



YOUTH SHADES

THEME:

PASSION

YOUTHSHADES MONTHLY POETRY CONTEST

WWW.YOUTHSHADES.COM



JULY 2017

ABOUT YOUTH SHADES

Youth Shades is an online international magazine, which explores sociocultural issues through spheres of literary genres such as fiction (poetry and stories), non-fiction (essays, opinion pieces/articles and memoirs and reviews), Arts and Skills.

In our Arts & Skills segment, we feature works in the trend of Visual Arts - paintings, abstract illustrations, drawings, cartoons - which reflect societal colourations of cultures, people and places. Also celebrated in this sect are exhibitions of creativities, especially those with diversities creatively put together. By creativity, we mean skills including Makeovers, Fashion Designs, and Photography.

80% of the target audiences are the youths; such is expedient owing to the observed rapid derailing exuberance among that sect of persons. Youth Shades Magazine is therefore aimed at exposing and condemning societal ills while attempting to curb such on the one hand, and on the other hand, celebrating virtues against vices. Another objective of Youth Shades Magazine is to bridge geographical gaps between continents.

The Magazine is a platform for established, up-and-coming writers and artists to display their talents. We love to publish original content that have never been published elsewhere. Youth Shades Magazine is available for free download in PDF and audio-visual formats.

Submissions are hereby welcomed from gifted hands in the above genres. **Inclusion of contact and links of the artists to the works submitted amounts to advert, which shall attract advert charges upon confirmation from the submitter.** Please, note that the acceptance of any submission is based on credibility, social relevance, public health and originality of the submissions. By submitting to us, the submitter has agreed to our terms of being published without a pay from

us, having the platform as one for self-exhibition, contribution to art and promotion.

ABOUT THIS COMPETITION

Youth Shades hosts a monthly poetry contest to address sociocultural issues while promoting poets globally by showcasing their works to an international audience.

The Contest has five (3) stages.

Stage 1: Submission – In this stage, poets are invited to submit poems on a specific theme on or before the deadline.

Stage 2: Judgment – Judge(s) declare the winning poem based on authenticity and which best describes the theme.

Stage 3: Compilation – All entries are compiled into a PDF and published online.

Call For Submission – AUGUST 2017 YOUTH SHADES POETRY CONTEST

Are you a poet? If you answered yes, that's good. Do you want to make money with your pen? If you answered yes again, that's even better. Enter into this competition now and make money writing poetry.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- Follow us on Facebook – Youth Shades
- Email **ONLY ONE** poem on the theme - **NATURE** to info@youthshades.com

- Include the theme, your poem's topic, your name and country in the subject of the email. For example Passion, This is my Passion, John Osas, Nigeria.
- Your poem **shouldn't be more than 14 lines**.
- Attach the poem as a Microsoft word document. **DO NOT WRITE THE POEM IN THE BODY OF THE EMAIL.**
- Use Font type – **Times New Roman** and Font Size – **16**
- Submission deadline **is 15th August, 2017**
- **DO NOT INDULGE IN PLAGIARISM; SUCH POEMS WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.**
- Only poems that follow the submission guidelines will be accepted, compiled and published.

Why you should partake in this competition:

- ❖ Winner bags \$10 and we will feature his/her interview.
- ❖ 2nd runner-up gets a free copy of a poetry book emailed to him/her.
- ❖ The winner, 2nd and 3rd runner-ups receive certificates of participation from us.

- ❖ Your work gets published for free and exposed to an international audience as we have readers across several continents including Africa, Asia, South America and Europe.

- ❖ ALL entries will be promoted on our website – www.youthshades.com continuously for two (2) months.

- ❖ You can submit different poems every month on different competition themes. This means you can partake in the completion as often as you want and increase your chances of winning.

- ❖ and other benefits.

Also to be featured in this publication include ARTS AND SKILLS - paintings, abstract illustrations, drawings, cartoons, makeovers, fashion designs, and photography. Artists can send their creative works to *info@youthshades.com*

PLEASE NOTE THAT THERE IS NO PRIZE FOR THE ARTS AND SKILLS SEGMENT; Youth Shades will only promote works of artists. Include your name in subject of the email.

