

ONE MAN, ONE GOD

A Poetry Anthology of the Chrysolite Bi-Monthly Poetry Contest

I saw God on the cross of Calvary
On the theatre stage of the world
I heard him calling Jesus his only son & prophet Isa
And how he called her – Marian
I saw Abraham my father cutting the sacred knife of "ileya"
To chop a man's neck for sinners
I saw Joseph drawing the name name of Yusuf
and Musabab in English while the summer closes

GIWA WILSON OLUKOTUN

Winner of RPC 003, July 2016

CHRYSOLITE WRITERZ, NIGERIA

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Celebrating One Year of Promotions in Literature

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ONE MAN, ONE GOD

(The Chrysolite Writers Anthology of the Chrysolite Bi-Monthly Contest 2016)

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of gods and greens ... by Ayoola Goodness Olanrewaju

when i paint your yellow years
into grace and
greens

and you become a god of bounty—

promise

you will not my head a rip
when i fall—

when i fall
into the hands of vain men...

promise

you will save my greenness

in your grace
green

and god...

dust on dust

course the harmattan on your lips
cold
blis/ters
l
o
o
dryness & dust

kiss the dust

how does home taste?

IYABO by Samuel Amazing Ayoade

(Re-incarnation I)

Stop!

Do not call Iyabo an abiku

She is but the spirit of beloved mother's wishes
to accompany her children to the land of their destiny
(The tortoise taught us to execute the truth for some noble lies -
the last time Okiki claimed to see God
placating kolanut at the junction of laaroye
men wailed, men hailed
I remember)

But Iyabode is not an abiku
She is only the spirit of beloved mother's wishes
to accompany her children to the land of their destiny
.

Daughter,
There is a tree in my nose
so, I can't breathe
stretch marks all over my eyes
I cannot finish this course
I hear foot-sounds so close behind me
six feet running so near
But these six are figureless images of some persons feet
Two of these are for your father who lives in Buni Yadi -
where Satan breathes.
Two are for your little sister, the sickle celler
who lay on hospital bed at noon tide
The other two are for Adigun
who prepared this concursion.
.

Daughter,

These feet of mine, are no more but
tired bones

The lungs that speak these words are not
but punctured balloon balls

...

when you hear the cock crow,

know that fore-fathers came to call

and I have gone with the ancestors

But I will return to you o child according to seasons
and times

in this same likeness...

when you the moonlight see

and in it the cry of a baby hear

on that day, call me Iyabode

for once, I had tread this path...

BLOOD BATH BY OGECHI VERONICA

Against nature and mother earth

Our actions replay

This clash of interest

On this market place, we began the crusade

Proclaiming unity in diversity

Bring forth your strong reasons

Convince me, Mohammed

Convince me, dear preacher-man

These gods which is supreme?

We are, you are; all in one, the war we began.

The broken line runs across my face

Across the streets

I heard the sounds of machetes, guns and bombs

This wall which blinds all together, keeps us apart

Like predators, we maimed, tooth for tooth, eye for eye, the blood bath began

Skulls and broken bones of men, the residues of strife

Horror and eerie darkness fell upon the earth

Tell me!

Is this the peaceful abode, we once lived in?

What good is it to avenge the course of a supreme being?

Balogun by Samuel Amazing Ayoade

Tell Are-Ona-Kakanfo

that Balogun, the man of war

is back from war.

Balogun,

the son of seven thunders

in the days of seven wonders

kills the war and takes plunders

I am the Balogun of words
for I know the alphabets that put strife asunder.

Tell Oba Alayeluwa
Let the town-crier bear it on his tongue
Let hares bear it on their ears
that Balogun, the man of war
is back from war.

The breath in my gun
is the life in your lungs
The gods bow to my spirit and deities worship my soul
For I know the enchantments that put death to death
I am Balogun
The man of seven wonders.

.

Death

Your teeth

Are blunt.

.

Grave

Your depths

Are shallow.

.

Sheol

O how your holes

Are low.

I am Balogun

Edumare assigned me a custodian of words

The same words that stretched out the heavens

On the day earth was scattered over the waters;

(Thoughts of a playful fowl spreading the sands

This is stupidity in the hearts of men)

I am the Balogun of words

To relate how the worlds came to being.

.

I am Balogun

Assigned by Aseda, the Creator

To bring hope to Iseda, the creatures

In words of Faith, Hope and Love

Death honours my word to bow

For the words I speak are Spirit and life

I am the Balogun of words

To relate to you words about the world to come.

.

Tell Are-Ona-Kakanfo

that Balogun, the man of war

is back from war.

.

