

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DREAM



Victor M. Ukaogo

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- To my creator for giving me life
- To the woman whose womb was my first home on earth

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MEMORY AND DREAMS

This journey of life is but a marvel that only ends in death said the philosopher. Looking at the night skies, he remembered a dream. It was a dream that had escaped his memory. He remembered the beautiful black woman he saw ,she was crowned with the clouds and danced with stars and in his amazement he whispered” I bless the creator for this wonder ”. She called out to him saying come child, there is a gathering a congregation of 18 await us. When they arrived, he asked who she was. She smiled and then replied I am a woman known by all but known by none and because of half truths told about me I am now but an embodiment of all who sits here. Take this pen philosopher and write while I talk. He was puzzled and he said I am but a simple man. If I should mention anything about me that should be noted, I will say am but a pillar in God’s temple and not a philosopher. She laughed and said all men are philosophers. Your thoughts about life are philosophies and what use is a philosopher if his ink and the thought of men refuse dance on the pages of his book. For in men secret prayers they wish to know each other thoughts. He looked at her and said I will write but who should I talk of first? She pointed at him who was insane for two spirits fought for the control of his body.

CIVIL WAR

I have never understood those who embrace him for they hardly fight for peace. There is an invisible selfishness in the different parties. When they sign peace treaties, they don't seek peace but the survival of their selfishness. The division of their spirits has given the demons in the shadows power over their bodies. Devils aid one side today and the other tomorrow in order to blind them of their plan to steal his virtue. But I tell you some of his battles are battles of good against evil.

With tears in her eyes she said to the philosopher; fetish they say it is but is it not better my children of yesterdays drink the palm wine offered to them by my children of today than the intoxicating blood now feed to them. The land cries for water but it is watered with tears .why has the leaders of my loins deceived the children into thinking the sword is mightier than the pen?

The hatred of his spirits, know no end. For spilled blood tell stories of pain, and our soul weeps at the memories passed and whispers, simulacra of hope that was.

My son, his body used to be pearl but now it a mere mud. My constant weeping is a melody to those who embrace him; it has only united those in refugee camps. Let me tell you about a hidden truth. there is no winner in this battle of spirits for the vanquished lies chained at the gate of hell begging for mercy and the victor is burnt at the gates of hell where he guards the vanquished in chains and sighs in guilt at old age dreaming of the paradise he was promised. But I tell you he who is silent about the works of evil and he who aids evil all blow the fire of hell.

LANGUAGE

Language is a scholar of linguistics.

He prides himself a unique man and he words are living personifications just like him a pity they all fight for superiority over each other. Some though unique and uncommon, bow in obeisance to the others they think are better than them. The philosopher looked closely and saw he was made of words and he his trouser and shirt were made of different dialect. Even though he is a learned man the black stripes on cloths were torn. Disappointed the philosopher asked, why is he liked this?

She answered, in the great before when history was young, languages were among the words that came from his quiver of speech when he stood on the stage of creation and spoke to the audience of time and space.

She said to the philosopher; everyday my children throw the part of him that is of them into the dungeon of forgotten memory.

They choose to walk blindly into oblivion with the other materials of his cloths covering their eyes and their mouths.

Each day the part of him that is of them frays into silence.

Forget his looks, she said, he is a great dancer; he dances from the tongue of the mother to the tongue of the child.

I have been intrigued since you began to speak of him, said the philosopher confused by this man's nature though he preaches freedom and longs for him to be known by others. If you know one part of him and forget another you sell your soul .is he not a slave trader? To know the different part of him is to know the beauty of the human soul. The gift of language is to knowledge of the soul. Everything around us has a language of it calls its own.

Men hold their languages as the torch light for human communication but the greatest language is love.

But now in the streets of my children I hear that those who to choose speak with the tongues of their mothers are seen as stumbling blocks of their own soul.

SILENCE

Then came a man whose lips were sealed and he spoke with his soul and his heart lit up like the sun.

