



YOUTH SHADES

THEME:

BETRAYAL

YOUTHSHADES MONTHLY POETRY CONTEST

WWW.YOUTHSHADES.COM



SEPTEMBER 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.

Daily 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.

Youth Shades,
Righting wry things...

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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. In a bid to encourage winners, we will sell compilations across online stores at an affordable price, so you can support us to appreciate the winners with cash awards and other gifts.

The Contest has three (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(s) 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 – OCTOBER 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 – Fb/Youth Shades
- Email **ONLY ONE** poem on the theme - **CRIME** 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*.
- *Alongside your poem, email us your bio and include the following:*
 - ✓ *Tell us about yourself.*
 - ✓ *What prompted you to begin writing poetry?*

- ✓ *What conditions help you with your writing process?*
- ✓ *Why do you think poetry is important?*
- ✓ *Who's your favorite poet and why?*
- Your poem should be original and never published elsewhere.
- Your poem **should not be more than** 14 lines.
- You can attach the poem as a Microsoft word document (.doc) or write it in the body of the email, but ensure that the poem does not exceed 14 lines.
- Submission deadline is **5th October, 2017**
- **DO NOT INDULGE IN PLAGIARISM; SUCH POEMS WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.**
- **Only poems that follow the submission guidelines will be accepted, compiled and published.**

Also to be featured in this publication include ARTS AND SKILLS - art/literary quotes and jokes, paintings, abstract illustrations, drawings, cartoons, makeovers, fashion designs, and photography. Artists can email 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.

Why you should partake in this competition:

- ❖ Winner bags \$10 and we will publish his/her bio.
- ❖ The winner, 2nd and 3rd runner-ups receive certificates of participation.
- ❖ Your work gets published and exposed to an international audience as we have readers across several continents including Africa, Asia, South America and Europe.
- ❖ The winning poem gets reviewed.
- ❖ ALL entries will be promoted on our website – www.youthshades.com

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

Aside from the winning poems, the rest are not arranged in any special order.

JUDGE'S NOTE

All poems received are indeed great which makes it a very hectic task to decide a winning piece in a pool of wonderful pieces.

Some poets gave away their piece too early (in the first or second line), some got lost in their narrative approach thus failed to establish an end to their piece that concurs with the theme, some were too tight in their fragmentation (of lines) and these constitute the major reasons why they didn't make it to the top three, but this does not in any way indicate weakness, afterall if you never fall, you will never rise.

*Our Judge, **Dauda Onawola** is an individual poetry publisher. He is the sole administrator of Wonder Nation Poetry. Dauda writes majorly on the differences between the ancient societies and the modern world, hope for the ill-born and his ambient situation. He also has a deep affection for strange/weird natural phenomena.*

WINNING PIECE: BROKEN-HEARTED

By Emminex Paradox – Nigeria

There is a maelstrom twirling at light's speed in my bloodstream,
It is the lucid voice behind the splintered shards of an anguished heart.
My soul is a famished belly, raving and craving for a loving heart;
I was hitherto a man dripping with joy, for a mirage I took for love:
Adunni buried herself in the loamy soil of my thoughts;
I got lost in the labyrinth nestled in her large hazel eyes,
The rich auburn of her hair taught me the beauty woven in colours.
But like a puff adder she struck, her love was but a charade:
Adunni squeezed the clouds in my eyes to a rain of tears,
She left me broken, beaten, battered and buffeted,
To the arms of my beloved big brother.
Ages may climb the hills of time, and eons plant grey strands
On my skin, I promise never to love again.

This piece won based on;

-concurrence with theme

-use of precise and poetic expressions

-use of adequate diction

-fairly regular meter

-style and creativity

-audience appeal...

among others

79%

Broken-Hearted is thematic, in fact, every line stings to infuse venom of BETRAYAL. The expressions are succinct and the poet used appropriate choice of words. Structurally, the poet went not so far in metric scope. The poem in entirety appeals for a second reading. Naturally, one can perceive the talent in the piece.

