

*February edition*

# 7 DAYS WRITING CHALLENGE

*Poems, Short Stories and Write-ups*



A Publication of Witty Writers' World

# **7 DAYS WRITING CHALLENGE**

**by Witty Writers' World**

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WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

## **7DAYS WRITING CHALLENGE**

DAY 1 – *The Home I Long For*

### **POEMS**

#### **THE HOME I LONG FOR**

Parade with Love,  
confer with care,  
that flows like a river  
with hub that can clearly write our vision  
in our common conviction.

Reliable and strong,  
going together, joining the tree.

Folding the rivers,  
sharing the pains  
in our common conviction.

With companionship,  
with enjoyment,  
with completeness,  
with Fruitfulness,  
protection and typify Christ;  
the perfect law of home,  
the desired home is built.

© James Nkechi Joy

#### **HOME LIKE PARADISE**

Welcome is not a welcome,  
only the kids gets the adrenaline.

WILDFIRE  
WRITERS' WORLD

Not for fear, but of joy.  
The nasal cavity just vibrates  
without the opening of the jaws.  
The TV is her partner in crime.

Just down the lane,  
is an air renting scream  
for help that won't come.  
All the frustrations of the day  
are fisted into his punching bag.  
You just a douche bag, he barks.

On my knees daily,  
I pray for a wife  
that would make our home,  
a paradise with beautiful offspring.

© BEE

### **TO FIND MY HOME**

In life I walk miles in hope to be the man  
I said I would.

All my aspirations and pains are in hope  
to reach a destination - the home I long for.

In search, I find houses yet homes are hidden.

Homes hidden in houses, houses being  
cold and unfeeling.

A house always misses something without a home.

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I don't know how I can make it.  
Can I build the home I always dream of?  
The pressure always inhibits me.  
Would my family love the home I build?

I want a home beside a seaside - with life.  
A home I arise to see the sea and sunlight.  
My home should be an altar of love  
and there should be love no matter what.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix (S M P)

### **THE HOME I LONG FOR**

Away from this hustling and bustling  
where the soul is made to tranquil without panic,  
where the sounds of birds are perceived  
and the heart melts at the glimpse of its serenity.

Take me to the home,  
oblivious to my present world.

A place far from the evil deeds of men,  
where peace reigns and Justice is not delayed.

So that sowers reap and the slothful, ripped.

Take me to the home  
where a friend in need is truly a friend indeed.

Where no man takes solace in greed,  
where no man lays fat on another's wealth,

WRITERS' WORLD

and the real happiness of life is found in health.

© Abioye Damilare (Drey)

### **MY HOME**

The home I longed for  
caught up in a melancholic mood,  
bludgeoned with her crutch of infuriating trance.

The dark shadow smothered every flick of hope  
in me, and brew me misery.  
Shrewdly luring me round a table, to dine to my dejection.

In that silence, I yearned for the warmness of a home,  
an ideal home, to rediscover my spark,  
for I have lost it to the follies of this world.

Then came, the memory of mama's gifted hands,  
soothing away my pains with her graceful ointment.

The aroma of her yam porridge heals me.

Her embrace is my true place of solace.

My home, Our home, the only place to feel alive,  
a place I need not to hide my weaknesses  
or pretend in the circle of fake friend.

© Onuorah Fidelia

### **HOME SWEET HOME?**

Home Sweet home,

WRITERS' WORLD

where nice delicacy makes me smile,  
rather than pain served as porn.  
I miss the home sweet home I long for...

Home sad doom,  
where my ears are stormed  
with the cries of sad babies,  
all playing in my head like chopsticks.

In the past!  
But why do they still spit  
venom into my sad regretful face?  
I see their legs after me in a fast pace.

Home Sweet home!  
Oh the home I longed for,  
is in agony, filled with ghost,  
that wouldn't let my soul find a cure.

© Tiffany Okororie

### **A HOME**

If wishes were horses,  
I would have been in my envisioned home today.

A home where all the efforts  
I put in will be shown.

A home where my weaknesses  
will be seen as imperfections.

WRITERS' WORLD

A home where love is seen  
in sacrifices and not in mere words.

I call a home a place where we find rest,  
a place where there are no rejections,  
a place of no selfishness,  
a place where all charities,  
should be firstly learned.

A place where you give unto others  
that same treat you desire.

© Awoke Uzoamaka

### **PARADISE I GO**

The river of honey lives in you,  
the dazzling glow of stars engulfs your city.  
To arrive your city truly quickens my organs,  
but a lot of beings get trammelled about your rules,  
I feel comfy with your tranquillity.

Your occupants are virtuous;  
beings of the truth that uphold old pristine.  
I silently open my palms every day to ask  
for a home constituted in no errors  
and in absence of in decadence.

Home sweet home I heard,  
but yours is where Peace reigns!

© Waleeyah Olalekan

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## **THE HOME I LONG FOR**

Time are changing,  
all things remain the same.  
Here we're breathing, tomorrow is too far,  
the future we speak of is here.

On the highway of life,  
I see reflection from a distance.  
The closer I get, the farther it fades away -  
the home I long for, an awesome home,  
which may help fulfil and make come true,  
a billion naira home.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

## **BE MINE**

A Place where I can find rest,  
not in pieces, but in series,  
where I can enjoy solitude and sounds of love,  
where I will place my head without bangs and pangs,  
where I can make hysteria without boundaries,  
and to enjoy maxim fullness in illuminations.

Home sweet Home,  
come to me.  
Love lones not a home,  
so be mine.

© Theresa Ogar

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## **MY DREAM HOME**

I dream of a home,  
where the husband is the king indeed  
and the wife, the best befitting queen.

A home where the members share  
a common love, honour, respect and care.  
Where father's 'Yeah' is not mother's 'Nay',  
throwing the children in disarray.

A place where returning home from work  
won't be unwished for like an herculean task,  
is the kind of home I long for.

Not just the nice building, expensive furniture  
and gadgets without an enjoyable future.  
For, of what benefit is a great structure  
built without having a home that can care?

© Witty\_pen

## **THERE WAS HOME**

Home should be a place of rest,  
a place we run to from the troubles.  
But home is now a place we want to leave,  
at every given opportunity.

Why has the place of solitude and peace

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now become the most dreaded place?  
With everyone in a race, losing face,  
faith, strength and grace.

There was a home, a place of safety  
not a place of savagery,  
a place to confidently express ourselves  
not a place of performing acts.

There was a home,  
a place where mistakes were corrected,  
not a place where mistakes are highlighted.

Oh, what happened to the home?

© Kojo

### **OH MY HOME**

When shall I see you?

My sweet home!

Founded upon pain and endurance;  
built up by obduracy and perseverance,  
furnished through wisdom and experience.

I'll keep on laying up passion blocks,  
till you become a blissful domicile.

Come forth quickly!!!

Come forth to comfort all my efforts,  
let your beauty in me be seen.

WRITERS' WORLD

Oh my home!  
When shall I see you?  
My world awaits your manifestation,  
I await to ride on your glories.  
My home, felicitous home,  
come to life.

© AfoloOluwa

### **SWEET HOME OF LOVE**

The home I long for  
in the city of mystery,  
Beau my heart speaks of.

Diamond is built of  
in the city clothed with cloud,  
great and wonderful.

Sprit being will be my messages.  
Crystal water I will be drinking  
in the city that is so glorious.

The house to adore  
never will I abhor;  
a gayish house  
where no bay will be found.

© Oluwayimikaakiri

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## **WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES**

### **WHERE IS A HOME?**

A guarded garden of sweet vibes wherein creatures dwell to imbibe, where cushioned walls rise up between room, where Art may blossom strong and free, and progenitors plead guilty to beat my dermis - the home with common pain, pad and screen.

Can it be this - the longed-for thing, with wanderers on the restless foam? Unsheltered beggars under the bridge; the life I live? Past and future, softly veiled by either hope or memory? While the luxurious present in the home, all for the pleasure of a few?

But if there be no more than this, the soul of home is wanting yet. The true home rises in my thought, a beacon set for men to see; each sweet and secret thing within a little smile from others' that care.