Curious of the appearance of silence the philosopher asked. Who are you? Silence replied with a roaring whisper, saying: I am but a voiceless voice calling out from the gates of eternity to the soul that will listen to my whispers.

If I walk before your speeches, they shall know the pathway to the human heart.

The philosopher laughed and replied, saying: how can you say this of yourself? You look weak and empty.

And she who spoke said I don't blame you for this ignorance in you .in your land only the graves know him and is it not nothing short of a human wonder that in the graves lie the greatest of gifts all now given to hell.

Silence is not nothingness but fullness, for even if you walk into him and find him empty, like an empty room shout out your soul and he shall echo put self knowledge and wisdom into your being.

His lips are sealed because his voice holds fire and fury.

A pity the young despise him because he reminds them of the depths of truths they refuse to acknowledge and the height of self knowledge they are afraid to climb.

The old weep tears of regret for not knowing him earlier. For the wisdom they searched for and looked for but couldn't find. When they asked GOD he directed them to the house of silence

Silence is an unspoken word the heart understands. And the words of those who speak not from his voice only know emptiness.

Men belittle silence for they judge each other by the voice in their words rather than the words in their voice.

Silence is a teacher that teaches you to teach yourself.

My dear embrace silence for the tides of life flows in between his thinking and through him did GOD tell us that all is not what it seems.

And in men quest to define this mysterious fullness they mistake it for emptiness.

BEAUTY

Out of the congregation came a woman who was a darling to the eyes. Her smile was like perfume to the soul. She is like you, the philosopher said and she who spoke answered: don't be blinded by facial beauty.

Facial beauty: Is like an attractive tapestry interwoven with pain, chaos and mystery.

Facial beauty is fleeting and insincere.

True beauty is the truth of the soul hidden in the heart of men.

She is a beautiful village belle who sings the song of felicity to the ear of the needy and one who gives from the spring of life to those thirsty for generosity.

The one who spoke told the philosopher; my child there was a time when my people enjoyed the stories of the moon light. They saw each other's beauty through the windows their soul. But they exchanged their brother souls for mirrors that only reflect a lewd reflection of them under the shadow of their slave masters. Their beauty was lost and their souls captives of vanity.

You should not say a city is beautiful if the hearts of the citizens aren't made of gold.

The soul of a city is its people and its body is their character. For buildings apart from the shelter they give, they serve as places where people hide their emptiness and sometimes the taller the buildings the deeper the hole in their souls.

The beauty we see are nothing but fading curses that reveals the true nature of men when old age comes. When describe beauty according to the body parts size of one's body; we make her a performer standing under the shadow of vanity.

True beauty is eternal.

You are truly beautiful when you accept yourself. Beauty is unique.

Africa is beautiful but it still suffers from low self esteem.

Beauty is the smile in the child face when his mother tickles him.

TRIBALISM

She pointed towards the 18 and said look at that pompous and vile youth who knows not the way of life .he is but a child of foolish pride.

Those who walk with him and hold his arms are lost in the dilemma of self glory .if only they realize he does more harm than good.

In his drunkenness of self preservation he isolates himself from reasoning and progress. For the hand of death he points towards others in hate drags him down into perdition.

Philosopher my children now grow up with this scar covered with the makeup of self defense.

Foolishness is listening to the past tell us stories of our present and future. For those who dwell in the past are but stagnant waters.

Child those who label a tribe according to their encounter with an individual can be likened to those who cut down a tree because one leaf dried up.

All the different tribes are but different heritages of humanity.

But who knows, tribalism might be the quiet voice saying if I accept you I may exist no more but child if only they knew they are parts of the same whole.

To love and accept each another is to know another part of one's self.

The pitfall of tribalism is self destruction.

His pride has brought about the crack in the wall of society and he wonders how the lizard of imperialism enters his compound.

How will a nation grow If the different fingers refuse to come together to write its history?

