

Poetry Series

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA
- poems -

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ENOCH AANU OJOTISA(14TH DECEMBER 1990)

An African man.

Please visit [to purchase my book titled, 'Commoner's Speech'](#). And also visit my [blog](#), for my literary and political publications.

Christian Prayer

Jesus Christ,
avoid me crisis,
leave me not;
never to serve in the core north.
Am a Christian, one that's blessed,
and can never be stressed

___*** __***___ For 'Blessing Sunday'...taken from her scattered words today.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Death Gives Life

When I die because I may die,
Or should I die if I die,
maybe if I die because I ought to die,
let mother earth be a cool room for the cadaver.
A piece of cloth would do...people.
A dropp of tears will I permit not;
not even from a dear.
though much of sorrow behind,
faces of sad shapes but happy minds may mourn camouflage;
Alas, I am he who dies and get born again.
I am Kokumo the spirit of heavens.
After you leave that yard, I must but rise again.
If I die, that I doubt;
If I come again, know I died before.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

From An African Child

Is this the African community my father told me he lived?
In here now, life looks empty,
our hope has come to look vague.
And the temple of our ancestors is famished of its sacrifice.
Now the gods have grown hungry,
and no one looks after the throne of our morality.
The African tradition to our children is opaque,
but the abomination is transparent in our minds.
Who will bring back the lost glory of the Egyptian sunrise?
Will the romantic sunset of Kenya be returned with moonlight tales?
Or shall the empires of powerful Kings be heard of and read in our schools?
Even the savior on the cross, and the prophet on the mat,
have both been neglected by immoral civilization.
Africa! Rise! Kwame Nkrumah!
Will your sweat be in vain?
My mother tells me of a fighter for Africa...
But she says he's long gone back to where real Africans go...
And by the music of the BLACK PRESIDENT have I thought this all!
FELA I am an African child. Chant me the African songs from above.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

From Poet Enoch's Journey Of A Fellow

You know just like that, she rose from my bosom and went into another.
With her wrapper tied loosely around the waist i paid dowry on.
In the bosom of another man there she laid and sold what I paid for...
Then a woman I concluded, is nothing but a good you've bought,
but left in charge of the seller with the key to the place of the good.
She can either trade with it outside or keep it for your convenient use.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

In Your Arms Again.

Truly I am no different from the other.
But you shaped me like a porter;
You raised my eyes to yours in the night of mood;
Though the day was crude;
For only a saint might have conquered that hour,
The hour of a woman's power...
That it might come to past,
So we glued our tongues to last.
But what profit has it brought?
We have actually been lost.
But lost is it? Lost in lust?
Infatuation governs my thought?
Alas woman, you graced my existence with your elegance
And thou only brighten the night of my heart with your remembrance.
That which is not of passing away but of craving and perspiration;
Height of yours I know is an elevation,
Which you have above all; beauty like more of goddess,
I know you own like powers like a priestess,
Offering prayers in the holy closet;
You offer my body in congenial prayers; according to our precept.
You are the moon that is closed in my heart;
Shining ov'r the shadows of earth***
Love is the answer; that made me a better man;
And this I learnt at your heart step; its fate's plan.

This you prepared in the darkest hour of your heart;
That, which I talk, is the kind expression talk of your heart.
For in the past have I asked;
That will she be there? So love had me masked***
That I thought, positivity will be the result;
But negative print stood on my injury like a salt.
Like an orphan, you raised the dust of fear from my body.
You became a soul in my body to make a whole somebody.
Like a sweet lullaby, so are the rhythms of our memories;
Our sole hours of silence have got many purposes.
Those reasons I cannot depict;
But I have no words of deceit.
Sooth me oh lady like once forever;
Be a love soothsayer; that I may continue to be clever.

