

January 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

Cover design by Olabayo Joshua Awodirepo

Compiled and edited by Editorial team, Witty
Writers' World

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WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

7 DAYS WRITING CHALLENGE

DAY 1 – *Letter to My Childhood*

POEMS

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The street racing, bottle filling
and tire rolling were what I loved to do.

The time where you bothered less about life,
it is a time when your decisions were made by your parents.

Can someone please take me back to time?

where I would be treated as an infant.

Can you please bring back the memories;

the memories of childhood?

I wish I could sit back and watch things done.

I wish I could have to suckle again.

All my wishes are just to be cared for.

But all I have to do is just to cherish
the good old days which linger in my heart.

© Ebunife

LETTER TO MY CHILDHOOD

Little Sam how are you?

Don't tell you're fine 'cause I know you're not.

The fights, the stress and the struggles

WRITERS' WORLD

I understand you may want to give up, please don't.
The issues you're facing now surely won't continue.

Take a very good look at big Sam,
see how well he's doing, please stay calm.

You're growing to be better
'cause he has written the exam
and as you guessed he will send you letter!.

You will meet friends;
the rich and the poor ones.
Don't get intimidated by their trends
far away from that sin, please run.
'Cause if you meddle, I have seen the end!

Little Sam, remember God.
Stay close to him and his word
'cause you will need him later in future.
Trust me, I can vouch for the reward.
As you grow, never forget God!

© CITRD

LETTER TO MY CHILDHOOD

Little girly Tess, a nostalgia hit me.

I send my heartfelt love to you,

WILTY
WRITERS' WORLD

but I wish you were more confident to explore,
wiser to see, more foolish to enjoy,
calmer to understand, more rugged to flop,
more content to appreciate,
for our growing came too early.

Little girly Tess; this part of me:
wish to eternally suckle and lay safe in the nest.
I miss freedom, the days of 'bugos' clothes,
the shaking of butts on not so clean a pant.
Ah! the 'laka laka', 'chink chinko', 'salu bata'
and the 'ekanna asa', 'baba dudu' delicacy
I miss them so!

The irresponsibility you gifted surpasses none.
Just like the water in the mirage,
we were fooled about the 'when I grow up' talk.
Listen to this secret Little Tess, Adulthood 'na scam'.
Still, thanks for the memories, never stop visiting!

© Ogar Theresa

WISHES, HORSES AND BEGGARS

To rouse each morn, not by the shrill voice of the day
nor to the juicy cross of duty per se,
but to be roused by the blandness of sweet sleep

WRITERS' WORLD

and to the comfy tenderness of mama's hip;
to have these 'gain I pray, to be young 'gain I wish.

To cry, to smile and care not e'en where I lay,
to own the world yet not a shilling to pay,
owning all and all with just a little weep
and to be served my meals whilst in dream I'm deep;
to live these 'gain I pray, to be young 'gain I wish.

To give love to they who have hate brought my way,
to care little of they who for my fall will pray,
thinking of the shallow as I think the deep
and crawling and falling, ne'er caring if I trip;
to feel these 'gain I pray, to be young 'gain I wish.

To live and know not that soon I will be grey.
To live and fear not for my breath that'll go away,
caring not for the lass whose soul perhaps I'll grip
and the tears I will shed whilst her page I flip;
to taste these 'gain I pray, to be young 'gain I wish.

© AwesomeChris.

LITTLE ME

You were a bold child,
I admire your giant stride.

WRITERS' WORLD

I will not necessarily change anything,
but that you knew one thing;
it's good to be fearless,
daring and adventurous.

But wisdom is profitable to direct

I know your folks were rigid,
but they meant good.
You wanted freedom
to see, feel and taste
freedom your little mind could not fathom.

But I am grateful
for the woman you have become.

Young and thoughtful
because you made useful
lessons from every experience
and yielded to God's guidance.

© Kojo

TO MY CHILDHOOD

Dear little me,
long time no see.
Oh well, we actually see every other day
'cos you've always lived in my memories.

WILLETTY
WRITERS' WORLD

How I long to bring alive your days again;
to see the world through those glittering eyes,
being to play unhindered by prestige,
live freely, with no prejudice,
laugh loudly, unbothered with no care
and sleep soundly, not burdened by worries.

Never have I been so close to nature.
Etiquette and courtesy? Who cares, right?
I guess my memories will always be your prison,
with no hope of bail and freedom to live again.

But if this be any consolation,
you are an inseparable part of me.
You are me and I you, So live on through me.

Lots of love.

Yours truly,

Future you.

©Vikthor N.

TO LITTLE JOSH

Dear little Josh,

I miss the time spent with you,
playing around in the heavy rain,

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

getting hot tea in return was the aim.

You remind me of the days I had less worries,
moments I didn't care to know how food was made.

Moments we had eating and sleeping as hobbies,
cut through my current stressful days like a blade.

Little Josh,

tell me, do you still wish to be an adult?

Do you still desire the freedom you wanted?

Do you still feel like all the monitoring should halt?

