



Ochie

APPKINKS

OMEN



Siddhis Press

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ACT I

THE SWEEPING DELIRIUM

Our beloved nation must be prepared to lose its spawns.
From all cardinal points, its enemies begin to mount;
they penetrate our critical national infrastructure
unchallenged—suspending rail and air traffic for nights.

The ministry will dispense armament to our youth;
for a minimum wage, the arachnerds will have a blast.
The immolation will occur at the onset of the Age of Aquarius,
when our tech magnates – Molochs and lamias –
hound young, biddable blood.

The belligerents from both sides—
financiers, arms makers, politicians—
assented to the duration and settlement
of the forthcoming slaying ritual.

From our bunkers, we will watch the purge,
power-tripping in lodges no one encroaches upon.

It's avowed: after the carnage, cowans won't grumble
about our new bots and intelligent automation.

A0001 – Masters of Illusion



The F of life was stripped away to spell "lie,"
and many have built their lives around that lie.
When life is not what it seems, the mirror cries;
dreams drift far from truths beneath our eyes.
Before the screens, truth becomes maquillage;
joking influencers flaunt their polished pride.
Reality sells less, so it's always modified-
their new mansions often drown in a quiet tide.

A0002 - A healthy distrust



In a squared-off blizzard,
unsighted,
no one could tell who presided
over the outlandish ceremony:
the servile upstarts on
pedestals,
or the nabobs endowing them to
distract us.

From operatives tasked with
steering
our families' "restrained
psyches,"
to globally venerated artists,
the minions rose as stage icons
to the masses,
with fame as their preferred
ointment.

A nauseating substance
turned addictive—

so addictive that fanatics,
spellbound by their shadow magic,
enshrined the stooges and their
lunacy,
mimicking stultifying glitz.

Deifying poor, shackled fiends
from conglomerates where shekels
reign,

swiped away at expiry
by the patrons of the arts'
newfound fancies.

A0003 – Disposable Arts



Copies could never be originals-

others' bodies, gestures,
facial expressions, principles-

Paved a direct road to Gehenna or BBL removal:

excreting with fake glutes,
breastfeeding with implants.

Wasn't it so awful?

A0004 - Journey to anywhere



Your fingerprints stain every barcode,
and stores line Paradise's main road.
We're customers; you sell us illusions-
you thrive when confusion takes hold.

Pleasure and profit, your twin motives,
to poor minorities, ever destructive.
We're customers; you sell us illusions-
fallen angels saw through it in prison.
You crave all shares, so you target youth;
harmful drugs and ideologies fill our carts.
We're customers; you sell us illusions-
reality stings, so you kill the next generations.

A0005 - From Filthy Tongue of Gods and Griots



ACT II

APPARATUS OF CONTROL



In heaven's ghetto at the periphery of hell,
there lies a place called Earth.
The suburb is filled with beasts,
bloodthirsty and highly skilled-

the human race is the worst.

A0006 - Roots of Evil



State Robbery Campaigns

Money is on our brains,
privileges and fame;
we are so clever, we shall reign.
The kingdom is full of fools;
we'll brainwash them with fake news,
using the media as our tools;
this is the way that we shall rule.
Fine speeches will do the trick,
keep our offspring wealthy and thick,
granting us the lives of kings
while overseas capital clings.
Democracy: just a Greek word,
believed only by the common herd;
wealth stays within our exclusive clubs,
for they know nothing of how the world turns.
Competing forces are on the map,
but we won't let them grow fat;
we've laid for them a series of traps,
for rats always recognize rats.
It matters not if you should starve:
"I will praise thee, O Lord."
Sickness and misery are lifelong pals;
God only helps those who work hard.
On Sundays, we shall go to church,
for—much like the dollar—"In God We Trust."
With a few coins tossed, we'll appear just;
a polished image is an absolute must.
It is a game that we have planned;
don't speak a word once we are crowned.
Soldiers are deployed upon the ground—
stay ignorant, don't mess around.

A0007 – Rip the jacker



Set fire, then arrive as firemen;
rush to the flames, feign innocence within.

Set fire, then arrive as firemen-
what burns is cleaner when ambulances spin.

Set fire, then arrive as firemen;
no one dreams you're murderers beneath.

Set fire, then arrive as firemen-
charred evidence needs water's cleansing sheath.

Set fire, then arrive as firemen;
fire and water, twin elements of your charm.

You'll burn yourselves, dear pyromen-
no control holds all elements from harm.

A0008 - Waterworld



Flammable, corrosive liquid -black gold-
we seek to part from you as centuries turn green.
You make Earth wicked, yet fill every hold;
on every continent, you breed pollution, war unseen.
You course through the veins of our beloved tech and trade;
without you, economies gasp, nations suffocate.
At your funerals, superpowers wail and plead-
bargaining prices, conspiring to raise their greed.
Multinationals wield you, stripping ecosystems bare
in lands where you abound, devilishly oiling their gears.
Your spills unveil your shadow nature, your truest glare.
When you lie beneath their soil, nowadays they pray in fear.

