

Poetry Series

**Vincent Onyeche**  
**- poems -**

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## Vincent Onyeche(4th October 1987)

Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu hails from Agbor-Obi in Delta state, Nigeria. He attended Delsu, where he obtained a bachelors degree in Biochemistry (2005-2009) and master's degree in Applied Biochemistry at Nnamdi Azikiwe University Awka. He is a lover of education. He has published several research works in highly rated international journals as a researcher. Poetry to him is nature's language. His greatest motivation has been the Holy Bible and his parents (Mr. Larry Egun Onyeche & Mrs. Ngozi Bridget Onyeche (nee Ahanor)) .

## #10 Lines (Somonka) - Cute Sharks

You are uncertain;  
So brave, so cute and so smart  
Dwelling in an ocean...  
You see her as a doormat  
To empty fake love on her.

Nights you wink at him  
With your teeth you draw shadows  
And loathe him to dreams,  
He loves you, yet you hunt him;  
You guys are deceitful cute sharks.

Vincent Onyeche

## #10 Lines (Somonka) - Love Kiss The Scars

There are lots of scars  
On the surface of this skin,  
Soft, thicker or thin.  
The memories of the past  
Has an awful heartbreak crack.

But love came with ease,  
Stretched and kissed the scars;  
Amazingly, out went the mark  
And wiped off all shed tears  
With an exchange of sweet spit.

Vincent Onyeche

## #10 Lines (Somonka) - Poetic Diction

You are the love poems  
Exceptionally written  
In different inks,  
In accordance to your smiles;  
You are so magnificent...

Adoring faults and spots  
Your ravishing lines are chosen  
By minds of great poets,  
To appreciate your hotness  
You're the diction of a poet.

Vincent Onyeche

## #10 Lines (Somonka) Of A Sad Poem

She's not exactly sad  
But trying to fit and blend,  
Into a character  
Drafted deftly in lines  
By the inks of the writer.

So don't blame her  
As soon as the ink spills  
Creativity lies  
On her sorrows and sadness,  
Hence, she must always be sad.

Vincent Onyeche

## #14 Lines (Sonnet) For A Choir Girl

All at once  
When she sings

She makes the snow fall  
The hurricanes whirl

While the sun scorch  
As the rain drops  
In drips from heaven.

The admiration  
Yes, is in her voice

But also in her moves  
Yet, she doesn't dance

Neither does she jump  
But she bounces out admiration  
From the heavens gate.

Vincent Onyeche

## #15 Lines For Her Lips

O what an awesome appeal  
But have you ever held  
An elidible jelly fish  
Or slighly touch  
The wool from a sheep...

That's the thickness of her lips.  
Natural and not lipstick induced,  
Not ruby not black but has  
An eligible color of its own  
That neither peels nor wash.

Whenever she blows a kiss  
No soul depart from earth  
For her delicious lips  
Has a sensational gift  
Sweet soft and also heals.

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## #16 Lines Before My Eyes

On an insulated road  
Of many no  
My rejection streak you ended at a go,  
With affections on a throne of gold.

You found my heart frozen in the snow  
Scattered it was, but I saw you try  
Wrapping up the ice and then I cried  
&quot;This is love&quot;; you said before my eyes.

I have never known a love like this,  
That renews and never grew old.  
I've been on the old rail and road  
Until you came and

Took off the dust, now I'm a star and  
You are my bright  
Your love is the light,  
That shines before my eyes.

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## #18 Lines Of A 'moon-Smith'

We may not know the value  
Of the minas of Gold  
And shekels of silver.

Love is an intense light  
That gets us amazed  
And delighted.

In darkness of hatred  
Pretense  
Can't subdue its presence.

It stems from the bottom foot  
Through the innermost liver,  
It shines red and white roses

And reflects through the eyes  
The burning of the heart  
As an intense light.

We are all 'moon-smith'  
Someday, we would mould  
A fullmoon of love.

Vincent Onyeche

## #21 Lines For Her Hips

O my! Wondrous soul..  
Could feel this  
Beauty blowing breeze.

She's as neat as color white  
As clean as a sterilized object  
O my! Wondrous soul.

She has this face of an Angel  
Yet attracts the devil  
Like bean and a weevil.

All organic like trees in the garden  
Her gaze could overcharge the sun  
She can create confusions in heaven.

Speaking of the devil,  
Her waist began with a needle  
And curved out righteousness evil.

A type that gets the toad singing  
She's superb but her hips got a thing  
Broad and broadcasting

Come and sin  
Until you've seen,  
You wouldn't believe her hips could tear a jean.

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## #28 Lines Of A Soul Gaze

Mesmerised for awhile,  
Through her eyes,  
I gazed at the cloud  
And wadded  
Through its mire and countless smile,  
My gaze drove an endless mile  
Deep down the devils hive.

She's a remarkable entity,  
In her eyes is a frozen moon:  
Staring through  
An immortal depth,  
Evil in looks but a flawless sunset.  
There, the full moon shone bright,  
A righteous peaceful light...

The fire burnt  
Cold flames of a chilling ice...  
Casting out  
An incorporeal essence  
So real and quite intense,  
From the depth  
Of her lovely soul.

Inside the depth of her eyes  
Goodness is her weakness,  
Love is her strength...  
I'm yet to find a devil  
In all her joyful spots;  
I stared at an Angel's evil  
Amazed by her peaceful soul.

Vincent Onyeche

## #30 Lines Of A Fullmoon

I held a full moon  
At noon,  
I tried to get it out

But my fingers were glued to it  
And they settled in its pit,  
Where no light has ever spooned.

I stretched  
And had a great fall  
Surprisingly, I floated tall

And felt an immaculate phonon  
Vibrating within my spinal cord,  
In turns it made a complete span

Underneath the trees;  
And over the Ivory towers...  
The moon scents like flowers

Its light glowed in righteousness  
I touched deeper, it pulled a trigger  
And smacked me down to the edge.

Each touch slammed me a voltage  
Louder than all thunderstruck..  
Then it sparked me into breath.

Life rushed and flowed into my brain,  
Connecting nerves with rays of love  
Gravity could feel the urge

The moon I held was true;  
Let it rain or scotch in mist and dew  
Every now and forevermore

I'll bring this moon to you  
For at the touch of love,  
Everyone becomes a poet.

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## #36 Lines Of Appeal (Stop Gay)

You speak about  
Sustainable  
Agriculture..

You fight for life  
Endangered  
Species...

You lament  
Over  
Climate change.

Yet you  
Fail  
To address existence.

When the air  
Seizes to pass the lungs  
Who shall be your heir apparent?

In the land  
Of  
Sodom en Gomorra.

We are not  
Certain sharks  
Or turkeys

Niether are we  
Komodo  
Dragons, snakes and rays.

Reproduction  
Is the point  
Not adoption.

Should the animals  
And plants be gay  
Death shall be by starvation.

Could you ever allow  
A madman rule?  
Why approve this too?

One of the ways  
Existence can end  
Is by a sporadic gay.

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## #6 Lines - Life Triangle

Life is an air to blow  
Time steals the show  
From an aging mind  
To show light to the blind  
Then death sends the foes  
And so the story goes.

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## #8 Lines - My Heart Is Stolen

My heart is stolen  
And taken on a tour...

I have fallen  
But it's fun on the floor...

Without you, my fullmoon  
This life will be blurr.

I have fallen  
Fallen, for you are my all.

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## #80 Lines Of Appeal (Dad To Daughters)

It is amazing  
That my baby  
Has become a lady  
Now a newer version  
Of my infinite affection  
Next after her mother.  
Big; but you are still tender  
In the eyes of your father.

Tell your mother  
Your first flow;  
When you become a teen.  
Thirteen to nineteen...  
But in sweet sixteen;  
Your curves shall sharpen  
And your voice shall lighten  
Beauty will rise to peak;

Now listen;  
Keep friends  
Whether bad or good  
Always light your mind.  
And as your sweet wax  
Drop off a candle;  
Self is that, you should handle  
Don't break the dam...

Listen to me  
My precious child.  
They will come  
Begging for sex,  
But be faithful to yourself,  
For your age  
Know that, sex is sweet  
But, it's so unlawful  
Wait until marriage.

Should in case  
You dispute me

Always use your brain,  
It comes handy at most times...  
Don't go mad by a perk,  
When emotion strengthens  
Or weakens;  
Know that love is real...

Now listen;  
Taxing the boys  
Or begging for love  
Would cheapen you:  
Build love instead...  
For it is born a kid  
Like a toddler, feed it stepwise  
A little towards intense,

And in time  
It shall grow  
Into a healthy man.  
Remember, no one says  
To impress the society,  
You should break a dam.  
As you care for your skin,  
Take care of the heart Within.

Don't listen  
To a gay speech  
It drags nature to the pit.  
Lust and infatuation  
Is culled into;  
Love at first sight.  
Be deaf to such sentence  
You are golden not for pretense.

Life is a library,  
Till I die, you are tender in my sight  
Because you are my lovely child.  
It's awful  
To wrongly tag a shelf  
Hence don't be fooled  
By boys, young or old  
Give yourself; more time to grow.

Vincent Onyeche

## 3 Decades

?For about 3 decades I've fed  
I wonder the uniqueness in a head,  
The singularity of life selfs,  
The indefinably existence,  
Life to me is like real magic...  
An unexplainably beautiful ink  
Painted on the surface of earth.

Vincent Onyeche

# A Chat By Brothers

During the days  
Days of Dads retirement  
Celebration for a new pensioner  
On and Off-line  
O my brother Uche  
Placed Dads' handsome picture  
Over the blackberry messenger  
On his public message he wrote:

'Would like to say congrats...  
Love you soooo much...  
Even if...  
I've never said it to your face.'

I: Na 9ja pikin you be na

Uche: Lol... Na so e be for Africa joor

I: Have you been to other places?

Uche: In spirit, via inception

I: SA and Ghana are straightforward  
Even Tanzania maybe but I must be wrong

Uche: That means we have a long way to go...  
Besides I feel if I tell Pops now sef...  
He'll think I'm drunk....  
Or worse 'I'm about 2 die'.

I: Die, lol...  
God made the fools, brainy, Angels and man,  
Whichever one is, appreciate it  
No mara how you pray, you can't grow wings  
As for telling Dad 'I love You'  
It is nt a sin: is it?

Uche: Lol, Isn't.  
But feels alien.

Like the taste of acid

I: Then be an alien for the moment  
A taste of acid is repository of death  
If you must die to tell your papa  
'I love u'  
Isn't it better to die that way  
Than to die as Romeo for Juliet?

Vincent Onyeche



# A Clan Girl

I know of an African  
From a beautiful clan,

Who makes the Angels  
Abscond heavenly roles,

She has quite a tasty skin,  
Smelling fruity like roses...

She has this gorgeous face  
And shape, none has ever seen;

I know of an African lady  
Her beauty is never dies.

Vincent Onyeche

# A Wondering Dust

Splitting in the sky so high  
Touch lightly by hands so fly  
Bountiful in the world's windbag  
Dirt-free homicide, I roam  
But wishing she recognize  
Say more; make-out  
With her white and blue vision

Wish she will neglect  
The eye and dirt stories  
Wish she could understand  
Or stand on the things of her, I know...  
Wishing I know ways  
To clean-up and bunch a tot bag

Splitting in the sky so high  
Touch lightly by hands so fly  
Bountiful in the world's windbag  
Dirt-free homicide, I wish  
I know ways to take her out  
Away from this city  
This city that kills me

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# Adam's Story: 9,30 (Death1)

The devil may be older  
But my generation is far stronger  
I know my cord! ! !

Far before Abraham  
And the you, you are now  
Every masquerade died a donkey age

I was indeed a man in His sight  
At my time, the atmosphere was pure  
Until the light became lighter and blur

I seek to secure my soul  
But the fact is, I wish I could fight  
To stay behind and carry every child

My rising soul reaches its V-max  
Far apparent and heavier than  
My wrinkled flesh and dying bones

My legs and hands were weaker  
My voice was slow, deep and cracked  
My ears heard sounds; mute and loud

It was by 9: 30  
Within the slightest flash  
They turned off the light

My soul was free, not held tight  
Now I felt, what it was like  
Being in Abel's shoes

Death!  
More cruel  
And heartless than his brother Cain.

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## Adam's Story: 9,30 (Death2)

Death!  
More cruel  
And heartless than Cain.

O yes to me it came  
And me it flogged  
At an age

Old Adam of 930 caps  
At this time  
E'noch could not be found

Thirty-nine on my top:  
Methuselah a boy of my cord  
Humbly broke my record

The devil may be wiser  
But my seed lived longer  
I know my cord.

After Noah died in genesis  
Under same chapter  
I waited for the next verse

9: 30  
But it never came, my son  
What's wrong with your generation?

I wish;  
The difficult pill to swallow now  
Never passed my throat

I would have written  
A secret of long life  
On Proverb 9: 30.

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# Adam's Story: A Time

There was a time  
The heart never gave a dime

Necessities equalled wants  
And then men resembled God.

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# Adam's Story: Abel

Apple doesn't fall far from its tree  
Blood not wine, like father like son  
I saw my hope go up in smoke  
What did Abel do?  
Losing him was  
Like a bolt from the blue.

Vincent Onyeche

# Adam's Story: Aprons

Even before He showed me  
The fowls in the sky  
The inner me could fly  
To communicate with Him.

I ate freely in the garden of Eden  
There was a tree,  
Tall or short it doesn't matter  
But I rather

Not say I hate  
Not having the right to pick  
Nor be on the rock to say I ate  
Fruit from the knowledge tree of life.

The knowledge tree of life  
So seriously attractive, I can't say  
But the day I shall eat of it  
Surely, I shall die: so He says.

He is my father  
Earthy and heavenly  
Why on Eden should I be disobedient  
To Him that made me in his own image,

The Knowledge tree never warned me  
That sooner or late  
I would be beneath it searching for needs  
A fig leaf to use as apron.

Vincent Onyeche

# Adam's Story: Birth

In the genesis of life  
Surely I see beyond my nose  
A revolution of kinds from kinds  
First they cried, died and cried  
And it almost looked like it never ends.

It was the forth chapter  
Brain ran through default and alter  
Blood not wine, the first from mankind  
Another me that I found  
No mirror I watched and had a sound mind.

Not one if you count  
Each time he came,  
He was an outstanding chap  
A devil of a fellow  
And a chip of the old block

Seth could lie on rocks  
Abel followed Cain  
Like the joy of the rain  
They all craved to see  
How the cat make a jump.

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# Adam's Story: Burning Fire

Above the streams  
All it touches turns to ashes  
A story untold by the toasted  
Away from sight, held not by digits  
Aggravating Sun, not just the lights  
Arrogantly it burns, saves and hurts.

Utmost it grows, taller than the trees  
Underneath the flesh, taste it brings  
Unique to flames, the Sun it mimics  
Unworthy of trust, air bleed in tears  
Unashamed of ashes, scared by the wets  
Unveiling an aspect, reality of pains.

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# Adam's Story: Eve 1 (The Deep Sleep)

It was one of those days  
As so the bible says  
Work, tiredness and then a rest  
The day had flogged me with a cain  
And the night slowly came.

I laid this body under a shade  
Slowly my senses began to fade  
From my head on a heaped of leaves  
Piled underneath the big trees  
That acted as a comfortable pillow aid.

My eyes inwardly rolled back,  
White and then no more black  
The windows gradually closed.  
Then darkness played its part  
Didn't know when  
Light came through the other path.

Vincent Onyeche

## Adam's Story: Eve 2 (Incomplete)

The cocks crowed in quarrel tones  
More and more, alarm clock failed the most  
Same would have been the outcome and results  
Of thousand elephants on my head.

The bright and yellow sun  
Was all over God son  
...Me:  
Easing through the trees and lee

Unlike every-other days in the garden  
I woke up from a deep sleep  
With a feeling 'I'm frighten  
And lonely'.

Like a lock without a key  
Within me I felt  
So unfolded and incomplete  
Someone must have taken a part of me

Apart from strange sounds like thunder  
Nothing ever made my heart feel unbidden  
There must be trouble in big heaven  
Or so, I concluded.

Vincent Onyeche

## Adam's Story: Eve 3 (Adam Meets Eve)

Scared of miss-folding  
So I began to search  
Search for what?  
Some path of me  
So I felt and searched in faith.

Destiny was a young lad  
It pointed and directed me  
So I saw a thing same as me  
Doing her thing chemically  
Rejuvenating me inwardly.

Has an angel.. in flesh  
Missed landed onto Eden?  
This and many more  
Medley of voices  
Questioned my empty head.

O high is heaven  
The best on Eden  
Time to give a name to expression  
For she looked;  
Far brighter than the yellow sun

Best He ever made: first mould  
And original copy of beautiful  
All her marks had a remark  
Well pronounced head to toes  
Eyes, lips.. forget not her perfect curve.

The snake walked on its legs  
I was still blind from lust  
Yet I could feel and fall  
For not just a thing  
But the first woman on earth.

'Bone of my bone': I quickly said  
My missing rib I found  
Light in my heart

Like the stars in the dark  
Eve: I finally met.

Vincent Onyeche

# Adam's Story: First Thunder

Didn't hear of evolution  
When He called me  
Adam there was no Darwin

Life by green, day and night  
The animals were in wild  
Domesticated to be my pets.

First time too early  
Mid of the day  
Darkness approached

Terrified and frightened  
The baby wind  
Also panicked.

Not much than a minute  
I heard a loud slap  
A fight in heaven I suspected.

Light flashed in seconds  
Soon the heavens cried  
Its tears soaked me wet.

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# Adam's Story: Observing Time

Didn't grow from baby to teen  
I was the only man  
Created with a teeth  
Well, when I was younger  
After the flies around my bottom  
Took me into the lesser greenland  
I ran into difficulties  
It so showed in my eyes and hands  
But, when my skin began to wrinkle  
Difficulties ran into me  
Then I noticed  
I was on a running clock call time.

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# Adam's Story: Redemption

If the tempting forbidden fruit  
I and Eve ate on a virgin nation  
Is a form of pipe, syringe or smoking sedation;  
Isn't it like a modern lie and habituation  
If it is seduction, how free is your generation...?

If alcoholism and delirium tremens  
Is whoa and a taboo seed of germination  
Isn't it true that you will  
In one way or the other  
Invoke an endless vacation...?

If it were lust, sex and fornication  
In a modern generation who is a vindication  
- In peace never driven from Eden by self simulation?

If none hold your cross; and don't mention,  
In faith just search for a holy redemption.

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# Adam's Story: The Bite

On me did a perfectly unselfish act  
On a selfish motives he triumphs a lot

Hell is truth seen just too late  
The forbidden truth we ate

In the faces of life and death  
I see Gods signature in dot

On it we lied and was swept  
Chased from ever awake to slept.

I am Adam the first  
The tree in Eden is my debt

When things go hard criticise my bite  
But I didn't take u down that depth

Its in your options to carefully pick  
Or resist so you don't fall sick

I know blood tells too much  
It runs in the vein if you permit such.

Vincent Onyeche

# Adam's Story: The First Sin

As the guardian of Eden  
I seek fought to my roles  
And then returned to my Rose  
Who welcomed me and filled my nose.

She smelt good, hands full with that  
He said and emphasised: 'DON'T'  
- It wouldn't kill you  
She assured me with evidence

The fragrance intensified  
Two sixteen seventeen  
I yielded in genesis

Intrinsic power of a woman  
Mousetrap on a helpless man  
Blinded by the affairs of the heart  
Sadly; I couldn't resist her

- Behold our nakedness!

He called my name  
Behind the thick leafy trees  
I hide frankenstein's monsters  
Angry was Ultimate Master

Its the woman you gave me  
I cried out regretful to Him  
-The serpent deceived me  
She shifted the blame too

Cursed to labour and pain  
Sin and mortality  
On the fable of Eve  
I and the forbidden fruit.

Vincent Onyeche

## After Life

After life, please find attached the invoices  
Of inventories and crying laughing voices  
On the Sands of time, made of choices.

Being persistent, every debts were paid  
Boys are men so the ladies sang and said  
While the ants turn birds, thus got made.

For history don't care the number of trials  
Flowers don't fly but are seen in the skies  
Floating not as a birds but in tears

Nor as Eagle or Hawks with a Raven eyes  
But from a Plantation of low and highs...  
Boldly colorful, that even when dry never dies.

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# Ain't We All Mad?

Ain't we all mad?  
Some desires never seizes  
Aspiring the hard and easy  
All seasons, repeating vanity  
As needs placed in reoccurring orders.

No difference between us  
Not even in things gathered.  
Hoof and poof,  
He carries his items,  
Stacking it as his own riches.

Surprisely, trash isn't giveaway  
So he kind of reminds me of  
A sane desire to gather stuffs  
All seasons, in repeating vanity  
So ain't we all but mad?

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# Air

??The air is a room of doors,  
No mortal can ever carve.  
It has its own blocks and locks  
The fence is what is never seen.  
Breached, by birds and even planes,  
Infact it's a sea that takes us to all places.  
The air has doors and passage for,  
Angels in whirling and breezing forms...

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## Akalaka (Destiny)

Equality is not to all child from a mother's womb  
Variety is a music they dance and hum  
So compare not thy growth to that of thou  
For everyone may not be great, but bless and endow.

The race to the end of the road  
Might have begun on same gunshot  
But in life, completion matters irrespective of time  
Destiny is the end, with many left and right to it.

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# Allusion Of Freedom'

I once met a man,  
Full of life but,  
Paralysed,  
Wheeled to a chair.

Every step I made  
He followed  
Motionlessly,  
Pacing with me.

I walked up to him  
And engaged him  
On a long talk,  
And he never stopped.

He talked passionately  
Of how he would walk,  
To places he loves  
Rolling over the fields.

Kicking stones and balls,  
While walking down  
To the end  
Of the curves of life.

Then he smiled continuously  
Tapping his lap profusely  
"My wheelchair does the same"  
He mumbled and left.

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# Allusion Of Two Colors

Necessarily, we go for routine checkups  
Normally, once in every four years  
But the doctors hide the schematics  
Playing child's play on brains by logics,

With wonderful witching words  
That arouses enormous feelings  
They manipulate our valuable votes  
While crying out sweet crocodile tears.

Vaults on a sick bed, drip after drips  
Physiological change they announce  
They treat the tempest's temporaries  
Without going after the gravy illnesses.

Faulty flirty foundations, now the plebs  
Are endangered, frightened in their bliss  
And mess; confused, now rigs after pigs  
Many factions and two colours under recess.

Vincent Onyeche



# Alzheimer's

I have these volcanic feelings  
And sympathetic images  
For the old or loved ones  
Suffering from memory loss,  
Alzheimer and depressions.

Erupting a million pains  
'I should know you'  
Deep down the mind speaks...  
But the emptiness  
Wouldn't allow a memory of you,

And it drowns them inside  
Each time they try to recall...  
Some frown for feelings don't hide,  
The gush of warm tears and all  
That leaks from the heart and spines

Yesterday and today, they apologize...  
And go back to nothingness.  
Gush of tears and I, when this happens  
I put music, love and kindness  
On several replays.

Vincent Onyeche

# Amid Science

If science is out-of-the-way  
The heavens be still above  
Above and beyond; creativity might be  
With stress and intricacy;  
But with science  
Those beautiful things, electricity  
Engines and all  
Life is made easy  
Easy to live and easy die.

Vincent Onyeche

# An Okiti Pigeon

Awful for worst, I gave the door a shove  
Up in the sky I sighted a white dove  
Flying from the eye of Ubulu kingdom  
Okiti precisely, 'please don't be dumb'  
She corrected and ended saying 'dove cries'  
Flapping across my hearts beyond all lies  
Wiping off disputes of warm hatred and fainted love...

That occupied the rooms meant for a mans ego  
Frightened by no ex in form of an Eagle  
She's a dove with or without a cove  
Arhh! ! ! She cares so much about love  
She's the unity of a kingdom  
She has a sound like a fife and drum  
And her soul has peace written on its shingles...

Peace in love and more to come...  
Not only in the sky should thou roam  
Come into my abode and troubled home  
Paddle me into an ocean from my lake  
Take my heart and bake me a cake  
Cook all soups on the recipe book  
With a face of fate, sing 'Chiamaka' from above.

Vincent Onyeche

# Anonymous

Her lashes are sooty coal  
Her smiles are exactly shaped,  
I wish I were a mold.  
To stare mutely at her down the road  
Watch her laugh out those teeth as white as snow  
The trumpeting trumpet, she's that I love to blow  
Maybe she don't: but I think she knows.

Her backside curved valuable like gold  
If she is money my all should be sold  
'Beauty Queen' I call her chola,  
Her architect had a plan neatly nocuous  
For making her so deftly gorgeous  
Such a beam: she could be my nurture  
Even when she says not a word to me by the road,

Her presence is so-so,  
She is such a beam never to let go,  
Every now and now she walks by the road  
High heels talking: I stand like a mold  
Eyes wondering like a lost toad  
Maybe in her I could find a home  
But how can, when she steals an inner-bold?

Dangerously sharp as a woody thorn  
For her, my skin is willing to bleed  
I hope it yeilds result like a batchfed.  
She is a tempting sin I love to hold  
Her name she says not to me by the road  
My liver and nerves fail,  
Science may say its virus but I'm simply scared.

I make no sound nor pretty word  
Pretty hurts  
Honestly I yield  
Wish I could talk  
All my coins I drop in a wishing-well,  
Yet, most flaunting got me so cold  
As she passes by the road.

Vincent Onyeche

# Apologies

It's the future right heartfelt action for a past;  
...coming from an heavy heart.

Sorry if I ever wronged you or broke a heart  
Sorry to those I will disappoint down my path.

All the dumb drunken apologies in the past  
Was a heat from a peace burning iron kite.

Juggling in axed words full of disrespect  
So saucy! so rude; and so...arrogant.

You've got a right to keep things in mind  
Apology is a soul of transparency searched and found.

Sorry if I ever left you lonely in the dark  
Don't say bye; for anger is red and not a light...

Friend stay forever, even when it bends  
...Forget foes, the path we cross shouldn't end.

Vincent Onyeche

# April Fool

Similes are assumptions  
Metaphors are affirmatives  
Standing by the pool  
With a snake came a bull  
So I ran to fetch my tool  
On arrival, things were cool  
But a voice screamed, April fool.

Vincent Onyeche

## Area Boy

There's a path partly low and high  
Tough and soft to an hustling guy,  
In an area built not only for, or by the rich,  
He's black and dark but for love shall bleach  
He dresses to impress and at times seems childish  
He isn't an empty vessel or Einstein skull,  
Not so awful and nor holy in all,  
An area boy with greener of field  
He might not be what she solely dream  
But he can be all her soul shall ever need.

Vincent Onyeche



# At Times You Are

Attimes you are fun on a stage  
Attimes you are boring in cosmos

?Attimes you are a pleasant music  
Attimes you are just so annoying

Attimes you are like a cloak of light  
Attimes you are a complete shadow

Attimes you say good morning  
Attimes you forget my existence

Attimes you are my satisfaction  
Attimes you are an empty secret

Attimes you are my recovery  
Attimes you expand my injury

Attimes you are a loving friend  
Attimes you are so full of shit.

Attimes your tongue is sugarcoated  
Attimes your spit is just so bitter

Attimes you cook and wash the dish  
Attimes you don't even lend a fish

Attimes you have a heart of gold  
Attimes your human soul unfold

Attimes you behave like a mother  
Attimes you hide your both shoulders

Attimes you are my bright sunshine  
Attimes you bring me a total eclipse

Attimes your beauty charges my sight  
Attimes your configuration gets me sad

Attimes you are such a good loving friend  
Attimes you are just a complete stranger.

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Author: Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

Vincent Onyeche

# August Moon

On a Friday night  
I drove slowly  
Along tires path  
Staring at the light  
From a Yellow full Moon  
Smiling faithfully  
Because August begins as noon.

Vincent Onyeche

# Autobiography Of Me

I knew the world was so cruel  
I spent more than nine months  
In the potty womb of my mother  
Innocent me, in exculsion for any other.

I was born on a sunday, true  
I'm religious, but it's not my fighting words  
I believe solely in God and no other  
My life is but series of events in His order.

I was born in October, with no clue  
Twelve forty five to be precise  
I see life as a battle for a soldier  
Fighting his very own life with eachother.

I didn't choose black or blue  
I'm not my hairs, leather, rubber and size  
Life is bright, but I was born a thinker  
Like my father, finding ways to make dull brighter.

I'm a Deltan, from a blood, pure and true  
Flowing through the streams of Africa price  
Acquring degrees, one after an other  
A sucker of lies, deciet, hatered and fake lover.

I feel lonely at times, many and few  
Will wish me down, but I do always arise  
I've walked roads, wider and narrower  
Honestly, all man is a brother and sister.

I've walked through fogs, mist and dew  
Pleasure and pain, fire hot and cold ice  
I've been backstabbed by my own shoulder  
For I'm eager as greatness, and I don't bother.

Exams I failed most in life, are those I knew  
Each time the phone rings, it turns the dice  
I cheer up always even in dreams and when I'm sober  
Because on earth, I'm nothing but a humble traveller.

Vincent Onyeche

# Back In My Younger Days

Back in my younger days..

In Ibusa, beside St. Augustine's, I will roll tires  
In pants, half naked like ancients in the woods  
I would play hopscotch and build mud houses  
Drew on papers, cry till I choke or get mum's attention  
Afraid of the dark, frightened by strange tension  
Bathed in the rain, Innocent I was so please don't mention.

I was full of watts, I bet you I was an Eagle  
I took pride in my ways, my home was my ego  
'Tech is coming': who would believe if I had said so?  
But hope it doesn't seem like a very long time ago...  
I fell in love with bright colors and smiling girls: Big fact...  
Electricity flowed through at skin contact  
I was an elephant at same time small as an ant

In such an innocent age... Good times was what I was used to,  
But now the air I inhale is lighter than it used to  
No more flying urine and touching my toes while I stand  
Is no longer as easy as it used to...  
Current still flows, yet not through all lady's hand  
But only a few who makes me feel like child  
For innocence vanished back in my younger days...

Vincent Onyeche

# Be Lifted Not Praised

Irrespective of your  
Different fathers and mothers  
Be lifted my child  
You've outgrown being praised  
This days people  
Fulsomely  
Find it easy to adulate  
When things get undulated  
In a matter of eyes blink  
The cloud in their mouth gets heavy  
They lay off rains in words  
To wash off that they praised  
When you are praised kindly absorb it  
When you are lifted kindly adsorb it  
You will last more being lifted than praised.  
This days people  
Fulsomely speak  
Both and offline but  
Be lifted, praises agitate  
You... My child.

Vincent Onyeche

# Beauty Streams

The colour red is for blood and still for love  
So on Valentine's day within the blood flows love

I drove down the streets in Asaba tonight  
With memories of beauty stream from a colourful past

Pictures I recalled from the past years I saw,  
All on earth revolves around a cycle; is the law

Comparing them with those seen in daytime...  
I realized the amalgamations of an unending time

My stereo kept blasting in contemporary jamz  
The beauty of the bible is covered around psalms

Then in the loud sound of the booming drums  
Came a hush 'Beauty is a dress, in silent words'

While it last in a beauty stream  
Don't think its the hottest steam

It's but a colourful fashionable new dress  
But over time in wrinkles it soon fades...

New, trendy and fresh, the factory of life reproduces  
We all then say - 'the young surely grows'- - -

Beauty still remains a position no one leads forever  
Don't get it to your head, for no one is fairer.

Vincent Onyeche



# Before The Epithalamium

When you are of age  
Do you rather get a bank engage  
To first block the leakage  
Or catch a bird and place in cage  
Then boldly turn the leather page  
Gathering friends to scene 'Marriage'  
Without a gallon of fuel to get the mileage?

To me, it works with love as life empowers  
And life is a counterexample employer;  
It pays as demanded by its worker...  
'So give thou an huge some of naira  
And thou shalt marry this era'  
That is what I tell people  
Whose questions comes as ripples...

Love by destitute wrinkles and crumples  
By words of over-simple examples  
So it isn't a go after the nipples  
Or a denial because of a pimple  
Nor acceptance because of a dimple  
Money builds a pillar: simple!  
Wealth alone wouldn't tear a temple.

So let me work hard for thy kin sake  
To provide a pan for thy baking cake  
Sleep is for the future it isn't bad to stay awake  
And restock fishes in every dam and lake  
Which might not make love original neither fake  
But I shall work hard for thy kindred sake  
And a gallon of fuel, thou shalt not be forsake.

Vincent Onyeche

# Biochemistry II

Thank thou biochemistry  
Thy bless thee with gift of poetry  
And thee know why tall is to trees  
And long to colon of that fed on grass.

To thee thou said, nothing like Abiko  
Transcribe nothing; believe everything  
In hindrances, there is a blockage  
In pathway for impossibility to exist.

Exquisitely explaining existence  
Every life has a molecular story  
Translated by replication along dogma  
To live, act, and die.

Biochemistry is Jack the all trader  
Brain of the genus God  
That makes success in  
The most competitive market of life.

Vincent Onyeche

# Bird In An Open Cage

?For a book there is a page  
?Yes, in looks, she's so pretty,  
But rate beauty by its age,  
Would she still look pretty  
when she's wrinkled or in fifty...  
Would she return to you in an open cage  
Would her styles and smiles still be sweet  
When lifes plier plucks off her teeth...  
Fly my dear, I rate excellence by its end,  
So continue to rise till the end....  
I will wait for you, I will never bend.

Vincent Onyeche

# Bitter Kolanuts

The entrance to success was by long distance travels  
Hunger, tasty tongues of no sweet but bitter kola nuts  
Traditionalists knows its value, hence may crack jokes with it.

Its' very first bite gave my chin a frown, and I did regret it  
But it became a combination of bitter and sweet swallowed spite  
My taste buds were numb but agile than it could fight.

The bitter kolanut creates the magic that neutralises  
Beneath her name to the top toxicity in the door-post of years  
But as I chewed, I felt less of hard times....

I tasted the cements, and saw the walls  
Walls, built in the past by little cart from bitter kolanuts...  
And the structure of the present time got muscles from its stress

Which carried my bonnets to the farthest corner in towns  
From bicycles to cars from caps to a crown not meant for clowns  
Suddenly I began to shout and sing in libraries and quite terrains.

God bless those who put bricks in my walls  
That fixed the bitterness from the kolanuts  
And made me utilize materials for the patterns,

Of challenges I met, and that which hardened my zeal  
Life is rich in challenges but like a bitter kola, from low or up the heel  
Challenges are not sweet but it neutralizes a stagnant mindset.

Vincent Onyeche

# Black Wilted Rose

Some Roses are warm red, pink or white  
Soft smelling and often the cupid light  
Sending arrows down the path of a fulfilled heart.

Though, if planted underneath the gravel  
The roots shall to death be in ravel  
Then it turns dark; black wilted broken in hell.

'I love you' should be a joy to hold  
If given in freedom as a warm Rose  
If not, thou have been dished a black wilted Rose.

Vincent Onyeche

# Blackboy's Respect

I know a gentle rugged little tall man  
Beautiful and ugly dull and smart but with a plan  
And got no regards for smile, cry or hiss

He is popularly called an inevitable  
A type every Sane forbids its likable  
He is he and she that sleeps with all sexes.

The only respect he gives to us  
When all is back to void before us  
We die blind and don't see our lifeless selves.

Vincent Onyeche

# Bleeding Jewels

Nun of silent infatuation  
Wordless, heart bleeding passion.  
An unnoticed treasure,  
Valueless white,  
Rubbished jewels.  
Noon to noon  
She's walking in purity  
Working for divinity  
Not intentionally  
If she had been loved  
Time not on her side  
Love is for another life  
She assumes.

At the other side of the wall  
Lavatory rivalry leads to war  
Fierce soldier denied of a beard  
Starring doubled in mirror  
A shave by the hand  
Cuts, cleans,  
And wound the chin  
After many failed attempts  
Believes,  
All ladies are same  
Against the grin  
His pucker brow brings a frown.

Vincent Onyeche

# Blushing Bride

I was told  
Never to bend or fold  
But to always be bold

Chasing dreams  
Big frogs and toads  
Inside muds and moulds;

Obeying the do and does,  
I wore winter wools for cold  
I slept lonely at nights...

All that changed  
The moment I met a lady  
With an image of blended beauty

She gave my vision a view  
And turned my heart brand new  
Swimming in an ocean of passion.

Now she becomes a blushing bride  
With shyness and chemistry  
Arising affectionately from within

She had been a rumour to talk about  
Metaphorically astonishing  
From head to toes,

In the aegis of a blushing bride  
Cowries, cattles and properties  
As lobola is but a sympathy

Her worth can't be bought  
Nor sold in a market; for she is,  
Not just a bride with a golden heart.

Vincent Onyeche



# Born Nigerian

[I]

Born into the drastic harsh weather  
Swollen with pride,  
In treasures and diplomatic joyfulness

I'm a delightful instinctive Nigerian  
Who must trench further

Ashamed, not of coal complexion, skin texture  
Nor Facial appearance  
For I'm the finest creature

My diverse culture is kept amused  
That I shall never be a pole parted from my tradition  
'Baba'!

[II]

I'm so swollen with pride  
Filled of potency and supremacy  
Far away from defeat  
That I believe only in affluence

When I go hunting in the evil forest  
My smile calms the wild beasts  
I aim at an indefinite limit  
No wonder I'm so blessed with talents and wealth

I never pray for hostilities, conflict, and war  
However, mysteriously I'm renamed by the western culture  
Pity my 'Inamina'!

[III]

A born Nigerian  
Blessed with mineral resource  
But Torn by tribalism and impartiality

Scared and pray for an end in embezzlement  
Most times my blood made the soils because of my Wealth  
Predators swallow preys, when I cry aloud, I fall victim to the lions

Vocalizing the one language of love  
I still dance to the though mislaid cultural beat  
The world shouldn't be complete without me  
The delightful instinctive Nigerian  
'Ogbebor'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Break My Heart

Please break my heart!  
I've got a perforated heart  
Through its pores, love leaks out

I scrutinize the quantum of love  
In your eyes  
On my bed covered with lies.

The dwarfs' chest measures the top  
Now, that the hole isn't dug deep  
Please break my heart! !

You're sharing and giving me,  
A love I'm eating on  
A 'non reciprocate' plate.

Please break my heart! ! !  
This loving causes a flatulence  
Deep down my intestine it worries me so bad.

The more I think of it,  
More I realize; you shouldn't love me.  
Please break my heart! ! ! !

True love is a two-way love  
Unto the floor your love pours  
On a deceitful cemented ground.

This quantum of love that you give  
Shall dig and cover a 6feet grave  
If you don't break my heart.

Vincent Onyeche

# By The Riverside

Warm weather, humid cloud, blue sky, no tide;  
Well-conducive for lovers to heat up the bedside,  
Inside a blissful golden heart, alone he does reside;

Usually he takes a long walk, rarely swim but ride,  
Until one day he met a flower by the Riverside;  
Coupled with wetness, that nothing of hers could hide.

Sweet slow seduction; she twerks his brains collide,  
Seeing she had two sinful nipples in her underside,  
Not to fetch nor to drink, he swum from Niger to Nile.

So to say, her beautifulness is a bunch of rose,  
Spring pure, water dripped from her head to toes,  
Through the flat tummy; suicidal her waist spins.

The smiles on her cheeks had two lovely dimples,  
Tasting like honeys, was the voice from her ruby lips...  
Her wetness made all her parts transparent as a glass.

Her hips protuded, well figured, so broad and wide,  
Her appearance made lots of Angels lose their pride;  
Fallen from heaven, he swam to make her his bride.

For within the small cities and big towns Nationwide,  
Finding her is a chance only God can provide;  
She's an uncommon rose, he found by the Riverside.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cabinet Of Greens

## Verse I

He that wears a shoe  
Ought to know  
Where it hurts most.

All we sought  
Was a cabinet,  
Free of corruption and greed.

For growth, change  
Was the motivational speech  
The speakers preached...

From the North to South,  
Then from East to West  
The Eagle changed its beak.

## Verse II

But why is it that  
He that sings, shall be sued  
For the fun of it...

Don't deprive  
A christian's right to church  
For an Islamist to bow in mosque.

Get it, this isn't about religion  
Neither is it about tribes  
But a political laggard fish,

Who has refused to grow  
After carelessly eating all the nutrients  
Present in a greenish river.

### Verse III

Now the water volumes decline  
And the shores are varnishing  
Away from a land that used to be high...

Into a state  
Where flesh turns into bones  
And fresh air being sold.

Gone are the glory days  
Where a dying man  
Still say; it shall be well.

Social critics  
Are afraid to talk  
The television shows what they're told.

### Verse IV

So allow us to broadcast our cry  
And don't sweet talk us  
Into shallow graves..

Running lifelessly  
From hardship  
Into a ship of poverty

Paddled by a cabinet  
Full of shameful captains  
Arriving at volcanic valleys

Leaving behind  
A cabinet short  
Of glory and honesty...

Vincent Onyeche

# Candy And The Beast

Your beauty needs no bronzer, powder or brush,  
You are adorably natural, my adrenal rush and crush.

In my book, you are the paragraph and only chapter  
You are an adorable rose, a pleasant flower.

I shall suck your nectar, you're my honey, candy, sugar,  
The love of my life, you give King Kong fever.

You are the apple of my eyes, marble of my heart  
My score, against the pundit's odds I'll be a gambler,

I'll place my bet, leave the bush with a brush  
To scrub off my animal furs and let it flush.

You are my sweetness, and adorable lighter  
Ruthless like a lion, your beauty is a glitter.

But I'm a beast, no pretense in my offense  
And weakness, you're my obsess, no defense.

My brain cells you damage beyond repair  
Yet you are my quickest fix, mix and good pair.

My leakage, my satisfaction, peak and brick walls  
In my marble heart, you build fence and balls

With the balls, if your love chokes, and I'm ashmatic  
Your dust and cold, I shall inhale and pick.

Dying for or beside you, is an accomplished crime  
I lived through the tough hands of time.

By my clock, you awoke the most powerful gene  
Turning Kong to a fish, and my arm to a fin,

Now I swim among shakes and whales  
Loving and protecting you all the way...

You are my life friend, candy and tender heart,  
Bringing out the best, from a Candy's beast.

Vincent Onyeche



# Cecilia - Chasing Shadows

## VERSE I

Good luck chasing shadows  
Good luck chasing the wind

I need a lady not a daughter  
A friend and not acquittance

Heart's playmaker, not a fighter  
But one with bonds and chemistry.

## VERSE II

I need a soulmate not any Cecilia,  
Cherishing random flings on fense;

Irrespective of the beast and beauty  
I need a home builder not a bulldozer

A good girl is a broken heart repairer  
But in a crazy world, who will be a lover

## VERSE III

When all appealing the heart these days  
Are either seriously occupied,

Happily married, or confused,  
Chasing the wind that must have a trace

Of height, thick or thin with pretty face  
And white black shadow complexion race.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cecilia - Gazing At You

If gazing could take a sight  
?I'll stare with no regret  
Rising towards the core sunlight

Against phobias of midnight  
For each time you are absent  
I die in the spacecraft of my heart.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cecilia - Love Comes Around

Cecilia is second to none, she's a diva  
Each pace she makes blossoms a flower;  
She's so thick, curvy and well-endowed  
She took love to war and left him on the ground;

Misjudged, so he fought like a dying lion  
Broken and helpless with wet pillows  
True love found was a lost to its very own shadows,  
So he roared and the turbulent storm came on.

Whirling and searching for a new lace,  
Irrespective of fine face and body case;  
One who can fine tune the heart in place  
So in pains it roamed and ran an endless race.

On a different track Cecilia had an empty room,  
Curiously, she followed a pestilent storm  
And ended up where she had once began  
Same love cast, came around; and became her man.

Vincent Onyeche

# Chilling Ice

?Beauty  
Flows like stream,  
From parents  
To offsprings.

Beauty  
Snowy ice  
Good it smells.  
In every it's

...Beauty,  
Full of sweet  
And candy.  
All I need's

...Beauty,  
Head to toe  
Gorgeousness  
In and out.

Beauty  
Depends on  
Her, my soul  
Chilling ices.

Vincent Onyeche

# City And Nature

Before the Sun was energized,  
I drove around the city with nothing in mind to find...  
But stumbled upon a beauty of a kind  
An untold story could tell the breeze was cold.  
Tranquil, not even a wig or wing did flap  
Then I pulled over by an empty bus-stop  
With the radio singing sweet good morning song  
Could it be the sky does breath hence it sleep...  
Again and again, my front and back I watched  
Wasn't scared of the lonely road,  
But that the city would soon be awake  
I saw yonder in a flip through a quite lake...  
Wondering how unhealthy we treat nature  
Our house, yet we perk it like the dirty vulture  
O my love, save the world, its' sight and sound is super mature...  
From a distances, my roof the sky could touch  
Mixture of white and multiply colors of hoars  
Seasonally it gets cloudy when it morns  
So I wonder if the raindrops are tears  
From the pains the city inflicts...  
I blinked, then the trees were like its walls  
Funny if today the beautiful city don't wake  
Every morning a new fresh air it bakes..  
But the city has to wake to get a chunk of its cake.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cliffs

I am on the cliff of lingered breathes  
As soon as the guts are lost  
Every piece has its flashbacks;  
Calories, and glories blocked.

On these cliffs are cracked hearts  
Torn and worn rays of lights  
Escaping from the rusted strings...  
Imposing blurr and dull visions;

I am on the cliff with dampen brains;  
And projections of broken images,  
Disorienting the solace and the sun  
With memories that are no more fun.

On these cliffs of lingered breathes  
The song they sing, is off key and note  
Sadder than death, painful and felt;  
In great depth of the broken hearts.

