THE VOICE TRIANGLE

Life, Heart and Pen

VOL. 1

FROM THE PIONEER'S DESK:



"The Voice Triangle" is an e-tract (electronic pdf tract), aimed at fostering easier accessibility of knowledge in its possible convergence, from the stables of young writers, who would love to influence their generation with their perception to life, communication and documentation of heart stance. Also, the voice triangle is a means to an end, an awareness scheme towards our forthcoming monthly magazine; The Influence. we urge you not to stop following and anticipating the weekly publications of this tract.

THE PROMISCUITY OF THE GODDESS CALLED: WISH

Long have I heard
Of the promiscuity of persons,
Never have I witnessed
Such from the ends of deities,
This I sought to know
The reason for a goddess'
promiscuity.

Everyone in one way or the other, has in one time or the other falling a victim of her enchantment. The very times we "wished": having what our imagination can achieve but yet our reality has not. The very times we wished we were who we are not, or who we were never meant to be. Atimes that we have reached ends of the earth with the best of imaginations— all these times, we were victims of her enchantment.

I call to order the goddess called WISH— For what? For Her promiscuity. She has not only permitted the lazy to get lazier, she has also denied the young ones growing the zeal for hard work. She's guilty of unrealistic professing, she has not limited her enchantment to the old, but also has enslaved the young with her voodoo in the cravings and lust.

OH! You my JURY of readers, I present to you, the guilt of the goddess "WISH" please judge wisely. That our lives may once again be of Reality and not Mere Wishes.
Many times, her enchantment becomes the only escape route for some peoples' achievement in life. They do not stop to wish, finding solace in the illusions of a goddess.
Is it wrong to wish? Not at all. Because sometimes, wishing is the proof that a thing can be real, just like being young is the proof that there can be growth, yet it is not an assurance that all that is young does grow. Also, when we wish, there is a level of conviction that we are not crazy, that the things we imagine can be realized, putting in place the necessary factors. But as much as wish is sometimes like a template to follow our unique perceptions of life, it is not such that should be sailed afar the shores of reality. Just like a boat meant for a shorter range of observing the sea, not surfing the Atlantic. When we wish, we get a satisfactory glimpse of how real the world we are can be, but wishes are not meant to be pursued.
It is on the account of ignorance that we have sometimes preferred being enchanted by the enchantment of the goddess, wish, that we forget the reality of our words behind.

BY LAWAL KOLADE M.

MASTER THY EMOTIONS

Once we are willing to confront our emotional Suffering, we begin making choices based on attraction instead of aversion, love instead of fear. Where we used to think about what was 'safe', we now become interested in doing what seems right or fun or meaningful or ripe with possibilities. It's a process of discovery.
It's being quite enough and undisturbed enough for a period of time so that the songs can begin to sort of peek out, and you begin to have emotional experiences in a musical way.
Someone must transform income into the food, shelter, clothing, nurture, discipline, education, minding, nursing, transportation and emotional support that creates life outside of the office, permits survival of the race, care for the ill and disabled, and makes life liveable when we can no longer care for ourselves. We can't tell what may happen to us in the strange medley of life. But we can decide what happen in us - how we can take it, what we do with it, and that is what really counts in the end. "those who enter the gate of heaven are not beings who have no passions or who have curbed the passions, but those who have cultivated an understanding of them".
If we can read the secret history of our enemies, we would find in each man's life a sorrow and a suffering enough to disarm all hostility. Never speak out of anger, never act out of fear, never choose from impatince, but wait....And peace will appear.

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THE DEEDS OF THE DEAD, THE PRIEST, AND THE GRAVEDIGGER.

***WRITTEN BY* - MUOKA CHIBUZOR**

The Dead is gone; the living must learn from it, for what a man sows, he surely reaps. In a twinkle, in a flash, the breath of life is gone. Gone so far away, a lifeless body is left helplessly on the earth. The Iroko has fallen and everyone is on the run…The axe that felled the tree is a respecter of no man, and worms have arisen for a feast. Cries and agony pierce the air, fears and tension push the living to the ground. But what will the dead do? His nerves are permanently numb and his eyes are closed. He neither sees nor hears the cries of the people, he has been sealed off from the gates of the living. He is alone in a world so cold and he cannot say what time it is in the timeless realm of the dead.

