

Poetry Series

**Uche Nwanze**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2024

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

## Uche Nwanze(16th August)

I am Ibo from Ibusa (pronounced as Igbuzor) in Oshimili North Local Government area of Delta state, Nigeria. I am a poet, playwright, Compere, songwriter, Public Affairs Analyst and Social Commentator.

Poetry is oxygen that the world desperately needs to exist and it paints a picture of the happy and not too happy moments of life. The ink has to be wet so we can tell a vivid story of life.

Follow me on X @charmingHarry



PoemHunter.com

# Finding Whitney

I am on a journey to find my Whitney  
She is the Barney sitting by the chimney  
She is nothing like Courtney  
On a hunt for the money  
ended up with the honey  
On a losing streak then I caught a big break  
I thought I was brave till I met this rave of the moment  
Call me a perv but I crave for her honey  
I will give up my kidney just to be her poney  
T'is funny how young lads can be phoney  
Life is a journey, we're playing in the tourney  
Someday we 'll cave to the grave

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Eclipse Of Laughter

The beauty of their laughter  
The purity of their smile  
The innocence of their giggles  
A bundle of joy, a thing to behold  
Makes our hearts melt with gladness  
In ecstasy we greet their arrival  
Countless nights we prayed  
A prayer answered  
A miracle from the oracle  
A wish come true  
A desire fulfilled  
The glow in their eyes  
The joy watching their wobbling first steps  
The pride listening as they babel their first words  
Moons passed where we waited for the harvest  
The sweet pain she felt as she brought them forth to this terrestrial  
The mad joy we felt  
Now the cold hands of death stolen from us  
Darkness has swallowed our sun

Uche Nwanze

# Bread Of Sorrow

The hoe not my foe  
Though my toe is weak  
I bend and till the soil until she opens her mouth to swallow my seedlings  
I break in rivers of sweat but I break not in my spirit but pregnant with hope for  
Ani the god of the earth to bless us with a bountiful harvest  
Many moons have passed  
Yet the sky hasn't shed a single tear  
Wish I could tear down the clouds  
The land have gone inebriate with the libation of my gin  
Yet my oblation is an apparition  
The Ageless Sun has smiled longer than she should  
And our hearts are weary and teary of waiting  
Alas! The heavens answered  
An avalanche of tears like an inconsolable child  
With painful excitement I watch my seedlings sprouted into life  
Buried beneath limbo  
In darkness they were shrouded  
And by the benevolence of the gods they break free from the cocoon of  
uncertainty  
If they could breathe the air of freedom  
Tares like the enemy besieging the gates  
They lie in wait to sniff the life just birthed  
Not even the menacing scarecrow could scare the stare of the fowls of the air  
I ponder and I wonder if my green babies can live to see another day

Uche Nwanze

# Onwubiko (I Beseech You Death)

The cry to make us laugh we all longed for  
Nights on vigil we prayed the gods heed our call  
Our fears grow to tears  
Pregnant in hope of the harvests to come  
If the sky will smile on us  
Adaora in pangs of pain  
Who will console her  
Endless wait for a sign  
All her unborn children will not be eaten up again  
Like a barren soil, no crops for the harvest  
An evening gossip, Asake has become  
Alas! The heavens were kind to her  
If the world will just hear the joyful scream

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Wedlock Of Fate

Nigeria, a land like the innumerable stars in the Cosmos  
A land of fine flora and fauna  
Christened by Lady Flora  
Joined in matrimony by the Lord of the Manor  
On the altar of almagamation  
Sacred vows she took  
Words he barely understood  
Lugard the officiating minister  
A connubial of convenience  
Nigeria, a sweet vinegar  
I rather inebriate than sip any other wine  
The envy of her neighbours  
The darling bride of the West  
Yet suitors from the East woo her  
Buried beneath her giant feet, a reservoir of fortune  
In a wild goose chase for the elusive golden fleece  
Nigeria, a land of great warriors  
The many won battles, a conqueror in chains  
With a noose of despair round her neck, her nose won't bleed  
Her children in tears, she will never tear apart  
Though the sky wear a frown, the Sun will show her beautiful face again  
Fierce ferocious fires of a failed fiefdom  
Waters of unity will put out  
The wind of discord may rage,  
the voice of friendship will quiet the cacophony  
Nigeria, no place I'd rather be  
Nigeria, though drought has dried her green fields  
A bountiful harvest tomorrow  
Nigeria, though her sons have fled in dozens, in droves they find their way home  
Nigeria, the heartbeat of Africa  
On a voyage to greatness

Uche Nwanze

# The Lady Of The Manor

She wields her armour with candour  
An Amazon with great valour  
From squalor rose she to her parlour  
She rules with splendour  
Her beauty decked with glamour  
With renewed vigour  
She reigns without rigour  
Full of flavour like honey that money cannot buy  
The Lady of the Manor with grandeur majestic she sits like the ageless Sun  
She is the Lady of the moment  
She stands tall and timeless like eternity  
A woman of honour  
Her tenor the voice of angels  
Her reign endless as immortality  
The Lady of the Manor  
Mayor of the Major

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# My Manifesto

I want to wake up every morning to catch a glimpse of your scintillating smile  
I want to come home to feel the warmth of your hug  
I want to watch you go to bed  
I want to listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat  
I want to dance to the music of your sonorous snore  
I want to wake up to the radiance of your ageless beauty  
I want to watch you take off your clothes  
I want to smell the fragrance of your hair  
I want to walk you to the door and kiss your forehead  
I want to tune on the radio and listen to the frequency of your celestial voice  
I want to steal a glance at your astonishing beauty  
I want to stare at your alluring eyes  
I want to hear the symphony of your innocent giggles  
I want to hold your delicate hands  
I want to run home and feast my hungry eyes on your sumptuous body  
I want to meet you in Dreamland when I close my tired eyes  
I want to watch you take your majestic gait from behind  
I want to quench my thirst from the milk of your benevolent breast  
I want to worship at your tabernacle of Sweetness  
I want to live in your lair  
I want to be trapped in your web  
I want you today  
I want you tomorrow  
I want forever with you

Uche Nwanze

# Call Girl

I met this tall call girl  
In a mall  
She was on a call  
Not that I wanna call her  
I'd love to call her  
But I am on call  
Her eyes call me  
I think I'll fall for her charm  
You can call me a flirt  
I met this call girl in a town hall  
She is on call  
I have to calm down  
I have to call  
If she calls I may call back  
I'm only human  
I may fall for her call  
Her body calls me  
Yet I can't call her  
I want to call her  
I don't have the balls  
I want to take her to the ball  
I think I will call her  
My heart says call her  
If I can break this wall of fear  
I'll get to call her  
The certain call girl is pretty  
I hope the call girl is not like gall  
I like to call this call girl  
A pall of doubt hangs like a shroud  
Should I call her

Uche Nwanze

# Oria

Oria

How bright the light that cleansed the blight  
How bright the light that put darkness to flight  
At the right time our oblation gave birth to felicitation  
At the twilight of the eight month fortune visited  
The Ageless sun smiled at us  
A beautiful sight to behold  
The might of the one who sits in the clouds broke the tight womb  
When the right time came  
the doors of the chamber of birth was open  
And bright the Light upon our blight world  
A sight beautiful to behold  
A gift bequeathed by the gods

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Sleeping Beauty

Oh Celestial beauty, lay awake no longer  
With open arms welcometh the goddess of Dreamland  
In that golden city where our finest fantasy is birthed to life  
I await at thy gates  
until the morrow comes and the ageless Sun rises from her slumber  
I bid thee goodnight not goodbye  
Though the night still young  
The voyage is long  
We commune as the clock ticks and cock crows at the birth of dawn  
Flee, Flee, my anxious heart  
Oh restless heart, fear not  
As we approach a land where dreams are born

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Survivor

I knew Suffering before I got the Offering  
Poverty lived at my balcony until Plenty became my company  
Hunger and I were next door neighbours until Wonder visited my vicinity  
The only chorus I sang was Lamentation until Redemption song filled my lips  
Was offered as a Libation until I found myself on Liberation avenue  
Yesterday crumbs for breakfast, now I Feast at the banquet table  
Sorrow taunt and haunt me, yet I vaunt of my hunt  
Fear lived rent free in my heart until Fortitude broke me out of jail  
Starvation laughed me to scorn, until Salvation took me in  
Adversity made me a Fugitive but Prosperity granted me amnesty  
Animosity pursued me like a predator until Affection gave me refuge  
Was close to tears until Mother Luck smiled at me  
In Squalor I sank until fate teleported me to a beauty Parlour  
I shook hands with death, alas! the One with the key to Hades saved me with His  
blood  
Was locked in the gulag by my insecurities until Confidence opened my eyes  
Was on the cusp of expiration until He made expiation for my vices

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# A Flight To The Sun

If I could look into the sky  
And I will hook one of the stars  
It just may be you  
I wish I could book a flight to the sun  
And Mother Nature did cook for me this scrumptious meal  
Every nook and cranny never I have seen such beauty  
I guess she took after her dad  
She is no random girl  
I found my Rook, She is my rock  
I look no further, my search ends  
If I could just hook her to the door of my heart

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The White Lion

The Lion has left his lair after having a hair breadth escape from the red Eagle

He is in a fair in hibernation island

Now he cries foul that t'is not fair

The pair of the Lion and the cub in the pride will clutch at any straw

The trail seems to have gone cold

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# My Oasis

If only I can uncover the untold stories hidden in your eyes  
I'll pen a million words  
I seek solace in the music of your heartbeat  
Oh! stubborn heart of mine yet like candle wax the fire of your smile melts  
Only the sweetness of your kiss can unlock the door of my heart  
I yield at thy feet waiting for crumbs of your affection  
As I grope in the dark alley of solitude I clutch at crumbs of the solicitude  
I desire to inebriate from thy fountain  
My search through the desert of Love is over  
I pray by the gods, I catch a glimpse of thy paradise

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Dike

On your sturdy shoulders the weight of the world  
You break your back so our hearts won't break  
You muscle and hustle that we'll get every morsel  
Beneath the smile hid your pain  
Behind that toughness is the sweetness  
In the weeping of your whip your love for me is cocooned  
For the thousand battles you had to fight  
For the dozens of fires you had to put out  
For the legion of demons you had to face  
A thousand thank you not enough  
For the hell you've been to and back  
For taunts and haunts you had to endure  
The toils and boils you had to bear  
The veiled tears in your laughter  
The masked fears in your bravery  
I'll choose you over again even in seven life times

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Defiant

Life's a fiend  
Though She threw me under the bus  
I chose to be Captain of my crew  
Life's a villain  
She threw me noxious punches  
I drew strength from the hero on the inside  
Life is a whore  
She'll never stop to screw me til I brew the liquor of power  
Though some folks grew weary of her taunts  
I'll merry till the cock crew

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Split

I live in two Worlds  
I know who I am now  
I know not what I may become when the morrow comes  
I am Somebody, I am Nobody  
I am my Friend, I am my Enemy  
I am a Leader, I am a Slave  
I am my Saviour, I will be the Death of me  
I am the Captain, I am the Ship  
I am the Navigator, I am the Destroyer  
I am a Blessing, I am a Curse  
I am a Champion, I am a Loser  
I am a Sage, I am a Fool  
I am the Antidote, I am the Venom  
I am the Architect, I am the Annihilator  
I am Fire, I am Ice  
I am my Ally, I am my Adversary  
I am a Saint, I am a Sinner  
I am Rich, I am a Pauper  
I am Beauty, I am Beast  
I am the Captor, I am the Captive  
I am Powerful, I am Powerless  
I am the Piper, I am the one who pays the Piper  
I am the Jailer, I am the Prisoner  
We all live in two worlds  
Who I am now, I know  
Who I will become in the morrow, I know not

Uche Nwanze

# Tales By Moonlight

Walking on this deserted road of life  
My courage, food for the journey  
I could hear the boisterous whisper of despair this cold harmattan night  
Yet I rode on this road, silent screams my companion  
This load too much to bear  
Though the fables told be old  
You can't fold the tables to get the crumbs  
I'll stand on the path of truth no matter whose ox is goad  
You need not be told when you see a toad singing at dawn  
Aye! The old folks foretold it  
The merchants sold us the pot of lies  
Now our tail behind our legs  
Alas! The trail has gone cold

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Bleak

The hunger is real  
Like planes idle in the hanger  
The anger is palpable  
This is no longer funny  
See, they launder our commonwealth  
The economy has gone under  
The war monger is lurking  
Could this be the harbinger of doom  
As I ponder at the thunder that is coming  
I wonder what will become of our children  
Our tomorrow is in danger

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Obim

## (A Song To My Beloved)

Let me sing a song for my Beloved who lives on the Fourteenth floor on Fourth avenue

She cannot be Faulted

She arrived this terrestrial sphere on the Fourteenth day in the month of Love

From the Fourth heaven for whence she came

On the Fourteenth day she turns Forty

Our paths crossed Fortuitously

I met this damsel on the Fourteenth day, a November to remember

Like a Cat I Fought, her heart I won

On the Fourth gear I sped Forth

I walked down the aisle with her on the Fourth

As we held our hands in conjugal promise of Forever

I watched her take those giant strides

Alas! She ascends the Fourth floor

She is Faultless, her beauty drives me breathless

She is kind to a Fault

On the day love envelopes our skies

She breaks Forth in Majestic gait

My life meaningless, she became the Fort I hid

I wasn't Forthcoming, she had to hold the Fort else I Falter

On the Fortress of her breast, I cocoon

Humility and Humanness her Forte

Never met a person this Forthright

In a Fortnight , I'll sing a love song to my Beloved as she goes Forth

Uche Nwanze

# Flawless

## (In Loving Memory Of My Mother, Late Mrs. Patricia Nzolo Nwanze)

(In loving Memory of my Mother, Late Mrs. Patricia NZOLO NWANZE)

I will light a dozen candles for this paragon of beauty  
I'll say a little prayer for you for your peaceful repose  
I will make a thousand wishes to the cosmos  
I'll shed a million tears on your passing  
I will sing songs of praise for this icon  
I'll release a dozen pigeons into firmament  
I will shoot a thousand canons in your loving memory  
I'll lay a hundred flowers by your graveside  
I will give you your plaudits everywhere I go  
I'll tell beautiful tales of you  
I will write a million poems about you  
I'll pen a eulogy for you every season  
I'll say countless thank yous for your love  
I will blow a million kisses to the stars  
I'll forever miss your Flawless Soul

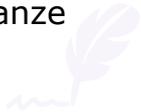
Uche Nwanze

# Exodus

## (The Journey Of A Restless And Fearless Soul)

I am a itinerant on an odyssey  
I am emissary on a mission  
I have been sent here to fulfill a purpose  
I know not where boisterous winds will compass me to  
I know not where the raging storms will projectile me  
As I pilgrim the rough paths of life  
I wear my courage like the Mexican hat  
I adorn myself with the belt of fortitude  
Though I face daunting lairs  
And landmines buried in the rubbles of humanity, I fear not  
As I scavenge the debris of self discovery,  
I pray thee illuminate my soul with rays of hope  
Someday may my good deed be rewarded  
And when these journey be ended  
I'll go marching on with the Celestial choir

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Last Book Of Lamentations

We live in Perilous times  
Sleep has been slain  
How much longer are we going to sip this Lugubrious wine  
Citizens are Curious, who will Moses them out of the woods  
These killings is making my people Furious  
The custodians of our cache are Dubious  
The ransom for our maidens is very handsome  
If those upstairs could take this Serious  
Yet the vaunt by the corridor of power to taunt the pillagers of our villagers is  
Spurious  
If only the police were more Ambitious the devil from the evil forest won't be  
Audacious  
These Nefarious shanghaier  
have put us on board a Precarious ship  
When shall we sleep so we don't slip  
When shall Victorious songs fill our cracked lips

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Panglossian

Though the road be tough  
Though the path be rough  
Though the bough be weak  
Though no dough for bread  
I say enough of the furlough  
I will plough till I get through the trough

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Lifequake

I am wrought in His image and likeness  
My Life fraught with flaws  
I learned not all battles need to be fought  
I thought I was alone  
There were days I felt the draught  
Life has taught me a lesson  
My drought has come to an end  
Their plot and ploy have come to naught  
Distraught at the treachery of my Kith and kin  
Not everything, not everyone can be bought  
Honesty a sought after commodity scarce at the bookshelf  
If only I brought wealth into this world  
Caught by the web of Sin  
He bought my freedom with His blood  
I ought to fight my demons

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Gravity

The day I was birthed, the day I began to die  
The day I will lay cold in the belly of mother Earth, the day I am born  
As the timeless Sun lifts her veil and the moon shroud herself in the apparel of  
secrecy  
Though the harmattan hands the baton to the rains  
Boys now turn fathers, maidens are tomorrow 's brides  
Mango leaves fall prostrate in obeisance of Mother nature  
The smile of Green leaves soon turn pale like the yellow sun  
Age climbs high up the ladder in defiance of Newton's gravity  
Soon the udala ripens, and falls to the earth  
I am a libation, my fate to propitiate the gods of time  
Each passing moment I grope in pregnant hope of the beginning of my end  
A scented candle, today I light up my world, in the morrow my light is put out  
I wander in the wilderness of discovery,  
I am a lost pilgrim in these odyssey of life  
Season after Season I bloom and wither  
Harvest after harvest I blossom and shrink  
Aye! I shall make merry and feed my soul, food for the journey  
Let me drown in my vanities, as I fix my eyes on the gates of eternity

Uche Nwanze

# The Red Queen

Oh! this mystery has given me misery  
What a mystery!  
If this cycle fails to knock at my door I may walk in circles  
If the Red Queen finally shows up at my Doorstep I will be Red with excruciating  
anguish  
Like a visitor your arrival a sweet bitter tale for maidens  
Old and sagged breasts rejoice your path and theirs won't cross each other again  
Like an ogbanje you dance around my obi  
While others feast a million times I die  
I offer my prayers with silent screams  
Is this the price to pay for womanhood  
My daughter, it is a rite of passage if you must become a woman  
This mystery, from whence does it come from  
I love to hate this cycle of circles  
Yet some welcome the red moon with open arms  
Some weep at sight of the river of blood  
What a mystery!  
Aduke, pregnant with worry if she fails to show up  
Adaora, bathes her pillow with river of tears when the Red Queen pays a visit  
If only this mystery will save me the misery  
Now I must prepare, for it is time to welcome my visitor

Uche Nwanze

# Shimmering Sunshine

This darkness shall birth Sunshine  
The night will soon be over  
These wounds will heal  
This broken heart will mend  
This fear shall fade  
This tears will dry  
This emptiness shall melt away  
This pain will subside  
This phase will elapse  
This cicatrix will disappear  
This loneliness shall wane  
The broken pieces will be fixed  
This storm will calm  
This shackles will break  
The day will swallow the darkness  
We shall come out stronger than yesterday  
Courage! Do not despair!

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Tempest In Thoruland

The fate of all flesh, like the udala tree swept by the impetuous whirlwind  
Like pilgrims on an Odyssey, destined to be washed away by a vicious tempest  
Our life a fleeting pleasure fleeing before our grasp  
Like the smiling Sun, suddenly night eclipses her beauty  
The bough is broken, our tears inebriates the earth  
Our hearts forlorn for a fallen comrade  
If only Death gave a cue we had no clue  
If we could catch a glimpse of your silhouette  
Stood he tall like Hercules, larger than Life  
Vivacious his mien, infecting us with boisterous laughter  
With the candour of gentleness, you won our hearts  
The image of an urbane sage, from your pot of wisdom we drank  
Clad in white like the celestial host, shared the table with brothers  
Decked in the apparel of kings, adorned with the garb of humility  
A bridge between the cradle and grave  
Your absence birth solitude, by the presence of your great solicitude we are  
consoled  
No longer shall you walk the abode of mortals, you reign now with the Cherubs  
and Seraphs singing Holy Holy Holy!  
Like gold, you have passed through the furnace  
Many moons have passed, seems you never left  
For Good men don't die  
Forever they live in our hearts

Uche Nwanze

# No Christmas In Bethlehem

Shelling and staccato spitting pellets of fire from the skies  
Raining in torrents, a hailstone of tears  
Rachel in anguish for her lost children  
No peace where the Prince of Peace was born  
The Manger of Miracle, now a museum of debacle  
The Women of Jerusalem weep for their children  
The curse of 'let His blood be upon us and on our children' taunts them like  
haunted ghosts  
Weeping and wailing in the West bank  
O beautiful city of Jerusalem, the blood of the prophets you killed cries out for  
vengeance  
Mortars menacingly maiming mortals  
The walls of Gaza, a pile of rubbles  
A voice cries in the wilderness, why whip my people to Weep  
The people who dwelt in darkness, their land laid desolate  
Abigail beckons! 'Come over to Jerusalem and help us'  
O ye beautiful gates, your city lies in ruins  
Sleep has been slain, no room for the infant King to lay

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Valar Morghulis

My cry for help, on deaf ears it fell  
Was drowning in the murky waters of agony, no hand to lift me up  
My voice filled with anguish, it echoed into oblivion  
A shining light, extinguished by the villainy of man  
A bright comet, dispatched into obliteration  
My Fame you tame into extinction  
Roses and petals at my graveside, save your sympathy  
Tributes and encomium by my hearse, enough of your hypocrisy  
An army of morologists and mutes at my obsequies, my voice hoarse from their  
harangue  
When I fought my fears, where were your tears  
While my traducers taunt and haunt me, you trailed in apathy  
I groped the dark alley of despair, you lit no candle to show me the way  
You honour me in my passing, if only you fed my soul with the crumbs of your  
plaudits  
Cut down by the sword of betrayal, I will rise like the phoenix  
Erased from this place, a good pace he fought a good race  
Now no trace of his mace, his face forever in our hearts  
Our ears hunger for the symphony of your lyrics, your voice serenades in the  
host of angels  
We thirst and wait in pregnant hope for the cold soup of justice to be served  
The slippery path of mortals you no longer walk, the realm of the celestial you  
reside  
On the day of the Sun, we shall chorus in unison

Uche Nwanze

# Eschaton

Do you ever ponder and wonder what yonder is like?  
We often think ourselves stronger and younger  
we no longer ponder about yonder  
We are making a blunder  
Time for us to ponder we launder what we ought to cherish and wander away  
until thunder strikes and we go under  
I rather hunger and sonder for a taste of yonder  
I wonder why we no longer ponder  
Wish I could erase my blunder  
Wish I could go back in time  
Wish I were much younger  
It's time we woke from our slumber so we can be among the number on that day  
of the thunder

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Serendipity

Out of my loins came forth lions  
Out of the oracle a miracle arrived  
Out of copulation came congratulation  
Out of parturition came forth celebration  
Out of money brought forth honey  
Out of crucifixion, redemption bestowed  
Out of the action, was a chain reaction  
Out of the mountain gushed forth my fountain  
Out of the accursed tree, I became free  
Out of my strain sprouted forth my grain  
Out of the fussion a mission accomplished  
Out of my leisure I saw my Treasure

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Relics Of Athanasia

Some are forgotten

Some were never here

Some never left

I hear your Heartbeat in the fury of the storms

I listen to your sweet melody in the whisper of the birds

I smell the fragrance of your body in the scent of the daisy

All that remains is feeble memories

I hear the harmony of your symphony in the chorus of the sparrows

I feel the beautiful tears of your fears in the August rains

I taste the sweetness of your lips in the air i breathe

Like my shadow you stray behind me

In the radiance of the ageless sun I see your infectious smile

I feel the vibe of your laughter in the clatter of the winds

I see the wisdom of your folly in the epicenter of my dreams

All that remains are fossils of your fatality

Albeit gone from this sphere the relics of your immortality t'is canonised in our hearts

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Status Quo

The song we sung in captivity  
Far too long like pigs on babylon road we long for freedom  
We've been sold in the cold and told same old beautiful lies  
Torn apart by the thorns of their deception  
Worn out by their scented lies  
Our hearts they haven't won  
I was born for this moment  
I will burn this pawn crafted by them  
Though they throw us corn I won't be won  
Morn has come, time to mourn is over  
The bull, we will grab by its horn  
The ton of guilt rest on their shoulders, their Greek gifts we will turn down  
The barrel of the gun at our faces  
Gone from yesterday  
Today and till the Sun shows her face no more, their corn we will turn down

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Masked

Do not judge me when you don't know the demons I have had to fight  
You don't know the half of my story  
In my happiness hides my pain  
In my laughter my sorrows is shrouded  
In my victories my defeat eclipsed  
Behind my beauty my scars is buried  
In my opulence lurks my poverty  
Behind my courage is my anxiety  
Behind my gray hair is my juvenility  
In my sanity my craziness is hidden  
My confidence envelopes all my insecurities  
In my strength my weakness is clothed  
My success masks all my failures  
Behind my virtue hides my vice  
In my perfection my flaw is hidden  
Behind my smiles my tears is shadowed  
In my serenity my travails is cocooned  
Do not judge me when you don't know the hell I have been

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Duodeca

The day a boy became a man  
The day a son became a Father  
The day the gods bestowed me a priceless gift  
Echoes of laughter from a distance  
In my dreams I could hear the music of your arrival  
I was greeted by the symphony of her first cry  
Nights of anxiety procreated morning of celebration  
The shy Moon restless from sleepless wait if only the ageless Sun will knock at  
her doorsteps sooner  
You lit the darkness of our world with your aura of your beauty, shouts of 'up  
NEPA ' rents the air  
Your beautiful cry, music for our ears  
In awe I stare at this masterpiece of Mother Nature  
Before my weary eyes watched you bloom and blossom like a daisy by the river  
Euphrates  
Before my eyes I watched you take those first steps  
Wobbling and tumbling  
With your first cheerleaders serenading 'kulukulu kpakpade'  
And my calm frenzy as your juvenile gibberish turn to mumbling the name  
'Daddy' from your puerile lips for the first time  
A child of destiny, you carry greatness on your pouch  
As you attain the age of perfection lofty heights beckons  
The world you will take by storm  
The Earth waits with bated breath as your coronation draws nigh  
Your Annunciation to this terrestrial space the Proclamation of your  
Enthronement  
Proud of the woman you are going to become

Uche Nwanze

# Nkechi The Belle

On a hot sunny Sunday in the hot eastern skies stood this celestial being  
Like the daughter of the gods she stood with majestic gait  
Definitely not from here  
Her eyes alluring like stars in the galaxies  
Her beauty can bring giants on their knees  
As she stood there gazing the ageless Sun, her smile radiated like queen Sheba  
of old of which King Solomon stood in awe  
I said to myself I thought they said the beautiful ones are not yet born  
From whence has this daughter of Venus come from  
Oblivious of time  
Her enchanting smile, speechless I stood  
Her skin shone like the African Diamond, breathless my heart whispered  
If I could hear the serenade of her sweet voice  
From the Savannah to the Mangrove,  
From the Creeks to the Hinterland  
From the land across the oceans and seas  
I haven't seen a creature so delicate  
Wait until you see this Belle  
The Sun has gone to bed  
Until the morrow comes  
And the Sun wakes up  
When I will see my beautiful Nkechi again

Uche Nwanze

# Out Of This World

Imagine a world without them  
Imagine creation without this creature  
Imagine nature without her mother  
Who would have weaned me to greatness  
Your delicate hands they nurse me  
The sweetness of your succulent breasts fortified me  
Hidden in the shelter of your womb against the scorching sun  
Wrapped in the cocoon of your belly away from the ferocious rains  
Frail yet Formidable  
Soft yet Strong  
For the countless sacrifices you make.  
For the endless nights you vigil  
For the thousand tears you shed  
For the hearthaches you go through  
For your timeless toils  
Yet you remain ageless like the golden Sun  
She is Magnificent  
She is Outstanding  
She is Trustworthy  
She is Honourable  
She is Exceptional  
She is Remarkable  
You mean the world to us

Uche Nwanze

# Diary Of A Troubled Soul

Veiled thoughts plaguing my soul, how can I can break free  
Hollow promises made my sorrow follow me, I pray I see the morrow  
Conceived and cocooned in secrecy, when will my freedom erupt  
Yet I try to marry my thoughts hoping if I tarry my morning may come soon  
Veiled intentions adorned in an apparel of an angel, is my fate late  
I drown in my thoughts, drawn to Hades I drown in the murky waters of despair,  
will I get a straw to clutch on  
I try to bury my mind in a stack of stories, hell yet to feel my fury  
And there lies the jury of my fiery conscience taunting me in silent laughter, will I  
ever merry?