Vincent Onyeche

## Cock: Chibok

Is she fading so soon  
Like the ripples of the river Nile?  
Arrh!  
Just a schoolgirl young pretty thing  
Studying at a spot on the map of her destiny  
Advocate of true law but the fingers of injustice  
Forcefully grabbed, adopted and ridicule her.

In the forest of her very mother land  
On her hands  
She's carrying crosses of gamely sorrows  
No one could buy for any kilo or kobo  
Cock! set her free, let her go! ! !  
To her wiping parents who has lost hope.  
The whole life ahead of her  
You've held by a timely bomb.

Is she fading so soon  
Like the ripples on river Nile?  
Oh!  
Her feet are worn  
As she Journeys through bushes  
Bruised and abused  
She hopes she's still alive  
Making loud painful cry.

Vincent Onyeche

## Cock: Cynthia

Oooo low class called Cynthia  
Cheap pants over her,  
Cheap heels under her  
Shape well curved, tops just ok

Cynthia Cynthia! ! !  
Daydreaming of ever-after  
Love made her hidden icy eyes  
Bright as a touch-light,

Cynthia going out of her mind  
Crazy in love, with who? her teacher  
Old enough to be her father  
Cynthia from the ghetto, got a dragon taste

Diamonds in dirt, or skirt  
All he wish is to skip  
Away from young hearted Cynthia  
Who stands too close to him

Cynthia the Igbo girl  
Poor english like your poor lip-gloss  
Take not a foot to your teacher  
Sexy you may talk but raspy he hears

Black-and-white copy of Rihanna  
Cynthia!  
Listen to the ballad he sings  
There is more to it

White-corneas widely open  
Off-class daydreaming like Romeo  
Yes;  
It takes two to whisper quietly

But;  
You selling your cheap-self cheaply  
Ignoring the local brothers



Whose eyes catches you

Tightly embracing a total stranger  
She's good for a dear, If you ask me  
But don't dare:  
Ask him.

Oooo local Cynthia  
Chasing the air,  
Chasing it so badly  
She doesn't get it

Screen ought to show  
That the projector projects  
She's in love, if you ask me  
Funny how love is,

Chasing one  
Who chase another  
That....  
Chase not.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cock: Knock By Heartbreak

A thud in heartbeat  
A sigh of heartbreak  
Tears prevent the ink from writing  
Waning the paper into tearing.

Despite the fact that she is caring  
I have been deceived by adoring.  
Love in slow-motion,  
I have been misled into falling.

Funny enough, it was all of my heart  
I cast into one basket loving,  
Now it is rocking, booming, crashing,  
And crumbling...

My tears a downpour,  
Grab an umbrella.  
My love-cake incorrect flour,  
Leave the dinning.

Now her tears prevent my chin from smiling  
Loosening,  
Widening  
And destroying my smile-channel.

Vincent Onyeche

## Cock: Let My Hen Be

Ay you young and growing cock  
Be no new kid on the block  
That doesn't know the hen for the Cock  
Put not your head on the block  
I'm still that red comb big-cock

Red signs no turning back the clock  
She's belongs to the cock of the walk  
Leave my hen or go in dock  
Stop watching her feathers-out like a hawk  
I'll hunt you down from soda to hock

Ay you young and growing cock  
Watch the clock, leave my block  
I'm still that ruddy bigly cock  
Cock-a-doodle-doo that hen is mine  
Ay young roosters and little chicks.

Vincent Onyeche

## Cock: Molesters

I don't care if you fathered Gate  
Lie if you lie or say a gospel truth  
I'm just an innocent babe  
Blessed by God to be fine,

All am saying is:  
Get your grip out of my hip  
My lip, my rip and my zip.

I don't care the sizes of your balls  
Large, long, tiny or small  
I'm just a little babe  
Blessed to be a replica of God,

All am saying is:  
Get the hell out of my sleep  
My trip, my ship and my crib.

Vincent Onyeche

# Cock: The Little Girl That Frown

Don't know if I have a big bottom  
Because the ass is right at my back  
The memories it brings drags anger in a sack  
Hell yea! I frown  
And give a-slow-burn  
Without faking smile, unlike a clown.

My memories of being teenage,  
Has men twice my age  
That harasses and rattle my cage  
I wish I was brave or better sage!  
Pain wouldn't have been in a sack  
But rather free in a cage.

Black blood droplets, makes me cloud-up,  
And... Yes I frown  
It's my beauty I like to hide  
So I give a sigh; 'talk to my hand'  
And... Yes I frown  
I don't care how innocent but don't say 'hi'.

I have been bruised, abused and misused;  
Wish I was born the days hearts had courage  
And tongues were parrots not packed in a sack  
Separated by barriers from the ears of the walls  
Maybe my parents would have heard  
And bullets would have flown..

Now I'm just an author of sad sex stories  
But not a property causing cold war...  
Nor an indigestible fiber: so I keep to myself.  
Just me, left in a farm of my thoughts  
Cultivating imperfection that understands me alot  
Knit-brows, I look-black with a rusted heart.

Bruises and brushes of bad luck  
Steadily, I give Devil an evil-eye  
Same eye that saw the Devil down  
Who tore my blouse and pants

Devouring me in art and act,  
Fagged out in the hook packed in the sack

Nothing amaze me, the sound of the word  
... Is as heavy as the word: 'Prick'  
If my milk drop please it is my breast?  
At times I wish I had powers of a sword  
To decapitate the cock away from my nest  
Smiling with a frown that says: 'you're yet to see the best'

Vincent Onyeche

# Complicated

An angel and a demon took love to town,  
In its prime, they loss the track of time.  
Yes they are in love with eachothers smile,  
Compellingly sweet as an innocent crime.

Commoners they turn, into a noble king,  
Beside themselves, the birds flap and sings.  
Songs that brings to the street cold winds,  
Singing love, with no commitment or ring.

Deeper the love grows sweeter than berries,  
Friends they turn to black roses that fend  
Sharing same needs, joy, desires and beds,  
On broken stems of trees that hardly bend.

Every branch of their gold plated hearts,  
Is engrossed by an eternal flame that fades  
Sharing heavenly bonds and chemistries;  
Answerable to the unknown by hell boundaries.

Thus limiting them from steadfast projection,  
While unscrewing the bolts, beside thier attraction,  
Cycling by love beach self-sentensed to extinction:  
Like a drunk and brew, this love kills their future.

Vincent Onyeche

# Conquian - The Pleasant Past

I heard  
Today  
You to wed:  
Happy for your luck  
So I broke a brick.

Created  
Snowflakes  
With  
Six pillows  
And cornflakes.

Naked,  
I danced drunk  
Alone  
Yesterday,  
Lost in the past.

Vincent Onyeche



# Conquian - The Secret Of The Fish (Part 1)

Hey!  
Tiny fingerling,  
To grow into  
An adult fish;  
Forage  
Than your age.

Rampage and foraging  
Is the trick;  
Or laggard  
You'll be,  
Behind  
All your mates.

Vincent Onyeche

## Conquian - The Secret Of The Fish (Part 2)

Let  
The size  
Not  
Deceive you.

Crayfish  
Is small  
But  
With big claws.

Predators  
Eat  
First thing  
They see.

Know  
Your defense  
Know  
Your refuge.

Stay away  
From the sand  
Where  
Crayfish are eaten.

Pebbles  
Are their  
Refuge;  
To stay alive.

Within  
These pebbles  
The smaller the fish  
The better the chase

But would you  
Rather be  
Smaller  
Or bigger

When  
The large whales  
Chasing you  
Have a long list of predators.

Vincent Onyeche

# Conquian - Two Cities

Love rush  
Out and in,  
Pains  
Empties  
That was it.

You were such  
A valuable thing  
Now we share tales;  
Like two cities,  
We drew a part.

Vincent Onyeche

# Crack My Witty Codes

If the universe seeks to progress  
Let her crack my witty codes and hack into my PC  
Get fountain peace and adore like worship  
Tear down all predicaments and exceed those limits  
Be free, far free than the breezing air

Thinking thin king jest mislaid majesty  
Breach my code and destroy the mane  
Confidence, I'm sorry?  
That I bestow  
To help you regain your glorious fame

Pest in deepest forest  
Running in verve searching for rest  
Breakthrough my security system  
Discover data to finding a haven  
Most importantly gain my blissful acumen

Love-lies-bleeding flowers  
Forlorn in atmosphere and cheated by nature  
Step forward into my safekeeping  
You will grow anywhere  
However, on your love-grass, escalate a Loveseat for the lovelorn

Lovelorn, please don't die in silent  
Step forward to the direction that I stand  
Spy through my opened spy hole  
To get your loveseats and become lovesick  
It will fix the love-hate relationship to come

Cunning tortoise  
Craving to take wings  
Crack my witty codes and go sky-high  
Understanding the Lovecraft, is my craft  
Act like lovebirds and teach the economy well.

Vincent Onyeche

# Crawling Under The Soil

Everyone keeps telling me I'm the lucky one.  
What could luck be without love?  
Looking at these pictures  
I wonder why we suddenly dream not of each other  
When we learnt how to kiss together.  
Weird; Its like fallen angels having wings to fly..  
Everyone keeps saying they envy my love  
What could be envied in a none existing love?  
Teenagers we were, even as adults,  
Childish we failed not to be, it was fun!  
Dry hot air now sprinkles out from love shower..  
It must have flushed the love lather off  
Everyone keep feeling it's real when you cry  
Weak and touching; I cry, you cry,  
We cried on ones shoulder  
As if we knew, things end; even the good  
Uprooted; yet our roots still crawls  
Together underneath the sandy soil...

Vincent Onyeche

# Crying Ceilings

There is a mark on the white ceiling  
Crucifix shaped, dark brown and black, bleeding  
Out, in form of a growing masquerade head,  
Struggling to return against gravity's lead.  
Extending and growing the marks on the ceilings,  
Remaining as leftover from scars of the rains  
Soaked by the long ages from the light and heavy tears,  
And then drops in particle onto the wet colorful tiles.  
Absorbed for years: it took ages to see it coming  
Suddenly it cries, did the roof hurt the ceiling?  
No one understands the seasonal adjustments  
Each ceiling go through when it rains or when it shines.  
Yet you say I hurt your feelings  
When you are the perforated roof  
And my heart is the absorbing ceilings  
While my brain is the tiles wet as a proof.

Vincent Onyeche

# Crying Poem

There is this glass membrane  
That separates me from...  
-you know what?  
Just forget the name

Whenever I looked through  
Through I see someone not me  
Pretty, cool and true  
Making sense like a brain

Even when others where inch apart  
At all times we had this complex  
Science say our understanding was  
A permeable membrane

Each day we talked  
In close contact  
Or through the glass  
Clear your thought

It isn't what you think  
Well: that was sometime ago  
Now the transparent glass  
Has got a silver coat behind it

All I see is me  
Starring at myself  
Laterally at me  
Yelling in disbelieve

Come on cry cry cry!  
Can't you see  
See how meaningless  
And fast the hand of time dance

Come on cry  
Cry cry cry  
Life is a poem  
Not meant for smile all the time.



Vincent Onyeche

# Cyanide Love

Now that valentine day is yesterday  
Birds on nest what happens next?  
Just let it be, maybe but would it be  
An error or a world without a mirror.

Everyday even yesterday  
She kneels on her heels  
Not praying but cleaning  
The mess from dropped eggs.

Everyday she says  
I love you to a lion  
Feeding him directly to mouth  
With her hands; bit by bit  
Love skins her alive  
Like deer in a lion den  
She feels defenceless and weak but  
This sickness is her usual fitness.

Sniffing too often  
Breathing too heavily  
Giddiness and headaches  
Those are the symptoms: doctor says.

Today it is vertigo  
She knew long ago,  
Just like human and raffinose  
Unbreakable in the digestive track

This unbreakable love  
Has gone deep down that track  
Engraved and imprinted in her  
That's all she knows.

Tomorrow's emotion  
Certainly will bring confusion,  
What worse could happen  
When treating flatulence by wearing a lens?

She truly perceives no oxygen  
Looming in the air but something  
Mistaken for love in the air called cyanide  
Too late, she has inhaled all of it.

Now that valentine day is yesterday  
Birds on nest what happens next?  
Just let it be, maybe but would it be  
An error or a world without a mirror.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dads' Revolting Old 504 Automobile

Green, grey, multicoloured automobile  
When it rains, it showers on the supposed roofed seats  
Floating on water, the wind shield wiper has gone pre history  
Crying out to be flung, tilted revolting old 504 automobile

Hotwire ride, giver of the family morning exercise  
Did the engine airborne poor witches overnight  
Or has the witches dead beaten its efficiency  
Always failing break, Dads' desert warrior and pit combatant

Tires worn, rearview mirror and headlights travelled to exile,  
'Are you blind, get out!' voices are blown instead of horns  
Only if the roads could speak  
At the peak of disappointment spiteful is to the throttle cable.

On motion the gust of wind howls and tears  
Gushing out dust and muddy sands,  
Exhaust attempts hunting the flying birds  
Be not frightened by the shrill sound of Dads' old 504 automobile.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dark

Come to think of it,  
No one is beautiful in the dark  
No one is an Ocean that never lacks  
No eye sees its every back  
No one knows all about his very self  
These are what I consider dark.

Can a man live without a sin?  
No no no! The answers shall sing  
No man can singly bring forth a child  
No man can boast of a shadow free  
No scar in the dark but  
To every light there is a corresponding darkness.

Care of  
Nothing but obstruction in the dark  
No game wins without a goal  
No perfect and stainless married life  
No one can be  
The most beautiful and perfect at same time.

Could darkness be a curse to light?  
No one factor shines forever  
None; as holy as the Holy Bible  
None: but if you find  
Nevertheless,  
That thing might be a unicorn

Never existed and  
Can't be in the dark.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dear February

On the last day of January  
My mail buzzed  
A message alert... whose?

Written to me in bruise  
Agony in every word on the subject  
I did sense a solitary lifer

"Leave my calendar: "  
Arrh!  
What a reject;

'White bandages and patches  
You've left me torn and battered  
It is high time  
A dumb utters  
An expression  
To tell you:  
How much I truly hate you'

Could it be that expensive?  
...This I wondered  
Like a toper  
Reading aloud  
The blue on blue lines

Rechecking  
And soliloquizing  
If it was meant for me

'Leave my calender  
Dear February',  
It truly addressed:

(Verse II)

'You have been so unfair to me  
If you may don't be dismay

Close your eyes and  
Hit the hay  
For I've had your day  
Celebrated in an unusual custom

Sat all night and day  
Torn between you and reality  
Wondering why

No cards or a drawn heart  
Candies, flowers, or a mere gift  
I guess I am

But  
A love bird  
Without a love poem.

I hate to say it, but I know  
Several reasons I hate  
Is that my birds no longer mate

On your fourteenth day  
Yet to me you say,  
"Fourteenth is your day".

(Verse III)

Dear February  
Why would you say  
Love be shown  
To me...  
Only on a val day?  
Why would you?

Dear February believe me  
You are nothing but agony  
Puncturing me like nails to tyres  
My heart they call a colander  
Retains nothing  
But bruises bump by blunders.

In and out

Love passes me through  
Battered yet  
Cupid patches...  
Every single one of it  
Giving me a motif of colours

I have to get use to it  
Leave my calender  
Dear February

God saves the best  
Of all,  
Red's still the colour  
Guess that's the reason  
I bleed  
Dear February

Who is my val this time  
Let em' come in  
Love and leave.

Vincent Onyeche



# Dear Scientist

Dear Scientist  
You will be odd  
Without his light..

Might makes right  
Don't against God  
Pick up a fight,

He controls breath;  
On his hand  
Lies life and death.

Vincent Onyeche

# Desert Lizard

I am  
A horned lizard  
Wired  
To naturally  
Calculate  
Before and  
While I forage  
Into the desert  
In a midday heat.

I am  
A lizard  
Dwelling  
In the dry  
And drought desert  
But I am fatter  
Than many others  
You may find  
In the richest forest.

I am  
A night lizard  
Who don't  
Chase after shadows  
For I might  
Be trapped...  
While I forage in the desert,  
I hunt for success  
And I never quit.

Vincent Onyeche

## Devils Address

If you have the Devils addresses  
Tell him that I have got new dresses  
Made off the spreads of mattress  
Same mattress I laid all years  
That soaked pain sweats and tears.  
Tell him I've grown in challenges  
That I'm used to living in hells  
So used to what negative tells  
Worst is the shoes over my tantrum foots  
I'm never to be hurt by the heat of hells.

Vincent Onyeche

# Discord

I certainly haven't found a breach  
In all these many cloaks of light  
For these spark of lights  
Dims out in low intense..

The more I engage in a search  
For the waters of love, I get  
Varieties of sugar and salts  
Coated with pretense.

Vincent Onyeche

# Discouraged

Trapped in the darkest part of a lonely island  
Where I'm a fairy kid, but right on my bed

I can't turn rims to florets nor even a frame  
Seems as if I've got a brim of talents as a flame

Burning sensation and routine that defames  
I try and try but I'm trapped inside my dreams..

Like a key in an unwire or faulty ignition  
I am lost inside inspiration and motivation.

But eachtime I try to turn turns to rose  
I get infused periodically by another dose

Half a drop and another dose of another no  
With - sorry, try again, you never know

Now even inspirations dampens my mood  
Rejections and turn down now seems a food

So I'm disappointed in the shallows of the deep  
Knocking myself out with a drink, plain black to sleep.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dismal The Rain

Fear the signs  
The cloud is shady like tinted glass  
Hear the sighs  
The hurricane fights forcefully with gravity

Respect the tangs  
The trees salaam to the passing wind  
Even the thatched huts are scared...  
Scared of losing their froned crown

The cool atmosphere of course is conducive for  
Lovers and the sleeping babies to unwind  
Prepare for jiffy  
The lighten and thunderbolt

Fearless the tears  
The tears from above  
That rush off the earth's feet  
Forcing matters dashing.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dive And Shakes

There's a feeling inexpressible by even a writer  
Like Peter Pan, it refuse to go older  
All round clock, irrespective of the weather,  
I don't care, report me to my mother.  
Like a moon to a werewolf, fresh out of the shower  
Excited, I jump out of my skin, into my bed like a diver  
Then my shaking limb limps into grabbing the cover  
Almost immediately, hidden I become underneath the wrapper  
Within my cold curdled blood, my sorrows become lighter,  
Cuddling the pillows, and kicking foot to another  
I laugh at the dive and shakes which never grow older  
An excitement I had right from when I was younger.

Vincent Onyeche

# Do You Speak My Language?

I know why you are bad and good  
Yes, you are as thick as a wood  
Hardened by a dinky town and misunderstood,  
You've been left to perish but refuse to be buried.

In flesh and spirit, pain is all you've been through:  
I know your plenty isn't up to an average few,  
I know what it is to live without a food -  
And drink water to assume you're satisfied.

Buttons are stitched little things  
But has commanding features  
On the outfits termed beautiful,  
This life is for both the wise and fool...

Every skin is prone to hemorrhage  
You don't necessarily act an age  
To speak my language  
For I shall know, if you live on stage.

Vincent Onyeche



# Doctors' Report On Our Love

You know that I need you  
Like hearts do blood  
But...:  
Don't ask me "why the but"  
For genotype forbids us  
Passion yes do,  
But... for our kindred sake  
Doctors say;  
Let's make this union fake.

Please buy and stop this fight,  
You're my air, girl, I breathe you  
But...:  
Stop picking and throwing dishes at me  
Just let defiance go  
Defend our honor, protect no pride  
This good advice I hate too  
Doctors say;  
Let's make this union fake.

Vincent Onyeche

# Don't

You can't be what you aren't  
The vultures are no bats  
That's for sure no lie  
Not all birds can fly...  
In reality or film  
All fishes can swim  
Yet not all can float  
Nor crawl to the deep seas underneath!

I am unique in my own ways  
and so are you...  
Do not kill me nor quench my rays  
These I will always beg of you.  
Do not intimidate me nor set me ablaze  
For my weaknesses, please I beg you...  
At the back of the mind have it in pictures  
That my strength could be a weakness in you.

Hence live and let me live  
You could take but let me give  
Unto a clove and bee hive  
And get back as still me!  
There is an Adam to every Eve  
Diameter for every effluent sieve  
Live and let me live  
For one day this earth we shall leave.

Vincent Onyeche

# Don'T Be Lazy

Hey rise up and shine  
Sedentary lifestyle is no good for a luck  
Sun stands and shine,  
Only till the time stops to count

Hey rise up and shine  
Books are not meant for writers alone  
Brain is an empty vessel by default  
Only you can fill it, so wake up, work and walk to the top.

Hey rise up and shine  
Wake up don't lay to add everyday  
While the sun is out its smart to make hay  
Or you shall die poor before your day.

Vincent Onyeche

# Dreams

In the bus while heading away  
From the light of the nation,  
To the finger of God  
After the battle; a normal occupation  
I observed the feeling; a peaceful illusion  
When I closed my eyes, calm I became an ocean  
Free from worries and trepidation  
Lighter and lighter I held imagination  
In my head, a pen and paper illustration  
Up and down the bus rolled-  
Along the road my eyes still close  
Not asleep but I researched  
Never understand; never had a dream  
Or taken the time to correlate this.

Vincent Onyeche

# Driving

Driving in the hottest part of earth  
Where I atoned myself  
With the hottest of heat from hell.

I trust my never failing faith  
But my thinking is sheer light  
For they that live, are all jailed.

Like oil above the water  
My worries are kept floated  
Thrusting from me to the sky.

Trying to be okay, but I'm so high  
High on the sweet love of wonder  
Wondering not sober and sorrow.

Five fingerlings on a starry  
Five fingerlings catching air  
From outside my window.

I drove within against my hair  
Smiling without a sheer of hurry  
To the eye where the wind blow.

Vincent Onyeche

# Duchess 1: Esther And I

How come we're still alive?  
After no count poison-pen  
Union of no anniversary but dungeon  
When did it start when would it end?

How come we stayed alive?  
After many bombs dwelling hearts in  
Bees hive, self-inflating scares on oneself  
Want it broken; sacred to let it bend

How come we faked and jive?  
Saying we don't care  
Yet we pay attention honeyed and dulcet  
When would we be frank and kill pretends?

Vincent Onyeche

## Duchess 2: Last Letter To Esther

Dear Esther,  
You are the finest of ebony no lie  
God broke the mould after he created you so fine  
Innocent gaze;  
Let me be the one in your eyes  
Let me be the tears in your cries  
While I'm alive and when I die.  
Dear Esther,

Cross no lips, I'll carry your cross  
We don't need to be in Persia  
Just put on a smile with you we can both be King & Queen  
God broke the mould; you're so fine  
Seeing you Duchess; a Dukes' pain's pleasure  
Sanative yet, you give my blood pressure  
Dear Esther, you're so fine  
Say yes and be mine and I'll be fine.

The only muddies I'll deep both arms  
Reading my heart is no tilling a farm  
It's cool and calm  
No volcano harm  
You as an image block my brain like a dam  
Dear Esther, my dye -in-the-wool affection  
I know I'm not the only one but  
You can't find this true obsession

A last train to passion, no smite  
Clown in a circus I'll be  
To always and forever  
Make you smile.  
Dear Esther,  
Esther don't be a myth  
Yours sincerely;  
Dear Esther.

Vincent Onyeche

# Each Time You Call

You once had me, as a knight  
Behind your shining armour,

But now I am an aluminium foil  
Needless to your pretty humour.

Each time you are awfully bored  
Or cold in the middle of the night,

You call me for temporary relief  
Placing my heart on a stove to boil;

Yes! there was love, once upon a time  
Now I'm a black coffee mixed with lime

Save your sugar, I now believe  
Bitter is sweeter than when you called.

Vincent Onyeche



## Ebonka (Part 1)

Have you ever heard of the name Ebonka  
The local boy engraved in the flag of Ika  
A child, Agan the childless can only conceive  
Like a water hyacinth, call him 'Irenmiren'  
He is not just an everyday man, he is the men! ..  
Ebonka is to it, what a sword is to an armor  
Not talking about a steel nor the Sweden Bor  
But the South of the Niger, a town with a flavor  
Boldness and bravery brings success that isn't a favor  
With a Lion's heart he journeyed away from Agbor.

Vincent Onyeche

## Ebonka (Part2)

Son of the soil, the tradition's dabble  
A type never found when lost again  
Yet a next-door neighbour love not pain  
Like cockroaches, he squeezes through cracks  
Fighting tirelessly like the teeth and nails  
With all nerves ruthless like a lion in labor...  
Writing history with tears from the children of Agan  
The faith in the path he begun  
Bonded the great Ika Kingdom...  
Benedito Dei knew what he saw in him  
All from Timbuctu was his poetic Justice  
Ebonka returned braver telling Dei stories and his  
The difficult in Dei, 'Dein': Ebonka was renamed  
The plebs found a king in him, Dein was famed  
From the lions heart, his every first sons rules.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ebu Wonder

I have seen a basket fetch water  
From lakes, streams and rivers.

I have seen a piece of fabric  
Once in a flat and tiny box

Danced unaided like the winds  
Rising from an ancestral spine;

Taping the spiritual energies of life,  
By the sounds of an African drum.

Unspeakably, like the leaven of a yeast  
It rises strong like a bunch of bamboos

Patterns are the orders of the world  
But I fail to unravel a masquerade logic

So, come and see for yourselves  
A piece of cloth and body of the gods

The gods of the land, you called dead  
Sensationally, rising from lifelessness

To reclaim the heights from the roofs  
Tallish Iroko tree and layers in the skies,

Come and see the famous Ebu wonder  
As it dances and grows taller than trees.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ecstasy And Martyrs

The roaring lion halts as the bird sings in its usual aplomb  
Romero got Juliet lost in ecstasy  
A delusion that separates fantasies  
Oh, what an essence to see through an opaque!  
Born of sins, sin dwellers; nurturing and cultivating lovers  
Remember the martyrs, love at first sight, and its harvest

Oh, what an awful alkalis heal  
Their bodies bound like an oyster is to its shell  
Causing their hearts to condense and breathe as one  
That if one should ever feel pain, the other cries  
Taboo, a relationship disapprove by custom  
Freedom, they seek for the fortune belonging to the bold lion

Locked up, they are stacked in love cocoon  
That if one should be away, the other falls sick  
The love they share encourages them to have no fear  
Bonded, the chemistry cannot be broken  
It takes only the unknown fast approaching future to untangle them  
For the present is filled of loving

Taboo, a relationship disapprove by custom  
Locked up, they are stacked in love cocoon  
Oh, what an awful alkalis heal  
For the stories are always the same  
They cannot change the reoccurring fact that;  
A day shall come when they would be the martyrs.

Vincent Onyeche

# Elder Brother

&lt;/li&gt;Elder brother elder brother  
Must let go the meal for the younger  
Elder brother elder brother  
So difficult being a leader  
Elder brother elder brother  
You scared but pretending  
Elder brother elder brother  
You never admit till you're loser  
Elder brother elder brother  
Killing himself with pride  
Elder brother elder brother  
Must speak less to gain power  
Elder brother elder brother  
Now bored but acts not bothered  
Elder brother elder brother  
Does not know but has to say  
Elder brother elder brother  
Limited to steps and smile  
Elder brother elder brother  
Must deadly live up to expectation  
God please provide a special place  
For the elder ones to fool their selves  
At least, for once in their lives.&lt;/li&gt;

Vincent Onyeche

# Entreaty Of Success

Lord,  
Clout my words  
Set my hands  
And move my legs,  
Miss me from stoppage sword  
Spot me like an innocent child  
Harden my cord  
Let all difficult rivers be ford  
Stop all bees' hordes  
As I go honey hound.  
Milk and honey fond  
My life be straightforward,  
But if I'm to live to die wretched;  
Why shall I be born or get my sword stretched?  
Oh, lord!  
Like in my mother's womb, give me a cord  
Strengthen me like a rod  
Listen to my entreaty for victory.

Vincent Onyeche

## Epic - Immobilized

Immobilized strictly to this freaky wheelchair  
I've got cramps in all the joints of my leg  
Life and death, I don't know who to beg.

Such a pain, feeds me with a bulk of fear  
Slowly it comes, yet nothing I can do  
Making me look mad, like a crazy hairdo.

There are times I am young, but often old  
These pains have a grip, a very strong hold...  
So I fold, strictly on this wheelchair.

With loads of pain that could melt a solid rock  
Wheeled: I've got lips but nothing to talk  
But pray the universe shows me some love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Epic - Last Call

Caught up in experiences  
We kicked a ball and expected a goal,  
Taking us through existence  
Friendship has been so intense,  
But the light has gone out for a while.

No point sitting on the fence  
Hello, pick up the phone,  
Hello; please don't be sad.  
Memories will never cease and desist  
To flare up in the mind,

Every photograph of you and I  
Reminds us of the low and high  
But what we had was a bond.  
In time images we might forget  
But impacts shall always remain.

Love we give and pain we earn  
Inner strength came, when  
There was no place to turn  
It's such a pity that we flip side  
Embarking on a ride to better our pride.

Moments with you will never be forgotten  
Down the journey of life  
And till I die, but please  
Don't be sad, I just called to say...  
...bye, Hello, hello, hello.

Vincent Onyeche



## Epic - Mother Tongue

We bite our tongue several times,  
But we are not scared to bring it out;  
Into the pain or most scariest rhymes.  
Hey! don't embarrass us by what we quote  
When our tongue bleed inside your coat.

Forgive us, we know we are utterly wrong  
But your winter snow is our summer fog,  
So we bite our tongue for it is cold  
Deep down in us is a typical bone  
Made of rural and cultural thorn.

Our ancetors speak through our blood  
So we swim in the stream with that cord  
That may not sound the way you want,  
But - to our own hearing, we sound the same  
It's only when you talk, we see the shame-

In your face, but: this tongue is ours...  
Whether we crawl or fly way to infinity;  
The flight in us has that upper fright  
And that is the core and ingredient  
In our perculiar, enormous identity.

Vincent Onyeche

# Epic - Naked Poem

?Who the hell is the devil?  
I find it difficult  
To trust a pretty lady  
Just like I find it awful  
When fanatics do their thing.

Hey;  
Let's be truthful to ourselves  
We created the rich  
And we created the poor  
For God only created life.

Who can unravel an evil  
When money is loved by all  
And one way or the other  
The girls get paid  
For sex and love.

An ace is beaten in a race  
For some brilliance  
Creates menace  
Hence,  
Politics can never be pure.

If played by the rules  
No man would make heaven  
When religion preach love  
And practice thunder and war,  
While tradition is underestimated.

To the world  
Islam is a problem  
Like the disaster of climate change  
Christianity pollutes the globe  
With contradicting denominations and belief.

Let's be truthful to ourselves  
The blacks copy and learn  
The ways of the white

Yet claim to be more  
Intelligent and smart.

A life in Africa  
Is a life in hell  
We love it as a pride  
But abandon it, for a ride  
Outside our tribe in search for a life.

Whereas,  
We are here  
Irrespective of continents  
To live and  
To die.

Vincent Onyeche

## Epic - No One Knows

No one choose the country,  
Religion, time and family tree  
He or she will be born  
So burn a flame of unity.

No one can tell how long  
He or she belong  
On earth's song  
Of existence turn.

No one can say for sure  
This love or business shop  
Must last forevermore...  
No one knows the future..

Vincent Onyeche

# Epic - Notes Of Maya

Go high and low  
Pick and throw  
Away the spirit  
Of inferiority.

Hey phenomenon lady  
Complex but simplify  
Yourself  
And the boys

Young or old  
Would respect you  
Like the Africans  
Respect their elders.

Vincent Onyeche

# Epic - Rainbow Berets

I see no reason to get involved,  
But in this part of the world;  
Thunder make noise that bleeds  
Through non-existing sounds.

I'll be a man for the sake of my kindred  
Not for a fool or confraternity coward  
Who reads into every colour creed.

By the rainbow road  
Above the sky is blue:  
When I'm in all yellow,  
I reflect fashions not halo.

If I trend a path of you  
I'm sorry is what I'll tell you,  
For colors are meant for use.

White, brown, green or red  
Cultist, don't get mad at me:  
God created the rainbows too...  
Say no to cultism, let my color muse.

To hell with your beret coloured head  
Stop taking pride in the shamefulness of bad  
And let my rainbow muse.

Vincent Onyeche

## Epic - Reoccupied (Part 1)

You thought me to reach  
For the surface of a sea  
Watching wonders  
Swim within me.  
A love that floats,  
Is not hard to find.

But it is such  
A sad thing, we no more see,  
I walk by those streams  
And still feel  
Your fingers on those rocks  
We stole a kiss of gland.

Kiss of vampires; I reach  
For your print but it flea  
Into the moments of present times  
Wounded images that don't heal...  
It's been sereval months,  
But I can't get it, out of my mind.

Vincent Onyeche

## Epic - Reoccupied (Part 2)

?On top notch  
Sweet memos of honeybee  
I recall the clay houses  
We moulded on the hill;  
While I griped your tiny wrists,  
Siltation came from a river flood.

?The water dried up against a fish  
It was all sweet memories to me,  
Until my legs touched the grounds...  
The love-wrap I loved to peel  
Another is drinking its' juice;  
Soon you'll be a mum; I heard.

I value your every inch:  
But each time I see  
Your smiling kids  
They remind me  
Of the bliss  
In you; you had as a kid.

Vincent Onyeche



# Epic - Valentine's Scroll

It was a beautiful day  
The streets were painted red  
We sat beside a lounge  
Gathering the old  
And new ribbons.

We tossed them up like kites  
And refreshed all past memories.  
Each ribbon we held  
Could sense something rekindled  
We had fun during the day.

And at night we plunged ourselves to rest  
But when I peered at our glued hands  
The red ribbons had disappeared  
I saw a scroll with lots of kisses;  
'Don't remember me only on vals day'- it says.

Vincent Onyeche

## Epic - You Win

Like the moon and the sun  
In tandem, we take turns,  
To passionately play for fun  
Both on and off the dreadful pitch.

Between the devil and the deep blue sea,  
The game of truth is hard to fish.  
Yet we argue against, crystals  
Clearer than even a devil can see.

Hello! All these scores and victory  
Had no trophy spoiling bee honey  
Yet we fight like tomorrow is stung,  
Soaking pillows with tears on the bed.

Sorry may or may not be easy to say:  
But you win is the song I love to sing  
Let the wind blow the trees to bend,  
For the bed of rest is filled with tears.

Vincent Onyeche

# Esau's Wife

Whether thy run or walk, love isn't a fight  
Soulmate is the prophesy of a love prophet  
Phase for two to become a soft strong heart  
Esau's wife, a realistic charm best described by no poet  
When she says a word, thy shall catch a breath  
In her smiles are mass of hope meant for rent.

Wait! don't dare; she's not for all born  
She's that shadow shining within the sun  
Peace is supreme, she has no horn  
Elegant gaze, if she blink, irons will burn  
Water isn't in her tears but ore and fun  
Inside beauty, her toes are pretty her halo is no pun.

Will a name be forgotten when it's created as none infringe?  
She's to thee the real poetry written on love lodge  
Parental rare encounter: the body and soul's urge.  
To Heaven she's a chandelier, hell's blazer an irreversible purge  
Wipe not, she's an artifact that can't be forge In love she's its letters -like water  
and its sludge.

Vincent Onyeche

# Every Child

Every child has a name,  
Innocence, not a shame

Resilience, always they try  
Mood swings, loud they cry...

Limitless, always they feel  
Attention, they seek finding zeal

Tenderness, all the same;  
Every child has a flame

Burning loud voraciously;  
In truth and in honesty.

Vincent Onyeche

# Every Reasons To Hate You

I have every reasons to hate you  
Right from day one donkey years back  
You lied to me you had him  
When you just a lonely cat that lacks,  
..love; but in my eyes you saw all  
Yet on your choice you oppressed lucks.

Years of maybe, no and yes  
Running places, in my ears  
Singing pains and fears  
..... 'He has a ship of sheep'  
A thousand reasons to hate you  
Because your love is cheap.

In his physiological heart,  
You are just one of the blood cells  
That pass through  
Same paths others came and gone  
'Is it love you question'  
My dear, I have every reasons to hate you.

Vincent Onyeche

# Every Time We Fight

Every time we fight,  
Like a dust and a broom,  
Underneath a mushroom  
Is a love that can not be bent.

Yes in here, we ought  
To be, a bride and a groom  
A flower that bloom  
Not torn, gown and suit.

In here, it all seems sweet  
Outside the anteroom,  
But bitter in the backroom  
We put on a smile for hurt.

Every time we fight  
The sun becomes a doom,  
Shadows of the darkroom,  
Upon our lovingly feet.

Misleading us through a path  
Into a deadly grillroom  
Master room turns a guestroom  
Where we argue and fight-

Each other's wrong and right;  
Though lost in a showroom  
That used to be our playroom  
Where love bars refills the heart.

Every time we fight  
We turn love into toom and loom  
Magnifying microbes by our zoom  
Searching for an imperial fault.

Yes in here, we ought  
To be, a bride and a groom  
A flower that bloom  
Not torn, gown and suit.

In here, it all seems sweet  
Outside the locker room,  
But bitter in the backroom  
Our love grows eachtime we fight.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Abort Me

I can be devalued and torn  
But I rather not be born  
Than be human and poor  
In this world where poverty mourns.

I can be that goat with no horns  
To my achievements; a stubborn son  
In its gigantic lips; a noisy horn  
But I rather not be born....

If I am to be a fruitless corn  
That is planted behind close doors  
Built in such a way: keys can not turn  
...I rather not be born.

Vincent Onyeche



# Expression Eruption: Alcohol

If in your tongue,  
She taste good like the morning wine  
Should I advice you or watch your  
Shyness hide inside her?  
Shout scream or sing: whichever!  
Shag her not to be impregnated.

Silly friends give her out willingly  
So be not fooled by an innate action  
For the days I liked her, she liked me too.  
I felt good, excited, uplifted  
Never to forget, free and intoxicated  
Luckily I could find my way back.

Certain days I just couldn't let her go  
The climax of overwhelming joy  
Orally I take her down to the bottom  
She slams me with a mere depression  
Staggering in-between the winds  
Mind mild and lighter than the air  
One way or another I find my way back.

Through the mouth or nose  
I send her out of my fathers temple  
Yet a kiss from the lips of a cup  
Is an apple before Adams eyes  
She shag me into sedation  
But when I wake, I always seek for her.

Sad and happy, the moments shared  
I feel no pain with her in my vein  
This feeling is one of those without a name  
Slow mood on, let brain do the work  
Stupor she exclaim before my blur sight  
It is a pity; she takes me deep into coma.

She is an underrated divinity  
That opens the windows of wonders  
To be misunderstand, o my addiction

Started from a sip to intoxication  
Till the black boy brings trepidation  
Together forever she takes me into its box.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: An Artillery Call

Listen to  
My artillery call  
It's for protection  
Listen to  
My plead of recognition  
In every profession  
There is a junction of obstruction.

Listen to  
My call of survive  
It demands for an explosion  
Listen to  
My cry of no-surrender  
Invading the jury of vindication  
The ten toad-stones around my neck is broken.

Listen to  
My call of eruption,  
It's an expression  
Listen to  
My trembling voice, pave way  
I'm just scared and surrounded; send down  
The toast of flame on enemies of progression.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Ancestors Songs

Look deep into the eyes of the Sun  
Never end the challenge you begun  
Especially when shades can be worn.  
We are steps, our children should climb on  
The ancestors aren't dead they watch on  
Our struggles on earth and accomplishment.

Did you die? Cheer up life has rebegun  
Yes it all ends, with or without a gun  
Give praise, bullets are made for a gun.  
Child: You are my homespun leather skin  
The world is a sea, see and swim  
Life is experienced, it isn't cheap but a ship-

Bosun you are! So direct your path  
Millions contended: yet you won your part  
With a spirit of never give-up by my artefact  
You swam slowly straight into her tiny egg  
Our biochemistry gave you a childish leg  
Child: watch with a sense, it is your edge!

Walk and work, if you die, life is an unending part  
What memories, art and act  
Should the Earthworm seize not to hear?  
Should the ancestors cry that you wreck its' height?  
Or should they sing that you added more blocks?  
Child: live a life that leaves for your child to peacefully live.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Apologies

It's the future right heartfelt action for a past;  
...coming from an heavy heart.

Sorry if I ever wronged you or broke a heart  
Sorry to those I will disappoint down my path.

All the dumb drunken apologies in the past  
Was a heat from a peace burning iron kite.

Juggling in axed words full of disrespect  
So saucy! so rude; and so...arrogant.

You've got a right to keep things in mind  
Apology is a soul of transparency searched and found.

Sorry if I ever left you lonely in the dark  
Don't say bye; for anger is red and not a light...

Friend stay forever, even when it bends  
...Forget foes, the path we cross shouldn't end.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Appreciating

I will always leave to appreciate  
Everything He is and every He creates  
An admirer I am so I must selflessly admit  
God has all that you may ever call traits  
For the entity of life is not by fate  
Not erroneously made so put on some faith.

Intriguing solids, liquids and gas  
I will always leave to appreciate  
The ideas he complexed to form the space  
Up above so high like diamonds in the sky  
Out of which the fairytale is made  
For the young to enjoy while they age.

The Creators creation may also create  
Like democracy freedom He gives  
The world is a boutique of flowers  
What I see around is so magical  
I will always leave to appreciate  
All he created even after a short in breath.

Vincent Onyeche

## Expression Eruption: August

Nothing like a night in August  
When the weather is so trusted  
Where a sailor can sleep aboard  
And still sail the ship of mind  
Safely into fairytale land.  
Showing how far the harvest goes  
Barns every farmer begins to build.  
Beauty of the outer space is light  
Bright, the moon is up all night  
Children born in August  
Come with teeth and are lions by nature,  
Crown kings of what they do, pace-setters  
And the flagship of the fleet  
August in a nutshell is a month of greatness.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Beauty Never Ends

Can anyone accurately tell  
Who the most prettiest is?  
For me... No such thing as best  
The world is round with no sharp ends  
But various unending curves  
Such that beauty never ends  
And the beautiful ones are not yet born...

But born every second that passes  
For life is the combination of genes  
Nothing as most talented of species  
If I must agree with it,  
It must be nominated by angels  
And rightly voted by gods  
For beauty never ends.

Vincent Onyeche



## Expression Eruption: Bed Ends

I have drank from the cups of bitter julep  
And had nausea and lullaby make me fall asleep  
Human bleeds but my hard soul has a soft ship  
Hence I don't vend to high tides but blend  
Creating a comfort for my legs and head  
Off the blankets I wend from end to end  
Pride grows; I sow to harvest and lend  
And then sleep on all corners of my bed  
If I fall, pains my nerve shall send  
But I'm not scared of a nightmare trend  
Nor the insects buzzing my ears to rend  
When all is not well; I don't pretend  
I walk through the storm with nightmare as a portend  
I've heard it all, enemies are often befriend  
On my bed, I win all that I contend  
Stress might cause me to sleep-talk on bed  
But when the sleepless hours refuses to end  
The pillows I hold can't slip off my grasps  
And no matter the volume of sweat off my pores  
I wouldn't bend but simply rotate from end to end.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Best Goes With Time

Whose eyes sees best...  
The short or long sighted?

Whose feet runs best...  
The short or long distant runner?

Who does it best...  
The talented or passion driven man?

There's no such thing as world best  
Without a subset if there is, it goes with time.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Christmas Day

Santa Clues on a snowy course  
Rides on all alone  
To bring me a box of curse  
A curse to shine  
From a purse of smile

Knowing what day it is  
Makes me feel so glad  
From the way it smells  
Trust me I can tell  
December has met with twenty-fifth

Today is so fine  
Noisy night tint so bright  
Rhythm in pleasant sounds  
I play not with sands and clay.  
I dare not... on a Christmas day.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Confidence

Confidence is a breath of life  
It is the reason why birds can fly  
It is a stand with a lifetime guarantee.

Confidence is a hat on the brave head  
It pulls metallic minds towards greatness  
It is the force in the magnetic field.

Confidence is a catalyst to love  
It's energetic and gives life inside  
It's a spice God must have use to build the world.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Countryman Road

When tears flow across the thimbles  
Where it deposits particles of pains  
With memories of recalling hopes  
With memories of offenses and errors  
Stalked and talked about in stories  
Know ye': life isn't as the fairy-tale says

Oh ye': a road so sweet, so we drive on  
Sure yeah: it's like my countryman roads  
Always rough with an unending turn  
Up and down; tires and rims feel the pains  
Sure! the ability to control the wheels  
Shows you're the man: that very true son.

When the sweat refuse to dry soon  
Know ye': life isn't as stories writers think  
It has my countryman prices  
Face the challenges; ride along the roads  
And Until you get to the market  
Never say you can't purchase from it.

Vincent Onyeche

## Expression Eruption: Dance

If there is a pain you need to flush  
Give yourself peace;  
As little as a pinch  
Let your blood rush  
Freely without you feeling its push  
O sing aloud a sweet good song  
You might not need to flog a drum  
But take a serious step  
And don't be a tree  
You may be too lazy to clap  
But don't be too lazy to dance.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Dora

Dora is a gift, a name given to a lady  
Who knows how to sauce her meal.  
She cherish the heart  
Atrium to ventricle she sole protects.

Dora is the peace two nations lack  
Whoever have her in arm way  
Shouldn't have to buy  
An explosive to drop in Gaza.

During the times of trepidations  
When the hammer has no nail  
She is there beside him  
All stitches she tends.

Dora is the queen of affection  
Wine of the best qualities  
Soul sweetener  
And will never scuttle or vanish away

Days with her can be so sluggishly fast  
When the mind wishes to deny natures love for time.

