

FOOTSTEPS THROUGH TIME

A tribute by tomorrow's generation



TOBI OYEDELE

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DEDICATION

To those who came before,
whose footsteps echo through time,
and to those yet to come,
who will walk new paths and carry
forward the journey.

This collection is for you;
the seekers, the dreamers, and travelers.

May your steps leave gentle imprints of
goodness on the world.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Creating 'Footsteps Through Time' has been a journey of reflection and growth, and this collection would not have been possible without the invaluable support of those who accompanied us along the way.

To the entire staff and friends of Big's Odyssey International, thank you for being the pillars and the mirrors that reflect our thoughts, and the inspirations that fuel our words. Your unwavering encouragement has been our anchor.

To the mentors and teachers who nurture the love for poetry, your guidance has left an indelible mark on all work presented in this chapbook. Each piece is shaped by your wisdom and the lessons you've imparted in your students' lives.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We are also grateful to the readers who find themselves within these pages, sharing in these reflections and memories. May each poem be a step in your own journey, a reminder of the footprints we all leave behind.

Thank you all for being part of Footsteps
Through Time.

FOREWORD

I count it a rare privilege to write the foreword for this year's Chapbook. I have been a judge for some years now and it has been an eye-opener; seeing the world through the lens of these talented poets – their prowess, careful diction, catharsis and overall understanding of poetry can only be admired. We find ourselves in a world where talents and creativity have not been given the right accolades. This Chapbook is reminder that there is hope for these our young minds, who are determined to have their voices heard despite all odds.

Tobi Oyedele an educator par excellence, a passionate teacher and one who is resolute in catching these budding literary giants young, this I find particularly endearing and encouraging. Her sheer commitment to nurturing and teaching these young ones have yielded and still yielding viable fruits, this is evident in the quality and quantity of entries in the yearly Poetry competition among primary and secondary school pupils.

FOREWORD

The idea championed by Mrs Oyedele to have our future poets partake in literary challenge will not only sharpen their minds but prepare them for what lies ahead in the areas of academics and chosen career paths.

As you journey through this collection “Footsteps through time” be enthralled, marvelled and pleasantly surprised. Get ready to view the world from the perspective of these creatives, understand their worries, fears, hopes, battles and strengths. I hope this collection will further remind us that much is expected of us as posterity will not forgive us if we fail them.

The poems will leave you captivated as they speak to the inner you and prepare to shed a few teardrops. Enjoy the ride!

~Mopelola Oke, Ph.D.
Manager of programmes, Radio Nigeria

PREFACE

This book is a collection of poems that seeks to honour and remember those who have shaped our journey, both directly and indirectly.

It is a book that shows how the threads of our past interwoven with our future affect our daily lives. This is a reflection on the enduring influence of those who have come before us; our ancestors, heroes, loved ones, and the silent witnesses of history.

Through the verse, we explore their stories, their sacrifices, and the legacies they have left behind. These poems are not merely remembrances; they are a celebration of lives lived and lessons learned, a tribute to the echoes that resounds through the corridors of time. Each poem serves as a window into the past, offering glimpses of the trials and triumphs of those who have gone before .

PREFACE

They invite us to reflect, and appreciate the connections that bind us across generations. As you journey through these pages, may you find inspiration, and a deeper appreciation for the echoes of the past that continue to shape our present and future.

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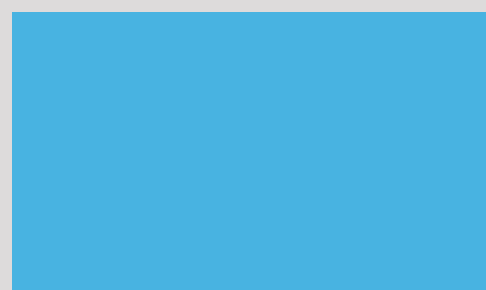
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MY LORD AND MY GOD

God is good.

He gives me benefits, especially my daily food.

He hears and answers my cries,

Even though I reply with sighs.

From the Bible,

I learnt that God is reliable.

There are many rays of hope,

Which gives me strength to cope.

Oh! how amazing is God's love,

That dazzles more than a dove.

Thank you Lord for making my life free of strife,

Greatly impacting the journey of my life.

~Major Kelsey Ilami Kelechi

NEVER FORGOTTEN: A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDMOTHER

The halls echo your voice,
Gentle and crooked,
Roaring your inspiring love,
Saying your inspiring words,
Saying you love me more than the world.

How I wish you could tell me this once more,
But they are never forgotten.
I remember your warm smile,
That can set a room ablaze.
No bad mood can last for long,
When it's plastered on your face.

Your dimples,
Like tiny cradles of joy,
Always so adorable.
Even at your old age,
They twinkled with mischief.
I dread for your smile once more,

The way it stirred my heart.
But they are never forgotten,
These memories etched in time.

Your hugs,
Were a blanket of warmth,
That reached my soul.
Your hands gentle on my back,
Conveying grace in every touch.
I ache to feel it once more,
Your embrace,
Your wrinkled, soft hand,
Rubbing comfort into my soul.
But it is never forgotten.

Your words of wisdom,
Cautioning me,
Warning me,
Helping me,
Gently coming out of your mouth.
Like notes of horrible
Yet meaningful song.
Can I get it once more
I want your words again
But it's never forgotten

All the memories we've made together
I cherish them so much
All the things I dread for
Will come to past someday
Grandma, you'll never be forgotten

~Folakunmi Bankole

A HERO'S DEPARTURE: REMEMBERING MY GRANDFATHER

He came, he saw and conquered.

JK, my grand father,
The great illustrator,
My ultimate mentor,
Epitome of Knowledge.

Our outstanding hero,
whose dedication to humanity,
and fatherland echoes in unison.
Strong as an Iroko,
The great fighter,
Brave and courageous,
flawless and fearless.

Then you went like a candle that was extinguished,
and finally you slept;
the eternal sleep in which we were depressed,
leaving us, we wept.

We feel your departure in our hearts.
From far away motherland You remain our star.
In the solace of your love,
we find our peace,
And in the promise of your return Our sorrow
cease.

~Udoka Nwaeze

THE RHYTHM OF CHANGE: A CELEBRATION OF CHILDHOOD

Songs of toddlers,
heard from every direction,
Clock ticking like a locomotor,
forms the wind of metamorphosis.

Like the rivers and lakes,
from section to section,
flowing from one direction to another,
Living us with words to alter.

Your legacy always speaks,
setting the pace and standard,
We love to tell the story,
and to always keep the ball rolling.

~Whitney Amaewhule

TIMELESS REMEMBRANCE: CELEBRATING THEIR LEGACY

In memories past,
they left their marks,
a legacy that time cannot embark.
The impact of their lives on you and me.

Their stories told,
their wisdom shared,
the lessons learned,
and hearts that cared.
Though they may be gone,
their light remain.

We honored them
who paved way for us to follow.
May their memories be a blessing true,
And their legacies forever shine through.

~Rejoice Anene

LEGACY OF LEGENDS: A TRIBUTE TO OUR HEROES

Legends of the past and present,
Leaving impact of life on the present.
The land flowing with milk and honey.
The land had rejoiced in your time.
You were indeed Pathfinders
You were extraordinary humans
On our planet Earth

Heroes that come and go
But we can never let you go
Forever in our hearts to be
Are the models of the past
You are part of the present
Though you have gone before

Songs of Praise still sing your names
Your time of remembrance is here
You paid for national luxury
With hustling, sacrifice and artistry
Today our hearts bubble with joy
In honour of your names

~Marshal Chuku

GRANDPA'S SHINING STAR

Dear Grandpa,
you're my shining star,
Lighting up my nights from afar.
You smile down from the clouds so bright,
Like a shooting star in the night.

