



YOUTH SHADES

THEME

NATURE

YOUTHSHADES MONTHLY POETRY CONTEST

WWW.YOUTHSHADES.COM

AUGUST 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...

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 subsequent PDF 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 – SEPTEMBER 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 - **BETRAYAL** 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 should be original and never published elsewhere.
- Your poem **should not be more than** 14 lines.
- Attach the poem as a Microsoft word document (.doc). **DO NOT WRITE THE POEM IN THE BODY OF THE EMAIL.**

- Use Font type – **Times New Roman** and Font Size – **16**
- Submission deadline is **10th September, 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 publish his/her interview.

- ❖ 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.

- ❖ 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 competition 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 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.

Please note that aside from the winning poems, the rest are not arranged in any special order.

JUDGE'S NOTE

It was a keenly contested adventure, and interestingly, everyone did their lot, but sometimes the after the best is served, it seems yet not enough for all, but for some or at least one, the best is best. That was the case this time, on nature, the world battled with great poetic pieces from the continents of the world, most of whom are males – *does it mean the men are more poetic?*

The contest must come to a close, and so it did, if you are not among the three, you might have to check your improve on your **Metrical Patterning** and **Rhyme** as well as **Creative Drive** of your poetic expressions. In the meantime, let's celebrate these poets:

1st - **TOUCH OF NATURE** by Oyekunle Ifeoluwa Peter with **87%**

2nd - **WEED** by Author Renee' Brown with **78%**

3rd - **SPLENDIFEROUS NATURE** by Lovell Kapaipai with **77%**

The works were all judged based on:

- Thematic Content [rated over 25]
- Expression/Language [rated over 25]
- Metrical Pattern [rated over 20]
- Rhyme [rated over 10]
- Creative Drive [rated over 10]
- Line Rule [rated over 10]

All correspondence, comments and reservations should be forwarded to the Judge at sammiegodson@gmail.com

Thank you

Signed

Akinsimoye S. O. Godson

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: TOUCH OF NATURE

Oyekunle Ifeoluwa Peter – Nigeria

The moon that shines for all to see,
The birds that fly and live on trees,
The songs in summer breeze so true,
depicts nature with so much clue.

The flame of love that burns my heart,
leaves me longing to touch the stars.
The breeze from sea that cools the night,
leaves me in awe of the rolling tides.

The sun that smiles in moody days,
Flowers that danced to feed our gaze.
The snow that falls and soothe our soul,
leaves us with memories precious than gold.

In nature I have found solace,
that has set my passion ablaze.

© *OYEKUNLE IFEOLUWA PETER*

PEN NAME: IPOD-WRITES

2nd Runner-up: WEED

Author Renee' Brown – USA

Sow a seed

Plant a tree

Water 'n' Sun

Reap the growth

Leave it be

Fend for self

Watch the weed

Cocoon

A

Tree

Dedicated To: Wildflowers

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3rd Runner-up: SPLENDIFEROUS NATURE

Lovewell Kapaipai - Zambia

Stars-twinkle in the sky

The moon-mingle with them 'til its sleep

As the sun wakes-up high

It unveils beauty even in the deep

O' see, the light shine

Roses blossom with a morning breeze in the garden

Trees make sounds in line

With the blow of wind that paints a picture of Eden
Skies are blue
Water is cool
Exquisite leisure sands at the shores of Oceans and Seas
Harmonious melodies birds sing in dewy-trees
The green-grass on the land speaks of beauty and peace
To all, nature is a perfect bliss

NATURE

Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayya - India

Do not cause more damage to 'Nature' silent,
Nor her silence misinterpret, she suffers it all sitting dormant,
Do not misuse gorgeous 'Nature', redundant.

Let us save the colourful portrait, the silken earth, the sky velvet,
Innumerable fragrances the wind carries, smell it,
Enjoy, cherish, preserve and conserve all of it.

Respect and love Nature, love her, care for and save her,
Treat her with immense respect,
Or all the bounties, one day we have to forfeit.

Let us forever preserve this picture pristine,
Pure, fresh, beautiful and clean, for the good of civilizations,
A pretty gift for the coming generations.

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FOR NATURE'S CALL

Osalam Wosu – Nigeria

mine are the flowery fountains
that litter this heavenly stream
the sportive sun, the gibbous moon
the wordless songs of birds.

I will hide beneath this leafy shade
and sing a glorious song
for sad this world has made me so
but with nature I am strong.

the red leaves fall and the petals very soon
horizon calls and my glad heart beats a tune
while seas wave to the sandy shores
a sight of the truth behind fictitious lores

mine is a love for nature's call
mine is a yearn for beauty's call.

AFRICAN SEASONAL COLD

Yunus Abdulwakeel Olawale – Nigeria

In the winter days at dawn,
Cold comes divinely and violently with the lash
To beat the creatures down
And, every skin cuts quiet a dash
And shroud in the woollen sweaters

Like a spring onions on the field of plantation
To shield them from the severe cold-spells
And safeguard them from her sanction

African seasonal cold!
Every morning, blows a windstorm
Till evening, thus, every mouth bows to her scold
Because of her unbearable sandstorm.
Surely, the rich take hot 'Hollandian peak milk'
While the indigent sip hot 'African peak milk.'

