

JUST WORLD POETRY SLAM

Poems for
equality & justice

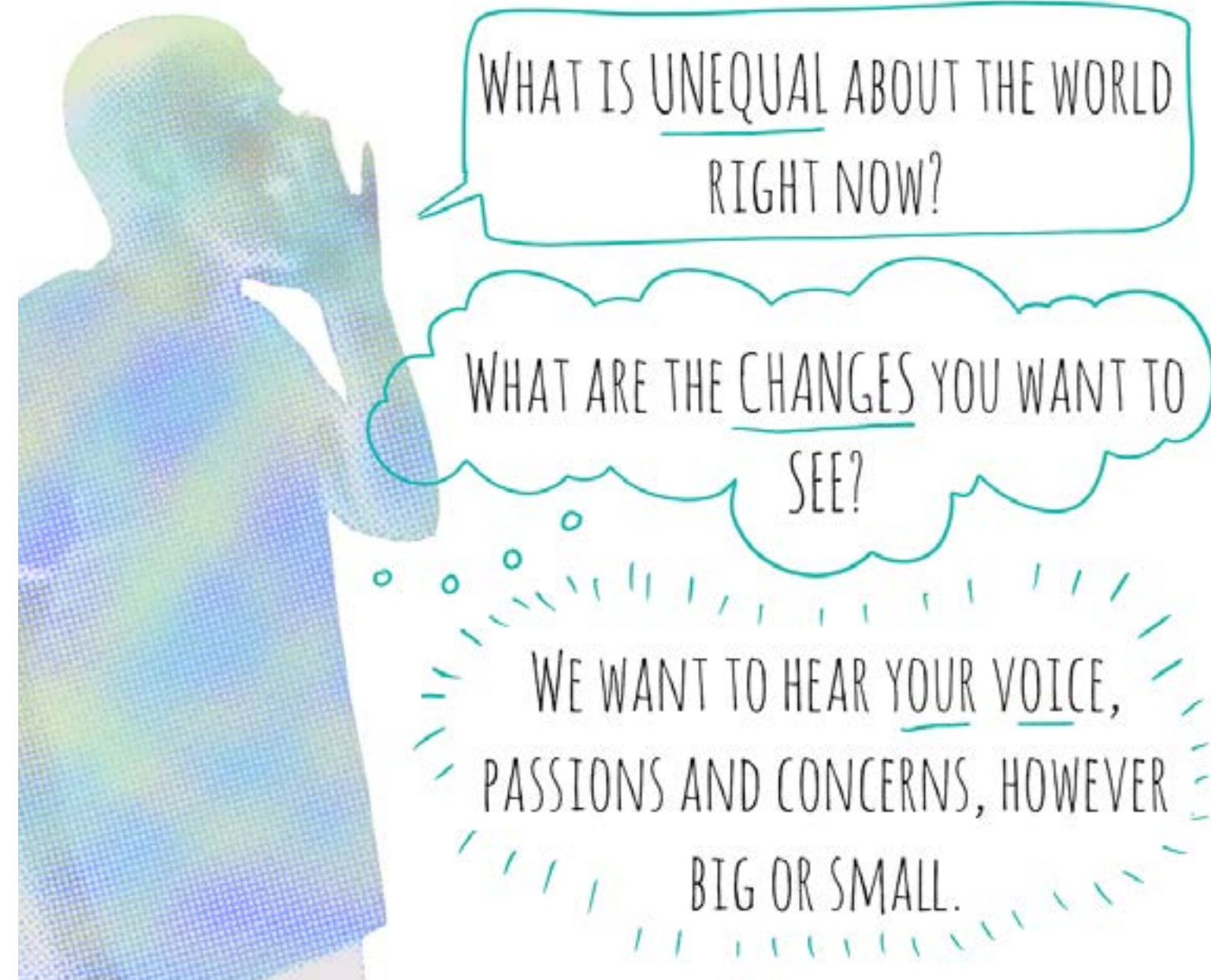
by young global citizens



Just World

Youth Spoken Word Poetry Slam

The Just World Youth Poetry Slam first took place online from March to July 2021. Originally conceived as a collaboration between Creativity & Change, MTU, Cork and the Irish Refugee Council, it had been intended as a space for young poets from around Ireland to address issues of global justice and equality through their words. However, to the surprise and delight of those at the first slam, people showed up from all over the world, having come across the event advertised online. The poems that night were beautiful, harsh and powerful. We had a sense of being part of something bigger. There were no borders here.



WITH:



Creativity & Change

Creativity & Change is an educational programme based in Crawford College of Art & Design, MTU, Cork. It comprises of a post-graduate course, as well as a rich programme of trainings and events taking place around the country of Ireland. It is about creativity and its power to ignite empathy, passion and learning about our interconnected and interdependent world. It is about imagining more humane, just and viable ways to live in the world and to connect with how we think, live, and act in the world. Creativity & Change explores how we can live as connected global citizens, becoming part of the changes we want to see.

www.creativityandchange.ie

Chriszine Backhouse

Canada/Ireland

Poetry Slam Host

Through her work and research, Chriszine explores the intersection between creativity, community and change. She has 13 years of experience working in community development, particularly regarding resilience building with children and families with fewer opportunities.

She is the co-founder of Speak Out: Theatre for Transformation, which focuses on the use of Playback theatre in community development partnering with organisations including Amnesty International, the Cork Traveler Visibility group, and SHEP. She has brought engaged theatre practices into diverse communities to process complex topics, including bereavement, social exclusion, bullying, mental health, and environmental issues. She was co-creator of “Power play”, A Forum theatre project in collaboration with UCC designed to support carers of Adults with Dementia. Chriszine received her MA in Creative Arts Therapies with a specialisation in Theatre from Concordia University, Montreal Canada. Her thesis explored how Playback theatre can support the development of environmental connection and action. She is presently working as Course Coordinator and and facilitator at Creativity & Change.



Zine designed by Helen O’ Keeffe and illustrated by Claire Coughlan from Creativity & Change

Irish Refugee Council

The Irish Refugee Council Youth Work project supports young people aged 16-25 years old who are seeking protection, or have status, through one to one work and group projects. The youth workers involved from the IRC are Aoife Dare and Natasha Muldoon. Please contact natasha@irishrefugeecouncil.ie for more information on our youth work supports.

