

Poetry Series

Njousi Abang
- poems -

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Njousi Abang()

A Case Against False Christianity

Albert Einstein says, "Small is the number
Of people who see with their eyes
And think with their minds."
People are made to believe
That without Christianity
They are nothing but lost desert folk
However, when they do become Christians
They sooner or later discover may be too late
That they are nothing for the remainder runs:
"You are dust and unto dust you shall return."

It is worse when other Christians
Treat you shabbily, dishonourably
And shamelessly discriminate against you
And terribly behave unlike Christ

In the face of all these you begin to wonder
Was it worth it after all?
Was your conversion not only a scam
To woe you into their fold
So as to reap where they did not sow?
Haven't someone somewhere
Discovered how precious and marketable
The name of the crucified Christ can be?
If Christ were to come back today
Will his shepherds and flock be ready
To receive Him and sing: Hosanna!
Hosanna! To the Lord of the Most High
Or are we going to hide shame-faced
Due to our burden of sin?
Are we going to give a good account
Of our stewardship and enter the Golden Gate?
Or will we be caught with sacks of money,
That we used His name to amass,
As if we are on an earthly trip to bribe
A custom official to let us through.

Njousi Abang

An Open Letter To Young Learners

You are a citizen of the global village
See yourself as an employee in Washington DC
Or Shanghai, London or Lisbon, Madrid or Cairo
What do you need to be able to function successfully?
You need top-rated education to meddle
In the competitive world which is now a village
Mediocrity and misconduct should never be your lot
Excel now or you will be the underdog tomorrow
And die of poverty and misery
Use your eyes to study now
Or else you will use them to weep tomorrow

When you read, endeavour to pay attention
To your field of interest and keep an eye
On the top-rated jobs in the world as well
Always remember that like Barack Obama,
You can if you think you can
The fact that your predecessor failed
Doesn't mean that you will
Everything is possible for those
Who trust in God and do His will
For the benefit of God's people

We have faith in you
Have faith in yourself
Only the sky is your limit
If you keep the basic principles:
Discipline, hard work and perseverance
Note that failing to prepare for your tomorrow
Is preparing to fail
Proper preparation prevents poor performance
Always remember P5.

Njousi Abang

Avoid Aids

If you love yourself,
If you love your family,
If you love your friends,
If you love your clan,
If you love your village,
If you love your region,
If you love your country,
If you love the world,
And above all, if you love God,
Avoid risky behaviour that exposes you to danger
And above all, avoid making love foolishly
For it leads to AIDS.

Njousi Abang

Better Late Than Never

The carnage and wreckages on our roads
As epitomized by corpses, broken vehicles,
Broken limbs of men, women and children
And goods that will never reach their destinations
Attest to the view that it's better late than never

Once you board a car or anything on wheels
Never rush, never hurry up the driver above the limit
Never hasten up to reach set time limits
Especially when it is inadvertent
Take it gently. Don't hurry! Don't rush!
Never irritate the driver
Or destabilize him/her while you're on board
For you may become of late
Instead of late for your venture
And flies will live to feed
On your goods and remains
By the wayside and posters mounted
On your behalf to remind passers-by
Or immortalize you with the insignia
23 Died Here!

Njousi Abang

Christ Was Is And Will Always Be

Christ the same yesterday
Today and tomorrow
Rings the wordings of the Holy Writ
Christ is God with us in all Nations
The flesh of Christ is immaterial
It misleads and causes people
To misappropriate Him
To the detriment of others
Christ merely took man's skin
And was born into a Jewish culture
Jewish thoughts and ways of doing things
Therefore shape our perception of Christ
Those who monopolize Christ
Act only as it is humanly possible,
Which only goes to exhibit human greed

Christ is ethically truth, love and mercy
Whatever is good is Christ like
For he is the way the truth and the light
Universal truth and goodness in all cultures
Incarnate Christ and project Him.
The narrowness of the human mind,
Manifested in the churches they create daily
Further mystifies Christ
Who was is and will always be

Christ is God in action
Churches have all along
Made frantic attempts
To put Him within a time frame
And deliver Him in parcels
When He is beyond all else

Catholicism started off with
Latin as the only language
Of communication with God
Just like Hebrew which the Jews used
The Roman culture intruded
Into Christianity until the Roman arch

Was made compulsory
For the Roman Catholic Church
But how could it have been
Universal and Roman at the same time?

