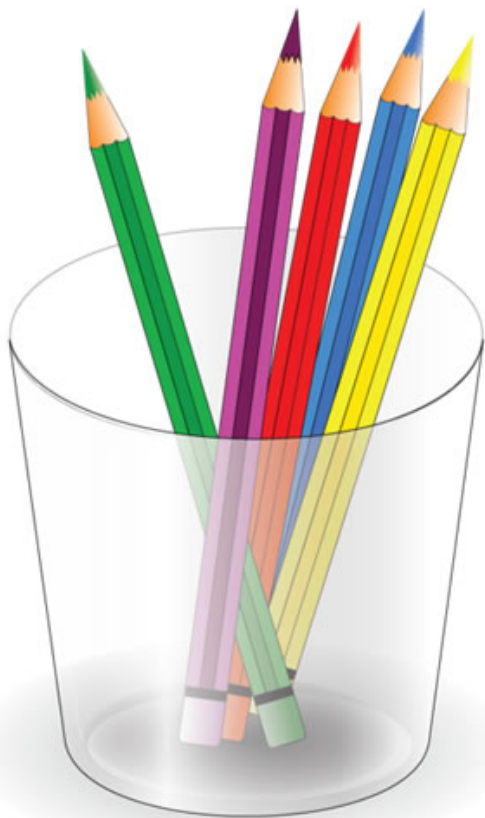


Anthology of Thomas

Tatyough Terungwa Thomas



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To my family, whose love and support have remained a constant source of strength and inspiration.

I dedicate this work to the cherished memory of my late siblings, whose lives, though brief, left enduring footprints upon my heart. Their memories continue to inspire resilience, compassion, and reflection.

This work is also dedicated to every reader who finds solace, wisdom, and hope in the written word.

May these pages inspire noble thoughts, stir meaningful conversations, and affirm our shared humanity.

Acknowledgement

The compilation of this work would not have been possible without the grace of God Almighty, whose guidance and mercies have sustained me throughout this journey.

I express my profound gratitude to my family for their unwavering support, encouragement, and sacrifices. Their love has been a constant source of strength and inspiration.

I also extend my appreciation to my friends, mentors, and teachers whose counsel, insights, and belief in my abilities have contributed immensely to my growth as a writer and legal practitioner.

Special recognition goes to every reader and lover of literature who continues to keep the spirit of creativity alive. Your appreciation for the written word inspires authors to tell stories that educate, inspire, and transform society.

Finally, I remain grateful to all those, known and unknown, whose contributions, directly or indirectly, have played a role in bringing this work to fruition.

About the author

Tatyough Terungwa Thomas born August 16 2005, is a Nigerian lawyer, writer, and literary enthusiast whose works explore themes of love, society, politics, and the complexities of human emotions. Born in Lagos Mainland Local Government Area of Lagos State, he spent his formative years in Eti Osa and Amuwo Odofin Local Government Areas, where he received his primary and secondary education. He hails from Gwer West Local Government Area of Benue State, Nigeria.

Thomas holds a Bachelor of Laws (LL.B) degree from Reverend Father Moses Orshio Adasu University, Makurdi, formerly known as Benue State University, Makurdi. Since beginning his writing journey in 2021, he has authored several poems and ventured into fiction and essays. His debut novel, **Inside Eko**, navigates the social and cultural complexities of life in Lagos.

Beyond writing, Thomas enjoys sports and music. Through his literary works, he seeks to inspire, motivate, and impart moral values to readers while provoking thoughtful reflection on society and the human condition.

summary

THE DARK CLOUDS

SWEET SORROW

THE HEREOS OF MY LAND

TIGER

BETRAYALS

The Alcoholic

Justice Awaits

His Mother's Son

THE DARK CLOUDS

The chimneys black with smoke
and toxic woods get broke
to make flames for winter

The exhaust of the motorcar
is a weapon of destruction
like a fuel on a running dynamo

The dark clouds block the sun
and causes frustration
and the agents of destruction
squawk like a parrot

The dark cloud frown
like a thunderstorm sky
thus acid rain and global warming
attacking the earth

Dilly-dally citizens in despair
Having trees and fresh air beyond compare
or living the rest of their lives in haunt.

