

WORDS RHYMES & RHYTHM PUBLISHERS

THE FEAT

TOP 30 POEMS OF THE BRIGITTE
POIRSON POETRY CONTEST (BPPC)
FEBRUARY 2019



Edited by

BRIGITTE POIRSON
KUKOGHO IRUESIRI SAMSON

Other books in the series:

Wind of Change (2015)

Loops of Hope (2016)

The Train Stops at Sunset (2017)

[Citadel of Words \(2018\)](#)

THE feat

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POETRY CONTEST (BPCC) FEBRUARY 2019

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Achieving a feat –
whether it may be a feat
of arms, a feat of art or
a feat of heart – requires
courage, strength, talent,
patience, boldness, creativity.

– Kukogho Iruesiri Samson

“If a man has not found
something worth dying
for, he is not fit to live”

– Martin Luther King Jr.

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INTRODUCTION

It is a special pleasure to present the first chapbook born from the February 2019 edition of the BBPC. It has been designed to reward thirty excellent poems – the top 10 finalists and twenty others which could not be included in the winning list.

The February feats were real treats. But the poets should bear in mind that the economy of words is also a welcome feat!

Congratulations to all! Let's keep feasting on poetry!

— BRIGITTE POIRSON

FEBRUARY 2019 TOP 10 FINALISTS

NOT UNTIL THEN
Oyedokun Ibukun Stephen

DE-FEAT AND THE-FEAT
Emmanuel Faith

FEAST OF STARS
Ogedengbe Tolulope Impact

LITTLE HYPERION DWARF
Victoria Oderinde

FIRE FROM THE FURNACE
Akor Agada Nathaniel

A POETESS'S DREAM
Bappa Maryam Idris

A HALF-FINISHED PORTRAIT
Emuobome Jemikalajah

DREAMS AND WISHES
Okeke Precious Ozioma

MY SHORT VALEDICTORY SPEECH TO HARVARD
CLASS '18
Oyekunle Ifeoluwa Peter

I AM LADY EXPLOIT
Usman, Musa

NOT UNTIL THEN

OYEDOKUN IBUKUN STEPHEN (**FEBRUARY 2019 WINNER**)



Oyedokun, aka PENAWD, is a poet, novelist, essayist and playwright. He is a graduate of English Education, University of Ibadan. His passion for poetry is ineffable, and he travels – *as an artist or audience* – to work towards art's fulfilment in his environs and beyond.

Not until mother calls my siblings
To tell tales of my mutual feelings:
When I starved for poetry dealings
Before its entourage of shillings.

Not until satire sits on solace
And buttocks dance to its pace
Without baton of fear to chase
As heat fades like the rainy days.

Not until rhythms sound in stereo
And poetry becomes wave of radio
Not just caged under the hip hop flow
As each blink sees art on TV show.

Not until cowries see profit in art
And not where morality falls apart
For craft carves cure to the heart
While others lit seasons and depart.

Not until unrepented gods flourish
As lonely moments set them a dish
And poetry wears not a robe of rubbish
As they beat their chests for its fish.

Not until unsaid words reach the sense,
Not until ink echoes beyond violence,
Not until art is the metaphor of affluence,
Not until then will I know my essence.

DE-FEAT AND THE-FEAT

EMMANUEL FAITH

Sweats are symbols of sparkling splendor,
Of exhaustion exuding strength and ardour.
In glee, we sing songs of victories
And bask in the symphonies of mellifluous melodies.

But the feat did not start there;
It began with hearing a thousand "I'm sorry".
"You can try again," same sad story.
Songs of sorrow spiced with rejections,
And days when soaked pillows swallowed dejections.

The feat was birthed from a feast of failure,
Falling and rising, a steady behaviour.
But are success stories not a climax
Of disheartening defeats and taunting thwacks?

So, when we share tales of The-Feat,
Let's not forget the days of De-feat,
For every time we fall in pain,

FEAST OF STARS

OGEDENGBE TOLULOPE IMPACT

(Prologue)

*“The trip to the top begins with a passion never
to give up” – Akor Agada (BPPC 2018)*

And so a boy dreamt of becoming a star,
And told his brothers about the dream.
They jeered and reminded him of the scar
He had while trying to fish at the stream.