Notes

Balogun: A Yoruba war Chieftaincy Title

Are-Ona-Kakanfo: A Yoruba Chieftaincy Title

Oba Alayeluwa: King, His Majesty

A New Nigeria by Akinbode Israel Oluwatobi

I sat on the heights of tomorrow,
Legs stretched on yesterday's stool,
Then I saw it all,
I saw it, all.

She became born again, away from claws of sin,
Her devotion was pure and righteous,
Her robe perfectly white all round,
Her pastors pastured her well.

Her west held to the north,
The north solemnized with the east,
The east could do nothing besides the south.
Four wives truly in love to a husband.

Her children educated by lettered hands,
Chalks of hard work wrote on her slate,
Words of peace and equity,
While her one naira defeated their one dollar.

All potholes were made whole into pots
That dishes every home; low and high,
Same meal at same time,
Every one ate to the brim like the biblical five thousand.

I sat on the heights of tomorrow,
Legs stretched on yesterday's stool,
Then I saw it all,
A new Nigeria.

BACK IN TIME by Ogedengbe Tolu Impact

Back in time,
Our fathers drank directly from the streams
High up in the highlands
From the springs of the purest water.

Back in time,
Our progenitors danced at the festival
Embraced the earth with their feet
And the field grew green in their praise.

Back in time,
Our mothers laughed at the moonlight tales;
Tales on how the tortoise broke its spine
And fed the animals with lies.

Back in time,
Our heroes broke into the sea of the night
And arrived at the disputed field
To compete with the generation of antiquity.

But now, in this time,
We leave our toes in our shoes
To be gnawed at by ticklish bugs
Of an adopted culture.

We devoid the beautiful legacies
Nurtured by our ardent ancestors
And we shatter the hope of our future
By biting the tail of our culture.

Alujonu (Beast) by Amore David Olamide

.....

Beasts with rare cryptic eyes
That indulges fear in heart holes
Monsters of the blemish night
Alujonu the anti saint foe
In your darkened deadened hut
Just men are unjust to sojourn .
Your heart of evil incarnate
Like demons on nightie parade
Your brutal sucking pallet
Aims of life to terminate.
Your lullabies of sadly mourn
Are tools of aching borne
Your restless stilling groan
Of convulsive horror gulch.
Your anguish laid upon
Your brutish rebellious fond
Your nails can pinch and sour
The joyous heart it stuck.
The monsters of nightmares
That depict heartlessness
The ruthless Vampires

With utmost killing desire.
The blemish night warrior
The bloody terror; the horror.

Sermon at Camelot by Ajise Vicent

Sometime later you will tread this road of repugnance.
This road robed with cloaks of medieval climes,
Where kwashiorkored-dreams are fed with morsels of nothingness,
to seek our mandate, again.

.
Then, you will see men watering their farmland
with sweats & blood of their aged bones yet still eating like ants.
You will see juveniles transform into walking chimneys,
producing whiffs from their nostrils behind latrines.
Lo! You will see anuses of kids being eulogized by the avid spirit of diarrhea.

.
Then, you will seek our mandates
with thirty pieces of silver
& we will pelt you with stones,
obloquies, diatribes, with precision,
like a martyr about to be crucified for blaspheming
against the religion of integrity.

ITA ALE by Akinbode Israel Oluwatobi

(An open night market)

.
The dark night walked among bats,
Birds resting their lungs after a wonderful balladry,
The calabash drooling white wine,
Slumbering trees watched, few leaves dropped.

.
Atupa, the Moon's bosom friend,
Gossiping how the sun missed;
Two young hands baking love,
The cool breeze their fire.

.
Ita ale, a night where cowries die
For the goods the sun could not hawk,
The moon returned with a smiling tray,
All was sold.

.
Ita ale, our legacy,
Her leaf must never wither,
Not in this century,
Nor to come.

.
*Ita ale: An open market where petty goods are sold only at night.

.
*Atupa: Local lamp

GLIMPSE by Michael Oyeyemi Sui Generis

Clashes,
and filing of blades in the battle for bones and flesh.
Stream of blood flows,
across the altar,
that prays the slaughter of men.
Stench of horror arrest the atmosphere,
as grave of silence hides in the room filled with fear

..

Here,
one way in,
the way in out.
On queue,
empty bodies of souls.
Whose patience awaits the judgement of their ill fates.
Rain of hot tears that blur the sight,
as they approach the altar,
that prays their death

..

Blood is sold in litres.
Intestines in strands.
Eyes and kidneys in pairs.
Tongues in bits.
Flesh in sizes.
To those,
whose courage of wickedness,
are lured by the taste of greed for quick riches.
Hence,
human parts for sale.

..