JUDGE'S NOTE

Everyone who did submit a piece is a poet, and that tells why they would have all won should the contest had gone their way; their way because:

1. A number of the poets worked outside the stated rules as minor as **NOT MORE THAN 14 LINES**.
2. We saw lines best described as *PROSAIC Poetry* – the lines were more prosaic than poetic.
3. At the expense of context (topical relevance), some were too rhyme conscious.
4. Some finest lines ever read were totally unconcerned with the given topic – **PASSION**

You see it doesn't mean that you are not good for not winning it all? Just a little more effort, heart on instructions driven by a balanced focus, stardom awaits YOU!

Our Judge, Akinsimoye Samuel O. Godson is a seasoned lover of art expressions, an exquisite writer, editor and teacher of Creative Writing, Drama, Literature and the English Language. He has judged and co-judged a number of literary contests.

WINNING PIECE: My flaming Desire by Alfred Joseph Poet4Christ

Though the day turns dark or shines bright, I write;
Though weak with toil, with a wick full of oil, I write;
Whether asleep or awake, I slip not but partake;
I'm a duty-bound flock, scribbling round the clock, with little breaks;
To clothe my desire with an attire wholly set afire;
With heightened flame of an enlightened soul, kept under control;
And fed with the coal of a clear-cut goal;
At every origination of awakened imagination, playing my role;
A sailor wading through storms of distraction with foresight;
A tailor stitching forms of ideas in shreds with threads of insight;
Ever willing to learn, grabbing my pen every now and then;
I yearn to earn the right to write in my bookish den;
From dusk to dawn, my sword stay drawn;
Ready to run through and burn aught that scorn my brawn.

Judges' Comment

This poem won based on

- **Thematic content**
- **Thematic expression (you could feel the passion in the poem, not just that the poem is about passion)**
- **Rhyme and measured metrical pattern (though not throughout)**
- **Creativity**
- **....among other grounds**
- **Scoring almost 80%**

2nd RUNNER-UP: Writer's Ambition by Conrad Kaupo

I the soothing voice that moulds
Sharpens thoughts and unfolds
The truth I sow to all
Creatures huge and small
Inspiring is my passion

I aim to reach grounds unexplored
Refining hearts stabbed , flawed
Elevating keen minds higher
Fulfilling their innermost desires
Inspiring is my passion

I inhale and exhale motivation
Words are my ladder,my elevation
Indeed inspiring is my passion

Judge's Comment:

This poem took second place scoring 70% with a gentle touch.

3RD RUNNER-UP: LEGS ON WHEEL by Shehu Abdus-Salam

Aladodo

Viewing them through my sockets,
Wheeling their legs around the streets
Spreading their arms to every tom and dick;
Brings me to tears and sorrow.

The sky sheds her tears on them,
With nothing but papers to cover their heads.
And sleeplessly swim in its residues;
Till the sun comes up smiling.

They feed on leaves, and drink with bare hands
For their only hope is to live through each day.

And there lies my passion,
Striving towards alleviating poverty
Tending to the needs of the needy,
And saving them from homelessness.

Judge's Comment:

This poem took second place scoring 60% with a gentle touch.

This is my Passion by Jurgen Namupira Troy

In my deep slumber;
From a wider distance,
I see them suffer.

They are minors;
Taken for wives,
In a world so evil
And they weep daily.

There's a child
Born of another child;
Resentment kicks me so hard
And with rage anger fills me.

I turn my rage into ink,
With passion I say it all
No to child marriage.

Holy Communion by Ezekiel Tom

At the Four Square Church, Arepo,
Where I reside
I was called by the Pastor to the front of the congregation
For a prayer
It has never been

The microphone was given to me and so
I lifted up my voice and said -Abba Father,!
We thank Thee for this day,
for many marriages will be destroyed after this Holy Communion and
deliverance will come upon mount Zion.
The married women who caught a man by means of enchantments
divinations and jujus
Could not say 'Amen.'

Songs of Memory by Ajise Vincent

if i should collect those impeccable memories of our love & place them
in
jar of words & sweet songs,
They would echo like bits of whispers drowning in the gutturals of their
own inaudibility, talia..talia,i miss you
I miss the precocity of our love
oh!its jazziness -- my hands reweaving the sinews of your geometries,
slowly, like a seamster, into a nest of ecstasy, into a fortress of orgasm..
talia, sudanese dame of jocular demeanor come listen to my heartbeat
come listen to its songs
come hear it say talia—
i, vin, still loves you, talia

What more? By Okolie Theophilus

Lips to kiss calm stormy waves,
Fingers to romance the needful,
Bleeding heart on injustice's victory,
What more could be human?