© PenAdrenalin

### **LONGING IS NOT ENOUGH**

I'm not giving up until I get there. Sometimes I close my eyes and picture myself there, but I know longing to be there would not be enough.

I'd need to get there physically, and to get there physically, I'd need to stop longing and venture on the journey ahead.

But then I'd need a road map, to avoid getting lost. Who better to ask than the Way Maker Himself for directions - directions to my home called destiny.

© Aje Emmanuel

### **THE HOME I NURTURE TO BEHOLD**

The road side greenish grasses with watery dew, in the protracted adulthood of dawn wave their branches to my dreams in the crystal limbs of the day, like a thrown stone with far flings I wonder through my thought for the home I earnestly nurture to behold.

The birds hear the news of my dreams from the whisper within my chest as the cock crows behind me, amidst my mind, my heart quickens my body to the mirror of my dream, I reflect to have a home where my children cage their nest in love with mother's love and I'm playing my role in love like an eagle on a flight for the deep sky sharing love to uplift the home.

© Israel Eze (Equity)

WRITERS' WORLD

## **THE HOME I HOPE**

We all long for an impeccable nation, if only we would realize that our models have been in our place and even worse for some. On our part however, our all is blame leaders and then assert in ourselves that we would do worse if luck ever smiles on us.

How can we expect change? Do we even realize that someone must bell the cat? The leaders are not willing, worse still we praise them. The citizens too are languid, yet contrast their country with others that took the bull by the horn many years ago, like the disparaging analogy would effect a miracle.

The country I long for is one where we choose leaders without being cowed or manipulated. One where we can say what we feel. The change begins with me, and together we are the panacea.

© Ademola Phocus

## **A HOME I CAN CALL MINE**

Many years had passed in the valley of loneliness and in the den of aloneness. Like a deer in a dry and empty Land, I long for a place where waters will cool my tongue.

Desperately, I long for a home, where burdens will be looked upon with four eyes, enjoy deep thoughts with two hearts and be lifted up in unison of faith.

I need a home I can call my own, where deep will call to deep and be baptized in the oozing pool of love.

© Afolaluwa

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 2 – *Lonely Amidst the Crowd*

**POEMS**

**THE KING'S WORDS**

Why are we so many?  
Millions of souls gathered here;  
gathered here are destinies,  
people with great gift to share.

Sometimes I wonder  
if I would ever meet up with them.  
Writing; there are better writers.  
Singing; my voice is disturbed by phlegm.  
How I wish I could disappear yonder!

But one thing keeps me going,  
the thought that the King knows me  
and his words, he gave me,  
that I'll have a glorious ending.  
So, amidst the crowd, I cheer me.  
The king's words keep me company!

© CITRD

**LONELY AMIDST THE CROWD**

My baby is gone, I cry till my tears fill the drum.  
Telling me we're no longer compatible,  
pains me like a sore - unexplainable.

WRITERS' WORLD

How can I say goodbye to love so young?  
My soul wanders in the darkness of love's exit,  
now I'm dying...

When I'd call her, she'd gives excuses,  
never knew her intention is to drop me like refuse.  
I can't forget about the past we shared,  
the love and the relationship like hell.  
Anytime spent together, I felt lonely, so alone.  
Now I realize, the only world desirable is alone.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **LONELINESS**

From amidst the crowd I take back my head,  
inhaling loneliness like fresh air.  
Mind's eye conquered by fiery rain drops;  
within me, I'm a thousand others.

One thing about the open ocean,  
was physically not alone, yet;  
all the world seems removed.

Amidst the crowd, I'm alone inside my own head,  
like sweet smell of a virgin earth;  
redolence of failure all over me.

I fight the world without an army,

WRITERS' WORLD

I eat hard days all alone;  
in my thoughts conclusion reached.  
When it seems there is no one else,  
remember there's one person  
who never ceases loving you;

**YOURSELF.**

© Afolaluwa

### **LONELY AMIDST THE CROWD**

I'm sorrowful daily,  
I'm abandoned in my world.  
I'm a stranger in my Mother's Land,  
I'm being eaten up by the worm daily.  
I'm tired, tattered and worn out.

But,

solution lies before me, I knew it not.  
My wealth is in the crowd but I refuse to take it.  
I'm already on the mountain,  
but ignorance won't let me know it.

Hmm!

Open up, don't die in starvation.  
Tell them, let them know your heartfelt  
and discover you.

To live a successful Life and lone free Life, transparency is the root.

WRITERS' WORLD

You can be lonely in your world if you choose.

© James Nkechi Joy

### **LONELY AMIDST THE CROWD**

The sand of the earth does not exist alone,  
worms tread and graze on it, to fill up vacuums.  
So are humans, to exist with companions to interact.  
But, we're found lost in the darkness of our minds,  
seeking for paths in cloistered castles.  
surrounded by vast acquaintances, yet knew no one.  
Surrounded by close relations, yet feel not belonging.  
Plethora of achievements in our names,  
yet we feel unfulfilled.

It's lonelier when it gets colder.

You hear the buzzing of the outside world,  
yet your mind is slowly slipping into delirium.  
The feeling of belonging lingers on, you wish to impart,  
but you are closed off from human socialization.

Always, is a voice pointing out your imperfections,  
but today, you must break loose and live a day.

© Onuorah Fidelia

WRITERS' WORLD

## **SEQUESTERED**

The felicity a passel evokes,  
that cedes impetus  
dispelling dread of the ponderous soon  
a bedevilled euphoria.

And a bolt from the blues  
soon came before noon.

Now engulfed in solitude,  
like a hideous python spiralled on its prey.

What ears would look on my pleas  
on this soil of fiends?

Bring back my cronies,  
I am no recluse.

© Ademola Phocus

## **LONELY AMIDST THE CROWD**

Friendship is gold.

If you've got one, you're blessed.

Being accepted is a privilege,  
having some listening ears is a luck.

I have longed for all these  
but no, I couldn't find them.

It seems impossible

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just because I have chosen  
to be different from the usual.  
I am encircled by them yet we can't get along,  
the bird's eggs can't be found in the hen's.

Their likes are my despise,  
their desires are my forbidden,  
their ways are contrary to mine,  
and my beliefs are foolishness to them.  
So, I become a fool to them for all I am.

© Awoke Uzoamaka Promise

### **GHOST IN THE CROWD**

I don't have the memories,  
but I still have the voice echoing in my head,  
blindly pushing forward in a sea of humans  
without a path in sight.

Lives stampeding past me yet  
I feel my life is not on the motion.  
There's no solace in the numbers in the crowd,  
the pain hurts more seeing no one cares for me.

In the crowd,  
I realize I am not hurting alone,  
yet no one wants to hurt together with me.  
Devoid of color, I feel colder in the crowd.

WILDTTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

I keep getting lost because I'm running away.

Lost in the crowd, with strangers who  
don't know my name.

Lonely in the crowd - lost in the sea of humans.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix

### **LONELY AMIDST THE CROWD**

They say, do your best  
and leave the rest.

Yet I tried, even though  
perfection seems to be a myth.

Dad only speaks to his oracle,  
the green inundated soul of his;  
whose spooky words to him is,  
beat that wife of yours.

Who would then put a kind remark  
on the little I strain for?

The world spinning around  
seems just too busy to listen.

Not only the time passes by.

Birds and animals,  
even man's best friend hurries by,  
without a single hello.

© Bee

WRITERS' WORLD

## **LONELY!**

In the dark night,  
a humming bird on a fig tree I became.  
Sad tales of journeying through Love and Friendship,  
seeking Happiness and Solace.

His Muse is my Poem.  
I've got people, but I have no person.  
Though, I don't seek the crowd,  
only you, but you couldn't be.

I am alone in my lonely world,  
clothed with my loins on.  
Enjoying Solitude,  
oh, Depression knocks.

Trauma is no good.  
If I can't find happiness outside,  
I will derive it within.  
I stand with the word; "Only those who care,  
hear you even when you are quiet".

© Miranda\_writes

## **LONELY, THOUGH NOT ALONE**

Sitting here all alone,  
hearing my thoughts speak  
amidst the silent noise

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

and the deafening silence.

