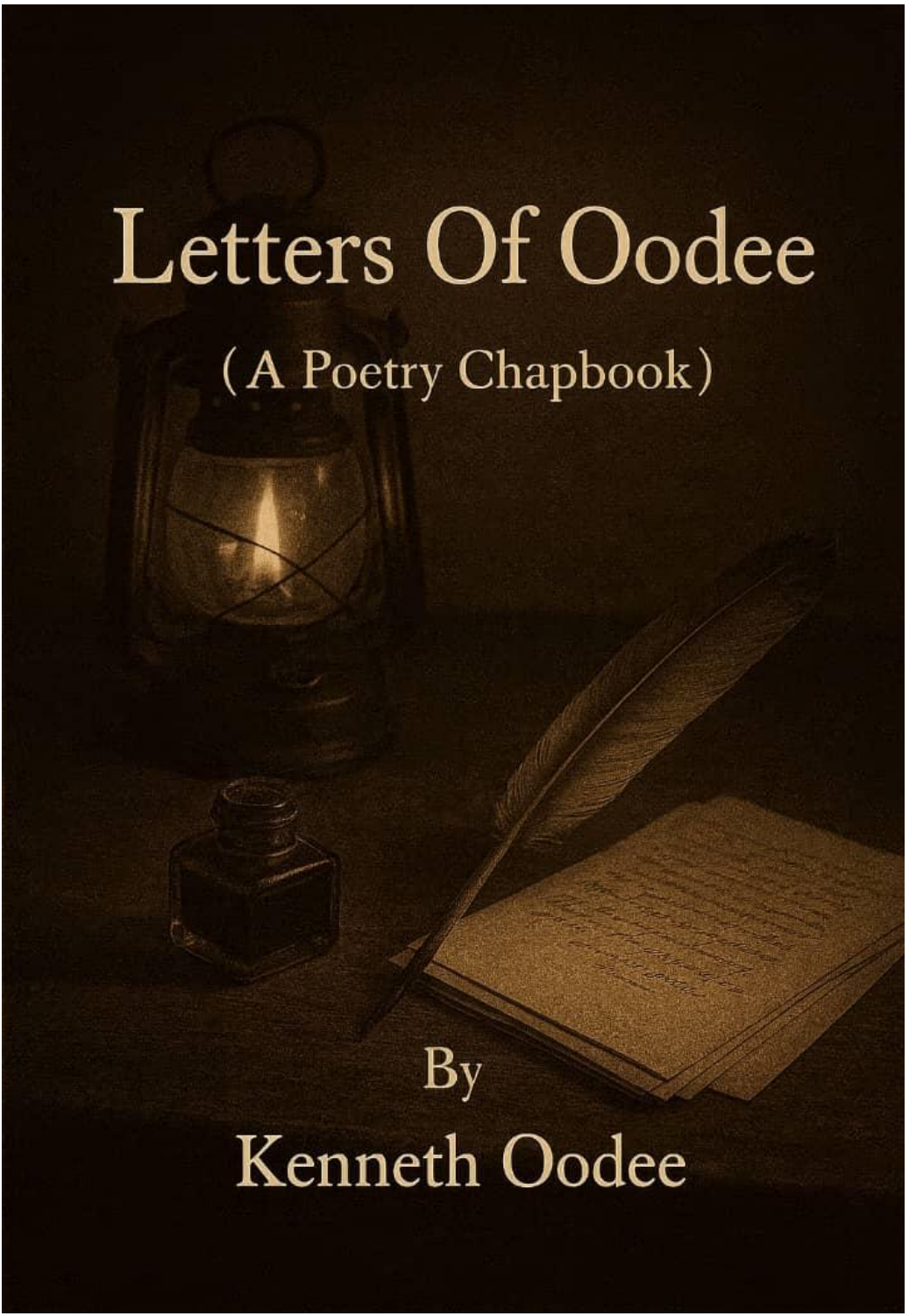
Letters Of Oodee

(A Poetry Chapbook)



By

Kenneth Oodee

SYNOPSIS

Written in Kenneth Oodee's intimate and evocative voice, this chapbook unfolds like a series of handwritten letters each one reflecting truth, longing, resistance, and the search for meaning in a world that rarely pauses to listen.

These poems illuminate the author's inner world: his questions, his wounds, his hope, his quest for truth and his unwavering belief in freedom, authenticity and self-expression.

A brief but powerful collection, Letter of Oodee invites readers to sit with their own shadows and discover the beauty hidden within their untold stories.