Roman dominance only
Started dying especially
During the reign of Pope John XXIII
Resistance to this changed vision
And parochialism caused
Archbishop L'efebre of France to start
His Catholic Church, which held tied
Whereas the breakaway Basel and Lutheran
Churches were Germanized
And Christ was presented from their world view
Even then some species
Of human beings were still considered
Unfit for the Gospel but were they not with
Christ by Christ and from Christ?

Christ was is and will always be!
For in the beginning was the word
The word was with God
The word was made flesh
And dwells amongst us
My great grandmother knew Him
And called Him Fiyini
And His son, Abangkimbong
She kept the unwritten commandments
And lived according to the creed
Hence I have no doubt
That she is in heaven

Njousi Abang

Clouds Amaze Me

The clouds never cease amazing me
They have an exceptional beauty
Like no other part of nature
They move and change
With each passing second,
Each minute and each hour

Clouds have ridges
'Like a newly tilled farm
Clouds have the shape of mountains
And sand dunes that are as smooth as dust
In the finest part of a desert
Clouds have stars that shine like fire
Glowing from a distance
Clouds have rivers, seas and lakes too.'

What an exceptional beauty the clouds have?
Even when it's foggy and about to rain
The beauty of the clouds
Never stops amazing me
They remain extra-ordinary to me.

Njousi Abang

Decision Sunday

Statistics show that Christians
Have fought more wars than others
Christians have harmed more Christians
Than all the others pitted against Christians
What then is the magic wand that drives them on?
Intolerance and the lack of the spirit of forgiveness
Greed and the inability of Christians to love
One another as Christ loved his church
And as we love ourselves
And live together as the early church
The loss of Christian values
Complacency and stagnation
Overrules Christianity

In order to make a difference
The Decision Time then is now
This very Sunday, this very fateful day
Don't walk home after Sunday Service
Without taking the decision to change
Let each Christian reflect on the misery around
And take a decision to leave his/her gifts
At the altar and go and reconcile
With his/her neighbour so that peace may reign

Christians should stop corruption now
And this country will be rescued
From the shackles of damnation

Just take a personal decision
And avoid the structures of sin
And all will be well with all

Njousi Abang

Desertification Drives On

Desertification drives on
We must be very watchful
And above all, unhyprocritical
As we sometimes do
With other socio-political issues
Of state and foreign relations

Desertification drives on
We must be extra careful
As it is an indefatigable monster
Determined to rid us of our joys
Even the eye of a microscope
Can't track it anywhere
For it is invisible but glides on
Slowly like a sly rogue.

Your vigilance must be
Thorough and better than that
Which is mounted up at all points
Against Terrorism for he comes but to
Steal that which is so central
To our very survival on this globe

Desertification drives on
We must fight it with the
Last atom of our energies
And with all our God and man-made talents
It is a war we must win or perish together
What an incredulous and mysterious monster
Whose presence is only noticeable
Through signs and traces
Which it leaves behind?

Desertification drives on
Reports bear erratic rainfall
Melting glaciers, excessive heat,
And dry polluted air and river valleys
Others carry prolonged droughts
Dehydrated flora and fauna

Wild bushfires, famine
Dry fields, watersheds and taps
Taps where water, the source of life
Used to flow in abundance
To replenish lost energies
And sustain human life

Desertification drives on
Take action now: plant a tree or more
If you can and recycle freshwater
Avoid water and air pollution and wastage
Check global warming, surface runoffs
And unsustainable destruction of man-made
And natural vegetation everywhere at all times
Please, recycle freshwater everywhere and
Protect watersheds and conservation areas
Integrate green in all your development plans
Only then will a healthy environment
Be equal to a healthy people

Njousi Abang

God Gave Me All

God gave me one eye
So that I can see
He gave me two eyes
So that I can see clearly

God gave me one ear
So that I can hear
He gave me two ears
So that I can listen keenly

God gave me one leg
So that I can walk
He gave me two legs
So that I can walk quickly

God gave me one hand
So that I can work with
He gave me two hands
So that I can work harder

God gave me one tooth
So that I can chew
He gave me thirty-two teeth
So that I can chew properly

God also gave me one head,
One chin, one tongue, one stomach
One mouth, one neck, one phallus,
But two lips, two jaws, two shoulders
And ten fingers, ten toes and many hairs
So that I may have enough reasons
To praise Him for His wonders