Blood in the eyes.
The lacrimal-glands are dried.
Hearts are wrapped,
in the wickedness of life.
Mercy has died long ago in its birth.
No justice of security in the land.
Wasted are lives,
in those hidden secluded corners of life.
Rise and pray,
for this,
a glimpse trip,
into the world of men of the underworld,
who gives scare to our land.

WE WORSHIP ONE GOD by Oki Kehinde Julius

.
I saw God on the holy pulpit,
Preaching sermon with the epistles of quran and "opon ifa".
I saw him placating kolanut in the sacred shrines of the deities,
Putting on white collared cassock with a seraphic loin.

.
I saw God on the junction of esu — the master of cross roads,
Lightning candles, on the candle stand that metaphored seven heavens.
I saw ogun with sango, chanting above the everest mountain of their voices,
Holy! holy! holy! to the king of host.

.
I saw God sitting inside the holy of holies,
Dieting on the calabash sacrifice of: pap, egg and oil.
I saw him breaking the full moon fast of ramadan,
With the last supper's bread and wine of holy communion.

.
I saw God acting the character of Allah,
On the theatre stage of the quran.
I heard him calling Jesus his only son — prophet Isa
And her virgin mother — Mariam.
I saw Abraham giving Ibrahim the sacred knife of "ileya",
To chop off Yaqub's neck for sacrifice.
I saw Joseph dreaming the mare name of Yusuf
And Musa stammering like the stammer Moses.

.
God who gave birth to his son at nazareth,
Also procreated Muhammad on the maternity bed of mecca.
At Ile-ife, he threw down Oduduwa and Orunmila,
Bearing the name of: God, Allah and Olodumare.

.
Tell all religious' fanatics,
To lay their body voluntarily, on the patient bed of the psychiatric;
For all fanatics —are lunatics!
One God! one idol! we worship,
Only our shrine of worship, gave us.

ONE MAN, ONE GOD by Ebi Robert

Is there not but one God
Who in his brightest light created the world?
Is there not but one man
Who in dark light, darkly ran?

Art thou a shaolin monk,
Whose bare-head is good for the knock?
Art thou a sound sheik
Who seek for the crescent to check?

Art thou a rugged Rastafarian
Who pays obeisance more than an Ethiopian?
Art thou a healthy Herbalist,
Who hates to be treated as the least?

We may claim 'the best servant'
Because we feel we ain't the last.
We may claim we are the master,
Who can turn God's ear faster.

Whether we are or may,
We all deserve to see the day,
Whether the shaolin is the monk,
We all have a head that can be knocked.

Like the stars in the sky,
Like the sands in the ocean,
All men are covered by the sky,
And none is born slave in a chain.

So, let the moon kiss the cross,
And left to be judged by the BOSS.

TRAILS OF BLOOD by Ogedengbe Tolu Impact

Our land was an abode consecrated with smiles
Long before we become a simile for pain
An allegory for sorrow
Before the whirling tempest
Blew off our grand-stand of peace.

In the falling light of the dusk
They came to invade our land
With their jetting echoing through the night
They collapsed our homes, maimed our hope
And left us to groan and moan.

Chants of elegy gloom our land
With cacophony songs of plight
Assailing from the dark pit of our hearts
As blood spilled on our sacred ground
Leaving us an unwanted stain.

Night mist kissed our tears
As we trod on trails of blood
Left behind by the marauders

Who came to cart away our gold
To feed their ravenous greed.

Drought by Samuel Amazing Ayoade

I have faced death to face

I have held the fangs

Of pythons

I have taken cubs to ransom

I have survived the edge of the sword

Where is Daniel to interpret this handwriting?

That this dynasty has come to an end today.

.....

Drought is not the absence of little drops

Or the aridness of the heart of our soil

(It is the hardness of the heart of men)

Drought is a feeling, it is fantasy

But this fantasy

Is reality:

When fatherland becomes fartherlands

Flying away on the wings of vultures

Drought has rocked you O land

when your king is a child

.....

I commune with the Spirit

Words I bring from Okigbo, the great Poet

that Drought,

has rocked this land today

A naira no longer buys a needle

'What?' is the currency in these currencies

This is Drought:

that children cry on the streets while mothers beg

Yet father's farm is filled with grains -

groaning grains

Drought is the absence of justice in the land

Drought is this:

That a king lay with his princess

Drought is the hormone in his testicles

Drought is in their medulla:

Chickens that go naked or frizzle-feathered

for the sake of fashion -

Fantasy in reality.

Drought pulls the trouser of your uncle

below his panties

For this Drought has 'power'

Drought has rocked humanity

And aridness, the sons of men.

