



PAROUSIA



MAGAZINE

A Christian Arts and Literary Magazine

ISSUE #2



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EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the Second Issue, the Purity Issue of PAROUSIA Magazine: A Christian Arts and Literary Magazine. This Purity Issue explores narratives on virtue, morality, abstinence, righteousness, integrity, decency etc. but not mainly as it welcome other narratives that are standard for publication.

Am grateful to all those who sent their works. We have two more publications this year, the September Issue and the Christmas Issue coming up in December.

Let me remind you that PAROUSIA Magazine is a Christian Arts and Literary Magazine offering a platform for writers and artists from every part of the world.

In this issue, you will be reading two amazing Fiction 'A Wake Up Call' by Chigozie Anuli Mbadugha and 'The Devil Tempted Us' by Samuel Kamugisha. Akor Emmanuel Uche Review of Emmanuel Inedu's "A Requiem For Virtue" in PURITY IN RECIPROCAL; WHEN ANOMALY BECOMES NORM.

Also you will read poetry from Amore David Olamide, Francis Annagu, Kariuki wa Nyamu, Nana Arhin Tsiwah, Oghenero Ezaza, Ojo Taiye and Tanimonure Richards Adewale as we have beautiful pictures from Adedayo Adeyemi Agarau.

Enjoy
Tola Ijalusi

Amore David Olamide

POETRY

MY STRENGTH, MY PURITY

My
strength
has strength
in multiply ten
because
my heart
is pure
with no sinful sour.

The vigors
of my mind
has prevail
over sap inaction
of frozen sin
Instill
my heart
so I must entwine.

The humours,
I recognise
as purity
are absolute
justice
absolute logic
of absolute
tranquillity
In perfection
of sacred dignity.

It is
astonishing
that
what force,
purity, and
wisdom
requires
for a human being
to keep clear
of falsehoods
and its rules.

Purity
is the power
to contemplate
defilement
no one
is more
dangerous
than
he who
imagines himself
pure in heart:
for purity,
by definition,
is unassailable.

I
can be
so valorous
than you could
ever imagine
I can
be so
cryptic
because
my soul
Is the home
Of purity
So I am
strengthen
with a sinless
faith
that can
never be
trample
by begotten
smack of
belligerency.

Oh! PURITY

Gems of purest rays of bliss
That got pulled out from mudding clay
Retains its rely purity
From sacredness of gleeful cleanse
I know of sacred Golgotha
That drip the blood of Jesus Christ
I know of stainless statuary
The one that dwells tranquillity

I Know of white that never stain
I know of heart that never change
I know of Samuel faithful act
Against the wills of Israelite

I know of seven candles light
That burns and burns but never dry
I know of rosary hanged about
That symbolizes some prophet's life

Of thousands ways we see in scenes
Our hearts of lofty jiggery-pokery
Of thousands how we subtly sin
Of how our swears are counterfeit

How purity became impurity
How restoration became diseases
How law became injustice
In nemesis of jeopardy

A slithering snake, a silly snake
That put the Eden sod at stake
Against the wills of Almighty
That ended grace we dearly see

Let's reborn this forgotten phrase
That apt and prompt the heaven's blaze
And bath lake of holy drift
The one that dwells tranquillity.

IWENUMO (PURIFICATION)

Purity
Another name
For jollity
Serenity
And
Harmony.

Purity
another word
for I'm not
involved
In the acts of
Jiggery-pokery

Purity
another phrase
for Say
it The way
it is without
adding or deducting
from it.

Purity an emblem
of tranquility
transparency
and Sanctity
of a heart
blend to
impact
the misleads
heart.

Purity
the voice
of a dumb
gasping realities.
the sight
of a blind man
seeing originalities.
the awareness
of a deaf ear
listening to the
actualities of
sanctified whispers.

Purity
a spark of
glistening stars
a beam of moon delight
a lullaby for
sobering mind
slumbering to the agony
of mystified universe
seeking vividly
for where
the sod
realness
reside
to reconstruct
the broken walls
of world
with a soften clay
of purity
called purification.

