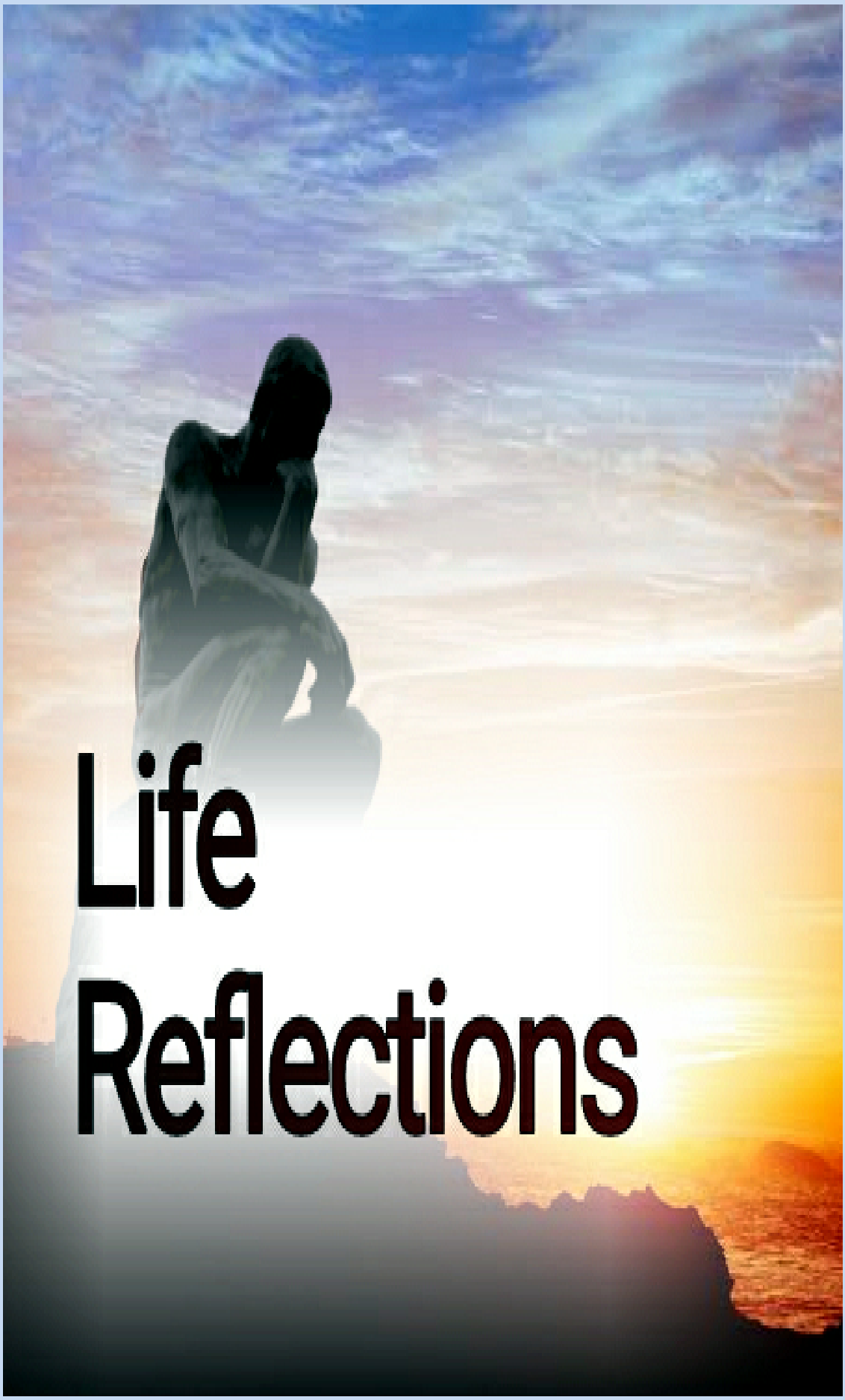

Life
Reflections

Life Reflections.

An Anthology.

Compiled by
Korede Raphael Akarakiri.

DEDICATION

To lovers of arts.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

All thanks to God, the benevolent giver of life and hope. I also thank the team of budding poets who contributed their works to the success of portraying "Life Reflections" and I believe that this is just the starting points of our wins because I'm optimistic that greater works of imaginations are coming from you all. From Blackwood who took the up the dream with great optimism to Fiyin Rytes, Tommy, Meshach, Grace Ayeni, Kayobola, Mariposa, Joy, Ezzy, Ifeoluwa.

