

Poetry Series

ADEWUMI JOSHUA
- poems -

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ADEWUMI JOSHUA()

Blue

The sky stretches in its color
It kisses the sea far away
And made it deep blue
Even down to the corals.

It gives its power to the whale
that it outgrows all in its ways,
and speaks the splendor of nature
In this color called blue.

This blue is our color.
It's a witness with the blue moon
from the time it was defined love
till today that we have it pure.

Tonight, I'm making it all blue
as I read this story of blue.
On a table covered with blue velvet
sets a vase of wild bluebells;
Blue candle flame
that reflects in your loving blue eyes.

We are toasting with blue wine.
Here: It is strictly blue.
For this our color mean to us
A true emblem of perfect love.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Coming Back Again

Times when I with my shadow,
Those memories do crept back
Like seasons returning after seasons.
They do pelt my mind
Like rain pierce soil with vexation.

They do take my mind walking:
Transiting from silence to regrets,
Through those blind yesterday,
Those action with crippled feet
That had made my mind swollen,
Too heavy for my heart to carry.

I tried to crawl over them
I tried to sleep them away in slumber.
But they kept coming back
Sticking to the second hand
Skulking in the sundial
Till the hour chimes again
When I sit with my shadow.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Crooks, Crooked Clan, And Crooked Town

A crooked hand
beating a crooked drum...
A crooked voice
singing a crooked tune.

A crooked message
passed by crooked lips...
A crooked news...
crooned with crooked lines.

A crooked town...
walked by crooked men,
ruled by crooked crowns:
crooks, crooked clan, and crooked town.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Destiny

I have it clamped to my thigh:
A sword in its sheath.
I will draw it when it is time
And wield it against thine.
Making clang of clanks that calls audience,
That summon boos, or gather praises.
Never will I think of surrender
Until I fight to the feet of honor.
Then it would be of honor
To be slaughtered by fate.
But if my lessons could stand,
Er sand runs down the hour glass,
I will tame providence to my side;
I will take the heart of destiny;
I will write my own history
And weave a colorful tapestry.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Farewell

I thought the seasons will be eternal,
and will turn golden from moon to moon.
I thought the sun will always stay,
and make these days live forever.
I thought the autumn wind will remain
to change every leaves in me,
and your words with the taste of spring
will bloom the flowers of passion.

Babe, I thought we've found it right,
but these pictures I'm seeing,
were not the thoughts I captured.
That fateful day we met
was the day my mortal mind melted
from the believed radiance of your beaming beauty
that belied your soily soul!

They say the smithy is harsh and good for gold
and tiffs can make true love thicker.
Ours sources and spread like ripples,
and enacted scenes that were riddles.
Before the tree could stand the storm,
the commensal bird had find its way.
It was hard to swallow and
harder to vomit
As a tiff turns to a tussle
Leaving three eggs for me bundle.

I never knew you were the tarrot
until I heard you say the omen.
From the beginning, you know the end
Your portent was bitter on my palate.
Yet, you worth to take a farewell.
But before I let your shadow fly,
It has some words to swallow
and some thoughts to digest.

I grew muscles to make you believe
there is no world better than ours

Although you will be better with an angel
no living one can give the warmth in my wings.
Yet, you made yourself a Primma Donna
seeing me as irony of your dreams.
Shame to the arrogant sun!
Rain shall soon fall.

This is your farewell:
I wish it won't be far before you have a fair thought.
I know only time could tell,
For with time I will be gay again
But all times be straight with you.
Now you will go, but I won't say goodbye.
But if you never surface again,
I'll be lucky to have fallen in love for you.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Fate

Sometimes man rises to be greater than man
And man is forced to draw joy from abject sorrow.
Beckoning the pain of rejection,
He stoops to lowliness
and draws pleasure from shame:
Self mockery.

Fathers may live it with complete consciousness.
They see it as the hatched eggs of today;
Incubated in a nest
weaved by astrological stars.
Eggs which even black magic could not have changed its product.

But their children,
They will take it as the truth.
Life is truth
And so is the life they are born to see,
born to live, born to take as fate!

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Good Or Bad, Who Knows?

