

THESE WORDS
WILL CURE A
DEAD MAN

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

2016 COLLECTION

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

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FOUNDER

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CO-FOUNDER

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ABOUT THE MOVEMENT

SPRINNG literary movement is a Literary society for Promotion Revitalization and Improvement of the New Nigerian Generation in Writing and Literature. This movement was founded in 2016 by Mr. Kanyinsola Olorunnisola as a multi-media and online platform which specializes in the promotion and celebration of the riches vested in Nigerian Literature.

Ever since its foundation, it has gotten nation-wide attention, with views spanning over 1200 per month. It boasts of over a hundred and fifty Nigerian writers dedicated to its cause. Through its website, it posts reviews, poems, stories, essays, and fiction, all of which engender the soul of the national literature. It broadcasts Nigerian writers to be recognized and appreciated by readers and lovers of literature.

Despite being relatively young, the fame of SPRINNG literary movement has burned through the fabric of national consciousness and is fast becoming the primal reference point for a recognizable literary movement in the most populous black nation. Being helped by young and acclaimed poet, Ms. Oyindamola Shoola (author of Heartbeat; a collection of poems), it has succeeded in contributing to the development of the literary scene in its own way.

Read more about SPRINNG literary movement at www.springg.org

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MESSAGE FROM THE FOUNDER



To say that I am a man of few words would be to express a truism in too many words.

The SPRINNG Literary Movement started in my brain just like one of the numerous, unsought ideas that break through the walls of my subconscious. All it took to concretize it was to sit at a laptop and draft the manifesto. Looking back at that day, it seems to me that it is perhaps one of the best ideas I have ever put into motion. The overwhelming support received from Nigerians in the literary worlds has been humbling.

With my stunningly talented and gloriously diligent partner-in-crime, Oyindamola Shoola, I have worked towards achieving the aims presented in the manifesto. One of them is the publication of this anthology which will show the world the unmistakably unique wealth of literary talent present in the country.

I implore everyone reading this to contribute their quota to the development of our literary sphere by sharing this book (**as it is for free**) with others and get lost in the marvelous wonders of its beauty. Get entangled in the webs of nouns, shackled in the embrace of succulent verbs, and strangled to ecstasy by the potency of metallic metaphors.

God bless SPRINNG Literary Movement.

God bless Nigerian writing.

God bless Nigerian Writers.

God bless you.

Amen!

Kanyinsola Olorunnisola

MESSAGE FROM THE CO-FOUNDER



It has been such a blessing to know that as a Nigerian writer, I am not alone in my journey of writing and experiencing life through words. It never occurred to me that there could be a community of established and aspiring Nigerians with the aim of promoting Nigerian Literature.

I have great passion for literature and when I set my eyes on the manifesto for this movement, I immediately told Kanyin to “hire me.” I was so excited to hunt for Nigerian writers. This movement made every minute I spent on social media and reading Nigerian books worth it. I was exposed and blown away by the talents of the writers in Spring Literary Movement.

Therefore, I give a loud and big kudos to every writer whose work is in this collection. Your palms and words in some way have molded, inspired, and motivated another person far out of your reach to do or be better and perhaps, pick their pens to write. Thank you for permitting us to support your writings in this little way.

Also, I am very happy to work with my longtime friend; Kanyinsola Olorunnisola. We keep pushing and supporting each other with ideas that establish other Nigerian authors. With this collection coming **out for free**, we feel fulfilled that there is truly an impact made by each member of Spring Literary Movement to the development of Nigerian Literature.

Please share this masterpiece as much as you can to encourage the members of this movement and call for other Nigerian writers to be a part of what we do.

Oyindamola Shoola

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SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

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THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

BLACK
BY TEGA OHWERHOYE

Not for the gold in her eyes
Or the gold beads on her neck
But for the raw blackness of her skin and she hid it not.
The night wished for grace only to blend with her
But she owned the night.
She strode the streets in her nudity, undiluted and unmixed.
Her purity could not be covered,
Her blackness was her soul,
Her blackness was her and she was it in all its glory.
For this, she glowed!
No! Not the glow the sun reflects,
Not the glow of gold in show glasses
Or of diamonds on your fingers and wrists.
She glowed and the sun hid,
She glowed and the night disappeared
For she was black.
She was a black woman.

MAMA GLAMOR
BY MALIK ADEDOKUN

Like fogs in the early morning,
With her motives absconding.
She lures all in her crystal solitude,
Posing like it's all good.

Men are victimized by their lust.
Attention seems to be the cost,
For they are ravished by mere sight.
Appealing to senses of absolute right.

She might claim she has a message.
But she broadcasts, first, the cleavage.
Enough to gouge the eyes of a pervert.
Cleopatra was no expert.

She told me she was hallow.
But men think too shallow.
And got us all lost in a maze.
But the first sin, she won't embrace.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

**TO THOSE WHO SEE THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT
BY ANITA OGBONNA**

Is it possible that some
People are born to be the moon?
They give others light on dark
 Hopeless nights,
Yet no one ever gives them
 Light other than the dark...

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24 HOURS
BY CHINEDU UBAH

The crowd's voices ring like a bell
Nervousness grabbed me like it's my first spell
It's about time to come on stage.
I need to put the makeup to bring that star image.
Trying to look alive when I feel like death,
I don't know what I need more; food or rest.

After the show, I had to head out of view,
But the fans wanted to take a picture.
Okay! Even when my head isn't with you.
I try to keep my composure.
My head has been spinning since four or three,
So, after the camera flashes I see four of me.
Fans don't get annoyed when I don't reply your post.
Our 24 hours is a week for most.

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**SITTING BY MY BEDSIDE
BY KANYINSOLA JANET OKAFOR**

Sitting by my bedside,
I look out my window:
I see the world in shades of grey and gold:
Dark shadows lay cast by buildings on buildings.
The streets look as though asleep in blissful peace;
Peace and quiet staring at the Starry night sky,
I think of you.
What could you be thinking right now?
I wish to know,
But I'm content with not knowing.
Knowing that you care is enough for me.

Of the many things I wish for you,
Tonight,
It's that you have a blissful sleep,
Tomorrow,
It's that you wake up with a thousand smiles.

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BY LANRE ORANYELI

Is the nascence of silence worth it?
When the grin of the devil
Lay in unspoken secrets between your lips
The strength you summon to pursue life
Are weak strides that are short of walking
When you lay down imaginations
That you can only topple on
And your dreams are weak enactments
Of someone you will never be
Then you lose sleep and let sanity slip
For you are holding on to a rope that sheds its skin
You tag along with a tide that slowly drowns you
In situations you never asked for
Because lying tongues are slippery
And men have become gods to you
As time steadily sings away
Your life is used to pay for every sway
And silence will lead to many roads which must end in only one way...

**DARK SKINNED GIRL
BY SHOOLA OYINDAMOLA**

(Ọmọ obirin aláwọ̀ dúdú)

I fell in love with a brown-skinned girl,
A bronze sylph like figurine
Face of a pear's outline,
Eyes clear like falling fountains,
Lips like hmm caramel chocolate.

(Ífẹ̀ mi fà sí obìrin aláwọ̀ dúdú kan
Ide arẹ̀wà bi ifà
Ilà ojú bí eso pia
Eyin oju bi orison ti o nda witi,
Ete bi hmm adun suga.)

I fell in love with a bronze ballet twirl,
Hair like strands of tonight,
Thoughts like God's errand,
Ears like fresh leaves with bent edges
And body like curved artistic lines.

(Ife mi tan lo ide onijo kan,
Irun bi igba wipe ale pin si eyo kan kan,
Ero bi iranse Eledumare,
Eti bi ewe ti o te ni egbe gbe,
Ati ara bi ise ona ti o yege.)

I fell in love with...
Did someone say God?
Damn, she is a dark-skinned girl
Out of her Almighty commanded
What your feet lay on, Earth to be.

(Ife mi fa lo si...
Se enikan so pe Olorun?
Yeepa, Omo obirin dudu bi koro esin ni
Lati ara re ni eledua ti pe
Nkan ti iwo duro le, aye lati je.)

**DEAR WORSHIP LEADERS
BY THE ANONYMOUS CHURCHGOER**

Do me some favor worship leaders, we do not have to draw a parallel between our well doing and the misfortune of others before we realize we must worship God.

"Some people are in the grave, many on the streets, suffering and begging for bread, many are dying, many are perishing, yet you are alive and well, isn't that worth God's praise? Come on shout hallelujah...!"

And thus, the worship leader shouts, encouraging others to praise the lord while we contort our faces in holy reverence of God's presence, or the awareness that He is in our midst and can hear us more clearly than He did while we were not in church. Shivers running up and down our spines from the slow and melodious tunes played by the band to making us tune into heaven or just tune out the earth.

The topic of God's presence is something I shall discuss later because I get confused when people say "the Lord is here" and all I see, all I sense, are people looking like they have hot faeces in their bowels they urgently need to let release, yet what characterizes the presence of God as stated even in scriptures is not one-bit present

(2Cor. 3:17)!

"For the lord is the spirit, and wherever the spirit of the lord is, there is freedom."

-New Living Translation

Well, perhaps the initiation of the supposed heavenly music by the church band is an indicator that He has arrived (***pardon my sarcasm***). My discourse is for the worship leader today. The worship leader that draws a parallel between those that are doing well, that is those that have clothes on their back or are physically present in the church and those that are not supposedly doing well, like the beggar on the streets. If you don't get me by now, let me explain. Have you ever heard this popular words ***"you are in the sanctuary not in the mortuary?"*** Yes! That is what I am talking about. As if that is not enough an explanation is given ***"It is by God's grace you are alive,"*** leaving the unspoken question; the orphan sitting at the back of the church isn't enjoying God's grace too? What has orphan got to do with this you ask? Well, have you not heard this phrase also ***"you have not gotten any reason to mourn anyone in your family so praise the lord?"***

Maybe an analogy will better explain my understanding of this ridiculous situation and the analogy to represent this will be that I go to my father and tell him ***"thank you for being nice to me and not my sisters, can you see I am doing better than my brothers? For that I appreciate***

you.” Hmm, logical, right? Why then do we do the same to our heavenly father? Dear people, praise the Lord, praise the Lord for what He has done and what He would do (Psalm 150:2).

“Praise him for his mighty works, praise him for his unequalled greatness.”

-New Living Translation

I will praise the Lord for His mighty works but not because these mighty works are not evident in the lives of the others He also died for. I will praise the Lord for his goodness but not because I seem to be in a better condition than the beggar on the street (**no offence**). I will praise the Lord for my two legs and two hands but not because I know someone that does not have. Dear people, praise the Lord, praise the Lord for what He has done and what He would do (Psalm 150:2).

“Praise him for his mighty works, praise him for his unequalled greatness.”

