

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE BLACK
BOY'S MESSAGE AND FROM THE
PREACHER'S DESK.

SADLY

(A POETRY COLLECTION)

By

ARNEE AKPAN

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DEDICATION

This collection is
dedicated to everyone
whose eyes are glancing on
these poems with their
hearts glued to it.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S CORNER

I believe that there is depression everywhere, there are people who are silently passing out. Most at times they've tried talking to someone but the fear of getting judged, stigmatized because of the depression that encircles them. Sometimes, all they need to survive through times like this is that little listening prowess, attention or companions and friends.

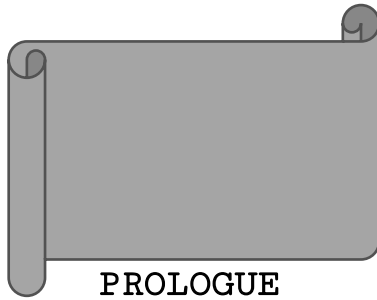
I hope that at the end, after reading this work; it would change our mentalities and open our minds to understanding and caring for these class of persons.

Depression is everywhere just look around and be a savior.

-Arnee Akpan

“As their faces are different,
so are their perilous
pestilence... ”

-Eleventh commandment



PROLOGUE

Whilst opening to this page,
Cast away your carnal garment
And let your soul experience the
 nudity of my feelings,
Heart crumble to its knees as I
 let my cry out;
Who knows it may be just my last.

I am that heart beating its last,
Sitting in this dark corner of
my abode; I could be anywhere.

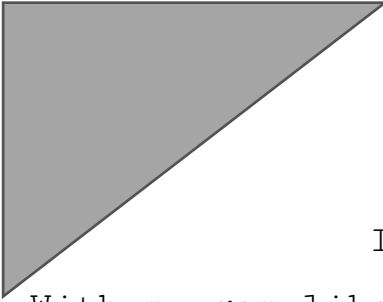
 Lock to the door,
Over fed with sorrows,

Drunk with tears shaded by a
beautiful smile,
Razor design slitting my wrist,
These tablets, my taste bud
shall kiss
This dagger shall pin its skin
against mine
In a glorious union till death
doeth us part.

But, just before my journey
begins;

Sadly,
On the lobby of this pages,
The stains are tears;
Read on...
Read on....

-ARNEE AKPAN



SOME OTHER TIME

Sadly,
If I come to you
With my gem like balls bleeding
rivers
My lip seeking to raise a burden
off the shoulders of my heart
At least so I can glance at
tomorrow,
Please don't tell me 'some other
time'
Because I may never get to
listen as 'some other time'
plays its music.

-ARNEE AKPAN



HEY
THERE
NOTES

HEY THERE NOTES

Sadly,

Nothing's interesting about
living-

Adventures I seek for,

Peace I thirst for,

Thus might lay just over this
line

Just that my body will have to
sleep in death.

Hey there notes,

I know along with my decaying
skin,

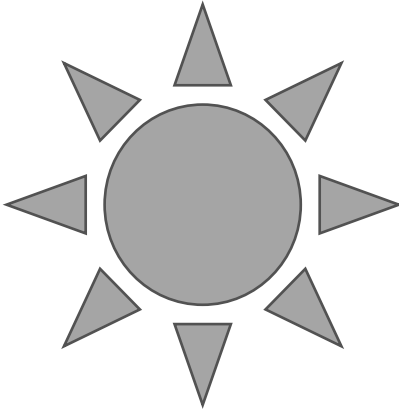
Memories of me shall depart
their thoughts

But, remember to say thus;

“I was depressed but no eyes saw
it...”

Goodbye world.

-ARNEE AKPAN

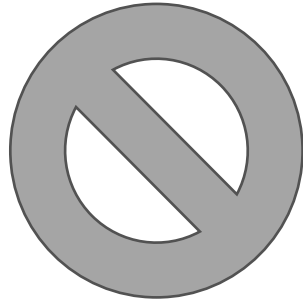


GONE

Sadly,
Gone! Gone!
Too soon
Along with the sun even before
dusk,
Ashes turn to pixie dust
Earth satisfies its lust,
He left life too soon
A new life living behind the
shadowed moon
Resting in Peace;
This might be the new song after
I am gone.