Instagram: @irishrefugeecouncil <https://www.instagram.com/irishrefugeecouncil/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/IrishRefugeeCo>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/IrishRefugeeCo>

Kelvin Akpaloo

Ghana/Ireland

Poetry workshop facilitator

My name is Kelvin Akpaloo. I am a facilitator and spoken word artist and I am passionate about promoting human rights, inclusion, integration of minorities, and community and youth development. I work at both a national and international level, using the creative arts, especially spoken word poetry, and dance. I have more than five years of practical experience as a spoken word artist, youth leader, creative director, choreographer, facilitator, and artist director.

Spoken word poetry for me, is not just a poem written on a piece of paper and me talking about it. Spoken word poetry is another gateway for individuals to express themselves artistically and to display the importance of words. Spoken word is an experience – where with a small use of powerful words, you might change someone’s perspective or someone’s action and how they might deal with something.



Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCIX2zltoWV5OLKLGGOE3Qg>

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Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/kelvin.akpaloo/>

What if

by Kelvin Akpaloo

Black

Black is Beautiful

Black is Gold

Black is Bold

Black is Pride

Black excited before Light

Black is the king of the Galaxy

The Black Hole, the most powerful

One entry

No return

Black is power

But what if the power was in the hands of a Black man

And he was not taken away from his own Land, to another land

On a boat, with chains around his neck

And was not forced to work on a plantation farm

Without being whipped

His name and identity not being stripped

And the N-Word not coming out of the mouth of a white man

Nigger, Nigger, Nigger

Black Nigger

What if

What if the power was in the hands of a Black man

And he did not have to be overqualified before he gets the job

He did not have to fear for his life,

when being stopped by the police

He is not killed, Just after saying "Please Don't Shoot"

He is not arrested until proven guilty

He is not racially profiled as a criminal

And the colour of his skin was not used against him in the court of law

What if!!

What if

Everything black is not deemed to be evil

Black Witch, Even though a Witch, is a witch

Black Magic, Even though a Magic, is a magic

And words like

Black Monkey go back to your own country is extinguished from our mouth

A Black home and being a Home but not a Ghetto

Educating our children the power of inclusion, diversity, and equality in other to build a strong society

Erasing separation and individuality

No race claiming supremacy over the other

what if

What if the power was in the hands of ONE man

HUMAN and nobody else

What if!!

Poetry Exercise

If a social issue you wish to tackle was a character what would it be, how would it look like and what would the conversation between you and the be like (What would you be talking about)?

Eg. - If I was education...

Group Poem

Created by participants at Slam no. 4

If I was Education

If
I was education,

I
would fly without being shy

Because
the sky would have been brighter and horizons more stretched...

And
I would take it outdoors, out into nature to learn about our world

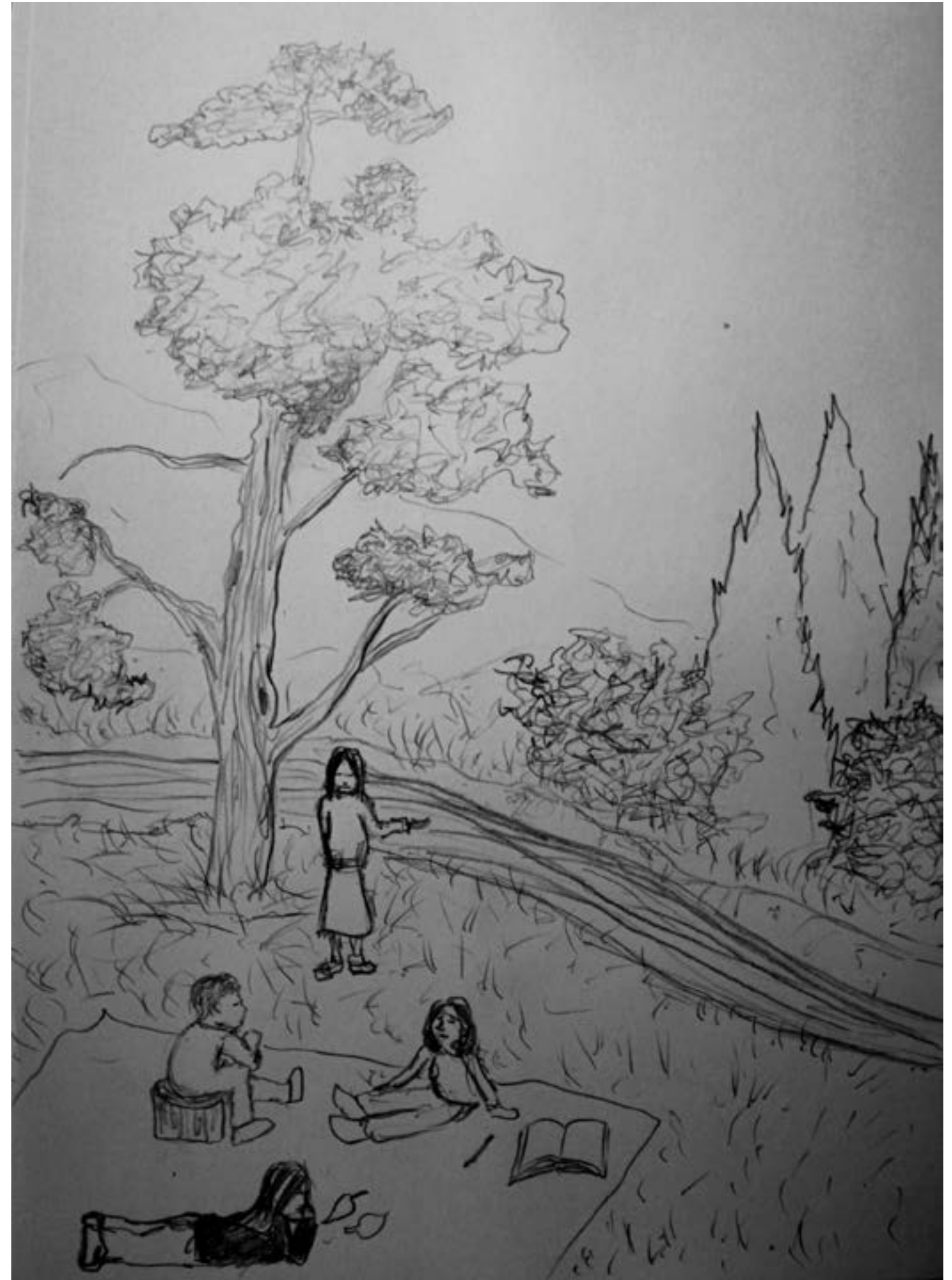
I
would ask more questions and give fewer answers

I'd
make truth a part of my curriculum

And
I would inspire and challenge

I
would be there for you

And
open for everyone





BREATHE

by Timo GK

Silence speaks a foreign language
but I can still hear the muffled screams behind her tears,
Reality burns my skin when she says
how long she has tried
to scrub off the white cum stains from her black thighs,
The sex was not consensual.

