

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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I am a student, a writer and an editor.I love writing poems and short stories.I edit and write short stories for my fellowship weekly bulletin, The Divine Apogee, and I am an editor of The Shuttle, a journal of the department of English, University of Lagos.

A Song For Chinua

There was a man
Before things fell apart.
But not just a man,
He was an epoch-maker,
A literary luminary,
The eagle on an iroko tree.

Death came and made him
A citizen of the immortal pantheon.
Chinua, the man who stood on a pen
And crossed great seas and rivers of the World.

Through the anthills of the savannah,
Idemili has led Chinua
To the Elysian Fields,
Leaving behind outstanding embers
From a dying fire.

A man of all people is gone.
Our minds are no longer at ease.
Girls at war: Boys not smiling!
Even the tortoise has abandoned his disappearing palmfruit.
We are all shot by arrow of God.

Whose hands can the drum concur with better?
Who else can make honey flow from the flute?
Which other leopard has spots of many colors?
Who can wear the great shoes of Chinua?

Beware soul brother!
The tireless hand of death still roams.

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Dancers At The Gate Of Death

1

Looking through the crystalline glass of life
I see that we are all dancers at the gate of death

We're all entranced, dancing kokoma on death's disco-floor
Every running second brings us to our fag end
I see some dancing faint-heartedly and others dancing full-heartedly

Then death with a smirking face will fain pick with a jagged fork
whoever he wants into his bottomless mouth.

2

O death! You've picked a big dream -
a valiant voice, a precious pen of pulchritude and peace
You've taken a fine faggot from our fireworks

Now we mourn: red eyes staring at the pale sky
In our sad hearts, we hope for a greater than Kofi Awoonor that will rekindle the
darkling future.

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Fear

Rustling;
Darkness;
Shrieking;
Howling!

Our hearts fell
Like fallen dead trunks
That have become termites' abode.

Naked;
Exposed to the cold of existence
Like nude vagrants in heavy winter.

Echoes of life
Kept rumbling blindly
Until our hearts were numb.

Then we heard
Hysterical laughter from within
And mockingly a voice uttered,
'Oh look at what fear has done to you all! '

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Gbemisola

Gbemisola; gorgeous and gay like a happy peacock
Beauteous face; a bard's delight
Ebullient with effulgent eyes
Magazines' model of manifesting magnificence
Immaculate daughter of the morning sun
Simple, svelte queen of the merry moon
Outstanding ornament of divine beauty
Limelight of living love
Adoring being of the amazing Potter.

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I Feel...

I feel a Trojan Horse in my heart,
Encompassing a great batallion.
It makes my feelings to crash apart.
Oh it is such a great stallion!
I try hopefully to endure
The pleasure of its pain,
But at every procedure,
My feelings crash again.
The pain is bitterly salty;
Its wounds make me strong.
I withstand every entreaty,
Dancing to its deafening gong
Because on this land of mine
I must ever stand fine.

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Malala; The Rose That Survived The Bullet

On the podium of hope you stood,
A stream of honey flowed from your young heart
Into our maltreated minds.
Your face like a full moon at dusk;
Your voice made you the nightingale of the night.
Sweet scent of grace and compassion, your voice offered.
It became the weapon of our weeping women,
And resurrected us from the grave of ignorance.
Our saviour in our severe sorrow.
You stood for education-
The fine furnace that forges fine gold.
Campaigner of peace and truth;
The rainbow of light that demolished our dreaded darkness.

You made them to shiver in their pants with fear and hatred.
Instead of these perpetrators to be penitent,
They tried to bash your blessed brain.
But the bullet honoured you;
Allah shamed them and saved you.
You became the Rose that survived the bullet.

For you Malala, I write this-
A righteous rebel for a resplendent future.

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Mama

Here stand I growing,
A voice from your homey womb,
With an epic of your salient life
Still beating on the face of Earth.

Mama,
Matriach of the moon;
Your words and hands made me.
My first bride; my African pride.
Who shall I compare you with in this world?

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Maybe Love Maddens

How insane without a dreadlock?
Honey brews in my cup of hemlock;
Let me drink and worldly dead
So on heaven's street tread
Shall I in an holy love lock.

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Once Upon A Seeker...

Like a steadfast lamp
Perusing the heart of a dark room,
My soul on a truth quest.

What sharpens tongue's blade
That slashes dreams to smithereens?

What greens white eyes
That burrow another's morrow?

What intoxicates hands
That move to the music of mischief?

What saps heart's milk of kindness
And refills it with crimson?

'Stay still sauntering soul', a voice whispered to me
'All paths end at the grave of truth'.

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The Song Of An Ogbanje

I am the born again,
The soul of a thousand dead
That died to live.

I know the cruel caresses
Of the marking knives
That pierced through the tuber of my dead flesh
Stamping welts of remembrance.

Appease me no more,
Perish with your sacrifices!
To the season's call I heed,
Playing the cards of breath and grave.

The delight of my soul
Is the experience of a blurry existence.
Yours is the death cry,
Mine is a refreshing joy.

Let me die when I like.
A faithful dog heeds its hunter's whistle.
I yield to the crowing of the cock
Also to the hooting of the owl.
I am the born again.

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This Morning

The day is dry,
A twin to the Sahara.
The sun has lost its wits.
The wind holds its breath.
Leaves stand still and stare.
Mute mourners they all are!
last night, God peed
And I think that placed a hex on them all...

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To My First Beard

Gradually they appeared
Tiny lustre black diamonds on my chin
A ne plus ultra of God's divine beauty on man
They appeared like the dark silken hair of a beautiful maiden
And they won my heart's medal
They're like the naive hair of a newly born
So beautiful that my mirror became my eyes
I appellated them My Black Beauties
An adornment of facial handsomeness
A hallmark of admiration; noticed and envied by many
They made young ladies to wonder in lust or maybe love
My aesthetic Black Beauties; so adoring and alluring
Stunningly curled up like glossy black thread
A signal of growth, maturity and responsibility
Adulations to the Eternal Potter for a job well done.

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