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Gold Dust

Nothing is permanent in the firmament  
This is the story of the lorry that was in a sorry state  
The rejected stone that became the throne  
Was trampled now triumphed  
The pauper who became the piper  
The puppet who became the prophet  
They hoist and foist on us  
We ain't ready for tomorrow  
Let's not starve our today  
Our yesterday is still hungry  
Their feign smiles masked their drown frown  
Can't folly Molly all the time  
Your professed love for us a pinch of salt we take  
The mighty scarvenge, the lowly scramble craving carcass  
The clergy in beautiful elegy they sing  
The demagogue noisy dialogue in their synagogues  
In their horses they ride with their voice hoarse from hoax  
My people just want food in their hood  
The mood of my people if only they can buy wood  
Yesterday's worthless paper now today's priceless pearls  
The same dame who was lame has become fame  
When will this rain come my brain has gone drain  
Nothing is permanent in this firmament

Uche Nwanze

# Queen Sheba

Wandering in the woods of discovery and wondering to myself when will my pilgrimage come to an end  
Sojourning in the land of the sun searching for my Sheba, when will my expedition end  
In my quest for love, lost at sea  
Lost in my lust for beauty, I inebriate myself in the waters of melancholy  
Will this not be another wild goose chase  
Surfing in the wilderness of the enchanted, scavenging the rubbles of eros, if I could just lay my eyes on the missing treasure  
I ponder and wonder in despair in the desert of solitude, will I ever find the oasis of love to sip  
Was late at the gate of fate, yet Fortune smiled on me  
Alas! I had a date with fate  
Indeed the Cosmos hath gifted me, my Queen Sheba from the land of the Sun  
In my conquest for answers, who will fuel my thirsty heart  
Even the birds serenade it, was just too blind to see  
Eureka! I exclaimed in ecstasy, from my deep hibernation I woke before me was my sweet valentine  
The music of your voice, my restless heart you soothe  
With gifts of gold and precious stones I will adorn her  
I stand in awe at the magnificence of her presence  
From her fountain of kindness I drown  
Her poise with an aura of divinity my heart you commandeered  
Her smile a magic wand dispels the cloud of darkness that cocooned me  
Was locked in the doldrums of dubiety, her Midas touch to the rescue  
Lost in the shelter of your arms, I surrender to the perpetuity of your captivity  
I will soldier all your battles to the end of time  
Till my mortal flesh decays and my soul journeys to Hades, my love for you expire not

Uche Nwanze

# Cupitus

## (In Loving Memory Of My Beloved Mother, Late Patricia Nzolo Nwanze)

Eerie voices echoing from a distance

Serenading songs of sorrow

Death wore a menacing mocking grin on his face

The Sun hid her gaze in the blanket of the clouds

A dark February eclipsed the beauty of the Magnificent Moon

A black Monday, our mouths mum from saying mom

Tears caged our hearts, misery gaged and bagged us in sombre silence

Broken not Shattered

Gone not Forgotten

Melancholy not Despair

We watched helplessly and hopelessly as you fought gallantly

Caught up between the terrestrial and the celestial

Took her away, stolen from us

Without warning, could have let us say our goodbyes

If only we had an inkling, the tinkling of your macabre appearing

The bright light on the other side and a celestial being clad in a raiment white as snow like the beloved of the most High beckoning on you to come over

A voice trumpets, alas your work here is done

Now a citizen of Foreverland

The womb of tomorrow, we await what she begets

I long to see that beautiful city you always spoke about

Where all broken hearts go

In pregnant hope, your smiling face I will see again

I look to that morning, where the Sun will smile again

And death no longer will come between us

Uche Nwanze

# Crown Of Thorns

I rather wear a frown than adorn myself in the apparel of hypocrisy  
I will drown in my sorrows than swim in the rivers of sycophancy  
I rather keep mum than be thrown into a theatre of arguments  
A pauper with dignity I'd die than clutched with the brown envelope of ignominy  
I rather banter with infants than mingle with grown weeds  
If I drown, I drown  
I'd remain without clothes than be decorated with a robe of pride  
I'd rather put on a Crown of thorns than be crowned with a sceptre of avarice  
I 'd rather go to bed hungry than vouchsafe for a slice of your soaked bread  
I 'd rather eat of the crumbs of humility than feast at the table of humiliation  
If I die, I die  
I'd rather stand alone on the valley of truth than climb the mountain of mendacity

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Last Opera

A beautiful song, he resounded like the voice of a nightingale  
An impeccable smile he wore, our hearts did melt  
The heavens marvel, the birds green with envy  
Like the boisterous winds, so full of life  
A gentle mien, like an apparel he put on  
How the sweet melody turn into a dirge  
How the vivacious laughter turn to melancholy  
No more will you lead amazing voices, now in company of the choir of angels  
Chants of come sound his praise abroad no longer but Holy Holy Holy before the  
Cerubs and Seraps  
Cut down as in the battle of Phillippi, a good fight you fought  
And Death as always came calling  
Shame! From us you stole  
The garment of our hearts you rend  
Lurking in the eerie cold night, whispers of your name, his call you turned a deaf  
ear  
Alas! You answered the summon of the Cosmos  
Gone the way of all flesh, you tread the path of immortals  
Moth and rot your flesh eaten, now you reign in the realm of the celestial  
No more sulpha notation, no more Doremi to chant  
Your mortal body here decays, your soul no corruption will taint  
Gone, never forgotten, our hearts will long for you  
Ashes and sackcloth I will not adorn, my eyes no raindrop of tears  
I weep not, not for absence of anguish  
I cry not, not for the dearth of sorrow  
No songs of lamentation 'cos you stood up to Death these  
past moons  
I wail not, you looked Death in the eye  
Fade Fade, you fade into the sky, forever in our hearts you dwell  
Your frail bones to oblivion island you journey, your name indelible in our hearts  
Sleep on nwanem, night has come  
In pregnant hope, we wait the morning when the Sun will rise again  
You have sung well  
A new manuscript awaits you

Uche Nwanze

# The School By The Moat

The legend of boys who turned men  
A story of mortals who became angels  
Of kids who became giants  
Began they their pilgrimage from the four ends of the earth  
From Ahaba to Ani idu, under the bridge in Eko to the banks of the River Niger,  
from the trenches of the caliphate to the creeks of the Niger delta  
Sojourned they from their various huts and their rendezvous was the school by  
the Moat  
A citadel in the ancient city of great Kings who once walked the terrestrial  
They throng the ivory tower the part to Olympus  
A fortress that shaped them into gods  
The stakes high like the blue skies  
No place for faint hearts  
And Patrick Kelly sowed the seed, in silence blossomed into a sequoia tree  
Under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin  
The tour guards, J Donnelly, Emunwen, Itotoh, Asenime, Oke  
Boys under apprenticeship to be like their benevolent tutors  
Groomed and drilled , they pass the test through the crucible they are forged  
Their mission, to lead them from groping in darkness to illumination  
Their hearts of flesh washed spotless like their Immaculate uniforms  
Fed with wisdom with pride they carry in their pouch  
On a marathon from College house, to Kizito, on a march from Mulumba to  
Porres  
Rain Rain, Sunshine never never meet their chorus ascend the heavens  
Drank they from the waters of tolerance, they pilgrim from cage block to  
Akenzua 11  
The myth of the bush baby pales but not into oblivion  
The whip and the chalk, their elixir  
Backs broken, cracks but no quacks  
Their bones never to be broken  
On the plough they set their hands  
They stand for God and His glory  
Against His foes they raise a standard  
Everywhere they remain faithful  
And the school still sits majestic on the moat  
The cynosure for mortals to see even the ageless Sun green with envy.

Uche Nwanze

# South

I was born in the South, weaned and reared down South, sometimes I wish my  
bloodline were up north  
I've never been up north, life down South is fun and torn  
Still wonder why the South looks down my shoes in the compass  
Scared my efforts will go South, not that I can't shout cos I'm stout  
Masquerades like boy scouts with whips menacingly approach the South flank  
Parallel lines on a graph, will the South shake hands with the North  
The mortal Lugard played he God  
In his study he rewrote the script in an unholy connubial  
Coax and hoax his weapon, what choice had they, they hold hands feigned smiles  
on their faces  
Friends yet Strangers  
Brothers by fate, foes at daggers drawn  
They shake hands, will never hold hands  
Their beggars wish to go their separate ways has gone South  
When will she be free  
In a babel of tongues they chorus  
A number so great, in adversity they dwell  
In brotherhood they stand, only a pipe dream  
One Nigeria their mantra, no love lost  
No victor no vanquished a scam, the dinner in aburi a farce  
She toils and boils, all for nothing  
Her toil they foil, washed down the soil of extinction  
On the altar the goose sacrificed, ingratitude the wages of her golden eggs  
A giant dwarfed by discord  
In ruins she lies, her rivers in colour of blood  
A nation bound in freedom is possible  
A people cocooned in peace and unity we beseech the gods  
The day foretold by legend, where lofty heights attained  
That day is not today  
We wait, yes we await!

Uche Nwanze

# Hurricane Obi

A story only heard, as tales under the moonlight  
A legend told of giants who once tread this terrestrial plane  
Like a flood, she is unbated  
Like a whirlwind it is sweeping everything in its wake  
Like a raging storm, no libation can propitiate him  
Like an angry volcano, nobody to placate her  
Obedient movement they are Christened  
A new Nigeria is their song  
Freedom and Prosperity their anthem  
They give no shi shi, their lingua franca  
A new Nigeria they clamour  
A better nation they thirst for  
Their destiny in their hands  
In droves they pilgrim, a legion on Exodus to the land of the Sun  
Like a moving train, sanctioned by the gods  
The promised land their progenitors spoke about, they dare to dream  
Uneasy calm pervades the throne  
Like nocturnal rodents, scared to let go The power their shield, fear grips them  
tomorrow they may no longer wield  
The corridors of power stands in awe  
The Leaders of tomorrow, they can no longer wait  
Now or never, their patrimony they demand  
Their fathers, they failed them  
Merchant of Lies they turned out, hollow their promises  
Enough is Enough! Their country they must take back  
2023 their rendezvous  
A better Nigeria their destination

Uche Nwanze

# My Snow White

The little sparkle in your eyes like the stars dancing in the cosmos  
The glow in your eyes like the ageless sun  
The aura of a goddess you possess  
I beseech you be my enchantress captured me when our paths crossed  
Would you be my Juliet, in your arms I lay  
Where you tread I dread not  
Will you be my jailer, hold me captive in the lair of love  
Will you be my spider woman, hide me in the web of your affection  
Would you be my Snow White, aye!  
And I your Knight in shining armor  
A million kisses ?? for you my Snow White  
Your heart white as snow  
Would you be my pirate, commandeer the ship of my heart, surrender I to you  
Would you be my captain, aye!  
Yours I am to command.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Wonderful World

What a wonderful world!

What the world would have been without the beauty of the ageless Sun

The laughter of boisterous ocean

The giggling of the vivacious birds

The whistling of the wind

The chanting of the trees

What a wonderful world!

How would my world be without

The sweet cry of your first song

The smiles of the radiant stars

The serenity of the unassuming Moon

The grandeur of the glorious galaxy

What a wonderful world!

Imagine the world without

The symphony of the jocund fishes

The cynosure of the flamboyant flora

The resplendence of the reliable rainbow

What a wonderful world!

What kind of world would that be without

The tears of the resurgent rains

The reassurance of the snow

The mystery of sleeping and waking up

What a wonderful world!

How boring the world would be without

The diversity of the human race

The ambience of the surging seas

The freshness of the air we breathe

What would the world will be without the beauty of your smile

What my world would have been without you

Uche Nwanze

# Scent Of A Saint

Scented candles burning bright breeding nocturnal beauty

I live, I die each day

I am a work in progress

Fresh Roses sprout at the break of dawn, whither while the Sun goes to bed

My flaws I deny not, my claws not proud of

I rise, I fall

The servitor of the Master am I

Boisterous laughter serenade my melancholic spirit

Crafted in mystery, a child of the gods

Birthered in the cot of obscurity, greatness cocooned in his loins

A sceptre for the sire, slaying scary spectres

Yesterdays ghosts haunt and taunt me, Tomorrow my beautiful bride in juvenile ecstasy I woo

I live, I die

hidden in the hollow of His hands

Flawed not fraud, frail not faint

Flawed not fraught, forlorn not fallen

Grace granted me access, Faith blest me, with majestic gait I walked to fate street

I rise, I fall

A child of destiny, my story yet untold

No carrots from the cradle, chariots set before me my coronation beckons

I live, I die

Cherished not chastised

On the brink of despair, in the blink of an eye Pearly gates awaits

Broke ranks with adversity, rose from the flanks to the bank of success

I rise, I fall

A clay in His hands

Naughty not haughty, my soul to hades I sink not

His oblation, a libation for my propitiation

My soul, sonorous songs of victory I sing

The magnitude of my gratitude eclipse not in finitude

I live, I die

A Dame of Zeus

The frequency of my travails tailgating me, the torrent of my triumphs gained  
currency

Life plagued me nukes, His love for me no fluke

My life, a scented candle swaying in a whirlwind

I live, I die

I live another day

I live to die another day

Uche Nwanze

# Martyrs Of Owo

Teardrops like raindrops fill our eyes  
Our hearts are forlorn like shredded paper  
Sleep, stolen from our eyes  
Happiness gone on exile to the land beyond  
Owo weeps for her daughters and sons  
The cry of Morenike rents the skies, her children snatched from her  
To the house of worship they throng  
A sanctuary for thirsting souls  
Their father's house, for a bountiful harvest they beseech  
Songs of joy, now chorus of death  
Dance of happiness, now the macabre dance of death  
Cut down by fiendish cowards, pellets of fire rent the air  
A staccato of bullets, the cacophony of cries the heavens hear  
The blood of the Martyrs cry out for justice  
No mortal can avenge the innocents  
The blood of the martyrs, restless till their death be avenged  
Outpouring of Pentecost, an outpouring of tears  
The serenity of the vicinity lost to oblivion  
Never to be forgotten, they live forever in our hearts  
Your condemnation we condemn, justice we demand  
Your blood, a libation to liberate our land  
Your sacrifice, expiation for the injustice  
Alas! You transcend the cosmos to the celestial  
Your bones, canonized in the hearts of the faithful  
No more weeping, no more wailing  
With the saints, innumerable like the stars  
Hosanna you chorus before the visible and invisible being  
He alone has the answers  
He alone will avenge.

Uche Nwanze

# Cupid(For The Love Of You)

Oh my love, my cheeks you caress with the alabaster of your fragrance  
You send me on a quest to conquer  
I will pilgrim the earth, to catch a glimpse of you  
For all the choice wine in my cellar I will barter, just to have a taste of you  
Inebriate me with thy celestial sweetness, that I may fall at your feet  
The heart of a lion you bestow me  
The taste of your lips send me to ecstasy island  
Your sweet smell, the maiden wriggle her rotund wrist  
The genius in me is birth, a taste of your sweetness inspire feeble hearts  
As white as snow, your beauty unparalleled  
A perk I seek, a thousand kisses your tongue bathe me  
The Creators masterpiece, your beauty no flaw  
Gift of Mother Nature, my tongue sing songs of gratitude  
Feeble hearts, courage you rouse  
Frail and fickle minds, the giant in me you wake  
A little banter, our faces wear no frown  
Who can stop my love for you, my love for you no mortal can come between  
What can stop my love for you, angels green with envy  
My heart restless like an anxious bride, til she feel the warmth of thy loins  
Joy untamed, I yearn the wetness of your thighs  
Harvests come and go, kit and kin celebrate you  
The magic from thy root, Friend and Foe share a keg  
Seasons come and go, my love for you never wane  
Your sweetness, charm all hearts  
Restless our hearts, until they taste of your sweetness  
Clueless minds, you inspire to champions  
Sleepless heads, on a pilgrimage to the land of beautiful dreams you voyage  
them  
The seed of romance you birth, the power of your sweet elixir kindle hearts  
You water my senses, an aphrodisiac for happiness  
A sip from from your breasts, my malady expires  
A gulp from the milk of your sweetness, paradise you gift me  
In the scary scorching Sun, my frayed nerves you soothe  
In the ferocious fiery nights, my companion for life  
The curiosity of my craving, my voracious thirst you quench  
Thy flavour I savour, fan you the flame of my feisty spirit  
How can i ever live without you, my love for you fade not



# Arrivederci

Life is fickle like a flick of flame  
Life is but a vapour it disappears into oblivion  
Life like a dew in the morning, as the Moon wakes all that is left is but a memory  
That black Monday I watched you battle with death  
Before my eyes you left with tears welled up your eye glands, unable to utter a  
farewell speech  
Days grown to weeks, weeks to years. like it just happened  
The wounds still fresh, the pain still hurts  
Suddenly the Sun wore a frown  
And the clouds grumbled in anger  
Your exit, Earth's loss Heavens gain  
Too soon we echoed  
A little longer you would have tarried we queried the Creator  
Questions still hungry for answers  
Our broken hearts still pregnant with questions, but no one to provide  
Your stay a short one  
A thousand lives you illuminated  
You enveloped our world with your charm  
Serenity the aura of your persona  
Your sacrifices never forgotten  
Your heart no room for malice  
Away from the corruption of mortality  
Gone before us from this accursed place  
Far beyond in the realm of the cherub and seraph  
You tread the abode of the angels, no pain no taint will touch you  
Seasons and harvests come and go  
Men to dust they vanish  
Mortals expire into oblivion  
Your memory no blot, you fade not into extinction  
Like the comet in the galaxy you blaze forth in celestial splendour  
You live forever in our hearts

Uche Nwanze

# Lost

As I lay in bed travelling on this odyssey of life, I scavenge the answers buried  
beneath the rubbles  
My mind hungry and angry for solution  
The thirst of my curiosity refused to be quenched  
A burning fire in me remain unabated  
As I pilgrim this Golgotha of life I ruminate on the foliage of what I have done  
and what I haven't done  
There is an eternal battle between my flesh and spirit  
The rivalry with my body and soul  
Who will triumph, will I be emancipated  
Animosity is birthed from the adversity of a forlorn generation  
As I voyage this emmaus of life, I marvel at the folly of our toil when it is all boil  
and foil  
As I navigate this cul-de-sac of life I ponder and wonder how we bask in amnesia  
of our vanity  
Life is fickle like the weather, I am still searching, in the woods only shadows  
and silhouettes of ghost before my aging eyes  
I am never going to stop searching  
I will keep searching till I find the answers I seek.

Uche Nwanze

# A Date With Death

The day Death came calling, I wasn't ready  
Oh what a day, the Day the brigand came knocking, I wasn't home  
That day, that very day would have been the death of me, it wasn't to be  
From the jaws of death, he saved me  
Pulled me up from the bottomless pit  
The Almighty, His angels he gave charge to hold me lest I dash my foot on the  
rock  
What a day never to forget, I sank deep into the trenches stench my companion  
In the abyss I looked with despair, until the light shone in the dark tunnel  
The day, my life about to disappear before me  
My desire to see another day, yet in fear I perspire at the thought my time to  
expire was nigh  
That day , the eerie songs from Hades beckoning, my ears deaf from his melody  
Oh that day, the second day of the second month of love, Death came calling  
Death on my heels, He gave me a second chance  
Away Away with him, my time has not yet come  
That certain day, Death gave me a hug his hands I shrugged off  
The day, I stood at Death's door, when all was lost, from the heavens my help  
arrived  
His Calvary to the rescue,  
I live to fight another day  
I live to pen more words, my work is not done here  
I am still going to be here as long as he wants me

Uche Nwanze

# We Are Still Here

Adversity visited and swept like a flood, but we are still here.  
Calamity besieged our gates, but we are still here  
Boisterous and vicious the storms we faced, but we are still here  
Catastrophe struck like lightning, but we are still here  
Damocles lay in wait over our heads, we are still here  
The guillotine and gaol stared us in the face, but we are still here  
Death the unsolicited guest stopped by the vicinity, but we are still here  
Afflictions hung like vultures waiting for carcass, but we are still here  
Voracious like a volcano her mouth to swallow us, we are still here  
Ferocious were the fires we faced, we are still here  
Forlorn faces we feared the worse, but we are still here  
Hunger haunted and taunted, our children on empty stomachs, we are still here  
Melancholy our melody, we slept our eyes wide open, but we are still here  
Danger hovering like damned bees, but we are still here  
Enemies at the gates, our flesh to slaughter for a feast, we are still here  
Lurking and looming, imminent doomsday draws nigh, we are still here  
To the ones we lost along the way, we ask why  
To us because we are still here, we wonder how  
We are still here, we deserve it not  
We are still here, our task is not complete  
We are still here, our script still to act  
We are still here, we are not the beautiful ones  
We are still here, we ain't going anywhere yet  
We are still here, let it count  
We are here, but not for long.

Uche Nwanze

# Formidable

\*FORMIDABLE\*

This love story is but a journey, the journey has just begun  
A race not for the faint hearted, this story not for the feeble mind  
If gold pass not through the furnace a worthless ore it remains  
Through thick and thin we stood together  
Against the boisterous rivers we sank not  
In the fury of the raging storms our love never waned  
Through the ferocious fires we walked unhurt  
Through the crucible our love was tested  
Against the vociferous winds in leaps and bound we grew  
In the turbulence of the angry clouds our bond unbreakable  
Though the skies be dark and wear a gloomy face  
Though the Sun refuse to wake up from her sleep our hearts still beat for each other  
No mountains too high to climb  
No sea too deep to swim  
Ten thousand we chase together  
On this Odyssey of love we sojourn together  
The heavens and earth may disappear, we are still here  
Seasons come and go, the flame we extinguish not  
We soldier on, the journey has just begun.

Uche Nwanze

# The Champion

Give me wings to fly, so I may navigate the skies of greatness  
Give me the strength of a lion, so I may win a thousand duels  
Give me the mind of a child, that I may enter the gates of paradise  
Give me the wisdom of a fool, so I may hoax my foes  
Give me the speech of a mute, that I may tame the flame of my fiery anger  
Give me the voice of an angel, that I may sing to my beloved  
Give me the beauty of the sun, that I may catch a glimpse of longevity  
Give me the stride of a giant, that I may stand tall  
Give me the destiny of a cat, that I may have nine lives  
Give me the appetite of a glutton, so I will never be content with average  
Give me the heart of a champion, that I may never stop winning  
Give me the Spirit of a pugilist, that I may never stay down  
Give me the face of a masquerade, so I may mystify my critics  
Give me the laughter of a jack ass, so I may confuse the doubters  
Give me the vision of an eagle, that I may see the face of tomorrow.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Paradox

I am what you want me to be

I am a friend, I am a foe

I am a hero, I am a villain

I am your dream come true, I am your worst nightmare

I am your knight in shining armour, I am your enemy at the gates

I am your fortress, I am your Achilles heel

I am a sanctuary, I am a Charybdis

I am your creator, I am your Frankenstein

I am your genesis, I am your nemesis

I am who you wish me to be.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

## Person Of Interest (Poi)

Do you know that feeling,  
It makes you wear a broad smile  
That person who makes you stay up late at night gazing into the curious stars  
That person you long to meet when you journey into dreamland  
That someone who you hunger to see as the sun wakes up from her sleep  
That special person you want to live for  
That person you will die for  
That someone you yearn with bathed breath to hear her charming voice  
That person who makes your heart beat faster than the drumbeat of the clouds  
That someone you crave to feel the warmth of his touch  
That special person whose enchanting smiles gives you goose pimples  
That person you wish when you are together, time will stand still  
That person you desire to hold her fragile hands  
That person you are eager to stare at her alluring eyes forever  
Do you know the feeling, that feeling that makes you wear a beautiful smile.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Octopus

I sang my heart out like it was my swan song  
A big bang, it brought the roof down  
Though pang of loneliness mock me, never will I be incinerated in the crucible of  
anguish  
A thousand gang up against me under the eerie dark night, I sprang them a  
surprise  
Though death rang her macabre melody in my head, I sink not in the abyss of  
despair  
Though adversity bared her ugly fang in my troubled soul I swim not in the  
murky waters of melancholy  
See my traducers taunt me I faint not, their heads they hang in shame  
I am an octopus.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Decagon

A lonely serene night and the knight was miles away  
To flight, hasty lazy steps she took  
In fright he paced in anxiety if only I could take the first flight at first light  
To the bright stars I beckoned to for help  
Alas! The cry of a princess of blue blood resounded the dark night  
A sight to behold, she graced our presence  
A Light to illuminate our blight earth  
A thousand wars I will fight for her, as is my right as your knight in shining  
armor  
A decade of greatness our little princess have attained  
Lofty heights you accomplish  
Walls of encumbrance cascade for your sake  
Doors of blessings unlatched for you  
Enemies at your gates shall be annihilated  
A fortress, men and women shall seek sanctuary  
Like a sequoia tree provide refuge and shelter to all birds  
An Amazon to extinguish every albatross that stand in your path.

©Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Sound Of Music

In my peaceful death of a sleep  
Trying to escape from a world so restless  
I fly to a place of solemn refuge  
Not even the bark of canine wolf  
Not even the meow of the cub could bring me back  
Songs of tribulations announcing her vampiric hunt  
If only my olfactory doors be shut  
If only she could inebriate her thirst with my blood and stop the music  
If only she could take away my juice and stop this taunts  
Not even the tidal wave of my hands in defence of my ears can stop her  
In defiance she whistles her opera of cacophony  
In my lips I cursed, not even my pillow can stop her music blaring boisterous  
hymns  
Alas the night is stolen and my sleep is taken away

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# My Pregnant Pen

Like a stroke of masterclass you caress me  
You kiss me with the wetness of your lips  
You pour out your emotions on my eager body  
You turn me on with the dexterity of your touch  
You fan the embers of my desires with your tears  
With burning passion you tell your story as you reach your climax

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# King Of Boys(Kob)

I like to tell a story of a King who once lived. In a land of boys was a King  
From the ashes he rose  
Like a phoenix he soared at sunrise  
Sojourned he the abode of mortals never did he walk alone  
Friends more oft than foes made he everywhere he went  
Like a ray of sunshine he enveloped this accursed earth  
Our troubled world he infected with his boisterous laughter  
As the fate of all mortals when the giant clock sings we exit the stage never to  
return  
Goodbye, you waited not to wave us  
Farewell you bid us not, in a hurry you left  
Stood he firm as the oak tree, a home for all specie of birds  
A colossus, he was larger than life  
A bridge between the senile and juvenile, frail and nimble  
Warmed our hearts with the stories of his travails and travels  
Like a mist vanished he into the skies  
A comet you blaze forth the heavens  
Mortals may fade into the abyss of oblivion, forever you live in our hearts  
Men may eclipse into obscurity, a King you reign forever  
Though the night be dark and cold, the resurrection morning draws high  
Though our hearts be broken and bleeds, cry we will not for you dwell in the  
realm of immortality.

Uche Nwanze

# Martyrs Of Lekki

They were fed up of a failed system  
They wanted their voices to be heard  
They wanted a better tomorrow  
They were tired of the lies  
The country belongs to us after all  
They had no weapons but their voices in their arsenal  
To the streets they marched  
To the city gates they nested  
Their message was clear, give us back our country  
Their voices would not go hoarse  
Their song will not wane  
Their prayer to the heavens to bring a change  
Had they no guns but their will the wheel of their crusade  
Never did they knew their national anthem will turn to a dirge  
Never did they knew the Green White Green will be painted with their blood  
Under the cover of darkness pellets of fire cut them to pieces  
An orgy of blood painted on the Lekki  
Men in green suits, unknown but known by the omniscient  
Rivers of blood the sky weeps in anguish  
They deny nobody is missing, on the altar of mendacity they speak  
They still walk free, they were never there, not us.  
We are still in search of the forces beyond our control  
Martyrs they are, gave their lives for a country of their dreams  
Your blood spilled on the Lekki, will haunt and taunt in their sleep  
Heroes, your names cast in our hearts forever  
We will never forget, your courage  
Your voices forever resounds, their ears no peace will they know  
Your blood a libation, our nation to liberate  
Never again, never again, our land we will reclaim  
Your slaughter never be in vain, we will always remember.

Uche Nwanze

# Silver Bullet

Cut down in their prime, bullets flying randomly. Guilty by my appearance, my dreadlocks and posh car, pull over or we shoot.

