



THE CHRIST A POET TEAM



# FEAR UNLOVED,

A BOOK OF POEMS

Compiled By **ChyD**

**CHRIST-A-POET**  
PRESENTS

**DEAR  
UNLOVED**

God's love in verses

Edited by ChyD

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# **ABOUT THE BOOK**

This collection of poetry was born out of love and the need to reach out to everyone that feels anything short of valued and complete in this world where situations and expectations can take a toll on mental health and self-esteem.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My appreciation goes to the entire Christ A Poet Team for laying down their talents to be refined and used for God's work; for heeding to the call of splashing diverse colors of love on this canvas and painting a work of art worthy of satisfaction and inspiration. Special thanks goes to the team that worked tirelessly for the production of this book: ChyD, Godswill Ezeonyeka, Sophie Dawodu, Williams Udousoro and Imani Dokubo and the editorial crew: Nonso John, Kennedy Enonche, Ebube Agu, Lisa Lopez, IBK, Emi Briggs and Gift Udofia. '121 Degrees Design' designed the cover page and it's beautiful.

I told Godswill that some people are just sad without reason and that it's perceived as a temperament. He said that sadness is a result; not a source. Flesh and blood did not reveal that to him.  
Thank you, Godswill.

Crack head  
Project proposal  
Alu  
Infinite love  
The simplicity of God's love  
Calamities  
Death cannot depress me  
The devil's nomenclature  
La vida loca  
Chess, the game  
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Tales of a poet  
Ways of sons  
The wait  
The final answer  
No yoke  
The disguise  
The magic of love  
The voice that won  
The royal choice  
Love spell  
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Voices  
Simple truth

Endnotes

# CONTENTS



OSIONE  
**CRACKHEAD**

I have never sniffed cocaine but every time I lie in my bed, chest heaving, my body curled up like a fetus as I force tears to come out from the depths of my belly, I know I am a junkie.

My eyes roll to the back of my head, deep into my brain, the sight of my nerves throbbing hard tickle me as I flip through the pages of every 'what if', 'I thought', 'this must be what they think', 'look what they did to me', 'I suck,' 'why do bad things happen to me'.

Miles and miles of schizophrenic dust are arranged in rows of threes in the air just beneath my nostrils, and it is only when I realize I've been holding my breath for the last fifteen minutes, I drag them in deeply row by row till there's nothing but a blob of white noise left... Pain gives me highs I can't explain and I hate it but I love it here.

This limbo of zero expectations, no need to worry about being backed up in a corner or dropped from heights; I've packed my bags and moved to a corner beneath the ground, there's no falling lower than this place. You see, this is my safe space.

No need for attack. Retreat is my posture, the voices in my head sound like me so they can't possibly be against me, can they? This should be it.



I am at pieces so let me rest in peace  
please.

I need this sniff. Give me space, I need  
to breathe and I hate to see faces.

Tired of these days, please hold me but  
stay away. Your scent is unfamiliar.  
Jeez, why wouldn't you go away? Just  
walk on by, look the other way; surely  
you have better things to do. What? No,  
why would you want to stay?  
Ignorance is bliss they say, or don't you  
know what they say?

This is an invasion. Mayday!  
I did not ask for a revolution,  
ignore what they say.  
Now every time I try to ebb away from  
this existence, You say 'Live'.  
When my bloody wrists clutch at my  
burning throat and squeeze,  
You say 'breathe.'  
How many times will you jerk my  
corpse back to this misery?  
I've gouged out my eyes too many  
times for you to keep molding mud  
with spit.  
What on earth is wrong with you?!  
I'd relish this blindness.  
Don't you dare say..."See"  
Love is at war,  
Love is on a relentless struggle with me  
at 3am, love is on my floors begging me  
to breathe, love is in my corner pushing  
down these walls, love in my bath tub  
where I tried to drown, love knocking  
on my door, love in my bed saying 'No',  
holding me down...  
Jesus!  
Please!  
Let Me Go!  
Love says, "No".