Njousi Abang

God Graciously Gives Great Gifts

Every second God receives
Billions of supplications and petitions
From different people in different languages
In all the nooks and crannies of this globe
Calls come from all walks of life
For good and revengeful purposes
God hears them all
But God graciously gives gifts of great repute
The beggars sometimes put on the human twist
As they say: 'God give me wealth
So that I can help my people and myself'
When they know they cannot and won't
Help anyone if God were to grant the wish
Hear them: 'God give me long life
So that I can serve your people'
And they know that the more they stay
The more corrupt they become
And the more they will kill
All man forgets to remember is that
God is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient
Thus He knows him even before he was born
God won't give gifts of great disrepute

So night and day people resort
To seek what Christ rejected from the devil
So night and day people bow to Satan
To have their way and say
And deceive the vulnerable and gullible
With praises to God for making
Them prosperous and fit to live
And enjoy the fruits of their labour
When indeed they know
That Satan instead of God
Granted them the false gifts

God graciously gives gifts of great repute
He does not pretend the way we do
Neither does He let evil to predominate
So He exposes evil to shame in all its finery

And makes the righteous to know
What is the best that should be sought
And treasured forever and ever in life
After all the precious things like air,
Rain and the land on which we trudge
Are not bought although without them
None can live as physically as possible

Njousi Abang

He Died Standing

He died standing
In a Banquet Hall
Waiting and wanting
More of what the world offers all
Who seek, knock and receive
His craving for more was total
At 81 he wanted more
Of what most die without attaining
But he kept on like most do here
He hung on to the magic strings

They want to die standing
As if sitting down to rest
Will take them away to an early grave
Their logic is logically sound:
We fly when we are yet unborn
We stand when we are young and active
And we crawl when we are old and weary
And we sit forever world without end
When we move into our graves
Only our souls fly out of our bodies
As we sit down to rest forever
So why sit and die early
When you can stand
And avoid dying early?

Njousi Abang

Homo Sapiens

How wise is man?
And how did he come by such
An appellation when he is who
He portrays himself to be?

Man the homo sapien
Is really wise indeed
When he sets traps to catch
His prey, he stands out as best
As best can be and when he sets out
To conquer the weak, he excels
In a way that his excellence stands out
When he wants anything under the sun
There is nothing that can stop him.
Homo sapien is really man the conqueror.

But do you know that homo sapien
Cannot hunt wild animals without
The dogs that sniff and trace the game
In all the nooks and crannies of the jungle?
Do you know that homo sapien unleashes
So much pain on his fellow humanbeing
And even destroys the very boat
On which he is sailing on the high seas?
Do you know that he unreasonably grabs
Much more than he reasonably can handle.
Do you know that the more he gets
The more he wants and craves for more.

Even wild animals in the jungle
Protect their kind and care for their young ones.
They believe in interdependency
And the unity of nature and God
They are not hypocritical
They mind their business
As they strive to live within
Their means and tap from
Mother Nature just as much
As they need to be able to stay alive

How wise is homo sapien
When animals escape a tsunami
But mankind perishes in it?

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Love Is A Race

Love is a race
Once we are born
We begin the race
To look for and run
After the ideal love
That is always ahead
As we trail after in an Indian file
In quest of s/he that will bring
Joy and peace in our troubled hearts

Along the line those who get tired
And sit down to rest turn around
To meet others in similar circumstances
With whom they strike a compromise
To fall in love and marry certainly
Because they can't keep up with the race

However, when the new lovers sit down
For a while and rest for a time and discover
That there is still some energy to spend
The race begins all over again as both or one
Starts to run around in quest of true love
In order to compliment what s/he lacks
In a union that came out of fatigue
And not out of the results of the race
That was started from birth

No wonder then that when true lovers
Reach the finish line and meet each other,
Their love grows and blossoms
When they tie the golden knot
Till dead do them part.

