

A man with a beard, wearing a dark t-shirt, is shown from the chest up, holding an open book. The book is open to a page with text. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The overall tone is serious and contemplative.

# **PSALTER**

**A MIXTURE OF  
FEELINGS**

**An Anthology**

**Tcomics & Lifestyle**



**PSALTER**  
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# Dedication

Dedicated to God, to my mum, late mrs Christy Onyema Ezike and to all the lovers of poetry.

# Prologue

**"PSALTER" (a mixture of feelings) is an Anthology of sonnets all through with feelings ranging from the acrimonies of the colonial government and their atrocities, the experiences of life, love and its consequences, down to the activities of living of an average African youth.**

# Table of Contents

1. FADED

2. LEAHCAR

3. BLACK WIDOW

4. DISTANT RELATIVE

5. BEING YOU

6. BLACK SENTENCE

7. THE EGYPTIANS WE SEE TODAY

8. NOT CIVIL

9. PREJUDICE

10. WEAR ME A COLOGNE

# **F** ADED

**Once was a bagful of love headed to your heart,  
when it emptied I was ignorant of,  
there was nothing left of our hopeless romance.**

**Every blink felt like it was you I'd behold next,  
but it was always walls and the ceiling,  
with faded shadows of you.**

**Deep in the dark secrets of my mind,  
I found a thought of you growing feeble in every silence,  
the more I think it, the quicker it fades,  
I wept to the last tears, it fell no more.**

**The loneliness you made me know,  
it filled the vacuum you left with nothing,  
the memories I prayed to Keep, it skipped my mind,  
I barely remembered a thought I could find you in.**

# L EAHCAR

The silence when I looked at those enticing hips,  
whispers of sweet seduction got me thinking deep,  
I seduced my mind with mental pictures of you dancing in the rain,  
the drenched shirt got those tits peeping.  
In your hugs, I felt the breath of warm loneliness,  
blowing craves of cuddle around my neck,  
it gave me butterflies in the belly.  
If I knew the answer'd be yes, I'll be home in a jiffy,  
my every blink felt like it was you I'd behold next.  
Forget your name, just scream mine,  
penetrate my soul, let's get wrapped up in this sensual healing,  
we'd break the bed with our rhythm but your heart'll sail safe.  
Scents of your cologne stuck in my nostrils like a kiss of forever,  
make me a company and I'll be always and whenever.

# **B** LACK WIDOW

In their courtrooms, they auctioned us,  
they pushed us around like commodities,  
paraded naked, while our breasts gangled,  
our buttocks clapped at their faces,  
their phallus were evident in their shorts, shamelessly.  
No was never an option to their sexual advances,  
more or less we were objects.  
both for abhorrence and fantasies to them.  
We acquiesced to their advances for a chance for liberation,  
but still we were less of a human in their sight.  
Whilst our men struggled, died in their fields laboring,  
they made us widows and still forced us to bed.  
We became autonomous and protested,  
even though it was peaceful, they shot at us.



# **D** *ISTANT RELATIVE*

I grew up lonely, I never played too often,  
literally some accolades I got were for staying indoors.

My attention was strictly on the voices I heard,  
it made my thoughts versatile.

Loneliness found me a worthy companion,  
it occupied several feelings I got growing up,  
we moved around holding hands.

Quiet time's usually my favorite,  
every possible silence was golden.

My mind became my favorite toy,  
I created an imaginary me that I spoke to,  
an apparition for my eyes alone.

The mystery spirits of my imaginations soon began to exist,

I became my distant relative that came and never left.

# **B** EING YOU

I've been living in my mind for sometime now,  
trying to see things the other way round.

I aim big so my expectations are high,  
felt feed up too quickly with myself,

I was on my neck, sweating up my choker,  
nobody is better but I never thought about that.

I wanted to be you so much,  
I felt life was better on you.

Now this is me shaking my head like a wagging tail,

I had doubts because I never saw it the way it was,

but in the shadows, I saw your skeletons lurking,

really It wasn't easy to imagine what I thought you were,

when I knew your grief, I became content with my pain,

I'd rather be me instead.

# **B** LACK SENTENCE

Colonial behemoths,  
what was my crime, my color?  
or was it my vigor,  
You were the devil all along,  
green snake on a green grass,  
your complexion was just a camouflage,  
you said no to racism yet you kept the practice alive.  
Rage has engulfed my thoughts,  
though I'm not a judge of faith,  
but if I'd degree, may you be stoned  
that decayed carcass will better your looks.  
I hope your sins are never forgiven,  
forever, the effect will besiege your homes,  
in the dark, you won't see it coming.

# **T** HE EGYPTIANS WE SEE TODAY

Your cellular rang too often,  
so you thought you were loved huh?  
ouch, come off it.

Most often,  
it was just to be sure you weren't doing any better.

Fake friends, closest of arrows to a chest,  
the Egyptians we see today,  
they're our friends,

but our struggles are their secret victories.

For so much smiles that they gave,  
may it not deceive you.

Up and down they're plenty,  
shining teeth at your dry jokes,  
in their mind they'd have your tongue cut out.

# **N** OT CIVIL

Oh Africa, home sweet home, our rightful portion.  
If not greed and gluttony, what else got us down  
to this level,  
in the slums, the ruled masses languished in abject  
deprivation,  
while the rulers stole massively that it provoked  
socioeconomic upheaval.

The nation that led us into this temptation,  
soon delivered us to the arms of every notable evil,  
nothing for a youth, just expectation,  
but what good could ever come of the devil,  
if not lies, it's deceit and damnation.

In Africa, the government knows no civil,  
I once thought our independence was a liberation,  
still we're tangled to the neck, no chance even for  
a swivel.

Political elites funded thuggery, promoted bribery  
and corruption,  
so while we suffered, they had time to revel.

# **P**REJUDICE

We're similar in body, color was just the difference,  
the content of our heads has nothing to do with it.

Your exposures should have thought you better,  
but you felt I was the devil and you were the saint.

Assumptions, mother of all lies, you adopted,  
the conclusions you built, separated my people,  
it brought divisions in our ethnicity.

Enmity seated at the heart of your judgments,  
you never hesitated to believe a lie you heard,  
prejudice rather than experience.

In heat of the evil you perpetrated,  
we became lee of a human that you called us monkeys,  
but you're human, how come?

was it because I'm black and you're white?

# **W**EAR ME A COLOGNE

Oh sweet nightingale, sing me a love song,  
get it deep into my bones that I fall in love.

Alluring, the body I beheld in my closed eyes,  
be it done to me as the wish is in my thoughts,  
I pray my wishes be horses that a beggar could ride.

Wear me a cologne, let my tedious self anew,  
play me a guitar, I like it soulful and heartwarming,  
so I beseech thee dark clouds and angry birds,  
do not obscure this deep serene.

In my inappropriate thoughts,  
I pleaded that I could get a taste of you,  
just a sip to quench this sensual thirst.

Zip down or should I lift the gown?  
kneel bare, let your tits point accusingly at me.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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