The colour of a chameleon:
Grey, green or dark, who knows?
The deepness of the heart
Minds ain't seen in mirrors
Actions might not be emotions

The crowing of the cock
Is not the coming of the dove.
Masquerade threats are not halloween tricks.
Feelings that tread in letters,
do they live beyond it?
Thoughts are deep
Minds are deeper.

Before the seed is conceived, think!
Before the seed is born, think twice!
Just know;
Good and bad lie on a coin
A toss decides the end.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

I Am What You Have

I should be throwing words
not a succession of seductive glances.
I wish to hold the sky
But gravity won't let me.
You are like a lilly
among a vegetation of thorn and and thistles
O you are shy and pretty too,
like the shy evening sun
veiled with golden clouds.

I say to my heart: Open sesame!
Let the blood of emotions flow.
For I've seen the daughter of cupid,
I'm ready to sacrificies my soul.
You send my heart a pulse,
and I've begin to resonate.
My mind has been overweighed;
I can't just stop the break.

I shield my heart with a ferrous plate
but can't withstand your burning love.
I search letters to make your word,
but you knock me pent-up.

A super can't just be described.
Incomparable is beyond compare.
Unique is one not two.
Words can't paint you
O daughter of cupid!
These are what you are my love,
and I am what you have.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

If Love Needs...

If love needs a definition,
I will call a poet.
If it needs an illustration,
I will get his poems.
But if it needs a demonstration,
I will call noone
But you.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Just Believe Me

For all I write,
For all I say
For all I do,
All I want from you is, just believe me.

There is a shine in my heart
Everyday I make rituals
Cupid can prove me wrong
But for you, just believe me

My diary book is full
And strength has part my thumb
But this thing for all I say
For all I do,
All I want from you is, just believe me.

All these has make me lost,
I'm blind to found my way.
But if this string could tie our hearts
The tug will take me home.
So all I say is, just believe me.

If I were to continue writing,
Or tend to read these lines
The world will end and still nine to born
But all I do want is; just believe me.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Let Us Dance Apala

Beat the drum
Let us dance Apala
Taking fine steps
In our beautiful calicos

Pick the sword
Cut the rope
Since there is no end
To loose this tie

Dance, Dance on
Take no care
Enjoy your time
Don't mind a dime

Do it now
Let it roll
Dance to Apala
On and on

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Lifetime Voyage

They came into this world
Down the rope of volition;
They all board a ship
For their lifetime voyage.

Her name was 'life and death',
The only one of her kind.
Her crews: men and women,
Theist and atheist.
All breathing in the air
Filled with the spirit of her world.

Their sailors were astrologers
Chasing the stars of hope.
With their children
they all sailed toward the city of prosperity.

They were deceived by a lighthouse
Raised by the men from Tartarus.
When the storm of their desire erupt
They had no anchor of faith.

They submitted to be wavered,
Whirled around by demonic winds.
Now they have hit the reef;
Down the ocean they must sail.

Hope is what they lack!
Even while there was much,
They are drunk in there sins
And their inner eyes are sour.

For the men that seek for hope
Where no man sees hope,
I bring to you hope,
Hope beyond hopes.
Wear the life coat,
Join the life boat,
Let us flee the woe

that will come before before we see hope.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Love

Love, like an oil lamp
When lighted and fueled
Will burn till time expire

So light a lamp
Make a flame
That will never be blown away by the wind of time.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Love Without Lust

Like love
Lust comes in the same shadow
With a spirit of obsession
With heart full of passion

Get me drunk
Let me say what I know
Love comes not
first without lust

In the smithy of the smith
Refine your feelings
Hit the the grains hard and throw them in the wind
Don't give the barley with chaffs

I doubt not love
But the child is born with a placenta
Bring out the evil in good
Give your love without lust.

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ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Men Like Rain

Men like rain:
born in the sky
from the belly of mortal clouds,
they fall with unknown fortunes
into the sea or the border-less ocean,
into still-waters or in marsh that irritates.

Like snakes they go
meandering over mountains:
with no footpath.
Or down sand-dunes
with history to write:
Making high flood walls,
Or shallow irrigation canals.

Whatever it may:
to be desired or to be rued,
unto the land they all fall,
running, wetting and then sinking
Down to the core
shut in the other world.

