**DIARY OF A LONER**

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*To the girl who spends her day in her pajamas wondering where she got it all wrong and why her Chi has failed her, I hear you, I see you, I feel you and I am you!*

THE MAN I LOVE

The man I love lives inside my head

He smells of lavender and camomile

Purging my soul of all anxiety

His eyes, like a beautiful mirage, the closer I look, the clearer the picture of his true essence.

His lips whisper only but the kindest words,

 and my heart erupts like a volcano

Hot larva sprouting through my entire being

His eyes shine so bright like the full moon.

Lighting my path after dark

His hands as firm as the tree branches

Shields me from the harsh rays of the sun

His voice can be likened to the melody of the cherubim

And his smile, like the stars, illuminates the skies

The man I love is a grotto stacked with sentences

The man I love is a walking thesaurus

A fountain of ideas and a word mill

The man I love is a renegade, deserting the norms to satisfy the urge of my ink.

Repined when he cannot tell a story or find the right words

But the man I love is not human.

The man I love is immortal.

He will live on, even in my absence

He narrates each and every story I write.

The man I love is my story and I am only but a pen on paper.

PERFECT

I'm not perfect.

Words at war in my head like depraved colonies in a battle for supremacy

I’m not perfect

I carry my heart in my palms, tightened fists shielding it from sunshine

I’m not perfect.

I’m an unrepentant assailant of the voices in my head telling me I need.

someone to make me whole.

I’m not perfect

I live in constant fear of the demons I fight daily that hold me spellbound

I’m not perfect but I bear your burden like mine and it eats deep into my flesh,

taking huge chunks, I’m only but bones

I’m not perfect I see the reflection of my soul in a broken mirror, shattered forever.

I’m not perfect.

I choose to write my agonies than sweep it under a cosmetic smile that everything is okay

I’m not perfect but you’re not perfect either because your struggles tug daily on your

 cosmetic bonnet revealing a receded hairline of ill concealed anguish, lies and a false life just

to fit in

I’m not perfect.

I don’t want to be in your shoes, I don’t need to conform to what anyone wants me to be

I’m not perfect

I wear my imperfections like a golden crown and sit on it with pride like a throne made of

diamonds and precious stones

I’m not perfect

I breathe my imperfections, its smell a mixture of fresh roses and it makes me stronger

I’m not perfect but unlike you I choose to own up that I’m different and imperfect

I choose to stand out and lead the pack

But what do I know?

I’m not perfect and so are you!

THE CITY

I know a city called Loneliness.

It lives up the hill not too far from my soul.

Its walls have been pulled down by love wars lost.

It borders with the cities of pain and anguish

It is a city with streets of strife and road to tears.

I know a city called Pain.

Its walls have been rebuilt on steels of hope a thousand times but the armies of sorrow pull them down still

Its Emperor knows my name.

I know a city called Rejection

Its own Knights have burnt it to the ground putting out the flames on gasoline laced with corrosive sweat

Its people follow my lead

I know a city called Hate

Its own citizen are its very undoing

Day after day they slander and sting their

very own

Their venoms worse than vipers

They are as friendly as the Vampires.

Their feasts a banquet of innocent blood

I know a city called Deceit

Its Queen fell for a King once in her lifetime

He put a dagger in her heart and stole her very breath

Cupid never visits this city

Aphrodite was murdered on its soil

It is a city doomed to mourn forever.

I know a city called Death

 Its gates lead to peace and rest.

Its forces stronger than that of any city

Its judges as pure as snow

Its Jury worth more than diamonds and precious stones

I await the day its waters flow through my veins and caress my troubled soul

I know that city and that city knows me.

MOTHER AFRICA

The Antelopes snort as the bats screech

The bears growl as the Chimpanzees scream

The deers bellow as the Eagles screech

The Elephants trumpet as the Frogs croak

The Giraffes bleat as the Hyenas laugh.

The Raccoons trill as the Snakes hiss

The vultures scream as the wolf's bark.

I am the African woman.

I am mother Africa

I roar like the lioness and you run for cover

I am the Queen of this jungle

I give you life every time you take it away

 from me

You bury my voice beneath years of tradition.

You hunt me down with your words and actions.

 Like arrows piercing a shield

I feel the pain and it fuels my rage

I want to be heard by my children.

I want to be sought after like a bridegroom after his bride on

 their wedding night

Feel the fire in my eyes.

The passion in my soul

The love and warmth in my heart

And the pain in my labour

My strength fails me.

My flame is dying out

The weight of the world rests on my shoulders

I am the Queen of this jungle,I will beat.

 my chest

I will roar from the depths of my pain

Take your last shot because I will arise, and I will haunt you down.

And my children will rise again.

I am Mother Africa

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

Maybe it is the screeching of the tires as they come to a halt at bus stops in the cities.

