

# Anthology of Princess Osariemen Aihie

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*I Dedicate to Lord God Almighty and my twin sister*

## Acknowledgement

Special thanks to God Almighty, The staff and Student of Wellspring University and my mum including my twin sister. You all have been amazing

## About the author

Aihie Princess Osariemen is a prolific writer and a poet also known as D?Poetic Princess. A mass communicator and an aspiring host. She has a twin Aihie Precious Osamwentohan and her mother Aihie Gladys Eniye and her late father Aihie Princewill Osayame. She has written lots of articles, poetry and stories especially portraying African issues. She is currently the C.E.O of Creative Africa Ink.

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## Old Soldier

Retired but never tired  
Bones weak and feeble;  
Never tired of breaking bones  
A decade ago;  
Was on the field  
Now on his rocking chair  
Thinking about the camouflage  
Of green and white;  
with his old boots  
An old soldier;  
But never odd

## Dangerous dose

Head spinning;  
Mindset distorted  
Eyes pupils going up;  
Like i have lost something  
Just sniffed a powder;  
a powder of cocaine  
Which makes me high  
Setting my imagination  
to the highest

A stick of cigar  
Makes me trigger  
Which makes me stagger  
and makes my mind vague

An addiction;  
Which has an ignition  
Of condemnation;  
to be fashioned  
For destruction  
A dangerous dose!



## Jungle Justice

Being pursued by a mob of people  
Faces scary and fearless  
Holding sticks and daggers  
Ruthless and belligerent;  
Like lions;  
look for who to devour  
Coming after me  
A rubber tyre over my neck  
Ready to light a spark  
begging and begging  
Like a beggar  
Almost dieing;  
Gasping for breath  
Dieing for a crime;  
I know nothing about  
In a haste;  
To light the fire  
Getting burnt;  
as a matyr

Being accused of stealing;  
Which i never did  
Dieing a painful death  
A painful death of humanity  
Jungle Justice

## Unheard voice

At day, smiling  
At night, pillows wet;  
soaked in tears  
All is well;  
I say  
Deep down there;  
in the well;  
A well of darkness

Molested and beaten;  
by a beast;  
whom i call my hubby  
me? A punching bag;  
asking myself  
Stuck in the pit;  
A pit of violence  
My voices not heard;  
Lips zipped  
God help me!

## Life

Life is a lesson;  
that has a teacher  
with a classroom of walls  
Surrounded by hurdles;  
and distractions;  
Which causes destruction.

Life is an experience;  
In which we learn from  
Either good or bad

Life is a choice  
to choose  
like a decision  
which as a function  
to your destination  
Choose it wisely!  
so you would not be in condemnation

## Addict Plea

Tired of these habits;  
Never ending  
Growing up;  
More problems  
Approaching a new age  
Still same habit  
I affirm saying;  
I would not do it again ;  
still doing it  
Going back to my vomit  
Trying to suppress it  
Oh no! it oppresses me  
Now I have become an addict  
I need help  
from this chains  
Over to you  
Can I be free?  
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## Cry for Help

A land of mystery;  
A land of love  
in a place where voices are heard ;  
where everyone loved each other  
A place of peace  
Fathers listening to radio ;  
while some farming all day and night  
Sons following their fathers  
Mothers in the market  
Daughters assisting their mothers  
bargaining and trading;  
in the market square  
where all goods are fresh  
sold in cheap quantities;  
in high qualities  
Decade later;  
a place where peace reigns  
now a place of where war rules  
A desolated place indeed  
Sounds of gun shots;  
like a normal drum beat  
Dead body surplus  
Killing innocent souls  
grave more than houses  
The food bank of the nation;  
now a land of famine  
Relocating to their neighbouring town;  
to work and eat  
Working harder  
Eating smaller;  
Eating from hands to mouth  
Restore the food bank of the nation  
GOD HELP US!!

## Chakam!

An important tool  
hanged over the neck  
so powerful ;  
It captures every moment  
getting the perfect shots  
a tool to keep memories  
a memorable one;  
Every shot;  
Every moment;  
a smile  
a tear;  
click shot than Chakam!