To slumber in love and serenity,
Dance to the strings and pipe,
Watch the young dream good,
While the old breed sweet fruits.

Wake to a sunrise of justice,
Awakening the essence of men,
What more could be soulful?
Than bliss while we lived.

What more could I seek thereof?
Than the dwelling of Man and God.

Passion by Mxolisi Nkambule

I was covered with fear
Around people I was a comedian
I thought I had no passion
It's true I had self doubts

The scars of fears were heard
I learnt to be patience
That's where I started being passionate
I was feeling myself so strong.

Now I got a passion in writing
I ignored thousands of thoughts
Yeah negative ones
I have a passion in poetry.
Copyright© Mxolisi Nkambule

Song for my Muse by Realise Mwase

Living with myself without you is like having a busy hive in my head
with
no honey dripping forth
I know I want to love you till the line between lover and love is no more
Till a sonnet is what I whisper with my eyes when I gaze upon your
royal
splendor
Till fireflies become light itself and reality collapses on itself to birth
utopia
Till night becomes day and smiles cease to be armor
Till shadows scare no more and all we know is a world of our own
Till we can see walls crumble and give way to gardens of bliss and
merriment
Till the beach is no more and our lives float in this ocean of roses
Till time is but a distant perception and yes, we could be stuck in a
moment forever
Till thirst is quenched in an locking of eyes, then lips; and passion grows
in leaps and bounds
Till home becomes wherever your hand lies in mine
Till mirrors become windows and the sky is our only ceiling, moon
peering

Yea, I'll grab hold of you as you take over my soul to pen revelations to
make angels revel
Such is my passion, my quill, to take me on a fiery journey to another
love
quantum, an unprecedented level.

I spent the night cuddling silence by Ezeani Uchechukwu

Into the arms of solitude,
Wrapped in her melancholic sigh,
Lost in her drooling pettiness,
I wait and watch time go by.
The evening breeze comes calling,
He had come to say goodbye,
We sat a little while talking,
He left when dawn drew nigh.
The cold was somewhat chilly,
Darkness had covered the sky,
But when the morning comes,
I'm filled with strength to fly.
Solitude has become my forte,
My buddy and trusted ally!

Way to live by Dauda Onawola

There is a way to live not this life
But the state thou ought be, cause of the strive
Offer brimful attention but to thyself

Thou shall find the key on the inner shelf
What thou doth with pleasure of thy inner self

Imbuing humanity into humans,
Making the living reminisce the order of life
In the default phase of intelligence in human evolution
Via the weapon of word creation
Is my own way to live

Battle with thou art war without weapon
Thou art my zeal and passion itself
Thou art the drive and the vehicle
Thou art word, my way of loving to live
© DAUDA ONAWOLA

Blue Passion by Grace Johnson

Blue is a color many love, possibly because it's cool to have
So cool it hardens you turns you to what its really is, blue

As passions the fruits, strong feelings come in many colours and taste
and the differences are mainly in the climates they take.

Burning red hot on your cheeks when that blush is ignited
within,

When that hand brushes your chin and your body is
shivering.

Bitter yet sweet.

That yellow passion that's just warm

enough to work it's way up your veins and give you drive.

It's almost like the orange passion, gets you all excited and not expectant
of anything

less than the best.

But it's that blue passion that puzzles, dazzles and it baffles, as
rare as it is frenetic, giving you a calm that's energetic,
Yet it's
also the other side of burning passion,
When it feels like ice is
putting out your fire; yet as much as salvaging is your desire, you just
can't,
It's that bitter sweet taste of passion that neither lets go nor
holds on,
Frenetic blue passion waves that either destroy and kill you
or wash you safe ashore.

Backup by Kichwatah

I stand firm in my quest like Johny,
Beating my chest, sipping crest I'm out-zoning.

I compose myself and also my pieces,
Writing like my stuff is ironed, no creases.

I have no brakes on this writing pad,
Poetically mature, other ones call me their poem dad.

I'm full of passion like the soda, I'm fantastic!
Never sleeping on my craft, I guess I'm crafty.

Writing is the air in my lungs when I breathe out,
Poetry is the venom in my fangs, even when I pout.

I bite every microphone infecting the masses with snap syndrome,
Now their fingers have blisters because I'm deep like wisdom.