Njousi Abang

Merry Christmas

Give a child a book at Christmas
And you will make it rich and tall
Give a child extra food at Christmas
And you will make it fat and foolish

Give a friend a text to read at Christmas
And you will make him/her conquer the world
Give a friend clothes at Christmas
And you will make him/her fit for the comics

Food and clothes dress us for the grave
And make us filth and conquerors of toilets
Books, texts and knowledge make us stars
That shine forever, dead or alive

Indeed books and knowledge make us tall, rich
And conquerors of the world
Therefore, give a child a book at Christmas
And Xmas will forever be merry

Njousi Abang

Mind Setting

One is born free but everywhere he is in chains
So professes the Western sage
As a baby, they begin to drum in hard
The exclusive elements that isolate you
The discriminatory and divisive elements
Those elements that make you hate or love
Those elements that sometimes upset you
And make you behave in tele-guided ways
That are sometimes strange to you and all
They implant all those elements that send you crazy
And ready to fight and die and hate yourself for it
Only much later when it's all over and done with
And reason begins to take precedence over folly
Do you really discover how much you had erred?

Anybody would have been your parent
You could have been born into any family
You can fit into any geographical setting
Black and white or coloured strive in all climes
And none of the races are more human
Than others nor did they pay a price
To be born and bred under the setting
In which they find themselves
No religion is more superior in the eyes of God
He placed us where we are for His divine purpose
We are children of the universe
No less than the trees and stars
Those who grow beyond self-imposed limitations
And navigate out of the cave
Shall inherit the earth and the heavens
Families, tribes and races
Countries and continents and above all religion
Are just products of mind setting
Which begin from birth
And ends very late in life
Except when one gains liberation
And the spirit of discernment
That bring about the evil effects of mind setting,
Which is the cornerstone of most of the evil

That reigns supreme on earth.

Njousi Abang

My Best Friend

Who is your best friend?
Mine is a good book
He makes me laugh and cry
With a joy that embellishes my soul
And makes me learn and grow
In a way that hurts no heart
And causes no pain

My best friend can never betray
My best friend keeps the terms
And talks to me only when
I lift him up and open his mouth

My best friend does not tell lies
Nor blackmail me in order
To take advantage of my
Weaknesses and my dehumanized
Condition and its surroundings

My best friend does not disturb
My best friend communes
With me in total respect
Of the rights of my neighbour
He touches my heart and soothes
My troubled head which bears
The joys and burdens that life breeds

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New And Old Books

I feel good each time
I get a new book
A new book may
Not really be new
But at least let it
Be a book I have
Never seen before
A new book makes
All the difference in one's world
It changes one's thoughts and views
It transports one to a new realm
It brings good news to the poor
And transforms one's life

While a new book brings good news
An old book sits by you reminding you
Of the wonders that it contains
And constantly comforts you
With the fact that you can turn
To it when you are in need
New and old books are really
Good friends in need and indeed

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Noise

I cannot bear it
But it is everywhere
Noise is in the market place
Noise is on the streets
Noise is in the cars
Noise is in the room
Noise is in the church
Noise I bear in my heart
As I go to bed and wake up again
Amidst the noise everywhere!

Noise is harmful
Noise is hell for you and me
Yet noise goes on everywhere
As if it is meant to signal
That hell is right here now
And God has gone away
Only to appear to those
Who truly seek His face
In the quiet of their hearts
The silence of their rooms
And the eloquence of noiselessness
Or in lonely and solitary places
Like the forest, the hillside or garden

We seek God in quiet and solitude
We seek God in joyous peace
The peace that goes with noiselessness
God does not speak to us in noisy settings
Our forefathers can attest to this:
The patriarchs; Moses in the burning bush,
Joseph in his sleep, Abraham during the sacrifice,
And above all Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ
Who constantly kept solitary hours in the garden
Even the apostles had the Holy Spirit in the quiet upper room
God speaks to us in solitude and quiet so keep the peace
And avoid the hell that goes with the noise everywhere

Nothing Has Changed

They have mixed everything up
So you have to look keenly
To see that nothing has changed
The word Christian was an insult
But today it is elegant and fashionable
Yet for some it is just a cloak
Slavery was banned because it was anathema
Today it is gone underground whereby
Occultists sacrifice human beings for their wellbeing

Nothing has changed
Look very keenly
Then you will discover that the dichotomy
Between the upper and the lower classes still exist
In Britain we have the House of Lords
And the House of Commons
Who is a commoner?

