

March 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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7 DAYS WRITING CHALLENGE

DAY 1 – *Handling Fears*

POEMS

MY FEARS

My fears,

the ones I nurture from my childhood to adulthood,

the ones that took me all day to brood,

the only barricade that kept me out of my hood.

I thought adulthood would be a relief for these fears,

but no, adulthood seems not to allay the tears.

So many tales have been told about adulthood,

but no, we grew up to discover it's all lies.

Then I decided not to retreat nor surrender,

the successful wise ones have no heart that is tender,

but one filled with determination,

the zeal for success and its merger.

And thus that's the reason for the confidence.

Even if we are in confusion, we'll still stay dense

'cause our long goal is to be fearless

even in the face of fear that is intense.

© D-Antidote

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HANDLING FEAR

It will surely come.
It's inevitable as wearer of flesh,
but how to handle this scum
is what many fail to learn.

Fear is an emotional distress,
curing it will need an emotional comfort.
So I'd say get someone and confess
and let his words ease the hurt.

Remember that "someone" can be you.
Confessing optimistically lifts fear;
persistent confession till it comes true.
And boom! You just handled your fear.

© CITRD

HANDLING FEARS

The deepest thron
that deadens my feel
rationalizes her wrong.

The widest hope
made grim in narrow mindedness
does opine to rather be a pine.

All knots at my chin,

WILLETTY
WRITERS' WORLD

none is ready to grin.

Yes, there is this tug beneath the hug.

And to survive,

this weak strength must cope.

The clot of runs

remains pungent to the flow

of the greatest might.

In the ace of victory,

all in readiness, to fight.

© Joy Olajide

DREAD BUT NOT LOCKED

Though dreading but not dreadful;

I look straight into your eyes and

tell you what is there.

You dread without locks;

I gain full access into you like a

door not locked 'cause I carry on

my head, Faith, like dreadlocks.

Daring the dread:

I have the shield of faith, my Saviour

has my back and I'm forever happy.

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

I say to you fear "You can't forever
have me", your last threat was your last,
you can no longer harm me,
you've lost your grip over my soul.

© Pope-Chris.

THE VISION-KILLING SYNDROME

There's something I can't handle
until the candle of courage is ignited.

There's something that will forever hold me

If I refuse to lay down its mantle,
if I continue to think little,
if I refuse to erase the old title;
the old title of low self-esteem
and embrace the new path of boldness.

FEAR is its name.

The vision-killing syndrome that grips my heart

whenever I dream and think big.

© Oladimeji Ikeoluwa Sarah

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FEAR OF TOMORROW

I don't know what would be,
I can't say what tomorrow holds,
I peer a thousand times at it
and the more frightened I become.

Will it come worse than today?
Can I survive what comes with it?
Will death not have taken me before its arrival?

My soul trembles at the thought of my tomorrow,
my heart beats a thousand times faster.
All becomes cold and lifeless around me,
as I think of its coming.

© Henriette whesu

FEAR

The Fowler has come with its snares.
The grounds are odd to stand,
the time is swiftly flying and
the crown has faded with no head.

The owls are hooing and screeching deeply.
My foots are dipped in race
to an unknown destination.

WILTY
WRITERS' WORLD

The awe of failure has crept into my maimed heart,
It has moused me to carry the cross again.

© James Nkechi Joy

HANDLING FEARS

Fears of what is to come,
I wish the present could travel to the future
to bring me news of what is to come.
But then, what if the future couldn't return?
I surely will have a feeling the future is sour.
What if the present enjoys the future,
even though I have no clue?

We all live our lives in assumptions,
as though everything could again be new.
The world needs you to do more than thesis,
get your hands on deck with your energy refilled.

I preach not that you don't plan ahead,
but what I preach has more depth.
Stop living your life fearing what is to come,
remember you conquered all that's already gone.

© Instinctive

WRITERS' WORLD

MY NEXT STEP

After this step, what is next?

Who shall I run to next?

What is the next action to take?

I am always scared of the next step to take.

Life itself does not give room for laziness.

A lazy vulture will die of hunger,
because power alone does not give you food.

I get challenged every time I think of these.

Getting excited means you are satisfied,
Instead of satisfaction, I take more actions.

Life wants you to be disciplined.
no man gets it right until the old age.

Aside the old age,

I am also afraid of one thing;
my greatest fear is the next step I am to take.

But, I know Faith quenches fear.

© Abayomi Joshua

FACE YOUR FEAR!

Dwells amongst thought;
paralyzing visions and taming actions.

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

Product of imagination,
causing us to fear things that do not at present;
and may not ever exist.

Fears kill more dreams than failures do,
step out and a punch will do.

What you're aghast of, is afraid of you.

You can't afford to live in uncertainty.

Fear not, the Bible says;
be courageous and strong.

Walk through the shadow of death's valley.

Pass through the waters and furnace,
and see fear taking flight.

The only thing you're permitted to fear;
is being fearful.

© Afololuwa

FEAR HAS TORMENT

I was once a being so full of fears,
fear of being a total failure in life,
of having my cup filled with tears,
of being useless like a blunt knife,
of having my plate filled with strife

WRITERS' WORLD

and amounting to nothing among my peers .

I was....

Yes, I was...

Until the day I realised

that I need not be dismayed,

all I feared was already conquered.

The price for my victory, Jesus fully paid.

Fear was just a mirage

that couldn't stand His image.

It only meant to cause me ravage,

but Jesus gave me enough courage.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

MY FEAR IN SCHOOL

The more connected to many I become, the more the fear grows in me. The panic of meeting new people grows in me like a burning fire that ceases to keep quiet during dry season.

I loathe the time I meet unknown people because I feel dishonoured later in the day, but if possibly I can correct my flaws, assuring myself that the fear of the unknown is not real. Maybe I tend to change my mind with my fear in school.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

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HANDLING FEARS

Why are you afraid of getting started? Just like the four lepers who were left with the options of entering the Aramean camp in search of greener pasture, but would have to face death! Or they remain in their country and die of hunger.

Behind all success stories, there's always a hidden fear which the speaker intentionally omits. Why will you be afraid till you fade? Remember, every glittering gold has once passed through the fire. Cowards will die hundred times before their time. Don't be one!

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

FRESH HOPE AMIDST FEARS

My heartbeat was all I could hear, beating loudly amidst the multiple echoes ringing within me. I froze my arms above my head and surrendered to the pulsating terror around me which I could feel its breath through the fabric of my weary shirt.

People whispered and laughed derisively at my ugly situation and all I wanted to do was quit. Should I quit? I dashed and smacked into my depression, stumbled on my heart and I kept my failures rising within me like a raging storm swelling to consume me. I gathered myself from my woes, I redressed my belt as the inner man said to me "give it a try again" and my fear suddenly slid down with fresh hope and confidence to handle my fears.

©Israel Eze Chigozie(Equity)

FACE YOUR FEARS

Fear is one of the things we humans have in common. At one point in our lives, we have all experienced it (fear). However, one thing we don't have in common is how we handle it.

While some people face their fears, others avoid them. Those who avoid their fears fail to understand that not until they face their fears, can those fears really disappear. Exposing yourself to your fears can be an effective way of overcoming them. Avoiding it, on the other hand, prevents us from moving forward.

So, the best way to handle fear is to avoid avoidance. Rise to the occasion and face it. Only then will you be free from it.

© Ems

WRITERS' WORLD

DARKNESS, MY DARKEST VISITOR

Out of discomfort, I strained my eyes to see something in the darkness which reigned in my room as I opened my eyes from my deep sleep. Fear ripped my heart apart and sucked its blood to a state of torpor as I couldn't sight a ray of light in my room.

My body became too heavy to run out of bed, as I saw illusory legs marching up and down, beneath the bed. Sweat, my face couldn't defeat. I found my bed sheet held by my fidgeting hands battling with the unstopping springing sweat on my face.

Darkness, my greatest fear visited me once again while I was at ease. It crept in while I was off guard. I would have freed myself from its shackles if I had dropped by at Dr Benson office to pick off my killer of darkness- the drugs, with which I handle my fear.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

THIS TWO SHALL PASS

I asked the one who has good victory to be my friend. She did. I asked those who bore traditional names to be my friends too. They did. The thing with me is that I'm a loyalist and I don't know how to hide that. But for reasons unknown, we're daily apart. And that wider.

If I won't forget, I also asked the one who gives wealth to be my friend, and she did. You know others naturally flowed with me. But I desired to flow with these ones from my heart. Two laughter hosts.

But I fear my integrity, and their discipline. I fear that our love has boundaries. I fear that only time will tell, where we go from here. So, as we sat in the same room today, the border walls between us loomed. But in my heart I said; "These too shall pass"

© Akin OLA

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DAY 2 – *An Ode to My Muse*

POEMS

AN ODE TO MY MUSE

Let this be a reminiscence,
a reminiscence that puts
my deadly hands to write,
that wakes my laid body
like a dead soldier to work.