I wish I had the chance to see your face again,
you mean so much to me.
In my heart,
you'll always stay,
And I miss you more each day.

~Kekale Suanu Nwinia

IN THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES

My heart beats to see you again,
To glimpse your smile that eases my pain.
To hear your songs, so sweet and bright,
Would fill my world with pure delight.

How I wish to see your face,
And feel your warm, familiar embrace.
To hear your voice, so calm and clear,
Would chase away my every fear.

But tears now fill my eyes each day,
Dear Grandad, since you went away.
I miss you more than words can say,
Love your soul and honor your way.

~Kazor Suanu Nwinia

TORTURE

My dearest hero up above,
Death took your spirit like a dove.
The day you left to go below,
Made my tears begin to flow.

A great fellow with a golden heart,
Who wouldn't miss you when we're apart?
You are the gold in a world so cold,
While others are just bitter, you shined bold.

I miss your touch, your amazing love,
But death still took you to the skies above.
Five seconds without you feels like torture,
And this is five years of enduring that torture.

~Emanuella Wokoma

WHISPERS OF LOSS: A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

The fear that something bad might be,
Feels like a storm inside of me.

I think about you everywhere,
At church, at home, and even at school.
When a sudden memory appears,
My heart starts to overflow with tears.

I always try to hold them back,
Because if I cry, I just can't stop.
You're always in my thoughts each day,
And I don't know how to make the longing go
away.

I miss your comforting embrace,
With only Mom to take your place.
I remember your warmth and love so true,
And keep those memories close of you.

My heart beats slow when I think of you,
Sometimes feeling lost and blue.
Your legacy will always shine bright,
Oh, my dear father,
you are my light.

~Olivia Ojum

IN REMEMBRANCE: A TRIBUTE TO THOSE DEPARTED

To those we have met
To those we haven't
They are gone before you know it
Whether caused naturally or artificially
They are gone.

To see them in pain
To see them in relief
They have all been through it.
They are gone.

The sweetest moments
The most bitter moments
They left behind We shall cherish.

For those who have gone before us
May they rest well
We hope to see them someday.

~Okunuga Adebola

FOREVER IN MY HEART: A MOTHER'S LEGACY

Oh, how it breaks my heart to see you pass away,
Memories we shared will I forever cherish in my
heart, And in my heart,
will they forever be.

Your birth was appealing,
But your death was displeasing,
Loved ones who cared
And wicked ones who hate you with despair.

My love for you will never change
And my love for you will remain the same.
I can't see you with my eyes or touch you again
But I can still feel your presence dwelling within
me.

I will always show the love I have for you
Appreciate the nice things you did
I love you up to infinity
The life you spent was a blessing

and memories we shared a treasure.
You are loved beyond words
and missed by all beyond measure.

To have you as my mother was a blessing,
Rest in peace my love,
we will meet again.
And when we meet again it will be forever..

~Omotoyinbo Gold

ODE TO MY UNCLE

I never imagined the world without your light;
You've been a beacon,
guiding my life's course.
I never paused to ponder life's dark night,
When you, our sun,
would no longer burn with force.

Victor Omololu Olunloyo,
ex-governor of Oyo,
The mathematician with a mind so grand.
In your brief rule,
you sowed seeds of joy,
Under your wise hand,
the people flourished

Though I have never seen you face to face,
Your name, a melody,
lingers in my mind.
If ever I forget your presence I trace,
For in my blood,
your legacy I find.

Though words are few,
As time's river carries us ever onward.
Today, I bid adieu,
Until the day we cross paths anew,
In a realm where parting is no more.

~Victor Omololu Olunloyo

HEROES OF FREEDOM: A REFLECTION ON SACRIFICE

Oh! Our Nation's pride.
Those whose impact speak,
In thousand tongues.
Those who fought for our freedom,
By sacrificing their own freedom.
Those whose courage at the field paved way for a
history, Which future generations yield...
Their unshaken faith in our country...

Oh! Our past heroes,
Whose works can be seen.
When you look through a mirror,
A mirror of shiny history,
Now their fight for our right,
Can no longer remain a mystery.

~Victoria Kwento

UNFORGOTTEN HEROES: A TRIBUTE TO OUR ANCESTORS

Oh! My heart yearns to think of you
You who have gone before
And now are no longer seen or heard from
How can melodies be forgotten?

Your selfless marks can never be erased
For your sacrifice coloured our heritage
Though hours, minutes, seconds may pass,
The history of our forefathers will never fade fast

Your years of struggle and pain...,
It did not bring us to where we are today
But the greed that successors nursed and lay

Yet, we mourn for you and pray
That your souls rest in peace
Just as your names exude peace
Your court's joy will never cease.

~Goodness Awe Keyinde

AN ODE TO GRANDPA RAPHAEL ILO

Grandpa Raphael Ilo,
a gentle soul, a heart of gold.
Your memory forever retold.
Though we never met,
you are a thread in my past,
A silent whisper a shadow to cast.

I wonder what tales your life did weave,
What wisdom flowed,
like leaves in autumn breeze.
Though you're gone,
your legacy's bright flame,
Burns within me like a candle just the same.

I'll hold onto the image,
though faint and unclear,
And strive to honour the part you once steered.
In quiet moments your absence speaks loud,
A ghostly whisper,
a lingering shroud.

May your memory like a river continue to flow,
Nourishing hearts,
helping new generations grow.
Rest now dear grandpa Raphael Ilo,
in peace you reside,
But in my heart,
your legacy will forever abide.

~Ifeanyichukwu Amarachi

A GOODNIGHT, NOT GOODBYE: IN MEMORY OF YOU

MY heart yearns for your arrival,
waiting at the door to hear your voice,
Knowing you'll be back and never leave,
So patiently I await for your care
and comfort to sweep me off my feet,
My eyes become blue forming a puddle of
memories we've shared wanting you to be near.

Oh my dear,
What about the happy years will the just disappear
no one can replace you because you are true,
You may have left the earth
But never from the heart,
You are a piece of art I stop to admire,

Your demise may have been too soon,
But you'll not be forgotten too soon,
I celebrate with the heavens,
As an Angel awaits,
At the pearly gates, Surrounded by grace.

I still miss your face,
As I still embrace, portions of your trace,
I still miss you,
As it is goodnight not goodbye.

~Amune Henrietta

IN PRAISE OF THE GIANTS: AN ODE TO LITERARY LEGENDS

An Ode to those who have gone before
The Achebe's, Soyinka's and Shakespeare's
Who from their den
like Daniel saved from the lions with their pen

Sparked protest on paper
Some arrested later
Your works inspire us to go higher
Indeed those who think on paper
Think better

Your legacy lives for generations yet unborn
You who took the bull by the horns Live on:
Great men

~Solomon Ayebanengiyefa Blessed

DEATH IS A CROWN

All praise to those who have passed
For they have gone to receive glory at last
For they were tired at first
But they have quenched their thirst
For glory is received at last

They have won all their battles and quests
And have beaten who called them pests
For they were strangers in the past
But they have received honor so fast
For glory is received at last

They have established themselves as legends
But long ago, they were known as peasants
They weren't the luckiest
But they ended as the richest
For glory is received at last

They were not together most of their lives
But now you can't deprive them of their glory devised
They were not the smartest
But they ended with the largest
For glory is received at last.