Chigozie Anuli Mbadugha

Fiction

A Wake-Up Call

I think it must have been the rapture that brought us all here. In a split second, I'd heard the sound of a trumpet and as if propelled by magic, some of us were airborne. We did not fly for long, but suddenly found ourselves in an open space around a central golden throne. On the throne sat the most beautiful person I had ever seen. He had such a glow about Him that one had to look away because of the glare. Beside Him sat a man equally as glorious, but a shade younger than Him. I assumed I was in the presence of Jesus and God The Father. I stood in awe of all that I was seeing - petrified, but in some way, at peace. I wondered how fear and peace could coexist.

Thousands had gathered around the seat. As names were called, in an apparent roll call, I could see palpable fear as the owners of the names stepped forward. I tried to remember the names of people whose destination I had planned to confirm in heaven, but alas! I could not remember any. I was too preoccupied with my own fate. Had I been living in a state of grace? Did I repent of every known or unknown sin? Could it be said that there was faith in my heart? I was spellbound as I watched the proceedings. I muttered a quick prayer of repentance and wondered if it was still acceptable. Did my repentance at this stage count? I vaguely remembered the saying that by the time the trumpet sounds it would be too late to say sorry and the sinner would be saying "had I known."

Then suddenly it struck me that if indeed I had been airborne it meant I had made it! Perhaps the roll call was to apportion rewards. Was I deserving of a reward if indeed I had made it, albeit narrowly? I tried to remember the last time I'd preached to anybody about Christ, or prayed for lost souls and people's needs, other than mine. My memory was hazy, dulled by fear and apprehension. I heard my name and I stepped forward. The throng of people in front of me gave way as I moved towards the seat with wobbly knees. I prayed silently that I would indeed obtain mercy.

I saw for the first time that two angels were seated at a table with a large book in front of them. The bold inscription that ran across the top of the book was "A record of works." I saw my name boldly printed on the page in view. The writing on the page appeared scanty. I closed my eyes and hoped I would not faint.

I suddenly felt that I should rejoice no matter the reward I got. It was better to be a squatter in heaven without a crown or a star than to have missed out altogether, though some 'decoration,' reward or medallions would have been nice. I opened my eyes and sang with every ounce of my strength:

"Hallelujah!.....Hallelujah!.....Hallelujah! Hallelujah!...."

From across the hall, thousands of voices joined me in worship of the Lord! I forgot my apprehension, lost in my love and reverence for the King of Kings and Lord of Lords!!

I felt a tap on my shoulder and prayed silently that it was not the devil coming to accuse me of wrongdoing, or to dispute whose disciple I was really. It was Helen. My wife and the mother of my children. I hugged her and clung to her laughing. I was so relieved to realize I had been dreaming.

"Darling, you were singing and crying at the same time in your dream. Are you okay?" she asked.

"I am dear. I think I just had a wake up call from the Lord. I need to create more time for prayer and my spiritual life. I need to consciously share my faith. I need to lay up treasures in heaven that will count for eternity," I replied.

She smiled and waved her hands to the heavens. Helen had tried for months to get me to at least attend church services regularly, but I had been only too happy to fix meetings on Sunday mornings to 'brainstorm' on business strategies for the week ahead. Even when my staff protested about the timing, I was quick to tell them that they were free to walk away if they no longer needed their jobs. There were several other areas I felt I had come short of God's glory in as well. Some of them were deeply personal and I was not about to share them with Helen. I told her I needed time alone with God and moved to the study.

I could see clearly that if God chose to treat me mercifully, I would have had 'squatter status' in heaven, if indeed the rapture had occurred. I felt I was destined for much more than that and I got on my knees to ask for God's grace. I needed help. I needed strength. I needed the anointing for faith, courage and service that could only come from the spirit of God.

I sang: "Come Holy Spirit, I need you!....."

Ojo Taiye

POETRY

Words of Blood

Soon the pure thrust of
Our lay
Would draw blood
Blood that would
spit fire in form of venom
To burn all crabs and dogs to ash

Blood that are spittle in
Our mouth
To appease the dead sleeping
At the foot of the hills
Whose dreams are
Made dust

Words of blood
Boiling from the hearts of men
Ranging from the four compass
To cleanse this dirty patch
Patch, once was full of justice;
Righteousness used to dwell in her –
but now murderers!