Despite the jeers, he stood his ground,
And refused to succumb to their will.
He went ahead until he found
The pathway to developing his skill.

Although the path was filled with thorns,
And seemed so difficult to tread
He took the bull by the horns
And forged ahead to conquer his dread.

He trod the path with will and zeal,
Refusing to back out or give in.
He became a star by developing his skill,
And won the contests others could not win.

(Epilogue)

They had a feast of stars
To celebrate his feat from afar.

LITTLE HYPERION DWARF

VICTORIA ODERINDE

In the beginning, it was only an inch tall.
Did not see itself in its present state, so small.
To be as high as Heaven it desired.
The height of the moon it admired.
Little Hyperion dwarf, little Hyperion dwarf.

It took the step to be planted despite the blight.
At first, it was as if the ground hindered its height.
The obstacle was to be regulated.
It freed itself and the surface penetrated.
Little Hyperion dwarf, Little Hyperion dwarf.

Soon five inches tall and then, ten inches tall straight.
It kept on increasing, removing all heavy weight.
It did not reach the sky in its lifetime
But turned out to be the tallest tree with time.
Little Hyperion dwarf, Little Hyperion dwarf.

FIRE FROM THE FURNACE

AKOR AGADA NATHANIEL

There was this true story I was told
Of a young man who struck gold
The day he spoke in the dialect of the bold,
Igniting cold coals with the fire he could not hold.

Cobhams the son of Asuquo is truly blind.
This man is one heaven of a kind
Because he overtook life's ill wind from behind,
Fetching fire from the furnace in his mind.

Although an ordinary man he harnessed the wind,
Leaving trails of footprints for others coming behind.
He made king Solomon's mines too easy to find,
Discovering diamonds in his mind despite being blind.

Even when his dream was on the run,
The young guy chased on without a gun
Till he caught and brought fire to the sun,
Cultivating the soil of silence to obtain fun.

Cobhams conquered countries with his voice and cool
beats,
Turning his defeats into thrilling tunes of greater feats.
Today pieces of him abide in countless streets,
Shining forth like starlight dispersing shadows of deceptions.

A POETESS' DREAM

BAPPA MARYAM IDRIS.

To be that sailor
Who tames sharks of coffin bay,
With blood of intoxicated veins,
Scenting sweetly in lyrical flow.

To be that Seamstress,
Whose needle is sharpened intuition,
Knitting words with fabrics of wisdom,
To be infinitely modelled by noble of minds.

To be that Architect,
Who designs philosophy in metaphoric sheets,
That harmony is plan and conflict a concept,
And covers buildings with walls of perception.

To be that Musician,
Whose voice is a rhythm to the ears of the wind,
And sings songs of passion that love serenades,
So none but ecstasy dines on its table of rhymes.

To be that Captain,
Who commands metaphors to bow before the tongue,
And sends sonnets to siege lands of beauty,
To conquer the hearts of oppressed minds.

To be that Felon,
Whose crime is love and pen an accomplice,
Taking in captive freedom of minds,
And ransoming souls from the heart's magazine.

To be that Mistress,
Who gives nights of passion to muses,
And conceives seeds on alpha climax,
To sire offspring of triumphant excellence.

A HALF-FINISHED PORTRAIT

EMUOBOME JEMIKALAJAH

There were no tears at the breaking of the cord.
No wailing at the first breath.
The sting of a hand to the rear sufficed
To draw ululations from nascent core.
This story is mine...

I have been broken in many places,
Torn roughly at the cord from life's centre;
And then, flowers have grown in my broken places.
Nothing was given me by birth or favour.
Fortune looked on this face and turned away.
I run this race in shoes without laces.
When they come off, I trail the rest.

My head is not made of straw.
I have navigated the waters of the Pieria
To move the heft of mountains before me.
I have poached my name from the lips of wild flowers,
Arched my tongue to the syllables of the wind,
Listened for the direction of home
From birds in their lofty perch.

I have since been away from home.
I have read suns to fathom moons,
Tasted death to understand the machinations of life.
I have walked through fires of burning stars,
Waded through purgatory and birthed
From the womb of the earth,
A new man in white coat.
Still the portrait lies unfinished...

