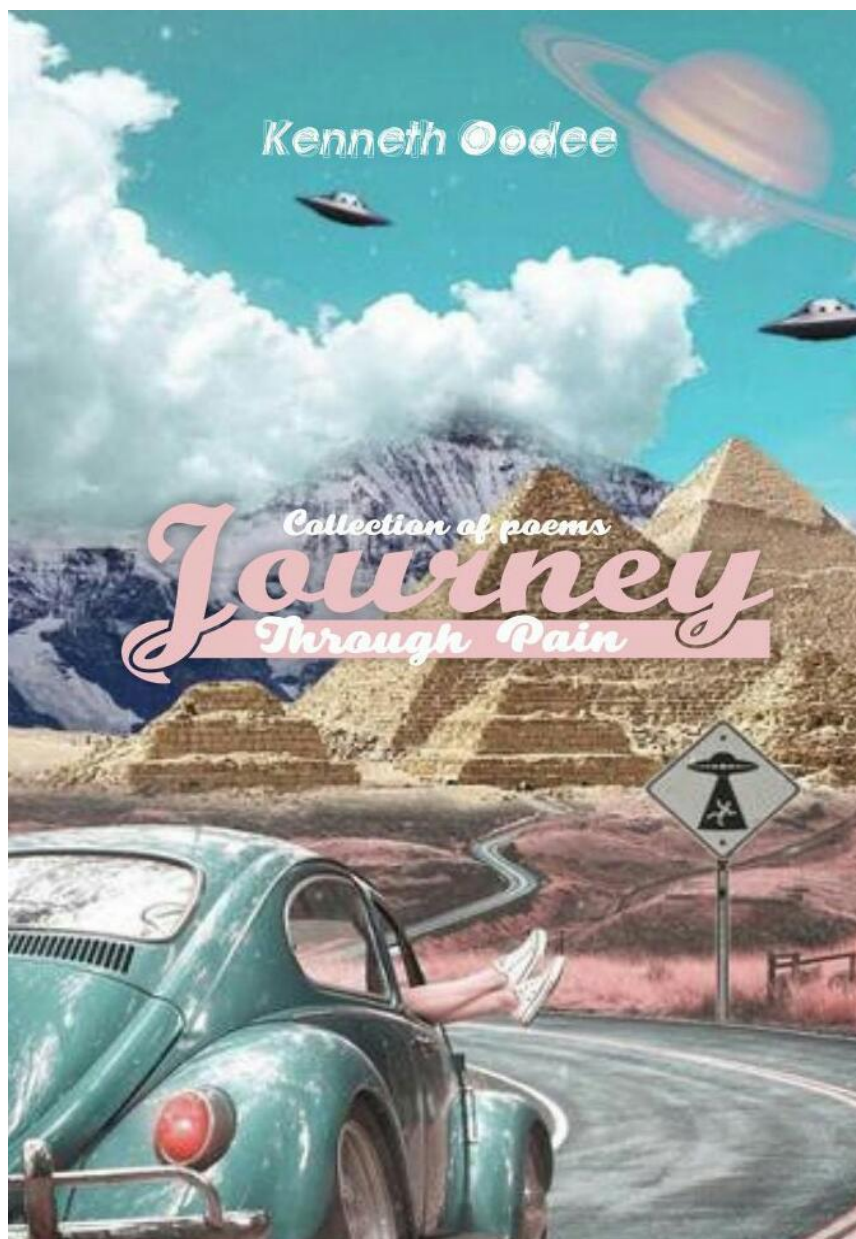


Kenneth Oodee

Collection of poems

Journey Through Pain



JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN

(A collection of poems)

By

KENNETH OODEE

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CALM STORM Publishing

Acknowledgement

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REMINDER

Fear not death and live your life
Maybe if only your heart is evil
Respect all Religion
Respect others decisions
Follow your path with all sincerity
Do justice to whatever the wind brings
Add beauty to your life while you're alive
Cos worry is an old lorry that won't survive
Do not die before your death
Neither while you're breathing
Let the weak become your responsibility
Let your service reflect your Religion
Let forgiveness remake your heart
As change and flux remakes the world
Grow truth on your lips
Trouble no one
Fear no one
Always wait for time
Never abuse the land you harvest from
Never flatter for deception
Let Love be your addiction
Let faith be your drive
The day comes with a new message
Listen more than you speak
For in silence, a lot is heard
Do the good work but pray
For prayer also is action
Let your name go before you
Let your name stay after you
For this alone we have.