'Nyam am o'

for so long, He heard tales
of her prostitution
He stomachs the ammonia
of her uncleanness
Sodom and Gomorrah
the twin heaps
He made for his lambs
But yesterday,
He came in the regalia
Of a dark cloak
while releasing spontaneous
electric winks
down the road of the sky
with guttering flames
amidst pebbles of rain

Akor Emmanuel Oche

Review

**PURITY IN RECIPROCAL; WHEN ANOMALY BECOMES NORM
(A Review of Emmanuel Inedu's "A Requiem For Virtue")**

Poet: Emmanuel Inedu

Poem: A Requiem For Virtue

Book: Cockcrow At Noon, 2015.Pp 45.

Publisher: Words Rhymes and Rhythm

Reviewer: Akor Emmanuel Oche

It was the french poet, writer and art critic, Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918) who admonished that "to insist on purity is to baptize instinct, to humanize art, and to deify personality" a statement which traverses nationalities to further strengthen the link between sound morals and the struggle for purity at heart by individuals all over the world who strive to excel in life. A knob which was later approved by the francophone philosopher Simone Weil in this freticiously kneaded words "purity is the power to contemplate defilement"

Today, we live in a world where moral decadence accompanying pungency is the norm of the day. The things we do now, prior to this time where regarded as anomalies and ills of the society. With the fast deteriorating standards in virtues and morals at this time, it is the paramount duty of the poet to call his people to order for it is said that "the wilder of the pen, is the eyes of the society", this duty which Emmanuel Inedu,--foremost Nigerian poet, instructor and thinker--has masterfully taken upon himself in his poem "A Requiem For Virtue"

Originally published in his debut collection of poems; Cockcrow At Dawn, a requiem for virtue is a poem wrapped in the habiliments of mournful reflections as the personage would put it.

...."If you ask me i'll tell you
things are sure happening these
days.
Virtues are evolving"...

He is particularly akined to his sententious arrangement of metaphors which he craftily implores in expressing these happenings when he proclaims

..."infact virtues are now standing on their heads,
forcing blood into the brain,
making the body malfunction..."

For the poet, as it is for many of us, the situation has deplored into a near death phase. Indecency in this age is unpalatable, and we cannot fail to cry out that

...."it is a requiem for virtue"

While we also wonder in astonishment at the extent to which things have deviated from what it was and what it should be. We observe also that

..."before now, honesty was a virtue,
so was humility, CHASTITY, fidelity
hardwork, love for neighbour too.
Kindness and wisdom
queerly though,
i knew some virtue in poverty."...

Where has purity of heart gone? Why have sound virtues given way to corruption,
nepotism, immorality and evil acts in our society? Perhaps let us like the personage join in
his dirge

...."Alas, virtue took a millennial dive
redefined and re-configured to suit the times,
after its metamorphosis
virtue became a queer, ugly, hunched man..."

But what do we have today to replace Good? Shamefully they are reciprocals to purity,
sexual immoralities: fornication, bisexuality, gay relationships, adultery and the like,
corruption, wickedness or as it is in the poets words

..."wealth, thievery, greed, acrimony and hate
beauty and foolishness.
Bestiality, corruption, and bribery, its twin
are now universal virtues!
Mal-administration and tyranny too..."

As poignant as it may be, we all should join the poet in signing virtues obituary as he
enunciates in the poems last lines