And... And... And that cries...

That cries like a baby waiting for lullaby
before it sojourns to the border of life and death.

And like a madman beaten in his spiritual
father's lands.

Shall I call this the car to the promise Land?

Or call this the boat to the brim of my ocean?

Or even... Call this the temptation of a 'slay mama'?

For my hands are ready to walk

and my river is ruminating

like a negro's blood.

© Clinton Atanda

CAPTIVATING LINES

Words are not enough to describe you,
each moment of our conversation

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lingers in my soul.

A bit of your words is mind blowing,
your whispering leaves me with
melodious memory.

No friend has been able to replace you,
no love has been able to substitute yours.

My songs are full of your love chants while
my poems are full of your captivating lines.

You are a song in my head
that can't be forgotten.

I don't want to spend a minute of my days without you, my Love.

I love you Holy ghost!

© Pope-Chris.

MY MUSE

You give me reason to write,
write to right the wrongs in life.

You bring to life my thoughts,
breathing in them a living breath.

Broken thoughts to broken lines,

WRITERS' WORLD

broken lines into painted images,
painted images into messages;
messages with power of life.

You give me reasons to write,
to give those voices life.

A little stroke there and there
and awake they live and stay.

You give me reasons to write
when enslaved by self's laziness
and call it a writer's block.

You are my reason, my muse.

© Joemario Umana

AN ODE TO MY VIBE

Àrìkẹ̀ mi òwón;

the one who serves as my vibe,

the one who makes me smile even without a bribe,
one with whom, despite my naughtiness, I still jibe.

Ìbàdì àrán;

that one person I chose among a thousand options,
the one in my dream in that billion dollars mansion,
breaking my heart's rules with no fear of sanction.

WILLETTY
WRITERS' WORLD

With her all my simple thoughts became actions.

Eyín fún jowó;

that one person I always picture as my bride,
an epitome of beauty yet without an iota of pride,
an amazing soul with a large heart, yet it's mild.

Oluwapelumi, the giver of my vibes...

© D-Antidote

AN ODE TO MY HAPPINESS

Enough, is not a thousand tongues
to sing my song of gratitude to you.

You gladden the soul of my heart
and bring my days clothed in Joy.

Sufficient, is not my ode
to relieve my life of the debt I owe you.
You breathe into my lungs, fulfilment
to welcome each morning.

In your hands, is my spirit.
In your breath, is my every day purpose.
I salute your unwavering kindness
pleasing my heart each day.

WRITERS' WORLD

My happiness, walk not out of my life.

My soul is on you.

Forever, is my admiration for you.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

TO MY STAY IN SOLITUDE

I have always enjoyed the moment I spent with you.

My Darling non awkward moment
that triggers me to muse my feelings
and propels me to stay in serenity.

I LOVE you my time,
You give me promising vibes
and I vibe along with you.

I do just hope you come along with me
whenever I stay in the midst of others.

You are indeed a catalyst to my vibe!

© Waleeyah Olalekan

AN ODE TO HENRIETTE

You are beautiful and bold,
specially molded with no match.

The magic of your body supersedes

WRITERS' WORLD

that of the Indian maidens.

The fire in you burns hotter than hell
and you shine much more than diamond.

Your sweet still voice assures me of greatness.

Your wonders keep all in awe.

The jewelry of noble men's dream;
the wish of African mothers,
an escape route from misery.

Too strong to break,
you inspire my every wit.

I can't stop adoring you my idol.

© Henriette whesu

DEAR VIBES

In your presence, I long for no excess.

I want to drown in your love that is so reckless.

I want to commune with you endlessly
and be drawn to you closely.

You make me high under your influence,
your smile reflects your affableness.

You are stronger than any weakness,

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

your calming words glow in stormy darkness.

I vibe in the Holy Ghost.

I'm high under the influence of the Most High,
from whom comes my help.

© Eriikeoluwanimi

THE REALITY OF LIFE

When it makes me sad,
it's worth writing about.

When it makes me feel bad,
it's worth inking in and out.

When it brings me great joy,
I don't hesitate to pen it down.

When it treats me like a little boy,
my pen doesn't stop to wear its crown.

When all seems to be out of place,
my ink finds power to give more flow.

When it all just doesn't make any sense,
writing becomes all I adore as a favourite show.

When it strums some nice chords together,
I find myself dancing in circles with my pen.

WRITERS' WORLD

The reality of life keeps pushing me further
to keep making all the odds become even.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

AN ODE TO MY VIBES

When I saw the muse, series of names came to my mind. Is it my ever supporting brother, Adeyemi Monsur Ishola? Or my immediate brother, Adeyemi Miqail Omolade? Shouldn't I sing the praises of Akinleye Rukayat Ololade, my sister from another mother who is always there for me?

Would I not have to mention Adegoke Hezekiah, my bossom friend, who helped me to secure admission? Can I forget my best my best friend, Killani Muhideen O. who stood for me during the harsh and turbulent time? Thanks to James Margaret A., Olaleye Nafisat T. Fatorisha Nofisat O. Thanks to my favorite, Afolabi Nosroh O.

Without you all, I may not have any muse to celebrate. You're the ones who make up my vibes.

© Adeyemi M. Adewumi

THIS TOO SHALL PASS

See? Yesterday I said it. I said this too shall pass. I forgot to say though that it was not just this two. Everything was turning my head. Every single atom of me was worried about everything. But I'm a warrior too. So was I told by my saviour.

He came tonight to say that I need not succumb to the unnecessary. Fear! That thing had eaten deeply into the fabric of my strength.

I was just swimming through the day, weak and fed up when I remembered the prayer meeting. I must have thought to myself that the service too would pass. And that quickly.

But here I am, furnished with new armour. Faith and warfare combined! Listen o, I don't still understand how the care disappeared. But, thanks to El, my real energy - The way he wakes me up to life, no one else does. His strategy's incomparable.

© Akin OLA

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TO MY CLOSEST FRIEND

Sitting down at the bed side with no one in the room, I started getting some thoughts which broke me down. No one was always there for me; the memory of my lonely childhood got me discomforted.

The urge to commit suicide kept coming to me. My body succumbed but then my spirit was against it. Alas, I heard a still voice telling me to enter the bathroom. I obeyed—though depressed. He spoke again that I should put on the shower and start talking to my Father.

My closest Friend—the Holy Spirit—which Jesus Christ has given me saved me and He is the reason why I am able to write this short story.

© Abayomi Joshua

AN ODE TO MY VIBES

I do call myself a vibe machine, but deep inside, I want more than just being a vibe machine. I wish my vibes could be sung. In this part of the world where I find myself, anything in the book doesn't interest my race so much.

So I wish my vibes could be sung thereby having a larger audience feeling the vibe. It first was like a dream that won't be achieved but as times went on, I found someone that would make my future dream come to pass.

She gave a larger audience to my vibes, but the most disappointing part of my story is she left at last. One thing she'll be remembered for, however, is that she made an ode of my vibes.