-New Living Translation

I refuse to appreciate God relative to my neighbor who has not. Is that how to love my neighbor? Wait, am I not the light of the world? (Matt 5:14-16)

“You are the light of the world, like a city on a hilltop that cannot be hidden.

No one lights a lamp and then puts it under a basket. Instead, a lamp is placed on a stand, where it gives light to everyone in the house.

In the same way, let your good deeds shine out for all to see, so that everyone will praise your heavenly father.”

-New Living Translation

I feel a responsibility for everyone who suffers because I am the representative of Christ on earth! Am I not supposed to fix things like He did? (John 14:12) So why praise God that I am in church and some are not WHILE it is my responsibility to bring them to church as a church-goer. Question; Can I not simply praise the Lord despite what He has not done or has done?

We must stop this. We say praise the lord because we are not in the hospital, well what have we done about those in the hospital? Aren't we supposed to be laying hands on the sick? Must we rejoice because we are not in the hospital and some people are? The ironical part being that some of these people we separate ourselves from are right among us, we just are too occupied with our good living to notice other's sufferings.

Do me a favor worship leaders, we do not have to draw a parallel between our well doing and the misfortune of others before we realize we must worship God!

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BY ABDUSALAM ABDUL DANTE

That night, the gods came down.
Nene swore twice they had come from beneath the red earth.
From places where the sun had forgotten to kiss.
An eternal darkness, burning bright in the belly of the earth.

That night, the gods came down.
I saw the streak of lightening dance across the shrouded sky.
The crops melted as they walked past our field.
I did not swear. I was not sure.

That night, the gods came down.
Nene knelt before their laced feet as her chest leaked red.
From their hands their shot little brass stones that carried death.
They demanded life. Our death.

That night, the gods went home.
I lay in the aftermath, a pool of red seeping into my khakis.
Lives they didn't give, they took as they marched past our field.
I did not die. I just watched.

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ABIKE ONIJO
BY AMOS ADEJIMI

Silently she danced on the beds of her mothers,
To the rhythm of his life-giving tool
At times when cultivation was too early.

Moanfully she sang to his fierce but sweet piercings,
Rendering sensual keys and notes,
With an attitude of pain and joy,
At times girls shouldn't sing their mother's song.

Breathlessly she lay in a coffin for venerables,
At a time she ought to dance,
Without remorse to the songs of mothers,
At a time death is
Obviously fast and furious.

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**A PAINTING FOR HIS WALL
BY DAMILOLA POPOOLA**

He was a collector of rare art.
An addiction spun from his wealth.

And you,
Were just another masterpiece.

A painting for his wall.

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**OPPOSITES ATTRACT, REALLY?
BY OLAOSEBIKAN FEYISITAN**

Opposites attract
Physics taught me

But you are not
The poised to my clumsy
The shy to my bold

You match me
Fire for fire
Sword for sword

Cupid must have shot
The wrong arrow

Because
Really heart?
Is this for whom you beat?

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**YOU CAN BECOME
BY OLUWATOSIN OLABODE**

You can have a heart that forgives
But to do this, you will need:
A person that has offended you
A willing spirit
A heart wanting to be freed from pain
And you, a person that knows we are all human.

You can become deaf to the evil desires of this world,
The lust of the eyes,
The lust of the flesh
And the pride of life
But to do this
You will need: a sound moral belief
A good and obedient child
The Holy Spirit
And a Supreme God leading you all the way.

You can become a responsible citizen of any country
But to be this you will need:
A person with focus
At least a person he is responsible for
A labor market and
A thousand excuses that won't put him down.

You can become rich
But to get this, you will need:
A person that knows he is poor
A heart and mouth from which excuses are absent
A hand ready for work and
A sweaty face.

You can make him obtain favor from God
But to do this, you will need:
A gentleman
A good lady
A church
A priest for the joining and
A couple of witnesses.

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This is just one way
But it is the best that I know,
amongst many, that you can...
You can become!

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**SONGS OF IBANUJE
BY OLUREMI OLUSEYE**

A spoken word video was posted on the website in **Oluremi Oluseye's** name.

The link below directs you to YouTube to watch the video

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ck93eP08s_c

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

**A WORLD SO MARVELLOUS
BY C.J NJOKU**

In a world beyond this world
a marvelous world it is.
A world where lives are formed
not by words like Jehovah's
nor magic like Pella's acts
but of fluids uniquely bizarre.

Tiny a world it is,
lives alone it forms,
the bearer carries it alone
and for nine moons a wonder it forms
an image, like Yahweh's it forms.

**AWAY
BY DAMORE ALLI**

You check the weather forecast that morning before leaving the house. Yesterday, the wind had started out so fiercely and forcefully— without warning, when you had been only halfway home from your unsuccessful Interview at Hardwick. Its might teased and tossed you mercilessly, sent you crashing into objects and people, and when you got least lucky, crashing into trees. Your younger brother had once told you, a matter of fact, that the wind in Countries uptown would almost blow people away but you had not believed. And as it happened, you had felt wrong, alone, ashamed, and wanted to cry. But when you saw the tall thin white boy whom the wind almost lifted from the ground, you laughed. It was a moment of homophilic epiphany.

The weather forecast looks good today: slight drizzle and a drop of sunshine, it says. You smile, your mind eases into calm. You used to hate rain. That was before you won the Scholarship to travel. It cast darkness upon the sky and that always dampened your mood, but not anymore. Now, it is winter that irks you. For months now, Rain has become your new Sunshine. You straighten your black Jacket, and plug in your headphones to a soulful rendition from Indie Arie. Then, there is Adekunle Gold, and Simi, and Tekno. Your face splits into a wide grin when Duro starts to play, and you dance in your head; stopping every now and then, to change your steps to fit your imaginary dance moves. You love music and a good dance.

You reach your destination, the Post Office. You are applying for a job at a Youth Centre in Luton— your fifth application since the past month, but you persist in hope and faith. You fumble for some seconds at the do-it-yourself machine, and breathe a sigh of relief when the Middle-aged Brunette comes around to help you out of your misery. “You alright?” she asks, in the usual British style. You nod your approval, and smile your thanks to her once she’s all done. She is either nice or just doing her job, but you don’t really care, at least she has a job. You shove your self-pity away, quickly; and as you make to head home, you hear the Sky rumble. The wind, the wind is coming again, you think in fright. And curse the weather forecast silently in your head. Then you remember Asa’s song “No one Knows”, and you smile, then you frown again as your stomach constricts in fear. You hate winter. You hate the blooming wind!

You head back home, half running, half jogging, half hoping, half praying; too distracted to even dance to Lil Kesh's Shoki, one of your favorite Nigerian Jamz. Eventually, you make it home and collapse on your bed. The quiet around enshrouds you in a familiar mood. Melancholy sets in. You begin to cry. Your body erupts into schisms of nerve-wrecking sobs, you can't control it. Your soul is unhappy, and you don't know why. Maybe you just miss home: the bland Lagos Sunshine, people and car clogged streets, the echo of "Up Nepa" or Power Alarms in the neighborhood on Friday evenings, the unsuspecting heavy- downpour, the lousy marketplace and umbrella stalls, breakfast of Yam with Geisha Stew and dinner of Pounded Yam, Ogbono soup with Vegetable and Okporoko. Maybe, or maybe you just hate that the wind mocks your light weight, and even after spending half your monthly student loan on McDonald's Burger as one of your course mates suggested, you're still as thin as a broom stick. Loans and debts. The Government have defaulted on allowances for three months now, and you are running high on debts. You remember the last time you called Mama, and how she had shrieked in excitement, drowning the background chatter of her fellow market women, as she told you Mama Chima, and Mama Adaobi would not believe when she told them you had been sent to Cambridge to get a degree. Her voice laced with pride, leaving you in a cascade of fear and sadness. How much longer till the Pride lapsed, you wondered. She had asked "Bawo ni, Oko mi? (How are you, my child)" and you had said "Alaafia ni maami" (I am fine Mama). You had lied. Then, she told you about Funmi's graduation from the Hairdressing salon she had been training in before you travelled, and about Tunde's preparation for his SSCE exams... among other things, but you had not told her about you despite having so much to say, because you knew she would worry. You hate to see her worry. You owe Mama one, maybe two even. But before then, you need a job, and you need a miracle, you decide. Fresh tears break out, and you know at once that it is not the home you miss, or mama's dues or the job and miracle you need, or your untold stories that worries you. You know, you realize at once, that it is you. The days are fast getting spent, and the road stretches farther ahead, but you don't know, you just don't know. Yet you remember Asa's song again, "No one Knows," and that makes you cry even harder, even longer.

"There can be no greater agony, nothing can be more painful than the not knowing, which will never end."

Paula Hawkins

MORE MAGICAL THAN A FAIRY TALE
(A Collaboration)
BY KANYINSOLA OLORUNNISOLA
AND SHOOLA OYINDAMOLA

I walked aimlessly on the beach
The sand clogging my tired feet
Darkness and loneliness beclouded me
The bright sun did nothing to lighten
The stupid echoes of lovers' laughter
Brought back broken memories and anger
As I sat to think of my shattered dreams
I saw an angel run by with golden beam
Dark braided hair and pure spotless skin
Her smile shot through my heart and I was king
From that moment I knew it was her, you
Now I think of this picture and all we've been through

His face was drowned with sadness and pain
and his heart of what my answer might be.
Love as they say is blind to all defaults
dimmed my eyes from all his faults.
I saw a sun follow me with his eyes
and full attention that captured me too.
Blood rushed into my face too rapidly
like the wishing star will run past the sky.
My feet went shaky for a moment
and my heart did not doubt for once
that he was the heartbeat I longed for.
Now I think of this picture and all we've been through.

Soon after, we became good friends
I was sunk in the river of love, no end
With you my heart glowed with unrivalled glee
Without you I felt without a half of me
But you never did notice
Perhaps, the blame is on my cowardice.

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Then, I wished the friendship went deeper
only that my coyness kept this secret.
He was like the morning sun
that had no choice but to pierce through my life.
He was like the bright moon
that ruled the sky; my heart.

I finally summoned courage
And serenaded her with a homage
To my greatest shock, she smiled
And wrapped her arms around my neck 'be mine'
We kissed and surrendered to Cupid
We cared not if they called us stupid
A year after, I got on one knee
She said 'yes' and my senses did flee
I met her parents who disliked me
And rejected me for my history
We cried and our eyes shed blood
And we decided to run from home

At first, our love was sweet
like the epic tale of Romeo and Juliet,
But love did blind us and little did we know
that our economy would drown deep in the Congo.
As if God chose to scar us for our erring,
an innocent baby with golden hair of love
and heavenly eyes that I still envy
branched into lives, heart, and home.
The tension, fights, and arguments
grew faster than our love
And our baby became a burden uncared for.

