

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

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The Restless Spirit

My Letter to Death: Leap Year Trauma!!!

Dear Death!!

Good morning, afternoon and Evening. I would have said how are you? but your faceless nature makes it difficult for me to address you properly. I do not know if you are he, she or it, but all I know is that you kill without consideration. Oh God!

See, we humans are always afraid because we do not know when anyone will be kidnapped by you and taken to the "Other side of life" where communication becomes very difficult. The ones we love we can't see, feel or touch, rather they assume another body in the form of breezes (spirit) seeing us but we can't see them.

Death Sir/Ma, why do you enjoy killing people more in Leap years than any other year? The mention of leap years is like a great torment for us the living (because of you), while those born on the 29th of February rejoicing for their actual birthday celebrations after every four years. You also attend their parties looking for whom to kill. Does it mean you were not well-served during the parties?

See we are all in tears because you have taken a lot of people close to us without information, some of them are; Uncles, Aunties, Mothers, Grandfathers/Mothers, Siblings, Friends and Celebrities. Haba!!! Mr. Death, is it possible to gift you to stop killing people? Our eyes are full of tears.

This letter is from the world of the living to plead with you to show mercy in killing, things are very difficult in this country; the living finds it difficult to feed, clothe themselves and look after their families. So, any expenses with funeral arrangements are a tasking burden on people.

Please Mr. Death, it is true we must die, but can you allow us to get to a certain age before you strike. Even at the point of death, the dying pleads for you not to visit at all. Do you have ear problems? We can seek the services of a specialist to assist you.

Lastly, we are tired of you especially in Leap years; allow us some chance to breathe

Dream Waters!!!



We have special waters around us, but we still wish for one particular water.

We plan and keep sleepless nights just to swim in this Dream water.

At times we have divers who are ready to direct one's movement in these Dream waters. But we are too anxious to swim and ignore the basics.

We are easily carried away by the beauty of the Dream Waters and the fishes



inside irrespective of their shapes, conditions, and experiences. (Hmmm) Without confirming the ideal - the surviving conditions of the old fishes and what will be the hope of the new fishes if added to the waters




In our waters, our fishes are blessed, relaxed, and toughened by the waves. But in the Dream waters, they can't be differentiated, day and night, the fishes are always routing from one end to another.

We are too eager to eat fishes from the Dream Water without asking how they are being fed.

My People Journey to Dream Waters is not a moonlight story.

The Broken Calabash!!! (The Artist Talk)

I must make a special calabash that will withhold the pressure of water 

This calabash must not be made with just an anyhow material.


I will use rough-smooth materials to fortify its remaining strength of the waters, because the water waves will taste its ability.

I will get my materials around a meaningful environment with iconic letters of S, R, and G to achieve the rough-sweet moulding. These iconic letters are very special to me because they have the right moulding clay.

This Calabash must be admired by all and contain clean geysers that everyone wants to drink from it.

But the finishing stages must arise assuming questions about how the Ideal shape will be.

As I mould my calabash, side talks and gossip will move around. Some will wish for the moulding not to be completed, some will seek for how and when the moulding was established and some will wish to break the Calabash

Do you think  I am still looking for materials; no I have gotten all the clay I want at S, R and G. So, I have started moulding.

Just see how they look at my stained and dirty clothes. They have assumed that nothing good can come from the Calabash. They are looking for a way to destroy it.

Let me get something, I am coming, Clay.

Oh No No

Oh No No

Oh No, No

They have succeeded, my Calabash has been Broken half sided.

But I will pick up the remaining piece and relocate it to another site to remould my Broken Calabash

A Friendly Monster!!!

I write this with a heavy heart, not just heavy but with a heart soaked inside clean water mixed with pepper.

The word pepper is very iconic and symbolic in this context. The best pepper suitable for this analysis is brownish pepper (we call Cameroon pepper).

I earlier said my heart is soaked in clean water mixed with pepper. The clean water is the old days with this my friend before he became the friendly monster (the pepper).

My Experience

This friendly Monster was so dear to me and we shared things in common. Little, did I know he was the proverbial house rat that alerted the forest *rat* about a fish at home. He is harmlessly-harmful.