Those who have eyes let them see
The words bribery, corruption and nepotism
Are dislikeable terms but in their place
We now have lobbying and networking
Yes! Networks which are so strong and solid
That you can't penetrate them except you are initiated

Now let's look at the difference between justice and revenge
Traditionalists see both as similar but the civilized world
Have their minds set on pointing out the thin lining
Same holds true for terrorism and anti-terrorism
Colonialism and independence/neo-colonialism
Do they not have a common denominator?
Did negritude not give way to tigritude?
And will feminist drives not give birth to masculine females?
Hence if the women become men, who will be women?
Of course the men will
However, a concept like gender balance upsets this line

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Prayer

Pray always for yourself and others
Repent of all your iniquities
Ask God for forgiveness and blessings
Yahweh will grant you
Everything that you wish in a
Responsible and most appropriate manner
Prayer is the Key. Jesus started with
Prayers and ended with Prayers

Njousi Abang

Prayer For The Nation

Lord we have all sinned
And fallen short of your glory
Look with pity on us
And grant us forgiveness
And the grace to pick up
The strands and rebuild ourselves
And especially this our country
In a spirit of self-abnegation
And unalloyed patriotism
So that those who trail
After us may have a heritage
Worthy of a people that you cherish.

Lord bless and protect us from all harm
As we make frantic efforts to contribute
Towards more self-realizations
And join efforts to build our nation.
Lord make our country anew
Make it the Land of Promise
And the Land of glory
That our forefathers
Conceived and sang.

Njousi Abang

Religious Packages

In the beginning was the word
The word was made flesh
And it dwells amongst us
So also does it hold
That Christ Emmanuel
Which means God is with us,
Was is and will always be
Christ is the same
Yesterday today and tomorrow
So also was the Spirit of God
Which roamed the universe
The Spirit was Truth, Universal Truth,
That permeates all things and people;
God the father, God the son
And God the Holy Spirit
God is goodness all the time
For all people everywhere
God is omnipotent, omniscient
And omnipresent

Make no pretence
Do not confiscate God
Do not make Him your God
And exclude others from Him
Neither must you arrogate
To yourself the right to know Him better
And Pontificate and intercede for others.
Rather just teach them to know God better
And serve Him properly as He dictates,
By doing His will which is good
For all the people all the time and everywhere

God is with us in perpetuity
Abangkimbong, the saviour of all
Irrespective of colour, race, age,
Region or religion you should
Believe in the supreme God
Whatever you perceive Him to be
And keep His commandments

Do not receive God in a Parcel
God is over and above human reasoning
He can't just fit any human vessel
The world is full of conflict
And divisions everywhere
The source of all these lies in religious packages
Which deliver God in various parcels
Like the blind men of Hindustan
Who attempted to define an elephant
And each approached it from his perspective
However wrong it was
They defended it to the last

Njousi Abang

Stop Environmental Degradation

If I were you,

I will stop for once and ponder:
Where am I? Where am I going?
What am I taking away?
What am I bequeathing to posterity?
Is your legacy a pit of fire?
Is your legacy a scorched earth?
Is your legacy an inhospitable globe?
Is your legacy a barren planet?
Is your legacy a great Bang?

Then let it be known that
People and nations come and go
But nature and God live forever.
The will of God reigns supreme:
'Neither will I ever destroy the world
With brimstone nor with flood waters'

If you do what God disallows,
You will have yourself to blame.
You may get temporary satisfaction
But after you, a thousand years
Will be a short period for God
To regenerate the earth with all its splendour
God's will shall be done according to His Word

Njousi Abang

Suck Away

There is enough for the grab
For all people in all climes.
God couldn't have created His people
Without correspondent resources
To cater for their sustenance

God created men and women
Big and small, strong and weak
So that they will complement each other
Scratch my back I scratch your yours
Love one another as God loved His church.
And as you love yourself.

Unfortunately, the strong breed among men
Took advantage of their prominent situation
To exploit the poor and the wretched of the earth
In order to enrich themselves and their peers
And forsake the miserable who languish in squalor.

They suck away all the resources
That God set aside for all and sundry
So that when others experience lack
They swim in affluence and plenty
The drainage pipes are everywhere
And always ready to suck away
The bits and pieces that are available

The drainage pipes are everywhere
They come in all forms and shapes
Like the breweries and other monopolists
They drain all resources of man and make
Him more vulnerable to all odds
Can you say what sucks away yours?

