**OYIBO AGHOGHO**

**BLACK AFRICA**

It's in my blood

Black cologne

For God so loved Africa

He gave us black skin

Whoever smells this scent

Will understand his identity

And never be lost

Africa, my identity

That Christ may dwell in my heart by faith

And I be rooted and planted in my

blackness

I am black

It is my colour

It does not denote dirt

It does not denote evil nor ignorance

It depicts perfection of God's beautiful wisdom in creation

I am black

It has nothing to do with my heart and mental capacity

Christ is my Colour

He is my blackness

I am black

I am Africa

And am proud to be black!

**THE WOMAN THAT FEARS THE LORD**

Woman!

The woman that fears the Lord

She is a privilege

A wonder in heaven and on earth

A goddess that carries life in her

And whosoever comes to her

She gives this life

Not a withholder, a giver

Time and time again

Moments shared with her

Brings warmth and lots of smiles to the heart

Despite her race, her colour, her tribe

We get the same report

A wonder!

Let her be praised!

Let her be praised!

She is the woman that fears the Lord

She is capable, intelligent, virtuous, far more precious than jewel.

So says the wise proverbs

As a damsel, she is kind

Courteous, hospitable to strangers

Which prepares her for the future

She grows up like a beautiful rose flower

Beautiful, steadfast in her walk with Christ

Sincere, loyal, pure and disciplined.

She is an original version of herself

Made out of the Creator's presence

Adorned with meekness and a quiet spirit

This is her true strength

The woman who fears the Lord

Who is she?

The one who is conformed to the image of Christ

Transformed, the true image of Christ

Through her seed, Salvation came to whole earth.

Her children call her blessed

Her husband's heart safely trust in her

She is a companion, an encourager

A counselor, an intercessor,

A sister, a wise builder, a wife, a mother!

Her tongue is softer and gracious like Abigail

Her beauty is not in her physical adornment

But in her obedience and submission

Her devotion to her Maker is unspeakable

She is passionate in her service to God

Her entire thought and wishes are in communion with her Master and Lover

She is a mother

She manages and takes care of her home and her family

She fills every belly with food

Even if she has not eaten

The woman that fears the Lord

She shall be praised

Who is she?

Can she be described enough?

Words will fail me to describe this favour from the Lord.

As a Sarah, she calls her husband Lord

As Rebekah, she is hospitable

As Deborah, she is a mother to nations

As Naomi, she is devoted to her God

As Anna, she delivers God's kingdom on

Earth

As Jael, she brings justice

As Ruth, she chooses only the path of righteousness

Like the woman at the well

And the woman with the Alabaster box

Her worship is pure

Through her salvation comes to her family like Rahab and Lydia

She has so many names but she is the same person

She is called Priscilla in Acts

Mother Theresa, Mary Slessor,

Kathryn Kuhlman, Faith Oyedepo,

Ruth Hodge and all the women in the world!

You are priceless!

That's why you are,

M - Modest

O - Obedient

T - Teacher

H - Humble

E - Endearing

R - Resourceful.

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

**CALEB ONAN YADUMA**

**I'M FINE**

I say I'm fine, a mask I wear daily

A shield just so I can hide the pain I'm going through

Gradually becoming part & parcel of my life

A whispered lie, a heavy heart

A burden borne, a soul apart

The words spill out, so rehearsed I can't refrain

A defense mechanism, I built because I'm too afraid to share my burdens, a hidden strain

I'm fine, I'm fine, here & there till I'm soaking in pain & tears, a hollow claim

A desperate attempt to hide the shame, the struggle, my worries away from the world itself

But deep inside, a storm rages on

A turmoil brews, a heart that's torn in pieces or shredded I'll rather say

The weight of worries, the sting of fears

A soul that's searching, through laughter and tears

So let me be honest, let me be true for once

I'm not fine, I'm struggling, battling and facing my fears too

Let me share my burden, let me share my pain

And maybe, just maybe, I'll find love and gain.

**MERIT SPEAKS**

**STILL I RISE**

In the shadows, they whisper my name

A melody of doubt, a symphony of shame

They try to define me, to box me in

But I am a universe, expansive and spinning

I am a tapestry, woven from threads of gold

Each strand a story, each pattern a tale to be told

I am a river, flowing free and wild

My depths uncharted, my beauty undefiled

You may try to dam my waters, to stem my flow

But I will overflow, and my spirit will glow

You may try to silence my voice, to still my song

But I will sing louder, and my melody will be strong

I am a sunrise, breaking over the horizon's frame

I am a new beginning, a chance to rewrite my name

I am a phoenix, rising from the ashes of my past

I am a warrior, armed with the power of my spirit at last

Out of the darkness, I still rise

Into the light, I shine

With every step, I claim my ground

And I still rise, I rise, I rise.

**JUSTICE FOR THE GIRL THAT BLEEDS**

They call it shame,

When that time of the month came,

Knocks behind walls,

Like bleeding was a crime.

She bleeds!

Yet no water to wash her natural stains,

No pad to hold her dignity in place,

All she sees is a toilet without locks,

A bin overflowing with silence!

So, I ask,

Is this the kind of world she deserves?

Where a cycle so sacred is seen as sin,

Where classrooms become prisons,

Because the bathrooms available do not fit for our queens!

Oh! She doesn't need your pity!

All she needs is a door to lock her scars,

Water and soap to cleanse her blood,

A pad as a place to bleed without fear.

This advocacy isn't charity,

They're words written by in pain and power,

It's saying: "Let's build a world where she walks tall",

Not with fear between her thighs,

But with fire in her eyes,

See this is justice for every girl that bleeds!

**HAUWA ALIYU BAWURO**

**THE LEGACY**

For Grandpa

My grandpa loved me so deeply.

He called me "Hana Kewa"—his special name for me.

Every time he said it, I felt warm inside.

Like I was the most loved person in the world.

No one ever shouted at me when he was there.

Everything I did, he said was right.

He believed in me, always.

He made me feel safe, like nothing could go wrong.

I still can’t believe he’s gone.

It doesn’t feel real.

Sometimes, I still wait to hear his voice.

Sometimes, I cry just remembering.

Everything reminds me of him—

A smell, a song, the chair he sat in,

Even the quiet moments bring him back.

And when they do, my heart feels heavy,

But full of love.

I miss him every day.

But I know he’s still with me—

In how I smile,

In how I love,

In how I keep going.

He gave me so much love,

And that love didn’t leave with him.

It’s still here.

It’s in me.

That love is his gift.

That love is

His legacy.

**SOUL CELEBRATION** 🫂

Since secondary school, you’ve been my crew,

My partner-in-crime, my go-to boo.

Before you, I never knew any true, deep friendship.

You were my first real sister in soul,

The one who saw me broken—yet made me whole.

Remember those days we’d spill all our crushes,

Talking so bold—like we had no rushes?

“I can toast that guy,” we’d say with a grin,

Acting so brave, though inside we’d spin!

Sneaking out of class, hearts pounding loud,

Hiding in bathrooms, feeling so proud.

Whispers and giggles, plotting our schemes,

Building a friendship that’s stronger than dreams.

Do u remember, how it all started with macaroni?

Sharing that plate made our bond so homely.

From cheesy bites to endless talks,

You're not just a friend, you’re my safe place,

The one I run to, heart laid bare, no mask on my face.

With you, there's no judgment, no fear to speak,

You're the calm in my chaos, the strength when I'm weak.

I cherish our bond, so rare and true,

There’s no friendship I’d trade—not even for new.

