

Angel,

If Mine



Gotname Bitrus



Angel, If Mine

By
Gotname Bitrus



Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my beloved Mum and Dad,
Mrs. Ryena and Mr. Bitrus Emmanuel Nomah.

Acknowledgments

I acknowledge first of all my Lord and Savior, who is the source of my inspiration, for giving me such a priceless gift and the grace to write. Thank you, Father and Lord.

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THE END

Preface

Listening to the world talk back to you, watching the star inspire you, allowing the breeze to dissolve into you, filling you up with an unbelievable strength to walk the paths of life. Courageous though skeptical, I have allowed nature and all of God's creation to teach me the purpose of life and to love all that this life offers with such a great, abiding love.

You know that anyone who is a writer of any kind has found himself a great friend. Great is the man or woman who takes pleasure in deep silence and observation. The purpose of this collection of poems is to bring to light the little details that are of great importance to the world, so that gratefulness and contentment will be on every lip.

I grew up wanting much more out of life. I had to manage with the little Dad and Mum could afford, but I never felt helpless or hopeless because my parents taught me that the greatest gift I could ever give myself, and the world at large, is to believe in God and in myself, and to never get distracted by the people, beauty, and woes of life. Instead, I should get inspired to be the best me. Not that we lived in denial, but we understood the reality of our situation and looked up to God, the author and the finisher of our faith. He who gives and takes, He who owns everything, is able to do all that we can ever ask for.

Getting into the university to obtain a degree has been difficult, but I have not been too discouraged to stop striving toward getting an education. Most importantly, I never got too discouraged to write. Writing gives me the place to hope, to have faith and love; in fact, writing helped me release my greatest gift: service. God has given me an incredible gift of service, so writing and visiting the needy in my community brings much satisfaction and joy, and a heart full of gratitude to God.

For me, writing poems is like breathing in every existence with your five senses and then giving it back to the world. I believe that, as you read with an open mind, you will find my soul and the souls of every God-given creation that ever caught my attention neatly written for your edification, inspiration, and enjoyment. This is my first book ever published, but by his grace, many more will be in the future.

None of us can make it by ourselves, nor can we keep ourselves without the gift of grace. This gift permits us to live on earth for the purpose of inspiring others back to God. Writing, singing, and inspiring others is the gift of grace upon my life that I have been given, not to wickedly keep to myself but to influence lives positively and, most importantly, sprinkle grace wherever I go. This happens when you discover who you are, what your purpose is by faith in God, and the purpose to which you have been called. The only things one should fight against are all the things that will hinder one from accomplishing his or her God-given purpose.

Introduction

My only qualification for writing a book is a great passion that I have to be a source of comfort to myself, my family, and the world at large from a heart full of compassion.

For years I struggled with traumas of abuse, delays, failure, and a few heartbreaks. I wake up at night trying to figure out the reason for my pain when there is no physical evidence of any major problem. Sometimes I enjoy my own company by finding myself some adventurous activity to do, such as mountain climbing, being on the farm with Dad, learning some tricks in the kitchen with Mum, or staying up late to write—outside especially, when the moon is full. I often walk barefoot in the rain, fantasizing about living in a place where the snow falls or daydreaming about writing a bestseller. At other times I think about building a home for Mum and Dad, sending Namsa to study abroad, and marrying a man after God's own heart so that together we can change lives positively.

I know you must be thinking, “What a dreamer,” but that's me. I have always believed that God will make my dreams come true as long as I keep writing and being the person He has called me to be. Reading any kind of literature was easy to do; I love African and western poetry. Learning about my environment and the people is such a thrill.

For me, boys are never a distraction but an inspiration. Sorrow is never a hindrance but a sweet melody of a happy tomorrow. Failure is not the end but the beginning of my greatness. Delay only means that the best is just a step ahead. Traumatic experiences are meant to teach my heart the humility to relate to the wronged, abused, and mistreated.

Talking from experience, I have looked for love and the things I thought I needed in the wrong places, searching for completeness from the creation instead of the Creator. Because of this, I wallowed in great darkness and misery until I started not minding my timidity and hearsay, but only what God says I am, because in the end that's all that matters. There is no greater reward than the one that comes from giving .

My writings have no boundary because I feel all the people's joy and pain. In this book, I pour my heart out to the nature of mankind and question man's love of his fellow human being and of God. I need not say much. I pray earnestly that as you read on, His grace will inspire you to great heights. As I was writing this book, I prayed to God that this book will be in every home and cherished by every heart that gets to read it or even see it. Pray for me as I pray for you, oh, dearest reader!

Poems

ANGEL, IF MINE

Oh, angel so sweet,
What shall I say of thee?
A test or faceless altitude,
Do you play or stand a lifeless sculpture,
Mixed in my mind like thoughts and water?

I look to thee,
Look to me, oh mystery.

Oh, light or darkness,
What summer rain with misty fragrance
You stick within my dreams like an issue deep in a woman?

If I may explore thee,
Then what is my research?
If upon our meeting
You are a stranger, am I a manager?

Oh, name! What is in a name?
An identity or an existence,
Truth or fact and lie.
Is it what you are or what not?
What shall I compare thee with? Oh, rhythm,
Oh, poetry, read by lofty lips.

If you say I must remain with you,
Give me my deed,
Show me the goal
That I may conquer
To give my all to thee,
Oh, ANGEL, IF MINE.

IF ONLY U KNEW

U don't know me.
If u knew me
Then u would see the script of love.
Though my heart aches with love for u,
I am not fooled. Why are u timid?
I will not forget
When u gave me your heart
And called me at night without knowing.
U whisper my name as if a song
Met u, shy though blunt,
Dreamy little heart,
I pant like a thirsty heart for u.
But it's a shame u don't know me,
'Cause if u did
You would never say goodbye.
But u don't know me.
If u knew me
U would see that
I would run against the wind for you,
Face the stormy rain for you,
Would leave all men for u,
But would never share u.
But u don't know me.
If u did
U wouldn't bid me welcome then confuse me to goodbye.
But u don't know me.
'Cause if u did, then u would know:
Though I love u so ,
I won't watch u leave.
I would rather go blind.
Well, u don't know me,
'Cause if u did, u would tell me u love me,
That it is me u adore.

OUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE

Am dreaming while walking,
Thinking beneath the blazing sun,
Recalling you smiling,
Like a distant star you are blown.
And my finger was your joy;
You wanted to live,
So I let you fly.

But our love will not die,
Even if apart our destinies live.
Thy sour rains fall like a die,
And we live and leave.
You will always be mine,
So un-break my heart
When you will.

Am playing you
Sweet pretty thoughts.
Say it is you
That I will un-cry tonight.
Risk it, darling.
Bring back the love that will not die.

LET ME GO

First thing Sunday morning,

Let me go.

Pack your tears away,

Let me go.

Dive into liberation,

Let me go.

Forget the heart-breaker,

Let me go.

Don't look back,

Let me go.

Go your way,

Let me go.

Find respect,

Let me go.

Welcome love,

Let me go.

Take happiness,

Let me go.

If you won't,

Then let me flow.

I SING OF ME

I in myself is the limitless splendor of greatness,
 Wrapped in the unfailing gracious king.
What breasts cannot grasp nor heart compare
Has taught me my splendor, my wealth, my health.
 I sing myself, as you are part of me,
 And whatever good I have,
 You have, too.

 My feet upon the starry night.
 I hailed for the breath that never thirsts,
And while I searched I found the seventh place of no return.
 This perfection of love's beat
 That moves with trembling and Jove.

 If the world be a perfect place,
 Then what would heaven be?
 If I expect to rule,
I must guide my tongue like the king in this rat-hole
 I sing myself as beautiful as the morning sun,
 'Cause the sun makes me the star that I am.
 Hope against hope,
 Faith against faith,
 Love against love.

We fight the battle of the bleeding with peace,
For my knowing knows that hearts are wicked,
 But I wish to know every heart can change,
And in fact through love's eyes I see kind hearts.
 I sing the song of me .

 What puzzles you?
 My boldness, my shyness?
 The wit beneath my rosy cheeks?
Tell me, is it the beauty in my curious eyes?
 Or the child in my laughter?
 I love to think I am fierce;

I intimidate you because you can't stand the miraculous Goodness
of God!

I rise! I rise!

But how gentle can I be on a war front?

This is the song of me to you.

AT LAST

At last the sky is blue,
At last the rainbow is out.
I have found a dream
In a lofty hope,
A thrilling love
That smiles the faith.
So at last in heaven divine,
Oh! At last a dance of Jove,
Life a glad melody,
And in the tears of temptation,
At last a grace to overcome.
At last not a bridesmaid
But a bride,
At last not childless
But fruitful.
At last I found the father, the mother,
At last not a desperate orphan
But a family to call my own,
At last not a failure
But a victor,
At last not an addict
But in control,
At last not a bastard
But a son, a daughter,
At last not jobless
But employed,
At last not sick
But healed ,
At last not alone
But complete,
At last nothing is impossible;
At the feet of grace I find
At last like a spell,

I have found what the world refuses.
At last the tears are gone,
Regrets of past sins not visible.
At last I know the path,
A way right,
Though not easy but worth the race,
'Cause at last
My daring step
Has made you mine, at last.
Oh! Sweet grace.

DON'T GIVE UP

Upon the hill of my mind,
I explore that which they may exploit.
Heavy in my heart I dream,
And with all wealth a joy to take it with.

I arise, I rise
When they think aha! The fall.

I will fall indeed,
Will surrender to traps of life
Or get drowned
By the pain of a painful yesterday,
Killed by the guilt
Of a rotten past
Except for grace.

Let me be, love won't
Let me down, grace refuse
So I am pursued
And waited to be embraced.
Except for grace
I would be nothing.

How would I have known
That hope perceives the unseen,
Feels the untouchable,
Will achieve the impossible?
How could I have been
Able to prefer Christ
Rather than choice gold,
Have faith so sweet
To allow love to forgive my wanton ways,
Except for grace?

So we can't give up.
I know you will make it through,
For you are sufficient in God's sufficiency.

Rest your head; you worry too much.
It will be alright.
No reason to be ashamed;
Be proud of who you are,
For grace has a flourishing end for you and me.
So don't give up;
You will make it.

NATURE

Imagine me on a hill,
On a green hill,
My hands open, against the wind,
Am smiling, swaying
To the rhythm of Nature.

Imagine me thankful
To God for the flowers,
Which ooze out pure delight.
I can hear the birds chirping a song
With distant noise of shepherds and cows.

Suddenly below my feet
I feel the waters run.
My eyes open, and it is the
Most beautiful waters flowing out of a rock.
I listen to it attentively
With my
Naked brown skin
Leaning upon the whispering sunlight.

I try to whisper a song,
But the serendipity could only make me hum,
Nature loving nature.

I am brown with a curly hair
And a free spirit,
And now nature is exhibiting the African in my blood.
Bleach me.
But my soul is still a shade of a beautiful brown,
My nature.

CHRISTMAS

A rose, a home,
A song just from your heart.
A smile, a laugh,
A long, happy laugh
To finish the year.

A word, a hug,
A kiss or a gift,
Dance with me.
Rest in my heart if you may.
Let's take a walk.
Read me a psalm
Or keep me safe.

The truth, a grace.
Show me the path of life;
Remind me why Christmas.
A love or a care?

Most of all, you, for Christmas.
I want you to be blessed beginning this Christmas.

REASON AGAINST EMOTIONS

When has emotion been the better to reason?
Or when have feelings ever been better than truth?
My son, do not allow emotion ever have control over you.
 Hold to reason,
 Let not diligence ever part from you.
 Make truth your breath lest you fail.
 The mantle of humility is for eagles, my son.
I would have slipped had not wisdom caught me.

2010

2010 I lost three things that I cherished.
For love I must give to take
That which, mine, must stay.
If any lesson in 2010,
It will be the simplicity and humility of true happiness.
I aspire for a divine love.

2010 he looked in my eyes and said,
“Our love must be postponed,
For money I must seek,
For this course am born.”

So in search of money he lost wealth,
In search of youth he lost health,
In search of comfort he lost love,
In search of someone better he lost me.
So on the rise of 2011,
When the moon was full with sweet grace,
I closed my eyes, he closed his,
I gave him my hand and he held it tight.
He took a step and I followed suit,
To the sunshine after a stormy 2010.

SOMEONE LIKE YOU

Not looking for someone

The sky is blue for,

Not looking for someone

Whom I can cry for,

But someone just like you

Whom I can cry with.

Not looking for someone

Whose star glitters,

Not looking for someone

Whom I can play for, but someone like you

Whom I can play with.

Not looking for someone

Who is perfect,

Not looking for someone

Whom I can talk to,

But someone like you whom I can listen to.

Not looking for the one

But you, just mine,

Not looking for a cute, pretty face

But a living sculpture marked for greatness,

Am not searching, just waiting

For someone like you,

Whom I will love even after death.

