

JAACHI ANYATONWU

**WRITE ME A
POEM**

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WRITE ME A POEM
Jaachi Anyatonwu

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WRITE ME A POEM

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION	5
NZA	6
BECOMING	10
LOVE ON FIRST GOODBYE	11
STEREOTYPES	12
SMOKING FAG	13
IMAGINATIONS	14
BIG, BLACK & BEAUTY	15
MIRRORS AND SHADOWS	16
IF LOVE IS AN AFRICAN FOOD	17
SUBMERGED IN FANTA-SEA	18
TWENTY. TEN. TWENTY.	19
OTHER BOOKS BY JAACHI ANYATONWU	20
HOW TO BUY	24
WHO IS JAACHI?	25

DEDICATION

to me, myself & i

NZA

hey beautiful.
you hanging in there, nza?
i know that
some days are hard,
the ones where you have
to beg
your wings to stay
& fly –
the strong wind you can't
beat with your tiny wings, flap on
though broken,
wilting. flap on.

thing is, you haven't been ugo
for a long time, have you?
you've been painting
fool's paradise
over the clouds
and cold mist
of your fantasies
like footprints on the shore
that is
licked
with the tongues
of rushing waters
back into the belly of the ocean.
lost.

but, don't stop flapping
your broken wings.

you are allowed
to be
shipwrecked
weary. sad. hungry. mad.
no one expects you
to be
whole
when the tornado
hits.

you are allowed
to mourn the pendant,
of cowries, you lose to the wind
when your frail wings resent
your faith in love.

you are allowed
to be blue & sullen
sprawled a dry iroko tree branch
like a lazy salamander
& howl to the moon, which you can't see
clearly, because you're blinded by tears.
no one expects you to be brave when all odds
are against you.

you are allowed
to lose parts of yourself
to this emotions & cry, wreck if you feel like it
& your body can't take the heat.
throw yourself into a bowl of tears
& don't pretend to be the strongest of all
don't be shy, let them watch you bleed.
show them that you're still human, flawsome, yet awesome,
bleeding, yet winning.

you're allowed to moan loud. louder!
make them hear you whimper
like a hurting puppy. scream it loud
that your soldier heart
is trapped in the mud,
doesn't mean you're a martyr of cowardice.
fight, fall, but don't stay down. fly!
let everyone know
that it's brave
to break, yell, cry
at the biting splatter of
cold strong wind against your
wings.

remember, you came prepared
to fight,
so, roll up your sleeves
and re-introduce your
scars and wounds
to the battle
because you need
to tell the tornado
that you've been
brave.

you are more
than the thorns & thistles
that claw on your wings.
you are more
than whirl wind & hailstones
that knocked you off course.
don't give your demons
the power
to haunt you.

you are more
than these seasons of hurt.
you may have lost parts of yourself
along the way, but you've grown, too.
& you never stopped being resilient –
resilient in your desire
to grow,
to be wild & free, like ugo
to be genuine,
to be brave & true.

my prayer is that you continue
to live
to love
to laugh.

ignore the people that stare and talk about your scars.
wear your scars the way the stars wear
a new twinkle every night.
show them every bright twinkle
of your every hearty smile
of every height you attain.

tell them where you're from.
tell them where you've been.
tell them where you are going.

be proud of your strength.
love yourself. breathe even when it's hard.

so that, tomorrow, when you look at you,
you'll be so proud of you like i am of you,
today. you're a fighter, like ugo, the scalar of heights

Glossary: *Nza* – a little bird. *Ugo* – eagle.

BECOMING

I was...

different & lost
confused & awkward
alone & scared
alienated & hurting
volcanic & erupting
- seething beneath the surface
searching for answers,
answers that generate more questions

I am...

still different but found
less scared. still awkward
curious & self-aware
not lonely nor alone
assimilated & desired
- smiling on the outside, in tune with the inside
asking valid questions,
believing the grey areas of every answer

write me a poem *about becoming*

LOVE ON FIRST GOODBYE

she calls me ruby, like the fluid of life that run her veins.
she said I am precious stone on which the foundation
of her heart
is laid

she calls me ruby, the jewel that gunned her down,
drew her eyes, heart, to its glistening goodness, and
pegged her to affections deep.

she calls me ruby,
the hand that trained the bow to carve out a map to her heart.
the tomb raider that smashed her defense walls with words written
for her alone.
the jeweler who made a smuttier mesh of tingly symphonies echo in
her ears.

