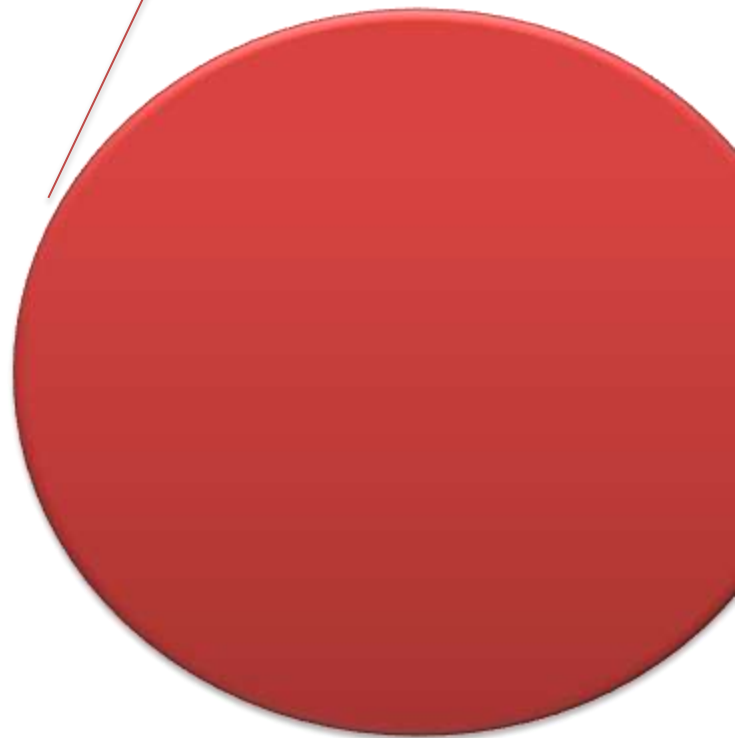
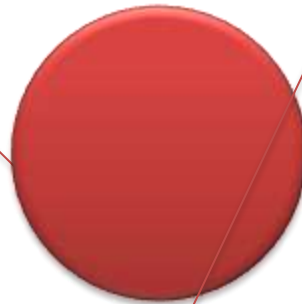
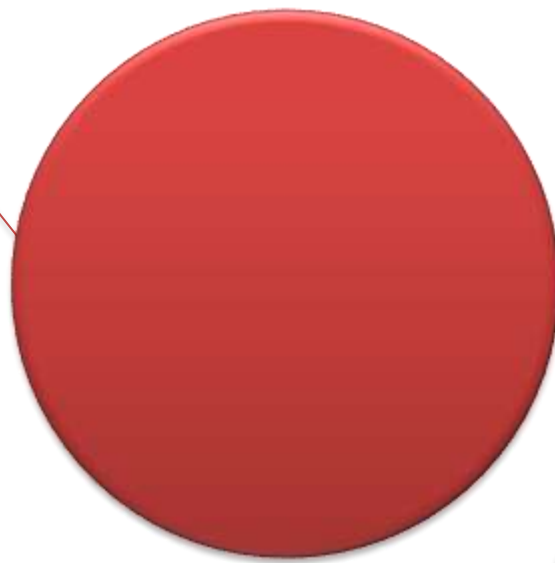




ACEWORLD

HEALING HANDS



HEALING HANDS

*A collection of soothing poems
dedicated to The Poirson
Family*

a publication of ACEworld

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DEDICATION

FOR

PATRICK POIRSON



... Parce que votre vie est belle
Et vous nous inspirez tous

(because your life is beautiful
and you inspire us all)

AND
MA BRIGITTE POIRSON



... Une main de guérison
(a healing hand)

INTRODUCTION

Poetry is healing. Poetry is balm. Poetry is like the calm waters of Lac de Vesoul, or the Notre-Dame Bridge that spreads across that long stretch of Ornain. It is like the towers of Eglise Saint-Georges, à Vesoul, or the serene gardens of Un panorama du Jardin Anglais de Vesoul (Anglais Garden Park). Poetry blossoms like the flowers of Dole or like the healing art of Louis Pasteur. Yes, poetry is that healing which flows from one to another, spreading an aura of hope and rebirth.

Poetry, sometimes, is the voice of the poet to bear the burden of the world, or unburden such heaviness. And at some times, poetry becomes the means by which the poet touches another poet. This is what we have intended to do in this anthology. Poets belong to a huge family. Just like any family has members who see the world differently, but united by a common bond, the poetry family defies geography, and is not limited by language or land or line. We are united by our humanity and the love of art. As a result, when one of us hurts, we hurt. We share in this burden, and pick a bit of it, so that it becomes less of hurt and more of healing. And yes, we heal with our poems.

