



Break the Silence

Minds entwined in shadows dark
With whispers of doubt a constant spark.
What if I fail now?
A burden carried alone and slow.

But still we rise, through the darkest nights
And seek the light beaming so bright.
For in its warmth we find our strength
And learn to heal fully to the deepest length.

With every step in every fall
We rise again and stand tall.
So tall that every journey we take
Is a step forward into that great dream we aim.

So let us break the silence and shame
And speak of our failures with no blame.
For in our vulnerability we find our might
And shine a light even in the darkest nights.

Written By: **Olatunji Zion**



A letter from a woman to another woman

Dear Woman,

I am a queen of a kingdom.
You are an empress in your own territory.
I am a gem to my king,
You are a jewel to your lover.
I command whatever respect that I deserve.
In the same vein, you are honoured as the queen that you are.

I have specific assignment that I am called to do,
You are also destined for fulfilment.
I walk my path in the journey of life,
You have tracks that have been designed only for you.
For heaven's sake!
We do not run the same race!

Why then do we oppose each other?
Why do we strive with one another?
Why is there so much conflict amongst us?
Why allow bitterness take root in us?

Shouldn't we uphold one another in strength and show that unity truly wins?
Cause a house divided against itself shall definitely fall!
Stand up strong now, and love a girl!
Speak to a sister!
Hug a woman!
Do good to a she!
Back up a female!
Encourage a lady!
WE ARE ONE!!!

Written By: **Abologbonrin Omolade**



The Man in white

PATIENT: *Make it cease.*

This isn't me.

What have I become?

I beg,

My vigor has betrayed and deserted me.

My retching is crimsoned by the fluid of life.

I breathe like my chest has lost its depth.

I want my mind to speak like mine again.

You, I heard you hold the answers.

Consult your host of oracles in white.

I will huff my breath into your apparatus.

I will flood your pins with my blood.

I will present my release as a sacrifice.

Anything for you in coat to restore my soul.

Written By:

WONDER WOMAN

(Madariola Blessing)

DOCTOR: It's not arithmetic,
my intercession may defy expectations.

Today, I will take away their dystussia.

Their bones will be set like it was never crushed.
Their pyrexia will drop and their lumps will dissolve.
I will make their chills subside and icterus undyed.

Tomorrow I might appear unsure.

Writing sheets of enquires to the shrines of scrutiny.
I might place them under lights, asking about the lives of their
great grand ancestors.

They will gossip about their neighborhood
and their bosses who smoke. I will scrape from their gores.
they might even starve before their next visit.

The overmorrow,

I will implore their commitment to certain pills.
Console them, that the pain might always come but it will feel
less miserable, that the sadness might have found a home in
them but the doses will keep it tame.

Take less sugar, take less salt.

Dig into your skin with this syringe.

Gallop round your streets twice a week to keep your heart
racing at the right beat.

An apple perhaps might keep them further away from me .

The month after, I will ask about their offsprings.

How many have got your crooked nose, male or female or a
little bit of both.

Do they bleed red or fall under the crisis of pain?

Again, we have some weirdly named genes.

I will like to check their cells, not prisons, I said their cells.
Let's examine the cadence of their hearts, before I forget, any
events surrounding their births?

One day maybe, I might drop a hello.

Still alive? A burst has come forth from the labs of science.

There is a better aid to position your life in a better place.

We might not have taken the burden of the ailment away,
but we spend our days finding new means to push your
distress a distance.

Hope, hope, hope, the spokes of medicine keeps wheeling,
anything to put a smile on your wrinkled faces.



Silence

As I delivered the last line—a killer blow,
I was caught in a brief moment of suspense,
Somewhat antientropic, or so it seemed.
It felt as though time had come to a standstill.

Suddenly, I sensed a strange presence—
The agent behind the moment.
Trails of goosebumps littered my arms.
Slowly, I lifted my gaze.

Across the room, our eyes met.
I never knew he could have such an effect on me.
Fixated in place, I felt like a sculpture—
A mere work of art, frozen in time.
It was almost impossible to tear my gaze away.

Perplexing, astounding, unexpected—yet exciting,
As though I held powers to draw him in, to hold him
there.
The air sharpened my senses; I heard breaths—
hitched, gasping.
I saw the fear in their eyes as they waited,
Wondering what would come next.
The taste of bile climbed my throat.

Tension thickened, pulsing, too dense to cut
With the proverbial knife, yet it crackled like electricity,
A thrum coursing through everyone's veins.

What have I done?
But his eyes gleamed, mischievous, as if to say—
What have you not done?

Words raced in my mind, jumbled, tumbling—
Each phrase forming, fracturing, breaking under his
gaze.
I made a mistake: I looked into his eyes,
Trying to gather my voice.
They say the eyes are the gateway to the soul,
But he hid everything—except one command:

It struck like a blow to the gut.
My blood stilled; my heart paused mid-beat.
Furious, I tried to speak, but I couldn't.
My mouth moved, yet silence clung to me,
As though he had stolen the air I needed to breathe,
The words I needed to voice.

His unspoken command echoed, reverberated—
A maddening quiet, loud as thunder in my mind.
The urge to strike him surged, but his icy stare held me
still.

Everyone watched, breath caught, hearts in mouths,
Drawn into the drama, the disorienting spell he'd cast.
They waited for my answer, for release.
Drained, I let go, resigned.

And they exhaled—relieved, as though they, too,
Had been holding their breath.

He was cruel in his silence,
Generous in his victory.

I let my gaze trace his form—reluctant, yet admiring.
A worthy opponent, I thought as I bowed my head.
Might as well lose with pride.

He acknowledged me with the faintest tilt of his head—
A lift of one brow. Was that a smirk? A grin?
I was too drained to tell.

They glanced at each other, hesitant, afraid to voice the
thought in everyone's mind:
Silence had cast its spell on me.
Silence had silenced me.

And in the end—
Silence prevailed.

Written by: Olu-Pereao Orinayo

SILENCE...