CHY D / IMANI  
**PROJECT  
PROPOSAL**

You can't die for the  
world's depression  
Like Christ died for the world's sins  
Propose a relevant project topic  
Someone already produced results  
for this problem

The results are evident  
Capable of causing true  
transformation  
No point struggling with naysayers  
This result cancels all insults

**Chy D**  
**Imani Dokubo**  
*(c) 2019*



'NONSO JOHN  
**ALUU**

What did *Egbe Igwe* say to *Ola Mmiri*  
When her waters turned to blood?  
*Umu uwa*, if you know tell me.  
For my eyes have seen the back of my  
head.

Does the antelope gossip with *Dinta*  
Before she walks into his trap?  
*Umu Ibe*, *ngwanu gwazie'm*.  
For I will not hear this *aluu* alone.

*Aluu!*

What song did *Ikwikwi* sing last night?  
If you know, *biko* tell me.  
Because I see that even Death himself,  
Even *Ajo Ohia* herself, is alarmed.

Did *Amadioha* thunder from the  
underworld  
When the sacred was rendered profane?  
I wonder.  
Were you in bed when you heard it?  
Use your tongue and count your teeth!

*Tufiakwa!*

Did *Ani* complain to *Olisa*  
When we first poured coloured libation?  
Did she mourn like she did Abel  
When we reddened her sands with  
blood?

What is this I hear in the whispers of  
*Ikuku*?  
What abomination, what dastardly act?  
*Olisa ekwene ihe ojoo!* I even heard...  
*Umu Uwa* now take their own lives!

*Tufiakwa!!!*





U B A  
**INFINITE LOVE**

Have you seen love this infinite and endless?  
Despite our sins, it still made sense to him to forgive us  
God's love that makes dust into stars  
Freed us from spiritual and mental bars

Have you seen love this bold?  
It isn't ugly or coy;  
But beautiful like Helen of troy  
God's Love isn't a dead beat  
But beat death to rise again just for us



HANNAH/IMANI

# THE SIMPLICITY OF GOD'S LOVE

As simple as ABC  
As severe as Abba bringing Christ  
As surely as Anointing breaking chains  
So is God's love to mere men

In just one moment  
Like a lover's first kiss  
I allowed his breath in my mouth  
Drew in life and suddenly started living

**Hannah Azubuike**  
**Imani Dokubo**  
*(c) 2019*

CHY D  
**CALAMITIES**

Nkem's husband died  
in the theatre today.  
*Chineke napu ekwensu ike.*  
Just days ago she gave birth  
to their fourth;  
No mother, no father, no husband.  
*Onye ga eme omugwo?*  
We'll take turns to go.  
*Afuro ka eme, eme ka afuru.*

My father died early  
After I foresaw it and begged  
*Chukwuabiana* to spare him.  
My siblings and I were too young.  
*A kwokwala beans akwo?*  
*Ejiro ututu ama njo ahia.*

I lost my job weeks after  
my husband lost his.  
School fees are due  
And my pregnancy is due.  
The landlady's prayers are  
yet to be answered,  
'Holyghost fire, fire Mike and  
Chinyere'.  
But we'll live.  
*Onwu egbuchughi ji e jiri chuo aja*  
*e mesia o puo ome.*





