

Poetry Series

Agboyi Felix
- poems -

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Agboyi Felix(24-03-1993)

A Bitter Pleasure

He hid behind the walls,
and thought he swerved all eyes,
but not I.
Peeping through that little hole,
I know not what circumstance
brought I to the sight.
From his tattered jacket,
as if without life,
in the slavest quarters,
a rubber-tied-spirit.
Thinking he cleared all round,
more a sip he took.
His beautiful frown made abound
the bitterness of his pleasure.
Knowing what prizes the delight,
and the twine pores of beating,
more he took in.
And though killing himself within
in thought, I think, sets him at ease.

Agboyi Felix

A Broken Request

Whos' father is n't in heav'n?
But who, don we think,
Should'st hear our gentle'st
Entreaty in 'ur act' of violations?

Agboyi Felix

A Dying Fowl

in contrite I watched it bleed till death!
I terminated through slay, that virgin throat
for the pleasure of my gnawing.
I watched in quiver
it's blood oozing into the air
and down with weight,
the earth it came with warm imploring ease.
In a restless bid, it beat for breath,
but it had it not.
How I wish I could mend the hurt.
But the pipe has
already been cut awide.
It had flesh, soul and
I slayed without pity
untill the aftermath. I'm sorry I triggered its death.
I've sinned! I've sinned!

Agboyi Felix

A Poking Glare

Never had I seen a glare
poaching the morning cumulus
with soo much promising.
Never had I.

Not demurring nor quivering,
tears filled the bays of my eyes.
Dazzled as if there fell on me
a spell of alienation.

From aloft, the glamour stained
the openings, the horizon with
great not even the stoic
can hide such emotions.

With promising renewed union,
its lessons had been done, and
in true gentility of ever refreshing flung,
it faded with never unfading memories.

I shall dream of its union at
the poke of other days.
I shall wait on other mornings
knowing it as a partaker ally.

And when it poaches again,
I shall be of full bliss and glee
for the promise it carries.
I saw a rainbow.

Agboyi Felix

A Shameful Ego

You dream of conquering, of victory
through hands at chest glued.
Like the eating seas,
you chip off shoulders
by dints of all, if right or wrong,
to blossom your to be.
Each sapling you sink,
each sapphire you destroy.
I think they are never your delight.
You leap your way with lights of
terror and stressful force with
regards to none.
As if the ego dwelled a star
within you only,
you lacerate others' sole,
so when they step, they can't!
And between the teeth
of the men you agonized,
their feelings are much gnashed.
A victory at the expense of others'
throat, feelings and hurtful emotions.
That is no victory, but a shameful
ego!

Agboyi Felix

And Not Giving Alone Is Love;

And not giving alone is love,
but how deep one keeps the other
alive, how deep, entirely, one has
the other within.

The beggarly needs not only one's
coin to sound in the bowl,
but he dreams to feel one try
to stand him up.

Agboyi Felix

And There, Death Levels Us All

N't that I seek in eagerness
And praise my death with sole abjectness.
I ask not that it fast approach.
But truth be not denied, be not reproached.
One day, in nature's out play,
I would shut still my mouth in the day.
Never to laugh again.
And my hands would be at chest glued.
Never to shake hands under the blue.
My ears would be as dump
And not the loudest call bump
Would tickle my ear drum.
And all would sound silent decorum.
Then I would create a horrible image
With my teeth at gnash and my gage
Stiffness would be as the ironwood portrayed.
Then I would be layed,
If not in a wooden cuboid,
And the corpse bearers would
Play wit me a bit.
And the grave prosession would lead.
Then into a pit,
I would be thrown.
And the termites on thier own,
Would perform a post-mortem in supercede
Until the heavens intercede
And we all would be subject to calls.
And there, death levels as all.

Agboyi Felix

Assuming Duty

In childhood, though I worried, I careless.
But now its assumed I've got a molar teeth,
and am to assume duty.
The mind now contemplates mass
and the bairn thoughts don't win out.
Between the distinction of now
and then, I am to decide.
I fancy those ideas,
but for the bridged enstrangement,
my wish to be in bairn coats can't be.
As each hair greys, each thought does aswell,
And in the compos mentis,
a bit of childishness still dwells.

