

W R R C H A P B O O K S E R I E S 2 0 1 9

IMOMOTIMI

POEMS & ESSAYS FOR PA GABRIEL OKARA



Edited by

KUKOGHO IRUESIRI SAMSON

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IMOMOTIMI

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS & ESSAYS FOR PA
GABRIEL IMOMOTIMI OKARA

Edited by
Kukogho Iruesiri Samson



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For

Pa Gabriel Imomotimi Okara

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INTRODUCTION

I am supposed to write interesting words here by way of introducing this chapbook. But I fall short.

How do you introduce an anthology compiled in honour of a man whose writings were some of the very first drops of literature you devoured as a young child? How do you herald the words written for the words of the man who first fed you poetry? How?

I do not know how, so I wrote this instead:

Sail away Imomotimi!

Gabriel, sail on to tomorrow
On the river that never flows backwards

Imomotimi, sail on to the other side
As we paddle words to hurry waves for you
While counting time on our prayer beads

Okara, sail on to forever
In the boat of our memories
Where your metaphors are flowers
And your imageries are fruit-laden tress

We will remember you by your words, for your words and with our words.

Kukogho Iruesiri Samson
Editor/CEO WRR Publishers

GABRIEL OKARA: A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

GABRIEL OKARA (*born Gabriel Imomotimi Okara on 24 April 1921*) was a Nigerian poet and a novelist who was born in Bumoundi in Yenagoa, Bayelsa State, Nigeria.

His most famous works include: *The Voice* (fiction, 1964), *The Fisherman's Invocation* (poetry, 1978), *The Dreamer, His Vision* (poetry, 2005) and *An Adventure to Juju Island* (children poetry, 1992).

Okara is a widely celebrated writer, especially for his poetry and his awards include: Best All-Round Entry In Poetry at the Nigerian Festival of Arts (*'The Call of the River Nun'*, 1953), Commonwealth Poetry Prize, for *The Fisherman's Invocation* (1979), NLNG Prize, for *The Dreamer, His Vision* (2005) and Pan African Writers' Association Honorary Membership Award (2009).

He died on Monday 25th March 2019 aged 97.

Once upon a time, son,
they used to laugh with their hearts
and laugh with their eyes;
but now they only laugh with their teeth,
while their ice-block-cold eyes
search behind my shadow...

— Gabriel Okara
ONCE UPON A TIME

OKARACROSTIC

EMMANUEL A. FRANK-OPIGO

God, on the twenty-fourth of
April, nineteen twenty-one at
Bumoundi, on the banks of ageless
River Nun, caused to be born
Imomotimi, male, of Gbaingbain
Extraction, who took to memorising
Lullabies rather than succumbing to them

Infant to man to sage, the
Muse was relentless as the
Oeuvre crept out, first in measured
Mouthfuls, and then suddenly
Overflowing in silver-surfaced
Torrents, precipitating the Fisherman's
Invocation.
Meanwhile he scaled the dizzying heights in
Information, gaining the snowy summit

Good nature, talent, an affinity to
Books endeared the man to
All and sundry, and his very presence
Infected the environment with peace,
Numbing all sense of previous pain.
Grace, health, longevity and grit, were the
Blessings the fisherman that laughed and laughed
Amassed in 98 launchings of his sturdy net
Into the deep recesses of the River
Nun

O incomprehensible God! he cried
Kindling thoughts of mortality
Across our cramped insides:

Reset the voice, the piano and the drums
As the seabird has made its final call

Emmanuel Ayibaemi Frank-Opigo is the Director of Works and Services in the Niger University, Bayelsa State. He was the Chairman of ANA Bayelsa from 2013 to 2015. His published works include *Masks and Facades* (poetry), *Clean Your English* (text), *Vowels in the Air* (essays) and *The Song of Our Father* (poetry).

IMOMOTIMI!

PEREMOBOWEI GEOFFREY OKUBOKEKEME

Voice of the riverside
Voice that sang in immortal wit
Solemn and jingled through the four poles
Echoing like drums with compelling beats
Resounded in the valley
At the hilltop, no ear denied
Like mother's early instructions to child
Which awakens from dead sleep
A reminder, calling us to our root.

Your soaking voice wet our itching ears
Flooding cities, crossing borders
Affording Afric's choice treasures
Of flows from the River Nun
As with bemused faces we listened
Before the drum and the distant piano
But we flowed along the tide to the River Nun
Where we could hear distinctly, the voice of the drum.

Our hearts harbour the brightness of your sweet melodies
As your rays, like the sun scarred our sentient plain
Affording a scintillating voice
That comforts our sunken hearts with an unebbing shine.

Peremobowei Geoffrey Okubokekeme, hails from Ekeremor town in Bayelsa State. He holds a Bachelor of Arts (English) degree. He loves telling stories in verse, inspired by the likes of William Shakespeare, Alexander Pope, John Dryden and their contemporaries. His works are yet to be published.

A BROKEN ELEGY FROM A BROKEN TONGUE.

JOHN CHIZOBA VINCENT

I'll bury my lines in this formless elegy
I fear the lines behind the scene than the one in it

Why does the grave's mouth open each time our mother
calls for a festival of peace & wine?
Why is death so weak that it kills and run?
Many lips have songs that never came out
& these were the tales told majestically, in pains
Of how you fought death to stay alive...
But the music was channelled wrongly,

Why do we have to wear sorrow this time when pleasures
flow eastward?
Why do we have to write agony on the blank pages of
time behind the future?
Sometimes we remember ourselves in dreams not yet born
Yet, we have to visit places where legs are not allowed.

The other times we allow our shadows to bury our
wandering thoughts in tears.
Howbeit you left when the sun is yet to shine?
Let's see your palms brace up freedom
For freedom is the call duty of jolted triumphs.
You are still awake, right? You are still living.

Humanity is not too hollow to fight for you
Heroes are not born false, you being one of them
No human is hollow in thought for your kind
But let's sheath our knives
Those long drawn knives
Smoking with gore against Death;

For we shall still meet to archive our embrace
Sun our emotions & make dreams a stepping stone to
getting home.

Until our blood connects to the dust of African heroes
Reborn, the only prophecy told in our history shall be void
till eternity comes.

John Chizoba Vincent is a cinematographer, filmmaker, music video director, poet and a writer. He is a graduate of Mass Communication. He believes in life and the substances that life is made of. He has three books published to his credit which includes *Hard Times*, *Good Mama*, and *Letter from Home*. *For Boys of Tomorrow* is his first offering to poetry. He lives in Lagos.