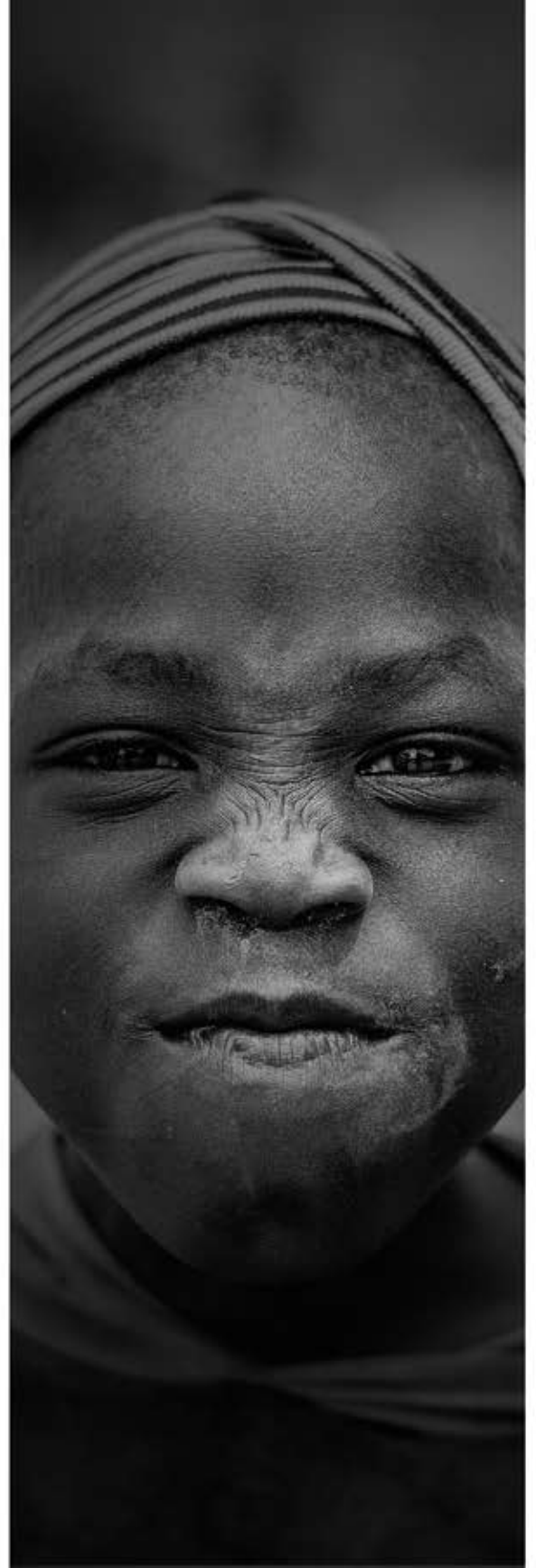
Why was I created?  
The creator didn't ask for my permission.  
Haven't I paid my dues?  
All my life I have been sad.  
*A ma ka mmiri si were baa n'opi ug-boguru?*

The bus I entered today has the inscription  
*'Echi di ime'*.  
But I have seen enough tomorrows.  
I can't wait for the next tomorrow.  
The next hour is a torture of nothingness,  
But before I think of taking a bow  
*Asi na otu onye tọọ izu, o gbuo ọchụ.*  
*Nwaanyi muta ite ofe mmiri mmiri,*  
*di ya amuta ipi utara aka were suru ofe.*

THE NIEL  
**DEATH  
CANNOT  
DEPRESS ME**

I'll love myself to death  
My depression and I;  
We will overdose  
On what God said  
If God said, "Go, Die"  
Maybe I'll obey  
I've been loving neighbors  
almost all day  
Depress me how?  
Even death cannot depress me now  
Depression can't crack me  
Love is more than a lesson  
Na God teach me

**The Niel**  
(c) 2019







CINDY DIKE

# THE DEVIL'S NOMENCLATURE

You don't know he has you in the exact place he wants you; a state where you seem to have fallen so that he'll be lord. Skimming lies that keep you paralyzed, with his seasoned words of deception that has thrown you into a web of brokenness and confusion. He even gives your intense feelings of sadness a name called "depression" because he knows misery loves company and attention.

He is called the father of liars so anything he says to your mind that is outside of God's word is his device.

He never stopped warring for you knowing well that Christ (love) won you over on that cross. He writhes with the pain of his loss and having you producing the wrong fruits is a plus.

For the spirit produces: Joy, peace and love, but that's not your story because you are carrying the burden alone. It wasn't even in your place to fight the battle...give it back to the owner. Give it to the one who is fit to carry the weight hence you'll buckle behind. Lifting them with your strength wasn't what was designed.



GODSWILL  
**LA VIDA  
LOCA**

Living la vida loca,  
Overestimation was my mistake.  
Vanity was me trying to fix me.  
Everything I needed was him.