We were young and foolish
But we could not continue to pout
Together we believed in hope
And went through each day with faith
We had days of hunger and thirst
But we did not wail, we held on to love
I did abandon my dreams
For you and our innocent son
With prayers, we survived
The troubled waters began to still

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Together we fought through the pain
Faced every demon and roared in the fire

Our love lit again like the sparkling stars.
Our love rose again like the fireworks.
One thing that never left us in the rough times
was how we stared at each other with hope
that one day our love will resume its obeat.
Those little eyes and hair that I behold with jealousy
has brought to me, his own love
and allowed my back to ache
from rocking my own grandchildren.
Oh... I see how beautiful love can charm
I see how strong love can be
I see how unfailing love can prove.

Love rekindled by the heavens goes not stale
but makes your life more magical than a fairytale

OUR CREATION
BY RABIU MOJISOLA AISHAT

I was a puzzle
With many missing pieces
Of a pearl princess
From fairytopia

Waiting to be arranged
Waiting for my lost parts
Waiting to be fixed
Waiting for a miracle

Another puzzle you were
Of a happy farmer
From far far away
With pieces lost and forgotten

Collaboration you seek
Readily available I was
Maybe I've been waiting for you
Maybe you were looking for me

We reached a consensus
To create something new
With these old pieces' left

My fingers for the roof
Your eyes for the windows
Till we gave it all
Every other piece that remained

Tinker Bell the puzzle
A guardian of fairy land
Fiona the puzzle
She married Shrek, remember?
Queen Elsa the puzzle
All the way from frozen land
Including the other puzzles
All from different kinds

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Gathered around our creation
Overwhelmed with admiration
The beauty we accomplished
Through the wave of being demolished

You completed me
I completed you
Now I have a reason
To forever forget my lost pieces.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

BY AYODELE OKEGBENRO OLUWATIMILEHIN

From sunrise to sunset
From moonlight to moonrest
Basking in the moments of each day
Searching to find a path in my own way
I realize that this is life and it must be lived
Very much unlike death that must be grieved
The urge to give up rises with each task
And I find myself hiding behind my smile's mask
Just because it's all that's left doesn't make it right
But if it's the right thing to do, then it's the right time to do it.
Putting together all the broken pieces
And making them match on life's pitches
This is my journey, and it's still the early lap,
From where I am to where I am going lies a major gap
Maybe these obstacles are after all my road map.

IN VAIN
BY OLATUNDE OBAFEMI

In vain
You cast your vane bangles here
At the feet of a deaf god
You conjure solemnly
Your vague divination
Willing the vein of your god
To come alive in your rescue
Yet it has been you who rescued this god
Since its birth.
Its muscles are stiff
And its eyes are stiff in the awe
Of being and not being able to be.

In vain,
You speak your incantations
Proud to commune with the unseen
Yet the oracle doesn't know what you say
Yet it cannot speak
And your skiving is a mere panegyric
To the inbeing of the silent crier.

In vain,
You now realize that you are your god
And weak you have always been
Speaking to yourself
Knowing good and evil
Tasting the fruits of suffering
And holding on to the juice
Of your stinging pasts.

In vain
You make prayers
And you cannot answer
For the heavens are silent
In vain,
You die.

AS YOU ARE
BY TEGA OHWERHOYE

Sit here Darling.
No, keep your legs closed
No, I don't want that either.
Today, like tomorrow,
I want to drown in you,
I want to know your every scar and wrinkle by name,
What words twist your tongue,
And what songs cause you to tap your right foot.
Today, like tomorrow,
I want to hit rock bottom in you.

CRAVINGS
BY AYOYINKA MORAWO

I crave a LOVE so pure
I crave a love so deep
That the ocean would be jealous
I crave a love so bright
That the stars would bow
I crave a non-cheating love
I crave a caring love
I crave a love that needs me
I crave an everlasting love
I crave a loving love
I crave an healthy love
I crave an understanding love
I crave a peaceful love
I crave a love so powerful
That rulers would envy
I crave a love that wouldn't get tired of me
I crave an Always and forever love
I Crave the TRUE love
Is this too much to ask?

**DREAMS I BUILD
BY DAMILOLA POPOOLA**

Despise not this beginning
Of concrete and gravel.
For these dreams, I build
Are pillared in precious stone marbles.

Despise not this beginning
Of sledged hammers and nails.
These stairs lead to heights
Mere Iris can't unveil.

Despise not this beginning of
Curtains and blinds.
For surely these windows
Neighbor Mother Nature's hairline.

Despise not I urge.
These beginnings are
Fashioned in glorious ends.
Glaringly evident in the
Fairytale of History's trends.

CONFUSED
BY EMEBIRIODO UGOCHUKWU

The fact that losing you
Scares me
Has made me to lose my mind
You've got me staring blankly into coloured skies
And wondering what you're up to.
Every single thing here reminds me of you
The flower right outside my window
Scents exactly like you
The petals color like your lips
I think they are called tulips.
Every tune on the radio
Embody lyrics that remind me of our love
The times we shared
And the dreams we held hands talking about.
Even the palpitations of my heart
Reminds me of the rhythm yours plays
When you fall asleep in my arms
The sun here reminds me of your temper
Too hot sometimes it burns
Mild and beautiful sometimes it tans.

When it rains
I remember you and miss you more
Every droplet of rain
Reminds me of the tears that flooded my shirt
When you leaned into me
The day I boarded that Iron Bird to South Korea
It snows here
And the chill has me trapped in a blanket
Praying you were beside me
So your warmth, would touch me inside out.

I have travelled across lands and seas.
Met and seen
Women and Queens
But none compared to thee
I have walked and crawled
Through corners of this earth
And your smoke with the missing tooth has me missing you.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

And the thought of losing you
Has me black and blue
Come to me or I'll come to you
Your absence in this foreign land
Has left a hole in the center of my thoughts
Emptiness is all I feel.

WHEN I REST MY PEN
BY OKUWOGA EMMANUEL EYIMOFE

When I rest my pen,
The world stops to sin,
Man is not unrighteous,
The woman keeps her pride.

When I rest my pen
The world stops to evolve
Around me as I evolve
Into another being.

When I rest my pen,
I'd relate my glowing dreams
Into a silent world as it seems
That my soul begins to vanish
As my body begins to tarnish.

My life, transfigured
When I rest my pen,
I'd have been in my twilight years
Or bitten the dust,
My heartbeat, ceased.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

WHEN DEATH'S TRICKY BASTARD SON SHOWS UP
BY OYEKUNLE FIKAYO OYEDIRAN

His mouth
Sweet...
Caressing your head into giving up
His oratory skills
Better than the birds of grace
His story telling
Better than that of the grandfathers

Options
He lays on your table
Easy
Maybe tough ones
Choose...
You have to

Incapable, your brain of thinking
All it sees
Are options
Easy
Maybe tough ones

Deaf
Your ears to deaths plea
His pleas for you to hold on
Hold on for the chosen time

Option hang
You choose
Swift and fast
Your neck snapped
Your clock had stopped

Death's bastard son
Suicide
Has won another battle
In his war against his father

He has won
Again

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

Taking another soul
Illegally...

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

**TO A MORTAL MAN
BY SIMBIAT ADANLAWO**

Use your woman Intuition
You were blessed to have a Vision
To make your Intentions
Before causing Attention

I have to cause Attention
Never waiver in my Intentions
And I get the Visions
I'm a woman with Intuition

But let's get serious
To the unequal **OBSESSION**
Of my womanly Place

Intuition is **ABUSED**
Attention is not **MODEST**
Vision is **SHORTENED**
Intentions are **WRONGLY INFLUENCED**

LIVING NEXT TO YOU
BY VIVIEN BRAIDE

I saw you on a sunny Sunday
Chills crawled down my spine.

I stood there,
Wishing you were mine.

We could have kids,
One or two maybe nine.

I gazed and smiled,
You smiled back, that's a sign.

He walked up behind you, Held your
waist and whispered.
I uttered a sigh.

You were taken.
I felt I should die.

I sit in the front yard like
a chief without a tittle, a King
missing a crown and a spark in life.

It all feels wrong
But I promise,
I will make it right.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

GREEN BUTTERFLY
BY MALIK ADEDOKUN

In the mental state of Limbo,
I grew wings weighing just a kilo.
And float above the Seas of Sin.
Just to notice the cypher on my skin.

I tried to decipher.
But heard whispers of Lucifer.
Claiming my intentions cannot be bested.
Separating wrongs from right, then, infested.

I sparked the flares of SOS.
But Addiction was my OS.
Thinking smoke fogs could exile the Devil.
Just to find myself acting the evil.

THE DARKNESS
BY AISHA JIMADA

You feel scared. Scared because the darkness seems to have left. Scared because you're so happy and somehow you know it won't be for long. I know you're scared. I know it because I'm scared too. Sometimes you crave darkness so much... You crave it because it saves you the energy of expecting your happiness to end. You crave it because in your darkness, there is peace and there are no expectations. You want it, oh, how you want it. This darkness which scares you so but in which you find your solitude. Your darkness that saves you from the "what ifs?" You know it is dark, but in your darkness, is where your sanity lies.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

TAG TEAM
BY NWACHUKWU OLUSEGUN

Undulating, swinging, walking,
Succumbing to the will
Of the wind, I—
A weary traveler,
Embraced by the touch
Of laxity and fatigue—
Am hurdled in this path
I freely chose.

Fading, receding, dwindling,
My prints fail to stamp on this sand that I tread.

Bold, refined, outstanding:
I behold a pair of fresh footprints,
And their owner bears me up
Through this crooked route.

THE DOVE HAS TEETH
BY OLAOSEBIKAN FEYISITAN

Smiles, in the face of insults
Trusting, in the face of obvious lies
Takes promises at face value
Happy to give
Hesitant to take
The believer of good
The loved

Segi, the meek
Àdàbà

But like a bride's veil,
The flecks in her eyes lift
She is the cheated,
The one taken for granted

The one thought to be dense,
Is as bright as light
The one with the smile of an angel,
Has words that hurt like the horseman's whip,
The dove has teeth.

WRONG WAR
BY OLAWALE IBIYEMI

"Eviscerate him! Eviscerate him!
No. Embalm him with tyres
And tell *Sango Olukoso*
To hurl stones, heavy stones
Upon these vermin,
For 50naira has he stolen
From Iya Kunle's shop.
For 50naira we shall take his life".

Ha! *Baba Senator! Baba Senator!*
Everyday *Baba Senator*
With his Eleganza pen does
Dwimmers building a dystopia
In the hearts of the masses...
Contract 242 worth 700billion naira
Is awarded to ghosts who seem
To share the same blood with *Baba.*
Baba!