OH PAPA

DANIEL AJAYI

Imomotimi, papa

You led your children to the treasure
in the mouth that lies between syllables
while you chant in tongues forbidden
Yet forgiven.

Imomotimi, papa

There are men whose eyes can kill
in their teeth are bullet ready to spray
i am afraid these days when you are not here
To shoot a monster with your provoking thought.

Imomotimi, papa

You learned too many things for my lips
fight daringly so my eyes will see
the world in a two-face calabash filled
Palm wine.

Imomotimi, papa

I now know why you taught me to be a son of Africa.

Daniel Ajayi is a Lagos based Poet.

IMOMOTIMI

OGBAJI SILAS IDIAMA

Abode warm and safe, hope took shape
The needed provided, no cry was heard
Could've delayed, woes beckoned
Filled with compassion, to 1921 Yes! He said
Quiver stacked, in April began the walk, arrived on 24th
Worse than anticipated he met, first cry heard
Giving up wasn't him, had to stay.
In chaos was the land, storm hit the sky, sea left to tempest
Cuffs on wrists, fetters for ankles and minds imprisoned
To clubs and machetes he yield not, agents of chaos they're
Ink and paper he adopted, from within he hopes reaching
them
The pen is mightier than the sword, he resolved.
For long the ink flowed, paper absorbed and nations
liberated
A gift to Bayelsa yet he made the globe smile
In the sands of time, his fingerprint engraved.
Though the body requests you sleep, your writings stays
awake
'*Imomotimi*', stay with me Okara sobs the pen, paper and
reader.

Ogbaji Silas Idiana, a medical student of Benue State University, Makurdi.
An ardent reader and prolific writer yet to publish who loves to keep the ink
flowing.

STAY WITH US.

EMMANUEL FAITH

A sage once rose in Niger-Delta
And strolled around the world with words,
He wrote welcome home to a star
With vent he scribbled Revolt of the Gods.
His wise words flew over Sahara,
And left impact across the earth,
He was the visionary, the dreamer,
Whose light shone on our rural path.

But death is an uninvited guest,
Who visits us without notice.
He snaps out life with zeal and zest
And leaves us in mystery of its prognosis.

We would recite your lines the morning,
And Make them our chorus at noon,
Your memories are alive, in our heart, burning
Although your body left us too soon.

Imotimi, Stay with me
Whose words would always stay with us.
In delight, in joy that flows in spree,
Shall we immortalize your words.

Emmanuel Faith is an award winning writer and poet who resides in Lagos. A regular name at the BPPC monthly contest, he recently authored a self-help book, *Chronicles of an Intern*, written for school leavers and entry levels who intend to kick-start an amazing career through internships.

PA OKARA, YOU LIVE FOREVER IN THE SAVANNAH DRUMS

WRITERS' LEAGUE, BENUE STATE UNIVERSITY CHAPTER

Sleep is sweet but bitter when the sleeper never wakes
You sleep yet awake where death exists no more
As your work lives, rest on
You remain the point where feather and ink meet
The ego in the hut of our existence
The depth that oozes penitence
Eternity would have given you time that is full
Men of words and worth know no death
For piano and drums are the sounds of your vestiges
Heralding for your life to be transformed anew
And be regenerated into a creature full and new
Death brings joy, not mock
Yet we sigh and wail songs of joy
For a windy path you laid
We hope you will take us beyond the famished lands of our
past
Death takes every one
And that is how to escape death
Be still, O death be still
Okara comes, Death be still

Imomotimi!

Please, stay, not with us but with eternity
And stay with Okigbo, with Emecheta, with the ancestors
of pen
Vanished but stands like a volcanic mountain
The wind blows at our sight
But our eyes could not say exactly

So, we say good bye, Okara

When death spreads its dark and scary blanket on you
We are cut down with words so short and sharp
Now we believe death is not an illusion, it lives among us
Though gone, but alive in our African Drums
Like a sacred mark on a skin, you shall always be
remembered
The power of words is quite able to raise the dead, yet we
are handicapped
But you live
Okara, you live in the Savannah drums.

Writers' League, Benue State University is a body of writers in the university who read together, write together and savour criticism together for proper growth in the work of the pen. Its membership cuts across every faculty and college of the university.

MAY THE SUN STAY WITH YOU

TEMIDAYO JACOB

Son, may the Sun never leave you.
It's a prayer, not a curse; say Amen.

Disaster is also when the sun leaves a man.
The man will always carry flood of tears on his face.
His complexion will always complement darkness.
He'll wander around the wonders of earth
and his shadow will deny his existence.
He'll walk in a garden and step on thorns
because he'll become blind to see them.
He will always see the sky filled with red rage
whenever the clouds show him unwanted pregnancies.
He'll become a fool who can't tell between dawn and dusk
until his soul rests and his body breaks down.

Do not forget the rise in East and the fall in West.
Son, may the Sun stay with you.

Temidayo Jacob is a Nigerian writer and photographer. His works are based on real life experiences and societal happenings. His works have appeared on some anthologies, on Peeking Cat poetry, Art and Rebellion, Kalahari Review and others. He blogs at mayorjake.wordpress.com. He writes from Ilorin, Kwara state.

IMOMOTIMI LEAVES, LIVES

NWODIBO EKECHUKWU

Like a bolt from the blues
Came a melancholy-clad news
An iroko Pen has fallen
The literary world crestfallen

Imomotimi has gone the way of all mortals
Shame!!! Oh death, he is of immortals
Nurtured in lush Niger Delta fen
Into a precocious iconoclastic pen

Reminiscing the legend's seminal works
Evokes gushes of literary fireworks
Strewn in intricate graphology
A confluence of the modern with African mythology

Indelible streams of erudition
Flowing from dear Delta for attention
Consummate scripts of the sublime
Etched in gold in works prime

The call of the River Nun
A poetic piece of great fun
The Voice evocative
Clash of cultures in fine narrative

Nwodibo Ekechukwu, Commissioner of Police, retired, studied Political Science at the University of Nigeria, Nsukka. He read Law at Imo State University and the Nigerian Law School. He attended several courses within and outside Nigeria. A High Chief, he is the author of *Echoes From Nigeria: A Collection of Poems*.