SWEET SORROW

With your memories in my heart
which will never depart

The art of losing is hard to master
better days I pray should come faster

At night I found you in eternal sleep
I tried to wake you as I began to weep

But all eyes closed and you could not hear
still wishing I had kept you near

My heart is broken forever
with time the pieces will come back together

I beam with smiles hearing your name
knowing things will never be the same

Now I know you are home
home to rest in peace

THE HEREOS OF MY LAND

The hereos of my fatherland
strived for a betterland
Like the king of the jungle
my hereos ruled
Like the sun in the sky
they shone brightness
Now time has gone too far
for the hands of the clock to be reversed
The pain of them in rain
Seems to have gone in vain
The people of my land crave a better place
A place far from home
With thought of melancholy
Tears of anguish filled their eyes
The hereos of my fatherland
Thy stake is at hand
Your home is gone
Gone too far
We sit and wait for tomorrow
to deliver the future

TIGER

Blessed is the animal
With coat of dissimilar stripes
A stealthy animal
With such gentility
As swift as an arrow
And deadly like death
It stretches its claws
And shows its paws
It toughness in display
And from the throat it roars
An animal beautiful and fine
With such majestic sight

BETRAYALS

Now the truth is out

I am in shock that I can't shout

Thought you were kind

Your betrayal strikes through like a knife

Cutting and slicing

What is happiness?

You left me in misery and lonesomeness

At night I watch the candle light flicker

Moonlight streaming through my open window

The moon is a friend of he lonesome to talk to

Until then my health is in threat

Now the truth is out

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The Alcoholic

Despite several warnings
He holds on to his liquor, never a happy person
After several fights and arguments
He vomits and ends face down in the floor
He is never polite!

Despite several warnings
To the addictive drink he happily submit
He wakes in the morning with terrible headache
From a drunken state he made many mistakes
He is a bully!

Despite several warnings
He is out boozing with his mates
So he boozed and boozed
On his way home on wheels
He realized his liquor has tricked his vision
His end is near
He zoomed home rather too quick
This time home to rest in peace

Justice Awaits

You sit in chambers, speaking of change, Yet the streets whisper hunger's name. Promises flow like rivers in harmattan, Dry, empty, leaving cracks in the earth. Your pockets swell as schools crumble, The youth wander, dreams slipping away. Health centers wait for your compassion, But it lingers in foreign clinics, far from here. Roads are maps of neglect, Each pothole a proof of silence. The people cry for justice, for dignity, But their voices echo, unheard, unseen. When will the table of power feed all, And not just those who build it ?

His Mother's Son

The night was soft, the stars were bright,
A mother held her child so tight.
Her weary tears became delight,
As dawn gave birth to morning light.

"My son," she said with gentle grace,
While joy and wonder filled her face.
She kissed his cheeks, his tiny hand,
Her precious gift, heaven had planned.

They played in fields of golden sun,
Their laughter danced, their hearts were one.
They sang sweet songs at break of day,
And chased the evening light away.

When night arrived with silver sleep,
She held him close and rocked him deep.
Through every fever, every cry,
She stayed beside him by and by.

The years rolled on like rivers wide,
The little boy grew tall with pride.
His mother gave and gave once more,
Yet discipline she oft ignored.

Each wish he spoke became command,
She placed the world within his hand.
What once was love began to spoil,
Like fertile ground that bore bad soil.

He learned to take but not to give,
Forgot the art of how to live.
His temper burned like summer flame,

And slowly pride became his name.

One fateful day dark anger rose,
As bitter winds disturb the rose.
Harsh words were thrown from son to mother,
Words that should never meet another.

She called his name with trembling breath,
Unknowing she was near to death.
In blinding rage, without clear sight,
His hand reached out in foolish spite.

A flash of steel, a dreadful cry,
The heavens seemed to mourn and sigh.
The knife he held in anger's storm
Had pierced the one who kept him warm.

She fell upon the silent floor,
The voice that sang would sing no more.
Her fading eyes still sought her son,
Though all the evil had been done.

He dropped the blade with shaking hand,
Like one who could not understand.
For there before his grieving eyes
Lay love no wealth could ever buy.

The hands that fed him every day,
The heart that chased his fears away,
Now cold beneath the evening sun,
Destroyed by her own cherished son.

He wept, but tears could not restore
The life that crossed death's solemn shore.
For some regrets no time can mend,
And some dark roads have bitter ends.

Remember this where'er you roam:
Kindness must first be taught at home.
A child may bear his mother's name,
Yet choices carve his grief or fame.

For love without the guiding rod
May drift away from paths of God.
And hearts once pure may come undone,
As happened to his mother's son.