

# Poetic Thoughts

Nwafor Oji Awala

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*To muse*

## About the author

Nwafor Oji Awala is a poet, published creative writer and newspaper editor with many years experiences in the private media.

He is the author of Pearls, a collection of poems; Reign of Hyenas -- Poems and True Essence of the Eleme Man.

Nwafor Awala was born in Ogale-Eleme in Nigeria; had his education at the Rivers State College of Arts and Science (now Elechi Amadi Polytechnic, Port Harcourt) and the University of Calabar.

## summary

GHOST

HERE COMES THE KING

REINCARNATION

FAIR FUTILITY

DARK ENTRAILS

LOST SHINE IN DUST

SUMMATION

## GHOST

I am the ghost of your journey,  
Failures of your past,  
I am a shadow of you,  
Made of cockroaches of the night ,  
I am a video on silence,  
Of the uglies in your closet.  
Can one run away from his bowels?  
Today was the tomorrow that has come  
Embrace me and in silence  
Follow your light  
For a smooth journey  
To tomorrow  
(c) Nwafor Oji Awala  
May 2024

## HERE COMES THE KING

A cursory stroke in the shrub  
Sets the gathering busy;  
While rodents begin their chase,  
The donkey jeers above a whisper:  
"No one is afraid of any cat!"  
Sound of a thick snap in the overgrowth  
Invites the moon to stare  
At a deserting arena,  
And the grass to witness a stampede,  
Herd of swine racing down the deep.  
In his hideout, the donkey smells  
The heat of his hot blood  
And tastes the bite of his liver  
As the hunter would  
The leopard walks the dim in majesty,  
The king is not on hunt today,  
Sometimes the numbers are allowed  
To have their say here where  
One head is better than a score,  
And a red heart wears the crown.  
Here comes the king!

(c) Nwafor Awala

May 2024

## REINCARNATION

We go and come  
We come again and go again  
...a ring  
Like water that ascends  
...to return as rain  
...to smoke up again...  
A circle  
An order  
My ancestors are back  
Staring into my soul  
Through the eyeballs  
Of my children.

## FAIR FUTILITY

It's gilded in bright colours  
Like a peacock butterfly;  
It sparkles in splendour  
Like a diamond in the sun;  
When it rests, it rests  
In confined dank darkness,  
In a bowel of nightmare  
With what remains of a king:  
a diet for forbidden creatures.  
Now to what gain or profit  
Are the swellings of ego  
Which defined and measured  
His reign of majesty?



## **DARK ENTRAILS**

Change vomited dark entrails  
Of the bald vulture on my clan;  
We were buried,  
One after the other,  
In the belly of the village stream,  
And pulled out  
Almost immediately  
To choruses that had no place  
When waist dance shared peace  
From the full moon;  
We have brayed and prayed  
In the names of strange ancestors  
Printed in a book of curses, blessings,  
And chronicles of their blessed exodus  
But we have been sinking  
Down the understream  
Among the half dead and the forgotten;  
We reek of bile throws  
From a turn in history  
When our men were led from line  
By yellow ants  
Thus change has treated  
MY clan this badly.

## LOST SHINE IN DUST

Vibrations burst in my muscles  
Like warring armies of  
Water and wave that  
Surge to electrify a city--  
I want to leap on the red hill  
At the village arena  
Like a mighty leopard  
And pounce on a willing opponent,  
Throw him in the dust  
To proclaim a sounding victory  
But there is no red hill  
At the village arena anymore  
Wrestling is no longer  
A dear spot among my clansmen  
Gold, diamond and rubies  
Have lost their shine in the dust.

## SUMMATION

We  
Emerge  
Through  
The innards  
Of drenched  
Scarlet, with  
A piercing cry  
Of an afflicted  
Crow, away  
From clan,  
Rising slowly,  
A flaming ember,  
Over the fingers  
Of trees  
We grow,  
We plough  
And web next  
To kill and take  
With gluttony  
Of the hyena  
For food, love  
And wealth  
But all  
Too soon  
To retire  
As sinking  
Red ball  
Behind  
The  
Fingers  
Of  
Tree