© Instinctive

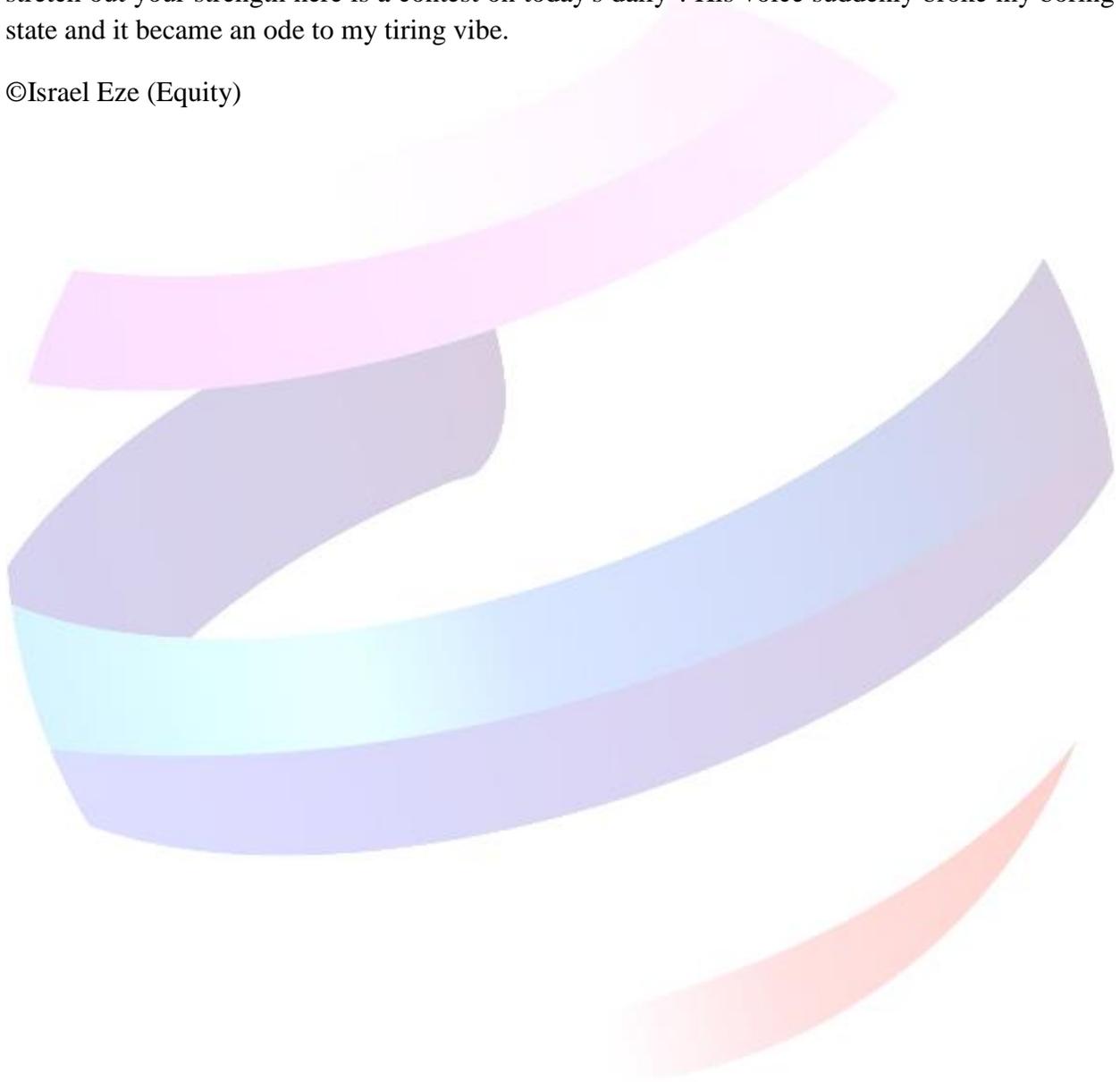
ODE TO MY TIRING VIBE

The strong breeze had me huddling further into my too large jacket despite its warmth, I hoped I could find my way out of the tasteless atmosphere that waved around me. I sat back into the couch and immediately realized I wasn't in my sleeveless top anymore but in red robe and there were other people dressed in the same manner walking away from their former selves, all for the loss of gearing vibes.

I looked myself over, astonished. I checked through my surroundings, the screams of men and women were deafening to me. Every decorated item looked like a dismantled file of sugar ants and nothing really appeared inspiring. Mysteriously, a friendly voice crept in to my heart "Pal

stretch out your strength here is a contest on today's daily". His voice suddenly broke my boring state and it became an ode to my tiring vibe.

©Israel Eze (Equity)



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DAY 3 – *Speaking Mirror*

POEMS

IF MY MIRROR COULD SPEAK

It'd tell of the days I cried staring at my helpless self,
times I beat myself up over difficult situations,
and the days I cried over people who never deserved me.

It'd have told me many a times
that I'm beautiful to sway my insecurities.

It'd have to reminded me always,
to not be afraid to ask for help.

It would have laughed about my crazy dance
and ugly laugh on the good days.

It'd probably demand gratitude
for the days it helped me build my confidence
and for the times it was there to listen to me.

© Fadugba Grace

MY REFLECTION

"Your beards are full", "there are logs in your
eyes", "there are wings on your arms";
"pads are grown high on your shoulders";
all are my excesses shown by my mirror.

WRITERS' WORLD

I always felt perfect and faultless
until I appeared before you,
was my nakedness revealed.

My flaws were known and corrected.

No truth have you hidden from me,
your words are precise and accurate,
you always reflect my true person;
a drive to becoming a better person.

It's all about my mirror; God's word.

© Pope-Chris.

IN MY MIRROR, I FIND PEACE

In the sacred month of joy,
I celebrate in the cool breeze
of peace that falls endlessly
in the span of winter.

I love the being you pour on me,
being the love of yours ever,

no one to ever get the replica of me.

So, always be with he me to portray your cause.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

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WRITERS' WORLD

MAYBE

If my mirror could speak,
maybe I'll be a little quirky.

If my mirror could reflect my innermost part,
then I'll consider myself lucky.

Only if I've got a mirror,
that continually sings of my beauty
which is the reflection of God's image,
maybe I'll stop creating for myself
an image that is minor.

If we've all got a speaking mirror,
maybe we will appreciate the perfection;
the perfection of the creator in us.

Maybe we will think of no one as major or minor,
maybe we will embrace our flaws and imperfections,
maybe we will make the world a better place for all.

MAYBE....

© Eriikeoluwanimi

BROKEN MIRROR

Before the broken mirror
stands a shredded soul
like tiny pieces of papers

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needing glue to give it a shape.

Before the broken mirror
reflects a scarred face
lost of its original beauty
and just a facade of old self.

Before the broken mirror
stares two bleeding eyes
broken windows of the heart
and pain made for a new friend

Before the broken mirror
stands an empty body
of just flesh, blood and bones
and no human in human.

© Joemario Umana

CHEVAL GLASS

Like a lifeless man lying flat with no shame;
you reveal to me my au naturel.

Rids me of disguise and gratuitous adulations,
I see myself through my own eyes.

When I goggle into the cheval glass,

WRITERS' WORLD

my own reflection smiles back at me.
She speaks better things about hereafter;
and strengthens my bones to fight on.

As a child preparing for school,
she'd always adjust my imperfections;
till I'm fit for life's adventures.

Thanks for being truthful,
it's time to step into realities you've revealed,
I'm coming back again tomorrow.
'cause it's not over until
the real me comes to stay!

© Afololuwa

I MISS YOU

You are so beautiful, brighter than the morning sun,
your rose buds in the day and sleeps sweetly at night.

The stage of life applauds your audacity
and the carriage of your sound mind.
You shine as the sun, but without me.

I miss you, I miss your company
I wish I could talk to you more often,

WRITERS' WORLD

be with you more often.

I am your true self, your only friend.

I am closer to you than anyone,
yet you are so far away.

The world don't see your inner bruises
and masked scars.

I see all and I still miss our relationship Benny,
yourself misses you.

© Benedicta Agagbo

WORDS FROM A MIRROR

I see how you often stand before me
treating your face like a morning tea,
mixing different colors - grey and blue,
plucking off your lashes like fruits from a tree.

"I don't look good enough" you say to yourself.

"But you're beautiful enough" I thought to myself.

I wish you could understand what I think of you.

I wish you knew that you're very pretty too.

Your smile is soothing,
your gaze is amusing,

WRITERS' WORLD

your eyes are twinkling
and your look is charming.

You're the best version of yourself.

I, your mirror, know this for real.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

TO MY UNREAL OWNER

Pain is hidden behind the pillar of your everyday feigned joy and happiness. Why not put off this penitent robe of pretence? The garment concealing your uttermost grief, why not throw it off your aching neck? Why? To please every heart, why not stop piercing your own heart?

Cut out the thought of sacrificing your delight to make every cheek smile. Everyone, you cannot please. Every soul, you can't satisfy. Focus on your own dilapidated soul. Enjoy every sunrise in true gaiety. Life is short. All these, I can reflect to you as a sincere mirror which you have trusted for years.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo

SPEAKING MIRROR

I was emotionally downturn, on getting home, I sat on my shattered bed, I looked forth and saw my reflection from my broken mirror. it began to speak to me, saying, time will heal everything.

It proceeded, if I begin to take time, I will soon make time and make it in life. On seeing my reflection through the broken mirror, I got acquainted, I saw the reality. It gave me an insight to express my personality, keeping my hope alive, that a lifetime is enough time to achieve my goals and desire.

© Gbajumo

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SPEAKING MIRROR

I was preparing for school one day (which is unusual because I don't attend classes), after dressing up, I looked at the mirror to adjust and fit my tie. Unlike other days, my image in the mirror was speaking to me. I was mystified because I saw my image doing something else, I was knotting the tie but the image was showing me pictures of what I could have done better.

The mirror went on to show me what would become of me if I don't desist from my bad ways. I bowed my head disappointed in the person I have become in the past years of being in college. Would my parents be proud of what I've become?

I listened and learnt from the Speaking Mirror. Would you have done the same? When you are treading the path of failure, life would always give you a second chance. Be sure to seize yours!

© Instinctive

LIFE MAY DENY YOU

Toluwani will soon clock 20. This morning she decided to take statistics of her life right from her primary school days. She went to the living room, she sighted a broken mirror, she moved closer to the mirror, but she couldn't see anything. Is everything alright with me? She cleared her eyes.