I can guess you'd want to say NO instead.

Little Josh,

You can't be a child forever.

Get set for this growth coming

and don't let it catch you like fever.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

THE DAYS OF OLD

The memory spent in the lifetime of being a child gives a pleasure that can last even afterlife. Knowing the path that leads to eternal peace as a child is one of the greatest adventures of its age. I have heard of it, lived in it and surely will live forever.

© Adebisi Adewale O.

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WRITERS' WORLD

LETTER TO LITTLE ME

Hello Me,

I see you are really having a nice time. I just wanted to check on you. I took a journey down memory lane and realized how interesting you have been. You easily got almost all you wanted, had things running according to plan, and so you thought that was the normal design of life. How are you faring now? Perhaps if you had known better, perhaps if you spent those times and resources wiser... Well, the sun is still up, you know, so do the needful.

In other news, help me tell your friends and the other children that they won't be like that forever.

Yours wiser,

Adult You.

© Oluwatomiwa

LETTER TO MY CHILDHOOD

In my mind's eyes, I can still picture the vivid memory of my childhood beneath the shades of lemon grasses covered with beaded leaves of cashew tress above the veranda of the house with natural listless of greenish leaves dangling cheerfully to attest to typical village abode.

Amidst the blindingly blue sky I recall the mysteries of hide and seek game with my elder brother and the host of friends coming on the scene and building hideout amidst the fallen trees.

As vivid as the moment seems, memories fade but not to recollection edge of mother's voice and her sonorous voice of the said greatness of her son prophecy kept me going diligently in school with average performance in all subjects and exceptional in mathematics, letter to my childhood days unfold worthily in reflection to mummy's presence.

© Israel Eze (Equity)

DEAR CHILDHOOD,

You went by so quickly just as salt dissolves in water. Life happened and without my consent, I was initiated into Adulthood. I remember those years of sleeping early and waking late. Those days of running around with joyous abandon, not worrying about tomorrow. You were filled with so much innocence and serenity. But now, my eyes have seen and my ears have heard. The mad race of the world daily disturbs my peace. I reference you often, for a variety of reasons. So

I thank you for all the things you provided, taught, and fostered in me. Thank you for being an incredible and unforgettable time in my life and for continuing to walk with me every day. The person I am today was created largely in part of you. I truly cherish you and all you taught and bestowed me. You may be gone, but your memory remains.

Sincerely,

The girl who grew up

© Jesudamilola

LETTER TO MY CHILDHOOD

Years ago, like a blood thirsty bullet running out of its abode to rip apart its target, I ran out of you, my childhood. I dragged my teen legs out of your tender tent to embrace the world of maturity. You searched in vain for what to draw me back when I marched out of your territory like guerillas marching to war. Little did I know that I was departing a greener pasture. Childhood, are you not watching with your eyes the struggle outside you? My letter is being inked to you in anxiety and pain. Oh! I forgot you do not know anxiety, not to mention pain. Can I run back into your arms? Can I bring my head back to your roof? Please find in your ravishing chamber a new garment for me to put on. I can no longer breathe my breath under this worrisome apparel called "Adulthood".

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 2 – *Consistency, Mother of Better Results*

POEMS

KEEP IT UP

A persistent hit on the rod, a little much more,
without relenting, so does the blacksmith
till the desired shape, out of the rod, comes forth.

To get the goal, consistency is the core.

A step at a time, bricks after bricks,
little today, more tomorrow, without halting,
so is a mansion built; from nothing to something.
To surf the success web, consistency has the clicks.

No one is born with professional touch,
but everyone is blessed with all it takes.
We fail at doing it when we fear mistakes.
To hit the target, consistency is the coach.

You wish to be good at it?

Don't stop doing it.

Day by day, keep growing
and see your medals glowing.

© Witty_pen

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

CONSISTENCY, MOTHER OF BETTER RESULTS

Both JR and BR live down the road.

JR was unattractive but had many friends,

BR was very attractive but with few friends.

So I chose to find out the reason for the shoad.

After visiting each of them,

I learnt a major life lesson from my visit-

Complacency gave birth to Just Results (JR),

While Consistency bore Better Results (BR).

© Oluwatomiwa

CONSISTENCY

Mr A, a poet who loves to try all possible means,

Mr B, another poet who just settles for the less,

consistency makes a difference in individuals.

It brings out the best in you.

Why not try all possible means to get there?

Why not keep trying until you are perfect?

Consistency, the mother of better result,

who knows when you will get it right?

Mr A is the best among poets,

Mr B is just a casual poet.

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Consistency is the big difference,
don't get tired of trying.

Don't get scared of failing,
keep trying to get a better result.

© Eburnife

CONSISTENCY

It was as if it won't turn gold,
burning myself in fire shower.

The change didn't come up abruptly,
it came through heat of time.

Like three Hebrews in fire pool;
impediment alone burnt off.

Change caught me unawares;
after eating consistency.

I became the wonder hoped for,
because I never stopped trying.