Classic move, the passionate poet has done it again,
Now read this going up and tell me I'm not gifted with this pen.

Art is my passion by Cardiac poet

I am not perfect I don't tense.
I just make sense in perfect tense.
Inspiration pierced my heart
Watch as I bleed out art.

I am a wise fool in a strategic position.
And you say juxtaposition is just a position.

When a master pees
Do we call that a masterpiece?
It's only right that I mention.
My pencil only draws attention.

I am art.
At a point
Where I can't stop
Bleeding my art out.
©Cardiac poet

The walk by Humphrey Muriuki

I am tired of being a mediocre Christian,
I am tired of making decisions without God, and always seeking HIS
help when
my choices fail me,
I am tired of letting 'me' be alive in the flesh, and dead to the spirit,
I am tired of recklessly giving myself to the world, and partially to my
creator,
I am tired of knowing Jesus and never having an encounter with HIM,
I am tired of knowing MY JESUS with limits
I am tired of living for myself yet HE died for me

You see, my Christian life Is not about my pursuit of being a
professional
Christian,
It's all about my change and transformation;
Meeting with CHRIST, Loving HIM unconditionally and having a solid
relationship with HIM,
It's all about my transmission into the nature of CHRIST,
It's all about the evidence of GODS nature in me,
It's all about my walk with CHRIST,
It's all about me impacting my world.

©HUMPHREY.

The beginning of the poem by Odeyemi Idowu

It was full of the wind
It blew through my mind
I found it as my kind
That's the beginning of the poem

I lost no word to the world
I found five letters in the word
I found four letters on my wall
That's the beginning of the poem

I wonder why I'm wondering
I hear my phone ringing
Then I blew the wind
To see my wings
That's the beginning of the poem

I wait for you by Alok Mishra

Standing outside the closed door of entrance,
Passionately I wait for you, facing many a hindrance,
Having a strongest desire to embrace your bosom;
Unforgettable will the moment be, when you come.

Tears are in my eyes, eagerness in my soul,
Fickleness in my feet to reach ultimate goal;
With the ocean of love, uncontrollable passion,
And with my heavy heart, I beg for your compassion.

Belief I have, in no time will we be one,
The cloudy firmament will be clear and none
Will remain to pierce my tender heart,
When out of the golden door is present my lord.

©® Alok Mishra

Writing Relief by Obinna Jones

I thought chasing skirts was hard,
Until I tried catching
running lines,
And I found that I could make Jack and Jill,
Get home safely to kill their father.
Spinning webs intricate within confusing patterns,
Became a pastime,
And I started coding stories,
Into programmed poems.
What do you do when you live in a river,
Your mother is no fish,
And you have to give her your gills?
You write her into beautiful colors,
And paint a submarine for you two.

What keeps my bicycle moving by Samuel Abraham

How comes he is
the dreamer who saw the bright day
How comes he swam across the
calamities of the Niger river,
that even the tears and waves of the
Benue river couldn't stop him
He is without background but turned out
to be the background of men
How comes even the invincible swords of
life challenges salutes him anytime they meet on the road
Actually, the passion to succeed kept his bicycle moving

Of Love And Passion by Chanda Chongo

Of love and passion
thirsts a heart laden with a tide of visions,
unfolding a budding world
rich in crimson beauty of feminism.
My freckled hands yearn to brace
woman's body, plight
and benign nifty love for equity.

In limbo, this is the peace,
burnt men crave to curve in the
luring pages of their brittle hearts.

Passionate about my mind's infestation to grace woman,
I drill my trust and faith in her feminine palm
for this passion for feminism
is like romance of the finest balm.

What it feels like (Passionate words) by Odigwe Gloria Okpara

To have words meander like the gushing stream to a weary traveler
To have rhythms flutter about like the half hearted beats of broken
wings,
To have these chunks of you buried deep inside, always scratching,
clawing
their way out from the mire of forgotten pages.
To crave what is between your palms,
To drink from the fountain overflowing at your feet,
If only, you could stoop down, to scoop up.
What it feels like to be,

A poet nervously holding on to the life strings of his poem
A Phantom, gliding through broken walls,
Swimming through shallow seas
Pouring out words like petals on empty graves,
Scribbling down letters like fated seals on hearty rocks!
That is what it feels like to be Lorded by words.