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DEAR LORD

I come to You in pure adoration
Not in complaint do I bow
But in fellowship do I express
Your might and mercy
Seeking guidance and understanding
In this misplaced life

I write to You with the strength of my ink
And the weakness of a slave
In the intervals of my breath
And the silence that dwells
Within the echoes of my heartbeat

In groaning, where words find no shelter
And in letters where alphabets stumble
I express my helplessness before You

I've seen shadows of pain envelop the good
And heard strong men cry louder than children
I've seen rainfall drown sunlight
In the homes of the upright
Even time itself has forgotten
There's a season for all things

I've witnessed children abandoned
Breast milk traded for pipes and pleasure
And I've marveled in disbelief

Why are some talents trapped in fear and shame?
Why is time only a fraction in eternity

Yet the totality of life?
Why must we struggle so deeply
In our wait for joy?
Why do the wicked live long in fullness
While the good are sung only in their graves?

Dear Lord,
Pain surrounds us
Why must hope stay far away?

As noisy as the world has become,
All I hear are the ricochets of my metaphors.
Why do some toil from sunrise to sunset
And still not get it right,
While others rest at ease,
Their barns filled to overflow.

Humanity is one
Yet some stand far above others.
How do I pretend not to feel pain
Just because joy comes in the morning.

Dear Lord,
Sometimes I am lost
Lost in my sins,
Lost in desperate pursuit
Of fleeting desires.
I isolate myself from this wild world,
And from You,
Burdened by guilt that consumes me

But like a father,
You always pull me closer.
Ignorantly, I swim in sin,
Mistaking it for pleasure
Forgetting the same things
Which help me breathe
Can also drown me

Do not let the cares of this world
Soil me
Neither let the accolades
Swell me.

May I never be far
From Your understanding,
So, I may know the ways of men
Their unfairness,
Their ironies,
Their fleeting truths

Let my shoulders never know pride
Put in me the stubbornness to love You
As fiercely as a hen
Protects her chicks from the hawk.

Times are hard
Make my life as soft as peace.
And when trouble comes,
Let Your presence echo around me
Like ten thousand soldiers.

The world is running too fast.
Take me slowly, Lord
In patience,
In perseverance.

Words can never truly express
What the heart feels,
For words are futile devices.
Yet, I know you hear me from within.

As I write to You,
May I in return
Become Your living word
That Your Spirit in me
May be expressed
Through love to humanity.

Keep me in Your vineyard,
For You I was born to serve.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

LETTER TO A FRIEND

My Dearest Friend,

The times are frightening
And the air is thick with chaos
People run helter-skelter
Chasing dreams, they may never hold
Some have even given up on life

Yet I trust you're holding on
Still in good form
It has never been easy
This struggle to survive
To make a name
Even when we're unsure who we are

I've longed to write to you
To know how you've been
But time, that jealous master
Never allows me
To articulate the warmth, I feel
We've never had the chance
To express ourselves
Adulthood, it seems
Is a busy kind of prison

I heard you've taken a new path
That you no longer smoke
And that marriage whispers your name
In this sad and twisted world
I'm happy for you

I remember the good old days
When we played on the sand
Chased each other with water guns
Listened to tales by moonlight
That rocked us gently to sleep

Life has indeed taken life from us
Fracturing us with memories
It has robbed us of our childhood
And the freedom
We may never taste again

As for me, I'm doing well
My present has bettered my past
And wisdom has outgrown knowledge
Experience has moulded me
Into a quieter, steadier self

Amidst all I've become
I remain a writer
A seeker of truth
Perhaps that is what life
Has always demanded of me

Life is sweet, my dear friend
And life is also poison
Try not to let it weigh you down
In all we say and do
Let love be our legacy

Stay good
Stay alive

I hope to see you
sooner than later.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

LETTERS NEVER SENT

Dear Anonymous,

The things I carried on my chest
The weight I bore upon my shoulders
The torments of my past
The betterments of unlived hopes

Life from your existence
The smiles you forgot to show
The laughter I never heard in full
The voice from your lungs that drowns me

Sometimes your actions never matched your gentle words
Still, I was carried away
Your sins were clothed in righteousness
Yet I was healed by that illusion of solace
Your heartbeat, covered in rhythm and blues

The sparks in your eyes that flash darkness
Your footsteps that tickle noisy cats
Or is it your beauty I stared at with my eyes closed?
Perhaps the softness of your skin
Made of honey and margarine

How could I forget the way you screamed my name
like the giggling of a baby?
I can't forget the memories beneath the streetlights
Honestly, the world feels empty
From the absence of your perfume's fragrance
The earth echoes with quietness
since the departure of your footsteps

Your blouse still hangs in my wardrobe
Still keeping its shape
I try to forget the things I remember
Memory is both sweet and poisonous
The greatest company
And the greatest tragedy

Dear Anonymous,
I've come to understand
That life will always be life, regardless
Yet I can't fully accept
The realities and outcomes I never lived.
The propaganda of fate is unjustly uncalled for

I hope to see you
I hope to hear you
I hope to feel you

Maybe time, again, could help us live us
We could dance under the moon
To the silent tune of forgotten songs
I could know how midnight tastes on your lips
And you could see the beauty of twelve A.M. in my eyes
Have you ever imagined
The beauty of freedom
As our hands lock in each others?