This collection of poems serves some purposes. First, to share in the burden of a mother who has been part of the success stories of many burgeoning poets whom she has not seen physically but has been a part of their lives. Many have been blessed by her impact and great spirit. *She is a healing hand* Two, to use poetry as a means of bringing healing to a loved one whose days remind us the grandeur of friendship and laughter, to **Patrick**. Three, to give poets the opportunity to heal the world with their gift. For in healing others, we heal ourselves. Four, to celebrate the human spirit, our humanity!

We want to use this anthology, *Healing Hands*, to remind the Poirsons that they are not alone in this trying time. Whatever the outcome is, we want them to understand that they are part of our family and we stand together. Yes, *nous sommes tous ensemble!*

Let your smile charm the birds
And sparkle as the stream wets the flowers
That sit by its bank
Let life dance in your eyes
Like maidens dazzle at the moonlight dance
Let each day remind you
Of how water heals many parched earth

Smile as you heal, and heal us with your humanity!

Vivre au-delà des limites de la vie!

Yes, "live beyond the limits of life!"

Phunsho Oris

HEALING IS A RIVER!

By James Ademuyiwa

euphrates, pishon, gihon, tigris,
i call unto your divinity
to water this land again,
for eden is man, eden is ill
eden is the body of hope
hanging beneath the jaws
of a woman, laughing with
tears from her heart
that the world may call her strong,
firm, gathered but her soul
calls for mending

euphrates,
flow freely from ethiopia
with nutrients that mends
renting souls, that you may
touch the body of a man
eating up his own spirit
for what is a life if we can't
have it like eternity?

pishon,
hear me!
alabaster is your name,
rob off these pains that
mouths may lick up praises
from a body filled with bruises
for we know death comes incognito
yet, we urge for a paradise
starting on earth!

gihon,
your ears are mine,
lazarus was touched by your tides

and son of man made sorrow
a mother, birthing joy and smiles
now, listen!
you are from creation,
feed these veins with rush
of your tides that waters of
gladness may fill our eyes

tigris,
our lives are in your hands,
know that if we do not smile
another set of dots would sting
our hearts
and slowly, our spirits depart
from us too,
hear me, that we may live again!

you will heal

(for Patrick and mother, who is always there)

By Ayoola Goodyness Olanrewaju

each passing day is a prayer and prayer
but you are strong father
please, be strong
be strong...

a poet cannot tell all the letters of pains in a pen of ink
like your pains-
only here it is felt-
in the bones where he breaks into a weakness in your weakness
writhes
some fires
some groans
groans growing into groans into groans into groans
a bottled cry
trembling hands and failed hushes on broken lips
he drowns himself into
d
r
o
o
l
s
and stills into a still wish...

i wish you give me your pains
that mother may smile into ease tonight
and close her eyes into dreams again-
dreams into moments with you...

this poet knows your pains
pains that fold him into a pause

a pause-
to shed tears held for long...

i want to rush into you
like water-
healing you
healing your dryness
melting your swells into smooth plains
drowning your pains...

i want to rush into you
like water-
but i am helpless...

but you are strong father
please, be strong
be strong...

i have pounded my heart into a poem
into a song
so place me by your head tonight
i am singing now-

'you will heal'
'you will heal'

so place me by your head tonight
i am singing now-

'you will heal'
'you will heal'

please, be strong

be strong...

OUR HOME

By Mosobalaje M Abimbola

Building nest for one's self
In the heart of men
Is where home is

Making strength available for others
While a voice thins with the night
Makes the voice a sounding
Echo running through walls

You are at home in mighty hearts
Let this joy reel to you happiness
And healing to our world

You are our world.



GOD IS NOT OUT OF REACH

By Osoba Taiwo P.

When you are lost in teary oceanic tide
And with depression you glide,
When your eyes has become sullenly wide
When it seems there is none in whom you can confide,
Know that, God is by your side.

When amidst crowd, you are alone,
When you can't shout but groan,
When you shed tears and moan,
Why you cry, lying prone,
Know that you are not alone.

When someone you loved is no more
And you are depressed to the core,
When your tears rolled down to the floor
And you've wept your eyes to sore,
Know that God is not far from your door.

When like a shepherd that left his sheep
And your heart is cut too deep,
When your tears you can't keep
And it becomes difficult to sleep,
Know that, God is not asleep.

When you stand alone by the beach
And your loved one is out of reach,
When you open your mouth without a speech,
When you break down and screech,
Know that, God is not out of reach.

When loved one, you bid adieu
And it seems no one can be in your shoe

Unless the person wants to bite more than (s)he can chew,
Know that God knows what you are passing through
My dear, He will always be with you.

