

Poetry Series

**Arnee Akpan**  
**- poems -**

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## Arnee Akpan(15/10/)

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# A Dilema In The Journey

He has travelled miles around life  
He has been travelling for hours  
He has walked for days  
He has ran for minutes  
But I wonder  
Where could be his destination

He has travelled  
Along the boulevards of joy and misery  
He has been on this wonderful hunt of life  
He has sailed through these adventures of life without a map

Finally, he arrives at the cross-roads  
Stuck in that moment  
Where he is caught up in the deeds of life  
For each part must have another cross-road leading to another adventure

Time ticks,  
The sands of time is rushing fast  
The time has come to take a decision,  
The time has come for him to make a choice of which part to follow  
The time for thinking is over  
For time ain't a friend  
So he has to follow his heart to surpass these  
Dilema Of Life.

Arnee Akpan

# A New Era

Like an Eagle watches  
We have watched him  
Like a burning flame in the midst of rain  
Like a glass, he is transparent  
Like the stars,  
He is in a competition to see who shoots brighter  
But we just need the sun

Like the Olive's providence,  
Like a shadow shades man  
Like the ray and beam of light,  
He has appeared after our journey through the tunnel  
Like the cries of the Israelites was heard  
Ours has been heard  
And our Moses has arrived  
Jubilee is here

He represents the future of today  
He represents equity  
He represents leadership  
He represents the truth  
He represents justice  
He represents the revolution and evolution of unity and intelligence  
With faith and confidence  
We accept to be his ladder to the the roof top

For a new era has arrived.

Arnee Akpan

# Africa My Pride

Africa My Pride

Best known to the world

As a place of attraction

Yes!

Indeed we are the center of their destination

Oh! Africa my motherland

Oh Africa My Pride

A place where little ones prostrate in respect to the elderly ones

Having the rare skin colour, hair and other feature that makes us special and unique

Oh! My Africa, Oh! My Motherland

Even with the diversity of our language, religion and so on,

We have stood united and strong

Agriculture, civilisation, unity, peace and love

We possess them all

Oh! Africa

Mother of the blacks

Home of all Negros

Our fathers built this fortress with their strength and patriotic actions

But the greedy souls of today, have been cursed to destroy it

Lets stand up for Her

Oh! Africa

A land rich with gold, silver, bronze and other natural resources

Shall I compare Her to an Iroko tree?

Oh! My Africa, My Motherland

My Africa, My Pride.

Arnee Akpan

# Alien Rape

She sits in the balcony  
Tears drenching her skin  
With torn clothes  
She still tries to patch it  
She stitches the part she could  
She tries to cover up her nakedness  
But her bare skin still shows  
Water floods her skin  
Her memory rushes back  
To the scene  
She recalls every act and moment  
As though it were a drama

It was many hours ago  
When a knock was launched on her door  
Wow!  
She found a tall fair, funny and cunning,  
Looking man  
Staring at her  
As though she were a goddess  
She lays questions on him  
Concerning his intentions for his sudden arrival  
His answers  
Seem quite amusing to the ears  
He answers so sweetly  
With though exotic blue eyes  
His lips as pink as the color  
His skin seemed to glow in the sun  
His clothes seemed different from the men in the neighborhood  
His language was quite complicating  
Suddenly!  
He dips his hands inside his bag  
He brings out gold in tons  
With each taking it turns  
He makes a request  
To own her  
She rejects his offer  
And sends him off

He asks for a kiss  
In return she would have gold  
She graciously accepts  
Jus for gold she agrees  
When he stretched his lips  
Which were as long as a bridge  
Their lips collide  
As though it was a tide at the ocean  
His lips tasted like sweet chocolate  
She breaks the kiss  
And asks for the gold  
Oh! No!  
He pushes her down  
Rips off her blouse  
Her pride  
And crushes her with his strength  
She pleads for mercy  
She pleads for pardon  
She pleads for freedom  
He ignores her cries  
And continues with his sadistic  
And aggressive pleasure  
As he inflicts pain on her  
She bleeds,  
Her wounds as deep as the valley  
He continues to embezzle  
Her pride and dignity  
She struggles,  
She fights,  
With her last strength  
She pushes his deceitful skin away  
Although he leaves the scene  
He still Desires more of her  
He abandons her to her fate  
She has to start living with faith  
For her future

She tries to recall more  
But this disgusting memory  
Breaks her down  
Her clothes still seems tattered

No matter the stitches  
Wounds on her skin may heal  
But the scars remain  
Scars which display trademarks  
She looks lonely  
As her body becomes an object of mockery and problems  
Only left with a question  
What will her future be like?