He lay next to her naked
leaking of cigarette smoke and cheap liquor,
A silly grin on his face
he was still chained to the ecstasy of the moment,
Droplets of sweat on his forehead
semen oozing from his dickhead,
Getting to his feet
he was quick to recover his wallet
and he threw new bank notes next to her and said
"Take the cash, it will do you good
for no one will believe you anyway."
No one would have believed her anyway
for he was an epitome of chastity
and she was just but a wayward dog.

I have been to the mountain tops
and have seen my sisters slowly getting wiped out of existence,
Infants mashed against walls
their bodies turned to real life time graffiti,
Little girls hanging from trees
and their mouths stuffed with their dresses
hearts ripped out of their chests
blood dripping down their toes
back to the earth where they came from.

I have been to brothels
and I have seen adolescents tied to bed posts with their cardigans
jeans ripped off their immature hips
blood washing away the black lipstick from their lips.

I have been to back alleys
and I have seen unconscious mothers dumped with the garbage
the garbage of too many torn-apart panties
and broken promise flushing down toilets
like the sand paper condoms used on them.

Earth is no place to bring up the girl child
but I am still expected to teach my daughter
to strap her bra like a suicide vest
knowing her heart will explode
once it's unhooked with force.

Justice is just ice served cold
just another fairly little girls are told,
"To serve and to protect" is just another slogan
concept, myth.

Prisons bars grow further apart
with every girl that gets raped
murdered, mutilated
and assaulted.

To every girl whose story never made the 9 o'clock news,
Those buried in ditches and shallow graves
those whose decomposing bodies never got poems composed for them,
Those with teary eyes
praying for a dry season,
Those whose spirits hover above my head like a harvey halo,
I apologize for what my gender has done to your gender,
I apologize for what my gender is doing to your gender.

I hope sunshine sneaks into your darkness,
for you are the greatest wall build with thick black skin
bones engineered to perfection.

There are tiny persons in wombs
praising your existence,
The universe is inside you
mankind is annihilated once you stop breathing
so breathe.

For even on your knees
deep inside there is a woman standing with her arms akimbo
guns on her waist
fire burning in her chest
she is still willing to fight
breathe.

Timo GK
Kenya

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/MainaKibanya>

Instagram: @timogk <https://www.instagram.com/timogk/>

Youtube: <https://m.youtube.com/channel/UCAonX7enkICI3VK7gA13mIA>

Rage On

by William McCabe

Rage on, Rage on in the street
with the beat of our boots
and the stomp of our souls.

the outskirts are grudgingly patrolled
as we publicly exert power,
power upon their flagpoles -
a revolutionary display of our will;
a resolute rejection of the swill.

Rage on, Rage on in the streets!
our voices spill beyond their border,
disorder of the masses in defiance of the elites -
Rage on, Rage on as you show no compliance,
only our Rage and only our rejection of silence!

William McCabe
Ireland



Don't my Darling,

by Maya Amlin

I

Don't talk about love, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
Instead, they go about their lives pretending
boys don't exist and love is a language
never to learn.

Don't say no to a marriage, my darling;
good girls don't do that,
because once upon a time, boys didn't exist,
and now they do
and one of them is soon going to penetrate you
and you are not allowed to say no;
because we gave you your life and now it is your turn
to pay us back
with a child we get to flaunt as ours.

Don't speak up, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
Instead, they spend their lives remembering
how they don't have a voice loud on a mind clear
to even raise an opinion.

Don't keep quiet, my darling;
good girls don't do that,
because a girl who is quiet is a girl who thinks
and how can you do that
when we are alive yet to dictate to you
your thoughts and your words?
So speak up, my darling, lest you embarrass us again
by being the girl
who is so quiet, she is probably insane.

Don't go out in the dark, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
Instead, they stay in their rooms, cowered in a corner,
scared of the invisible rapists and possible killers,
lurking in the darkness.

Don't stay inside, my darling;
good girls don't do that,
because how can you be cooped in all day
when the people outside
are tumbling to listen to every word you say.
Except every time you try to make them understand
of what you think and why, they don't hesitate to laugh back
because who are you telling them
what's right and what's not?

So just don't be, my darling;
good girls don't do that,
because to be is to exist
and to exist is to think and know and want
and those are the things
girls who are good haven't got.
So just don't be
because if you be,
then you are spending moments
pretending you're not a nobody;
and if you use your life to do that,
well then we've got to spend every moment of ours
reminding you of what you are
because you are what you are
only because we were there to carry you in our arms;
because you drowned once
and we ensured that you could be saved,
and so without us,
there would never have been a girl
standing here today,
pretending she hasn't got things that made her afraid.

So thank us for letting you live, dear darling
and for not killing you when we could,
and thank us for letting you fulfill your dreams
but only if those dreams
are on our terms, discussed and understood,
and thank us for letting you stay
in a house with people who let you do what you want
if what you want is determined by us.
So thank us, why don't you, my darling?
And if you can't, then just don't be.

II.

Don't belittle yourself, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
They know their worth
even when they have been told since their birth
how they are nothing but a burden to this Earth.

Don't stop dreaming, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
Don't you remember that time
when you believed you could fly
and survive every crisis with a painless smile?

Don't think you're any less, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
They learn to believe in themselves
even when they are constantly compelled
by the whole world to think they are someone else.

Don't cry yourself to sleep, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
Just because you think it is the end of the world,
it doesn't have to mean the situation can't be turned;
have faith, you will be heard.