DREAMS AND WISHES

OKEKE PRECIOUS OZIOMA

I'm a little girl who hangs her dreams
on the trees along the pathway to Omambala river.

My mother serves food to the ancestors in the land of the
dead.
Father pours drinks to the grey hairs in the land of the spirits.

I draw my wishes on wet sands on the bank of Omambala
And pour libation of my tears to the gods,
Telling Ani to mould out of the earth a mother to guard my
dreams.

Each night, I sit under the tree, whistling my wishes to the
stars,
Wishing the night to hide my shadow in its belly,
Asking the moon to appear and smile down on me.

The waves swept my wishes into the river
But they did not drown,
For I've taught my wishes how to swim through Omambala.

The winds blew down my dreams from the tree
But it did not stop flying,
For I've taught my dreams how to fly still with broken wings.

NOTES:

Ani - an Igbo deity of the earth, fertility, creativity and morality
Omambala – a river in Anam, Anambra State, Nigeria.

MY SHORT VALEDICTORY SPEECH TO HARVARD CLASS '18

OYEKUNLE IFEOLUWA PETER

I am that pale orphan who sought healing from books at night
because success would haunt him and deprive him of sleep.
Today, I am that doctor you'd always see on screen,
but this body was once a dump site to scars and punctured dreams.

So when your mailbox becomes a museum of rejections,
reeking of broken dreams and deflated ambitions,
unclothe yourself of depression and things likened to tears
and make your body explain how you braced up for scars.

if you find your goals beyond the mouth of rivers,
forget the heap of failed dreams as you slowly dive.
Someday we'll hang your frames on every wall and pillar
and then cremate your names on every heart and flag.

I AM LADY EXPLOIT

USMAN, MUSA

I am that muffled voice now heard across oceans.
I am that wingless bird now flying across continents.
I am that chained tree now freely dancing amongst giant trees.

I am the lady once dressed solely in black,
With my tears flowing down my back,
With heads squeezed between my thighs,
But now graced with colours of colours,
With piercing bright eyes
And heads held high,
With chins causing worries to die.

I am now the brown sugar of many countries
And the spice that spices up their lives.
I am now the broken chains of chained progresses,
The eyes to unseen eyes.

I am lady Exploit.

ZERO HOUR

LUKE OGAR

Unfold a new beginning
Where all things are bright and good
With merry hearts, like seasoned wood
To burn and prepare a warm soul food.

Unfold a new beginning
Where spaces are far and between
With cords to tie up chances seen
Or left marooned in despair and spleen.

Unfold a new beginning
Where faults come down and make a bed
With painstaking to change and forge ahead
Or blame demons who conspire in your stead.

Unfold a new beginning
Where mountain climbers train for more
With a duel against the landscape, sore,
Or stand and stare back at your falls before.

Unfold a new beginning
Where there are days of endless gladness
With much to play with: merry or madness,
Or count the long and tired hours in sadness.

THE COURAGEOUS COWARD

AKINRINADE FUNMINIYI ISAAC

Will a day drop like daily dew,
When I'll confess my love to you?
The thought of you has robbed my mind,
And my inner eyes have gone blind.

Lonely, I tread along the lane,
With no sight of the fleeting train.
Its banging clang rang in my drum;
This sound made my ears nearly dumb.

Will the world write: "he died for love"?
Will your hand write: "he died of love"?
Will I crawl at the feet of defeat?
Will winning your heart be a feat?

My heartbeat plays on different keys,
Like the tone of the swarming bees.
The thought of you has robbed my mind,
And my inner eyes have gone blind.

Will you be my odd other half?
Who will forward this on my behalf?
Today, I'll mount on courage's back,
To boldly bring back what I lack.

THE FEAT

HAMMED JUBRIL SULAIMAN

The feat

Usually comes when the tornado of life comes to whirl
herself,

Herself to the strong and the weak: how strong she is,
By stunning and stunting the weak and the strong.

The feat

Usually comes when the terrace of life shows herself,
Herself to the thin and the fat: how slippery she is,
By slipping and slumping the fat and the thin.

The feat

Usually comes when the web of life comes to prove herself,
Herself to the coward and the brave: how mulish she is,
By twining and blurring the vision of the brave and the
coward.