~Nwaobilor Noble-Dawn Chukwubuikem

THE DREADED ROAD

Oh! The pain of those before
Forced to leave homes to fall
For wars that were never won
And now we see them all gone

The great struggle of those before
Who left their houses and ended in gore
Tears refilled dry rivers
As they saw their lovers' lives

Things would always be the same
No one ready to put the blame
On those who truly are the killers
Sometimes, I think they are the real winners

Who are these killers you hear me say?
The rulers of our people who have gone astray
But that was in the past anyways
Still, things haven't got much better today

Let's get back to the story of rot
"Should we finally get rid of them?" They thought
But in the end the event was made
As the 'Great Mass Eastern Change'.

~Oganuzor Chidera Emmanuel

BLASTS IN THE YONDER

A million salutes to the great warriors of the past
Who fought for nations tirelessly
Who went to rest at last
Who left peacefully, patiently and honestly

Your deeds have modelled lives
For the worst? No, surely for the better
You raise peace where it was war scattered
Tenaciously turned war lovers to peace makers

So let us sound a thousand trumpets
In salute to those that have bid adieu
Let the drums boldly beat in all the markets
For the echoed blasts sing the praise of you

Death has no might to overshadow you
For the memories we share forever remain in our
hearts
You stand at the threshold like a guiding light in the
dew
You stood for the best refusing to be tearfully torn
apart

Eulogies to those who have gone before
In all you do, you will succeed
You have shown us the things you had in store
From those rusty chains, you are freed.

~Ogbuanu Chizorom Brian

A PEEP TO THE ETERNAL

Death is pain but it is here to stay
Those who have embraced pain deserve a praise
Some spent scant years and hurriedly left us astray
Others here eternity lived and stayed
Yet our thoughts have remained scattered and frail.
For no one ever stays here forever,
so our hopes you raise

Your works on this wicked world might have been
done
But your journey to the eternal has just begun
In a new world without pain,
but full of grace and fun.
So, worry not, dearest missed and gone
For you came, saw and conquered war that is done
Like a gallant warlord with his mighty gun

Cheers to those who have gone
without a word being said
You have answered first a call we all must,
you're not dead

Sometimes we miss you
and wish you had stayed with us to dream
But you have gone to a place better,
where all men live their dream
See you later.

Enjoy your new peaceful home
free from wars, tears and sorrow,
Adieu champ,
you live on with your bequeathed legacy
for the blind to see even till tomorrow.

~Oweredaba Somiebi Sophia

THE MAGIC OF TRANSITION

You have happily left and gone
With this life's struggles overcome and won
Who could have watched over us
if not you with your mighty chest?
And for your big heart you chose to go first
You are still up there with us

Those that fought you have lost a thousand times
Woes befall them for you reign
while they are without dimes
Look down upon miserable living beings
from above the sky
The living look up to you for hopes that seem too
high
You are still up there with us

Glory to the works you have done
Your decision and judgement have been just
All eyes can see that you are no more in the dust
You glitter like gold and glow more than the sun
You are still up there with us

The wise know that you are no longer beneath
these floors

For continually we keep knocking on heaven's
doors

If dead people told tales, their stories would be the
best If they smiled, their smiles would outshine the
sun and the rest You are still up there with us.

~Richard-Uchenna Kamsiyochukwu Noble

HELLO TO THOSE ON THE GREENER SIDE

As the cold embrace of death hovered over you
Like a hawk looking for a chick to prey on
It didn't mean that you would forever be in the
blues

A glorious life awaits after life's lessons are done

You who believed in the holy books

Ills, rage and strife you faithfully forsook

Your good innumerable deeds on earth would
always be remembered

By those whose lives you have brushed till the
same gates we have entered

A million salutes comrade, for you are in a better
place

Having gallantly overcome the many life's
challenges you faced Hello to those on the other
side, rest in peace to you all This is just an ode to
those who have gone before.

~Yakubu-Victor Veirat Alvin

A DISTANCE SO SHORT

When life remains
Everyone stays

When life's candle fades
In the homely grave we lay

The ancient way
Pass everyday

As they pay
For their casual way

In their might,
They think at night

As we search through their books
To a better life we look

In their absence their last breath they took
Like a broken stone lying in a burning wood

In pain and defeat
Sorrowfully wiping their feet

Why should it be like this?
How is death a beast?

Like bread baked without yeast
They are in peace at least.

~Agi Winner

REMEMBERING OUR PIONEERS

They are like rainbows
That amaze everyone
With their beautiful scenes
But when the sun shines
They fade away
But still remain in our memory.

They are like leaches
Tied unto a goat
They never leave us
They are tied to their nation
Never letting go
Until their reign is over.

They are lions
That protect their pride
With all their strength
They are brave and courageous They protect
their pride with their lives Until their reign is
over.

Our past leaders
All brave and strong
Who left a good legacy for us
And when we are down
We remember our past leaders
And we have colorful memories about them.

~Abayomi Samuel Beloved

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FATHERS AND LEADERS

Our dear fathers
gone but still feel their love
Still feeling their impact
In the lush twilight gone.

You will forever be in our hearts
In the grasses we cry
Grasses soak our tears
Because of our dear leaders gone
Leaders who gave us a chance
To show who we are on the inside.

Leaders gone,
leader past but still remain in our memories
In the lush twilight gone
We look at the sun set
Remembering their great deeds
That they have done for us
To give us all we need.

We will never forget them
For their contributions
For their good deeds
For their works
That they have done for us
We will always miss them
In memories of our past leaders

~Adebayo Jedidiah

IN GRATITUDE: HONORING OUR GREAT LEADERS

You will forever remain in my heart
Because of the things you have done for us
You have built a nation
Where everybody will be happy
If people were to do it again
It would not be as good as you did it.

You are like the sun
That shines upon us
But when setting
Everywhere becomes dark and empty
Everybody becomes sad.

You have done unique things for us
You were very important in our lives
You were not just ordinary people
You were great people
You were our shield in danger.

We praise you
You have helped us
You were kind to us
You were humble
Thanks for being awesome.

~Abom Blossom

GONE YET REMEMBERED: A TRIBUTE TO THEIR LEGACY

They are gone
But memories not gone
Though they have
Their legacy still lives on
Though they are gone
Their memories in me stay on.

You left without saying goodbye
Far away into the sky
You are like the sun that shines bright
You will forever give us light
You have fought the good fight
By doing what was right.

You have fulfilled your destiny
Of bringing us harmony
Even with your little capacity
You brought us democracy
You did not live a life of fantasy
To make this great legacy.

What you have sown
Has begun to grow
You did not fight with the bow
Nor gave some blows But have made us known.

~Adenegan Eriayoni Prize

LEGACY OF LOVE: HONORING OUR CHERISHED ONES

This ode we dedicate
For their sake
Their impact we celebrate
To those who we once embraced.

Gone are those who drew us near
Gone are the voices that filled the air
Those who for us they cared
For us they feared.

Those who the footprints cannot be erased
Their impact will always stay
Their legacy we celebrate
In silent and whispered praise.

Our minds will never forget their faces
They in which our hearts will always praise
Those who in any case, any phase, any stage
They will always liberate.

They were loved in their life time and still loved
Their impact stays
They made their impacts by bringing peace to
the world
Their effort lives on
In memories they are always remembered.