A GLANCE TO CURIOSITY

The veil covers her honey lips,
And you wonder
What her tongue trades.
Her hair nested with gold,
She knows what she wants
And prays for what she needs.
Her fingers linger upon your skin,
And just one touch,
You feel paradise.
Her fragrance fills you up
Like a stream through your veins;
She becomes a plain everything,
Knowledge above great things.
Just a woman, they argue.
You know she is the breath that lifts you,
Also know you can't command
Them to love her.
But you will till eternity
Love this glance to curiosity.
Who is she?
They say a woman,
But you say, love that will
Tender you forever.

7/11/2010

It keeps coming back to me now,
The absent gum between your teeth,
Your warmth and empty promises,
The silent nights, the empty kisses
Beneath the sweet, chilly moon.

There was a time
When the clock was at ease,
Music was smoky and the trees fell
Liberally upon a sandy path.
In heat, in winter we prayed
For spring's swift pass.

Oh! I loved you when love was not defined.
I wanted you when you needed me,
And at one point our hearts locked tightly.
You pass by now and I pass, too.

JANUARY 1, 2010

Yes, you pass by; I pass.
Your face twinkles now
Like a heavenly pass.
Round as a timely clock crow,
From a distance you stand tall
In a moment, I thought I smiled.

Happiness or a fiery desire
For what we acquire.
If in turn I must suffer unrest to find me my right,
Then I shall deny you which pass
At this lonely, rotten bridge.
Were I to let go, to let in the sun
For my delightful, gallant nights.
You pass; I pass.

DEAR SWEETNESS

I shall not die of your want,
Neither shall I be spent
But in need of assurance
That your feel assures.
I will love if God shall
Have me love you through time.

Your whispering heartbeat implores,
Tick-tock, as if a clock,
Your fingers explore
Desperately in the darkness in the luck
Of the morning blare,
It aspires to find me there.

I shall not die,
Even if death kisses slowly,
'Cause if love be for me to die,
I shall not mistakenly
Cause you rest in my spirit
And live in my heart.

Your ways amaze me;
God is indeed merciful.
To let you be mine, oh, me!
Indeed a privilege to be full
Of your unmasked passion
So, sweetness, let's take the day,
Take the night, too,
Make a moment
In the eye of time.

LOVE AND HATE

Hate, what malevolent desire.

Oh! Bitter passion,

No one who is perfect in love

Will hate without sin.

Love is a sweet, humble compassion.

THE BREAKUP

We sat opposite our gaze.
My head was spinning;
I could feel the blood in my brain.
I looked at him,
This calm desperado.
I pondered at him,
This confused lover.

I reached for his hand,
But he was lost in a daydream.
Disappointed, I whispered softly,
Dear.

He turned, his eyes red;
He bit his lips
That were mine and mine alone,
Just a night before the morning.

Yes, he answered,
Am still in love with you.
He smiled a distant smile,
And I could see her image in his heart.
She is the one I dreamt about,
The one that would make me cry
What do you say, dear?
I want you, you know that.

Am getting cold; I think I am sick.
Someone call an ambulance .
But he looked at me and all he could see was dollar signs,
And when I dared to look at his heart,
I saw that woman I told you about,
The one in my nightmares,
Standing on dollar signs
Now he reached for my hands: Let's break up!!!

Boom! I heard a blast in my heart.

No! I said,
That's not the solution.
We can't break up.
How can love break?

WITH JUDAS'S KISS

In the crowded night he came to my eyes,
In the nick of time he denied me,
Sold me out to the hypocritical robbers.

I knew the time would come,
Because I knew I should be betrayed
For all righteousness to be fulfilled.

The silent greed that paints his face,
The provocative stare when he loses
Suspicious gaze in the air.

He lies
Trembling in the vanity of the lost.
He amazes me when I am not amazed.

He came with an unusual lie:
He used the Bible language,
He came burning the night candle,
He came sure to collect.
He is the viper in the New Testament
Though at watch, my oil was sour,
And before I knew it
My extra oil was lost.

No worry, Judas; it is meant to be
So the Son of man be glorified.
No worries, I have a new lamp
And many extra oil jars in grace,
Waiting for my divine lover.

DADDY LEFT MUMMY, TOO

She told me they didn't mean to live,
But the clock was ticking
And evil men timing.
If only I knew the time;
When they must go,
I will block their way,
Make them stay.
When I cry, who will listen
Now that Daddy left Mummy, too?

SALIS THE SEVENTH

A thought kind and soft,
A drifting wave,
A charming dreamer,
His mind joined like two fools collide.
He wants things his way,
Then say it is his way.

But who is fooling who
When time comes and pieces can't be mended?
Oh! Salis the seventh,
No one should love
The dreamer in your vines.
He is cruel and thoughtless.

Morning always comes to your brow,
But shade it like a night artist.
You walk the busy streets in search of a temporal coin,
Loving the prison with no walls,
Yet love the writer in me
That must write the unheard.

Mystery or war,
Every thief has his way with you,
And you know the way
Yet walk away.
Oh! Salis the seventh,
The love that lives and is gone.
If I must stay ,
Show me the way.
Oh! Salis the seventh.

You wonder why I don't cry;
You wonder why isn't she broken;
You wonder why her witty wisdom
In your swift, lighting thought.
I know you and you hate that.

Oh! Salis the seventh,
It's not by might that I know
Something greater than you and me.

I DON'T NEED YOU

I don't need a touch.
I don't need affection.
I don't need your attention.
All I need is peaceful silence.
I don't need you,
So don't need me.

I don't need your kindness.
I don't need your plans for me.
I don't need your lips.
All I need is the treasure of true love.
I don't need you,
So don't need me.

I don't need a love song.
I don't need a man.
I don't need your golden promises.
All I need is the city made of gold.
I don't need you,
So don't need me.

I don't need to start.
I don't need children in my infantry.
I don't need your commitment.
All I need is freedom.
I don't need you,
So don't need me.

THE BREAK 2

In silence for a brief moment,
Then he takes my hands.
Oh, how I love that your skin
Is soft as silk and pure as truth.
But now what we need
We must not want.
If love can't break, then we break the bond
No! I screamed.
Who made you a divider?
Or a painful whisperer
Who made you the say of this affair?

What do you want?
This is all for you.
Now I am in tears and, oh, I hate him seeing me in tears!
Don't, I can't take your tears,
You hypocrite, you wicked bittersweet feeling.
How dare you stop what death can't stop?
How dare you stab a thief and say it's a kiss?
Oh, you poisonous passion,
You are bad.
"How much can I take?"
I asked myself.

You are the world and all I need,
But how can we grow without taking chances?
I shall go and will return,
And if you missed me and can't wait ,
I will understand.
No! No! No!
I refuse!
Refuse to take the fall,
Or the teary rain
That clouds my brow.
I refuse to hurt uselessly

In the lashes of your killing love.
Won't believe your true lies
Or take your nonsense
Or the violence?
No, mister,
I won't let you touch me
Then cut me;
No, I refuse!
Don't go into the web.
Please don't be snared.
He turns and walks to me, plants a kiss.
Oh!
He is leaving but he has my speech.
I see the gap getting larger,
And I just stare
As I smile.

YOU ARE TOO LATE

Now you are ready for the ride;
Now you have been told to take the ride.

Now you close your eyes
When you hold me when in ice.

Now you are back,

Sad,

Broken,

Humbled.

Now that you are forgotten

On the lost road,

Coming a beggar

Like a vulture, once again waiting for a kill,

Hungered by my decision,

Just back from being married.

FORGIVE ME, SAMMY

Afraid of breathing hard
'Cause I might choke with you,
Afraid of eating silently
'Cause I might bite my tongue
While kissing you,
Afraid of thinking hard
'Cause I might run into a rushing car
While caressing you
With thoughts you cannot imagine.

Afraid of loving too much
'Cause I might not last enough
To kiss your weary days,
Afraid of trusting loud
'Cause it might happen again.
A boom! Here and there,
Afraid of dreaming it should
'Cause it will not.
But forgive me, Sammy,
For not hating you
When I know I should.

Afraid we should or not,
Meaning afraid of reasoning,
'Cause I might go crazy
Sinking in craving for you.
Afraid of seeing you
'Cause you alone make me
Afraid of leaving you
'Cause I might search for you
Forever, like the one.

Afraid of being afraid,
For it becomes my reproach.
Your first words to me,

Our first feel,
And your heart carries me with it.
Afraid of denying us
'Cause I touch a flame.
Whenever I think of saying bye,
O! First, what have we done?
What have you done to me?
Or I you?

We are destruction,
Yet an admiration.
Am so sorry, words alone
I give affectionately.
But you see my heart lives on words
And aspires in words.
What would I do now
That I feel like kissing you
Like the last?
Ask not questions;
Just kiss me,
Forgiving me for not hating you, Sammy.

WOMEN THAT LOVE MY MAN

In between the two pretty faces,
Like two familiar hearts
They rub against my skin,
Rushing for his heart,
Hitting me on their way.
How can they be warned?
Well, I let them,
And they dive in blindness,
And there I am
With a pen ready for delight.
Foolish distraction,
Lousy players,
Pathetic rivals
Yap, and I grasp.

MORNING EYES

The night has come.
Sing me that old song;
Tell me aloud the seat in which we sit.
Oh! Morning eyes,
The moon is at standstill,
With her a praised signature,
Glorifying the midnight star.
Sing me the midnight blues.
The air is mixed with sweet perfume.
Indulge my weariness like sickness
Till I never let go.
I remember you,
Prince of the bright night.
I recall your voice,
Sweet like a honeycomb.
You lie in my heart like that old song
When you look at me
The way you do.
It's so sweet to be loved by you.

WHEN HE LEFT

Once upon a time I loved a man.

It was cold when we met,
But when he left during the cold,
He left me alone.

There, dreaming a return,
But as I waited past time,
I heard the tale has resumed
Of how he steals for pleasure.

It was during that time
I learned the meaning of words,
So I said those words
As if I was doing myself a pleasant honour.

Dreaming, not in love
Hereby makes me worst,
But the courage I seek
Has come when he left me cold alone.

FAITHFUL LOVE

Am waiting, just waiting for a flying; I am a bird,
Listening to the silent whispers,
Waiting for your voice
To instruct me to right,
Praying for faithfulness to find me in the arms of love.

THE PIT I LEFT

Chained in despair,
Disappeared in fear,
All the constant guilt
Tangled in a web of abuse,
But like a child
I walked high, and she thought,
Just thought, *if only she could have him,*
My divine lover.
So she waited,
She timed her time,
Used her golden magic,
And since his love must be bought,
She bought him
And now she seeks a buyer.
And so I am wondering,
Why will I leave him and you hurry to take him without getting to
know him?
Why, for God's sake?
Tolerate the pit I left.

I really do want to understand
Why you prefer an unknown angel
To a known demon.
I really want to know why
You love dejection more than joy,
Or keeping heart more than hope in love.
And so I was a rival she hated
But wanted
Until she got the pit I left.

BACKBITING LOSERS

Called crazy like a laden pie,

Told nothing like it were so.

As if they made me,

As if they own me.

But what do losers lose?

Nothing but everything

When the backbiters bite.

WOULD YOU MIND IF I LOVED YOU?

Would you mind if I loved you,
I mean, really loved you?
I mean, love you how it matters:
Mind, heart, spirit, and soul?
Your inner world,
Your inner man,
That you hide,
That is sacred,
That you preserve only for one.

Would you mind if I touched you,
Really touch you?
I mean, touch you like no one has.
Make you tremble,
Make you cry in my arms,
Make you sing on the rooftops,
Make my love
The music that your ear loves.

Would you mind if I touched
Where you are warm, thick, and fulfilling,
Really touch you, dear?

Would you let me fill you with words
So true and faithful,
Words that have made my heart sing?
Contentment and joy,
Would you let me fill your world
With blessing from love's feet ?
On my knees,
Will you permit it?
Tell you how mad you make me,
Yet how satisfied and happy.

And then I would like to hear you,
Really hear your thoughts unheard and unrevealed,

Hear you pant for my inviting love,
Really hear you captured
With sweet delight.
I really want to hear you,
Know your dreams
And help you make it real.

Then would you mind if I kissed you deep
Until I taste
The bitterness, the sweetness,
The confusion, the worry
That you hold so dear?
I want to test your glory
And savor your goodness.
Please, can I really kiss you?
The kiss you never forget.

By the way, world, you
Let me breathe in your essence,
I mean, breathe in your life.
I promise to give it back
If only you will take
Mine while I give yours.
I really want you to love me.
Would you let me?
Let you really love
To be faithful to me?

WITH NO REASON

After searching my heart
I tell you that you are a good man,
I went the distance
Enough to let go
To tell you that you are forgiven.
I have taken the blame
I have walked the race
Enough to let go
To tell you that I love you.
I love you.
Enough to let go
Thank you for letting me go,
Today, I learned love,
That to follow my heart is wrong
'Cause it will always lead me away from you.
But I must lead my heart
'Cause it will always take me to you,
So I pray you let me love you
At this bridge of letting go
Because that's my only hope of salvation—
Loving you, not asking for yours in return.
Let me make you wonder why,
And my answer will be my love is true
And has no reason.
Enough to let go and let God.