Don't be a cliché, my darling;
good girls don't do that.
They say yes when he proposes,
smile when he brings them roses,
don't object when he tries to have his way,
and every time he asks them to stay,
they never go away.
Yet, at the same time they don't fall for boys
who go about making a lot of respectful noise,
and when those boys tell them things they have never heard enough,
like how they are clever and smart and astute,
we stand to tell them it is not love;
who will you trust amongst all of us:
the people who want your good
or the boys who're with you for your goods;
if you say boys, we'll just end the matter then and there
for you are being ignorant and unfair.

Love is not in the words they say, my darling;
for only we can love you like that:
charm you with our anger,
always keep you in our tracks,
and the only boy who manages to touch you
will have to pass a rigorous test;
but then for him it's all easy
if he owns a house and his income is steady.
It doesn't matter anymore then
if your happiness doesn't lie with him;
everything fails when it comes to money-
how do you not know that already?
And when all is done and gone,
don't you forget where lies your true home.
It's in our words and in our arms,
wrapping around you like invisible thorns.

**

So understand, my darling
all the things I can't say aloud;
your life is nothing but a paradox
and your world, up and about for mocks.
So every time you do any of this,
just ask yourself a simple thing:
if you have a daughter one day,
would you want her feeling this way?
And if you answer me no today,
why don't you go and remind yourself the same?

So understand, my darling
that your world is yours for memorizing
even if they tell you otherwise;
because you are someone with your own light.
And every time they treat you less,
strip your armour and call you a mess,
use your words wisely next
and show them how you are
truly no less than a goddess.

Maya Amlin
India

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Youtube: <https://youtube.com/channel/UCi8EkVbpm7AuK8VPMUzckSA>



Living with Asperger's Syndrome

by Fergus Crockett

Socializing, an absolute nightmare,

Making eye contact with anyone feels like a dare.

Jokes, sarcasm and social queues,

The lack of recognition will have to be excused.

Fluorescent lights in shops,

people talking all around,

It's mentally draining trying to filter out loud sounds.

Talking in the car with the radio on?

we can't process what you've said,

over the words in the song!

Any topic that strongly has our interest,

We can discuss it for so long, you'll be thinking "give it a rest! "

Sensory overload, a very common symptom,

It's when everything over stimulates our mental system.

Masking our emotions? Yeah, we don't have that ability

How we're feeling inside is quite easy to see.

Being sarcastic might perhaps feel minimal,

but in an Asperger's mind, it's registered as literal.

We feel more at ease through clear and verbal communication,

Most non-verbal gestures cause confusion and frustration.

Anxiety plays a pretty big role, vulnerability and no emotional control.

A simple alarm bell is distressing as hell.

When it comes to certain subjects, we really know our facts,

E.g. whichever clever-clogs invented candle wax (The Romans)

We function very well with a solid routine,

When this is interrupted, we think humanity is mean.

Our view of the world can have a vast difference,

The way we see a certain concept or picture has a huge amount of significance.

We're known to have great honesty, we almost never lie.

We'd never try to steal, this is something I must imply.

Being very accepting of people's idiosyncrasies,

We wouldn't be judgemental of their specific special needs.

We have a good ethic, it's true, and maybe more focused than you.

Fergus Crockett
Ireland

Integrity

by Daniel M Kamenyezi

Integrity is a gift shared with anyone,
Not only by speaking, but what we feel-
Trying to look at a new day, a greater one
Even when we can't stand on our feet
Good people love you without any price
And where love is, reign the peace
There is no cry when hands are opened
No more fear when hearts satisfied
Don't pretend to be wise by looking at your age
But the size of your heart will let you be judged
Our parents told us that we were born to shine as stars in the sky
But the brutality of this world engulfed us
This time no need to fold arms
As a son of this world, I claim for changes
With new leaders we need peace and love
Enough security for all of us
No famine, no victim, no violence against our mothers,
And our fathers who remain without jobs while the big wolves eat behind our backs
Then you will hear 'snake saved the fish from drowning'
This what the media reports nowadays
They are still putting us down on our knees
But our heads stay up looking to the sky
We can't breathe anymore!

Daniel M Kamenyezi
Ireland

Making a Difference

by Diane Iroulor

I want to grab your attention for a minute.

There are big problems happening in our planet which is people misgendering people and not taking into consideration about their feelings or getting to know them on a personal level.

And top of that they call Laura, Samuel which is their dead name, a name that is not no longer part of their lifeline.

We need to stop hearing "you will burn in the deepest pits of hell "because your life is different, because you want to be change from being a body builder to a princess" Which is Totally Fine!!!

Even the people you call your parent's, your friends or even your siblings when they hear I'M GAY some of them will desert you and some of they might stay, it depends on who you call your family or friends.

Now its time for acceptance its time for us to hug those people who have supported us through this journey because probably without them we would have been living a lie.

Now is time for us to Make a difference, for us to be who we are and not what the negative things of the world wants us to be.

THE END

Diane Iroulor
Ireland

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The Story

by Najah Mawass

Before paper and pen, there were simply words,
Painted in the sky, colored with earth.
Ubiquitous and ever-moving; they grew
Forming tales of honor, courage and truth.

Passed from one generation to another,
From brother, sister, father to mother.
Stories capturing hope and wonder,
Filled with heartache, toil and plunder.

Around a warm fire, fables were told,
Teaching, preaching the morals of old.
Imagination ignited passion and dreams,
A legacy was born with incredible means.

These fairytales sparked a magic within;
A delight for stories, myths and whims.
The children listened with eyes open wide
As the hero prevailed and the villain defied.