This friendly Monster, I allowed him into my beautiful garden and made him the gardener. I entrusted everything to him and travelled, only to return and discovered he has allowed birds and other insects to destroy my crops. I asked for an explanation with tears, but he ignored me and walked away.

This friendly Monster has blown my name, deeds, and character like pieces of paper into the wind, and still turns around in pretence to assist me in assembling the little we could.

This friendly Monster smiles always and is soft-spoken, but he is a serial killer, not with a gun but with a pen.

This friendly Monster digs holes always in season and out of season, but still sets the table for a feast on the same spot.

This friendly Monster is a serious nightmare. I feel like...

Let me sleep a bit because I'm restless.


The Child's Birth in Nigeria 



When we were in the womb, we all were so innocent of where our final destination would be.

Inside the walls of the womb, at times we noticed our joy broke at intervals because the type of food our mothers ate showed that we were about to behold mixed pains.

When we finally arrived, our suffering started immediately from the hospital we were born full of regrets especially on arrival beholding total darkness, our mothers in pain shouting for help, and our fathers became walking shadows just to pay bills.

Immediately the fear of the unknown beholds us, and instead of being happy as some children born in developed countries, we burst into tears. Those of us who refused to cry immediately on arrival, are in serious regrets about

being born in Nigeria . But the doctors and nurses would not understand, rather they would start doing everything humanly possible to make us cry.

Behold the child says "So truly I was born in Nigeria , how will I endure" immediately (s)he struggles to go back by falling sick randomly. Our parents will not want us to go back so early, they start running around to save us from dying. It is only some of us who are strong on arrival stay, while those babies who inhale the breeze of suffering (in ) return immediately.

The Window!!!

I am right beside my window, with my eyes as the pen and my brain as the paper. Just keep calm and read.

I just opened my window to see that everything is adorable: the tall buildings, the beautiful roads and the great traffic lights.

I see human beings move like robots, always moving head on straight without observing who is walking by their sides. They only talk and smile with another machine; they are always conscious of that machine as if it is their life support battery without which they might shut down.

See See See! How much do you appreciate your pets, especially dogs? In "N", we see them as just animals, we don't pet them, we don't clothe them, we don't walk them, we don't allow them to take front seats inside the car or allow them to lie on the bed.

Through my window, I can see the dogs' smile; I can see the dogs' dance; I can see some dogs wearing clothes; I can sight dogs in seat belts in front of cars; dogs have life insurance; dogs eat good food and sleep on beds.

I open the right window, and behold, I see the young and the old holding various styles and shapes of machines. They use them for various important things, chiefly among them, to show "Directions from Street A to Street Z". They believe in those machines and can shun everything but not those machines.

Let me drink water (Oh I'm back), I sight functional traffic lights, not periodic traffic lights or dead traffic lights like we see in some countries, especially "N".

I sight undergraduates going to school, happy, relaxed and organized. But in my country, "N", most students seem worried, hopeless, unfocused and full of anxiety. Nawa oo.

See how cars respect human beings and humans respect cars. Nobody is rushing or driving in a frenzy as if they plan to never return alive, rather everyone here goes about their driving like they have something to live for; a tomorrow to live for.

My eyes are becoming blurry, I wish to sleep and continue later.

Weep, Weep and Weep for "N".

The New Hustle:

With tears, I start my painful ordeal. Before now, I was full of hope, strength and expectation but as the days turn to evenings and into nights and weeks turn into months, my face of joy changed to face of tears.

Each morning that I open my door, I always tell myself that all hope is not lost as a strong Christian that I am. I get calls, text messages and WhatsApp

messages saying, "Nna, nwannem, onyenkem, do not lose hope. With God all things are possible." (Smiles)

As these calls kept coming in, I kept on believing and hoping for the best and drew my strength, especially from the verses of the bible that I read and the Holy Rosary I recite every night; I was seriously hoping for a miracle.