The suffering and tolling of life have ended. Several questions unbox themselves, demanding an immediate answer; "How well did he live his life?" Did he lift people from grass to grace? Or from grace to grass? Was he an oppressor and suppressor of the innocent? How well did he associate with God? Was he the champ of evil? How many people did he better their lives? The deeds of a man speak when he can't speak, while he stands like a motionless tree, his deeds judge him even in the land of the dead. His deeds determine whether his soul will rest in peace, for neither the prayers of the priest, the commitment of the gravediggers, the beauty of the casket, nor the cries of the people will rest his soul in peace. None of the living can attest to what becomes of the dead, but the deeds of the dead only can attest for the dead. "There is no peace," says the Lord, "for the wicked." - Isaiah 48:22

The priests and gravediggers visit his home on the appointed day. The priest prays "Dear Lord may his soul rest in peace." The gravediggers insist "his grave must be dug at least six feet deep." The living still carrying on with their respective occupations, but the dead has no occupation as he becomes an occupant of a crafted casket that will wither with time. After the burial rites, life goes on, and the living adjusts to fill-up the vacuums left empty by the dead. Still, people do not learn. They still fight and conspire against one another, they struggle and kill for vanities, do all sorts of atrocious acts and pretend to be holy. They do not think about their life, nor do they consider what the deeds of the dead means? Maybe they should visit the priest and the gravedigger, for gross enlightenment on the deeds of the dead, before ganging up to partake in evil. If they are truthful, they will tell them that they are the accountants of their life.
Reflecting back on the words of the late Mr Dele Giwa a renowned Nigerian Journalist who was killed by a mail bomb in his Lagos home on 19 October 1986. He said and I quote: "No evil deed can go unpunished. Any evil done by man to man will be redressed, if not now, then certainly later. If not by man, then certainly by God, for the victory of evil over good can only be temporary."

No one can run away from their deeds, even the priest and the gravediggers will not escape. The only remedy is to live a life full of good deeds.

THE WAY

Sky's dark, leaves rustling, birds squeaking,
Wind blowing, the chill out here is frightening,
A figure moved, my heart's racing,
What could that be?, I kept wondering.

Noises, uncertainties and fears,
Are all that exist in darkness,
Having fun might be what you call it,
You grope in it, it's only a disguised pit.

For this reason, the true light was given,
That He might show us the path that leads to heaven,
To reconcile us, you don't need to pay,
Embrace it! It is a more excellent way.

By ABE Dolapo

MY STORY MY NAME

Yeah, I am that Man
That the Lord Almighty gave the Spirit of I Can
At Creation, I also received these words: subdue, rule and Multiply
And everything I needed he did Supply.
I was the first of my kind on this Planet
Alas! That great Fall I never did plan It.
The treacherous acts of the serpent Then
Resulted to our banishment from the Garden of Eden
Out of the Land of Comfort
I am the First man on Planet Earth, My name is *Adam*.

I was that man who the Almighty called his Friend
Out of my father's house he called me, to a place I could not Apprehend
Come out of your comfort Zone
Let's journey together to the land Unknown
With my aged wife Sarah whom he later gave our son of Promise
After the visitation of the holy men, I definitely knew that the Almighty did This
I am the Father of Faith, My name is *Abraham*

I am that Israelite boy that was groomed in an Egyptian Palace
I murdered an Egyptian, his anger I wanted to Douse
Another saw me and to avoid death from Pharaoh I did Flee
To Midian a land I dwelt and lived
Then a winder happened, I was the Mighty works of the Redeemer

I am a powerful Man.
Some call me the Word
Another call me Lord
I left my precious throne of Glory
To change their Story
For the sake of Love
To redeem the Lost
I am the Lion of the tribe if Judah
The root of David, I am that I am
My reign never ceases, I had victory
From all your sins, I set you free
For whosoever I set free
Is surely free and free
Oh, I am the Miracle worker, a wonder
The restorer, the provider
The protector.
I am the Road. My name is Jesus Christ.

I was sick and Troubled
Surely sin Ruled
But a help came Above
I heard the voice of Love
My life was deformed and filthy
Yes, my sins made me dirty
But since I followed the voice of God
He eradicated the things of old

And made me a new Creation
I received the key of Salvation
The angels rejoiced became of me
Because I discovered the real me
That being that has been pronounced to multiply
I am now the righteousness of God, Justify!
I am a new being, my identity has been revealed in Christ Jesus

My name is Christian.

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