Then, she saw a bit of herself from the other side of the mirror. Suddenly, she began to sob, she saw narrowly from the remaining broken path of the mirror, the worries reading on her face. She was deep in her thoughts, shimmering in the sunset, the zeal is becoming smaller and smaller in the distance of my ally world. "Life has caught the glimpse with the tail of my eyes".

"Life has driven me away and has left the market to the flies" she sobbed again. Amarachi, her roommate came in, "dear why are you crying?" She asked. Toluwani refused to alter a word. In her second thought, she said to herself perhaps my mirror is destined to stumble before smoothing.

© James Nkechi Joy

THE REALITY OF LIFE

"What!" As I heard bizarre hummings from nowhere echoing my two ears, I couldn't be my real self, I ran to my mum's room. "Aah... she isn't inside" "where could she be?" Lo and behold, I was shivering as I crept into my room to stare at the precious mirror given to me at my last birthday party because of my conception about "mirrors".

"It is broken!" "my precious mirror is broken". "No..." To my surprise, each of the broken part of the mirror was depicting diversity, disunity, destruction, sadness, despair, misfortune and all. "Is this a dream or the reality of life?" I kept asking myself rhetorical questions with my trousers soaked with unwanted urine and my body worn in the sack of discomfort.

"Unity is dispersing" as I kept shouting "help" but no one was there to rescue me. Suddenly, my leg stuck into a hole and was drawn into the dungeon full of broken mirrors. "No.. my life is..." As I heard an angry voice from afar: "Wake up, Clinton! Won't you go to school?"

© Clinton Atanda

SPEAKING MIRROR

Igwe manoeuvred his path to the shinning mirror in the corner of his scattered room after he had taken his bath in the unfolding dawn. His ears rang and his throat burned as he feasted his eyes on his reflection emanating from the streaked glass, he stood shoulder to shoulder as his lips spoke much words and passed a message down his troubling stomach to critically analyse his image as his legs tinkled and his hands ran through books pages of himself.

Igwe's bewildered mirror dangled before the full gaze of his eyes drawing him to move his observant nose to aid his eyes balls. His showpiece gave a loud cry and his belly button went red glaring like a deep wound. Igwe gnashed his teeth as a clause flew from the mirror and spoke "set pace for excellence, time flies". He suddenly grabbed himself; he reached out for the idea inwardly. He turned clock wise and counted clock wise and muttered to himself "it's time to set pace for excellence".

© Israel Eze(Equity)

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 4 – *The Power of No*

POEMS

KNOW to say NO!

Two strict letters that make a complete sentence;
too proud to partner with other letters.

A word closest to silence;
a ward that defies slavish manners.

The heart's muse in Anger's ambience;
the art of refusal without palaver.

The lacking word in a failure's existence;
the larking fool's stranger.

The Wise's most worthy essence;
the whys and wherefores of the success we admire.

The premier words of my sister's speaking science;
the premiere of her setting thralldom asunder!

© 'Tunmie Steve (DeKrônikles)

NO

I don't think I can do that,
I don't know where that path leads to,

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

I don't know the meaning of that statement,
I'll rather say NO.

It's a NEGATIVE OPTION,
but it can be the most POSITIVE decision.

It carries a strong force
that can be used to conquer lures.

Say NO to temptations,
say NO to fears,
say NO to limitations,
say NO today, and save your soul from tears!

© Eriikeoluwanimi

THE POWER OF NO

I should have been led astray,
but my mind kept telling me not to go away.

Bad words corrupt the mind.

Negative thoughts bring retrogression.

Friends are the best, they say,
but not all friends can help.

The people you follow matters,
The negative thoughts also make dreams shatter.

WRITERS' WORLD

Care is to be taken when thinking.
Sieving the negative words is of much importance.
Bad company corrupts good manners.
Learning to say no to oneself pays.

It is a two-letter word,
but it is very powerful.
NO can save, NO endangers.
I say NO to myself to progress
and to others to succeed.

© Abayomi Joshua

I SAY "NO"

What goes up must come down;
all things conform to gravitational law.

Many desired ascendance, but were
pulled down by their lower nature;
all were victims of aborted dream.

My case is different; I say "NO",
I'm not victim of limitation.
What limits others must not limit me,
what hinders them must not hinder me.

WRITERS' WORLD

I rely on the grace of the Spirit,
which empowers me to say
"No to all unrighteousness."

My Lord Jesus defiled law of gravity
while he ascended on high;
I'm not a bastard, I follow suit.

© Pope-Chris.

I SAY NO

When I say NO, I mean NO.
But you keep telling me it's just my mouth
denying my sweet pleasures,
that my body is screaming Yes! Yes! Yes! More.

Are you in my mind?
I say no to your hateful words and degrading
insinuations, but yet you speak them more.

I say no to your forceful touch
and stolen kisses, yet you do them more.

No to your fake charms and seducing incantations,
yet, you say my body language betrays my words?

Take me seriously for once.

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I mean my NO ... I say NO.

© Benedicta Agagbo

FLESH CRUCIFIED

No! The quest for knowledge first deceived her,
captured with the sweetness of the fruit.

Lured with fantasy of becoming like Him,
knowing not the power that lies within NO.

His captivating voice brought to me wisdom,
realer that no false outward eyes could perceive.

My birth right sold out of ignorance,
not even weeping could buy me Life!

The veil was torn,
my eyes could see well through New Life.

The NO I couldn't give at first;
is now my final answer.

Hence, I'll never boast about anything except
the cross of Christ Jesus; that at His cross,
my interest in this world has been crucified,
and the world's interest in me has also died.

© AfolaOluwa

WRITERS' WORLD

VITAMIN 'NO'

There's one who always loved to please all;
never having the courage to reject any call,
and very accessible like a free market stall.
But he was becoming a shadow of himself.

There's one whose wants were others' wants;
the desires of others overrode his desires,
and what others wish became his wishes.
But he was becoming a shadow of himself.

There's one who suffered from vitamin NO;
the path of others became his to follow,
and the vision of others became his show.
But he becoming a shadow of himself.

Until... there came a moment of reasoning;
like an early morning sun, Vitamin NO was given,
and like an unwanted guest, shallowness was driven.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

THE POWER, NO!

No! A word of two letters that could have restrained my Honourable Lord. My eyes never thought of seeing His Lordship behind the bar but the Almighty Judge who used to wheel the hope of defendants is now caught behind the bar waiting for his fate to be wheeled. The absence

of a 'NO' in His Honour's mouth made him to give up his bench for the dock. A 'No' would have solicited My Lord's bench, the day that man called 'bribe' walked into his passage majestically. The day His Honour dishonoured the Justice's regalia by embracing a smiling sack of money was the day the Goddess of Justice tore his robe apart. My Lord sold his dignified life because he couldn't find 'No' in his mouth.

He kissed the glittering gold placed before him without hesitation. Now, he stands with his hands at his back in front of a 'Lord', singing 'No' at his wrong time and place.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo

THEY WERE ONLY WOWED

Why do I have to say YES to what I know not? I never would do. The power of their ignorance led them to jungle justice. The crowd inflicted pinned suffering on me because of an offense I wasn't aware of. The nice market woman came to my rescue to project the fame of innocence. They said it's a prank.

Say yes, you stole the Gold of your boss. Why do I have to say YES for that? They pressed me for long, my life got the worst experience ever. They so much humiliated, tortured and struck my life. To the sad of it, my no nonsense boss looked at me in the face and said, 'you are fired'. She dragged me out of the shop and shouted thief on my head.

I kept quiet and afterwards said I am not a thief and I will never be because I have never been. I left with some right minded minds who stood that I would never be. And the unruly mob was wowed in amazement.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

THE POWER OF NO

When I said NO, I never meant to break your heart. That "NO" I said shattered the relationship we nurtured for years in a twinkle of an eye. All the stupid things I said which ended with no, I wish I couldn't have when I realized it's only when I'm with you that I feel comfortable and can be myself.

I searched everywhere but you're nowhere to be found. That NO I uttered has taken you very far away from me. How I wish my heart is a calabash, I would have opened for you to see, that I didn't mean that "No". I will never forgive myself for saying NO! I'm sorry once more - to the Lady I let go.

© Gbajumo

THE POWER OF NO

Mama said I can be a better person if I learn to say NO. 'Say No?,' I queried, confused. 'Yes,' she reiterated. 'You, my little girl, are vulnerable. I can even say you're gullible.' Perplexed, I asked, 'Why would you say that, Mum?' 'You may not know, angel. I know you better. But let me tell you. You become a pushover when you go along with the crowd; when you do things to please your friends at the expense of your happiness; when you can't let them see your point of view; when you don't know how to say NO to dubious advances.

