

She Walks in Beauty

BY LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

The Second Coming

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Sonnet 19: When I consider how my light is spent
BY JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

DEATH IN THE DAWN

BY WOLE SOYINKA

Traveller, you must set out
At dawn. And wipe your feet upon
The dog-nose wetness of earth.

Let sunrise quench your lamps, and watch
Faint brush pricklings in the sky light
Cottoned feet to break the early earthworm
On the hoe. Now shadows stretch with sap
Not twilight's death and sad prostration

This soft kindling, soft receding breeds
Racing joys and apprehensions for
A naked day, burdened hulks retract,
Stoop to the mist in faceless throng
To wake the silent markets - swift, mute
Processions on grey byways...

On this
Counterpane, it was -
Sudden winter at the death
Of dawn's lone trumpeter, cascades
Of white feather-flakes, but it proved
A futile rite. Propitiation sped
Grimly on, before.
The right foot for joy, the left, dread
And the mother prayed, Child
May you never walk
When the road waits, famished.

Traveller you must set forth
At dawn.
I promise marvels of the holy hour
Presages as the white cock's flapped
Perverse impalement - as who would dare
The wrathful wings of man's Progression...

But such another Wraith! Brother,
Silenced in the startled hug of
Your invention — is theis mocked grimace
This closed contortion - I

Night Rain

BY JOHN PEPPER CLARK

What time of night it is
I do not know
Except that like some fish
Doped out of the deep
I have bobbed up belly wise
From stream of sleep
And no cock crow
It is drumming hard here
And I suppose everywhere
Droning with insistent ardour upon
Our roof thatch and shed
And through sheaves slit open
To lightning and rafters
I cannot quite make out over head
Great water drops are dribbling
Falling like orange and mango
Fruits showered forth in the wind
Or perhaps I should say so
Much like beads I could in prayer tell
Then on string as they break
In wooden bowls and earthenware
Mother is busy now deploying
About our roomlet and floor
Although, it is so bad
I know her practiced step as
She moves her bins, bags and vats
Out of the run of water
That like ants filing out of the wood
Will scatter and gain possession
Of the floor. Do no tremble then
But, turn brothers, turn upon your side
Of your loosening mats
To where the others lie.
We have drunk tonight of a spell
Deeper than the owl's or bat's
That wet of wings may not fly
Bedraggled up on the iroko, they stand
Emptied of hearts, and
Therefore will not, stir, no, not
Even at dawn for then
They must scurry in to hide.
So let us roll over our back
And again roll to the beat
Of drumming all over the land
And under its ample soothing hand

Joined to that of the sea
We will settle to sleep of the innocent and free.

THINGS FALL APART

SONG BY KOFI KINAATA (MARTIN KING ARTHUR)

Friday Chapel all night, Saturday we are in the club
We are doing *more things*, *amen*, *shocker* is in the cup
The ship which brought the Bible
People say, is the same ship which brought Schnapp
So, the girls who came to the church service
Come and see, are the same who came to the club

So, is it God we are actually worshipping?
Ask your sibling and ask yourself
Is it God we are actually worshipping?
And you are running away because of Jehovah witness
So, is it God we are actually worshipping?
And you are attached to someone's husband like plaster
Is it God we are actually worshipping?
Take care of his house for him and you are killing him to claim ownership

The coming judgment day!
The day God will appear physically
If he doesn't consider, he might not get a single soul in Heaven
Because the truth exists but the Pastors have refused to tell them
Because of financial constraints, the poor are unable to come to church
For that is where *things fall apart*
When you express your discontent, they say, you touch not the anointed
The Churches have schools
Yet members are unable to attend

So, is it God we are actually worshipping?
Ask your sibling and ask yourself
Is it God we are actually worshipping?
The plight of the orphan has deepened
So, is it God we are actually worshipping?
You are unable to forgive your sibling when they wrong you
Is it God we are actually worshipping?
Drink but do not get drunk, and yet you are soaked with alcohol? (*assay*)

Imam, do not bother
Because what you are preaching against, they still drink it
When I look at Abu, he still drinks
Imam, do not bother
He said he's an American Muslim, he drinks everything
These people still drink
You can't differentiate between a Christian, a Muslim, the rest, the Pastor nor the fetish priest

Bribery and corruption, he's unable to fulfill the promises he made
MP, your hometown's in a deplorable state when it rains
Everyone says they are a bad person
As a result, the lecturer wants to sleep with you before he gives you a *pass mark*
For (the love of) money, we go shed blood
God will do it, it will take time, we can't wait; we want it *fast, fast*
So fast life, fast cars, fast track pot
We see "snapchat gods" during church service.
He will be in Church on 31st
He has surrendered to God, on the 3rd he backslides
hahaha part-time Christian

you want to fight full-time devil

you dey joke

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