The feat

Usually comes when the thorn of life comes to flare herself,
Herself to the female and the male: how tough she is,
By piercing the feet of the male and the female on the
struggling race.

But I believe the weak and the strong, the thin and the fat,
And the cowards and the brave, the female and the male,
Would overcome and defeat those unfriendly feints of life
Only if I, and they, would tackle it with inner strength
To achieve great education and other feats

WHO I AM

ONYEKWELU CHIWENITE KINGSLEY

I am a pilgrim on the path of letters
Lost amidst pages of blank papers.
My footprints glisten with cruor
And many silhouettes of silent words.

I am a sucking who fears his thoughts
Trapped in a clime of distant words
Birthing characters that scowl at him
Or take the shape of multifarious beings.

I am a sower in arid books
Endearing blooms and clasping pens,
Spraying poems on a thirsty earth
In the silence of a gardener's hope.

I am a writer from Africa
Searching for his own eureka.
I die each day on different pages
To live forever as fragments of stories.

CALL ME BEACH WATER

ANDREW IFEATU JENNIFER

Call me Beach Water!
With outstretched hands, I reach for the shore.
Upon tides I flow.
Sea beds are dicey,
Shoving sediments in my pockets,
Leasing Esau's coastlines for Jacob's seashells
Till the waves drag me behind.
But I am not afraid to sweep back,
To be gulped by the mouth of the thirsty waterfall.

Beach tourist deserves heroic tales to take home.
Will the sea breeze clasped with the echoes of my name
blow?
Let the ears of the water waves hear it and curl!

Permit me to die on the seashore,
So I can live on it.
Bare my spirit on it,
That my body may walk about naked,
Bearing in mind that I have done the bidding of my soul.

Call me Beach Water! I am never still,
Always approaching the beach shore like Aladdin's flying
mat
To lay my print on the sand and have the waves echo my
name.
Ocean currents great or small,
The wet fringe of this land I must touch.

WHAT I TOLD AN OLD MAN

ILIYA KAMBAI DENNIS

Me: I'm pregnant of titles you've not heard of.
By this time tomorrow, you'll see me bearing these titles.

I spent all nights trying to write
while the candles wax away on every trial.

Old man: Those who dream such dreams
never awake to bear the titles.
They mould on mud beside the river bank .
The river swiftly wash them away.

Me: A pen is awaiting my feat.
Dexterity is a tool in art and in creativity.
A pen is N30, and paper is N10,
and since creativity is rightly free,
would N40 not make a fortune for a man?

Old man: Those who were like you are in the graveyard
where their feat is cosy, like their fathers, like
your father.
Failure is a butterfly - it will fly with you
to places where your father started his struggle,
to places where your body will spell misery
and hands will become a cactus cursing Jesus.

Me: Failure is darkness. I sleep with my pen
to awake every dawn with a new story to write.
Failure is darkness. I sleep with my paper

to awake every dawn with a mist of my poetry on
it.
Failure is afraid to make me thirst for more.
Last night, I drank 10 gallons of it,
still, I have 90 to try before giving up my pen to the
river.

OGA WETIN YOU CHOP REMAIN?

OLADIMEJI ADAM ADEDAYO

Through both bleeding black and white and bodily
granite...

I've been transmuted into a ramrod punching bag,

Cause I'm dead to the sane lunacy of gag.

Yes! I'm a wild dog. Woofing is all I do feel.

Point no barrel! For this heart is made of steel.

Along the whirly course of a serpentine gyre,

I toil to be reminisced with awes of ode and lyre.

Like the Jewish teacher, I'm a preacher of freedom.

From the free thralldoms of my conquered kingdom,

I'm the Israelite hero against manifold Pharaohs

With a flinty staff of truth forged in my marrow.

To be soilborne has become such a great feat

That paces our pulse into a splitting drumbeat,

As we are halted by falcons sent by sniffy falconers

To shake-points popping up nowadays in all corners.

"Oga wetin you chop remain?" Gin-riddened mouth sneers,

And I espied the swift exchange through my peers;

From a trembling hand to His - firm with evil:

For here, farmers fether fruits and foster weevils.