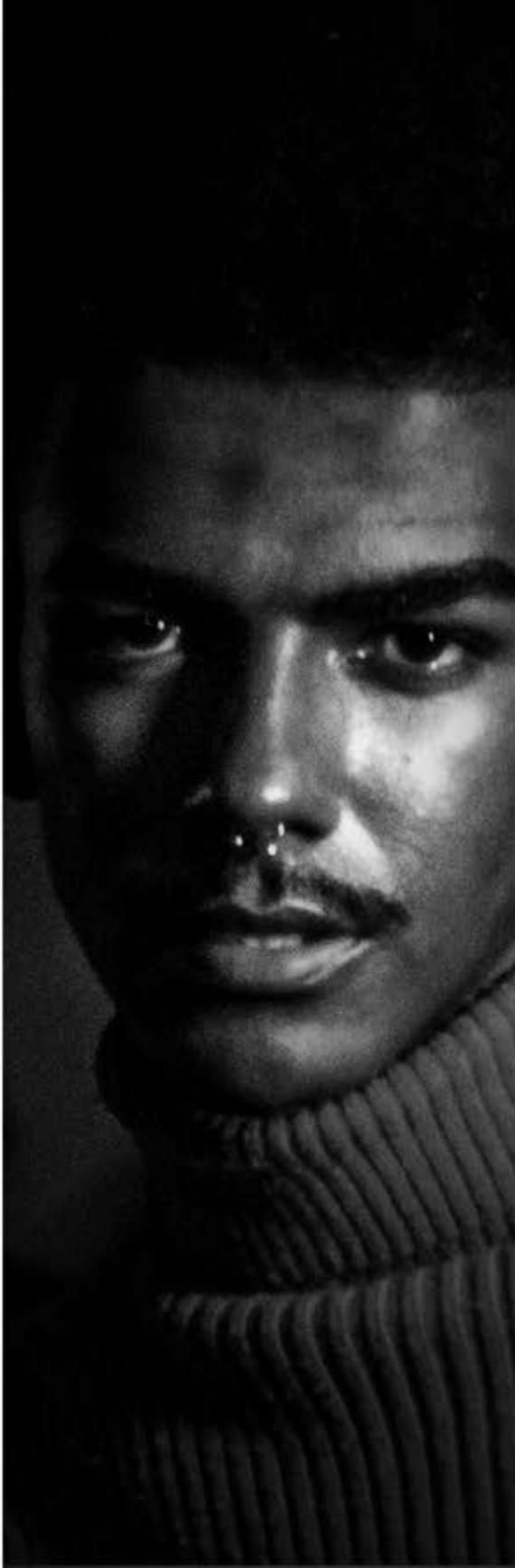
Everything I needed was him.  
Vanity was me trying to fix me.  
Overestimation was my mistake,  
Living la vida loca.

u c T R U T H  
**CHESS**  
**THE GAME**

It's chess.  
It's win or lose.  
Black or white.  
Files, ranks or diagonals.  
No promises, no assurances, but...  
You're still on board, why not play?  
Why not protect the ones you love  
or let them protect you?  
Don't become an isolated pawn  
stay close to the team.  
Let your decisions be anchored in  
unison with the masterpiece.

Live For Your King.  
Any other purpose is useless.  
You said it's all a game, so I say it's  
chess.  
Don't hang your breath and be out of  
peace.  
There's no use in being a blundered  
piece.  
We all have combination choices to  
make, we all decide to attack or  
defend.  
Take the sacrifice of others  
offered freely or refuse.  
We all can choose.  
Yes.





The rook matches out to battle all for one goal, that the kingdom of his king not fall.

Yet you live a life that spins around you alone and wonder why you very soon feel dizzy.

He did say if you'll put your gaze on him, then he'll never let your liver pull. You'll never walk alone if you walk with the Lord of hosts.

He'll set up your website in the clouds of eternity, the Lord of hosts.

He'll give you the best network connection, the Lord of hosts.

If you say it's a game, I say it's chess. If you go off fighting on your own, you might make it, you might not.

But if you will get cling this once to the One who is bigger than life, Then and only then will you be bigger than death.

So make better choices today, you don't even need to be a bishop to do this.

And as long as there are always squares that try to rule us, You can play by the rules and still play greater.

Let the true king rule you.

Demote yourself.

Even the Rookie knows better.



ADEDATRYTS / ALCHEMIST

# **BLOOD SACRIFICE**

Love is the greatest  
The backbone of Christianity  
The only reason blood was shed

As the heavens is far from the earth  
So great is this act of love  
Incomparable, definitely Insurmountable

**Adedatryts**  
**Tolu the Alchemist**  
*(c) 2019*



ST. DAVNIQUE  
**OF  
COLOURS  
AND LIVING**

You are the best part of uncertain  
tomorrows.  
In you all my parallels come to a point.  
You are my one direction.  
And I seek daily to fall into you.

