

Poetry Series

**Nancy Oyula**  
**- poems -**

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Nancy Oyula()

# An Infant's Ballad

I'll wake up at mid-night,  
And clutch her dress tight,  
She doesn't know I'm awake,  
I need me her entire attention,  
Her name, I don't have to mention,  
I can't speak, I'll cry,  
My sharp, shrill, shrieking voice wakes her up,  
She's full of wit, she knows I'm hungry,  
She'll feel her chest and give me her breast,  
Her milk so sweet, I can prove it's the best.

Morning. She's an early bird,  
Wakes up ahead of sleepy me,  
Works hard, you'd think she's a bee,  
I wake up late, hungry, can't speak,  
I'll try to utter something,  
Maa.....Maa..... is all I can say,  
She'll hear my not vibrant voice,  
And come for me,  
She'll feel her chest and give me her breast,  
I'll consume the milk with zest, easy to digest.

Noon. Maa.....Maa..... is working,  
A lowly, lonely infant is what I am,  
I want her affection and attention. I'll pule,  
She'll hear my not vibrant voice,  
And come for me,  
I'm angry, not hungry, I'm lonely  
Her company is what I want, only,  
She'll carry then rock me  
She won't feel her chest to give me her breast,  
I'm so lucky to have her with me, I'm blessed.

Nancy Oyula

# Avowal

Under the cover of darkness,  
When the sky is bare, starless,  
I conceal my pain,  
And share my joy with my alter ego,  
My other self,  
The self the world knows nothing about,  
The self the universe can't talk of,  
Only me, myself and I know of.

I cherish the darkness,  
I love the night,  
I relish no bright,  
When a majority of you are dead in slumber,  
Only a few are still awake,  
I love the night. The stygian night.  
That with no moon, nor stars,  
Doesn't reveal my sore scars,  
That which is pitch dark, it thrills a mugger,  
Irks vendors, who have to close up early,  
Wrap their merchandise in sheets,

`cause no moonlight on streets,

That which stimulates witches and night runners,

Which saddens lens men `cause no alluring views to take shots of.

That. Described above, is what I like.

I love coal-dark nights,

`cause less interaction from nettling and imprudent humans.

Humans, creatures full of needless drama,

Folks who bring nothing but trauma.

More concentration given to me by me,

Freaky me, yea, eldritch, you presume,

Could be, I'm a distant cousin of aliens, or the dinosaurs.

Maybe my kind is extinct.

Though humans cause some kind of repulsion,

The dark night triggers more attraction.

Reason why I prefer when it's darkest at night.

My confession.

Nancy Oyula

# Butler's Ballad

Arisen at dawn, New day, new tale,  
My misery starts, poor son of fate,  
A norm for me, despaired soul,  
As I draft this, put me in your intercession,  
Your frustrated black butler.

Rude demands, his way of saying hi,  
You mad sir, I can't comprehend why,  
What you command I comply,  
As I draft this, put me in your intercession,  
your despondent, black butler.

I witness all manner of contempt,  
My padrone, his wife, their daughter,  
All I do is weep, no time for laughter,  
I long for my life to change for the better,  
As I draft this, put me in your intercession.

Today, guests come in,  
To serve them as they wine and dine,  
Fresh tasty rice and fine white wine,  
As I draft this put me in your intercession,  
I toil all day like a mule, your Negro butler.

Nancy Oyula

# By The Graveside

Quiet as a dark night,  
Ravishing flowers I sight,  
Flatly and harmlessly lying on top of each other,  
Mournfully looking,  
As I joylessly walk,  
No talk,  
The tombstone appears sad,  
Its sole companion; a dead lad.  
I gingerly move around,  
Glancing, gazing, glimpsing,  
The lawns around look at me strangely,  
Like I'm an intruder.  
My presence makes them stare,  
Do I look like I could scare?  
Worry not,  
Innocuous me is no foe, whisper I,  
I came to see my crony,  
A departed soul, a darling to me,  
The lawns look on, more at ease now,  
I advance my steps round and round,

Saying an orison for my departed one.

He's gone, but I feel the presence of his ghost.