Till the hour they will be summoned
by the grand rain maker.
When the sun will break the bars of coma,
and the ocean will be sick to the last.
Leaving the rest of it all,
to the grand rainmaker.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

My Darling Little Babe

My darling little babe,
Those hours are still mine:
When you cried
In the curl of my arms.
You called for mother's nipple,
Looking at father's dimple.
Love was all you wanted.

Then that hour came
That you crawled'
That you took a toddle,
With many more ahead.

The day you took the satchel,
Hurrying to the school gate
Through the college corridors,
To the university hostel,
To the doctor's desk,
To your pinnacle.

I could still well remember,
They are still all mine.
That the day you walked,
That day you find your lost bone,
That day you opened the blue portal
Is still very clear to me.
That day
That I joyed and looked into this very hour
With hope and great expectation;
You again in my very arms:
Oilly fontanelles, sleeping eyes,
And better coming days,
Like those that ran by.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Mythical Gods

Let me see the silver line
Hiding face behind these ugly clouds,
Costing me my sons to send
In place of libations.

Call me the old Ifa priest,
Let him throw his cowries.
Let me hear the message
Sounding in the talking drum.

Call Ogun to lead our men
And bring back pharaohs head.
Ask sango to make a rain
And quench our taste and thirst.

Let me know the might of our gods,
Or are they all myths?
Then I have a lot to wait and see
Behind these ugly clouds.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Neutrality

There where I live
There is much to see
Not just to sigh
But to gaze and learn.
When men do bad,
Never wish to join;
But join me here:
Sitting on the fence,
Playing my flute
There where I live.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

On This Cold Night

As darkness shrouds the day,
As the moon pours down mists
That wash my face pale.
I clinged on to my jacket
Wondering how many days will count
Before the flower blooms,
Before the sun looms
Like intrepid smokes
From the ash of phoenix.

I wonder how long it would be
Before the gloom expires,
Before the dawn respire
Opening the day portal
For copious lights to pour.

I wondered and pondered:
Will the coal ever bring fire
After this copious downpour?
Will my breath be dry enough
To rekindle the cinder?

In this cold night,
I continued to wonder;
I continued to ponder
As I continued to wander,
Clinging on to my jacket

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Paradise Lost; Paradise Regained.

Man continues to wield power
Over people
At their own peril.
Since paradise lost,
Their plot has been in pieces
His eyes, He turned away from us
And the barricade was lifted.
Peace, they pursue with horses;
Security was the reason they sit.
Whenever they gather in the tower of unity,
The Babel- spirit keep descending.

We were made equal,
But we have never been equal.
And whenever we come near to
Or become equal,
The four winds let loosed.

Oh! In paradise,
They were only two
And without worry too.
God and human,
Human and beast.
And there was peace
And security too.
But one stretched to be like the other,
And now he knows good and bad.
And that he may not come to be equal,
He was deserted:
Paradise Lost.

We know we have power,
But power is not for us.
For if power will stand with us
Then peace, away, will stand from us.
So, put power to its place:
Paradise regained.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

See Us There

See us there, see us well,
See us tightly holding hands.
No one near, no one stare,
In that our world, see us there.

The days of a palm
Standing aloof against the wind.
Away from the troubled sea,
Amid unconcerned sands,
Alone onshore, alone in our world,
See us there.

See us as a salmon
Breaking heavy tides,
Moving home, scorning the waves.
Hope so strong for our dreams,
For our goals, see us there.

With your mind eyes,
See us walking up
On red lawn to the dais.
Confetti flying, we are making pair
Making it blue in our world.

It is not a day dream.
I'm not in trance.
It is this thing that fuels zeal.
That can tune the tone of our hope,
As you see us there
in our world.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Smoking In The Wood

On a cold winter morning,
I was smoking in the wood.
I tried to let my mind run back
To the least I could remember.
Never was a moment regretted
Till the hour I struck those stones
That lighted this stick
That has stuck to my lips
Like my mother's nipple.

With cinder heads,
It smoulders away in smokes.
Smokes flying the chimney of my nose.
Inch by inch, breath by breath
It takes my heart with it.

Sometimes I do try to quit,
And I'll crush it below my feet.
But all the times I had gone back,
Again and again,
Striking the stones, lighting the stick,
Smoking in the wood
On a cold winter morning.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

The Last Day

A murderer lynching a thief;
fornicators judging pornographers;
leaving in the last days,
silhouetted from the truth.