Arnee Akpan



# Beauty Of The Dark

The sun has departed for home,  
The sky has gone to bed with the stars and brother moon to warm it's skin.  
The birds have slept under the motherly arms of the tree,  
The leaves have folded securing the birds.  
The frogs, cricket and other sounds of mother earth bring in their lullaby.  
The city looks sleepless  
My body aches to resist oga bed because of the scenario,  
A thought dangles fr my brain  
Oh! What a wonderful gift of nature yet to be understood by mankind,  
What a beautiful night!

Arnee Akpan

# Boko-Fade

Blah! Blah! Blah!  
The news reader blabs in english  
The time is 3 o'Clock,  
The sun is angry about today.  
In my bed day dreaming,  
I see visions with my eyes wide open  
Not a soothsayer nor am I an Oracle  
Yet a vision awakens within my soul  
A vision of today for tomorrow.

In my vision,  
I see hands become too weak to pull the trigger,  
Metals of death slides down the hands of it's carrier,  
The bazooka has become too heavy to lift,  
The bandoleer stings it's wearer,  
Warlords turn inmates  
The word 'Terrorism' is omitted from the encyclopedia.

The use of 'Infidel' turns history,  
In my dream,  
The Imam hugs the Bishop  
Kaftans, Bubas, Okrikas unite  
I hear voices from the blood spilled today together with the strength of tomorrow  
chant;  
Boko-fade! Boko-fade! Boko-fade!  
People jubilating with their heart pumping fast with relaxation,  
'Boko-fade'  
A phrase of justice,  
A phrase of peace for the troubled soul,  
A phrase of equity,  
A phrase of unity.

Explosions fade away,  
A man in a black jacket addresses my country men and ends with;  
'Boko-fade'  
A degradation of evil and saviour of humanity.

Arnee Akpan

# Erosion On My Land

Day by day,  
Month by month  
Year by year  
Decades are passing  
Our farmyard has been attacked by the cankerworm of our present  
The erosion has drained our nutrients  
It has washed off the origin of a great tree,  
The trophic is deprived of its nutrition  
An alien has invaded my farm  
Erosion! Erosion! ! Erosion! ! !  
I no longer hear moonlight tales  
The festive hours are dead  
The old religion has been buried  
My land has been swallowed by an erosion  
My heritage has succumbed to the new world  
Only few crops are left in my yard  
Answers to one question rallies through my heart  
Oh! Can I ever fertilize my sour land again?

Arnee Akpan

# Fake

Fake Life!

Fake friends

Fake! , Fake! , Fake!

I live in a world of Fakeness

A world where I see no originality in man

Except the chameleon character they display

Many have tried to act the opposite way

In order to fit into the crowd in the hall

Afraid of what others will say about us,

We have put on these camouflage of a shirt

Abandoned our principles and ethics of life

Because of these,

A Hill of badluck has appeared in front of us

I am a victim of these circumstances

Victimized by Mr. Fakeness

But!

I've decided to embark on a mission though it seems impossible

But I will search and destroy these fakeness

Including the one in ME

Arnee Akpan

# Growing Up To Be A Man At 30

Dear growing grooming me;

Growing up to be a Man is like a dream sight of a sprouting flower,  
It grows with so much dreams likes a budding seedling  
Hoping to tree the forest someday when the scorching radiance bleeds from the  
sun's eye  
But!  
The reality of being a Man, my ink shall watch my soul soil spill like a sperm that  
made you a Man.

At age 1-5

You're treated all like a baby  
Tenderly tendered like a plant still breathing its new air in the nursery;  
Your voice is at the brim of innocence  
And everyone wants to get a kiss from those beautiful lips  
With painted coloring of "Wow! He is such a cute boy";.

At age 6-10,

Heaven knows your journey stares deep down into your very soul  
Whispering whispers of dreams yet to be told by your future;  
At this stage, your father has blended the hard skin of his belt on your back for a  
first lash "whip whipped whipping";  
Your eye bleeds rivers  
But!  
The only comfort you get is that of "Quiet";  
Abigail; the girl you bully already echoes like the Grecian echo with laughter  
And you're told to keep quiet else she would show her little rabbit like teeth  
more.

At 11-15,

Kudos!  
You're almost there,  
You've started understanding gradually what pain bears in its fingers as ring  
But!

You can't let it out

Because you also understand what crushes mean and how sweet it is to stare at Naomi's rear -

You are baptized in the seas of knowing that your kind is superior to the skirts  
So you push your opposite sex peers around like a swing.

At 16-20,

You've probably finally convinced her to kiss you,

Your lips no longer sings innocence rather the carnage of deceit crawls on the carcass of your tongue

With each girl tripping to every sweet utter

Still bearing in your mind that you young and wild

So it's normal.

At 21-25,

Praise be unto your mighty self,

Gym to your statue,

Weed to your lip,

No longer images but real sessions of Betty's bare admonishing your already grown weapon beneath those shorts,

One hand to it and the other to your phone - you drown in ecstasy

Not to forget your looks are still priority

And how well your pocket talks louder than your deep vocals is a goal.