Thank you Melody Samuel for helping with some of the reviews and Sanyaolu Inioluwa for helping in editing the works.

Thank you my best friend - Teminijesu for the moral support.

Finally, to where I was bred, watered and loved, thank you the Akarakiris.

FOREWORD

Morning shows the day. Life Reflections presents to the world a clan of germinating poets gradually coming into blossom. The established elderly poets are assured of the continuity of their genre as evidenced by the diction, the expressions and the styles employed in the poems. These underscore the individual creative strength of the writers. Eight of the enterprising poetic dectet that wrote the poems are first year undergraduates while the balance are second year undergraduates.

Poems in this book include the narrative, the dramatic and the lyrical. A reader of these poems will be entertained with a variety of literary aesthetics.

Watered, a shaped metaphorical sestet, has a shape that indicates the zigzag movement of the watering can when pouring water on plants. The fourth stanza of The Nigeria I Dream of quickly reminds one of Gbemisola Adeoti's Ambush. The last two lines of the stanza nail it. Quintus Horatius Flaccus (Horace) once said that "a picture is a poem without words." This statement comes alive in Their Happiness, a poem that was developed from the plain picture of a little boy.

There is a trace of the literary concept of leitmotif as one reads Immune to Impotence. If you have read The Proud King by William Morris, you will greatly appreciate this dramatic monologue. For a taste of delightful metaphors, If I is on the stand.

In an Evil World and Hanky Panky revolve round social vices. She gazed at them one by one, State of Mind and Pages of my Heart take readers to the world of rhyme. Schoolophobia showcases a mixture of end stopped lines and enjabements

Poems in this book are for constructive thoughts, enjoyment and scholarship.

Tunde Ola Sanyaolu

Tunde Ola Sanyaolu is a teacher of many parts, an academic mentor who has received commendations and won many awards. He is a recipient of the President's Award of Excellence which is a national award for the best teachers and school administrators in Nigeria. He is the coordinator of ANCOPSS literary events and competitions in Ifo LGA of Ogun State. He is a member of NATRESL and an executive member of ELTAN, Ogun State Chapter. He is a poet, an author and a researcher.

POETS BIO

ADENIYI Caleb (Blackwood)

Adeniyi Caleb, the host for the outwardly essence of poetic lyrical brilliance, Blackwood, a great poet in the making, a man with no equal.

AKARAKIRI Kore Raphael.

When a light was urgently needed on earth, a boy had to be sent out of heaven with all the riches standing by.
His name is Olukorede Raphael AKARAKIRI, sent into a millennium city of Akure in Ondo state. Arrived on an amazing Tuesday in one January
A single young chap whose passion for impacting lives is second to none and this he has achieved and still achieving through his write ups. A free mind personality who loves adventures and loved by his father for more feats.
Also, a student of English in the prestigious Obefemi Awolowo University.
I am a Christian and I love my God.
I love my family and their love has always been a great anchor. A family of five in all. An elder brother and an amazing little sister. Dad calls me courage with passion.
I believe in love and people who carry hearts of Gold and beauty..

ANDE Joy Oluwakemi.

Ande Joy Oluwakemi born on August 30, is a young lady with a positive mindset who seeks to influence the world through her write-ups: poems, prose and whatnot. She loves abstract properties and subjects, writing, literature. She has a strong passion for journalism and enjoys singing and watching movies at leisure.
She has three siblings and two wonderful parents. She is currently in her first year , studying English language at Obafemi Awolowo University

AYENI Grace Opeyemi.

She wasn't born with the rumbling of thunder or the quaking of the earth.
There was no announcement that a being with fire such as hers would walk the earth but with time,
She simply could not go unnoticed, the passionate words that sprung from within her beckoned to all, brought the mighty to their knees and the immovable to tears.
Everyone had to look back and in awe keep in mind, such a great figure was gifted to them on a day they now revered.
On the fourth day in December of the year two thousand and three, Ayeni Opeyemi Grace was born.

BABATOPE Adedoyin Fiyinfoluwa.

Adedoyin Fiyinfoluwa is a young poet who seeks to use Poetry to pour out her inner feelings . She studies Literature in English at Obafemi Awolowo University (OAU)
She has written a lot of poems which revolves around every aspect of life . She also tries to use her poems as a weapon of change for the world and motivation for

everyone .