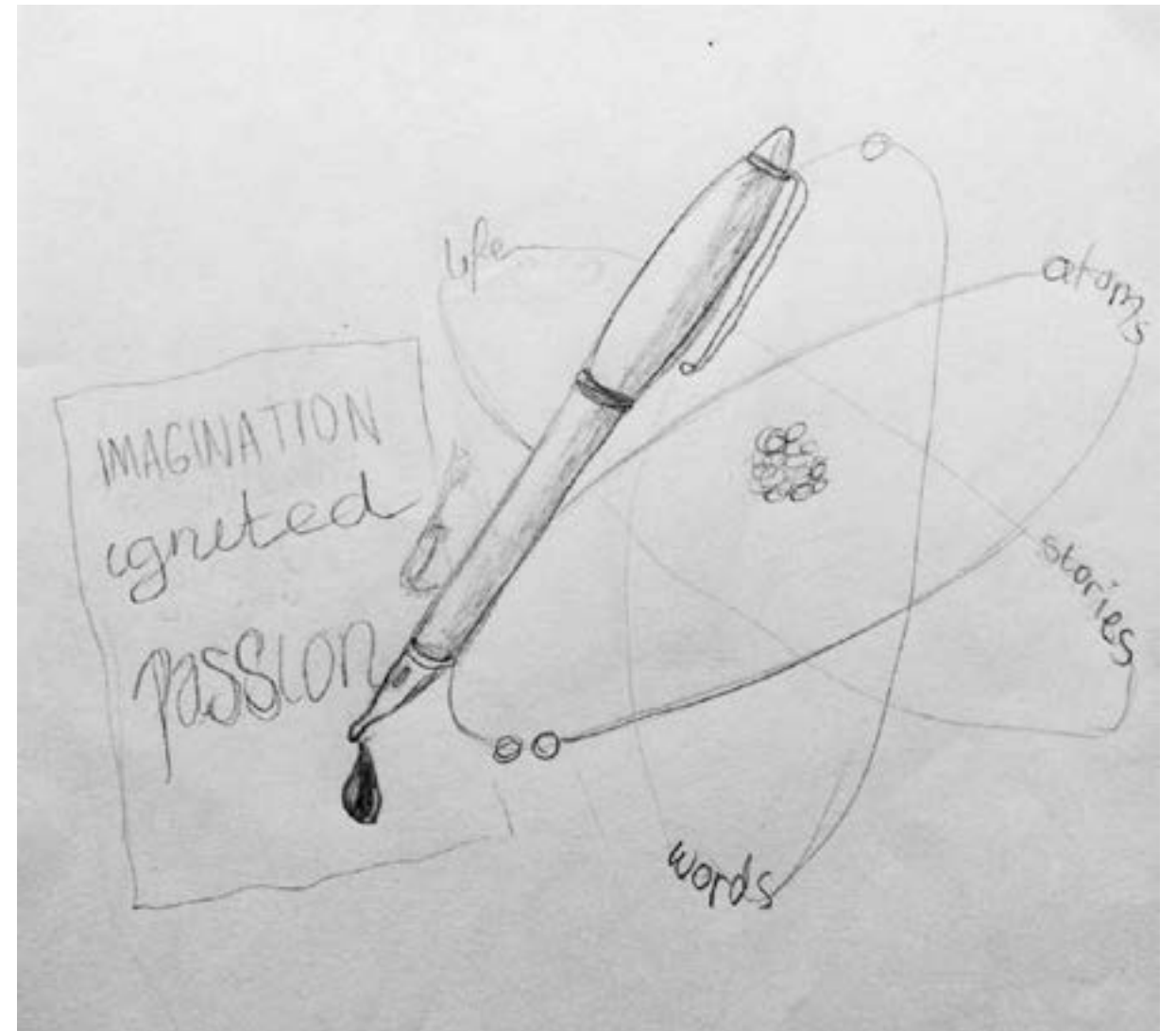
The words joined and started to link,
Scrawled upon parchment with stains and ink.
Letter covered rectangles bound with might
To enlighten the people, show them the light.

From the blood of the pen, literature spread,
All were enchanted as they read.
For every novel had its crafter,
Provoking tears, gasps and laughter.
This printed magic inspired a generation
Reaching the corners of every nation,
For in each of us there is a part
Where a story lies within our heart.

The universe is formed of stories not atoms,
Our lives are a race passing on this baton.
Invisible threads bind us together,
We are a choir of voices singing forever.

Dream through your words, write hard and fast,
Tame your thoughts, make them last,
For when the world is wasting away,
A story is blossoming for another day.

Najah Mawass
Lebanon



On the Run

by Kritika Tandon

These days when you are
having to run
as fast as a cheetah
In an attempt to seize
all you possibly can
With your eye on
ever-changing
uncertain
situations
remember to pause

Remember to pause
Even if just for a second
and
find your patience
Find faith in positivity
Let that
be your guide

Did you know
That a cheetah has black tear lines
Around its eyes
Lines that have the power to deflect
Even the sun's rays
So that it can be laser focussed
on what it is set out for

The coming days will be
the hardest ever
But remind yourself everyday
That your black tear lines
Are your resilience
and your health
On these days
Nourish yourself
as much as another
Just so that you can give a 100%
To your best others

On these days when you feel
Tired and tried
Still hoping to try some more
Feeling helpless
Worthless
Yet giving your all
Remember even a cheetah
Needs to rest

Even a cheetah needs to rest
Before it can run its best

And over all else,
on days where you feel
Overwhelmed and defeated
Because of never-ending struggles
Thrown in at you
Remember that even a Cheetah
Finds a way around its course
Remember that even a cheetah
Finds its voice
Even if it cannot
roar



The Lion King

by Kritika Tandon

You
Are a lion
Defending your family
Only to eat the first piece of meat
SHE hunts.
Everyday.
No matter how hungry
She is
Hers are
YOU
Eat first.
Everyday.
Has it ever occurred to you
that she may be tired too?
Do you ask her?
Do you talk to her?
Do you choose to hide your incompetence
With your pride?
You are a lion.
STOIC.

You roam about
Laser eye-focussed to your left
Loud-mouthed roar to your right
The Valiant king of the Jungle
Do you know
Your roars can be heard miles away
But will often fade away
As mindless chatter
Is that why you walk soft-toed?
So that your roar is louder and more?
You forget she can roar too
Yet, you strive to drown hers
Ignore her sounds
Just simply cup your ears
And hide your fears.
You are a lion
AUTHORITARIAN.

You stand tall
As if your long luscious mane
Meant that you deserved more
Meant that only you could rule
Mant that only you could thrive
You forget that she is not
A soldier
In your battalion
She is the queen of the jungle
In which you reside

And as you grow older
Your mane grows longer
Prettier
And yet darker
All encompassing
Suffocating
You are a lion
Shining golden brown
Enticing.
Blinding.