Njousi Abang

Temptation

Satan tempts you
To do what is in your
Power to do and achieve
Feats which you have the
Potentials to achieve.
Satan brings nothing new
For all was is and will
Always be as per
The Master's grand design.
Look at it again this way;
For forty days and forty nights
Christ walked in the desert
Thirsting and hungering
And in a trance satan
Showed him the cities
Of the world as they are
Today glittering and shimmering
And asked Christ to bow to him
So that he could be given possession
Of what is was and will always be.
Not being satisfied with the response
He asked Christ to turn stones into bread
Which again was in His power to do
And Christ reprimanded him:
'Thou shalt not tempt the lord thy God.'

Now look at how man today,
As he was during the time of Christ, is
Stooping low daily to the ploys of satan
To achieve what he can achieve
By dint of hard work,
Discipline and perseverance,
Which is in his power to attain.
We simply can't resist hunger and thirst.
The devil puts blocks on our path to success
So we can turn to him for clearance
Instead of staying focused and learning
In order to overcome and achieve
God's design for us in time and space.

We want the fast lane that leads to doom.
We sign pacts with satan, who in turn
Clears the blocks he intentionally puts,
For an invaluable price that all fools must pay.

We simply can't fight for a day plus one
Without succumbing to evil attitudes.
Yet we bear the sign of the living Lord
Like the Jews who shouted,
'Crucify him! Crucify him
And give us evil, Barnabas.'
As goodness gradually fades
And many suffer and die of poverty
We daily succumb to the will of satan,
And do our worse for humanity.

Njousi Abang

The End Of Time

The world moves on and on
While the monster develops
Its deadly fangs to maim and kill
All the people on the globe
As they blindly strive to live
And satisfy their base instincts
While pollution and climate change
Continue to prepare the way
For the great Bang
And the monster's last action

In some parts there will be
Hurricanes, storms and floods
Whereas in others uncontrollable fires
Will eat up the flora and fauna
The rest if any will suffer
From strange deadly diseases
And so in all climes on earth
The monster will lash on
And may finally have its say.
Stay watchful for any watchman
Who falls asleep will have himself to blame

Njousi Abang

The God Of Football

Football communicates different messages
And generates different emotions
To different people at different places
Across the globe and much more on the arena
Where real action takes sway and pulls the strings
That makes the music as sweet as sweet can be

As soon as the game starts
Rival teams and their supporters
Set out to pray to different Gods throughout the game
As the actions unfold and bring the victory home
They use different languages and styles
For their dream team to win
For the stakes are high
That set all alert

The blast of the whistle sets the ball rolling
In different directions at different times
And men's hearts begin to throb
As they intensify their play and prayers
And cheer up their favourites
And boo their opponents
And faults unaccounted
In a game that sends
Thousands of actors
And actresses assailed
By all kinds of emotions there
As the game gradually rolls on

As all these different people
Get mad with expectations
And pitifully appeal
To the gods to intervene
And grant their hearts desire
During the playful game
The gods sit and laugh
At the folly of humankind
That asks for what he has
But cannot take full control

To drive the victory home

In football, victory resides
Only with those who work
As hard as they can go
In a team that knows
How to share and sacrifice
For each other's sake
As freely as a team can do
With all the time they have
To make their talents shine
In a heart that is cold
And focused on the goal
That the team sets for itself
Till the match pulls to an end.

Njousi Abang

The Truth

It takes a lot of our resources to tell lies
It takes a lot of time and effort to make it sink
It takes a lot of resources to force people believe it forever

Lies take this much because they do not mirror truth
The Truth that was is and will always be
Lies have wings and fly at a supersonic speed
Lies come up in various shapes and sizes
Lies put on beautiful cloaks with many colours
Lies taste sweeter than tongue can wield the matter
But lies fly away when Truth appears
Truth glides at a snail's pace
Truth does not disguise its ugly face
Truth does not taste better than it really is
Truth is simply truth as it was is and will always be
Truth is light that dispels the darkness
The darkness that envelopes the world and cause sin

The truth is the truth
Tell it; tell the truth as it is
Don't panic! Don't give up!
Because the truth was is and will always be
It is only the truth that will set you free
And give you peace now and forever
But if there must be meaningful peace
You must tell it cautiously
For time, setting and people count

Njousi Abang

To All Freshmen

Soon classes will start in all the universities
And you will be called upon to apply yourself
To scholarship and moral rearmament
In this new fascinating world of education
Where you shall be governed by rules
And principles, but no bell will toll
To tell the time and move you on
Only billboards and posters will shape your moves

Soon you will realize that you are free
To do what you like at all times with no big stick
Behind you that will cause you to panic and pay lip service
You will also be shocked to realize
That you have got to apply the moral lessons
Which you learnt before without any checks
To verify whether you are right or wrong.