Yet another drought is here:

The lion of the tribe of Japhet blowing his Trump -

An ensign of a closing time

For my brothers to locate our lost homes

In the eyes of the sky

On the wings of the wind

This is Drought, that I

have lost my word.

Trumpet! Please, send them not only packing

But also, remember to freeze the accounts...

Maybe, the currency

in this currencies

shall be restored

at the end

Of this Drought - a fantasy

in reality.

.....

APES OBEY! By Adegoke Adeola

On the road along their plantation
is an entire nation.

A pint of salt and,
torny saggy grass piercing their bare palm.

On the neck is the tiny hope,
a rope that sings of thousand penny
in a nude baffling auction.

A twenty rude lashing is an option
of call to glory.

Their songs,

 We want to see this He'
as our glorious home.

Their songs,

 Apes obey! Apes! eeeh Apes! Apes!

BEYOND THE INVISIBLE BY OGECHI VERONICA

on this parched land

dry bones shall live again

on this weary soil

our soul shall sing songs of joy

the fields shall blossom and yield increase

the drought that lurked our thirst
heavens shall send dew to quench our carvings
the years of famine
swept by rain of abundance
upon this land, nigeria
on this land where justice thirst
a full measure shall be apportioned
on this land, where disguised "saviours" dwell
a chosen sceptre shall arise
his throne shall set ablaze the scents of corruption
i dream dreams
i see beyond the visible
i look not with the eyes of mortal men
for what i see is beyond the ordinary
i behold a comely future
i behold fountain of fresh streams
a land devoid of chaos and pandemonium
where tears shall cease to be our daily meal
a land where the flag of peace shall as an emblem stand
i behold a canaan of promise on this land, nigeria.

SAHARA BLUES XIV by Ajise Vicent

We, the masses, might have rendered dirges
at the funeral of the Naira.
We might have also written obituaries
for dreams roasted by bombs
detonated by infidels coated in turbans.
Yet we will still yield the scepter of hope, today,
for we know the future is pregnant
with foetuses of integrity,

due process; policies
, metamorphosing, slowly,
into neonates of development.

DISCOVERIES OF A PATRIOT by Amana Godwin Mmaduabuchi

TODAY may bear yesteryear's scars
But the future's past bleakness
Fastly gives way for brightness.
Listlessly our unity at us may stare
But lights there are behind the clouds.

The soil , oil-drenched may now be fire-lit
Burning , glowing and flaming the people to madness.
This madness had bore us nothing but sadness
The wars, named and un-named are uneasy to forget
May these new fighters not rekindle a dying fire.

I see the change affecting : though sluggish its trudging
As God made man , so made he us
So endowed with no lack and thus
Division peeps only to do us harmful grudging
To abort Africa's dream of a name.

But beyond this era in the glade when beasts besiege
When wars are fought
Is a peaceland where face-marks
Mere costume shall become not demarcation.

I HAD A DREAM by Adegoke Adeola

Once upon a time;
In the middle of Niger,
There lives an area which birthed a baby boy.
Green white, father white green,
A pastel on the face and behind the butt.
Haired black, body black and mother black;
A pastel on the heart and behind the soul.
There where the holy oil flow was his bloodstream;
A passage of natural vitality where crude sweat produce.

I saw a boy behind a beautiful piano,
Cuddling the righteous strings.
He sang and sing the song of an ocean which lives in a sea,
Of the sky which lives under the wing of the birds,

Of the falling rain that never touch the ground,
Of the precious country which the world bows for,
Of the unseen hope that touched the heart of man.
I had a short beautiful dream.

NIGERIA IN MY DREAM by Ogunsanya Enitan Olalekan

Lying on this itching bed
resting on the stony pillow
with blanket of the moon
embarking on a voyage to the land of nightmares.

In between this world of mine
there i found myself
dreaming of my country- Nigeria.

In my dream,
I saw a nation flourishing under
the influence of wealth
with every nook and cranny of men's head-
packed and filled with hopes
in supplication of a renewed state of mind.

In my dream i saw a nation
crowned with the title of kings
amidst the other kingdoms
ruling them in the economy
with all things being equal.

In my dream I saw Nigeria
all federal roads laughing in joy
all rich and poor basking in fame
foods broken in satisfaction
freedom, peace, running errands around the nation.

In my dream i saw a nation
where goods are produced by us
exported to other countries
to taste of our wonderful brains.

I saw a Nigeria filled with changes
that cannot be uttered cos of it's clear visibility.

OUR FEAR by Ogunsanya Enitan Olalekan

We are flames left hanging on pillars of grievances
for afflictions to lure our heart to become slim

with scenes and sections of unripe future
as we await when we will see in our blindness.