GABRIEL OKARA: A POETIC GIANT

OJE AYODEJI PHILIP

A man of rare stature
Amongst millions in the poetic picture
So tall that his pen reveals the future
Today the world beyond bubbles to have him featured

Oje Ayodeji Philip is a postgraduate student of History and Strategic Studies, University of Lagos. He hails from Badagry Local Government. He is a lover of poetry.

A SON DEPARTS

UKPEVIE-GRACE

The river Nun calls
But the land is silent
The mouth that carried her words
Has gone to sleep

Mama's voice echoes into the night
'Stay with me' she pleads
Let my fingers warm your cold body
Imomotimi! Stay with me!

Ancestors welcomes him home
Little infants plead
'Stay with us, let us learn your ways
But the path he has taken
We cannot follow
We can only drink from
The well of his wisdom
And convey his words to our children

So they will be enriched in body and soul

Ukpevie-Grace is a poet who loves beautiful people.

A PRESENT FOR SUCH SHORT TIME

ABRAHAM UWE

I

The Solace and Sweetness of Harmony

After the mists, the daylight,

after the snow, the spring,

after the rain , the rainbow,

for life is an alterable thing.

After the night, the morning,

offering all darkness stop,

after life's considerations and distresses,

the solace and sweetness of harmony.

II

A butterfly lights adjacent to us like a sunbeam

for a short minute its glory

and magnificence have a place with our world

But then it flies once more

however we wish it could have remained...

We feel fortunate to have seen it.

For this is a voyage that we as a whole must take

each must go alone. It's all a piece of the Master breaking strategy's

A step headed straight toward home.

III

In the event that tears could manufacture a stairway,

and recollections a path, I'd walk

straight up to paradise and bring you

home once more.

A present for such a short time,

your misfortune just appears to be so off-base,
you ought not have left before us,
it's with friends and family you have a place.

WISH HE STAYED

FRANCISCA OGECHI OKWULEHIE

An Iroko has fallen
From the mangrove swamps
Of the Delta
A light has gone out
Leaving darkness as black as tar

Bomadi has lost one
Born along the banks of Forcados
He made pianos and drums
And you laughed and laughed

Remember him in quiet places
On solitary nights in the creeks
On the noisy open streets of the east
Reminsce sweet memories only

Now gunshots fall as an avalanche
And mothers rain a train of tears
Sisters sing a dreary dirge
On a silent night so loud

Praise showers as snowflakes
They fall on turgid remains
Grief stricken mourners in monochrome
On a procession across forgotten roads

Midnight has struck

And homage has been paid
A new day is about to dawn
And now you wish he stayed

Francisca Ogechi Okwulehie is the Author of *Tari's Golden Fleece* an African Fiction based Novella. She holds a B.A in Philosophy and is currently running an M.A in Philosophy at the University of Lagos. Her works has appeared in the Afriworiliterary Project Anthology; *The Different Shades of a Feminine Mind* (2017) and the *84 Bottles of Wine For Wole Soyinka* Anthology (2018). She has a penchant for highlife music.

TRIBUTE TO A LEGEND

MICHAEL ADIGAM TERNA

If I could sing a thousand songs
All night long,
I'd make only a wish
In my thousand songs.
I'd ask you to stay with me till ages pass.
If life was just a dream
And death, reality,
I'd be happy to die
And stay with you again.
But I'm just a dreamer with a blurred vision.

Farewell, *Imomotimi*!
Rest on, my legend!

Michael Adigam Terna is a writer and student of Human Anatomy at Benue State University, Makurdi. He belongs to many writing clubs in the state.

IMOMOTIMI

ADESINA AJALA

We have thought
That Ken Saro-Wiwa
Was the only voice that
Howled against the injustice
Hurled at the ecology of the Niger-Delta.

Until the soft whispers of the
Call of the River Nun
Like the voice of John the Baptist in the wilderness
preparing the way for Jesus
Sprung into our consciousness.

& like an altar bell; calling
It hushed the environmentalist-poets to heed
The cries of the Niger- Delta for redemption, for healing,
for thriving.

So, they hushed forward
The dreamers clinging their visions:
Ken Saro- Wiwa, Tanure Ojaide & others
Carrying pen with papers
To the Fisherman's invocation; the solemn Macedonian call
To the solitude in jails, the stifling in chains & brute of
hangmen.

& today we heard that the
River Nun is being [or has been] dredged
That redemption lurks at the shores of the Niger-Delta
That like Job, she would know the scent of laughter again.

In this anthology, we gather in the city square
To heed the voice from the throats of the piano and drums

To chant to the piano's notes & the drumbeats
'Imomotimi'— stay with me [us].

Adesina Ajala is sprouting physician-writer who aspires to grow his roots in the loam of words, scalpel and the stethoscope. He is on Twitter and Instagram as @adesina_ajala.

WHEN WE WRITE FOR GABRIEL OKARA

AKINRINADE FUNMINIYI ISAAC

My eyes are widely opened to see the eye balls that trickled down straight shot of tears on Okara's lovers' cheeks when he left this world to another world.

I see letters, words, lines, verses, and paragraphs on a queue to pay their final obeisance to Pa. Gabriel Imomotimi Gbaingbain Okara.

I strain my ear drums to listen to the sounds, beats, drums, and voices of choirs and Nightingales that sing requiem for his departure.

When we write for Gabriel Okara...

We write of the traceable marks and impacts he leaves behind in the literary world before he left.

We write of how his words become voices that forever linger in the ears of men.

We write about the end and beginning of a legend.

We write of how he becomes immortal through his writings (The Voice, The Fisherman's Invocation, The Dreamer, His Vision, As I See It...) even after he left his mortal body.

Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac is a Nigerian writer who has written many published and unpublished works. He is a graduate of Estate Management department, Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife, Osun State. When he's not reading, and writing, he enjoys driving, teaching, and meeting new people.

DE IMMORTALIZATION

FAMOUS AGU

Last night I dreamt of a man
Smiling his song beside River Nun
I stood in the chasm as staring fan
When his sound waves echoed on

Hide those tears puppy poets
And lay me to rest among heroes
The immortals are the poets
Seeing me in the grave is not zero

I condensed like a driftwood bole
Like other heroes turned sparrow shits
In the grave, a subway without dole
As a writ for us by the creator, we brit

Din it aloud to bridge the rifts
Gabriel Okara, an immortal poet
He never died a nitwit
Immortalized by words in his teapot

I woke and I rued one thing
I would have hugged and kissed him
Belly to belly for my luckiness things
To the brim, then joyfully sing his hymn

All hopes not buried, his arts lived on
The call of the River Nun,

The fisherman's innovation,
And little snake and little frog morn

His adventure to Juju Island still lives
The name lived after the hero man
As history was made on plane leaves
So we learn to say adieu as his fans.