IF I DIDN'T CARE

If I did not care, would I feel this way?
If I didn't care, would I ever sing?
If I didn't care, would I know this thrill?
If I didn't care, would I want to share?
If I didn't care, would I dare breathe?
If I didn't care, would I be here,
Here waiting till
You care enough to let me know
That you dare to cry with me,
Laugh loud, run the race with me,
Dance the beat with me,
And share in the soothing touch of the rain
That fills our liberated heart with the passion for life?
If I didn't care, would I ever listen?
Or care to notice your voice, just right in your eyes?
Even if I listen to one or more men,
If I didn't care, will I pay attention?
Or enjoy every song from your heart?
If I didn't, would I care?

THE ADULTRESS I KNOW

So she cleans her mouth,
So she lies around
And with painted lips
Sings the hosanna song.
So she thinks she is pure.
Who has the power to end a dream?

So she keeps the married out of home
And shares their dream with many more,
So she draws everyone to her breast
And understands nothing they hail.
Who wouldn't sale?
What I sold
Or refuse, a treasure freely given.

So she swings her hips
And wipes a tear beneath a smile.
So she hurts
And seeks a faithful love divine,
Even if she has nothing to give.
So she accepts
And calls a spade a spade.
Where is her wrong upon this flirty stage?
I see hope as I look at her,
I see compassion as I listen to her,
As she wails upon the day she wailed.
So I, the loved, suddenly stood at the spot of the unloved
And I found more reasons
Why she deserves love more than I.
She seemed pure.
Who knows the pure, by the way?

HOLD ME TONIGHT IF YOU DON'T MIND

The cold wind is blowing
And its dryness cracks my fragile nerves
Like a patient, dangerous male.
A daring voice calls,
Vicious yet gentle,
Calls my trembling heart.

My heart is heavy.
I just want to drown in my tears.
Someone is breaking your baby,
Making her call out,
Please, Lord, can you just hold me while I cry?
If you don't mind.

I know the world keeps you busy.
We are all busy with the vanity you have blessed us,
The streets wasted with a virgin's blood
And the poor getting poorer,
And the sick die for lack of medicine.
Lord, I also know you are not happy with our leaders.
You are full of mercy and never forsaking;
That's why you are taken for granted.
But, Lord, you know I need you tonight.
Please, if you don't mind, hold me while I cry.

Again, if you wish to kiss me ,
You may or sing me to sleep.
If you wish to hold my face and tell me you love me,
I wouldn't mind.
I just don't want to trouble you,
But if you don't mind, hold me while I cry.

WE LINGER

Finger to finger we linger,
Hearts beating like a drum,
Still holding on to number one.

Our hearts in pain
Seek the delight of yesterday,
The best of our days,
Our laughter together
And the tears of our struggle.

We dreamt the dream
Beneath the moonlit floor.

Holding on to you,
Am so sorry for loving you,

Till now

Forgive me

But the time is seven,

And I must stay

With my seven.

MY POLITICIAN

He walks into a room and a cat sigh
He is a challenge to your mind,
A swift inspiration.
He knows where your heart is
And he supplies it.
When his brow lifts,
A man is down,
A fear to the unknown,
A mystery to your sight.
You hear but don't see him coming,
And he grabs your heart.
That craves perception
For his attention,
So that you are tricked to be free.

LOVE, MUSIC, AND BASKETBALL

Who has heard the tale
Of a soothing peace?
Who will comprehend its sting
And call it a kiss?
Who understands its immortality
And does not hold him?
Who will he find?
And who will not keep him?

His eyes twinkle like a keyboard note,
And he caresses
Like a guitar melody
Awaiting a boost of rose's fragrance.
He awaits her smile
Just so he is appeased.

A strong man with tears
Is happy when he scores a point
And more glad when he falls.
Like the ball he loves to hold,
He carries her wherever he goes
So whom will he love
And will not love in return?

JULY 26, 2009

My legs hurt, perplexed by loss.
My mind glows, amazed by need.
He is positive yet negative.
Today I looked at him to keep him;
He reached out
And I gave him a home.

Promised forever in his desperate speech,
I searched why love sings
Unfelt melody.
I kissed the Prince Charming
That I knew was not mine,
But all the same
I gave him a home July 26, 2009.

When you said you see me,
You saw her.
So July 20, 2011,
You this,
Unfinished romance lingers,
Unfinished homemade lies
Left
To pose for the camera of lust.

Torn apart, I lost it
In a midnight cry,
But so soon, July 2011,
An angel gave me the home
That you left unresolved.
Now I know I never needed you
Though we sought love.

LOVE ME

Your sun is going down
Please
Don't take your love out of town.
I never started that Asian war.
Your shadow is disappearing,
But, love, I still need your company.
I hear you bang the door
Like you have done so many times.
Don't take your love out of town.
I need your love tonight.

Suddenly you stress every word.
You hold to me firmly.
Suddenly you are staring,
Searching for a reason.
God, you are breaking my heart,
I can feel you saying good-bye.
You are turning,
Instead turn to me.

INTERNET MAN

I wouldn't feel you,
I wouldn't see you,
I wouldn't even listen to you,
So write on, Internet man,
But I won't be there to hold your hand as I used to.
Am through with you,
So strong and inspiring,
But as you were writing to me
You wrote to someone new.

No one understands me like you,
No one talks right like you
Or clicks my notes like you.
I remember our songs.
Oh! Beautiful Man,
You travel the world doing one-night stands
With people who think little of you.
Is such a shame
When shame can talk.

I won't be there to hold you
'Cause I am through with you.
Powerful man, you are a genius,
Yet a broken shell.
You make magic,
Yet throw gold to swans.
You know your game,
Yet no one needs you like you think they do.
Write on, Internet man.
I still believe in you.

LOVE THROUGH

Burning up, I woke in a desperate desire.

Strange, so strange,

A beat beats in my mind.

Oh, my mind heavy with you,

Dreaming of your test,

Craving your soul,

I faced the storm

To bring you love.

Lost in a cold mood,

I remember your specialty, you could only do.

The whirling streets only inspire,

And at the gate of last breath

I shall bring you love

Unpolluted.

GOOD LUCK, LOVE

I gave you the gift that will make me go by,
 Made you have a reach.
Like a honey you sweeten.
 You said you love me,
 But good luck, love—
You are an office-made lie.

Forgive me for loving your misery,
 Forgive me life so sweet.
 Don't say goodbye,
 Your truth is killing me.
Oh! Sweet you are, an office-made lie.

PRETTY MEN

What do we compare you with?
You wildflower or a ray of delight?
God has gifted you with might
And grace to sparkle your way out.
Like a woman's waist, you charm your way into minds,
Pretty men,
Like a star you wink at everyone
And will belong to no one.

How do we measure your worth?
Art thou strong like words or a feeble thought?
If you must love
You love many too soon to depart,
You remain in many thoughts
And warm, just a heart.
Then you steal your way
Into every arm that cares to share.

Like a cigar in the finger of lust,
You sniff until your essence cries.
Pretty men keep late nights and eat from every store.
He is a king in a fool's world,
Pretty men!

THE MARRIED WOMAN

It's cold; she says it's ice tea.
It's getting blurry; she says it's rain.
A sway here, an exposed lap there,
And smile through a running wheel.

How long will he run
While you write why?

The bed is bigger now
And the bottle looks like an arm
With nested curly hair.
She swings the portrait of destiny
While company comes to take her hand.
When he hits the road again,
She hits fantasy.

You cry to the shadow on your mind
Like hell in life
And age seeking a fruit.
He's gone to town;
She leaves with bangs at every passing chest.
For God's sake, turn around.
Don't seek company; let's wait for Mr. Right!

NOT THE GIRL I USED TO BE

The music has changed,
A dawn has kissed me,
Forever I arise.

TO LOVE A PRESIDENT

It takes courage to lead a man,
A flair for achievement to rule your mind.
It takes time to master your craft
And takes destiny to conquer your heart.

But I will burn the candle to bring you love,
Will read wide to appease your might.
Go wide to capture your eyes,
'Cause like the sun, they make dreams shine.

Play me the beat.
Am married to the president.
It takes faith to keep the ride
With the zeal on his left and my face on his right.
He inhales with delight
In his life.
My president has come!

WHY?

Why do you look that way,
As if rotten things fly?
Why do you attest what you know not?
Why the sudden stare
And a critical sigh?
Why judge me
When grace justifies me?
Your wanton, righteous deed.

Can't you see beyond my brown skin?
Can't you see beyond?
Can't you see the harvest I inspire
Instead of my greasy hair?
Why do you look that way?
Have you forgotten the pain
That I had to bear
To make this country fly?
You prudent fool!

How many must go down
Before you realize I care?
How many times must I die
To remind you of love's mercy?
Who cares about your ego or wealth?
How will they save or take all to heaven?
What lesson have you taught a soul?
What gives you the right to make my brother my enemy?
All the borders are crimes;
Just as the law reproaches,
So does your fame inflict .
I feel a feeling.
Something within brings me tears.
I read within me
A rage out to destroy man's craving for his brothers' blood.
How does the eagle know not to eat what

The vulture eats?

I see a world descend
And in it a rainbow,
Raise taking storms

I see a sun,
Proclaim liberty,
The stars dancing like
The tune of a child's laughter.

Oh! This world is here and will not take a hypocrite.

How dare you look at me that way?
You call me a terrorist?
No! You don't know who a terrorist is.

Go ask a husband who lost his wife in a bomb blast,
Or ask a child whose parents were butchered,
Or please ask the girl
Who has lost her womb due to a beastly rape?
Or maybe go 'round the street checking if the innocent is always not
to blame and destroy.

Then come back and tell me who the terrorist is.

Am not saying you are,
But how do you know what you know
And call it right, when you withhold?
Just asking, why?

MY STAR LOVES ME

A hasty landing beneath the deep blue sky,
Then a song so beautiful
Falls like a delicate desire
Now falling out of night to light,
Like that gaze back at me, you look at me.
This time I see it;
I can't believe it.
You live in the deep part of me.
I can't believe it,
That I couldn't feel it,
A whisper of your loving
Has me crash-landing into you,
And all the while you were right in front of me.
Alone in a home,
Your friendship embraced my fearful heart.
Then you pointed out what I wanted,
Now am crazy for your love.
I can't believe it,
But I sure want it.
How I long to hear you breathe beneath the moonlit sky
As you tell me about truth, love, and freedom.
You are where I want to be.
Just can't believe I can love again,
Am not afraid to love.
All this while you were there as I played around the dating chair.
Promise you, now I see it,
And I believe it,
So play on, Sax Man!

DON'T LOVE ME

Don't love me, please.

Don't even think it.

Don't cry for me.

Don't pity me.

Stop the caring.

Please, am begging you,

Don't love me this way,

As if you are love.

Deny me, betray me,

Hit me, reject me,

Just don't love me.

Don't be faithful.

Don't hold me tight that way,

As if I were your life.

Don't need me, lead me—

My heart has gone cold.

Don't dare kiss me,

Am deadly,

Am begging you to get going,

Though I can't get my heart from you.

I love you too much to keep you.

Why do you say

No that way when I say don't love me, saint?

Don't tempt me, please.

I don't want to hurt you.

Battling desire,

Burning in a sweet confusion,

'Cause if I must love you,

Then I must kill you.

HOPE

Time! Hope knocking my mind,
Life with its uncertainties
Makes me cry a times,
But tonight I feel lucky to be me,
Am happy to be alive and free!

Stars so bright, the wind so fine,
Seize this memory; stand for right.

We fall, we rise,
We love, we hate.
In the joy and pain
Just hold my heart.

Catch the tale,
Release your fear
Even if we won't glow,
But with life fly again when we rise.
So let's spend our life loving through.
Don't want anything more
If not you!

MY FAVORITE POEM

I wake up with a breathless smile,
Just saw you in my dreams.
My heart bounces up,
Just heard your voice.
Your kind brow and your joy move.
I understand when I see love in your giggle.
Oh, sweetness, you are an endless inspiration
For my poetic mind.
You are a surprise to this child,
A warm puzzle
To a disappearing world.
The words in you heal.
I am wondering
Why heaven blessed me so,
To give me a hope as thou.
You, indeed so sweet,
My morning bloom,
My favorite poem, I love you especially when
You remind me of my greatest
God, so compassionate!

JEDIDIAH

Thinking not to sink Jedidiah,
Looking not to melt Jedidiah,
Singing not to fall Jedidiah,
Praying Jedidiah.

Oh! My heart cries out.
Like a craving child
I kneel before humility
To be loved
By thee, Jedidiah.

Dancing not to shake Jedidiah,
Laughing not to weep Jedidiah,
Panting not to lust Jedidiah,
Yes, beloved Jedidiah.

Oh! Passionate poet of souls,
A song on lips
And a mind of peaceful wars.
Wisdom pours out of you
Like honey falling,
Sweet Jedidiah.

SHAME HAS A SONG

Life goes on,
You make me strong.
Music is on,
You make me long.
Shame has a song,
You are the song.