LOSS

By Awotide Oluwaseun Micheal

Upon the sea of loss,
I sail
To see sights unseen,
I am frail
To tell thee the tale,
I have seen.

I see a man in tears
In awe of what has been
I see the hurt he bears
Of how life could be so mean

His love is gone from him
A mourn he bids his jewel
No more her face to beam
For death has struck
And all is not a well

The pain of loss is deep
Each day anew a hurt is etched
For a loved one is gone too soon to sleep,
Is a thirst forever,
"UNQUENCHED"

ANTIDOTE

By Mesioye Johnson

A boy's silence taught me theory of stillness
and my tears couldn't listen, let alone obey
voices wanting to speak in a gone soul
and I never knew learning can be done
forgetting one's brain in a skull haired with grief too
which reminds a son, clothes of his mother's scents
on the body of flames trying to fit into his father's smiles,
how I wish this home never journeyed into a termite's mouth—
think about voices growing in speeches of autumn leaves,
how I wish I was not a room where nightmares entered
through stars in names of shrunk shadows—
think about tears soaking your dreams with textures
of burning things in a bowl you carved your cheeks into
where you foam in places named famine, never forget
what made your mother a catalyst of rains
under a cloud you once spread her laughter like wings
naming all birds life, and remember not to make pebbles
a thirsty man begging for your visions in language of waters,
waters too weak to wash dusty memories finding revival
only in waving wishes kissing a smoke faraway saying, heal.

A BETTER WAY

By Onikola Temitayo Daniel

A thousand and one men died last night,
Our tears were like water-falls in heights;
We could not decipher the sounds of death,
Living on earth is like flies in cobwebs.

A man fell from the hills of life,
This eel-ish soils are a thousand mile;
My heart has become an empty card,
Father left is body yet he lives in our hearts.

Our dreams were trampled upon by an erazer,
Hanging unto immortality like a believer.
Mother,let us drink from abrahams cup;
I see the Pictures of our past in rain drops.

Our nights were like Aperitif sauced with bile;
But let us not flood the streets of our cheeks with the pains of life. Mother,I see seven rainbows in this
clouds,
Our pain will pass and our joy will know no bounds.

Kiss me once again,hold my hands tight;
Minuet together in the chambers of moonlight,
Let this wrinkles spread with smiles,
Mother close your eyes and dance beyond time.

LETTER TO A FELLOW WAYFARER

By JR Keem Tunde

Time changes everything
and sometimes, the night is a hunting ground
of memories that haunt, and moments we wish buried
or times we pray to pass.

Silence is a body wandering in thoughts. A cultivation
of ifs, maybes, whys and had I known - this is
how a body drowns- to become an anthology
of regrets & sad songs.

When the night becomes a stubborn sea,
hold your head high, do not lose sight of shore.
The night too is a phase
A passage into a new dawn, a fresh start.
The morning holds a new tale; of birds with the bellies of songs
of flowers spreading love, and roads awaken.
As a wayfarer, the morning is a new journey
and your body is home;
you are light, you are valid.

HEALING HANDS

By Tanimonure Richard Adewale

o pain! kill your song;
dancing throat of a merry death,
smiling black drench of a loss;
rumbling mad magma within cores.

see! your life is tick tock;
adieu chime of your eternal bye
in this strong sun we doth rejoice.

healing hands shines our hearts bright,
as a blazing hope of a rich rebirth,
smiling wide our beats as song
of rich red rhythm of pure joy.

healing hands, our faith so great
in a wide white smiling sky
of a clear blue balm of face;

our grave of this mocking pain,
as sweet feet of a teeth,
six in fix of a killing smile.

healing hands, thank you;
for a brand new song,
so fulfilling beautiful.



THE SUN WILL RISE

By Ogedengbe Tolulope Impact

Mother,

A thousand fears assail my heart
As dark night comes apace to pa(c)t
I've counted every pain and ache
Each line upon my wrinkled face.

My daughter,

Do not fear this life's fading light;
The dread of night with gloomy sight
Only the brave stands to hear the crows
The cocks' crows of what tomorrow holds.

But mother,

I have stared into the face of the moon
To know what the morrow holds for the noon
I have sought for lights amidst the stars
But their beams are weak to pierce my scars.

Dear daughter,

Though light be dim, the sun will rise
The sun will rise above the skies
Though night be dark, the sun will shine
The sun will shine with hope divine.

