

WHISPERS

— VERSES FROM YOUNG HEARTS —

TOBI OYEDELE

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to the bright sparks whose pens dance with the magic of imagination, and whose voices echo the symphony of youthful dreams. This chapbook is a celebration of the boundless creativity, unbridled joy, and fearless curiosity that reside within the hearts of our young poets. Your words have illuminated the pages with a kaleidoscope of emotions, and your spirit has breathed life into every verse. To the young minds who dared to dream and dared to share, this collection is dedicated to you – the poets of tomorrow, whose brilliance lights up our world today.

FOREWORD

In the delicate tapestry of our world, woven with the threads of imagination, wonder, and unbridled creativity, there exists a unique intellectual prowess that emanates from the hearts and souls of the young. This collection of poetry, compiled by the inspirational and visionary educator- Tobi Oyedele, serves as a testament to the boundless creativity residing within even the youngest of poets.

In the pages that follow, you will embark on a captivating journey through the poetic landscapes crafted by students at the primary, junior secondary, and senior secondary school levels. Each verse is a window into the vibrant minds of these young wordsmiths, offering glimpses of their dreams, fears, joys, and perceptions of the world around them.

FOREWORD

Tobi Oyedele, an exemplary educator with a creative spirit and a profound understanding of the power of words, has nurtured and cultivated the dream to showcase the rare and authentic poetic talents of the generation———. The commitment to encourage and enhance creativity, coupled with genuine care for the well-being and growth of her students, has provided a nurturing environment for these young poets to blossom.

As you delve into this chapbook, you will encounter the raw and unfiltered voices of the next generation of poets. Their verses are a testament to the resilience of youthful spirits, the beauty of unfettered imagination, and the sheer joy that comes from expressing one's self through written words.

FOREWORD

May these poems inspire, uplift, and remind us all of the expression that exists in the simplicity of a child's perspective. Through the lens of these young minds, we are invited to rediscover the world using fresh eyes and an open heart and uncover new trends and ideas.

Enjoy the reading and I hope this inspires you to pen down your thoughts too!

– *Folakemi Omoruyi*

BSc Biochemistry, MEd Early
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Childhood Education

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Whispers



Whispers

Today It Is Raining

Today it is raining
But I'm smiling
I always like to lead
But sometimes not to eat
And as summer is here
The sun is shining so brightly
But the love of my family
Can't ever make me unhappy
Expression of self.

- *Kayla Jack*

My expression to a lady

The queen in my life.
who brought me,
into the world to be.
There are just ways,
I can say.
Loved me over the sky,
over the moon and beneath the sea.
The person who has been a knight.
Star,moon,day and night,
cannot express my plight.
But I will always love you.
no one can take me away from thou.
You are my mother.
For I expressed thy mother's love.

- *Mark Anthony Obeto*

Sadness

Here I am
Broken and Confused
Depressed
Rage fills me like food
Making me brood

Sometimes I try to be happy
But loneliness makes me miserable
Alone I wander through the night
Searching for a true friend
But all I see is emptiness

... continued

Sadness

Continuation ...

Sometimes I smile
Sometimes I laugh
Ignoring the things that bother me
Not dwelling in thoughts
To escape the web of loneliness

Tired of being in this realm
I want a sip of real joy
I want to trash the cup of sadness
I want to be embraced by the world
Feeling warmth and joy again

- Chinenye Mabel China

This is me

When I'm happy, I 'm excited
When sad, I feel left out
When angry, I cry
Asking why

Sad
Lonely
Angry
Happy
Joy
These are my expressions today

When sad, I frown
I am a man of gladness
Let the sadness flee
To experience light

- *Daniel Telema*

Behavioural Expression

My behavior !!

I think and reflect on my behaviour;
I try to keep it but I find myself expressing
feelings in words angrily..

My teacher walked past me, having to
correct me for my excesses and rude
behavior...

My behavior!!

Tried to make it alright but I do it wrongly
I speak loudly when talking to Demilade
(my classmate)

Nagging when am not pleased,
I tried to help myself, sighs..

... continued

Behavioural Expression

Continuation ...

My behavior!!

Walked home with Jethro(baby bro)

Thinking about how I could be helped..

Got home and mum said "Go and wash the plate"

I shouted back,"can't Damola just do it!!

I spilled again...

- Adedokun Adediwura Rosaline

My Feelings Today

Feels like I'm in heaven

Leaves rustling

Birds chirping

Cool breeze swiftly flying through me

Scents of roses, here and there

Being in the park

Is heavenly

Strange noises

To my left and right

Beep! Beep!

The annoying horns of vehicles

Mysterious cry of babies

... continued

My Feelings Today

Continuation ...

Now I have collided with some ladies
Is there a pool anywhere?
I have lost my cool

I have an idea
I shall take to my feet
Go to the pool
Forget about the rules
To regain my cool

- King David Inyeneabasi Umoren

Friendship

Friendship is
Loving one another
Watching each other's back
Friendship is a bond

Friends
Are empathetic
They stay true to each other
Friendship costs a price
Not easy to pay

... continued

Friendship

Continuation ...

Making friends isn't ABC
Sticking together
May be a heavy burden
Lending a hand
When all you have is a penny

My dear friend
The sacrifices we have made
The laughter in the rain
The hopes we share

I hope you never leave me
For your friendship is true

- Precious Emmanuel

Childhood

Childhood, Childhood,
Oh, dear childhood
Making tree houses
Sandcastles and swings
Sweet childhood memories

My dear childhood
Rules to obey
Regulations and laws
Oh childhood

... continued

Childhood

Continuation ...