Though moths eat up passion:
ideas becoming old as garment.

Yet consistency lifted up my arms to soar,
far above mediocrity and failure.

WRITERS' WORLD

I became a celebrated commodity;
after dancing to Refiner's tune.

Consistency births habits;
habits form actions,
actions lead to success.

© Afolaluwa

CONSISTENCY, MOTHER OF BETTER RESULT

Hey everybody!

I am a writer
and I want to write 'bout consistency.

But the words seem far
from my pen to write steadily.

Well, I will give another try
probably at this I will get it better.

This appears harder
than I thought, result not better,
I guess am not meant to be a writer.

Consistency, mother of better results,
it would mean fighting amidst the insults,
not giving up on my practice
especially when it all appears difficult.

WRITERS' WORLD

I guess if I kill the mother
there will be no daughter.
So if I kill my consistency
there will be no better finish.

Consistency, mother of better proceeds!

© CITRD

CONSISTENCY, MOTHER OF BETTER RESULTS

How can I possibly get it?
Should I consider it nought?
Maybe it is not for me.
That was the debate going on in my mind.

Alas, a thought came to my mind;
nothing comes easy you know,
you just have to keep pushing.
You need not lose hope.

Many have tried to get to the top,
many start the race,
but few get to the finish line.

The truth, the race is not for the swift.

The battle is not for the strong,
there must be something which works.

WILTY
WRITERS' WORLD

I know there should be a key to success.

This key opens the door for results.

Just as Jesus is the way to the Father,
so also is consistency to better results.

With consistency, results will be commanded.

Though, it tarries, it is the best.

© Abayomi Joshua

CONSISTENCY

You're Chaste for the Winning.

Keep crumbling the debris into nothing,
keep burning the gold into pricelessness,
the more the fire, the more the karat.

See how deep the digger goes for a well of worth,
how hot the sharpened blade that slices the most is,
how much pain a woman wreathes in for her baby's birth

Don't think of taking a break, it breaks you more.

Don't think of halting the trip,
it is cowardice and you are bravery.

Don't think of doubt, you're the deft expert!

Continuous drops build up like the groundnut pyramid,

WRITERS' WORLD

it can vanquish that 'great depression'
and bring those dreams and wishes to be.

Push harder for the goal, the vision is key.

Push harder against the wind chase,
the creator's design is key.

Push harder against the demons on your neck,
you're chaste for the winning!

© Theresa Ogar

CONSISTENCY, MOTHER OF BETTER RESULTS

Holding eternity in the shred of dreams;
blossoming in the dusky memory,
like a kite tossed to the sun
in the metric spaces,
soaring into purple skies of goals.

The journey through the aim forest;
in the colourless path,
with mossy protuberant mother in labour;
sprawling for delivering better results,
birthing through consistency.

As the impossible wall belch;
with bouts of tiring failures,

WRITERS' WORLD

like dark sword in shining scabbards.
Unfolding chapters of facts it is unachievable,
the brain rings persistency to the heart.

To inhabit victory periods;
from the forgotten miles of splendour,
in horseback cavalry races.
It must be presses through convex shoulders
of carrying on devoid of yielding.

© Israel Eze (Equity)

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

CONSISTENCY, ALL MAMA GAVE ME

Like a whirling African wind, my legs ran fast to stand with a tree bore out of Mama's consistency long time ago, to exchange bitter words with the dead one more time. As the sun, from the corner of the sky cuts through the passage of the fluttering leaves to reveal my hidden tearful eyes to Mama's cold face at the corridor of the huge stem. "Son, do it again!" Mama's voice echoed deep down my ears. "Mama! Again? Why Mama?" My voice cried out faintly in response to her lips' regular tone. I knew that was all she would say to me. It was my thirteenth appearance to her and she has never looked at her son twice. The leaves refused to stand apart to see my Mama's tears of Joy on my fifteenth visit, I needed to see her eyes sobbing of victory as a dead. I wanted to tell her she has always been right with her word that 'Consistency is the key'. "O ye leaves! Tell Mama, her son has crossed the bridge of failure gallantly" I echoed into the ears of the tree as I journeyed back home with excitement.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo

CONSISTENCY, MOTHER OF BETTER RESULTS

Consistency they say is key, it is the mother of better result but it was not a reality till life experience showed me what that statement really meant. Being a "lucky child" that everything happened just in time for, i struggled to come to terms with it.

As a young graduate serving with a prestigious online news platform I learnt the hard way. Writing daily, stressing daily but little result was seen or acknowledged. Several times I thought of quitting, "after all writing was never what I wanted to do, I am more of a talker anyway" I said to myself but little did I know even what you are best at, without consistency you will fail.

As simple and as great as the statement "consistency is the mother of better result" sounds, it is a difficult task. A task that, if you pause, you will need double the effort to get back on track. Though being consistent is not an easy task, it's worth taking up as a responsibility.

© Kojo



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DAY 3 - *If I Could Become Invisible*

POEMS

A CRAVING FOR INVISIBILITY

Maybe I could disappear

from having to live, but not die.