She is the apple and juice not all can taste  
A confirmation of a complex formation.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Ethical Man

The ethical man believes in everything  
A right to sin or say; tell the lie  
A right to be righteous; thus  
A right to be bound or say be liberated  
When no road is straight and clear.

The ethical man sees fact in anything  
Fat or thin, robust or slim  
To him life is a nephron of factors  
Every connecting capillary matters  
He makes his point with a pinch of salt.

The ethical man is good in chess  
In killing something big he never use  
Anything equal or bigger  
For the outcome from onset  
Is usually small or smaller.

The ethical man sees things  
From all possible parameters  
For if a big heart is divided  
By something microscopic  
The scattered pieces is often larger  
He will never divide 1 or anything greater  
By anything less or far lesser than zero.

An ethical man is a diplomat  
Favours anything base on its concept Everything matters no matter how small  
Religion and culture  
Yet they say; he is so sceptical  
When culture is a religion  
And a religion a culture.

Vincent Onyeche



# Expression Eruption: Folk-Tale We Fell Fall

In the whole of the Igbo land  
In and out even West and North  
In days when the clay had its pride  
No one does it better  
Better than Ukpe the fire maker.  
Bound in reds and white chalk paint  
Bare eyes might watch  
Bushy grass and two stones  
Bla bla bla he incarnate and sings  
Behold from nowhere flame he makes  
No one does it better until we realize  
That his songs were just a blush  
The folk tale we all fell for.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Get Love

Not all Africans are dark  
I know you've heard the dogs bark  
And watched tails wag in front of strangers,

Now your ears still hear their sound  
And your heart is always scared  
Now you fail to take a chase

Nor allow passion light up  
The shadows of a heart  
Not all heat can melt the nylon in a heart.

Not all men are alike  
I know you granted entrance  
To many or a few who got in and out.

And that's the reason you prefer  
To leave your inner you empty,  
Listen to the words from the horse's mouth.

Don't remove the feathers from the wings of doves  
Let love puppet and its frolics flutter  
Towards your tender and empty space.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Get Out

All on a time, even in my bleeding life  
I've never had a slow cut by a knife  
So sharp in act but blunt in action  
So slow and cutting timeless and rough...

Blood droplets on the floor like a piece of bread  
Staggered cuts it gives my heart on my own bed..  
Many is much; I've had enough  
Bible can't make me go back over the same ground...!

Get the hell out of my life!  
Go off at a tangent you are a nightmare! !  
Gather your belongings! ! !  
Get up and go!

Go away and take off like gunshot and bullets!  
Go above and beyond away from my droplets! !  
Go adrift if you like, move heavens and earth! ! !  
Go as far as the point the world has an end!

Go, just go it's broken not bent but beyond mend!  
Go while the shadows have tall ends! !  
Go now while the sun is awake at another end! ! !  
Go so that this pain can joyfully end!

Go away just go  
Go away you give me an endless rage inside!  
Go now that the moon is by your side  
Get out of my life, you are a previous slide!

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Golden Rule

You will never walk down the aisle  
If all your taste must be perfect  
Bet me, you wouldn't, it's a fact.  
Be decisive, subira is patience  
But don't spray off all its dime  
On a lovelorn path just to make a rhyme.

Without a verb, love is an empty cage  
Locked outside yet birds are not free to fly  
But out they sneak to beds, where they wish to lie.  
Be decisive, Ndidi is patience  
Don't chase the wind with a paper dime  
No one has ever made such a rhyme.

Don't waste your time  
Trying to find or change  
The taste of a lime  
Or the colour of the Sun  
The Golden Rule is:  
Be friendly to those who befriends you.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Heart In Love

I've some pretty female friends  
Whose endowment is bless  
Side to side from end to ends

Love is a dream and reality a lustful event  
Written letters often torn and burnt  
They make me gape at ashes beside a mirror invent.

Wondering what they don't see  
Honey is sweet but where's the bee  
That stung lovers into a forever sea.

I've some pretty female friends  
That says: we are just friends  
A heart in love is a radio of all kinds.

But the music it sings, is same old song  
- 'Just friends' yet controlled for long  
Admirably hugs; I cover the pit I dug.

Each time I pass through the corner bends  
To a never return, I get lost but I'm always found  
Same time; lust beyond angels can mend.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Irony Of Lackluster

High in supremacy, She only is the Creator  
Heaven and earth, She is an Author  
Hiding in her delight; man is but an editor  
His mind on lush kites, for money She never made.

Hilariously networked power across big bucks  
Horn on dogs, hardship diplomats  
He is in charge of dispense but  
Hit by inflation and deflation confusion.

Income has a grudge at most times...  
In the eyes you see their home and abroad  
Inside, deep in the mind; hope is by the road  
In-spite of that; Man favors the big buck slimes.

Along the rich carpets, poverty pulls the poor  
Away from reach as riffraff in the lore  
A billion printed daily is a suffering toy, for  
Along my streets, are the rich and the poor.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: January

When will January die?

- Probably the day the earth is reformed  
Or when it stops to itch and scratch  
And no longer shows the now  
And knows not what the future tells  
Or the day wishes will kiss extinction  
Infarcted by new or repeating resolution.

When will January die?

- Probably if no man walks before or  
On its two-way valve, going in or out the time  
Axilla worms down in thirty-one pages  
And the mind worries not when it shall die  
Otherwise January is a baby in every mind-eyes  
Innocent foetus every year should be delivered of.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Love Is Generic

Love is generic  
Overheard overseen  
Overlaid overpaid  
Yet an overdue attention

Love is generic  
Over-and-over, it is piggybacked  
Over-the-left-shoulder  
Yet not overuse nor over-age

Love is generic  
Overshadowing an overall picture  
Overhung and over-sang,  
Yet an over-ignored melody

Love is generic  
Over-and-out, somehow overstaying  
Overdone overly  
Yet an overestimate bill in irony

Love is generic  
Over-read and over-known  
Overflowing from an overhead tank  
Yet it is rekindling and never over.

Vincent Onyeche



# Expression Eruption: March

The '-uary's' ends  
Their long journey by foot  
Recruiting soldiers to parading steps  
Ribbonfish they be underneath the crying sky.

The month of March filters and glitters  
Thoroughly it shines and surely it rains  
Raging cold and oppressing the spouseless  
Rubbing hands together, the plants grow well.

Tiara in corn crown, farmers shine their teeth  
The minds of a business mind is edentulous  
Regretting why march comes from the clouds  
Road to happiness it shall bring when fool comes in a day.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Married A Minute Ago

I travelled through cities  
Cities with trepidations  
Cities painted with insurgency.

I travelled via air and boarded a bus  
First bad weather and then rough roads  
Falling into the deepest contours.

I travelled for a mission  
To show her results of little boys' vision  
The outcome and the latest visible ray version.

I travelled for several years  
Today I arrived; today I heard,  
The bible has an unholy version...

I travelled all days  
Today I arrived; today I heard  
That she got married a minute ago.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Mitigating The Ream

You grace a flesh if you take a breath  
From a recycling sperm and egg  
An eclipse or an enclosed system or earth.  
Mere human stretch your haematic hands  
To thumb through and touch the skies  
Rather love and hate at same time  
To free the gains by cascading germs.  
Inks we paint last for a donkey years  
If it drops, down it comes like giant tears.  
Socrates insane; but has a right  
To let it grow a green with a light  
A tuber of yam he may wish to plant  
While dropping in the sky a vapour of wit  
For you and the coming to take home with

Mere human let this not be so confusing  
For whatever we generate stays with us  
It's essential to note the anthropogenic  
More of it no clouds but smog  
Giant tears drops while skins turn alien  
Aliens living in an isoform of the sun  
Earlier now to mitigate the ream  
For unto our faith or fate  
They shall be no heaven, no hell:  
If no spherical earth.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Peace

There's this thing that takes time to turn  
The background radiation is radioactive in the air.

This thing is an entity in the soul dirt  
The world is natural unstable without it.

This thing is an end point reached by death  
This thing is abundantly alive; why die to first taste it? ...

This thing can hardly be redressed without a fight  
Take time to swim you will understand this thing I sing.

This thing can match makeup and attires  
This thing can unite hairstyles and colors.

This thing puts an end  
To the tricky tribal trials they called taboos.

Take a time to swim then you will concur  
That this thing is freedom, harmony and peace.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Pigs & Rule

It's a dirty game... What is it?  
From freedom to chains and tattoos  
From speak up to shut up by guns  
Then speak up democracy is born  
Born by the shores besides flames that burn.

Flames that made my father a man  
Flames that hardened the minds of his wives  
Flames ignited from religious repulsion  
Flames thick and dark;  
Flames that scares an hawk.

It's a dirty game; but who's to be blamed?  
The Author of Animal farm, Man or Pigs?  
Pigs that reprinted pics  
Every four years since speak up wrote in epics  
Epics that ruins the green and white apple pick...

I wonder what they find in a reign  
The same sway and reign of terror.  
Affirmative! Self-delusion is unrealistic  
Someone should have an esteem  
To tell the Ex-general to quit fantasy.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Poetic Heart

In life; even as a Child,  
It took poetry before I show my teeth.  
Nothing can ever make me hide-  
My heart from drumming for it.

She is my passionate love  
She gives me excitement to climax...  
Nothing makes me love a dove  
More than holding her survival axe.

She is my only square peg  
Socket deep into my square hole  
Precisely she's my head to leg  
Poetry is my body and soul.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Self Esteem

Self-esteem is a merit  
You earn it  
If you are blind to haters.

Soul agitator; let them hate  
Your self-esteem is apparent  
It is the reality in the work of fiction.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Tafawa Balewa's Death Wish

Part of a whole but I'm broken  
Torn into three unstable fragments  
Incompetent of religious believe.

I had peace standing beside the green  
I take my daughter to school now frighten.

Please traverse the boundaries alone  
Tell the sundry, tell them all, I am not...  
In battle; but the green and white I died for.

Peace is a fruit, never be forbidden  
To Napoleon, the alphabets never forgotten  
It can be hidden in love but not unspoken.

It is that: that distinct the enlighten  
It is the unity of a skin and collagen.

Peace is peaceful when it lacks violence.

Vincent Onyeche



# Expression Eruption: Time By Chance

Time is by chance  
An evil eye on destiny toe  
Ticking clock compass to underneath  
The blankets of covered dust  
In the field of greenish grass  
Up the air to places where vultures dwell.

To live is time by a pretty chance  
Cut not a rope of a fetching can  
Although sooner it shall dump  
The run-off into a deep well.

While a life lives,  
It converts friends to foes  
Sometimes though it holds  
Like ants living in a hole.

Time is by chance  
Seemingly life obviously political  
Burning like acids applied topical  
Omitting 'ar' from the word army  
Committing a silence  
If it doesn't add up 'ene' to make enemy  
And also if every second that ticks  
Clicks right and gives the best for a lick  
Time is by chance  
What makes an hero.

Vincent Onyeche

# Expression Eruption: Your Opinion

Yes you can scream, scream  
Yes your voice is loud, scream  
Yes you got the ideas, say it  
Yelling atop of knowledge knuckle.

Your voice is loud to your ears alone  
Yet not all on eclipse earth can hear  
Yelling is theory; technology is practical  
Your opinions will never be heard.

Vincent Onyeche

# Eyin-Nta

Eyin-nta, Eyin-nta

A tree witches don't perch on

From as far as a child's parent great grandparents

Standing rigid on the sands of thy fathers

Looking ordinary way beyond its protections

Mulish to all the evil acts and suggestions

Mystic says: witches don't perch on it.

Eyin-nta, Eyin-nta

Spreading branches wide and long

On it, only god-birds sings a song

Sunny or rainy: its leaf drops

Like tears and sweat drops

From its fierce elastic stems

Mystic says: witches don't perch on it.

Vincent Onyeche

# Fallen Heroes

Candles lit for the past  
Brings memories ripped apart,

In solaces, tears on a pillow  
Soundless plays the radio

My hopes died in this town;  
The moment the flag went down

Half mast by an hero came a dew,  
Mentors are great compass for the new;

In solace, on thy bed, thy pray  
To make thee more of thy by day.

But these winds from the window  
Keeps cleaning thy darkest shadow

Such that thy fierce images and frames  
Can't be lost down memory lanes,

For thy has become an household name  
Thy fallen heroes and glory days are same.

Vincent Onyeche

## Fatal 2: 'mrs. Onyeche'

Doctors mirror out same results

Family dwells in awkward silence

Night so cold, slow like snail steps

Days are awaken with past memoirs

So painful; yet..... We watched you go.

Doctor's epics in white stay alive

Your children  
modified nostrils size like Elephants

Growling, snorting, and roaring,  
crying everyone's tears

No more new toys for the wide parlour floor

So painful; yet in our arms you chose to go.

Doctor's epic, hidden is the truth

Hopeful for recovery you sat and lay

Unaware, essence of time is making no sense

Children cry, if God would alter, trading the tears

For it was so painful to watch you go

Vincent Onyeche

## Fatal: Ms Onyeche

Doctors mirror out same results  
Family dwell in awkward quiets  
Night so cold, slow like snail steps  
Days are awoken with past memoirs  
So painful to watch you go.

Doctor's epics in white stay alive  
Children modifying nostrils size like Elephants  
Growl, snorting, and roaring, cry everyone's tears  
No more new toys for the wide-Parlor floor  
So painful to watch you go.

Doctor's epic, hidden is the truth  
Hopeful for recovery you sit and lie  
Unaware, essence of time is making no sense  
Children cry, if God would alter, trading the tears  
For it so painful to watch you go.

Vincent Onyeche

# Fear Of This World Scares Me (Egun U'wa' Ra' Tum)

The Earth spins around the Sun  
From day to night spontaneously  
Similarity is seen in the cycle of age,  
The Earth spins around the Sun.

I'm frightened by the fear of the world  
It's not just in the places I'm from.  
Each time a young is born while the sun sleeps above my roof  
I'm frightened by the fear of the world.

Every birth on earth is a rebirth of same belt  
Vipers and scorpions will always be  
Like other weaponries in owls, bats and cats  
Every birth on earth is a rebirth of same belt.

Hence this life scares me to death  
Even heavyweight foot do walk on air  
Sight of evil, devilish minds of hatred  
Hence this life scares me to death.

In my dialect I'll say; egun u'wa' ra' tum,  
For this life has all, few good and many bad  
In between many teeth are others flesh and blood  
In my dialect I'll say; egun u'wa' ra' tum.

Vincent Onyeche

# February Love

Affections

In

February

Is always

In

A hurry.

To wear red robes

On Valentine's...;

So many romances

With short plans

And unending pains

From illusions.

Affections

In

February

Is

Always

In

A hurry.

Vincent Onyeche



# Fickle Lover

I know of a lady,  
Beauty so heady  
She's dark and precious  
Her presences brings a force  
Force of likeness befalls  
Every true love that may or may not be false.

Ears that detest good music are sick  
Her voice sounds like a music  
If she's a puzzle no genius can solve her  
History would call her the fickle lover  
She loves today and hates tomorrow  
All her heart is for a borrow...

I know of a lady,  
Beauty so heady  
Her none static bones have blisters  
She's an emotional roller coaster  
She warms you when she loves you  
Then you grow cold when she hates you.

Vincent Onyeche

## Final Touch

?Be the best if you care  
Babies are born as heirs  
But shown not to use an air.

Birthday isn't ugly but fine,  
Bug can be a mother's child,  
Beauty can nevertheless hide.

...Beauty is like the hair  
Born from various colors  
Bright in all sight be it blind.

Beauty is not in cooked ideas  
But in the finishing touches  
Buckled up against fear.

Vincent Onyeche

# First Law Of First Love

The definition of love is preferred  
In the first person you ever loved  
Called first love; but let's say gravity  
Because no matter how high you are  
It brings you down to the ground.

First:

This love is great; especially  
If in your smiles, foes can see  
That  
You are in love with gravity  
If otherwise, it was never a love.

Second:

It greater; especially when  
Gravity gives  
A yes and no answer to flight  
'Am I loved back  
Where do I belong? '  
Questions that drums out.  
No confidence in this love  
Sooner you advance  
Advancing away from gravity.

Then:

The definition of love  
Begins to evolve  
From a soil  
To a plant that can be grown.  
No matter how  
Deep inside you know  
The love for gravity  
Sprung without cultivation.

Finally:

Farming on the lands  
Lands of love  
You will realise that  
The definition of love

Is most preferably  
While loving gravity  
If otherwise, it was never a love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Flesh Irony

Why are you bothered  
About a dying branch?  
Animals are replaced in its ranch.

Round goes its beauty  
Alongside illusions and bloods  
Life is staged on battlefields.

Hired and rented,  
Passengers of death  
No one escapes an homage to earth.

Vincent Onyeche

# Flight Of My Imagination

In my present  
I'm absent  
Building castles in sky  
Bringing sky's to earth;  
I could oppose gravity  
And be anywhere  
Oh! What creativity.

Up, high and top  
I'm the best in fiction,  
Saga lord and fable noble  
Heart loving, I'm a thriller.

Mr. Bionic the ultimate,  
I'm never down  
Even when I'm downhill, I'm never losing.

I monkey about but stay focus  
I am destiny; I decide my fate  
Moneyed, I see no poverty  
No resistance, no tide  
My ocean flows smoothly  
My space ship fly out well  
All in the flight of my imagination.

Vincent Onyeche

# Flourishing In Joyful Abundance

Flourishing under the shears of nature  
The trees do nothing but to breed  
Stubborn growth, thicken dark bark, colorful green leaves and beautiful flowers  
The wonderful birds weaves and sings on them splendidly  
Competition a normal routine in life  
Out of the abundance of nature and nurture  
The crop is to meet up with harvest  
Time when its height shall be reduced by the master

Flavor, the taste of true toil  
Wonderful creatures eat of the return  
Beauty of enthusiasm and classic taste  
A poet's line isn't complete without the thrilling scenes

To the silos, barns and boutique  
Storage is to defect drought  
Let the cooperative labor of the ants flourish  
Even when the water is banished

Oh, fire! The odd but still copious  
Dangerous, desperate and willing to swallow  
All the wonderful matters made by nature  
Yet, the ants are still blissful in their harbor.

Vincent Onyeche

# Flowers Bloom And Fade Away

Yesterday I read a heave sigh  
From two beautiful candy friends  
One's voice deep and romantic  
The other soft like elastic  
With a pair of golden lips  
As sweet as red cherries;

Yesterday they had laughter's  
Inviting like temptation  
Reminding the aged of the infantile  
Remarks that could tears fill the tile;  
'Rome was built not in a day; let's give it a try',  
They sigh.

Next day I got a headache  
From two bitterly barking dogs  
Deep, harsh, light and loud  
'Dad ... Mum! ! !  
It will never work; let's call it off'  
They mull.

Today I read yet another sigh  
Like tomorrow, yesterday, birthdays,  
Christmas and New Year's Eve  
Two beautiful candy friends  
Holding candles by the cradle

Hope it's not another part of a pack  
For flowers to bloom and fade away

Vincent Onyeche



# For You

Eachtime you move, time stands still  
You are so pure and so well distilled;  
Impressively, if you were to be drilled  
You'll be a price target that can't be killed;  
For you, the ice shall blaze and the fire will chill.

In love kitchen, like a Chef, I'll cook you a meal  
With love recipe and admiration as grill;  
I'll write you a poem and sing to your thrill,  
Show you skills and fetch you a bluegill,  
The bills I'll pay, for your gallery freewill.

Without them, no you and is my life unfulfilled;  
Ravishingly, your beauty on heal, is high as a hill;  
And if you were a milk, you'll never be spilled,  
You as a poison, I'll go for a steady refill,  
And if your love is an illness, I'll pop no pill...  
For you are, my existence and holygrill.

Vincent Onyeche

# Forgetting The Past

I woke up last night  
Unto an unending dark light  
My dreams were bright and alright  
In ambitions postponed every fortnight.

I felt strong but weak as a nonsense plight!  
My burg eyes had a very tight sight  
I couldn't see but struggled with it like a gunfight  
Slowly it opened, yes to my delight

I saw nothing but a heavy looking lightweight  
Other than what my sight... could write  
Inside my dark shadow was a misery flight  
Is it I or myself I should fight in my past?

Indeed these are though times in a twilight  
Struggled to get to the door for I might  
Slam it against my past and wake in greater height  
For there is nothing to fight against a shadow light.

Vincent Onyeche

# Found

I was bored, and lost in the wide wild west;  
I created the best events and got the worst,  
I needed a rest and a vent to pay the rent,  
I arrived; and caught your holy breath.

You sat on the bench like a fallen tree,  
You shifted your curvy hips, I didn't see  
You aligned them repeatedly towards me;  
You were busy that day like a honeybee.

Bluffed, I wasn't caught out for refractive light,  
Behold you were there, freaking bright  
Bringing back sounds into the quite night,  
But with a brush and broom, your dust I swept.

Unknowingly, it killed you, tonnes of times;  
Under the thick shell, I hide in my absence,  
Until we began stealing guilty eye glance,  
Unexplainably; tearing my wall and fence.

Amazingly, through the wall, you made a friend,  
And showed your hump, slow pace of no end;  
All to catch up before the curve and bend,  
And research reasons why I never blend.

Few women walk up to men for affection,  
Funny how you initiated a conversation;  
For when you smiled with all perfection,  
Found I was in the stars of your pretty direction.

Vincent Onyeche

# Frame

There is this frame  
Draining my big brains  
With lots of claims  
And proclaiming shame.

It has a school  
And images that plough  
Through; many colors  
Dyed on the bedspreads;

And wet pillows  
Dripping dark shadows,  
Not ugly, not fine  
Wishing to undo time.

Vincent Onyeche

# Friendship

?(Written by Onyeche Vincent Onyeka and Emmanuel Chinyere E)

There is a moment when all turns red,  
A moment all seem to halt...  
...Around: but, joy trends and fail to end.  
The rising of the sun awakens the songs within  
It wistles choir cool breeze on a tender heart,  
Then comes a ship for friends, called friendship...  
One that sails through the tides of pain and gain  
Made not for profits, but to enrich the soul within,  
Unshaken by complexity or turbulent waves.  
Unbroken by situations that may even arise,  
No force or gossips can let it bend or dent  
Nor take it steep down to the darkest of depth...  
It floats, and that's the feeling of joy  
Friendship drags none into sorrowful tour  
But creates good faith and aids against bad fate.  
Even when it drains or rains in its train,  
...Together for life, a true friend is invaluable;  
Together for life, friendship has no price.  
It's beyond the ounces of gold on a scale  
From the head down to tail, in reality or tale  
Family is biological, friendship is chemical.

Vincent Onyeche

# From A Distance

From a distance  
Dreams are big  
While hills are sighted small  
Same size with valleys  
Green on level grounds.

From a distance  
Visions are always bright  
Sights will never fade out...  
Imaginations are limitless  
But in reality, isn't life impeded?

From a distance  
The sun shines with ease  
Love is and hatred isn't  
Birthdays keeps renewing  
Graveyard is a mirth, not a destination.

From a distance  
December brings January  
But egg and a chicken  
From whom did who  
First exist from?

From a distance  
We are motivated  
By desires of life but,  
Myopic and biased that...  
Life is not by chance.

Vincent Onyeche

# Getting Her To Smile

Her beauty is a rose with a pleasant scent  
A paint and a gaze that could make one faint  
Though genetic, she's generically perfect.

From birth, her beauty charges the eyes  
That the sun could get jealous and turn ice,  
Beauty may fade but hers is a magnificent size

She is a wonder of beautiful admiration  
A true image from God's very adoration  
Natural, her smile has astringic properties.

Men talk, but she's immune to compliments  
Because she knows just how she looks  
Don't tell her she's beautiful or gorgeous

Because her ears hear that all the time  
Say unique words, and get her to smile  
Then she will gladly be yours all the time.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ghetto Child

The hurricane blew me  
I stood and endured  
When I couldn't withstand anymore  
I allowed, permitted, and submitted  
To all distress  
Adapted, I indulged, led and became ruthless

Calling me names  
I kept failing and falling  
Compatriots,  
You announced, pronounced,  
Proclaimed, charted,  
Vocalized, uttered and articulated

Good things never last in ruthless street  
Ghetto,  
You later saw me rising  
You started trying  
Making sure you spoil,  
Disintegrated I became

All harms you did  
Not to mention injuries realized from it  
Scared, I went to church  
Divine knowledge came into play  
Ruthless ways  
I dropped by the gates

Then I had the intuition  
That you damage  
Vitate and booty  
Cannot disfigure me  
Instead they enhanced, flourished  
Increased and grew me up

So no matter how you try  
I shall never cry  
The stigma  
Vestige and scar of success



Would still remain in me  
The lanky ghetto child.

Vincent Onyeche

# Give Me

(C) April 13,2017.

Author - Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

Title: Give me

Theme: Romance

Give me your ears

And I'll

Steal your heart and attention.

Give me your hands

And I'll

Hold you tight, from ugly to attraction.

Give me your nose

And I'll

Breath life into love jurisdiction.

Give me your eyes

And I'll

See thorough beauty through your soul.

Give me your mouth

And I'll

Kiss an everlasting love and affection.

Give me your foot

And I'll

Walk you in a shoe of love protection.

Give me your heart

And I'll

Refill your red blood with good emotion.

Give me your fall

And I'll

Be in love with your imperfection.

Give me your time

And I'll  
Teach you the sixty-four rules of seduction.

Give me your body  
And I'll  
Delve into your good lotion and portion

Give me your sweetness  
And I'll  
Make with you, a whole new creation.

Give me your all  
And I'll  
Gladly be yours, love, body and soul.

Vincent Onyeche

# Gone Are Those Days

Gone are those once upon a time in ages  
Where and when we fall for adorable of beauties  
Pleasant to the eyes, inwardly far from the rubies

Gone are those once upon a time in ages  
Where and when we fall for strangers  
Or curves packed in tandem, thick as the ticks

Whether they are juicy and orange sizes  
Or as big as pawpaw fruits on its branches  
Be as docile as a lamb for gone are those ages...

When being royal are craved for beauties  
All there is in a gold plated metal is an inner rusts  
Fairytale are stories that mesmerises but the lass.

Vincent Onyeche

# Grace On Me

In a deep noiseless dark  
I did hear all they spoke  
Effortlessly, then I woke;  
Floating on a gracious flake.

Garri and salt, I used to soak  
Hopelessly, until the break..  
Behold, grace on me took  
Me, into the flames of smoke.

In the air, mighty walls I crack  
Breaking into the tall blue sky;  
Flying like birds without a brake,  
Grace on me is real not fake.

Relentlessly, for my humble sake  
Success sacks fell on my arm to take  
In the turbulent dark dead lake,  
Grace on me is an iceberg's puke.

When it pours, I float to the dyke  
Waterproof covered with so much like  
Groceries of failure, I don't cook or bake  
Because in this race; grace got my back.

Vincent Onyeche

# Graveyard House

Moments never last long  
Foundation dug on a log  
Or those on a solid rock  
Cracks and dries like a skull.

Death don't care about odds  
It tangs the red cold blood  
At an era of mysterious fog  
The wind plays an unfriendly song.

No one knows the mystery fog  
It seems peaceful, grey and old,  
Spirits grabs the chiefly rod  
Obviously, death is a rest accord.

The writing on the wall is so clear  
Necropolis block is just so strong  
Decorated with blood-sucking bugs  
White ceilings blood dripping air.

Death is that breath last heard  
A serene abode, grey, black and old  
It's a spirits with a thick chiefly rod  
Graveyard; a home with lots of bugs.

Vincent Onyeche

# Green Grasses

Green beautiful grasses  
Where lands the butterflies  
Green grasshoppers just hopped  
Greedily shining beautifully to be alive  
Looking deeply in ones gazing eyes  
And don't know how to say goodbye  
Or tell ones flesh never to smile freely  
With these green grasses  
That smiles with a dog tooth  
For flesh makes grasses ever green.

Green beautiful grasses  
Just doesn't feel right  
Growing on a burial ground  
Across ones head  
Having no yesterday,  
And no to-morrow.  
Forgetting thoughts, taught, time  
Forgetting fortune, life and love  
Lying at peace  
With grasses growing all over ones head

Green beautiful grasses  
Where I lay when I rise to the morning sun  
Stretching legs during the burning ray  
Forgetting about death or life  
Feeling an angel  
Angels cherish a background  
Looking so beautiful,  
A sight to see  
A scene to show  
How deep is a love....

Vincent Onyeche

# Grief Behind The Upper Body

Picture on the wall; majestically clad shining  
out like the Sun

Wooden frame hung beside the broken  
mirror, smiling lively at sorrowful

Unemotional even as the fury shear tears  
facing her shine

Before first slanting, the big palm tree has  
just fallen.

Now with woe, it stamps emptiness in the  
loveseat

Stealing smile and leaving photo clips in the  
fury mind.

Life has just turned an everyday eclipse

Why has the gods so treasured you?

Now haters has got what they requested

Anguished, the dark cloud settled right over  
fury.

Tears never go dry, why... why... why...

Vincent Onyeche



## Haiku - Fanatics

I'm irritated  
By religion injustice  
Holy extremist,

Sarcasms they fake,  
To 'em, your cars need no break  
Their ideas you must take.

They carry your cross  
Deeply down in selfishness  
You're to 'em useless,

Argue not with 'em  
Unless you're one of 'em  
Argue not with 'em.

They are myopic  
And egocentric fanatics  
Even in how they think.

Vincent Onyeche

# Haiku - Love For Abacha

Pride of delicacy  
Yellow stained with palm oil  
Thin, long and whitish.

Africans run after-  
-it, from age long, to Africa  
Of nowadays too.

Our bloods don't fade  
Our culture and tradition  
Is our heritage.

Before noodles era  
Quick food came from  
Cassava tubers.

Of which Abacha is  
Something I can't explain  
Let store story tell.

It's our grocery  
You may not find it in malls  
But a food for all

True African child.  
Its sensation sterilises  
That African blood.

Not a food like it  
Thus, we call it in delight  
Our African salad.

Vincent Onyeche

# Haiku - The Water Glows

It was at night  
I stood amazed staring at  
The surface water.

Call it child's play  
What I saw was sugar sweet,  
The lights ran around.

I stood so amazed  
Feeling the disco over me  
Running up and down.

Natural mimic,  
Rotating in diamond shapes  
I could see the stars.

Magical moments  
The fishes shall theme it  
Moonlight in the deep.

Disco in silence  
I stood still for hours, staring  
At the water glow.

Vincent Onyeche

# Haiku For Ada

I know of a girl  
She is a sweet smiling child  
She is one of a kind.

Royal into the soul  
So very rare and hard to find  
A pride from a tribe.

Like irons to magnets  
She is a beauty to harns...  
Magic and charms;

Natural in looks  
No foundation yet a true-  
-image for a frame;

To hold not to release  
Like religion and believe...  
Not darken, not fair

When she vocalizes  
Tranquility comes to air  
Energizing stare.

Adaobi is the name  
It means, daughter of a king...  
The flying birds sing.

Vincent Onyeche

# Haiku Of Bumps

Belle bump is fun,  
Wait till you see the world,  
White at the other side.

Belle bump is fun,  
One two, a child's born.  
Oh! sing him a song.

Three four, the eyes blinks...  
Begs to see forevermore.  
Believe déjà vu...

Five six, the rain drops  
Falls on all it come across,  
Life is wet and dry..

Season will change  
Generations will repeat  
Grow you are its pride.

Vincent Onyeche

# Halcyon

Hot foot love,  
By the balcony then on cradle, sharing  
The hots for love and hurt for heed  
Portraying the beauty of halcyon  
Hot-water-bottle comfort  
Under the huts of hot-tub romance,  
What more could halcyon want?

Flying love on a serpentine course  
The sweet fragrance of roses  
And the blind window boxes of affection  
Never saw  
The hum and haw morrows  
Or the pitiful groundswell  
Of hanging heartbreaks.

Kissing and telling,  
Clearly, no obsession  
But chameleon passion,  
Rainforest's deserted.  
Below the waters,  
Walking on sky  
Where has halcyon gone?

Vincent Onyeche

# Happy Married Life, Ify

Walking down the Broadway of life  
Love is endless, so he made thee a wife...

Sisters shall stumble upon strangers  
That turned friends and emotional kites

Flying in love air with armor and shields  
Thy synchronized love into basic instincts,

Soulmates in love, is but an ordained title,  
Seas and oceans he crossed to get to you.

Congratulations, the walls hear the jingles  
And see thy bells are made of diamonds

Scavenged from an undiscovered planet,  
Sent via love chariot as a wonderful template

Blessings are yours, now that you knot ties  
Your home shall reflect diamonds all the time

Happy marriage life to my only sister; Ify, my blood  
My first playmate and first childhood friend.

#Cheers

(C) April 16,2017

Author: Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

#IfywedsChinedu

Vincent Onyeche

# Hate Reward

In delight we flew to your enclave  
But my mind and heart became a slave  
To illusions I was lost within your cave  
For you I fought, I thought I was brave  
I lost feathers in the grey home of sage  
And for love, I got hate reward for wage.

Vincent Onyeche



# Her First Kiss

Once upon a time; she was a teen,  
Love was magical, and a kiss was a sin,  
For the first time; she wasn't inbetween,  
Affection seemed so healthy and clean,

Pretty, she wasn't just an innocent child  
But a shield and so he was her knight;  
Love letters in paper plane flew all night  
Exploring the sweet nascent love they found

First love affair, the hearts synchronized...  
Her mind judged her and she was scared  
Of cautions and stories her mama once said,  
&quot;Bumps don't hide, the boys are bad&quot;

Through the window they both escaped  
Bold, young and free, they ran fast  
Like they were late on an endless road,  
Upon his shoulder, her head did rest

There came a gaze, the eyes were closed  
The sky stood still to stare at the birds  
Kissing passionately, it was so engrossed  
Like the fate of faith that only heaven knows.

(C) April,2017

Author - Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

Storyline Credit - Oge S. N

Editors - Oge S.N & Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

Location - Asaba

Vincent Onyeche

# Her Hockey

There is something about her zit  
It has this modishness that let's me define it  
For it's not seen in a mere pimple,  
Quite small, oval, pinkish and so cute.  
Bulged wide with a nick of a dimple  
Hers' is from a wild wile rare stunner bite...

With a venom underneath her lulu print,  
Radiating a beauty from the very soft zit.  
Smelling similar to scents of the morning roses  
Activating all inner reactive species  
Addicted glamor and picturesqueness  
All from the roses of a lovely love-bite.

It's beyond the lustful term of love  
It's beyond the peace of the white dove  
It's beyond the blazing heat from a stove  
It's hers, lawful, true and dead on target  
Yes Aye! ! indubitably her hockey is a rare thing  
For it's not temporary but so everlasting.

Vincent Onyeche

# Her Waist

Her figure is curvy like volleyballs,  
Huge bottom which twists and turns;

In slow seduction, when it spins  
It burns the ray out of sunlights,

Bringing out that hidden shyness  
From the bold, exposing weakness.

Every spin it makes is a sinfulness  
Even upon gaze, it nullifies holiness.

It has this awesome sparkle of lights  
Hypnotically, with temptation effects,

Soft like bread, a firm iron that never rust;  
Like pillars, it carries a ball of sweet lust.

Vincent Onyeche

# Histoblast

The histochemistry of my whole  
Shows an history fill of grief  
And tapes patching torn tissues  
An hatred so cold-blooded and disgusting  
Brutally descending down the ladder  
Of un-nailed layered steps,  
Scam and scan seen too much  
That I'm scared to hide  
No lie, I inherited something  
A cumbersome degenerative diseases,  
Its a traceable dislike  
And a conflicting mindsets  
Bringing forth a war of dead power  
Underneath the strength of two horses  
Stretching and tearing apart unity  
My superiority is of the north over south  
I lost my maxim  
Ever since Biafra's last orgasm  
A debate for a right from birth  
My histoblast's Insurgent insurgency  
Has an antidote called peace  
A meal of life to stay alive  
Hungry to feed, but no plate to serve.

Vincent Onyeche

# Hold Hands

Excuse me please  
May I have your hand:  
Not just figuratively  
Just do as I do,  
All and all who  
Grace planet earth and breath.

Like the Sun picks out gold pieces  
While making contact to earth  
Hold mine and I will hold another  
Who will hold another  
And the other another  
In that order.

Hey you there, my dear  
Take a faithful step closer  
Into the bracket  
Bracket of joined hands  
Take a grab and get impinged  
All the way to higher

Love know no bounds  
Over the mountains,  
Valleys and rivers  
Hey you there, my dear  
Long distance or not  
Just give it a shot.

Black or white  
All around the world  
Like technology connects  
Grab a tentacle  
Feathers from fathers  
Mothers, sons and daughters.

Hello world, its today  
Like pipes of plumbers  
Let's hold hands together  
We never can tell

It might be  
A sure code to eternity.

Vincent Onyeche

# Holy Glory

Holy glory; what a rare combination?  
Beyond the world's endless tribulation  
Being loved would have been my retribution  
Rosary now have many fabrication  
Rising even the dead and evil celebration  
Holy glory; is indeed a rare combination.

Vincent Onyeche

# Hope He

Now that  
There's another  
Replacing my spot;

Hope he  
Smiles and plays  
Well with you...

Hope he  
Is the remote  
And controller you need...

Hope he  
Is time friendly,  
Calls and text, and never late...

Hope he  
Is that gentleman  
That never turns you off...

Hope he  
Does all the  
Silly things I don't...

Hope he  
Serves you  
Breakfast in bed...

Hope he  
Doesn't stare  
At the tails of other birds..

Hope he  
Walks down  
The Broadway with you...

Hope he  
Holds your hands  
Eachtime you are scared...



Hope he  
Loves you  
As much as you do...

Hope he  
Smooches and  
Tickles your ecstasies...

Hope he  
Gives you  
The feelings; you've come...

Hope he  
Does satisfy you  
Enough to bear a young...

Now that  
The machines  
Are replacing my spot.

Vincent Onyeche

# House Of Birds

In the house of birds  
A duck might be a duke  
Married into  
But I am born into  
By blood

Weather peacock or turkey  
Inherent, I am a Queen  
Who pumps out vigorously  
And step confidently:  
Her Royal majesty the Queen.

Not always primed by hanger  
Radial outwardly  
It carries me along  
So I do; that the Queen does  
Without it, big bird would be naked.

On my behind  
It is tail feathers many  
Spread out in a hanging mosaic  
All feel my mirth  
Yet they are scared of me

You are too full of pride  
Excuses; while not read the sign?  
When my wings touches the ground  
It simply says:  
The House of Birds is also humble.

Vincent Onyeche

# How I Start A Day

Kookoodoodoo the cock crow  
While I stretch and make a roll  
From one end of the sizable bed  
Onto my feet to fetch some bread.

I start my morning with greetings  
Not by the ways of the cats and rats  
Niether by rantings,  
Quarells and curses.

On my way to the pursuit of good  
Not every daylight is meant to be good  
But I control the words from my mouth  
Flaring every for positive strength.

Kookoodoodoo, excuse me, hey, oy!  
I give praise for the grace of a renewed breath,  
Hence I start my glorioius day with joy  
Evading any mayhem and fight.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Am A Leader

I'm a leader...

That is why God made me man

Regulatory times that I fall, I should rise

When there are problems as destructive as a hurricane

Not all that speaks are heard

But vocalizing at an inspirational hour, I make sense

Though it is mandate I stand and watch my plebs scuttle

I should not regret for it's a leader subsist

I'm a leader that's why God made me brave

Decisive, the hours made for but just the rage

That I fear not whether I'm wrong or on the silent path to grave

Boldness a true character that I'm a famed hero

Though I see the result as bitter as vinegar

I never regret the deeds; for a braves' leader must be sage.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Am Pregnant

I ride on the road  
I float on the sea  
I wasn't even told  
I sail with such a load.

Times are quite challenging  
I don't get it, yet I fly too,  
But I keep on swimming:  
I may be stupid but a no fool.

Day and night, I flow fast  
And I flow slow, so tell my story  
Above the waters of life engine  
Eying at my compass of self-discovery.

But who would I be?  
Definitely not stagnant...  
With or without a tool, I am pregnant  
Soon I shall give birth to me.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Book

At a halt and lifeless in the shelf  
Man seek knowledge from neighboring books, turning me out  
If not of security, the animals would love to have me  
For silent is the atmosphere of the room, I am masked spider web  
The smaller books laugh at the most colorful because I am dusty  
I have never been touched for ages  
Whoever read of me shall have the wisdom of Solomon  
The abundant interminable talents of the world  
The overwhelming desire of a perfect life  
All the above and many more including peace like a fountain  
I am the book of great deeds, dread me  
But why do I scare life and attract the yellow ants and choking dust?

Vincent Onyeche

# I Die Hard

I go barefoot on the sharp blade of a knife,  
Engaging in a fight against the odds of life;  
Enjoying breath; lifelong borrowed wife.

My red blood flow forth suddenly in rush,  
It excruciate pain; in loudness-cum-hush;  
It frighten me; that I gazed up to church.

Scrawling to crucifix, with a rapid breath  
Dazzling beats, but as I'm about to quit;  
Drops of lost energies in me, refuse defeat.

From no where cometh a mild wet tongue  
Rehydrating my kidney, that laid on a rug;  
Regerminating hope that is thick and long,

Reviving my metabolism, back on my feet,  
In front of sticks, stones and a combatant;  
I die hard! When it comes to push and lift.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Grieve

?I grieve for a land granddaddy was a baby  
I grieve for a country who voted in error...  
I grieve for the poor alive and dead in Nigeria,  
I grieve for the unborn who shall suffer for the failure of our leaders...  
I grieve for you who feel our problem is just from the government...  
I grieve for you and I who just can't think but keep talking.

Vincent Onyeche



# I Hate To Love You

..... I hate to love! ! !  
... My eyes, nose and both lips too  
Involuntarily ligates by affection of you.

..... I so hate to love  
... My brain identity and heart catch a flu  
Increasing in activity each time I think of you.

..... I so much hate to love  
... Maybe because you are emotionally wicked too  
Intentionally not willing to know I really love you...

Vincent Onyeche

# I Have Been There

My dear  
You will always leave here  
For I have been there  
Down the valleys and mountain top  
I have rolled tires  
With my pantaloons on  
I have watched the secondhand of time stirred  
It is not that I was eventless  
But anxious,  
To notice all hush-hush underneath the sun.

My children  
Play with mud  
Get my wipe  
And receive your beat.  
It is not that you are wrong  
Or I like you shed tears  
But,  
Just call it parental care.

Out of curiosity  
I have created, destroyed, and repaired.  
I have been beaten  
By lash and objects.  
On my cheek, palm, back and buttocks.

Even when I lie,  
Or say the truth,  
I must always payoff the deeds.  
I have smiled and I have cried.

Like the blubbers of babies,  
Brothers,  
Sisters,  
Mothers,  
And fathers had snivel.  
Life goes on.



# I Know

False figure she drew  
On my breathe board  
Roses displaced  
Not even replaced  
With a mere goldenrod.

Heartbreak  
Shouldn't have been  
The golden rule  
That rust in my blood  
Even Steve Wonder sees

Future gone behind us  
Out!  
Ring lost it's hole  
Ray Charlse, I played  
Telling her 'hit the road'

Flesh eat flesh  
Out there, dear Mary  
I rinsed my hand  
-As I sing  
Heartbreak, I know...

Vincent Onyeche

# I Shall Strive

I will fly  
Like butterflies  
But this time, high  
Higher than the butterflies,

Over the sky  
The limiting sky  
Even if I crash,  
Expect no cry.

I will try  
Call me all,  
A mere fly...  
I'm not shy.

Hi, Mr. Sly  
Crafty,  
Wily  
And tricky.

My sigh is silent  
Served by the shooting stars  
And gone astray  
In the scorching sun.

Blink your eyes,  
Mr. Starry-eyed  
My fears are dead  
On its orbit, I shall never drop.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Still Smell You

Every stranger has your face  
Everyone walks like you  
Everyone talks like you  
Everyone smells like you  
Every fiber I see is you in a lace.

No iTunes yet your voice plays  
A sweat playlist of all memories  
Well shuffled in my head  
Employed to repeating mode  
Music takes me where words don't.

Thought like season change  
The music would end  
I never knew steel is hard  
I never knew building bridges  
Is easy until I tired getting over it...

In every voice I hear  
I tend to examine  
Every eye behind the sunglass  
Everyone smells like you  
Yet: they not you.

Vincent Onyeche

# I Wish I Had Missed

Tickles other girls respond to  
So I touch, stroke and poke  
Expecting the splendours of a spasmodic laughter  
All I ever get is just a waste of time.  
I wish I had missed the first time that we spoke  
For there is nothing to remember in an overlook  
I wish I had missed the first time that we poked  
For there is nothing to remember but an angry look  
I wish I had missed the first time that we kissed  
For there is nothing to remember but just a hiss  
I wish I had missed the first time that we touched  
There is nothing to remember in a mere child touch.

Vincent Onyeche

# I... Hate You!

Against my will  
Like gravity, you pull me down  
Bouncing on me like lion  
You tear me apart  
Coldblooded, this love bleeds.

You just a clown  
You on my face is frown  
Forcefully, I wear your crown  
I just glare at your thrown.  
Money, fancy things and trips  
You bribe me to like your lips  
You force me to say; 'I love you'  
Angel, baby, honey, my darling  
You the only bitter honey I call vinegar  
I... hate you more than the devil hates good.  
I wish you bad and no good

Yes, 'I love you'  
But the hatred I have is more  
Just like the cigar I smoke  
The stress I cope  
I'm the alcohol to your kidney  
I'm not a disguised toxin, see me  
Open your ears my honey  
Darling, hear the last whispering  
For there is no one I hate as you.