At 26-30

Tick! Tick!

Says clock;

Tick! Tick!

What you have to do, do quick!

The time has tock its love for you down here,

Calls flushing your battery,

Father calls to know if you finally cracked the zuma rock of success,

Mother calls to ask if you have crossed path with her like Niger and Beanie meet

-

Siblings call to say you promised new kits.

The truth about growing to be a Man at thirty  
Sleeps calmly behind the facts that every age comes with its frivolous gifts  
But your ability to play this cards well proves how Manly you are.  
Being a Man does not rest in peace when thirty beckons on you,  
It only begins.

Arnee Akpan



# Hermes Wake The Woman

Wake up!

Awake from your slumber

Wear your garment and call your daughters

Raise them like Amazons to stand tall like Helios and his brothers

Yet to love like a Mother

Hermes wake the woman!

Woman why struggle for rights to livelihood with your sons

When you own life itself

Have thou forgotten thy wails that frenzied night?

Have thou forgotten how you fought the fates to keep thy string of life?

Have thou forgotten from thou came Leonidas, Heracles and Achilles

Hermes wake the woman!

Take a ride down the lane of power

Use thy Athenian wisdom

Your Artemisian direction

With thy Aphrodisiac possession

Your craftiness to secure and collect what is yours

Assemble your flock and lead them down the jungle of strength

Hermes wake the woman! ! !

Arnee Akpan

# I Am A Womanist Not A Feminist

A Woman, who is she?

Listen! Listen! ! Listen! ! !

Can your ears accept that voice from the inner room where a Man in white says  
push! ! !

Listen because that voice shall not be turned off like the old rusty stereo in your  
yard.

That new glowing flame, shall not be put out like the candle's lit.

Listen! Listen! ! Listen! ! !

To you who thinks she belongs in the smoke kingdom and the other room where  
moans of your pleasure and of her pains are on repeat mode,

Listen! Listen! ! Listen! ! !

Forgive me if my poor oration,

May not cause an ovation,

Or stir your Soul but I hope it sets your Heart on a new direction.

Listen! Listen! ! Listen! ! !

Let me tell you some tales,

That may sound like fables,

From the cook's stable.

Your hands romances her skin roughly adding a new color to her alabaster like  
flesh,

Oh! Listen!

As my words tries to incite your sight and takes you to the site,

A tour to the Island of revolution.

A movement where her fierce nature,

More dangerous than a fattening tigeress

A call where she is all in one,

Athena, Aphrodite, Artemis, Hera, Persephone, Celestia,

More and More and More controlling the fate of the Universe.

Shall my aimful lyrics try to show you how powerful she is.

'Woman ' 'Female'

Mathematically, subtract 'Wo' from Woman and 'Fe' from Female, you will be left with her masculinity.

'Wo' and 'Fe' only adds Love to her nature,

It makes her more unique and stronger with her abilities to endure not you but the Society,

She is the complete YOU.

You say she's not the main character of the Society,

Yes it's true, you are damn true about it,

She's not the main character of the Society because she's the real character of the Environment.

A heroine, accomplishes great things but the trademark of weakness still exists,  
So a wise being called her a She-roe because greatness is her and the epitome and backbone of the Society she is.

Don't get my ink twisted, I am not amongst her Warriors

But I respect her monthly cramps.

As I wrap up my lyrics from my playbook not of rap,

I am not a feminist because it only reminds me of her weaknesses and struggles trying to be accepted by YOU...

I am a womanist,

So open not with your ears but widen your hearts and accept the truth,

I stand with her,

I am a womanist not a feminist.

Listen! Listen! ! Listen to the gong of truth! ! !

Arnee Akpan

# I Am Black

I am BLACK,

My skin color is BLACK,

My attitude is BLACK PURITY,

I share the same skin color with an Ape not because I am one of them but because I share a greater bond with Mother Nature because I am BLACK,

My gifts and creativity signifies BLACK GOLD,

I was born BLACK,

I am growing BLACK,

I will die BLACK.

Arnee Akpan

# If Only She Were Single

If only she were single,  
I would have smiled like a fool  
If only she were single,  
Then my heart would have raised above my head  
If only she were single,  
Then I would have shared this little world of mine with her  
If only she were single,  
Then I would have shown her the keys to the treasures of my heart  
If only she were single,  
Then I would take her on a tour around the universe  
If only she were single,  
Then I would have developed super-powers like the burning sun that burns the  
skin of humans  
If only she were single,  
Then I would have found my strength and courage  
If only she were single,  
Then I would have used my finger tip to walk all over her  
If only she were single,  
Then the emptiness in my heart would have been filled with your smiles  
If only she were single,  
Then my shadow might have departed from me and she would have replaced it  
with her beauty  
If only she were single  
Then I would have made her feel my love.  
Oh! I Wish She Were Single,  
Then the full moon would never leave.