Accidental discharge they fell by their bloodthirsty pellets.

Trigger happy the men sworn to protect them.

Tax payers money spilled in blood, law and order murdered on the altar of brutality.

No more will their voices be mute, no more will they keep mum.

To the streets they march on, their voice will never go hoarse.

Leaders of tomorrow, their destiny they take in their hands.

They exodus so their voices be heard. Tired they are of hollow promises.

Who will bury their dead, who will bring back the litany of those stolen from us.

Their blood cries out for justice, the killing must stop. Those hands stained with blood, the long arm of the law those bloodied hands manacled.

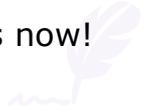
The uniform, his wages not enough for his large home. Hunger fester anger, his gun a weapon his frustration on helpless citizens.

This rally no political rally, our voices opposition to tyranny.

As rock come down from your high horses and hearken to our cry.

Edet house don't swap the apparel, lip service tired are we.

This ends now!

 PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

## Though Tribe And Tongue May Differ.

Nigeria, a Land blessed by the gods, beautiful land happy people.  
A nation bound in freedom, hackneyed in chains of discord.  
A country bestowed with bountiful harvest, many hungry mouths to feed.  
A people countless like the sand on the river bank, scattered like the boisterous winds.  
Nigeria, against all odds marching on.  
A people with the heart of a giant, on a snail pace she crawls.  
A land so green, in thorns of disunity she is clothed as a helpless bride.  
Though the clouds may gather, the Sun will smile again  
Nigeria will be great again, like the phoenix She will rise from the ashes.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Bleeding Sun

We woke up to the weeping of the trees.  
Mother Nature, can no longer hold back her tears.  
The ageless Sun has refused to smile on her children.  
Where have we gone wrong?  
And the moon plucked out from the sky. Darkness envelopes our land.  
Like a daisy you blossomed, the vanity of man made you wither before our eyes.  
Cut off from us, your puerile innocence stolen the frigid hands of Death.  
Like a comet, you have gone before us no longer to walk the abode of mortals.  
You left without saying goodbye.  
Your sweet voice still resounds from the realm of angels.  
From the ambo no more will you proclaim.  
Never again shall our ears hear you acclaim.  
I hear your voice from the Land of the Sun saying, weep no more for me.  
Don't cry for me, I am no longer bound in chains.  
Weep not for me, pray for me.  
Dry your tears, though scavengers have eaten my mortal frail body, my soul  
they devour not.  
Your boisterous laughter, we will miss.  
Your smile like sunshine we will never forget.  
Your sonorous voice still rings in our ears.  
Gone from this terrestrial plane.  
You fade not, forever in our hearts Edith.  
Goodnight Amaka!  
With pregnant hope we long to see you when the morrow comes. Goodnight!

© UCHE NWANZE  
21: 09: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# For Love Of Country And Flag

For love of country, I will not keep mum  
For country and flag, I pledge my loyalty  
Diverse like the rainbow, together we colour the sky  
Together we stand tall like the pyramids in the north and invincible like timber in  
the south  
Strife and distrust may divide us, love our unbreakable bond  
For the toils and tears of our heroes past, together we stand  
Corruption and chaos may come like a flood, together we will sweep it from our  
shores  
For the Green White Green,  
my allegiance I swear  
For the land of my birth, her sovereignty we will defend  
The tall walls of disunity, together we will break  
Though in babel of tongues we utter,  
in symphony our voices resound  
Cacophony and acrimony may lie at our gates, on the same table we feast  
Tribe and creed may stand in our way, hugs and handshakes of friendship will  
show us the way  
Though the journey be tortuous, Aminu and Emeka will cross the River Niger  
together  
The moon may hide her face for a night, Preye and Rasheeda will break the fast  
together.  
For love of Nigeria my country, I vow to bow

Uche Nwanze

## Take Me To Paradise 2

Take me to Paradise where dreams come true.  
Take me to Paradise and make me a woman.  
Take me to Paradise where my joy knows no bounds.  
Take me to Paradise where ecstasy awaits me.  
Take me to Paradise, where tales of sweetness is told.  
Take me to Paradise, where my soul yearn for.  
Take me to Paradise where I will find myself.  
Take me to Paradise so I may drink from the well of sweetness.  
Take me to Paradise, where angels tread.  
Take me to Paradise that I may be complete.  
Take me to Paradise, where every woman's dreams come true.  
Take me to Paradise, a haven not for the faint hearted.  
Take me to Paradise, the mountain of pleasure.  
Take me to Paradise, where my treasure lies.  
Take me to Paradise, in my theatre of dreams.



PoemHunter.com

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

25: 08: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# Last Wish

If I die today, I will be fulfilled I met you.

If I die tonight, I will be happy I met you.

If I die before morning comes I will be glad I spent time with you.

If I die before the morrow comes my soul will find peace 'cos our paths cross.

If I die before the cock crows, weep not for me I spent it with you.

If I breathe my last now, my soul will find rest for i knew you.

If I my heart stops beating, I have no regrets for i spent my time with you.

If Death did come knocking I'd gladly open my doors, my short stay here with you was bliss.

If the Sun refuse to shine, I will relish every moment spent in your arms.

If I wake up in Foreverland, I will shed no tear knowing you was my Paradise.

If I finally sleep, grieve not for my frigid bones, time spent with you gave me warmth.

If my pilgrimage here comes to an end sing me no dirge for the melody of your laughter fed my spirit.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Ode To Zeus

He gave me a second Chance, so I may Dance.  
He took the Wheel, that I may have a Will on the way.  
His words Made me, wisdom gifted me that I may Wade in, I'll never Fade.  
Hid me in my mother's Womb, at bay He kept me from the Tomb  
From the Gutter He rescued me, my bread and Butter He always put on the  
table.  
His shadow my Charm, from Harm his arms my sanctuary.  
He sealed my Fate by bringing me to the Gate.  
He took away my Shame and pushed me to Fame.  
He traded my Pain for Gain.  
He saved my Face so I can go on a Race.  
He Saved me so I will never be Shaved.  
He brought me out of the Cage so I could turn a new Page.  
He paid my Wage and saved me from Rage.  
Under His wings Carry He me so I will not Tarry.  
He didn't let me Blink so I don't Sink.  
His love for me my Shield, His grace I Wield against adversity.  
He Trade places with me and took me to a top Grade.  
Mend He my broken pieces, I will never Bend.  
He is always Near, I need not Fear.  
Wiped every Tear from my cheek, I will always Wear a smile.  
He Lift me up so I don't Shift.  
When I Fall, He made me stand Tall.  
He will Raise me up, forever I will Praise Him.  
His Face I stare, I will see tomorrow'sFace.

Uche Nwanze

# Shuffling And Smiling (A Tribute)

The Legend sang, his voice still echoes in our minds. Sang he boisterous, they said he was rabid.  
Shouted he ferocious, they mistook him for an urchin.  
Danced he gleeful, they say he was a junkie.  
Shuffling and Smiling, forty nine sitting ninety nine standing, tomorrow he saw.  
Like a prophesy his premonitions is birthed today.  
Like a puerile joke, his admonitions no longer yesterday's headlines.  
Looting and Lying they milk us dry, leaving us hungry and angry.  
Killing and hiding, they leave us helpless and hopeless.  
Stealing and slaving, our pot of gold in their pocket.  
Tortured and Taunted, they put on him a toga of a criminal.  
Naked truth they deaf their ears to hear, kirikiri they make a place for him in jail.  
Enquiry and public hearing, the same people, in this script the culprit the accuser.  
Money grown wings, vanish into obscurity. They say it is no longer missing or maybe a snake swallowed it.  
Leprous fingers they point, fainting they feign.  
Fela his father named him, eba mi eda his disciples call him.  
Like a comet he blaze forth like a prince in foreverland.  
Name and shame him, his silence they sought to get, his fame they couldn't tame.  
Suffering and Smiling, Corruption coagulated our conscience.  
Shuffling and Smiling, we come home, no water no light.  
Shuffling and Smiling, the same people still in the seat.  
Shuffling and Smiling, gag him in vain their efforts, no gang up can stop him.  
Shuffling and Smiling, Anipulapo, death lies in his pouch, death can never stop him.  
Shuffling and Smiling, his voice to the end of age will resound.

Uche Nwanze

# Insomnia

As I battle in the theatre of my dreams thoughts racing like the Ferrari on the highway. I ponder at the midnight stars thought running riot like thirsty zombies. I wait pregnant with hope for sleep to pay me a visit. Endless wait do I seek for her appearing, in eternity I pace like a man whose wife is in the delivery room. I tread like a thread on a haystack, looking for answers if the moon could whisper to my waiting ears. To the ceiling I stare counting my ABC like a kindergarten pupil, still my eyes like a rolling dice two sixes. My heart pounding, a landmine is about to be stepped on.

Why has my troubles journeyed with me to my bed. Why has my worries chosen to taunt and haunt me. Why has my fears decided to vaunt her victory. Why has my doubts become my jailer. When will she come knocking. With bathed breath i wait as the day swallows night.

I will be pregnant with hope as I drown in my thoughts, I pray Sleep comes visiting.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

1ST AUGUST,2020

12: 30AM

PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# The Pandora Box

Can you stand the stench when the can of worms will be opened?  
Bewilderment and Confusion have met at the gates.  
Mystery unravel like a box of chocolate, the naked truth before our eyes.  
The wind blows, what lies beneath the roosters unruffled feathers our naked eyes see.  
The masquerade is unmasked, alas the face behind the mask is exposed.  
The can of worms is opened, anarchy and chaos forge an unholy alliance on our nation.  
The can of worms is opened, scales fallen off our eyes.  
The can of worms is opened, charlatans are chauffeur navigate our ship of state to the rivers of catastrophe.  
The can of worms is opened, corruption copulates on the altar of compromise.  
The box is opened, citizens cry crucify crucify him.  
The lid is lifted, yesterday's saint is today's sinner.  
The Pandora box opens, the myth is demystified. Predator pursued by the prey.  
The Pandora box opens, their mantra is mumbo jumbo their mouths mutter, hunter is now haunted.  
The Pandora box opens, lawbreakers in lawmakers apparel our hungry eyes feast in bemusement.  
The can of worms is opened, accuser and accused in the same boat.  
The can of worms is opened, public hearing turned to a circus.  
The Pandora box opens, fainting and feigning, their modus operandi.  
How can the Augean stables be cleaned, their hands stained in blood.  
Why won't corruption not fight back when the calvary are culprits.  
The Pandora box opens, fingers pointing a fighting match, they all live in a glass house.

Uche Nwanze

# Silent Night

Nights of passion gone like smoke. Nowhere to be found.

To have and to hold died at the altar.

Long lonely nights I lay pregnant with hope, to keep my bed warm. Nowhere to be found.

Dark days your arms I seek for refuge. Nowhere to be found.

To love and to cherish uttered from your lips, now sweet poison.

Moons come and go, solace in your bosom I long for. Nowhere to be found.

Endless wait for your return, the Night swallows the Sun. Nowhere to be found.

Countless cold nights, I craved your presence. Hoping you'd walk by that door.

Nowhere to be found.

Beauty fades into oblivion, wedding bells wanes into obscurity. If only for one night.

Silent sleepless nights, I desired to listen to your heartbeat. Nowhere to be found.

Vows vanish like vain vaunts. My flower if only to water, nowhere to be found.

Restless rainy nights, this lonely soul thirsty for your sweet kiss. Nowhere to be found.

Wet wasted weeks, all I needed was your warmth. Nowhere to be found

The journey down the isle, I wish i never took that path.

Pointless patience for prayers never answered, nowhere to be found.

Uche Nwanze

# The Walls Have Ears

When the crow' s gone home to roost, careful what you do when the night finally keeps mum, the walls have ears.

When the cat's away, the mouse have the house all to himself, the walls have ears.

When you mask a noxious smile beneath your impeccable face , the walls have ears.

When before my ears you sing my eulogy, but my heart sees not the dirge you script for me, the walls have ears.

When you sow tares as the Sun goes to bed, on the same vine you nursed, the walls have ears.

When the oath to bear true allegiance, now only to line your huge pockets, the walls have ears.

When you spew words that hurt like dagger, the walls have ears.

When you make no room for me in your heart because it is crowded with evil thoughts, the walls have ears.

When you don't practice what you preach, the walls have ears.

When you hide in your closet so no eyes feast on you, the walls have ears.

When there is no one to talk to, the walls have ears.

When you gather for moonlight tales, the walls have ears.

When you stand before the pulpit with the apparel of a culprit, the walls have ears.

When you choose to lie to your heart, the walls have ears.

When you sing in whispers so the night hear you not, the walls have ears.

When my votes you steal so you could eat my tomorrow and that of my unborn seed, the walls have ears.

When you plot the pit for my fall, the walls have ears.

When you conspire and everything that transpires in the secret, the walls have ears.

©UCHE NWANZE

03: 07: 2020

1: 25AM

Uche Nwanze

# Fugitives

Fleeing fools on the run

On the Raging Runway of life.

Frail our hope, his presence a Fleeting glimpse sowed Fears. His Feigned Friendly Facade an exercise in Futility.

Constantly Championing the Course of Calamity.

Sliding Swiftly towards the rivers of anarchy.

Our world a Boisterous Brouhaha of Bees.

Roaring Rapacious Rant, Relevance he seeks.

Slain Senile hearts Stray, Succour he Seeks.

Conscience Conscripted in Chains.

Fiery Ferocious Flames be Fanned. Fragile Faith Fades in Fantasy.

Confusion his Chronic Companion, to Cudgel or Cajole faint hearts. Culpable

Courage, on the Cusp of Conviction.

Heart hangs in Hades.

Puerile Peace in Peril, Pangs of anger be pacified.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Man Of Steel (Fathers)

The weight upon his shoulders his broad shoulders bear.  
He bears the brunt of all that is laid bare.  
Of sterner stuff, made of steel yet soft like wool.  
A firm hand, the rod he will not spare.  
His sturdy arms a fortress, the wolf he put to flight.  
A hero he saves the day, unfriendly fires puts he out.  
A benefactor, food on the table that many mouths never go to bed hungry.  
His strong still voice, a guide so i don't stray. His arms to lift me up when I fall.  
The pains in his heart, his smiles conceal, they are our super heroes.  
Like a coconut hard on the outside, soft on the inside. A pillar of support and strength.  
Spare a thought for sacrifices he makes.  
Say a little prayer, no harm follow his paths.  
Blow a million kisses, for the Moon he will give.  
A Simple Thank you, a fathers blessing it will beget.  
Their sacrifices, we'll never forget.  
Their love, never taken for granted.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Cul-De-Sac

Life oft takes us to a road that leads to nowhere.  
we find ourselves caught up in the middle.  
Sinking in the deep blue sea or having dinner with the devil.  
Between the love of a mother and the attention of a wife.  
Between the affection of the children and being an absentee husband.  
Caught in a web, between emotions and better judgement.  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.  
Between satisfying the sweetness of the thighs and celibacy.  
Between the vows of chastity and the lucre of gold.  
In this game there is no escape, you sink or swim.  
Between fame and fortune and friendship.  
Caught in the middle, faced with booby traps and the end of a precipice.  
Between a nagging wife at home and a cantankerous boss-lady.  
Between longevity and wishing for paradise.  
Between the agony of the cross and the glory of the crown.  
Between the beauty of the rose and the thorns.  
Between the pangs of parturition and the joy of motherhood.  
Life throws at our faces two bitter sweet options, it is either make or mar.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# June 12 (The Stolen Mandate)

June 12, victory of the Ballot over the Bullet.

The people spoke in one voice.

June 12, the day our votes counted.

June 12, mandate conceived, mandate stolen.

Option A4, a code that broke the norm.

Millions united in one voice.

North and South wed in matrimony.

Muslim and Christian without Religion.

Muslim Muslim ticket, no eye brows raised.

Integrity test they pass. The people hunger for their government.

The people tired of fellow Nigerians slogan

The boys in khaki could not fathom the surge.

To the barracks, they would return.

Hiding In their cocoons, as was in the beginning.

June 12, the Day sleep was murdered.

June12, the day, Democracy was raped.

The day Peace stolen from us.

Our democracy in the dock, manacles on her heels.

Democracy under trial, in the gulag they bury.

Democracy in tears, our fears smear our faces.

The country in topsy turvy, the autopsy an annulment a stillbirth.

our economy running amok.

The people lost faith, fate unkind.

Mandate to liberate, mandate stolen.

MKO is our man o, the anthem gone silent.

On the march again, our voices gone hoarse.

June 12, the ghost haunt and taunt our sleep.

Charlatans feigning Champions of Democracy.

Reaping from where they did not sow, beneficiary of a cause they never believed in.

Politicians affiliation to June 12, hypocrites stealing the ballots, our votes for bazaar sales.

Democracy day, they christened it.

Public holiday, they gazetted it.

Democracy day, no amnesty for the travesty.

Democracy day, albeit our wounds be healed the cicatrice indelible.

Democracy day, our broken hearts will not be assuaged.

June 12 be slain, will never die.

June 12, forever in our hearts.

June 12, we will never forget.

Uche Nwanze

## 8 Minutes 46 Seconds

Eight minutes, forty six seconds is all it took for my world to crash.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, all it took for my tomorrow to be stolen.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, because of the colour of my skin.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, if only I were White.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, all it took for all my dreams to be taken away.

Eight minutes forty six seconds is all it took for my pursuit of happiness to vanish.

Eight minutes forty six seconds all it took to breathe my last.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, if only I could breathe.

Eight minutes forty six seconds is all it took for your voices to be heard.

Eight minutes forty six seconds and the world wakes up to our reality, it has always been with us.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, no one to respond to my call for help.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, is all it took for my American dream to die.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, all it took to see Minneapolis no more.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, my forty six years on earth grind to a halt.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, I couldn't say goodbye to my two kids.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, suddenly the world realises black lives matter.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, my death turned into a campaign rally.

Eight minutes forty six seconds, my skin an object of ridicule to a relic for canonization.

Eight minutes forty six seconds is all it took.

Uche Nwanze

# I Can't Breathe (Part 2)

When my votes don't count, I can't breathe.

When you belong to your kin and not to every citizen, I can't breathe.

When I can't sleep with my eyes closed, I can't breathe.

When my little daughter is afraid to go to school, I can't breathe.

When my sister is a prey in the hands of sexual predators, I can't breathe.

When those who steal our commonwealth are walking free, I can't breathe.

When you borrow the future of my children. I can't breathe.

When you don't respect the rule of law, I can't breathe.

When I don't have power in my house, I can't breathe.

When our roads are a death trap, I can't breathe.

When our hospitals are deathbeds, I can't breathe.

When only your kith and kin are first class citizens, I can't breathe.

When our farmlands are no longer save, I can't breathe.

When my children go to bed hungry when her nation is blessed with abundance of riches, I can't breathe.

When I can't cry or speak out in my country, I can't breathe.

When you judge me because of my language, I can't breathe.

When the same old thieves when we were children are still our rulers, I can't breathe.

When the leaders of tomorrow are not given a chance to lead, I can't breathe.

When justice is only for sale to the highest merchant, I can't breathe.

When the change you promised is no different from the virus you promised to fight, I can't breathe.

Uche Nwanze

# I Can't Breathe

When you judge me by the colour of my skin, I can't breathe.  
When you can't see me as God's creation, I can't breathe.  
When you won't take my hand, I can't breathe.  
When you treat me like scum, I can't breathe.  
When you won't let me lean on your shoulders, I can't breathe.  
When you won't take a walk with me. I can't breathe.  
When you treat me as a foe, I can't breathe.  
When you look at me with disdain, I can't breathe.  
When you deny me my right, I can't breathe.  
When you treat me as a second class citizen in my own country, I can't breathe.  
When you don't treat me with respect, I can't breathe.  
When you treat me as a slave, I can't breathe.  
When you pay deaf ears to my cry for help, I can't breathe.  
When you turn a blind eye to my pain, I can't breathe.  
When you leave me to sink and drink in melancholy, I can't breathe.  
When you treat me differently from my neighbour because of the colour of his skin, I can't breathe.  
When you can't stand me because of the colour of my skin, I can't breathe.  
When you refuse to spread the message of love but hate, I can't breathe.

Uche Nwanze

# Rainbow

Nature cries in anguish, the Creator's heart bleeds at the wickedness of his creation

In the beginning he made them male and female

Yellow, Black and White like the colours of the Rainbow he created them

In his image he created mankind, the creator is yellow, Black and White

His creation flawless and perfect as His

His creation a reflection of his divinity

His creation a definition of his personality

His creation a Masterpiece, a mirror of his heart

The Rainbow, variety and diversity colour our world

How boring life would be if the Rainbow was only Yellow

How monotonous life would be if everyone were White

How humdrum life would have been if we were all Black

He weeps at the folly of his creation

A mockery they have made the work of his hand

In the beginning, all he created was good

In the beginning He made them all equal, Yellow, Black and White

The same air we breathe

The same Sun shows us the way

The same rain pours down on Yellow, Black and White

Mortality our common destiny, death will come for all

why would the colour of my skin be a curse?

Why would the colour of my skin get me into trouble?

Am i a disease?

Am i a cancer?

why so much hate and bitterness?

God's own country, a land no longer save

Land of the free, still in chains

When will this madness stop?

How long will i be treated like a second class citizen in my own country?

How will i look over my shoulders?

Will the seed of my loins be judged by his character or the colour of his skin?

How long will i be avoided like a plague?

The colour of my skin, the colour of the Creator

The colour of my skin, your respect i deserve

The colour of my skin, I am tired of your hate.

Uche Nwanze

# Sand Castles

Their boisterous cheers make our hearts sing for joy. Even their beautiful tears will tear down Heaven's door.

Blessed are we with their flawless smiles, no grudge in their innocent hearts. Delicate and naive hands toil and soil in the mud. With sheer industry they build sand castles like the Eiffel tower. Priceless pearls bestowed upon us by Mother Nature.

Beautiful voices in a symphony, they chant under the blue sky. In euphoria they bask under the cover of the ageless sun, they bathe in ecstasy as the sky shed tear drops.

The world a save heaven if we could put on the apparel of a child.

In the abundance of her innocence, they hold their hands together.

In their puerile cries, attention they seek.

Countless nights, she goes hungry to bed not knowing where the next meal will come from.

Helpless, left out in the cold, who will drive away her cold. Scorching sun eats up her soft skin, who will give her shelter.

Hopeless, fiendish whips tears his skin, he has to bid his master's bidding.

Blameless, he didn't ask to be brought into this accursed world, chalk and paper wishful thinking for him.

Merciless, he violates her sacrosanct shrine, her holy of hollies stained in rivers of blood. Who will protect her from his clutches.

Who will save them from their demons.

Uche Nwanze

# Whispers

The mother hen hears the cry of her chicks from a distance.  
Daunted never by distance, our souls searching for each others warmth.  
I pause as i feel your pulse, even time taunts not our love.  
I hear your heartbeat from a distance. Menacing mountains never stand in our way.  
I feel your presence miles away. Surging seas like Sinbad I will sojourn.  
I see your flawless smiles even from afar. Epileptic Eclipse never opaques the light of our love.  
I hear you calling out to me in my dreams. Death Dangling in the gates, I dare.  
I can sense your sweet breath even in my sleep.  
I can smell your sweet fragrance everywhere I go.  
I hear the sound of your voice from a long distance.  
I can hear the whispers of your name worlds apart.  
A mother always hears the cry of the child of her breast.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Vanity

Who needs a Heart when it doesn't beat for someone.  
Who needs a Life, when there is no one to live for.  
who needs an Expedition when there is no treasure to dig for.  
Who needs a pot of gold when there is nobody to adorn.  
Who needs Love when it is not worth dying for.  
Who needs a Soul when there is no soulmate.  
Who needs a diamond ring when there is no finger to place it.  
Who needs a Home when there is no one to run home to.  
Who needs a Journey when there is no destination.  
Who needs Peace when there is no justice.  
Who needs Food when it won't drive away hunger.  
Who needs water when it won't quench thirst.  
Who needs Religion when there is no sacrifice.  
Who needs Justice when there is no equity.  
Who needs Equity when there is no Fairness.  
Who needs Democracy when it doesn't bring smiles to the people.  
Who needs the Ivory tower when it can't shape you.  
Who needs an Invention when it won't touch lives.  
Who needs music when there is no one to dance to the beat.  
who need shoes when there is no feet to wear them.  
Who needs a Crown when there is no head to rest on.  
Who needs a Lamp when it won't illuminate the World.

Uche Nwanze

# One Night Stand

Night of passion, my Nightmare.

I lust for her flesh like a voracious beast on a prowl.

Buried in my thoughts, if I could devour her sumptuous body.

Scavengers will hover round carcass, until his thirst be satisfied.

If I could ravage her honeypot, thoughts running topsy turvy.

I wanted it like a junkie dying for a fix.

A chalice of sweet poison, I drank in gulps.

Inebriate with riotous velocity of desire.

Imprisoned by a cacophony of emotions.

I am burning up, the sweetness of her thighs, a venomous antidote.

One night of pleasure, the measure of sadness. was it worth it?

One night stand, fantasy turned Odyssey. Was it worth it?

One night of Sweetness, lifetime of beautiful pains. Was it worth it?

Lost in fantasy island, on a wild goose chase for ecstasy.

Endless battle with my beast, my loins on fire.

I thought this feelings may die, if this dragon is unleashed.

Fell under the sword of her seduction.

Imprisoned under the tentacles of her guile.

All I ever wanted, to have a bite at the cherry. Was it worth it?

All I ever dreamed, to have a taste of the pudding. Was it worth it?

Forever will I live with the guilt, it haunts me like a shadow.

I wish I could go back to tomorrow, tomorrow never coming back.

If I could regurgitate Eves apple.

One night of ecstasy, was it worth it?

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

12: 05: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# Iyé (Mother)

The room of her belly, I was housed, nine anxious months I waited. Her tender breast I suckled.

The softness of her thighs held me close.

In her fragile strong hands, held my delicate body.

Nights cold as winter, her bosom gave me warmth.

Held me to the fire as I fought in convulsions of scary fever.

Vigils and endless nights, she lay awake until I closed those tiny eyes.

On her soft back strapped, subtly rock my crying eyes to sleep.

My hunger she fought like a Lioness, my riotous stomach battled to fill.

Her abada imprisoned in her iron box gladly she barter so I won't be sent out of school.

Her trembling rheumatic knees she prayed, her prodigal son may return to the light.

Legion of demons she fought, so I can stand on my feet.

Endless heartaches, she bore.

Countless pains, she suffered, a better man her dream for me.

Insults you took with a smile.

Tortuous paths you took, so I could stand tall.

Thorns and blisters in your hands, a price for my happiness.

Irreplaceable pearl, if I could trade places.

Unforgettable, no one will ever take your place.

You could have tarried a little, thank you never enough.

If you had stayed, 'I am sorry ' these words will never make up for the pains I put you through.

Left too soon, a gladiator in the arena. Bid us farewell, abrupt before our eyes.

Raindrops well in torrents, eyes red now you sleep.

Forever in your debt, a thousand times i choose you to be my mother.

Though now in forever land, your sacrifice was never in vain.

Though you no longer walk the abode of mortals, your endless toils, was not for nothing.