Vincent Onyeche



## If I See The Future

It all depends on the surprises of nature  
I wish I could see through to the future....  
I'll know if my path is firm and sure  
I'll take-off trash, to be focus and pure.  
I'll be on same skin in another texture.

If I could see through to future  
Impossibility will be my action  
In and out, I will know a vulture.  
Incredibly I will repaint a bad picture  
Intentionally avoiding the bad couture  
I will live life to the fullest as meekness conjure...

Vincent Onyeche

# I'm Alive

I'm alive not because  
I see things  
Neither is it because  
I feel things

But because  
The sun that shines  
Gives the moon in me  
Light to stay up late.

I'm alive not because  
I reflect lights  
Neither is it because  
I am bright.

But because  
Of you in my life  
My better half  
My gracious sunlight.

Vincent Onyeche

# Imitation Is Limitation

Moments when I was a boy,  
My parents will say to me,  
Son eat and when you grow,  
Be great, grow into a surgeon...  
Anita heal wounds, even with a smile.

Maybe it's why most wishes are lifeless toy...  
My parents will always say to me,  
Son lanterns lit shall always glow,  
Be great, you are tomorrows future...  
Andy has walked several miles.

Motivated away from imitation coil,  
Myself and I had to make the most of me,  
Souls all have an independent flow,  
By myself I chose, a different brochure...  
And life is what I make of mine.

Vincent Onyeche

# In Need Of Peace

Yes the double green is multilingual  
I foresee a dialect infused in all tribes

And that dialect is a universal peace  
Flowing through the uptight tongues

Like breeze so the fabrics can breath  
With ease, for the world to be at peace.

Up the North, is a pool of bloodshed  
South south has a series of thug war,

I wish the white doves will rove free  
So the dirty black oil and air can be pure

Such that everyday brings forth peace  
And self belief, unity and good deeds.

Love and safety would be an household name  
Kindness shall be phenomena and free for all

East to west, both the poor and rich  
Shall have tall strong standing trees

Growing firmly from the root in peace  
Making black lives on earth an ease.

Vincent Onyeche

# Inundated (November's Tenth Sunrise)

(Dedicated to my Cousins)

Inundated (Novembers' tenth sunrise)

The battle had been won;

Well, almost.

Reunion, some soldiers returned

Others plan to;

May-be tomorrow...

'Good morning ma'

They might have said

After morning prayers before breakfast

Now... hearts in dashing pupil

Options ran inundated

Like bullets and Diallo

Response in a blink

Phone rang in marathon;

Skeptic plead universe

For paramedics and miracles

Turned powerless oracles in Agbor

'Please confirm before embalming'

A female voice cried believing in miracle.

Vultures gathered around the tent-top

Tenth sunrise in November

My family must remember

With winked faces inundated with tears.

Vincent Onyeche

## Iroma (Snail)

Iroma,  
Happy October  
Do we regret or rejoice  
Over your independence  
When corruption, negligence,  
And institutionalizing democracy still prevails?

Chukwu,  
Our fleshy tissue freezes and heart bleeds.  
Should your faithful servants  
Tell the plebs  
To stand or take on heels  
As the sandy valleys turns rocky hills?  
You haven't failed us, but  
The Oceans are dried lakes.  
Fishes are strangulating and,  
The most awful is that,  
Big whales are comfortable  
In the dried lakes...What do we do?

Iroma... Hurry up!  
Why allow the maestros  
Tune to your sluggish pace  
For sunshine has turned night-rays  
Chalk and cheese, is your  
Progress and prolong; big rivals!

To succumb to the alum?  
Osolobue! Le'  
Look at your plebs  
Sliding and snail-stepping  
Along faceless fate of the sluggish Iroma.

Vincent Onyeche

# It's Meaningless

What exactly do you search for,  
In an armpit if not for an odor...  
Common in both the rich and poor.

We all have at least a single error  
We may or may not know it's a tumor  
Hard to be Jesus but easy being pastor.

Judge not, no one is to but the creator  
A married man was once a bachelor  
Even the Angels pass the back-door.

Life continues because Earth welcomes a visitor  
Who cometh to disappear like a rumor  
Mortality is ours, even if you are an emperor.

Vincent Onyeche



# Jellyfish

Thinking beyond the ocean upthrust  
Have you ever seen a jellyfish at night  
It acts like the galaxy in an ocean dept  
Just as the stars and glofish it is bright

At night when the whites are blacks  
I stare in my mind extracting the gene it encodes  
Responsible for the magnificent reasons it glows  
And place on the crown of a crowded shadows

Or inside every dark hearted mind to glow  
Maybe the world would know,  
That there is more to a jellyfish than a glow  
God so created beauty for the minds to blow....

Vincent Onyeche

# Joshua's Cigarette

Mixed with a couple of things  
Joshua is one lonely ace  
Who stays over the base,  
Five miles away.

Smoky clouds over his base  
Much for his innocent face  
No cigar in-between his lips?  
Then you've not seen any of his pace.

'Josh is a case  
Stay off his shameful base'  
Folks warns their kids  
Who knit to his lace.

Joshua knows the significance  
To every pair in Noah's ark  
Hoping love flood would quench  
Every bit of flame down to ashes.

Keeping his fingers cross  
Like a pistol,  
In and out  
The cigarette goes

Joshua takes a drag  
He looks at the leaflet  
'Smoker are liable to death'  
With a deep breath

Shaking his head  
He takes another drag  
If love be so sure,  
It better quench this flame.

Vincent Onyeche

# Journey Of Love; My Valentine

Every distance I cover  
I feel that you are the word love  
Deserving dove  
Butterfly kisses,  
Apple shaped heart  
Every distance I cover.

and offline  
Precious time  
Not sure but  
My friend I choose you  
Again and Again  
And Again!

Bad roads, stormy clouds  
Seas, Air or land  
I will not give up that  
That dwells in my chest  
For it's a navigator of my destiny  
As I journey down the path of love  
Travelling beside you  
Everyday and forever  
Hope we get there someday  
Because I love you  
More than love to a valentine's day  
Forever and always.

Vincent Onyeche

# July

Greener the green grasses appear  
More beautiful flowers prepare  
The beginning of a new half  
Down many lost a scarf

Fallen angels must have praised God  
For creating with his word  
The chilly days in july:  
Why?

~Human know  
That times like this,  
They have to let-go  
God above may hiss

But the admirable things he carved  
Are just an eye-catching craft  
One may bless july  
No lie

About-turn! !  
Even fallen angels kill cold  
Not by hot tea but candies  
Rock and roll, with a sexy to hold

July is one of those months  
That boo hard-work  
But uplift romance  
Rain and cold with a love of july

Vincent Onyeche

# June

If June night could voice-out  
It would surely hit its chest  
Hell yea It invented romance  
In low temperature  
Thermometer stays high  
Breaking mamas rules, heart changes  
Red as roses, pinky like babies  
Pleasant scents the nose  
Rainbow shines in june  
Precious Lord created June.  
Thirty days has june  
Little if accounting for that it gives  
Taking a walk in june  
Is like smiles in a fun

.

Vincent Onyeche

# Just In Case

Just incase  
Thy sees a dirty flake  
On the back  
Of a comedy ant,

Don't erase  
Or crack nor shake  
Memories of  
Thy lovely past.

Hold thyself  
God gives and take  
Wet thy pillows  
With tears that choke

But on thy grave,  
Don't breakdown and poke...  
We are like a candle wax  
We shine and melt

But just in case  
I don't make it back tonight,  
Tighten thy lace  
And begin thy race.

Vincent Onyeche

# Keep Or Kill

I see good loving  
As an hibernating bear  
The best of all;

The mute in hush  
Just like a cold in its frost  
It keeps love in check.

Please don't wake it up  
My head is directly under its month  
And my chest is wrapped by its claws  
If you do, love will begin to bleed:  
It would not be suicide  
If only It isn't awaken.

Love is the currency in heaven  
When it cuddles me,  
I feel rich in its padded fat,  
And younger on it love pad  
I am that it either keeps or kills  
Please don't wake it up.

Vincent Onyeche

# Kindness

?There is something  
Certain about kindness...  
It is greater than love.

With kindness,  
Evil has a meekness  
Every problem it solve...

Hatred becomes a forgotten thing,  
...With kindness  
Justice shall always trigger love.

Vincent Onyeche



# Kiss In November

I met a stranger in November  
A fabulous singer,  
A church girl and a believer  
With a voice of a thousand chorister...

She hypnotized me  
By the genres she played...  
Like she has known me,  
All my life with no delay...

Every minute spent together  
Donkey years ran by in glider  
Feet down, like coffin of passersby  
In peace we shall stick and never decay.

She's that cat-eye gazer  
And I am her deep soul seer...  
She smiles like the sun  
Reflecting all its fun.

White teeth, brand new  
Pointed nostrils too.  
Talked about the memo of past  
And the future became fast.

She deep her foot into my shoe  
And all my endless troubles flew...  
From a land of gold and coal  
Into a stream of love renew

Every string she pull  
Has a sound that is new  
Setting every goal  
Acquired by just a few.

Then the moonlight became fine  
She sang 'she's mine' with a smile  
Scaring all that wish to be next in line  
Beyond miracles of love, it was a sign

Sign of eternal flame for a Raven  
To fly into an ice oven with an eye open  
Like we didnt do, but when we kissed in the scene  
It was so beautiful and it tasted like heaven.

Vincent Onyeche

# Knock Knock

??Hey, I'm fed up,  
Knock knock, I'm fed up  
.... Hey I said I'm fed up.

What is it with all the cold heat  
A man can't drink nor eat  
Yet poverty is not divinely craft  
Flesh to bone, fresh dryth  
Ten's of thousands are a daily hit  
Suddenly, dust they become six feet  
Who made the banks, who made the mint  
No money, no money, my nation cry, yet...  
The bills is manmade and man can't afford it!  
Knock knock, I'm fed up  
Hey I'm fed up  
...Hey, I said I'm fed up.  
When envy and hatred becometh  
The purpose of which to save earth  
An impeach sermon, so we forgot it  
Good or bad, my friend, make wealth!  
To all length then love becomes bad health  
Pain is around and tied as a gold belt  
I don't know if you feel or have ever felt  
I have this feeling a body is beyond for a rent  
Head is swollen for I am allergic to false pretense.  
Hey I'm fed up  
Knock knock, I said I'm fed you....  
... Hey I'm fed up.

Vincent Onyeche

## Larry Of All Traits (Tribute To My Dad)

Larry of all traits, poise, willpower and vigor  
Greatness precise to harvest, he is successful  
Nevertheless, behind his success is a virtuous wife  
Who whispers the shrewd strategies to him at the right time.

A negro who is not ashamed of complexion and trait  
Lost in the world of sincerity, loyalty, corporation  
And prefers being weighed down by those who lean on him

Unlike the heat to the hottest summer  
The snowflakes that drops at winter  
He is the downpour in the hottest summer

However, to all, dare not the thunder in him  
Instead, unleash his friendly swine  
To takeover dreams and scare off nightmares

Everything he does is to perfection  
Everyone to him is one and equal  
Like a hen, he protects his progeny

Travels all the way through the wild forest to provide for his folks  
Before harvest he sits under the friendly moon drinking and smiling  
He celebrates before results; he deem not in failure  
Motivating and inspiring words, an ants sees herself an elephant

His laughter so spur a dying soul to rise,  
He is a high-flyer  
At difficult times, he mutely thinks and never panics

Even as time acquaint  
And things get faded to grey  
His icon is dreading and worthy of emulation

His children so thank God above the smoky sky  
For giving them father like him  
Larry of all Trait, mastered of all.



# Larry's Cap (Told By My Chuks Onyeche)

Onyeches are great  
Kleptomania Came peaking off an art  
A valuable art  
From the sands of Ose'gi'  
Wish I had ever seen  
That Joseph you saw yesterday  
Is no more today  
Salty rain dropped all day  
Silver spoons sowing sands  
Furs and bills were all shared to all  
All amongst his seeds  
So custom says  
So many breaths  
So many taste to quench  
So Larry got a cap  
So ugly and old  
Africa made, Agbor it stayed  
Mere, poor little Larry  
A cap which made many frown  
A cap gotten from my grandfather  
Fighting like a wounded Lion  
Larry harden and bent an iron  
He Ignored the parrot whistle  
He ignored the cricket whistle  
"Oooo my son  
Larry's cap which was a frown  
Soon became a crown  
A striving success in town".

Vincent Onyeche

## Last Designation: 3questions

If love is dark and roller blind,  
Why shouldn't I be a fighting light...  
To outshine, harm and pluck-off the heart  
Deep behind the left chest  
Deficient of the dimmest attention  
Even as we lean together everyday on same wall?

I am the eye of the beholder,  
No lie  
She is beautiful  
First let me speak from outside which I see  
The Devil yes once was  
Her voice no-lie causes a downfall.

"Infatuation and foreplay in your eyeball"  
She says to me  
Suicidal, bankrupt and heartbreak in her gaze  
She's got all lights to fight the shadows of affection  
Why then do I see an ocean of passion?

Not even death...  
Foolishly, she is who I'll choose to die for  
Like in football  
If it takes ninety minutes to fight death  
And tactics well played, I'll prevail  
We,

"she and I"  
Will live forevermore  
But why should I use the best of tactics?  
When I know she prefers  
So much not being with me  
But walking alone through hell with a smile

Vincent Onyeche

## Last Designation: Chola

If you've known her when she was four,  
The sound you hear from the floor,  
Shouldn't surprise you even as you fall...  
I think I was ten then but believe me you  
Steve Wonder would  
See the loveliness in this sister named a  
star...

Vincent Onyeche



# Last Designation: Family Man

Sometimes he wish he could diffuse  
And be everywhere at same time  
So he keeps embarking on a trip  
An endless trip for an ultimate search  
Good life, a wife and knife  
To slaughter and kill for his child.

Too foolish to rest all day  
He has got to cast a net  
My knife here, my wife there  
My wife this, my wife that  
He recites  
Up and down with his knife.

Out, to solve the puzzle of life  
At the back of the cab  
He sits a gape: starring  
At the fast free hippie world  
'Am I in charge or in chains'?  
'Family man'; his pocket replies.

Such a beautiful thing to be god  
Creating a life of his like,  
He called a child by a name  
An updated task for his knife  
First a wife now another child  
He is a family man please don't ask.

Before child, he was too young to die  
After the child  
'I haven't trained my kids': he says  
First to leave; the last to return  
He is a family man,  
Let him continue the hunt.

Vincent Onyeche

## Last Designation: First Love letter

My first love letter was a poem,  
So straight, brief and minute like germ  
But my heart sounded like a drum;  
Boom...; boom...; I heard it played  
While I sneaked a bomb into her purse,  
Not for love or lust but pair pressure;  
Painter, I couldn't paint her face.  
As powerful as liquor and hemp  
I believe I convinced all phantom.

Prayed she bear me arms  
The poem I wrote was on love-forearm,  
Rhymes, beauty; I meant no harm.  
Like a farmer and his farm  
The decision is to the yam.

I stayed behind to see the web  
I felt like an Ace when I had a jackpot  
Kudos to my worm and arms  
First fresh harvesting yam.

Like dirt to socks on loam  
She read, smiled and bubbled like foam.  
Cool and calm; powerful as hemp;  
Drumming my chest, I widen like W  
To others; I acted tomfoolery, Tom, Dick and Harry.  
Faultless for a yes, she applauded in the lobby.  
Then my first love letter was torn  
And thrown into the waste bin  
The next time I gawk on it, it was a burning ash.

Vincent Onyeche

# Last Designation: Knowing You Are In Love

It does incite a brawl  
Like leaf to the whirling wind  
It takes a bow

when it's coming down easily  
Or hard in most cases  
Falling like drops does when it rains

Meant for all who use the air  
And feel the sunshine  
Love is that you can not hide

Love is...  
That mad feeling of expression you get  
Like a cow to a red or black colored dress.  
Love is the only definition for love

When you are in love,  
You know you are in love  
When you lose control

Vincent Onyeche

# Last Designation: Leaving Home

Not just taking coffee and tea  
But I shall like to get on-board and see  
On or above the sea,  
The equilibrium power of the spring  
And feel the snow flakes  
From the mute eye sky, as it leaks.

Journeying from villa to Obodo-oyibo; Smiling at my skin and changing flags  
For ears heard so much of the sky.

The whites are good  
Don't get me wrong if I turn MJ  
For we are all one in different hood.

Love to see from a closer range  
The milky, bluesy and rainbows sky  
And so it shall be when leaving home.

From that day onwards,  
Lightning and thunderstorm scare me not.  
Novices I'd once be. But,

The birds and gravity secrets I've known  
All borrowed customs and traditions  
Call me globalization.

From the soil I sow  
My kindred shall be born with a silver spoon  
Working smart and not hard  
I pray they break not the silver cord from home  
Please bid me bye, when I will be leaving home.

Vincent Onyeche

# Last Designation: She Is Peace

There's this name that blows the mind  
A beauty if stared you'll get blind  
She must have been to the sun  
When she smiles, fantasies run.

An excitement to experience if around,  
Her step makes a curious sound,  
Her appearance looks like a cloud  
That never will go beneath the sands,

She's an angel that trails and trundle  
A perfect irony of the term most ugly  
A child to be stolen  
An age to achieve.

Every land she steps,  
The dust tumbles  
She's the wind that blows  
Sending peace from the deep blue sea.

Vincent Onyeche

# Last Designation: Signboard

Walking down the road  
Road mouthful of air  
Straight and so many bends  
I see natives  
Natives laughing and crying  
Hankies wet and dried  
Mouths silent and buzzing  
I focus on the positive  
Signboards showed all even negative  
The mouthful of air is hard

Dusts fill the eyes I focus on positive  
Opening my eyes, I see airplanes up the sky  
Trains underground, hills and valleys  
I see cars still and moving  
Ones beating twice shy  
No signboard warns twice  
I kept moving reading all signs  
Good and bad, hate and love  
But the most difficult sign is empathy  
Especially when it says, I Love You.

Vincent Onyeche

# Leap Year Day

Just for the record of rare 29th of February  
My brains had a thought in Misery  
It was on the role of Lucifer the Devil.

All I could link was him to justice.  
For the evildoers he punishes  
Yet to God are all the praises

Whereas the Devil is His arm of justice  
I spoke out to my mind on this,  
All it replied was be careful Vinz

Hence you would be a weapon  
That which is to excitement and fun  
The Devil is at a point a turn

But the truth be told  
The Devil is a Cancer of Justice...  
He loves punishing the guilty

Loves and lures them to wrong doings  
Uncontrollable so he can always be in business...  
It's just my crazy imagination on a Leapyear day.

Vincent Onyeche

# Let's Be Friends

Everyman if given a clay,  
Would mould their perfect lady...  
So I was given a clay and magic fingers  
To do justice to my dreams...  
With all my accomplish skills  
All I created were perfect ladies  
Distinction in all parameters  
My craft they saw is always the best...

...But what I saw in a midnight session  
Was a combination  
Of purity, sacred and perfect imperfection  
I didn't mould you, I never could....  
Each time I tried I failed  
Binaries couldn't work the magic  
I created perfection that never had a link  
Lets be friends...

Doctors can't heal this sickness  
Preaching wouldn't stop the sins  
Calculators can't solve your maths  
No one can weave your mats  
Where there are birds, there are nest...  
I know you are already taken  
I fight till I'm forsaken  
But for now, let's be friends.

Vincent Onyeche



# Let's Make Babies #1

Deep the tongue and discover new hobbies,  
Lick and suck, the rigs and candies,  
Baby stay home, if your blood still flows.

Deprive not a desperate man at the edge,  
Hold me strong, let's fulfill our pledge,  
Unbutton our clothes, let's create wedge.

Drill me softy, with the tips of your breasts,  
Kiss me with the hint of your sweet juices,  
Mount on me and ride those hips of yours.

Deep your soft sweet soul into the rivers,  
Let's experience peace of sweet lullabies  
Baby, let's make love, let's make babies.

Vincent Onyeche

## Let's Make Babies #2

Hug and squeeze me,  
Unleash and free me;  
You can't tickle yourself.

We are close bunnies,  
Crazy in love zombies;  
I'm a snail, you're a shell.

Hug and squeeze me,  
Align and smooch me;  
I'm a book, you're my shelf.

Study my eternities,  
While we make babies;  
Turning near zero to hell.

Vincent Onyeche

# Letting Go

Your ravishing beauty  
Exceeds the full gauge,  
Classic and tasty;  
Juicy as an orange.

You are so easy to love  
As a ring for an engage,  
Inside my brain, you drove  
Me insane, I misbehave,

Lost my way, I became a sage  
Forsaken, I needed a change,  
Though in shame but to cleave  
These rejections into the grave.

Vincent Onyeche

# Life's Rule

Life has a rule to all that breaths  
And its rules are in patterns  
Arranged beside mosaic of beauties...  
I honestly don't give a fat to the bones  
What images it casts or engraves  
As its designs or its templates....  
Simply because without you or your hug  
Life shall and will always go on...  
Swallowed sweat candies from hells dung  
And also tasted the sweat candies beside heavens door  
Believe me, sweat taste same on the tongue  
But its comforting to sleep on a bed without a bed bug.

Vincent Onyeche

# Light Heart

In the presence of your light  
Sights are blinded like a bat;  
So intense, you shine so bright,

Like the Sun but bringing forth  
Kindness on affection with trust;  
You are an amazing floret in a forest.

Second to none, a cheerful daylight  
Your light heart, shows love not fight  
Fending for the ray's beaming light.

Vincent Onyeche

# Lines Of Poetry

My love for you  
Can't go on shifts.  
My love for you  
Is eternity.

The only gifts  
I have for you this February  
Is hidden in the lines  
The lines of poetry.

Vincent Onyeche

# Love And Admire You Forever

You are my shield and my armor  
You are my fact and my rumour  
You are my nurse and my doctor  
You are my pain and my pleasure  
You are my cure and my tumour...  
You are my poor and my treasure  
You are the odds, challenges I endure.

You are my attraction, and infatuation,  
You are my respect and administration  
You are my mental emancipation  
You are my flower and my adoration  
You are a water of growth and dedication  
You are my wild, wide range of emotion  
You are my energy, synergy and latency.

You are my sane and sweet madness  
You are my coldness and my hotness  
You are my shyness, and my boldness  
You are my wetness and my dryness  
You are a light that quench my darkness  
You are my passion and all my actions  
You are my path, map and direction.

You are the reasons angels are fallen  
You are the reasons, roses are reddish  
You are my nostril, my lungs, and oxygen  
You are the intrinsic elixir of existence  
You are my all, golds, diamonds and silvers  
You are my brother, sister, father and mother  
You are my lover, I'll love and admire forever.

Vincent Onyeche

# Love And Lies

You were to me a cloak of light  
Shining as stars in the skies,  
But to you I am those insects  
Blinking out lights, all at night.

Everyday you fed me sweet words  
Unspeakably special as it sounds  
Indisputable, you lied stylishly  
In honors and adorable dignity.

Funnily, you preached in bowties  
The wages of ever telling fat lies...  
And that, you'll collapse and die  
Should love ever weakens or die.

Here, we have moved on so fast  
Away from previous year's unfold  
But from your mouth, you dished out  
The best of lies ever told.

Vincent Onyeche



# Love Forever

Why cry over the previous past  
That succeeds in boring and pouring tears,  
Break up to makeup, you fall apart

Cheer up, allow it not slacken the cord  
Love at times, could tear hand band  
Don't go concluding, you have no bond

The chemistry of love is difficult to pass,  
Fail not, if only you can wet its glass...  
Real love is fresh like a wet green grass.

Exquisitely irresistible like air to lungs  
Yes, the king flirts but you are his all  
Ceasars' Cleopatra, his only true love

You mustn't search for love at first sight  
Aside blood, all will once be a stranger  
Growing deep fresh love with eachother.

Don't weep, cheer up, sweet soul sister  
Tears make you stronger, so sweep  
Away distrust with its broom and go back to sleep.

Follow your heart in affection dreamland  
There is always a special one for every kind  
And that kind, is nothing but a love forever.

Vincent Onyeche

# Love Is Born A Kid

Sprinkle water on its root  
So it can be refined pure,  
Love is born a kid.

Graze it to forage to grow  
Give it care to flow,  
Love is born a kid.

As it grows into an adult,  
Affection strenghtens its bone  
Love is born a kid.

Teach it to walk and run  
Then a limp for it to fly,  
Love is born a kid.

Wallow in rough and plain  
Wired to learn from pain  
Love is born to kid.

Vincent Onyeche

# Love Not Violence

Note we ought to...

Fall then crawl and stand up too

Take one heart and make it two

Don't get violent on the answers to who.

For most times when it's true

We just fall and don't pick who...

Love is peace and not easy to spoon

Yes, it's not what we like it to be most often.

We wake up onto it like existence

Stop violence for we stand a chance

Even without begging for it

We are the hand and love is the glove fit

Stop violence, put the glove on,

Stop violence, be affectionate

Stop violence, spoon peace it's safe and fun

Love maybe torn but better than a violent fate.

Vincent Onyeche

# Love, Never Enough

Love like Money  
Takes time  
Love like Honey  
Taste fine  
Love likes the Devil  
So stays blind  
Love likes Heavens  
Soul plane high  
Love like Poisons  
Makes drowning caskets  
Love like Medicine  
Makes a dunk shot  
Please kill not yourself Romeo  
Because you'll never get enough.

Vincent Onyeche

# Lovelorn Call

Love, a pundit of all odds  
Against it all, he stood tall  
One dime to sim another to cards  
Stretching out the phone, he made a call.

Emotionally, his crush had no rush  
But accepted him as just a friend  
Not as her lover or any of such  
Seeking love to the very end.

Faced in mute, "hello" he whispered  
Since lego didn't fit, let go was employed  
His sweet sugar tasted like salt in her cake,  
There was no room for love to give or take.

Feverishly, he brokedown in tears  
His heart needed her sorrows and wants  
But love is so cruel that life doesn't give us  
All we desperately want or need most times.

Vincent Onyeche

# Lovely Child

For her personality I'll latch on  
To all extent, come rain, come shine,  
I'll borrow to wallow and to follow;  
Wherever she goes, in solid or hollow.

Her goodness, a typical image of God;  
She gives me joy, she gives me fun  
Beside her, my heart drums and run  
Into her soul, she's a light and sound

Directing me to a pool of soft blood,  
Rings swim with unbreakable bond;  
All white she'll be, as genes are moved  
From parents to their lovely child.

Vincent Onyeche

# Lovely Wigs

Your hair shriekiness brings luck  
It has a smile, that can sing and talk.  
With sweet serene shining love  
Lo and behold, it knows how to rove

True beauty of no complexion swings  
Lavish and ravishing as a lucious kiss,  
Up in the sky; it gives a warm caress  
Accompanied with raindrops of peace.

Beautiful fruition; it gives you wings  
When you flap, admirations it brings,  
Too good to be real, whatever it is;  
Never you takeoff those lovely wigs.

Vincent Onyeche

# Lust love lost

A series of L  
For four foolish word love  
Perfect if the puzzle is solved

Like ball and socket  
Down the street, they fuse  
That was then.

Now,  
Their love is a rubber  
Beside the red-burning fire

They call themselves liars  
On scattered louver and  
Love-crossed affection

Lust is the seducing low-tune voice  
Love is lurk, waiting for lost  
When the liberty bell rings  
For freedom and independence  
The deep voice scares  
The tact-mild voice that keeps  
We all know the series of L

Vincent Onyeche



# Making Sweet Love

From hypnotise to trance, I 'll take time  
And all my senses to listen carefully  
To her body languages and cravy needs;  
I will put her to bed and take her to prime  
Driving her third eyes into holy ecstasy;  
Gently, I will kiss her soft ruby lips  
And gloss, be it slimy, lemon or lime.

I will tickle her cylindrical neck  
While sucking sweet goodness  
On and off her milky soft breast;  
With me, she will never bend or break  
While I seriously touch her nakedness;  
I will generously put her tears to rest  
By giving her sweet love without a break.

I will kiss her navel and stomach  
Flat, till it grows big into bumps  
By digging face into her righteous crouch;  
I will search for estasy of the highest rank  
While I lick her inner out like five dogs;  
In loudness and in a church holy hush,  
I will love her to full from an empty sack.

I will suck her nipples like a child  
Rub and kiss her lofty apple bottom  
Suck her fingers, wrist, feet and toes;  
I will smooch, and get her cuddled  
On and off the beds till the birds hum;  
I shall take her body and soul to ecstasies  
While making love to the lady of my fond.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mary The Virgin

On my way to the pot of golds,  
I met the Devil's very images  
Light skin, so cute, and never ages  
Sky eyes, cat gaze of enticing breavages  
Her Majesty triggered my deepest illusion  
I send messages through the Ravens  
Describing how Mary she is and delicious  
But she spoke out beyond such devotion  
Maybe in another new world of desire  
Where hence arise the need for another Messiah.  
Then would you be of the Holy Spirit in loves inn  
Just you and I, and I shall be Mary the Virgin.

Vincent Onyeche

# May Ways

Born in pan on a coal  
Bubbling, my ways maybe slow  
But I have a tiny big goal  
Blasting to rise and grow,  
Beyond apex and the usual toes,  
But hey, don't tell me to go  
Building bricks where the crowd does.

Inside or out, I don't move  
In the direction of waves.  
I don't see that often seen  
In the eyes of many man...  
Incase you don't know, drop a stone on me  
And watch me spread my ways  
As ripples do over the waters.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mayhem In My Family (Mayhem Of Nigeria)

Listen! ! !

Do u hear the drums....

'Nkem' my lovely wife

Hurry...

Even Barnabas the priest runs

Sorry we must leave the barns...

Forget the casavas and harvest

Forget the yams and others

Hurry, hurry let's leave the barns

Forget your 'asah-oke' and wrappers

Just gather my daughters

'Anika, Lola and Ada'

Oooo

Hide my sons 'Sani, Femi, and Obi'

Oooo

Save them from the recruiting arms men

'Nkem' hurry

For the wind is howling

Dust dash like its going to rain

'Chi', 'Oluwa', 'Ala' and God

Guide us

War is not tasty

Neither is it a curry

Yet these men spice-up life with it.

Oooo

'Obi' my son

I've failed to protect you

Cry if you need to

But I can't be there to dry your tears

'Chi' guides you

All the way

Your feet must now stamp boldness

Unto the dusty lands 'Nkem's' body forever sleeps

During the dry seasons

Hammertan and dire rains

Reasons:

'Grant Biafra its realm...'

Oooo

'Femi' my son

'Oluwa' will see you through

For I've failed to protect you

Talk if you need to

But I can't control your emotions

You will walk on hills,

Stony valleys and rocks

Fathers you are made to kill

Same sons, mothers

And daughters you rape

Just like they did to your sisters

Reasons:

'Militants, hoodlums and communal crisis'

'Sani' did you set

Fire on holy crosses?

'Obi' my son why vengeance

Now Shira... religious conflict'

Matter of power

'Sani' battles 'Femi'

Brothers turn fierce enemies.

The sandy game of power and rule

Set in bombs and Boko Ha'ram...

'Sani, Femi and Obi'

My sons

Call for ambulance....

The green and white gown is blazing

My children never mind

The sandy game of power

Just ordered

State of emergency

Mayhem just increased in our family

Oooo

'Sani' my son

I've failed to protect you

Go for rehab if you need to

I'm not there to call you to order

'Ala' see you through.

With all their snug riffles  
And evading blockages  
Not to forget  
Aimless shooting and shouting  
Which brings nothing but soak eyeballs  
My three sons sourly soar! ! !

Like beetle my sons command on land  
Like flying butterfly in air  
They spray dragon fire down like rains  
Like soldiers which they are  
Robot their hearts is mean  
Fighting for the nation and self-centred me,  
On sandy game of power  
Who claim to be too old for battling  
Yet young for embezzlement  
Guess we all sourly soar! ! !

'Anika, Lola and Ada'  
May these words not fall on empty ears  
Save the green  
Ooo Save the white  
Mind you the green is double  
Share even  
For responsibility not dis-unity  
For your brothers  
the Unknown legends'  
Just ghost away in battlefield..  
Raise your kinds  
To live not in splitting Biafra  
Or abide by the river boundaries  
Or set sequins for head-shot  
My daughters grow your kinds  
To live as one.

Vincent Onyeche

# Me

It was so beautiful  
.....So so beautiful  
Watching Socrates in school  
Learning indebt all about me  
I was so proud of me  
To be studied with or without a meal.

Students of yesterday became Professors  
Professors in the field of me  
Studying me, many refused a meal  
So in tandem, it all repeats  
From century to centuries  
Higher climbed the hills.

I then decided to be one of the students  
My yellow clothes still measured as me  
My skull still shaped as me  
At least I am me, so it was an easy task to be  
I supposed.... As I,

I picked up pens and the books of me...  
Nobody knew it was me  
And attended lectures of me  
On exam day, I wrote all of me  
I then knew the teachers are mean  
When an inventor was called a novice

A novice in what he had made...

Vincent Onyeche

# Me, A Song Written By God

More accurate than a chronograph,  
Well analysed than a spectrograph  
I'm a dancing sonogram  
Gush! The sound is killing

Mimed by the Angels above,  
I'm a song written by the hand of God,  
Sang by his singing birds,  
Life listens that includes you and you

Mind-blowing like deftly,  
The errors in his write-up are defunct  
Speakers boom....  
Gush! The lyrics is killing

Modal verbs, must, shall, will  
These songs he writes about me  
Are point-and-kill not a moleskin  
Making mountains out of a molehill

Vincent Onyeche



# Melody And I

?Oh o ho o ho o ho... Hold my hand  
O sweet melody from the air, water and sand  
Orchestral of comfort that I've always heard  
Long before the smooth rough passage a crying song was sang  
Long before my femur bones grew though and long  
Like a heart, it's a rare kindness, that of shall I brag  
Don't change the sound even if she's lost, she will be found,  
Don't you know, without her the birds will be dead  
Don't you know, without her the clouds will go blind?  
I will be damn if the music stops to bang  
I will stay up late all night in a pit I shall dig  
Incase the hummingbirds refuse to sing  
Melodies from the back of my black tougue  
My own sugar fire, tongue of a hot fog  
Making reality from the sounds where fantasies belong...  
Wake up sweet sleeping melodies of peace,  
Would the drummers stay off their sticks  
When the set of drums produce vibrations?  
That is an answer when the flowers shall wither,  
Then I will be damn if it happens while the rain is a singer.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mine And Yours

You alone should know my weakness  
For by your side a deep cut is painless  
You alone should know my extreme smile  
For you are a sweet slapping sensation lime.  
You alone should know my angry face  
From end to end, I will be with you in life phase.

Vincent Onyeche

## Mirror - Dubbed

My sugar, my taste  
My jokes, my muse  
My words, my sounds

My body, my shadows  
My eyes, my gaze  
My mirror, my reflections

My image is laterally inverted  
As my dull twin  
Who lacks inventions.

Just like the echoes  
My mirror keeps  
Dubbing my moves.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mirror - Steal My Soul

Right in the front of a mirror,  
I wish to mutely stare and steal  
A soul of mine, from oblivion.

Right in the front of a mirror,  
Aside my shadows, I see a man  
A reflection, that knows my naked all.

No blindspot in his awesome view  
He stares and feels my awful pains,  
He is a memory, so he is an enemy.

When I stroll, he picks a motion  
With a notion to halt when I standstill;  
He is a replica copy of me

Aside fluids and shining surfaces  
He makes me know I'm who I am  
Behind and with the colors of my eyes.

Staring back, I see the fire in his eyes  
Burning out a cucumber cool cold ice  
From myself, as his lonely friend.

We admire eachother's edges in silence  
Ditto, but a prisoner that intend  
Searching for liberty like my humble self,

Harmonised, I fight him harder in private  
While bathing, together we dance in stell  
And most times, we often reminisce in solace

Right in the front of a mirror,  
I see my reflection, staring back at me  
He is my memory, friend and enemy...

I wonder what he thinks of me  
When I scream, he screams back at me,  
Hey, you! come; and steal my soul.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mistakes In Falling In Love

?Lust is a disguise prank affection plays  
It's like loving based on sub-religions  
Yet the bible, Qur'an and all preach love...  
Don't love base on type of church...  
Hey! A female is the church.

A man is a house, a woman the home  
A husband is a speaker, his wife the amplifier.  
It's not too late to learn, so share the fire...  
What plays out imperfectly, is Gods desire...  
There is no perfection in love, so sings the choir.

Dating is the essence of falling in love  
Marriage is a problem, only love can resolve.  
Its essence has a path aimed at multiply  
Multiplication continue Gods creation  
The whole point in these, anyways is salvation.

If the path breaks or branch off at anypoint  
Please make heaven, please make heaven  
Together as family, just make it happen...  
And not to divorce or trend different path  
If splitting must be, lust was mistaken for love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Money, Life And Vanity

Money isn't just the root of all evil  
But it route to all evil  
Funny enough it still burns  
No one passes the furnace of life  
And comes out alive  
Many life had been taken from a wife  
Husband and otherwise...

Vincent Onyeche

# Morta

Have you ever met Morta, in the forest,  
Then you'll know, life isn't short but brief.  
Her breath is what iron needs to rust,  
All females heart beats, faster than men.

Here we float on her temporary crust,  
Praying she is light, with a note or a pen.  
Have you seen the heads inside her chest,  
Medics are there, she's everybody's wife.

Hope she's a beauty with milky breast too,  
Death seductive, cutting the threads of life.  
Her body must be large, hot and cold too,  
Wired with a blade; from a dreadful knife.

Heaven knows, she's an inevitable path,  
That loves violence, conflicts and strife.  
Her admirations are both dull and bright,  
She's a version of bad, domestic, wildlife.

However, she's good to all beams and ray,  
Rotating in clubs, as the life of nightlife.  
Home she comes, when the blacks are grey  
Then shall there be, a room for all of us.

Vincent Onyeche



# Motherhood

Poetry is in all and sundry  
From the moment of entry  
Into eggs, bumps and wombs  
Till placenta is discarded by midwives.

Round the clock, on a mother's hand,  
Is an innocent looking child  
Crying, so sad like the world  
Is about to come to an end.

She pets and worries all night,  
She stretches her breast out  
Then the child drinks and rest  
On her heavenly milky chest...

She bathes and clothes her pretty child,  
She is a designer, nurse, therapist,  
And teacher, teaching the toddlers  
How to talk, crawl and run.

Dusty flu comes and grabs her child  
Using her sweet lovely honey mouth  
She sucks and sniffs the catarrh out  
From the nose of her innocent child.

Under her shadows, her child gets shaded  
When hiding from the hot burning rays..  
The love of a mother for her child  
Is an old story that never dies.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mums' Glassed Heart

Ah babyish ones; learn by heart  
Discovering and destroying the household chattels  
Commit to memory, we will one day be aged

Nothing last in the beautiful home of blare  
But just like darkness in the middle of the million rays  
Implausible, something never washed out

Ay..... youthful ones; remember  
Remember...! The glassine dad set aside on the bench  
Relocated by mum to rest by her adored divan in the ranch

Astonishing, it controlled the doldrums of mum and dad  
That it installed a smile on their lovely visage  
So visible it became a bandage

Green-eyed we became  
And their bespangle were filled of optimism and serenity;  
We inhaled love from their graceful breath

Like kids which we were,  
Our next agenda was to discover  
All hidden magic, which bonded mum and dad

We tussled and romped waggishly with it  
Mum rescued and recurred the glassine  
Yelling at us

My glass heart, the present from your dad  
Anyone who breaks it breaks my heart  
And we wondered why she got a breakable heart.

Vincent Onyeche

# Murderers

Now that a life you take  
Has it added unto thee  
An ample life of  
Forever chains  
On half-life stretched roofs?

Without an apple heart,  
Red is the colour you paint  
Exquisitely to perfection  
Satisfying a pain  
O! what a passion.

Hiding in a cryosphere  
Politics its the core  
Wish less I could care  
For your iced-tears  
Is not far from shred.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Birthday Gift

I am so glad to make a complete revolution  
On the 4th day of October, my age acceleration

October 4th, the beginning of a new year and the end of last  
He has cursed all those who cursed me  
And has blessed me with magic fingers.

Last year hasn't gone as I wanted,  
still on still, no regrets even if I faulted  
it's my birthday  
so I shall not count my blessings today!

Thanks to the God of all gods.  
Cheers!  
I've got a gene that codes for blessings

Hence My soul is happy  
So Don't wish me Happy Birthday

Just Pray for me.....

Pray that my diplomatic head would continue to bring me blessing..

Pray that my Fearless sight would frightened the Titans

Pray that my optimistic voice would always sing good songs  
Pray that my name would be heard by the children of our children's children and  
beyond

Pray that my gifted hands and magic fingers shall find creativity and innovations.

I'm blessed! I'm blessed! I'm blessed

May God bless my parents for showing me this beautiful World!  
Pray for my boss in the office and colleagues in career!

I'm blessed! I'm blessed! I'm blessed!

Pray that everybody who wants my downfall shall serve me....

Pray for all I may call an ex that crossed my path  
Pray for those in my present i call my current  
Pray that it shall be well with my Friends, dogs and cats

Special prayer should be for my Family of Life....  
Pray that all our dreams be real and heart desires are met....

I know I don't have all I want to have,  
pray that all I need to have I shall have  
Even if it is your magnanimous heart...

That heart of passion, charm and care  
Soft like a cotton wool and compassionate to all

Aside prayers I dare not say  
what I need as birthday gift from you  
because I might be hunted by people like you!

Hip hip hip! Its my day!  
Let the party begin...  
See you next year and more! Cheers.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Blind Spot Love

There's a girl, at sixteen she's a bronze,  
Twentyfive; she's a glittering silver in clothes,  
Thirty; she's as valuable as minas of golds  
They say, her beauty and halo never folds.

Dam at forty; away she still steals my breath!  
Deeply deep down, drowning dock depth,  
Daring and violating, my lungs and heart,  
Downtown with sexuality of natural fit.

Fifty, she's an object of great astonishment,  
Forever, she is a rising accomplishment  
Flowing in Ocean, Sea, Stream and River,  
Fluorescing; her presence blows my cover.

Sixtyfold, out of the nice ice cold shower,  
She's still that leaf of my cover and clover,  
She's my passion, red rose and flower,  
She's my crush and emotionally trusted partner.

Seventy; she's snow white in my cold frost,  
Sweet grey, a diamond in my treasure crest  
So kneeling to her for a finger ring is no regret,  
Since she's still that rose with a pleasant scent.

Eighty; she tweaks her tenderness of sweet sixteen  
Erotically sensational, so sweet and clean;  
End to end, I see not through her lovely sight  
Especially while reading her mind and heart.

Ninety; she's still that lovely township girl  
Nest of sweet rural pleasantries, hot as hell,  
Now we sit, underneath the moon and tell  
Nose to the skies, in melodies of jingle bell.

Hundred; she's my ride home to snowy ice  
Huge marginal figure, bride and apple of my eyes,  
Honestly; she still have same sound and sight,  
Her humour still rocks and shine so bright.

A hundred and fifty; we shall still hug and kiss  
As the World spines; and rattlesnakes hiss,  
Allowing shadows to know eternal flames  
Along this allusion, I shall wish, to see how deep it is.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Golden Wife

## #Verse I

O yes... we can be friends  
On earth and in this life that ends...  
But don't go all day tripping and thinking  
I am but several exciting lonely portraits.

At home; in me is a she in my heart  
I push for more for she's important,  
Her sunshine wakes me up in delight  
Guarding me to bed by moonlight.

The heart of man is polygamous  
Not me, for I've got respect in who she is...  
A wife that compels me to stay alive  
With a light of goodness and sincerity.

## #Verse II

Don't delve into the private areas of my life  
For she's the best you can ever find  
She's got that skills of a kitchen and a knife  
She's the best, come to think of.

My broken bones and pieces  
She did bind and amend:  
I can't forget, before it got smooth  
It was once ruggedized and rough.

Two rivers at confluent: that was us  
Then the tides came with such a force  
But now we flow in one direction  
And that is love, please don't mention.

## #Verse III

She owns every stitches in me  
She made me the image you see  
So never send the thunder to her



For she is the only achievement I admirer.

We are each other's lightening bolt  
Our hearts reach freeze only in our absence  
And comes alive in each other's presence  
Love is an ocean, together we paddle the boat.

You can admire and love my fight  
But please note, I have a goal in life  
That turned my rural heart into a city  
And this goal is my golden wife.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Home Flag

My home flag is colorfully attractive  
And the waders are green-eyed.  
Delight in the minds of plebes  
Why does inferiority complex affect the black ethnicity?

Slept off to dream of happy ending  
Left high and dry, to waddle out of dreams  
Only to wakeup in the present not wanted  
Accede to the standing of my home flag

Bane of their existence  
Pain in their neck  
Our wrappers turned trousers  
Our ethnicity got lost

Lost it wade in the water  
Life is a wafer  
Yours is wafer-thin  
The fox and wader scoff at my home flag.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Life, My Fright

?My greatest fright  
Isn't the wild beast  
Or the nightmares at night  
Neither is it  
The lows and heights  
Nor of whatsoever frights  
Generalized as demons.

Facing my demons  
Are my frights  
Death is what existence brings...  
I'm not scared of the dark  
But I'm scared of darkness  
When life's lights  
Flashes into blank.

Get it,  
I'm not scared of death  
But life and myself  
Forever I wish to leave on this shelf.  
But what is life after earth?  
This scares me into fright  
Not nightmares at night.