Arise O Compatriots!
Only to die of poverty and hunger.
They have taken the hoe
From the farmer
And the engineer has lost
His spanner
Arise O Compatriots!
Prepared we have your graves.

The thief sits in our churches
And receives the Holy Ghost
The thief kneels in our mosques
Chanting his *Lailah*
We sit with them, we pray with them
We pray for them:
Lord, save us from the ravaging
Dollar.
We pray wrongly.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

The Dollar is not the thief,
The thief is not the Dollar.

Sango Olukoso strums a pensive
Hymn in the heavens
for all to hear
The rains will soon come,
For our leaders, let us pray
And our brothers, let us maim.

Crown him! Crown him!
Yes. Adorn his wife with purple
Linen
And his children with the finest
Apparel:

The thief, the thief
we name our king
But our brothers
Will die in the streets
(For stealing 50naira)

The war is won.
Let the heathen rejoice!

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

DREAM (UN) DEFERRED 1
BY TEGA OHWERHOYE

I want to tell Hughes of patient Dreams
The rare ones who dare you to show up
Their skin glowing in the sun you remember
The ones that carry all the tales of Home
And sing you all her songs while they wait
The ones that heal as you journey to them
Sweet Dreams that burst into stars
Filling your eyes with glow.
I want to Hughes of Dreams that wait.

WHITE
BY TITLOPE ADEDOKUN

Her hair sailed with the wind,
As she ran,
Crushing the lilies with her feet,
Treading the sandy pathway,
Maybe it was just a joke.

A thousand eyes bored into her,
Eyes that spoke of pity and chaos,
She looked at her feet,
At her painted toes,
White against her silver shoes.

Her beautiful dress,
White as her soul and conscience,
Where was her beloved,
He was never coming,
She fell,
Pale and White.

Soon, they would dance together,
In White, forever.

**THE BOOK THIEF
BY CHINEDU UBAH**

To and fro, he goes
The night, the only cloak he knows
Looking through a window he sees,
The treasure he seeks.

So into the shop he goes,
To possess the treasure he knows.
Then, right in front of him he sees;
The treasure he seeks.

No one is watching, so he goes,
Grabs the treasure he knows,
And finally in his hands he sees,
The treasure he seeks.

Into his pocket it goes,
Finally it's his and he knows.
But looking behind him he sees,
Its him, that the shop owner seeks

PRISONER OF WEALTH

BY C.J NJOKU

At his beck and call servant obey
even his father's generation obey his words
though an infant he is in age and stature
yet all is done if only pronounced.

He has never been a youth
the experience of a child eludes him
for the high and mighty he relates with
and like a demi-god he is treated.

The experience of a fresh air fails him
the conditioned air he breaths
bells and timetable alone orders him around
under the watchful eyes of a guardian

Late in life the truth dawned
he would never be a normal kid
running in the field with a thousand other kids
care freely like there is no tomorrow
but he would remain a captive
a prisoner of his own wealth.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

TO LOVE IS TO DIE
BY DAMILOLA POPOOLA

I told her heart to walk away
If ever again she wished to sight life.

She came back with
A tombstone engraved,
"Died in lover's arms"

TILL ETERNITY BE PAST
BY KANYINSOLA JANET OKAFOR

Maybe just this once,
we can write our story up in the clouds
and let the heavens decide the course of our fate.
No more doubts, no regrets.
Let's push past our boundaries and love
Without limitations.
Let's love the way destiny has meant our love to be.
Beautiful, Unhindered.
Redundancy.
Let's love with our souls on fire,
with hearts of gold and minds of mystery.
Let's love till the clouds darken with our light,
and the heavens pour out in drenches
a rain of blessing upon our fate.
Let's love till eternity be past.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

THE MACHINE MEN
BY RABIU AISLAT MOJISOLA

In this corner as I sit
All I see are ruins and ruins

A garden of flowers used to be here
All that remain are burnt down leaves

Is this the compound I used to have fun?
I can barely recognize with all the leveled walls

My father, my mother, they are all gone
Maybe they'll come back, it could be a joke

I'd better run down to the city dump
I should find my breakfast before others do

Mother used to tell me not to eat from dirt
I'm sorry I'm doing this but I don't want to starve

My knees hurt at least the bleeding stopped
That day we heard the 'bang' I fell on them both

I'm alone, I'm sad, I have nowhere to go
I can only pray they won't be here today

Pray for us too, please pray for us
The machine men should stop
They've destroyed us all.

**CHALLENGES OF STUDENTS
BY MOYOSOLUWA ADELANI**

A school is a prison
Where students are kept
Forced to work hard and follow the rules
Afraid of the school authorities
And the hard way to study.

A book is a waterfall
Where learning never stops
And because of its wideness
It makes students fear
Bringing the future to every one of them.

A teacher is a roaring lion
Installing knowledge in each student
Whose loaded and huge words,
Leaves the student in the world
That they don't understand.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

WRITERS
BY ANITA OGBONNA

Writers are history and time
Manipulators!

They can take you down memory lane,
They can take you farther into the future,
They can freeze your time in suspense,
They can make you go backwards and
Then forward to understand the now, play

With their tenses

Yet they are the only one(s) who die in their
Suspense!

INSECURITIES
BY AYOYINKA MORAWO

Sometimes I want it to be dark forever
Because it hides my flaws
That's when I feel free
Like a bird
I move where the wind takes me

But when it is finally morning
I run into my hiding place
Of a big shirt and baggy trousers
My long hair to cover my face
For fear of being seen
By the critics everywhere

on this day
I decided to peep
To feel the light shine on my scars
With all the boldness I could gather
I walked out with my eyes closed
Refusing to see all of them

I felt like the walking dead
But my stubborn heart wouldn't budge
I opened an eye
And all I saw was myself
I opened the other
I was all alone

The critics were gone
They existed
But they were dead to me
I must have blotted them out
And erased all their comments

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

SOULED OUT
BY AYODELE OKEGBENRO OLUWATIMILEHIN

The artist on that canvas of His
Putting together a masterpiece
Made of dust and His nostril's breath
To make it in His image He'd go to any length
Like using His own son's blood
To put finishing touches to His work
Eye has not seen. Ear has not heard
About a masterpiece like this is what He said
The air is filled with anticipation
As they await this great exhibition
Orders were placed from East, West, North, and South
Lucifer tried too, but the piece was "SOULED OUT"

**WHERE IS KARMA?
BY OLAOSEBIKAN FEYISITAN**

Just yesterday,
You showed off your eye candy
Grinning proudly
Like the father of a new born baby

Six months, four days, seven hours, fifty minutes, ten seconds
You are still happy
But then who is counting

You left,
And you were whole
Leaving me in shards

Many lonely nights,
I spent in tears
You had romantic walks

Are you getting away,
With hurting me?

But where is Karma?
Or was it here already?
For me?

**BIAFRA: THE FLASHBACK
BY OLAWALE IBIYEMI**

I remember back then when
The sun used to rise
In the East, when our Enugu
Was a model of Solomon's temple.
Oduduwa, your children have connived
With the Hausas to excide us
From the land of the living.
The waters have turned to blood,
The fishes have begun to grow legs
The Nigerian Gowon has sterilized
Our stomachs;
what is food to a
Prayer warrior?
Karma sleeps when the Igbos
Are in captivity,
In their own land!
Parcels of bombs are delivered
In the markets-
Buffet for the vultures.

Refugee camps are where
We go to die because typhoid
Awaits with open arms

There is a story of how
The Earth and the Moon
Struggled for ownership of the Sea-

Their tidal clashes crushing
And crushing
Fragile Pisces of the Sea-

We will blame the Earth
And the Moon
For the redness of the sea.

We will blame the West
And the North
For the redness of our streams.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

Nigeria, we surrender
You have won
Can you hear our children's screams?

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

DREAM (UN)DEFERRED 2
BY TEGA OHWERHOYE

Of a Dream deferred
And a Raisin in the sun:

You sit
 Recounting the tales Mother told
 And those that have lived in you
 How many climbed atop you
And the taste of sweat that touched your lips
You remember the seeds harvested at Road 14
 The ones you never got to water and tender
 The many kitchen walls you made shine
 And stoves familiar with your hands
 The blues you sang in your travels
The caged and proud birds singing along with you
 Oh, sweet blues, baskets holding water
 Here you are
Your seeds now tall trees bearing native fruits
 Your dark gum and ugly smile unhidden
 A glass of white wine in your left hand
 Cigarette burning slowly in your right
Your long slender legs placed apart by your doing
 Your brown eyes home to stars
 Holding gazes as long as they please
 Here you are
 A Dream deferred now living
 The Raisin feeding light to the sun.

SLAYER OF MEN
BY ABDULBASIT ABUBAKAR ADAMU

Dancing with the rain during the rainy days
Everywhere all around moving the sun rays
A brake to life and an accelerator to the hereafter
Traditionally known and your existence no one can alter with
Have you no friend, brother or sister?

Death takes our sorrows away
Eventually our happiness is embedded in that which is taken away.
Arrows you send is drying world up like a desert
Tell me would you want to wine and dine, would you want a dessert?
Have you no friend, brother or sister?

Don't walk away from us
Each of us want you in our midst
As you wash away the sorrows of these earth
Taking us to meet our Lord.
Happy we will be to meet him.

**VOICE OF ADDICTS
BY MALIK ADEDOKUN**

What do you know of addicts?
The need to consume that fix?
The feeling of excitement,
Only felt at a moment?

Have you ever starved for love?
That smiling gets tough?
Heart filled with regrets alone.
Wishing you don't know to stone?

Ever tried to sleep at night?
But do not feel alright?
Because you took a day off?
Just to crave the one you love?

Music can't heal no pain now.
Cos I ought to use right now.
Off to pinnacle, my Haven.
My high, my heaven.

THE STEM CELLS
BY AISHA JIMADA

It is the little things that count the most. Those tiny ones you don't even know you're doing. Like just being there when your friend is down; like bringing your period-triggered-depressed friend bananas because you've read they reduce depression. Like holding all the belief and hope for them because they're too much of a pessimist to have it. Like hearing about their flimsy problems all the time even when you have yours. Like nagging them about seeing a psychiatrist constantly because you know that they are not as okay as they claim to be; like getting them gifts even when you don't get any in return. Like praying for them more than you pray for yourself so they don't fail that exam. These things! I call them "Stem Cells." They form the basis for all other things. These stem cells make your friends see how great and worthy they are. These cells, the foundation for a galaxy of great things. These stem cells that form it all.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

PINKY SWEAR
BY DAMILOLA POPOOLA

Time stood still.
Time witnessed,
As we confessed us.

Confessed us underneath
The dim bulb of night to a pinky swear.
A pinky swear of
"Till death do us part"

But how so soon,
Did time reveal us as liars.
For apart is now our paths

And yet,
None of us is tenant to a grave.