Arnee Akpan

# In The Water

In the water,  
Thy eyes glow and bloom.  
At the appearance of the moon,  
Thy reflection conquers the depth of the water.  
Thy unique beauty and heritage,  
Sets me on a journey to an unknown destination.  
As my mind dangles,  
My soul requests to mingle,  
My voice seems to have disappeared  
Yet!  
It wishes to commune words.  
In the water,  
Thy heart travels and sails freely,  
In the water,  
A black spirit governs the water,  
A black queen rules it's coast.

Arnee Akpan

# Learn Never To Stop Learning

She sits on an old stool with her back tilted to the old wall,  
My mother spits out proverbs of life

'Son!

Learn to find light in darkness,  
Then you will become fear's superior.

Learn to recognise happiness in your sad moments,  
Then you will be the happiest person on earth.

Learn to be your best critic,

Then you might be able to convince the world about your 'Person'.

To avoid falling from the pinnacle,

You have to learn from every single daily drama in your life.

My son!

Learn never to stop learning because it's the first rule of livelihood'.

With the conclusion of her words,

My mind travels.

Arnee Akpan

# Master Love

Many have used you to play with  
Like you don't have your wits  
You seem small and little  
But yet, you can conquer the whole world in a blink  
You act as a shield and sword to warriors  
And as a glue to two species  
Oh Love! Oh Love! !  
Men have deceived me with thy name  
But I know that you never did mean for any of it to happen

Your great name,  
So easy in the lips of men  
But difficult to find in their hearts  
Many have been hurt in your name,  
Some say you work with destiny when bringing joy and happiness  
The lucky ones call it 'True Love'  
But I wonder if it exists  
Oh Love!  
When will you come to my house and knock on my tearful heart turning it into a  
joyful one  
Oh Love!

Arnee Akpan



# Morning Whispers'

The voice of awakening  
The voice beckons  
Cries in form of whispers  
Let he who slumbers  
Let he who sits in despair  
Let he who sits without concerns  
Arise! ! ! ! !  
For the dark times,  
The dark hours,  
The dark ages,  
The dark minutes are over  
Behold,  
Light has out-wrestled darkness  
The sun rises,  
The flags have been let to swing up high  
The voice of the morning  
With a soft and tender tone  
The morning voice whispers  
Arise! ! ! ! !  
For it is time to stop being on the low key  
And it is time to fight  
It is time to fight for jubilee  
The Morning Whispers'  
Says So! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Arnee Akpan

# Mystery Works And A Mystery Creator

The Birds chirping  
The Monkeys jumping different trees  
The Trees so beautiful  
Animals and Humans Rejoicing at th break of dawn  
Everything seems 'Usual' but in a more 'Unique' way  
My thoughts wonders to the Fairy Land

I watch the Flowers dance to the Rhythm of the Wind  
The Seas dances to the tone of the Waves  
The sky up, so blue  
Today indeed has been breath taking since the break of dawn

My heart wanders and wonders  
Who makes all of these?  
After the rays of the golden tenses sun shines on the pure skin of every Living  
Thing  
I hear them sing  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
I hear them shout  
Glory to he who provides  
I see them dance to the beat of Happiness  
The say its a Thanksgiving  
I hear them Chante!  
Praising the wonder works of THE MYSTERY CREATOR  
Oh! what a joyful day and memorable day.

Arnee Akpan

# Night And Me

What a night  
With no light  
Gazing at the stars  
Dreaming of mars  
Creatures creeping  
In this silent night  
I listen to the rhymes from the crickets, frogs and other creatures  
singing with their different voices and parts  
I listen to the music of earth with pleasure  
What a night

I shiver all through  
Praying to God  
To see me through  
By 5'O'clock  
The creatures begin to end their songs  
Now I can sleep  
Although boring  
But quiet and inspiring  
The moon is gone  
Leaving me with my old lamp  
And now as the sun rises, the city heart begins to beat  
And the cold breeze of the early dark hours, romances my skin  
oh! oh! oh!  
what a night.

Arnee Akpan

# Origin

The lone sun has faded  
The sky has wriggled its colour  
Asteria spreads  
Olokun travels to the despaired souls  
In my balcony,  
With my body on the stool  
My mind takes a walk,  
I see a tree,  
Yes! I can recall some decades ago,  
Under this tree  
A woman sat,  
Her face tilted down the earth,  
Her hair white as snow  
Yet her skin was black  
Her body looked as if it was about peeling,  
Her veins were soft  
From her wrinkled face eloped a contagious smile.  
The little ones sat there  
With their heads held high  
Ears spreading as words assembled from the woman's lips  
She told tales,  
Tales about the black gods...  
She told tales,  
Tales of my past, about the super-physical power of black  
As my memories walk down the isle of my heart  
I feel a tap on my backbone  
As my sub-conscious mind returns,  
I realize, I live in a an alien world though on my land.  
Can I just switch back to my past?