We’ve laughed, we’ve cried, we’ve hyped, we’ve fought,

Still, there’s no version of life where you're not.

You’re one of one, a gem, a pearl—

My realest one in this wide, wild world.

So on your birthday, I’m sending all cheer,

More funds, great grades, and a hubby sincere.

May your life be as sweet as our secret chats,

And your happiness grow beyond all stats!

Thank you for being the friend I always knew,

The one I cherish deeply—my Amiga, it’s you.

Happy Birthday, Malt Bottle, my Amiga true,

No one’s gonna rock this friendship like me and u.

**CHIAMAKA EKENE CHUKWUEKEZIE**

**SATISFIED INDEED**

Call me whatever you may

Criticise my choices and try to force your opinions down my sore throat

I can never be weakened by change in attitude, judgments and so on

If you want to abandon me, I suggest you get going

It can never be my loss, I never gained to begin with

I walked for the only one who could run for me

Now I throw fists at the walls of my bedroom at any given opportunity

Even glasses of windows cannot escape the wrath of my fist

I'm drunken with the numbness that accompanies the impact of my knuckles on metals

Words cannot express the satisfaction I get whenever I receive burn scars

Call me a creep, a psychopath, blah blah blah whatever

It doesn't bother me anymore

And I don't feel insecure

It's not my fault that true happiness is so far from reach

What time do I even have to look for it?

I'm out for anything that gives me peace

Conversations keep me far from fit

I unintentionally offer help to individuals and then receive compliments like;

"You are a good person" "you are really kind"

Spare me all that, I was just out of my mind

I then face my life afterwards and suddenly get approached with;

"You frown too much" "smile a little" "you look more beautiful when you smile"

The last statement is a lie!

I have a mirror and it says otherwise

It then became a victim to my fist's rage that day I searched it for answers and it couldn't give

Summoning courage everday to get up from bed

And still try to avoid conflicts with the voices in my head

Gathering energy by avoiding all personalities that come with the day's chatter

Just for a little laughter to drain every bit of it and still expect me to stay alive

What about the hell of migraine I get after succumbing to the illusion of happiness?

The excruciating pain I feel after a slip up of

smiling

Still I'm asked to swim in joy's river

I dare not, for a surety I will drown

Rather I thirst for sour and bitter waters

"Making someone happy makes you happy"

I'm not sorry for not being able to give what I do not have and certainly do not want

**THOSE DAYS**

When you were all I was about

The early morning and late night texts

Of us reassuring each other that we where in safe hands

I got used to the thoughts of you hugging me from behind

While I rest my tired neck on your masculine shoulders

My thighs were familiar with your soft palms

As you'd occasionally stroke them sending chills down my spine

Our fingers were always intertwined

Not minding the fact that they were of different sizes

The prize was the nostalgic feeling they exuded while trying to fit

Hugging you was another means of communication

We shared our burdens and showed deep appreciation

The sensation everytime our lips touched opened doors to euphoria's domain

Time never failed to stop whenever you called me those sweet names

I was never deserving of that kind of love

So when you switched, I knew that time was up

We created memories that still feel like present tenses

What changed? please tell me

You just decided to modify the pattern you used to love me

What happened to me being your priority?

I'm sorry for still sitting by my phone with expectations

I'm sorry for making you everything after God

My apologies for still living in that season

I guess I have to redesign my style of living

Now it's our past time

I still yearn to say those three words for the last time

**NUHU BULUS**

**WORDS**

Words,

Words are weapons you know.

With each calculated precision, accurately hitting their target capable of making them immobile for life.

Words are powerful,

In the mouth of a fool,You can imagine what disaster they would wrought.

Words build,

Words destroy.

Words connects,

Words dismantle.

Words restore,

Words decapitate.

Words heal,

Words burn.

Yes, words are powerful,

In the mouth of a bad mouthed lady, you can imagine what rottenness it will spread.

Words move with speed,

Readily changing emotions with light speed.

In the mouth of a humble beautiful damsel, it could beautify.

Whilst in the mouth of an arrogant one, it fades all forms of beauty and endowment.

Yes tis word that makes a leader wise, and same can determine how foolish the folly of the fool stinks..

Words can set Nations at war,

Words can bring unimaginable peace.

Words are words,

Yes words are worth their worth.

Words are powerful,

Even the almighty used them to form the universe.

You can only but imagine the depth of power it wields.

To the broken man it is hope.

To the weak it is strength.

To the frail and timid, it is courage and boldness.

To the lost and ignorant, it is wisdom.

To the poor, it is riches.

To the believer, it is God.

**TRAGEDY OF REGRET**

A fearless warrior now hunted by fear

Because he knew not that the Lord hath left him.

The same Lion slayer not with a club or sword or spear noo with bare hands.

Now drawn like a donkey in the maul of the enemy

Because he knew not that the lord hath left him.

The great vision bearer of a great nation

Now vision less his eyesight plugged and left to grope in the dark,

Because he knew not that the Lord hath left him.

Though a great icon and man of many strength all merged in his loins.

Now made as weak as the weaklings.

Because he knew not that the Lord hath left him

Once a great king

Now smitten like a peasant in war even his head hung in the streets in shame.

Because he knew not that the Lord hath left him.

Going out of war they brought the ark that they might make a mark only for them to receive one of the worst defeat ever.

Because they knew not that the Lord hath left them.

Great heroes of faith becoming heroes of shame

Because they knew not that the lord hath left them.

He said I will wake and shake myself up as at other times .

Ahh if only he knew that the Lord hath left him.

Should we tell him?

Noo I guess he found out quicker than we had expected but alas, it was TOO LATE.

Because he knew not that the Lord hath left him.

Carriers of destiny now delayed by procrastination and senseless pride.

Because they knew not that the Lord hath left them.

The church of God dwelling in their former glory forgetting that there was a promise that assured the glory of the latter exceeding the former.

Why!!!?

Because they knew not that the Lord hath left them.

Ahhhh! My generation if only we understand the difference between,;

“A man leaving God”

“And God leaving a man”

For what is a FIRE without a DESIRE?

Oh man fear all evil but fear the most the one that comes as a result of God leaving you.!!!

Strive that the Lord does not leave you!!!

**IJASINI SIMON**

**MY EYES HAVE SEEN A LOT**

I dreamt of living soft and smooth,

A life untouched by struggle or truth,

I never believed pain was part of the plan,

'Til all I hoped for slipped through my hand.

My Eyes Have Seen A Lot:

Now I walk slow, dry, and weak,

Like a starving chicken with no strength to speak,

I thought I'd be soaring high like a jet,

But I'm crawling like a snake, soaked in regret.

My Eyes Have Seen A Lot:

Sometimes I stare at graves and sigh,

Wishing life would let me quietly lie,

I expected 5Alive but got bitter juice instead,

Still I wait for sweetness to arrive, just ahead.

My Eyes Have Seen A Lot:

I've learned through the hardest pain,

But I won’t give up, I’ll remain,

I'll fight, I’ll grow, I’ll pray,

Until my dreams come my way.

**I’M FINE...**

No one is mine,

Maybe I'm not fine,

No one cares to see,

No one sheds a tear for me,

No one believes my plea,

They all just say, "Leave me."

If ever I cry,

No one would ask why,

And if I die today,

Not a soul would pray.

But now I’ve grown a shock absorber,

Can’t be moved, not even by a transformer!