-ARNEE AKPAN

CROSSOVER



Sadly,

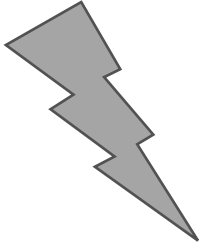
On a bench by the roadside,
clothed skin, naked soul;

Just across, death beckons-

Into its hands, I commit my
today, tomorrow and ever

As I crossover to embrace her
cold-soothe arm.

-ARNEE AKPAN



LIGHTS OUT!

Sadly,

Lights out!

Break, Broke, Broken

I finally performed on the
grandest stage staged by death-
So please keep sealing your lids

As I take a bow beyond this
world.

-ARNEE AKPAN



ADDIC-PRESSION

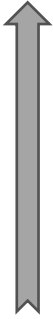
Sadly,

Addiction to depression was
suicide enough

Thus ask not how I sailed beyond
the sea of Hades

Just know, death immersed my
piece in peace not piece.

-ARNEE AKPAN



ON A BOULEVARD

Sadly,

Narrow is the boulevard on which
I travel on,

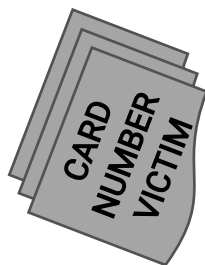
Beautiful thorny trees, roses
with sharp lip tip

Squeezing their venom of pain
gruesomely into me;

Zombie with no soul I have lost
blood.

-ARNEE AKPAN

GAME OF CARDS



Sadly,

“Life is a game of cards...”

They say;

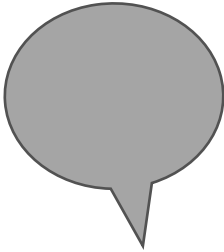
But, each time I tried placing
mine on the tables of your mind

To describe the itching feeling
of being antagonized by pain -

You would kill me with the soft
sharp edged sword;tongue,

In your words, I was placing the
‘Victims card’.

-ARNEE AKPAN



ACTIONS SPEAKS LOUDER

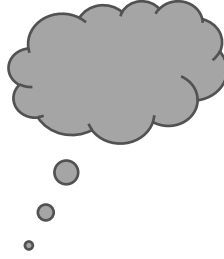
Sadly,
Smiles, grinning teeth, winking
eyes;

I hide my feelings from the
bottom to the brim actions above.

I was never in search of pity in
this jungle where I seek
solitude

But why does your ear look weary
and your actions uttering tired
of me.

-ARNEE AKPAN



VOICEMAIL

Sadly,

If they ever get to listen,

Dear voicemail say thus;

Suicide,

A new ringing tone

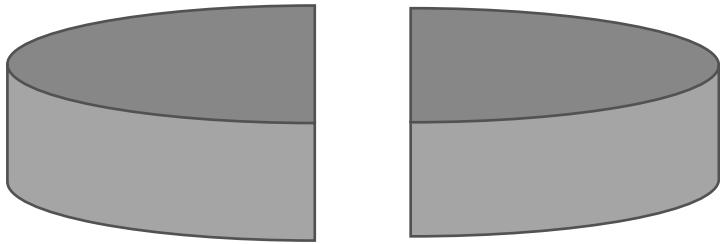
Its melodious rhymes echoes
unending up here.

Depression grabs me in its
grasps

Its beautifully painted claws
pierced in my emotions;

Nobody care about stopping it.

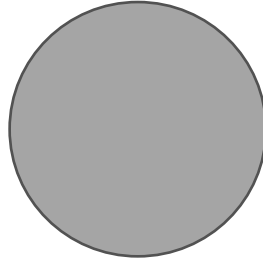
-ARNEE AKPAN



BROKEN

Sadly,
Broken,
I, pain has dissected my life in
two, no glue too
Nothing can help me except the
gracious love of death
I wish to abide peacefully in;
Since the world echoes verdict
of desertion.

-ARNEE AKPAN



LOST

Amidst a big bold round desert,
The only thing to keep me
company is the wind of emptiness

Emotionless,

Numbness,

All obsessed over handing me to
sadness.

I am lost alone.