Believe me
The clock will whisper "it's never time to leave"
When we are together

I'll be on the road
Waiting to witness your arrival
If fate permits

Let me know whenever you're in town
Maybe we could hang out
And live some lives from the letters I never sent.

Be good or bad, as the case may be
But be real.
Let your existence exist
In reality, authenticity, and wholeness.

And don't forget to come
With that beauty
That glows even beneath the eclipse.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

DEAR BRETHREN

Dear Brethren,

This world will kill you if you're good
Then after, you'll live forever
Isn't that the deal?

We are everything but ourselves
For we no longer belong to us
We're slaves and kings at the same time
Lower than everyone we meet along the way
Because our Spirit demands humility

In these perilous times
We are blind sailors
That somehow never miss our way
Let the outer self-reflect the inner light
And let the inner self mirror
The radiance of the soul

There is no luxury greater than humanity
Everything else is illusion
And illusion, like chaff
Is carried away by the wind

We condemn more than we preach
We divide more than we unite
We tempt more than we inspire

Let us not be greedy with salvation
As if it were our own invention

Neither should we ever imagine
Even in passing thought
That we are better than others

For in character
Some of us are worse than the world
Though we claim to have Christ
Some are righteous criminals
Some righteous prostitutes
Some righteous gossips
Some righteous womanizers
Some are righteously envious
Filled with jealousy, bitterness, and greed

We are all sinners
Clothed in Grace
Woven from the fabric of Mercy
We are called to perfection
Not from perfection

Dear Brethren
Let us understand
We are all a project in God's hands
Still under construction
May we learn Grace

Some of us can give the Word of God
Yet cannot give a coin
Or part with a possession

Let not the flames
Of our gratitude ever quench

We do not pray to be safe
We pray to remain
In the intimacy of our Creator
For we are called to die anyway

So let us welcome persecution
Without retaliation
For in this faith
We win by losing

It is a beautiful world
Yet ugly in our sight
This is the beauty
Of our endless hope
That everything
Is only temporary.

Yours Truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

LETTERS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

Dear War,

Not all came back in full
Many have lost their minds
Some lost their faith
And never made it to their fate
Many of us lost our sanity
In the process of finding wholeness

One way or another
We're drowning in pain
And time no longer heals

Dear Battle,
The forests we crossed
And the mountains we climbed
Have taken the best parts of us
Even though we still whisper
That the best is yet to come.
I hope so.

Hope
It has prolonged our suffering
Yet built mansions of patience
Within our hearts
We cry and lament, day and night
For the wars we've fought
Have stolen from us

Every phase we face
Gives and takes
Breeding either faith or fear
Sometimes we win
Sometimes we lose
Our armours, at times
Cannot shield us from the storm

The tempest of life
Has never been selective
No wonder life is not fair.
But life feels even less fair
When the same souls
Suffer repeatedly,
In silence and in sequence

Dear Battle,
In our fights,
Sometimes our bullets
Never leave the rifle
And we become
Both the victim and the prey

Each passing day, we fight
The world has never been peaceful
Nor less chaotic

We battle depression
We battle betrayal
We battle addiction
We battle the acceptance
Of losing a loved one

We battle the struggles of each day
The systems that bind us
The fleeting desires that haunt us
The softness and hardness of our hearts
Ourselves, and our minds

It never gets better
We only hope to grow stronger
And hope, my dearly beloved
Is the greatest torment of man
For it prolongs our suffering

Yet still
Hope redeems
It sets us free
Like a bird released
From its cage

But even freedom
Does not free us
From the issues of life

With bruised faith and weary hands
I remain
Your faithful soldier in words.

Kenneth Oodee 

LETTER TO THE SYSTEM

To Whom It May Concern,

Just as the beauty of life is love
So is the beauty of life freedom
There are laws to monitor our steps
Yet not enough laws to defend us from the evil of the day

My dearest system,
You were never designed to favour the just
Nor were you ever meant to uplift the common man
I grew up in your corridors when things were straight and moral
When truth walked naked in broad daylight
When the earth fed us without poison
When we drank from the streams of sanity

Our leaders were headlamps,
Our elders the map that guided our journey
The anthem was melody and courage
The pledge a reminder of loyalty to our motherland
Evildoers were punished
And the righteous were uplifted

I could go on, my dearest System
To tell you of the sweetness you once carried
But time will fail me
And pages will limit me

My dearest System
Much has changed

You now crown the wicked
And crucify the godly
You appoint the devil's advocates as preachers of law
And through brigandage they mislead and misinform us.