I'M AFRICAN

I'm African,
Permit me to rewind life or go back
That life started from black
Black is my tone
Black is my bone
Black is my source
Black my resource
Black is my world
Black are my words
Pardon my black repetition
Pardon my black emotions
From black dust I was made
Wore black attitude like pomade
You might hate me
It doesn't change me
They call us vultures
Talk down our culture
They call us apes
That we live in caves
We're proud Monkeys
Our pride is the key
Vandalized our tradition
Material objects for commission
They pollute our sanity
With colorless inanity
Blind folded our community
Introduction of disunity
Engaged us with chains
Weeping crude in pains
Official manipulation
Made blur our perception

Entanglement with our females
Corruption came through the email
Catalyst of racism
Possessed my people with nepotism
Naked genocism
Incessant criticism
Pain was our tribulation
Black is our redemption
Revolutional emancipation
Nelson Mandela's evolution
Kwame Nkrumah's loath for tribalism
Generational Pan- Africanism
A strive for the African kingdom
To earn indigenous freedom
Our strength assisted civilization
Realizational constipation
We grow from monkeys to panthers
Large capacity for banter
Genetic antique
Our ways are unique
Black is our truth
Black is our root
Black are our values
Black is our muse
Black is our wildlife
Even in next life
I'm African.

BEFORE AND AFTER

The days gone by where good old days
Cultures even were melodic in ways
Things were used for their purpose
Words of elders were never opposed
So much of lies weren't common
Cause of the fear of being summon
Staying out late was never for kids
Else punishment will justify their deeds
Horror movies got children shivering,
Cause the fear will last till evening
Everyone hurries to church on Sunday
Religious activities where planned from Monday
Advice was the most important gift
We were ready to listen, even on one foot
Dramas were educating and entertaining
Idols were responsible and motivating
When music was still on gramophone
When there was nothing like telephone
Time moved slowly with ease
Music were melodic like buzz from bees
Leaders never encouraged violence
Let's not forget our heroes, a moment of silence

Let's bring it to now, there are worst to tell
Like how the sun hits like we live in hell
How cocks oversleep then crows 12noon
How the sun fight for spot with the moon
How there's huge rainfall in January
How there's much hatred on the 14th of February
Kids smoke and parents asked them 'hope that won't hurt
you'?

Couples break up yet tell each other 'I still love you'
Drugs now common like food in the market
Adolescents consumes alcohol filled in a bucket
Horror movies are like comic movies
Birthday present for kids now S.U.V
Every Sunday seems too worldly
Demons claiming to be too godly
We don't eat much of protein anymore
We now rely on noodles and corn flakes
Social network has become an aspect of life
From 'hi to hello' that's how we find our wife
Young girls can't cook soup like okra
Thumbs up to genesis and Kilimanjaro
Young boys sagging their trousers
Influence of celebs from their browser
They look at their phones than people
Expose their bodies up to their nipple
Every act getting too dramatic
Economy becoming too economical
I pray humans don't turn technological.

LOVE IS GONE

My heart is pained
Our crops feel no rain
Our stems are broken
No fruit for a token
Cos of tribalism, we hate our own
Cos of politics, we kill our own
Tribulations relaying
Humanity is decaying
The society is messed up
Our existence is fed up
1990 was better
2020 is bitter
My ink bleeds, from the pain I feel
No redemption or a cause to heal
Where art thou Mother Nature?
Heard father town has gone crazy
So far, we've been tortured
Now our strength have gone lazy
From the pain we run
Cos every day we mourn
We lost track of the sun
Far from home we've gone
A distant horn,
I think love is gone.