Bloody Ink by Nwanne Agwu

let this little line of
red thick fluid mark the
days our mouths tasted yam
and the day our eyes saw none

let it prove the worth of
my thoughts and reveal the
secrets of my soul and
show light through darkness

let this blood of mine called
ink be a way that gods bless
my soul to immortality like
the ancient rocks that still stand

let me put pen to paper and send
my soul on this earthly journey

This is my passion by Ash Fidel

I have a passion for second chances;
Because I believe that everybody makes mistakes ;
Imagine your life's destiny is in a boomerang ;
And you unknowingly throw it away because well it is a boomerang ;
The boomerang flies and flies away ;
And just like that your destiny has disappeared ;
But wait! It comes back to you ;
Because it too knows that everyone deserves a second chance ;
So don't dwell on yesterday's bad decisions and failures;
Because that has passed that's why it's called past tense;
Instead focus and be thankful for today ;
Because it's a gift from the Almighty that's why it's called Present ;
So yes! I do have a passion for second chances ;
Because I know everybody deserves one;

The candle by Dolapo Asisat Sanusi

Twists of twine
Wrapped in white wax
Fueling the fire
Strengthening its standing
Shaped slightly spherical
Amidst turbulent tides
Keeps fire burning relentless
Till surroundings become aglow
Reaching its glory

Lagos by Chioma Ibegbunam

It is in earth's wide yawn,
welcoming steamy breath brushing
Fast on my face with it's lifted tongue as the rising of the sun.

It is in the Melody of greetings,
Crying babies, prayer call from a mosque.
Cloth mending Mallams, shoe polishing Abokis, hawkers and traders.

It is in undirected fight scenes,
Laughter, tears, struggle, healing,
Lagos! It is in Lagos i find passion to keep moving forward.

The Unspoken by Gloria Johns

Tender, soft, unspoken,
Like the soft petals of flowers,
That grow at the shores of waters,
Would I describe my in-built passion
With a desire to make it my very fashion.

With a flashy smile on my face,
would I hide my tears with ease.
Because for my passion I will cry
And watch as my tears dry.
With confidence like a lion,
Would I let my passion known.
For my nation I will cry.
To my creator I will pray.
For my passion is the very sought peace.

Having begun to love you by Ese Ataide

Having begun to love you, I love you
Like an altar boy loves the frazzled
Scent of incense. The morning dew

Like crystal pendants settles on a
Fresh-cut lawn; the fog breathes softly
on my window pane; sun rays cut a swathe
of iridescent light; the lyre bird chants a lovely

tune – But, it is the rhythm of your soft breath
upon my cheek like a tender summer cloud
that advances to a conclusion my unending love of you

Having begun to love you, I love you
For ever – in all changes, in all disgraces,
Because you are yourself. I ask no more.

The Pharmacist by Rukayat Audu

The Pharmacist
Being filled with so much compassion
I made it my passion
To help those truly in need
Spent a lot of time just to read

I determined my true calling
To help patients who were requiring
Even though the school workload was appalling
This knowledge was certainly worth acquiring

Spent more time than I should have studying
Not my fault, Nigeria's educational system still struggling
But if tomorrow I could start again and I became a youngling
This honorable profession I still would find myself trudging

To help others as a Pharmacist is my mission
And that is my one true passion.

Our Story Here by Oyediran Ifeoluwa Henry

I, from there
You, from here
Now, we are here
Of course, we meet here
So, let's love here,
I, promise later will take you there
That, all might be fair

You are my friend here
My sister here
The family I have here
Now that we live here
But I will take you there
Maybe we could be more there.

WORLD OF LOVE by Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar

Two beautiful souls together, lost in themselves
altogether,

In each other's eyes their entire world lies,
Her flowing hair
shades him from all harm and despair,
Her loving arms around him, filling
his life with her love to the brim.
Their looks meet, their smiles
sweet,
Lips trembling with passion, hearts full of red velvety emotions,
The
small love talks, quietly the hour walks
Disturbing them not, as the
fastened breaths turned hot
Kissing and cuddling, smiling and melting
Into each other without a bother
Of the world around, love multiplies in leaps
and bounds Being a part of the entire Universe, mingling with the whole
cosmos.
Wanting to be in each other's embrace, all bad memories they efface
of people, against the beautiful love of theirs, to be forever
In each other's loving care, resting on the wooden chair, they created
their own
world of love, with bundles of love that destiny at then hurls.