Dear childhood
Running around playfully
Hands in the air
Feet in the mud
No worries at all
Sweet childhood

My dear childhood
Thought I had seen it all
In a hurry to wave goodbye
Now I am grown
And wish I was still a child

- Karis Amarachukwu Udoegop

The Unforgettable Feelings

My feelings
I couldn't express
In fact , I was speechless
"Could it be?" , I asked repeatedly
"Is it true ? " ' I questioned myself
Not in a million years
I would have thought
The only one I had will be gone
I looked down on the street
With tears in my eyes
It finally sank in

... continued

The Unforgettable Feelings

Continuation ...

I am alone now
And ain't nothing gonna change
The feelings were worse
The feelings were not up to scratch
I couldn't express
Finally became clear
I felt sad
I felt depressed
Now , My speech could be heard

- Folakunmi Bankole

Nothing is Impossible

No one can do it for you, for no one knows
your dream

You are the gem that can build it in realms

Nothing is Impossible in the depths of
despair

Believe in yourself and you will be in that
sphere

Your strength comes from within. You have
what it takes

Dare! Even when it aches

... continued

Nothing is Impossible

Continuation ...

Build your self-esteem. No turning back
Do what it takes, a champion you'll become

Embark on the journey
There are no impossibilities in the eyes of
him who believes
Keep weaknesses behind, strengths ahead

Greet each day with the language of hope
I can, I will, I do, I become
Rise like an Eagle
Nothing is Impossible

Limitless opportunities abound

- Chinenye Chima

Anyone can be great

A crawling child on Sunday
Walking and running on Monday
I believe this dream is possible
This greatness must be born
Because I believe

Greatness is a possibility
Every noon
Not at moon
I sit still in my room
Thinking of how to bloom
As beautiful as a rose in full bloom

... continued

Anyone can be great

Continuation ...

I will put in the work
The work that this greatness deserves
For this greatness is a possibility
Not an impossibility
For the one who believes

I am on the go
Because I believe
A go to a blooming world
My blooming world, here I come

- Ayomide Odetola

My Nigeria

My Nigeria, my country
My place of birth
How I long for a better you
Now we have a new government
And the policies are new

Are the policy makers new?
Do they think differently?
Does the labour of our heroes past
mean anything to them?
With the prices going up
And the taxes so high
I weep for my dear Nigeria.

... continued

My Nigeria

Continuation ...

The oil wells,
Their attraction.
These too will dry up.

And then we would be able to tell,
Where their greed lies
Like a child awaiting the return of his father,
I will wait for you
The new you.

- *Ethan Obikudo*

Childhood

Full of tension
Low comprehension
A lot of intentions
But unskilled and uninformed

In my childhood
I have a lot of energy
Obeying seems like a chore
With many choices
And wanting to do them all

... continued

Childhood

Continuation ...

I'm blessed with time
Because it is still day
I wish I am shown the way
Before it is night

Dear childhood
Your memories are pleasant
And I'll hold them dear.

- Favour Ikechukwu

The Rainbow

The rainbow is a mixture of colours,
it glows and attracts the eyes.
Its sparkling light adjourned to the cloud,
Set on high above the mountains.

The sunshine and the rain which make up
the rainbow,
With the spectrum of light that divides the
colours.

People say it is was just the cloud,
and I laughed and laughed.
I looked up in the sky and beheld the
goodness,
I thought it was just a nightmare.
Oh!How I love the rainbow.

- *Ukachukwu Ifechukwu*

Death

When I draw my fleeting breath,
when my eyelids close in death.
When my spirit goes up,
when my soul leaves me.

When I see my father,
when they all gather.
I see the angels.

With lightning and thunder,
with colourful rainbow.
The father and the son,
Sitting on the throne.

Glory glory sing the angels,
hosanna in the highest.

- Chisom Ofoegbu

The Barn

The barn near the darn is
filled with hays and other
farm animals,
like the mooing cows and the
galloping horses.

The barn near the darn is
filled with dirty pigs at the
sty,
and the snake's digs for its
wonderful home hole.

The barn near the darn is
filled with animals that
comes to live and stay in
them.

- *Okorie Chiagoziem*

Probability

I am a child,
skilled and mild.
Waiting for my time,
I don't know the next rhyme.

So confused whether I'm to live or die,
I am, I can't lie.
I just gamble between the two worlds,
positive and negative worlds.

Whether to live or die,
to be truthful or to lie.
To be bright or dull,
to answer or call.
Will you be good or bad?
Sad or even glad.

- Ife Chinedu

Education

Education is the key to success,
never give up! You can do this.
There is always something to
learn,
don't turn your back because
you will earn.

Education isn't just about
books,
good morals is involved too.
Education helps you develop
different skills,
like decision making and
mental agility.
Education is essential to every
child.

- *Ogujiuba Amanda*

The Beauty of Nature Expressed in Silence

When a poet is mute to speech,
His pen isn't void of expression to
reach
The broken corners of nature.

You can see the growing trees
Longing to befriend the silent
seas;
You can feel the river weeds
Tossing their heads
While the crocodile race on them.

... continued

The Beauty Of Nature Expressed in Silence

Continuation ...

As you can see right now in delight,
Know that nature is beautifully bright;
Admire the rainbow that grows like a
bow
With beautiful colours put on a show
While you visit the bees for honey.

We have lands that we plant our crops
And on them, the morning dews drop;
Nature is a beautiful expression of
silence
Beautified with human presence.

- Anichebe Chinedu

Bacteria of Corruption

Who made Nigeria corrupted?
Who beautified the flag with
blood?
Who watered the stem of
corruption?
Why are the people suffering in
poverty
How far is liberty?
How close is prison?
Educated corruption in Nigeria
Is one root of bacteria
That infected our water with
poison
And caused our expressions
To be filtered by leaders of
Nigeria.