BLACK FRIDAY (SUNSET AT NOON)

We burn trees the earth bleeds,
Satisfying anger as we feed our greed
We're like a disease,
More willing to plant bomb than seed
We pray for moonlight,
To hide our intentions by midnight
We cause the skin of peace to bleed from injustice,
Making goddess of equity to see our unlawful practices
Judgment and torment lay side by side,
Resentment and regret lay side by side

So much noise from the land,
With weapons echoing in their hand
A day to remember, they're trying to forget
Unthoughtful act governed by regret
Some are going to perish,
 But who?
Some run to hide in the parish
The cloud ready for judgement,
The ground ready to torment
Anger driving people crazy,
Fear making others lazy
Clock on the wall running slow
Water from tap dropping slow
Sky shadowed by bloody atmosphere
Humans considering living in lithosphere
Each chapter is getting tougher,
Newly constructed roads are getting rougher
 The heat is on
 The sorrow seems fun

It all started 12:45pm July thirteenth,
Very brutal though ended July fourteenth
Drizzles of raindrops it pours and shower
Still the sun shun mightily in its hour
Childish mentality says lioness is giving birth,
Not knowing it's a prophetic disguise of death.
Just before the hour of 12 struck,
Unions yelling in protest for a strike
It was all organized and peaceful,
Even noise lowly and hymn full
Not until someone went down from police gunshot
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, a dozen in short
Before the ambulance came, it was all over T.V,
Most of the deceased were job seekers with their C.V
It was now an unending battle,
From behind, youths brought out their riffles
One bullet piercing through two
The question is no longer who?
The scene grew deadly,
Vehicles moved steadily
Reporters still in sight,
It was like a dramatic aside
Thunderstorms ignite heavy rain,
But still did not wash away their pain
Their madness triggered by fury of revenge,
Their anger thickened by range
No amount of gunshot withdrew them
No level of bloodshed drowned them
It got dark as night draws near,
Nothing stopped them, not even their fear
Some stood to welcome night,
But multiple gunshots took them down in their plight
In the middle of midnight, aggression still creeps

And they lost their dreams as they forget to sleep
Gold light from the stars reflects on their blood,
And the beauty of death was expressly defined by flood
By 4am, it was all calmed
No one was in action, not even the harmed
There was silence,
Due to the heavy violence
Like a 100days revival in fighting,
People stood up like under anointing
They look for their loved ones in band
And accept that some can't be found
It became a morning of regret,
Historically, they'll never forget
The past left with their happiness
Like a married woman living in barrenness
Little by little, the enormous crowd fades away,
Total and undisputed calmness finds its way
Things went back to normal,
But their heart and mind will never be normal.

BREAKING NEWS

They said we should go to school
That education is the tool
They said we should serve the country
Making every step count like pageantry
They said tomorrow belongs to us
Sometimes good luck feels like a curse

Nigeria, a 21st century joke
Burnt hopes, still our flag is the smoke
With three religions,
Christianity, Islam and politics
When they're in need,
'Let's contribute for our Reverend'
When we're in need,
'Let's pray for our brethren'
One love yet they kill Christianity
Suicidal bombings in communities
One currency, foreign accounts
Same price, lots of miscount

Education is the key,
Yet our schools are locked
Future leaders
Our freedom is blocked
Police killing youths regardless
Job opportunities and tribalism
'My cousin is better', all hail nepotism
Application letter becomes useless like junior certificate
Or useless after buying admission like universities aggregate

Breaking news, headlines still the same
Five killed, yet they said one with no name
Democracy is free
But our blood the price
Support our campaign
For a cup of rice
My lung is heavy from political pollutions
Unending tribunal and criminal conclusion
Fuel price growing like it's made of protein
Just to make profits, from their hidden gasoline
Refineries have been privatized
To westerners, our stupidity we advertise

Candle shining brighter than electricity
Patients begging for hospitality
Youths becoming slave to their freedom
Begging for space in their kingdom
We're like a curse
Ignorance has been our disease
Pain has become our disease

We are all going the wrong way
Yet we stay silent and calm all day
Years later, who knows?
We might import water, Lord knows
Then, we'll come to Realization
Or put an end to this affliction
And a new dawn will break
For our gracious homeland to awake
But one thing I know, day or night,
Is that I'll write, until we're right.