If you don't learn to say NO, you'll lose your self-worth. You'll always be under the pressure of your peers, you'll live other's dreams while you have never dreamt of yours and you'll have problem making lifetime decisions. Saying No is a power you have to steer yourself clear of wrong influence.'

Ever since, I've learnt more about self-assertion— about how to say NO.

© Ummulkhayr

THREATENED

Chuks and Chike finally met on campus, they flexed together in the school Inn. The next day, Chuks telephoned Chike "Please I want you to be my wife" he said. Chike in the gentle solvent of vague, smiled and replied "Sir, we are just friends nothing more". "Perhaps you are scared of me. Let's start with relationship" said Chuks. Chike told him, "if I do my learning here is at stake."

"Chike, don't you trust me...? Okay! if you still insist, you can't hide anywhere on this campus." said Chuks. Chike became afraid, but later she summoned courage to push out her words saying "You see, sir Chuks, I'm not scared neither am I limited to anything, I'm not ready for any relationship neither am I ready to give what relationship demands now." and ended the call.

She made her NO known, though threatened.

© James Nkechi Joy

BUMPY RIDGE OF NO

The moving breeze glistened to Ekwe's sullen eyes, he sighed and whispered to himself "It's easy enough to slip the skin and wedge one's knife behind the bumpy ridge of NO to be free from negative influence".

Beforehand, Ekwe and his friends flocked out like a pile of soldier ants bumping from their holes to embrace the activities of the day. They've pledged an oath to make the night a relishing one, but to avoid excesses. They took ice creams, cupcakes, delicious meals with the wave of celebration attesting to every atmosphere. Suddenly, Okoro, one of Ekwe's friends ordered alcoholic drinks for all .Ekwe scanned the faces of the three friends who were sitting with him and wondered if he should be nervous, "Is this an intervention?" he said as smile refused to embrace his lips.

He had to say NO to the offer and walked away from the intoxicating gathering.

©Israel Eze(Equity)

THE POWER OF NO

HE opened the door carefully so as not to wake anyone up. Tiptoed to where I was lying on a mat. He knelt beside me, I could see his lustful smile in the mild light. He fondled my breast rapidly and made for my panties, drew it down and came all in me. I struggled, pinched, cried and cursed but my tears seemed to make him harder. He came all on me sweating profusely, all exhausted. He kissed me briefly and left the room. That was the sixth night.

On the seventh night, I made up my mind to stop this humiliating act that has eaten deeply into my soul. I didn't lie down but stood with my back to the wall waiting for him. When I had almost given up, he came as usual, groped in the dark and when he could not find me in the usual spot, he turned on the light and seeing me resting on the wall came close to me smiling mischievously. But as he made to touch me, I held his hands and shouted with all my strength and anger, "NO!" He was shocked and speechless. He left the room hurriedly and that was the last night. Saying "NO" earned me back my pride, dignity and freedom.

© Henriette Whesu

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

NO

It was far from our agreement, but there was no better option outside. So, the last option was to relent, we never asked for much; just a better working condition, yet it seemed to be a hard nut to crack.

Speaking up was a problem as unemployment is on the rise in the country. We've expressed this in all our possible best, even when we had to speak in parables. But Oga seems not to be concerned till it got to a point we couldn't hold it any longer. We had to summon the courage to say NO and to our surprise he said he wasn't informed until the moment we said NO.

This is how far we've suffered ourselves, just because of a 2-letter word (NO). Our fears couldn't let us speak out, but thank God our voice has been heard and that is the power of NO.

© D-Antidote

IT'S YOUR RIGHT; SAY NO

Think about it. Those numerous times you've said yes to people, was it really worth it? Were you happy about your response? Or did you hate yourself and the person you said yes to afterwards?

I get that saying NO can be an herculean task sometimes, especially when the request is from your loved ones. But sometimes, you need to, for your own sanity. That you say NO doesn't mean you're wicked or heartless. It only means that you're exercising your right 'cause saying no is a right, not a privilege. So exercise that right, for you.

Saying NO gives you more power, it gives you value.

The fact that it is easier to say yes doesn't mean you should. It's your life, call the shots.

© Jesudamilola Elizabeth

NO; THE GENESIS OF FAILURE

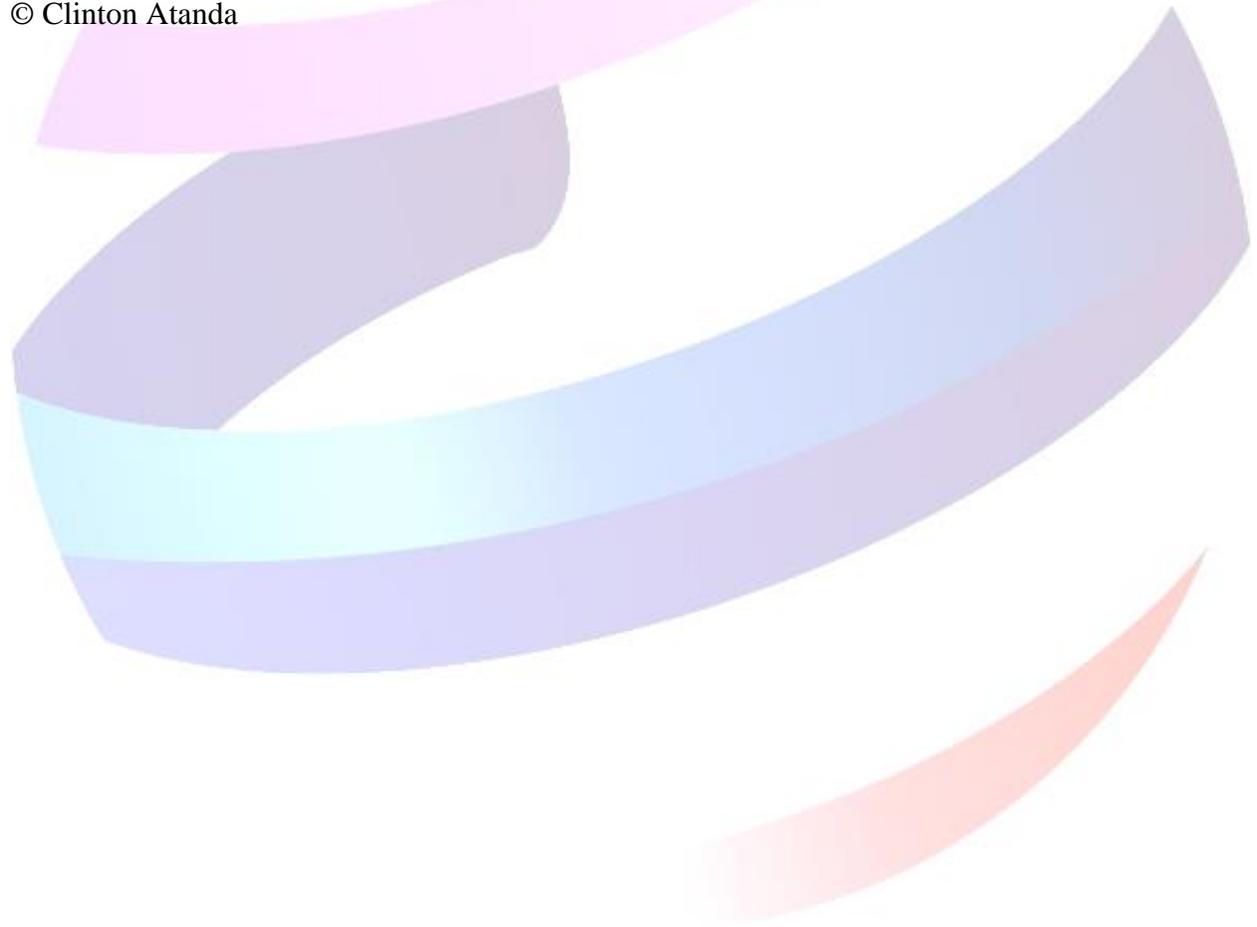
Had I known, I would have listened to my relatives, friends and even... my foes. I couldn't know how detrimental NO (Negativity) is to the health and wealth of a determined soul. I failed myself; let depression have an abode in my heart. I cried all day and all night, yet I turned back to getting up owing to the fears instigated in me.

WRITERS' WORLD

I trod on the path of negativity, carried on my head the heavy loads of failure. I turned down all motivational advice and educational enlightenment all in the course of me saying NO. NO dined, languished and even... slept with me. Now I have an apartment for it in my precious heart.

NO turned me to the laughing stock of life and now... has already dug a grave to bury my real self of becoming a lawyer. I failed! I failed everybody. I failed the people attached to my success. Hmmn... I have learnt my lessons and I've realized that once a fall is not a fall forever.

