and standing in groups discussing the dreaded
all wept; mourners, consolers and even the grey bearded

But our father's dead and in heaven drinking brandy
while we scum and struggle, weep and wimp till we get heady

micheal udenyi

We Rolled In The Jungle

we rolled in the jungle
like a gagster
if you had seen me with a myke
you would call me master
if you had seen me with a gun
you would call me gunster
if you had seen me in the club
you would call me clubster
if you had seen me in the gang
you would call me gangster
we rolled we rolled we rolled
we rolled in the jungle
like a gangster
i stepped into the gang
they called me gangster
i reached for a bottle of star
they called me master
i am the brightest star
though the smallest of the stars
but the brightest of the stars
but before i grabbed the star
i had a serious scar
and without the gangsters
am still the real star
and so we rolled in the jungle
like a gangster

micheal udenyi

When I Look At You Gloria

You with your looks
on whom i look oft
and there is
great reason for deep delight

Your face is beautiful
your skin is smooth and soft
your lips are sweet
your eyes are clear and bright

And every part seems pleasant
in my sight
your beauty have done me evil
cos i love to look them even

At first,
your beauty lured me to look
and straight away
my eyes stirred up my heart to love

And wicked love
with deep deceitful hook
choked up my mind
whom fancy cannot move

Nor hope relieve
or other help behoove
but still to look
though i look too much
yet must i look
for never have i seen such

For in your beauty my love
my life have hold
and in such a life
my death draws back a bit

and for such death
no doctor can cure

but conteneously
looking upon your lovely face

Which is painted
with pity peace and grace
because your beauty makes me want to die
yet must i look cos my life depends on it

Since then
in your beauty
my eyes have so much interest
as it can no other beauty but yours

Yes here i yield
my life, my love, my all
into your hands
and all things else resign

But freedom to look into your eyes i seek
which when i do
i think it was my duty to look on
again and link with you in heart.

micheal udenyi

Wonders

people wondered
why i sound like thunder
when they were falling under
i was riding my honda

when i in a state of hunger
they pushed me to yonder
they never thought to render
a helping hand i wonder

now i let them ponder
what they did to my mother
and my little brother
they took side with my father

and let my mother wander
with no one to profer
solutions altogether
look, now they wonder

i thought of the days of hunger
when i was pushed to yonder
i shook my head in wonder
and drove on in my honda

micheal udenyi

You Are Beautiful

you are dark but lovely
you daughter of onwukwe
please let me see your face
let me hear your voice
for your voice is sweet
and your face is lovely
look you are very pretty
you are very beautiful
you have the eyes of a dove
your hair is like a mound of grass
growing happily together in the deserts
your teeth is as white as snow
your lips round and soft
your feets are beautiful in your school sandals
the curve of your hip is hypnotising
your navel is like a round goblet
your neckas tall as a tower
your eyes are like mirrors
your nose is very pointy
pointing towards my direction
your head is like a crown
the hairs on your head are golden dark
you are more beautiful than an angel
you are lovelier than love
you are uncomparably awesome
your beauty could outshine the stars
a king could be held captive by it
there are over a thousand queens
a countless number of virgins
my angel my perfect beauty
the only one out of a million
you look like morning
as beautiful as moon
as clear as the sun
you have the stature of a palm tree
i said to my self
i will climb to the top of this palm tree
i wilol take hold of it's branches
and never will i let it go.

micheal udenyi