Little we know,
But sure to return
A little when you cry now,
'Cause what goes around turns.
Shame has a song,
You are the song.

Never wanted pity,
Just wanted passion.
In the pain of this city
Called tears, you cry me an ocean.
Shame has a song,
You are the song.

A beautiful, messy danger,
A sweet addiction,
The speedy, swift hunger
For your devotion.
Shame has a song,
You are the song.
Baby, lay me down while you close the door .
Take the time this time
To breathe our precious lure
Of a time when we had all the time.
But you are a shame
For a song, baby!

IN MY SOUL

Can you touch my soul?
Read my mind to know that
As the days go by,
You roam a sweet season.
You remain a sweet flavor
For my senses,
To keep you
In my soul
For an unconditional loving.
Just asking, darling.

I HAVE BEEN BLESSED

I got to hear mamas and babas laugh
And Grandma teach me wisdom,
Got to be loved by my extended family.
I got to listen to Namsa sing me to sleep.
I got to hear and see the people that love me
And love them so much it hurts.
I got to watch the stars, sometimes with the moon
Smiling back at me.
I got to walk under the piercing sun
And the depressing dark,
Sometimes got to cry, to smile,
Fall to fly.
But I feel so blessed
To be in this beautiful world,
Being so loved and cherished,
So beautifully and perfectly created.
I thank God to have been blessed to be in the family of
CAPTAIN EMMANUEL NOMAH.
His favorite child.
Miss you so much, Grandpa.

MARCH 20, 2012

Trying to distinguish happiness and joy,
Trying to redefine the art of love,
I've no words,
No chance to even think when I sink.

Know what?
Am thinking of you even when I shouldn't.
If I could I would,
So am wondering which is simpler:
Loving you or dissolving in your essence.
My sunny poem to you, angel.

Will I find my way out of this mystery,
Where love is, all its game to naught?
In your heartbeat a place as home,
As you linger within the pages of life,
A blue sky and cloud of dark,
The world is meaningful with you in it,
My precious one!

My dearest one, mine, oh mine,
Close your eyes and dream with me.
Don't weep again; let me carry your tears,
Let me melt your fears.
Speed is not in my vine.
You are safe with me
Upon the wings of my divine love.
O! My precious one,
Can't you see no one will love you more?
My beloved, be at ease !

Wait a minute!
Let's go to the sky.
I want to love you,
Get lost making memories so sweet.
I really want to bless you beneath the twinkling stars.
Can't you see I am going insane?

Can't you see, oh beloved,
How good your love makes life?
Life is good when you love
And you are loved in return.

When I needed someone to love me,
In need of a lover.
When I called out, no one could hear me,
Searching for a listener.
You see, I've been dumped roadside.
You see, my heart has been broken twice or more.
You see, you see.

When I reached out, no one could hear me,
In search of shoulder.
When I cried out, no one could hear me,
Waiting for a soul that I could love.
When I thought all hope was gone,
You came around, you pretty life,
And gave me love just as it is,
And all I can I say now
Is ha ha ha ha.
All your love makes me say is
Ha ha ha ha ha Hallelujah.

You make me say
Ha ha ha ha ha Hallelujah .
When you find someone to love
And you are loved in return,
You know that it is true
When you feel at home,
Bigger each time you think it.
Deeper than the blue sea,
Love goes through
All the way, come what may.
Now for sure I am gonna love you,
As peaceful it feels.
When it is love it's complete and sure,
That's how you know it.

That's how love goes, come what may.
Wherever Jesus leads us,
We will sing ha ha ha ha ha ha ha hallelujah all the way.

THANK YOU

Each time you reach for me,
I will be right there for you,
As you have been for you.
I don't want to ever be apart from you
'Cause your love sees me through.
So I will keep you in me,
Everywhere I am, you will be.
Thank you for loving me, darling,
Thank you!

I TESTIFY

As long as my heart beats
I shall testify,
Testify of dreams fulfilled.
How swiftly your goodness flows
Like a peaceful river,
Calling out to a starry eclipse of love.

I shall tell all who care to know
Of how I couldn't resist what I should.

As long as the sun blazes,
I will tell what you've done:
Turned life of misery to joy.
Thank God you choose to love me.

Can't wait for seasons to come,
Every moment of different colour,
Appear as we dissolve in LOVE.
In a joyful silence embraced by heaven,

We will sprinkle mercy
On our way to eternity.
Together we will testify
LOVING in and out of season!

WHEN YOU LOVE ME

It begins a tale
As a door bangs,
So we unite like sun to earth,
To a place of no return,
No tomorrow or yesterdays.
Sorrow stops
This art of passion
Like a spring of songs,
Your heart beats against mine
Like a string to a dancing feet.
Your touch lingers still,
Smoothly like a gentle whisper till, dear, we become one.
Engrossed in a delightful, insatiable thirst,
I fly to where I belong,
I scream that I am proud to be a woman,
I sigh because you confuse me to deliver me.
It's so sweet being a child in your loving embrace,
All because you love me in and out of time.

FORGIVE ME, OH FRIEND OF SINNERS!

I pray to thee, oh Lord,
God whose mercies never end.
I pray to you, faithful one of Zuru land.
With might and kindness you rule;
You are right in your time,
My beginning, my ending,
The one who shelters the naked
And feeds the poor.
You who avenge the betrayed
And bring justice to unrighteousness,
You speak in truth, for you are the truth,
The way, the life, the love that repairs my rotten vanity.
You are gracious and kind;
You reward any who will seek you,
Sweet like a honeycomb,
Gentle as a breath,
A friend to sinners, a lover, and a sweet inspiration.
Your love moves me.
Your love is beyond all there is and to come.
Who on earth will love someone like me?
You alone are my mighty warrior,
My husband, my knight.
You lift me high from the slums
And make me your queen.
You are for me, who can be against me?
Compassionate appeaser to the heartbroke n
And the giver of life,
I shall praise you from everlasting to everlasting.
Who will seek your face and not find?
You are there when no one else is,
You wipe my tears as though it was a thought.
You are the greatest and there is no God beside you,
You who inspires the weak to greatness and the strong to humility.
With you I have everything,

In you I stand tall to look upon your lovely face.
Words can't express, nor will senses exude
Your excellence and judgment
My God, my father, the one who died to save me from sin,
I acknowledge my sins.
Please do forgive my wantonness, for your love's sake.
If you don't I'm finished.
Who have I beside you?
No one but you, God.
Forgive me so I can find peace,
For sin brings me nothingness and rottenness.
I can't be holy without you but in you.
Hear me, oh Lord!
Here am I, who truly wants to please you.
Come into my heart and stay.
In Jesus's name I seek, amen!

MAY 12, 2012, 1:00 P.M.

He says to me,
He tells my mind
Things that leave,
One to need,
When he says, I love you
I really do.

Touch my soul,
Make me soar,
He is mine for all
Eternity or more.
When he says, I love you,
I really do.

He whispers my name.
Softly, he says Gotname,
And it's like I've never heard it before.
He was my miracle long before
He said, "I love you,
I really do."

His words are true.
I know it, because his act is real
With this gem too real,
And I cannot believe
When he says, I love you,
I really do.

I'm the best, he sings ,
The one, he sighs.
Forever, he preaches.
In death or life, he proclaims,
When he says, I love you,
I really do.

Wouldn't change a thing,
Wouldn't change no thing

In another time or world.
I will shout hallelujah to the Lord.
Who knows if I'll change in another world?
I might find you in it,
So I am content with an everlasting gratitude.

Moments should be cherished,
A smile should hold meaning,
An embrace should go a long way
'Cause who knows when it will end
And all you have left
Is the memory that you collect?

MOMENT

A moment I want to see
In the mind that seeks me alone,
Blind not with love but sweet, bitter jealousy,
Unfolds in moments I deny.
The day Christ died he set a scroll
Of how I must love if I will live,
A moment I want to see,
A thought without hate,
A moment happy, never-ending,
A dreamer, Mrs. Luther King,
If you must say.
But I am the dream to be sought,
The moment, the dream.

WE CAN'T BE FRIENDS

It feels it is the end,
The end of a beginning,
A beginning that sticks more than a heart.

If I could,
I would make you stay.

If we could,
We would not leave behind
What we made
To last for eternity,
'Cause I will always love you again.

We can't play by the sand
'Cause we might kiss.
We can't ride the bikes
'Cause we might just go to cloud nine.
We can't be friends
'Cause we might just love again.

I LEAVE

Last night I called.
Your friend picked up.
In the morning I called,
And you were on call.
So I came now,
And you are glad I left now.

Your eyes went down
And you sighed.
You stand
But you cry.
I'm not moved
Just because you are sick.

Take the cup,
Take a sip,
Sniff, this is your last,
'Cause when you call next time,
I will be gone.

'Cause I found the greatest love of all.
Am gone dancing,
Gone singing,
Gone striving,
Gone laughing,
Gone being without you.

Failure is never my fear ,
But I'm never trying without you.
I will not walk with you,
Even if you take my heart.
At least I have my dignity,
'Cause when you stopped answering
My relentless calls,
I found my strength in love.

If I stay that means
I would have to share with her.
If I stay that means
I would have to stop our flight.
If I should stay,
Then I would have to see you go into her room.
If I should stay,
Then I would accept that I'm not yours alone.
If I stay,
Then I will always be gone.
That's why I will go,
So you will glow in love,
But I will never stop the passion.

I HAD IT ALL

I had it all but I let it slip away.
Did not mean it
When I blew it in the wind,
Pushed you away.
Forever, insanity has made a hollow.
When do I heal
From this pain?
Don't want to be in this alone.

Now silence sings through my eyes,
Tears gushing into the basket.
Change has disappeared
And your arms are a cold place
Hanging on a broken window,
We cry, we groan.
When I had it all,
I cried.

WAITING FOR HE WHO HAS FAITH IN ME

I cry in the sun and the moonlit floor.
Why? I just don't know.
I write every emotion.
In my mind I thrive for worlds unknown,
Trying to reveal the uncertainty of life.
I'm an endless dreamer.
I have feet that sing to every rhythm,
Got the heart that can conquer any storm.
But one thing I don't have is time not to believe,
Or believe in temporal vanities.

While he works on the computer,
I write my heart on scrolls.
He looks at me and says,
Write on, baby, I believe in you.
You can change the world with your writings.
I see him in the future believing in and loving me
While the world argues whether to believe or not.
He sits visible in a crowd just searching for me
To have faith in me.

Not just a wish—
A prayer in contented request
For my king who believes in me.
Who will tread the world for my love?
Give up all to build a home with me?
I believe him to have faith in me .

As he dreams I will create the world upon the slate of life.
I will hold him tight,
Even if I don't understand why he believes in me.
I will believe in the faith he has in me.
Don't have the silver or gold,
But the stars obey me and the sun bows to me,
So when he comes, he who has faith in me,

We will in faith change the world.

HOW DO I BREAK IT?

He doesn't call anymore.

He calls me her name.

He doesn't care.

He dares call me names.

My mind knows he wants it over,
But how do I break it to my heart?

LOVING YOU

Thought I wouldn't love aloud,
I mean really deeply love.
Thought that faithfulness is a tale from a fairy land.
I mean, actually, an ex made believe,
But no buts nor ifs,
No buts with thee.

My love is stronger somehow,
More deep and assuring, pure and lasting.
With time I love you more.
Won't let you go,
'Cause mountain high, river wide,
Your love assures.

It's love I feel for you,
Not lust or infatuation.
Neither do insecurities nor uncertainties play.
We grow better day by day.
Heavens know,
It grows sweeter as our love grows.
Won't let you go,
Only when you want me to.
I love you alone in my heart.

SIX LEFT, JEDIDIAH CAME!

Six you see after you slammed the door.
I cried my eyes out then kept you aside,
Never wasted any time, any more,
Or any moments of cloudy stride
That hold me to you
And bring me back.

I look at the soul of life.
Just at the peak I saw what I await.
Sun to sun, we hold hands through life,
Going where God hails through light.
You look at me, sweet Jedidiah,
And I know I'm home.

Have found the rose for roses.
It's sweet to be loved, oh roses!
On eternity's lip we come through
On the shoulder of love so true.
I have so much love to give.
I give asking for nothing in return.

My playing days come to stand
As I see you need me, want me more, sweet Jedidiah.
Don't you go; I love you more than any could.
I will stand by you, believe me, Jedidiah.
If God wills it, will love you every second more,
Just as you love me more than any did.

WHEN I FALL IN LOVE

I said when I love I will love forever
When I give my heart it will be completely
When I fall in love in this restless world, if ever
I will hold the moon, will fall for you completely
With you everywhere
Till we reach the place of no return.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

We have a friendship that won't end.

Find your strength in my love,
Run to me when life's sorrow blows
Or the night scares your heart.

I will stay, won't run away,
Will wipe your tears, oh, dear friend,
Will keep you safe from harm,
Make sense where there is none.

You can count on me
To laugh when you do,
Count on me, dear friend.

HE IS MINE

He met me at the crossroad
When I thought love must hurt to give.
He gives me love that I have never seen,
Lifts me up when I am down.
He's all the man I will ever need,
All I've got on this earth of joy and pain.
He is mine to keep.