© Clinton Atanda



WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

DAY 5 – *Letting It Go*

POEMS

LETTING GO

Those things that are too hard to leave,
those things that are too hard to let go of.

To some sapiens,
it's their spouse, their children,
their hobby, their daily activities.
But to a wise fool like me, it's you,
Yes! you, you're my addiction.

No matter how hard I try,
I made the efforts to let go off you
But it fell through.

Oh! You're too addictive.

How can I leave you?

Truly there are some things,
that are hard to let go of...

© Hardener

DESIRING SINCERE FREEDOM

Too hard on me; taskmaster,

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

subjecting me to its influence,
being so helpless.

Looking so colourful, but the
end therefore is bitterness.

It always appears so sweet
but its end is full of regret.

Its memory being so horrible,
its scar; an evidence of vital incident.

This memory kept hurting me,
the flashback kept enslaving me.

I'm letting it go 'cause I desire
true freedom, I resist its urge,
even the plague on my mind.

A renewed mind is a key to letting go.

© Pope-Chris.

LET IT GO

Thinking of the wounds and scars,
the roses of life that are scarce,
the fake people we call stars,
and the dirges we sing like psalms.

WRITERS' WORLD

One will know that letting go isn't easy.
It's not a decision that is made quickly
because when people break your trust,
the hurt will still hurt.

All the same, we've got to let go.
It isn't easy, I know.
But your wounds are healed when you let go.
By letting go, your strength, you show.

Show to the world you've moved on,
show to the world, new things you can born,
show to the world how far you can go.

When you let go, let it go!!!

© Eriikeoluwanimi

LETTING YOU GO

My heart bled as I watched you go,
it trembled in pain and fear
that I'll be all alone,

and I've got no chance to see you again.

Daily, I swim in my ocean of tears,
longing for your return, I know it's just mere dream.

You left so many years ago and I still do care,

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

about all the time we spent through thick and thin.

You were the one I looked up to,
you were the door to my earthly paradise.
Letting go of you gave me scars, but I know,
we'll meet in a place where eternity lies.

© Ummulkhayr

DO YOU CARE?

Do you care?
It's my way of life.
It's all in my nature.

I was born with it and cannot change.

How will life be without these things I love so dearly?

These things that keep me company,
how do I leave the friends I love so dearly?
The drink that keeps me away from my woes,
my bed of unexplainable pleasures.

This is the hardest decision of my life
to leave all that's so dear
and cling on to a life I'm not sure of.

Oh! How much I'll lose!
But in all these, do you care?

WRITERS' WORLD

© Henriette Whesu

BURNT BRIDGE

Bring me no more that dish
that spices up a poison.
I'm tired of antidotes,
prevention I shall try.
Let 'er rip; my reservation.
Let it fly my heart, on the altar of confession.

You could spray golden, the rusty.
Essence however stays the same.
A weak man is weak,
and call him strong, you dissemble.

So I leave the facade of mundane
and price a loftier call.
I run for the chance to enter
the holiest and sweetest.

The former is not worth my life.

The present, a new world presents.

I warrior like war,
and regret no loss.

For in that I lose, I gain myself.

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

And my gain is me.

© Akin OLA

LET IT GO

If it hurts too much than a love should,
if you bear too much than a Christ would

if it's a candle light that hurts,
instead of a shine that it must,
let it go!

Not out of a coward heart,
but as a warrior will dodge a dart.
Out of the calmness a dove brings
not the dumbness a turkey rings.

Let it go!

If your heart will never wish you ever did,

Let it go!

© Olufunmi.

LEARN TO LET GO

How do you let it go
when it's all you know?

You grew up with it
taking it as your kit.

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How do you end the show
when you're yet to blow?
You desire to make a hit
and keep yourself fit.

How do you ignore the glow
when it keeps giving you flow?
You like to hold on to your seat
and record a huge feat.

It all looks like it is all you need,
until it takes away your shield,
piercing through to make you bleed.

Let it go before it comes upon you to feed.

© Witty_pen

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

LETTING GO

Heat engulfed rivets exploded off Mr Taiwo's corrugated wooden roof like a cork from the shaken champagne bottles. Mr Taiwo wondered through his life and the list of people he has helped ran through his memory, he retrenched into the sorrowful stream flowing within his heart. He looked through the moon with his eyes crying for God's demonstration on his behalf. The TV in his parlour ranted the air with the sign of the end time: religious houses have recently been shut down and schools have been given a directive to close on the following Monday in relation to Coronavirus ravaging the land.

WRITERS' WORLD

He toed round his surrounding for fresh air as heat has taken over the affair of the atmosphere. What step is appropriate now? I should forgive? Or hold on to my pains?... He reorganized himself and let go with the assurance of heavenly rest awaiting him within his palms.

© Israel Eze(Equity)

I LET YOU GO

Frank's phone kept ringing, but he refused to pick 'cause he knew it was Freda, his ex-fiancée, again. He got a text saying "Baby please, let go of the past, I am sorry, I love you"

Frank reacted angrily, shouting to himself "Freda I can't forgive you, you stole my heart and shattered it to pieces. How can you lie to me for years and you say you love me? What is love to you? Is love lying and cheating? Is love giving me my best friend's pregnancy to father? I would have married you with another man's child."

Frank wept like a little boy. "Five years of my life washed down the drain. I have to let you go, be happy with my betrayer friend, you both deserve each other" he finalized as he washed tears off his tired face. He replied her text "I forgive you. I let you go, so I can focus on a better future."

© Benedicta Agagbo

WHY WE STROVE...

We worked tirelessly for him. He, all of a sudden, shook me with a pained sword. He screamed at me as if I burgled a shopping mall. Well, I stared at him, "sir, I have packed all the stuffs in the store, I have gone to different miles to sell your goods. These are my friends... We sold them all.". He hissed like an angered snail "You've done shit. You know what? You all should just pack your things and flee."

We were stunned, despite our strife, he frowned at us. Well, we've got nothing to do; we just had to let it go for peace to reign.

© Waleeyah Olalekan

LETTING IT GO

When the moon offends the star, it pains the star. When one offends another, it pains the victim. But, the bitter truth is that we will always offend one another.

I've heard tongue and the teeth fight, yet, the tongue never leaves the teeth premises. Fish has been hinted that the water which saves its life also boils it to death; yet, the fish never leaves the water premises.

Remember, to err is man and there's no paragon of perfection. Letting it go will always be the best option.

© Gbajumo

HOW LONG MY FRIEND?

How long are you clinging to the salt splattered on your sore? How long is the brooding over that broken top notch that needs a little more and time to heal? How long will you stay glued to that being that batters your betterment; polishes you with spittle, gall and bile from the first digestion tool? How long my friend?

When will you halt pointing four fingers at yourself, when you can just do something? When are you dropping the mortar and pestle from your head?

The pounds of pounce and pangs of pain are no paucity! When my friend? 'E no dey tire you?'

It seems you're "not letting go addicted.". How about changing hold? Ease your vase the pebbles. How about holding fantasies to becoming good legacy; vincibility into agility; the arrays of the sky and clinging so tight, goodness and good thoughts?

© Ogar Theresa

LET JUSTICE DINE WITH US

"Do you think I can let go off this after you've taken my virginity? You promised to love me for better or worse. You promised to stay with me at the bad days of my life. Promised to blow to me, the smiles of heaven, but now... you've broken my heart. I gave you my precious privacy because you said to me...'love is sweet when you are with the right person', but I fell gullibly.

I've always thought I am the "I am" in your iambic tetrameter not knowing that I'm the "decay" in your decameter. I dined my milk of life with you not knowing you were dynamic. Aaah! You told me forever you would read my lips only, but... why her lips again? I may forgive you but never will I forget the fake promises you made to me." She said to him as she burst into oceans of tears.

© Clinton Atanda

DAY 6 - *Forgiveness*

POEMS

FORGIVENESS

We were such good friends,
everyone admired the way we were together.
You were the one to whom I told my secrets,
confided in, believed in and shared things with.

I so much trusted you
that I was blind to the warnings;
warnings that came with your behavior.

Then it happened,
I felt that stab of betrayal - never expected.

It shattered my heart and broke my trust.

But you came back;
on your knees, crawling for forgiveness.

After everything, what else can I do?

Except to forgive.

Maybe never to forget.

© Mutee

FORGIVE

A friend told me, always forgive.

WILDTY
WRITERS' WORLD

You know,
that seventy seven times seven story.
"Forgiveness will lighten your burdened
heart", he would continue saying.

I guess it is true, no_
I think and know it is true.
To forgive is like lifting a boulder
from the helplessness of your heart.

To forgive is like
soaking your grudge in a
solvent of jik and bleach it
completely like it was never there.

To forgive is more than saying
"I forgive you".
To forgive is to let go that which holds
you back from being you, love.

