

Poetry Series

Kolade Seun
- poems -

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Kolade Seun()

'A Lone'

Let me ride my bride on my ride.
It's been so long I want to fly.
I've crawled this path; I want to walk.

Let me breathe your breath.
I want life.
It's been so long I want to live.
I've craved for this air; I want it.

Let me feel your thought,
you are free.
It's been so long in this jail.
I envisage this freedom, I see you.

Let me ride
Let me breathe
Let me feel
I want you.

Kolade Seun

A Trip To The Sea

Seeing that I see to be blinded by what I see
Makes me not want to see.
Hallucinating inside the sea;
Makes me to see why I have to leave the sea.

The sea is not my home.
I've built my rome above the sea.
Looking at these fishes
inside the sea,
makes me feel
I have to leave,
For I am an intruder seeing what I ought not to see.

Am leaving the sea for them,
I hope the shark grants me the grace,
To have the same joy as the fishes do have in my own rome.

Kolade Seun

'Aftermath'...

Its mild and a norm to be without a fright;
cataclysmic experiences bury forever plight;
Unexpected predicaments to contend with all the remain might;

weirdness conceived...

It is a scary sky
Metal birds flying High
Makes it weird and then its a cry

Sojourn in the land of fear;
A new journey;
without a Penny.
Lucid variations of harmonious feeling of fear;
pale pedestrians sail in their pair.

A new life of charade for the fear of fear;
Recurring encasulation of the reason for the tear;
the fear to play;
even to pray.

All squadron withdraw!
Retreat and hide with personalities of lesser fear;
still... stil... still... no not one,
that is not borne
with this same fear.

Kolade Seun

Apocalypse

'Apocalypse'

It is one of those
Early, noisy morning in hell
When I want to listen
To Silence speak

When all is gone,
The world will be lonely.
There wont be cars
To Whisper
In its ears of wind.

When all is gone,
There wont be soles
To step on the chest
Of the earth.

When all is gone,
The leaves of tree,
With the wind will gossip
About the affairs of men.

When all is gone,
The storm,
Will No longer
have a prey to frighten.

The sun will rest
From opening
Its eyes of light.
The moon will be as dark as gold.

The empty earth will be empty
As 'In the Beginning...'
All will be gone...
Except Silence.

Apocalypse 2

I see the events on earth
From the golden grave
Where men rest their eyes behind their lids
Where men rest their tongue behind their mouth
Where men rest their brain behind their skull,
Where men rest their noise behind their silence

The creeping birds
Are no longer for the nights alone.
Their sonorous voices blow the speaker of silence.
As men rest their backs beneath the earth,
The wild became the civilised
The lion is called by its name.
The Wise ant knows its place.

The water in the cloud comes down
To house the body of the hidden fishes.
Scents from artificial flowers are the only pollution.
Not the smoke from war,
Nor the smoke of worn out silencers.
The families are extendedly nuclear.

This is the world
As we stay behind
Our golden grave,
Where ants march past
Our bald heads.

Kolade Seun

Azure Bird

Sing Songs flying bird.
Sonorous voice fill the air.
Pressured lyrics fill my ear.
Sound of purity, wash the soul.
Drown the sound of the awful owl.

As a machine revving in the day,
thy voice governs the revving in the night for the whole.

You soar high and rule the sky in the day and night, in fairness and equity.

Reveille! Lazy sleepy headed siblings.
He is ready to shew its dexterity,
ready to enrich the pocket of our souls.

Humbly I stand on my feet.
Teach me and my siblings,
for we crave to live and live free.
We long to sing, and sing well.
We acknowledge thy dexterity.
Never forsake us we plead.

Kolade Seun

Best World

Two lazy eyes
One lazy mind
Declining to rise
Looking for the illusionary world,
That is so kind.

A cold weather,
Roads filled with soft pedals
Perfect beings in rough streets
Figureheads in nice kits.

Happiness can either be grotesque
Or Handsome
Nitemare is like a temporal earthquake.
Self Villians, Self glory
A free world.

An utopian society
With the thought as the king entity
There is only one lord
In this world.
The best world is your Dream world.

Kolade Seun

Birthday

A thousand words
Will be left unsaid.
Millions of instances
not accounted.
And even 'thank you'
is an understatement,

You have seen my cry.
You have seen me laugh.
Through all the years
You have always been there.

Its another year.
To create precious memories,
another year
to celebrate an icon.

Thank you for being my father.
Thank you for being my comforter.
You are the best dad.
You are my best friend.