SAVE NATURE

Lebi Joshua Olushola – Nigeria

You stare at her and her beauty makes you sigh
If only you know all she does now is cry
To know her woes, no one ever try
She is silently fading like a dye

She cried aloud “save me”
The only ones to hear it are deaf
They laughed and said “oh, it’s nothing”
She wished for once she could be taken seriously

The smoke is getting thicker now making it harder to breath
The dirtiness is getting larger making her tilt
She watched in silence as she died helplessly
Can someone please for once look closely

Save mother NATURE

Please help her get well

TWILIGHT DELIGHT

Ayuba Muhyideen Kolawole - Nigeria

No sun to rise neither can we be solarized
The gloominess of night swirls erased
After eventide but not at dawn
The diadem of the night coming from the west
Fourteenth moon? No, that comes at night
I look my right to write, nothing comes but sight
The beauty I see governs my heart
Satellite of moon befriends some breeze
I crawl through light feel entranced
With coolness bestowed from the cakewalk-breeze
Through my veins to heart I feel its pleasure
Which encapsulates my heart for the sweetness of life
And brings me joy with the blessings of earth
The world is light and the light is in twilight delight

SKY

Akinlabi Ololade - Nigeria

You've been an umbrella that shadows me for ages,
Your wings are winged along the face of the east, the chest of the north, belly of
the west and feet of the south.
You are a constant that walks faster than the variables,
Always behind my eyes and at zero degree rotation of my eyes, you are found
ahead my eyes.
How do you crawl? How do you fly?

I was told you are a sky
That was woven above my eyes,
Show me your seamstress
Who wove you without filament,
And sewed comfy heels for you without stands;

Yet, many lashes from the sun can't see you fall.

AUGUST RAIN

Amaka Felly Obioji – Nigeria

Mama said the rain gets heavier every august,
that's nature, it builds its wave up in the sky
and takes us unaware, like soldiers who are
about to take over a city.

Every august I don't think of the rain or nature,
I think of my lover, who possessed the nature
of the august rain, she sure took me unaware,
no! she didn't take over me.

She abandoned me just like one who flees
from house on fire, every august as rain gather
in the clouds, are tears,
I weep for my lover.

It has become my nature every august,
as I await the rain to become a fusion with my tears.

THIS IS MY SLEEP

Tosin Morakinyo – Nigeria

A night marauder of bliss are you
as you visit all with your cudgel of peace
and confound the wisdom's wit in his folly

and as she tries to banter words with you,
her life did you borrow with an insurance

When life seems like a labyrinth of melody
and thoughts visit with his pleasurable moans
which turn Eunuchs even the slimmest ideas,
I wish only to be kidnapped by you to
leave the earth awhile and return to it anew.

Hope someday, fate won't half grant my wish
and make you hand me over to your dreary kindred.
Before then will I live to someday go over empty
After all I carry have been pollinated on fertile land.

WHEN EVERYTHING LIVES IN NATURE

Lawal Jimoh – Nigeria

And nature talks of what we gain in life
As we all live as ourselves being so rude;
I don't care as a child and I don't have a wife,
This is what history says you do exude.

Then nature lives in you, in your own home
Of life in charge of law of change I see
The lesson plan has not yet change to some
That is what social life does mean to me.

This nature births a life to live the more
And that the law of not to change is change.
You are then part of what I can't ignore
This nature breaths, inventions do arrange
To gain, that school is life and life is school

Again, let's walk this land, this school is cool.

MY TIME WITH NATURE

Hassan Abdumalik Odunayo – Nigeria

I took a hand full of time;
and peeped through the door hole of nature.
I saw a curve of rainbow
after pierces from rain bow.
listened to the rhythm of the winds
made by the flaps of bird wings,
I saw the evening sun yawn, needs a break since dawn.

Glimpsed through the gentleness of the blue sea.
Saw the green, echoing the moving wind,
tenderly aiding the shove of her effete leaves.
And the night replaced big star with smaller ones,
dethroned the sun, coronated the moon.
Then, the last grain of time; slipped through my finger cracks.
And I was thrown into the abyss of snore.

IN THE HAVEN OF NATURE

Shehu Abdus-Salam Aladodo – Nigeria

Once, I journeyed through a flourishing desert,
filled with noises of the wind.
The courtly heap of red earth dust,

holding firm, my two hinds.

The beautiful sight of the ocean,
blowing towards me, its waves in motion.

The tickling sound of sweet salty flowing droplet,
keeps my heart in a safe locket.

The free movement of wings,
basking under the blue painted surface called sky.
The clicking sound of dolphins with fins,
stripped me naked of my sigh.

And what draws me to smell the early morning dew,
if not the beauty of nature and its prodigious view.

FOR GOD SO LOVE THE WORLD

Ayeyemi Taofeek – Nigeria

The sun isn't only to wring your clothes dry,
Neither to make your hay dry nor scorch your skin black,
Rather, it spreads vitamin D in the fresh morning
And in the smiling day, it aids photosynthesis.

The coldness of the weather isn't to freeze you up,
It's not to bless you with catarrh or cough,
It's to moisten your system from dehydration
And to make your night a sweet sensation.

The rain is sent to wake the long dead earth
And empower the fertile lands to feed humanity.
When the clock never was, the sun did the counting,
And before the calendar, the moon counted our days.

The sun, the moon and the stars beautify the sky
And are heart-warming feasts for every eye.