Famous Agu is an ardent writer, and a poet of many styles from Bayelsa State. He is a graduate of Accounting and Finance. Most of his poems are not just interesting but didactic with interesting morals. He blogs from www.academicglobe.wordpress.com and some of his poems are published also in www.Krystalpen.com. He loves academics as well as sharing ideas globally.

OKARA LIVES...

ALUGA, LUPER MICHAELS

Though you have worn the garment of silence and gone
with the shadows
You live.

I never saw you, but your break light is my limelight
You stood as the idol we worshipped in the shrine of
literature
You blessed your worshippers with ink from the gods
And made a name.

So, You live
You live in every pause of you lines
You live in the sentences of the laughter you laughed,
I laughed and we laughed.

You live in each sound of the piano and the drums
That plays the music of our originality
You live in what you stood and died for
And so, we continue to hear your voice and the messages
you preached before you journeyed

Yes, I say again, you live
You live as long as your words still paint the beauty of
literacy
And write on the papers of our heart

Aluga, Luper Michaels is an upcoming poet and a spoken word artist. He is currently a student of English at Benue State University, Makurdi, Nigeria. He is a development worker with Sevhave Literary Development Initiative.

WHAT WE TELL THE DEAD

ANTHONY OKPUNOR

We give our names to the earth the same way we give our
bodies

We bear witness watch the throne burn

our bodies become ash

Ash becomes the colour of incense

The colour of water is different

So it is with prayers not

answered

A beggar knows the face of his God but only the
dead knows mercy

Religion becomes the love of water

What death becomes is unknown

There are so many ways to be lied to

You heart ache in circles you call this thing a moment of
fear

But the truth is in this day of newness

When everything else hurts but the arrowhead

I have watched the sea go last

And in these times

I sit under the sun so long

It hurt to close my eyes & pray

What I do is whisper

And hope a thief will carry what I say
To the one who listens
& yes it is true
When your tongue is heavy you chew with your mouth
closed
Also where we find love can
 Also be where we hurt ourselves
But this is not what we tell the dead
Because sometimes speaking only means
 There are no spaces we give

Anthony Okpunor is a Nigerian writer who lives and writes from Asaba in Delta State. He splits his time between writing, reading, lectures, good epic music, and himself. His works has appeared in several online platforms including African Writers, Kreative Diadem, Praxis Magazine, and elsewhere.

A PROPHET IS GONE

ETE OPUSAM

We didn't just loss a father,
Oh! We have lost a prophet.
Africa and diaspora exclaimed together;
Each rolling out exotic buffet,
To celebrate an heroic Gabriel,
Whose prophecies heralded the light;
That wrought sons like Afenfia Michael,
Who uses the pen not the sword to fight.
And if Oloibiri gave Ijoland fame;
Okara ensures that fame is known and told:
For the Voice hung Izon in fancy frame.
As a lion Okara, you were indeed bold;
And we your progenies enjoyed YOU-
Like bread and akara: ADIEU!

My name is Ete Opusam is a native of Opume in Ogbia Local Government Area of Bayelsa State. He is a graduate of History and Diplomacy from the Niger Delta University and presently a civil servant working with the Bayelsa State Sports Council.

MY RIVER IS CALLING TOO

NWAGBO E. BRUNO & ADAMOLEKUN FASILAT

Ogun River flows in my veins
It hears of Delta River in the Creeks
It calls over to the River across the Niger

My River is calling to my friend from across the Niger
Who told me that Okara bathed at the Delta
And that the Niger bridge to the Delta
Is just a jog

I wish I can jog from Ogun to Delta to Niger
To join my friend whose voice has been calling:
*"Come over to me,
stay with me."*

The poets are students of Olabisi Onabanjo University, Ago-Iwoye in Ogun State. They wrote these poems in honour of the Late Gabriel Imomotimi Okara whom they met first in his work "Piano and Drums" during their preparation for Joint Admission and Matriculation Exams. Other works of the late icon who that inspired these poems include "The Call of the River Nun" and "The Fisherman Invocation."

STAY WITH ME

HOPEWELL AMANA

my eyes bode with stars
& from the docks boats rock
in the dance of the waters
with moonlight. the lapping springs
inflect into the creek
with a twist in her silent tale;

the river calls to you.

i stiff to learn
the fisherman's invocation
your tired voice rising to the river call,
hoarse in song you vow never to sing
to a star.
the night is bold as brass
the fire blazes from the hearth
the blood rages in your veins.

i watch your frailty shadow rise,
old fisherman daring to touch the river's end, to tell the
softness of the river bed.

stay with me
even as your boat glides on the wavering moon,
oars gleaming the milkiness
of your drifting coweries—secrets i trail
with a reedcord to hold your wit
close to mine.

stay with me
even when at the jaws of juju island the voice
calls deeper to the damned place,
even as the riddle in your song of little snake & little frog
fades into the night's palate.

Hopewell Amaṇa is a writer and poet. His works are published or forthcoming in Ofi Press, Rumpus & The Offing. He is the co-founder of HIKMAH HOUSE which focuses on the development of arts and literature. He lives in Abuja from where he writes.

WE NO LONGER FIND IT

TENIBEGI KAROUNWI

It is a long night
Morning still feels yesterday
The cockatoo has lost its *crowing* glory
Its voice choked into submission
We search, we no longer find it.

The sun peeps behind dark clouds
No hurry to blaze its flare
There will be no golden gaze
To light up our day
Dazed, we grope in misty gloom
We search, we no longer find it.

The waters retreat to the beginning
Life stands still
Meadows, brown from caked mud
Lillies, shy from dried up roots
No vapours to nourish the heavens
Showers hang thick in the sky
We search, we no longer find it.

The woods, quiet!
None venture out of their burrows
No ringing echoes of songs
Not even amorous croaks in hope
What is, are black crows brooding
Wailing in loud caws,
Filled with foreboding news
We search, we no longer find it.

Oh that the bard lives still
Our voice, gone like a whisper in the wind!
We search, we no longer find it.

