

Collection of Poems:

The Grave, Woe oh Death, and The Voice of Vengeance

Okafor Uche Onyedi

The Grave

You are the castle of perpetual peace,
Designed for maximum comfort to the occupant,
Who year after year never complains or protests,
For the peace you offer envelops and lets not go.

You are the castle of unmanned gates,
Ever open to receive the homecoming pilgrim,
Who, wearied by the ups and downs of life,
Receives solace in your eternal bosom.

You are the castle of the natural man,
Indiscriminately offering hospitality to all
sojourners,
Who come knocking seeking for refuge
To escape the predators that hunt them day by day.

You are the castle of inviolable sacredness,
Wrapped up in the mystery of timelessness,
You turn the residents into a rampaging silent army,
Armed with the myth of emptiness and darkness.

You are the castle undesired and abhorred,
The gallantry of youth mocks at you,
The affluence of life treats you with contempt,
Yet you forgive all when they come knocking.

You are the caste of preference,
When desertion of gallantry provides a couch,
And the taste of affluence turns sour and pale,
We look to the castle road in emotional preference,

Full of appreciation as we descend the path,
Courtesy fails us to say thanks to our escorts.

Woe oh Death!

Woe unto you oh death

For you have exalted yourself above all mortals
Subjecting them to your thrashing
You have imposed yourself on their life paths
And every mortal must answer to you.

You have built a highway
On which mortals by your command must walk
But which you in your heartlessness
Trot to and fro in your harvest of mortals

You have no principles and no standards
Preference, appetite, interests have you not
You leave your gate open day in night out
With no immigration, no custom and no police checks

You have made yourself very rich
And still crave for more in your insatiability
You are saturated with the virtues of mortals

And leave mortality to yearn in emptiness.
You refuse to go whenever you pay a visit
Yet you are an undesired and unwanted guest
You refuse to recognise the contempt given you
As you still skim for another victim

Though you wield your powers blindly
And act as above the heavenlies and the mortals
At the time appointed of which you know not
You shall walk your highway as have done the mortals.

The Voice of Vengeance

I heard the sinister song of the guns
 in harmony with the dancing fingers on the trigger,
I heard the whining and whizzing of the machetes
 in obedience to the ferocity of the heart

I saw a sadistic grin in celebration
 of every cry that honours the song,
A cynical jeer at every groan
that moans the ferocity of the exercise.

I saw heads roll off like magic errand pots
 running between two spirit worlds,
I saw headless bodies waiting patiently into eternity
For a welcome to their errand heads

I watched the samba dance of the flies
as they displayed their drumming dexterity,
And the wriggling acrobatics of the maggots and worms
as they masterly solemnised the marriage of flesh and
earth.

Why! Why! Why! Oh people must this song go on?
Why! Why! Why! I cried must the whining and whizzing
persist?

I heard the voice loud and clear,
Trailing behind on our heels with fury,
Out of the earth with power and rage:

"There is a voice crying for vengeance"

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Board of Education the sum of \$100.00
for the year ending June 30, 1900.

W. B. BAKER