I will be invisible to pain and bad emotions,
and I will be free from the thirst for satisfaction
that life has bestowed on me.

Free from confrontations and conflicts,

free from the feeling to be right,

free from the urge to be seen as right, as good,

free from the scramble for survival.

Still, I wish I will be an invisible source of joy
to an heart who yearns to be invisible out of pain.

© Olufunmi

INVISIBLE

In a world where everyone wants to be visible,

oh if I could be invisible

amidst the tweets, likes and followers

seeking validation that devalues.

I used to want to be visible,

but now I wish to be invisible;

invisible to the world and visible to myself,

invisible to hate and visible to love.

WRITERS' WORLD

Invisible to the abnormality
that has become the norm
all in a bid to become visible.

Visibility that has wrecked relationships,
wrecked homes and ruined lives;
oh no, I will rather be invisible.

Invisible and be my best,
rather than visible and be lost.

© Kojo

IF ONLY I COULD BECOME INVISIBLE.

How could life be this miserable?
Created in a country where nothing is stable.
The only constant term is the "unable",
the very sweet song being sung by our youth.
Checking the situation, you'll agree it's true.

A day's meal comes with struggle.
I want to work even if it's in the stable
at least, it's of surety for the next day food.
On my master and PhD, I will place no value,
if it means meal after cleaning cow poo

So what's the essence?

WRITERS' WORLD

How could I suffer four years in school to get sense
and still the sense makes no difference?
Even the unlearned have more confidence,
after all, education ought to be my defence

If only I could become invisible
to the challenges and the troubles,
but I'm here so I must fight it through.
Face the reality that I'm visible
and win like a warrior returning from a battle.

© CITRD

INVISIBLE

If I am invisible, will I do the silliest silly things? I can't say,
but I will see to perceiving the faeces stench of the peacock
I will listen to the gossip of love birds; can be at times silly,
I will also see if that ruthless being cries or moan in the dark.

If I am invisible, here:

I'll search the intricacies of wealth faster and furious,
I will silently subdue oppressors and splint their ankle,
I will stylishly twist the brain of fraudsters,
and squash the balls of rapist, oh! and pedophiles.

If I am invisible, here:

WRITERS' WORLD

I will do a prison break strictly for the innocent and the corrected,
I will fill the hearts of youth with the peak of morality,
Like Kelvin in 'Home Alone', the plan of the enemy I will thwart,
mock their ruins and pat my back.

If I am invisible, I think the world will smile with goodness and bliss.

© Theresa Ogar

IF I COULD BE INVISIBLE

If I could be invisible,
I'll be in banks stuffing their notes in a bag,
paying myself from the vault,
placing myself on the path of self-destruction.

If I could be invisible,
I'll control the stock market,
leak top trade secrets,
set the world on the path of extinction.

If I could be invisible,
I'll be at the forefront of battles,
sabotaging the efforts of the oppressor,
redirecting the missiles to the presidential palaces of the fighters

If I could be invisible,
selfishness and greed may be my tall order.

WRITERS' WORLD

The natural destruction of humanity will be my goal,
corrections and control will cease to exist.

If I were invisible,
I would pray to be visible,
to account for my deliverables,
and be held responsible.

I'll rather be visible.

© Prosper Armstrong

IF I COULD BECOME INVISIBLE

They say it is not easy,
they give excuses every day.

How did we arrive at this?

Who whispered evil things to our ears?

I sometimes cry, thinking of how I could help.

Am I to help or do my own work?

I do not have to help.

This is a call for all.

I'd like to do more than wishing,
everyone wishes to do the work;
what shall we gain if we do not do the work?

This work is simple, yet many fail to do it.

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WRITERS' WORLD

The immortal has given a work to the mortals,
and there is a need to make it our priority.

What then is the work?

Share the good news and witness till I come.

This statement is still valid till date.

If I could be invisible, I'd do more of it,
to tell everyone in the world about this,
that, Jesus Loves you and He wants you saved.

© Abayomi Joshua

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

A TEEN WITH A BABY

She grew up with no proper guide to be her compass to the right path, nor a caring heart to be the bank where she could deposit her thoughts. After all, a product of rape she was. So, mother despised her, step father didn't accept her, her society never honored her till she fell into the ditch of the one who seemed to give her attention.

The same lot that befell her mother also came upon her like a mighty rushing wind. Abeni got molested and had to live with the shame alone. A teen with a baby in her womb she became. "Just only if I could be invisible to these familiar faces" was her last wish. And so it was; Abeni became invisible forever, but her baby lives.

© Witty_pen

IF I COULD BECOME INVISIBLE

In the trance of multiple fantasies I was drowned in the dry sullen island which engendered me with deep honour in handful sceptre of authority accompanied with a golden crown. My order was penetrating like the January dew and the fluff of the home eagles bowed to the grandeur of royalty that appealed to my attire. In the flurry of the activities, I became a chameleon nipping

the colour of myriad nearby leaves to adorn my palace with massive beautiful damsels. Have I become powerful? The sweat from my dry face atoned to the skin! In the scary dark room, I was woken to come off illusion and my flashback made me tremble if I could become invisible.