DAVID'S INSPIRATIONS

I might be for now skeptical
A farm girl running while I sing the wild,
A lily that is admired from afar.
Soon I become the woman in all blood vessels,
The beat aloud like unhidden sun at its time,
Soon am the song in all tongues.
And then you wonder where's the wind,
And then you are puzzled
About a good thing in Nazareth.
Who has told God how to create?
Or who has made him an equal?
Hey!
Look, I'm the needs beside the waters.
Like the three I bloom
To heaven, which is my goal.
But your mouth will be on the floor
The day you find me and can only feel me.
I move, a spring of David
In the wild, enjoying his company,
'Cause I am David's inspirations.

THE DESPERATE NEED

The hustling streets fume
From dream to dream
As souls walk its path
To uncertain gain.

The clouds fly suddenly,
Stars clashing speedily.
Storms and whirling feet of men
Moan in haste for shade.
Shame, oh shame,
Let wings cover the shame,
I heard myself say
In the mist of struggling breath.
There he stood,
A golden coin,
Soon as the magic began
As a vibrating sway of springs
Melodious green.
Too sudden his lips against her.
Oh, poor me.
But wait—

Who are these hooded vultures?
With rotten meat,
Hanging some as cultures
That betray to accept.

SHOULD I DO THIS?

Should I dream?
Live from dream to dream,
Searching for permanence?
Should I dream of cloudy sunsets?
That sets my loins ablaze.
Why are dreams so far?
Please fly with me. Oh! Dream.
'Cause how can dreams be without my dream?

Should I believe?
Live from belief to belief,
Lurking behind beliefs
In search of purpose?
If what I believe is true,
What about your knowing me?
If I believe to flow,
Then what paths do I begin
If to believe
Leaves me not believing
The truth from the truth?

Should I forget?
Live behind the undone,
Running from sun to sun
To have a glimpse of life's realities
Without bittersweet goodbyes
To deeds unachieved
Through the history of time ?
If you were me,
Would you forget
Or refuse to let go
When you know forgiveness heals?

Should I drive?
Live till the moon dissolves

To find me answers in rocks?
Drive till I reach
This faithful quest,
Which I won't surrender
'Cause I am here to will
In this human race,
And that, my friend,
Is what I believe.

UNDERSTANDING THE TIME

I understand that silence,
Where everything is close to clear.
I recognize that whisper
That caresses carelessly,
The chirping of birds
Thrilled by the midday.

I understand that essence
Where everything is present.
Luck and chance I recognize,
That music that lifts my weary feet,
The patient birds
Thrilled by the coming midnight.

Oh! Sure, I understand life.
Where every lip says something,
I recognize a different meaning,
Like when a car smashes a bird
And ants explore its remains,
So are humans against their
Troubled, confused souls.
Understand the time that we've become.

IF YOU DENY ME

Circumstances will come knocking;
I never said they won't.
Trials will prod;
I never said they won't.
Situations in moment's merriment will come;
I never said they won't.
Time will tell all that I have given;
I never said otherwise.
So in all works,
In all beliefs or influence,
If you deny me
I will deny you.
Yes, I will.
Failure will come;
I never said it won't.
Success will heal;
I never said it won't.
'Cause while I was with you,
I went through all so you could overcome.
What justification will you justify
When my grace brings you back when you've gone astray?
How can you, oh man, dare deny me?
Well, if you do,
I will definitely deny you.

THE SUN 'ROUND THE EARTH

The sun, 'round it goes until it gets to time.
If I may tell a tale, I will mention a rose.
But in orbit revolution appears
On a clay platter.
The world is a round, sweet, bitter thing.
And if in thought,
One must let it dissolve
Like snow under the shining sun.
What am I writing? A figure of speech?
Or an endless idea?
Am writing life in a paper
About how the earth consumes and will not deny,
Writing about the romantic display
Between tender lovers
Who by choice deny the existence of innocence?
Am writing a freedom speech,
One not spoken or heard,
But felt as the sun goes 'round the earth.

RAW INSANITY

What's happening?
Is the world singing,
Or playing in a mindless crime?
Because my heart is seeking
The truth in a false script.

Everyone fighting,
But what really is worth fighting for?
Destruction, now a sweet thing
Like the apple in Adam's stomach.
We bloom in careless adoration;
We rot in this modern slavery.

All people are actors,
And all the world a stained stage.
Madness on the brow of men
And delicious poison on women's lips,
Vanity upon vanity, everything all vanity,
In this time we know, yet we rebel.
Oh! Delightful folly.

Holding the staff of justice,
But call right wrong, and wrong right,
Spooning bullshit in raw sunlight.
O! O! O! Raw insanity,
Let's fight to save ourselves.

THE FALLEN

Where the heart is, I'm told.
Where the treasure is,
I hear me hail.
What do we do
When the mighty task
Has refused the tale?
Who is the bride of folly?
Who has brought us here?
I see the big whore hold the staff of glory.
She wails, she scorns,
And great men fall like staggering hearts.
How come we wait?
Who will salvage
This crime we've become?
We've fallen.

The nation green,
Climes of wonder.
In white we proclaim,
Yeah! The black night splendor speaks.
We run—I ran, too,
Just to wake the six to kiss.
Oh, blood to blood
In a dark covenant,
We explore the undone.

But who will return?
Oh, nations ,
Who will forsake
And not have
Goodness and a mercy
Beyond folly?
Let's return because we love each other.
Let's come back to life.
Let's fly.

Let's arise
For our future, for our home,
Nigeria.

SILVER AND GOLD

They can buy you everything
Important in many ways.
They can take you anywhere,
Sparkling your night and worries away.
They are cheap if you can sell yourself
And expensive if you must work hard for them,
'Cause many sought them and found not only them
But things that come with them:
Fame, riches, and power
Make you drunk in the midday slumber.

Silver and gold can make you dumb or shot your eyes,
Wear down your soul
When, if their love
Drowns your every being,
They will turn you into a fool.

They are gifts given by God.
They are for all to take,
If by love we take to give,
'Cause if by all means we strive in blood,
Using weapons spiritual and physical
To gain what is already ours,
We lose the will
That is rightfully ours.

Silver and gold, live it
All for Christ ,
Or if you must, 'cause you should.
Save it for the common good of humanity.
Silver and gold are good like wine,
Yet can turn alcohol if made by your rotten heart,
So don't deny me and love them.

WAIT ON ME JUST A WHILE

Pray on just a little while longer; it won't be long; everything will be
all right.

When the dark was dark
And the clouds grew thick,
When the world swore to take down every dream, every night,
You whispered.

Pray on just a little while longer, and I promise you, everything will
be all right.

When my heart bleeds
And all tears go dry,
And sorrow hangs on the wait
When the rainbow seemed to fade,
You whispered.

Love on just a while; it won't be long; everything will be all right.

When confusion and doubt
And fear with anxiety proclaimed
The steps ahead,
And self-pity kept drowning,
You whispered.

Hope on just a little while longer; it won't be long; everything will be
all right.

When no one cared
And I had to embrace the silent desire,
And all that I wanted
Made me wait endlessly,
You whispered.

Have faith just a little while; it won't be long; everything will be all
right.

Indeed, God is no man that he should lie
My God is faithful, because all my days he is ever sufficient.

FOR THE COSMOS

And there we stand at the present,
Never understanding the past
Or the future,
But we are in between the three,
Trying to distinguish,
So we embrace the entity.

Confused, splendid being
'Round the round clock.
You yearn you call out
Dream,
The peace, unity, harmony, and love
In a world.
Imagine no war, no death.

Limitless, wide creature,
Produced by a humble word,
Beauty inexplicable, magic unveil,
Reality untraceable
Innocence lost but hopeful fragrance,
Oh! Cosmos.

You turn kings to fools
And fools to kings,
Like two cups of wine
Intoxicate; that's our fate
If we must in time unveil your many mysteries.
Like a kiss after a long pause ,
You whisper behind my fears.
You are the shadow.
How I adore your nature green.

Your filament and firmament
Upon your stage,
You keep us
Tireless and just,

Though not yet one, we struggle.
You hold us together.

Your tender wildness,
Swift tenderness.
You ooze grace's passionate,
Firm grip.
You, the beginning of all things and their end,
Well, I work your face,
Work mine, too.

THIS SURVIVOR GOTNAME

After a long silence, patience is born.
After the dark cloud comes the rain.
After much pondering comes knowledge.
After a fall comes the stand.
After a storm comes a still whisper.
After a humiliation comes clarity.
When you say I can't,
That's when I do.
When you say, "See the failure,"
That's when I know I am ahead.
When you scorn me
Just because you hear me cry,
Don't go too far; you will hear me laugh.
I'm better than tough times
And stronger than the power of wealth.
After a baby comes Gotname.
This survivor, Gotname,
Is an endless healing mystery.
Look! She comes with him who wipes tears away.
See her sing with the harvesters.
See angels marvel.
See her make God smile
See her move God to a victory dance.
See her embraced in the cloud of grace,
So when next you want to bring her down,
Think again.

REMEMBER ME

Remember my name.
Remember me when the thunder strikes.
Recall my determination.
Remember the joy I wake with.
I am successful.
I am happiness.
Remember my name now;
When next you hear it,
I will be the brightest star in the sky.
I will be the step to many destinies.
I am the greatness you all wait for.
I am not afraid to succeed.
So remember my name,
'Cause I am a living legacy.
Remember me,
A soul that lives forever,
A soul that lives above Sin's evil.

IN YOUR EYES

In your eyes is the time I await,
When flying is just a play
And joy a beautiful song.
In your eyes, I somehow know
We are going to do just fine.
In your eyes is all that I will ever need in a man.
In your eyes I see the calmness, the peace that only comes from
loving you.
I look at your eyes and I find home.
Somehow God has decided to love me, bringing you my way.
In your eyes I see neither lies nor cheating.
I see in your eyes everything in me that is in you,
And, darling, in your eyes I see eternity.
I see in your eyes the one to love alone.
In your eyes I see the one for me.
The only one who, if I refuse him, will forever wander upon this
disappearing world
In your eyes I write and will not stop.
In your eyes I see my winner,
In your angelic eyes.

DEAREST GRANDMA

If only I knew you,
I would have missed you more.
Though you are gone now,
Just as you were long ago,
Now that I miss you
I wish I knew you more.
If only I could tell you,
It never mattered that you were always absent,
'Cause I loved you even then.

When you were here,
I never knew you well,
But since your blood runs through me
I can't help but wish
You were still here on earth.
If only you knew me, Grandma,
You would have loved me more.
Even now I love you
And miss you, even now that you are gone forever.
I will always cherish the smile you gave me
Last December when I saw you first,
'Cause then and there I knew I would forever be a very important
part of you.
Love you, GRANDMA!

TRASH

Trash is anything that keeps you from having what you want.

Trash is anything that sweet-talks you to destruction.

How important is a heart trouble if it never defines what love is?

Trash is those who think there is only one path that leads, that path
them.

Only when you understand that letting go of what does not matter

Brings sense to the essence of your creation

Can you understand that there is no trash worth dying for.

Call me a fool for what

I said before you did,

For I am a fool before the creator,

An empty, helpless creature surrendering to the altar of repentance.

No one told me I would change.

Nowadays few people truly care,

But before you call me childish, I have judged myself childish.

Trash knows, you know it well when nothing is the only thing that
brags about itself.

I judge myself by laying down my mind to be judged by you,

Oh! God Jehovah, my creator.

NO ONE IS BETTER

I will never be better than anyone else.
I will never be less than anyone else.
I take responsibility for my actions,
Deciding on the choices I make,
For I am not better than you are
But a unique being in love with your uniqueness.
Denial is not better than wisdom, but doing
The undone by loving the unloved.
I know fear is no good, but I choose to fear you.
It is about absolute vulnerability—not bravery, victory, or
invulnerability.
It is not about success but the success in failure,
For how can I learn without pain or disappointment?
For I am greater than endurance, smarter than pain,
For insofar as I believe in heaven,
I believe in the victory of my woes that have been nailed by love.
Hit me, dearest—I am born to fly.

Victory knows who you are.
Victory knows me.
Victory is clearing the dust off your mind.
Victory is finding the faithfulness that breeds love, which constrains.
When is the time for this victory? Now!
Now is the time for tomorrow's flight.
So, dear, as the
Salt is found everywhere,
Preach the gospel everywhere.
Salt preserves .
You are created to comfort, preserve, and inspire.
Salt makes thirst.
Make people thirsty for the word of God.

What woman am I supposed to be?
Silent to everything
Or intelligent and ambitious?

What really do you want from me?
To be all right with everything no matter what?
So many questions to answer.

Do you mean I should only react the way
You feel is right?
What is there for me becoming the best that I could be?
What do you want from me?
All I want to do is give you love that will last forever.
If I am not myself with you, then who should I be?