© Joemario Umana

A SUBSTANTIAL INGREDIENT

Silently sitting in chronicle environment,
ruminating on how to sly the grudgeful scenes,
I felt the muse that I've got no reason not to forgive.

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

If I can always sin and repent to my Lord
and feel His pleasure in me,
who am I to shun forgiving my fellow flesh?

© Waleeyah Olalekan

AS IN YOUR NATURE

Your nature's to forget them all.
You blot out, not just forget.
You forgive and cease to recall.
I marvel at this awesomeness.

Oh our land, I bring before you.
Yes, we are guilty, sinful and perverse.
But please as in your nature, forgive us.
In your mercies, relieve us.

We are like they that perish
until your forgiveness finds us.

Look upon us Yahweh and forgive this land.

© Debbily

COAST OF FORGIVENESS

My heart, you pierced with the razor
hidden in the words of your mouth.

WILTTTY
WRITERS' WORLD

My feelings, you whipped with cane
kept beneath your peppery tongue.

You fed many ears with lies,
to keep me out of your bed.

You said my manhood satiates you not,
to push away my body from you.

My pride, you punctured.

My ego, you stabbed.

I unhooked my heart from the boat
heading to the shore of vengeance
as I face the coast of forgiveness.

© M. Olaoluwa Olatayo.

FORGIVENESS

My soul clangs for sorrow,
pain lies in my marrow.

My heart bleeds in rows.

What's wrong with me, who knows?

In my body does hatred burrow.

Oh! A lot of pains and grudges kept
has left me with nothing but shits.

WRITERS' WORLD

All I can think of right now is a shift,
but the pains are much, how do I go about it?

"And forgive me of my debts
as I forgive my debtors" I pray daily.
"I can forgive but I can't forget" I say verily.
Tell me, Don't they contrast?

So as to be forgiven
and be healed of my pains and hurts,
so as to be made whole and alive,
I have to forgive.

© Eriikeoluwanimi

FORGIVENESS

He came walking gingerly,
he had offended once again.

His head hung low,
in shame he walked towards the Mighty Being,
'cause only He can forgive

and He is never tired of doing so.
He vowed to leave the past behind,
he pledged to turn a new leaf.

He trod the Path of the righteous ones,

WRITERS' WORLD

he joined the ones with pure hearts,
to purify his soul and mind,
of the sins that burdened them.

All these he did to seek His forgiveness.

© Ummulkhayr

BE FORGIVING

Mercy from others - you seek,
but mercy to others - you can't show.
The milk of kindness - you desire to drink,
but the oil of kindness - from you can't flow.

How come you love to be forgiven,
but can't embrace being forgiving?
How come you want your mistakes off records,
but the faults of others you strike like chords?

A finger you point to your brethren,
ignoring the four coming to you in return.

How I wish that you understood this very well
that forgiveness also makes up your being well.

© Witty_pen

WITTY
WRITERS' WORLD

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

OWN GOAL

It was more like I was left to decide the fate of the match being the goalkeeper while the match was yet 1:0 on our advantage; it was few seconds to the end of the match. There came the opposition striker, who dribbled pass my defenders and fired a shot which I pouched into my net (own goal), what an equalizer! We were denied of lifting the trophy, all eyes on me like a suspected virus.

Looking so bad like one who just murdered his pet; I walked down into the dressing room, I felt so rejected like a white handkerchief that was brought out of mud desiring a laundry. Our coach stepped forward to address us; saying to me "don't feel bad, you are forgiven, master your error and correct it, also the fault was from us all, so we bear the pain all together."

There is no volume of mistake, offence, sin, transgression, iniquity that can't be forgiven; Christ Jesus does the pardon more and better than any other person.

© Pope-Chris.

FORGIVENESS

Like a calmed darkness mumbling Silently, words hesitated to rain down Amarachi's cheeks and her ears pricked to conceive her half-hearted consciousness. Yet, her eyes painted the imagery of misery and merely fraught "how I've fallen to the empty ditch with a darkened thoughts running through my anxious heart, the sun could hardly lighten the shadow which I stood" she said as the stream of tears flooded her dry face.

The psychic stood still, his elegant white robe brightened an auspicious light, his slender bony hand wrestled in prayer and he brought forth his news to Amarachi "your business woes are due to your personal mistake. You pledged not to forgive your first lover who betrayed you. Didn't you?"

"We're slave to our heart" she said, she fell to her knees in her fragile state, filled with faults and mistakes; she forgave her first lover and set herself free.

© Israel Eze(Equity)

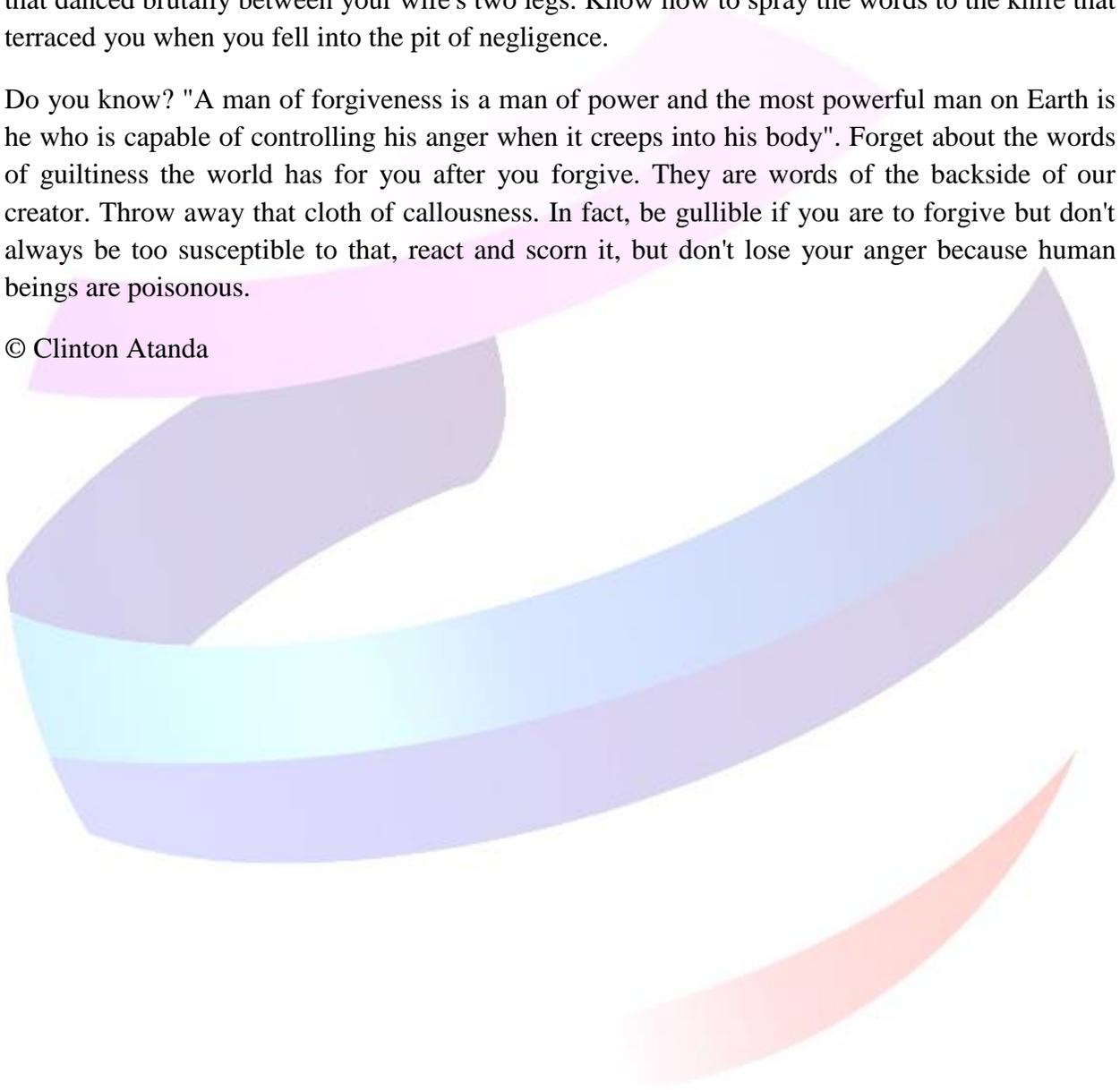
LEARN HOW TO FORGIVE

My dear son, I feel your plight from my deep rooted heart. I know you are nervous, anxious, and ferocious presently, but know how to forgive. Know how to lay hands of forgiveness on the dog

that danced brutally between your wife's two legs. Know how to spray the words to the knife that terraced you when you fell into the pit of negligence.