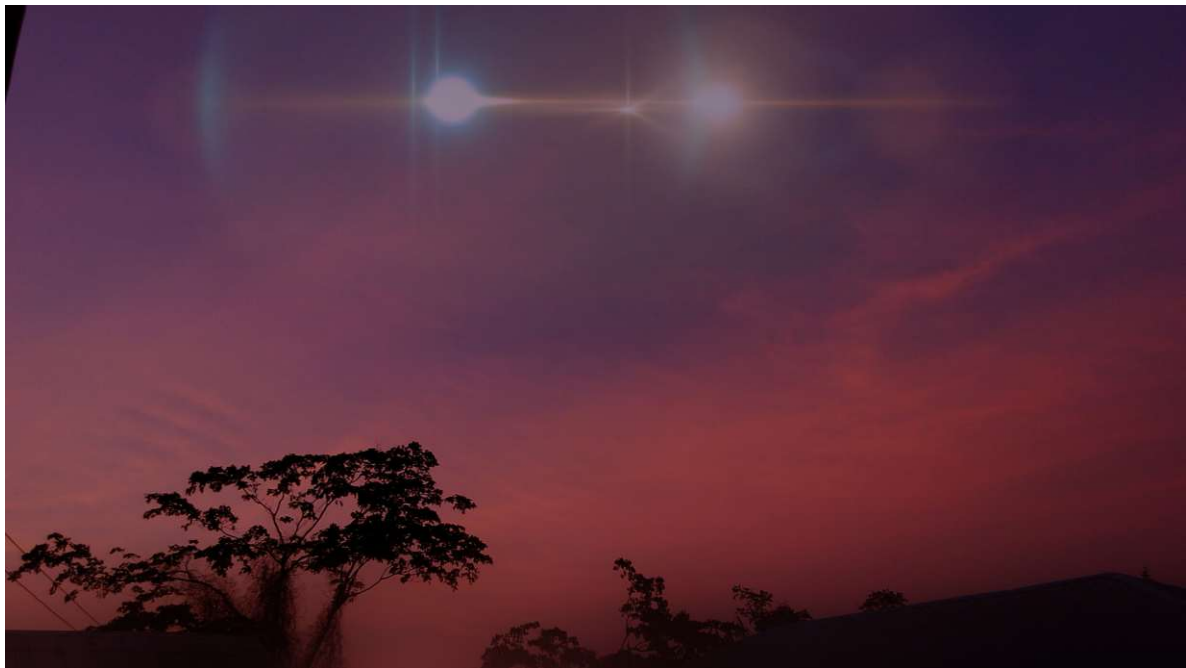
..."poor virtue!
rest in green peace..."

Or maybe not.

Adeyemi Adedayo Agarau

Photography





Acts 1:9-10 KJV

And when he had spoken these things,
while they beheld, he was taken up;
and a cloud received him out of their sight.

[10] And while they looked stedfastly
toward heaven as he went up, behold,
two men stood by them in white apparel;

Kariuki wa Nyamu

POETRY

ON THIS HILL

On this hill, the Son
of Man grieved, a thousand times
he stumbled on thorns and rocks, as he ferried
the wood to this hill, the boots chained and whipped
the (re)builder of fallen bridges of humankind! They then spat on him,
heckled him, scorned him and shared out his robes! He endured ambush as
they coldly nailed his mighty arms on the wood! And even there, they derided
him, planted a crown of thorns on his head. What a pathetic sight as he hung guiltlessly
between bandits! There was darkness at noon, then the earth shook; graves opened thus the dead
rose! Oh, so they realized he wasn't just a mere carpenter's son... He then said his last breath!
Later on, Joseph of Arimathea shrouded his lifeless form, and put it in his virgin tomb, and after
a three day's underground dwelling, Kristu showed up well-groomed, victorious and sound. You
know him, for he's Emmanuel, who now shines above the stars wit' our Father who art in heaven

THIS CROWN

Alone, seemingly
powerless yet mighty; given
cheap wine against will, enduring misery
'nd hunger; the sharp thorns hurt the Son of Man,
as darkness lasted three solid hours, the temple's
curtain tore apart- a free gate pass for sinners to seek
repentance! So, take no more queues of confession,
but go with all your troubles to the most high,
and tell them, I read from Life's Book:
and on this day, I declare none on
earth is like Him, he who braved
trials, trauma and tribulations,
for man's sake! Surely, he was
no Tom, Dick or Harry! By the way, I'd
like you to get this clear my dear ones, no one,
no one could have managed to slay him! Only that he
sacrificed his soul to save us from earthly iniquity! And so,
when I look at this crown, and see his scarred body, and eyes glowing
with triumph, my heart longs for another whole wash up of sins, so that I'll eternally
be as white as snow! So, come to the savior and be rescued from the scenery of sins!

I EXALT YOU

Eloi,
I'm on my knees at the moment
Bestowing you with ten thousand praises
You, the marvelous comptroller of the world
The noble stage director as we act
for this earth is our stage
You are the conscientious guard
who never dares to doze off
even in the tranquil hours of the night
You are the cheerful donor of knowledge and wisdom
The grand comfort to the bereaved
The incomparable friend of friends
The silent monitor of our life's journeys
The wealthy landlord
for we are thy tenants on earth
and most importantly
Day by day,
you renew our lease of life.
(with or without request)
You're the truthful shepherd of thy flock
The righteous lord of love
The sure healer
The great maker of all things, seen and unseen
The ardent listener to our troubles
The devoted porter of virtues
The modest instructor
The incorruptible judge
I exalt you Eloi.