Arnee Akpan

# Poetry

A hidden sensitization of the soul,  
A soliloquy of the mind,  
A voice of the mute,  
A new hope for the obsolete,  
Honesty from the heart,  
An harmony song so melodious  
Even mother Earth dances to the rhythm of its words.  
A drama of the Society  
Poetry a dictation of life

Arnee Akpan

# Queen Of The West

Queen of the West  
Not royal in blood  
But royal in character and heart  
Queen of the West  
Treasure of the Countryside

Queen of the West  
Mightier than the Falcon  
She watches over her loved ones  
Gives hope to the hopeless  
Can I call her SuperGirl  
For Her selfless acts  
Are worth crushing on

Her beauty is really marvelous  
Her lips are so sweet  
From there sweet words are released  
Her eyes sparkles and shines brighter than a shooting star in the sky  
Her dark hair, so ebony that it matches with her white pure virgin like skin  
So beautiful and pure that her heart turns transperent

Thousands of men have fallen in love with her  
Millions have asked to be the Island for this wonderful treasure in a human form  
But only one will end up with this treasure

Oh! Beauty!  
Oh! Queen of the Countryside!  
Oh! Queen of the West!

Arnee Akpan

# She Can Do It Too

Her matrimonial resting place is the Village square,

She stabs the heart of her bride price,

But we all know its always the Devil's work.

Arnee Akpan

# Songs Of Deltans

Songs of Deltans,  
Voices of elders,  
Voices of the crowd struggling to be loud  
With prayers to be heard,  
Songs not so rhythmic  
Yet so epidemic  
Voices crying for freedom  
Freedom from Sodom.

We are the voices from the South,  
Voices of the land.  
We till our yards,  
We produce the Treasury  
We promote the map  
Yet we lose,  
You dry up our farmlands  
In the name of exploring the economy.

In the dry season,  
Our sweat wets the ground  
Our shadows saves the land from too much sunlight  
We serve our homeland like the encyclopedic word 'Patriotism' directs  
Yet our skins decay.

In the rainy season,  
Our feet gets wet  
Our poor huts are brought down by the mighty hands of rain,  
Our souls drenched with cold tormenting our feeble flesh.  
Our little fruits of survival are washed off by the hands of the gods right before  
our eyes,  
Songs of Deltans  
Choruses from the South.

In the harmattan,



Our bones become emaciated,  
Our feet cracks like the anthill  
Our soul's battery runs low,  
We try to cover our skins with linens  
While the lords cover themselves with wool,  
The wind from the Atlantic rejects us,  
Songs of Deltans  
Choruses from the South.

Songs of Deltans,  
Cries of the Elders,  
Voices of the youths,  
Wishes of those yet to be born,  
Voices of the weak crying to be strong,  
Voices of the poor begging for alms,  
Verses of those dwelling in the desert with pastures.  
The god's have turned their backs against us abandoning us to fate,  
The throne had dejected us even though we own the gold.

Songs of Deltans,  
Verses beckoning for hope,  
Verses beckoning for change,  
Bridges of freedom  
Music of the revolutionary from the South  
Choruses from the South  
Songs of Deltans.

Arnee Akpan

# Speak Out

For years, For ages, For moments  
Silence has being the order of mood  
While he kept on receiving the inevitable problems  
He is quiet but not dumb  
Though he fears of what the future had if he spoke out  
Who will be hurt if he switches his voice on like the old radio.  
Will his world be destroyed by a little volume from his voice,  
His emotions is locked inside like a prisoner of the law,  
His emotions though as wild as a hungry Lion,  
Has been suppressed liked the old Israelites.  
But a question rallies,  
Can he speak out?

Yes! Yes! Yes!  
The green button has been touched,  
A switch is turned on,  
A voicelessness being now voiceful,  
His emotions has being let loose like an animal unleashed,  
The future will take care of the future  
But today will handle today,  
Yes! Yes! Yes!  
He can because he just did,  
He can speak out.

Arnee Akpan

# Sucide Thought

His backbone pressed against the dry-cracked wall of hopelessness,  
Water excreated by his painful eyes...

Death winks at him

His emotion dejected by the world

He exists in a world nobody desires to be a part of,

His imagination runs wild.

He sees a twine dangling from the tree in the courtyard

The twine caresses his lungs

With flies romancing his cold skin

He imagines standing in the air with no super ability

Yes!

As he awakens from his wild illusion

He has found a key to unlocking the peace he seeks

A smile blinks as this sucide thought ravishes his heart.