2ND RUNNER UP: THRUST FROM A LOYAL ENEMY

By Alfred Joseph Poet4christ – Nigeria (July 2017 Youth Shades Poetry Contest Winner)

Confidence won for being so discreet;

A reliable confidante who obeys ethical laws.

And is well acquainted with all my flaws

She became; Privy to my heart's deepest secret

.

Pledging to give whatever it takes

To guard with all sincerity and meekness

The wall that held the handwriting of my weakness

Alongside the signature of my mistakes

.

Stamped on the marble of her eyeball

And engraved on the palms of her hands

Were my hidden fears, that none but she understands;

Crowned with a loyalty that was at my beck and call

.

Alas! what deep thrust twas to see gushing from every mouth

My hidden streams, when my trust was way above clouds of doubt.

This poem took second place based on;

-compliance with theme

-use of poetic expressions

-rhythmic meter

-creativity

74%

Thrust from a loyal friend flows at a regular pace, it is the thematic with stylish approach. The poet uses moderate diction with a reasonable rhyme.

3RD RUNNER UP: INK FROM MY AGONY

By Akinlabi Lolade – Nigeria

When life was shattered in my presence
And its pieces were left as choices,
Ugly faces they were by the mirror stand,
Confusion clouded my eyes.
Your image was out of sight,
Only your shadow mocked from afar.

When my hands were scrubbed with oil,
Your tongue took a lead along the long queue.
You licked, licked till my oily hands wept out blood,
Then you had words with your feet...

Life had shown different colours at your absence,
Those that whipped my heart to tears
And crafted sadness into my circle of joy,
You were never there when I needed you most.

This poem came third based on;

-compliance with theme

-figurativeness

-phraseology

-creativity

70%

Their word

By Sanusi Dolapo Asisat – Nigeria

We were told

We'd have better lives

We'd become richer

We'd have all we want

We were given their word

We believed in them

We opened our heart

We hoped for change

Only for their words

Stabbing our hearts

Scarring our minds
Never leaving us whole

Lingering in our memories
Their betrayal

My Mirror

By Sudha Dixit - India

I looked into the mirror
It smiled back at me
“You are the fairest amongst all,
You are the beauty’s epitome”
It told me so many times
Boosting my ego and morale
I felt I was on cloud nine
As a princess in a fairy tale
But something terrible happened
It showed flaws on my face
I think it needs repair for

Daring to put me in disgrace
From a friend who was so loyal
It seemed supreme betrayal

This is my Betrayal

By Adediran Omotara – Nigeria

Dragged to the surface
Her clothes ripped with pace
Tears flowing like rain drops
Swallowing hard in gulps
Screaming and struggling in pains
She pleaded for death
All she got was his mouth glued to her breast
The satisfying grin on his face
The horrifying feel of his gaze
After tasting the sacred wine
She held her clothes with spite
Humanity has failed her
Her tormentor- her father betrayed her
She ended her life of shame taking her unborn with her

The Suitcase

By Lawal Jimoh Ishola - Nigeria

We have just started an exchange
As friends we trend with all courage
Enemy may betray, but friend with age
May stand not to hurt trust in lineage.
I will give you a secret to my village—

This Suitcase, you give it to my mother.
No lack of faith, no imaginations weather.

The case is a life, open not the case.
I fear the case may survive no trace
If you ignore little, of my word's grace.
As you do open, for impact does brace
The life has flown from the Suitcase.

RIPPED HEARTS

By Osalam Wosu – Nigeria

Beautiful way you listened
More pretty the way you spoke
To my sins your eyes glistened
And my heart too when it broke

In endless waves my sins were sent
In seamless tears my heart was rent
With soulless words you pierced my back
And left a shell from a shark attack.

