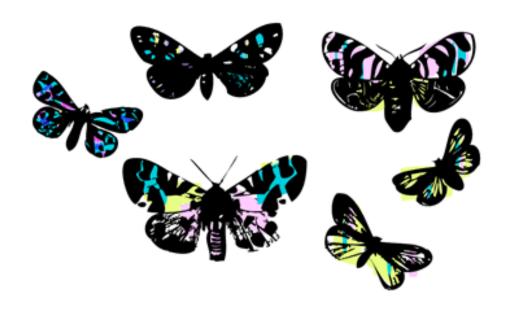
## Anthology of Joseph C Ogbonna



Presented by

My poetic Side Z



## **Dedication**

Dedicated to Esther Ngozi Ogbonna. My beloved mom.



## **Acknowledgement**

I acknowledge God almighty, the creator of the universe. I acknowledge my wife, Chizoba Lilian Ogbonna for her tremendous support and love. My father, Joseph Oji Ogbonna, my sister, Joy Uzoma Ogbonna and my brother in war-torn Ukraine for their deepest encouragements.



## About the author

Joseph C Ogbonna is a prolific poet from Nigeria. He has published two volumes of poetry. His works have also been featured in anthologies. He writes on different genres like religion, love, philosophy, politics, death, Christmas, history and tributes. one of his poems was used on may the 5th, 2021 to mark the bicentenary of Napoleon 































































































































































































































































































































































death by the BBC Radio 3. He was a former high school history teacher. He currently resides in Enugu, Nigeria.



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### The Golden Sun

Deify me, I illuminate your world.

I shine like your luminous guardian angel.

In the cosmos, I am your adored arch-angel.

I awake to brighten a lack-luster morning.

I always your routine activities herald.

I glitter for the flora to have their fill,

so do I for men to energize their mill.

Of the ocean currents I keep on warning.

I make the flora lush for medicine and food.

I awake for the globe's universal good,

and sleep at even with a sated crimson smile.

I pave the way for the silver and dew for a while.

The globe's life would cease without my needful presence.

Of the firmament, I am the very essence.



### A Love Dream at the Beach

On a summer day I saw a pretty dame bathing in the warm waves of the beach's tub. She tanned her skin to adorn her slim frame, massaging its softness with each gentle rub. From that distance, she exuded sweet fragrance stemming from the refining of her radiance. Sensual movements from lips, hips, curves, legs and hands made me fantasize as I relished each moment. My love-struck eyes gazed at the rhythmic movement of this scantily clad model for all lands. After a sunbath, she tied her pristine towel, then with a fixed look, she gazed straight at me. 'Hello, the adventurous gentleman,' said she. 'You sure look gay, hale, hearty and swell.' Shyly my fears of rejection loomed large, whilst my love dreams turned out to be a mirage.



# **A World Of Diversity**

The world is a spicy pot of diverse races that exhibits colours pleasant on different faces. Each race revealing features distinct and unique of varying hair texture but uniform physique. Oh yes, you know undoubtedly that I am black. But still my black heritage does not prestige lack because my black beauty is revealed in the dark. Oh yes, you all know that I am Caucasian white, with my magnificent ocean blue eyes for sight. I am blonde, brunette and red haired with fair skin light. Oh yes, you know that I am oriental yellow, having traits distinct that nature itself did bestow. We look alike but vary from fellow to fellow. Oh yes, you know I'm middle-eastern or Indian brown. I adore my skin tanned and hair black as a crown. I have a pleasant heritage of Asian renown.



### **Africa The Beautiful**

Africa my Africa; of resources rich.

Aggressively wooed because her potentials enrich.

Africa the bride, historically bid for.

The continent dark with opulent fields to explore.

Your labour past prospered farmers of the Occident.

Your hidden value takes the gaze of the Orient.

Not even the world's giants can your 'dwarfness' ignore,

as they compete for potentials concealed therein.

