

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Dying Sons Of Words

A new world in a new lights
Comity of remarkable men
Prowling with swollen faces
Bitten by the bees of change.

Conscious of their livid rights
Brevity, a precious we must pen
Neatness in their various places
Stronger with the flew of age

Adieu to the horrible plight
Kudos to the possible when
Rhymes, author of poetic aces
Limiting to draconian range.

Greatly we know thy might
All prayers surely await amen
Meaningless are rumble races
The painting of lustful image.

Proudly we stand as knight
By the pen, we fight for our men
Not for honour, not for grace
We only hone to break the cage.

Invasion, in the dreadful of night
By force, they break our hymen
But the pen remains our mace
A processor always the rage.

The Guardians choose us bright
The honour hoarse our rumen
Dress us in silk rather than lace
But right on light we back on stage.

Though the road come so tight
We are scared immortals by pen
Ever we live in springs like dace
All our dreams written on page.

We are the writers of right
Masters of the adept-pen
The valiant setters' of pace
Children of the scribblers' lineage.

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Hungry Men

A: Earth hear the rhythm of my pale voice and bliss my throat with oil.

B: What more anguish can bedevil man than hunger.

A: Not even a single nut nor a common rice to boil.

B: Here we are wallowing in the pit of where our necks continue to grow longer.

C: Are we made for this pungent poverty?

D: Maybe it's our fate to perish on the other side of life

C: Can life ever bring to our souls the rims of modesty?

D: I know it's surely the skies who says we are born to strife.

E: With our scars, marks and labour; our wage is vapour

F: Even our lords see us as rats with no right.

E: Body resisting slumber after a long day of belabour

F: Yet they extort every of our might.

G: Trouble thyself not we are born of slavery.

G: Our hope and ambitions lost from birth in that monastery.

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Look Before You Leap

Your life is awful meaningless
And don't try to change my view that
Your life is surely meaningful
When you firmly observe
There's troubles in your everyday
Even
When purpose come sometimes
It whims and caprices don't last
And it's not true that
It's all in the heart and mind
Because
True meaning can be attained
Only if you're born stinking rich
It's not true that meanings exist
I'm sure you can agree that
The reality
Instigate
My critical views
It's all beyond your control
And you'll never in centuries hear me say
Your life is really meaningful
Now read it from bottom to top, the other way,
And see what I really feel about your life.

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Soldiers

My pen let us speak strength
To the feeble minds reading
Courage to the brave minds
At struggles and wars
Let us see beyond this walls
And sight the plight of the mighty
The pains of fathers with no children to take from the warmth of the day.
Let kudos the fighters of evil
And upholders of Peace
Even in the sight of life sucking monsters
Our brave and keen guards
In the thick forest of Zambisa
And those on the borders and loopholes
Corners and pass-gates of our city
The god guardian that seek
Neither our praises nor our pearls
The loins dress in Khakis
Armoured with the weapon of death
To secure and protect lives
The true heroes of this era.

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The Scary Street Of Goons

Sangó street is strict
Its road are rough
Stone-filled with stones
Dreadful and pale at night
Deadly in all facets
Harm to drivers' tyres
Troubles to footwagoners
Mundane and scary in the mid of darkness
Like a desert every where stays in decorum
Scorpions and snakes walking gallantly up down the street
Appearing dangerous to every man like poison
A few notices to the ladies
Sangó road closes by six
All mother's daughters must be indoor
At the set of the sun.
Even dem mummy's boy
Must not haul our street after seven
We've nothing to do with curfew
It is the rite of our streets
It's the way we are born and bread
To always live our nights in fear.

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