-ARNEE AKPAN



LONELY

Sadly,

You may ask why I feel this way
even though people encircle me-

Look up in the Sky,

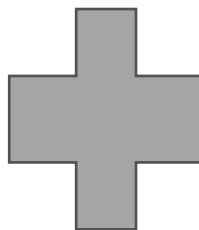
Stare deep into the big blue
bold eye of Knight Night;

See it? Yes? Just look,

The moon crest encrypted in his
chest is lonely though the stars
watch over it.

-ARNEE AKPAN

NAILED ON A CROSS



Sadly,

It pains me to know that you
judge me without counting facts.

You may never understand me
because you're not trapped in my
castle of depression

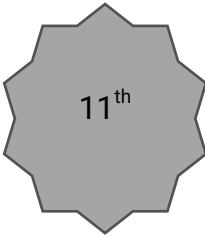
Nor strapped to this throne of
repulsive pain;

I am not being negative about
living-

I am just a poor soul in search
of a bed of rose to lay my soul
on its sheets.

Too bad you've already nailed me
to the cross of desertion.

-ARNEE AKPAN



ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

Sadly,

I rushed down to you like a
pressed Lady running to a toilet

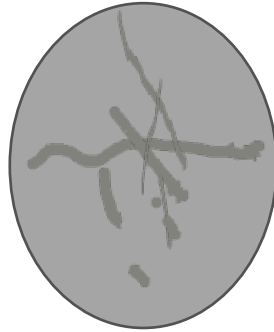
But!

You told me not to worry,
Failing to realize the eleventh
commandment;

'Never tell me others have swam
in oceans'

For as their faces are different,
so are their perilous pestilence.

-ARNEE AKPAN



HOW I FEEL

Sadly,

I feel like I am sinking, my
ship is crashing

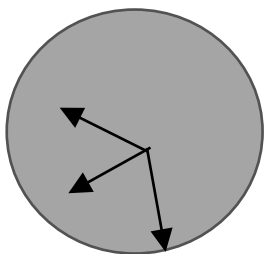
On a rocky sea I sail like the
fate of the Titanic-

The reins have lost their fist
to hold tight,

Waking up every morning with my
skin stinking sadness

Washing it off is as impossible
as getting ears to listen.

-ARNEE AKPAN



ESIWKCOLCITINA

Sadly,

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock !

Chest left its to clocks ,clock
My

darkness in buried moment its
has now day The

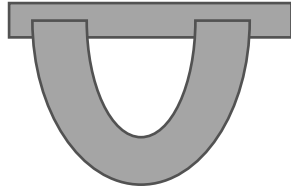
Light the into decay skin its
has darkness And

;Home never is Right Mrs.
because Wrong Miss by run is
life My

Normal isn't just this
.Feel I all is emptiness

*(Please read this poem from the
right side to left side)*

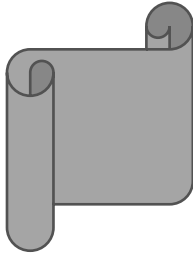
-ARNEE AKPAN



O'ER THIS VALLEY

There's a bridge to my face,
O'er this valley is Neverland
Where a bevy of white flowery
Maidens shalt offer me solitude
Served on a platter of peace;
A nutrient feasting on this
world's carcass deprived my soul
of.

-ARNEE AKPAN



EPILOGUE

This is the final page of this
forsaken soul,

Turn out the lights,

The stage play has quickly
danced to its end.

I don't know if you can hear my
cry roar

Stuck in my wind pipe is a
choking fist from depression.

With cloudy eyes,

Soul in captivity of 'no
happiness'

Echoing voices of life's verdict

It has given me two choices; a

pyre or a guillotine

Either way dead is all I can
feel in this unresponsive body.

Now return to the prologue,
Heal me, scrape this wounded
heart of loneliness,

Rush, hush me;

I could be anywhere remember
Then maybe, just maybe I might
dare to live again after death.

-ARNEE AKPAN

ALWAYS REMEMBER DEPRESSION IS
EVERYWHERE AND GIVE. LISTENING
EAR TO THEM, THEY NEED YOU.

THANK YOU FOR READING AND SHARE
WITH A FRIEND.