In the market the youths talk about a great thief and they castigate him and in between their discussion they hear the sounds of a convoy. The women rushed after the cars; shouting hero! Hero! But a curious child calls out to his mother saying he is a thief like the one the youths were talking about? Be quiet child she said, He is a great chief from our village and he gives us his pennies when he pleases.

Philosopher, the one who embraces tribalism is worse than the imperialist. For he who hates brother is a fool and a blight of his generation.

Tribalism is ignorant of the fact that our reality is but different pieces of a broken mirror. For even the little bird and the noisy thunder are great singers in their worlds.

Philosopher let my children know that they are but joint heirs of the father on earth.
They shouldn't wallow in an ignorable race for superiority that ruins their lives.

CULTURE

Among the 18 was a woman so beautiful and yet mysterious

She captured the gaze of all who beheld her. She was indeed a marvel

An epitome of beauty she was.

She spoke with the tongue of an angel .God gifted her angelic wings that shined bright like the stars.

Each new dawn, she removed some of her feathers and grew new ones in other for her to be able to withstand the” winds of change”.

Oh! The way she danced among her peers .right from the shrine of her birth, her life has always been an enigma. Only she and he holding life in his hands, understands culture.

Though as old as history himself she is an ageless beauty.

And she who spoke said to the philosopher; don't be completely deceived by her beauty. Though her heart is a beautiful garden filled with beautiful plants. It still contains weeds that strangle some of my children to death, and this weeds have stopped some of my children from knowing themselves and enriched some.

In my children's memories the tale of her beauty fades.

For there was a time little children gathered under the great tree of their villages and the voices of the old men echoed throughout the night of an ancient wisdom that made us laugh at the sunset with mother nature for she too loved us and told us her secrets of life.

She still calls out to them in a fainted voice but modernization has alienated them from her warmth.

Philosopher now I weep in anguish when I hear my children look for their place of origin from other lands. Have they not seen that not even Abraham they so respect saw Mesopotamia as his home.

It is best to live in the present.

The rising sun can never know the beauty of it majesty if it still dances to the glory of the setting sun.

Tell them not to judge for until you enter the mist will u see the beauty of the jungle.

For the ear can never really tell a story well without the eyes aiding him.

READING

Look at that shepherd over there philosopher. Only he understands the great scholar **language** he herds graze in learned pasture and who ever embraces him becomes a torch of enlightenment.

My children are contented with their ignorance. But should life listen to our sighs and fulfillment of reaching the bottom of the mountain. Eternity will be but oblivion and not even the egg will accept to hatch and fire will be but a dancing colour.

Madam the philosopher said; there is a saying that if you want to hide something from the African but it in books. I have read and read into the sea of knowledge and before I knew it drown into oblivion of the history of my people.

She answered saying what you say is true.

They came, and with their coming, the knowledge of the rivers of my son's memory disappeared into nothingness. They know and made my child they say, but how can their knowledge of my child, which is like a cup of water, be greater than the deep blue sea of his memory.

But what tears my heart apart is that no one knows or swims the depth of the sea of ideological illiteracy than the western educated African literate. He wears another man's shoe and dances in his footsteps.

If you read and understand the words of the author, you have a taste from the fountain of knowledge he drank from.

Philosopher there is a disease of pride and arrogance he brings to my people and I will tell you a story about it.

In a village off the coast where the sea sings his songs of love to me, lived a boy who loved reading. When, he was done with school. He came to the village square, and with a thunderous voice he said: my voice shall lord over you people. I am now your voice. In the crowd a voice of a blessed soul came forth. It was the voice of a man who drank from the village's hidden stream of wisdom. If you are learned and you boast about your achievement to him who can't read and him who doesn't read you only read ignorance arranged in words.

Those with the loudest voice the old man said: make no noise .if you doubt me unruly child ask the lightning .for his voice, thunder makes men tremble, but he himself is the kiss of death.

And if you read a book and the words of the book isn't inscribed in your heart then you have read nothing. For those words you see are but letter forms emptiness.

To read is to see the beauty in words and to understand is to know beauty.