she calls me ruby, the fountain of love sprayed around the room,
creating a mosaic of retro blues...but,

ruby follows the faint pathway of unsung songs,
contouring into a silhouette in a desert sun,
dancing the left-to-right wave of goodbyes,
up the heights, down the lows, flash like lights, fading glow,
till she can't look anymore, eyes blurred by tears.

she called me ruby
but before she could glare into my ruby-red eyes,
she made me blue with constant nags about things trivia

write me a poem about *love on first goodbye*

STEREOTYPES

they told me my body is a casket of dead emotions
where i must bury loud hearty laughter
& embalm my tears to lie in state,

they told me my body is a zuma of rough edges
where i must sharpen the blunt edges
of my penis & implode the pain as i crawl through ages,

they told me my body is an ambulance
that transport the dread of rape
& trauma of same to and fro my entry to earth,

they told me to drown my emotions in bottles of beer
workout until biceps cover my scars
& drink every bitter pill thrown at me by girls,

they told me my skin is the colour of darkness
darkness, the symbol of sadness
sadness, the end product of my existence,

they told me to man up;
i've been manning up since day cradle
learning the wisdom of the moon but forgetting to shine.

i have no memories of my boyhood –
i've always been a man with a lonely boy's soul
walking on broken soles.

write me a poem *about stereotypes*

SMOKING FAG

write me a poem about drug abuse laced it with a tale, a moral or something. tell me how to quit!

i started with an inhalation of a friend's puff,
a dose of pressure from my pears,
straws of depression and unknown fears,
pockets of abuse and vengeance for bullies

and I took a stick of cigar with trembling fingers,
he pulled the lighter's trigger and shot the bullet of fire
that earned me the name 'smoking fag'

i'm starting to become a piece of my pipe,
when I light the tip and I start to hit,
I become the brownness and the white of my favorite cigar.

one wrap of weed, perhaps heaven I'll see.
so light it up over a beer mug. the fire hits it's white exterior,
pushing right through my nostrils into my longing lungs

the smoke comes out with the haste of trapped renal gas
as I lift my face to heaven and puff, to the most high, my burnt
offering. ***three years later***

i now dance to a cacophony of power generators
& see valleys on mountain tops.

pray tell, how do I get out and how did I get here?
never did I think I would be the person I am today
left with all this hurt and pain.

write me a poem about how *i wish to quit! too late?*

IMAGINATIONS

write me a poem about imaginations

help me make me imagine how change became constant
like God and death
and I will keep imagining because many wouldn't understand

help me make me imagine timeless hopes that never comes
and hopeless times that never pause
and I will keep imagining because fantasy keeps me on saner clouds
in insane climes

help me make me imagine someone who loves me unconditionally,
in spite of my flaws and weirdness
and I will keep imagining because they don't exist

help me make me imagine a zero-stereotype society
where I am not judged by my ethnicity,
nor the locks of my dreads,
nor the ring on my left nose,
nor silver tint of my hair,
but by the mangled colours of my humanity,

write me a poem *about imaginations*

BIG, BLACK & BEAUTY

you see that chubby ebony you flaunt
before my ever-awestruck eyes?

I don't know how she got into that picture,
but I'd never bat an eye

lid because, in the allure of her curves,
I've found food for my eyes

write me a poem *about*
big, black & beauty

MIRRORS AND SHADOWS

write me a poem about friendship

friendship like a mirror (*it does not lie*)

friendship like a shadow (*always there, even in twilight*)

IF LOVE IS AN AFRICAN FOOD

Write me a poem about African delicacies
and tickle my taste buds with salient words

pound those lines into a verse of fufu
and make me salivate to the sweet aroma
of mama jekwu's jollof rice
until I belch like a gluttonous fool
over a keg of fresh palm wine

if love is an African delicacy,
she will sit like a calabash of egusi and akpu-
palatable, a lure for my appetite-
egg-cited, I shall break out of my shell-
craving, yearning, beckoning her

she will taunt my nostrils like the sizzling aroma of abacha
garnished with kanda
& washed down with a cup of nkwu.

but, love is a tasteless stem of cucumber,
sadly

SUBMERGED IN FANTA-SEA

There is sea somewhere known
and I am completely underwater with someone unknown.

I and her, float like twin siblings cuddled
flapping arms 'round one another, sliding in sync motions
our rhythmic breathing like passionate waves of fire.