We look sternly at our sinking faith
that had lost battle to staggering fate
pitching its tent with parcels of frustration
by cravings engraved in its broken peace.

Our fear is of natural endowments that had turned into loss,
Is of shaken foundations of a once giant nation.
Our fear is of our parents that responsibilities killed
and the obedience which slaughtered us as we kept to promises.

Our fear is of the evil that befell us
on the iota of stolen fortunes.

NIGERIA I SEE by Augustine Ejeh

Beauty beauty is all I see
A nation blessed by God himself
Beauty is all I see
I see the light, light lurking out
From the shadow of the dark times
Her citizens are coming out

The Yolk of indifference is being removed
By the very weapon of war
Now I see a country standing tall
Worn with attires of 250 tribes
She is a beauty to behold

The shackles of her economy
The states of emergency
The robbery and killing
The ethnic and tribal clash
And the corruption
Are mere chafe to her growth
For I can see an independent Nigeria.
Carved with the tears of our hero's
What a beauty to behold

NIGERIA I SEE by Augustine Ejeh

Out of shivering and rumbling
A country was made
The eye of a vintage circle
250 tribes unite in battle

The fight to keep our differences intact
Result in two N-pole unite
Led to series of wars and tribal clash
The smokes of wailing still heard from afar

But I see a new Nigeria
For once out of ruin it was made
So would it be made again

For I see a new Nigeria
Voices of our hero's past
Now heard and kept on account
To be obeyed and made fact

For I see a new Nigeria
People travel overseas and come back
The world is nothing without our economy bank
And our politicians work for our people now

Alas! she has gained wisdom now
She is packed with people of great ideas
Rubbed with the oil of other black race
The future is here, I can walk through its proud pace

WE ARE NOT BLACK By Oki Kehinde Julius.

.
In heaven's cradle, creation potter painted Our clay with the gloss of black,
Moulding us into the shape of fame, reflecting the transparency of
beauty through Our complexion.
We were crafted from the beautiful stone, that birth Lucifer the
mysterious Morning Star,
With Our appearance, standing as the significance and representation
of God's statue image on earth.

.
In mentality and creativity, Africans are not black,
Complexion only cheated us, masquerading our skin with the coat that is dark.
Tales of "Black Monkeys" name that pierced Our beauty with dagger of uncertainty,
Must henceforth be blunted with this knotty appraise that "Black Is Beautiful".

.
Education had been swinging its legacy, for ages on the orbit of Africa.
Religion and cultural heritage, was her empire's breath, even before
oxygen was discovered.
Her womb conveys, great Men and Women of potentials and diversity,
Whose footprints do not leave the mother earth, without engraving on
it the symbol of impact and existence.

.
African colour, should never be the reason why We should be associated
with black,
For pointed nose White Men skin, are not truly white as snow.

Do not regard black African as a devil incarnate, because Satan put on
black coat,
For white Men too are not saint, because God of purity put on white
fettled cassock.

.
Must we threaten ourselves as an original inferior,
To white Men, who can't survive without Our mineral resources and oil.
Our endowed soil flows petroleum, bitumen all along with gold.
With banana nurturing groundnut, cocoa and Tobacco.

.
Africa empires are not black,
They are like a bitter kola, whose outside is black and inside is white.
Never regard us as a monkey, for we do not beg banana from you,
We are the beautiful black creature, whose integrity is not black.

Africa by Ejiro Edward

Remember coa toa walks of Virgin maidens
Remember the green grasses were we once treaded
Remember god fathers placed in gravens.
Remember tears we had once dreaded
Africa
Remember heroes past ,consider bodies placed in caverns
Remember Africa once considered barren
Remember toils and consider taverns
Remember libations placed by maidens consider them eaten by raven
Africa
Remember to hold up high self esteem
Remember to let the world see
Remember to raise her flag and let it beam
Remember to let it float across all nations and sea
Africa
Remember to keep this legacy
Remember not to be treated despondently
Remember our pride is in our being
Remember our soul is black and clean

...Void! By Michael Oyeyemi Sui-generis

Let there be a thunderous lightning
let the spirit of our gone great ones be awakened
let their dried bones rise to receive flesh
let them come out and give us a minute out of their luxury of time
sssh! a minute silence to respect the risen dead
watching from afar the leaned figure of our celebrated past Heroes
crying and wailing as they mount the stage to address our sorrows

Africa! Africa!! Africa!!! they say
as they speak in regret to issues affecting us to the bone marrow
in silence we asked
what is it for us they've left?
legacy of slavery we met
corruption as legacy is the bond we shared
selfish interest a legacy we cared
this religious war
a legacy we can no longer bear
our silence demand an answer
if you really want to rest
behold,
"void was it all" they said