- *Favour Okolo*

Corruption in Nigeria

Nigeria's pride had died
Because our bad leaders lied.
Our culture is dying
Because tribes are fighting.
Leaders are legitimate thieves,
Organizing a legitimate tribal war

In a country where the labours
Of our heroes' pasts are slowly dying.
Our leaders are innocent killers
Stealing our voices away from us;
Our people's are dreams vanishing
And with pride we bury our hopes.
Nigeria ought to be just in nature
And ruled in a proper way.

- *Akachukwu Precious*

Landscape

Who made them so brown,
Looks like a clown;
Who made the little green grass
And always sighs alas?

Who made the towers so tall
But never goes to the mall?
Who made the leaves so green
And never likes to lean?

Who gave trees their roots
And gave me beautiful boots?
Who made the hills so high
And make the birds fly?

Who made every man glad
But made few sad?
Why but this poor lad?

- Akachukwu Precious

Anger

Anger is a bad way to express your
emotions

To some, it is food to their soul
No one cares about the bodies that lay still
The spilled blood everywhere
Does anger really have to steal this much?

Like water it flows
From one river to another
From person to person
Now the world is as hard as stone
This is not something to cherish

... continued

Anger

Continuation ...

This monster called anger can be
buried
Trust God to help you overcome this
feeling, if you feel overwhelmed by it
Trust Him to get it out of your life

For a life without anger,
is a life full of peace and divine
health
Anger does no good.

- *Emmanuel Ameh*

Friendship

Friends keep promises
Love one another
Keep their bond
Show empathy
Stand by each other no matter the
weather

Making friends may seem like ABC
Giving your last resource to put a smile
on another's face isn't

Love is strong
Friendship should be built on true love
It should be unbreakable
Unsinkable, pure and true
Friendship is a beautiful thing

- *Precious Emmanuel*

Education

Education impacts knowledge
It is a meal served at a college
An opportunity to life;
While others succeed, some are
learning,
Some people are just deaf but hearing.

Education leads to success.
People party at the fun fest,
Because learning impacts knowledge
Education is a long bridge
That appreciates the poor and the rich.

Ring! goes the bell,
It is time to fail;
Success can be gotten
But also forgotten.
Education helps a lot.

- Ucheama Kamdirichukwu Valerian

Beauty of Nature

I wonder how the trees grow
And wonder who taught people to
build in a row;
Who made the mountains so high,
and made the a bird's fly so high?
Who gave the idea of education,
and made people learn?

Who made the clouds form a shape,
and also made a landscape?
Who also made the sea?
Do not tell me about science
Because there's still a God.
Answer- GOD

- *Umeji Chigozie*

Humanity

In the days of Nigeria
People have bacteria
Which bred corruption.

People of nowadays
Find their way
To maltreat bays of days.

We Nigerians are blessed,
But we destroyed our best
That to fail every big test.
I hope some day,
We Nigerians will change
For good and normal days.

- Obiadzie Chimamanda Xenia

Ode to Expression

When spoken, it sends signals to even our spine,
A language, latent, loud and laden to lure
Sometimes, it is a language without words
A catacomb of emotions: be careful or fall in...

Pay heed to the African child, he recounts tale:
Mother and child in a relative's house, the bowl served
But, the fear of lizard will make cockroach hurry to hide
For, mother's wordless voice is but a compulsory observation...

... continued

Ode to Expression

Continuation ...

To a gift we all possess, to enlighten
or convey our deepest thought
The Sun, in her resplendent beauty,
smiles brightly on Mother Earth,
Lacking words, man's faithful friend
at his doorstep, stay awake to watch
Lavishing love on our soil, the rain is
brings bliss that soothes our skin...

My lucid and lethal weapon you are,
What I say when I don't utter a
word...

- Osu-Ugbede Drace Anointed

Darkness

I'm living in a world
Where people oppose me
Where I'm treated like I don't have rights

Sometimes I wish
That a day could pass by
Without me ever thinking of crying

I feel like I'm needed no more
Not wanted
Like that grasshopper on your garden

I'm in a place
Where dreams can never be expressed
Neither can it be shown

Sometimes I wish
Maybe things will work out for me
But guess what, all wishes don't come through

- *Micheal Doreen*

My Proposed End

It is very hard to make me smile
But it is easy to make me frown
And there's no where to hide
No matter where I go
The fact I'm the lost stays with me

It's like the walls are closing on
Maybe it's just me
More like the gold light has turn
black
I'm shining no more, feeling useless
Feeling irrelevant, feeling been taken
for granted

... continued

My Proposed End

Continuation ...

Even if there's a need to defend myself
It still doesn't feel like I need to
I'm useless
I'm unwanted
That's why I feel like I need to end it

But wait,
There's hope, a way forward
I'm striving to reach my destination
Even if this journey is rough and tough
I know that in this journey of life, there
is light at the end of the tunnel

- Osazemide Osaruguemwen Praise

What's an expression?

Can I say an impression?

It means to love

Or to hate.

They are two sides to a coin,
so as expression has two
sides too.

They're feelings to your
friends or foes.

Friends who come in the
time of woes.

Foes who are there to bring
you down,
and friends who are there to
flip the frown.

... continued

What's an expression?

Continuation ...

Those to make you happy
and those to make you angry.
Friends are angels.
They are like siblings and a rock.
when you find a real not a fake.
And we have the sweetest enemies
and beloved foes.
Those who overestimate your fault.
All in all love and help them,
because that's what bittersweet
their hearts.

- *Valerie Anthony Obeto*

Night Breaks Where Sisters Abide

Everyday I see a light
Shining so bright In the
night
Twinkling, twinkling, all
the night
It's a happy lovely
twinkling sight,
Every night it shines so
bright,
Radiating all through the
night.