07: 23pm, Mon 22-12-2014.
Olorunfemi Oluwanifemi

Kolade Seun

Birthday Wish

To toil till strong thy parents as a soilder.
From whence thou were a toddler.
Oh thanks your mother for been with a soilder!
Salutations to thy father for been a great soilder.

What do I offer?
Can it ever be proper?
I know thou art not a pauper?
Or does thou cometh in need of my little feather?

Oh no! Not from a mediocre.
But wait to ponder, what do I have, that I offer?
I know I have not to offer.
Thine creator, our creator, has His bouquet of offerings for thou.

I believe, he has prepared a furnace of wonder for thou,
or does thou shaketh such bother from thy shoulder?
This is just the beginning forthwith!

Kolade Seun

Celestial Battle

Once upon a moon,
There were wars in the Sky.
I was where I was
When I was called upon
to settle the fights.

Once upon a time,
Began the Sun,
The Stars began
to overshadow the clouds,
And the clouds could settle for no more less but till evening tide to be dark.

The Stars also would not relent, but to shine in the evening tide.
Behold, there became a struggle for who would own the evening tide.

The Rains would no longer fall
Because the clouds refuse to be Black.
And the Night became hot with the Sun because the Stars withheld its White
light.

The Heavens looked on,
Said the Sun,
And the fight went on.
'Earth! ' I was called by the Sun.
Can you help me to settle this fight
Between these two mights?

Kolade Seun

Court Of Life

Litigants in court.
Magistrate Conscience takes his seat.
Plaintiff Trouble roaming freely about.
Mister Man in the dock.
Make way for the defendant

Not long ago,
The magistrate sang.
The crime was committed.
Guilty or not?

I cant be guilty
If I am not
Says lawyer thought
I did do it.

Hear my judgement
I shall hurt you in your heart.
You did choose
what you did.

This is mine court.
The heart court.
The court of life.
Case dismissed!

Kolade Seun

Exam In Nation

Birds sing in the moonless night.
Filled up lecture theatres.
Long queues on short benches.
Some tall; others short.

All eyes at work.
Some eyes half closed.
Many fully closed eyes.
Other eyes open like the black owl.

Exam beside the corner.
Waste-bins full of paper.
Brains on the drivers lane.
Black inks to be washed away.

Examination is on the way! !

Kolade Seun

Family

I look up to the (F) irmaments.
I see the heavenly bodies (A) rch.
The (M) ere pleasure (I) n its beauty I feel.
I am left like (L) eaves the wind has blown.
(Y) ou are all I see as Hope.

Kolade Seun

For Dadda

I have been a son;
since I was borne.
I have called you father;
cos you've made me matter.
As a young, I have gathered so many wrong pieces.
Spanking me as a father;
you've blown me kisses.
God the father, the Son, and the Holy spirit.
Next to those, thou art the best spirit!
For me, you are on this slime path.
when the time comes for me to do mine;
I hope the creator gives me the grace to put the smile...

Kolade Seun

Free Not Freedom

Freedom, as an Illusion.
An illusion is a wish
To excite only the timid.
Open the inner eyes
To see the truth
as white as the night.

Free are they
Below the six feet.
Their safe snore still sails
Their ship towards Hades in the freeland.
The otherworld is rich with expired glories.

Freedom is an illusion.
The freeland is full
With snores of Abe Lincoln
And cries of Luther of Martin.
Freedom only comes
when we join them.

Kolade Seun

'Great Shark'

It looks like luck; but it's not.

Call it grace; why not?

Deep ocean, full of tantalized bouquet, prepared for thou; is it not?

Fishes in the ocean, all make sway, to escape the teeth of the shark; but thou standeth still; but it's not.

Call it luck, why not?

Myriad water, waters little fish, to sail afloat, no more within shark reach, is it not?

We all know the storm cometh in the winter; but it's not.

Ever heard of a beautiful summer storm? why not?

Now they say the storm shaketh everything, but not the shark though, is it not?

Oh! Thy creator has been so magnanimously mysterious, not even a storm can shake thou;

doffing my hat for the creator, I say hail thee great shark!

Kolade Seun

Heart Beat

Every heart has a beat.
Same slow kind of beat.
Paces, pants in parts.

A slow heart and a slow beat.
A kind heart and a meek beat.
A harsh heart and a hard beat.

One and one movement.
Through tiny lame path.
Hissing air driven through thought.
Every heart has a soft beat.

Kolade Seun

'Holy Word'

His words lay there for us to hear;
But as Flesh we are, the truth we cannot bear.
Also as homo sapiens we are; we've reviewed our retrospect perspective of his
words;
Defilling His very words,
and taking up the swords.