ENVIIOUS HEART
BY RABIU MOJISOLA AISHAT

Her eyes
Have you seen?
The shape of an almond
With twinkles to touch

Beauty
Happiness
Perfection
Are the things they hold

Look again
This time deeper
Pass the centrifugal force
That defies further look

Sadness
Mistakes
Regret
Glow in countless folds

In her facade
You lost yourself
Drowning in this
Flood of envy

You crave her glitters
The enviable parts of her
But they come with baggage
Of hidden parts of her.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

**DIARY OF A HIGH SCHOOL LOVER
BY TOBI TOUN**

I could say I love you without saying any words.

I could say your hair is the most beautiful thing ever, as it dances freely to the music of the wind like nobody's business.
As I sit here in awe, I steer at you tickle the ground with every step you take so elegant.
And your teeth, like a properly constructed \$4000 white picket fence; you could chase the sun out of business with every smile.

I could take you to the music theatre and sing you;
“*My love by Jess Glynne*” loud enough till you smile with faint red pasted on your cheeks.

I could start dancing at random in class just to get everybody's attention, then I'll look into your eyes with mine slightly open and with a little seriousness till you say “*Stop,*” very gentle and in the cutest of voices like you won't love to stay there for as long as time would permit.

I could sit beside you if I ever caught you crying and just join but cry a little louder until you laugh.

It wouldn't matter what made you cry, you'll have to smile eventually.
I could take you outdoors at night and try to tell you a poem about the stars and liken them to how you brighten my day.

But I can't,
My heart still burns with pain
My efforts are all still lying in vain
And this, like every other is another poem, imperfectly written, at the back page of my school note book.
I'm covering the piece after every line to avoid being caught by my friends writing about you again.
They'll never understand.
And you, you'll never understand too; how much I can do for you and how much more I can't, because we're still strangers.
And as usual as since about a month ago I'm hoping that at the sound of the 4pm bell I'd say my first Hi before you get lost in the crowd, and I'll take it up from there.

WORDS
BY WURAOLA SALAWU

Though tiny I am upon a gaze
My effects could leave you in a daze
Some call me 'small but mighty'
And this I believe with all humility

I know a man; he lives down the street
His stone-cold face he mostly hides in a sheath
And at his appearance, the people tremble
Because his presence could bring only trouble.

The people scream and run for cover
But his determination does not waver
Void of emotions, he rips skin from bone
And watches as blood drips to the stone.

And in drawing blood and taking lives
In this alone lies his pride.
But he doesn't know that there's more to life
Than peeling skin like it is mere hide.

But here I am, tiny me
Rather than draw blood, I shed mine
On this piece of paper, in diverse splatters
And from my blood, I birth a new world via the words.

Words that could hurt as much as could heal;
Words that bring health to the ill;
Words that pacify the troubled;
Words that straighten the muddled.

The words I write could slay the dragon
And at the same time could calm the warlord
But you see the stone-faced sword?
Always cold and brings only wrath.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

Though tiny I am upon a gaze
My effects could leave you in a daze
Some call me 'small but mighty'
And this I believe with all humility.

The Pen, though lighter,
Is mightier than the Sword.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

FALLEN
BY TITLOPE ADEDOKUN

Here is to the fallen ones amongst us.
To the hearts that bled more than normal.
 To the insomniac nights,
 The hidden tears,
 The unknown problems.
Here is to the unshared thoughts,
To the understanding never gotten,
 The endured hurts.
 Here is to the unspoken words
 The times of stretched hands but no recipient.
Here is to the ones amongst us who couldn't keep standing strong.
Here is to the dreams that would not see daylight.
 To the plans that wouldn't become reality.
 To the great ones that wouldn't be again.
 Here is to our fallen ones.

THE HUNTER AND THE CAP
BY ASHINZE PATRICK

The Creator and Man – Series 1

In the long-gone years, there was this famous story of a prolific and outstanding hunter whose hands coiled the gun with finesse. A hunter whose eyes and legs worked in harmony of dexterity. He was a great hunter so efficient and productive He was the King and nobles of his town respected his hunting prowess. He was every hunter's role model. His name was Azuka.

Azuka was a diligent and willful man. He never wasted his time on trivial and vain-glorious things. He was reliable and worth being seen with. Early in the virgin hours of the day, Azuka would wake up to thank his Creator for the gift of life, for the freshness of breath, for the stance of gait, and for the blessings to come. Azuka gave thanks for everything except one thing; that he was a Short man. Azuka's headache and sorrow sourced from his short height.

He always regarded it as a curse saying;

"My fathers and forefathers were not this low in stature..."

He would blame the Creator and his angels for the way he was created saying;

"I am less than normal, Creator! Why?"

He would ask rhetorically and as divinity would have it, the Creator looked down from Heaven and decided to have a dialogue with him.

"I gave you food, shelter, honor, family and reverence amongst all men of your kind; yet you still complain about your height, what is it with you, Azuka?!" The Creator said.

"No, that is not good enough, Oh creator! You did not try enough! I should be perfect and graceful. Had I been taller, I certainly would have been awarded a chieftaincy title, perhaps a bigger farmland and menservants in addition. All you sit up there and do is watch me live in inadequacy! It is not fair?" Azuka retorted.

"Well, I am the Creator and I like you the way you are. Remember that everything happens because there are reasons for them to occur. So be happy and content" The creator replied.

"Haa haa, I knew it, I knew it would end up like this. This is a big waste of time, in fact this conversation ceases to exist!" Azuka roared.

"The choice is yours." The Creator answered back.

It was on a warm Thursday evening. The day was getting tired and everyone was returning home from their farmlands. By default, this was the ripe time

for any hunter to get his game. Azuka retrieved his Gun, slingers and his brown Cap from his barn and set forth into the Deep forest. He trekked several distances in a bid to satiate his game desire. He was not just any hunter who would kill rodents or squirrels as game, he was Azuka; the hunter who never settles for less. He searched and scouted the forest, it seemed barren of games. Then he decided to wait for the animals to come out of their hiding places. He chose shelter among the giant plants and made it his checkpoint.

Coincidentally, another hunter was a stone throw away. This other hunter however was more keen and untiring in getting his game in the least possible time. Then, he saw something, an animal perhaps, it was deep colored and quite stationary. *“It must be a panther; I am not missing this shot this time.”* He said.

With eagerness, he fired; *“Boooooooooooooooooooooom.”*

The prey went off the grid...

“Haaaaah!” a voice bellowed. The voice was Azuka’s.

“I am not an animal ooo, I’m human, I am also a hunter, I am Azuka, the dread of the forest that the deep approaches.” Azuka said in one breath.

The other hunter was filled with fear and guilt, he thought the shot had hit a human, a fellow hunter for that matter. Then he approached Azuka and flashed his headlight at the face. Azuka was expressionless – The bullet had pierced through his brown cap.

“Your shot hit my cap, not my head. I presume you mistook its brown color for a game. Be calm...” Azuka gestured as he spoke.

“I’m sorry. That was really close. It looked as if it were a panther from a far distance. My name is Chinedu, I am from the Town of Seven hills. I have heard of your story. You are a very good hunter. Let us thank The Creator for this act of salvage”. The other hunter remarked.

Azuka looked up into the dark skies and tore his clothes apart.

“I have been foolish and ungrateful. I have been discontented and disavowed with the Creator. Oh Creator, forgive my childishness. I have always blamed you for creating me a short man, for making me a man of small height, little did I know that there is a reason for the way that I am. If I were taller, the bullet would have hit my head instead of my brown cap. My brains would have busted out innumably, my life would have ended straight there. Dear Creator, right from this moment on, I retract all my flimsy blames and acknowledge you as the All sufficient. Thank you for everything, God...” Azuka expressed.

The story has ended and the moral of the story? Simple. If you don’t have what you like, like what you have. God bless you.

...Novo Ordo Stratum Progressiva...

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

SHE WAS LATE
BY KANYINSOLA JANET OKAFOR

She sold her soul to become like him;
Gave up the light inside of her to mirror his darkness;
If that was the only he was going to feel deserving of her;
She didn't think twice before banishing the light inside of her;
Only that when she had banished all of the light
to dwell in eternal darkness with him,
He found a light of his own and abandoned his darkness;
She was late; he had moved from darkness into the light,
It felt like her love for him was cursed,
Never being given the kind of love she freely gave,
If only he had continued to dwell in darkness,
If only she hadn't banished the light from her soul,
Then they might have stood a chance,
But they never really stood a chance...
Her love for him was both their undoing.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

BY LANRE ORANYELI

I've pointed my gun of hate at your
Chest for the longest time but my
Fingers still totter, unable to pull this
Trigger, for deep inside; I've always
Known I loved you more than I'll ever
Love my damn self...

MY NAIJA; MY PRIDE 1
BY OLUWATOSIN OLABODE

It was 1960,
with the white folks leaving
and our patriots settling
amidst the jubilation and rejoicing
and the smell and feel of freedom
history was birthed.

'My naija, my pride!
With salutes
I pledge my facts.
From 'God's own state' of Abia,
to the 'abdominal enlargement' possible in Zamfara.
In the wisdom of a Nobel laureate Wole Soyinka
to the mind of young Saheela Ibraheem
making waves in Harvard.
She; our naija- is everywhere making a difference.
From the legacy and reputation of the Nok culture
defining artistic genius
to the amazing 'weather for two'
Nigerians have come to enjoy,
my naija, my pride!

With all protocols duly observed
as I speak the truth
In pride
and for my love
my heritage;
Nigeria is beautiful.
It is a motherland
a home with peace.
Our Naija
a peaceful bliss.
Catastrophes won't mold us,
corruption won't stop us,
poverty won't kill us,
wars and noise won't deter us.
For united we stand, divided we fall

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

LOVE UNCONDITIONAL
BY SIJUAE SANUSI

I gazed at you endlessly last night
Your eyes were invariably bright
I moved closer to you by the gate
You didn't even mind my funny gait

The bouncers pushed me at random
Many ignored the breach of freedom
As you watched my stammering tongue
Your eyes wanted to correct the wrong

Finally, you walked back to speak with me
Maybe it was now apparent for you to see
That I was the short guy you knew afar
The one whose color typifies Coca-Cola

The one who wrote you numerous letters
Maybe they will be better than my stutters
Now you rushed to hug me with a passion
And bent down to kiss me with affection

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

**LETTERS TO THE MEN I'VE LOVED THOUGH
BY TITILOPE ADEDOKUN**

Caramel,
You were my drug.
I needed you for reasons I knew and didn't.
You were my first real anything.
It was awkward.
But somehow, it was love that I loved.
The first I said the dreaded words to.
The first I was crazy in with.