GOD BLESS JEDIDIAH

The sun came out yesterday, finding tears in my eyes.
I thought to give it all up yesterday,
But you won't let me.
Life is just not fair.
Right now, it seems all dark,
But you, sunny delight, held me while I cried.
Never found a love like this,
One that shows hope
And inspires to flight.
Thought my heart would just stop yesterday
From the many delays, the many humiliations,
But you won't let me go.
The thought of you crying,
The thought of you missing me,
The thought of you never loving again,
Made me hope in God for the sunny days,
Made me believe that I will rise again,
Made me get on my feet to fight life down,
Until I reach that place where all dreams come true.
Thank God you love me.
I would have given up yesterday
Just dissolved into air.
How can I stop loving?
How can I live for another
When God has given me everything I need in a man?

LOOK UP TO GOD JEHOVAH

No matter what happens, hold your head up high.

The road is narrow, but we will get there.

It seems gray,

But this is it.

Look up, don't let anyone hold you down.

It is never over unless you want it to be.

Join me, say it.

No weapon fashioned against me shall prosper.

No tear, depression, or people's words

Will make me let go.

I am a winner in Christ Jesus.

Close your eyes, imagine me.

Take a deep breath, breath me.

Take my hand, hold me.

Feel my heart, hear me

Just close to you like nostrils and air.

You will learn to love me more.

Search for me in your heart more.

You are all I never knew I wanted, more

Than anything in this world that could give more.

You are all I will ever need.

Need you to know that you are all

You have given me, all

That many will seek, all

Eternity or more have, all

That God has given us in this vain world.

You are the reality,

A soul graciously loved by my Lord's blood.

TO THE PRAISE OF GOD

From the rising of the sun to the setting,
I praise the Lord my hope.
I keep your word in my heart,
Delight every time in your righteousness.
Lord, my salvation,
Will praise you with a new poem.
My soul will always bless you,
For you are strong in my weakness.

FOR MY CHURCH BOY

Heading toward tomorrow, bye to yesterday,
Not just smiling but laughing.
My world shakes in delight, no more yesterday.
Kind of strange how soon loving
Becomes thrilling, in its sweet, sour, bitter test.
Won't let go.

When I search your eyes, lad,
I see the world I long to be.
Your smile is gentle and kind.
You are so easy to love,
Your charisma, your intelligence,
Your heart that is after God.

Who says church boys are boring?
For God's sake, they have the most everlasting
In their hearts, the most daring,
Never-ending word of life.
If you find a true one, you have found
A touch of heaven in this disappearing world.

You will find that the only man who won't cheat
Is he who loves God and fear for real,
Not because he loves you or wants you badly.
Sisters, whoever sees my heartbeat, tell him.
With him I swear my faithfulness is for real.
He is the only man in this world
The man that I will need forever.

THE WEDDING

Went to three weddings
Thought about the “I do” bells ringing
Beneath the numb melody in conjunction
With the little dreamers of monumental days
Of the tarnished future.

I saw the crying bride,
Touched the face of the broken groom,
And there I was meddling with the unbendable bride
Who lay beside the teary brow of her groom.
He is in another’s arms
While she appeases his unappeased manliness.

The crowd argued all through the basking daylight.
All that confusion made
Was to expose the barrenness of a helpless night,
And there I was, made
For the brokenhearted.

But how do I end the misery of this certain night?
True love that comes from the fear of God is all we need, friends!

BORN ANEW

Walking in your mind,
I see through the soul of your fears.
Searching your eyes, I can almost touch the weariness
That ploughs your exploring heart.
At this junction of life or death,
Do not fear death, for it can only end one thing:
This vain body, flesh,
For you are born again.
Are you born again?

MY READY HEART

I have the ring he gave me
Upon the hill,
On his knees that flushed on the rocky sand.

I play the words he told me
Upon the midday sun,
When he told me for better or worse.

I sing the song
His heart played as I laid mine
Beneath his aspiring sweetness.

I looked for just one I could call mine.
Now I have one that is mine
In all certainty that faith gives.

I am reassured that no kneel stoops low without uplifting,
For he stoops low to conquer my ready heart.

ZARIA NIGERIA

Sister told me what went on in Zaria.
She told me about the hazy weather,
The bloody ooze of hungry vultures.
She shared with me the agony of wickedness,
And I could not help but feel the unworthiness of peace.
Why do men kill men in search of purpose?
I think upon this dreadful night when innocence ran through
My vanity, and I wondered if that's the end of the world.
She told me about wandering sunlight and darkened moons;
She told me about silent songs that sounded in every heart;
She cried when she said she saw paraded corpses on Zaria Road
And how all the people of different races stood gaping at pain.
A child is killed, the government and its paid,
When sister told me I thought about the news from all over the
world.

I feel Christ is so near we don't feel it,
'Cause the sadists have trapped us into hating him.
**The end has come, but we are busy trying to save the world
and not the soul.**

What is worth preserving?
The greenness or the paleness?
I am sentimental, believe me,
But this world has brought me to the door of reality,
And I can't help but try to analyze so I can finalize the prediction of
my destination
At last, when the world will fail to save the world or its souls.
Where have the preachers gone?
Are you busy with Delilah's laps or a crowded church?
Where have the elders gone? Are you so busy with self-worth tha t
you can't see we are burning in our shit?
Where are the mothers? Are gossip and backbiting more important
than praying for the souls of your children?
Where am I? Busy blaming everyone for the wrongs?
The bottom line is, we are on the wrong path for the peace that we

long for.

WILL MAKE IT BY GOD'S GRACE

Looking into my determined mind,
I could not argue but simply
Asked the door to my soul in this
Midnight delay and failure.
What really is the reason for this waiting,
Waiting, just waiting, for a flying bird?
I'm an eagle; I soar.

The bittersweet dreams echo
And the painful letting-go prods,
Shortening my step as I go.
For each dream a falling down in mud,
A failing, a teary day, but at the finish,
Out of the trying sunlight and stormy wind,
A flourishing Gotname,
Greatness in his righteousness.

Though the temptations of life never stop,
So also my tenacious heart.
But with God I thrive,
Not letting go, hoping for that bright future that I know is mine.
Sealed by the blood of Jesus Christ,
I remain focused on the goal.
Dream with me, dear friend—
I pray we flourish to ease the pain in our generation.

YOU AND ME

When I thought I knew who you were,
I met you without knowing you,
I touched you without feeling you,
Heard you without making a sound.

Walked in the mist of confusion,
Betrayed by bees,
I waited while you searched;
I prayed while you sought.

Like big visions await,
I waited in the crowd,
Felt your presence but not yet you.
So while I danced with a few,
They were never you.

Just a distraction of you,
Learned a lot to my disdain.
That is my inspiration for greatness.
So you walked by
As I longed for much more.

Then we found us,
We found us in the bosom of true love.
You and me forever,
Dearest Jedidiah.

MY REFLECTION

The rise and falling
Faced the pain,
Broke the heart while hurting,
Longed for the sweet lane
To become the woman fit for a king.
My heart trembled when I saw your face.

I learned the ways to break hearts,
The hearts that broke mine twice,
Tears that won't dry soon thirst like a heart,
And I felt the sting of a lonely romance.
Close your eyes.
My soul has fallen for your face.

Loved the two-faced, callous, lustful, fearful Romeo,
I saw the best he could be,
Though he is the last on my mind.
When somebody loves you, it's no good
Unless he loves you through life—
Beginning, tomorrow, in and out of time
Come what may.

I'm not a fool to say what the future holds,
But I believe God will have me love you all the way
Now that I found you, my dearest reflection.

YOU MAKE ME LOVE YOU

Maybe I shouldn't love you,
But there is no going back.
Would want to control you
But can't even if I try.
Impossible to live in your idea,
But impossible to live out of you.

You make me sick then you soothe my healing.
You make me think then show me the path.
You make me free then hold me back.
You fight but love me.
You make me laugh then make me cry.
My life would be empty without you.

I think you kill me to make me live.
Mad at you but longing for you past midnight.
Want to run away like I did so many times
But can't. Even as I tried today,
Now all I want to say is I love you,
But I am crying for you.
Don't want to love anyone but you.

Whatever you do,
I won't love anyone else but you.
You are the only road I'm taking,
The only man to guide me,
Beside me to lead me to heaven beyond.

WILL ONLY LOVE THE ONE

When I was nine I told myself

When I fall in love

It will be for always,

Through the rocky years

Or disabled dreams.

When I just was a girl,

I promised myself

I will only give my heart

To the one who gives me his,

And die for the one that is dead for me.

Will never completely give myself

To the coward in this restless world,

To he who will lose himself for me.

Will I lose myself wholly?

MY TIME

The midday song of cherubs,
Sighs of laughter engulf
The dews of tears dripping.
Like a careless whisper,
I listen to nothing except the one
Who rings a delightful rainbow.

Joy has come.
What I searched for, I have found.
The Christmas in your smile,
The dance of your feet,
Lift me up to the world of greatness.
It's my time.
This time is mine.

You are mine,
I am yours,
We are us.
Whoever is nobody
Is somebody to somebody,
But what disco light?

Why call the Lord, Lord
When he is no lord to your desire?
Why call him savior when he is no savior to you?
Why crave his love
And not let his love in
Or romance his name
Or appease his holiness ?
You have everything yet nothing;
That's what is so painful about the folly in deception.
The masquerade dances the temporal delight
Like it were a million kisses on your unkept skin.
But actually, what really it is is the madness
Of kings and fools in the midnight pretence.

THE ACHING MAN

Will just close my eyes,
Will just take off my ring,
Pretend the sun will never shine on me again.
Will keep my secret
As long as the ruby chicks
Keep me, need me.
Oh, darling, please believe me.
I won't do you any harm,
'Cause when I think it
I feel like I will die.
But now I am not trying to change the world—
Just want your love.
You are gone to Neverland.
In my tears will kiss the dirt
Before you are back.

THE WORLD I AM IN

I look at the world.
I know it is ruined,
Though I hope we are learning.

I look at your face.
I see your sadness,
Though you smile through the music.

I look at the street.
I have found
It always needs sweeping.

The soul of my pen
Cries for revolution,
A peace that is mine,
Not the borrowed, peaceful misery.

I hear my words mourn
In the romance between lust and love.

I know what I know,
But you will never know what I have been through.
Joy and sadness caressed my open mind
As if it were the air I breathe,
Until I came to the place of contentment and peace.

THE CLASSIC GIRL

Whisper, in the free breeze
That flaps your hair.
Smile, giggle, in the breeze
That praises your broken wares.
Sitting from behind,
I see the unseen.

Embrace the kissing sun.
Don't stand thinking—
Just wait.
Don't run away.
Life is a perfect stage
For our love-play.

You are a superwoman.
Don't gossip for gain or loss.
Take the hoe, dig the gold,
Living nature to nurture mould.
You are a crowned glory.
Listen, I hear the unheard.
I remember you, my sister from another mother.
I have faith in you.

RYENA BITRUS

She is soft as cotton,
She is as fragile as soul,
She is strong yet tender,
her.

She is a vision of a white dove,
An everlasting leaning shoulder,
As strong as rock in her faith and pride.
Her love is deep and patient.

She forgives in desperate tears,
And her smile lights up every world,
Though she breaks or hurts deeply,
She flies like the golden eagle—

A mother, a friend, a wife, a lover, a model, a guide, a virtue.

She is all you want and need at all times.

Gathers us in her tender, strong wings.

Her bosom is a never-failing shelter.

She loves Father like the only air in her,
Respects and understands him in hope and love.

Oh, graceful and beautiful as the rainbow,

She is a woman,

My mother.

BITRUS NOMAH

He is hard like a principled law,
His fingers fruitful like trees by the riverside,
Never ideal or lazy,
Not fooled by alcohol or any civilized, wanton ways.
He is passionate yet stronger than strength.
He is sensitive in reality.
He has a heart like a two-edged sword.
He loves, true and enduring.
He is my father.

Never ashamed to carry me on his lap.
He says no matter how old you get, you are still my baby.
He introduces me with pride and faith.
He is a compassionate teacher.
His table is never empty.
Though there's little in his pockets,
He has all that the world cannot give.
He is a relentless farmer
Whom seeds obey and plants applaud.
He is my teacher, my great harvester.

He has a melody in his heart.
He writes it in my heart as he plays the keyboard to welcome the
morning,
And will dance with me anytime in this crowded, insane world.
Have I told you
How he loves Mother like life and puts only God before her?
And he prays, and oh! Each time he prays ,
He reminds me of our compassionate Christ.
He is the man inspiring my Mr. Right.
He is a man.
He is my father.

HE SPEAKS LIKE SOFT COTTON

And so he speaks
As a thunder down.
So he hails
Like a child's laughter.
So he sings
Of a holy compassion.
When he speaks, I am where I should be.

So he speaks.
I heard it as if it were a poem.
I heard him say,
Blessed art thou; bless, too.
He touched me
And my shame disappeared.
Now that I have met the truth,
My life will never be the same.

A feeling, if I may say,
But beyond a child's description.
I felt a thrill the world can't bear.

He said, "Faith
Is the key."

A voice called out,
He said, "Behold, my throne
Is come !

Hear! Listen, I speak
Before the trumpet sound."