I feel myself, yes I'm alive  
Locked up in myself for life  
Confined in bigotry hope  
Without the power to jump  
From mine to minds  
Get it, I'm not scared but of existence  
Who am I and what is life?

Vincent Onyeche

# My Name Is Onyeka

Born in the southern part of Nigeria  
My name isn't imprinted like Awolowo to Naira  
Neither is my handwriting in the dollar  
But I sing 'great Delta'  
If given the chance, love wouldn't be a finger  
All men would be Steve Wonder  
Colors wouldn't bother  
Whichever way, I remain on Black, Africa.

Expression, Passion is a form of drama  
I am a prolific writer  
Dedicated to pen and paper  
I pray they recognize my voice 'Onyeka'  
No one is greater than my father  
They say I'm as mad as a hatter  
I patiently wait for the judge's hammer  
To decide how long I'll be a dreamer.

Vincent Onyeche

# My Parent's Love

By: Onyeche Vincent Onyekachuku

Title: My Parent Love

Dedicated to: Mr. and Mrs. Larry Onyeche

The love of my parents never elide  
They brought me to life, that aside,  
In the nide, my needs they provide,  
Day and night, they are my aide.

Besides sharing their nucleotide  
They planted me by the waterside  
To grow taller than all of my kind  
Relentlessly, they gave me a yuletide.

They always guide me when I ride,  
So I never snide, glide and slide.  
Their rules, I often don't abide  
Yet they always stick by my side.

When ruby little me was red outside,  
They solve my worries as their pride  
They go as far hell, inhaling oxide  
Just to give me cream and juice inside.

They are attached to me like an imide,  
Holding me tight, they never let me vide.  
They protect me, sailing in trouble tide  
They are my boldness, they never hide.

Vincent Onyeche

# Mystery Flower

Top the mountain are varying flowers,  
Expanding as fast as they can bloom  
Prolly exhibiting joy to the smiling sun  
To whom is proud into what thou had turn.

But up same mountain I know of a flower  
So beautiful and lovely; the word is her...  
Started from the root: should you had seen her  
Thou would prolly think, she's gonna die.

Then her petals were rare to find  
Her leaf was fresh, even to the blind  
This mystery flower took 15yrs to bloom,  
When all of its age are either withered or dry.

...Was it hope that kept thee?  
Or had thou seen thy future before sown?  
For every sunshine and rainfall  
It stayed dormant yet perfecting itself.

Now it is the most talked about flower  
It is in thy gene; God's perfect design  
Back in time; other flowers  
Prolly will think, she's there for the count.

Compare not thy growth to thou  
There's a difference in destiny path for thee  
Top the mountain flowers varies  
And so they bloom at their individual time.

Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: Africa

Land of great minds, leaders and subjects

'Uh, oh no! '

High and low, beauty for sure

Sweet and sour, but sugariness more promising;

East to west, no lazy man in the vast east

Who know not how to compel his brown skin to struggle

Irrespective of preeminent beauty and splendor

Tiling the soil when the sun fries the most

Nor set traps with bamboos to catch wild beast in Tanzania.

There is no true inhabitant of the west

Loathing to let-slip enthusiasm

Dwelling in or outside the marvelous crystalline rocky land

Of a huge Nigeria black, a Ghana brown,

And a Sierra Leone blood red sand.

Calling himself an African

Bearing a black colored name

Loving the African Culture and claims to have heard

Great minds like Mandela,

And wouldn't believe that Africa is destined for greatness.

Is it the enormous Central, historic North or South?

The white and black in shield and craton

Histories, oh great Egypt!

First in many, last in a few

Diverse ethnic groups beautiful cultures, arts and designs.

Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: African Child

In riches and peaceful paradise  
I'm an African child  
Born into the harsh weather  
I'm an African child  
Who must trench further  
I'm an African child  
Ashamed, not of coal complexion  
I'm an African child  
The finest creature  
I'm an African child  
Proud of my culture  
I'm an African child  
Filled of strength and power  
I'm an African child  
Far away from defeat  
I'm an African child  
Whose smile calms the wild beast  
I'm an African child  
Who aims at an indefinite limit  
I'm an African child  
So blessed with talents  
I'm an African child  
Who fights for justice  
I'm an African child  
Crying loud by casualties  
I'm an African child  
Whose blood made the soils  
I'm an African child  
Who never pray for war  
I'm an African child  
Renamed by slavery  
I'm an African child  
Vocalizing the one language of love  
I'm an African child  
Who dances to the true African music  
The world shouldn't be complete  
Without the African child.



Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: Agbor

Agbor!

A land that fits a taste  
A path that ascent the road  
To an origin of Onye Agbor's old

Agbor!

A search of a sound  
That gets the stomach fold  
Drums harder in the Dein's Palace.

Down the streets  
Ye rigwo?  
They keep asking and giving  
Yet they never lack

There is more to 'Agbon'  
Than a 'Bini' word  
Orogodo a river for fishes  
Hands to hoes, Onye-Agbor never rest.

Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: Biochemistry

Biochemistry  
Of which I study  
Results never encouraging  
Should I be bionic  
For you to accept wit  
Day and night  
Robber of an off day  
No rest  
My witty wit been dead beaten  
Oh ... Biochemistry; It is not that am lazy  
Back in space remember  
Remember, my forefathers never studied  
Yet they knew the usefulness of flavones  
Including consequences of starvation  
And added vegetables to their dishes  
Genetics and traits  
Its bug is demonic  
Body a temple  
They had no concern with metabolism  
However, palm wine sharpened their vision  
Crops grew by the pathway  
They knew not of the simple-complex pathways  
Now I cram and draw structures  
Of sugary sugar, chlorophylls, fats, and proteins  
Who sent me down this pathway?  
Unto the last-minute on the pathway  
You can never be the last-ditch  
You can never be my last wish  
We shall split wit like the last slice  
Biochemistry the brainteaser  
It is not that am lazy  
Results never encouraging  
Metabolism they understood not. But energy.  
Glycolysis big grammar, lipolysis a misery  
Oh ... Biochemistry; it is not that am lazy.

Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: Delta

Delta,  
The finest shelter  
For air flying birds and  
Fishes swimming in the river

Peace friendly, to the land-occupant  
The big heart  
Best of arts  
And most conducive habitat.

Fenced away from trouble  
Bundled with riches  
And customs

Delta the luxury land

Caused to be gorgeous  
Crowned to be triumphant  
Sh...h  
Sleep on delta.

Vincent Onyeche

## Native Fly: Greeting The King

Years years after birth  
December thirty-first  
Three times the thumb raised  
From the palm beneath  
Where the arm rest  
Didn't care if it was  
Black or white dress  
O yes he fell flat from the cliff  
Then down he laid his chest  
Bowing to the one and only king  
In the land he shall rest.

Vincent Onyeche

## Native Fly: Home Soil

All 'Onye-Agbor' are lovely, come see! !  
It gives me the sweetest taboo  
In a land where mum was dads' boo  
To act a fool  
And be amused by a dancing shoe  
An elixir of life,  
She gave me a spoon full  
To breed too  
On an home soil, the only I know of.

Vincent Onyeche

# Native Fly: King Of Agbor

Never knew how rich  
Traditionally  
A place called a land  
By the Bini empire is.

Iyare... Iyare!  
Emphatically  
By the hallway  
An elderly woman praised.

The winding horn blow  
Gloriously  
Calling out the mighty 'Agwu'  
Whose presence terrifies an enemy...

Iyare... Iyare!  
Eze bu' eze  
An elderly woman praised  
As he sits on his golden thrown.

The ruler of a town  
Town with a cheerful heart  
Dein they call him  
Dein Keagborekuzi.

The roaring lion of Boji-boji  
Youngest king crowned  
Majestically  
All over the world.

The youngest King ever  
Whose name flows  
Wonderfully to the world  
In none stop never  
Right from Orogodo River  
Sitting on his golden throne.

Vincent Onyeche

## Native Fly: Palmwine Play

It was some time ago no pea-cocking or ego  
Innocent and untouched like virgin forest  
Then grasses covered bottles attuned for palm wine  
Flies also sipped, it was creamy and white as milk  
From daddy's cup the little kids drank  
Inspiring, their play was full of fun  
Pretending to be drunk; if not already  
Staggering, damping the eyes  
Rolling out the eyeballs,  
Stooping and soliloquizing  
Playing with sands, throwing pillows and falling  
Along the long narrow corridor  
Running for more, to daddy's refilling cup  
To drink the universe large and play all night long.

Vincent Onyeche



# Native Fly: The Hunter's Feet

Tough thick and hefty  
On the hill top, down the hillside  
Dreadful feet to the dust and sticky mud  
The butterfly loves to perch.

Stout sturdy and eager  
It leaves a print on the soil, oh what a pace!  
Not even the fastest wild beast can escape  
Nor the slowest and astute  
But they all testify only at the hindsight.

Hiss to the snake, heehaw to the donkey  
It is the heirloom to the typical huntsman  
Virile enough to procreate the heyday

Chink in Achilles armor  
Flaw in opposing gravity  
But not frightened by the hot sun-scorched soil  
Nor the burning forest while chasing after the eletu the rabbit  
Heartbreaking, the daydreaming ankle never gets the opportunity to stroke it.

Vincent Onyeche

# Never Curse Me

Why would the Sun refuse to shine  
What waste is it if in daylight the stars shine  
Be careful so you don't be next in line  
Basically I am by default made to excel  
Even barefooted by paths of broken bottles.

If you curse or wish me bad  
Same is yours; it's just a rebound  
A reap off of an hidden moon at night.  
Why wish me bad when I have a designer  
Programming you exactly what you wish to me.

Get it: those that curses me are doomed...  
By forces I can't say or mitigate  
The Sun has so favored me  
That I am a surface that reflects her light  
And nothing bad come close to me.

Vincent Onyeche

## New Year Lovelorn (Sonnet Of Lovelorn)

Five, four, three, two, one!  
Happy new year  
The crowd screams  
While I ponder...  
Over to the left and right corner  
Are two toes beneath a shoulder  
Seen as two but arguably one.  
With contrasting words hiding facts  
How can you love without a heart  
Then tell me to go nude to have a bath  
And not to be a pint of water wet  
I'm confused on what to do  
As the crowd screams, I ponder  
Is this how lovers do?

Vincent Onyeche

# Nigeria: One Family

Disagreement is common even with wisdom,  
Words are liked and disliked in every forum,  
I see Nigeria my country as a polygamous home,  
where siblings from same sperm or womb  
Quarrel and fight on a daily basis  
yet, deep down within their veins  
Is a blood flowing from same ancestors  
Vibrating in ripple effects:  
'we are still families'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Nne (Mother)

Father  
Mother  
Pardon me,  
Pardon me if...  
I call you gods  
Cause you create life!

I know an earthly lady  
Whose appearance makes  
Every class sprightly stand  
She's not the first daughter  
Yet she makes Flavor sings  
'Ada.. Ada! ! '.

Not the first lady or might be  
Her leading role factually  
Affront those that hates  
No exaggeration  
Her very beauty  
Could capsize a boat.

Picture this image I paint  
For this craft has a song  
'Sweet mother  
I no go forget you'  
All heart within  
Swiftly gets drumming.

If you are alive or  
Ever breathed  
Most definitely  
You came from one  
Call her Nne  
Call her Mother!

Let her be any distraction  
A child's shield a sweet kiss  
A mans destiny  
Or his weakness

Don't be weary: At  
Seventy she's still sweet.

Vincent Onyeche

# Nothing New

The moment you feel  
With your very hands  
Those very curves that shows that  
The earth is truly a sphere  
Know that you are a no man but God.

But if you are human  
And you walk to the point  
Where you see an ending edge  
Jump off the Cliff for nothing else  
May sometimes be discovered new.

Vincent Onyeche

# October

October child is born for woe  
With the strength to dig a hoe  
And ideas never called a doe  
Creativity profound like its afternoon  
October children are blessed.

The world created in October; probably  
Every ending of a cycle,  
Is the beginning; ideally.  
Coming twilight in november  
October is natures funeral month.

Green gradually loses to yellow  
Every fresh ready to dry-up a flesh  
In October, the leaf falls  
No wonder, its child is born for woe  
God protects the October child.

In Nigeria, tis beginning of a good era  
Business boom, and does the purse  
Woe was four months before  
Mellow, take a toast, don't be sober,  
For October does his work well.

Vincent Onyeche



# Ode Of Josh: The Odds Were Right

Josh is a man guided by dreams,  
God above always answers his prayers,  
So he prayed for and had her on his palms.  
It was all for affection: he was in love,  
But in his dreams was a fading glow  
Disapproving lights from the glove.

'I had a dream last night', he said to her...  
'What did you dream' asked her  
But he couldn't respond definitely to her.  
For his dream had her disapproved by swans  
The odd was against her: silent white lies  
Said all there was to say; in love games...

He didn't seem it very important  
He kept on digging holes for an ant  
To store love: on earth there is not a saint...  
Who hasn't sinned for no man is purer  
No... no.. not even one, now and forever  
So against the odds he held on to his lover...

They both grow fonder, higher on love tree  
And they both walked on each others heel  
Everyday he played and prayed on his kneel.  
He had God blessed his palm on the wheel  
But Each time he was with her, slow on hill  
Were a bad omen! until she cut off the tree..

Taiwo her ex, resurrected from underworld  
Surprisingly, her lies sprung up from the ground.  
Ashamed, she flew while in hush Josh watched...  
Front and back, up in the sky she flew disoriented  
Because she loved two men: so she sat on the fence  
Pulling the trigger deliberately, Josh hence...

Reminded her that there is that one...  
...Special soul mate for everyone...  
She isn't, but a mismatched consonant preceding an.  
Love comes naturally: Taiwo she chose without a fight

For the moment she left, the glow became bright  
Josh then smiled saying: 'the odds were right'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode Of Mandela: Can'T Bid A Farewell To Mandela

Tracing the well-head,  
Why say  
He fought for just the black;  
Wasn't his lessons adopted  
And embraced by the whites?  
An irony in a name  
This Ro-lih-lah-la isn't a troublemaker.

From him one may say:  
'May my days be rough.'  
Started from Mvezo  
To the globe,  
Staggered to hell  
And strolled majestically out  
Activated like a free radical.

Presidency, the first black  
In the south  
Front man  
In a fight  
Freeing the black hide  
Of ancestry Africa  
Nelson Mandela! A name even the dummy speaks.

Equality! Equality! Equality  
He calls us  
In a chorus  
Springing up anew  
Patiently and prophetically  
To Diops visionary  
Of 'Africa': my Africa.

Looking through the window  
Indeed Africa has become a widow  
Mandela  
'A man of the People'  
Chinue Achebe would say  
If death didn't kick him  
As well by the tail.

The world's so frosty  
Your name is what no man can oust,  
That I boast  
Down the coast  
Up, east to west.  
Immortality not our host  
Tata really gave up the ghost.

The world weeps  
Mandela is more handsome  
Than a first love,  
More radical than the fierce  
More vibrant than the press  
Tata's larger than the whale  
Mums kids unborn knows.

He is powerful  
Yet more peaceful  
Than the middle-east,  
He has this ideas  
Of such innocence  
Meant forever  
On a library shelf.

Tell me  
What's the essence  
Life of senescence  
Does it really make sense  
If I say adios  
When  
Mandela is forever alive.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: An Average Student

In and out: computer eats and flush  
Ages of a genius they confer to such.

In a subject, many can write a book  
A million version doesn't change the truth.

What's the fate of the faithful  
If heaven judge a word for a word..?

Wow! !  
If that is the stance to being a genius

I rather be mine, just an average student  
Arguing not my deferring substance.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: Cause Of Will's Rubble

Agony in Will'

My most witty friend,  
Barely suppress if he will  
Ruefully face the grounds.

Elegy of a witty-man living  
On the windy hills,  
The witty birds  
Winnow out.

Swine position  
Now,  
Even the witless  
Rules his garden.

Error in his syncopated rhythm  
The origin of the rubble  
Rumpling his well bluff hair  
Like dust in the whirling air.

My friend my friend  
Lost his way home  
In the rumpus' rubble  
Walls of cloak.

Woe betide inconsistency,  
Slough, slouch, and stumbling block  
For driving the plover  
Away from the wet ground.

Sylvan surrounding;  
An optimistic augury  
To the barren-desert-lifer  
Barrel of agony, my friend my friend.

Plover, please perk-up  
Least he ignores the chameleon faeces  
For coyness  
And slouch are the bases

Barrel of agony  
My friend my friend  
No more fun in the drink we taste,  
No more tact in speech we lay

It shouldn't be the end  
Sad when the brain  
Forgets to stay up the head  
Barrel of agony, my friend my friend.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: My Daughters' Birthday

Wake up  
Wake up, my little daughter  
Its that time in a year  
They say to your ear  
Have no fear

Have no fear  
Even if its all mallam to his kettle  
There is a new droplet of water  
In every kettle you handle  
My little daughter.

You shall never stand still  
Or get your feet planted  
Today sometime ago  
Your small innocent head flowed  
Flowed out of a sequester.

Don't be confused by a grammar  
Never do  
Mum displayed a drama  
Wonderful hearing your first trauma  
Today sometime ago.

It pleasures in knowing  
A lot of advancement  
Time just gets you growing  
Growing  
Into a beautiful Queen

Its 12am, wake up  
Wake up  
Remember today,  
Is your birthday  
So better get the party started.

Get that your ajebo body bubbling  
Never forget to show your teeth too  
No one cares if it is up to thirty-two



The more smile the more the fun  
The more the certainty of the verb  
Of love your friends got for you.

Candles and cake  
Should be seen in the scene  
Is that assurance of  
Long life and prosperity.

The candlelight shall lead you through  
Through  
The path of Jubilation  
Blow it off and make a wish.

The cake is sweet  
So fun shall be overjoyed  
Its job is not done  
See you my wonderful daughter,  
On your birthday next year  
Or whenever you are born.

Vincent Onyeche

## Ode: Nature (Tribute To Steve Jobs)

When Nature has a work to do  
She creates a genius for the do  
Microsoft a thought for the ill  
Bill made his bill and took to the hill.

When Nature has a work to do  
She creates a genius for the do  
No such escape for such mark  
Facebook has a mark a very large ark.

When Nature work is done  
So soon, she off a genius on  
Apple not an apple anymore  
Steve Jobs did his job then she knocked.

Vincent Onyeche

## Ode: Ngozis' Attributes

Ngozi of all traits, poise, willpower and heartiness  
Greatness precise to attitude, victorious she is  
Nevertheless, behind her shine is a first-rated husband, don't forget the kids

To whom she whispers the shrewd strategies to at the right time  
Mother, wife, Sister and Aunt; Pretty she is, pretty she does  
Like a hen, she protects her kindred and discipline she edifies  
So sharp-eyed, she first glimpse the fiery fire

And clears the road for those who deem

Banquet hot-dished cold, kitchen never dries; hardworking she is  
Her well-prepared meal nourishes the Kindred soul  
For the hale and hearty Kindred, her perpetual love is endless  
At night she tucks them up snugly in the well spread beds and; comfort is  
infinite.

At days of snag, she remains steadfast to God; He never fails to answer her  
Always on the rally round track; all for the betterment of the kindred  
Healing hands, preferred to be weighed down by those who lean on her  
In her thrilling track's perkiness, many passed many stiller passing.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: This Days Genius

What I know to perfect perfection  
Always brings a total rejection.

What I know less to perfect manipulation  
Always brings the best of excellence.

Well graded in trees of substance  
Are you here to take the chance?

Well: exams are inverse intelligence  
Aristocrat can't make it if he was born now.

We learn in times of a word for a word  
A genius this day is in a state of confusion.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: Tribute To The Moon-Walker

My great moonwalker  
He that I dread  
Icon I dream  
A black in white skin  
Definition of music  
Definition of dancing  
He whose steps I steal  
To be learnt by my kin  
My Michael is speechless.  
I wish I could remove years  
Or steal you and place in my shoes.

Who's bad....  
I think I am bad too  
Jackson, my moonwalker  
It is the Human Nature,  
The Earth Song  
Black or white  
Your adventures a thriller  
My once living legend  
You never heard me speak  
Should I curse June  
Or Heal the World?

My great moonwalker  
He that I dread  
Definition of dancing  
Definition of music  
Your departure an eclipse in music  
Our tears can't remove your ink  
I pray it ever runs dry  
I pray your talents didn't walk off with you  
Lucifer down,  
Heaven in need of music  
Maybe that's Gods' reason.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ode: Whispering Tears

In my growing blissful life  
Poetry got her justice,  
Biochemistry speaks in metabolism  
This two girls attracts angels to earth  
But decisions in a dilemma are irrational  
The Devil cries in whispers.

PVC I gaze;  
Searching for Einstein's masterpiece  
Anything: cowrie or white chalk  
Day and night she stares at me  
While I bang and yell for  
Biochemistry to open the door.

Vincent Onyeche

# On A Stage Of Life

Now that you are alive  
Have you lived a life  
Without imperfection?

Life isn't slow  
But a steady show  
After you, another addition,  
And so the story goes.

We are earth's replaceable part  
In time we shall always fade out  
Irrespective of identity and might

Life is a replacement by another art,  
A steady prediction...  
I get mad trying to unveil the essence of life  
And blank out to the definition of death.

Vincent Onyeche

# Online Romance

This isn't a poem but one lagging nine  
I've met so many tempting berries  
Taste maybe sweet with attitude not ugly but fine.

Constant desires and admirations redefine  
I've never seen nor tasted the tenth wine  
Yet every moment comes another none decline.

Nothing can be quantified in moments recombine  
Every seconds we chat we turn into mine...  
A companion, in details trustfully we confine.

Every salt that made the water saline  
We spotted on each others bony spine  
Whatever it is; out the pipe, it flows like urine.

I've met so many pretty faces  
It pains me meeting another red wine  
I will never drink of or meet in time.

Vincent Onyeche



# Only Us

Where there is no sky  
There is no air  
There is no breath  
It'll be only us

When there is no sound  
There is no song  
There is no voice  
'tis only us

When invents are dead  
There is no car  
There is no bus  
'tis only us

Threading on no train  
Or even a plane,  
Against all odds on a white horse  
'Tis only us.

Vincent Onyeche

# Onyeche

Onyeche be patient,  
The name as an ancient  
Arises from colourful inn  
Flowing down the same stream  
You are but an Allen within  
Calling out for a touch  
And breath of the earth.

Onyeche be patient  
Your name says you can wait  
See! You are as unique  
As regions that snows  
A song to be sung and sang  
It isn't drumming now  
Doesn't mean the wind is silent.

Onyeche be patient! ! !  
You have no fish brain  
Yes! ears that are not deaf  
Yes you are;  
Prone to hear sounds  
Ignore, Ignore and ignore!  
Hear but listen to none.

Onyeche be patient  
Life you brought this far  
Existence you never bought  
From sperm several stem cells  
That springs fought the best  
And strongest fruits of fame  
Onyeche be patient.

Vincent Onyeche

# Overcoming Death

We are all blood,  
But enemies  
In real sense,  
Strong opponents  
On the journey to wealth.

Yes,  
Life is beautiful  
But can't you see  
We are the components  
Of the deep blue Seas.

Against all odds  
Is our unhappy endings,  
Forming alliances  
Wedging war  
We fight breathe.

Yet,  
We are failures  
In all possible  
And impossible ways,  
Trying to overcome death.

Vincent Onyeche

# Oxymoron

Life is full of uncertainties  
But it can't be a short tall  
Nor a sensible standing fall.

Learning is an endless end  
But it can't be a wise fool  
It's such a beautiful paradox.

Law is an absurdity wonder  
Backing up a legal murder  
Narrating to the deaf 'a good bad query'

Loneliness is a verb  
Beware you can't shout while silent  
Nor hear a word with both ear deaf

Likeness is a connecting switch  
Boldly written in contradiction  
Never to go on and off at same time

Like a legless horse that runs  
Bedroom eyes is not love  
No...yes... is an ox-y-mo-ron.

Vincent Onyeche

# Pa. Pius Onyeche

(In memory of a son of Onyeche (Pa. Pius Onyeche))

?Life and death has its own budget  
We are all born into the market,  
To trade, wait for tenures and turns  
In queues of sadness, joy and fun  
When our trade is done, we return....

In mats, caskets, I bet we forget  
Every bit of heart beat we got.

When our trade is done, we return  
To account for the windowshops  
And the number of sown sleeves  
Not as Adam and Eve to the leaves  
But as impact to that we believe

When the trade is done, we return  
Leaving behind the dry and burnt leaves.  
Upon the sands where the body sleeps,  
Motionless beside the deepest of life hole.

When the trade is done, we return  
To answer questions irrespective of race  
Like... Pa., what did you purchase?  
Did your heart pick only the black paints?

O gentle heart, that...you've traded,  
Shall guarantee the fate of your soul.

When the trade is done, we return  
To beyond, where spirits scare the kids  
Restocked into the market as improvise  
For every souls that departs...

..... Day and night....

Vincent Onyeche

# Paint The Ceilings You

I will paint the ceilings you  
So you wake to see your view,  
Adorably few, so I cherish you  
For my blood has become of you.

I will paint the ceilings you  
So when you do the morning chores  
No water drop shall wash me off  
Neither will I be swept by brooms.

Art of possessions, with just you  
I am the healthiest of hearts  
O sweet love, with all of my brushes,  
I will paint the ceilings you...

Vincent Onyeche

# Paper Crown

Lost in a tight room full of thorns  
Soon it shall take away the juice of fun.  
Then leakage shall become of all likeminds,  
Doomed into revival the moment I take pills

Somewhere within the nerves in my brain, I take turns  
To think beyond political shafts and corns  
Doomed, my stomach go from good to churn  
Irritated by the leftovers of dirty schemes...

Spotted on the green and white grasses...  
Mast down as the black fire consumes the fresh roots  
From solids to gases, I shed tears...  
For children conceived into these smoky rooms

To become puppets of political stewardships,  
Dammed to hard labor for back pats that pays no bills....  
In these rooms of cloud, learning is not to lessons  
But to enchanting regrets and on their bare heads

The weight of the world in tonne,  
They carry from pillar to posts.  
The gods are dead and so are the ancients  
Africa my motherland, earth of iron stones

Proudly created around rivers of greatness  
But now surrounded by hell in a terrible lawn  
Where abasing generations....  
Walk and loose their true color brown,

Beside gasoline, to grey white...  
In exchange for a paper crown...  
That shall be terribly torn by rains  
And soon ignited by thick flames.

Vincent Onyeche



## Paradox Of Results

I prefer daydreaming maybe... but,  
I have written so many examinations  
In which I have failed a number of times  
Inside of me I felt I had passed... But,  
In front of the result sheets are flying Fs  
Infact I've got copies of such experiences.  
In me there is more to my yesterdays  
Irrespective of what tomorrow do brings  
I imitate not for creativity is my ability... But,  
In situations I expected failures  
I had good grades of excellence  
I am not a definition of past results  
In it is but a paradox of my abilities.

Vincent Onyeche

# Pawn

I'm a patient pawn  
Who has slayed off and on  
Strived, spanked, pushed against all odds  
Boiled in hell, and roasted by volcanoes  
So when I'm faced with an option to stall  
I stay in a direction opposite my tail  
Staring at the giant to be written in my tales  
Ready for whatever, good bad and worse  
One more move, and I shall be in crown  
Fifteen pieces I slayed, shows I own the town  
So I don't mind if they call me a clown  
I stay muted to the Devil devices  
Who is just a lone king, on a breaking ice  
Temptation don't work, bring a brothel  
I'll wait for the bell, I've been through hell  
Spew till you tired, I shall make a check  
I've got my bishop building me on mark  
Like the snipers, I'll wait for my turn....  
And check till it's checkmate, I'm a patient pawn.

Vincent Onyeche

# People Are Envious

People are always envious  
Even if its on you, we or us.  
They will push you to loss a focus  
And give you to true but false.

When you speak it is seeming  
As thou you are all knowing  
When you are silent and speechless,  
They say; 'It's self centered and careless.

When you sweat they say you are weak  
Whereas you work tireless to the peak  
You give purity and they say it's not meek  
Know it: 'moments can't be sweet all week'.

People are always envious  
Worry not if it's Gods' blessing or a curse  
To have a big dream and a large focus  
...People are always envious.

Vincent Onyeche

# Pint Of Love

?Give me a pint of love,  
And I shall rise high above  
Flaws... be it hard, soft or abusive,  
Not a whale-size but an alcove  
Platonic, realistic and approve.

Give me a pint of love  
A type that may not be crave  
Or defensive but a type I can't drive  
When moving peaceful like a dove  
Connecting to creek and exclave.

Give me a pint of love  
Not extortive and not explosive  
A type you wish to see and have  
Tiny but thick in its' small hive  
A love simple but radioactive.

Give me a pint of love  
One practiced and not imaginative  
Not enslave but engraved in self-innovative  
A type refilled anew and not imitative  
A love not hyper but mildly reactive.

Give me a pint of love  
Impressive not implicative  
A type that grows infinitive  
Far from fall and not inexpressive  
A love full of initiative.

Give me a pint of love  
Refreshing daily as sweet as an inquisitive-  
-Knowledge, and cool as an ice of ages  
Not weak but pint yet intensive  
In doubt it shall be motivative.

Give me a pint of love  
A love that maybe nano not negative  
A love not blocked but penetrative

A love simple and radioactive  
Give me that sweet pint of love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Play You A Song

I will play you a song,  
For your heart to keep  
And your mind to trip;  
While sailing on a lonely ship.

I will play you a song,  
Wool soft; a calm sheep,  
Good music, candy to rip;  
Sweet slow blues, cool and deep.

I will play you a song,  
Sweep you off your feet  
Bring goodluck not wheep;  
Long lasting trot, in a music jeep.

I will play you a song,  
For your heart to beep  
And your beats to skip;  
I'll play you... till you fall asleep.

Vincent Onyeche

# Please Don'T Take Her

Black boy please don't take her  
The sounds from her voice  
Exercises my heart  
Well recorded and stored  
In my brains large bytes  
I'm possessed by her  
She's the only evil  
A Pope wouldn't exorcise.  
An Adams' Eve  
The right from my left  
Take all, but leave her  
For she's all to ever have left  
Let's negotiate please don't take her.

Vincent Onyeche

# Poetry Birds

The birds flapped feathers  
And it sounded like sparks  
From bridging electric wires;  
Then the leaves fell from trees  
To appreciate the bidding inks.

In well-wide imaginations  
Bouquets of poetries  
Are like the loathe of birds  
With lot of expressions  
And meanings hidden in lines.

Vincent Onyeche



## Poet's Dilemma

Boy is to the he as a girl is to a her  
Love isn't to beauty as near isn't to far.

Do you know it's persuading words that win love?

The actions are puzzles, loved when solved  
But if wrong, and push turns to shove  
'Poetry or her love' which would you choose-  
To make an impression that wouldn't loose?

As a poet and lover, poetry you shall pick  
For the faces the puppies tongue would lick  
Doesn't have to be pretty or soft as a silk.

To a poet, their lovers can't be a poem...

For poem is a tool to melt down every ice in the chest  
'Poetry or your love' which would you choose-  
If you are a poet that has lots to loose...?

Vincent Onyeche

# Princess Blaq

Have you ever had a moment  
Where there seems to be a scent  
Perfuming right in at your front  
But the evil in you seem too faint  
And then you suddenly become a saint  
Liver and brain seem to fail but the eyes never blinks  
A best definition for the enchantments...  
I've stood opposite Angels along hells road  
Been ran over by long blue buses that seem too old  
Yet I didn't get to know her for I lost my bold  
But in my mind, naming her was all I could hold  
A song never sang, she was all to be told,  
A type at seventy that would have no fold  
A type all unhappy married men lack  
Dark, so I named her Princess Blaq...  
For she definitely looks like, the best God ever made.

Vincent Onyeche

## Proliferation (Family Conflict)

Our childhood fool-around  
A wiry course  
Curse thrown at each other  
Had a lexis we didn't mean.

Foes molested me  
Hard you fought for me  
My family and only true friend  
I didn't dream of an end.

When love was time  
You said to me  
Go get her  
Then it wasn't overrated.

Same flour we mixed  
Same plate we licked  
Same floor we swept and slept  
Creative clay playmate I always felt.

Tortoise and stories  
Together we got into troubles  
Face down, sorry you said,  
When I was wiped to bed.

In a keg party, intoxicated,  
You threw away my drink keg  
And backed me home by leg  
Not anymore; health you always beg.

Time dashed wrinkles with hatred  
Diabolic-shots on same-blood  
Caused by sandy land  
Vanity wealth inheritance

All these are mere jealousy  
Brothers, sisters  
We were best of family and friends  
What has come in-between us?

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Approaching

Approaching you  
Was never a problem  
But the sweet key words to say...

Accurate in any view;  
Wish I ruled your realm  
By despair, I admire you at the bay...

Attimes I saw us two;  
Walking in my head, as same  
But the realities were mine to pray...

Approaching you  
Was never a problem  
But the heavy no, that you might say...

Autumns brought you through,  
Winter came; I passed a blame  
By the moment you pass my way...

A drop of your dew  
Water my woody phellem  
Between God and man, you slay...

Approaching you  
Was never a problem  
But I was inexperience and dull as jay...

Attempts I made were few  
With the way you bloom  
Bet, in my dreams, you were my hay...

A great deal of holy jew  
With soft lips of a kiss emblem  
Blowing cool germfree air, so to say...

Approaching you  
Was never a problem  
But I wanted all faults to be a fay...

Awesome as new  
Wave hot like ylem  
Believe me, you are a cosmos clay...

Apparently moulded too  
White eyes, you're a golem  
Bright and loveable all night and day...

Approaching you  
Was never my problem  
But how to properly handle your ray...

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Behind The Glass

The best thing  
Is as fine as sin;  
Behind the glass  
Is a fantastic glance.

I wish to canvass  
For her bee frass;  
Behind the glass,  
Ferried sugar bypass...

Without guns,  
I made plans;  
Behind the glass  
I got a brass;

From the bullets  
In daydreams  
Behind the glass  
Is a lady of class.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Black Apple

You are a black apple  
On a familiar ground;  
Renewing all the time.

Your charming sight,  
As a bright cloak of light  
Strengthens my cord, by God.

You are a ripe fruit on a tree,  
The black apple of my eyes  
That falls not far from me.

You drag me closer to hay,  
Your nutrients day by day,  
Surely keeps the doctors away.

You are boneless like a fillet,  
A pretty sweet forbidden fruit,  
I shall eat; over and over again.

Vincent Onyeche



## Prologue: From Behind

I recall, years not far, not near,  
From behind, I stopped and stare.  
At a sweet sight then in nostalgic,  
An African, simple like a frypan.

On sight, my boldness disappear,  
She cat-walked for my eyes to dare.  
Her waist caused a jam on traffic,  
Her aura comes with a cooling fan.

She is a fantasy in my emotional race,  
A rare, phenomenal flawless Angel.  
A pretty black apple, sweet and tasty,  
An attraction more forceful than gravity.

Her hairs shone sun on my dark face,  
She's an attractive goddess thick as gel.  
From behind, I approached my curiosity,  
For if she's a sin: heaven would be empty.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Heists

Back in time, during our school days  
We were classmates and even seatmates  
You were so bright like the beam of rays;  
And your beauty engraved my brain...

Best of the bests, you could right a wrong  
Our friendship was everyday, ever so strong  
Unlike an uncoated iron untrusted in salt  
Mysteriously, we grew refusing to rust...

When our classes were in session,  
I hardly could even pay attention  
Your beautiful imagery I saw and focused  
Reflecting upon the wall and class board...

With my pen and breaking pencils  
I drew roses and wrote you letters  
So many kind words, at the end of it  
I wrote in disguise; yours sincerely pest...

Each day you read from the ghostly pest  
You told me how kind and sweet he was  
Often he even sent you bouquet of roses  
I smiled, while we both watered it to grow.

Every other day, I wrote a love poem  
To you as pest; although I never meant  
To be a perpetrator nor anonymous,  
But, I wasn't bold enough to tell you...

Trust me, it broke my heart you loved,  
The other me; texting pest and telling me  
I wondered why you never figured out,  
The twist and turn of my swivel chair....

Tears burned through my hazy eyes  
I never meant to be the daily heist  
I often wish I could erase every ink  
But I feared, losing a seatmate and friend.

Vincent Onyeche

# Prologue: Lost In Nostalgia

I watched her grow  
From toddler to teen,  
Childhood of sweetness  
Adulthood she glitters.

In the past, we flew  
Kites in sites till ten,  
Then we used to burst  
Bubbles off our blisters.

See... I knew her when  
Her big breasts were flat;  
We played ten-ten alot,  
We built houses with mud.

See... I knew her even  
Before hips could twist;  
Under the tree we slept,  
Our bodies were never a rod.

Before the ripener was red  
We jeered at each other  
She was the fillet, I the bone;  
On same part, old we grow.

Bodies in rain, we both stripped  
Innocently, bathing together,  
Until the kids in us were grown;  
We were playmates in sun and snow.

Author:

Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Nostalgia

I once had a painting  
Giga-shades of adoring;  
In a familiar surrounding...  
Scrawling and crawling,

It was an hallmark glory  
Of my sweet untold story;  
In the years, I owned a lorry...  
She was devil cute, but holy.

My crayons couldn't surpass,  
Her beauty wasn't in disguise;  
In the bittersweet of my past...  
She was an art, a lady of class.

Sweet pretty face, with lashes,  
Dark hairs, black to thickness;  
In absence, was homesickness...  
All boys longed for her fineness.

She is a diva, none can harass,  
Well configured as a classic lass;  
Innocent child, a righteous pass  
She was like a visible colorless gas.

An uncommon beauty in class  
Her fineness breaths new life  
In nostalgia, she had hot sparks  
That unfroze my ice-cold heart.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Pages

I have a book, I read and look  
On each page is same pretty face  
Painted with lost traces of grace.

Life and death; recommend this book,  
On each page is a face of a mother,  
Looking emotional, sad and bitter.

On each page, is a surprising spitfire,  
Toothless fly, turned into a barracuda;  
Attacking all her feirced rival.

On each page, her lips does hiss  
To failed promises and dried kiss;  
Withered are roses around her hips.

On each page, is also a pot of desire  
A new hope, pen and also an eraser  
To wipe and rewrite the next chapter.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: Rebirth

There is no one born ugly  
Pick up a bronzer and brush,  
And kindly remodel yourself.

If your hairs, are dark and long,  
Cut it, as short as you want,  
Give yourself, a desired rebirth.

Dye black blonde and blonde to dark,  
We are all humans made for lack,  
Imperfection is a gene we all share.

Attach some treads or get it wigged  
If the hairs, are so low and bald,  
Beauty is all about reflection.

Shave and redraw, lashes and lids,  
These are parts of sweet seduction  
Created by God, for our optimization.

Gloss has its own reflections and luck  
Use a lipstick; it attracts a poke,  
At rebirth, we all can emulate God.

Vincent Onyeche

## Prologue: School Days

Back in school days  
My best friends  
And I;  
Where the few people  
Who knew  
How much I admired you...

They would often  
Make jokes of it  
And I;  
Knew it was no lie  
That I  
Had a soft spot for you...

But I was so scared  
To man up and walk up  
To you;  
For you might say no  
And worse,  
Forever not look my way...

These were the assumptions  
I made, back in school days...  
To me;  
You were the sun reservoir  
To me,  
You were a storeroom of stars..

I saw reflections in your eyes  
I tried to resist forward push  
From friends,  
But; the magnet of adorations  
In my heart,  
Kept pushing me forward to you...

Vincent Onyeche



## Prologue: Watching Her Bath

Watching her bath,  
I remembered  
The innocence,  
Of our childhood.

We used to create  
Games by hand  
With no pretense  
Fun was all we had.

Watching her bath  
I read her mind,  
Wiping out stains  
From curves and shape.

On my memory slate,  
She is one of a kind,  
From unique strains;  
A unicorn to gape.

Vincent Onyeche

# Rabbit's Hole

Leave me to wallow without a bow,  
I sleep deep down the rabbit hole.

I forage wide to please my soul  
Invention renews on the tip of my toe.

Let me wonder and have things I lack,  
Let me farrow deep into the dark.

I'm lost, but; I don't wish to be found,  
Wind of the world wide web is round.

I'm not a carrot but I grow into ground  
I may have fallen for a joker's sound.

But in here, no hunter, smoke or traps  
Not even the rain, can choke me out.

Round the clock, I stand as an idle pole  
Digging deep down the rabbit hole.

Doing things freely like a bird and wind  
I live deep down but I'm no rabbit breed.

I'm not into Alice adventure wonderland  
But unending discoveries of mankind.

I feel good, like a metal to a magnet  
If I've got no food, drink but an internet.

Vincent Onyeche

# Realized She Was In Love

A lonely heart is an abandoned sight  
Until a red stranger breaks the event;  
Her sounds shall have birds that rove,  
Then she will realize, she is in love.

In the corners of her dislike and doubt  
Admirations grow fonder and stronger;  
Love then became smart, tall and slender  
White eyes, so cute, with a gentle look.

Wishing she wasn't a sophomore student  
Maybe he would have perceived her instinct,  
Like an apple, she hope to be ripe for him  
Songs with sweet melodies and so is hymn.

Out of the blue, by the ruby mistletoe,  
Love walked up to her, on a fragile toe;  
Though with hesitancy and shyness at first  
But he was brave, kind, sweet and smart.

They started with, hello and hi, by the street  
And the rest introductions turned history;  
Love published a chapter, of her story  
Written by words he passionately altered.

Now everydayness is a feeling of love presence,  
And those sweet words that took off her fence;  
For the very day she instantly surrendered! !  
Was the day, she realized, she was in love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Recession

This recession  
Has eaten  
Deep into me.

Garri I soak  
Is expensive;  
Now as gold.

Salary earners  
Live from  
Hand to mouth.

So many  
Hands  
Jobless and fired.

Happy independence  
Is really  
An irony to hold.

These  
Cash challenges,  
Never seems to come.

Poverty  
An easy reach  
Recession is a bitch.

Vincent Onyeche

# Relating As Soulmates

In the radiant of your light,  
We wander in dreams at night

Each morning when we wake  
We gain raindrops to our lake.

In dreams we know our names,  
Our favorite stuffs and body shapes

Deep down we perfectly relate  
Yet, in reality we have never met.

Vincent Onyeche

# Remember Yesterday

Remember before now  
A place you've been and seen  
Never forget yesterday  
It's a noun; though no more

Leather exposed like a naked wire  
Lovely shyness couldn't get a hold on you  
Light ran freely as though space empty  
Little did you know the word 'pride? '

Like a feathered peacock  
Loving every color  
Linking affection to breath  
Lungs you gradually made to fail

Remember you were never shy  
Anytime they stumble upon you  
Never forget yesterday  
It's a noun; though you now classic.

Vincent Onyeche

# Retirees Of Life

You are free to disagree  
Or grow as tall as a tree,

Berries and even a chimpanzee  
Coated by Mendelian's pea.

But as an awardee in Galilee  
Wouldn't you be the assignee

To the sweet loving honeybee  
Turning lemonades into tea?

Would you setup a committee  
As a walking encyclopedia for free

To create a coffee of high degree  
Imposing eternity, a mighty decree..

Would you make breathe germfree  
Knowing that there is no guarantee

For these daily jamboree  
Mustn't be admired by the referee,

In the unending dark comedies  
Disturbing storms, sailor's sea

Life is a job, we are employees  
Laboring as prospective retirees.

Vincent Onyeche

## Return To Previous

My life has been turned inside out  
My scream is a soundless shout  
Ever since babies are grown on trees  
And diamonds breakable with ease.

Many say I am destiny's doom foot  
Maybe the truth is on their tooth  
Ever since lies became the truth  
And the future is a history of the past.

May I ask you to be hurt  
Multiple times that you can't count  
Every and all spots should leave scars  
... Aren't you scared now of the remarks?

Maybe the truth is bad after all  
Most especially if it isn't big and tall  
Emulate my self-destructive past  
And return died living in the past.

Vincent Onyeche



# Richest

She has to be well spoken  
Fruitful, fertile  
A good singer and dancer.

She has to be smart  
Caring, intellectual  
Affectionate and good mannered.

She has to be homely  
Submissive, handy, motherly  
And a truth teller...

She has to be gorgeous  
Beautiful, a good smiler  
Sweet and seductive.

She has to be fruity  
Nails polished  
Clean and well dressed,

But he has to be manly  
Nothing other than  
Rich and wealthy.

Vincent Onyeche

# Rings Of The Unmarried

Everyone is taken, so it seems  
Yet their hearts are alone in their lonely inns,  
And even the skies bends like the drying fins.

Maybe it's because a fingerling have no finger of a ring  
And while they sing,  
The lovebirds have lost their voice when love was a king...

Or because the aisle they once walked across  
Now have bleeding footprints  
Casted and engraved on the floor...

Love is false when the entrance to the room  
Has a beautiful black painted floor  
Fancy frames but a wide closed door.

Love and lust begot each other in fun  
The days of jungle love is long gone  
Now there to a branch, several fruits on

So in anticipation wait is served to woe  
Hopefully for who to whom  
They are most likely a second string to pull...

I opened the diaries of many ladies  
Only to discover that babies will always be babies  
And with the mind of a man, not all men are men for the roses...

The greatest joy to have isn't a ring  
But.... Home of a ring  
That brings forth joy, and good tidings...

Vincent Onyeche

# Rivers Of Life

When sailing  
In the rivers of life,

Expect it all  
A wind for a sail

Smooth and rough  
Comes a tide in life

Let no antics  
Kill your plights

Know that, none can curse  
The blessings by God

So seek and find  
His might and right

When sailing  
In the rivers of life.