MAY DAY

By Ola W. Halim

On May mornings, flowers soar
And leave dotted yellows on carpeted greens;
Above, the heavens are wools of snow
Setting paces for worlds anew

The petrichor freshens the air
As do trumpeting morning glories;
There is an angel closer to you
Filling spaces hitherto left void

Amid umbrella branches are chirping birds
Wings flapping dewdrops
And if this is paradise, let heaven
Throb from Earth's nucleus

And I shall dance with daylight,
Turn silhouettes to sunrays
I shall reach out to the heavens
And sing to the hopes of May



MY WORDS SHALL NOT DIE

By Adeniran joseph

faithless-gristle dried-off,
From the epoch of my lyrics,
Where I form a sermon for HOPE.
I was told peace was on my fore-head,
Unknowing peace as its own RISK.

.
Sweetness buried on our rusten-lips,
Forgetting that life has no families,
But an infant-home at dawn.
If you see him, tell his deaf-ear,
We're on a death race to the son of soil.

.
This world was once a darkness of valor,
In existence of sinners not the hallows,
To bring shameful-gain amidst of kings,
To tell the world itself is stained with sins,
Where no man can hide nor sink.

.
Who said 'the wages of war is death?',
That being is dead but yet to be buried,
Cos 'war' and 'death' are life inheritance,
Where thousand fools buy as goods,
But at the end, it's vanity upon vanity.

ANOTHER LIFE

By Johakeem Talisman Jude

Let these words,
Drown the sweet tingles of sorrowful abhorrence,
Down the stream of tears flowing freely your aged cheeks,
Tell not this to the spectrum of changes inhibited by wild emotions, Tell not this to the reoccurrence of
scars when the world effaces in her youth, Tell not this to the sun either,
For his Memories are apparent even in his unruly scorch,
But to the fading tinges of subtlety and affable reasoning,
Death doth revel,
But every dripped tear,
Is a harbinger of Hope,
Embracing the fertility of the soil,
Breeding life in roots and fruits,
Maybe this Loss devastates my eyes,
Maybe this love is as bitter as gall,
Maybe this Tears will be harvested in another Life

HEALING LAND

By Modest King

When life offers you a reason to be sad
And tranquility bids you a farewell
When the earth's like showing her ugly side
And into the sea of sorrow and grief you slide

When in your turbulent sea alone
Paddling your boat against the raging storm
When life took away your loved ones
Leaving you only but to mourn

Bury your woes, remember them no more
Bury your sorrows, embrace bliss
bury your phobia, get mightier
Gather up your pieces and get unlimited peace

your body and marrow may frail
you got stories, so many sad tales
Trust God who never and will never fail
he does his works without leaving a trail

There's a healing land somewhere here
located in the lines of this poem
flip through the lines of this poem
and find hope, find it more here.

FEIGNED NOT

By Stephen Dangu

The touch was golden
Magically transforming
Not like Midas
Soothingly relinquishing me
Of this aches

With all the burdens
You've stayed true
After all the loss
You are restoring
Amidst the chaos
You are reviving

With all fondleness
In a heart of a world
A home for all not leasing
For no stranger abound



SHINE HOPE, SHINE

By Oluwaseun Tiwistar

This risen sun shall sing songs of hope
To penetrate the deafened ears
Hung on the weary head of our society!

Shine,
Illuminate the darkness that hides our beauty;
The plain veil of deception clothing our worth

Shine,
Let your heat burn all negated imaginations
Sketched on the sheets of beholders' thought

Shine,
Hold our hands, let us journey with you
Above the dust that rose from our thumping fall;

Shine upon our hearts,
Shine, upon our world;
Let our smoke rise higher than our burnt tree.

REBIRTH AFTER DEATH

By Michael Okereke

Death comes each night i close my eyes to sleep,
A two-edged sharp sword with no handle;
Inevitable damage to even he who wields it.

Each morning when i wake, i'm reborn,
Memories of the past night swallowed up in outbursts of happiness;
The positive vibes are so thick, they cling to me like boiled okra.

Out of the ashes of an unforgiven nightmare, new life grew again,
Silver wings that stretched out to the jeweled vision of a life started anew;
And while there is still life, there is hope.



SHE LIVES IN ME

By Stefn Sylvester Anyatonwu

It is my sincere hope
that I find solace in tears
and the deep sighs that gallop
like a pack of frightened mares.
Will I ever heal?
Will this grief ever cease?
A thousand words won't bring you back;
I know this because I've tried.
I've called you a thousand times
those sweet sweet names that make you
blush
but your grave shuush me away
with same scary silence.
A thousand tears won't bring you back;
This I know because I've cried;
I'll spend no more time upon mourning,
you wanted me to live, love, laugh
and never to be boring.
One day, dear dame, I'll see you again,
across the sky.
You died in my arms, but lives in my
mind.

A VERSE OF HOPE

By Olaniyi Ololade

If we scour this city tonight,
We would find the brocken bones of the saints,
We would find tattered skins,littered with blood.

I listened to the song of a boy,
He said "brother,why am I alive?
I'm licking sorrow and dispair,
Mama has deserted me for days."