THIS IS MY NATURE

Adediran Omotara - Nigeria

The sun peeping through the trees watched the river sing happily
The wind got motivated; got its bands ready
The dry leaves at the bank cuddled,
Dancing romantically to the rhythm of the wind
While the trees choreographed in styles
The band whistled, the sun closed its eyes
Cloud turned black, crickets turned to their holes

The cloud wept for joy bringing blessings upon the earth
Relieving the earth from the scorch
The moon smiled as Earthworms caressed sweetly the wet mud
The Squirrels cool off in their Jacuzzi
Wild flowers break forth their sweet fragrance
To the delight of endless sucking bees
The season has come again, as it will go.

NATURE

Sudha Dixit

I am nature,
I believe in equality, not segregation
On the basis of caste, creed,
Colour of skin and religion

I have no gender
As a father-figure sky, I bestow from above,
The sun, the moon and stars, also clouds, rainbows
And with the rain I shower over you my love

As mother earth I reproduce
The verdant plants, and colourful blooms
With mountain rivers and cataracts
I take away the the world's gloom

I am nature, I am an entity, I am 'me'
In entire cosmos I am beauty's epitome

THE LESSONS FROM NATURE

Okekwuo Esther, Nigeria

It was the God of Creation
That perfectly made the creatures
It was the abundant rain and showers
That actually gave a smile to the flowers
It was the beauty of nature
That also gave a hope for the future
It was the graceful ray of the sun
That made the evil men to run
Shall we the lessons from nature learn?
Rather than destroy, mourn and yearn!
Words of nature are daily uttered
We hear only if we remain calm and unfettered

THE MESSAGE OF MY REVERIE

Nwigwe Joel Ifeanyichukwu - Nigeria

In the nocturnal hour of the day,
Reverie comes to visit me,
His presence, a soothing felicity,
I bask in his companionship.
Reverie gives me tutorial,
He teaches me about existence,
He says that the creator,
Is the orchestrator of the natural.
The message had come with audacity,
As if to commandeer sublimity,
As she takes her sit,
Of authority in my thought.
Then comes the cry of the rooster,
To take reverie away from me.

COLOURFUL NATURE

Jimoh Rahmot - Nigeria

Beautiful beyond beauty;
the exquisite beauty of nature,
Restless yet lonely,
I scurried off to my garden.
My garden, the eyes of the spring.
Watching the silently singing spring,
my heart danced in awe of nature.

I sprung up to life
when my eyes some dazzling
daze it caught,
Colourful colors cruising all over;
Blueish sky, greenish plant, reddish
flowery buds,
Sucking life from the dazzling orange sun.

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HIDDEN NATURE

Ngozi Adedeji – Nigeria

Right from the cradle
they told me tales of
nature and what is natural:
the ocean,
the moon and the sun.
Love too is natural;
only when it is for girls.

It is noon but
I see a boy running
towards night and its darkness,
away from the sun and its light
lest his real side would be seen;
he loves another boy.

THIS IS MY NATURE

Opara Chima - Nigeria

Wake me not up from my grief;
For i dine with my fears,
I dine with nature.
Tomorrow speaks uncertainty;
For today's carelessness,
I lay despondently stupefied.
Perceiving the earth swing in my head;
Like a pendulum time and time again.
Swinging ferociously against the order of nature,
To undue its keepers carelessness;
My roof licks of life.
I pray the waterman of heaven go on leave
And Let me a respite.
When the sun comes up, peep not through my cracks.

MY HOME (AN ACROSTIC POEM)

Ruby Tyagi – India

No, I don't want to die forlorn, but in love
And privileged, in arms of my beloved sky that is blue.
*T*ogether, fostering my soul with discerning views, lying
*U*nder the prospered olives, the sun's warming glory,
*R*eading Walden and listening to twittering of fledglings.
*E*venings with jewel flakes of frost, softer hushes and

Mornings with holy wreaths, brisk zephyrs.
Youthful squirrels illuminating my darkened heart with
Hopes and fancies, blessed with God's nature will.
O'er the mountain, so I would die, revered by
Mother nature, because it is the temple where I am
Epoxied to fauna, *nature my home!*

NATURE

Dan Murithi - Kenya

Nature protects the best,
Was a phrase born in West,
When a tumbleweed became a shield,
For a man outdrawn in the field.

The weeping willow is the tree that cries,
Raindrops are tears of the skies,
That makes a day gay and somber,
To honor a man in eternal coma.

The stars always stare in mirth,
When a new man visits the world by birth,
The wind makes his hair sway,
Everyday till the strands are tuft and gray,
For nature misses not in the picture,
Of a man and every creature.

THE NATURALISTIC COLORS

Olawuyi Oluwadamilola – Nigeria

Taking up my drawing board,
seeking solace in painting what's broad.
Thinking of the most beautiful colors,
seeing the world around in its splendour.

The plants gives vegetative green,
the sun shines glittering yellow.
The sky radiates royal blue,
the fountain flows pious white.
The soil depicts fertile brown,
animals like flowers, you should not rake.
As for humans, we're the rainbow reflecting across the lake.

I got out of my oblivion and decided to paint the world!
I realized this, the best of aesthetic
Is in viewing the naturalistic.

THE PANICKY NATURE

Adegbite Taoheed A.