Your police are now criminals
Your judges are blind to justice
Your electoral body ambassadors of the powerful
Your bank's warehouses for theft
Your schools' graveyards of illiteracy
Your museums hold nothing ancient anymore

Your agriculture is poisoned by foreign greed
Your crude siphoned in the name of trade
Your rivers are drying
Your fishes suffocating in flood
Time is hard, and the clock is always running late

There is no security to live in peace
Your hospitals echo the whispers of the dying
Your politicians feed only their stomachs and throats
Your ministries overflow with tribalism and nepotism

The talents of your youth lie littered in the streets
Their strength wasting in silence and stagnation
For every thousand engineers able to repair our broken land
You import a foreigner to patch your wounds
You love strangers more than your own children
Your soil is filled with faces who despise your people
Yet command your resources

My dearest System,
Like Brutus said, “The fault is not in our stars.”
But I tell you this truth
The fault is you

From the blind president
To the deaf judges
From selfish ministers and bank owners
To clueless lawmakers and corrupt forces
Down to the loud, gullible masses
Who betray themselves and call it loyalty

I hope you read this
And make peace within your own home.
Else, peace will never find you
Until your time is done.

Yours Truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

LETTERS I BURIED

Dear Anonymous,

Like the salt and the sea
These pains seem glued to my being
Reminiscing the residuals of every torment
Different stages of life
Different dramas
Yet the same character

The pain of humanity I bear
The burdens of humanity I endure
The massacre of innocents I constantly mourn
And the crucifixion of the righteous
I still weep for

The prejudice of being human
In a world full of aliens
How do I sleep
When my head cannot find rest?
How do I stay focused
When more than twenty taps are open in my mind

Jungle justice in urban lands
Urbanization in forests
As animals are valued more than humans
Our complexion becomes
The first criterion for selection
Our tribe the first consideration for promotion
Our faith, the first crime
On the list of crucifixion

It's hard to understand
When our schools are full of illiterates
Sadness and agony
Are the only emotions left within us
Redemption, the only hope we cling to

They say time heals
But time has always been a killer
From the onset
Pain, my dear
Will not let me carry on

These are but fragments
Of the buried letters within me
I hope to send you the rest
When I'm strong enough
To articulate these weighty emotions.

Stay good,
And stay true.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

LETTERS TO RIVERS'

My Dearest Rivers,

How are you?
I hope you're still cold and rainy as always
My city of courage and fearlessness,
Clothed in mighty resources
Of wealth and power

You are a symphony of rhythmic accents
A harmony of diverse tongues and tribes
You've always been my refuge
From the hustle and bustle of the day
The serenity of your streets and towns
Still inspires me.
You are a mosaic
A living masterpiece of nature

Your wealth is vast
From your ever-flowing crude
To the flaring of your gas
To your cultural artifacts and legacies
But what happened to your ancient landmarks?
Where are your theatres and traditions
That once stood proudly on the world stage?

Your civic centers are silent
No meetings to iron out our pai
Your home is filled with politicians
But not leaders
Your youths have lost faith in their dreams,

Enslaved by empty promises
And the deceit of politics

Wen you own the farms and the wells?
Your confidence echoes across the nation
Yet it seems to march in the wrong direction

Your memories echo in my heart
Through the long tunnel of history
Bring back the good old days
Let your city be a city again

A city of light and might
A city of roots and rule
A city of peace and agriculture
A city of waters and seafood
A city of heroes, legends
And great minds

Mighty villages clothed in towns and dreams
My dearest Rivers
Let your potentials be reborn once more
For the world awaits your glory.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Oodee 

YOURS TRULY

How do I look at someone I love
And tell myself it's time to walk away?
I'm free, yet trapped in someone else's domain
Spending hours staring at a beauty I could not behold
covered in goosebumps as my intentions stayed folded

Echoing in my head: "Be a man, be a man"
So, I went further, trading my heart for borrowed words
Emotions rose high while boldness lay low
Literal metaphors lingering restlessly in my mind

Yet words of confession stayed undercover
Sweaty palms like I had just been baptized
My thoughts spinning in circles
As I stood still, imprisoned by the fear of "what if"

"Today isn't the perfect day," I said
"I'll have to try again… someday."

Yours truly
Kenneth Oodee 