

**SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS
AND
IBADAN BOOK CLUB**

PAINFUL SONGS

**An elegy in honour and memory of the
Late Mr. Austin Njoku**



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EDITOR'S NOTE

This small publication contains the poetic thoughts of some young Nigerian Poets who are also friends and admirers of the Late Mr. Tony Njoku's creative works.

Their thoughts centered on the earthly life and works of the late writer as well as the poet's knowledge about him.

GOODNIGHT! GOODNIGHT!!

Goodnight! Goodnight!!

Wished this word I never would say

Goodnight! Goodnight!!

Wished this day could dispel this plight

And yesterday will come to stay

But today, your debt paying day

Goodnight! Goodnight!!

IF

If death had asked for rams

A hundred we would have laid on his palms

If tears was a ladder

To heaven, we would have gone to bring you back
mother

If only we can turn back the hands of time

But God alone knows when it's prime

And no one can question him

Sleep well at the bossom of the supreme

Oku-ola Paul Abiola (pauldesimple)

**ELEGY IN HONOUR AND MEMORY OF AUTIN
NJOKU**

Oh! I couldn't believe,
Believe he is gone
Gone to where?
To our father's land?
Realized I am,
That he has left,
Left in solo of sapiens silent slumber,
Is it to rest?
Will he ever wake up?

Hmmm Austyn Njoku!
Lover and friend of ours,
He is gone!
My heartache to know that,
The reminiscence of moment we had with you,
Got my heart buried,
Buried! In crystal waves of emotion.

Although, gone you are,

Elephant of the jungle you are,
Whose footpath will always be visible,
Even when away in the scene,
Remembering you we shall,
The way a child,
Will always remember the mother.

To be tapped I wish,
To realize I'm dreaming,
But got none,
I pinch myself
But still, not dreaming,
Then it dawn on me,
That, dear Austyn Njoku is gone!

Oh! Farewell dear friend,
Tree sway and wave you farewell,
Birds sing you song of farewell,
Wind murmur in agony of your departure,
Leaves grow pale for your departure,
Oh! What a titan is gone.

And so he left,
In peaceful sullen stripes,
Beyond the reach of mere mortals,
And so left, to land eternal.

Beneath the hollow caves of death,
Hidden you are, in shadow of your ancestor,
But so, I believe you live still,
Living to die no more.

Oh! Dear Austyn Njoku,
The memories, the sojourn,
The departure, the mourn,
All swerve through that hideous clouds,
Where you are welcome,
Welcome with the hymns of “welcome child”

And so you left!
In abrupt, kissing a dying wind
Beyond the reach of death

And so you left, to land eternal!

Oyebade Monsurat