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## **Collection of Poems:**

### **The Grave, Woe oh Death, and The Voice of Vengeance**

**Okafor Uche Onyedi**

#### **The Grave**

You are the castle of perpetual peace,  
Designed for maximum comfort to the occupant,  
Who year after year never complains or protests,  
For the peace you offer envelops and lets not go.

You are the castle of unmanned gates,  
Ever open to receive the homecoming pilgrim,  
Who, wearied by the ups and downs of life,  
Receives solace in your eternal bosom.

You are the castle of the natural man,  
Indiscriminately offering hospitality to all  
sojourners,  
Who come knocking seeking for refuge  
To escape the predators that hunt them day by day.

You are the castle of inviolable sacredness,  
Wrapped up in the mystery of timelessness,  
You turn the residents into a rampaging silent army,  
Armed with the myth of emptiness and darkness.

You are the castle undesired and abhorred,  
The gallantry of youth mocks at you,  
The affluence of life treats you with contempt,  
Yet you forgive all when they come knocking.

You are the caste of preference,  
When desertion of gallantry provides a couch,  
And the taste of affluence turns sour and pale,  
We look to the castle road in emotional preference,

Full of appreciation as we descend the path,  
Courtesy fails us to say thanks to our escorts.

### **Woe oh Death!**

Woe unto you oh death

For you have exalted yourself above all mortals  
Subjecting them to your thrashing  
You have imposed yourself on their life paths  
And every mortal must answer to you.

You have built a highway  
On which mortals by your command must walk  
But which you in your heartlessness  
Trot to and fro in your harvest of mortals

You have no principles and no standards  
Preference, appetite, interests have you not  
You leave your gate open day in night out  
With no immigration, no custom and no police checks

You have made yourself very rich  
And still crave for more in your insatiability  
You are saturated with the virtues of mortals

And leave mortality to yearn in emptiness.  
You refuse to go whenever you pay a visit  
Yet you are an undesired and unwanted guest  
You refuse to recognise the contempt given you  
As you still skim for another victim

Though you wield your powers blindly  
And act as above the heavenlies and the mortals  
At the time appointed of which you know not  
You shall walk your highway as have done the mortals.

### **The Voice of Vengeance**

I heard the sinister song of the guns  
    in harmony with the dancing fingers on the trigger,  
I heard the whining and whizzing of the machetes  
    in obedience to the ferocity of the heart

I saw a sadistic grin in celebration  
    of every cry that honours the song,  
A cynical jeer at every groan  
that moans the ferocity of the exercise.

I saw heads roll off like magic errand pots  
    running between two spirit worlds,  
I saw headless bodies waiting patiently into eternity  
For a welcome to their errand heads

I watched the samba dance of the flies  
as they displayed their drumming dexterity,  
And the wriggling acrobatics of the maggots and worms  
as they masterly solemnised the marriage of flesh and  
earth.

Why! Why! Why! Oh people must this song go on?  
Why! Why! Why! I cried must the whining and whizzing  
persist?

I heard the voice loud and clear,  
Trailing behind on our heels with fury,  
Out of the earth with power and rage:

"There is a voice crying for vengeance"



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