~Akinola Victoria

HONORING THEIR LASTING LEGACY

Whispers of time they've gone
In the tapestry of life, they've spun
Their legacy soars reaching high
In the spaces they left their spirit play
Though they may be gone but their effort stays.

They are like the sun that rises in the east and sets
in the west

They are like the moon that shines its light in the
darkness

They are the trees that grows but later wither
In the morning of their lives, they rise but later in
the night they go dawn In the faces of many they've
gone not knowing that their legacy stays.

In their time their rain showers in peace
They left us but they are still remembered till today
They lived on earth to plant good seeds
Their seeds have grown and the seeds is not
forgotten Their legacy lives on like a cocoa tree
does.

They were loved in their life time and still loved
Their impact stays
They made their impacts by bringing peace to the
world
Their effort lives on
In memories they are always remembered.

~Adeoye Eniola

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS: A TRIBUTE TO THE DEPARTED

They will always be in our thoughts
They will never be forgotten by those who cared
They will always be remembered fondly
Through the memories that we shared
For their unique and earthly being
Has left just a print in our hearts.

Even though we are so far apart
We can close our eyes and still reminisce on them
Perhaps there is a place they use to go
Still add a beauty to the crown on their head
They are like beams that sacks darkness
They shine bright at night.

They are as brave as a lion in time of chaos
They are like plants that comes to serve as
providers of our rights
They are like flowers that makes us excited when
we see them

They are like a sun that rises during the day and
sets at night

They are like shields that protect us from all
forms of anarchy

Because their confidence is infectious.

I have no logical answer to why they have died

Leaving me to find my path on this lonely journey

For this is too ambiguous for me to apprehend

I appreciate you for your thoughtfulness

For your support and encouragement will never
depart me.

~Amao Richard

IN MEMORY OF GIANTS: CELEBRATING THEIR LEGACY

To those who are gone
Before the deed was done
Seeing lots of people at the top
Challenged to make their way up
And before they left made history and won.

If only time could be reversed
No one would be left aside
Greater choices to make behind
Innocent people behind bars won't be put aside
But be free like a bird rather than to hide.

They made the world sweeter than honey
Made love precious than money
They made their way to the clouds so high
To a distant height
Shinning to the earth so bright.

They made people's hearts,
For one another bigger than Jupiter
With their little might so giant like a star
Recognized in museums through art
Even their stories make a dog bark
Successfully they've won not only my heart.

~Ibitoye Temidire

FADING FLOWERS

They are like planes that rise and fall
Even though their stories are short
They make me to be lost in thought
That they fought for a good course in this world.

When they were at reign the country was at ease
But now they are gone the country freeze
Oh, the things they make us feel
How peaceful and wonderful was the bliss.

They are not God
But the love they gave us was a lot
When they left the country falls
But still heed the heaven's call.

When they were at reign they were like flowers
That stayed for long hours
That gave us great showers
The great things they had done were like a strong
tower.

~Dairo Kolajo

IN THEIR HONOR: A TRIBUTE TO LASTING INFLUENCE

We lift up our eyes
In the fleeting of the time
Always in our mind
To help us every time.

In solemn silence,
We gather around
To appreciate them in good ground
In our ears,
Hear their voices so loud
In our hearts
Their love is always found.

Like rustling leaves we feel their breeze
At a good time filled with ease
To appreciate them for their good deeds
And their help in time of needs.

In a precious time so vast
Helped us in needs so fast
Their love in our minds will always last
And their shadows we will never cast.

Envelopes that opened our dreams
Our success was by their keys
It unlocked the doors of needs
And forged a path of good deeds.

~Julius Oluwadarasimi

ETERNAL FLAMES

In whispered winds their names are sung
You made our lives renewed
Their hearts a fire,
A fire like no other
A flame that cannot be quenched
They are gone, but not forgotten.

No flame or stone can ever contain
Their boundless love and endless pain
Their hearts a light
A light to our path
They are gone,
But not forgotten.

They marched through pain
With endless effort and strength
They soared where eagles wouldn't dare
Made it up of endless fear
In their hearts a flame that never dies

In whispered winds their names are sung
People chant your names with happiness and joy
Both young and old can never forget what you
have done
Though it was hard to see you go
You left some impact in our souls.

~Ogundele Elizabeth

ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE

In memory's hall, where shadows roam
They are like the stars in the moonlight
They come by night and hide during the day
Though they may be gone
Their memories remain.

They are like the sun
They shine by day
And fade away by night
Though they may be no more
They still remain in our hearts.

They are a precious jewel
We wish we had never lost
They are like a ray of light
That came and blessed us with it
Though they may be gone
They remain a blessing to our lives.

The next generation may not know.
About you good deeds
But we will live to tell them what you did
Though they may be gone
They remain in our hearts.

~Oluwafemi Feyisayo

ECHOES OF IMPACT

If only we could go to the past
No one would be left behind
Cause great impact can never be forgotten
Because you had reigned well before you past.

Just like money
They are sweeter than honey
Because when there is sorrow
Your memories light our tomorrow.

Just like a drop of water
The day you came to life
Men were happy
But the day you left men were sad.

Just like a tree
With many branches
And sea with many fishes
You gave and was always happy when you do so.

~Osuma Mickel

EVERGREEN FOOTSTEPS

They are like the rain
That drizzle in our minds
They fought from morning till night Never backed
down till they won.

They are like the sun
That shines day by day
But sets in the west and shines no more
Souls gone but their spirits stay in our heart.

They left great milestones
Milestones that cannot be broken
Their heritage lingers and can never be stolen
A solemn prayer to them everyday.

They will always remain in our hearts
Resting in peace and not in pieces
Because of them we are all saved
Their footsteps shall remain evergreen.

~Oyegoke Esther

IN MEMORY'S LIGHT

In memory`s embrace we hold them tight
Those who have left and have taken flight
Their voices like music and laughter
Wishing we can still meet and stay forever after.

They shine bright in darkness
Fought and defended us when we were hopeless
Their love for us never fades nor relent
Just as the sun always rises and sets in the west.

They battled for us day and night
Just before they took flight
Their kindness to us is unconditional
Their memories will always be in our hearts.

They consoled us when we were down
Turning our frowns upside down
They may have left us
But will always be remembered by us.

Their voices still in our hearts
Even when they did depart
Their faces are so clear to us
Even when they did leave us.

They were like angels when we were together
Always thinking we will be like that forever
Even though they are no more
Their love is still just as pure.

~Oyegoke Eunice

AN ODE TO OUR UNSUNG HEROES

In life we rise
And then we fall
But we can't forget the leaders who led us all
Who almost gave up
But without a brawl.

They fought for us
Even though they were hated
But now that they are gone
They need to be celebrated
Because in this world
No one can hate them.

An ode on those who are gone
Together we are still one
With the bruises and blisters
You suffered for us
But only a brave man
Would have the gut.

They were embarrassed
They were put to shame
They saved us
By enduring the pain
With that well done
They need not be blamed.

An ode on those who are gone
In this life, all of us are one
Even from different places, we're all related
That is why it is important to be celebrated
An ode on those who are gone
None of you is hated

~Suleiman Adedeji Victor

LEGACY OF THE UNSEEN HEROES

The heroes are gone and we cry
They worked amidst all odds with all their might,
They looked sun in the face,
they fought the fight.

They kissed all pains harsh and wide,
They fought the battle, they turned the tide.
They fainted not but ran the race
May their legacy not be a waste

In deep and shadows and trials vast,
They carved their wins and names that they may
last
With stabs they carried their scars In their time
they were counted as stars.