You make me feel uncomfortable.
Oggling at me like a prize winning lottery
Like the hunt you never completed anyway
Do you know I am not just built to feed your cubs
And your fantasies?
You scare me
Your ignorance bites through me
And leaves me to feel
Unaccomplished and guilty
You leave me to
Bleed
My life
My dreams
My choices
My free

You are a lion
I speak
You barely listen
I scream
You don't listen
I cry
You look away

Yawning
As if you were laughing
At your defenceless prey
I shout
You ignore me
ALWAYS

And then there are moments
When I move unafraid
I try to stand up
And you are not fazed
You shed out a roar
Unapologetic
Not in anger
But in a cold
Silent
Arrogant
Way
Little do you know
That every time you roar
The shivers down my spine
Turn into courage
Through my bloodline
And this is exactly when
I could
I can't
I will
I wouldn't
I shouldn't
But I want to
Shove my hand through your throat
Wreck you right at your gut
Despite the loss of my blood

Kritika Tandon
England

Instagram: @kritikasays <https://www.instagram.com/kritikasays/?hl=en-gb>

Hegemon Estates is pleased to present a snug studio apartment. by Criomhthann Morrison

With a unique and snazzy unwall'd en suite, you can chat with visitors while on the seat, or while washing your hair, or upkeeping hygiene.

And the walls are so beautifully delicate and pristine that you should really not touch them ever (especially behind the TV screen). But innovative floors creak to alarm intruders, and everyone else... and that's a safety feature!

And who needs a garden when the balcony moves in mild wind like a swing: for a family, this grants children lifelong pleasure :)

The home is debased in the esteemed ~~Pleb~~ Pebble Park, and you can find comfort in the one pre-defined escape route when the fresh, local smog clogs your throat.

And fortunately, forty kilometres from the nearest amenity means plenty of opportunity to exercise, if needlessly (but don't expect to live here past fifty).

Yes, because you'll move!) ~~on, due to dysentery.~~

So here is the contract, don't mind the fine print. Just know you'll enjoy exceptional rent for the next... ah, don't fret.

Just know if there's problems, I'll never reply to texts, to letters, to emails, to your cries... oh, your tears are right on time! Just don't smudge the ink, that costs an eye. Well, not mine.

I already look forward to you moving on in, so hurry up and sign,

we're all dying!

Criomhthann Morrison
Ireland

"I'm in a phase of figuring out what kind of art I can create, and where it and I can fit into a better present and future. Over the weeks and months and years to come, I foresee variety of written, video-based and music projects. My social media isn't often active, but when it is, I seek to make an impact."

Instagram: @criomh <https://www.instagram.com/criomh/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/criomh?lang=en>

The Ballad of Youth!

by Seddik Jelouane

I'm scared of the long night..
I may speak in great delight,
revealing the hidden dark truth..
of a painfully aching youth,
all the nights my eyes shamefully lied..
every time I silently cried,
Everything is deeply stuck inside..
still lost in my dizzy mind,
about the days I really tried..
expressing the feelings that already died,

I'm terrified to say the word..
no one close to me ever heard,
and for which the only person I called friend..
turned his back on me in the end,
I know that someday everybody will hear..
when my truth enters every single ear,
when my body's carved scars..
shine as bright as the stars,

I bet you know what I'm talking about..
without having to let it out,
it's the untold bitter story..
that always makes me worry,
All the past memories of being in love..
and the beautiful butterflies flying above,
all the romantic candles with fancy food..
and the soft kisses that change the mood,
About the promises they once made..
which would later quickly fade,
or the vows they never believed..
and the moments that will never be lived,

Let me tell you about the day..
I unexpectedly lost my way,
and to whom I sold my precious heart..
though we were growing apart,
Let me show how the pain was born..
and for how long I would mourn,
Let me describe the shame inside..
Of an identity I used to hide,

Of a past where I belong..
Of a road that was so long,

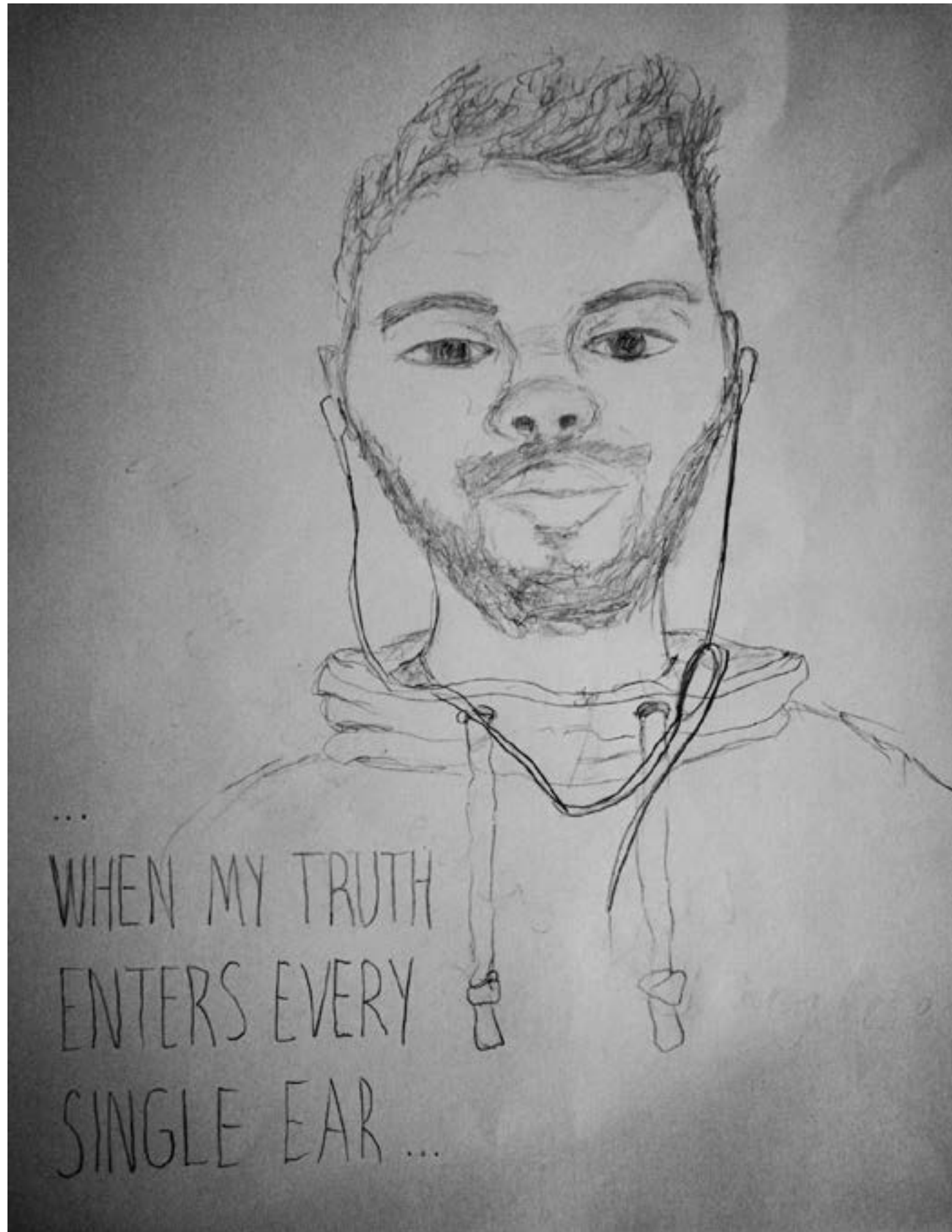
It started many and many years back..
when the sky was almost black,
when my heart was still pure..
when there was no need for a cure,
I fell in love with a forbidden soul..
And suffering became my dole,
I slept with whom I would desire..
I touched places I still admire,
I've committed awful sins..
I still dream of ever since,