©®Madhumita

THE RADAR by SHIELD DWILLZ (NWANKWO PROSPER OKKWUDILI)

Have you thought of
reality not sleeping on the bed
of your imaginative inventions?
or how a mirage, turns to elixir?

Passion is the ocular drive
that vision rivulets of low dreamlands
Into a city of desired islands.

A thought in the heart
is a creation that drive motives
where imaginations give birth
to dreams out from its colostrum of painted desires

Passion is the radar
of the beginning and the end.
The forgery of true colour of reality.

CROSS THE RUBICON By IFEMENI CHRISTIAN DERRICK WHITE.

In the beginning of the end
if a soul is soiled beneath
the grave of one's death
how can one bear fruits
Out from pure dust?

Passion is the word and life, that harbors pages
into broken births, made of chapters
that burns in lock, stock and barrel ages
in the flames of one's mental inscriptions.

Passion is that passionate physician, constructing
the minds of these plebs
into finished muses
like to cudgel one's brain
on broken back-grounds.

Bank of Joy by Chidozie Nwankwo

life as we've here
Time like like hands cross in clock
Exist now in oblivion

When I go picking

The red,yellow,blue-flowers
These like rainbow scatter through the bank
Heads tilting,i come smiling
Like their eyes're straight into mine
All of me moisten

They yield like the first
nights
These in my hand're Like cash from the bank of joy
All smiles, i'm reborn.

Passion by Emelife Chukwuemeka H.C

Day's affection for the Sun's devotedness
Yearning nights for the silver moon
Wind esteemed warmly in appreciation
Adulation of stars;
Paying allegiance for eternity
Worship of nymphs on shinny still waters
Appetite of every consumed dreams
Trees in fealty reverence;
Rainbow's fidelity wearing clouds laurel
Eagerness in every moment call
Longings of a heart taken to love
Allegiance of bonds shared
Fondness of mistress's tender touch
Merits of consistency.

©Obinna Allwrite

MEET OUR WINNER

Tell us about yourself.

I am Alfred Joseph Chuks, an African, West African, Nigerian to be precise. I am a writer of both fiction and nonfiction; a lover of youngsters (teens facilitator). I love to inspire and motivate youngsters to believe in themselves, and muster enough confidence to tap into their hidden gems, and as a result unleash their potential. I'm a lover of God. I live to serve humanity and the kingdom through my works, as well as teachings.

What prompted you to begin writing poetry?

A passionate desire to touch the hearts of men, and see their lives impacted positively.

What conditions help you with your writing process?

Nothing, but a tireless pursuit of knowledge in the art. I'm an ardent learner. I read the poems of several poets, both classical and contemporary, and these combined, keep the wick of my passion aflame.

Why do you think poetry is important?

Well, poetry is important because, depending on the poet's motivation, it is one major medium through which deep messages are conveyed to the readers, in such a way that it appeals to their five senses. And this can only be achieved via a good understanding and mastery of the literal devices, which, in my opinion, add sinews to the skeleton of any composition.

Who's your favorite poet and why?

Maya Angelou. Her style of writing and proclivities is such that enchants and resonates with me. I look forward to affecting millions of lives through my literary works, as she does. So that, in the future, when it's all said and done, though gone, like her (Maya), I can still breath through my works.

ARTS AND SKILLS













POETRY QUOTES

- ❖ “Only the very weak-minded refuse to be influenced by literature and poetry.”
— Cassandra Clare
- ❖ “Every heart sings a song, incomplete, until another heart whispers back. Those who wish to sing always find a song. At the touch of a lover, everyone becomes a poet.”
— Plato
- ❖ “Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.”
— Leonardo da Vinci

- ❖ “A poem begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness.”
— Robert Frost
- ❖ “Trees are poems the earth writes upon the sky, We fell them down and turn them into paper,
That we may record our emptiness.” — Kahlil Gibran
- ❖ “One ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.” — Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
- ❖ “If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week.” — Charles Darwin
- ❖ “If you have the words, there's always a chance that you'll find the way.”
— Seamus Heaney
- ❖ “Always be a poet, even in prose.”
— Charles Baudelaire
- ❖ “Poetry is what gets lost in translation.”
— Robert Frost
- ❖ “Poetry is what happens when nothing else can.”
— Charles Bukowski