© Israel Eze (Equity)

IF I COULD BE INVISIBLE

If Ògún is the god of Iron and Sàngó is the owner of thunder, then whose hand is invisibility? Who is the invisible custodian of invisibility? Show me the route to its root. There is need to appease it to make me unseen for my remaining years among these wicked and eerily beasts called HUMANS.

I wish I could relocate my blamed spirit into the air, where no accusing finger can reach. In their eyes, I portray the wicked witch that pushed their son on a journey of no end. The sharp blades erected on their fingers tore down my apparel of honour and robed me in sack of shame and loneliness. Nooo!!! I did not kill my lover!

I can no longer rub in between my palms apologies for what my mouth find difficult to explain. I wish I could be invisible! Death I do not wish for, must live to see their ends. I only wish I could be invisible.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo.

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DAY 4 – *Beyond Making Money, Make Impact*

POEMS

BEYOND MONEY, MAKE IMPACT

"Hustle so you make money."

It's the new rhythm,
but a bigger currency than money
is relationship;
impact keeps relationships.

Impact requires not so much.
That little kindness can do much,
that skill you can teach,
that small change you give
will change someone's live.

Impact not money
will give you access.
Impact not money
will save you.

Impact today, speaks tomorrow
where money fails.

So learn to do those little things;
things that make a difference
in the life of someone

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

you may not remember.

But impact will remember you.

© Kojo

A LESSON FOR MY LITTLE BOY

'Twas but yesterday: when I hiked in the woods;
my little boy by my side, admiring the balance
and beauty that sit in nature. Birds and their broods-
chirping . Lost I was in their sonorous parlance.

When I was swatted back to reality
by my curious son, his finger pointed ahead...
"Whose mansion is that?" He inquired of me.
I looked in the direction and my heart bled.

The ruins of a once stunning structure-
the forest in it feels at home in its compound;
Spirogyra paint shabbily done by nature;
the roof is rusted. Time fails me to expound.

"Twas the mansion of a friend: a man, who loved;
who cared; who thought and who worked,
but all for money. In his heart he involved
no man or humanity.

WRITERS' WORLD

Death has now plucked his heart and he's long gone.

No one knows him, but his family and me.

Dear child, you shall be rich; but when you grow.

Remember, 'leave footsteps and gay faces behind'."

© 'Tunmie Steve

BEYOND MAKING MONEY, MAKE IMPACT!

Primary school came well,
through to secondary, I never fell.
University days bade me farewell,
I looked forward to a great story to tell.
Wealthiest man in all his wealth.

The employment came,
and the road to wealth was opened.
Started work focused with no shame
'cos I have a money-bag to sharpen.
I can literally do anything to get that name.

While busy making money,
she came to me for an advice
I asked "do you need money?"
She said "No I only need your advice".
So I shunned her 'cos all I was about is money.

WRITERS' WORLD

So bitterly she went away,
I could feel the hotness of her tears.
I thought all people want is money to pay
never knew beyond money, they need one who cares.
So I vow to make money and make impact each day.

© CITRD

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

LIFE AND DEATH

I was devastated by the life a young man in my area lived the day he was buried. He had a house, a wife and children; he also had a car in his earlier life before he sold it to settle debt. I thought deeply about this-not only of him, but those that had died too. I realized this life is beyond a car, a house and a business.

I decided that I will not live a normal life; I will make impact and be known for good. I decided to make myself valuable before going out there to make impact, and the decision I made that day has been helping me.

I end this by saying that, "life is like an appearance of cloud in the sky, while death is like a disappearance of cloud in the sky". Will people feel the impact of your cloud after its disappearance?

© Abayomi Joshua

IMMORTALITY OF IMPACT

Like entwined chariot's wheels, I solemnly dragged my feet with a heavy heart painted with sorrow and embellished with loneliness. I thought I was alone as I couldn't feel in my body, a single soul. Gently and gently, closer and closer, my reluctant ears engulfed violent voices from an unknown direction. I abruptly stopped my movement to look out for the path of the voices. In a short time, my dying body was circled by many legs. I strained my vague eyes to see and I saw clearly my people's eyes staring at me. "Why have you come here? I should be in this alone, you know." I said to them in a sad tone.

"No, Baluba! We stand with you! For the sake of your dead father, we stand with you! For the sake of the dead one, we stand with you. The one who gave us what he had in all his

lifetime!" They all shouted, throwing their strong fists into the sky. Then I remembered the day I asked my father what he gave to life as a man who lived with no money. My father slept without my answer but today I found the answer. He impacted many lives beyond money.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo



WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 5 – *What Family Means To Me*
POEMS

WHAT FAMILY MEANS TO ME

Last year I searched for tears,
they had not flowed in years.

This day I bask in joy
reminding myself I am nothing but
a daughter of the soil.