Who We Are By Teniola Olajide

welcome to africa: my father's land.
where we bear the heat of hell with humor,
carrying our crosses like a curse, seeking succor
in drunkenness of turmoil besieging us.
suck we life's black mamba to quench our thirst
semen, whose seeds are planted for harvest.

hail africa: mother's pride.
fiery fire kindling from dying ember,
our strength is in our hideous hide.
resilient is our nativity, dying to live forever.
suck we life's nipple to feed our lingering lust,
at the temple at Kigali did we fulfil our pleasure at a cost.

rejoice with africa: world's climb.
from our rivers did she gulp civilization,
sating her thirst like a whore deprived honey from hilly lumps,
Ethiopia the virgin maiden taught her the art of copulation.
at gold coast were her ornaments jewelled,
Nairobi was to her, the lost garden of Eden.

we civilized the world with our cultures,
we feed the world with our produce,
we bless the world with our resources,
we fight our own wars, finding peace in love,
we ache with pains yet our laughter shower like rain,
we are black, bold and proud.
we are africans!!!!

A simple echelon AbdAfeeZ AbdHamid

I have gifted Lara a needed errantry,
When she returns,
A big coconut she must give me.
Come and witness African lunchy texture,
Remove spoon I've soaked Garri.

Silently let's dig into this flavour,
It casts aspersions on our very tongue,
This primordial lunch is an adventure,
Our forefathers, we must exalt.

The tummy has been fed,
Let our lips part in discuss,
The wisdom on an African tongue,
Is always set free after he munches.
So let's break this kolanut,
Let our lips part is discuss.

The elders have spoken, so must we yield,
So to our farms we scurry the next morning,
Yams and more yams we harvest aplenty.
The coming yam festival must be extremely merry.

I hence have realised,
the African legacy is a simple echelon.
The elders on a side and their brethren on another,
Their culture and tradition remains a tie,
Both sides tries to uphold till they die.

Though in recent times,
As the African legacy fades,
It still exists with just enough traces,
Of the very legacies he is meant to venerate.
"Ko ki tan Lara omo oba ki o ma ku dansaki"
Hence Igbos in diaspora still remembers Eba and Egusi.

The African legacy is a simple echelon,
A vibrant existence with nobly course,
A drive of utmost reckon,
Today, tomorrow and for eternity's call.

Homeland by Dada Samuel Oluranti

I
Show me your home with your left hand
Then i might call you a bastard
Because my home lies in the twin of my right
And on the throne of my heights

II

My home reflected in the warm sunshine
that you can feel the burn burning you
The heart of sky-high mountains and tropical jungle
This is the place I call home

III

I was blessed from where I have come
The pride and the breeding cannot be undone
For I am a African, my birthright, my heritage
I had no part in the hate and carnage
I have my identity and forever will be proud

IV

I will shout it from the rooftops
With a glow of a room without a top
Like a cock in the early morning
I will beat my chest aloud
Like a gorilla in the wilderness
That i'm African
Proudly black with the stainless minds

SANDS OF TIME BY OGECHI VERONICA

From the home of Okigbo, the great poet

Came this lamentation

For this new age

The great men Ojukwu and Chinua weeps for this deformed generation

Who has left the path of the forefathers

This ancient paths

Once traded by our fathers

Shall not be desolate

This land shall not be left unfollowed

The fresh springs of our heritage, we shall uphold

Our culture, Our heritage, Our pride

The voice of our artistry like that of a new bride

Shall echo far beyond River Mississippi

The lake chad and blue sea
Behold Africa, the JEWEL of the nations
Africa, the choicest bride
May the abomination sated on the pinnacle of the mountain
Whose oath, to wash away your face like erosion
Never wash thy glittering beauty
Africa, the abode of excellence
Our voice
Like thunder shall rebuke the rains of humiliation and racism
To give us, a stand amongst our brethren
Our wisdom spiced with the oil of proverb
Shall recreate in depths, our world.

AFRICAN LEGACY by Kayode Afolabi

Africa the motherland
Miles above it's peers
Her men knows no fear
They roar and every other cower

They lighten the past with moonlight tales
The adventures of our ancestors
various beast they tamed
Now the baton is ours

Gatherings are incomplete without honorable kola
It's not a celebration if palm wine is absent
Words are knot in proverb
Which only the wise can untie

Our Africaness echoed through our regalia
It's scents is perceived in our food
Even the trees sway to the songs of our bird's

TRAILS OF BLOOD by Ogedengbe Tolu Impact

Our land was an abode consecrated with smiles

Long before we become a simile for pain
An allegory for sorrow
Before the whirling tempest
Blew off our grand-stand of peace.