Nancy Oyula

# Deflowered And Tainted

Her miniature eyes stared at the setting sun,  
Her small hand seen holding a round bun,  
All she chewed all day was a tasteless gum,  
The feeling of dejection in her, she's glum  
She declined to show the world her face,  
A sad child of the globe, her name, Grace,  
Purity, is what her body contained,  
Ethics, morality she had maintained,  
She was chaste,  
Pure as the driven snow,  
All her life,  
No one had heard her lie,  
Then it happened one day,  
A normal day, seemed okay,  
Till evening came,  
How she wishes it was a game,  
A game, it wasn't, 'Twas real.  
Just before she had had her meal,  
A jumbo of a man showed up,  
He knocked at her ligneous door,  
So scared she was,  
She rushed to the tub,  
Hoping he wouldn't knock no more,  
Jumbo's fingers were sharp like claws,  
He had an enormous physique; so muscular,  
He knocked again, she ignored,  
She disregarded him, he got bored,  
He broke in, went and grabbed her,  
She screamed, He tied her mouth.  
Pepper spray.

He used the aerosol on her eyes,  
what's used as a spice, to add flavor,  
Was now used to add discomfort,  
Irritation and tears in her eyes,  
Then the worst happened,  
He compelled her to lie down,  
Itchy wet eyes, cold floor,

closed windows, closed door,  
And he did it.  
Committed a shaming and too wicked an act,  
What he left; an infection in the urinary tract,  
Also gave her a virus, deadly,  
He made her weak and smelly,  
He committed a crime against humanity,  
Sinned against God, and against all.  
That shouldn't be normal, that's insanity,  
He took away what she had preserved, her purity,  
A coward deed, showing immaturity,  
And to this day,  
As her tiny downcast eyes watch the sun set,  
She execrates jumbo-like men, nature,  
Only thing she trusts is her kind and exquisite pet.

Nancy Oyula

# Deserted

So cold I feel,

A little warmth I need,

I look back at the better days,  
Everything was exciting and gay,

when humans were abound,

It would be lively around.

The lady in her evening gown,  
The baby in his snug sweater,

There would be lots of laughter.

Always merry,  
Rarely scary,

Apart from the few times there were tears,  
That would bring sorrow and fear(s) .

But the tears usually dried fast,

Faster than greased lightning,

And there would be laughter again,

More comfort and delight, and less pain.

But the humans went away,

They moved towards the bay,

And disappeared without a trace,

Leaving behind a large space.

Then the spirits replaced them.

The annoying ghosts paid me a visit,

And decided to make me their permanent residence,

They are very hostile, showing no benevolence,

No more chuckles, no giggles, no guffawing,

The feeling here is terrible, vexatious, to say the least

I'm forlorn, doleful, I'm crestfallen,

I need company, I need my humans back,  
Especially at night, when it's very dark.

Nancy Oyula

# Goodnight World.

Goodnight world.

The sun has moved to the west,

The bird has gone to his nest,

The body has done its best,

It's time to give it a rest.

Nancy Oyula

# Hall Of Shame

He pulled over his jeep, and got out.  
His pockets being so deep, loaded with cash.  
He had put on a black tee, and denim jeans.  
His style, every end of the week, when he goes out.

He moves into the crowded bar, walking with pride,  
Like a peacock, or a bright kid going to receive a present.  
He likes it so much when he's in the bar,  
Because no nagging, from wife who is so far.

He calls this place a paradise, but it's a hall of shame.  
A lot of evil things happen here, some we cannot name.  
He'll buy drinks for his guys, and give them girls some hugs.  
It's a bar, expect drunkards, hoes, idlers and maybe thugs.

His wife never likes this place, she calls it a jinx,  
She never accompanies him, she has other things to fix.  
The bar is too stuffy, squeezed tables of six,  
Everyone doing their shit, the D.J on the mix.

Some are gambling all that they had saved,  
Knowing well there's nothing left in their safes.  
A group of youth is on the dance floor, they came to rave,  
Hoes gold-digging, as they prepare to dig their graves.