ODOH Meshach Adakole

The Earth was too calm and gentle that it became boring, God had no choice but to dump the troublesome and funny boy on them but while coming on the 10th of December had to see Gabriel to get a talent of his song but he was busy. I couldn't fight a war, so I bother not to go to Michael, just met Solomon who gave me his Talent and I came down to use it for my fellow humans .
I believe in happiness and laughing.
So I heart everyone Ÿ

OLUKULUJO Kayobola Ezekiel.

When the world was in need of a helper a boy was sent to occupy the open space. His name is Olukulujo Kayobola Ezekiel. Osun State. He is the first and only son of the family.
An intellect and a public speaker, student of Obafemi Awolowo University, English Department.
As far as I know, education for me is never a scam but a step in getting things done and only the strong can do it.

SANYAOLU Inioluwa Oladunni (Mariposa)

Like the free passage of the vowel
She came from the womb singing noel
Another Hadassah but from the Rock City
Abeokuta, a city of historical authenticity

In an early year of this millennium
On the tenth day of the eight month, a consortium
Of all the Earth shouted "Hallelu"
To welcome Inioluwa Oladunni Sanyaolu

Knowledge-seeking her pastime
The literary world her rhyme
Seeking knowledge her work
The United Nations her network

Humble and ever ready to learn
The wrong learnings ready to unlearn
Supported by an amazing family
Doing their own things prettily

The Poems.

Stretch Out. Kore Akarakiri

Hear here and listen,
To the little glories crying,
Wailing and smiling,
For all they cherish is a fadin,
Dropped from the pocket of that virgin.

Birds have great clothes to wear,
Glories have nothing here,
Mothers wailing for they can't care,
For we have a lioness who takes our share,
All around we see it but none to call our pearl.

Here hear and listen,
You have something there,
To give to show you care,
In the master's hands we are all pearls,
Step down, bring up and make peers.

Watered. Kore Akarakiri

Watered I am by her,
From the foetus which I was,
Her blood and water comforts me

The man which I am,
Her nights and love are my fort,
Watered I am by her.

Little Acts, Big Echoes Kore Akarakiri

Little acts big echo,
Mum calls Moremi an idiot,
That's a bad language we all know,
But it's just a norm we all say,
Mum is big so we all keep mute.

Tiny acts malignant results,
Unpaid school fees paid Aso ebi,
Nicest apparels tattered kid cloths,
It's the way they dress they'll be addressed they tell us,
Little acts big echoes.

Momma loves partying more than cooking,
Daddy loves drinking more than praying,
That's real life they both say,
We agree to them we feeling good,
Little acts big echoes.

Little acts big echoes,
We all in the living room,
Mum farts unapologetically,
She's big we all know and act
Like it never happened.

Father cares for zero at home,
Zero maintenance cultures,
Mercedes body parts so rough like jalopy,
Cell phone all broken,
Cloth and shoes all rough and bad,
Not old but carelessly used,
We face off too,
Little acts big echoes.

We (the kids) see them all but face off,
All getting saved to our minds,
Like it's one of those things,
All to play out when we too have kids,
Because we ignored the messages in those mess.

A break to this jinx,
Daddy mummy check these things,
Show much love not these things,
No one is perfect but let's try,
The result to these things we tag
Generational curse,
I call it mindset curse virus.

Learn the mess in those messages dear Young fellow,
Never get them to your children,
Shun them when you know it's wrong,
If you can't change these old people,
Look out for a better and trusted example,
Bible gives it, church folk enables it,
Get them and copy them,
Remember,
a better and trusted examplary adult I say.

The Nigeria I Dream of Kore Akarakiri.

N:
Born in the heart of Africa,
But I am tired of this heart's misfortunes,
Will getting out of this heart solve this issue?
Is my being born in this heart a mistake?

I:
The Giant of Africa where all
Irregularities are formed and found,
Poor mother crying for her kids,
Who shall console her?

G:
Their fathers swinging in wealth,
For he is as a bat that flies in the day,
Mother cries for lack of hope,
The eagle mourning over the eaglet,
For the eaglets' eyes have gotten so dimmed.

E:
Our GIANT we all look down on,
Everyone looking at HER wounds moving on,
Zero good Samaritan able and strong,
The weak shepherds with blur minds,
All moving on like all the best is on,
They all rule our GIANT with the whip so strong,
The whips we tend to endure moving on,
Till a Messiah came with scorpions and adders,
All to double all pains all wrong.

R:
Everyone on the rail on the race,
All trying to get out of this train,
For her misfortunes make hearts bleed,
But if we all get out of this train,
Who shall drive this TRAIN to HER destination?
The light at the end of this tunnel,
Never seem to come in a tweak.