You seek for succour but your abundance lies herein.

Your pleasant shores will no more the brain drain witness.

Your lush green will spring forth from your feigned wilderness.

Africa my home will her charming beauty unveil.

No more will your poverty stricken let out a wail.



### **Africa The Beautiful Bride**

The beautiful bride for the world prepared, by Europe's colonial powers divided.

Her priceless worth was seen and hardly spared; hence the need to woo her was decided.

Two great superpowers made their advances, as she danced before their lustful glances.

Now she's wooed by none other than the Chinese; who dangle their bread crumbs and putrid cheese; seeking relentlessly her heart to please.

Africa is no doubt a priceless jewel, historically contested for by a duel.



# **Beauty's Vanity and Worthlessness**

Though I style my curly braids with ribbons bright, and colour my sweet moist lips with royal red to look as bright and fair as a newly wed.

Though I stand on two towers to get a better height, with eyelashes that beckon at each gazer.

Though my trendy gowns make me a trailblazer with great designer labels that distinguish.

Though I have curves which men wished they could relish, revealed slightly through my scantily clad frame.

Though I have this charm which could hardened hearts tame, making vicious criminals to dream and lust, still I am nothing more than organic dust.



### **Black October**

The Paragliders like ravenous vultures flew

to southern Israel to predate on soft targets.

Like swarms of bees, they snuck, raped, maimed, shot, burnt and slew.

Terror did every man's fragile conscience becloud.

Hate made their embittered hearts to mercy forget.

Abductions followed, having to terror avowed.

Then came the IDF's genocidal intent,

having intended global laws to circumvent;

Children, women, all consumed by mighty vengeance.

A disproportionate response beyond balance.

Homes, hospitals, Mosques, Churches and schools are levelled,

as Gaza is by torrents of bombs bedeviled.

I do not with a livid Israel sympathize,

nor do I with a besieged Gaza empathize.

With humanity I have my affinity,

for my deep love for it, tends to infinity.



# **Bonaparte**

He that trod upon subservient Europe with the imperial guards' fighting prowess, did himself and his heartthrob the empress, entrench thrones jointly owned by their hookup. He that caused guns to rage on Europe's plains and cannons to thunder on Egypt's sands, sent hussars and mamluks to distant flight. He usurped crowns for his dear siblings' gains, and enthroned loyalists to head vanquished lands. But was banished for good from France's sight after a stunning loss on Belgium's plains.



### Chizoba

I will cling closely to your breast; on which my wearied head will rest.

I will lie gently on your thighs, from whence I'll fly to distant skies.

I'll seek refuge in your warm arms, it always my thunderous head calms.

I will to your heart find entrance, the moment I'm given a chance.

I will in your smiles take delight, when from looming trials I take flight.

I will from your voice get comfort, in times of utmost discomfort.

I will at your heart's doorway wait, even if your consent comes late.



# **Christmas Rhymes**

As the yuletide bells ring, the gladdened Sparrows sing, Red-hooded Santas bring delights of a joy laden Kid.

Reindeers each of regal breed, all across the white plains speed to yonder Snow-covered climes to take the joy of the times.

Carols in melodious rhymes sung in the joyous season, once a year without ceasing reveal the only reason why Christmas is for feasting.



# **Esther Ngozi Ogbonna**

It was indeed an odyssey of excruciating pain, reluctantly embarked upon that led to an abrupt farewell that got you ferried in splendour by His majesty's service 'HMS Life Eternal' by your guardian angels maneuvered on her maiden voyage.

Congratulations for your newfound bliss and world of non-existent tears.

You have meritoriously earned the Saviour's warm embrace,

as we look forward to sharing this idyllic world with you.

Happy eternal vacation to you mom.