Our bodies merged in graceful form.
Our souls emerging like Californian wild fire.
Its flames licking every cell of our wet skins glistening

like the surface of the sea
in which I am submerged in fantasies unreal

TWENTY. TEN. TWENTY.

out there, we've marched, united- igbo, hausa, yoruba-
hand in hand- christian, muslim, voodooist, irreligious-
against a common enemy, SARS.

we walked a great distance, we chanted,
we ran, we danced, we mourned fallen comrades
our eyes flooded with tears, just like we flooded the streets.

and when we sat us down
raised our voices loud and long
to chorus the national anthem with spent voices,
they withdrew from Sambisa, deadlier demons,
and positioned them before us

with flags green, white and green
waving in a hostile air, we chorused unanimously,
calling on heroes past, present, future:

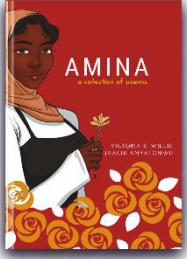
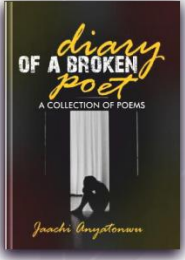
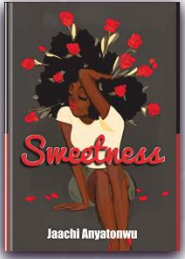
"arise, o compatriots, Nigeria calls, obey!"

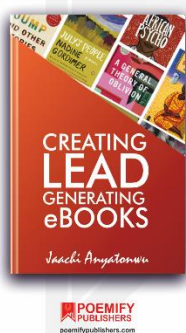
But, our voices, warriors without arms,
were drowned in thunderous gunshots.
flags torn, tinted red with our own blood

corruption and dictatorship
are two wings of the eagle
that seat on our coat of arms:
both wings, when they flap in the wind
rain despair and bullets

write me a poem *about Nigeria*

OTHER BOOKS BY JAACHI ANYATONWU

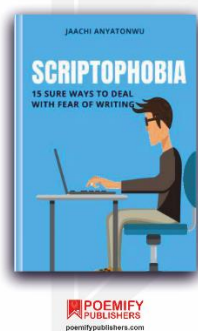
 <p>3,500 Naira</p>	<p>Amina (A Collection Of Poems)</p> <p><i>Amina is a collection of poems written by Victoria B. Willie and Jaachi Anyatonwu. This stunning collection showcases poems weaved around themes such as love, intimacy, Islam, pilgrimage, society, family and mystical teachings at the heart of the Islamic tradition.</i></p>
 <p>3,500 Naira</p>	<p>Diary Of A Broken Poet: Collection of Poems</p> <p><i>Diary of a Broken Poet is more than just a collection of poems written by the author on issues that affect him and us. This collection is a discourse between the poet and his readers, an intimate conversation which unveils the 'beingness' of the author and his unique perspective of life and living. Diary of a Broken Poet is a gift from one heart to another</i></p>
 <p>1,200 Naira</p>	<p>Sweetness: Collection of Poems</p> <p><i>Reading SWEETNESS is like snacking on a plate of heart-shaped candies. The language employed in these short delectable verses is simple; and the message is like a kiss-stamp on a pink postcard. This collection of poems promises to take you on a tour of lyrical beaches to see beautiful sunsets. The imagery is vivid, easily relatable! This book will make you yearn for love and the sweetness of romance.</i></p>



1,500 Naira

Creating Lead Generating eBooks

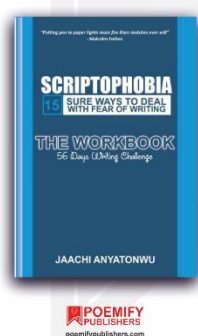
Every writer can write. Okay, that's an obvious fact! But not every writer becomes successful authors. Again... Everyone can self-publish, but not everyone can successfully create a lead generating eBook. This book is a guide for aspiring writers and already self-published authors who desire to earn from their inking. Like a friend, Jaachi will lead you through the not-yet-taken path of Lead Generation and Social Media Marketing of eBooks.



3,500 Naira

Scriptophobia: 15 Sure Ways To Deal With Fear Of Writing

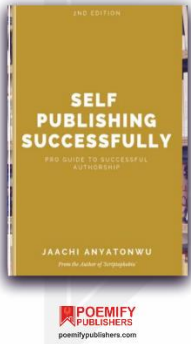
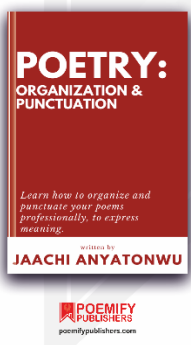
Fear of Writing and Writers Block are twin demons that disrupt the flow of muse for many writers. Scriptophobia, the book, is a self-help that teaches you how mental exorcism that can expel fears that writing may unleash.

