

Poetry Series

Vivian Ahanotu
- poems -

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Vivian Ahanotu()

Broken

Thrusting sharp to the heart
 With pain deep
Down the marrow
Glued to life
And to the heart
Choking and disturbing
No one to assist.

Reduced to nothing
Grief and sorrow become
my food and companions
Keeping me busy
So hard to assimilate what I have become

Promises of you been there always and forever to shade me away from my fears
to make me strong not fulfilled.

Where are you now that I need you? ?

Vivian Ahanotu

Dark Side

Terrible was the first intercourse
Like strangers we were far apart
Learning to know each other
A pregnancy of vices it became

Spilling you down the latrine I could have achieved
As a mother, I pitied you
Through my placenta you feed and grew
With my womb I covered and protected you
I was reproached for your sake
Deaf ears I kept
Your infant movements clouded me
Reaching for no other but you always
Comfort and peace you brought at the moment.

The more you grew in me,
The more havoc you brought upon my soul
A step forward on your termination I seek
With determination, I spilled you down the eternal abyss.
'Freedom you have achieved but in folds I shall return' were your last words

To my Creator I hope on
For strength thou shall provide
Eternal happiness thou will give
And to my soul
Thou alone will save.
Vee Chuks.

Vivian Ahanotu

Difference

God created man equally
Having the same features
With slight similarities of body structure
Nature made man different
Segregated us into groups
We became different
Superior and inferior
Fate has a separate room for us
Making us less gods than God made us to be
Diminishing us into accepting its rules without disceptation

Livelihood depends on the street
The more you get, the more you 'live'
Live for today and wait for tomorrow

Without anyone seeking our notice
We govern ourselves and console our lives with
'Life after death'
Keeping to heart our beloved slogan
'We live to see'

FOR THE LESS PRIVILEGE.

Vivian Ahanotu

His Love

With each passing day,
Life drills me with questions
Questions i keep asking
But still can't find an answer to them.

With each passing day
Trying to make things works
Trying to fit in where you know you are not accepted.

With each passing day comes pains and afflictions that seem never to pass away
Having no end,
I sit and ask
Did i go wrong?

With each passing day,
Trying to come out clean
To be perfect in heart and body
To make the world understand your belief
But all seem to be a farce.

With each passing day,
The walls keep crumbling down
Shattering straight to my heart
Leaving me with expectations that will never come.

With each passing day,
I still stick to that one who understands me and fills me with the strength i need
to overcome.
I stick to him who knows my afflictions, struggles and imperfections.
He who is always happy in luring me into his world.
He believes in me and makes me understand that i am Great

With each passing day,
When i think about him,
I am filled and assured of a greater love far beyond my imagination.

Vivian Ahanotu

Love

Love is love
When the heart trembles before trust
Surrendering not itself to vain pulse.

Love is love
When the heart refuses to drown
In some severe selfish stream,
Not losing itself to a mirage
That only alters bonds.

Love is love
When the heart won't say 'Adieu'
Due to errors and life's abrupt glooms,
For all these are mere moments
That also dwell in life's endless pouch:
Love is that act to at last say 'Ad infinitum! '

Vivian Ahanotu