They pride in their aches so soft,
Though they are gone, and not lost
Though time may fade and ages shift,
Their legacy is our greatest gift.

These are ones who were so rare,
In all their time they were so near
Their light remains, a guiding flame,
In every soul, in every name.

~Adebiyi Tolulope Praise

EMBERS OF INSPIRATION

Your radiant light shines.
Amidst the turmoil,
Elevating us on the relentless waves,
Transforming flying debris into a wellspring of
inspiration.

Your warmth emanates from the core of your being,
Akin to a guiding star that brightens my journey,
and ignites my path with celestial fervor.

As your stories echo near and far,
drawing all towards the genuine brilliance of your
essence,
each narrative kindles a flame of motivation
and perpetuates unwavering faith.

My heart is enkindled,
poised for exploration
and prepared to soar towards embodying luminance.

~Favour Isaiah

WHISPERS OF THOSE WHO LEFT

Gone like the wind, without forewarning,
Our hearts are torn, scattered pieces of sorrow,
A pain that time does not dull.

Relationships woven from birth,
Relationships woven from companionship,
Relationships woven for a lifetime.

Those who have gone before us,
Plucked from familiar realms,
Not by their choice, but drawn
To a distant, ethereal shore.

They leave their mark, indelible, profound,
In the quiet corners of our hearts, they dwell,
Our thoughts reach out, our cries resound,
Yet return they do not,

In stillness they rest,
In peace, free from life's burdens.

~Chinonso Nwakpuruluoma

GUIDING LIGHTS OF LEGACY

O kindred never again we hold hands,
Or hear the wonderous words unlike sinking sands,
But along the leading lighted trail,
You blazed and left behind,
We can with pace face ahead and be kind.

To all sun bright sweethearts,
In the land dead and unknown,
Who cared, lead and indeed have sown,
Your light now dims but are still very bright,
A guiding star that faced the depth of the night.

To all those heroes' past,
One of a kind and radiant in conduct,
Chinua Achebe, J.P Clark, Cyprian Ekwensi
Literary giants with honesty vast,
Washington, Nelson Mandela, Rosa Parks
With optimism but are gone so fast.

Kindred spirit who has passed this way,
Departing to leave us alone,
Years more than day,
Your influence is evermore,
As look to those who have gone before,
True works of beauty for ashes and excellence
evermore.

Your essence rings, a blessed light,
To face each opposition as kings with crude might,
Your footsteps and personality,
Echo greatness and gracefulness,
So, we wait in mercy abundance,
Till we meet after forbearance.

~Micheal Okene

IN GRATITUDE TO OUR PIONEERS

Your footsteps paved the way for me,
A path that wound through history.
Your struggles, your triumphs, your legacy,
A heritage that I am proud to see.

Your dreams, your hopes, your fears, your tears,
All shed for the future's sake.
Your sweat, your blood, your toil, your prayers,
All poured out for the generations' stake.

You cleared the land, you planted seeds,
You nurtured growth, you pruned with deeds,
You built the foundations, strong and deep,
For the structures that our lives now keep.

Your stories told, your songs sung,
Your art created, your love sprung.
You broke the mold, you paved the way,
For us to follow, come what may.

We stand on your shoulders tall and proud,
Your legacy lives on, forever avowed.
We honor your memory, your name,
And strive to make you proud, to claim.

The torch you passed, we now hold high,
And march forward, into the sky.
With every step, with every breath,
We'll make you proud, we'll make it death.

So here's to my lovely mum,
And all those who went before.
Who blazed the trail, who opened the door,
We thank you, we praise you, we adore,
Those who have gone before.

~Onyejekwe Patience

AN ODE TO LITERARY GIANTS

My heroes in Literature
You inspire my words
Your words make the big hit
All over the world

Everywhere, I see the impact,
Of your words.
All you great people
Are loved round the world

And now some are gone,
While some are not.
But that doesn't matter,
Because your words are music
To our ears.

Thank you dear poets and writers
Ken Saro-Wiwa, Wole Soyinka,
Chinua Achebe and others
For your works
And may they stick to our minds
Forever more.

~Charissa Nwanze

LEGACY OF THE PAST: A TRIBUTE

When I stand and look at the future in sight,
My heart tells me that it's going to be alright,
What a phrase, setting a pace of grace, waiting
to be faced.

An ode to those who have gone before.

The trees whistles tales of their love
Their footsteps echo in the sands,
Guiding us through distant lands.

Oh! An ode to those who have gone before.

Their impact echoes in present day,
Guiding us with wisdom on our way.
In every triumph and in every strife,
They inspire us to embrace the journey of life.
Through trials faced and battles won,
Their legacy will forever shine like the sun.
An ode to those who have gone before.

In the tapestry of memory's flight,
They shine forth like the stars of the night.
Their bravery incomparable,
Even to the heights of the sky.
In gratitude, our hearts adore those who live,
And those who have done splendour.
This is an ode to those who have gone before.

~King-David Barry Monsigia

ROOTS OF INSPIRATION: AN ODE TO OUR LITERARY GIANTS

An ode to those who started this journey,
And handed it from generation to generation.
From Chinua Achebe to Ngozi Adichie,
And now the onus is on us.

The father of Literature couldn't bear his child alone,
So he spreads his roots around the world.
And as a tree, it buds
Bearing shoot, leaves, flowers and fruits.

So let's rise as we celebrate our literary giants,
For showing us the way, the way of Literature.
This is an ode to the people,
Who began this never ending journey!

~Raphael Asonye

GIANTS OF LITERATURE: AN ODE TO OUR PIONEERS

An ode to those who have gone before,
The ones who paved the way for Literature.
Raised young authors and inspired them.
I'm talking about people Wole Soyinka, Chinua
Achebe, Elechi Amadi and others.

Through your lives have been touched people,
Motivated, not tormented.
Making ways for the brightest tomorrow,
Dropping your axes, arrows and bows.
And that is way you are known as,
'The Giants of Literature'.

We know your hard work,
Of reading when others celebrate with fireworks.
Even under the rain,
You're with your books forgetting the pains,
And being mocked on the lanes.

Till generations to come,
Your hard works shall be known.
For you have laid up stones,
After you to continue the work.
Shout out to our authors who have gone before!

~KingDavid Umoren

FREEDOM WRITERS

Sometimes I wonder,
Who made it possible for me to write freely?
I get deep in my thoughts about this same topic,
Then I realize that these sets of people are not
recognized.

From Wole Soyinka to Buchi Emechita,
All are hardly respected for their good acts.
Deeds of going before us - young authors,
To make way for our smooth passage,
Through the pathways of Literature.

Writing novels upon novels,
And poems upon poems.
Some true and some made up.
They set themselves as examples to all who come
after
Now young authors follow the set tracks,
On their way to fame.
While winning all the glory,
They forget that they came through the freedom
writers.

~Karis Amarachukwu Udoeyop

AN ODE TO THOSE WE CHERISH

They will always be in our thought,
Never forgotten by those who cared.
They will be remembered fondly,
Through memories that we shared.

For their unique earthly being,
Has left a point in our heart.
Still touched by their beautiful soul,
Even though we are so far apart.

We can close our eyes,
And then reminisce,
Perhaps there is a place you see to go?
Down the beach playing in the sand,
Or just may enjoy the picture show.

Down at the local park having fun,
Where you use to enjoy the swings,
We could still do these together,
Even though they now have their wings.

You see, they are never truly gone,
For they live inside our heart.
We take them with us everywhere,
Because we are never truly apart.