PIONEERS OF POVERTY

The dark side of poverty
The worst side of nightmare
Bad masterminds of the economy
Political positions out of harmony
Devils advocates of the highest order
Hijackers, deceivers and murderers
Fill their cups with our resources and empty it abroad
Drain the banks, call the truth Sayers fraud
Tag the economy forever with their names
Inflicting on pensioners pain
Sleeping in the assembly their only service
Their money, never to be lavished
Fancy our treasures like their heartbeats
Reducing the peoples size to a chopstick

Heartless, selfish and greedy loafers
Caging and misleading their followers
Their cars, same sizes with their houses
Imported clothes for their spouses
Yet they said 'boarders are blocked'
Little food for the masses are locked
Doomed the people in forever hardship
Women no longer have time to gossip
Suffering in the hands of corrupt democrats
With rags upon us like fashion rats
Our resources, their cup of water
Their lies, as loud as their laughter
Twisters of the law,
Tormentors of the poor

Bacterial in human paradise
Causing our peace to jeopardize
Boxed the people in cheerful
Condemnation
Sealed on their promises, unending procrastination
Putting the nation in chaos
Pain feels like our curse
Robbers robbing robbers
Police fighting police
Workers working harder
Beggars begging beggars
The rich giving the rich
Living unemployed youths on the streets
In an atmosphere they find hard to breath
They say 'we are lazy',

When we act, they say we are crazy
We get paid; they say 'it's cybercrime'
It's like saying poets should not rhyme
No book on our shelves
Children glued to their homes,
Parents can't afford fees alone
Lack of finance making intelligent
Fool
Political parties funded than schools
Making citizens strangers,
No such thing as future leader
Marketers throwing their goods over
As a result of leftover
Many to sell, but non to buy

No manufacturers, we rely on foreign
Borders are closed
We don't create or produce
Causing the nation to sink in tears
While they eat, drink and cheers
Thirsty we testify
Hunger for breakfast
Remnants for lunch
Poison for dinner
Funerals become the best occasion
Mineral drinks for compensation
Still we hope in our affliction
Dramatically, the nation is in tragedy
As products are sealed with scarcity

We are battered,
Our souls angered
Stomachs hungered
Our pains never on vanguard
No sunshine to dry our tears
Nor confidence to face our fears
In a state of peaceful demonstration,
We were shot in prostration
Some died with distinction
Some died with starvation
Embracing the pain as it come
Singing lullaby as we hum
Hoping till the day we are fit
And continuous prayers
With knees beneath our feet.

SONNET OF PAIN (KEN SARO-WIWA)

Black day for a black man, in black nation
Black day for a soza boy with allegations
Fought for Justice the law his accusation
Fought for environmental sanity
Political environmentalist became the pollution
Equity and Justice was his tradition
To government it was an abomination
He was peaceful, yet became most wanted
1995, Abacha's most haunted brought to trial
False testimonies by fake witnesses
He's pen became he's fate
As history saved the date
You can kill the messenger,
But never kill the message

LET THE RAIN FALL

Let the rain fall
In an endless rhyme
We might not have reason
But let the rain fall
Maybe to wash away our pain
Cause our Joy, tribulations have drained
Maybe to wash away corrupt democrat
Maybe to wash away those tyrants
Maybe to wash away malnutrition
Maybe to wash away corruption
Maybe to wash away illiteracy
Maybe to wash away false democracy
Maybe to wash away unemployment
Maybe to wash away plastic development
Maybe to wash away failed electricity
Maybe to wash away fuel scarcity
Maybe to wash away unpaid gratuity
Maybe to wash away political acidity
Maybe to wash away corrupt judges
Maybe to wash away brotherly grudges
Maybe to wash away bad media
Maybe to wash away insomnia
Maybe to wash away national greed
Maybe to wash away unproductive seed
Maybe to wash away obstacles of the future
Maybe to wash away poisons of nature
Maybe to lubricate our road to success
Maybe to water our hopes in excess
In an endless rhyme
We might not have a reason
But let the rain fall.