Vincent Onyeche

# Rotten Seeds Springs

I'm a man of my word  
Beaten over the head  
Stabbed with a sword

Knocked down,  
Abandoned,  
Vilified and torn

Into audible pieces  
Trash and useless fabrics  
And for many many years,

I stayed stagnant  
Demoralised at a spot.  
Life's hard, became a fact

On this ground I lay  
In creed, all the way  
Knowing that one faithful day

My cold feet and lifeless nerves  
With that very few water drops;  
Sprung shall be of the rotten seeds...

Then from flowers to fruits,  
I shall rise above their roofs  
Till then; I am, the rotten seeds.

Vincent Onyeche

# Same Direction

On a blue hot stove, the slower it burns  
Most often, the most effective it becomes.

Truth be told, the faster the heart flames,  
The weaker the feelings or quicker it fades.

In emotion, please never move fast in hurries  
Let's leap and take steps in same directions.

Let's search for apples, bonds, and grow fonder  
Joined with shrieks of beautiful laughter.

Let's push, pull and shove our shoulder  
Faultless expectations, away we shall surrender

In freedom, let's define our present mission  
Holding on for eachother's perfection

Sited on same plains, plans and attention  
Let's share one body, soul and complexion

Back to back, eyes fixed on a rollercoaster  
In emotion let's stare at the same direction.

Vincent Onyeche

# Scars Of Hardwork

All these papers,  
Ornamental woods,  
Glasses and medals...  
Don't show the pains,  
And leftover scars,  
The number of times,  
I retried, crawled and fell  
On an unbalance scale  
Of fantasy and reality  
Underneath a moulting skin  
Where boredom bores tears  
And pains never end...  
Along the marrows  
Of a narrow wild life,  
The scratches of bones I've lost  
Tears I've shed day and night  
In hope, yet led to turn down times  
Strange uneasy achievements are  
Somethings they just don't feel right  
When the cottons are drawn...  
Sacrifices, perfect on an irony drum  
I bet, these things don't show  
The number of times I failed  
Adding more scars of hardwork.

Vincent Onyeche

# Sceptic

It will take so long just to feel alright  
Honestly your sole love cherish my soul  
Solo you just called me a con and a cheat  
Like guardian angels battling all-night  
Securing the night, you know not that all that I fight.

It will take so long just to feel alright  
You were always wrong but claimed right  
Saying I'm a cheat, bilk, and a trick  
Upon all beautiful things false fall for you I flick

Yet only your love I honestly sing and write  
Others approach every day and night  
In midst of their light, I thought I saw the safest flight  
I love you yet you think I lie and lie on another dressed bed.

Vincent Onyeche

# School Of Truth

Lies are lemonades  
In the galaxies of time,

The truth taste like limes;  
On a tongue, it drops a dime...

It is ugly at the prime  
But lies are just for crimes.

The school of truthfulness  
Teaches black and white lies

On my paper notes  
Truth I learnt not from books

Nor prose of enormous lines  
Are from the embodiments of lives.

Vincent Onyeche



# Sea In Storm

Cheers to my head shaped nation  
Lying on the bed of roses...  
In Lugard's unification.  
Three tribes wry for the best  
That was; slavery annexation,  
Your fathers and mothers must have smiled.

Cheer-up, the worst is yet to come  
Not for long, snow skins had to go  
Hearts sees what brain know not  
Green and white Eagles flip flopped a storm  
Men are what their mother made them...  
But, what was her goal?

Drink on, I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.  
Eagles meant celebrating with the storm.  
Tribune must have turned, issuing tribulation.  
East now tweets "why not serve in stand and wait"  
West had issues with same power.  
Hold a man down, you have to stay down.

Drink for that he has is better than ours  
South south wealth and loses  
North masked no joke grenades  
Religion and crises,  
Boko Haram is to them what perfume is to flowers.  
My headshaped nation has a sea in a storm.

Vincent Onyeche

# Searching

Searching through the terror of the globe  
Searching for the peace of a dove  
Something that falls from up above.

Something so old yet stays brand new;  
Sparkling as fast as an intensity of light  
Something with no dish, red flashes of light.

Searching for no clashes in dry and wet dew  
Springing and sprinting on an organic mindset  
Spotting no horror but a cloak of bright light,

Singing songs of curiosity in the soul of the eyes  
Swimming in bloods of animosity, with  
Some sort of bonds, pleasures not pains.

Standing on the sharp edges of the knives  
Searching for no scratch, glitch, and hitch  
Sweeter than tea but better than cheese

Searching for an inner organ, frozen to ice  
Searching for a skin, corroded and burnt  
Searching for a half, twin with or without a fault.

Vincent Onyeche

## Second String

O Nigeria

Built by noble pioneers

With ideas as Heroes

Aims, vision in every valued Kobo

Battling for decorative goals

Obstacles she now sees

From the bows and arrows

She aims...

The bull's-eyes missed

O...o, where went she?

Injustice I suffer than commit

My justice is blinded in truth

From a pregnant tomorrow

I am that young Nigerian

Born in pains trampled by chains

Lead by fathers and mothers

Who intend to sole satisfy their families

O... pioneers I've so seen a rare-Devil

I've dwelled so long in its evil

To see an eagle turn powerless weevil

I am that young Nigerian

To strike while the iron is hot

In memorandum of understanding, I'm a second string.

Vincent Onyeche

# Serving Punishment

I tried to scream:  
&quot;I am sorry&quot;...  
I am sorry.

But even a simple please,  
Begging from my dried throat  
Became so hard to be release.

I am of dramatic origin...  
I guess trouble is my calling,  
It has such a strong grip on me.

In taughts and in actions:  
Innocent guilty crimes...  
Ignorance soon turn into pains,

Around which I pick pins.  
A leg of mine hung in air,  
And the other was five toes down.

A punishment for my evil deeds,  
As my left fingertip touch the ground  
Afloat was the right wrist in steam of the air.

Several minutes I retained,  
Such a blood clotting position.  
Should I fall, I get spanked,

Severely with a guava stem  
Soundly, I cried my voices out...  
Slow or fast, not a tear gush out.

Bet I was sorry for my wrong actions  
But the pain wouldn't be an auction.  
By the time, my hanging arm hit the ground,

A spank I got another time.  
A minute of torture became  
An unending realistic story....

Vincent Onyeche

# Shambles

Shambles...

How can a brain work in a house of talking woods?  
Where every sweet wine is soured in moribund cellars  
Life! Take a deep thought isn't it made as a misery bar?  
That the moment sleep is had nothing is near or far?  
Vanity and greed! All there is in a land full of blacks  
Is self imposed mental slavery of lacks..  
Shambles! !

Shambles...

It began from the shrinking fat pockets of old  
To the ends of the region, north and east that fold  
The kids watch same movies day and night  
All that is bright and wonderful takes a flight  
Love in this Nation is like animals in the zoo  
A beautiful world is impossible because of how we do.  
Shambles...

Vincent Onyeche

# She Drinks Camparri

Tell the waitress to reserve  
The very last of a service for-  
Someone so splendidly special.  
Please rinse-off sweetness from the glass  
Life is better when it taste bitter  
No withdrawal... Her tongue crave for it.  
Not a goal yet when she drinks  
My mind celebrates.  
She remains me of some years back  
Every bit of tolerance and dependence  
An achievement so high to be an alleviate  
Lifes' very red, bitter honey wine  
Play some Jazz music  
Drop every flower in a jar  
So much joy to see  
Her sitting from young to old  
Sipping camparri from a glass in style.

Vincent Onyeche



# Sheer Wine

I'm engrossed, never knew I would  
Be the one forgetting wounds  
Dug by diggers, strangers and arrows  
Clad in dark black memories  
None see through  
Until the sunny day I met you.

You are the feathers, you are the wings  
You are the reason all Angels fly  
Without you,  
Beauty shall go into extinction  
You are my celebration  
Oh please don't mention.

Kiss me,  
My sweet wine  
And I shall never loss.  
You are my forever yule and muse  
For you, with the devil I will dine  
By your side, I love, live and die.

Believe me, If I could I would  
Crawl to the end of the world  
For you, love I finally found  
After years of digging the ground  
Fair and soft crude beauty of all time  
My friend, lover and sweet sheer wine.

Vincent Onyeche

# Shell

Shell please get out of my head  
You've done lots against my lead  
You've made an adult act like a kid  
You've made a tree small like a seed  
You've coroded and rusted a nonmetallic deed  
You've brought shames and a lots of greed  
Shell please get out of my head.

Shell please get out of my head  
You've made my boldness seem so dead  
You've given me less I need to be paid  
You've turned my speeds to actions delayed  
You've quenched my fire and made it iced  
You've left me defenceless without a heed  
Shell please get out of my head.

Shell please get out of my head  
You've clogged my sight and made me blind  
You've turned my tongue into slumber bed  
You've made my bold porous with your shield  
You've frozen my desires, legs and mind  
You've made me achieve less of my need  
Shell please get out of my head.

Vincent Onyeche

# Sky

Every Morning the skies open its eye  
Seeing the magic beneath its very high  
Magic sustaining farm and a chimerical veracity  
Soils, underneath a docile lamb in a rainy city.

Every Afternoon the smoky sky whitens its teeth  
Smiling in amazement to the growing root  
Mostly because money can not buy an atom of air  
Sweet sweet its sings there is a unique face to every hair.

Every Evening the Earth sees its wonders up above  
Solar solace, illuminating 'the Sky is a dove'...! !  
Many sees it as a crest to the heavens vest  
Sleeping singing sweet sounds of rest...

Vincent Onyeche

# Slipping Rosary

?

(Written by Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu and Frank Uche Okoye.)

The night was calm, and the silence was undisturbed  
Yet the evil that dwelled in it remains uncured  
It was only a matter of seconds would she be awakened,  
By the lightning and the slow opening of the curtains,  
She sat up on the bed as she stared hard at the window,  
She could swear she saw faces through the flashes of the lightning,  
She froze scared as her hand trembled with her Rosary,  
Then she saw it, the faces gazing at her from the window,  
She felt the walls closing in as she felt them move closer,  
She smelled the air of death as she muttered a prayer,  
As the reapers surrounded her but didnt come closer,  
As the darkness echoed at the entry of another...  
Frightened, the rosary dropped in fear of the shadow projection  
Echoes heard her sympathetic pleading words in repetition  
Escaping flash of light brought in a memory flash section  
At the back of her mind, she could see all in quick succession....  
There was a willingness of a struggle and the hatred of his affection  
From behind she could feel the blades slowly cutting her silver cord  
The rush of pleasant orgasm in the evil of a angry flood  
As the windows banged, the air became humid and temperature dropped

In a nick of time, her roof had tens of vultures  
Her eyes turned pale, she fell in love with the evil fashion  
Double tapping her innermost expression  
She stretched her hands to grab the rosary in a motionless action....

Vincent Onyeche

# Smiling Face

?Wonder why writers write  
About sounds and sight  
In Nations of a planet  
Filled with beauty not beast.

Wondering around like a lost dust  
Floating from a diamond frost.  
I panicked within my rusted chest  
And she smiled to put my mind to rest.

Well, time ran a marathon race  
All I needed was a warm embrace  
And my eyes made a trace  
But I barely could see her face...

When her lashes shaked she blinked  
In silence yet I heard her eyes talk  
Dragging me to hell for a walk  
And when we talked....

Walls fell as she smiled the daylight  
Into an endless vacation...  
Smiles of sugar sweet...  
And bright, like it's her profession.

Wonder why her gap teeth is all I see,  
She's the peace of an ocean and sea  
Each time her face dive into smiling,  
It brings this delightful feeling.

Vincent Onyeche

# Soldiers Of Affection

After numerous battles of unfitted rings  
Courage and discipline like the buffalo  
soldiers,  
Let me be your only soldier of affection  
To unravel all previous ambush with passion  
As long as you maintain me like your  
garment to wear.  
Paint my face with ash telling me you care  
Attention I pay, your dark brown hair  
Smooth clear brow, merry eyes internally  
stay alive,  
On battlefield you remain my bee in an  
enclose hive.  
All weather for you I rest on thorny reeds  
Dreaming in pains protecting your perfect  
pictures:  
Your past romance is an exploding bomb  
Fast... fast... fast... no matter how long I'll  
defuse the bomb  
Ready to watch or stop me an entire year.

Vincent Onyeche

# Something Without

There is something I want to say  
I take a softer line yet I can't stay  
This way;  
Lonely, I so need a sway...  
There is something I'm scared to face  
It makes me increase my pace  
I'm a soul chimed with no ace.  
Wish she'll play my soundless noise; for  
There is something I like her to hear  
Rhythms drumming hard, orchestra playing  
together;  
Not beats but a listener missing...  
There is something my mouth dare not  
speak clear  
Sounding like a broken record if played  
Right in here, deep within, my heart speaks  
clear.

Vincent Onyeche

# Sonnet

I knew of a poem that has such a sonic  
'Hey sonny! He gaped' I remember he did panic  
Even his sorcerer's ward connived with the sonorous link.  
An old clumsy clue in finding a clove of garlic.  
Searching the garden a garrulous creature 'Garter snake', he kicked.  
Pass Mr. Snake! Your blood as cold as snow's ice  
Suddenly, sonny spoke slowly; 'some snake sing sweet sorcerers' song'.  
Shortly, Garter sang its song 'ARABIC FRUIT FOR PICK'.  
'Hey Sonny! ' Something spoke; 'what's your desire for the technique? '  
'Sonnet! ' He replied. The rustic bird has such a music  
The rustic bird ought to have seen the clove of garlic  
'Rustic bird rustic bird', the snake cried out for garlic.  
The birds flapped their wings and danced to garlic sonnet  
Sonnet was it and there was the clove of garlic.

Vincent Onyeche



## Sonnet Des Admirations (French)

Savez-vous les battements  
Car auquel arbres danses  
Dans l'air, il flotte paisiblement  
Comme les objets en apesanteur  
Détente sur les surfaces d'eau  
Admiré par la séduction de chats  
Sur ses pieds, sont de solides racines  
Exploiter les admirations  
D'une princesse erratique,  
Car elle est un bébé sporadiques,  
Dame intermittent, et  
Une femelle rare...  
Avec une valeur et  
Intelligence rare.

Vincent Onyeche

# Sonnet Mama

Every girl is a mama  
So singing souls sing  
She has two eggs within  
O she is not barren  
Nor a dead wood, the choice is yours  
Choose both to call her a mama  
With your 'we don't look alike'.

Choose one alone then call her mama It is yours to like or split  
With your 'look alike'  
Failure to get in, each month  
She bleeds  
Every girl is a mama  
So singing souls sings.

Vincent Onyeche

# Sonnet Of Admirations

Do you know the beats  
Unto which trees dances  
In the air it peacefully floats  
Like weightless objects  
Relaxing on water surfaces  
Admired by the seduction of cats  
On its feet, are strong roots  
Tapping the admirations  
Of an erratic Princess,  
For she's a sporadic babe,  
Intermittent lady, and  
An uncommon female...  
With a valuable and  
Scarce intelligence.

Vincent Onyeche

## Sonnet Of Admirations 2

That lady is you  
An erratic Princess,  
Sporadic babe,  
Intermittent lady, and  
An uncommon female...  
With a valuable and  
Scarce intelligence  
My navigator to greatness  
My confidence in fullness  
My dream paradise sickness  
My hope to live forever bless  
Your face shines like the sun's....  
Reflection saying...  
&quot;My admiration is fun.&quot;

Vincent Onyeche

## Sonnet Of Hearts

Her heart is made of gold,  
She is an endless action.  
Her touch and voice  
Liquefies the boiled eggs.  
She's a motivation,  
That true reaction  
An obedient heart precedes.

Pierce the chest, let it tear  
Her heart beats subdues fear.  
Is it that very heavy?  
To her the world is no load..  
No one needs the truth to be told  
For her momentum is rainy  
And her heart is made of gold..

Vincent Onyeche

# Sorry Tragedy

Coals is to Enugu  
Fire is to hell  
I sent tragedy to tragedy  
With my head as the vessel  
And got paid by my own coin! !

All I can barely say:  
Is... sorry tragedy  
For putting the acid on  
Free me from this fall  
Ripping, wish you see I cry;

COIGN of vantage  
Waited like a guard dog  
Never catch a few Zs  
Tossed bone distracted not  
Not for a turn

You just watched on  
Now it burns  
From all over my skin  
Ripping, wish you see I cry;  
Sorry tragedy

It is irreversibly irreplaceable  
Like you shuffle off  
A mortal coil  
Would there be another day dawn?  
I wonder....

To you, vengeance as easy as ABC  
On my knees, I plead  
Never again come to me  
I've reaped a share of it  
Listen to my plead; sorry tragedy.

Vincent Onyeche

# Soul Plane

Born in a pathway of dreams  
When I sleep, I travel in time  
Flying through smooth and rough

Smaller the smoother and slower I fly  
Faster it seems I could fall off or crash  
Especially as the rough wind grows big

But I have seen all dimensions it has  
I now get composed inside my prime  
Knowing that if the surface is tough

All I need is a good mindset not cry,  
Then the smooth surface will hatch  
And if for some reasons it doesn't ring,

I just have to quickly set myself free  
Then cool and calmly let my plane be  
To wake up from the scary dream.

Vincent Onyeche

# Soulmates

In the radiant of your lights,  
We're one and same spectra;  
Having similar spiritual habits  
Same sounds, and same drummer.

Snoring alike, we fall asleep  
And travel from flesh and bones;  
Into same dreams and share of leap,  
To know the shape; of our lovely souls.

Vincent Onyeche



# Spark In My Heart

## Verse I

Several brilliant rays  
Raced from the outer space  
In full velocity into the dark.

From the sun they all fell  
To hit and swallow me in hell  
None could, so the story tell.

With a cloak of light,  
You stroke my heart  
And left a spark on every cell.

## Verse II

Even in my nerves,  
For every glitter, attention got  
Affection alot.

Amazingly, you were not the first  
But you got into my heart  
With an unspeakable radiance,

You defined my every existence...  
Bringing out flawless perceptions;  
You swept me off my feet in turns.

## Verse III

Swimming in the cloak of your rays  
I travelled through the moon  
And landed in the sun.

No doubt, you've lit  
An eternal flame  
Now it twinkles like the stars,

Up in the sky, before you came,

Without you, my soul was dark  
But now my heart has got your spark.

Vincent Onyeche

# Spitfire

?She's a wild cat from the hottest tropical part  
But its heat can't compare to this African heart.

On the cain-chair beside the basketball court  
Legs crossed, rays twinkling from her shipshape hat.

Brown skinny cat, she wore a black top to match  
Her oily long shinny hairs, rolled up like a ratch

Smiling 'I'm your type but not everybodys match'  
Classic from the past to the future slow or in flash.

When she smiles, the guys tongues come out  
Not a baller but for her you will take a shot

She's the type, you pump the brake on sight  
In the dark she lights a dreamers heart.

Smooth... her laps has no lapse,  
But could make the dreamer lost in relapse

She had this continence, 'come hold me in your arms'...  
But she's a spitfire, go if you can roll the dice.  
Arrogance goes with it, like the rim and tire  
In a dreamland, she's an overachieved desire  
Clapped and smiled often but she's a spitfire  
The keys to her heart is not destroyable by fire.

Vincent Onyeche

# Star

Twinkle twinkle little star  
Shining beautifully in the sky  
Off and on like birth and death  
Life is just a beautiful star

Twinkle twinkle shining star  
Sometimes hidden behind the cloud  
Fading as sun shine, for a while or for all time  
Life is just fickle star

Twinkle twinkle spotless light  
Mutually booming and shadowing shades  
Good for goose good for gander  
Life is just a comic star

Twinkle twinkle all night long  
Shining so bright in the dark  
Disappearing when the cloud cry  
Life is just an unsecured star

Everyman beautiful under its light  
Twinkle twinkle little star  
Crashing in space fallen star  
Degeneration is all part of life.

Vincent Onyeche

# Staring At Your Soul

You burn my heart  
And left it snow.

Now your presence  
Does graces my soul.

With great awareness  
Making it slow;

While staring at  
Your lovely soul.

Vincent Onyeche

# Suffering In The Land

Hey! Let's be frank  
We overlabor ourselves  
To mould white clay to iron calabashes  
We bake hard bread in icy hardships  
It runs in the family both rich or broke,  
As long as you're a green and white folk  
Trending on same broken bridges and roads  
Patched cultures and black isotopes  
Abiding by same policy we create to create greed in us  
Let's be frank, we burnt the bread  
So sing me a sonnet of the green and white songs  
That writes with white ink and erase itself  
For a tree dries each time a child dies  
And its blood is black and in the cloud it cries.

Vincent Onyeche

# Synergids

He is so into her  
He wish to be the captain in her ship  
'Leme be your ruler' so he voices  
You belongs to me  
And I belong to you.

She's a nation  
Willing to grow to green  
Involved with him  
Down to her coat of arm  
Don't blame her.

She's so pretty  
Hence dates several him  
'O I really love you'  
She always believe him  
Questions answered

Yes is the english  
She only knows how to speak  
Somebody please teach her  
That the five foreign words from him  
Are but irony by him.

They turn her blue to red  
Red is the colour of love  
But this is way of it  
What happens to her on black skin  
Still happens to her when she bleach

Every good discussions  
She wish to take  
Or wish should make  
Her lovers oppose it  
Like acid to base.

'I will lighten up the dark space for you'  
Her new date assures  
O it isn't the first time

Anyone appear so close  
Yet not near; 'mirage alike'.

On green white green  
All the way they come and go  
We are people wish they are synergids  
In a flowering plant  
Just go away and never come back.

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: 2rings And The Alter

On an Elevated floor  
Hands magnets themselves  
Around, Roses are Red  
Candles may not be  
But keeps the light  
Ever so Bright  
Angels in White  
Joins head together  
For this beautiful episode of Love.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Ad' Infinitum

Welcome, come into my haven, teddy bear  
Taste beer, prove law wicked, and love fair  
Wireless connection, one brain we share  
Spend lifetime jointly my graceful dear...  
Down the stairs or up the stars  
Ad infinitum, rest on the bed let them jeer  
My hand's the pillow; let them stare  
Put your feet up and destroy those fears  
Sorrows are gone; cease the tears,  
Intertwine our keen, the breezing air,  
Starry-eyed care, grab the gear and don't be shy,  
A millisec, if signal lowers 'tis like: ... years.  
Head-in-the-clouds, the star stares,  
Mayflowers wish they had ears to hear,  
Cradle insists we lay tranquil for years.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Addiction

Contenance of love crested over me  
Deep down downstream  
It flows through my vein  
Love baron; I play its dirty game  
My habit's addict opioids; no shame  
In its zone I don't need no naloxone.  
Smoking hot; this love can cook a stone  
So I always carve spot in her hotpot  
Dwelling in love pot is so germ free  
Detest love denial and express it  
Don't de-foliate the leaves on a wet root.

Eyes so shy; I can't even stare  
Well written over me; the blind sees.  
Bone digging and deep eating  
Love is a drug: use, disuse and abuse  
Baron of beef the honey bee I choose,  
Signalling; when I'm looking at a pumpkin'.

Even the waters have a run-off  
Nothing is pure in a mere sense  
Don't antagonise nevertheless  
Life is a no ink pen if love is bench  
Even the fire complement the smoke  
So smokers smoke never to get choke.

Valleys or mountains; let me surf  
Happy is when love falls on a tongue  
Down the aisle is where you find the drunk  
Stinking; when they talk their breathe does  
Call them an addict; heart is loose  
Addiction is the countenance of love  
That is what they will always choose.'

Vincent Onyeché

## Tales Of A Wife: Anonymous

Her lashes are sooty coal  
Her smiles are exactly shaped,  
I wish I were a mold.  
To stare mutely at her down the road  
Watch her laugh out those teeth as white as snow  
The trumpeting trumpet, she's that I love to blow  
Maybe she don't: but I think she knows.

Her backside curved valuable like gold  
If she is money my all should be sold  
'Beauty Queen' I call her chola,  
Her architect had a plan neatly nocuous  
For making her so deftly gorgeous  
Such a beam: she could be my nurture  
Even when she says not a word to me by the road,

Her presence is so-so,  
She is such a beam never to let go,  
Every now and now she walks by the road  
High heels talking: I stand like a mold  
Eyes wondering like a lost toad  
Maybe in her I could find a home  
But how can, when she steals an inner-bold?

Dangerously sharp as a woody thorn  
For her, my skin is willing to bleed  
I hope it yeilds result like a batchfed.  
She is a tempting sin I love to hold  
Her name she says not to me by the road  
My liver and nerves fail,  
Science may say its virus but I'm simply scared.

I make no sound nor pretty word  
Pretty hurts  
Honestly I yield  
Wish I could talk  
All my coins I drop in a wishing-well,  
Yet, most flaunting got me so cold  
As she passes by the road.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Callista

One of the sunny market days  
Eke' to be precise  
I saw a young lady  
Majestic like ego size  
The sun must have an eye on her  
As she reflected all shone on her

We trade contacts  
Callistee or Calista?  
-None she replied;  
-Spell as Callista  
I nodded so it sank deep  
Somewhere down memory lane.

Her smile is narrative,  
Her voice has a symbol,  
And in her name is a sacred history  
Re-echoing from its heap  
Who is who not to believe  
If indeed she is faith?

Callista  
Not our cultural name:  
O Yes!  
Globalization bleached her  
Most beautiful by name  
And true African I still see.

Staring at her eyeballs  
A bold turns a coward  
Lucky charm cowrie  
The future is bright I see  
Callistee or Calista?  
Spell as Callista

Religiously;  
Stretching we hugged  
Topic for another day  
A sunny day

Yet she's cool as a cucumber  
I wonder

Soft  
Naked-ripe banana body  
Fragile as a calabash  
She doesn't even know  
She is a burning hell  
Callista I whispered.

Her name didn't lie  
She's an epitome of beauty  
And an angels isotope  
In human flesh  
Who is who not to believe  
If indeed she is faith?

Callistee or Calista?  
-None she replied;  
-Spell as Callista  
O sweet Callista  
No I can't describe her  
No I wouldn't describe her.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Cats-Eye

Her beautiful cat's-eye  
A frighten-weakening powerful gaze  
Now she blinks;  
Wonderful eyebrow  
Interesting eyelid  
A mascon below the moon-eyelash  
Whitish cornea everyman's mascot  
Lighten pupil innocent evil  
Filled of jewels and gemstone  
Prolific to the mascara  
Reflecting tenderness  
A shimmering kindness  
Now she blinks;  
Weakening and sluggish  
A reminder of mothers' tender touch.

Vincent Onyeche



## Tales Of A Wife: Character

Everyday the moon goes to the other side  
The hatred in me always tend to hide  
Each time I think of a lady so fine  
Not because I may or even fall in love  
But because she has a thing to solve.

Every time the white is pot deep black  
Mesmerised is a thing I just don't lack  
Not because she's beauty wonderful sack  
Or because her cornea is so just white  
But because she is her mothers own child.

Every moment the wind and her pass by  
I feel she's an angel somehow lost on earth  
Discovery for all, possession I patent  
Well there's a character in her I so adore  
Bring her to me, that character is what I love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: City Of Calabar

Mixed with the wind, still waters run deep  
Coming-hell ears hear, hot love she drops  
City of the clean, adorable and immaculate  
A mouth that never runs her own lips  
Nor heap a pad where there is or isn't a hip  
Natural overwhelming platonic expression  
Philanderer addiction, the vortex of an ocean  
Phone number to have, soft and fluffy downy lotion  
Aphrodisiacs posterity and an erotic generation  
Acoustic sensation of dreams come true on  
Chilli bed of an unflappable function  
Climaxing to hell beside the phrase maker  
Mother library of potion, sex love voucher.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Close To You

Beat her with a toothless tongue  
She's an egg threat her right or  
Keep her guided like a property  
Dig with a shovel never call it a spade.

Be her friend lover and oracle  
Sibyl hides in her hiding eyes.  
Shake her hair to drive a fly  
Dishabile, she's yours so she sit close to you.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Deboriella (Part 1)

Several faces pop on and off  
Deboriella I met through facebook  
Has this face of 'must look'  
She's that dark smoke  
Gathering tens of hawk

Deboriella Deboriella  
Slim bottom heels  
Looking smallish  
But confident as a royal Princess  
What an ego that intimidates a hook

I remember typing with a question mark  
'~D?BOri?lla~';  
She answered with such a remark  
How can a heart trash out  
Something like that?

Deboriella Deborilla! ! !  
With a beautiful eye and smile  
That showcase an angelic sigh,  
An epitome of love that shouldn't be lost,  
But an unspok'n tale that keeps me rejoice

She is always yet not  
With a glass-cup of yellowing fluid,  
Every now and then,  
On her wall I see her smile  
But the truth remains, she is an unknown friend

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Deboriella (Part2)

My name in a sweet song  
Sang by his flabbergasted lips  
I heard the words from his lyrics  
That- Deboriella... Deboriella!  
Is a gorgeous and dauntless goddess,  
My name was the hook, Aphrodite's images  
Seemly I was full of grace like a Royal Princess...

Now tell me, why shouldn't I be his weakness  
If my ego; can outshine other elites?  
In his air, there's a love, I wish I could feel  
Mentally and physically attracted to him.  
He called me 'the Royalty's epitome',  
And saw me as a Swan from Heavens top  
He said I burn from side to side when I walk.

Sitting not in the midst of the Lavenders  
He sees me bigger than a Queen on a throne  
And wish I was nearer to him like a stone-throw  
But a cat wouldn't wish a dog to have a bone  
He seemed bold but in imagination, he is shy  
That his eyes always blink, each time I do the smile  
I'm a dream in his dreams in my dream that is but a lie.

Who are you? I remember he typed with such remark  
'Deboriella' I replied and suddenly he went blank  
Mouth and eyes wide open but acted brave  
As though he had a million barter for a slave  
Setting aside all variances, even class and age  
'No' isn't the answer he did wanted on the page  
But in his trembling voice, was a tears of rage;

&lt;em&gt;'Hey young lady! You are my mind's eye lady,  
You are such an astonishment; that gets my eyes hazy  
You are the artifact killing my voracious infallible mind  
There's not a thing that could be measured or lined  
Next to a moment with you by my side... I treasure  
Standing next to you, missions I shall accomplish  
And no-rest will be taken until you i find&lt;/em&gt;'

Oops,  
His cold words,  
Humbled me in my tissues of lies!  
...Deboriella, I whispered loud in silence,  
And we both woke up from his dreams  
Probably as an upstart romantic mirth...  
That comes up in a teens dream at night.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Efik Virgin

Have you seen  
The Efik virgin of Akwa Ibom?  
That got me screaming  
My my my my! ! !

She walks in beauty  
Like a goddess  
Of River Qua Iboe  
Pure and harmless  
Like fire-flies  
When she smiles  
My my my my  
I scream

Something to die for  
Call me an unwise trader,  
Hey mr. soldier  
Her bullets for her offences I'll trade

She's so bright,  
You might need a shade  
She's always frightened  
By a mere handshake  
She's that wish  
To always make  
Tasty as cake  
I'll always take  
Other than her  
Is but a fake  
Definitely  
The only fish in a lake

If she loves you,  
'tis a love more than love  
Funny, her cologne  
Makes a dead man inhale

She has this power  
Of saints and sinners  
Jesus proud,  
Saying 'I made her so'

Not just a virgin  
Did I mention she's.....  
An African Aphrodite  
Dark and sweet  
Pretty and perfect:  
Her front and behind  
So irresistible,  
Shall be a sinner:  
A temptation to commit  
Let heavens fall:  
My my my! ! I scream,  
In a nut shell, she's but poetic..

Vincent Onyeche



## Tales Of A Wife: Eleven (11)

I just wish I could dial  
A number before I die  
To resay words that weren't white-lie  
No lie we really were suit and tie.

Questions asked years ago; today ten  
Just got solved; wish I had a clue then  
To know the number next after ten  
Is doubled, always together: I and Ann...

I just wish I could dial  
A number before I die  
To resay words that weren't white-lie  
The lips may not say; the heart never lie.

It was Friday night, a drink and Ann questions  
What are your long and short term goals?  
I wrapped it all off without her in situations  
She smiled: guessed right, wrong answers.

I just wish I dialed  
Anns' number before love died  
To rephrase words that made her smile depressed  
Teamwork makes the dream work; I would have said.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Elope

He is the smartest guy in town  
Always cosy in actions and words  
Loves everything in heels and skirt  
So long the pretty is a love to hunt

An angel so handsome and caring  
Hi... he calls out and they all reply  
First let's be friends  
Then the love fly out

This guy gives the comfort  
Dizzy does when it rains  
To his beholder he is  
But the question still remains

Liking things young for his age  
Clean, sexy, fresh; last dance he saves  
He digs, he picks and earns  
But when will he pop the question?

Their hots getting cooler  
The mister elopes  
Women are not men,  
Holding at the short end of the stick,

Who time made faithful to religion,  
kneels on sands, praying day and night;  
The monthly bleeding of unused reds  
Don't wash off the sandy clock of life.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Falsehearted Aficionado

Impressive to the system she operates  
Sorrowful to the stunts she executes  
Like a laptop, she sits on the lap  
Thankful to the adorable mayflowers  
Lovely to an engaged table

Smirks by his side at demand time  
Believes in harvest and despises the hazy  
Until the end of time, she is never decisive  
Not allover, never all over at difficulty  
Stalking and discarding admirers so she flaunts

The erosion originator eroded soil, rest-ripper, and sorrow-donor.  
Falsehearted aficionado, bloodsucking emotion figment of an imagination  
Like the fishes to the water so is the stars to the space  
In the Milky Way, he fix on to another star  
Her vigilant radar is to no-win location

At dilemma junction  
The moon got two stars in mind  
On his shoulder she falls, grabbing his hands  
Like the shooting stars, the new dates unbearably scuttle away  
Yet she is not here and she is not near.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: First Daughter Of A King (Adaobi)

She's fair and tagged yellow paw-paw  
She has got this spark of the smiling sun  
If you aren't a Pope please pile your eyes  
With the way she poses, she isn't a slip-up  
Indeed there is no other name to reveal  
She is that love note of no oppose  
A conviction for the power of gorgeousness  
Beating deep within somewhere at the front  
of the back.  
Succulent like cucumber between the moving  
jaws  
She sends men fishing like the tribe of Ijaw  
Mummy's baby, Daddy's daughter  
The beautiful Aniocha child  
First daughter of a King – Adaobi  
Every lip confesses

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: First Outing With A Love

First outing with a love,  
What a colour combination that makes the stars glow.  
Glittering, she forced me into smile when I drifted mood.  
Sweet surrender, a moment I treasure that I dream when I am not sleeping  
My impulse as loud as the earth-quaking ground  
Love at the beach appears as that of the hottest summer even when in winter  
Like sea animals, we played in the water that the fishes so admired  
All for love, the salt has turned hydrophilic  
Wet, I watched her swim; she is a fish  
Refraction could understand our desires that it made her appear closer  
As I touched her, I felt the electron discharge; she is filled of current  
Mermaid she appeared as she cat-walked out of the waterside  
Face glittering like the stars, she adores  
As she swung her long dark hairs, she sterilized the air  
No germs, I inhaled love  
I couldn't withstand her seductive slow cat spinning waist  
She got me lost in ecstasy daydreaming and thinking brainlessly.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Gaze

She got that gaze calling an apple a dove  
Don't let it blink, solid tears might drop  
Don't offset it, gravity loves tears  
Slowly sagitta drops blunt sharp vortex.

Like a tongue-twister an easy hard word  
Serendipity is a destined chance  
If she stares at your direction:  
Sun and cold stimulates a variation

So intrinsic and unique in sight  
She got that gaze of the present  
In it the future is tempting naked  
In it the past in opaque is clothed.

An empty brain can't forget to remember  
The way she stares and gazes  
True to what she sees  
Cleans haze and rains whenever lashes kiss.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Gillie

Funny when you have millions-  
Millions of papers and friends  
None as lovers in front of foes.

Frenzy emotional sounds of a trumpet  
Muscles and flesh; getting noticed by pets  
Nose that smells others; gillie not self  
Freon frozen and a love that lies  
Mountains that crawl and a valley that climbs  
No fly zone with fishes and fingering that fly.

Friends forever outwardly, but foes within  
Mustard and cress cultivated by lovelorn in inn  
Not lovers but friends in love denied by love.  
Friendship is that free run forever to the end  
Magic potion not for diamonds and leads  
Notice she's in love but she chose to be  
The GILLIE that never will break your heart!

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Glass And Light

Seen her when she undresses?  
...Sorry you must be a light  
Superbly you go through with the keys...  
The keys that fits her lock  
The keys that unlocks the devil's mind  
The hearts that never smile to a joker nor the lust...

Such heart is the easiest to love  
So big and small, fresh but dry and tender  
Such heart can't be stolen while you slumber  
Touch her like the morning sunlight  
Take her to heaven and get her ignited  
Tears of pain even a leprosy feels its pain...

Simply tell her that your heart beats on fast rates  
Simply tell her she's a lie never to be told in lies  
Simply tell her she's a reflecting glass never to be broken in life...  
Touch her like the morning light  
Touch her and invade her inside out  
Touch her slow, for you are the light...

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: Grooming Her Hair

Enveloping her within the legs,  
Mailing passion via a brush  
Brushing her long...  
Bushy hair  
From the flaked hair-tip  
Touching the crowded crown  
Desire is forever  
Beauty lost its hairbreadth.

Enveloping her within the legs  
Mailing passion via a string  
In and out  
Like fork to noodle  
Sequentially  
Picking  
Rolling  
And packing

Enveloping her within the legs  
Mailing intimacy,  
Charity  
To brush-over agony  
Pop-up  
And brush-up honey  
Her mirror is oversaturated with beauty  
She hates mirrors, she is homely

Parity of a brush-stroke  
Passion a bubo rises  
As the brush goes down  
Smile always come out  
Passion a limpid  
Sensationally aroused  
Censored!  
Ah.... you young kid.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Her Plaint Body

At the front of her  
She has got that thing  
That makes you feel  
You are in a state of defrost  
Permafrost or a frozen hell.  
Then if she passes by  
I swear  
You will hail sunshine.

Like a willing perdition,  
?ake me through hell  
So long she's there,  
It is a painless pain  
Pick and mix  
Spectacular compliment: Sure it is!  
Her body is a case  
That gets a plaintiff busy.

Plethora fine,  
She's a blissful nightmares  
Her body is  
A keen evil philanthropist  
Petrified is ugly where beautiful she is  
So cute like the dickens,  
Aphrodite picks up a pen  
What's the ingredient of her fine?

Phew,  
With tangs of flowers,  
The doves fly around her:  
Oh! what a beauty;  
That withers the root of setback  
Without a mirror,  
No eye sees itself  
But her case is out of the shelf.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Her Undies

Her underwear is like Venus-fly-trap  
Boys' even girls are insects  
The banquets table never empty.

Her underpants as white as Vega  
Attractive special sacred like Veda  
Sands of time thus forbids her  
Skinny t-shirts, transparent skirt  
Aroused a non-wood must surely be  
Sands of time says she is death-defying

Her undies as hot as the afternoon sun  
Red-chilies; demanding like bitter stout  
Many been there like waves and ripples  
If only they could speak...  
The reverberation of the owls  
Are signs of death.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Honeymoon

Make your blanket a tent  
We have that underdog talent  
To crawl to heaven by feet...

Like dogs our tongue shall lick  
Every bit of salt,  
Makeups and perfume worn...

Kiss me with a smile  
To blow my mind  
Forever and ever: all the time...

Worry not the cardiac  
Touch my body while we play ball  
Sucking like suckling: we naked in cold...  
Arouse me and keep me up  
Between the crab legs  
Or behind the magnificent apple behind...

Hug me, caress me, squeeze me  
Like it's the last time you will ever see me  
Underneath your flaring tent, mill me...

Arouse me and keep me up  
Let's be gods for the moment  
Naturally creating life all night long...

Until the sun cast our shadows  
Rocking and stroking in honeymoon  
...Don't stop the action...

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: I Alone

Her name is not for public display  
Her figure and shape I rather not say  
If you where I  
Insecurity is a challenge for the eye  
All that I pray  
Is a walk down the aisle  
She and I to become I alone.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: I'm A Dutchman (Part 1)

Oh! Look at her  
I tell a lie  
On a lie we lie  
How do I explain?

She is not plain Jane  
She is beautiful  
But the lie is most beautiful  
I love someone else, damn...

She is under my illusion  
If I confess, she wouldn't eat a humble pie  
That's why I keep telling a lie  
Oh! Look at her

When she say 'I love you'  
I reply 'me too'  
I give her a Judas kiss  
A grave image, I'm a Dutchman.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: I'm A Dutchman (Part 2)

A grave image,  
She feels this is according to Hoyle  
That I'm her house and home

Nothing you say to her  
To let her give the houseroom  
I pretend to be her fighting groom

I'm can't speak Dutch but to her I do  
I must proclaim from the housetops  
Before it becomes too late to get my ass up

That I didn't get on like a house on fire  
Been a liar  
Can't be her reliable tire

Even when I serve her tea  
I can't dot the I's and cross the t's  
Living in my hump, she cry, I'm all right Jack.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Ifeyinwa

Ife-yin-wa! !

There's nothing like a beauty of rose  
Especially when you just can't look at her  
For she's the most attractive  
Good-looking lady nature ever created.

Ife-yin-wa! !

The most stunning and lovely  
Every, even the angels loves her soul  
For she isn't a goddess but  
Gorgeous than any you can ever mention.

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: I'M Losing It

Do you smile  
To the lit lid  
Do you smile  
Whenever the phone buzz

Like in Joy  
Do my name  
Trigger any hormone  
Inside of you....

I'm lossing it! ! !

All my douse flame  
Situation drives me crazy.  
My heart on grill  
Charing and damaging.

Buddy, I'm lossing it! ! !

Do you have a first AID KIT  
Hope you can revive  
A dying man.  
Cause...

I'm lossing it! ! !

Reach for water  
In supersonics  
To save my dehydrating fish  
I'm lossing it.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Infection

My life infatuation  
The reason doctors say I'm sick  
When I am rejuvenating deep within  
Written so thick with an ink  
They pronounced names  
Heavily thick. Sounding like greek.

I agree I've got her infection: but,  
I don't need no disinfection  
Understand; she is my protection  
My apple possession I fashion  
My retarded serendipity  
She's the virus my immune loves.

I don't need no siphoning  
Her loving is my immune reaction  
I wouldn't mind if its kills me  
Even if she has a jagged knife  
No one else could be a wife  
Standing in a portrait of my life.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: I'Ve Gone Fishing

I've gone fishing in the deep  
To catch a whale that guides to the black  
No ferry no cruiser no hooks, gears and nets  
Just me; drowning as a potential enticement...

I've gone fishing in the deep  
Struggling away from the dark  
No sleep nor rest or dulling sheep  
Tides and waves I've seen all in dark...

I've gone fishing in the deepest oceans of ages  
Territories of crocodiles and sharks  
Flesh and red blood loving creations  
My heart is perforated my vein gives a spillage...

I've gone fishing in the deep blue seas  
Searching for a big fish with my brain that sees  
One with an appropriate gene for a Nation  
Together we make Christmas alongside a family tree...

I've gone fishing in the deepest oceans  
To be in the black isn't to take a blacksmith heat  
Curse mine to be harder than a diamond  
But my diameter shall be a priceless gold...

I've gone fishing in the deep  
To bring pride to my ancestry sleep  
Let them be proud of their seeds  
A profit the tellers shall always say...

I've gone fishing in the deep blue seas  
Searching for a fish compelled to greatness  
Searching for a curse that perfuse through prosperity  
Searching for a black alongside a white down the aisle....

I've gone... fishing searching for piles of fat  
One that lacks nothing: not even a beautiful art  
Inside and out a godly mermaid pure in heart  
That will welcome me eachtime I return with a taste of life....

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Iyawo

Countless great men he commands  
He is like a king  
In-fact he is  
A king of a clan.

They all see him as an eagle  
He has this majestic ego  
No one can-  
Rubbish or Imagine to

- Or so they feel  
He can and could  
Handle an axe on a wood  
On decisions and actions

But she don't care  
How reddish  
Or greenish  
His apples may appear

Or the drops of tears  
He has made others shred  
By sending arrows  
To kill or to pierce.

In his imaginary clan  
If ranked,  
She is the least  
But she commands him

Humbles and make him kneel  
Doesn't matter how tall he is  
She bends him  
Like farmers do to plants

She makes him plead  
Far above his guilty pleasure  
No doubt every man  
Has a lady who screws his nuts.

Even when innocent  
She makes him feel guilty  
Not by an affair between  
A teenager and an oldster

On his golden throne  
'Get me a mirror' he commands  
Staring at it, he wonders:  
'Why does she call me a boy.'

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Knock Harder

Knock harder even if,  
His heart is gone  
With the smokes from his cigarette  
And the wind helped to spread it out  
Knock harder young child.

Knock harder even if,  
His heavy hadal head has decided to rest  
Or his ears are locked,  
With pillows and a blanket  
Knock harder young child.

Knock harder even if,  
Daddy daughters made him go deaf  
Save no sigh, till he replies  
Even the lion show mercies  
Knock harder young child.

Knock harder even if,  
He is on a hunt to catch a Zs  
That not even a thunder on a wet bed  
Nor lightening or a cock-crow at midday  
Can take him off a slumber

Knock harder my child even if  
His heart is gone  
With the smokes from his cigarette  
And the wind helped to spread it out  
Knock till he comes back.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Lady Liberty

Yes! tongue have no bone yet it's  
Strong enough to break a heart  
So be watchful of the drops of saliva  
Dripping down transiently like a gush of blood.