Enquiring solitude in my solemn moments, from multitudes;
How futile my venture turns out to! Because they also are destitutes.
Also as deprived of that comfort I seek, are they poor;
so proud to admit, so the fall.

In our enthusiasm to procure answers; we've forgotten to ask Him!
For every one that asketh, receiveth;
and he that seeketh findeth.

When cataclysmic experiences finally occur;
we lament at His name and recur.
We quote from His books and His songs.
Now humble we are, asking him to recall.

Kolade Seun

It-'soul Beauty'

Who art thou, that speaketh: 'the beautiful one's are not yet born?
Who'd ever know, such a soul exist?
Your beauty, define lots of wealth!
Your very kind, designed to mock the very existence of 'rote';
The bloom in thy cheeks must be that of buoyancy!
How sweet everything about thou must be...

Where does thou place thy eye's, saying: 'they are not yet born? '
Oh! How blind thou must be!
Even the blind, see through 'it' and call 'it' 'beauty';
Hmm... I pray to call 'it'-'soul-beauty';
Though, thou(beauty) still faceless;
Thy very presence, felt through thy vessel...

Hitherto, none has been;
So the question persisted: 'where art they? '
Even the daffodils compete with thy beauty;
Limitless possibilities in comparisons as to thy beauty!
Oh lest I forget, I doff my hat for the creator of this beauty.

Kolade Seun

Life Vicissitudes

So used to life, death looks strange.
Gourdously feasting are the populace on this morbid meal.
Evenly shared are the particles of odious thoughts.
After life of this walls,
Every thing behind it becomes blur.
A new erupting vision...

Kolade Seun

Light Secrets

The moon sits in the sky.

Behind

the tree that stands with five fingers

covered with little shrubs at the finger tip

and the little light filters through the intersections
of the finger

And exposes my nakedness.

Kolade Seun

Little Dark-Board

How concise can I be;
Explicating these writings on my little dark board?
I've tried decoding; Just too odd!

In a classroom of mine own;
With myriads of confusing mediocritic pedagogues;
None is willing to take me on!
Just continuous inscribition of these words!
I can't decipher what they really mean;
So I dont know what to do with these words!

Who can help ease mine little dark board?
Oh! I see...
No wonder! These writings can't be cleaned off;
it's a permanent marker called love!

Mine little dark-board in a state of chaos;
Deceit, written in bold words;
Lust, written in italicize words;
infatuation, feasting on so many spaces of mine little dark board...
Who'd help me clean these pieces of vanities, off mine 'little dark board? '

10: 04pm, Sat 10-08-2013

Kolade Seun

Little Mighty

It seems am in love.

In love with a strong powerless entity.

It's name as given to her by her mother, is tree.

I want to lay my beds beside these Trees.

It is the only bride I sought and long after at present.

Its embrace of waves purifies my body and soul of its dirt.

The only abode these trees seem to be safe and pleased with, is the dark.

See how they stand tall among us!

Yet the only power they have over us is the beauty of their height.

We seem to send them into the abyss when we come near it with our zig zag knives.

I want to sleep among you,

but am so brave and curious to run away from the unseen one.

Kolade Seun

'Lost'

There's a rendition I want to give;
His attention I want to call.

To me who was lost;
this Hot winter;
he came to save as a father.

In a wretched fold I slept;
looked down upon me, he wept.

His throne he has left;
to me who was lost; he's come to save without a cost.

Kolade Seun

'Lost Tree'

Oh! What a cause to lament for;
the pollard has been cut off, the strong Iroko is now sore.
The polemics have been extra-ordinary in their new clone.
Oh! See what exility has done!
Oh! How true it turns out: the best way to enslave a tree is by deculturizing it
from its root.
Oh! Now it thinks she has a new look...cute.

Let the tears flow,
black pride has gone low.
Polarized perspective about the soil.
Oh! How deculturized thy soul is...

How egalitarian does thou see thy fellow tree now?
No, they are too natural before thou.
They've not been through the same process as thou;
so they are so small...

How grown within the short time, has thou been wallowing in thy depth of
egocentrism?

Oh! If thou eyes are full cos of this lost soul...
Prepare to let it flow!

Kolade Seun

Lovebite

LOveBite

Ko ko ko ko ko

I heard the words knock on the door of my mind.
I opened the door of my mind
To see what I was before blind
To see.

An *a*ccurate smile
An *e*bony skin
An *i*nnovative mind
An *o*val face
An *u*nderstanding head.

She opens her mouth to whisper to my ears,
Her voice is sonorous than the vowels,
And pleasant than music.