Their soul may have left their body,
But their essence has stayed with us.
All we have to do, when we need them,
Is to choose a memory, isn't that a plus?

Their presence lives on with us,
So they are never truly gone.
And they will stay as long as we need,
Till the day comes and we too will be gone.

One day we will be reunited again,
Until then, we don't have to let them go.
Just keep on enjoying these memories,
That upon us, they lovingly did bestow.

They knew we love them,
Though perhaps we didn't say.
But our action and kind words,
Meant so much to them every single day.

Goodbyes are often hard,
Yet they are never the end.
As we one day we'll cross over,
And our bodies will transcend.

Take comforting knowing this...

They will always be in our thoughts,
Never forgotten by those we cared.
They will be remembered fondly,
Through memories that we shared.

~Nkemchor E. Grace

MEMORIES THAT ENDURE

To those who have gone,
To those who have stayed,
To those who paved my way,
Who enhanced my future and made my day,
All love and care to those who were dear.

I've seen the past,
I'm in the present.
All times that we must present,
In your absence we still grief you.
Your remembrance will never fade with ease.

Yes we faced it all,
But even if you're gone are pieces will not fall.
Yes, we have a lot of memories,
Which is why you will always be part of me.

To those who have gone,
To those who will go,
We all live we love you so.
In the stars is where you'll call home,
We believe in six feet so,
That is the reason I write this ode.

The memories I have will never be released,
I hope you all rest in peace.

~Omasirichi Nwabuisi Munachisom

A TRIBUTE TO THOSE WE'VE LOST

In memory of those who've left our sight,
Their legacy live on; a guiding light.
Their footsteps silent, yet still we hear,
The echoes of their love, laughter, and tears.

Their time with us was short,
Yet so sweet.
A fleeting glimpse of joy,
A moment to greet.

May their memories be a blessing to us all,
To cherish and stand tall.
Honoring their legacies,
Holding them close; never bidding goodbye.

In silence, audible is their gentle voice,
A whispered reminder of a heartfelt choice,
To live, love, laugh, cry.
A celebration of life,
A tribute to those who've gone.

Their love remains,
A flame that burns so bright.
Our guide through the dark of night,
May their memory be a comfort, a peace that stays
A reminder of the love that never fades away.

~Uzoma Chidera

HONORING THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE

Oh! A reminder of those who have gone before,
Leaving a soft echo in my heart.
Your love and laughter linger in my loneliest moment.
Your absence leaving bitter tears.

A remembrance of the cherished moment we had,
Leaves an unfillable hole in my heart.
Your knowledge, guidance and love,
Shed light to my path.
Without them my journey is on a darkest path.

Though you have departed,
Your courage abides.
A walk back to memory lane,
Makes us undetectable.

To those who have gone before,
Your existence is felt in the chambers of my soul.
Your footprints lead my way.
Giving me firmness and stability.
An assurance of comfort through their warm
embrace.

~Agboola Oluwaseyifunmi Grace

ECHOES OF GRATITUDE: A TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE

In silent halls, where shadows softly tread,
We whisper names of those who've gone ahead.
Their echoes linger in the twilight air,
Reminding us of lives beyond compare.

With gentle hands, they shaped our present days,
Through love and toil, in countless unseen ways.
Their laughter, now a distant, cherished song,
Still guides our hearts and helps us to be strong.

They faced the storms and bore the weight of time,
Their stories etched in every mountain climb.
With courage bold, they walked through darkest night,
And paved the path that leads us to the light.

Though now they rest beneath the tranquil skies,
Their legacy lives on before our eyes.
In every smile, in every tear we shed,
We feel their presence, though their forms have fled.

So here we stand, in gratitude profound,
With every heartbeat, every sacred sound,
We honour those who've journeyed on before,
Their spirits with us, now and evermore.

~Justin Ita Effiong

AN ODE TO MY PARENTS

From the day I was born
To this day I've got great form
Because I was not stubborn.

You asked me to forget the past
Move on in life but not too fast
Since nothing is going to last.

You coached me not to stare at the sky
But stretch my wings to fly
And give it my best try.

You taught me to be simple
And respect all people
No matter their status in life's circle.

Daily I focus on a new page,
Preparing for the global stage
With no worries about my age.

Thank you my darling parents
For life's treasured lessons and presents
You lovingly colored my life with like pendants.

~Major Kimberly Boomni Ugo

A TRIBUTE TO ETERNAL SPIRITS

Oh, to those who have preceded us,
In the revered whispers of time's gentle zephyr,
Echoes linger of those,
Who once navigated these vast expanse,
Legends of yore,
Now enshrined in the sanctum of memory,
Their spirits immortal, bound by the eternal thread.

Oh, to those gone before,
Through the mists of antiquity,
Their grand narratives unfold,
An intricacy woven in threads of auric splendor,
Their absence weighs upon us,
A poignant and bittersweet symphony,
The echo of their presence,
A timeless and haunting elegy.

Oh, to those gone before,
Though they have traversed the terrestrial realm,
Their essence endures in the tales we perpetuate,
Oh, valiant souls who paved the way,
In the shadows of nocturnal darkness,
And the radiance of diurnal light.

Oh, to those gone before,
Though they have crossed the threshold of the infinite
unknown,
In our hearts,
Their imprints still resplendently shine,
Like celestial bodies that fade at the break of dawn,
Yet illuminate our path when they are gone.

So, to those gone before,
May your spirit find solace in the celestial realm above,
To guide us with wisdom and eternal, unwavering love,
To those gone before, I offer this ode,
In our hearts, you shall remain,
Forever ageless and imperishable.

Now, to those gone before,
The visionary architects of our destiny,
We raise our voices,
In solemn and harmonious unison,
Grateful for the paths, you courageously forged,
In our hearts, your flame shall forever be enshrined.

In this ode, a tribute to those gone before,
Those whom we honor, cherish, and deeply adore,
For in their footsteps,
We discover our path to the divine,
Led by their luminous guidance, come what may,
We shall stand for righteousness.

~Okoro, Kosisochukwu Miracle

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FOREBEARS

To those who once walked this earth,
Whose footsteps we now follow,
We honor your legacy and worth,
For paving the way for a brighter tomorrow.

Your stories echo through the ages,
Each lesson learned and battle won,
Leaving behind wisdom for the sages,
To carry forth until the setting sun.

We stand on your shoulders tall,
Benefiting from your sacrifice and toil.
We heed your wisdom and call,
To build a world of peace and royal soil.

Though you may no longer be here,
Your presence is felt in every heartbeat.
Your memory forever near,
A guiding light in times of defeat.

We pay homage to your legacy,
Embracing the lessons you impart.
With hearts full of gratitude and fealty,
We honor the ones who hold a special place in our
heart.

~Seyon Oluwaseun Mauton

AN ODE TO THE BEAUTIFULLY DEPARTED SOULS

In the land where shadows dance,
Whispers of the past would enhance,
Gone but not forgotten they reside,
Their spirits would then abide.

To meet with the lord they soar,
Left their footprints all aboard,
In our hearts where love remains.
Echoes of their laughter reigns.

Though they've crossed to distant lands,
In our thoughts, they firmly stand,
Like stars that light the darkest night,
Their presence shines forever bright.

What you sow is what you reap,
With threads of kindness and love they've shown,
The lord sent them to bestow,
We've sent them back as with that we owe.

So hears to those who've passed away,
In our hearts they'll always stay.