You were my storm and calm,
Every story has its other side,
Ours should be a eulogy to love,
I think it was pressure,
I think we were scared,
We were too young to feel that way,
We were confused.

I'll never regret it, you know.
The non-perfection in our perfection,
Our craze in complex simplicity,
My heart tells me to miss it,
But my head's too strong,
Once bitten and twice shy.

Dark Chocolate,
It was like a roller coaster,
Sweet at first,
Sour along,
A bitter-sweet song.

It was different,
We were really crazy,
Lexicon crazy!
I was going out of my mind.

In a good way,
In a bad way,
You were the change I didn't need,
The phase I didn't need to go through,

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

Passionate chaos.

Ours was a rock song,
Hard metal and punk,
A song I wish we never wrote.

Coffee Toffee,
At this point,
I don't know what love is,
How can broken glass stand firm?
I'm scared,
I don't how to feel.

I can't tell you,
I don't know how,
I don't know why,
I just can't.

Where's this stream flowing to?
I want tides and currents,
But what if the waves sweep me away?

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

FELONY
BY ABIOLA OLARENWAJU

*"You should throw me your weight
for I'm that desperate beast in the lake
And if a snitch rings a bell
then together we'll run like hell"*

Those were my words by the lake
with a face tougher than Ice Cube's
Your heart throbbed until it ached
A joyous approval to our pithy muse

I guess I have failed you... inadvertently
like a broken needle to an adroit seamstress
Or better still... parsimoniously
when I let go... your bitter-sweet duress?

I let the women and booze take me
beyond the borders of our bond
I let my soul roam free
An unrepentant vagabond

You held on for too long
and I was an oily grip, a loose end
With obdurate flesh, still waxing strong
But how could I elude this trend?

I've been confined to the ocean
Never to dream for fear of disproportion
Only to swim amongst jaded creatures
A subtle pardon or likely probation

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

THE GODS ARE SILENT
BY CEEJAY KWUKWASI

The faces of the peasants say it all,
it's a long story to be related
for how can we toil day in and out
for a morsel, maybe two or three
only to be deprived of it all
for no course well justified.

The gods, once again, are angry
to the battle ground weapons are lay,
a duel they must be engaged in
and no mortal their battle must witness.

The peasants we cried to them to stop
religiously, sacrifices we offered
to the ignorant and insensitive deities.
Our high priests no sleep witnessed
for a bowl of pottage, they wished,
the crumbs from the deities' table they begged
but like yesterday today is
the gods no words have spoken.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

FREE FALL
BY DAMILOLA POPOOLA

I fell for you
A thousand times.

Rising up so
I could fall again.

I fell for you
A thousand times.

Hope I fall again...

UNDER THE STARS
BY RABIU MOJISOLA AISHAT

Memories of the stars
In the sky
In the night

Drags along a mat
A family
And their dinner

Laughs
You'll hear
As they munch their meal

Songs
They'll sing
Aloud and low

Teasing
each other
Like a bunch of kids

Joy
Happiness
They surely had

Memories
to keep
To treasure forever

Under the stars
In the sky
Every night.

LONELY SOUL
BY OKORO DANIEL

What in this circumcised universe?
What in this colony?
What upon the circumference of the earth shall I do to make you mine?

For that I feel is bold, like a stone a stronghold!
This captivity has lasted years; certainly, shall I stray?
Nay, Love is beautiful, love is fair, and at your gaze I confess this all...

I'll send your picture to my world, that within this universe it's you I've
come to love and desire.

Though distance and chances has kept me in despair,
For I know not if my fairy damsel does hope and flare in same feeling too.

For I might just be one captivated in love's nightmare...
Shall I say to the moon, that of a truth I belong to you?

Good night Dovy, good night friend,
It's not that this feeling won't blend...

I wish to sleep, though I be not dead, just because this very feeling remains.
It would never be, because I'm yet to twain my soul with thine, yet to see
the sparkles in thy eyes, how shall it be when the east wind is yet to rest
upon your dining set?

Thoughts of molding this feeling into a nice piece, hoping you like the
rhythm through,
Love my poem, cherish my soul, both makes me grow...

Shall I forbid this lonely world?
Do be here, here to stay, right within the heart of this lonely soul!

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

FAÇADE
BY SIMBIAT ADANLAWO

You've been sold,
and for less if you haven't been told.
The bricks on your walls are fake,
knocking on it will bring it crumbling to a quake.
It will look good they said, so you bought it
although it isn't the best.

The facades, the shingles on your roof,
isn't for relief, this I can proof,
you best believe.
The mask you bought to cake your face,
is not for cake but best to clear race.
The clothes that you wear not real, not fake,
just another thing, you are forced to buy for vanity's sake.
White is the absence of color, which leaves
it opens for ambiance of possibilities.

Black is light,
it just doesn't reflect too bright.
In darkness, you can be sure you are lost,
and know the only brightness could be a bust.
In days' light, of course, the framework is not your favor,
it has nasty habits and bad flavor.

I have a solution, starting with me,
to drop my ways and let it all show.

My secret
this shouldn't take long
so the world wouldn't mind
I've got a token, here, for love
hear me! It's been a secret
under covers of my heart
I love, love to be loved
And it is a shame that...

"This life couldn't use my affection, more than an enough can circle trice without mine"

But that's it. I'm a sap.

And I confess

I could use all the ones I can get, to give.
Especially since my love is needed to spread and share

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

I've got a token, here, and it's for love.

And it's for you.

I'll spend it, then bring it to you.

That is how we run something that isn't real, we tell it as if it is the truth
then there's room.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

MY NIGERIAN DREAM
BY OLUWATOSIN OLABODE

I have a dream
of a country called Nigeria,
where generators are only called in technical lecture rooms
and seen at exhibitions in only museums.

I dream of an era of wise thinking,
when states are independent
and their mottos *don't have flat tires*
but reflect the economic values they own.

I pray for daylight,
when our children will get an *education*
and not just remain members of
Certificate Oriented Insti- TUTIONS.

I dream of a time when things are affordable
and jobs are accessible,
when our health care is human friendly,
when we don't need to celebrate power suppliers
for bringing light but for making life easier.

I believe that a time is coming
when we would eat without fear,
sleep without wishes,
love without selecting,
and employ with affiliations.

Yes, I have this dream.
A dream of assurance and satisfaction.
A contented Nigeria and a Nigeria of impact
where you and I are not *made in Nigeria* by accident
and so can't *Ghana must go* our identities.
I dream of possibilities beyond imaginations
I dream of the death of our *crab* mentality
I see opportunities within our reach
a land of growth in all levels.

In this dream
I have a desire for my people.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

That they will be armed with knowledge and understanding,
that they build a reputation of obedience and patience,
that they become yoked with consistency
and diligently work towards the sustainable development
of our dear Nigeria.

There is a lot more
and you know it in your dreams too.
Wake up, let's make Nigeria *come through*
one person, YOU at a time.
We each have a part to play
and not a curse to place.

HOPE
BY TOBI TOUN

Few get the opportunity to walk this road,
Without the struggle to carry their very heavy load...
They bear little ounce of belief that serves as their muscle
As they walk along the street called hope.
A little smile in the pain
A little fading of the stain
In the midst of loss,
A flashing memory of our gain.
The clanging teeth in the rain
The growing potentials of a grain
When we squeeze out our fears
The little hope that will remain.
Sometimes life gets so tough, so tough I repeat
But there's a glorious end, challenges come in deceit.
Life is not a journey for just the rich, the wise or the fit
So, grasp hope, and eventually fight with.

When reality and present situations speak, it gets so loud you can barely
hear your dreams - listen and speak hope!

DREAMER
BY MALIK ADEDOKUN

Adam was a dreamer.
Eve was a dreamer.
A dreamer knew a dreamer.
Gave birth to a dreamer.

The dreamers gave up some dreams.
Just to nurture more dreams.
Now, the dreamer got dreams.
But, first, the dreamers' dreams.

Count a baker's dozens of years more,
Till his age was a score.
When the dreamer is not for the law.
And his dreams are a horror.

Nightmares of being broke alone.
Got the dreamer fathoming alone.
Scheming of a way of his own.
Suiting the dreams of his own.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

MY PEN
BY AISHAT IYAMU

An instrument of mental strength,
An organ of creation,
An ink of ideas
All these and more explain; my pen...
A body of innovation,
A sight of clear vision,
And a mind of interpretation
Are the qualities that define my pen.
The sharp pointed mouth with a capped bottom that tells me to the world;
That flows its ink to the tip to allow me create expressions;
That bails out my bored and lonely days with its contact and stroke to my
lined paper;
That comforts my sober days with each letter it allows me write,
And makes me greater with its daily marks by my superiors.
That is my pen.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

BY KANYINSOLA JANET OKAFOR

When I am mad and angry and try to leave,
Hold me close against your chest with all your might
Wrap your hands around me; back and waist
When I scream and shout and try to break free from you
Do not let me go
Even when I hit and scratch your chest
Still hold me near.
Know that I'll never hurt you,
Even when I'm hurting cos of you,
Just hold me.
Just hold me.

-Tiara Ivory

BY AYODELE OKEGBENRO OLUWATIMILEHIN

Dear lord
There are some things I've been thinking 'bout
A lot of things in my life are going south
These trails have taken away my boldness
And have shown in the open, my weakness
All I see looks nothing like your promise
And I'm filled with doubts and worries
Please remember You and I have a covenant of old
One that's worth more than silver or gold
I'm no longer strong or efficient
So please make your grace in me sufficient
Fix me Jesus, fix me
For all I feel is brokenness within me.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

OKADA
BY OLAOSEBIKAN FEYISITAN

Brave
I should say
Of myself
Or just foolish

Yesterday
At the last minute
He swerved
The rider
In a rush
For a reason
I know not.

Anxious
In a hurry
Moving in and out
Of little spaces
In between trucks

Fast
Too fast
In open air

Freedom
Ecstasy
I'd feel
In a situation different
Maybe

Collision
Severed limbs
Crowd with judgments
I pictured

I shouted
Pleaded
His shirt I grabbed
For attention

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

My destination
I just wanted to reach
Firmly, on the ground
I wanted my feet to be

Fear
I knew
Yesterday
On Okada

Brave,
I should say
Of myself
Or just foolish

Because Today
I'm on it

MOSQUITO NET
BY OLAWALE IBIYEMI

Too often attacked we have been
By anopheles' abominations
That roam black earth;
To suck, to suck and to destroy.
Born apyretic were we, until
we passed beside still waters-
Beside disease-giving
Vampire-toothed miniature hell hounds
Who sang merry songs in our ears
As we slept
And a straw put they
In our veins
To suck, to suck and to destroy.
We burnt incense in their honor
Thinking they were spirits
Of our ancestors who felt threatened
By Yahweh's Son and his doctrines.
We were wrong. Terribly wrong.
They only wanted blood. Nothing more.