If you read be silent and await the touch of wisdom .for the moment you open your mouth in pride, knowledge marches out of your tongue.

For those who show case what know are but voiceless voices; for to be is to know you are not and to know to know is know you know not.

The avid reader has been given the power to write down his soul on paper.

NEPOTISM

A one eyed man came forward and asked the philosopher are you related to me?

For I will only talk about this congregation with my brother or friend

Wise woman he said you look like my” mother sister in law relative “so I will tell you about me.

But first of all, I disdain all of them seated over their apart from the pompous tribalism he is more like me.

Don't be ashamed of me he said; I love the people I know and trust my relatives.

Irritated by his talks the wise woman spoke to the philosopher saying:

The only good thing about in my son's land is that he is the fastest way to the echelon of power

But with that power he brings with him incompetence and witch hunting.

Who so ever loves him is the like farmer who claims to be in love with rain only to water his crops .when the water which came through irrigation came, he blocked it.

He rejected manure, and sighed at the morning dews.

He frowned at the help of the bees and butterfly.

Finally when it was dry season his plants died of malnutrition and thirst and he didn't blame his stupidity .he only blamed the hatred of those who could have helped him bring life to his crops.

A story is told of a brutish king who due to fear and paranoia of being overthrown because of his lack of responsibility .in his poverty of thought said to himself I will myself with my kinsmen whether wise or foolish .

And in his attempt to please his newly wedded wife he appointed her drunkard of a brother; who was a cowardly foot soldier his general.

In the space of time the kingdom crumbled to invaders and the cabinet was just a gathering of confusion. The power he so wanted to keep had destroyed him. In his last day, when he breathed his last, he kept on wondering to himself, what made him fall?

Philosopher this you must know. You love a word and its synonym doesn't mean it can form a letter.

Don't mistake the loyalty of your dog by tasking it to produce eggs for you.

AFRICAN MAN

Look she said that is the son of my womb. He is the epitome of what a man should be in stature. But I weep because he has lost his identity.

He berates those who chase vain things but he too chases vain things. He accepts demeaning gifts for lucre and fame, and his soul and substance is sold into slavery.

He looks at the sea and dream of greener pastures beyond the sea and he has failed to water his grasses.

As an unsung inspiration that came forth from his loins said he and his children” are agents of thankless silence”

The price of progress he says to himself is to exile tradition. But I tell you there is a wall of misunderstanding between these two thoughts.

The African man is like the curious stargazer who curiously wonders when he will behold with his eyes the elegance of the blue moon, but little does he know he is but a blue that walks around every day.

I have always disliked his slave master relationship with the “aider” .his spirit has been strangled to death with the aid of the aider, for he and the ants now share the same table.

The aider gives him crumbs for ”sustainability” and he is thankful. Give me a good reason why hunger wouldn’t assassinate his people.

His disregard for he own inventions and ideologies is the touch stone of his civil strife

Ah the sacred gift of a better tomorrow given to him by GOD is now a shame to his yesterday.

In an African village, the west of Africa a youth saddled with inferior complex says to himself I will journey across the desert and find hope in the land of the men better than my people .in between his thoughts, an angel whispers to him saying all men are but dust and time.

His skin is made of dust and unto dust shall he return, and His life but a terminal experience .why do you wail everyday in dismay?

The creator has blessed all men with the hands of a porter to mould his destiny and the knowledge of the walking suns to number his days .all men have been given this great blessing by GOD.

Stand up child of Africa and forge your destiny .reject the tale of those who tell stories of you, but don't know your history. For those who write your story without your consent sell your soul for the satisfaction of their pages .my friend there is more truth in the long forgotten myths of the origins of your ancestors than what they say.

Don't tell yourself at least I have done something; I have produced tooth picks and pencils.

That's but indolence of the mind for even the beggar feels successful when he has begged for enough money to eat.

Philosopher in the gathering of nations I hear voices in the air saying "look at her even her trigger is a sleeping giant".

African man if you hate your fellow African ignorance is your enlightenment

African if you are a racist you are still a slave to hatred.