Tomorrow I will sing a song
to tell the whole world I have you.

Today while I clean my Trumpet,
I shall blow your praises in the dew
for this love needs no prophet to reveal.

That YOU, in the midst of plenty,
which others call charity,
you mean to me Family.
You can never be replaced with enmity.

© Praise Okwuchi

FAMILY

Family they say is a group of people related by blood,
in people not connected by blood, family have I found.

Family is a safe place,

WRITERS' WORLD

a place I can run to anytime,
a person I can count on,
a person I can trust.

Family knows you and accepts you,
Family defends its own
and builds its members.

The progress of one is the progress of all.

Family is there in the good and bad,
family is where you find peace.
Family can be large or small,
anywhere I find love, is family.

© Kojo

ALWAYS FAMILY

In the day of my days, in times of the morrow,
when I was just me, soaked and wrinkled in fear;
I mean the time where no one else could stay
except family.

When all I say is if and if, regrets and regrets,
when even my lips lie about me,
and my mind paints pictures of the forgotten me.
No one else can remember, except family.

WRITERS' WORLD

When I'm shrouded in a dark sky
when I'm locked to myself,
and all hope is sunk,
no one else can stand except family.

Go to the seas, bath in love
dip for its ripeness, wipe with love
spread the love,
for family's only true meaning is love.

© Ifiok Johnson

FAMILY

I'm a being, said to love its shell.
Like a Tortoise, I pull my head inside
away from toxic people, I hide.
Discomfort from distance I can smell.

I'm a being, said to be very quiet.
Like a dumb, words cease from my buccal,
like a closed shop, my mouth is shut with no vocal.

All these can be, when family is out of sight.

But they turn to be false when I'm with family;
I'm completely out of my shell and vulnerable,

WRITERS' WORLD

I get healed of my dumbness and become audible.

Family to me is to be able to relate freely.

It's not about being related by blood,

but being able to create a bond.

It's not a physical location,

but a place of satisfaction

found in people.

Family is all I need to be at my best.

© Witty_pen

MY FAMILY

We've been through a lot

never thought we would make it this far.

The times people threw us away to rot,

and sure, we bore a scar.

Mother fought alongside Father.

The older I grew, it seemed harder

to feed, to breathe or live life better.

Certain was one thing; we were together.

The insults I can't count.

People's view were clearly stated,

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

that is; to nothing we will amount.
To suffer it appears we were fated.

But we are family,
we are family in all,
in the joys or mourning
together we bore all.

We fought well
because we were family.

We conquered hell
because we are family.

© CITRD

MI FAMILIA

You may say they are everything to me,
they are blood and water;
they are more than blood and water.

They are a covering and shield,
yet, they expose me to possibilities.

They are the reason for my hope, joy and laughter,
yet, they are the true drawers of tears from my eyes.

They give me life and strength,

WRITERS' WORLD

yet they are why all is expended at last.
They are my surest and highest launching platform,
yet, they bring me down most easily and greatly.

If you have found yourself in this category,
this is who you are to me- Family.

© Oluwatomiwa

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

WHAT FAMILY MEANS TO ME

To me, every cheek that shapes laughter with mine belongs to my family. Every eye that helps mine to spring tears is for my family. Let happiness come, their feet will touch the Earth to dance with me. In my pain and distress, their bodies will enter into my brooding garment. With their fingers they reproach and praise me with their mouths. Family is beyond those heads that came out with me from the hole in between Mama's thighs. Family is large. Family could be replaced. Adekunle, the man who emerged from nowhere and saved me from depth of debt with his purse is my family. Chigozie, the strange man who roofed my head from an unexpected rain during my journey is my family. Adamu, who protected my back from a fallen tree on my farm, is my relative. Family is limitless, boundless and indefinite. My soul belongs to every family; every family belongs to my soul.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

MOTHER, THE FAMILY AGELESS BROOK

As the northern fiercest wind, rolling endlessly to scatter the sands, I get the fretful sore of life from within. Am I underworld? Certainly No! Let the drums smoke out my flawless tears as the rattle rises to deliver the horrible news of Mama's illness.

I look history in the face with my swollen eyes globe shining down the sorrowful waterfalls engraved in the fertile soil of fear. What will eventually be the outcome of the illness? Mama mustn't die! I'm the son of the history tail with loaded cares of mama's output, I have enjoyed her kindness like the baby elephant in the comfort of its mother. Am I dreaming? This is the fragile clause that rained down my empty mouth the day the bad news ascended the rocky hill. We lost

her! Just like that? Is it really true? My conjure system was shattered and I began to run a life without mama's role, my brain yarns to my surging heart that Family means a lot.

©Israel Eze (Equity)



WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 6 – FAILURE, A LADDER TO SUCCESS

POEMS

MY SUCCESS STORY

So you fell yet again,
This time you're not sure you want to get up.
But this is just the second time you're falling.
Perhaps it's not,
You may have fallen more than twice,
but will it be alright to remain on the floor?
Up is where you belong,
and the first step to getting there is to stand.
So you should give it another try,
knowing that you have learnt yet another way;
another way not leading to success.