- *Micheal Doreen*

An Invitation To Dine With Expression

In the hall of thoughts, where emotions
unveiled,
Expressions spring forth. A window to the
soul,
A guiding light where we find our release,
Where in the fiercest battle, we find solace

Expression, expression, the voice of a silent
soul
The voice that whispers through silence, a
rhythm of grace
Expression, a vessel for joy and pain, a
release
For the heart, where in the theatre of
movement, it takes flight

... continued

An Invitation To Dine With Expression

Continuation ...

So let us gather in these reverent halls
Amidst the expressions that hang
In expression's realm, where dreams
hold sway

Expression, my dear friend that
exclusive art,
Language without words, a journey to
start,
A tale to tell with words or silence a
dance untold
Expression's power, forever bold.

- King-David Monsigia

The Oil of Expression

Expressions flow
Like a river of words
Flowing freely
Unbound by herds
Unbridled by rules
Unconstrained by chains
A stream of thoughts
A soul refrain

Let it flow
Let it speak
The depths of being
The truth within
The words of wisdom
The poet's kin
So let it flow
From deep within

- *Daniel Nwabeke*

It Teaches, It Molds

It teaches, it molds ... just like clay. All of us have our own roles to play. The irony of it all, that we all can say. It isn't as nice as it slays. It mars and it breaks like icing on a cake. Kudos to it for all our sakes, but into our heart, we know it's all fake.

It sets out the rules, like washing your hands when you visit the loo.

It cautions all our every move and it all comes down to the women...the women's rule.

One, you are brought to the world, to be presented as their ward.

But instead, all there is is :it's a girl, what a wonder!

Bibbidi bobbidi boo! a boy we want. Well, only that they didn't have a wand.

... continued

It Teaches, It Molds

Two, you are five years old and have so many questions in your mind but well.. you're put on hold because a boy shouldn't have to wait a while.

Three, you are thirteen years old and a student with A's. With all your grades at bay,
The sun shines while you make hay. Being called to solve an algebraic equation and you walk to the board in haste .
To keep the murmurs away but one did reach you hey!
"She's probably gonna end up in the kitchen anyway".

... continued

It Teaches, It Molds

Four, you're sixteen years old, preparing for college,
all your scripts and badges in a collage, but
dad hasn't talked about payment yet
because he feels it's all wastage,
and mom is nodding in silence. What then
happens to all the A's, and badges?
And even when it all works out, it's left as
nothing but a grudge.

Five, graduation's here it awaits.
Mom says time to settle but you feel it all
can wait.
You say you wanna further but mama says
to stay.
You're breaking the rules, society will say.
So you decide, along you play.

... continued

It Teaches, It Molds

Seven, you are 21 years old, no matter how rich you are, never buy a car, enough they'll think you have. Better be careful, you're meant to serve.

Six, you're 22 years old. Never eat out! Never do this, never do that! Men would think of you as uncultured and of suitors, it goes south. Men picture the most unimaginable! oh the fright.

... continued

It Teaches, It Molds

But hey! Come to think of it.
What's the use of the
challenges we face , the
storms we hit,
the use of survival lessons,
when we are not fit...never fit
to survive all this?
The use of the books when
you inwardly wretchedly
look.

... continued

It Teaches, It Molds

Continuation ...

Clipped wings.... broken wings...we
are really more than those dings,
why should we wait and linger, for
the justice we all our lives sing?
When our mothers and
grandmothers did the same thing.
We could twist up the swing a
little. Not only sing ... but act, we
deserve to be king.
If we all take the bull by the horns
if we squarely face, then this could
all be a preface. We're not gonna
end up in the prison anyway.

- *Shodipo Funmi*

Expression

My twin in me has no shame to talk and laugh
even when in pain
For things and throws I know no end nor when
it came I cannot tell
So deep a pain but why for me, I sometimes
wish I was not here
To feel the pangs and pricks of wicked men
whose eyes swell in their sockets only for evil,
To a feeble mortal like me I know.
shall I say my own is worst

From cradle pain and toddler lame,, maim with
sickness strange to me
I wonder if I could amend
I struggle through the heat of shame hoping
some day I shall smell the mist and dew of
fragrance fair. But oh the worst ahead my
sights

... continued

Expression

Continuation ...

Times and seasons roll along I lost the joy the
only I had
To cold hands of death my father dear, I watched
him walk down the stairs
And asked me lock the door at last, with promise
to return and never did
I battled the pain that it wasn't true

Alas! Alas ! My mother called I ran into her
warm embrace
But now her hands held touch of fear that rub
off on my tender skin
I settled that tears and anguish were the last
resorts
Oh ! oh! a painful expression I always recount.

- *Christabel lawal*

Battered Diaries

"this poem is a sanctuary teaching
broken bodies how to say no to grief."
I've lost the taste of being young and
pure,
My vocal cord- bruised from the
thorns of sprouting words that dug
graves for cadaverous emotions.

A stranger in a man's regalia uses this
body for cleansing,
Like a glass of water, I sip each
torment and gulp fear, while inaudible
words are sieved from a clouded
heart.
Cold misery snuggles - cast aside to
cover her wrapper of silence.

... continued

Battered Diaries

Continuation ...

This child, I, has every seed of
mother blossoming,
So, to the day when her tongue
shall rise and her hands might act
When her speech is no longer
qualm on her head
When the war between words
shall come to an end
Mother shall carve a fortress of
joy with me for this beatified
beginning.

- *Divine Okpe Eboh*

Silent Reply

People are unpredictable,
Even those who eat at your table.

I was pushed behind the scene,
So I won't be seen.

The crowd yelled at me to be silent,
They were so violent.

Their actions made we wonder,
And I sat down to ponder.

I engaged my thoughts,
To reply their onslaughts.

... continued

Silent Reply

Continuation ...

They hurled me with insults,
I replied with superlative results.