You, the bravest of all lights
Surviving heart plights;
Never afraid of the night, I learnt you are.
Every second and promise is for what you are and not who you are.
When the storm arose against me; you faced it like it were for us,
You championed me through like a warrior's horse.
When the tears rise up; I will hold on all night for you.
And the promises I made; sticks with you.
You make up the factions of my dream;
And so I know you as a soul cream.
Go on!
Once more, you had my cloth of sorrow and fear, torn.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Man's Secret Lover

If by life cometh death

Then death is a friend.

Love is life.

You live by it to feel good.

You act it to feel bond.

But you must visit love

To show your trust for love.

Death is a person's friend.

It saves when one is about

To be disgraced.

And it brings unto one,

Fame and Heroic chants,

Especially if you are a

VOICE POPULI!

Death is a lover

And man must reciprocate

That symbolic love

By returning to dust! ! !

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Middle Cliff

Here we are...

In the middle of the cliff.

Staring at the end again and again.

In the middle of the cliff.

I wasn't attracted any longer,

In the middle of the cliff.

Maybe distance, made me a survival.

In the middle of the cliff.

We are all survivals,

In the middle of the cliff.

No matter the look of the grasses in the dark,

Life comes out in the middle of the cliff.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

My Confession To My Val

Will you agree to my words?
and will my confessions have a place in your heart?
Leave me not in the passion of emotions,
and suffer not your heart with bitterness.
You and I are stumbled upon by love.
So let the river overflow on us as one
and its current shall raise our suspicion as true.
For it will make my confessions true that you are in my heart.
Let me tonight have this confession by your side;
for tomorrow may be late to have my heart saved by your love
My heart confesses to your love; I LOVE YOU my VAL.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Not My Dear

It is true you are not my dear;
But it is for you I but once care;
Friends we are for real, but for once;
Never are we lovers for once.
Feel not bad; for yours,
it is love loss.
Your level,
Is polluted by yours charming devil.
It is your friend I love.
I know it is tough.
Bear my feeling,
It is not my doing.
She is like a dove;
And you, a love wolf!

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Oga Lawyer For Naija

Why have you neglected your conscience?
Why have you so soon not to abreast yourself
With the sacrifice of years and blood,
With which these 'comrades',
have given to generations of students in Ife.
Why are you subservient to conservative exploitation?
and continuous suffering of a common man's child?
Why? That you can afford those expenses?
that you are guaranteed of your security,
by any means,
does not imply the assured security of all.
That you are in a hurry to leave the university is good.
In which academic welfare would you hope to finish with good grades?
That you even finish with any grade
and you're sure of even having a good white-collar job,
is not an assurance that others will get a good job like you.
Why are you saying this?
Remember the nation's anthem...
are you going to forget your heroes' past in your fatherland?
Oh! Kunle Adekunle,
ah! Arogundade,
the first martyrs of the Students' movement in U.I,
our own dear George Iwilade Afrika here in Ife,
Laketu of November; Salawu of Lasu
and other dear SAINTS of this struggle of change;
It's a pity that our generation has cursed your struggles.
They have made mortal what you built with your immortal blood.
Oga Lawyer,
that you are blessed and enhanced a little today
and smiling now
does not infer that others are doing the same.
Our Union is in bondage;
yet while it's on the sea of Struggle
and being hit with waves of threats of victimization,
some of us are all out on this sea of struggle to pull
and set it back on sail safely:
but it is a dance of shame for you and by you,
that you and some others are sinking the ship of our Union.
But note, this world is a script,

we have all come to play our part, but remember,
History is the only audience which will comment about us all.
ALUTA CONTINUA...VICTORIA ASCERTA

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Tale Of Our Road Map

In the edge of time must I address_____
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.
From the excerpts of our agony's cup must I account our taste of time?
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

_____A voyage it all began as of,
On a road of vagueness we headed towards;
Towards evolution; towards bartered mirror for territory;
Our ancestors were conned to slavery.

In the edge of time must I address_____
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

_____A black turned white monkey begins to suffer his own people;
Encroached in the silhouette of a webbed deceit of long nosed?
Yes! Trading and bargaining on men like items of industry.
He is called AJELE!