SONNET

I feel guilty when I go to church
I feel righteous when in a night club
I feel sick when I go to a hospital
I feel empty when I go to school
I feel less informed when I'm reading
I feel lonely in the midst of friends
I feel surrounded when I'm all alone
I feel corrupt when I see the police
I feel hungry when I'm in the kitchen
I feel wealth when I buy the things I love
I feel happy when I'm heart broken
I feel dangerous when I'm calm
I feel harmless when I'm lively
Everything feels opposite, life itself is ironic.

THREE BOYS

I know my root
I Trust my truth
I'm driven by love
I believe things evolve
I honor my Maker
Wish good my accuser
Governed by rules and regulations
Imitation of characterization
Condemnation of segregation
Actions based on citation
My peace is tough
My revenge is soft
My belief is fixed
Prejudice from critics
The world is a phase
I believe there's home after life
They call me a Christian

I know my root
But I chose to differ
Driven by anger and jealousy
Revenge is my advocacy
My aura loves the night
My actions hate the light
My companions wait to kill
Destruction is my skill
Between bad and evil I lay
No man born of a woman I obey
I don't believe in evolution
To every peace, my aim is confusion
My life and believes are based on now

To everything that brings luck, I bow
This life is the best place
Consciously ignorant of the next place
They call me an idolater

I have a root
But it doesn't bother me
Driven by assumption
Denial is my addiction
I act based on how I feel
Call for no appeal
I'm a free thinker, also skeptic
Every seriousness a comic
I'm a religious critic
Others truth is antic
Some of my brothers are explicit
Some of my brothers are implicit
I came into existence alone
My space and dwelling my home
I have no past nor tomorrow
I enjoy the moment like flamingo
They call me an Atheist.

THE CONTEST

The night is aging,
History is changing
People came from afar to witness,
The writing of history in greatness
Strangers marvel,
As the sluggish moon travels
Thousands of stars awaken falls asleep,
Living creature flies, crawls and creeps
Choruses from the flute even the crickets,
Local fireworks in place of rockets
Their chanting shakes the trees,
As their echoes travels through the breeze
Round their waist, the men tied their rappers
The women dances with beads and Ankara's
The panting feet on the innocent earth
The panting ignites a warrior's heart
Rhymes in their melody Gladden them
As their ancient beats dangles them
Owls peeping through their windows
As they praise their unforgotten heroes
The united breeze consumes their untired sweat
The villagers sings, animals respond, what a beautiful duet
Their voices grow higher
As toads and frogs join the mass choir
The village illuminated by fireflies
And in a static motion, the birds flies
Everyone and thing played and delivered their role
A perfect division of labor, as the rabbits left their holes
The king smiled with hand clinched to His wife
An unforgettable day and moment in a warrior's life
Competition between the best of warriors

A fight for who to become their superior
Beautifully built bodily men
With structured abs on their abdomen
Girls already choosing their husband
‘This one has muscle’ ‘no this one can fight’
Trying so hard to touch their hands
They ran out of options as their Joy flights
‘Listen’, their noises has increased
One hit the ground, another decreased
The drunks took turns to steal palm wine
The insane also have their table to dine
Everyone was a benefactor
Even their chief priest and native doctors
Two was remaining,
No limits, still it was entertaining
Atlas someone's back just hit the ground
Immediately, the winner was on the shoulders of the crowd
The son of their famous palm wine tapper just won
The drunks were filled with happiness as they hum
In prostration, He was crowned
In jubilation, they were drowned
It felt like December
Indeed it was a day to remember
In remembrance, they forgot to sleep
Though tears of Joy washed away their sleep
They Merry till the day turns new
With lot of dancing as the celebration continues.