So, we gave them
What they wanted
Gave them one of their own-
We squashed him, and
His blood we gave them to drink.
Petty bastards!
They drank it all...
And still came after our sons.

So, we gave them
What they wanted
Gave them one of our own-
We squashed him, and
His blood we gave them to drink.
Petty bastards!
They drank it not...
They accepted not our sacrifice

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

The fool in a hurry
Drinks tea with a fork,
We should have bought
A mosquito net.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

ALONE IS...
BY OYIN OLUDIPE

Alone is
The unbidden song
In the heart of darkness
As a broken bridge wears
The amulet of sunrise

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

BY ADENIRAN ADETOLA

She thought it love
When he took her to the movies

She thought it love
When he wined and dined her

She thought it love
When he ravished her all night

She thought it love
Right before he left

She opened her eyes a little too late
Right after she opened her legs.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

FAR FROM HOME
BY AYOYINKA MORAWO

How do you express a feeling of abandonment
Yet you feel grateful and loved
How dare you compare the love you see around
To the love you're being shown
How do you not get jealous
When you see love everywhere

Today the park is full
Of parents and their children
And all you can do is watch
The incomparable to your childhood
Yet deep inside you feel grateful

This feelings are terrible
They drive one into insanity
Insanity of longing for love,
Attention and affection

The comforting warmth of a mothers embrace
Can never be compared
To that of a lover
But nonetheless it is consoling
What path do you take then
When even your lover is far away
And you're all alone
Surrounded by love
But exempted from it

**DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
BY OLAWALE IBIYEMI**

Mother is limping; a guerdon
Of her encounter with Bash Ali
Our father; the embattled one.
All lizards lie on their stomachs;
We don't know which one
Has stomach ache.

We are men, we are strong
Let us beat our wives to prove it!
Mon amour, my heartbeat
How dare you talk to me that way?
We are men, we are strong
And we will beat our wives to prove it!
I am the head of the house,
Jesus has given me authority
Over my house.
Wife, you must obey my every word,
Wife, you must satisfy my every want.
We are men, we are strong
And we will beat our wives to prove it!
My fingers itch, I
Will scratch it with the bone of my bone.
I am hungry, I
Will eat the flesh of my flesh.

The lie eonian:
"...And so they lived happily ever after"

Epilogue it is:
Cinderella,
your eyes are swollen
What happened after honeymoon?
Has the monster been awoken
The one who guised himself a prince?

Beauty has kissed the Beast
Again, but turn he will not into
A prince:

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

He will turn into The Hulk
And pummel his wife to death.

MY NAIJA; MY PRIDE 2
BY OLUWATOSIN OLABODE

Arise o compatriots;

Moving forward
optimist we are.
We ain't aiming for change
we are the change that's been spoken of.

Nigeria's call obey;

I grew to know her,
I am still growing to know her
and she will forever be known.

To serve our father's land;

Not just vision 20-20
she's on a mission.
An unending vision laced with passion,
our **NAIJA** the epitome of pride.

With love, and strength, and faith;

She's got no religion,
she's that of purity,
she's got no political ambition
she's that of justice and equity for even the common man.

The labor of our hero's past;

Selfless sacrifice.
The bravery of our Statesmen that led into the 1960's,
The courage of Gen. Abdulsalami Abubakar leading into 1999.

Indeed,

The absolute success of our great Giant

Shall never be in vain.

Hold on dear youth.
Do not be carried away by this world's multifarious nature,
Hold on!

Their sweat **must** never be in vain.
Independence is not to be in dependence.

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

To serve with heart and might;

Genuinely. Not provoking those at the top
only to get there to provoke.

Honesty. With a clear conscience

a motive of truth

not just about your **wallet**.

One nation bound in freedom,

Peace and unity.

This is my pride, **NAIJA**,

This is Nigeria.

SPRING LITERARY MOVEMENT

**MOMENTS OR REALITY?
BY SIMBIAT ADANLAWO**

In
Moments take your breath away
Moments keep you sane
Moments is where we play
Out
Reality gives you labored -hales
Reality is where you live
Reality sometimes is heavy on the scales
In
Moments of Reality
Chances are taken
Love is obsolete
When you take in you give with a grin
Out
Reality of Moments
You lose cause you snooze
The story of a longer period
It is where you live.
Now
Moments seizes you then let's you go
Reality sees you and keep you close

THESE WORDS WILL CURE A DEAD MAN

BY TOBI TOUN

Don't tell me you love me
Don't tell me you care
Don't tell me you know what's best for me; when I was falling, you were
never there
We both held on to something that looked so beautiful at first sight
Tearing open our hearts. You got what you wanted but I was left out
Way outside the shores to drown in this deep emotional flow
It's like I've been chewing fertilizers with the way these emotions grow...
Lower your guns now, don't shoot at me
This piece is about VAIN PLEASURE, it does you the same as it does me
Calls us out of the blues to a vain pursuit and we sure begin the race
But when we get to the finish line, the crowd disappears, the well knitted
track becomes sand, the bullet at the beginning was never shot, then we
turn around to look back like Lot's wife then become a pillar of salt.

**THE PRICE OF IMMORTALITY
BY VICTOR OLISE**

We walked down from the stair,
Putting our crowns and gowns aside...
We came down in form of clay,
Some in form of wood,
Others in form of metals.
And whatever we go back as
Will be determined by the choices we make.

We came down from above,
You and I; you and them.
With hope of getting a better estate from our temporal state.
And this is what became of us...
Some settling for a lesser portion of that great reward;
Only a day... Nothing compared to eternity.

I came down from that stair,
yes! That one between heaven and earth.
Leaving the presence of Him who sent me;
With promises to go back when my
Time is done and my purpose fulfilled.
We all came down from that stair,
It's not a curse, of a truth it's a blessing.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

The authors/writers names are arranged in alphabetical order as shown on their works.

Abdulsalam Abdul Dante is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @treecort

Abdulbasit Abubakar Adamu was born in Abuja, Nigeria and raised in Kaduna. He is mostly interested in poetry. His works explore the themes of love, nature and societal issues and adventure. His purpose of writing is for self-expression and social change.

His articles, poems and stories have appeared in different publications, online sites, and anthologies nationwide.

Blog: <http://www.abaseet.wordpress.com>

Instagram: ab__wordsmith

Abiola Olarenwaju is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @byolarbreezy

Adeniran Adetola was born in Oyo state, Nigeria and raised in Oyo town. He is mostly interested in poetry and fiction genre of literature. His works explore the themes of love and violence. His purpose of writing is to bring the attention of the world to things no one is ready to write about.

He is the winner of the **Wrighter's prize** for fiction, 2016.

Instagram: @hardaytolahsama

Twitter: @hardaytolahsama

Aisha Jimada was born in Kwara state, Ilorin and raised in Ilorin. She is interested many genres of literature. Her works explore the themes of emotions, people, their peculiarities, and her feelings. Her purpose of writing is mainly to help her cope with her emotions and allow her to lose herself in the things that she loves.

Instagram: @jimayesha

Aisha Iyamu Noyemwenre was born in 1995. She was born and raised in Lagos although, she is an indigene of Edo state. Her genres of interest are fiction, poetry, and storytelling.

Instagram: @ayeeshaarr.

Amos Adejimi is a Nigerian writer.

Facebook: Amos Oluwatobi Adejimi

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Anita Ogonna is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @cheddahlurve

Anonymous Churchgoer is a Nigerian writer. She goes to church; she is a churchgoer.

Blog: thoughtsofachurchgoer.wordpress.com

Ashinze Patrick is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @ikembapat

Ayodele Oluwatimilehin Okegbenro, a faith-based and motivational writer is in his early 20's. He has a passion for writing, speaking and encouraging. He gets his muse from conversations, the bible and experience. He is inspired by the writings and teachings of Christ as well as the apostle Paul.

Instagram: @ayodelekeys

Blog: ayodelekeys.wordpress.com

Ayoyinka Morawo is a Nigerian writer and blogger. She writes on fiction and non-fiction.

Instagram: @noirwrites

Blog: <http://www.noiwrites.com>

Chinedu Ubah is a Nigerian writer. He was shortlisted for the 2016 Ogidigbo Poetry Prize. He currently pursues a Bachelor's Degree in Philosophy at the University of Ibadan.

Facebook: Chinedu Ubah

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C.J Njoku (Ceejay Kwukwasi – Pen Name) is an educational consultant, motivational speaker, author, poet, drama director, seasoned teacher, a prolific writer, and Chief consultant of ReadRight Consulting Services. He has an outfit that specializes in educational consultations, editing and book publishing, sourcing for and empowering young poets by publishing their works and so on.

Damilola Oluwafarabale Popoola is a contemporary writer, cum spoken word poet, who is very enthusiastic about poetry (spoken word and written), flash fictions and of course Arsenal. He is currently working on his debut poetry/flash fiction collection while mastering the art of acting. When he is not reading a book or deep into his favorite shows, Wade as he's fondly known, can be caught playing basketball. He is a resident of Lagos and works as a Content Developer for a media/IT outfit even though he's a graduate of psychology with intent to further understand the human mind. Connect with him on social media here:

Instagram: @oluwadamipopoola

Twitter: @farabaledamii

Damore Alli is a Nigerian writer.

Blog: www.minisculediary.wordpress.com

Emebiriido Ugochukwu is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @hitchoflife

Kanyinsola Janet Okafor was born in 1997, and raised in Lagos, Nigeria. She is interested in the fiction genre of literature.

Instagram: @kanyinsolaokafor

Kanyinsola Olorunnisola (also known as K-tops) is the Founder of the SPRING Literary Movement. He was born and raised in Oyo State, Ibadan. He writes all genres of Literature. The themes of his works are society, love, promise, faith, despair and so much more. His main purpose of writing is to burn through consciousness of men with the blazing fire of the pen.

Lanre Oranyeli is a Nigerian writer

Instagram: @LanreO_O

Malik Segun Adedokun was born on the 19th of August, 1996 in Oyo, Oyo State. Through his years of studying he has explored different fields of knowledge. He studied as a science student in secondary school at Federal Government College, Ogbomosho before he discovered that he could do a lot in the Arts World.

He started rapping at the age of 15 and that increased his desire to produce his own songs. Out of the inspiration he found in rapping, he taught himself how to make beats using the computer program; Fruity Loops with which he produced his second studio song. He featured a short poem that

he wrote as the outro of his second song. He was inducted into the Union of Campus Journalists at University of Ibadan in 2014 where he served as a Campus Journalist and as part of the editorial board. He also submitted his poems to blogs under University of Ibadan where he is a 2016 finalist of Library, Archival and Information Studies. Malik is a blogger and he posts his poems on his WordPress account and Instagram page. He is a highly creative, intriguing, and motivated young man who explores many aspects of art. He is a dedicated artist who sets his mind to achieve success in the things that he loves, like arts. Malik is a rapper, a music producer, a poet, a campus journalist, and a songwriter.