I:
We all have to raise our heads,
Fixing our gaze at the fiery serpent,
While looking off the serpent that strikes,
Looking up to a better light,
One day, a day at a time will come,
When we will all sing the victorious song
Of FREEDOM, PEACE and UNITY in diversity.

A:
I have a dream,
Where our home of peace will be real,
Where our black soil will yield her hundreds,
And our eagle will soar higher with regal,
Our horses will ride in strength and wealth,
Our rivers will flow with honour and virtues.

Strength Agent. Kore Akarakiri

Oh! inexpressible Passion,
Uniqueness without lorn,
Cosy with pleasure,
Like the beauty of a glowing summer morn.

Bright arrays of love shines from the eyes,
Connecting with the bright mind,
Beholding as precious than a diamond,
Brightening up a beautiful heart.

Nice strength without measure,
Fixing all gaze at chasing thousands,
With all naturalness like the heavens.

Time. Grace Ayeni

Time is the bridge between what was and what will be,
And I am now nearing its end.
All through my life I constructed shaky pillars to hold me,
Doing all I could to evade an untimely death.

I've succeeded I suppose,
And now I face my old foe.
No longer does he strike a menacing pose,
I've accepted his inevitability as so.

Yet I wonder if it was worth it,
Evading life to evade death.
Staying alive but not living,
Dying with a sack full of regret.

Time is a bridge between what was,
And what will be.
A bridge I wish I had crossed,
Looking out for someone who wasn't me.

What Happens? Grace Ayeni.

What happens when the roses aren't red,
And the violets aren't blue?
Does the love go dead?
Do the passions fall through?

What happens when the roses aren't red,
And the violets aren't blue?
Do all the moments we have shared,
Fade as the colors do?

What happens when the roses aren't red,
And the violets aren't blue?
Do the sweet words you once said,
Become words which are untrue?

As these questions fill my head,
I think only of you.
And I hope the roses stay red,
And the violets a constant blue.

Your Words Grace Ayeni.

I find it difficult to refrain
from passing judgment on every word
that proceeds from your mouth.

I try not to, believe me.

But they quicken a fire within me
that is nearly impossible to put to sleep.

They stir questions
That usually have no answers,
And those that do have answers,
have answers that are unwelcome.

Answers that I reject,
Spirit, body, and soul,
I am repelled.

And so I find,
with no where else to turn to
at the anger I feel
at the lack of welcome answers,
I find that I cannot help
but judge each word you utter.

I pick them apart piece by piece
till I have fully, absolutely
and with no doubt at all
convinced myself that your words
are unworthy to stir questions of any kind.
That there is no meaning
or emotion or thought behind those words.
I make them dead to me.
Placidity is better than deadness.

All That Remained Grace Ayeni.

She gazed at them one by one,
Eyes glittering.
Then she hung them up when she was done,
A tear or two lingering.

I didn't understand her attachment,
Until she explained.
They were more than images on parchment,
They were all that remained.

There were several things she had lost,
And for them she had grieved.
But in one place she found comfort,
The residues of the life she had lived.

They had hung up there for years,
Telling stories of times gone past.
Captured moments of smiles and tears,
Frozen, able to last.

His Own Grace Ayeni.

In the bleak emptiness of his world,
She was the only good thing he could call his own.
In the dark abyss that was his soul,
She was the single solitary light that shone.

Brightly.... Blindingly,
Illuminating the corners he usually hid.
Yet her luminescence did not make him feel exposed,
He did not feel like his darkness had been revealed.

He felt accepted,
He felt loved.
He felt sheltered,
He felt enough.

Hue Inioluwa Sanyaolu

Jolly I am when I spot you;
Thy shades make me glad.
Staring at fireworks;
Oh! What a kaleidoscopic array!

You illustrate life
With your denotations;
Thy motivation
I hold in my sleep.

You make me radiant
Anywhere I go,
The planet is like a rainbow
Putting on a prepossessing display!

Home Inioluwa Sanyaolu

My Africa!
Terra firma of the Afri,
Matriarch of homo sapiens,
Opulent in ancestry
And ethnic inclusiveness.
Amplitude of natural resources.
My Africa!

Africa!
The domain of conquering heroes;
Empire of paladins;
And the realm of white hats;
That's my home,
Africa.

Africa!
Terra firma of sweetness
And flowing with milk
Locale of tranquillity
And axis of juveniles inventiveness.

