

UPCOMING VOICES

(An anthology of poems by aspiring and upcoming poets in Nigeria)

A publication of Society of Young Nigerian Writers



Edited By:

Wole Adedoyin

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Dedication

This publication is dedicated to the passengers and crew of DANA AIRLINES FLIGHT 9J-992 from Abuja to Lagos, who lost their lives on Sunday 3rd of June, 2012. About 10 residents of the houses the plane crashed into.

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President's Remark

Glory be to God the father, Son and the Holy Spirit for helping us to organize this educative creative writing workshop. There is a need for the Society to help the upcoming, aspiring and talented young poets in order to hone, enhance and sharpen their poetic style and techniques.

Three eminent poets are here to make justice on the theme "Poetry Writing and Techniques". Please stay calm and relax as the three invited poets are ready to show you the four corners of poetry writing and techniques.

Thanks for coming.

Wole Adedoyin
President

About the Society

SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS is a literary organization based in Oyo State, Nigeria. It was established to promote literary and creative writings among youths in the country.

SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS is an international and local affiliate of Society of Young Publishers (U.K), Winning Writers Association, Association for the Study of Poets, Playwrights and Novelists lives and works and World of Poets and Literary Society.

Our thematic areas are creative writing, poetry, essay, drama, diary and short story writing. In a bid to effectively address some social issues like politics, corruption, bribery, child hawking, religion malpractices to mention but few. We use various creative writing means such as poetry, drama, short stories, diary, novels and other forms of literary and creative arts to express our opinions and different views.

Table of Contents

1. Too Soon	Tawose Olajumoke	1
2. Second Coming	Eyo Justice Ellis	1
3. After the Rain	Dare Akinola	2
4. Now	Olanrewaju Babajide	2
5. An Obscure Trick	Miracle Olafihan	3
6. To Question God	Momodu Ehizue	3
7. Ajanaku	Daniel Olorunkosebi	4
8. My Vision of Ibadan	Abdullah Iyanda	4
9. Fatherland	Olumide Joseph Ikotun	5
10. Cry of the Motherland	Idris Bankole	5
11. Revolution	Adedayo Michael	6
12. I Think of Today	Andrew Yakub	7
13. I Love the Bees	Kareem Abiodun	7
14. Bon Anniversaire	Nathaniel Soonest	8
15. Apocalypse	Ottah Osondu	8
16. At Times I Wonder	Fale Joshua	8
17. Life	Olajide Ojedokun	9
18. My Friend	Bada Yusuf	9
19. Feed Me, Free Me	Kolapo Olapoju	10
20. Babies' Babies	Oguntoyinbo Shola Phebian	10
21. Where to Naija	Omolola Sanusi	11
22. Enlaved Love	Onyekeaba N. Charles	12
23. The Poetic Mind	Ogidan Racheal	13
24. Rukayat Olaleye	Omoge Iwoyi	13
24. Introducing Ibadan Book Club		13
25. Writing to heal and remember – calling flight 9j-992		14
26. Farafina Creative Writing Workshop		15

Too Soon

Together in hands
We hope and will
That we make all our dreams to attach.
Ignorant we are
Of what will be,
Of when we will detach.
Like leaves in the wind
We cheer and grin
But too soon are we
To realize and doubt
If that our perfect little world
Ever did exist
If only our longing made it seem.

Tawose Olajumoke
Ibadan.

Second Coming

Shall the second coming be long?
Shall Nigeria's development be quick?
Shall it be slow?
Shall we live to see growth?
Or shall the heavens open and destruction fail?
Shall the rich public administrators be paid in their coin?
Or shall it be long for their repentance?
Shall the second coming be long?
Shall we sing a sweet song?

Eyo Justice Ellis

After the Rain

In spleen the earth rip herself
Unseen are her tentacles
By which she uproots roots and twist twigs
Inky cloud heavy with tears
Groan in pain
Lives in air and on here
Run for cover.
Bats dart towards the green hills

Tortoises recoil into their shells
Lizards take refuge in wall cracks
Progenies snuggle
To mother's ribs in bed.
And it all happened like the days of Noah;
Rivers leaped over banks swallowing bridges.
Men paddled canoes
Through and around traffic
Boys in their parent's palour
Laid net for fishes and crabs.
City people focused and prayed
For a mother with her baby
Who would not let go of her umbrella
As she floats in the sky
And it all happened a moment
After a moment, water receded.
Kids capered in the field
Picking delicious insects
Birds returned to boughs
To sing and dance
With their brilliant tales
In park, leaves of varying colours
That had been knocked off then stalks
Made a beautiful litter.