The writer, born Samsideen Adesiyan, read Theatre Arts in the University of Ibadan and is currently rounding up a degree in Law at Lead City University Ibadan. He writes in different genre and has his plays performed and poems published. Tenibegi Karounwi is the name by which his writings are credited.

OKARA WAS HERE

MUHAMMAD AUWAL IBRAHIM

I knew a man who lighted a lamb
During his reign and left
Till today he is remembered
For his work on earth
That is how a man should be

I knew a man who planted a tree
Till today the tree gives shade
Because it is now grown
For only this he is known

I knew a poet
Who painted papers with metaphors
And collected them in one book:
 titled them,
 published them,
And presented them before he leaves

Muhammad Auwal Ibrahim is a young Nigerian writer, poet and playwright studying Mass Communication at Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. His works have appeared or forth coming in several online literary magazines, portals and anthologies.

ENCOMIUMS

PAUL CHIWUDE MBIDOM

Before the rifle salute flares,
And the simmering drum beat blares,
Fetch the toddlers near the fireplace,
To hear the tales of black appraise.

Stay together, warm as the cave,
The scions of ani that we grieve,
Have taught our hands to scribble,
Words in time past that were riddle.

Did you not weep blood on the shore?
O winds of the atlantic lore,
When you blew our kins through sands,
On bonded limbs to newfoundlands.

Blow the gunshots into the sky,
These seas which sunk our thigh,
Have been submerged by the dance,
Of black panthers ready to pounce.

The legend of them with fish net,
Soul brothers conceived by the earth,
Voyaging as the crusaders,
Hero's of afro renaissance.

Upon Olaudah's ink transform,
Them, successors of oral norm,

Telling their stories of the hunt,
In the sprints of Mbari's stunt.

Footnotes:

Ani: Igbo Goddess of the Earth

Olaudah: A freed slave that rose to prominence, he was known in his lifetime as Gustavus Vassa. His memoir 'The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano' published in 1789, is one of the earliest-known published writing by an African writer.

Mbari: The Mbari Club was a centre for cultural activity by African writers, artists and musicians that was founded in Ibadan, Nigeria, in 1961 by Ulli Beier, with the involvement of a group of young writers including Wole Soyinka, Chinua Achebe, Christopher Okigbo, JP Clark, Ezekiel Mphahlele and many others.

Paul Chiwude Mbidom, a native of Umuaka in Imo state, is a graduate of Mass Communication from Imo State University Owerri. His hobbies are reading, writing and acting.

OKARA, YOUR POETRY STAYS!

ADEDIMEJI QUAYYIM ABDUL-HAFEEZ

We lie in the seasons of petals withering to
the loud screeching of the flight of your
endearing spirit. Poetry has lost a home and
news surrounding the waves of your death
squeals to the swellings of our bursting miquisards.

Imomotimi, you words had lingered in the
air like a drunk grouch waving to the
quiverings of blooming phases. Your poetry
had carved paths out in deserts of nowhere,
reminding us that we still have hope in this
loop we are caught in, that our slithering
spirits whisper in recurring optimism.

Okara, you had tread paths elders quiver at
its mere mention. You had whirled in the
wild cyclones tendering the feet of our
Nigerianess. You had morphed in folding
spheres and thread these phases, glittering
your light through these dooming caves.

Gabriel, your soul never stayed
but your poetry nourishes our
beings into wallows of glittering fulfilment.

Adedimeji Quayyim Abdul-Hafeez is a student of Law at the University of
Ilorin, Kwara State.

THIS IS NOT THE LAST SONG

MAXWELL ONYEMAECHI OPIA-ENWEMUCHE

to live for your loved ones
is a great gift to treasure
but to leave a vacuum no one
can fill but feel, is a life lesson.

pa, you gave poetry a face lift
by singing us the call to the river nun lesson.
your song will become new everyday
like the wonderful air we inhale.

you've made yesterday and today shake hands
but wicked death came for your life to impale.
the song from your pen felt asleep on that day
when you heeded to the call from the gods.

I believe this is not the last song,
for the invocations could not overturn this call
as 97 stars beckoned from beyond
to a beautiful home.

we live to leave our legacies one day
and to keep our stories dancing on lips every day.
You were a decade of relevance
to sing and read verses of grave importance.

this may not be the last song
for your memories in hearts will live long
and the piano and drums will shake the sky
with the story of your journey to transition island;
this will reverberate forever on this land.

a legend whose pen wears African garment is gone,

a poet of the renowned government college is no more,
so let the invocations do justice this time
for Pa Gabriel Imomotimi Okara's boat sails away with bags
of songs
never to return again; leaving us in pain.

Maxwell Onyemaechi Opiä-Enwemuche is a poet, a storyteller, and novelist. He has to his credit, a novel, *The Oracle of Isieke and the Diary of a Keke Driver*. His works have appeared in *WRR*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Mojaveheart Review*, and other online platforms.

A CRITICAL APPRAISAL OF GABRIEL OKARA'S COMPLEX POEM 'PIANO AND DRUMS'

OGHENERO EZAZA

'*Piano and Drums*' by Gabriel Okara is a much complex poem which shows the mastery of the poet.

Stanza 1

*When at break of day at a riverside
I hear the jungle drums telegraphing
the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw
like bleeding flesh, speaking of
primal youth and the beginning
I see the panther ready to pounce
the leopard snarling about to leap
and the hunters crouch with spears poised;*

This stanza introduces us to the African setting of the poem. The poet-speaker finds himself at early morn at a riverside, where he hears the beating of local ('jungle') drums which he is very much used to and so much loves.

The sound of the drums takes him into a feeling or some sought of trance or fantasy where he finds himself in his youthful days in his African environment, with the 'panther ready to pounce', the leopard snarling about to leap/ and the hunters crouch with spears poised' (Lines 6-8). The speaker enjoys this feeling so much. This stanza describes the harmony of a typical African environment and culture.

Stanza 2

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,

*topples the years and at once I'm
in my mother's laps a suckling;
at once I'm walking simple
paths with no innovations,
rugged, fashioned with the naked
warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts
in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.*

The poet is still in his ecstatic mood. His 'blood ripples' (Line 9). Suddenly he finds himself as a baby 'suckling' in his mother's laps and then as a child walking bare foot and naked in bushy paths.