No,it's never our wish,
It's never our plan to chew bitterness.
this land has brought us a cloth,
A cloth of fate that we can't reject...

But tomorrow preaches hope.
If today doesn't take you away,
If the grave doesn't swallow you,
You shall find peace on the face of 'morrow.

A DOVE RISING FROM A RAVEN

By Dhee Sylvester

Streams of steamy tears slip from your eyes,
thus swiftly sweeping away the smiles,
from the solemn twin-strip sitting
beneath the dark oval windows of your nose.

but you're far too special, far too beautiful,
to live consumed by the grim of gloom;
and so like the proverbial phoenix,
you must rise from the ashes of your loss.

yes, like a dove rising from a raven,
your scalding tears will not remain;
and your silent lips too shall spread
when the feel of mirth fills your chest;

so I hope you rise above your grief,
to regain the gaiety and glee;
for if sorrow choose to rope your glow,
then may healing come to robe your hope.

the heart only ever finds closure,
when it leaves aside the hits and the hurt;
and though life may never be the same,
but I pray you come to live and laugh again.

HEALING HANDS

By Goodness Tchibueze Mgbemere

healing hands are herbs that are all-curing...
who do not know that the world is a patient
languishing in the hospital bed of time and needs healing*?
yes! all over her body aches with pains
from the brutal blows of wars;
of famine and insatiable hunger;
of her children who wear kwashiorkor
as a garment and she cannot put it off;
of dirt and malodorous smells
wandering in the air as birds
building their nests in her lungs,
turning her bowels and causing her to puke;
and she's a widow who lost the love of her life
in the cold hands of the cancer of hate
because there were no hands to heal...
it is the hand of love that heals
time only stops the bleeding.
because you have love on your finger tips
you become that hand that heals the world

THE REBIRTH

By Ifemini Derrick White

The laws of gravity was obeyed
During those strenuous - but honorary days
Where African poetry was taught to sit comfy
Amongst those prestigious years
Under your care, your words and your inspirations.

Your legacy has etched deep on us
Indefatigably, sketching and fetching us
Power, affection, durability and efficacy
From Afro-pean, to African poetry
Telling Africa, all hopes aren't lost yet.

We African poets - are your healing hopes
Your undoubtedly surfacing heroes and heroines
That sucked your breast milk of standards
And ate your words - as we chewed it
To digest them, like explorers - ready explore to the world.

You're Mother Nature on a light-skinned body
Nurturing Africanism, and rebirthing generations
That'll speak your inked languages
And globally break Newton's laws of gravitation
To obey your laws of poetry and proliferation.

HEALING HANDS

By Mahmud Sufiyan

Life has given birth to hope
Where our hearts does receive healing,
Healing hands hold true through life's battling,
Seeking to give love and hope.

Oh, Mother Brigitte Poirson,
Thy words smiled as you lived with joy.
Let my words cause healing to your heart as the wind does blow, Blessed are these words.

Death's blessings, it seems, is all we have left,
"Life is sweet" but only few can know rebirth,
My heart in pains, but with poetry we shall be hailed
With power embroidered with words.

Hear our pen's cry
As you are in tears,
Let's jointly redeem your heart with our pens,
Oh, Mother Brigitte Poirson.

HOLD YOUR PEACE

By Oki Kehinde Julius

Hold your peace
Let go the heartbeat
You own not all the bitterness, in bitter leaf
Salinity of the sea, is not limited only to the fish

Death may sting our beloved ones
Sickness may plague our daughters and sons
Peace might speaks to its dreadful legs
Insurgency could be the sun that sparkles our earth.

Hold your peace
Cast away the grieve
Worry won't bring back the abrupt loss
Ride your hope on wheeling horse.

Healing hand will surely heal
The anguish heart, sorrow has eaten deep.
Faith could still restore back the lost glory
Hannah, Obediodom and Sarah can attest with their stories.

Hold your peace
Don't hang yourself on the tree
Human lips, might deprived you a kiss
You got your two parted lips to lick.

HEALING BALM

By Ogechi Veronica

Though the seattides blow
Just enough to take your glow
Though the rushing whirlwind sweeps your feet
Hold his hand and stand your faith
He knows your tears and all your fears
He sees through the stares and all your cares
His balm is here, even so he cares for you

Like night and day so our deeds shall live a seed
Take the lead and weed the reeds
Beats of reunion of sleeping soul around you lurks
And here, your feeble soul, sadness locks
Within turgid waters and stormy gale
His gates sings chants of grace
Hold on, his peace speaks still.

You weep, sulking at life
As though his promises are mere lies
Weary of tomorrow as dusks sets for dawn
You clutch your fists at sorrow for hope is down
His balm is here to heal your wounds
And sores that mould
Still you rise, above the ground for he knows the sea and ways around.