# **Howard Carter's Expedition (1922)**

I am here on an archaeological quest, to satisfy many a curious mind's request for knowledge on antiques and artifacts of Egypt's long extinct historical facts, in treasured sands buried, like gold mines earnestly sought for in stories shrouded in mythology. With a large contingent just as curious as I, hardly daunted by curses, but with shoulders high, We went to the field, the sun baking us chaps to a baker's delight. With our rumpled maps, we searched every clue, and were bitten perhaps by a million flies. Getting relief from sunless skies in times of fair weather, whilst hoping something lies in the depths of the hot sands for our very eyes to see. With my tools by hard work and search worn out, I brushed to full view, the tomb, brilliantly carved out of young blue blooded Tut, regally laid to rest. To my wearied colleagues I spoke in real earnest: 'To exhume the past, we are here at last.'



# **Immortal Queen Elizabeth II**

Your life's twilight on a
September evening came.
And ferried you were by
crimson cherubs; conveyed
in splendour on a celestial
cruise, to gates pleasant for
a permanent reign.
Your reign on the throne
on a September autumn
exited,
but your indelible legacy
in the hearts of Brits
is enthroned gloriously.



# Jesus My Lord

My Lord Jesus Christ is king, Of him only I will sing. He loves me dearly I know, And to him only I'll go.

My Lord Jesus Christ is Lord,
He nourishes me with his word,
He saved my doomed soul from death,
When in sin it lacked good health.

My Lord Jesus Christ provides, And when I am lost, he guides. Like a shepherd he leads me, Even when from trials I flee.

My Lord Jesus Christ is good, In sad moments, by me he stood, In my moments of despair, He does my mood swing repair.



# Lilian

You sprout like a flower in my heart,
You erode my frowns with laughter.
My mind is struck by many darts,
each time I view your facial art.
You always my desires water,
as loving petals from them sprout.
In my loving heart's deepest south,
I feel just you entrenched therein.
None else could my emotions win,
but you, the goddess of men's hearts.



#### **Mother GAZA**

A percentage of me has to hell been consigned

by the ever raging zionists' war machine.

To each livid soldier, a mandate is assigned

to uproot terror where multitudes are confined.

Torrents of explosives have swept my landscapes clean.

Churches, mosques, schools have all to mighty vengeance bowed.

Stricken mothers wail uncontrollably aloud.

Itinerancy pervades my horror stricken crowd,

whilst my kids toy with explosives, carnage and ruin.

Survivors will take shelter from snipers shooting

death balls and lead from peevish and portable guns.

Horror unprecedented the people outruns.

I have metamorphosed to nothing but a morgue.

Lice and bugs have infested hoodies lined with borg.

Disease and maimed limbs have no remedies in sight.

Let not the world be unmoved by my sorry plight.

Why must I this price pay for a thousand or more killed?

My morgues are beyond their capacity filled.

The deaths of innocents are nothing but unjust.

My once-populated streets have been turned into dust.



### My Global Panorama

I always did fantasize about our diverse earth;

Its freezing stones in the fridges of the Arctic and Antarctic landscapes.

The idyllic playgrounds on the quiet sands of the Mediterranean Sea banks,

The amazing sun baked plains of the smoothened Sahara brown,

The tropical Haven of humid air, where the golden sun awakes in a fair and bright morning, and sets at even with its magnificent crimson smile.

What a cozy feeling can its temperate climes bring; with its sheer abundance of Clement weather.

A paradise indeed of ambient mildness.

I long for the warm gardens of Eden's residues, with their ebullient and lush tropical green.

How pleasant it would be to cascade down the many waterfalls in an imaginary and wonderland fashion.

To go atop the zenith of each mountainous heaven from which pinnacle point you have the panoramic view of your own vanquished plains.

I once disappeared into the wind, in a midsummer night's dream to see my global fantasies come true.

And like a boisterous eagle,

I glided high to the heavens for this global and utterly delightful bird's eye view.



# **My Nordic Christmas Story**

I bought boots for Christmas to tread the icy plains.

I bought toys for Christmas with Santas in my trains.