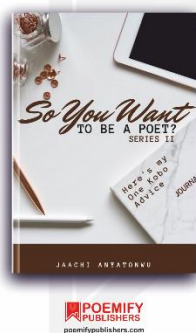


Free

Scriptophobia: The Workbook.

How else can one overcome the fears of writing if not through writing? This is an accompanying workbook that takes the writer through 32 days of chain writing.

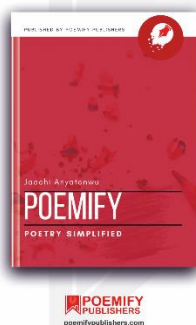
 <p>2,500 Naira</p>	<p>Self-Publishing Successfully:</p> <p>Pro Guide To Successful Authorship (2nd Edition)</p> <p><i>Do you crave to be a self-published author like I am? This book is the pro guide you need to attain that level.</i></p>
 <p>2000 Naira</p>	<p>Types Of Poetry</p> <p><i>It's one thing to write poems, it's another thing to know the types of poetry. With this book, you'll learn various poetry types, the rules, the styles and how to write them.</i></p>
 <p>2000 Naira</p>	<p>Poetry: Organization + Punctuation</p> <p><i>Learn how to organize and punctuate your poems professionally, to express meaning.</i></p>



Free

So You Want To Be A Poet?

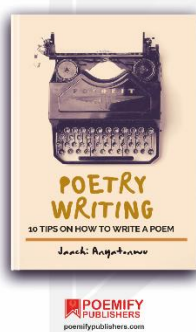
There's more to being a poet than just writing poems. Poets are an odd, beautiful breed. Constantly observant and obsessed by details, we speak a language that can transcend time, cultures, religion, ideologies and places. Being a poet feels like having two personalities (if not more) — one in this world, and one in some other. Does this sound like you?



2000 Naira

Poemify: Poetry Simplified

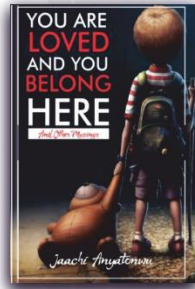
Poems also tend to suggest things beyond what they actually say; often what causes the strongest emotions is not what the poem describes, but what it makes the reader imagine.



2,500 Naira

Poetry Writing: 10 Tips on How to Write a Poem

If you are writing a poem because you want to capture a feeling that you experienced, then you don't need these tips. Just write whatever feels right. Only you experienced the feeling that you want to express, so only you will know whether your poem succeeds.



1,500 Naira

You Are Loved and You Belong Here

Naturally, humans desire to be loved, appreciated and even crave validation from loved ones, but not all seem to get this desire evenly satisfied. We feel unloved, unwanted, less human, inferior, sad, hurt, rejected, dejected and eventually, suicidal. This book is a collection of letters, articles and daily musings that serves as a reminder to you, who's emotionally bruised that You Are Loved, And You Belong Here.

HOW TO BUY

To get a copy of other books by Jaachi,
visit his website

@ <https://jaachiwrites.com>

WHO IS JAACHI?



Jaachi is a poet, editor and publisher from Nigeria. His writings are inspired by everyday happenings and observations. Jaachi began his writing adventure as a teenager, gaining unparalleled experience in creative writing, while also establishing himself as a poet. Influenced by writers such as Maya Angelou, Chinua Achebe, Shakespeare, Myles Munroe, Christopher Okigbo, Ben Okri, amongst others, he aspires to quake earth with his quill, while keeping tabs

on efficiency, originality, consistency and accuracy. He believes in the power of words and the use of same to tickle hearts, tackle subtle situations, tell untold stories and get one started, with poetry, pun and prose, and from an unpopular perspective. In 2015, he won the Pengician of the Year Award and in 2016, the Chrysolite Writers Poet of the Year Award. He is the author of many poems and non-fiction, anthologies, self-help manuals and creative writing aides. His works have been published in several print and online publications, including ACEworld Publishers, WRR, AllPoetry, Hello Poetry, Poetry Soup, Poem Hunger, Tush Magazine, and African Writers Magazine. Jaachi's works cut across many genres like poetry, prose, short stories, and music. He is noted for authoring the collection of poem SWEETNESS, which was published in 2017 by Poemify Publishers. He resides in Aba and works as an Editor, Web Developer and Publisher.