Alas !, the man is here,
living changer of humans.
Animals shudder over there
Dearth and draught are the horns
African winter looming I bow
Encapsulate heavy cold and heat
"Manu to manu" preach it with "wow"
Voyage of different animals turns dearth.

At dusk you feel freeze till dawn,
Gentle wind from the sea.
Dawn coldness subjacent to sunny sun,
Pierced lips, body colour faded: makes living uneasy,
Draught, heavy coldness and heat in winter nature,
Plantation with irrigation enlist in our culture.

MOONLIGHT

Aaliyah Lenyora - South Africa

The sight of the moon often leaves me breathless,
It's beautiful in its own unique way,
Because such beauty leaves me feeling hopeless,
As the shining brightness of the moon can only be seen once a day,
Ever changing shadows on the moon only parts of it shining,
Always hidden never seen fully leaves me wondering,
Will I ever gaze at its fullness for more than one night?
To see this wondrous magnificent light of the moon,
This moonlight so soft and delicate illuminating light,
Such light fills me with longing for more of it to be seen,
Because I gaze at this for only one night,
I shall be filled with determination to catch every sight,
On these special nights my love for gazing at its illuminating beauty,
To see the fullness of the moon shall be my boon as well as my duty.

BALANCE

Dolapo Asisat Sanusi – Nigeria

As the day comes, night's slain
So does the sun when it rains

For every soul that lives comes death
Shoved in a six-foot depth

Every tragedy has a cause
In happiness lies it's source

Every insomnia induced
Surely sleep is a truce

Opposing forces harmonize
Such a balance is nature

LEARNING HOW TO FLY

Nosakhare Collins – Nigeria

Even though i found my body happily smiling each morning,
There is something missing.
I pluck my sorrow on a daytime;
After then i nail it into my roof;
And spring them into the air;
Throw them into the sea;
Until it become free in the air;
Because each time i learn how to fly with feathers;
My body dwells with tranquility;
Until then i still spin in earth;
Until then am still learning;
Learning to know where i came from;
And learning how to fly with feather and embracing felicities.
Original poem written by: Nosakhare Collins © 2017

EMPTY MEANINGS

Shittu Aisha Adetoun – Nigeria

Three wings, two brownish white blacks and three purplish tails,
All on the fading green pitch,
Forming a formation that had no form.

As red patches dusted through the sky-bluish sky,
Welcoming us with impending darkness,
Getting the forest thick and darker,
I felt life breathe into me.

Three wings, two brownish-white blacks and three purplish tails,
All on the quest of gaining territorial command on the red stripes,
With the brownish-white blacks dwelling on antecedence.

As I pictured the reds and yellows, the greens and blues in their vagueness,
Somewhere somehow, I saw,
How tranquil life can be,
When we pay attention to empty meanings.

OH! MOTHER NATURE

Kapardeli Eftichia - Greece

In the cement state the birds were lost
In the corner of the street and on
Roots of the pale Eucalyptus, piles of rubbish.....

The apple tree in the garden of an old uninhabited residence
With fallen leaves and with the roots tightly embraced
Deserted and naked thirsty

In the arms of the earth the Rose underfoot
Deserted our villages
And the city's children in cements are no longer playing

But a new garden grows, oh! mother Nature
In your constant flow, nothing is missing, nothing is left over God, you
A fair protector in the cycle of the Sun
Human actions will drown for fertile and saving rich seasons
of the color tides

THE LAKE AT DUSK

Sayan Basak - India

Deep peach remnant of the morning
Sinking below the far ridge
Dragging a warm blanket across the lake
Leaving a trail of gold dust
A humid embrace
And a slow kiss goodnight
All boats docked
Giving right of way to the swans
A raven at the end of the pier
A girl at the bank of the green
And a carp at the verge of emergence
All watch together
Until the stars are all lit

NATURE

Humphrey Muriuki – Kenya

Nature's kingdom valley and its hills seem to be vigilant,
A breeze from the ocean's breeze can be felt; and,
Tall trees are now forming a canopy under my tent,
Un-noticed from a distance, I see the fading moons light,
Rain of hope is going to fall on us I suspect; and,
Earth should be calm but expectant; for

No-one who really believes in my attempts,
Anytime I grab an opportunity; life mistreats,
To many I'm the product of the Elementals mistrust(s),
Under the lineage of Devas,
Roughly, I'm a son to the nature deities,
Empowered by nature, to believe in my own fate.

NATURE IS MOTHER

Chando Chongo - Zambia

Yesterday she suckled a fresh breathe
In the broken lungs of human,
and today, she has become a redundant woman
whose desire to embrace the life of man is mocked
like a blind widow cuffed in thickest pangs.

Nature is mother,

therefore I won't let man cut her limbs
for she is a fine glowing mother
craving to have her body caressed with infinite love.

Covered in green, diligently she buds.
Her beauty is an ensconced feeling
tacked in love we all toss in our infant hearts
when drought dries our throats.
Nature is mother—I will forever protect my mother.

NIGH NIGHT

Ridwan Adeniran – Nigeria

Night comes with weak bones after fighting morning
Battles with all strengths and hope and running

Night comes with darkness of this planet of worries
But in awareness of the next morning businesses
Holding brightly, reminders of promises and deadlines

Night comes as a visitor to accompany our lonely journey
Through disaster and nightmares of thousands of demons
In thickets and forests, to morning hugging us with sermons
Of racing helter-skelter for bills, meals, shade and covering

Night would cease to come someday or morning
Betrays its duty – to relieve it – And then we'd be

Where we were told existed before our being
And the nigh night would truly be.