Thinking of what has been done,

one question I've got to ask...

Why is my Heart so heavy

when it is meant to Merry?

I try listening to my thoughts,

but I can barely hear a sound.

I try reading my heartbeats,

but I keep missing counts.

What happened to this Heart,

which few minutes ago was beating just fine,

but now so loudly mute?

Lonely, though not alone!

© Witty\_pen

### ***WRITE-UPS AND POETRY***

#### **SOLITARY IN THE CROWD**

As the moon shines in the closet of the sky with brightness of the smiling atmosphere showing the shade of my poor body in the midday, ringing to the twisting air as the stars stretch their hands in attempts to draw me to the crowd, I suddenly draw myself back and retrench to my flesh with loneliness dancing freely within my skin. Can my system flow with the trend? Am I a changed man? Am I carrying a new body? These questions run through my clutching veins.

In the sounds of multiple match accompanying the arriving chariots of the crowd, swinging their foots and blowing the lonely air on me as I walk sluggishly with heaviness and lost inner feeling of belonging, my eyes sneeze to my heart in the alluring negligence and it depicts truly that I'm a solitary boy.

©Israel Eze(Equity)

## **IN THE MIDST OF MYSELF**

I wandered slowly amidst the crowd; I silently screamed on a low key, no one saw my frightening profuse sweat. I thought I could pour out my emotions with dexterity, but no one to listen. I stood, I stayed, I looked around just to take a sit among. The more I made my ways, the more I peeped out my crowd's voice.

Since no one could listen to my crying voice, since I have got none to pick me up from the floor, since no one deemed it fit to give me a time, I've got to say that only I know the secret that burns inside me and I have to cleave shamelessly unto myself in the midst of myself.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

## **THE VOID**

Most times we get wrapped up in all of life's activities and think a fulfilled life is all about the bubbling events the fun things we are involved in, the achievements, and the accolades, but it is a different ball game.

Yes it is amazing and great to have all these but at some point we still feel lost in what we do and who we are. Lonely amidst it all, there is a void constantly seeking to be filled. A void only one can fill; the one who created you. Until you realize this and seek him to discover who you are and what you should do, you will be lonely amidst the crowd though present and participating in all of life's activities.

© Kojo

## **MISS CLAT**

The white washed walls of the waiting room were the least of her worries. Time ticked her hands off the clock, the bills keep mounting the ladder of debt and her chance of meeting the one dwindles on a daily basis. It's all a mess!

Lost in thought, she was startled by a stream of voice forming a cloud around her. "Miss Clat", the middle-aged receptionist adorned with the brightest of colours gently beckoned on her with a kind look in her eyes. Only the heavens knew how long the poor woman had been calling for her attention. After a brief exchange of pleasantries, they fixed a lunch date for that weekend.

As she walked down the corridor looking for greener pastures, the words of that woman rung in her ears, "our difference makes us unique". With a tiny spring in her steps, she looked forward to the Saturday.

© Favor Fasanya

DAY 3 – *Silence Speaks Too*

**POEMS**

**MY SILENCE, MY LOUDEST NOISE**

Inquisitive eyes,  
peering at me on the podium,  
with my engulfing silence as,  
a discomfoting intro.

Angry shrieks from hell keep heaven in silence.  
Sobbing destroys the solemn notes of silence.  
Pregnant silence, deafening silence prophesies,  
words their understanding can't comprehend.

They ask for my song yet,  
my silence takes the instruments from its owners  
and presents an orchestra haunting yet begging.

On my face they see my pain list smile,  
on their faces I see their burdened heart.

Applauding to my orchestra with  
their tears running down to clap with the floor.

And now they know my silence speaks louder.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix (S.M.P)

**SILENCE SPEAKS TOO**

Not every statement deserves a comment too.

Sometimes, silence gives authority too,

a lot of times, silence shows maturity too.

God challenged Adam when he fell,  
he spoke; and gave his authority to Eve.  
Not surprised Eve also had a story to tell;  
accused Devil of the begotten grief.  
Silent, Devil was 'cause he had no one to sell.

Don't forget he could accuse God  
'cause God drove him to earth.  
But silent he was as he became lord  
over Adam and Eve - rebirth.

Sometimes you need to keep silent  
so you could maintain that post of authority.  
Agitation could make a difference,  
but silence, most times, speaks competency.

© CITRD

### **IN SILENCE, I COMMUNE**

My silence does not depict cowardice,  
neither does it make me weak.

My silence has meaning,  
hidden deep in my soul.

My silence,  
goes deep into the depths of my soul.  
With it, I have conquered struggles untold.

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In silence, I commune  
for then I see, the deepest part of me unseen.

Then, I hear, the words deep inside.

My silence has meaning,  
of words that none would never understand.

Smiles no one can interpret.

Of tears that no one saw,  
and struggles none can contend.

My silence is a sign of strength,  
a symbol of courage.

© Makinde Marvellous Mercy

### **SILENCE SPEAKS**

The expression that comes from our senses  
Makes me realize how noisy silence could be.  
Our mouth speaks yet our silence is voiced,  
'cause we can decode even without dictions.

In silence, unspoken syllables are more at alert,  
readily prepared for the moment of reckoning.  
'Ilerioluwa' had made up his mind already but  
he decides to maintain decorum amidst it all.

The most noisy action is silence, 'cause its

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effect can be felt even without the auditory drums.

Silence speaks volume with high frequency and  
it can be measured with the decibels of the mind.

© Dah-me-law-lah

### **SILENCE IS GOLDEN**

I've always learnt it's gold,  
but this gold I saw isn't shining.  
My anxiousness becomes more and more,  
I need to know the outcome.

My gentle soul keeps reminding me:  
silence is golden.

But then this one isn't shining,  
the wait seems unending,  
and I've started forgetting about it.

But lo and behold,  
what I've always anticipated  
is right here in my front.

Nobody knows the time I've had to wait,  
but they can see the outcome of the wait.

Then I realized that I need not to force things  
because my silence also speaks volume.

© D-Antidote

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## **BREAK SILENCE WALL**

We can't continue like this,  
where are your heads?

Nothing will change if we keep mute,  
let's tear the borders, break the walls as one.

Cruel hands determine many destinies,  
through deceit and gluttony our pride keeps up.

Innocent blood whisks about;  
to it they turn blind eye.

In silence we all eat food of disdain,  
ant feeding, elephant struggling;  
with sweet tag of "endurance".  
Suffering and smiling colonize.

Silence and prayers not enough,  
break up silence wall, let it fall.

We're humans not animals,  
raise a voice not violence!

© Afolaluwa

## **BEING SILENT**

There's a voice silence speaks.  
Sometimes, it speaks goodwill  
and some other times, disaster.

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Not every actions demand reactions.  
So, at times when we speak, we aren't heard,  
but when we keep silent,  
it becomes a voice well heard.

Silence tells one's innocence,  
but also reveals one's guilt.  
Some reactions speak in silence.  
There's a responsibility in being silent.

© Awoke Uzoamaka P.

### ***WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES***

#### **THE VOLUME OF SILENCE**

Silence is as powerful as speaking, but most times, we take silence for a no or lack of what to say. Silence says more than words. Silence could mean a no, a yes, whatever, I don't care, I can't waste my time, you don't deserve an explanation etc.

They say words are powerful because they bring forth, but silence is more powerful because it breeds words and actions. For of this, I dread silence, I dread people who say less because a million and one thoughts and evaluation are going on in their head while they keep silent.

I wish talkers like me will learn the volume of silence and use it appropriately. It will save you a whole lot. It's better not to say anything and keep people wondering than say so much and prove them right or wrong.

© Kojo

#### **MY SILENCE**

I saw it coming right away, the deal day to be given my final year result. The whole of the house already finalized what it would be and I was so scared. 'Poor result again', I whispered to my very self.

I got to school looking at teachers face beaming with smiles. I couldn't resist it, my result was handed over to me and I bowed down in prostration immediately. Oh no! I made an outstanding tasty result. I walked elegantly with a broad smile.