I was branded an outcast,
My achievements received global broadcast.

Even when life seemed unfair,
I didn't give up my God pair.

Life is an expression,
It depends on your confession.

I never bow to pressure,
Because I am a treasure

- Kimberly Boomni Ugo Major

Expression

In a realm of dreams, where inspiration
abounds,

I'll weave a poetic tapestry without any
bounds.

With words as my brush, I'll paint an
enchanted scene,

For your competition, a masterpiece
serene.

Upon the canvas of imagination, let colors
blend,

A symphony of verses, for your heart to
apprehend.

In every line, I'll sow seeds of dreams and
hope,

With wisdom's gentle touch, we'll climb a
poetic slope.

... continued

Expression

Through the misty mornings and twilight
gleam,

I'll craft a poetic journey, bound by a
seamless beam.

From mountaintop marvels to ocean's
gentle sway,

We'll traverse landscapes, where souls
dance and play.

Let inspiration guide us, like a compass
true,

As we explore realms uncharted, in
shades of every hue.

Courage and strength, we'll celebrate and
instill,

In the depths of your heart, a resounding
thrill.

... continued

Expression

With every verse, I'll elevate your spirit
high,
Unleashing your potential to touch the
sky.

In this competition, with your words,
you'll shine,
A beacon of creativity, igniting minds
divine.

Immerse yourself in passion, let it flow
endlessly,
As you share your unique voice, for all to
see.

Within these twenty lines, a legacy can
bloom,
An inspiration, a revelation, dispelling
any gloom.

... continued

Expression

Continuation ...

So fear not the challenge, embrace it
with grace,
For in this poetic journey, you'll find
your rightful place.
With creativity and determination by
your side,
In this competition, let your brilliance
abide.

- Adekunle Susan

Thought and words collide

Thought and words collide
Into a meaningful language
Rhythm and sounds
Mix into a melodious song.

Everyone has a feeling
As well as a thought
Which could be shattered
Or damaged.

Humans express love
Humans express hate
Humans express concern
As well as distaste

... continued

Thought and words collide

Continuation ...

Just as the world spins
Our thoughts changes
Into something new
Something different
And something extraordinary

Just like a mosquito buzzing
We wish to buzz louder
So that a light will shine
A light that can blind a vision.

- Ozioma Opara

Africa Africa Oh Africa

A land of milk and honey
Hidden in the shadows of iniquitous
leaders
An unhackneyed land
Filled with cataclysmic aliens with no
identity
Aliens who are ever ready to stir up
havoc
Chameleons who are covered in the
nativity of others
The leader and the led having similar
characteristics
A land whose resources are not being
valued by the inhabitants
I express my worry towards this great
land
Africa Africa Oh Africa

- *Omeruora Olivia*

A Better Nation

Nigeria, a place blessed by mother nature
Carved as beautiful as the paintings of Da
Vinci
Culture flowing like river Nile
As we rise as one
Our feet will never be lost

But the evil eyes have decided to case a
spell
Steal from us and exploit our loved ones
But even at that,
We stand as one
But as we begin to grow,
We are certainly pushed back by bad
governance

... continued

A Better Nation

As a result of lack of love for the
people,
They steal from us
Just like the whites have done in the
past years

They say we are one
But all we see is deceit and false
claims
The manifestos portrayed to us
remain scheme of lies

Our people are dying everyday
Physically and mentally
Candle as light, fasting as food
Shops as shelter

... continued

A Better Nation

“Tell me why e no go hard for us?”

When the people are in need
But Naira is hard to find

“My pikin wan enter university”

But we need to consider the
continuous amount of stikes

“Four years course turn ten years
course”

“Tell me why we no go give up?”

When we decide to stand up for
our rights,

“You shoot us for tollgate”

I shake my head in pain

... continued

A Better Nation

Continuation ...

“Why mama no go cry when her pikin wey
suppose do birthday this year don die”
“The political right wey dem give us”
“You still dey rig for inside”

Tell me when we are not going to be fed up
When our vote doesn't even count
We are not asking for too much
All we want is a better nation.

BACKGROUND

The evolution of our nation from a working nation to one that has an epileptic economy is one that cannot be ignored. There was a major shift in the livelihood of the citizens due to the ways of those in power. The plight of the citizens living in poverty and insecurity is one of the major aspects that form the background of this poem.

A Better Nation

As the poet, I touched on different subjects like poverty, unjustified deaths, sorrow, corruption, and insecurity. It is a known fact that the government holds a lot of power, and they influence or shape the life of the citizens. The poem shows how the actions of the government has made life unbearable for its citizens, and they yearn for a better life. Pidgin is also used in some lines of the poem as it is in line with the African culture.

THEMES

1. EXPLOITATION

The exploitation of the Nigerian people and their natural resources can be traced far back to colonialism. In lines 6-7, the evil eyes are known to be the colonialist and they are defined as people who stole from us (our natural resources) and exploited our people with use of chains, padlocks clenched to our teeth, etc.

A Better Nation

2. POVERTY

The poem depicts an aspect of suffering, and it is evident in line 21-22 “Candle as light, fasting as food, shops as shelter.” The people have gotten accustomed to epileptic power supply that they have accepted candlelight as their main source of power. Feeding moved from the basic things in life to luxury, and there is hunger in the land, fasting moved from being voluntary to compulsory. Rent now seems to be too expensive for the common to afford and some business owners resolve to sleeping in the shops while non-shop owners sleep under bridges.

3. BAD GOVERNANCE

The theme of bad governance is a major theme in the poem as all the suffering and living condition of the citizens is a result of bad governance. In the poem, the people are subjected to using candle as light due to bad electricity, and education is a sham because the students are delayed due to strikes by the academic staff. The citizens are forced to adapt to the new system and endure, they try to speak up but the government silences them. This is the reality of the people living in the country, and all they hope for is a better nation where things are functioning properly.