Your legacy can never fade,
For in our souls,
the scrumptious marks been made,
So rest in peace I say,
For the beloved never goes astray.

~Abel-Ajala Joshua

AN ODE TO FOREBEARS

A vast canvas is history,
filled with untold stories.
Each moment is a brushstroke,
In the grand painting of time.
The end of one phase often heralds the
beginning of another.
Loss can be a precursor to renewal.

Like an artist,
We shape our lives with colors and forms.
Fear not failure;
Courage is the true measure of an artist.
Mirrors can distort,
But art can reveal our true potential.
Life is a battlefield with unseen adversaries.

Yet, even the clumsiest painter eventually finds their style.

The journey may be winding,
but persistence is key.

New horizons are discovered,
by those willing to lose sight of the familiar.
Commitment is the engine that drives success.

~Prosper Oboh

IN MEMORY OF THE FACELESS: A TRIBUTE TO OUR HEROES

Let's begin by recalling the faceless ones,
From the midst of our mourning,
The faceless ones are grimacing,
The nameless ones are mourning.

To our past heroes,
You keep great writing memories.
To our upcoming generation,
Your literary works have served,
As great lessons and history.

To those who have gone before us,
They will always be in our thoughts.
Never forgotten by those who cared.
They will be remembered fondly,
Through memories that we shared.

Their unique earthly beings,
Have left a print in our hearts.
Still touched by their beautiful works,
Even though we never met.

~Peace Ephraim

A BEACON OF EDUCATION: CELEBRATING MARIA MONTESSORI

A pioneer legacy, shining bright.
A trailblazer spirit, forever in sight.
With methods bold and heart full of Grace,
Was Maria Montessori, who's gone before.

Dame, you believed children harbor potentials,
That my ability to learn independently,
Inspired your founding of the first Montessori School,
Borne by rare passion for learning and development.

With passion you advocated for women's rights,
Maria, O Maria, you paved a new edu-order;
Kindergarten, nay Montessori education.

Your dedication empowered women and me,
You did leave a legacy of Education,
Worldwide of monumental dimension,
Even to those who have gone before and more.

~Balm Eshiet

ECHOES OF THE PAST

In the whispering winds of memory's shore,
Where echoes of the past forever roar.
Remember those who went before,
Their legacy a light that we adore.

Your footsteps marked the paths we tread,
And in your wake, our stories spread.
Through trials and tribulations, you made a way,
For us to follow, come what may.

In every step, in every fall,
You rose again, and stand tall.
Your resilience, a beacon bright,
Illuminating darkness, banishing night.

We celebrate your lives, dear ones who've gone,
And hold dear the memories that will live on.
We cherish the legacy you've left with us,
Never to be forgotten, never to be lost.

~Daniel Nwabeke

THREADS OF LEGACY: EMBRACING THE PAST

Beyond the veil,
where stars now gleam,
Those souls who walked this path before,
Their whispered wisdom fills a dream,
A guiding light on life's rough shore.

In laughter's echo,
lessons learned,
In falling rain,
a gentle hand,

Their strength,
a legacy unearned,
A compass spun across the land.
Though unseen threads may softly break,
The tapestry of life remains,
We rise upon their shoulders' wake,
Their spirit flows through sun and rain.

~Ayodele Oluwadara Dorcas

GUIDING LIGHTS: HONORING YOUR HEROIC LEGACY

Due to your heroic actions, we hold you tight,
You paved a way for us even through the night
You lived a graceful legacy
That's what we embrace now
And will never be forgotten

We wake up everyday hearing your stories
The glories you achieved that made you legends
Your dreams became a beacon of hope
Guiding us through the rough slope of life
And made us strive

Your memories fly high
As we strive to reach the sky
Your legacy shines so bright
It makes us take the flight to success
As your memories live on

You made it rain happiness,
And washed away our pain.
Though you may not be with us physically,
Your memories are with us mentally,
And you will forever be honored.

~Isioma Osagie

ETERNAL MELODIES

Here we are,
Here you were,
We made melodies,
We made memories,
Laugh and excitement lightened,
Every moment we had together.

Your presence brought life,
Your presence brought light.
Little did we know,
Lesser would we see,
We were myopic about the voyage called life.

We were ignorant,
That nothing lasts forever,
Not even the most beautiful of flowers.
Times changed,
The bright sky becomes dark,
Sweet dreams become nightmares.

Melodies become stories,
Stories become memories,
Memories of the sweet,
Sour and the salty taste of the time we shared together,
Regrets and tears filled our faces.

We looked up to the sky for light,
Once again light comes.
Laughter and excitement revisited,
Memories and melodies communized with us.

We won't cry anymore,
We can't weep anymore,
Indeed you were here,
Indeed you are here.

You have only one before us,
To create a better place in a greater space.
For our sweetest melodies and memories,
You never left.

~Adedapo Blessing

I AM BLACK

I am Black,
I am the light of my continent.
I am the hope and dream of the African.
I am the pride and future of my land.

I am black,
I am a black hole sucking in the wisdom
Of my ancestors.
I am the glory of the desert voyagers.
I am the sweat and blood of the slave.

I am black,
I am there when you close your eyes.
I am every color mixed.
I am a phoenix rising from the ashes.
I am dusk and I am dawn

I am black,
I am an oil well leaking,
And flowing from my black heritage.
I am a yam sprout twinning,
And towering to the zenith of the universe.

I am a groundnut pyramid,
Balanced in history and time.
I am a cocoa tree,
Manifesting the true black beauty.

I am black,
I am not your enemy,
I am just a fighter.
,I am not the darkness,
I am just undeniably black,
I am not lost,
I am simply taking the black route.
I am the image of the Lord.
I am black,
I am black,
I am BLACK.

~Nnaedoziem J. Ogu-Akwiwu

IN REMEMBRANCE OF IMPACT

An Ode, an appreciation, a mission.
A song of integrity, a testimony,
About those who once lived,
And worked to make an impact.

Not with a minus but an addition,
To our environment to our lives.
To our world,
A memory to be remembered,
Something to be spoken of,
Though they've gone to meet mother earth.

~Mitchell Ihua-Maduenyi

ODE TO REV (DR.) PAUL OGECHUKWU AKAZUE

Oh, Grandfather, my beloved Grandfather,
How wonderful you were to me.

Oh, your strong arms,
That from rains sheltered me.
And your friendly fingers,
That wiped away my tears of pain,
And how you told us stories of fame.

Your stories filled our hearts with glee,
For with thee we found no misery.
Yes! A worthy father you have proven to be,
Though your absence we feel,
Yet your presence will always be.
The smiles you made and the gifts you gave,
Have all contributed in making you a sage.

A preacher per excellence,
A teacher of inestimable eloquence.
Your decisions came with great sagacity,
As you pursued your dreams with intent tenacity.
Yes! You inspired your generation!
Today, we think of you with admiration.

~Chidiebere Frank Nnamdi

A HEARTFELT GOODBYE

It's okay to miss you,
Okay to cry.
Just know I'll never forget you,
This isn't a permanent goodbye.

Sometimes I sit and wonder,
If you are standing by my side.
Giving me the courage,
To carry on with pride.

I'll hold onto our memories,
Until this life is done.
In my heart is where I'll store them,
Where we can be as one.

~Okunuga Adeoye

LEGACY OF LIGHT

In memory's embrace we hold them tight,
Those who departed shining with celestial light,
Their legacy lives on a guiding star in the night,
Illuminating paths for us to take flight.