Do you know? "A man of forgiveness is a man of power and the most powerful man on Earth is he who is capable of controlling his anger when it creeps into his body". Forget about the words of guiltiness the world has for you after you forgive. They are words of the backside of our creator. Throw away that cloth of callousness. In fact, be gullible if you are to forgive but don't always be too susceptible to that, react and scorn it, but don't lose your anger because human beings are poisonous.

© Clinton Atanda



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DAY 7 – ACT OF GRATITUDE

POEMS

GRATITUDE TO MY HEROINE

When the water of my sense dried,
thou irrigated it with downpour of knowledge.

When the boil of my heart wore coldness,
thou covered it with warm garment.

When my days was deterred by terror,
it was cleansed and replaced with tranquility.

When my heart was thorned,
thou mended it with glorious glue.

When my eyes float with salty water,
thou wiped and swapped it with elation.

I called for grains of sand,
to thank thy generosity.

The tides of precipitation,
should crawl in disgrace; hymning thy name.

My blood would never forget thy kindness

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thou art indeed worthy of gratefulness.

© βαπιur

MAGICAL WORTH OF GRATITUDE

"Thank you" magical words that open treasures;
by uplifting the grieving spirits of the mighty,
and fulfilling blue true dream of small.

Turning stingy souls to be generous,
with unending desire to do more.

Strolling down the river of thoughts;
as the early morning sky going porch.

With gratitude my heart reminds my arms to lend,
with my legs fleeting through the dusky path.
My eyes glow the color of that fruitful word "thanks".
My nose pushes me to appreciate frequently.

My chest points to the moon that just appears
with the sight of colourful birds freely flying.

Greenish grasses dancing to attest to the day,
as mayflies float through the shadowed ripples,
I spill over to myself and say thank you to the creator.

© Israel Eze (Equity)

MY GRATITUDE

WRITERS' WORLD

This is my gratitude;
my gratitude to my creator,
who makes me weave words
like how a gluttony eats
when at the verge of hunger.

To my muse that paints
the world in my face poetically,
and puts in my hands, the lubricant of poetry and prose.

To my people,
the strong stick behind where I am today.

And to my passion
that keeps telling me "don't worry, you are going places".

Bid a farewell gratitude...

© Clinton Atanda

ACT GRATITUDE

Actions scream where words whisper-

Emotions more ancient than language
find expression only in gestures proper:
as Gratitude, an emotion of great age.

As Gratitude, an emotion of great age,

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

finds expression best in gestures proper.

A heart of gratitude, says the Sage,
shall always dwell far above mediocre.

Shall always dwell far above the mediocre
for even the Most High's guileless gauge
for bestowing cool upon man's swelter
is a thankful heart even when seas rage.

For gestures of gratitude are of requisition
from all, to all, for all and at every occasion.

© 'Tunmie Steve

TO THE OWNER OF MY PEN

In between my greasy palms,
I rub an ointment of gratitude
to the giver of pen.

In between the passage of my mouth,
my oily tongue gushes out songs of praise
to the donor of ink.

The one who seizes not from my head
the lore of scribing words on paper.
Thankfulness to the one who writes

WILTY
WRITERS' WORLD

through my naive hands.

© M Olaoluwa Olatayo

ACT OF GRATITUDE

So he did it once.

Afterwards, it's all wrongs.

So, I am vexed and venting

"Act of Gratitude towards him?"

The wrongs recorded won't let me!

So, I begin to think

what good have I actually done to God today?

But, he kept on waking me

as if he is grateful for good done yesterday.

So, I learn act of Gratitude.

Inspite the "Bads" he might have done,

the bigger picture kept me grateful.

Gratitude inspite wrongs.

© CITRD

THE GRATEFUL SOUL

Let my heart rejoice,

for it has been guided,

to discern the truth from falsehood,

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and has tasted the sweetness of Faith.

Let my face be drenched in tears,
for it has seen and acknowledged the Truth,
which is still to some, not clear.

Let my tongue profess,
the Love my heart is lost in,
for in the remembrance,
does the heart find peace.

Let my limbs fall in awe,
of the One and Only Being,
Who guided them to the Right Path.

Let my lips profess,
that I'm eternally grateful,
for the Heavenly bliss on Earth,
with more to come in the Afterworld.

© Ummulkhayr

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN MIRACLES"

"Miracles are tales for the gullible
and hope for the faint hearted,
it's not for the Intellectual realist."

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It's sad how such sayings have gained popularity.

Funny how we think miracles are far-fetched.

Whereas, it's as close as our flesh can be.

It's as normal as waking up to daylight,
as insignificant as breathing in air
and as effortless as smiling or laughing.

How can I not believe in miracles?

I see it in the seemingly simple things of life.

My worries have never been in its existence,

but in getting too familiar with its existence

so much so that I down play its value

and lose the heart of gratitude.

© Vikthor N.

RECONNAISSANCE

You were there right from when I was but a foetus.

On the birthday, you gave life to me; a stillborn.

Held me through the crawling days,
first step, speech and scribbling.

During the most difficult years of teenage excesses,
you were my best friend and confidant

WRITERS' WORLD

supporting and shielding me from its ruining blunder.

Deep in those dark nights,
you gave a listening ear to my feeble cry,
you understood every sob and sigh.

Far away from home and family;
it was you only who cared.
When temptation had me flat in her nets,
you came and a succour was.

Thank you for the days of little and much,
the weeks of courage and fear
and the years of darkness and illumination.
I am grateful to you my LORD and king.

© Henriette Whesu

YOU ALONE I ALWAYS PRAISE

How well do I praise you?

You are as the peak as you have depicted yourself.

To my Lord,
that bestows unceasing grace to my life;
sometimes I feel like an ingrate,
if there are trays of varieties of greater choices,

WILLETTY
WRITERS' WORLD

I would go for them.

But, you alone demand praising
so that more would be granted.

I show my gratitude to you my own,
your love is where I praise to be.

I know your precious gifts are what I merit not,
but you make me get them.

Why won't I always appraise and laud my Lord?

Thank you for everything!

© Waleeyah Olalekan

THE "TEN Q"

Do you remember the ten lepers?

The different act of gratitude they show?

Their names and gender, I don't know,

I'll prefer calling them "THE TEN Q".

They all were healed of their infirmities,
purified of their impurities,
forgiven of their iniquities,
but a mistake was made by their initiatives.

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The "TEN Q" forgot to say "THANK YOU"

except the one who later came back.

He showed his gratitude, his healing was made perfect.

He was the ONLY Q whose healing was eternal.

The multitude should not determine your gratitude,
nor your gratitude be determined by the magnitude;
the magnitude of the Favour done for you.

Show some attitude of gratitude today.

© Eriikeoluwanimi

WRITE-UPS AND SHORT STORIES

RECOMPENSE

The pendulous fan whirled loudly as it hung to the frail ceiling. The etiolated-looking stool stood motionless as mama sat on it, aghast. One could have heard the rants of the ants trailing devotedly on the lines of the aged wall.

The answer to our dogged orisons had just sauntered in, but the entire ménage was nonplussed. We all gazed in consternation as Kunle, my lost brother, chronicled his ordeal. He had been abducted on his way home a fortnight ago. Who would have known that Dele, his rascally modern school classmate, would turn out to be the knave's Don? As he sighted Kunle, all the memories surged. Kunle had jumped off-the-cuff to save him from drowning in an escapade. But for a tossed plank, Kunle would have drowned.

He had been freed and found his way home. And as the aura transited from stupefaction to teared wails of joy and gladness, I mused, that life is like a bid-merry-go-round, one is up and then down. It's what you set in motion, pulling, that comes back to you, pushing.

© Ademola Phocus

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GRATITUDE

About 300 of us were admitted back then different people with different background but same goal (academic excellence). My first day in class will remain a memory forever; everything the lecturer said looked so strange. In my mind, I was wondering if I could cope with this academic environment as it was far different from my days in secondary school, in fact it's a different system entirely.

So my goal changed from excellence to survival. The first year came to an end real quick, the unexpected happened. We were halved when the result came out but thank God, we still maintained our studentship but then our goal has changed again 'cause we are now striving for excellence not survival again as it is evident that we've survived.

Fast forward to the finals, even though we aren't the best, but you can't call the bests without mentioning our names. Alhamdulillah, I am a grateful servant.

© D-Antidote

ACT OF GRATITUDE

We suppose to appreciate how we started before we graduated. Many wanted us to relegate, but Almighty elevated us instead.

Even our relative related negatively, but Almighty welcomed us positively. Every day we strived in order to make a living, it wasn't easy! But we're just optimistic.

Iya Eleran said "there's always a reward for hustle", but we never knew it will come soon. If we cannot repay those that assisted us, then we shouldn't be an ingrate. Compulsorily, we need to show act of gratitude.

© Gbajumo

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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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