The house had already gathered in conspiracy, with the aim of bursting my sense with different substances of abuse. I stayed afar and kept silent, but my silence spoke a trillion. The silent gave me more pride. I held my result firmly on my chest and humbly showed them all with gratitude. They were shocked, one of my siblings couldn't take it anymore, she exclaimed, "you did this, like for real?" The last I heard her say was "I doff".

© Waleeyah Olalekan

### **SILENCE SPEAKS TOO**

Her countenance speaks a lot about what she has encountered in her previous relationship. Her cup was full of trust when she got betrayed.

Now, her silent broken heart makes the loudest noise, that all men are the same. Her silent countenance speaks clearly that she wants a man but I am not clear, if the man she wants is the man that I am. I pray I want to be the man, that she may know all men are not the same.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **SPEAKING SILENCE**

In response to Ajah's grueling plight, in the colony of his much loads of thought, he reverted to share his challenges with his friends, his feeling restricted him. Is it ideal to share my plight? Will they not laugh me off? Will they take the matter serious or otherwise? He searched his stomach to find the appropriate answer as his search slipped into naught.

Ajah's travails dwindled his pleasing lips and held his throat from singing like a bunch of beautiful birds. He gracefully walked down the balcony and threw himself into silence in dialogue with his Chi. He asked several questions why his Chi didn't come through for him before reaching his sad river. In his silence, his friends came around and met him moody. The silence on his deemed eyes spoke, they interacted with him and eventually alleviated his sorrowful mountain.

© Israel Eze(Equity)

### **TONGUEY SILENCE**

Mutee sat mute and reminiscing. Within the past hour she had met an old friend, Shade, and they chatted, but the melancholic look she wore got her musing. Shade had dated an older guy when they were in school and they engaged in terrible sexual acts, some of which were quite overt.

She recollected being doggedly pressurized and would have gladly yielded but for the daimon of hedonism in her. Shade had hobnobbed with Wale and gotten pregnant. He made an honest woman of her and just that spelt the devil's hell for her.

Now, as Mutee sat in the airport's hallway, ten years later, awaiting the passengers call for her third flight to Canada, she knew she owed it all to the genius in her. And then she realised that Silence was the speaker it needed for her to hear its piercing re-echoes.

© Ademola Phocus

### **SILENCE HAS A VOICE**

"Help, help, my son is dying" cried that young mother as she managed to drag her child into the hospital ward. Sweating profusely and panting loudly like she had run a thousand miles to get to the hospital, she threw her child into the arms of the nurse. "He must not die" she exclaimed as she broke down in tears.

Like it was already Armageddon, everywhere was in great pandemonium as the nurses began to run helter skelter trying all they could to save the child.

Few minutes later, there came a man in his white lab coat and a stethoscope round his neck, he looked at the poor mother, having nothing to say, he shook his head and disappeared from the scene.

The deafening noise of his silence already announced the death of the child. That moment I knew, silence speaks too.

© Witty\_pen

### **SILENCE TO SANITY**

Love to watch the pigeon French kiss her younglings in pretence to her biological duties. How sublime it is to watch the dew drop its last drop from tender leaf, while the lizard laps on it, nodding its red head to the tree creak. To lie on the meadow and watch swans float upstream to wash themselves of the sins of their race.

Find you in silence to which every morn is a blessing to behold. Gracious is he that speaks less to listen more. Let thy silence drown the day's bustling, readying its bow to shoot off prattling tongues to which are draining to the mind's sanity. Let it be thy rosy garden from which muse springs forth, to break through gate of possibilities. To the king who is found mute at trifling talks, is found worthy of authority.

© Onuorah Fidelia

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 4 – *Love Heals*

**POEMS**

**THE WONDER OF LOVE**

I lost all I have to win,

I had no place of being.

My heart was so worried and poor,

I was down in my bed, with no hope of life in me.

Then, I felt a hand touch over my tempting skin,

it went down, but in fear couldn't discern who.

I heard him gently saying to my hearing,

"leave it, this burden is too heavy for you,

I'll help you".

I beheld his awe eyes of sunset at evening,

the wonder of His sunrise I saw.

The enthrall of sunset drew my gentle soul to Him.

The love that healed my dying soul,

lifted me, even when nothing else could help.

The love that forgave all my weaknesses,

that love also died for me.

© James Nkechi Joy

**LOVE HEALS**

Do you rot in pain?

Are you bleeding at heart?

On the verge of passing away?

WILDTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

Hold on still!

I sought a cure  
for the pained heart,  
the shredded soul,  
the shattered life  
and the depressed mind.

I tested HOPE but the light kept dim.

I tried FAITH but weak I remained.

Then, LOVE I met,  
and everything turned around.

Love Heals, I must confess.

My wound is cured.

My heart bleeds no more.

Love gave me all I ever needed,

Love is greater.

© Miranda\_writes

### SOOTHING LOVE

The red flag was lofted,  
estranging ineffable harmony,  
an unannounced vendetta.

I've been hurt, I'm now a villain.

What would succor this pained soul?

WRITERS' WORLD

Who will mollify me?  
Etiolated, a shrilling Steven posited,  
"Would you despise your first love?"

And like twilight's soothing breeze,  
love was my panacea,  
beaming rays of hope  
placating me to my core.

© Ademola Phocus

### **LOVE HEALS**

Stronger than  
any concoction brewed  
by an aging hand of a grey hair  
for a dying child - is Love.

Faster than  
any yellowish or whitish  
medicinal prescribed by  
a face in white garment  
for an exiting soul - is Love.

Love creates pain.

In love, pain exists.

Love heals its creature - pain.

Love combats pain  
and overcomes, if it's real and true.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo

WRITERS' WORLD

**FOR HEALING, GIVE ME LOVE**

Gladdened by healing,  
puffed by wholeness.

Fruits I could ever hope for, Love and life,  
fruits having same root.

This tree calls with a holy breeze,  
for in this my bow earns a straitened salute.

So, feed me with words princess.  
Let a salt pinch savour many.

From my wounds, do not refrain,  
for my bleeds, thickens its fibres.

heal me, not just with Gilead's balm,  
but with red matter, bursts of affection.

Speak sweet to my tentacles.  
For wholeness, give me life.

For healing, give me love  
for love heals too!

© Ifiok Johnson

W I T T E R S ' W O R L D  
WRITERS' WORLD

## LOVE HEALS

I remember the times we had together, tick-tock,  
our flows like streams of water, drip drop,  
and our journey in that bumpy ride, flip flop.  
I thought you'd stay but a moment, you smoked away.

Every seconds, I swim in the pool of your thought.  
Thoughts of, 'would this last forever?'.  
Well, they say love is filled with unlimited pages.  
If I took time to deposit, where are my wages?

Oh! Hello doctor love, here is an emergency.  
Bloods spills, bleeding within - no stains without.  
I heard you are a healer, why then do I need pills?  
If time would heal the pain, love should be the gain.

Now I know, without you how I feel.  
Burn up my fears, light up and put a seal.  
Hey love, I cross my heart and say no to medication,  
all I want to have is a shine of you in my meditation.

© Oladotun Babatunde

## MY PILL

One Sunday morning, walking down the aisle,  
MAB stood ahead of me, without guilt or bile.

Eyes brimming with tears,  
hearts beating without fears,

WRITERS' WORLD

I've got a price, says the pill.

Here comes a Monday with a ray of hope.  
The words spoken washed better than soap.

Broken and built, marred and still loved,  
I've got a price, says the pill.

The taste of the tonic lies in its taste.  
Soothing relief, healing balm -  
Come, drink till you are whole.  
I've got a price, says the pill; love heals.

© Favour Fasanya

### **A HEART IN THE HANDS OF LOVE**

A broken heart can't mend a breaking heart.  
It's a nightmare relying on time to fix a heart.

Love heals and takes the pain,  
time heals but leaves the scars and  
buries the pain in memories.

Tears are the words the heart wishes to say,  
Love is the rain that washes the pain away.

The hands of love are invisible,  
but the healing effect of love is visible.