- *Aliyah Salaudeen*

A Voice:

“Arise, O Compatriots”

Voice? Call it a plea heard only by
paper

I'd call it shouts operating in loud
silence

My freedom of speech graciously
clothed in Part four

Realization hits that even the
constitution is a paid actor

Dear Nigeria, I weep fearfully of labors
of our heroes past

It is very unknown if each breath
could be my last

Guns to my head, aren't you supposed
to protect our lives and property?

Never to forget, October 2020

... continued

A Voice:

“Arise, O Compatriots”

Dear ‘motherland’, you are supposed to
be my home!

The flag is groaning still your chaotic
charisma leaves me to roam

Independence? thought, fought and
gained in 1960

They call it democracy but my freedom
is 50/50

Worse, leaders are raping the lands,
Although Niger and Benue flow in great
bounds,

Mother fears my blood could also be in
their hands!

... continued

A Voice: “Arise, O Compatriots”

Continuation ...

The youths are supposed to be in
university
Now, innocents turn to threats of peace
and unity
Citizens keep bleeding, but our lips keep
sealing
Green and white could be red but all I
can whisper is “Dear Nigeria, where did
we go wrong?”
My voice screams, “Arise, O
Compatriots!”

- *Okoli Chinaza*

Echoes Of Emotion

A ripple in a silent sea, a spark in the dark
Expressions are whispers from our
hearts' silent bark
They echo out loud, permeate the space
Able to comfort, frighten, or embrace

The world is as a theatre, but we are
players
Armed with emotions, often silent sayers
The expressions we choose the roles we
portray make
The world around us, our very own
screenplay

... continued

Echoes Of Emotion

Continuation ...

Remember that in every situation
You are the artist, life is your creation.
For emotions are powerful, can cause a
commotion.
They have the strength to sway like the
ocean

So practice mindfulness, stay kind and true
Express yourself well in every hue,
For how you say what you say can inspire,
uplift or wound.
Always spread love, all around which will
abound

- *Timileyin Omowamide*

MR Alaba

Rage of heart, full of mighty wave
Mr. Alaba's hand holds up a cage
for many years,
To maintain fake happiness of
age
Leaves the face to fade

With a mindset of many life
times,
His feelings he blinds.
With a test of no expressions, he
hides,
Like nothingness of waves, fights

... continued

MR Alaba

Continuation ...

In a world with a verse minds, he
Keeps his eyes from the light of the sky
And from the beauty of the skin, he fades way.
For questions not to be asked,
Of how thousands of moons had passed,
But he tells a tale of many suns before he was

So in the dark walls of his tent,
He put down words: love, hate, faith, pain, hope
and laughter.
Because nothing less than a million moons he
can tell,
And the expression of his countdown of time
was of his last days.

- *Sirahme Mesam*

The Balm of Expression

Dinning with solitude in my
father's balcony,
Expression lights up like a
blazing fire,
A language spoken of the heart,
Transcending desire to find more

Expression, a tool for joy and
pain,
A window to minds, each unique
and sane
We share our dreams, our
deepest fears,
In words, we heal, and wipe away
our tears.

... continued

The Balm of Expression

Continuation ...

Through laughter and tears, we find
release,
A symphony of words, a moment of peace
In whisper and shouts, we break the
chains,
Expression, a mind for growth and change

My silence won't stop the killings
It will not eradicate bullying
My voice would stop a million ills
Like the Black Lives Matter Movement, our
voice will be heard
With EndSars protest, I know how it feels.
For what is life without expression?

- Peace Ephraim

Not An Option

In a word of expression, we dwell
Where dreams take flight and
stories, we tell
With every sunrise, as a chance to
explore
The boundless horizons that lie
before

Each day unfolds like a vibrant
painting
Brush strokes of hope, our hearts
entertaining
Through fields of wonder and
uncharted seas
We chase our passions,
embracing the breeze

... continued

Not An Option

Continuation ...

Imagination blooms in every mind,
A tapestry of thoughts, intricately entwined
From the object of darkness, ideas take
flight
Igniting sparks that pierce through the
night

Unveiling new pathways, we step into the
unknown
Unafraid of the challenges that may be
shown
For within our souls the fire brightly burns
Guiding us forward wherever life turns

- Mcleslie Mcsam

Silence is Not Art

In a world of words, let's find our
voice

Expression, a power to make a choice
Each line, a brush stroke on the cover
of thought,
A realm of emotions, where truth is
sought

In verse and prose, we bare our souls
Thoughts change surface like stories
untold
Words become bridges, connecting
hearts
Through poems and songs, true art
imparts.

... continued

Silence is Not Art

Continuation ...

With rhythm and rhyme, we dance and play on
the page,
Words as paint, creating a different stage
In poetry's hands, we find peace, an outlet for
dreams,
For suffering, and for gleams

Through prose and verse, we connect and relate,
Uniting humanity, regardless of fate
So let us write, sing, dance, play, find, make and
create,
For expression is a gift we celebrate.
With every word, we can truly be,
Truly, fearless, forever free

- Medimieri Mcsam

Silent Screams

A closed mouth, an unseen picture
A slow action, a delayed future
Do not let the wind push you over
Let not the darkness swallow you under

What will you gain if you stay hidden?
Without any action being taken
Let no one hold you back
Say whatever...
Scream wherever...

You are a lion in the jungle
And a conqueror in the struggle
Your contribution does not bring division
and pestilence
It's your silence that brings violence

... continued

Silent Screams

Continuation ...

Do you feel like a loser?
Or feel like a failure?
Many times you had opportunities
But you failed to use them

For when fear and doubt
overwhelm you like a flood
Resolve that you can't be stopped
by any forces
Let your silent screams hold you
up!