"You've come again for your alms, Oga?

Sorry I have no leftover for you, ogres!"

Jumped out of a tongue which happened to be mine,

As brimming brashness began to blow up my endocrine.

Their gory torments weren't enough to sap my vie

For my entree and exit; already, in blood they lie.

So think not that comes easily is my give,
'Cause I'm indisputably here to leave then live.

*Oga wetin you chop remain? - It's one of the pidgin commonly spoken by unlettered cadres in Nigeria, it simply means "Sir, what do you have for us?"

A JOURNEY WITH WORDS

IBRAHIM OLALEKAN ADEDEJI

When a thousand phrases
Jostle to win your creativity,
They crawl up from your thoughts
To compete for a stand
On the highest rung of your mind,
Each with its unique beauty
When spoken or scripted.

Before a bard's magic wand
Abracadabra-s words into life,
Before he cages many thoughts
Within square sheets filled with words,
There were moments
His wired muse was unplugged
From his socketed thoughts...

When no audience is as cool
As the stillness of his room,
Conversations held with the mirror,
His dialogues with coarse walls,
When his muse refuses to stay calm enough
To be soothed by his mind,
His will yearn for the help
His hands could not wrest.

The journey with words is infinite.
It is a blessing cursed upon its heralds.
With their destinies ever entwined,
Nothing can separate these two locked hands,
Until the end road to fulfilment is reached
As the sun bows to set.

IMPOSSIBLE FEATS

KINGSLEY DOMINIC

On trees taller than the sky
We hung our dreams,
And like stars, they mocked us
With lights on crescent-shaped lampstands.

We began from zero to Nil, and with our arms strong,
We were the first to ride the storm of a foreign earth.
In between earth and heaven, we touched dreams
And became one: heroes of the earth.

"Can men fly?"
Was the question, as eagles mocked us
With wings for arms, left and right.
And without flapping wings, we touched God
And became one: heroes of the wind.

"Can men walk on water?"
Gravity sneered and mocked us.
And even after the Titanic saw the ice,
We had become one: heroes of waters and ice.

"Can you hear me?"
Hello answered from the other side.
And finally, we mocked the impossible,
As we achieved feats
Beyond where our feet could carry us.
And by simply standing on two, feats impossible became
one with us
As we pluck pomegranates from dreams taller than the sky.

THE MARK FOR THE PRICE

OLUWAGBENGA AYOMIDE RUTH

When I got my call, made my choice, it was a wow;
That day, 'to press onward and never quit' was my vow.
The journey has been long and challenging, I realize now,
And the way to go, reaching for my goals, I must still know
how.

Many voices have echoed by the sidelines so far:
"Don't start!" "Turn back!" "It's okay, you can't go far!"
But I steeled myself, drilled my feet into the moving track,
And shouted to my tired, though dogged self, "Go for the
mark!"

It is no longer a sporty race nor a springy jump.
It became 'life' for me to go on, or 'death' for me to stop.
I must strive through a rainstorm and survive in the
hailstorm,
And at the end, I will dance joyfully as the singers come.

I reached up and I fell, bruised and laid down.
My haters jeered, but still I see a glorious crown,
That which is worth risking all for, a calling so high,
So I stretched, grunted and arose, for the finale is nigh.

It's a feat of unleveled grace, a service unparalleled,
A goal to serve others as to God I bid them being led,
The acme of which I look unto Jesus for, as I achieve more,
The mark for being a great hero, the Heavenly prize as its
core.

I SHALL WRITE POETRY TO ALL THE
MISUNDERSTOOD PARTS OF THIS BODY

HUSSANI ABDULRAHIM

I shall write about dreams.
How I defied dwindling beneath the undergarment of
ambition
and my body found gloss,
a mirror for the sky adjusting her wrinkles.

I shall write about loss and despair.
How I wanted to paint every crumbled piece
in the colours of the rainbow,
and turn tears to songs of resilience.

I shall write about fear and cowardice.
How I sought to immerse my doubts in water,
watch it dissolve like salt,
and brave the darkest paths with utmost belief.

I shall write about emptiness and silence.
How there were dark voids in the garment of hope,
until dawn sauntered in, rays, beams,
and happiness stole the abundance of water.