In the falling light of the dusk
They came to invade our land
With their jetting echoing through the night
They collapsed our homes, maimed our hope
And left us to groan and moan.

Chants of elegy gloom our land
With cacophony songs of plight
Assailing from the dark pit of our hearts
As blood spilled on our sacred ground
Leaving us an unwanted stain.

Night mist kissed our tears
As we trod on trails of blood
Left behind by the marauders
Who came to cart away our gold
To feed their ravenous greed.

The Warriors by Lekan Malik

In war,
There is no warrior.
Every man is for himself.
Then you see them,
The tall, the short,
Thin, fat, black or coloured.
The braves with the cowards,
Fighting, on the battlefield.
Shouting, running...
Sweat like rain
Dropping from their unrest body.
The hotness of blood
Becomes hotter,
When one sees
A dear comrade
Falls and dies beside.
Everyone becomes red.
Not red as rose
But red as blood.
Blood of the fighters
Flows left and right.

The battlefield transforms
To pool of blood.
Filled with the blood
Of the nobles, I mean the blood
Of the nonentities.
The nobles are at home,
Not scared of the war
But wise enough...
At the end of war,
The fighters,
Home they come
With the remains
Of their dead comrades.
And in sober,
They say,
“We won the battle.”
And the nobles at home
Join in rejoicing.
Proclaiming, they are the conquerors,
Winners, masters, the warriors.
And we look
From left to right
To determine the real warriors.

Untitled by Onyinye Vanessa

When did u go?
When are you coming again?
They have swindled us from our accretion,
And battered us with their Ponzi schemes.

Perjury is now a child's play,
Backsheesh has now grown wings with our country's treasury.
The polithiefians rort us daily,
And we are encircled by their phishing security.

Amid this malfeasance,
Our sweat still splutter,
Our enslavery is on hold,
And vice trains our generations..

Low pride of proud lions
Ojukwu! When did you go? When are you coming again?
Tell our ancestors, that this corruption
Has moved us out of redemption.

FEBRUARY 29TH: FOUR WALLS by Ben Wilfred

These four walls represent four seasons
With the fourth facing the moon
After three long years of darkness
Another comes with an extra day bearing light.

A round crystal ball that drips with red mucus
Floating on the waves made by the clouds
The earth is now void, covered in blood
With charred carcasses smeared on every sides.

"Let there be night" and that day dies
So I wait for another day; another february 29th
These four walls represent four chambers
And I'm stuck between their plight.s

These four walls make my heart a soul
"Let there be night" and I'll never see the light...

ALAJOBI by Oyero Johnson

The deity of fraternity
The watcher over the unborn
The link to the world of the dead
Stream that run since antiquity.

When your veins are punctured by knife
And the soil soiled with your torrent
When your sons bring no oblation
The world rise in chaos, full of strife.

You did leave word for my mother
To tell me you are my mother, too
That you have other sons like me
I long for them, not murder.

They must know we came from your loin
That we owe each other true love
That we are for one another
We have bread, if you have our coin.

You blood-bond, you chord of three strand
Are one and the same, East or West

We are not different, black or white
On one blood, one blood, the world stand.

N.B ALAJOBI is a Yoruba word that means Blood bond.

ON THIS MOUNTAIN by Caleb Ugbo

When bloody whip of hate flies
From the mighty hands of religion strikes,
To tear this love apart
-To the mountain
We shall go.

I will call you brother
With nothing to bother.
We shall speak one language
Without chains of religion's bondage.

On this mountain,
The jew will pray in their convent
While the monk quotes his koran.
When the imans sing to their hymns,
The nun will dance beautifully in her hijab.

On this mountain,
Will shall drink not The leak-wars of hate.
Each man shall chew a peace of kolanut.
Like blacksmith
we shall forge;
Sword to ploughsheares
Speares to prunningsheares.

On this mountain,
I will not look for your gods.
We shall surely seek the one spreading a banquet,
On whose lip, the fruit of love lay.
Here,
His tent will weave our heart in one.

Seeds of Love by Akwu Sunday Victor

Heart of precious stones
Abundant sparks of light
I long for it, I clamour for it

Funke Awodiya 'Love's Bitter Taste'

When we shall
Look
Back and see
The
Ruins left behind
For
Our children
Then
We shall cry deeply
Our
Bones clay of a broken field

When the tale is told
Of
Our hateful glower
That
Flowered towards other dusts
We
Shall all cry deeply with broken teeth

For
Indeed we have turned
The
World into a dungeon of death
And
Heated it up with flares of hatred

But in you is the golden fluid
The
Same that flowed in all
Why
The wielding of scabbardless
Iron
When it would have made better
 The orb
If we tilled the earth
 and
planted seeds of
 Love.