Their laughter echoes still a joyous refrain,
Whispers of wisdom forever remain,
Though they may be gone their love stays near,
Warming our hearts dispelling every fear.

In dreams we see them smiling and free,
A glimpse of eternity for you and me,
Their spirit soars on a majestic flight,
Inspiring us still with all their might.

Let us honor their memory with every breath,
Embracing the love that they shared with death,
For in our hearts their legacy will stay,
A beacon of hope to light our way.

~Victoria George

ECHOES OF ABSENCE

Gone like the wind,
Without forewarning,
Our hearts are torn,
Scattered pieces of sorrow,
A pain that time does not dull.

Relationships woven from birth,
Relationships woven from companionship,
Relationships woven for a lifetime.

Those who have gone before us,
Plucked from familiar realms,
Not by their choice,
But drawn To a distant ethereal shore.

They leave their mark, indelible, profound,
In the quiet corners of our hearts, they dwell,
Our thoughts reach out, our cries resound,
Yet return they do not,

In stillness they rest,
In peace, free from life's burdens.

~Chinonso Nwakpuruloma

ILLUMINATED JOURNEYS: A TRIBUTE TO YOUR LIGHT

Your radiant light shines amidst the turmoil,
Elevating us on the relentless waves,
Transforming flying debris into a wellspring of
inspiration.

Your warmth emanates from the core of your being,
Akin to a guiding star that brightens my journey,
And ignites my path with celestial fervor.

As your stories echo near and far,
Drawing all towards the genuine brilliance of your
essence,
Each narrative kindles a flame of motivation and
perpetuates unwavering faith.

My heart is enkindled,
Poised for exploration and
Prepared to soar towards embodying luminance.

~Favour Isaiah

ECHOES OF VALOR: A TRIBUTE TO OUR HEROES

In seasons gone by, then
Legends lie,
The heroes are gone and we cry
They worked amidst all odds with all their might,
They looked sun in the face, they fought the fight.

They kissed all pains harsh and wide,
They fought the battle, they turned the tide.
They fainted not but ran the race,
May their legacy not be a waste.

In deep and shadows and trials vast,
They carved their wins and names that they may last.
With stabs they carried their scars In their time they,
were counted as stars.

They pride in their aches so soft,
Though they are gone, and not lost,
Though time may fade and ages shift,
Their legacy is our greatest gift..

These are ones who were so rare,
In all their time they were so near.
Their light remains, a guiding flame,
In every soul, in every name.

~Adebisi Tolulope Praise

FEARS OR FIERCE

Being talked down on is normal,
It's like you have nothing to lose.
Wanting to get into a normal relationship,
With normal people and have normal conversation,
But I tend to lose all these when I am talked down on.

Nothing has really changed,
It's just people who have changed.
It's a thing to be scared,
And it's another to be bold and courageous.
You are a lion in the jungle,
And a conqueror in the midst of trouble.

Being scared that you would be talked down on,
Can only make things worse.
Be bold and reject the feeling of being talked down
on can make things better.
Your fears can make you Fierce,
Once you have an awesome dream of yourself.

~Iyaye Ibiereminibo

MY HEARTFELT EXPRESSION

I recalled the stance of the mighty,
With a fierce and bold style of personality.

Ever here of giant Eneotu Ayituk?
Who altered skyline tremendously,
His light shines too bright to be eclipsed by the night,
As it impacted my life's trajectory.

And he stands in height,
As a beacon of wisdom, and a guiding light.
His strides echo through my heart's path,
And makes it bright.

It perpetuated achievements which glorified in stars,
Unleashing the testament to his relentless power.

A philanthropist whose tales never die,
Because I was taught to believe in my abilities,
Which turned my dreams into reality.

This spark has ignited my personality,
Plugging in for a gleaming grin at what lies ahead.

This giantic stride has created a poetry
Which speaks truthfully, authentically and uniquely.

~Confidence Isaiah

ODE TO THE FORERUNNERS

You wiped the blood,
From your boots,
Then turn back to your roots.

You came and conquered,
Braved the war front called,
Mother earth as conquerors.

You were silent in the everyday battles,
That beguiled you,
And made a smoother path for,
Those of us coming behind.

Ode to the fore runners,
Who were used as experiments,
Achieving the now medical success.

Your battles became your inspiration,
Inspiring you in becoming more resilient,
About your winnings.

ODE to the warriors who had seen,
And conquered, the brave souls,
We long to be like the yester ones
We are so proud of.

Your achievements are one of a kind,
Oh, we hail thee our precious forerunners,
ODE to you , who have gone before.

~Akindele Anjolaoluwa Emmanuella

GRANDPA'S LEGACY

I am so sad you have died,
It's so hard to say goodbye.
All the moments that we shared,
Now you're gone, I'm so despaired.

You were honest, never lied,
In your wisdom, we all relied.
Your love and laughter, warm and bright,
Are memories that light the night.

Though you've left, your spirit stays,
Guiding us through all our days.
In our hearts, you'll always be,
Grandpa, you mean the world to me.

~Raymond Idachaba Ojocheb

MY FIRST ROBBERY EXPERIENCE (SHORT STORY)

It was all like a movie scene. Screams filled the air. I have heard of robbery cases but that day, I never knew that anything like that would happen to me. It was a cold, dark night at my house. Bats flew around in the dark scary sky. Little did I know that it was going to be a night that I would never forget.

In the cold night, my brother was sleeping peacefully while I was in my room playing my fortnight game on my PS5 while taking a sip of cranberry juice like I had not tasted it before. In a way, I felt both confused and scared without knowing why. But all I thought about was my fortnight game. I was so interested in the game and I thought I could stay up the whole night. Hunger crept in and was about to ruin my plans for the night. I briskly walked down the stairs to get some of the pastries my mom baked for me. I was craving cupcakes. Then suddenly, a light beam of torch deflected from a mirror and flashed brightly on my tired face which made me drop my delicious cupcake.

Overwhelmed with curiosity, I opened my front door to check who made me ruin my cupcake. As I strained my eyes, I saw a shadow of someone behind my dad's car. I then moved closer and closer. My heart was pounding very fast like the rhythm of a drum. Sweat flowed down my cheeks as if a river was overflowing and there was a lump in my throat that seemed not to go away. I was so scared that I was shivering as if I have been in a freezer for three days. Then, I saw a man jumping at me. He was pointing a gun directly at my head that was already full of confusion.

Confused, I ran to our barn like a mad man out of control and in the process, the worst thing happened to me – I stepped on a pig's poop. I called my dad but the thief grabbed my wrist and pulled me toward the gate. I tried to scream but he covered my mouth as I was looking around trying to know how I got myself into such a mess. I saw a stack of money from my dad's car and some of my dad's precious items in his hands. 'Who could do this?' I muttered. Just in the nick of time, my dad drove into the compound with loads of policemen.

I got freed and the police revealed the man that let fear possess me to be my dad's friend. He was arrested. I then promised myself that I would never stay up late at night whether for games or for snacks. I got back to my room, quietly turned off my gadgets, climbed the bed, and embarked on a sweet sleep as if nothing had happened.

~Enoima-Abasi Anthony Udoh,
Year 7, CDMIS.



Tobi is founder and lead trainer at the Big's Odyssey International; a social enterprise that offers Knowledge Enhancement Services and Solutions for young people and women. She takes great interest in equipping them with necessary soft skills that will help them achieve the lives and careers of their dreams. She is an ardent believer in the power of positive thinking and believes that if you can dream it, you can be it.