Your love colors me  
A different hue of grateful daily.  
You are beauty in essence.  
And life without You is Monochrome.

GODSWILL / ST. DAVNIQUE  
**TALES  
OF A  
POET**

God is a poet  
Writing tales into skin  
Inking colors into life  
Making meaning of every soul

Tomorrow is why he died  
Our need was how he died  
Love died so I could decide  
Love is where life begins

**Godswill  
St. Davnique**

*(c) 2019*





ADEDATRYTS

# WAYS OF SONS

Depression notes and quotes

Is nowhere in God's big heart, God's word.

They are only words of our heart stirred up by circumstances.

"I wish above all things that ye be in health and live above depression"

This illness that is taking away the lives of men.

Who exchanges a life for another and for what reason?

How do sons live, how are they wired to think?

What do they feed their thoughts with that fortify their minds from the world?

"Guard your heart... for out of it are the issues of life".

They are guided by an arsenal of words from the word.

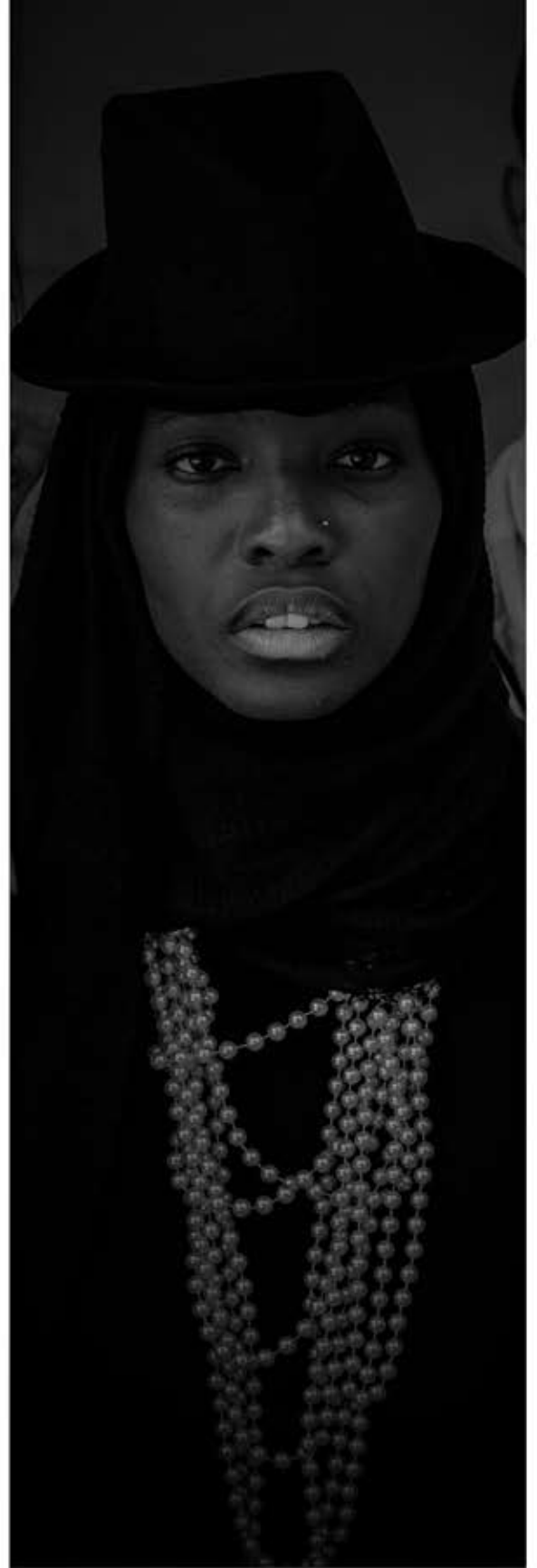


THE NIEL  
**THE WAIT**

Father, Father  
*Biko* make it shorter  
These moments you let me wander  
The press shuns my existence  
All I want is some assistance  
Some may think "*sha na pretence*"  
But I'm here living in past tense  
Remind me of your presence  
Take me on a mind cleanse  
No, not *Tabula Rasa*, I need sense  
But I ask and I ask and I thank less  
So, I'll wait in the word  
till you come first

**The Niel**

(c) 2019





CHY D  
**THE FINAL  
ANSWER**

While a cancer patient  
struggles to live,  
A depressed patient struggles to die.