Let this be your success story,
that your failed attempts have succeeded at one thing;
adding colour and taste to your storyline.

© Oluwatomiwa

TALE OF MEDOUZE

If only Medouze had known,
maybe he wouldn't have been blown;

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

blown away like a kite without control,
an unstable calabash on billows that roll.
Success bears scars - if only he had known.

If only Medouze was aware
that success can come through failure,
maybe his own life he wouldn't have taken,
or would have had patience as his next of keen.
Success wears wounds - if only he was aware.

Maybe if someone had told Medouze
that failure may bring a rain of abuse,
but not giving up will give a light of hope,
he wouldn't have decided to use the rope.
Success suffers tears - if only they told Medouze.

If he knew that he who fails today
only learns to succeed another way,
and can still have success betrothed as wife,
maybe Medouze wouldn't have taken his life.

© Witty_pen

FAILURE

Are you the failure,
or what you handled didn't work as planned?

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

Question you need to answer
if you think you're damned.
How dare you bring it to a halt?
Who placed the ban?

The rubies you see today came from wealth of weariness,
It's OK to feel discouraged, to feel the smash,
it's a decipherer of happiness.
If you have no failure, how can you get the crystal frame of success?

Therefore my brethren take heart
when it turns out the other way,
when you get crashed to the ground.
For from the mighty fall can the mighty upsurge hit you, await it.

So, never take a twist for a dead end,
a twisting is just an hairstyle.
Make a bliss from that ill, stand tall always!
failure will bow to your success, only if you will it!

© Theresa Ogar

FAILURE; A LADDER TO SUCCESS

F9 is the code for the word fail,
but A1, a target everyone aspires.
The road to success is always slim;

WRITERS' WORLD

which requires persistence and strong
determination not minding the cost.

According to Victor's 'No pain, No gain',
sweats, scars and tears are being
encountered when mounting the
ladder that will lead to success.
But its reward overthrows pain.

I wondered why the policy makers
did not include 'g' in the grading system.
I'll love to add that after key 'f' which
typifies failure in the grading scale,
then key 'g' should symbolize greatness.

Trying as many times as possible brings
mastery of encumbrance that would have
made the previous goals unsuccessful.
Alas! when Success is achieved then
the ladder experience becomes history.

© Dah-me-law-lah

FAILURE, A LADDER TO SUCCESS

Failure is sorrowful and depressive,
failure causes tears, it's a glowing case.

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Both rich and poor sober for failure,
it is usually horrible, terrible and unbearable.

Failure encumbrances all men
and they prone from it.

Nevertheless,

Failure is there to build all men up,
it is the stepping stone to success.

Failure is delay not defeat,
it's a temporary detour not a dead end road.

Failure makes people to inculcate,
giving opportunity to trying a new approach.

When you fail, you learn what doesn't work.

Success hardly occurs without failure,
failure is just a natural consequence for trying.

Even at the point of failure, never give up,
success comes to those who utilize failure.

Learn from past errors and mistakes,
failure is indeed a ladder to great success.

© Voja

FAILURE, THE LADDER TO SUCCESS

The ladder to the success moon;
clustering through a failure desert,

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

gladsome path to the golden rock,
is a hidden rough and failure journey,
with nonstop flying like the eagles.

The way to the heavenly rest;
is like dirty path with a pile of rubbish,
littered with the hip of magical disappointments,
killing and discouraging the vibe to try on,
like a task of breaking down top mountains.

Standing on the highest ladder;
to ply through the shinning sun,
with the sparks of lofty dreams,
discerning path through a lot of failures chatters,
is the way to acclaim treasures unfailingly.

As hill pours down from the seasons stars;
while the cloud rises and gravel glistens,
climbing through the ladder to purple rainbows,
as the buds blossom into colorful success,
achieving set goals through multiples of failures.

©Israel Eze (Equity)

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PERSISTENCE BIRTHS THE FICTION

Anthony Joshua fought,
underestimated his opponent
and a lesson he was taught.

Lost the moment,
but his comeback was hot.

Thomas Edison wanted light,
so he tried and tried to ignite
a bulb shaped object to give sight.
He failed, but never gave up to try,
his persistence birthed a surprise.

Nelson, a great Father,
conscious of his dare wants
especially when it seemed "never".
From persistence, he birthed the movement,
successfully he got freedom for South Africans!

Obstacles and fights show right direction.
Failure gives insight to gird your loin better
pushing still in all is the positive action.
Not giving up breaks the back of your aspersers
Keep in mind persistence births the fiction!