Africa,
The Black Coast,
I call thee home
But past these marvellous attractiveness,
There is more to you than meets the eye.

The nations have been affected
With penury
Which has made the inhabitants ravenous.
Leaders who are dishonest
With their administrations
Leave us behind with vacant promises.

Youngsters with resplendent creativity
Blossom in illiteracy.
A terra firma that carries
All diversions of difficulties;
Yet your creations
Stand powerful.

Africa!
My Africa!
My home!
Full of Achilles
Who are lions.
Realm of paladins.
My home,
Africa.

Their Happiness Inioluwa Sanyaolu

Buoyant tellurians,
Barely ever whimper,
Gamboling with others
With a beam.

Frolicsome mortals;
Effervescent earthlings;
They are never pugnacious
Neither are they belligerent.

Frisking in methodology,
Less superintendence
Of the facade globe.
Untroubled human kind!

Solace Joy Ande

Wallowing in calmness,
like the serenity of a dimly lit free hallway,
fresh as morning dew or
the first rain at the crack of dawn
Refreshing as the air after rainfall

It revels in liss
like colts set free on the morrow
It stands, testing it's interval
whether it be to fade soon or
to call one's own

Journeying through empathy,
it relishes the present
commanding succor to inspire
and pain to blin,
feeling like what forever should be.

Immune to Impotence Joy Ande

Me?, not me, I can't die
Death?, he knows I'm powerful
He can't touch me
I'd just bribe him lots if he tries

Me?, I can't be powerless,
I'll always have that spark at my fingertips,
to command all to do my bidding
castigating those who try to challenge me.

Me?, I think you're mistaken
I can never be poor
Call poverty and she'll tell you
that I give her chills.

Me?, you're hilarious
I can never be anguished
I have a body made of a thousand platinum armours
Pain will be too scared to come near.

And such, the vain words of perverse fellows
Who all but know that all can tumble down,
Keeping them where not even power can save them.

My Existence Caleb Adeniyi

”To me, my existence is a cause of Mystery
And unravelling it would cause great misery”
Such are the words inscribed on my very being
Words that to me, seem to have no meaning
For I know not on whom, such fate shall befall
Either me or the other, who shall answer the call
That even the heavens consider unspeakable

Dealt a cruel hand by fate
I stare down at any empty plate
Knowing that the pangs in my belly are not of hunger
But a painful threat to any hope that may linger
By the bottomless chasm that ever widens
Bringing with it a horde of dreadful things
That even the heavens consider unspeakable

State of Mind¹ Caleb Adeniyi

It's getting really cold and lonely in this mansion of mine.
It feels like I'm getting really close to the end of the line
I don't know what to expect after I cross the threshold.
But I know that i don't deserve to walk on streets of gold
But I'd give anything not to go back to that cell
I've already served my sentence, I've lived my hell
I don't deserve to be punished with eternal damnation.
'Cause even after I'm dead, my soul still seeks redemption.

State of Mind² Caleb Adeniyi

I can't help but wonder if we'll somehow make it,
If we'll finally find happiness and manage to take it.
If it would all be worth the pain eventually
If freedom would one day become our reality
If the love we'll find will heal the scars left by the pain
If the world we know would change or remain the same

I can't help but wonder if we chose the right path
If the road we walk on would lead us apart
If we'll one day get to where we are headed
If we'll try only to stop at a dead end
If we'll ever get to see the light at the end of the tunnel
If all along we've always been heading down to hell

Lady Luck. Caleb Adeniyi

She's a fleeting image in the distance
That appears and vanishes in an instant
You'll catch a whiff and then she's gone
And no one knows when she'll return
Lady luck - a warm blanket on freezing nights
Lady luck - the extra wins in a spoilt child rights
Some toil all day, others toy all day
Lady luck visits all in the same way
Lady luck's chosen is fortune's favoured
She could sit with the poor, those who labour
Or lie with those so well off that they lay bored
She that all men long for, had a taste and still want more
Some will be rewarded others will be disappointed

The Pulpit Caleb Adeniyi

Practice what you teach.
Practice what you preach.

You have a soul that is yet to be delivered.
But you shout and claim you are a believer.

You claim you are righteous and holy.
But your eyes are blinded by your own folly.

Let the words out of your mouth be only of truth.
Or you might live to regret it after your youth.

You teach love yet you despise your neighbour.
You preach equality but yet you favour.

Do not promise what you cannot deliver
Do not aim at a target that is too far.

Your shouts and your fakes are all for shows.
The end for you is full of nothing but woes.