Maybe it is the drivers verbally abusing one another for wrong parking.

Maybe it is the conductors yelling “hold your change o”

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

I am a Nigerian, Green white, green flows through my veins.

I may leave home, but my destination will never be home.

Maybe it is the women dancing around with cans of baby powders.

 welcoming a new born

Maybe it is the loud music from Saturday Owambe

Maybe it is the sweet aroma of Nigerian Jollof

Maybe it is the mouth-watering Afang and Egusi soup.

Maybe it is the gluttons hoarding food and drinks in plastic bags shouting

 “I never chop o”

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

I am a Nigerian,Green white, green flows through my veins.

I may leave home, but my destination will never be home.

Maybe it is the folktales by moonlight.

Maybe it is the bond between the young and the old

Maybe it is the culture being passed from generation to generation.

Maybe it is the town criers warning the villagers of danger.

Maybe it is the sound of the IKoro and the war drums.

Maybe it is the bravery of the Warriors

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

I am a Nigerian ,Green white Green flows through my veins

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

Maybe it is the cheers from football fans at a viewing centre

Maybe it is the brotherly love shown to one another when our team wins

Maybe it is the unity in times of despair

Maybe it is the dynamic and diverse cultural heritage

Maybe it is the love for Religion.

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

I am a Nigerian ,Green white green flows through my veins

I may leave home but my destination will never be home

Maybe it is the irresistible beauty of its women.

Maybe it is the unmatchable strength of its men

Maybe it is the creativity of its youth.

Maybe it is the innocence of its children

Maybe it is the fertility of its soil

Maybe it is the rich dense forests and clear spring water.

I may leave home, but my destination will never be home.

I am a Nigerian and there’s no place like home.

LETTER TO A RAPIST I

Could it be you were not raised right?

Or your priorities set tight.

Could it be her gracious beauty

She is as bright as the morning star

The fullness of her maiden breasts

The jiggles of the Jigida as they

 accentuated her curves.

The harmony of her ankle bracelets as

 she walked by

Could it be the joy of her innocence

Did it irritate you so much ?

Could it be you saw her bleed, so you say she is mature and ripe?

Could it be you made a pact with Ekwensu

I heard you laid an ambush during the day.

Like a lion hunting its prey savoring her womanhood while She bled and blamed

 her chi

You hit her over and again as she screamed in pain

Oh man! Where is thy shame?

You beat your chest and call yourself

 the greatest

Your ego forged into a trophy.

You walk away with your shoulders raised high leaving your manly stench of sweat

Forever lingering on your victim

Did I tell you she took her life?

She slit her throat in the confines of her room for what is life without love.

 and that she would never feel for any man

The memories taunted her as she heard you brag to your peers

She is laid to rest today but she died a fortnight ago

She died the day she bled with her back to mother earth

Chi ojoo has struck again,A star is gone.

You let your lust take a life.

And you’re here at her funeral

But you’re lying in wait for your next victim

TO LIVE OR TO LOVE

The Roses and the wine

The thrill in my spine

Knowing someday you will be mine

The spark in your eyes

With beams of hope

Link our hearts together as though a rope

If tomorrow never comes,I would have lived

 for today

Let’s not further delay

Because to live is to love and to love is to live

HOPES

I stood by the subway

 waiting for you to come my way.

I needed to see you again

 But I stood in vain

I wrote you a piece.

 But you asked to be left in peace

I took the bus today.

 Hoping you would meet me halfway, but you never showed up.

 I wore your shirt today

 Thinking it would melt the grudge away

But you never noticed

 I danced in the rain.

So, it could wash away the pain.

 But the drops of water like the pain sunk deep into my skin.

Today I ate your favorite dish.

 Of cornmeal and fish

As I listened to our favorite song

 But the night was lonely and long

I tossed and turned throughout the night

 Hoping you would walk in at daylight.

But You let your absence eat me up like a cancer

 Today I got a call.

They say you died in your sleep but you left a note

 I could not help but weep

I never got to tell you

 We were having a baby.

And I never got to tell you how much I loved you

I laid fresh roses on your grave

 As I sat to read your note

And it soothed my troubled heart like an antidote

 Knowing your last thoughts were of me

Tonight, I sang our song at the Opera, and I danced as though you were with me.

 Because now I know you will always be

SOLITUDE

Flee from me thou afflictions that have burdened my earthy sojourn.

Like a man chased by a thousand strong demons

I have been to the Bermuda seeking a cure for my malady.

In the highest pinnacle and the lowest depths have I sought a remedy

Take flight O plague of anxiety.

Ripping through my forms as I look in the mirror.

Faced with once a beauty as fair as the moon but now of old bones and wrinkles.

