

## Children of the Spirits

I awoke into dawn playing night  
Where the charms of amulets  
Treasured around my neck  
Were the invitation of darker days unborn

I awoke into a curse, to die and yet live again  
a curve of genesis to genesis  
I awoke to belly up and swim into a fern-home  
I awoke as the nightmare of nightmares  
I came again, to suck the cowries,  
loose the apron strings,  
and live a barren purse.

I awoke, a dead owl upon your threshold  
I am the old myth  
That rises and sets  
Yet a foreshadowing of darker days.  
I'm the shadow that hides in light.  
I am your runaway son  
A prodigal, off I go again,  
off! into the faraway, off! through the labyrinth.

I am he, the child from the netherworld  
the one whose heart is soot  
I will come again, and again, to soothe your pain,  
Then rub soot upon your glowing lamp.

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## I Have seen God

I have seen God  
Not in the fire  
Or the raging storm  
Not in the tablets of code  
Or from the pastor's lips

But under the roof of my home  
God sits at the throne  
Of my father's heart  
God is a woman, God is my mother

## THE PK POETS

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### ABOUT CHUKWUKA MICHAEL

Chukwuka Michael is a budding writer from Nigeria who hails from Enugu State (Eastern part of Nigeria) and a 200level student at the prestigious University of Benin (UNIBEN) where he studies English and Literature. He's a psycho creative diadem who resets letters to create new ideas. He enjoys reading, travelling, picnic, and the weird fun that comes with watching cartoons. He has many poems to his name still unpublished. His creative genius earned him the Nickname PenTsunami which he displays superbly in his art.

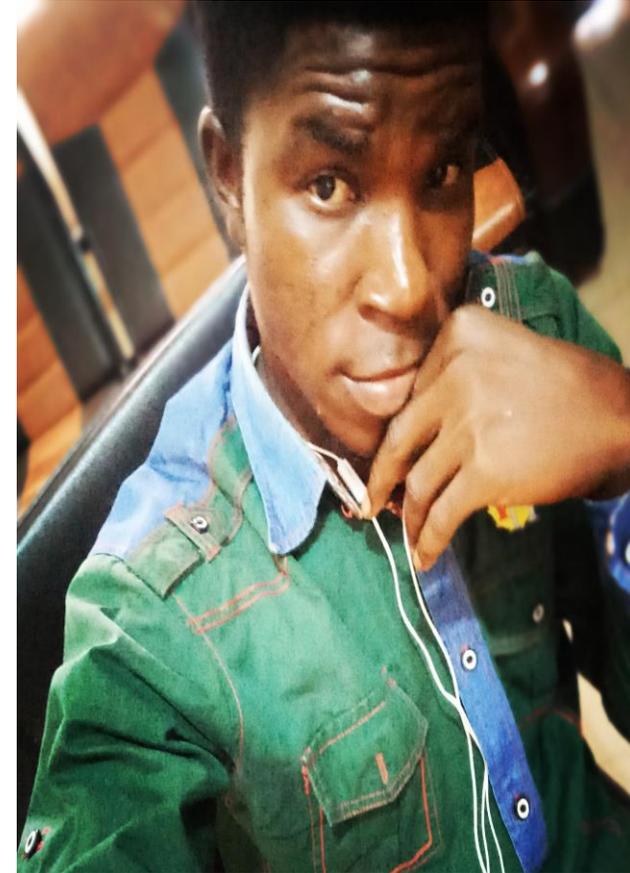
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# THE PK POETS

## SECOND SERIES

### #14 Chukwuka Michael



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## George Floyd in Bloody cop

We face the case  
Who are you?  
In the court of injustice  
Headed by racial discrimination  
Should I peel my skin  
And curse my maker who made me black?

If, and only if,  
our skins won't lynch us  
and [cops won't corpse on us]

if, and only if,  
there was no raze-cause him,  
torture wasn't turned to our cultures,  
and breath wasn't suctioned  
from our lungs to stop its function.

if, and only if,  
colour wasn't the boundary  
that stirred the clamour for tribal war  
and the drum that calls for warriors wrath.

if, and only if,  
love wasn't a myth we preach,  
hate the cloth of deceit,  
and George wasn't judged  
because of his blood.

if, and only if,  
we lived on the belief  
that colour does not make a feat  
by uprooting the tree  
of superiority.

then, and then,  
we stand all for one;  
one for all  
then, love will be the garment of peace we wear.

## DEATH TOO WILL DIE

When I die,  
Death too will die.  
In the grave both slain  
No pain, no villain  
But I of greater gain.

We will both lay still,  
Enjoying the thrill,  
Silence by silence  
In Peaceful coexistence.

Death will die,  
But none will cry.  
Greater victory is mine,  
I have bloodline,  
It will all be fine.

Deaf, dumb, and numb;  
I will lay still in the tomb  
people will come and mourn.  
Death numb and dumb  
Will lay in grave forlorn  
None will come to mourn.

The grave is for the brave.  
Death is only a slave;  
Sat on by people as a stool,  
A fool and a tool.

## The Return

I watched the sunrise  
**I played the lyre for sunset**  
Like smoke escaping from the mouth  
We will someday disappear into unknown

Lie down and rest from your labour  
When the heat rise  
Everything will blackout

## GOODBYE TO WARS

I read tales on a bitter leaf,  
Stinging tales that won't dispel,  
How grasses were stained  
With the blood of our forebears.

I read hash tales of stale taste,  
How our brother's chests  
were bullets rest.  
How their legs  
ran towards death.  
Bullets perched on their backs  
How they ended as vultures feed  
in empty desolate fields.

I saw written letters craftily traced  
with blood, and mapped with tears  
of fallen warriors that bowed to horrors of war.

I heard screams and wails,  
Of our daughters being plodded  
Their virginity being taken,  
broken, and stolen in pains unspoken.  
Victims of vampires conquest.

I saw pictures of murdered mothers,  
Fathers head severed,  
Infants crumpled,  
And sons plucked as water-leaf stems.

I saw war  
and then death  
in a raging fury.