FAITH

Faith came towards the philosopher. In his hands he held a walking stick, for he is a blind man that peeps inside the windows of heaven with his heart. He said to the philosopher: your people can tell my story and describe my outward features but they don't know me.

A lot of wars have been fought falsely in my name and each day her children dies because of this lies told about me. He spoke these words while pointing towards she who spoke; all the lies about me have not caused more wars than the greed of men.

Her children have been enslaved to a non existing part of me and he has enriched many and slaughtered thousands.

I tell you philosopher all men are believers, some believe in belief, and some in unbelief. For man too worships he facts and wants.

And what good is man's faith if it can't carry the lame man into the land of hope.

Most of her children believe in GOD but money still misses from their countries treasuries and suffering has become their greatest currency .who knows maybe snakes and rats have eaten the money.

I am the substance of things hoped for.

The power of believing is faith.

I am the hope of things not seen even though they might not have come to pass.

To know the real me is to see GOD.

I know the only remedy for being saved. Men die for their own believes because of a substance that they have seen at work.

I and thinking have never seen each other.

I plucked out my eyes because it limits me from seeing the truth.

Sometimes our eyes are windows of doubt.

I am that little voice that tells the seed don't worry one day you shall be a great giant and you shall shield soil and your leaves shall fill it mouth with life .but first I say to him you must die for death gives to life just as life gives birth to death.

I tell the sailor don't be afraid of the tide or tempest for if you stay at the shore of doubt you shall not know the beauty of the sea.

I sing to the singer, try again and again, there is a choir of angels that sit on the tongue of all great singers.

I whisper to the little eagle saying fly child, God has given you wings .if you don't fly now, how shall you know the glory of being king of the skies.

I faith warn all men to desist from listening to the motivational speakers on the pulpit who speak without the help of the first spirit, they and the slave and the slave traders are one.

I know the way but men belittle me because am blind.

It is not a thing of surprise they get lost in doubt.

MONEY

Mammon, has always been trying to get the attention of every one

Surprisingly everyone listens to him whether willingly or reluctantly

Philosopher she says; money is his servant.

My children kill each other for this his servant.

The more of him you see the more of him you what.

Money makes the thief and police come to a point of understanding.

They say money is the taste of civilization but it brings out barbarian in man.

They say he is a great evil but I am perplexed when I see how he has made poor men kings.

He has made desert cities.

He has brought beauty into relationships.

He has made huts palaces.

LIBERTY

Look at him philosopher

He is a wild and freeman. To know him is to taste freedom

My people walk around freely but their mentality doesn't know him

They dwell in retold ornamental folktales. They love to defend what they call their own but they know not their roots.

But there is truth most will not believe.

We are all slaves to the spirits we choose to obey whether good or bad

Liberty tells the children, come be free! Conformity crushes individuality.

Non conformity is not struggling against the rivers tide it is following it into the deep sea of knowledge.

Liberty without self knowledge is alienation from ones roots.

The unforgiving heart knows not liberty. The heavy burden he carries prevents him from tasting freedom.

The proud long for freedom but they can't step down from their pride.

If they do shame and disgust awaits them.

The murderer knows not liberty for he is caged by his guilt for taking a life.

What is liberty if there is no freedom of one's life?

OXYMORON

Philosopher this Gemini man is but a child born when the angel who watched truth and lie looked away and allowed them know communion.

People all claim to be good. Who then is bad?

And is it not nothing but a wonder that when time dawns on men and they are fully awakened to the knowledge of life death kisses them.

Life is praised as a good guy but he is the door way leads to death.

All of us have need s and wants. I am confused when the thief is beaten, because he took what he needed.

Why do we fear death though we know he is part of life?

Why does pain and destruction reminds us of the days of peace and tranquility?

Africa is the treasure chest of the world but the bank accounts of most Africans are empty.

