Ikwo

For my expression I yearn
To fill and to be filled.
In the multitudes of uncertainties,
Dragged in the ashes of uncivility,
Coated in an unknown plane,
Rubbed in the surface of insecurity,
With my hands heavy with grips
Chocked with desires in the
Midst of heaviness, but humbled
In my quest to succeed.

Here to train,
Here to be trained,
I have judiciously done
That which my heart loves.
Not in vain,
Waiting to be judged,
In the sight of one who
Cannot be judged.

Blackish

Different colours, one people
Different colours, nice people.
Is this a misnomer?
In the pretence of oneness
Of course love is lost.
In the colours they search for self,
Looking unwanted, living dejected
Yes this is reality.
History gone by, nothing has changed
The story, the struggle
Continues to ring
Black lives matter
Toafik is gone, he was 16
Gone in the hands of those
Who swore an oath of duty
To serve.
In white and in black all
I see are humans who have fears
Who have worries, bold and beautiful
Different colours, one people.
Different colours, nice people.

Let her Live

Are there still good causes
In the frames of homes
Let it be heard again
Friendship abounds in this union.
Let no man say I have it all
But then she is your victim.
Bruised and brutalized
Are there still good causes?
Late nights Idolatry and adultery
Violent ragings, mashed and wretched.
Let her speak, that these fingers be gone,
So to speak, who to speak?
The trivialities of the unknown weighs
In the heart of this child,
Whose only plea is to love and be loved,
Succour, intimacy, pre-nuptial benefits,
Social security, all to the wind,
I dare say, flew to the wind of
Nothingness with her head calling
For replacement, there are no
Good causes anywhere.
Oh! That's the voice of her
Dying days.

It Came to Pass

It is a wonder
The wonders of creation.
Argued scientifically,
Tinted in the arms of the supernatural.
Be not confused, not in the heart of the
Dismayed, the creation or recreation
Is hinged in the hearts of men and expressed
In the voices of heroines who have become
Joint heirs of this journey.
The series of formation into human hood
Is in the lips of men remarkable
And more to call sexes, boy or girl.
Like naming things all day long
This is not me unaware, lost
In the wonders of creation,
Though not clear, still I'm cleared
In the fingers of one,
Who knows no end.

– Akanegbu Chikamnene Onyinye*

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