The past criticisms? I leave behind,

I’ve found my peace, like miners of Pi mined,

With meat pie and a drink in hand,

Can't you see? I'm taking a stand.

Oh yes, I'm fine,

Perfectly, powerfully fine.

**WALE ANDREW WOBLAI**

**SHE STOLE MY INNOCENCY**

I was told to beware

Yet I got caught unaware

Openly, I tried to resist

She continued to persist

I thought I was strong

But realised I was wrong.

Hard guy in the public

Until dragged to the cubic

She made sensational touch

Till we fell on the couch

Undress me with urgency

Until she stole my innocency

This won’t stop soon

I’m an empty cartoon,

To whom can I confide

I bow in shame & hide

Unsung Heroes: (*A tribute to my Nurse)*

The baby kicked fiercely within my womb

Pains that could send me to the tomb

A nurse propelled me to push like a river

I Kept at it with tears till I delivered

Tears turned to joy, from pains to glory.

The nurse is the unsung hero in my story.

People shifted focus to me and my baby

But without a nurse, I may be shabby

We need that ally that acts like the nurse

Who will push us when we want to pause

Their pressure may not be comfortable

But they ensure our goals are achievable

They are not trying to steal the spotlight

Seeing us deliver gives them delight

The world never celebrate them enough

Yet without them, life will really be tough

**MAXIMUMDAN S. SAMBO**

**LIVING LEGACY**

Legacy! Legacy!! legacy!!!

He is a living legacy

Poetry flows like a flood

In his veins

5. Poets could testify

Four wings of the universe could verify

The habitation of the earth

Bears me witness

He is an inspiration

10. To this generation

And yet unborn generations

He is a reservoir of poetry

Inspiring us to aspire

To acquire the desire

15. We admire

He is a clergy with energy

And a teacher with passion

That teaches with action

He is an epitome

20. of selfless ambition

Filled with motivation.

Don’t dare hola me

To inquire of his identity

Society knows this personality

25. But for the record,

His names is Papa Jalo

The Jagaban of poetry

And the International Legendary Poet.

**CHOICE**

I am me, Maximumdan

That is who I am

I choose my life

I choose my circle

5. I swallow the sun

I face the light

I crawl to grow

I see God’s grace

I fought fear

10. I won the fight.

With a flash of insight

I see result in action

The sacrifice

Is worth the prize

15. The life we live

Is govern by choice

The choice you make

Become your life

I ain’t talking blah

20. Neither telling lie

My choice of legacy

Is to be a revelation

To this generation

And generations yet unborn

25. Today, let’s decide

To fly the flag

Green, white and green

Is the flag

With sweet serene smile

30. Let us be proud,

Proud of our identity

None of us is nonentity

Let us frown at hostility

And embrace unity

35. As well as,

Respect the sanctity

And dignity of humanity

The road to growth is unity

But without equality and equity

40. There is no certainty for peace

In our community.

Our strength lies in our diversity

I ain’t telling lie

This is reality

45.Is time to restore

Sanity in our society

Let us change our mentality

From negativity to positivity

Let us revolutionize our mind

50. By so doing,

There is possibility

To cultivate a healthy society

Were justice and fairness

Will be our priority

55. I am me, Maximumdan

That is who I am.

**MAIRO AMUDA TITUS**

**I'M JUST A CHILD!**

Here am I standing,

Here am I stagnant in my world.

There's no morning, noon, nor evening not even night,

Roaming from this street to the next,

Knocking on every door I set my eyes.

Alaro

Alaroya

Begging, pleading, yearning and even drooling.

Some at the sight of my tattered cloth

Will say,gashi tafi

Jeka,jeka,jeka,

Some at the sight of my rough skin and awful smell,

Will shout and chase me away, like I'm some turbulent in their lives.

But here am I asking,

When will the world look at me from different perspective?

I'm a child, who begged of dumame, the rotten food and even picking the crunch that Fell off your mouth.

I'm a child who walked from garbage to garbage, market to market

I know, all of this

But I ask again, when? when will the world see

Is not my fault to be on the street, nor is it my fault I come running to you,

But I'm a child that fall victim.

Victim of situations, victim of circumstances, victim of family background and victim of social background,

I'm a child with big dreams,

I'm a child with confidence and ordacity,

Yet my world tells me not to dare dream,

My world tells me not to dare think of myself better but lesser, lesser and lesser all the time,

Tell me is it my fault that I sleep under the bridge,

Under fly over,

On the ground and even at the gate of your house,

Only to wake up in the morning,

Looking at you stunning,

And I come running to you again,

Is it my fault, tell me

I'm just a child or maybe you can say I'm a child of victim

**VIVA GLAVDA**

O! Duwara, Bazhigla or zadva

Or is it wasagwa and Glawala?

You lie so sheen like diva

Glowing in that black jiva

When you speak I see viva

I worship that tongue

When you speak so unique

Uttering Dadamazhigla (God)

I see the glistening black radiating

Under the glint of the sun rays

I got amused when the shoulder

And the tummy of Gwaja swing with the rhythm of the music

While futuga's hands dangling above, going down to accord fealty

Those zarva(beneseed) mixed with Wala tsira(oil)

Sprinkled on that body embodies unity

Those Abratha (beaded necklace) and hucha hucha(anklets)

Yielding a toneful rhythm

O! Viva Glavda

On that Aghwa (mountain) I stood on to see a better picture of tomorrow

O! I yearn to see Bokko again where part of my childhood memories is buried

What about Amuda?

One of my exquisite land

I recall the days I set my foot

Heartwarming and cheerful udaha(people)

Making turn to see my family

That wath kwarekreka(fermented milk) mixed with dala ziha ( okro soup) offer from Duhamari( my grandmother)

I Consumed a dozen of plates made of it

O! Sweet yuwa zarva(beneseed tea) and imtughwa (tigernut cake) is enough for a whole day

Ngoshe has relieved me of thirst

The Uvah(well) by the road side I drink of it

Kwaskwa likynana (Monday market)

I walked besides dad and I behold

Glorious smiles

Indeed Viva Glavda

I shall long to see you again

Which I can never get tired

How then can one speaks ill of us?

Those pointed nose with the darkest warm eyes

I see caring and most loving Gatuwa

Come with me

As we make a tour to the Aghwa (mountain)

Coming down from it with bunch of firewoods

While I show you how some fruits taste

Dzirma (local fruit) indeed a sweet taste

Where you could see monkeys running back to their hideouts at the sound of our voices

Where you hear the scream and cheering of children's laughter

Going to the farm to harvest of it's abundance, making sumptuous meal

Where family is place above everything

Where men feed

Where starvation has no home

Where religion means nothing

Where grandparents drink of the alcohol made of grains and sing out loud, cracking jokes

Where families sit by the fire

Where one's pain means everyone's pain

Where one language is spoken

GLAVDA

I tell you that black is radiant

I tell you that tongue speaks love

Dadamazhigla well crafted it

Hear me speak and never lie to yourself

That this tongue is frabjous.

**LAWAL ABUBAKAR ZAKARI**

**NIGERIA TODAY**

Many were killed, while the rest cried in pain and sorrow,

but our leaders turn the cry to tune which they found it pleasant to their ears

Tears flows everyday like river Nile

Human rights were denied

Youths dreams were shattered

Parents were kidnapped

And their children were enslaved

And always blame cow for the violence and thuggery activities

Schools became gems which are rare to find

Our peace was stolen and replaced with violence and unrest

Hope is lost and ‘Give’ is already is already ‘up’

Our leaders turned us to toilet, we are visited only when our vote is needed,

And come with few food stuffs to glue our mouth

‘The labor of our heroes past shall never be in vain’

The heroes did not labored yet, and those that are ready to labored are killed or denied

‘Leaders of tomorrow’ but this tomorrow never reach?