## People plea

The people plea by Aihie Princess

People greeting each other  
kissing a brotherly kiss;  
meaning no harm;  
moving with no arm  
A quiet and communal life  
Fathers farming ;  
Mothers marketing;  
Children listening;  
while been told tales of wisdom  
Everyone living as united  
Now! that place a desolation  
Ashes of innocent bodies;  
hanging bodies everywhere  
Farmland burnt;  
Children once in school  
now at home  
Schools burnt;  
The existing people  
looking malnourished  
Fertile but now futile  
Graves more than births  
Calling the government;  
but no giving us deaf ears;  
Gnashing of their teeth  
Markers now a grave yard  
A food basket of a nation;  
now a hunger zone  
An abbatoir of cows;  
now a slaughter of humans  
A traumatic experience  
Babies removed from their mum back  
Fathers head cut off from their neck

Pregnant women babies ;  
cut from their womb  
Children legs cut off  
A tragic sight to behold  
Eyes blind, lot of cries  
sobbing and sobbing  
a cry of prayer;  
a people of plea;  
Echoing God heal our land!



## A railway indeed

After years of unfinished projects;  
failed promises;  
unrealistic propaganda;  
a promise unfulfilled  
yet a man came and touched it  
He commissioned it;  
After years  
The people rejoice  
Finally the project approved

Behold and Behold ;  
A railway;  
Jubilee of favour;  
The people rejoice  
Showering praises;  
People run inside  
Traveling on it  
A route from line A to B  
suddenly boom!boom!  
Glasses shattering;  
The people in shock  
Under duress's;  
calling on their;  
creator name  
On gun point  
Many killed;  
Others disabled  
Regretting and lamenting  
Others abducted  
A man of his people;  
now a killer of his people  
A harmful favour!

A railway indeed

## One Nation One People

The leader lead the masses  
The masses listens to the leader  
It is a day of choice  
for one to choose  
The leader comes out there  
Campaigning and mobilising  
Some ignorant and Ignoramus  
selling their votes ;  
for nothing worth than peanuts  
Organising touts and miscreants  
Shooting, looting, cracking  
The people run for safety  
The people suffer in pain  
Gnashing of their teeth  
The people arise in group  
Both old and young  
Protesting and crying  
Together they say  
One Nation One People



## Crying baby

An adventurer  
always in the field  
looking for adventure to explore  
Dora the explorer  
I hear wailing  
Drawing me close  
A far distance  
I ignored  
could not help  
Returned back  
Behold a baby  
in shock  
Amused and concerned  
Carrying a tender child  
Crying stop  
Found comfort in me  
oh innocent child  
oh crying child  
who could have done this?  
A threat to humanity

## Tech -kill

The tech  
An help  
An instructor  
Sometimes destructive  
It kills;  
The brain  
bringing laziness  
The mind  
Not productive  
The hand  
Very lazy

It does everything  
It gives us instructions  
When we tell him  
A painful thing to do;  
We can't help  
Enjoyable by Gen -Z  
Making work easier  
but a tool sent by men  
It has caused death  
A nuclear weapon  
Leading to different disease  
Despite healing it  
The tech  
The tech-kill

## Drugs

Drugs a demon  
Given an impression  
Impression of hallucination  
Gives an obstruction  
Bringing destruction  
Claims to heal depression  
Suppress all distraction  
To many an addiction  
In addition;  
to obsession  
Leading to oppression  
Ignoring the Information;  
Of medical profession  
Which says  
LIABLE TO DIE YOUNG

## Missing Poetry

Been a while  
Been ages  
What looked like weeks  
Looks ages  
Till eternity  
My palm and hand tickling  
I thought I could live without poetry  
Oh no my strength lies in it  
I love Poetry  
I miss Poetic side  
I love my fans  
Creative Africa Ink



## Great Benin: Ancient Benin

The Great Benin Kingdom  
Ruled by the Oba of Benin  
Greatest kingdoms of all time  
Ancient but strong  
Conquerors of many kingdoms  
The Great Benin Walls  
similarity to the Great Walls of China  
Our beads and clothing speaking royalty  
Our dances and music bringing us together  
Our culture ;  
Our traditions;  
Our Values  
provoking cultural interest among the Edos  
Edo to the world

## Lonely

Sad and worried  
Seemed my social media banned  
Trying to restore it  
But there is no rest  
Looking at the ceiling  
counting the numbers of boxes  
Playing X and O imagining  
No true friends physically  
but a thousand followers on the net  
Crying and craving for attention  
but never getting affection  
Poetry to gain happiness  
Poetry my joy  
Poetic side the best

## Wishes

If wishes were horses

Many should have gotten rich

Even without working hard

If wishes were houses

Many should have been dead

All because of envy

Wishing people dead

But no;

If wishes were horses

Every birthday people get richer;

and Also living long

but no;

My questions is

Would you like if wishes were houses?