You make shows to deceive your congregation.
You lot is that of pain and eternal damnation.

Nigeria. Ifeoluwa Adebayo.

Nigeria, a great land,
which rests in the heart of West Africa.

A land that flows with milk and honey,
but now suffering from scarcity.

In the days,
thou had heroes,
which made you overcome your throes.

You were once a giant,
but now tiny like the ant,
looking for survival,
thou need a revival.

You are blessed with resources,
but manipulated by forces.

Wasn't she the pride of Africa?
That once posed as a threat to America?

She was a lion,
that ruled the land with the rod
Many leaders had come and gone,
but God kept us as one.

She is wailing,
who will save her from the shackles of pain?

Though blessed with great brains,
but many wasted in the drain.

Poverty is filled to the brim,
with shattered hopes and dream.

Who will save Her?
Who will rescue Her?
Who will help her?
Let's rise for the great land,
which is Nigeria, our Homeland

In an Evil World Ifeoluwa Adebayo

In an evil world,
fed with lies and hatred,
flames of distrust engulfs the earth.
Instruments of death on the loose,
heaven cries for the innocent.

In an evil world,
mischevious faces appear,
conscience is lost,
for their heart is stony.
Evil intention in the brain.
Flowers are murdered coldly.

In an evil world,
faces smile like angels,
but clothed with evil.
Wickedness is meritorious,
Tis filled to the brim,
for the righteous is isolated.
Who will save us?
Who will release them from the shackles of the evil world???

HanKY-PANky Taiwo Akorede

See ye the beautiful Sodom,
It has been built alongside a novel Gomorrah;
A place for all is made,
The wise left his wisdom to live there,
The foolish walk there for here is his home,
The earthen run into it and life they think they obtain.
-
For morals are nothing,
Ethos is dead,
Free love is made free,
Lust is ruled,
Facts of life is discussed and manipulated,
Many be they that buy and sell;
Body and soul,
For what?
Oh for nothing but pleasure!
-
Father I saw you pray for them there,
Holies you're not found wanting there!
Favor they go into,
Mercy conquered them,
And the bed is made sinful!
-
Ha! See the gang on a bang;
One to many,
Many to one,
All in all, one in all!
They are in the sack!
-
See them go into romp!
A contract is signed;
Just tonight and no more shall we come to screw!
Let's just slap and tackle, the young ones say!
This is one-night stand!
-
See men go in unto themselves,
See lasses getting to their climax with one another,
For hands and object of night worship it be!
When shall all come out of Sodom?
When shall their soul be delivered from Gomorrah?

-
APPLE DUMPLIN’ SHOP of the young lasses is become a dustbin!
Shall this generation pass moral to the other?
Are men not seeing BLANKET HORNPIPE as an evil?
Is God bad for introducing it?
See the burning fire of lust in them!

The Road of Life Taiwo Akorede

Take a step after the other,
Like millipede, walk ye,
Easy it is to marry to the ground,
For the land is made of okro.
The air hears the frustrated voices
of they that tread this road,
Their grievances the land sympathizes,
Like one of the poorly-dressed converts they look,
Shake and move to the sharp-toothed talking drum,
a taboo to them.

"When shall we be women again" asks one from other,
Melodious songs of sorrow their mouth project,
The tiny sound of drums, they move to,
When shall the rag robes of disgrace be off?
Memories of early days, in their head it be,
A good time with their loved ones they wished for again,
Is this time ever gone?
Will they weep and sorrow till ever?
Humiliated they are,
Persecuted like he that burns his father's house they are,
A thousand offenses they have committed,
Oh murderers they are!
Is there no life on this road?
Is death to blame or the loved ones?
Is life a main factor?
Oh, the narrow, lonely, road of life;
A road for widows!

Schoolophobia Kayobola Olukulujo

How I woke up on an early morning,
To see the beautiful birds
Singing side by side through the window
Happy I was until the mention of school.

Oh! How I wish I was not born into this world
Oh! How I wish I had the power to go back to space
But all in my abode in this world of no mercy
A place of forceful armies.

Holy art thou! To listen to the teacher teaching
But the sound of an assignment brings more depression and pain to my soul
No time to play

How I love to be reborn into a new world
Where I would be free.

Pages of My Heart Meshach Odoh

When did my feelings get so deep?
Why did they take that big long leap?
Going from friend to crush,
What a rush,

And I don't think she knows.

Since when did her smile make me go weak?
Since when did her tears make mine start to leak?
Why does this happen when I'm always so strong?
When people called me Superman I guess they were wrong,

And I don't think she knows.