Adesewa by Samuel Amazing Ayoade

object: Jumoke Adesewa Olah

critical comments are welcome, not a romantic Writer

.

Adesewa mi owon

Your smile is like the ripples of a still water

Calm as the dove and bright as the sun

Your teeth, sparkle than the kings signet ring

Your dimples to my soul, a magnet

.

Adesewa, tell me

When you looked into my eyes

What was it that you saw?

.

Adesewa

Your treble voice vibrated the ossicles of my ear

When on me you called through the troubled waves

Adesewa,

Your teeth, glittering as the snow of winter

makes my soul tilt upon its cervical

My name is a troubled wave painted on the leaves

On the leaves that Mama chewed behind her lips

Behind her lips on that day she spew me off her hips

This leaves tell through the lips that this name is still faint

faint... paint... fainting... painting...

Adesewa, faint me... paint me...

Would you paint me on your heart?

Paint me with water... Paint me with colours

Paint me with salt... Paint me with honey

Paint me with caramel... Paint me with crayons

Any colour will do

But not with nail... Paint me not with pebbles

For I shall not hurt your heart

Adesewa... Paint me... Paint me...

Faint me.

.

GOD, I NEED AN ANSWER! By Lekan Malik

God, I need an answer!
Why am I in danger?
Still, my foes give me anger.
Your powers, they said is wonder.

God, I need an answer!
Why am I dwelling with hunger?
In sufferings, you allow me to wander.
And yet, you are called the father.

God, I need an answer!
Why am I living like a pauper?
Now, in your words I stagger.
And no one to call my helper.

WE HAVE A GOD by Okesola Toyin Mary

Why can't i eat during Ramadan?
Why can't i hold a tesbiu during easter?
Why can't we made sacrifice during Eid il Fitri
Since my prayer is to my God
I have a God, you have a God, we have a God
Our Religion should be a means of communication to our God
He created different tribe to worship him in different ways
Hold on to your way of serving Him
And do not use it to criticize others ways
We've never seen him
Each religion believes God is spirit
Let's serve him in truth
Let's tolerate others religion.

End of Discussion by Samuel Amazing Ayoade (BlazingPen)

(Of a seven-year-old boy allegedly burnt to death by angry mob in Lagos-Nigeria in November, 2016; for allegedly stealing 'Garri' ... Of Homosexuality, Of Poverty, Of Recession, Of Corruption)

Heavy feet stamping hard -Stampeding helpless souls
Soles of darkness, stepping on the eyes of needles
Porcupines, in this place, sleep on our souls as bed-covers...
These souls ask, "Since when has death been the recompense of poverty?"
And men, did nothing about it. (Shior!)

In a time of recession; Drought, and stern penury rock the nations
The destiny of a greenland lay on the shoulder of an aged man
Heavens spill blood – Enchantments and divinations against Israel –
the people of God; Hearts quake, trembles
that this wizard would restore Justice, barn corruption, measure the nation
with his measuring rod... But cattles are wild beasts
I ask, "Since when have snails been king in the assembly of men?"
And men, did nothing about it. (Shior!)

Adam's seed is, at last... Dead... Death... Hell... Sheol
Grave in the womb, uterus of Eve
Man over man, under man, inside man... but Adam had no boyfriend
Sodom is a vulgar tone, but Gomorrah was named
after the daughters of this place and Sodom, their sons...
I ask, "Since when has man been drawn from man – A helper fit?"
And men, did nothing about it. (Shior!)

Mother's stall – got burnt, our hope took a stunt
Father – a bus clerk, We sleep on rail- tracks
Little Jack – hungry, Mockery – Father's bus got stuck
What is the law that I shall not take into my palms
the ordinance of the gods? But they burnt my soul...
Porcupines in this place sleep on our souls as bed-covers...
Vengeance! My soul cries out, "Since when
has death been the recompense of poverty?"
And men, did nothing about it. (Shior!)

This is the End of Discussion: that divinity has showered stupidity
upon humanity... How humanity has suffered rancidity
Be ye drunk to stupor but not with wine
But of an outpour of folly with a touch of 'ternity...
Stealing is surnamed theft and embezzlement – corruption
Theft ways heavier, Why?
Since when! has poverty become a sin?
And men, did nothing about it. (Shior!)

Nothing, is as interesting as spectating over a set of people
with the same psycho-disorder... end of discussion...

ONE MAN, ONE GOD

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Chrysolite... art in heart,,!