Mwene Nyaga,
You are the reliable father of countless orphans
The true relief to the widowed
The generous feeder of the starving
The author of Life
Our strong shield against tribulations
The compassionate savior of mankind
The well of grace, kindness and
fountain of peace and prosperity
The kind-hearted supplier of blessings
The never- lacking source of hope and redemption
The master of creativity
The ever victorious combatant when we're attacked
My voice when I'm speechless

Murungu dear,
I'll write and sing you ten thousand
praises
as long as I have lungful of air
And that's why
I'll live to exalt you
Eloi
Ngai
Enkai
Nyasaye
Were
Katonda
Ruhanga

Nana Arhin Tsiwah

Poetry

SUN BLOOMS IN GODMAN

Our days have were numbered
Not by 'Odomankoma'
But by creed narrations
Made out of sparkling dust cities
Chirped out of factory machines.

Yesterday, a war sagged our home--
And our souls drained!

It was not too long
That we found our spirits
Dancing in Godman,

Where the sun bloomed
In a peaceful river song:
"peace like a river
thou path of mortal
calling". . .

||*

Godman- Nation of God
Odomankoma- The Eternal Giver

SALVATION FROM SIR WEED

The smoke had lost it beauty.
The flags stopped hoisting in my head.
These were the new days
When 'taawa' lost it appeal
In the deep of the night.

I had quit this long betrothrel
To an early marriage to a master.
"Master of the universe", some say
Governor of nations
Birthed in the looms of the mind.

Half-turn
Turn right
And the night
Had glown with Christ---
Salvation from Sir wee!

||*

taawa- wee

Oghenero Ezaza

Poetry

DO NOT

Do not trade your heart to please anyone
Search deep down in your heart
And settle the cravings in your heart
She is dearest to you

Do not shun your conscience to love the world
Agree with your feelings and let her rest
Do not trade your soul to please the devil
Search into your soul and set her free
Do not kill your dream for society
For no man has died and time has stopped
Society will use you to have its way
And will fail to see you die in your folly

Do not mar destiny to please surroundings
For no man has screamed and the earth has torn
Surroundings hug you 'thanks!'
But don't blame surroundings
Because none sees the tears inside of your head

Do not trade your pursuits for bully's sake
Do not dish your God for dictator's breakfast
Your God whom you worship is your life
Your life which you live is your God's
Do not deceive your heart for it cannot be done
Do not deceive yourself and then believe your own deceit
Do not kill your life to please this life
For this life will kill you before you die
And will fail to see you die before your death
There is one Lord, one and only one alone
Same is the maker, the start and the finish

Do you know what it is to serve a God
Do you know what it is to bow before this stone
And say this stone is my God
I don't think you know as half as much
For if you do, you will never leave the stone to check on the trend in town

It is that stone that loves you more
Do not hurt the maker to please the made
It is that stone that put your spirit in you
Your spirit knows its maker well and good
You can neither fight your spirit nor your Lord

Do not kill your life and your soul to serve the devil
The devil does not mince acts
In killing your life and your soul

FLEE FROM TICKS

Son of man flee from ticks
They are filled with filth
Son of man run from ticks
They make you sick
Son of man away from ticks they are so sticky
They may be little like a dot
And so small like they are nought
But son of man they carry fluid
And they will give you the flu
Give them not your skin to perch
No, not your body to rest
They are little little pest
But they eat away your strength
Son of man they are germs
And are so filled with dirt
They are very little things
But they suck out your dreams
Your destiny will die
When they pierce into your life
And unto you they cleave
And will never want to leave
Be wary of those things
They are little but they kill

POEM OF HEAVEN

Write me a poem
Speak me the words
Sing me a song
Tell me the lyrics

Show me blissful zion
Where the heart is hundred gold
And nothing is before the Father

I am here and I am in
I am there and I believe
I will live in it as I am here
I will live in it when I get there

This world is not the place
Show me the heavenly place

Paint me a picture of heaven
Tell me a tale of paradise
Tell me the heavenly feeling
Of the golden crown with stars of souls

This world is just a sham
Show me the incorruptible land
This flesh that can't endure
Tell me the immortal soul

Write me a poem of heaven...