Stanza 3

*Then I hear a wailing piano
solo speaking of complex ways in
tear-furrowed concerto;
of far away lands
and new horizons with
coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,
crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth
of its complexities, it ends in the middle
of a phrase at a daggerpoint.*

This is where the conflict begins. In the blissful fantasy of the poet, he suddenly hears a 'wailing' piano/ solo speaking of complex ways'. The sound the piano produces is alien and makes no sense to his ears and so ends his ecstasy.

Stanza 4

*And I lost in the morning mist
of an age at a riverside keep
wandering in the mystic rhythm
of jungle drums and the concerto.*

The poet celebrates his predicament. He now wanders between the sound of his lovely drums and that of the hurting piano and he is lost. And this is how the poem ends.

▪ **THEMES**

1. **Clash of Cultures:** This is the major theme of the poem. The combination of African and western culture in Post-colonial Africa only creates chaos.
2. **Theme of Beauty of African Culture:** There is harmony before the piano is introduced. Pre-colonial Africa was blissful.
3. **Theme of Disharmony:** From the angle of music the sounds of the piano and drums don't blend, it rather creates a disharmony.
4. **Theme of Nostalgia:** The poet misses pre-colonial Africa which was also his childhood days.

SETTING: Post-Colonial Africa

▪ **TONE:**

The poem starts with a tone of ECSTASY and then NOSTALGIA and then CONFUSION and lastly DISAPPOINTMENT.

▪ **STRUCTURE**

The poem is a free verse but has good rhythmic and sound effects within lines. This sustains the musical feeling the title suggests.

▪ **DICTION:**

The diction is complex and difficult. There is use of high sounding words especially musical jargons and this sustains the musical atmosphere which the title has created. The poet also attaches high sounding metaphors to the difficult musical

jargons which gives the poem a rhythmic effect, but also makes it very complex. Well the complex diction appropriately portrays the complex situation which the poet-speaker finds himself!

▪ POETIC DEVICES

1. Metaphor: This is the most employed device in this poem. The poem has well utilized it and even stretched its use. E.g. wailing piano (line 17). The sound coming from the piano is like someone wailing. This is a wonderful example of how the poet has stretched the use of metaphor. Other examples are: 'at once I'm/ in my mother's laps a suckling' (lines 10-11). The poet says he feels like a baby again.
2. Metonymy: This device is dominant in the poem. This is where something is used to refer to a concept which that thing is associated with. The drums in this poem refer to the African culture, while the piano is used to represent the western culture.

Oghenero Ezaza is the coordinator of Warri Literary Society and an OAP at Kpoko FM, Warri. He has published a collection of poems titled: *Reflections*. He is on Twitter: @ReflectPoems.

ODE TO DEATH

BAAJI AKURA

oh death!
ever gracious maiden
guardian of man's price to redeem
curtain of eternity's grace
heaven's scourge to the human race

oh death!
as cruel as many may think
you're only a noble blink
snatching souls from horrors of mortal strife
to usher to glories of immortal life

by fear of your wrath are many made chaste
for your swift sword strikes in merciless haste
you're blinded not of wealth, penury, poets, Goliaths,
small...
your fate indeed is meant for all

as today marks Pa Gabriel's turn
may the earth welcome him with pianos and drums
and pen and papers and a desk for grave's letters
to reach afterlife. today, tomorrow not centuries later.

Baaji Akura is a student at Nasarawa State University, Keffi.

PA, GONE?

USMAN AHMADU

pa is gone?

four moons and a day after the earth ate Ikeogu's songs
we, again, assemble to feed grave with an older tongue.
the grave will forever be unsatisfied.

before the dusk peep, the grave made a plea
and the poet didn't say no to her *'stay-with-me.'*
today, the dreamer and his vision lied

this can't be a call of the river nun.

Usman Ahmaḍu is a student at Nasarawa State University, Keffi.

THE TAPSTER

OJO OLUMIDE EMMANUEL

When our hearts behold fragile thoughts
When our minds cast spells on our darkened now-
Our gaze in startles into how the cloud
Congregate into a broom & the broom hitch our roof
Copulate our rivers until our bridge turn a static boat.

We wander above the bridge
And it doesn't seem a once glorified plague
Or the best that ever happened to us
The long days, week and... of uncertainty can't keep our
minds breezy
Rather it adds more coppices to the fuming inferno

Within the inferno are storms which remind
The poor child of his dumpy arrival here:
Those nights when the storm rumbles & quake
The constellations jingle horror
Songs like the drumbeats of the Oro*
Where the masquerades lullaby makes sleep a stranger.

What kind of appeal should God gift?-
If not the bliss of being a Bard?
The might to carve words into sculptures
The strength to swaddle inside radiance
The niche to sing hymns to the wind
The frailness to soar into gravity
The pleasure of concealing little many words in stanzas
The likelihood to be rejected as an outcast

And be accepted as a last-card.

Poet(s) is/are word tapster(s)

Who taps from their muse divine

They never pass away but reincarnate in thoughts & hearts

They lull in arbitrary solace inside their -“Poetree”.

*Oro: a kind of ritual with diverse processions by
masquerades.

Ojo Olumide Emmanuel is a writer, teacher and a spoken word artist. He writes Poem, Essays, Short story, Travelogue and Flash fiction. His works have featured and forthcoming on Core-Magazine Africa, PoetryofMoon, Riversandhareview, International Books on Social-Media-Literature, Indian Classicism, Pictorial Poetry Coffee Books, Love My Religion and many anthologies.

WATER CHRONICLES

MARIA AJIMA

Many rivers around us
Yet no waters to drink
How can we live by the banks of the rivers
And yet have no water to drink oooo.

Year in year out by the rivers we sat
And there we cried
When we remembered Songhai;

But our rulers, they carried us,
Away into captivity; requiring of
Us obeisance; how can we sing
Our primal songs in strange lands?

How can we wash our hands
With spittle in the sounds of the
Murmuring of the rivers
Whispering to our souls
'Fetch me, drink me, fetch me, drink me.'

How can we every rolling year,
Listen to our time churning rulers,
Coming with mouth-watering tales,
Of waterspouts pipes,
In the midst of drowning floods,
With no drops for us to drink,
There is water all-around of us,
Yet no single drop to drink.

How ashamed we are,
For such shameful show of backwardness
In their grey matters.

Of what profit shall it be to them,
If we their subjects die of thirst,
And they alone are left with gold to dig.

ONCE UPON A TIME

UKAORJI OGBONNA (SENATOR)

Across this rifts
Once reverberated laughs
That echoed from the hollows of our souls
As metallic gong which knitted
The kindred spirits prospering our lands.