Love comes with a flourish of  
divine healing entities and

WRITERS' WORLD

leaves the heart with fervent warmth and  
desire for more healing springs.

Cinderella's broken glass slippers  
was her broken heart splinters,  
but her mended slippers made her dance  
in Love's golden splinters.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix

### **LOVE HEALS**

His heart was broken.  
He provided all they would need  
in excess, no scarcity,  
but was repaid with an unruly deed.

Yet, love wouldn't allow him  
to leave them to their fate.  
He prevented them from living eternally  
'cause they will always choose bad to celebrate.

Love prompted him to provide  
a restorer after they faltered,  
to bring them back to his side  
seeing their future has already been altered!.

Though his heart was aching,  
the power of love did the healing.

WRITERS' WORLD

And so brought them back to him  
Inspite their disobedience, his most hated sin.

© CITRD

### **LOVE PILLS**

I felt a sweet sensation in my soul,  
It melted the lumps and made me whole.

I've never experienced such touch  
despite the fact that I used my couch.

Love is an antidote that heals.

It touches the invisible parts  
and penetrates wounded heart.

Love is the best therapy on earth.

When shoulders to lean on falls,  
Love stands and provides stairs  
that would propel one to move  
ahead of deadly and ugly mess.

Love revitalizes and Love heals...

© Dah-me-law-lah

### **GOD'S LOVE HEALS**

I thought it was all over,  
I thought bitterness and betrayals were all over.

I needn't go to the stream to fetch water,

I already got an ocean in my eyes

WRITERS' WORLD

where tears of frustration and troubles  
had stored for years.

I had given up, feeling nothing good  
would come out of this again.

But then I sought for an arm  
so I would become unharmed.

"Be in good conditions,  
I have surmounted the nations.

Regain your confidence  
and remain in peace."

These were his words for me.

His love healed my struggles.

© Awoke Uzoamaka Promise

### **LOVE HEALS**

Love is like a bee, it stings and makes honey,  
restructures a broken heart in a mysterious way.

Love is the cicatrice of one's life,  
like a mark on the rock, never easy to clean.

Love makes a way and also breaks away,  
known to be above a functioning constitution.

Love is an inevitable beautiful magical feeling  
without which sorrow will last for a lifetime.

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

If I don't stop living, why will I stop loving?

Love, the multipurpose drug of all time...

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **LOVE HEALS**

There he was, feeling disheartened.

Downcasted over the premature loss of his best friend,

he thought it over, searching for answers

to unfathomable questions.

As hot liquid trickled down his cheeks,

he unconsciously locked the door to his heart

without knowing, he threw the keys away.

But one day, he had an encounter with Love himself.

"wipe your tears. My grace is sufficient for you",

said he. There and then, a change occurred in him.

He pursued a relationship with Love.

And he's healing, joy abounds in his heart

on a daily basis.

Truly, love heals.

I can testify to that

because Love found him.

©Jesudamilola Elizabeth

WILDTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

## **LOVE HEALS**

A bank of hope that rescues  
deeply, above the frail cues.

The care that shows the path  
that lights up sweet fragrance of brightness.

The beauty that rebuffs the call of distress  
with careful care that renders the best help.

Through radical passion,  
with the soul voicing out in a mildly wild roar,  
and the pretty words of peace in a piece;  
music to the listener's health.

The spread of joy through the wide Cuesta  
far and wide in massive wealth.

It is in the feel,  
love does heal.

© Joy Olajide

## **IF LOVE TRULY HEALS**

If love truly heals,  
why does it take its time?

If love truly heals  
why does it not add some thyme?

Does healing mean aching?

If love truly heals,  
why does it also hurt?

WRITERS' WORLD

If it truly heals,  
maybe its effect is curt.

© Una Reina

### **LOVE HEALS?**

Love, they say, is a beautiful thing.  
Yet, for it, many have become an ugly being -  
an ugly being, filled with hatred for love,  
buried in the pit of pains they can't shove.

Some say it is a great mystery,  
like an hurricane missing a tree.

Some say it gives a long life,  
but not like a man beating his wife.

The same love that cures one,  
brings an ailment upon one.  
For it, some men in history have died.  
And to keep it, some people have lied.

Love, they say, truly heals,  
I'm on a search to get some pills.

If an overdose of it won't kill,  
I don't mind how much is the bill.

© Witty\_pen

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

## **WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES**

### **HEALED HEART**

"Pains win when you dwell on it" Nkechi muttered this soothingly to herself as she laid softly on her tired shoulders, her eyes tightly closed and her face buried in her thought as dark grey skies stretched and yearn to her blurry gaze. "You cannot look deeply at your problems, you must be strong and stare them down" she kept repeating this.

She's been selflessly throwing her generous gesture to erase her friends' woes in the running heat of their difficulty. Unfortunately, she's been back stabbed and injured with the excruciating pains as response to her deeds.

Chigozie stumbled on Nkechi in his push to get a contract in Nkechi's office, her usual largess captivated him and they fondly became friends, their friendship grew wings like sparrows in the village outskirts, she collected herself from the past wounds and cheerfully said to herself "true love and friendship heal".

© Israel Eze (Equity)

### **LOVE HEALS**

She was a young woman with terrible relationship history. She had lost faith and hope in love, she had lost self-worth, ready to settle for less when someone came along.

Someone who didn't judge her based on her past, someone who was ready to help her heal, someone who loved her despite her past, even she had given up on herself and couldn't forgive herself for some of her decisions, but he forgave and loved her regardless.

At first, the whole show of unconditional love was annoying and felt unreal like a trap, but over time she realized true love surpasses all and heals. She got her confidence and self-esteem back, she opened her heart again to love and set new goals to achieve, all because someone loved her right even when she could not love herself.

© Kojo

### **THE LORD I LOVE TO LAUD!**

Your love sparkles into my heart at a speedy race, I close my eyes so tight, I feel the depth of your Love all over my walls. You muse me with your love all the days. I fall for you through the night and my love for you is never quantified.

Although I sin, although I err, even though I doubt, I know your love for me is at the cliff of my love for you, please pardon me for that I am, and cease not to Kindle the lamp of your love that brightens the circular part of me.

I love you my Maker, the one who never leaves me alone! I love you my sweetheart! Your love for me is what I crave.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

DAY 5 – *When Nothing Goes According To Plan*  
**POEMS**

**WHEN NOTHING GOES AS PLANNED**

Road blocks, muddy grounds,  
sinking, struggling, yet drowns.

Plans of many years,  
efforts to get to the other side,  
disappeared...

Darkness, moon sleeps,  
sunlight gone, no bird chirps.  
Motion stagnant, none cares,  
night waits kept over plenitude plans,  
swept away by the tide....

But if like Peter, I had Jesus,  
I could have walked on waters,  
Or better still, had my two fishes  
multiplied with twelve basket remains,  
but on the strength of my arm I held.

So, nothing went as planned.

© Akachukwu Moses (Parish-Writes)

**HOLD ON TO YOUR DREAM**

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,  
when the road you are treading seems all up hill,  
when you want to smile but have to sigh,

WRITERS' WORLD

rest if you must but don't quit.

The good is nearer than it seems to a faltering man.

Often the struggler had given up

when he might have captured the victor's cup.

And he learns too late when he had stepped down

how close he was to the victor's crown.

Success, mostly, is failure inside out.

In every adversity lies an equivalent advantage.

In every defeat is a map showing your next win.

It may be near when it seems far,

so stick to the fight when you are hardest hit.

Afore mentioned are life's vicissitudes, face them.

Hold on to your dreams, for the desire achieved

is joyful to the heart.

© Afolabi Joshua Voja

### **COAST OF NO POSSIBILITY**

Robed in an apparel

of huge expectations.

I sit in a boat,

heading to the shore of possibilities.

With a gaze of hope,

I fixed my eyes to the sky

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

waiting for my shining sun  
while I sit in the moving boat.

Over the sea,  
I stretched out my hands  
waiting to feel the fulfilment  
in blowing air.