She comes close,
I feel her embrace.
The movement of her tongue tickles my neck.
The sting is sweeter than honey.
I become infected.
I have been bitten by a vampire.

Awuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
Lovebite.

Kolade Seun

Mine Air

O freedom! I seek ye when I gasp for air.
Only I know what I feel when I gasp for air.
All they whole, I want to be as them when I gasp for air.
Sitting behind my smile when I gasp for air.
From whence i sought solace: I gasp for air...

How good it feels to try surreptitiously when I gasp for air.
Shield me! loose clothe, when I gasp for air.
Far far away from a cloistered live, when I gasp for air.
An answer for every inquisitive eye when I gasp for air.

O wishes! how horses I want thou to be when I gasp for air.
Hiding behind my cloud,
Avoiding this heartless rain when I gasp for air.
I'd live life the fullest then I remember: I gasp for air.
How sad I am knowing they articulate of my plight when I gasp for air.

An odious irresistibile predicament i find myself by nature when I gasp for air.
From whence my hope cometh from when I gasp for air?

Kolade Seun

Motherhood Travails

A sweet tongue is needed to express this sensation.
If I am going to be that tongue,
I need to be quite candid,
in my expression...

Today, a rare gem was sent by the creator some epochs ago...
Through this vicissitude of life,
she has taken a step by another and another for another.
she has maneuvered through life circle, and conquered.

Even as a mother,
she has seen it all,
yes, it has been cloudy for her,
yet she remains strong...

Woe betide whoever says she isnt a woman...
O ye, watch her..
Fighting fierce fiendish filial nature of little devil teenage spirit in her offspring...

When the time comes for her to move out of her cloudy sky,
The prayer is that she will not march into the cold sun...
And when the time comes for her to traverse in the land of the joys of
motherhood,
May she not experience a slow movement that will stall her movement into the
'hood...

Kolade Seun

Pray For Me

On the path of prayer
I talked to a waiter
Waiting to cater
For all my needs

In a cold pool
A lonely fool
That couldn't be less grateful
For the approaching helper

Instead of Him, I saw her
Standing...
Asking...
Willing...
To help me....

Kolade Seun

Seething Day

On this day called sat or day;
on this rough chair I find myself.
On this long road of thought,
i journey.
Looking forth and back.
Indecisive on where to sojourn...

Kolade Seun

'Stamerers'

A day with stamerers,
makes you a wanderer.
How you wish to tame!
So cold the throat and lame.
Bit by bit the dingle drops:
scattered pieces like a wrinkled crops.

So easy it is filing these thoughts;
But in this little black hole, they must stay,
in order to avoid that little body prey.

Holy Stamerers, we've only seen roads with bumps;
but in your words, there dwell a haven for Bumps.

My skin says your spittle makes me cold;
gradually, it says its turning old.
I wish I could ask you; how you came about this bump in your vocal folds.

Kolade Seun

Stick Sight

Dark clouds; Bright world.
Eyes closed; only to this world.
The real world dwells behind my eye walls.

My Touch, taste,
Ear and smell are open to the grotesque world.
My eyes are open to the real world.

Like a small sun,
only I see the best real deal.
I feel the earth's stiff
I cry for the open heavens gate.

My beauty is the light behind my shell.
My anguish is the lust for the lame world.
My consolation is the only thin family I have; my stick.

Kolade Seun

The Dead Imagination

Imagine, because I dont imagine,
I killed the kind
For them without the mind...

Imagine, because, I dont imagine,
I lie down on crate full of nails
with blood gushing into the side pails...

Imagine, because, I dont imagine,
The eclipse become cowards
Because of my shouts that turn the big white moon
In the middle of the red sun in the blue sky to Black clouds...

Imagine, because I dont imagine,
I lost my imagination
in my mission...
Imagine, because I dont imagine,
By nature,
I become a victim of torture.

Kolade Seun

The Woo Men

All eyes on her legs.
Green with the leaves,
White with the clouds on.
Hair like Lawyer's wigs.

Smile in the rainbow;
Frown in the storm
Sweet as honey
Bitter like kola.

The woo men.
Uncertain as the machines.
Breathe with life,
Kill with tongues.

Eyes as sparkling diamond.
Tap Touch to confuse.
Even the greatest 'Abacha,
Bow to the woo mens Legs.

#Abacha was a former military head of Nigeria.

Kolade Seun

These Things...

I want to say
the things
that eyes have seen
the things
that tame the best of tongues.

I want to say
the things
that stops the wildest of air
the thing
that quickens the pace
and heightens the sound
from the little
hole of the heart,
making heavy sounds
like the sound of war.