The math doesn't add up;  
The way being incomplete in Christ  
doesn't add up.

To resolve this math a certain step  
is non-negotiable:  
The knowledge that Christ perfected  
you when he died.

Let Christ fill the void  
circumstances create,  
Because the final answer is love.



IMANI DOKUBO  
**NO YOKE**

I saw His love look away when mama died.  
She was yet to give me a name for my unborn daughter.  
I didn't have a chance to say goodbye.  
Tears were not enough.

How cruel could life get?  
Father had slept last year and never woke up.  
I had to bear yet another loss in just one year.  
Maybe this was his idea of peace.

His miraculous power became a lie  
The day I screamed 'Wake Up' at my nephew  
Who had seized breathing seconds after birth.  
Maybe my voice wasn't loud enough.

When sleep became my only escape,  
I deepened the pressure in discretion,  
And kept smiling just to stop the tears from falling,  
But it wasn't about the tears per se.



No, it wasn't my voice  
or palpitations of my heart  
I was obsessed with the pain  
So much that I let it blur my vision  
It was all an illusion of the truth

The truth of His nature;  
The truth that I had the answer  
within all along  
I trusted in life's experiences  
for direction,  
Refusing to let His wisdom  
operate through me

Truth is  
His love never walked away,  
His miraculous power is too  
real to be a lie.  
What's going through your mind?

That I'm drunk?  
Depressed?  
Nope.  
I am in deep rest.

No longer exhausted by the weight of  
my identity.

**Imani Dokubo**  
*(c) 2019*

IMANI DOKUBO  
**THE  
DISGUISE**

I had pressed hard  
to get my life ironed out  
There were days I wore cardigans  
In a bid to hide my rumpled self

Depression is a bastard;  
I will bounce to church today

With or without the latest shoe  
Brazilian weave or glass nails  
If Christ can stand  
my stinking thoughts,  
Why should a lack of deodorant  
keep me indoors?



THE NIEL/CHY D

# THE MAGIC OF LOVE

The reason you want to die is because  
you live for yourself  
Christ lived and died for me  
Follow his example...  
And live and smile for me  
She said she doesn't see the point  
anymore,  
And now the Word of God  
looks like lore  
She say she no be person wey e fit  
work for  
I told her this is Magic and still Law.  
She said, 'No, Niel, see, my case  
different'  
I told her, 'get something to love, even  
an indulgence...  
Make Gbedu enter gear, you'll be  
aunty depressed'.  
Can I get a witness?  
Depression doesn't impress me,  
I'm too in love  
Fam, food and hobbies  
are treasure troves.  
Money is an OS, like Ubuntu  
Power banks on Love,  
Child, so you should too

**The Niel  
Chy D**  
*(c) 2019*



ADEDATRYTS / CHY D  
**THE VOICE  
THAT WON**

In my head, in my head, in my head;  
In my head, I heard from my thought  
That I am not good enough  
that I am a misfit  
I fell flat because I missed my feet  
And it took me down  
several feet below the sky

I couldn't keep count  
of the number of times I failed  
It made me frown over  
getting up high  
I was back on my back  
not because I died  
but because I live like the dead

And I will never dare  
to be something more  
For my thought says  
'it is better to be here than there'

In my head, in my head, in my head;  
In my head, I heard from my belly  
Fall, fall, fall;  
Fall in love with Christ  
So when you fall  
you don't expend energy standing  
Because Christ will lift you



**Adedatryts**

**ChyD**

(c) 2019



ERUDITE / GODSWILL

# THE ROYAL CHOICE

This choice we made  
To live above the bars, beyond sin and above the stars  
What better choice to make  
Than the love that is life and the word that is Christ?

We make a sound for his royal omni-ness.  
We announce the all-time grand Lord of existence,  
Once upon a world, we went prodigal with love,  
Once upon a son, he showed we are worth dying for.