Though you be gone from this accursed islands, you live in our hearts.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

10: 05: 2020

11: 35PM

Uche Nwanze

# The Invisible Enemy

Stealthily stealing from Mother Earth.  
She strikes fear, brave hearts perspire.  
Catching souls in her clutches of death.  
Sweeping through the terrestrial plane, an avalanche of sorrow.  
The enemy at our gates, without borders, her tentacles spread.  
The enemy, friend to no one, allegiance not to any nation.  
The enemy, loyalty to nobody.  
The enemy, speaks no language, the language of pain and death.  
This enemy, harbinger with a rich harvest of death.  
Lurking lazily in the dark, lethal darts in her quiver.  
Turned giants to dwarfs, powerless the mighty from their thrones.  
Opulent can't buy their way out.  
Genius clueless, answers sparingly seen.  
The senile, children they have become, weeping weeing in their pants.  
Indigent, helpless and hungry.  
Bullets and missiles, can't stand in his path.  
Clarion call, citizens hearken to my cry.  
Alliance, united to win this battle.  
Rivers to cross, mountains to climb.  
The mask our shield, hope our sword of victory.  
Social distance, our gauntlet.  
Hand washing, the Calvary's armour.  
Medley of despondent voices. We may retreat, never capitulate.  
We Soldier on, songs of victory draws nigh.  
We stay alive, the night be long, the sun shows her face again.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

23: 04: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# Tomorrow

If Tomorrow would come, should I fuss or should I fear.  
If only i knew what colour Tomorrow would paint.  
If tomorrow would show me her hand.  
If only I knew what Tomorrow would birth.  
If Tomorrow would ever come, would it be bliss or blisters?  
If you would be by my side Tomorrow.  
If Tomorrow would smile at me.  
Should I wait for Tomorrow?  
Should I wait Tomorrow?  
Should I believe in Tomorrow?  
Should I believe Tomorrow?  
If Tomorrow would be my last date with mortality.  
If Tomorrow would be my voyage to Eternity.  
If Tomorrow would give me a sign.  
If i will catch a glimpse of Tomorrow's face.  
Will Tomorrow be gloom or bloom?  
Will Tomorrow boom or doom?  
If Tomorrow Today's pain would go away.  
If Tomorrow would not make me desire Yesterday.  
Should I wait, should I wail for Tomorrow?  
If mankind will pray Tomorrow comes or tarry.  
If Tomorrow will prey on mankind.  
If humanity would still be here Tomorrow.  
If the children would be men Tomorrow.  
If the girls would be mothers Tomorrow.  
If the sun will show me her beautiful face Tomorrow.  
If Tomorrow comes, would she find me awake or in slumber.  
When Tomorrow comes, will my bones be forgotten or canonized.  
If Tomorrow would end this harvest of death.  
If Tomorrow would bring back the hugs and kisses.  
If Tomorrow would bring back the handshake of friendship.  
Is Tomorrow worth the wait?  
Is Tomorrow that Today we saw in our dreams Yesterday?  
Will Tomorrow ever come?

20: 04: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# Golgotha's Heights(True Love Story)

The story of a Son, Came He from the Heavens, a carpenters son we knew him.  
Mother wasn't a Dame, a simple maiden betrothed to the town's Carpenter. A  
virgin who was with child, not of mortals but of the celestial.

Mankind a Lame duck, clutching to a straw.

Choose He to gift humanity immortality.

His traducers in vain they tried to Tame Him, His mouth He opened not to their  
taunts and haunts.

Upon the cross, condemned He to die. Like a common criminal, He knew this was  
no Game, His choice never to turn back.

The tortuous road from Gethsemane, ignominy and agony He went to Golgotha's  
heights.

The Cross of Shame, His sacrifice turned it to a Cross of Fame.

A sacrifice, price of His obedience.

His Name now invoked for all ages, the key to the gates of eternity. All shall  
bend the knee at His Name. The gates of hades tremble in fear, the Cross of  
Shame no longer the Same yesterday. The cross of Shame now a cross of Fame.



PoemHunter.com

© Uche Nwanze

10: 04: 2020

10: 45PM

Uche Nwanze

# In The Line Of Duty

In the trenches, they dig deep.  
In harm's way they toil, murky waters they swim.  
Along enemy lines they put their lives on the line.  
In the heat of battle, they stick out their neck.  
They tread where others dread.  
Family is second, Hippocratic oath they swore allegiance to.  
In the face of the pandemic, they take the gauntlet.  
Even when the odds against them, never throw in the towel.  
A thousand wars they fight, the dust they refuse to bite.  
Endless battles, countless forces contend they with.  
While others sleep they toil and work the clock.  
Under the scorching sun their hands to the rescue.  
Under the torrents of rain they plunge their heads.  
Pushing, Fighting, never say die their anthem.  
Blood, Death, Sorrow their daily companions.  
Fears they fight, brave gentle hearts their greatest weapon.  
Deserted in the crossfire, they quench the inferno.  
Dogged not Daunted, the Rubicon they cross.  
Maligned, deserted and misunderstood, , yet selfless sacrifices they gift mankind.  
Devotion and Sacrifice, they cast their net into the deep.  
A little prayer will soothe their wounds.  
A gentle pat on the back, the catalyst to do the utmost.  
A million thanks never enough. Our unsung Heroes I salute.  
Posterity will sing their praises, mankind forever in your debt.

©UCHE NWANZE

10: 04: 2020

09: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# After The Storm

After the Storm comes Calm.  
After the Rain comes Sunshine.  
After the Night comes Dawn.  
After Darkness comes Light.  
After Weeping comes Laughter.  
After the Furnace comes Gold.  
After the Pandemic comes Healing.  
After the Lockdown comes Liberation.  
After the Corona virus comes Restoration.  
After Social distancing comes Hugging.  
After the Mask comes the Handshake.  
After Isolation comes Community.  
After the Confusion comes Camaraderie.  
After Quarantine comes Routine.  
After the Mortality comes Natality.  
After the Recession comes Buoyancy  
After the Hysteria comes Belief.  
After Despair comes Hope.  
After the Paranoia comes Peace.  
After the Dark clouds comes Rainfall.  
After Covid -19 comes Coronation.  
After the Hunger comes the Store house.  
After the Serenity comes the Blaring horns.  
After Sleep comes Work.  
After the Fast comes the Banquet.  
After the Rest comes the Test.  
After the Idleness comes Stress.  
After the Boredom comes the Clock.  
After the Suffering comes Offering.  
After the Trials comes Testimony.  
After the Tranquility comes the Madness.  
After the Calm comes the Chaos.  
After the Devotion comes the Mass.  
After the lull comes Activity.  
After this Storm comes Calm.

© \*Uche NWANZE\*

09: 04: 2020

Uche Nwanze

# Fearless

Dear Friend, in this Year of the plague, let us Bear the pains of this lockdown.  
Do not feed your Fear or it will Wear you out.  
Do not fuel your Fear or despair will punch you from the Rear.  
Hear the words of hope, 'Do not be afraid'.  
Darkness may envelope our World but Our redemption is Near.  
Wear a smile on your face, a piece of bread give you your neighbour.  
Fear will only make you go Pear shaped.  
Fear will only Tear us apart. Do not be afraid.  
Gear up, the night may be long. This eclipse will tarry not, the Sun will smile on us again.  
Fear not.

©UCHE NWANZE

02: 04: 2020

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Bullet In The Head

\*Verse 1\*

Can you take a bullet for the ones you love?  
Can you give an arm for the ones you love?  
Can you take a needle for the ones you love?  
Can you die for the ones you love?

\*Chorus: \*

Only fools can take a bullet for the ones they love.  
Yea only fools can give an arm for the ones they love.  
You have to be a fool to take a needle for the ones you love.  
Yea only fools can die for the one they love.  
Jack died for the one he loved.  
Romeo died for the one he loved.  
Jesus died for the ones he loved.

\*Verse 2\*

Is there anyone who can take a bullet for the ones they love?  
Is there anyone who can give an arm for the ones they love?  
Is there anyone who can take a needle for the ones they love?  
Is there anyone who can die for the ones they love?

\*Chorus: \*

Only fools can take a bullet for the ones they love.  
Yea only fools can give an arm for the ones they love.  
You have to be a fool to take a needle for the ones you love.  
Yea only fools can die for the one they love.  
Jack died for the one he loved.  
Romeo died for the one he loved.  
Jesus died for the ones he loved.

\*Verse 3\*

Can you take a bullet for the one you love?  
Can you give an arm for the one you love?  
Can you take the needle for the one you love?  
Can you die for the one you love?

\*Chorus\*

Only fools can take a bullet for the ones they love.  
Yea only fools can give an arm for the ones they love.

You have to be a fool to take a needle for the ones you love.  
Yea only fools can die for the one they love.  
Jack died for the one he loved.  
Romeo died for the one he loved.  
Jesus died for the ones he loved.

**\*Verse 4\***

You don't need to be a hero to take a bullet for the one you love.  
You don't need to be a Saint to give an arm for the one you love.  
You don't need to be a Messiah to take a needle for the one you love.  
You don't need to be Convinced to die for the one you love.

**\*Chorus\***

Only fools can take a bullet for the ones they love.  
Yea only only fools can give an arm for the ones they love.  
You have to be a fool to take a needle for the ones you love.  
Yea only fools can die for the one they love.  
Jack died for the one he loved.  
Romeo died for the one he loved.  
Jesus died for the ones he loved.

© **\*UCHE NWANZE\***

01: 04: 2020

I: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# Priceless

Yesterday is gone and belong to the dustbin of history. Today is at our fingertips, let's \*Cherish\* the \*Priceless\* gift of Life that the Creator has bestowed on us. Tomorrow is that precious jewel that only a few are privileged to touch. Let's bury the hatchet in the garbage of Yesterday. Let's \*Cherish\* this \*Priceless\* pearl of Friendship so that Tomorrow may smile her face on us. We made many mistakes Yesterday but Today is an opportunity to right our wrongs so that Tomorrow we will begin on a clean slate. Yesterday we hurt each others feelings, Today is a chance to heal those wounds so Tomorrow we will be better persons. Yesterday we said things that pierced like a knife, Today we now know better that we acted in our folly, Tomorrow we will be wiser. Yesterday we were too blind to see, Today our eyes are open, now we open our eyes to see and \*Cherish\* the \*Priceless\* Tomorrow that lies ahead.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Home Sweet Home

In search for a better life, my small serene village I left behind.  
In search for a brighter future, my home I ran away from.  
In search for pastures green, my goats and chickens turned my back on.  
In search for a better tomorrow, mama cried her beautiful frail eyes out. Will she ever see her son again?  
In search for gold, everything I left behind. Was it worth it?  
In search for happiness, my sweat and toils, everything my hands, I sold. Was it worth it?  
In search for Paradise, Africa I deserted, Paradise I seek in Europe, Heaven in America. Was it worth it?  
In search for pearls, ran I out of my fatherland. Royalty I was home, slave I myself for every cent. Was it worth it?  
In search for peace, I didn't look back, the asylum I seek here no longer save haven.  
Home I hunger for you. Mama I am coming home.  
Peace and quiet I miss, no longer will I be treated like an animal.  
In search for dollars and Euros, the happiness I pursue elude me.  
No place like home, my sweet home.  
In search for better health, yet people dying like flies. A graveyard here has become. Let me die not far from home. My bones be laid not in a foreign soil.  
In search of freedom, beautiful chains round my neck, the Lord's song I did sing in a foreign land. Was it worth it?  
In search for Eldorado, mountains I climbed, rivers I crossed. Was it worth it?  
Maybe I shouldn't have left.  
Home sweet home, mama your son comes home.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

29: 03: 2020

7: 10AM

Uche Nwanze

# The Man Upstairs

He sees everything before the seer does.  
He knows everything before it happens.  
He may sit upstairs but his eyes catches everything.  
Nothing happens without his knowledge.  
Why would he allow the rich trample on the poor.  
Why would he allow evil triumph over good.  
Questions begging for answers.  
Why would he allow a pestilence like this affect our world.  
Why would he allow the Prince of Hades and his underlings to open the gates of the underworld.  
The man upstairs even in his benevolence,  
Why is there so much hunger and anger.  
Has the man upstairs turned his back on us?  
If I could climb upstairs, I will ask him.  
If I were to meet him, come save us from this wreck.  
My heart racing, millions of questions unanswered.  
The man upstairs sits upstairs the world his couch.  
Humanity losing hope, is he still up there, question on her lips.  
Why would he allow brother cut down brother for lucre.  
Why would he allow Fathers sell the seed of their loins for gold.  
Why would he turn a blind eye, even mothers their breasts no longer give suck to their children.  
Millions of questions hungry for answers.  
The man upstairs, are you still there?  
Why allow nations at each others throats?  
The man upstairs, if you're still there come down and save us from this purge.  
The man upstairs, if you can but hear me come over or our world be buried in rubbles.  
The man upstairs, If I could call you on your cell.  
The man upstairs, Come before it gets dark.  
A little late and and your creation will lie in ruins.  
The man upstairs, come downstairs or we will all perish.

Uche Nwanze

# Apocalypse

Hysteria sweeping the land, a hurricane fuming ferocious fury. Streets serene deserted, a theatre of war.

Is doomsday come upon us? Our troubled hearts waits for answers.

Face mask adorn long uncertain faces like the egwugwu masquerade.

Bodies littered everywhere, as flies spewed on the seashore.

Paranoia puffs like a bug, the sky weeps endlessly.

Is the ides of March upon us, the question on troubled lips.

Like a voracious beast on a vampiric spree.

Hungry angry stomachs in search for supplies, hostile hands fight for rations no where in sight.

Is Armageddon upon us? Our ears burn for answers.

Helpless hopeless, resigned restrained in our cocoons.

Constrained cautious, greet not thy brother. At arms length I say hello.

Walking dead in zombie street, leaving death, sorrow, tears in her trail.

Mourning mothers inconsolable, mother Earth buries her children.

Searching stealing souls for supper.

Blot out our existence from the face of this earth, mankind an endangered specie.

Children crying, no more moonlight tales. Is Bogeyman in town?

When will this nightmare bolt away?

When can we bask under the golden Sun?

When will this dark cloud go away?

©UCHE NWANZE

21: 03: 2020

10: 00PM

Uche Nwanze

# Giant Strides

Get up and Conquer the World. The world at your feet.

You can do anything you set your heart to do.

Nothing can stop you.

Nothing will stop you.

Get up and Conquer the World, the world at your beck and call.

No one can stop you.

No one will stop you.

Get up and Conquer the world, the world in your palms.

You can brace all odds.

No storm can stop you.

No mountain can stand in your way.

Get up and Conquer the World.

The World is waiting.

The World awaits you as you take the World by storm.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

10: 03: 2020

07: 05AM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Dilemma

I found love in a strange place.

Should I run, should I stay?

I found love in an obscure place.

Should I perish, should I turn back?

I found love in a complicated place.

Should I jump, should I duck?

I found love where I never thought of.

Should I embrace it, should I bolt away?

I found love where I never dreamt of.

If a hungry man sees bread in a garbage bin, should he look away?

I found love where was never spoken of.

If an explorer finds Treasure in the Lions lair should he abandon his expedition?

I found love where Angels dread.

Should I fight, should I flight?

I found love where fools can't tread.

Should I turn, should I burn?

I found love where it shouldn't be spoken of.

Should I live it, should I leave it?

I found love where it can't be heard of.

Should I swim, should I look away?

I found love and the love so true.

Should I sail on, should I sink?

It is love pure like snow.

It is love fresh as the morning dew.

It is love flawless like perfection.

It is beautiful like the ageless Sun.

I found love in the arms of another.

Should I retreat, should I pursue?

This love I'll never let go.

This love will never die.

I found love, I'm never going back.

I found love, if I perish, I perish.

01: 35AM

Uche Nwanze

# Unbreakable

My love for you is Unbreakable.  
My feelings for is Unspeakable.  
My desire for you is Unimaginable.  
My craving for you is Unquenchable.  
My yearning for you is Unbelievable  
My belief in you is Unshakable.  
My faith in you is Undeniable.  
My trust in you is Unstoppable.  
My thirst for you is Unfathomable.  
My encounter with you is Unforgettable.  
My perception of you is Unchangeable.  
My resolve about you is Unchallengeable.

©UCHE NWANZE

16: 02: 2020

09: 55PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Sunset In Eden

Five years with wings flown away like the wind.  
Whispers echoed from a distance.  
Smoke bolts into the clouds.  
Roses Sprouts and withers.  
Leaves deciduous in the harmattan dance.  
Seasons come and go.  
You remain indelible in our hearts.  
Candlelight burns and extinguishes.  
The Sun wakes and fades into obscurity.  
You will remain an enkindled flame.  
Your innocuous smiles, I miss.  
Your impeccable persona, undeniable.  
Your undeniable charisma, invincible.  
Your virtuous trait, unforgettable.  
Your flawless beauty, unrivalled.  
Your humble disposition, exemplary.  
Your gentle mien, admirable.  
Your candour, amiable.  
Your aura, divine.  
Life never the same since your Sunset.  
A big hole in our hearts.  
A large shoe, no one will ever step in.  
A huge vacuum, you left behind.  
Your smile, I will see tomorrow.  
Your voice will resound again.  
Your warm embrace, I will get someday.  
I know tomorrow the Sun will smile again.  
I will heed your call, your fragile hands I will hold, as we walk to the gates of  
immortality.

©UCHE NWANZE

09: 02: 2020

12: 39AM

Uche Nwanze

# Sweet November

Birds sang beneath the blue skies.  
One Sweet Sunny November, the Clouds quiet.  
Basked in the euphoria of Friday evening, after a tortuous week.  
Cars honking, blaring in the long traffic interestingly deafening, the mad rush is over, thank God is Friday chorus in the air.  
The serenity that greets the homecoming of the Aphrodite.  
The Smiling Sun heralds the arrival of the goddess of beauty.  
With bathed breath I waited to see her golden eyes.  
Hearts dancing with boisterous rhythm. Will she ever come?  
Eyes glued to the dusty road, a wait for eternity.  
With a grain of salt I resigned to fate, my eyes may not behold.  
Seconds grow into minutes, minutes give birth to hours, still no sign.  
Alas! Her silhouette slowly seducing the Sun.  
The aura of her presence divine.  
Her eyes shone like Venus.  
Her smile flawless like snow.  
The long wait is over, the cloud of my doubts melts.  
My frayed nerves her fragile hands calm.  
Her tender fingers like a magic wand she caress.  
She bathes my anxious lips in wild passion, luscious sumptuous kiss the kiss of life.  
Her sumptuous body I feast on ravenously.  
Sweet November, the day a mortal is bonded by the immortal.  
The day love was birthed.  
A thing of beauty, I found a Priceless jewel.  
The curtains closes, the red sea divides, her soundtrack a sweet melody, the ears pregnant with childish expectation.  
Like an old sweet wine she soothes my troubled soul.  
One Clement November, the Nightingale came home to roost.  
One Sweet November, a day I will forget to remember.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

04: 02: 2020

17: 39



# River Of Sweetness

I speak of a special place, where only angels reside.

I speak of a river, flowing with sweetness.

The Sweetness between your thighs like sweet wine.

I speak of this oasis beneath the Sahara, a drop of your Sweetness, a cure to my wise insanity.

I sweet of an ocean of life, I'd rather drown in this ocean of Sweetness.

I will worship this deity of Sweetness at the shrine of Fulfilment.

I stand at the door of paradise if only you'd open the gates, your subject will give obeisance.

I stare in awe with the rod in my trembling hands to path the red sea to the isle of ecstasy.

I speak of this well of Sweetness, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

I speak of a city of sumptuous cuisine, the path between your thighs. I yearn and voracious I scavenge.

I speak of a secret goldmine with red pearls, with my tools I will dig till my last breath.

I speak of this sea of pleasure underneath, I will drink in gulps of your sweet magic.

I speak of this river of life, sweeter than the river Euphrates, if I could I would swim hoping tomorrow never comes.

I speak of a fountain of life, a fortress for fearless minds and refuge for restless hearts.

If only you knew of this special place where my peace lies.

If only i would taste from this stream of Sweetness.

I speak of a planet where happiness resides.

I speak of a country, not for feeble hearts, I'd go inebriate with the Sugar beneath the vegetation.

If only I you will quench the thirst of this savage beast.

Came forth this accursed place from thence the place I long to return a thousand times.

The wetness beneath your thighs, a fountain of life.

I speak of this special place, my pink lips testify with sweet melody of your beehive.

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

02: 02: 2020

11: 30PM



# Garlands For The Septuagenarian

A song to celebrate a Hero, my Hero.

A dance in honour of a Champion, my Champion.

A tribute to the world best dad.

A eulogy for the Prince of Ezemese, progenitor of Obi Dunkwu.

I speak of a Cerebral, his pen made me a poet.

I speak of a Disciplinarian, his whip moulded me.

I speak of a sage with a repository of wisdom, a better man he made me.

I speak of my coach, his sturdy arms held me to take my first steps.

I speak of a colossus, he stands tall like an oak tree.

I speak of a Cat with nine lives, 'Onochie' is his name who survived the lair and clutches of Death.

I sound the gong in honour of a pedagogue, he did not spare the rod.

Seventy salvos for a Valiant, his arms a fortress.

Three scores and ten, yet buoyant and full of vigour like a lad.

For all values you inculcated in us.

For all the tireless toils to put food on the table.

For the endless battles you had to fight to kept us safe.

For the many times your firm hand keep us in line.

For being there under the scorching sun and the cold nights, thank you Dad.

©UCHE NWANZE

29: 01: 2020

12: 45PM

Uche Nwanze

# Eureka

I was broken until you fixed me.  
I was empty until you filled me.  
I was sinking until you gave me your hand.  
I was breathless until you gave me a breath of fresh air.  
I was restless, until I found you.  
I was clueless until you showed me the way.  
I was lifeless until you touched me.  
I was speechless until you kissed me.  
I was hopeless until you gave me tomorrow.  
I was homeless until you gave me a place in your heart.  
I was incomplete until you came along.  
I was in the woods until, I got a Miracle.  
I was lost until you found me.

©UCHE NWANZE

22: 01: 2020

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Octopus

A gentle lamb but fights like a ferocious beast.  
She slaves to make others happy.  
A heavy weight she carries on her soft shoulders.  
Fragile and frail she may look but with the heart of a Lioness.  
Her innocuous smile masks her hidden tears.  
Her desire to put a smile on their long faces eclipses her pain.  
While others sleep like babies she keeps vigil.  
No voice to speak up, her mouth gagged from speaking up.  
Tortured, no one to fight for her.  
Oppressed, no one to stand for her.  
Her reward they say lies in the heavens, her toils in vain.  
She brings forth a new generation bearing forth from the pangs of parturition.  
Her hands always on the ploughshare, her delicate fingers works magic and  
brings forth on the table delicious cuisine.  
Faces all the storms with a gentle mien.  
No battle too tough for her to face.  
An Amazon, a thousand whips and arrows she stands firm.  
Her tears like priceless pearls.  
Flawless like the ageless Sun.  
Her succulent breasts, savage breast feeds.  
Her body a temple of consolation, the quest to pleasure.  
Against all odds she weathers life's storms.  
Angels must be jealous at this masterpiece.  
The Creator marvels at His creation.

Uche Nwanze

# Twilight In Biafra

Hurried heavy footsteps moving closer, the sky puffs out black smoke, pellets of fire flying like kites. The Earth coughs in tremor from the ogbunigwe.

Young lads take refuge on the skirts of their mothers for fear of being conscripted into the nzogbu nzogbu choir. Old ears glued to the rumblings of the transistor radio not of the colour of the sky but of their hero's victory songs. The enemies stronghold has fallen like a pack of cards. A different tale the morning after, as trees shed their leaves.

The nimble and senile swiftly take on borrowed legs, to the bush and caves for their refuge. The drumbeats of war have gone berserk in riotous chorus.

Mothers in search of their children, husbands desert their wives on their nuptial bed. Adaorie looks for Ikechukwu, day turn into night. Nowhere to be seen. Stolen from his mother, inconsolable.

Tears well up her eyes like raindrops, will she ever see the only child of her breast again.

Biafra, the beautiful bride of the Niger, now a desolate place.

Biafra, the Paradise on the Niger, now the theatre of hell.

Biafra, your innocence and aura of tranquillity stolen from you.

Footsteps approach, it is deafening, the earth shakes from the dull thud of steps. All raise the olive branch, as the territory has fallen.

Women and children kept at bay like seed from chaff. Before their inquisitive eyes, their sons and husbands cut down by the sword of their united guest. Who will keep the cold beds warm for the maidens, to whose shoulder will they cry to. Nnebisi weeps inconsolably, the evil done to her, her crime she knows not.

They leave trail of blood, tears and anguish. Their tomorrow stolen from them. Darkness and silence envelopes the air.

Biafra, the scars still fresh, our hearts still remember. The day Kwashiorkor visited bearing Greek gifts.

Biafra, forget we will not, our hearts bleeds from the wounds gave you to her. No victor no vanquished, a lie you told. Conquered and silenced she has become.

Biafra, where is the Rehabilitation you promised?

Where is the Reconciliation you offered?

Where is the Reconstruction you gifted her?

It was a farce.

Biafra, , she lives like a slave in her fatherland.

How she sang, O my home when shall I see my home. When shall I see my native land.

Biafra, not a country.  
Biafra, will she rise from the ashes?  
Will the sun smile on her face again?  
Biafra, we will never forget.  
Biafra, forever in our hearts.

Uche Nwanze

# Ominous

The owl howled over our rooftop, the baby didn't wake up. Night has swallowed the Sun. The Moon weeps tears of blood.  
Eyes twitching furiously like Grand fathers clock.  
Mother warned me not to go out when the Sun wakes up from bed but deaf ears did I pay to her warning.  
My car somersaults like an atilogwu acrobat, escaped death by the skin of the teeth. I should have listened to mama's premonition.  
On the way from the village stream, her left toe hits a stone, the calabash is broken. Could this be a sign, an omen of bad luck lurking.  
She approaches home, sea of heads gather, long faces.  
What could be wrong, silent lips, bleeding hearts, wet eyes tell the story.  
Her mother has gone home to roost. Her bleeding foot hurts not of the pain but that the gods gave her a sign.  
When next you sneeze or see a millipede on your path, it just may be a sign of something in the offing.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# We Did It First

Before light rays filled the earth, we were here.

Before they came with their religion, we had our deities.

Before they came with their cash, we had our bags of cowries.

Before they came with their civilization we had our Umunna.

Before they came with their electricity we had our lamps.

Before they came with their Bible or Q'uaran we had our oracle.

Before they came with their television we had our Moonlight tales.

Before they came with their justice system, we had our village square meetings.

Before they came with their Shopping malls, we had our Eke market.

Before they came with their calendars, we had our number of Moons to count.

Before they came with their Skyscrapers we had our caves and hills.

Before they came with their automobile, we had our donkeys and camels.

Before they came with their pills, we had our herbs and roots.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Dry

No need to CRY when you can TRY.  
If you don't FRY how can it be DRY.  
I hate to PRY else I will WRY.

©UCHE NWANZE

05-01-2020

12: 05AM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Sweet Taboo

\*Line 1: \*

If I fall in love with you, will it be a crime?  
If I stole your heart away, will it be a sin?  
If I be your man, will it be a taboo?  
If I make sweet love to you, will it be a curse?

\*Chorus: \*

Tell me, will it be a crime?  
Will it be a sin?  
Will it be a taboo?  
Will it be a curse?

\*Line 2: \*

If you fall in love with me, will it be a crime?  
If you stole my heart away, will it be a sin?  
If you be my Lady, will it be a taboo?  
If you make sweet love to me, will it be a curse?



PoemHunter.com

© \*UCHE NWANZE\*

04-01-2020

12: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# Don't Look Away

When I make a mistake, don't look away.  
When things go wrong, don't look away.  
When I writhe in pain, don't look away.  
When evil men hold society hostage, don't look away.  
When charlatans enter the stage, don't look away.  
When I'm cold, don't look away.  
When misfortune pays me a visit, don't look away.  
When I fall down, don't look away.  
When my decisions go south, don't look away.  
When my heart is broken, don't look away.  
When I'm drowning, don't look away.  
When my roof is on fire, don't look away.  
When you hear a cry from a distance, don't look away.  
When I knock on your door, don't look away.

©UCHE NWANZE

17-11-2019

2: 30PM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Swan Song

I take a vow to bow out now.  
Every journey will come to its destination.  
Every dance will come grind to a halt.  
Every race will reach its finish line.  
Every story will get to its end.  
Every orgasm will reach its climax.  
Every book will get to the last page.

It is time to take a bow.  
This is my cue behind the queue.  
This is my swan song on the big stage of life.  
It is time for lights out.  
It is time I exited the stage.  
It is time to go behind the scene.

I bear no grudges.  
I wear no frown.  
I fear no death.  
I near no regret.  
I hear no plaudits.

I take with me only beautiful memories.  
I bequeath my goodwill and friendship.  
I take a vow to bow out now.

©UCHE NWANZE  
10-09-2019  
09: 40AM

Uche Nwanze

# Dear 2020,

I have dreamt of you since I was a kid, was told so many nice things about you. I write you this letter, please wherever you are to come get me.

You will find me at the border of 2019 waiting to bury my anxious head on your bosom and give you a warm embrace I have been saving for you this past ten years.

I am carrying a bag of sweet bitter experiences on my shoulders. The weight on my shoulders I have borne for the past ten years. I have travelled and made so many acquaintances. 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019 made an impression on me but I was told none of these old friends are as affectionate as you.