Arnee Akpan

# Sunset

I watch outside  
As the sunsets on the hillside  
Slowly it's beam subsides  
In the countryside  
Creatures under Earth emerge  
I can sense the sun and the moon merge  
Even though it's not a lunar eclipse  
With my wide sight  
Shaped like a kite  
I watch this amazing site  
I watch the sunset  
As it blesses my soul  
Watching this theatrical act of nature  
The sunset's like a film

Quickly!  
From no where!  
I start wondering how the night will be?  
Will I see another sunset?  
I am afraid that the unknown life taker  
Might come knocking!  
Even though I know it's naturalistic  
But,  
I prefer seeing another sunset  
Than open my door for the unknown visitor of life

Well I pack my things  
To run to the shade outside  
Where the old lady  
Speaks proverbs and moonlight tales  
Since it is sunset  
I wonder what tale would be told this night  
But,  
I'm sure I don't want to listen to  
The tale of the boogeyman

It gives me pleasure  
Sitting during my leisure  
Staring and waiting for the sunset's treasure  
I wouldn't like to miss any episode of sunset  
Oh! sunset!  
The best drama of nature  
My best view of life.

Arnee Akpan

# The Akwa Ibom Patriot

Mbok let me tell you about my home  
23rd sept.87'  
My motherland was born  
Her name is Akwa Ibom  
'Akwa Ibom' represents satisfaction  
'Akwa Ibom' not just a land of promise but fulfillment  
An epitome of buoyancy  
We're cursed with peace, happiness and love.  
Uyai isong emana mmi  
Akwa Ibom ayaya tutu  
A statue of unity and pride  
Annang mma! , Ibibio isongho! , Eked idediong oo  
Phrases of awakening  
Juxtaposition of people  
Mma! Iyah!  
I accept the call...  
'Akwa Ibom' an assembly of a family  
Sentences can't emphasize your greatness  
Akwa Ibom my homeland  
Shall I compare thee to an olive tree?  
Mme daka nda ye usobo mmi ke isin....  
I represent a land of culture and heritage  
Even in diaspora, I crave for you  
Like a lover who can't control his heart on who to love,  
I love 'Akwa Ibom'

Arnee Akpan

# The Black Boy's Message

Hey you!

Don't push me to the ground

Just because I come from the Saharan,

Don't relegate me to the back

Because I am not mute,

Don't call me an illiterate

Because I run around with my hand made craft and creativity of leaves as clothing,

Don't call me a Savage

Because I commune with wild animals,

It's called the superhuman ability of making peace with mother nature.

I did not evolve from being an ape

I may share their skin colour but I am human,

I am like a tinted glass,

You can only know how beautiful I am when you stare from within.

I have being blessed with a unique skin colour and nobody can imitate my colour.

I am as pure as a dove with my lovable attribute.

Don't call me a 'nigga'

Because I have a home and I am not a slave

I may be quiet and calm but the will come a time when I will change my mood just like a chameleon

And like the viper, I shall strike back.

Arnee Akpan

# The Curtain Draws

Just like in a drama,  
After every Act and Scene,  
The curtain draws  
The characters get to meet new people and become more developed with every  
new scene.

After Three Hundred and Sixty-Five days  
The curtain draws  
The scene has come to and end  
And at the end of every scene,  
Comes a beginning of a new adventure

For Fifty-Two weeks  
I have sailed through the seas of the old year  
I have searched for its treasures  
Found some wonderful treasures from the old year like the Pirates of the  
Caribbean

I only heard tales about the old year  
But Now, I have seen and interacted with her  
And my interview and chat with her is over  
For I have to chat with a New Year  
To be honest,  
I am anxious, shy and excited  
Because I am meeting the New Year for the first time  
Should I begin our chat with  
'What's up? '  
Well I hope she has good gifts for me  
Oh!  
Before I forget  
As the curtain draws  
HAPPY NEW YEAR! ! !

Arnee Akpan



# The Future

FUTURE

Nigeria!

My golden land,

Paradise by nature,

With dreams and visions

Yet to be achieved

A land of quality and quantity

A fortress built by our fathers of yesterday

But has been infiltrated by the dirty minds of today.....

I wonder what the future of my today holds

Oh!

I ask for the revelation of tomorrow

The future.....

Arnee Akpan

# The Loner

With water rushing down  
From those stone like balls  
With a twisted face  
I try hard to see his tooth  
But all to no avail  
Baptised in his tears,  
His face looks weary

Alone with his thoughts  
He watches the world  
Others seem to be enjoying  
He sights the pasture but can't feed from it  
He thinks of himself as been alone  
With every pain life inflicts on him  
He bleeds red water

The loner  
Feels unwanted  
He feels useless and worthless  
Death wants to befriend him  
But yet he wishes to befriend life even though life treats him terribly

The world thinks he's a failure  
But can something good come out Bethlehem?  
Yes! something good did  
But I wonder if anything good can yield out from the loner  
My answers still seem foggy  
But yet I see a beam of light in it.