I lit my home for Christmas with a Cedar bright.

I made cup cakes for Christmas for my love's delight.

I bought Jane a dress for Christmas with ribbons pink.

I bought for my grandma a cozy Christmas mink.

I bought for Jill two amazing Christmas Sparrows.

I bought for Jack a toy quiver full of arrows.

I bought an Elk for Christmas with nose giving light.

I bought for Christmas, candles for a solemn night.

I made for Christmas a warm and sweet lemonade,

and I sang on Christmas morn, a sweet Serenade.



# **Napoleon's Contention For Josephine**

On the plains of Europe I contend for an empire.

On love's battlefields I have contended more for thee.

A stare from your rolling eyeballs consumes me like fire, as I seek entrance to a world of just you and me.

Mademoiselle Josephine, you are truly my world's wonder.

What precious gem or treasure can I to thee render?

Not even Europe's plundered gold could my love equate for the diamond damsel I ask for a lifetime's date.

What eloquent poetry could my words for thee describe, and what tender words of mine could I on thine heart inscribe?

A thousand princes may indeed contend for thine heart, each of them loves-truck with your magical Cupid's dart.

A thousand more princes may contend for thy dowry, but relentless I'll be to see their love plans go awry.



### **Napoleon's Nascent Love For Josephine**

Give me a smile, that I may build on your assurance, Kiss me, that I may have to thy kind heart entrance, Love me less, and see how tumultuous life could be, Give thy command, and see my loyalty to thee.

In thine absence, mine heart cannot from thee depart;
A moment's departure would rend my world apart.
I recall that very day I beheld thy face;
A lasting memory I will forever retrace.
That Sunday when thine eyes did my emotions disarm;
The day mine heart responded to thy Love's alarm,
The day you sat upon mine heart's epicentre,
To govern my feelings from their very centre.
Josephine my love, I bequeath my self-will to thee,
Let me thy world share, and make thine own tumults mine,
And come in to my own world, for all I have is thine.



# **Napoleon's Victories**

At Austerlitz I two nations vanquished;
making me historically distinguished.
At Marengo I had Austria subdued;
then I was to honour undoubtedly glued.
At the Pyramids, Mamluks kissed the sands;
then like a French Pharaoh I annexed their lands.
At Jena-Auerstadt, Prussia to her knees fell,
to avoid carnage, and possibly hell.
At Borodino, Kutuzov my boots licked,
as his Russian forces had their arses kicked.
At Ligny, Blucher like a coward fled,
as his smitten forces profusely bled.
At Toulon I first distinguished myself
for a career that would exalt oneself.
Rolica, Leipzig, Waterloo like curses came,

but history will forever my triumphs reclaim.



### **Nekky's Story**

I am his punching bag, he punches me at will, he punches me to vent his anger, he does so to douse his frustrations. He tries to regulate my emotions, he entrenches himself fastidiously in my life's branches.

My constant battery is his love's justification.

To him, none else could care better, not even my own sacrificial mum.
In my secular and public life, his raging jealousy is hardly concealed. I am his only mood swing's spectator, I am enslaved by regular and suicidal threats.

I must to his own will remain subservient for my own dear children's survival.

Not even my domestic pets are spared.

My movement is restrained, every friend of mine is a suspect, and my conversations are thoroughly scrutinized.

His watchful eyes are never exhausted by prying.

He makes my life a world of suspicion and espionage.

My conscience is daily by blame overwhelmed. I am worthless and hardly esteemed, and can on none else rely.

I have no better friend or acquaintance than him. My inferior gender is a social stigma,



hence I am closeted with his unquestionable desires.

I must please him to the utmost with my food, chores and body;
My meals must sate his insatiable appetite with the very best cuisines of his choice.
My house chores must be flawless in dexterity for his perfectionist requests to please.
At bed time my tits and body curves must gratify and gratify his sexual proclivities, even at my own very expense.



#### Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Even when in a famished state I hunt, In pastures green and lush with abundance, He renews my spry and exuberance.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
In gardens of drought He will fortune plant.
He leads to quiet pools of fresh water
from which I draw strength and endless laughter.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He does my requests for pleasant paths grant.

Even when to deepest darkness I stray,

He lovingly paves a most glorious way.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Even when my foes seek my life to hunt, His rod and staff give me all the comfort that allay my fears of every discomfort.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He does my sumptuous feasts and banquets flaunt for my blood thirsty adversaries to see from abased locations on bended knee.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Even when Satan tries my soul to haunt, His goodness and mercy will follow me until His heavenly abode I see.



### Queen Elizabeth II 1926-2022

Elizabeth;

Of immensely esteemed birth.

Highly respected in life,

but more respected in death.

Having a crown that ceased to decay

for many decades long.

A queen of kings, but still a wife,

custodian of traditions strong.

She that saw historic anniversaries,

She that saw millennial discoveries,

She that transcends previous monarchies

in length of days and pivotal reign.

Queen of a realm of historic gains,

where the sun never sets on their plains.

All to Westminster their griefs convey

to our departed who countless smiles gave.

And for your funeral would many for death crave.



# Salman Rushdie

Intrepid gadfly;
the voice of dissent.
Multiple times stricken,
multiple times resolved.
Though he bleeds,
still the pen that chides never bleeds,
nor is it obliterated.
For three decades and four,
death he evaded,
still, multiple times stricken,
evasive he remains.



### **Symptoms of Nigeria's Governing Arms**

Executive- My powers are absolute,

thus I am totalitarian.

The legislature and judiciary are each subservient to my whims.

I pass my bills with attendant

compliance, and interpret my own

terms as the law.

I shut the doors of compassion,

I am very deeply elusive.

I give no room at all to dissent.

I get bloated with the treasures of the nation.

In a leap year's tenure I bulldoze

my way back to my incumbent status.

And when four multiplies two, I impose

a minion to cover my ills.

Legislature- To obnoxious decrees I give my consent.

I inflate yearly forecasts to become opulent.

I am gratified for the cabinet servants' affirmation.

I always my selfish treaties ratify.

I am undoubtedly slavish to executive excesses.

I seek the redress of constituents' grievances

to enlarge my pocket's size.

And above all else, I am largely rubber stamp.

Judiciary- My evasive justice is yours' to reap

if you are a top notch,

whilst I withdraw the distributive

and restorative from insolvents.

I base my interpretations on business

interests,

and make laws for the interests of

a cabal.



Equity and rights are only in my constitution stated.

But in reality they are no more

than abstract twins.

The sacred laws of our national prospectus I serve as a weak custodian of, and weaker still in the face of political heavyweights.

But with all the lofty responsibilities
I am reverently saddled with,
I can do nothing more than
empower bigwigs because I am weak,
and they are powerful.



### The Birth Of Our Lord

Christ in a manger was laid, regally known but lowly.
His royal identity was to three wise men revealed, but from his kinsmen concealed.

Christ was in Bethlehem born; his royal ancestor's city. A king that sinners would scorn, and would by his friend be betrayed.

Messiah to the unholy;
born to salvage the wicked
with the blood of his innocence.
He was nailed with no evidence,
He shared the fate of the crooked
but his unjust conviction
he never appealed against.
Born that we all might be cleansed,
born that men no more may die,
born that men may reign on high,
and born that men might see God.



### The Fiddler in London's Tower

Fernando, I do sincerely extol thee.

You were as much passionate in symphony
as you were in death, which you faced willfully.

Cursed were the cruel war machines that silenced thee.

But still to celestial heights they lifted thee.

For in great honour at heaven's distant gates
you became heaven's fiddler at God's request,
to play in courts before the heavenly greats
in a manner timeless at their own behest.