Once upon a time
When laughter rooted from the souls
And heart of men have not learnt
How to laugh
From their teeth alone
Killing that joy resonating
From the bowels of their souls

Among us lived a bard
A skilled heart
Weaver of life
Bringer of peace
And hope

One who tailored bridges of words

At the wake of dawn
Our bard heads home for rest
His cap full of feathers
Evidence of work and strive.

If I come again
Give me a pen and a treasure of words
A shoe greater as that
Of this great bard

Gabriel Okara of world acclaim
Adieu till we meet again

Ukaorji Ogbonna (Senator) holds BA in Linguistics and Communications Studies from the University of Port Harcourt. He is a poet, a playwright, screenwriter, makeup artist, movie producer and director.

THE SUN HAS ONLY SET

OLADIMEJI ADAM ADEDAYO

These eyes had seen stars melting from clouds,
But seeing this sun set into souls and shrouds
Is making these eyes quake like an epicenter;
Is making these eyes mist in a painful magenta.

The sun hasn't fallen but has only set;
For its blaze is too fierce for the dews of death,
The sun has lived not to die but has died to live;
For we are varying grains, and death's the sieve.

The sun has only set: after lightening the most stygian abyss
Of wretched souls as mine, that had been amiss,
And has, to coming moons, trusted its halo
Whom shall make it a temple, which the world will hallow.

The sun has only set: after cresting the crestal rungs,
Leaving behind fragrances that flush our lungs,
Unlike Olympus the sun's not fallen, not cold;
For its peart art on our heart, still has a hold.

The sun has only set: after cresting the furthest height,
It's night! But the vault of the sky is still alight
With trails of reddened and readied afterglow,
Through the crags of whom cock of its course will crow.

Unlike a doused ember the sun isn't dead;
For, teeny moons are gleaming in its stead,

To frit every bit of its grit into an else sphere
And reflect its rays again so clear, with no fear.

Nay! A voice of poetry hasn't gone home;
Nay! The voice still roams the terrain of my dome;
Nay! Scents of the sun's spits still splashily linger;
For, on his soul has laid not the mildest touch of death's
finger.

Oladimeji Adam Adedayo is an enthusiastic writer who discovered his poetic muse at the age of twelve, a practice he has been keeping up with keen enthusiasm. His poem: "Somewhere around the badlands" was shortlisted for the 2018 Ken Egbas Poetry Prize, and also his poem entitled "Oga wetin you chop remain?" was a finalist in the February Edition of Brigitte Poirson Poetry Contest 2019.

AN ODE TO THE LOST AND FOUND SAGE

ADENIKE MOBOLAJI BABALOLA

From the shores of the ancient continent,
The grey hairs beat drums raw;
He discerned the wisdom of the pregnant wild
And anchored his identity on bare feet.
As if to crawl under the Atlantic,
He serenades through the soul of music
Causing a marriage between history and the future.

His wrinkled cheeks smile in hearty celebration of birth,
Birth soon reborn as death.
In the shadow of tomorrow, he decries today,
Dwelling on myths of immortality
And the endless roaring of departure.

In this wake of fainting pianos
And the rebirth of excited drums,
His strong voice beckons to the unseen
To remind the next generation of the first mornings
And bid farewell to the morrow that never survives.
"Imomotimi, the lost sage of faded philosophy,"
He yells at the waters of midnight.

But darkness falls like a sailing wind
As he is lost forever, to be found again.

Adenike Mobolaji Babalola, a 25-year old graduate of English from OAU, Ile-Ife, has served as a teacher of English, Literature-in-English, and IELTS.

She owns Ellen G. White Books blog and has written several poems and articles. She resides in Ile-Ife with her husband, Boye.

TO A ROYAL BARD

OLATUBOSUN DAVID

How else should a father celebrate a life fulfilled
Than to see his many children doing well?

For a farmer,
What is fulfilment than to eat
From the harvest of his field?

I hail the power of you muse my Lord
The charm of your words will never die

My father and teacher
Your exit is never a sorrow
And yet no sorrow in having a gem [stay with us] for all
time

The soil you ploughed for us
To grow our crop is a fertile soil

You raised the light for us to see
You paved the path for us to go
You gave the light to cure the night
And when at night you home returned
The light remains with us to shine

The grace of your pen reflects the beauty of your nous
Father!

Olatubosun David is a Nigeria writer and poet. A graduate of Rufus Giwa Polytechnic, Owo, Ondo State (2013), he currently works as a confidential secretary at Achievers University, Owo, Ondo State, Nigeria.

THE FISHERMAN SONG.

SAMSON ABANNI

It's by this river where the water meets the sky.
That the palm tree that feed the fish just fell.
Imotimo – the heir of the African sun just rang his closing
bell.

The ocean will provide land for his burial.
The moon cannot weep in public so that night will be dark.
One sparrow had fallen how can others find sleep?
So I send these words to join other verses in the street
protest

But why have you gone home before the birds have sung
for the return of the fisherman?
Tomorrow has promised that the earth will be given to us
for an auditorium.
But why must you be the words on the pyre,
Imotimo?

Suddenly the brave can only whisper and stagger
For now that you are back to your sender
we are left with a life without an agenda.
since your death, the sea now cast shadows
and after dawn, darkness now stay longer.
Even the vultures have dispersed to weep.

Samson Abanni is a medical student at Ebonyi State University. A poet, he made it to the 2018 Bibashai Top Ten and has a large followership on social media where he shares his poems.

WORDS FOR PA GABRIEL OKARA

BASHIR ABUBAKAR

Gleeful stride for some decades
Under a legend's edifice shade
With his instruments of persuasion
Gilded every mind with his passion

Tears of poets are still falling, rhyming
We mourn every moment in poetic bleeding
Diluting cheers that stayed for so long
Even though the hero has lived for so long

His scent is not depleted in our atmosphere
It'll keep blossoming...

Bashir Abubakar is a writer based in Babale, Jos North L.G.A of Plateau State, Nigeria. He is passionate about creative words and peace advocacy.