Albeit 2019 and I had our differences, she has been kind to me. I was told that you are a benevolent and magnanimous person.

I leave my old friend 2019 behind and all the memories so I may come to be with you. I hope they were not wrong about you.

I recall with nostalgia the beautiful moments I shared with 2019 but it's time I moved to another challenge. I hear 2020 is an exquisite city, filled with fun places like Prosperity Mall, Good Health Spa and Happiness park. My heart is racing like fast cars on a runway, I can't wait to be with you my new friend 2020.

When next you come across 2019 and his nine friends, tell them I will miss them. I appreciate all we had in the past but it's time I moved on.

Dear 2020, the clock ticks, hours turn to minutes, minutes to seconds. Come get me, I can't wait anymore.

Looking forward to seeing your pretty face.

Your new friend,

Uche

Uche Nwanze

# One More Day

All I need is one more day, before I be called from this accursed place.  
One more day to right my wrongs.  
One more day to write a new page.  
One more day to turn a new leaf.  
One more day to show love to someone in need.  
One more day to put a smile on a face.  
One more day to make up for my shortcoming.  
One more day to give a helping hand to someone who is down.  
One more day to weave words with my pen.  
One more day to behold the beauty of the ageless Sun.  
One more day to feel the beautiful wind on my face.  
One more day to stare the stars in the galaxy.  
One more day to spend time with you.  
One more day to listen to your heartbeat.  
One more day to proof my love for you.  
All I need is one more day, before I close my eyes to eternal sleep.



PoemHunter.com

©UCHE NWANZE  
28-08-2019

Uche Nwanze

# Santa Claus Didn't Come

Since I was a toddler, I have been good not bad.  
I tried not to be naughty but nice.  
I didn't pout for once or cry.  
Even while I sleep, I wait.  
My windows I leave open, hoping he will hop in.

As a child, I was told Santa Claus is coming to town.  
I have waited all my life. I thought he was making a list of kids to visit. Is my name not on his list?  
Now I'm forty, Santa hasn't visited town.  
Has Santa been held back in the North pole?

Maybe he lost his way to town.  
Did he change his mind?  
Millions of questions ringing like church bells in my young head.

Now I am a Father, my daughter Audrey asks me, is Santa really coming?  
I know not what to tell her.  
Should I tell her I have been waiting forever?  
I don't wanna break her tender heart.

Is Santa myth or Legend?  
Is he real or a fairy tale like Cinderella?  
Questions begging for answers.

When next you see Santa please ask him, when is he coming to my town.  
It's another Christmas, my windows are still open, my doors left ajar.  
Maybe he'd show up or spring me a surprise.

©UCHE NWANZE  
23-12-2019  
6: 00PM

Uche Nwanze

# Christmas Fever

The season is here again. The bug has caught up with us again.

Cold, dry the weather becomes. Dried torn lips and dusty the streets.

Incessant long queues, customers besiege the banks for last minute withdrawals.

Horrendous traffic, congestion like a nasal block. Thousands of cars honking and blaring, deafening our once serene roads.

A sea of heads marching like soldier ants, where is everyone heading to? From the North to the East they make the long pilgrimage in their hundreds. From the West to the South, they Exodus back home.

January, they left as paupers they return at Christmas loads of money to buy the moon. Posh cars and palatial cribs spring up like flowers everywhere. There are no ugly lass anymore, they're all looking like the daughter of the gods. Girls desert their lovers for the lucre of gold, to the highest bidder they barter their succulent thighs.

Chickens and goats on the run, their lives will not be spared from the butchers knife.

Prices of groceries in geometric projectile, they hurriedly sell their wares.

Malls are filled like the Atlantic ocean. The endless queue, an herculean time to pay for items bought at the counter.

The ATM's slow as the snail, network gone berserk. Customers stranded no money to regurgitate.

The neighbourhood wear a new look, Christmas lights and mistletoes adorn every nook and cranny.

The fever is real, the rush of adrenaline. No one can escape, the bug catches up with us.

Uche Nwanze

# Yesterday's Christmas.

My yesterday's Christmas, gone like the wind. In nostalgia I go back in time. Children dancing in ecstatic joy of the songs, holiday is coming, no more morning bells.

In anticipation our young minds wait with bathed breath.

New clothes, new shoes, dad and mom, their duty to us.

Oversized shoes and clothes, they adorn us like beautiful clowns on display.

In huge debts of gratitude we owe them. For us a privilege we cherish.

Fireworks they christened it, knock outs we knew it then.

We strike with our matchbox to shoot in childish excitement.

Christmas rice and Chicken, we long to have a taste. A delicacy we may never taste again until another Christmas.

In daddy's motorbike we rode to Father Christmas we journey to. His bags of Christmas gifts we are eager to have. Santa we knew not where he comes from, some say he lives in the North pole, some say he comes from a cold place so far. We were content with our Father Christmas. To the electric dancing steps of Baba uwa we jump, to his bulky and budging stomach we jeer and sing along.

Evenings are for the Block Rosary crusade troupe on a tour from house to house their sweet juvenile voices rent the evening skies to Christmas carols they sing.

Christmas day we throng the homes of family and neighbours for our share of the largesse of Christmas.

When the Sun goes for his super we return to roost with the spoils of Christmas goodies, our pockets lined with crisp Naira notes, our stomachs over fed.

Christmas story ends, a hasty visit to the shit infested latrine

we rush to as our belly sing in riotous euphony from all we ate.

My yesterday's Christmas, if I could bring you back, my yesterdays Christmas is gone like the wind, never to return.

Uche Nwanze

# Food Chain

The world, a food chain, the Predator is the prey of another.

The hunter haunts the Lion.

The Lion roars and pursues the buffalo.

The Buffalo runs as fast as his legs can carry him and pursues the cat.

The Cat with her nine lives spring to her feet and pursues the mouse.

The Mouse, too scared takes refuge in the sanctuary of the burrow.

The Cobra lurks in the shadows of the burrows, she bares her fangs and swallows the mouse with her venom.

The Eagle picks up the cobra and escapes to the sky.

The hunter shoots his arrow, the sky falls and the Eagle descend dull thud.

The Vultures feast ferociously on the carcass.

The Ants gather for the crumbs from the scavengers.

The Gecko gleefully eats up the scared ants.

Tables are turned the ants challenge the gecko.

The Lion haunts the hunter.

The Buffalo challenges the Lion to a duel.

The Cat scratches the buffalo in rebellion.

The Mouse opposes the Cat.

The Cobra swallows the Eagle.

The world, a food chain, the hunter is haunted by another.

Tomorrow, the Game may be on the hall of Fame.

© UCHE NWANZE

27-08-2019

Uche Nwanze

## Ambiguous (A-Z)

The dying lad made an Audacious leap of faith. The youths are becoming too Ambitious. The police appear clueless while the bandits continue their Atrocious deeds unabated.

The town welcomed their winning football team with Boisterous cheers.

Mother told me to be Cautious when looking for a wife. Better to remain celebrate than live with a Cantankerous woman. The young soldier got his marching orders because he was Contumacious to take orders from the veteran. Corruption is sweeping our country like a Contagious virus.

Caution has been thrown to the wind, getting a woman that will be Decorous, a wish that may never come true.

My heart bleeds for this generation, Dubious and Devious they have become.

Who caused the storm that blew our rooftops, the gods be Expeditious and remove this curse or we perish. This Erroneous song we are coaxed to sing will make our voice hoarse.

The sky must be angry, the sun has bared her Ferocious fangs on us. This charlatans in power feed us only Fallacious tales.

Depression would be averted if we live a Gregarious life. Her Gorgeous smile, the elixir for his heart of stone.

Life will always play a Humorous joke on us, why keep a long face. The clown tried to be Hilarious but no one laughed at his old jokes.

You may be born with a silver spoon in the morning and become Impecunious in the evening. His antecedence blinded their eyes, he meant no harm. His Innocuous smile couldn't assuage them.

Poverty will silence our mouths unless our leaders make Judicious use of the resources of our nation.

I am still searching for words in my Thesaurus that begins with a K and I need to win my scrabble game. Should I use Kinkajous or Keratinous?

Adele got herself in trouble, news had it she was Loquacious and gave out a

century old secret. The news of the boy who drowned at the village stream threw the town in Lugubrious mood.

Your fingers will get burnt, any opposition to government policies is viewed as treason and Malicious.

The king was Magnanimous by giving the son of his arch contender a place at the royal table. After years of being forgotten in the sidelines his hard work paid off for being Meticulous in all his dealings.

The new world is decaying because their childhood was murdered by the Noxious fumes of bad parenting. The Nefarious oats sown yesterday will grow into thorns tomorrow.

The whirlwind an Ominous sign of the raging storm that is imminent. Dada's escapades broke his father's heart as he couldn't bear the shame of his Opprobrious conduct.

The left wing party will never shift ground, they remain resolute and Pertinacious on the government's insistence on the hike in fuel. The Labour union stance on the new minimum wage is seen as Pugnacious to public good by the elites.

When it was time to name the heir to the throne, he was christened. Quandarous. The kingmakers refused to crown Chike king even if he had the attributes of a great leader to them he was too Querulous to a fault.

The country will never get out of the woods as long as we elect Rapacious leaders who will feather their own nests. The Doctor advised him against the exercise as it was too Rigorous for his fragile heart.

The recent bill by the legislature is seen as a Surreptitious move to steal our right to freedom of speech. The country is at it's lowest ebb, she is in dire need of a Sagacious leader.

The economy is in life support and needs a pragmatic and Tenacious leader who will command Tremendous support from both the elites and the common man.

The presence of the duchess at the festival was felt, she was Ubiquitous as the sun.

Femi was known as a critic of government, Vociferous in demanding for the right of his people. She may be gone from us, her song will be sung for generations. Her Vivacious personality endeared millions to her even in death. The problem

with our country is that most of our leaders have a Voracious appetite, they can devour public funds like locust.

I look back with nostalgia at the Wondrous last hours spent in her arms, they remain indelible.

My countrymen are like Xerophilous species, they can survive anywhere in the world.

When the time is ripe I will say my goodbyes and thank Yous.

Terror lurks in the dark, this bigots will hide under the cloak of religion and being Zealous for their god but they thirst for blood.

©UCHE NWANZE

27-08-2019

1: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# Prisoner Of Love

Boiling inside like a volcano yearning to erupt.  
Bottled up like a gin inside that bottle, if only the cork will be open.  
Locked up inside like a bird in a cage, if only she can break free.  
This feeling is burning like fire, will consume his host.  
I will die if I let it out, I am dead already if I lock it inside.  
Should I take a chance, will it be a leap of faith or foolery.  
Should I break free, will it be a crime or not to try at all.  
Should I break out, will it be a sin or not by sealed lips.  
Should I tell him, will my pride be hurt or will I be a victim.  
Should I open to her, will it be a mistake or will I be a prisoner of love.

© UCHE NWANZE

18-12-2019

12: 40PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Voice

I am the voice of the voiceless, their voices need to be heard.

I am the voice of the helpless, they need a helping hand.

I am the voice of the hopeless, who will get them out of the woods.

I am the voice of millions of children ravaged by the pangs of hunger.

I am the voice of the children in the streets, school is a luxury they can't afford.

I am the voice of a people cowed by fear, their voices have gone hoarse.

I am the voice of a people who have fled their homes because of the monster called war.

I am the voice of a legion of young men and women many years experience roaming the streets, no means to put food on their table.

I am the voice of mothers and wives who die in their droves, they can't even hold their babies in their arms.

I am the voice of young girls who are taken away in their sleep, the walls of their schools no longer safe.

I am the voice of a thousand children, their innocence stolen from them. Their childhood swept away by the whirlwind of evil.

I am the voice of women whose mouths no longer sing, mum is the word.

I am the voice of a people, who are surrounded by riches but cocooned in squalor.

I am the voice of a people, who pay through their noses to get a good life, darkness has become their daily companion.

I am the voice of a country beaten by the same people who swore to protect them.

I am the voice of a nation cut down because they refuse to part away some few Naira notes, from the ones who are supposed to be our friends.

I am the voice of a people in search of a Messiah, while they sit in their palaces and share our National cake.

I am the voice of a people, they want to send us to the hangman's noose for saying my mind.

I am the voice of a country they need servant leaders, yet they steal our tomorrow and take us to the next level of anguish.

I am the voice of the voiceless, crying to be heard.

I am the voice of the helpless, pleading to be heard.

I am the voice of the hopeless, I still hope tomorrow the Sun will shine.

© UCHE NWANZE

09-12-2019

3: 45AM

Uche Nwanze

# 14th November

The day an angel crossed my paths.  
The day a miracle happened.  
The day the gods bestowed me with a gift.  
The day the Sun smiled at me.  
The day my prayers were answered.  
The day life gave me a second chance.  
The day I found the missing piece of my puzzle.  
The day a thief stole my heart away.  
The day I was struck by a thunderbolt.  
The day the heavens saved me.  
The day I discovered a secret goldmine.  
The day I hit a jackpot.  
The day I listened to my heart.  
The day fortune smiled at me.  
The day I became complete.  
The day of my Amazing Grace.  
The day Love gave me her hand.  
The day Forever was born.  
The day Together was kindled.  
The day our love story began.

Uche Nwanze

# Cacophony

My ink bleeds with a burning desire to tell the unspoken story that goes on in my head.

If only I could think of a sweet symphony to quench this raging cacophony in my pregnant mind.

I lay expectant in my pink pyjamas staring at the unperturbed Moon, for answers she refused to give.

The stars will not wink so my curiosity be tamed.

The link between the realm of uncertainty and reality is severed.

If I will but drink from the pot of Athena, I may send my anxiety to sleep.

I am at the brink of walking away from all I have toiled for.

If only the heavens can blink and give me a sign.

I fear I may sink in my cocoon till I find the answers I seek.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Age Of Locust

We live in an age where the senile is no longer revered.  
Indolence and thirst for dirty lucre is the image juvenile hearts crave for.  
Sweat and toil no longer deserving of a living wage.  
Hunger bites bitterly and rage has enveloped our atmosphere.  
Leaders gleefully put those below the ladder on a cage of economic  
impoverishment.  
To the heavens we look up to for a sage who will spring forth like a shoot so our  
chequered history and beleaguered nation will open a new page.

©UCHE NWANZE

27/11/2019

10: 45AM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Black Knight

Let me be your Hero.  
Let me be your Knight in shining armour.  
Let me be your Guardian angel.  
Let me be your Superman.  
Let me be your Romeo.  
Let me be your Hercules.  
Let me be your Zeus.

Let me defeat your demons.  
Let me fight your battles.  
Let me be your protector.  
Let me take you to the moon and stars.  
Let me die for you.  
Let me conquer the world for you.  
Let me be your fortress.

May I be your Hero.  
May I be your Knight in shining armour.  
May I be your Guardian angel.  
May I be your Romeo.  
May I be your Hercules.  
May I be your Zeus.

©UCHE NWANZE

21/11/2019

12: 18A

Uche Nwanze

# Breathless

I was homeless till you gave me a place in your heart.  
I was restless till I found succour in your bosom.  
I was helpless till you took my hand.  
I was breathless till you gave me air.  
I was worthless till you gave my life a meaning.  
I was hopeless until you showed me tomorrow.  
I was speechless till you kissed me.  
I was sleepless until you sang sweet soundtrack to me.  
I was useless till you gave my life a purpose.  
I was clueless until you gave me a reason to live.

©UCHE NWANZE

20/11/2019

01: 00AM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# My Redemption

My Inspiration is an Indication of my Attention to every detail.  
My Congratulation is a Collaboration with my Participation in your Jubilation.  
My Restitution an Oblation for my Redemption.  
My Contrition the Solution to my Salvation.  
My Education a Vituperation to my Tradition.  
My Appropriation a Propitiation for my community.  
My Probation a Preparation for my Confirmation.  
My Adjudication a Violation of the Constitution.  
My Incarceration a crucible for my Coronation.  
My Constipation is an Intuition of a Premonition of trouble.  
My Conflagration is a symptom of an Infection in my heart.  
My Recuperation is the Motivation for my Rehabilitation.  
My Agitation is in Anticipation of my Emancipation.  
My Liquidation is the Transition to the realm of Extinction.  
My Location is the Direction for my Appreciation.  
My Reaction Is only the Audition of my Participation.  
My Addiction is in Addition to my Expiration.  
My Conviction is an Annihilation to my beliefs.  
My Opposition the Expiation for Revolution.  
My Marginalization a Desecration of our unity.  
My Libation an Institution of my Liberation.

©UCHE NWANZE

15-11-2019

12: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# Larger Than Life.

Life is a whore, she screws us all.

Life is a savage it slays us.

Life is fiendish, he smites us.

Life is not fair, he cheats on us.

Life is a villain, planting landmines on our paths.

Life is a pugilist, he hits us below the belt.

Life is a pretty rose laden with thorns.

Life is inconsistent, it may turn dark by cock crow and become bright when the birds come home to roost.

When life throws a punch, return the favour.

When life gives you a challenge, stand up to her.

When life puts you down, get up and fight back.

When life taunts you, find the strength within and smile.

When life haunts you, don't throw in the towel.

When life weighs you down, don't stay down.

Live your life like the birds, they're jocund.

Live life like the grasses, they care less.

Live life like the fishes, they are fretless.

© UCHE NWANZE

31/10/2019

5: 30PM

Uche Nwanze

# A Thousand Wish

He dreamt of a place, he got a palace.  
He searched for a stone, he found a pearl.  
He sought for sugar, he got honey.  
He aimed for the sky, he got to paradise.  
He asked for a morsel, he got bread.  
He begged for crumbs, he got a buffet.  
He needed a handshake, he was given a hug.  
He asked for a chance, he was given a lifetime.  
He wanted a day, he got eternity.  
He prayed for longevity, he was given immortality.

©UCHE NWANZE  
13-11-2019  
1: 10PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Amazing Grace

I am in a lonely desert, dying of thirst and I found an oasis.  
I was groping in a dark scary alley, and I saw a dazzling light.  
I was drowning in an ocean of despair, then I clutched to a straw.  
I was suffocating from asphyxia, then I found a breath of fresh air.  
I was trapped in this lair of hyenas, your hands broke me out.  
I was empty and clueless, then you came along.  
I was lost, then you found me.  
I was helpless. then you gave me your hand.  
I was looking for answers, then I found you.  
I was incomplete, then I found my purpose.  
I was travelling on a tortuous expedition, then I discovered you.  
I was digging for treasures, then I found you.

©UCHE NWANZE

21-10-2019

4: 40PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Black Belle

I will sing you a song, of a beautiful black woman.  
I will tell a story of an African goddess.  
I will tell you a story of a lady with a golden smile.  
I will paint you a picture of a woman with the midas touch.  
I met a black belle with the eyes of the sun.  
I will whisper to you a story, of a girl with the panache of an amazon.  
I crossed paths with this chocolate lass, her skin shone like a diamond.  
I will tell you a secret, I fell in love with this pretty pearl with the poise of a Queen.  
I will sing you a song, of how I met this beautiful black angel.

© UCHE NWANZE

28/10/2019

21: 45HRS

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Take My Hand

When storms billows boisterously, take my hand.  
When the oceans make thee sink, grab my hand.  
When you grope in the darkness of fear, hold my hand.  
When your world is falling apart, take my hand.  
When your limbs grow faint and frail, take my hand.  
When your mind is weary, hold my hand.  
When you find yourself in lonely lane, grab my hand.  
When you're stuck in despair, take my hand.  
When you're lost in the woods, hold my hand.  
When you need a friend by your side, take my hand.

©UCHE NWANZE

15-10-2019

09: 35AM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Treason

My love for you, a Venison for my soul.  
Not to love you is Treason to my heart.  
I need not any Reason to love you.  
My love for you goes beyond Season.  
I'd rather go to Prison than live without you.  
I'd rather drink lethal Poison in gulps than live without you.  
Won't give you up for a palatial Mansion.

©UCHE NWANZE

13/10/2019

11: 10PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Take Me To Paradise

Take me to the hills, where I will see the beauty of Mother Nature.  
Take me to that place, where peace flows like a fountain.  
Take me to paradise, where the angels reside.  
Take me to the land, where day never gives birth to night.  
Take me to that city, paved with gold.  
Take me to that island, where dreams come true.  
Take me to that country, flowing with milk and honey.  
Take me to forever land.  
Take me to that mountaintop, where I'll behold the ageless Sun.  
Take me to that place, with an atmosphere of serenity.  
Take me to paradise, where every tear will disappear.  
Take me to that city, where lies my refuge.  
Take me to your world, where my happiness lives.

©UCHE NWANZE

12TH OCTOBER 2019

1: 00AM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Fortress

When it seems as if the world has turned her back on you, I've got your back.  
When it seems your back is against the wall, look within and you will find the strength to move on.

When it seems as if your world is crumbling, I'll stand by you.

When all seems lost, listen to that voice that whispers 'don't give up'.

When you're faced with the storms of life, look up to the heavens.

When you're faced with a sea of doubts, search your heart and you'll find the answers you seek.

When you're down, take my hand and I'll lift you up.

When you need a friend, I'll be there to give a listening ear.

When you're deserted in a dark lonely alley, I'll show you the way.

When you're left in the scorching sun, I'll be your shield.

When you're drowning, lift your head high and clutch to me.

When you're caught in the web of cacophony, my voice sing sweet symphony to your troubled soul.



PoemHunter.com

©UCHE NWANZE

10-10-2019

09: 40PM

Uche Nwanze

# Mirror My World

What happens in your world, rocks my world.  
Your world, a mirror to my world.

When you smile, you bring sunshine to my life.  
Your happiness gives me a ray of hope.  
When you cry, my world in chaos.  
When you worry, my life a standstill.  
When you're heart broken, my heart stops.  
When you're down, my world lies in ruins.  
When the gods bless you, a bumper harvest I reap.

O that your beautiful smile ne'er run dry.  
O that the glow in your eyes ne'er stop shining.  
O that your laughter will ne'er extinguish.

What goes on in your world, reverberates in my world.  
Your world, a gateway to my heart.

©UCHE NWANZE  
08/10/2019  
10: 10PM

PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Captain Of My Heart

My world, a wreck,  
My life, in shambles,  
My world, a cacophony of musical notes.  
My life, a comedy of errors.  
My world, a disaster waiting to happen.  
Then, you walked into my life.  
Until you came into my world.

My life, a turbulence but for the Captain of my heart.

My world, icebergs on the way, saved by the Sailor of my life.

My world, eclipsed by emptiness but for my priceless Diamond.

My life, crashing rescued me the Pilot of my heart.

My world, a battleground of defeat, but for the Soldier of me.

My life, a stillbirth, restored by the Doctor of my heart.

My heart, torn but for the Cobbler of my heart.

My world, in ruins, but for the Queen of my heart.

My life, in jeopardy, crafted me the  
Architect of my world.

The Captain of my heart, your order my command.  
My world falling apart, then you came.  
My life is chaos, until our paths crossed.

© UCHE NWANZE

11: 00PM

06/10/2019

Uche Nwanze

# Arise O Compatriots

I speak of a country by the Niger river,  
I speak of a people, forlorn yet jocund.  
I speak of a nation, innumerable like the stars in the galaxy.  
I speak of a people, gifted by Mother nature, cursed by the gods.  
I speak of a people, wealth is limitless yet poverty looks sternly at her.  
I speak of a people, united but divided.  
I speak of a country, walking with giant strides, yet live like Lilliputian.  
I speak of a country, independent but in chains.  
I speak of a nation, she beams her rays on her neighbours yet under the cover of darkness.  
I speak of a country, whose arms wide open to welcome all in warm embrace yet her sons are fugitives.  
I speak of a country, who protects her neighbours but her daughters live in the shadows of fear in their fatherland.  
I speak of a country, in the land of the rising sun, eclipsed by corruption.  
I speak of a country, she can rise from her ashes.  
I speak of a people, she can break the chains of the colonial master.  
I speak of a nation, where peace and justice shall reign tomorrow.  
I speak of a country, where the sun will smile on her again.  
I speak of a people, they will wake up from their slumber someday.  
I speak of a nation, one day she'll taste the sweet wine of freedom.

© UCHE NWANZE  
1ST OCTOBER,2019  
05: 00PM

Uche Nwanze

# Fuel My Mind

This mind of mine, empty with thoughts.  
This mind of mine running riot, chaos on the offing.  
This mind of mine, hungry to tell his story.  
This mind of mine, bleeding with ideas.

Who will set my mind free.  
Who will open the floodgates of my mind.  
Who will break the silence of my mind.

My Muse, weave you my thoughts.  
My Inspiration, paint you my emotions.  
My Stimulus, mould you my ideas.  
My Tailor, spurn you my desires.  
My Catalyst, fuel you the flame of my hungry mind.

The best, you bring out of me.  
A raging fire, you enkindle in me.  
The Poet in me, you wake up.

This mind of mine, empty without you.

©UCHE NWANZE  
30-09-2019  
01: 30AM

Uche Nwanze

# Elixir

All my life, been on a search, still on an expedition, a cure to my malady I seek.  
Her beauty like the river Euphrates,  
If I could drink from her stream of life, my morbus be gone.

Her breast like that of the goddess Aphrodite,  
If I could suck from her milk of kindness, my insanity swept away by the wind.

Her smile like the ageless Sun,  
If I could behold her impeccable splendour, my malaise disappear.

Her kiss like the kiss of immortality,  
If I could taste from her gourd of sweet kisses, I be saved from the gates of Hades.

Her tender hands with the midas touch,  
If I could touch her delicate hands, my melancholy will melt away.

Her smell, like the fragrance of Queen Sheba,  
If I could feel the ambience of her sweet smell, my dementia be obliterated.

My search for a cure is found. Alas! A cure to my malady, I seek no more. The elixir of life I found.

©UCHE NWANZE

26-09-2019

06: 35PM

Uche Nwanze

# I Surrender

My heart is yours, take it.  
My body belongs to you, you can have it.  
My life is in your hands, do with me as you wish.

If your heart were mine, I would never break it.  
If your body were mine, I would worship it.  
If your life were in my hands, I would cherish it.

When your heart is mine, I'll never break it.  
When your body is mine, I'll venerate it.  
When your life is in my hands, I'll keep it save.

I give you my heart, take it.  
I surrender my body, keep it.  
I give you my life, do with me as you please.

(c)UCHE NWANZE

20-09-2019

11: 25PM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# The Litany Of A Lover.

In your cosy arms, succour I seek.  
In your succulent breast, solace I yearn.  
In your heart of gold, peace I crave.  
In your sensual pink lips, affection I long.  
In your wet thighs, healing I need.  
In your flawless smile, fulfilment I want.  
In your alluring brown eyes, protection I hunger.  
In the ambience of your presence, sanity I desire.  
In the music of your voice, serenity I thirst.  
In the symphony of your laughter, harmony I wish.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Eyeshot

I may be gone for a while, my heart will always be here with you.  
I may be out of your sight, I'll always be here with you.  
I may be miles apart from you, my soul will always be here with you.  
I may be far from you, I'll always be here with you.  
I may be separated from you, I'll always be here with you.

With you, I'll always be here, with you, with you.

You may be gone for a while, my heart will always be here with you.  
You may out of my sight, I'll always be here with you.  
You may be miles apart, my soul will always here with you.  
You may be far from me, I'll always be here with you.  
You may be separated from me, I'll always be here with you.

With you, I'll always be here. With you, with you.

(C) UCHE NWANZE

16-09-2019

05: 30AM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

## 2,996(Remembering 9/11 Terrorist Attacks)

Just like every day ordinary folks, just like any other day or so it seemed. Left  
they their homes with hugs and kisses, unaware it will be the last kiss.  
Goodbyes were said, unconscious that farewell would have been apt.  
Smile torn in shreds, Fear their companion.  
Tomorrow, they never knew only a fantasy.  
On a serene sunny Tuesday morning, behind the pregnant clouds and lurking in  
the blue skies, birds of horror.  
The Sun kept mum, the Moon swallowed by a deep slumber unconscious of the  
smell of terror.  
Ordinary folks like any other day swept away, the machinations of rabid dogs.  
Away from us, before our eyes stolen from us, the land bathed in orgy of blood.  
Smile now stolen from our Lips, plucked out like red roses.  
Cowards, reason thrown to the winds. Leprous hate festering, on ordinary folks  
they spewed.  
Yesterday ordinary folks now in the realm of angels.  
Your light extinguished from this accursed place, your memories shall never go  
extinct in our hearts.  
The flame of your martyrdom kindled in forever land.  
I rise in honour of the voice never again to be heard, but will forever resound in  
our thoughts.  
I stand in awe, the libation your flawless blood immersed on our world.  
I rise in reverence, your names never to be blotted from the pages of history.  
We remember this ordinary folks, their praises will be sung for generations.  
Cut from this realm of mortality, you'll never die in our hearts.  
Your flame, enkindled till the end of time.  
No terror can quench this flame.  
No horror can fade your memories from our hearts.