A WOMAN'S BODY

She is an imaginary amusement
Her eyes sparkle amazement
Her curling olive hair
Her fragrance controls the atmosphere
Cheeks like morning baked loafs
Making masculinity an entire oaf
Her lips sweeter than beef
To humanity, her smile a relief
Her shape is a compressed diamond
Her step a rhythmical glamour
A show of investment
Moment with her, is the best appointment
That's all people see
Yeah, cause I chose to disagree
A woman body is not just that,
She's beyond in fact
She is a masculine liberty
A virtuous property
Humanity's perfection
An honest confession
Countenance and care
She is an entire healthcare
She is a mother to fathers
She is a mother of fathers
She is a warm comfort
Her laughter is a thousand concerts
She's a muse to gods
She's a ruler of gods
Her body is beyond miniskirt and addiction
For her body alone, is a fashion
Her stomach is not for abortion

Her stomach is to replenish generations
Her body is Sapphire and Emerald
Her body is holier than sacred
Her smile is blissful,
Her anger is peaceful
She's an ornament of support
She's a loyal escort
She's fantasy to reality
She's poet's anxiety
She's not just a keeper of home,
For she is the home
Her body is a work of art,
Frame it and worship it.

DREAMERS

They call us dreamers,
We're always awake
We scout on strangers land,
Making from animal skin soundless band
To beat loud our courage in life,
To bring melodies to our pursuit in life
Searching for the sun,
In the process we burn
Sometimes we fall,
Like Maya Angelou still we rise
Dusting our pain,
Top of the mountain we aim
Searching for what we can't see
Of cause we're visioneers
We draw our map
Still no boundaries to our hustle

They call us dreamers,
But we hate to sleep
So we rise before the sun,
Travel before the horn
In search of truth,
Not forgetting our root
Filled in bags hope
From one village to another
We create our own path,
Making every dead end come alive
We strive all season,
Don't give up for any reason
No time to think,
Still we're great minds

Like Einstein,
We're reformers
Like Ken Saro Wiwa

They call us dreamers,
But we never slumber
Every day is an adventure,
Discovering becoming a culture
We're reminded nothing is impossible
Avoid procrastination, time isn't reversible
Believe in yourself the crowd isn't reliable
Compete with your past, humans aren't advisable
Give in your best failure isn't applaud able
Live like it's your last tomorrow isn't predictable
So we rise beyond the sky,
Go round the world
We find and bring to the universe
The most valuable thing
We call it LOVE
We're filled with dreams,
That comes when we sleep.

THE HARMATTAN BREEZE

The months are relaying
The year is decaying
Time drifting in and out of shrink
The fresh leaves on the road to brink
The lonely rivers are dying of thirst
Fishes making appearance on the list
Unsettled dust in the air
Having riot in the atmosphere
The sun finds it hard to look at us
Through the breeze, it talks to us
The wind took the trees on a date
A relationship none could hate
Eyes trying so hard they gaze
Humans missing through the haze
The grasses wanting more dews
And all they could get is a few
Our skins are fading,
Change of color, our hairs is aging
The wind displacing clothes and dresses
Exposing the humble and the proud breast
Children filled with happiness and plays in the African
kingdom
Like South African's flag finally dancing to freedom
The breeze didn't stop the hawks coming down
The hen still protects her chicks while looking up
Quickly with a walk of brisk
Away she left with her chicks
As she heads out of the dry season
Hoping to see and live another season

SARCASTIC IRONY

If I end up dead, will I live forever?
If I told you it is over, would we be together?
Will you think 'bout me if your head is empty?
Or will you believe me if I told you I lied?
Will you stare at me if you're blind?
Or will you listen to me if I'm dumb?
Would you recognize me if you don't know me?
Will you call me if you don't know my name?
Would you satisfy me if I can't get enough?
Or will I appreciate you if I can't say thank you
Will you hate me if you love me?
Will you feel me if you don't have a heart
Will you stand by me if I'm not there?
Or will you think 'bout me if I'm next to you?
Would we run late if the clock doesn't exist?
Would there be a new year if there was no calendar?
Would we be naked if apple was not eaten?
Do we go to college just to become empty?
Or do we look for money just to go broke?
Do we hurt people just to heal them?
Or do we cage people to free them?
Do we fight battles to lose?
Or do we rise above to fall below?
What if we live in peace if there be war?
What if the world ends and we're still living?
What if our souls are gone and we're still breathing?
What if the night becomes peaceful?
Or what if the day becomes scary?
What if we fall sick if we're healthy?
Or what if we stay humble if we're proud?
What if the cold bring heat?

