

The image shows a wooden cabinet with its doors open, revealing a collection of African wooden masks. The masks are arranged on a blue wire grid inside the cabinet. The masks vary in style, including a large mask with a wide, open mouth, a mask with a prominent nose, and a mask with a large, rounded head. The cabinet is flanked by bookshelves filled with books. The text "JOSHUA OMEKE" is displayed in white capital letters at the top of the cabinet, and "JOE'S COLLECTANEA" is displayed in large, white, 3D capital letters at the bottom of the cabinet.

JOSHUA OMEKE

JOE'S
COLLECTANEA

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Joshua Omeke

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DANILO THE FARM BOY

Green herbs, yellow sun
Dying grasses, hay is made for cows and horses.
Shouting menace, veterinary doctor
Needles and syringe pump
Horses taking their steroid shot,
Eye to eye, Danilo consoling the mules,
Stubborn cows, poo marshes and drizzled floors,
Urine smells, bleach is poured to dilute this smell.
The stink is raw, so is the funds when it comes.
What a job, yanked his hair, Danilo the farm boy

For ends to meet, the crops are milled,
For cows to milk, hays are scattered in barns.
Dairy pressed in a bucket, muscles are needed to yank it up,
To make it worst, the days have been hot,
A few steps, man is tired of the job,
Summer is near, so is the sound of neigh.
Seeking my attention, running back and forth
If I leave this job, my true friends would be gone.
No food for a lazy man, so I work in this farm.
What a job, yanked his hair, Danilo the farm boy

Ploughing the fields, distributing seeds,
First comes the trees, then comes the fruits,
Seen the rodents, creatures of unwanted visit,
Scarecrow and playback sounds, pesticides spray
Rodents are villains, Danilo is the hero,
Save the plantation, harvest more crops,
Deny them entry, record harvest on inventory.
It is past your shift, hope overtime adds to the bills,
Poor Danilo autonomously functioning,
What a job, yanked his hair, Danilo the farm boy

ACHE OF WATERS

In the distant wilderness, one could see.
the disappearance of light as sunsets,
The mind once prepared for the journey now squeaking in fear,
Since abandoned by her friend, prowess,
it yearns in the company of chirping birds,
And the oesophagus pumps for fresh air,
Can this mind still feel the ache of waters,
On a canoe of hope paddling to greatness,
As her paddle scoops of the waters,
The ear hears the plopping of each eave,
Soon to be discombobulated by a sudden swoosh,
Underneath is the midpoint drifting into balance,
Curated to enable this mind to move ahead,
What sort of turbulence could rumble this journey like a waterbed?
Since the canoe yoke withholds the legs,
Suddenly, her mind has become relived of fear,
Once a mind consumed by loneliness and bradycardia,
Now equipped with symphonic birds and chutzpah,
If the harbingers wait for the night to voraciously consume this mind,
Tell them, this ache of water has done worst!

A COLOURED DREAM

In the land of the people that persecuted my ancestors,
Here I am seeking greener pastures,
Believing I would someday be favoured,
Manured from the knowledge of life,
Aiming at the stars,
Looking to be among those seated in first class,
However, through the rejected job application and struggles of life,
Is the little voice in my head going razzmatazz,
Hoping to see multiple commas in my bank account,
As life is a dish best served rich,
But beyond the expectations,
Is the peace I derive from meditation,
The solace I derive reading the teachings of Jesus,
Surrounded by crystals,
Topaz, citrine, many more and amethyst,
Burning sage.
Listening to toast by koffee
Not the one you get off Cafe Nero,
But the symphony of a black sister,
To please myself; I take a trip to white-city
and buy a shirt from emporio,
You know it is armani, yes, I spent my money,
Live for the moment they said,
Just like a baker,
I love the taste of my dough,
The moment is not enough for my expectations,
It is just a coloured dream,
Hoping to be the next big thing,
Behind the scenes,
Is my praying and kaboshing,
Ra ta ta bla la sa ma ka,

Chanting psalms to the lion of Judah,
So, he shoots down my enemies with a bazooka,
Then he butters my bread like blue band,
Who is that boy in the blue car?
The boy whose coloured dream came alive.