I stir up.
He speaks like soft cotton,
A gentle feeling
Like a flickering flame.

A wild wind cries,
Delivering and restoring
My spirit,

My heart.
Oh, music for my soul, sing on!
The love of my soul, speak on!

OUT THERE, IN HERE

You go out there
Among the vultures.
I am here,
Dreaming of cultures,
Of true worlds displayed
When my heart rang.

You toiled in search of light,
Indulged in the yarn for flight
While I stood with light,
Praying for your flight
With the dogs close by
When the trumpets blared.

Yes, I hope for your fall,
Not for you to stand tall,
The rhythm of my glow
When you hit me
Despite my retreat.

You are out in the cold;
I'm here burning in flames.

JEALOUS OF TIME

Jealous of time
'Cause it takes you away.
Jealous of cash,
It keeps you busy.
Jealous of ambition,
It occupies you.
Jealous of the night,
It relaxes you.
Jealous of the day,
It wakes you.
Jealous that I might share you.

TIME MAY

I kissed another
And I will not tell,
The reason for laughter
And no more hell.
When the sky was red,
I became pure white,
Whispered to another
What I won't tell
Before the leader
Who leads to heal,
Also shivered pale
When he held me close.

Was it love? Oh! Nay.
Or that time may.

WHAT I WISHED I NEVER WISHED

I wished many a wish.
When I wish what I wish, I smile.

When I wish,
When you call from a mile,
I wish I'd become your desire,
So we hit the earth songs
That we dream and acquire.

What I once wished,
I know now I should have wished not.

I MISS YOU

I missed you at night,
When it was cold
And the cotton swiftly swayed.
The thunder scared me
Once or twice.
Lighting took the picture
Of my craving eyes.
God! I whispered.
I prayed, longing,
Panting, dazed in lissomness,
Embraced my awesomeness.
God! I miss you.

MADNESS OF FOLLY

Love and faithfulness
Are now fears of men.
Like tumbling hard down a steep slide,
So the falling of fools.

Time and tenderness
Are fashions of old
To a rusting world.
Like an old roof
Under a blazing sun,
Their folly struggles
In the storm of civilization.

Blisters or darkened skin
Are primitive in a fairy mind.
Search for freedom in a visionless dream,
Greater on fields
Than a man on defensive horse.

Sweet the captivity of a mad fool
When held in sensational sin,
Yet blinded by the seductive cosmopolis
Like David's wondering soul.

At the direction of a creative sculpture of beauty,
He, the poet of war,
Still finds pleasure in breathless flesh,
Pure madness of folly.
Is just all wrong,
A man standing by the safe side
While she trembles
With a heavy load.
What garden seeks not a gardener?
There is madness in the heart of waters
When they roar to kill the stillness of all storms.
He, the presence of love.

THE MAD WOMAN

Senselessness must have taken her by surprise,
Sending her spirit aimlessly down the lonely road.
She could have been a superstar;
Instead, her faith
Lurks on the streets naked
With no respect, nor integrity.
By herself she talks her pains.
Then her smiles lights
The beauty of her heart.
“Mad woman,”
Someone called.
“Me no mad.
Me understand,” she thought she said.
By the relaxed look on her face,
She could guess what life is,
Yet not its existence.
My heart could not withstand
Her beautiful, frustrated look.
I knew not when my lips spoke.
“Beautiful woman,” I said,
“What are you doing?”
“I am sowing,” she answered.
“Sowing?”
“Looking up to my face,”
She said.
“I am sowing my heart”
“Heart?”
Her laughter sounded as a bell .
Then she spoke again:
“Are you mad?”
She then danced down the street,
Leaving me bewildered.

SICK PRINCESSES

Like in a fairy tale,
Too good to be true,
Yet a reality
So soft, so tender,
Like a butterfly
Possessing the petal of a red rose,
A queen called princess.

Though sick you are,
You have cheated ill health,
So strong, so resistant,
So powerful yet lovable.

When pains and aches come calling,
You stand firm and armed,
Fighting back like the wounded,
Resisting and denouncing
Attacks on your angelic person.
Get well, my sick princess.

A sick but smiling princess,
Encouraging and soothing,
Caressing every soul near,
Chilling down every spine,
Refreshing and assuring,
A rare gem and angel.
Beautiful and wonderful,
Comforting and inspiring.

GRANDPA'S PA

Just like the sun
From yesterday,
In my heart you lay,
And like a famous song,
Your never-ending cheer.

Seems like the moonlight,
Your praying face
Sleeping in my mind.
My grandpa's pa is
Honey in my tummy.

Happily waiting,
He sits me upon his bosom
And calls me mother.

My grandpa's pa
Is a happy morning blare.

Grandpa's pa, I would
Give all to see your face,
Hold your hands down our farm field
As you answer my never-ending questions.
I love my grandpa.

AFRICA

See him walk,
Neatly adorned.
Listen to his majestic feet,
A coffee, sparkling skin.
Feel his eyes like an anxious shadow,
Beat slow, beat fast, oh heart of Africa.
Beat the drum of freedom and a glorious culture.
The king of warriors has come.
Lay your burdens, oh love.
Lay them upon this rich earth.
Africa, the mother of all men,
The man of all mothers.
Though distressed, your charm holds me dear.
So I pray, oh Africa,
My Africa,
That you become the perfection of harmonious peace.

PRETTY GIRL

Pretty, pretty little girl
Who lives beyond the city wall.
As she dances, she sings a song.
Deep in your heart, she drops a smile.

BEAUTIFUL ENEMY

I wish I loved to love my enemies.
I wish I loved their silly aims.
I wish I liked their scorning.
I wish I cherished their mocking.
And when I am introduced to one,
I wish I thought, *what a beautiful face*.

THIS DISTANCE

The night comes before the day.
You are always in my mind.
You are the voice in my heart.
Need to see you again,
In between our love a star lay,
Entangled in our fingers.
This distance makes me fear,
As silence has taken our tongue.
I try to forge ahead, but how do I forge ahead
Without my head?

ROMANCE

This is an affair of lilies and birds,
Rainbow and the sky,
The sea and the seashore.
Every little thing needs a touch.

NIGERIA

Not so silent we wait.
Coffee, brown to take.
Not so sure of life's fairy tale.
Even though we have no tail,
We all long to partake.
Desperately we seek
A home to come back to.
Not so silent we wait.
Not so sure of our songs
In a disappearing delight
Called Nigeria.

Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria,
I salute you; I salute you, only you,
My pain, my joy,
My love, my own.
Nigeria, my dream,
I love you all the same.
Nigeria, Nigeria, Nigeria,
The rainbow colour of its culture
Gives me much delight.

Although sometimes you feel,
Well, I feel you feel
I disappoint you; I tell
Your truth from lies
When I complain
Of joblessness, poverty, and corruption,
O, blessed country,
O, blessed art thou on earth.
I believe in your prosperous change, Nigeria.

THE VIOLENCE

A face so young and pure,
Mild and tender in heart,
Taken to the last stage.
Ripping off the covering hat,
A strong and strange hand,
Walking along the paths of the unknown
Into her denial and reproving.

Seduced with toys, she is not moving.
Strong and strange arms known
That are as wild as he saw.
Thus, in a dark common room still
Hold his disputation,
Burning with hot conscience and will,
Justifying thoughts to make dispensation.
Try in between her twin to till,
Killing all thoughts of holiness to proceed
In his mind like a virtuous deed.

Affection inherited that she not hate,
His hand eager to explore,
And vile his heart, to date
His tongue to lore,
But that it might have been hate.
The eye of heaven lurks in nights.
Cover her shame; that is no sweet delight.

Men in sheep's clothing
Almost lead souls to doom.
Breaking windows of sanctity, destroyed
To outreach the mercy of the doom.
But what difference does it make in living,
A maiden hunted for her prince,
Offered in fear to gain rice?

In the middle of the night,

His droning heart cheers his burning eye.
His finger proud, the dignity of a knight
Scoffing with pride, marching firm to take his stand.
Oh, her bear butt, her whole pride,
His hands scaling desperately,
Leaving her pale and destitute.

Imagine her in the dead night,
Woken by dreadful walking,
Thinking she had seen a ghost,
Leaving her figure shaking.
What terror of night taking
In sleep hunted till light?
Show the fancy
Sight of terrors sight.

And when world began to run like factory,
Cities colored by the rainbow,
He blew a horn to drum his victory,
Mocking her shouting,
Telling every ear and eyes his hypocritical
Disguise and empty lies.
Like humans, they got his lies
And asked for more
And more.

In private his inward, vexed soul
Had taken his tongue.
With sorrow he spoke out of control.
She, though, could not distinguish
What he said a tug,
Like the charming beast
Handing an apple of Eden's feast.

The tears of the past
And a future of memory
Brought out her callous past.
Then she chose to love not
Of hate in luxury,

That he weep not for her
But she for him must.
What do they say who might
Never know the truth of night?
All she knows, they are blind
Souls led by a blind heart.
But he shall be banished from her mind,
At last free from accidental sorrow,
Caused by a barking dog hurt,
As he still swore till eternity not to have done.
Nothing for his insatiable, keen thirst.
So she swore to forgive what he had done
Until the day love's peace finds her heart.

IF TODAY IS ALL WE HAVE GOT

Raindrops with promises,
Chills wanting fires,
Fire awaiting chills,
Shores healing waves,
Moon to night embrace,
Sun and day entwine
To burst into flame.
If tomorrow we depart,
Let your love not deny me today.

Perhaps just today,
Not the rest of our lives,
Let's love this much
For the rest of today.

Maybe just flashbacks,
Maybe with another when tomorrow breaks
Or lost in crazy noise,
Maybe saving souls takes us apart.
Moon to night embrace,
Sun and day entwine
To burst into flame.
If release our loss we must
To gain in this night romance,
Don't deny me today.
Before the morning wakes ,
When we close our eyes
To suffer our hearts
To this right deed,
Like God's will may hurt
But give peace in exchange,
Come close, my love.
In case we never live,
Dissolve in my love,
In case we are not meant to be.

Slip into my soul
In case the sun burns tomorrow.
Come close, my heart
Let's soar in case we are not meant to fly.
Sleepless if we may remain,
Awaiting morning,
When we may part.

THE SORROW WAY

The hills paint an anguished quest,
A destined tale written in his heart
As he gasps his way out.

The agony train has come to a halt.

If he may stay,
He will gladly take,
But what good is a king?

The children yell in confusion,
And women cry out loud
While others mock in derision
To the scorn of a loving lord.

If it was not just for them,
Why would a feast be offered to a king?

Ways of sorrow gain.
He drips of compassion and pain,
Twinkling like the narrow way,
And there is no way
If you could
Believe, and fail.

MEANINGFUL APATHY

Though in rotten holes they lay,
Shackled by a strange, sunny woman,
Though their stomachs filled with air,
Hearts overwhelmed by hate,
Though their entertaining bodies
Moved in the rhythm of music
To experience the freedom of a caged bird,
Though they had none to call theirs.
But as a king bonds a man,
So a man owns his soul.
It was a meaningful apathy,
So we remember not to sell our souls for gold,
Or our children's future
For a strange, sunny woman
Or a laugh in a mirror.

OCTOBER ABORTION

Time ticking as my head beat,
The world came to a stop
When I ripped you out my chest.
I miss you even before top
Meaning reaching the womanhood.
I hope you forgive.

Last night I thought of you,
Wondered if you could forgive me.
Last night I cried for you,
Hoped that you will never forget me.
Because the last time I checked,
I was regretting my deed.

It was a bloody, painful October
Don't want to forgive myself,
But I pray you forgive me.

TO MY ABORTED CHILD

Your hands were in mine,
But I let you go,
Your head on my bosom,
But I smashed you out.
Your heart beat like mine,
But I shot yours up.
No one should console me.

My baby is dead,

Right by my hand,
My baby is dead.
Oh! Cheery chicks,
Oh, pure soul,
Oh, gentle spirit,
I want to cry my eyes out for you.

Your soul was a gift,
But I rejected it.
Lord, please ask my unborn child to forgive me.
Never wanted to bring you out
To this judgmental, cruel world,
Never wanted disappointed stares
Or D'omo called by my people.
Never wanted to break my loved ones' heart,
But as I kept theirs
I broke yours into mine.
How can I ever forget?
But I seek forgiveness from the father of children
To forgive.

PREGNANT AT SIXTEEN

Don't want to feel bad about it,
Don't want to talk about it,
Just want to go back to
When I was what I was.

But
I felt dizzy,
A certain warmth
In the center of my heart.
It was you growing inside of me.

Though your father has no thought of you,
Although the world refuses to call you blessed,
I call you my child,
'Cause you are the mistake of a lifetime,
A priceless treasure to my lonely heart.

I think I am ready.
I think I have all that it takes,
But sometimes when I hear Dad speak about the economy,
I know I am uncertain.
But how do I care for you, oh child?
How do I protect you?

I have someone to call a father,
Though a mother someone always has.
But who will be identified with my child?
If you happen to grow
To be a man or woman,
Would you look and be grateful that
I have been your mother, that I did not fret to bring you out
To be loved by me?