Arnee Akpan

# The Oak Tree

The oak tree  
The oak tree  
Standing tall in the midst of others,  
It is said that you're the greatest of all  
It is said that you're immortal  
I feel your pains, sorrows and doubts  
It is said that the love and obsession of an old witch turned you immortal  
Is this a blessing or a curse?

Others have left from the world of life to meet hades in tatarus  
Shall I compare thee to the Egyptian sun god Ra?  
You have lived for centuries but thy beauty has continued to sparkle like the rays  
of Apollo

I used to know you as a warrior  
But you were never a warrior  
But in your heart, you were a warrior  
I see you as a warrior

You shade others with your luxurious shadow  
Your stance, stands like that of achilles  
Watching your evergreenish leaves dance to the beat of the wind rhymes the  
flows in my heart

Oh! oak tree,  
I wish I were you.

Arnee Akpan

## The Rats (Part 2)

Many have called us 'the destroyers'  
Many have called us 'the losers'  
Many call us by our man given name 'the rats'  
But we call ourselves 'the conquerors'  
We conquer man's home  
We take his meals and pots as spoils of our victories  
Though men may hear our sounds and voices as noise  
But No! ,  
Its a cry,  
Its a song of war  
War between man and us  
A war that will last through all generations

Men say we reap where we don't sow  
But we follow the biblical teachings  
'Do unto others what you want others to do unto you'  
Men also reap from their fellow men's hardwork maybe by coercion  
Indeed are they reaping from where the sow?  
Hahahaha!  
We laugh because no matter how many times you put us down,  
The gods will always lead our protegenes to victory  
And our legacy shall continues

Though men may fight amongst themselves,  
We will always stick together and scout the routes together  
Just like our motto  
'In Unity We Stand'  
So says  
'The Rats! '.

Arnee Akpan

# The Rats(Part1)

Rat! Rat! Rat!

Some call us weak and dirty  
But we are a part of God's creation

Rat! Rat! Rat!

We are hated by the men of the light  
But we are creatures of the night

Rat! Rat! Rat!

Children fear us  
Because to them we are terror and agents of horrors

Rat! Rat! Rat!

Though men may defeat us by day  
But we will always fight back at night  
We will never give up  
Even though it turns into A CLASH OF THE TITANS

Rat! Rat! Rat!

You men are selfish and have refused to lend us meal  
But we will never starve  
Because we always know the routes to your pots with our mental maps

Rat! Rat! Rat!

Sometimes we could destroy  
Husbands shout at their wives because of us

Rat! Rat! Rat!

We gnawed at their foot or bite them while they snore

Rat! Rat! Rat!

Though men may fight and destroy themselves,  
We will always stick together in brotherhood, peace and unity around your  
corners.

Arnee Akpan

# The Talking Gong And The Townscrier

Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He cries  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He begs and pleads for attention  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He needs an ear to listen to the voice  
For the Gong speaks  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He pleads for an audience  
Gong! Gong! Gong!

Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He gathers the crowd with his squealing and alarming voice  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He uses his best voice  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He addresses the crowd  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
His words go smoothly  
He praises the audience  
He exalts the gods  
He entices the audience  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
With such an oratory  
His words seemed like poetry  
Gong! Gong! Gong!

Gong! Gong! Gong!  
His tone and tune changes  
He yells and screams at the audience  
He addresses  
Their negligence  
Their greed and covetousness  
Gong! Gong! Gong!  
He threatens them  
With a sounding voice  
Like the thunders from Sango  
He beckons them to make a change  
He threatens them with the wrath and repercussions of their deeds

Listen to the voice of the streets  
Listen to the voice of the Gong  
Listen to the cries of the town crier  
Listen! Listen! Listen!

Arnee Akpan

# Thrills And Glamours Of Life

Thrills of Life

Glamours of a wife

Banging in my ears

Numbering my days

Thrills and glamours of Life

Physique changes

Moving in chains

My childhood days

With so many cries

From my hungry mouth

Thrills and glamours of Life

Natural changes

Teenage destruction

I remember them all

Crushes and teenage infatuations

I remember them all

Thrills and glamours of Life

Masculinity of the human nature

I surpassed them all

Now I seat alone with my shadow thinking, remembering and smiling at those days.