FRIEND OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Fame Odey

Time . . . came
Drunken and staggering
Took me by breathe
And sent me under my self
Then . . . I
Fought to remember the rhythm of breathing

And rebirth came in a trance on the relics of time
Listened hard to my shaking Jericho
. . . yet
Found me too idle to mould a song
Friend mountain took me under the mount and said . .
"it is sweet to gain and sweeter to loose hope"

Restless figs surmounted
Shared raw healings
Distributed Wealth clothed in wealth
And
Planted nourishing oasis on our deserted lands

I know where the world leads to . . .
So, I shake off the dust
And water my garden of hopes
For there is always a light at the end of a tunnel

These figs . . .
I call them "the mountains"
And
I am their friend
Therefore
I am a friend of the mountains

FLASHES OF THOUGHTS

By Ojo Adewale Iyanda

Firefly-

You won't die

on the field of souls

where look you for incense

to feed the pain

of your soul

You are fighting without might-

For it has been stolen

By the air of hope,

Your hope in death.

I felt your pains in vain

for it wasn't as sincere as yours

I am a prey:

of your beheaded pains

of your bereaved feelings

You have fought and won

whichever path the future tour

i pray strength to your spirit

to bear victory

in your profit or loss.

POST – GONG

By Olaleye Gift Emmanuel

Gong!
Gong!!
Gong!!!

The sound when the skies become a blank screen,
Of open sores,
Of which the atmosphere grows harsh and without sympathy,
The grounds ahead seems unstable,-
Stiffened by the soul swept into nakedness...

Time; whose hands heal,
Performs soft work on soul,
And pain is impregnated with hope,
A lingering desire ; most soothing,
And when we become wild flowers,
Weeded away,
We live again,
In sleep,
Together with all gone before.

THE COMIC COMET

By Poet Loaded Akinwemimo Idris

Breeze lates leaving the shore
Spring's scars, all by the winter .
Slant giggling dew seizein summer,
Dried, minds of the massacred maids.

Brink of pains paint with stains,
Blot blatantly, the jaundiced eve.
Hope hooks tales of whooshing tide,
The comic comet whirls against the us.

Fruit falls off trees only in Autumn,
Barren but trees now while in summer.
Days slow stride against awaited fortunes.
These are slavery days of the enslaved.

Tide but shall return the slaves' booties
When the sun bates the moon for peace.
The untimely fall of the fruits in autumn,
Shall decay be showered for green foliage.

HEALING HANDS

By Precious uzoka

I wandered alone like a lonely stream
Forgotten of its existence
Obvious of the mountains that surround me
Oblivious of where I am flowing to
I will not dry up!
For I am the hope of the fishes
In this little ponds..

I flowed through the Pacific and
Calmed her of her tempest
I flowed through the Bethesda
And healed her of her thirty one years sickness
I am the spring of life;
The healing hands of the growing rivers,
Why should I taste bitter like the Marah?

But if tomorrow I get cold
And disappear at the beginning of dawn
Listen to the waves in the ocean,
There you will hear my clumsy voice of hope
And rebirth and drink new life from my source.

MURDERED DRIVE

By Adigun Temitope Idealism

This hope is the referendum of quietness
The breeze's voiceless voices
And this hope is the fears of our mother
Murdered with yesternight pains and agony
This hope hoped for peace
But splitted into pieces
It is the mother of triplets;
Of whistled silence
And of wrestle bones
This hope wandered on the wilderness of life
Beaten with rain of sorrow
That withered the standing fence of our household
This hope made war upon our faces
And written at the fore-head of our hut
This hope wails. falls. and dies
With the silence of the beaten drums
And the nakedness of the moon
It is the shadows of our fading day,
The reason for the crying flame
This hope is a covenant, but make it the fate of the dead.

MOURN DAY

By Omirin Emmanuel Kayode

I heard Afrika's* voice in my head
"Aluta!
We must fight!
Our voices must be heard!
Our lives must be ours not theirs
Our affairs must be controlled by us not by axe
Our bloods need to cease from being shed."

He declared war!
The war that ate him raw.
The war that ended all wars
The war that brought SMS*
Whose fruit, he never tasted.

June 10, 1999 - a campus mourn day
That saw the resilient hero swam in blood
With his body butchered, clubbed and battered,
Making his dreams outlive him.

Yearly, our candles are lit
For his blood brought us this peace,
Without it, our skulls could have been calabashes,
And our flesh, feeds for the birds in the air.