- Louis Eddie Usangar

Liberation

To express ourselves is our birthright
Our inner thoughts and feelings, a bright
light
To share our minds with the word outside
Helps to give our passion a ride

To speak our truth, in prose or rhyme
Can bring a sense of peace in our time
So let us share without guilt, fear nor shame
The thoughts within, a feeling without tame

For expression is what makes us smile
It is the voiceless sound that speaks millions
at a time
To wear happiness as a crown,
The best time to speak is now.

- *Chibuikem Uzoma*

Display The Attributes Within

How I do things,
How I say things,

So much joy it brings,
To be able to verbalise and
convey my innermost
feelings.

To be carefree,
To flow with the wind,
To excavate those thoughts,
talents and ideas that have
been locked in.

... continued

Display The Attributes Within

Continuation ...

Locked in for so long,
Locked against my will,
Hidden because of the judgement
of others that I am likely to face.

I can't let this stop me,
These feelings I want to embrace,
These talents I want to chase,

And surely I shall do so,
Because the expression of my very
being is a cardinal goal.

- *Adesuwa Ohonyon*

Voice

Expression

Communication of your thoughts and opinions
Battling against the mindset of the crowd
Finding an escape through the thicket of false
hope and trepidation
And surfacing as a voice
A product of one's mind

Modes dissent

The young writer scribbles his way to the public
Tearing through paper what goes on in his head
The artist splatters paint on canvas to show the
verisimilitude of his imagination
Creating worlds and places never witnessed in
reality or true life

Our individual minds resembling the clean sheet
of the architect ready for work

... continued

Voice

Continuation ...

But experiences fill them up generously
Turning them to journals of adventures and life
lessons ready to be given off to the crowd
But what truly matters is how?

The foolish would burn up these journals
The ignorant would have it locked up in a
drawer
But the wise give it to both the young and the
old
Knowing the golden opportunity of expressing
himself
Being fully aware that too much stored in the
mind
Can challenge ones sanity down to the
infinitesimal detail.

- Ajie Deborah

Love Can Hurt

Love

How they all say it is a
beautiful thing

But it brings the greatest pain
Waiting a million years for
someone who is probably out
there having fun

Keeping yourself so clean for
something as dark as coal

You never know when you'll
begin to rot from being inside
for so long

Stretching yourself over the
fire to grab something so
close yet so hard to reach

... continued

Love Can Hurt

Continuation ...

Getting burnt in the process
However you still proceed because
you feel it is more important

Wait!

Have you thought of the deep scar
it will leave on you forever?

I doubt so

Will you be that desperate to get
the scar first before you realize
that it does hurt?

I guess we will just have to see
What pain it is going to be.

- Kalu Oluchi

Inside

Inside, I feel that I might break
One more shove is all it would
take
My anger, grief, my pain and fear
Are becoming more than I can
bear

I think I would have liked to
share
If anyone had bothered to care
But up and up, my emotions pile
You can hide anything behind a
smile

Keeping it inside is all I can do
Because I have no one to tell it to

- *Moyosoreoluwa Adesanmi*

Expression

With my life in-between drama
I lack concentration, don't know if it's karma
I hope so much for happiness
Trying to smile to hide the sadness

So much anger and hate I try to let go
But at the end of the day am left all alone
Peace of mind, its all I desire
Genuine affection , I crave it like fire

How far I've come in life is by the glory of
God
With him by my side I survived and will
strive
I only hope to him that one day
I will truly and finally be okay

- *Blessing Chibuzo Abajuo*

Sweet Love

Sweet Love, Sweet Love,
How I love to think about thee, how I love to
read about thee
Oh how they write the perfect love stories of
devotion, trust and a whole lot more
But alas this is not what I see when I look into
the world
I see brothers raise swords against each other
I see couples betray each other
I see country go against country always
An endless sequence of butting heads against
one another
Sweet Love, Sweet Love,
They say be your brother's keeper meanwhile
you're the one who will send him to his early
grave

... continued

Sweet Love

Continuation ...

They say love your neighbour as yourself, but do you do these things?

They say the pen is mightier than the gun but you have spilled all the ink in my pen

Love you preach, claim and boast of all your benefits but alas you do not make yourself known to this world

Has thou abandoned or forsaken us?

Sweet Love, Sweet Love,

When I look into the world I do not see you

I want to look into the world and see you shine in all your brilliance and your all-consuming emotions you bring with you

Sweet Love, Sweet Love,

Where art thou?

- *Muyiwa Moyinoluwa*

Whispers Of Expression

Amidst the realm where passions freely soar,
A sonnet weaves, its tapestry divine,
Expression blooms like roses by the shore,
In fourteen lines, emotions intertwine.

In iambic dance, the verses prance with glee,
Each syllable, a note in poet's heart,
The quill becomes a bridge from soul to plea,
To share with world what inner thoughts impart.

Through metaphors, a world takes shape and form,
As feelings find a voice through eloquence,
In every line, a tempest or a calm,
The poet's spirit finds its recompense.

O expression, in sonnet's tender space,
Thy beauty lies in thoughts thou dost embrace.

- *Paula Emike Obaze*

Whispers

The Movement of the Eyes

The movement of the eyes,
exhibiting great inhibition,
Manifested upon your
emotions,
Personalised in your specific
body language.
Your individualism seeks
fundamental freedom, unable
to be repressed,
Constitutionally protected by
the liberties of your smile.

- *Olivia ukaji*

Love

Love, a dangerous game
A game that will leave one cold
Cold inside 'n' out
So it feels
One day we're cool, the next day we aren't.

Why the preserve?
Why the thought?

I think about the times we had, I question
myself,
Did I make a mistake?
My heart answers no, but my mind screams
yes.
Where did I go wrong?
O! Why did I choose love?