Arnee Akpan



# Unknown Crush

An girl  
An internet lover  
An unknown friend  
A mysterious lady  
With a history yet to be discovered  
Yet! My feelings  
Run endlessly like an ocean that never runs dry  
And like a lake down the hill  
Each type my hand seems to be typing,  
I feel like I'm communicating with a missing angel from the heavens  
I have never seen her  
But Yet,  
My mental imagery of her  
Was a clear depiction of a goddess  
Her voice was like a soothing  
Voice of a mother  
When singing a lullaby  
Each time,  
Every second,  
I would think about her razing beauty,  
Blushes and smiles  
Would encroach my face  
I'd feel like I'm just on top of the world  
But like I'm on top of the universe,  
Indeed,  
Cupids' arrow has struck my heart and I've got my eyes set in her,

An unknown girl,  
Has turned into my muse,  
My heartbeat,  
My inspiration,  
My respiration,  
Because she's my oxygen,  
Without her,  
I cease to exist  
At this junction,  
I stop because I have been drawn by her indescribable attraction,  
Only to wonder  
Why my world seems to be dazed glamorously

My heart replies  
That its a crush for a mysterious girl.

Arnee Akpan

# Valentine Desire

Just like a plant  
Planted in the skies,  
They bloom blue  
Just like the gloomy pasture,  
We can feed joy from it  
are my valentine desire! ! !

My soul wonder's  
My heartbeat wander's  
The sounding throbbing of its Rhythm  
Accompanied by your sudden appearance  
I can feel the magic  
I can feel the static motion  
Though it's fluctuating  
You are my valentine desire! ! !

I force my mouth to open  
My lips to separate  
My tongue to roll out the words  
But they seem confused  
With this illusion set up by mind  
I lack words to say to you  
You are my valentine desire! ! !

At this junction  
All I can hear is commotion  
Attracting my attention  
Yes! Finally!  
My lips have let loose itself  
My tongue has begun to roll  
My nerves have sent the messages to my brain  
Though I'm still lost of words  
You are my valentine desire! ! !

The yoke has broken  
These words,  
Which I'm sure you have heard a thousand times are out  
But, this time I believe that it is out in a special and honest way  
A unique and magical way

As the words walk down the isle of my lips  
They have arrived  
'men think that if wishes were horses, beggars would ride on it  
And trust me,  
You are my greatest wish  
My love for you has got me trapped in a wilderness of abundance  
Filled with roses and vegetation  
It's more than a crush  
It's more than a like  
It's more than lust  
It's true love  
It won't end today  
But  
Will you be my valentine date?  
Because  
You are my valentine desire! ! !

Arnee Akpan

# Whirlwind

We fluctuate, we are unstable.  
The journey began in 1960s bus stop of colonization,  
We are stuck in the center where the starting point is far but our future is still  
unknown.  
Everywhere looks foggy,  
Our lives not certain because the wind blown is too hard to bear.  
We don't sojourn through the desert,  
We dwell in the Sahara,  
The wind has blown apart our future.

The whirlwind has blown dusts and dirt into our white garments,  
The hurricane has blown sand dunes into the eyes of those on horse,  
They can't see our present.  
Their ears have gone deaf because the whirlwind sound has overpowered our  
wails.

The whirlwind of our present,  
The whirlwind of doom.

Arnee Akpan

# Window Goddess (Part 1)

From above she looketh down,  
As the final ray of Sunset,  
Flouses her flaws leaving her with no blemish.  
Her edifying beauty, enchants my gaze  
Oh! What a black temptress.  
In the dark hours,  
Her smile shines brighter than the blinding sun that liveth at noon.  
Her eyes fierced like the burning furnace,  
Sparkles like freshly harvested diamonds.  
I watch with Cupid's arrow pierced in my heart,  
Her blushes and laughter changes the scenario,  
Her soul as transparent ad the glass which she stands beside,  
She is my window goddess.

Arnee Akpan

## Window Goddess (Part 2)

Dear window goddess,  
Dear soul who stood by the glass,  
My Afro Queen of Kings  
It's been centuries since your appearance  
But yet!  
Memories of thee standing above still dwells in my dreams.  
Seasons have arrived and gone  
But that first time feeling feels my heart,  
I have being blessed by the goddess of fate through your appearance  
Which seems like the appearance if the coast ville at the end of a dark torrent.  
Like sisyphus curse to roll the rock up,  
My soul has being curse to love you but I see it as a blessing in disguise.  
Oh! my window goddess,  
Our story seems like a fairy tale with no end.

Arnee Akpan

# Witches Of The Day

Witches of the day  
All wearing faces of proper humans  
Stealthily taking away our independence and pride,  
They victimize our efforts,  
They eat up our harvest  
And feed us with the crumbs'  
We survive by their grace.

In the gathering of witches,  
They, give the orders  
While we dwell in the relegation  
Answering to their rules.  
They act like gods  
Ready to decimate us if we rebel.

Behold! ! !  
It's time for us  
To arise,  
Time to chant the songs  
Of not war but of freedom  
From the witches  
For our lifestyle has been intruded  
It's time for us  
To end the rule of the savage witches  
Time to fight back...  
I ask who will voice out...  
Who will roll the drums of revival ethics  
The rain of jubilee must rain on our yards  
The reign of terror must end....  
Freedom from the  
Witches Of The Day! ! ! !

Arnee Akpan