This pieces broken will my end complete
This blunt betrayal I cannot defeat
As I sniff the aroma of your great deceit
To heavens I vow "it shall not repeat"

SOLD TO THE CROSS

By OGAH FRIDAY DAVID - NIGERIA

You peck with a Judas Kiss
On an angelic cheek of eminence
For thirty shekels of abominable silver
My certitude is thrown into an ancient pit

Ye descendant of a rebellious prince
With deeds that defines the act of treason
Thou have chopped off my lofty elevated wings
Ye advocate of anarchy: a true to the end deacon

Ye have bloated the figures in my name
And bought my ticket into a ceaseless servitude
For ignominy, you have cheated the rules of the game
You betrayed your brother in this magnitude
Why am I a candidate of your disdain?
When on crippled knees, I hop in deflated remains

BLACK BARGAIN

by AYUBA MUHYIDEEN KOLAWOLE - NIGERIA

My heart and whole of me for you
Your history will read but acts of me
Asserted, as you have changed my boo
To stream of peace which foes dichotomy.
Out of a sudden the sky turns blue
The white black eyes now change to fire
Joint love arms has avoided binded glue

The bright shine brow has uttered her mire.
For what, and why? Words refuse to form
My money, your promise, is here the end?
Your fly has flew but left slick storm
Why bow your way and bend and blend?
And now I know to love not again
Jewels on earth from me no bargain.

WHEN FATE BETRAYED LOVE

By OYEKUNLE IFEOLUWA PETER

Love was everything I offered you,
and all I felt was really true.
But then you stabbed me at the back,
and turned me to a dog that barks.

Why would you play cards with my heart
and deceive me with deadly smile?
To you, I guess it was a game
where I was the sacrificial bait.

How do I fix my broken heart
and make you hear my painful cries?

How would you know it hurts a lot
after betraying my guarded trust?

Maybe this is just the hands of fate,
that has betrayed me once again.

© OYEKUNLE IFEOLUWA PETER

PEN NAME: IPOD_WRITES

What is Betrayal?

By Ogoh Owulo Alex - Nigeria.

When I think of betrayal

I think of a house build on good foundation
and the pillars tearing it apart.

I think of love, politics growing with good root
before their branches journeyed: east, west, north and south
by lust and greed as the driver.

When I think of betrayal,

I think of an unborn baby

whose lamp and kerosene got burned without use in a woman's womb.

I think of bright destinies nailed to the cross

by pharisees of falsehood with plastering trowel in court.

When I think of betrayal

I remember an innocent voice wailing, I'm not a thief!

from the altar of burning tyres.

SEDUCTIVE HEARTY-BETRAYAL

By Lovewell Kapaipai – Zambia

A sweet attractive smile

Hath a grudge veiled by an emotional vile

A mouth that bloweth a toe with comfort

Its teeth biteth with an-unseen cut

A hand stretcheth generously

Its heart giveth jealously

Howbeit, that, one buildeth to destroy

Healeth thee to hurt

Thou impresseth to annoy
Ye rejoiceth one's bad state

Ye scratch a back
Yet makest it itch
Thou calmly touch
But thy teeth gnash with an attack

LISTEN!

By Shehu Abdus-Salam Aladodo, Nigeria

Listen!

To the one who was dragged to an unknown land,
known to the one who collected her cheap dowry.

Listen!

To the faint shrieks of one without a voice,
listen as she battles her leg and moan in pains.

Listen as she drops the last tear of her chastity,
Listen to the helpless one, stripped of her shyness.

Listen to the one who was stripped,
not for a man but for Everyman.
Listen to her as she speaks.

Listen to the helpless one:
Who was betrayed by the womb (her mother) that brought her forth.

Death: A Betrayal

By Oke Taofeek Deji – Nigeria

She walked on my heart
To imprint a lasting track
I remember the moonlight tale,
And that fun in early hail
She promise to be my pair,
And raise with me, precious heirs.

Soon she left a void
That time is yet to fill
I had hoped to die sleeping,
If she were a dream.

We will meet anew
Where death be no more
And forever we will dwell,
Where no asunder will us compel.

Whirlwind

By Ngozi Adedeji – Nigeria

It sweeps everything away;
western whirlwind.
Yesterday a woman caught the fever;
she punched her man in the face;
turned around to see everybody gone.
Millions queued up at her man's door;
women pushing and shoving one another;
this is the only fight they know;
wreck her home;
take her throne;
they're never a backbone.