Fernando Buschmann, the fiddler at the tower. He that rendered sad tunes in his final hour, playing Pagliacci at the twilight of life. Continue to rest in a world void of strife until justice for your death we all shall see.



### The Good Shepherd Hymn

I heard the voice of the good shepherd say;
"I did your sad and weary soul salvage,
lean on me, I did for your freedom pay.
Lean on me, and come to God with courage."
The soft voice of Jesus tenderly speaks,
when in moments of pain, my sadness peaks.
His assuring words give my poor soul rest,
as I lay my wearied head on his breast.

I heard the voice of the good shepherd say; of the life giving bread he freely gives to all the redeemed in whose hearts he lives. I came to him as hungry as I was, and my spiritual stomach he did sate. His soft spoken voice always pleads my cause, his love for me is always up to date; thus on him only I can hang my fate.

I heard the voice of the good shepherd say;
"I am the only sacrificial lamb,
no one else can duplicate my good role."
I once was lost, but he rescued my soul,
he did protect my fallen soul from harm.
When from his sheepfold I stubbornly strayed,
with no regard for the price he gladly paid,
he lovingly sought me out without delay.



### The Hallmarks of War

Thunderous fighter birds, loud torrential explosives, blood thirsty Kalashnikovs, monstrous and destructive tanks, bloodshed by the river banks, numerous catacombs interred, dismembered bodies on landscapes littered. Vengeful hearts embittered, countless tragedies, misery corrodes like corrosives, lawlessness without caution, insanity without option, hell is incessantly let loose, for safety you may never choose. Men of beastly testosterone on vulnerable women predate. Bastards are pervasively birthed; the seed of hate and discord is sown. Each course is decided by fate, essentials are ravaged by dearth, refugees to distant lands take flight, as they hope that peace will be in sight. Oh that men will cease to wage war! Oh that men will peace adore!



# The Hypocrisy of life and Death

The living to themselves gossip attract, but at death eulogies mitigate lies.

Love and care from he who breathes is withdrawn, but his slumber does attract parties.

Fake mourners with feigned tears in burials act.
They rip off and use the grieving as pawns;
Their loss is their gain, their tears their laughter.
To fill their stomachs, they sob and flatter,
as they to misery dance, from dusk till dawn.

Whilst alive, at my deeds everyone frowns. But at death, I am a departed 'saint' whose sepulcher you spray with costly paint.

If you must celebrate me, do so now.

Do not in reverence to my casket bow.

Visit me now in my ramshackle house, sharply rebuke me if you have a grouse.

Do as much you can to show you love me, do not when I sleep go on bended knee.

Never belatedly show your respect by attending my funeral in retrospect.



#### The Internet

As information is sourced, we knowledge add. Entertainment is accessed by each ipad. The cost of research is by the net reduced, whilst addiction to porn is by it induced.

Banking transactions are by it made easy, so does the convenience of a shopping spree. We conveniently send mails by speed of light, and connect to old buddies beyond our sight.

Its flash of lightening promotes the breaking news, so does its ill wind the fake ones for our views. It mocks distance with commercial activities, and lures perverts to their sexual proclivities.

It does our world flatten with mobile services, its not by distance hindered for con men's vices, neither will it the distant swindled protect.

It does the deeds of distant bullies perfect.

Transnational love has by it been produced, when love birds electronically are introduced.

Global link that binds us all like a cobweb;

Old and young alike, each enslaved by the web.



### **The Proud Peacock**

I am the Peacock, the beautiful bride of the bird kingdom. I am in no doubt fairer than the cock for I dwarf its pride with feathers that stand-out. I am the Peacock who desires serfdom from the bird kingdom, for I long to usurp the title of king from the strong Eagle who soars atop with its air-borne wings. Though fit as fiddle with an awesome strength, gliding the sky's length at a blistering pace, yet dreaded for a face that is void of grace. I am the Peacock, the elegantly clad. Humans would be mad to contend with me, for shame you would see if unclad they be.