Samuel Kamugisha

Fiction

The Devil Tempted Us

When the evening fellowship had ended, all Christians but Mrs Kimathi, left. For the members of this fellowship, this was not unusual: Mrs Kimathi always stayed behind for counseling. Mr Kimathi, her husband, had married a second wife: the bottle. He would return home in the wee hours of the morning, drunk like a brewery's beer taster.

Almost on all occasions, Mr Kimathi would beat up his wife. He always accused her of sleeping with the local pastor. Rumours that Mrs Kimathi and Pastor Kihara were having an affair had spread far and wide. A young man in his late 20s, Pastor Kihara was yet to find a wife. Until then, everyone in Randarwa expected him to stay pure, waiting upon the Lord to reveal to him his rib.

"He feasts on the women that fellowship at his home," a man said, then dipped his drinking straw deep into the gourd of local brew.

"And during overnight prayers," added Mr Kimathi, shouting at an elderly woman to bring more warm water to add into the pot.

The other drinkers were quiet. Mr Kimathi dominated the attack on religious leaders. He talked too much, not because the frosty waters had sunk into his head: he was a talkative man. A retired teacher, Kimathi gulped his pension. Not that he had been a drunkard. In fact, Kimathi hated alcohol until his retirement. He had never tasted it, at least not in public. He had been an elder at the Randarwa Blessed Church under Pastor Kamau who died in a motor accident.

Kihara was Kamau's son. He had completed his business degree at the University of Nairobi the month his father died. Church leaders were split on who, between Kihara and assistant pastor Karanja, should be the next pastor. Mr Kamau was pro-Karanja while his wife, like many women and girls, preferred the youthful Kihara.

The split at Randarwa Blessed Church was the beginning of quarrels in the Kimathi family. Husband and wife fought over it openly, their three daughters watching.

"You are sleeping with that young man, you harlot," Mr Kimathi fired at his wife in the middle of one of the scuffles.

"Mummy, what does a harlot do?" asked Jackie, Kimathi's youngest daughter, tears stinging her eyes in sympathy of her mother on whose face Mr Kimathi was raining blows.

When Kihara took over from his father, Karanja and his sympathizers sought to build a rival church. Under construction, the new church was swept away by a strong wind, like the biblical house that had been erected on a sandy foundation. Distraught, Karanja went to Nairobi to seek employment. He had been an extension officer but the job was not raking in as much as the offertory and tithing baskets were. Being a pastor came with respect and was also big business! When he failed to find a job, Karanja became an armed robber but was shot dead when police intercepted his gang in a Nairobi bank robbery two months later. With his mentor erased off earth, Kimathi took to the bottle to mourn his death.

Kamau's son was now in charge for six months. He had managed to grow the church congregation twofold. Women and girls were the majority of the 500 congregants. They loved the pastor who preached with swagger and enthusiasm. He visited them, counseled them and fellowshiped with them. He also spoke in tongues. He chased out demons and prayed for miracles. Church was lively on Sundays when he preached for longer hours. He jumped up and sang and danced and joked and laughed and cried, almost at the same time. He was surely a man from God, groomed by his equally fervent father, many said.

Indeed Kamau had groomed Kihara! Kihara spent almost all his time at school. Unknown to his father, Kihara's tongue had not only tasted all the clans of alcohol available in Kenya, but had slept with women from almost all the tribes in the country. He had never thought of heading a church. He detested his father's job with a passion. He wanted to be a businessman.

He had already made contacts in the illegal drugs industry and was planning to ship his first consignment of contraband the month his father died.

When his father died, Kihara was shocked to hear people fronting him as a successor. He knew there was a successor in either Karanja or Mutua – but not in him for he was not even worthy to untie his father's sandals. Mutua did not appear on the succession list for he had disagreed with Pastor Kamau. Kamau had told his family how God had showed him that Mutua would take over after him. In fact Kamau said he had had a vision of his own death. But he had prayed against the vision as the work of the devil. Mutua and Kamau had been on good terms until the latter's final year on earth. Mutua had opposed the misappropriation of a donation meant to help community orphans. Kamau used the money from the church's UK friends to build a house. And he disgraced Mutua by asking him to confess before the congregation for reportedly stealing offertory money. But deep down in his heart, Kamau knew that Mutua was innocent.