All hope was lost  
when my boat deviated from  
the path of something  
to the coast of nothing - failure.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo

### **WHEN PLANS GO WRONG**

When it all crumbles before me,  
I lose the faith I once fervently believed in.  
And when the walls gets bedazzled with  
spider gashes, I lose all hope for a better plan.

How does water know where to meet, yet  
it feels my life has no expectations to meet.

Why do I still get into an accident  
on this road called LIFE'S HIGHWAY  
though I'm a careful driver?

When all plans go awry,

WRITERS' WORLD

moving forward seems hard with heavy legs  
when there seems to be no way forward.

A stitch in time saves nine?

Then if there's always stitching  
there'll be no beautiful fabric with  
large patches of stitches.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix

### **THROUGH THE WAY**

After bottling it up for so long,  
he confronted me and was going to speak up.

"How you smile and look bright always,  
I want to know, how feeding us with warm hugs,  
as though you had nothing yourself to fix up.  
You do well helping to clear our own haze".

As was almost the norm, I smiled yet again.

The summary of all we said was this -  
even though things may not always go my way,  
I've decided I'll keep my head up through the way.

© Oluwatomwa

### **THE SWITCH**

When dark cloud gathers above;  
it is a hope of abundance rain.

When the cloud looks dumpy;  
it's a hope for down pour of water.

WRITERS' WORLD

All things well put in place to  
receive this out pour, efforts were  
made to never miss a droplet.

Of a sudden; there appeared a fairer weather,  
then there rose the sun in its glory,  
everywhere became stuffy;  
bringing all back to former submit.

What a wearying moment!  
but giving up is never an option;  
new strategies are to be adopted;  
keeping hope alive.

© Pope-Chris.

### **IT DIDN'T GO AS WE PLANNED**

They said "run", I said "no I will sit".  
What will happen now? I replied, "I'm thinking".  
They said "cry it out", I said no "I'm comforted".  
They said "don't give up", and I replied  
"there's a hope for the living".

When life gives ten reasons to give up,  
give it ten thousands reasons to never give up.

Being dependent is laziness,  
trusting a man for a good life is foolishness.

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The acquaintance that promised to actualize  
my dream has embarked on a journey of no return.

I had put all my trust in him  
and now he won't be returning.

My life has to go back to the beginning.

© Awoke Uzoamaka P.

### ***WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES***

#### **WHEN NOTHING GOES AS PLANNED**

Sometimes, days go unfulfilling, promises are not kept, friends desert us when we need them most, and things do not go as planned. That's life. But even in the midst of all these, you need not despair. You don't have to spend your days as if the whole world is your shoulders.

Others are going through worse situations and they're still smiling. So smile, adjust your crown like the king/queen that you are, look at that situation straight in the eye and conquer it. When nothing goes as planned, it's an opportunity for you to re-strategize and set a new record.

©Jesudamilola Elizabeth

#### **LIFE WRONG WINDS**

That moment when the wind of life blows differently in a wrong direction like an antelope on a chase to escape hunter's capturing, such is the atmosphere around Chike. He has been toying his class with assurance of success in his final examination.

Chike beamed brightly like a glowing moon radiating and chasing away the darkness in the night, the day he was made the senior prefect with success story on him.

Chike smiled into gloom at the empty stands of the names on the wall that never include his, he suddenly discovered he had failed his final examination, then he stood with his arms and hips perfectly aligned, his palm stiffed to his side like a brave soldier, "things don't always go as planned sometimes. I will try again! Nothing must break me" said Chike.

© Israel Eze(Equity)

#### **WHEN THINGS DON'T GO YOUR WAY**

WRITERS' WORLD

Be unperturbed when the hand of misfortune dips red into your soup, beshrewing all ill lucks to taint your day and your rosy plans become a thorny bush with no clear road to access. Quickly rise up against the dejected state and plan again and again, but this time with clear cut strategies.

Like a chandelier swinging to every direction the wind sways it, but never losing its balance, you must not lose focus. For this great setback is only weighing you on a scale of potentials to see if you weigh a minuscule of courage.

Be spirited like the lion that has learnt to shield his mind against negativity, finding means to get his wants.

© Onuorah Fidelia

### **WHEN NOTHING GOES AS PLANNED**

The gods of the land must have conspired against my success. They must have been rebelling against my success for so long. Why has destiny screwed me out of favour even when they come? These were exactly my lines of thoughts when I saw my name considered for a provisional admission after three attempts of the Joint Admission and Matriculation Board Examination. But the finance to kiss the awaited door of the university seemed to be a huge punch, like that of Anthony Joshua on me.

Leaving the job through which a stipend was sure for school for which there was no finance was like telling a blind man to compete with Usain Bolt. But I kept my hope alive and took the risk. With prayer and hardworking, the impossible became possible.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **UNPLANNED SOLACE**

"Aaahhh! I'm innocent! No, I'm innocent!! 'Just a job seeker!' Help!" were the clamours of Akachi when he was apprehended around the huzzling-buzzling market of God's time where the scorching sun swayed with its 'no-smiling' face.

Akachi, an educated and a well-known man in penury having a forelock with a daggered-shaped pointed nose like the sword of lady justice had planned earlier in the day to continue his everyday task looking for a job that would make ends meet and visit his two sons in a motherless home with a smile of positivity, but ran into a police raid.

Late in the day, he was released after proven innocent of the allegation. Akachi, on his way home, had built despair in the deepest part of his heart.

"I'm hopeless! Life is a misery!" said Akachi, consequently ran into a truck coming with full speed and died instantly.

© Clinton Atanda

**20.02.2020**

This is a typical day of when one thing does not go according to plan, and that is this writing. As I love to write, I always think that the words would always flow smoothly, just at my beck and call. Howbeit, I have realised in these past few days that even the talented has to be trained. Yes!

This may not read like the fiction you want, it's one of the writings that do not go according to plan. Let's hear you out on of such times as this. #Smiles.

© Favour Fasanya

### **GOD IS THE BEST OF DISPOSERS**

Indeed, we have dreams and plenty aspirations. How do we feel when things fall apart, when the wall cracks? We usually feel despair and regret our lives. Factually, life has never been like this... We shouldn't forget the fact that the Lord knows more than we do. We should arise and shine and take a step.

We shouldn't be freaked with what destabilizes our wishes. It may not be precisely perfect as we want, but the Lord's desires are the best right result. So, never give up on exploration and cease not to pray for nice hearing outcomes. We should just uphold the fact that we aren't being neglected when nothing goes according to plan.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

### **WHEN NOTHING GOES AS INTENDED**

By age twenty-three, I should be out of university, get good and paying job to maintain my body, acquire for myself a house to live in. At age twenty five, I would have built a family, starting life was quick as I can fix.

So the race started when admission was delayed, wrote and wrote but all to no avail, disappointed and disgusted 'cause my plan has been overlaid, inspite calling on God night and day. And I began to wonder if he deserved any praise!

But when I look back at every year I thought I wasted, I see one or two things I have learnt, the knowledge and skills in me invested, keeping my mouth shut at every moment. So, I realized when nothing goes as intended, there's a God that oversees the activities of men.

© CITRD

WRITERS' WORLD

## WHEN NOTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN

Man, inadvertently, is a being that doggedly strives to be better, to saunter head-high among equals. It's only bemusing that these hedonic desires are insatiable. We devote all into them like a hair's breadth mistake would spell doom. At points, we would swot up on books till our body system becomes attrited. When some of these plans fall through, flummoxed, it's human proclivity to recede.

But what about all the exertion we've infused. What if we'd been utilising the wrong mechanism, what if they're our plans, no God's. What if it's the prefect interregnum to reflect? What if we'd been unwitting by not cleaving to the ethos of excellence?

One thing is doubtless, all would eventually work out well when we're certain of what we're unto. Recall that for many Titans it was not easy. Why do you suppose yours would? Don't give in, don't give up, your apogee is unfathomable.

© Ademola Phocus

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 6 – *No Excuse for Mediocrity*

**POEMS**

**NO TO MEDIOCRITY**

Who am I not to be great?

But you keep creeping in,

giving me excuses

to deter my stand.

You remind me of

my flaws always,

but I take it as a need to strive.