Dare Akinola
University of Ibadan

Now

Now
Smile at me among the stars
From a world once lost
To the decays of time and broken hearts
But who told us to surrender our love
But I sing among the stars tonight
The most beautiful among them all
Lost in wonder
Wandering heaven and earth for you
Antonia my dearest love
Where are you?

Olanrewaju Babajide

An Obscure Trick

I went gently into that cool night
As my eyes grew faint,
And could no longer hear whispers nor sounds,
Far I found myself
From where I lay,
Due to sounds of slammed door and horrific scream,
With winds blowing bleak and shrill,
I saw a nasty little girl laughing at a huge tree,
Pray against the spirit of failure was all she said
As she fell like a roaring lion,
Every human present seems afraid,
Until the dawning of the day which was like a decay
Success made it clear that it was a plan by those involved to be famous,
I remember that night I was a goddess
Because I was not carried away,
All was done in arbitrary darkness when no electric supply
It was an obscure trick,
A trick in the dark.

Miracle Olafihan
University of Ilorin

To Question God

This dazzling lips hold words
Questions cannot ask
This young old eyes hold many ache
Tears cannot wash
This theatre scripts sees of scenes
But stage cannot behold
For to question God
Is to have me part with this struggle.

Momodu Ehizue
Edo State

Ajanaku

Here he comes,
Son of war,

Born for battle,
Dressed to fight,
Set to kill.
He will not spare,
Those who come close,
Enemies of his clan,
Intruders of our peace,
Vengeance has now come.

Ajanaku, just tread softly
Your course truly just,
Your mission, not relenting
So the foes of Obasegun
Will not mock our land.

Daniel Olorunkosebi

My vision of Ibadan by 2020

Amid seventors
This vision set
Amid seven hills
A sanitized land
It flourishes
Like a new skin after bath.
Clean drainages
They sparkle
Like bacteria-free veins
And transport clean water
Flushing pureness
Like purified blood –
Diffused and discharged
Into and from
The heart of a new body
At night,
This image painted
With a million pint-sized bulbs
In glowing brilliance
That gathers to launch in radiance,
A beacon to an undying eminence.

Arogundade Abdullah Iyanda
13th November, 2004

University of Ibadan.

Fatherland

Only the offspring of a concubine
Points his father's homestead with a left hand.
True, you have endured hard times,
Stayed through nought line,
Held up through strives,
Civil unrest drawn knives.

I never lose my faith in you,
Magnificent glory I cannot fathom
True,
Let bombs blast, confusion cast,
I shall not forget the labours
Of our heroes past,
So long the bond last
To save your pride,
Aluta Continua!
And I believe,
Victoria Aserte!

*Olumide Joseph Ikotun
Warri*

The Cry of the dear motherland

I heard the cry of the motherland,
I saw her image empty and her tears unending.
A great sorrow enveloped my heart
I called out to the politicians...
But they could not heal the wound on her heart.
A great silence listened to me in which I
Listened to hope.
In the stillness of hope I listened
I am still listening

*Sulaiman Idris Bankole
Ibadan*

Vain Outburst

The rhythm of your embittered song
Spurns mournful pulse
In the wake of our dreams
Your hateful notes conjoined with venomous appeal
Repeals my mind with unending disgust
Forgive your foe
Forget his deeds
For a restful bliss of life
For your cloudy hub
Flaming with vengeance
Lives your restless heart
On a sleepless tussle of turbulent sail
Draining your strength
Foiling your vision
BEWARE, brother!

Onuchi M. Onoruoiza

Revolution

It started as a small protest
It increases with war like march
Posters of dislike and lost of trust
Rents the air
Peace starts to fade away
There comes unrest.
Madness! Violence! Destruction!
Small blood appears and it grows large
Properties burnt and death becomes unnumbered
Fear gripped the whole country,
It was revolution.

Tears ravaged the eyes of resistance
Hearts was marked with the blade of violence
Rush for madness controls a weary heart
Fear was lost and forgotten
Pieces of heart was driven out
Rust!
The society went rust and each city
A nest of fowlers
It was the power of revolution.