CORRUPTION

He is virus and a deadly beast

A wild fire that must never be allowed to spread

He is like Sodom, you must flee from him but to capture him you need a transparent net

The man who doesn't listen to his whispers when he offers him what is forbidden

Surely that man knows the way to Eden.

He is a subtle enticer of all who know him.

ADDICTION

Philosopher, look at that subtle evil spirit there calling out to the African man and black woman he is addiction. He hides under the umbrella of continuity and in a space of time he captures the soul of all men.

Philosopher, flee when you see him. He is a slippery snake you can't satisfy nor understand.

My son he is a master illusionist he leads my little children into a maze and he tells them it's a beautiful garden and unless you find the path to truth you can't escape him.

The trapped soul says, surely, my attraction for your crafty deception shall not be the end of me but my vain obsession for you shall be the death of me.

He is a bottomless pit that drags his captive into limbo. The captive says I see the light I shall escape today .but the more he tries to escape the unending darkness, the ray of hope move further away from him.

He is the mirage in the desert calling out to the sojourners of life in their caravan, come, come don't reject me he says .my oasis is a ray of hope and freedom from the scorching sun of life.

He is the perfect hypnotist.

He says come and dance learn the way to self destruction.

His force of attraction, belittles the magnet, it is only surpassed by love and death.

He gives hope of a mythical paradise hidden in the fog of unbridled vanity.

He is a mystery that fills your being with nothing but emptiness.

Philosopher, blame not the addict for his unhealthy devotion to this idol. Sometimes when he has no laps to cry on he goes for the comfort of hell.

LEADERS

Philosopher look at that man with expensive shoes and watches imported from foreign lands.

He is the typical African leader. His yes is no and his no is yes.

His people dreams are his horses.

In appreciation he gives them the dung of the horses to apply as cream.

He knows nothing about leadership. His promises are as empty as a vacuum.

A thief is given a garment of fire when he steals for his survival but purple robes and a crown is given to the man who stole his survival .he joys in the sweat of their brows.

With nepotism he rules the land and with tribalism he divides the people.

Africans never really understand the saying” the pen is mightier than the sword” until they see the politician with his pen and the robber with his gun.

In a typical African country that exists in our thoughts, a foreign ambassador that visited the president of the nation. Intrigued by what he had seen, he said to the president: While coming to your office I saw traces of blood leading all the way to your office.

He replied the ambassador saying; good sir, don't worry that is the blood of the masses; it is part of the design of the presidential palaces.

A good leader is he whose words and the thought of the masses are from the same womb of life.

The African leader words are miasmatic fogs of confusion

He says to the people no one is above the law and they cheer him not knowing he is the law

The lands are his personal properties and the riches of the sea his loots

DEMOCRACY

A man of the people, he is always willing to hear everyone's voice or so we think.

Philosopher in Africa democracy is the tyranny of the mystic majority.

Is he better than the dictatorships in Africa?

Maybe yes or maybe no

In Africa every 4 years new sets of dictators are elected.

And what is the beauty in democracy if it elects and makes elites?

Can we regard democracy the best form of government, if it only sees numbers and not brains?

But who am I to judge he is the least among the devils.

I will tell you another hidden truth he can't work for all countries.

If the masses are wrong, where is the beauty in democracy?

He is a good though, but very slow in making critical decisions.

His indecisions are caused by him giving his ears to all who raise their opinions.

Don't mind imperfections, he is the best among the worst.

BLACK WOMAN

Philosopher she is my daughter

Each day she sighs in silence wondering when her voice would be heard.

She is the backbone of the community, but she is held bound by her society and her lack of self knowledge.

Black woman why have bleached yourself of your identity?

Black woman why did you fall in love with your wedding instead of your marriage?

Why do you listen to the mirror when he tells you about your beauty?

Virtuous woman dance; the creator has made you a live giver.

Elegant being your soul is a piece of eternity.

The wind loves to play with your hair, for he knows you are the mother of nations.

Now return back to the world she said I would have called a poet but men hardly listen to their heart. They, only follow their mind. Tell them about the words of MAMA AFRICA.