Agboyi Felix

Concealed

The cry of the unknown,
is abominable to the untold.
That face you see,
is a pillar of sadness,
a pool of agony,
a wailing drum!
That cute smile you see,
covers a disfigured face,
a distorted will.
He lives in nobility,
quite as the silent night,
but within is a Gordian knot.
The simplicity of his life
is worth embracing,
but the pains in his veins
can't be aspired for.
His lips are stitched,
for a continues gentle cry
will make worse a grumble.
That outward grinnings you observe
are the suffocations that can't
surpass his desire to grimace.
That little joys you witness are jus
camouflages to veil the griefs.
For he makes free his 'chi' from care, by smiling.
And who will listen to the tone of his drum,
may be if not the Father?
The banes are rather not explained,
so the laments are better concealed!

Agboyi Felix

He Lives A Stranger

Through variant ways,
he leads his own way.
Man on the street,
in dirty apron rags,
in aimless wander,
a stranger in grotesque
walk.

What lump, yet
to be broken
to make free his spell?
Considered mad
in a differentious environment
hitherto unknown,
but privy to his being.

Man in filt,
a stranger unclothed,
an inside foriegner,
a scavenger in character,
alone,
a noontide traveller
without acquaintance.

Might his world
taste sweeter
if his footprints
bear no care?

Agboyi Felix

If You Could

If you could hold within visions,
and embrace tomorrow's shadow,
at glimpse of ambience,
what faith then holds for the poet?
How beautiful wish tomorrow be,
but why doesn't it bow?
And if caught in splendor colds of nightmares,
why not go into deals?
All days come forth not with glees,
and if they do,
what have you to prove?
Scuppered flesh and ego,
Will done any harm?
The rains may seize, and scarcity
might breed.
Do not be surprised, if tomorrow
comes in the likeness of black presents.

Agboyi Felix

In Reminiscence.

We live with a scar, unarguably to reveal a tale.
And out of no crabs wit, but our past, we bear stymie.
Once stood here a little home.
A cottage that nursed us at bosom.
Those faggots behind wer once the mother tree of this valley,
around which we played.
Around which i drew today.
There onced mother nocked me
for pocking an elderly conversation.
These scraps were once the mud and tatch of the home.
In a flash of an elephant memory,
I recall the nights I tossed with marbles with siblings.
Right here, legs crossed in circles around the unfading flames to hear tales of
little wanderers from the grey of the home.
Then I dreamt a longer season.
But a branch had already opened it jaws,
and the squirrel through dance, unnoticed, fell in.
Today on this forecourt, I await those moments in reunion.
Those moments that kept us at heart
and never wanted to desert us from thier fruits.

Agboyi Felix

Inside Me

I will think
of you,
but no more.
I've thought
of you,
than to think
of you.
And thinking
of you
torments me.
But
probably
am thinking
of you,
and
inside of me
seeks you.
Thats why I write
in.

Agboyi Felix

It Chanced

It chanced, that
beneath the silence
of a transit cockcrow,
the blessed grace of time,
I saw him engulfed;
the sadden face of
sadder eerie moans,
it ate through him, fully,
the mist of barren dreams.

Oh, it is true,
mankind is a dream being,
dreaming tresses him,
but when will he touch
his dreams? When will
his side of the flicked
perfect coin fall on his
laps to ordain him?

In silence he melted
beyond desire and longed
for little choices which empty
dreams had already hollowed.
He was moved to inner madness
by his souls porous passions
against his brittle dreams;
thirsty for relief from inner slaughter.

I saw his dreams listless
on the streets, and heard
him wail in his spleen, but
he self consumed his pain,
lest he devulged too much
his victimness to one who
had often taken part in
his solemn cast of shadows:

Heaven Only knows what
inner scar ruins him.

Agboyi Felix

My Neighbours In Green

My neighbours in green, purpled by their roses
are my joy.