While you apply yourself to studies
Of every kind and hue remember
That freedom is good but excessive freedom
Can be very misleading and dangerous to yourself and others
Just watch in the same way that society will do
And you will observe that many will go wild
Until exams will set in to check their excesses.

Many have come to this level armed to study
But the excessive quest for material wellbeing
Will take them hostage as it did to their predecessors
Thereby rendering them ridiculous in the public view
Some had simply become tools that were used by everyone
Many have come to this stage with smiles
And later on ridden home many years after
With tears and wounds that cannot be cured.
So freshmen be watchful, conscientious,
Morally upright and patient enough
To gather all the nectar that will shape
Your destiny and make you great
And successful in all your endeavours.
If you must succeed where others have failed

Then you must read and read and read
And above all, study and study and study
You may as well begin from a perusal of Bernard Fonlon's
The Genuine Intellectual in order to lay
A solid foundation for all your work in the academia.

Njousi Abang

Tribute To Inventors

Each time I pick up a new invention
I cannot but imagine what creativity
Can do to change the drudgery around
And reduce wastage of resources
And the loss of time that accompanies
Manual activities in all primitive societies.

Each time I pick up a new invention
I cannot but think of the inventors
Who have changed the world
And improved on the human condition
In ways that other ancients never knew
Or could ever imagine although some saw visions
And others dreamt dreams
And predicted what their sons would do.

Each time I pick up a new invention
I cannot but decide to invent something
So that those who come after me can enjoy
For how else can we repay the great inventors
If we cannot continue from where they ended.

Each time I pick up a new invention
I cannot but continue to thank God
For making a way where there seems to be none.
Thus, to all inventors and God Almighty
I doff my hat to thee and pray
That all should be for the glory
Of the most High God who made Heaven and earth

Njousi Abang

Tribute To The Teacher

From dawn to dusk
You labour in the Lord's vineyard
To mould the young ones you keep
Many are the fruits you harvest
Thanks to the diligence, perseverance and love
That you manifest in your chores

Uncomplainingly you fast, toil
And trudge on thorny paths that pain
Other's successes remain your driver
Although thirst and hunger gnaw your entrails,
You remain steadfast like an iroko tree
Courage brothers do not stumble.
The path to glory leads but to the grave

Although you may suffer deprivation,
You have lots of reserves and untapped riches
In heaven for sure you have a place
Indeed, happy are those who mourn now
And woe unto those who persecute
And mock you for they shall inherit hell

Njousi Abang

Universal Truth

When thinking is limited
By loyalty, socio-cultural reality
And geophysical and political settings
Universal Truth tends to be tinted,
As thinkers project opinions
Instead of Divine Inspiration
And people spread opinions
Instead of Divine realism,
Which is unbiased and untainted

Daily people die because of falsehoods
Falsehoods which are documented
And taught for people to believe
And abide by so that Universal Truth
Can be shielded for people to live
Far away from God's Divine Will
As individualism, greed and Satanism
Take root and blossoms in God's House

Njousi Abang

Vandalism

In quest of a livelihood
In quest of fun and pride
In an attempt to stay alive
In order to satisfy our sadistic desires
Thousands of wild animals and trees
Fall prey to our destructive tendency.

There is weeping everywhere in the jungle
As animals; protected and unprotected species
Fall victim to human machinations and die.
There is wailing and more destruction
As human beings fell huge trees
Which fall on other flora and fauna
And kill them by the gross, as mankind
Rejoices for his short-term gains.
All they care about is the here and now.
The future will take care of itself.

The rate of consumption of these
Flora and fauna in our society
Leaves one with doubts
As to what the future holds
And why there is so much folly
Everywhere as people's
Cravings for these endangered
Species keep increasing without
A corresponding replacement.

MINFOF and its partners
Have been checking excesses to no avail.
Can't we realize how much harm
We are doing to our ecosystem
And the future generation
That may never know or see
What we are making
Extinct by our greedy nature
And uncaring attitudes?