Uche Nwanze

# Sweet Potato

Something about this Special lady i met on this Sunny Sunday.  
I met this Sweet, scintillating, special lady.  
Her eyes blazed like the morning Sun.  
She shone like the Northern star.  
Her body dazzled like Diamonds.  
Her poise could push any Saint over the Sanctuary.  
Something about this Special lady.  
She swept me off my feet with her enchanting persona  
Her Smile was electrifying.  
She had an aura of divinity worn like an apparel.  
She had a gentle mien like a dove.  
Her sweet sonorous voice could melt an impregnable rock.  
Something about this special lady.  
Couldn't take my eyes off this curvy bevy.  
She was the cynosure of my eyes.  
She is like the daughter of the gods.  
Something about the Special lady.  
When she talks, I am speechless.  
Her smile is breathtaking and takes my breath away.  
She walks like blue blood.  
Something about this special lady.  
I see her everyday in Dreamland.  
I wait with bathed breath for the Sun to wake up from her slumber, so I could  
catch a glimpse of her silhouette.  
Something about this Special lady.  
She has a heart of gold.  
Succulent and spicy like sweet potato  
If I could just hold her in my arms.  
If I could hold her delicate hands.  
If only she would be mine.  
Something about this Special lady.  
To another she belongs yet  
She stole my heart away.  
Something about this Special Lady.  
She is my secret Goldmine.  
I would sell the whole world so she could be mine.  
She is Soft, Sumptuous and Sweet.  
Something about this Special lady I met on this Special Sunny Sunday.

(C)UCHE NWANZE

10-09-2019

11: 50PM

Uche Nwanze

# Under The Sun And Under The Rain.

No matter what happens, I will always be by your side.

No matter what happens, I will always stand by you.

No matter what happens, I will walk the long road with you.

No matter what happens I have got your back.

No matter what happens, I will never turn my back on you.

No matter what happens, I will always hold your hand.

No matter what happens, I will never let go of your hand.

No matter what happens, I will never leave you behind.

No matter what happens, I will cross the deepest rivers with you.

No matter what happens, I will never give up on you.

No matter what happens, I will never give you up for another.

(C)UCHE NWANZE

03/09/2019

10: 45PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Everywhere You Go

To the ends of the earth, I will go with you.  
To the deepest ocean, I will swim with you.  
To the highest mountain, I will climb with you.

I will go with you anywhere.  
I will go with you everywhere.  
Anywhere,  
Everywhere,  
I will go anywhere with you.  
I will go everywhere with you.  
To the ends of the earth.

Only if you want me to.  
Unless you want me to.  
Until you want me to.  
And if you ask me to.  
I will, I will follow you anywhere, everywhere with you.(2ice)

To the ends of the earth, I will go with you.  
To the deepest ocean, I will swim with you.  
To the highest mountain, I will climb with you.

I will go with you anywhere.  
I will go with you everywhere.

(C)UCHE NWANZE  
05-09-2019  
02: 41PM

Uche Nwanze

# Kindled Love

What do you see when you look into my eyes.  
What do you see when I look into your eyes.  
What do you see when I smile.  
What do you see when your body is close to mine.  
What do you hear when my heart beats.

What do you feel when you look into my eyes.  
What do you feel when I look into your eyes.  
What do you feel when I smile.  
What do you feel when your body is close to mine.  
What do you feel when my heart beats.

How do you feel when you look into my eyes.  
How do you feel when I look into your eyes.  
How do you feel when I smile.  
How do you feel when your body is close to mine.  
How do you feel when you heart beats.

Look into my eyes you'll see the answers you seek.  
Listen to my heart and you'll find the answers to your questions.

(C)UCHE NWANZE  
06-09-2019  
06: 53PM

Uche Nwanze

# Love In Embryo

I have loved you in my head.  
I have loved you in my heart.  
I have loved you in my mind.  
I have loved you in my dreams.

I have, I have loved you before love was.

You have been in my head.  
You have been in my heart.  
You have been in my mind.  
You have been in my dreams.

You have, you have been before time was.

It was born in my head.  
It was born in my heart.  
It was born in my mind.  
It was born in my dreams.

It was, it was there before I knew it.

(C)UCHE NWANZE

05/09/2019.

09: 27AM

Uche Nwanze

# Amour

I want you, you know it.  
I need you, you know it.  
I desire you, you know it.  
I crave you, you know it.

It's you I want, you know it.  
It's you I need, you know it.  
It's you I desire, you know it.  
It's you I crave, you know it.

You're all I want, you know it.  
You're all I need, you know it.  
You're all I desire, you know it.  
You're all I crave you know it.

UCHE NWANZE  
(C) 02/09/2019  
06: 39PM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Oxygen

Let me be the sun to bring light to your life.  
Let me be the oxygen to give air to your heart.  
Let me be the fire that will burn every sadness in your life.  
Let me be the rainbow that will add colour to your world.  
Let me be the music that will give food to your soul.  
Let me be the one to put a smile on your face.  
Oh please let me be the one(3ice)

May I be the sun to bring light to your life.  
May I be the oxygen to give air to your heart.  
May I be the fire that will burn every sadness in your life.  
May I be the rainbow that will add colour to your world.  
May I be the music that will give food to your soul.  
May I be the one to put a smile on your face.  
Oh please may I be the one(3ice) .

(C)Uche Nwanze

26-08-2019

12: 39am



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Lean On Me

If you need someone to talk to, I'll always be here.

If you need someone to listen to, I'll always be here.

If you need a shoulder to lean on, I'll always be here.

If you need someone to run to, I'll always be here.

If you need a bosom to cry on, I'll always be here.

If you need a friend, I'll always be here.

I will always be here, always be here for you.(3ice)

When you need someone to talk to, I'll always be here.

When you need someone to listen to, I'll always be here.

When you need a shoulder to lean on, I'll always be here.

When you need someone to run to, I'll always be here.

When you need a bosom to cry on, I'll always be here.

When you need a friend, I'll always be here.

I'll always be here, always be here for you.(3ice)

(C)UCHE NWANZE

04-09-2019

10: 34AM



PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

# Addicted

The more you push me away, the more I yearn for you.  
The more you build a wall round your heart, the more I crave for you.  
The more you build a fortress round me, the more I long for you.  
The more you say no to my feelings, the more I thirst for you.  
The more you deny your feelings for me, the more I hunger for you.  
The more you pretend you don't want me, the more I'll get addicted to you.  
The more you turn a blind eye to my love, the more I'll be in your dreams.  
The more you shut me out of your heart, the more I'll wait at the door of your heart.  
The more you fight, the more I will battle for the keys to your heart.

(C) UCHE NWANZE

02/09/2019.

07: 23PM

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Lovestruck

I can't stop this love  
I can't fight this feeling.  
I can't hold this emotions.  
I can't hide it anymore.

I don't want to stop this love  
I don't want to fight this feeling.  
I don't want to hold back this emotions.  
I don't want to hide it anymore.

I won't stop this love.  
I won't fight this feeling.  
I won't hold this emotions.  
I won't hide it anymore.

(C)Uche Nwanze  
26-06-2019  
12: 39am

Uche Nwanze  PoemHunter.com

# Always And Forever

I am the guy for you, always and forever.  
I am the one for you, always and forever.  
I am the man for you, always and forever.  
I am at your service, always and forever.  
I am yours, always and forever.  
Always and forever (3ice)

Let me be the guy for you, always and forever.  
Let me be the one for you, always and forever.  
Let me be the man for you, always and forever.  
Let me be at your service, always and forever.  
Let me be yours, always and forever.  
Always and forever (3ice)

Can I be the guy for you, always and forever.  
Can I be the one for you, always and forever.  
Can I be the man for you, always and forever.  
Can I be at your service, always and forever.  
Can I be yours, always and forever.  
Always and forever (3ice)

I am the guy for you, always and forever.  
I am the one for you, always and forever.  
I am the man for you, always and forever.  
I am yours, always and forever.  
Always and forever(3ice) .

Uche Nwanze

# Razor Blade

Radiant as the morning sun, a devious diva  
tongue sharp like a razor blade.

Luscious Belle, blazing eyes like the daughter of the gods.

Elegant thighs, exquisite legs she walks like the goddess of the sun.

Fiery fangs, feisty as a ferocious cat. You don't wanna get burnt by her fire.

Curvaceous padded hips, gorgeous steps,  
she walks with the swagger of a cheetah.

Ravishing, enchanting beauty. She'll be the death of me.

Sumptuous and succulent skin, she will sweep you off your feet.

Voluptuous and astonishing body, can't get her off my head.

Alluring, charming aura. I' m trapped in her lair.

Scintillating and seductive silhouette.

Her spell will spell doom for me.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Valiant

I fear not the Death that will kill me, I only fear that I may not be ready to receive him at the door when he comes visiting.

I fear not the fire that will consume me, I only fear the scars it will leave behind.

I fear not the failure that stares at me in the face. I only fear that I may not be able to move a muscle and try.

I fear not fear itself, I only fear the smell of cowardice.

I fear not falling down, I only fear not picking myself up.

I fear not reaching the finish line, I only fear not hitting the ground running.

I fear not the dark clouds, I only fear if the sun will show her face again.

I fear not the vociferous storms, I only fear if I will weather the storm.

I fear not walking on water, I only fear if his hand will hold me up when I look away and sink.

I fear not being on top, I only fear if I will stay on top.

I fear not being indigent, I only fear if my hands will till the soil.

I fear not the punch life throws at me, I only fear if I can fight back.

I fear not being heartbroken, I only fear if I may be able to move on.

I fear not who I am today, I only fear who I may become tomorrow.

I fear not my foe's frown, I only fear my friend's smile.

I fear not walking behind enemy lines, I only fear being caught.

I fear not judgement day, I only fear if my name will be on the wrong book.

Uche Nwanze

# Unbroken

Never say die is his mantra, unwavering, unbroken, unmoved.

Bruised, a cog in his wheel eyes still fixed on the prize. Nothing will stand in his way.

Boisterous and ferocious storms, he fights his fiery fears.

Weary spines and waning bones, yet stands with the courage of the lion.

Tired limbs, he is been down that road a thousand times.

Fire and fury in his breath, no hurricane can consume him.

Iron bars and giant walls, they will never hold him back.

Sturdy arms, no walls strong enough to stand in his way.

A wreck, cranky clutches, still reaching for the stars. No mountain tall for him.

Dark clouds, raring to go with wings navigating the highest mountains.

Blurred eyes and icebergs, his sights set on the sky like the Eagle.

Gagged and hoarse his mouth, he will scream to the high heavens.

Tide and turbulence never a cog in his paths.

Undaunted, the chair can't hold him down.

Broken his feet, his spirits will never be broken.

Impossible a word never found in his guts.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Eleventh Hour

The goose who lay the golden egg, an oblation to propitiate the ire of the Capitol.  
In the judgement seat he posed for inquisition.  
Taunts and haunts hurled at him.  
He has been given a dose of his medicine they jeered.  
He'd rather not vaunt or lose his cool.  
On the brink of extermination, he'll never lose faith.  
Close to meeting the gatekeeper of Hades.  
In despair we sink, yet he didn't blink or wink.  
Had to choose between the devil and deep blue sea.  
He had nothing to lose, all hell breaks loose.  
At the break of dawn, the hounds have been loosed on him.  
The gallows his destination.  
The noose round his neck.  
To the stars he turned to for salvation.  
Death laughs at our loss.  
Will the gods toss the coin in our favour?

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

## The Bloodline Part 3 (The Prophecy Is Fulfilled)

The throne in doldrums, the crown in troubled waters.  
Death by the doorway of the palace. The young crown struck, so esoteric a  
malady never seen or heard of in the Kingdom of the North and South.  
The palace in palpable fear of what lurks tomorrow.  
The gods have spoken from their mouthpiece.  
Water drunk from the hand of the chosen, the elixir.  
The fruit from the womb of the commoner, the seed from the loins of the young  
crown the antidote to scare the god of death from the palace gates.  
The son of the uptown lass, the commoner with royalty in his blood wanders  
across mountains and valleys.  
In search of a morsel to fend for his mother, the young lass and his hungry  
mouth.  
A date with fate imminent, his ancestry is royalty.  
The son of the uptown lass a butler for the crown struck by a malady not seen or  
heard in all of the kingdom.  
Royal blood cries out for her kin.  
Then a night did come and fate prepare a banquet with him and the crown.  
Water from his hands, gave he to the crown as the oracle foretold.  
The prophecy foretold now fulfilled.  
The legend is true, the gods are propitiated.  
The crown escape the gates of Hades.  
The crown by hairs breath saved from the lair of death.  
The son of the uptown lass, the fruit of their coition decorated by the throne  
The palace, no longer a shadow of subdued voices and forlorn faces.  
A royal banquet, a ball to celebrate the arrival of the lost bloodline.  
A happy Reunion, the uptown lass the relic of history now a medal of honour.  
From the little town to the Capitol.  
From crumbs to the table,  
From rags to riches.  
The legend is true.  
The prophecy is fulfilled.  
The bloodline lives on.

(THE END)

Uche Nwanze

## The Bloodline Part 2(The Prophecy Is Foretold)

The bloodline of the throne is in ruins.

The dynasty of his majesty in chaos.

The old crown has journeyed to meet his forbears.

The lad, take he a crown for his young head.

Upon his young shoulders the kingdom lies.

To the seed of the South King promised he from the cradle they forge a royal alliance.

Moons come and go, the cry of a baby still not heard from the palace nursery.

An heir, the young crown to name to continue the bloodline.

The bloodline, on the brink of extinction.

Forlorn faces wear the throne.

The palace has lost her charm, sleep has disappeared from their eyes.

In subdued tones they mutter.

Miles apart the son, the fruit of their intense night of passion.

The seed of his loins obscured by penury.

The world welcomed him not, an object of ridicule was he.

His childhood, a sour story not for the ears.

A beautiful life, a luxury the uptown lady could not afford.

The gods break their long silence.

The secret bloodline lives on, shores away he dwells.

Memories return, of the young lass, the daughter of a commoner.

A love he turned his back on moons away.

The son, of royal bloodline, a victim of circumstance.

A refugee born a commoner but of blue blood, kingdoms apart.

A search party dispatched.

The uptown girl, the key to their search.

Nowhere to be found, the commoner an itinerant.

The search futile, a fruitless journey, nowhere to be found.

A date with fate draws nigh.

Hope wanes as summer gives birth to winter.

The young crown on the cusp of accepting the cruel fate, nowhere to be found.

The emissary of the throne on a fruitless expedition.

Dashed hopes, crestfallen return them to the crown.

The young crown, in bathed breath waiting to hear the good news that was not to be.

The son of the commoner with royal alliance born and raised from the streets and slums.

The prince of the North with the toga of an indigent, shores away from his ancestry.

(TO BE CONTINUED... THE STORY CONTINUES)

Uche Nwanze

# The Bloodline Part 1(Divine Encounter)

Fiery fire in his Bloodline, born without a silver spoon.  
Of blue blood yet feeding from the crumbs.  
Legends speak of a prophecy foretold of a son born by a commoner who will get  
his clan out of the woods.  
His dynasty will span centuries.  
The stinking slums raised he.  
The breast that gave him suck, a commoner.  
The womb that gave him refuge, a simple uptown lady.  
Moons ago met she a young suave lad.  
Came he to her suburb for some work.  
The lad and lass, fell head over heels for each other.  
In the dark was she, she knew not who's son he was.  
The lad, of the palace he rose from.  
A sweet lie kept he from her.  
Nights of sweet coitus, though worlds apart their souls unite.  
A taboo not to be spoken from the lips of any mortal.  
Had to spare her from the naked truth.  
Time wasn't ripe to remove the mask of who he was.  
One bright sunny morning, the lad summoned he by the Crown.  
Years fly by, days turn to nights, from one moon to another moon.  
The uptown lass now a relic of history.  
A royal wedding, the reason for the summon of the young Prince from the  
countryside to the palace.  
A bevy of Royal bloodline sworn he from the cradle to tie the nuptial knot.  
The day the Kingdom in the North and South became one.  
A conjugal the gods of the North and South sanction.

(TO BE CONTINUED...)

Uche Nwanze

# Forty And Fabulous.

Life begins at forty, today I was born.  
Yesterday swept by the wind.  
Tomorrow, pregnant with hope.  
A new chapter is about to be written.  
A new page is about to be open.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my yesterday a dress rehearsal for my big stage performance.

I am Forty and Fortified, was behind the scenes but it's time I make a grand appearance.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my apprenticeship is come to an end. It's time to practice what I've been taught.

I am Forty and Fortified, my mentorship has ended. No more will I be clueless.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my vacation is over. It's time to roll up my sleeves, dig deep and get those fingers dirty.

I am Forty and Fortified, my censorship has ended. It's time to break my silence.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my folly is over. It's time I put my experience to work.

I am Forty and Fortified, my slumber is ended. It's time I woke up.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my rehabilitation has come to an end. It's time I get out of the woods.

I am Forty and Fortified, my internship is over. It's time for business.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my discipleship has ended. It's time I sit on the drivers seat.

I am Forty and Fortified, playtime is over. It's showtime now.

I am Forty and Fabulous, my hibernation has come to an end. It's time I broke out of my cocoon.

Life has just begun, today I was born.  
Yesterday swept by the wind.  
Tomorrow, pregnant with hope.

Uche Nwanze

# Do You Remember

Do you remember, how good we were together.

Nights of intense passion we shared.  
The Boisterous and Vociferous storms we weathered.  
The Battles and Demons we fought together.  
The Walls and Mountains we broke and climbed together.  
Fierce fires we put out together.  
The Adventures and Expeditions we embarked.  
The Temptations and Turbulence we had to face.  
All the Rivers and Rubicon we crossed.  
The Stones and Pellets that were hurled at us.  
All the Insults and Humiliation we had to bear.  
The Envy and Hate we had to tolerate.  
The Adversities and Adversaries we had to endure.  
The Toils and boils our hands and backs had to go through.  
The Bitter rivalries and stiff competition we had to face.  
The fierce cold nights we kept each other warm.  
The scorching sun we had to persevere.  
The torrential rains that drenched us.  
The Journeys we went on together.  
Feats and Breakthrough we had to achieve.  
Fears and Failure we had to overcome.  
The Laughter and Tears we had to enjoy and endure.  
The Hurdles and Heights we had to jump.  
The Promises we made to each other.  
The Haunts and Taunts we had to dare.  
The Challenges and Cross we had to take on.

Do you remember, we used to be a perfect team.

Uche Nwanze

# The Other Woman

The other woman, when the Sheriff is out of town.  
When there is an emergency, 911 comes to the rescue.  
When there is no doctor, the first aid box comes in handy.  
When there is fire on your rooftop, the gentle breeze that quiets the inferno.

The other woman, when your favourite beer is not available, any cold beer to quench your thirst.  
When your favourite cuisine is not on the menu, any meal to soothe your hungry stomach.  
When you have a flat tire, the spare keeps you going.  
When your star player has a hamstring, the sub comes on the pitch.

Her doors wide open to provide him shelter and succour.  
The Queen she yearns for the crown, she'll always play second fiddle.  
On a cold lonely night, there to keep him warm.

Beauty her strength. Feeble minds fall for her charm.  
Scheming slaying seductress, her bed soft and cozy for his frail body.  
Her sweet kiss a venomous venison.

The first lady, a title she'd give the moon for.  
A second class citizen she'll always be.  
An escape route for all his troubles.  
Like a stray hound, he'll return someday to his owner's pen.

Push him away and he falls into her luring lair.  
Your nagging will drive him into her waiting arms.  
Your folly will pursue him to plunge into her enchanting web.

The other woman, a friendly foe, always at the doorpost waiting for a slip.  
The other woman, a nine days wonder.  
Wanes as winter comes, she'll never be his number one.

Birds may flock together, the hawk will never be a match for the Eagle. The butterfly may fly round the world but she'll never challenge the bird to a flight fight.

Uche Nwanze

# Strange Bed Fellows

Under one roof, confined together like inmates each scrambling for the crumbs of their taskmasters. A comedy of error, they have plunged us into this timeless abyss. Beguiled by the Union Jack, they crossed the Atlantis. With a mission to plunder like rapacious mosquitoes. Masquerades dancing naked in the market square.

They woo us with Greek gifts of civilization, with their left hand steal our wealth and defile my people. With his Bible they swayed our gullible hearts. My forbears coaxed under the barrel of his gun.

She arranged a marriage of convenience among strange bed fellows. Long live the Queen our voices have gone hoarse. Thee North and South led to the altar, their marriage a stillbirth. An alliance made to feather the nest of Her Royal Majesty's service.

In discordant tunes they sing, in cacophony of voices they chant.

Unity, a luxury they no longer desire, trust a recipe extinct from our soup pots. Oats of enmity she sowed, the handwriting of distrust inscribed on the wall, an omen we turned a blind eye to

By the walls of Berlin, they scramble for all our black gold. My dark skin they spit on. Like scum we were treated and dangled bananas at us like monkeys.

To the heavens we cried songs of freedom, blood and sweat we fought to get out of our dungeon. In haste they depart, our home lies in ruins.

The taste of freedom far from our lips. Like sojourners we dwell in our fatherland.

Strange bed fellows, the vows at the altar we long to break.

Freedom we still yearn for, if only this conjugal were but a dream.

Uche Nwanze

# The Streets

Hustle is the name, Survival is the game.  
No garlands to put on their shoulders, yet they stand gallant against all odds.

The Streets, where real men are carved.  
The Streets, where men of sterner stuff are moulded.  
Against the harsh and fiendish cold they dig in.

The Streets, is all man for himself.  
Like the jungle, it is a hunt for game.

The Streets, where Champions are manufactured.  
The Streets, the crucible where gold is purified.

The hustle is real, they break every sweat, fingers get dirty.  
The Streets, not for the fainthearted.

May look like scum of the earth and live in the slums.  
The Streets, Beauty and the Beast, Brain and Brawn are characters in the plot.

The Streets, never say die is their mantra.  
They are no heroes and villains.  
Only fighters and winners.

The Streets, for the bold and beautiful.  
They beat the odds even when they're not given a dog's chance.

The competition is fierce, the rivalry is intense.  
Under the torrential rain and scorching Sun they muscle for every morsel.

The Streets, Hustle is the name, Survival is the game.  
I was born in the Streets, I'll die in the Streets.

Uche Nwanze

# Serenade To Nkechi, My Sunshine.

On this serene evening under the flamboyant tree with the stars smiling at the forlorn world. I serenade to my beloved sunshine.

My heart sings only sweet symphony of Nkechi my nightingale.

The melody of your voice makes me Speechless.

Your beauty leaves me Breathless.

The thought of you makes me Sleepless.

I'll fall in love with you over again, your soul is Spotless.

The world will be Colourless without you, you paint my world.

The sweetness of your lips, unparalleled. Without you everything is Tasteless.

Even if the world were at my feet, it is Useless without you in my world.

All the treasures on earth is incomparable to you. My life is Worthless without you.

Come down the balcony and be with me, I know not what tomorrow has in store.

My tomorrow is Hopeless without you.

I serenade to my heartbeat, my love for you is Endless.

You're a masterpiece of the Creator, you shine like the Ageless sun.

When you're with me, the rest of the world stands still. Moments spent with you is Timeless.

I'll never barter you for anything, you're Priceless.

Life is Meaningless without you my Sunshine.

It is Pointless fighting this feeling.

Uche Nwanze

# Killer On The Rampage

Palpable tension arrests the land.  
Pandemonium spread her tentacles like harmattan fire.  
Prowling and preying like rabid dogs.  
They leave a footprint of fear, tears and angst.  
Blood and Sorrow have become our acquaintance.  
The sky weeps tears of blood.  
Our ancestral lands a breeding ground for genocide.  
Seizing and slaughtering, a serial murderer on a killing spree.  
A killer on the loose inscribing his signature of death on his path.  
Prisoners we've become in our home.  
Sleep has gone on exile, no more shall we sleep with both eyes open.  
Pellets of fire riddled on our thatch tops.  
Corpses instead of crops on our farmlands.  
Bodies piled on a pyre.  
Fathers felled by the killers sword.  
Mothers sundered from their crying children.  
Maidens segregated from suitors.  
Yesterday they were wives, today widows.  
Children no longer await the visit of the Moon to feed their ears with moonlight tales.  
The cowherd rides in full glare wielding weapons of death.  
Fierce and fiendish cowpunchers feed fear in the hearts of the people.  
Refugees we have become in a foreign soil.  
The conspiracy of silence nauseating.  
The mind and blame games by both sides of the coin an endless hymn.  
Political gladiators fuel the flame of fury.  
Fat cats invest in this internecine duel.  
They beat the drums for the macabre dance.  
Our homes a haven for vampiric bandits.  
Our barns an abattoir of killer herdsmen.  
Beef a delicious poison stuck in our throats.  
Flood of discord sweep away sleepless nights, no longer shall we harvest the reward of our toil and soil.  
Our mouths gagged and clogged, our throat hoarse crying for help.  
A storm is coming to consume us.  
Will this night ever end?  
Will this cloud of darkness go away?



# No Apology

I refuse to apologise for being proud because I'm African and Black.

I refuse to apologise for being blunt, I rather be blunt than playing to the gallery.

I refuse to apologise for fighting for my rights, I' rather not be a hypocrite.

I refuse to apologise for demanding excellence 'cos I ain't satisfied in my comfort zone.

I refuse to apologise for aiming for the top, 'cos average is not where I want to be.

I refuse to apologise for asking for the best, 'cos I detest mediocrity.

I refuse to apologise for blowing my trumpet, I' rather be an agama Lizard than give room for flattery.

I refuse to apologise for striving to be number one, I never want to play second fiddle.

I refuse to apologise for staying back home, rather than being a second class citizen abroad.

I refuse to apologise for speaking the truth, it is more economical than the lie.

I refuse to apologise for my insurrection, rather than stand aloof and watch evil triumph.

I refuse to apologise for being obstinate, it is better than being a coward.

I refuse to apologise for failing, it is better than not trying.

I refuse to apologise for being Me, any other version of me is flawed.

I refuse to apologise for standing up for justice, I rather not kowtow to your tyranny.

I refuse to apologise for using my pen, ' cos my pen is mightier than a thousand swords.

Uche Nwanze

# Elastic Limit

Like a fish out of water.  
Clutching to a straw  
Life is a colourless rainbow.  
Walking on a dark alley.  
Eerie voices ringing like wedding bells.  
Pushing and shoving to touch the hem of his garment, maybe I'll get the respite I  
yearn.  
At the end of my tether.  
Pestles pounding in my head.  
The journey is arduous and tortuous.  
My strength sapped, I can no longer go on.  
Walking on a tight leash on this timeless, endless, pilgrimage.  
When will I get to the finish line.  
Yesterday, was saved by the whiskers.  
Yesterday will not come back today.  
A pile of corpses all around me.  
A thousand knives cutting and piercing me.  
My frail mind is tired of fighting.  
I have reached my elastic limit.  
Let the earth swallow me.  
All my efforts in vain.  
The futility of my agility.  
The vanity of my stupidity.  
Maybe I'll attain serenity when I take this plunge.  
Who knows, the noise in my head will disappear.

Uche Nwanze

# Lagos: A City That Never Sleeps

This is Lagos, a city that never sleeps. The epicentre of commerce and industry.  
A city whose heart beats boisterously and vivaciously.

She opens her doors to all and sundry.

A city where the sun never goes to bed. The Moon a companion to night  
crawlers.

Merchants sojourn from the East and West to the beautiful gates of the city.  
Pilgrims make the long journey from the North and South to suck from her  
succulent breasts of riches.

From Epe to Ikorodu, from Lekki to Badagry she feeds all who thirst with her milk  
of hospitality.

A city where time stands still as if the World never ends.

A city as busy as a beehive where the Queen Bee is Captain.