THE INVINCIBLE MOTHER

Alfred Joseph – Nigeria

Married ab initio to Lord Universe, my lovely groom
To help in directing the affairs of the Times and Season;
Stretching the galaxy blinds and switching the stars in our room;
To keep the moon in tune thus to serve without ceasing.
Bidding my Sun each morn to rise from his chamber in the East
And via his beacon ignite our castle till with delight the very least,
Among my pets unite in their snippets ere he sets in the West.
Whilst I proceed with the chores of carpeting the hills and distributing pills,
That heals my planet; renewing the energies to avoid depletion;
Whispering creative tips via the lips of the seas, the bees and trees,
To all who care to hearken to the tales of my mysteries;
Ensuring that insufficient elements in my firmaments attain repletion;
And enforcing our laws, till the Prince stamps the seal of his signature;
Certifying the mettle of his stalwart bride as the Invincible Mother Nature.

ONLY NATURE

Wakchin Nengak - Nigeria

Unlike man, who makes war
That gulps even infants to its maw.
Nature,
Let things reign in their prime;
For morning creeps to noon,
Noon holds out itself to evening,
Evening then crawls to night,
Night swims into morning

Prompting crows from cocks
Then birds, to wake and make dulcet
That still it's comely breeze.
And again like before
Let time to flap it's wings.

©*Wakchin Nengak*

NATURE IS DYING

Aaron Boluwatife

Nature has become a sad mother
Nature cries and we are blind to see
She watched men go free and not charged for murder
And her tears floods everywhere like the sea
Man hurts nature but plays the victim
He's turn her forest into a desert
Nature cries, man please listen
Her beautiful Savannah you've turned into an hazard
The only thing left for you is a game reserve
Nature can't take it anymore
The lives in the deep blue sea are dying
Man curse God for starting this war
But chow to ignore nature's several warnings
I hope you will be able to fight this global warming

NATURE, NURTURED BEAUTY

Emminex Paradox - Nigeria

Sometimes, at the break of dawn,
I sit at the tip of my eyes
watching how the sun crawls languidly
on scorching limbs, across the sky's skinny skin...

I see how the eagles climb grey clouds:
how the wind whispers to the ears of their wings,
a song of soaring flight...

As the night yawns, I see the moon:
how it bathes the night in slivers of silver light;
I see how the crystalline pools mirror
the sparkling starlit sky...

I can't help but wonder - how did nature nurture these beauties?
The sky is indeed a beauty to behold.

MOTHER AND CHILD KOPJE

Jurgen Namupira – South Africa

See the combination over there;
The magnificence of nature,
Laying one on top of the other.
No mathematical equation involved,

But they still balance;
No economical or political intervention
But they remained stable up to date.

As young as they look,
They are an attraction from miles away
Holding its own unique record
Being the oldest of its kind in Zimbabwe.

Some call it Matopo,
Others prefer Matobo
And I'll also go with "Mother and Child Kopje"

EARTH

Godwin Chidiebube – Nigeria

Out of thy seed was this little boy made
He became a living being by breathe of life
And unto thy seed shall he also return
When finally, his days are silent as the night
Out of thy seed did he build and raise
For himself a tenth of mud,
Surrounded by the beauties of thy Master's touch
Oh! Out of thy seed, he has for himself food and water,
And enough to make him richer –
richer in health and wealth.
Thou are natural to him,

And shall accept him when he sleeps to wake up no more.

Thou art nature

The beautiful work of thy Master's touch.

THE MYSTERY CALLED ECOSYSTEM

Hammed Habeeb – Nigeria

A feel of the happily frozen snow rock

Cost me a gruesome body numb.

While the sea boast of its spaciousness

The desert smiles of its endlessness.

The cold windy winter and hot summer alternates

Apocalypse brought the winter summer hot wind.

Man competes for the tallest and loftiest buildings

Imitating the dominant strategies of the forest citizens.

While I live to see what no one else has seen

My body ache and my hair turns grey.

Chameleon may take the colour of its environment

But the birds are forever different from the airplanes

IF EVE WASN'T CREATED

Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac - Nigeria

I wonder how lonely he would wander,
As a cloud over a moving train;
Leaving a message for the traveler,
Wrapped in an envelope of rain.
If Eve wasn't carved from his ribs,
I wonder how formed his body would be.
Flying over mighty vales and hills,
And dining daily with swarms of bee.
If Eve never existed as a creature,
How then could I pen this piece?
Nature is Eve, Eve is nature,
To jointly proclaim for a raging peace.

FLAMES AND TEARS

Okechi Okeke – Nigeria

The droplets of tears of our skin break into tiny pieces upon
the heavy heart of earth; stale white blood flows through
the burning bodies smouldering with fumes of flames.
Our bones beat up our skins like heater; our heads turn
and turn in distress. The few lie under the weeping eyes
of the shower or stay in the cold arms of the 'conditioner.
Others roam around the city naked to the waist like
lunatics, searching for broad leaved trees to quench
the burning flame under their skin.

Have we blundered into the wrath of earth?
Why is the shiny eye of the earth over us smouldering our skin?
From the east to west, it's lying there and here;
north and south it's standing everywhere, doddering round
the earth, sitting over our heads as flames.