Fly away thou fear of the unknown

Shuddering my frame for a cause I cannot fathom

Weakened by endless tremors from shrunken jaws and squeaking joints

As I stare at lips that once kissed the finest damsel

O thou great physician, come ye and suture the remnants of a soul long lost to distress

Give me potions to rekindle a heart forever ravaged by solitude and

a mind washed by depression.

O thou great physician canst thou not revive a man weakened by Deceit?

And bedridden by agonies of its youth?

With eyes blinded by visions of passions wrong lived

Take me now to my maker for surely, I was born for solitude.

But only In death lies the ultimate solitude.

PAINT MY LOVE

Paint the loyalty in my eyes as my hair dangles on my bare shoulders

Paint my burning desires the color of my lips as red as the Roses.

Paint my ageless beauty with a Mona Lisa smile

Paint a cubist portrait of our love through my eternal beauty

Paint my heart fastened to your soul like the crimp to a ferrule

He is not Picasso but his work makes me feel like a dancer in a calypso

With just your brushes and your canvas I come to life

The smell of Turpentine and the stench of burnt siena awaken my senses

To the fire in your eyes as the sables stroke the canvas

Play me a note as high as the pitch of our love as you paint it’s sky in French ultramarine

Paint me my love, paint me.

I don’t want to be anywhere else but your canvas

SANDS OF TIME

Someday the Okeokpa will crow but I will not wake up

Someday you will call my name but I will not answer

Someday you will mourn me in black but I will not console you

Someday preparations will be made but I will not participate

Someday I will be dressed in white as though a bride

Someday you will talk to me in a box full of roses and white linens

Someday you will read my fame but I will not be amused

Someday I will be applauded for the life I lived but I will care less

Someday the Umuada will dance around the kindred with my pictures

and the men will follow suit in silence with heavy hearts

Someday a priest will say those words and you will bid me farewell

Someday I will be lowered into Mother Earth, or my ashes spread on the sea.

Someday I will arrive at a world I once heard of and live on in this world

Someday I will wake up to men and women young and old just like me.

Someday I will come face to face with Chiokike my maker

Someday I will look back on the life I had watching you think of me.

Someday you will remember the secrets we shared but they will mean nothing to me.

Someday you will remember my selfless sacrifices and endless advice

Someday you will remember my tears and my undivided loyalty

Someday you will remember how much I cared and yearn to talk to me.

Someday I will be at peace knowing that I lived and not just existed

That I loved truly in a world that built its foundation on hate and war

That I trusted amidst betrayals, each time like it never happened before.

That I put humanity first in all my dealings with your citizens

That I believed in his very existence even when doubts assailed me

Someday when my life’s work is read,I will smile in fulfillment.

Knowing that I left my footprints in the Sands of time

A LOVE SONNET

Scented candles and wine

Together we dine.

Your ecstasy my beacon of hope

Into the terrors of the night let’s elope

The darkness fueling our intense desires

Your hands perfectly sculpted for my skin

That,I can tell from your grin

As you undo my straps

And fall head on into my feminine traps.

I am mortified by the shackles of your charm

Fill me up and make me lust for no one but you.

As we journey in time

To a place where our love is not a crime

Where I write you our love’s sonnet

ODE TO MY UNBORN SON

Shattered in bits like brittle glass

Scars extending from my heart plunge into my soul

Mere mortals studying my pain as though a class

So much for falling in love with a swine

My choice of motherhood weighing on my spine

Torn between the conundrum of how your light will

 all my darkness absorb.

Tongues wagging behind closed doors.

But my mind is made up,I will keep you safe

Every time you kick my heart leaps for joy.

And I feel your feet so small as though a toy

You my son at the right time will come

It is you who will make my house a home

You my son will seal the rift between the kingdoms

of my heart and soul

And a day in time I will tell you a story

Of how the gods crowned me in glory

And I watched as body fluids rushed.

Pains of determination flowing amidst them

With eyes crinkled shut I pushed

And your shrill cry announced me a mother

Now am left with nothing to bother

Your little head resting on my bosom peace and calm it can be likened to a dove

Our hearts forged together like a garlic clove

I want to give you all the love in me and no one else.

You my son are all I live for

My soul craves your existence

And I cannot wait to hold your tiny hands as you take your first step

A step towards our future together filled with warmth

And laughter, joy and happiness

Saddled with hope for a better life.

Your birth the end of my worries and strife

 In a world where unconditional love is only but a myth

A future of mother and son alone and against the world

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ekpe Nkechinyere Anthonia is a graduate of Biomedical Technology with an insatiable passion for the arts, be it creative writing or visual and applied arts. Her deep style of writing is largely influenced by past experiences and her love for travel and learning new cultures.

She is currently working on her first work of fiction which she hopes will get a screenplay someday.