### The Self-Crowned Emperor Of The French

In seventeen sixty nine a child was born in Corsica, Genoa's former vassal state. Prior to his birth, his land had been war-torn, Paoli's resistance did his birth predate.

At school, his geometrical talent was inborn, and he was tutored by none other than Laplace. For his accent, his peers at school laughed him to scorn, but fortune would elevate him from grass to grace.

With his much older heartthrob he tied the knot; much to the chagrin of his own dear family. For the heart of Josephine he relentlessly fought, and at Chateau de Malmaison they lived happily.

Later he would choose a military career that would take him beyond the Corsican frontier. France's revolution saw to his glorious rise, when at Toulon, he took royalists by surprise.

To Egypt he led a dual expedition of a military and scientific mission.

To France he returned and sacked the directory, taking charge of the affairs of state and treasury.

Europe did contend with him in seven coalitions; at Austerlitz he subjugated two nations, at Marengo, Austria on her bended knees fell, at Jena-Auerstadt, Prussia to victory bade farewell.

At Borodino, Russia met her nemesis, as her vanquished forces saw their paralysis. At Ligny, Blucher like a beaten canine fled



with the terribly smitten forces he once led.

Portugal's sovereign lord to distant Brazil ran, when like an invincible lord he came to his realm. The emperor he feared, and made no military plan; thus he paved the way for him to ascend his helm.

But despite his triumphs, his weakness was exposed. At Rolica, his troops a major set back saw. From Leipzig he did to Elba's island withdraw, from whence in 1815 he returned unopposed.

Russia's wintry plains did his grand armee deplete, making his troops vulnerable to a future defeat.

After the famous battles in which he gloried, his great ambition at Waterloo was buried.



### The Sun

I am the sun, I energize your day.
I speak expressly to the humid air;
'dry up for a day that is bright and fair.'
I command moisture to dry the lush hay
for non-ruminants to be well nourished.
I am ageless, and I am distinguished.
My golden rays have living things enriched,
my yellow rays induce the labourer's sleep,
having toiled so hard for his family's upkeep.
The flower smiles at my usual advances,
and with her fixed gaze, she makes no glances.
My loving rays speak with no utterances.

The day flourishes with my assistance, as I serve from my celestial distance.

My service to you, none else can replicate.

Without me, life-form will from the earth vacate.



### The Unappreciated Woman

Just take a good look at me; My frame is attractive! It does the unsated appetite of the chauvinist fuel.

My curves and your fantasies are mutually inclusive!
Without them, dreams are truncated.

But I am an orgasmic symbol.

The self opinionated chauvinist designs me in his sub-conscious to serve and be utterly subservient.

I am incarcerated as a chef, and timeless baby sitter.

A baby machine for a patriarchal dynasty.

My education is a threat to chauvinist ego.

My ignorance hones his misogynist confidence,

whilst my erudite head

retards his self esteem and worth.

The illiterate orgasmic symbol is his

ideal and virtuous woman.

The smarter and more professional

is the age-old Jezebel.

My chastity and virginity

are twin virtues of a

mutilated genitalia.

My restrained sex urges are

designed for his unrestrained

proclivities and gratification.

I must be restrained,



for him to be unrestrained, because, share him I must with two or three others of my kind.

But take another good look at me, and see a versatile womb-man! Translate each prejudice of yours' and see my remarkable antonyms.



# Yes, I am a Negro

I am a negro I say it with pride I cannot my colour hide its radiant blackness does glow. I am tropically designed, and from taunts I am resigned. I love my natural label, it rings my pride like a bell. My frame is black and lovely, I am feminine and curvy. My rare Baartman's curves are awesome, despite my colour being 'loathsome.' My labour in the scorching field was worth a trans-Atlantic risk. I enriched the west with my yield. My hard labour did slip my disc. I am Africa's black gold, and on this heritage I hold. I am black and proudly so, that is who I am, a negro!!