Mothers with wares on their heads and children clutched to their bare backs.

A city where no one waits for the other person. Everyone walks with the speed of  
light while others walk in a snail pace. A city for the Fast and Furious, a lair for  
the young and restless.

A city that speaks one language, the lingual franca is hustle.

She welcomes all with her beautiful noise.

A city that beckons on all who visits with the peaceful laughter of the Lagoon and  
entertains with the delectable dance of the Eyo masquerade.

A city with a breath of fresh air, she is Worlds apart from others.

A city with a large heart and has enough morsel to share for every hungry  
mouth.

A city where you're not taught to grow up, she grows up on you.

A city that leaps when others run, she flies while other leap.

If you're a bird and you haven't been to this city then you haven't been where all  
birds gather. Go on a pilgrimage and savour her warm hospitality.

This is Lagos, a city that never sleeps.

Uche Nwanze

# Feel My Heartbeat

How can you sleep at night when I am hurting.

How can you carry on as if I don't exist.

How can you go on like you don't care.

How can you wear a smile on your face when I shed a million tears for you.

How can you be so far when I'm just a stone's throw away.

How can you be so taciturn when my heart yearns to hear your sweet voice.

How can you be so cold when I crave for your warmth.

How can you turn a blind eye that you can't see my love for you.

How can we be friends, yet you can't see the pain in my eyes.

How can you be so close yet you can't hear my heart cry out to you.

How can you pay deaf ears, when my heart beats for you.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# The Immortal (Tribute To My Mother)

Mortals disappear like tiny molecules.  
They fade out into thin air.  
Grasses die and flowers wither.  
Leaves fall and snakes shed their skin.  
Day turns to Night.  
You will always live in our hearts.  
Memories are like yesterday only a speck of history.  
Your footprints indelible on the sands of time.

Mortals vanish into oblivion but you live in Forever land.  
The ink in my pen may dry out,  
The fish in the ocean may disappear but you will remain immortal.  
Words are inexhaustible to paint a picture of who you are:

A still voice in a boisterous storm.  
A balm that soothe our pain.  
An infectious smile that wiped my tearful eyes.  
A pair of wings that shielded my frigid body.  
A roof over my head, you saved me from the fury of the sun.  
A shoulder to lean on in my episodes of despair.  
A lullaby that cured my insomnia.  
A sturdy hand that lifted me up each time I stumbled and fell.  
A beautiful song that calmed my troubled soul.  
A wise counsel for my inexperienced mind.  
A firm hand that admonished me when I made mistakes.  
A warm bosom that cuddled me when I was lonely.

Mortals disappear like tiny molecules.  
You live beyond mortality, you blaze forth like comets in the realm of  
immortality.  
Mom, you will live forever in our hearts never to die again.

Uche Nwanze

# Army Of Locusts

I see a sea of heads walking on a fast lane.  
Dreadful dreadlocks like a Nazarite with sturdy arms.  
Hell has been let loose, the gates of Hades is broken and the fiendish underlings  
are unleashed on our world.  
Patience is a word that does not exist in their lexicon.  
Avarice and lust for money knows no bounds.  
They comb every nook and cranny in search of gold like a scavenger looking for  
carcass. Their thirst for blood stinks to the heavens.  
Age no longer a requisite for manhood. Adrenaline pumping hearts like the  
trigger of a gun. They' ll stop at nothing to get to the ends of the earth.  
Sweat and blisters are for losers is their slogan. While toil and sweat when you  
can reap a rich harvest without breaking a sweat.  
Honesty and Hard work is but a mantra no longer chanted.

I see an army of locusts sweeping through our serene vicinity like a plague.  
They are fast and furious.  
They are vicious and devious.  
They are spurious and dubious.  
Eternity has been traded for fortune and fame.  
Like the ghost rider, they have mortgage their souls to the Devil. Like the  
internecine Ebola virus, she has spread her tentacles by injecting her noxious  
venom to the fabrics of our society.  
Fast cars, fancy clothes, Choice wines, bebies at their beck and call.  
Drunk with the sweetness of megalomania, they will slay and maim just to move  
heaven and earth.  
Norms and morals dispersed to the winds. Decency and Decorum buried in the  
garbage of history.  
Gray hairs crave for few gold coins thrown at their feet.  
Mother's vaunt to every kit and kin singing tunes, announcing to anyone who  
cares to listen, the gods hath bestowed fortune on the child of her breast.  
Our daughters woo and coax suitors cos of the lucre of opulence.

I see a legion of desperadoes, anarchy and chaos beckons on our shores. The sky  
no longer sheds tears of rain but a shower of money is littered everywhere.  
We no longer sleep with both eyes closed. Peace has bid us goodbye.  
Cacophony has eaten up harmony. Mendacity has usurped Veracity.  
Danger lurks ominously in the dark. Calamity is imminent, we sit on a keg of gun  
powder waiting to explode before our faces.  
Who will save this generation from the impending catastrophe.

I see an army of vampires thirsty for blood.  
My heart bleeds for my children yet unborn. Tears of blood flows down my  
cheeks cos of the cruel fate that has befallen us.  
We turned a blind eye when dark clouds gathered in the sky.  
We were obstinate to chase the black billy goat before it went dark.  
We paid deaf ears to the admonition of the gods.  
We didn't bat an eyelid even when we had a premonition of the invasion. The  
pestilence is coming, the purge is here.  
How can we shut the stable doors when the goats have bolted away.

Uche Nwanze

# The Poisoned Chalice(Crude Oil)

The gods hath favoured us an oil of kindness. Hitherto the heavens bequeathed to posterity a legacy for eternity. Beneath the foot of Mother Earth hides a black gold.

Men would sell their souls just to get a taste. Women will slay because of the aura of your aroma.

Nations take up arms against one another just to have you. Brothers at each others throat. Kith and kin at daggers drawn.

Your appearing opened the sky with a torrent of your benevolence. Paupers and opulent scramble for thy booty.

I weep at our folly, our people have deserted the groundnut pyramids and turned their backs on cocoa plantation for a share of your bounty.

Then you came and stole our impeccable peace away. Our hearts know no rest. The Sturdy arms is now a lazy lame duck because of the sweetness of thy wine. You gave birth to a harvest of blood and tears. Misfortune has shown up at our doorsteps.

Deserted lies the green. O mother earth you did bless us. Alas we vouchsafe to thy enchanting beauty.

Our hearts thirst for thy succulent breast. Our mouths hunger as we're made to feed crumbs from thy banquet.

What an irony, in the midst of a rich harvest our children die of kwashiorkor. Suffering in the midst of abundance.

A comedy of errors, the goose that lay the golden egg is without food. Our country like a peacock whose beautiful feathers are plucked out.

Our nation lies in ruins, the salmon and oysters have disappeared from the belly of the fish, no cassava in our farmlands to feed an army of hungry mouths.

Our innocence and serenity you have stolen from us. You birth forth a Siamese twins of blessing and pain, of fame and shame, of gain and pain to our land.

How can we suffer in the midst of plenty. Noxious fumes envelopes the air, fertile lands of yesterday have turned barren. The stream have turned to rivers of

blood.

How long shall we stand and look while a few feed fat and live in palatial  
skyscrapers while we live like second class citizens buried under the rubbles of  
squalor and slums of penury.

How long will this injustice continue to laugh us to scorn. I fear what lies  
tomorrow for the seed from my loins and babes yet unborn.

Uche Nwanze

# When I'm Gone

When i'm gone from this accursed place, do not lay wreaths or roses by my grave side, decorate my orchard today.

When I'm gone from this plane, do not pay glowing tributes or oration of how great I was, sing of my praises while I am still here.

When I'm gone from this terrestrial planet, do not build palatial castles for me, fix my leaking roof so I won't drench under the rain.

When I'm gone from the scene, do not bury me in a golden casket, fix my creaking bed so I won't break my back.

When I'm gone from the realms of men, do not organise a lavish feast, throw a small party for me and my friends so I may dance to my hearts content.

When I'm gone unto immortality, do not place candles on my tomb, pay me a visit while I sit in my lonely cottage.

When I'm gone to the land of my ancestors, do not sing a dirge for me, send me to sleep and sing me a lullaby while I lay in my bed.

When I'm gone to the great beyond, do not adorn my cold mortal body with a costly apparel, take off my rags or worn out clothes from my frail body.

When I'm gone to be with my creator, do not convey me in a Porsche hearse, drive me around town in a rickety wagon.

When I'm gone into extinction, do not serve expensive cuisines, feed my hungry belly with crumbs so I don't starve to death.

When I'm gone into oblivion, do not fire twenty one gun salvos in the air, throw some fireworks as I celebrate.

When I'm gone to the city of shadows, do not kill the fattest cow, prepare for me an ewe lamb to soothe my famished soul.

When I'm gone to the land of the forgotten, do not employ the services of mourners to shed crocodile tears at my funeral, save your tears for me while I narrate my ordeal to you.

When I'm gone to the land of spirits, do not organise a banquet to celebrate my death, hold a ball to celebrate my life.

When I'm gone to be with my mother on the other side, do not break the bank to fund my funeral, spend a few notes to foot my hospital bills while I lay in my hospital bed.

Uche Nwanze

# Out Of The Closet

You never know what you can do until you break out of the closet.

I never knew I could talk until I opened my mouth.

I never knew I could dance until I put on my dancing shoes.

I never knew I could run until I leaped.

I never knew I could get to the top until I climbed.

I never knew I could get things done until I made a move.

I never knew I could go this far until I took a step.

I never knew I could fly until I flapped my wings.

I never knew I could write until I picked up my pen.

I never knew I could stand up on my feet until I picked myself up.

I never knew I could succeed until I failed.

I never knew I could win until I tried.

I never knew I could see until I opened my eyes.

I never knew I could get a huge haul until I cast my net into the deep.

I never knew I could get pure gold until it went through the furnace.

I never knew I could reap a bumper harvest until I got sweat and blisters.

I never knew I could swim until I took a dive.

I never knew I could reach for the stars until I jumped.

I never knew I could fight my fears until I faced them.

I never knew I could defile the odds until I took the bull by its horn

I never knew I could bring down the giant until I put the stone in my sling.

I never knew I could solve the puzzle until I put the pieces together.

I never knew I could cross the river until I built a bridge.

I never knew I could break new grounds until I saw a window of opportunity and took it.

You never know what you can achieve until you break out from your closet.

Uche Nwanze

# Endangered Specie

In the beginning, she was as pretty as a rose beaming with innocuous smiles. Her eyes shone like diamond in the dark. She charmed all with an aura of serenity.

Her breasts weans and feeds many hungry mouths.

She breathes forth a breath of freshness to flora and fauna.

Until dark fumes enveloped the air, choking the life out of her.

Her beauty fades away each passing moment.

Her offspring cut down with malice.

Venomous machines prowling every direction.

No one to continue in her stead when she leaves the scene.

The whirlwind blows in fury, the candle is put out and darkness swallows her beauty.

Who will salvage her from the fiendish villains. They will stop at nothing to erase her memory from the face of the earth and it will only become a figment of imagination.

Who will protect her from the poachers of her fate. She cries out in anguish, her laughter is stolen from her lips.

Who will rescue her from the imminent doom. She watches helplessly and hopelessly while she is chased out from her abode.

Who will restore all she has lost.

Her home lies in ruins, she fears the day she will vanish into oblivion.

O Mother Earth, I feel your pain. Your heart bleeds for your children. River of tears you shed as the curtain is drawn and lights fade out.

Uche Nwanze

# Chronicles Of Judas

Their hearts are filled with dark treachery.  
He wears the face of deceit.  
In sheep apparel he adorn himself to conceal his identity.  
They walk the path of mendacity.  
They lurk in the dark alley waiting for their victims.  
Their mouths wide open thirsty for blood.

Who can stand against her fiendish machinations.  
Their trickery knows no bounds, they wear a smile beneath hides a lethal frown.

Their lies stinks to the heavens. Flattery and scheming their way to the top of the ladder

Sleep has abandoned them cos they have murdered sleep.  
While their companions slept, they like nocturnal beasts plot and plant thorns in his vineyard.  
Who will move against their manipulation?

Before our eyes they barter her to the highest bidder with Judas kiss.

Beware! Caesar was warned. Beware the ides of March.  
Beneath his cloak hides a noxious dagger, he will seize the moment to drive it into your heart.

They come bearing Greek gifts and their bag of tricks to hoodwink gullible hearts.

Uche Nwanze

# The Tempest

Feeble hearts fear thy fiery fangs.  
Feisty fiendish foe feed the bravest of hearts.  
Walking and waiting for carcass to devour like a scavenger.

Stealthily and surreptitiously stalking his prey like a shadow.  
You show up at our door like an uninvited guest. You feed on the fears of mankind. You imprison all in your web of annihilation.  
Shylock creditor, you collect your pound of flesh till every debt is paid.  
Giants have been hewn to size. Your nostrils blaze forth in fury.  
The sons of men have been fed with thy milk of mortality.  
From the cradle you conspire against the impeccable cot.

Like a tempest you sweep every thing in your path.  
You eat up the flesh of both juvenile and senile, the opulent and penniless. No one is spared from your clutches.  
There is no escape as you've backed us into a cul de sac.  
No elixir to cure thy malady.  
Seasons come and go, no one to curb your plague of extinction.  
With the bat of the eyelids you obliterate the memory of mortals from the face of the earth.

I shall fear no more of your ugly taunts and haunts.  
I stand at the door waiting for your moonlight visit.  
If you'd come now for your debts, I'll welcome you with open arms.  
Never again will I fear while you crawl into the dead of the night to steal.  
Never again will I fear you as send me to an endless sleep.  
Away with this accursed planet!  
I see a dazzling light on the other side.  
Where are thou, I await thy appearing.

Uche Nwanze

# Trapped

The emptiness I feel inside,  
voices singing in my head.  
Emotions running Topsy-Turvy.  
The night obstinate to give birth to dawn.  
No shoulder to cry on.  
Emptiness eats me up like locust.  
Like a city deserted by her citizens.  
No ear to whisper to.  
My thoughts, my companion.  
Married to my pillow.  
I look up to the stars for answers, the Moon keeps mum.  
Walking down the road, I hear no footsteps to go on the journey with me.  
The walls laughs as I pour out my heart.  
This torture worse than a thousand whips.  
No birds to sing me a lullaby.  
Drunk in the wine of melancholy.  
I sink in the abyss of despair.  
Who will pull me out of dungeon.  
The fortress of my world has been breached.  
My heart so heavy with a million thoughts. No one to un-bottle the contents.  
The emptiness I feel inside. Who will fill this hole in my heart.  
I am married to boredom.  
Tick tock, like drumbeats my head bangs. No one to dance the rhythm of my heart.  
The emptiness I feel inside, worse than a decade in exile.  
Life like salt that has lost it's taste.  
Hugs and kisses I long for.  
Your tantrums I miss.  
Your gentle touch I crave for.  
The warmth of your skin I yearn for.  
A thousand gold coins I will give to turn back the big hands of time.  
The emptiness I feel inside, like a fire no one to extinguish.  
The emptiness I feel inside. Loneliness holds me captive.  
Trapped in the web of loneliness.  
Who will take away this pain?

Uche Nwanze

# Dear Son

This life is a web, always anticipATE challenges. She will rear her ugly head.  
If you want to achieve anything, do not procrastinATE what can be done today for tomorrow.

When success knocks at your doorpost, jubilATE with humility and celebrATE with modesty.

Life is full of booby traps. Women are delicATE but if you want to live long, do not underestimATE the strength of a woman.

The greatest mistake is to underATE anyone especially your competitor.

Always learn to speculATE like the weather forecast.

CopulATE your mind with positive ideas.

CommunicATE your vision to those you lead.

If you want to live happy, learn to appreciATE your loved ones.

Before embarking on a venture, formulATE your plans.

Don't be a lone ranger, if you want to succeed participATE in community and incorporATE teamwork.

It is never IATE to educATE your curious minds.

Life is a theatre of gladiators. You have to be shrewd and sagacious, so manipulATE and coordinATE to suit your whims and caprice.

When you are out of line don't be haughty to prostrATE.

Learn to propitiATE the ones who feel hurt or betrayed by your actions.

The path to success is tortuous, indicATE each day the roadmap to lead you.

AccumulATE wealth when they come your way but circulATE your spoils to those who can't afford a meal.

Life is a jungle, not everyone will accept you. AccommodATE all that cross your path.

The path to doom is when you become inebriATE with pride.

It is better to be celebATE than to be with the wrong woman. You will have dug your grave.

If you must be on top, concentrATE on germane things and never take your eyes off your goal.

Uche Nwanze

# Scare

Woke up to a scare.  
I dare to dream.  
It is rare to lose.  
Nothing to spare.  
With bare hands I dig.  
My sword to spear.  
Attack from the rear.  
On a campaign to smear my reputation.  
I can't bear the taunts.  
Had a crazy nightmare.  
Horns blare from a distance.  
No fare to get me to my destination.  
Fear has gripped my heart.  
Looked with a mean stare.  
Looting is in full glare.  
Tear in my chin, tears roll down my cheeks.  
No more wares in the mall.  
No shoes to wear.  
Caution and care thrown to the wind.

Uche Nwanze

# Nine

She wakes up and her body immersed in sweat. The river of blood has hitherto stopped. Painful cramps hold her body hostage. Gradually her succulent skin starts to change like the Chameleon as night swallows the day.

She eats voraciously everything on her path like the locust. She rises at dawn with malady her companion and throws up like a child.  
Her slim curvy body turns rotund and bloated like a balloon.

She takes the lazy steps like a toddler. Yesterday she sprang up on her feet with lightening speed. She gets things done before the bat of an eyelid. Like a snail she crawls lazily. Days grow into weeks, she craves for food like a vampire thirsty for fresh blood.

Listen to the rhythm of her heart as they beat the Ashanti drums. The acrobatic movement of her belly changes its wavelength. The melody of her song is topsy turvy.

Like a vulcanized tire her body begins to wear a new look. Sssh! I hear a gentle innocent voice beckoning on mommy to come get it.  
As the night births forth day, her face turns to a beautiful butterfly.

She cries out in pangs of pain. Her pretty waist now wriggles in excruciating pain. Her calabash of water has broken. She screams and yells, fights and pushes. Her strength in short supply. In sweet pain she curses and pushes so the walls can fall. The little man on the other end calls out to her. Bloody, sticky, reddish he comes out with eyes shut to a new world. He screams in Ecstasy as a red carpet is laid for him to step out.

Alas! Anxiety begets happiness, pain has disappeared into the island of oblivion. Tears of joy envelope our worried eyes. She holds her bundle of joy in her frail arms. The world roll out drums to announce the arrival of her newest citizen.

Uche Nwanze

# Broken

Bruised, tortured and broken.  
She is the face of pain.  
Only to be seen and not heard.  
Her voice hoarse from nights of wailing.

Hungry, battered and depressed.  
She is the face of melancholy.  
Like a ship wreck, she sinks in depression.

Wounded, oppressed and torn.  
She is the face of anguish.  
She is pushed to the walls of relegation.

Scorned, silenced and denied.  
She is the face of victimization.  
She is hung to dry in the scorching sun.

Forgotten, haunted and taunted.  
She is the face of oblivion.  
She is like bones thrown to the dogs.

Violated, ostracised and deprived.  
She is the face of marginalization.  
She is prey for the scavengers who crave for her flesh.

Rejected, deserted and maligned.  
She is the face of helplessness.  
Like a book left on the shelve covered with dust.

Perturbed, humiliated and displaced.

She is the face of despair.  
She has become an object of ridicule.  
Laughter has disappeared from her eyes.

Slaughtered, neglected and scattered.  
She is the face of torture.  
Sorrow and tears her companion.

Misunderstood, victimized and detested.  
She is the face of bitterness.  
The glow in her eyes extinguished.

Despised, segregated and castigated.  
She is the face of solitude.  
No ears to hear her cry. Eyes blind to see her pain.

Defenceless, hoaxed and traumatized.  
She is the face of fear.  
She carries the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Vilified, vanquished and dehumanized.  
She is the face of intimidation.  
Her mouth gagged, mum's the word.  
She dare not open her mouth.

Shattered, devoured and sacrificed.  
She is the face of rejection.  
She has been left in the cold.  
Who will ease her pain.  
When will her travails be over.  
Will it ever end?

Uche Nwanze

# Flesh And Blood

They are at the doorway to welcome you with open arms when you arrive this accursed planet.

They have got your back when others turn their backs on you.

They stand by you in the cold cloudy night and in the hot sunny day.

They stick with you through thick and thin.

They are not flawless but unique in their way. They are like red roses covered with thorns.

They may be a pain in the butt, they are all we've got.

They spare not your blushes when you are in the wrong but will never condemn or judge you.

They will stand by you while the world deserts you in the fiendish cold.

They raise glasses to celebrate your success and lift you up when you fall.

They wipe the tears off your cheeks when you drown in your sorrows and dance with you in your coronation.

When you get lost in the woods they will go in search of you and throw a lavish party on your return.

They will always be there to keep you warm when you are cold and bathe you with kind words when you're sinking in the deep river of melancholy.

They will shelter you from the scorching sun and shield you from the torrents of the rain.

They soothe your wounds when you get hurt and won't let you bury your head in shame.

They put you on the ladder and watch you climb the pinnacle of success.

When friends turn their back on you, they sticks with you like fly on corpse.  
When the world laughs you in the face their shoulder at your beck and call to cry  
on.

Friends flock around you like fleas in your fame and fortune only to bolt away  
when the wind of adversity blows near your doorsteps.

Friends will come and go, fame and fortune will vanish into oblivion but they will  
never walk away.

They will be by your bedside to bid you farewell as you breathe your last.

Uche Nwanze

# Merchants Of Deception

Here they come again, they come in droves with their faces of deceit.

Their sugar tongued mouths to curry favour. They adorn themselves in the apparel of Saints.

The season is here again. The hunt for our votes like game is imminent.

Our people have been swept by the wind of oblivion. They forget how they always entrap us in their web of seduction.

These harbingers of deceit promise to give us the moon, the lies beneath their lips.

These masquerades beat the drums of deceit and like willing horses, we dance to the beat.

Here they go again singing the same old song.

They appear in the toga of a lamb and devour like the lion. They paint a picture of humility, but won't come down from their high horses.

They bring us Greek gifts only to rape us mercilessly. They harvest on our naivety and laugh at our beautiful foolishness.

They are here again with loads of sumptuous promises only to stab us in the back.

They are here again, the Marauders are lurking in the dark. Thirsty for blood like vampires.

The season of the madmen is here again. They will come from the North and South, from the creeks, the hinterlands to woo and sway our gullible hearts.

These charlatans like vultures are voraciously waiting in the wings to steal the ballot.

Like clowns with their bag of tricks, they will move heaven and earth to win our hearts.

They lure us like a young lass into their bed of thorns.

These merchants of deception have arrived our shores to hoax and coax us to barter our votes for coins.

They hold out the olive branch but thirst for blood.

They preach the ballot, the bullet is their mantra.

Let's use our thumbs to pursue them like flies out of the corridors of power.

Be wary of these brigands, they steal our today and enslave our tomorrow.

Protect your thumb like your life depends on it.

These merchants of deception leave in their path, tears, sorrow and blood.

Uche Nwanze

# The Ageless Sun

As I sit down I stare in awe at the ageless Sun, she sits up there like she never left.

I marvel at the masterpiece of the creator, the priceless gift to mankind.

I look in amazement as she smiles on flora

and fauna, on the opulent and indigent, young and senile, on black and white.

She does not discriminate as she covers everyone under her fortress.

Seasons come and go, she sits everyday up

there in the sky. Trees grow and die, comets blaze forth and disappear, she lives for all ages.

Yesterday I was a child, today I am a grown man, yet she is still the same as yesterday.

I salute the Golden Sun, the Queen of the Galaxy. She reigns in majesty in the heavens.

As I sit on the terrace, I ponder and wonder how she rises at dawn and retires to bed at dawn.

Pearls are beautiful but her beauty is for eternity. She drives away every fear of darkness with her astonishing radiance.

her presence full of splendour. She holds everyone spellbound with an aura of her splendour.

The earth waits with bathed breath when dark clouds eclipse your charming impeccable smile.

She announces to mankind the birth of a new day. Her existence births forth a ray of hope for humanity.

As I sit down to write, I look up into the blue sky and say to myself what a wonderful world because of your ageless beauty.

Imagine the world without the Sun, we'd vanish into oblivion.

Imagine all of creation without your alluring beauty, a city in chaos.

Imagine the sky without your dazzling charm, a world in ruins.

As I sit lost in the realm of imagination, if only I could climb up the sky and stare at your pretty eyes.

What a priceless gift of Mother Nature, the stars may melt away, the Moon may grow thin but you will forever be ageless.

Uche Nwanze

# Nostalgia

Yesterday is gone, swept away like sand.  
Growing up so fast, just like yesterday.  
Years gone by so fast like the wind.  
Yesterday's children now today's grown ups.

I reminisce the ecstatic dance of children dancing in the rain with shouts of rain  
rain go away. The boisterous chants of boju boju, kids dancing in circles.

The chase by the fierce looking egwugwu or the dreadful ekpo wielding the cane  
of the spirits.

Yesterday still green as I go down memory lane. The eagerness as we yearn for  
the sun to go to bed while the moon comes out of her hiding. Ears burning,  
curious hearts awaits the sweet moonlight tales of mama igbuzor. The cunning  
tortoise and the grumpy pig, my favourite part.

Yesterday fizzled away like a dream. No one was afraid as we visited each others  
houses and ate foo too and ofe nsala, we ate to our hearts content.

Days when there was innocence in little children. We played in the red sand, the  
sand castles we built with our tiny fragile hands. The euphoria of children running  
around flying paper kites and planes. We had lofty dreams of flying round the  
world with our paper planes.

I salivate at the thought of mother's sweet akara balls and moi moi, the reward  
for doing our chores.

Yesterday, days when children bend their knees for the grey hair. Respect for  
elders was sacrosanct. Honesty and hard work, values we were born with.

I reminisce the thrill in the air as mother comes home from the market, shouts  
of Mama anata oyoyo.

Children clapping and singing as baba uwa dance in the streets.

Yesterday may be gone, it still remains fresh like the morning dew. I wish I will  
wake up and I'll see myself in yesterday's

world.

Uche Nwanze

# The Unknown Soldier

To bravery unparalleled matched with uncommon courage. He stood tall like a colossus.

He fought with unprecedented zeal against the adversaries of his people.

Of a fallen soldier, he stood firm against the enemy of the state.

Of an unsung hero, he never bolted away when others fled.

Of a gladiator who was cut down in the battle of Philippi.

He stood fearless shoulder to shoulder against the enemy at the gates.

Of a comet that blaze forth the death of Legends.

Stolen away from us like the whirlwind.

Cut down from the earth like the iroko tree.

The battle for the soul of his fatherland was his swan song.

He took a thousand bullets to protect her territorial sovereignty.

A thousand knives cut through his spine, his blood colour the earth.

He dared where angels dread, to save his people from the reign of terror.

He stood in front of enemy lines, uncertain yet undaunted of what lies in the battlefield.

Like a lamb, he sacrificed himself so his people can have a blissful tomorrow.

His bones hidden under the rubbles of the battlefield. His voice we hear no more but we'll never forget.

Memories fade away and bones decay but you'll remain our hero, indelible for all ages.

History may not remember him but he will forever dwell in our hearts.

Babes unborn may not know the sacrifices he made but we'll never forget.

Legends and folklores may not sing his praises, but we'll never forget.

To the gallant men and women who put their lives on the line in the line of duty, a million thanks to you.

Your blood and sweat for your country will never be in vain. The bullets you took for your native land will never be forgotten.

A thousand white doves freed from captivity into the air will never make up for the blood you shed.

A cacophony of salvos is nothing compared to your blind patriotism.

Though you no longer walk the abode of mortals and journey in the realm of the gods, your countrymen hears your heartbeat.

Albeit I adorn your tomb with a lovely wreath or sing of you in adulation, I'll never bring you back. You'll reign forever in our hearts.

Uche Nwanze

# Sweet Venom

Beauty is a double edged sword, she cuts you on both sides.  
She inebriates like strong wine. She can make or mar you. She is a sweet poison.

Beauty is a Beast, she can devour you.

Beauty is a Bitch, she screws you.

Beauty is Vanity, she gives you everything and takes it away.