I decided to return those frantic calls to my spiritual motivators and inspirational "smooth talkers", seeking only one single request, "I'm broke, hungry and hopeless for survival. Help me.", Immediately, I got different reactions:

- a) keep hoping on God,
- b) COVID19 has finished us,
- c) I would love to give you but ... and,
- d) Are you not a lecturer? What happened to your salary?

Tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably but I must weather this storm. Wait, I was asked a very important question, "Are you not a lecturer? What happened to your salary?" I remembered my employers who are living monsters, who have turned lecturers into storytellers and beggars overnight.



The high level of storytelling and begging made people start avoiding our calls, some who pick perfected the act of storytelling more than us, leaving us hopeless, useless, and confused.

Those of us who couldn't withstand the harsh conditions died in thousands and there was no money to bury them, while those who are sick and hospitalized had no hope of affording their drugs.

Ego! Ego! and Ego! is another disease sneaking into our lives as lecturers, because we found it difficult to readjust to our new status because of what people will say or think about us. So, we started enduring, but for how long can we endure? No food; no fuel in our cars; and no money to take care of our children.

Excessive thinking, depression, and excessive drinking became our friends. No matter how you welcome these three hydra-headed creatures, there was still no way forward.

We needed to change our hustle but something must push us hard. On our social media forums, we still see calls for papers, online conferences and seminars, on an empty stomach. (hmmmm). What will push us to go for this

change of hustle? ( ) Midnight cries, endless demands and unfulfilled requests not for our own needs, but our families, children, parents and friends, whoa! Behold, that push we have been looking for is here!

Immediately, laptops were shut down; immediately pens and papers were kept on bookshelves; immediately, calls for papers became ignored totally; immediately lecturer this or that started playing down.


The New Hustle became obvious. Some became farmers; some became cab drivers; some dry cleaners etc.

As for me, I'm inside this bus going for my hustle. Please, don't ask me where to.

Little Warriors

Rat is dangerously feared at home because he's in charge and knows every corner of the house. My Treasure is the humanized rat that adores endless corners of your unique nature.

Rat always runs for safety in the house to avoid being killed or falling into

dangerous traps set. My Treasure () I as the iconic rat will always do my best to avoid traps like temptations, arousing jealousy or betrayal of trust. But If I eventually erred, please do not kill me (as an ordinary rat) rather give me a golden 'forgiveness' last chance.

Rat is detested by all because of its worrisome movements in the house. My Treasure, you gave me a tough time during my advances towards you. But I knew it was for good.

Rat is always colourful, shaped in sizes and super attractive. Nkem oma, you are beautiful, highly adored by me because of your killing shape and charming reflective pointer. I humbly adore you.

Rat is always at the mercy of the owner of the house either to be killed or escape as usual.

My Treasure you are in charge of my erratic heart, please handle it with care.

Rat always attacks with mixed reactions of biting and blowing breeze. Stories and side talks will keep surfacing, but we must harbour all with Love, caring and understanding. 🥰

Rat is always attributed with a very serious dangerous disease called Lassa - Fever.

My Treasure is poisonous too, with Lassa - Love just for you.

Rat is always smart, coded and calculative in operations. My Gold same I am here like the rat and will always be before those who want to know everything about us.

My Ultimate Search!!!

I was missing something. What is it I know, but can't find it?

I on my Torchlight, sighting the Treasured box, but still could not pull it out, because it is well guarded by Trust and Beauty.

I tried bribery with Beauty as a guard to the Treasured box using Makeup, she lamented " I can fade out easily" but Trust is the heavy nail holding this Treasured box from falling.

I consulted all my find kindness, Smiles, Party, Promises and almsgiving, to follow me and secure this Treasured box guided by Trust. But all denied me, like the Medieval Play called, "Every Man"

I cried, worried and all within me failed, including my extra plans A, B C and smartness.

Then, I resorted to mere gazing and hopelessness.

Until I felt a cool breeze and a bird whispered, just make the Treasure box (you baby) earn your trust, and Trust as a guard will lower its amour.

Immediately I smiled, reassured myself again and began my journey of this ultimate security. After several hours of questioning from Trust as a guard.

He said " You can now have this Treasured box, but do not rough handle it nor make it crack because I shall return for it when called upon"