Victory

Yes, we have won the war
And taken away the booty
But can we count the environmental damage
The spiritual loss everywhere
And the destruction of a heritage
And a civilization that had stood the test of time?
What is reconstructed cannot bear the ancient flavour!
Nor can it bring back the dead
And remake those maimed!
However, one cannot make an
Omelet without breaking eggs

Njousi Abang

Wars Are Fought In The Mind

Wars are fought in the hearts of men and women
Wars last as long as the mind preparation in each camp
Surprise can beat even the strongest
The destructions in wars are equal to the nature of men's hearts

Dictators and their cronies drive people to war
People drive democrats to war
People overthrow dictators during wars
Dictators set up wars to overthrow democrats
People protect democrats
Dictators force people to protect them
What a world of wars?

Wars end in the hearts of men and women
When the energies and resources are spent
And men and women give up self-pride
And reason takes precedence over emotions
And cupid's arrow pierces the hearts
Of the embittered parties
And people's will reigns supreme!

Njousi Abang

Waste Disposal

Isn't it a crime against humanity:
This waste that is transported and dumped
On the African soil by people who care?
Isn't it a crime against humanity:
This obsolete guns that are sold
To support armed conflicts in Africa?
Isn't it a crime against humanity:
To arm dictators to crush civilians
With useless arms and armoured vehicles?
Isn't it a crime against humanity:
To pollute the environment and suffocate
The less privileged ones in all climes.

This is so cruel that we euphemistically call it business
Yes, the buying and selling of lethal weapons
That poses a threat to humanity in all zones.
Let us for once put the cat before the horse
And save the world and those to come
But not our mercantilist interests
And bias outlook of the global issues.

Njousi Abang

Weapons Of Mass Destruction

Weapons of Mass Destruction
(Dedicated to all Environmentalists)

You don't need to go far
Look within your house even in the jar
You will have a cause to agree
That there are deathly weapons everywhere.

They appear in all forms and shapes.
You massively produce them but don't shake
When nations and people stare, talk and cry.
Why don't you rally forces to fight?
A great war against that which will
Ultimately bring the whole world to grill?

Inwardly you may say you'll not be there
But if you have a conscience there
Then you will realize that it is time
To join the fight to rid the world in all climes
Of the deathly weapons found everywhere
By the year 2020 in order to lift the scorch everywhere

Njousi Abang

What Is Vulnerability?

When volcanoes erupt and
Their ashes upon us tumble down
Man is vulnerable to all odds
When thunder strikes and storms
And floods flow, man is simply
Dismembered and dislodged
When acid rain fall and colocassia
Rots and the harvest is destroyed,
Man simply hangs his head
In helpless pain wherever it pains,
When the mangoes ripen
All at the same time in all compounds
And there is no ready-made market
Or a place to keep the extras as they rot
Then can you see man's helplessness
When the droughts come and go
Leaving fields dry bare of fruits
For people to take home and eat,
Man is simply disenfranchised.
When the land slides down the slope
And earthquakes strike and shake
And sweep our property and kinsmen
We can only pitifully stand by and weep.
When a wanton driver runs off the road
And many perish in his car,
What else could the passengers have done?
When society imposes roles on us
And makes it near impossible for
Women to state their cases for the love they crave,
What do you expect of gender equality?
Vulnerable men and women find it difficult
To undo emotional, mental, physical
And psycho-spiritual blocks to their survival
Be they man-made or natural

Njousi Abang

What Ruins Many A Beauty Queen?

Many beauty queens die out
Living only faint imaginings
Of their false selves to hunt
The realism of their ephemeral
Nature that hardly lasts a blue moon.

But what ruins many a beauty queen
More than false hopes and the vanity
That goes with money, merry-making and men
Who give what the hearts desire but reason protests.

What ruins many a beauty queen today
Is the incessant quest for the wind
And things that last only for as long
As the wish is fulfilled by those
Who die for the intangible.

Njousi Abang

When You Are Who You Are ????

My friend the General
Lost his generalship
When he went to sleep
And when he removed
His uniform to undo the load
In his stomach at the WC
And when he finally went to rest,
He suddenly discovered
That he was only a man
Like any other man
And above all,
That clothes and power
And even the role play
Works only in public
For in private
We remain who we are
Because our wives and children
Can at least bear testimony to this fact

My friend, the President
Discovered rather too late
That his role as president
Counted only when he was
Seen as such in the robes
But when he was away
From public view he was
Simply Mr. Man:
Naked I come
Naked I will go

We remain who we are
What we want to be
Who we would like to be
When we truly accept God
And love our neighbours
As ourselves

Njousi Abang