Sisters standing at a corner, puffing cigars.  
Niggers moving around, looking for dealers.  
Married men being initiated in the club of cheaters.  
With cute lasses around, they should know 'All that glitters...'

The clock reads nine, he still has a lot of time.  
'Another glass of wine! ' He calls for the bartender.  
He came here at five, having carried a lot of cents.  
He's spending every single dime, it sure doesn't make sense.

He can't walk straight, all he does is stagger.  
Drinking yourself silly, Hey man! That's not swagger.  
He's too drunk to drive, he should call for a cab.  
Getting late, checking the time and it's past one.

You move into the hall feeling clean and rich,  
But walk out broke, and looking like filth.  
Spouses go in as loving faithfuls,  
But get out looking like miserable fools.

Nancy Oyula

# He Vanished

I saw him again,  
This time in my dream,  
Tall, all smiley, and dressed in white,  
Like an angel.  
He waved at me,  
Unsure of what to do,  
I raised my little hand and waved back.  
He smiled for the second time!  
Showing his ivory white teeth.  
He nodded and disappeared.  
Just like the first time.

Nancy Oyula

# I Would

I would

If I could, I would.

Sing mellifluous melodies,  
Like how the birds do every morning,  
Compose sweet operas,  
Be a maestro like J.S Bach, Mozart,  
A great artiste like Marley,  
write great symphonies like Haydn.

Moonwalk like M.J,  
Spellbind and enchant audiences with my dances,  
Like Madonna, Shakira, Josephine Baker, or Gene Kelly,  
I would move my feet from left to right,  
sway and undulate when I hear a sweet rhythm,  
And beats of good music,  
Swing my hips this way, and that way.  
I would dance..... Dance to the moon.

Paint like Picasso, be like Da Vinci, and Michelangelo,  
Come up with images that are attractive to the eye.  
Create drawings that will make onlookers want to stare at them for five minutes,  
But end up staring for five hours.  
I would start with curvy and straight lines on a piece of paper,  
and finish with colorful pictures on frames.

Would be rational and logical  
Make insightful decisions which are not regrettable,  
Be prudent, sagacious,  
I would possess wisdom like King Solomon.

Be Dante Alighieri,

A superb poet,  
Feel people's worlds with words that will change,  
comfort and help them,  
Rhyme from the Arctic to the Antarctica,  
Would be like Pablo Neruda, Edgar Allan Poe,  
Maya Angelou, William Wordsworth.

Be a warrior,  
Strong and mighty like Samson.  
Help my community,  
Destroy my enemies.

Great speaker,  
An influential and notable orator,  
Like Martin Luther King Jr. and Lincoln,  
Move masses with my speeches like Winston Churchill,  
Talk to people, Make them view our world from a different perspective.

Jest around,  
Be an illustrious entertainer, talk and walk humor,  
I would be funny like Bill Cosby  
Feel people's souls with the best medicine -laughter,  
Great comedian like Charlie Chaplin,  
Make people forget their troubles through my puns.

Show love to all,  
Help those who seek spiritual nourishment,  
Like John Paul II and Cardinal Maurice Otunga.

Be Celebrated for my noble deeds,  
Be a hero to all, acclaimed and lauded,  
Like Gandhi and Mandela.

Be a Stellar playwright like Henrik Ibsen, if not Shakespeare,  
Write best-selling fiction as Sidney Sheldon did,  
Tell thrilling and Impactful stories like Soyinka, Mark Twain, Achebe,

I would write, and write well like Charles Dickens, Ngugi Wa Thiong'o,  
I would write till the ink in my pen dries up,  
Till I run out of paper  
I would be an adept novelist like George Orwell,  
My written works would be appreciated by generations to come.

Help the poor, Put a smile on the faces of the hopeless  
Make the have-nots value life.  
Bring bliss to those in misery  
Live well,  
Remembered like Mother Theresa.

Nancy Oyula

# I Lost My Soul

It was hanging on the hooks,  
Like my old man's grey coat,

Who buries his head in books.  
Abruptly, I lost my soul, perhaps in the woods.  
Like street waifs who can't take three square meals,  
Or afford to pay taxes and bills,

I had taken a walk down the dusty streets,  
And Later Went on to the quiet hills.