Tonight, Kimathi was determined to find out the truth. He had been fed on too many rumours: it was now time to act and action should be on the basis of truth. With a few of his drinking friends, Kimathi had been monitoring the goings-on at Kihara's house where evening fellowships always took place. When all the members of the fellowship, but Mrs Kimathi, had left, the monitoring team smelt a rat and was keen on flushing it from its hole.

Kimathi tiptoed into the living room where the fellowship had taken place. If I find the pastor and my wife in an unsuspecting mood, I'll tell the man of God I have come to repent my sins, Kimathi had thought while he entered through a door that had been left open at about 7:30pm when the fellowship ended. There was no one in the sitting room. Mr Kimathi at first thought of leaving the house but was attracted by ecstatic noises in Kihara's bedroom. He tiptoed to the door to this bedroom. He was torn between pushing the door and making noise. He decided against the latter because he was not sure of what was taking place inside the bedroom and who exactly was involved.

When he had pushed the door open, Kimathi's eyes beheld Pastor Kihara on top of his wife. He made an alarm, attracting his friends and the entire village and pairs of eyes watched the truth in its nakedness.

"The devil tempted us," the adulterous couple managed to mutter these words, in chorus.

"How many times," probed a man from the witnessing crowd.

"Numerous but I'll never do it," cried Pastor Kihara. "In fact I am a pastor no more: Mutua is the man God chose..."

Tanimonure Richards Adewale

Poetry

THE CALL

What shall we see?
What shall we say?
Tomorrow's you and me
Of what words now, today?

And the clock will chime
To every tongue and clime
Curtains dropped and drawn
Events start in summon
Of all that's faithfully kept
In many years of waiting slept
What awakenings of jolting see
In what kind of reality?
On what side of the divide
Of a great gulf deep and wide?
Questions, in your face and brain
Earth, your answer, think again.

For the fires of today burns a clarion call
Of your stand and tilt, your none or all
The flames flickers the two great themes
In silent coming of the two great dreams
Whose reality smiles and frown in one face
Whose finality speaks the eternity of your race

Earth,
Can you please go deep within?
Reflect on today's hear and seen
And what certain mirror of tomorrow
It reveals in either joy or sorrow
Do you and I totally agree
In what we must say and see
Begins with what we do right now
Its place in which dream, of the how

UGLINESS

Ugliness, of evil beauty
I come in spill feel of painted words
Shaded in large lines of hated hues
Galleried a facebook dread of hurtful look
Readers, I hope you won't puke?

Hell is such a sweet heaven of home
Where ugliness awaits in lethal "awesomeness"
Of beastly beauty in hefty stun of churn
And fainting screams of dread dreams
In sting sink still shrink of stupefied blood
Within a frame of fright, frigid in deep obeisance
To the death call of blight sight welcoming horrifically.

Oh ugliness of such evil beauty
My question marks come in curious interview
Of your dumbfound creation in callousness mould
The pitiable weeping skin in rich rottenness thrill
Monster twin horns in defiant gore reign of your skull
And your eyes of poisonous pupils
Do they not all droop the sadness of your opposite?
Do they not all rebel against your core and lord?
Do they rejoice at your pride of loathed exhibition?
Do they glee real in flee see sting of hurt?
Do they delight at who you are?
A fallen angel in putrefying curse of Jehovah?

Ugliness,
Your beauty is rich in gnashing of teeth
And your image is a see of regretful kill
Your flaunted fright is a doom of your eternal night
In ecstatic flames seriously hungry for your devour
Seriously building voracious horror appetite as your core
Seriously asking God for your quick toss and gone.

Seriously and seriously,
Oh ugly beauty of evil.

TRILOGY

ONE

"Hahahahahahahahaha!!!!"

i tick the trickling time of your heart
set in a fast paced, rat raced end of nought
burying your precious life for my rise of worthless death
in traitor riches of an annihilating amassment
and you lose his gain for my vain
forever lost in the hell of my heart in eyes
rich reddest ripe
trickling slowly fast the sweetest hate within seen.

TWO

the sweetness of terror
in the deepness of horror
shrinks my ink in fright of freeze

behold
callous craftiness in cunning cuff of call
of tempting taste of a sense's sensuous fall
an invite of worms womb rich in pregnant rot
of delicious decay blind in a mind's fold of nought
takes a guided, guarded watch of a self-destruct
onwards a chill of feet, six in plan of instruct

oh! where is the angel of sorrow
to bellow the looming loss of a tomorrow?
life is in a serious cell of "OH NOO!!!"
and heavens' eyes rains a cat and dog of flow.