Yes! love comes easy at first sight  
She will accept without tussling a bag  
Surrendering to Cupid without cupidity  
Doubtful no one cares, right or stupidity.

Yes! love comes easy, is easy to tear apart  
Staring at her toe she will always tell a lie  
She will if you force it but in absolute plasticity  
Deep down love will never be a liberty.

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: Love Calabash

Our love is the pleasure of a flying white dove  
Our love is evenly matched like a fitted fist and glove  
Our love is on earth and heaven forever a glow  
When we degenerate and reincarnates whoever  
We shall still be no matter the boundaries  
We shall still be destined on same pathway of forever.

When we degenerate, if none reincarnates  
We shall bud up from dust and winds  
We shall sprung up a sucker of trees  
Our love shall be conserved for the heavens to see  
Our heart shall budge into the tallest of mountains  
Our saliva kisses shall flow in springs and seas

Our cuddles shall be rooted like rigid trees  
Our love malignantly shall vitally spread  
Over and around an infinite tall stem  
We shall cuddle ourselves while heavens breathe  
Wind and stormy weathers shall do nothing but aid our growth  
We in the pot of love as spices  
On earth and up in heaven  
Or if they decide to tear or fall  
It is you, only you and you in love calabash  
I will always and forever love; 'oh! yes I do'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Love Is A Baton Race

Walking by the bush part  
I saw a young lady  
Heads down; fixed rigidly at a spot  
Crying so bitterly  
That I almost joined  
With a cracking voice she sang....

'Nne', my mother! ! !  
Nne' mamam' oooo! ! !  
You were right  
I never should have loved  
Nne', mamam' oooo  
Open show me the way back to the house'

Young lady pick yourself up  
We are all students in the art of love  
Learning from every fallen baton  
We hold or once held  
Breaking mama's rule  
Could have been right

'Nne', my mother! ! !  
Nne' mamam' oooo! ! !  
You were right  
I never should have loved  
Nne', mamam' oooo  
Open show me the way back to the house'

Young lady pick yourself up  
Never quit  
Leave this spot  
Make yourself available  
To those that  
Considers you indispensable

Like a baton race  
One don't play the game solely  
The game of life  
Is the game of love

Affectionate dies  
Admiration is born.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Mermaid

She's a  
Mermaid; most modest,  
Like the diamond to dirt  
Her beauty is but hidden.  
The picture frame of gorgeous  
If beauty were to be judged  
She would lie continuously as the case.

Dark Nigerian, She's a  
Mermaid; most modest  
Swimming to the deepest  
With long hairs,  
Innocent stare  
And beautiful smile.  
The beautiful one her mum ever born;

She has got men fishing,  
Wishing she'll  
Be visible  
On or off the sea  
She has got this thing called a C  
Unashamed well-built chests,  
Plywood tummy and eye-searching navel.

She's a beauty to behold  
As a story unfold.  
She's like a  
Mermaid; most modest,  
An Ika girl finer than an ocean queen,  
Some say she's a secret holder  
Of a smooth virgin leg.

Finest mammal,  
purest  
in exile with her  
Is like being at home  
She is the summary  
of an eye-catcher  
and mind-shaker.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Moi Aussi, Je T'Aime (I Love You Too)

Why do impulse rise when falling in love?  
Ain't scared of the beat  
But Chioma gives my heart a soundtrack  
...Well, I like the way it drums.

Always knew love come find me someday  
Softly, calm and easily is that I prayed  
Our eyes met for the very first time,  
Chioma I saw cleared my pastime.

Never I thought it would be you any-day  
On a bike you were, that sunny day  
Waving me a fresh low soft Au revoir  
Then la full headlight flashed my way

They say french is a language of love  
je t'aime;  
Dunno if it were English or French to speak,  
Moi aussi, je t'aime: I love you too  
Tu' caught me off-guard  
And begad me so hard  
My sweet sleep lullaby  
This love so brown new.

In a special way  
Around she turns my terrible day  
...Fairest of them Anambra Igbo girls  
Chioma beautiful turns demons to Angels.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Mrs Onyeche

The girl I would love to marry  
Must be as clean as a child  
White eyes, white teeth  
All but any coloured hide skin

The girl I would love to marry  
Must be clean inside as out  
White heart, amazing hands  
A willing type for prosperity

The girl I would love to marry  
Must be serious as death  
A never over demanding like life  
Wish it is so easy to find

The girl I would love to marry  
Must be as Jesus's Mary  
Wish I could marry a virgin  
All eyes on us when we pass by

The girl I would love to marry  
Must be willing to bow, loyal to  
Africa moral and biblical rules  
Well protected and un-touch

The girl I love to marry is born everyday  
And like Bongos Ikwe  
I'm still searching  
For my Mrs Onyeche.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: My Devil

Temptations to wear your gloves and mask  
They shouldn't have told you  
That your look so devilish  
Tremendously catastrophic each time you smile...

A light in the dark  
A pretty configuration  
A pressure barometer  
A conspicuous adoration..

Brown and vivacious,  
Bet it: I watched your transformation  
Body looking grown and so well kept  
Blaming Heavens for creating such a vessel...

You are the sinful right for a sinner  
Your dark lashes and waist are the killer  
You should know by now for  
You are the Devil I always remember...

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: Native Of My Dream

Whatever she's named at birth  
I don't care  
Boo boo I call her  
Now to forever more  
And back to she was born.

I am in love  
With a native of my dream  
Would have replayed her  
If I recorded when she said  
A'fum gi'nanya in classic.

There's this look in her gaze  
There's this music in her voice  
And the way she smiles  
Deserve an unending vocabulary  
That everyone suspects me mentally

I am in love  
Please don't say I am mad  
If Boo boo invades you:  
Never you call it a burglary  
Her love is my daily salary.

She overrides all; she's the first  
If wishes be made she will be  
My last designation  
Quite personal so emotional  
Compelled by love to love me na na

A'nam a'su lies to you  
I love you I love you  
I love you boo boo! ! !  
A'fum gi'nanya  
You are the native of my dream.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Never Let Her Out

She's not fair yet she sparks  
Everything she is, high is ranked  
The sun follows her, high  
And she reflect back the light  
If she let's you in never let her out.

Good girls are difficult to come by  
She's not just rare but unique  
Well educated, groomed and trained  
Speaks polish, works brave and thinks smart  
If she let's you in never let her out.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Only Us

Where there is no sky  
There is no air  
There is no breath  
It'll be only us

When there is no sound  
There is no song  
There is no voice  
'tis only us

When invents are dead  
There is no car  
There is no bus  
'tis only us

Threading on no train  
Or even a plane,  
Against all odds on a white horse  
'Tis only us.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Owlets

The hooting call from the owls at war  
Penetrates through the concrete wall.  
Idiotic, useless and hopeless windbag  
At each other, forenames they throw back.  
'His horns are red' she cries:  
'This can't be a wife for life' he yells.

These owlets are job providers  
The neighbours they employ  
All because of her besetting-sins.  
Or maybe  
His horns are truly red:  
This can't be the married they planed!

He vowed never to fill his glass  
But it seems like he's never ready  
It's the only thing that gets him happy  
No reflection, he could see his eye  
Tipsy isn't a word, he touches the sky.  
And ask; how can a man please a wife?

As their employed neighbours  
He sends us on apologises  
An owl's hoot gone through no ear  
We dash our precious time to futile.  
Brain intoxicated, he bends his elbows  
I'm running away from Satan he feels.

Tapping bottles and wheels.  
Driving off to anywhere, but not here  
Sad they sleep with the devil  
On same spot called "marriage"  
Break fails: struggling to live or die  
Away from troubles or face the dull-shine.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Shaded Eyes

I wondered why she always smile  
If its beautiful, the eyes would lie  
Fallen; she's this picturesque scenic  
God cursed angels for her sake.

I wondered why I can't look at her  
If her gaze is on my way  
Fine-looking brightness of the sun  
Go and check, but use a shade.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: She Can'T Wait

She is an accident of nature  
Totally beautiful from head to toes  
She once stood next to him  
Things are certainly not as before  
She can't wait because he is not Bill Gate

This girls voice is still an organ in his soul  
She knew his voice, the smell of his soul  
That; that shines, no longer brightens their souls  
She looks into the future with eyes of fear  
The man she sees got Wills she thinks are mere wishes.

She just can't wait  
To join him complete his paintings  
She doesn't want  
To be an old beautiful lady  
Sitting next to him in a work of art.

Though all wives are married  
Surely, not all married are wives  
Tears on her eyes  
She still looks into the future with eyes of fears  
The truth she sighs, she just can't wait.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: She Wants To Stay

She wants to stay but  
Ironical, nothing can be so glad  
Than a man in the dark  
Singing: 'no, call it off'  
With a dry chin smiling at her.

She never planned  
Going through hell  
With children bestowed by the light  
When the moon was insight.

She wants to stay  
Underneath it,  
Where they had asked  
How does planes make an height  
Evading gravity's hand?

She wish to leave no dirty dish  
Difficult making it through  
A day without a fight.  
Yet she wants to stay  
For the kids, for him  
Even when it was once upon a time  
There was a rose in a scanty farm  
Farmers turn lawyers  
Seriously arguing  
What's the meaning of love  
When it's a drug saving like a bank  
Cutting deep and killing like a knife  
Do I stay and close my eyes  
Or run as fast as I can  
Faraway from an axe  
Tears in her eyes; while she ask,  
For no marriage is perfect,  
Even the sun dims its light.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Sheila

When I saw her during the winter  
Tucked-in thick big hood-sweater  
Casual like a tweedier  
The inner-me said she glitter  
Looked her dead in the eyes, only to get fever  
Smiles of a newborn, I could shiver  
Anticipation worsen the cold in winter  
Weather was harsh, no fast coming summer  
Mere hearing her name tongues twister  
Haler: I forever dwell in favorable fever  
Her caress an essential sweaty tummler  
Job well-done sweepback in my locker  
Soft skin like vela "what a twofer"  
Sweet-talk and touch I feel a toddler  
When I saw her during the summer  
In beauty-upholster  
I realized the reasons God rested on the seventh day.

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: She's A Land In The City

In a dream's dream while dreaming  
In another sweet dreaming dream,  
She's all the ices in the eyes seeing  
Dreams and on a lip joyously scream.

A colorful butterfly tattooed pussycat  
Pretty pose, a baby face looking so Innocent, small but best called a swirling  
flurry  
Gust of wind whispers: 'come and marry'.

She is like a child never born hungry  
Nor thirsty but may seem needy yet don't lack any  
Don't be scared to go for her least the dollar rises  
For she's an undiscovered land in the middle of a city.

Located far from places people lie and arise  
No matter how expensive get her by your side  
Even in slime don't let it slide,  
For in no distant time, she will be damn priceless.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Shrieks

Shrieks of my laughters  
The daughters of a dye  
Pretty wings that fly  
Up in the sky  
With a screeching happy-cry.

Always got me  
Gazing up the sky  
Not just the sky  
But the unseen skit  
Skit in the blue-sky.

Undisputed beauty of facts  
Most gorgeous and fine  
Pretty wings of a fly  
If you don't notice  
You must be blind.

I dwell under such passion  
Beautiful cloud of affection  
Blue affectionate infection  
Poisoned I am  
Paramedics found no solution

Witch-doctors foresaw its function  
Spotless pretty winged  
Flapping out such colours  
Not one in a million  
But one in a lone, guess its unique.

This beautiful  
Is what everybody would place  
As an order  
The shrieks of my laughter  
After you no other.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Shyer

Everyone likes her  
Everyman wants her  
First rated, face of a goddess  
Frustrating everyman's  
Loving-kindness  
Her gaze is a smearcase  
Don't look or  
Fall from a staircase.

She's this type that  
Everyman knows  
Although she goes by different names  
Sweetie, Pretty-princess  
African Queen, was what 2face called her  
She's cool like a sleeping-beauty,  
Her parents should have named her Baby-angel for she's such a love muffin

Everyone likes her  
Fallen from the staircase  
To some 'No', To some 'Yes'  
Then, everyone befriends her.  
She's a man's fondness  
That soft touching,  
She talks to a mans heart  
With such a large effect.

Everyone likes her  
Everyman wants her  
Dust in the wind  
Coarse thud  
Non-in her voice,  
Well polished and brushed  
Phonetically  
She is an Ace.

Not a dog or another loosed animal  
Mere hearing her sweet voice  
Or seeing her fantastic pretty face  
Covered with her

Consistent long dark well-gloomed hair  
Hearts be sprinter  
To reach the spinster  
She is a fits of laughter.

Her seduction and free sights  
Get me always in sighs  
Only, I say 'hello'  
She reply 'hi'  
Everyone likes her  
Everyman has her  
But by her  
I am a shyer.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: So Many No

The windowpane binds  
And holds on to the glass  
To the very dead end  
Despite the dust and friction  
Love is such a good thing  
Song writers sing

Some answers fly like a jet  
All on high hills, wonderful hips,  
Kissing lips and all the same hair net.  
Adorable apple-bottom for a clarinet  
Most remarkable forget not her lovely step  
Which never wait for a lagging clock.

Not only her even many after her  
The kings' daughters along bush parts  
Farms, gardens and down the same roads.  
First, a passion of across loves oceans,  
Then the passion flies in air  
But in one direction

She has this voice similar to hers  
A smile similar to frown  
A Kings dream for a lady in crown  
She is the thousands in town  
Same rider of different horses  
Shouting so many no.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Something About Ufuoma

The first time I saw the shadow  
That makes boys mad and gibber  
Chilly as wonderful as gimmick  
Treated and adorned like fresh-milk  
Not at all to be spoilt by no one  
An all in one  
O... sweet Ufuoma.

The first time I saw the image  
That makes ghosts so ghoulish  
Gimlet-eyed; I peeped  
Geyser, o... she's so stylish  
Ghastly but comforting, pretty Cinderella  
Giddy, I felt  
There is something in an image I saw.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Soul Mate

I hear her even voice

As comforting as rest of mind

Engaging like a busy day

A smooth fond of powder

A naked goddess attraction.

I see her spotless face

Dirt hating,

Enriched hair, neck, body and legs

Exaggerating beauty my body's buddy

Just what the doctor ordered.

I feel her pillow touch

So soft

Succulent tasty juice

Like birds to air

Her lips, my perfect pair.

I always reach for her

On phone, life and even in dreams

Odds to the dreams

For in dreams

My arms clutched empty air.

Vincent Onyeche



# Tales Of A Wife: That Chic

Wow she smokes  
Her love a curse  
Hot, deceitful tender voice  
Flowing to prominent at all cost  
The cars, house and purse  
She might be true or false

Adams' destructive crush  
Samson's destructive brush  
Casanova, Romeo all the myths  
Her pants to Spartacus and champions  
Costly to secure, she's that chic  
Ones wife; men die in David hands.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: That One Love Letter

Love is the most beautiful fabrics  
Let's wear it, for it is a version of magic  
...Love is heavenly not a mimic  
Listen to your bare chest; it is heroic.  
Once you begin it is an endless basics  
On its fundamentals; love is toxic.  
Bold writings fonts; in fashioning italics  
Be it dirty dirt, love is most hygienic.

Too many love notes and lyrics  
That an acoustic and piano fall sick.  
Hearing or asking: 'do you' is just so epic..  
Hey! Love is positive and negative; ionic  
Really it is electronic and explicitly exotic  
...Red and white is not ironic but optic.  
Yeah! it tans even the colourless to tonic  
Yes or no; just don't change the topic.

Too many love notes and lyrics  
That an acoustic and piano fall sick.  
Open: you can't cover the hole; it is volcanic  
O don't frown; the thick saliva is symbolic  
Let love win trophies more than an olympic  
Loneliness and hatred is painful even in public  
Heart beats in panics, love is thermodynamic  
Hello dear, reply me or send me to the medics.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: The Book Of Ruth

Ruth is a name for goddess and virtuous Ladies  
In delight they nourish the hearts and the brains of their crazies

Ruth makes men want to reincarnate as Samuel,  
In faith to love, all Moses wants to preach her sermon.

She fades all wrinkles: by her side men shall forever be a youth  
Innermost feeling, men righteously call her 'the root to my route'  
Should she be described, she's that Ruth, all writers place next after Judges  
Inside: 'Obim'- my men's heart drums to her songs in Igbo phrases.

She's to life an electrifying historic moment, so...  
In her would always be the kids King genes  
So sweet, she's as dear to the body as a soul  
In death men shall choose to lie beside her healing bones.

She's that choice; to go wherever she goes,  
Ink and pen, blood in veins: men's Light and Roses;  
She's a valuable tender: the beads of glamour  
In her is a chapter never to be turned, men's obim and mi' amor.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: We Found Love

Love and life reunited  
Fantasy and reality became one  
Life can't be without love.  
Like the peace in a dove  
Like a perfect fitted glove  
A fire for the stove  
We found love.

Light all the way  
Cooling fire yet burns  
Used to every sounds  
Cries and laughters  
Our smooth skin feels  
The heat fire frees  
We found love.

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: Yes I Do

She is holding flowers and dancing  
At same time, her gown sweeps the floor,  
Transgressing wide open white thirty-two  
The right cast coping with glamour too  
Her shadows are growing with full intense  
As though, angry with the front door.

Dancing towards the mere suit and tie  
'Happiest day ever', her joy cry  
But to me everyday with her has a joy  
Unlike a clown it smiles both in and out.  
She is the only thing pure on dirty earth  
Gravitational force, all fall  
Whiter than a snow and white itself.

Deep blue silence and a pleasant smell  
Love dictates, on my note it's an easy spell  
Refilling ink, it compels me to take a flight  
The wind beneath my wings o here she is  
If she isn't sitting next to me on a throne,  
I'm a King skull that has lost a crown.

My heart a mortal, hers is the pistol  
Getting me needy, her smiles ignites me  
Combustion of my burning fire  
She has always been and will be  
Sweeter than a bulk of fantasy  
Honestly:

For her I can be anything  
Even if memory is on factory restore  
I'll be a bell if she needs a recall.  
Before Ebola comes, let's make love  
O there she comes, together we stand  
Looking so sweet, proud I made the call.

Landmark achievement  
Her faces on my hall of fame  
She takes my hand

Saying; 'can we build a town'?  
She always frequents hell for my sake,  
To get the fire to boil an icy lake

I swear this love is the sweetest cake  
I'm certain it is true for heaven sake  
Unconditionally; this is radioactive  
Exposed to a budding virus  
Deeply invading and Infecting us  
The Cupid no lie envy us.

She is and will always be  
The cornea of my eyeball  
My booting screen  
She has been and will always be  
A dancing lady in long white gown  
Forever and ever... O yes I do!

Vincent Onyeche

## Tales Of A Wife: You

It did amuse you catching a butterfly  
Colourfully wonderful  
Not willing to let go,  
With a partially open hands,  
All behind you blinked white  
So amazing you look  
Can an angel be finer than you?  
When it drops, it does rises  
You are the butterfly, never let go.

All for you, fire burns cold inside  
Solid as a block yet gaseous I can tell  
Proposing passion pleasure pain  
The triple hurts like hell  
Love the bumper, we may be learners  
Forever; the persistence pays a lot  
If we bash and get back to the wheel  
For it feels like strawberry in yogurt  
I hope you read this, you are the sweetest.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tales Of A Wife: Zodiac Wanderer

In life, there is love  
Not even the horns of Aries the ram  
Or those of Taurus the bull  
Is well-built to uproot love  
Love and life is like  
Gemini is twin.  
We are Cancer the crab  
Nothing in life can deprived us  
From pinching this love.

In life, you'll feel that electron  
Flowing through electrodes of heart  
It never dies outside a blinded fable  
Virgin Virgo may refuse the energy:  
Truth be told:  
On a cradle she shall get laid,  
Someday  
Loosen up and be liberated by Libra  
He never fail to balance the synergy.

Life is a wanderer  
Love is its follower  
Getting strings attached  
Scorpios the scorpion may sting  
Sagittarius the archer may shoot  
Love never dies,  
Its as stubborn as Capricornus the goat.  
If you never loved  
You never lived.

Love feeds life and life fits love  
'tis like Aquarius the water bearer  
And its love-fish  
Pisces must swim while it lives  
Till the tides separates; Life goes on,  
Then love comes by;  
Alongside break-up or death  
If you've never loved, you've never lived.



Vincent Onyeche

## Tanka's - Be Mine

Please be my sheer wine,  
My love and soulmate in brine,  
Fine, you are divine;  
No bribe, but pride bride of mine  
Poetic verses, and line.

Vincent Onyeche

# Teen's Dream

This allosteric heart of mine  
Has got me into loving again  
An uncertain trade for a gain  
The lady in me moan  
The moan of love  
Deep within from a several gaze  
Of, I think I have finally found you.

'Bring more my friend, how much is it'  
His thick lovely voice raised me high  
Then the golden gate of heaven  
Slammed before me, I fell  
This is that kind of love  
Quickly traded for a sin  
O! Yeah sinner... My pastor will say:

Should I be blamed-  
Or be God?  
He is a prototype of an angel  
His look is bright and beautiful  
Need his ears to sing a new song.  
'Hi', he said starring at me  
With a sky-looking gaze I ignored;

'Hey', I finally replied in lady's mood,  
So fast we became friends  
A lock and key model  
I am the only one  
Who could unlock his affection  
I guess we were made to be  
From heaven a perfect match

We walk and walked  
Down the dark lonely road  
Talked and talked  
Of course laughed and laughed  
Time ran so slow  
Our mood became slow  
The way home seemed stretched

I stretched my hands around  
Around his tender short neck  
As he grabbed my feminine thigh  
The next part  
Would have been the best  
But  
Kukurookooooo! the cock crowed

Bang bang bang  
Granny banged my door  
'Wake up you lazy girl  
It is past six you'll be late for school'  
Eyes open, all I had was  
A lifeless pillow in-between me  
It shouldn't have been a dream.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tell Me

Advise me  
Keen is clean.  
Say to love  
I love you.  
Hiss to goodbye  
Kiss me good morning  
Tell me goodnight  
Whisper I love you.  
Drive away the streets  
Salvage me rehab  
Stop my bad habits  
Quench the smoke of my blazing cigarettes.  
Break my drunken glass  
Wipe the clog from my glasses.  
Put a smile on my face  
Declare I'm an oblige  
Put in the picture you miss me  
When I depart,  
Drag me like a fading graphics  
Let's feel the translucent effect,  
Cry like the rain  
Say no,  
Shake your tresses  
Copy the windy trees.  
Touch my broad chest,  
Give me permission  
To glimpse your broaden hips.  
Tell me to widen my lips  
Teach me how to kiss  
Swallow my red long tongue  
Bite if you like  
Passion is action.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tempest

Perfume, once our odour;  
Halitosis now our special logo,  
Could remember in a mo'  
Like five seconds ago,  
Our love flowed in streams like heamo:  
Affection and halo  
In our memo  
Grew like crop on some Guano,  
Now we lip-sync to an earful piano  
Complaining like we weren't alter-ego  
Strings to Cello,  
Peace has gone loco.  
Beneath our gruff and super-ego  
Is the tempest in love.

Vincent Onyeche

# Temporary Point

I am a bird, one of a kind  
Up in the sky, strong in mind...  
Daily, my wings grow broad  
Until it had a minor cut,  
I couldn't fly, even with a flight:  
The rain dropped and flushed

Towards me a slimy erosion of beast  
I couldn't hop or jump but puffed  
Into a gel; then my wings got stocked.  
I starred muted at one spot  
Through the ears of the winds  
Criticism whirled onto my wings.

Those of, and not my kind  
Saw me down, helpless and laughed,  
Till the sun came in sweet successions  
And dried me up with good optimisms.  
Now my wings are getting stronger  
With my sharp beak, will I be a forgiver...

When I have watched friends  
Erase and condemn my wings.  
But to God I shall keep hopes -  
Alive! as I stay at this spot  
Patiently awaiting the hills,  
For my wings to heal on a rut.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ten Millions Of Dreams

In ten millions of dreams  
It takes but threads and needles to sow yourself a gown  
Don't be envious when you see colors in uptown  
Their laughter didn't appear without a moan  
You see fruits they plucked from a time they have sown...  
In ten millions of dreams  
Work hard and bring the house down  
Then millions shall befit your crown  
You'll get all colors, be it white, black or brown  
Telling your stories while you still move an eye brow.  
In ten millions of dreams  
All I need is an unending ten million success drown  
From my pretty smile foundation of frown  
Once shaded upon a time in a no grass lawn  
Until then my nights shall be my dawn! ! !

Vincent Onyeche



# The Brimstone Prophecy

Ring me a bell,  
Alarming, heats and sulfur of hell  
Alarming from people that fell  
Alarming bad storylines for a tell.  
Shadows over the sun of a Nation  
Raping daughters and killing sons of vision  
Moving slowly and faster on same motion  
Accelerating top gear on roads of unequal levels  
... And tapping breaks for peace that travels.  
Are we born to be doom in hardship wells  
There goes a Prophet ringing his bell.  
On same streets abandoned my gods...  
A dying tomorrow, he sings and tell  
Not solely of doom but he keeps ringing a bell  
For ears to hear and trees to bear fruits  
Not fruits of same polymers and isotopes  
Nor to bring hope whereas they are but brimstones  
Times are harder than a tribal damnation  
Beware people of same denomination.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Bus

I sat in an eighteen seater bus  
At the right, close to sack and box  
On my gaze, staring at the skulls  
Isn't life beautiful, we head as we erase  
All places and roads we pass  
Looking straight ahead  
Underming how life may seem so hard.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Closed Door

Funny how these doors bang  
Noisy as a Dunny-door in storm  
Open and closing is the hallway  
Along a billion room veranda  
All lovers must have a gander  
Or take a powder  
Far from where I stand  
Down the pavement I pound.  
These rooms that is empty  
Have no brain and mercy  
To handle a possible emergency  
Bolt down to efficiency  
Maybe love has no pity  
To get a stroke lucky  
Along the long narrow corridor  
These rooms have bitterly open doors  
Invitation sent by these doors  
Are either wile or wild  
For a gentle-mind searching for a day-room  
To love and participate in genre painting  
I pound-the-pavement waiting-  
Like others, knocking and asking  
The closed doors to widen  
But it yells: "Ga-out and Ga-night! "

Vincent Onyeche

# The Concept

In life, there are few females  
But more in this musical room.  
Listen closely to the sounds  
From the strings of my guiter.

It goes wile, when you're around  
It can't stop to touch the ground  
Music makes the cows milk more  
You are musical, the one I die for.

At my back she might be taken  
To my left she may be finer  
To my right she may seduce me  
But the concept I need is you.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Old Market

What's it with tech and modern life  
Hiding that bad in a modern wife  
Who can't make use of a kitchen knife.

Be she cute in a colourful packet  
I've got love for an open market  
Branded local like a weaved basket.

Bees that stings has its sweets  
Yes it's far less organized like malls  
But, I love the mood I get into

Pushing and tip toeing  
Then I squeeze, bend and pick,  
Plantains, bananas and yams.

Price tags aren't labelled  
On meats, kola, bowls of garri,  
Palms and cups of rice and beans.

Yes...  
Umbrellas and trees are the only shades  
You see.

The muds, dusts  
And sun have their fun  
That awakens our ancestral souls.

I so love the market of old times  
Buy me a calabash then build me a mud house  
In its open space, nature grows taller.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Old Pensioner

Funny how the seconds hand climbs and fall

In the house of the old pensioner who sits by the wall.

Looking wishy-washy and grey, granddad he's called

Holding in the highest regard,

Teeth of wisdom and Tangs of old

Eyeglass beneath the nose, eyes espying through to the papers he reads,

Listening to old good music and reminiscing on old good days.

The bright colors seems offensive to his look, recent hi-tech he fails to use.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Prose Of A Blind Date

Kept in touch  
For weeks now  
On growing bonds  
That is forever new.

These internet affections  
Bridge separate towns  
Deep down, even from afar  
The emotions are much.

Let's meet now  
So we know the yes and no  
And put an end to this  
Before it gets too far.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Sound I Know

I am the vent while she's a volcano  
Erupting mantles of demon attractions

Turn a demon to a friend, says my physio  
So I walked up to her, with all allergies.

She was a cool kid, so I didn't ask for bio  
All eyes were on her in highschool days.

Everyone knew her name but I call her Rio  
For her voice was acoustically musical.

An exclamation to joy like zeus to io  
She became a gentleman's love addiction.

In my head, she's my safety and presidio  
A fortress protecting my unrest soul

Giving my troubled heart a healthy cardio  
Affectionately flows as a blood in my vein.

In my head, she's musically a large studio  
In there I dub sweet songs, melodies by candies.

In my head, she's a podcast and a radio  
I listen all ears, carefully to her lyrics

Outside my head, she's my sight, smell and audio  
She's the only sound, I hear, feel and know.

Vincent Onyeche



# The Thach-Weave

Thach-weave is the trick  
Teachability is phenomena  
This life has shown me so.

Thach-weave is the key  
Take a back and have a front  
There's no one who loss in such.

The sky is a battlefield, but  
There are two pages in life  
That can be applied to us...

Those who spitfire are mean  
Those who are free will  
Take a back and have a front.

The freedom is their leverage  
Ta ta for now, they never say,  
Their genuine knowledge is free.

They play a lot in public  
They see the good in all  
They are just so focus.

There where no one sees them  
They do countless of overtimes  
To add more blood of success.

Vincent Onyeche

# The Toast

For a toast, truthfulness is a candid truth teller  
Nuptiality is allusion, brother and sister,  
On the voyage, searching for a comforter  
Debonair met beauty, as a complete stranger;

Attraction and affection, seafoods and fish  
Breaking ice, stretching hands for a reach,  
They both had lots to plow, lisp and preach  
With a cultural heritage to learn and teach.

Together they turned the tides, to one end  
So they blend, and propel things that tend  
To grow in different space, race and creed,  
So, they grew a connection sweet and kind.

Under the blue skies, they turned friends  
Flapping birds, walking together down the aisles;  
Isn't it adorable they share same memories  
Titled, together forever, on nuptial ferries.

So let's make a toast, for two best friends  
Who have seen the beast deep down a skin  
Yet fearlessly paddled the ship, in dirt so clean  
Commonly uncommon, for a King and Queen.

Vincent Onyeche

# Their Man

I know all ladies seek to find,  
A man of iron steel who is fine  
Clothed or naked, that's a killer  
Crawling and running faster than a cheetah....

A man who says love is blind  
And gets them all fashioned in line  
A man who sees them as butterfly is a beau  
In and out, strong enough to make love a dew...

That man can be all she will ever need  
But to what importance is a deadly creed  
Or a sculpture that can never talk  
Even when motorola makes it walk.

Vincent Onyeche

# Then You Came

Down the road, endlessly I drove,  
Street to street in search of a glove  
To cover tonnes of naked lanterns.

And then a stove to steam a frozen heart,  
Not after any kind bird but a white dove  
For a bed of maze and restless night;

I bent on a groove against fear and guilt,  
But drifted into confusions  
And endless tale of love.

I pondered with the slides,  
I tend to prove the maze right,  
Only to get full flashes of red light.

Prior for a sincere move  
I pleaded for the puzzle hit,  
But had no room to improve.

Filled with labyrinth and a clove  
I skydove into a woodstove  
In the full dark of a restless night.

A troubled man, I was interwove  
Then you came, with a light from above  
And my dark loneliness become a shove.

Vincent Onyeche

# Thinker

Each time I fantasize  
I grab all weights  
With the tip of my glove  
And my eyes sees,  
Through the dark galaxies.

I turn minds into birds  
Mine into jets  
Stretching gravity  
Swimming in the sky...  
In fact, I do everything.

In my imaginations  
I walk through its walls  
To the end of my choice  
Where, gates have no fence  
And nonsense has a sense..

Each time I fantasize  
I don't create obstacles  
To impede my abilities  
In an unlimited world  
Of possible impossibilities.

Vincent Onyeche

# Thirty Days

Wishes are jailed desires  
We met after thirty days  
Beside a popular park,  
Bright back pretty park  
Pretty in summary.  
Underneath her burgundy eyes  
Undisclosed words were submarine.

Then I took her to the beach  
To have thirtyfold of that she holds  
Lovely, yet she's scared of depth  
Like her fins and tails could reappear...  
Mermaid, pretty in summary.  
Surprisingly, the local kids  
Swimmingly on us, flirted waters.

She smiled sunshine  
Shadows disappeared  
Immediately, bodies went dried  
In my deepest surprise, I was a sweating ice.  
Thirty days I've had a fulfilling gaze  
When we rode as friends  
Wining laurels to the end.

Vincent Onyeche

# Thirty Seven Beads

Thirty seven beads on a string,  
Brown and black grip on a wrist;  
Given to me at love feast  
O yes you did, and my heart did spring.

After all these running years,  
I still have your hand band on;  
It bends, springs back in fun  
All your images by elasticities.

What a valuable talisman to me,  
All the time it keeps me safe;  
Feeling your presence in myself  
With a hand band you gave to me.

All the time it keeps me warmth,  
Thirty seven beads without a fault;  
Perched within it,  
Is a repeating reflection of your hidden outlook.

Vincent Onyeche

# This Apple

I've got a shape that wiggles and waddles  
Same oldies, same old, Mabel and Mable;  
Hot and captivating in the bible of apples  
Read meaningfully on a beautiful flat table.

I've got a shape that fetches the babbles  
And tonnes of senseless tweets that twaddle  
On lips connected by cables and gables  
Longing to chew my delicate apples.

I've got the tip of the diddle, don't gamble  
With or without my hand in an open fiddle  
For I know, that away you shall piddle  
Soon after deflowering my fruitful apple.

I've got a shape of an apple gathering a huddle  
But that doesn't demean I should flirt and mingle  
Neither does it define; I mustn't be single in a jungle,  
This apple is but an hourglass at my own middle.

Boys will always stare towards the saddle  
I often tremble but hope they get the riddle,  
That this apple is an hourglass at my middle  
Not on theirs or theirs to manhandle.

Vincent Onyeche



# Time We Say Bye

It's been days I last heard from you  
I have tried so hard to reconcile with you...  
Since it has failed, I'm for real but its over due..

It's primetime but we have to turn the TV off  
Our love has been on peoples lips soft but tough  
It has left us with no road yet endless and rough...

If God sent us to war why not we lie in a tomb  
You are a good girl, the light once shone in a bulb  
And every moment we shared was the bomb....

In case in decades we meet moody, sober or high...  
Pls say 'hello' with or without a smile when I say hi.  
For now and for the best it is time we say- Bye!

Vincent Onyeche

# Tonia I Once Knew

They say; every old was once new,  
Reasons the good girls are so few.  
Maybe it's true, for Tonia I once knew  
Had apples for doctors and not for hew.

She used to be something brand new,  
A clean, sweet Jew, and golden too...  
But that was when she sat at the pew,  
For her bible is now but a soured stew.

She models in afro, like a tree of yew,  
Dark complexion, fresh morning dew.  
Like a sheer wine, she was a lovely brew  
Till she tuned and turned to whistles blew.

She was a falcon in the days of her mew,  
Seeking freedom, now her soul she sew.  
She used to have this shy angelic view,  
I watched her from baby, till she grew.

Tall and slender, now she's a slaying slew,  
That used to call me daddy, in televuew.  
Over time, she fancied chilli to honeydew  
Hot as hell, she then drew a lot of crew.

She dumped her mew, and then she flew,  
Like a wind, sweet candy and lovely shoe.  
Tonia is a girl I once knew but now a clew  
Rolling over the suddenness of a whew! ..

A succulent nipple with a diamond preview,  
Heavenly ripple, and a righteous bolt unscrew.  
Though she has stains from fluids of a cashew  
Her beauty is natural and can never be outgrew.

Vincent Onyeche

# Tragedy Friday

I went to the hospital to see my blood  
Only to jam volumes of ocean tears pond  
Faces were up and faced down to the ground  
My blood was fine but I heard a crying chord  
Certainly they expressed a lose against an odd.

Friday the faithful had all headed for church  
...Boomm... tires rolled, before the rush  
Those there said: 'the impact is much'  
Passengers on-board all had a re-touch  
...Sh, three gave up the ghost! ... sssh.

'Three,3..': repeatedly it resounded  
I defined tragedy as the Devils sword  
A word in a world no one pray to afford  
Down the slope into the mud....  
Passengers on-board all had a re-touch.

'Lord why..! ' This one kept shouting  
'Iyawo mi! My wife, baybem! ' He was screaming  
She had kicked the bucket and sailed home  
But she died not alone  
For she was pregnant and they both died right on his hands.

Vincent Onyeche

# Trouble Child

You are an inbuilt  
Expression of magnificent  
Having you is terrific  
As a jamming traffic,  
You are a problematic  
Toddler but an amazing infant  
In most instance.

Vincent Onyeche

# Twelve

The trees in a dream called it self no-hurry  
With pains in my head I woke up so early  
Sixteen on the years twenties were once a fairy  
The day seemed bitter at same time scary  
Don't get me wrong it was sweeter than a berry.

All from a native land of Kings to me, she sail  
In her attires was an impression that don't fail  
She and I together is like a custody and a bail  
Time was fast at same time behaved like a snail  
Jailed in sweet surrender, a chair and its nail.

On a black four legged white virgin horse  
I piloted her to a humble forest for us  
Loins fell asleep; as she trembled on green grasses  
More valuable than a stone, uncommon senses  
No love is fake, is a twelve digit for remembrance.

Vincent Onyeche

# Ugly Intention

My hair was bald  
And in your sight  
I was just a dull light  
In looks and  
In attraction.

Now I'm grown  
And on my own  
Here you come  
Wasting your time  
Seeking for my attention...

Dust off your desires  
I've shut the blinds and  
Curtains against  
Such an ugly intention  
I can't fall in love with you.

Vincent Onyeche

# Underneath Her Web

She's as thick as a beetle  
As fearlessness as battle  
Her boldness protrudes  
Like appendages of a spider.

She's not the cover blankets  
But my lovely guiding angel,  
Underneath her soft arms  
Is where I safely dwell.

When it shines or rain  
She sets up an umbrella  
To cover my labile medullar  
And my hydrophobic skin.

She's my lovely superhuman  
Her stories I write and tell  
In poetries with a broken arm;  
For she has that flames of hell.

Underneath her sticky webs  
I feel safe and free from preys.  
She has this cruelty combinations  
Of patience, and creative powers.

She's a phenomenon woman  
My eternal Chandler  
My life sweetener  
Safe I am, underneath her arms.

Vincent Onyeche

# Underneath The Yellow Moon

?We laid underneath the yellow moon  
Mumbling about the pasts and the soon  
Seven pretty jolly good fellows and I....  
From wayback, the clean, dirty, bad and good.  
We laid, legs out; heads on the woods,  
Fused, up the galaxy's doors we stared,  
Listening to the revibrating muted sky...  
The feelings were so unexplainable  
Like the eyes that can't see itself.  
Gazing at the sky's map, arts and lights  
Funny, it draws, in all layers of its shelf.  
Ooo.... What can be life! !  
We laid underneath the yellow moon  
Wondering about the rejections of the craft  
Should the Creator...  
Had written a proposal for grant;  
To create a world so beautify in sight  
Sounds, smell, and magically feelings...  
Ooo! ! ! ...  
We laid underneath the yellow moon  
Wondering how time is so capable,  
Capable of the immeasurable flights....  
Our moment met the moons low tune  
Where all we shared down previous past  
Became unsettled and shed tears down same path  
Gushing and Dancing out in memorial honey tour  
Surely, we will miss this world when we die.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unintentional Existence: Persecutors

I  
Don't think  
I didn't  
Probably I did but

I  
Do not believe  
In eyewitnesses  
Persecutors

I  
Do ritually believe  
In DNA fingerprints  
Pattern of differences.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: A Mother's Love

Verse I.

She is a mother  
Her weakness gets her stronger  
Like the world seven ancient wonders  
Her love is the Pyramids of Egypt: one true wonder  
Lasting and standing forever.

She gives words from her heart  
Fuelled by the deepest candid  
God blind me!  
Every eye that sees  
Sure knows- she is love  
That never disappears  
Like the rest six ancient wonder.  
If your love is like hers  
No one will be unable to call to mind  
Not even a brain feather.

A mother's love for a child  
Is more stronger than bonds that bind.  
Like elephants will smell water from far afield  
Mother's love for a child is indeed  
The only love blind to ever find.

Verse II.

Her love is syrupy sweet  
Daytime, she comforts him  
Like moth that clings to lawn  
Nighttime, she's there to guide  
Like groove directing movement;

She is not just a mammy,  
She is the child's impression  
She's part of the Childs' gene  
The cast in the movie "natural life"  
The best thing next to him in life:

If she could she would  
Deter dehydrogenase from action  
For her love is an alcohol of passion  
That shouldn't be transformed  
For whatsoever fashion:

On her arms she rocks her child  
One more drunk she permits,  
One of the ways she proves  
A mother's love is  
The only love blind to ever find.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: A New Day

Moment for us  
To dry-up  
And pack-up  
As Novellus  
Behind the walls.

Land of odds;  
Life for us,  
Flashy falls  
Painful loss,  
Ignoring Novellus

Warden to marvelous.  
I hear sounds  
Re-echoing,  
Throbbing and  
Crashing from behind

Most correctly, kicking  
And banging the walls.  
Not just a sound;  
A hum of hope,  
A hum of hit,

A crash of joy,  
A thud of life.  
Yes;  
Sounding.....!  
Sounds, of a new day.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: A Rolling Hospital

Flashing lights and sirens,  
A crowd of people surrounds him.  
The white ceilings kept running  
As he steals a look through his covered nose  
He knew the hornets' nest had just been stirred.  
A complete blur of faces,  
The babble of the voices cries out such urgency.

Like death warmed up  
No options not even a pill  
So sure as the outcome, he blinked  
He had comfort in the pains which he laid,  
Along the long narrow hallway  
He rolls,  
Many pass on a while ago.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Baby's Lullaby

Baby... baby, baby.  
Watch the dangling dolly  
As it moonwalks, from your cradle,  
Craving to the waving sigh  
Sing unto the sky  
With your silken voice  
Sorry, lullaby never meant to tease you.  
You barely have a tooth  
But your smile could cheer the sky.  
Baby... baby, baby.

Shadow is all over the streets,  
Bikers and drivers are now on benches  
Soaking fingers in spit  
Calculating the day's profits.  
Mickey and Jerry the mouse  
Are very busy in cracks  
Tom the cat is fast asleep,  
Daddy is here with you  
Love the words he sings  
And discard the toadyish-voice you hear.  
Time shall come when your silken voice shall be deepen  
Baby... baby, baby.

Now the visual windows are shutting  
The gentle face is dancing  
The busy hands and legs are dead  
Dream a dream of all wonderful things  
Hidden on, and beneath the dusty sands.  
Learn tricks to catching butterflies  
When the shadow disappears  
Catch colorful butterflies  
Under the hot sun and muddy soil  
Mum will wash the clothes.  
Baby... baby, baby.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Black Boy

When nature created life,  
She also created death  
O live and die  
That's what she said to you  
So why rain curse only on me?

Life her first messenger  
Through you, I am but the second  
Pass on the orientation  
That's what she said to you  
So why the hatred when the time is due?

Nature is the only real building I manage  
You've never appreciated a shelter  
Nor my job yet you living live in it.  
No man lives forever, remember!  
How else do you expect me to put a c in clever?

Life is but a door and I don't control the lock  
When she slams it; a command I obey  
Sad you may feel  
But If only you know how I feel too  
Nature knows best I am the black boy.

When life comes back around  
You never think of two  
An hero is nothing without a coward  
Life at the front door death at the back  
Why do hate when you are dwell in our house?

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Color Of Life

Life is bright, ok, and doleful in most case  
Life is of the darks, a misery space  
Life is White; selfish to the riff-rats,  
bigotry to conclusions from writings.  
Brutal to the gentle and unwise to the peaceful-brunette

Life is Black; full of hatred and malice.  
The cat is never tired of chasing the mice  
Life is red; an angry mind, Orange life is of pride and ambition  
Coyness in chameleon feces, life is green  
Never open to understanding.

Life is yellow; it got intellectuals  
Life is brown, 'oh what an avarice! '  
Life is at times blue, noble to the eminent and pure for the saints  
Colorless, life is a combination of experience  
Always bringing about de'novo and grim reaping.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unintentional Existence: Eighty

Eternity is that even the rich lacks  
Let's reach climax  
Before the day darks.

Eighty years is just a stone throw  
Let's enjoy love tasty taste and row  
Before or if it ever turns sour while we grow;  
Energy we have shall then decline.

Let's smell the fragrance of love  
Before the tiny space dilutes and take it away.

Emphatically, everyone of us knows  
Love one has is a love one shares  
By then no more normal trophy cells

Even 'bam-bam beat' is calm and nice  
Lovely in love enjoying sight and sound  
Before the endless dark lightens up-

Eating us up now that we are young.  
Listen! this heart can wake the dead  
But once upon a time at-

Eighty we shall tell, stories beside atrophy cells  
Love and time, organs age with us:  
Beware the clock is a running tap and,  
Eighty is just tomorrow to come.

Let's make love a busy broom  
Beautifully now no forever young.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Gnash Not Your Teeth

Life a series, children grows to reproduce  
Existence so tragic, she, and her teen give up the ghost.

Nature is not blameworthy  
For creating the moment in time  
Of disappointment or delay  
Nor tragic tales with fascinating commencement

Save for, nature maybe question for verve  
For the devil is for eternity happy in bereave

Man be charge of your prosperity  
Blame not any untold prophecies  
For not prophesying on existence and extinction

Never subject the rain it is her season  
To drop and pay dividends to the oceans  
Although it crashes the sailors' prime ship  
Do not forget it is the initiator of harvest

Nor blame the sun who prepares the earth for harvest  
Gnash not your teeth for harvest  
Life is not always flourishing.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: He Is Late

When the moment comes in  
Waypoint, rigor-mortis sets in.  
War-child tell me, in life's inn  
What did you do therein or within?