The leaders of tomorrow are eager for the tomorrow in order to rule their generation.

Your Generation has passed, so the old ones should rest and space-up for the leaders of tomorrow.

Let’s build our country

Let’s install peace and unity lets maintain diversity

Together we stand

God bless Nigeria!!!

Standing horizontally on the highway

Waiting for the wanted criminal

Swimming inside my long sleeve and leather polished shoe

A cool breeze is waving as an unfamiliar creature is passing by,

Looking mendacious and ravishing in a classic attire

I was awe by such miraculous born,

Her skin is like a well fried groundnut

Well-structured body with a long shining black hair

which can save as an umbrella.

Passing on a red hill

I quickly grabbed my weapon and started walking in boldness to her direction

Trying to arrest my suspect

As I went straight forward to grab her risk to get it curved,

She noticed me coming from her behind

She then turned to see who is after her

As she turned,

Our eyes matched

I saw her twinkling eyes

And she got me arrested by the heart

She burst my mendula and make me shiver

Her eyes really electrify me

And my body shocked,

As I feel my heart dancing disco from the cage of my heart

I saw my heart desire

My soulmate

**RAYYAN SULEIMAN DALHATU**

**EMPTY PAGES**

I used to be loved, but twice a week,

Maybe for just two hours.

I can remember how she defines me in my poetry,

But now she is the broken poems I write.

I once forgot how to write,

Until she came into my life and gave me light.

Now, everywhere is dim.

My Hausa wasn't strong,

But my love for her was stronger.

At times, I would say "Ina kewan ki".

But now, I don't know what I feel.

I wish pen and paper could explain how much I love you,

But unfortunately, I've exhausted three books and still counting.

Season changed,

But my love for her stayed.

In winter and summer, I loved her.

In autumn and spring, I still loved her.

But in this life and next, I would stop loving you.

In search of happiness,

I met her.

Now I regret each of the sweet incidents that led me to her.

**TRAFFIC**

I've proof!

Check her heart,

My footprint and handprint are printed there.

You said you have emotions, but I don't even see that motion nor action.

Is this love or what?

How many more poems do I need to write to you to proof my love?

I bought you Rose,

But you said you prefer diamonds,

I bought you diamonds,

But you said you want the real one.

Is this love or what?

I don't know which is which,

But I know I'm lost.

I wanted taking you to Saturn,

But it was certain the love would be over.

Your love became a traffic light: always on red.

Our love once had a spotlight: so bright to be spotted.

We had a garden,

A garden I imagined our children roaming around.

A garden we could scent our memories,

But you became an erosion and wiped out everything.

I call you my moon at night,

And call you my sunset at daylight.

Now, I don't even remember your real name.

You were the ocean and I was the water.

You used to be the heaven I reside in it.

You're the wind and I'm the atmosphere.

In hausa I would say "Soyaya daga kanki aka Fara",

But now, I don't know its doorway.

What are we now?

Are we still lovers or not yet sure?

Our love was a surrounded glass,

Until you became a stone.

I wanted to love you,

Maybe in this century and next,

In this life and next,

In my old age and youth.

I wish I could tell you goodbye,

But Sai anjuma.

**AISHA ALIYU**

**THE UNSEEN EYES**

A shadow falls, though no one's near,

A whisper soft, for only my ear.

A prickle on the back of my neck,

A feeling I just can't quite check.

It's "somebody's watching," the old refrain,

But no eyes pierce, no judgement's plain.

It's just the hum, a buzzing dread,

The anxious voice inside my head.

It sees each flaw, each minor slip,

The trembling hand, the nervous lip.

It magnifies the slightest fear,

And holds it close, year after year.

It's the critic, the judge, the constant doubt,

Whispering worries, "What if?" Throughout.

A silent guard, both close and keen,

My own anxiety is always unseen.

weaving words

The pen, a wand that dances in my hand,

A symphony of ink, a whispered plea.

I weave with words, a tapestry of sand,

Where dreams take flight and souls find ecstasy.

The canvas of my mind, a boundless sea,

Where thoughts and feelings intertwine and sway.

I dive beneath, a pearl of poetry,

To bring forth beauty, banish dull gray.

With every line, a story takes its form,

A universe of emotions, raw and true.

I paint with language, weathering every storm,

To craft a masterpiece, a vision anew.

So let me spin my tales, a poet's art,

And weave a spell that captures every heart.

**AISHA WALIDA ABBA**

**DEAR TWENTIES**

The plan was to live in the moment

Scarlet letters hidden from all sight

Smiles and cheers to be my companion

The age of discoveries and finding

Setting my mark making a star

But then comes the ghosts the letters sends

The insecurities the Anxieties

The what ifs the hows and can I

The loathing the cheering the bipolar switch

The comparison being the cherry on top

Then realization of the weight that seems to pile

Waiting for one more to tilt and crumble

Solace is fleeting once happy once sad

A mixture of black and white to the gray of life

My rhythm, my rhyme the tune I make with each stride

For my dreams I wish not only be dreams

A reality I sort and giving up not an option

It’s a life the one and only one

The one and only chance

Twenties are a part of it to fall and rise

With every breath ill stand and why the say

It’s my first time living and my first and only life.

**YES, OR NO?**

Should I topple the bottle?

Something refreshing and sweet

Should I leave it lay stable?

Savoring the taste of my sips

Sweet yet spicy

Shallow yet deep

So much for taste

So much for haste

Slowly savoring

So many lingering

Spreading its essence

Scents and its fragrance

Sparkling drink of strides and memories

Sophisticated glasses each with a history

Shaking the bottle again

Should I topple it or leave it lay?

**RUTH JOSHUA**

**THE STRUGGLE**

In the quest for fame

True dreams goes up in flame

As one who've lost his game

All efforts seems so lame

We struggle for a name

But end up being a meme

Who us to blame

The routes from which we came

We tell lies, our tongues we don't tame

Just so we don't remain the same

We strive at all cost to get the fame

Is that our ultimate aim?

Concealing our true selves

Locking it all up in shelves

In those lies we delve

We begin to loose ourselves

We feel the world does not care

The burden is too much too bare

The crown of pain we wear

Forgetting we are rare

We are stronger than we think

No doubts cos it can make you crash in a blink

When you feel at the brink

Remember you are more than you think

**HEROS IN WHITE**

Hands that care

Souls that share

Heros who dare

Back that aches

Yet awake

To rid your ache

Shifts so long

Yet so strong

All year long

Dressed in white

Smiles so bright

To being delight

Angels on earth

Always alert

Day or night

Gentle as a dove

Hands in the glove

Full of love

Tired and weary

Yet stays lovely

Serve admirably

To the heros in white

Shine your light

Ever so bright

Never be swayed

Never dismay

So you don't go astray

Cheers to Nurses the Heros in white

**MERCY ZECHARIAH**

**COMPASSION WITHOUT DELAY**

When neighbors knock in urgent need,

Don't delay, lend a helping deed,

No room for procrastination,

When love and aid can soothe the hill.

Love thy neighbor as thyself, we're told,

So why the wait, the heart grown cold?

Their right to love, don't deprive or hide,

Be present, kind, and stand beside.

In times of need, show empathy's might,

And let compassion be your guiding light.