A woman said to another: your home is a cage;

she walked away through the door;
she jumped in through the window.

Betrayal

By Bashir Kola Turawa – Nigeria

O you political tyrants of this country,
Hearken my voice,
Before election,
You promised heaven and earth,
Now the election is over what's next?
You claimed to be the hope of the hopeless,
But you rendered our values valueless.

O you movers and shakers of this country,
Deceiving all and sundry,
Do not forget the law of karma,
We citizens are in anger,
For you have failed us,
And you have betrayed us.

Self-Betrayal

By David Adedokun – Nigeria

A promising start, wow!

Didn't bother to vet the package behind the veil

Held on, even when through my palm passed the nail

It finally ended in a 'how'?

Deceit was hidden at the time to sow

The clouds and sun sent warning via my mail

It became clear when on my way to jail

Now, at the time for harvest I plough

Haze replaced snow

Lying behind bars, what is left is bail

Else I grow pale

Dusk overpowered dawn at cockcrow

Alas! I've poisoned my own wine

I've digested my own intestine

A trouble in paradise

By Ibrahim Sofiullah shola - Nigeria

Sequel to the marital didactic I learned

Life is said not to be a bed of roses

But matrimony brings about happiness

In contrast, my case was haplessness

I craved for prosperity

All you showed was your insanity

Meanwhile you promised me utmost security

I deemed you as the half that completes me

But an instrument of destruction you stood to be

I deemed you to have got my back

All you could do was to stab me in the back

A trouble in paradise it was

Thank God you showed me your hidden flaws

Before it becomes late for me to withdraw.

Heartless Heart

By Ridwan Adeniran – Nigeria

What should I remember you for?
The wickedness in your decision;
Or the lifespan of your deception?

Why won't I cry?
For the precious time I've spent
And the borrowed cash I've sent.

What heartless heart is yours?
That received love from my auricle
But pumped regrets in my ventricle.
Which one is my fate?
To remain depressed in this state;
Or try another you for dictate of faith?

ROMANTIC HAEMORRHAGE

By OLANREWAJU BAMIDELE BADMUS – NIGERIA

Bountiful bite of betrayal;
pain profoundly loyal.
Eyes like a crying cloud;
sorrowful sobs that seem loud.

A heart horribly slain;
glass thrown from a mountain.
Pitiful and pathetic pieces...
product of Judas' kisses.

Sadness really unrepentant;
head approaching a slant.
My spirit soaked in sorrow;
I bleed from betrayal's arrow.
A romantic haemorrhage;
my emotions flow with rage.

Promises Of Deceit

By Olaleye Doyin Sunshine – Nigeria

Tell the moon

Not to beam at us

Promises of mockery

Tell the sun

To stop casting smiles of lies

Engage this raging air

Save us from its flaming hands

Beware

They slaughter us with cozy speeches,

Tasty words and grinning teeth

Sprinkling stinking hope and stale peace..

Betrayal! Betrayal!!

Earth

Beware!

©Olaleye Doyin Sunshine

In a bin

By Okeke Chukwunwike Godwin – Nigeria

My face is in my palms;

It was a whisper but

blown by the winds to my ears;

I have become 'a was'.

She burnt her loyalty and faithfulness,

placed my love in a bin;

laid down and moaned all through

while his groin set her on fire

and emptied her brain of

every image she had of me

Tell the sun not to rise

for I don't want to see the mockery

hidden beneath every greeting from my townsmen

The Man Who Cannot Be Betrayed

By Asogwa Adam – Nigeria

As storms and tides teach the sailor the ropes
So do we wait till we have dashed hopes
To guard our hearts against future damage
The small trickle of self-criticism now a barrage
Whining and groaning in our pitiful condition
One inflicted on us by our trusting disposition
By the Brutus to our Caesar
And the Judas to our Messiah
Right then we keep our hearts shut
Disabling further trust
Like the storms that teach the sailor
This has taught us a lesson of no small measure
To keep our love and trust well-laid
And be the man who cannot be betrayed.