... continued

Love

Continuation ...

Piercing me like a needle, I cannot
bear.

It tears me apart, without a care.

I wonder, where did everything go
wrong?

Or could it get worse?

Should I prepare?

Should I declare?

I shout but no one can hear me,

I cry yet no one can see me.

- *Esther Fasanya*

Expression

The capacity to convey one's
feelings is magnificent
Truly the art of expression is unique
Our thoughts so powerful with a
dangerous need to be shared
To be able to lament, communicate
and showcase what you feel and
know

Smiles enough for ignition of souls
Frowns deadly enough to instil fear
in one's heart
A canvas to one's humanity
An irresistible urge to show
emotions

... continued

Expression

Continuation ...

The language of the soul
Rhythmic gestures of the body
The melody of the heart
The utterance of the mind

We have the ability to create and
communicate extraordinary things
In its purest form expression is
everything
In its darkest form it can wreak havoc
and duplicity
Its duality is scary but admittedly
expression is a magic unseen

- Ogunnaike Toluwalase Katriel

My Year

In a world of wonder, where dreams unfold,
A 10-year-old's heart, so pure and bold.
With innocence as their guiding light,
They paint the world with colors bright.

Their voice, a melody, so sweet and true,
Expressing thoughts they've held onto.
Through laughter, tears, and joyful glee,
Their words become a symphony.

With crayons, they sketch their innermost
thoughts,
On blank canvases, their feelings are
brought.
No fear or doubt, just pure creation,
A masterpiece born from their imagination.

... continued

My Year

Continuation ...

In every giggle and every sigh,
They find the courage to reach the sky.
Their words are free, they soar and fly,
An expression of their soul, reaching high.

Oh, let us learn from these young souls,
To embrace the power that expression holds.
For in their eyes, we see the truth,
That freedom lies in creative youth.

So let us listen, with open hearts,
To the wisdom that a child imparts.
For in their innocent, vibrant view,
They remind us of the magic we once knew.

- Jenny Wiles

In Shadows Cast

In shadows cast, where tears do flow,
A 15-year-old's heart, heavy and low.
Expression finds its whispered voice,
Amidst the pain, a bittersweet choice.

Within the sighs and somber gaze,
A sad child's soul, a tempest ablaze.
In poetry's arms, they seek release,
A sanctuary where sorrows find peace.

With pen in hand, they bare their heart,
Painting emotions, a profound work of art.
Each word a tear, each verse a sigh,
A cathartic release, as emotions fly.

... continued

In Shadows Cast

Continuation ...

Through metaphors and heartfelt verse,
They find solace in the universe.
Expression becomes their healing balm,
As sadness ebbs, and hope brings calm.

Though young in years, their soul knows depth,
They grasp the pain life sometimes begets.
Yet in their verse, resilience blooms,
A testament to strength that looms.

So let us listen with empathy,
To the 15-year-old's heartfelt plea.
For through their words, they may find a way,
To embrace the light on a cloudy day.

- Mbizo Adekunle

Expressions of the World

In a tapestry of tongues, diverse and bold,
World Expression weaves its stories told.
From East to West, a global symphony,
A harmony of voices, wild and free.

In every word, a cultural embrace,
Different colors woven, side by side they trace.
A chorus of languages, like birds in flight,
Uniting hearts, breaking barriers with might.

Through poetry, music, art, and dance,
World Expression weaves its grand expanse.
From mountains high to oceans deep,
In every corner, its treasures keep.

... continued

Expressions of the World

Continuation ...

Through metaphors and heartfelt verse,
They find solace in the universe.
Expression becomes their healing balm,
As sadness ebbs, and hope brings calm.

Though young in years, their soul knows depth,
They grasp the pain life sometimes begets.
Yet in their verse, resilience blooms,
A testament to strength that looms.

So let us listen with empathy,
To the 15-year-old's heartfelt plea.
For through their words, they may find a way,
To embrace the light on a cloudy day.

- Rachael Figger

My Expressions

In words adorned, our souls set
free,
Expression's power, a symphony.
Through prose and verse, emotions
flow,
A canvas vast where feelings grow.

With ink as ink, the heart takes
flight,
The essence of our inner light.
In love's embrace, we find release,
A dance of words, our hearts at
peace.

- *Ann-Marie Rodriguez*

Feelings

In the depths of hearts, feelings reside,
A kaleidoscope of emotions, deep and wide.
Joy sparkles like stars on a moonlit night,
While sorrow weeps with the morning light.

Love's gentle touch, a tender embrace,
Fills the world with warmth and grace.
Anger roars like thunder, fierce and loud,
Yet compassion whispers, soft and proud.

In feelings' tapestry, colors blend,
Moments cherished, hearts on the mend.
Fear may linger, but courage will rise,
And hope ignites the darkest skies.

So let us embrace these feelings dear,
For they make us human, crystal clear.
In this symphony of joys and woes,
Life's vibrant melody forever flows.

- Alex Jose Del-Mario

The Creator's Expression

In every whisper of the wind, God speaks,
In rustling leaves and babbling creeks.
Through fiery sunsets and starlit skies,
God's expressive art, a grand surprise.

In tender blooms that grace the earth,
God's love and beauty find their birth.
In thunder's roar and ocean's roar,
His power and might, forevermore.

In a baby's laugh, a mother's tear,
God's presence felt, always near.
In every smile and heartfelt prayer,
His compassion shows, beyond compare.

Through every soul, His light does shine,
A symphony of grace, divine.
Expressive nature, a wondrous sign,
God's love and artistry align.

- *Midas Lewarbe*



Tobi is founder and lead trainer at the Big's Odyssey Consults; a social enterprise that offers Knowledge Enhancement Services

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