©Omirin Emmanuel Kayode
(Emaculate Ife)

**Afrika, an alias for George Iwilade, who was an Obafemi Awolowo University Law Student that was known for his resilient fight against cultism on the OAU campus. He was eventually killed for his course. His death however brought an intensified fight against Cultism that led to the peace that Obafemi Awolowo University enjoys regarding Cultism.*

** Scientific Maximum Shishi - A form of jungle justice that is often meted on criminals mostly thieves, cultists, rapist among others on Obafemi Awolowo University campus*

DREAM AGAIN

By Max Idris Aloma

Sometimes you gaze at the cloud,
At the white veil across its face
As harbinger of a salvering rain
To replace the stream in your eyes
And wither the sweats drowning your skin.
All souls at a state guest this state.
When wild wind whirls its wacke
But let not the wind's shredded palm impair
the royal throbs havening your heart;
Make dream your phial; pearl it gold,
Go to Spes for her treasured aide
Which merries those that fight their storm.
Take a shawl from the moon, wear its crystal face
Be earth times ecstatic, breed your bliss anew.
Has dole any strength if you breed hope?
Wake your distilled mind, dream again!

2008

By O'pelumi Francis Salako

I know these songs of grief, I once lived in its cracked walls
I have threaded the paths of pain and loss too, grounded and battered the tongue of sadness is a baked
cow's tail, burnt and black
a mad dog running across a silent street, her tail on her head
tears sometimes are white milk trickling down my grandmother's fallen breasts
- shrunken and dry and barren
Mother is a water of different bodies of rivers, sometimes I am lost on the way home is there a such map
that leads one to solitude?
every soul is free to grow and live and find its way home
- to peace and love and salvation
joy is a city within the confines of sadness, first to dig and swim and struggle and be free the water of
happiness tastes sweet to a victor's heart
of what importance is light when there is no darkness?
to fight is to cry and be sad. to grieve and lack and be bent by the wind of time to win is to sing the
songs of defeat accompanied by a long line of owl and still be whole to live is to understand that life is a
continuous contest, it shall take your voice and give you ink of water to write with yesterday, my dead
grandmother's soul came visiting, she smelt of flowers forming a Bond, she sang of a wonderful end to a
strong soul

SECRET ADMIRER

By Samuel Ayoade

the ball of glowing gas stood here
swallowing up the splendour of the Orion
when the cosmos turns the colour of an onion
the pleasure of an onion on the eye -
it is easier for a camel to pass the eye
of a needle (based on logistics)
than a sickle cell be reversed, inverted or converted
let the blind see the seals of the sea -
the world is blind, the earth is deaf, let heav' help
nature lies unfair, cries the heart of man
in its midst, bastards politick on his intelligence
the incense of his finance is on recess
instead, the stench of decaying carcasses from blast explosions
...
but behind the scene, Folashade
a voice calls
to heal your hurts and mend your heart
to wine, dine and die with you
through the storm, rain and fire, to hold you
- a secret admirer...

SAY LIFE !

By Micheal Ace

There are spirits in this room
Those who whisper;
*“this is he who needs peace
blow the light and give him death
and he shall die, and live, above”.*

There are spirits in this room
Those who say;
*“heaven is no home for travellers
who still have oil in their lamps
and green in their farm”.*

There are spirits everywhere
You will find them in mother’s eyes
And inside the yellow sun
That walks down your window.
You will also find them in the voice
That tells you ‘come, let’s go faraway’.

But father, say life!

Say life before the night comes–
and we stare into the darkness
to find you break into nothingness .
Say life before these eagles–
sink their beaks into our memories
and fly you to places you can’t see.

Father, say life!

Healing comes from the water
That flows white on your tongue–
and in the well in your mouth
So moisten this wind with words

Accompanied with little drops of life-
and you shall heal, and heel to live.

Death does not know French or English
Or other languages that rose
From the fall of the tall ancient tower.
Death understands only the mind
And the force that comes from wills
And from the desires to live.

So father, say life!, and death will flee.

HOPE

By Toheed Sheu

When problems appear like a day light,
Your heart should be perforated at the same time with hope.
When sickness knocks at your door,
The window of patience should be opened.

Remember Some have knowledge of nothing
But the four corners of their cell.
You have freedom of movement
That is why you should keep on thanking your creator.

It weaken the sprit
And makes hope vanish
It makes face to be frown
And contracts the heart.

The one that is lost or gone away
Cannot be returned with grief.
Changed face and serious cry
Cannot resurrect death.

Swim in the ocean of hope,
Walk on the road of patience,
Sing the song of change
And let the breath keep life going.

REDISCOVERY

By Deyemi A Agarau

tulips are new moons,
new ways to say to a mother
that she is the songs running
into the eyes of children running out of hopes

there are other ways to carry someone's sadness.
watch them breathe slowly
you imagine how loving him
is becoming your own death
how sleeping is the same as dreaming
about days with winds coming home without him in it
about his pictures falling from the walls

but today, the dream took another way home
today, horoscope says that love
has come to say.