From the excerpts of our agony's cup must I account our taste of time?
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

Boys and girls are seized from sucks;
They become sucks of chains;
Lined up like fishes in a can
Carried off to the plantation now called Caribbean!

In the edge of time must I address_____
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

Little or no time,
Taught only to hear;
But the purity of humanity taught more than to hear.
We were sent to school.

From the excerpts of our agony's cup must I account our taste of time?
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

Though some were pierced with hot rods;
Some fed to animals of jungle and power;

While most were consumed by incarceration;
Yet we attained our freedom.

In the edge of time have I spoken____
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.
From the excerpts of our agony's cup I have accounted our taste of time.
I am he who tells the tale of our roadmap.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

The Ritual War Of The Immortals

The ritual continues in the temple;
scourging heat of the incense burning from the pot,
the sacred pot of the spirits,
enlightening the dim eyes of the priest
and in tears of fear,
calling out messages of grave course.
A great work for the people,
yea! the gods are chained to silence;
none of them could whisper an answer now in his presence...
heavens are kept shut and the sons of Eledumare are sad...
yes, I witnessed the scuffle of the immortals...
the arch-angel rises to challenge,
soldiers of I AM silenced with bitterness;
here he comes, tip-toeing and leaf looking...
but alas! he grabs the scroll and holds it tight...
like a thunder lightening, he loosened the scroll....
AH! the skirmish is ended by the PRINCE OF GLORY!
Alas! I see him covering his garment in shame,
he's entangled in the covet of his eternal damnation...
he's finally lost it...
from an arch-angel now to arch-prisoner...
anon my lord...I've been charged to hand the LUCIFER to prison...
Now the heavens know peace...
the rituals of the seven lamp stands continue to burn as of old...
I AM rises with a glorious turn and makes the lamb a king in place;
and I the dutiful witness,
he made his courier.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

What Is Poetry?

A puzzle it turns out,
That we in turn, turn in at crossed roads of answer.
Fighting not to be fought with mockery
So, I, the originator of this line answered.
Poetry is nothing but an imagery of a crazy man.
We all are crazy: but what makes me a better crazy fellow, is poetry.
To a brother in veil of westernization I asked?
What is it that hover your eyes?
Giggling sound of confusion he resumes,
By remembering our heroes who once held in victory?
We murmur by calling the blissful shapes of our women and not ladies!
He knuckles his head over when he flashed back,
The memory of the village in the city*
Finally, he answers, that the power of the police and its employers,
Of its formality, crashes our soul of genuine poetry!
Mere sky-scraping of the views of men,
Drowning our ideas like the bottomless pit of death!

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

When Death Dies

When I die because I may die,
Or should I die if I die,
maybe if I die because I ought to die,
let mother earth be a cool room for the cadaver.
A piece of cloth would do...people.
A dropp of tears will I permit not;
not even from a dear.
though much of sorrow behind,
faces of sad shapes but happy minds may mourn camouflage;
Alas, I am he who dies and get born again.
I am Kokumo the spirit of heavens.
After you leave that yard, I must but rise again.
If I die, that I doubt;
If I come again, know I died before.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA

Yet We Will Dance Again

When the chants of sorrow,
Gaul our rights like no morrow;
In our heritage we lament.
But there will be atonement.
For our oppression is not originated from our sins;
Rather, it has been destined since.

Tears flowing like river through red eyes
Washing down the lake of our face;
Oppression like ABIKU, says our divination lies.
We mourn our dance in our own place.

Yet we must not let our dance die.
Our dance is our culture ____to the foreigner we say bye.
Who can say that only time?
The time we will cease to dance to the foreigner's mime.
Brothers! Our time to dance is come.
The dance of our heritage; can't be lost in calculating its rhyme's sum.

I shall stand not in his regalia.
My rib shall no longer be called like Priscilla;
She shall bear like a new African maiden.
We shall dance in our Africa's night of white-red scarf test of pure maiden.

ENOCH AANU OJOTISA