NATURE

Adepoju Jamiu Adegboyega – Nigeria

I could hear calling whispers of the wind,
I could feel the rise of ocean with tide.
I gulp the beauty, crave for more to find,
My heart like water, cannot stand the stride.
O mother Earth! How graceful your vastness?
As morning sun stretches his golden arms.
The moon; lord of all nights, simmers kindness,
On hissing cobra, also praying palms.
As fast as lightning, hungry time eats all,
As epitaphs bear time all fed over.
On beautiful nature, we rise and fall,
Until the grips of death end maneuvers.
The mirth under vast envelop of air,
Is life to always visit after here.

NATURES OF NATURE

Adewumi Ayomikun – Nigeria

Like a blue line on a big sun,
He sprang up to be born

With beaming smile and tears;
Him; momma welcome after years

Time and tides pass by,
The once little now reaches the sky
His broad shoulders; wide, so wide-
Verily ready to take a bride.

Sudden air breach then fall,
Nature comes standing tall:
To push a onetime giant-
Turns him to a sandy client.

Nature; one that makes and takes
Even valor: steals it and breaks

DAYBREAK

Conrad Kaupo – Zimbabwe

The yawning sun embraced the sleeping earth
Caressing it softly with radiant yellow hues
A distant dove heralded dawn's birth
Ushering its joy in rhythmic coos

A blue gaping sky lay above
Smiling at the awakening trees below
A soothing breeze breathed out love
Hugging gigantic hills standing tall

Passionately the horizon stretched its arms
Cautiously clinging to the snuggling sun
Staggering clouds clapped their palms
An awaited new day had begun

BLISSFUL NATURE

Nidhi kunvarani – India

Everywhere on the lap of the mother earth
Spread nature as pretty panoramic pictures
Around and surrounding being the best teacher
She fulfills their kids every basic needs, shelter, water
clothes, foods to eat and incomparable mirth
Fills in her accompany vibes of purity and positivity
Gives burning mind and heart to serenity
Her lovely lessons heals heart's pain
Without any kind of desire or something to gain
I can't forget to note her owes to mention
Greenery gives hopes as seeds to become tree to hopeless being strong passion
From morning to night everywhere presence of the nature
Let us salute to her for every kind of raptures
Source of the tranquility, the treasure of the divinity
Let's take care of her and prove ourselves as her kids of humanity!

MULTI-FACED

Ezeani Ucheckwukwu – Nigeria

Dark blue curtains, cover the dawning sky,
Soft, cool breezes, whisper and then speed by,

Cheery, bright sunshine, peeping through the window,
Young, tender leaves, sprouting in the meadow,

A melancholic presence, I think nature is,
A touch of sanguine, bringing perfect bliss.

But when the sun rises, high above the clouds,
Blazing and scorching, I begin to have doubts,

Perhaps, somewhere inside, there's a choleric,
That sometimes, feels it's okay to be barbaric,

But as day, gradually turns to night,
A phlegmatic scent of weary, hanging from a height,

The thunder rumbles, the clouds let loose,
There is peace again, as we begin tonight's cruise.

MEET OUR WINNER

Tell us about yourself.

I am Oyekunle Ifeoluwa. I'm presently a student of the federal University of Technology, Akure. I am someone that believes in the art of poetry and with which the world can be transformed for good.

What prompted you to begin writing poetry?

The need to express my feelings, the need to touch hearts and reach out to depressed souls, the need to put a smile on someone's face and bring them out of distress and the need to make the world know that poets are also relevant made me start writing poems.

What conditions help you with your writing process?

I write whenever I feel depressed, happy, free from school activities and when there's an urgent need to reach out to someone.

Why do you think poetry is important?

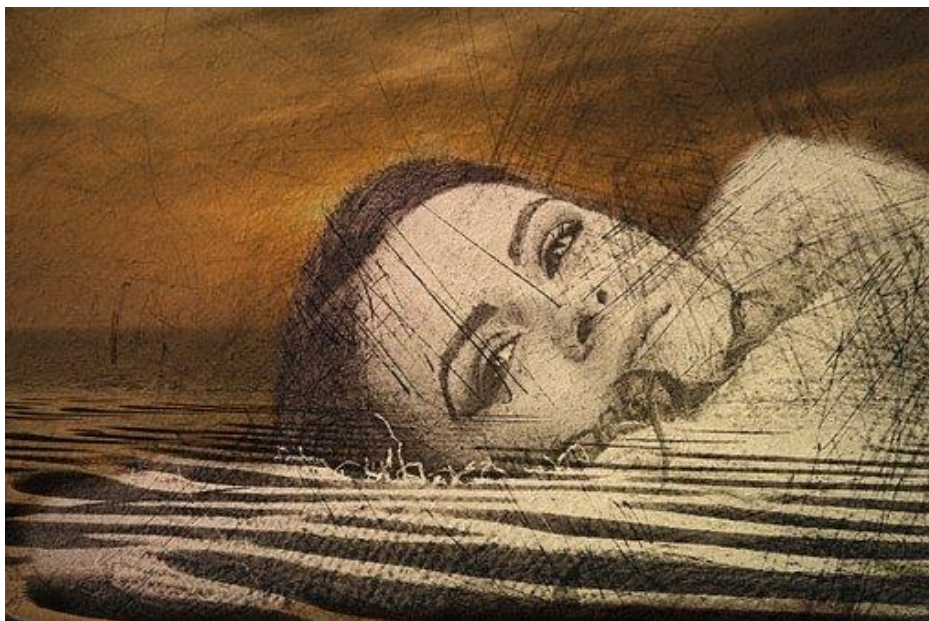
Poetry is important because it brings out the good in everyone. With the art of weaving words, everyone is good, only poets decide to put their thoughts into words. Poetry is life and life is poetry. It's just like the air we breathe in.