And in spite of the shared pleasure..
Love to them was only a leisure,
For that I shed a river of tears..
And have raised many fears,
I spent days drowning into depression..
And nights writing my confession,
I locked myself in trying to heal..
But I couldn't let go of what I feel,
I lost faith in everyone around..
And muted my feelings' sound,
I befriended my dark side..
And swallowed my own pride,
Then time passed quickly by..
All the memories would dry,
My heart has overcome the pain..
And I was reborn again,

Seddik Jelouane
Morocco

WHY SHOULD I HIDE MY FACE?

by Oburumu Agbeye (Agbeyetalks)



Why should I hide my face with my face is already hidden? when I, am like Adam and Eve in this Garden of Eden hiding, hiding not from God but from you. Hiding because society the tailor believes that money is the only instrument by which success is measured. Hiding because I live in a society that questions possibilities and only those who understand that impossibi is the brand name of that tea (ty) you shouldn't drink survive; so I try to survive, and every wake in the morning is an attempt to revive, but I'm told to hide my face so like the ostrich I hide my face.

I bury my face in an uncommon ground realizing that life is a battle ground where only the tough survive and the weak pass away like seven days. Mother told me to make hay while the sunshine but how can a shining sun be seen when the onlooker has no eyes. when my eyes have become blurred, blurred by tears, tears that obscures my visions. And if the eyes tell no lies but tells a vision, that means I've got no vision, cos I concentrate more on my problems than a possible solutions. See, what they whisper in my ear is the word can't but why don't I take the T (tea) from the word can't and pour it in the sink pan and drink from the can can, so that like the poet philosopher Bob Marley, Obob man gats free himself from mental slavery. And since a freed mind is an industry for value and creativity I decided to become a native of creativity so again I try to show my face but they tell me or better still I hear words in the lines of Agbeye talks too much and talk is cheap in here we sip and sip nothing cheap. And our slip is a hit of six digits. We are masters, masters of our time and our MasterCard tells this testimony of our names engraved in gold, so please tell that poet boy to hide his face so again like the ostrich I hide my face.

I had my face cos I live in a society where money is the only instrument by which success is measured a society where my words are seemingly meaningless and it's as though creativity is not enough. see I try and I try to the point that I cry. I tried to make it sync in to their sense of reason that value is most important but who cares to listen?

Who cares about value when the sanctuary keeper is given the backseat in church and people halla hallelujah for the man who just donated 10,000 naira?

Who cares about value when children are forced to earn at the expense of their future, so that when they become grown men society tells them to hide their face and without alms they become gun men?

Who cares about value when the only value attached that female child are her culinary skills and in the meanwhile she's seen as a commodity to elevate the social status of her family line?

Whocares about value when the Numero Uno never Went to the University and stays in his posh city undermining what it means to graduate from the

University?

Who cares about value when you must pay at the counter to the cashier before they'll administer treatment to your brother, sister or family member?

Who cares about value when he is only interested in her body, and in action cares less about the consequences of an abortion?

Who cares about value when we have smokers are liable to die young as inscriptions on cigarette cases but they still produce them in proportions I guess their action speaks for itself?

Who cares about value when money is the only language the world understands and it's the only instrument by the success is measured?

Who cares about value?

But if we look at his critically, values most important. Because those will go money chasing without value will someday come crashing. I know as humans we hope to be fly, but let's tell ourselves the truth and not lies, "be faithful in little things for in them your strength lies" ;Mother Theresa. Those small things you undermine are like the mines that blow like dynamites. It takes time to achieve success but amidst the present stress know that those with value eventually never beg, ask Mark Zuckerberg who in his early 20's started Facebook and now everyone uses Facebook and from Facebook Mark is one of the worlds richest.

Look! mark these words, those who give value to the world would someday get money from the world, but those who expect money without value will get an appointment with disappointment. So let's face society, let's face society and let's not hide our face cos we lack money, but you hide your face when we lack value. I hope you understand, that you live in a society that questions possibilities and I hope you realize that impossibili is the brand name of that tea (ty) you shouldn't drink.