You tell me I can afford to be average

'cause I am a girl but I say no.

When life hits hard

and you're the only option I have,

I'd still say no.

You've crept in using every way,

but I'm saying no to you, Mediocrity!

Not in life and not even in love.

© Fadugba Grace

WRITERS' WORLD

### **BUILDING A GREAT CITY**

Two and half over five is a good score,  
four over five is a better score,  
five over five is always the best score.

I remember those days I did settle for less,  
thinking making it good is equal to  
making it best.

Bye to those days I was happy being a middleman,  
gone are those days when I felt the best  
are for a class of people.

Now, my state has changed; I'm 10/10.  
I'm a product of a renewed mind;  
the top is meant for us all.  
I'm building a great city,  
I say no to mediocrity.

© Pope-Chris

### **AT LEAST TWO**

She is a young lady,  
at the age of twelve she lost her daddy,  
by thirteen, Mother couldn't bear it;  
fright of her husband gone eternally.  
HBP caused the cessation of her living.

WRITERS' WORLD

Young Amoke all alone in this world,  
the only child of her parents, left to bear it all.  
Moved to her aunt's to start life afresh,  
but life was terrible as you've guessed.

But from birth she had been informed,  
in whatever situation she finds herself,  
she will always have two options to choose from.  
Most times, it will feel no "second" left.

We are all product of choices we've made  
So none has an excuse to be average.

© CITRD

### **WE'VE GOT TO BE NIMBLE**

Mediocre,  
being extraordinary,  
I search for a way to become exceptional.  
I see being different from the normal  
things others do,  
I see being active - up and doing  
being special in all rounds.

Mediocre,  
being extremely nimble,  
no indolent moments,  
no procrastination,

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

attending to everything when necessary.

Mediocre,  
being transitive,  
knowing there are generals  
who await your manifestations,  
being 'deedful' won't be an option.  
We, no matter who we are, have no  
excuse for mediocrity.

© Awoke Uzoamaka Promise

### **WHY GIVE EXCUSES FOR MEDIOCRITY?**

What joy is there in excuses?  
Mediocrity can't take us an inch in life.  
Pinches of excuses excuse  
us from greatness.

Life has a lot to offer only  
if you have enough effort to proffer.  
More excuses given gives procrastination  
a bigger share of our pie.

We should know excuses are  
not enough excuses to excuse  
our mediocrity.

Greatness makes us live in life,

WRITERS' WORLD

mediocrity makes us exist in life.

Excuses are just incoherent mumbles  
to wretched cries of failure.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix

### **STRIVE FOR PERFECTION**

Increase in expertise to downplay mediocre.  
Any road that does not lead to diligence is moribund.  
Any that glorifies idleness is suicidal.

As an individual of higher being,  
man must strive for higher perfection  
with no excuses to why he has tried his best.

There is no best but GOOD in the language  
of one who has learnt to stand against all odds,  
cracking the shell of all opportunities with his teeth.

If success lives there, he gets rewarded.  
If failure is what he gets, he picks up another shell.

© Onuorah Fidelia

### **WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES**

#### **GOOD, BETTER, BEST**

It was on a Monday morning, the first day of our third term examinations. After the principal had finished addressing the pupils, they were asked to sing and march to their classrooms. In the spirit of striving to be the best that the principal just spoke of, the children sang "Good, better, best. I shall never rest until my good is better, until my better is best".

Just as you would have guessed, I also sang along and tossed my head left and right because it reminded me of my primary school days. As I sang on, it came to my consciousness that just like these children; I had also sung it passionately without understanding. Fast forward to present, I realised how mediocre I've been, feeling comfortable in my position of 'good' not minding the 'better' and 'best'.

That day, I purposed in my heart to never rest until I move from good to best. I chose to do my best and never leave the rest. No to mediocrity!

© Witty\_pen

### **ACCEPT YOURSELF**

Looking from the aspect of life terms and conditions "Mediocrity" owns average of a man's life. Everybody is hold responsible for being two-sided... No pardon for moderation between two germs, you forgive yourself for being cheated by nature.

No excuse for mediocrity, so be accepted by yourself first and be positive towards life and affect behaviours.

© Micheal Laurex

### **BEYOND MEDIOCRITY**

In the midst of waterfalls from the rocky brook, Amaechi redressed to adjust the flowing water in his wet eyes. He looked through the blue sky to fathom the indebt meaning of life as he's been injured severally and suffered from many failures. Like a swimming shark he exhorted himself to swim amidst his mentor's advice. Amaechi has suffered several failed attempts before finding his way through to the university.

At the summit of his joyous mountain, his face clustered into many messages; getting his referred course MBBS has suffered him with depression for many years. As he rose from his past he strongly asked himself, "will you live beyond mediocrity? Will your light shine at tip of the class? Will you make me proud? Will your academic feat place you among heroes?" Amaechi stopped asking much and dived into actions.

©Israel Eze(Equity)

### **YOU THINK YOU AREN'T GREAT!**

When engulfed with hopelessness, in a city of mediocrity you feel. You never can all what your powers would skill up to until you trace a movement. Meanwhile, you have to show the work the multiplication of your power, they need to know plenty additions of your worth.

WRITERS' WORLD

But you should never try a subtraction! I mean a subtraction of hope, prayers, creativity and non-maladministration. Get the world convinced that you are a peak. Get it to their ears that you are a vigour and not slim.

For, if you lie down on mediocrity, you would crash mercilessly. So, thumbs up, take a knuckle! Get warm handshakes and hug hardworking because the world has deafening ears to excuses for mediocrity!

© Waleeyah Olalekan

### **NO EXCUSE FOR MEDIOCRITY**

The last time I checked, mediocrity is not in my book of life, but I still have a memory that this world is full of maniac and peevish people. When you call yourself a broom, definitely they will use you to sweep. Whose fault?

The way you dress, the way you are addressed, is it law of Karma? Nothing good never comes out of inferiority. When you're too mediocre, you hand over yourself to the oppressor.

What would be your excuse for being mediocre? Is it background, race, colour, gender, cadre or your level of education? None actually is worth it my dear, your inner strength plays a vital role on how far you go in life! Always remember, the potentials in you surpass many credentials.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **NO EXCUSE FOR MEDIOCRITY**

I once thought life could be lived with no references to one's personalities and worthiness, but I was wrong and blind by my actions of 'sitting on the fence' in every pace of life.

It is easy to be an unfortunate fellow a day but, on the other side, it requires a lot of herculean tasks before one reaches a high place of fortune in life.

My father once told me "Clinton, life doesn't appreciate mediocre, in fact, it is fortunate to be a man of no name in life than to choose to live between the daggers of high and low classes with no positive impact". Hmmn... My thoughts were lost in the past, I couldn't think to be a man of rightful dignity, but this eleventh hour can still take me to that high class.

No excuse for being a mediocre. Know what you are worthy of in life.

© Clinton Atanda

### **THE ANT SPEAKS TO ME**

Your time to do what needs to be done is ticking and running out. Now is the right time to do it, make good use of your time. Don't say tomorrow or sooner it they won't come. And when the time finally comes, you may no longer be able to do anything because it will already be night.

My dear life is short. It is like the length of the day. A great deal of business is to be done and life is hastening on, and will soon put a period to all work. Number your days and apply your heart to wisdom, utilize your time wisely, you can't afford to be idle, wandering through life aimlessly or fritter away your time on trifle and frivolities.

Opportunities to do something worthwhile with your life abound all around you, seek such opportunities and make the most out of them. I have no reason to be a mediocre, since I have the strength to do all I wish to do. So, I buckle up my shoes.

© James Nkechi Joy

### **YOU SUPPOSE SO...IT IS**

There is no truer axiom than the biblical aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is". You don't think it, you can't be it.

In the constellation of your compadres you are not subservient, you are only middling because your quietism has capped you. And when you realise a price must be paid, only then have you kick started your voyage to being a phenomenon, inadvertently greatness would be consequential.

Now your cat has been belled, there is no pretext for mediocrity. What is more? Be conceptual, come alive, stay alive.