Caught in their beauty, amidst the splendour
is a melody.

That unbroken echo of love,
through silence is worth remarking.

I looked up in nod, as if I understood their language,
But it mattered not how strange my presence,
how illiterate my mind,
only my presence.

All in a twinkle, neighbour insects fly,
and in a blink, they're back, flying
as if there were in palaces with no kings.

Through the purity of the winds,
the shrouds screened the sun and shaded
the undergrooves into discos,
drawing to meory a dancing pen dabbing wisdom.

That smell of the bloom bouquet loots
but the soul from worry.

I dance within with rhythm, for I know
the floating pines are a star of bles'ings.

Through a smile, I free my heart,
and learn to be wise in their midst.

Their secret lies unhidden,
because they're virgins sacred from filth.

Only the wise, knows what angle
a poem is arrowed.

Agboyi Felix

No Need For Trumpets

That is why there is no tear
in my eyes.
I already know am stained
with mud.
And no need to sound that
in trumpets.
Am no better than you,
I know.
And wonder why am not moved?
The mindset
is already in tunes with the
soulfaith.
Wonder why am not perturbed?
I dirty the clothes
whilst washing, and my deeds
and misdeeds
always finds me a faultfinder.
I already know
by half tone, I dont have the voice
to sing.
Before you label me pale, I already
accent to that.
I'm to worry, but I don't, and if I don't
nothing will worry me.
No need for trumpets.

Agboyi Felix

Plea To Nature

Nature, long have I trampled your labor,
knowing the verdant beauty of your hands,
I still look down your reign.
even in civilization, I destroy your virginal purity.
My concience haunts me before your stripped nakedness,
your days are furious and your nights summons me to your calling feet.
I feel the coldness of your touch,
but all through the revolution,
I've seen your destructive force
like a drop of oil in the lamps,
as if hear hang the days,
the dew drops wipe away.
Through my inappreciation,
I foreshadow a vicissitude
encased in the open closeness
of my counting days.
But in my pleas, I plead most;
passionate nature, plead do I,
cease not your humble deeds,
for lost am I without your escort
on this pumper side of the plane.

Agboyi Felix

Refugee

Setting out,
A lane I've never throd nor partook.
A mat in my armpit,
An arm carried brass.
Not a complementary cloth
To make me somehow whole,
Except my pothole sandals
That makes me a sillohoute of the desert.
New roads transfixd without grasses,
I thred without a print but mist and murks.
Even if with fear, I must.
That old abode has been torn apart with books and sciences.
May be the arts.
Drunk but of no wine; sipped by
the passionless journey of unfriendly friends.
My pulse beating on the wasteland
turned from scattered unknown survivors is dismal.
Though I have no past now,
'cause its been washed away,
I find a cause to love my old branch.
But ahead is to move on,
And with a sigh, I ask; why this trigger
by my human masquerades, who
for one's endless pride for rank
ends not only I, but other multitudes as strokes of a brush at this wrong angle?

Agboyi Felix

Seed

seed a field
and
observe
how long
it takes to sprout
even by
your cultured
efforts
or whatsoever

he who knows
how
to keep
his sword undrawn
at slay time
sheaths it
best for the days
to come

he stands most
the bravest

its not easy
to attain

learn to labour
in patience
learn to wait
to reap scrupulously

be overly cautious

Agboyi Felix

Shame

Thou art a bony flesh;

Worth my view, not
A queer ghastly being.
Oh shame; thou art no other thin,
But a poor senseless loom!

We're sated with a sip
Of thy service, and no ruth
Of thine from thy feast
Which our elbows have forked.

We commend the now,
But wilt thou enslave us henceforth
Whereas we're in sepulchersw comfort
Or in our Master's bosom?

The height the hath reached-
Thee may proceed to soar, thereafter;
For we have hands that through
Thy pretty clowns, can only toil, toil.

Though an easement we fare,
Whilst thee glide high-We stake upon,
As we lade out our braided distress,
That erelong-thou shalt beg mitigation

Before every escoriated man!