I'm wretched like a jilted bride,  
My soul left me feeling empty inside,  
There's a void in me, I feel hollow,  
What's left with me is piles of sorrow.

My mind has ceased working,

my dark hands have stopped writing,

My body has been consumed in a flame,

I myself, I'm overlooking my name.

Pals are showing up like; Cheers!

Though my eyes are filled up with tears,

I'm partly numb, can't feel a thing,

Even when the bee gives me a sting.

I'm adjuring any of you who likes to promenade,  
Ambling leisurely in your dresses and good suits,

In the forest and plains or around the vast lake,

Picking aesthetic flowers and wild fruits.

If any of you comes across my soul,  
Kindly pick it on my behalf,

In joy, I'll jump up and down like a calf,  
For my soul which was lost will be back.

Nancy Oyula

# My Inamorato

Since your very first hi,

My spirits been so high,

To confess this, I'm not shy,

Even God Knows I cannot lie.

Mention of your name performs some kind of miracle,

"They're meant to be", message from an oracle,

There's something about our bond, something desirable,

This union we're building, hope there'll be no obstacle.

Observed you as we dined,

Your attributes so fine,

Your presence takes me to cloud nine,

To cross the line and join you, I won't mind.

You're so adept in this art,

You managed to steal my heart,

I always wanna respond with a hi,

I don't wanna tell you bye.

Hanging out with you is utter bliss,

You, I'll never diss,

Sweet memories of how you kiss,

It's only you that I miss.

As kind as a hovering dove,

As gentle with words as you,

Sweet as that which is forbidden,

Oh dear beau, I'm so smitten.

Nancy Oyula

# Ode To Poe

Allow me write, inscribe peachy words under your sublime name,  
Made it my vocation, to preserve a special seat for you, in the hall of fame,  
A reputable name forever on our thin lips at the mention of literature, or poet,  
Wish I could have written this earlier, single thing I so much and in agony regret.  
I want to express what's deep within me,  
Let me share with all, how a treasure you be,  
Permit me prove how noble I think you are to him,  
and her, who intensely feel your works.  
In my heart your poems produce sparks,  
Allow me share this, I beseech thee,  
I wanna pen down an ode, to you, if you let me.  
My tiny fingers are itchy,  
pages of my book are sticky,  
My itchy fingers want to jot down something, some plaudits,  
  
Your reverential poems leave me breathless with admiration.  
As darkness creeps in, and I don't wanna be seen,  
I pick my lantern lamp, and shut my door tight,  
Mosquitoes which keep me company do bite,  
The curtains I draw, I need no interference, no ruckus,

As I dig in the Gothic world, I need my environment quiet as death.

To sing chants in the highest tone all day, I can use my breath.

Back in school, with merriment, I'd cheer your name, the oeuvres,

From your very debut poem, to that tale you penned in your final years,

Nothing beats what your hands put in writing,

Your notable works; Edgar Allan Poe, have planted something deep within me,

&quot;Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words&quot;

A catchphrase associated with you, so precise, so accurate, so real,

As I lift my head high like a proud peacock, and raise my heel,

Absence of your words leave my soul and spirit darkened,

As I flip torn pages reading you, I'm glad you happened,

That I have someone whose works I exalt and look up to,

I wish to conclude at this juncture, credit where it's due,

Acclamation from this side of the globe, props from me.

Nancy Oyula

# Please Mama

Take me with you,  
Please mama,  
I wanna see your colleagues at work,  
I wanna see the driver who chauffeurs you,  
I wanna attend conferences with you, mama,  
Carry me, your little bundle,  
Carry me wherever you go,  
I want to suck your tits any time I feel hungry.  
I want to feel your warmth as you carry me,  
The shawls you cover me in are not warm enough,  
I want to feel your heart beat, as I lean on your chest.