I shall write about love.
How my own awkwardness feasted on self-worth,
until I heard the whispers on the road,
"You are enough. You can be enough."

I shall write about obsession.
How there are rooms filled with echoes of crumbling
things,

how the flesh is a monopoly to desire.

Finally, I shall write about this body.
How it is a landscape of contrasting monuments,
this body constantly yearning to be a bird,
yearning and yearning for freedom.

APOSTATES AND HUMANITY

BLESSING OMEIZA OJO

(Verse)

Not all souls adorned in flesh are humans.
Some are unimaginable creatures
whose hearts are faceless
and their bodies, anonymous.
We are created in God's image
but cruelty, we salvage.

(Chorus)

But I'm human! Human I'll forever be.
Over mankind, I'll spread like a marquee
even in the heart of a turbulent sea.

(Verse)

Inhumanity is an evil spirit entering everybody
but because I do but allow it to enter my body
they say it's in me with great ferocity
even though I committed no atrocity.
I will continue to sermonize
until humanity, they prize.

(Chorus)

But I'm human! Human I'll forever be.
Over mankind, I'll spread like a marquee,
even in the heart of a turbulent sea.

CONVERSATION WITH THE SELF

GODWIN NKET-AWAJI ALPHEAUS

How long will a baby continue sleeping?
How long will it interchange the moment's face:
Make night morning; morning night, and noon dawn?
These were primordial tales
That made our forefathers' faces flurry
Like flies lying inscrutably on spidery wires.
They slept, a tit-compelled sleep that nourishes suckling kids.
They slept inward, oblivious of outward,
And lost their feats on earth's breast.
They slept with sodden insides,
And watched the sun lick lousy perspiration
On their bare skin.
Now we are scions of their gene...
The nocturnal stars are behind a dusk cloud,
Watching the miracle of our sloped births.
The sun is lingering mischievously
Behind a mist-dimmed morning sky,
Eager to snarl ensconcing lips and lick our volition.
This is what we lost: the self,
And walked the weary paths with our hands,
While our inept feet dangled in the air.
But we mustn't walk our forefathers' paths;
We must walk with our feet,
Plant our feats in Earth's oasis and watch it germinate.
We must start a new preregistration;
Plant the stars they refused to plant on the forehead of the
sky.
We must guide our volition, like skiff on crest;
And not allow shore-walkers divine our fate.

WEAVING THE FEATS

ADEDIMEJI QUAYYIM ABDUL-HAFEEZ

We all aim to achieve faraway goals ,
goals which fold in our pulses and drive
our souls in journeys of laboured survival.

We all wallow in struggles to attain feats
which redefine our beings and uplift
the banner of our goals.

Goals which we weave carefully in the looms
of our being, scribbled with the inks of our sweat,
bubble themselves into furious balloons,
dangle in whirling waves, shaking the pillars
of our existence.

We perspire to attain our aspirations;
our sweats clog into wild knots clinging
to obstruct the wheels of our progress.

They all seem to fold into cascading realms,
far beyond our reach, increasing our hunger for success.

Bloated goals. Clustered dreams.
They all cloud our realisations and lay our dreams of
success
in vases of inestimable heights.

But the waves of optimism fuels our beings,
steering our wrecked ships of broken anchors
into bumpy beaches and glinting rays of hope
into our clashing breaths,

dining the wild flames flapping in our souls.

They give us hope that the thorny dreams
we tend will bloom into flowers
beautifying our beings.

REUNION

RAZAQ MOSHOOD ABIOLA

Mother: a pregnant, green pomegranate
where white water sauntered into solid fruits.
I had just been painted crimson like ripe citrus,
the feat of a hungry man who watered her hollow field
with sweats.
I hatched to face the southern sun of white, masked hands,
scary, saving hands that greeted mother to death.

Every green makes paths to alter scribbled fates.
Every grin and grimace is a flow of streaming memories
climbing ashore my thirsty heart and yet ebbs away
with waves escaping to where mother lies.
The gentle ripples nibble at my feet but would not take me.
The dancing palms steeple at my yearning for a reunion.