**MISALIGNED HEARTS**

We misread each other's hearts,

You sought a friend, I sought a guiding star.

I sacrificed my peace, a heavy toll,

Struggling to cope, my spirit grew old.

Your expectations, a weight I couldn't bear,

Cut short our bond, and left us bare.

Offense took hold, and distance grew wide,

Fault lines formed, and our connection died.

The wounds I bore, now healed with time,

Our paths will part, no longer entwined.

Though we'll never reconnect, I wish to part,

On good terms, with hearts that still impart.

**AISHA MUSTAPHA MAINA**

**THE GREAT WOMEN OF AFRICA**

The great women of Africa,

Shielding yet standing so tall like the Baobab tree,

The strength that upholds the ties of Africa,

Women of memories that made it into the book of history,

Like Queen Amina of Zaria and the Moremi of the Yoruba land,

But then, we're talking about the great women of Africa whom have never made it to the book,

To the women of Africa whom had impacted a lot of lives,

To the women whom took firewoods on their heads while backing a baby,

To the women whom had gone through molestations and were treated as if it were the days of ignorance,

To the hardships they faced without giving up the fight,

For their communities and Loved ones, They stood upright.

These, are the great women of Africa,

Whom made up what we proudly call our Africa,

Leaving their legacy behind,

In the hearts and souls of those they touched,

Let's always remember the women of Africa,

Who never made it to the book,

For their struggles, are forever the foundation,

On which our future will always be built.

**COMFORT OTSA**

**TOO LATE TO GIVE UP**

Eight long years, each step I’ve climbed,

Through tangled thoughts and endless time.

Research deep and answers few,

Still I pressed on, as dreamers do.

I’ve faced the silence, faced the doubt,

When no one knew what I was about.

But still I wrote, revised, refined—

Chasing truth with heart and mind.

Sleepless nights and data lost,

I’ve paid the price, I’ve counted cost.

But every trial, every tear,

Brought my purpose crystal clear.

Too late to give up, too far I’ve come,

I won’t retreat—I won’t succumb.

This path is mine, and though it's steep,

The harvest waits—what I sowed, I’ll reap.

This isn’t just a paper chase—

It’s grit, it’s growth, it’s patient grace.

And when I cross that finish line,

I’ll know the work was always mine.

So let the doubters call it tough,

I whisper back: "Too late to give up now.

I must finish what I've started those eight long years ago".

**ISRAEL SIRIRIKI CHICKWUNTIAAN**

**THE UNION OF SOULS**

In marriage's promise, two heart entwine ,

With love as anchor, they stand as one,

Through life's tapestry, they they weave their story,

A bond that strengthens, never to fail,

Together they embark on life's unfolding path.

Storms of pride can spark a fight,

Silent tension, hearts grow cold,

Walls arise where love once glowed,

Testing vows that hold them fast. Doubts creep in, a heavy load,

Daily grind can dim the road.

Distance pulls their hearts apart,

Fading sparks that lit the start,

Love’s bright flame begins to wane.

Yet grace restores with tender care,

Trust rebuilds what doubt would tear.

Laughter shared, a gentle touch,

Heals the wounds that hurt so much,

Love’s soft glow returns to shine.

Marriage grows, a timeless art,

Through the years, their bond holds true,

Forever warmed by heart’s embrace.

**BLESSING DOKANI ANDREW  
  
VOID**

In this desolate scene, where hope seems far

My arms, outstretched and weak

Yearns for connection, a love that's rare

But loneliness wraps like a shroud

My lonely eye sheds silent tears

Drowned in the weight of forgotten years

The orb glowing like a dying light

A distant memory of love that's decayed

Through endless night, the chill cuts deep

A forsaken soul so gaunt, so frail

No voice can Pierce this empty space

Where isolation holds the sky.

**QUIETUDE**

A fragile stem stands alone,

Whispering strength in a quiet tone.

Petals pale, yet fiercely bold,

Unfurling life as its tale unfolds.

It teaches me to stand apart,

No need for pomp, no need for art.

In its stillness, it softly knows

To shed the weight of fear and woes.

In its sway, I find my peace,

A gentle calm my soul won’t release.

Each leaf weaves a tale in silence deep,

A chapter of life in nature’s keep.

**JOHN DANIEL PETER**

**HOMECOMING**

There’s a rhythm in the air, a beat in the ground,

The echo of footsteps where memories are found.

A place where the heart knows its deepest call,

Where time stands still, and you can stand tall.

The journey was long, the road often unclear,

But homecoming whispers, “You’ve made it here.”

Through trials and storms, through joy and through pain,

You return to the shelter, to the sun and the rain.

The familiar streets, the voices you knew,

The smell of the earth, the skies so blue.

The laughter of old friends, the love of your kin,

You’ve found your way back, and you feel it within.

It’s the comfort of faces that never forget,

The warmth of a hug, the hands that are set

To welcome you in, with open embrace,

A return to the heart, to your rightful place.

Homecoming is more than just walls or a door,

It’s the spirit, the soul, the roots at the core.

It’s the feeling of peace when you know you belong,

A melody, a memory, a never-ending song.

I was forged in the fire, in the heat of the storm,

Battered and tested, yet I stand reborn.

With roots that run deep, and a heart made of steel,

I’ve been through the trials, and I know how it feels.

The winds may howl, and the waves may crash,

But I’m built to endure, I’m built to last.

Through the weight of the world, through the darkest of days,

I rise from the ashes, in my own ways.

I’m not made of glass, I don’t shatter or break,

I’m a tower of strength, no matter the stakes.

Each scar tells a story, each bruise has its place,

For I carry my past with honor and grace.

The road may be long, and the journey unclear,

But I walk with purpose, I walk without fear.

For I know I was made to stand tall, to resist,

To weather the storm, and never desist.

Through setbacks and struggles, I’ve learned to persist,

I’m built to last, I was never dismissed. My foundation is solid, my spirit unshaken,

For the future is mine, and it’s already taken.

I’ve got fire in my belly, and vision in my eyes,

No mountain too high, no dream too wise.

I’m built to endure, to rise and to fight,

To stand through the darkness, and into the light.

**SOULMATE**

In the quiet of the night, I find my peace,

Not in the stars above, but in the way you breathe.

Each word you speak, each glance you give,

Makes me feel like I could forever live.

Your smile, a sunrise that warms my soul,

A light that fills the dark, makes me whole.

With every laugh, you paint my skies bright,

With you, my world is always full of light.

Your touch is gentle, like a soft summer breeze,

A whisper of comfort, a promise of ease.

In your eyes, I see a love so true,

A love that makes me want to always be with you.

So here I stand, heart open wide,

Grateful for this love I can no longer hide.

For in you, I've found my reason to fly,

And with you, I’ll soar, reaching the sky.

**NEHEMIAH LUKA**

**LEGACY RANTS**

I am the witness of the sensitivities of the human soul,

Rich, unread, unheard, leatherbound and

Marinated in gunpowder, guilt, pressed purple hibiscus and coffee stains.

The bridge to untold stories and unmet souls.

December 12th 1967.

My head swings with a third shot of ogogoro

Testing testing.

Can you hear me or have the generators finally, eaten

ll r vwls?

Today I buried my shameful uniform under the mango tree,

The same one that grew from the stolen colonial sweets.

I

let the roots bask in its shame

I have shared, and I have shed,

I will

walk home naked and free,

A man no longer at war with himself.