Betrayal

By Emeribe Samuel – Nigeria

Moments passed, days spent

The cord like a chain getting tighter

My head still can hear the glass clatter

How you said, "pleased to meet you, I'm a fellow writer".

And how my name I could barely stutter.

Chances missed and lessons learnt

My fragility now replaced with ice-cold metal

This my heartiness filled now with poisonous petals

Ready to explode, to be unravelled, to go lethal

Being that perfect gentleman again now seems blurrier

All the blames not on you though

I allowed this my heart to be fiddled so

You and that my trusted jigaboo going that low

Here I am aloof savouring the silence of your absence.

Circles

By Ayangbenro Michael Ayobami – Nigeria

Two things are of a wise constant,
the air that scoots on the wheels of the unseen
and the deceit that stones the society.

I'm an audience in a concert of constant jamboree
persistently looking for lyrics in place of
the norm, deceit, snitch, betrayal.

age 5, I was first taught betrayal
mother died with my sister in her & I couldn't handle it.

I moved from home to home in search
of mother, a mother, comfort, a comfort,
no one was.

I'm writing as a broken boy in search of home
on shores of foreign derision

MORE THAN A THRUST

By UDOUDO MFONABASI – NIGERIA

It takes more than a stab with the knife
To snuff out life

But with just a gentle thrust
And you fizzle out trust

I realize that my face in your eyes
Was the road to where my heart lies

So in the midst of the night
I wake up to the shock of a snake bite

Someday, some night, I hope I'll look up to the sky
And think we only met in the moonland up high

A land that never exists

MEET OUR WINNER

Tell us about yourself.

Emminex Paradox is a budding poet and biochemist, who resides in Kogi state. He ventured into the art for the love of it and developed a strong passion afterwards. When he is not writing poetry, he is either discussing biochemical pathways or seeing animations.

What prompted you to begin writing poetry?

I developed passion for poetry after reading other poets.

What conditions help you with your writing process?

Interacting with other poets and the help of a mentor helped in my writing. process.

Why do you think poetry is important?

I think poetry is important because it is a way of self-expression: It is a poet's vehicle for self expression.

Who's your favorite poet and why?

Poet Ayoola Goodness is my favourite poet. His works have been my inspiration.

ARTS AND SKILLS







ARTS & LITERARY QUOTES

- ❖ Our arts are in our hearts. They need to be protected.
Ridwan Adeniran
- ❖ “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
- ❖ “A man of my acquaintance once wrote a poem called "The Road Less Traveled", describing a journey he took through the woods along a path most travelers never used. The poet found that the road less traveled was peaceful but quite lonely, and he was probably a bit nervous as he went along, because if anything happened on the road less traveled, the other travelers would be on the road more frequently traveled and so couldn't hear him as he cried for help. Sure enough, that poet is dead.”
— Lemony Snicket
- ❖ “Once, poets were magicians. Poets were strong, stronger than warriors or kings — stronger than old hapless gods. And they will be strong once again.”
— Greg Bear
- ❖ “Poetry is eternal graffiti written in the heart of everyone.”
— Lawrence Ferlinghetti
- ❖ “Poetry heals the wounds inflicted by reason.”
— Novalis

On Learning Poetry^{with Akinsimoye Samuel O. Godson}

Dear Ardent Reader/Poet,

Welcome to yet another poetic class to remember. So far, we have combed through Poetry and You and The Language of Poetry. On this journey, we shall ride through THE STRUCTURE OF POETRY. Let's ride...

THE STRUCTURE OF POETRY

This is poetry and I shall teach it in few words for poetry is a genre that enjoys what is called economy of words which shall be expatiated in the next session. On the subject of the structure of poetry, we shall journey through:

- Form
- Internal Properties

Note that not all poems of 14 lines are sonnets though a sonnet must have 14 lines – there is more to the making of a sonnet beyond the form, even so that a piece of writing is blocked doesn't make it a poem, though a poem is expected to be blocked either from the left page or be centred in the page. This section is therefore necessary to differentiate form from properties as the former is overt/extrinsic (openly seen) while the latter is covert/intrinsic (underlying/internally detected).