SYMOLEAN / ERUDITE  
**LOVE SPELL**

Love is a triune blood chord;  
A thread woven  
into the fabrics  
of frail men,  
Joining weakness  
to the invincible God  
Whose only weakness  
is loving the wicked me.  
It's a debt I could not pay;  
A privilege I didn't deserve.  
It's the life I was not worthy to live;  
A mantle I could not singly wield.  
It's the love I could not reciprocate;  
The words that made clay animate.  
It's the love of God.

Come, there's enough for all of us





THE NIEL / ST. DAVNIQUE  
**THE  
TRADEMARK**

I like how you're all going at it  
As if they told you, 'Kill and eat'.  
Sink or swim, *Alhaja* say  
she's made for him  
Who are you that love  
doesn't work on you?

*Shebi* everybody is now selling goods.  
On Instagram we all telling tales;  
Testimonials that we in essence know  
The trade Love made on the cross  
media for our souls.

**The Niel  
St. Davnique**  
(c) 2019



GODSWILL  
**VOICES**

That voice in your head tells you to love the fault.  
The voice that created the head says no, it's love's default.  
Dear creative, you are worth much more  
Than the accolades you take credit for.

**Godswill**

*(c) 2019*



U C T R U T H  
**SIMPLE  
TRUTH**

You can't claim strength  
and claim weakness.  
Stop vomiting surrender,  
depression is no morning sickness.  
I know you're locked in a room with  
no window, but what better time is  
there to learn to burrow?  
Before you slit that wrist, break your  
knuckles, let your stories make it to  
the papers how you punched them.

Life will always come at you but you  
only lose when you side with life and  
come at you too.  
Come on, talk to the voices in your  
head,  
teach them math.  
Let them know that as 2 plus 2  
equals 4,  
A common death isn't what you're



No matter what you feel on this cloak you call skin,  
Always remember that your dress sense can suddenly change.  
Let that keep you sane when everyone is in it.  
And tell them that they'll need to bury you with tons of ripe fruits  
before you'll ever succumb to pear pressure.

Get hold of life now, be more than the things that happen or don't  
happen to you.

Let God live in you.

This is probably the whole dough  
I have to give.

If you took two bullets to the temple,  
will you still live?

# END NOTES

## ALUU

*Egbe igwe*- thunder

*Ola mmiri*- goddess of the river

*Umu uwa*- children of the world

*Dinta*- Hunter

*Umu Ibe, ngwanu gwazie'm*- companions, tell me already

*Aluu*- abomination

*Ikwikwi*- bat

*Biko*- please

*Ajo ohia*- evil forest

*Amadioha*- god of thunder

*Tufiakwa*- God forbid

*Ani*- soil

*Olisa*- God

*Ikuku*- wind

*Olisa ekwenu ihe ojoo*- God forbid evil thing

## CALAMITIES

*Chineke napu ekwensu ike*- may God divert evil

*Onye ga eme omugwo?*- who will nurse the mother and child?

*Afuro ka eme, eme ka afuru*- If the desirable is not available, the available becomes desirable

*Chukwuabiama*- God

*A kwokwala beans akwo?*- I have not started

*Ejiro ututu ama njo ahia*- one's future cannot be determined by a bad start

*Onwu egbuchughi ji e jiri chuo aja, e mesia o puo ome*- things will eventually improve despite the present difficulties

*A ma ka mmiri si were baa n'opi ugboguru?*- who can explain this puzzle?

*Echi di ime*- there is hope for tomorrow

*Asi na otu onye tujọ izu, o gbuo ochu*- knowledge is never complete. Two heads are better than one

*Nwaanyi muta ite ofe mmiri mmiri, di ya amuta ipi utara aka were suru ofe*- one should learn to change tactics to suit a situation

# END NOTES

## **THE WAIT**

*Sha na pretence- it's pretence anyway*

## **THE MAGIC OF LOVE**

*She no be person wey e fit work for- she is not a person it can work for*  
*Make gbedu enter gear- till you start working effectively*

## **THE TRADEMARK**

*Shebi- right?*

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The **Christ-A-Poet Team** consists of a group of very talented writers who have one major goal: to preach Christ and all the joys associated with His love in a way quite different from the norm but not neglecting the principal message.

With a general vision of preaching Christ to the world the CAP Team has a heart for making known the mind of Christ through the talents God has so generously given us:  
**WRITING.**