Through loops of coups, fuel queues and unanswered prayers,

I have marched LEFT, RIGHT.

Dreams unspent, EYES RIGHT.

I will walk like the road owes me dawn, for I have written my legacy in blood, sweat and tears

On the walls of a hire-purchase Danfo moving at the speed of regret.

August 6th 1999

Here I am with a report card in one hand. Uncomplicated malaria in the other Doctors said, drink more water

Pastors said anointing oil

Father said, drink more garri.

So, I turn to these empty pages,

Teaching my son that legacy is writing your truth over the scars you inherit from the panelbeating of reality.

I walk like the road owes me dawn and

I teach my son like my daddy taught me.

My son draws the Sun, rising on the new pages' corners, which has outshone all the darkness, blood and tears this weary diary knows.

Father never spoke of the war, but his silence scribbled in my empty pages, said loads.

For on these unread pages are the life in the soil, my scars, the ghosts we feed, futures we skip.

So I write to teach my son to plant seeds

Where storm and silence meet,

The sweet spot

Where we are a beat and legacy an echo.

March 27th 2023

Headlines of promise.

1966, 2023, same ink, same lies.

Dreams to aspirations, velcroed like hot akara to oily newspaper,

Destined to end up in the landfill.

Mama always said legacy is the mango tree behind the house that grew from the spit of Kaka's, stolen colonial sugar.

An infinite scream branded into a NEPA bill and stamped "NOT OUR FAULT".

So I take the high road,

I outlive every lie that tries to stop me.

I walk like the road owes me dawn.

Through sheer coconutheadry and garri-fueled hope,

I envision the light at the end of the tunnel.

Through our sustained collective hallucination,

Legacy is that small seed that takes root in the hearts and minds of today's heroes.

I am here, you are here. The pages should not remain blank

Ps: the revolution has been rescheduled until further notice.

October 28 2040

The revolution was not televised but livestreamed and lost in carousels and shorts as we doomscrolled away the labours of our heroes past.

Fuel is free but thoughts are taxed on the go.

Grief is autotuned, and

We are telling stories of heroes with mismatched slippers and split missions.

Today I pen my testament, not for war or protest

But to water the budding stems of legacy.

The words of my father, his scars like his mother before him,

The signature of our ancestors,

The soil, our family's birth certificate.

All lessons on legacy, as the last resounding echo.

The mango tree behind the house from whose roots

I unearth shards of a veterans uniform, woven in colonial tapestry we have used to hide the shame of the underdressed revolution we counted down to:

Ten, Nine, Eight, democracy is a farce, poetry is war,

Seven, Six, Five, if you no know, now you know.

Four, Three, Two, the centre can no longer hold

One legacy.

The scream that outlives the screamer,

The scar that outlives the wound.

**CALORIES ON CALL**

‘What’s in a name?

A rose by any name would smell as sweet.’

Shadows dance, our love's dark flame,

Forever's mystic spell, my soul's sweet sagacity.

Under moonlit shadows,

Midnight's velvet darkness claims me,

Eternal night, my heart's retreat.

Across starry skies,

Sunrise sugar rush reaches me,

Flaky pastry dreams of you.

Golden syrup kisses bridge the space,

Dawn's warmth ignites my heart's dark place,

Cinnamon whispers your sweet, cosmic name.

Your name, a whispered promise, echoes eternally.

In twilight's hush, where shadows play,

Sunrise whispers secrets of the day,

Our cosmic dance, a sacred fire,

Burns bright as stars, and love's dark desire.

With every breath, our hearts entwine,

In infinite space, a yawn lingers.

**SEMEN ISAIAH LERUM**

**WOMAN**

Her eyes are the stars—

Designed by God Himself.

Her voice scorches every soul it touches.

She is worth more than every precious stone;

She is beautiful.

Her strengths and weaknesses

Are a fairytale mixed with nightmares

Her word sparkles with lightning and thunder—

She is a hurricane.

Her fertile land is always moisturized,

And her oceans never run dry.

Her poultry produces a thousand eggs at a time,

But she’d never goaded.

She is the womb.

Her heart is at the centre of the garden—

We’re Adam cuddled for a milk.

Her smile is a single ray of sunshine.

She tastes better than a honeycomb.

She is love.

Her shoulders are everlasting pillars,

Conveying the entire universe.

She gasped for breath and gave breath.

She is a demi-god.

Through her,

The world’s sounds and colours are seen.

She is a woman.

**ALL HAIL CHAMBA LAND**

All hail Chamba land,

A land of flora and fauna.

Pula-pula, my hands come together

As a sign of respect for my roots.

From the fertile land of Ganye

To the colourful Kaika across

The tubers of Jangani.

Behold the beauty of Toungo waterfall

And the mountains of Koma.

Her veins flowed from Yelli,

Where culture and tradition speak.

In her beget the

Warriors of Donga

And the ancient blacksmith of Sangassumi.

Dabra is sweet in the morning,

Tuwon dawa is best

Drowned in Mwon-jisen or Daksiyesa.

Jada vomits wealth—Atiku.

Kojoli villages touch borders

That spread to the ancestral home.

I hail Baba Bonotem,

Who planted the seed of gospel,

And the legendary Malam Moddibo—

A hero to all Ummahs.

Her savannah showers intellect—Sabastine,

And famous TY Danjuma.

I salute the courage of Gang Maken,

Not forgetting the wings of Suntai,

Who flew so early.

Mock not the women of Gurum.

Sapeo men touch heavens, and

Mapeo begat Goliaths.

Sugu had Dimgeb,

Where Nyagang Wu was crowned.

All hail Gangwari and Gara,

Her noble kings.

Purma festival sparks

The sound of Mumbara

And the flutes of Lera.

Nyayeba and Nyakuba are well-known twins,

While Semen (Sona) speaks beauty.

Keyebga, Sulisumen, Temlare, Bilbonga are popular names.

All hail great land

Of various faiths and beliefs—

Leko, Daka,

Christian, Muslim.

All hail the home of traders,

A food basket

That fed Adamawa.

**FATIMA SULEIMAN PARIS**

**BE LIKE A FLOWER**

Be like a flower

A flower that brightens a place

That adds beauty to the space

And bring freshness to the environment.

Be like a flower

That brings glad tidens to the heart

That give peace to the mind

And solace to the soul.

Be like a flower

That brings positivity

That gives a new look when there

And inserts positive change.

Be like a flower

That with you there; there is a positive difference

And you ‘re not there because you are vital for life but essential for a living.

**A ROSE**

I once saw a rose

So beautiful as a rose…….

I admired its beauty

And tried to pick it up

Carefully and tenderly

I hold it in my hands.

I held it close to me

But it prickled my hands

With its very sharp thorns.

My own blood; red

Like the color of the rose

Trickled down my hand.

I was nothing but tender

With the beautiful rose

But it decided to pay me back

With a trickle of my blood

A trickle down my hand

Unto the mud

And left me with a scar.

So Then,

And only then

Did I decide

To let it go.

I threw it away

Not because of

Its lack of beauty.

But because its beauty;

Doesn’t deserve my blood.

**EZEKIEL REJOICE NTIYE**

**A MOTHER’S LOVE**

A mother's love, a gentle breeze,

What matters most, is her little one,

In her arms, a heart finds home.

And all love pours out to the tiny being,

Once a cell, now a life unfolding,

Nurtured by love, in every heartbeat.

It displays how privileged we are,

To have these souls entrusted to us,

A sacred trust, a precious gift,

A love that forever lasts.