© Ademola Phocus

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Day 7 – *Pride, a Wall to Push Down*

**POEMS**

**PRIDE, A STUMBLING WALL**

In the flurry move of the black cloud,

Pride puffs off its roaring flames,

penetrating like fallen stones in an ocean,

enticing a success fellow to flaunt

with its seeds drawing destruction,

and pulling down the hero on hilltop.

In the full public glare,

it wears its clothes with shinning sun,

calling on every higher house,

seducing the people in the great house

to come to its stumbling wall, where setback dwells.

The designed wall of disguise,

slides through the gentle olive tree,

Crushing its beautiful green leaves,

bringing it to shame,

to attract the pathetic sighs.

© Israel Eze Chigozie (Equity)

**HOW WELL CAN YOU?**

Speaking out the haughtiness of heart,

treating the rest as nothing up to you.

Only you can, others will do nonsense, right?

This euphoria drives fast to grave,

WRITERS' WORLD

even faster than Corona does.

Detesting the proud, uplifting the humble,  
thinking it not robbery to be equal with God,  
Jesus Christ, humility personified!

Hey you His child, want them to see and hail, right?

Know, their hailing are your reward.  
None other for you, oh! How I pity you.  
You've got no due time for lifting up.  
You lift yourself already, abasing others.

But I wonder, how well you can lift you  
if God has not lifted you?

© Debbily

### **PRIDE, AN OBSTACLE**

Pride, a ride to death,  
actions that drag one to ruins on Earth.  
Pride doesn't hold our world up,  
rather it makes one a scourge to be purged.

Be proud but don't be arrogant.  
Have self-esteem don't be prideful.  
The biggest obstacles in our paths  
aren't life's thorny roads, but  
our response to what we face.

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Pride gives no help when help is needed  
in the journey we all are on.

Pride builds walls, walls to be demolished.  
Far away from us, it pushes those who care  
and leaves us out in the cold.

© Sempiternal Melody Phoenix

**HE HAS EVERYTHING, BUT...**

He spreads his wealth all around,  
he spreads notably to the needy.

The poor too aren't neglected,  
his hand speaks for him.

His benevolence speaks on his behalf.

But why?

The humanity whispers aloud!

How could a giving soul praise himself?

He speaks his charity here and there...

But they never said it to his hearing.

He is blinded with pride,

he wears the cap of pride,  
the ring of pride and foot of pride.

Pride leads before going astray,  
he is white in nature, but stained with pride.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

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### **EJECT PRIDE**

There was an attitude  
which described me,  
but didn't pave way for me.  
It rather rendered me untrustworthy.

My friendship and relationship  
became like a desert.  
Everyone saw me as a guile,  
every truth and lie I told were in  
opposition to themselves.

Pride they say goes before a fall  
and there it lived in me like an undefeated wall.

I never knew I was so proud to a fault  
until I became a naught  
that everyone disassociated with and rejected.

Pride is indeed a wall to eject.

© Awoke Uzoamaka

### **PRIDE**

Illusions of affluence,  
a euphoric phantasm,  
the paved boulevard  
to a ponderous ignominy.

Like an Emmet,

WITTY  
WRITERS' WORLD

it clings, and stings.  
Only its stings are lethal  
portending doom.

Will you not shatter this cantrip  
before in a glint,  
it shatters you?

© Ademola Phocus

### **PUSH IT DOWN**

Pride, they say, goes before destruction,  
and makes an ant out of a great giant.  
If you ever doubt it, ask uncle Goliath.

Pride, they say, leads to one's downfall,  
and can easily incur the wrath of God.  
If you ever doubt it, ask King Herod.

Pride, I've read, can dethrone kings,  
sending them into the forest, the most bizarre.  
If you doubt, read about King Nebuchadnezzar.

Pride, a being, clothed with a cloak of haughtiness,  
a big iron gate shutting everyone else out.  
If not pushed down, it pulls one out  
and puts one in the place of nothingness.

© Witty\_pen

## **WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES**

### **BEYOND MY KNOWLEDGE**

It was a day I can't forget in my life when the breeze blew up my rump and my Waterloo was seen after being pompous in all the acquisitions in my school, Excellent Model College. Earlier before that day, Sholape, a very intelligent classmate of mine had implored me to get rid of my selfish attitude all in the name of pride but I shunned her off with my stinking hands depicting arrogance.

We were on the assembly ground that day doing curriculum activities when I was pointed to explain the etymology of the topic in discussion. My head was tense and my blood began to ripple and suddenly turned torrent. Though I had boasted to my friends even my teachers that I could answer any question asked because I was an epitome of knowledge then.

I was embarrassed by my classmates for being unable to answer the question, and Shola, to conclude the embarrassment, said "debunk that arrogance, you fool!". I felt sorry for myself and realised that Pride is a wall to push down.

© Clinton Atanda

### **PRIDE, A WALL TO PUSH DOWN**

Pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before stumbling. A fast track to self-destruction is pride, inordinate self-esteem deprives opportunity...

When you're too disdainful, my dear, PRIDE is the lecturer in a class you electively attended. Humans don't respond well to being put down, and pride gives others that feeling with its "better than you" implications. Humility has the opposite effect.

If you have a lot of pride, you might even refuse to communicate, which is the worst relationship blunder a person can make. This is to everyone who has allowed the voices of pride drown their voices of reasoning...

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

### **PRIDE, A WALL TO PUSH DOWN**

To be frank, if you are not graced and strong enough, you won't be able to conquer or Pull the Wall of pride down, most especially when you have all things to your disposal.

Pride is the quality or state of being proud, inordinate self-esteem. This devilish attitude prompts up mostly when you're wealthy, intelligent and beautiful. Pride often leads to bad attitude which will end up blocking your way to your altitude.

You want to reach your altitude; your altitude is not dependent on your religious belief, social life, academic, not even your family background, but your attitude. Good attitude is gain. Dare to live right. The only way to conquer pride is to be humble. Pride has destroyed many. Join the winning team of the humble.

© James Nkechi Joy

### **PRIDE, A ROUTE TO RUIN**

I have heard the preacher man say ego is the route to downfall, but I say it's death itself, for in ego shall you destabilize solid foundations, creating a rift between truer friends, opening up a sore for the enemies to see to your ruin.

When one is ruined with pride, one becomes indisposed to knowledge, freezing his heart from emotions and love. Like worthless chaff that only fouls a city. One's excess confidence becomes contagious to the society's growth. For one tends to question everything. Changes seem like an affront to one's prestige, flies are irritating to one, humans seem invisible, one only sees of one's wants, like a tortoise shelled to his own greed, viciously seeking to accumulate all.

© Onuorah Fidelia

### **PRIDE**

Inordinate self-esteem, unreasonable conceit of lofty self-respect, discharge it, let go of it. It's a dangerous disease, rehab your soul, push down the wall of pride.

© Oluwayimikaakiri

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## ABOUT WITTY WRITERS' WORLD

**Witty Writers' World** is an NGO (officially registered with the Corporate Affairs Commission) borne out of the desire to encourage everyone who has embraced or wishes to embrace the art and act of making him/herself heard through any creative means.

**Witty Writers' World** is more of impact oriented. At Witty Writers' World, we help train writers and aspiring writers to maximize the power of their pen. For those who already write well, we create a 'push avenue' to make them write more meaningfully. Creativity is key and bringing out the originality in an individual is our core value.

We write to make impact in people's life. We write to correct, inform, educate, motivate and inspire others. And there is room for everyone who wants to be read by a larger community of readers. We achieve this by making use of every social media platforms available to share the works of individuals so many can read and be blessed.

Welcome to **Witty Writers' World** where everyone has a unique voice and style, where originality and creativity are highly appreciated. We are interested in encouraging all creative writers across the globe to make themselves get read by a large community of readers all over the planet through all the available social media platforms we operate. You never can tell who your works are inspiring. The joy of writing is having people who can read and appreciate them. For this reason, Witty Writers' World wishes to give a louder voice to the pen of every writer who desires and is passionate about imparting the world of young people (youths and teenagers) through articles, short and educative stories, poetries of any form, original quotes and inspirational/motivational write-ups.

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