- ❖ “One should always be drunk. That's all that matters...But with what? With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you chose. But get drunk.”
— Charles Baudelaire
- ❖ “You might as well ask an artist to explain his art, or ask a poet to explain his poem. It defeats the purpose. The meaning is only clear thorough the search.”
— Rick Riordan
- ❖ “There is not a particle of life which does not bear poetry within it”
— Gustave Flaubert
- ❖ “Poetry might be defined as the clear expression of mixed feelings.”
— W.H. Auden

LEARNING POETRY with Akinsimoye Samuel O. Godson

You want to write poems? Welcome to our world of step-by-step tutorial. Today, we shall be seeing a tool from our poetry arsenal. But, before that, let's see these lines:

*Shall I here welcome you to dine
Where you shall dine or die
For so is the fate of all men.*

Did you just skip those lines? That's what has been stopping you from

penning good poetry; it's time to stop it. The above lines may not appeal to you if you don't appeal to them. Yes! Understanding poetry is a mutual relationship – you have to let poetry understand you as well. I guess I'm making it more complex. But, in a bit you may see it plain.

You know, I've heard, read, and seen people scream "poetry sucks!" eventually, these crop of persons want to write quality poems, finally they are stuck! I'm not surprised; poetry sucks because you are stuck! I mean, how do you expect to write a good poem when you hate reading and appreciating poems? And that, is the first step to writing quality poems, dear! Learn to read and appreciate the works of others. The reason is simple – once you are able to understand poems of others, you are unconsciously equipped and qualified to write one.

That will be all for this edition, until next edition, ensure you try appreciating poems of any five classical poets from *Andrew Marvell*, *Christopher Marlowe*, *John Donne*, *William Shakespeare*, *John Milton* and *William Wordsworth*. **What it takes to understand a poem is almost what it takes to write one.**

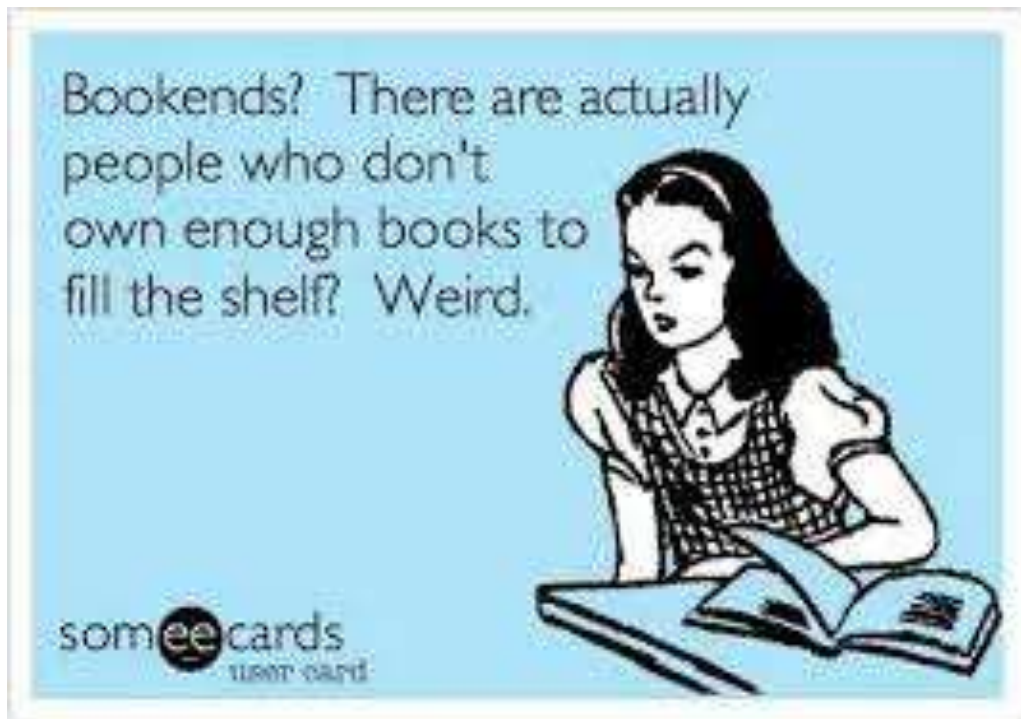
See ya!