We splurge on luxuries for them,

Yet sacrifice our own needs with ease,

For their smiles shine brighter, and their joy won't cease.

Oh, the spell of motherhood, I'm enchanted still,

A magic that wraps around my heart, forever young and real.

In their eyes, my world is new,

A love so pure, it guides me through.

**DANIEL OTSA**

**THE PODIUM**

Stepping into the limelight

Heart beating, feet shaking, mouth trembling.

The anxiety and the pulsing pulsating pulses.

It's time to get up and speak

Thinking what if I'm wrong?

What if I mess it up?

What if ...?

Everyone staring and waiting to see my next move

Standing into the bright light

Walking one step at a time

taking deep breaths.

Getting to the microphone

All eyes on me

What's my next move?

But as I begin

Suddenly the purpose beats the feeling

Forgetting about the audience

As they maintain silence

When I'm done

Applauding and ovating ovations

Thinking this wasn't a bad idea.

Just me and my paper

Dropping rhyming lines

Before we ran out of lines.

**BIRUWA BILKISU**

**DEMOCRACY DAWN**

June 12th, a bright day that gives light

without fright and take flight

democracy dawn

where Nigerians stood side by side

in every slide

the struggle long and the fight strong

for freedoms voice, a brighter song

the annulled dream, a painful past

but June 12th stands, forever last

a celebration of courage to stand bold

a reminder of sacrifices told

freedom and justice reign

June 12th, a day to remember

a day to sustain because a liberation

still maintain, happy democracy day.

**HAFSAT MUSA**

**LIFE'S TAPESTRY**

Life's tapestry, woven with threads of pain,

Each soul bears scars, a story to obtain.

My own narrative, a chapter of woe,

Harassments shadow, financial struggles to show.

But the deepest ache, a wound that won't subside,

Is the absence of parents, side by side.

Born to separation, a childhood longing with tears to share.

Peers with parents, a bittersweet sight,

A pang in my heart, a sorrowful night.

Life's grudges, my portion to bear,

A story of residence, through tears and care.

**ECHOES AND MEMORIES**

We once shared laugher, tears and dreams,

In classroom filled hopes and schemes.

Now, time and space have taken their tolls,

And memories begin to unfold.

I miss the jokes, debates, the fun,

The late night-study sessions, never done.

Your absence, leaves a void, a space,

A reminder of memories we can't replace.

Though paths have diverged, and we have grown apart,

In heart we will always be connected from the start,

I hope life's journey brings you joy and peace,

And though we are far our bond will never cease.

**MIRIAM VANDI ZIRA**

**WHO WILL HELP THEM?**

Who will help them?

Just look at them

They are heart broken

They are down trodden

Who will help them?

They are stressed

They are pressed

Tossed & turned like the wind

Ah this is too much

In the name of civilization

Character & learning

They are reduced to nothing

Like a pile of rubbish

Nobodies are now demigods

The unqualified are now qualified

To qualify the qualified

Who will help them?

The child of a nobody is given white-washed bones to enjoy

But what enjoyment is there?

What pleasure? What satisfaction?

Oh, who will help them?

They are trapped

Sapped

Wrapped

They are caught in the web

What should they do

The more they try to break free

The more they become entangled

But do they Just relax in the web?

Relax till the web is removed?

Just tell me

What should they do?

Who will help them?

**BENJAMIN NATHANIEL**

**BEYOND THE FIRST SIGHT**

Waooo… she’s beautiful.

She’s got that Coke bottle shape.

I catch myself wishing she was mine,

Heart racing with dreams I can’t define

So eager to pour my love like wine,

Without fully understanding

what lies beyond my express.

I watched lovebirds sway,

Singing in circles, night and day.

Even Wale, Sini, and Kene

Sang love songs with cracked voice but felt okay

I longed to sing for her that way,

Without fully understanding

what lies ahead when the song is over.

Happily ever after… that’s the dream.

Me, Prince Charming, she my queen.

A castle deep in a fairytale scene

A fantasy told by my white tick cover story book.

So eager to build that life so clean,

Without fully understanding

what lies ahead when the builder is done building.

But now I see it clear and raw

Beyond the “I love yous,” the dance, the song, the castle

Lies a quiet truth no one ever saw

It’s a slow surrender wrapped in law

Losing self just to raise another

No brakes, no leave, no tapping out...

Beyond the first sight is responsibility,

Being responsible for another to a fault.

**FXAFA KAZONG**

**LEGACY**

A legacy of love,

To live my footprint in the heart of men,

To extend kindness and expecting nothing in return,

To lend a helping hand at all times,

To give not because I have enough,

To be there when they need me and when they don’t

I will pray for them and with them.

To comfort them in sorrow,

To encourage them in the midst of challenges,

To support their vision and journey with them towards

Fulfilling purpose,

To forgive their short comings and understand their humans.

I am living a legacy of love.

A love that will echo till eternity.

A love that will not be forgotten.

A legacy of kindness.

A gentle whisper and a subtle response,

A beautiful smile and a kind hug,

A loving arm and a tender heart,

A resounding and reassuring calmness,

A soul that defines kindness and gives it out,

I am a living legacy of kindness,

I carry it everywhere I go,

A kindness that will echo till eternity,

A kindness that will not be forgotten,

PAIN

I felt it,

The disappointments

I felt it,

The rejection

I felt it,

The failure

I felt it,

The injustice

I felt it,

The maltreatment

I felt it,

The failure

I felt it,

The pain and trauma

ssI did and it hurt so badly.

But I felt it with grace,

I felt it with strength,

I felt it with resilience

I felt it with hope

I felt it with optimism.

I felt it with a victorious mind.

**ALBERT EMMANUEL AUDI**

**STOLEN ILLUMINATION OF THE STAR**

This journey has not been a fanciful adventure

we're all settlers in this dynasty of neo-colonialism

united only by what divides us. Victims, yes

victims of civilized inducement,

terms of reference only apply to the proletarians.

Am not merely being irrational behind the scene we

have double standard, huge volumes of finger print

even the blind can see.

Not far too fast we live together but now,

now they looked down on US cause, unlike US

these folks acquired a taste for a different melody,

raining impunity in the guise of immunity such;

overt display of power used to be associated with

slavery but now, now the trade mark of the BIG BROTHERS.

Frail men with no emotional intelligence who built

fences taller than mount Everest.

The night is unusually long and my integrity will

not allow me to be perceive at this crooked system

that has continued to hurt our conscience,

I think the beginning of the conflict was capitalism,

though we lived in communities without common goal

wasting in estates, oh Honorables without honors

preaching the ten commandments of development yet

dragging us into recession; gang raping our economy.

My people’s hope is kept half alive by the state charity

called the budget which merely introduces a touch

of faint breeze accompanied by mixed messages,

while we suffer collective amnesia; every year is

another sand castle, the legislatures flip through it pages

in an expression of esprit de corps with the executive

bathes in their own propaganda perhaps a tight-lipped

concentric circle of conspiracy.

We ran to this floating fortress caused all we ever wanted is change,

yes, change now my comrades walking with

their head dangling over shrinking shadows

colonized by hunger and poverty, weary of being

without in the midst of plenty while our reps engage

in sophistry hoping to get a simple majority,

these crake in their amour became the gaping hole

in this fortress wall that was once home to us,

well maybe am looking at the concept of orthodoxy differently

perhaps I over exaggerated.

Our land held bound by these creatures of whim who seem

to walk in the delirium induced by common greed,

tearing down our walls as the walls of Jericho

with policies summersault, soaking us into ideologist

that were never part of our core values.