Instagram: @asmics

Twitter: @I_am_ASMics

Moyosoluwa Adelani is an upcoming writer who was born on May 23rd 2002 in London but raised in Ibadan, Nigeria. She is mostly interested in poetry and fiction. Her works explore all areas of life. She is presently in SSS 2 at Margaret Claire Comprehensive College for Girls, Bodija, Nigeria.

Nwachukwu Olusegun Nwachukwu is a young Nigerian gospel writer whose works border around God, nature, fairness, and morals. His works have featured in Kalamu Review Magazine, reformednation.blogspot.com.ng and Nigerian News Direct. He hails from Delta state.

Okoro Daniel is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: @Mysteriousdeee IG.

Okuwoga Emmanuel Eyimofe is a Nigerian writer and a student poet who loves art and literature. He loves poetry the most and it was his first encounter with literature. His muses are words

Instagram: @beloved.eyimofe

Olaosebikan Feyisitan was born and raised in Ibadan, Nigeria. She is mostly interested in poetry. Her works explore the themes of love and life. Her purpose of writing is to entertain and make people aware of little and everyday things that are easily missed.

Instagram: @ms_shukrah

Facebook: Shukrah Ola Feyisitan

Ọlátúndé Obáfémi was born and raised in Nigeria. He is a poet, a novelist, and a spoken word artiste. His works explore themes of the human soul, spiritual consciousness, and public enmity. His purpose for writing is to present peace by the conflict it must have. His novels that have been published includes:

Diary of a Dormitory War: The gender Contrast (2012)

Silver Palm Frond (2014) with the Crucified Way Books.

His poem *Road trip* was published on **Arty Medium** and one of his essays *Judgement and Gratitude* was on the **Fifth issue of Expound Magazine**.

Twitter: @pro_conflict

Instagram: @pro_conflict

Blog: <https://tundewrites.wordpress.com/>

Olawale Ibiyemi is a young Nigerian poet.

Instagram: @Jacques_wharley

Blog: poemsphere.blogspot.com

Oluremi Oluseye is a Nigerian poet and spoken word artist.

Oluwatosin Olabode, a speaker, poet, blogger, and writer. He is also a Christian, an idealist and a 'future thinker'. He resides in Jos, the capital of Plateau State in Nigeria. He goes by the stage name, Double_ST (SST), which stand for Strictly Simple from Tosin- given to him because of the simplicity of his message. He writes Poetry, nonfiction, and a little bit of fiction plus drama depending on context. His works centers on God, man, and life. His themes are also on issues like; having a focused mind, goodness, growth, love, motives, overcoming negativity, repentance, worship, and the general ideals of life. Oluwatosin Olabode is the executive author of the book titled; **“The Big One”** (a coauthored anthology of 11 writers). He was featured amongst 31 poets selected for the **“31 days of Poetry - July 2015 edition”** by the hosting Nigerian site; *Egcreativity.blogspot.com*. His works also have been published both locally and internationally in journals, magazines, and websites including but not limited to: *Literary temple magazine* (Nigeria), *Glomag* (India), *Zaira Journal* (Philippines), *Nanjones.com* (USA), and worldprayr.org (USA). He is the founder and sole contributor of bib4le.wordpress.com, a blog called **“Yea Jesus”** that is dedicated to teaching the truth in God’s word. The blog is featured under the teaching category of a South African website called **“His Big story”**. Oluwatosin is a graduate of Biochemistry from Bingham University. He has a strong passion in creating awareness for necessity and productivity. He believes the world can be a better place, one

positive message at a time, and that is why he writes.

Oyekunle Fikayo Oyediran was born and raised in Ibadan, he's a final year student of psychology of the Obafemi Awolowo University. He majorly writes poems aiming to write about life issues in simple language. He also loves to write about his experiences and stories of people hoping to capture them in very minimal lines

Instagram: @_oyekunle_

Twitter: @_oyekunle_

Facebook: Oyediran Oyekunle

Oyin Oludipe is a contributing author for

<https://theluxembourgreview.org/> and co-editor at

<http://expoundmagazine.com/> . He was a judge for the 2015 Green

Author Prize, a literary award for young unpublished poets in Nigeria.

Some of his poems and essays have appeared in national and international journals like Ehanom Review, Sankofa Magazine, Arts, and Africa, Sentinel Literary Quarterly, Kaanem Art Magazine, and several others.

Rabiu Aishat Mojisola was born and raised in Nigeria. She is interested in fiction, romance, mystery, and humor. Her works explore all themes. Her purpose of writing is to touch hearts and relay layman's thoughts through poem.

Facebook: Rabiu Aishat Mojisola

Instagram: Vivaysha

Twitter: d_msaisha.

Shoola Oyindamola was born and raised in Nigeria. She currently resides in New York. She writes poems, essays, and her non-classified opinions. Her works explore the themes of Christianity, feminism, love, war, race, and every other thing. She mostly uses her writing skills with her feminist drive to discuss the gender injustices that needs to be fixed.

HEARTBEAT is her published collection of poems.

NOTE – Her book is available on Amazon, Barnes and Noble or Authorhouse online bookstores.

Facebook: Shoola Oyindamola

Instagram: @shoolaoyindamola

Blog: <http://www.shoolaoyin.com/>

Sijuaide Luther-Sanusi was born in Iwo, Osun State, and raised in Ibadan, Oyo State, both in Nigeria. He is mostly interested in poetry genre of literature. His works explore the themes of love, romance, life, and the society. His purpose of writing is to shape a beautiful world of happiness through his numerous love poems and to inspire people positively with his poems on life and the society we live in.

Instagram: @dr_oasis

Simbiat Adanlawo was born 1995, and raised in offal, Kwara state. She is mostly interested in philosophy. Her works explore the themes of poems songs, short essays, books, and stories. Her purpose of writing is to express and present words that can't be said.

Tega Ohwerhoye was born and raised in Lagos, Nigeria. He is mostly interested in poetry and flash fiction. His works explore the themes of identity, home, and religion, among others.

Instagram: @tegs_1

Titilope Adedokun was born in Ibadan, and raised in Ibadan, Nigeria. She is mostly interested in non-fiction, fiction prose and poetry genres of literature. Her works explore the themes of the extraordinary as well as seemingly normal everyday life. Her purpose of writing is to express herself. Writing is her freedom park. It is also a way to impact people's lives.

She blogs at www.thesemiwriter.wordpress.com

Instagram: @thesemiwriter, @titii__a

Tobi Toun was born and raised in Lagos, Nigeria. He is a writer, spoken word, and rap artist. His debut “EP 'WHISPERS” dropped in December 2015 and he released a video for a poem titled “SALVATION” off the project in January 2016. His works explore the themes of hope, love, and new life in Christianity. His purpose of writing is to educate his readers, listeners, and most importantly artistically portray content that best suits our time and addresses our spirituality; the good gospel.

Link for his album “EP 'WHISPERS” -

<https://tobitoun.wordpress.com/2016/07/07/tobi-toun-whispers-mixtape-album/>

Link for his video “SALVATION” -

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=CLPhcqkaG48>

Instagram: @mrtobitoun

Twitter: @mrtobitoun

Victor Egbune Olise was born in Delta state and raised in Lagos state, Nigeria. He is interested in the poetry genre of literature. His works explore the themes of love, Religion, Politics. His purpose of writing is to promote Nigerian content and to enlighten his readers.

Instagram: @poemsbyvic

Blog: poemsbyvic.WordPress.com

Twitter: @victhepiper

Vivian Orusoso Agolia known as Vivien Braide was born into a family of 4 in Port Harcourt City in Rivers state, Nigeria. She hails from Kalabari kingdom in Degema local government in Rivers state, Nigeria. Her nursery, Primary and Secondary education were in Port Harcourt City. She is currently an upcoming writer and a final year student at the University of Port Harcourt, studying Linguistics and communication studies.

Wuraola Salawu is a Nigerian writer.

Instagram: aurum_wuraola

ABOUT THE FOUNDER



Kanyinsola Olorunnisola is a poet, essayist, blogger, social critic, and fiction writer. Born in the 1990s to Chief Funmilola Olorunnisola, a journalist, and Mrs. Folasade Olorunnisola, a nurse, his love for writing as a tool to heal the world is said to be genetic. He began writing around the age of six, when he would force his parents and friends to read his terrible writings. Years later, his writings have become less terrible. He has been inspired by a vast field of literary generations including Ben Okri, Richard Sheridan, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, Dan Brown, Charles Dickens, Binyavanga Wainaina, Wole Soyinka and Dante.

His passion for propagating positivity through his writings has led him to be published in *Kalahari Review*, *Bombay Review*, *Lunaris Review*, *African Writer*, *Nigerian*

Tribune, *Sampad International Creative Writing anthology*, *WRR*, *Parousia Magazine* and so on. This same passion led him to found the Society for the Promotion, Revitalization, and Improvement of the New Nigerian Generation Literary Movement (S.P.R.I.N.N.G). This multi-media platform has placed the limelight on countless Nigerian writings.

He has won a few contests and hopes to win more. He is currently working on his chapbook, with the working title “*Confessions of a Terrible Poet*”. Also in the works is his on-line magazine, *The Sahara Review*. In his own words, he is “just another vessel of The Muse, but one with a unique and self-aware voice.”

ABOUT THE CO-FOUNDER



Shoola Oyindamola was born and raised in Ibadan, Nigeria. She is an author, a poet, a feminist, a mentor, and a blogger. She loves to blog, writes poems, essays, and her non-classifiable opinions. She uses her writing skills with her feminist drive to discuss the gender injustices that need to be fixed. She published her first collection of poems titled “**Heartbeat**” in New York, USA at the age of 16.

Her works have been vastly inspired by my various Nigerian writers like Chimamanda Adichie, Tolu Akinyemi, Mr. Aniga, Lanre Oranyeli and Kanyinsola Olorunnisola. Other non-Nigerian writers that have influenced her works include R.D Liang and Rupi Kaur. She has also had the opportunities to be published on other prestigious literary websites like Black Fox Literary Magazine, Kalahari Reviews, Authorpedia and the Spring Literary Movement’s website too.

Oyindamola is fully dedicated to promoting, discovering and curating Nigerian literature. She enjoys reading and recommending books as she aims to improve the culture of reading in Nigeria. She is a committed, motivated, and hardworking young woman that always aims for the best in her writings and in life. One of her life goals is to nurture the upcoming generations of Nigerian writers and guide them to be and do the best that they can. She hopes to mentor them thoroughly and inspire them just as she has been encouraged and taught by her Literature mentors and friends.