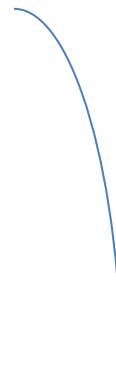


NEVER SAY NEVER

By Timilehin Gabriel Olajuwon

Wrap your anxiety into your soul and
watch your spirit fly on the wings of faith,
Bury your doubt on the ground of possibility and
watch your minster rise as the morning light...

This is a poem of healing
On the altar of hope...
If the the river seems drowning
Never say never,
The end is always the beginning



CHAINING CHAINS

By Adedolapo Ansel George

Broken were the mirrors of life,
When the sky crept into your paths.
The quest for unending search begins,
Like infants counting numbers of stars.

The thorny road is an arid slippery one,
Like smoke, do not dart, dance and die,
To rhythmic flapping of trees and rivers,
Or cease until the sky seize the moon.

Terrific tragedy lie therein its tales,
And beauty flow on faces of waters,
When fear sweep your foot off floor,
Building castles amidst shores of hope,

Do not leap to sleep, weep and sweep,
Therein the castles of creeping shadows,
Like the sun crawls into the womb of a new day,
Break these spells, and walk on running waters!

I WILL RISE AGAIN

By Usman Kamsi Ojo

Blood seeps through the holes of my battered soul
The colour of despair stands out a mile
The scorching sun has burnt my naked soles
Yet there's a sweet sorrow that lingers in my smile

The sky is cloudless; the rivers have run dry
Farmers are back home- there's neither dew nor rain
Tear drops hang loose from old, weary eyes
Darkness falls at noonday, yet I'll rise again

Vultures have gathered over my rotting bones
The claws of injustice seek to tear me apart
I am a fugitive king in search of his lost throne
Yet there's a yellow flame that burns in my heart

Someday I'll climb the hill that has no name
But I'll be back before the sun goes down
And when I return, things shall not be the same
Just a step further- and I'll wear the crown

Before the sun rises, it must first set
Listen to my song; these words I speak are not vain
Cheer up, faint soul! Death has missed his target
This too shall pass- and I will rise again

HEALER

By Grant Steward

If we weave our hearts
With threads of compassion
And braid our spirit with care
And dent our lives positively,

If we leave footprints
Of kindness and love
On the souls of mankind
as we journey through life

If there is light in our heart
And we carry peace every were we go,
If the extra ordinary blows in our heart
And we become what we have always wanted

We'll not just spread healing virtues
We shall be healers and restorers,
Of broken hearts and spirit
We shall do the impossible



HEALING
(of the balm that lines sing)

By Adetayo Onososen

Father once told:
tough times never lasts,
touch people do

and that

there are nights
when the moon loses its taste

and
the stars won't be enough
light to lead you home,
or enough balm to heal you whole

but still you must paddle these storms,
you must know; fire is a journey
not a destruction

and when this darkness sets, dawn shall
break again



A SMILE OF HEALINGS
(For Ma. Brigitte, a star on our skin)

By Jonathan Otamere Endurance

When I close my eyes, I see the night running
Into a shadow of moon, light, and galaxy of smiles.
Our eyes hold roses to a body
And a sun runs into them
And say they are a home for healings,
Love and sweet songs.
We do not hold fire to a body
Wrapped around rainbow and roses
So when I open my eyes, I see the sun
Holding shadows of smile
To the lips of a woman
And how it spreads into a rhythm of laughter
Finding home on her cheeks



DOWNPOUR

(for momma)

By Wale Ayinla

a mother walks into a song
her legs are like burnt scars
they move left and right, up and down
till the flames scatters into the lyrics
of the musician.

'dance away your sorrow
boogey down, boogey down
the cross won't be there tomorrow
just a couple of frowns'

she walks out into a coloured air
(refreshing holds dear to a worn-out soul
only when it's torn apart,
only when it becomes a beach that knows
how to steal the joy of strangers
and leave hers at their feet)

a boy runs across the lawn with fresh hibiscus
she doesn't know the boy but she knows he
carries a part of her— maybe a bit of
what she thinks she were.
a half-wild sun, strong and bold, dividing asunder
the flesh & the heart with a downpour of memories
she wants to fly, or maybe buy a house in the sky
to show God how down her soul has been
to show God that angels do not fall
even if they do, they heal
to show that angels do not cry
even if they do, they float
to show that there is nothing else to hold on to
on the ground, except dusts

& she wants to get drown
and float like a new song.

'on the hill i saw a cross
a blood is there
to soak my pains away'

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THE END