Beauty is Pride, she gets into your head  
and consumes you.

Beauty is a Bride, she woos you.

Beauty is Venom, she stings you

Beauty is elixir, she heals you.

Beauty is Wealth, she spoils you.

Beauty is the Sun, she gives sunshine to your gloomy world.

Beauty is Charm, she seduces you.

Beauty is an Enchantress, she traps you in her lair.

Beauty is Pain, she inflicts you like thorns.

Beauty is Fame, she takes you everywhere.

Beauty is Celestial, she takes you to the  
seventh heavens.

Beauty is Cerebral, she is a genius.

Beauty is a Weapon, she catches you in her web.

Beauty is Chaos, she stirs the hornet's nest.

Beauty is Prowess, she is an Amazon.

Beauty is Bliss, she puts smiles on your face.

Beauty is Power, she corrupts you.

Beauty is perspiration, she drains you.

Beauty is Inspiration, she takes you  
places you never dreamt of.

Beauty is a Slayer, she sweeps you off your feet and abducts you in her gaol.

Beauty is a Poisoned chalice, she refreshes your crushed spirit and pushes  
you down the abyss.

Beauty is Lethal, beneath her smile danger lurks.

Beauty is Forever, she stands the test of time.

Beauty is a double edged sword, she heals and kills. Be wary cause she can  
make or mar you.

Uche Nwanze

# The Twelfth Man On The Pitch(Tribute To Football Fans)

The rivalry is bitter.  
The atmosphere is charged.  
The pressure is intense.  
They rally round their troops.  
The battle for three points.  
The boisterous cheers.

The agony, the symphony.  
It's the clash of titans.  
This is war, the battle is between the  
Champions and Contenders.

The cacophony of voices.  
The jeers, the boos and whistling at feverish pitch.  
The sound is deafening.  
The twin cry of defeat and songs of  
victory.

The orchestra heaps encomiums and songs of legends and their heroes rents the  
air.  
Their voices never go hoarse.  
They scream to the seventh heavens.

They never stop believing till the blast of the final whistle.  
Their faith in the team never burns out even when their team is losing.  
Their solidarity is unparalleled even in the eye of the storm.  
Their loyalty is unflinching even when  
their team is not at its best.  
They may be down but never out.  
Their never say die attitude is  
phenomenal.

This means war, it is the battle between  
fanatics and enthusiasts.  
The nail biting moment, pin drop silence.  
The palpable anxiety, on the edge of their seats.  
Adrenaline pumping ferociously.

They roar in ecstasy when the ball hits the back of the net.  
They never bury their heads in the sand.  
They never bite the dust.  
They do not quit or give up.  
They dust themselves and pick themselves up for another challenge.

He is the twelfth man on the pitch.  
He fires his team to victory.  
I marvel at his drive, his desire, his passion and hunger for success.  
That moment, when he breaks down in a paroxysm of tears and emotions.

He is the twelfth man on the pitch.

Uche Nwanze

# Haunted

The Ghost of my past won't go away. He keeps haunting me like a fiendish masquerade.

The Ghost of my past has refused to go away. He keeps taunting me like a bully.

The Ghost of my past pursues me everywhere I go. He trails my path like my shadow.

The Ghost of my past is stuck on me. He follows me like the obstinate fly that escorts the corpse to it's final resting place.

The Ghost of my past won't let me be. He lurks in the dark.

The Ghost of my past taunts me. He derides me to scorn.

The Ghost of my past is driving me crazy. He feeds on my fears like a blood thirsty vampire.

The Ghost of my past has refused to go. He has sojourned to my present.

The Ghost of my past won't stop wrestling with me. I am a fugitive of my past.

The Ghost of my past is keen on holding me hostage. I am a prisoner of my past. Who will liberate me from his gulag.

The Ghost of my past won't go away. He whispers melody of melancholy in my ears.

Uche Nwanze

# My Sweet Valentine

To my sweet Valentine, you bring sunshine to my gloomy world.  
A galaxy of stars can never be compared to the aura of your beauty.  
You paint my world like the rainbow.

Your smile, infectious.  
Your beauty, enchanting.  
Your soul, celestial.  
Your heart, paved with gold.  
Your personality, vivacious.  
Your mind, beautiful.  
Your presence, quintessential.

In the beginning, we were strangers.  
Then we became friends.  
Friends soon became lovers.  
Now we are soulmates.

Bound through time and space.  
Against all odds we stood firm.  
Together we weathered the boisterous storms.  
We put out fires that tried to consume us.  
We swam the deepest rivers together.  
We climbed the highest mountain, nothing could stand in our way.  
Our love has been tested by the crucible  
and came out as gold.  
You are the missing piece in my puzzle.

For all the pains I have caused you.  
For all the times I made you cry.  
For all the times I never appreciated you.  
For all the times I let you down.  
For all the times I broke your trust.  
For all the times I betrayed you.  
For all the times I didn't believe in you.  
For all the times I had doubts about us.  
I know a thousand bouquet of flowers can't make up for those times.  
For all these times, I am sorry.

I have crossed the Rubicon, there's no going back.

I promise to cling to you till the cold hands of death grabs me.  
I pledge to stand by you till the heavens and earth cease to exist.  
I have placed my hands on the ploughshare, I dare not turn back.  
I will always be there to catch you when you fall.

My sweet Valentine, my life is incomplete without you.  
My story is a tragedy without you.  
My world will be in chaos without you my Sweet Valentine.

Uche Nwanze

# Cat With Nine Lives

I am a cat with nine lives, no amount of campaign of calumny can smear me.

I am a cat with nine lives, no matter the arrows thrown at me I will be untouched.

I am a cat with nine lives, even when I am pushed to the wall I will bounce back.

I am a cat with nine lives, no matter the booby traps set on my path I will escape unhurt.

I am a cat with nine lives, nothing can stand in my way.

I am a cat with nine lives, I am impregnable as a rock.

I am a cat with nine lives, I am invincible like titanium.

I am a cat with nine lives, no amount of mudslinging can sink me.

I am a cat with nine lives, no iota of mendacity can bring me opprobrium.

I am a cat with nine lives, even if you pull me down a thousand times I will always get back on my feet.

I am a cat with nine lives, when you slander me and cut me with your tongue like sharp knives I will remain unruffled.

I am a cat with nine lives, when you castigate me I remain invulnerable.

I am a cat with nine lives, your campaign of calumny will not mar or break me. I remain resolute and resilient.

I am a cat with nine lives, I am a special breed of Homo sapiens, I am unstoppable.

Uche Nwanze

# Dear 2018,

Cross Over County.

31st December,2018.

Dear 2018,

I am writing you this letter with mixed feelings. In a couple of hours we will be parting ways for good. I have booked my flight on Boeing 31-12-2018 and my destination is 01-01-2019.

I enjoyed my short stay with you. It was fun while our friendship lasted. We had our disagreements and fights but we made up and our bond became stronger. I cherish the good times we shared together.

I wish to inform you that I found a new friend, in a far away country. Her name is 2019, she is a very promising lass. I am not really saying farewell or goodbyes because it hurts but I have to go. I have to explore a new world, a new challenge, break new grounds. I know you want the best for me.

We may not cross paths ever again but the sweet memories of you will remain indelible in my heart. I will send you a post card as soon as I touch down at my destination.

I can't wait to be in the arms of my new friend,2019. I heard so much about her. She promised to take me to new and giant heights. Please take care of the luggage and baggage of sorrow, disappointment, adversity, malady, stagnation I left behind. I have been told that I will be given a new package that contains Success, Victory, Promotion, Surplus, joy on my arrival at my new destination.

Farewell my dear friend,2018.

Loads of love,

Your friend

UC (The Emperor)

Uche Nwanze

# My Superman

My superman, created by the master craftsman.  
Firm grip, hard stance, tough disposition but gentle mien.

My super hero, moulded by the Potter. Your broad shoulders, a fortress.  
Your sturdy arms, I run to for sanctuary.  
You were always there to pick me up lest I fall.

My Tiger, fought and defeated all fierce and scary beasts from my nightmares.

My Gladiator, your voice reassuring in the face of my doubts and fears.

My Knight in shining armour, I was afraid but you taught me how to be fearless.

My strength, you taught me to be brave and fought my worst fears. You drove  
away my  
worst fears and drove the demons away forever.

My Champ, the aura of your presence intrigues me and sends shivers down the  
spine of every bully that crossed my path.

My Genius, tons of wisdom in your DNA. You taught me to always bury my head  
in my work, to burn the midnight candle.

My Mentor, you let me make my mistakes and showed me the way.

My Disciplinarian, you never spared the rod. Albeit I had doubts of your love for  
me at the time. I now see clearly, you were pushing me real hard to get to the  
street of success.

My Role model, you moulded me to the man I am today. You watched and helped  
me take  
my first steps.

My Inspiration, you taught me how to get  
up each time I fell.

You showed me how to fight when faced with  
the storms of life.

For all your scolding.  
For all your admonitions.  
For all your counsel.

Thank you Dad for making me a better dad.  
Thank you Papa for making me a better man.

Uche Nwanze

# Here Lies

Here lies a MORTAL whose invincibility is for immortality.

Here lies an ICON of whose wall of greatness couldn't be breached.

Here lies a COLOSSUS who stood like a rock in the face of daunting challenge.

Here lies a BEAUTIFUL SOUL, who put smiles  
on everyone's long face.

Here lies an APOSTLE in the temple of Justice, who wrestled with every agent of  
injustice.

Here lies a HERO who took on the bull by it's horn to ward off evil.

Here lies a LEADER who stooped down to clean others shoes.

Here lies an ALTRUIST whose milk of human kindness flows like the river Niger.

Here lies a CHAMPION who lost sleep, always had the back of the oppressed and  
downtrodden.

Here lies a PEACEMAKER who always  
held out the olive branch in the face of discord.

Here lies a GLADIATOR who took up the gauntlet in the theatre of life.

Here lies a CHARMER with the midas touch, he touched a million lives.

Here lies a PILLAR whose shoulder was broad for everyone to lean on.

Here lies an ADVOCATE who was a voice for the voiceless.

Here lies a FIDUS ACHATES who never turned a blind eye to a friend in need.

Here lies a MENTOR who always gave a listening ear to every cry for help.

Here lies a BENEFACTOR who toiled to feed a thousand mouths.

Here lies a COUNSEL who weaved words of advice so we'll never stray from the

right path.

Here lies a SOLDIER who cut down every adversary of avarice.

Here lies a PUGILIST who knocked down every challenge in the ring of life.

Here lies a PERFECTIONIST who had a distaste for every trace of average and mediocrity.

Uche Nwanze

# As You Walk Down The Aisle

As you walk down the aisle, tear the garment of pride and put on the apparel of humility.

As you tie the nuptial knot, break every hold of self and embrace togetherness.

As you walk down the aisle, pay deaf ears to gossips from spin doctors.

As you walk down the aisle, turn a blind eye to his faults.

As you walk down the aisle, tolerate his flaws and accept his imperfections.

As you walk down the aisle, leave no stone unturned to satisfy his frigid frail body.

As you walk down the aisle, warm your way to his heart.

As you walk down the aisle, adore him as a King and he will adorn you as a Queen.

As you walk down the aisle, don't wake up the beast in him.

As you walk down the aisle, adorn yourself with the robe of patience.

As you walk down the aisle, have at the back of your mind that they can never be two captains in a ship.

As you walk down the aisle, don't push him away to the other woman.

As you walk down the aisle, don't sting him with your sharp tongue or venom.

As you walk down the aisle, always make him come home to a safe Haven not a battlefield.

As you walk down the aisle, give counsel  
to his sea of confusion.

As you walk down the aisle, give a listening ear to his worse fears.

As you walk down the aisle, celebrate his success and console him on his failures.

As you walk down the aisle, don't push him down the cliff of frustration.

As you walk down the aisle, soothe him with your succulent breasts and bathe  
his  
lips with kisses.

As you walk down the aisle, cuddle him as  
his mother.

As you walk down the aisle, watch over his  
kids as his Nanny.

As you walk down the aisle, feed him fat  
as his caterer.

As you walk down the aisle, fulfil his deepest fantasy as his whore.

As you walk down the aisle, make his bed as his helper and he will be your  
fortress.

As you walk down the aisle, manage his finances as his Accountant.

As you walk down the aisle, do not segregate him from his kith and kin.

As you walk down the aisle, be his friend and tell him the naked truth albeit his  
ego is crushed.

As you walk down the aisle, stick with him in the beautiful sunny morning and  
never  
leave his side in the cold fierce stormy  
night.

As you walk down the aisle, hold his hands tenderly and cling gently to his  
bosom until your dying breath.

Uche Nwanze

# Sweat And Blisters

The earth hard and soft puts food on the table. She swallows the seedlings tender and gives birth at harvest season.

Thick sweats running down my beard like raindrops. My palms adorned with scary

blisters and bloody sores.

Countless days under the hot scorching sun. Nights of waiting like a pregnant woman.

Stubborn weeds bully the crops for water and nutrients.

My hoe and machete, my companions at  
at my beck and call. Their loyalty knows no bounds to do my whims and caprices.

Making ridges and bridges navigating the length and breath of the theatre of vegetation.

I wait in anxiety for tear drops from the heavens. Crops dying of thirst and growing pale. I pray to the god of the skies to spit down rain drops. So many mouths to feed, hunger knocking at my doorsteps.

Alas! I see dark clouds gather in the skies. I jump in ecstasy like a babe at the sight of her mothers breast. My crops relieved as they bath in the sweet wet rain drops.

My days of waiting is over.

My blisters and bloody palms have disappeared. Hunger has bolted away cos my sweat and days of toil have paid off.

Yesterday, my sweat I lodged in the bank of hard work. It's my time to reap the dividends of my investment.

No more will I point to the heavens for the gods have heed my cry.

Today I dance to the symphony of the green land and the whistling of crops like grown ups.

Alas, the fruits of my sweat and blisters. Tomorrow is another day.

Let me savour the wealth of my bloody palms and heat of the scorching sun. I take the long journey, for the earth is indeed hard and soft but puts food on my table.

Uche Nwanze

# City Of Kings

The City of Kings

Igbuzor, a land of Kings

Igbuzor, a land of Beautiful brains.

Igbuzor, my ancestral home, a land of the best dancers.

A land with beautiful voices that rents the heavens. I dance to the beat of the okanga. I hear the drumbeats of children screaming kpakpalude.

I marvel at the wild frenzy of the iwu procession from Umuodafe to Ogbeowele. The crowds gather to watch the mavericks of the ohene in umuogwo.

The bevy, Oboshi welcomes you with open hands. Okpuzo opens her mouth and sings with gaiety.

A land blessed with unique flora and fauna.

A city endowed with mortals with cerebral sagacity and the gift of the gab.

The boisterous Eke welcomes strangers from the ends of the earth, from Adaigbo

to. Ezechime, from Ahaba to Okpalani, from ani idu to the banks of the river Niger. They all take the long exciting pilgrimage with their wares on their heads. You'll never visit and leave empty. The vivacious Okpulukpu feeds all and sundry from the rich harvest of ani and they leave with their baskets full.

Isufu ogu ju nni, she will abandon her food at table to fight the cause of her children. A brother's pain is everyone's pain.

I hear the sweet clarion call to her sons and daughters near and afar.

From Umueze to Ogboli,

From Umuekea to Umuwagu,  
From Umuhea to Ogbowele,  
From idinisagba to Ezeagwu,  
From Odafe to Ezukwu.

A land of the best wrestlers.  
A land of industrious farmers.  
A land with brave warlord.

From nkata to isikisi  
From ezemese to ogbodoakpu, her charming voice resounds.

Igbuzor, a city blest yet scattered like  
the sand by the seashore.  
A people united yet divided.  
A people so rich yet in penury.  
A land so great yet dwarfed by discord.  
A city blessed yet cursed.  
Brothers at daggers drawn, at each others throats.  
Fathers at loggerheads with their sons.  
The young ones have forsaken the path of  
hard work and Honour.  
They have taken solace in the arms of the underworld.

Umejei cries out in melancholy to his sons  
Igbuzor, wake up from your slumber.  
Rise up from your cocoons and be the giant you are.

Igbuzor, we are isufuogu ju nni, we never  
leave our umunna behind, cos his pain is our pain. We are igbuzor, the city of  
Kings.

Uche Nwanze

# Blood In The Sanctuary

I see blood everywhere, cries of anguish rents the Eastern air.  
My father's house, a house of prayer now a nest of crime.  
A place of worship now a hive of guns.  
A save haven now a theatre of battle.  
Where is thy awe for the altar.  
The Chasuble is drenched in rivers of blood.  
The Ambo is decorated in pellets of fire.  
I hear wailing and weeping of the  
innocents of Ozubulu.  
Anwulika weeps for her slain children, she  
is inconsolable.  
The birds sing a dirge.  
The fishes drowned in despair.  
My house is sanctuary, touch no hair of your foe as long as he remains my guest  
inside my sacred walls.  
My plea falls on deaf ears like the stubborn fly.  
The blood of the innocent of Ozubulu cries out for justice and vengeance.  
Ani refuse to bless the soil with a rich  
harvest till his sons are avenged.  
My house a house of refuge, now a crucible of death.  
Shame on you harbingers of death.  
Pity, for your souls burn in hell.  
The spilled blood will haunt you like  
fugitives.  
Ozubulu, you die but not in vain.  
Your footprints inscribed in the sands of  
time.  
Like candles you were lit and not even the  
fiendish whirlwind can put you out.  
You are alive in the tabernacle of our  
hearts, never to be thrown in the dustbin  
of oblivion.  
Like comets in the galaxy, fallen children  
of Ozubulu you blaze forth forever.

Uche Nwanze

# My Pilgrimage

I am on a pilgrimage, I cross paths with my destiny.

My Destiny led me to my Destination.

My Ability gave me Capacity.

My Sacrifice gave birth to Satisfaction.

My Cross led me to my Crown.

My Attitude gave me Magnitude.

My Gratitude took me to a high Altitude.

My Vision gave me a Mission.

My Fate brought me Fortune.

My Activity gave me Responsibility.

My Sagacity led me to Success.

My Penitence took me to the Palace.

My Rectitude brought me a Reward.

My Pilgrimage took me to Paradise.

My Anticipation gave me Participation.

My Friendship brought me Fame.

My Accountability gave me Credibility.

My Faith built for me a Fortress.

My Objectivity brought me Connectivity.

My Humility gave me a bumper Harvest.

My Fantasy took me to Ecstasy.

My Recompense gave me Redemption.

My Rigour brought me Recommendation.

My Mantra led me to a Miracle.

My Crush took me on a Cruise.

My Talent gave me an Appointment

Uche Nwanze

# A Tale Of Two Worlds

What happens in your world is not what happens in mine. Looks oftentimes adorn herself in an apparel of deception.

Bruised but not crushed.

Broken but not shattered.

Down but not out.

Hurt but not weak.

Humble but not stupid.

Pierced but not wounded.

Ignorant but not clueless.

Injured but not defeated.

Disturbed but not troubled.

Afraid but not cowardly.

Imperfect but not incomplete.

Old but not worn out.

Separated but not apart.

Taciturn but not speechless.

Naive but not foolish.

Penniless but not broke.

Indifferent but not heartless.

Insensitive but not prejudiced.

Haunted but not wanted.

Noxious but not lethal.

Flawless but not harmless.

Cashless but not helpless.

Innocent but not blameless.

Acquitted but not guiltless.

Greedy but not selfish.

Angry but not hungry.

Tempted but not fallen.

Bitter but not tasteless.

Difficult but not impossible.

Disappointed but not resigned.

Poor but not defenceless.

Lost but not hopeless.

Disgraced but not embarrassed.

Reluctant but not impatient.

Condemned but not guilty.

We live in different worlds.

What happens in your world is not what happens in mine.

Looks oftentimes adorn herself in an apparel of deception.

Uche Nwanze

# Two Faces Of A Coin

Life is a game of two halves. A coin has two faces. Your eyes only see what they choose to see.

You see obstacles I see a window of opportunity.

You see problems I see challenges.

You see a mistake I see a genius.

You see a greenhorn I see a champion.

You see a dark tunnel I see a light at the end of the tunnel.

You see a journey I see a destination.

You see a height I see a ladder.

You see impossibility I see only difficulty.

You see a stumbling block I see a stepping stone.

You see a river I see a bridge.

You see wishes I see reality.

You see a dream I see a vision.

You see a malady I see a cure.

You see a mountain I see a mole hill.

You see a cross I see a crown.

You see weeds and thorns I see a bumper harvest.

You see handicap I see ability.

You see infertility I see productivity.

You see dark clouds I see sunshine.

You see a dreamer I see a prime minister.

You see a shepherd boy I see a King.

You see a carpenter's son I see a messiah.

You see dirty fingers I see hardwork.

You see a furnace I see gold.

You see no shoes I see legs.

You see a cloud I see a silver lining.

You see black and white I see a human being.

You see only what you choose to see. Some may get a cold feet others choose to take the bull by its horns.

You are either a loser or a fighter.

Life is a coin with two faces.



# The Eleventh Plague Of Egypt

Sweeping through the hinterland and the mangrove swamps like a whirlwind it picks everything in his path.

Rampaging through the rainforest like an endemic barring her fangs on any one she comes across.

Marching through the city gates he subdues blue blood and commoner. In black smoke the beautiful handmaid lies in ruins.

Across the land and seas she manoeuvres like a mighty pirate ship. He commandeers the fleeing fleet with captain gagged.

Like lightening and thunder he strikes the village and suburbs those at the breast

and grey in chains of fire.

In the dead of the night with blood thirsty tongue sucks out life.

Stealing through the harmattan cold with a huge appetite he masticates every green like angry locusts.

Lurking in the dark cutting down to size citizens by the Niger area.

Tearing down the fortress and pulling down tall walls the vixen devours sentry.

A venomous African mamba she strikes her victims deals a mortal punch than the ebola.

A Jailer, he Imprisons the hearts of suckling and elderly. Fools, great minds all fall for her charm.

Like an Emperor invincible

and impregnable. He plants fear and doubts in hearts. Helpless and hopeless, resigned to an abyss of defeat. No one dares strikes his Achilles heel.

Uche Nwanze

# If

If loving you is a crime I will gladly submit myself like a lamb to the gallows or the guillotine.

If you were food I will have you for dessert.

If you were a song I won't give you up for the best opera, i'd rather sing all day long.

If you were a Shirt I will adorn myself with the apparel everywhere I go.

If you were a road you will be my only destination.

If you were the Sun I will climb the highest mountain and stare at you all day.

If you a bed I will lay my feeble body all night long.

If you were a Television show i'd choose you over Oprah's.

If you were a book I will read no other bestseller, I will read you from cover to cover.

If you were a brigand I won't press any charges, will rather permit you to steal my heart away.

If you were car I will take you for a cruise.

If you were a yacht I will sail round the world.

If you were medicine I will fall ill over and over again.

If you were vinegar I will drink you in gulps.

If you were poison I will go inebriate

Of you.

If you were a movie not even a Steven Spielberg movie can stop me from seeing you.

If you were a river I will immerse myself and never stop taking my bath.

If loving you is a mistake, I want to make that mistake over and over again.

Uche Nwanze

# Womb Of Death

Beneath the land of the living is a Gatekeeper who lies in wait for the fallen.  
Rapacious and eager to grab everything for himself.

Beneath the depths of this terrestrial realm lies a fiendish beast never  
satisfied but thirsts for blood.

Beneath the realm of mortals lies the  
belly always hungry.

Beneath the abode of the living lies the  
womb that never gives birth. She does not  
become weary of eating. Her mouth wide open  
as she swallows her prey.

Beneath the earth crust lies a miser who  
never gives but always takes. she takes  
away the ugly and beautiful, the senile  
and youth, the valiant and coward, the  
affluent and indigent.

Beneath the habitation of the living lies  
a bank for the vanquished.

Beneath the estates of men lies Mother  
Earth. It is her destiny to masticate the  
flesh and bones of men.

Beneath the abode of the living lies the  
gates of Hades. Always eager to welcome  
her new citizens with open arms.

Beneath the city of men lies a gaol of  
soldiers cut down in the battle of life.

Beneath the land of Homo sapiens lies a  
shylock prince, he demands his pound of  
flesh from every mortal, blue blood or  
commoner.

Beneath this accursed planet lies a crafty  
brigand she steals for fun. She pays deaf  
ears to the wailing of Adaora for her  
children. She turns a blind eye to the  
anguish of Obinna for his lover.

Mortals succumb to her whims and caprices.

All men bow at her feet and owe her  
allegiance.

Beneath where I put pen to write lies the  
resting place when our life's pilgrimage

is ended.

Uche Nwanze

# Fidus Achates

I won't barter you for all the gold in the Gold coast.  
You are the oil that gives light when my lamp is about to go out.  
A song for a despondent heart.  
A food for a troubled soul.  
The map for a desolate journey.  
A soothing balm for my fray nerves.  
A calm voice in the eye of the boisterous storm.  
Always there in my smiles and sorrows.  
Sink or swim sticks with me like glue.  
Warmth when i'm cold.  
There to pick me up when i fall.  
Shines the light when I grope in the dark.  
The new wine when the old wine goes out.  
I will never give you up for all the pearls in the Pearly Gates.

Uche Nwanze



PoemHunter.com

# Dark Clouds

Dark clouds are gathering.  
A fiendish storm is brewing.  
Hanging on a cliffhanger.  
Sitting on a keg of gunpowder.  
The vultures are gathering.  
The Sun and Moon are at loggerheads.  
I see the hanging sword of Damocles.  
Brothers are at daggers drawn.  
Fathers are chasing away their wives.  
I hear the fast drumbeats from a distance.  
All I see is swollen lips, red eyes and  
long faces.  
Heavy footsteps are fast approaching.  
Cries of anguish and despair fills the  
air.  
Young men have deserted their new wives at  
the wedding altar.  
A river of blood gushes forth.  
The young lass is no longer a Virgin.  
Our women have become widows.  
Children wail in search of their fathers.  
Women abandon their children at their  
breast.  
Pellets of fire flies in the sky.  
The cold hands of death lurks in the dark.

Uche Nwanze

# Faceless

The thing before my own eyes are FACELESS masquerades.

The country is going cashLESS.

Girls are going topLESS.

My people are becoming hopeLESS.

Corruption has beaten us helpLESS.

Peace has been rendered homeLESS.

Our youths are becoming useLESS.

Hunger has driven us senseLESS.

Problems are becoming countLESS.

Our leaders appear clueLESS.

My limbs have become motionLESS.

The poor are getting defenceLESS.

The criminals are becoming relentLESS.

The weather is becoming merciLESS.

I sit and stare in awe at the ageLESS sun.

Everything about life seems worthLESS.

You hardly find anyone spotLESS.

Everything I taste seems tasteLESS.

The thing before my eyes are just faceLESS  
masquerades.

Uche Nwanze

# Thank You Mommy

Tribute to the best mom in the world.  
A million thanks will never be enough.  
A thousand diamond coins will not make up for everything.  
Fragile yet so strong.  
Soft yet so tough.  
Imperfect yet flawless.  
Impeccable and innocuous.  
A masterpiece of the Creator.  
For all the pains you had to endure.  
For all the insults you had to bear.  
For all the sacrifices you had to make.  
For all the sleepless nights you had  
to keep.  
For all the tears you had to shed.  
For all the tireless toils you made.  
For all the endless troubles I put you  
through.  
Bruised, scorned yet you stood like the  
oak tree.  
Thank you mom for everything.  
A million tears can't bring you back.  
For making me the man I am today  
Thank you Mommy.

Uche Nwanze

# Behind The Mask

What you see before you is not always as it seems.

All you have to do is look within.

Look behind the scene and you will see the untold story.

Behind every DARKNESS hides a beam of  
LIGHT.

Behind your greatest FEAR lies an  
unprecedented COURAGE.

Behind that DESPAIR lies a ray of HOPE.

Behind every sweet LIE is the bitter  
TRUTH.

Behind the CHAOS is an amazing PEACE.

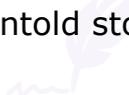
Behind the ugly MASK lies a rare BEAUTY.

Behind every dark CLOUD lies one golden  
SUN.

What you sometimes and always see is not  
as it seems.

All you have to do is look within.

Look BEHIND THE SCENE and you just might  
see the untold story.

 PoemHunter.com

Uche Nwanze

MC Ecstasy

Uche Nwanze