## Can anything come out of my Nation?

Can anything good come out from my nation?

People gnashing their teeth

Crying until their eyes fall

Looking for gibberish to eat ;

All because of hunger

Hunger strike and famine;

The order of the day

They came out under the scorching sun;

and the cat and rat beating rain

all to vote for leaders;

leaders who have nothing to offer

Painful and sad

that my nation is caged;

despite her independence

Underdeveloped ;

despite developing

Basic amenities unavailable

Hiking fuel prices

causing high blood pressure

The greatest producer of natural resources

yet lack natural resources

Infrastructures not looking like structures

yet commissioning it

with nine figures

hiding in their pocket

Going for medical vacation

in another land because ;

of poor medical facilities

We can count bad ;

but less good

I ask again

Can anything good come out from my nation?



## Shattered silence

Other couples saying happy married  
Me suffering in my marriage  
I am sadly married  
Every moment is made with sad memories  
My pillow is soaked with tears  
My body like a punching bag  
My eyes darkens  
My cheek swollen because of slaps  
Being threatened with a knife  
Escaped death several times  
Lost my baby twice  
A prisoner in my own house  
The mistake in marriage is the greatest  
My question is should I talk and report?  
All because i die in silence

## National freedom: At 65

Today she was born  
not just a normal baby  
but a giant  
A giant that produces;  
It produces thirty-six children  
It produces great minerals  
to nourish her nation  
produces sportsmen and women  
It produces great ones  
known for breaking record  
All around  
her favourite colour  
green and white  
which is her symbol  
despite her up's and down  
She is still strong  
With many generations  
representing her  
She is still unique  
Nigeria at 65  
I love my country  
Happy Independence Day

## Black heart

Crying all day  
Regretting and gnashing my teeth  
Thinking the man I married;  
was my husband  
He acted all nice  
Laughing and cuddling  
Serving breakfast on bed  
never knew he was breaking my heart  
Years come  
He pounces on me  
My face painted with black and red bruises  
all because of slaps and punches  
My body covered with belt marks

Last time I asked  
Should I report?  
I tried  
I did  
It became worse  
no one was on my side  
Others said  
He is your hubby  
Some exclaimed furiously  
You are stubborn  
Some said  
Bear the burden  
The beating got worse  
even tried to report to authorities  
They encouraged him  
I guess I would just bear the pain  
My question is should I bear or still report?



## Peace but pieces

My heart bleeding  
Soaked in tears  
Stomach ties knot  
taking the riskiest decision  
From my previous response  
packed my bags;  
early in the morn  
to leave  
despite scary but for my peace  
I left  
I found peace  
but still in pieces  
no one would accept me  
because no one listened  
It is sad  
It left an everlasting scar  
question is ;  
Where would I go?  
My parents house  
it is a no!no  
Was it a better option to leave?

## A cold night

All alone in that lonely road;  
a cold night  
It rained cat and dog  
considering my action;  
like the Israelites  
but no I affirmed to myself;  
It is better to die on the street;  
than to die in a house of a murderer  
Walking with a lifeless body  
A walking dead  
without direction;  
a scalar quantity  
walking through the road of darkness  
walking through den of thieves  
just wanted to find a shelter  
they was nothing to steal from me;  
my clothes just wrapped in an Ankara bag  
finally found a shelter;  
a lightened entrance  
Laid my head;  
then suddenly a touch;  
a touch that raced my heart  
begged and begged;  
but he took me in  
Who could that be?  
Was it my angel?  
I found hope

## Lost father

Born into a family ;  
A family of abuse  
A home of domestic violence  
a reverse was the case  
Mom beating dad;  
sounds impossible  
but it is  
so he ran  
i saw myself ;  
being beat up by a man I married  
looks like father to child  
I also ran  
I laid down;  
and then he touched me  
my heart raced  
i opened my eyes;  
he took me in  
shocked I moved  
a tale he began  
truly it was my father;  
and a tale I began;  
I wept, he wept  
Seeing his lost daughter;  
Seeing my lost father  
hope at last

## Heart beat

**Fear in the atmosphere  
There is a tension;  
that causes attention  
an attention ;  
that causes attraction  
I hid under the table  
Probably a safety zone;  
my heart beats fast;  
not wanting to get caught  
but boom ;  
they grip me  
my heart beat faster  
hijacked and adopted ;  
then I black out  
what could be the cause?  
what is going on?**