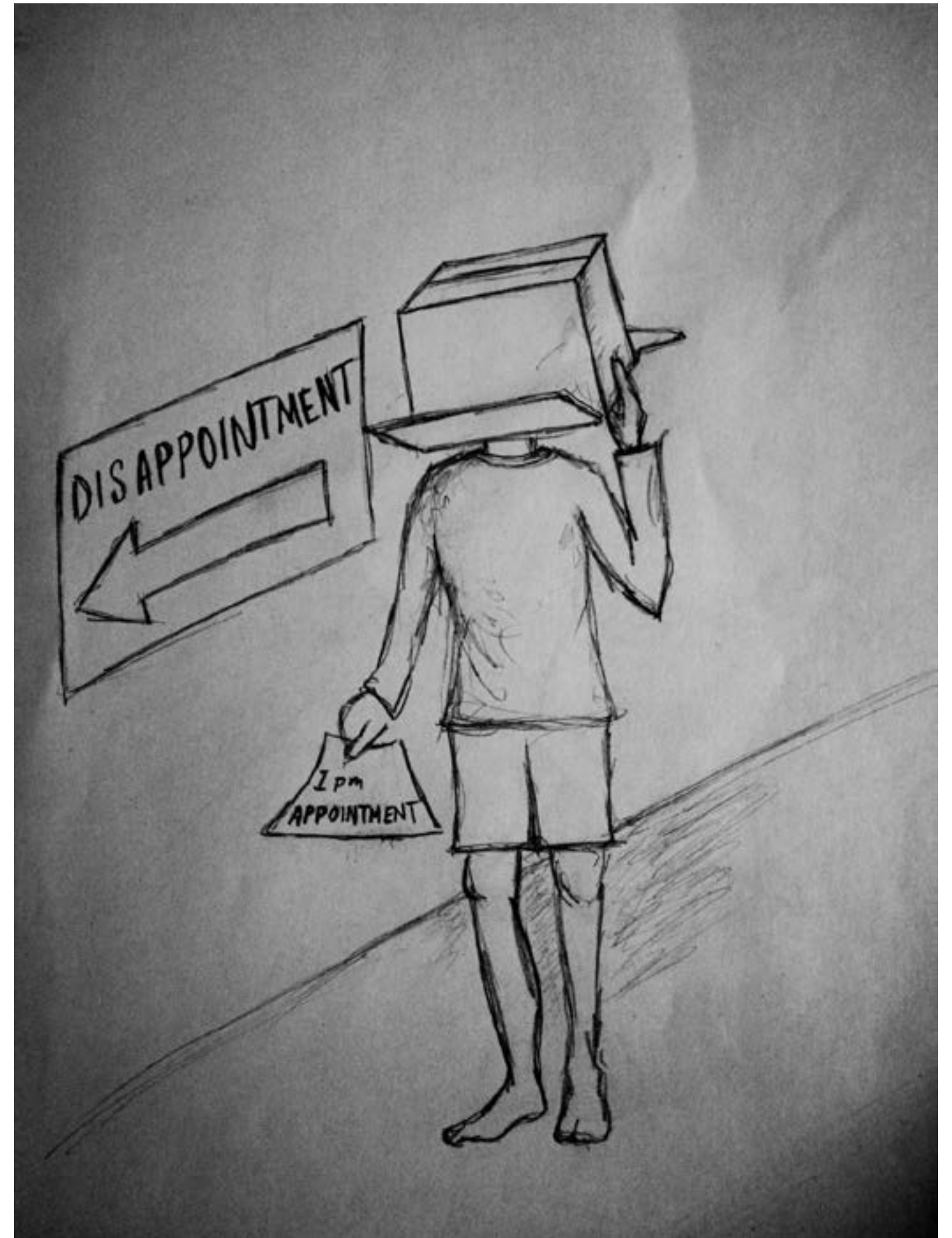
Agbeyetalks Nigeria

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Edens First Fruit

by Precious Tedeye

I am the beauty in full.
My strength is brim-full,
To those who find it helpful,
But can wildly be cull.
I am the root that can never be outshoot.
My personality is their food .
The universe is odd without me. I am the perfect name,
Aiming for the perfect game,
Playing with numerous nicknames.
I am in every arms.
I am many in one,
I am Eden's first fruit.

Wow, Bravo, Weldon!!!
Edens first fruit indeed.

What do u mean wow! What do you have against me?

Eden first fruit, that has taken her fruit from the moon
Your glitters are burnt by the sun,
You have gotten your ways in the stars,
That no one can match your words down the aisle truth. You claimed a perfect
root but still cannot spread widely to the ground without being crushed by ob-
stacles.
You speak of your brim-full strength?
The strength that can't carry heavyweight.
Instead, you distribute agony to your helpmeets and her offspring's.
Grinding their teeth like stone crush on the ground . Who are you?
Are you for us all or for them all?
You spoke of beauty!! Eden's first fruit
The only beauty I see in you is your multi-intellectual achievement.
Your knowledge of social habits in habitants. What else do you have? What is
your
usefulness?
Or which world are you from?
A world where trees and blue skies run into tomorrow?
Okay let me break it down.
When you come outside and look at an open plain with just trees and sky
As far as your eyes can see, you see a point where the sky seems to touch
the ground.
But no matter how far you walk, you can never get to the point where the
sky touches the earth.

So by saying it runs into tomorrow, since tomorrow never comes, that's the
same way our hope for you never gets there.
Eden first fruit you are life, but what is the point of life without air!!

Really that is it?
You want to question my strength?
I think you are missing the point here.
You guys are my obstacles and strength.
You don't expect me to fight a synonymous fight,
I mean a synonymous fight without a fright.
I cannot be autonomous when am not auto, I am a man used automatically.
I am still Edens first fruit.
I am a mother, mother of the south .
I am a coat of many colours.
I am the ethnicity found in the city.
You speak of me being bias?
Blame that on your forefathers that is what they labelled me.
I am not the perdition of your generation.
I am diversification.
My uniqueness is electrifying.
I am the personification of the sun and the moon.
I am for everyone and belongs to no body.
I am here to bring hope and unity to your nature in the nation.
My world is that of freedom and struggle.
My world you need fortune to untangle.
A world of one family, a world where trees and blue skies spread into
tomorrow.
My ways are the old ways of community and togetherness. I have my worth
and no less.
I have tested grief and courage.
Fear and folly will not play my game,
I am the essence of recreation.
I am love, only if you would seek my heart and listened,
to my whisper from within your heart
I am Eden's first fruit, I am not his but I AM
And will always be the heritage that never ages.

Precious Tedeye
Ireland



*Nurturing
Change-Makers
Imagining a
better World*



MTU

Ollscoil Teicneolaíochta na Mumhan
Munster Technological University



Irish Aid

Department of Foreign Affairs
An Roinn Gnóthai Eachtracha

**Irish
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Council**