Nancy Oyula

## Six Plus One

He first saw her when she was in the seventh grade.  
He was seventeen, she was fourteen,  
A year older than the average kid in grade seven.  
He looked at her young eyes, she looked at him,  
They stared at each other, their eyes interlocked for like seven seconds,  
And that marked the beginning of their mutual affection.  
Fourteen years since their first encounter and he was a scholar.  
They dated for two years and were married for five years,  
A total of seven years spent together.  
They lived on the seventh floor,  
In a flat located on the seventh street in town.  
He was to go abroad to study, for seven years.  
He had been preparing for the trip for the past one week.  
She would miss him after he left,  
But he had to go.  
He listened to seven jams,  
Which played for approximately four minutes each,  
As he drove for twenty eight minutes, from the house to the airport,  
He hugged her tightly, for seven minutes,  
It was the last time she would feel his arms, until seven years were over.  
He held her tight, and promised her seventh heaven when he would be back.  
He later bid her bye, and headed to the flight.  
His trip would take seven hours.

Nancy Oyula

# Spare A Thought

She laughed hard, and laughed and laughed,  
And laughed again...  
Spare a thought for her.  
She isn't retarded, she is not smart either.  
She laughed at political activists tortured by tyrant leaders,  
She laughed at the war-ton Middle East,  
She laughed at the poverty-stricken economies in Africa,  
She mocked the street families and beggars,  
Laughed at the cleaners washing corridors of her apartment,  
She laughed like a drain.  
She laughed at her divorcee neighbor,  
Laughed at the Negro who was discriminated against in a white dominated state,  
Oh! her poor ribs! They were subjected to so much punishment.  
She laughed at the Asian's physical features,  
She laughed more....  
She laughed at the Arab who was frisked for more minutes than his American  
friend,  
But she forgot to laugh at one thing; Her ignorance.  
She should have laughed at her ludicrous laughter,  
Naivety and lack of wisdom.  
A moment of silence for her, she needs help, urgently.

Nancy Oyula

# The Morgue

Silence welcomes me as I make my entrance,

So much to see in an instance,

The stillness that meets me, too calm,

Still like water from our local river, or dam.

Not astonishing though, it's a morgue, not a party,

The floors are squeaky clean, nothing dirty.

The departed have no tale,

Kins outside, all they do is wail.

My visit is met by dubiety.

I can smell mistrust in the air,

The skeptic attendants pose to study me,

My dark arms, my short, black kinky hair.

Their suspicious eyes follow me as I make slow steps,

I'm slower than the snail in my movement.

Some here died having no achievement.

Who is this? I hear them murmur amongst themselves.

The dead are quiet, calm, but observant. A heedful lot.

They notice me an alien, an anonymous being in their midst.

I'm incognito to them.

I detect something in the atmosphere, they like no foreigner,

I see them gather, I see the dead souls come together,

To talk about me, an outsider.

I'm now a subject in their discussion.

My unannounced visit sure has some repercussion.

They are planning to send me out.

That, I'm sure without a doubt.

It's now obvious, I'm not needed here. No love,

I don't harm, I try to plead, they won't listen,

They don't understand my language,

What's my main aim at my age?

The dead speak a different language from the living.

I descry something.

Bubbly and ebullient souls floating and swinging freely in the air,

Souls which deeply felt that life was anything but just or fair.

Maybe on their way to purgatory,

But that's not for me to worry.

The souls are glad that they have left this sad planet,

Others are dejected Spirits, sullen, unhappy to leave this lively universe.

I took a walk to the morgue, out of curiosity,

And in an attempt to mingle with the people of the other world.

I wanted to have a feel of their world.

Wasn't successful though, they were cold towards me.

Didn't want to share their story.

I'll make another trip there soon,

But just after I've gone to the moon.

Nancy Oyula

# We On The Move

The water is boiling, slowly turning to vapor.  
Everyone's up, ready to chase the paper.  
He goes to dribble a football, the player,  
She has to go for practice, the pro skater,  
Time for some basketball, the gifted Laker.

She farms in her fertile land, it's an acre,  
He gotta make bread, the sweet baker,  
We all are real beings, no damn faker,  
We celebrate our successes, no hater,  
Don't rob, just take what's yours, it's safer.

Nancy Oyula