Adedayo Michael
Ondo State

I think of today

I think of today as a gift
To do what I was born to do
What I was breed to do
What I was taught to do
My father taught me in tongue
Not of men
To make love
As much part of me
As my own beating heart
For we don't always
Meet people
Unless those whose
Breath stop from
Where ours start.

Andrew Yakub
Borno State

I Love the Bees

I love the bees
As they were buzzing
Buzzing round the flowers
I love the bees
The wind is blowing
The flowers are blooming
I love the bees
Flying round the flowers
Like a fire files.

I love the bees
The happy mother of vitamins
That fight against the deadly disease
And ever steady in energizing my body
I will make your fluid my daily bread
Because it makes me more healthy everyday.

Kareem Sodiq Adiodun

Ibadan.

Bon Anniversaire

I see them,
A mammoth crowd,
About 150 million
Chnating lud
Of their pilgrim mission;
Marching proud
On their way to Zion.
Eyes open wide ,
Still they work on in oblivion;
Trapped, they abide in liberty's dungeon.

*Nathaniel Soonest
Lagos*

Apocalypse

My eyes love to see,
But my eyes hate what it sees,
The suffering of children, warring men
And the bangs of gun
We are nothing but clay
But do earthen wares
Plan war
And ravage its people?
Myopic eyes wake up
And dream reality.
We are but gods
Who can create and decreate
Not a specie of revolutionary precedent
Awaiting the big crush

*Ottah Osondu
Enugu*

At times I Wonder

At times I wonder, with my shallow brain I think
With my collow mind I conclude

'It's Naboth's vineyard'.
Heave bless the earth cos I didn't know my mouth wet.
I gazed gazed and gazed
In humble adoration I bow before your throne
As I come before your presence, so I lift my voice in praise
Gui.....de our leaders right
Help our youth to know the truth
Fools with stunted growth spit you
Does with shallow mind despise you
It will never be well they say
Aback said I.

Fale Joshua
Ibadan

Life

Life is a race ,
Never to be erased
Life is a journey,
Filled with bitter and honey
It is a scripture packed with loads of picture
Driving down the road to our future
It is the proof of our existence,
The measure of our prominence
It is a gift from the creator,
One with no superior.
Life,
Life is beautiful,
As beautiful as the blooming of a rose flower.
Life,
Life is good.

Olajide Ojedokun

My Friend

You've broke down the ancient hut
Where the spirit of my ancient fathers hide
With your little frustrating face and flabby flesh
You've sent their spirit to the land of refugee
With your crying smoke of cigarette
Because you want to give me civilization

All lead to my deculturalization
I saw your hand opened as if you are frugal
But to me, I still say you are stingy
For you not want to free me.
My friend let us be more intimate
I know you produce weapons of destruction
So, I want peace not war
I want not the past to occur
Let me see not blood
But flesh of water-melon

Bada Yusuf
Ogun State

Feed Me, Free Me.

Free my heart and body
Unbind me from this phase of blues and
Unpromising associations.
Separate me from mornings of base talk
And dusk of drunk peers.
Annihilate my tolerance for mediocre and bogus surroundings
Feed my soul and thoughts
Set me at the table of the wise and deep ones,
Pmp me with the will and vigour to relate.
Carry me to terrains where like minds dwell.
'I'm ready' I scream
'a little more time', he says...
I wait and yearn.

Kolapo Olapoju
Lagos

Babies' Babies

All from the very root!
The first pair sought,
Just one thing, "this right",
This liberty and personal might
All has now given birth.
Now! To multiple plights.
Non, now ever walk upright,
Not on this crooked path.

Overwhelmed is our light,
Will it ever shine forth?

Nature!
How you, they now cheat,
Advancement they call it
Unshod now are tiny feet,
Treading the field of damnation,
In this erring "nation",
Babies' babies in circulation.

Oguntoyinbo Shola phebian
Lagos State

Where to NAIJA?