Who's your favorite poet and why?

My favourite poet is Maya Angelou. She was a poet that wrote with good imagery in view, she made everything look so real, her poems touch hearts and send meaningful messages to readers. She was a great poet. Her poem "*Still, I'll rise*" made her someone special to me.

ARTS AND SKILLS











POETRY QUOTES

- ❖ "We are here writing stories to be read by coming generations. Every day we live is a leaf to be opened when we leave"
- Ridwan Adeniran
- ❖ "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
- ❖ "...and then, I have nature and art and poetry, and if that is not enough, what is enough?"
— Vincent van Gogh
- ❖ "Poetry is the shadow cast by our streetlight imaginations."
— Lawrence Ferlinghetti
- ❖ "Don't use the phone. People are never ready to answer it. Use poetry."
— Jack Kerouac
- ❖ "Anon, who wrote so many poems without signing them, was often a woman."
— Virginia Woolf
- ❖ "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?"
— Emily Dickinson
- ❖ "Love, the poet said, is woman's whole existence."
— Virginia Woolf

*Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky*

The structure in the above is so overlapping. So, when you make to write a poem, don't be conventional ...it's the reason people read a line of poem more than once; they are trying to think what you meant, and the right order is unconsciously being arranged in them.

"You only learn to be a better writer by actually writing." – Doris Lessing

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR LEADING POETRY WORKSHOPS

Are you considering a poetry workshop, but having cold feet because you do not have an idea of what you should do? Worry no more. Below are some simple rules you should follow in order to lead a poetry workshop. Enjoy!

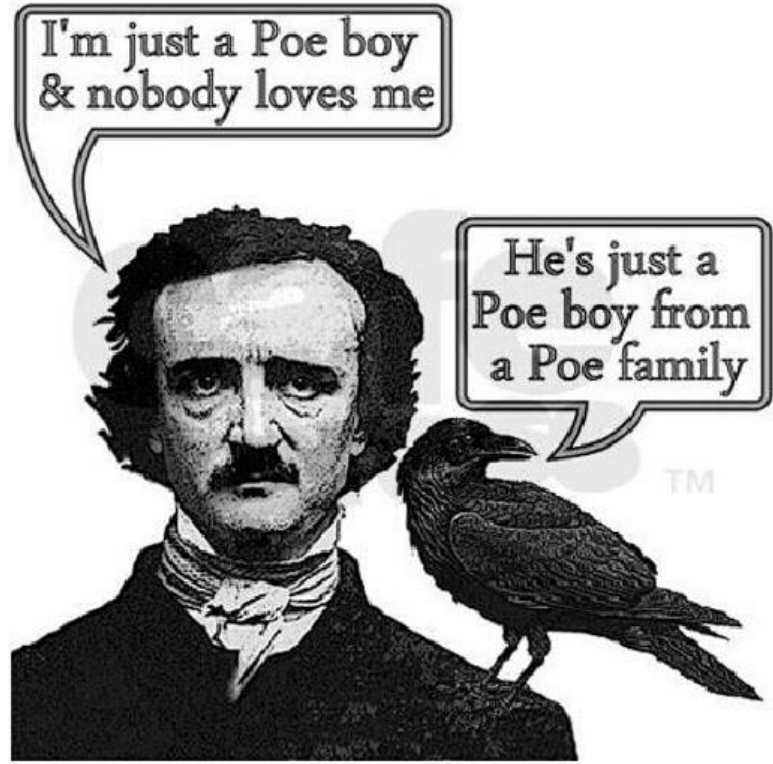
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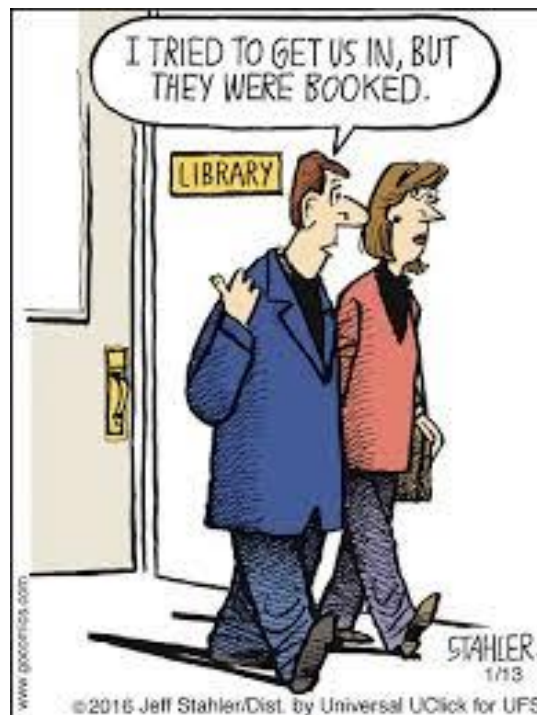
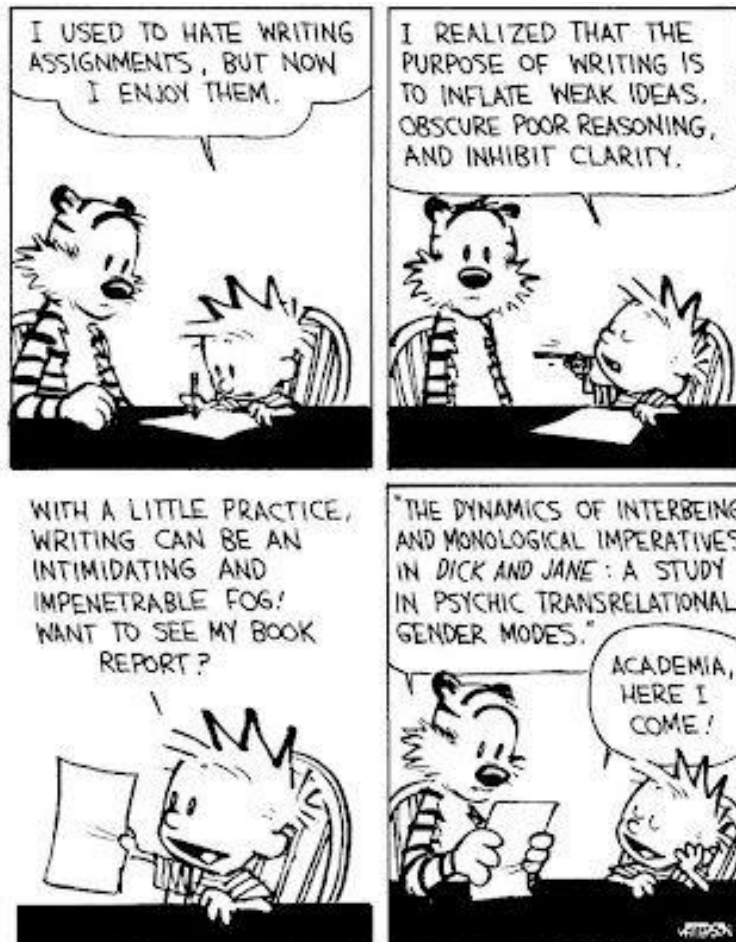
- Talk about poem patterns, lines and verses
- Write
- Write individual and group poems
- Read and talk about different poems
- Suggest redrafting
- Provide poetry books, dictionary, Thesaurus and Rhyming Dictionary
- Set a structure for poems