THREE

never scream your frightened prayers at me
whose mouth made a dross toss of my heart and hands
and killed my voice in horror of rich rot pleasures of pukes
never seek for my unseen oblivion please
for I have been buried in your long lust lost
of the eyes, flesh and heart
his eyes, flesh and heart

the time ticks a harvest of gory
and its sickle sickles a pleasure of dark story;
never be high pitched at its deep simile throat seek
and never rumble a resonating quake of its fear feast
for the reward is black ripe of a red hot sorrowing
and hades hungers hell fill in a piercing thrill kill

so,

let your begging prayers go
let six feet of summon do as told
let my dross oblivion wave you bye of sorrow
let hades have its meal of nasty shudders, cold.

THE CROSS. MY DROSS.
THE LOSS. MY TOSS.

Francis Annagu

Poetry

...His Bone Cord

A lesson taught;
To remain still at HIS
Blood-bled cross, peering
Deeply, sprightly into the consuming
Darkness and desecrating Locusts,
For these parlous things
Who come benign
In drape tongues to smudge and
Extirpate Jesus' submitting Sheep,
Tendered
By
This Only Lamb-canopy of the
Sun scorched souls standing
Emaciated on burning sands
To admit in devotion bow,
Bounded
To HIS bone-cord of never ceasing
Grace.

The Lord Stand's With You (for Palesa Masimene)

The Lord stand's with you
In this dark world and wide,
Embracing you ardently seated
At HIS foothold. Young hue youth
Of morning dew.

While wounded bare-foot below
Your sole,
Herald HIS balming therapy herbs
That brings healing and salubrity.
Not the old ragged torn,
Nor the filthy garbages of night,
Nor the shivery shoulders
Of grubby men,
Who chide and depride you
Of life's striped rainbow and sparkling
Wine bringing repose and ranks
To your dried torched tongue.

The Lord stand's with you
In this dark world and wide,
Embracing you ardently seated
At HIS foothold. Young hue youth
Of morning dew.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

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asides writing poetry and fiction, Adedayo is either eating, learning the science of food or taking photos.

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is a Nigerian poet, critic, essayist and thinker.

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Born April 5, 1995. Graduate of IRGIB Africa University. Studied Mass Communication. He is a revolutionary columnist and a poet that writes literally in parabolic style, orature genre and sees logical scenes in epical dynamism of traditional epilogues, eulogies and captivating artistic poetry, in coded fashion.

Chigozie Anuli Mbadugha

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Francis Annagu

have been published or forthcoming on *Galway Review*, *Potomac Review*, *Ayiba Magazine*, *Ann Arbo Review*, *Kalahari Review*, *Dead Snakes*, *Bewildering Stories*, *Lunaris Review*, *The Poet Community*, *Tuck Magazine*, *PIN*, *Sunflower Collective*, *Ancient Path Literary Journal*, *Novel Afrique*, *Commonline Journal* and others. He lives in Kaduna, Nigeria where he is working on his first poetry book.

Kariuki wa Nyamu

is a highly artistic Kenyan poet, playwright, editor and high school teacher. He studied English, Literature and Education at Makerere University, Uganda. He has been crafting fabulous poetic pieces since his high school days. He has won creative writing competitions at school, university and national level. His poetry appears in *A Thousand Voices Rising* (2014), *Boda Boda Anthem and Other Poems* (2015), *Best New African Poets 2015 Anthology*, *Multi-verse: Kenyan Poetry in English Since 2003* (2016), among others. He is currently pursuing a Master of Arts in Literature at Kenyatta University, Kenya. Poetry is certainly his territory.

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Oghenero Ezaza

writes prose and poetry. He is a literary critique for PIN quarterly Journal, published by Poets In Nigeria. He has published a collection of poems titled: REFLECTIONS. His poems have also featured in various anthologies, which include: Who Shall I Make My Wife, Black Communion, Wushapa – Beating the Drums of Peace. He is also a Gospel Comedian with the stage name, Genza. His facebook page is named: GENZA – Literature and Gospel Comedy, and his Twitter handle is @ReflectPoems. He was born and is still resident in Warri, Nigeria.

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