Agboyi Felix

She, The Maiden From My Village.

Where all the stars forge, there
I concede, that each day,
I do tread to meet her youthful age.
Fond clouds of smiles uncover her
Each time at sudden, we give way
To each other on the narrow passage.

Her beauty lies,
Much as the sun upon the meadow ice.
Her manners are oft a wonder,
A woo that flames the heart.
Her gestures; a tender thunder-
The touch of a brown art.
Far her moon beams without blunder.

And the hands that made her, to me,
No mortal's zeal can dare, but see.
And as she withers into the streets,
Fainly I mingle in thoughts;
Has she forspoken me with her treats,
That with my unspoken comical plots,
And her fairly gentle attraction,
I plod this lane solely for her affection?

Agboyi Felix

Since I Know Not

This life, might have brought me pain.
For yesterday allieing with today, might make me bow tomorrow.
Alas this short passing shall pass,
and am glad there is a joy beyond this ware.
But I know not how withered my leaves are,
nor how pale my days.
And since fresh buds could fall off,
neither do you yours.
To that,
I will lay bare my chest and shave my hair low tomorrow
with a sigh, and the woods will take the imprints.
And if I leave before you,
don't forget to bid me farewell
with a Godly prayer.

Agboyi Felix

Sinking Boats

The waters are now raging and the land is fruitless.
The hoer hoes only stones.
The grave is not a sweeter post.
Tell me, tell me the reigns are not by corpses,
and the seasons allied will bear witness.
What gain 's 't then, if slayed for?
We who know all the goods, but know not the good of being good,
tell me, tell me the mournful voices are seizing
and the cries of bitter sobs will come in messages.
This restless era boosts too much a chaotic seed.
The souls are dead, long gone, sublimed in the acts of crucibles.
Farther than, we've travelled, in lost, we've drowned.
Look! Look round, all is void and in slumber.
The sour wines now taste bitter with waters reflecting faces no more
and neither the land at bearest.

Agboyi Felix

Sudden Death

In closed fist, a cob onset,
like fresh buttercup,
descends an ancient lineage.
Blossomed to living, incursed with fragrance,
though tossed in firt, with purity of
no blot.
This lingering living under the sun,
illuminated by the moon,
on one leg, in puberty of no sin,
sways in gentle spiral, but tasting
the cold breeze and developing a flush,
unavoidable,
the flutter recedes.
Not away from the rays and
yet under the night sphere,
now translated into withering,
not able to dabb the flush,
the linger to recedes and the lone
leg prickled, now comes the sudden death.
And with no victims burial;
the voyage ends!

Agboyi Felix

Thinking

What do I conceive
of inherent life?
I will for it to happen
that I could translate
the form to 'what do I
know of inherent life?
I may think that awhile,
but to an incongruous claim.
I may render its aspects
as even and its cycles; converse.
To be gentle and observe
its interplay, that verdict
of guilt and acquittal
is somewhere, where, I cut free.
I may have rule, but no,
oh piteous me; I have
no will to rule over.
I guess it is the inclination
of my imbued cognition
and true acquiescence.
Well, I, hopelessly, can only think,
but not how to find a clue.
It may sound miserable,
but the phenomenon dwells
larger than here I lie;
a grain in my ignorance.

Agboyi Felix

Thy Hour's Presence

Father, Thy son, Thy hour's presence comeforth thee.
Thy night so calm, eyes upon Thees glory.
Thou not favour with curse, though I doethforth for such calling still.
Soo hard cracking Thy nut in holy faith.
In solitary for no filt's cause but for I, Thy son ploughed through with no stain of
evil.
Set upon this day, my monumental image;
Thy face, call me forth,
Thy hands, upon my lead,
Thy Will, seek my penitant soul,
Thy word, write upon my chest.
If nil, in humble quest, subdue not
Thees wrath upon me.

Agboyi Felix

To The Bottle Liver

I despite you not, the bottle liver.
Nor do I treasure your talent too.
But I take you for a friend,
For you alone, and the Master
Knows what secret wells in you.
Its comic when you're filled up.
But more tragic when you tell what
Visions spring in you.
Do you pretend to drink to seal
Your ears and eyes?
Or your emotions drink you up?
Or even more, the revolting hands
of the world, sends you parcelled
glasses at serving?