When she talks I can't help but watch her lips,
To notice their shape and curves when they dip.
Wait, why am I looking? I don't even know.
And I can't help but wonder if she even knows.

Her beautiful eyes are nothing like ours.
They're so deep and bright; you'd believe they were stars
They pour forth emotions in raging rivers.
They could make even me believe that love always delivers,

And still she has no idea.

Her body is perfection, though she denies it.
It makes my head spin with every glance I give.
She could put any man under her spell,
But she doesn't know how I feel, and I don't think I'll tell.

I love how she looks and who she is
And how she makes me feel like this.
I love how she's beautiful and smart with a heart so strong,
And how she lives every day like nothing could go wrong.

Still she hasn't got a clue.

Now we're miles apart,

Distance has taken more than it has given,

Now I'm hanging in here pained and broken.
I only wish I could've held her hand and said a proper goodbye,
With a trill in our hearts and a spark that can never go by.

But then,

I'm here in the dark thinking.
Wishing I've done and said all I've felt.

Wishing I could be with you again. Always!

Life's Battle Fiyinfoluwa Babatope

We are warriors
Combating fiercely with existence
We love and hate life
For today's pleasure
And its later pangs
Ticking like a clock
Hung on our forefather's wall
We gulp down death
On our kneels, happily
Yet, we plead with health to live with us
We march forth swiftly
Like battalions in war front
We are warriors
Battling against the lifeless life .

If I Fiyinfoluwa Babatope

If I become blind
I will still see
The comeliness of the fire
That burns inside papers
If I lose my memory
I will always recall
The thin toothed cane
Which emits deep feelings
Out of living dead
And If I ever lose my liberty
Like the inmates ,
Because of the frozen-fire I puff out
I will forever giggle
In fetters of bookly bondage.

Calm Me Not **Fiyinfoluwa Babatope**

Calm me not,
So I may behold
The perky eyeblink you showed me beneath the circle
You said it would be good
While we rend our apparels in anguish
Holding our heads in our feeble hands
Which grew shorter more and more
By bloody wars
Just to trail and tail despot drivers
Until we became lepers.
Calm me not ,
So , I may sprinkle
Our raging tears
Which soaks into our souls on a gigantic tray .
Allow me pour our griefs and sorrows
Inside these drivers' wine
To become toxins for them
And our acidic tears , on their bodies.
Calm me not ,
For my pen is impatient
Screaming out "CALM ME NOT !"

REVIEWS

HUE by Inioluwa Sanyaolu.

The poet appreciates the power of colour which she wonders staring at fireworks.
A rainbow I say is one of the best arrays of perfect colour from mother nature.
If only we will look into the beauties behind nature, we will find life more intresting and this includes the different shades of colours (bright, fading and cool). The bright colours of today won't be bright forever especially if not well managed, thus, the need to guide our lives and living because all beauties are like the rainbow which never stays forever.

'*Kore Akarakiri*

Lady Luck by Adeniyi Caleb.

The imageries here are not flamboyant but are enough to pass across the message. They are mostly visual.
The poem gives the impression of the fickleness of luck.
How fleeting and how uncaged luck can be.
Just like luck being with an impoverished person then a well off person.
The poet also makes it seem LUCK took on a personality and becomes a lady SHE! It's good.

Melody Samuel.

Hanky-Panky written by Akorede Taiwo.

The poem is an allusion to the story of the biblical city of Sodom and Gomorrah where homosexuality ruled and the city was destroyed.
We live presently in a world today, where sexuality and love have been bastardized on legal premises over the years.
The African tradition is one which upholds the dignity of marriage and virginity, but what have we today? And what is the hope for our future generations?

'*Kore Akarakiri*

In an Evil World by Ifeoluwa Adebayo.

Tone : Bitterness.
Theme: Hopelessness.

The poet through the use of imageries such as "heaven cries for the innocent" among others, paints the picture of the world we live in where destinies are being truncated by fellow human, inconsideracies on people's parts and the crafty acts of human.
The poem ends with a rhetorical question that has been asked for generations with no one to provide an answer to
"Who will release them from the shackles of the evil world?"
With you and I, we can all make this world a better place.