ON FORM

Consider the following:

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ryTay!

*Alas! I am very sorry to say
That nighty lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.*

- "The Tay Bridge Disaster" by
William
Topaz McGonagall (1825-1902)

*"It shall be morn" to him I said
Then my thought a question struck:
"How do blind eyes sleep?"
How shall he morning know
When night and day to him
Be same complexioned?*

- Akinsimoye Samuel O. Godson

In the above, the first is not a poem though blocked as is expected of a poem but you would notice that the first piece is like any layman talking while the second piece is conveniently a poem. You don't want to write a poem as the first, it's horrible. Note that, with respect to where your verse should be is not fixed, you could style it as in Concrete Poetry (a poem with a structure or shape that reveals the title or theme).

Consider:

Unstable as the Water

You of inauspicious speeches,

Subtle,

Vague,

Chameleon-tongued,

Of the night,

Of the day,

Oozing sweet-biled milk,

Weather-tossed,

O serpent!

So, your ways are.

- Akinsimoye Samuel O. Godson

What matters is the poetic touch. It is worse when some write ‘poetry’ from one end of the margin to the other end of the margin, that isn’t poetry.

Intrinsically, on INTERNAL PROPERTIES of poetry, as noted earlier, not all 14 lined poems are sonnets though sonnets are poems of 14 lines. What distinguishes a sonnet is the internal touch. Do you know that there are types of poetry?

- i. Shakespearean
- ii. Spenserian
- iii. Italian or Petrarchan

And each of these have their peculiar features. For instance, Shakespearean sonnet would have a line consisting of 10 syllables, the syllables arranged as an unstressed syllable preceding a stressed syllable, such pattern repeated five times in one line, running through the 14 lines with an end rhyme of the scheme ABAB CDCD EFEF GG. You see a lot goes into poetry giving it the complex view it receives. Kindly pause and take the next task.

TASK

Do a research on the following:

- a. Foot***
- b. Metrical Pattern***
- c. Rhythm***
- d. Rhyme and Rhyme Scheme***

Until next edition comes with the wind of season flow, you can reach me directly via sammiegodson@gmail.com or +2347030226416 with your questions, comments and reservations. Happy landing!

REVIEW OF THE WINNING PIECE, “Broken-hearted” By Eddiong Bassey

The Poet in this melancholic poem of 13 lines, presents the ordeal of a lover that is heartbroken after being jilted and left in pains by his lover, Adunni, making him promise to never love again.

The first 3 lines of this poem paint a picture of melancholy and hunger for love. The Poet creates a piercing image of pains and anguish in lines 1& 2 while line 3 settles on the Poetic personae's hunger for love as captured in the phrase : "*my soul is a famished belly, raving and craving for a loving heart*".

Lines 3- 11 takes one on a journey down memory lane, giving a narrative of how the Poetic personae had fallen madly in love with Adunni thinking she loved him back only to be jilted by her. The Poetic personae gives a vivid image of Adunni's beauty. He speaks of her "large hazel eyes" and "the rich auburn of her hair" that left him completely conquered.

Lines 8- 11 bring an abrupt break to the emphasis on beauty and loveliness that made the Poetic personae fall in love with Adunni, bringing sadness and pains as the Poetic personae compares the effect of Adunni's jilt to being bitten by a puff adder that strikes swiftly without prior notice leaving him : "*broken, battered and buffeted*" as presented in line 11.

The Poetic personae is left with no choice than to seek succour in the arms of a "beloved big brother ", though the readers are not told who that really is.

In conclusion, in lines 12&13, the Poetic personae makes a resolve never to love again though : "*ages climb the hills of time, and eons plant grey strands on my skin...*" (the Poetic personae's skin).

The Poet in this poem skilfully makes use of a wide variety of figures of speech and literary devices to add beauty to this amazing poem and top amongst them are: Metaphor, Personification, Alliteration, Onomatopoeia, internal rhyme, Imagery and Simile.