OUR ANCESTORS SPEAK

YOMI OGUNTOYINBO

From yonder they ponder
Their voices like fierce thunder calls
Not resting in peace
Their soul dances around troubled
Why? –
Their descendants subject of concern

Some wield much power and forget
Others swim in the mud, yet kept mute.
Abominable and corruptible deeds abound
None seeks the good of the land
All worship the god – ‘Self’
In disbelief, the ancestors shake their heads

Their voice quakes the land
“Not a true born”, it echoes “But a traitor...
One who caters not for his people
So-called humans who’re innately inhumane”

The rains came and went, the sun circled, to and fro
Their voice still thunders
Freshly in my ears, long after they have gone
The question on their lips echoes:
“Are these men or beast
Those who betray their own race?”

Yomi Oguntoyinbo is a University of Ibadan graduate. His love for creative writing inspires him to use it to bring about positive change in Africa.

THE SUN ON RECESS

VICTOR IGIRI

Imomotimi,
Leaves of rose unfading
as the Reverberations in your
'Piano and Drums'
That, which binds you with history.

Of you was a maverick: green petals
in dark hues, clayed; but not shamed,
who flaunted the pearls of
the Black skin, brain, and heritages,
a Negro so labelled, but wizards,
whose twinkles grew beyond nativity's
soils to distant earth.

There is of course no silence
with angels; your Gabriel
for your rainbows are eight
and that which keeps you in that pit
is far less the force that sustains
your name eternal, Okara.

Your testimonial is besides,
Of 'fresh foliages', a god made flesh,
Now, mortality reborn into one artistic deity
for your suns are ageless
And your reticence, on this cycle
has got a loud voice in history's sacred sheets.

Victor Igiri is an award-winning Nigerian poet and essayist based in Lagos, Nigeria. His poems have been published in diverse spaces..

STILL WITH US

ODINAKA CHRISTIAN NWEKE

In a time - not far from now;
The stars glow, - glare on a trumpet man
Whom like pianos and drums, many of his days
Were instruments of praise
And of joy - eternally
Many a living lines came to be.

He's a faucet of words
Controlling the flow of a liquid war.
He's not the Black River that flowed & got lost
He's 'Imomotimi' like Christ, he's still with us.

He might be gone like ' black culture ' in his work
But his presence in the grave makes death quakes.
Do you think he's far from the word?
He's 'Imomotimi' like Christ, he's still with us.

Odinaka Christian Nweke is a Kano state based poet, playwright and short-story writer. He works as a secondary school Literature and English teacher and can be reached via poetchristian2@gmail.com.

BLACK IS BEAUTY

SACKEY ANTHONY DJABA

OBIBINI BA! It's true our beauty comes thick and dark,
Sure does it favour the golden prince's grace?
Mellowed at the featly mire exiting,
But unlike that Ghost the call Holy,
Who visited the apostolate?

Your pruning, you think makes embellishing gold
Will only unmask's an unknown supra goat
Lecherous at twilight to the empty breezy roué,
For the conscience in your dark skin is dead.
Shall we behold your shredding?

Aloud, to decry your belated ways of a razor
OBIBINI BAA, OBIBINI BEEMA, MU HU YE FYE
SO FORGET about the daydreaming,
Becoming Brazilian by wearing Brazilian hair
Or baby fetus with those infantile makeups,

Indeed, this is a floating
Above your own bevelled sheens?
Least said of Michael, the king of pop and Mentor, the
better!
Don't you know slay queens and kings they are?
Like mockery of pops and mums bend to kinky grooves.

The children's gathering behind shadows are fading,
Was our beauty not made thick and dark?
To keep us grounded and oddly desirable?
And now, I have an unsavoury tongue rolling, yet speak of
flits.
Why do we have ears wildly open to the noisy vipers?

Promising heaven under our earth,
A look white; the surest way, avoiding the second-time
slavery
If we could see between the gloomy blooms,
Webs wouldn't keep us demented to strange swinging
looks,
For the contoured shadow inner you hidden in dusk is a
friend all the time.

Sackey Anthony Djaba is a marine professional whose love for literary works has seen him published his first book of poetry. He is a 2017 Ghana Writers Award nominee for poetry category. He also writes prose.

A TRIBUTE TO THE VOICE

NDABA SIBANDA

In Yenagoa a craftsman was born
His was a career that flourished
And flew beyond Nigerian literature
In 1964 the world woke up to The Voice
A voice, thundery in imagery and breadth
It rained a profusion of artistry and insight
In verse it soon sounded, stirred and starred
In 1979 The Fishermen`s Invocation caught
The eye of the Commonwealth Poetry Prize
Even today it thunders with a great fondness
Its charm and allure transcends tongues & ages
His Piano and Drums are still relevant as if recent
In poetry and prose his voice is an authority, a beauty
For the voices of literary lions roar and radiate into infinity
Gabriel Imomotimi Gbainbain Okara, rest in literary
prosperity

Ndaba`s poems have been widely anthologised. Sibanda is the author of *Love O`clock, The Dead Must Be Sobbing, Football of Fools* and *Of the Saliva and the Tongue*. Ndaba`s forthcoming books include *When Inspiration Sings In Silence* and *Notes, Themes, Things And Other Things* respectively.

A TRIBUTE TO GABRIEL OKARA

TABASSUM TAHMINA SHAGUFTA HUSSEIN

Oh! Lyrical Grace of Poetry
You are no more!

Where shall we keep our pain for such a loss?
Where shall we seek solace?
There are none to offer shelter of poetry like you.
You pictured your war,
Where 'truth is the casualty'.

Your songs of innocence are chanted by the children.
You presented your folklore,
And let the world see your people's identity.
You left before reaching the age of 98.
No regrets.
You have seen life enough to teach the world.

But where is the outpouring mourning?
In Twitter and Facebook?
You don't need a Noble Prize,
Or lamenting in Social media.

It is you who represented your people,
And it is you who shall remain in the hearts, minds and
souls of your people.
And the people who knew you through your poetry.

Tabassum Tahmina Shagufta Hussein lives in Dhaka, Bangladesh. Her Poems have been published in several anthologies and platforms. She believes in Humanity. Being a dreamer she writes and recites poetry. Aestheticism is the essence of her existence.

A POET NEVER DIES

JOEL ABBAS WAYARDA

A poet never dies:
His poem still lives
Speaking in silence only the wise can hear.
Touching the soul: the understanding once can feel.
Generation to generation he sings:
To all ages he speaks.

A poet never dies!

Joel Abbas Wayarda, an Indigine of Borno State, is a Gombe State University graduate of Political Science currently teaching at Jesus Kids College Uba, Borno State.



Pa Gabriel Imomotimi Okara

(24 April 1921 - 25 March 2019)



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