

**A selection of poems
from a collection entitled
'Torchlight'**

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SWEET HOME

I thought I had a home lying fallow
With hallow vacuum proclaiming my eminent return

The one I have grown to know
As my own sweet home
Giving sweetest rest from the nagging stress of life's turmoil
A wonderful bond of breast
I love so dear!

Who is it?
That intends to separate
The love of this sweet home!

What is this I hear?
Is it true, my place is no more?

What a strange tale they tell!
Moment ago, a pride of excellence;
The next, a sip of gall
This, I have struggled to take in
Less I be taken in

My father once said:
Son! Just be patient,
In this careful search;
I assure you,
If you search with wisdom across the lights;
Somewhere out-there within tide and time
You will find rest with destiny

Where exactly will I lay this burden of uncertainty?
Is it up the mountains?
Or down the valleys
Who will relief me of these hurdles of decision?
Where is my sweet home?

MY BIRTH NAME

An utterance with relative requisition
An integral part of a crusade
Evoking the inexplicable;
Amid inciting sights of disbelief

Across cultural phenomenon
Subject to controversy
Ebelebe!!!
My birth name
The story, I love to tell

The trade mark of the fighting spirit
Ebelebe! A clanging cymbal in Africa savannah
Of whom, my Igbo kinsmen detail in-depth tributes
Too mystical for my pen to tell

Ebelebe! A conceptual ibid for Shaka!
A jingle rattling the air
Embellish with purple and gold
A name, I have been determined to live with
The embracing valour of a youthful eagle

A whisker from the past
The prize of destiny
The pet name of an Africa warlord
Arousing unbroken silence

The rattling flare of my grand-paternal lineage
An ordeal that tingles the communal ears
Of high and mighty falls

In ukwuani land;
My grand-maternal home Proffers 'Ebenebe', an age-long acrobatic display
Keeping hands akimbo in stun of striking scene
Relinquishing lights of unimaginable excellence

Ebelebe!!! A depth in miry clay
Concealing an unpredictable dilemma
Mystifying tongue of my Isoko Intellectual

Humm! E be le be!
'Wonders, they say shall never end'
'ebelebe gbuona ebelebe'
'Something happens, for something'

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE

Let the people decide
What become of their tomorrow
Though the wind blows in austerity
Let the people decide

The field of deep rooted deceit, the damnation of the conscience of man
hypnotizing their five senses.
What becomes of the much dreamt future?
Let the people decide

Let the people decide
Amid political struggle
What need be!
And be the judge of the hazy future
The street awaits thy verdict

Let the people decide
The fate of the economy
Trailing the tunnels of confiscated bank accounts
The resultant death of many

The moral precedence for survival
Requires moral revival
That aspires to acquire what is desired
Let the people decide
The crying course of our society
Plea for heart staking decisions
We stand a chance to unleash a profound statement
Let the people decide the course
of their lives

THE REVOLUTION OF THE COMMON

Speak out! My African pride
The warrior of knowledge
The beauty of the thorny root
That strives to make a place
In the noble table of the unforgettable

Matured mind of the tender age
Scorch swiftly by the sunny days
Standing alert in the cold night
Though seen to be unstable like ocean waves
Staggered in the early morn into the forest for survival

Later into the decent world of scorn
Struggling here and there to make impart
But battered by ridiculous reception
Yet he walked it over

The cruelty became tumultuous
Arousing batch of slaps
Rolling all the troubles aside like the down pour of waterfall

Hurrah! Harvest is here
The test of time is over
Mockers astound in tears of unbelief

Amazingly, his hands still open to all
They could not but confess:
"You are the pride of Africans"
You are worthy of emulation

As we can't take all we consider our world along

If we are meant to be
Then we will meet again
Somehow, somewhere in the distant future
Hopefully on some Island of befitting treasures
As achievers, standing tall in the clouds

I will miss you!!! You!! And you!
No matter how far apart
You remain my friends for life

Don't cry
This is not good-bye forever
We have to part
In fulfilment of our life-long-prayers
My earnest desire is to meet you
Out there
Then, we will talk about
Our past, present and future!

Let the memories of our years
Of struggle linger on
In honour of our solidarity
Till we meet again

THE CHAMP

They call him, the champ
He champions an inflaming twister
Leaving the body and soul
Captivated in intrigue

A laudable grand master!
An amazing superstar!
Agonizing the weakness of their loose-bodies
An entertainer with a flaring glare
Piercing precious stones

An adorable creature
Creating funfairs for tussle
A tussle that unveils an aggravating puzzle
They tussle to keep him in a game
They knew is lame

They call out for the champ
Paddling around in their charm
Dangling and swinging in rhymes
Beckoning for his wine

The champ is kept calm
Speechless but not blind
He sorted the harmony of the rhymes
With a most electrifying twine
Fleecing content and alliance
To begot a traumatic reality
Leaving nothing ahead
As everything is dashed at his feet

At the far-side of their consciousness
An incisive remark rings:
No time!

No time to dilly dally
The under-tone therein
A depth so shallow
With many redress