Agboyi Felix

Transcending The Ordinary

I bear no heart hardened by hate,
but love, softened.
A thousand love waves across the blues,
through clouds,
from my heart rains down in folds
as light.
I dare not harbour hate in my chest!
Like a woman's love
to her children; love to the world.
Of hate
ruling the land, henceforth carcasses at hand.
But more functionous the breast,
than hate, -love.
Woe betides I cast peril in the
virgin waters.
I dare not fatten on harm, nor dare fail
to always forgive.
The measure of my soft heart, casts across,
in vast
as a borderless desert.
My three Hs
opens wide the doves, with fresh leaves,
as signs of ample love.
The universal bodies on vigil through days
and nights
do so in long for me, a much more I not,
do such.
My love is inexplicable with each day, each moment,
flooding in rise.
If I can look the sun in the eyes,
I can equally look all.
Take that from me, that which I give
immeasurably.
That which is my duty to offer,
That which
transcends the ordinary, which is my profound love.
I dare not prefer between, I only owe
to give unconditionally.
If by measure, my love could be;

it is immense.
If little by little i love, and am loved not,
I mind not aswell.
And little by little if there is,
all hate will sink.
If soo widespread my love is, without exit nor closure,
then so it is,
a shelter for homestead children.
On the surf and deep within the marrows,
like fresh tassels
to pollen the plants, lay bare my love in exposition,
as dew filled flowers
that adorn the dawns in acme.
Open wide my bosom, as pastures to graze,
give a home to all.

Agboyi Felix

Unflown Ink Within

This might not be the quill.
Nor might the leaflet be.

The ink is yet to flow,
Now the angle might be poor.

The seconds due, might not be.
May be when the sun melts

Its last funeral in the bays.
But whenever be the second;

There shall still linger, the tip
Of the quill, unflown ink within.

Agboyi Felix

Upon A Day

Through the might that shields,
Yet a day is seen,
When no knee's plea is head,
No eyes wail is seen,
No conscience examined,
But only the smelling aroma
Of bitter sweet melt.

In the target looms of the day,
Webs but no circumstance saved.
Undulating in rhythm,
And yet shall find both,
Though separation be not by face,
But by collective seiving,
All pure and blot.

Lo, be one in between,
Shall take no favour before hands,
No suit lies of tongues.
No somersaults of suaves,
Nor gifts from both;
Except upon self account
And true juxtification.

Agboyi Felix

When Am Gone

I come placing lillies at your feet.
But you keep nagging the sweet aroma.
Trampling on them in harsh and sullen,
You turn your face into a mass night storm, bridging mere relations,
in recognition of only equals.
Petals as fresh as ever known,
now equated to flushes.
Stalks left to rotten.
What soo little done, even by half bright,
though not heart clinching, lives a linger.
Embrace the face without the thumb,
and witness that yourself.
Nature knows why we aren't of same heights.
Untill the tree is off patch,
the house will know not
what waves it saved it from.
Someday you'll crave my presence,
but then, I'd be gone into the unknown
with that lilly of flushes.

Agboyi Felix

You Did Not Come

It came to pass, this twilight,
that I waited at where we
usually met, under the pomegranate;
where I was stabbed and killed
a thousand times by the lonesome
incense offered by the infant night,
besides-you did not come.

I held back and craved,
yet in no choosy course;
it was only ridiculous that
I waited, and waited, and
waited-it was the wind's
patience that taught me to abide.

I am sorry to say sorry to myself:
I am wordless, I'm the same
old-mute-chap of the years before
we met; tonight, I sleep on my own,
with doldrums, fantasies, and
broken contracts-far from you,
the normal reality whom I love.

If you can make it up, but cannot,
in due of the rain, to meet
at the terrace, may be behind
your window-I am that lad
in the blue coat with the white umbrella.

Agboyi Felix