© CITRD

WRITERS' WORLD

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

FAILURE, A LADDER TO SUCCESS

The long awaited day I got the most derogatory remarks in my life. I gently sneaked into the room because of my poor result. Mum called 'Hey you!', I had the highest shock of my life... I already knew the next action. I got the merciless beating in my life. 'Ah! To be repeated again' shouted my mother. I couldn't have escaped until the neighbourhood came to my rescue. I had to think and think. I shouldn't continue like this. Repeating a class four times? Oh no... Something must be done. I whispered to myself. I had to pray oh Lord! The shame of this failure is becoming unbearable. Then I proceeded to a wise man who taught me a sense of reasoning and winning. By then I was already glowing and flowing. Then within a twinkle of an eye I said bye bye to high school. The years that are becoming harsh to people were easy for me. I got my congratulatory letter of the best school in the world for my advanced studies. Then my journey to success began.

© Olalekan Waleeyah

FAILURE, A LADDER TO SUCCESS

Like a new day gaining its beauty from an early morning sun, I grow more in my strength of excelling each time failure smashes my oppressed face. The more I see eyes crucifying the failure in me, the more I get my path to success clearer. As friends neglect me for taking a longer route of failure, I get more focused on picking the best at the end.

Failure is a body of many parts; shame, disappointment, segregation, depression, confusion, anxiety, strength, weakness... It uses all these parts in the manufacture and construction of excellent individuals who do not quit. In its factory, there are standards.

Every high shoulder you see is raised through Failure but the length of time is different. Every man who smells of success has failed but the number of time varies.

My sister said it to me long time ago that Failure is the ladder to success but now I say "Failure is the ladder to outstanding and quality success". It's not a CRIME to fail but it is to QUIT.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo.

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 7 – *When I Grow Old*

POEMS

WHEN I GROW OLD

In my sunset,
when every bone lying under
my skin gets enfeebled.

When my ribs no longer
takes joy in their abode within me.

In my eventide,
when my eyes no longer see the sun
but the moon in the region of the cloud.

When my sight belongs no more
to the beauty of the day.

In my twilight,
when my pen writes no
more to the living beings,
but to my sleeping fathers
to pave my path to rest with them.

What shall be written of me?

What shall be said of me?

What shall be heard of me?

What shall I remembered for?

WILLETTY
WRITERS' WORLD

When I grow old...

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

WHEN I GROW OLD

There are no sureties!

I woke up at an early age
to the fragility of life
after I saw them lower my father.

I want to dream of life with
my grandkids and partner
in our happily ever after.
But will I ever get to meet them?

Hope is the thing with feathers
that perches my soul.
If I ever grow old,
I hope I'd be happy.

No empty houses,
but one filled with memories
that'd last me a lifetime
and journey to the afterlife.

© Gracey_writes

WRITERS' WORLD

WHEN I GROW OLD

Still a very much young guy,
full of strength to make wealth.

My glory, they said, lies
in my strength - the truth.

So each day I wake up,
my mind is made up
to strive to break up
the continuity of poverty.

I have seen striving from birth,
living has often been with regret.
To feed is always with sweat,
but surely I walk towards liberty!

My youth will be to gather,
just like the ants do relating with the weather.
The weather says "work now not later,
so your old age won't be distressing".

Aging will come peacefully,
growing old gracefully,
'cause I will plan carefully
and execute the plans prayerfully.

© CITRD

WRITERS' WORLD

WHEN I AM OLD

When I am old,
I will look Gold,
carefree and fulfilled
not bothered how I look.

I will scramble with my grandkids
to burst that bubble,
be a granny with sweet tales;
tales they will never forget.

Still curious as ever,
I will choke everyone with my questions.
Though tired of me,
they will not be able to do without me.

WHEN I AM OLD

I just want to be surrounded by love
and give all the love I can
before I leave.

© Kojo

WHEN I GROW OLD

Time flies, age rides.
When I grow old, I will

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

be scared of the regrets and
appeased by the happy memories.

My weak bones enjoying
the caresses of my children
with peals of joy from my grandchildren
lighting up my wrinkly face.

When I grow old,
I don't want to be scared of
the ticking of the clock and
the race against time.

When I grow old, I hope you do not
wish me "Methuselah", for I wouldn't
want to stay here and see more lives
I cherish perish as my age ages.

When I grow old, I wish I don't die lonely.

Let my back be held by my lover and
to sleep in her embrace.

© Samuel M. F (Phoenix)

WRITERS' WORLD

WRITE-UP

WHEN I GROW OLD

I've been steeling myself against this moment, like an echo of a long forgotten city, quivering through my bones to lament in my wretched flesh. I plod across the greenish leaves of yellow rustle to gather my intent thought for the old time, when the sapping energy within the leaflet of my unsung veins would have dropped drastically in the tune of my body. How will the days look like? Will I be a living legend? Will I look back with fulfilment nostalgia?

With a cataracts of liquid, dreams in my running thoughts clenching through my troubling heart. When I grow old after the noon bells has come and go and the sun has touched my back, I want to be able to look back with a lot of impacts in people's lives, with multiple awards and mighty inspiration of the conquered moments to the younger generations.

© Israel Eze(Equity)

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WRITERS' WORLD

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.

Contact us

<https://wittywritersworld.com> .

wittywritersworld@gmail.com

08129885198

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