So many are shaded away
from the light of his marauders
poisoned them with false-truths.
They asked themselves,
'which is holier?
the pope,
the imam, or the priest? '
The polemic discussion continues.

In the name of religion!
The chariots charge
to grease their squeeking wheels
with the blood of compatriots.

Unbridled liberalism,
the lioness vying to lead the pride.
The dynamite detonated!
The unit is sent in disarray!
Pandemic brokeout!
 Paed-deafness____
Insurbodination of children.
Alas! The world is going down.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

The Monologue I

Sometimes when I look
into a mirror,
I am the most handsome man
in the world.
Other times I do gaze and gaze
and all I could see
is a creative mistake.
I will try to run to the past
and take a nostalgic pill for happiness;
my bests betray me.
It is that moment I know my mood is doomed.
So I have come to realize
that the mind has power:
It can re- create.
But the mind cannot overpower the mood;
the mood is Man
and Man makes the mood.
So Man,
Go ahead,
Make my mood the most handsome man.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

The Moonlight Hike

Every morning when I wake,
I will stand and smile at my mirror.
I will slide the curtain
To press my face on the window pane.
The sun would kiss my cheek
While the lark says good morning.
He would them turn again,
And I'll see he never wants to leave.
I will pack much word for him,
Enough to take him through.
Then I would bade him with a smile
And my eyes to carry in his mind
Till he comes in the evening
To take me in his arms
Upon his wanting heart,
As we solicitously stroll
Into the moonlight like.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

The Rainforest

Many miles deep in the forest
Where all is green,
His voice is keen:
The woodpecker
Keeps calling
Knock! Knock! Knock!
The echo keep coming.

Somewhere, the grasscutter could hear,
And he has no fear.
His fore- fathers had heard,
And they had not feared.
Knock! Knock! Knock!
And it shall be open unto thee
The woodworm heard,
And verily, it wriggleyly flee.

We came and heard.
Verily, we were surprised!
We stood solidly in full silence
with all our attention
turned to the intellingence
in such wonderful creation!
But since he was not Beethoven,
Swiftly, that interest died like vain!

Suddenly, the chainsaw roared
And again with all attention, we razed.
We plugged our ears,
ripped off our concerns from this masscre,
this morn brought to the Maia years.
Many mile deep in the forest
The woodpecker raced
The grasscutter raced
The forest felled,
And empty silence reigned.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

The Stubborn Son

O Jehovah,
I have a penchant for thy will.
Even though pleasure surrounds me
and my body pushes me to sin,
my spirit never penancefully love thee.

My past won't make me rest.
It keeps pulling me from thy presence.
Though, sometimes, my mind do pull along with it
Inside, I persistently plead for thine hand.

But
I have concealed my wrongings.
From the face of those who know you
I hid it.
To please the heart of my feeble flesh
I broke thine heart. O
Now I am internally interrogated
and my feigning is already breaking.
The pierce of thy sword I fear!
Though thy mercy is all over,
My despair shall deny me a taste!

I have forgotten
That everyman is an open book before thee.
Thou knows my beginning, my formation,
And from my entrance into this world,
Thou have been keeping a record of me.
So where could I run, when I know
That before thee I will end?
Before me thou placed good and bad,
life and death respectively.
You taught me good;
yet, it is bad I do.

Now should I give excuses
Or what?
I am now a fugitive:
From thee and thy acquaintances

I flee.
Still, it is thy voice I can hear;
It keeps calling:
Come home, come home, come home...
Haaa!
How could this be?

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

Vision

It is the best place to be
I have seen so many good things in live
But the best have come from vision

ADEWUMI JOSHUA

What Is The Meaning Of Life?

It takes a second to be born
Minutes to grow
Hours to mature
And as the sun sailed down the sea
That second it takes to say goodbye.

An inch from a mile
A dropp from an ocean
A day from eternity
So quick it ran by
As his shadow flew the dial.

Dropped raw
Cooked in the agitation
Ready to be eaten
Gulped down into its belly
Back to where it came from.

So large but hollow
Short but blunt
Unable to slice through
Even if there is a meaning.

ADEWUMI JOSHUA