The shrill voices of the birds are creaking
The sonorous sound of the nightingale is groaning
Vultures are hovering over the heap of delicious dead bones
Whose souls have gone six feet under the heartless mother earth
The poor MOVE OUT, THE RICH MOVE IN
The screams of sorrow and the wail of happiness are ever unending
The innocent thieves are heard again
Poverty, whose long legs are ever swift, is NAIJA's closest associate
THE RICH MOVE OUT of poverty, depression, agony, and doom
The sincere pirates are here again
MRS NAIJA is sailing in a troubled sea
Too many captains in a capsizing ship
Ends in a profitless partnership
THE RICH MOVE INTO purpose, power and pleasure
The poor MOVE Out of shelters, security and sanity
They sail the ship, we watch the thieves
Sheep without shepherds but oh the 'shepherds' are truly here
Only the humming of bees and the neighing of horses are wondering...
Where to NAIJA?

Omolola Sanusi
University of Ibadan.

Enslaved Love

Dreams drifting deepened and watered away,
Depressed, lonesome, sunken and so battered,
Cast away, dejected and rejected like an “outcast”,
Shipwrecked on love’s long
Unpredictable tales and mysterious stories
Crying, heart bleeding and soul in the dark for an unnoticed love
A lost love crushed and aching!
Butterfly crawl in my stomach and never seems to go away,
I am clinging to a life that no one cares,
Wondering how true are those sweet stories I heard of love,
Perceiving the scent of roses transforming into a pungent/chocking
smell
Sinking deep helplessly into my own pool of tears, sorrows and pains,
Yet, captured, enslaved and compelled into a love only your
Heart can free me of,
A love that is saddened and filled with fear,
A love that keeps getting a pie of shit in return.
An enslaved love.

Onyekaba N. Charles

The Poetic Mind

Traced back to her mother literature
With her feature of varying definitions
Some say she is a gift from nature
To bound together torn apart
Nation
Others say she is the pouring out of the soul
To relief the heart of its unbearable grief
At times, she is lengthy as to fulfilling set goal
Other times, she is powerful still very brief
People say she is the rhythm of inner mind
That which keeps the soul constantly alive
This rhythm, some could never find
Sir Shakespeare treats sonnets with ado
May be because he is poetry himself
To poetry I pitch my durable tent
Regardless of all fears and threat.

Ogidan Racheal.

Omoge Iwoyi

Nle omoge iwoyi,
Aponbepore ni o ni tabi adumaradan,
Omoge to tori ewa,
Daja si igboro.
To di oni na bi si duniyan,
Ewa ba mi bi pe
Se o ti gbagbe ni,
Pe ewa a ma di ohun amupitan,
Bi ola ti ma n si lo nile eni,
Abi o ha ti gbagbe ni,
Pe iku ogun lo ma n pa akikanju,
Iku odo lo n pomuwe,
Iku ewa lo n pa arewa obinrin,
Iru won ni won n rig be sowo,
Iru won ni won n fi gunse nikehin.

Rukayat Olaleye

Introducing Ibadan Book Club

Ibadan Book Club is an initiative of Society of Young Nigerian Writers. It was established by the Society in order to contribute its own quota towards the growth and development of Reading Culture in Nigeria. Ibadan Book Club consists of group of people who get together, periodically meet to discuss the book they have read, and to exchange such books. The members of the club encourage each other, and learn to read with a critical awareness, articulating their opinions on a particular book with the others. Certain types of books not available or read receive attention through the book club.

Ibadan Book Club always hold book fairs (inviting publishers to display their titles at reduced prices), and once a year, as a special attraction. A live author could be invited to read from his or her works.

The reading promotion campaign could undertake a Book Drive (rather than a book launch which is so common in our midst and which

is aimed at procuring money rather than encouraging people to read the book in question). Children could be prompted to bring the book they have read and exchange them for books they have not read.

In order to wear people away from the cheap newspaper or sensational gossip-magazine (which have a limited use) books have to be available at affordable prices. With the resources available in the city, children could be exposed to certain broad categories of fiction, science fiction and so forth. This will enable children and young readers to see the qualitative differences in literature written for them to identify setting, character, theme, author's point of view, action and message.

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES OF IBADAN BOOK CLUB

1. To promote reading culture in Ibadan as a city and Nigeria as a country.
2. To promote writers and their creative writings/literary arts
3. To enable children and young readers see the qualitative differences in literature written for the, to identify setting, character, theme, author's point of view, action and message
4. To educate, entertain and inform readers irrespective of age, color, tribe, religion and sex.
5. To hold book fairs (inviting publishers to display their titles at reduced prices), and once a year, as a special attraction.