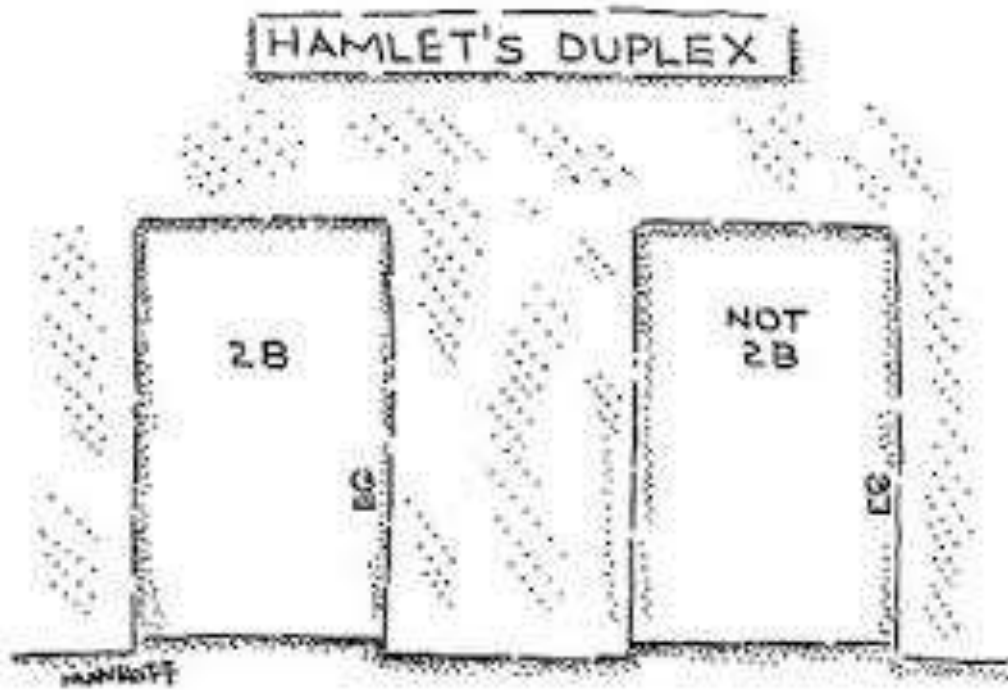
POETRY DO'S AND DON'TS

- DO be creative.
- DO create a title for each of your poems.
- DO type your poems.

- DO print them.
- DO put them in a folder.
- DON'T use illegible fonts.
- DON'T use weird paper.
- DON'T use only computer images for your visuals.
- DON'T plagiarize.

LITERARY JOKES





CARTOONSTOCK
.com
Ron Morgan
Search ID: 1m001515

“To save time, I’ll deliver the annual report in the form of a Haiku.”

Let's slow down
for a second here.

We better just
stop right now.



THE PAST,
THE PRESENT,
AND THE FUTURE
WALKED INTO A BAR.
IT WAS TENSE.



**TWO MICE CHEWING ON A
FILM ROLL. ONE OF THEM
GOES:**

**"I THINK THE BOOK WAS
BETTER."**

**I PREFER
MY PUNS
INTENDED**

GRAMMAR

The difference between
knowing your shit and
knowing you're shit

POETRY FACTS

- **One of the most popular forms of writing short poems is the haiku.** The haiku originated from Japan and has only seventeen syllables. The haiku consists of three lines containing five, seven, and five syllables.
- **Mahabharata is the longest poem in the world.** Mahabharata is an Indian epic poem which has around 1.8 million words.
- **Poetry is a way to make a profit.** By publishing a book of poetry or posting, poems on your website and monetizing it, you can earn a profit.
- **March 21st is World Poetry Day.** This is based on an initiative by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) to appreciate and support poets globally.
- **The Epic is one of the earliest types of poetry.** The epic consists of a long story (narrative) which includes many awesome heroic actions.

- **The oldest written poem is the Epic of Gilgamesh originating from Babylon.** This poem contains the story of a king, Gilgamesh, who was half-god and half-man. It is believed that the Epic of Gilgamesh is around 4,000 years old.
- **A stanza, originally contains 12 lines.** A couplet is a two-line stanza, and a quatrain is a four line couplet.
- **Poetry is an outlet for our emotions.** Poetry helps us define emotions in our hearts and makes it easier to write things we would find difficult to say.
- **Poetry is a great way to improve your vocabulary.** Poetry invokes your creativity and makes you start to look for words to add to your vocabulary.
- **Poetry can be used to make your rap better.** Poetry is music. You can convert your poems into rap music and address challenges facing the contemporary society.