What if the sun pours ice?
What if the sky grows crop?
What if the ground brings rain?
What if women rules?
Or what if men become submissive?
What if everything in life is the opposite?
Would it be a better universe?
Will everything be equal and just?
What if my ink stops flowing?
Would poetry be honest or
Will my words still make sense?

REDEMPTION (SLAVERY)

They marched heavily in group
Surrounded by armies in troop
Chains that linked one to another
Lashes of Cain that echoes like thunder
Tattered clothes and shorts
Dirty bodies with marks and cuts
Beaten and forced like cattle's
Blood stains like they came from battle
Rough hairs and bare foot
Remnants of food they loot
Their expressions turned weaker
Their voices grew deeper
"Forward Forward" they sing
Freedom they hoped their melodies bring
They look for where to rest
For they were disturbed by pest
Their depression grew higher
Spreading like wild fire
Tragedy stood on their faces
As they travel to places
Tears rolls and fear grows
Sickness comes and death flows
They stare deeply into the cloud
Searching for what might never come
Sunshine after sunshine they hope
The struggle made it hard to cope
Some were sold
Still they were bold
The night comes with cold and mysteries
That made the wind freeze their nostrils
Their breathe became sour

Their visions became blur
Their destination seem unending
Their authority sounds offending
Animals took some of them
Fear gripped all of them
It was now five left
Their pain were deeply felt
Four was sold out
He became the only one left
It got dark by the hour of ten
They want to throw Him into a den
Before twelve, He was gone
Immediately, they sounded the horn
He was chased by the fastest
He was chased by the strongest
From behind, arrows were shot
Behind Him, the crowd was a lot
He ran through the caves
They ran through the caves
He climbed the mountains
They climb the mountains
He crossed the rivers
They crossed the rivers
He ran through the forest
They ran through the forest
His anger was intense
Their pressure was immense
His hopes stood on the fence
His future was in suspense
He was clothed with scars
Yet naked beneath the stars
The morning came with a new hope
Still he couldn't cope

He got to a Y junction
His confusion became a distraction
Then He took the left
That was the thought he had left
Then they took the right
With so much delight
But couldn't find Him
He was glad they lost Him
Again He got to the end of the road
From behind, their voices again echoed
"That's Him"
"Kill Him"
Not knowing He was on His land
Behind Him, stood His clan
The captors became the captives
The hunters became the hunted
They were killed
Their destinies became unfulfilled
Their blood returned to the sea
Their bones returned to dust
They've always been in command
That they fail to understand
That life does not belong to them
For it is them who belong to life.

WHEN I LEAVE

When I leave,
Don't come to my funeral crying
Or sober yourself like you're dying
Those things would have mattered before
Nothing is worth it anymore

When I leave,
Don't ask God why??
Instead give thanks and wave me bye
For my work on earth is done
In Him, after death I'll reborn

When I leave,
Do not criticize or judge me
Condemn or speak ill of me
For your own time will come
And your actions, people will hum

When I leave,
Do not make my food a priority
Nor make my wine your anxiety
Don't turn my funeral to a gossip place
Or fight each other like a market place

When I leave,
Do not sleep like the law makers
Instead, dance with the undertakers
Let your movement have rhythm
For I was a rhymers

When I leave,
Do not fold your arms and watch things
Neither get upset by humans or things
Make comedies of our previous lives
For this is my final romance

When I leave,
Don't come without flowers
Neither leave with your flowers
Let the incense burn endlessly
For in these, I find death ravishingly

When I leave,
Do not crowd yourselves in cars
Driving round the city and towns
Disturbing the streets with cutlasses
And disturbing the peace of all houses

When I leave,
Do not gamble or libate
Or in my funeral, fornicate
Do not dress in all black
But in all white and bright

When I leave,
Free all the caged birds
Let them assemble on every tree
Let them tweet and chirp
Let them sing my dirge

When I leave,
Let poetry be read at every interval
So my soul will dangle like in revival
Take photos to caption every moment
And let my soul ascend with the trumpet

When I leave,
Let my departure reminds you to live right
Let it take your wisdom to another height
Appreciate life, strangers and loved ones
Cause truthfully, 'You Only Live Once'

THANKS



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