I am your son, mother,
studying ways to present myself to Azrael.
When silence screams aloud in the dead of night,
when shadows steal away dreamers' dreams,
I want to wake in your bosom and live again.

GUITAR PASSION

AWAJIIMAM ISIOTO

What did his fingers say to her neck?
I wonder, for all her locks agree
To his gentle love touch
To bring him melodies of kindness.

Day and night he caresses her
Till he's lost in a soulful intercourse;
Yet he would not sleep,
For it is to him more than foreplay.
What is this thing?
It is a man's love for stringing his guitar,
The thing he'll do for life.

A WORDY LIFE

NDIFREKE GEORGE

The world has big ears hinged at tinging hemispheres
Parallel like the corner eyes of blind lovers.
Personification gives breath to the globe,
And she sits on a cushion of green corpses.
I am a chef who serves words
Sauced with metaphors, allusions and euphemisms,
Whose grail is to have the world pick from his menu
of anthology — gulp his dish of words, and belch!

This world has a heart big enough
To take twenty-six blank letters.
Liquid words and unscrambled alphabets
Gurgle in and out of its veins and arteries—
Words of fiction, non-fiction and fantasy,
All in my grail to have the world
Muse over my blue plate of poetry
And warble its euphonious strike across crows.

What poet favors a holiday in the Alabama Gold Camp
Or lone days in a paradise of arrant silence
More than a hovel roofed with virginal sheets
on which poetry devices can skate without a facer?
I'll starve my night to moribund and clutch some inspiration
From the Lion's den! Break that block!
My raison d'être is to live wordy and found worthy,
And no hecatomb is over the odds.

SLOWLY

JONATHAN OLUWATOSIN

The snail said to me:

“Slowly, yet surely,
I will make it
To where I have set my heart.
I will move in high hopes
Till I reach
Where I long for.

Slowly, yet carefully,
I will journey upon the humans’ path
And avoid getting trampled upon.
I will crawl through paths,
Making a tail of my slime.
I will hide in my shell,
And if danger dare to dance,
Though my shell be a weak shield,
I will trust in it for protection.

Slowly and slowly,
I will take one push at a time,
Yearning for the best,
Living free rather than hiding in bushes,
For death will one day still come knocking.”

His very words spoke to my heart
Of pursuing my dreams with focus,
Never dropping my pen
Till I become the best writer.

SURVIVING

PRINCESS CHIHURUMNAYA SAMUEL

They love the idea of you.
Brave. Strong willed. Authentic.
Their kind of human.
You are happy. You feel loved.
You begin to see yourself as the idea for which they see
you.

You grow. You win. You glow.
Then you search for validation in crevices they put you in.
You want to do more.
But then, before your wings gain flight, you see their
threats.
They say you've gone overboard.
"You are loud." They tell you.
"You need to dream, not too much."
"Be petty. We love the idea of you. Not the reality of you."

You hear these from them.
But now, you resist. You fight.
"I just want to live." You tell them.
They throw shackles on you.
Shackles that shame. And demean.
Still you stand. You fight.
Because, in all, even if it's just this feat,
You know while you were alive you stood for something:
The right to live

TEARS OF FURY FREE

ABIODUN SAHEED SALAKO

I am learning how to breathe again,
Its algebra, its decimals and geometry,
How to manage drinking air
Without staggering between your iron hands,
Without bending like plastic spoons under your musty
mania
And beating the wings of my lungs
That dropped to the bottom unfiltered, unnamed,
unsanctified;
How to untaste the tears
Which scurried downhill in fury
When you struck my eyelids like Moses' rock.
Today, I am decoding my new language
Without the use of your murky filth.
Your sounds the shape of worms
Now dancing under the spell of salt,
You will shrivel, but I, this Hellenic monument
You thought you could climb
With sheer force, will wear
The face of heaven at dawn.

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading THE FEAT.

The [Brigitte Poirson Poetry contest \(BPPC\)](#) is a monthly writing contest aimed at rewarding the under-appreciated talent of young nigerian poets. It was instituted in February 2015 in honor of [Brigitte Poirson](#), a French poet, editor, and lecturer, who has over the years worked assiduously to promote and support of African poetry. You too can be a part of the BPPC initiative by [entering your poems for any of the monthly editions](#).

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