A0009 - Black fluorescent



ACT III

THE SNAKE PIT



Same voices, places, walls, and diaries,
excess of zeal renamed as liberty.
Perspiration, no holidays—we are demons:
the body held in custody and the soul contemplative.

New horizons shift like dunes in desert chasms ;
we walk across them, never seeing where they are.
Imagination and dreams both turn against you—
by morning, they remind you that you are that fool,

bleeding, doubting, in a pool of sharks,
served on someone's menu as prey that never ran.
Welcome to this planet, the grand penitentiary,
where you will rest in peace in a casket, necessarily.

With drugs you might elope, but you will still be caught;
freedom is an illusion, and every cell is cold.

A00010 – God Loves Ugly



A white flag, bloodstained, above diffident soldiers,
a lull in a warehouse brimming full of skulls.
Roasted doves served up to talented hunters,
crippled orphans singing back toward their school.

Memorials, widows, roses, guns salute-
name of the longest war in human history.
Negotiators and bullies grin in expensive suits,
great achievement framed: the picture of tragedy.

Era of disillusion, hate's unfolding drama,
our last breath on earth—a rest, gift, and curse.

Pampered infant of atrocity and propaganda,
defeat's no option: among foes, you're the worst.

Governments pay well for long-range missiles, diplomats;
weapons never burn. Peace is a drawn-out fight.
Train daily to keep your battle skills forever tight-
peace will strike back if you let war slip from sight.

A00011 - Peace



You took my pulse, saw that I am dead;
take time to weep, unloop the rope from my neck.
This ink is blood; my forearms' cuts testify,
a razor left behind with fingerprints of suicide.

Influence contrived to strip my power, my stance;
money and corruption lent the guilty greater strength.
Truth stood trivial, biased in my court's expanse-
proven guilty by slanders of every length.

Left famished in this cell like any other convict,
I fled their gambits' incentives, hollow bait.
I stand now with Lord Yama at his eternal gates;
I see it clearly now: to stay here was always fate.

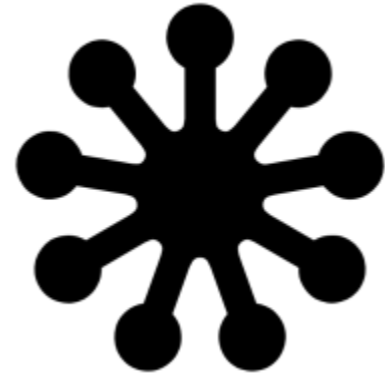
They'll pardon blunders, prove their side whiskers clean;
they've lost their souls in ritual swindlers' schemes.
Keep faith in your gods-trustworthy, perfectly just,
transcending laws, constitutions, parliaments' dust.

A00012 - Justice



ACT IV

THE NASCENT OUTLAW



With a smile steeped in hypocrisy,
the truth glints sharp within your eyes.

You feed me lines of fake courtesy,
while in the kitchen, you sharpen knives.
Your meals remain my preference still;
I savor every plate's sour power.
No need for your apologies.

You focus so on me, yet hate yourself;
identity fractures at your core.

Your words sit like dust on bookshelves,
never lifting what was written before.

A00013 - Celestial Clockwork



Sexually transmitted disease,
oldest, most notorious pandemic,
a fight between our pains and creeds
where joy pretends to intercede.
A blend of happiness and rage,
a pilgrimage, a walk in haze;
no one knows where your stream ends—
every pilgrim here breaks, then mends.
Heartbeats, breathing, draft your symphony
while Goddesses conduct the ceremony.
To your audience, you may seem phony,
yet your music works as remedy.
I will learn to love you with some grudge,
on your battleground, distraught,
my armor eaten through by rust,
my memory heavy with its thoughts.
Until my first day with the Judge,
when angels rise to loud applause,
we will move through every curve;
I'll sing your symphony without pause.

A00014 - Life



When the past
has left you scarred
and the present feels like war,
the future rests
in your hands—
don't look back,
step through
the fire.

A00015 – The Next Step



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Credits

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ABOUT THE POET

Ochie is a French-Kenyan author whose work mainly explores how technology, power, and modern life intersect. Through a blend of speculative poetry, social criticism, and sharp social insight, he examines the emotional and psychological impact of living in an age shaped by deceit, algorithms, platforms, and digital systems.

His collections, *VILLAINIES* and *LOWER ASTRAL*, look beyond obvious political spectacle to focus on something more immediate: how data culture and digital mediation quietly influence thought, memory, identity, and freedom. Writing in a precise, tightly controlled style, Ochie' treats technology not as background scenery but as a central force shaping contemporary interior life.

Rather than preaching or offering easy answers, his work invites readers to think more critically about the systems they inhabit. Through rhythm, a sinister tone, and carefully constructed language, he reveals how large structures of power can feel intimate and personal.

Maintaining a minimalist public presence, Ochie allows the writing itself to carry the argument – and invites readers to engage directly with the work.

If this free ebook resonates with you, please pass it on—encourage your friends and colleagues to visit www.ochie.net to download their own official copy, discover more books, and join our community for exclusive updates.

For any questions or feedback, you can reach me at ochie@startmail.com.

~~Ochie.~~



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