



UP AND GOING

— IJEOMA G. UKENI

The rooster hasn't crowed
The mister didn't know
For to him, what matters is to work go

She has her lantern
She has her tools to make the batter
For to her, to feed her young is all that matters

See as they march to battle
They'll conquer; both great and small don't belittle
For they march on, even in the face of death, so unrattled.

Rusty pockets stinking coins?
What happened to the notes and points?
Humans matter and should be served or what is the point?

Service varies but calls us all
Take away the heart of a servant and we all fall.
Must we keep living? Then in morals, let's play the service ball.



Ijeoma writes poems on several themes; most of which have either been presented at an event, published in a local newspaper or year book and shared on social media. She is currently researching on servant-leadership at the University of Huddersfield.