Don't

- Say poetry is hard
- Limit the range of opportunities
- Worry about what you don't know – ask questions
- Preserve poetry only for those you think can write it
- Tell the writer he/she **MUST** change anything
- Kill interest by always redrafting

LITERARY JOKES









PUZZLES

To solve these puzzles, you have to let your imagination run wild and see beyond logic to find the correct answer. Some of them will drive you crazy, good luck all the same. Try to guess the answers without peeping.

1. Dare trespass my threshold? Don't dream you shall flee;
The strongest, the swiftest, cannot evade me.
I'll seize you and crush you and wrench you apart,
Though no one may gaze on my singular heart.
What am I?
2. Dipping, glinting, gliding by,
Rainbow-fretted, wrought of breath.
I live only while I fly –
Earth's rough kiss my sudden death.
What am I?
3. I am the black child of a white father, a wingless bird, flying even to the
clouds of heaven. I give birth to tears of mourning in pupils that meet me,
even though there is no cause for grief, and at once on my birth I am
dissolved into air.
What am I?
4. I'm in you,
But not in him,

I go up,
But not down,
I'm in the colosseum,
But not a tower,
I'm in a puzzle,
But not a riddle.

5. It can not be seen whenever it's there
It fills up a room, it's much like the air.
It can not be touched, there's nothing to hear
It is quite harmless, there's nothing to fear.
What am I?
6. When I'm young I'm tall
When I'm old I'm short
When I'm alive I glow
Because of your breath I die. What am I?

Answers:

- 1) Black hole
- 2) A soap bubble
- 3) Smoke
- 4) The letter U
- 5) Darkness
- 6) A candle

POETRY FACTS

- Stanza is a group of lines forming the basic recurring metrical unit in a poem.
- Poetry is a powerful tool, it can spark your imagination and spur emotions, even though it's quicker for reading than prose, poetry says a lot with just a few words.
- Poems don't have to rhyme always. Sometimes rhyme doesn't suit the theme or the feeling of the poem, so many poets write in blank verse – poetry that doesn't rhyme, but has a particular meter (rhythm).
- George MacDonald (1824-1905) wrote a two-word poem called 'The Shortest and Sweetest of Songs'. It simply reads: 'Come Home.'
- A phobia of poetry exists and it's called '*Metrophobia*'.
- The Greek poet Homer is believed to have written a poem, called Margites about a stupid man, but the poem is yet not found.

- Allen Ginsberg's most popular poem "Howl," was so radical for its time that Ginsberg's publisher was arrested on charges of immorality.
- German poet Gottlob Burmann despised the letter R so much that he avoided using it in his poetry as well as in communication in everyday life.
- Poet Lizzie Doten claimed that her book – 'Poems from the inner life', contains poems that she allegedly received from the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe.
- Free verse is poetry without a meter.