The Poet uses imagery extensively in almost every line of this poem helping the readers create mental pictures of Adunni's beauty and of course his feelings of anguish and hurts through his vivid and clear description.

The Poet also makes use of Onomatopoeia and internal rhyme to bring a certain rhythm and add to the sound effect of the poem. By using words and phrases like: "maelstrom, twirling, speed, splintered shards, broken, battered" to mention but a few, the poet employs onomatopoeia and then he uses internal rhyme in line 3 in "...raving and craving.."

The Poet also employs the use of metaphor and simile lavishly in this poem. Some of the instances where he uses metaphor and simile for comparison are in lines : 1,2,3 ,8 and 9.

The Poet also makes use of personification in the poem in lines: 1,7 and 12.

The Poet makes use of alliteration also to help the sound effect of the poem as is found in lines: 2, 3,7,9,10 and 11.

The poem is quite an amazing and a painfully exciting poem that brings to forefront the pains of a heart-broken lover and a message for us all to love with caution...

Edidiong Bassey is a Nigerian from Eket, Akwa Ibom State. He is a Lawyer, Poet, Writer and Teacher. He believes in using literature (poetry) as a medium of social engineering. Edidiong is the author of " Unbound Echoes", a collection of poems.

WRITING DO'S AND DON'TS

with YakekponoAbasi Adams

Your friend has just told you about a poetry call for submission; as expected, you're excited and can't wait to send in your entry. However, other people will send in their entries too, so what will make your entry stand out? How can you put the odds in your favour?

The answer is simple – *heed these do's and don'ts of poetry submission.*

Do: Read previous publications by the publisher. Pay close attention to poem types and lengths.

Do: Read submission guidelines; whether it's a contest or not, the call is usually accompanied by submission guidelines. If the theme is 'love' and you send a poem on 'nature', your poem will be tossed in the trash no matter how good it is.

Do: Stick to the deadline. There is no need sending your poem after the deadline. If you stumble on the poetry call for submission after the deadline, there is no need to send your entry.

Do: Use good font types for your work. The mostly recommended font types are Times New Roman, Arial and Calibri. If you are a writer and you do not know what Font Types are, go and learn.

Do: Read and appreciate feedback from the publisher, even if it's negative. Note why your work was rejected or accepted and reflect on it. You can even go ahead to reply with a thank you note.

Do: Read, re-read and edit your poem. If possible, show it to a trusted friend to go through and edit it for you.

Do: Talk to other poets who have submitted to the publication and ask them how it went.

Don't: Give up. Enter into poetry contests as often as you can until you win, and even after you have won. Submit your works to many publications, especially the reputable ones.

Don't: Offer to bribe judges of Poetry Contests just so you can win. This is a no-no, don't even think of it.

Don't: Expect to emerge the winner of a Poetry Contest. Stick to the submission guidelines and wait for the announcement.

Don't: Submit more entries than stated in the submission guidelines. It's not about trying your luck, just stick to the rules.

See you next month.

Send comments, questions and suggestions to info@youthshades.com

LITERARY JOKES

If you're a fan of reading, then you'll love hearing clever jokes about grammar and punctuation. Don't worry if you can't understand them at first, because they're easily explained. Here are some clever jokes about grammar and literature that are guaranteed to make you smile:

- Why Did the Run-on Sentence Think It Was Pregnant?

"Its period was late." Run-on sentences consist of multiple clauses that should be broken up with periods.

- How do You Irritate a Writer?

"The list is too long to fit here." If you're obsessed with spelling and grammar, that sentence will be as painful to read as it is to write.

LITERARY FACTS

- ✚ The longest published poem in American literature is “Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land” written by Herman Melville in 1876.
- ✚ There’s a poem titled ‘Plakkopytrixophylisperambulantioatrix’, written by G. K. Chesterton.
- ✚ A couplet contains two-line stanzas.
- ✚ ‘Flyting’ is the term for a poetic slanging-match something like rap battles nowadays, where two poets compete in turns with streams of abusive verse.