This harmattan wild-fire burns in every facade

like a stray girl but the mirror keeps in focus with

associative evidence, aided by dark hidden hands

acted by these black stars.

The judiciary have made abortive attempts in

her journey to freedom, while the last diagnosis

proved miscarriage of justice others result in still-birth.

These kleptocrats tend to mystify development

and still claim the government is for the people

when everything is behind close door,

attended only by members of the internal fracas,

yet I was told am the leader of tomorrow and now

I wander if am anywhere close,

perhaps is part of the poli-tricks to define hypocrisy for democracy.

Even our activist are carrier freedom fighters

whose effort made a sabotage of our own mission,

alas this is no short than a well-rehearsed choreography

of colors in deception. Over the years

the chief priest who held in trust, feast on the nations fortune

and still have the nerves to preach contentment,

in every constituency there is no consistency.

Our abattoirs are filled with native and foreign vultures,

while the butchers knife slash without mercy the national cake.

The psychological basis for this social contract was fair but

I really wander if the rules still apply.

Surely a case of an oppressed majority, all my homie got was

the minimum wage which can't satisfied a noble appetite,

I think no more explanation for the rage.

Amazingly these folks in their desperate political jig

to remain in power recycled themselves every four years,

while we listened in stunned silence as they engage in oral

acrobatic promising to change our notion into a nation;

mere rhetoric which excites our imaginations,

seduces us to believe in miracles,

we ran with deadly haste to the polls as this prospect

casted a dark shade over us and now we're casualties of

our own mischief laughs to scone by the sun and the august rain.

**THE UNKNOWN GUNMAN**

The gunman secures by his concealed identity

shrouded in mystery, shadows lurking out of sight

kills, by order, greed, and convenience.

With blood-stained conscious

Our land Sliding into anarchy, becoming a boiling cauldron

But where is the unknown gunman from?

Every time he showed up spending noisy hours,

he left unscathed perhaps the cries of the victims

couldn’t rouse the night watch men from their slumber,

honestly, they must have been tired.

After all our leaders only condemn such act

and as good citizens we weren’t expecting more.

Our leaders tiptoe and mewed

oh, the fear is potent. it’s a cold war but who’s after us?

Here, crimes can be control except that of the unknown gunmen

Amid the deep smoke from his firearm

Many lives brought to their unexpected end,

Maybe these gunmen are not truly unknown.

Since the impart of the state are rarely felt

the government remain unknown by most citizens

probably they’re all unknown,

the decimation of the night watch men is a flight into anarchy,

once violence is allowed to sit,

it cannot be ordered to leave.

while officials rehash old press releases

with misguided rhetoric, daily doses of media reports

on activities of the unknown gunmen are relentless.

With many federating units like the polygamous home

of an African king,

justice, equity, and fair play should be central place

only then can we raise and dust ourselves to face

the future which is now.

Shattered Dreams

My heart, once whole, now shattered lies, A million pieces, like autumn's lonely sighs. The memories we made, now haunt my mind, A bittersweet reminder of love left behind.

The fire that once burned, now reduced to ash, The love we shared, now a distant, fading flash. I'm left to gather the fragments of my soul, To mend the cracks, to make my heart whole.

In this darkness, I search for a glimmer of light, A fleeting hope, a beacon in the endless night. But like a whispered promise, it vanishes away, Leaving me with tears, and a heart that's lost its way

Poet Ummul

My Department

In Modibbo Adama University's halls of might, Biotechnology department, where knowledge takes flight.

With Prof Ahmad Idi, our HOD, leading the way, And Dr Jaafar's lectures, inspiring us each day.

Ahmad Adamu Isa, our president, guides us true, Uniting Biotech students, with a heart anew.

We learned from trained lecturers, with expertise so fine, Gaining experience, and knowledge that will forever shine.

We faced challenges, from various angles wide, But perseverance and teamwork, helped us glide. Through trials and tribulations, we stood as one, And emerged stronger, with our degrees won.

Let's pamper our department, with love and care, With new equipment, and resources to share. Let's organize seminars, and workshops too, To enhance our knowledge, and see our department through.

Biotechnology department, we love you so, Modibbo Adama University, forever we'll glow!

Poet from Ummul

**Anthology Submission**

***Echoes of the Monster***

I could only cry and lay back in pains,

Father said it was independence

Mother believed it was the best disciplinarian

So I dare not complain about barbarians.

Growth was learning to smile

Even in the harshest realities.

The *monster* never came with horns

He was the brightest star the world ever saw.

Glaring through his artistic works

Standing out in the realms of “*Fine Woman*”

His works- the most praised

And his smile, a devilish complement.

Onye ka a ga akoro?

Who will believe my story?

It was more than a night,

Flowery buds turning black

It was the darkest morning

In a room oozing of blood and karma

Face covered, fists strong

Let me scream in vain echoes

The *monster’s* breath was stronger.

Each night I lay in this dark trauma,

Sapping faith, building hopes

In my prayer for freedom.

And so I found freedom,

Like *Celie*, I wrote letters,

Hoping that my *color* also turned *purple*.

While I lay all night with the pictures,

Of a *monster* clothed in white,

Seated at the top,

Laughing at the *prey*

***Confession***

“*Forgive me*, I have sinned…..

“Straight to the point, I beg”

“Will Jesus understand I was forced?”

“To the point I repeat, follow the *Cathecism* style”

“I…….”

“Oh speak or find yourself out of here”

“Brookkk…..

Broken that's the word

Please send my tears to maker

*Forgive me*, I have sinned”

He looks out from the *booth*,

“See me after now.

Next please!”

And that was the beginning of my end

Isn't a confession meant to be private?

Thought it was an interaction with the *cleanser*

Maybe mine was interesting for a *homily*

Or perhaps too grave to require a letter

Farewell, your days are over…..

**NIGERIA**

Nigeria my noble land

Full of begging hands.

You have rich farmlands

Yet you yield no fruit.

In season, you beg for arms

The presence of earthworms

Gives us hope for a bountiful harvest

Yet you yield no fruit

You are full of natural resources

Yet you have poor masses

You live in surplus

Yet hunger is your friend and neighbor

You have refineries

Yet salt and corrosion cannot let them work

You are full of “Napoleons”

They put bits on your mouth

So you can die of hunger

You are an embodiment of knowledge

Yet you are bridled and ruled by nonentities

You are rendered armless

You are rendered useless

Even though you are an asset

You have shoes

Yet you are denied of using them in the hot sun

Your cap is full of thorns

You are well armoured and kitted

Yet snakes bite you in and out

The boom of the bombs burn the bones of the new born babies.

Why have you allowed the cankerworms to infiltrate you?

Can you survive this?

Yes! A living you is possible with the Cross

Yes, on the Cross lies your hope and future.

**MY MOTHER**

I will return home to my mother

I will lay my offering at her feet

Oh, my lovely mother

I will rebuild her houses

I will rebuild her holy courts

I will decorate them with black woods, bronze, and terracotta

Oh, poor black mother!

Watching for so long her infant son

The son she has pinned so much

To grow and comfort her

To make her forget her days of tears, shame, and sorrows

He has turned out to be an honour

Poor black mother!

Yes, poor black mother!

The Cross has heard your weeping and great laments

The time for your morning has come

Hence, dwell not in shanties and darkness

For the light is come.

**NB: THE MOST PREFERRED POEM IS “NIGERIA”**