Kore Akarakiri

Schoolophobia by Kayobola Olukulujo

This depicts the life of a typical school child who sees education as a threat to his or her freedom. Ironically, education which is meant to liberate such child from the shackles of ignorance is now seen as a shackle too.
Despite the cries of this student, the parents will never relent on their effort to get the student educated as illustrated in line 8 where the student is symbolized by armies but in his case, his own army is a forced one and the school "A place of forceful armies.).
Obviously, the persona is a lazy type and probably a boy who is not just afraid of school but also of any responsibility school will pose on him and this is illustrated in the third stanza of the poem.

Kore Akarakiri

HOME by Inioluwa Sanyaolu.

A lyric.

The poem opens with the appreciation of the beauty of the land (Terra firma), her diversity and the numerous blessings of mother nature. The poet saluting the fallen heroes of the great land - Africa - and gradually moving to condemning the living but dead leaders of the land in stanza **5**. Despite the disappointment of this young lover of her terra firma, she still has hope and ever busting pride in her fatherland in the concluding last stanza.

Kore Akarakiri

SOLACE.

During our walk through life, we gain so many experiences, have many memories, some pleasant, happy and worthwhile while others are unpleasant, disheartening and regrettable.
But despite all this, there is this one place that seems free of all our troubles, a place of comfort, free of worries and full of solace.
We just want to enjoy that time while it lasts or pray that it lasts forever . Solace differs for everyone. My comfort zone or the time or place I feel at peace differs from yours.
The type of things or places that give one solace at times can be weird but that time no matter how minute is worthwhile. In the first stanza and first two lines of the second stanza, we see examples of things that can give one solace from the poet's perspective.
The tone of the poem is hopeful and the language which is definitely not bare is a bit complex. The figure of speech extensively used is simile.

Joy Ande

Immune to Impotence.

There are some set of individuals amidst us, drunk with power . You just give someone with the wrong mindset and way of thinking little power and it begins to intoxicate them. They begin to see themselves on top of the world and unequal to their equals and superiors . Some even go as far as seeing themselves as immortal, especially those who brutally take human lives stone-faced. They forget that sometime ago they were just impotent and ordinary flesh and that they are still flesh. They challenge nemesis, forgetting that karma being the witch that she is will come surely and reduce them to less than they were before.

Joy Ande

My existence

Analysis.
Rhyme scheme
S1- AABBCCD.
S2- EEFFGGD.

A poem divided into two septets with same line ending the two septets.
The persona tries to unravel and find his purpose out of the confusion and hopelessness he finds himself. Stanza 2 line 5 clearly states the hopeless state by the word 'chasm', no hope of returning or getting right in a chasm.
A misery that needs to be unravelled nevertheless it is.

The road of life.
Analysis and summary.

A lyric.
Simile - Stanza 1 lines 2 and 8.
Stanza 2 line 10.

Metaphor :
Stanza 1 line 3.
' for the land is made of okro' depicts the slippery ground.

Personification -
Stanza 1 line 5 - "the air hears"
Line 6 -"the land sympathizes"
Line 8 - "sharp-toothed talking drum"

Rhetorical question - Stanza 2 lines 1,4,7,8,13 ,14 and 15.

Summary.
The persona speaks about the pains and experiences of widows especially in Africa after being subjected to inhuman treatment by the society.

THEIR HAPPINESS

Analysis by Melody Samuel.
This employs the use of an omniscient narrator.
Like a person who has lived for years and has observed humanity grow.

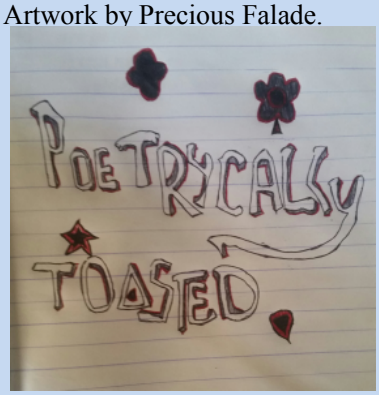
Their happiness- this shows others happiness which is intriguing.
We can guess the poem is about an immortal looking at mortals from the line -frolicsome mortals. And effervescent earthlings.
Untroubled humankind.
Adjectives of jubilation are used to heighten the sense of joy.
The poem is quite metaphysical .
To note the power show, try employing generic or colloquial words in the use of language, expect this is a piece for elites.

Who I am.

Rhyme scheme
AABB
CCDD
EEFF
GGHI
JK.

This poem is about self discovery, self understanding and self acceptance.
Here the persona in the poem shows enthusiasm, unbreakable power and unrestrained instinct for survival.
This poem is a good motivational piece that gives one the hope that he/she is special.

Artwork by Precious Falade.



Front cover by David The Geek.