I want to say
the things
that defeat price tags
the things
that is felt even in rags.

I want to say
the way
her sight
her scent
her shape
her smile
her silhouette

mocks my strength
softens my stillness
makes me squander
makes me wild and weak

But these things
that I want to say
cannot be said...

Kolade Seun

Thirsty Eyes

Smile sits solemnly
On her soft lips
As she stares deeply
Into my heart that leaps
At the sight of her eyes...

In a hand shake,
The sky envies me
because it can see
but cannot feel
the electric current
of the soft warmth
from her palms.

As she walks,
The tongue of my eye thirsts
As it longs for her chest from which ripe fruits
Made in Heaven are dancing...

Kolade Seun

This Morning...

This morning called me to the greens
I was involved with eating the 'locust'
Achebe cloistered the 'locust' with tantalizing vocabs;
Achebe said it is sweet;
I did not see any danger in my naivety
I know the greens, but what are these locusts?

Kolade Seun

This Woman

From where I sat,
I rose,
And I saw.
Now, I sing...

This woman is a jewel
She is gold
The soft caress of her hair is like scooping crude oil with the tips of the finger.
Her eyes is the piercing beauty of the sapphire crystal
I cannot passover her silver smile
That comes from her teeth of diamond.
The sun melts on her skin,
And she is not scathe.
The melody of her voice betrays the silent whispers of wind.

I have seen,
I now know,
Now,
I go back to my sit.

Kolade Seun

Thoughts Ordeal...

These are my thoughts
These are my words
These are the worlds
in which my thoughts live.

Slimy, sloppy, sinking,
Are the textures that make the component of the world I live in.

These are the clothes with which My thoughts are clothed.
Tattered, tauntful, tale to tell,
About the clothes that clothe my thoughts.

The inhabitants of this world I live
Are the surreptitiously conscious loving ones.
They await the certain miss-take of my thought.
They devour my thought on its slightest change to food.

In this world I live,
I live to save my thought from this little devil called tongue.

The measure of the malicious nature of this world I live in is wider than the
Atlantic.
See my abysmal ordeal in this abyss?

Who'd help me I want to ask?
Who'd save me I plead within?
Who'd wipe my large tears without facade?
Who'd give me more than sympathy?

Kolade Seun

Who Owns This Stage?

Were we to be able to draw our lines.
We will write our lifes.
In gold prints our words will stand.
The mirror in our mind will be our stage.

We will act as the wind.
we will move as we direct.
We wont pay to produce.
They will watch for free.

Because we own our life.
Because we wrote the scripts.
Because we built the world.
We owe no one.

But we cant write our scripts.
We cant direct our act.
We are controlled.
The stage is not ours.

Kolade Seun

Who You Are

The choicest of words are called the excellent.
The wealthiest of men are called the rich.

As for me, I will throw away this garment of vanity.
As for me, I will trade this Ashes for beauty.
As for me I will just take a break and make a smile.

Because I remember you were once a dream.
Because I remember the Dream that was once you Formed this dream that is
Now me and us.

Because I remember that You have carried the burden For us.

As long as the old sky stand As my witness,
I wont call you excellent.

As long as sun, the old bully lives,
I wont call you successful.

You are more than excellence and success combined.

I will just call you the best of the best in the best among the best.

A father.

That is who you are.

Kolade Seun

Wonders...

Who wonders with me what I wonder?
Can we be two with the same thought?
Who wonders: 'who'd have been saved if 'the thoughts were knew? '
Oh, would I have been saved, if they knew my very thoughts?
Oh, what a name, would I have been called!

Who wonders with me what I wonder?
Am I the lone being with this kind of thoughts?
What if we all dwell with the same thoughts?
It burdens us to carry this weight of thoughts around; but who speaketh first?
Just maybe, we all dwell with this same burden of thought!

Oh! I say, who wonders with me what I wonder?
Out of anxiety, they do not wonder again!
Faces speak, deceit is often depicted!
Juxtaposing controversial believes side by side, just to cover-up these thoughts!
Oh! How I mourn for these thoughts, that get killed and buried day by day!
Who'd have we pray?
Oh ye anxiety, when do we stop been your prey!

Kolade Seun

Yes Love; No Love

If its love, words cannot express.
If it is love, tears form the ink.
If it's love like love,
Lie rules like the sun in the day.
If it's love unlike love,
Lust rules like the moon in the night.
The eyes glows.
The heart jumps.
Love sleeps in the eye.
It lives in the heart.

Kolade Seun