

Poetry Series

Uche Nwanze
- poems -

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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

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

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

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.

Uche Nwanze

MC Ecstasy

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

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

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

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

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

ime, 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 brothers 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 bated 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

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 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

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

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

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

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 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.

He

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

Two Faces Of A Coin

Life is a game of two halves. A coin has two 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.

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

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 mouth wide open
as she swallows her prey.

Beneath the earth crust lies a miser who
never gives but always 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