Nah! Just wish I were young forever;  
Negligible senescence stinks,  
Never cry over a spilled milk  
Never do! It was meant to be.

Let my candles burnout  
Let not my memories fade away  
Lager-out mood they would say  
'La-di-da! never die like I did'.

Obviously, 'tis a long journey to make  
O Lord kindly open the golden gate  
I'm right on-time spy through my faith  
It's my fate not a piece of cake.

Lurcher save the tinsels don't Wolf-cry,  
Let's be frank even as you kiss and tell  
Indeed to death, debtors we are  
It's imperative and a price we must pay

Farewell, life isn't an imperfect-competition  
Infants will still come in.. but,  
For real; when he is late, he wouldn't know  
If he is dead or even existed.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: I Have Been There

My dear  
You will always leave here  
For I have been there  
Down the valleys and mountain top  
I have rolled tires  
With my pantaloons on  
I have watched the secondhand of time stirred  
It is not that I was eventless  
But anxious,  
To notice all hush-hush underneath the sun.

My children  
Play with mud  
Get my wipe  
And receive your beat.  
It is not that you are wrong  
Or I like you shed tears  
But,  
Just call it parental care.

Out of curiosity  
I have created, destroyed, and repaired.  
I have been beaten  
By lash and objects.  
On my cheek, palm, back and buttocks.

Even when I lie,  
Or say the truth,  
I must always payoff the deeds.  
I have smiled and I have cried.

Like the blubbers of babies,  
Brothers,  
Sisters,  
Mothers,  
And fathers had snivel.  
Life goes on.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: If

Not sigh, but If only they could chat  
In languages we comprehend  
Sure there would be an end  
To the wrongs we do as good.

The devilish inimical extremist  
Dirty politics we play for command  
Makes me wonder is kill them all  
....The purpose of existence?

Every clap we make  
Has a dead butterfly in it  
If only we could comprehend  
Would a fly die this way?

For God sake,  
The world is just made for man only  
Well every mad man feels okay  
If the heart doesn't feel wrong, is it right?

If only  
The insects we crush  
The rodents we trap  
The cattle and birds we hunt  
Everything that has life... just-mention  
Could speak to us on the hour or after the hour of death  
Then we will know we are inhuman  
And irrational in decisions we make.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Kleptomania

My color is black, heart same and dark  
My nature is back, every season I bark  
Every season I take something valuable in art  
Every season there is a reason for an act  
Every season I don't live but I visit and track  
Every season there is a reason:  
To why the old dies  
And young ghost away so soon and fast  
I never take bribe yet I steal an art  
Away from the land of red bloods  
Even without or with a silver spoon  
I'm still encoded in vein and heart  
Too short, too tall, slim or fat  
Weight or weightless, gravity I am  
Even a therapist cannot change  
Every season I steal an art.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Life

Life, it seems extremely nimble on a taught.  
My eyes shear tears, my mouth carelessly blares,  
While my mind palpitates each time, I think of life.

Something whispers in me' Life, a film which the dead watch'.  
Existence, the crime one is convicted without knowing why he is locked up.  
If you know, what was it like in the vacuum of not existing?  
Sleeping without dreaming, what a void?  
For the palmist, is the palm the map of life?

Angels of life, Angels of death  
Oh, what separates and brings two opposite pairs together  
I pray one day I stop thinking of it  
But Life is a Gory figure.  
Reflection made they saw their mirror images  
they said 'this is my kid'.  
It cried, smiled, and talked.  
It saw how glorious the world was and grew in the array,  
which the economy has made.

Each time I sit down, I see myself one day no more  
just like the space which is absolutely dark but green  
and the other side of me says,  
' it's the colors of life, do not think about it so you live long.'

Vincent Onyeche



# Unintentional Existence: Life Has Nothing To Say

Life has nothing to say  
To forever make me stay.  
Old'll be one day;  
Sweet and bitter life; I ate  
Unsullied and sour; I taste.  
The snowfall, rain and shine; I play.  
Clays I mould,  
Clay'll fold  
Everything must fade.  
Young, I was a day  
In jiffy my tricks amaze;  
Tick... tick  
My tooth soon bore to death.  
Life good, my brood more  
Their kids more  
In Life mall, time mar.  
Young, I was a day  
Old'll be one day;  
Life has nothing to say  
To forever make me stay  
Even if she shows me the way  
To love in may  
Hold hawthorn all day  
Make love clay  
Silent bay  
Young, I was a day  
Old'll be one day;  
Hatred nay  
Nothing to pay  
Nothing to gain.  
Give love the bay  
To enjoy the day  
Baby I can't be  
Toddler never  
Life has nothing to say  
To make me stay.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Life Is A Dream

Dreams are not real but they come true.  
Life is a dream that when death comes,  
No one remembers  
If he had drank from the cup of life.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unintentional Existence: Life Is A Dream P.2

There is something about a dream  
- Optics created by the brain  
To pet or scare a marathon heart.

Take-heart, every breathe has a nightmare  
Hence all wishes wish sweet-dreams  
Tough as steel; not all taste sweet.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unintentional Existence: Life Is A Dream Pt.3

Dreams are real, past they come  
The question is  
Dear soul, would you remember  
Your name; when you are up from bed  
Or should sleep eventually refuse to end,  
Dear soul, will you?

This dreams is real, that I know  
But if the black-boy comes, fast or slow  
The recall of the nightmare shall be no  
Dreams are real, in death's living eyes  
The question is  
Dear soul, would your memory recall?

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Life Mate

Lift not a shoulder  
We all in same shoes  
From the oldest to newborn  
Life holds us in custodial

Famous or unfamiliar  
Equal we are by the air we breathe  
Royal or loyal  
This opportunity wasn't ours to pick

Leader or follower  
In life we are same conductor  
Behind bars or total liberty  
We are all fellow lifers

Saint or sinner  
We are not God  
But mates  
In this prison called life

We are all equal  
Be you rich  
Be you poor  
Be you 'you' or be you 'me'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Life, A Far Cry

I have my wits about on one thing  
Just like no light no mirage,  
And no water no fish,  
Then without life, no success  
And my one thing is success.

Wipe me, punch me like a sack  
I'm a tough nut to crack  
I would only cry.  
Yes, it is a far cry  
But I love to try.

Be a trifle jealous or more,  
I'm a whale of good try.  
Beat me, I'll scream not for long  
I'll turn a whipped cream sweat successful dessert.  
Quite meaningless, a big dream  
A drop in the stream

Call it all, even a vision.  
But to me, a leg to stand on;  
Beat me, flog me like a snake  
My life must be a beautiful cake;

Call my try a lemon,  
Or even a demon  
But don't stop me or my shine.  
Success a sermon,  
I must obey.

A long throw, impossible stone throw  
Or a long row to hoe  
But, a duty I should go.  
Call it a priori but to me a theory  
If I'm to get the roof over my head.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Live To Die

Whoever watches me  
Over from where yea sits,  
Stand, fly or lie  
Doing ding things  
Unspeakable whoa  
If I be yea, rebuke me

For I've done so  
When the sun follows  
And in the darkest black  
Yet I know, doubts of blank  
I was created  
If I be yea, rebuke me

One of the actors  
In the film called life  
So funny to know  
That the script writer  
Is me alive  
Computerised to turn off the TV

Life isn't yes or no  
What affects  
Is the 'if not'  
If not technology for the labour  
Slaves I might still trade  
Without favour

Freedom is a state of mind  
Evidence of 'I'm alive'  
Life approaches the sharp knife  
Not easy being the stainless one  
Yet harder to hear and know  
No man lives forever.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: My Life

I've seen her through  
Nothing else but  
I've seen her in a whole new light  
Utilised and also burnt daylight  
First I knew not; until blank to life.

I've seen her through  
Desires and taste; her food I ate  
I've seen her into a mighty millstone  
Even when a hell was round my neck  
I didn't relent cause she's a beaut inbuilt in me.

She compels me into all complexion  
To see in true colours not just a crown  
Fresh till it burns to cinder  
New to old and old to new,  
Nothing of her last forever.

Not even a smooth road when I drive  
My hope will go up in smoke if I should die  
So I gear down to see how the wind blow  
Driving so safe to see how the squares go  
For she is my life: a life I see for myself.

Vincent Onyeche



## Unintentional Existence: Repository Citrons (Genes)

Every second on a call  
Every words she says  
And stores in cistron dust  
Had been said days before  
And days after by the same  
Silence at the end;  
... Now and then she calls.

Talking to a doll through a dull  
Probably hearing all or not at all  
Packing emotions in repository dust  
That is shuffled and floating in air  
Longer and larger than its container  
Hoping for flesh or fresh start at the end  
... Now and then she calls.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unintentional Existence: Sailor

The paddling gentleman lays cold on his cradle bed beside the firewall  
Many eyes shearing tears and bodies reckless as they gaped at him  
Wind of the eastern Nile, Wind of the western Niger,  
Which one of you would sail the gentleman home to rest  
Whitish pleasant music home of peace and comfort.

Wind of the eastern Nile, Wind of the western Niger,  
Which one of you is scared of the famous or obscure?  
That in the room of grey and silence  
You would not retrieve his will and last words of blessing  
While the gentleman sail across the lonely still sea.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: Spirits

Have you ever been in a room?  
That even with the vroom  
Of engines outside, you sense a doom  
As soon as someone intrudes,  
Even without a boom  
That certain feeling you sense and interpret  
Before knowing or seeing  
Is the same feeling  
In me deep within  
Telling me spirits exists.

Have you ever been in a deep-sleep?  
That before the nightmarish  
Comes with their snare to suffocate and press  
Some how, their presence gets you on the alert  
Next you pick to turn or let them keep pressing  
That familiar feeling you sense  
Deep down while slumbering  
Is the same feeling  
In you deep within  
Telling you spirits exists.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unintentional Existence: The Day I Die

I Wonder,  
I Wonder...  
The Applauses And Folded Hands  
Tears That Must Have Seeded Onto The Sands  
Texture Of Woods Underneath The Lands  
The Day I Die  
I Wonder.  
I Wonder  
The Attire The Motionless Body Abode  
Tabby Bodies In Stripes  
Turning Grey All The Way  
Tangs From An Organic Being  
The Flesh So Protected Decay  
I Wonder,  
The Number Of Bacterial Satisfied.  
The Day I Die  
I Wonder,  
If The Angels Would Rejoice Or Cry  
Top And Bottom, Which Would I Part  
Thankful I Would Be,  
Though My Flesh Feels Not  
I Wonder...  
If I would Recur It Is The Common Factor We All Share.

Vincent Onyeche

# Uniqueness

Isn't it naturally beautiful  
The world is empty but full  
That nothing dull is a fool  
Big or small, made of His tool  
In a manner He wish to pursue

The day breaks, funny

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: A Perfect world

Imagine a faultless world  
All Titans no odds  
Ugly is a lost word  
No rural but urban well-born

All hairs are auburn and  
Braided bun not bunches  
All men are heir apparent  
And women heiress

Equality to fat thumb and little finger  
Everyone are masters no follower  
All that breathe are dictators and sinew  
Anew would love the imagination to continue...

Reality is to castle built on air  
Ceasing distress, recklessness are walled  
No free space for magma to work  
Nor crawl if snoozing volcano arouse

Bated, all matters shall turn wombat and kangaroo  
Armed, in their pouch they shall protect their kindred  
No striving, please be ready to starve to death

I forgot,  
Trees shall grow tall  
And fail to fall  
A perfect world  
What a war...

A world life would ask of  
Where privilege would be thankful  
To God  
Him we shall see not his rod,

A world where a father sins  
Shall be to him alone, yes 'tis his  
Why curse his seeds?  
A world where righteousness shouldn't attract a Job

Assorted and unique, time would be haggis  
Rain and sun shall shower  
To flourish-Day-and-night shunning all hitch  
Do God want this mild dish?

Science, technology, biblical and fetish  
So many parish hands spoil the dish  
Frankfurter, Weeny-weenie out of the perfect world  
What a war...

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: A Sonnet Of Good

When true love turns impossible  
And wants to wait much longer  
Simply go into cryptobiosis  
Wait for love as long as it takes.  
If it resist still, such sincere attention  
Like the snails' eye cuts off  
Persistent attention shall re-grow.

If to be good on planet earth  
Becomes negligibly senescent  
Shall put a sincere kindness  
In state of suspended animation  
Wake it up in November  
When and if  
The world ever needs such good.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unrest Soul: An Eye

LL-Cool-J needs Love  
Lil' Wayne ask: how to love  
Like them but I need something stronger...

Wishing we all had an eye  
To shed a hot tear at same time  
Slowly melting down like volcanoes

Saying to ourselves;  
Is this an end?  
Fashion has it origin.

Who made this earth?  
& Who designed †?? maker  
Likewise, †?? makers maker maker?

†?? holy books could help  
But to 'good morals'  
Figuratively & literary  
Who's brain washed?  
Academicians or religious?  
I?f? I?f? I?f?

Wish we all had an eye  
To see in one direction  
And ask: is this my end?

Don't tell me  
To just hit 'reproduce' button?  
For these tears on my pillow;  
Are not just free but overflowing  
losing its viscosity & direction  
Making me wonder... I?f? I?f? I?f?

Wish we all had a clue  
I?f? wouldn't be a mystery! !  
Even if it ever ends.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Before Ebola Comes

O something new is coming  
Trepidations of volcano eruption  
Pouring down magma into the rivers  
Floating and evading dilution  
Flowing faster with the tidal wave  
On board,  
The east trade wind dust wonders  
A sea in the storm  
Please block the boundaries  
Let's make love before Ebola comes.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Chance 1

Chance belongs to a family of serendipity

But does it pity?

O yes it does.

Chance gives existence down from ancestry

Ask Eve if you must but first trace your tree:

O yes, no doubt some Angels were fallen...

Chance made human proliferate

From a continual budding bug

Occasionally we loss hope but chance is alive.

Chance is an invasive malignant cancer

Although it has the power to bless freely

Occasionally it does but most times you have to take a chance.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Chance 2

Chance gives unto an eye  
A sight to believe in miracle  
A gaze to see the greens and white,  
A stare to watch the blues and beautiful cities.

Chance feeds the mind  
With a never give up syndrome  
With a hope of propensity and possibilities  
With a believe even when the Devil never dies.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Chance 3

Chance fixes the situation  
To those who like an explanation  
And to those who believe in miracles.

Chance is a cascading organiser no doubt  
To those who have an air in lungs  
And those who turned manure without a take.

Chance is an uncertainty  
To those standing on a platform of failure  
And are willing to swim in a pool of defect.

Chance gives an ear a wing to fly  
And the hands a fabulous workable tool  
To paint a drawing explaining vividly that

Chance makes you who you are  
Along the complex pathway of life  
Together, direct or indirect  
Chance first wrote history  
And it shall be rewritten  
Timeless to endlessly if only you take a chance.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Chance 4

Right from the time of feeding by blood  
Riding and rolling in uterus  
Right from the time a cry was induced  
Chance has always been there saying  
- 'You tell us'

People it rejects  
People it curse  
People it bless  
No will is permanent it reassures  
- 'Take a chance'

Pleas are made to be pleas  
Please don't trash  
Please don't trash me if you are blessed  
Let all under the wider sky live for a turn  
- To take a chance.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Chance 5

Chance is no science fiction  
For if it were,  
Would you be Human  
When a throne and Angles exist?

Please take a chance  
And if the fields turn green  
Please don't oppress me  
Or mock my rolling tears.

Please if you take a chance  
And the river flows to your thirst  
Remember every height has a scaffold  
And chance gives pride that grows and...

Please take a chance but don't let it fall  
Don't let it reshuffle while you still breath  
Until black-boy comes  
Remember chance gives no permanent life.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unrest Soul: Churches After Christ Death

Don't go off in a huff  
If I say God is not on your roof  
Salvation is not found in a church  
Don't nail me to a cross  
Or clothe me in dirty torn rags  
Each time I go on a crying jag.

Don't go off in a huff  
When I say  
Your large numbers are decorative salvation hunters  
Amongst are saints and sinners  
But claim to be righteous doers  
And ready to go through the roof...

Don't go off in a huff  
When I say  
We are not white in color;  
After His death the crucifix changed  
To a wealthy vision and objectives...  
Will you make it If the blackboy comes?

Don't go off in a huff  
When I say  
The devil is alive  
And my cross belongs within me  
For, how many will you alternate when  
Every church has its own black field.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Churchgoers

With millions of congregation  
Dancing from corner to edges  
As the choristers sings; rock of ages  
-With sweet surrender voices  
Curative surely is for the deaf  
To the left, surprisingly my twin-wings swings  
Not intentionally or by the act of the whirling winds  
Nor the hatred in the tune or song she sings  
But for the entire things the bible call sins  
Looking through their eyes  
I see ruthlessness in their hearts.

I see things heavy for an angel's eye  
Swiftly I swerved my eyes up and down  
To the shining roof and floor  
And then the well-furnished temple  
There goes a rhythm  
&quot;Ride on pastor&quot;

The preacher perspires right on the alter  
Blessings with no curses he dispenses  
The sermon he delivers has the power

&quot;Time is near, change from your old ways&quot; he warns  
My white eye turns red  
&quot;Emotional&quot; you may think  
But the words he says  
Are falling into the ears  
Of a wrong parishioners

In the middle of a million worshipers  
The medley of loud thoughts  
Hits my ears  
Not even one of them all has a clear mind  
The preacher also is a supporter of no just  
Dear lord I'm outnumbered.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Creating The World

Creation of the world isn't over  
I know you may say  
I am the worse of clay  
But He made me so and stay

Beside Him to believe is no play  
On his hands we all lay  
Same source we are all clay  
Flowing like the sea beside a bay

So many spaces  
Spaces to fill  
So His creation also creates  
A perfect world His vision

Genesis in motion  
From him life we create  
Like an enzyme to a reaction  
Together we design Earth.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Curious Heavens

Would there be emotions in heaven  
So two hearts can live as one  
Would there be kisses in heaven  
To be as romantic as a first  
Which always lie somewhere  
In the middle of a sentence  
Would there be sex in heaven  
For sex is one of the ways to expressing feelings  
Would sex organs be used in heaven?  
Law of use and disuse better kick the bucket..  
Because nothing is going to be  
...Like sex in heaven..

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Dark Minds

Dark minds are like-minded  
Dangerous miles on buried mines  
Dark night is the time they fly  
Dawn has a sentiment for Pharaohs..

Dark-skinned is the footage of the sun  
Daytimes has checks for He sees us all  
Dangling is a confidential word for the public  
Darkness is a private moment created by God.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Drunk In Faith

Some days I wish I could  
Trans-migrate my soul  
Where exactly to port  
That I don't know  
Well;  
I can explain what I feel  
But dare not ask  
Because I can't; only to myself.

Lager Out! Life  
Life life  
Is it intriguing  
Going  
Around cycles  
Psyching  
Brains  
't isn't bored there

Yet  
You don't wish  
To go to  
That place  
You so  
Preach about  
When death announces  
When to visit.

Sometimes I feel  
Small animals  
Consider us gods  
Whereas we  
Are not and  
Don't know  
Who he is  
Sometimes I feel like

Screaming all day  
Lemme just enjoy  
'tis liquor; Palm-wine

Greet me, shall share  
But call not my Ozu, 'sap'  
Or me bad  
For I'm only drinking that  
God has created.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Fallen Angel

To the old heavenly hedge of thorns,  
Curse is that heavenward fateful days.  
Heaving confusion witty hellion's decisions  
Faffing about to the underworld; on earth, evil boxes sprout  
Fallen angels grabbed the stolen heave-ho.  
Curse is that heavenward fateful days.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unrest Soul: Genesis Of Doubt

I'm just a thinking man in flesh  
Searching for something spiritual  
Often mistaken;  
Cause my quotes are bad  
The bible guides, I shouldn't add

I'm a man of flesh  
A true descendant of mum and dad  
Who happened to appear  
Out of the blue like Enos mum  
Who must have fathered her?

Pope please don't rebuke me  
As I seek to find  
The genesis of doubt for  
If Eve was the first lady on earth  
Where did Cain find his wife?

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Ignorance

Don't ignore the smallest number  
The smaller they are  
The more dangerous they be.

Man is large and big  
But without warfare  
Little can he do to a small virus.

Ignorance is the sister to dumb  
Into fifteen pieces two may break thirty  
But a point-two can do it a hundred and fifty more.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Imperfection

If things under the Sun is faultless,  
No one or country needs the medics,  
Nor a law for enforcers or twisted justice...

If perfection is alive under the Sun  
No man shall read a varying clock  
Nor weep when microbes feed.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Liquid In A Tube

There it goes  
No way right  
Down or left.

All it does  
Is above rising  
Gradually climbing

Like the Sun does  
In the morning  
For all age.

It may amuse you  
The way it moves  
But to it, is but in jail

In a narrow tube  
Rising above its equals:  
A big eye with a little courage  
It climbs with wisdom  
Hoping to get to the brim

And call for freedom!

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Love Above

It glows in the glove and grows like a clove  
But hidden like a treasure trove  
In forever is his endless love  
You find a trove in a mud without a glove.

But if love letters were addressed to the needless  
It will make minds mightily man-up relentless.  
Heartbreak and lovelorn would be a deja vu  
Then I hear: 'love is beautiful' but says who?

When heart is deflated and left airless  
Javelins and arrows pierces to the spotless  
It is true love but it was careless  
His treasure trove is not effortless.

I'm not saying that you shouldn't love  
But love is stronger when peace has a dove  
Flying mutually together; skydiving up above-  
...Love is good when you look up and see a prove.

It glows in the glove and grows like a clove  
Stretch your arm and deepen your palm in his glove  
For the hands He joins none can remove  
Such good loving doesn't have a counter move.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Man & Gods

He created the world  
Hiding wisdom  
But buried knowledge above and beneath the sands.

Man finds it  
Man began to raise a tower  
Unity in curiosity they grew taller

Pointless words He cursed the tongues  
Point zero all efforts returned  
Out of the blue, Adam's adopted wisdom grew

Miracles of life; science & technology  
Socrates & Aristocrat gene preserved:  
So chemicals can make anything including life?

Mans' problematic  
Isn't doubting if God exist  
It just asking; 'how?' ' like mathematics

Inherited down the genre of Einstein  
The tower of Babel was ancient  
Technology can get man to heaven

Seeking to evade; probably see Him:  
Soon maybe tomorrow, it shall be  
A bloodbath: a battle of Man and Gods.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Man's Hand

You never appreciate the hands of man  
Until you see above the stoves and pan  
The volume of water his basket can fetch  
Standing on an eclipse endlessly search  
For answers beyond the daylights glow  
Sailing through the night on easy flow.

A sheet to a sheet the longer the rod  
Stronger when he fight for no land  
Knowing fully well the eclipse is large  
With the thumb he makes his home  
Independent of the torchlight from God  
Evading shadows of impossible to dead-end

Come and explore, the wonders of men  
Then when the world was younger  
If I had put this in prayers,  
Would you have said even a faint amen?  
With all this his hands is an empty crate  
Tagged 'the Creators creation also creates'  
Well, maybe not from the lips.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Morning Prayers

Six A.M the cock crows  
Powerless has the nightmare turned  
Out of bed we yarn and row  
To fetch the breads for a jowl  
Before the tongue taste a chow  
We knee, to say good morning to Sir  
To Him alone that created the time in a clock.

Vincent Onyeche



## Unrest Soul: Nerd Myth

A little to the left tilts the right even  
A creator may not be acquainted to his design  
A gaze deep dead into his eyes  
You will see a dark blood clot  
You will see an iced tears impinged vein  
Only live once says the sound from a gun  
Others never dig: yet without a drop  
Or soaked hankies: they take a turn  
He searches for Solomon, Solo takes him on a tour  
Hugh plight the Jackson faced  
Elementary things don't compensate  
Easily imagined like a child's dream  
Such an element of want by a preachers wife  
Such a lost shoe once worn on Michaels foot  
Over and over again it keeps replaying  
Over and over again like a tilt at windmills  
Fighting ones ownself:  
Friday', where is my fun a nerd always ask while reading on Friday night.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Oriman

It all began  
From inexcusable hour life began  
Then there was no vowel for the an  
Neither was an already mined earth  
No pollen nor anther that made a plant  
Hopes were never buried  
It just germinated like buried seeds  
It was all a closed cycle of purity  
Divinity is sacred to the no public  
Lifers... Hey get this picture! !  
Man makes a computer  
Life easier: it commands...  
So It was on earth when He created man  
Hey call me a sinner  
For my soul is unrest  
What if  
What if Life is no more a term for Divinity  
What if we are left behind  
At the point where it began....  
Hey call me a sinner  
But we all still believe in God  
The only difference is  
I query the origin of Man.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Pharaohs (1)

Pharaohs

Chickenpox can't strike a host twice  
Its the thunder bolt alike and likewise.

Pharaohs

You can't find fire in an ice  
There might be truth in a lie  
But a lie is a lie, and you know.

Pharaohs

No fly would enjoy a ride  
In a stormy cloud so it hides  
For who would wish to crawl  
Underneath the sands and stones?  
So you nail my brain  
With a hammer from my faith.

Pharaohs

Faith for coin you continuously demand  
Sick: you visit the best of medic land  
Where is my faith; oh I'm blind!  
I'm down with no bill or Kobo

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Pharaohs (2)

Pharaohs

It isn't just a fall from height tall  
No man can kick an earth like a ball  
Standing on it with or without the law.

Pharaohs are those  
Who falsely carve, frame and present  
The book of life as an only pillow  
Whereas they see me  
As a dummy when I follow.

Pharaohs are those  
Everywhere around an innate man  
They dictate, I bow hiding a brow  
Sitting on galvanised throne  
They lead me through to hell  
With the wings of an angel from heaven.

Pharaohs are those  
I shame for fooling me ones  
They would like to last forever but  
The grass don't stay green all the time.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Prayers For A Day And night

O lord thanks be for another day  
That a nobody me has stylishly seen  
In the face of all my filthy sin  
Doubts and a narrow spotted faith.  
O lord thanks be for another night  
That an all-in me is to go forty winks  
Protect me send angels on wings  
To see me through all nights and days.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Pregnancy

What if there is a secret in putting to birth  
That actually the child is sent.  
And pregnancy is an optical illusion  
Real image is choosing the chosen ones.

Like in the movies, the actors know all the film tricks  
While the viewers are left being intrigued  
If life is a building mask  
Pregnancy its upcoming signal  
To be sent to just but the seekers  
That pledge to keep the secret on.

Indeed, the up-comers believes in all science laws  
And no secrets to conceding a child.  
But, what if the furtive is down-to-earth?  
Would the eyes be open or ignored by veto?  
The chosen ones or riot of miscarriages  
Which would be preferred?

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Rebirth

Existence is an impossible phenomenon  
So if you exist, nothing is impossible.

I often peep through my window  
Before I sleep and the roofs I see  
Gets replaced and changed each time I wake.

Starring at the streets, I see  
A wonderful world on mans drawing board  
Sufficient unto the day, my eyes can't say  
For man has spectacularly made hay  
That mother nature should be proud to say  
Her dusty earth may wish to pay.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Scaffolding Divergence

Scaffolding divergence  
Spending more time in labs  
Spending all for knowledge currency  
Same that made Adam hit the road  
Same that the Bible warns of

Shall be good if 'tis the bible I read  
So many scaffolds of divergence  
So many of this and that,  
Scaffolding and building  
Scattering the core and calling.

May God forgive all my lectures  
Who confuse me  
Even when I need no genetic mutation  
To embrace science facts and dump its fiction  
May God forgive me and every scaffolds of divergence.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unrest Soul: Secrets

I have a secret to tell  
Intervals in time fade not my knell  
But who can I trust with my seal?  
No name in the list rings a bell.

I have a secret to tell  
It seems a smallish cell  
But the Pope will probably yell  
Or better say, send me to hell.

I have a secret to peal  
I'll tell not, rather i'll chew a jell  
Because promises doesn't stick to gel  
That-I-wouldn't buy if you sell.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Sin In Gene

My ancestor's gene is bad,  
O what a sin  
Committed, I inherited,  
Running after them,  
With the sense of music and ear,  
Same evil I do.

Doctrines expect good in me,  
O what a task  
Failed, not my making; why trait?  
Obeying chromosome,  
Like computer to instructions,  
Same evil they did.

Give everyman a different trait,  
O hear me lord  
Surely, like thumb-print  
I swear,  
If I sin,  
A different evil I do.

Vincent Onyeche

## Unrest Soul: Stand Close

You built Earth below the neat place I call Home  
And the hot sun is so cold beneath you throne,

Yet your degree is sub-zero cooler than an ice  
I know and I agree; I can't look You in the eyes:

But this faith I have; must it always be blind?  
...My soul is unrest; mystery is unkind.

These scattered puzzle; to me is unwind  
Human know; righteousness is hard to find,

Especially when hardship cries and hails  
So I humbly plead; Just let me Inhale:

Let me inhale your miraculous Exhale...  
Stand close to me, for these enemies are whales.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Sunday

If monday comes next  
Sunday o what a day  
Saturday is over,  
So good to say  
Blessings must stay

If heaven is white...  
Sunday's good in gaze  
Sad days are over  
Sacrificial ram on tray  
Better on a Sunny day

If Bible isn't next  
Son never put up a fight,  
Sin nor cling a fist.  
Sing; 'sunday's blissful  
Brighter than bright light'.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Trip To Heaven

If I make it to heaven  
The angels foul-played  
Before and now  
That my finger got its ring  
I've fought toe to toe  
Against 10Cs on a ring  
Called life.

I'm that pretty girl you sing  
'To love up to the moon'  
Your soul I take  
Cat oriented  
I get you to the mood  
By a penny for a round.

The rule in my hood  
Is an eye for couple more  
Forbidden apple or,  
Flames by a stick  
Vision gets blurred  
Hands on bottles and glasses  
This is just what I do as a man.

Lightening don't strike  
Directly to the earth  
But with me it does  
In the ocean  
Of floating heaven  
Life has got a stone  
On my faith so I sink.

I'm everybody, I'm you and am me  
From the rulers to subjects  
Peace is not my object  
Neither is love a word I spell  
If I make it to heaven  
There must be no space in hell  
Or heaven gate is porous.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Unanswered

Most days I feel  
Like I am  
I  
Moving and breathing  
But high  
Eating and growing  
Seeing not my eye  
Talking words that don't rewind  
We all do.

While trying to find out  
Certain answers to  
Certain questions  
In my front of my thought  
It seems as tho'  
I'm bout' to breach a code  
God's very own  
Who am I?  
Most days I feel

'tis like identifying my shadow  
In midst of the dark  
Who made me  
Who is who  
That made who  
That made who...  
What an exponential question  
Ha! ; don't call me mad  
Whenever I scream

Vincent Onyeche

# Unrest Soul: Warlords

As a legman I suggested he surrender  
Before the area got painted by danger  
Bangs and shouts, is all I remember  
Wondering why men so love disorder.

To be honest don't spend your time  
Thinking of death or the day you'll die  
Show me a man that wouldn't cough  
And I'll show you a man in cigarette form.

In reluctance heroes are infertile  
Would you be a slave or be a freeman  
Answers were right; but my face lost all expression  
As he intently went for another gambit.

Mumbling in stupor; we are surrounded  
Mouse in the plate of ten hungry cats  
I whispered, 'tis time to let go  
Roll down the eyes and fake a defeat

Bow your king so we can live  
Brother quit fishing in a dead sea  
Turns off the light so we may escape  
It isn't engraved in an illegible writing.

Humming  
He exclaimed  
It is check-mate  
Folks began fighting; he then disappeared

Outside I woke  
On my bottom  
He walked up to me saying;  
Warlords don't surrender.

Vincent Onyeche



# Unrest Soul: Who Am I?

Most days I feel  
I am the  
Only one on  
The hot seat  
And Judges  
Throwing back  
To me a Flashback  
Of the life  
While I live.

Dark as a coal  
If an angel could  
Curiously  
I am but human  
Most days I feel  
I am the  
Only one on  
Alive alongside  
Digital images.

But what if 'tis true?  
Most days I wonder  
Has He ever  
Been called her?  
Eagle displaces a dove  
But the beauty of the globe  
Created by him above  
Painted them black in gold  
By its tar tempting stove.

Aside faith be empirical  
Can a religious leader  
Say the true religion?  
Hey! preacher  
Don't take my hard earn kobo  
As a trickier  
To become a naira richer  
'You blasphemy'! !  
Sharap! I politely tell back

I only wish I could  
Fake a smile  
I just hope  
Mother earth  
Isn't messing with me  
As an experimental material  
While finding  
the best human  
For earth.

Most days I feel  
I'm not me you know,  
This body I dwell  
Doesn't have no say  
But I wish I could  
Jump-off and stare  
Without a slant  
It's ways, for  
I don't know- Who I am.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unsold Love For You

My love for you  
Has not been told,  
In songs of birds  
Or even by toads,

So smile while I  
Play my flute  
For your muse  
Our hearts to fuse,

Harmonizing with  
This feelings found,  
Similar to the pride  
Of groom and bride,

In fog, mist or dew,  
It is many not few...  
It can only be viewed;  
And can never be sold.

Vincent Onyeche

# Unveiling Her (16th Sunday)

Do you remember the African lady  
I once said her beauty never dies?

She brings me comfort, by the bay  
She is my sweet sanctuary lane;

I love her not for her gorgeousness  
But because of who she is...

She is the cathedral of my soul  
Compelling me to eternal flame;

She is my sugar, she is my fame,  
She is my pleasure, she is my pain;

She is my lightening, she is my bulb  
She is my pride in this affection job

She is my friend, sister, mother and twin,  
Unveiling her, for she is my thick and thin

Evil and her can't dwell in a sentence  
She is my key and she is my lock

She is my celibacy changing status  
She is my wife from April the 16th sunday.

Author: Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu  
(C) April,2017.

Dedicated to my sister (Onyeche J. Ify) who weds next Sunday (April  
16th,2017) .

Vincent Onyeche

# Utilizing Earth

Earth is fun not just in metaphor  
So live to the fullest in its ulterior  
Dare not listen to the spreading rumor  
Be good and take no one as a minor  
Steal not but earn from where you labor.

Earth has its magic in every culture  
Be an operator but break no sculpture  
The bible should be your armor  
Love is same even when called armour  
Kill not a fellow man to be an emperor

Earth has its liquor, drink to stupor  
From birth you were a great warrior  
Life is undefinable so don't mess the parlor  
Handle situations like you were a doctor  
For from birth you are a great warrior

Vincent Onyeche

# Vessels Of Myself

?There are lots of fun in the nose of picnics  
It distract us till the bucket has its kicks  
I still can not make out the logics.....  
... Of myself, in me and my soul within  
Or was I told that tick... tick is a lonely inn  
Conceptualized to contribute to its hard fin  
That takes me diving deep into a rivers  
To swim in dry comfort and wet pains..  
To a point I await no motion or rays....  
Indeed I've faced the tip of a knife  
In the directions pointing the fingers five  
All are made to individually dance a jive...  
What a confusing complex logics of life  
For I still cannot figureout the model of life  
Fishes even get drown in an ocean of life.  
Do you know life is an endless hole  
Oh we are its vessels and roses are our soul  
Only God knows where exactly it shall go.  
Sad I can not describe the content of a shelf  
Where I rest my head and draw myself...  
When only I and I, can apparently feel myself.

Vincent Onyeche

# Vinx Onyeche

I adore what is and isn't of nature  
I praise crazy thoughts and inventories,  
The sciences, arts and technologies  
The beautiful things created now shall be gone  
Though to return for nothing is new under the Sun  
Yes I know but only with my shades on.  
For I always have this nurtured feelings:

'On Earth, the best discoveries  
Are yet to come,  
It hides in every Child unborn,  
Lost in the wet bathrooms,  
Right in front of the reflecting mirrors  
It wonders in the dreams of men,  
Forgotten at the sight of a new dawn.

It's sang as songs not recorded or heard  
Black and white, written on papers  
Then turn and often burnt to ashes  
Because the World sees it as scraps'  
I adore terrific manifestation of nature  
Yet I am scared of the ugly vulture  
When it peaks off the realization of dreams.

- Vinx Onyeche

Vincent Onyeche

# We Are

We give the jingles to a bell  
We turn silence into a yell.

We are the elements of a cell  
We are emulsion, we are the gell.

We are the substances that we sell  
We are the shallow and deep water well.

We are for heaven, we are for hell  
We are the stories that we tell.

We are skeptical, arrogantly we ignore,  
That we are all same steel, iron and ore.

We are the lies and the truth we blink  
We are the stories that always leak.

We are the ink of our past, peak and link  
Connecting in tandem from pipes to sink

We are our frowns, smiles and wink  
We are our struggles, sorrows and meek

We are the stories told, slow and quick  
On a script, we are breathe and things we think.

Vincent Onyeche



# We Bleached Me

Born in time when I seldom see the hazy heydays  
My chest and calf are flattened and so lazy  
I am not a shepherd to the calf who jogs after his mothers' breast-milk  
The times of farming against famine are no longer mine,  
We bleached me.

My cowries, fur wrappers and painted faces had gone blinded  
By the dust lost in the whirling wind  
Once one steals a glance at my tough face  
You see a great farmer, merchant and hunter  
Not forgetting, we were born Kings  
Like a sharp spinning hawk, I saw clearly from the sky  
The palm-wine sharpened my wolfish-yellow naked eyes  
I saw all including the unfriendly ghost  
I feared; but, the chick also feared the hawk  
Respect was reciprocal, we picked our roots  
Never held the dumbbells  
But I was muscular and strong  
Everyday people, I had problems but could predict the pregnant cloud  
Not educated, I thought as sharp as though  
Enlighten I have become, we bleached me.

The tails by moonlight of such kind  
Childhood and youth age were so keen  
God's finger touched us at due time  
I saw joy in my children, friends and relatives  
Not forgetting my many wives.

Vincent Onyeche

# Welcome To March

I plowed through the last month  
For every crush, a gear I shift

Marring reds underneath a clutch  
I rode towards the hitch and dish

And woke up with a trash to flush  
Singing to myself, welcome to March.

Vincent Onyeche

# When We Ghost

We all have our individual chance  
To share the ranch or break a branch  
When we are put on a very hot spot.

We all have fell down on our knees  
Pleading to remain young, wild and free  
To our youth and needs, wishes we sent.

We all have love that panders some times  
Wondering if we are alone in this universe  
Only to get blank, in that awful moment.

We are in a field, our desire is in a glass  
Hopes on fire, sets flames across the grass  
Leaving clouds behind, in our heavy heart.

We do know, these things we've lost in fire  
Are fading in tandems over a rotating tyre  
But we wish to know, reasons the ice do melt.

We all have asked, what and why we dream  
We've held doubts, dubbed faith to cream  
Pondering what next, when we all turn ghost.

Vincent Onyeche

# White

?White is a color of lack  
It is brand of a in similar rack  
Another strain in black  
Something made for a shark  
Colorless penguins, jutty crack  
A precursor of the glowing light  
A neutral ground for a color fight  
It is simple yet not right or tight  
To make an elephant white.  
...it's a sight crave in the dark  
Though not a lonely park  
But it's something missing in black.

Vincent Onyeche

# White Cottons, Lining And Nostrils

Hey, cheer up brother  
Least it hears or sees  
The dead has done  
And seen it all  
Stood in rain  
Scotched by sun  
The dead has shed  
Blood and tears! ! !

The one with white cottons,  
Lining and nostrils  
Knows nothing...  
At all  
Happening around  
Though it might sense  
The tears of a clown  
'cos no one knows

Yes... 'tis the time,  
To cry and frown  
'cos tis a thing for us all  
Whether or not on thin ice  
Our life lies  
As a stellar  
On the inevitable  
Dining table... Of deaths.

White cottons,  
White linings  
In both nostrils  
Use a tissue  
Don't you worry 'bout the issue  
This world is not ours  
We all travellers  
So cheer up sister...

Vincent Onyeche

# Why Boast

This life is so frosty  
Illusions make it hot,

Dry, wet, tough and dusty:  
All in vanity, yet we boast

When God holds the oar  
Of the seas and floating boats

With His upthrust graces,  
Peddling and navigating us

Coast to coasts;  
By His grace, yet

We take to pride that  
We are meant to be the sailors

And pirates all by ourselves;  
Forgetting that life is our host

And we are its guest; to dust  
One day, we will be a ghost.

Vincent Onyeche

# Why Make Mama Cry?

Johnny and Jenny  
Listen to the silent wind  
Capture the echoes of sound  
Surely, fate answers mammas' curses.  
Juvenile mischief bloody thief  
Liar, a phony lazy Johnny  
Pretty Jenny, life is wild  
You enjoy the wile  
You cave in shame  
With you back on all beds  
Johnny and Jenny  
Listen to the silent wind  
Capture the echoes of sound  
Why make mamma cry?

Vincent Onyeche

# Wind Of Change

Round and round  
The earth goes;  
The wind blows  
The electorates...

Whose thumbnails  
The ink stains;  
The wind blows  
Dusty periods.

Do not preach  
Changing wings;  
Enough of these  
Chains and lakes...

Feel the whirl  
Dry hot winds;  
Our skin cries  
Dehydrated we feel.

Do not preach  
Future please;  
A day after  
Clogging our eyes.

Vincent Onyeche



# Wonderful World

How great  
Is our God  
Who made  
The stage  
For breath.

Let's push away  
The curtain  
Of foolishness  
From our  
Shallow brains.

And  
Give praises  
To the God  
Who created  
This wonderful world...

Vincent Onyeche

# Yet Enslave

Attimes we admire pretty people  
And carve a square in a cycle hole  
When all that we have is undreamt  
And the tunnels, we pass has no end  
But imaginations free to lend and blend  
We speak like drunks that shouldn't be heard...  
But still walk into tunnels, for there are lots to be felt...  
The rocky stones just keeps falling in a shadow light  
If and only if, is the word we lit...  
But we fail because we piloted the jet  
Air we flew, till we became reject  
Broken but our hopes can't be an eject  
We know we failed, but we fail not to quit  
Because of an unrealistic foolish insight  
Bigger than a planet, yet its constantly pictured  
As a big sun in our swampy tiny pocket.  
Round and around impossibilities, we run fast...  
And find excuses beside reality coasts  
Marathon for freedom yet we are free but slaves...  
Chasing after chains of yesterdays...  
Throwing long paces into enclosures,  
When all there is in life, is but a free slave  
Hey! ! atleast we think, and our brains...  
... Are not caged or enslaved in caves.

Vincent Onyeche

# Young Boy's World

He seem a boy from a never same era,  
Partly priest, partly pestilence,  
Blessing both ugly and pretty girls;  
Witching and itching hearts with his attitude.  
Shy, sometimes smart and bold to face the  
her,  
As she stares, he goes a thousand mile to  
please her.  
Like Robin Hood, he steals to give to her.  
His vitality, his arrogant courage, and his  
sense of humor  
Brings mantle to his eyes and perks to his  
cheek.  
Homo, womanizing, drugs, and wrongs he  
involves,  
Smoking, drinking, fighting he kills,  
Blood in hands, the young world hails and  
appears,  
Displaying masculinity in the young world  
flairs,  
He feels secured in crime he'll rebuke his  
young boy from.

Vincent Onyeche

# Young Girls World

She seem a new girl from another era  
Who know not of the toxin in a snakebite;  
Partly Virgin Mary, partly cruel Jezebel  
Blessing boys eyes with her astonishing  
form.  
Witching and itching hearts with her skirling  
voice  
Overdose she is when prescribed by the  
doctors,  
Fit feet for Robin Hood and the bandits  
To steal, split and give her wile to the  
needy;  
Strange like the world strange to outer  
space  
Boys' even girls kiss her seducing face  
Bed of roses, parting, jewels, and all she  
ask from all;  
A perception of her time she is lost behind  
wall  
Fit feet for Don Juan and the phonies  
To charm and sham with romantic  
escapades.

Vincent Onyeche

# Youth Arise

Youth arise and take hold of your future  
The white is greyish and green is faded  
Youth arise and water the dried grasses  
Reinforce a beacon of hope and transparent glasses  
Ascend to ascend to your thrones; don't you slumber  
In an economy of hardship, everything suffers  
Good people turn thieves, sluts and scammers  
Come out en masse and rebuild tonnes of fortunes.

Leaders of credibilities let's fight bad governance  
Step out of your shells, enough of the oldies  
Youths be bold and be completely honest  
The horses of unity are wallowing into the forest  
Youths be bold and evade the idea of frustrations  
When; if not now, will you be the leaders of tomorrow?  
Irrespective of your sin deeds, genes, and variances  
Be useful, hey youths! underneath or without shelters.

I'm talking to the youths making grounds  
In small or large scales, legal or illegal rounds  
Those progressing, stagnant and redundant...  
The youths are the strength of the political mouths  
So every youth of Africa or global origin  
Born on these sediments and other regions  
Enough of the red bloods spilling dirty soils...  
Youths arise, speak out and kick for a good future.

I'm talking to the youths of our weird times  
The youthful youth, you and I call a brother,  
The youthful youth, you and I call a sister,  
The youthful youths, you and I call our lovers,  
The youthful youths of our rivalry colleagues,  
The youthful youths we call uncle, aunti and friend  
It's time to put these menaces to an end  
Youths arise! and take hold, of your bright future.

By, Onyeche Vincent Onyeka.

Vincent Onyeche