WRITING TO HEAL AND REMEMBER – CALLING FLIGHT 9J-992 TO LAGOS

The NIAJA Stories Communities is calling on its members and the general public to contribute to an anthology to commemorate the death, Sunday 3rd of June, of 153 passengers and crew of DANA Airlines Flight 9J-992 from Abuja to Lagos and about 10 residents of the houses the plane crashed into.

We want to see the writers among us take this tragedy and turn it into something that we can all connect with. Stories and Poetry healing proved to be healing outlets as communities attempt to make sense of trauma. In whatever form we choose to write, we can deal with our emotions, report on how we can do better next time or even give life back to the dead by telling their stories.

We are calling for a mixed anthology that will commemorate DANA Airlines Flight 9J-992 from Abuja to Lagos, Sunday June 3, 2012. Send in Fiction, Non Fiction and Poetry from now till the end of June to admin@naijastories.com.

You can also register and post your entries directly to the site. Selected stories will be published in an anthology by the end of July 2012. While we will consider selling the anthology and donating the proceeds to charity, for now we envision putting it on this site and others for free downloads.

Farafina Trust Creative Writing Workshop

Farafina Trust will be holding a creative writing workshop in Lagos, organized by award-winning writer and creative Director of Farafina Trust, Chimamanda Adichie, from August 14 to August 24, 2012. The workshop is sponsored by Nigerian Breweries PLC. Guest writers, including the Caine prize-winning Kenyan writer Binyanvanga Wainaina, and Jeffery Allen, will co-teach the workshop alongside Adichie.

The workshop will take the form of a class. Participants will be assigned a wide range of reading exercises, as well as daily writing exercises. The aim of the workshop is to improve the craft of Nigerian writers and to encourage published and unpublished writers by bringing different perspectives to the art of story telling. Participation is limited only to those who apply and are accepted.

Submission Details:

All material must be pasted or written in the body of the e-mail. Please do not include any attachment in your e-mail. Applications with attachments will be automatically disqualified. The deadline for submission is June 25, 2012. Only those accepted to the workshop will be notified by July 2012. Accommodation in Lagos will be provided for all accepted applicants who are able to attend for the ten-day duration of the workshop. A literary evening of readings, open to the public, will be held at the end of the workshop on August 24, 2012.

To apply, send an e-mail to udonandu2012@gmail.com. Your e-mail subject should read "Application Submission".

The body of the e-mail should contain the following:

1. Your name
2. Your address
3. A few sentences about yourself
4. A writing sample of between 200 and 800 words. The sample can be either fiction or non-fiction.

Call for Submissions: Kwani? Manuscript Project

To celebrate the African novel and its adaptability and resilience, Kwani Trust announces a one-off new literary prize for African writing. The Kwani? Manuscript Project calls for the submission of unpublished fiction manuscripts from African writers across the continent and in the Diaspora. The prize seeks fresh, original work that explores and challenges the possibilities of the novel.

The top 3 manuscripts will be awarded cash prizes:

1st Prize: 300,000 KShs (equivalent to \$3500)

2nd Prize: 150,000 KShs

3rd Prize: 75,000 KShs

In addition Kwani? will publish manuscripts from across the shortlist and longlist, including the three winning manuscripts, as well as partnering with regional and global agents and publishing houses to create high profile international publication opportunities.

Winners will be announced in December 2012 at the Kwani? Litfest.

For more information go to: <http://manuscript.kwani.org/>

Submission Guidelines:

Deadline 20th August 2012.

Word count 45,000-120,000 words

Submissions should be adult literary or genre fiction (in the sense of not being 'children's fiction')

The work should be in English or 'Englishes'

The manuscript must be 'new' in the sense that it is 'unpublished in book form' (we will accept previously published submissions if circulation has been under 500 copies and limited to one national territory)

Eligible participants should have at least one parent born in an African country who holds citizenship of the same

Please send submissions by email, attached as a WORD doc to

manuscript@kwani.org

This Kwani? Manuscript Project is made possible by the generous support of Lambent Foundation and Ford Foundation.

The Kwani? Manuscript Project was initially conceptualised after Kwani Trust received the Prince Claus Award in December 2010 for "establishing a dynamic platform for new voices in African Literature." The award has provided seed money for this prize.

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