THE LIGHT

Don't run away from the light,
Even if it makes you vulnerable.
Though its shame unbearable,
The thorn and weariness too heavy,
Don't run away from the light.

Don't run away
From the light to your nakedness.
Don't run away from the truth
That makes all things right.
Don't run away from God.

IN MY EMPTINESS

As guilty as a rat,
As shameless as a sin,
My heavy heart yarns.

As broken as a tear,
As unlucky as vanities,
My blinded eyes are restored by emptiness.

Wicked in my ways,
Written in my gaze,
The mender loves me
Not for what I have become but what I have always been.

ABUJA

I walk upon thy street,
O, Abuja,
Upon thy lofty feet.
I dare proclaim
The liberal dream many seek
On your bosom,
True, untrue, and uncertain.
I see mighty houses
As I caress you with my mind.
I move as though insignificant.
You kiss me with your careless lips
And then hurt me with those same lips.
How can I dig this cold gold?
O, teary, delightful despair,
How do I promise a great release,
The romance of your sweet pain?
Tell me, oh Abuja,
How do I set fire to your icy skin
While I lie cold, alone
With you, the dreamy dark light of Nigeria?

THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

A centre stage
For a mighty hand,
A path for beauties and lilies,
The crowded market of every delighting.

A basking noise
And a rotten noise,
Old plastic chorus
With modern wear.
They all sit to recommend
What will never be executed.

Mediocrity sold at a cheap price,
Though at the gate, you must pass with your blood.
Nigeria is suffering in hunger.
Upon its bag of corn,
The cocks have sharpened their claws.

Who dares pass through
And will not deliberately be without result?
Who is killing the mother of a child
And still giving them Naira not to cry?

A house meant for excellence
Turned to nothingness.
Every soul seeks to belong
Where the nectar lies.
In fact, I touched its wall,
Praying this madness comes to an end.

BLAKES 2012

Helpless it seems,
But I am hopeful for us.
Need me to miss,
I am in love with you.

Thinking of you keeps me awake;
I never had you enough.
Leave a blast of a mystery.
Your desire wiggles in my mind.

A strange dancer
Possessed by the night,
Tireless, dazzle into the morning sun,
All the people intoxicated,
And I in between this mystery.

Hallelujah! They hail
In a smoky stench of rotten fruits.
I suddenly wondered the motive
Behind the praise song
Michael played as a foot sang
His move, and I could not help
But wonder whose child this little wonder is.

My heart was provoked,
And jealousy caught my soul.
What a shame
I dance not like this for my God .
Tears gushed, and I tried taking it in.
Sorry for all the times I would not dance in the church.

Blakes, the night show of wantonness.
I wonder if really we are refreshed or perplexed,
Because what is amusing
About a stripping child?

THE PASTOR OF MY SOUL

A lily in blazing sun,
Spring of sweet fragrance
Lingers, swiftly a run.
Words of life perfected by grace
Blaring in my soul
To love this preacher of life.

Innocence in the bosom's spirituality,
A certain peace
When he sings out to your reality.
Jesus, the king of peace,
Arise, come, he hails.
Arise, come to my loving Father.

Upon the anointed altar,
Nurturing babes and women
For a coming kingdom without blemish,
I stand beside not below,
With this same message but in my own shade.
This is what my preacher does to me.

3:45 P.M.

She asked, “Where are you going?”

I answered, “Nowhere.

I’m here with you”

As I watch her sleep,

Deep in her unsecured slumber.

She asked again,

“Where are you going?”

Nowhere. I am here to stay,

I imagined.

If ever I leave you,

I’ll definitely head

Into countless untold miseries.

Why, then, would I ever do that?

I love you more than you think.

LIFE'S TABLE

Sat around the table,
Sat unknown and unseen,
Sat wondering about my wrong,
Sat humble in womanhood,
Sat thinking what I should do.
I am broken
Yet not thrown away.
I have been beaten,
Yet I'm not dead.
I sit to do
Or not to do.
I sit in ministry
But a conqueror.
I sit certain that this, too, shall pass.

YOUR TRUTHFUL TRUTH

Why do I cry?
When I mean to smile.
Why do I try?
When I mean to lie?
Why do I tremble?
When I mean to be in control.
Why am I speechless?
When I mean to talk to you.
Why do I cry this world?
When you say I will never live.
Your truth is too truthful.
I am scared
Because this world has no truth
And has done me wrong
Too many times.

MY POTTER

Envelop me with your love.
Shield me with your grace
So I might not fall.
Keep me in the assurance of your truth
So I might not fail you.
Like a potter,
Mould me better.

THE FATHER OF THE CHILD

Hazy weather lies still.
The leaves wail aimlessly.
Nature is in mourning.
The father of children is good.

Black tears, black lamentation,
The darkness of loss
Surround their lips
As they wailed, wailed, and wailed
For the father of the son.

The dust grew thicker,
The mist warmer.
Mummy is crying, a child cried.
No one is smiling.
The world has come to an end.

The door to the future sealed
On the day that Father died.
How will they begin?
How will they survive
The sun when it comes out?
But their watch is at a standstill;
Nature is mourning.
A good man is dead.

THE RUNNING CROWD

The crowd is running
To the front,
Everyone hastening
To the front.
Souls are waiting to be heard
Right to the front.
All of God's people are coming back
To the altar right in the front.
Gladness arrested my eyes,
And tears of joy gushed out of them.
I am so happy many more
Are running to my love.

Who is he?
He is the king of kings,
The lord of lords,
And the prince of peace.
He is life itself
And the hope of our tomorrow,
And a life after death.
He is Jesus the savior
Of all humankind.

No wonder
The sun blasted open
To my surprise.
I ran out to the window,
And I met them open .
I ran to the doors,
And each one was swinging a song.
Even the vile is torn open.
I am so happy.

YOU ARE INCOMPARABLE

When you find you do not know,
That's when you know.
When you find you can't fight alone,
That's when you have won.
When you seek to improve your heart,
That's when you have arrived
At the place
Where men can't compare
With thee.
You are incomparable.

HOW DOES IT FEEL?

I love to be loved unconditionally.

With breath I long for
When the heart holds the deed.
How does it feel to be kissed?

Like a child seeking shelter,
I seek an embrace.
Like a child I need protection,
And as cold as I am,
I am just a child,
Wondering how it feels to be truly loved.

DON'T LOVE ME THAT WAY

Don't love me
When you think you do.
Don't say it, please,
When all you want is my face.
Don't show me you care
When it doesn't matter what I become.
Don't even say it
When you feel ashamed of me.
Don't you bother loving me
When you feel untrue.
Don't love me
'Cause you think you should
Love me because you love
And have no reason or should
Love true enough to love me truly above all.

WHAT IT TAKES TO LOVE THE ABUSED

It takes a lot of energy to love me;

It takes a man.

It takes a lot of passion to need me;

It takes excellence.

It takes a lot of control to have me;

It takes spirituality.

It takes a lot of pain to keep me;

It takes joyful patience.

It takes a lot of prayer to love me;

It takes a man like you

To love the abused

And the forgotten.

It takes courage to marry me;

It takes faith.

It takes forever to know me;

It takes hope.

It takes love to love me;

It takes soul

To love this outcast of pain.

It takes a man without fear

To keep a woman as precious as me.

It takes a man to love

My wounded, compassionate heart.

It takes that special man—you.

A HOLD WITHOUT A HOLD

The authority of this earth
Has been shaken by a fire.
The control of this mouth
Has lost its place to despair.
The thoughts of a violent lover
Accused me of treachery.

A door is open,
Even the window.
The cloud gives way to a pen.
The ready writer reminisces below
The deepest ocean of thoughts.
Every desire is tried.

All the holds of this world
Have no form.
It is nothingness foretold,
But the truth makes the form
Worthwhile for real,
For all humanity.

SUNLIGHT FEAR

I woke up in fear
In the sunlight fair.
I rode upon my mind,
Melting away the mood
That woke me up perplexed
In the sorrow of fear.

Alone, I prayed never again
Will this fear of losing you
Wake up my heart.
To again less fear,
I rest assured in your assuring love.

He called posing like a
Destitute of the love of God,
Part of the multitudes of the mercy of God,
And gave me everything but nothing,
'Cause he gives nothing out of love.

So I cast all my cares
Upon he who is my help.

DEAREST LOVE

The living record of this memory
Lingers on and on,
Seeking your love to increase its force
As life's minutes go on to death and on.
So do not waste this preciousness
Of a just course grooming your wants.

When a man's honour can't trust
Him or enjoy respect that comes from honour,
Then to such a man no trust will be found.
For if we live what we are now,
For what we will want tomorrow,
Both we shall lose,
For what good is the pursuit of happiness
Without honour and love?

I am possessed by love.
My heart bumps only love.
I dream only love,
And I will end in love.
What is sweet without love?
Nothing comes out of nothing,
For without love nothingness excels.

Are you the slave
Bound by law?
Are you perplexed
By that which never lasts ?
What gain will you gain
With no mind, soul, or heart.
Glory the only God of heaven
In all that you do.
Grace helps you
To be what you are
In what you need,

For grace gives all that is good.
In all its affection.

YOUR EYES IN MINE

Your eyes in my eyes fit,
But what I see in your eyes fills
My heart with delight
Like it has never seen. Ills
Or woes of these worldly foes,
Of its prettiness I ponder,
And ponder a lot to my amusement.

I look to quench this insatiable want.
I look to be blessed by you.
I gaze and stare like it were distant starlight,
Mulching your essence like it was never mine, hallelujah.
Oh! Sweetness, your eyes
Are where I am.

Suddenly I know what you know,
Feel the pain you see
And the thrill you feel,
The politics of your mind,
And the coyness of your heart.
I see what you see.
I am in your shoes,
Wearing them with love.

THE CHILD IN AFRICA

I close my eyes, dreaming of a dead course,
My heart searching the dying nation.
Oh! How I wish hope would call
The terrors of war and racism to a halt.
I am piercing my eyes out.
How I wish I could see good in Africa.

I sit craving the silence,
In sight of an empty, crowded stage.
How long will a child's dreams hunger for peace
In this fear-filled, speechless silence of a dying age?
Oh! How I wish to have your beauties
Bless me without scorn or pain.

Why teach torture and killing?
I want freedom from the hating and killing.
Don't make me hate; I can't kill.
Malicious politics is failing,
'Cause through the terror and torture I see a vengeful release
I would not kill; don't make me.
I want loving night
And a freed kindness.
I want to be just a child full of innocence,
Just that child, Africa.

UNPROCASTINATED DREAMS

Through my mind I try
To weigh the chances of life,
Making my heart open to possibilities
That will bring an end to lack,
Will bring it to a halt.

When have dreams been procrastinated?
When today could be the day
We cannot quite do what we can.
For with uncertainties and certainties,
Do we find clarity
In the road to tomorrow?

How do we keep away from thriving
When we have done away with striving?
Doors and windows are open,
And we cannot refuse the reward of a loving God
Just because of the distance to the door
Or the slipping path to the door.
Tomorrow is here;
Help has come.
Let's take it with a willing gratitude.

MY LEARNINGS

Thinking about promises that we don't intend to keep, I have
learned to keep my promises by never promising, for words are
only tried when spoken.

How can I expect so much from the people of this world when they
will very much fail me? So I have decided to love people that he
allows me to love and never give them the place of God, so that God
can make us complete and one with him, bringing everything he
intends for me to perfection.

How can we always point a finger when we have ourselves to blame
for the loss of innocence?

Someone said to me once, "Hurry, hurry up so you don't miss it."
But even then, I had enough patience to wait, listen, then take a step.
But if you say "hurry"—well, show me tomorrow and I will rush like
lightning.

If really, really, the walls can talk, then I wouldn't want to know
what they know about the affairs of this Earth.

If love dies, then I will never want to fall in love.

People marry for so many reasons, but I shall marry for only one
reason: that my marriage gives hope and mends many broken
homes.

If having children means bearing candidates for hell, then give me
only my peace of mind.

I pray upon my knees that my life ends not wasted, that I will live
with love, joy, peace, and wealth that heal all the needs of this world,
because it is never too big for my God.

The greatest and the purest love to give is love divine, which you
have been freely given.

A man's ego is like a trembling child, yet stronger than his will.
Children may need a teat to survive, but they crave a loving, warm
kiss to stay alive.

THE END

My heart will not go with my mind.
Where my heart refuses, my mind refuses.
The spirit of my soul says to my mind
That which the soul takes the body allows,
And where my soul hails, my spirit departs.
There is no fear of death,
Nor the failure of life.
No headache or heartbreak whatsoever able to repeat reality .
Eternity is calling the walled earth,
And earth will fold with the clouds.
I see your eyes pop out like breath,
Like the world's collapse.
Life is full of life and every being seeking a space.
The world will expand, then collapse.
It will be peaceful, then destruct.
Time is like the change of seasons,
But all you have is this time,
So make your heart do the right thing
And ask for forgiveness, but also forgive.
Because I hear the Lord say, "I am on my way."
Time is up!

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